

## Wall Collapses At Richmond

### Building's Landlord Cited FOR Negligence

by Bob Lampel

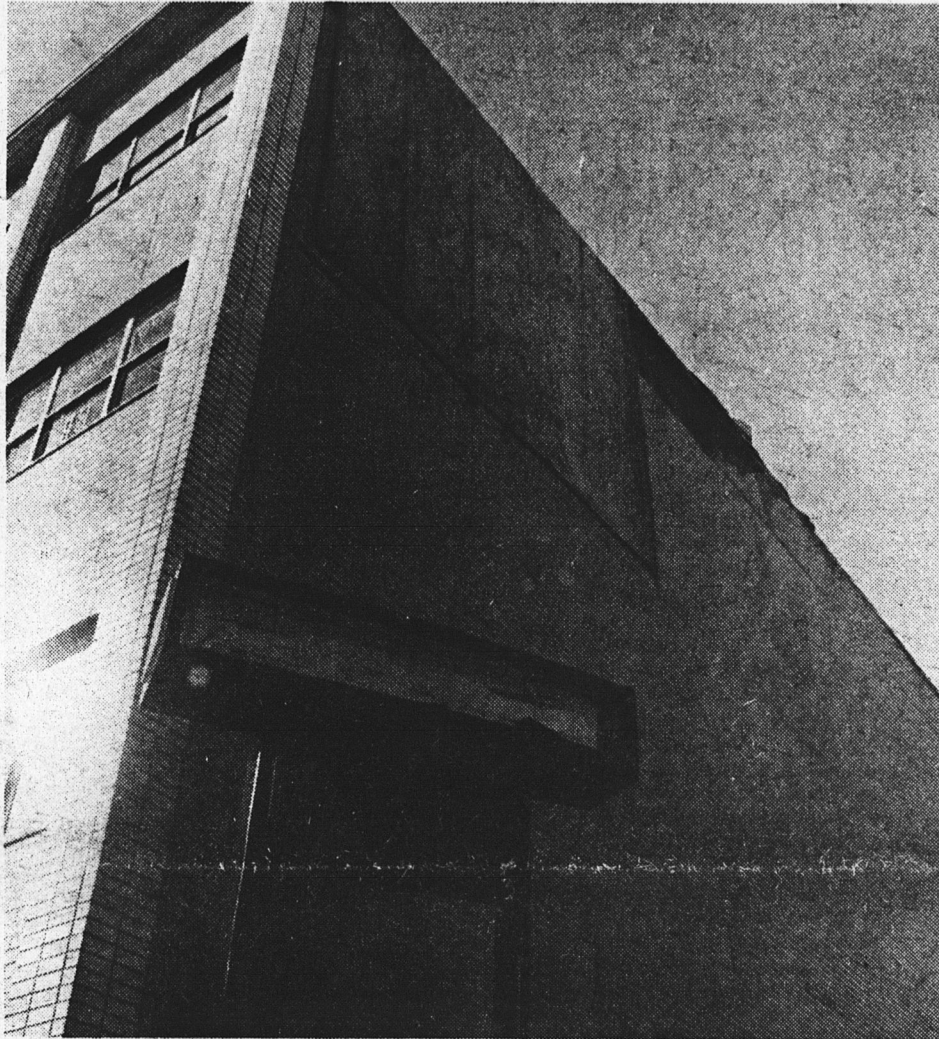
On Saturday evening, October 7, 1972, at 11:00 P.M., the Sullivan Security Service was going through the changing of the guard on the 5th floor at 350 St. Marks Place when they heard strange rumbling sounds coming from the western side of the building. Upon seeking out the cause of the sound, it was discovered that a large section of the brick wall, which enclosed the Richmond College Theatre Workshop, had suffered an extreme case of physical exhaustion and collapsed to the ground below. The bricks, which had been kept awake night after night by the never ending reports given by the temperature/time clock, owned and operated by the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. adjacent to 350 St. Marks Place, violently fell upon the clock; putting a halt to the digital demon's career.

To get the facts, I spoke with Glenn E. Sohm, an instructor in Dramatic Arts and Technical director of what remains of the theatre workshop. According to Mr. Sohm, the collapse of the wall didn't come as much of a surprise. The roof above the theatre has been leaking since Richmond rented the top floor of the building over three years ago.

It was reported months ago that the western wall appeared to be buckling, apparently because of water damage caused by the leaky roof. However, long before the faulty wall was noticed, the leaks damaged the theatrical lighting system to the tune of approximately \$780.00. The damage occurred on May 4, 1972, at the same time that a performance of was in progress.

Eight months previous to this, a letter written by Mr. Sohm was sent to Joseph Silverman, landlord of the building. Part of it read as, "The leaks in the ceiling of Room 527 (theatre) are now very bad. They have to be repaired, since the theatrical lighting system is in danger of being badly damaged." Silverman attempted to repair the leaks, failed miserably,

Mr. Silverman's negligence has caused



the condemnation of the theatre workshop. This has in turn made theatre production for the upcoming fall season most difficult. The players have been forced to rehearse in unoccupied offices and classrooms. But all should not be given up for lost. Mr. Silverman said that repairs on the wall should be complete by October 26, 1972 and the theatre will be back in business.

We'll believe it when we see it, Joe.

### Something's Rotten In The State of Richmond

On October 2, 3 and 4 the Board of Education sent a committee to Richmond College to evaluate many aspects of the school. Each division was examined by this group of people. It has come to the attention of the Richmond Times that the resulting analysis will not be favorable.

Since the report will not be published for approximately another six months, we do not have access to all the facts and figures. We do know, however, that preliminary findings in respect to the college administration indicate it is to be in a very bad state of affairs.

Three points have come to our attention:

1. The president has failed to provide leadership.
2. The president and the dean of faculty are hardly on speaking terms.
3. The dean of faculty and the dean of admission have never been on speaking terms.

The above has led to chaos.

In a related incident the Dean of Studies, Ken Bruhn, has been heard in the past at parties on the Island saying that he has no work to do. This is being said by a man who receives a salary of \$30,000 per year. This will most likely also appear in the evaluation.

The above information is mostly concerning one aspect of this school. Every barrel has more than one rotten apple and our sources indicate that the results of divisional studies are also not encouraging. Many things have been happening at Richmond College that the vast majority are not aware of.

## Job Action Program

A job action program was announced by the Professional Staff Congress at a mass rally of the City University instructional

staff.

The proposal calls for the polling of the faculty union's membership on a "no contract no work" policy if no settlement is reached by November 1.

The plan, approved by the PSC Administrative Council Tuesday night, was submitted to its Delegate Assembly October 12.

If the plan is adopted next week and the "no contract no work" policy is approved by the union membership in November, it would empower the leadership to implement job action any time thereafter.

Negotiations between the PSC and the Board of Higher Education began June 19 but broke down over a host of issues, including the student-faculty ratio and job security. The previous contracts expired August 31.

On September 6, the Delegate Assembly recommended no job action but directed the Administrative Council to study a job action plan "should the Board persist in its intransigence."

On September 8, the union declared an impasse and asked the State to intervene. Mediation under the auspices of the Public Employment Relations Board has been going on since September 25.

Backing the union and addressing the rally tonight were David Selden, President of the American Federation of Teachers; Helen Wise, President-elect of the National Education Association; and Thomas Hobart and Albert Shanker, Co-Presidents of the New York Congress of teachers.

## Nothing Official But. . . .

As of the deadline for this edition of the Richmond Times the official results of the October 17-18 elections for Student Government are unavailable.

The votes were tallied at the conclusion of the election and write-in votes were counted the following day the Election Committee consisting of Kevin Foley, Richard Kruglos, Paul Burstyn and Ed Murphy. But then came charges of voter irregularities, a petition to invalidate the elections and no action by the Election Committee to get President Scheuler to validate the elections because the necessary thirty per cent of the student body voting was not achieved.

Un-official results were obtained by the Richmond Times before the voting machines were locked up. They showed the ticket of Steve Jason, Jack Wilson, Maryclaire McGinley and Pat Hemsworth winning the respective offices of chairperson, vice chairperson, treasurer and secretary by approximately a two to one margin over chairperson candidates Serge Rene and Tony Lepere, Josephine Mullin, John Samuel and Bert Kurtin. Candidates running for RCA on Jason's platform were also swept into office.

Total votes in the two day election numbered just over six hundred, or slightly more than fifteen per cent of the student body. Last year the election was extended two days in order to obtain a count acceptable to President Scheuler, which led to his subsequent validation of the election. This year, the election committee decided after the polls were closed not to extend the election, leaving the question of validation once again up to President Scheuler.

10/10/72  
Until Further Notice

No classes or other activity in room 527 (Theatre Workshop).

Classes normally held in room 527 will use rooms 555 or 523 instead.

Glenn Sohm.

# Frank McField's, *Death Of A Colony*

(Continued from Page 12)

man saying "I see her."

"You didn't see her! You didn't see her. It's your mind, old man. You and your crassy superstitions."

Whispering to himself, crassy-stupid, he shouts aloud again, "Everyone of you just sit here believing the same old things. Why you cry over someone that is dead for anyway. She is dead and gone. Gone, gone you all hear." All listen, one replies. "At least we cry."

"Now you saying that I don't care. What you all want me to do anyway? I suppose sit here and cry with you?"

"Nobody telling ya to do nothing."

"You bunch never say anything. You sit around saying nothing." But this is saying enough to Eric, more even than he wished to hear. He wishes he didn't know what they were all thinking but he still hears words of silence. Every movement tells a story, every breath speaks of a dream, that much "I remember." "Thank de Lord ya remembers something," the old man says. The trouble is that Eric remembers too much, yet not enough but what's the use of talking to you you won't understand.

The heat of August drowns tempers and in this month of the year rows continue only with the possibility of a fight. At this moment there is no one for Eric to hit, the gentleman is too slow, too weak, and the crowd is far away. The old man turns away from the young, whose youthful body is drained by the sun. Eric is tired from feeling the chaos within himself as he shouts at the old man who thinks in whispers. His shout is weak from the heat of that struggle that is taking place within him. His soul, that inward society which is created by the experiences of generations, is being attacked every time he strikes out against the old man. He is attacking his grandfather but somehow it seems he attacks only himself. Eric wants to destroy something yet not knowing where to find that something. Even his way of breathing in a crowded room is a result of that something he wishes to destroy.

The domestic dogs bark. Suicide. The mourners begin singing as they look in to the silence of the hymns. The sounds of the hymns makes Eric want to escape from the room which seems like a prison. His mind is being held captive; his feet are tied that his body might remain until the last grain of sand has fallen on the box in which she lies. A prisoner he feels they had captured him the priest must now perform the ritual. Thinking thoughts of far away places the old man interrupts his grandson's escape. Bringing him back to the sounds of the dogs howling. Suicide.

"Education did it ta. A told ya Mora not ta make ya children get too much education." The old man says, shaking his head as he fans the heat in the room. He continues, as if he disapproves of the hymn "Education is bad for ya."

Eric wants to say shut up, but his legs are tired and his words would be meant only for the ears of the mourner who are singing. Hymns, songs, sad songs of God. Emotion flows in the room from him affected by the hymns Eric will not speak for the moment. The day has not been decided the fight has not yet been reached. The old one feels separated from those around him. A touch from someone would make him feel different. He too has never been taught to touch gently, nor speak quietly.

Moving towards the fight of August, the father opens the coffin. As Eric stares at her smiling in silence, an old man hangs his head down. Reaching for his daughter's hand, the wrinkled hand of the father scars the wall of the coffin. Finding the hand, he places it against his face as he bends his tired back. He runs her gentle hand across his face many times as his grandson stares in contempt. Maybe he should have touched her that way long ago. But the islanders are afraid of touching their living yet they hug and kiss their dead.

As the tears fall from the ancient eyes, Eric is made more confused. Too old to cry, too tired to fight, Eric stands by blinded by the last rays of the morning sun. Time has stopped. Time has stopped as the old demands the dead to offer something;

anything. The silence whispers No.

Pulling himself away from the coffin, the old gentleman wipes his eyes with a white handkerchief as he mumbles aloud to the corpse "He did it, ya son kill ya."

The corpse does not answer, she is determined to rest while the storms sweep away in waves, the seeds of her forgotten generation. The waves of the future meet the waves of the past, both string for preservation. They both stand high above the heads of the tiny gathering. Alone, the old man is resolved to fight until the last waves have covered his face.

Calling out from the silence he sounds the trumpet of the defeated army: "You did this" pointing again at the quiet corpse.

In defiance, Eric shouts "I told you before and I will tell you again, it was not my fault." Looking with doubt, the old one shuffles his feet. "You are responsible too, the society also, the blame is not only mine."

"Blame me now. I knew it would come to that."

"I am not trying to put the blame on you. Why should you put it on me?"

"You younger generation get away with too much. If it had been in my day, they would have kept ya in jail. If they did ya wouldn't be able to kill ha."

