

The Richmond Times

VOLUME X, NO. 7

RICHMOND COLLEGE - CITY UNIVERSITY

January 3, 1973

New Court Fight On College Publications

By **RAYMOND A. WITTEK**

Reprinted from *S.I. Advance*

The state's highest court will hear arguments Jan. 5 on the right of student publications at two tax-supported Staten Island colleges to publish anti-religious articles.

In the two cases, the Court of Appeals, sitting in Albany, is being asked to overturn a 1971 ruling by the Appellate Division which appeared to give preference to the free speech guarantees of the U.S. Constitution over other constitutional rights, including the establishment of religion clauses in the First Amendment.

The Appellate Division decision set aside Supreme Court Justice Vito J. Titone's 1969

ruling in which he ordered the presidents of Richmond College and Staten Island Community College and the city's Board of Higher Education to enforce the board's own rules concerning publication of anti-religious

articles in the student press.

The case came to light in April 1969 when four students at Richmond College and a father and his son, a student at Staten Island Community College, filed petitions against the presidents of the respective colleges and the Board of Higher Education.

BLASPHEMOUS

Titone upheld the petitioners' contentions that articles in the colleges' student publications were "derogatory and blasphemous references to religion."

He also ruled that the articles violated the First and 14th Amendments of the Constitution, holding that federal, state and municipal governments are required to maintain an "absolute neutrality" in the area of religion.

At issue was an article published in Staten Island Community College's *Dolphin* entitled "The Catholic Church - Cancer of Society" and another published in Richmond College's "Rich-

mond Times," under the headline, "From the Hart."

SUPPORT PETITIONS

In briefs submitted to the Court of Appeals by Daniel D. Leddy Jr., representing the petitioners, and by Reuben E. Gross and Edward Schiff on behalf of the Staten Island Council of Jewish Organizations, in support of the petitioners, the two articles were variously described as "shockingly vile and a vicious smear against the Catholic Church," and "vile smut bordering on the illiterate gutter-talk of someone under toxic influences of one sort or another."

No brief was available as to the positions of the college presidents and the Board of Higher Education, represented by the city corporation counsel.

The Staten Island Council of Jewish Organizations was given permission to submit a brief to the high tribunal as "amicus curiae," or friend of the court. Leddy cited six points to sup-

port his position.

Among his contentions was that since the college publications bear all the "indicia" of being sanctioned by the state and city, in addition to being tax-supported, they may not, under the First Amendment, take any position in regard to a religion, either for or against it.

Furthermore, he maintained, "The constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech does not protect speech which invades the constitutional rights of others."

The attorneys for the Staten Island Council of Jewish Organizations raised four points in their briefs.

One of their principal arguments was that Catholics, through taxes and mandatory fees, are being compelled to support publications which attack their own church, in violation of the Constitution's establishment of religion clause.

POLICE POWERS

Another point raised by the

council was that "inflammatory propoganda against any religious or ethnic group" should be subject to police powers.

In its most forceful, argument, regarding the taxation of Catholics to support attacks on their own religious beliefs, the Jewish council said:

"Even the Nazis did not compel Jews to subscribe to the *Deutsche Beobachter*."

"Yet, the Appellate Division has approved of a system whereby Catholic students are compelled to support a publication that attacks their dearest and most revered values with the filthiest, lewdest and most despicable terms! Can there be any greater humiliation?"

"If there is any thread that connects the Bill of Rights, it is that all men are entitled to a certain minimum dignity. Hence, no man may be called upon to participate in his own debasement . . ."

"Freedom of speech should not be a door to anarchy."

Minimester Begins

by Glenn Tepper

The Richmond College Minimester is to become a functioning reality on January 8 when twelve members of the faculty begin teaching the eleven four-credit pilot courses.

From its conception to its imminent in-

ception, the Minimester Project has undergone several facelifts. Lost (at least for this time around) to the circular file are Minimester Independent Study, enrollment in more than one course, and courses involving travel away from New York City (such as the now defunct London and Rome excursions).

The Minimester courses and their instructors are:

Artistocracy in America—Auster
Art for the Exceptional Child—Carasso
The Citizen and Congress: Techniques of Communication and Influence—Boldt
Field Studies in Urban Psychology—Geller
Intensive Elementary Italian—Affron
The Real World of the United Nations—Fedyshyn
The Richmond Magazine of Contemporary Arts and Design—Hausdorff assisted by Hyman
Simsoc: Simulated Society—Swiderski
Special Topics in Art: Women and the Visual Arts—Kelder
Urban Sociology including Field Study—Garcia
A Workshop in Confluent Education—Collins

At the conclusion of the three weeks of the Minimester, the project will be evaluated and the question of future Minimesters will be considered.

Prof. Fischer Controversy



Professor George Fischer

It has come to the attention of this newspaper that Professor George Fischer's recent resignation as Coordinator of the Sociology Program of the Social Sciences Division is perhaps not the drastic self-sacrifice that some members of the college community had originally thought it to be.

It seems that Professor Fischer will be on leave from the college for the spring semester and would have had to step down anyway.

S.C. Meeting Postponed

by Glenn Tepper

On Tuesday, December 26, the newly-elected Student Council met at the college but was unable to act on any business because a quorum was not present. Eleven members of the council must be in attendance in order to establish a quorum, but only ten council representatives showed up.

Coming Soon: A Guide to Staten Island



R.T. Photo by R. Lampel

One of the many spots discussed in the upcoming book written by Prof. Katz' Social Issues class.

by Bob Lampel

Have you ever had that uncontrollable urge for a big, beautiful burger, but not known where to get it? How about what to do after a typical day of study and study some more? Well, the answer to your dreams is on its way. Prof. Jerry Katz's Social Issues class has been diligently working to complete their class project, a people's guide to Staten Island.

The book will provide an environmental

analysis of the sections of our not so little island as well as a review of the consumer establishments that one might want to patronize. Included also are pictures of certain shops and restaurants plus photos of historical or scenic interest.

I've read much of the material to be published and it appears that this book, which will be available this spring, is a blessing for both the newcomer to the island as well as for its already lost inhabitants.

EDITORIALS

You Can't Fool A Staten Islander

In death, the late Harry S. Truman is now being projected as a great leader, so much so that one noted historian, interviewed after the thirty-third president's passing on December 26 would rank the Missourian sixth among presidents behind Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and (F.D.) Roosevelt.

Harry Truman remains in our minds a special president because it was during the years of his administration that we were born.

But during those years many other things happened as well, things for which Truman was directly responsible.

It was Truman who gave the orders to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki (rather than Berlin and Bonn) ushering in the age of nuclear stockpiling, testing, and fallout.

It was Truman's delegation to the United Nations which threatened to abstain in the crucial voting on the partition of Palestine and the creation of the State of Israel.

It was the Truman Doctrine, giving aid to Turkey and Greece which laid the groundwork for the Cold War of the 1950's and 1960's.

It was during the Truman years that hundreds of black people were lynched in the American South while the Federal Government stood idly by.

It was Truman who first refused to recognize the People's Republic of China as the legitimate government of the Chinese people.

It was Truman who committed thousands of American troops to fight and die in Korea.

Truman relieved General MacArthur of his command; we all have our own Lieutenant Calleys, so it seems.

And Truman was the president who first involved us in Viet Nam when on his sixty-second birthday, May 8, 1950, the United States sent ten million dollars worth of military and economic aid to the French in Indo-China.

Let him rest in peace.

