

The Richmond Times

VOL. XI, NO. 5

RICHMOND COLLEGE-CITY UNIVERSITY

APRIL 21, 1972

The Science of Africana Studies

by Dr. Francis A. Botchway

What is "Africana Studies", conceived as a branch of Study? The popular definition is that it "includes the study of Black peoples in Africa, the Caribbean and the United States, and of their culture and history." The word "includes" is vague, since it leaves open the possibility for extension outside the specified field. The words "culture" and "history" are vague, since they may simply mean generalizations or may contain normative implications.

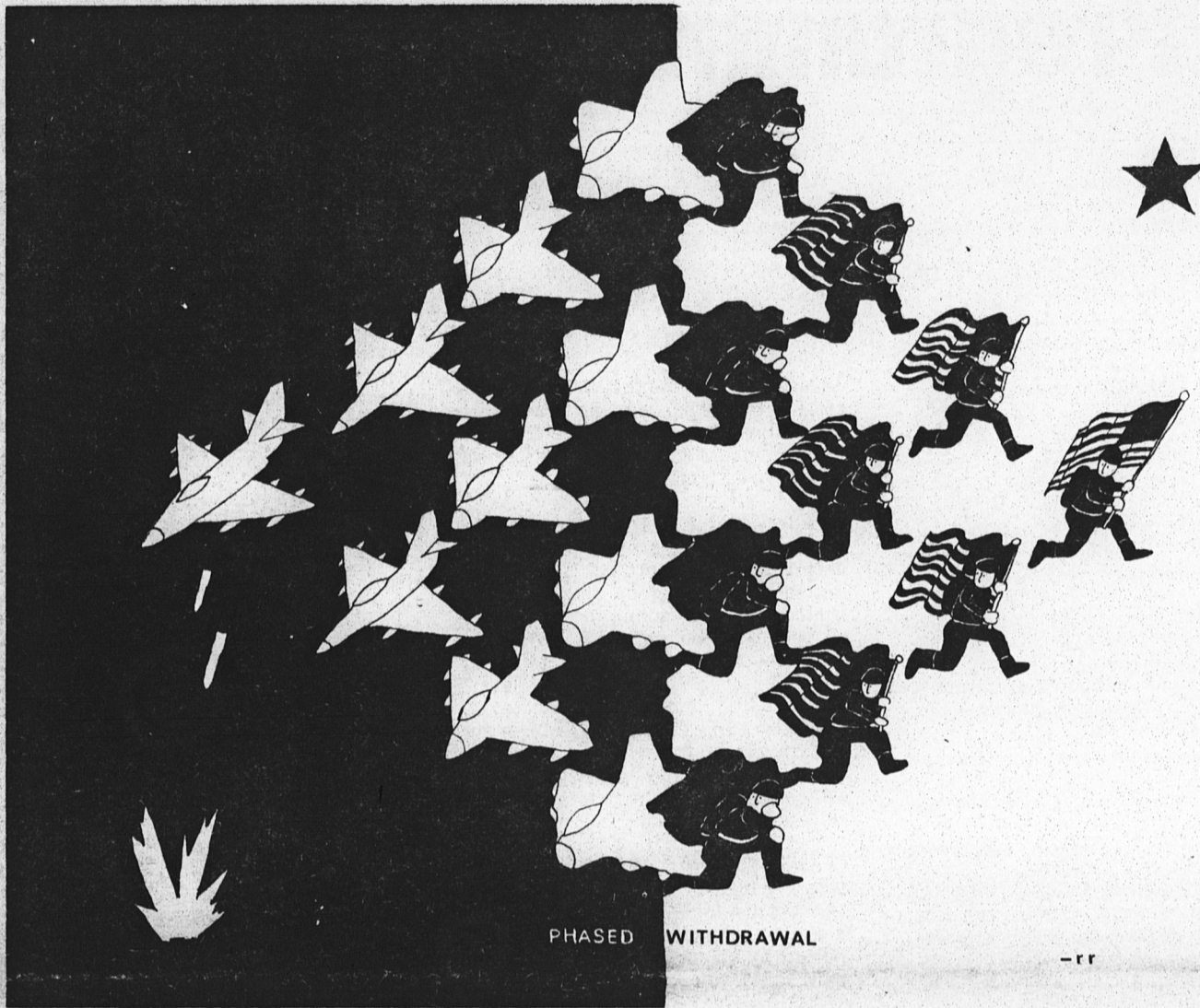
Let me stretch the definition a little further, to its widest limits and see how far it carries us.

In Africana Studies we are committed to the study of all facets of human life—and arising out of this, to the study, firstly, of the uniformities observable in this field—laws, principles, forces, ideas, institutions, etc.; secondly, of the scope, theory, methods, and relevance that come into play in connection with Africana Studies; I do not say "arise out of them."

Thus considered, from its widest limits, Africana Studies extends from the natural sciences at one end of the spectrum to moral philosophy at the other end. It also includes such factors as ecology which determine life and interaction of social groupings, or those factors which shape and determine the growth and development of nations—the nation-building process.

So, regarded, Africana Studies would be practically identical with the study of

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PHASED WITHDRAWAL

-rr

Out of McKee By '73

Storefront Opens

Faculty and student disaffection concerning the use of McKee Vocational High School for Richmond College evening classes mandates a serious consideration of possible alternatives. One desirable alternative—the renting of eighteen modern appointed classrooms in our immediate vicinity—is not open to us for two reasons. First, they don't exist. Secondly, even if they did, the BHE would most likely be unwilling to rent them because of the fiscal crisis in the University. Richmond College, unlike the rest of the University, is not faced with the task of garnering additional space to accommodate thousands of new open admission students. Our sister schools are renting all kinds of old buildings and even erecting army surplus temporary quarters to house their classes. In addition, they have classes from 8 a.m. (or earlier) until 10 p.m. Richmond stands alone with its late (9:10 a.m.) first class and its woefully underutilized final class period (at this time the Divisions plan to offer only three out of a total of 471 classes at the final period next fall). A better utilization of our facilities (possible the worst space utilization in the University) would give us an opportunity to quit McKee. A specific proposal, fiscally feasible, and within our decisional competence, follows:

Sixth Period	4:45 P.M. - 6:25 P.M.
Seventh Period	6:30 P.M. - 8:10 P.M.
Eighth Period	8:15 P.M. - 9:55 P.M.

(B) A Friday, Saturday sequence to complement the current Monday, Wednesday and Tuesday, Thursday sequences and a Wednesday, Friday sequence for the Free Period (3-4:40 p.m.) only.

(C) The exemption of Friday, Saturday classes and all 8-10 p.m. classes from the normal minimum enrollment requirement except that classes with few students might be conducted as independent study or meet at less frequent intervals by agreement of the instructor and students.

(D) The recapture of 803, 804, 805 for classroom purposes by the renting of additional office space in the immediate vicinity, if possible, or by better utilization of present office space.

Ramon H. Hulsey
Acting Registrar

Voter Education and Registration will be held by the Staten Island Community Corporation in the Richmond College cafeteria. It will be offered to everybody, from Tuesday, April 18, thru Thursday, April 20, from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., so please stop by.

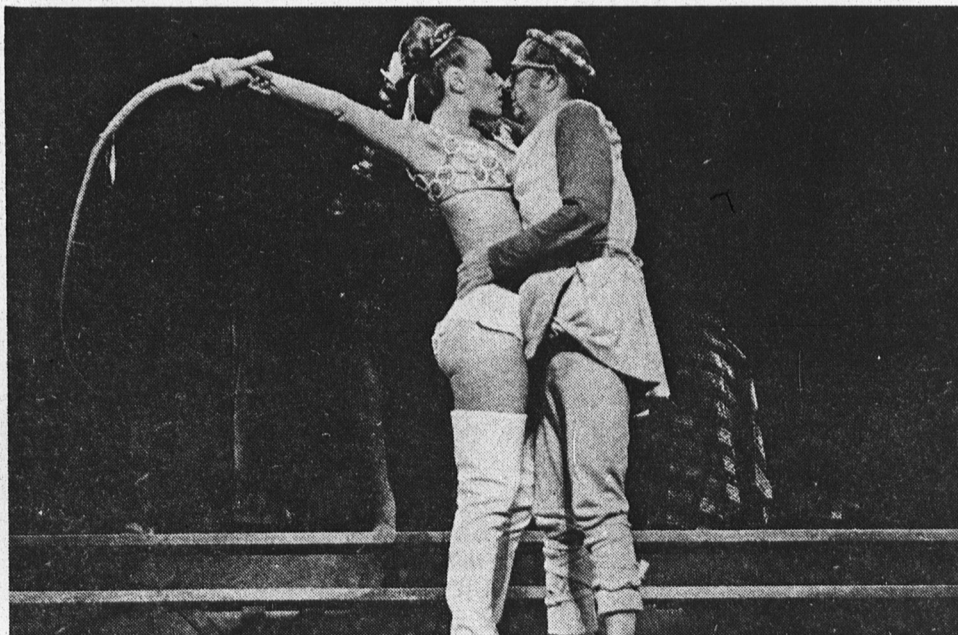
If you would like to become a registrar, contact Sonny Collins at SICC, 273-0661.

The Shanti Food Conspiracy, People's Yellow Pages, Free Book and Clothing Store and Community Center is now open. The address is 104 Westervelt Avenue and we're open every weekday 2 to 8 p.m. We have organic and natural foods which all food co-op members can purchase at low prices. Any community member, student or non-student can join. In the process of becoming available to our community, The People's Yellow Pages will provide a listing of services available in and around the community (dental, medical, abortion, social services, etc.). Anyone offering skills or services such as babysitting, carpentry, auto-mechanics, etc., or needing these

services can come down or call us at 447-9227. If you have books, clothing, records or anything else to contribute, please bring them down. These items will be available to anyone who needs them.

We are renovating our basement and space is available for community groups needing a meeting area. Please call or come down if you are interested in our projects. We also have group meetings on Fridays at 3 p.m. at the store.

If you are still not sufficiently interested enough to come down and check us out, there will be a more in-depth explanation about where we're at in the next issue.



Tony Award Nominee Phil Silvers stars in "A Funny Thing Happened on The Way To The Forum." For review of the play see page 9.

That the Fall '72 semester be the final semester McKee Vocational High School is rented for Richmond College classes, to effect which the following are adopted for the Spring '73 semester:

(A) A new class schedule to provide one additional class period daily:

First Period	8:00 A.M. - 9:40 A.M.
Second Period	9:45 A.M. - 11:25 A.M.
Third Period	11:30 A.M. - 1:10 P.M.
Fourth Period	1:15 P.M. - 2:55 P.M.
Fifth Period	3:00 P.M. - 4:40 P.M.

Let's Retreat From Democracy

By Dan Kramer

We, the reform-liberal wing of the Democratic party, have committed suicide. We have successfully pushed for an extension of that device known as the statewide presidential primary; and in doing so we have handed over the country to Richard M. Nixon for the next four years—and so guaranteed a continuation of domestic poverty, school segregation, a reactionary Supreme Court, and American military involvement in Southeast Asia. In 22 states plus the District of Columbia, there is some form of presidential primary in 1972—for those interested, the relevant political map can be found on page 20 of the New York Times for January 20th of this year. Theoretically, this is wonderful—our Presidential candidate will now be picked by that noble beast “the people” instead of by “bosses” such as (to mention a few names of the present and near past) Dick Daley, Jack Arvey, Frank Hague, Carmine DeSapio, Stanley Steingut, Charles Buckley and James Farley. Instead of some “hack,” our candidate will be a handsome idealist of proven charisma who can appeal to the blacks, chicanos, Puerto Ricans, East Side-West Side limousine liberals, Great Neck lovers of humanity, white ethnics, industrial workers, southern rednecks, and mid-western farmers and who will lead us to a smashing victory in November over the forces of blindness and despair.

But it is really we who are sightless. Let us see the probable results of this “democratic” presidential primary system.