"I didn't kill her." Eric says as he grabs his granddad by the hand and leads him to the coffin. "Let me show you something," and as the ancient one pulls himself away, Eric catches hold of him again. "Now see, you fool, see the scars in her hand. Take a good look. You will see." The old one does not see, will not see again. He hangs his head down in shame as Eric thinks the struggle is over. Still holding the old hand, waiting for a response, Eric takes his free hand and lifting that of the dead up again, he whispers "The criminals have left their mark."

Waiting, Eric continues to hold the hand as if his lie will be judged by what it says. The old moves away the silence to remover the dead from being buried as he says, "I, I, I" not being able to finish. The waves seem to have no respect for those too old or too dead to hear their rowing warnings. Eric continues to speak of criminals and hands as the mourners sit by, not moving, not saying.

Like a clear blue sky, words fly from a mouth into the air... Silence, please silence. "Ya know I can't see no more," Losing everything he seems to possess, the authoritarian mask falls from Eric's face. With weak arms he places his mother's hands to rest in the box which will protect her face from the sand. He tries looking at the old man but something turns his glance away. Weakly, he whispers carelessly "Sorry I didn't hear you sir." Not desiring to repeat himself, the ancient whispers, "ya hear what ma say, I lost ma sight."

"I am sorry..." Sorry, sorry is a sorry word. Not letting his grandson finish, the eldest says, "Don't feel sorry for me, feel sorry for ha." The river of emotion is not dried, it flows as the two men fight for dominance without respect for those around them, or them dead or coming into being. The young relies upon the strength of his words as he says, "Don't feel sorry for Mama but for people with hands like hers. She is dead and none can bring her back. We must now think about the people with hands like hers. We must act on their behalf now, now fast." "Act" the old man says as he swallows the lump in his throat. He seems only to understand odd words that spring from Eric's mouth. True, it is August, a confusing time of year.

"Yes, act." Clenching his fish and striking it forward to somewhere.

"No, ya mean killing people, yea that's wha ya mean. See wa ya don already." The grandfather says, pointing towards the coffin and looking at his audience of mourners. Some are old some young but all are drunk by the rum of the head of the sun.

Eric is shouting again, "I told you I didn't. She was dying from the time we got there."

"Who the hell ya think ya is anyway, God?"

"I don't think I am God." And then the silence as Eric thinks for the first time since he arrived. Moving his tongue around his lips in a complete circle, he ends by clam-

ping his teeth down upon his bottom lip. Eric does not believe in God, religion is the opium of Man. None speaks as the old begins to search in the darkness of his dreams.

The friends of the family sat through the row, none said anything. Their thoughts seem always to be elsewhere. The old feels the need to shout to them to say something, anything, but he says nothing for their tongues are tied by the sorrow of being sorry. The room seems dead, the old feels he is being drowned. He desires a sound to prove that he is still in the company of life. A touch, he needs to touch, to feel something. Tears come to comfort him. The river is in the storm, it flows with movement, feeling is here, feeling is here. He hears, he feels himself crying. The currents are strong, the pull-pulling Eric towards their source.

Tears destroy the silence. Eric places his hand on his granddad's shoulder. Feeling the weight fall upon him, the old man recognizes the force he aided to create. A force that now threatens him. "Could it be ya child, Eric." It like you, but that was long ago." His weight has changed since last I knew him. His talk is different, talk about strange things. If only I could see then I would be sure it is he.

So long has he been blind, yet Eric stirs the world he was forced to be come accustomed to. He knows he will continue in this world until he, too, yes. Yet he is curious to see that world which stands besides him on the hill. Grabbing the arm that moves towards him, the old moves his fingers along the boy's palm. The lines are deep, rough, short his hands cool as one he remembers. Looking for one line that special line, the dogs barked at the crowing roosters.

The line is found, the question answered. Crying, squeezing, Eric feeling the pull, tries resisting but the hold is too strong. At the finish, drowning the silence, the old begins singing the hymn. Softly tenderly, Jesus is calling, calling for you and for me.. the song brings back memories that make Eric weaker. He is about to cry. He wants to say something, as if speaking will destroy the feeling deep inside. His mouth is stuck, tongue tied he runs from the room into the heat of August, the cruelest of time's time. The lightning strikes, the thunder sounds. The rains fall. Suicide.

Eric jumped up from the toilet seat thinking his whispers with himself were too

informative. "But why not?" his eyes said. His lips answered without making a sound. So be it. Excuse this preceeding you may ignore it. Just a slight dalliance into the caverns of the absurd. It was not indicative of anything but his state of mind, although he felt as comfortable as could be expected, pacing up and down the tiny room, wondering "How the hell I ever reached this place, this scene which engaged no place in my imagination." Scratching his head as his father did when persued by the North Westerns, he tried to decide what crowded street to walk out into, in a search of a self, buried in the whispers of yesterday's silence.

The streets were too crowded and the winds too cold. It was August, an unreal time of year. His mind repeated "The streets are crosded with confusion. People run next to you. You, not saying anything. There is nothing to say." He has said this before and before.

Slamming his head against the wall to drown the sounds of the rain to destroy the images which flashed through his mind, he sat again on the toilet seat only to find himself next to the dead mango tree, with rain drops falling on his head. The rain, the rain, the damn rain. Eric runs away from the mango tree, away from the funeral as the rain brings back scenes of his childhood confused by his mind.

2.

The sun shines bright, blinding a child's vision of a father, escaped into the captivity of the sea's drowning whispers of an island's silence. The sun absorbs childish desires with its spongey light as a family of three wrestle with the intrusion of time upon their motionless walk away from the sun. They begin their pacing away from the soul, as the wind becomes quiet while peacefully listening to their pretense of movement. Making no demands upon a falling thatch kitches, the breeze fans the desires of the inhabitants of ninety square miles of land. Yet they remain silent for the moment to allow Eric, a restless child to hear the echoes of his voice saying nothing, in an attempt to crawl away from childhood.

To Be Continued in the Next Issue of the Richmond Times.

## Leaves Of Absence For New Moms & Dads

Mothers or fathers of newborn children will be guaranteed the privilege of taking a leave of absence from their faculty jobs at the City University of New York under a collective bargaining proposal made by the Board of Higher Education to the Professional Staff Congress (PSC), the organization representing CUNY's 16,000 instructional staff.

A first in collective negotiations in the United States, the "paternity-maternity" leave proposal would also equalize maternity leave with sick leave by classifying them both as "temporary disability."

The proposals, drafted for the university by the Chancellor's Advisory Committee on the Status of Women (ACSW), were called "a very significant first for the academic community" by CUNY Chancellor Robert J. Kibbee.

"I am very grateful that the ACSW has come forward with concrete and serious proposals which can do much toward making equality for women a reality in the academic community," Dr. Kibbee continued. "We are hopeful that the PSC will view these proposals in a similar light, and will work with us for their adoption into contract and into law."

Dr. David Newton, CUNY vice chancellor for faculty and staff relations, noted that the proposals "recognize the university's

obligation to eliminate any discriminatory treatment or preferential treatment based on a faculty member's sex."

Under the proposals paid leave for temporary disability such as illness, pregnancy, complications of pregnancy, or childbirth would be granted up to 20 working days per year. In addition, the "paternity-maternity" leave (called "special leave for the purpose of caring for a newborn child") provides for an automatic leave of up to six months upon application by the faculty member, and could be extended for up to 18 months by the president of the college. This childcare leave would be without pay; the faculty member's service towards tenure, however, would continue at the conclusion of the leave and include service prior to the leave.

Dr. Marilyn Gittel, chairwoman of the ACSW, called the proposals "a very firm step on the road to equality of treatment for women at the City University and across the nation." Dr. Gittel continued: "The Committee on the Status of Women is encouraged that the university accepted its recommendations on this matter in total."

If adopted as part of the new contract, the proposals would be placed before the Board of Higher Education as amendments to its bylaws. Those aspects of the proposals which would require change in the State Education Law would be submitted to the legislature at its 1973 session.

# Bombing Eyewitness Speaks At Richmond

by Glenn Tepper

Fewer than fifteen people heard. Paul Mayer of the New York Theological Seminary, who visited the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam last May, speak and show a film of the trip in the third floor lounge, on Thursday, October 12.

Mr. Mayer, who looked emaciated as a result of his recently ended forty day fast against the war, went to Vietnam with three other Americans including Bill Zimmerman of the Medical Aid to Indochina Committee, which is raising money to send medical supplies to Vietnam to treat the victims of U.S. bombings.

He told the sparse gathering that he saw enough suffering to last a lifetime. He said the U.S. is in the throes of a moral crisis: there is "clear documentation that the U.S. is willing to bomb civilian centers like the hamlet of Phon Loc where the American bombs left one hundred fifty four craters of the French Consulate in the center of Hanoi.

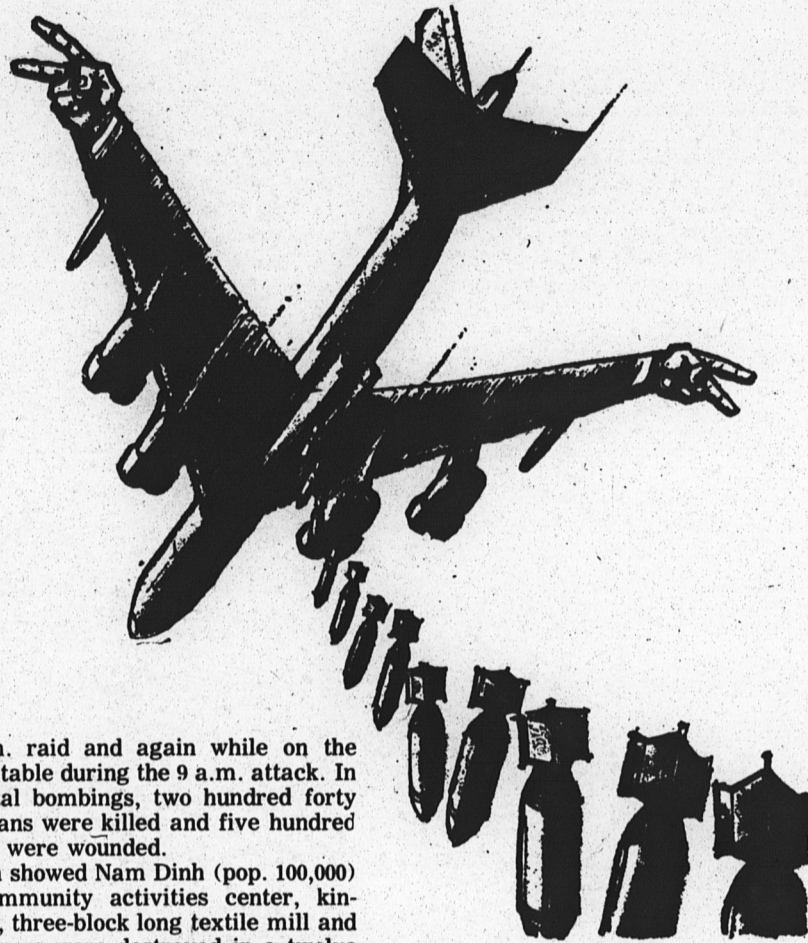
Mr. Mayer warned against accepting the media's reports of military activities as accurate because he said, "all media reports of military activities are based on the U.S. military releases given daily at 5 p.m. in Saigon; the media reporters call the reporters 'the five o'clock follies.'" He suggested that for accurate war reporting one should listen to the War Summary on WBAI 99.5 FM at 6:30 daily because "WBAI is the only media outlet to use other sources for its war coverage."

His face showing the marks of his travails, Mr. Mayer said, "Americans need to become angry enough to cry." He then introduced the film, "Village by Village" which is a documentation of his trip through Vietnam. He said that the photographers had free rein of what to film except for structures that the U.S. could use for reconnaissance.

The film literally showed the effects of America's war, village by village. The film showed the effects of carpet bombing, where the bombs craters are so close, they overlap.

The film showed Phon Loc, seven kilometers from Haiphong where all the bombing was inside the village boundaries. A civilian witness of the bombing tried to explain the high death toll stating through an interpreter that "we heard the bombers attacking Haiphong, but we couldn't believe that the Americans would bomb our village, so we didn't take shelter."

On April 16, Haiphong was hit twice. In the Key Dome Hospital, the Americans saw a boy who was wounded twice that day, first in



the 2 a.m. raid and again while on the operating table during the 9 a.m. attack. In the hospital bombings, two hundred forty four civilians were killed and five hundred forty four were wounded.

The film showed Nam Dinh (pop. 100,000) whose community activities center, kindergarten, three-block long textile mill and street corners were destroyed in a twelve noon bombing. Not a single thing, in the narrator's estimation, was left undamaged.

At one stop on their trip, the hotel where the Americans were staying was hit.

At Bau Ngu, which was bombed at 8 a.m. on May 24, the people have erected a monument of outrage to the American bombers. They told the visitors, "We are ordinary peasants. We have done nothing to harm the Americans. When you go home, enlighten the American people of our plight."

The four Americans saw Reunification Park in Hanoi which is built to the memory that Hue, Saigon and Hanoi were once the centers of one single country and hopefully will one day again be.

