



On The Inside

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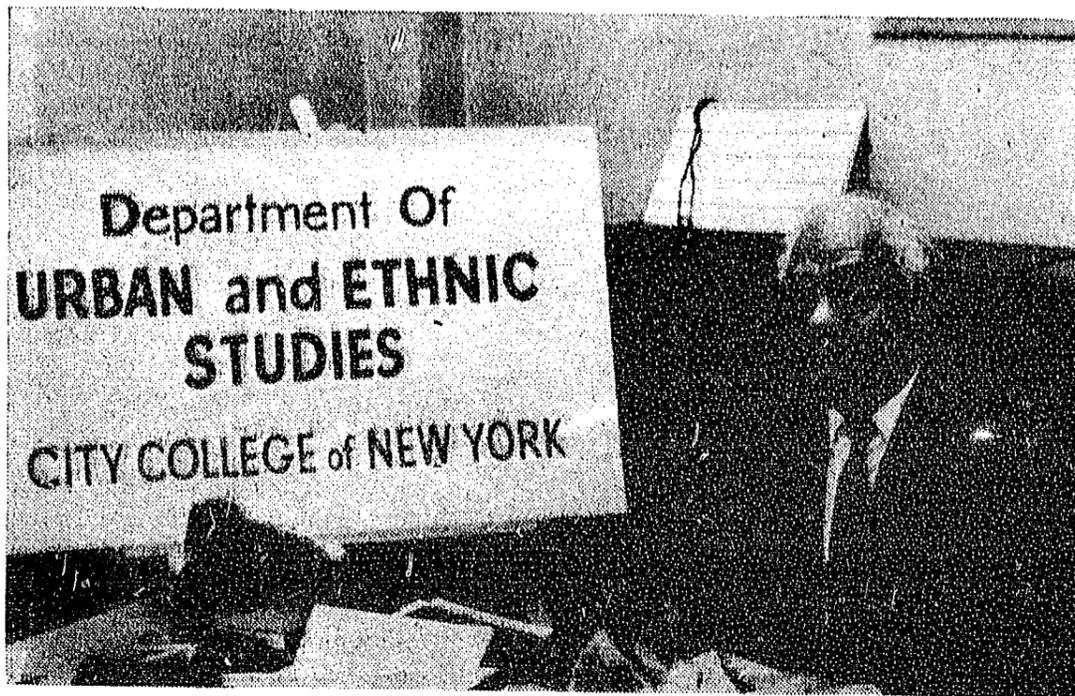
FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1971

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

Budget Crisis Analyzed

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Osborne Scott, chairman of a dead department.

Photo by Jeff Morgan

An Open Letter

Betty Rawls: The Politics of...

When Black abolitionist, Sojourner Truth, confronted Frederick Douglass with the question, "Frederick is God dead?" the question was not asked for self-enlightenment, but more for the elevation of the audience. Despite the age in which she lived — one of war and turmoil, of racial and sectional hatred, of vindictive men and institutions — this whip-scarred woman continued to believe in the God of man. And although the apostles of persecution and injustice strode, mammoth-like, across the stage of the nineteenth century — much as their counterparts do in these, the last days of the twentieth century — Sojourner steadfastly clung to the belief that the covenant between man and God was indissoluble and that to believe in God was to believe, even more so, in people. As such, she was the first practitioner of the politics of caring.

She would have liked Betty Rawls, her twentieth century counterpart. She would have liked her southern pride, that trait so peculiar to Black women of the South — aggressiveness tempered with compassion. She would have liked her courage — "grace under fire." Most of all, she would have been impressed that Betty continued to have faith in a land in which faith seems to have gone the

way of the dinosaur and the mastodon, and she would have applauded her unbounded belief that each man, above all else, is his brother's keeper.

Where did Betty learn this sentiment, the keystone of so much of her life? Certainly not in Tennessee, the state in which she was born. Perhaps she learned it from her family; or Bolivar Industrial High School from which she graduated; perhaps, from Marquette University where she received her bachelor's; or Teacher's College where she received her master's. Certainly she learned some of it while working as a counselor at Haryou-Act and in the S.E.E.K. Program at City College.

