

# The Richmond Times

VOL. VIII No. 3

RICHMOND COLLEGE-CITY UNIVERSITY

October 14, 1971

## Richmond College Is A Hothead Of Apathy

by David K. Moseder

Due to a delay in the voting process, (caused, not by mechanical failure or mismanagement, but by sheer apathy), The Richmond Times was unable to carry the results of the Student Government elections. At press time, results were incomplete and inconclusive. Little over 500 people had cast their ballots.

This amounts to approximately 17 percent of the student body. The elections are not valid unless at least 30 percent of the students vote.

Therefore, voting was extended three more days (Oct. 12, 13 and 14) in hopes that apathetic students will change their minds and enter the voting booths.

The Richmond Times is committed to specific layout and publication dates which can't be changed on such short notice, and therefore can't cover the election results until next issue (Oct. 28).

The Richmond Times suffers most from this delay, as our budget will not be approved or opened, until the new

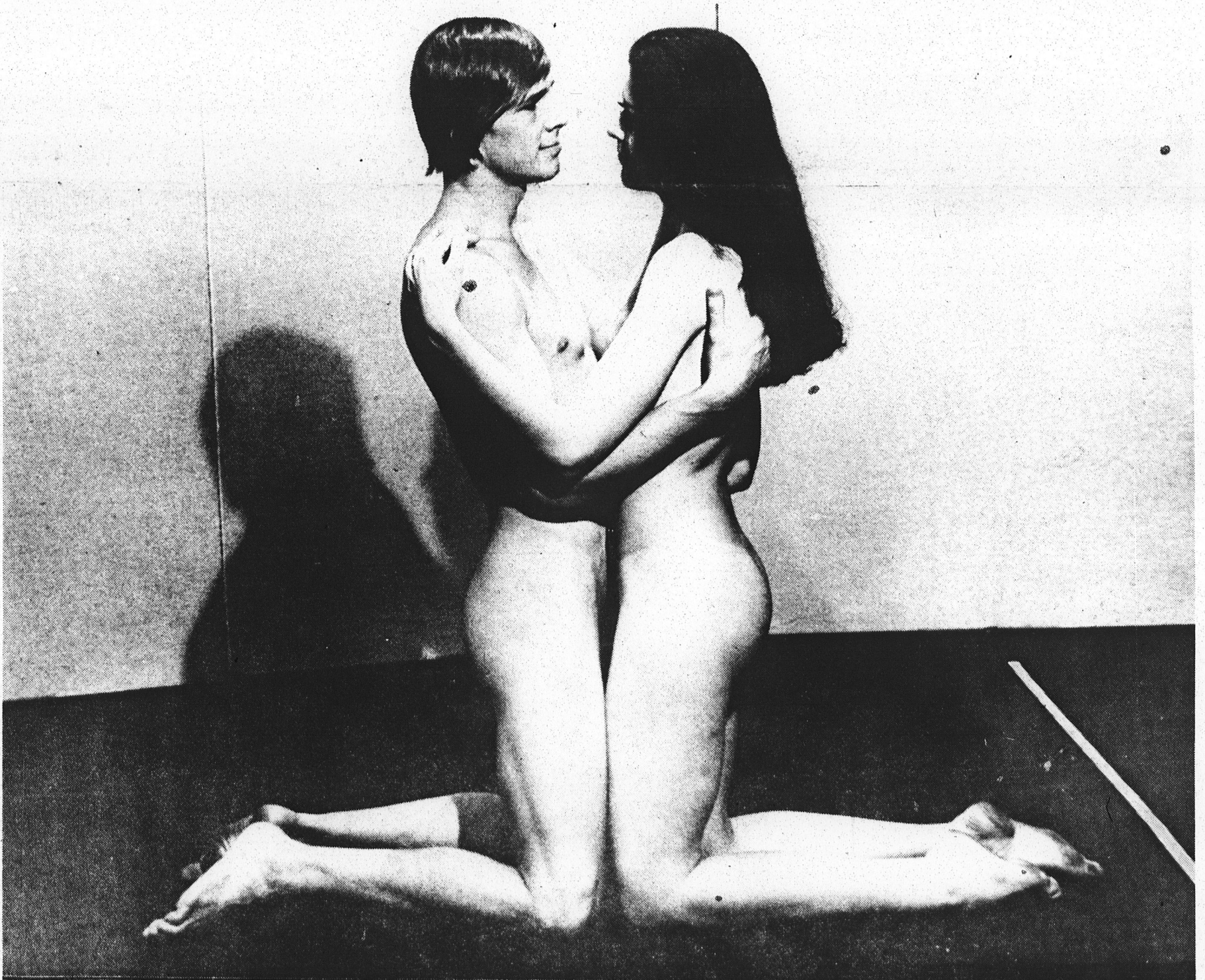
government takes office. This means that publication, press service, telephone and other bills are long overdue and we are therefore at the mercy of our creditors. Just as important, staff members have not yet been reimbursed for expenses incurred in the line of duty, for which they have had to lay out their own money. (I personally have almost twenty dollars coming to me, and my wallet has long been on a stringent diet.)

Again, we will publish the election

results in our next issue, if we feel it is still necessary by then. If there are any complaints as to why results were not printed in this issue, don't complain to us or to Student Government—go to the students—the great apathetic masses—the silent majority—and tell them. Then tell them that if they didn't vote in the elections, they'd better not complain about any lack of representation or any other such political ills.

Richmond College is still, as it was in the past, a hotbed of apathy.

## "Oh! Calcutta! "The Show That Broke The Nudity Barrier



Gary Rethmeier and Samantha Harper are the lovely couple in the show that is nearing its 1000th performance. Originally conceived by Kenneth Tynan of the London Repertory Company, directed by Jacques Levy (a former psychiatrist of

the Menninger Clinic) "OH! CALCUTTA" is now available on twofers. (For more great Theatre and Music reviews, see pages 8-11).

# STANDARDS AND GRADES : An Evaluation

by George Rozos

## I. Grading and Valuing

For those of us operating on a free experimental tract, the bi-annual ritual of final grading raises some particularly painful questions. It is easy to dismiss the whole thing by saying that grades don't really matter, but deep down we and our students know that this is not true. Careers, income, and especially the sense of self-esteem and accomplishment depend on grades. To test this proposition imagine yourself saying to a student, "Your work is worthless, but I'm giving you an A." The question immediately comes to mind "Why?" Your statement appears in need of completion. Suppose your answer is that this is your way of subverting the System or helping somebody get a job. Then you are, in effect, attempting to reintegrate a disintegrating value system at a level where revolution or jobs stand above what you consider intellectual or artistic excellence. Any consistent pursuit of such a policy is incompatible with a community of spirit (intellect, religion, or art) because it subordinates its standards to the goals of society at large (equality, income, or Benthamite happiness).

Though not too apparent at first sight, grading is a way of subsuming community values to those of a greater society, rather than helping to preserve them, as the defenders of grades claim. Actually, grading is not only inessential but detrimental to a community, whereas standards of value are a *sine qua non* for its existence. A community is an intimate form of social interaction, and all social interaction involves some kind of evaluation of the behavior of others. All face-to-face contacts involve an ongoing mutual evaluation and the more intimate the group, the more all-encompassing the ongoing process becomes. What essentially distinguishes grading from evaluation of this sort is:

- 1) The graders form a separate (higher) group from the graded.
- 2) Grading is an impersonally arrived at, formally recorded, and efficiently transmitted process of evaluation.
- 3) Grading claims objectivity and universal applicability to all individuals *qua* equal human beings living in a larger society. (By contrast, a community, though it might be placing itself as a group above other groups, does not claim universal applicability of its standards).
- 4) As a result of the preceding features, grading in general is a form of certification for society at large, and as such allows the power of the grader to shape the life and future of the graded much beyond the chronological and psychological span of the personal (community) relationship between the two.

## II. Historical Trends and Present Ambiguities

Tracing the historical origins and causes of the distinction between valuing and grading is tantamount to tracing the transition from community to the larger (bourgeois) society and the eventual atrophy of intermediate associations under the centralized state. In brief, however, as the subservience of educational institutions is gradually accomplished, pluralistic standards of value are absorbed into the notion of universalist grading. In a series of interlocking entities of specialist-graders and graded-subjects, which are the greater society increasingly came to approximate, grading serves to tighten the control over pluralistic values and intermediate institutions. As the dehumanizing function of grading becomes apparent, all forms of

highly rationalized interpersonal comparisons come under severe attack along with the bureaucracies and technologies which make them possible.

The above attack is manifested on two distinct fronts: A vigorous attempt to return to community and the espousal of a radical (anarchistic) individualism. By stressing practice rather than rhetoric and pinpointing the vicious role of universalism implicit in bourgeois and socialist ideologies, both fronts help to expose the flimsiness of the critique of the bourgeois society from an *ex cathedra* social-welfare standpoint. But like any other new critical attempt, this one is not free from problems either. These problems are no better exemplified than in the educational field, and especially its experimental sector. As the hypocrisy of universalist value-pronouncements and the insidious role of grading is revealed, the issue of standards of value has to be confronted afresh. For unless the distinction between valuing and grading is restored to what it was before the greater society began to blur it for its own convenience, we are in danger of getting rid of the baby along with the dirty bath water.

A free educational environment is intended to help people become aware of the values implicit in what they have been routinely doing so that they can determine if these values are really their own. The persistence of the grading system is obviating this and thus distorts the purpose of experimental education. This in turn encourages evasion and dishonesty on the part of both graders and graded. Each group is offered a tempting cover—the ostensible "objectivity" of the grading system—behind whose inexorability both graders and graded alike take cover to secure a livelihood and evade responsibility for the authorship of their educational judgments and products.

A whole series of developments reflecting the persistent questioning of the prevailing standards of value, point to the undermining of whatever objective basis might have been claimed for the grading system:

- a) The links of the university with the warfare state side by side with its politicization by the "left".
- b) The erosion of the collegial spirit and the educational decision-making among peers by the majority.
- c) The increasing ability of students and faculty to extract "educational" advantages by political means.
- d) The reluctance of teachers to use their academic authority unmitigated by extra-academic "relevant" considerations.

Whatever is left of the grading system only serves to obscure the necessity for distinguishing values from grades and hence the reason for commitment to standards, whether community or personal. As things stand now existentialist "bad faith" is rampant, for the responsibility which goes with a widely talked about self-authored value system is missing. The symptoms of "bad faith" are hustling, manipulation, and shifting the blame on cosmic forces for what happens in one's backyard. Its source is the illusion of objectivity—here in the form of a professedly despised grade system.