They saw bomb shelters lining the streets with lids that look like NYDS manhole covers.

The film showed closeups of the bombs which the Air Force calls rockeyes and the Vietnamese call perforation bombs. These bombs, made by the Honeywell Corporation

those of the prevailing regime. If I do not vote, I am not responsible for the continuance, and, or, intensification of fascism. On the contrary, my chosen act proclaims my freedom as an authentic individual. My act is one of subversion, whereby my political power has remained energized and potent. For democratic totalitarianism to exist, its manipulative mechanisms must remain operative.

The gestalt of democratic totalitarianism is one within which power circuitously becomes monopolized, thereby leaving people de-politicized. Within this illusory interchange of dynamic energy, people become enmeshed in a cannibalistic orgy of self-destruction. These same alienated impotent masses who falsely believe in the mystique of America, continuously oil the machinery of their own oppression. Any vote is an endorsement of fascism, simply because it necessitates the actualization of a methodology of tyranny.

Thus, if we truly seek a free society, we must first assume responsibility for our lack of freedom. Recognizing this, we must choose not to vote, knowing that voting

(Continued on Page 5)

## Jewish Consciousness- Self Hate

As soon as I was old enough to do so I 'came out' of the Jewish community in Brooklyn that I'd been raised in. ZAP: The Flatbush Kid meets the Goyische world head on. In the normal course of social contact I faced introductions—people would tell me their name and I'd tell them my bastardized Americanized surname.

Inevitably I'd be asked, 'what kind of name is that?' What do you mean, what kind? It's my name, I'd say, instinctively knowing exactly what they were asking but not wanting to tell them. It's a German name or a French name, or a Russian name. Very often I would meet people who wouldn't be satisfied to stop at that—they wanted confirmation of what I supposed they'd guessed on seeing me. 'You're Catholic?'

They'd ask, trying to trick me into admitting my Semitic origins. I'd say no, I don't believe in any organized religion—how could I possibly be Jewish if I didn't believe in any organized religion? Sometimes, if the interrogator I was just introduced to was very persistent, I would finally force these words out of my mouth: 'Well, my parents are Jewish,' meaning that those two lame schmucks in Flatbush who were trying to ruin my life were Jewish, just like they were racists, and capitalists, and very crude, but I was not.

I denied my identity to the non-Jewish world and to myself without really understanding why, but I knew even before I left Brooklyn that being a Jewish girl from Flatbush was not the hippest, most right on thing to be. I tortured myself and spent my energy trying to create a false identity for myself. Where did all that self-hatred come from, and what did it mean? I hated the middle-class values and apathy of my Jewish neighborhood, but not seeing them for what they really were, I called that being Jewish. I internalized all of my hatred for the oppressive state I lived in and hated my people instead. I entered the non-Jewish American community looking for approval and acceptance (as humans look for it) and could not tell them who I was. After all, Jews are the people that other people kill, and torture and even try to exterminate from the face of the earth. Talk about rejection!

I am not apologizing anymore. I am joining with my people and we will determine for ourselves the character of our Jewishness. No longer will we accept anti-Semitic stereotypes as the truth about ourselves. Sisters and brothers in the movement fight for the liberation of your own people! Sophie Portnoy and Arthur Goldberg are not accidents, nor are they indicative of the Jews. America has created them. Free yourself, free your people. Join us!

(This article is reprinted from Brooklyn Bridge)

## SICC Bribes An Electorate

By Adriane Schwartz

At SICC, students who voted in the recent student elections were given a ticket to one of four concerts by the Winfield Ledbetter Band.

The Winfield Ledbetter Band played authentic rock at SICC. They played powerfully while striking a balance between funk and sensitivity. They created moods with their original material.

Hal Winfield really delivers on bass. Willie Ledbetter is an incredible guitar player. At times the audience shouted out "Hendrix" in an apparent understanding of Ledbetter's ability to recreate Jimi's sound.

Their harmonies ring on the vocals. The strength of the other musicians is a real challenge, there is bound to be fireworks ahead.

## Voter Apathy: A Necessary Good

By Joe R. DiLorenzo

American democracy institutionalizes the fragmentation of its socio-economic structure, thereby allowing for dictatorial rule by a strategic few. This seemingly senseless, schizoid degeneration of American society is actually a much desired, built-in device, used to control a majority of minorities. The stratagem of political alienation is made opaque by the illusion of representative government. One means of keeping veiled the hideous face of fascism, and of simultaneously dispersing discontent, is that of our electoral tradition.

Our deceptive electoral apparatus assimilates into the pseudo-egalitarian system of democracy all the political energy of social dissent. To vote is to actively participate in a ritualistic ceremony of passive submission to the authoritative illusion of "order." Therefore, even a vote for radical change is a vote for democratic totalitarianism.

We all are existential beings with the freedom to choose. To not vote is to choose to not be irresponsible to our own political values if those values are in contrast with

# Checkin' It Out

## Afro-American Studies At Richmond College

By William Lewis

I have noticed that information and News about, for and concerning Black Students at Richmond College has either consciously or unconsciously been omitted from the Richmond Times. I am not accusing the present staff of this paper of being involved in some type of conspiracy of purposely not covering the events, features, and News of the black student population of Richmond. But, it is most definitely an accusation of the Black students of this school for not being concerned enough for the well being of the collective black body of Richmond College, to keep them informed of "what's happenin'," as far as blacks here are concerned.

With the many and varied problems we Blacks at Richmond are confronted with, it is not only unfortunate, but also detrimental for us to be projecting such a shaky posture in terms of our communicating with each other regarding matters of common interest.

For the benefit of all the new students and as a reminder for those old students, we have two Black Clubs at Richmond College. They are "The Committee of Majors" and "Amistad." Briefly outlined there purposes and goals:

### BLACK ORGANIZATIONS

The Committee of Majors (of the Afro-American Institute)—the main purposes of this organization is to develop a relationship with the Staten Island Community and develop a rapport with the Afro-American Institute. To illustrate their purpose, the Committee has opened an operating community center. The Kwame Nkrumah Memorial Center, located at 110-112 Victory Blvd. The Committee has plans to sponsor cultural events, film programs, tutorial programs, workshops, political activities which meet the community's needs and our needs. The Committee has recently initiated a program of physical fitness. Utilizing the talents of the students attending Richmond. A Karate club has been formed. The instructor is Serge Rene, first degree black belt (American Sho-ta-Kan association), and William Lewis of the same association is Mr. Rene's aide. Classes are presently being conducted:

- Tuesday....4:30 - 6:00
- Thursday....4:30 - 6:00
- Saturday...12:30 - 2:30

The classes are open to the Black Community and students attending Richmond. For further information, contact:

The Afro-American Institute  
Richmond College  
130 Stuyvesant Place  
Staten Island, New York 10301  
Telephone: 448-8433, ext. 21 or 89.

### AMISTAD

Amistad is a Black political, social and cultural organization formed in the interests of the Black community of Richmond College and the surrounding community. The purpose of Amistad is to unify the Black students of Richmond College; To bring about total awareness of the Black problems to Black students, The recruitment of Black students to Richmond College, and the hiring of Black faculty.

It is in the best of all concern Black students attending Richmond College to be involved and thoroughly familiar with these clubs. Drop by the Institute on the 8th fl.—you're sure to find many interesting Black brothers and sisters rapping and dealing

with things of interest to the collective Black experience.

### GENERAL INFORMATION

**NEWSPAPER...**A group of concerned Black students are developing a newspaper to disseminate information of particular concern to other Blacks at Richmond. Those interested please contact:

Arnold Nelson or William Lewis  
Afro-American Institute  
Rm. 837 or call 448-8433 ext. 21 or 89

**BASKETBALL...**For those Brothers who

### HELP HAND

The concerned Black students of Richmond are conducting a "Thanksgiving for the Needy" campaign. The purpose of this campaign is to collect from among the individual members of Richmond College foodstuffs (canned goods, fruits, nuts, candies etc.) and distribute among the needed community residents. We are asking for all of Richmond College to help us make this a successful campaign. They can do this by bringing in canned goods, fruits, nuts,



dig Basketball, there is a Brother's Basketball League. They are presently seeking out new members. Those brothers who are interested can get involved by coming to room 801 and sign-up or contact Brother Leroy Brown. If your game is as bad as you think it is, we are sure to be a winner with your stuff. Sisters are also asked to support the Brothers Basketball League.

### KARATE

I have already mentioned the Karate club we have formed. If you have a desire to learn the art of self defense "check us out," and you'll walk out with new found prowess, self discipline and confidence. For information come to room 801 or contact Serge or William at 448-8433, ex 89 or 21.

### SOCIAL EVENT

The concerned black students of Richmond are sponsoring a social event—Poetry, Music, Dance and a Karate demonstration.

Time....1:00 p.m.  
Date....Tuesday Oct. 24, 1972  
Place...The old Richmond College Book Store

The participants are: Quincy Troupe, Barbara Maskela, Anchee Lee, Nanettie Sievert, Creative Process Workshop and

Serge Rene with member of the American Sho-Ta-Kan Association

etc. All foodstuffs should be brought to room 801, the Afro-American Institute. Remember "A Thanksgiving for the Needy."

### PRESENT NEWS...Student gov't elections

It is very unfortunate that we as Black students didn't have enough candidates running for and participating in all aspects of the recent elections. Two of those who did run but were not elected were Serge Rene (Student gov't chairman) and William Lewis (R.C.A.)

To Randolph and Marjorie who won, we as concerned Black students would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you for your successful participation in the elections. We say to you, "Check us out."

I do hope that the information presented in this column will benefit the Black students of Richmond College. Write and let me know what you think. I would especially appreciate some notes on "what's happenin'" from all the Black student leaders of the various clubs and organizations. Write: William Lewis, Richmond Times, 130 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island, New York 10301. Let's get involved my brothers and sisters. Take care.

## Staten Island Congressman Speaks At Richmond

by Glenn Tepper

Shortly after midday on Thursday, October 19, on the invitation of the Richmond College Political Science Club, Congressman John M. Murphy of Staten Island addressed a gathering of about fifty people in the third floor lounge.

The Congressman, it seemed, came prepared to speak on two issues about which he has sponsored legislation: penal reform and gun control.

Murphy said he wrote a bill on penal reform, which, if enacted, would cost one billion dollars on a national basis. He said his legislation was the "cork in the bottle, the bottle being the penal system." He said that the administration of drug laws is unfair, yet he felt that the judges involved should not be blamed.

However, when one student who explained that he received a sentence of three years for possession of marijuana in Texas asked Murphy to explain why that "crime" carries a maximum one year sentence in New York. The congressman who had expressed a relatively hard line on drugs responded with "We have sectional philosophies in this country."

Congressman Murphy, responding to a query about his work on gun control cited two measures in which he takes pride. The first, a gun control act combats firearm abuse on three fronts; it prevents importation of cheap weapons, it raises the licensing fees of firearms dealers to weed out fly-by-night dealerships and it prevents sale to unknown buyers, juveniles and mental incompetents.

The second measure is a Saturday Night Special bill which in effect bans their manufacture. This bill was passed in the Senate but was defeated in the House.

Asked what he felt were the differences between the Democratic and Republican parties, Murphy, a Democrat, said that the Democratic party was the democratic party while the Republican party was not. Murphy was then asked if he felt the 1968 Democratic convention, at which he was Parliamentarian, was an exercise in democracy. He responded that "the convention was terribly competitive, yet no debate was cut off and there were very few disturbances on the convention floor. It was Democratic."

The Congressman, who says he supports the entire Democratic ticket nevertheless supports the President's VietNam politics. He said, "The man who sits in the chair of the presidency of the U.S. is a different man when he campaigns for the presidency."

When asked how he reconciled his belief in democracy and his support of the Thieu Regime, Murphy said it is "America's national interest to survive. It is anti-war because where there is war there is a chance for nuclear exchange, and no one can survive that."

After his answer, the questioner insisted that Murphy had not answered the questions and Murphy insisted that he had.

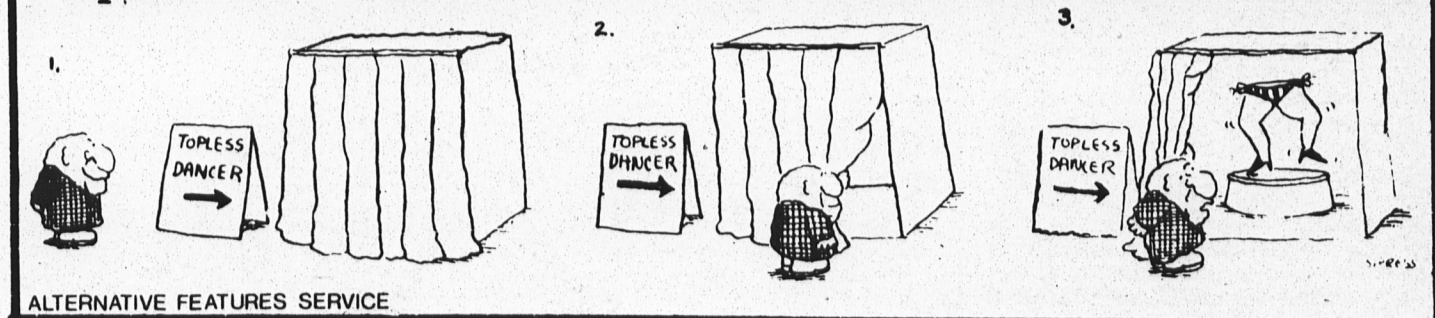
Turning once again to domestic issues, the Congressman cited three reasons for his opposition to bussing to achieve quality education. "Firstly," he said, "it's not safe to transport children in busses. Secondly," he continued, "It's too time-consuming." He said he took his children out of public schools because he didn't want them travelling an hour and a half a day.

