

# The Richmond Times

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RICHMOND COLLEGE-CITY UNIVERSITY

September 30, 1971

## Student Government Elections To Be Held October 4-8

by David K. Moseder

Next week (October 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8.) voting machines will be set up in the main lobby of Richmond College (130 Stuyvesant Place) in order to increase the efficiency and speed of counting up the votes. The votes of course, will be for the officers and committee members of the Richmond College student government.

The number of voting days has been increased this year from two to five, in order to insure at least a minimum of 30 percent of the student population casts their ballots. (30 percent is necessary to make the election valid.) Last year, the election committee found it necessary to go from class to class to solicit votes until they just reached the 30 percent minimum. This year, candidates are urged to get their constituents to the polls by any means necessary.

The positions being contended and the

candidates for those positions are as follows:

### STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION CHAIRMAN:

John Aragona and Warren Koestner.

### VICE-CHAIRMAN:

Tony Lepere and Angelo Monterrosa.

### SECRETARY:

Debby Bloostein

### TREASURER:

Suzanne Friedman

### STUDENT COUNCIL: (12 positions)

Sal Criscione, Terry Morgan, Ciro Di Sclafani, Howie Leibowitz, John Mardiney, Barry Rubin, Blythe Garr, Gloria Wiggins, David Moseder, Vivian Miller, Mike Fane, Stephen Jason, Gary Damiano, Wayne Wood, Louis Melendez, Sara Rodriguez, R. Connolly, Juliette Westby, Charlotte Lambert and Winthrop Barnett.

RICHMOND COLLEGE ASSOCIATION:  
(RCA, 9 positions)

Gary Damiano, Carolyn Melde, John Gino, Pritphal Phandle, Doug Friedman, Edward Velez, George Zarillo, Netta Kocurek, Pat Murry, Arturo Andino, Barry Rubin, Louie Melendez, Joe Modica, Mike Fane, Robert Micalizio, Josephine Mullin, Robert Greenberg, Sai Criscione, James Callahan, Barbara Viallani, John Ray, Louie Melendez, Abraham Crus, R. Connolly, Gloria Wiggins, Terry Williams, Lula Boyland, Monica Freeman, Charles Warbington and Sandra Vincent.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT SENATE: (3 positions)

Pritpal Phandle, Howard Leibowitz, Mike Fane, Dawn Fonseca, Steve Jason, and Phil Green.

SEARCH AND EVALUATION: (4 positions)

Kathy Wall, Kathy Rubin, Robert Micalizio and Carol Koslefsky  
ADMISSIONS AND STANDING: (2 positions)

Doug Friedman

ARTICULATION: (2 positions)

George Zarillo and Ciro Di Sclafani.  
LIBRARY AND INSTRUCTIONAL (1 position)

No candidates at press time.

STUDENT LIFE: (5 positions)

Gary Damiano, David Moseder, Sal Criscione, Netta Kocurek, Parry Brown and Hector Ruiz.

CULTURAL AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS: (4 positions)

*Continued on page 4 column 1*

## Fall Breaks and Back to Winter - Happy Autumn Everyone



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

# The Candidates Present Their Views

**John M. Aragona, Chairman  
Tony Lepere, Vice Chairman**

I am John M. Aragona, a native of Manhattan, now residing on Staten Island. An alumnus of Brooklyn Technical High School, a transfer student at Staten Island Community College, presently a senior engineering science major. A member of the Richmond College Engineering Society. Served on the Student-Faculty Grievance Committee (1970-1971).

I am Tony Lepere. I reside in Brooklyn and am a Film Major in my 2nd Term here in Richmond. I served as a member of the Student Government last term and also served as the Vice President of the Student Government at S.I.C.C.

Experience has shown us that even though students are a major and vital facet of our

**Terence Morgan: Candidate for Student Council**

The favorite phrases among incumbents running for re-election are "Experience Counts" and "Elect Experience." Incumbency is by no means a prerequisite for an elective position. I feel, however, that my first term as a member of the Student Council has taught me a great deal about governance procedures at Richmond. The main issue facing this year's Council is the college governance dilemma. I hope the Council will be able to work toward implementing a College-wide Council. The Student Council should strive to obtain 50 percent student representation on this body. I also believe that this new Council, composed of students, faculty and administration, should have some sort of veto power over the president of the college.



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

Candidates for Student Council. (l - r.) Barry Rubin, Ciro DiSclafani, Louie Melendez, Mike Fane, Terry Morgan, Bill Miller, Linda Geary.

basic ones—the social and cultural betterment of Richmond College. There is much to be done and I hope to do something.

Several things I have noticed trouble me and need change while others need improvement and some things have not been touched and I feel they should be.

You will notice I am running for three positions: SGA, RCA, and the Cultural and Public Affairs Committee and each thing has its reasons, all of which I feel are good—I hope you'll agree.

This past year The Cultural and Public Affairs Committee did nothing. RCA felt that the proposed activities did not serve the student and money was withheld. Its function is to decide what lectures, concerts and films are to be available at Richmond. I would like to attend the upcoming show

Barry Rubin, RCA, Cultural and Public Affairs, and Student Council

Is Richmond College an end in itself? Our classroom activities it seems to me are just preparation for practicing what we learn in society. Student Government organizations should make that connection—create a critical university that moves to change the world. Student government should act as a leadership through organizing the students to control hiring, participate in anti-war and anti-repression activities, help the Women's Bail Fund and other groups in fund-raising activities, etc. RCA should spend our money with these ends in view. But most important, RCA and student government should become a student revolutionary, united front leadership for Richmond students.



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

Candidates for Curriculum Committee. (l - r.) Bill Miller, Danny Meaders, Glenn Tepper.

college as well as our society, they tend to lack interest in the functions and decisions of their institution. They appear to isolate themselves from the outer world. They fail to voice an opinion on issues; local and national, political or social. Although this might have been true in the past, students at Richmond may yet change their entire thought.

Also we support the demand for the Latin American Institute, we pledge we will try to save the H.E.O.P and have all Student Faculty Committees submit monthly reports to be published in the Richmond Times.

**THIS ELECTION BELONGS TO ALL STUDENTS; THEREFORE STOP, READ, THINK, AND THEN VOTE.**

**Stephen Jason**

Briefly, let me say that I believe it is necessary for people to be united in order to achieve the basic changes we desire. This means we must find ways, not an easy thing to do, to put aside all differences caused by values yet unlearned, to accomplish a system flowing from our basic new values. In the past, these differences have been obstacles, blocking the path of meaningful change at Richmond College, and sometimes hampering a defense when faced by the forces of reaction.

**Arnold Berkowitz**

My reasons for running for office are very



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

Candidates for Student-Faculty Grievance Committee. (l - r.) Louis Melendez, Charles Warbington, Jim Engle, George Zarillo

"Superstar" and receive a discount and see some rock concerts at a discount as well — why can't this be done — money is available.

Both Richmond College Association (RCA) and Student Government decide upon club programs, money, and funding. The Day Care Center needs more money, people at Richmond are talking about a radio station and long range plans extend to a CUNY Radio Network and why not? These things should be possible and can be.

Apathy plagues club attendance — people are around but do not attend due to a lack of interest.

A student action forum can be set up, channeling support towards community projects and other things such as a community health center giving medical aid at a pay-as-you-can-basis.

This is just a start, more can and must be done. Give me a vote and a chance.

**Kathy Rubin, Search and Evaluation**

It's important for the students to know what's going on with those who control us on an administrative level. The people in these positions control what we can do here, especially when we start to make our demands known, and we should have the kind of administration which doesn't sit itself above the community, which doesn't function as bureaucrats, which is sensitive to students, the needs of students of their families and of the taxpayers who are directly involved. Richmond is called a community school, but so far it hasn't come anywhere near the functions that this implies. Moreover, schools should not serve to socialize people into merely accepting our society, but to be independent enough to create radical change, and even to change the structure of the society itself.



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

(l - r.) George Zarillo (Articulation), Doug Friedman (Admissions and Standing), Monica Freeman (Master Plan), Barry Rubin (Cultural and Public Affairs), Sandra Vincent (Loans and grants), Ciro DiSclafani (Articulation).

# The Candidates Present Their Views

**George Plante**

My name is George Plante and I'm running for Student Council. I am presently a Graduate Student at Richmond, having received my B.A. in history/political science here in August 1971. As an undergraduate I was a member of a committee that studied the development of an evening division here at Richmond. Since I have experienced life at Richmond College as both an undergraduate and a graduate student and further since I've taken courses both in the day and at night I feel that I can give responsible representation to a wide cross-section of Richmond College students.

**Abraham Siegal**

I, Abby Siegal (Abby being my common, everyday nickname) am an Engineering Science student, running for R.C.A. As a member of the Engineering Society, I've gained plenty of experience working with people during our struggle to save the Engineering Science Curriculum here at Richmond College. As a member of R.C.A., I plan on using this knowledge successfully. Thank you.

**Glenn Tepper**

Glenn Tepper, candidate for the curriculum committee. There are too few course offerings in dramatic literature to meet the needs of students interested in the dramatic arts. As a member of the curriculum committee, if I am aware of problems such as this one, I would be in a position to implement new and innovative courses.

**Carol Koslofsky, Search and Evaluation**

Since Richmond College is a unique school with innovative programs, it should be allowed to continue and thrive. The only way that Richmond can achieve this is by having administrative faculty behind the students and the programs. They should be responsible to the student body and the only way this can be done is by hiring people who understand and are sympathetic to Richmond's uniqueness. This is why I am running. It is vital to me as a student to see that these programs keep growing because of my need for a relevant education. The administration is the key and the search and evaluation committee will go about finding the best people for the job and eliminate the people who cannot accept change. I am an interested student in this position and in my own and others education.

**Linda Geary**

I am, and for no other reason, I am. My interests are in Medical Lab Science and Integrated Studies. I will do what I can to support and extend the progressive attitude of Richmond College.

**Doug Friedman, RCA and Admission and Standing**

The most important thing that Richmond College has to strive for is to connect the University to the physical community it exists in. The question is whether the University exists to serve the administration (which is the situation at present) or exists to serve the people in the community as well as people in the school. Richmond College's connection with the community is at most minimal. The Student Government and organizations must



R.T. Photo by A Lepere

Candidates for University Student Senate. (l - r.) Stephen Jason, Dawn Fonseca, Howard B. Leibowitz, Mike Fane.

become a driving force in moving students towards working for change in the community as well as in the school. RCA, as powerful student organization, should give support and help to worthwhile progressive struggle.

**Howard B. Leibowitz, Student Senate**

Though some call me other things, my name is Howard B. Leibowitz and I am running for the University Student Senate. I have been on the Senate for two years, as a representative of New York City Community College. I would like to see what I can do to increase the student role in policy making decisions affecting the City University.

