

# the PAPER

Vol. 54, no. 4<sup>2</sup>

THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK

So we stand here,  
on the edge of hell  
in Harlem  
and look out  
on the world  
and wonder  
what we're gonna do  
in the face of  
what we remember. Langston Hughes

## THE JEFFRIES CONTROVERSY

by Marthe Larosillere

Oswald Facey, the Vice-President for Campus Affairs has begun what some people describe as a "one-man war" against Dr. Leonard Jeffries, chairman of the Black Studies department.

This "war" dates back to October 15, 1981, during the student elections that were already marked by bitterness and hostility. The two men were involved in a shouting match and they almost came to blows. Facey claims that on that day, Jeffries "grossly violated his office" by committing a series of "infractions" which Facey has gone on and listed in a petition.

Facey has been soliciting these petitions around campus. The petition request that Jeffries "be relieved from his position as Chairman and that disciplinary action be taken against him."

Facey has also written a letter to President Harleston complaining of Jeffries actions and behavior. In his letter, Facey has asked Harleston to look into the matter as well as to take disciplinary actions against Jeffries.

According to Facey, Jeffries was actively campaigning for Cedric Washington and the Collective Slate both in and out of the classroom. In his petition against Jeffries, Facey stated that Jeffries was "publicly campaigning in his classes and visiting meeting areas where students assemble, by handing out flyers for the Collective Slate, also soliciting fraudulent votes by advocating that students vote twice".

The trouble began when Jeffries started handing out the flyers in front of Shepard Hall and then proceeded in giving one to Facey and other SPC members. Words were exchanged between the two and Facey claims

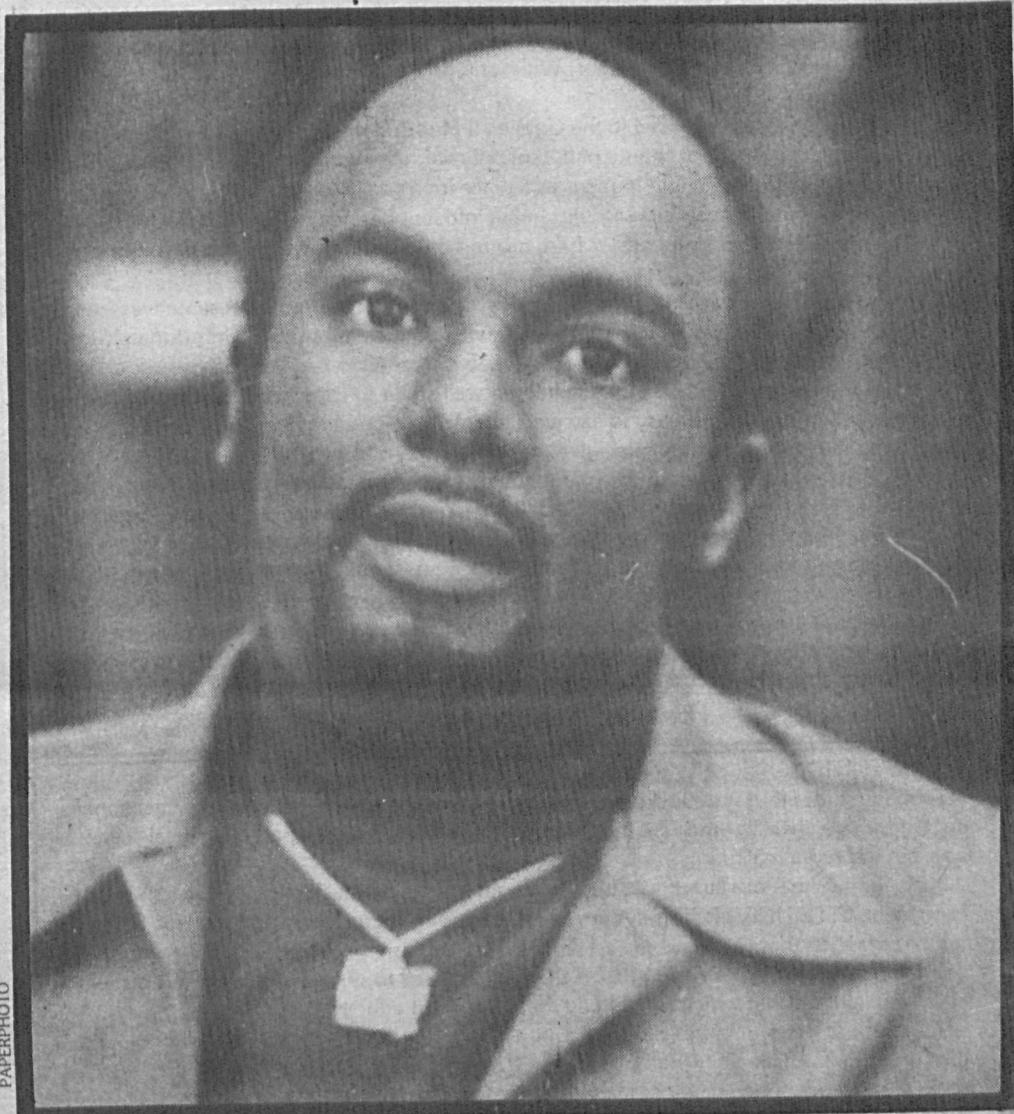
that Jeffries pointed his fingers at him while frantically yelling, "you people are messing with my woman and I will hurt you". Facey also claims that Jeffries assaulted and threatened him which has caused "profound humiliation upon him before students and their visitors".

Jeffries reasons for being in the campaign area is that a female Trinidadian student came up to him and told him that she was being intimidated, so he came "to see what was happening". Jeffries admitted that he was passing out the literature but denies everything else. "I didn't have my finger in nobody's face," stated Jeffries. "I had my fist balled up at my thighs ready to come up to go to somebody's mouth if need be to defend myself."

Jeffries also denies that he called presidential candidate Veberly Russell and Mrs. Anthony Titus "bitches". Facey, however, charges that Jeffries "used words of profanity" to Mrs. Titus and "verbally abused" Russell. It is reported that both Russell and Titus have stated that they have nothing to do with the petition. According to Jeffries, "Facey is running a one man thing".

Jeffries feels that he did nothing wrong in expressing his opinions to his students on the candidates. "I have freedom of speech", said Jeffries. "They have what they call academic freedom", he continued. "I have the right to say what ever I want in the class". "So, when I'm in my classroom, if I feel I can criticize Ronald Reagan, Carter, J. Edgar Hoover, Nelson Rockefeller, Ed Koch, the Pope, Alexander the Great, Jesus Christ, and Moses, I definitely could raise my voice about

(continued on page 3)



DR. LEONARD JEFFRIES, Chairman of the Black Studies Department

## GENESIS II AT FINLEY

By Mark Jones

"Should the Black children be the least productive, least cultured and the least educated in America? No! Save the Children!"

This is the battlecry of the Genesis II Museum of International Black Culture, located at 133 Street and Broadway, in New York City. The museum has 12 traveling exhibits and one is located inside of the Finley Student Center, which is a building on the South campus of the City College of New York.

With the implementation of the Genesis II Museum Center at 133rd Street and Broadway on May 11th, the Harlem community will have, according to Andi Owens, the Director of The Genesis II Museum, "a vital new educational resource center for young people and adults to learn more about the arts and the cultures of African people in the diaspora." Andi Owens says that if the museum is supported by its surrounding community, then the Genesis II Museum of

International Black Culture will "create a special program designed to be more sensitive to the community needs, evoking from the community pride through our cultural programs that will serve as an alternative to drug abuse, crime and other social abuses."

In 1972, the Genesis II Gallery of African Art was incorporated as a non-profit educational institution by the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. At that time Genesis II's primary purpose was to design and disseminate a series of traveling exhibitions. The purpose of these exhibits was to stimulate public interest in the art, culture and history of persons of African descent. From 1972 and 1977, fifty exhibitions were mounted and displayed at colleges, cultural institutions, museums and public parks; not to omit private parks, plazas and the streets of the city of New York.

Literature from the Genesis II Museum of International Black Culture says that the

museum will conduct programs designed to:

—inform the general public, with particular emphasis on elementary, secondary and college students, regarding the African cultural diaspora—its history, culture and art;

—provide cultural exhibits and performances designed to present and celebrate the artistic contributions of persons of African descent throughout the world;

—serve as a clearing house for information on African culture.

The Genesis II museum has started an International Curatorial Board. So far, the board is made up of ten people, ranging from consultants to historians to magazine editors to an advisor of a West Indian University's Prime Minister. Henry Jackson, Editor of *Encore Magazine*, wrote: "After observing your extremely significant and timely project...I gladly accept membership to your Curatorial Board." The Honorable Rex Nettleford, Cultural Ad-

visor to the Prime Minister, University of the West Indies, wrote, "I consider it an honor. I accept the position on the Curatorial Board."

According to the Genesis II Museum literature, "there is not an institution in the United States that is designed to focus on the total complexity and richness of African culture. While there are several institutions in New York City that focus on one aspect or another of the African diaspora, none

represents an integrative and holistic approach. This is the aim of the Genesis II Museum of International Black Culture." H. Carl McCall, Ambassador, Alternate Representative for Special Political Affairs, United States Mission to the United Nations in New York City said that the Genesis II Museum of International Black Culture is "certainly a worthwhile project and deserves support."

## Celebration of our Strengths

THE SPIRITS OF MALCOLM X, HARRIET TUBMAN, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AND MARTIN LUTHER KING are alive and well and living in Finley Student Center in a unique art exhibit sponsored by the Genesis II Museums of International Black Culture.

The Genesis II Museum has been in Finley Student Center since the beginning of summer. Originally, its Director, Andi Owens, had hoped to establish the museum in Columbia University, but changed his mind once he and his associates saw the facilities in Finley. With help from Ed Evans, Director of Co-Curricular Life, and Cyril Tyson, Vice Presi-

## VIEWPOINT

dent for Community Affairs, the museum was established at City College.

It has attracted the attention of the media. Two television programs have been made about the museum. Articles on the museums have appeared in New York's daily newspapers. And even President and Mrs. Harleston have dropped by the museum and offered their words of encouragement. Without a doubt, the idea is good. In fact it is excellent.

