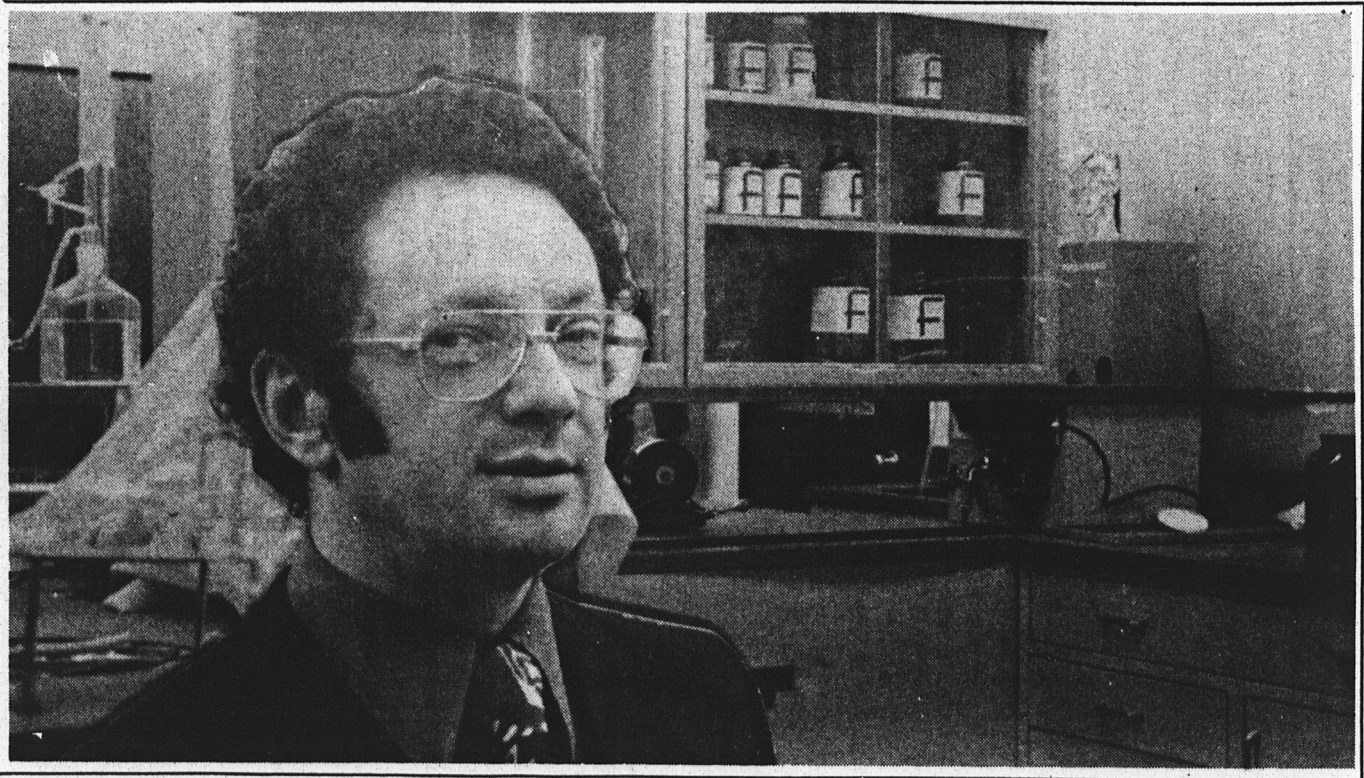


RICHMOND

TIMES

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MAR 18, 1974

VOL. 13  
No. 3



***ENDRE TARJAN***  
***Teaching And Power Politics***

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# Tarjan:

## AN EXERCISE IN BUREAUCRACY

The plush executive conference room on the ninth floor held the final direct confrontation, March 1, between the only bio-chemistry professor on the Richmond College faculty Endre Tarjan, and his supporters, and the administrators who consider him unqualified to teach here any longer.

Meetings in November and December of the Sciences Divisional Personnel and Budget Committee voted not to reappoint Dr. Tarjan for the following reasons, outlined in a memorandum from Professor Ercument Ozizmir to Dean of Faculty George Odian. Expectations that Dr. Tarjan would initiate research, that he would play an active role in the development of the Reproductive Biology Graduate Program have not been fulfilled. Furthermore he has been charged with being unable to procure chemicals for his students and finally that he neglected to arrange for an orientation session for incoming Medical Technology majors. They indicated that his abilities as a bio-chemist were unquestioned.

In answer to these accusations, Dr. Tarjan stated that "I was informed by the faculty that the school did provide both equipment and supplies necessary for research and teaching but that teaching was (their) highest priority. Until now, I received most of the necessary equipment at a moderate pace, some less important equipment faster, and virtually no chemicals, for very long periods."

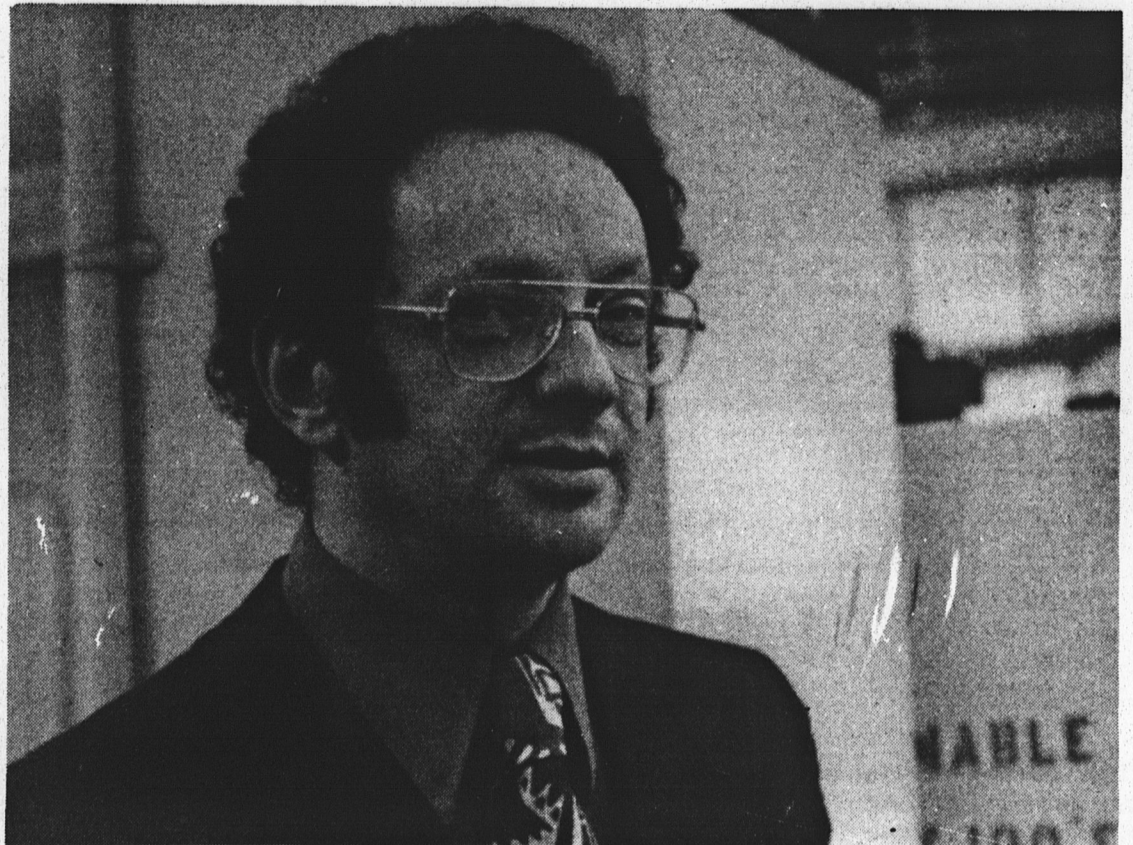
As a reflection of Dr. Tarjan's rapport with his students, 12 signatures were collected on petition asking for his reappointment in two days. All the signers of the petition were from the Pure and Applied Sciences Division. Four students spoke at the March 1 meeting on Dr. Tarjan's behalf.

The clear implication of the students' statements was that there are some other motivations besides academic reasons for this action against Dr. Tarjan. Said Ricky Veit, a biology major, "Tarjan might make other members of the department look bad because they can't meet up to his involvement with students." He added that: "There is a conflict between the Biology and Chemistry departments that is

hurting the school and this is a reason for this whole question."

One student stated that Dr. Tarjan spent innumerable additional hours with students that needed his help and another added that his knowledge of the subject matter made his lectures particularly valuable.

Reflecting a fear that such a procedure may be faced by other non-tenured faculty in the future Professor Roger McFadden, of the same department stated that, "personal conflicts between Tarjan and other members of the biology and chemistry department have led to the Division's vote." It is common knowledge that untenured members of the Divisional Personnel and Budget Committee must vote themselves out of a job or someone else, not on the committee.



ENDRE TARJAN, Professor of Bio Chemistry

One issue is the status of chemicals requested by Dr. Tarjan, to be used in his classes which he made many months ago. To his knowledge these requisitions sat in the business office during the period in question. After waiting for a long period of time for them Dr. Tarjan states that he obtained the chemicals from an "outside source".

Regarding Dr. Tarjan's requisitions, Dr. Ozizmir stated, "no requisition has

been held up more than two to three weeks. It is to me a total mystery. Requisitions get signed, they don't sit around."

This coupled with the fact that other members of the same departments have not encountered the difficulty with requisitions that Dr. Tarjan has faced so uniformly raises unsettling questions of what might be illegal manipulation of these requisitions, for somebody's own end.

Dean George Odian makes a

final recommendation to President Touster on the Tarjan appointment after the schoolwide Personnel and Budget Committee makes their recommendation. Dean Odian has already stated that he does not want Endre Tarjan reappointed. In a recent interview Dean of Faculty George Odian asked this difficult question, "What this whole issue comes down to is; What are we building for the students of the future?"

# VETERANS BILL OF RIGHTS

## VETERANS TO MARCH

Vietnam era veterans are the forgotten veterans. We are tired of this. It is our intention not to let the American Government dismiss us so easily.

WW II vets were greeted upon their return with the "GI Bill of Rights". Vietnam vets were greeted with indifference and hostility. Therefore, we have taken it upon ourselves to draw up our own "Bill of Rights" with the hope that the people of this country will demand that it become a reality. It is the least that we deserve.

### VIETNAM VETERAN BILL OF RIGHTS

1. The right of all wounded and disabled veterans to first rate medical and therapeutic attention, no matter what the cost.
2. The right to work. Thousands of jobs were found or created for the WW II vet. Nothing at all has been done for the veteran of Vietnam. We are, for the most part, unemployed.
3. The right to an education. Tuition, fees and books were paid for by the government after WW II. Those veterans also received \$75 a month for living expenses. The Vietnam veteran is expected to pay for tuition fees, books, rent, food, clothing, etc., on \$220 a month.
4. The right to an on the job training program with benefits similar to those given for educational purposes.
5. The right to effective counseling for vets with readjustment problems. (Bad discharges, drug or alcohol dependence)
6. The right to apply for small business loans under the same program that was made available to WW II vets.
7. The right to low cost GI Insurance under the same program that was made available to WW II vets.
8. The right to a responsive Veterans Administration. The VA has become a monolithic bureaucracy and has never been concerned with Vietnam Veterans. We feel that a committee of Vietnam veterans, working within the VA, would be more responsive to our needs.

These demands are reasonable. The Vietnam veteran didn't ask if it was inflationary when he went to fight the war. He simply served his country. It is about time that his country started serving him.

Once again, the Vietnam veterans will march on Washington. This time, it will not be for an idealistic cause such as ending the War, but for a realistic one of demanding what we deserve. We deserve equity with the veterans of WW II, and this may be our last chance to get it

Congress is considering a new Vietnam veterans' "adjustment bill" which could very well be the final consideration given to Vietnam vets. This bill is totally inadequate. Our Representatives have decided to give us just enough to continue to starve.

If we continue to remain silent, continue to rely on the people we elected, we will continue to be treated as if Viet Nam and ourselves never existed. We will continue to be treated as second class citizens. The time has come for ACTION!

The time has come for us to go to Washington and demand what we want! What we need! What we deserve! We have to go to Washington and present our "Vietnam Veterans' GI Bill of Rights" to the people who are supposed to be representing us.

Are you willing to go? We need a firm commitment. Anyone willing to go to Washington for one day during the week of March 25 to March 29 fill out the coupon below and return it. Room 527.

I will go to Washington on ..... (give date)

Name: .....

Address: .....

Phone No.: .....





Paul Nelson and Pat McGinnis (Front) at March 4 Meeting

## RCA GETS ITS LUMPS

by DONNA DIETRICH

The Richmond College Association (RCA) executive committee was accused of fraud in the impromptu appointment of a new secretary, and the allocation of funds to investigate possible locations for a ski trip which was never approved by the RCA board.

At their meeting on March 4, RCA board members were asked to approve the minutes from a previous executive committee meeting (these minutes were printed in the last issue of *Richmond Times*) at which \$466.00 was appropriated to Russell McCollin and Anthony Haynes to check out a possible location for a school ski trip. Board members Pat McGinnis and Paul Nelson, citing excerpts from the RCA Bylaws, raised several points regarding the legality of these minutes:

Russell McCollin is listed as acting secretary in these minutes, when he had not been duly elected to that post by the RCA board, and therefore not a member of the executive committee, and not entitled to vote at an executive committee meeting.

The ski trip, although it had been talked about at past RCA meetings, was never voted upon. So, these two people were sent to not only investigate, but leave a \$200.00 deposit, on a ski trip that had never been approved.

The members in attendance at this executive committee meeting were: Anthony Haynes, Russell McCollin, and Lori Glimcher. Russell could not have a vote, and says he did not cast one. Lori denied voting for the entire sum, (\$466), she claims to have approved only \$40.00. The only vote left is that of Anthony Haynes, and two votes are necessary for the approval of a motion by the executive committee.

These points were debated in a discussion which became so heated, that it prompted one librarian to come in and request that the sound be lowered, adding that he was sorry, but the conference room walls were not sound proof.

Eileen Hamlet, R C A treasurer, maintained that the ski trip was an official act of the board and that sending Russell to investigate was justified because no one else came through with any ideas. She added, "it's been done, what can you do?" She also felt that appointing Russell as secretary was legal.

Pat McGinnis pointed out that the ski trip had never entered the minutes, and therefore was not legal, and pressed the issue of illegally appointing a secretary. Hamlet replied, "if you don't like it, lump it!"



Eileen Hamlet & Anthony Haynes

Accusations began to fly, and at one point Pat was threatened. One person, apparently not a member of the RCA board because he did not participate in the voting, stood facing Pat and shouted, "look bitch, I'll knock your ass down." It was finally decided upon to stop shouting and resolve the matter.

At this point, Paul Nelson handed in his resignation.

The floor was then opened to nominations for secretary, the position that was vacated a few weeks ago with the resignation of Pablo Suarez. Only one nomination was given, and this name carried all except one vote. Russell McCollin is now, officially, the secretary of RCA. The matter of the ski trip was not resolved, but put off until the next meeting. The controversial minutes were still not approved.

### Where Else Your Money Is Going

A short report was given on the free legal counseling program for students; it is working well, many are taking advantage of it, and it was voted to continue this service until the end of the year.

The Veterans Association asked for funds to take an ad in the *STATEN ISLAND ADVANCE* to inform the public that Vietnam vets were just not getting the same benefits as World War II vets, and they were allocated this money.

The Sports Club was granted its requested \$2070.00 for new equipment. Since they have

more than 25 members, RCA suggested looking into the possibility of having a course based on this club's activities incorporated into the existing curriculum, thus the expenses could be absorbed by whichever division would take it in.

Amistad, a club which makes discount theatre and concert tickets available to students, was allocated more money to continue its operation.

Women were given \$575.00 to celebrate International Women's Day at Richmond College, and the Humanities division was allocated \$300.00 for a print exhibit to be shown soon in the main lobby and the lounge.

The ski trip was to have been the next item on the agenda, but it was postponed until the next meeting due to a lack of time.

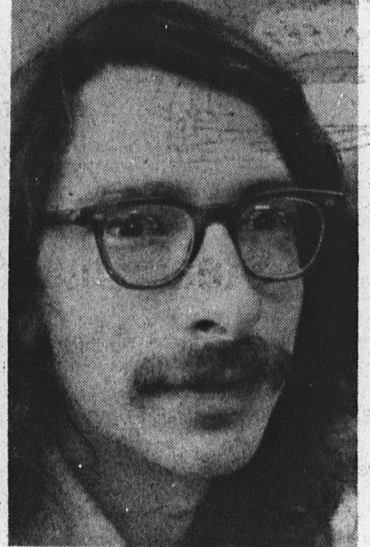
## Roving Photographer

Donna Dietrich

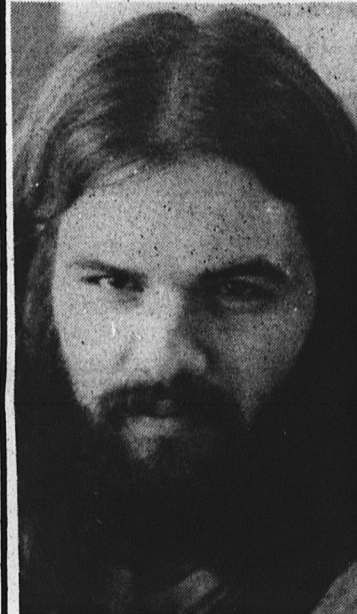
Do you really want to be here at Richmond?



**Dawn Forlie, english major.** "Sure, I do. I think this place is tremendous but of course I'm very happy to be graduating in June. I think the english department is outstanding, and the professors are great."



**George Curtis, english-psych major.** "Yes, I sure do. It's better than any other school in CUNY. (I've been to three others.) It's got a much freer atmosphere, and the people and teachers are generally more friendly."



**Al MacKenzie, economics major.** "No. I'm here for lack of anyplace else to go. I have to work to support myself, and my job is near here. Richmond is convenient, I just don't have time to go to school in the city."



**Jack Barbere, anthropology major.** "No. I don't feel this atmosphere is conducive to leading a full and pleasurable life. I don't think going to any school is very fulfilling."



**Dave Lohman, history major.** "No. It's not the college itself, it's just my attitude toward college education as it is. After twelve years of public education and four years in the Air Force, I'd like to do something else but stare at books. Education should mean a lot more than this."



**Vicki Mezzacaepa, history major.** "No. I go at night because I have to work during the day. I'm at Richmond because it's the only convenient place. If I had my choice of curriculums and schools I'd be a business major instead of history. But this is the only place I can come and they don't even offer business courses."





## Steal This Zepole

Garry Tanner

It's just common street savvy that supermarkets, especially big ones, rip us off and always have. So, what to do about it? Well there's always the time-tested five-finger discount. You just go to that big shiny A&P like you owned the place, step into the bright lights, pick yourself a shopping cart, place a few items in it for appearances, then move on to the speciality items that are really enticing. The big coat with the two way pockets, the hooks inside to hang the steaks on, and so it goes. . .

But there's another way that will fuck with their minds when it really catches on. Which brings me to the subject of this column. This edition's inquiry, neatly slipped into the pouch of the door of the Richmond Time's office (Room 539) was this:

Dear Garry,

The price of food and other things I need is becoming obscene. I stopped worrying about money a while ago and decided to go about it recklessly. Let your stomach be your guide; let your bills pile up, I said. Well, as good as this lack of worry was for my head, it did an ugly thing to my wallet. So, I took the Times last suggestion and I applied for food stamps. But what ELSE can I do? Please don't tell me to smuggle myself onto an Italian cruise ship at farewell time, when they stage those gastronomic orgies, and stuff my face with a week's worth of zepole. I'm eating my loafers a la carte tonight.

Signed,  
Desperate in New York"

Dear Desperate,

Here is the method that I advise. Can that supermarket jive and leave the zepole to the floozies who paid for it. I don't want you to pay fifty percent above cost (or even worse) ever again. COST: that's what you're gonna be paying, and it's even better with those food stamps you've got. Very simply, you're gonna join a FOOD BUYING CLUB, or start one yourself along with your friends. No longer will you be "Desperate in New York". Here's how:

First, get together a bunch of hungry folks who live in the neighborhood—ten or twelve crazies is enough to get

started. Everyone has to understand that you're going to work TOGETHER—you're going to cooperate. Second, is get everybody together and discuss what a Foodbuying Club does: it exchanges the time and work of the members for solid savings on food and other essential products. Thirdly, set up a simple organizational structure. Every club is unique and no single organizational structure could hope to fit them all. This is often something that has to be achieved by trial and error, but there are three specialized jobs that should be designated to specific members.

The BOOKKEEPER keeps track of the club's funds. This person issues money to pay for food orders, handles other money matters, and keeps a simple set of books. A model of Buying club book can be gotten through the Times office.

The ORDERTAKER receives the food order from the individual club members each week, totals up the whole club's order, and gives it to the BUYERS.

The BUYERS take turn trucking down before dawn to the local wholesale market at Hunts Point in the Bronx and do the shopping for the club on the club's market day. You'll have a memorable experience the first time you set foot into the world of wholesale produce market. If the Club wants organic produce, it contacts the People's Warehouse, which is a collective of many of the cops in the city, supported by the Switchboard (story included in this issue).

When the BUYERS return back home with the club's order, another bunch of folks, the SORTERS, separate the food into orders and the members come to pick it up.

If it sounds complicated and tedious, it's not. And to add to the benefits, you can get in real tight with your neighbors when you all work together. Now if you want to know more about how such an operation works, drop in on Thursday to the Teahouse (114 Victory Blvd.), where a Foodbuying Club will be operating. Come about 8:30 p.m. and tell them you want to see a late model green avocado with Vermont plates.

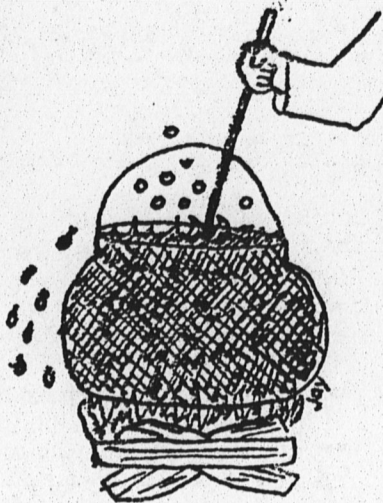
I think most of us have had ample proof in recent years of the rising costs and declining quality of medical services. And few people would disagree with the idea that doctors nowadays are a little too eager to "write a prescription" for any symptom, however minor, without adequate diagnosis of the health of the body as a whole. Enough said.

Of course there is no substitute for a professional diagnosis of a serious illness. But I feel it is possible, through proper diet, exercise and good living habits, to avoid being really sick. It is also possible to treat many illnesses and injuries at home with remedies you already have in your kitchen or can easily purchase.

The kind of healing I'll get into here is based on water, herbs, a few other plants, and oils extracted from herbs and plants. Most herbal medicines, curative or preventive, are taken as teas, so a word about making tea properly: Unless you are working with bark or with certain roots, tea should never be boiled. Steep the tea in a non-metallic covered pot of boiling water for fifteen minutes. Depending on the botanical, use a teaspoonful or so per cup. Some roots and all barks should be infused, i.e. boiled for fifteen to twenty minutes in a non-metallic covered pot, using the same proportions as above.

A good beginning "medicine chest" should consist mainly of herbs that are both healthful and pleasant to drink. I suggest: peppermint—a good general stimulant-delicious, and an excellent remedy for upset stomach, nausea, gas, and nervous tension. Chamomile—a good general stimulant-wonderful as a hair rinse for blondes and as a tonic. Good for the stomach, spleen, kidneys. Red Clover—good tasting and an excellent blood purifier to accompany fasting, dieting or recovering from an infectious illness. Try

## Be Healthy



gathering it yourself.—Drink it often. That's right those fields of red clover are healthful—leaves and flowers, but be careful of bees as you forage. Gather in the summer, dry in the shade. Valerian-(valerianis officinalis)-native's own tranquilizer, an antispasmodic and relaxant that's good for everything from menstrual cramps to emotional anxiety to convulsions (in delirious illnesses or sudden high fevers). The smell will take some getting used to, but the taste is O.K. and as an added bonus your cat will like it better than catnip. Take care not to use valerian as a substitute tranquilizer, three times a day everyday. All medicines should be used moderately. Rosehips—a fantastic, lemony tea high in vitamin C and excellent if taken freely at the onset of a cold or infection.

Golden seal—not the best tasting medicine, but it can help to heal or prevent ulcers drunk as a tea, it can clear out the nose and sinuses used as snuff, and it is excellent in a tea with cayenne pepper to heal wounds. Together with peppermint, it will help to soothe the nastiest stomach imaginable. A good eyewash, together with boric acid.