Thirdly, he feels that bussing "implies two standards—quality schools and non-quality schools."

He refused to be specific with regard to how he would handle the current I.S. 211 crisis in Canarsie beyond saying that everyone involved should "sit down and talk it out."

At this point, he said he had to leave and he left.

### Sipress



ALTERNATIVE FEATURES SERVICE

## Richmond Scholars: New Program For High School Grads

By Abe Haruvi

Richmond Scholars? Yep. It's a new program that has been initiated by Richmond College just this September. It's a special program that allows students fresh out of high school to come to Richmond.

Ordinarily they could not have come to Richmond because as we all know, Richmond is an upper division college. Most of them would probably have passed up the idea of coming to Richmond in their Junior year because they would have stayed in their four year schools.

These students had to meet some stiff requirements. They had to achieve a fairly high average in high school and had to come in for an interview with the Dean of Studies, Dean Bruhn. They had to prove themselves mature and able to cope with the change from high school senior to quite controversial junior. Also, they had to know fairly well in what they planned on majoring. Twenty in all were selected from high schools throughout the city but only seventeen made it for registration in September. Every field of study is represented by them.

This is the first time that a program of this type has been initiated in New York. It hopes to accomplish certain goals for both the scholars and the school. Firstly, this program allows the student to graduate college with a fully credited Richmond diploma in roughly 3 years. It also gives the student the ability to skip foolish and unnecessary freshman courses so that they can sooner delve into courses that concern their major. This program also raises the standard of the school. By picking these students and mixing them with other juniors and seniors. Also with the added publicity it encourage more students who ordinarily would not think about Richmond to ponder a little.

Since it is the program's first year there are many problems. At a recent meeting of the Richmond Scholars I learned that many of the scholars were annoyed at the change in a few of the policies first promised them. Some were told that they would be able to finish Richmond in only two or 2½ years, instead of the three year minimum proposed by Dean Prappas. Also they will have to take the CLEP exams which are like the SAT's and are designed to evaluate their levels in many different subjects. Scheduled for these students is a mandatory 4 credit one year course starting next January. The idea of the course is to broaden the scholars' general education by assigning different books to read and discuss. Revisions like these are making the Richmond Scholars quite disillusioned. The meeting was headed by graduate student Ed Murphy. This position originally led by Dean Prappas. The scholars were told about the latest revisions and strongly urged to fight for what they were originally promised.

Besides Ed Murphy, each scholar is given his own advisor who is involved in the scholar's major. The student and advisor work together very closely in deciding what courses to take. Furthermore, there are scheduled meetings for the Richmond Scholars in which they can sound off on any grievances.

Being a new program for Richmond it has its drawbacks, too. So far the New York City Board of Higher Education hasn't approved the program. This is one of Richmond's typical habits of incorporating new programs before they are even approved.

Word has it that the voting on this program will come up before the Board next month. I'm sure that all of the faculty who had any part with this program are keeping their fingers crossed as I am sure the new Richmond Scholars are. If it is not approved there may be a sort of revolution headed by 17 younger than normal looking juniors.

# Richmond Veterans Views

By EDD MERRITT

In 1947 my father came home from the fetid jungles of Bougainville, a hero, victorious in a war nearly everyone wanted. His wife welcomed him with muted warmth tempered by three years of patriotic widowhood. His son, a stranger, welcomed him with cold indifference as only a mother's son can. And his country welcomed him, almost too boisterously, with open arms, open schools, and open coffers. My father had not served for his country. He had served with it. During World War II the U.S. extended outward thousands of miles like a series of concentric ripples in a pond. When the rock fell in Pearl Harbor, it sent repercussions to New Guinea as well as Washington, and not since the Revolution had this country fought with such collective, cohesive self-righteousness. It was good to be home.

Two decades later his son also returned from Southeast Asia, but to a different welcome. The victory parades of the 40's had become the peace marches and moratoria of the 60's.

He set foot in Newport Beach. But what happened to the ticker tape? Why the deja vu? Two years had passed, and it might as well have been yesterday. Was it worth the anticipation? Maybe they were trying to trick him. That's it. This was California, worse yet, Orange County. Everyone was on the Navy team. It was a giant ploy to make him re-up. Business as usual meant back to the friendly recruiter. But he knew it could not be. He knew this day was one he had been counting on. It began 364 days ago, just under a year and already a short-timer. He knew it last month when the calendar above his bunk looked as if a drunken chicken had criss crossed it at random. A week and a half ago the jitters set in, and not a threat nor an officer alive could move him. The day before yesterday he stared at a rancid San Miguel bottle hallucinating the golden nectar of Budweiser.

Finally, cruising low over the surf swept California coast, Los Angeles hidden behind the most beautiful smog in the world, he celebrated his own V-J Day, his own Appomattox. Yet here, in the Newport Beach bus terminal, amidst the tanned bustle of a normal California day, defeat was being snatched from the jaws of victory. He was not coming home to a welcome, because nobody knew he had been gone.

All Richmond Vets are invited to attend the third weekly meeting of the Veterans Group, Tuesday, October 24 at 2:40 P.M. in Room 1-513.



## Voter Apathy

(Continued from Page 3)

consequently results in further subjugation. Not voting is political resistance of a sublime, yet concrete form which sustains our political power. This power will be used to overcome the American manufacture of alienation.

Masses of people will unite once they see that the essence of their power lies in diverting their energies away from the symbiotic institutions which would seek to immobilize them. We must recognize our enemy and the insidious means used by this enemy to keep us weak and powerless. The electoral process is one such means. We must overtly resist our enemy by effectively dismantling its enslaving mechanisms. We must fight the command to vote. Alternative methods of utilizing our strength must be developed and made ready for the demise of American despotism. We must exist as subversives, actively undermining all oppressive institutions while being aware that any direct act of rebellion, which can't be democratically assimilated, will be violently thrust into oblivion.



# EDITORIALS

## Elections Over, But . . .

Elections for Student Government are over, a fact which saddens no one. Three weeks of campaigning have been marked (and marred) by an incredible amount of handout material, mud-slinging, and a general lack of enthusiasm by everyone except the candidates.

Students have been bombarded by literature in overkill quantity. Yet so many students confronted in front of the school by the candidates are told of the difficulty in choosing because they don't know the issues or platforms the candidates are running on.

And then there are the students who lie. "Have you voted?" asks the candidate. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," answer the students, though not nearly enough have voted to validate the elections without approval by President Scheuler.

It's unfortunate that the elections have been demeaned by the kind of mud-slinging we so often see in the outside world, the kind of campaign in which personality is more important than issues, and when the issues themselves become more anti-issues than actual platforms with well thought out ideas.

There is just no room for this kind of underhanded politics in this school. What we come to expect from the professional politicians we find repugnant here.

No candidate gains by smear tactics. Any votes won with this method are more than offset by the resulting loss of respect. Friends become enemies. People are judged not on a personal basis by what they have heard.

A year isn't that long a time. Maybe we won't forget what this election turned into and will do it a little better next time.

## Lack Of Awareness

We at the Richmond Times are surprised to hear both about an evaluation, of which 99 per cent of the student body is not aware, and the unfavorability of the preliminary results. It has always been said that we are an open community and the Richmond Times feels that all students and faculty should be given access to the final results of the evaluation at the earliest possible time.

We the students are the most affected and should therefore be made the most aware.

## Yearbox Volume Two

The Richmond Times has been besieged by differing opinions relating to the editorial of September 20th, "The Yearbox." Even though many of the complaints are voiced by people with a personal interest, we realize that there has been a great lack of understanding relating to our views.

The main point that we were trying to put across OUR belief that the final product was insufficient for the purposes of a yearbox. We realize that great effort was put forth by the Yearbook Staff in trying to capture the spirit of Richmond College, but we feel that the best way to preserve these times is in a traditional hardbound pictorial view of students and their activities. Even though it might sound corny, we believe that in future years a former student might like to have an unsmoked and unpasted remembrance of his or her time spent at Richmond.

One further comment: At least this year we have a yearbook to condemn. This has not been so at times in the past.

### The Richmond Times

Richard Kornberg..... Editor-in-Chief

Bert Kurtin ..... Copy Editor  
Robert A. Lampel ..... Photography & Features Editor  
Glenn Tepper ..... News Editor  
David K. Moseder ..... Contributing Editor  
Francine Harawitz ..... Secretary

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE: William Lewis, Frank Mc-Field, Adriane Schwartz, Abe Haruvi, Joe R. DiLorenzo, Howard B. Leibowitz, Paul Nelson, Amy Pollard, Peter Sanna, Brooklyn Bridge, Daniel Meaders, Puerto Rico Students Union, Robert chiles, Lisa DeMatteo, & LNS

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. The opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect those of the editorial board or the college..... Telephone: 212 448-6141

# LETTERS

## An Open Letter To The Staten Island Advance

On October 2, 1972 there appeared in the Staten Island Advance an article written Lawrence DeMaria lambasting both SICC and the Staten Island Community Corporation. The tone of the article was both rancid and inflammatory and the author's assumptions were mostly unfounded. Three Richmond College students, Amy Pollard, Paul Nelson and Peter Sanna were particularly incensed by DeMaria's attack on the true organizations. Since June, they have been working for the Staten Island Community Corporation. They submitted a letter to the editors of the Advance which that paper refused to print. Because some newspaper must be responsible to the needs of the people of Staten Island, the Richmond Times is herewith printing the letter.

To The Editors of the Staten Island Advance:

You recently printed one of the yellowest pieces of local journalism that we've seen in a while: Lawrence DeMaria's combined attack on the Staten Island Community College and Community Corporation. It seems to us that a response is in order, for while the article is obviously lacking in real information, ludicrous in its personal arrogance (perhaps Mr. D. is one of those "best products of society" the colleges turn out?—but the finishing touches here are memorable only as a textbook sample of smear tactics, one serious theme can be heard throughout—and that is racism.

While this comes across in many ways—e.g., the men "laughing and jiving" after the meeting were presumably not Irish; and the description of the Harlem dance troupe's free performance comes straight from the old "savages will get you daughter" line of thought—this cretin's views boil down to three racist propositions.

First, only madmen and degenerates would protest military recruiting on campus, during the mass slaughter of countless South-East Asians. While we are not among those who think it "insane" for Gen. Abrams and Gen. Electric to bomb Mongoloid peasants "back into the Stone Age"—indeed, for them it is both profitable and logical—we think it equally sane for students and workers here to try to stop it in

## Rehabilitation Counseling

The Hunter faculty of the graduate program in Rehabilitation Counseling would like to alert all students to possibilities for graduate study on either a part-time or a full-time basis.

For persons interested in assisting the vocational and personal adjustment of the physically, emotionally, intellectually, and economically handicapped, Hunter College offers a master's degree program in Rehabilitation Counseling. Rehabilitation counselors work in state rehabilitation agencies, hospitals, employment services, in agencies for the blind, mentally retarded, the emotionally disturbed, and drug programs and anti-poverty programs. Trained professionals are in great demand.

If accepted into full-time study, students may be eligible for stipends of \$1,800 plus tuition for the first year and \$2,000 plus tuition for the second year. Part-time study is also available in late afternoons and evenings.

If you are interested in applying for admission or would like further information, please telephone 360-2615 or 360-2227. Applications for Spring '73 admissions must be filed by November first.

any way they can, even if it means cutting a class. To not do so is to follow Nixon's racist logic—that so long as only Asians are dying, the war is over, and protesters here should call it a day. His details, incidentally, are false—only one speaker was not a student, and only one (not the same) suggested the eventual overthrow of the powers that be; since he himself wrote the original story, his only excuse can be a too urgent desire to "prove" that fighting against mass murder of non-whites is for nuts only.