However, such sentiments, truly held, are difficult to come by. And although there is little doubt that family, schooling and working with people contributed to her sentiments, I believe that she learned to care from the things that she saw about her: the slums through which she passed each day on the way to City College, the students whom she counselled — those whose hopes are expressed in good marks, as well as those whose despair is mirrored in drugs. She learned from the poverty that destroys, from the hate that imprisons, from the despair that diminishes, and

from the confusion that makes it difficult, if not impossible, for one individual to care for another.

She learned and, thus, she believed with Sojourner Truth that one day the conflict would end; that man would cease to wage war against man; that the word love would no longer be one of censure and ridicule; and that then, in the words of the prophet, men would indeed love justice, love honor, and walk humbly with their God. Almost alone in this century of madness, she clung to the belief that the evolution of mankind continued unabated.

For this, above all else, she will be missed and remembered. Those of us who remain can never hope to equal her in optimism, nor to rise above her in courage. We can, however, draw inspiration from her life, even as countless numbers have drawn inspiration from the life of Sojourner Truth, and perhaps, of all the words that will be spoken about her, few will be truer or more meaningful than that she was a Black woman who sojourned but a short time among us, who loved people and who cared for them. In this country, at this time, that is all that needs to be said; and that is enough!

— Addison Gayle, Jr.

The Split Within UES

By CONNIE GRANT

The year of 1969 was typical, if not the zenith, of the "Rage for Change" cry in the late sixties. Student protests over the Vietnam war, ROTC, military recruitment on campuses, Dow Chemical, and the lack of Black study programs were just a few of the various reasons for protests which spread throughout the nation's college campuses.

City College was no different. In the spring of '69 Black and Puerto Rican students took over the South Campus and the entire school was closed for two weeks as negotiations for five demands went on.

The two most important called for a separate School of Third World Studies, and an increase in minority group enrollment. Most people are familiar with Open Admissions, which began in the fall of '70 throughout the City University, designed to meet the demand for more members of minority groups on the college campuses. But Black Studies?

Back in 1969, Black students felt that the undergraduate curriculum did not concern itself sufficiently with the contributions of Third World people to Western civilization. So with the help of Dr. Wilfred Cartey, professor of Comparative Literature here, a school that would be interdepartmental, and interdisciplinary in structure was called for.

"The present curriculum does not take its ecological relation to the community in which this school is situated, causing the surrender of ethnic identity of Blacks and Puerto Ricans from their communities," read a statement from the proposal for the Third World School.

Of course, the formation of a school by fall '69 was literally impossible. So the administration established a department of Urban and Ethnic Studies (UES) which was to meet the criteria of the Third World School, until the school could be formed.

In the fall of '69, UES began with two courses and 183 students; at the present time it has 23 courses and an enrollment of 1400 students.

"We worked hard to select and institute courses that are not only relevant, but soundly academic," said Professor Osborne Scott, chairman of UES.

"The formula imposed upon the department for building its curriculum and securing faculty was based on student enrollment, the same formula which applies to other departments. As a new department, this limited

us greatly.

"To secure student enrollment the department had to offer courses, institute new course offerings and secure available personnel who could teach. In addition, faculty hiring had to reflect the anticipated number of students in each area."

Despite these difficulties, no other department has increased in student enrollment in such a short period of time.

To date courses have been confined to ethnic studies in Afro-American, Puerto Rican and Chinese-American areas as well as urban community issues, social dynamics, and research in the urban field.

The department is planning to add basic courses in Jewish, Slavic-American, and the Chicano (Mexican-American) experience, as well as related courses dealing with these groups.

But this fall, UES will be eliminated. The faculty senate voted recently to form separate departments in Puerto Rican, Jewish, Asian and Black studies, until a school of Ethnic studies could be established within three years.