When we were first introduced to the Genesis II Museum over the summer we were also caught up with the eloquent beauty of it. Not only were the art objects fascinating, but the idea of using one of the student lounges as a place for art appreciation also caught our imaginations. We would rather see students going into lounges getting high on culture rather than Mary Jane and all of her cousins from around the world. However, the museum is in trouble.

The exhibit has received little or no student support, even though representatives from both the Day and Evening Student Senates have said they support it. Unfortunately, in the real world, the words are not enough. Money is needed to back them up.

We feel a portion of student funds would be well spent in supporting and maintaining the Genesis II Museum. It is easy to say we all think it is a good idea or an important contribution to the college, but we must give the museum financial support.

We realize the respective student senates have enough problems to deal with, but we feel this is just as important as any. The Genesis II Museum must be supported and we feel it is time for our student leaders to do just that. To lose this important vehicle would truly be a shame, and we wonder what we as students and leaders would be saying in letting it happen.

The museum is open most days after 10:00. If you haven't yet experienced Genesis II, we urge you to come to the Bittenweiser Lounge in the Finley Student Center and check it out. Genesis II celebrates the strengths of united action. Let us all unite and support Genesis II.

—Michael Milligan

### FREE TUITION.

To many students, it sounds like a fantasy, but not so long ago, it was a way of educational life. And, there are still some who feel that free tuition should not be part of a nostalgic fantasy, but instead a reality.

In his "bombshell" of a little book, Leo Benjamin examines what the loss of free tuition has done to the CITY UNIVERSITY system and the students it produces. But, the little book is much more than that.

The book "IN MEMORY OF FREE TUITION" is a call to our government and student leaders to fight for that which is rightfully theirs—a good education.

Student and departmental leaders in City College have supported this small book and what it stands for. But we feel it must be taken a step further.

We are calling upon our college leaders to support a forum for the book and start the fight once more to get back the tuition free education we once had.

Copies of the book can be found in City College's BOOKSTORE.

## IT'S HERE AT CITY COLLEGE FUNDRAISING DISCO AND CONCERT

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**RAFFLE !!**

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**EXPRESSIONS** was written by the students of City College.

# JEFFRIES . . . continued from page 1)

some students who ain't doing NOTHING for students!", exclaimed Jeffries in a climatic tone of voice. "And I put them all in that category. The ones that's close to me and love me and the ones that hates me".

According to Jeffries, the particular class that Facey was referring to in which he expressed his opinion, was done as a result of a comment made by a student in the class regarding Washington. "Errol was there passing out leaflets for the Collective to the class, said Jeffries, "and one student said Cedric ain't no good and he ain't competent". "I said ain't none of the students competent including Errol who's passing out leaflets", he continued.

"The distinction between them is that some students have the accountability to other students and the community and other students have accountability to some foreign ideology or some off the campus we do not know about and I'm talking about the pseudo Marxist Neo-Communist students who continually come and pimp off of us". "If there is a distinction between an Errol and a Cedric and Facey, said Jeffries, "it is not their competence, it is there accountability to African people and the community they come out of". "Facey's more accountable to Ricky, this Asian dude who was the one accused of threatening our women".

One of the more serious charges against Jeffries is that he urged his students to vote twice. "Even if I did say to go out and vote twice, for anybody to take me seriously, they were foolish", said Jeffries.

What others call interference, Jeffries refers to it as a responsibility. "The black faculty met for lunch the other day and they decided that we have a responsibility as adult blacks to become involved with our young people in elections, in everything else and so we will be working with the students," said Jeffries. "They may want to call it interference, but we call it African Senior Assistance and so ain't no student elections gonna take place without a major input from the black adults and the black community".

Jeffries, who is considered by some to be one of the most influential and powerful people on campus in terms of students, says that he has been asked over the years by student governments to get involved in the elections. Even people who dislike him and disagree with him, acknowledge the fact that students like him, they respect him, and more importantly, they listen to him.

"There is no interference in any election", said Jeffries. "But I told the President (Harleston), and I'm telling you, I'm telling the Student Senate, and I'm telling Facey, every student government over the last seven or eight years has come to us and BEGGED us on hands and knees to become involved in student elections so they could win!" "They have fought to get the election machines put in Harris for us to help them and put in Goethals when we were there so they could win elections". "So we could force our students out to classroom to help get them elected", continued Jeffries. "They involved us even when we didn't want to be involved.

Facey's petition brings up the question of how effective it is and how it will affect the people involved. "A petition doesn't affect the chairman, said Jeffries. Chuckling, he continued, "the chairman is not a popularity contest. Students have a role to play in influencing the elections and they should play it, but the faculty as permanent part of the staff votes in the chairman. So, any little games that may be played in terms of petitions will have no affect", concluded Jeffries.

Jeffries feels that the petition will just die out while he and his department will still be around. "Every couple of years, student leadership emerges with the same kind of misinformation and the same kind of B.S.", said Jeffries. "Our thing is so secure", he continued. "We is the main instigator and we gonna continue to be the main instigator to keep Negroes correct"! Facey will be coming and going and we still be here with our people".

"Students raising hell or some of my professors raising hell, or the administration rais-

ing hel ain't gonna chase me from Black Studies", said Jeffries. "Blace Studies will always be a part of me. That's my source of strength. This is not a job for me, this is not a position for me, this is LIFE. I spent most of my waking hours here, everything I do evolves around this".

If the petition affected Jeffries in anyway it is his ego and his fighting spirit. "The stuff that Facey is pulling for the normal person it would be a distrction and it would be a setback," said Jeffries, "but for a Leonard Jeffries Jr. it is a spur on to action"! "It moves him and others around him out of their lethargy. It forces a clearer analysis of who we are, what we are, what we have to do, and what we have done and we haven't done". "Since Facey has gone out of his way to say that I was involved in the elections, you can be sure, that anybody running for anything now is gonna have my assistance, whether they want it or not!" "As he continues to escalate it, he must makes us more sure that there will never be a student government in this college that we don't assist".

"I have a sense of conviction that's no scared by any petitions or being maligned in the student newspapers," said Jeffries.

Jeffries, who has an international reputation, considers himself a "leader" of not only the black students on campus but a leader of blacks in general. "Leadership of the black community, here on this campus, in this City, in the world is something that I inherited based on my experiences. It's a responsibility I have, its not someing I'd run away from, it's not somehing I am elected to, it's something that has come about as a result of circumstances". "I'm a leader, I'm gonna be in a leadership position until I get lamed or mentally incompetent". "Some people have been destined to leadership or trained and programmed for leadership and my thing is probably both".

Another person who the petition has apparently affected is President Harleston. On Monday, December 7 Harleston and Jeffries held a meeting to talk about the incident with

Facey and to hear Jeffries side of the story. The meeting was held as low-keyed and as quiet as possible because Harleston didn't want the issue to get bigger than it already was.

"The meeting opened a channel of communication between the president and I", said Jeffries.

Aside from writing up a petition, Facey has also written a letter to Jeffries requesting a copy of the constitution of the department. Facey's reason for this request is that students have asked him the "true purpose and aim the Black Studies Department".

"Black studies is a body of knowledge about the black experience, from the black perspective", said Jeffries. "I should say that it is the African experience, from the African perspective", he added. "The role of Black Studies is to institutionalized the concept of Africanist". "It's trying to create a 'New Africa' one who can destroy the racial myths and misconceptions and put in another understanding based upon a new value system". "It's not just teaching some classes, it is teaching a whole concept of learning, a whole understanding of a body of knowledge that comes out of the African world of experience".

Jeffries has been the head of the Black Studies department for the last ten years and he looks back on his achievements as "a stroke of absolute genius". Within three years after he became chairman the Black Studies program became one of the largest in the country.

A host of activities sponsored by the Black Studies Department also makes it one of the busiest ones in the country. Jeffries feels that so far his department has been accomplishing their goals and purposes and they will continue to do so.

Jeffries feelings toward Facey are very simple. He doesn't consider himself to be Facey's enemy. "Facey is a misguided black man running around having a campaign against the giant on the campus", said Jeffries. "The giant could ignore it, except he has decided now to go on the offense and so has best be careful".

## CITY DESK

The Peer Counseling Office is aware of the problems that students have obtaining apartments. We would like to try to remedy this situation by beginning a housing information network. All students (and staff) who know of available apartments or rooms, or those with apartments to share are invited to send or bring in their notices to our office in Baskerville 25 to be placed on our "housing bulletin board." All students in need of an apartment may use this service—please bring your I.D. This service is for CCNY students only.

PLACE: AARON DAVIS HALL, THEATER B  
DAY: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17th  
TIME: 12:00-2:00 pm  
ADMISSION IS FREE! FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL 690-5326.

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ALL CITY COLLEGE STUDENTS TO JOIN THEM  
AT A  
HOLIDAY RECEPTION  
ON  
TUESDAY DECEMBER 22, 1981  
PLACE: BUTTENWEISER LOUNGE  
TIME: 4-6 PM

On Thursday, December 17th, 1981 the Mass Media Club will have a CAKE SALE: from 12:00-2:00 in the Genesis 11 Museum. Exhibitions of Afro-American arts located in Finley Hall on the first floor.

The Poolroom (Room 308, Finley Center) will be open as follows, beginning **Wednesday, December 9, 1981:**

MONDAY Through WEDNESDAY—2:00 PM to 7:00 PM  
THURSDAY—12 Noon to 7:00 PM  
FRIDAY—2:00 PM to 4:30 PM

# WITHIN

# THE

# WALL

## SUBJECT: NORTH ACADEMIC COMPLEX (NAC)

## INFORMATION: DECLASSIFIED

by Jerrold Erves, Marthe Larosillere and  
Michael Milligan

### ALONE, IT SITS ON THE HILL.

Its enormous, arrow shape stands aloof amid the decay of surrounding Harlem tenements. Workers scurry around its gray glazed, omnipresent structure, while its children pass it with a curious sense of apathetic wonder, not knowing, with each

"We hope a portion of the building will be used next fall," Morton Kaplon, Vice President of Administrative Affairs told the PAPER. "We expect, at the moment, that part of the (Cohen) library will move in this summer." Kaplon also said the math, language, speech, SEEK, and other departments are scheduled to move into the NAC during the summer.