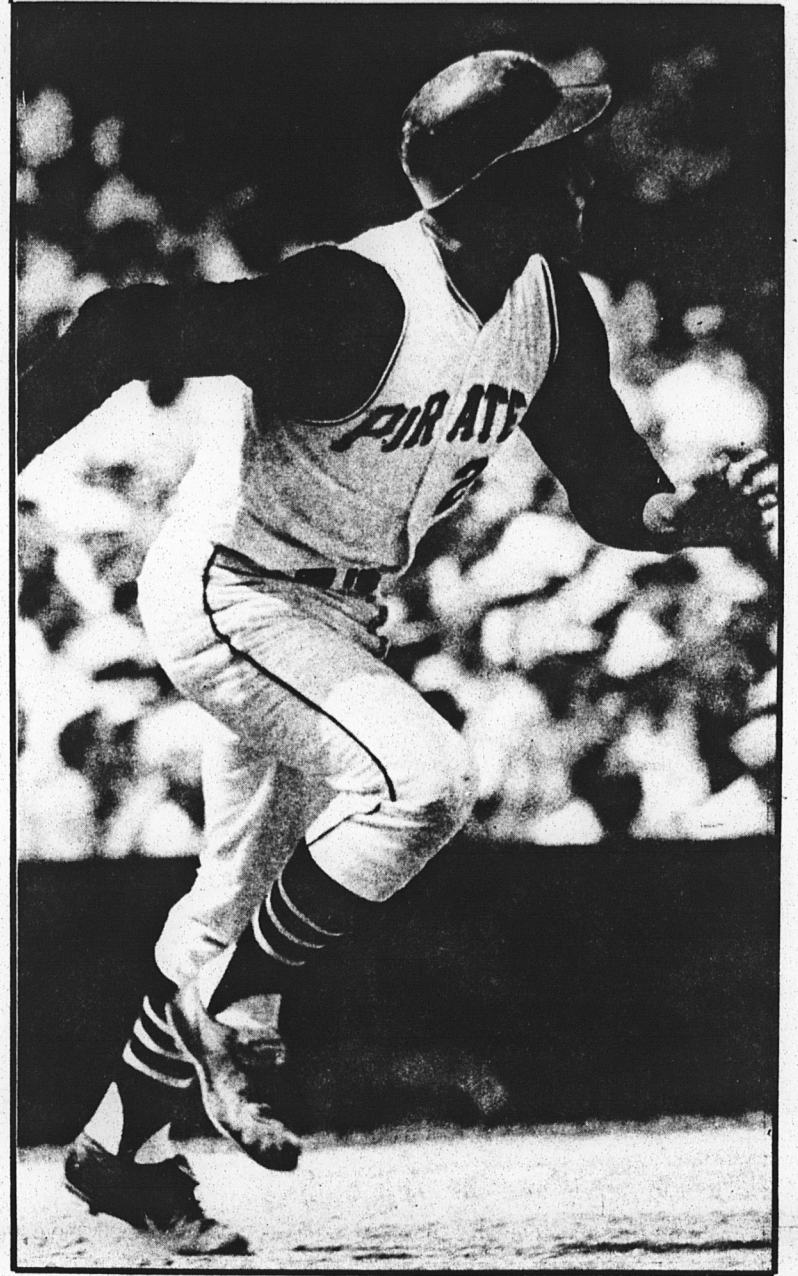
More Than A Superstar

By now everyone has heard the news of the tragic death of Roberto Clemente. There is little we can say that hasn't already been said. He was one of baseball's all-time greatest hitters, and perhaps the best defensive right-fielder the game has ever known. But more than that, he was an outstanding human being. Although he was often regarded by his managers as being somewhat of a hypochondriac, there was never any doubt that Roberto was a team player all the way.

More importantly still, he believed in helping his fellow human beings, being especially fond of children. He was dedicated to helping young and old alike in his native country of Puerto Rico and in other Latin American nations. Let us not forget that he died, along with three others, while on an errand of mercy, en route to deliver relief supplies to the earthquake victims of Nicaragua.

The Pittsburgh Pirates have lost a cherished comrade; the world of sports has lost a genuine super-star; and the world at large has lost one of its greatest citizens. We are all diminished by his passing. To his wife, Vera, and to his three sons, Roberto Jr., Luis and Ricky, we wish to express our deepest sympathy.

ROBERTO CLEMENTE



1934 - 1972

Clark Wins Internship

December 18, 1972

President Herbert Schueler
Richmond College

Dear President Schueler:

This is to inform you that one of our students, Robert Clark, has been awarded an internship with the Assembly of the State of New York for the month of January, 1973. Sixteen colleges across the state submitted

a total of 43 applications for these internships; and Mr. Clark was one of 10 successful students. James Gambardella, another Richmond student, was chosen as an alternate.

Sincerely yours,

Daniel C. Kramer
Assistant Professor of Political Science
Richmond Coordinator, New York State
Assembly
Internship Program

The Richmond Times

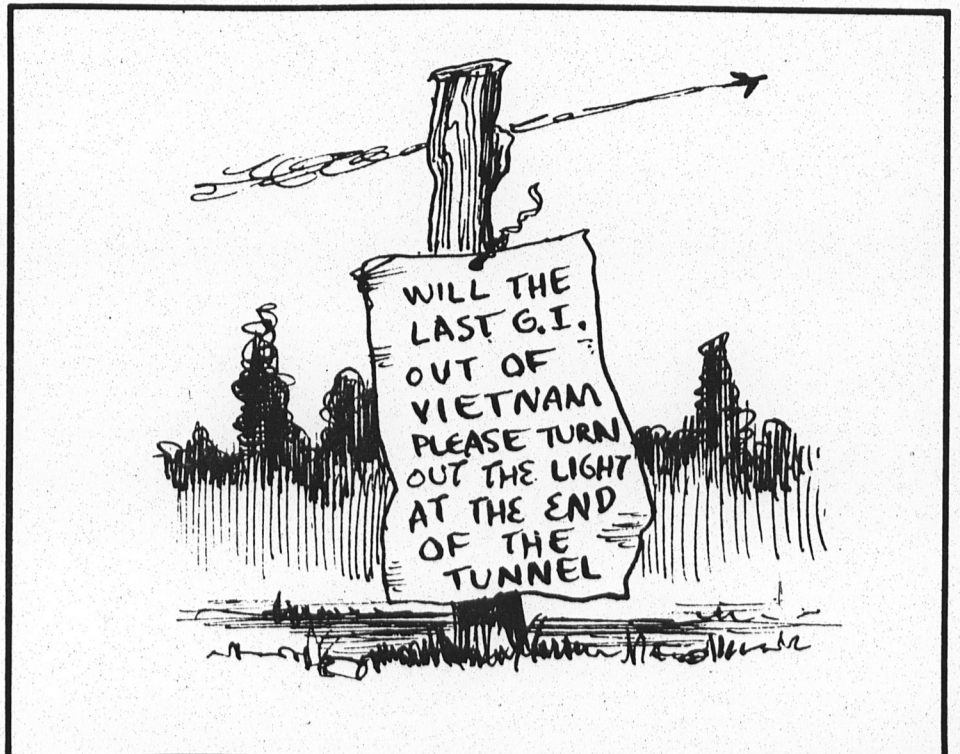
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Literary Heroines: An Impossible Dream?