1. Each of the three serious candidates who is acceptable to our wing of the party, i.e. McGovern, Muskie, and Lindsay, will have spent millions of dollars by the time of the July convention—on the assumption that none of them drops out. Muskie will probably have spent between \$8 and \$12 million, while McGovern's expenditures will probably come to somewhere between \$6 and \$8 million. The “conservative” candidates who stick it out probably will also have tossed away millions. So, regardless of who is crowned with the laurel wreath in July, he will begin the big race with an empty treasury. If he were a Republican, with the access to the millions of Wall Street, Detroit, IT&T, etc., this wouldn't be so disastrous. But our party, the party of the “average man”, has much more difficulty raising money—we still haven't paid off all our bills from the last election! How much money will it be able to beg borrow or steal for the November fight (remember, everyone, this is the “for keeps” brawl) when its contributors have already emptied their pockets financing one primary contestant or another. So the Nixon forces will be able to mount a huge advertising campaign “demonstrating” to the American TV, radio and billboard public, how he has “solved” Vietnam, unemployment and inflation—while our candidate will be lucky to afford a cup of coffee on the S.I. ferry and have a nickel left over to return to Manhattan. Also, our man will be so physically exhausted by this time that the TV electorate will be watching a corpse.

2. The split between the three candidates of the liberal left makes Hubert Horatio look like the “people's choice.” Witness the Florida primary in which Hubert's 18 per cent was second only to Wallace's 41 per cent but in which the combined vote of the liberal left, including Shirley Chisholm, was 26 per cent. (Parenthetical note, I don't consider Ms. Chisholm a serious candidate nor, thank God, do I believe that Wallace has any chance of getting nominated.)

3. Most importantly of all, this extended primary system may well cause serious quarrels between the candidates acceptable to us liberal Democrats. Though ideologically they are alike as peas in a pod—McGovern and Muskie could find nothing substantive to debate about in their TV confrontation before the New Hampshire

Continued on page 4

Can We Trust Politicians-Part IV

The Corruption of Our Political System

by Dan Golenpaul

(Last of a series of four articles)
THE CORRUPTION OF OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM

After two centuries, the structure of our Federal Government has preserved an amazing vitality for servicing the country. If our Federal system has failed to meet the needs of our time, it is because some of our elected officials have used our government institutions against the people.

The paralysis of our political system can probably be attributed to the usual passive attitude of the voters and the shameless cynicism of the politicians who have taken advantage of the voters' chronic indifference.

Hopefully, we believe that the mood of the voters has changed and that they have learned there is need for greater vigilance and more probing.

There are many indictments against the behavior of the major political parties. The one that stands out is the way the parties have connived to prevent the country from reforming the Electoral College procedure. It was generally accepted after the 1968 election that the country no longer wanted to risk the use of the Electoral College by a George C. Wallace or anyone else to prevent the American people from selecting a President and a Vice-President through a popular vote.

All the polls indicated that the voters wanted a change. The Congress voted for a change, the Senate wanted to vote for a change but they were prevented by a filibuster conducted in the main by conservative Democrats and conservative Republicans. It cannot be said that the present administration has used its good offices to bring about the necessary reform of the Electoral College system.

The frustration of our political system is committee rule by seniority. The chief beneficiaries of the seniority rule are the representatives from the Southern states. They control most of the chairmanships of the committees, and they have used this control to delay and kill legislation that was unsatisfactory to them. They have also used their chairmanships to acquire subsidies for their states way out of proportion to the revenue they contribute to the national treasury.

Our legislative system is also strangled by the tyranny of a minority who engage in filibuster to prevent efforts for progressive legislative action. The poisoning of our democratic process by filibuster discourages conscientious legislators and frustrates the voters.

How and why does this sinister practice endure? A group of ten Senators from ten Southern states form an unholy alliance with some Republican Senators from ten other states and under the pretense of protecting their states' rights they are willfully lynching our democratic practice.

Our acceptance and tolerance of some dubious political leaders and their records are largely due to our preoccupation with our personal lives—a fact of life that is inescapable, but many of our good people have been on an affluent binge, with an “I don't care” attitude.

Too often we say we are busy to pay too much attention to what is going on in our government, and what's the use?—the politicians won't listen to us anyway.

The price of apathy is bad government, and we cannot afford that. The people must find the way to be heard. The last few years indicate that some people are managing to get through. Some of our government leaders not only are not listening but they are also trying to silence the voice of the people.

The state of our nation may seem hopeless to some, but make no mistake, the voters are not helpless. They can and will turn things around. They always have because the people throughout our history have been way ahead of our politicians.

Some groups are endeavoring to bully the nation with declarations of war against the people and our government and are surprised when we don't surrender. It's just stupid to think that we would turn over our country to these groups.

In an article by John Sessions, he indicates the economic and social progress we have achieved through legislation and negotiations. It is still the best way.

In the last few years, the country has witnessed on the political scene the emergence of a new type of politician who appeals to the voters with charisma and declarations of concern, care and compassion. Would it be rude to ask these politicians for a blueprint of what they propose?

This is the crux. What do you expect from our government? It is not enough just to be “against.” You require a declaration of principles for yourselves so that you can confront politicians who seek your vote with a positive program.

In this series of articles, we have made some suggestions for your consideration. We have not dealt with many questions because of our limited space but we are sure that you have already given thought to such topics as unemployment, pollution, etc. and have some ideas of what should be done.

Too little attention is paid to principles in politics. Most people are cynical about political platforms. This is understandable because most platforms are masterpieces of doubletalk. It would seem that the object of the platform is to conceal the purpose of a party and party candidates.

Maybe it is a waste of time to ask the voters to take the high road, but how can we expect performance from our elected of-

ficials if we don't get uptight about principles?

Let's recall our plan for a political diary and what to do about it. We suggested that you join with others for political action.

The first action of the group should be to contact the local newspapers and television and radio stations and urge them to report how your representatives voted on important legislation. The media should be willing to join this project as a public service.

You can do much as individuals—by telephone, by chain letters, by house-to-house canvassing. We also suggest that you seek the cooperation of other groups such as the League of Women Voters and Common Cause—but stay away from the professional politicians.

I would suggest that we put a moratorium on the diarrheal rhetoric of amateur and professional politicians and work out some solid principles and make them our flag for the march to honest and progressive government.

If we have any doubt about our country's future, let us quote the late Carl Sandburg:

“I have spent as strenuous a life as any man surviving three wars and two major depressions, but never, not for a moment, did I lose faith in America's future. Time and time again I saw the faces of her men and women torn and shaken in turmoil, chaos and storm. In each major crisis, I have seen despair on the faces of some of the foremost strugglers, but their ideas always won. Their visions always came through.”

North Callahan, Carl Sandburg. New York University Press.

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Summer Institute In Africa

General Programme

Africana Studies

continued from page 1

history, sociology, politics, philosophy, economics, psychology, anthropology, literature, science, etc. The only difference, it seems to me, would be one of emphasis—emphasis on African peoples all over the world.

But it would be argued by critics, that these are barren and abstract definitions. They are simply wrong in so arguing. If any practical conclusion is to be drawn from the above definition, it can only be that Africana Studies is multidisciplinary and that it includes any branch of knowledge with specific emphasis on African peoples. On such questions, for instance, as ecology—migration, population growth, etc., some Africanists would enable us to see the connections of cause and effect, while others might be inclined to see nothing but the interplay of political forces. Thus, in the interest of clarity let me say that Africana Studies is multidisciplinary—social, natural and physical science with emphasis on African peoples.

Having thus surveyed the field which we can legitimately claim as our own, let me consider how much of it we can effectively deal with in the present stage of the development of Africana Studies. Here I cannot but be guided by the experience of other institutions. The experience seems to testify to the working of a kind of unconscious logic in the development of programs.

Africana Studies, in its present form, with the wide variety of programs and of the wide variety of the qualifications of the scholars who are taking part in these programs, would appear to have fallen within my broad definition but to have been limited to the study of contemporary issues. The subjects chosen for study and for discussion in several of these programs have been problems of the day. Hardly ever do we see seminars on the works of such great men like Gustavus Vassa, Alexander Crummel, George Nicol, Africanus Horton, Bishop Crowther, Gaspard Deves, James Johnson, J.E. Casely Hayford, Herbert Macaulay, Lamine Gueye, Blaise Diagne. Nor have I seen any program specifically dedicated to the study of the works of a scholar such as Anton Wilhelm Amo of Ghana who mastered six languages including Hebrew and Greek, and lectured for a number of years in philosophy at several German Universities.

From the academic point of view, Africana Studies, is clearly not a subject in the ordinary sense of the word. It does not have a single coherent body of teaching material. It is impossible to compress the elements of Africana Studies within a textbook. It is not a single subject but a multitude of subjects—it is universalistic. Thus our political science, economic, sociology, history and humanities colleagues handle their materials very differently from their colleagues in narrow departments. We in Africana Studies are not simply dealing with a group of subjects indiscriminately put together, but with a group of subjects viewed from a common philosophical angle. The different subjects converge, so to speak, to a common point, a point from which the contemporary world can be meaningfully observed.

What is the bearing of this area of study on the problem of institutional organization? Surely it is that Africana Studies is not a new branch of study, the claims of which require to be championed as against the competition of older branches of study, but that it is a point of view which is accessible to the scholars of those older branches of study themselves. Many of them have, in fact, been teaching the subject in the past without knowing it. Their perspectives and emphases were different. They were Eurocentric. Our present perspective and emphasis is Afrocentric. And that is where the difference lies.

Departments or Institutes of Africana
Continued on page 5

We reserve the right to modify the programme-lectures, dates and itineraries without prior notification. All events will be filmed!

GENERAL LECTURES:

I. WEDNESDAY JULY 5 1972—10:00 A.M.—AKUAFO HALL
Topic: Role of Higher Education in Nation; Building in Africa
By Professor A. A. Kwapong Vice-Chancellor of the University of Ghana
12:00-2:00 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
2:00-5:00 P.M.—A Visit to Greater Accra and Surrounding Areas
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

II. THURSDAY JULY 6, 1972—10:00 A.M.—AKUAFO HALL
Topic: Introduction to West African History
By Professor Adu Boahene Chairman; Department of History, University of Ghana
12:00-2:00 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
2:00-5:00 P.M.—A Visit to Peduase and the Aburi Botanical Gardens
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

III. FRIDAY JULY 7, 1972—10:00 A.M.—AKUAFO HALL
Topic: African Musical Styles
By Professor J. H. Nketia Director of the Institute of African Studies, University of Ghana
12:00-2:00 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
2:00-5:00 P.M.—A Visit to the Cultural Centre—A Tour of the City of Accra; A Tour of the Central markets
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

SATURDAY July 8, 1972—Free period

SUNDAY July 9, 1972—Free period

IV. MONDAY JULY 10, 1972—10:00 A.M.—AKUAFO HALL
Topic: Problems of Political Development in Africa
By Mr. B. D. G. Folsom, Senior Lecturer
Department of Political Science, University of Ghana
12:00-2:00 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
2:00-5:00 P.M.—A Visit and Tour of the Industrial Development Sites
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

V. TUESDAY JULY 11, 1972—10:00 A.M.—AKUAFO HALL
Topic: Religion and Religiosity in Africa
By Mr. K. A. Opoku, Research Fellow
Institute of African Studies, University of Ghana
12:00-2:00 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
2:00-5:00 P.M.—Intra; Group Discussions organized by Students
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

V CORREX FOR ABOVE DISREGARD 2:00 pm on and substitute below

2:00-5:00 P.M.—A Visit to the Castle, the Forts, the Ministries and Parliament House, etc.
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

VI. WEDNESDAY JULY 12, 1972—10:00 A.M.—AKUAFO HALL
Topic: Modern African Literature
By Dr. Jawa Apronti
Institute of African Studies, University of Ghana
12:00-2:00 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
2:00-5:00 P.M.—Intra; Group Discussions organized by Students
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

VII. THURSDAY JULY 13, 1972—10:00 A.M.—AKUAFO HALL
GENERAL SEMINARS AND DISCUSSIONS OF COURSE REQUIREMENTS ETC.
56.365 Nation-Building in Africa—Dr. F. A. Botchway
51.379 African Religious Thought Systems—Dr. C. R. Gaba
95.310 Comparative African Literature—Professor Q. Troupe
95.320 African Musical Styles—Professor C. Thomas and Prof. R. Holloway

VIII. FRIDAY JULY 14, 1972
11:30-12:30 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
1:00-5:00 P.M.—A Meeting with Ga Mantse (Paramount Chief) and his Traditional Elders at the Mantse's Palace

