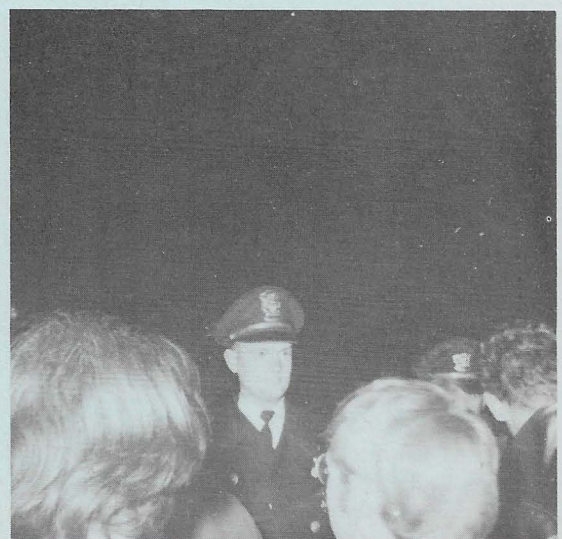


RICHMOND NEWS — JOURNAL OF OPINION

RUSS RUEGER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
February 10, 1969



WASHINGTON, D.C. COUNTER-INAUGURATION ACTIVITIES

EDITORIAL

Change is now...that is our creed, if not our life style. Since its inception, the Journal of Opinion has undergone an unending series of changes... first the Id, then Pravda, then the Richmond Time...now the Richmond News/Journal of Opinion. Each issue has been totally dissimilar and has conveyed a different message. The present issue is no exception. First, it should be noted that John Hart has decided to resign his position of Co-Editor of this publication. Fortunately, he will still remain a contributor, so the Journal will not lose his unique style of expression. John and myself experienced numerous meaningful realities together, including the struggles of the first three issues, as well as many hours of communicative friendship. Therefore, I dedicate this issue to John Hart and wish him the best of luck.

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The aim of this issue is an attack on the "communication gap" that has plagued our institution. Many of the articles are purely informational: it was felt that an attempt should be made to acquaint our new, incoming students (as well as many of our returnees) with what's happening, when and where. Thus, this is sort of an orientation issue. Welcome, new students!

* * * * *

Although this is our fourth appearance, we are still not a legitimate, official school publication. For the second time, the Student Council has funded us by Executive Order because our club charter has not yet been approved by the Inter-Club Activities Council. We have been funded under the condition that at least half of our copy is devoted to school news-- this is our first attempt at said quota. However, it is the Journal's view that the Richmond Times, the official school newspaper, should have as its basic function the dissemination of school news. The Journal of Opinion, as a journal of opinion, should supplement the Times, not fill in its gaps. (Which are growing all the time; the last gap nearly encompassed the last page). More on this in the future.

* * * * *

1968 is over, at last. What a helluva

year. I wore out many a sole on peace marches in '68. The street festival in Chicago definitely was the biggest trip. Plenty of hassles there. Since Chicago, I have changed from a demonstration participant to an observer-reporter type, with camera around neck and Civil Liberties Union card handy. Things have grown tougher. The Left is pushing the limits of rationality, and the Right has never been fully within them. Therefore, for myself, an ideological no-man's land results. As a consequence, this publication is intended to be open and uncommitted to any dogma except free speech: articles by the administration, faculty and students (from SDS to the Birch Society) will be accepted, with no ideological exclusions. In fact, it is hoped that all viewpoints will be represented. Notably, in the past, those of the conservative viewpoint have been conspicuously absent in student publications. To remedy this, I am making a public appeal to Robert Mahoney, a Richmond student and Editor-In-Chief of the New Advocate, "Staten Island's Only Conservative Voice in Print", to contribute to this publication.

* * * * *

--Russ Rueger

D'HEILLY ELECTED SAC CHAIRMAN
by Bohdan Kosovych

Jean-Louis d'Heilly has been elected Chairman of the Student Advisory Council to the Chancellor of the City University. Although our delegate did not actively campaign for the SAC office, he received fifteen votes and the top position. The other five candidates for the office received a total of twenty-six votes.

The election was for an indeterminate period. The new Chairman, however, conjectured that it will last till the fall semester.

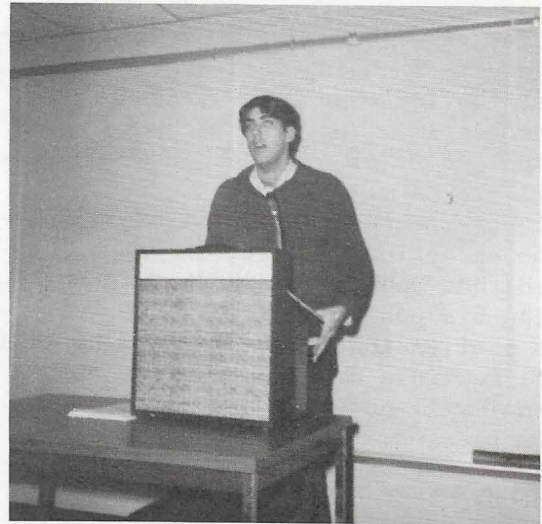
Mr. d'Heilly, a former chairman of our Student Government, will take charge of the SAC executive committee and the day-to-day affairs of the Advisory Council. He stated that his election is a "rare and high honor for Richmond College," and that it "shows promise for the school within the framework of the City University."

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Jean-Louis remains a member of our Student Government because he is a delegate to the Student Advisory Council. Richmond is the only member of SAC to have two delegates on the executive committee

Earl Vessup is the second member of that committee. He was elected Committeeman-at-large. Richmond is allowed up to three delegates to the Student Advisory Council, but the Student Government has not appointed a third member of the delegation. The Student Advisory Council's present activities include the outlining of academic due process.



Mark Rudd makes a point at Richmond

MARK RUDD RAPS AT RICHMOND
by Russ Rueger

Mark Rudd, former Columbia SDS chairman and leader of the April rebellion, gave a lecture at Richmond on Jan. 13. He was accompanied by a film on the Columbia insurrection made by the "Newsreel", a group of radical film makers who are attempting an "alternative media involvement."

The film was a step-by-step analysis of the Columbia crisis: starting with photos of the tearing down of the Morningside Gym fence that precipitated the crisis, it proceeded to show vivid footage of the buildings' occupation and the police-student confrontations. As a propaganda tool, the film was touching and effective.

After the film, Rudd spoke about the New Left and revolution. He talked about the "American Empire"--which, according to Rudd, is aimed at economic and military domination of underdeveloped "Third World" areas. He noted that "Liberation Movements" such as that in Vietnam are aimed at the destruction of this empire.

Rudd stated that Imperialism defines American foreign policy; he further noted that America supports military dictatorships in Formosa, Greece, Turkey, and many other countries.

Rudd felt that the solution lied in a Socialist form of government. With
(con't next column...)

Socialism, the evils and inequities of Capitalism at home would be eliminated, and a fundamental restructuring of foreign relations for the better would result as well. Rudd cited SDS as a youth section of the Socialist Movement. He said that youth alone could not cause a revolution--revolutions must be with, and of the working class. To this end, the radicalization of the working class, much of SDS' efforts have been extended.

Both Rudd's appearance and the film were sponsored by the Richmond Chapter of Students for a Democratic Society.

Book Drive at Richmond
by STAN GOLOVE

The Student Council, in cooperation with the Welfare Mothers Association, is sponsoring a drive to collect books for the underprivileged students in the high schools of Staten Island.

Bob Arrindale, Student Council Chairman, in announcing the drive said that "books of all kinds, review books, novels, school textbooks, even those that might be considered out of date, are desperately
(con't next page)

needed by the underprivileged children of Staten Island". He hoped that all Richmond College students will contribute.