"In our judgment, the continuation of all these separate studies in one department would overlap and take away from the courses," said Dr. Ted Brown, President Marshak's Academic Assistant.

The elimination of UES immediately changes the inner-relationship of ethnic groups, despite the proposal of a survey course, which is expected to tie together all the experiences of each group.

UES eliminated any rivalry of the type which will probably come up among the departments for funds, faculty lines, student enrollment, and, course-approval.

The Jewish, Puerto Rican and Asian departments have chosen

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The Schomberg Collection

By GAIL A. STOKES

The Schomberg Collection was first purchased in 1926 with a grant of \$10,000 from the Carnegie Corporation by the New York City Public Library.

Thereafter, it was supported by city funds and, in 1942, a building was constructed on 136th Street off Lenox Avenue. This building was shared by the neighborhood branch of the Public Library, later named the Countee Cullen branch.

By 1955, the Schomberg Collection occupied the entire remodeled 135th Street building. Since its move to larger quarters, the collection has increased tremendously.

Its original owner was Arthur A. Schomberg, a Black Puerto Rican. While employed as a clerk at the Bankers Trust Company in New York, Schomberg made constant journeys to the book stalls of Europe, North Africa, and

South America seeking books for his collection.

His purpose was to gather information concerning the status of the Black man in the West Indies, South American, and Africa.

Now, the valuable Schomberg Collection is faced with a serious deficit of approximately 1.2 million dollars. The books, manuscripts, etc., are in danger of diminishing due to lack of funds for staff, proper equipment, and fireproof housing.

A proposal for a grant of 1.2 million dollars, which would have gone toward rehabilitation and the removal of the collection to the fireproof Countee Cullen branch, was turned down by the New York City Board of Estimates.

There are two groups presently at work to relieve the ailments afflicting the Schomberg. The older and more noted group is the Endowment Fund Association for

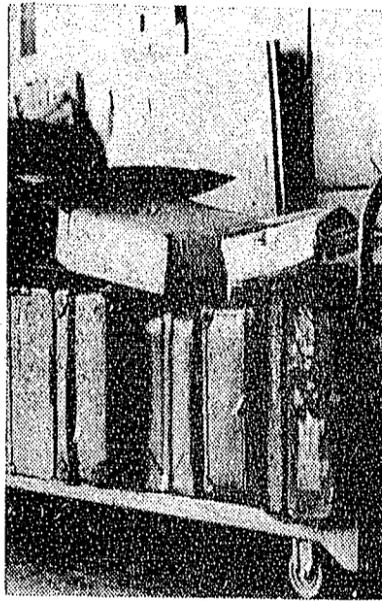


Photo by Culpepper

the Study of Negro Literature and History.

This group is made up mostly of Black teachers of Negro History and a few influential whites. Their goal is to raise money for preserving the Collection.

During their campaign, they have raised \$2,000, in addition to \$3,000 given them by the United Federation of Teachers.

The second is The Citizens Committee for the Schomberg Collection.

Their first community meeting was held June 2nd, 1968. This committee stems from part of the Harlem Cultural Council.

Their purpose is to bring about an administrative switch which would transfer the Collection from under the jurisdiction of the branch division of the N.Y. Public Library and into the Research division, which would allow them to solicit private endowment.

Once in the Research division of the Library, they would have free reign to seek private endowments. The other suggestion offered by this group is to take the Collection out of the Public Library completely and re-establish

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To Secure Black Power and Status

By ALBERT V. DE LEON

There is much debate over the best method for Black people to secure power and status in the United States.

One route is through the establishment of a Black political entity — a "Third Party" or "Third Force."

It has been argued that politics is not the most adequate or swiftest path to power. Economics is proposed as the alternative.

However, politics is people and how they relate to each other. Economic systems are derivatives of political systems.

At this stage economics and politics become equal in importance. Or, though an economic system is created from the political theory of a system, it takes the economy to make the political system function at its best.

But the initial step is to gather people to create or become influential in (able to exert power) a system.