IX. SATURDAY JULY 15, 1972
11:30-12:30 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
1:00-3:00 P.M.—A Courtesy Call on the Sempe Mantse at his Palace—Pouring of Libation

X. SUNDAY JULY 15, 1972—Free period

XI. MONDAY JULY 16-22 TRIP TO KUMASI
Possible meeting with the Asantehene

XII. SUNDAY JULY 23-25—TRIP TO CAPE COAST
1. Possible meeting with the Paramount Chief and Traditional Elders of Cape Coast—Elmina District
2. A Visit to the Slave Castles and Forts
3. Possible meeting with the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cape Coast

XIII. MONDAY JULY 26-31, 1972—BACK IN ACCRA
10:00 A.M.—12:00 P.M.—Lectures by Staff
12:00-2:00 P.M.—Lunch at the University Central Cafeteria
2:00-5:00 P.M.—Free period
6:00-8:00 P.M.—Supper at the University Central Cafeteria

NOTE: Tours will be arranged by Dr. C. R. Gaba and Profs. Thomas and Troupe

XIV. TUESDAY AUGUST 1-4, 1972 TOGO
Tours Arranged by Dr. Gaba and Professor Thomas
1. A Visit to the University of Benin
2. A Courtesy Call on the Mayor of Lome
3. A Visit with the President of Togo
4. A Visit to Parliament House
5. A Visit to the Fishing Villages and Industrial Sites

NOTE: We may visit a Palm Farm on our way to Dahomey. Interested students should see Dr. Botchway

XV. SATURDAY AUGUST 5-8—DAHOMAY
Tours Arranged by Dr. Gaba and Professor Thomas. Itinerary will be distributed.

XVI. WEDNESDAY AUGUST 9-12, 1972—NIGERIA
We will stay at University of Lagos. Participants will plan their own programmes.

SUNDAY AUGUST 13th, 1972—DEPARTURE DATE

IMPORTANT INFORMATION:

- Please note that the Institute will not be responsible for participants who do their own thing. Please cooperate with the Staff members so that together we will all have real experiences.
- Grades-Evaluation: Grades will be based largely on a project developed by each student. This project is to be submitted after the group returns to the United States. Deadline for submission of projects—September 1, 1972. The research should center on a topic appropriate for the needs of each student. The results should incorporate information gained from both lectures and the travel. In order to facilitate the development of this project, students will be able to use the resources of the universities in Africa.

Credits-Students who successfully complete their projects will be awarded 4-8 hours of undergraduate credit and 3-6 hours of graduate credit. They must indicate in advance—at registration how many credit hours they want. Transcripts will be sent to your respective schools upon request.

- Please budget for incidentals and intra-African travels. We don't want any student stranded in Africa.
- To cover the administrative expense in Africa, we are charging each student \$20.00. Please make check payable to Dr. Botchway, F. A. at the Institute.
- ORIENTATION—By Dr. Gaba, Professor Thomas, June 21, 1972 at 11:00 A.M. 3rd Floor, Richmond College.

This amount is due on or before May 3, 1972.

About the director

Dr. Francis A. Botchway, the director of the Institute, is an Associate Professor of International Law and Political Science at Richmond College. He received a B.S. degree from Columbia University; Certificates in East European, Russian and Chinese Area Studies, and in United Nations Studies; an M.A. and Ph.D. in Comparative Politics and International Law from the Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science of the New School for Social Research.

Professor Botchway is a member of the American Political Science Association, American Society of International Law, International Studies Association, American Academy of Political and Social Science, International African Institute, and a Fellow of the College of Fellows of the African Studies Association. He was formerly a United Nations intern in the Department of Political and Security Council Affairs. He has taught at the New School for Social Research, and at Brooklyn College of the City University of New York before coming to Richmond College. He is the author of *Politics as Drama: Philosophy and Opinions of Kwame Nkrumah*, *Modernization: Economic and Political Transformation of Society*; *Political Development and Social Change in Ghana*; *The Role of Ideas in Rapid Social Change*; and *The Genius of Africa: African Social and Political Thought* (forthcoming), and numerous articles.

The Heartburn of Psoriasis

by D. Kenneth Moseder
(the former C. Spaniel Curd)

—I had just mailed the last payment to my "Be-A-Doctor-In-Six-Short-Weeks" correspondence school when I ran into my astrologist friend Fellini, the Sage of Aquarius. (Aquarius and East 19th Streets, that is.) He was in pretty bad shape (a roughly elongated trapezoid) when I first saw him. He looked like he'd been going the wrong way up a one-way avalanche.

"Have an accident?" I queried.
"No thanks, I already had one," he countered.

"How did this happen?"
"My partner and I just made two great discoveries."

"What are they?"
"The first one was an atomic hand grenade that makes a hole in the ground five hundred feet in diameter!"

"And the second?"
"We can only throw the damn thing a hundred feet!"

"I see. Say, where is your partner anyway?"

"He's a-right over there...and over there...and up there...and down there..."

"All right, all right! I got the picture."
"Oh, good. I'll take a three wallet size and one 8x10 glossy."

"Tell me...does it hurt much?"
"Only when I breathe."

"I'll tell you what: I'm working on a case at the moment and I still have a few bottles left. Would you like to join me?"

"I think you better join a-my partner first. Look at him...I think he's hysterical."

"I don't think he's so funny."
"No, I mean he's goin' crazy."

"Well, tell him to pull himself together."
"You always gotta make-a the wise-a-cracks."

"That's me all over."
"No, that's a-my partner all over!"

"Well, if we're lucky the ambulance should be here any day now."

We weren't lucky, however. The ambulance came right away. When we got to the hospital, I was able to get both of my patients a room immediately...which tells you something about the popularity of this hospital. I got them a semi-private room; four people (to a bed.) Fellini was fine yesterday, but last night he took a turn for

the nurse.
"We-e-e-ll!" I smiled "How are we this morning."

"Judging from-a the way you look and-a the way I feel, I think we're both in-a trouble. By the way...how is-a my partner'0"

"If the rubber cement holds out, he'll be up and around in time for Haley's next comet. Tell me, was this his first fatal illness?"

"Gee, I dunno. Say, Doc, you guys have some racket here. I bet you did a lot of a-studying."

"Are you kidding? All I ever studied was anatomy."

"What's a-that?"
I produced a male anatomy chart and showed it to him.

"See," I said, "This is anatomy."
"Well, it's a-not a-me either, Doc."

"Well then who is it?"
"I'm not a-sure. I think maybe it's a Burt Reynolds. Say, when are you-a gonna operate on me?"

"Oh, I don't perform operations. I don't have a good singing voice."

"Really? That's a-funny. I was talkin' to the nurse and a-she said you were a-some operator." (I liked that gag better the way Warren Harding told it.)

"Well, I can't operate on the upper abdomen. I don't have the stomach for it."

"What about-a the heart."
"I could operate on your heart, but I don't think AORTA."

"How about a-the kidneys?"
"That depends...how old is the kid?"

"Say, Doc...you got any more one-liners?"
"Just one: What is the gynecologist's theme song?"

"Ha! I know that-a-one! It's-a "Genital On My Mind."

At that point, Fellini's partner staggered into the room and was instantly struck down by Haley's comet. Or was it Haley's M-O? Oh well, it seems I've come to the end of my umbilical cord, so I'll just leave you with some sound medical advice: If you have an allergy, eat lots of prunes. That won't cure your allergy, but it'll make you think twice about sneezing!

Retreat...

continued from page 3

primary—each has in some way to differentiate himself from the others. So what happens? Muskie says that McGovern is running a dishonest advertising campaign, McGovern implied that Muskie is unfit to be President, etc., etc. Now all this not only misleads the voter but it also makes it difficult for one candidate of the left to enthusiastically support whoever gets the nomination even though the "lucky winner" be his ideological twin. And, unless all segments of our party work like dogs between July and November, Nixon will certainly win. Now it may be true that the several liberal candidates from the nomination may be able to forget past insults come the end of the convention. But most of their supporters are not professional politicians. Though Candidate A will be able to forget about his scornful remarks about Candidate B and work hard for B's election, will A's supporters be able to expunge from their minds in August A's statement in April that B is a "phony dove" or a "radical ideologue" or a "totally incompetent administrator"? Consider, too, what is psychologically necessary for the partisans of A to do battle in the primary against B and C, who really agree with A on everything. Many of these partisans won't be able to begin their labors until they have convinced themselves that their man is a knight in shining armor riding out to do battle against the devils—and will this vision of B and C as devils magically vanish from their minds if B or C wins the Miami tournament?

OK Kramer, some will say. The statewide presidential primary isn't utopian—but it is better than any alternative. Surely it makes more sense than the

old *modus operandi* of boss choice in smoke-filled rooms! Does it, I can reasonably respond? After all, the bosses chose Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson—not a bad job for a bunch of hacks. However, I agree that it is unrealistic to expect a return to the political middle ages—and that such a return would probably be undesirable as well. Surely the national presidential primary suggested by Robert Bendiner in his article in the New York Times Magazine of Feb. 27, 1972 makes more sense than the *status quo*. At present the candidates for the presidential nomination must campaign from December through June. With a national presidential primary held in, e.g., June, serious campaigning would not have to begin till March or April. This would not only reduce the cost of the plenary campaign, but would, moreover, provide less time for serious rifts between Tweedledum and Tweedledee to develop. (As Bendiner points out, in case no one candidate received a majority at the primary, a run-off between the two with the highest vote totals could be held a week or so later.) Just one more anti-democratic thought. In Britain the leader of the Labour Party (and now even the leader of the Tories) is selected by the members of the party who serve in Parliament. This system seems to work well—the party leader when in power has been able to push through meaningful social reform. How about having the presidential candidates of each major party selected by the Congressional members of that party? This would save money, wear and tear, and open fighting and yet insure choice not by bosses but by democratically elected representatives of the people? Think about it!

The Loungeiad

The Prologue:

Of the Richmond College Lounge,
And the witless, impious throng
I sing.
And only ask, Oh Muse above,
The Gift to transform push to shove.

The Opus:

In the Richmond College Lounge
Wits abundant do abound,
Mighty Minds profound expound,
Sage's Thoughts resound, resound,
Purely formed they sail in sound.

Thus Learning's Presence does prevail,
And sunders Ignorance's veil.

Scholars gathered in a throng,
Apetites for Knowledge strong,
Striving for her Realm and Song,
Seek through studies, labors long,
Conquer Lies and lay low Wrong.

And so are Right and Her fair train,
Both born of Mortal strife and pain.

Here speaks Genius in his turn,
There does Talent Slowness spurn,
Tardiness and Dally burn,
'Cross the Hall the tables turn,
Folly's clapped in fun'ral Urn.

And Chaos' cries for quarter are "quarters"
cried in vain
For earns untuned to Tumult, to Tumult
deaf remain.

'Midst this sovereign ecstasy,
Truth and Knowledge, Justice three,
Silence grows, a graceful tree,
Learning bows to the decree,
The band disbands assembly.

And from the Lounge this Bounty parts,
As one from dreams awakes, and starts.

Six bells toll as Sol ascends,
Janitor the gate opens,
Sleepy eyed to make amends,
Uses string to straighten ends,
Tape for tops and blows for bends.

All nodding does this snoozing Snore,
While sleeping slop the walls and floor.

Eight a change on him does dump,
Janitor with Noble Front,
Does in Elevator jump,
Bound by Duty, Need and Want,
Buttons with his thumb to thump.

He cries, "Two, Lounge and Four shall I
attain",
And adds, "Floors Five through Nine I do
disdain".

Janitor the Harbinger,
And steadfast Elevator,
Help thus a Horde to enter,
Lounge's pure Perimeter.
Oh Sin! Oh Crime! Disaster!

Forgive, Oh Lounge, this travesty,
For they know not who blemish Thee.

Out from open portals wide,
Dogs and Humans now do stride,
(human dogs as some decide)
Rads and Fads now here abide,
Once where Wit ruled sanctified.

And thus the party does disport,
In Folly's cough and Whimsy's snort.

Here stands Beard, a Bard he says,
Hair there wavy curls arrays,
For it's known in modern days,
Locks the key to Genius raise,
As soil corn, what fool would raze?