The book drive will be held on February 12, 13, and 14 from 8 to 10 A.M. in the Staten Island ferry terminal. Mr. Arrindale says that people are needed to man the booths and urges Richmond students to help and join him in manning the booths for the drive. Students wishing to help should come up to the Student Government office, room 519.

Student Government Shifts
by STAN GOLOVE

Jean-Louis D'Heilly, Treasurer of the Richmond College Association and a member of the Student Council, has resigned from both positions to assume the Chairmanship of the Student Advisory Council to Chancellor of CUNY.

Mr. D'Heilly said that as much as he would like to hold the Richmond College positions, the time he would have to devote to the Advisory Council would not allow him to continue in these capacities.

Bob Arrindale, Student Council Chairman, has named Earl Vessup as Richmond's delegate to SAC in place of Mr. D'Heilly, who assumes the Chairmanship.

The SAC has been set up by Chancellor Bowker to advise and recommend him on matters affecting students in CUNY. It consists of representatives of all colleges and divisions of the City University.

\$10,000 & Student Apathy= Nothing

The above formula is the Richmond College constant equation. As Chairman of Inter-Club Activities Council (ICAC), I have only encountered a handful of students willing to do anything. But many students talk; conversations with the President, with the Deans, and with Mr. Roger Nelson, Student Activities Director. The result is nothing, nothing done but talk.

ICAC has \$10,000 at its disposal. Activities of all kinds can be sponsored: athletic, revolutionary and counter-revolutionary. What is needed? Activists.

My question is their location. I hope that contact can be made, usually, it is done by a newspaper.

But our school newspaper has continually been filled with trivia of every sort, except that which is concerned with student activities. I hope that this paper will cover the nature of school activities and advocate new ones. It is clearly the obligation of every student publication to inform students of news pertinent to themselves.

The situation of student activities was at best very mediocre at Richmond College. One Halloween Party, one play, and the meaningless coffee and conversation hours were sponsored. The possibilities for bigger and better events are limited to your desire to work, the ability to organize, and the available \$10,000.

Students have sneered on the activity of student government and their stupid rules concerning money. But this has been changed. Budgets require two signatures: mine and Jean-Louis D'Heilly's, Vice Chairman of Student Council. If I don't cooperate with activists, I can be replaced. The same applies to D'Heilly. (Who has resigned since the writing of this article--Ed.)

Every Monday at 5:30 ICAC will meet in Room 502, Conference. Budgets for this semester will be discussed.

Louis Fraser
Chairman of Inter-Club
Activities Council

THE PSYCHOLOGY CLUB

The purpose of the Psychology Club is stated as: AN EDUCATION IN PSYCHOLOGY AND RELATED AREAS TO ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED. It has to be modified only at the point where the word "education" was used; "information" should have been substituted because we do not pretend to offer a complete, unabridged wealth of information on the subject of psychology. The Psychology Club instead tries to present programs of interest that the members themselves engineer. If you are interested, we only require that you attend as often as possible and if you know of interesting speakers or films, we will back you financially if necessary.

****For the constantly hungry readers--refreshments are served at meetings. Please look at the bulletin board in the lobby at 130 Stuyvesant Pl. for the time and place of our meetings.
Thank you,

J. Leonard, Pres. Pro-Tem.

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE

The Literary Magazine of Richmond College publishes the poetry, stories, essays, photography, and art work of the student body. The third issue of the magazine should be in circulation at publication of this article. The Literary Magazine has an eight member Editorial Board:

Donald Arno Eismann--graduate student in education
Witt Halle--senior English major
Jane Freedman--senior Drama major
Frances Fredericks--senior Political Science major
Ruth Iannuzzi--junior Psychology major
Andy Fraenkel--senior Extra Curricular activities major
Frank Lombardi--senior Film major
K. Ishibashi--senior Psychology major

The Editorial Board would like to extend an invitation for new editorial assistants and typists. The deadline for contributions to the next issue is March 7.

The Yearbook

The work on the 1969 Richmond College yearbook, NEPENTHE, is slowly progressing toward completion. The staff consists of ten students, none of whom have any previous yearbook experience. Many and varied problems have confronted the staff since last September.

The style of the yearbook was the first problem: the staff wanted a box with fold-out poster pictures; money was the second problem. On a three thousand dollar budget a box style was unreal. A more conventional style was decided upon out of necessity. The book will be a standard eight-and-a-half by eleven inches bound on the long side. With an extra hundred dollars loaned to the yearbook by the Student Government, it was possible to add a few, not many, extras to add dimension to an otherwise conventional style book.

At this writing, the staff is fighting a deadline. Delivery is hoped for sometime in May. The developing, enlarging and printing of photographs is being done by one student, Harold Staack. In order to produce a better book in '69, the layout, which consists almost entirely of pictures, must be carefully constructed. (con't next column)

Both the processing of the photographs and the layout job are tedious and time-consuming. It is hoped that they will be successful as well.
from the YEARBOOK staff

CHESS CLUB

As Chairman of the Chess Club, I invite all students remotely interested in Chess to join our organization. Those who have no ability in the game but have the desire can and will learn. Those with little ability can improve. There is one major factor in chess, development. As the game develops, you develop also.

Contact Louis Fraser, Dean of Students office anytime.

SPORTS

by Russ Rueger

In case you missed it (this refers to all of you), the SICCC Centrals defeated Richmond College's All-Stars 31-6 in touch football on Dec. 12 at SICCC.
* * * * *

For those athletic freaks who would like to sweat a little, Richmond has an arrangement with Fort Wadsworth (a military institution, for shame!!) for use of gym facilities on Thursday evenings from 7 to 9:30 P.M. You can shoot some basketball, and maybe get into some volleyball and weightlifting. Wadsworth is off Bay Street near the Bridge, and is accessible from the R-2 bus.
* * * * *

Back on Nov. 12 in Pravda, I wrote a column entitled, "Will the Jets Make it this Year?". History (on Jan. 12) tells us that the answer is affirmative, very affirmative. In that article, I said the Jets would beat Houston and take their division. They did a lot more than that, like making sports history. I hate to hero-worship, but Joe Namath is something else. He had a lot of beer drinkers looking for blood, with his long hair, moustache, and cock-sure talk. But he won, and big. In football that's the name of the game. Congrats to the Jets.
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What this paper needs is a good, regular sports columnist. Anyone interested see Russ Rueger in R. 525 or the library.

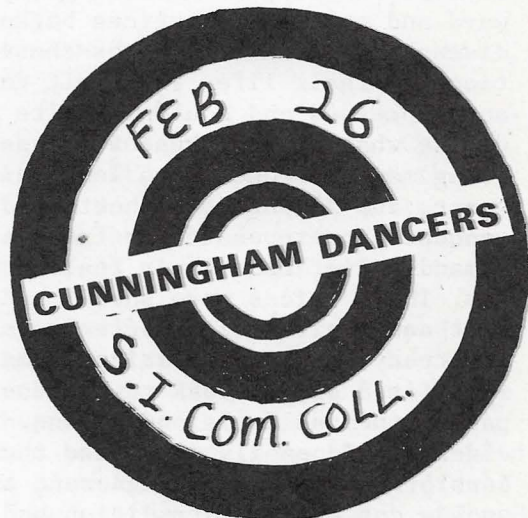
The first appearance on Staten Island of the internationally renowned Merce Cunningham Dance Company was announced today, by Richmond College's Lecture and Concert Bureau.

An evening performance at the Staten Island Community Theatre on February 26 will introduce this highly regarded dance company in program of modern musical scores by the eminent composer John Cage, who for a number of years has served as musical director for the Merce Cunningham group.

Mr. Cunningham who heads the dance company has been described by leading music critics as, "the most consistently daring experimenter in the field," of modern dance.