by ZABA SMODIACA

The defamation of the woman's role has been wildly under attack by varied and outspoken groups. Whether bursting at some specific prejudices encountered by the female population, or some very general and post due points; undoubtedly the already "deja vu" liberation movement has taken some twisty turns. Dramatic literature has come under a bombardment of protest. Explosive remarks running erratically; their guideline being just the frustrated feeling that women have been misrepresented, misconceptualized, misportrayed by the abundant chauvinistic male writers who have overtaken the literary field leaving no room for the female talent to flourish. In general these discussions involve a lot of "hit and miss." The women hitting on the masculine misses. The old cliches that for everything there is a time and a place seems to be a truism for this subject. Though women have been oppressed and suppressed, silenced and confined, the struggle that the female be liberated in literature is a different reality. The written work deals with its own terms of time and space, and its categories do not apply to the mundane reality. A play is not a mirror of life; it is an exaggeration. It is not a tale about the common but about the unusual; nor a story of the good and pretty or bad and spoiled, but rather about what really exists under these superficial labels. The writer's sharp eye and pen is a butchering device, cutting through the obvious, trimming off the unnecessary, getting to the core. Literature cannot deal with one dimensional characters; nor with one dimensional problems. And when it does it is the task of the good writer to not only question the uniform surface appearance but to make these prosaic situations uncommon, to reveal all the hidden facets, all the possibilities. In one way, one could say that literature is daring speculation. It is the uncovering, the revealing, the probing. It is beyond hit and miss, trial and error, good and bad. It is an endless chain of questioning, dealing with life and reality while creating a world of illusion. It is this that makes it transcendental and unique. What may pass as an interesting conference, or a stimulating conversation, regardless of the theme, may prove to be a theatrical dead bore. What is dramatically readable and playable cannot be viewed in this narrow and cause fighting spirit. Playwrights have been attacked for not only portraying the classical "behind every man stands a 'little' woman," but also for making the little woman the bitchiest, witchiest and ambitious, selfish malevolent, crude, sinister and beastly being responsible for all the plagues and evils. There is no doubt that most actresses would agree that these are the best and most challenging characters to perform, and that they would complain about the scarcity of just such literary "heroines." The question seems to



drawing by Reg Winter

be therefore, that we cannot demand from literature the "equal rights" we seek in our every day life, and that a broader and more understanding scope of literary reality is needed. The evil portrayed of women is not the only one that has triggered complaints. As repeatedly as some writers have been condemned for creating the vicious woman, equal time has been given to those who have been assigned stereotypical tasks as mothers, housewives, maids. The devoted good, the remorseless evil have been all tossed in to the same barrel. It would appear impossible to come to a compromise. Both sides can be said to have taken extreme stands. One out of despair, the other because their craft demands it.

If authors as Strindberg, Durremat, Chekhov are blatantly accused of discriminating against females, there obviously is a huge gap of misunderstanding.

One doubts whether this will change, unless some judging principals come under close review. If the woman's liberation movement would dwell more on differences rather than similarities, they may come one day to understand at least their sympathizers among the literary ranks. They may recognize a friend where they saw a foe. Taking things at face value without exploring the possible layers discredits the observer; it becomes increasingly difficult for the writer not only to "please" but also to put his point across, since it is overshadowed by the interests of the movements and their rhetoric. "La Ronde" seems now like a daring choice for the Theatre Workshop to have performed, especially in an academic setting, where "oppressed females" abound. This brings me to another question, that is of simple courtesy. If a group feels a disagreement with the author, they still have the actors to deal with, and walking out in the middle of a performance without any consideration for anything else but their own interests is very primitive.

Secondly, "La Ronde" is a very progressive play for its time, its sexual games being only one side of the coin, definitely portrays the male as a fool and a dupe, rather than the ladies. But in watching the play, one deals with an interpretation of an interpretation, and in some cases criticism is due to the director rather than the author. But this of course is, if not an additional, at least a different problem. In dealing with this question, one wonders whether the reason we do not perceive certain issues brought up with subtlety is because we have all lost a certain sensitivity. We much more readily react to the crude and obvious, to the visual. Times have changed, and though not everywhere, one can now write freely; without need to camouflage one's ideas. But this straight forward style does not make for a more interesting theatrical experience. We get as in the United States the drawing room

drama, the thriller, the musical. What we don't get is a genre like the Theatre of the Absurd, or plays in the existential vein. Of course, there is a cultural gap, one can also say that the need for the type of literature that abounds in Europe has not been felt here. But audiences are becoming more sophisticated, due to all the variety of mass communication, and in turn I believe that no longer will the public be satisfied with the previously mentioned literary styles. I think that among other things, the woman's liberation movement should take a double take, and have a more flexible approach from which it will profit and not alienate.

First Regional Woman's Studies Conference

On Saturday, February 10, 1973, women from eight metropolitan area colleges and universities will converge on Barnard Women's Center to attend the first Regional Women's Studies Conference. Titled "Women Learn from Women," it will consist of workshops run by faculty and students on topics as diverse as "How far will legal solutions take us," to "What are emancipated lifestyles?"

Richmond will contribute two workshops to the day's offerings. Maxine Bernstein, Phyllis Chesler, Sandra Tangri and Nancy Russo are coordinating a session devoted to exploring strategies for producing change—aptly titled "After Consciousness, What?"

Bertha Harris, Tina Mandel, Francoise Drozd, Josephine Mullin, Elia Kartille, Susan Zilberina and L. Fishman are organizing a program on the Lesbian Experience in Education.

The workshop panels will include academic women, graduate and undergraduate students, staff and other working women, and women from the community, reflecting diverse background and different points of view.

There will be no charge for the conference and day care will be available all over campus, including the Psychology office, Women's Studies and the Student Activities Office. For further information, contact Nancy Russo, in psychology.

This conference will be an exciting event. If you're active in the Women's Movement, or if you'd just be interested in finding out something about it, you'll find the workshops a rewarding and informative experience. Sign up today!

Endgame, Anyone?

Chessmaster Edmar Mednis will teach a new course in chess this Spring at Richmond. The course will be open to all undergraduates, but due to limited space in the TV studio, enrollment will be limited to 32 students. Those who are unable to enroll for the course may view the tapes in the media center or watch it live on a TV monitor. The course will be given on Mondays and Tuesdays at 12:50 in the TV Studio.

Mr. Mednis is an outstanding chess analyst as well as one of our highest ranking masters.

For further information
contact: Alfred Levine 621
Philip Goldberg 803

ERICA JONG,
Poet and author of
Fruits and Vegetables,
will read from her poetry
Thursday Evening
January 4, 1973
at 8 pm
In the
Old College Bookstore.
ADMISSION IS FREE
AND
OPEN TO ALL PEOPLE

for ANDREA

Unlikely secretary
In a dead-lady dress
And earth shoes
Bides her time
Behind her busy, crowded desk
In a room more like a tree-house
(Thanks to her)
Than an office

Five and twenty years
She has watched the reflections
Of a face, not unattractive
That she says she'd like to change
And I protest

The gleam in her eyes
And the knowing grin
She casts my way
Tell me she's about to make me
smile
again
laugh
again

And she knows I'll return the favor
Like a tennis serve
Quicker than she can say
"In held 'twas in I"

Her brain-falling-out stories
And wonderful (neat) posters
Wherein amazing cats
And monster spiders abound
Are only a small part
Of this woman
Who knows all too well
The many facets of my soul

She is sometimes motherish
sometimes sisterly
sometimes child-like
and always (forever)
my best friend

David K. Moseder

REUNION IN MIRETI

Two former classmates
coming around
to the same end
of an eight-year circle

She with crutches at her side
(broke a skiing leg
in the mountains of her ancestors)
busily looking for a new home
and perhaps an old friend

He with a crutch inside his head
(his mind chilled
by a Damoclean draft)
conscientiously looking for a way out
and perhaps a job

Recognition comes through matching birthdays
Said she saw him at a movie
where his name was on the screen)

Reunion dialogue
Old times, now times
and in-between
(Who's Who meets 'Where Are They Now')
He recalls two ferry encounters
(Two holes in her memory)
She recalls a boy
once out of time...
time...
time has finally caught up

'Let's to the library
for a game of chess' (or two)
She is twice victorious
Checkmate one
is the lightning
Check (queen check) mate two
is the antecedent thunder
is endgame

Hurried informal goodbyes
(as her lungs cry out for nicotine)
and a reminder to keep time
from putting distance between
as each heads off for
the misfortunes of home

David K. Moseder

SNOW POEM

You always know
The first snow
By its falling

You only know
The last snow
By recalling

David K. Moseder

**TO BE CONTINUED**

And just when you think that you've come
to the end of the road
you find another episode
has already begun

And as each reel comes to a close
all of the real within you
rebels at the super-imposed
edict: To Be Continued

David K. Moseder

SOMETHING UNSPOKEN

Too many silent seconds
Too much of not relating
Misunderstanding beckons
We're not communicating

Instead of building bridges
We have been building walls
And we're not getting anywhere at all

Silence too long unbroken
Too many cautious feelings
Too much has gone unspoken
No words are left for healing

Instead of holding grudges
We should be holding hands
But things have never gone the way we've planned

Can't find the words inside me
Your presence leaves me speechless
Though you walk right beside me
I find my hands are reachless

Instead of walking ledges
We should be running free
But we're locked inside, out, without a key

David K. Moseder

FROM A CITY BOUND FERRY

Glass-stained boxes line the field,
Supplanting newly-dwarfed spires
As gargoyles and cherubs yield
To geometric desires.