Willow bark—makes a pleasant-tasting infusion which contains salicylic acid, the basic ingredient in aspirin. Unlike aspirin, which is really

toxic and causes internal bleeding, willow bark has no side effects. Use it for headaches, fever, etc. instead of aspirin.

Cayenne pepper—British doctors in Africa have treated yellow fever with cayenne, and healed ulcers with it!!! Just plain old red pepper, hiding out in the back of your closet, is one of nature's best tonics. It will break a fever, heal wounds, break up congestion in lungs throat and sinuses. Take it in capsules or drink ¼ tsp. per cup of cool water. A little tingly, but it's worth it!!! Use a pinch of it in cooking to replace black pepper.

These are other goodies in your kitchen. Rosemary or oil of rosemary is a great hair rinse; thyme will relax someone who's just had a nightmare—; sage is good for the hair, stomach, ulcers, kidneys; oil of cloves will relieve a toothache (but alas not the decay), oil of oregano will relieve an earache, oil of garlic up the nostrils will clear up sinus infections, garlic cloves wrapped in gauze will draw out an ear infection. The list goes on.

These are just a few of the herbs and plants that can help keep you in good health. Those herbs marked with an asterisk are available from Shanti food conspiracy 704 Westervelt Avenue. Others may be obtained from Aphrodisia, 25 Carmine St., N.Y. 10003. They accept mail orders.

I hope to follow this up with a second article on remedies for specific ailments. In the meantime, I recommend two books, one old and one new:

**Back to Eden** by Jethro Kloss, Beneficial Books, c. 1933, 1971. \$1.95, paper.

**Herbs and Things:** Jeanne Rose's Herbal, Grosset and Dunlap, c. 1973. \$2.95, paper. Both are available at Aphrodisia.

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447-9327

"You only have  
your body"

**"A HEALTH FOOD STORE"**



# EDITORIAL

## Man Of The Year Almost Fired

On Friday, March 8, the College Personnel and Budget Committee resoundingly rehired, with a vote of 12-1-1, Prof. Endre Tarjen as the college's one and only biochemist. The story of how this vote became necessary—against the recommendations of the Pure and Applied Sciences P&B, and of the former Chemistry Dept. head, now Dean of Faculties, George Odian—was described by one mild-mannered teacher on the P&B as the "biggest can of worms" he had seen at Richmond College. But due to the P&B's formal and secretive procedures—not to mention the pressures Dr. Tarjen and his student and (mainly non-tenured) faculty supporters were subject to—only a few of the less malignant worms were dragged into public view, and even these were allowed to crawl away to do their dirty work at a more opportune moment.

It is our intention to empty that whole can of worms,—if we have to get rid of the can itself. For not only does this case appear, in terms of Prof. Tarjen alone, to be the most blatant frame-up that we can recall here; but it has immediate and direct implications for all of us, in terms of the purging of needed faculty, sabotage of education and programs, and the destruction of faculty-student relations by an administration eager to achieve the first two, with some help from a few sellouts among the faculty itself.

To begin with, there are good reasons for naming Prof. Tarjen "Man of the Year", before the year has hardly begun. The two crucial ones are that his story is representative of every aspect of the changes Richmond is going through and that he elected to fight it out in the broadest and most open way possible, rather than relying on technical grounds, avoiding sensitive issues,—or simply moving on to any of the more prestigious and lucrative positions which he, as opposed to most teachers in the same situation, would be able to obtain. He is thus what we have in mind in inventing such an award for the first time: an example of what we need more of at Richmond now, not next year.

In conventional terms, Dr. Tarjen might have been elected even in the absence of controversy. It is to a large extent the conventional virtues which make his personal frame-up so obvious, revealing

both what the administration is and is not looking for, and the lengths to which they will go in trying to get it. In a word, perhaps exaggerated, Dr. Tarjen is as close as we can find to an all-around scholar and gentleman now teaching here. In more sober terms, his credentials in "teaching, academic achievement and service to the school" (the three main areas of evaluating faculty for reappointment) seem at least the equal of anyone's at Richmond, after only 1½ years.

It is in "academic" terms especially—the main grounds on which he was criticized in the Divisional P&B rejection, and their later testimony at the College-wide P&B hearings—that this is unquestionable. Dr. Tarjen, is a research biochemist with an international reputation; has worked and taught the same at Harvard and Cornell Medical Schools; received invitations within the past few months alone to lecture at two foreign universities (in Italy and California); and published some nineteen papers in his field—four of them written during his stay here. He hopes to finish work toward his M.D. in his spare time, which would be academically helpful here, since Richmond is theoretically committed to programs in the medical field, where useful jobs are rumored to exist (see below). He speaks (and can lecture in) some seven languages, from Magyar to English; has a broad background in the liberal arts and sciences; and has proposed to help develop that most ambitious of "interdisciplinary" approaches—one which would unite the arts and sciences themselves. ("Experimental" Richmond may rise again!) Finally, his background in medical, research and academic work, and his own outlook, leave him among the most able to help formulate a serious and innovative approach to the varied interdisciplinary programs within the sciences, many now in the planning stages—including nursing, medical technology, and the M.A. program in reproductive biology.

It is important to weigh all this, for in trying to systematically weed out faculty, the BHE and its flunkies are switching from talk of "tenure quotas" to academic "excellence", as the standard, and rather than "competence" some union "leaders" are acting as though there were a difference. Even in Dr. Tarjen's

case—though it required sheer distortions to make a "case",—it was his academic "excellence" that they preferred to call into question. For this preference in general there are three reasons: it is a contractually "non debatable" judgment; it is the area most removed from the college as a community of teachers and students (as opposed to teaching and service); and it is the area in which "standards" are so vague and achievement in most fields the most susceptible to confinement within an "acceptable" framework of ideas, through controlling research funds, ability to publish, and even acceptance of graduate-level work in the first place—that it is obviously the cornerstone for "objectively" removing unorthodox faculty. In this case, Dr. Tarjen has strong achievements and recognition in a field not so easy to control, and the "case" against him was so clumsily put together, that even professors of Humanities choked. In the upcoming "cases" of dozens of other faculty here however, this will not be so easy to fight.

The summarized "charges" against Dr. Tarjen cover two pages (see p. ). Before refuting them in toto, some chronology is necessary. Dr. Tarjen began working here in Sept. '72; he was fired for the first time (by the Divisional P&B, on October 31, 1973, after barely a year at the school. Merely noting this unseemly haste, for the moment, consider the following dates, keeping in mind especially that the only written account of the reasons for non-reappointment (reprinted here) was not written until February 11, 1974, and includes items which could not have been judged, or did not

even occur, until after he was fired! The longest charge dwelt on is failure to coordinate the botched-up Allied Health Sciences curriculum—will be covered in depth in our next issue. For now, note only that: a) he was fired three weeks after being made chairman of the group; b) "failure" to do the spring orientation occurred after he had been fired "three times by the Division, and had resigned this post; and c) he was assigned to do the orientation while he was out of the country, with nobody knowing when he would be back.

The main "academic" charge against Dr. Tarjen—and the administration limited discussion to this relatively ethereal and specialized realm once strong opposition appeared—was that Dr. Tarjen had somehow lost his "commitment to research" since coming here, had not set up his bio-chem research lab quickly enough, and thus had not had an "immediate impact" on the school—whatever such mysticism might mean in any case. (N.B.—it is not a bio-chem lab for students that the administrators are crying for, which we'd like to see—none exists, nor is one seriously planned for, as far as we know—but one solely for Dr. Tarjen's personal research. It would thus be particularly specialized—not a standard outfit—requiring not only special equipment, some of which Dr. Tarjen himself has to design, and special materials not available in the past year, but materials which must arrive at certain times lest they perish before others arrive. Were this aspect of the frame-up not so blatant, it would in any case have required the opinion of a

Continued on Page 7

## Richmond Times



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## Letters

To the editor and the Richmond College Community:

Congratulations on your choice of a cover subject for the last issue of the **Richmond Times**. It was fitting indeed, for we at Richmond College certainly are behaving like a flock of sheep. At a time when class sizes are increased drastically, budget cuts are implemented, financial aid cut and tenure quotas imposed (?), we do nothing.

The Richmond College Assembly addressed itself to several of these problems, but resolved little. The Assembly called on "...all persons and committees involved in tenure deliberations to reject quotas on numerical guidelines as criteria to be used in tenure decision-making." The subject of class size was also raised, and although nothing was decided one positive point did develop out of this discussion. Dean Odian finally called a meeting of the Curriculum Committee. (It met on March 1, 1974, which really isn't too bad, when you consider that school only began in September.)

The elected student representatives have also failed to respond to the current situation. As a matter of fact the Student Council has not even met since December 11 (they do have a meeting scheduled for March 11, however). The Richmond College Association (R.C.A.) unfortunately, has done little better. Out of its last six attempts to have a meeting they were able to achieve a quorum just once. Anyone who read the last edition of the paper can see how well the Executive Committee of R.C.A. operates in illegal sessions. (The February 22, meeting was illegal in two respects: (1) It included an "Acting Secretary"; but there are no provisions in the R.C.A. By-Laws for an "Acting Secretary"; the Secretary must be elected by the Board of Directors. (2) The \$466.54 was to have been spent over the weekend of February 23rd; "The results (of their sojourn) would be presented to R.C.A. at its next meeting, on Monday February 25 at 2:00 P.M." (From the Minutes) Unfortunately, however, the By-Laws state "...the Executive Committee shall exercise all the powers of the Board, subject to the approval of the Board at its next meeting." (Article VI, section I) The question that then arises is are the Directors to be asked to vote to expend funds that were already spent?)



If you are satisfied with the current standards of maladministration at Richmond College remain complacent. However, if you believe that something should be done to rectify the situation, make your displeasure heard. Come to the R.C.A. meetings and see for yourself what happens, demand that the General Meeting of R.C.A. (where they are forced to account for their actions) be held. (Article III, Sec. I) Or even better, demand a Special Meeting (Article III, Sec. II). Complain to the Student Council President about the lack of meetings; complain to the President (Touster, not Nixon) about the above and the increased class size, and its detrimental effect. Complain to Dean Odian about his actions and their results—overcrowded classes, etc.

Classes of 50 and above are normally educationally unsound and are a disservice to students and faculty. They are also a disservice to the taxpayers who make this institution possible, since the students are not getting all that they should in the way of an education.

Sincerely,  
Michael J. Fogarty

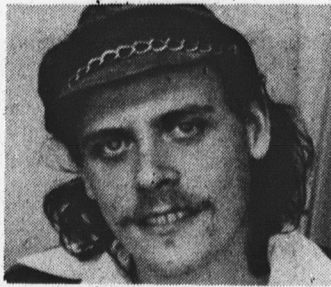
## ECOLOGY

There is a monster residing among us. Little by little each day he takes the lives of many humans. We cannot hear him altho' on some days he is quite visible to the eye. Sometimes he has an odor but even that he can change from day to day. He wears a coat of many colors, at times transparent and at other times jet black. There are moments when he is completely invisible. I shall call this monster "The Oozer," for that is his method of attack. He oozes out of all types of vehicles of transportation, he oozes from places of big business, he oozes from small factories and also from the dwellings of human beings. The "Oozer" can change size, from very small to the size of a giant. He oozes into peoples bodies and his presence is not known until he does his damage. When he really applies his pressure the very life oozes out of his victims. The list of deaths he has caused grows day by day. So far man has not been able to rid himself of this monster altho' man fights him continually. There has never been a monster as ferocious as

"The Oozer". If humans do not kill him he could eventually change the temperature of the earth and destroy all life. The sad thing about this monster is that he was created by man to begin with. We humans, who are at the mercy of this monster "The Oozer", must keep fighting to rid the earth of him so we may one day tell our grandchildren of the horrible monster who lived in the 20th. century whose name was "The Oozer", who was known to all by his more common name, "Air Pollution".

# The Liberal View

By Eric Bahrt



Can only crooks make it in politics? Can only a rogue like Richard Nixon become president of the United States? Was Leo Durocher right when he said: "nice guys finish last?" In my last column I wrote about Ramsey Clark, an honest man who would like to become senator from New York. In this column I will write about an honest venerable old man who actually became president of the United States. Needless to say, the president I have in mind is not the present occupant of that office.

If you feel somewhat morose about the state of affairs you may find it good therapy to read Merle Miller's now smashing bestselling book: "Plain Speaking, an Oral Biography of Harry Truman". If you can somehow learn to stomach Merle Miller, who is an obnoxious ass-kisser, you should find the conversations that he has with Truman to be fascinating. The life of Harry Truman is phenomenal. It is the story of a poor farm boy whose only ambition in life was to make enough money to support his loving wife Bess and his daughter Margaret. And somehow this poor humble man, who probably would have been contented with being a dirt farmer or a grammar school teacher, ended up being president of the United States.

All through the book Truman stresses over and over again the importance of telling the truth and being honest. The interviews were being done before Nixon became president. Yet it seems almost as if Truman is looking into a crystal ball and warning us what will happen when men, who do not feel the same commitment to truth and honor that he felt, get into positions of power. The book is so relevant to what is happening right now. When you read: "Plain Speaking" you can't help but think how Nixon has done exactly what Truman warns politicians not to do. And that's why Nixon is in so much trouble today. I think I can give you a few illustrious examples just by quoting a few passages from the book. And then I can relate it to what's happening now.

Truman on wealth: "About this getting rich in politics. Like I said, you just can't do it unless you're a crook." That's an interesting statement in light of the fact that according to Nixon's own lawyer, the poor boy from Whittier is now officially a million-aire. Nixon made most of those million dollars since becoming president.

Truman on winning: "If you can't win an election without attacking people who've helped you and friends of yours, it's not worth winning. I think I've told you. You can't pay too high a price to win an election." By contrast to that, one of the signs at Nixon's reelection headquarters read: "Winning in politics isn't everything — it is the only thing!" Or as Charles Colson, the thug who used to work for Nixon, put it: "I will run over my grandmother if necessary to win". That was a key difference between Truman, who believed winning was okay, just so long as it didn't interfere with integrity and honor; and Nixon, who feels integrity and honor are okay just so long as they don't interfere with winning.

Truman on the presidency: "When you get to be president, there are all those things, the honors, the twenty-one gun salutes, all those things, you have to remember it isn't for you. It's for the presidency, and you have to keep yourself separate from that in your mind. If you can't keep the two separate, yourself and the presidency, you're in all kinds of trouble." I must reiterate that these interviews were done before Nixon became president. Before we had a president who thought the twenty-one gun salute was meant for him personally, making him some sort of a king who could have four homes,

But getting back to Nixon, I imagine that if you haven't read the book you are by now wondering what Truman had to say about that gangster who presently occupies the White House. What could this feisty little old man who believed so much in truth and honor have to say about Nixon who believes in nothing except self-preservation? Here is Truman, in his own words, describing Nixon who was then vice-president of the United States. "He's one of the few people in the history of this country to run for high office speaking out of both sides of his mouth at the same time and lying out of both sides." "I've told you before there are only two people I hate and he's one. He not only doesn't give a damn about the people; he doesn't know how to tell the truth. I don't think the son of a bitch knows the difference between the truth and lying." "Nixon is a shifty-eyed goddamn liar, and people know it". Those are Truman's words, not mine. But I'll go along with them anyway.

Personally I question whether or not Truman was a really great president. I've often wondered why he couldn't have dropped the first atomic bomb on a non-populated area of Japan, just as a warning. And I recall Merle Miller saying on the David Susskind Show (though I don't recall him writing about it in the book) that Truman had told him he could have ended the Korean war two years earlier on the same terms that Eisenhower ended it on. Perhaps if that dilettante Miller had not been so busy kissing Truman's ass he could have asked him: "if you could have ended the war earlier then why the hell didn't you." But it was the style and not the politics of Truman that impressed me so much. He may or may not have been a great president. But few people would question that he was an honest one. And who knows? Maybe one day when Nixon and Ford and Haig and the rest of those characters are no longer a part of us, a decent man will again become president. The fact that Truman was once president should give one the confidence that our country doesn't have to be run by a bunch of thugs, crooks and gags. It gives one that confidence that as a people we can rise above Nixon and his fellow hoods and leave them under the rocks where they belong. When Truman died he left us with the thought that we can do better than we're doing now. And for that simple reason, if for no other reason, Truman was indeed a great man, if not necessarily a great president.

one costing ten million dollars and consisting of such security items as a swimming pool, and all at the taxpayers expense. And yet while he was so magnanimously willing to raise our taxes he paid virtually none of his own. Truman, who by contrast did not think of himself as a king, returned to his modest home in Missouri after retiring as president. Truman on wiretapping: "Any attempt to invade the privacy of a private citizen, doesn't matter what it is, is in violation of the Bill of Rights and those who purpose such a thing are more of a danger to the country than the ones they want to listen in on". Here I don't believe any comment is necessary.

There are those who have compared vice-president Gerald Ford to Truman. They say, well, Truman was a colorless politician until he became president, and now he's considered (at least according to the New York Times rating) to have been one of our better presidents. And so they predict that if colorless Gerry Ford should become president he too will achieve greatness. Such an analogy is spurious. Truman was in actuality a very colorful senator. As pointed out in the book, he headed the Truman Commission in the senate. And according to Truman's estimates his commission saved the taxpayers 15 billion dollars by exposing how much money the military was wasting. In the Senate he was always identified with the little man taking on either big business or the military establishment. Ford by contrast distinguished himself in the congress by being against the little man, working against much legislation designed to help the underdog. Could one ever imagine Truman voting against medicare or a minimum wage the way Ford did? To compare Truman to the likes of Ford, is to spit on the former president's grave. Ford said after being confirmed as vice-president: "I am a Ford, not a Lincoln". He is not a Truman either.



## SPECIAL EDITION

.....Important Message For All Women

There will be a special issue of the Richmond Times for Women.

Come and share your work with us. We need your help to make this issue a success. If you write poetry, short stories, memoirs, or do any art work, or photography then bring it in. This is an issue that needs you. We're all starting out as writers, and it seems that often we are unsure or self conscious about our journals or poetry, yet our thoughts are precious and real.

There is a special envelope on the Richmond Times door, Room 539, for your work. Or, bring it to the Self Help Collective. If you have questions, need advice or want to help contact Laura Hobbs, or Deia Capella. The important thing is write and then share it with us and feel the pleasure and pride of seeing your work in print.



## Schussing The Issue

TO: R.C.A.

FROM: Anthony Haynes  
Russell McCollin  
Eileen Hamlet  
Brenda Faust

RE: Ski Trip

We, the above members of the R.C.A. Board of Directors feel that it is time for us to be the originator of ideas rather than merely the imitator of them. This is the reason we have taken the responsibility of formulating a ski trip in our own hands, which will benefit more than just a limited few.

### SKI TRIP

DATES: March 15, 16, 17

WHERE: Burlington Vermont - Sheraton Motor Inn.

SKI AREA - Bolton Valley

STUDENT CONTRIB: Students will be required to pay \$30.00 which will make up a good part of the Costs

NO. 100 students would be able to participate



RCA MEETING OF MARCH 4th

## Paul Nelson Is Resigned

I hereby resign as a member of the Board of Directors of the Richmond College Association, effective upon my replacement, at a legal meeting of the Board of Directors, by another representative for graduate students. For this I have three related reasons.

Personally, my own schoolwork has suffered enormously, which has had a bad effect on my own outlook towards the other things, especially political activity, I am involved in. For a full-time student to develop a stable way of life, from which to fight for real changes in society, is difficult for a career (college history teaching) whose future is dubious at best, the effect of bouncing around among the five official committees I've been elected to this year (RCA, C & I, P & B, Evaluation of Faculty and the Assembly), and spending huge amounts of time involved in their workings and non-workings, is catastrophic.

Second, aside from the simple desire to get recognition and funding for the Graduate History Club — which by chance got about six of us up to our ears in the mechanisms of student-faculty committees — to the extent that we've had little time for the club itself — we got involved in these things for some objective reasons:

namely, that we wanted to see some serious changes in the school, and felt that our work on these bodies might at least help lead to such changes, if carried beyond the committees themselves. Thus, the Personnel and Budget Committee (faculty and student members) could help lead a fight against faculty layoffs and budget cuts; the Curriculum and Instruction Committee (only faculty and students, again), might lead a fight, or help develop one, against the national "Master Plan" for having education "more ably serve the needs of business"; and the student government and RCA might help lead and organize the student body, in a great number of ways, in fighting the educational and economic cutbacks we are faced with. Aside from the particular and intrinsic weaknesses of these committees, and the time and energy they take up, however, I believe that they cannot even be partially successful in the absence of a functioning movement in the student and faculty bodies themselves. Such a movement, which might then work in and through these organizations, would have the dual function of fighting for a better life, and politically defeating the ideas and forces — particularly racism and its

relatives — which hold up and mislead that fight. I therefore think it most important that I spend whatever free time I have helping directly to build such a movement, specifically in organizing the **Committee Against Racism** at Richmond.

Third, in terms of RCA itself, I believe that the present Board of Directors began in November to tackle serious problems and set a new course for a notoriously corrupt organization — so bad in the past that few students could be persuaded to even run in elections, let alone vote in them — But in the past two months the Board has begun moving down the same corrupt paths as our predecessors. To fight this out within the Board of Directors would not only involve great amounts of time and personal animosity, but would probably not accomplish much in any case. This is not merely a matter of particular projects which I feel should not be funded — thousands of dollars for Monopoly games for a dubious "Learning Center", and more for "Ski Weekends" that few seem to want in any case. What is important is the direction in which the Board, and its Executive Committee in particular, seem to be going, which is the real sign of corruption.

While I hope the **Richmond Times** will follow this in more detail — and that others with more time than I may effect some real changes — I'd like to throw out some examples. 1) Five of the last six RCA meetings have had no quorum: members either are not notified of meetings, or become disgusted with the politicking, trivial issues, and so on. 2) Nothing has yet been done about cutbacks at the school. 3) The Exec. Committee has already tried to take unto itself the rights a) to close meetings off from the public b) to call RCA meetings only once a month, c) to appoint officers, d) to commit ourselves to projects and e) to spend large sums of money — powers legally resting with the Board of Directors, only. 4) The Exec. Committee has likewise shown its inclinations to not hold elections in the Spring, and amend other harmful parts of the RCA constitution, which we were formerly agreed on, thus likely perpetuating itself in office until next November. 5) Concerning the illegal three-way split of student fees — all of which legally should be under the control of the (uniquely) student-controlled RCA, — the present Exec. Committee, in discussions with Pres. Touster, has not only limited itself to discussing the

TO: R.C.A. Board of Directors

From: Russell McCollin  
Secretary

SUB: Minutes of the meeting held on March 4, at 3:00 P.M. in the library conference room.

### Members in Attendance

Paul N. Nelson  
Anthony Hayes  
Eileen Hamlet  
Russell McCollin  
Lori Glimcher  
Patricia F. McGinis  
Paula Sullivan  
Mike Monohan  
June Mosca

### Agenda

- Minutes of January 31, meeting and Executive Committee meeting were tabled until the next meeting.
- Paul N. Nelson handed in his resignation, effective as of March 4, 1974.
- Acceptance of Pablo Suarez's resignation was tabled until next meeting, because there was no copy of his resignation as secretary.
- Motion was made to call for nominations for a new secretary for R.C.A. Russell McCollin was nominated for secretary. Motion was passed. 5 approved 1 opposed 1 abstention
- Motion was made to continue the legal services of Mr. G. Spanakos until the end of this semester since the students are taking advantage of his services. The decision was unanimous
- The **Veteran's Association** requested money (\$390.00) to enable them to print an ad in the Staten Island Advance in regards to the treatment that veterans receive in seeking employment, benefits in college, and their monthly allotment checks. The cost of the ad \$390.00 The motion passed unanimously

**7 Sports Club Proposal**- The sports club requested additional funds due to the increased enrollment and interest in the martial-arts program. The additional funding would provide the salary for the sensi Moses Powell, \$1,225.00 and \$951.00 for more equipment. Total \$2,076.00. Motion passed 5 approved 1 abstention.

**8 Amistad Proposal**- They requested \$750.00 to provide cultural events that the student body expressed interest in. These events are theatre tickets, to Broadway plays, and concerts. All tickets would be sold at a discount to the students. Motion passed- unanimously

**9 Women's Club proposal**- The women's club made a request for \$575.00 for the Women's day event, this amount would cover the cost for the speakers, films, and refreshments. Motion passed unanimously

**10 Printmakers proposal**- The Education Department's budget doesn't allow them to finance a print exhibition, the members of R.C.A. felt that since many students expressed interest in this activity, funds should be allocated. Motion was passed unanimously. A motion was also passed that a letter would be sent to all department heads stating that in the future they refrain from requesting R.C.A. for funding if there present budgets do to not permit for such activities. 5 approved, 0 opposed, 0 abstained

**11 Motion** was made to appoint Diane Epps as assistant secretary, to replace Sandra Holly, who is unable to devote the time necessary for the position. Motion passed

**12 Motion** made that per our meeting of January 31, 1974, action had been taken to classify R.C.A. as an off-campus agency, forms for this are presently being processed.