**John Ray**

This is my third year at Richmond College, during this time I have seen its evolution from an experimental college in name only to a school that is more in the spirit of experimentation than in its practice. In other words we have a faculty which for the most part is willing to innovate students who are seeking an alternative to a traditional education and a framework which allows for free form projects. But in spite of this, we are frustrated by an outreached bureaucracy which controls funds and insists on an outdated procedure and red tape before they will allocate their money and or equipment for individuals or group projects students and professors must expend most of their energy hassling with bureaucrats and administrators who are either indifferent to or show little sympathy for their ideas.

From a position on the Richmond College

Association (RCA) which states as one of its purposes "to aid the student and faculty of Richmond College by assisting them in every way possible in their study, work, living and extracurricular and curricular activities." What I would be able to do is to help implement any creative work that is proposed by students and or faculty. This would mean that instead of bringing projects to the administrative bureaucracy, they would be brought before contemporaries who would undoubtedly be closer to their thinking. I feel that this creative process should be the core of an experimental college. Small groups or seminars, well equipped and funded working in an atmosphere that is free from bureaucratic interference. It is from projects such as these that the best and creative work springs from.

**Netta Koarek, RCA and Student Senate**

It appears more and more that the interests of students at Richmond are being pushed into the background. The responsibility of Student Government and other elected people is to fight for the programs and the means by which students get both what they need and what they want. The relationship of what's happening at Richmond and the "outside" community is reflected in the broadening interest of students in making the connections between community and college through various clubs and programs. The growth of this conscious effort on the part of students, both in personal and community development should not be stunted by bureaucratic forces, but encouraged by university funds and student initiative.

**Vivian Miller**

The purpose of the Student Council is to represent the student body of Richmond College. I will work to open up communications so that all of us will benefit. The student council can do more and do it better.

**Robert Micalizio**

I am concerned primarily with community priority of funds provided by RCA. Any funds which are to be allocated that are not directly beneficial to the Richmond College community at large will not be consented to by me. I also am in favor of expanding the financial aid program to extend outside the Richmond College building into such community enterprises as a food co-op, community center, etc. If there be a proposal to lessen the amount of bureaucratic tape involved in receiving funds for community related projects my eyes would widen with consent.

**George Zarillo**

If money is power, then RCA is the most powerful student organization. Twenty four dollars of each student's registration fee is allotted to RCA for disbursement. This gives RCA more than \$120,000 units of power. There are 12 student members on the Board of Directors, which seats 15.

I feel there are some people running for these 12 positions who are interested in directing these monies into the club of their choice. Unfortunately, in a format such as this, it is hard to read between the lines. Anyone can write about student involvement and student affairs.

Last year I worked at building up the Day Care Center, and pushed for student representation on the college wide Personnel and Budget Committee, a battle that is not over. I was on the steering committee for Integrated Studies, and I also interviewed almost every prospective social science teacher. This year, I am also involved in creating a storefront community center and food co-op, which can hopefully serve the needs of both students and community people.

These credentials should be indicative of the interests for which I would be acting on RCA.

**Carolyn Melde**

Having spent a year on Student Government as a chairwoman of the Inter-club activities council, I am very aware of the intricacies of money-spending at Richmond. I am running for the Board of Directors of RCA because I would like to see the student's money used in the best possible ways. I would prefer to see money spent in areas which would benefit many students, and also the surrounding community such as the Richmond College Day Care Center, the proposed community center, expanded student services and other projects, as opposed to spending money for small interest groups who have no relation to the rest of the school or anything else.

I have been active in the Women's Liberation movement at Richmond and with the Women's Studies Program among other things. I am aware of the political, cultural and social needs of the college community and feel that I will be able to make responsible decisions on the RCA board as well as take the time to carry them out.

**Kathy Wall, R.C.A; Search & Evaluation**

In the past year, I have been active in student affairs. I have served on the Search and Evaluations Committee, been one of the school's abortion counselors, and am active in Women's Studies and in the Women's Movement.

I believe that as students, we have a right to have the power to make decisions about our education and our money. If elected I will do my best to ensure that students get and maintain this power.



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

Candidates for Search and Evaluation. (l - r.) Carol Koslofsky, Kathy Rubin, Robert Micalizio (J. Edgar)

# John Lennon: A Working Class Zero

# CIRCLES Love Story

By BOB FELDMAN

"And if thy brother should become impoverished, and be without means, thou shalt uphold him and have him live beside thee..."

Leviticus 25:36

Richmond College is nothing more than a hip monastery for predominantly white student and white professor freaks. An island of relative non-repressiveness stuck in the middle of White Male Imperialist Straight Capitalist Fascist Amerikkka. A never-never land for Peter Pan type people. A place to stick creative, anti-authoritarian working class freaks for a while. A corral designed to limit the number of unemployed or under-employed working-class people on Amerikkka's labor market.

Attica is nothing more than a cage for poverty-stricken black, Puerto Rican, and working-class male freaks. A dungeon to dump the victims of inequality. The victims of racism, capitalism, and class structure.

Honky Millionaire Lennon and Plastic Yoko spend their time writing goo-goo letters to the Village Voice. How groovy!

But those of us who still have to work for a living must begin to see White Male Rock Millionaires—as well as White Male Wall Street Millionaires—as enemies of humanity.

Lennon is from the working-class. He also is quite aware that any benefit he agreed to perform at could attract 100,000 people—and bring in lots of bread for white freak communes, black liberation, brown liberation, and women's liberation groups, and the victims of the Amerikkkan military machine.

Lennon choose to just groove hedonistically with Yoko. To provide material aid to masses of oppressed people might jeopardize Honky Lennon's Millionaire position in a Capitalist, Imperialist, Racist, Fascist, Sexist Society. It's a lot safer to just make pseudo-revolutionary songs and pocket the money the massed sish out to the record companies. The Fed Government ain't afraid of a little music and a lot of records.

Lennon has a groovy dig. Peddling records. He's a clever, hip capitalist musician. For each of the last eight years, Lennon's annual wages have been greater than THE TOTAL LIFETIME WAGES of Mao Tse-Tung, Chou En-Lai, Fidel Castro, Eldridge Cleaver, Malcolm X, Che Guevara, Larry Nachman, Lenny Quart, and Brian Sherman combined. What a groovy cat that Honky Millionaire Lennon is! A real working-class hero. A real hero. Are you still carrying pictures of Chairman Lennon?

Equal wages for all men and women on

the earth.

Equal access to freedom for all people on the earth.

No more aggressive wars.

No more hierarchy.

No more shit jobs.

No more academic shitwork.

No more pompous professors. No more pigs.

No more pig parents.

No more pig bosses.

No more pig husbands.

No more do-nothing administrators.

Day care centers—not knowledge factories.

No more role differentiation. Inside there ain't any natural head difference between a man and a woman.

God is a woman.

Tribes—not individualistic, competing, nuclear families.

Deeds—not words.

Liberation—not passive acceptance of political, economic, and personal enslavement.

Communism—not careerism.

We will win.

Revolution is eternal youth.

Liberate the Man's mass media.

Helene. Rosanne. Sonia. Wendy.

New women.

By WALLY ORLOWSKY

In response to my articles last year I have had many requests concerning their continuation this year. But, being thick-skinned I have decided at least to attempt a comeback anyway (apologies to Henny Youngman).

However, rather than having this column stereotyped as exclusively humorous (not exactly your image, you say), I thought I would relate a true story—yep, real life. I say that only because my heretofore fictionalized attempts at sarcasm and satire have too often been accepted as commonplace. I'll start off with a very short just to get you hooked—or is this the unhooked generation?

I was driving home Monday night in typical crush hour traffic. I must admit that Monday is not one of my better days (my good day is Wednesday, October 24, 1948) and the fact that this was the first day of the return to the \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank) did not help. The weekend had been postponed and I lost my rain check. Predictions for the day, evening, and morrow were for more probable precipitation.

About halfway home traffic momentarily slithered to the shoulder to allow passage of a police car. Imagining a likely accident-in-haste served only more to dampen my mood on such a dreary day. As we resumed our sluggish pace, I observed a strange signal from the driver ahead. He extended his left arm out of the window with a pointing motion. At first I thought he intended a surprise turn, but he seemed to be pointing at something. Looking to the left I saw that a welcome sunburst had created a truly vivid rainbow. I acknowledged his direction with a high sign and he waved a "you're welcome".

I can't really explain why, but that little incident was a daymaker to me. Perhaps the opportunity to see anything of beauty in the air of the New York area was cause for euphoria. Perhaps rainbows represented a return to the fantasies of youth or hopes for the future. But it wasn't so much the rainbow as its introduction. I just don't think I would have felt the same if I had discovered the rainbow myself. Perhaps I had become too readily acculturated to urban and/or suburban impersonality. Here was a perfect stranger—a fellow traveler in crumpled station wagon—showing me his rainbow. He might have hoarded it—pride of ownership is the hallmark of suburban America. But he shared it with me on this crowded highway and we somehow joined in a uniquely human bond.

You may accuse me of sappy sentimentality but I somehow regretted his departure (although he headed toward rainbow's end). We may all be accused of overlooking much of the beauty around us, but how much more beautiful is the sharing.

## Candidates Present . . .

Continued from page 1

positions)

Arnold Berkowitz, Barry Rubin and Danny Sheehan.

CURRICULUM AND INSTRUCTION: (3 positions)

Diane Sweeney, Glenn Tepper, Bill Miller, Steven Bettum, Gary Damiano, Linda Geary, Daniel Meaders, Robert Sims and Marjorie Williams.

RESEARCH AND GRANTS: (3 positions)

John Ray, Jay Stricker, Sandra Vincent and Mildred Thompson.

STUDENT FACULTY GRIEVANCE:

(maximum of 6 positions)

James Engle, David Moseder, Paul Cataldo, Vivian Miller, Louie Melendez, Charles Warfington, Wayne Wood, Linda Geary, Jay Stricker, George Zirillo, Joseph Modica and Sonia Melendez.

To ensure fair treatment for all candidates on the ballot, the present student government will conduct a "lottery" to create a new alphabetical order (i.e. q,w,e instead of a,b,c). This new order will be used in placing candidates names on the ballot. The use of voting machines should encourage more students to vote. No one expects a 100 percent turn out, but certainly we can do better than the minimum 30 percent of last year's elections.

It has been said many times before, and it may sound trite, but it's true: VOTE, AND THE CHOICE IS YOURS, DON'T VOTE, AND THE CHOICE IS THEIRS.

