

The Paper

Medium For People Of African Descent Vol. 127 No. 2 March 2009

"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

Fearless! The Life and Legacy of Wilbert A. Tatum

It was our goal to highlight the life and accomplishments of the late Wilbert A. Tatum, a man whose work has inspired many, including all of us here at The Paper. We opted instead to let the words of his colleague, friend and mentee speak of his greatness instead.

By Herb Boyd

Few men combined journalistic integrity and business acumen as well as Wilbert "Bill" A. Tatum. Tatum was a man of uncompromising principles and was as firm in his conviction as he was unstinting in his love for Harlem. Harlem and the world will miss Tatum, who died last Wednesday in a hospital while vacationing in Croatia. He was 76 and lived in Manhattan. According to his daughter, Elinor, Tatum succumbed to multiple organ failure.

In one of his last editorials as publisher emeritus and chairman of the board of this paper, which he owned out-right since 1984, Tatum almost presciently wrote about vengeance and his transition: "It's been a good ride. I've enjoyed it here, drunk or sober, rich or poor, lame or healthy. It's been a nice place to be. So when my buddies, my colleagues, start to think about the vengeance we have not had, let us look at the love we have had, no matter what our circumstances.

"I want to go to heaven when I die," Tatum continued. "Wherever that place is, whatever it is, no matter who is in charge—Christians, Muslims, Jews, Seventh-day Adventists, Buddhists...you know the other names. Call it what you will or what you may. I want to go to heaven when I die."

Whatever his final destination, if there is a communication system available, a newspaper in search of a writer, an editor, a publisher, Tatum will find it and burnish it with the same no-holds-barred zeal that personified his tenure at the New York Amsterdam News. He was a fearless opponent of injustice and those who would dare trample on his civil and human rights. The Amsterdam News was both his forum and his weapon, and he wielded it with a passionate resolve for the oppressed. It was Samuel Cornish and John Russwurm who declared in the 1827 editorial of Freedom's Journal, the nation's first Black newspaper, that "We wish...to plead our own cause. Too long have others spoken for us... we intend to lay our case before the public...we must be firm...."

Tatum both upheld the fighting tradition of the pioneering Black newspaper publishers and maintained a similar, unyielding commitment of firmly speaking truth to power. "Under Mr. Tatum's leadership," said Governor David Paterson, "the News became more than just a



forum for chronicling African-American issues. It became a haven for African-American writers and thinkers, many of whom would have found themselves silenced without the opportunities presented to them by the Amsterdam News."

The governor said that everything he has learned about the media, "I learned from Bill Tatum."

The ink in Tatum's blood was genetic. Born in Durham, North Carolina, on January 23, 1933, Tatum was one of 13 children. His father published three small newspapers in North Carolina that provided information to Black farmers. A career in journalism was never an option; it was unavoidable, and by the time he

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Change is Gonna Come... If We Fight for It.

By Conor Tomás Reed

City College student activism is confidently turning up the heat. On Thursday, March 5th, students with Campus Antiwar Network, International Socialist Organization, Radical Women, and Students for Educational Rights organized a protest outside of Shepard Hall against military recruiters present at the Career Fair inside the building's Great Hall.

In response to the school opening its "job opportunity" doors to war, a few dozen students held political signs, passed out fact-sheets about the connections between war spending and educational budgets under attack, and received support from many passers-by. Some of the hand-made signs displayed

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And the 'Geek' Shall Inherit the Earth

By Dennis Jones

It was when the side of a bus asked me "Who Watches the Watchmen?" that I thought to myself... who will watch "Watchmen," the graphic novel inspired movie that opens in theaters Friday, March 6th. "Watchmen" was a highly praised but extremely underexposed graphic novel of the late 80's; with no currently running comic series, no animated series, no video game, no t-shirts, back packs and no themed macaroni and cheese. Yet "Watchmen" stands aside from the recent comic inspired films such as "The Dark Knight" and "Iron man," in that "Watchmen" is less than arguably the greatest graphic novel of all time. "Watchmen," after much debate and deliberation is the only graphic novel to be placed on the "Time Magazine's 100 Best English-Language Novels since 1923," and was the winner of a 1988 Hugo Award, yet more than 20 years have passed without a film

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Editorial

In a World without Ethics...What's Left?

By Lindsie Augustin

It would seem almost negligent if someone at *The Paper* did not comment on the recent incidents surrounding our new President. The level of disrespect circulating in this supposed time of change has left a sour taste in my mouth. And while I cannot offer any more information on what has already been printed about such incidents, I can however offer my opinion.

As a writer and newspaper editor, I stand strongly behind the First Amendment, under which publications like *The New York Post*, and individuals like Mayor Dean Grose, are protected and have the right to publish and say what they see fit, so long as it doesn't cause harm to the general public. Yet, whatever happened to ethics in the world of journalism and so on? In a casual discussion, a friend of mine recently posed a question, wondering if we should fault individuals for their ignorance — and I said yes. There is too much information

readily available to everyone, for ignorance to be a justifiable excuse for anyone's negative or distasteful behavior.

At this point, I feel that it is safe to say just about everyone is aware of the negative and racist connotations placed upon the African American community. Throughout history, we have been seen as the lowest of lows and if you look at old movies such as *Birth of a Nation* and others, African Americans are depicted as watermelon-loving, fried-chicken-eating buffoons. So for Los Alamitos Mayor Dean Grose to say "he was unaware of the racial stereotype that Black people like watermelon," as reported by the *AP*, or for *NY Post* cartoonist Sean Delonas to say that his drawing was just a parody, I can only ask them to be serious. And should they decide to repeat said

behavior, I would advise them to try a little test I created: Walk up to the first few African Americans you come across in the street and call them a monkey, chimpanzee, or any other primate, while telling them that you want to plant watermelons along their front lawn and see their reaction. If all is well at the end of those encounters, and you are still standing straight, by all means print away. If not, then



Originally published in 1938, this particular issue of the *Der Stürmer* is concerned with the "Jewish Business Man: He harms the people and the merchants."

The *New Post* Caption reading, "They'll have to find someone else to write the next stimulus bill."

Email sent by Mayor Dean Grose to an African American "friend" with a caption stating "There goes the Easter egg hunt."

maybe you should think twice about your next move.

In all honesty, I stopped reading *The Post* years ago — discovering that its writing level and subject matter was well below my maturity level. Given that *The Post* is owned by the same man who owns Fox News network, I think it is essential to clear up one major fact. The election of this country's first African American President did not eliminate racism in this country. Granted it may not be as blatant as the "colored only" and "white only" signs that were proudly displayed all over this country just 40 some odd years ago — but it is still out there. Think about it, would we be so quick to call the cartoons defaming the Jewish community during the Holocaust by German publications such as the *Der Stürmer*, a weekly newspaper that published anti-

Semitic propaganda from 1923-1945, a parody? I think not.

The concept of racism stems from a very dormant place within individuals. It is a lack of tolerance, understanding and sometimes fear of one another that brings it out. And no, it is not a no win battle at this point. There are ways to eradicate racism in this country; the election of President Obama may just be one step in the right direction, but it is certainly not the last.

The time has come to have that uncomfortable conversation that has been overlooked since the passing of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments. There is no moving on until all affected parties have a chance to speak their minds, all things are made fair and equal, and all decisions and discussions are respected and enforced.

And again, no I am not talking about reparations or simple, meaningless apologies. If Ted Bundy or Jim Jones said sorry, would it bring their victims back to life, ease the family's pain, or erase what they have done? They were held accountable for their wrong

doings and justice was served; now how about we get that same justice for the politicians, and regular Joes who were alive during the Jim Crow days in the South, taking part in crimes against African Americans for sport. These crimes did not take place that long ago for individuals to act as if they have been diagnosed with a serious case of amnesia, and cannot remember what life used to be like for African Americans.

This is not just the ranting of 'an angry Black woman,' but the thoughts of an informed, conscious one. Let us not undermine each other's intelligence. Let us not continue to throw low blows and play the stupid card when questioned about them. Let us instead attempt to be as progressive a nation as we claim to be.

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The Paper
Wants to Hear from YOU!!

Articles and letters to the Editor are welcomed and can be submitted to *The Paper* for consideration. All submissions should be between 300-500 words. We look forward to reading what you have to say!

OUR MISSION

For over thirty years *The Paper* has served as a medium through which students, faculty and members of the local community can communicate. As a publication for people of African descent, *The Paper* focuses on pertinent issues facing the Black and Latino community as well as issues that are of relevance to people of all races and ethnicities. In addition, this publication is a valuable resource for CCNY students and faculty for information on everything from scholarships to job opportunities. With increased membership and support from the student body, *The Paper* will continue to serve CCNY and the surrounding community.

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Fearless! The Life and Legacy of Wilbert A. Tatum

had finished a distinguished stint in the military and earned degrees from Lincoln University and Yale University and a master's degree in urban studies from Occidental College in Los Angeles, editing his own newspaper was a foregone conclusion.

But before this eventuality there were other activist stops along the way, including his leadership of the Cooper Square Community Development Committee. By the late '50s, he was the executive director of this Lower Eastside housing organization whose objective was to impede Robert Moses' Slum Clearance Committee and its plan of so-called urban renewal, which was in reality the displacement of the poor and the homeless.

Tatum's defiance not only brought him into the public spotlight, his determination altered the views of Congressman John Lindsay, who had once supported Moses' plan, forcing him to reconsider his position and to create an alternate plan that led Cooper Square to become a model urban renewal area.

The community activism only renewed the journalistic itch, and soon Tatum was off to Europe, where he hoped to find less discrimination and racism in his craft.

In Stockholm, Sweden, where he and his family would visit frequently in the coming years, Tatum worked as a reporter and columnist for Stockholm's TIDNIGEN as well as AKUULT in Copenhagen, Denmark, before returning to the states. In 1971, Tatum's dream of owning a newspaper became a reality when he and several partners, including Percy Sutton and H. Carl McCall, purchased the Amsterdam News, one of the nation's largest and oldest continuously Black newspapers for \$2.3 million.

"Bill Tatum is one of the smartest men I've ever met," Sutton told a reporter several years ago when asked about Tatum as a businessman. "I never would have gone into business with him if I didn't respect and admire him." The partners would subsequently purchase WLIB and WBLS radio stations, which later became part of Sutton's Inner City Broadcasting Corporation.