**13 The procedures** outlined in our bylaws, indicate that the student council must submit names to the board of directors, to replace student members. June Mosca, stated, that this would be placed on the agenda of the student council meeting on March 11, 1974. We recommended that the students who ran for R.C.A. positions, who had the next highest votes, be considered first. This resolution was unanimously adopted.

**14 The meeting** ended at 5:00 P.M. when there was a call to quorum.

## Pablo Quits

Memo

TO: R.C.A.  
FROM: Pablo Suarez, Sec.  
RE: Resignation

I have at this time decided to resign from the position of secretary of R.C.A. as well as a board member of R.C.A. It has become necessary to make this decision because of the following factors:

1. Most important is the fact that my school work is being affected. I am overinvolved in too many things (eg. R.C.A., Committee of Student Life, La Asociacion, work-study job, voting member of the Student Faculty Assembly, etc.). I find my energies being spread too thin.

2. I have found that when I entered this school most faculty and students (not all) are into playing many roles and putting on "masks." I cannot act this way myself nor deal with this type of situation. I can only act as myself and not as anyone else.

3. Lastly, because I have been spreading myself thin I've been getting sick too often. I have never gotten sick as many times as I have this past semester.

I like to thank everyone that I work with both RCA and students as well as faculties that let me be part of the workings of the Association. Although I am resigning I will still be around to help with trying to make school conditions better. If there are any questions feel free to talk to me any time.

Yours,

Pablo Suarez

surplus of "his" third of the fees, but has indicated willingness, in order to get possession of said surplus, to legalize his control of that money, and even to legalize a cut in the fee itself (i.e. a cut in that portion which could be used by students). 6) The general discussion of issues among those still involved in this mess has degenerated enormously. The "Ski Trip" itself is openly described by its proponents as a service "for all the students" — so they won't complain about what is done with the rest of the money; meanwhile not a thought is given to fighting cutbacks "for all the students". Directors are openly told that if they raise questions about funding certain projects, others that they are presumed to support will have their funds cut. Finally, Ms. Hamlet, spokeswoman for this whole line of thinking, sums it all up by saying that "of course it's illegal, but that's the way RCA has always done things, so why complain about it now?"

In fact, there are only three reasons to complain: First, this sort of corruption of responsibility has in the past had a bad effect. Second, at the present time we need more than ever before some kind of responsibility, at least, and

hopefully leadership, in fighting the cutbacks at Richmond, the perversion of education being extended here, and the whole mess that the rulers of this country are throwing at us. This is no time for back-room politics, Ski Trip fantasies, personal power-plays or sell-out deals with the administration. Third, if this nonsense continues, it will take less than a year for the administration — Touster or Volpe — to wipe out whatever traces of "student power" remain at Richmond — and to do so by having the students themselves fighting each other, a beautiful situation in which to advance the "Master Plan" right past us.

Finally, I have only three suggestions to put forward to reverse this process.

- That the entire Executive Committee resign their offices.
- That a general meeting be called to amend the constitution, including immediate elections this spring.
- That we put first things first — especially the fight against cutbacks in and out of Richmond College — and save this nonsense for later.

Sincerely,  
Paul Nelson

### MAN OF THE YEAR ALMOST FIRED

Continued from Page 4  
trained bio-chemist to show that Dr. Tarjen was not proceeding correctly, which his opponents refused to get. Instead, they tried to snow their "non-science" colleagues with such gems as "there are lots of chemicals around", "who fed the rabbits?", and "anybody can get supplies" when there's a budget freeze on (this from a gent with \$70,000 in research funds, and friends in high places in the school).

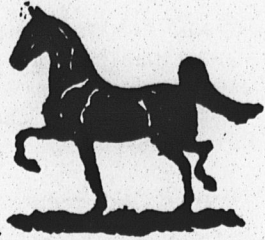
But it requires no Ph. D. to put the following together. Basic equipment that Dr. Tarjen ordered three months before even coming to the school, arrived only three weeks before he was fired, which he was told would be the case. Dean Odian himself admitted publicly, that on the average it takes a year and half to set up such a lab from scratch (Dr. Tarjen was "given" 14 months). From April through June of 1973 there was no money for supplies, and it was and remains extremely limited in any case. As expected, the lab is now 90 percent ready and would be more so, had not Dean Odian himself, two days after Dr. Tarjen's first divisional appeal (Nov. 2)—when many other charges had not been even

brought up—personally frozen Dr. Tarjen's equipment orders. More details of a technical nature could be provided, but it is those "easily comprehensible to the layman" which are most useful, not only in showing that a frame-up has taken place, but what and who were behind it. For instance: why did Dr. Tarjen in September receive federal job applications for a biochemist from Dean Odian's office, before he had even been reviewed by his own Divisional P&B? How did Dr. Tarjen's opponents on the Div. P&B receive supplies when he was informed there was a freeze on such orders? And why is Dr. Tarjen, in addition to his other duties, given that he was supposedly hired to make an "immediate impact" in terms of his special research—and fired on short notice for "failing" to do so, as though it were possible—then (incorrectly) "accused" of not personally tending his experimental animals seven days a week, since the school itself would not take responsibility for them? In short, to fire a man for not doing a job you didn't let him do in the first place is a fraud. To blame him for it as well—and imply that the school still intends to build the program—compounds the felony, on him and us as well.



# THE PADDOCK

By Tom Wilcox



Part of the pagentry of racing are the silks the jockeys use. Their main purpose of identification was decided on over 200 years ago by the jockey club of Newmarket England when they found it to be increasingly too difficult to tell one entry from another because their riders wore no identifying marks. To this day both here and abroad jockey clubs reserve the exclusive right to approve or assign various colors of silks to owners to be used only by their jockey alone.

There are currently 11,000 active silks on the American Jockey Associations roster and 1,600 of them alone are registered to New York based owners. The average set of silks are usually a two-tone body combination that bear individual markings, such as circles, sashes, chevrons etc. Some silks carry the crest of the owner of his stable while others sport such devices as pelicans, apples, radishes or even a humpy dumpty, all in current use.

The 1,600 New York silks are presided over by Mr. Louis Olah who readily admits that since silks are arranged only by main color, a good eye and a prodigious memory are necessities. No owner who's entered his jockey in an expensive stakes race wants to hear that his silks cannot be located. So well does Mr. Olah know his charges, that, even such a vast undertaking as moving all those silks from one track to another can be taken in stride. Says Olah: "I keep all of them hung in the same place at all three New York Racing Association tracks so I just pack them up and put them away the same way whether we're in Aqueduct, Belmont or Saratoga."

Olah prepares for a given days races the day before. As soon as he learns which stables are to be represented, he lays out the appropriate silks for each individual owner in the order in which the races are to be run. If there are eight different owners represented in eight races that could mean Olah has to bring out as much as sixty-four different sets of silks without any error. The day of the races itself, Olah must check for scratches and return the silks if a horse has been withdrawn and is not running that day. Once laid out the silks are usually picked up by the jockeys or their valets.

When each race is over, Olah takes the silks back as soon as the jockeys remove them to be washed. Although most "silks" are now nylon, some of the top stables still use real silk or satin colors, so Olah must know which ones these are so that they can be sent out to be dry cleaned. He has two washers and dryers at his disposal so

the silks can be quickly made ready for the next day's use. Olah must be also very careful in testing the washability of new out-of-state silks before he can put them in with the others. He noted: "You just might turn out with a collection of shocking pink silks, some of these new colors run faster than the horses!!"

## ROAD TO REVOLUTION

By Paul Nelson

### Three-Way Fraud and RCA

When the present RCA Bd. of Directors was elected, one of our main goals was to investigate and resolve the famous three-way split of student fees. That is, the fact that since July 1972 the student activities fee (\$24) we pay each semester is divided like Gaul—one-third to RCA, one-third to the Student Council, and one-third controlled by the President of the college. Before that time, the entire amount went to, and was controlled by, RCA itself, a student-controlled, non-profit corporation. In its first weeks last November, RCA hired a lawyer to examine the case. He has since concluded that the original split of the fees was illegal and remains so to this day, and that neither the President of the college nor the Student Council have a "right" to control any of that cash.

This report, however, has hardly been publicized. To the contrary, the Board of Directors has shown inclinations of late not only to limit discussion to a slight redistribution of the parts (some \$10,000 of the "president's" surplus this year, especially if they can avoid Board elections in the Spring, as originally planned), but even, in order to secure Touster's consent for this petty deal, to help him legalize the split itself for the first time, and to reduce that part of the fee which could be controlled by students.

You pay your money—take your choice!

The legal history of this question is fairly simple, I think. What complicates it is not legal facts themselves, nor the fact that "history" at a college tends to be fast and furious, and hard to get a grasp on, but the fact that in real life "Legality" doesn't determine very much. Legality itself, not to mention its application, is determined by power, and hence by concrete fights. Nevertheless, the "legal history" of this little issue would be helpful.

The "prehistory" here is that CUNY at one time mandated each of its constituent colleges to legally charter a corporation, the College "X" Association, which would receive and dispose of student activity fees at said college. In the case of Richmond College, true to its "mandate" as an "experimental" institution. All students were voting members and soon occupied 12 of the 15 seats on the Board of Directors. **At all other branches of CUNY, the administrations made sure they controlled the majority of seats, and the Association itself.** (We pass over here the paleontological fact that faculty here at one time held seats on the Board—they became extinct in that context, and were superseded by the more adaptable students.)

The history proper of this issue begins in the Spring of 1972, growing student anti-war and related activities. At the other CUNY colleges, the administrations by and large had used their control of the purse-strings to prevent the funding of student protest. Students petitioned the BHE, which in turn ordered the presidents of those various colleges, **through their de facto, control of the Associations,** to set aside specified portions of the fees for (relatively) uncontrolled student use—usually under the aegis of the student government of the school, which the president already had certain controls over, including both the right to invalidate elections if he so chose (the "percentage of students voting" has

almost never been met in any case), or in emergencies to simply reapply control through the Association.

At Richmond, of course, things went differently. **Students already had that control, and more.** In that same spring, they attempted to assert it by refusing to fund a "normal" graduation, proposing instead a "counter-cultural" format. The main practical effect of this—since most students were not consulted, and hence did not cherish the notion—was to alienate the then Board of Directors from the student body to a fair extent, allowing the president of the school and the president of the student council (Schueler and Tony LoPere, respectively) to pull a coup during the summer. Namely, they used the BHE resolution ordering president's to **give** students some control over their own fees, in order to **take it away**; acting as though the resolution applied legally to the president **as president**, rather than as **de facto** controller of the Association (which he was uniquely **not** at Richmond.)

LoPere's role was simple Schueler needed someone to give the appearance of a legitimate student voice, and LoPere was happy to do so for a one-third share of the student activity fees, with the irksome RCA control removed. He remained Student Council president until November, failing to succeed himself only when the first fall elections were invalidated due to unprecedented scandal. During this period—and he had every right to expect the situation to continue—he was virtually the entire Student Council himself. To be fair to him, Schueler may have convinced him that the whole deal was perfectly legal; and he would argue that RCA had been too corrupt itself, and too alienated from the students, to make a difference in any case.

As events proceeded, the few students who knew of and objected to this **fait accompli** became cynical in turn, kept the story to themselves and a few acquaintances, and passed from these halls in due course. LoPere went to school in France, his vice-president is rumored to be in Argentina, Schueler himself has been booted out and awaits the city marshal in the presidential mansion (see the last issue of the *Times*), and some of the written documents seem to have disappeared. Likewise disappearing fast in the past two months, is the intention of the present Board of Directors to drag the issue back into the light, and to lead the student body (the membership of RCA) in a fight to regain what is "legally" theirs—control over their own student activity fees. At the same time, the administration is moving quickly—in part at the request of the incoming Pres. Volpe—to legalize the situation in some way, to diminish said student control in general, and basically reorganize student governance at the college.

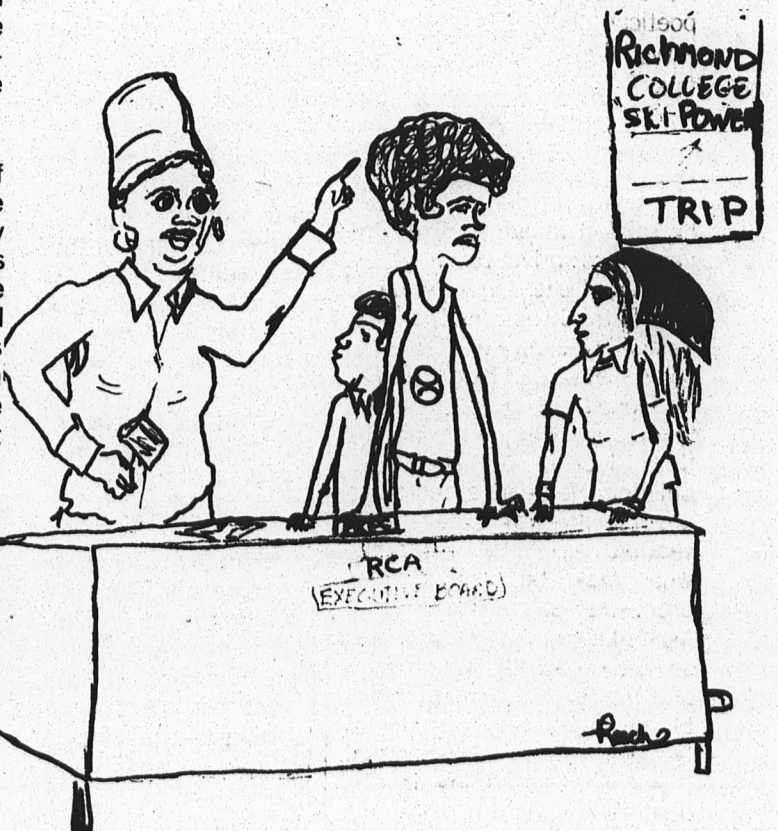
I believe it is important to stop this. To the argument that, in the past, RCA has misused the funds it controlled, a simple fact may be posed—the student body will have to be mobilized to such an extent, just to regain that "legal" control with a real understanding both of what it wants the fees used for and how to go about ensuring such use—that the Board will no longer be in a position to hide in dark corners or get entangled in bureaucratic nonsense. The charter itself can be amended to help this along. In any case, there are no guarantees outside of our own involvement in fighting for what we need—but it can be guaranteed that having the administration take back control of those fees would be definite loss.

On the positive side, if this point of view is correct:

1) RCA, the only student controlled Association in CUNY, should control the entire \$150,000-or-so paid here in student fees each year, with no interference whatsoever from the administration—excepting only their three votes on the Board

2) The president of the college has no right to "validate" RCA elections, nor Student Council the right to supervise them. Only the membership of RCA—basically the student body—has any such right of interference, through the provisions of RCA's corporate charter.

Continued on Page 9





# The Poets Corner

by  
Steve Dignam

Do you have any interest in poetry? When was the last time you heard lines like, "The need for the new love is faithfulness to the old." or "Living brings you to death, there is no other way." If you had been at 350 St. Marks Place on February Twentieth, you could have heard these and others read by the poet Galway Kinnel.

I went to that evening poetry reading and I enjoyed it immensely. Not only did I get the chance to hear the very good poems of Galway Kinnel, but was also able to talk with him. Galway Kinnel has written ten books; some of these have been in verse, one novel, and the translation from French to English of the complete poems of Francois Villon. His eleventh book due shortly, will contain some new poems that he has written, and those of others.

His poems have appeared in various magazines and anthologies. Galway Kinnel began writing at the early age of nineteen, and is presently teaching a poetry class at Columbia University, where he expects to stay for one semester. His life is filled with the problems of moving from college to college, where he'll teach for a semester or two. That is the way he earns his living when he is not writing; such is the poet's life. He teaches poetry to his students as he writes it, stressing the importance of concentration. His readings of selected poems showed on his face the concentration and quiet emotion he used in conveying each poetical message.

Walt Whitman is one of his favorite poets; he likes to read Whitman as he did in his show that night. Galway Kinnel has a very, very quiet speaking voice on stage and off; rarely does he raise it above a forte. One very descriptive poem of his entitled, "Life On Avenue C and Fifth Street In The East Village" was very existential in some scenes that he created as he looked out at a fruit stand below his window from the third floor of his apartment building. He read a cherished poem written by a seventeen year-old girl from California, who may be on a new promising career as a poet. Most of all, his poems are read so softly that the listener sees and hears only light emotion, but unmistakably present was the feeling in the audience that there was something in the poet's verse that was special to them.

One unpublished poem was on suicide and there were more unpublished poems that the listeners were treated to. He used to teach a correspondence school of poetry and spoke about it wryly, saying that "When it ended so did all of my problems." He knew most of his poetry by heart, for he seldom glanced at the notes and books he brought with him in his brown file. Each poem he read was accomplished with a small background story. I guess that most poems do have a story behind them that tells the reason why they were written or why something is wrong. He talked about his son, Sancho Fergus, and then presented one segment of the poems to the audience.

My feelings are that this series of poetry readings, of which this was the first, is very good not only for the students of Richmond College who are able to hear poets read their poems with their own style put into it, but also it is part of the

school's fulfilling its responsibility to the community. I think that it is about time someone did something like this. The production series was made possible by support from POETS AND WRITERS INC., which is funded by the N.Y.S. Council on the Arts. We can thank Prof. H. Leibowitz for its coordination. There will be several other poetry reading open to the public and free of charge: On April first there will be Ishmael Reed; on April twenty-ninth Collette Inez will be present; and May twentieth will feature the Richmond College faculty and students presenting some of their poems that they are working on. If you have the chance to get out one of these nights, I think that you should go. The workshop theater is small, holding about one hundred people, but it is very comfortable and gives an evening out with a poet, so don't just sit back, pull the rabbit ears out of the t.v. and stay in the house—get up and get out to one of these shows. You will be glad you did.



Galway Kinnel

ROAD TO REVOLUTION Continued from Page 8

3) The president of the college, or more properly the BHE, may be held legally responsible for all expenses and suits incurred because of the illegal split. These include: a) payments to the Honest Ballot Association (over \$4000) for the last two elections; b) various suits incurred when the Student Council, or its appointees, incurred various debts and obligations, without the mandatory approval of RCA; c) any losses incurred when RCA "lost" its control over club budgets; d) and the various parts of student fees expended by the administration itself without RCA approval.

4) RCA—and fundamentally the student body—has the power to regulate all student activities for which student fees are spent at this college. This is the key point of them all. It includes the right and potential power of the student body to: a) amend the constitution to make RCA even more representative of its own interests; b) set guidelines for all clubs, newspapers, and activities it funds, with the same ends in mind; c) refuse to use student fees to pay for various items (now mainly in the "administration's" "Third") which should be part of a "free" education—ranging from graduation ceremonies, diplomas and I.D. cards, to subsidies of our own financial "aid"; and d) use our fees for fights against the administration which claims to exercise "responsibility" for them, over such, basically antagonistic issues as class size, wholesale firing of faculty, imposition of "Master Plans", forcing students out of school, etc.

## Popular Shoestring

By Paul Rotella

On reading this piece you've probably seen, spoken, or heard about the word "Technology" for the 100,000th time. Much confusion arises from erudite and scholarly dissertations, where that word and nifty others pile up on each other in a verbal-linguistic traffic jam; everything is going in the same direction to the same place at the same time, so...

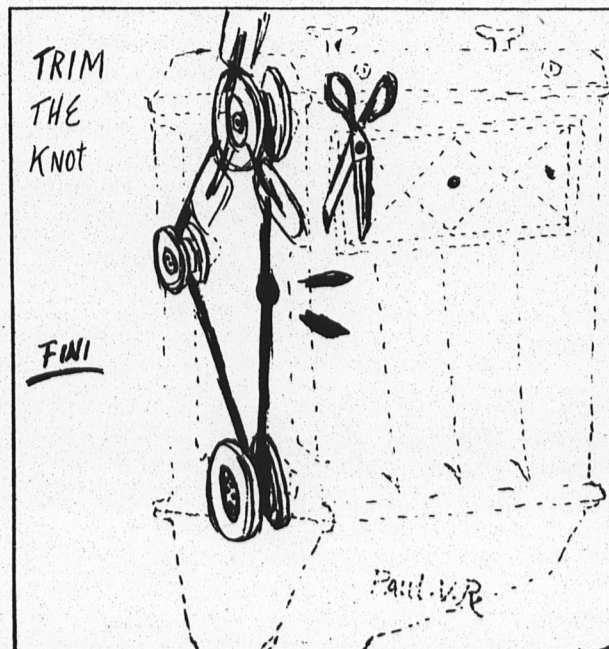
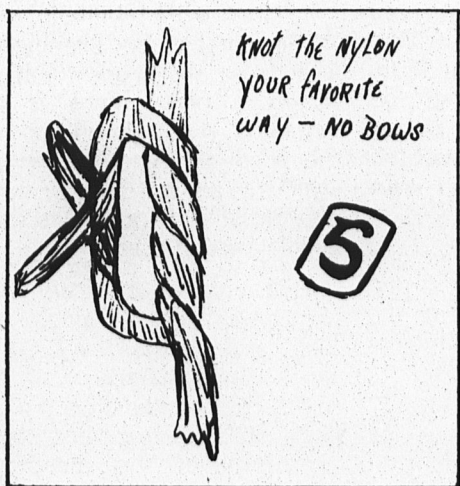
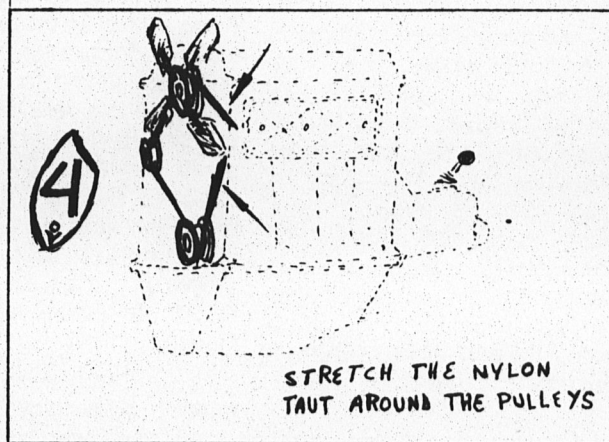
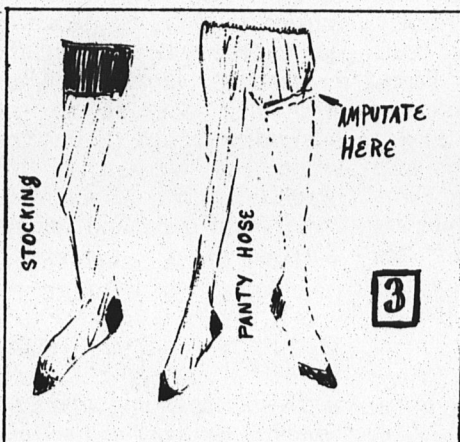
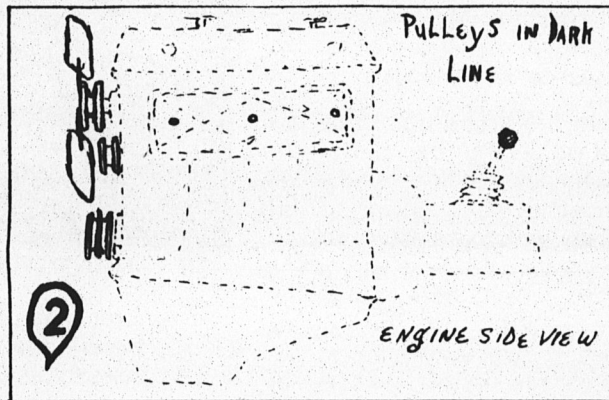
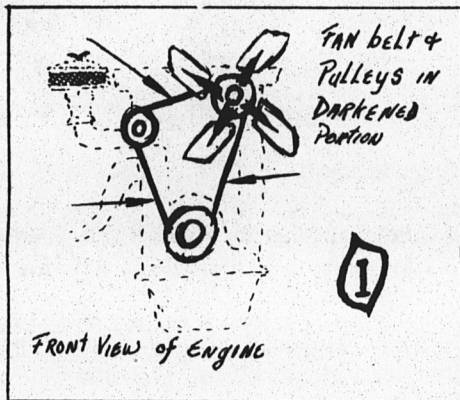
Well, after the shit's been shoved away, "technology" means "how to do it". See, you've been in technology all along. The form you've probably gotten into is what contemporary wordsmiths are prone to call "alternate technology". You can do a lot of neat things with it and get away with a lot more, once you've gotten hip to a few new ways of eyeing your world.

