

THE PAPER

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1971

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

Drug Center Making Progress

By JAIME H. RIVERA

This weekend I was privileged to tour one of the country's finest drug rehabilitation centers and indeed the only bi-lingual one in existence. S.E.R.A., a coed group whose acronym stands for Service for Education and Rehabilitation in Addiction, stands proudly in the midst of "Little Korea," my neighborhood, which covers Hoe and Aldus avenues, Southern Boulevard and Fox, Tiffany and Simpson streets in the South Bronx.

Their remarkable services could not have come at a better time and to a more needy neighborhood, where 15% of all youths between the ages of 12 and 21 have been arrested for delinquency offenses: one out of five residents are heroin users; there are over one hundred abandoned buildings; and where one third of the residents are welfare recipients.

The program, located mainly in 1014 Hoe Ave., began in November of 1970 and now services 300 addicts of all ages including veterans. It is sponsored by the Hispanic Association for a Drug Free Society under a 1.3-million grant from the State Narcotics Addiction Control Commission.

Frank Marrero, Deputy Project Director and originator of the program along with Frank Garcia, its director, spell out the need for such a program. They agree that a junkie needs more than the run of the mill psychological services many of the flourishing rehabilitation centers are offering.

"Never mind all this business about emotional stability after three years in a program. You can't get a job by telling somebody you're an ex-junkie who now has something called emotional stability. What you need is a skill, some training, anything that's going to get you a job. That's where it starts — something to get you your self-respect, to get you back to civilized society. That's the kind of rehabilitation I want for my people."

The S.E.R.A. project has many unusual features to distinguish it from the "wilderess of anti-narcotic programs" now in existence throughout the City. Its entire rehabilitation effort is geared to both Spanish and English, making it the first bi-lingual program in the country. Although an estimated 30% of all New York City addicts are Spanish-speaking, there was no existing program where these people could get proper rehabilitation.

The staff, now numbering 80 to 85, is almost exclusively ex-addicts, apart from the professional help, such as doctors and nurses. Members of the S.E.R.A. community are treated with self-respect and dignity and

3 to 6 months depending upon the growth of the individual. It provides a 24 hour residential and an intensely clinical setting.

During this period there will also be a strong emphasis placed on the vocational and academic approaches to rehabilitation. Classes are given on an intimate level in modern, well equipped classrooms in the residence buildings. Under the directional guidance of a

ings were beautifully decorated by the residents and are a source of pride and dignity to both the residents and the community. This stage is composed of three levels.

Level one consists of living in, and its function is that of Job Training Development. Here the resident goes to many additional changes in personality and personal awareness which mature him to the level



A common sight in the streets of New York.

given first hand experience at trades.

For example, a building, formerly used as a drug shooting gallery, on 167 Street and Westchester Avenue is now being completely renovated by addict members of the program. The building will house the D.M.Z., Drug Mending Zone, for veterans of the armed forces who are drug fiends, and are estimated to number between 50-75,000.

Finally, in a step ladder type of process, members of this commune come up through the ranks, building on their merits, as explained to me by Berney Garcia, himself an ex-addict and presently at "level one" of the day care phase.

The first phase of entry into the program is the Induction Center located at 1081 East 165 St. Here the addict will be "confronted and challenged by workers who are former addicts." Detoxification of the resident will take about 3 to 5 days depending on his habit and physical condition and will take place in conjunction with certain hospitals, such as Lebanon Hospital and Lincoln Hospital.

Here the resident is given orientation on the activities of the Day Care Center and the Therapeutic Community.

When the addict commits himself to the idea of rehabilitation, he enters the Therapeutic Community. This phase of the program lasts anywhere from

full time professional teaching staff, residents are given the opportunity to earn their general equivalency diplomas. Morning classes are a requirement. Neatness, honesty and signs of maturity earn the resident the rights to passes and to progress to the next level, the Day Care Center.

The Day Care Center is located adjacent to the TC at 1014 Hoe Ave. and offers all the elegance and comforts available

to the TC. Both of these buildings needed to move on to level two.

At this level, if the resident has a home to go to, that is conducive to leading a healthy, productive life, he will be allowed to go there from 10 p.m. to 9 a.m. In this phase he is also eligible for job placement.

Finally, the resident can move to level three where he will be allowed to go to his home, if that is advisable, and will have a minimum of contact with the in-house aspect of the program. In the event that a resident has no place to go, they will assist him in finding such a place.

At this point the resident is considered a socially functional individual who in the future, hopefully, will be a source of pride to his community and will set an example for his brother addicts.

One of the residents said that the program has given him an "educational, vocational and psychological experience without which I could not have faced society." The program seeks high levels of personal awareness and maturity needed to cope with society. The resident leaves the center, not a lonely scared person but a functional element of society.

S.E.R.A. sincerely believes that the answer to the drug problem lies in getting individuals to take a definite position and that position, described in one word, is INVOLVEMENT.



The plight of the poor is etched on this child's face.

Anti-War In Central Park

By DENNIS MACK and
JUDON M. FORD

An estimated 20,000 people flocked to the Sheep Meadow in Central Park last Saturday to hear a wide range of speakers denounce the continuing United States involvement in Southeast Asia.

Students, politicians, activists, and entertainers met in a quasi-orderly fashion for several hours. The demonstration was marshalled well by members of the New York Peace Action Coalition.

The demonstration's issues were not only the particulars of the Indo-China War, but also represented an emergency protest against the Amchitka nuclear blast.

At times, provocateurs at the Meadow attempted to disrupt the proceedings, and when Representative Bella Abzug (D-N.Y.) and Senator Vance Hartke (D-Ind.) spoke, rocks were thrown, closely followed by vulgar commentaries. However, the disruptive attempts were relatively unsuccessful. No one was reported injured.