Tickets for the Cunningham concert may be obtained at Richmond College, 130 Stuyvesant Place, St. George, Staten Island. Further information may be obtained by calling 448-2537.

Sunday, February 9
at 2:30 pm.
EDWARD AUER
BRIGHTON HEIGHTS
CHURCH



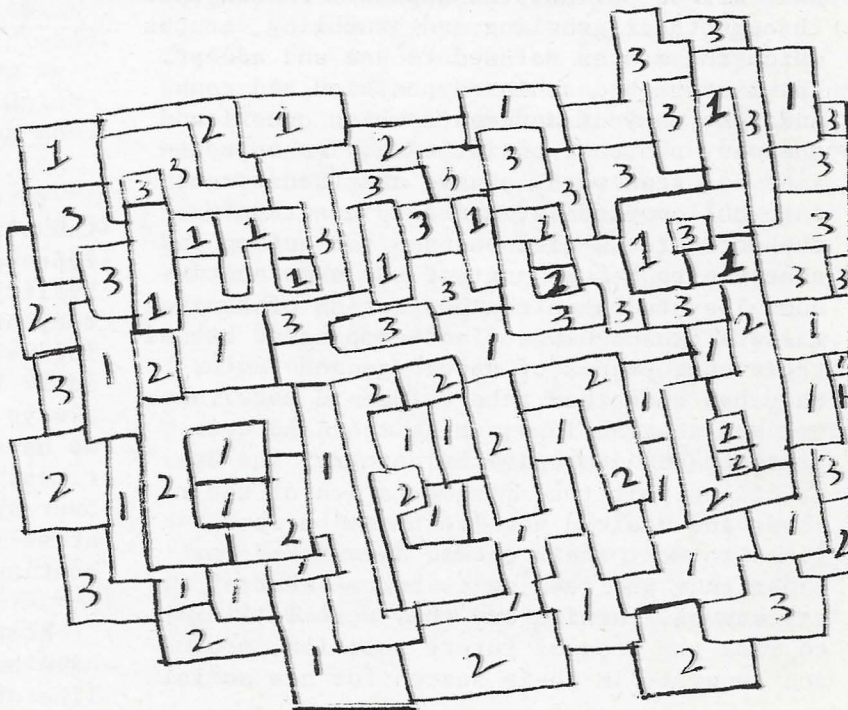
COLOR THIS PUZZLE CORRECTLY AND WIN 2 FREE TICKETS TO SEE MERCE CUNNINGHAM and DANCE COMPANY on FEB. 26 at S. I. COMMUNITY COLLEGE THEATRE

ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED ON ORIGINALITY, NEATNESS, AND ACCURACY.

EMPLOYEES OF RICHMOND COLLEGE AND THEIR RELATIVES ARE NOT ELIGIBLE TO WIN.

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE RETURNED TO THE CONCERT AND LECTURES OFFICE BY 12 NOON, THREE DAYS AFTER THE PUBLICATION DATE OF THIS PAPER.

IN CASE OF TIES, EARLIEST POSTMARK WILL DETERMINE THE WINNER.



THE MASTERS AND THE APPRENTICES

by Prof. LEONARD QUART

There once was a country which seemed under permanent duress. Its true demons, though they sometimes showed themselves in the public world in various guises, more often tunnelled inward, hiding from exposure. Now it happened that a group of awkward and callow apprentices began to become disenchanted and angered by the very conditions of their life. They felt confused and oppressed and couldn't quite name or define what caused these feelings. These young men and women were long-haired, unkempt, and ill-bred, without words or concepts to express their frustration and demand relief from their feeling of bondage. Their voices were shrill and inelegant and their actions often unjust and arbitrary. Their sophisticated masters found it a simple task to dismiss and parody them as fools and clowns. These elders could easily patronize them as members of an irrational, ignorant and brutish crowd, cut off from tradition and book knowledge. And it was indeed true that the apprentices committed foolish actions and used slogans and cliches in confronting their masters. Their feelings of anguish and disgust were too complex to name simply, and they were left making discordant gestures without coherent plan or program.

However, despite their inarticulateness and lack of polish, the apprentices conveyed through their growling and grumbling, truths which the master refused to see and accept. The masters had achieved position and rank and were wary of movements which questioned the very roots of their being. The apprentices had seen words abused and transformed into hollow rituals, and they desired for the words to be cleansed and for action and rhetoric to become part of the same continuum. They had seen the generation of their masters stand composed and complacent behind their conceptions of knowledge and truth, they had seen them take refuge in pat ironies and abstractions, while cant and destruction ran loose in the country. The apprentices felt the fragmentation of their lives and desired new truths to be fashioned to meet their needs. They asked for experience and feeling to become central aspects of learning and they were willing to risk the loss of future position, status and security in their search for new social

forms and states of consciousness. The apprentices were an exposed group, open to attack for their intolerance, their fright of ambiguity and paradox, and their inability to be patient. But with this mixture of foolish self-righteousness and wisdom they had made their masters defensive. The masters had become angry and self-righteous in turn, pulling rank and rationality over the absurd and passionate rhetoric of youth. The masters were vulnerable to attack, for their irony and belief in reason had allowed them to become fat and detached from experience while all was in shambles. A few rhetorical gestures, the signing of a petition, a peaceful protest march: little was risked and one could return absolved, back to playing security, status and success. There were others who even eschewed these conscience-saving devices and who collaborated openly in the construction of elaborate rationales for aggression and annihilation. It was time for the apprentices to ask questions of the masters, time to dissolve their vulnerable certainties and disturb their implicit and explicit ideologies. The apprentices hoped that the demons would be given air to breathe; that then we would live more honestly, be less alienated, tear off our masks; and that someday we might create without illusion some form of community. Or we could risk the horror of quiet desperation turned into open madness.

ON REVOLUTION

by B. FELDMAN

To those who reject the brotherhood of the streets, the communal response to a repressive, destructive, and racist social reality, it is to you I wish to speak. We, too, are sometimes weary. Political meetings are long and often times futile and dull. The pigs control our streets and are always willing to beat us into submission. We have talked with the people so many times, utilized the magic words over and over again, and still, the people do not arise in anger. Yet we feel the need to continue.

Brother, we do not seek martyrs. We have been through that already. We seek liberation fighters. We seek brothers and

sisters who will push back with laughter. We seek people who have felt the pain; not only that produced by the nightstick, but also that produced by the gap between our collective dreams and desires and this deadening social reality. We seek people who gladly choose to struggle against the nightstick in order to bridge the gap between social potential and social actuality.

We seek men and women who say "no" to the system precisely because they have tasted of pleasure, learned how to love, and experienced moments of freedom-- even while the bombs were dropping, the black men were being stepped upon, and the creative aspirations of laboring human beings were being suppressed---and now wish the transitory feelings of the few to become the sustained feelings of the many.

You say that your growth is dependent upon your ability to ignore the misery of the masses and the limitations which the system imposes upon you and your desires. We say that if you join us and devote your waking hours to making the revolution, you will realize that growth which occurs in isolation from the lives of the rest of humanity is much less meaningful than growth which occurs in conjunction with masses of other people.

We, too, have played our guitars, written our plays, turned on with our few friends, and made love to our girlfriends. But we are into Revolution also. For we will not resign ourselves to the meaningless 9 to 5 occupational roles which the system wishes us to passively fill, to the genocidal American invasion of Vietnam, to the exploitation and oppression of black people at home and masses of Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans abroad, and to the "happy" slavery which the American masses are manipulated into unconsciously accepting as their natural state of existence.