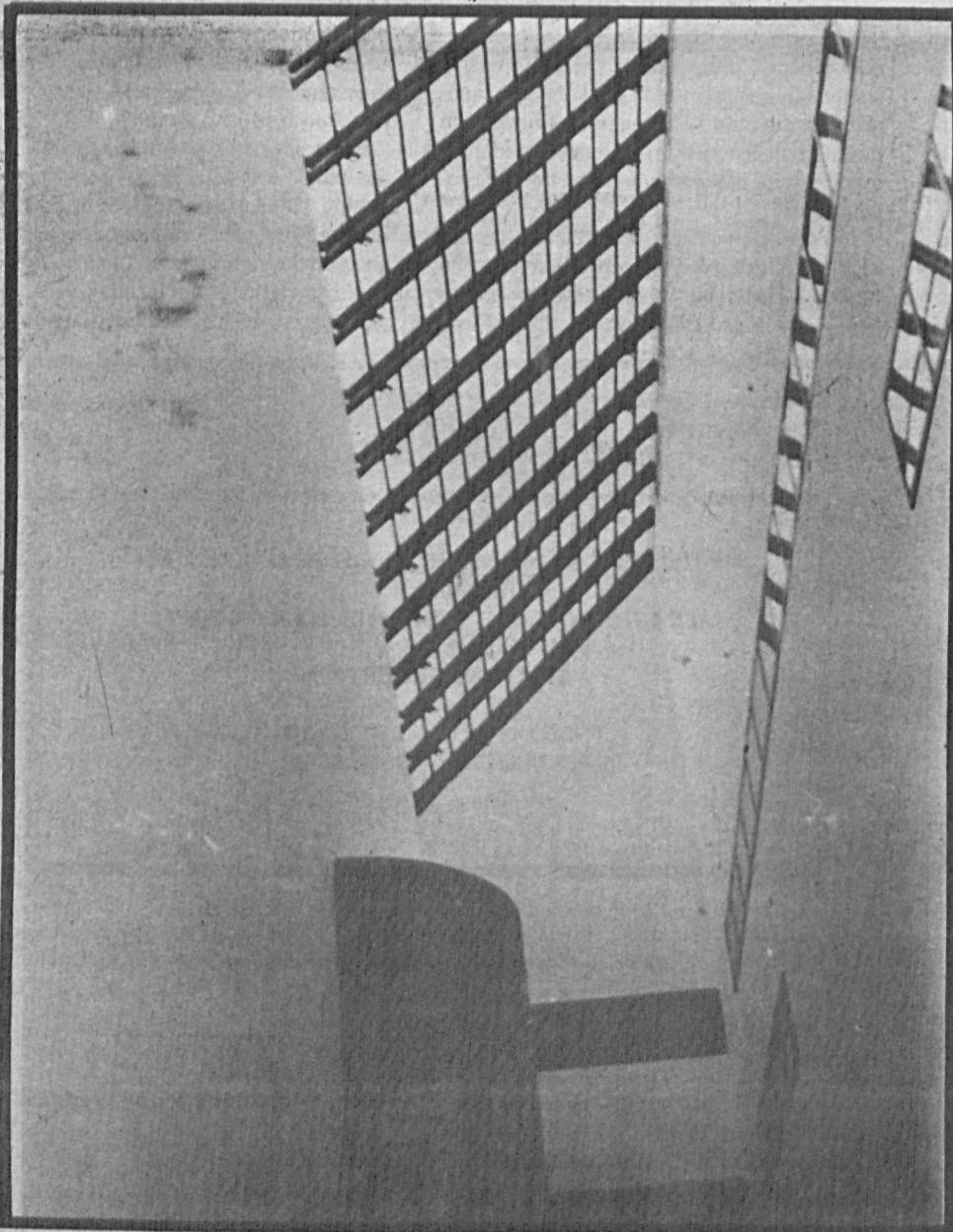
## SIZE: 476,895 square feet

hammered nail, it will soon become their new home.

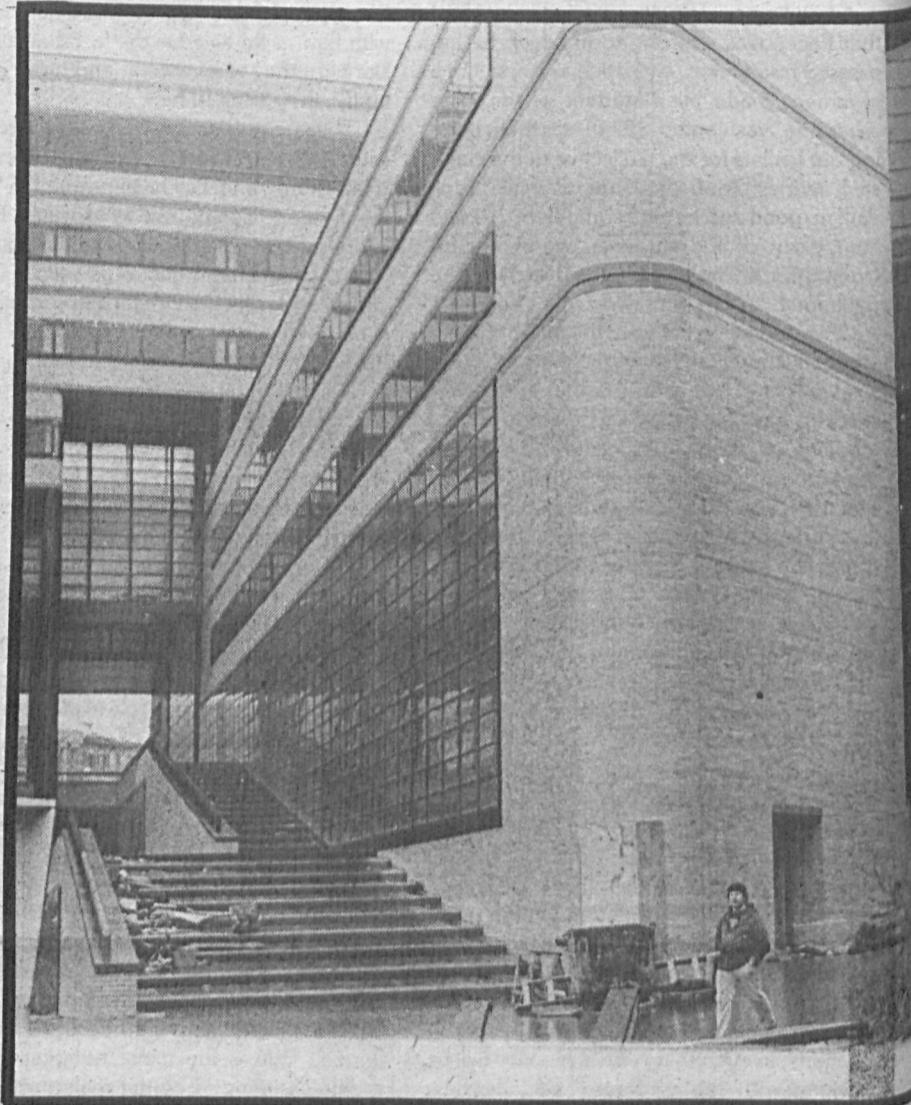
The massive, \$125 million dollar NORTH ACADEMIC COMPLEX, is nearing completion after a series of delays. Standing on Amsterdam Avenue between 135th and 140th streets opposite City College's Science building, the North Academic Complex, or NAC, will become the centralized new home for City College.

"We don't expect the student center, the cafeterias, and the space for the computation centers, to be ready at that time." Those services, Kaplon continued, are expected "some time in the fall or beginning part of 1983."

The idea for NAC stemmed from a 1967 Master Plan to enlarge all City University colleges. At that time, due to CUNY's open admissions policy, there was a growing enrollment demand on the college system. To ac-



the North Academic Complex



City's new home, the North Academic Complex

commodate this demand, a number of CUNY college's received the funding for bigger facilities; in City College's case, the NAC. But the close of CUNY's open admissions policy, plus other budgetary constraints, slowed and often stopped the progress, as did other problems.

"There were a lot of interruptions over which we had no control," Kaplon explained. Foremost among those interruptions was a

down. Although there is still much done, the tour offered a glimpse into the shape of things to come for City College.

The bottom floor almost entirely consists of student activity space. This area is called the Student Facility Center. Within it, is the Theater, which has a capacity of 425 people. It will be fully equipped with dressing rooms, a control booth, and backstage area. Outside the theater will be a lobby and ticket booth.

## ESTIMATED COST: \$125 MILLION

fire. The cause of the fire is still unknown, though fire officials did not discount arson. The fire, which occurred last year, caused an estimated \$6 million dollars worth of damage and set back construction six months.

"If things had gone along without any interruptions," Kaplon said, "that building probably would have been completed for occupancy in the fall of 1977 or maybe the fall of 1976."

The three block long NAC covers almost 500,000 square feet and has eight floors of office, classrooms, and recreational space. Designed by architect John Carl Warnaky, construction began in 1972. The PAPER was given an exclusive tour of the North Academic Complex by William Farrell, Director of Campus Planning and Development.