The demonstration began about 1 p.m. with rock entertainment by Willie Daniels and Charlie Corbett. Shortly afterward the speakers began. Beulah Saunders of the National Welfare Rights Organization chaired.

Jim Bouton, the ABC Eyewitness News Sports reporter spoke about the U.S. bombing campaign. Sen. Hartke and Rep. Abzug, along with Bouton drew most of the negative reaction.

In the march before the rally at the Meadow, groups such as GI's, Viet Vets, labor, sex lib groups, religious, political and minority ethnic groups were represented.

Toward the end of the rally, Black entertainer Stevie Wonder appeared and performed for an hour, ending with his current hit, "If you really love me."

The demonstration was the culmination of months of preparation by many activist groups to illustrate their disenchantment against the involvement of the United States in the war.

Just three days before the rally in the Sheep Meadow, on November 3, another demonstration was held, attended primarily by high school students in the city.

New York City wasn't the only city in which protests against the war in Indo-China were held.

Boston and Washington, D.C. entertained rallies in which approximately 7,000-10,000 people were participants. The protests in these and other cities across the country were relatively free of disruptive violence.

News In Brief

The House of Representatives has approved general aid to all US colleges and universities. With the Senate having approved similar legislation, it is hoped that the President will not veto the final measure.

We can also hope CUNY uses its cut to improve the overcrowding and lack of services and faculty incurred since open admissions.

Aileen C. Hernandez, of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, has blown Mr. John Lindsay's cover by charging him and his administrator with refusing to build low and moderate income housing throughout the city. The Federal funds allocated required the housing to be distributed within several communities of varying racial content. Ms. Hernandez charged that Mayor Lindsay "bowed" to pressure from the white community.

The High School of Music and Art is leaving its present site in three years. It will either be incorporated into City College's Master Plan, or will be replaced by another high school.

Messrs. William Colon and William Surita have been hired to run City's drug outreach program. They are experts and are very personable people. We at *The Paper* are sure they will do an exemplary job.

The new Faculty Senators — A. Taffel (Rom. Lang.), K. Kiteme (Black Studies), J. Miller (Math), Maj. C. McCambell (Mil. Sci.), and D. Schulster.

Former City College President Buell Gallagher has edited an NAACP sponsored publication called *College and the Black Student: NAACP Tract for the Times*.

From the College Press Service — "Added to the growing list of offspring of the famous busted for grass is Richard W. Carson, son of the *Tonite* show host. It is unfortunate that J. Edgar Hoover never married or the laws might be changing a bit faster."

President Nixon has turned over \$135 million in property, buildings and equipment for cancer research. No word on sickle cell anemia yet. . . .

McCarthy II: Former and present members of the Black Panther Party, SDS, Socialist Workers Party, Young Workers Liberation League, and the Communist Party are being rooted out in the Post Office (we don't know if they are being fired yet). But the investigation may be a harbinger of things to come.

One Justice Department attorney has said 60 day preventive detention is useless. He needs 120.

Congratulations to the Chinese brothers and sisters in South Africa. The Government, not being able to find new apartheid facilities for the Chinese had to agree to let them remain in their homes in white areas.

Mao Tse-Tung's niece, Ms. Wang Hai-jung, will be a member of the Chinese delegation to the United Nations.

A recent issue of *Evergreen Review* reported on the revolution going on in Ethiopia against Emperor Haile Selassie. The U.S. and most everyone is keeping quiet about it.

Secretary of State William P. Rogers has ruled that passports will not be issued to persons refusing to take an oath of allegiance to the U.S. Constitution. Looks like the youth fare may not have to be rescinded.

The U.S. Army is trying harder than ever to break Lt. Col. Anthony Herbert's spirit after having forbade his appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show*. We don't think they'll succeed. He seems to be one of the few "for real" Americans left. That includes all colors. Think about it.

Letter To The Editor

To the Editor:

The article "Black Science: Population Control," (*The Paper*, October 27), dealt with a serious and sensitive issue, but it dealt with it in only a very superficial manner. The article rightly attacked the concept of imposed sterilization. But unfortunately, the main thrust of the article attempted to equate birth control with imposed sterilization, and, further, attempted to expose a conspiracy to use birth control to exterminate Blacks. Although lengthy paragraphs reported on research on sterilization, the article in no way substantiated its equation of birth-control with imposed sterilization.

There is no question that some racists entertain perverted fantasies of a Black-less America. But does that prove that family planning and the voluntary use of contraceptives is a genocidal plot? On the contrary, statistics overwhelmingly prove that the vast majority of people using birth-control methods are middle-class and upper-class Whites. And why are they doing so? Clearly because family planning dramatically improves the quality of human life. It yields more money per child to be spent on more and better food, more living-space, better medical care, more attention and affection and direction from the parents. Aren't these benefits obvious? Family planning is one of the few self-help tools that can break the cycle of poverty, for Blacks, Whites, and all Human Beings. Ask the leaders of India, Pakistan, and Egypt whether there is more to be gained from population control or more to be feared, just because some enemy of their country would be thrilled at the prospect of an Indian-less world, etc.

The article did not deal at all with these central issues. It merely juxtaposed population control with imposed sterilization and with the genetic studies of Dr. Jensen. The article would have been clearly justified if it had condemned the concept of imposed genetic selection. But, unfortunately, it jumped from this understandable fear to an irrational and unsubstantiated attack on all birth-control. Having a large family condemns the children to a life of poverty and misery.

Those who would have poor Blacks, Whites, and all Human Beings put off their aspirations for a better life until some future "Revolution" or other, are doing them a cruel disservice. Paradise is where you build it. Birth-control can build it here and now.