We do not ask you to live by revolution alone, if "living by revolution" means that you must involuntarily suppress a dimension of your humanity. Neither do we ask you to play Jesus Christ with the masses by "teaching" them to be free. All we demand is that you recognize that

to refuse to join the brotherhood of the streets is to suppress the dimension of your self composed of humane ethical values, uncensored dreams and unrepressed desires, and sentiments of empathy and compassion; while also admitting that laughter, romance, song, and tears, in the absence of real freedom, will give the masses not their dignity, but merely a temporary escape from their slavery.

CHRIST THE CAT
and his friend Master Bates
by JOHN HART

Last week, a student at Richmond College by the name of Master Bates, went to the school library. He found himself quite excited by a book he picked up; so he stuck it in his coat and crawled out to the bathroom.

After getting into the book and reading some of the graffiti on the wall, he creamed in the bowl. Suddenly, a female jet black cat hopped over the toilet door and landed in the bowl. Bates scratched his head and said to himself: "I thought cats didn't dig water." Meanwhile, the black cat whipped out a syringe, stuck it in Master Bates's cream and shot some up between its legs. Then the cat bounced out of the bowl and onto the floor. It layed on its back with its legs open and a man, with the words "I am the Savior" tattooed on his chest, wiggled out.

Christ: Hi, Master Bates! My name is Jesus Christ and I'm here to tell it like it ain't.
Bates: Drop dead--your mother is a nigger.
Christ: You insolent white cracker. My Father in heaven created man from the dust of the earth, and the earth was black, and in heaven Adam worked in the sun which continued to make his skin black and beautiful. When mankind was thrown out of heaven, Adam's good sons continued working the land under the sun. But the bad sons and the lazy sons went into the caves to sin and sleep, and their skin turned pale and eventually white. I am going to prove to you, Master Bates, that what I say is the truth. I am going to peel off all the layers of skin on your body until I come to the original black layer.

Christ leaped at Master Bates's face and ripped and clawed until nothing much was left. He feverishly scratched and tore apart the rest of Bates's body. With claws clogged with

threads of flesh and paws dripping beads of blood, he meowed mightily, "Get up and look in the mirror, you filthy swine."

Master Bates got up and looked and screamed with every ounce of energy in his ragged body.

An instant later the bathroom door was kicked open, and two guards ran in and snatched the stolen library book which was laying on the floor. They then somersaulted out and locked the bathroom door behind them.

* * * * *

Coming in the Next Issue

--weather permitting--

"Master Bates and his army of masterbators hunt down Christ the Cat"

* * * * *

Life

When the wind screams
I take it for a ride
and I live and love the wind
until one of us dies

--John Hart

Film Commune

by Harvey Rubin

It is my belief that there are a significant number of students involved in the traditional method of education who cannot operate within that system. It is becoming more and more apparent that a new approach is called for to accomodate these students. Unfortunately, there have been many proposals for this "better system", but few or none of them have been put into practise. Possibly one of the major reasons that these radical theories have not been acted upon is that traditional educators feel that the institution of any of these radical ideas may ultimately jeopardize their positions in the university. It is simply a matter of creature comfort, or a "don't make waves" type of thinking. It is unfortunate that these people fail to realize that it is not the intention of the radically-minded educators to substitute one system for the other, but to have their system in conjunction with the traditional. Richmond College has many students who feel that the traditional method of education is restrictive and they look for better methods, but the school has many ac-

ademically oriented students who would find a communal system restrictive.

This article will attempt to give an analysis of the commune on film that is being instituted for the first time at Richmond College. Thus far, the commune is the most experimental feature and undertaking that Richmond College has been involved in since its inception. There are two communes: the social change commune and the film commune. Since I am personally involved in the film commune I feel that this article will be most accurate if I deal solely with it.

The film commune was started so that students interested in film and all tangential aspects of the film medium would be able to take an intensive study program with little a priori structuring to inhibit the students. Students involved in the commune are involved for one or both of two reasons. Firstly, an opportunity to devote all one's time to the study of film in such a commune would be very unlikely to present itself again, and secondly, students who have an interest in film, but who are also interested in instituting a better method of education would be able to put the communal theory to the test. Most of the students involved in the commune are involved for both reasons and this gives the commune a very positive beginning. It is curious to note that the students involved are much more capable of relating to others than academically oriented students would be. It logically follows that students who react freely and easily with other students will function better and of course learn more in an atmosphere that is conducive to interaction. The commune has a precept that the students hold above all other ideas they have about the commune. This precept is as follows: students who voluntarily become involved in a study program will learn more and retain more if the knowledge is the only incentive and the only reward. Grades, whether they be ABCD or PFH, serve as restrictions to learning because they make knowledge a means to an end rather than the end it should be. Having gone to Brooklyn College, I can safely say that the majority of students there are more interested in their cumulative index than in the knowledge that they are there to obtain. This is antithetical to the very essence of learning. The students who are involved in the commune hope to ultimately put an end to that boil on the ass of higher learning. (con't next page)

film commune, con't...

The film commune will have three instructors who will guide the student in specific studies that the students will choose. The three main topics of study are: film aesthetics, film history, and film production. Although credits will be given for the commune (from 8 to 16), it is understood by all students participating that these credits will enable them to graduate and serve no ulterior purpose.

I believe that the commune will succeed because all of the students involved are taking a genuine interest in it. All the students involved realize that the failure of the commune will not only deprive them of the knowledge that they seek, but it would also reinforce the position of those "educators" who feel that their way is the only way to learn. We honestly believe that, for us, there is a better way, and we intend to prove it.

Social Change Commune
by Lou Polcovar

A student commune has been formed. Everybody was hostile to everybody until we realized that we liked each other. Then all of a sudden we weren't hostile to anyone. Given the fact that no one knew where the others were really at before the first few meetings, a strange thing has happened to the group. Everyone digs each other and the whole thing turned into a poem the night that we went to Lois' house.

After several meetings at the school, tempers and personalities began to clash. The politicals heads wanted to organize in a community, the hippie heads wanted to split to the coast and the shitheads didn't even come to the meetings. We had FACULTYMEMBERS attending the commune meetings, and because they had MAs in important subjects pertaining directly to all the things that make up a good commune. We threw them out because they got hung up in role playing and then we realized that everyone plays a role so we went over to Lois' house and ate a role and butter. Then Carol said that she was interested in the same thing that Jane was interested in and then Stu said that he was interested in the same thing that I was interested in and then we listened to

records over at the party where we spoke about everything and were uptight about narco men. That didn't really make any sense so the narco men turned out to be dealers who were afraid of narco men. One of them was Ricky. He shaved off his moustache and I didn't remember that we spent a weekend up at his farm in Pawling. Pawling... I wore a freak hat and drove a 1957 Mercedes Benz with a whole bunch of freaks in the backseat and the bumper kept falling off and we were stopped by a state cop and given a ticket for not eating enough homegrits and stuff like that and we drove away wearing a freak hat in a 1957 Mercedes Benz with the bumper falling off with a whole bunch of freaks in the back seat....Pawling.....

We met in Frank's car to get the guitar so that we could sing. Take the dollar bill off the floor of the car. You know how to drive a standard shift? We got it and Jesse knew a lot of Fuzzy Lewis numbers and Roseanne played the castenettes and the harmonica until we switched and made up songs about Jesus and stuff like that. Sonia was out of sight. She really has a nice smile, especially when she smiles and most certainly when she isn't smiling 'cause she even smiles then too. Who read Marcuse? Fuck Marcuse.... The BMT is the best place to meet lonely people....Lenny should have been there. It really would have been nice if Brian could have been there. Bernice would have enjoyed it too. But I guess things come up....and down. There were no cliches at Lois' house. Well, maybe a couple at the beginning but there were no cliches like "Who has the gun?"....We all do....