Such squared-off madness is rong,
Or at least it isn't Wright.
Rectangles do not belong
Down along the skyline site.

One by one the landmarks fall
Till the only thing that shows
Is a Gotham-sized steel wall
With suffocating windows.

Steamers follow in the wake
Of the drowning paddle wheels.
Diesels roar for progress' sake,
Yet how much the same it feels!

Rust must claim the passing ships
And mortality the crew,
But a cold sigh leaves my lips;
Why must they destroy the view?

I moaned, as I watched the sea
And the pier rebounded the hull;
It would hardly surprise me
If they tried to change the gulls.

David K. Moseder

LOSS

When love is lost
And we grieve
It's not the present
That we mourn
But the future
That we once perceived

—Richard Kornberg

CONSIDER II

How can you ignore
All that went down before
The long red light started shining
Did fate shun the lonely
Or was it only
A classic case of bad timing

And what can you do
One and one are still two
Forever reaching for oneness
And getting so near it
Until the spirit
Breaks down and leaves your world sunless

Together alone
With the secrets unknown
To but a few who have lived them
But they are not telling
And what they're selling
Costs more than you'd want to give them

Take time to consider
The things we've spoken of
Please never be bitter
Or turn your back on love

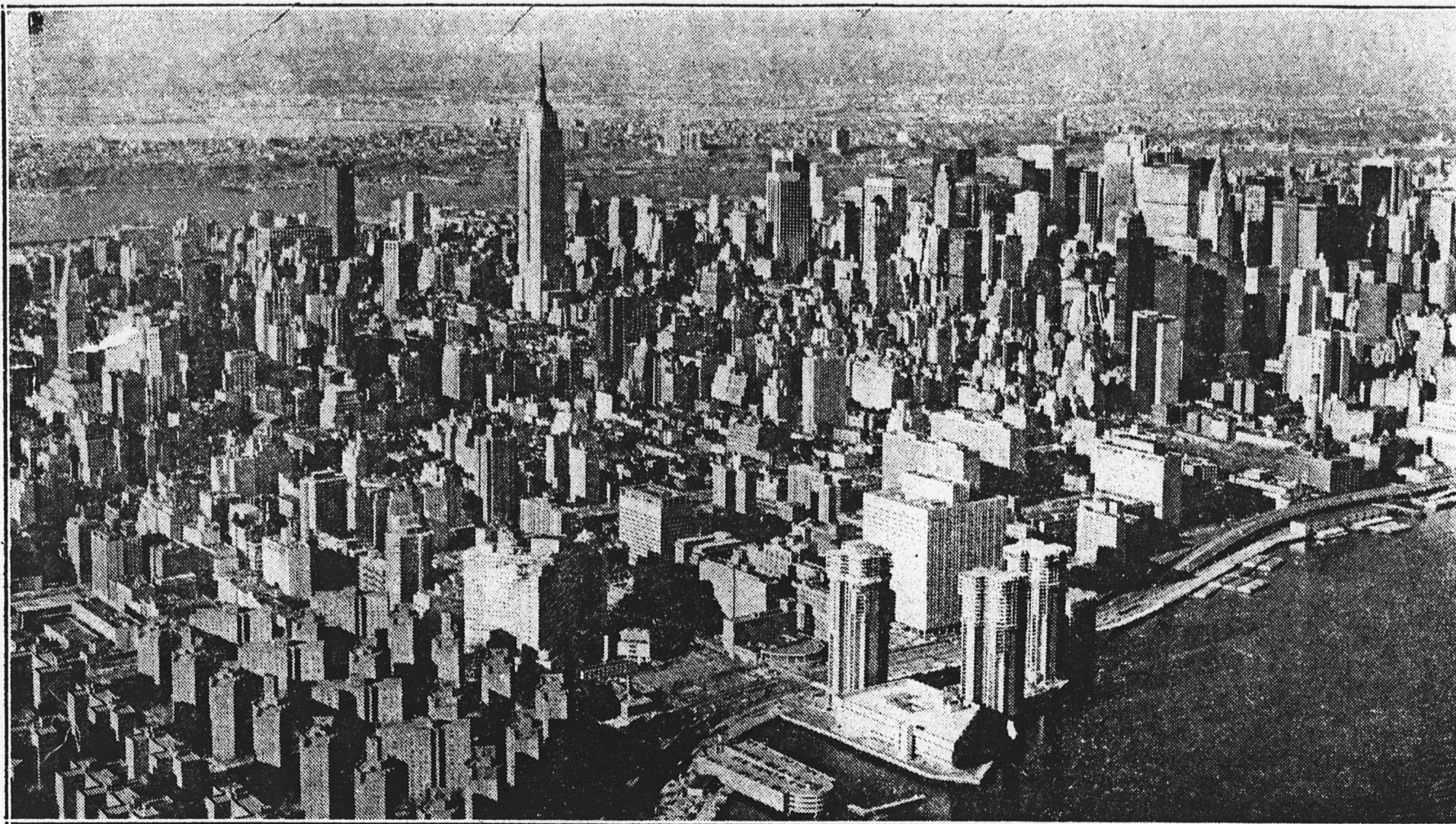
And sixteen sweet dreams
Torn and frayed at the seams
Are breaking up into nightmares
Reality's found you
Stallions astound you
By riding you through the night air

Return to the smile
You knew as a child
In innocence universal
To live for the laughter
Not for what's after
While never needing rehearsal

The intimate fear
Cannot be squelched or steered
Away from your star's direction
So keep your good grace up
Till you can face up
To acceptance and rejection

Take time to consider
The things we've spoken of
Please never be bitter
Or turn your back on love

David K. Moseder



PHOTOS: Beach and snow scenes by Anthony Lepere
 Aerial view of New York City by Paul Demaria

THE TRAVELLER

Like electrical impulses
 Passing through a wire
 I travel along the path of least resistance
 And around I go in circles
 Never catching fire
 Unable to justify my own existence

Like a meteor in vacuum
 Soaring uncontrolled
 I travel along too fast and all too blindly
 And one day I'll fade in darkness
 Slow down and grow cold
 Leave nothing there in my wake to help them find me

Like blue words on yellowed pages
 Rhyming hard and bleek
 I stutter along to finish one more sentence
 I've been written in the margins
 Penmanship is weak
 They can't even read the script of my repentance

I've been travelling through my mind
 Trying desperately to find
 A place in the sun
 Where I can take the time
 To pause and reflect
 On the cause and effect
 Of everything I've done

Like a long-forgotten lyric
 Being sung off key
 I vibrate along on waves that rebound laughter
 Indecision holds the song up
 I can not be free
 Until I can sing for sure what I am after

David K. Moseder

LEATHER EMBRACE

Couple in leather
 Coupling together
 Above the lonesome ramp
 Whose partner is asleep

Crowd moves by unaware
 Or choosing not to care
 But I see...
 And a smile stirs my face
 And I note...
 This is the new embrace

David K. Moseder

Keep me alee of country—
 Too close to earthmould
 Unsafe from impending sky—
 Too near its moving Force.