Maurice Wolfthal

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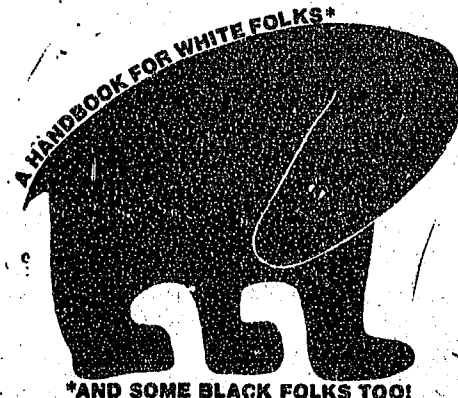
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HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BLACK PEOPLE



AND SOME BLACK FOLKS TOO!

by Chris Clark and Sheila Rush Foreword by Bill Cosby

From what to call whom—colored, Negro, Afro-American, or black—to how and why to avoid white liberalism ("we only want to help," "it's not because you're black"), here is a guide that reveals not only the right way to handle everyday professional and social situations, but why the way it's often done is wrong. Lively and enlightening.

THE THIRD PRESS 444 Central Park West, New York, 10025 \$5.95

NOTICES

Mr. Bill Zayes will be on campus all day Thursday Nov. 11 in Prof. Acquinio's office, 201 Gothels. Mr. Zayes will be here representing Harvard University's four professional schools: Education, Business, Law, and Medicine.

He also sits on the admissions committee of the school of education. He will be here interviewing Puerto Rican Students and will be prepared to discuss matters of entrance requirements, financial arrangements and special programs. He will also have applications available for students which he will take back with a guarantee that they will be processed immediately.

To All Students of Engineering:

An award of \$50 and a certificate is made each Fall to a student of the School of Engineering for service to the College and the community. The award is the **Charles A. Marlies Award**. Applications will be welcomed by the Committee on Awards. Applicants must make their intentions known by reporting in person to Miss Brown, Room T112, Steinman, on or before November 24, 1971.

Dean Thom Rhue, the Assistant Dean of Graduate Studies at Stanford University, is coming to the College on Tuesday, November 16, from 9 to 11. Dean Rhue is interested in interviewing minority students (Black, Puerto Rican and American Indian) who are interested in graduate study at Stanford. Stanford University is trying to increase its minority enrollment.

Students who are interested should see Louise Fay, in A206 to arrange for an appointment.

Breadmaking is not a non-black, only feminine, only for kitchen type thing. It is a course for the planning of your meals . . . your life. It is a course to learn how to use those leftovers or older vegetables or cheaper cuts of meat. It is a course that offers you the education necessary to keep yourself healthy and well and therefore your body is ready to place a bet that your heart and body can pay.

Register in room 343 daily for the Breadmaking course.

Our leftover warm, delicious bread will be sold for 60 cents a loaf, in Finley, room 343 on Wednesday and Thursday after 2:00 p.m.

Get it while you can.

ATTENTION!

Please help the children in our neighborhood with their newspaper training. Newspaper people needed. Students taking Education 32, 33, & 37 can receive field credits for participation.

CONTACT JOSE MALCIOLN
662-8226

CCNY Student Ombudsman OAASU And You — Who Are We?

By A. V. De LEON

This article is an attempt to make students of City College aware of a person who can be very helpful to them in contending with some of their problems.

The person is the one who occupies the office of Student Ombudsman.

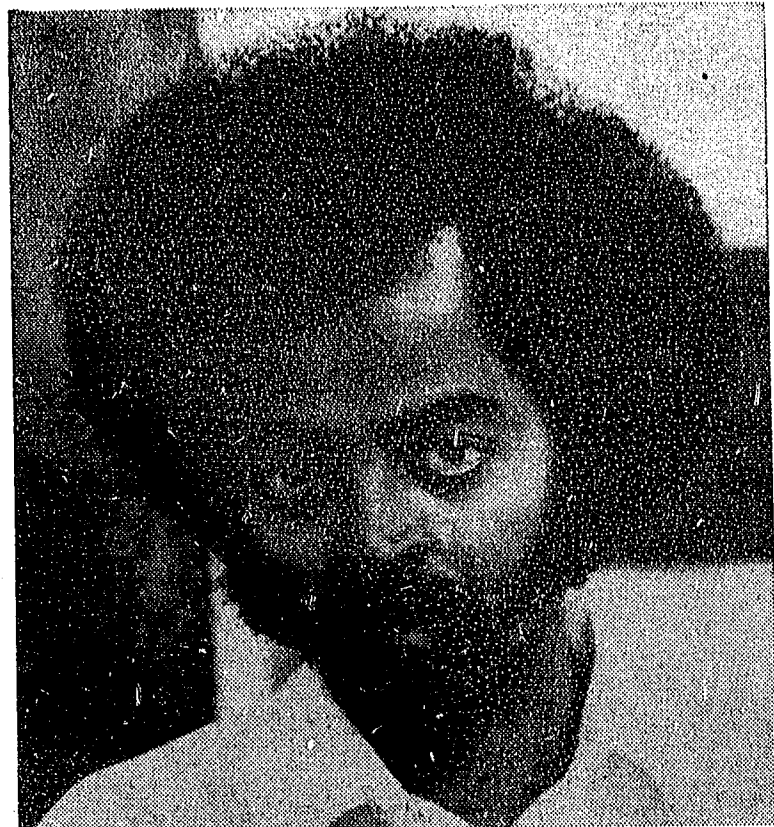


photo by Jeff Morgan

Bob Grant, the City College Student Ombudsman

According to the City College Governance Plan, "The primary task of the Ombudsman is to serve as a confidential investigator in any specific case of alleged inequity, unfairness or maladministration, and therein to be the impartial spokesman, both to the person or persons making the complaint and to the person(s) against whose performance the allegation is brought."