In truth the empty shallow head,
Behind a whisker makes his bed.

Whiskers here with mighty Mein,
Foppish rumors does disclaim,
"No Fop I" is his refrain,
"This my hair my only shame,
Its slowness slows my growth to Fame."

Could one be named who could commence,
To equal this wit's claim to Sense?

Now Shag, who, bereft of Wit,
Wears a beard in place of it,
Shuffling slowly through the Pit,
Soon upon his Sense to sit,
Drowsing drams in smokey fit.

Example here we see in Prose,
Of Wit's escape in Smoke from nose.

Sense once sallies on the floor,
Chokes as Smoke from Pipe does pour,
Faints to fall to rise no more,
Whisker, Beard and Hair now roar,
Victors their Conceit must soar.

And thus does Folly Folly save,
And gives to Sense what Nothing gave.

Woman here against the men,
Hopes to vie for Equation,
After efforts spent on chin,
Sprouts a Hair upon her shin,
And thinks this Liberation.

And so does Woman gain with Man,
A graceless place in Folly's land.

So the supercilious Clan,
As the sacred Alph once ran,
Rushes (like one bird to sand)
Into Depths unplumbed by Man,
(Smell the Plumber drove from plan).

It's true, It's true that Wit's disgraced, and
Sense from human Race has raced.

Populating, never still,
These across the floor new spill,
Maggot like the Hall to fill,
Cancered Mind and Reason ill,
Make a meal of what they kill.

The flowing Flood in this way goes,
And, nourished, haughty hateful grows.

Now the Fray redoubles pace,
Round about the Monkeys race,
Faster than a torent chase.
Dogs for tails make not such haste,
Til mad Desire to efface,
Drives them Flashing out of space,
And Nothingness replaces Waste,
And Lounge is newly reborn Chaste.

This happy, hopeful vision last I quote,
Though sadly it's not Real but only wrote.

The Epilogue:

Fie on you thou shameless Dog,
Whose Mind has rotted like the Log,
Whose Wit has settled in a Bog,
Who Smokes in hopes the Sense to Clog,
Who Drinks for Reason to Befog,
Whose Brain resembles Sponge in Sog.

Fie on you thou reduced Shell,
Thou shalt surely roast in Hell,
Where flesh does blister, burn and swell,
And Satan laughs to smell the smell.

Yea, as I say it shall befall,
If Thou ignores this warning call,
Refuse the Locks to floor to fall,
And shave not chin, lip, shinbone all.

But if thou would seek sweet salvation,
Hie thee to the Barber's station,
Relish Wit not Wit's starvation,
And honor Sense with acclamation.

And turn the sacred Precincts of the
Lounge.
Back to those to whom they do belong.

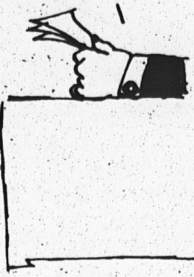
—Louis Benedict

Feiffer

I WANT A JOB.



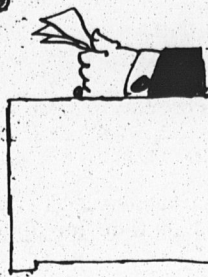
WHAT ARE YOUR QUALIFICATIONS?



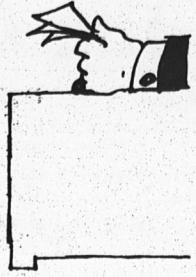
SIXTEEN YEARS OF EDUCATION.



GET A HAIRCUT.



GET A SHAVE.

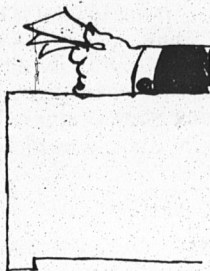


Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

GET A SUIT.



SORRY, WE DON'T HAVE A THING.



I TOLD YOU HED SETTLE DOWN.



4-23

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Africana Studies

Studies should be founded and adequately funded, so long as they are not staffed by scholars who claim a monopoly in Africana Studies. The staff should be a grouping together of scholars from all of the disciplines whose main interests and scholarly concerns are in the area of Africana Studies. Let me state that no academic regulations can set limits to Africana Studies.

Who is the student best adapted for Africana Studies? To penetrate to the understanding of the modern world, in all its complexity, is a gift not highly bestowed. It requires a special quality of mind, and indeed of the whole personality, which is sometimes inborn, sometimes the result of training, but in any case unusual, even in scholarly circles. At its best it is a species of modern humanism, with a rich background of culture nurtured by philosophic reflection and the prolonged observation of men.

The greatest danger which confronts us in Africana Studies is to regard it as a subject for the less serious student; and the greatest danger which confronts our students is that they should approach Africana Studies in l'esprit primaire. It is this spirit, more perhaps than any other single cause, which has produced so much misunderstanding about Africana Studies. The attempt has been made by some "scholars" to simplify Africana Studies, to clothe them in the language of the street, to enshrine them in verbal acrobatics, to reduce them to revolutionary rhetoric, even to enshroud them in a bewitching mysticism. Against all such tendencies, we professors in Africana Studies should set ourselves with all our forces. Our field is not easy; it is a very difficult field. Africana Studies is not simple; it is complex. To simplify it is to destroy its essence, to eliminate the whole substance of the field. Our task as professors is to keep the eyes of our students fixed upon the past, present, and the future;

and to encourage them to face the great and difficult task ahead of them—to fortify their wills, to invigorate their intellectual powers, and to sharpen their minds through rigorous training. It is perhaps because we in Africana Studies have not been bold enough, because we have not had the courage of our own intellectual convictions, that the appeal to heroism has been left to those intellectual "parasites" whose doctrines are in reality sophomoric and easy narcotics rather than intellectual energizers.

The great English education philosopher, Cardinal Newman, drew a sharp contrast between the primary approach and the educated approach to the solution of problems. He contrasts what he calls "the illuminative reason" which "puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettlement and superstition, which is the lot of the many." Such an intellect, he says "which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another..." This quotation, familiar though it will be to some, adequately summarizes our position as Africanists.

Dr. F. A. Botchway is Associate Professor and Director of the Institute for Afro-American Studies at Richmond College of the City University of New York.

The Media Conspiracy, a coalition of student media groups, is collecting Plaid Stamps and other trading stamps in order to obtain equipment that will be available for general student use. School and club funds are insufficient for this purpose. We are also taking donations of 8mm (super or regular) movie cameras, projectors and still photography equipment. Please bring your stamps or equipment to Donna Loby in Room 803.

**LAST ISSUE
MAY 12
DEADLINE
MAY 4**



50,000 JOBS

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT CAREER OPPORTUNITY PROGRAMS

The National Agency Of Student Employment Has Recently Completed A Nationwide Research Program Of Jobs Available To College Students And Graduates During 1972. Catalogs Which Fully Describe These Employment Positions May Be Obtained As Follows:

- () Catalog of Summer and Career Positions Available Throughout the United States in Resort Areas, National Corporations, and Regional Employment Centers. Price \$3.00.
- () Foreign Job Information Catalog Listing Over 1,000 Employment Positions Available in Many Foreign Countries. Price \$3.00.
- () **SPECIAL: Both of the Above Combined Catalogs With A Recommended Job Assignment To Be Selected For You. Please State Your Interests. Price \$6.00.**

National Agency of Student Employment
Student Services Division
#35 Erkenbrecher
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

EDITORIALS

LETTERS

The Great Film Flam

It is time to put the plight of Richmond's film students into proper perspective. A great many people are under the false impression that film students run around wasting countless millions on egotistical projects that require little effort on their part.

The majority of the film students here at Richmond are among the hardest working, enthusiastic, dedicated-to-their-craft students attending this hallowed institution. They often spend up to twelve hours a day working on their films. Non-film students do not seem to realize how much time and tedious effort must be devoted to the scripting, shooting, developing, printing, revising, editing, dubbing and final assembly of a motion picture.

We feel that it is unfortunate that so many of these artistic endeavors go only half-realized. It must be truly frustrating to have to stop work in the middle of a project due to the lack of sufficient funds.

In the past, the majority of the films produced by Richmond Film students have been thoroughly entertaining and of professional quality. This track record means little, unfortunately to the "what's-in-it-for-me" and the "how-does-it-serve-our-political-goal" factions that are predominate at Richmond College.

The Richmond Times supports the film students in their monetary struggle. We wish we could offer a solution to the problem, but we quite honestly have none. We do hope, however, that this editorial will help to shed a little light on this muddled, misinterpreted and of late controversial situation.

Bomb Scare at Richmond

Friday, March 24th Richmond College received the first bomb scare for the year. At 4:20 in the afternoon the school switchboard received a call from "an incoherent woman" threatening "we're going to put a bomb in Richmond College in five minutes." This call was relayed to Mr. Burris of Buildings and Grounds who immediately called for evacuation of the building. The call for evacuation via the fire alarm system was according to Mr. Burris "the best response to a fire alarm I've seen here." Police and Fire Departments were notified and arrived quickly. The entire building was searched and nothing was found. By five o'clock everything was back to normal.

The bomb scare cannot be blamed on one group since no identification of the caller was possible. The alleged drunken female voice could belong to any member of this society, but the act in itself is a symptom of a sick mind and a sick society. We here at Richmond are lucky that no injuries occurred as a result of this prank or threat.

Yet this is not the first bomb scare or false alarm that this school has had (a few months back one false alarm in the afternoon and a bomb threat aimed at the fourth floor late one night). Now comes the reason why, why these threats and false alarms? Are they signs of ill feelings among the members of the college community or of the St. George community. One cannot answer with any certainty because they could be one or the other, both, or neither. What does remain is the fact that these events did occur. We the editors of this paper abhor these malicious acts and ask the person or persons involved in these pranks and threats to cease.

The Richmond Times

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Managing Editor

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David K. Moseder Contributing Editor
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THE RICHMOND TIMES is a bi-monthly newspaper, and is published by and for the students of Richmond College, located at 130 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island, New York 10301. 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



Spaced Out

Editor—Richmond Times
March 30, 1972
An open letter to Ray Hulsey

Dear Ray:

It was good to read your "Open Letter to the Richmond College Community" in the Richmond Times of March 24th, not because of what it had to say—which was disagreeable—but because it confirmed publically what some of us have begun to suspect—i.e. that it is the intention of those responsible for the housing of education around here to continue for the foreseeable future the use of the wretched McKee facilities. This is simply not an acceptable proposition. Your letter says to the faculty and students of the college "yuh, it's sort of too bad but look at all the worse things we might have done to relieve the overcrowding and if you can think of a better solution, lets hear it". Raymond old buddy, it won't wash. The faculty doesn't get paid for looking for rentable space. The signers of that petition, among whom I am one, are saying that the "cheap" way out is "cheap" in dollars and cents only and is far too expensive in its real educational costs. The petition recognizes that we had to use the space in an emergency. If you will repair to your dictionary you will discover that what defines an emergency is the sudden and unforeseen circumstances. "Permanence" is not a character of emergencies. Let us have a date to end the sub-standard teaching and learning conditions and no more shilly-shallying about 7 AM classes on Sunday.

Your irascible but wholly serious friend,
S. J. Stearns
Associate Professor History

Back To The Want Ads

Dear Mr. Besignano,

I have just finished reading your article "Looking for a job" in the March 10th edition of The Richmond Times. I found it not only amusing and relevant but somewhat of a comfort considering that I am experiencing the same dilemma right now.

I just graduated from the State University at New Paltz in January. I came back to S.I. to find some kind of job until September when I'm hoping to start work on my MA at Albany in Anthropology. Naturally, upon first coming back here I had some naive hope of getting a job that would involve me in Anthropology. Was I kidding? Quite the contrary, I was determined and extremely confident that the Museum of Natural History would be begging me to take some \$200 a week job as assistant curator. As you so aptly put it in your article "After all I am a college graduate." Well, 2 months and about 20 negative interviews later, I came to the same sorry conclusion as you. If you can't type or take steno (why did I waste my time on all those hi-level Anthropology courses?), you're just not "qualified" and you are politely ushered to the door with the unfailing handshake, smile, and "We'll call you if anything turns up."