The top floors of the Complex are the most complete because it is being built from the top

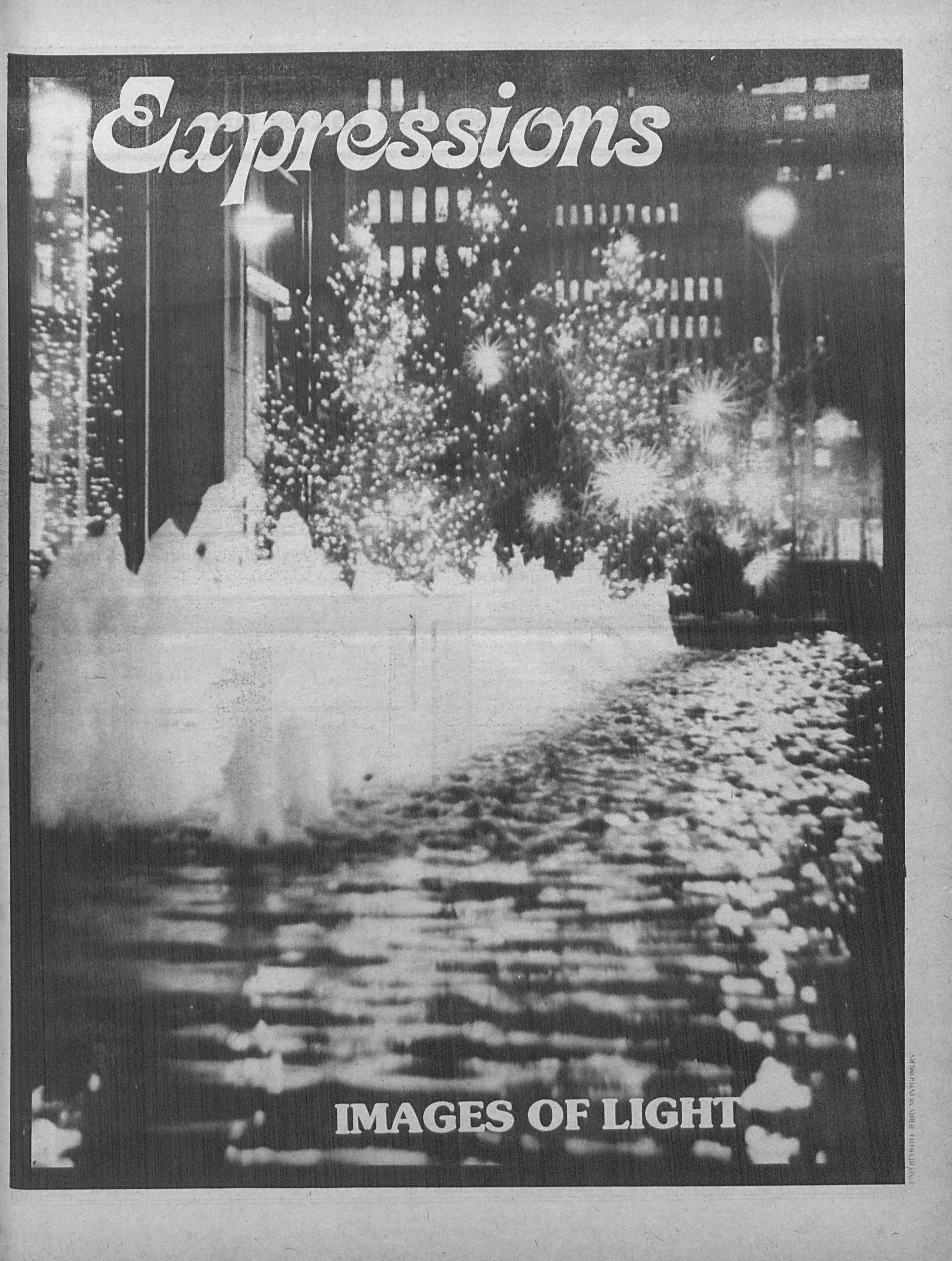
There are several corridors on the first floor, each about 200 feet long. The corridors along these corridors will house business offices and student organization offices.

Also on the first floor are three lecture halls and a ballroom somewhat larger than the one in Finley Student Center. The lecture halls can each seat up to 125 people. However, one of the halls, with a stage under construction, seats up to 235, according to Farrell.

The food services are extensive. There is a snack bar on the first floor, but a cafeteria is located on the second floor. Large freezers are the only recognizable food service cupants at this point.

According to Kaplon, the food service will even taste better because "there will be more and better cooking equipment."

# *Expressions*



**IMAGES OF LIGHT**

# One Man's endless search takes him on . . .

## THE ROAD HOME

By Michael Moss

A sigh escaped Robert Kane's throat as his car approached the green and white sign stated in bold letters: VALDOSTA 15 MILES. "There's still time", he thought. "still time to turn around and never look back. It'll be easy. Just point the car in the opposite direction and I'll be free from this place." But it wasn't easy and in his heart Kane knew that he had to go on. "Strange, you spend seven years running from something and one day it's staring you right in the fucking face." He didn't know why he'd decided to come back here. It was as if some mysterious force was pulling, summoning him to this place he thought he'd left forever. And as if it sensed his beginning to weaken the force grew stronger and Kane pressed further down on the accelerator and the car sped on.

Another sign was coming up quickly on his right: VALDOSTA would be the next exit. Slowing, he turned off the highway onto a dirt road. This road would take him home.

A giant bill board proclaimed the coming of a new shopping center and sparkling split-level homes dotted the land where once had been only hills and trees. He was amazed at the changes which had taken place in the time he'd been gone. "Progress", he thought. "How can the destruction of nature be considered progress?"

When he reached a large area of barren land he pulled to the side of the road and got out of the car. His heart sank. The school had been torn down to make room for the shopping center. All that remained were a few scattered bricks and some shards of broken glass. He looked around thinking of the days he romped through this schoolyard and for an instant he could almost hear the reverberation of children playing. A smile came into his mind but it did not reach his lips, instead years of hidden memories began to form in his eyes and he struggled to suppress them. As Kane turned to leave he kicked at an object lying in the rubble. It was a blackboard eraser. He picked it up, looked at it wistfully and shoved it deep into his jacket pocket.

Starting down the road again he came to a fork and bearing to his left he could see the house up ahead. As he pulled into the driveway a nervous excitement began to build in his chest. He stopped the car and sat, looking around.

The sun was beginning to set and framed the house in the ominous shadow of a huge willow tree. The roof was red with rust and the

white paint yellowed and had begun to crack. His mother's garden was over-run with weeds. There wasn't a trace of the beautiful white roses which she had tended as if they had been born from her womb. It seemed as if the house and everything around it were dying a slow death.

Kane got out of the car and walked slowly to the front door. He turned the knob gently and the door opened. He smiled to see that something was as he'd remembered it, his mother never locked the door. "If there comes a time when I don't feel secure in this town, that'll be the day that I leave," she had always said.

"Anyone here", he called, walking through the living room and into the kitchen. There was no answer. Coming back into the living room he flicked on the light. "I wonder where mom is", he thought. Usually she would have been home from work by now and for a moment he became worried and then dismissed it. "Probably stopped at the store or something." He plopped heavily onto the red velvet sofa to wait for her.

On the table to his left was a picture of his younger brother, Raymond. Kane lifted the picture from the table and stared deeply into his brother's haunting smile. He remembered the last time he'd seen that smile, had seen it not in his mind's eye or in a dream but as real as death before him.

It was a Saturday. A dark day when the rain fell as if the sky had cracked open and would not close until the earth had been washed away. Lightning pieced the sky with vengeance and the thunder roared, roared until the house itself seemed to tremble with fear. Thinking back Kane knew now that it had been a warning.

He and his brother had planned to go hunting that day, but then the rain had come. They sat in the livingroom, Kane on the red sofa and Raymond on the floor in front of him, cleaning their rifles. They laughed and argued playfully about who would have killed the most game. Suddenly as if lightning had struck in the room a white flash of fire exploded in Kane's face and he grabbed at his eyes with his hands. His first thought was that he had been blinded. His eyes burned as if someone had jabbed a piece of hot metal into them. Kane cried out for his brother: "Raymond! Raymond!" There was no answer. Then his mother's piercing scream filled the room. A primitive scream more like that of

some wild animal than a human. It touched something deep inside him and Kane screamed also, without knowing why. As his eyes ceased to burn he lowered his hands from his face. There were only faint shadows in the room. His mother no longer screamed. Instead, he could hear her softly calling Raymond's name over and over. "Mother", he called. She did not answer, continuing to repeat Raymond's name and sobbing uncontrollably.

Slowly the shadows came into focus. His mother sat crumpled in the floor. Raymond's head cradled in her lap. His thick black hair was matted with blood. It soaked the front of his mother's dress and covered her hands. She looked at Kane with eyes that contained an anguish he'd never seen before and he sat on the red sofa unable to move, still clutching the smoking rifle.

For weeks after his brother's death Kane walked around unbelieving. Everywhere he

saw his mother's accusing eyes and the haunting smile frozen on Raymond's lips as he lay there, his life flowing out through the hole in his head.

It had been an accident but Kane knew that he could no longer live in this house or this town. Thinking he could forget, but knowing then as he knew now that he could never forget, Kane decided to leave VALDOSTA. He thought never to return.

He was startled back into the present by the sound of a woman softly singing a song he'd heard many times as a boy.

"I want to be ready..."

"I want to be ready..."

"I want to be ready..."

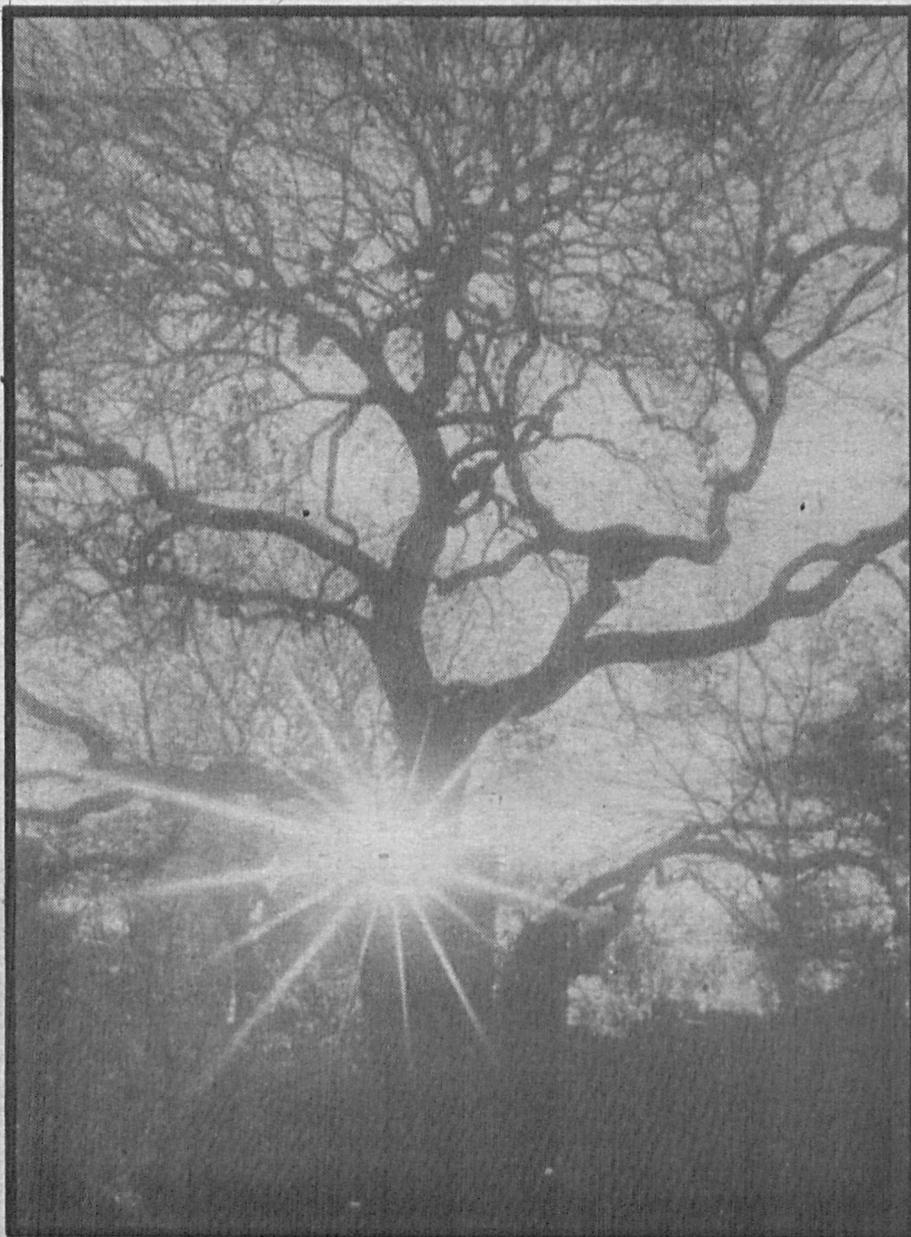
Ready to put on my long white robe."