His second feature is a continuation of the old attack on Open Admissions: not only is it a "failure" (he cites no facts to prove this), but this is because the students involved are permanently retarded by the crummy schools they went to before, and sad though it be, they cannot be helped. Indeed, half are really "bums" looking to escape unemployment (no wonder—where are the jobs? and why do we go to college?), the Army (impossible under the new draft laws, but Mr. D. sounds patriotic), or jail!! To hear Mr. D. tell it, the net result of Open Admissions has been a rise in dope peddling, "fertility dances" in the lounge, students "cheated" out of class space, and a "general air of malaise." He never suggests that more class-rooms might be built, and those high schools improved, if the budget weren't going to corporate graft and Indochinese genocide. Needless to say, he is speaking of "inner-city" students here—Black and Latin students, not the youth of Rosebank. Two points of fact might help: 1) before Open Admissions, the SICC campus was the Island center for drug dealing—since then, dealing has fallen considerably, largely because the more radical—and especially minority—students have been campaigning against it; and 2) the percentage of minority students in the City University has dropped, not risen, since the start of Open Admissions, mainly because they can't afford not to work. But Mr. D. knows that to attack free tuition and Open Admissions, racism is needed in the arguments; our job has to be to break this racism before it's used against us at budget time.

Last, Mr. D. generalizes his case by attacking the local anti-poverty agency, the Staten Island Community Corporation—composed of illiterate, nepotistic, money-grabbing people—of that ethnic group which "jives" when not fist-fighting—somehow disposing of vast sums of money which never reached the needy poor. Petty slanders aside, which he hardly pretends to back up, the main argument is that fat \$200,000 budget, which "they" say goes mostly to staff and operating expenses. If the 50,000 "poverty-area" residents did see that cash, they'd each see four bucks—in other words, it's day-care centers or housing or health programs or playgrounds ad nauseam. The people do need all these things, and the wrangling is neither the product of greed at the top nor weak minds at the bottom—it's the result that the city wants to happen. As for salaries, nobody makes \$15,000 a year, literate or not—in fact, the pay is below average for Staten Island by some \$3,000. Mr. D.'s smear can only justify further attacks on the poor that he claims to sympathize with—somehow there should be a better use for "finishing touches" than finishing off the poor to see your name in print.

—Paul Nelson  
Amy Pollard  
Peter Sanna

The Staten Island Community Corporation is organizing buying clubs and credit unions for the poverty areas of Staten Island. Any Richmond College students who would be interested in helping on this project should contact amy, paul or peter at the Staten Island Community Corporation—273-0661.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## The Myth Of Black Racism

Letter to the Editor

White racism-Black racism Manhattan Community Madness. The October 4 editorial is a perfect example of an editor letting his emotions supersede his intelligence by equating black racism with white racism. I can empathize with the editor if he feels that the murder of the Israelites should be viewed humanistically instead of racially. But to equate black racism with white racism is a gross distortion of history and is only playing into the hands of the monopoly capitalists who use racism as a divide and conquer tactic.

The term "black racism" was used in the Kerner report to trick confused whites into believing that there was no qualitative difference between Black militants and the KKK and other fascist elements. The term racism is not a set of ideas or sentiments. Racism to Black Americans has meant slavery, Black Codes, sharecropping, Jim Crow, lynching, unemployment, underemployment, poor education, poor housing, poor medical care, genocide, quotas, anti-busing, political assassination, political prisons, syphilitic guinea pits, etc. Racism is not just an individual insult but a state enforced by a vicious system of oppression.

Anti-white sentiments by Blacks are a reaction to four hundred years of racism and oppression. The women who strike out against all men after being raped by the deranged rapist is reacting to oppression. The Jew who has witnessed his family and friends being dragged into concentration camps and gas chambers will react to any form of anti-semitism, perhaps will dedicate him or herself to hunting down Nazis but this is a reaction. The Ugandians who applaud the expulsion of Asian profiteers who formerly controlled his or her economy is not guilty of racism. This is a reaction to oppression.

Therefore, Black racism has no place in our vocabulary so long as Black people are the oppressed minority in America. White racism should not be used in a vacuum because I said before it hides the real enemy and that is the monopoly of capitalists. The Rockefeller, duPonts and Gettys used racism as justification to exploit Blacks at the point of production (super exploitation) in order to make super profits.

## Textbooks Wanted

The letter below, published in the newsletter of the Radical Historians Caucus should be of interest to some members of the college community.

"Gentlemen:

The Africa Research Group has suggested that you may be able to assist my lot by providing textbooks. Naturally, this would be of incalculable value in attaining current goals.

Several years ago I developed the Black History curriculum and, as a convict-instructor- taught a continuing series of highly successful classes at Attica Prison. However, as an aftermath to the rebellion, my extensive collection of personal textbooks, lecture notes, research materials and journals, covering the wide range of the Black Experience, was destroyed.

Since the tragedy at Attica, I have been transferred here to the Green Haven Correctional Facility, where I am again teaching Afro-American history; and the program has been recently expanded to include courses in Black Literature and African History (which I also instruct).

Consequently, although I am in the process of attempting to rebuild my personal library, this effort is hampered because of my limited resources. Yet, texts are necessary to enable continuation of my research and writing, as well as to provide them to prepare written and oral reports assigned as part of their studies.

Therefore, it would be sincerely appreciated, if you could supply any textbooks in the following categories: African History, Black Literature, Afro-American History, Black Sociology, and Black Psychology (or Allport's Nature of Prejudice).

Permit me to express my appreciation for any courtesies or considerations you may extend in my behalf. Meanwhile, I remain very truly yours,  
in the struggle,

Calvin L. Johnson 17485  
Green Haven Correctional Facility  
Drawer B  
Stormville, New York 12582

P.S. Thinking about your address and Boston, causes beautiful clouds of nostalgia to sweep my mind. My parents lived at Hammond St. where I was born; Marty Richardson was the editor of the old Boston Chronicle, and taught me many things about my heritage (30 years ago); my life-long idol, W.E.B. Dubois, had a friend, William Munroe Trotter, who first published the Boston Guardian; at St. Cyprians Church, we had a drum and bugle corps, named after Crispus Attucks, and each year we marched to the Boston Common to play at his monument; and, all this seems to have happened a "million years" ago. clj"

## Puerto Rican Solidarity

On August 30, 1972 the special committee formed by the United Nations to discuss independence for colonized countries added Puerto Rico to their list of colonies. With the resolution presented by the delegate from Iraq, Puerto Rico has finally been recognized as a United States colony throughout the world. The resolution was approved by a vote of 12 in favor, none against and 10 abstentions.

The fact that Puerto Rico is a colony is no news to Puerto Rican people who have been subjected to domination by the U.S. since 1898. With the coming of Munoz Marin in the 1940s also came American corporations and businessmen. These corporations and their investors set up factories and used the labor of Puerto Rican people for their own profit. As the number of American corporations and industries increased, the conditions in Puerto Rico became worse. Bad housing, low wages, high prices and poor education in Puerto Rico has brought many of our relatives and parents to the U.S. thinking they could live better. Now as Puerto Ricans living in the U.S. it is our responsibility to support our people on the island in their struggle for the right to run their own lives.

The placing of Puerto Rico on the list of colonies will not bring about the liberation of Puerto Rico. This can only come about as a result of the continued struggles of the Puerto Rican people. We in the U.S. can aid in bringing about the liberation of Puerto Rico by actively giving support to their struggles.

The U.N. decision serves to raise to an international level the consciousness of the true status of Puerto Rico and places the U.S. in a position that it can no longer lie to the American people about its relationship to Puerto Rico.

As students, our support can come by way of our continued fight for Puerto Rican studies that will teach us the reality of our people here in the U.S. and in Puerto Rico; and through support for our political prisoners—people who have fought for the independence of Puerto Rico—like Carlos

Feliciano, Pancho Cruz (who was a student at City College), and others like Lolita Lebron and Andres Figueroa Cordero.

It is important that we as Puerto Rican students not allow the American school system to make us forget who we are and where we came from!

QUE VIVA PUERTO RICO  
LIBRE Y SOCIALISTA!

PUERTO Rican Student Union

## Housing Box

The Housing Book you knew and loved has been consolidated into an orderly Housing Box. If you are vacating your apartment, please let us know so that we use this knowledge to help others less fortunate.

This semester there will be an addition to the housing box. Now you can put any information in, such as buying articles, selling articles, need a baby sitter, free kittens, etc.

Please stop by and check this out. You'll be so glad you did. Also, don't forget about the five typewriters you can use for free. All this happens in the Student Government Office—room 542.

## Join Us Nov. 4

On Nov. 4 a new kind of demonstration is being called. It won't be a campus-based moratorium, but will be led by 3rd World and working class organizations. It's not built around a single issue or single demand, but links up the Vietnam war with the struggles of oppressed people at home. This demonstration represents a new force coming together, a force that can really change the country and the world—a force independent of any ruling class candidates.

Nov. 4 means mass action on concrete things that affect our lives. Nov. 4 means mass militance is the main strategy for defeating the policies of war, racism, and exploitation. Nov. 4 means Black, Brown, Asian and White people must unite. Nov. 4 means students can really fight in a meaningful way with oppressed peoples. Nov. 4 means fight back.

Join us in a fight to end oppression.

Meeting: Thursday, Oct. 31, 12:30, Student Lounge  
The November 4th Committee of Richmond College

## Fresh Water For Thirsty Villagers

A clean water supply is the only lasting solution to water-borne diseases like cholera, typhoid, and amoebic dysentery.

UNICEF incorporates aid to environmental sanitation in many of its health programs. The United Nations Children's Fund, which depends heavily on the annual Halloween Trick or Treat collection (almost \$3,500,000 was raised by American youngsters last year), provides the materials for constructing clean water systems—piping, cement, pumps, and well-digging rigs. The labor is provided and the water systems maintained by local communities. In Kenya and Panama, as in other countries, water supply programs once assisted by UNICEF are now self-sustaining.

In an especially far-reaching program, UNICEF is now helping India find water in arid regions, where hard rock often makes the process difficult. With 100 air-hammer well-digging rigs supplied by UNICEF, the Indian government hopes to establish drinking, cooking, washing, and irrigating water supplies for 12,000 villages by 1974.

## An Open Letter To George Fischer

Dear George:

The Committee that helped worry the PROLEGOMENA TO A CRITICAL SELF STUDY into existence thanks you for your appreciative comments regarding its work in your recent Open Letter. The Committee is as painfully aware as you are that the Study ignores some areas, slights others, harbors contradictions, exhibits shifts in emphasis, etc., etc.

Your central assertion however is that the PROLEGOMENA missed the main point to wit, "Richmond's aimless drift right now." About that assertion a comment or two may be in order.

First, we are surprised that you found no discussion of your "main point" in the PROLEGOMENA. May we invite you to look again at some of the entries in the sections headed "Issues and Problems" such as Faculty Self-Determination, Administrative Ambiguities, Ill-Defined Objectives, Program Proliferation, Unstructured Evaluation, Unsatisfactory Articulation, Faculty Workload, Grading and Standards, Independent Study, Faculty Enhancement, Academic Advisement, etc., etc. Don't these paragraphs discuss many if not all aspects of Richmond's "aimless drift"?

Second, unless we are totally mistaken, your letter falls prey to the same malady that you find in the PROLEGOMENA. In your four pages you devote only a dozen lines or so to Richmond's "aimless drift" and none (?) to its cause and cure. The five points you do elaborate merit debate. But aren't they a bit inappropriate under the title and in the context you have given them???

So, George, if the PROLEGOMENA "missed the main point" it seems that point is still missing still! Anyhow that's the way it looks from here.

Cordially,

Robert E. Chiles

For the Self Study Committee

## Early Lesson In Women's Liberation

FROM: Lisa DeMatteo, age 8

"I know about women's liberation. I know about being treated unfairly.

My teacher only let's the boys carry the record player up to the gym. She thinks girls are too weak.

The boys go out to clap the erasers, always boys.

The principal won't let girls be crossing guards. When I am in the sixth grade I would like to be a crossing guard."

Lisa DeMatteo, Age 8

Lisa's mother is in the Staten Island Chapter of National Organization for Women. For information, contact Ms. Joyce Winfield, 700 Victory Blvd., Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

## Graduating This January?

If you do expect to graduate this January, you must file an application for graduation! This form, the last you may file in this illustrious institution, can be picked up in the Registrar's Office. The deadline for filing is Friday, OCTOBER 27, 1972. Without this form, we cannot process you for graduation. Do file it as soon as you can.

Inner View:

## Frank McField, Novelist And Richmond Grad

by Abe Haruvi

Richmond College is proud to say that is leaving its first mark in the annals of higher education. Frank McField, a graduate of Richmond of 1970, has finished a novel which is sure to get raves. The novel, "Death of a Colony," has received much praise from many of the staff of the Richmond Times.

The idea for this novel came to Frank McField after having taken a course on the concepts of colonization. The course on colonization was taught completely on an objective view. The course treated the concept of colonization with no feelings and utter ambivalence. Frank McField realized the ambivalence and set out to write this novel. In the novel, the colony is not only the literal definition which a dictionary gives, but it is life. The life of each man and woman who is ruled by society. Frank McField brings through the point that society colonizes ones mind. Society tells what is good and what is bad according to its own standards. Yet who is to tell a self governed person what is good and what is bad? Only the individual person can decide this.