(Give me city streets of sparse green,
 Humanist's faces grimed with reality.)

There are too many druids in the woods,
 Cobwebbed rooty fingers trying
 to seize me back to their laird;
 Too many precipices lie beyond cities
 to toss me up/ down into infinite sky.

(Give me polis houses of venerable endurance—
 Having won their shabby way from the cling of the northmoss—
 Peopled with motleys and laughter and rollerskates.)

Or, if I must be fed country,
 Make it an open sea—
 So seemingly sterile -scape
 Whence once
 Teemed we;
 Swelling softly now, cryptic and knowing,
 A nearer womb to our kenning than trees.

Margaret Wander Bonanno
 8/1/72



The Effect of Child's Play on Man-of-La-Mancha and . . .

by Richard Kornberg

The time of tinsel and yule logs has arrived and with the first notes of Jingle Bells comes the jingle of coin at movie box offices. For the Christmas season is indeed the season to be jolly for the film industry.

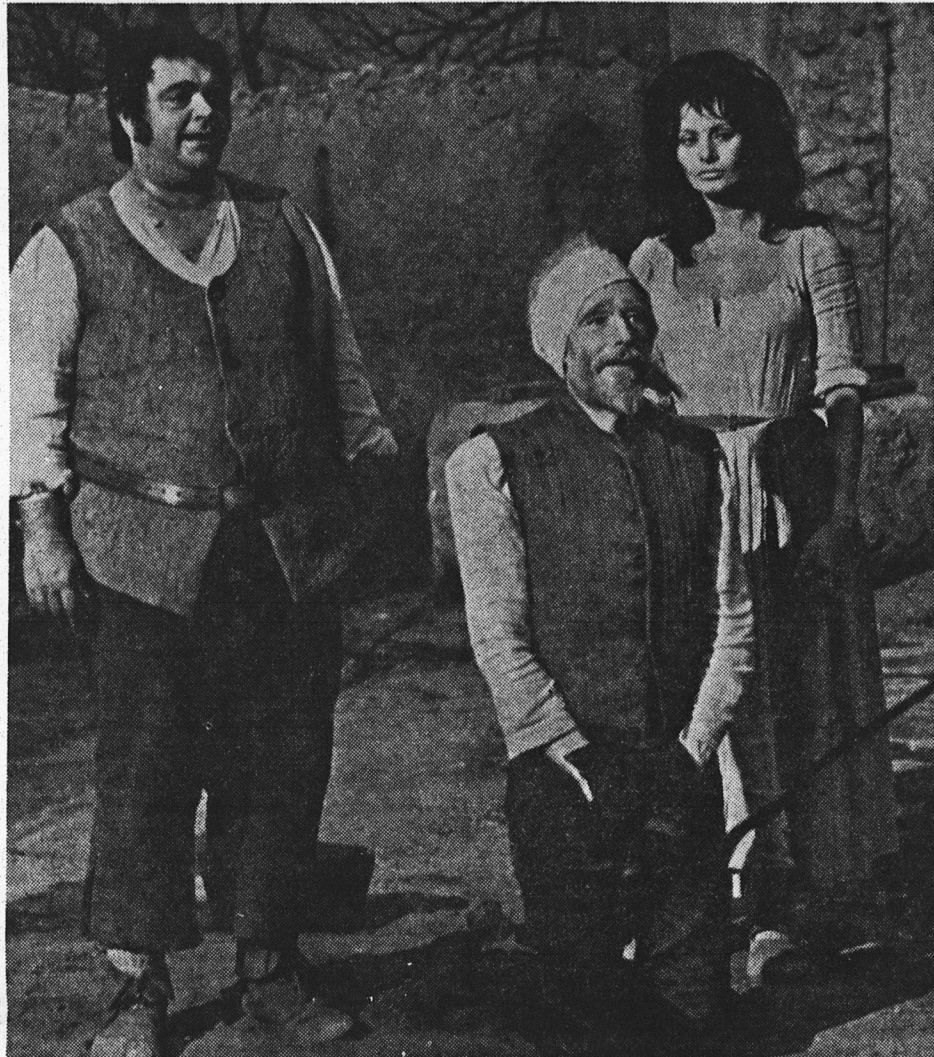
Countless numbers of movies arrive at this time of year—to qualify for Academy Award nominations and to take in some of the holiday entertainment dollars of the happy viewers. Four recent arrivals have one thing in common, each in the not too distant past, was gracing a stage in the Times Square area. But alas, Broadway magic does not necessarily also mean filmagic.

"Man of La Mancha" is a case in point. The movie creators seem to have tried their damndest to squash the inherent magic of the original. First off, one of Hollywood's least imaginative director's, Arthur Hiller, was hired. His past credits include such clever works as "Airport" and "Love Story". This sophmoric mentality is precisely the downfall of this stage classic.

Much of the action of both the play and the movie take place in the character's imagination. Directors like fellini, Bergman, and even Zefferelli could have expanded upon this premise and created something cinematic. Not Arthur Hiller.

In this version the audience has to suffer the embarrassment of watching a man fighting with a windmill and then sit through a musical rape scene which reminds one of the wrestling matches of the sixties, only less well fixed. The only rape in this general audience film is of the creation itself.

This story of Don Quixote is perhaps one of the ugliest films on record. This indeed is an essay in barrenness in almost every department. The only actor who deserves praise is James Coco for his Sancho Panza



ferent reactions to a mother's love, or lack of it, on her offspring.

Director Paul Newman and screenwriter Alvin Sargent have opened up the tight little play and the result is a film to admire compared with a play you could love.

Joanne Woodward and her real-life daughter, Nell Potts take the acting honers—this is Miss Woodward's greatest screen triumph and her daughter, a first effort that will be hard to top.

The effect is quite great on both the Marigolds and the audience.

"Sleuth" is a phenomenon where the end result is greater than the beginning—in this case the London and Broadway stage versions. For the film, with stars of such stature as Lawrence Olivier and Michael Caine, cannot be beat.

On the stage this crime within a crime within a crime was a witty, clever, who what and where dunit. Because of the added talents of the British superstars and director Joseph Mankiewicz, the movie retains the play's tension while adding a perfection that only celluloid can insure.

The only flaw is one camera shot which announces the arrival and intentions of Inspector Doppler. But enough of that—any more might give away some of the good fun.

Audiences can also have the added pleasure of seeing the stage version, still running on Broadway, and choosing their own favorite. This can indeed be a happy choice.

Now if only the Broadway stage were as vital as the movie industry.

Recently, a play opened off-Broadway which should be seen, but because a major critic felt it belongs in London instead of Second Ave., it might not be here too much longer. This is "The Trials Of Oz".

It is quite surprising that the actual words of a British obscenity trial could work so well as a stage vehicle. Credit therefore is due creator Geoff Robertson and director Jim Sharman—he was the stager of the British "Jesus Christ, Superstar" which surpasses its Broadway counterpart in every way.

The play revolves around the repression of a magazine for supposedly being obscene and for the resultant corruption of minors. Musical numbers are interspersed, sometimes not too subtly, that comment, as a sort of voice of the magazine itself, on the court proceedings. These songs have been written by Buzz Lenhart, Mick Jagger, John Lennon, and Yoko Ono.