Now that the rhetoric is over, on to living:

HOW TO: FIND A FAN BELT AT 5:00 A.M. EASTER SUNDAY MORNING SEVEN MILES FROM NOWHERE:

- 1) Rummage around for a pair of nylons (that's right, stockings—if pantyhose is all you've got, amputate.)
- 2) Rap them around where the fan belt was, making sure that they are well in the groove.
- 3) Pull the nylons taut and secure with a knot or two that won't slip.
- 4) Trim the loose ends.

One set of nylons generally gets folks back to the next real fan belt, and is especially efficacious on bugs of the VW-MG-Datsun ilk.







# REVIEWS



When Carlotta appears she explains that she is writing her autobiography, and she asks Hugo's permission to include in it some of his old love letters. He becomes irate, but his attitude changes when Carlotta admits to having another set of love letters—ones which Hugo sent to a former male secretary.

musical comedy. It is called "Fashion" and it definitely holds its pinkie in the right direction.

The creators have a gimmick. Instead of plunging immediately into the Mowatt comedy, we are brought to the one hundred seventh meeting of the Long Island Masque and

by Richard Kornberg

"Noel Coward in Two Keys" is comprised of two works by the late British playwright. It is a rewarding, beautifully-acted evening of theatre.

Within the last few years a number of Coward's works have been successfully presented. In London, a musical revue, "Cowardly Custard", was a resounding hit and his "Private Lives" starring Maggie Smith just closed after a lengthy run. Last season on this side of the Atlantic, the off-Broadway "Oh, Coward" had audiences cheering in the aisles.

In the first play of this, his latest effort, the playwright examines a topic tackled in his musical "Sail Away". That show, which was set aboard an American cruise ship, had a lyric which went something like—"Why do the wrong people travel, travel, travel while the right people stay at home".

In Anna-Mary Conklin's mind, her husband Verner should have stayed at home in the United States. They have traveled extensively throughout Europe, yet Verner has only gone into three churches and Anna-Mary is mad. She is mad at her husband for not appreciating the RIGHT people, and she is doubly mad because at her party in their luxurious Swiss hotel she will have to entertain thirteen for dinner.

Of course, the solution is that Verner must stay in their room and eat by himself. This plan is complicated by the appearance of Maud Caragnani, a free loving, honest princess.

Both Hume Cronyn and Anne Baxter have just the right zest in their respective roles of Verner and Maud, with Miss Baxter appearing particularly radiant. But this skit belongs to Jessica Tandy who makes every line seem like vintage champagne.

It's everything everyone expects from Sir Noel—a bubbly, beguiling concoction.

The importance of the show's title becomes apparent with the evening's other play. While the first was light comedy, the second key is much more dramatic.



Hume Cronyn is particularly good as the writer with a past. It is a tribute to his talent that he is able to convey the cruelty of the individual without resorting to caricature and Anne Baxter is properly acidic without forgetting the basic goodness of the former flame. But it is again Jessica Tandy, in the smaller role of Hilde, who steals the show. The audience becomes riveted to her every word; and it is due as much to her talent as to that of the playwright, that the evening builds to such a dramatic climax.

Hugo Latymer is a world famous playwright. He is an older man who is used to getting his own way, and his cantankerousness upsets everyone including his devoted German wife, Hilde. This evening his old girlfriend, Carlotta Gray, has called and asked to be invited to dinner and Hugo is nervous about the reunion, since he hasn't seen her for years.

Vivian Matalon's direction captures both the humor and the dramatic elements of the plays and the physical production is also first rate.

"Noel Coward in Two Keys" is an adagio which can be admired and enjoyed.

The first woman to have written a successful American comedy was Anna Cora Mowatt and from this work Don Pippin and Steve Brown have fashioned an exuberant

Wig Society, a woman's organization devoted to the ideal of the preservation of early American drama. Their crust is upper and their intentions are to present a musicalization of Ms. Mowatt's work. The only male in the proceedings is the director, who also doubles as the scheming Count Jolimaitre, while the women in the organization play all the other roles—both male and female.

After some perfunctory readjustment of furniture, we are in the European home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Tiffany. Mrs. Tiffany (Mary Jo Catlett) is the ever-spending American, who spends most of her time trying to become titled—by marrying off her daughter to the first eligible Count.

The moral of the evening—and like all proper early American plays there is a moral—is the rightfulness of the good old American work ethic. It is all light-hearted fun, and the show improves as the evening progresses.

This type of musical, and comparisons to "Dames At Sea" and "Little Mary Sunshine" immediately come to mind, is dependent upon the skill of the cast and the creativity of the director. Anthony Stimac has steered the production well—his musical staging is especially inventive, and Mary Jo Catlett and Henrietta Valor are decidedly able performers.

Miss Catlett, with her saucer-like eyes and kewpie doll lips, has a vibrant musical comedy voice, and when this is combined with her excellent timing it produces a driving comic effect, which adds to the hilarity of enterprise. Miss Valor's musical ability is more in the dramatic vein and her rendition of "A Life Without Her" is a show-stopper.

The Don Pippin-Steve Brown score is bouncy, and it has that all too infrequent added virtue of being hummable even after leaving the theatre. Susan Romann's musical direction is an added asset.

"Fashion" which is now playing at off-Broadway's McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, is a small musical which offers playgoers a large amount of entertainment and fun.

"Once I Saw A Boy Laughing" was billed as a musical story. It was also a disaster.

Because of space limitations, I usually do not report on quick closing shows—unless there is a specific element that deserves belated attention. The element here is horror, for

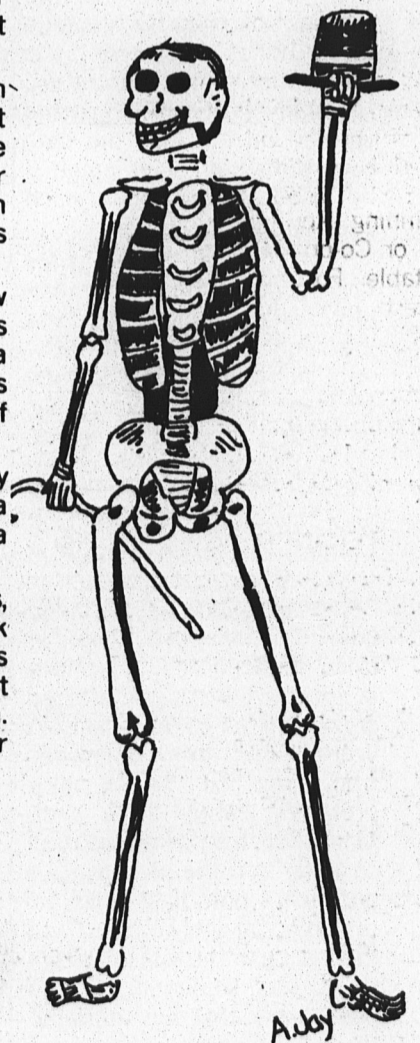
## Last Laugh

"Once I Saw A Boy Laughing" is quite possibly the worst professional production I have ever encountered.

Considering the state of the New York theatre—waning attendance and little success in building a new audience to replace this one when it dies off—this show only aggravates an already dubious situation.

This vanity production—it starred the author, was directed by his sister and at least partially backed by his parents—was an attempt at musicalizing the plight of soldiers at war. The dialogue was unbelievably limp and after the first two songs it became obvious that the musical interludes were not to be the oasis we were craving in the midst of this desert. I found myself at first staring in disbelief, only to end up shielding my eyes and shaking my head in embarrassment for all concerned.

Sadism is buying a person a ticket for "Once I Saw A Boy Laughing; masochism is going with him.





# OPPORTUNITIES

## Teaching Psychology in High School

New York University's School of Education has a Master's program in teaching psychology on a secondary school level. The requirements for admission are a New York State teaching certificate in secondary education, eighteen credits of undergraduate psychology, and a 3.0 grade point average. The program is designed to be completed in one year of full-time work. Application deadline is June 15, 1974. Further information may be obtained from Ilene Singh, in Room 914.

## Graduate Program in Women's History

S.U.N.Y. at Binghamton has recently developed a graduate program in history which explores the role and contribution of women. While the curriculum is essentially history, the program encompasses interdisciplinary study. Financial aid is available; half of the university's scholarship support is reserved for women and minority students. See Ilene Singh in Room 914 in the Office of the Dean of Faculties for further information.

## Graduate Fellowships in Special Education, etc.

The State of Illinois is offering full-tuition grants, plus a \$2,000 stipend for students working toward their master's degree in the fields of school social work, school psychology, learning disability and audiology. The student must matriculate at one of twenty universities in the State of Illinois to be eligible. Deadline for filing applications is April 15, 1974. More information in Room 914.

## FELLOWSHIPS FOR MID-CAREER WOMEN FOR URBAN CAREER PROFESSIONS

Women between the ages of 30 and 50 who wish to study for a M.A. or a PH.D in Urban Affairs in Public Administration may be interested in a fellowship Program at the Graduate School of Public and International Affairs, the University of Pittsburgh, funded by the Carnegie Corporation. Women in the Mid-Career Program may receive tuition plus a maintenance allowance of \$250 per month. More details are available in Room 914.

## GRADUATE FELLOWSHIPS FOR PUERTO RICAN STUDENTS

If you are a Puerto Rican Student and planning to enter graduate work within CUNY you may be eligible for a fellowship sponsored by the Centro de Estudios Puertorriquenos. The Centro will grant a fellowship if the student's graduate area relates to the Puerto Rican community and if it is in the fields of Socio-linguistics, education, history, the criminal justice system, and the arts. **Deadline for summer research projects is April 30, 1974.**

For further information, see Ilene Singh in Room 914.

## MINORITY LAW CONFERENCE

Staten Island Community College is sponsoring a conference on law careers for women and minorities on March 16, 1974. Participants include Deans of Metropolitan law schools, representatives of the LSAT, the law profession, and minority law students. The conference will also offer a series of workshops on law school admissions and financial aid, law careers, and problems encountered by minority law students. Registration material is available in Room 914.

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

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

If you are interested in applying for admission or would like further information, please telephone 360-2452 or 360-2227. Applications for Fall 1974 admissions must be filed by April 1st.



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## FREE CLASSIFIED ADS

### ROCK ORGANIST WANTED

to develop with an original and progressive Rock Band. Must be serious & willing to learn. Own car preferred. Call 981-5917

Delightful apartment in the Trees of Key West, Florida: I want to swap this three room, three bed, sunny wonder for an apartment in Manhattan or in St. George Section of Staten Island or in Brooklyn Heights for one month, maybe two, beginning April 15th. Crash Pad or Co-op will also be acceptable. For more info call Robert Finkelstein at 727-0617. I'll be here for one more week. If I'm not at the above number, leave message and return phone number or write me at 1417 Ashby St., Key West, Florida 33040.

### TENANT NEWS

WBAI features 3-5 minutes of tenant news collected and presented on the News Spot at 6:30 P.M. by Esther Rand.

Apt. to share w-male. "Luxury apt." in St. George, S.I. Less than \$100. per month, per person. Own bedroom. Call Bob at 447-2191, or 966-6831 (32).

### LAWRENCE INDUSTRIES

Musical Things  
727-0084

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

I have quite a collection of used stereo equipment that is now for sale such as cassette tape recorders, stereo sets and a stereo console with color TV and AM FM radio. Also over 700 record albums that are up for sale including Rock, Pop, Jazz, Country and Western, and many Oldies. Call LA7-6346 joan

FOR SALE: Collector's items—original 78 rpm albums in perfect condition.

1. Victor Herbert—sung by Lois Butler, orch. Paul Weston (Capitol).
  2. Irving Berlin's Annie Get Your Gun—sung by Ethel Merman (Decca).
  3. Kern-Hammerstein's Show Boat (Columbia).
  4. Al Jolson in songs he made famous (Decca).
  5. Song's of Richard Strauss—sung by Lottie Lehman (Columbia).
  6. Music of Jerome Kern by Andre Koselanetz (Columbia).
  7. Gershwin, a variety collection of his compositions (Columbia).
  8. Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, Oscar Levant (Columbia).
  9. Gems from Sigmund Romberg Shows—orchestra conducted by composer (RCA).
  10. Strauss Waltzes (Capitol).
- Over 25 records, all for \$20. Please see professor R. King, Room 1-803, ext. 3010.

FOR SALE—Fender Jaguar Pre-CBS. Good straight neck, natural wood finish, new case included. \$250 Phone 981-5435.

LOST: a small gold pinky ring bearing the initial "N". Lost in college area Monday, 3-4-74. Please return to Richmond College Lost & Found (5th floor). Of great sentimental value.

FOR SALE: two abyssinian male guinea pigs, one himalyan the other albino. Good quality animals. Must go to same home. Call anytime, keep trying. Dale or Andy 981-2266.

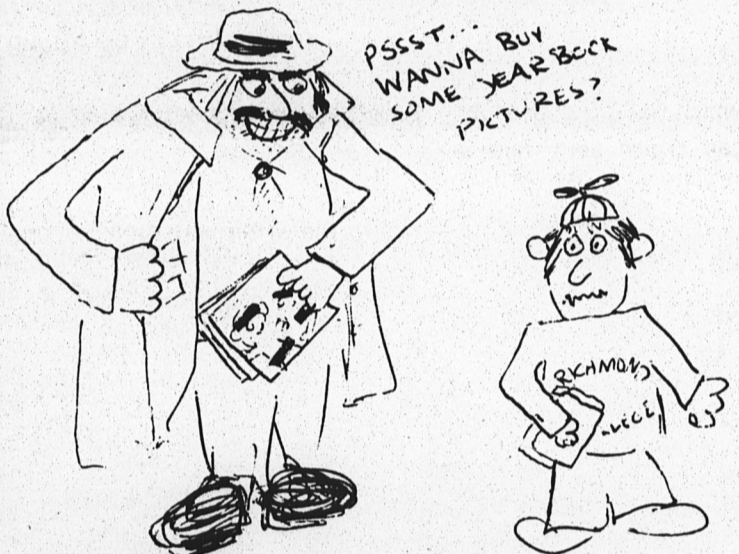
FOR FREE EVENTS in N.Y.C. call 472-1003, seven days a week, 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Parks Information Service.

### ARTISTS

The section of art of the Staten Island Museum on Stuyvesant Place, S.I., is sponsoring a model for life drawings on Tuesday evenings 7:45 to 9:45 in April and May. A donation of \$2.00 is collected each time or payable in advance at a reduced rate. Amy Dean—Chairman. 698-3754.

### POTTERY FOR SALE

Hand crafted by Staten Is. Artists. 702 Bay St. Stapleton Village.



**DON'T MAKE US RESORT TO THIS TO GET YEARBOOK PICTURES!**  
Seniors: we want to take your pictures doing absolutely anything.  
**Room 528**

**CLUBS: Submit names of all members and/or date to have pictures taken by March 15th or you will be left out**

### "Register to March in March"

You won't need gas to travel on this day, just an old pair of sneakers and a good breakfast. On Sunday, April 28th, 1974 at 8 A.M. an old humanitarian tradition will reoccur. It starts at the municipal parking lot at St. George and terminates at the clove lake ice-skating rink. Yes, the March of Dimes

Walkathon is on, just obtain a sponsorship from your friends, relatives, neighbors or local merchants who pledge to donate any amount of money for each mile you walk. You'll walk a long way baby. So lend us a foot and register at 56 Bay Street, Staten Island and you'll enjoy every mile. Telephone GI 7-1171-72.



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO RICHMOND COLLEGE... A STUDENT CAME UP TO ME AND SAID "COULD YOU SPARE A DIME I HAVEN'T HAD A BITE IN A WEEK." SO I THREW HIM DOWN THE STAIRS



A WOMAN CAME UP TO ME AND SAID "HOW DO YOU GET TO THE INSTITUTE ON THE 8TH FLOOR?" I SAID "PRACTICE, LADY, PRACTICE."



THEY USED TO CALL THIS AN EXPERIMENTAL SCHOOL, BUT THEN THEY TOOK DOWN THE MAZES!! AND INNOVATIVE... WHY WHEN THEY TOLD EVERYONE WHERE THEIR STUDENT FEE GOES, THEY WERE ALL SHOCKED!



MARCEL gets an "RT"  
by Andrea Jay & Robert Millman

BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS, WHEN THEY SAID THERE WOULD BE A CUT-BACK IN FINANCIAL AID, EVERYONE WAS MAD BECAUSE THEY'D HAVE TO DRINK ROOT BEER!



TAKE MY DIPLOMA, PLEASE! REALLY THERE ARE SO MANY WONDERFUL CLUBS IN THIS SCHOOL. WE USED TO HAVE A TENNIS CLUB BUT EVERYONE THOUGHT IT WAS A RACKET. And remember the Christian fund-raising club? The members ran off with the profits..



I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE, I CAN HEAR YOU GRADUATING!!



I WENT INTO THE CAFETERIA AND SAID "GIVE ME A HAMBURGER AND HOLD THE BOTULISM." THE GUY BEHIND THE COUNTER SAID "HOLD 'EM YOURSELF, BUDDY... HERE IT IS!!" I BROUGHT IT TO THE CASHIER AND SAID "WHAT DO YOU GET FOR THIS?" SHE ANSWERED "10-20 IF YOU BRING IT DOWN TO THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT."



NO APPLAUSE, NO APPLAUSE, PLEASE! I'M GETTING INDEPENDENT STUDY FOR THIS! WHY SOMEONE ASKED ME JUST THE OTHER DAY "IS IT HARD TO GET IN TO RICHMOND COLLEGE". I SAID "HELL NO... LET YOU OUT." "HARD TO GET IN? BUT THEY WON'T"



**DEADLINE  
FOR NEXT ISSUE  
MARCH 19**



# The Women's Edition

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KATHY M.



*The Women's Edition*  
Of  
*The Richmond Times*

*Editor... Deia Capella*

*Staff...* Laura Jeanne Hobbs Jane Dorlester, Madeline Paladino, Kathy Moher, Donna Dietrich, Mary Ann Malzone

*Contributors...* Linda Brookoff, Joan Bodden, Susan Meddoff,, Alice Joy Kelvin, Maggie A. Rita, Gloria Cunningham, Joanne Devereaux-Caputi, Julia Ericson, Joy Rich, Marilyn Marlene Cohen, Adele, Vita Campella, Sherry, Michele, Mary Willis, Lucy Anderson, Roking, Lucy Slurzberg & sisters.

Cover by Kathy Maher







M. Paladino





# *My Mother*

*By Linda Brookoff*

I believe that my mother had a gratifying childhood. She told that the happiest moments of her life were spent in her youth. She felt these moments to be free and flowing, the responsibilities of others were not yet upon her. She had no burdens, in her early years.

My mother was born in 1917. The second of five children in a small town in Poland. She had three sisters (one older, two younger), and a brother, born after a procession of four girls. It was a closely knit family, with an emphasis upon role playing. The parents were in an exalted position, children had a strong sense of respect for their elders. The women worked in the home, while the men did outside work.

She was a beautiful child, and blossomed into a beautiful woman. She was always a bit weak in comparison to the other children, and was constantly being cared for. I believe this was the beginning of her intense need for attention. She often speaks of pleasant memories of her youth; of her enormous love for sweets (chocolate, halavah), of school adventures. For many years her favorite pastime was drawing birds in class, and taking photographs with her classmates. Her voice becomes vibrant, a strange excitement running through her mind in relating these tales. She has shown me photographs of these years, of herself and her family. She is wearing long wide dresses, ruffled about the neck and shoulders, accompanied with high lace up shoes. These remind me of pioneer pictures. Her hair is either soft and wavy or fastened in a tight bun. She had a smiling expression of joy on her face.

Although her life was filled with struggles and hardships, it was a happy time. She learned responsibility early. First performing domestic chores and errands at home and then later leaving before completing high school in order to work in her family's clothing shop.

She had ambitions and dreams in those days. She had a fierce desire to travel, to live and experience on her own before marriage, but these ideals were obliterated by the oncoming war, among other reasons. I don't really believe that these plans would have been carried forth, because she was very attached to her family and I believe she lacked the independence or the perseverance to carry forth these dreams, into reality. The war years came soon after and her plans were quickly forgotten.

I was interested in what it was like for her during menstruation (approximately age 15). She had not been forewarned by her mother or her sisters, the event seemed to her repugnant and humiliating. She was embarrassed, afraid to confide in her mother. She went about secretly trying to hide "it". When she did confront her mother, the response was, "Every girl gets it — it proves you are normal, accept it." Perhaps her mother abhorred this feminine burden and didn't want to pass it on to her offspring — a policy my mother later adapted toward her own daughters

She suffered the setback of the war at about age twenty. These times were hard for all Jewish families living in Europe. She lived with her family in Jewish ghettos for five years between 1939-1944. It is virtually impossible for me to imagine or recreate those times. My mother becomes quite hysterical at questions concerning this period. I cannot imagine my mother as she is today living through that sort of ordeal. In 1944, she was separated from her family and together with one sister was sent to the concentration camp in Auschwitz. There she was the victim of punishment, torture, being imprisoned in trains that were set afire. She was separated from her sister and is the only survivor of the Nazi atrocity (excluding an older sister, who fled to Argentina before the war).

Treatment in the camps was identical for both men and women. Both performed duties of equal hardship. My mother's job for awhile was transferring bombs, from one site to another, in teams of two, each bomb weighing 125 pounds.

Liberation came in 1945. Afterwards my mother went back to Poland, searching for friends or relatives — finding none. Broken and shattered both by the intense suffering and the realization of being alone. She was chosen to work in a Children's Camp in Austria (similar to the now existing Day Care Centers). She loved working with children and this job was one she enjoyed immensely. Later she went to Germany, taking part in the Jewish Resistance. This was the



**... "She was not  
disappointed that their first  
child was a girl" ...**



underground movement to help establish the state of Israel, and send families there. I was interested in the role women played in this movement. My mother believed that they were equal, which surprised me. She said: "Men were managers, organizers." What about women? "They helped too. Men were doctors, women were nurses. Women worked in the kitchens, taking care of the children."

My mother was in charge of the dining room, for the officers and diplomatic visitors. She told me about being introduced to and speaking with Golda Meir. They spoke of WW II, and the struggle to establish a free state for Jews. My mother told her that she had a sister with the same name (Golda), who had been killed. They hugged and parted.

Later while still in Germany, she became reacquainted with a man she had known while still in Poland. They decided to try to come to America together and get married.

My mother had cousins in Chicago, my father an older brother in New York. My mother arrived in the U.S. in 1949, after a long period of sea sickness enroute. Her feeling upon arriving here were an eerie strangeness, an intense insecurity. She felt alienated, without close friends and family around her. She had many barriers, a major one that of language. She was unsure of herself, she doubted all her thoughts, ideals, movements. She was uncertain and hesitant. She told me about an incident on a train platform with her cousins. Her cousin Phil offered her a cigarette. She had been smoking since the war was over, but did not know what the reaction to a woman smoking would be, so she refused his offer.

She attended English classes, and was the brightest in her class, which renewed faith in herself a bit. My father arrived three months later. They came to N.Y. where they were married and have lived ever since. My mother married late by most standards, she said that she would have been considered an "old maid", if the war had not interrupted her life. I believe she married my father for basic security reasons. They were both lost and lonely, and I suppose there were some good feelings between them. She had been raised to believe that marriage was the only career open for a woman, in the long run. She was conditioned to believe that marriage was her only choice. (Which is similar to the basic indoctrination many of us received, although alternatives are now opening up.) My parents had their first child, a girl, in 1950. She said they had not discussed whether or not to have children. It was understood that they would. They both needed something, someone to help rebuild their lives. She was not disappointed that their first child was a girl. They were relieved that the child was healthy. I was born in 1954, her second child, another girl. When she awoke from childbirth, the doctor said "Mrs. Brookoff! you've just had another girl. Are you disappointed?" She replied that she was not. (The doctor tried to inflict the usual desire for a male child upon my mother, I suppose that is inevitable.)