Upon investigation or review of the situation, the Ombudsman can make recommendations which seem appropriate to him for changes in the rules and practices, and policies which guide the administration and student and faculty administrators.

The current Student Ombudsman at the College is Bob Grant, an Architecture major. He has a staff of six people to assist him in performing the duties of his office to the maximum extent possible.

The Ombudsman's staff is composed of: Brenda James, Marvin Brown, Paula Lewis, Chris Jordan, Yvonne De Loache, and Shirley De Sane.

The jurisdiction of the Ombudsman is very broad. He serves as a liaison between faculty members and the student body, working closely with the faculty Ombudsman, Professor Elias. In equity cases he assists, individuals, in specific cases, to seek just and equitable treatment in solving their problems.

Some of the cases being worked upon by Grant and his staff include the problems within the SEEK Student Government; the delay and difficulties being encountered in establishing a Black Studies program (School); the proposed Master Plan for the College; the planning for the Social Science election; and an incident regarding the dropping of a player from the baseball team.

WCCR, the campus radio sta-

tion and one of the current controversies at the school, is also being looked into.

According to Grant, "I'm examining both sides of the WCCR story to find if an investigation is merited."

Grant feels that his main function is to listen to, and act on student grievances. "Aiding students is of the utmost importance to me. My principal purpose in having a staff is so that I can treat the many problems of students more quickly and efficiently."

The Ombudsman believes that by being active, he might possibly eliminate the negative attitude many students have toward the school.

"The past election showed student apathy and indifference to their school, which is something I'm trying to alleviate. I would like to see more student participation in policy making decisions on this campus, but because of this indifference, it will be slow in coming. I would like to see a reverse in this trend."

Students needing the assistance of the Student Ombudsman, can find him in room 208 in the Finley Student Center, or by phone at the number 234-1916.

If he can't be reached at locations, students can leave a note for him in the Ombudsman box in room 152 Finley.

Together, hip, bad, cool, Black, ad infinitum is the technology we have created to define and control our experience in this land of oppression. We have soul terms to describe anything and everything. But more than describe, they affect and influence our life style. So, terms are important and very meaningful. They create images in your mind which go far beyond the word itself. Terms we use relate to a background, a context which elicits a strong emotional response, e.g., Black, negro, brother, faggot, together, and jive. But there must also be a strong intellectual response to our terms. We must examine our actions here on campus in relation to the terminology we use, and then either adjust our actions or change our terms.

Take for a start what's meant when we say together. Though we are together at City location wise, are we together in the soul sense of the word? Together (to be knowledgeable, hip, enviable, and well liked. If you have eye to eye contact with a brother or sister in passing, sit next to him at a table or enter the same classroom, do you speak, nod, or acknowledge their presence?? Or, do you turn your head, don't speak, or act as if you don't see them,

which is jive (lame non-hip, disappointing). To be Black is to be of color, to be conscious of our people beside us, and to relate out of our cultural context (Black identity, purpose, and direction). To be negro is to think only in terms of individual self and believe that you are not part of the total Black experience. So, now make the adjustment — lest we be hypocrites too — either you're together or jive, Black or negro. Let's be together and be Black.

Kujichagulla (self-determination is the second principle of Blackness). To define ourselves, and speak for ourselves, instead of being defined and spoken for by others. We must respond to how we define ourselves if we wish to survive as a people, an African people.

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An Argument For Yesterday's Just Proclamation

Phyllis Poem #10

Valerie Lauren Smith

it's understandable,
but you were so cool, and i
just ran in, flopped down
stupidly projecting never
dare
going near the point. i don't know
why i do act and you — my only audience
refuse to accept the play.
but, see,
it's understandable
that you would
be in control of what might
fly into some absurdity. i can't
stand you for that.
you programmed my waves
impossible to let you
hear things you wanted not to
hear at all.
my business (!)
i knew that. i don't know
why i feel i must make you feel
only that i feel
lonely
and, it's understandable, that twists
me now, some wolf is blowing my house down.
man. i didn't have the heart to tell you,
but in reality (which nowadays is so important)
i do have a heart. so i'm telling you now.
that you were so cool
you were soooooocooooool, i felt
the chill even after
you hopped on your bus, and
rode further away from my pain.

Alma Mater Blues

Jose Reyes

Hello ALIENATION! Welcome APATHY!
CCNY has finally become your
haven.

Don't despair. Be secure. All is well.
Nobody cares.

Your home is here!

Who will ever drive you away?
You've got it made.

So, penetrate deep and smother our
corridors with your essence.
Filter the classrooms.
Cover every inch.
Cloud every vulnerable mind.

Don't have pity — they don't care!

Yes, come. But come quick and make this
dismal place your domain.
It's yours.

Have no fear. Be secure. All is well.
Nobody cares.

P
O
E
T
R
Y

Seven Days, Seven Ways — Sacrifice

Gregory S. Holder

hey mamma, but YOU KNOW that
i'd do anything, really baby ANYTHING
for you /
U KNOW how hard i tried / cried
to get my shit to / gether, for us —
we two /
too many times u've seen me,
in my love for U, in my DEDICATION
to the pre /
servation of our love, TOO MANY times
they've been baby, when I EARNESTLY tried,
earnestly,
to tighten up my MIND, to get my PROGRAM
two / gether u KNOW mamma, for the TWO of
us / we
gotta be PATIENT with each other, UNDERSTAND
one another, so WHY, when u know how I LOVE YOU
ask me
to try again

The Junkies End

Janice Infante

Walking around with your mind in the sky,
Your brains are jumping, you're high, high, high.
Stepping off the curb is an endless fall.
"Help me I'm dying!" you try to call.
Down in the gutter you have to lay,
Can't go home for what will they say?
But a friend passes by, "a friend indeed,"
He has in a bag, just what you need.
A needle in the arm, tranquility in the head,
What you really need is a hospital bed.
Next morning your jones is coming on,
You look around for a victim to con.
A dark alley, a man in the night,
Can be the bridge between death and life.
Sooner or later you pay your dues,
Too bad you never win, but always lose.
A glint of steel — a flash of pain,
Now there's your blood to be washed by the rain.