Many Black people are apathetic and indifferent towards the present two party system in America. There is a general mistrust and cynicism regarding elected officials, because they are unresponsive to Black needs. This feeling towards the system seriously tests the viability of the democratic theory of government.

The Black vote has rarely affected the outcome of an election — due to the political ignorance and the blind-single party loyalty of the Black voter.

Since the Black vote goes mainly to the Democratic Party, Republicans are not in the habit of wooing Blacks for political favor. And since Democrats know they will receive the Black vote, they see no need to campaign to reward it.

Black people have a third class status and thus, a third class influence on the political structure. Blacks represent roughly 13% of the population, and yet have only 13 congressional representatives.

As long as public institutions are manned by white people who are primarily responsible to a white public, Black people will continue to labor in a third class spectrum.

There is a need for "political modernization" of Black folk. There must be a questioning of old values and institutions of the society; a search for new and different forms of political structures to solve political and economic problems.

In this broadening of political participation more people must become included in the decision making processes.

To exchange this third class status for first class influence, first class power, and first class control, Black people must become a "Third Force."

This Third Force would be totally independent and totally Black oriented. In making its political decisions, the Third Force would ask only one question: What do you intend to do for Black people?

The cohesive vote resulting from this force will oscillate at will between the candidacies of a democrat, republican, or a third party Black representative, depending upon which one would do the most for Black folk.

A Black force does not necessarily have to be structured or patterned after regular party organizations. Only the masses of Black people can make the force function sufficiently. Common ground should be the essential unification factor.

A Third Force political entity is necessary to articulate and represent the needs and interests directly effecting Blacks. This group must recognize the fact that the only effective instrument for participation in the decision making process is the exercise of power.

Before coalitions are formed with whites, Black people must first be united and solidly behind the Third Force.

Coalitions should be viewed with wariness, for a coalition is a potential dilutant to the true intentions of an organization.

The Force would be prepared to accept the formulation of alliances with white groups which could establish a coalition of formidable political strength. However, the grounds on which the political coalition can be a viable entity is to be determined exclusively by those involved. Also, the coalition with white groups does not mean that a Black force could not be a determinant factor in electoral outcomes.

Black people occupy strategic land positions in the cities of the north and in some cities and counties of the south, with the numbers steadily growing. Such a concentration of Blacks can be important geographically.

The numbers may not permit control of many political bodies, but they can influence elections at certain levels and in certain elections through the wise use of voting strength.

A beneficial coalition for both parties involved would be one between Blacks and Spanish people in the urban areas.

The key phrase is voting strength. Before a Third Force can be effective, the present voting strength must be increased. This means people

registering to vote and actually going to the polls — including the primaries.

The Third Force should be initiated and operated on a local level. This would give Black people the same political flexibility that has characterized the rise of white ethnic power in America.

Mass participation by Blacks would be directed toward changes in the collective distribution of political and social advantages, rather than toward the individually-merited achievement and recognition-system now prevailing.

The recognition of certain Blacks by the system is a technique used to help control the impact of mass participation by the people. By appointing representatives of Blacks to certain agencies or positions of "relative" importance, the system is able to temporarily placate the masses.

Before a Third Party can be effectively initiated, Black folk must be educated on the sophistication inherent in the present political system. They must be motivated to become an integral and influential factor in this system.

There are several forces in existence attempting to eliminate the educational void among Black people.

One force is the National Democratic Party of Alabama (NDPA). The NDPA was organized in January of 1968, to battle the discrimination and racist policies of the traditional Democratic Party of Alabama.

NDPA was formed by working-class people for working-class people, ostensibly to procure their rightful power to control their destinies.

Julian Bond is seeking to unite Black people by forming a "Democratic Forum" in Georgia as an alternative to the regular democrats. Emphasis is placed on electoral politics, a great deal to the left of the organized electoral politics.

Bond predicts a period of eight years of intensive work to realize the entire capabilities of this forum.

A Third Party is also being implemented in Brooklyn. Working out of the "East" in Brooklyn, this party is seeking the ultimate goal of a Black Nation.