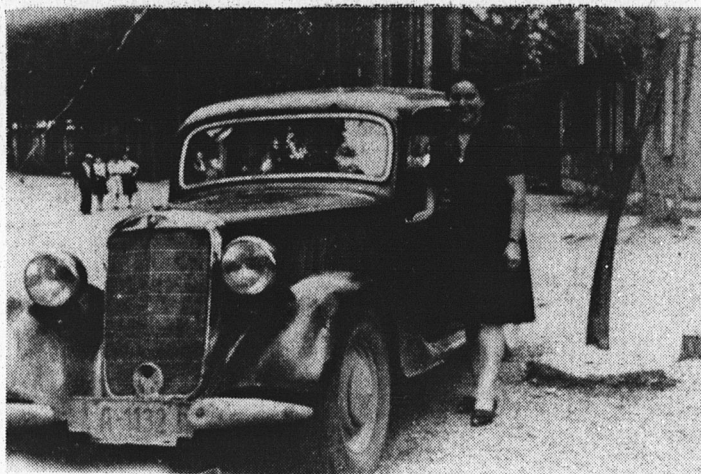
With two small children she became tied down to the home, and, as a result dependent upon my father. She was busy washing, cooking, nursing one child and caring for another. She had no leisure time, little opportunity to assert herself. The task of caring for these two children was completely up to her, as European men took little interest in the rearing of the children. As time went on, she had some social contact but, when my father was present, it was he who made all the decisions. She became caught up in household duties, feeling that they were her obligation. Her husband worked and provided for her and she must repay him by doing her share. She feels this way even if a woman contributes equally into the household. A woman's work is in the home regardless.

I'd like to update this, my sister is now 23, I am 19. My father died three years ago. We all grieve together over my father's death, but my mother mourns and complains, her wounds heal slowly. Because of her past traumas, she cannot accept death, she believes that she has had a hard and arduous life and this was uncalled for. We (Rita and I) are young and have just begun to live. But she has become bogged down in their past life together. I understand her grief, it is difficult to once again start a new life. She did not perform duties outside the home throughout their marriage and now she feels incapable. She has not really taken advantage of the freedom that has been given back to her to rebuild a kind of life for herself that matches her own taste. (Recently, I persuaded her to visit her sister in Argentina, who she has not seen for 10 years, after much deliberation, she agreed. She is now there, which is great for her.)

Her daily life is made up of worrying over her illnesses, she has no interest in involving herself in activity of any kind. She lives in a world of self indulgence, self pity. She will open up her difficulties to anyone, seeking sympathy. She has



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TRANSITIONS  
SHE HAS MADE"



"A SPIRITED  
WOMAN  
ONCE LIVED  
INSIDE  
HER...."

made up her mind to share the general opinion held. The last person she speaks to is right, she seems to have no beliefs of her own.

The relationship she has with my sister is characterized by aloofness. Mine is much closer, she has transferred the dependence from my father to myself. She often displays a cruel unkindness toward us that I believe is more thoughtless than sadistic. Her desire is not to cause unhappiness, but to prove her power to herself.

I talk to her about our misunderstandings, but in a general way. We quarrel over trifles. She believes that women of today are immoral. Women who engage in any relationship outside of marriage are "prostitutes." In her opinion, marriage is sacred, it is a safeguard. If, for example, two people live with one another and the man leaves, the woman is left without child support (if a child is involved, naturally).

She longs for her children to marry, like her friends children. She becomes destroyed at the thought that these "blessed unions" may not occur. These antiquated ideas, prevent her from finding any form of happiness.

It is difficult for me to imagine the transitions that she has made. When she was a young woman she loved clothing, dressing up all the time. As her duties became more time consuming she didn't care for her appearance any longer, except on occasions when dressing up was essential. (Even this excitement was robbed from her.)

I still remember her as I saw her one morning as a young child. She was looking out the window, wearing a long flowered skirt and an elasticized top, her shoulders and back exposed, her hair in a long black braid to her waist, just glaring out at the street. When I think back to this, I am touched by her naturalness and radiance. She had intense appetites in her youth, but spent all her strength repressing and ignoring them. In childhood, her body and mind were molded by prohibition, by conditioning. A spirited woman once lived inside her, but either it was not allowed to flourish or it died in the process.

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## The Happy Housewife

Susan  
Meddoff

"I was born this way—  
it's not my fault."

21 years ago the first noticeable thing about me, after the doctor slapped me, was that I was a girl. It wasn't my fault, it was my parents. My father was disappointed. The doctor was disappointed also, there was no other reason for him to slap me. Years later I was disappointed too, but, I was born this way—it's not my fault.

After the baby teeth fell out I realized that not only did I have to see the world through a pair of glasses, but now I was to be humiliated in front of the world with a mouth

full of silver. I looked at everyone pleadingly and said I was born this way—it's not my fault.

Years later the braces came off (and the glasses stayed on) and my teeth were nice and straight. Now I needed other things to pick on. I was too skinny and my feet were too big, but after all, I was born this way—it's not my fault.

Now I see the reason why I always had to pick myself apart and think I wasn't as good as I really was. But now I can say—I am a woman, I was born this way. Thank Goodness.



"I grew up with customs and traditions that clearly fined a woman's role."



## OUR PLACE; PASSOVER

By Susan Meddoff

I grew up in a Jewish household. My family was never very religious. We went to synagogue only on the big holidays, and in later years, the family drifted a lot and only my father continued to walk down to the temple for services. My mother is sort of an agonistic. My brother leans towards catholicism, and I don't believe in God at all. In fact, if there is a God, I am quite convinced it is a female diety.

But, nonetheless, all religion aside, I grew up with customs and traditions that clearly defined a woman's place—in the kitchen. Every important holiday is accompanied by a feast of some kind. Naturally, while the men are paying their respects to the Lord, the women are cooking their little hearts out! I find it obnoxiously oppressive.

There is one holiday to which I take exception . . . Passover. It's not that Passover is such a wonderful holiday. In some respects, it's more oppressive than the

rest. But it is the only holiday we kept. We had created our own family tradition out of Passover. Even when the family dwindled down to the meager number of three, the three of us held fast to tradition.

Every year my mother asks that I come home a day early to help her cook. I always go home, but I never help her cook. She performs her own miracles over the stove and we talk. I set the table with the special dishes, put pillows on my father's "throne", and at the end of the service, I clear the table and do the dishes with my mom.

Obnoxiously oppressive?—certainly it is. But somehow I find it easy to bend my principles on that day. Each Passover, I look at the table, at the kitchen, at my parents, and say "one more year of my mother's cooking and my father's prayers in the house where I grew up". I know that next year, it will be the same, and I'm grateful for it, because no matter how high my consciousness may be, I still have one family tradition to hang on to.

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## Childhood Incident By Gloria Cunningham

There were three of us in on it. We planned to all raise our two fingers at two o'clock so the teacher would know it was important for us to leave the room. At the appointed time Mrs. Butler glanced up, saw our urgent signal, and she dismissed us with an annoyed nod. Eva, Loretta, and myself gathered around the water fountain in the school basement, giggling and discussing the mean red-haired boy in the back of the class. It was a particularly hot day, so we stuck our heads under the water. Getting our hair thoroughly saturated, we reluctantly started upstairs. At that moment our carrot-topped enemy confronted us "I'm gonna tell the teacher you wet your hair, I'm gonna tell" he taunted. Panic set in! We knew too well how that authority of first grade looked when she was angry.

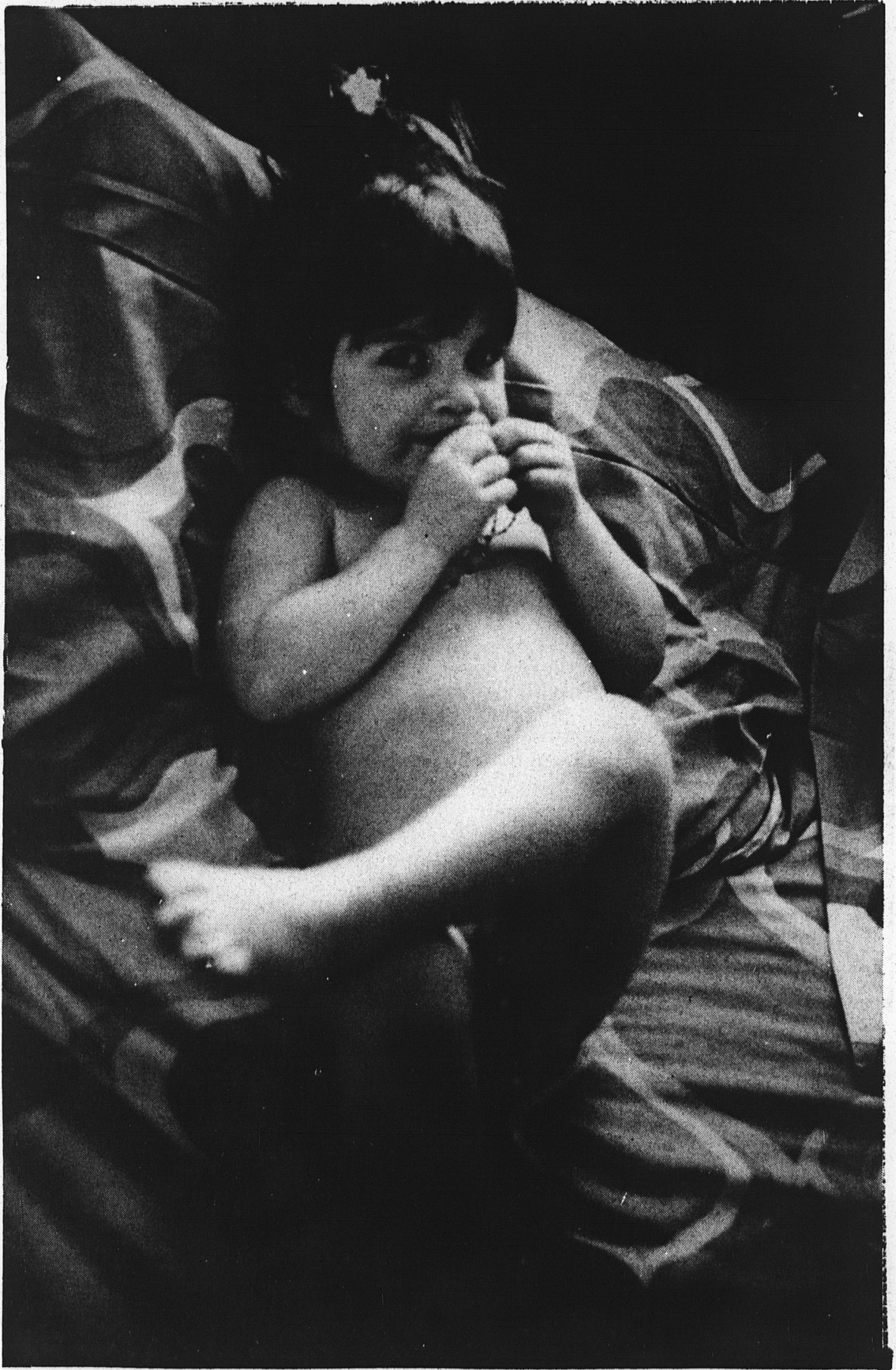
Loretta ran first, I followed, with Eva close behind. Our flight led us through the woods and across the salt

marshes. In someone's back yard was an abandoned chicken coop, a perfect place to hide. From where we huddled, we could see the highway. Every car was the truant officer. More fears then came to us. What would happen when we did get home? Would Mrs. Butler visit our parents? Perhaps the police would be called!

No one knows how long we did stay in our hide-out, but time came when we had to go our separate ways. I wondered if I should sneak into the house, sing as I strode in, or just act as if it were any normal school day. My mother was right there when I slipped in. She glared at me for a moment, and then a look of relief came over her face. Rather briskly she said, "Go wash your hands, your supper is getting cold"; then I knew she knew. As I gulped my food, I tried to figure why boys thought hookey was such fun. Boys are stupid!



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# GROWING UP FEMALE *By Vita Campanella*

The baby of the family was a girl; how excited everyone was, I was the girl. There are two children in my family, the other a boy; perfect match.

As I was growing up, I was treated like a prima donna. Everything I wanted I received. From very young I could get around my parents because I was a girl.

When I was first allowed to go out to play by myself, my friends were boys. I stayed with my brother, his friends and my one girlfriend. We were a group. We fought, played ball, tag and other games girls weren't supposed to play, it was unlady like. Those were great times even though we were of the opposite sex.

My parents were wonderful, they allowed me to play with the boys without any hassels. They believed in time I would play with girls but they didn't push me.

At the age of eight, I decided I wanted to play with girls. I set out to meet what I called the sissy girls. (they only played house and with dolls) My friend and I met them and we became in charge. We were the tough guys, we knew more than them.

After being with these girls, I realized it was not what I wanted to do. I didn't want to only play with dolls, because I hated it and was very bored.

Now I stood at the crossroads, go the tomboy route or go the doll house route. I compromised. I began to be myself and enjoy all things that I liked. I played ball, tag and all sports: I also played house and girl games. Finally I was me the person I longed to be.

Having an older brother helped me to set my mind straight. There were things he did that I was not allowed to do because I was a girl. He was able to stay out late, I had to be in early. I resented this kind of treatment. It was for my own good I was told and it turned out to be true. I was unable to defend myself at night, my brother was able to watch our for himself so he got the privilege of staying out.

Growing up was a completely fantastic experience for me. I had my ups and downs, I did my rights and wrongs but most of all I learned. I used to have to help wash the dishes, my brother did not, he would wash the car. I made my bed, he didn't; he took out the garbage. I would hoot and holler that he would have better jobs to do. At the end, I would get more praise from my parents because I was their little girl.

Till this day, I'm treated like a prima donna, enjoying things I want to, *doing what I want to* and loving every minute that I'm growing up female.







# MY DIARY

By Deia



When I was 13 I started keeping a diary. I named my book Kitty because Anne Frank, who I really admired, called her diary by that name. I can remember 13 as being a terribly lonely and insecure age. I was afraid of my parents, my teachers, my classmates and any situation that was new and unexplored. I know that I felt really out of it. I wasn't very good looking. I wore braces, had short hair, and a body that was developing at different times. Result—no breasts, good legs, and a lot of baby fat in-between. I didn't have a boyfriend and I was afraid of any kind of sexual encounter, yet my diary is filled with romantic daydreams.

Jan. 7, 1965

*"Remember when I said that I liked Richie L., Well now I think Robert F. is nice. So friendly, smart, modest, etc. etc. . . How does Mrs. Deia F. sound? Pretty good, eh!"*

Still I knew that he never noticed how smart and nice I was. And now my "dream man" took on an even more impressive role, he became my teacher, a learned man.

*"Today Robert was our teacher in Math again. He's so handsome. But who notices me? Surely not any of the boys. I'm just a plain stupid girl who does not know the answers to anything. I sure wish I had a real friendly personality."*

And yet I'm willing to improve myself as my Lenten Project.

Feb. 26, 1965

*"Tommorrow is the beginning of Lent. I resolve that I shall go to Mass and Communion every day during Lent, and also that I will give up candy. I will try to be a friendlier, more outgoing person. I'll try the best I can."*

But, though I had such a terrific crush on Robert F., I knew that he was really a snob, and would not really be interested in me. But I would give it one last try, and then be realistic.

*"We are starting to give out our graduation pictures now, and I asked a girl in the other class to ask for his picture. He said, 'I'll think about it.' Isn't that good of him? Thanks, but no thanks."*

*End of a brief and unrequited affair.*

Still I dreamed of marriage and all its promised wonders.

April 25, 1965

END OF A BRIEF AND UNREQUITED AFFAIR.



Still I dreamed of marriage and all its promised wonders.

"I often think about the man I will marry. We must be together for life, for that is how long marriage should last. I think he should enjoy many of the things I enjoy, and he must be a religious man. We can have our differences but he should try to see my side of the argument. He must have a good, clean sense of humor, and he must above all, hold true to his ideals and beliefs if he is to be called a man. He should regard me as one who is a part of him, sharing the same thoughts, hopes and fears. For if two people are really to enter the state of marriage, then they must cease being two, but must be joined into one. Now I don't mean they must lose their individuality, but they must be one in their love for each other. The man I marry must respect and admire me as a woman, not just as a figure of a wife. For a woman deserves that respect since it was a woman who brought the Savior into the world. A woman is someone sacred."

"...A  
Woman  
is  
someone  
sacred..."

It is so strange reading this diary. I haven't read it in 10 years. In my diary I skip from light crushes to serious projections about the future, and then deep thoughts about marriage and children. I changed my career aspirations daily. First, a nurse, then a doctor, a linguist and interpreter, and finally a social worker. I still change my mind about my major and what "I want to be when I grow up." I've finally decided that I want to be either a social worker or a counselor.

"It's  
ten years  
later,  
but  
basic  
feelings  
don't  
seem  
to  
change"

When I think about how insecure, and lonely I felt at 13, I can still relate to those feelings. It's 10 years later, but basic feelings don't seem to change. But how we handle those feelings can change. I'm a woman now. I'm learning to deal with fear,—fear of being alone, fear of other people, and fear of myself. But I'm learning to express my feelings instead of keeping them in and hurting myself. I'm trying to reach out to other people now, and show them I care about them and their feelings. It's hard. I still get lonely and afraid, but I know I'm a stronger person now. I know that I can cope with hard times and enjoy the good ones.

"It  
is so  
strange  
reading  
this  
diary."

I'm beginning to feel good about myself, and I'm learning. Learning to give, learning to trust, learning to really like myself.

Here is the last entry from my journal that I'm keeping now.

A fantasy.

March 26, 1974

"I'm sitting at my lovely old rolltop desk. It's made of finely grained oak. It's so old, and the wood is so smooth. This desk has mellowed. The sunlight is streaming through my window. My plants are drinking up the light. The sun is so warm on my head. It's making my hair bright. I can see the different rays of color, and my hair feels like the color of warm butterscotch. There is a vase on my desk with yellow crocuses in it. The vase is earthenware and the flowers are melting into it.

I am writing. I am happy. I am writing."

"I  
am  
writing"





## Daddy Are You Sleeping?

Daddy,  
Are you sleeping  
While I lie awake tormented?  
Are you warm and resting  
In your cozy two-storied house  
Where I grew up  
And died?

Daddy,  
Are you sleeping  
While tears streak my cheeks  
In a futile attempt to cry?

Daddy,  
Are you sleeping  
While I rack the cage  
You built for me?

Daddy,  
Will you sleep  
After I come to you  
And leave you living  
Until you die.  
Then will it be you  
Who'll ask,  
"Maggie, are you sleeping  
While I lie awake tormented?"

Yes, Daddy  
I'm sleeping.  
Aren't you?

Maggie A. Rita  
2-28-74

## TWINS

Earth's dark womb our mother  
Sharing the uncertainty of early life  
Pregnancy in turmoil  
Five attempted abortions.  
But you my, my twin, wrapped your  
body around me  
and clung tightly.  
You whispered, "You are too  
beautiful to die  
before birth. Stay with me  
and let us grow together."  
So together we grew.  
Entwined we thought forever  
But then we labored.  
You released your grip  
And slid away from me.  
Soon I followed  
And was born.  
Earth rejoiced but we cried.  
Why was it so?  
Weren't we safe in our darkness?  
Looking about I saw wondrous  
things—  
Blue sky, white birds, light—  
I rejoiced.  
Then I gazed upon you  
Shadow in darkness now light.  
I cried out:  
Twins true  
But fraternal.

Maggie A. Rita  
8-22-73

## SCHIZOPHRENIA

I lie in the sun,  
And watch the sky.  
I watch the birds,  
And clouds go by.  
I do not move.  
I do not sigh.  
Am I alive,  
Or did I die?

Gloria Cunningham



“Woman  
to  
Woman”

January 1, 1973

The food just eaten  
Lies heavy on my chest  
Where my hunger for you remains.  
It's your head I ache for  
To be lying there instead.  
I have no need to devour you  
Only to slowly run my tongue  
Along where it pleases you most  
To feel me tasting you.  
My left eye pulses  
Where you'd said  
You'd wanted to meet it  
With your lips.  
Can you feel my fingers  
Resting on your shoulder  
Softly melting skin on skin

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home free.  
I joke about reserving  
The space i touched you from.  
Do you know  
How hard it is for me  
To make it sound that light?  
How it frightens me  
To let you touch me now  
When I must struggle so  
To remain numb to all the rest  
Except you.  
Yesterday,  
We began the year entwined.  
Tonight,  
I sleep alone.  
But I wrap your memory  
Around my stretching legs,  
A New Years present  
For you to re-open  
When we can touch again.



“San Francisco Dyke Love Poem”

And when the rain falls, I think of you,  
the tears you still shed for your mother,  
dead now almost five years,  
though mercilessly alive in your mind;  
the tears you shed over being lonely and loverless,  
though neither alone nor unloved,  
desperately wondering if you can say yes to love;  
the tears you shed in the general confusion  
so many of us feel,  
trying to know if the way we're trying to live  
is workable and real

and are we really struggling,  
and are we really growing,  
and are we really living,  
and are we really good?

And when the sun shines, I think of you,  
your smile when you believe in yourself  
and know that people love you;  
your smile when you get along well  
with the people you love;  
your smile when you know how beautiful you look;  
your smile when you create a picture you like;  
your smile when you sing together with a  
roomful of dykes;  
your smile when you play a good game of pool;  
your beautiful smile.

Joy Rich







# Power & the Limitations of Height

Or

## The Misfortunes of Having a Little Grandmother

By Mary Willis

Just when it appears that women are gaining in their struggle for equality, I foresee an obstacle difficult to hurdle - height.

What does height mean in this society? Power for one. If a building is tall it is romanticized as majestic, lofty, mighty, etc. The Empire State Building's greatest claim to notoriety is its height and nothing else. Yet, it has remained one of New York City's major tourist attraction for over 50 years. A tall person receives the same treatment. He is assumed to be mature, responsible, a leader. He does not have to prove his worth.

On the other side of the fence we find short people. Likened to children, they are patted on the head, talked down to, and considered weaker in character. Given "affectionate" nicknames such as shrimp, shortie, peanut, we are relegated to a position inferior to that of a taller person.

My motives for writing this paper are obvious. I gave it away when I used "we" instead of "they" in referring to short people. It is hard to remain distantly objective when writing of an injustice you personally suffer from.

Could height really be a measure of a person's character? Maybe I am the one who is crazy. I was under the impression that heredity determined how tall you are. My grandmother is four-feet-eleven. All her children cleared 5'6". In the third generation three of us are five feet tall. I did not realize how much of a handicap my height was until I entered college. Before that time I enjoyed my height and never felt self-conscious about it. Then I began getting remarks such as "How does it feel being a midget?", "I can't walk next to you, you make me feel like a giant". I thought this was my problem and I had to solve it some way. Well, by the time you are 18 years old there is not much hope for change. I simply resigned myself to my fate.

Short people are told we are "cute", petite, and we all know what comes in little packages. But are we taken seriously? Would you let me take matters into my hands? My tiny hands? And I certainly don't appear strong enough to carry the weight of the world on my shoulders.











Why have tall people been getting away with

manipulating short people? I think it has to do with the theory that to keep people in their place you must convince them they are happy. Here are some of the advantages - getting into the movies for 75 cents, buying your clothes in the children's dep't., and you can always tell the Avon Lady that your mommy isn't home. Police might think twice before they arrest whatever they think is a minor - but I don't advise testing it.

Although women are making advances in the power games it is interesting to note which ones are winning. A woman who can talk "eye to eye" to a man has an advantage. She will be considered an equal in power if her stature is great. When taken literally the expression "to look down to" means to show no respect for.

Short women are the last sexist foothold of men. They desperately try to convince us we are too dainty to do a man's job. When in reality they are searching in vain for someone to reinforce their male ego. We still need a car door open for us because it is assumed we do not have the strength to open it ourselves. But this assumption is incorrect. There is no correlation between height and strength. In contrast, a fight between a tall and short person gives the latter the advantage. Short people have a lower center of gravity; thus making it more difficult to get them to the ground. Martial Arts, the deadliest form of self-defense was perfected by the Asiastics who are considered short by Western standards.

Tall people will not relinquish their power readily. It must be taken. Although it is easier to let someone else carry your packages, reach for an object - instead of using a stool, and physically exerting himself; just remember what you are losing. If you don't use your body as much as your taller friend, of course he will be stronger. It is a fact that women's arms are much weaker than men's. This is because women do not work with their arms and are discouraged from lifting, carrying, and pulling objects of any considerable size. Our muscles will simply atrophy if we don't use them. All that is needed is the self-confidence to assert oneself to their full potential. In this way the stereotypes will be dissolved and the barriers broken down.

23. Romantic?	26. Home-Loving?	28. Feminine?	31. Child-at-Heart?	33. Intellectual?
				
				
11. Career?	13. Natural?	15. Sophisticated?	16. Outdoors?	17. Now?



I come crawling home  
 staggering under the weight of new  
 ideas  
 crammed into a canvas bag.  
 I stare into the night  
 and the empty, lonely night  
 rejects my souvenirs,  
 my wild reminiscings  
 and laughs a cool, polluted laugh.  
 New York reminds me of reality:  
 It's always prettier on the postcards.