## III. The Abolition of Grades

The conclusion seems inescapable. If our aim is to educate individuals, grades must go. The remaining question is whether something should replace them. In other words, should schools continue to certify people for the greater society or not. Since the preeminence of the greater society over community is not likely to dissipate in the near future, to answer the last question in the negative would be equivalent to abolishing the schools in the way we have known them for the last two centuries.

What I am proposing is to avoid this dif-

ficult dilemma by abolishing grades and instituting self-authored values. Certification by a third party would be eliminated, and each individual would stand instead on his own accomplishments *vis-avis* whomever he chooses to deal with in the greater society. The specific advantage for the student would be that he would stand on the actual record of his work rather than secure grades with which to confront prospective employer or graduate school. It would be easy to obtain Xeroxed copies of the student's research papers, pictorial essays, taped poetry, filmed field trips, video-taped environment, slide presentation, etc., including the recorded comments of peers and teachers if the student so desires. Technological advances in storage and retrieval of information, as well as miniaturized recording equipment has brought all this into the realm of practicability. The INTERLAB, when implemented, could serve this venture by both encouraging projects and helping record and store them.

The roles of the registrar, librarian and teacher will be greatly affected. The latter will be a critic, a resource, a coordinator of people, and a guarantor of the authenticity of the records. With regard to current


educational practices, it should be noted that the educational activities which are either difficult or meaningless to record, such as "objective" exams or quizzes, premised on a temporary isolation of the student from his sources, are becoming less popular even in traditional classrooms. On the other hand, we are witnessing more activities taking place outside the classroom, where the intellectual content cannot be recorded apart from the experience, and generally fewer, but greatly sustained activities as against many short fragmented ones. All these activities render themselves ideally to multimedia recording.

In the classroom, under the present system, free criticism is being hampered by a spirit of camaraderie among students and the fear that such criticism may spoil the grade of a fellow student. Criticizing the teacher is being shunned for fear of retaliation through grading. The teacher, on his part, is reluctant to tear down what he may deem worthless, if he knows that he has to match his criticism with an appropriate grade, and that no judgment should be issued without scepticism, especially if it

*Continued on page 3*

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A. JAY

# "We Can Change The World"

by Stephen Jason

What do you call a national leader, who speaks of peace, but wages war? What do you call someone with hair down to his ass, wearing a peace symbol around his neck, who sells pot for twenty dollars an ounce? What do you call this hippie, who just five minutes ago was denouncing capitalism but is now taking your twenty dollars? What do you call a superstar whose music is full of peace and love themes who refuses to perform at a benefit concert? For that matter, what about the people who buy his records? What do you call a person who speaks of peace and love, sees war and hatred all around him, but does nothing? Finally, what do you call a person who pays outrageous prices for concerts and pot, boots and food, realizing he is being used, but continuing to conform?

Our national leaders are not products of our culture. They are not our fault. However, now that we know their game, it is our responsibility to act. We must settle for nothing less than truth and if they refuse us we must refuse them.

As for our longhaired "Merchants of Venice" they are of our culture although they to, are not our fault. They are their own fault! Are they cowards, aware of the unacceptability of capitalism but afraid to find a better way? Are their actions merely hypocritical, going along talking but not acting? I think they are standing in the way of meaningful change, timid and obscene because they are our own.

Our superstars belong to us because it is our culture which made a place for them. They are responsible to our culture and should serve it. If they don't, our culture should cease serving them. We buy their records, and there's not much one can say, is there? Capitalist record companies and concert promoters will continue to take our money as long as we continue to give it to them. In many cases, we have made heroes out of junkies and actors who make music not just to create sounds we like to hear but sounds we like to pay for. If you can see my point, how much difference is there between a Nixon and a McCartney?

Meanwhile, we all wonder what will happen when the revolution comes. What the fuck are we waiting for? The Revolution came, it's here now waiting for us while we wait for it! Revolution is change, a break with the past. It means replacing worn tested and unworkable values with new values that will work! It means that we can make honesty and truth, brotherhood and love, the foundation of a new life. There can be universal cooperation instead of bitter competition. Smiles on our faces rather than blank, empty stares. All this and more, whatever we want can be real. It may never be realized on a national or state level, for that would take something I'm not sure we're capable of doing. However, we can have it. In our own lives whenever we finally

realize our potential. Break things down to our own lives and we are stronger than you think. Don't sell pot at profit prices, be satisfied to break even and contribute to your brother's head. Refuse to pay for high priced concerts and soon prices will come way down enabling our less fortunate brothers to afford them. If you're really feeling like a little Jerry Rubin, refuse to pay any price at all until concerts are free. If you are hungry or want to smoke some pot, ask your brother for help, he'll be there. When someone asks you for help, help them. When you get drafted, don't go. You're not alone anymore. When traveling, stick out your thumb and you'll get a ride. When driving, always pick-up hitch-hikers. This may sound funny, but vote. In Berkeley, freaks are sitting in the city council. We must realize that it's the other society that treats women as objects, not ours. We are all equal and this time we mean it. If you don't like some of the laws, ignore them and make new ones, conducting yourself by them. Believe in God, not the god as "in god we trust" but the God in whose image we are made. We must learn to trust each other and we will. Let's start now if we dare.

What do you call me for thinking this? Am I a fool or are you thinking the same things?

## Standards and Grades

Continued from page 2

has long range affects in the lives of his students.

On the level of faculty and department politics, many efforts to establish an experimental environment and relax the grade system, has caused suspicions and fears, sometimes bordering on paranoia, on the part of the traditionalists. These fears are not totally unfounded. "Unstructured" programs frequently attract people who are uncommitted and or incompetent. The surest way to kill an experimental school is to allow it to become a sanctuary of people with low self-imposed standards and weak motivation to defend them. (The recent demise of both Old Westbury and Bensalem may bear out such prognosis). However, it should be equally unacceptable to establish beforehand a screening system, which is simply a grading system at the end of admissions.

By placing the burden of proof on each individual, the proposed system will enhance free criticism, relieve the source of serious interfaculty tensions, and attract the "right" people to experimental programs. Finally it is the only way, short of abolishing formal education, of establishing some meaningful relationship between education and employment, pronounced values and actual accomplishments, authority and respect, and freedom and responsibility, within the educational community.

# ¡Que Viva Puerto Rico Libre!

by La Asociacion



The invasion was successful. By 1975, all resistance had been crushed. Behind the soldiers, entered the sociologists, teachers, linguists, geologists, and politicians, who would completely distort the reality of Vietnamese people and their history. English was made the official language after the Columbia's Teacher's College specialists took control of the school system. American eating habits, along with the appropriate TV dinners, were introduced to cover up the destruction of Vietnamese agriculture. And, what no one had expected, millions of Vietnamese were now being shipped to the western coast of the United States with the promises of good jobs, milk and honey, (and special arrangements with the airlines for non-stop flights from Saigon to Los Angeles). Millions were now living in the slums of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Seattle, and other western cities. Hundreds of thousands of other Vietnamese replaced the chicano farm workers. In turn, a hundred thousand United States whites were now living in Vietnam, controlling the best jobs, determining everything from a kind of culture that was "produced", to the

kind of houses that were built (Levittown specials). And most importantly, 13 percent of the land surface of tiny Vietnam was now occupied by military forces that used Vietnam as a staging area for invasions against other countries in Asia, which the United States was trying to control.

Does this sound unreal? Check it out. All of the conditions outlined above exist in Puerto Rico. After 72 years of United States occupation, Puerto Rico is today the "showcase of democracy presented to Third World nations, particularly Latin American nations. The colonial practice of breaking down a whole nation's identity, of changing around its geographic features, of changing its language, and of dispersing its people throughout the breadth and width of a whole continent has been refined by the United States to such a fine art that not only the nations of the world, but its own people have been fooled into thinking that Puerto Rico is a "Commonwealth", or to use the Spanish translation, "Estado Libre Asociado" (free associated state.)

What isn't publicized is that any AmeriKKKan company can set up shop in Puerto Rico and have a tax free status for 17 years, then change its name and renew its status; that 30 percent of our population is unemployed and 25 percent on welfare; that despite the many Levittown housing tracks around San Juan, 65 percent of our people live in shanty towns, usually over swamps and mudholes; that sterilization of Puerto Rican women is so common that now one out of every three women of childbearing age is forced into sterilization; that there is no minimum wage law in Puerto Rico. Thus, Puerto Ricans are receiving salaries that are one-third of those received in the United States; the cost of living on the island is two times higher than it is in the United States; everything produced in Boriquen is exported and everything the island consumes is imported. Our women are all considered prostitutes (San Juan has replaced Havana as the prostitution center of the Caribbean) and our men servants. In short, our nation is held up as a showcase to the Third World; well it is, a showcase of imperialism.

THE SLOGAN OF THE ORGANIC FOOD FREAKS IS: "YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT!"

NOW, IF THIS IS INDEED TRUE...

... THEN I KNOW AN AWFUL LOT OF PEOPLE WHO ARE ON STARVATION DIETS!



# COLLECTIVES: THE MEANS JUSTIFY THE MEANS

by The Red Sunshine Gang

## First of A Series

Why is it important to know the difference between mass and class? The chances are there can be no conscious revolutionary practice without making this distinction. We are not playing around with words. Look. We are all living in a mass society. We didn't get that way by accident. The mass is a specific form of social organization. The reason is clear. Consumption is organized by the corporations. Their products define the mass. The mass is not a cliché—the "masses"—but a routine which dominates your daily life. Understanding the structure of the mass market is the first step toward understanding what happened to the class struggle.

What is the mass? Most people think of the mass in terms of numbers—like a crowded street or a football stadium. But it is actually structure which determines its character. The mass is an aggregate of couples who are separate, detached and anonymous.

They live in cities, physically close yet socially apart. Their lives are privatized and deprived. Coca-Cola and loneliness. The social existence of the mass—its rules and regulations, the structuring of its status roles and leadership—are organized through consumption (the mass market). They are all products of a specific social organization. Ours.

Of course, no one sees themselves as part of the mass. It's always others who are the masses. The trouble is that it is not only the corporations which organize us into the mass. The "movement" itself behaves as a mass and its organizers reproduce the hierarchy of the mass.