The controlling factor in a Black Third Force must be the ideology. The people must understand who they are and how they are to progress in a particular society.

Upon this understanding they are not likely to submit to someone else's definition of goals and methods.

Crisis Within The City Budget

By TOM McDONALD

On Sunday, May 9th, Albert Bowker, the Chancellor of the City University reiterated his position that the CUNY schools will not open this fall in light of the existing budget crisis facing the City of New York.

Bowker's statement echos the deepening fiscal dilemma which has been pressuring the city through massive cuts contained in the 7.7 billion dollar budget passed by the State Legislature.

In daily announcements the Mayor forecasts the coming doom for New York. Among the proposals put forth by the Mayor to combat the budget crisis are: the possible elimination of 90,000 city jobs; 800 million dollars in new taxes on income; sale of gasoline, cigarettes and beer; and a minimum of 25 cents in tolls on all bridges leading into Manhattan.

The budget crisis comes on the heels of government reports that unemployment in the metropolitan area rose to a staggering 41% in the past year. Nearly 4.5 million of the available work force lost their jobs in the past year.

In addition the Mayor is now shackled by prolonged contract negotiations with the Police, Sanitation and Firemen's unions. All three demand parity in pay.

The Firemen won a new contract calling for \$14,500 in salary and retirement at full pay after forty years. In terms of parity the Police and Sanitation men will soon demand equal status.

Among the more significant cuts in the state budget are a 10% reduction in welfare payments, and a reduction in the maximum salary for Medicare eligibility from \$5,000 to \$4,500.

City officials say that Medicaid reductions and new taxes will result in at least 100,000 new welfare applicants during the next year.

In similar developments City Hospital officials state that eight of the 18 city hospitals will be forced to close by June 30th because of cuts in direct aid and a reduction in Medicaid

payments. Reason? An expected drop in applicants resulting from the lowering of Medicaid eligibility standards.

The potential for danger is increasingly apparent. Last week a demonstration against cuts in welfare turned into a riot in Brownsville. With the promise of a curtailment in summer programs and a reduction in all non-essential services the potential for more violence is real.

Another problem facing the city is the possibility of the mass transit fare being raised from thirty to fifty cents. Mayor Lindsay claims the increase is an even greater possibility if the Board of Estimate refuses to pass his proposal for putting tolls on the bridges.

The reasons for the crisis which the city now faces are threefold.

The concept of "home rule" has been coming into play more and more as the full picture of the crisis becomes clear.

The power to tax within the city is under the direct hands of the Governor and the Legislature.

Lindsay feels that a part of the crisis can be solved by raising 800 million in new taxes.

However, the Governor has sharply rebuked the Mayor for his new tax proposal. Rockefeller feels that the 600 million in new taxes approved by the Legislature is more than enough.

Any additional taxes will destroy the city. Instead, he has urged the Mayor to practice more "discipline" in City spending.

In the face of this rebuttal the

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These are but a few open admission students who are under the strain of a budget cut.

Photo by Ron Tuzo

City College 'Y': Storefront Struggle

By DESIRA BENJAMIN

On Amsterdam Avenue, sitting obscurely between 140th and 141st St. is a small storefront which advertises itself to be the City College YMCA. It is hardly noticeable except for the brightly painted letters on the glass front, and pictures of last summer's staff shown in the window.

When one hears the name, YMCA, the picture coming to mind is one of a large structure, big enough to hold a pool, a gym, some billiard tables, ping pong tables, all nicely separated from each other by spacious rooms.

But a quick glance at the outside of the City College 'Y' illustrates how this 'Y' doesn't fit the regular stereotype. If a glance from the outside doesn't convince you, a visit to the inside will.

The CC 'Y' building is no more than a small railroad flat with a few chairs and tables, desks and kitchen facilities in the front which look as if they haven't been used for quite some time.