The novel is divided into three parts. The first part is a narration by the author depicting the life of a five year old boy as he enters school. This part takes place in his home in the West Indies. We follow this boy through the school years and up to the age of twenty-six. The boy encounters the world and its restrictions. He learns about life by getting directly involved with sex, love, hate, and death. The boy moves with his family at the age of fifteen to the United States. He has a very hard time with the new problems of language and education. He goes to college and gets a diploma. Its when he gets his diploma and ends his school education that he realizes that when one gets his education it means losing ones simplicity. He saw this through his own parents who did not have an education. With education one becomes more aware of the world around and gets quite unhappy about all the strife. It is at the age of twenty-six that this character, Eric, commits suicide. During this part of the book, it is society that is speaking disguised in the form of the authors' narration, saying that it is wrong and sorry. Eric still goes on with the suicide. He ends his life saying "I am not tragic, I escape tragically."

Frank McField is twenty-four years old. He, like the character of the book was born in the West Indies, and much of this book I dare say coincides with his own life. He too had trouble adjusting to the English language. Although he failed his English Regents and till this day can't write a composition, he has written a superb book which was made possible through the strong feelings for what he wanted to express. He realized with the education that he received that he still does not know what he wants out of life. He is confused just like many many others. He is by no means alone. The education that he received did not show him what he wanted but merely showed him what he did not want out of life.

The author is now endeavoring in a new novel. Also he is writing a lot of poetry. Frank McField hasn't started looking for a publisher for this new novel yet. One thing that is holding him up from seeking a publisher is that he believes that the novel is good the way it is and he is sure that when given to the publishers revisions would be made as in most books and much of his true feelings would be twisted. So, he has decided to wait a little more until he has gathered more work. When he's gathered more work he would then decide on giving some to publishers. All in all this first novel of Frank McField shows that he has much talent and is capable of becoming an artist.

# Roger McGuinn: Born To Rock 'n' Roll

(Continued from Page 12)

sort of all fell together. This was right after the Beatles, when everyone wanted to start a group. We were in a pretty good position because I had a good idea what the Beatles were up to.

HBL: Journalists always like to put tags on things such as "The San Francisco Sound" or "The California Sound." Would you call The Byrds an "East Coast" group, a "West Coast" group, or what?

McG: I'd call them an American group. I was living in New York just before it started. How can you call it a "West Coast" sound just because it happened there? It could have happened in Cincinnati or Cleveland. The only reason it happened in L.A. is that that's the place where all the recording studios are. That's the place where it's easier to make it in show business, because there are people running around saying "There's a good one to put my money on." It's like a race track of something. There are speculators and promoters looking for talent to put their money on, much more so than in any other city. It's a real low pressure environment, and at the time all the record companies were trying to snatch up a sequel to the Beatles. RCA had Cass Elliot with a group called the Mugwumps, which didn't pan out, Capital already had the Beatles so they didn't need anyone, and Columbia didn't have anybody, so they got us.

HBL: How did you get the idea to do "folk-rock" when you first formed the Byrds?  
McG: I had experience in both folk and rock, having worked with Bobby Darin, and I knew folk music, so that when I started doing rock and roll, it was only natural that there would be some folk overtones.

DKM: Why do you think the Byrds don't get too much airplay in New York?

McB: That's probably because we haven't had a top ten record in a long time. It's a vicious cycle; if you don't have a top ten hit, you don't get airplay.

HBL: Do you feel that you prostitute yourself to get a "commercial" song?

McB: No, because it's possible to do a song that is both commercial and artistically acceptable. The Beatles used to do it, Dylan does it and the Stones do it. It's aesthetically pleasing. The Stones song, Tumbling Dice, for example...I mean, you can't make out the words or anything, but the orchestration is fantastic. If you took all the vocal parts and made them instrumental, you'd have a symphony.

DKM: Is there any particular reason why you cut your last album in London?

McB: What happened was that we were over there, doing this thing for the BBC and we found the studio was so much fun to work in, we wanted to cut the album there. One of the reasons we enjoyed it so much was that the red tape in America is unbelievable, especially at Columbia studios. Over there, you gotta have somebody pushing a button, and another one working a tape, and it gets to be too much. The producer has to coordinate these two people who aren't paying too much attention to your product anyway. The union problem here is what drove us to do our album in London.

DKM: Have the Byrds recorded any singles which weren't put on an album?

McG: Yes.

DKM: Did you do "Lay, Lady Lay?"

McG: Yeah, that was one.

DKM: No one ever believe me.

McG: We did that before Dylan had released his as a single on the recommendation of his producer, who was our producer at the time, Bob Johnston. We were embarrassed by the final result, frankly, especially since Dylan did such a beautiful version of it on his Nashville Skyline album. We also did a David Crosby song called "Lady Friend" that never made it. The thing is, if a single doesn't make it and we don't particularly like it, we don't put it on an album.

HBL: Now that you've mentioned David Crosby...I've been hearing rumors that the original Byrds are going to get together for a special album and maybe some gigs. Is this true? Or is it wishful thinking?

McG: Yes, it's been in the air for a while, but we can't get the administration together on that. \* If we do it, it'll be with David, Gene (Clark), Chris (Hillman), and Mike (Clark).

HBL: Did Crosby leave the group or was he thrown out? I heard he was thrown out.

McG: Yes, that's true. At the time he was getting pretty bossy, but he's okay now. He's our friend.

HBL: What do you mean by bossy?

McG: I mean he was telling us what to do, what songs to play and all that. I mean he was hanging out with the Airplane and Stephen Stills and those people, and they were telling him "David, what you're doing is really fucked up, why don't you get out of the Byrds." So his attitude was from that point of view. When he came into the studio, he wasn't very tolerant of the material we were using.

DKM: Is it true that the final break came about over the inclusion of Carole King's song "Goin' Back" on the "Notorious Byrd Brothers" album?

McG: Yes, all of this was going down while we were recording "Notorious". He'd come in to the studio and say "well this could be change" or "that could be changed" or he'd say he didn't like a particular song too much at first but then he listened to it again and decided he didn't like it at all. He said "If

## Columbia Releases "Best of Byrds"

by David K. Moseder

Columbia Records has just released a new album titled "The Best of the Byrds (The Byrds' Greatest Hits Volume II). The eleven tracks, culled from eight different Byrds albums, include "The Ballad Of Easy Rider;" "Jesus Is Just All Right With Me;" "Wasn't Born To Follow;" "Chestnut Mare;" "I Want To Grow Up To Be A Politician;" "You Ain't Going Nowhere;" "Tiffany Queen;" "Drug Store Truck Driving Man;" "Citizen Kane;" "He Was A Friend Of Mine;" and "America's Great National Pasttime."

The inclusion of "He Was A Friend Of Mine" from the Byrds' second album ("Turn! Turn! Turn!") gives "The Best Of The Byrds" the distinction of being the only album featuring all eleven Byrds.

you want to record it, go ahead, but I'm leaving" and he walked out.

HBL: Did Clarence White influence you to do more country music?

McG: Yeah, Clarence was definitely a factor that made us lean towards country more, but he didn't initiate the country thing. It was Chris Hillman and Gram Parsons that started that. But I'm tired of doing country music. I'd like to get back and do more rock and roll. I have to sort of unlearn that country type of singing style, which I've been doing now for about three years. It's like a lie, doing that, because I'm not from the country.

HBL: Would you rather play big concert halls or small clubs, aside from the money aspect?

McG: I like halls with about 3,500 people because beyond that it gets a bit out of hand. I can handle 10,000 as far as being able to communicate with them, but it's harder.

HBL: Would you do a small club like Max's Kansas City or Folk City or the Gaslight, just for the kick of doing it?

McG: Yes, I mean, we've done things like that in L.A. at a club called the Troubadour, which is like Gerde's. If I'm doing a concert or something and it lets out early enough, I'll shoot down to the Gaslight or something and play with somebody I know who's playing there.

DKM: What do you consider to be the best and the worst albums that the Byrds have recorded?

McG: The best would have to be "Notorious Byrd Brothers" for its material and special effects. I guess the worst one was "Byrdsmaniax."

HBL: What about the future. Do you have a goal in your head right now?

McG: I just want to keep expanding, as far as my career goes. I mean, rock and roll is an easy "in" to show business, right? When I was working with Bobby Darrin, I asked him "Bobby, how can I make it?" and he said "Be a rock and roll singer," I like doing it and I'll keep trying to do the best I can at it, I plan to do a solo album and an album with Chris Hillman and Stephen Stills. I also want to get into acting and maybe film-making or video taping when Cable T.V. really starts growing. I don't necessarily mean writing for it, but producing, directing, something like that. I'd really like to play with the media.

\* (Columbia Records finally agreed to allow Roger McGuinn to do the album for Asylum Records in exchange for recording rights to a proposed McGuinn-David Crosby duet album. The Byrds re-union is in the process of being waxed and should be out before Christmas. The new album from the regular Byrds as well as the McGuinn-Crosby disc should hit the stores by spring, 1973.)

—D.K.M.

### SONNET FOR THE NEW LOST GENERATION

A million anguished voices sing and cry  
Out in a land that's slowly going deaf  
Lethargic, sleeping minds refuse to die  
Or overturn another martyred leaf  
And lo, the politics of impotence  
Is lashing out at those who dare create  
It's victims lie in sexless plastic tents  
To breathe conformity and suffocate

The painted party smiles never laugh  
The writer desecrates his broken staff  
And decadence is playing songs for youth  
The younger children play consistently  
Too soon they'll lose their innocence to see  
How futile it can be to seek the truth

—David K. Moseder

October, 1972



# Newcomer, Oldmaster Score With New Films

A Movie Review by Richard Kornberg

## BAD COMPANY

The unpopularity of war has become almost cliché; that many eligible men are trying to find ways to avoid the army is also quite commonplace.

To most people with the typically less than accurate high school taught view of history, these would seem to be reactions rooted in the current events of our times. Therefore, consider their surprise when they discover that the above is a description of a time that is over one hundred years removed from the present and a war that was supposedly a popular campaign to save the union and free the slaves.

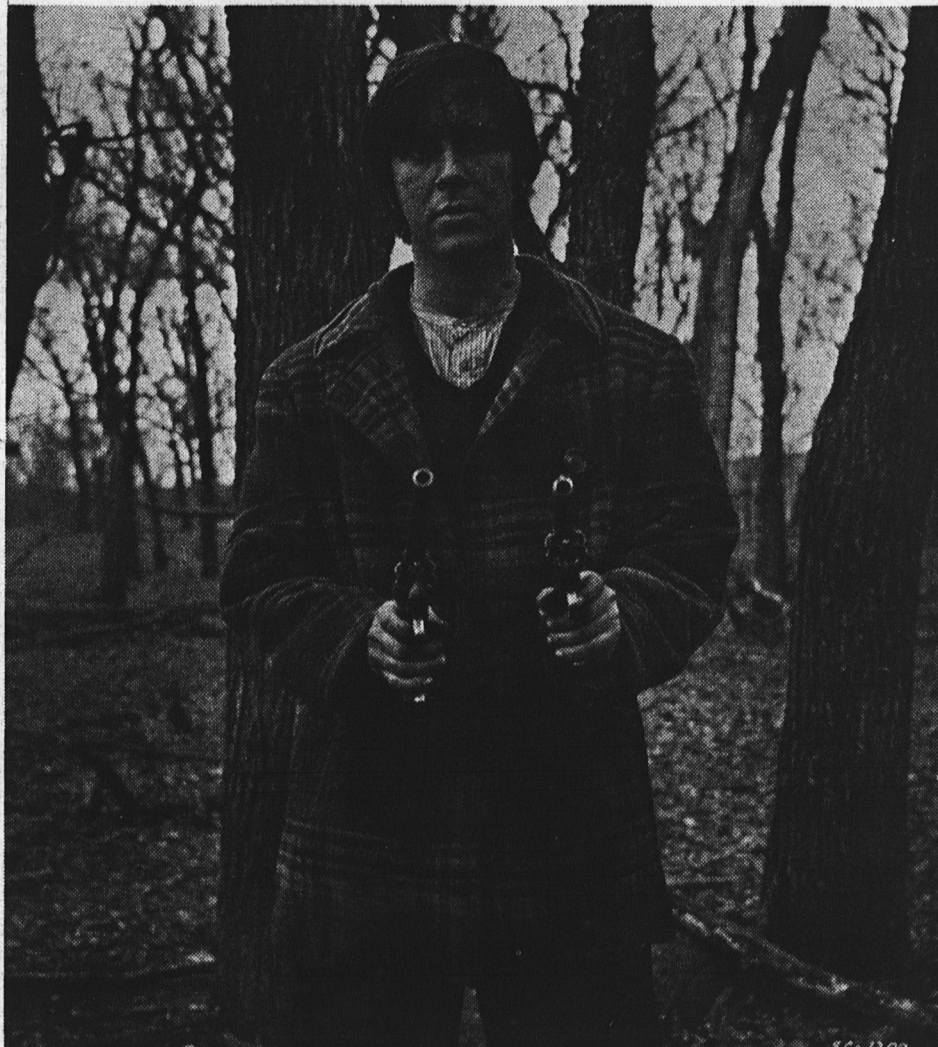
It is 1865 and the northern army is going from house to house trying to replenish its dwindling forces. The response of the populace is not as gratifying as one would expect with many young men even hiding behind female attire in an effort to evade induction. When the caravan reaches the Dixon home, Drew (Barry Brown), the younger of the two sons cannot be found. His parents have hidden him, since they do not want their Drew to meet the same bloody fate that has befallen his older brother.