"The Trials Of Oz" is a definately adult look at an adult imposed situation. It is unmistakably worth seeing both for its comedy and tragedy. With the current state of politics it tells about events that could easily happen here. The play is dirty, but its dirt is purer and more vital than many of its home grown contemporaries.

but even he has to suffer with a musical track that seems to be playing miles away from the actors and actresses who are singing the songs. Peter O'Toole has his moments as Donn Quixote but Sophia Loren appears to have been held in check and her Aldonza is not "the kitchen slut reeking of sin" but the plain Jane Italian, of poor stock, who seems to have gone astray on her way to saying a novena.

Despite the talent, or lack of it, involved some of the beauty of the original survives. However, instead of being a dream musical it is just impossible.

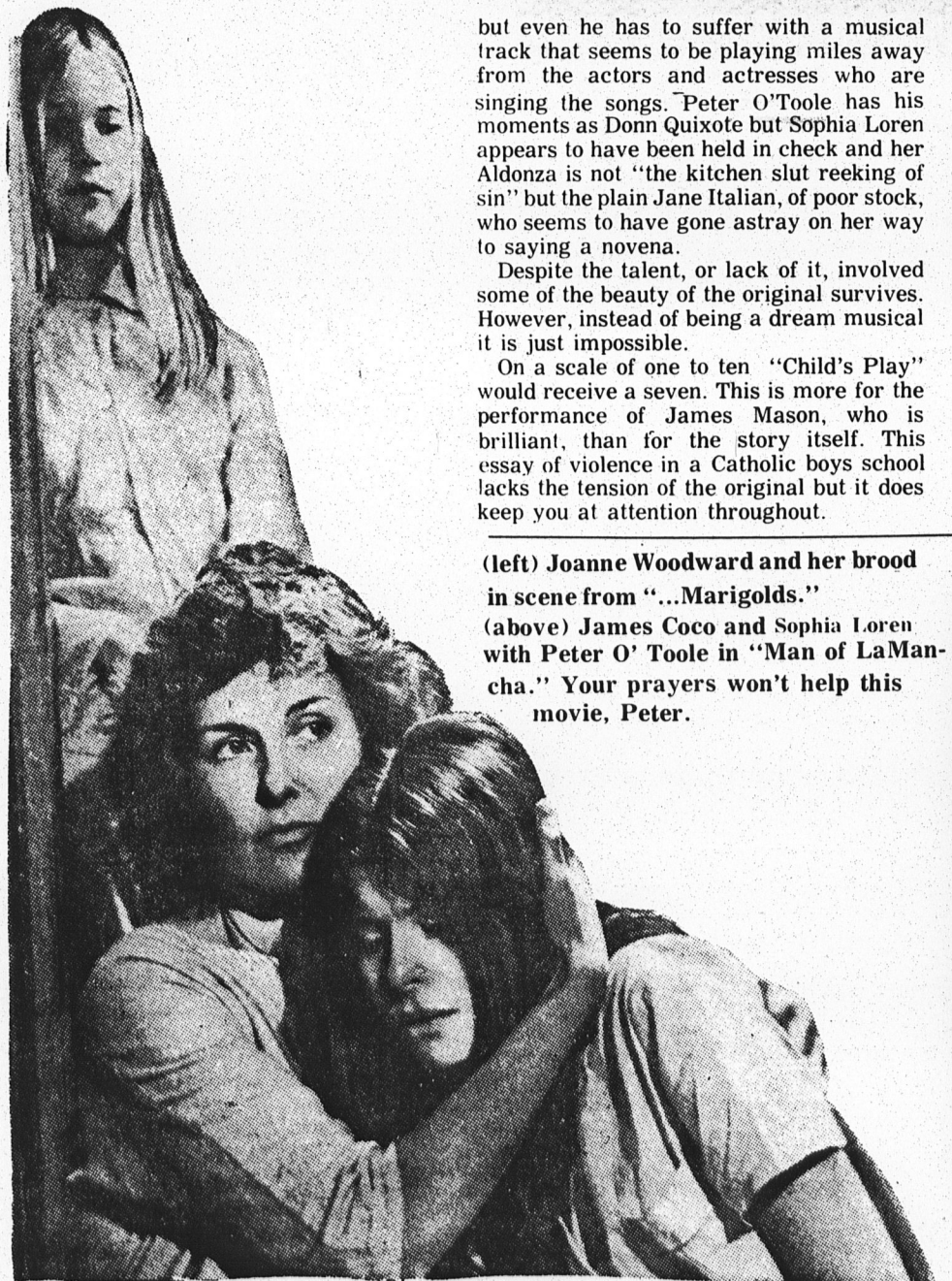
On a scale of one to ten "Child's Play" would receive a seven. This is more for the performance of James Mason, who is brilliant, than for the story itself. This essay of violence in a Catholic boys school lacks the tension of the original but it does keep you at attention throughout.

Much of the change is due to both the telling too much of the camera—this is a no-no in a suspense film, and the expertise of telegraph punches, relating to James Mason—he brings such an air of believability that the viewer becomes more aware of some of the incredulousness of the script.

Overall, this is a worthwhile film, well acted, and with an ending that is an improvement over its Broadway counterpart.

Beatrice Hoffendorfer is indeed an influence over her family and her acquaintances—she has no friends. She is the mother inferior of Paul Zindel's Pulitzer prize winning creation, "The Effect of Gamma Rays On Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds."

Its title relates to both the effect of atoms on plants and to a greater extent, the dif-



(left) Joanne Woodward and her brood in scene from "...Marigolds."

(above) James Coco and Sophia Loren with Peter O' Toole in "Man of LaMancha." Your prayers won't help this movie, Peter.



James Mason in the David Merrick production of "Child's Play."

The Bald Soprano : A "Lesson" In Successful Theatre

A Theatre Review by RICHARD KORNBERG

The works of Eugene Ionesco can be considered typical college theatre fare with the usual results fairly typical to that genre. The scholastic audiences can expect workmanlike productions, usually miscast because of the age requirements of the scripts, but containing that old college try which is always so endearing to the primarily friends and relations audience.

It is therefore heartening to report that 34's of the double billed "The Lesson" and "The Bald Soprano" succeed where many similar attempts have failed but it's that silly little quarter which stops the evening from becoming that freak of Richmond—the perfectly fine evening of theatre.

Nothing however can be faulted with the John Hancock dominated production of "The Bald Soprano." The work, directed with the assistance of Marty Sokoloff, is an essay of style, wit and beauty.

We are presented two pairs of British couples whose boredom reaches the heights of their upper-middleclassness. An intimate gathering is on the evening's agenda and all the action revolves around this event, or non-event.

"The Bald Soprano's" accent is intensely verbal, a mixture of nonsequiturs, which if delivered correctly, result in a totally cohesive, supremely funny playlet. This is precisely what the audiences at 350 St. Marks Place encountered at this excellent Richmond College production.

The tightly knit, smooth as silk direction elicited ensemble acting at its best. However, even in a group effort there are always one or two performers who stand out. In this case Yvonne Fisher and Carolyn Mitchell took the laurels. This in no way diminishes the very real talents of Jack Negri, Tony Cipolla, Dan Crotty and Tony Mullen, the four males who complete the cast.

The varied vocal inflections of Miss Fisher and Miss Mitchell add immeasurably to the evening's enjoyment. While their styles differed—Yvonne Fisher favoring the extended twisting of syllables altering a meaning in midstream as compared with Carolyn Mitchell's perfectly timed blarney—the ultimate result was a high brand of humor.

An interesting sidelight concerns the casting of the maid. Because no female was available, the director opted to change the role to a butler. This decidedly altered the thrust of the character's relationship with the fire chief, while adding a new level of absurdity and expanding the range of comic possibilities.