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Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Please rush the following in plain package:
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name _____ (please print)
 address _____
 city _____ state _____
 zip _____ P 207

I enclose payment in full under your money-back guarantee.

From Broadway

**Ain't Supposed To Die
... Very Alive!**

By BOB FEASTER

Melvin Van Peebles, creator of *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, has written and organized *Ain't Supposed To Die A Natural Death*, a new play currently at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. The film, which has been a source of great controversy, lent itself to many interpretations. But this work presents a concept which is more direct and perhaps, more lucid. This is not to say controversy (a necessary and healthy element) is excluded: in fact, an audience enters a limited situation — something like either you dig it or you don't

When Van Peebles explores/reveals his concept of the life condition of Black People in America, it becomes clear that he is relating it to the masses.

Ain't Supposed To . . . is noticeably absent of black characters who develop thru a strict linear presentation; the total idea embodies much more than a bland, sterile series of exits and entrances. When a character enters, the viewer understands that he is "coming down the block" from maybe 116th St., not backstage.

To me, what's important is that black people have not

been robbed of their style — most decidedly missing from movies and television. Van Peebles made this point clear in our conversation after one show when he stated, ". . . the message is in the style of black people." Because of this, one must be prepared to see this play, not in the context of "theatre," with a cast and a distant audience, but rather in as one views 7th Ave. from a window overlooking the street; for an idea is evolving on stage which transcends those conventional limitations.

The brothers and sisters thru their performances bring forth the characterizations with an outstanding sense of reality, a subjective approach to the community lifestyle they have brought to the stage. While some individuals may have impressed me more than others, my central experience and appreciation lies with the collective.

The *Ain't Supposed To . . .* Co. has translated the dynamic motion/life-force/energy of the black community into a living idea and message. They have captured the real life imagery of the streets in the mind's eye; these blues people on stage capture this imagery through a

series of poem-monologues that ain't nothing but what we see, hear, and feel everyday. And they reveal the revolutionary potential in the black community.

In less than two hours, the audience witnesses an important law of development: things are either dying or being born. The characters are seen worshipping a white figure from whom they hang like puppets on a string, pimping on each other, or sniffing dope with a cop on duty. We see policemen run through the community shooting guns at random. In one incident two pigs force an arrested (kidnapped) prostitute to lubricate their genitals in the back seat of a patrol car.

Ultimately, this confusion-complexity molds itself into solidarity after a young street blood is murdered by the cops (his death being the culmination of historical oppression). The people move from a state of drugged dependency on the white power structure, to a deliberate departure from the fear and passivity that such a dependency causes. In the end the consciousness of the people rises and thrusts forward with a spell poem/metaphysical monologue by an old black woman. The play ends here with a

rising awareness that our people's slave/self destructiveness is dying. And it shall spawn the new political culture whose direction will be defined by a people who have no other human choice than to be overtly political in life, art, love, and death.

Regardless of individual criticisms stemming from "Sweetback," the brother has emerged as an artist whose ideas must be dealt with. We understand that to be critical means that one knows what he is critical of; in short, one has to do his homework.

I advise that you get reservations in advance so that you can get seats that you can afford. Please do this; I don't think Brother Van Peebles could stand another mad nigger asking him, "hey man, how you expect poor people to see this muthafucka?"

Announcement

Positions are available for students interested in working with the mentally retarded with the Westchester Association for Retarded Children.

Those students interested should contact the College Placement office.

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Editorial — Senate Demogoguery

The Student Senate at the last Policy Council meeting pushed for and won the right to set the date of the election for Senate offices.

It had been previously agreed in the Policy Council that the elections would be held in the late spring.

However, the Senate now seems to be in favor of keeping the elections in the fall, as they were this year.

The Senate officer's arguments included:

- 1) that freshmen are not disenfranchised by the early election because they are not yet oriented to the college,
- 2) that the past three elections were held in the fall,
- 3) that there is a need for an experienced Senate during the summer months, and
- 4) that the Senate has the right to set the time for the elections.

We disagree vehemently with the Senate's position. First, freshmen are disenfranchised. They must be given time to orient themselves to the college and to learn about the candidates. Seniors usually don't care about campus events in their last year, at least not as much as those who will spend the next three to five years here.

Second, the failures of the past Senate bodies to develop spring elections were largely due to other inconsistent variables, i.e., disorganization, administrative interference, confusion of roles. The continuation of past mistakes is foolish if one can correct them.

Third, spring elections do not necessitate a newly elected body's immediate installment. Since the summer is part of the fiscal year the new Senate would not take office before September 1, of the following term.

The problem of transition is resolved by using the summer months as an orientation period for the new Senate.

Fourth, the Student Ombudsman is the only office in which the responsibility for elections should be invested. The claim made by the Senate is in violation of "Territorial rights" (with respect to the Ombudsman). Having the Ombudsman (who is impartial) run the elections will insure honest elections.

We fear that the very Senate that we endorsed is beginning to become demagogic by trying to protect the interests of political aspirants instead of acting as that body looking out for the welfare of all students.

Support Black Theatre

Although it appears, at least for the time being, that Melvin Van Peebles' *Ain't Supposed To Die A Natural Death* will survive the month of November (see Bob Feaster's article on page 5), the plays' rather poor attendance brings to light one of the primary problems confronting us Black Folks in our efforts to get out from under, namely apathy.