It was his mother. Kane moved in the direction of the voice. It was coming from her bedroom.

He found her, seated in front of the window

*continued on page 11*

*"Momma it's me," he said, moving towards her. She did not turn around.*



PAPERPHOTO Franklin Kearney

*"Anyone here," he called, walking*

*through the living room*

*and into the kitchen.*

*There was no answer.*

## A ROSE-TINTED CREATURE

The Romantic  
is a fragile and pathetic beast.

Delicate  
as a tiny glass figurine,  
with a real heart beating  
somewhere inside.

And a deep blue mind  
that dreams and dreams.

And eyes that see only peaceful vistas,  
and beautiful panoramas of breathtaking fantasy,  
and places that were real during childhood.

But...

The Romantic is cursed.

Like the vampire,  
he must roam in shadow and moonlight,  
hidden from the waking world.

And he must stand on the nocturnal shores,  
solitary.

And walk and run and crawl and writhe  
in the sands of sleep.

And watch the world  
through the gauze of nighttime's half-imaginings,  
and bodily desires, and ethereal hopes.

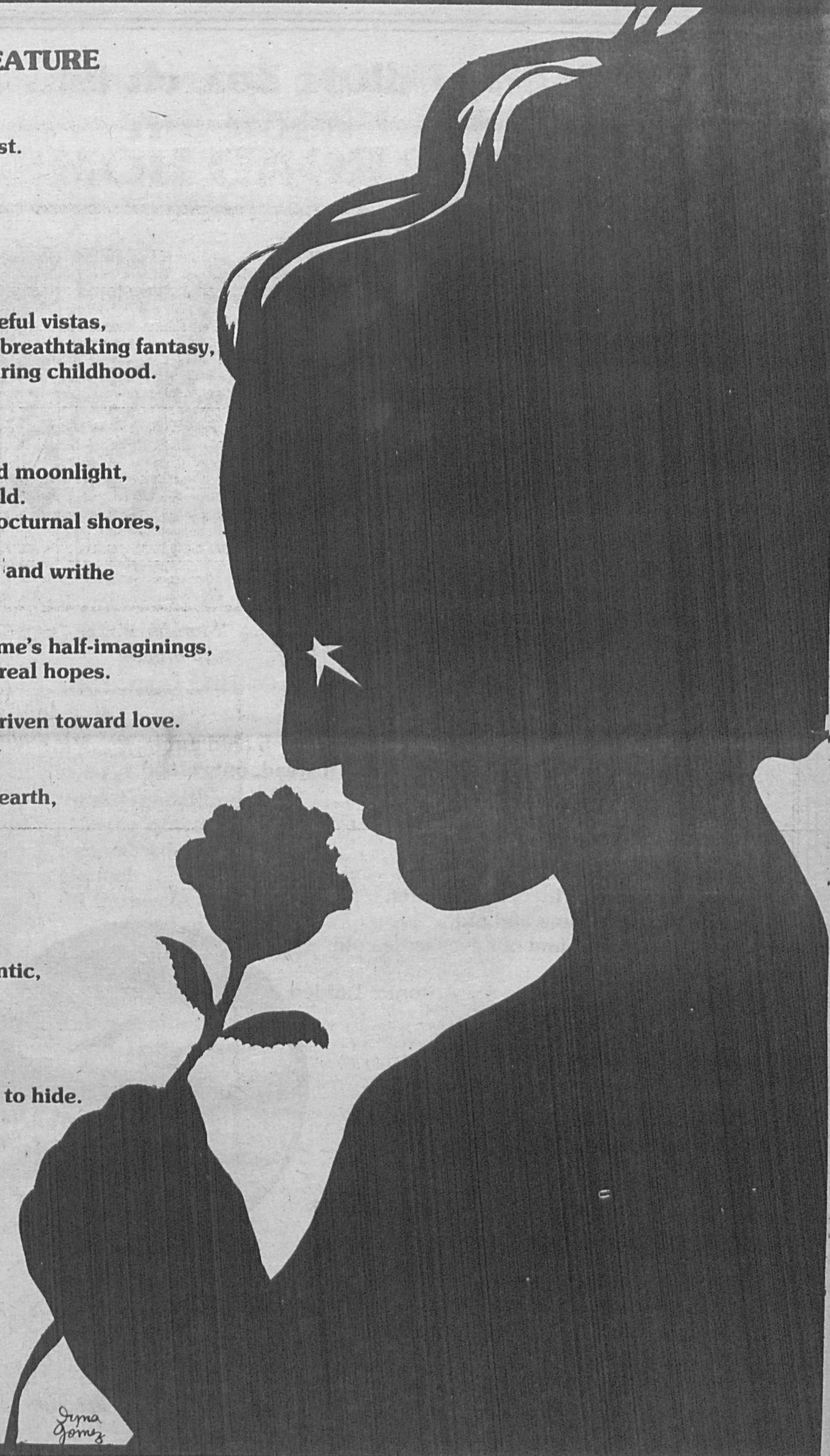
Like the vampire,  
he is bent and pushed and driven toward love.

And ever hungry,  
and always needing,  
he crawls on the face of the earth,  
a wanting creature.

He prays,  
but his hands don't touch.

And finally,  
in the glow of reason  
when reality wakes,  
the tiny, fragile, glass Romantic,  
trapped in the light of day,  
shatters soundlessly  
into a million tiny pieces,  
soaring in all directions,  
and each looking for a place to hide.

—Patrick Fusco

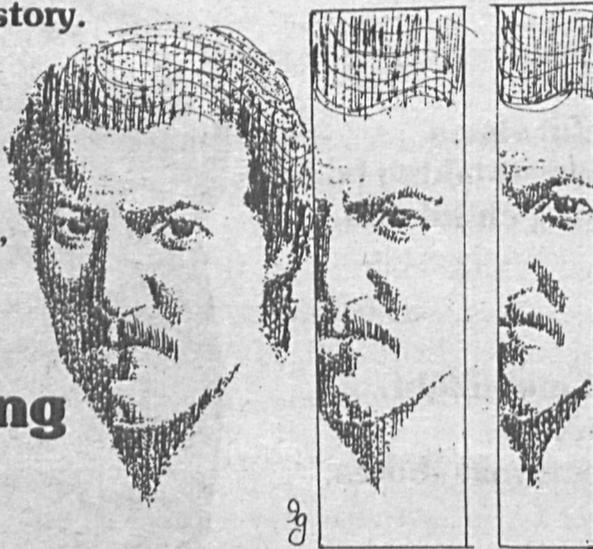


Jana  
Gomez

## There is More

There is more to one's own beliefs,  
There is more to one's own will for glory,  
There are others who share the same story.

That malicious intent which flows  
through our diffusive veins,  
Shall lead us to atrocious pains,  
And when our dreams enchant us will,  
Our morals shall we then kill.



## We Arrived Fresh, Young and Strong

We arrived fresh, young, and strong,  
In Viet Nam to fight the wrong.  
Our hair was blonde, our eyes were blue,  
And with rifles in our hands that stuck like glue.  
Our minds were clear, and we knew no fear,  
Until a few of our boys were shot from the rear.

We marched in scorching heat, and slept in deep cold mud,  
Searching for some old glory, but finding instead, only blood.  
We learned to fight, kill and die,  
Yet, we did not dare to shake or cry.

When the land we left,  
Some in caskets, others in brackets,  
We were feeble, lame and old,  
Our hair was gray, and our eyes were cold

## Sonnet 1

Antonio Taddeo

A love tumultuous soars  
Breaking like the surge of the sea,  
Brief was the calm of ecstasy,  
Emotion reigns, it pours  
Quenching the thirsting love-sick pores,  
Heartbeats echo rhythmic rhapsody  
Embracing—conducting nature's symphony,  
A union writing love's countless scores.  
The tide of love and flaws  
Shadowed by love's refrain.  
One questions the effect, one gives cause  
One gives openly, one devours,  
Sculptured mask of pain  
A love shackled—maimed.

THEODORA E. MOOREHEAD



## Every Morn

The silvery host of night wither  
golden warrior of blazing arm  
to reveal pristine fields of corn  
flocked by animals with gifts to

At the western end stands a ca  
surrounded by morning glories  
all contrived by magic.  
Within her aging wooden belly  
life stirred from stillness  
to bring to air the smells of coo  
and they soared from room to r  
climbing and dropping like a b  
Through her nostrils flowed co  
that thrust at unmasked bod  
while the agency of dream sha

Then came fathers' beguiling s  
Rise and Shine!  
ensued by a loud thump of his  
on thin walls;  
Which jilted away the angel of  
and I became a prisoner of day

I made my way to join the cla  
to fare  
and they sat like sloping moun  
with the table arrayed beneath  
like a valley protected.  
My father with his head slight  
uttered;  
thanks to mother, flowers, tre  
and all things that grow.  
at the end, the musical timbre

Mother like an eagle silently s  
with noble brown eyes.  
And I of mischief the night b  
sat nervously under her gaze.  
I twisted and turned like leav  
in the winds of March  
to weather such a strange mo  
to fill a void  
I ate and hoped to escape un

by

# FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON I CAME

I came down,  
From the mountains  
Of  
The Moon,  
I came.