Really, how do you fight fire? With water, of course. The same goes for revolution. We don't fight the mass (market) with a mass (movement). We fight mass with class. Our aim should not be to create a mass movement but a class force.

What is a class? A class is a consciously organized social force. For example, the ruling class is conscious and acts collectively to organize not only itself but also the people (mass) that it rules. The corporation is the self-conscious collective power of the ruling class. We are not saying that class relations do not exist in the rest of society. But they remain passive so long as they are shaped simply by objective conditions (i.e. work situations). What is necessary is the active (subjective) participation of the class itself. Class prejudice is not class consciousness. The class is conscious of its social existence because it seeks to organize itself. The mass is unconscious of its social existence because it is organized by Coca-Cola and IBM.

The moral of the story is: the mass is a mass because it is organized as a mass. Don't be fooled by the brand name. Mass is thinking with your ass.

**Primacy of the collective**  
The small group is the coming together of people who feel the need for collectivity. It's function is often to break out of the mass—specifically from the isolation of daily life and the mass structure of the movement. The problem is that frequently the group cannot create an independent existence and an identity of its own because it continues to define itself negatively, i.e. in opposition. So long as its point of reference lies outside of it, the group's politics tend to be superimposed on it by events and crises.

The small group can be a stage in the development of the collective, if it develops a critique of the frustrations stemming from its external orientation. The formation of a collective begins when people not only have the same politics but agree on the method of struggle.

Why should the collective be the primary form of organization? The collective is an alternative to the existing structure of

society. Changing social relations is a process rather than a product of revolution. In other words, you make the revolution by actually changing social relations. You must consciously create the contradictions in history.

Concretely, this means: organize yourselves, not somebody else. The collective is the organizational nucleus of a classless society. As a formal organization it negates all forms of hierarchy. The answer is alienation is to make yourself the subject, not the object, of history.

One of the crucial obstacles to the formation of collectives is the transitional period—when the collective must survive side by side with a disintegrating movement and a mass society. The disintegration of the movement is not an isolated phenomenon but reflects the weakening of the major institutions in American society responsible for our alienation. Many people are demoralized by this process and find it bewildering because they actually depend subconsciously on the continued existence of these institutions. We are witnessing the break-up and transformation of an institution integral to modern society—the mass market. The mass market is a corporate structure which few people are sufficiently aware of to realize how it affects our political life. We really do depend on our "leaders" whether they be the Chicago 7 or 7 Up. Our understanding of the collective form of organization is based on a critique of the mass and the dictatorship of the product.

These conditions make it imperative that any people who decide to create a collective know exactly who they are and what they are doing. That is why you must consider your collective as primary. Because, if you don't believe in the legitimacy of this form of organization, you can't have a practical analysis of what is, happening. Don't kid

yourself. The struggle for the creation and survival of collectives at this moment of history is going to be very difficult.

The dominant issue will be how collectives can become part of history—how they can become a social force. There is no guarantee and we should promise no easy victories. The uniqueness of developing collectives is their definitive break with all hierarchic forms of organization and the reconstructing of a classless society.

The thinking of radical organizers is frozen in the concept of a mass movement. This form of struggle, no matter how radical its demands, never threatens the basic structure—the mass itself.

Under these circumstances it takes great effort to imagine new forms of existence. Space may be created before we can think of these things and be able to establish the legitimacy of acting upon them.

The form of a collective is its practice. The collective is opposed to the mass. It contradicts the structure of the mass. The collective is anti-mass.

**Size of the collective**  
The aim of any organization is to make it as ample as possible, or as McLuhan puts it, "high in participation, low in definition." The tendency is just the opposite. Our reflex is to create administrative structures to deal with political problems.

Most people cannot discuss intelligently the subject of size. There is an unspoken feeling either that the problem should not exist or that it is beneath us to talk about it. Let's get it out in the open. Size is a question of politics and social relations, not administration. Do you wonder why the subject is shunted aside at large meetings? Because it fundamentally challenges the repressive nature of large organizations. Small groups that function as appendages to larger bodies will never really feel like small groups.

The collective should not be bigger than a band—no orchestra or chamber music please. The basic idea is to reproduce the collective, not expand it. The strength of a collective lies in its social organization, not its numbers. Once you think in terms of recruiting, you might as well join the Army. The difference between expansion and reproduction is the difference between adding and multiplying. The first bases its strength on numbers and the second on relationships between people.

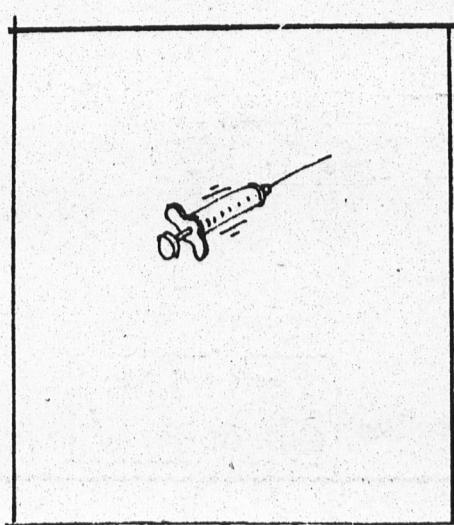
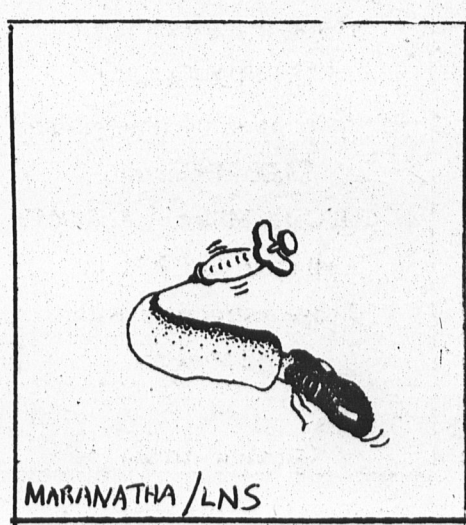
Why should there be a limit to size? Because we are neither supermen nor slaves. Beyond a certain point, the group becomes a meeting and before you know it you have to raise your hand to speak. The collective is a recognition of the practical limits of conversation. This simple fact is the basis for a new social experience.

Relations of inequality can be seen more clearly within a collective and dealt with more effectively. "Whatever the nature of authority in the large organization, it is inherent in the simple organization unit." A small group with a "leader" is the nucleus of a class society. Small size restricts the area which any single individual can dominate. This is true both internally and in relation to other groups.

Today, the mode of struggle requires a durable and resilient form of organization which will enable us to cope both with the attrition of daily life and the likelihood of repression. Unless we can begin to solve problems at this level collectively, we are certainly not fit to create a new society. Contrary to what people are led to think, i.e. united we stand, united we fall, it will be harder to destroy a multitude of collectives than the largest organizations with centralized control.

Size is a key to security. But its real importance lies in the fact that the collective reproduces new social relations—the advantage being that the process can begin now.

Continued on page 5



Proposition I

ICHMOND COLLEGE: A PLAY

Act I Scene I

The office of the ICHMOND TIMES, the only student newspaper. The institutional beige colored office contains four desks, a few gunmetal tan file cabinets, one worn typewriter and magnificent view of the pigeons on the roof of the building across the street. Sitting in the office on chairs stolen from the student government office down the hall are; David Mushy, editor-in-chief, and Francine Wornfingers lone typist. The scene opens with David saying;

David: Francine (Pause) what do we have for the next issue?

Francine: (Staring at the typewriter) Next issue?

David: Next issue?

Francine: Next issue of what?

Suddenly in bursts Zowie Leibowitz, managing editor and resident token Jewish short haired radical.

Zowie: (Giving the propeller atop his yomulka a spin) Hey guess what I'm up to?

No reply from David who is looking at a passing pigeon, or from Francine still staring at her typewriter. Zowie: I'm going to start a radio station here at Ichmond, and the community will be closer to the college, and I'll get to talk on radio, and play records, and tell the whole world what I want, and we'll all live happily ever after.

David: Just wonderful Zowie.

Zowie: Of course its wonderful, I thought of it and when I think of something its great and I...

The scene suddenly shifts to the hall outside the office where the features editor, John middle of the road leaning to the right is walking with one of his numerous girlfriends.

John: I'll be right with you, I just want to drop off my latest article. Girlfriend No. 524 says nothing just gazes at him adoringly. He casually flings his article into the office, clasps her hand warmly in his and walks off.

The scene shifts again to the office where Zowie now standing on a soapbox is showered with paper.

Zowie: And I know what I'm doing, and I'm always right, and...

The scene fades out.

Act I Scene II

The lavishly appointed office of Dean Smiles, Dean of placing oil upon troubled waters. Dean Smiles is sitting behind his mock mahogany topped stainless steel desk. Through the always open door walks in two

normal Ichmond College students. Both have long firzzed out hair, beards, sweat-shirts, dirty torn jeans, .....