### THE RIGHT ANSWERS

## Yes, Actions Speak Louder

Actions Speak Louder is a slogan of the New York State Conservative Party. It is also the title of the book describing the Party's inception by one of its founders. Now that the young people from 18 to 21 have the privilege to vote, we see the radical-liberals who run the Democratic and Republican (two peas in a pod) Parties making a big campaign to enroll the new voters. They say they represent the interest of young people. Well, Actions Speak Louder! Lets look at the record of the Parties on Staten Island.

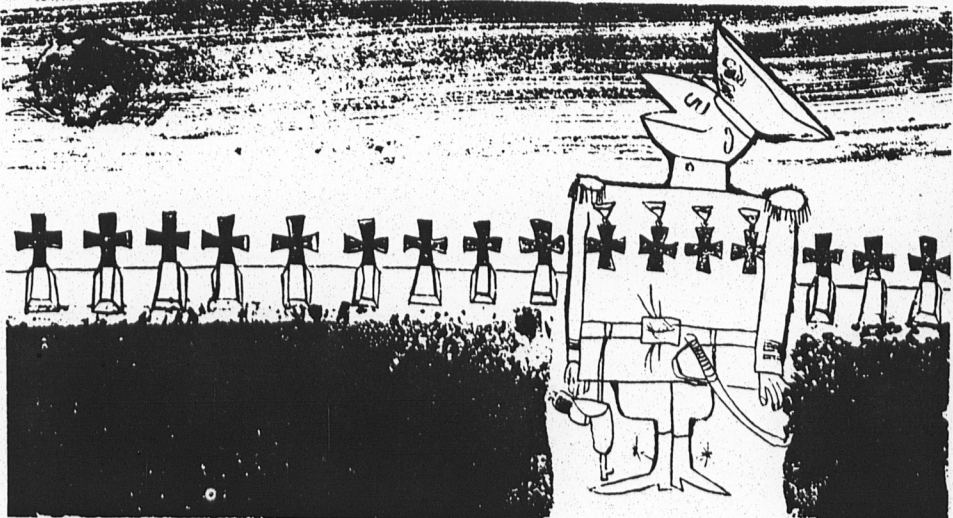
Which Party had the youngest candidates in the 1970 elections? The Conservative Party, with Jim Buckley for Senator and Dr. Paul Adams for Governor. And which Party had ethnic, geographic, and religious representation in the candidates for that election? The Republicans were top heavy with upstarters. And the Democrats were top (bottom!) heavy with Manhatna's limosine liberals. And no matter how much Mario Procaccino yells about no Italian running for State Office, it would not change the fact that Tony Spinelli, was the Candidate for State Controller.

And we cannot forget which Party on Staten Island was the first to have a woman elected County Chairman of the Party. Or the fact that the Present Chairman was elected a few years ago, at 29 years old. The other major Party Chairmen here were old enough to be his father! The Conservative Party was the first party on the Island to put

18-21 year olds on its county committee. It gave 50 percent of the new openings to the new voters. Which party will react to the giving of the vote to young people by giving 4 percent of its county committee seats to them? Only the Conservative Party.

There are more facts and figures, much more. Ask yourself why a Liberal Party official on S.I. is attacking the Secret ballot which is used at Conservative party Conventions. The Conservative Party is the only Party on S.I. to use the secret ballot to nominate its candidates. No one is badgered or conned about how he votes. It is significant that one of the S.I. newspapers wrote how the recent Democratic convention was held with not a murmur of dissent.

And last but not least, the Conservative Party is respectful of the new young voters. It does not treat them different, like other parties. I think it is ridiculous how the Board of Elections must send clerks and election officials to set up a table in Richmond College lobby to sign up voters. The election office is half a block from Richmond! Are Richmond College students crippled? They may be apathetic cripples. No one will bring the voting booth to Richmond on election day. You wanted to vote, you got the right to, but you must register first. Go to Bay St., 2nd. floor., and Do It!



"Anybody seen my brown shirt around here?"

Militant-LNS

LIKE IT IS

# Attica Aftermath: Premise And Conclusion

By Howard B. Leibowitz



Bobby Seale arrives at Attica State Prison in N.Y. last week at request of attica inmates.

### News Item: Forty Die at Attica Prison

A deluge of stories and editorials have been written as a result of the bloodbath which occurred at Attica State Prison last week. The one clear fact that stands out is that the state has once again proven that its prime belief is that "might makes right" or, more aptly, "when in doubt, shoot it out."

One must, however, examine both sides of the issue, and try not to let emotionalism take over rational reasoning, as so many have done.

My first reaction was one of complete outrage at Governor Rockefeller and the State Police, as well as the entire prison system.

The other reaction, as expressed by Vice-President Agnew in a New York Times article, is that the prisoners were completely wrong and that Rockefeller's action was both necessary and just. Agnew's line of reasoning is completely logical and his conclusions are essentially correct. The premise: the prisoners were convicted in a fair trial by jury, and being found guilty of crimes against the state and serving jail sentences, they have no rights. Therefore, whatever actions they may take on their behalf are completely wrong and should be ignored. If one accepts that premise, Governor Rockefeller was undoubtedly the hero of the day and acted bravely and courageously.

I, however, do not accept the premise as being true. The belief that these men were convicted in fair trials seems to me to be totally absurd. Contrary to the law, which states that a man is "innocent until proven guilty" and it is up to the state to prove guilt, most jurors and judges have their minds made up before they enter the court room. The Bill of Rights states that every citizen is entitled to a trial by a jury of peers. If one goes into a court room in the state of New York (or anyplace else in the country), one can see this is not the case. When a "lower

class' black man is on trial, his jury is made up of a majority of "middle to upper class" whites, since very few "lower class" blacks are called to jury duty. In addition, they are often twice the age of the defendant. This is hardly a "peer group" jury.

In addition, there is a definite stigma that is present in the minds of most people, that when someone is brought up on charges of some sort, he is bound to be guilty, especially if he is black.

Poor people cannot afford the luxury of a good lawyer. As a result, they are assigned legal aid lawyers, because the law provides that all people must have a lawyer. These lawyers all too often do not themselves believe in their clients innocence. They do not attempt to gain not guilty verdicts for their clients. As a matter of fact, most defendants are urged to plead guilty and throw themselves at the mercy of the court. This usually results in a lesser jail sentence, but a jail sentence none the less.

Therefore, the situation that exists in most prisons like Attica, is one which is unjust and unfair. Most of the prisoners would not be in prison if they were better educated and were financially better off. The prisons are filled with discontented people who don't really belong there. Add to this the almost inhuman treatment given them, and an explosive situation arises.

Who, then, is to blame in the deaths of those forty people? Is it the troops who actually fired the shots? Is it Governor Rockefeller who ordered the shooting? Is it the prisoners for calling attention to the situation and taking hostages? Maybe. But it would be more correct to place the blame on the American system of justice and the laws which permit the real criminals to walk free while the people remain oppressed and imprisoned. We can add Attica to the list which includes Kent State, Jackson State and Chicago to the crimes which the STATE has committed against the PEOPLE.

# "We Can Change The World"

By Stephen Jason

At Attica, the state dealt with men who would rather die than live like dogs. Many of the did. Men also died who wanted to live. Men who worked for the state, supported the state, but who did not wish to die for the state.

When the smoke cleared at Attica on that gray morning, nine correction officers were dead. They died, not at the bloody hands of all those nigger prisoners, but as the result of bullets from the guns of state police. These were men with homes and families, who worked at the prison for a paycheck, and have never met Governor Rockefeller. They died because they wore the uniform of a society that values property over life and material well being for most at the expense of a few. I'm sure their wives and families can take comfort in the fact that law & order has prevailed once again.

The first reports indicated that the hostages had died from cut throats. This was the important blow in the forming of opinion. Countless numbers of people accepted this as fact and even though we now know that the evidence indicates otherwise, they still accept this as fact. Why? The state can't be responsible, it had to be those black bastards! They belong in jail. As a matter of fact jail is too good for them. Put them in cages. They're not like other people. ect. . . why if they don't like this country why don't they get the hell out!

The state maintains that there were at least two demands put forward by the prisoners that made a peaceful settlement impossible. One had to do with replacing the prison warden and the other was about transportation to a non-imperialistic country.

All of the work we have left undone in America — all of the wreckage spawned by blindness and fear and the failure to care — we can see in the ruins of Attica.

John Lindsay

Are these just the words of another politician or are they the words of a man who truly understands?

Young people (between 18 & 21) have been given the right to vote and will be voting in

the next Presidential election, — if they register!

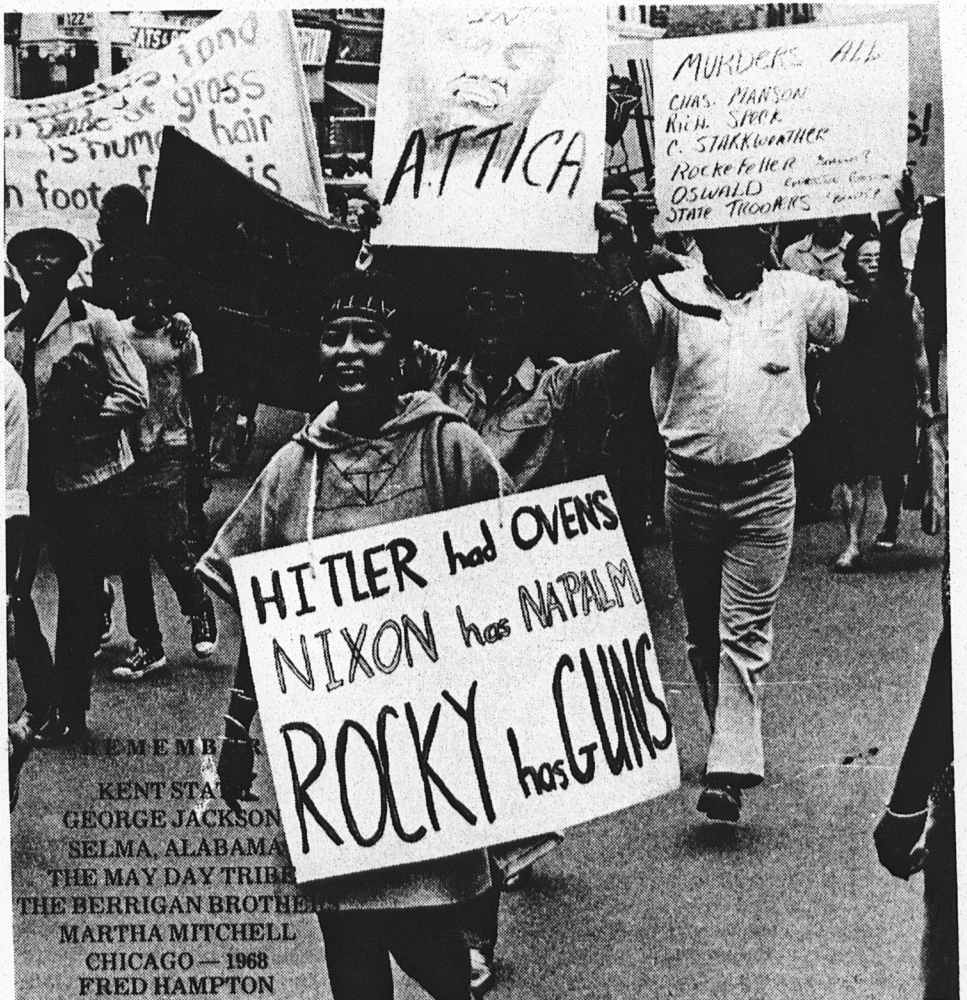
Events of the past few days indicate that the draft will soon be extended. Once again our constitution will be disregarded for the sake of expedience. Many conservatives who portray themselves as staunch upholders of the Selective Slavery System. This strikes me as odd. Why do the Goldwaters and Buckley's, whose voices can always be heard on constitutional questions such as "busing" fall so quietly in line when the issue of the draft is discussed? I suggested that these gentlemen should read their constitutions more often.