Three years before Tatum and his associates bought the Amsterdam News, it had already begun to take a more radical perspective in its coverage, dropping the word "Negro" in preference to "African-American" or "Black." With Tatum in charge, the paper's content also underwent a more progressive outlook, and it would be this hard-hitting, take-no-prisoners style that would characterize the paper as he assumed total control in 1984. Tatum wasted no time building on the paper's vaunted history and prestige. As the paper expanded, he was able to employ a larger staff, more editors and reporters.

Mayor Michael Bloomberg praised Tatum's ingenuity and vision, especially his ability to make the paper a major business and tribune. The paper "really was heard across the city — and, on many occasions, around the world," the mayor said in a statement to the press. "He covered issues of concern to African-Americans in ways that other media outlets did not, and he gave many young writers opportunities they might not otherwise have had."

All of that was done without Tatum

sacrificing any of his customary savvy and bravado. On more than one occasion his mettle was tested and he refused to capitulate to either the status quo or the powers that be. When Tawana Brawley claimed she was raped in 1987, Tatum believed her, and his position remained unchanged even when an investigation concluded it was all a hoax. "The white press was bad enough, but Black reporters on white newspapers were even worse, believing that they had to legitimize their presence as reporters on white newspapers by becoming the meanest, toughest, most critical reporters on and about this sordid case that has shaken Black America," Tatum wrote in an editorial. He never identified the reporters. "I think something terrible happened to Tawana Brawley. I believe her when she said she was raped. But there is no proof one way or the other."

Even before the Brawley incident, Tatum had stirred controversy when he began running front-page editorials attacking Mayor Ed Koch and accusing him of being a corrupt and ineffective leader who did not take seriously the concerns of the city's minority residents. From 1986 to 1989, the front page of the Amsterdam News demanded: "Koch Must Resign." In 1988, without an ounce of equivocation, he asked for Koch's resignation. "Remember the unheated houses and the high rents and the mayor who bows and scrapes before the rich while shoving the jackboot into the groin of the poor," Tatum asserted. There was also, some concluded, a chimera of anti-Semitism in the piece, which on the face of it is absolutely absurd when you consider both his wife, Susan, and his daughter are Jews.

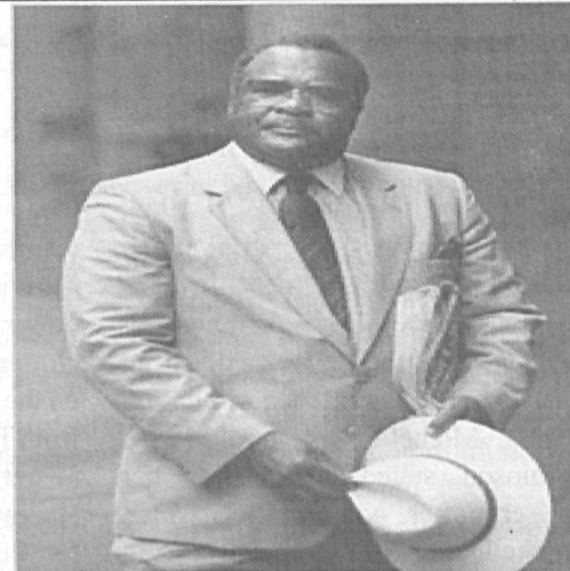
If he needed more ammo to offset the charges of anti-Semitism, it occurred through his relationship with the late Abe Hirschfeld, who during his two-week ownership of the New York Post in 1993, proposed to install Tatum as his editor in chief. That move failed to halt a revolt from the staff and the plan fizzled out.

In the mid-'90s, Tatum was slowed by a number of health problems, none more disabling than being confined to a wheelchair following an injury to his spine. Though he may have been limited in his physical movement, nothing could stay his fertile mind and imagination, and he continued to compose editorials that were essential to understanding the issues of the day. No doubt he would have bristled at the recent satirical attempts of his nemesis, the New York Post, and its provocative cartoon.

No longer able to function at full capacity, he relinquished the reins to his daughter in 1997, content to operate as publisher emeritus and chairman of the board.

But a wheelchair could not contain him, and his presence at various social and political functions continued with the unwavering help of his wife and daughter. For Tatum, this was no time to rest on his considerable laurels, to dwell in the past, even if others chose to do so.

Upon hearing of his death, the Rev. Al Sharpton, who is slated to deliver the eulogy at the funeral services, said he first met Tatum "when I was a teenager involved in civil rights work in New York and have known him over 30 years. His courage, his tenacity, his sagacity and his advocacy is unparalleled in African-American journalism. We have lost a great



advocate, a penetrating writer, an unmatched institution builder, and for me, a great friend and father figure."

With stacks of plaques and awards to his credit, he was proud to receive any citation or proclamation or doctor of letters that he graciously accepted from his alma mater, Lincoln University in 2005. Last year, Tatum was the recipient of the New York Association of Black Journalists' Lifetime Achievement Award for print journalism.

There was a written tribute from the esteemed David Dinkins. "As a journalist, Bill advocated for 'transparency' long before it became a buzzword and made its pursuit his personal and professional campaign. He never shied away from the controversial and was ever mindful of incidents and individuals that might threaten or compromise the integrity, the image or the well-being of the African-American community."

Councilmember Inez Dickens, the majority whip, said that Tatum often referred to her as his daughter. "I loved Bill and will hold the ideals he stood for and taught me in my heart forever. I also send my love and support to Bill's family. As his daughter, Elinor, continues Bill's journey, I will stand by her side as her father stood by me."

As for his fighting spirit, Christine Quinn, the council's speaker, recalled seeing him in a wheelchair at the front of a march against injustice. "In the near future, I will host a memorial for him," she promised. "There was only one Bill Tatum," said attorney Robert Van Lierop, "and that's a shame because we need more like him now more than ever."

Rev. Herbert Daughtry, pastor of Brooklyn's House of the Lord Church, said he really got to know Tatum during a trip to South Africa where they were part of a delegation led by Mayor Dinkins.

"He had that unique ability to walk with kings, while still maintaining a common touch." Moreover, Daughtry added, Tatum completely won him over at a time when he and the late Sonny Carson were being vilified by the press for their involvement in the Crown Heights upheaval in 1991. "He was unflinching, and stood by us through the entire ordeal."

Besides his daughter and his wife, Susan, he is survived by a brother, Herbert; and three sisters: Lorraine Graves, Edna Swann and Kali Sichen.

*Originally Published in the Amsterdam News
Thursday, March 5, 2009*

The Lee Cez: Belle of the Ball

By Jeff Delices

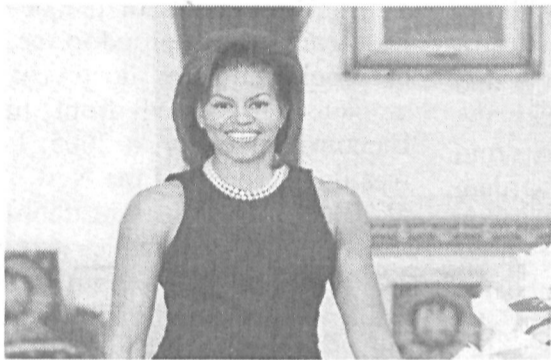
Born January 17, 1964, Michelle LaVaughn Robinson is described as a "south side girl." A native of Chicago, Michelle learned at an early age the importance of helping others. Michelle's mother, Marian Robinson, stated, "We taught her to serve her community," which Michelle did. After graduating from Harvard Law School and working for the law firm Sidney & Austin, the future First Lady began serving her community, as her mother advised. Michelle worked as an Assistant to the Mayor, Assistant Commissioner of Planning and Development, and most recently, Vice President for Community and External Affairs for the University of Chicago.

Prior to Barack Obama being elected President of the United States, Mrs. Obama was the more successful of the two. President Obama, at the time, was just a Junior Senator from Illinois. Moreover, the then would be First Lady, was Obama's summer advisor at the Sidney & Austin law firm, meanwhile his car was similar to the Flintstones, with a hole in the floor of the passenger side. Michelle's peers describe her as having the gift of seeing potential in others, which may be the reason Obama was not reprimanded, when he was late his first day at the firm.

According to African Americans nation-wide, "Black men have no excuses," in reference to succeeding in life. Barack Obama's election as president proves that all African American males can succeed. Well, that assertion is easily debatable, as is the position of the (African American) women in America. Michelle Obama has set standards for women in America and now (African American) women have no excuses. First Lady Michelle Obama has proven a woman can have a career, children and be supportive of her significant other.

Michelle Obama represents

a rare kind of woman, not properly acknowledged in America. During the election, as well as after, Mrs. Obama's attire has been the topic of discussion for many news networks covering the wife known as "the closer." The focus on Mrs. Obama's clothing caused many to lose focus on the woman, who received degrees from Princeton and Harvard, fought to get African American men into Harvard and set fundraising records for Public Allies in Chicago. She was reduced to being a trophy wife instead of highlighted as the well educated, talented woman we know.



The coverage of her attire gives opposers material to make statements such as "Her obvious imitation of Jackie O's style - the flipped-under hair, the

sleeveless A-line dresses, the short strands of fake pearls - would have been laughable if done by anyone other than a media-designated saint," which conservative Ann Coulter wrote in her recent book, Guilty: Liberal "Victims" and Their Assault on America. Ironically, Coulter has only her career to boast about; she has never been married, has no children, and has been consistently mocked for having legs similar to chickens. It was not the Obamas who asked to be compared to the Kennedys; it was the media that began the comparison in order to feel comfortable around the future First (African American) Family.

The acknowledgement of Michelle Obama's accomplishments is important; she is not only representing African American women, but the gender as a whole. Most women are forced to degrade themselves in order to attain success in America. However, the First Lady was able to change her community with her brain instead of her body. The woman with the plump cheeks and a love for fist bumps is the ideal woman in America and you don't have to take my word for it, just ask the President of the United States.