And so I have gone from museum work to teaching to counseling to administrative work to dental assistant. Nothing...At this point, then, I find myself reduced to the sorry predicament of having to go back to my summer job of 3 years back, bank teller for Chase Manhattan Bank. I guess you could say that I am bordering on being desperate. Bordering did I say? I am desperate.

You seem to have captured the whole mess so accurately in your article. And spoken as a true and loyal pavement pounder. Thank you for your article—it was just great. If I hear of anything in your field (during the course of my never ending search for employment), I'll let you know, you can return the favor for me.

Good luck and see you on the bread line (or in some refresher typing course where we'll both undoubtedly learn to type that 50 wpm that everyone keeps talking about).

Sincerely,
Joanne Hallan

Times Trips Up

To the Editors:

In perusing the past issue of your paper I was surprised to see an article purporting my authorship. At first I thought perhaps, in a drunken stupor, I had actually submitted yet another travesty of style and taste. Then, I surmised that some imposter was trying to cash in on the fame and glamor with which my name has become associated. Finally, in a fit of realism I realized that, as much as I'd like to, I could not disclaim the blame.

I had indeed written the piece, but not submitted it recently. In fact it, originally appeared in the Richmond Times a year and a half ago (Volume VI, No. 5; December 14, 1970, page 6). I have no idea why it was resurrected, albeit with an entire paragraph missing. It certainly was not one of my best articles—in fact there were no best articles. I guessed that maybe the paper was hard up for space - fillers. But then I came upon the editorial that ironically referred to the shortage of printing space and the need for originality. I am therefore duly perplexed. Will old articles keep coming back to haunt me, like cucumber salad in the night?

Sincerely,
Wally Orlowsky
P.S. If this letter exceeds the desired 600-700 word limit (I'm too lazy to count) please omit every 13th word.)

Dear Professor Orlowsky:

The decision to reprint your article was a 13th hour one. (My apologies for deleting that paragraph). The editors who laid out the paper inadvertently pasted in an advertisement which did not belong. When I saw this, the pages were almost ready to be sent to the presses and I was desperate to replace it. Indeed ironically, this issue we were, rarity of rarities, short on copy. I happened to find a few ancient issues of the Richmond Times shashed away in a drawer in one of the layout offices, and, realizing that this issue was TOTALLY DEVOID OF ANY HUMOR, I hit upon the idea of substituting your article in the empty space.

Fear not, the "Wally Orlowsky Revival of Golden Oldies" was a one-shot deal. It would be refreshing, however, if we could print some brand new Wally Orlowsky articles. By the way... do you use sour cream or oil and vinegar on your cucumber salad?

Sincerely-er
David K. Moseder

An Open Response of Prof. S. Stearns

Dear Steve:

Thanks for the advance copy of your letter. Perhaps now others will join the discussion. Unfortunately, Steve, your argument still begs the question. Our alternatives are not between McKee and 18 modern, air-conditioned, well-lighted, and commodious classrooms in our immediate vicinity which the administration has somehow overlooked. If such were the case, there would be no need for this discussion.

No, Steve, old friend, in the real world we are constantly faced with making choices among unpleasant alternatives. The decision to rent McKee resulted from an "emergency" situation (but only in Webster's 2nd definition of a "pressing need," for there was nothing "sudden or unforeseen" about our growth in enrollment). The availability of McKee at the time seemed like a God-send but perhaps a revision of our class schedule would have been a wiser choice. And therein lies the value of the faculty petition and our exchange of open letters. Let us now choose to remain in McKee or choose some combination of fiscally feasible alternatives to it. Elsewhere in this issue of the Richmond Times you will find (I hope) a proposal entitled "Out of McKee by '73!" Perhaps it can serve as the basis for discussion by the College community and will result in some kind of real choice for next year.

But Steve, old buddy, your comment that continued on page 7

LETTERS

McKee . . .

Continued from page 6

McKee was a "cheap" solution in dollars and cents and costly in educational terms raises an important question. Some have argued that the quality of the educational process arises from the pedagogical skill of the instructor rather than the appointment of the class room. Socrates often engaged his students in didactic dialogue while strolling about the market place. Jesus gave one of his best lectures standing in the open on a hill. Surely good teachers like those two and our Richmond faculty couldn't really give a good cahoot about the physical comforts of their classrooms, as long as they are not teaching in a boiler room where the decibel level would hinder communications. But if for any other reason it seems desirable to quit McKee, we have fully within our power the option to do so at any time.

Your old friend,
Ray

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE INFERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

Dear Sirs:

I respectfully request that you make a sincere effort to have sexual intercourse with yourself. While this in itself may not solve the neuroses you are obviously suffering and which are causing you to vent your frustrations on your economic inferiors, it will serve as a rudimentary distraction away from the emotional and economic needs which force you, in your disorgasmic state, to attempt to financially rape your constituents.

This then will leave us free to have our socio-economic and sexual intercourses with the organs of our choice; or to retain our virginity, if we choose, in those and other related areas so vital to the health and well being of our ambiguous nation: a nation conceived in liberty and aborted by the forces of evil disguised as the saviors of mankind in the promised land.

You may say that I am speaking nonsense. Your point may be well taken, for it is such nonsense and worse that I have been weaned on and subsequently grew up to know and try to love. But in the end the love you take is equal to the love you make and therefore someone in Washington D.C. owes me a lot of love...but I'll settle for an increased refund on next year's income tax return.

Sincerely yours, the late, great,
C. Spaniel Curd

Media Service Responds ...

If the anonymous author of "Politics of Spending" is "sick and tired of seeing money wasted" may we suggest that the film department which he supports use Super 8 equipment for its basic film courses. This equipment and film would cost 1 3 to 1 4 of what 16mm equipment and film costs.

When the Social Sciences division could not pick up the tab for video equipment needed for video courses being taught this year it was the Education Department; yes, the Education Department, that lent us this badly needed equipment.

We too are in the grip of a budget crisis. At present, the demand for video equipment is so great that there is a fifteen day wait for video equipment. We need more equipment also, however we are not going to engage in intra-school competition to get these funds. What we suggest is that people who are interested in film join forces with us and work with us to get more funding from BHE or other sources.

Media Conspiracy

Editor's Note: The author of "Politics of Spending," John Besignano, did not submit the letter anonymously. His name was accidentally omitted by a careless artist.

Overseas Med School

The editor of the Richmond Times should know that before he sets his type, he should get his facts straight. In "Politics of Spending" 3/24/72, it is stated that "power that gets the education department an expensive TV studio, sits on the sixth floor, closed to the use of all but education students..." and it is also stated "the education department gets more equipment for the TV lab which few students use."

To the facts...the television studios on the sixth floor are not affiliated with any division in the college; not with education, science, humanities, or social sciences, or with any of the institutes. We service the whole college and our budget monies do not come to us from any of the aforementioned divisions.

For 1971-1972, our allotment for TV equipment was ZERO dollars, yes ZERO. We could not and did not buy any new equipment. Our purchases consisted of repair parts, tape, and some minor support equipment. To maintain ourselves, we have cannibalized parts and have scrounged in Army surplus. Most of our equipment is more than five years old and some of it is being held together with Scotch tape and shoestring. We also had some flooding from above this winter and lost much valuable, irreplaceable equipment.

The television studios are open to all students and faculty at Richmond College. And students and faculty use them. Our studios are open at 9:00 A.M. every morning, stay open late almost every night, and often on Saturdays and Sundays, at no extra pay or recognition. Only an unfair blast such as we are getting now.

To state that the television studios are closed to all but education students is an outright piece of misinformation. It's a downright lie!

To state that "few" students use our facilities is also wrong. I hate to start listing figures and names of students who use our facilities. We maintain a complete list and very complete records. May I suggest you check this before making such irresponsible statements.

I appreciate and sympathize with your support of our film program. However, to seek support of one program at the expense of another is not good politics of "spending" or of anything else.

Hyman Kavett
Coordinator Media Services

Law School

To the Editor: Richmond Times
April 18, 1972
TO ALL STUDENTS INTERESTED IN LAW SCHOOL:

I have just been informed that students who want to begin law school in January or September of 1973 should take the Law School Admission Test in July of 1972, if convenient, or, if not, in October of 1972.

Students who take the July '72 exam for admission for Jan. or Sept. 1973 should write the Law School Admission Test, Box 944, Princeton, N.J. 08540, and ask for the 1972-73 application form for the test. These students should however, wait until September to register for the Law School Data Assembly Service (LSDAS)—don't ask me why.

Students who take the July '72 exam for admission for Sept. 1972 should apply on the 1971-72 application forms—I have copies in my office, Room 831—and simultaneously register for the LSDAS.

The July exam will be given July 29th. The deadline for applications is July 7th.

Daniel Kramer
Assistant Professor of Political Science

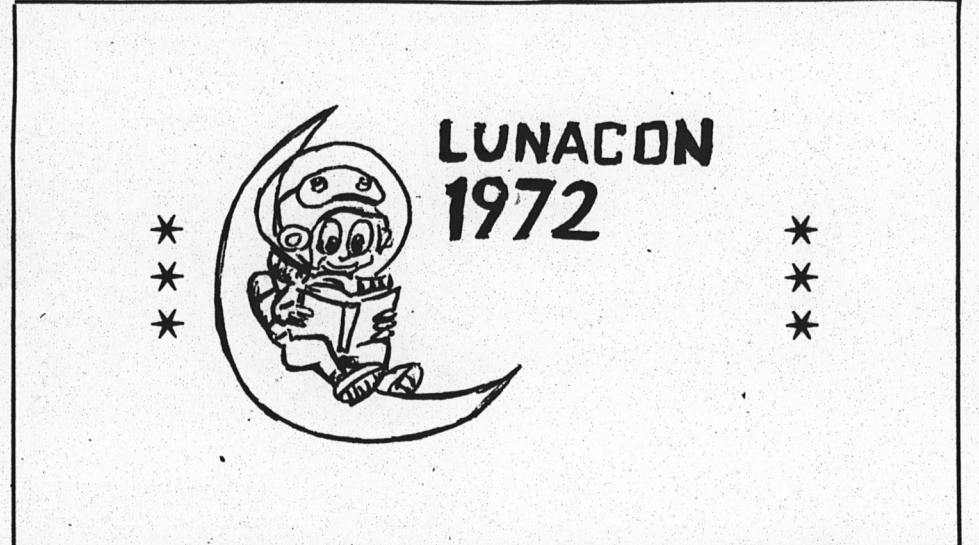


by John Besignano

Lunacon 1972

The Lunacon can best be described as a science fiction fan's version of heaven. At the convention at the Hilton almost all the important writers of sci-fi appeared. The convention hosted numerous programs of speakers covering such topics as "Theatre in the Future", "A Diplomat Looks at Science Fiction and Government", "Sex in

fiction had matured over the last thirty years he replied that "On the whole, science fiction's literary level was more literary" and "science fiction is the last stand of the American short story." (Two points to ponder.) Also he expressed the opinion that sci-fi "has suffered from young experimentalists of the James Joyce slice-of-life school. They are too minute in detail" he said. "I want to be entertained not overwhelmed." Mr. DeCamp would not name names but did admit that Harlan Ellison was one of the young experimentalists. (Mr. De



Science Fiction", "City Planning in the Future" and "The Future of Space Travel". Among the notables there were Issac Asimov, Ben Bova, Arthur C. Clarke, L. Sprague de Camp, Lester Del Rey, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Silverberg and many others.

I was fortunate enough to speak to quite a few of the above people. The most outspoken and impressive was L. Sprague de Camp. When asked what his opinion of how science

Camp has been writing science fiction stories since 1938.)

Dr. Issac Asimov also present expressed his view that science fiction was indeed growing up as witnessed by the introduction of college courses on the subject and this convention. Dr. Asimov was one of the more popular and sought after persons at the convention, after the guest of honor Ted Sturgeon. The convention summed up in one word was "Fantastic".

Afro-American Studies

This year's Summer Program of the Institute of African and Afro-American Studies of Richmond College of the City University of New York will be held at the University of Ghana from July 4 through August 13, 1972. Participating in the program are approximately 170 students from all units of the City University and thirteen Faculty members. Students will earn 4 to 8 academic credits for each of the following courses:

- Nation-Building in Africa
- Comparative African Literature
- African Musical Styles
- African Religious Thought Systems

The program also includes travel to Togo, Dahomey and Nigeria where the students will be meeting with Chiefs, Heads of State, African Professors and students. In addition to the regular academic program there will be intra-group discussions with community leaders, labor leaders, politicians, etc. The program will be supplemented by visiting African Professors, weekly film forum, cultural festivities, led by African students at the Universities of Ghana, Legon, Cape Coast, Science and Technology at Kumasi, and Lagos in Nigeria.