We face a situation today that has been allowed to develop unchecked to the point where it has reached epidemic proportions. I am speaking about "heroin addiction". Too many of our brothers and sisters have taken the easy way out and its up to us to help them. I don't have to explain to you what it's like because I'm sure that you either know someone or have come into contact with someone who has been affected by it. Too many people selfishly are satisfied with leaving a solution to others because those junkies are no good anyway! Pot leads to heroin and we should keep all those dope users away from us decent people. Put them all in Attica and the hell with them.

Mr. Decent, I don't know how to tell you this sir, we've just arrested your son for possession of heroin!

Pot is not an escape drug. It makes you think. Pot may alter your perception but it doesn't lower it. Heroin does. A heroin user is a person running, being chased by himself. He may try different ways and it may take awhile but sooner or later he'll find it. He runs right into heroin and the chase is over. He's escaped!

We must start dealing with this situation and we must start now! One afternoon in Harlem not too long ago, some Black Panthers burst into an apartment seized two kilos of heroin and dumped them down a sewer. Thank them Mr. Decent, it's a step in the right direction.



Third World People march in Harlem in protest of Attica tragedy

LNS Women's Graphic Collection

# EDITORIALS

## The Attica Atrocity

We strongly condemn the arbitrary and barbaric action of Governor Rockefeller at Attica State Prison. On Monday, Sept. 13, the state police murdered 40 persons—an act comparable with the massacres at My Lai, Watts and Sand Creek—an action which cannot be viewed as an isolated aberration but as a glaring and systematic expression of American society's violent contempt and dehumanization of its racial minorities and poor whites. This disdain is endemic to the whole penal system and can be clearly seen in the initial information and assumptions accepted by the press and public without question or investigation.

We further deplore the blatant lies issued by state officials concerning the cause of death of the guards, we view this as still another attempt to further an established policy of racial genocide. This instance parallels the San Quentin case with the constant change and equivocations about the size of the gun which George Jackson purportedly had. In both these instances the state has attempted to manipulate the facts to conceal criminal acts.

## The Ptomaine Tavern

Much has been said in recent months concerning the cafeteria concession here at Richmond College, but little (if anything) has been done about it. College students in general are not a terribly affluent lot. Therefore, we of THE RICHMOND TIMES demand that something be done about the unreasonably high prices and poor quality of the food in our cafeteria.

The fact is that the prices charged by our present concession are equitable with concessions outside the college. We believe that the least they could have done would be to absorb Mayor Lindsay's "snack tax" themselves rather than to foist it on impoverished students.

The quality of the food has long been a target for old jokes and minor complaints, but on Tuesday, September 14, at least two students contracted food poisoning from tuna fish served them in the cafeteria.

THE RICHMOND TIMES urges Student Government, RCA, and the college administrators to look into the possibilities of either regulating or replacing the present cafeteria concession. (If anyone else was poisoned on Sept. 14, please notify the Richmond Times.)

## The Richmond Times

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Howard B. Leibowitz  
Managing Editor

Anthony Lepere ..... Photography Editor  
Donna Brogna ..... Copy Editor  
Cathy Raleigh ..... Layout Editor  
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THE RICHMOND TIMES is a bi-monthly newspaper and is published by and for the students of Richmond College, located at 130 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island, New York 10301. Telephone: 212-448-6141.

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE OF RICHMOND TIMES IS THURSDAY OCT 7

# LETTERS

## Americans For Bangla Desh

LETTER-WRITING CAMPAIGN

U.S. aid and U.S. arms are being used to place the lives of 25 million Bengalis in jeopardy. If enough public pressure can be brought to bear on public officials, we can stop this misuse of United States foreign aid. Letters to the President as well as Senators and Congressmen are needed to show that American citizens do not want their tax dollars spent to murder a people.

A Sample letter—demanding of President Nixon and Senators that:

(1) The United States immediately stop all military aid to Pakistan. This includes stopping shipments of arms ordered before March 25.

(2) The United States stop all aid to Pakistan until:

(a) West Pakistan troops committing mass murder are withdrawn from Bangla Desh so that the safety of the civilian population can be guaranteed;

(b) Civilian rule based on the elections of December 1970 is restored;

(c) refugees from Bangla Desh are allowed to return to their homeland, under international supervision, with all human and property rights restored.

(3) A massive, immediate, and direct relief campaign to the people of Bangla Desh is undertaken through international agencies without interference or supervision by the military regime.

Envelope should be addressed as follows:

The President  
The White House  
Washington, D.C. 20500

The Honorable Jacob Javits  
U.S. Senate  
Washington, D.C. 20501

The Honorable (Name of your Congressman)  
U.S. House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C. 20515

Salutation should read: Dear Mr. President; Dear Senator \_\_\_\_\_; and Dear Congressman \_\_\_\_\_.

We would like to have an idea of how many letters are sent. If you have friends write or if you write from home, please let us know.

Send to: Americans for Bangla Desh, 187 Lexington Ave, N.Y. 10016 (683-5471)

\_\_\_\_\_ letters have been sent to Pres. Nixon.

\_\_\_\_\_ letters have been sent to Senators Javits and Buckley.

NAME OF IND. / ORG. \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

## Demonstration At Danbury

New York Harrisburg Defense Committee  
Henry Hudson Hotel  
353 West 57th Street  
New York, N.Y., 10019

Dear Students:

A coalition of peace and justice groups is sponsoring a demonstration at Danbury Correctional Institution on Saturday, October 2nd, at 11:00 A.M.

Purpose of the demonstration — one of six around the country — is "to free our sisters, free our brothers, free ourselves from Con. Son, Vietnam to Danbury."

According to a spokesman for the

coalition, "the people must now demand drastic changes, improvements, reforms in the American Penal System. George Jackson, Attica and Con Son point out the brutality and carnage meted out on prisoners. Freedom for those who are serving sentences for 'political' crimes — like the Fathers Berrigan at Danbury — is certainly a legitimate demand."

Buses will leave at 7 A.M. from Fordham University, Bronx Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, Union Squaje, Manhattan and Continental Ave. and Queens Blvd., Queens. Round trip fares are \$4.00. For information call 581-1666, 581-1997 or 255-0062.

Groups sponsoring the demonstration are: Catholic Peace Fellowship, Clergy and Laymen Concerned, Episcopal Peace Fellowship, Danbury Committee on Prisons, Emmaus House, Third World Women's Alliance, Harrisburg Defense Committee, Mayday, People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, Committee to Free Angela Davis and other Political Prisoners, and the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee.

## Massacre At Attica

Dear People:

On Monday morning, Sept. 13, 1971, over 31 of our brothers were gunned down "cold bloodily", maliciously, consciously by the state of New York with the blessings of the federal government.

We know that this action by the state against ATTICA cannot be separated in any way by the way Third World People are treated in our communities, in schools, jobs and "correctional" facilities. It is with the same consciousness and attitude in which the u.s. government treats Indochina, that it treated WATTS, NEWARK, JACKSON, DETROIT, and HARLEM and is still treating our communities as battlefields.

It is the same government which controls, exploits and manipulates not only industries, but the internal politics of Third World Countries. Puerto Rico is a showcase.

It is the same government that premeditates murder in Viet Nam and lies to its people. And when arbitrary action rules, freedom's lost.

Third World People have no freedom in America, "the land of the brave and the free", the land of so-called democracy.

ATTICA is just another example of conscious calculated genocide, and their will be more ATTICA's just like there will be more murders, more oppression and more exploitation of Third World People. This will continue to happen until we get off our fuckin' asses and no longer allow this shit to come down.

We as Third World Brothers and Sisters Condemn the conscious racist action of genocide committed against our Brothers at ATTICA.

THIRD WORLD COALITION  
Amistad La Asociacion  
Committee of Major in  
African and Afro-American Studies

## Christgau's Rebuttle

Dear Folks:

David K. Moseder thinks my criticism is obnoxious, sophomoric, and subjective. I think David K. Moseder is a dooty-head. I'm rubber, you're glue, whatever you say bounces off me and sticks to you. D minus, David.

Robert Christgau

Dear Mr. Christgau:

You can dish it out but you can't take it! Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me.

—D.K.M.

FROM THE DEAN'S DESK

## New Draft Policy

The Selective Service System today clarified expected policy changes on undergraduate student deferments.

College students who were enrolled full-time in the 1970-71 academic year will be eligible for student deferments in the 1971-72 school year if they continue to make satisfactory progress in their programs of study, Selective Service officials said. However, young men who entered school for the first time this summer and those who enroll as freshmen this fall will not qualify for student deferments if the pending changes to the Selective Service Act are passed by Congress. The House has completed action on the bill and final Senate action is expected in September.

Dr. Curtis W. Tarr, Selective Service Director, said: "Few incoming freshmen students are likely to be inducted in the near future because of the student deferment phaseout. Of the 1,034,000 incoming freshmen males estimated by the Office of Education, approximately 80 percent are 18 years old and only 20 percent are 19 years of age or older. The 18 year olds will receive their lottery numbers in 1972, and they will not be subject to induction until 1973, when draft calls should be low. The 19 year old freshmen received their lottery numbers August 5 of this year and will be subject to induction next year; at least 1/2 should have high enough lottery numbers to preclude their induction. Of those remaining, approximately 50 percent will be disqualified on mental, oral or physical grounds, or have held deferments. In this unlikely event, Selective Service officials believe that manpower requirements of the Department of Defense probably could be met by inducting those young men who have recently dropped deferments because they graduated, dropped out of schools, or changed their occupations. Recent college graduates or dropouts should make up the bulk of inductions, the officials said. The officials added that cancellations of deferments probably would not be necessary nor would it be necessary to call those who have passed into the second priority selection group.