In Honor of Women's History Month we at The Paper would like to Highlight Some of Our Favorite Women of CCNY

- Debbie Kennedy * SEEK Counselor
 Dr. Maudette Brownlee * Director of SEEK program
 Joyce Conoly-Simmons * PAL Tutoring Coordinator
 Wendy Thornton * Director of Student Life
 Dr. Iris Lopez * Latin American/Latino Studies
 Sister Kenya Pearson * Black Studies
 Rose Nurse * Black Studies
 Nicole Destin * Public Safety
 Dr. Adrienne Petty * History
 Professor Samad Matias * Anthropology
 Dr. Georgina Fula
 Professor Mihal Dekel * English
 Dr. Jo-Anne Hamilton * English
 Pauline Pabon * Information Desk
 Dr. Sarah Hahn * Special Student Services
 Professor Sydney Van Nort * Cohen Library Archives
 Pereta Rodriguez * Director of Wellness and Counseling Center
 Teresa Walker * Associate Director of Wellness and Counseling Center
 Amparo Mateo * Nurse
 Lisa Singer * Psychologist
 Patria Marin * Psychologist
 Regina Biscoglio * Psychologist
 Jackee Meadow * Director of Athletics
 Karina Jorge * Sports Information Director
 Jennifer Czirr * Athletic Business Manager
 Krishna Dass * Men's and Women's Volleyball Head Coach
 Dr. Sophia Demetriou * Director of Career Center
 Rhea Christian * Associate Director of Recruitment, Placement & External Relations
 Juana Tatis * Secretary / Front Desk Manager
 LaTrella Thornton * Director of Child Development
 Melissa Noblit * Director of Housing and Residence Life
 Beth Lesen * Director of Student Disability Services
 Laura Farres * Counselor of Access Ability
 Nancy Berger * Executive Assistant of Student Affairs
 Esther Peralez * Vice President of Student Affairs
 Fils-Aime, Winifred * COA II of Student Affairs

The Paper and the Misconception of African Descent

By Garri Rivkin

As a daily routine I walk past the metal racks occupied by *The Paper*, my eyes only bothering to glance at the front page for a brief moment; for a few seconds, my eyes run through the front page, the picture in the center the only lasting impression before my body hits the first escalating step and is pulled upward slowly—up toward the rotunda and away from those metal racks and the student publication that lies waiting to be read. Effort and commitment is given only a moment of validation, a brief acknowledgement of presence. Even the picture quickly fades, and the mind moves on to other things, leaving *The Paper* down in that rack still unread, the words of my college brethren left unheard.

I sometimes stop at the base of the escalator and stare at the rack filled, my eyes move around the contours of *The Paper*, up toward the name and down toward the subheading: "A Medium for People of African

Descent." My mind always seems to misread that line; instead of 'people,' I see 'those.' It is my mind's attempt to distance me from the content, a separation of my person from that of those who write for the publication. "This paper does not speak for me," I think. After all, I am not "those" people. How can I read something not meant for me, or better yet, why would I? This publication seems to know its audience, and it is not me.

I have been at The City College for three years, and during that time I have been fed a myth—a propaganda drive stating that *The Paper* is written by Black people for Black people. I have never questioned the assertion. Mindlessly I have avoided *The Paper* with the preconceived notion that "African descent" meant I needed a special password for admission—some secret key that would let me into the door, past the intimidating eyes of the bouncer, who if I could not deliver the needed information, would lift my person over his forearms and toss me to the curb, with a good

curse or two as a farewell. Although we have denied our ancestry, and separated ourselves into races, the face of evidence is there is but one race, African.

We are all of African descent. The Leaky discoveries have documented the earliest known human-like fossils as originating on the African continent. If we accept the fact that we can be traced back to Africa, we not only gain a new outlet from which to draw our news, but we learn something fundamental about ourselves, about our origins and ancestral migration patterns. *The Paper* is attempting to illuminate our common heritage, not limit itself in its readership demographic. Unfortunately, most who read this paper already know this history and have accepted the place Africa plays in their lives. Those that haven't are walking by these words, grazing the text with their eyes only briefly as they move quickly to their next class, but if they do grab a copy, I hope they find that the news is not for Black people, but for all people—for we are all one people.

Cross Cultural Dialogue:

The Harlem-Ethiopia Connection

By, Tseday Alehegn and
edited by Liben Eabisa

Merchants from Ethiopia arrived at New York's famous Wall Street in 1808.

While attempting to attend church services at the First Baptist Church of New York, the Ethiopian merchants, along with their African American colleagues, experienced the ongoing routine of racial discrimination. As an act of defiance against segregation in a house of worship, African Americans and Ethiopians organized their own church on Worth Street in Lower Manhattan and named it Abyssinian Baptist Church.

Adam Clayton Powell, Sr. served as the first preacher, and a new building was later purchased on Waverly Place in the West Village before the church was moved to its current location in Harlem.

The legendary Abyssinian Baptist Church is one of many significant symbols of the deep historical ties and legacies that connect African Americans to the oldest, continuous, Black civilization on earth. The term 'Ethiopian' has been used in a myriad of ways; it is attributed to the indigenous inhabitants of the land located in the Eastern Horn of Africa, as well as more generally denotive of individuals of African descent. Indeed, at one time, the body of water now known as the Atlantic Ocean was known as the Ethiopian Ocean. And it was across this very ocean that the ancestors of African Americans were brought to America. Although physically separated from their ancestral homeland and

amidst the opprobrious shackles of slavery, African American poets, writers, abolitionists, and politicians persisted in forging a collective identity, seeking to link themselves figuratively if not literally to the African continent. One of the first published African American writers, Phillis

Wheatley, sought refuge in referring to herself as an "Ethiop." Wheatley, an outspoken poet, was also one of the earliest voices of the anti-slavery movement. In 1834 another anti-slavery poet, William Stanley Roscoe, published his poem "The Ethiop," recounting the tale of an African fighter ending the reign of slavery in the Caribbean. Paul Dunbar's notable

"Ode to Ethiopia," published in 1896, was eventually put to music by William Grant Still and performed in 1930

by the Afro-American Symphony. In his fiery anti-slavery speech entitled "What to the Slave is the Fourth of July?" prominent black leader Frederick Douglas blazed at his opponents, "Africa must rise and put on her yet unwoven garment. Ethiopia shall stretch out her hand unto God."

For Black Americans, the early 1900s was a time consumed with the notion of "returning to Africa," to the source. With physical proof of the beginnings of colonial demise, a charismatic and savvy Jamaican immigrant and businessman named Marcus Garvey established his grassroots organization in 1917 under the title United Negro Improvement Association (UNIA) with branches in various states. Using the success of Ethiopia's independence as a beacon of freedom for Blacks residing in the



Emperor Haile Selassie presenting the cross to Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., on May 27, 1954.

Attention Students:

The Paper 
Needs Your Help!!

We're Looking For
Dedicated and
Responsible
Individuals

Who are Interested
in Joining
The Paper's
Editorial Staff

Contact Us @
thepaper@ccny.cuny.edu
or Visit NAC/118

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Change is Gonna Come... If We Fight for It

support for returning veterans, welcomed Arabs and Muslims to stand with us, and advocated for money for scholarships and school resources, not for the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Students also signed up to get on a CCNY bus to Washington, D.C. on March 21st for the first national anti-war demonstration in three years.

At a complex time when proposed \$65 million budget cuts and \$300-a-term tuition increases to CUNY are looming for an April 1st legislative deadline, and while many are seeking significant change in society, we students are feeling both more financially vulnerable and more politically conscious. The college's invitation for military recruiters to enlist students during a time of two ongoing wars is not only disgraceful, but gravely irresponsible. However, this protest clearly showed that we students are not going to be passive about our futures.

After the counter-recruitment protest, CCNY students went down to join an afternoon CUNY student rally outside Borough of Manhattan Community College. Hunter College students had led a 300-person student walkout against the potential budget cuts and tuition hikes, and joined us at BMCC for an electric student speak-out of almost 500 students. Students, adjuncts, and professors made speeches about how CUNY was free until 1976, and how the

history of our city's public colleges is a history of immense struggle.

The students were joined by the Professional Staff Congress, CUNY's teacher's union, and then marched to City Hall for a larger city-wide rally of dozens of unions opposing the threatened budget cuts. On the way there, students took over the lanes of Chambers Street, chanting such fiery phrases as "Students and Labor, shut the city down!" and "Whose schools? Our schools! Whose Streets? Our Streets!" The energized political mood created a strong foundation for the spectacularly empowered CUNY student movement developing at that instant.

An inspired post-rally strategy meeting at BMCC attended by almost 40 students and teachers decided on crucial next steps to defeat the budget cuts, tuition hikes, and school faculty layoffs that the city and state are seeking to force through by the beginning of next month:

- Organize educational events during the next few weeks at as many CUNY schools as possible to learn from our past struggles, and reach out to new students who are becoming politically active

- Coordinate a CUNY-wide Day of Action on March 25th where different campuses can hold any number of activities from speak-outs to



walk-outs to sit-ins

- Bring together CUNY students and members of organized labor for a rally on March 31st on Wall Street

The next strategy session for realizing these three goals will be at Hunter College on Saturday, March 14th, at 1pm. All CUNY students are welcome to participate! For more information about the March 21st CCNY bus to the Washington, D.C. antiwar demo, or about any of the upcoming student activities to stop the attacks on our education, please contact Conor Tomás Reed at cocoreed@gmail.com.

Events at City

- Event:** *Film: Women Empowerment*
Date: *Thur Mar 19*
Time: *12:00 pm – 2:00 pm*
Address: *NAC Building Hoffman Student Lounge*
- Event:** *Closing the Health-care Gap: Will President Obama Meet the Challenge?*
Date: *Mon, Mar 16*
Time: *06:00 PM— 08:00 PM*
Address: *Colin Powell Center for Policy Studies/160 Convent Avenue/ Shepard Hall Room 250*
- Event:** *CCNY Women Make Art 2009*
Date: *Mon, Mar 16 to Fri, Apr 3*
Address: *160 Convent Avenue/ NAC Building Cohen Library 5th Floor Archives*
- Event:** *The Present Crisis in Credit Markets*
Date: *Tue, Mar 24*
Time: *12:00 PM— 02:00 PM*
Address: *160 Convent Avenue/ NAC Building Room 0201*
- Event:** *Are You Interested in Working For Obama?*
Date: *Thu, Mar 26*
Time: *12:30 PM— 02:00 PM*
Address: *160 Convent Ave./ NAC - Third Floor/ Faculty Dining Room*
- Event:** *Free Rapid Antigen HIV Testing*
Date: *Thu, Mar 26*
Time: *11:00 AM— 02:00 PM*
Address: *160 Convent Ave/ NAC Ballroom*

Marx is back!