From a melting glacier a stream evolved. Upon this stream was set a boat. Perched at the helm of this boat was I, Generations. Down this stream came I on a boat. Through rich green jungles this stream passes. Until one day, through the high trees, the sun burst in all its brilliance. Piercing rays of light struck upon my face; enriching my soul.

Suddenly my stream from the mountains of the moon, from the glaciers up above, became a mighty river;

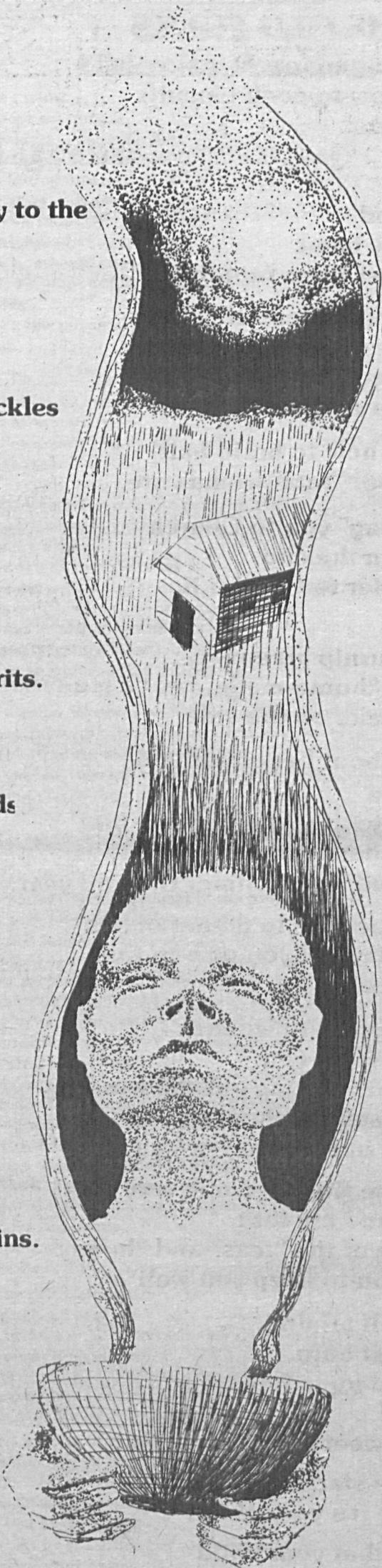
The Nile.

By EARL A. STACY

## Maternal Dance

On the floor  
a beautiful Black girl  
Dance!  
'til the tender breasts  
quiver  
beneath your dress  
Dance!  
'til the sweat runs  
down  
your beautiful Black skin  
Dance!  
conjuring images (conjugal)  
Masai Bantu Bushmen  
a tribal ritual passed  
down  
from the Motherland  
Dance!  
my beautiful Black  
girl woman sister  
Queen  
and take me back to  
my beautiful Black  
Land.

by Michael Moss



# Expressions



## **GOD BLESS THE OLD FOLKS**

Because who is going to teach  
the young sisters how to cook biscuits  
make peach cobbler  
fix mix greens  
bake hams  
make jelly cakes and  
fruit cakes that they been  
preparing for the last three months.

Who is going to mix hot teas all winter  
to keep you from having a cold  
and add a little Sweet Honey  
just so you'll ask for more

Who will show you how to braid hair  
and tell you who your "real" friends are.

Who is going to "drag" you to Church  
every Sunday, but in the end  
you feel a little closer to God for it.

Who is going say  
if you eat all your turnip greens  
you can have some "home-made" peach ice-cream  
with some pound cake on the side.

Who will tell you about her childhood  
in South Carolina  
And startle you with all the fun she had  
with eight brothers and sisters  
To her it seemed like summer time all year.

And who will be able to dream of fish  
and the next day tell you who in the  
family is pregnant?

Who at times you will wonder  
is very distant from you  
because she sits staring out the window  
smiling to herself or whoever,  
with her Bible in her lap.

Who will at one time become very sick  
and you pray and cry that  
she take some of the "teas" and "honey"  
she gives to you to keep you well

And who is still around  
to see your first born,  
takes the child up in her arms  
says to herself  
"Oh What A Sweet Precious Child?"

Then the cycle starts over again.  
Only this time it's your child.

And you pray that your child  
takes in all that you were blessed  
to receive from

**THE OLD FOLKS**

Priscilla Williams

## In Search of the Ultimate Freedom

The insidious forces existing below the surface of your awareness,

smoldering day after day,  
reaching a breaking point  
exploding into a fit of anger  
a violent argument  
an overindulgence of food!  
or alcohol or sex or work  
a severe headache

fatigue, impotence, sleepless nights  
ulcers...

just a few physical ailments...

worry and fear  
anxiety and tension

Unable to identify the unconscious anxiety  
and eliminate it,

you gulp down an aspirin  
for that dull, aching feeling  
or "escape" to the after-work cocktail hour  
or seek relief from some surgeon's knife  
or you'll change your job  
or get a divorce

or move to another town

or some psychologist will "adjust your problems"

or you'll "learn to live with your anxiety"

thanks to shock treatments

or you'll "grin 'n' bear it"

because your religion proclaims:

sorrow is this life's only reward.

No wonder Western man feels acutely alienated and "nervous."

Every day with increasing mechanization,

specialization, and automation

we get lost in giant machinery,

a mere cog in the works,

routinized, depersonalized,

pathetic, insignificant, an object to be manipulated.

With the ever-present threat of mass nuclear annihilation

and other prophetic promises of a super-abundant life

man has become confused, uncertain, and schizoid

because he cannot solve problems

of such immense proportions.

"Instant communication" systems

connect him to the problems and struggles for freedom

of men throughout the world

and he experiences the unbearable sense

of powerlessness to do anything about

the situation.

With increasing mechanization

and its proportional increase in leisure time

man finds himself unprepared to spend his time creatively.

Living in an artificial environment

he has chosen and built himself

he finds himself "alienated" once again,

isolated from Nature with all its striking Shangri-La

beauty and peace.

While the population is exploding

man finds difficulty in communicating with his neighbor.

So he drifts aimlessly

through a world seemingly without meaning or purpose,

a world he created but over which he exercises

no conscious control.

Never before in this history of mankind

has man been so much of a problem to himself!

These "remedies" effect no permanent cure.

Then what is the answer?

Why be beset with problems, anxieties, fears, or frustrations,

perpetually remaining at the mercy,

the whim of circumstance?

Do you have dominion?

But you find nothing but temporary relief,

carrying your problems with you

wherever you go

whatever you do.

Why does man—the most intelligent creature

known to exist—

continue to endure

this appalling situation?

Is their a practical answer?

By Theresa Huk

# THE ROAD HOME

cont'd.

dow, staring vacantly ahead as if she were waiting for someone. "Momma it's me", he said, moving toward her. She did not turn around. He had thought of this moment for years, mulling through his mind all of the things he would say to her but now everything was blank. "Momma I'm sorry", he began, struggling. The words were caught in his throat. Then, like a man drowning, fighting a current too powerful to resist he was overcome and fell to his knees, burying his head in her lap. Warm tears ran down his face and into his mouth, choking him. The only words he could force pass his lips were "I'm sorry", and he repeated them over and over. He felt

Kane grew numb. "Passed away?", he heard himself repeat. His eyes searched the preacher's face for an explanation. "What in the hell do you mean 'passed away'?"

"I'm sorry I had to break it to you this way son. We didn't know where to reach you up north so we had to put her away without you. Buried her 'bout a month ago."

Kane was no longer listening. Slowly he moved back into his mother's room. He began to shake. The chair was empty. "Mother! Mother!", he called. There was no answer. He ran back to the preacher, grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him hard.

*"There's still time," he thought, "Still time to turn around and never look back . . ."*

his mother's hand rest gently upon his shoulder and it comforted him. Kane stopped crying. He looked up and a light shone brightly in his eyes. It seemed to radiate from around his mother's head and he could not see her face. Softly she whispered, "son I love you." The words echoed in his ears.

There came a knock at the front door. Wiping his face on his shirt sleeve, Kane rose to answer it. He opened the door to a tall black man dressed in a dark suit. It was Rev. Wilson.

"Hello Reverend", he said, extending his hand. The preacher grasped it meekly.

"Welcome home son. I was wondering whose car that was in front of the house. When did you get in town?"

"Just a little while ago. It's great to be home."

"I knew the lord would bring you back one day. I've been praying for you. Your mother asked me to do that just before she passed on."

"Where is my mother?", he demanded. "Where is she?" He was screaming, hysterical.

"Son I'm sorry", the preacher said. "Your mother's gone." His voice quivered. Then Kane heard his mother's voice again. Soft and melodic.

"I want to be ready..."

"I want to be ready..."

"I want to be ready..."

Ready to put on my long white robe."

He let go of the preacher, turned and walked calmly out of the house.