Currently, there are approximately six million young men under age 35 with deferments. Approximately 500,000 of these normally lose their deferments during a 12-month period. The largest groups of deferred men are those who have received fatherhood, occupational or student deferments.

# "Every Dean Has His Day"

by R. E. Chiles

"Anyone who hates children and dogs can't be all bad." W.C. Fields

Though I strike out on the first of these unusual specifications of virtue I do beautifully on the second. Let me explain this curious phenomenon.

Last year at Richmond a number of students visited me to demand that something be done about the plethora of dogs on campus. The pressure to bar dogs was about as strong as that to bar drugs (i.e., considerable) . . . a fact that suggests unexpected and gratifying things about our college community and its commitments.

To some of us, every now and then, it seemed that Richmond was literally going to the dogs. Though Mr. Field's dog-haters constituted only a small minority, sizable groups of students, faculty and staff frequently voiced their opinion that however much they liked dogs in general, they didn't like them at the college and they particularly didn't like them in the cafeteria. But few wanted to protest openly and risk offending a friend or his dogs.

If I wanted to symbolize my openness to the natural world and the simple realities of life, my course would be clear: I would get a dog and bring it to school where it would follow me around, or I it, as the case might be.

But how can I symbolize my carefully controlled enthusiasm for the canine clan? By carrying around an empty leash to prove that I favor non-dogs on campus? Somehow such an action doesn't seem all that clear and persuasive.

One can make other rather convincing arguments. A good many people dislike having unfamiliar dogs as their dinner companions. I, for one, find the prospect of having to argue with a dog over the contents of my plate singularly unappetizing.

What is more, dogs, being instinctive and uninhibited creatures tend to act on their native urges whenever and wherever they occur. One of our most tension-filled days last spring focused on the cafeteria where a sizable mutt had dropped a sizable load which, strangely enough, no one wanted to claim.

The dog's owner explained that her many commitments had made it impossible for her to take the dog for a walk and so this little accident was not the fault of either one

of them. The cafeteria staff said that there was a point where their job of food processing ended and this was it! The floor, they exclaimed, was the responsibility of the custodians—let them clean it up. The head of the cleaning crew allowed as how his contract didn't cover such a goody; since the dog belonged to a student, he reasoned, the Dean of Students was responsible. So a call went out to the Dean of Students—which was a very large mistake—cleaning up that mess damn well wasn't in my job description either!

Everyone screamed at everyone else and the college for a brief moment trembled at the very edge of anarchy. It seemed no one wanted to be the Dean of Dog Dung. And that was unfortunate, because there were frequent jobs for such a Dean to handle (ugh!)

The same cafeteria was also the scene of a far more traumatic incident, a confrontation between Richmond and Ma Bell. In this nightmarish episode, the carefree capers of peace loving Stanley, a four-footed visitor in the cafeteria, played about the same catalytic role as he did the frenzied shot at Sarajevo at the beginning of World War I. It was all pretty ghastly and nothing like it should ever happen again.

Duty therefore requires me to announce loudly a plaintive plea I've only whispered before: let's restrict our college to dogs that have accrued a minimum of 60 acceptable liberal arts credits. No other canines are

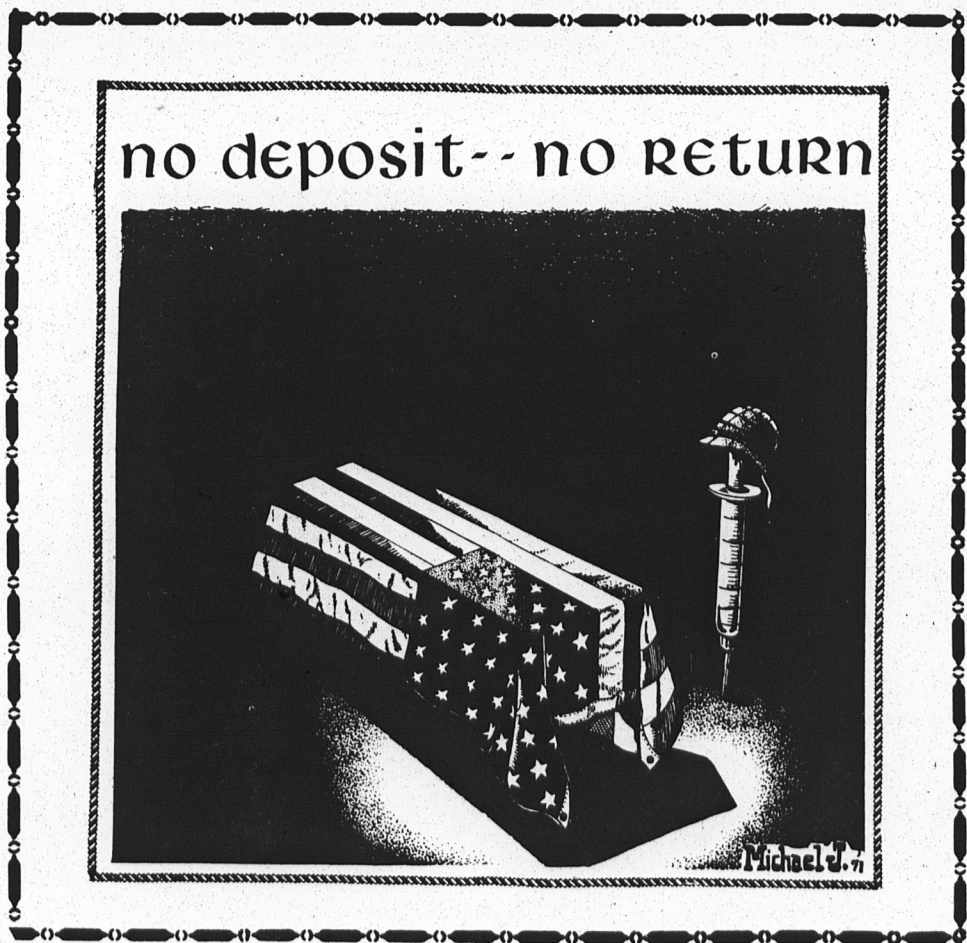
admissible.

For those who feel that through proximity to a four-footed friend they can prove their sound mind, pure heart, and superior social vision—note how the unalloyed objectivity stands out—we can occasionally schedule a Dog Day at Clove Lakes Park. Not only will our commitment to God's creatures and the great out-doors thus become more readily discernable, but the availability of trees and an occasional hydrant will also help to relieve certain otherwise sticky problems.

I doubt if Mr. Fields worried overly much about the possibility of hostile responses to his remark. However, I do worry about such things. I have (had?) many good friends on the faculty and among the students who actually like dogs! And, just to top it off, no less a person than the president of the college has a dachshund whom he adores (but does not bring to the office).

Fearfully, therefore, I voice a craven wish: every dog has his day—let this be mine! And one thing more. In Mr. Field's world of inverted ethics if I gain a few points for hating dogs a little bit, let me assure you, I lose twice as many for liking children a whole lot more.

P.S. Around the college this fall, new undergraduates have been saying hello to me, having learned my identity at orientation it seems. I admit that such greetings startled me. They are very nice, however, and I am quite willing that they should continue.



25<sup>CENTS</sup>

# POST MORTIUM

MAGAZINE

~ THE MAGAZINE FOR DEAD PEOPLE ~

"You can take it with you"

SPECIAL IN THIS ISSUE:

IS THERE LIFE AFTER BIRTH?

A. Jay

# Proposition I

The new semester has started with a bribe. Many a student was shocked to find that upon registration one received a gift package. This package contained assorted commercial objects among which was deodorant (some students never got the hint) and a jar of magical tablets (alas-Excedrin). One wonders if this was a gift, a bribe (considering the school) or an out of place commercial advertising campaign. Some packages were mixed up, though mine was for males. I found a sample box of tampons in it. Either this is a mistake or Women's Lib has gone too far.

I don't know how to take this gift pack bit. Either I should be grateful for something for nothing, or I should be insulted for being subjected to crass commercialism. I will not give back the gift if I feel I have been insulted. After all, how often do you get something free? I take that back. Wasn't it strange that after receiving the gift pack I then had to pay my fifty nine dollars.

It has come to my attention that some of the new faculty members have been ill informed about the procedures of this institution. Humanities professors do not give tests, no midterm, no finals, and abve all, no "Jap" tests (this ethnic slur remark is disgraceful). I urge all my fellow students to submit the names of any faculty members (humanities, interdivisional, and integrated studies only) who violate this "rule" to myself, care of this farsighted, enlightened newspaper. (How's that Dave?) I neglected to mention Education and Science for good reason. These don't really matter for they're in line to go, during the next budget cutback. I want say good by to the Education section because they've been a thorn in some Division's side for years. As for the sciences, . . . it had to happen sooner or later, remember last semester?

I feel that the oreintation for the new

students ommitted many important items. 1. The cafeteria is not only for eating. You can also use it as an exercise area for your St. Bernard.

2. That man who introduced himself as President Schuler is not President Schuler. That creation is only a clever dummy built by the audio-visual people. The next time you'll see the dummy is during graduation.

3. Contrary to popular belief, your degree will be worth more than the paper it's printed on. If and when jobs become available in 1990.

4. Every new student should have an advisor. An advisor is nothing more than a faculty member who has little if any idea on helping the student. His main qualification is the ability to read the college catalogue.

5. Students who would like to get involved in student government and activities have come to the wrong place. Student government has degenerated to an apathetic, useless, pseudo-active organization. As for activities one can join the lounge long distance joint passing team or the engineering drinking and ping pong society.

Proposition I presents The Consumer's Guide:

Products and Companies to avoid. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company.

The A&P is engaged in racist hiring practices. Few, if any, blacks or other minority group members are hired. Most stores refuse to hire minorities. Those that do hire "Uncle Tom" types; tan colored with Caucasian features.

The A&P is known for higher prices in low income areas; most noticeably, the A&P on Jersey St. (Staten Island). The prices there are up to ten cents higher than the A&P in New Dorp.

## APPLICATION FOR APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

by Andrea Jay

All applicants for application for application for admission must file a completed application form together with an original and official Bursartificate (your date of Bursar). Where required, some applicants will have to submit their scores on the PAP test (Pupils Aptitude Program). This test can be taken in any month except those with the litters "r", "u", or "m" in them.

Applications must be received at least three (2) days after the first day of orientation, based on the Hebrew calendar, or before the sun goes down on any weekday from 5-7.