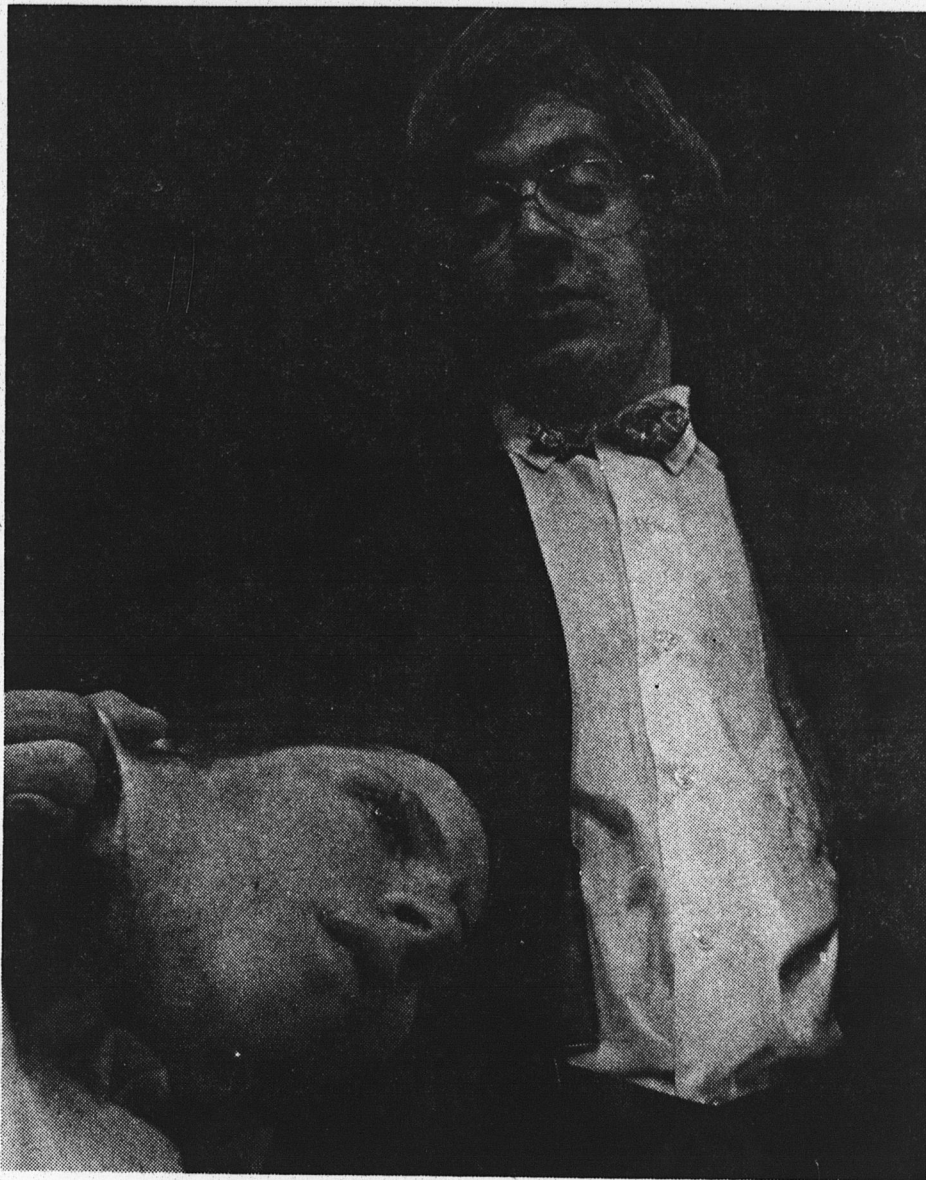
Some of the comic and many of the dramatic possibilities are missed in the curtain-raiser, "The Lesson." Under Robert Lampel's sporadically effective direction the play takes on a sort of half-life.

The lesson of the title is being given to a new student by a middle-aged ineffectual professor. The play parallels the downfall of the young lady with the mouse to man-ic of the teacher.

The production begins well, the initial encounter between the overly knowledgeable cherub and the repressed tutor is convincing with Joel Cartiglia scoring nicely in the latter role. Unfortunately, the necessary character changes, which make up the meat of the play, are not evident, which results in the type of horseshoe whose early excitement dies after the poor performance of the favorite only to rekindle near the end with a surprising flash of drama.

Robert Lampel's direction brings much life to the play's forceful conclusion and he also creates a few clever comic bits at the outset. Unfortunately an overall concept seems to be lacking.

Actingwise, an incompetent Shelly Rosenberg does a competent job while Sherri Nachbar might have had more success if she adjusted or dropped her ac-



R.T. Photo by R. Cavalli
Shelly Rosenberg and Joel Cartiglia in scene from Ionesco's "The Lesson."

cent, which at the performance caught, touched about as many countries as a Pan Am jumbo jet.

The Jeffrey Moss set both made clever use of the Richmond stage and was attractive in its own right. Mr. Moss's designs have

always been a high point of the college productions, many times succeeding when everything else failed.

The theatre department finally can be proud of something at 350. In the future this might increase and hopefully multiply.

"Grease" Bops To Royale



That 50's rock'n'roll musical "GREASE" has moved to anew pad. You can now dig it on 45th Street at the Royale Theater. Cool, man!

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Don't Skip Battin's Album

by David K. Moseder

Skip Battin, best known as bass player for The Byrds, has released a solo album on Signpost Records, cleverly entitled "Skip Battin." While the album fails to live up to the potential of its creator, it is nonetheless a thoroughly likeable set of songs; a refreshing change-of-pace from the frenetic ego-rock which has predominated the music scene of late.

Skip and his collaborator, the much-maligned Kim Fowley, have written several fine songs for The Byrds since Skip joined the group back in 1969, most of them in a satirical vein. The dauntless duo have likewise composed all ten songs for Skip's solo flyte. Suffice it to say that if you enjoyed such Byrds hits as "Citizen Kane" and "America's Great National Pasttime" and if you feel you can take an entire album of tongue-in-cheek material, then this album is definitely for you.

Battin and Fowley often draw their inspiration from unusual sources, such as old Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies, a Rudolph Valentino look-alike, or a defunct baseball franchise. Their melodies are simple and catchy, while their lyrics seem to be there strictly for the fun of it; though they may be enjoyed on more than one level. Allow me now to present my run-down of each track:

UNDERCOVER MAN... decries the lack of privacy in modern life, brought about by wire-taps, surveillance squads, etc. This one appears destined for the most airplay.

BALLAD OF DICK CLARK... is a humorous, nostalgic look at 1950's rock and roll.

CAPTAIN VIDEO... has a slightly more serious aura about it, dealing with the L.A. scene, playing in a band, enjoying Albert Einstein, drinking fine wine, and being a stranger in a strange land.

CENTRAL PARK... compares the serenity of Central Park in the Jazz Age with today's muggers' haven.

FOUR LEGS ARE BETTER THAN TWO... is all about the joy of dancing close together, a la Ginger and Fred. This is one of my two favorite cuts.

VALENTINO... examines what it might be like going through life as Rudolph Valentino's double. ("Bye-bye Valentino, I saw your movie in Reno. You got the girl and conquered the world, and I got tired and went to bed...")

HUMAN BEING BLUES... is a light-hearted composite of every old blues song that has ever been written. If nothing else, it proves that anybody can find a reason to sing the blues.

THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS... uses the ersatz history of the Baltimore Orioles' hapless forerunner to show how nostalgia may just be another synonym for growing old. This is my other favorite cut.

COBRAS... is, as best as I can figure it, a bizarre and slightly cryptic love song.

MY SECRET LIFE... sounds suspiciously autobiographical on Skip's part. He gets a bit serious here and again, but the song itself is cheerful and melodic.

Skip Battin is no stranger to rock and roll. From 1959 to 1961, he and Gary Paxton, under the joint monicker of Skip and Flip, had a modest string of hits including "It Was I," "Cherry Pie," and "Fancy Nancy." In 1961 he split to L.A. to become an actor, subsequently appearing in several films and television shows. He returned to the rock scene as the leader of Skip and The Flips, and eventually formed his own unsuccessful record company.