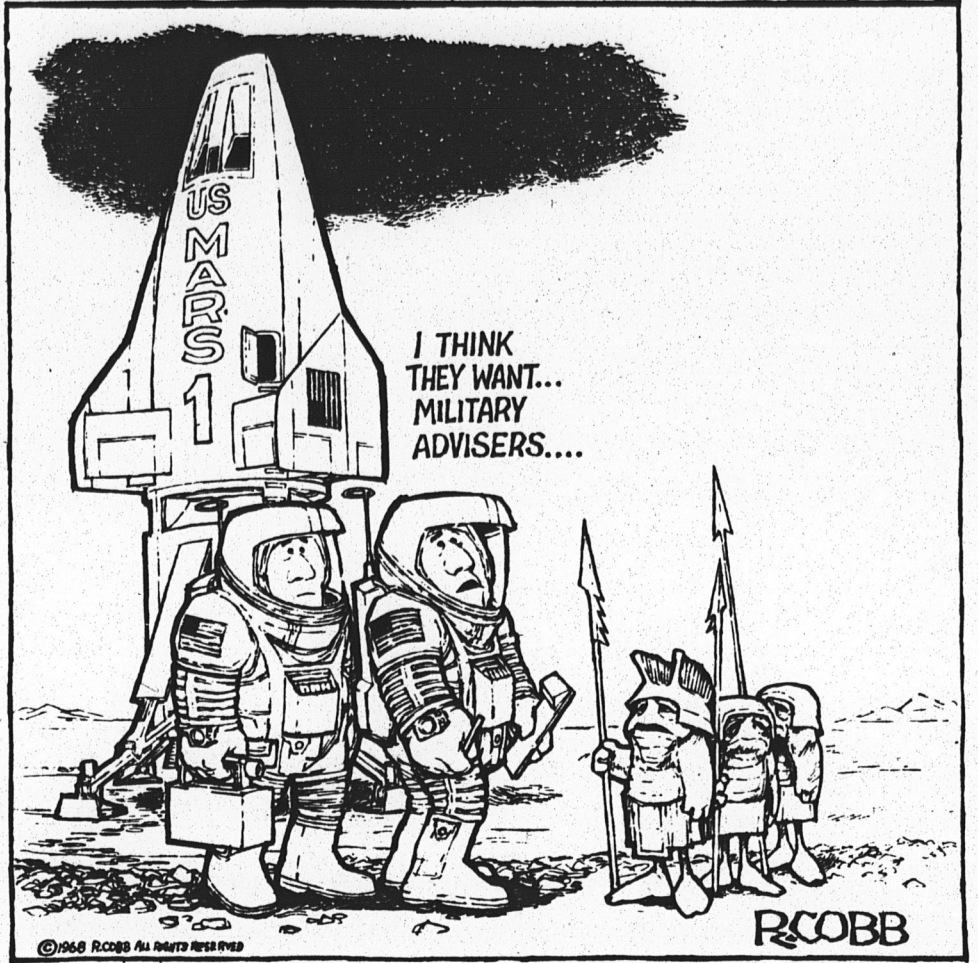
To be continued next issue.

A note to the editors of this excuse for a college newspaper; Censorship is alive and well.

FAREWELL TO RON RIGHTWING



The Valient Defender of Mom, Apple pie, J. Edgar Hoover, D.A. Braisted, John Wayne, Life Liberty and Conservatism. Ron died a forgettable death standing on a polluted river screaming "Ecology is a Communist plot." He is survived by his sister, Suzy Straight, and his half brother Gomer Pyle.



COLLECTIVES...

Continued from page 4

The limitation on size raises a difficult problem. What do you say to someone who asks, "Can I join your collective?" This question is ultimately at the root of much hostility (often unconscious) toward the collective form of organization. You can't separate size from the collective because it must be small in order to exist. The collective has a right to exclude individuals because it offers them the alternative of starting a new collective, i.e. sharing the responsibility for organization. This is the basic answer to the question above. Of course, people will put down the

collective as being exclusive. That is not the point. The size of a collective is essentially a limitation on its authority. By contrast, large organizations, while having open membership, are exclusive in terms of who shapes the politics and actively participates in the structuring of activities. The choice is between joining the mass or creating the class. The revolutionary project is to do it yourself. Remember. Alexandra Kollontai warned in 1920, "The essence of bureaucracy is when some third person decides your fate." (To be continued)

SPECIAL ELECTION

An election to fill four student seats on the Curriculum Review Committee of a new Social Science sub-division will be held on October 18th, 1971 at 2:40 in room 1-701. Those eligible to vote are majors in history, geography, economics, political science, and sociology majors who have taken 58.362 or 58.450. Nominations will be taken from the floor or they can be submitted in advance of the meeting. Nominations can be given to Professor Small, C.Carey, Fetzer, or Sheffer. Evening students will have the chance to vote in class on October 19th-20th.

A leaf has died; a leaf is born  
Another day, another dawn.  
Night is death and day is life  
Where are all the people's sight?  
The world is full of many dreams  
Children cry and people scream.  
Birds sing and flowers grow  
Nature's never ending hello.  
So why do we all stop and say  
Tell me now which is the way?  
The children answer in delight  
Your heart will always guide you right.  
Peace and love for everyone  
War and hate for no one.  
Freedom from fear and prison of love  
For all children of Kingdomcome.  
Ask not why, but ask of thee  
Love always, for eternity.  
JO-ANN MERLA

Cartoon by D. Moseder showing a man with a long nose holding a lit cigarette. A speech bubble says "SMOKING IS DYNAMITE!". A box at the bottom says "DON'T SMOKE CIGARETTES!". Text at the bottom left: "\*Tars - Nicotine - Trouble".

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# EDITORIALS

## Integrated Studies Controversy

There has been a lot of controversy centering around the Integrated Studies Division. Word has gotten around that the Board of Higher Education is going to send "inspectors" around to the different Integrated Studies courses to make sure that there is sufficient "academic content" in the courses.

The Richmond Times feels that such actions by the Board of Higher Education will defeat the concept of Integrated Studies.

The Richmond Times demands an explanation from President Scheuler as the purposes of these actions.

The Richmond Times wonders if this is the first move by the Board to close down the Integrated Studies Department, and what, if anything, the students will do about it?

### Guest Editorial

## Proposal For Puerto Rican—

### Latin American Institute

The proposed Puerto Rican-Latin American Bi-Lingual Institute reflects the growing interest at Richmond College in Puerto Rican—Latin American studies. But essentially it is motivated by the realization that it is educationally and politically vital in today's world to become fully acquainted with these cultures. However, the concept of an Institute, as such, with an autonomous structure, to effect these requirements grew out of a new sense of awareness of students of La Asociacion Estudiantil Puertorriqueno-Latinoamericana: that it was of extreme importance for the socio-political and cultural development of Puerto Rican-Latin American students to influence in a meaningful and decisive way, the circumstance of their education. In view of this, the students of La Asociacion see the Institute as the essential first step in achieving academic freedom, political unity and cultural identity.

## Congratulations It's A Boy!

We, THE RICHMOND TIMES, wish to extend our congratulations to Sonia Ragir (Social Sciences). She gave birth to a baby boy, on October 4, 1971. His name is Ulysses.

## The Richmond Times

David K. Moseder  
Editor-in-chief

Howard B. Leibowitz  
Managing Editor

Anthony Lepere ..... Photography Editor  
Donna Brogna ..... Copy Editor  
Cathy Raleigh ..... Layout Editor  
Richard Kornberg ..... Entertainment Editor  
John Besignano ..... Features Editor

Contributors to this issue: La Asociacion, Robert E. Chiles, Alan David, Stephen Jason, Andrea Jay, Howard Mantel, Jo-Anne Merla, Terry Morgan, Roger Nelson, Proposition I, Earl Scott, John Turnbull, Liberation News Service, and The Red Sunshine Gang.

Photos: Martha Swope, Zodiac, LNS.

THE RICHMOND TIMES is a bi-weekly 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



### From The Dean's Desk

## Apologize Or Rethink?

by Robert E. Chiles

Now in its fifth year of operation, Richmond has developed clearly identifiable characteristics in a number of areas. It has also developed a sometimes sophisticated rhetoric to extol its virtues, both real and presumed, and to minimize its faults and failures. Nevertheless, it still has various ill-defined areas and confused realms.

The rhetoric proclaims that Richmond is intended to be a school for adults, both inside and outside the classroom. While reality supports this proclamation to a degree, extra-curricular student activities haven't always demonstrated such "adult" characteristics as orderliness, consistency, and responsibility. Rather they have been replete with vagaries, confusions, and repetitions, and the mortality rate of some enterprises has been pretty high.

Take, for example, student publications. Some literary endeavors have made it into print a time or two, struggled, and then expired. Dozens of social, political, cultural and recreational groups have been chartered and budgeted only to limp along and finally languish. Student government, another example, has operated under three different constitutions in four years. Often it has had difficulty in securing a quorum; at other times it has been everything but a model of power and productivity. Ventures into the arena of athletics, too, have been limited, spasmodic, and have lacked continuity and enduring support.

And while this listing could easily be extended, this small sampling is sufficient to bring the most euphoric student activist or idealistic student personnel worker back to reality.

Yet, I am not recommending mea culpas all round: some extenuating circumstances can be cited and some basic questions raised about what extracurricular life really ought to be. For one thing, there are several characteristics of the Richmond student body that might mitigate against the traditional program of student activities. Most students commute, often as much as three hours each day; many must work to

help pay for their education; most find it necessary to spend more time at their studies than previously. And a number are considerably less excited by the extracurricular activities that fired their imaginations in high school.

For another, there are certain concepts that bear examination.

1. Is the classroom actually the most important room in the college? If it is, should priority not be given to those extracurricular pursuits that grow out of life in the classroom and are related to it?

2. Is not students' non-academic time most effectively and gainfully employed in devising new program, recruiting staff, working with budgets and otherwise acting as full-fledged citizens of the college community?

3. Is it essential that a college community preoccupy itself with senior pictures, holiday dances, clubs, beauty contests and the like without much thought about their long-range value? In many colleges don't "student activities" continue out of habit or for their own sake?

4. Is it unthinkable that Richmond should announce publicly that it is not big for athletics because it regards many other things as more important?

5. Is there any significance in the fact that "student activities" are seldom emphasized in graduate schools?

I personally am not in favor of eliminating extracurricular activities. Rather, I would suggest that they be assigned an appropriate place within a broad and meaningful context. It can be argued that this what we have done at Richmond, even though often the process has been unwitting and haphazard.

Our present need then is not for apology. What we do need is the participation of students and others in deciding what Richmond stands for and what extracurricular activities should accomplish. A good way to begin is to sort out the various determinants that, quietly and often unconsciously, have shaped our extracurricular life thus far.

### Career And Placement Service

## Weaning Process Made Easier?

by Roger Nelson

"Roger, get me a job." There are more than a dozen alumni who with this plea on their lips have visited my cubicle during the last month. On hearing this I dip into my file of job openings pulling forth the ideal \$19,000 year do-your-own thing job working for Underwater Systems Inc. or some other well known established firm. Right? — Wrong.

Each of us, but especially the graduating Senior is suffering through the worst recession in over 40 years. The words "freeze", "cutback" and "budget squeeze" are familiar to all. Companies and agencies, both private and public alike are in many cases either cutting back or have a freeze on hiring. This is especially true in the governmental sector and private social-service agency areas. Then what are the chances of success in finding suitable employment after graduation? It depends on a number of factors such as major, grades, experience, geographical preference, flexibility, and your ability to begin making plans as soon as possible. Job opportunities are limited for those who wait until two days before graduation to begin looking. Complicating the job search effort, even for those who begin early, is the job market which will again be very limiting for the psychology, sociology and engineering science major who holds but a bachelors degree. Very few Seniors are guaranteed a "good" job when they graduate. Those students with an abundance of "H" grades might have the best opportunities from

which to choose. But in most cases, job choice is a compromise affair. Students with average grades have to work that much harder.