In order for Black Theatre to survive, we have to support it. We can no longer expect this genre to compete in the big money market of Broadway, winging its way along on the condescending contributions of those people we are telling to go to Hell. Brothers and Sisters, is it too much to ask for you to by-pass a few hands of cards and take in a magnificent artistic effort? Is the possibility of a 'Boston' the only thing capable of holding your interest?

The opportunity is at hand to experience what is the first definitive work of Black Theatre. It's not some simple attempt to entertain, but a work from the Black consciousness which not only will boggle your mind, but may well tighten your "J's."

We salute Melvin Van Peebles for creating a work of conceptual genius which is tied together with far-reaching consequences. It is a giant step in leading Black People toward true self-awareness.

Classified Ads

Um mum bo fue su koo ko mumm
Okay Mumbles

Frost,
Do you know what SERA is?
(Drug program in Bronx)

Jalme

Yeah,
Sera is the future tense of "will be"

Frost

F.A.F.
You are free to decide now.

Signed, I still care.

Wanted:
Angela Smith and Blanche Oliver.

Thanks to donors, there is now blood available to all students and their families. Room 121 Finley. Popeye.

Miami Wright to the Red Baron,
It's a problem, really of the whole idea of the system.

ORIENTAL FOOD SHOP, mentioned by Craig Claiborne New York Times, Cue Magazine, Gourmet, and many cookbooks. Also Health Foods. 1302 Amsterdam Avenue.

To the staff of WCCR, which one of you owns the chaisty bolt?

Gail & Mary

Math Confusion

Why do so many students do badly in Mathematics? It could be that they are all stupid. But then, that may not be the whole story.

This reporter had the opportunity to visit a Math 64 class in the Evening Session here at City. Math 64 is an elementary course purporting to teach the foundations of mathematics.

It was a scene of total bewilderment. Each student came in with his own story of failure. "My mind is just one big blank," said one girl, referring to the homework. The students seemed to hope that the teacher could clear up their confusion.

The teacher entered, put his book down, and called the roll. Now, in most classes the roll takes a maximum of five minutes. Here the roll stretched interminably. Halfway through the roll, the teacher felt obliged to impart to the class his philosophy regarding Humphrey Bogart movies, and other movies of the same period. He did so for a while, ignored by most of the class. A few apple-polishers laughed.

A little further on in the roll call, he decided that maybe the class was superstitious. He discussed superstition at some length, then asked those who were superstitious to raise their hands. He counted. Then he asked those who were superstitious, but did not like to admit it, to raise their hands. He counted again. Most students ignored him, waiting for him to get on with the Math.

Apparently satisfied, he finished the roll and began discussing the overpopulation problem. The problem with the world, he told his primarily third-world class, was overpopulation. Too many people. He had said so twenty years ago, but nobody had listened.

One girl pointed out that he had promised to do problems that day. The professor looked resigned. "Oh well, in that case let's do problems."

Answering the first question, he got into a discussion of the inadequacy of the textbook, cracked a private joke that only he understood, and seeing no response added, "You'll understand it sometime — maybe in heaven." The class was too polite to respond.

Brought back to earth by another question, referring to a diagram called for in a problem, he responded, "Oh, they want some straight lines, you know what I mean," and took off once more. Yet another problem elicited a response of "This is easy — for me but not for you. Quiet, let me think." The class was quiet, he thought, and came up with an explanation that was totally incomprehensible to the class. Another question was 'explained' by the comment "This is just setup."

The professor seemed to take a certain pleasure in pointing out the weaknesses of his students. He made frequent comments about their inadequacies in mathematics, always referring to them as "you people." "Remember, you people don't know what proof is, but give me a good common sense argument." Later he added "I use the word common sense argument because if I used the word proof it would frighten you." The students asked questions

and tried to understand the material: the professor slid around, then attacked them for not understanding.

Inferior background is frequently cited as a problem which third world students must overcome at the College. It is assumed that in college, the subject matter might be difficult but the teaching is better. As things presently stand, the emphasis on high school preparation may be an excuse for refusing to look at the causes of failure here at City.

An inferior teacher does not act alone. He is hired by someone. He is retained by someone. At the very least, his presence is evidence of indifference among those who control education at City.

— David Friedlander

News Item

Last week a junior version of the Black Expo came to New York City. The Expo lasted from November 4 through November 6, and was held at the Statler Hilton Hotel at 7th Avenue and 33rd Street. It was sponsored by the Southern Christian Leadership Council.

The purpose of the Expo was to give Black businessmen an opportunity to display their wares in hopes that people will become aware of some of the innovations and originality possessed by blacks in business.

White businesses which have greatly assisted black people in the business world, i.e., funding projects and loaning money to establish a business, or by having products with the black people in mind were also in attendance.

The Expo wasn't entirely focused on business, however. In the evenings there was entertainment, with such groups as the Main Ingredient.

Is Peace Corps a way to Consciousness III?

as suggested by Charles Reich in "The Greening of America"

Empathetic. Individually expressive. One-to-one. Non-organizational. . . .

These are some of the characteristics of Consciousness III which Mr. Reich ascribes to a growing number of today's younger generation. Joining the Peace Corps, according to him, is one of the ways of breaking out of the mold of the more conventional Consciousness I and Consciousness II.

It will no doubt remain for history to judge the validity of Mr. Reich's thesis. In our view, the Peace Corps' potential for personal development necessarily depends on the individual. We can make no promises about the ways to Consciousness III.