How socialist ideas can change the world

They said that Marx was dead—that capitalism had triumphed. Then came the realities of globalization. Then came endless wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Then came the greatest economic crisis since the Great Depression. Now, Marx's ideas seem to explain the world a lot better than what you see on Fox News.

But Marx also predicted that the inequalities of capitalism would give rise to resistance. And we've only just begun to see the emergence of a new generation of struggles, from the protests for immigrant rights, to the factory occupations of workers in Chicago, to the massive outpouring of solidarity with the people of Gaza and Palestine.

Socialists believe that these struggles can be joined to fight for a different type of society—one in which greed, inequality and war are replaced with solidarity and justice. Come to a discussion of Marx's ideas and how they apply to today and then get involved in helping us to build a socialist movement! As Marx himself said, "philosophers have only interpreted the world, the point is to change it!"

International Socialist Organization

For more information go to:
www.socialistworker.org

Guest Speaker:

Brian Jones

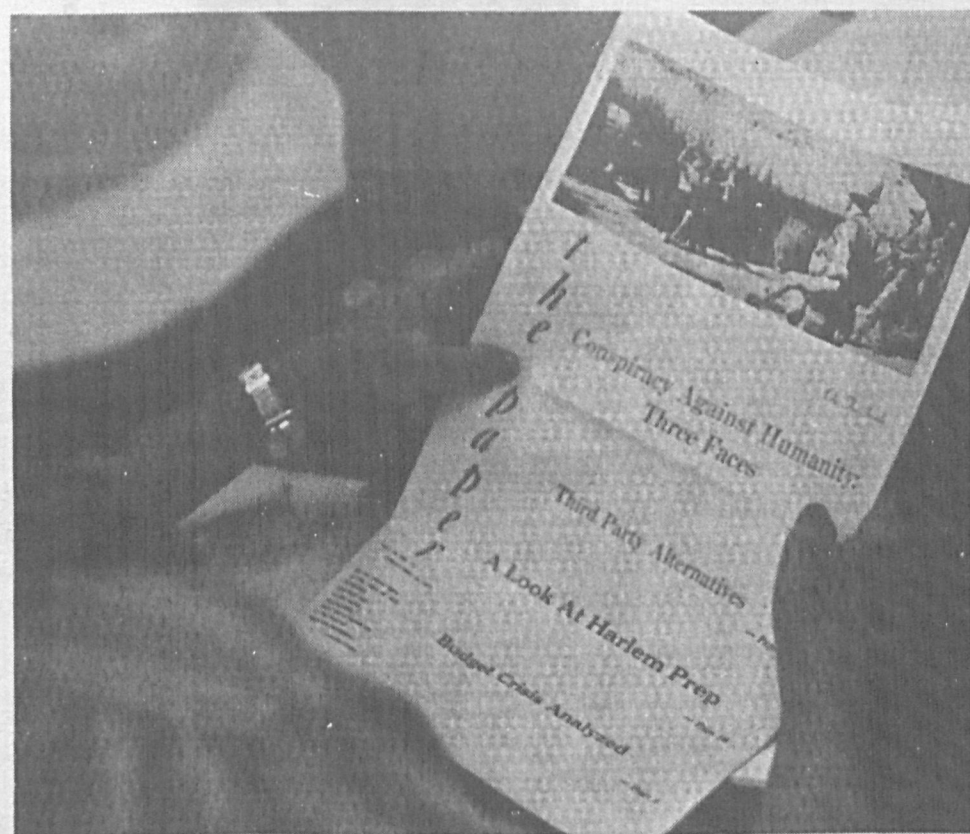
Brian Jones is a teacher, actor and activist in New York City. His commentary and writing have been featured on *GritTV*, *SleepOn.com* and the *International Socialist Review*.

Thursday
Mar. 19
7:00pm

CCNY

North Academic Center (NAC) Building
 room 1/211

Call 646-452-8662 for more info or email
nyciso@gmail.com. To host a stop of this tour
 contact: deepa_k276@yahoo.com



LEFT TO RIGHT: FRONT ROW: Jeff Morgan, Louis Rivera, Greg Holder, Daviv Friedlander. SECOND: Desira Benjamin, Diane Kearney, Gordon Oliver, Arlette Hecht, Celest Bullock. THIRD: Ted Fleming, Al De Leon, Tom Mc Donald, Chris Newton, Reggie Culpepper, Tony Hayles, Charles Powell, Bill Robinson.

THE PAPER

THE PAPER, once known as Tech News, has altered its course and direction over the past two years. Before September, 1969, emphasis was placed on technical issues, with an Engineering student-audience as its constituency. But dying interest on the part of engineering students to help put out such a publication made it accessible to the ever-growing Black and Puerto Rican elements on the staff.

Today, THE PAPER is one of the most respected student-publications in the city despite the emphasis on issues pertaining to Third World concerns. Keeping in line with conventional techniques as a way of introducing these students to journalism, THE PAPER boasts that it is the only publication of its kind in the east.

As this remains to be our year of celebration, we have decided to pay homage to those who layed out the track for The Paper to exist. In the last issue of The Paper, you were given an article, this time we chose to reprint a page from the 1971 yearbook with some of the original members of The Paper. Hope you all enjoy your glimpse into the past and stay alert for what we have in store for the next issue.

AUTHORIZED USE OF THE N WORD!

By Taqiyya Haden

What is this series on what is authorized use of such an ugly word? Since I still suffer the brutal reality that the word is EVERYWHERE, I insist on continuing to hunt down writers, rappers, comedians, intellectuals and artists, ALL BLACK, around the world that have calculated and chosen to use the word in very specific and powerful ways. This is to atone for the others that randomly use the word—like it was using any necessary article such as “the” or “it” or “and.” While on the subway, I can travel just a few short stops — let’s say from 157th to 96th — and be assaulted with a conversation between brothers that will use the term more than 50 times, and yes, I have been reduced to counting. Many of you know you can realistically travel those 7 stops in less than 10 minutes on a good day, so how did they manage to throw in 50 on the way? No regard for anybody else on the train!

That old Black man that you conveniently don’t see has probably already had his fair share of the word; the lady you overlook may even have been a victim herself of brutality and the word. These are Harlem’s elders, and trust me, most of them would like you to pull your pants up and call each other gentlemen or brother. Look at some of the older photos of uptown and you will see some of the best dressed Black people in the world. My aunt reminds me there was a time a young man wouldn’t walk out of our apartment door without shining his shoes and putting on a

hat...not a baseball cap, a hat. I don’t remember those times but when I see a so called man walking with his legs spread to keep his jeans partially on and yelling and laughing yo nigga this and that I wish I was born a few decades sooner.

Most rappers of the day perpetuate this style and lingo but I came across a NY Oil a few years back that was bringing something as hard as the hip hop I loved and a strong message only he could deliver in solid rap form. The song was “Y’all should all get lynched.” Telling people they should get lynched immediately sounds like someone taking it far, but when you hear him detail the actions of who he is targeting then you may start to get it.

There are times when we have to speak to people in their chosen language before training them to understand ours can be effective. I know NY OIL as an intelligent brother, a father and a man with a vast vocabulary. After meeting him and hearing more of his work overtime there was no doubt he had chosen this language very strategically, and not because he is just cozy with the n word or any vulgar violent words, he is using them with intention.

These are only two lines from “Y’all should all get lynched,” an angry and street wise rap calling people out, in particular those he calls “thug a&& rappers” and “Toms in the sky.” I chose these lines because after falling in love with the city and people of New Orleans, I have to remind people that they are still there. The vibes were often shifting; you can still feel a sense of a dead zone, and

yet find the joy of life in one person’s eyes all in the same moment. I feel compelled to return as often as possible, having even put off greater travel ventures, while looking forward to weed whacking some unknown residence’s lawn.

NY Oil spells out fighting the wrong battles while reminding us what is important. Another personal favorite is “What up my Wigga” Check him out on youtube or facebook and look for the uncut versions of his videos the images are to be seen!

“Peoples floated for a week on New Orleans streets, and only Kanye West wasn’t scared to speak? Which is deep, cuz ghetto niggas is quick to beef... with other niggas they think they can beat.”



FEBRUARY 25 - MARCH 27, 2009

ARTMAKERS INC.
in collaboration with
Harlem Stage Visual Arts Program
present

Images of the Africa Diaspora in New York City Community Murals

a photographic exhibition curated by Jane Weissman

Studio in the Streets, West 126th Street untitled mural, 1971, photo © Ted Pontiff

HARLEM STAGE AT ARRON DAVIS HALL
THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK 110REX
Convent Avenue & West 135th Street

Weekdays: 9AM-5PM and during showtimes
Sat & Sun: during showtimes

INFO:
Exhibition: 212 989 3006
ArtmakersNYC@aol.com

Showtimes:
212 281 9240 x19/20
HarlemStage.org

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 2009

AUTHORS TALK

Janet Braun-Reinitz & Jane Weissman

On The Wall: Four Decades of Community Murals in New York City

HUMAN BOOKSTORE
2319 Frederick Douglass Blvd.
(bet. 124th & 125th Streets)

TIME: 6-8PM

INFO:
212 665 7400
HumanBookstore.com

University Press of Mississippi (2/2009)

Special thanks to Harlem Arts Alliance for its support.

Art has too often been confined to museum-goers and private collectors and the world of commerce and profit. This book breaks through all barriers, takes us into the streets where people live, walk, play, and brings into our view the public art, the community morals that turn art into a collective and democratic project. Its images are simply wonderful. They breathe life and excitement and inspiration. They keep alive the idea of art by, for, and with the people. I found it a delight on every page.

— Howard Zinn
A People's History of the United States: 1492 to Present

Having lived for decades with many of these walls, it was a revelation to see so many others I'd never known. The authors have created a treasure trove of history and information on the vast variety of esthetics and politics reflected in the mural movement. This is art from the collective heart of New York's neighborhoods. The glorious colored reproductions offer models for the next generation of muralists.

— Lucy R. Lippard
The Lure of the Local: Senses of Place in a Multicentered Society

CEMOTAP PRESENTS

The Great Harlem Debate 4

Is Hip Hop Good For Black Folks?

Yes? or No?

Marc Inhotep Cray, M.D.