### Some Observations

Students who say, "The hell with it, I'll do my own thing and enjoy life. Who needs bread anyway?" are in the minority — even at little old Richmond. It's great to be able to do as you please in an alternative vocation. And if that's what you want, beautiful. We have some materials in the office that may help you get started. But many of you have found that you need bread to get yourself together before making the decisions on graduate study or a permanent vocation, be it social change alternative or traditional. Let's face it, life can be difficult going out to do your own thing without food in your stomach. The point is this. Make your "After Richmond, What?" plans early. Be they working for the Board of Ed., a free school, I.B.M. or Underwater Systems Inc.

For many of you, Richmond College is a very comfortable place with few pressures and many good vibes from your friends around you. Unfortunately the outside world is somewhat distinct from the Richmond cloister. Many students suffer the post Richmond shock syndrome upon graduation. One way of alleviating this malady is acquainting yourself in advance with what to expect. The Career and Placement Service can help you with this at times painful, but necessary, acquaintance.

Peace.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Parolee's Plight

POST OFFICE BOX NO. 2  
Lansing, Kansas 66043  
October 6, 1971

Richmond Times  
Richmond College  
130 Stuyvesant Placd  
Staten Island, New York 10301

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I am a prsioner in the Kansas State Penitentiary, serving a sentnece of one to ten (1-10) years for passing a thirty dollar (\$30.00) check. I have already served twenty (20) months, but have finally been approved for parole under compact to New York on October 19, 1971.

Needless to say, I shall not be leaving on this date, unless I get a job immediately. My original parole plans did not fall through. I was going to parole to my mother for a short while, but as we never did get along, she sent a letter to the people here, advising them that she would not accept me, so I am back to where I had started from.

I asked to parole to my sister, but because he is a public assistance recipient (welfare) they would not accept this, although I would only be staying with her until I got my first pay check. I have been sending out S.O.S. letters for jobs since July, but have received the same mimeographed answer for prisoners; "We can help you when you get out." But I need a job to get out.

This is what I am asking of you. That you please help me to get a job with some 'reputable' firm or person who can be 'investigated' by the parole officer up there. Perhaps you can also get someone who is 'working' to sponsor me and help me get a 'place to live' until I get my first pay check. I realize that you don't know me, but if I am unable to turn to my comrades in the movement, then who can I really turn to? The 'older people' aren't going to make any efforts to assist me.

I am twenty-five (25), have completed two years of college, majoring in philosophy. I am qualified for social work (drug users and teenagers), billing machine operator (clerk), accounting clerk, shipping and receiving clerk, interior painter (houses and apartments), forklift operator, shoe salesman, cook and all around handyman.

I am interested in social work, but will be willing to accept any job offered me. I am sick of being locked up like an animal and being treated like a 'subcultured idiot.' My talents are going to waste. Got a lot to say when I get out. I shall be grateful for any help you give me. As soon as I get a job, I will be paroled.

I shall be looking forward to your very helpful and immediate reply. Please send me a letter from the firm or person pledging to employ me upon my parole. This is mandatory.

All power to the people!

Always yours,  
Mike Pina,  
No. 19771

IF ANYBODY CAN HELP MR. PINA, PLEASE CONTACT THE RICHMOND TIMES OFFICE, ROOM 539. WE URGE ALL OUR READERS TO TRY AND HELP HIM FIND EMPLOYMENT HERE IN NEW YORK CITY.

--D.K.M.

## Bookstore Next?

Dear Editors:

"Man does not live by bread alone." How about the bookstore?

S. J. Stearns,  
Social Sciences

Dear Prof. Stearns:

Don.t worry, we're going to get them soon.  
--DKM

## Agrees With Chiles

TO: Editor of the Richmond Times

I should like to submit this critique in reply to Dean Chile's article "Every Dean Has His Day," to appear in the next issue of the school paper. Thank you for your consideration of this material.

I should like to commend Dean Chiles for his position on canine participation at Richmond. Belonging to a small minority who find the presence of our four legged friends in the classrooms, corridors, cafeteria and bathrooms distasteful and repulsive, it is satisfying to see someone has finally voiced their opposition to "Richmond's Canine Activities."

Entering the lobby, one must compete with a dog for a place in the elevator. While therein, arises the problem of the friendly mutt who begins barking, growling and displaying other definite negative reactions to everyone on board. One is forced to tolerate this abuse or get off and use the stairs (a solution many have taken.)

If fate permits you to reach the classroom unassaulted by a dog who has selected the corridor as his exercise path and personal latrine, you will surely be greeted by another canine visitor who usually arrives in the form of a St. Bernard or an Irish setter as you open the door. The imposition of these animals became apparent to me last week. In the middle of a class a student arrived with a large brown mutt. During his presence in the room, the dog cried, barked and engaged in assorted activities which made it necessary for the instructor to out "bark" him. Finally the dog was removed from the room (at the suggestion of another student) but prior to his exit, he answer his instinctive need on the floor. His owner made no attempt to clean the mess but followed his canine companion out the door.

The cafeteria has become an Auxiliary Branch of the Staten Island Zoo and Kennel Society. Last week one could observe a litter of newly born kittens on one of the dining tables. The thought of eating off a table which has just housed a litter of kittens causes my digestive system much upset. The ratio of dogs to students is increasing at so great a pace that soon the cafeteria will have to serve dog food to meet the eating habits of its customers.

The dogs here even found their way into the bathrooms. Since the evolutionary process has not yet equipped them with "door opening" powers, it can only be assumed that these naimals have been welcomed into the room by their dog living friends. Who could possibly argue that there exists a need for these pets in a public lavatory.

It appears that the animal problem at Richmond has been allowed to progress to a most undesirable state. It is imperative that action be taken immediately to rid the college buildings of all dogs, cats and other sub-human animals.

Let's return Richmond College to its rightful inhabitants.

A Richmond College Student

## Dear People

Two comments on Richmond Times articles.

Stephen Jason, in an article entitled "We can change the world", quotes John Lindsay on how awful Attica was and then says "Are these just the words of another politician or are they the words of a man who truly understands?" He doesn't answer his question but he leads me to believe that he prefers the second response. This is absurd. Lindsay has been running this city for quite a few years. He has never shown, in practice, any concern for the poor and working people of this city. He has shown himself to be quite a racist. If Lindsay understands so well how do we explain the white-washing of the New York City prison system and the murder of

prisoners here? How do we explain major educational and welfare cuts coupled with his massive spending on Yankee Stadium? etc., etc. Lindsay is a smooth, pretty-boy liberal but there is no doubt as to which side he's on--and it ain't ours.

Ironically, his comment on the Attica murders shows exactly where he stands. He said, "If you treat people like animals you have to expect them to act like animals." To him the prsioners and Rockefeller are equally guilty and the prisoners, by fighting for their rights and dignity, are only showing that they have been turned into animals. How could anyone buy this opportunist's facade of humanitarianism?

On the other side of the spectrum is Bob Feldman. From his two articles in the Times he seems to represent everything that is wrong with the movement. He had nothing to offer but slogans, rhetoric and name-dropping. No analysis is presented. He never tells people what they should do. He throws around revolutionary symbols but leaves them devoid of content.

Most of all, his entire pitch is based on guilt. We are supposed to feel guilty because we are not great revolutionaries like hhe is, because some of us are white, because some of us are males. Rather than trying to educate people to their own oppression and to their true interests he can only tell them how terrible they are. You cannot organize

people on the basis of guilt. The reasons why the women's movement, for example, has become so strong is through an understanding of the relationships of society

leading to oppression and the personal state individual woman in social change, and not through self-flagellation. Feldman can only

tell people, especially whites and males, that the movement has nothing to offer them except an opportunity to purge their evilness. Feldman of course is above all this, he is pure. We are left with nothing but an ego trip--he is the Ronald Rojack of the "left".

By the way, although John Lennon is not one of my heroes, "Working Class Hero" is a good song and he deserves credit for it. Certainly there are better things to do with our time than put him down.

Richmond College has tremendous potential for an aware and active revolutionary movement involving large numbers of students. The problem, as I see it, is that we have reached a point where we know what we are against but notso sure what we are for (Lindsay and Feldman have nothing to offer on this point). Briefly what is necessary is the creation in people's minds of a very real alternative to fight for--a humane, anti-sexist, anti-racist socialist society--and an understanding that that goal is achievable. Secondly, a class analysis which shows that the vast majority of Americans can be won for revolutionary change. Finally, a gut understanding (but one based on a rational analysis of capitalist society) of the various ways in which each of us is oppressed and how we can fight that through mass action as well as personal improvement.

Vanceremos,  
Barry Rubin

## A New Low?

To the Editors:

You have audacity to print an article that glorifies the military industrial complex. An article that is nothing more than a recruiting spiel for the Air Force. This paper and its editors have reached a low that cannot be surpassed.

J. Edgar Hoover

Dear J. Edgar:

The students have the right to know both sides of any issue, including that.

--J.B.

## A Proposal For A Richmond College Radio Station

TO: The Student Council and the Student Body

Richmond College, though it is smaller than most schools, still suffers from a lack of facilities with which to promote better communication between Richmond College students, faculty, administration and the surrounding community.

A radio station, run by students would serve a multitude of purposes. Not only would it improve communications, but it would serve as an invaluable source of education. It would also serve the entire college community.

It will take a large amount of money and human effort, but the results of such a project would see immediate rewards, and be well worth the effort.

All students who are interested should contact Howard Leibowitz, or Marv Meyerson or Louis Melendez in the Richmond Times newspaper office which is in room 539. Telephone is 448-6141.

## The Committee To Establish WRCR

### Storm in the Attic

Goin' up to the attic  
to look at the old clothes,  
to try them on,  
to see if they fit;

how absurd--  
didn't fit when new:  
the pants were short  
the coats had no buttons  
the shoes no strings

yet you wore them, and  
still you had worn them --  
until yesterday

when a storm in the attic  
split and splintered  
the rafters and  
a little daylight  
shone through.