An application fee of 1/2 the number of your credits multiplied by twice your weight is charged all applicants seeking application forms. Please note that this fee is refundable only if not used and that once you've submitted an application you cannot remove it under penalty of law.

Write or print keeping in mind that applications must be typed.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Sir: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Madman: \_\_\_\_\_  
 first \_\_\_\_\_ last \_\_\_\_\_ always

DATE OF BIRTH: \_\_\_\_\_ What sign are you? \_\_\_\_\_

Have you ever at any time in your life, ever (don't lie) Have you have you?  
 yes  yes

Do you swear that you will always be wholesome in purity, body and flavor?

- Give at least 2 letters of your father's first name:  \_\_\_\_\_
- Are there more than 8 letters in your last name?  
 a. Is one of them an "e"? An "i"? A "v"?  \_\_\_\_\_
- IF you can not in good conscience execute question no. 2, please skip no. 1.
- Does your father make a lot of money? (You can tell us) \_\_\_\_\_

Letters of recommendation must be submitted by 12 p.m. friday and remember, offer is void where prohibited and employees or their families cannot enter.

Have you ever had \_\_\_\_\_ dysentary  
 \_\_\_\_\_ datentary  
 The heartbreak of psoriasis

I affirm that the information herein reported is true (honest injun ) and that I will remain in the house of the lord forever. Amen. I expire in: \_\_\_\_\_

If Indian, an additional form is required under an Indian Blanket-Clause. Applications from Indians are accepted, but with reservations.

# A Farewell To Summer



## OPINION

# New Look For Military?

by John Besignano

Recently, the Armed Forces started the "New Look Policy". The policy was no more than a new recruiting push that embodied cheap gimics and misleading advertising. "This is where the mod look started" (Navy), or "Let the Army join you." The Army and Navy are using this idea to increase enlistments, which have in the past few years decreased sharply. The Marine Corps is holding steady (as always) while the Air Force may soon be forced to start waiting lists. It appears that the new look is just new paint on an old wall.

This new look is just a half-hearted push to make the least attractive branches of the services look relevant and "with-it." This idea came out of searching for something to boost the morale and increase enlistments and re-enlistments. The Army and Navy are in trouble and are desperate enough to try anything—hence this new look. The new look is beer in the barracks, color TV in the day room, sideburns, long hair (no more than 4 inches), complaint boards, relaxed leave privileges and your C.O. as a benevolent father. The idea is to get the people in, there are no new radically changed programs after one joins. Some new programs are merely old programs differently worded. This only applies to the Army and Navy. The other services are in almost opposite ends of the spectrum compared to these two. The Marines are still trying to overcome the Gomer Pyle image, in addition to refusing modernization of their procedures. While the Air Force has had the most radical change of all.

The new look in the Air Force is not advertising slogans or pseudo-creature comforts. The Air Force increased the flexibility of their existing programs while adding new and extremely innovative ideas. The Air Force, which has been known as "The Biggest airline in the world" has always been the most up to date of the services. (One reason for this could be the higher standards for enlistment and the high percentage of college Graduates.) One recent program the college DEP guarantees a specific position (chosen by the enlistee) for any college graduate who either refuses or cannot qualify for the officers program. This guarantee is real and not a recruiting gimic. Other programs for the enlisted man include civilian job oriented speciality training, and incentives to increase the individual's education. In one program the enlisted man, if he can qualify, must meet the services and university's admission standards and is given up to two years to complete or further his college education at the college of his choice with all expenses paid. This time is spent on leave from the service. At the completion of his education, his tour of duty is resumed. The same programs are offered for women. Equality for women in the services started in the Air Force back in the forties. This tradition cannot be equalled. (The Air Force just recently promoted a woman to the rank of general.) There are a few specialities that

are closed to women but the majority of specialities are open to all.

The Air Force offers more opportunities for promotion and self-improvement than the other branches and many corporations. Side benefits such as medical, PX and commissary privileges and retirement are better than the others. The long standing policy of low pay for the Armed Services is changing. The new pay increases are due to increase the basic pay level 85 percent to 95 percent. The addition of increases in cost of living allowances for married personnel to the basic pay increase give the members of the Armed Forces pay comparable to that of civilians.

Many are wondering if this article is biased. It is in a way. I became interested in the new look as a change for the better for the services. But on investigation, this was only a sham, nothing changed. The only service that didn't need this pseudo relevancy is the Air Force. The Air Force does not have to sell its image, they rely on their programs. No advertising, no slick gimics, only honesty (honesty?) Cynical readers will question this with good reason. I did not believe this myself. Yet with some investigation the statements made by the recruiters and recruiting materials hold up. At this time many college students have stopped fighting the establishment and decided to join it. The job scene as it makes this choice easy, and with the scarcity of jobs sometimes the choice is very easy. The best way to get the establishment is to use it.

ICAC Meeting Oct. 4th

In the conference room there will be an Inter Club Activities Council Meeting. All new club representatives must attend this meeting. Officers will be elected and club charters approved.

**PEOPLE INTERESTED IN SERVING ON DIVISIONAL COMMITTEES IN PROFESSIONAL STUDIES CONTACT STUDENT GOVERNMENT, ROOM 519, PHONE NO. 448-6835.**

The Division of Humanities is in need of student members of divisional committees on

Admissions and Standing Curriculum Honors & Independent Study and of consulting members of the Committee on Personnel and Budget. Students interested in these positions should see Ed Murphy.



## THEATRE

## ARTS

## MUSIC

## The Old Season Revamped—

*Something Borrowed But Nothing New*

by Richard Kornberg

At the end of last year's theatrical season, two major works, one on Broadway, one off, opened. Both arrived after our last edition of the RICHMOND TIMES went to press, so they will now be reviewed, at this, the beginning of a new theatre year. Interestingly enough, the first play to open this month was a revival—which only proves that it may never be too late for critical comments.

The only constant thing about LENNY, at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre, is the actor playing the title role. Even though Cliff Gorman neither resembles nor sounds like the late Lenny Bruce, his portrayal is one of such brilliance, that you actually believe you are seeing the late comedian.

The play itself is only intermittently effective. Playwright Julian Barry has almost created two plays in one. The first act is made up largely of Lenny Bruce's own material. While I wholeheartedly agreed with the sentiments expressed, I found the jokes unfunny and at times even tasteless. If a long drawn out dirty joke with a Yiddish punchline is your cup of "tea", you might enjoy the episodic first half of the play.

The second act deals with Lenny's downfall. Dramatically as well as structurally more sound, this act is deeply moving theatre.

Tom O'Horgan's direction and Robin Wagner's sets are other assets in this unusual, yet sporadic entertainment.

GODSPELL is another show whose whole is not as good as many of its parts. It is inexcusable for a show to have as amateurish and ineffective an opening as this show has. After its false start, GODSPELL luckily gains steam and the main portion of the first act is delightful. Unfortunately, the second act is a reversal

of the first, in that it begins wonderfully and stumbles considerably near the end.

GODSPELL is a musical based on the Gospel According to Saint Mathew. With such a difficult source to musicalize, adaptors Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebele should be commended for their efforts.

The show's chief asset is Mr. Schwartz's wonderful score. It can best be described as happy rock, but it obviously has been influenced by everything from soul to vaudeville. The pop hit, Day By Day, is but one of this musical's rousing singable songs.

GODSPELL is one of today's better rock musicals. When it is good it is very, very, good and when it is bad it is NOT awful.

This season's first show was the revival of Charles Gordone's Pulitzer Prize winning hit, NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY. I did not see the original version, but word has it that what now is being presented is an improvement. As it now stands, the show could still stand rewriting for it suffers from its own predictability.

The play tells of a black man's desire to get ahead. Johnny Williams (Terry Alexander) is the owner of an underpopulated West Village bar. While he is waiting for his big break, we the audience view the assorted types that frequent the establishment. There is Gabe, an introverted writer who is Johnny's best friend, Dee, Johnny's white prostitute girlfriend, Evie, her black co-worker who hopes for something better, and Cora Beasley, a nurse who is looking for a husband. All these characters come over as real people which is why you can overlook the hackneyed structure of they play.

The acting is uniformly good, but it is its female performers who make the evening



Terry Alexander, Ian Sander and Mary Alice in scene from "No Place to Be Someday".

shine. Elaine Kerr brings to the role of the prostitute girlfriend an almost classically tragic sense; Paulette Ellen Jones adds an enormous amount of power to the small role of the other "evil woman" and Marry Alice has a great comic flair as the nurse.

Author Charles Gordone also directed this

version of the play. This is a shame because his direction is overly self-indulgent.

Recently, there has been a dearth of good drama on Broadway. NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY is therefore a welcome addition—a play whose voice should be heard.

## NOTES ON ROCK

## "Let There Be Rock" (And There Was Rock)

by David K. Moseder

IN THE BEGINNING there was Dylan and his songs were spread across the land. And Dylan begat the Byrds; and the Byrds begat folk-rock which begat the Buffalo Springfield.

And it came to pass that a festival was held in the holy city of Monterrey. And there, amidst the Renaissance Fair, the Byrds and the Buffalo did share the same stage. And Stephen said unto David: "Let us be as one."

And it came to pass that Stephen of Buffalo and David of Byrds were joined by Graham, a most Holly man from across the great sea, and by Dallas, conceived of Clear Light. And together they begat Crosby, Stills and Nash. And Ahmet, the Atlantic King smiled down on them, for he saw that they were far out.

At that time, Neil of Buffalo, begat Crazy Horse; but seeing that his brother Stephen had captured the masses, approached him and spake: "My brother, come and let us reason together." And so it was that Crosby, Stills, and Nash begat Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. And upon many a stage, each one did his own thing; and each one of them saw that this was out of sight. A new age had been born unto the Rock. And so it was written in the book of Rolling Stone: "Blessed be the solo performers, for they shall inherit the recording industry."

And so it came to pass that a humble Taylor rose to fame. And he said unto his family: "Come, brothers and sister; for

thou who shareth my name shall nenceforth shareth my fame." And before long he was joined in his travels by Saint Joni, who had been the beloved of David and Graham. She and the Taylor had both risen from obscurity; which surprised not the Prophet Tom Rush, who quoth: "Did not I tell thee so?"

And Joni begat Carole and Carly and Rita.

And the Profits continued to proclaim the end of the group concept.

And Roger of Byrds heard their words, shook his head and spake: "I shall prove them wrong. But Chris and Michael of Byrds begat the Flying Burrito Brothers and left Roger with not a one. It was then that he decreed: "The Byrds were good, are good and ever shall be good. We shall multiply and prosper."