BEBOP EULOGY

I must not stereotype or generalize we are all too sophisticated for such errors in logic

there was miscegenation involved & now I forget whether your mother was black & your father white or your father black & mother white it doesn't matter—not really except somehow your skin was always sort of greyish like whatever they were it didn't quite mix

& now remembering the way you danced your hips & thighs a perfect sensual blacktime but your arms flayed and reached & your head tilted to the side in sacrifice

I am being totally subjective & that is an error on my part except, now I remember you said "When the revolution comes I'm gonna kill both of them."

you were truly half nigger half pig I know I met your parents

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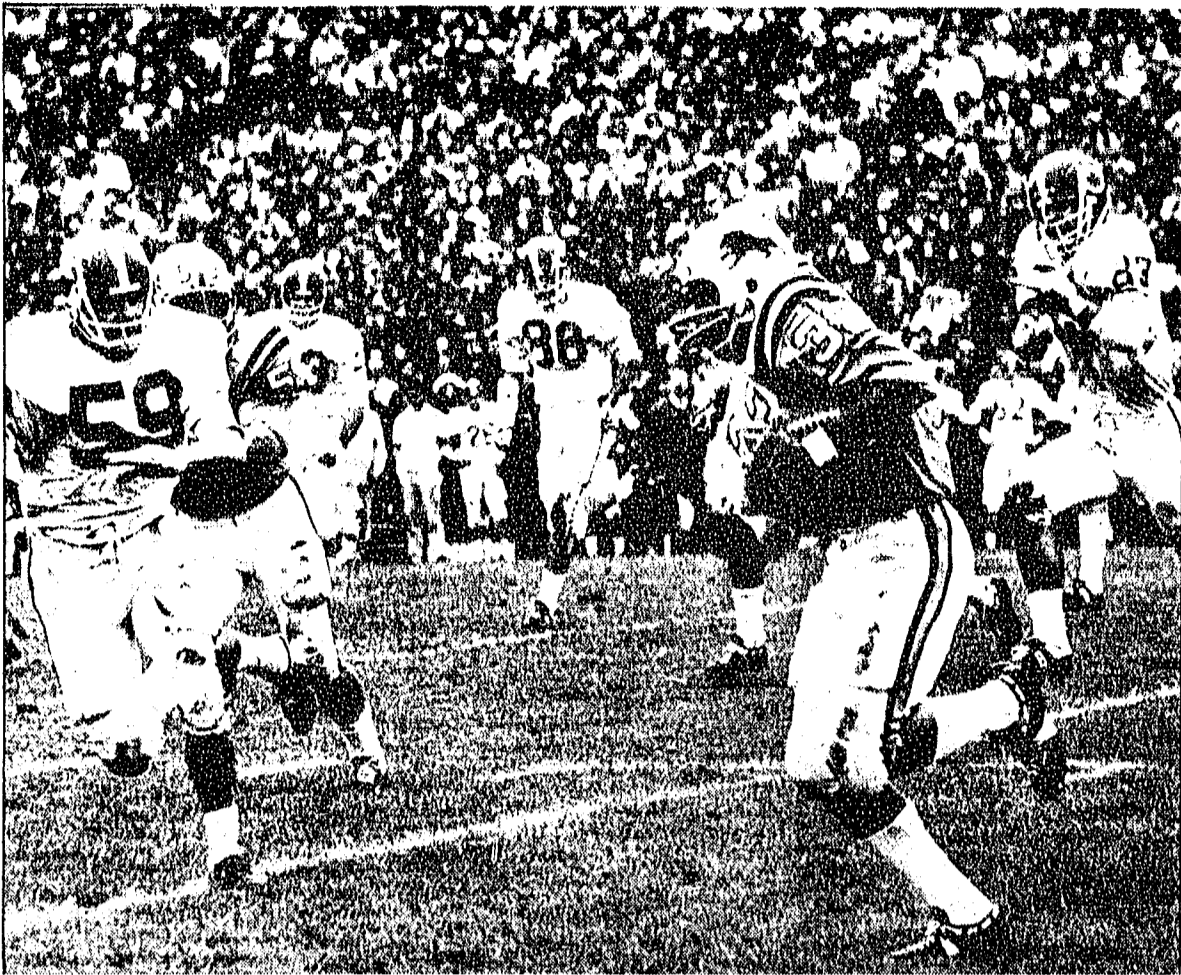
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Football — Will we ever see this at City?



Kathleen Cleaver — speaking at the College last week



Robert J. Kibbee, the new Chancellor of CUNY

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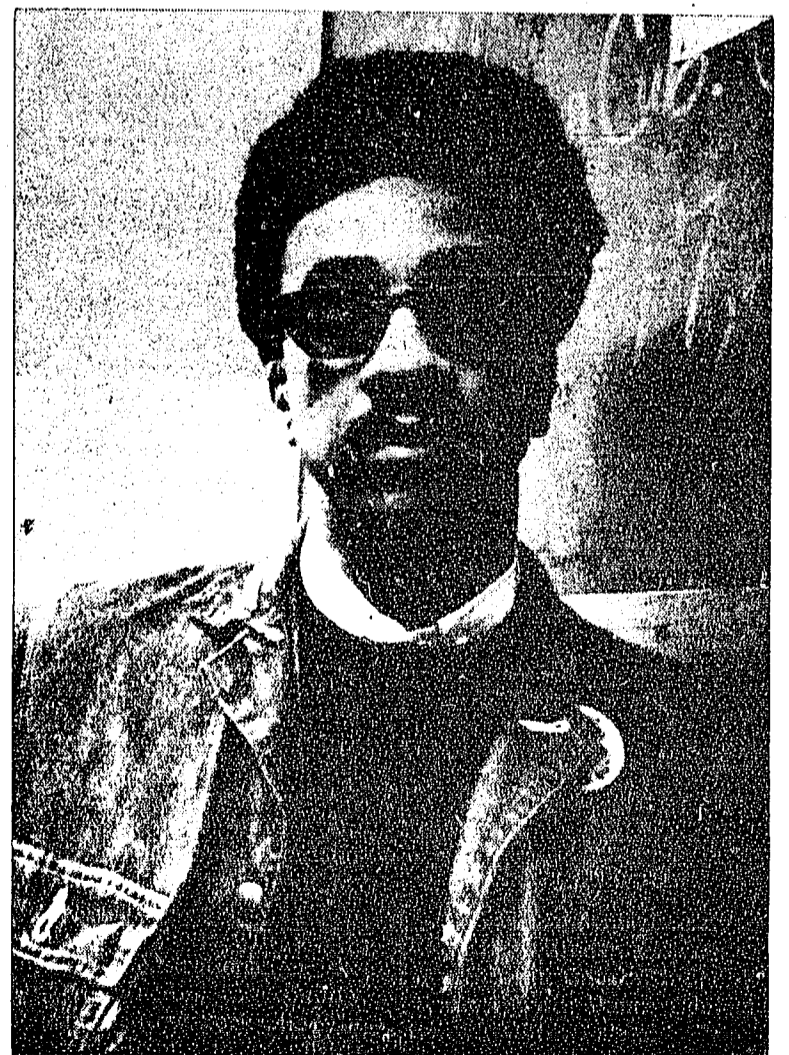
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NEWS