Of course the boy can now no longer remain in town. So with \$500 of his parents' money and their advice always to seek help at a minister's house he proceeds to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he will be able to join a wagon train heading to the western territory and out of the jurisdiction of the union.

This plan gets upended in St. Joseph because of the backlog of people trying to get on the wagon train. It is there that he meets Jake Rumsey, an AWOL ruffian who with his friends give credence to the name of the film.

One might say that their relationship begins badly, what with Jake mugging our hero while he is on his way to the town cleric, following his parents' advice. After this stormy beginning, their paths soon cross again and this is the start of both a curious friendship and a long trek out west.

Screenwriters David Newman and Robert Benton (of Bonnie and Clyde fame) have beautifully caught the primitive, raw arridity of the old west. There is not the pie in the sky, honest hard labor view of our frontier but instead a richly rewarding look at nature running her course. Here is a film that finally shows the devastation and disillusionment: the pioneer wife who has to sell herself for a gang bang in order to get enough money to go back east. These are people who have traveled a long and arduous road to fulfill a dream and who have been beaten down only to awaken with a



Barry Brown portrays Drew Dixon, a young man of high principles who joins a roguish group of runaways from the mid-West in Paramount Pictures' "Bad Company."

little less determination tinged with a greater suspicion and desperation.

This is Robert Benton's first directional effort and if he and David Newman had just been content to paint their rough-hewn picture of the west it would have been a large cut above the usual movies of that genre. Instead, they have used this milieu as a backdrop for their story of Drew Dixon—the "good boy" from "good stock"—and his encountering and understanding a life that demands from a person more than his upbringing has provided.

Like Drew Dixon, the character he portrays, Barry Brown will never be the same after the conclusion of the film. He

came into it a competent unknown and emerges as a dynamic new star with a charisma that is irresistible. Jeff Bridges is also perfect as his seamy sidekick and the rest of the cast shines in this must-see movie. Another plus is the Harvey Schmidt score. With just a simple piano he has been able to catch the spirit and drive of the pioneer period.

"Bad Company" is a very, very good film. It is both an excellent character study and a thorough capturing of a style and a time. It even surpasses their previous work Bonnie and Clyde, which was innovative but without the depth and feeling of this new cinema triumph.

## FELLINI'S ROMA

Federico Fellini's films are always highly personal in nature. With his latest "Fellini's Roma," he has continued with the documentary style that has characterized his most recent works. Going this route of course almost insures that the final result will be one with the director since the story is totally dependent on the choices made by this man. This approach was quite evident with "The Clowns" but it can also be found in his "Satyricon" which though based on its famous or infamous source was also the director's own parorama of place and time. At times the view was more Fellini than Petronius.

"Fellini's Roma" is definitely of the same bent. Whether the film is more Roma's Fellini than "Fellini's Roma" is a matter of conjecture but there should be no argument over the fact that this is a highly satisfying work.

Like "Satyricon" this new movie is quite episodic but it is this fragmentation that makes the viewer become aware of the almost musical nature of the enterprise. Beginning with a young Fellini learning of Rome through his grade school teacher to the helzapoppin motorcycle riding finale we have incidents built on incidents, a veritable symphony with its respective movements building to a tremendous crescendo.

Along the way we encounter such diverse things as a working class brothel contrasted with a higher class one and people gorging themselves on pasta in an open air restaurant.

One of the more unusual parts shows the construction of a subway. Because of the Roman archeology this has been a mammoth effort—every few days the work has to stop because of discoveries like 2000 year old frescoes and assorted catacombs.

Possibly the two most Fellinesque episodes are the ones which show the least of the city but the most of the spirit. In the first we see a horseshoe shaped ramp on which nuns on roller skates parade around showing what the well-dressed convent dweller should be wearing. This ecclesiastical fashion show ends with a priest calling out that the "world must learn to follow the church and not vice-versa." Later we are brought to a 1930's vaudeville theatre to see assorted sordid acts and view an audience which has more spirit than the people on stage. This bit of nostalgia has an abrupt conclusion with the viewers departing for an air raid alert.

Fellini's "Roma" is both a unique view of a city and a further insight into the man whose life it influenced. It scores highly on all levels—cinema, music and art.

# Opening Soon, Ken Russell's Latest



Ken Russell, director of "Women In Love," "The Boyfriend," "The Music Lovers" and "The Devils" has a new upcoming release. "Savage Messiah" stars Dorothy Tutin and Scott Anthony. The film tells the story of a relationship between a young French sculptor, Henri Gaudier-Brzeskar and a Polish woman twice his age, Sophie Brzeska.

# SHE'S ALIVE AND WELL! !

by Richard Kornberg

It was 10:00 P.M. at Sardi's. That's the time our meeting was scheduled for. In she walks, a few minutes late, still in a bit of a daze. She had just come from the Royale Theatre where she is starring in "Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris". She is Elly Stone.

"Join us now, we're on a marathon  
We're always dancing when the music plays

Join us now, we're on a marathon  
Dancing, dancing through the nights and days"

She is happy yet sorry; happy with her performance tonight, sorry that I had seen the show the night before when she was off. How many artists are so self-critical? Elly Stone.

"We must dance because the Twenties roar

The Twenties roar because there's bathtub gin

Vo-de-o-do and the road to sin  
The road to whoopee and a whole bit more."

We sit down, we drink, we talk. It all began years ago. In the basement of the Village Gate, four performers stood on an almost bare stage singing their hearts out and winning for themselves and their show a devoted, adoring audience. It was difficult—especially when you consider that the show was dismissed by the second-string critic of the New York Times—but "Jacques Brel" had become a hit and its star Elly Stone was now on Broadway.

"Charles A. Lindbergh, tons of confetti  
Dempsey-Tunney, Sacco and Vanzetti  
Black, black Monday and the market drops

But we keep on dancing, dancing, we can't stop

Marathon, marathon  
Mara, mara, marathon

Join us now we're on a marathon  
We're always dancing when the music plays

Join us now, we're on a marathon  
Dancing, dancing through the nights and days"

Even though Elly Stone has her name above the title on the Royale marquee, she is not your typical Broadway star. She is in Sardi's but she is not IN Sardi's. She looks around at the other tables, at the other people eating and to her they are just faces, no more. "Who is he?" she asks a friend and when she is told that the man she is looking at is Anthony Roberts, star of "Sugar", her response is a simple "Oh".

"We must dance because the Thirties scream  
The Thirties scream because the Horsemen ride  
Orphan Annie lives, Daddy Warbucks dies  
Breadlines, shanty towns, Frankenstein's bride"

While eating her salad comprised primarily of romaine lettuce—"It's not because of the strike, it's just because I like it more than iceberg"—the conversation turns to an earlier episode on Broadway, when Elly was in "I Can Get It For You Wholesale". "I was Barbra Streisand's understudy. I think I was the only understudy who never wanted to go on. I always prayed that Barbra would be well. It was a horrible experience. The show was so awful . . . but Barbra was good. She's a wonderful performer".

"I love working with people who have talent. There is something about them . . . a spark"

"Adolph Hitler and the Siegfried follies  
Joseph Stalin and a bag full of jollies  
Call your broker and buy marzipan  
While we keep on dancing, dancing on and on

Marathon, Marathon  
Mara, Mara, marathon  
Marathon, marathon  
Mara, mara, marathon  
Join us now, we're on a marathon

Marathon, marathon  
Mara, mara, marathon"+++

+Marathon by Jacques Brel  
English lyrics by Mort Shuman and Eric Blau



We're always dancing when the music plays

Dancing, dancing through the nights and days"

Join us now, we're on a marathon

Elly Stone has definite ideas about the work she can and cannot do. While ap-

## Soon At Radio City



"1776" is now a film. Based on the hit Broadway musical, it will be the next attraction at the Music Hall.

pearing at the Gate, the petite raven haired singer was approached by a representative from "Man Of La Mancha". They wanted her for the role of Aldonza, 'the kitchen slut reeking of sin'. "I couldn't believe it. I was so wrong for the role. So I asked the man if he had ever seen me work and he admitted that he hadn't . . . but he had heard . . ." Her features become a bit more rigid as she remembers a recent interview which was equally unnerving. "After his first question I asked him if he'd ever seen me perform. He said that he hadn't. How can a person write about me if he hasn't even heard me sing?"

"We must dance because the Forties burn  
The Forties burn because the trumpets blare

The Yanks are coming, coming over there  
Auschwitz, Edelweiss, Drang und Sturm"

Talking about the similarity of audiences—"they are all about the same . . . they all feel . . . but some are not as demonstrative as others"—brings the conversation to one of her loves, Paris. Suddenly a glow comes to her face and it was evident that the Brooklyn born songstress was remembering happy, carefree times. Interestingly, her first comment is—"Melons. You can never find a melon as good as the ones in Paris."

"Manhattan Project, Robert Oppenheim  
God makes mushrooms just as God makes time

Peace is sweet, man, like a lollipop  
So we keep on dancing, dancing, we won't stop

Marathon, marathon  
Mara, mara, marathon  
Marathon, marathon  
Mara, mara, marathon  
Join us now, we're on a marathon  
We're always dancing when the music plays

Join us now, we're on a marathon  
Dancing, dancing through the nights and days"

Looking around Sardi's, one cannot but notice the photos hanging on every available bit of wall-space. These are the Broadway greats and near-greats. Elly Stone is not represented here and she knows this. She says that she doesn't care but you know that deep, deep down inside there is a longing to be there, among her peers. Piercing the self-critical exterior is a person who is genuinely interested in others, a warm, feeling, human being; a woman who gets nervous and fails her drivers test but who has the determination to ultimately conquer this and every other hardship that comes her way.

"We must dance because the Fifties zing  
The Fifties zing because the Sixties swing  
And the Seventies flash and the Eighties bang

And the Nineties whimper and the century hangs

Robots working in the cotton fields  
Vacations on Venus just a tourist deal  
Fornication on tape, instant happiness  
So we keep on dancing, dancing, we can't rest

Marathon, marathon  
Mara, mara, marathon"

She may be on stage with a group of people but when she sings the audience only notices her—Elly Stone. Until Oct. 28th she will be in Jacques Brel. Then comes her concert tour and on Dec. 30th Elly will be back in a one-woman show at Carnegie Hall. A white spot will catch her slight figure, bedecked in black velvet, while she reaches out to the hearts of her audience and to their minds. For Elly Stone knows the importance of a lyric and with her unique voice she brings to her listeners feelings that they had long forgotten and tears that have been even longer suppressed.

"Marathon, marathon  
Mara, mara, marathon"+++

# Rock Shlock

# Tex-Mex

By Ramon Hestebanico Hulsey

By Richard Kornberg

Broadway is being wrecked by the rock musical. In the case of "Dude" the demolition took on epic proportions what with its creators having reconstructed the interior of the showplace—and to no avail. "Mother Earth," this week's miscarriage, is a much smaller show with fewer pretensions, but with about as much chance of success. Both are concerned with the great outdoors, "Dude" being about the highway life and "Mother Earth" about ecology. They make you want to stay inside but inside their respective theatres.

"Mother Earth" is being touted as the first ecological musical. If this show is any indication of the humor of ecologists, let it be the last. One might say that the earth's destruction is a serious subject and I would like to be the first to agree. Then why have the bookwriters of this effort attempted levity? In every instance their jobs fall as flat as the pre-Columbian view of the world.

It took God seven days to create the objects of this show's salvation which must be about three times as long as it took the creators of this show to construct a book. Not in a long long while have I seen music which was so uncomfortable in its surroundings. Not only is every non-musical moment inept but the skits have the look and feel of the past while the words are warnings of the future. When this is coupled with the fact that they don't even mesh well with the musical interludes then one looks for a different format to present the material. Also, I would suggest that the show would probably fare better in a smaller off-Broadway theatre.

As you guess the best thing about "Mother Earth" is its music. Toni Shearer and Ron Thompson have written the type music that has the sound of the Carpenters, and if there is a recording it will be worth listening to at home, not at the Belasco Theatre.

The cast is energetic, with the women faring better than the men especially since they have most of the songs while the men have to suffer with the lion's share of the dialogue. I guess this is fitting since it is "MOTHER earth."

Back at "Dude" the women again come out on top. With the exception of Ralph



John Bennett, Kelly Garrett, Gaill Boggs, and Kimberly Farr are featured in "Mother Earth"

Carther—who has the young title character—catches the audience's fancy every time he has a chance to sing, it is lady's day at this ball park. Rae Allan is the only person who can make any sense out of Gerome Ragni's dialogue while Salome Bey and Delores Hall do what the producers ought to have done before "Dude" opened—they stopped the show.