Harold Mantel



## MUSIC

## ARTS

## THEATRE

## Let There Be Rock

## "LAZARUS"

### Return of the Blues Project

by David K. Moseder

The Blues Project are back. On their new Capitol album "Lazarus," they pick up right where they left off — playing great music. The Blues Project are Danny Kalb, (America's best white folk blues guitarist), Don Kretmar, who plays a heavy bass and an even heavier saxophone, and Roy Blumenfeld, who can do anything with a set of drums (musically, that is!)

## A BRIEF HISTORY:

The original Blues Project was formed nearly seven years ago. According to Danny Kalb: "Roy (Blumenfeld) and I originally hit on the idea for this group at a New Year's Eve party in 1964. Al Kooper joined us and then Steve Katz on rhythm guitar and harmonica, and things really began to happen." These four were then joined by vocalist Tommy Flanders and bassist - FLAUTIST Andy Kulberg.

Before the release of their first album, "Live At Cafe Au Go Go," (recorded November '65, released May '66) Flanders split, later to be recorded as a soloist. By the time the third album was released ("Live at Town Hall," which followed "Projections") Kooper had left the Blues Project with visions of Blood, Sweat and Tears in his head. Before long Katz joined with Kooper and B.S. & T. became reality. Then Danny Kalb unaccountably dropped out of sight.

Undaunted, (or perhaps slightly daunted) Kulberg and Blumenfeld recruited Richard Greene (violin), Don Kretmar (bass, sax), John Gregory (vocals, guitar) and David Roberts (lyrics) for a final Blues Project project, "Planned Obsolescence."

Within a year, the six of them switched labels and became Seatrain. A year later, Seatrain underwent a change of both label and personnel, leaving only Kulberg and Greene from what had been the Blues Project, to re-form Seatrain. Gregory and Roberts disappeared. Blumenfeld and Kretmar eventually found Danny Kalb (or maybe it was the other way around) and together re-founded The Blues Project. (Kalb's only recorded work in the interim was an excellent album of guitar duets with Stephan Grossman.)

## "LAZARUS"

The Blues Project, after a three year absence, returns triumphantly with "Lazarus." They have retained their high degree of consistency, and they still defy classification (i.e. "rock and roll blues" or "folk-jazz").

"Lazarus," the nine-minute long title song, proves that they are still one of the few groups who can handle extended tracks successfully. (Past efforts include 'Flute Thing'; 'Two Trains Running'; 'Wake Me, Shake Me'; and 'Dakota Recollections'.) It is one of two traditional blues songs (the other is 'Black Night' both arranged by Danny Kalb) on the album. There are also six original songs, one Tim Hardin number and a Chuck Berry tune.

Their choice of material, again, is typical of the Blues Project; a little folk, a little blues, a bit of jazz, etc. The "old" group's repertoire, for example, included songs by Donovan, Eric Andersen, Bob Lind, Willie Dixon, Jody Reynolds and Blind Willie Johnson, plus a good deal of original and traditional material.

The instrumentation on "Lazarus" is

Continued on page 11

## "Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone"

### An Evening That Is A Long Time Passing

by Richard Kornberg

Terrence McNally has long been one of my favorite playwrights. His playlet on the draft, NEXT, was a comedic gem, and his one-actor, NOON, which was presented on Broadway a few seasons back (with two other one-act plays under the collective title MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT) can best be described as a hilarious examination into the readership of Screw Magazine. This past summer, the John Drew Repertory Company of East Hampton presented a new McNally work, BAD HABITS, which though not as good as some of his other short plays, still was an amusing insight into mental illness.

In his latest play, WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE, Terrence McNally has departed from his usual one-act form. This is unfortunate because the show seems stretched and overlong. It is a fragmented evening of theatre, with a few scenes making direct hits, but many more being way off the mark.

Tommy flowers is a user. His motto is "why pay for something which you can get for nothing", and we see him do just that in his assorted stops at Bloomingdale's, Howard Johnson's and the like.

The basic weakness of the play is the character of Tommy Flowers. He does not elicit the sympathy of the audience, and many of his actions are cruel and unfunny. We just don't care that much about him, and we are not prepared for the in depth character study that awaits us.

Playwright, McNally has always had the ability for finding humor in usually unfunny situations (it is unfortunate that he could not find more for his title character) and this gift is still evident. The scene in which Mrs. Nixon dedicates the Carmen Hernandez Center for Leukemia Victims is classic. When confronted with the dying, blind, retarded poster girl, Rachael Gonzalez, our first lady responds, "Too bad she isn't more retarded —then she wouldn't realize how blind she is."

It is also too bad that the playwright didn't stick to his proven one-act formula. In its present state TOMMY FLOWERS is not going to go too far.



Robert Drivas and Kathleen Dabney blow the "joint" in "Tommy Flowers."



Don Kretmar, Roy Blumenfeld, and Danny Kalb of the Blues Project.



# "The Last Picture Show"

by Richard Kornberg

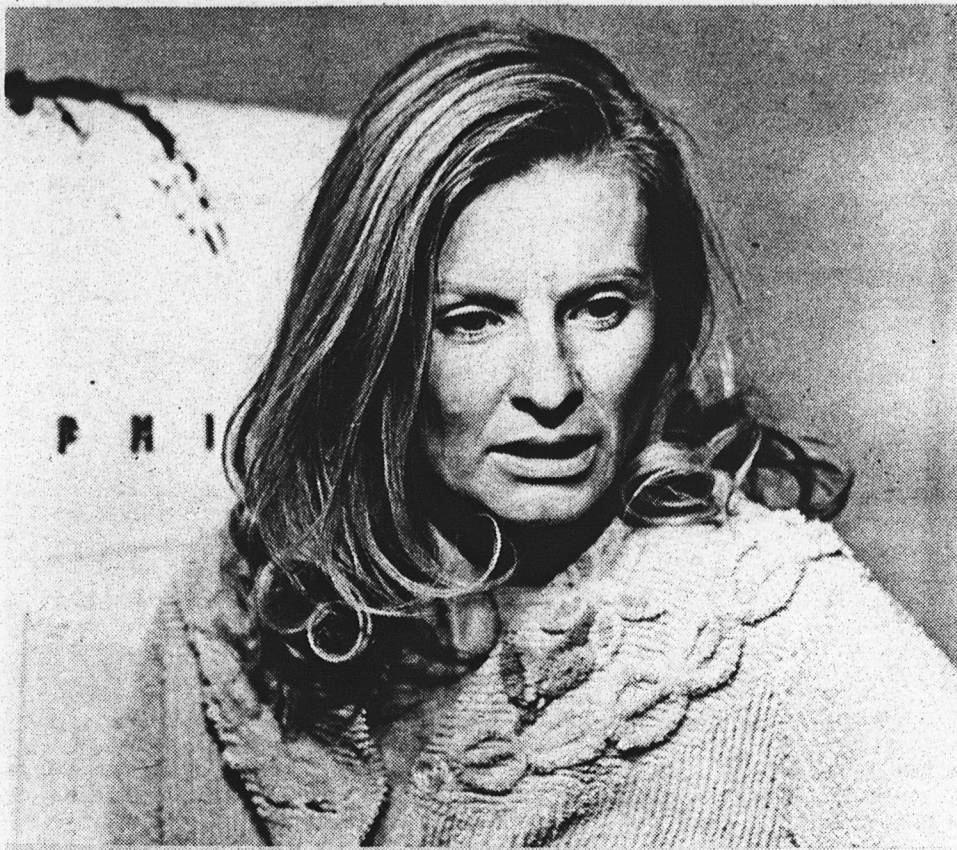
While it is common knowledge that Barbra Streisand and Judy Garland have an abundance of devoted fans, it is not so well known that there are also cliques for less known performers. One such recipient of this mini-adoration is Cloris Leachman. Who could forget her as Joanne Woodward's lame friend in W.U.S.A.? How many times have we tuned in the Mary Tyler Moore Show in order to catch one of her infrequent appearances (and also see Valerie Harper, who is another favorite). When our faith in humanity was at a low ebb, it did our hearts good when Gig Young chose Cloris over Anne Jackson in LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS.

Now Cloris is appearing with two other semi-known actresses, Ellen Burstyn (Her performance was the only good thing in that disaster, ALEX IN WONDERLAND.) and Eileen Brennan (the original Mrs. Malloy in the stage version of HELLO DOLLY and everybody's LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE) and two almost unknown actors, Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges (Lloyd's son and Beau's brother) in THE LAST PICTURE SHOW.

Possibly the biggest name in the movie is Dorothy Collins who sings the once familiar Lucky Strike jingle (and she doesn't even appear at all—you just hear her voice over the soundtrack).

With a cast of such "overwhelming audience appeal", Peter Bogdanovich's (another socko b.o. draw) THE LAST PICTURE SHOW would seem to be doomed. Well let it be known that if that happens it would be a heinous crime, for this is a movie that should enthral every viewer from New York City to Anarene, Texas (the location of this film).

It is 1951 and nothing much is happening in Anarene. Nothing much ever does, for this is a town that young people dream of leaving. For their parents (They are divided into two groups—the few that have money, belong to



Our choice for the Academy Award—Cloris Leachman.

the country club and suffer the effects of boredom; and the many, who are too stupid or just too downtrodden to do anything about their existence.) there is the television, which brings the joys of Strike It Rich and The Lucky Strike Hit Parade into their homes.

In this vast "cultural oasis", one activity that is participated in by young and old alike, is sex. Indeed, many of the older married female residents seem to have succeeded in bridging the generation gap, by having younger (in some cases, much younger) men as their studs.

Ruth Popper (Cloris Leachman) is the wife of the highschool basketball and football coach. In actuality she is approaching middle-age, but physically she is way beyond it, because her husband doesn't care about her and she really has nothing to live for; that is until she meets Sonny Crawford (Timothy Bottoms), one of the local high school athletes.

Sonny has just broken-up with his high school sweetheart, whose idea of sex was to unhook her brassiere and allow him to fondle her abundant breasts. He is still a virgin, as is Duane Jackson (Jeff Bridges) and every other kid who has not lucked out with his girlfriend or "gotten into" Jimmie Sue, the town whole (\$1.25 a throw).

Lois Farrow (Ellen Burstyn) is part of the country club set. (She is also another of the bridger's of the generation gap.) Her daughter, Jacy (Cybill Shepherd) while dating Duane, also has the dual urge of looking for someone more suitable (Duane is poor) but desiring not to be left with nothing at all.

Anarene itself can almost be described as nothing at all. It's one of those twons (unfamiliar to city folk but depressingly real for rural Americans) whose main street only consists of a gas station, a movie theatre, a pool hall and a cafe (run by Genevieve—Eileen Brennan).