And so it was that Roger begat three sons; Clarence, Gene and John; and when John had passed on he begat Skip. And together they did prosper: Whereupon David cried out unto his brother: "Roger, thou has blasphemed the good name of Byrds. Thou shouldst be stoned."

And Dylan smiled down upon them all and spake: "We are all sinners, everyone of us. Hence, everybody must get stoned."

And they did.

Whereupon Dylan went down to the river. And as he watched the river flow, proclaimed a New Morning throughout the land. And it was groovy.



Victoria Racimo, Bob Delell and Hoshin Seki in scene from "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel", award winning drama now at Public Theatre which offers cheap student tickets.

# Sunday Bloody Sunday—A Brilliant Film

by Richard Kornberg

Director, John Schlesinger, whose previous works include *DARLING* and *MIDNIGHT COWBOY* has done it again. His new film is *SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY* and it is brilliant.

As in his previous films, Mr. Schlesinger examines the problems inherent in every relationship. This time his subjects are Alex Grenville (Glenda Jackson) a businesswoman, Daniel Hirsh (Peter Finch) a doctor, and Bob Elkin (Murray Head) a mod artist. Both the doctor and the businesswoman are having affairs with the artist and with Mr. Head as the catalyst, we see the effects the relationship has on the lives of the other participants.

Mr. Schlesinger, with enormous assistance from Penelope Gilliatt (the screenwriter), has brought us a film that perfectly catches the ups and downs of an unusual menage. Instead of the expected (considering today's moral standards) threesome, we see two parallel relationships, each outwardly rewarding, but each with an inner core as plastic as the wildly modernistic sculptures the artist creates. This may be due to the enigmatic quality of Mr. Head's character. Even though he is the central figure in both affairs, we learn little of his nature—indeed all we really grasp is his basically escapist attitudes. He cannot face stress, as evidenced by his leaving of Miss Jackson in the middle of their weekend vacation, and his departure from Mr. Finch during a disagreement at a party. Both scenes perfectly show how one can tem-



Peter Finch, Murray Head (Judas on Jesus Christ Superstar Album) and Glenda Jackson make up the unusual threesome in "Sunday Bloody Sunday".

porarily lose the person one loves, because of the actions of others.

The acting of the entire cast is flawless. However, special mention must be made of Glenda Jackson. She is both a wonderful ensemble actress and an equally amazing

star. At one point, she expresses more emotion with just the use of her hands and her eyes than most ordinary actresses could do with pages of dialogue at their disposal.

*Sunday Bloody Sunday* is the best drama of this year.

# Mia's Bloodbath

by Richard Kornberg

The best thing about *SEE NO EVIL*, the new movie at the Radio City Music Hall is the title itself. This "thriller" has Mia Farrow as a blind innocent whose world is crumbling, unbeknownst to her (as the title ably indicates).

The basic premise—that a blind girl being ravaged by sinister forces, was used successfully in the film, *WAIT UNTIL DARK*. It is therefore unfortunate that *SEE NO EVIL*'s director, Richard Fleischer has failed so miserably in creating a suspenseful atmosphere. He has made his star, Mia Farrow, fall victim to everything from stepping on broken glass to drowning in her own bathtub. (see photo below)

Miss Farrow portrays a recently blinded girl who becomes involved in mass murder. Her relatives are all brutally massacred and she is the only survivor. The killer discovers his oversights and returns to the scene of the crime. Of course the little lady is still there (since she is blind, it takes her a while to discover the holocaust that surrounds her) and her attempts to escape lead her into every horror a blind person could expect to encounter in the next fifty years.

Quite possibly the film could have succeeded if director, Fleischer, had not chosen to inflict the star with every torture known to man. After about three or four narrow escapes from death, the audience begins to regard the actions as comic instead of suspenseful.

Mia Farrow is a wonderful sufferer and she is convincing in her portrayal. She should be awarded the purple heart for bravery. So should any discriminating person who goes to this movie looking for suspense. If instead, you go for a sick, sick comedy, this can be your kettle of blood.

# The Devils

by Richard Kornberg



**THE DEVILS** Ken Russell's latest film, is an unusual, brutal, and engrossing work. Its locale is Loudon, France. It is the early seventeenth century, a time of plagues, both natural and church inspired.

At a convent of Ursuline nuns, the hunchbacked cloistered mother superior (Vanessa Redgrave) begins to have sexual fantasies concerning she and the priest,

Urban Grandier (Oliver Reed). Higher church officials get word of this and send exorcists to purge the convent of the heinous demons.

With the afore mentioned as the background, Mr. Russell has created a visual assault on our senses, unparalleled in the history of film. Nothing is spared in what might be one of the most graphically anti-

# Public Invited To Lehman Cinema Society Showings

by Richard Korb

A dozen film programs—including several "classics," as well as some popular hits of recent vintage—will be shown on Friday nights during the fall at Herbert H. Lehman College of The City University of New York.

The films presented by the College's Cinema Society, are open to the public. Admission is 75 cents per show. All films will be shown in the auditorium of Gillet Hall, Bedford Park Boulevard West.

—The schedule for the fall semester is as follows:

October 1, D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*; October 8, *Goodbye Columbus*; October 15, *Bride of Frankenstein* and *Wolf Man* (7:30 p.m.); October 22, *Cat Ballou*; October 29, *Rio Bravos*; November 5, 2001: *A Space Odyssey*; November 12, *I Love You: Alice B. Toklas*; December 3, *Hard Day's Night and Help!* (7 p.m.); December 10, *Blow Up*; December 17, *Bonnie and Clyde*.

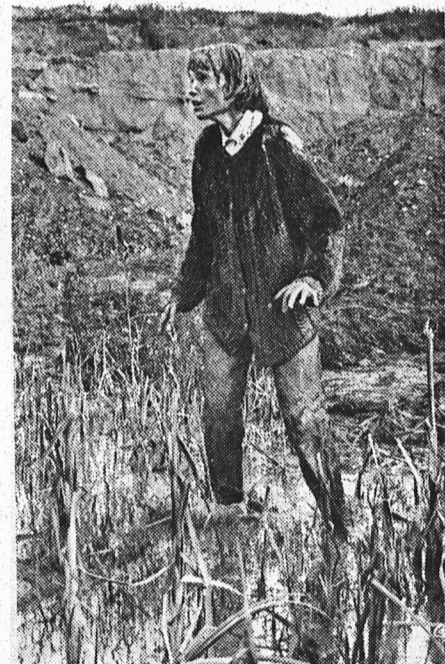
—All single feature presentations will start at 8 p.m.

### TITICOT FOLLIES

A documentary of life in an asylum for the "mentally ill", Sat. Oct. 2 at 8:00 p.m. at Sanctuary of Washington Square Methodist Church (135 W. 4). Contribution \$2.50 at door/\$2.00 in advance. For mental patients lib. project

clerical films ever. We see nuns without their habits being tortured and raped in the name of the Church. Nobody escapes the barrage—even Louis XIII. He is pictured as a transvestite. (see photo above)

This is a once in a lifetime film. It should be seen by anyone with a keen mind and a strong stomach.



hip

soft men  
shimmer  
carefully chosen  
gold

shirt  
bursting hot  
hip  
glide  
through evening tongue  
streets  
apart

poem by j turnbull

## Farina's Classic Now On Screen

by Richard Kornberg

Among the current crop of new films is **BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS UP TO ME**. Based on Richard Farina's autobiographical underground classic, this production catches much of the author's humor, despair and eventual hope.

It is 1958 and we are in college. Our hero, Gnosso Poppadapoulis (Barry Primus) is a misfit. He cannot relate to the whole fraternity scene at school but he doesn't want to fall back into the hard drug culture which he has already rejected. Much of the film tells of Gnosso's desire to find himself.

Because of the nature of the story, the film tends to be episodic. It is to the credit of screenwriter Robert Schlitt and director Jeff Young that while each scene is an entity in itself, it also builds upon the previous scene resulting in a cohesive structure.

**BEEN DOWN SO LONG** is also helped by Garry Sherman's musical scoring. For once, rock music is used to catch the flavor of the period and not just as a well to sell a soundtrack album.

Unfortunately, **BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME** falls a little flat during its last reel. Even so, it is one of the best of today's youth oriented films. This is a movie that captures the look and feel of the fifties and combines it with a power and drive that makes it one of the must see films of the seventies.



## Two New UPCOMING Broadway Productions



The seasons eagerly awaited rock opera "Jesus Christ Superstar" will be directed by Tom O'Horgan (of "Hair" and "Lenny" fame) and stars Ben Vereen (l.) and Jeff Fenbret (r.).

## "Blow Your Little Big Horn"

Continued from page 12

"Miss Kittilitter," spat Fat Norbert, "I'm gonna leave now and take what I need I think will last. . .namely all of your money." And with that he scampered towards the door. Just at that very moment, the cuspidor slipped off Cactus Feldman's head, and its contents spilled out onto Norbert's path of flight. He put one foot in it, slipped and hit the floor with a resounding "BLAM!!!!"

"That's disgusting," groaned Badlands Bruce.

"Well," chuckled the Reverend Flaherty, "it's like they say: how can you expect to rate if you don't expectorate."

"Shut up, Flaherty," croaked Cactus, pulling out his revolver, "and start marching. We're going to see Pete Toria, the marshall."

"I ain't marching to Pete Toria," exclaimed the reverend, "I'm one of the good guys, remember? Hey look! There goes Badlands Bruce out the door!"

"I'll go after him" cried Cactus, "you stay here and watch Fat Norbert."

Cactus ran out into the street and saw that he was too late. Badlands Bruce had made his escape. When he returned to the Hot Dog Saloon, he found that Fat Norbert had also made his escape. Then he bounded up the stairs and saw that Flaherty had Miss Kittilitter. Frustrated, Cactus ran back down stairs and made himself a drink.

Just then, Doc Hollivewreath staggered into the Hot Dog Saloon. "Hey Doc," yelled Cactus, "How 'bout having a drink with me."

"Well," Doc mused, "I really shouldn't because I have a golf date in half an hour, and I don't like to drink when I drive. But I guess one little daiquiri wouldn't hurt none."

"Okay, here you go," said Cactus handing Doc his drink.

"Sure, Doc. What is it?"

"Could you put a hickory nut in my drink? You know how I just love hickory nuts!"

"Sure thing."

—PLUNK—

"Well, here's your hickory daiquiri, Doc!"

"You know, Cactus, I think you've been hanging' around with Reverend Flaherty too much," sighed the Doc.

"I'd love to sit and gossip, Doc, but I gotta get a move on. I gotta stop Badlands Bruce before he kills Silent Joe Denver. Joe's my best friend. Besides he owes me five bucks

and I want to make sure he'll be able to pay me back. So long, Doc."

"Wait," cried the Reverend Flaherty, sliding down the bannister. "I'll go with you."