Bodies orbiting bodies  
 colliding, courting bodies  
 housing, hiding minds  
 that seek, that speak  
 of bodies orbiting bodies  
 orbiting bodies  
 sometimes touch.

## Women Have Seen It All

"Women Have Seen It All"  
 She shimmers before you in the  
 colors of sunrise,  
 closing out sounds of ashes and  
 dying.  
 Her voice is singing a ballad of love  
 but behind your back she is  
 crying.  
 She flows past the grime of the gray  
 sidewalk city,  
 asking for nothing, receiving no  
 more.  
 She radiates love to the thousands  
 she passes  
 yet has as much love as before.  
 The days conspire in dull profusion  
 against her. She utters no words.  
 She longs to ask why there has been  
 loss of meaning  
 but fears she will never be heard.  
 She shimmers before you in the  
 colors of sunset,  
 wanting to touch you, wanting so  
 much.  
 But you move away when you see  
 what she needs,  
 afraid she'll discover you cannot  
 be touched.

Joy Rich

## TUESDAY

MAR. 1974						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

MAY 1974						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

# 2

APR. 1974

### - APPOINTMENTS -

8:00

8:30

9:00

9:30

10:00

10:30

11:00

11:30

12:00

1:00

1:30

2:00

2:30

3:00

3:30

4:00

4:30

5:00

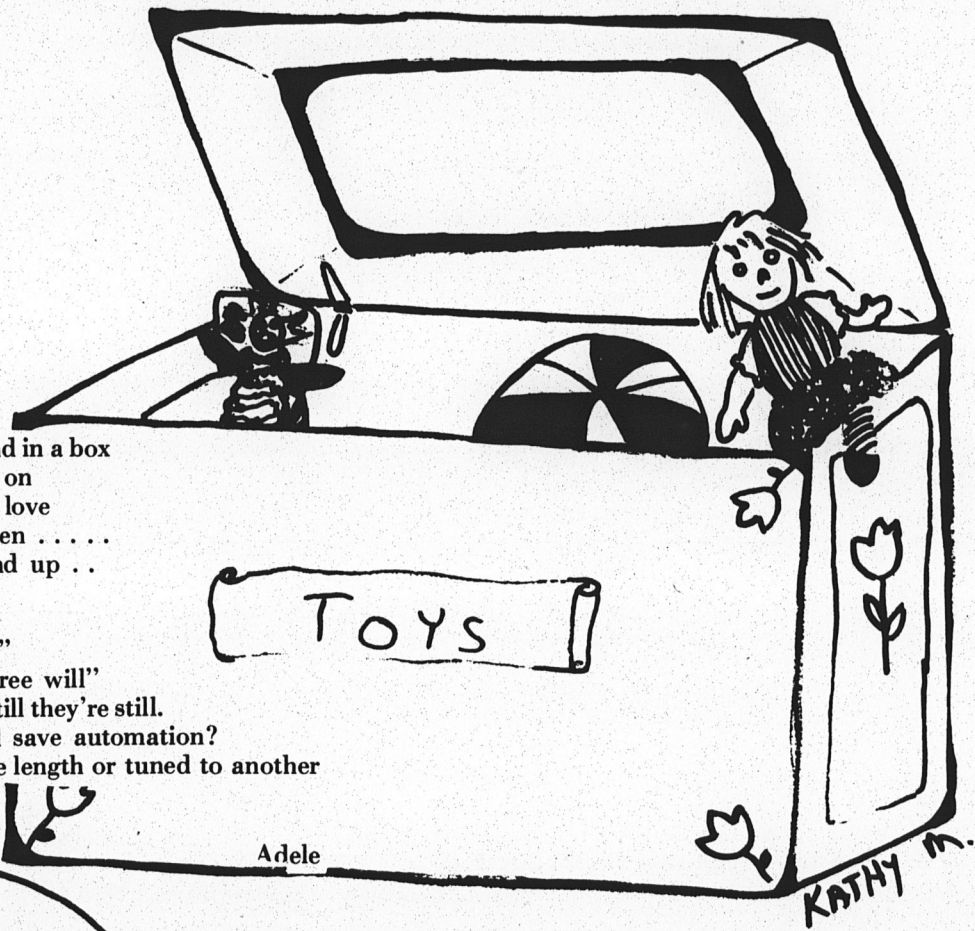
5:30

You and your damn notes,  
 little lists,  
 circles on calendars.  
 They are signs of frustration,  
 your knitting and masturbation.  
 Fuck your determination.  
 Ah, there lies the solution  
 immersed in pollution of mind,  
 of body.  
 Someone has detected you  
 perhaps infected you  
 with a rare and fatal disease:  
 your desire to do as you please,  
 stand naked in the breeze  
 and know: this little ditty  
 is really shitty.

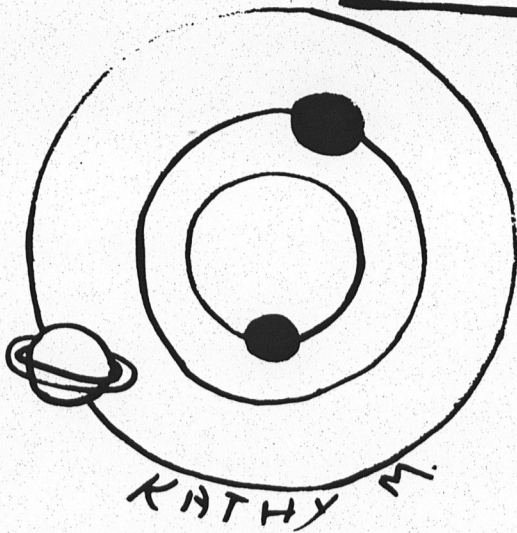
Julia Ericson



Some people think love is found in a box  
 They think they can turn it on  
 Some people read books for love  
 If they could only feel it, then . . . . .  
 Little girls are taught to wind up . .  
 They're little machines from  
 "Sunrise to sunset"  
 They got to get "permission"  
 They're taught "there's no free will"  
 They wind and wind and run till they're still.  
 Why do you feel you should save automation?  
 (you must be on another wave length or tuned to another  
 station)



Adele



You and I  
 Two converging circles  
 Going on and on.  
 Our directions seeming different  
 Yet the same.  
 Finally touching,  
 Always intensely,  
 Knowing the distance  
 We both will have to go  
 Before we meet again.

Marilyn

## So Smile

A teardrop slid off the end of my nose  
 And landed between my two middle toes  
 There it engulfed and drowned an ant  
 From now on I'll smile even if I can't.

Gloria Cunningham



KATHY M.



## Feminist Counseling

Although counseling at Richmond College includes many areas, the type of services directly expressing our feminist philosophy include individual counseling sessions and the following groups:— exploring sexual identity for females and males; a woman's group using theater-gestalt and video techniques; and a gay women's group. In addition, at the *RETREAT WEEKEND, APRIL 19-21*, women's group is being offered (all interested — sign up at Student Affairs Office). In this past year we have consulted with various professors and developed workshops in experiential-learning which we have done for classes in human sexuality and counseling. We welcome other opportunities to present workshops.

By Ro King & Lucy Slurzberg

The growing need and concern among women to develop a feminist psychology and a feminist therapy has been met with a tremendous variety of approaches. As two feminist counselors, we would like to share some of our feminist therapy that we practice at Richmond College.

It is easier to say what we as feminist therapists do not do: 1) we do not focus on the Oedipus situation, penis envy or fixations at the various psychosexual stages; 2) we do not involve ourselves in adjustment processes, whereby the individual strives to change her-his needs and behavior to the demands of society; 3) we disregard traditional sex roles as a model for health; 4) we do not encourage dependency inherent in the traditional patient-therapist roles; 5) we do not regard love of one's own sex as a disease; and 6) we do not see health as the absence of neurotic symptoms.

Some of the areas that do distinguish us as feminist therapists include: 1) an emphasis, especially with women, on working through the problems of fear of success; 2) traditional sex roles are ignored and instead emphasis is placed on developing the potential of each individual as one defines herself-himself; 3) the development of skills to tolerate ambiguities and ambivalences—e.g., if a man is in contact with his softness, can he experience this as a strength. If a woman has discovered her physical prowess and mechanical ability, can she experience this as a strength; 4) the societal pressures for women to inhibit their anger and strength, and for men to inhibit their sadness and sensitivity is understood, and an emphasis is placed on experiencing and expressing these emotions; 5) we do not discount the cultural influence that pervades many personal problems—we focus on helping the individual to develop strength in order to deal with political oppressions; 6) our counseling women on sexual issues include dealing with certain myths, i.e., the vaginal orgasm, the passive role and the comparatively low sex drive of the female; instead, we strive to help women achieve their full potential in terms of what they like as well as how to please their partners; 7) in one-to-one counseling situations, we try to emphasize the therapeutic relationships as a partnership whereby the student shares in the development of her-his own goals for personal growth, and 8) in a group counseling situation, we share the skills and techniques of listening and helping members of the group try out the concept of shifting leadership.



### help yourself

We women should not have to resort to finding a willing man or paying a fortune at a garage if our cars need to be fixed. We need a course at Richmond in auto mechanics to teach us the skills necessary to be self-reliant.

Such a course would cover routine maintenance procedures, making emergency repairs and, if it is absolutely necessary to resort to a garage, preventing rip-offs and incompetent workmanship. In all probability there is someone already on the staff who has the necessary interest and expertise to teach the course.

If you would like Richmond to offer a course in auto mechanics please sign one of the petitions in the cafeteria or the Self Help Collective (Room 538).

Pat Adams



# WOMEN IN SUPPORT

The Staten Island Counseling and Information Center for Women is a multi-purpose interdisciplinary program in mental health, academic research and community service based on Staten Island, New York.

Through the Center, we hope to have Richmond College offer its varied resources to the community, emphasizing the importance of the Staten Island woman acting in cooperation with a range of organizations, to make it possible to affect her own life.

The interdisciplinary nature of the program will enable the Center to cope with the psychological, as well as the sociological aspects of the situations encompassed. The Center has the opportunity to significantly affect the approach of women realizing their full potential, and

improving the quality of their lives.

The interdisciplinary components of the Center will deal with the range of issues affecting alternative life styles for the Staten Island woman. The focus of the Center will be the orientation of the Staten Island woman for return to the business world. The purpose of the Center will be to create a positive mental attitude that will enable an individual to face the business world with confidence. The approach is to create a positive mental attitude rather than only a training program. The organization will be operated on a non-profit basis with records compiled for grant funding. We are interested in helping individuals become mentally and emotionally equipped to handle contemporary issues relating to getting jobs for themselves.

Programs will be designed to meet the practical and functional, as well as the developmental needs of women in order to promote more effective and widely available services of women. The Center will emphasize services to safeguard women's development, growth, education and general well being, while trying to strengthen, maintain and support family life.

The following services will enhance the effectiveness of the Center:

Preventive psychiatry programs for women and their families; Research studies conducted at the Center; Group counseling and guidance for women and members of their families; Professionally oriented workshops; Specially designed therapeutic services in occupational experiences; Conscientness-Raising Group experiences; Pre-vocational and occupational training classes; On-the-job training programs with a direct

involvement in private industry; Utilization of areas requiring limited skills; Personal adjustment training; Job solicitation and referrals and information; Educational meetings; Community education; Personnel training of para-professionals and professionals; Abilities Testing.

The Center will attempt to equip individuals with required confidence to approach job interviews and job functions after long absences. Governance will be exercised by the Board of Directors, with strong influences exerted by the Advisory Board decisions and the staff suggestions. Participatory type planning which is concerned with the needs of the individuals it serves will be of prime importance. The Center will stress the importance of Richmond College students un-

dertaking their field work experience at the Center and will maintain a close contact with Richmond College.

Finally, the Center will provide badly needed research and research facilities for Staten Island. The Center will gather statistics about these women when they first come to the Center, and will do follow-up studies when they complete the training program. The data gathered will be a valuable resource for further investigations into the problems of working class women in a rapidly changing community such as Staten Island.

Richmond College shares a strong commitment and innovative approach to the problems of Staten Island community life. Staten Island Assemblyman Lucio Russo has endorsed the Staten Island Counseling and Information Center for Women. Dr. William Birenbaum of Staten Island Community College, noted by the Governor's office, as having a strong commitment in community endeavors, also expressed interest in such a project. The Staten Island Counseling and Information Center for Women view an affiliation with Richmond College as a decisive step in this all important area.

A local center geared for information and counseling for women and their families is necessary and urgently needed. Staten Island has experienced rapid growth in the past fifteen years, and the present population is expected to triple by the turn of the century. The majority of residents are lower-middle class ethnic whites. The women basically feel powerless and inadequately informed, alienating them from the community. Their children have become self-sufficient, and the women are faced with an empty existence. It is of paramount importance to realize the lack of responsiveness to this oppressed group of women who have been "just housewives" for too long.





"After 5 Weeks Of Not Hearing From You.  
After 5 Years Of Not Hearing From Me."

Tonite, we spoke of our friendship,  
And how we'd sewn it together  
With threads of deception  
That could not mend wounds dried to scars,  
Picked away to bleed again.  
We made ourselves believe  
That they could heal themselves.  
But the silent distance of 3000 miles  
Was no comfort.  
Words had become  
So sheer a bandage  
That the useless longing for you  
Seeped through,  
Spreading the infection to the arteries  
Connecting my heart to my brain.

I remember the times  
Lying beside you,  
We were best girlfriends  
Sleeping over for the night.  
We were safe.  
And feeling close  
In the vulnerability of the nite,  
We could share hungry words  
Starving for an ear  
Filling each other verbally  
To drain some of the emptiness.  
And then you'd fall asleep,  
Always first,  
Because I was only a woman.  
And I would lie awake  
Longing to touch you  
Past our verbal intimacies.

Ah, that woman's a fine dancer.  
She moves and moves so easy  
With her eyes closed and her arms out wide;  
Feet and hips, every muscle and bone  
In her body feels the music.  
Don't you see, she twirls like that when she's down.  
And the downer she gets the more she moves;  
Can't catch her can't catch her,  
She's one exquisite step  
Out of reach.  
Watch that woman as she takes off with wide leaps,  
And dances into the sunset  
Just at the hour when Brooklyn turns pink.

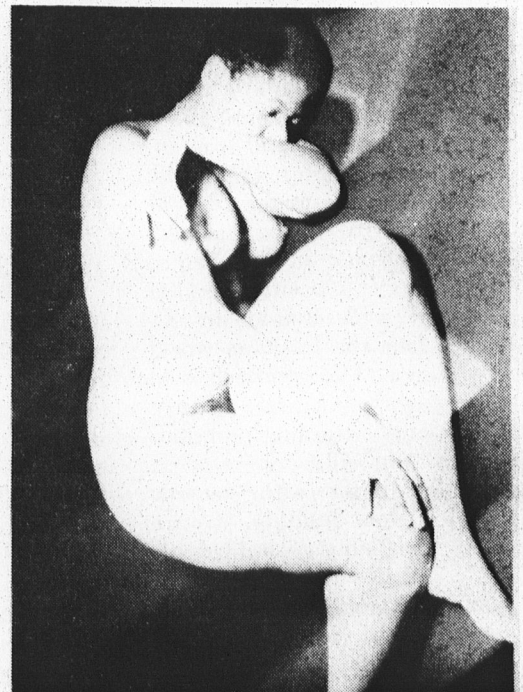
Lucy Anderson

Hating you for sleeping so soundly.  
Hating me more  
For not being the man  
You thought you needed.  
Afraid to tell you  
Of my need to mean more,  
Afraid to admit it  
Even to myself.  
Just feeling the rush of pain  
Re-clotting the wound  
Kissing it myself  
To make it better  
Knowing you would  
Open it again.

You are away from me now.  
As I lie here remembering,  
The man you chose lies somewhere beside you.  
Beside me the Raggedy Ann doll you'd left behind  
To see me through.  
You did send me picture postcards  
Of the Grand Tetons.  
But I had no way of telling you  
I'd climbed some mountains  
Of my own while you were gone.  
I'd struggled over trails  
That only my heart and mind could photograph.  
Finally choosing a different route  
Making my own stop signs  
Instead of always yielding to yours.

I know now  
That I can say no to you.  
But, my untouched lover,  
Will you ever be able to say yes?

Marilyn





## The Nature Of Sleeping Around

By J. R. Dorlester

I saw you, I smiled.  
at the memories of the dark nights spent together,  
together? that's questionable.  
I mean yes we did fornicate together  
and yes we did awake wrapped in one another's arms  
And I was impressed with the story you told about the  
"young chick"  
you picked up hitchhiking.  
She was a chick you insisted  
defending your use of the word  
The chick came to visit and you stuck  
your cock into her cunt because that's what she wanted.  
Next day you were upset—  
the realization of it all—  
you took a long walk—  
Outside sucking in the sun  
we chatted between classes and work  
The light made it clear  
we were two bodies  
we are two bodies  
It's difficult for me to admit.  
But there is nothing between us but space.

## Igloo

He  
snowballs  
into  
the  
IGLOO  
of me.  
And i  
Melt.  
pow  
er fully  
he  
fumbles  
his love upon me.  
i  
having melted  
he leaves  
i build  
another  
igloo  
and  
he  
returns to his  
fort.

K A J

## The Virgin

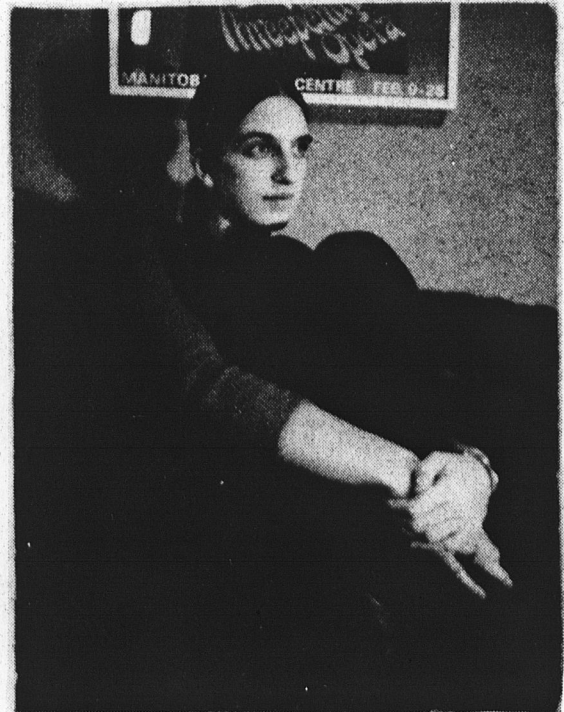
He was a virgin,  
so he said to me.  
So, I told him  
"Just relax, & "let it be".  
Then, one night,  
to the music of Bach.  
What he was became  
a was-not.

Kelvin, Alice Joy  
1972

## Postfuck

Blessed be they,  
the satisfied ones;  
For they shall  
inherit the sleep.

K. AJ





Joseph and I lay in bed and spoke of our sexual fantasies.

It was a big step for me really. Coming from a family in which the word "sex" was never heard, I had previously shied away from sexual discussions where one was to give personal references. "Fantasies? What fantasies?" Sexual discourse was never discomforting to me so long as it was in the most general terms, or about someone else. "Sexual fantasies? Why, perfectly normal, of course." But, look in my direction and I was apt to squirm away or make light of it. "Fantasies? What fantasies?" I would have been perfectly happy if it was thought I never had such things.

From the start, Joseph and I were completely honest with each other. The night we spoke of our fantasies we talked as we always do of sex: openly, honestly, with understanding and the hope of learning more about each other. We tossed them about, probed them, sought to find out how, in part, they were patterned after the typical "male" and "female" and how they were not. We spoke without jealousy, without embarrassment. And it felt good. Any last bit of shyness, embarrassment, guilt, was gone forever—all doors were opened.

Joseph and I lay in bed and spoke of masturbation.—

Or at least he did. If the doors were opened after our earlier discussion, they were swinging closed now with incredible speed. "Masturbation? What masturbation?" And there's Joseph being open and honest and understanding and there's me fumbling and stuttering and *trying* to be just as open and honest and understanding but somehow falling short.

Why? What's the difference between us that makes it almost impossible for me to be free? To say what I feel? Why is it so easy for him and so painful for me? I consider myself to be modern, liberal, liberated. I am prepared to tell any friend, tell my own child, that one's sexuality must be explored, that masturbation is normal, healthy and should not be suppressed. I'm sure I have the "right" attitudes toward sleeping together, living together, homosexuality, oral sex, wet dreams and TV dinners. I feel that, even though I will probably never have a child, I would make a liberal mother whose child would grow up with healthy sexual outlooks. Why then, if I know the right things, did I falter in speaking of *MY* masturbation. Why did the bedroom suddenly become the confessional, where I reluctantly told of my "guilt"? If my children would grow up healthy because of my knowledge, then my own upbringing was the main factor of all my guilt and fears.

Joseph came from an it's-all-right-if-you're-a-boy family. I guess I did too, for it wasn't all right. "It" wasn't even heard of. Whereas Joseph's father treated him from an early age as "one of the guys" as far as sex was concerned, and clued him in on the facts of life, I was in the state of semi-shock for weeks when a girl friend told me

***"What's  
the difference  
between us  
that makes it  
almost impossible  
for me  
to be free"***

***"I consider  
myself  
to be modern  
liberal-liberated."***

***"If my children  
would grow up  
healthy  
because of  
my knowledge  
then my own  
upbringing  
was the  
main factor  
of all  
my guilt  
and fears."***



***"I had  
always  
thought  
that babies  
were  
begotten by  
God when  
two people  
got married"***

that babies came out of women's stomachs. I had always thought that babies were begotten by God when two people got married. "Poof!" God said, and the couple would have a baby. Well, my friend got a good laugh from my ignorance and I vowed then that no one else would laugh at me. I would, instead, be uninformed, rather than let on that I knew nothing.

Ask no questions, get no answers. As a child, I used to lie in bed, and enjoy my nakedness. But somehow I knew this was wrong. One must always be clothed. To school, to play, to church, to bed, one had to have the proper attire. Even today I can remember my heart stopping when, one morning, my mother informed me I had no pajamas on in bed the night before. She found me out.

If I felt guilt at my simple nakedness, masturbation brought on near hysterics. I was wrong, I was sick, I was sinful. My parents never mentioned masturbation, but how could they even guess their own child could have been doing such an evil thing?

In the beginning, all I knew was enjoyment. But the years went on and the enjoyment was paid for by real terror. I thought it would be something I would outgrow. But I didn't. Night after night I cried myself to sleep. What if someone found out? I would have no friends. I would bring shame upon my family. I would be locked up even sooner than I knew I would be. My main worry, for years and years would I grow up to be normal?

School did not help. Joseph, like myself, went to a Catholic school. While he was taught by brothers, I got my "education" by way of nuns. The brothers, Joseph explained, tried to be "one of the guys", to their students, playing sports with them, and trying to help them out with the problems of growing up. Sex in my school meant "male", "female", and "neuter". I knew the difference between each, so I figured I knew about sex. The nuns were the nuns and were not considered one of us. Indeed, their syllabus consisted of reading, writing, arithmetic, and two-piece bathing suits being communistic.

At fourteen, we, as a class, got our first, and last, lecture on "life". A fifty year old priest sat on the stage and spoke to an auditorium of students about "necking" and "petting". He used the words as a doctor would use "dysentery" and "coronary thrombosis", taking for granted we were all in agreement as to their meaning, though never giving a clear definition of them, and only saying they would lead to disaster. Sex, by the way, was considered only in these terms. Never was there a mention of sexuality as a "one person" reality, but as a one-man, one-woman phenomenon.

Finally one brave soul stood up and, during the question and answer period (few questions and fewer answers), asked if masturbation was a sin. Masturbation! Though I had never heard the word before, I knew immediately its meaning. Face red with embarrassment, sure they were speaking of me, I barely heard the evasion the speaker gave as an answer. It was the last thing I heard that day. "Masturbation, Masturbation, Masturbation." It kept ringing in my ears. While the others were snickering, making light of the word, I knew it only as the name of my disease.

***"At fourteen,  
we, as a  
class got  
our first,  
and last,  
lecture on  
LIFE."***



# **"MASTURBATION IS HEALTHY"**

During the next couple of years, I gradually accepted the fact of masturbation and its normality. I say gradually, for even though I could easily say, "Masturbation is healthy," and believe it, I felt twinges of "unfaithfulness," to boyfriends after masturbating.

Now, of course, I see masturbation as only the healthy, sound, harmless, natural function it is. But speaking about MY masturbation, even to Joseph that night, I still feel the confusion, the guilt, the pain I underwent for so many years.