Social Change Commune: Course Description

An experimental program geared toward an intensive understanding of the processes involved in social change. The nature of involvement will be determined by participating students and faculty, with group cohesiveness being a central factor. Individual students can commit themselves to the program on a sliding scale ranging from four to sixteen credits. Selected readings may cover theories, application, and analysis of change, individual and group observation of change, with emphasis upon active participation by the group at all levels. Continual evaluation of data and experience will determine how the program will develop. The concept of (con't)

Social Change, con't...

change in society will be approached from different views, ranging from art and culture to reform, militancy, and revolution. The full resources of the college will be utilized, including calling upon faculty and administration for specialized support when applicable. In addition, persons involved in social change outside the college will be invited when needed to assist in the understanding and growth of participants. Possibilities will be considered for bringing about meaningful change in the college structure, including programs geared toward the entire student body. The immediate objective will be to encourage growth and understanding through group involvement, cooperation, commitment, and solidarity.

Not knowing that the new semester would bring such good cheer, as it has not done in the past, I sometimes have wondered who made the idea of college. After doing some research in the area, I found out where the idea of the university arose.

In 1352, in a small town in the country that is now Germany, a young man by the name of Huher Grich sat silently in the church. Suddenly tears came to his eyes and at that precise moment, the priest walked over to him. "Why are you crying, Huher?", the priest said. "I am crying," he answered, "because I find no reality in the teachings of the bible." The priest, stricken with fear and grief, stared into the young man's eyes, only to see the sincerity of his frustration. "If you find no answers in the Word of the Lord, my son, then there is no hope for the salvation of your soul." Silently and dejectedly, the priest, who thought so highly of Huher at one time, left the chapel and walked slowly through the rain-swept streets. Huher left the church through a side door and walked down Griest street, the street of the damned. It was that street that all decent people always talked about but never saw. The damned were men and women who never wore the respectable clothes worn by the respectable people. They wore the rags of the hungry, they wore the rags of the grief and sorrow of the lamb skin scorn placed upon them by those pretected by the catechism of transubstantiated pride becoming nothing but fearful bewilderment. Those

were the rags that Huher always thought about but never saw. It was then that he got the idea of setting up a secular monastary where they would talk and study the rags and walk down Griest street and wear the rags, feel the pain and grow.

||

"I find no satisfaction in the learning process, Dean," I say to the administrator-priest. Dejectedly, he looks down at me and says, "You will never be happy in this society unless you produce." I will find my redemption somehow, I say. He walks out sadly, thinking of ALL that I could have done. I leave through the side door.

--Lou Polcovar

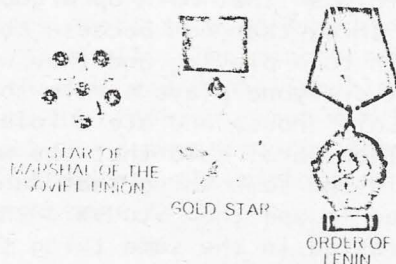
Underground Announcements

by Lou Polcovar

The administration gave us the right to freak out, thinking that our freak-out would take place outside of the school. However, they are in for a real surprize. The first thing that we have planned for this semester is to organize the faculty and students together to form a solid block against the administration. How's that for starts? The second thing we are going to do is have a puke-in in the student lounge in order to protest the shit served in the vending machines. The time and date for the puke-in will be announced in the next issue.

The final announcement is that we have invited Eldridge Cleaver to speak at our school. One of our reporters made contact with Cleaver in a secret meeting in a secret place. All those interested in finding out Cleaver's whereabouts call PL7-4000.

Medals



WASHINGTON, D.C.
COUNTER-INAUGURAL
HASSLES

I.

by Russ Rueger

Washington, D.C.,
January 18, 19, 20.
The latest Movement
re-affirmation of
its existence.

Israel Fishman
of the Library
and I left early
(con't first col.)



Counter-Inaugural March, Jan.19



Bob Feldman, Richmond SDS in Wash.

Saturday the 18th, and after a lot of miles and a lot of tolls, we arrived at the Movement center, a borrowed school building. We were housed in some black bourgeoisie cat's place in the suburbs, near Maryland. He worked for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW), and his middle class affluence made me sick. Then we ventured back to the Movement center to get our heads together with the people there. There were several stands selling radical literature and I picked up on a few revolution-Marxist pamphlets and signed some mailing lists. Afterwards, workshops were being set up in many of the buildings' rooms, and we decided to check out the Guerrilla Theatre workshop. The scene was flippy: the leader of the guerrilla group wanted us to get our collective heads together, and he utilized various techniques to obtain that end. His methods ranged from having people relate their dreams while others tried to act them out, to doing calisthenics collectively. In sum, it was pretty groovey. After that broke up, it was late Saturday night, so we split to the suburbs to get some shut-eye.

The next day, Sunday the 18th, we drove downtown to Franklin Park where a huge tent had been erected by National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam (MOB), the sponsors of the whole Washington show. The weather was cold, drizzly and wet. The tent was warm enough, but the park grounds were wet and a foot of mud was the result of the previous night's rain. The tent afforded no protection against the mud because there was no covering on the ground. It (con't next column...)

was a pretty icky scene.

At that point, Israel Fishman and I became separated. The Counter-Inaugural Parade was getting organized, and contingents of Movement people were beginning to form. I noted groups from all around: New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, etc. There were college kids, SDSers, and Yippies, as well as G.I.s for Peace and Women's Liberation groups.

The march to downtown Washington started peacefully enough, but soon hassles developed. Some fights slowed down the parade's progress, and when I finally pieced things together, I found out that Mark Rudd and some New York Regional SDS kids were attacking MOB's marshalls. They felt that the marshalls, who were trying to keep the parade on one side of the street, were acting in behalf of the cops. Later on, I learned that SDS and the Yippies also had several hassles during their stay in Washington.

At one time, everyone on a peace march was a Brother or Sister, but with marked factionalism splitting the Left so, one is forced to take sides. I used to be a Yippie, SDSer, and a MOB supporter simultaneously, and now I find that they're mutually exclusive.

Anyway, we finally arrived at the HEW building. At that point, a group of kids to move towards the American flag on the flagpole near the building. I started to shudder, because lowering the U.S. flag in Chicago during the convention caused one of the most violent scenes with the cops. This looked like a re- (con't following page...)



The Tent in Franklin Park



Demonstrators at the HEW building with NLF and DRV flags

peat scene. Luckily, none of the kids knew how to take the flag down, so trouble was averted.

Afterwards, many of us marched to the Smithsonian Institute building, where Spiro T. was scheduled to appear, according to a leaflet. I never did see Agnew, but certainly saw a lot of action. The cops tried to clear the path to the edifice by using horses, and succeeded in making the kids run for awhile. But then, people started heaving sticks and rocks, and it was really freaked out watching the cops run for a change. The kids more or less told the cops to go fuck themselves, ignored them, and occupied the street again. At that point, I split that scene.

I ran into Bob Feldman of Richmond SDS and we decided to check out the Counter-Inaugural Ball that was scheduled in the tent for that evening. Bob came to Washington that afternoon with a group of Richmond SDSers, but he was the only one of them who stuck around that long.

When we got to the tent, it was cold, dark, and muddier than ever. Some rock groups were scheduled to play, and we plopped ourselves into a couple of seats. The place was filled to capacity with freaks. At that point, someone announced that busses to New York were leaving. Being cold, tired, and not much in a mood for music, we decided to forsake the tent and leave Washington early. So ends my tale.

WASHINGTON COUNTER-INAUGURATION HASSLES

II.

by Russ Rueger

Although I had left the Washington scene, the action continued for the remainder of Sunday and on into Monday. An interview with Israel Fishman of the Library produced an account of the occurrences.