A YMCA should be more than just a building. The 'real' YMCA is composed of people — the

staff and the neighborhood youngsters who frequent the place. The story of the interaction between college students and neighborhood kids is the important part of the 'Y'.

On almost any day during the week one can enter the 'Y' and see children playing cards or checkers, drawing pictures or playing games. Some days, tutoring is held.

Two or three days a week the young children gather in the 'Y' to await the arrival of the 'Y' staff member who escorts them down to the arts and crafts class in Finley Hall.

'Y' has also seen Sandra Small, Vice-President for Community Affairs, and Debra Collier hold regular sewing classes for adolescents and adults respectively.

Barbara Mungin's African Dance class and Lynn Frazier's Drama class also add to cultural enrichment.

Since the 'Y' is far too small to have activities within its physical plant, the college has been helpful in providing space for many of these activities.

The staff members are work-study students, Education and

Phys. Ed students. Most of them are Black and come from similar neighborhoods as the one they work in.

On more than a few occasions these students have expressed a desire to see pertinent programs come out of the 'Y' in order that it might gain a foothold in the community. Some of them feel that the interaction between Black members of the college with members of the community is in itself a good thing because it is a show of togetherness: Blacks helping Blacks.

However many of them do concede that more could be done for the community through the 'Y.' Some aren't quite sure what to do.

Lack of funds have held back many of the innovative ideas, coming from college students.

The 'Y' has sponsored two other relevant programs: the Pipeline program, designed to help those high school students with academic and/or financial handicaps get into college; and the Child Care Center, for college mothers, presently operating in Shepard Hall.

The 'Y' has run into several problems during the course of this past year. Budget cuts to all of the city's 'Y's, almost forced the 'Y' to let go of its work-study students at the end of the fall semester.

A grant from City College soon alleviated this problem. Bill Martin, a staffer, however, was still left with the problem of getting uniforms for the teams he coaches.

The 'Y' was robbed twice. Stolen, were a record player donated to the Child Care Center, and all but one of the sewing machines used in the sewing programs. Sewing classes were discontinued. Also taken were a couple of the 'Y's' best typewriters.

Despite these upsets, work at the 'Y' has continued as usual. The 'Y's' budget isn't large enough to allow for the purchase of new equipment.

Funds are now being sought for the 'Y's' summer program. Proposals are now being circulated and it is hoped that sufficient funds will be received. If enough funds come through, the 'Y' will be able to keep the Child Care Center open, continue its summer play street program, and institute a tennis clinic which will hold its classes on City's courts.

Music Flows Thru Finley

By CLARA LEWIS BUGGS

A visit to the college's campus at any time of day or evening can see a large variety of music-loving students sitting hour after hour, and day after day playing, singing and listening to music in the open corridor of Finley Student Center.

One of these students is Tom Kennedy, a Freshman and a SEEK student. Tom took piano lessons for four years, after which he grew tired and did not play again until five years later.

"I have been playing here for two semesters. When I first began to play, I realized that I had forgotten a lot of my musical skills.

"But students who could play well began to teach me the things which they knew and those which I did not. All of the students teach each other. There is a universal harmonious feeling among those of us who love music."

Listening to Tom play, one finds a flavor of Black spirituals

running through his style, a timeless energy flowing through his music.

"I love all kinds of music," he said. "The informality of having the piano in the corridor is one of the best ways that I know of to bring students who love music, but are not music majors, together."

Professor Jack Shapiro, Chairman of the Music Department, agrees with Tom on open corridor music. "I am very happy about those students who play music in the corridor," he said. "Frankly, there should be more space made available for them."

Sometimes these music makers are loners and sometimes they play or sing in groups. One such group is "La Musical Club."

This group is composed of three young Puerto Ricans who play congas, cowbells, and bongos.

Efriam Diaz, a conga player, said:

"Anyone is allowed to play with us. Our aim is to familiar-

ize the people of this campus with the Latin sound. We are expanding our musical culture. We usually play here in the corridor.

"But in the beginning we used to play all over the place, because they used to run us all over the place because of these drums. But now we have a charter here on campus as a club, and we are just waiting for a room."