Minister Paul Scott

Andre T Mitchell

Shango Blake

Dr Malik Zulu Shabazz

Basir Mchawi

Mary Alice Miller

Rev. Conrad Tillard

SUNDAY March 15, 2009
3:00 PM to 7:00PM
Salem United Methodist Church
211 West 129th Street
(At Adam Clayton Powell Jr B'lvd)
Harlem NY

Moderator: Bro. James C. McIntosh

Admission Free

For Further Information Call 347-531-8936

Panel Of Youths And Elders

In Honor of Women's History Month

**Watch, the grass is growing.
Watch, but don't make it obvious.
Let your eyes roam casually, but watch!
In any prison yard, you can see it –
growing.**

**In the cracks, in the crevices,
Between the steel and the concrete,
Out of the dead gray dust, the bravest
blades
Of grass shoot up, bold and full of life.**

**Watch, the grass is growing.
It is growing through the cracks.
The guards say that grass is against the
law.**

**Grass is contraband in prison.
The guards say grass is insolent.**

**It is uppity grass, radical grass,
Militant grass, terrorist grass,
They call it weeds.**

**Nasty weeds, nigga weeds,
Dirty, spic, savage Indian, wetback,
Pinko, subversive, commie weeds.**

**And so they try to wipe out the grass.
They yank it from its roots
They poison it with drugs.
They maul it. Rake it...
They try to mow it down,
But it keeps on growing.**

**The grass grows into a poem.
The grass grows into a song.
The grass paints itself
Across the canvas of life.**

**And the picture is clear,
And the lyrics true,
And its haunting voice
So sweet and strong**

**That the picture is clear,
And the lyrics true,
And its haunting voice
So sweet and strong**

**That the people hear the grass
From far away and start to dance
And sing, and the song is freedom.
Watch, the grass is growing.**

Assata Shakur (1997)

Expressions

Dear Emmett Till

I had heard stories of You
Had heard your name Before
But when I came to class that Day
It opened a new Door
I watched your Mother Crying
I watched the unfair Court Case
I watched your Murderers
And what they did to your Face
I could not stop Thinking
It brought me to Tears
A 14 year old boy Killed
Brought so many Fears
There's still some Confusion
About this Case
I cannot understand Why
Just because of your Race

Zakkiyyah S. Ansari

Note from Editors: Look forward to April 2009 Issue of The Paper for an interview with director of the Untold Story of Emmett Till, Keith Beauchamp. And if you are unfamiliar with the story we urge you to look it up.

*Together, hand in hand, with
our matches, with our necklaces,
we shall liberate this country.*

Winnie Mandela



She Don't Love

*She Doesn't Love
She Never Did
My heat seeking love
Her Heart she hid*

*I said "In your arms is where I want to be"
She said no cause she thought I'd leave
I write words but in between the lines she reads
So she never saw that the truth was me.*

*She wants to be alone because her past hurt
Even went and got a plane ticket
In her purse plus a passport
Guilty that she was wicked indeed*

*I want you, need, feed the flames to keep you
burning in my heart, until blood vessels steam
She said "I could never be happy"
But I couldnt help but think she was talking bout
me*

*Our Friends say "That she got a man now...
Funny, he act just like you
but she doesnt love him
Cause he's just not you"*

*She knew she'd hurt him
but some how she felt
That if she hurt me
she would be hurting herself*

*So She Dont Love...
Me*

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*The true worth of a race must be
measured by the character of its
womanhood*

Mary McLeod Bethune

*When a young man complains that a
young lady has no heart, it's pretty certain
that she has his.*

George Demison Dentice

*Whatever glory belongs to the race for a development
unprecedented in history for the given length of time, a full
share belongs to the womanhood of the race.*

Mary McLeod Bethune

*When you teach a man you teach an individual
but when you teach a woman you teach a nation.*

Unknown

*The best judge of whether or not a country is going to
develop is how it treats its women. If it's educating its
girls, if women have equal rights, that country is going to
move forward. But if women are oppressed and abused
and illiterate, then they're going to fall behind.*

Barack Obama

A Woman Who Loved Children

By Adele Scott

I only remember her from a young child's perspective, which is appropriate as she is cherished in many hearts as a woman who always had time for children. Jane Clement was born on Morningside Avenue, near The City College of New York. A lover of the outdoors, full of adventure, children were her passion and those fortunate enough to have been her students have frequently told me what a gentle and patient person she was. The adventurous spirit never left her, and I remember going to visit her in her home where she always told stories about growing up in the city.

Despite being a city girl, Jane's other passion was nature. She loved the sea, with its salty waves and blowing sand, the trees with their massive arms outstretched before the sky, the small and delicate wild flowers with their simple beauty, the birds and the insects—everything had its own beauty and character. Ms. Clement understood the minds of children through her love for nature and she taught her little students about the ways of the wild by showing them its simplicity and beauty—the splashes of fall colors to all the tiny shapes that snowflakes can make.

After her death, her family discovered that she had kept a rich diary of poems throughout

her life. Her poems express her love of creation and her simple heart for children. Although Jane Clement suffered from confusion and memory loss as a grandmother, she is one unforgettable woman.

Child, though I take your hand
and walk in the snow:

though we follow the track of the mouse
together:

though we try to unlock together the mystery
of the printed word, and slowly discover
why two and three make five
always in an uncertain world-

child, though I am meant to teach you much,
what is it, in the end,
except that together we are
meant to be children
of the same Father
and I must unlearn
all the adult structure
and the cumbering years

and you must teach me
to look at the earth and the heaven
with your fresh wonder.

-Jane Tyson Clement

UPCOMING GAMES

All Games are Subject to Change

Men's Tennis

3/20 SUNY Purchase 3:30PM

3/22 Polytechnic 1:00PM

3/26 Lehman College 3:30PM

3/27 City Tech 3:30PM

3/31 Hunter College 4:00PM

Men's Baseball

3/21 St. Joe's-Brooklyn 12:00PM

3/21 St. Joe's- Brooklyn 2:00PM

3/22 Farmingdale State 12:00PM

3/22 Farmingdale State 2:00PM

3/26 USMMA 3:30PM

3/27 UM-Presque Isle 3:30PM

Men's Track (Outdoor)

3/27 Danny Curran Invitational @ Widener
University TBA

3/27 Danny Curran Invitational 9:00AM

3/28 Danny Curran Invitational @ Widener
University TBA

3/28 Danny Curran Invitational @ Widener
University 9:00AM

Women's Track (Outdoor)

3/27 Danny Curran Invitational @ Widener
University TBA

3/28 Danny Curran Invitational @ Widener
University TBA

And the 'Geek' Shall Inherit the Earth Are Comic Books are Taking Over Mainstream Media?

representation of the book until now.

My introduction to comics came in the late 90's with the X-Men, Spider-Man, and Batman cartoons. I grew up knowing nothing of the great ingenuity and evolution of comics through World War II, The McCarthy era, The 60's, 80's, and today's social climates. The Golden Age of comic books ushered in heroes like Super Man, Captain America, and Bat-Man dealing with issues like government bonds and WWII. The Silver Age of comics was initiated in the early sixties by the wife of the washed up comic book writer Stan Lee when she encouraged him to pitch some of his original characters to his boss before he quit for better work. Some of Lee's characters included Spider-Man, Iron-Man, The Fantastic Four, X-Men, Hulk, and The Avengers to name a few. These new characters no longer lived in a fictitious metropolis or Gotham city, but lived in New York City and dealt with issues of race, drug abuse, and social acceptance. It was here when the term 'graphic novels' was created to be associated with more mature and cohesive literature as opposed to the cereal paper packs intended for young readers.

The late 80's and 90's produced the Modern Age of comics where the next generation of comic book writers and artists peeled back the layers of a post Cold War, Ronald Reagan, society of false heroes and translated that into characters like John Constantine, the self loathing, "occult detective," who's only alive

because the devil doesn't want him; and graphic novel works like "Watchmen" and "Sin City." Comic books and graphic novels produced today vary between independent and mainstream, characters span from the comically whimsical Bone, to the psychologically twisted Y the last man. There is never a shortage of creativity, but the idea of curling up with a good graphic novel still doesn't sit well with many people.

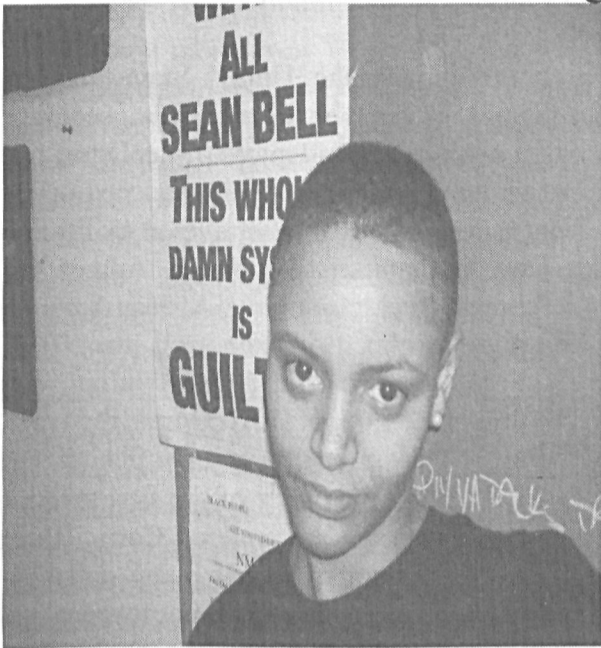
The mere acceptance of comic books as a legitimate literary form is still debated among critics and scholars, but the one thing that cannot be debated is the steadily increasing dominance of comic book/ graphic novel biased media, despite the economic recession. While book sales sank due to the economic turbulence, graphic novels managed a 5% increase in sales according to the annual report by ICv2 CEO Milton Griep (at <http://www.icv2.com>). "Mortal Combat v.s. DC Universe" was one of many comic inspired video games out in 2008 and the top grossing films of 2008 finished first with "The Dark Knight" bringing in \$532,831,967, followed by "Iron Man" in the second position with \$318,298,180 (according to the Internet Movie Data Base IMDB.com.) Even our president Barack Obama is a confessed Spider-Man collector. The multi-marketable beast that comics is not through yet, PlayBill.com revealed that Julie Taymor, film director of "Across the Universe" and theatrical director of "Lion King: The Musical," is returning to

Broadway with a musical adaptation of "Spider-Man" to be launched in October of this year. The show will include music by U2 and cast members from the film Across the Universe as the leading Peter Parker and Mary Jane.