# SATURDAY AFTERNOON MATINEE

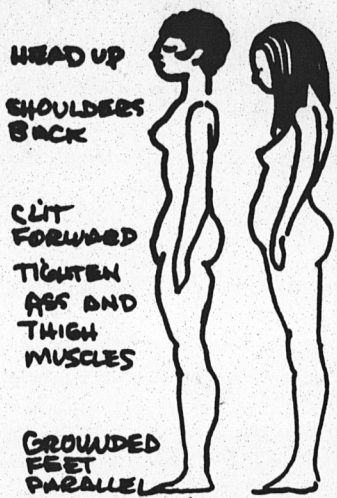
BY MARLENE COHEN

I sit here wondering why I feel sad, why I feel incomplete. I have me. In the last few weeks I have learned the necessity of why a woman must be strong and confident in herself. It's now when I am really coming out that I have to look and go pass all the opposition that has been stamped upon me starting from my pre-adolescent years. Sometimes it is so hard and so crippling that you feel you might be asking for too much. No WAY. I can see where the statement is coming from, the source of it all wants to take me back and there is nothing within it for a woman. I belong here now with myself with other woman and a few other friendly people. Experiences and becoming aware has made me feel good about myself and my actions. I could not have stated this 3-4 years ago. But I can now and I feel great. And I sure do know that all women want to feel fine about their identity and themselves. And that is where the concept of self-help comes in. Where women will be able to take control of their lives, their bodies and be in situations they have chosen, not circumstances that have been picked out for them. We must realize that we were taught not to deal with our sexual feelings and our sexual growth. Everything about

ourselves has been so discreet. At times I wondered if I did have a physical make-up at all. It was terrible. As people growing up we knew our parents were not going to let us in on the "facts" so we hit the streets. Behind every "sexy" book was giggling voices and tightening legs. We touched ourselves and constantly turned about to see if anyone was watching. We loved to be with our girlfriends, but we were told not to get too close. All these alienating factors took us out of our bodies and put us into a cast mold. For I know the way I wanted to play, to learn, to love and to be and it was not in that mold. All these standards and formulas created by others predetermining my life. But within the last 2-3 years I know I am free to be me. And once all women realize how they have denied themselves everything due to societal standards you can begin to see the absurdity of it and pooh it all away. And women will no longer wait for their Prince Charming and wait and wait. How can he be so charming if he really expects you to wait? Then you grow old and become the cronie. Hey Prince baby, we're just too ahead of your times.







HEAD UP  
 SHOULDERS BACK  
 CUT FORWARD  
 TIGHTEN ABS AND THIGH MUSCLES

CHECKING AND CORRECTING YOUR POSTURE IS THE BEST EXERCISE. HOW YOU STAND IS WHO YOU ARE.

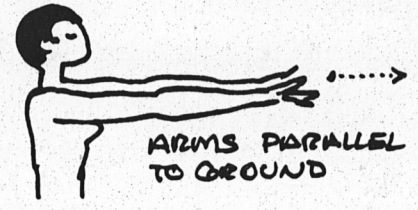
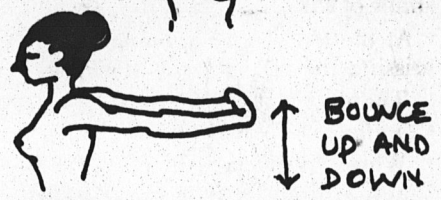
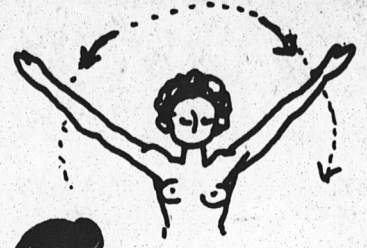
GROUNDED FEET PARALLEL

LOOK INTO A MIRROR

WITH LOVE

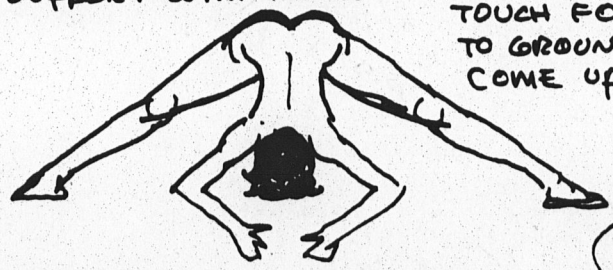
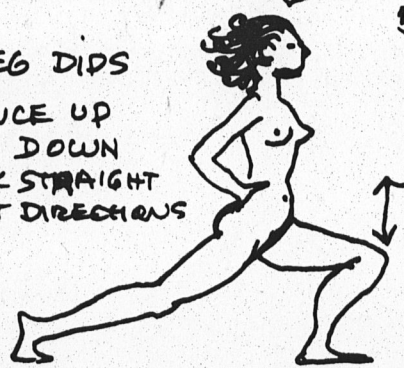
**BREATHING**

1. ARM SWINGS CROSSING AT ELBOW ROTATING OUT AND ROTATING IN..... RELAX SHOULDERS
2. SHOULDERS BACK SQUEEZE SHOULDERS TOGETHER STAND STRAIGHT
3. HAND SQUEEZING LOCK ELBOWS. THROW FINGERS OUT SQUEEZE INTO FIST
5. LEG SPREADING LOCK YOUR KNEES LEGS STRAIGHT - STRETCH OUT AS FAR AS POSSIBLE SUPPORT WITH ARMS



**4. LEG DIPS**

BOUNCE UP AND DOWN  
 BACK STRAIGHT  
 SHIFT DIRECTIONS

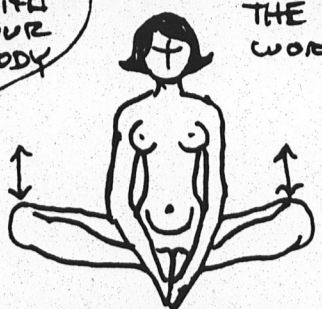


TOUCH FOREHEAD TO GROUND AND COME UP & DOWN

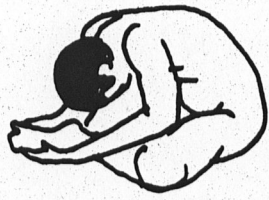
PLAY WITH YOUR BODY

THE BETTY DODSON BODYSEX WORKSHOP  
 WORK OUT IN FRONT OF A MIRROR. BREATHE

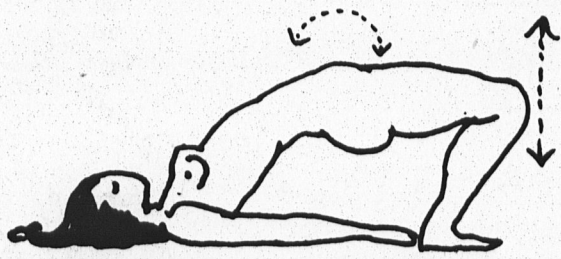
LOVE YOUR BODY



BOUNCE KNEES - BACK STRAIGHT  
 HOLD FEET AND DULL FOREHEAD TO FEET. EXHALE - INHALE COMING UP.



ROCKING CHAIR  
 BACK & FORTH - SMILE!



PELVIC ROCK AND ROLL  
 DO IT TO MUSIC - DANCE  
 YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL....

GODDESS POSTURE - DEEP SLOW BREATHING INTO YOUR STOMACH



LET GO - LET GO  
 BRING LEGS UP  
 SLOW - AFTER 10 MIN. STRETCH

VIBRATE ENJOY

HAPPY



# The Secret Life of Becky Lester

Claudia jerked her body up the stairs. Ten buttons of her pants were already open. Three buttons positioned in the shape of a triangle prevented the authentic sailor pants from sliding down her hips.

At the top of the stairs, she was breathing deeply and fumbled, trying to put the key into the lock. Claudia kept missing the hole. Finally she connected.

The door opened in front of her and slammed behind her. The sailor pants were allowed to slide to her ankles. Claudia kicked them off. Leaving a trail of pants, shoes, socks, underwear and blouse to the bathroom.

Warm water rushed out of the bathtub's faucet. There was no other sound than the gushing water. This made Claudia run her tongue along her lips as she climbed into the tub. It was an old childhood habit, she did it anticipating something delicious. Slowly she extended her toe in the water; when it got wet Claudia quickly withdrew, rubbing her wet foot against the soft shag rug. Atmosphere was essential. Claudia lit a tall red candle with the lips melted; it replaced the glaring light bulb. the flame flicked. She sighed.

Finally she immersed her body in the tub, lying flat on her back. Her legs spread resting them on the bathtub rim. Claudia's clit peeked out from its hood. She watered it, gently rotating her pelvis. Her clitoris exploded sending out ripples up and down her spine. The ripples came like the waves of the ocean. Claudia found her body at the sea as the water continued rushing down from the faucet. Her body became the ocean. It rippled from her toes, thighs, spine, sending pleasurable messages. It was as though a nerve ending was having a race to see how fast it could run up to the tip of her spine down to her toes. Every time the neutrons reached her toes a pleasurable tingle went through her body, another happened as the sensation went through her spine. It was like the ocean couldn't decide whether it was high tide or low. Claudia didn't care, this was so much fun. She wanted to ride a big wave. She increased the intensity of the rushing water. Air came to her nostrils in deep breaths. A sudden fear that the wave would overpower her, in defense her body flexed with rigidity. The wave continued rolling her body. Finally it broke and her body collapsed releasing all control. Each part of her body shook out of its tight hold with intense joy. The ocean water became still as after a storm. Claudia turned off the water faucet.

Water dripped on the white shag rug. She reached for a huge towel and dried herself vigorously. A bath was so refreshing but made Claudia hungry. She marched into the kitchen with a towel draped over her body.

Immediately she caught sight of an orange, and dug her nails into it. She penetrated the fruit and ripped the skin off. Claudia held the peeled orange in her hands. Her left hand brought it up to her lips. Her mouth watered. Her nose got excited over the scent, increasing her salivation. She bit into it and held it in her mouth without swallowing, sucking out its juices. Separating each section of the orange, she ate it slowly. Each mouthful was appreciated.

Claudia was reluctant to swallow the last piece. As the phone rang it was still in her mouth. She picked up the phone and said nothing.

Claudia — Claudia, are you there?

This is Peter.

Claudia replied, "Yes I'm here."

"How are you?" he continued. Can I come over and play with you?

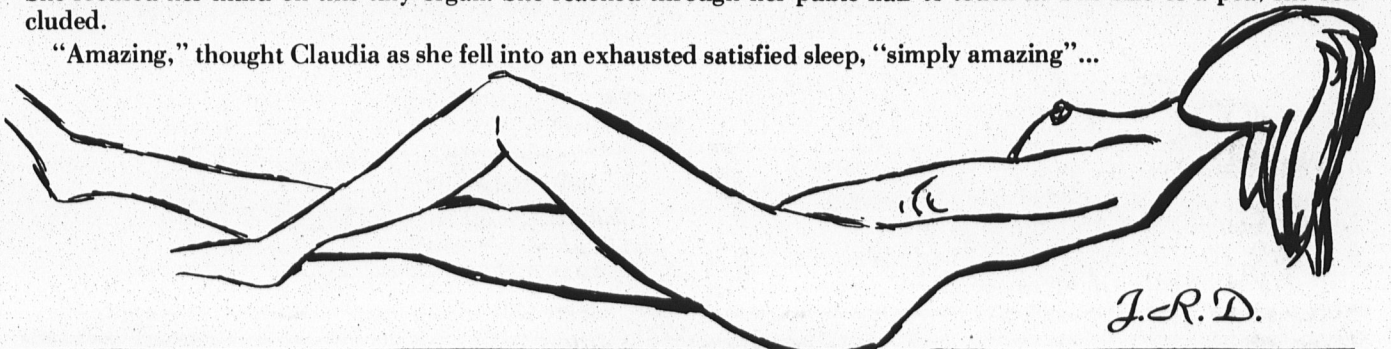
"What for," Claudia thought. "No," she replied, and swallowed the orange.

Peter sounded disappointed as he said good-bye and made a hopeful reference to another time.

Claudia smiled mischievously as she plugged her new toy into the electric socket next to her bed. She crept under the covers and smiled contently. For a few moments she was perfectly still.

Her hand snatched for the toy and snuck it under the covers. She flicked on the switch. A slight buzzing was audible. Claudia began by rubbing the vibrating toy on her tense neck. She concentrated on her neck, shoulders, breasts, spine, inside thighs, calves and wherever the fleeting toy touched. Her whole body had a slight layer of sweat from the exhilaration. Claudia allowed the steady vibrating toy to rotate directly on her clitoris. It brought immediate pleasure. She focused her mind on this tiny organ. She reached through her pubic hair to touch it. The size of a pea, she concluded.

"Amazing," thought Claudia as she fell into an exhausted satisfied sleep, "simply amazing"...





# WOMEN IN PRISON

By **Sandy DeWine**

- Up to 80 percent of women in some prisons receive Thorazine, Librium or other drugs on a daily basis to keep them "manageable."
- Cosmetology is one of the few trades offered in prison, though convicted felons cannot obtain licenses in most states.
- A handful of women prisoners throughout the country learn to be dental assistants, but they receive no official credentials.
- Factories run by prison labor are multimillion-dollar industries. Most women earn an average of nineteen cents a day.
- In prisons people are removed from society so that they can adjust to society.
- Most people in jail are there for committing "victimless" crimes, acts against themselves, such as drug addiction, prostitution, etc.
- Few women in prison are tried by a jury of their peers. They are arrested, prosecuted, sentenced by men with backgrounds far different from their own. Their annual incomes total more money than the women will probably see in a lifetime.
- Solitary confinement is euphemistically referred to as "Adjustment". It is the common punishment for suspected lesbianism, and is used to divide women. At Sybil Brand Institute in Los Angeles there is a separate cellblock for women who are considered gay, and they are in 24-hour solitary confinement. (There is no statute designating lesbianism a crime.)
- Prisons in New York are the Women's House of Detention (state) and Bedford Hills in Westchester. (federal)
- Women have a much higher score for larceny than men, 56,000 compared to 2,250, but no matter what, her crime is sexual.
- It is a myth that most of women's crime is sexual delinquency: Among juveniles— Forceable rape, Male,

2,380-Female, 0; Prostitution and Commercial Vice, Male 311-Female 726; Other sex offences, Male, 5,606-Female, 1,533; Total of all offences, Male 8,297-Female, 2,259.

- Studies have shown that the average urban resident commits 18 felonies a year, each punishable theoretically by a year or more imprisonment (fornication, adultery, traffic, liquor, drug laws, business infractions, tax evasions). People in jail are there for the crime of being poor. They are arrested for being on the street and held because they can't raise bail.
- Most women in the House of Detention are there awaiting sentencing. Most never receive a jury trial.
- Prisons must be abolished for they cannot be reformed. The establishment of separate prisons has resulted in more women being gunned into them. The better prisons get the more likely judges are to send people there.
- When sentences were deemed too long (we have the longest sentences in the world) the parole system was established. Judges responded by giving even longer sentences. Parole has justified governing personal and private life with an emphasis on middle class morals. It has become an effective harness on behavior which has no relationship to crime.
- A society woman who is "driven" to the point of shooting her husband is acquitted for justifiable homicide because of the "mental torture" she endured. The court orders private psych. treatment. Her less prestigious counterpart who stabbed her cruel and abrasive husband to death following one of many beatings is sentenced to life imprisonment without parole.

#### Sources:

1. *Women in Prison*, Kathryn Watterson Burkhart, Doubleday, 1973
2. *Kind and Usual Punishment*, Jessica Mitford, Knopf, 1973.
3. *Women: A Journal of Liberation*, 3028 Greenmount Ave., Balt., Md. Spec. issue, "Women Locked Up"



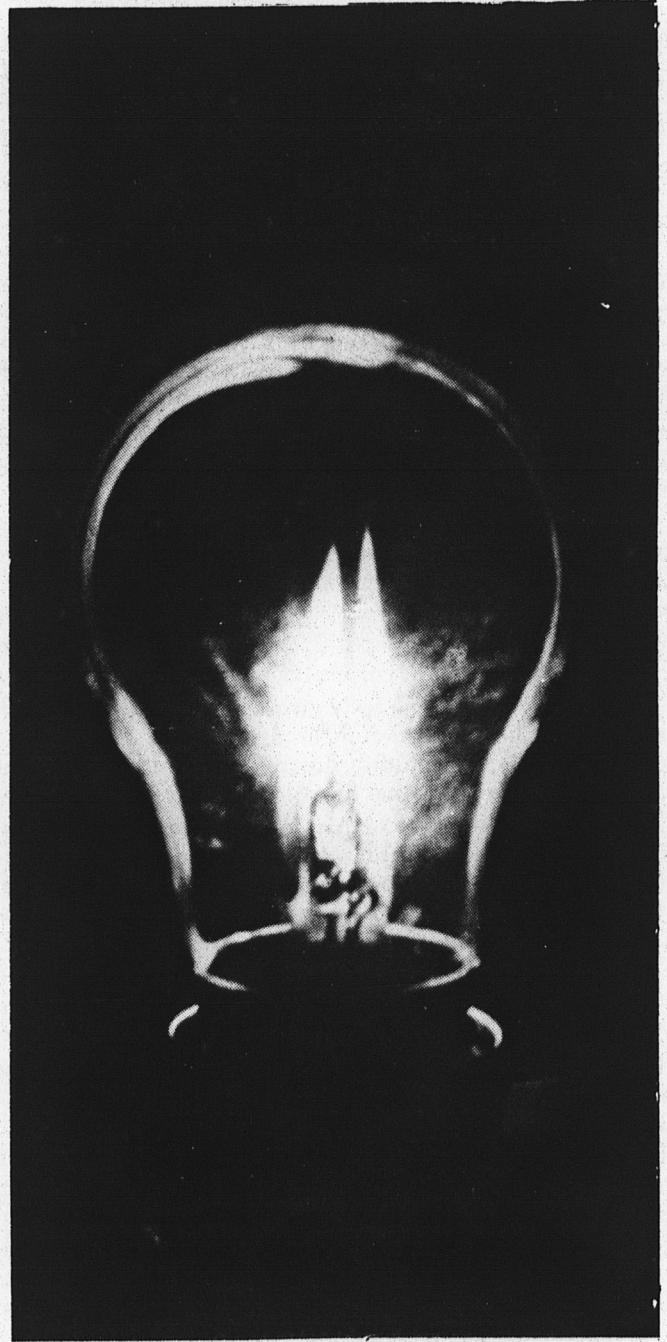
## Continued from Page 20

The purpose of this very incomplete sketch of racism and sexism is to lead us back to Richmond College, where both are hard at work. We need only mention the obvious decrease in the percentage of black students at Richmond compared to S.I.C.C., its main feeder school; the low percentage of Black and women tenured and untenured faculty; the courses and texts that we all come across, that either omit any analysis of racism and sexism in fields so imbued with them—e.g. Psychology, History, etc.— or actively promote them. An important aspect of racism at Richmond, and C.U.N.Y. as a whole, is the theory that lower class (i.e. Black) students have destroyed the worth of a degree at city colleges, which in turn forces the city to cut back on funds...and other assorted racist lies which justify 50 people sitting in a room, and calling it education.

The conclusion is clear; the need for an anti-racist movement that is clearly anti-sexist as well is visible at Richmond. The *Committee Against Racism* is a newly founded national organization that is developing a strong national movement against racism, focussed on the government in Wash. D.C. that is clearly promoting it. The *C.A.R.* Spring Lobbying Action will consist of a march and rally at the H.E.W. Offices on Saturday, April 20; Workshops on Fighting Racism Especially in Education and Medicine, on Sunday, April 21; and mass lobbying visits to the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, the House Committee on Education and Labor, and the House Appropriations Committee on Monday, April 22.

In terms of what I have seen of the women's movement at Richmond in the past two months, it appears that racism really needs to be fought much more vigorously here. For example, in the court case that was filed by two women against a doctor-impersonator — "Dr." Lopez of the S. I. Family Planning Clinic, who attempted to sexually molest large number of women around the city, the essentially white women's movement that organized for the trial did not seek the involvement of the many more Black and Latin women on Staten Island and elsewhere to build for a more militant movement against second-rate, racist health care. Unfortunately, the women's movement seems at times to retreat into an unreal world of vaginal politics, and other media fads. Personally, I think the women's movement as led by the Steinem-Friedan ilk is largely against the interests of most women by trying to lead us down a primrose path of encounter groups and speculums, and fights for the interest of "professional" rather than working-class women.

Most dangerous of all is the recent focus on Rape Crisis Centers. It is true that rape is a vicious form of sexism, that has to be stopped, period. However, at this same time the government and the media are playing up racist crime "stories" (e.g., the totally fabricated Wagler torch murder in Boston, by a black teen-age gang that didn't exist) to foster racial division and weaken movements against this crumbling bosses' system. The rape crisis intervention trend could very easily play into the racist hands of Uncle



Sam by calling for death penalties for criminals, playing on fears of women to the point where we feel impotent and look for cops to protect us, especially in "high crime" areas (i.e. mainly black and latin working class neighborhoods). A women's movement that fights *primarily* for abortions when black women are being forceably sterilized is racist by default. This is not intended as an attack on any women's group at Richmond; this article was written with the hope of stirring up the fighting sentiments of all Richmond College students, faculty and workers to begin to focus on racism and sexism at the school, in the community—and DESTROY IT!

For more info. on CAR, call Joan Bodden: 273-3510.



# Daddy's Little Girl

By Sherry

A girl of ten is alone in the quonset hut. A quiet time, a deep winter evening. Her mother and sister have gone over to the movie room on the Coast Guard base to watch a third rerun of "Inferno;" her father has spent the day flying 30 boxes of groceries from the mainland for the 14 families on this small and isolated Alaskan island and is on his way home. He flies a great lumbering PBY Seaplane, painted an outrageous orange, and is secretly proud of his pioneer-like food mission. The silence is friendly, the solitude welcome. The child munches pretzels and works at her math.

The front door slams and her father enters, stamping the new snow from his boots: a handsome man with a ready smile and few vices. She runs to hug him, glad to see him. He sheds soggy gloves and flight suit and they talk of trivial things. How nice to have a warm and affectionate father. She hugs him again and he pulls her onto his lap. She feels secure and happy and relaxed.

Later, he stops her in the narrow hallway and hugs her again: a long, full, grownup kind of hug. It feels different. But why? This happens several times, always when they are alone in the quonset hut, and then one morning he kisses her on the mouth. This has never happened before in all her short life. What does it mean? What does it seem so different from a kiss on the cheek. She is sexually innocent and trusts him utterly.

He cautions her not to mention these times together to her mother. She questions this and he is vague, but reassuring. The secrecy struck her as curious, but her trust is to his advantage.

Late one night she is sleepily aware of him slipping into her bed. His large, warm hand gently rubs her stomach, carressing her beneath the flannel nightgown. . .her boyish chest, her thighs, her childlike genitals. Something's not right. But surely he wouldn't do anything to harm her, not deliberately, not daddy. She awakes alone, to the sun shimmering on the snow that has piled halfway up the windows. Wasn't he here in her bed? Was it a dream?

This incident recurs regularly for two years. She knows there is something unwholesome in their relationship. Especially when he insists on secrecy. She longs to tell her mother, but cannot now. It has been going on too long and she feels like a consenting partner in this activity. She is ashamed, although she can't fathom why, and begins to avoid her father. She is 12 now and realizes with a shock that what they have dabbled in is sex, and therefore sordidly sinful. His touch now sickens her and fills her with guilt.

A combination of rejection and guilt turns him to violence and he begins to beat her. She is confused and thoroughly miserable, fearing him, his fits of temper, his leather belt, a wooden coathanger, but mostly his hands. She finds herself, time and again, dragged from her bed in the dead of night to stand before him and be slapped.

Her mother passes this off as an emotional imbalance brought about by his flying more hours than any other pilot in the Navy and, in fact, he has been discharged from the service for "medical" reasons. She warns her daughter to stay out of his way.

On a particularly warm evening (now in Alabama), he pulls her roughly by the hair from her bed and she pretends to faint, for she cannot bear another beating. Her mother at long last intervenes and threatens to call the police. He leaves the house in a rage.

She is now 16. The violence has continued unabated for four years, with her mother interceding for her only rarely: One summer afternoon, she and her father are alone in the house. She is taking a bath with the door locked, as is the custom in this modest family. When she emerges, her father corners her.

"Why did you lock the door? Don't you trust me?"

She is in a double bind. If she answers no, he will beat her for her answer. If she answers yes, he will beat her for lying.

She hesitates a moment too long and he tells her he intends to undress her and force her to stand in the front yard naked. She is terrified and realizes how she hates him, abhors him, how loathsome he is to want to further degrade and humiliate her so. She flees down the stairs and hides under the house with the spaniel and the snails.