Dean Sohmer — last week Dean Cupid, this week Dean the Dream?



H. Rap Brown, is he in Roosevelt Hospital?

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Notes On Cinema



The Excitement of Tina Turner

Just the visual experience of *Soul To Soul* is one which I believe, can not help but to awaken the dormant feelings deeply submerged in the psyches of most Black people. This was particularly the case with Roberta Flack and Les McCann, in whom one could see the manifestations of security, alienation, joy, and pensiveness — the very feelings an American Black must experience when confronted with the concreteness of his hazy heritage.

They, along with Eddie Harris, Wilson Pickett, Ike & Tina Turner, Santana, the Staple Singers, the Voices of East Harlem, journeyed to Ghana last March to participate in that country's 14th anniversary of freedom celebration. The "Soul to Soul" concert — an all-night, 15 hour affair — attracted over 100,000 people to Black Star Square in the capital of Accra,

and to see all those black faces swaying to the sounds of these stars was, in itself, worth the admission.

Director Denis Saunders' movie has the presentation and overall look of a filmed report, not unlike a television special. He spends a considerable amount of footage capturing some of Ghana's color as expressed by a full scale community celebration — featuring some talented locals — or some shots of a marketplace. Interspersed throughout these "flavorful" elements are some impressions of the artists themselves although none of it gets terribly involved.

Of course, the substance of *Soul To Soul* is derived from the performance of a giant like Wilson Pickett, the excitement of a Tina Turner, the intensity of a Carlos Santana, and most of all (for me, at least) the humble soul-searching grandeur of Roberta Flack. Her voice is the one which I most closely associate with the image of Mother Africa, especially the vision conjured up by the suggestive lyrics of Eric Mercury



The Voice of Mother Africa



The Intensity of Carlos Santana

on his "Funky Sounds . . ." album. Robert Flack, the woman who, when she sings, you get the feeling that she's singing just for you.

Despite the fact Saunders had his camera moving all over the place during the filming of the concert — which does present the performers as stars, but never allows you enough time to groove with them, thus diminishing the element which gives them star quality — he succeeds magnificently in conveying the electricity and excitement that everyone at the celebration felt. That feeling flows from the screen into the audience. When it was over I, and

everyone around me, were yelling for more.

Fiddler on the Roof is a big, wonderful movie. (For the past two weeks, I've been humming "If I Were A Rich Man" and doing folk-dance steps in the street.) Indeed, it's a tremendous relief from those crummy stage musicals which have been made into still crummier movie musicals.

Try to understand my initial apprehension; I don't like very many movie musicals — this one being the first which I can take seriously. My better instincts saved me from *The Sound of Music*; and as a teenager making a trip to New York, (the big city, etc.), I allowed myself to be taken in by the sappy sentimentality of *West Side Story*. I offer the excuse that it was the time in my life when I was still wet behind the ears, but not a damn place else.

Fiddler . . . is the story of Teyve, the poor and humble milkman of Anatevka, a small village in turn-of-the-century Czarist Russia. He lives according to the traditions of his faith, but being in a country beset by revolution, coupled with the fact he has five unmarried daughters, three of them ripe, this man has to cope with the realities of the changing times and his strong-willed offspring.

Topol, an Israeli actor, who played the role on the London stage, is excellent as Teyve. He's that larger-than-life type of screen personality; he brings a noble and dignified quality to his role, and it's his performance that carries the movie all the way through. Topol portrays Teyve, a common man, as a romantic and heroic figure, and he is as refreshing as he is endearing. In his conversations with God, he sports a cynical smile, and one can imagine him

evening the score with this great figure of wisdom who has ordained he be poor without chance of betterment, if only he had the chance. And it's these little subversive gestures by an actor which yield so much enjoyment, especially in such a straight movie.

Director Norman Jewison, a goy, does a fine directorial turn here. His work isn't flashy or coercive like in so many other movie musicals, and he's especially adept at handling the element of low-key humor. But more significantly, he has allowed the theme of the work, the universality of the common man struggling to survive — and maybe the celebration of it — to come through in very moving style. And I think it is to his credit that one can be moved by this film without feeling ashamed.

Try *Fiddler on the Roof*, it's good for what ails you, just like chicken soup.

(Notes: David Friedlander did not ghost-write this for me . . . BERNICE, I won't be able to meet you on Friday. I'll be there next week.) — Ted Fleming

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