This is the first time that the City University will be offering a regular Summer Academic program in an African University. The program will be under the direction of Dr. Francis A. Botchway, the director of the Institute for African and Afro-American Studies at Richmond College.

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Senior or graduate students who are considering attending a recognized medical school overseas for the Fall 1972 session, will be interested in the announcement by European Medical Students Placement Service, Inc. of Albertson, N. Y., of their comprehensive program to aid and assist a limited number of qualified students to secure admission and achieve successful adaptation to a recognized European medical school.

Their comprehensive program consists of the following:

1 Intensive 8 week orientation course, attended with other American Students, to help the student adapt to the new country, culture and school environment.

2 Intensive 8 week special practical and language course, programmed for the American Student entering a European medical school. It has been found that regular domestic language courses do not serve the total need of the medical school student. Ninety percent of the difficulty in attending and remaining in a foreign school is the language barrier and poor adjustment to the country. These courses are designed to overcome this problem and are given in the country where the student will attend medical school.

European Medical Students Placement Service, Inc., will arrange lodging for the student during this 8 week period.

There are many other services available, outlined in a brochure available from European Medical Students Placement services.

Students who will have received their degree on or before June 1972, can write for an application form and brochure to:

European Medical
Students Placement Service, Inc.
3 McKinley Avenue
Albertson, N. Y. 11507

There is no charge for application form and subsequent interview.

MUSIC

ARTS

THEATRE

One Can Be A Lonely Number

BY Richard Kornberg

It is always difficult for a new playwright to get his first play produced in New York City. It is, therefore, unusual that in a single week, three plays can be seen, two on Broadway, and one on the fringes of it, that are efforts of men whose identities were largely unknown prior to these first ambitious efforts.

The war in Viet Nam has not been a popular topic with American dramatists. On the rare occasion when playwrights have attempted to bridge the gap between Broadway and Saigon, the critics have been quick to burn their meagre offerings.

The sole exceptions to the rule have been the plays of David Rabe. Mr. Rabe is now a teacher at Villanova University. Prior to that he spent eleven months fighting in Viet Nam and these experiences make up the timbre of his dramatic works. His two plays, "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel" and "Sticks and Bones" are similar in theme and origin both having been first performed on the stage of Villanova.

"Sticks and Bones" was Dave Rabe's first play (even though it was produced in New York after the success of "Pavlo Hummel", it was written before it) and it has the marks of a virgin dramatist. While its concept and ideas are all admirable, its action gets caught in its own excess verbiage.

We are presented with a typical American family. The eldest son has been fighting in Viet Nam and returns home—blind. The parents are shocked by this deformity which is compounded for them by the realization that their offspring still loves a Vietnamese girl he left behind.

This essay in maladjustment concerns the average American household and what could be more typical than the Nelsons—Ozzie, Harriet, Ricky and David (blind in this version.) Mr. Rabe beautifully sets the stage in this situation comedy setting and it is in this respect that he succeeds. Harriet's continuous love of cooking and religion and Ricky's caring more about the family car than the blindness of his brother David, is both sad and funny (much funnier than the family ever was on television).

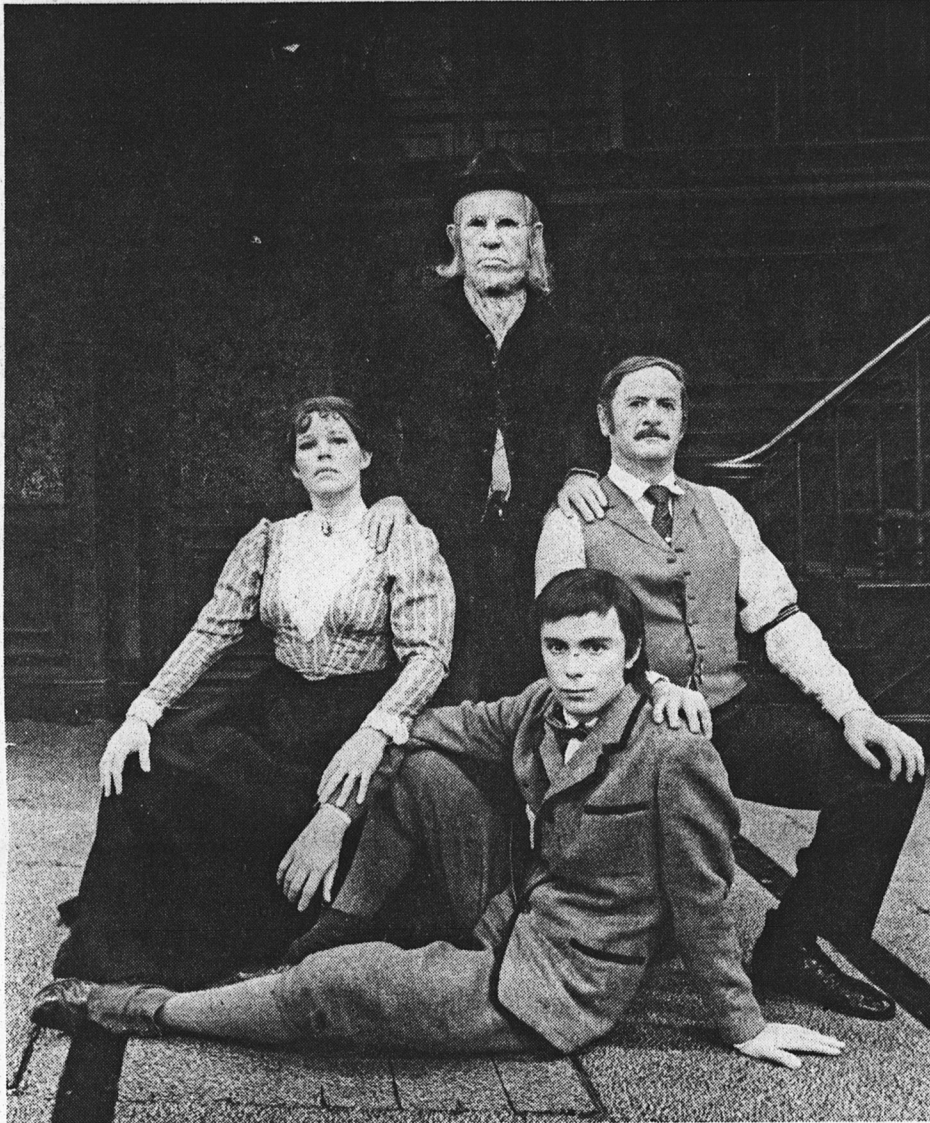
It is when the playwright concentrates on his overall theme, the war, that things get a bit muddled. While it can be accepted that Ozzie is a boorish windbag, it does not work when David is set in the same mold. This similarity of actions though juxtaposed against opposite ideas limits an audience's receptiveness and although one could blame the Vietnamese conflict for making David the way he is, this fact is no solace for an audience who has to sit through Ozzie's over long questioning only to be annoyed by David's answers.

Nonetheless, "Sticks and Bones" is a drama that any new playwright can be proud of. It is possible that the overpraising of it by a majority of the critics accounts for the disappointed reactions of many of my fellow theatregoers. What cannot be overpraised is the performances of Elizabeth Wilson as Harriet and Cliff De Young's Ricky.

David Rabe is an important new playwright. All the promise evidenced in "Sticks and Bones" is confirmed and improved upon in "Pavlo Hummel". It is as if he learned that when you say less, you can ultimately convey more.

David Robinson's first Broadway play "Promenade, All!" has the asset and liability of an excellent production. What is essentially a small, four character comedy of warmth seems rather lost amid its David Chapman sets at the musical-sized Alvin Theatre.

There is a sense of expectation in the audience, caused by the casting of Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Hume Cronyn,



Ann Jackson, Hume Cronyn, Eli Wallach, and Richard Backus alternate as different members of the Huntziger Clan.

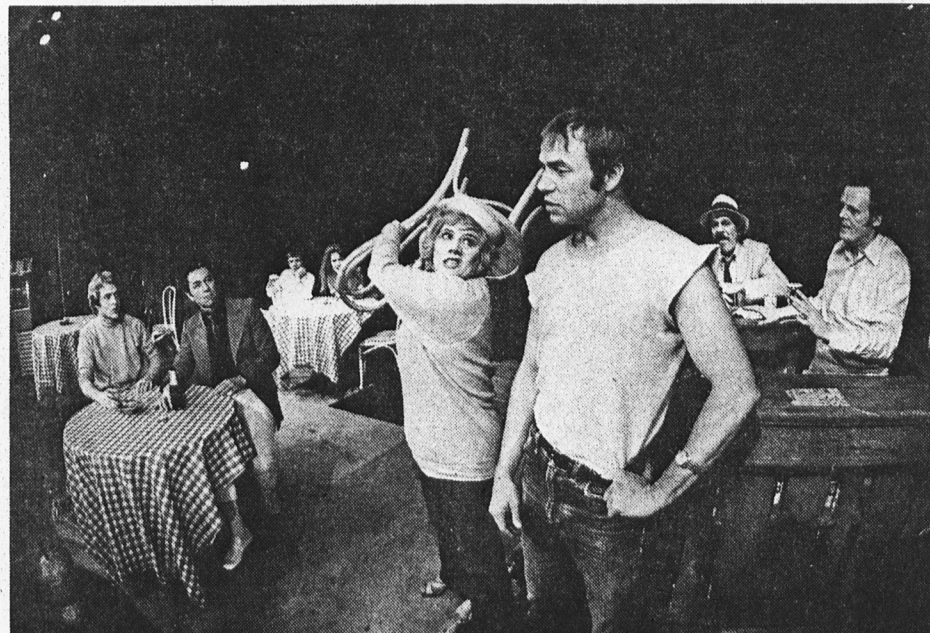
which this script does not fulfill.

What Robinson has produced is a character study of the Huntziger family. We meet them at the turn of the century and follow their exploits through name changes (from Huntziger to Hunt), business (from buttons to zippers to electronics) as well as familial expansion.

The evening is divided into four parts. Each scene is set in the successive

generation beginning in 1895 and progressing to the present. Unfortunately, the playwright relies too heavily on these generation gaps and much of the humor in the first act is of the comparison nature—both in contrasting the mores of the past with our modern views and as a foundation for the complications of the second act.

An interesting aspect of this production is the exchanging of roles amongst the actors.



Helena Carroll, Cherry Davis, Gene Fanning, William Hickey, David Hocks, David Huffman, John David Kees, Alan Nixon and Brad Sullivan in Tennessee Williams' "Small Craft Warnings."

We first meet the Willie of Richard Backus in 1895 and when we next encounter him he is being portrayed by Hume Cronyn with Mr. Backus switching to a different member of the Huntziger clan. This technique adds to the humor of the evening and brings to the play an ensemble spirit that also helps immeasurably.

Anne Jackson is especially funny as the prudish mother and the society matron and Hume Cronyn brings to his roles a much needed combination of humor and pathos.

"Promenade, All!" is a second act comedy. Most of its humor is packed into that stanza and while the play has an abundance of warmth, it is unfortunate that it doesn't have the spark to really take fire.

Located amid the department stores of 34th St. is the McAlpin Hotel. In its Rooftop Theatre Bill Hare's first play, "God Says There Is No Peter Ott" is being presented.

There is no getting around the fact that the story told is of the soap opera variety, but it is of such high calibre that it is bound to entertain most every viewer.

We are at the Cape Cottages run by a youngish old maid who has squandered her sizable inheritance. Also on the scene is the woman's niece, a real bitch who has gotten her comeuppance in the form of being a little bit pregnant but very much unmarried. Complicating matters more is the emergence of the guy who "knocked her up"—a former priest presently going through an identity crisis. This menage becomes a little bit crowded with the arrival of the girl's mother and father but all of this is presented with care, skill and humor.