So why not now attempt "Watchmen," the top selling, most acclaimed of all graphic novels in the medium? In a climate of comic book hysteria it seems any Marvel or DC production is bound for revenue. Yet to anyone who has read the book knows, the "Watchmen" movie is far from the straight forward plot and marketability of a singing Spider-Man. After the first director Terry Gilliam dropped the project claiming the film to be unmakeable, the film was in limbo for several years until director of the graphic novel adaptation "300", Zack Snyder, stepped up to the challenge. While Allan More, the writer of the graphic novel, curses the film (quite literally), he claims to not have seen it; his comments are more catered to the media machine behind the film, than the film itself.

While the graphic novel hype is brewing but far from boiling over, we have to ask ourselves, is it the creativity of the writing and art in comic books that is fueling this symbiotic relationship of mass media and this long neglected graphic fiction genera? Or is it just another media fad that will fade? That truly is a debate for cynics and true believers.

Taqiyya Talks Truth: Why I hate the Rotunda!



With Taqiyya Haden

"To hate is to study, to study is to understand, to understand is to appreciate, to appreciate is to love."

-John A. Wheeler

Hate is a strong word, but how else do I describe the irritation I feel when all I want to do is grab some coffee or visit the Cohen library? In order to do either I must enter the "rotunda."

Occasionally, I run into a classmate that I briefly greet before quickly returning to my business, being a student. Now, I try to be open to extra activities as a normal and even essential part of The City College life, but let me be straight up, I do not under ANY circumstances condone or even understand the concept of auctions in the rotunda! Making matters worse is the fact that we are auctioning dates with people, all of a darker hue.

I didn't stay at the 'date auction' long, but did hear ethnicity used as a selling point for one young lady. Her somewhat Spanish descent was apparently an appeal to why someone would want to pay for a date with her. Women of all backgrounds, including the Spanish, have beauty yet unfortunately also have a legacy of time on a human auction block. These insinuations are feeding into the concept that being European indicates superior beauty. Do people forget the raping and pillaging the Spanish did? Do you honestly believe that the beautiful mixtures of skin tones, hair textures and accents began when your Ancestors were disgraced?! If so, then it is more of a shame that those rules quantify beauty.

I find it admirable that the money raised at the 'auction' is going to a good cause, but how many discussions on this campus are had concerning the history of the auction block?

Yet students find it all in good fun. So many people were subjected to this tradition of being sold for 'better qualities.' For all we know some auctions took place on this land that is now our campus. This is relevant because if I thought the people conducting or participating in these silly auctions knew this history, I would be discussing their informed decision to follow through with the activity.

Whether or not students want to be labeled by terms like: Black, Asian, White, Hispanic, we attend a school that proudly highlights the opportunities afforded to a "diverse" student body because of these labels. It makes no sense to me the inappropriate behavior and the reinforcement of stereotypes that go on here, and I know the rotunda is just one of many hubs that support ignorant behavior all day in City College. You and your new boyfriend want to behave like what you think adults do—then do what adults do, and get a room or use your own apartment, the rotunda doesn't need to see it.

Why can I smell your cigarette? The school has given access to the rotunda because students, often smokers, were holding the doors open so people could walk back in. Okay, well first of all smokers (and I was one) deserve the suffering that goes along with the filthy habit.



Why do others have to suffer the smell and dangers of your secondhand smoke?

Why are all the Black kids sitting together in the rotunda, or in greater honest observation, why are all the cliques formed according to false ethnic difference? Some that dress like an African American, listen to the same music, live in the same neighborhoods and obviously attend the same school BUT because you are from some of the poorest countries around the world you all sit together and snub people from other poor countries, or islands, as it is in many cases.

Sometimes students have been annoyed mostly by the level of noise. If you can be heard from the elevators in the library, then you need to turn down the volume. What burns me is constant use of "nigga," pants hanging way too

low, ladies looking like their ready to go to the club not the classroom, and very little interest in political or intellectual stimulation!

Here is the million dollar question for our regulars in the rotunda; what is your GPA? I am sincerely curious because there are people that seem to spend most of the semester engaged in mindless conversations, doing hair, gambling and playing games at tables outside the library. It seems like you are there all day and night so when do you attend class or step foot inside the library?

The rotunda is an area for socializing, buying coffee, eating, getting to class, etc. but the school didn't do the brightest thing by designing the area right outside of the library. It seems you all have no self discipline or the courtesy enough to keep it down or to use your time in university wisely. You know who you are and are probably not reading this anyway;0 If anyone wants to write a rebuttal, *The Paper* welcomes the opinions of the students involved with these groups. There are a few that I have already formed personal bonds with, that still know my views are hard knock and usually unshakeable.

Because I don't want to hate the rotunda or anyone that frequents the space I started looking around for who and what I enjoy there. First on my list is the coffee and second the lovely ladies that spend the day taking money from students and faculty, many addicted to coffee and most visibly in a rush. They somehow manage to maintain a friendly and calm disposition amidst long lines and noise. Other favored aspects of mine are political organizers that diligently set up tables at the appointed hour to inform students and solicit participation. They are not as grumpy as I am and you can even find leaders of CAN Campus Antiwar Network nodding and smiling at the fun rowdiness that I scorn.

These Talk Truths may seem petty or sound like the rant of a nerdy student that is just not down with the youth culture of today. Because I do not hang out in the rotunda, sit around discussing mundane topics or play games I may seem like the outcast or even seem to be judgmental. So be it! I take the time out of my just as busy as yours schedule to write about issues that annoy, infuriate or enlighten me and unless you are willing to do the same *The Paper* gets stuck with only my viewpoint.

Continued from page 3

Cross Cultural Dialogue The Harlem-Ethiopia Connection

Americas, Garvey envisioned a shipping business that would raise enough money and register members to volunteer to be repatriated to Africa. In a few years time, Garvey's UNIA raised approximately ten million dollars and boasted an impressive membership of half a million individuals.

Notable civil rights leader Malcolm X began his autobiography by mentioning his father, Reverend Earl Little, as a staunch supporter of the UNIA. "It was only me that he sometimes took with him to the Garvey U.N.I.A. meetings which he held quietly in different people's homes," says Malcolm. "I can remember hearing of 'Africa for the Africans,' 'Ethiopians, Awake!'" Malcolm's early association with Garvey's pan-African message resonated with him as he schooled himself in reading, writing, and history. "I can remember accurately the very first set of books that really impressed me," Malcolm professes, "J.A. Rogers' three volumes told about Aesop being a black man who told fables; about the great Coptic Christian Empires; about Ethiopia, the earth's oldest continuous black civilization."

The mid 1900s gave birth to the Harlem Renaissance. With many African Americans migrating to the north in search of a segregation-free life, and a large contention of Black writers, actors, artists and singers gathering in places like Harlem, a new culture of Black artistic expression thrived. Even so, the Harlem Renaissance was more than just a time of literary discussions and hot jazz; it represented a confluence of creativity summoning forth the humanity and pride of Blacks in America—a counterculture subverting the grain of thought 'separate and unequal.' As in earlier times, the terms 'Ethiopian' and 'Ethiop' continued to be utilized by Harlem writers and poets to instill black pride. In other U.S. cities like Chicago, actors calling themselves the 'National Ethiopian Art Players' performed *The Chip Woman's Fortune* by Willis Richardson, the first serious play by a Black writer to hit Broadway.

In 1927, Ethiopia's Ambassador to London, Azaj Workneh Martin, arrived in Harlem and appealed for African American professionals to emigrate and work in Ethiopia. In return they were promised free land and high wages. In 1931 the Emperor of Ethiopia granted eight hundred acres for settlement by African Americans, and Arnold Josiah Ford, bishop of the Commandment Keepers Church in Harlem, became one of the first to accept the invitation. Along with sixty-six other individuals, Ford emigrated and started life anew in Ethiopia.

In November 1930, when Ras Tafari Makonnen (Haile Selassie) was coronated as Emperor of Ethiopia, the event blared on radios, and Harlemites heard and marveled at the ceremonies of the Black king. The Emperor

of Ethiopia's face glossed the cover of Time Magazine, which remarked on "negro news organs" in America hailing the king "as their own." African American pilot Hubert Julian, dubbed "The Black Eagle of Harlem," had visited Ethiopia and attended the coronation. Joel Augustus Rogers, famed author and correspondent for Harlem's hometown newspaper *Amsterdam News*, covered the



African American professionals in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia in 1942. Kneeling left to right: Andrew Howard Hester, Edward Eugene Jones, Edgar E. Love. Standing, left to right: David Talbot, Thurlow Evan Tibbs, James William Cheeks, the Reverend Mr. Hamilton, John Robinson, Edgar D. Draper



Jazz great Duke Ellington toasts with Emperor Haile Selassie after receiving Ethiopia's Medal of Honor in 1973.



Commandment Keepers Synagogue.

Coronation of Haile Selassie and was presented with a coronation medal.

During World War II, Ethiopia, became a victim of fascist aggression. Vexed at Italy's consistently aggressive behavior towards his nation, Haile Selassie attempted to forge stronger ties with America. Despite being a member of the League of Nations, Italy disregarded international law and invaded Ethiopia in 1935. In Harlem, Chicago, and various other cities African American churches urged their members to speak out against the invasion. Letters were sent to Haile Selassie, some giving advice, others support and commentary. "I pray that you will deliver yourself from

crucifixion," wrote one Black woman from Los Angeles, "and show the whites that they are not as civilized as they loudly assert themselves to be."

Although the United States was not officially in support of Ethiopia, scores of African Americans attempted to enlist to fight in Ethiopia. Unable to legally succeed on this front, several individuals traveled to Ethiopia on 'humanitarian' grounds. Author Gail Lumet Buckley cites two African American pilots, John Robinson and the 'Black Eagle of Harlem' Hubert Julian, who joined the Ethiopian Air Corps, then made up of only three non-combat planes. John Robinson, a member of the first group of black students that entered Curtis Wright Flight School, flew his plane delivering medical supplies to different towns across the country. African Americans continued to stand behind the Emperor and organized medical supply drives from New York's Harlem Hospital.