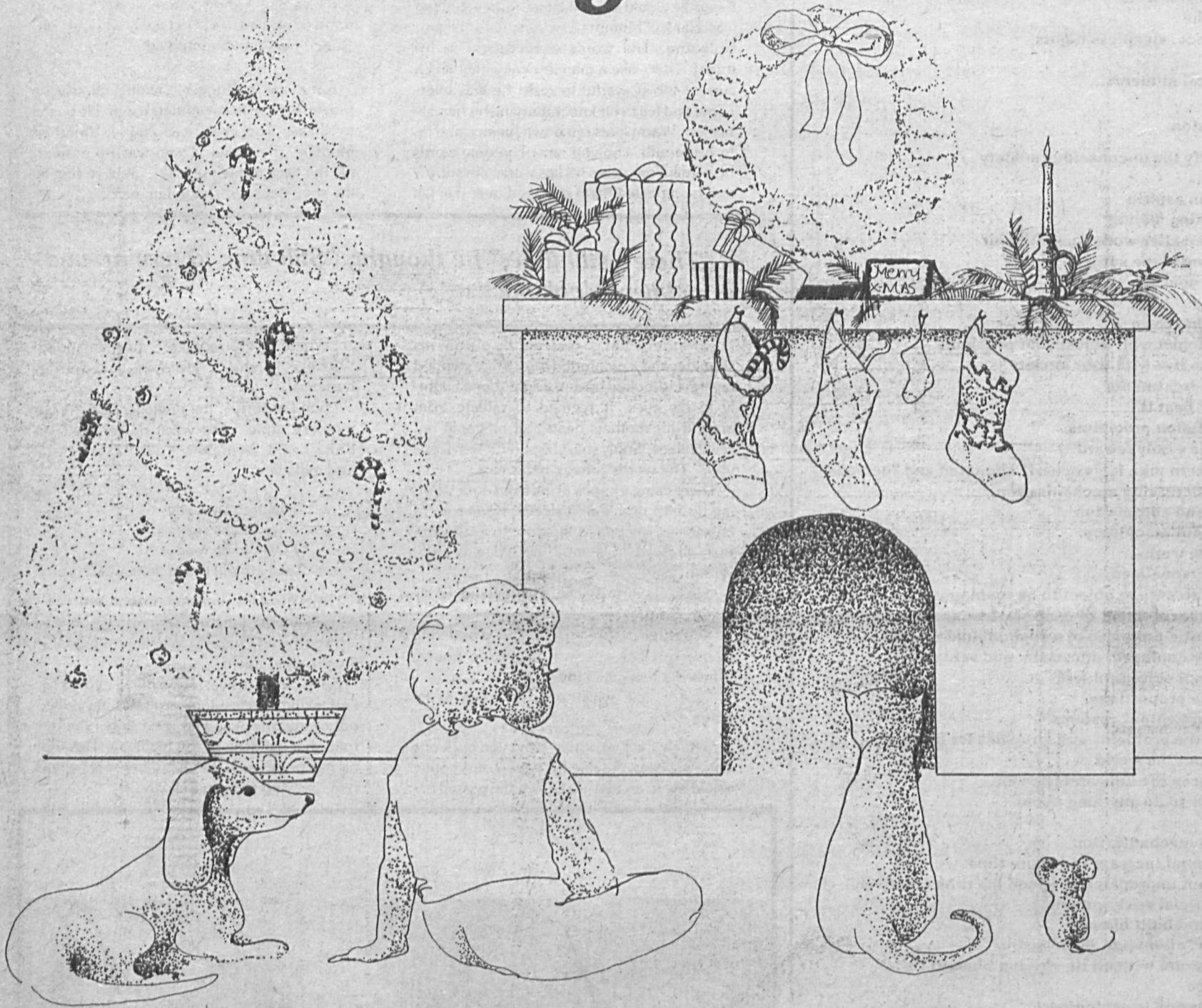
"Son, what's wrong? Where you going?", the preacher asked.

Kane didn't answer. He climbed into his car and taking one last look around him, pulled out of the driveway and sped down the dirt road that led back to the highway. Through his mirror he could see the willow tree behind him, swaying sadly in the wind.



PAPERPHOTO / Franklin Kearney

*The Paper staff wishes  
everyone a*



*Merry Christmas and a  
Happy New Year!*

# S OF TOMORROW



PAPERPHOTO/LORRAINE BAEZ

building's main floor. The massive size and complex construction of the building could pose a problem in itself. A problem of security.

"The building has 4500 doors," Kaplon said. "That alone is a security problem." However, since the college's functions will be centralized for the most part in the North Academic Complex, the college's security force will be more concentrated.

"When you have 4500 doors," Kaplon explained, "just imagine the (number of)

lege's security department to handle the massive building.

Though there are still a number of quirks to be worked out in the months before NAC's opening, it is believed, once the NAC opens, it would have all been worth it.

Dr. Bernard Harleston, President of City College, sees the opening of the NAC as a big boost to City College's overall morale, and he feels it will also "be a great time for the community."

Although no formal plans have been set

members recently, said naming the lounges "could play several roles. We could really pay a debt to history in terms of people of importance. It is also a great opportunity," he said, "to tie in fund raising."

The opening of the North Academic Complex it is felt will bring the college closer physically as well as symbolically.

"The college will be closer knit together," Kaplon said. "I can't see it having anything but a positive impact."

"I think it will be so symbolic to make that

## ESTIMATED DATE OPENING: December, 1982

keys." Although it all seems staggering, Kaplon says "the security department is working on plans for that."

The question of security is significant due to the size of the NAC. Also, the NAC is built from the top down. That is, there are more rooms at the top than there are at the bottom. All of which makes the security question quite involved.

"The building is very complicated," Kaplon admitted, "and highly internalized." But he is confident of the col-

lege's security department to handle the massive building. up to celebrate the opening of the NAC, Harleston has said "we don't have any specific ceremonies planned, however, whatever we do, will have student input."

A committee has been formed to help transfer Finley Student Center operation into the NAC. The committee will among other things, suggest names for the

NAC's student lounges. Dr. Harleston, speaking before Day Student Senate

move from Finley to NAC," Dr. Harleston has said.

The North Academic Complex is more than just a building at this point. It has weathered the fiscal blizzards and other mishaps and has stood tall through it all. Once the College's functions are centralized in the modern structure, it would not be at all melodramatic to say we would have stepped within the walls of tomorrow, leaving the crumbling remains of the past far behind.

From the second floor vantage point, The North Academic Complex offers a stirring view of the college campus. The Complex was especially designed to focus on the Shepard building and rest of north campus. Once NAC is operational, there will no need for the south campus other than the playing field, the Park Gymnasium, Aaron Davis Center and Cohen Library.

One of the most impressive parts of the

## LION DOLLARS

building is the library. Portions of the library are located on the first five floors of the NAC. There is an elevator enclosed in a glass cylinder that runs through the library. From the terrace, which hangs over the Convent Avenue and connects to the Science Building, there is a good view of the library, as well as a row of suspended lamps that hang down over where a possible study area will be.

Farrell said the Political Science, Psychology, Anthropology, and Sociology Departments, among others, with the professor's departmental offices would be in the upper levels of the NAC.

"Once you get up into the upper floors," Farrell said, "there are smaller lounges associated with each department area."

There are a total of twenty elevators in the NAC. Two escalators are also on the

PAPERPHOTO/THOMAS WHITAKER



WILLIAM FARRELL, Director of Campus Planning and Development (l) and Paper reporters Erves and Larosilliere explore NAC

## ESTIMATED DATE OF TOTAL OCCUPANCY: December, 1983

## En Realidad Fue un desfile Inolvidable . . .

Cada año en octubre /º por los últimos 497 años, se ha celebrado el famoso descubrimiento de América, y cada año se realizan eventos que nos recuerdan la llegada del "descubridor de las Américas", Don Cristóbal Colón, al nuevo mundo.

El desfile del 11 de Oct. por la 5ta avenida en N.Y. por ejemplo, muy bonito y pomposo por supuesto, representa de acuerdo a algunos de nosotros, el orgullo y gloria para nosotros los Latinamericanos, quienes no unimos a España, "La Madre Patria", para festejar este día tan glorioso y lleno de alegría con el propósito de recordar que hace casi cinco siglos, llegaron los ibéricos a nuestras tierras.

Qué alegría nos da recordar que más de 24 millones de indígenas—perdieron sus vidas a causa del expansionismo Ibérico durante los cuatro siglos de su estadía en las Américas.

Que orgullo sentimos al recordar que el lenguaje por el cual nos—comunicamos y la religión Católica, la cual ejercemos, fueron las **únicas** herencias de nuestros "descubridores". (aunque admitimos que el lenguaje de Castilla no es usado abiertamente en toda la América Latina, puse en algunos países hasta 60% de la población indígena, fue capaz de mantener su idioma nativo el cual usan hoy.)

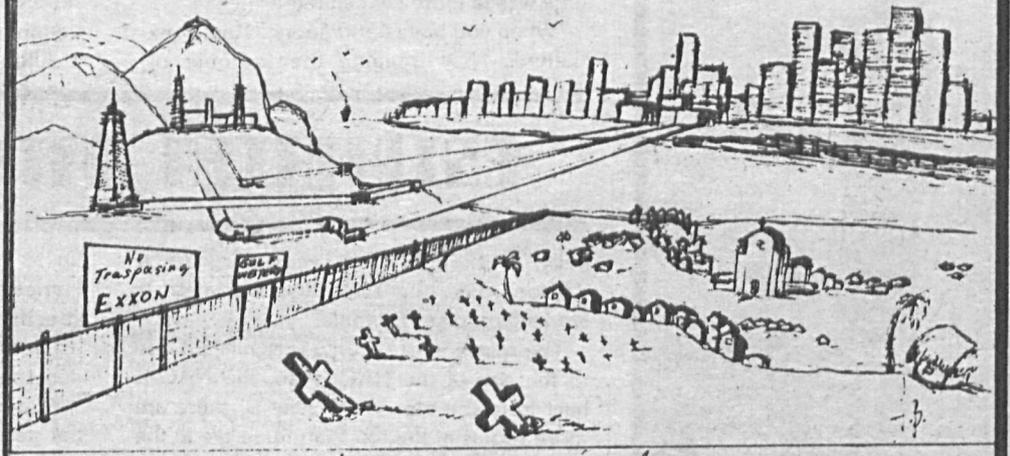
Que increíble felicidad sentimos al recordar que el sudor y vidas de millares de indígenas y negros esclavos en las minas de piedras y metales preciosos, pagaron las guerras religiosas de la "Madre Patria" y fueron la base económica de la industrialización Europea. Ya casi en el cenit del júbilo, sentimos el deseo irresistible de enviar un mensaje de gran agradecimiento a nuestros hermanos Italianos los cuales celebran al día siguiente, el debatido argumento del origen nativo de Cristóbal Colón. Ellos también quieren participar en la celebración del "descubrimiento de América".