When her mother returns, the girl finally tells her, after all these years, tells her how her father had sexually molested her. Her mother turns quite pale.

"Do you realize what you're saying?"

"Yes."

"Don't tell your grandmother."

A week later, the girl is sent to a Navy psychiatrist who puts his hand on her leg and tells her that all little girls attempt to seduce their daddies. The next morning she is sent to live with her grandmother in Louisiana.



# *A Friend of Mine*

*By Michele*

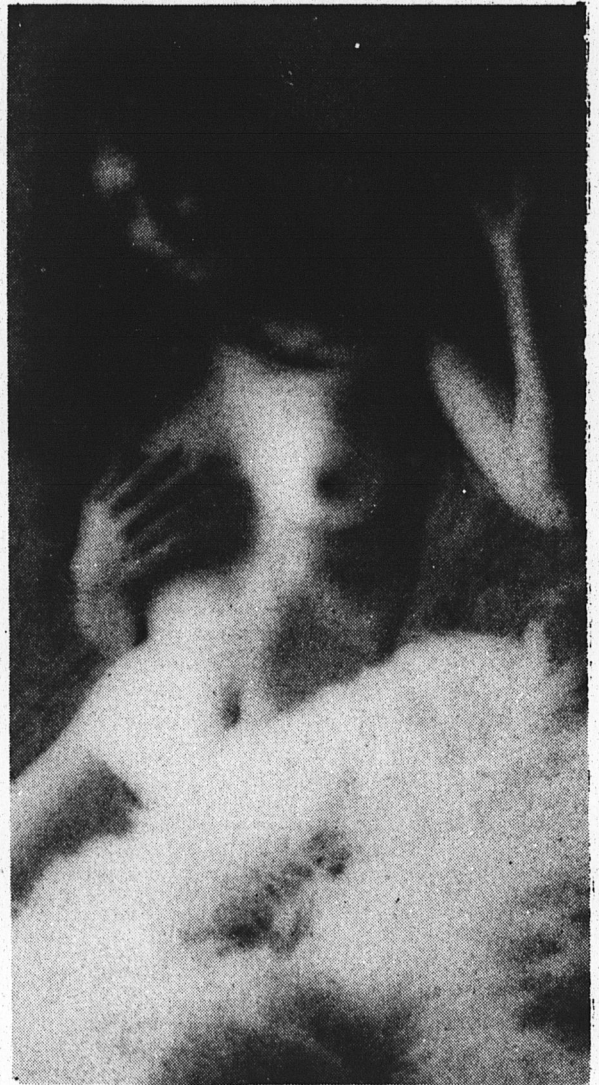
All my life I have had one special girlfriend. I would do anything for her - cancel dates, lie and cheat. But one thing always happened - we split. In all my relationships with women I have gotten to a point where getting together was more anxiety provoking than not seeing one another. I never questioned why - just always assumed that a close relationship with a woman was really impossible. Now I do not believe that and I see that tension as coming from denying my (our) sexual feelings toward one another.

I have loved a woman now - emotionally and physically. It was so right - all I can ask myself is why did I deny myself this pleasure for all this time. The awkwardness and uncertainty were all there but it is getting easier. It was so strong and yet so gentle - she knows my body for it is hers. We smiled so much that first day our jaws ached when we finally went to sleep. Now when ever I think about it I grin from ear to ear. It feels so good.

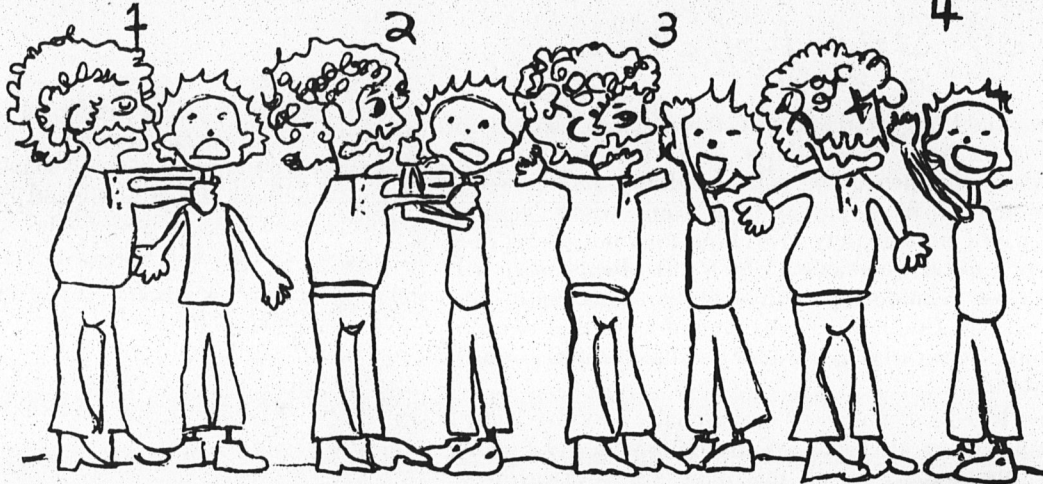
I got up the next day and thought - does this make me a Lesbian? She thought the same. For us the word had such negative feelings—pervert, queer, etc.. But then I thought of how I felt and how she looked - beautiful. I have never felt such passion and warmth from a man.

She walked me to the subway - the closer I got the stiffer I got. I wanted to kiss and hug her goodbye, tell her I love her - but how? A quick look, a quicker hug and I am gone - no one would ever suspect - relief mixed with sadness. I glowed all the way home I noticed all these people staring at me - not a normal occurrence. Something was just streaming out of me - I am not sure what it was - love? It was like being surrounded by an aura.

I have seen her again - we have loved again and I still feel high. A whole new area has opened up in my life and it feels fantastic. I can love women. The day this happened - March 8, 1974 - International Women's Day.







Illustrated by Susan Meddoff

1. If someone grabs you around the neck, don't vainly try to pull his arms away or pry his fingers loose. The strength of his arms or hands is greater than the strength of your forearms.

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2. Instead, use the strong muscles in your shoulders. Make a fist of one hand and cup it in the other. This is so that when you bring your hands down on his nose, you don't break your fingers.

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3. Keeping your elbows close together, force first your forearms and then your upper arms and shoulders upward between his arms. Keeping your elbows together is important. This will break his hold.

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4. After you are able to breathe, bring your cupped hands down on his nose.



## CONFRONTATION

I am a woman. I confront the crime of rape, and I am enraged. And I want to fight, and lash out. I want to change the society that allows men to treat women as chattels. I want to change the society that sees women as chaste, pure, dainty and sweet through one eye; and views women as ugly, unclean, and carnal hysterics through the other. I want to change the laws that say a woman's morality is matter of public record. Laws that say a woman's word is insignificant. Laws that say a woman who strays from the clutches of father or husband deserves what she gets.

I am a woman and I want to use my strength, join my sisters and fight back. But I am a lesbian, and even to some women I am not a woman. When I am raped and I sit in court, haven't I as much right as any woman to see justice? Must my life be turned into a crime greater than

that of my attacker?

I am a woman. I am a lesbian. I am a lesbian woman. I can work for the needs of all women and deal with each aspect of an issue. If a woman is poor we all want to help. If a woman is illiterate we come to her aid. If a woman is a lesbian do we turn and run?

I've been told not to say that a lesbian has a special problem when she is raped. I really shouldn't tell you how much worse it is for a lesbian to be on the witness stand. I mustn't complicate the issue of rape more, by mentioning the lesbian trauma at a rape trial. But please continue to work with us dear, we need your help to fight the crime of rape.

If I cannot fight for the rights of all women, including myself, then you who turn me away, are far more guilty than a rapist. You are a breed who speaks "sister" with one breath and betray with another. You are a destroyer of mind spirit, and freedom.

Susan Meddoff, Author



# "WHEN THE DIFFERENCE MAKES A DIFFERENCE

"Daddy, how does the doctor tell the difference between boy and girl babies?"

My father looking down upon his almost 5 year old daughter smiled before replying, "When the Doctor takes out the baby from the mommie's stomach, he examines the child. If the baby has a wee wee (vagina) it is a girl and if the baby has a penis then it is a boy."

"Oh, I see daddy, the difference is all in the body. Gee that is simple."

Only this didn't seem to be the sole difference between boys and girls. My brother was permitted to play in the nearby park anytime. While I enjoyed roaming the park, exploring the rocks, climbing trees and especially making sling shots, as much as he did, if not more, my parents made the park seem like the Forbidden Forest to me.

I didn't understand why. It wasn't the clothes which could get soiled. I always changed to dungarees, T-shirts and sneakers. No, it was something else. Maybe my parents were afraid I would be home late, not knowing the time. But that was silly because they were the ones who gave me a watch and taught me how to tell the time.

What was the difference? And why did some sort of animal, boogie man, later known as a pervert want to do me harm? They offered my brother no threat; they were only after little girls.

Exactly what they wanted to do to me was all very vague. My brother suggested they wanted to boil my body in oil. I dismissed that. Where would they get the oil? Whatever, the act was, it was bad and nasty. however, it all became clear to me when one day I saw the headlines of the Daily News.

HE LOOKED  
AT ME  
SERIOUSLY,  
PATTED  
MY HEAD"



## "YOUNG GIRL RAPED IN PARK IN BROAD DAYLIGHT"

There was a picture of a body lying on the grass. The body was naked. A policeman stood near the body holding a blanket as if was posing to cover the shame. Beside that picture, was another one of a smiling child who looked like she could have been me.

"Daddy, what's rape?", I asked.

He looked at me seriously patted my head and said, "it is something that shouldn't happen to good little girls, but you must be very careful anyway."

I'm scared, Daddy," I'm scared.

"You should be" he said, "you should be," and then lit a cigarette as if to dismiss me and told me to run outside and play.

I stayed home and played.

J R D





# RAPE DEFENSE

Written and Illustrated by Susan Meddoff



A basic principle of self-defense is to use your strength against your attacker's weakness. Elbows are strong — facial bones and windpipes are weak.



If someone bothers you in a car or theater or train, hit him with your elbows:

Clasp your hands together at your chest placing one fist inside the other cupped hand — like a ball & socket.



If someone grabs you from behind, a good defense is the instep stomp and the elbow jab. You must practise these techniques until you can respond with them quickly in times of crisis.



Lift your knee high, cock your foot, and look down at his ankle for aim. (it's good to wear strong, sturdy shoes when walking alone.)





Don't fold your hands because they will slip apart upon impact plus lessen the force of the blow. Twist your body away from the attacker to gain momentum, but always keep him in your sight!



Then using the strong muscles in your torso and back, twist your weight toward him, and at the end of the arc, snap your elbow into his face with the muscles in your arm.



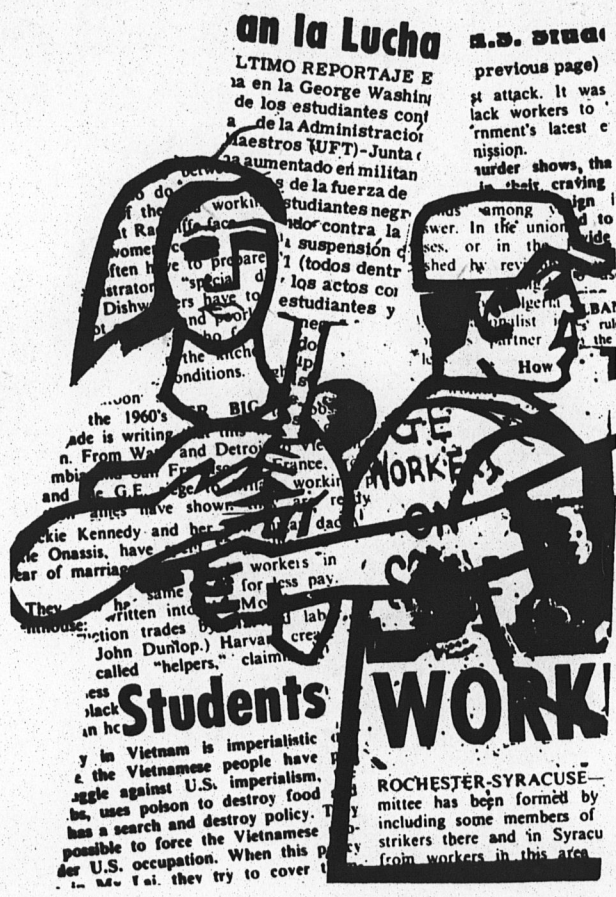
Then smash your heel down on his instep, scraping your heel down along his leg to make sure it hits target.

**ONCE HIS HOLD IS BROKEN —  
RUN!**



Follow up with an elbow jab to his stomach: Arc your body so that if you bring your elbow straight back along your side, it will connect with his stomach. The movement is short and quick.





# Race, Sex & Revolution

Joan Boddien, Progressive Labor Party

Women have emerged from the backstage of assumed incompetence in the world of men and ideas; we have trod out from behind the curtains of gracious gentility...only to find ourselves still the objects of some not so idle social speculators (otherwise inown as "social scientists ;). These are the hallowed men of "science" who seek to "prove" that black people are inferior — the "proof" being that they supposedly live in a domestic world run by (inferior) women; or those who seek to prove that women cannot handle positions of responsibility, because they are controlled by their hormones, genes or any other currently favored scientific catchword; last and most lethal are those who claim to have found the fountain of youth for the dying system of capitalism...the "social engineers", who have "proven" that black people are genetically disadvantaged in intelligence, and who therefore call for the sterilization of Black women.

This paper is an attempt to place racism and sexism in an understandable perspective that will lead us towards a clearer understanding of how they are used against us, and more importantly how we can destroy their theories and practices.

One working assumption of this article is that racism and sexism are very real concrete phenomena that are derived from the basic economic and political nature of

society. The following are a drop in the ocean of examples:

- 1) Slave labor plans (WIN, WREP, etc.) for welfare mothers in Chicago and New York;
- 2) Proposed welfare mother sterilization bills in Indiana and Illinois;
- 3) Removal of children from "unfit welfare mothers" and their placement in "well-run state institutions", proposed by Standford Professor Freeman;
- 4) Intensive birth control campaigns in minority communities by Zero Population Growth;
- 5) Use of Mexican and Puerto Rican women to "test" birth control pills—including giving placebos to "control" groups;
- 6) Genocidal neurosurgery to control "violent behavior syndromes" which mainly "affects" young male urban blacks, of course in state prisons in California, based on prior "success".

In performing the majority of lobotomies on middleaged women, allegedly to alleviate their "Neurotic behavior"; 7) The bonus sterilization plan proposed by William Shockley, whereby persons would have \$1,000 put *in trust for them* for each point that their "I.Q." was below 100, if they "volunteered" to be sterilized. (Shockley of course makes the point that blacks are less intelligent because of their genes.); 8) The fact that N.Y.C., whose main industry (garment) is based on black and latin women workers, has the lowest wages for *all* workers of the twenty biggest cities in the country.

What occurs as a significant pattern in these proposals, and increasing enactment of the most dangerous kinds of social programs, is the consistent way in which ideas of a racial and sexual inferiority are interrelated in a myriad of lethal combinations. One of the most common pairings of racist and sexist ideology comes from the infamous *Moynihan Report*, an official publication of the Johnson administration in 1965: "At the heart of the deterioration of the fabric of Negro society is not a racist system, but the deterioration of the Negro family. It is the fundamental source of weakness of the Negro community at the present time...Unless the damage is repaired, all the efforts to end discrimination and poverty and injustice will come to little."

First, it isn't true that the black family is matriarchal. There is only a slightly higher proportion of black families headed by women than white families; 75 percent of black families are headed by men. Generally, in poorer families necessity dictates that a larger share of economic responsibility be shouldered by women. This explains that the higher proportion of female-headed families correlates with poverty, not race. The signigicant point is that nowhere does Moynihan attempt to "prove" that women run families less well than men. He only needs to *claim* that black family structure is matriarchal, and sexism ala Freud fills in the remainder of the argument, while Moynihan goes off to India to play ambassador. This leads to the faulty (but useful) conclusion that the problems of ghettos are due tothe inherent "weakness" of black culture, rather than systematic superexploitation by a greedy glass of blood suckers.





***“...N.Y.C., whose main industry (garment) is based on Black and Latin women workers, has the lowest wages for all workers of the twenty biggest cities in the country...”***

Freud fills in the remainder of the argument, while Moynihan goes off to India to play Ambassador. This leads to the faulty (but useful) conclusion that the problems of ghettos are due to the inherent “weakness” of black culture, rather than systematic superexploitation by a greedy class of blood suckers.

If we are to understand that racism and sexism are inextricably linked by their similarities, what are the differences that exist? One point I feel that it is imperative to make here is that an important difference does exist between racism and sexism—the extremity of the exploitation it serves to justify and produce. The government does not have a genocidal policy against women *per se*, whereas they very much do have one towards blacks in particular, as well as other “minority” groups. As usually is the case for exploitation, it hits hardest black *women* workers, employed and unemployed. Furthermore, a woman is not threatened by police murder simply because

she is a woman. However, in this great society being black confers the “right” to be gunned down for no other reason—for example, the case of *11 year old* Ricky Bodden, who was fatally shot by a cop on Staten Island for riding in a stolen car. The list of racist police murders is very long and incomplete. A larger frame of reference is their relative positions in terms of leading fights for reforms—including the revolutionary fight to “reform” the whole system, by replacing it with working class power. The potential of race war is a key weapon, on the other hand, of the ruling class. A whole movement can be destroyed by a racist scapegoat campaign, as was the case in Nazi Germany, **IF RACISM IS NOT FOUGHT WITH A TOTAL RUTHLESSNESS TOWARDS ITS PERPETATORS.** The fight against racism is literally a matter of life and death—and the fight against sexism will move forward only insofar as racism is defeated.



# INFORMATION

Women's Partys' at the TEA HOUSE every other Monday evening, at 7:30 p.m.

Wine, Women, Song and Food.

## DATES

April 1—With SICC Woman's Center

April 15—Back to School Party

April 29

May 13

May 27—End of School Party

## ALL WOMEN WELCOME

Teahouse—114 Victory Blvd. 4 blocks up Victory, from Bay St.

Sponsored by the Richmond Lesbian Club.

We know of one Gay Woman's Bar on Staten Island.

The Beach Haven

901 Seaside Boulevard

opposite Midland Beach, and next to the new site of Richmond College.

If you are going by bus, take the No. 2 bus that says either Midland Beach or Richmond Road on it.

Bar & Dancing  
Bonnie & Clyde's  
82 W. 3rd St.

Restaurants  
Mother Courage  
W. 11 & Washington Sts.

Entertainers, Speakers  
New Feminist Talent  
250 W. 57 St.  
581-1066

Graphic Design  
Aenjai Graphics  
88 Univ. Pl. So.  
989-6587

Books  
Labyris Books  
33 Barrow St.  
741-3460

Temporary Agency  
Womankind Unlimited  
688-7977

## Graduate Program in American and New England Studies

Boston University is offering a graduate program for students who wish to study historical and contemporary American culture. Distinguishing characteristics of this program are the interdisciplinary nature of the courses, with an emphasis on the connection between the arts and social history, and the active cooperation of a number of New England historical societies and museums. Career opportunities available to graduates of this program are in the areas of university teaching, historic preservation, museum curatorship, and historical editing. For further information, see Ilene Singh in room 914.

## Graduate Programs in Women's Studies

It's almost embarrassing to state some things—they are so self-evident: all professions are open to women, most professions require a post-graduate degree, and such professional training requires preplanning. For women at Richmond, a counseling service set up to centralize information on graduate schools and fellowships has taken some of the anxiety out of the preplanning stage. The Graduate Information Center in Room 914 invites all students to come up and see what is available. The earlier the better, since some graduate programs require certain courses as prerequisites for admission.

The Center has material on all professional and graduate schools, including those schools which offer advanced degrees in Women's Studies. There are several programs which are based on combining the traditional discipline of history with the new field of Women's Studies. Sarah Lawrence in Bronxville, New York offers an M.A. in Women's History and SUNY-Binghamton has a M.A.—Ph.D. program in Women's History. The Eagleton Institute's Center for the American Women and Politics at Rutgers University sponsors an M.A. in practical politics. Other master's degrees in Women's Studies are at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. and the Cambridge-Goddard School of Social Change in Cambridge, Mass. A Ph.D. in Women's Studies is available through the Institute of Policy Studies, Washington, D.C. For more information on these and other graduate programs, see Ilene Singh.

### Minority Fellowships in Business

A consortium of ten graduate business schools, including Harvard, Berkeley, and Columbia has been formed. This coalition is called COGME and has as its goal increasing the number of minority students graduating from its member schools. The amount of the fellowship is 70 percent of total expenses (tuition and living costs). Information on applying can be obtained from Ilene Singh in Room 914. *Deadline is May 15.*

Drums for Sale, Reasonable price

Silver Sparkle Rogers Drums

2 Bass Drums

1 Snare

2 tom-toms mounted and floor

1 zildjia 14" high hat

2 crash zildjia cymbals 18" to 22"

1 slinguland seat

slicks tambourines and metal practice sticks too

CALL

ANN MARIE

727-5496



## Women Wanted To Participate In New York Radical Feminist Motherhood Conference

The next New York Radical Feminist conference will be on Motherhood with purpose of exploring the underlying power relationships that affect women as mothers and daughters. Our aim is not to follow the traditional male-dominated psychiatric tradition that blames mothers for the ills of society. Rather the conference will seek and create new meanings for motherhood on terms defined by women.

The conference is being planned for May 18. At the present time the planning committee is looking for women who would like to participate in the speak-out and-or submit analysis and theory papers on various aspects of motherhood.

In the speak-out, women will be talking about their own experiences as mothers or daughters in different situations such as working mothers, "runaway" mothers, "happy" mothers, "illegitimate" mothers, mothers in prison, welfare mothers, mothers of handicapped children, mothers of "problem" children, teenage mothers, "empty nest" mothers, Lesbian mothers, and women who choose not to have children, who cannot have children or have given up their children for adoption.

Women who would like to speak-out about their situations as a mother or daughter can contact Fabi, 850-8942, or Helen, 242-0646.

For the analysis part of the conference, the planning committee is asking women to submit papers which present feminist-oriented research and analysis and theory on topics such as "Mothers in Literature," "The Legal Aspects of Motherhood," "Biblical and Religious References to Motherhood," "Motherhood Under Capitalism-Socialism-Communism," "Motherhood and the Situation of Women as Mothers in Different Cultures," topics or choose their own, submitting papers to:

Joan Goldman  
301 East 21st St. No. 5H  
New York, N.Y. 10010

All papers should be typed, double-spaced. The planning committee will then select papers to be read and-or distributed at the conference.

### *M.S. in Elementary Education Specializing in Media*

Lehman College in the Bronx offers an M.S. in Elementary Education with a specialization in media. This program, part-time with courses given in late afternoon and evening, is geared towards performance-based competency with courses emphasizing closed-circuit television production, film and still production for the classroom, and administration and supervision of media centers. The program is designed to be completed in two or two-and-a-half years. See Ilene Singh, room 914, for further information.

## *Supreme Court Challenged: Abortion Decision In Jeopardy*

The Supreme Court ruling which legalized abortion (January, 1973) is in danger of being overridden by a number of constitutional amendments and nullified by the passage of a variety of state laws.

The BUCKLEY AMENDMENT (bans abortion from implantation), the HOGAN AMENDMENT (bans abortion from conception), and the WHITEHURST AMENDMENT (returns the issue to the individual state) are gaining support.

Laws are being passed which limit a woman's right to choose without actually challenging the ruling. The Foreign Aid bill passed with a ban on all funds for abortion. The Health Services Act passed allowing hospitals which refuse to perform abortions to receive federal funds. The Social Security Act passed the Senate with an amendment banning medicaid funds for abortions. (This is in committee right now.) Several individual states have passed laws which are unconstitutional but have not yet been challenged.

Anti abortion mail, organized by a minority interest group, is pouring into legislative offices. Help counter that force. Write your congressman and senators. Write the Conference Committee on the Social Security Act to delete the abortion section No.193 of Bill No.3153 since it discriminates against the poor. Talk to everyone you know about these problems. Join NARAL and find out how else you can help.

**VOLUNTEERS NEEDED NOW!**

### *ORIGINAL PLAY SERIES*

April 2 to 6

Murray Productions Presents

*WHO'S ELIJAH?*

by Donald Silverman

Tues. Wed. Thur. 7:00-7:45

AND

*Theatre 81*

of

*Richmond College*

PRESENTS

Tues. Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. 8:00

*Teasing*

*A Counseling*

*Terminal Encounter*

*The Debate*

*Triad*

By E.M. Smith

350 St. Mark's Place

5th Floor

S.I., N.Y.

(off the ferry)

Admission: FREE