One can hear all kinds of music and see all kinds of students playing in the open corridor of Finley. Wilbur Love, a tall, ebony-hued man, who is an art education major and plays gospel music with a classical touch, said that he had been playing piano for twenty years and that the piano in the center was a fantastic idea.

The music seems to achieve what psychologists and psychiatrists are unable to do at times: to alleviate a lot of tension picked up by students in their classes.

Stewart Wexler stated, "I come down here every day to listen, but I do not sing or play. I find that I can go and face my instructors after having sat here and absorbed the music."

Calvin Morris agreed with Stewart. "I sit here," he said, "because the playing and singing relax me. Sometimes I even hum along."

One of the fascinating aspects of the corridor music is that one does not see only students standing and singing around the piano. But also instructors who pass through the corridor stop and keep time to the music with their heads and hands. One wonders if the instructors are also alleviating a bit of tension before facing another class of students.

The open corridor is a haven for some students disenchanted or seeking a respite from classical music. Barry Welner, a senior who plays exceptionally well, stated that he had wanted

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CCNY Profs.

Leonard Kriegel

To Ripen The Fruit

By DEBORAH E. JONES

"The most central thing about me is that I am Jewish. Without it I can't understand myself. In the past few years I have been thinking of this more and more. For the first time in our lives Jews can choose whether or not we want to be Jewish.

"I want to be Jewish. I want to be a Jew. I am a Zionist. When I say that, I mean that I believe in Israel as the home of the Jewish people; the one way of establishing a kind of workable socialism."

Leonard Kriegel considers his Jewishness the roots of his tree, a tree whose branches bear ever ripening fruit. *A Long Walk Home*, the English professor's autobiography, describes his boyhood hospitalization for polio.

Reflecting on this segment of his life and on the various circumstances in which every man sooner or later finds himself, Kriegel says, "Every experience serves to ripen the fruit."

Viewing grades for students and prizes for teachers as manifestations of the values and sanctions of the American society, "which places competition over achievement," Kriegel sees himself as a democratic socialist.

He envisions an America in which "personal ownership, which screws people up, would be abolished, and industry would be nationalized so that its purpose would be to supply the needs of the people rather than make profits."

The sanction of competition, which he stands firmly against, was at the center of a proposal made before the college's Faculty Senate by President Robert Marshak in early April.

Kriegel, who represents his department in the capacity of senator, voiced the strongest opposition to the suggestion that a \$1,000.00 prize be awarded annually to the best teachers in various divisions of the college.

According to Marshak's proposal, this prize money would go to an instructor in the School of Liberal Arts and Science, in the technical sciences, and in special programs, such as SEEK.

Though the funding for such an award would have been donated by alumni groups, and therefore would not deplete any portion of the budget, Kriegel objected to the principles operating within such a proposal.

He characterized the proposal, and others like it, as "a way in which a faculty congratulates itself for doing what it should be