Y en el propio climax de, en el instante donde los sentidos no trabajan muy bien, nos recordamos entonces que los países que han sido víctimas de invasiones extranjeras, (como nuestra "Madre Patria") no necesariamente celebran el comienzo de tal evento con un desfile por la quinta avenida. Entonces nos preguntamos "porque" nosotros sí?

Los eventos que han sucedido en nuestra querida América Latina en realidad son inolvidables. A los organizadores del desfile del 11 de Oct., quisiéramos extenderles nuestras felicitaciones por su éxito porque esta gran evento de la Hispanidad en realidad fue un desfile inolvidable...

Escrito por  
**Hernando Castro**

### AL OTRO LADO DEL RIO...



# ALTERNATIVA

## CARTA AL PUEBLO (Septiembre)

No es común que casi 300 intelectuales, escritores y artistas latinoamericanos y del Caribe—algunos de ellos en el exilio—se reúnan y decidan escribir una carta a la intelectualidad y al pueblo de los Estados Unidos. Lo que nos obliga a hacerlo es el peligro de una intervención armada que amenaza la paz de nuestros pueblos, su acervo cultural, su integridad territorial y aun su propia supervivencia.

Por ello creemos que este mensaje es necesario y que será recibido con atención y respeto por los científicos, escritores, artistas y profesionales de Estados Unidos, por el pueblo norteamericano, en particular por los jóvenes que con ejemplar dignidad, valentía

y espíritu de justicia se opusieron a la guerra de Viet Nam y no vacilaron en comprometer su libertad para defender posiciones de principio.

Sabemos que hay asuntos en los que podemos no estar de acuerdo ustedes y nosotros. Pero este no es el momento de dirimir nuestras discrepancias. La decisión del gobierno de EE.UU. de fabricar la bomba de neutrones, ha causado justificada alarma en todas partes. Conozcamos y compartamos la inquietud y las protestas que algunos distinguidos científicos norteamericanos han hecho públicas. La estrategia de una guerra nuclear "limitada" es hoy engañosa e imposible. No importa dónde estalle la primera

bomba, el pueblo de los Estados Unidos puede ser incluso una de sus primeras víctimas y la agresión militar a aquellos de nuestros pueblos que luchan heroicamente por conquistar y consolidar su independencia puede tener consecuencias imprevisibles.

Confiamos sin embargo en que la razón se abra paso. Todavía es tiempo de que prevalezcan la paz y la vida en vez de la destrucción y la muerte. Los intelectuales, si actuamos con lucidez y sin demora, podemos contribuir a evitar una guerra en la que no habría vencedores ni vencidos.

Por encima de cualquier diferencia de criterio, nuestra acción conjunta es necesaria, a estas horas para preservar la paz, la cultura,

los derechos humanos y la soberanía nacional. Los intelectuales defendemos siempre el derecho a pensar, a escribir, a crear y a organizarnos como condición indispensable para la creación intelectual; pero lo que hoy está en juego es nada menos que el derecho a la vida.

Fraternalmente

Mario Benedetti	Gabriel García Márquez
Juan Bosch	Pablo González Casanova
Chico Buarque	George Lamming
Ernesto Cardenal	Roberto Matta
Suzy Castor	Miguel Otero Silva
Julio Cortazar	Mariano Rodríguez

## A LETTER TO THE PEOPLE (September 1981)

(translated by Luis Cordero for Alternativa)  
It is uncommon that nearly 300 intellectuals, writers and artists of Latin America and the Caribbean—some of them in exile—should come together and write a letter to the people and intellectuals of the United States. What obligates us to do so is the danger of armed intervention that threatens the peace of our peoples, its culture, its territorial integrity and even its very survival.

Because of that we believe this message is necessary and will be received with attention and respect by the scientists, writers and artists and professionals in the U.S., by the North American people, in particular the youth who with their example of dignity,

valor and spirit of justice opposed the Vietnam War and did not waver in sacrificing their liberty to defend their principles.

We know that there are issues we may not be in agreement with, but this is not the moment to bring out our differences. The decision of the U.S. government to manufacture neutron bombs has caused justified alarm in many quarters. We know and share the concern and public protests lodged by some distinguished North American scientists. It doesn't matter where the first bomb will strike, the people of the U.S. could be one of its first victims, and the military aggression against any one of our peoples who heroically struggle to conquer and consolidate their in-

dependence could have unforeseen consequences.

We are confident that reason will find a way. There is still time for peace and life to prevail instead of destruction and death. Intellectuals, if we act with clarity and without delay, can contribute to prevent a war in which there will be neither winners nor losers.

We are confident that reason will find a way. There is still time for peace and life to prevail instead of destruction and death. Intellectuals, if we act with clarity and without delay, can contribute to prevent a war in which there will be neither winners nor losers.

Above all differences with respect to criteria, our joint action is necessary at this

hour to preserve peace, culture, human rights and national sovereignty. Intellectuals always defend the right to think, to write, to create and to organize ourselves as an indispensable condition for intellectual creation; but what is at play today is nothing less than the right to live.

Fraternally,

Mario Benedetti	Suzy Castor
Juan Bosch	Julio Cortazar
Chico Buarque	Roberto Matta
Ernesto Cardenal	Mariano Rodriguez
George Lamming	Miguel Otero Silva
Gabriel Garcia Marquez	
Pablo Gonzales Casanova	

# Sobre un Espirito Inquieto

Manuel Rojas, en **Un Espirito Inquieto**, presenta su preocupaci3n por la muerte y la vida; por el cuerpo y el alma; y/o por lo divino y lo material. Es una preocupaci3n que 3l nos hace llegar a trav3s de Pablo Gonzalez, quien es el protagonista de este cuento y quien desde principio a fin nos acompa1a en el contenido de su lectura.

Para el autor de **Un Espirito Inquieto**, el ser humano est3 condenado a vivir en una realidad que le es hostil y que s3lo 3l puede transformarse o cambiar en los arcos de una visi3n con car3cter de eternidad.

Concretamente, esta visi3n nos llega por Alfredo, quien es otro personaje de este cuento de rojas y quien manifiesta en un di3logo con Pablo Gonzalez: "Eso no es posible, querido. No tenemos ninguna influencia sobre la humanidad. 3No ves que somos 3spiritus? Los hombres viven entregados a s3 mismos y llegar3n, o no llegar3n, a perfeccionarse dentro de una eternidad. **Nadie** puede hacer nada por ellos, sino ellos mismos.

Los hombres viven, en tanto esta realidad no sea cambiada por ellos mismos, sujetos a los acontecimientos inesperados, indeseados y hasta desconocidos, como es la muerte.

A trav3s de un di3logo que se establece entre el 3spirito de Alfredo y el de Pablo Gonzalez, rojas d3 la idea de que los seres humanos enfrentan esa

realidad envueltos en contradicciones filos3ficas en lo referente a c3mo transformarla.

Hay adem3s, en este cuento, una sugerida apolog3a al espiritismo, esto se puede comprobar analizando detenida mente el di3logo de Pablo Gonzalez (Espirito) con Alfredo (Espirito) en el momento que este expresa su deseo de ir a "...un concierto del maestro Risler en el Ode3n."

La trama de este cuento de rojas gira en torno a lo real, muy real, y lo fant3stico, lo cual va y viene con el personaje central.

El autor mezcla la muerte y la vida con el 3spirito y la eternidad. Como se sabe, el 3spirito y la eternidad so dos manifestaciones de las interrogantes m3s grandes en la busqueda del conocimiento humano.

En **Un Espirito Inquieto**, la trama se desarrolla durante un sue1o profundo que tiene el protagonista, Pablo Gonzalez y en el cual se encuentra el sumergido toda la obra. En otras palabras, Pablo comienza durmiendo, sigue durmiendo y termina durmiendo.

El cuento est3 contado desde un punto de vista de narrador omnisciente: sus personajes tienen car3cter de tipos mundiales; el ambiente en que se desenvuelven los "hechos" es impresionista e hiperbolizado hasta lo fant3stico; y el estilo del autor est3 caracterizado por un vocabulario donde predominan los conceptos realistas y metaf3cos interrelacionados hasta lo infinito.

ESCUCHE  
"LA HORA LATINOAMERICANA"  
A TRAVES DE  
W.C.C.R.

Todos los miercoles de  
12 M. a 1 PM.

Musica, anuncios y mas, con  
su locutor HERNANDO.  
Ademas, Edgar Angel y Luis  
en la cabina de sonido.

THE CITY COLLEGE  
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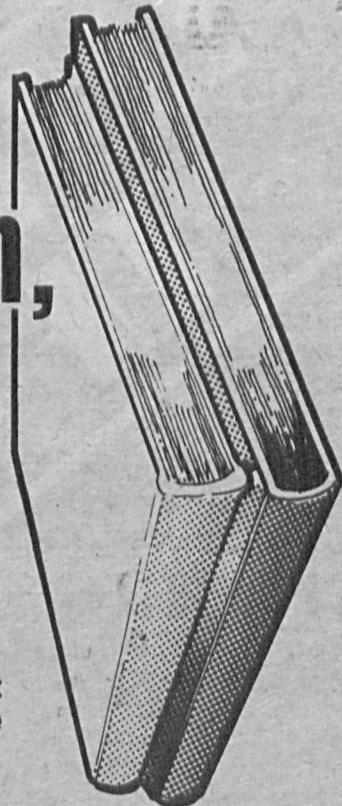
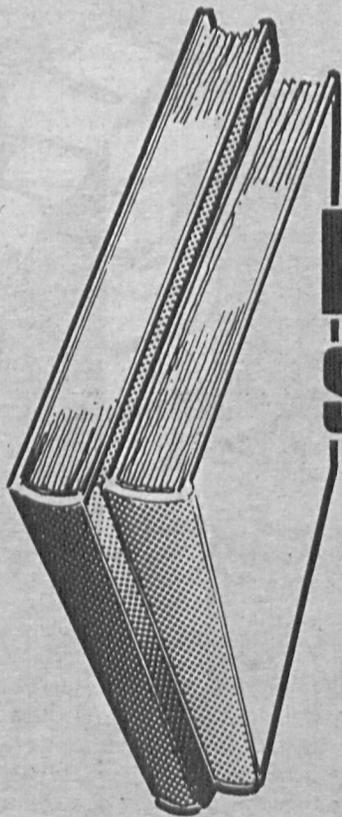
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