Director and co-screenwriter Peter Bogdanovich has perfectly captured the spirit of the town and its inhabitants. His black and white cameras (yes, the film is shot in black and white since God knows Anarene is not a colorful place) have isolated and preserved an existence that is so shatteringly real, that one gladly forgives the occasional unnecessary clarifications made by the film itself.

As for Cloris Leachman—she is assured of an Academy Award as this year's best supporting actress.

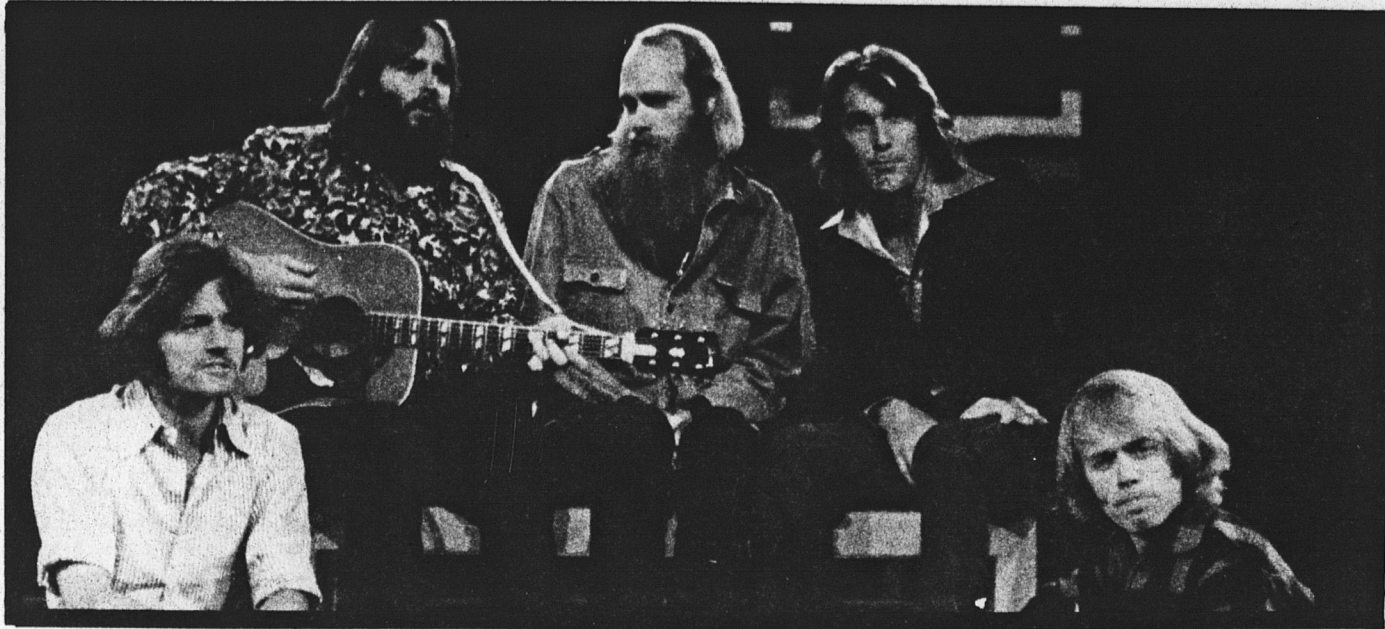


Hattie Winston and Carl Thoma in "The Me Nobody Knows" having recently passed its 500th performance at the Longacre Theatre (left photo); Gary Gage and Carol Swarbrick in scene from soon to open off-Broadway musical "Dra!"

which also stars Bonnie Franklin and Jane Connell at the McAlpin Rooftop Theatre (right photo).

# "Surf's Up" For The Beach Boys

by Terence Morgan



Since 1966 The Beach Boys have been plagued with image foul-ups and problems with their former employers at Capitol Records. Consequently their music was overlooked, even though it was excellent. In 1971 people are learning that the group is alive and well at Warner Reprise. (Reprise distributes the Beach Boys' label, Brother Records.) Their new album, titled *Surf's Up*, is probably one of their finest offerings.

The album contains the gentle but complex sounds reminiscent of "Good Vibrations" and evident in "Surf's Up," "Feel Flows" and "Long Promised Road." Other outstanding cuts from the record include the nostalgic "Disney Girls (1957)" by Bruce Johnston, and Brian Wilson's "Til I Die." Among the themes expounded in the album are ecology ("Don't Go Near The Water" and "A Day In The Life Of A Tree"), health ("Take A Load Off Your Feet") and life ("Long Promised Road," "Til I Die," and "Feel Flows"). The Beach Boys also get into some social and political topics with "Student Demonstration Time," which is

based on the 50's song "Riot In Cell Block No. 9," and Alan Jardine's "Looking At Tomorrow (A Welfare Song)." The compositions on the album prove that The Beach Boys are not merely Brian Wilson's instruments—each member of the group (with the exception of Dennis Wilson, who had an accident while the album was being made) contributed material for the album. Credit should also be given to three composers who collaborated with The Beach Boys on *Surf's Up*: Gary Winfrey, Jack Rieley and Van Dyke Parks.

The title song of the album is the Brian Wilson-Van Dyke Parks classic "Surf's Up." The song was originally composed in 1966 as a major part of the ill-fated *Smile* project. *Smile* was scheduled for release in December of 1966, but it never materialized. Since then, rock enthusiasts and Beach Boy freaks (yes, there is such a breed) have been waiting for the song that has become a legend. "Surf's Up" truly fits the legend.

The Beach Boys once again show us that they are excellent producers and arrangers. The vocal tracks contain the complex harmonies characteristic of The Beach

Boys. Many of the instrumental tracks are skillfully augmented by the Moog Synthesizer. The album was processed in quadraphonic sound (four-channel stereo) by Brothers Records engineer Stephen Desper. Although I have not yet listened to *Surf's Up* in quad, the two-channel stereo is excellent. The Beach Boys' technique in utilizing stereo has improved significantly since their "Duophonic" days at Capitol. (Duophonic is a process which electronically enhances monophonic recordings for the purpose of simulating a stereo effect. There is no stereo separation. Most of The Beach Boys' early albums were produced by Brian Wilson in monaural and then they were reprocessed in Duophonic for the stereo market.)

If you want to get into some good, satisfying music, you should give *Surf's Up* a listen. Some people will cringe in horror at the sight of an album titled *Surf's Up* by a group called The Beach Boys—but that's their problem. Maybe these people would feel better if the group changed its name. How about The Beach Men?

## A "Coming" in Bklyn. Heights

by Richard Kornberg

Located almost directly beneath the Brooklyn Bridge is the Bank, a part of Brooklyn Heights' new cultural center. While its ideas are new, the building itself is one of the oldest in Brooklyn.

This beautifully restored edifice houses both a theatre and a restaurant, the Bankside Boondocks. The eatery specializes in soul food (the owner was

formerly associated with the popular West Village restaurant and club—The Boondocks) and it is first-rate. The spare-ribs, fried shrimp, black-eyed peas and collard greens sampled were excellent, and the bartender is adept at making almost any drink desired.

The theatre also has an awesome menu—in the coming months, many different forms of entertainment will be presented. The current attraction is THE PEEP SHOW, an evening of improvisational comedy. This type of entertainment is usually risky for the actors involved, since they must rely on the suggestions of the audience. At a recent performance the quality was indeed varied—the second act being terribly funny, and the first being just plain terrible.

The female improvisors, Judy Engels and Tamara Horrocks (who is also the director) seem to be the most talented, but the entire group should be congratulated for bringing to Brooklyn an art that is as contemporary as today. Performances—on weekends; workshops for all interested in learning the improvisational techniques—Monday and Wednesday evenings.

On Dec. 9, 10 & 12, Dec. 16-19 and Dec. 23-26, Claude Kipnis and his Mime Theatre will present a demonstration in contemporary pantomime. They will also be conducting workshops.

Next March, the Multi-Gravitational Experiment Group will present an evening developing the art of dance in air—within an architecture of plastic, rubber, rope and air.

## Bargain on St. Mark's Place

by Richard Kornberg

A scant few months ago, Arthur Whitelaw and Howard Otway converted the Theatre 80 St. Mark's (once the home of the off-Broadway musical "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown") into the Movie Musical Theatre. For a \$2.50 admission, the audience is not only shown two Hollywood musicals, but is also offered apothecary jars filled with different varieties of candy and piping hot coffee.

Whitelaw and Otway confirmed that the first weeks were "successful beyond anything we expected." One bill—"Dancing Lady" and "Easter Parade"—turned away customers at every performance and had patrons sitting in the aisles, even without knowing of the unexpected visit of Joan Crawford to the theatre. Other pictures that were strong draws include "Cabin in the Sky," "Anything Goes," "Sunny," "We're Not Dressing" and the bill of "Dames" and "Hollywood Hotel." The current Judy Garland tribute, "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "For Me and My Gal" also proved immensely successful and there is strong interest in most of the forthcoming projects. In addition to Miss Crawford, such stars as Alexis Smith, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jane Russell, Imogene Coca, Gloria Swanson, Wini Shaw, Lillian Roth, Eileen Heckart, Gene Nelson, Craig Stevens, Carleton Carpenter, Fifi D'Orsay and others

have visited the theatre, most of them immortalizing the occasion with their handprints in cement. Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Patsy Kelly are among others scheduled to attend. The cement displays will shortly go into the sidewalk in front of Theatre 80 St. Mark's.

The forth coming bookings include the following: October 14-16—Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds in "Singin' in the Rain"; also "Hollywood Revenue of 1929" starring Joan Crawford, Jack Benny, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler and other top stars of that era.

October 17-20—Ruby Keeler in two—"Colleen" with Dick Powell, and "Ready, Willing and Able," with Wini Shaw.

October 24-27—Mickey Rooney in Rouben Mamoulian's "Summer Holiday"; also Rooney and Judy Garland in Gershwin's "Girl Crazy."

October 28-30—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers in "Gold Diggers of 1933"; also Powell and Rogers in "20,000,000 Sweethearts."

October 31-November 3—"Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Broadway Melody of 1938" both starring Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, with Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker, Frances Langford, etc.

All pictures originally released in color will be shown in color.