Cactus and Reverend Flaherty sauntered down the street to the stable house and rented a couple of late model Paleminos.

"Why Paleminos?" Cactus queried.

"Any Palemino is a pal of mine," snickered Flaherty.

Meanwhile, at the secluded spit-level hideout of Badlands Bruce, Silent Joe Denver was being held at gunpoint.

"Get your Goddamn greasy hands off me," screamed Joe.

"I was just trying to make the best of an unpleasant situation," whimpered Bruce.

"Well, what are you waiting for? You said you'd swore to kill me. Why not get it over with now," whined Joe.

"Cant' do that," sighed Bruce, "I got to wait for the boss."

"And who, may I ask, is your boss?"

"Well, I guess there's no harm in telling you, seeing as how you won't live to tell anyone," he cliched. "Have you ever heard of the Strange Ranger?"

"NO," said Joe.

Bruce stared at him in Disbelieve, a town a few miles south of Weeping Belly. Just then the sound of coconut shells hitting wood filled the air and grew progressively louder.

"well," drawled Bruce, "It sounds like you're finally gonna get to meet the Strange Ranger."

Bruce strolled over to the door and flung it wide open.

"Boss, I thought you'd nev--"

The silly grin on Bruce's face turned to an even sillier frown at the sight of Cactus Feldman standing in the doorway.

"All right," sneered Cactus, "after you untie Silent Joe, you can put your hands up."

In a trice, Joe, like Shelley's Prometheus, was unbound.

"Take his gun, Joe. Hey, Rev! Come here a minute, will you."

But as Cactus turned around, his smug smile turned to a smugless grimace.

There, standing where the Reverend Flaherty should have been, was the Strange Ranger. The Strange Ranger stood about five feet tall, wore a sequined black mask and was at once both very oriental and very feminine looking, and possessed a mind as shrewd as a saloon owner.



Revival of toe-tapping, finger snapping musical "ONN The Town". Director Ron Field flanked by Phyllis Newman (l.) and Berndette Peters (r.)

"Hands up, Cactus," chortled the Strange Ranger.

"Keep your 'hands up' to yourself", laughed Reverend Flaherty from behind. "Reach for the sky."

"Boy am I glad you came from behind," sighed Cactus.

"No, I didn't. I came from Weeping Belly. . .with you, Remember?"

Before Cactus could think of a clever put-down, Silent Joe Denver leveled his gun at Cactus and the Reverend.

"No, I think you two will be doing the reaching," he chuckled, pulling back the hammer on the Smith and Wesson six shot pearl handled Wyatt Earp autographed revolver which belonged to Badlands Bruce. Slowly, Joe and the Strange Ranger began backing out of the cabin.

"Hey Joe," cried Cactus, "where are you going with that gun in your hand?"

"I'm going way down south," he explained, "going way down to Mexico."

"That is," the Strange Ranger added,

"we're going down to Mexico. Ain't no hangman gonna put a noose around us."

"But. . .but boss," stammered Badlands Bruce, "what about me?"

"Well, Bruce, that's the way the week tumbles," replied the Strange Ranger. "Say goodbye to the sheep for me. . .and don't take any woolen nickels!"

And with that, Silent Joe Denver and the Strange Ranger rode off into the sunset.

"But. . .if they're riding off into the sunset, that means they're headin' west," cried Badlands Bruce. "How will they get to Mexico?"

"God works in funny ways, Bruce," said Flaherty consolingly.

Cactus watched with his mouth open, and queried: "Who was that Masked Man anyway?"

Bruce walked over to him, replying solemnly: "That was no Masked Man, that was my wife!"

THE END

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THE VERY VERY CONDENSED BOOK SECTION

## “Blow Your Little Big Horn” (A Fractured Prairie Tale)

by Andrea Jay and David Moseder

The American West at the turn of the century—where men were men...and the sheep knew it!

The Saturday sun rose high that morning over Weeping Belly, Nevada, as Silent Joe Denver slipped out of his saddle to drink deeply from the waterhole. Silent Joe rarely rose before 6:30, but today he had to supervise the building of the new church and Reverend Flaherty said he'd be damned if he did and damned if he didn't.

A form approached from over the hill. It was Cactus Feldman, Joe's neighbor.

“So how are you,” asked Cactus, speaking from the side of his mouth.

Silent Joe Denver started away. He was a tall, loose-boned man wearing corduroys and moccasins, a huge-buckled belt, a mauve colored velveteen shirt, a black sombrero with a bright braided band, a leather vest with hand embroidered birds on it, a phosphorescent tie with a naked lady on it, two pairs of socks, several diamond rings and a muffler.

“Fine,” he said.

He had a hawk face and piercing pink ears. Cactus bent down and started drinking.

“So what do you hear from your son in



“Move along,” ordered Fat Chance. “We're no strangers to cotton in this town.”

college?” he asked.

“Nuthin’,” replied Silent Joe, jumping on his horse and galloping away.

“At least he could have given me a civil answer,” murmured Cactus, rearranging his talis. Feldman wasn't a rich man, but he was rich in spirit. He ran to the local liquor store in Weeping Belly. He was the first Jewish cowboy to ride into Nevada at the turn of the century. He came from Brooklyn, the son of Scotch-Sephardic parents. He took out his bible and began davening, “Blessed art thou, King of the Universe...”

The Right Reverend Flaherty looked at the sun. “Jesus,” he cried “it mft be half pft seven and no sign of Silent Joe.”

Charlotte Flaherty stepped up to the alter, which was bleaching in the hot desert sun. “Reverend,” she wheezed, “at the rate you're goin' you ain't never gonna get dis church built.”

“Hush, hush sweet Charlotte,” the reverend smiled, “or I'll tan your hide. You just attend to your cooking, woman.”

“Chile, I ain't seen dat cooking woman in a week of Sunday,s” drawled his wife.

Charlotte Flaherty had a rough life. The daughter of Africans who were eaten by missionaries, she ached to return to her native land. She met the reverend at Sunday School in Chicago long ago and fell for him immediately. It was only when she told him about her inheritance, that he'd agreed to marry her. “God works in funny ways,” he said, shortly after. Despite his lisp, Charlotte felt the reverend was a good deal. Didn't he maketh her to lie down in green pastures? Didn't he restoreth her soul? Didn't he fill up her glass until her cup runneth over? But as much as she loved him, she had her eye on Cactus Feldman. She'd lost her other eye several years ago when a flaming tapur struck her eye and blinded her. “That was no match for a lady,” they all agreed.

Silent Joe approached the church site and cleared his throat. He removed his bandana and spit into it. The dust rose up around his horse and settled in his nose. The acrid dust stung Silent Joe's eyes, and as he rubbed them he remarked: “This sure is a site for sore eyes.”

“Let's get a move on,” the reverend shouted, “so that we can get high at noon.”

In a small walk-up apartment over the town liquor store, Flora Feldman sat despondant. She looked at the pile of clothes which was sitting on the floor of her kitchen. It was her brother, Sol, who was just fired from a stint on the Powderosa Ranch. You might say he was a stint man; he was the first to be fired and the last to be hired. Sol was almost twice Flora's age, but half her weight. He made three times as much money in a year than she did in her whole life. If his mother was her aunt...how old was she?

To make matters worse, he was often passing bad Czechs and was frequently changing his name, thereby causing local sherriffs to inquire, “Who's Solly Now?” He was always one to catch the eye of the ladies in town, especially Miss Kittilitter, the Chinese femme-fatale, who ran the Hot Dog Saloon.

Solly approached the Hot Dog Saloon through the side door. He slipped upstairs into Miss Kittilitter's room unseen and sat on the divan. Shortly, (for she was only five feet tall) Miss Kittilitter opened the door to her room.

“Solly,” she whispered, “I must have the



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

Tex was a very friendly critter, but he never laid down his rifle.

wrong room. So Solly...

He grabbed her arm and she fell across his lap. He put his hand on her left breast and felt it growing stiff and hard.

“My Hand!!!” he exclaimed, jumping up and down, “Oh, Christ, it's stiff and hard! Oh, God, oh God! Call a doctor!”

With that, Sol furiously began to breathe on his hand quickly.

“What are you doing,” asked Miss Kittilitter.

“I'm blowing this joint,” he replied.

Downstairs in the Saloon, Cactus Feldman had just climbed up onto the bar stool, when through the tiny, rusted, squeaking, superflous swinging doors strolled Badlands Bruce. The piano fell silent and Cactus fell off his bar stool. The other men in the saloon slowly slithered beneath the whiskey-stained tables and vomit-stained chairs, as Badlands sashayed up to the bar.

“Gimme a banana daiquiri,” he slobbered.

Fat Norbert, bartender at the Hot Dog Sloon, slowly turned around and whispered to Badlands: “You know there's a price on your head.” Bruce pulled out his compact and saw that there was a price tag from his new hat hanging down in front of his forehead. He quickly pulled it off and leveled his eyes at Fat Norbert.

“Silent Joe Denver,” he drooled, “who saw him last?”

The Reverend Flaherty sidled up to the bar. “I saw his last,” he said, “I saw him last so hard that he nearly fell off his bar stool. Jee-zuss! What a sense of humor! Can that man last!”

“I said last, not laugh,” belched Badlands.

“Ah,” countered the Reverend, “but he who

last laughs, last best.”

Cactus Feldman slowly picked himself up by his bootstraps and, looking Badlands Bruce straight in the chest, drawled, “Don't listen to him; Flaherty will get you nowhere.”

“Well,” said Badlands suggestively, “if it ain't Cactus Feldman. Sa-a-ay, where didya get that spiffy gold yomulka?”

“Yomulka?” exclaimed Cactus, “what yomulka?” Then he turned and looked into the mirror behind the bar and realized that he had gotten his head stuck in the cuspidor when he fell off the stool.

“That's no Yomulka, you big lummoX! That's a spitton. And besides, they don't make 'em out of gold; gold is too soft. They use brass, 'cause brass lasts.”

“Well,” chortled Flaherty, “he who's brass lasts laughs best.”

“Shut up, you lipping lily,” whined Badlands.

“Don't tell me to shut up, you flamboyant flop!” screamed Flaherty.

Cactus raised his hands up over his head and yelled: “I suggest you both should put your hands up.”

“What for?” they chorused.

“Because Fat Norbert's got the drop on us!”

Sure enough, Fat Norbert had a gattling gun trained on the three of them.

“How do you train a gatling gun?” inquired Cactus.

“With a cat-o-nine-tails and some tender loving care,” was Norbert's reply.

Just then, Miss Kittilitter came tripping down the stairs.

“Damn these maxi-dresses! I'm always tripping down those stairs!”

Continued on page 11 column 1