Fast forward to 2009, walking through Harlem, you can still feel the past presence of the mighty organs of resistance that played such a pivotal role in "keeping aloft" the banner of Ethiopia and fostering deep friendships among Black people in Africa and America. One can envision the street corners where Malcolm X stood preaching about the strength and beauty of black people, fired up by the history he read. The Abyssinian Baptist Church stands today bigger and bolder, and inside you find the most exquisite Ethiopian cross, a gift from the late Emperor of Ethiopia to the people of Harlem and a symbol of love and gratitude for their support and friendship. The office of Harlem's hometown newspaper *Amsterdam News* is still as busy as ever, recording and recounting the past and present state of Black America. Over the years, the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture has carefully preserved the photographic proofs of the ties that bind African Americans and Ethiopians, just in case the stories told are too magical to grasp. The name 'Ethiopia' conjures a kaleidoscope of images and verbs. In researching the historical relations between African Americans and Ethiopians, we learn that Ethiopia is synonymous with 'freedom,' 'Black dignity' and 'self-worth.'

In conclusion, we look to our elders and heed the wisdom they have to share. In his message to the grassroots of Detroit, Michigan, Malcolm X once asserted, "Of all our studies, history is best qualified to reward our research." It is this kernel of truth that propelled us to share this rich history that connects Harlem and Ethiopia.

Excerpted from "African American and Ethiopian Relations" (*Tadias Magazine*) This article is well-referenced and those who seek the references should contact the magazine.

Jazz Music: As American as Apple Pie

By Charles Hopkins

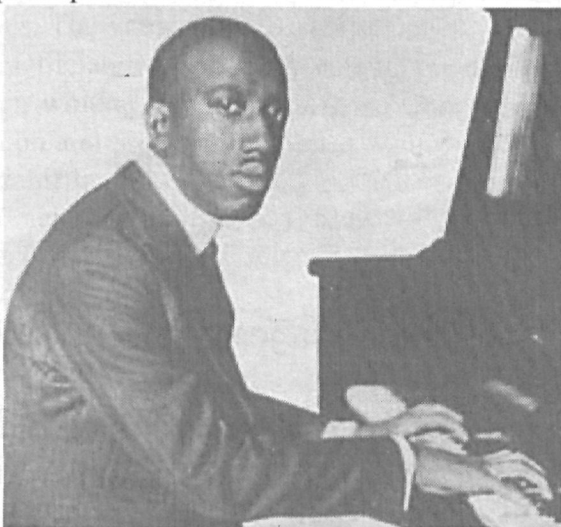
What defines Americana? In the past I've posed this question to many native and non-native New Yorkers. The answers were as varied as the people questioned. The most common responses were: the great American pastime baseball, a barbecue on a placid summer day, and yes, a delectable apple pie. Seriously! However, the most overwhelming replies were: the pulsating and sophisticated sounds of jazz music and, perhaps the most important definition of America, the idea of freedom and democracy.

Interestingly, jazz music is quite synonymous to democracy. The principals and tenets that jazz musicians apply to the music have democratic undertones. For example, jazz bands integrated before any other social activity in the United States. This was most notable in Benny Goodman's landmark ensemble of the mid 1930s, which included Black pianist Teddy Wilson and featured the great vibraphonist and showman Lionel Hampton, also Black. The argument could be made that pugilism was integrated before jazz bands. A boxing match, however, is a sport which opponents compete 'against' one another; contrarily, a musical group's primary goal is to perform 'with' one another. Furthermore, the contention could also be made about mid-nineteenth century minstrel troupes. It's a fact that several minstrel troupes were integrated, one for example, *Ethiopian Serenaders*. Although Blacks and Whites performed side by side, they also performed irreverently in blackface, thus again, nullifying the integration argument.

What distinguishes jazz music from other American forms is its improvisational element; the key component in jazz music is creating instantaneous solos within the composition. Though New Orleans is deemed the birthplace of jazz, the ingredients that make up the music are quite convoluted. Early jazz music, albeit its myriad of influences, is made up of three primary idioms. One was brass bands of the late nineteenth century. What set African American music apart from other diasporic African forms, was the influence of the European harmonic system. This was prevalent in the middle to late nineteenth century American brass bands like John Phillip Sousa. The second style and perhaps the most significant in jazz music's DNA is ragtime. Ragtime is an indigenous American art form that created a stir in the late 1800s and early 1900s. It also inspired several dance crazes, most notable, the Cakewalk. The syncopated rhythm (rag-time or ragged time) in ragtime made a critical impact on American music; all popular forms then after were influenced by ragtime's syncopated meter. The third element was the blues—in itself the blues is an amalgamation of early African-American styles—traditional

spirituals, field hollers and folk songs all, in some form or fashion, added to the development of the blues.

These major forms (in addition to Caribbean influences) fused together made up jazz music's most potent characteristics. Innovative Ragtime composer Scott Joplin once described the swing rhythm of jazz: "intoxicating sounds." Two musicians who perhaps did the most to bridge the gap between ragtime and early jazz were pianist James P. (Price) Johnson, and Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton. The latter, Jelly Roll Morton, proclaimed himself the "originator" of jazz.



James P. (Price) Johnson

the majority of the student body being non-White, the Jazz Department has no full-time non-White faculty. However, this was not always the case. The City College Jazz Department was conceptualized by avant-garde tenor saxophonist, Professor Edgar Summerlin between the years of 1969-71. It began first as a Jazz History course, and soon after, Professor Summerlin started the first jazz ensemble, *The City College Big Band*. As the Jazz Program expanded, Summerlin added several preeminent adjuncts, one being the venerable jazz pianist John Lewis. John Lewis was one of the early practitioners of be-bop jazz, and founding member of the *Modern Jazz Quartet*.

Professor Summerlin was succeeded by the ubiquitous bassist Ron Carter as director of the Jazz Program, Carter is perhaps one of the most recorded bassists in the history of the music. Carter is an alumnus of Miles Davis's 1960s stellar quintet, which also featured ultra innovative drummer Tony Williams, pianist and keyboard wizard Herbie Hancock, and saxophonist/composer extraordinaire Wayne Shorter.

Presently, the Director of the Jazz Department is Daniel Carillo, and the co-Director is John Patitucci. Professor Carillo is a journeyman jazz and world music guitarist who

The current Jazz Program here at The City College of New York creates an intriguing paradox. City College is located in the heart of Harlem—the hub of African American arts and culture. Despite being one of the most racially and ethnically diverse universities in the world, with



Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton

has recorded and toured with Harry Belafonte, Tania Maria and Jon Lucien, to name a few. John Patitucci is a veteran jazz and fusion bassist widely known for his association with the *Chick Corea Electric Band*. Professor Patitucci has years of experience recording and performing in a multitude of musical settings. This being the case, one can assume that Professor Carillo and Patitucci are also aware of the faculty disparity. I had a brief discussion with both professors last spring after a jazz faculty performance. They were extremely sympathetic to my concerns but had no definitive suggestions or ideas on how to resolve the problem. I have a resolution that I shared with them; hire some Black faculty NOW!!!

I had an even shorter discourse with Dean Fred Reynolds (Dean of Humanities and Art), and his response was utterly insensitive. In fact, he saw no problems with the lack of non-White professors in the Jazz Department.

Dr. Larry Ridley, legendary bassist and scholar, not only thinks it's a problem, he believes the survival of jazz music depends solely on the representation and participation of people of color. Dr. Larry Ridley theorizes that the music is in an inert state and it will cease to "evolve" if it's not returned back to the "Black community," more specifically he says, the "Black youth."

Democracy doesn't come free. City College has a vast history of student demonstrations and protest; jazz music has a similar background. One of the major shifts stylistically came by way of a revolt—musical revolt. In the mid 1940s, young musicians frustrated by the current state of jazz music—or what be-bop progenitor Dizzy Gillespie described as "Uncle Tom music"—began to converge after hours at Minton's Playhouse.

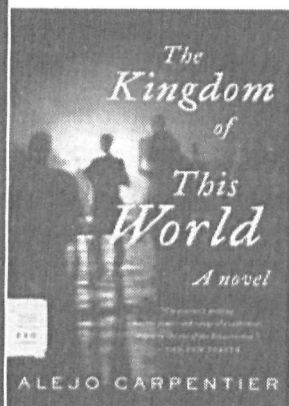
At these 'sessions', they experimented with new harmonic and rhythmic ideas. The results of these musical remonstrations altered the jazz paradigm permanently and later became known as be-bop.

A direct parallel can be drawn between the evolution of jazz and the invariable evolution of Democracy. Ideally, the essentials of democracy are 'freedom' and 'equality,' at least that's the general belief. On the same note (no pun intended), the modus operandi of jazz music is freedom of expression and the privilege to create without restrictions, limitations, or misrepresentations of personnel. Maybe The City College Jazz Department needs to be reminded of this.

Nonetheless, America+Democracy=JAZZ..... keep swinging.

Books On Our Minds

Here are a few books we here at The Paper believe may peak your interest. Enjoy...



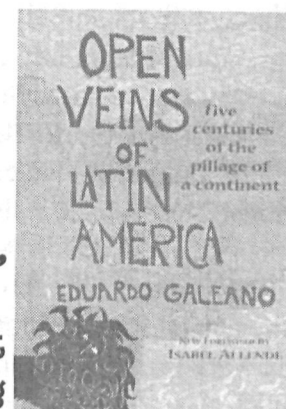
Kingdom of This World, by Alejo Carpentier.

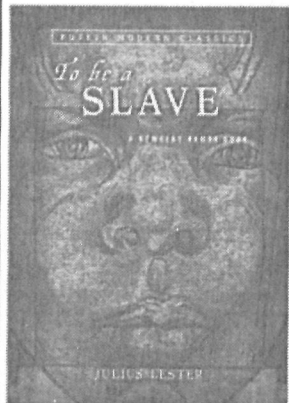
Kingdom of This World, written by Alejo Carpentier, is a great read for anyone interested in the formation of free black states in the Western Hemisphere. Detailing the Haitian Revolution in mystic yet factual terms, Carpentier writes a novel that piques your interest, as it steeps the Revolution in slave narrative, Voudoun practice, and the empowerment of Blacks in the Americas.

Open Veins of Latin America: Five Centuries of the Pillage of a Continent, written by Eduardo Galeano.

The problem with most of the available Latin American historical text is that it is written from a Euro-colonial perspective, marginalizing and subordinating Latin Americans with charged language and persuasive writing. Open Veins of Latin America: Five Centuries of the Pillage of a Continent, written by Eduardo Galeano, takes all of these texts on, creating a revolutionary book that writes through a Latin American eye, glimpsing at 500 years of colonial control, revolutionary process, and neocolonial conflict.