The success of the enterprise has much to do with the attitudes of the creators. By acknowledging the soap-operaish aspects of the story, they have embellished the evening with a lilting "Summer Of 42ish" musical score that provides an added beauty and a professional sheen.

The cast could not be bettered. Rue McClanahan is perfect as the blowzy hard drinking proprietress and her interactions with Tom Ligon and the diabolical Ann Sweeny are wonderfully true to life. Alice Drummond also adds much humor to the role of the perplexed parent.

Leland Ball has beautifully whipped into shape a play that is as interesting as it is at times funny. The success of "Love Story" proves that there is a sizable public ready to enjoy this type of entertainment. "God Says There Is No Peter Ott" is a drama that succeeds much more than many of its loftier rivals.

"Small Craft Warnings" is definitely not a work of a new playwright. If it was it might have received better reviews and it would have been proclaimed as an interesting, try by a promising new dramatist. But this play is by Tennessee Williams and suddenly the criticism becomes much more rigid.

While "Small Craft Warnings" is most assuredly not in the league of former Williams' hits, it does offer some haunting poetry delivered by a couple of interesting characters.

Most of the people on the stage of the Truck and Warehouse Theatre are familiar to the playwright's devotees. There is the big mouthed, brassy woman, the homosexual, the prostitute, the male hustler, and the wasted ineffectual dogooder. These characters are given long monologues which contain some interesting passages and under Richard Altman's stylistic direction a compelling mood is produced in the first act.

Unfortunately, Williams has written a superfluous second stanza which is so bad that at times it not only ruins the play but it also becomes an unintentional parody of the author's former, better works.

"Small Craft Warnings" ends up as small Tennessee Williams which is still better than no Tennessee Williams at all.

Something Borrowed, Something Blue, Something Old...

by Richard Kornberg

There was a time when the revival of old musicals was left in the hands of the City Center. Within the last few years that function has been taken over by private sources and after the success of "No, No Nanette" there has been no lack of shows having their second time around.

"A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum" is one of the newest in the crop of main-stem retreats. Less than ten years have elapsed since its original was convulsing audiences at the Alvin and most recently its movie version could be seen on television.

It will be a shame if this familiarity breeds contempt (and subsequently a lack of an audience) for "A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum" is one of the best musicals Broadway has produced and definitely the funniest.

Creators Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim have beautifully combined the highest of low burlesque with the lowest of high Roman farce. The story, based on the plays of Plautus revolves around the desire of a slave to win his freedom. In order to do this he has to acquire for his master the betrothed virgin of the neighboring house of ill repute and this basic situation leads to more fun than a barrel of courtesians. Everything happens in this rollicking musical of mistaken identities and audiences will love every minute of it.

That's how it was ten years ago and the best that can be said for this new version at the Lunt-Fontanne is that it is basically the same old show. The producers in an effort at hyping the appeal of the musical have cut two good songs and substituted numbers which are billed as "new" but were really originally cut out of town.

The critics have heaped much praise on this new edition which I fear is somewhat to compensate for their less than enthusiastic original reactions. While Phil Silvers is a master comic, he just is no Zero Mostel. Even though he seems to lack spontaneity of his predecessor he is still quite funny which is especially evident when compared to the performances of his decidedly second rate fellow cast members. (Pamela Hall ex-



Brock Peters stars in the Kurt Weill-Maxwell Anderson musical based on the Alan Paton novel "Cry The Beloved Country" now at the Imperial Theatre.

cluded.)

"A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum" is one show that doesn't have to rely on the reincarnation of old stars to pull in an audience. This is a musical that can stand up well on its own and Broadway is quite lucky to have such a funny thing on 46th St.

The 1949 musical "Lost In The Stars" is a curious endeavor. Its parts never seem to work well together but there is always one thing or another that beautifully succeeds.

In the first act it is the Kurt Weill music that scores. This cross of African rhythms and Weillian flavor produces melodies of majestic quality and the well chosen cast sings them admirably.

When the second act rolls around it is time for the Maxwell Anderson book to take charge. It is then that the tale of South African injustice takes fire. Suddenly before

the climactic final scene, young Giancarlo Esposito comes on and sings his only song so beautifully that the show is nearly stopped. Then it is Anderson's turn again and nothing in the evening surpasses the power and dramatic intensity of the evening's final ten minutes. I defy anyone to remain dry-eyed during the show's closing moments.

This musical of tolerance and intolerance, truth and beauty stars Brock Peters who gives the best male musical performance since Richard Kiley found his "Impossible Dream". Both vocally and dramatically he brings a unique intensity to the role of the backwoods preacher, a man whose ideas are challenged when his son is accused of murder.

Mr. Peters alone is worth the price of admission to this interesting and pertinent musical.

The Wraths of Grape

by David K. Moseder

GREAT GRAPE (Moby Grape; Columbia CS 31098) Omaha; Murder In My Heart For The Judge; Bitter Wind; It's A Beautiful Day Today; Changes; Motorcycle Irene; Trucking Man; Someday; 8:05; Ooh Mama Ooh; Naked If I Want To.

Great Grape is an album purporting to be the best of the original Moby Grape. Culled from their four Columbia albums, (Moby Grape; WOW Grape Jam; Moby Grape '69; and Truly Fine Citizen) these eleven tracks are indeed among the juiciest Grape numbers. However, this album also represents another attempt by a record company to capitalize on a group no longer under its contract. (Moby Grape now reside at Warner Brothers, following a successful personnel transplant.)

The album was not titled "Moby Grape's Greatest Hits" for the simple reason that they never had what you could honestly call a hit single. Therefore the selecting of the tracks to be put on this album was done rather arbitrarily. (Admittedly, the producer's choices are fine, consisting primarily of those Grape songs most widely played on "progressive" FM rock stations.) Bil Keane's liner notes apologize for the possible omission of some listeners' favorites, giving lack of space as the reason. Contrary to this, however, the timing of the entire album is under half an hour.

If Great Grape is supposed to be a sincere musical anthology of one of the best of the original San Francisco groups, then why does Columbia insist on short-changing the public? It would not, in fact, have cost Columbia any more to put, say, "Truly Fine Citizen" or a taste of "Grape Jam" or a few other outstanding Moby Grape cuts on the album, as they already own the group's master tapes.

Could it be that Columbia is holding back material for future repackaged Moby Grape albums? Will Great Grape be the forerunner of Amazing Grape or Grape Therapy or other such collections? Only time will tell.

Until then, Great Grape remains as a great album for those poor unfortunates (like me) who missed these songs their first time around and who cannot afford to run out and buy all four Moby Grape (Columbia) albums. After sampling these eleven juicy Grapes though, you may want to do just that. And if you listen long enough to them, you'll find a raisin to believe.

"Grease" The 50's Musical Nominated for 7 Tony Awards



"Grease", the musical that brought back the sounds of the 50's will be a contestant in the 1971 Tony Award Competition, which will be covered in the next edition of The Richmond Times. Photo left is of the entire cavorting in the High School basement. (Note typical

stairway on left and gym lockers on right.) Photo right shows a scene at a drive-in movie. Carol Demas is the girl with the charm bracelet and Barry Bostwick, who is nominated as best musical actor, is the stud on the right.

Student Critic Makes Good



Craig Zadan, former Entertainment Editor for the Hofstra Chronicle (student publication at Hofstra University on Long Island), has been named an assistant editor of SHOW MAGAZINE, published by Huntington Hartford. In his early 20's, Mr. Zadan was formerly associated with AFTER DARK MAGAZINE, and was responsible for their cover stories on Alexis Smith and Sylvia Miles. An in-depth interview with Robert Morse, done by Mr. Zadan during the rehearsals for David Merrick's "Sugar", was recently published in the Daily News' Sunday edition.

Silent Running

A movie review by John Besignano

Silent Running is the first movie directed by Douglas Trumbull. Trumbull is well known for the special effects he created for 2001: A Space Odyssey. The film is a shakily constructed work that is sometimes confusing and lacking in direction. At the Universal screening of this film, Mr. Trumbull, when asked what the focal point of the film was, said: "The film concerns the limits of what machines can do."

Most of those who saw the film at that screening, however, thought that the focal point was the attempt at saving earth's plant ecology system. At this point, a plot summary might be useful:

Six space freighters are stationed by Saturn with "closed system domed pods" as cargo. These pods contain plant and animal eco-systems that are the sole remainders of such systems. All plant life has disappeared from the earth. The order is received to cancel the eight-year old project that would one day have, it was hoped, replanted the earth. The pods are to be ejected and destroyed by the freighter crews. On one freighter, "The Valley Forge," something goes wrong and the ship, sans three crew members and all but one of the pods, goes hurtling off towards the rings of Saturn where the craft miraculously survives passing through the rings.

Aside from the weak plot, the film reeked of the technology of 2001 without the necessary background. The viewer is left with a few confusing ideas. There is gravity on the ships, but no explanation of how it works. Atmoc bombs go off rather noisily, yet the vacuum of space cannot conduct sound waves. There is also no explanation of how the ships get their power, nor any mention of how it came to be that the earth could no longer support plant life.

The special effects were too special but less effective. The star, Bruce Dern and his co-stars, the drones (truncated birth defect cases) were neither bad nor good, just tolerable. Silent Running on the whole is not worth seeing if you are a science fiction aficionado. As a work of sci-fi, it leaves much to be desired... very much.

Townes Van Zandt

by David Moseder

Townes Van Zandt is one of the unspoiled performers of country, folk music; dynamic in a quiet, understated way. His songs are down-to-earth, sincere, unpretentious and above all, moving; even more so when transmitted through the raw silk of Townes' vocal cords.

I caught his act last week at Kenney's Castaways and was disappointed only in the brevity of the set. He walked up onto the stage, picked up his guitar, smiled and introduced his first number. Seven songs later he had demonstrated the variety and vibrance of his music and his voice.

As a composer, he writes about everything from summer Thursdays to card games to old folks' homes to many sides of love; all with a freshness and simplicity lacking in many contemporary singer-songwriters. As a performer he is not afraid to do someone else's material if he likes it. In fact, the most interesting song of the set was written by Townes' half-Indian friend, Pete LaFarge. According to Townes, Pete wrote the song, "Ira Hayes," for the Navaho Indians who told him that "nothing

can be done (for them) because it's already too late."

"Ira Hayes" as talk-sung by Townes Van Zandt is the compelling story of a Navaho Indian who, in spite of the ill treatment given him by the white men, joined the U.S. Marine Corps during World War II and subsequently became a hero at Iwo Jima. When he returned to this country, however, he was subjected to the same abuse as before. A few years later he died, drunk, in an old muddy ditch.

After his first set, I talked with Townes and found him to be a very friendly individual. Born in Texas, Townes (who considers himself a longer) has "lived all over" but mostly in the south and the west. He'll be heading for Nashville soon to record

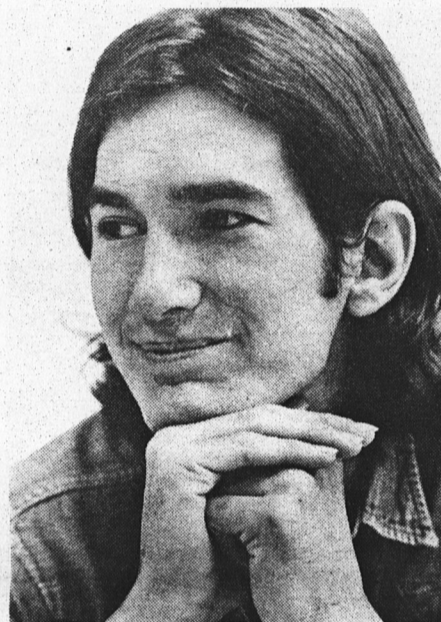
his fifth album. While other musicians joined him in the recording of his albums, he almost always performs in public as a soloist. ("That way you don't have to split the bread.") Among his own favorite performers are Lightening Hopkins, The Rolling Stones, Van Morrison, Hank Williams and Jerry Jeff Walker.

It was a conversation with his friend Walker, he says, that led to his dropping out and hitting the road six years ago. Townes and his two parakeets have been on the road ever since. He says he likes New York, but prefers Colorado and New Mexico. He wants to visit Oregon and Washington because "it's the only part of the country I haven't been to."