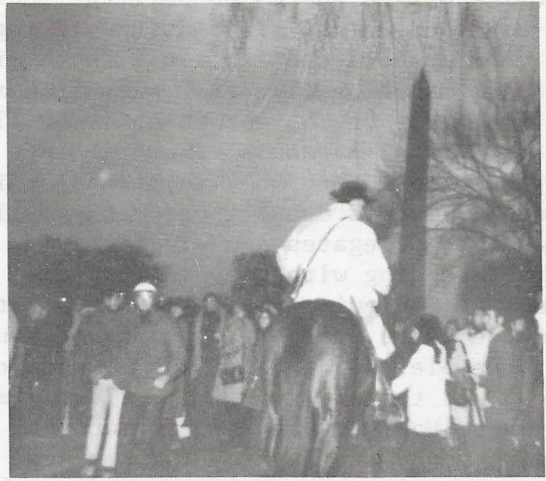
Mr. Fishman attended an SDS meeting that convened shortly after I left, about 7 PM. He recognized SDS contingents from many areas. The discussion centered around SDS' displeasure with the actions of MOB. An idea to go to the tent and take over the Communications microphone was brought up.

When the group arrived at the tent, a concert was in progress. Later, Paul Krassner of Realist fame, spoke. Afterwards, SDS was given the mike with no hassle. And so the night ended.

The following day was Inauguration Day, and counter-actions were planned. The counter-march was down 11th St., and immediately the demonstrators were greeted with heavy police contingents, platoons of soldiers, marines with fixed bayonets, and U.S. Marshalls. The concentration of plainclothesmen was "unbelievable", according to Mr. Fishman. When the Nixon car passed the demonstrators, they surged forward and threw objects, a smoke (con't next page...)



A Girl Flees From Police By the
Smithsonian Institute



Mounted Police split the demon-
strators up

bomb among them. Mr. Fishman said that he could tell it was the Nixon car by the look of "holy terror" on the faces of the secret service men.

After that the crowd dispersed. Some walked towards the Capitol building, where they were halted at Lafayette Park by tacticle police.

In retrospect, Mr. Fishman described the Inauguration Day confrontations as an "ego trip" for the movement, although he considered it "an important event in American history". He noted that events such as these are "frustrating" because it is futile and irrational to expect governemntal policy changes to result from them.

WASHINGTON INAUGURAL HASSLES

III.

by Stuy Green

Monday, Jan. 20. Made Washington in pretty good time, without getting any tickets for a change. Entering Washington on New York Avenue's like going through Chicago's stockyards...wondering if all that similarity's symbolic of an ominous rea about to start. Going to make SDS rally in Franklin Park on I and 11th if we can figure out how to get there....City's crawling with military police wearing red arm bands...all of those military ambulances look like Madrid in '36. Funny thing...ran into D.C. pigs unarmed and without their nightsticks out-

side of the park, no more Chicago paranoia? Whole thing is unreal, soldier-cops armed to their teeth all over the place, in pretty little rows with their MIGs and bayonets glistening under the cold sun...Tried to offer coffee to the MPs, be a big sport, anyway, I was so fucked up, all uniforms looked like costumes and costumes like uniforms...Walking around 11th street offering coffee and blades of grass to MPs, automotons 'til the Pentagon robot with gold bars says out of way, Jew Commie bastard faggot... After such praise where does one go but to the park to hear more bullshit sperks and re-live Chicago in the mind...Nah, decided to make the park with all those fool monummets to the racists, Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson...got as far as 11th and G when this parade starts coming by...parked my ass on that corner when Lester (the Head Splitter) Maddox made it by with a car painted like a confederate flag and a PA system playing Dixie...though it was Kersey and the Pranksters 'til I looked again, super WASP Man and the White Citizen's Council... Big commotion coming down the street. Ronnie Regan in person, eating up all the free Huey's and Drop Deads like his rallying call...that son of a bitch is really digging it...Corner's getting up-tight, the army pigs are swinging their guns around...the man in front of me has a grenade launcher attached to his 16--th fucking thing looking me in the eye... beautiful...Military pigs on th^e building behind us (American Union Trust) are con't next page...

throwing office wastes as us...the medic's arm band and helmet ain't doing nothing for me...coming down too fast..all those military cats marching five feet away from me are making me crash, got to split or flip out into total paranoia...make it into a People's Drug Store on 14th and something or other...weird crowd there...they all were Nixon delegates and old farts... started rapping with one...lifted his passes to reviewing stand across the street from the White House...time has no meaning now...People's Drug Store has no people's drugs, had to supply my own...finally made the White House...parade's in fourth, humping on by on plastic floats manned by plastic people...Boy Scouts guarding the reviewing stand don't dig our faces... finally some cat who looks like Smokey the Bear lets us in...After sleeping through most of the parade, were woken up by a calliope...thought I was in Coney Island...went looking for Nathan's and wound up in the Arizona delegate's joint...met Goldwater even...threw us out...screw Washington, went to get the car...naturally, we got lost...stumbles into really outrageous place, Dept. of Naval Weapons Procurement... ran like a son-of-a-bitch with all sorts of motorcycle M.P.s following me(I thought)... finally found the car and immediately got lost in Arlington Cemetery...what a goof... Car breaks down in Baltimore in a weird 42nd street scene...American Express whores and horney sailors' liberty night... couldn't wait to make the city.

FOUR MORE YEARS OF...

by DAN ROONEY

There he is, totally nondescript, being sworn in as President. It was a scene reminiscent of many bad jokes heard late at night in dirty bars with evil, tired patrons. So much so that you keep looking for it to end and go away; you think that maybe if you sleep, you will be refreshed and strong enough to sweep it away with a glare. But you're wrong.

He gives his thoroughly forgettable speech and heads off to the hall to listen to Guy Lombardo. Four years of nothing had begun and there was nothing left to do but feel defeated and try and avoid thinking about it. You'll get stoned, you decide. Not the contented, smooth head of grass, but the hard, punishing

stupor of alcohol. You want the harsh whiskey to dull your mind and burn your throat; make you sick so you can think about your headache and forget about the country.

But you cannot do it. You can't forget. Instead, you think about the year gone by. About McCarthy, the aspiring hero gone sour, the assassinations, Columbia, Chicago, the continued war and the teachers' strike. You start to sympathize with and understand the thousands of defeated people you have encountered. People whose tired, lifeless faces testify to one beating too many. The people who have seen Richard Nixon inaugurated many times and no longer have the strength to combat it. The pouchy truckdrivers who grumble softly and then ignore everything. The comfortable liberals who argue so eloquently of the need for surrender to "reality". These are the droopy-eyed zombies who elected Tricky Dick and you feel yourself slipping into their ranks. But you're not ready to do so. Nixon is not your President, and although you've heard the urbane, well-manicured CBS commentators and read the precise grammar of the New York Times correspondents saying that Nixon should be given a chance to prove himself, you do not want him to be President long enough to see.

Out of a quagmire of despair, your youth has asserted itself. You have finally understood the generation gap. Have realized that only the young are strong enough, fresh enough, brave enough, and willing enough to fight Richard Nixon. So you'll wait patiently, expectantly, for Nixon to finally say something; then you'll go for his throat.



ORDER OF THE
RED BANNER



ORDER OF VICTORY

TRYING TO MAKE IT WITH PETER, PAUL AND MARY

The staggering bumper crop of pop LPs saturating the market these days does bestow, if explored, a gratifying share of innovative groups. The residue of left-overs must be content with its second-rate status until proven otherwise.

Peter, Paul & Mary certainly have over their long career otherwise, but their ninth album, Late Again (Warner Brothers 1751)-- so called presumably because of the fourteen month break between records-- wasn't really worth the wait. Trying to keep pace, they dabble in the fields of cabaret music, Gospel, soul, and inevitably, Country-Western. It results in a travesty.