Eduardo Galeano gives us another history—our history—honestly and realistically.

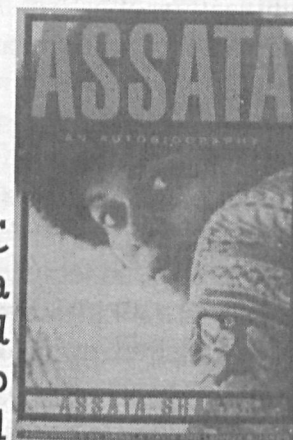




To Be a Slave, written by Julius Lester, illustrated by Tom Feelings. Julius Lester gathered accounts available in the Library of Congress, taken from interviews with our ancestors that survived the cruelty of slavery in America. This touching collection of prose and narrative and accompanied by the beautiful paintings of Tom Feelings. A short yet informative read, To Be a Slave could be referenced for a myriad of history topics.

Assata: An Autobiography, written by Assata Shakur.

We have the Assata Shakur-Morales center on the third floor of the NAC building, but do we know who they are? To learn the truth about Assata Shakur, try this book that tells the gripping story she miraculously lived through. It reads like a novel, yet will give you the information needed to defend this soldier in the liberation movement that still lives under political asylum in Cuba.



Accounts of Pioneers at CCNY

By Okumu Owuor

As we commemorate Women's History month, some will be surprised to learn that at the time of its establishment in 1847, The City College (then Free Academy) was a "men's only" institution. Here is a short obscure anecdote about the first woman to be admitted to The City College of New York, then named Free Academy. According to the story, the first woman to be admitted simply took advantage of a flaw in the laws that banned women from attending the college, and became enrolled at the School of Engineering after some tussles with the authorities. The veracity of this story remains uncertain. Official records show that it was in 1910 when women were allowed to enroll in late afternoon and evening classes for teaching and librarianship courses. They could not be mixed with men, who were considered of a 'higher intellectual caste' and the content of their courses had to be modified so as not to interfere with their 'maternal' and 'developmental' processes. It is, however, the laconic tale concerning the first woman at City College that I find most inspiring. My attempts to get its documental basis were futile, even after doing extensive research at the archive section of the Cohen library.

Women's liberation history is marked with milestone achievements in a short span of time, and women at City College, both past and present, have reflected the same spirit. A shuffle through the historical files reveal a resilient army of women at City College who, during their time, toiled to expose the strengths of women that were often soothed to silence by unfounded ideological sketches. These women include Gladys Lovinger, who made history in 1938, by being the first woman to be admitted

to the School of Technology, equivalent to School of Engineering. She enrolled in a Civil Engineering course but left in a huff, after an openly biased physics professor decided to give her a poor grade. Nonetheless, her inspiring courage affected many women—two years after Lovinger's fiasco, nine women were matriculated as full-time engineering students. This was partly with the tutelage of Professor Cecile Froehlich, who was also the first woman faculty at the School of Technology, the first woman to become a full professor, the first to be a chair of a department at City College and most importantly, the first woman to head an Engineering Department, anywhere in the U.S. In 1943, women at the School of Technology broke another historical barrier within the department when Francine Danish Altman graduated with a Bachelor's degree in Mechanical Engineering, becoming another first to do so. These remarkable achievements at The City College served to put the college on the national academic map, and set the cornerstone for the flourishing academic prestige that later became a hallmark of City College.

In the Division of Sciences, things were changing as well, with Mabel Jacoby becoming the first woman to be named to a faculty position in the Chemistry Department in 1947. Women were not yet allowed to enroll in the School of Liberal Arts and Sciences at that time and Jacoby would have to bear with teaching who instinctively believed that she was intellectually inferior. In 1952 women were finally admitted to the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, albeit in controlled numbers.

By 1955, it became apparent that City College students were not to be left behind in the struggle for gender equality. This manifested with the election of Gloria Kingsley as the first woman president of the uptown day student

government, the official student government organization here at City. Three years earlier in 1952, another woman, Sydell Feinman, had unsuccessfully vied for the same position, but the election of Kingsley signaled percolation of the women's liberation philosophy into the student body. The female students began taking part in any activity that their male counterparts participated in, and it was tacitly evident that the social caveats purporting the alleged weakness of women were quickly losing ground. Women students became sought after for *Alumnus* magazine covers and their snapshots adorned school yearbooks that were initially a prerogative for male students.

With the efforts of Professor Barbara Watson, 1970 saw the initiation of Women's Studies in the City College curriculum. The introductory course, 'Literature of Women's Liberation,' became a groundbreaking component of the English Department. This single course eventually became mother of today's Women's Studies program. By this time, it seems that most of the stereotypes of women's academic inabilities had been shattered. Last year women, yet again, came close to punching another hole in the glass ceiling, with the active participation of Hillary Rodham Clinton and Sarah Palin on the national political stage. Today, it is impossible to prove anybody as intellectually inferior on the account of gender. At City College, no one deserves the crown of honor in the women's liberation struggle more than those who managed to become firsts in the various departments at City College—those who audaciously challenged the status quo for the sake of justice, here at The City College.

-Information about Women at City obtained from Archive section of Cohen Library, 5th Floor and from CCNY library website under Digital Collections section.

WELCOME TO OUR NEW LITERARY CORNER

For this section, we decided to share a creative piece written by student Sam Kimball, who recently participated in the study abroad program to Morocco, Africa. This is a small excerpt from the journal he kept while experiencing this unique venture that CUNY offers its students.

April 3, 2008 Rural village of Feryat, in the area of Boujâad

When five o'clock strikes, here in Feryat, I can't help feeling romantic, no matter how silly the sentiment may be. Standing on a dusty, rock-studded hill, the color of rich old brick, sloping away from the white one-room schoolhouse that is our base, I get misty-eyed watching the golden flame of the sky sink to an easy angle. I'd just petered out on a game of Frisbee with my American friends and some fun Moroccan kids, whose deep wells of laughter are contagious. They find joy everywhere.

My lips are dry because this whole region lies in drought, and the place is beauty without words, leaving me speechless, contemplative. Dust coats my being in a thin layer, while I'm building a fence around new plantings of olive trees, piling shtub, the local thorns, with a pitchfork onto bamboo frames. Between jokes with my friend Alex, I am thirsty and quiet except for the occasion bursts of Derija, the Maghrebi Arabic dialect, that I summon and shout to farmer men working beside me. When I've piled enough shtub on the fence to keep out rabbits, or sheep, or whatever might endanger these olive saplings, and the social gears of my group are slowing, I leave. Trotting down the dirt road, cactus to the left and the sun at my back, I feel strong in my solitude. It's broken only by a very dark skinned man and his blond friend, both Moroccan, whom I greet. They say 'god bless you.'

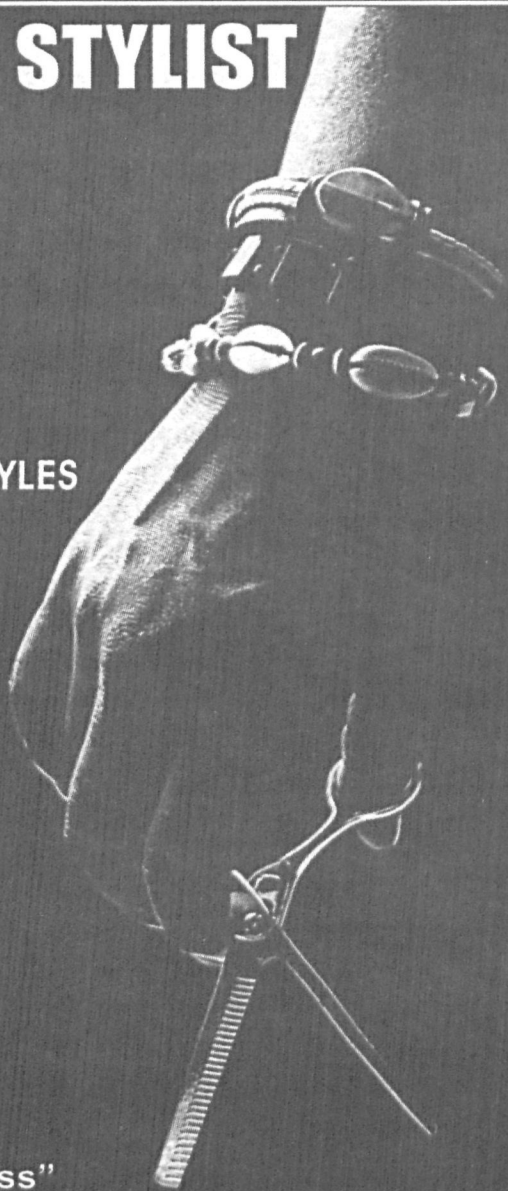
At home, on top of the hill, I sit and read Paul Bowles in the cool shelter of the bedroom. Yet as the sunset and my little brother Khelifa playing outside beckon, I join them. Outside, I say hello to a potbellied man on a little horse and play Kura, ball, with the boys. The evening breeze is beginning, and there is a pink band on the horizon that creates stark silhouettes of feeble fences, leathery villagers, and low houses only yards away. I have some more quiet moments watching the day's heart unravel gloriously like this, and feel high with poetry and pleasure.

—Sam Kimball

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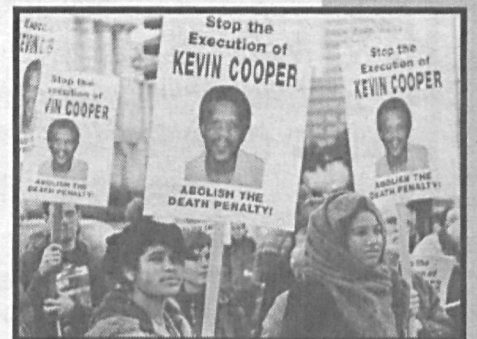
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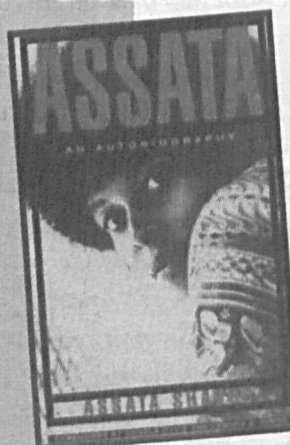
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