I found listening to good music in a small club atmosphere a refreshing change of pace from the Madison Square Garden type scenes. It is unfortunate that such a gifted performer as Townes Van Zandt has not received wider recognition, though I don't believe that Townes cares a hell of a lot whether he plays the Garden or not. He derives most of his pleasure from travelling around the country, and finds it especially satisfying to "play a really good set...write a good song..."

Slowly but surely, Townes is getting his share of the music world pie. There will soon be a book of Townes' poetic lyrics on the market. Elvis Presley has recorded one of his more recent songs "Two Hands." Johnny Cash is recording a few Van Zandt originals and Townes is also the author of "Mister, Can't You See," Buffy St. Marie's current single which all the music trades are touting as a big hit. Townes, as a performer and as a human being, deserves such notoriety and then some. To quote Rolling Stone "...if there were any justice in this world, he'd be a star."

Like most of us, Townes does have an ultimate goal in life: "I'd like to mold the universe to my standards." And after all, friends, isn't that what life is all about?



Personal
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Letter to self unheeded
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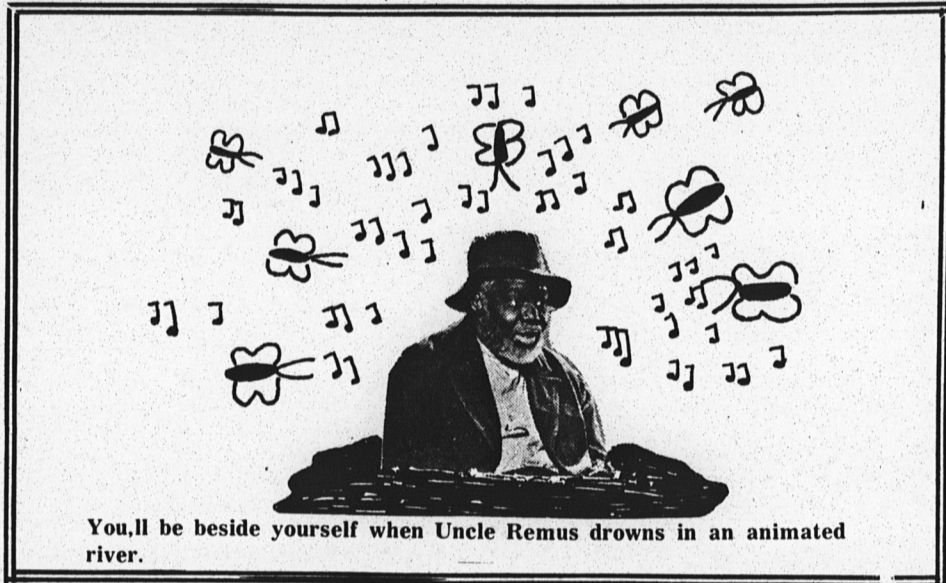
SONG OF THE SOUSE

by Andrea Jay

Wall Diznee's "Song of the Souse," the combination of action and live animation formerly released in 1939 and filmed entirely in the Luray Caverns, was probably twice as exciting to see then as it is now. Featuring an all asmathic cast, a

wide appeal.

The live action performers can only stand aside, however, when the animators take over and relate the age-old story of a group of left-wing possums who try to spring a newspaper reporter from jail armed only with a gross of magic wands. James



You'll be beside yourself when Uncle Remus drowns in an animated river.

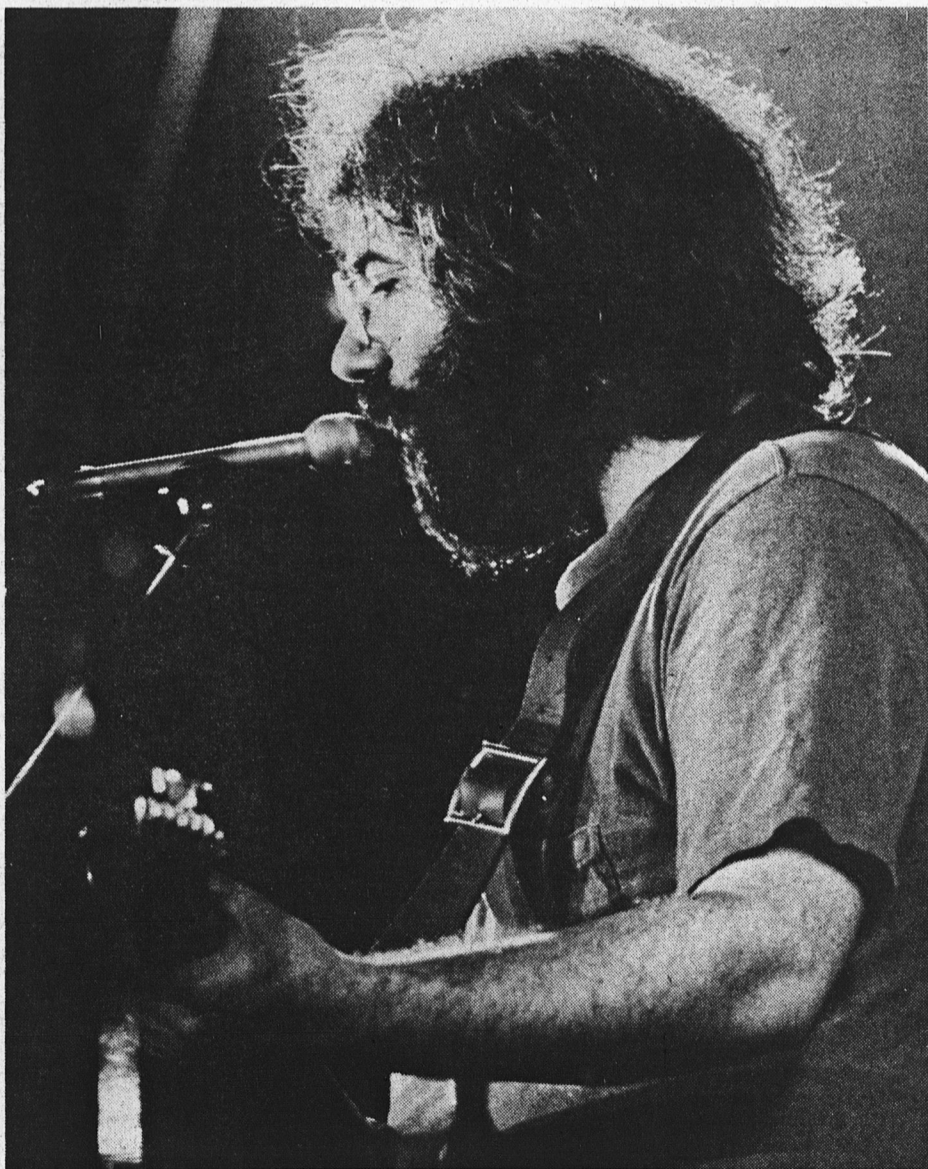
melodious score (which includes the Marquis de Sade Award winning ditty—"Zipper Me, Doo Dah", this incredible Wide Scream abortion brings to life Harriet Breecher Stove's never-ending tale of Uncle Remiss.

Ruth Gollom (now incarcerated in the Deborah Home for the Feeble), the late midget Bobby Dripscull, and Sam Thousands give fine performances, but it's Marcia Dimes, as the adulterous plantation mammy and James Briskit as Uncle Remiss who are responsible for the film's

Cagknee renders an excellent performance as the ex-con who goes bad on the ghetto streets. When animation and live action combine, we see James Briskit drowning in an aminated river while butterflies, who sound remarkably like butterflies, sing a heart-rending death dirge.

The excellent photography and voice characterizations (those done by the Morbid Havanickle Choir) and the talents of over 400 wealthy capitalists, prove once again that with money, anything is possible.

Head of the Dead



Jerry Garcia, leader of the Grateful Dead and subsequent spawner of New Riders of the Purple Sage, is getting raves from rock critics all over the country for his first solo album "GARCIA." "Sugaree" a single lifted from the album has also become a smash hit.

Paperback Rider

"The Throne of Saturn"

A Novel by Allen Drury

Reviewed by David K. Moseder

The Throne of Saturn, the latest novel from Pulitzer Prizewinning author Allen (Advise and Consent) Drury, is now available in paperback (Avon books, \$1.50, 734 pages.) In it, the author attempts to throw a sympathetic light on the U.S. manned space program. (This fact aroused my curiosity, as I have similar sympathies, though with several reservations.) Unfortunately, The Throne of Saturn goes beyond the sympathetic and is, in fact, oppressively patronizing and chauvinistic.

The plot of Throne of Saturn revolves around the first U.S. excursion to Mars via "Planetary Fleet One." The flight is unpopular, receiving little support outside of The President, the Veep and NASA, but in their hearts they know they're right.

"Right" is the word for Mr. Drury's point of view, as can be readily determined by the antagonists he has chosen for his novel. These are: The New York Times; The Washington Post; the major television networks; a crusading "where-has-my-country-gone-wrong" magazine editor; an "ambitious" liberal senator; a "former radical turned labor leader;" an embittered black astronaut; and millions of "sincere" Americans who are "misguided" by the above forces.

Of course these people are only the dupes, who are playing into the hands of the "real" bad guys, The Russians, or The Communists as they are interchangeably referred to.

The heroes of this travesty are the men of NASA; more specifically the astronauts and even more specifically, "Colonel Conrad 'Connie' Trasker, Jr., 'Perfect Astronaut'." With few exceptions I found it difficult to

identify with or even like any of the major protagonists. Trasker and most of his fellow astros come across as being chauvinistic, egotistical, self-righteous glory hounds. They did not at all appear to me as the dedicated, sincere, "it's-for-the-good-of-all-whether-they-realize-it-or-not" super-humans that Mr. Drury obviously intended them to be.

Indeed, less than half-way through the novel I found myself siding with the author's intended antagonists, in spite of the arch, cliched, monochromatic characterizations he has given them.

Beneath the politicizing and blatant hero-worshipping on Drury's behalf, there lies a lukewarm space-race melodrama; complete with Russian sabotage, treason among the crew members, presidential "betrayal," and assorted space heroics. We even have the wife of the black astronaut sleeping with her husband's arch enemy and superior, Col. Trasker. It all distills down to a happy ending for NASA, but a philosophically weak one for the reader.

I'm sure the Goldwaters and the Agnews across the country will love The Throne of Saturn as it a) perpetrates the myth of the "liberal, distorting media;" b) casts organized labor in the role of "radicals;" c) totally distorts the problems of the Negroes in American society; and d) seems to imply that Joseph McCarthy might have had the right idea after all.

The Throne of Saturn is "dedicated to the U.S. astronauts, and those who help them fly." Ironically, with this novel, Allen Drury does for NASA what Richard Daley did for the Democrats in 1968.

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The Richmond Times Magazine

VOL. XI NO. 5

RICHMOND COLLEGE-CITY UNIVERSITY

APRIL 21, 1972



Peter Bogdanovich's "What's Up, Doc?" is the funniest comedy since "It's A Mad, Mad, Mad World." This 1930's style laugh-riot can now be seen at The Radio City Music Hall.

EDITORIALS

Statement of Alan Shark, Chairman, The University Student Senate:

The involvement of the United States in the Indo-China war began in 1954. Since that time over 50,000 young Americans have been cut down, thousands more have been hopelessly crippled or maimed, and untold millions of innocent civilians have been massacred.

The present policy of Vietnamization was designed by President Nixon to pull the United States out of the war. It is unconscionable to think that the increased bombing over North Vietnam is designed to further this goal.

Once an American officer said, after he had disemboweled a Vietnamese hamlet, that he had to destroy the village to save it.

The question we must now ask the President is: "Must we destroy an entire nation in order to help it find it's own determination?"

On behalf of the people of the United States who have lost their loved ones, on behalf of all Americans who have felt the pains of estrangement from the democratic processes, on behalf of all Americans who have suffered the discrimination of having to fight in a war for a country which does not offer them equal rights, on behalf of all Americans who feel the economic distresses which have been caused by this war, on behalf of all Americans who want their children to grow up with the feeling of pride and honor in their country and are ashamed of this war, the University Student Senate calls upon the President to cease his merciless bombing on the North and bring our troops home.

**STOP! THE
BOMBING
END THE WAR
NOW!**