"Moments of a Soft Persuasion," notwithstanding the lush harmony, is more befitting a night club setting, as is "Yesterday's Tomorrow," which features Mary as a torch singer. (Jesus). "I Shall Be Released," a Dylan song first recorded very poignantly by The Band, is here countrified and jazzed up beyond belief, complete with a chorus of soul sisters.

And then there is the matter of Peter Yarrow's voice. "Tramp on the Street" is an unsuccessful plunge into Gospel due to Peter's shmoltzy phrase-endings and over-all sloppiness. "There's Anger in the Land," a solo, is unendurably maudlin. As a remedy for the next record, the producers might enlist some fans who could be counted on for candid opinions and not be hesitant to say something like, "Gee, Peter, I'm afraid that you're making a bloody ass of yourself."

When all the excess waste is disposed of, we are left with three or four fine songs. The richly complex "Rich Man Poor Man" has a wonderfully unaffected exuberance to it, the kind one gets from just throwing his head back and singing joyously. "Too Much of Nothing," the album's other Dylan song, is simply a masterwork, and the God damn funk-iest thing they ever recorded. It opens with a plunking harpsichord, soon joined by a flailing blues harp and chopping drums. The refrain, which is incongruously soothing and pillowy, is typical mystical Dylan: "Say hello to Valerie/ Say hello to Mary Ann/ Send 'em all my salary/ From the waters of Oblivion."

If PP&M learn from the mistakes of this album and see its real strength, record number ten will bring them back to the category of innovator, which they left a little while back.

--JIM BUECHLER

Acid Flauna

Icy tingles splinter down the spine;
Pulsations of niosy, erratic energy
Tumble through estatic nerves

Is there comprehension?

Nodules of compressed color
Balloon against the sense-window
Ego emanations of incongruent worlds

Splatter the inconsistent tincture of reality

What significance a can of bug spray
But to values that render its existence imperative

Fomenting vibrations of ominous unmusic
purchased second-hand
by a syringe of enlightenment

--r. rueger

- ADMIT ME -

COUNTER INAUGURAL BALL

Big Tent on Mall

Jan. 19 7 p.m. - 2 a.m.

BEST SEATS - - - - \$2.00

WORST SEATS - - - - \$35.00

Jerry W. Brown is a student at Richmond and will be a regular contributor to this paper. He was the author of a controversial series of articles this past semester for Staten Island Community College's paper, the Dolphin. The following is the last of that series, reprinted from the January 8 Dolphin.

SPIRIT OF '68
by jw brown

It's funny how meaningless a year can be when you look back. People sitting around at new year's parties and talking how they were treated during the past year: "We had a wedding last month...and three kids... socked it to her good... busted by the pigs... broke...accidents...not bad...good year... lousy christmas...sick...presents...stinking...ahh, fuck it all...another year... another....."

Maybe it was me? Maybe I'm wrong? maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe maybemaybemaybe, i hope to hell i am. It's me, It's me, jesue christ it's gotta be me. Screaming in my sleep, waking in the middle of the night; sheets clinging to my sweaty back, naked body spiling on the vomit covered floor, sliding, sloshing through all the gory mess. Black thoughts--blue thoughts. Little machiavelli--and plots formulating; destroy the world- savethe world, see the world.

I've been waiting. All year long i've been waiting to write the Spirit of '69, to really shock the shit out of you morons, sitting on your cute little moralistic, victorian asses. Shake you out of your romantic trees and make you wallow with me in my home-made scummy life. And now i can't. No matter how much i hate you stupid mothers i can't. No matter what you do, how many times you kill and hate and destroy, i can't. if there really was a just and riotous god in heaven, he'd let me do it...let me hate you...kick and stomp you...stop you and your methods bent on destroying every one of us. He'd let me make you feel again, see again, live again. A burned out, fire-gutted building still has beauty within it; still can hope for more. The water from the fire hoses freezes; oozing, dripping, lapping over and out the windows and fire escapes. Shifting, slashy shadows and the street lamp lighting the back alley. Strange what the mind wanders to when ugly inhumane thoughts swamp it. Blotting out the sick seeds, making them blurry, hazy, washedout and almost gone except like an aftertaste

that remains in every membrane on the roof of your mouth. I made it through this year. This bitchy, woman of a year that wanted to take every bit out of me and digest it like a bowl of watered-down stew. A year that put me through changes that a piece of dog shit shouldn't feel. Constantly put down, lifted up and then poked full of holes again. I still don't know where it left me. Don't know if i can say who i am anymore, or who is real, or who is, and before, mother fuckers, i knew which of you saints were real. Sometimes i wanta just give in to you and your insanity-disease and just crawl under the covers. Just lie there real still, listening for the boogy man that would come up and eat me if i wasn't good and went right to sleep. Just lie there and make sure that i was really awake, or sure that it was really happening to me, or at least until someone reassured me that it wasn't that bad.

The papers always carry a special section with the year in review. I looked through it and saw all the things that had happened, and deep inside of me i knew it was real, because i was taught that everything i read in the papers was the truth. Taught to accept everything that was in print, for wasn't everything worth knowing in books? All "IMMORTAL KNOWLEDGE" was there for the asking. And in this paper i saw pictures, that stirred thoughts that were far in excess of a thousand words. Saw pictures of kids i played ball with, now getting their balls blown off, their heads shot full of tiny death balls, so far from home. Saw some astronaut flying to the moon, and people starving, and deep inside i knew that this was wrong, because i had cleaned my plate a thousand times, not wasting any food because people were starving all over the world. Saw pictures of two men dead and i couldn't figure out the reason in my own head why they died. Looked around the room and felt lonely, helpless and insignificantly cheap. I looked out the window and saw some kids playing in an empty lot across the street from my home and i cried. I sat for i don't know how long and i cried. Not for the con't next page...

pueblo crew members who were beaten by the commies, not for the moonmen, not for the starving people, and certainly not for those two dead men who died for no reason, because i knew that martin luther king and robert f. kennedy would not sit and cry for themselves. I cried so hard for all you running scared people and for all the people next door that i could think of, and i prayed and prayed and prayed and prayed and prayed that i would soon know why those two men died. And then i crawled back into bed and pulled the covers over my head and stayed real quiet and listened to the neighbors getting drunk.

STATEMENT TO NEW STUDENTS FROM RICHMOND
SDS

Welcome to Richmond College!

From reading the catalogue, you might be thinking that this school is going to be a lot different from the 2-year knowledge factories you've just been through. After hearing President Schueler boast about the white blackboards, and seeing the other smiling administrators make like they're hip guys, you might actually conclude that studying at Richmond College is going to be a "groovy" experience.

In reality, however, studying at Richmond College is an intellectually unstimulating, emotionally empty, politically irrelevant, and socially meaningless experience. Classroom discussions are boring and personally irrelevant and are dominated by teachers who talk at their students as if they were totally ignorant children. Since most of the teachers and most of the administrators at this school think that most of the students around here are stupid and unwilling to study unless forced to do so, an excessive number of papers, books, and tests are assigned to be written, read, or taken.

If you're here to be educated, we think that you'll find Richmond College is mainly concerned with training you to be passive, unprepared teachers in communities which you will find professionally inadequate. If you're here to avoid meaningless work experiences, we think that you'll find that the only unpleasant things that you'll avoid at this place is the draft and what's happening in the oppressive real world outside this 9 story office building. If you're here to expand your consciousness or meet interesting people, we think you'll find it difficult to accomplish either--unless you immediately say "no" to

the traditional courses offered here, and, instead, sign up for 16 credits of intensive independent study in the newly formed academic communes.