The greatest expense and ultimately the

biggest waste was the complete reconstruction of the theatre including, in the final result, a highway complete with white line, running through half of the theatre. Not only has director Tom O'Horgan failed to make proper use of this road but the entire renovation was in an effort to make the audience closer to the action, when they in turn were trying to get further away from it.



Diana Ross as Billie Holiday leans against the bus that carries she and her band in the film "Lady Sings The Blues." In the next edition of the Richmond Times, Richard Kornberg reviews this film and "Lady Day" the musical tragedy now at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Both works are about Miss Holiday's life—but that is where the similarity ends.

Montezuma's Revenge is the only restaurant in the immediate area serving authentic Mexican food (or Tex-Mex as the culinary world has begun to label this food tradition). The atmosphere is not the usual chic candlelit nook with Spanish bullfight posters on the wall and the Mexican national emblem on the china. But it does have a Mexican-style arched entrance and a serape on the wall. The plates are paper and the utensils plastic, but the ambience is probable right for the local clientele: high school and college students, underpaid secretaries, overpaid administrators, etc.

The best dish is probably the taco (45c), followed by the burrito (60c). The dishes are very meaty, though the seasoning is much too mild for my taste. (The little bowl at table is not kapectate but a rather strong hot sauce for the aficionados.) There was no discernible hint of ground comino, a spice usually found in Tex-Mex food. The use of chili powder would redden the meat fillings, giving them a more authentic look (and taste). The lettuce and tomatoes are crisp and fresh in the tacos and gorditas (70c). The burritos are stuffed with meat instead of the usual mashed beans.

The enchiladas (60c) are a disappointment in that there is not enough cheese on top. As is the case with all dishes at Montezuma's Revenge, however, they are well filled with meat. The guacamole salad (75c) is available only infrequently because avocados are apparently considered a rare tropical fruit at the Staten Island produce terminal. The tostada (60c) has plenty of meat on it (instead of the usual mashed beans), but it's not crispy enough to pick up like a taco. (Unfortunately for the persons sitting near me, trying to cut it with a plastic knife resulted in a shower of lettuce and tomatoes.) Hopefully, when the deep fat fryer is finally fixed, this problem will be alleviated. There are also tamales and, of course, the ubiquitous rice and beans.

Prices—a universal concern of impecunious students—are very reasonable at Montezuma's Revenge. Perhaps when it comes time for the first book-balancing, the management will either have to up the prices or cut down on the portions. At this point, a real bargain can be had, so take advantage. The selection of drinks is somewhat limited: soda, coffee, and tea—no Brandy X tequila or Espera Manana Cerveza. The latter is especially unfortunate, since hot Mexican food cries for cold beer. But the management allows you to brown bag it (as they say in the closed saloon states) or, in yankee terminology: to B-Y-O-B.

Speaking of the management, Montezuma's Revenge is a family venture, operated by Mr. Richard Ross, his wife Juana, and her sister Isidra. Richard is courteous and polite, ever willing to explain to curious customers the nature of the exotic dishes listed on the menu. The Chefs-in-chief, by the way, received their culinary raining in their mother's kitchen in Leon, Mexico. And, indeed, their cooking is somewhat more reminiscent of that which may be found in central Mexico than that which one finds throughout the American southwest.

In short, Montezuma's Revenge, occupying the site of the old Daycare Center, is a welcome addition to the neighborhood. At last we have some spicy goodies to replace the bland fare available all around us. Some of the negative comments above probably reflect the problems encountered by all new ventures. Others undoubtedly simply reflect one man's tastebuds, educated though they are from countless encounters with Tex-Mex cuisine in those areas where that food tradition originated. But as Mexican food goes in this deprived area, the fare to be had in Montezuma's Revenge probably cannot be bested on the island. And how lucky to have it right across the street!

A little more atmosphere and this place might be "discovered" by Manhattanites who, for a dime, could combine an evening cruise across the bay with a pleasurable dining experience. If that happens, prices will inevitable rise, so go now while it's still a bargain.

Note: we rate restaurants not in accordance with the traditional 5-star grading system but the Richmond P-F-H system. This restaurant is rated H. Try it, you'll like it.

## Musicolumn

# An Interview With Roger McGuinn

by Howard B. Leibowitz and David K. Moseder

Roger McGuinn is the acknowledged leader of The Byrds. Under his leadership, the group has maintained a consistently high quality of musicianship and professionalism in spite of the numerous personnel changes which have taken place. Roger is the only member of the original Byrds still with the group. The other originals are David Crosby, Gene Clark, Chris Hillman and Mike Clark. The current ensemble includes Skip Battin, Gene Parsons and Clarence White. (Somewhere in between there are Gram Parsons, Kevin Kelley and John York.)

In the eight years of their existence, McGuinn and The Byrds have put out thirteen albums, including what have been popularly called the first "folk-rock" album ("Mr. Tambourine Man"); the first "psychedelic" album ("Fifth Dimension"); and the first "country-rock" album ("Sweetheart of the Rodeo"). Their next album is due sometime early next year and a new Byrds single, "Born To Rock'n'Roll," should be out next month.

In addition to his recording prowess, McGuinn has written, with Jaques "Oh Calcutta" Levy, a country-rock musical titled "Gene Tryp." (The title is an anagram for "Peer Gynt" the Ibsen play upon which "Gene Tryp" was rather loosely based.) Although the musical was never produced, several of the show's songs (in-



cluding the singles "Chestnut Mare" and "I Wanna Grow Up To Be A Politician") have been subsequently recorded by the Byrds.

-D.K.M.

HBL: Who influenced you most in the development of your own style?

McGUINN: My influences go back pretty deep; to Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent, Carl Perkins, Chuck Berry and Fats Domino.

Then I got into Pete Seeger, Erik Darling, Judy Collins and Joan Baez as folk people. Then I got into the Beatles, the Stones, and the Searchers. These were all influences. Dylan was in there, but he was more like a project that I studied. I first saw him at Gerde's Folk City.

HBL: Did you know him?

McG: We weren't tight or anything, but I

spoke to him. We were competitors. It was pretty cut-throat down in the Village at that time. Everybody was looking for a gig. You just can't make tight friends unless you can help each other, and we weren't in any position to help each other. He was out for himself and I was out for myself. We were also in different bags. I was working with the Chad Mitchell Trio, which was not considered esoteric. It was commercial folk music. Dylan was doing the most esoteric thing you can do as a folk singer, which was pure folk stuff. I didn't particularly respect him, because he was doing Woody Guthrie revisited stuff, but later when he got himself together, he just blew me out. I couldn't believe that he was that gifted...you know, a fucking genius. He turned out to be the poet-laureate of America. At that point I recognized his thing and got behind it.

DKM: What terms are you on with him right now?

McG: Well, I haven't spoken to him for a while, but the last time I spoke to him it had to do with a project we were supposed to do for Columbia, an album we were supposed to do together, but that didn't pan out because someone forgot to tell us when the studio session was supposed to be. As a result, it didn't come off.

HBL: Where did you get the idea for the 12-string guitar?

McG: We weren't the first ones to use the 12-string, but we were the first ones to use it for any length of time. I first saw 12 string in Chicago in 1957. I was into the old folk school where I not only learned how to play the different folk instruments, but I learned who played them and what their styles were. I was really fascinated by the sound of the 12 string. Later people like Bob Gibson started playing it as well as Pete Seeger. I noticed that it was better for a soloist to use since it had twice as many strings and twice as many overtones as a regular guitar. It was like a little orchestra and it had a unique sound at the time. Then when the electric 12 string came along, I went WOW! An electric 12 string, because you can do so many more things with it.

HBL: Who gave you your first break?

McG: Alex Hasselov, an actor friend of Theodore Bikel's. He was in the Limelighters back around 1959, 1960. I ran into Alex at the Gator Horn in Chicago, a club that doesn't exist anymore. It had a good reputation for having a lot of good folk and jazz artists. It was a matter of being in the right place at the right time. Theo Bikel and Alex and Glenn Yarborough were all jamming. They had two guitars, but no banjo, so I pulled out my banjo and started picking. Alex said "Hey, that's pretty good. What are you doing right now?" and I said "Well, I'm going to school right now, but I get out in June." He gave me a record and told me to go home and learn it. The next Sunday at Mr. Kelley's I sort of auditioned for him and he said he'd give me a call when I got out of school. That was in February, so I never expected to hear from him again. But in June he sent me a telegram saying that he'd like for me to give him a call and I did and he told me that he'd like for me to work with him. He sent me a ticket and I flew out to L.A. where I did a gig with him and then an album on RCA. That got me into the business.

HBL: When did you decide to form the Byrds?

McG: Well, after I'd stopped working with Bobby Darin, I was living in the Village, just kicking around, when a friend called me up and said he had a gig for me at the Troubadour in L.A. So I shot out there again and found myself staying out there and I ran into David Crosby again. I had met David once before in L.A. and we sort of liked each other's work. Then we met Gene Clark and that was the essence of the Byrds. It just

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# Death Of A Colony

by Frank McField

It was August when it happened; not so long ago, in the unreal month of time's year when fights were every night and political suicide, the talk of the day. In this unreal month, Eric sat on the edge of his toilet seat ruminating, alternately defecating as he strained for bits and pieces of information from his childhood not long gone.

It was then two weeks since the funeral he tried to forget by erasing sounds of whispering images from the corner of his mind. As he sat, with sweat running from his backside on the rented toilet in the crudest of man's crowded cities he forgot only to remember.....

The rooster crowed: Suicide!  
"What time?" he asks, mumbling the rest of his sentence.  
"Bout Seven," someone says, "in the morning."

It wasn't Eric's mother; perhaps his grandmother. But then who cares.

"Impossible." The white haired man stares at Eric as he mumbles. "That's what's the matter with you child, ya never listen to nobody."

"Yes, I guess that's what's the matter with me," Eric says mockingly. Looking around he sees the mourners still watching over the dead.

He feels annoyed, yet he does not know what makes him angry. He says to whoever will answer him "Where is uncle?" His whispering is answered by an old man.

"Him went ta the graveyard."  
"Why?" Eric whispers, for his drunkenness still lies.

The old one caught by surprise, shows not his feelings. In the calm of August he shakes his hands, saying "Him went ta dig the grave." "Why didn't he let me know he was going?" Eric asks half shouting. "Ya looked asleep" the white haired grandfather says

staring into the head of the crowded room. Staring into the old eyes, Eric replies "You really think I could sleep in this house with you all sitting around, just waiting for the ghost to come visit you?"

Their eyes have met, the young sees the old, staring in wonder. The young waits for something, perhaps tomorrow when the ritual would be over, he could leave, never having a reason to return.

In the silence of the room, an answer lost in the heat of August returns from the roof where spiders move about undisturbed by the meeting taking place.

The answer, "Somebody see her last night," it comes from the old man. The young moves nervously in fear, misunderstanding the sun rays forming figures in

With this installment, we begin a serialization of a soon to be published novel by a former R.C. student

his grandfather's eyes. "Who saw her?"

Silence in the room as the devil passes over. Eric waits a reply as he dreams of what it might mean. The old man says nothing. The silence remains in possession of their minds. One moves his fingers. It is sign enough of his being alive.

Now the words, the final proof of life, in the form of commanding the old man.

"I asked 'Who saw her'." Moved not by the words of a youth, destined to remain covered by frustration, the grandfather seals still his mouth with threads of old ageness until Eric is about to shout again.

The old man whispers "I see Ha." Clenching his fist, Eric rubs the palm of his right hand. The old man remains in stillness for this moment, he feels the need to hear a voice, even if it shouts in confusion.

The silence has been speaking to itself for moments. The old man hopes for a movement; any kind of movement as the speechless mourners pull the caverns of

silence, recalling talks of Sundays gone. The silence speaks again. Eric listens; the old one hears nothing from being covered with that silence.

Silence! Silence! Damn silence! Eating them all up. Each escapes in their own way as they pray for another day to end. The old one mumbles something as he stares into the cloudiness of his past. Eric rubs his fist, noticing his sweat. His forehead as dry as a fish in the sun.

The old man's feet begin to move; his eyes acquire the movement of a broken down radar.

Eric tries to speak. The words will not come. His lips whisper but his tongue remains tied by the silence. Stammering "Yu.yu" he stops and makes a new attempt.

He makes words. "You saw her." Again there is the sound of aggressiveness yet Eric is less demanding than before.

"Yea." the old man says, scratching his head as he walks off into his memory. Eric will not allow this. Reaching out his hands; stretching out, out, his arms he finds only a chain. He pulls, pulling upon the chain as if to break it, yet not knowing what he holds in his hand. The chain is the support of a cross. "Wa da hell ya think ya doing!" the man mumbles from shock as the cross strikes his chin. His eyes move out from their position in his head which stands erect. His anger covers his face, forming a religious mask of indifference. Eric shouts "Tell me you old fool, tell me you didn't see her." The old face changes into the mask of religious self-pity.

Eric continues shouting as those around him look on with eyes of disbelief. They say nothing with their lips; singing all night has made them tired, yet their eyes speak out, what made him like this." The mourners' voiceless questions are interrupted by the old

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