## Look At The "Young" Gals Go



Alexis Smith, Fifi D'Orsay, and Mary McCarty lead cast in scene from "Follies", that not so nostalgic musical, at the Winter Garden.

Notes On Rock

Welcome Back — Or Forth

by Alan David

Well hello, and welcome back, or forth, or whatever. I had a beautiful summer in the country, and although I was quite far from real rock music, I did hear quite a bit of the recorded kind.

Just before the summer I attended a concert that still remains quite fresh in my mind. It was my first chance to see Emerson, Lake, and Palmer, in person, and although I had seen Emerson and Lake individually, I was quite excited about seeing this new fusion of talents. My excitement was quite justified, and this proved to be the best concert I had seen all year, with enough sound and energy generating from the stage to cause my mouth to drop open, and my hair to stand on end. Keith Emerson is obviously out of his mind; but he plays so well, that I often wish that I was as nuts. The voice of Lake and the drumming of Palmer are suitable supports, and often lead off in their own directions. I found Lakes' bass and guitar sounds to be passable, but in need of work. The total effect was quite beautiful however, and I thoroughly recommend this group on album, and in concert.

It seems that since Ten Years After were getting quite stale; they were due for a change. The change of style and label, seems to have done them well; and their new effort "A Space in Time" is quite a bit better than their last two. Worth hearing.

I guess since the Fillmore closed a lot of people have been making it to Carnegie Hall and The Garden to hear their sounds. As a temporarily (I hope) unemployed musician, I cannot afford the four fifty and up for tickets to Carnegie. Not that Fillmore was so cheap, just that I often got in there for free. I miss it. Not a lot, but the Ritz and the Rock Pile just aren't suitable replacements.

The Allman Brothers always intrigued me, especially since I heard that Duane Allman was Eric Clapton's very favorite guitarist. I heard them quite a while back, but don't recall them a. all. Anyway, on Clapton's "recommendation" I bought the "Live at the Fillmore" album that was released over the summer. It is quite wonderful, and the jams fill my heart with much happiness. Having now heard their other albums I must say that this is by far the best. The tracks are long, longer, longest, and often stretch to twenty minutes. All four sides are a joy, and the guitar work is quite nice. I don't think that (on record at least) it is quite as good as Clapton's but it surely is better than most of the other "lumped together" string people. The riffs

"LAZARUS"

Continued from page 8

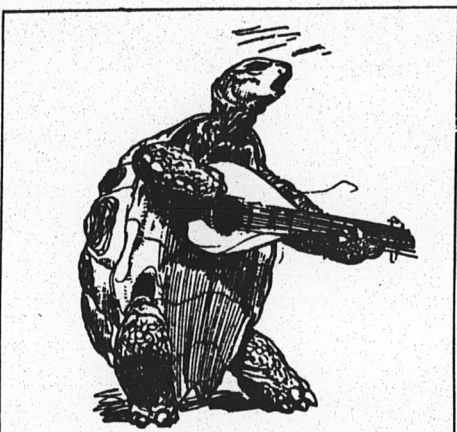
flawless, including the anonymous pianist who pops up on a few tracks. Danny Kalb's vocals, as always, are gutsy and bluesy. Roy Blumenfeld's singing, however is uninspiring (his diction is even worse) and was wisely limited to three songs. Credit should be extended to producer Shel Talmy (former "Who" producer) who exercised restraint, and avoided the great temptation producers seem to have to take over and "Phil Spector" an album. ("It's Alright" is more elaborate than the other tracks, but the instrumental and vocal blandishments are well used.)

The Blues Project themselves have this to say about "Lazarus": "We are trying to make music. We are still young but feeling our strength as we go on. This record represents a beginning as much as "Live At Cafe Au Go Go." We perhaps do not make a definite statement with this record. We see it as an offering." I would say that it is a most welcome offering from a group we're glad to have back. Contrary to what they say, however, "Lazarus" does make a definite statement and that is: THE BLUES PROJECT ARE ALIVE AND WELL AND STILL PUTTING OUT SOME OF THE FINEST SOUNDS IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

are tasty and mellow, with a nice amount of heaviness. Right on, Allmans.

The James Gang have turned out consistently nice albums, and although I tore up their live performance in Boston last year, I have always liked their recorded efforts. Their latest is not quite as good as the last three, but it is live. (that's probably why, come to think of it.) It does grow on you, and if you should like the group, then it probably is worth the hassle to rip it off from your local record shop. If they don't have it, tell them to order it, and then rip it off. It's more fun that way.

Anyone into jamming in the lounge again this year, try to make it down on Friday afternoon. Last year we had a great time partying and making music accoustically for five or six hours a day. Why not bring your axe? If there is anyone that would like to jam electrically, I would most certainly love it, and we can discuss the details anytime.



Coming Not So Soon — "A Man's A Man"

Theatre Review: Leaves of Grass

by Richard Kornberg

LEAVES OF GRASS was Walt Whitman's first series of published poems. It is now also the title of a new show at the Theatre Four, which the creators proclaim as "a musical celebration." That is about as good a description as any, for as a theatre work it is difficult to classify.

What we have on stage (I tend to think that this type of show would be better suited to a nightclub) are four performers standing in front of a beautiful, if unnecessary set, singing. Luckily, the cast is well equipped for its chores, and the first act is an enjoyable, and at times moving musicalization of Whitman's poetry. Unfortunately, the second act is not as good as the first (or possibly we just tend to tire from the sameness of the evening) but this has more to do with the unoriginal staging than the quality of the cast.

Stan Harte Jr. and Bert Michaels have not put enough movement in their

direction, and the performers all seem to want to break free from their restrictions. At the performance caught, the lead, Joe Masiell was out. Surprisingly, his replacement, Ed Evanko was the stellar member of the troupe. He had a wonderful stage presence and an equally beautiful voice. Yolande Bavan and Scott Jarvis were also quite good but Lynn Gerb, while vocally impressive, was too stiff.

The creators of LEAVES OF GRASS were obviously influenced by the off-Broadway success of JACQUES BRELE IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS. It is unfortunate because their show would have worked better without the frequent Brelian touches. Still, LEAVES OF GRASS is a worthwhile show that does not fail to entertain. The producers offer reduced priced tickets to all students, which should be an added incentive for you to see this "musical celebration."



Joe Masiell, Lynn Gerb, Yolande Bavan, and Scott Jarvis in their ode to Whitman.

FlugelHorn Be-Bop Phenomenon

by Earl Scott

By the time this article appears in print, it will have been three weeks since I participated in the ritual rhythms dance of Charlie Mingus Sextet. Jazz ain't history, it's here and damned well always was. I'm finally convinced the dildos who prophesized a scant year ago of its departure are now in the minority. Jazz muzak is still widely heard, however, real jazz reflecting all the impetus and insanity of our times, is just beginning to reclaim its audience.

Jazz is a four letter word; a theme; if you will, carried on by other instruments or voices, embellished, weaving and bouncing together, fashioning a tale of dissonance walked in off-time — great chunks of imagery and chords, syncopated by bizarre time signatures, rubbing asses to produce the New York Times or life in bed.

This brings me back to Mingus. There's no question, if there ever was one, that rock has met jazz and both these passionate lovers have returned to the boudoir. Jazzbo learning Snotface how to become a second American culture. A long time ago jazz slinky sauntered into the sessions with "da heavies" (Clapton, Allmans, Coryell and Mendel), but these early courtships were relatively Platonic. Drummers, always the last to follow suit, due to some bizarreness about time signatures, avoided such conglamations. But lo and behold, with the likes of Danny Richmond, now drumming for Mingus (releasing an album on Capitol next month) combining efforts with Elton John, touring, recording and playing

with both groups, then our time has come.

Accoustic reality is traditionally a focal point of jazz music. As a result of C,S,N, and Y etc. accoustics have been re-introduced to younger ears. No longer can Flugelhorn trumpet player, Freddie Hubbard, quip about electric non reality, and in his words, "Thefalseshitassplayin' of electric longhaired turdcuz" cause very fool group now plays an accoustic lick now and again. Rahassan-Rahassan (Roland Kirk) himself can't jump on rock as consistently as he did in '69. I saw him in January at the Vanguard and he mentioned something about British dudes remixing on sixteen tracks and reproducing Wes Montgomery, but there's no more penis-waving contempt like in '69 at Stonybrook.

The Mingus Sextet at the Vanguard consisting of Charlie Mingus, bass, Charles McPherson, alto-sax, Howard Johnson, baritone-sax, Julius Watkins, French horn, "Buzzy X", piano, and Danny Richmond, drums, was poetry, a clean presentation of avant jazz rhythms and accoustic counterpoints. I watched Charles Mingus in astonishment, as this tortured man told his "Underdog Story." The changes of mood he went through were reflected in his music and clearly in his face. My feelings about avant jazz are many, but definitely Mingus can take you on the lake at sunset or leave you in "Cholly's" mental hell. Mingus reached that pinnacle and I felt as he felt, quite old and jaded, as he got into his next to last number. The sound was a kind of a

hypnotic take off on a tired sheik who just lost his entire harem and was contemplating jerking off, it had that kind of flow. I will not analyze it here musically.

His last number revived everybody, as tuning goof on the New Orelans-Dixieland sound. Unfortunately, the existentially hip, chatty audience were jazz purists, they figured anyone who respected jazz tradition and was playing new sounds would not insult established techniques. Camp as it was, I'm not of that generation so I enjoyed it with the same enthusiasm of a Mother's concert. The crowd got very ugly and just about emptied out of the Vanguard.

After the set, I spoke with Danny Richmond, the drummer, my woman thereby proceeding in no uncertain terms to tell him what she thought of the last number. He coolly said, "Look, when you're playing with Mingus, he's the boss. It's his group, you gotta play what he says." After a brief statement in response on jazz tradition, the drummer replied, "You also gotta understand one thing, Mingus is crazy."

And so he is people. But the tradition of his ideas and the complicated beauty of his life and death in music continues to attract the new advancing talents of musicians, like Danny Richmond, who aren't afraid to take avant-jazz music to the people via their own ability to receive it. If you get a chance, dig Mingus' new album and by all means, read the man's life of pain in "Beneath the Underdog" by Charlie Mingus.

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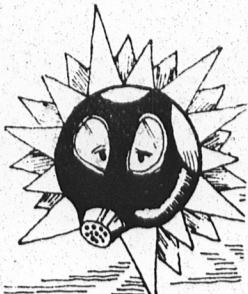
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