The SDS chapter you'll find at this college exists not only because students are dissatisfied with the education they're getting. It exists because many students throughout America have, during the last 9 years, come to see that the only thing this society offers us are meaningless, uncreative jobs, wars, racist and exploitive institutions, military service, fragmented lives, and policeman's clubs. SDS exists at Richmond College to help build a revolutionary movement of the alienated and disaffected in response to this sick society. We meet Monday at 11 A.M. in the student lounge. Join us.

Richmond College Students for a Democratic Society (SDS)

Many students at Richmond come from the other four boroughs and their only time on Staten Island is spent at Richmond. Many other students are moving to Staten Island, at least for their duration at Richmond. Because of the Liberal atmosphere of college, most are not aware of the community atmosphere of Conservatism and Provincialism that exists on the Island. Therefore, in order to help the Richmond community gauge the sentiments of the community beyond these walls, I am reprinting a column in the December 18, 1968 Staten Island Register as representative of this community. My aim is not to disparage, editorialize, or break copyright rules, but to inform. The article is concerning the Dec. 12 high school student strike at Borough Hall. Following the article is a letter to the editor, also representative of the community.--Ed.

* * * * *

IT'S COMING TO STATEN ISLAND

Louis P. Wein

Three cheers for our police! Three cheers for our Borough President and his staff! Three large boos for those protestors picketing Boro Hall last week! Cheers for the police because they are dedicated men who have a hard job-- and for the most part do it well. Cheers for the Borough President and his staff because they approach their jobs responsibly, next page...

ibly and do the best they know in providing good government for Staten Island. Boos for the protestors because they are misguided individuals, mis-representing the majority of fine young men and women, and who, I'm afraid, do themselves and society a great injustice.

Their gripe this time was the extra 45 minutes that would be tacked on to the High School day should students be given the regular holiday recess. That in itself isn't wrong--in fact it's an exercise of a constitutional freedom. But since when do college students and non-students in their twenties represent the High School population of Staten Island? What does "Black Pantherism" have to do with Christmas recess? And why do these people talk in circles? During the school strike the same leaders picketed Borough Hall because they thought the Borough President could act as a strike-breaker in making classroom space available in public buildings, and demanded that the Administration find a way to open schools. This time, however, their "thing" was to "...demonstrate, protest, stay out of school to protest make-up time." A clear contradiction. Don't these people know what they're talking about--- or is it just fashionable to disrupt the calm of a community?

We hear so much today of FREEDOM. The freedom of this--the freedom of that. This civil right--or that one. GREAT! But what about RESPONSIBILITY. One doesn't exist without the other. We can only be as free as we are willing to be responsible. These youngsters--who for the most part don't know what life is about yet--seem to think they are the liberators of men and the revolutionaries of society-- and they've never made a rent payment!

To Inspector Milton Jirak, Captain Richard Cronin, and the other fine men in blue--thank you. To Borough President Connor and his staff (especially Mr. Walter Kramer)--thank you. **And to our protestors--thank you. You have provided us with the opportunity to know exactly what a small minority you really are.**

Dear Mr. Pravda Editor,

In the U.S.S.R. the penalty for distributing unlawful leaflets is 3 yrs. imprisonment.

The penalty for unlawful demonstrations is 5 yrs imprisonment.

If you were judged by the same system you advocate "God Forgive You"
con't next col...

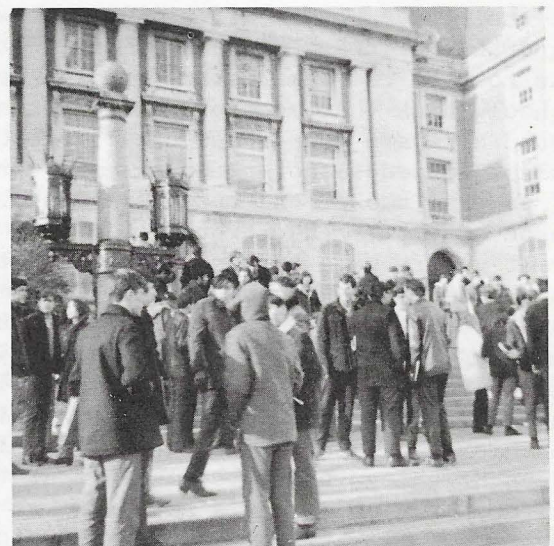
Pay your summons and kiss the land you live in.

A Patriotic American

For several months now, the Journal of Opinion has been collecting photos of various events of noteworthy significance. This is the first time we have been able to reproduce them. Therefore, from our Archives of Photographs.....



Nos. 1 and 2. High School demonstration at Boro Hall on Dec. 12, '68





3. Russian Invasion of Czechoslovakia tanks can be seen in background



6. George Wallace supporters in Madison Sq. Garden on Oct. 28 Cop's helmet in foreground



4. Same as #3. Russian tanks in background



7. John Hart (back to camera) listening to friend strum guitar



Russ Rueger busy getting things together



New York's Finest



ORIENTATION AT
RICHMOND

all orientation photos
(c) Neil L. Reznikoff,
1969

Prof. Lenny Quart is
better than any two
pints I know



Student Council Chairman Bob
Arrindale



Pres. Herbert Schueler



Richmond SDS Bob Feldman takes
dead aim at the Administration

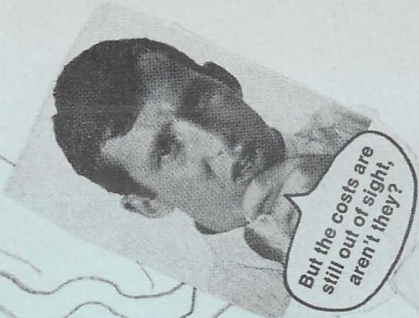


Don't get carried away, Dean Chiles !

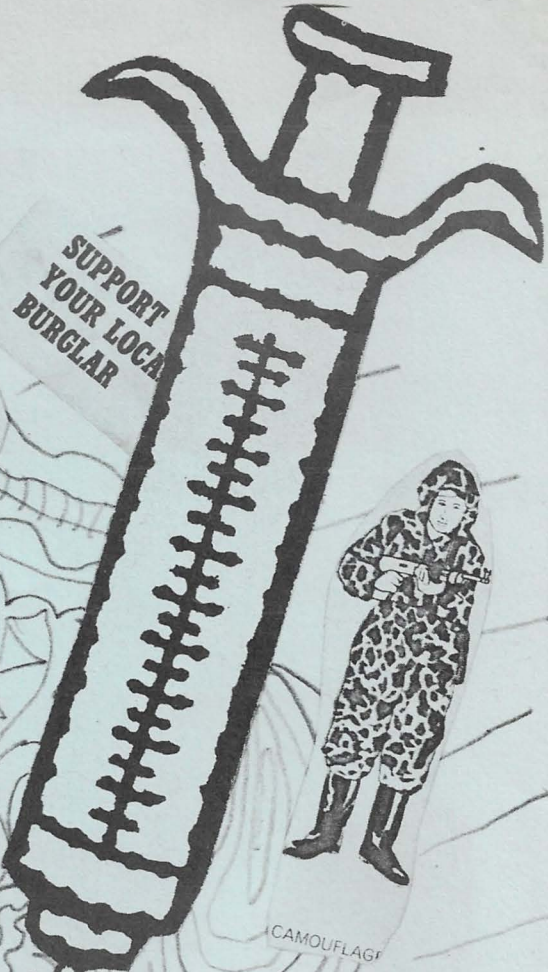


New Students dig free food in
in Lounge.

Observation



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BURGLAR



Crosman pistols. Good enough to go to school.



SUMMER FULL DRESS: MARSHAL, GENERAL

RICHMOND TIMES still has staff openings for writers and typists. In addition, students, faculty and administration may submit material for publication.

HELP!

Johnson 'Gratified'

Russel Rieger