In 1965, he was deeply impressed upon hearing The Byrds at Ciro's and changed his life and music styles accordingly. He formed another group, The Evergreen Blueshoses. They worked at The Corral in Topanga Canyon for nine months, produced an unspectacular album and split up. In 1969, while working as a studio musician, he met Gene Parsons, who was then the Byrds' drummer. Gene took Skip to a beer bar in



The inscrutable Skip Battin.

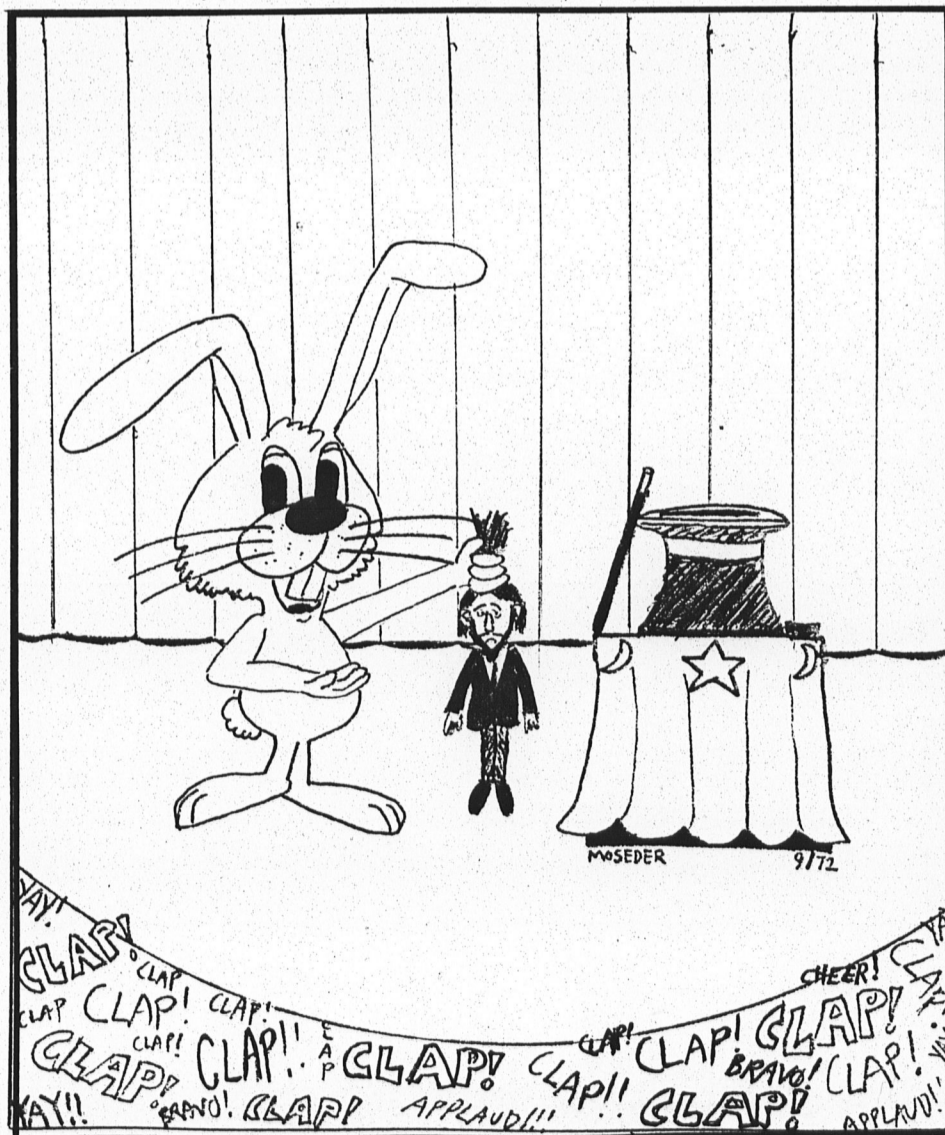
Azusa to hear then-Byrd Clarence White play guitar. Gene and Clarence asked him to get together with Roger McGuinn and become bassist for The Byrds, which he did.

McGuinn (twelve-string Rickenbacker) and White (electric Telecaster, acoustic guitar, mandolin and dobro) are among the supporting musicians on Skip's album. Also featured is Spanky McFarlane, who does the background vocals.

In addition to having a keen sense of

humor, (a rarity in the world of rock these days) Skip is a deeply religious individual, being a student and practitioner of a form of orthodox Buddhism called Nichiren Shosu.

"Skip Battin" the album may not be as outrageous as Skip Battin the human being, but it is almost as interesting. As they'd say on the old American Bandstand: "Well, Dick...I like the words and the music is kinda nice but I can't dance to 'em all, so I'll give it an eighty." Way to go, Clyde



Legendary Masked Surfers?

by Terence Morgan

Surf music for years has been the whipping boy of the rock intelligentsia for being "wimp, irrelevant, Hollywood plastic, and commercial." What drive! (I'd like to see Jagger and Lennon's bank accounts to see how noncommercial they were.) What the hipper-than-thou's fail to remember is that surf music brought us out of the vapid teen idol period and into an era of high-energy rock. Contrary to popular belief, it was not a concoction of fat cat upper-echelon record company executives but rather the creation of the musicians themselves, which is why some of the best rock ever made was produced in the surf era. The record producers at the center of this phenomenon—Beach Boy Brian Wilson, Jan Berry of Jan & Dean, Bruce Johnston and Terry Melcher—gave us music that was fun and unpretentious without being schlock. But most of all, they gave us music that rocked.

Surf's up—and I don't mean "a diamond necklace played the pawn," but the real thing—Dean Torrance (formerly of Jan & Dean), ex-Beach Boy and Rip Chord Bruce Johnston, and Terry Melcher (former Rip Chord and Byrds' producer) have completed a project which could rock back on the right track. As the Legendary Masked Surfers, the group has cut a single for United Artists entitled "Gonna Hustle You" (UA-50958). LMS took the instrumental track from Jan & Dean's "New Girl in School" and re-recorded the vocals, using Brian Wilson's original lyrics. Executives at either Liberty Records or Screen Gems-Colpix felt that "Gonna Hustle You" was too hot to handle in '64. LMS' version sounds as fresh as the original did in the surfin' sixties. Dean Torrance's production on the flip side, a new arrangement of the Jamies' "Summertime Summertime," is reminiscent of Brian Wilson's early masterpieces with some pre-Beatle Spector influence added on the instrumental track. Watch the echo on Torrance's lead vocal—there's lots of it! If this is re-released in May or June, it's bound to make some noise. Those great rocal harmonies characteristic of the Southern Californian school of rock are found on both songs. The Masked Surfers' efforts join the Beach Boys' "Do It Again" and "Marcella" as examples of what west coast rock 'n roll should be.

Expect more great things to come from Torrance, Johnston and Melcher—they're now recording as California.

Post script—Recommended listening in the same musical vein as the Legendary Masked Surfers—California: Best of the Beach Boys, Vol. 1 (Capitol DT-2545) and The Jan & Dean Anthology Album (United Artists UAS-9961)...Asylum Records, the home of the Eagles, Joni Mitchell, JoJo Gunne, Jackson Browne, and an up-coming Byrds' project, has been taken over by Warner Communications. Asylum now joins Warner Bros., Reprise, Atlantic, Atco, Cotillion, and Elektra in the Warnercom (nee Kinney) stable. Atlantic will continue as Asylum's distributor.

Gram Parsons, ex of the Byrds, has joined Reprise Records. He was also involved in the formation of the International Submarine Band and The Flying Burrito Brothers. His first solo album is due shortly. Rick Roberts, another ex-Burrito, released his first solo effort last month.