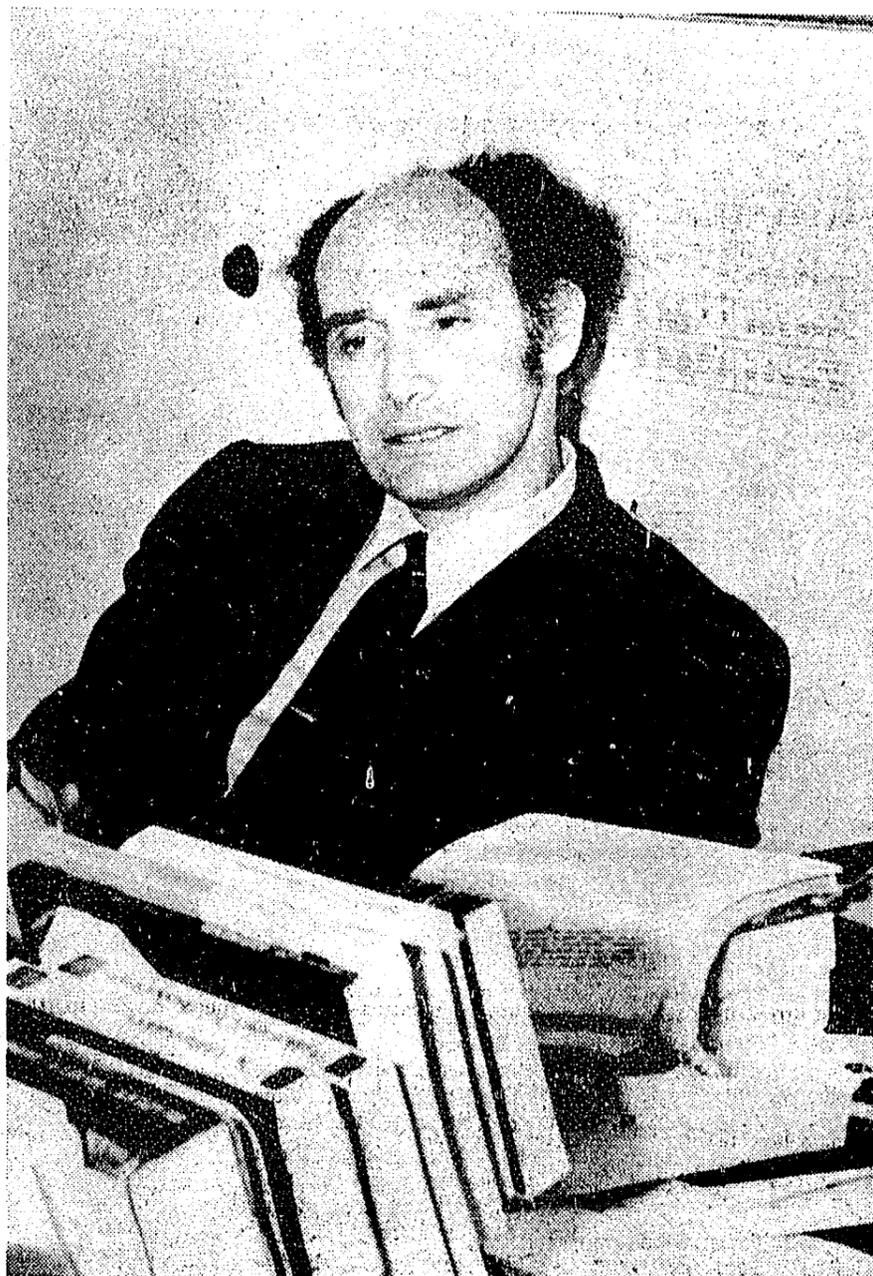


Photo by L. Sing

doing anyway: teaching effectively. It would make of teaching a kind of contest for prize student of the year."

The proposal was passed by a vote of 29 to 23, but Marshak later withdrew the prize because he felt "the vote was too close."

The experience as Faculty Senator is one which Kriegel says he will not repeat. He places this experience with "those other boring, red-tape-making committees which interfere with the educational process."

Recalling his own student days, the Associate Professor considers Columbia University and institutions like it places where "pedestrian brutality in the name of humanism," is practiced. He uses his experience at Columbia to "keep himself honest" in his own teaching endeavors.

Kriegel states:

"Whenever I feel that there is an excessive distance between me and my students, and whenever I start feeling self-righteous as a teacher, I think back to my one year at Columbia and I remember how much I resented the kind of pompous faculty that taught me.

"There are, of course, excep-

tions, but so many struck me as essentially interested in everything in the academic world except students."

Kriegel, who received his Masters from Columbia and has taught at City since 1961, cites "the most fruitful relationship between teacher and student (as being) one which allows for a classroom situation in which they are both 'functioning intellectuals.' Each brings to the class his experience, intelligence and perception."

Critical of himself, and of teachers in general, he considers two kinds of teachers to be detrimental to the interests of the students. First, "the teacher who pretends he is just one of the boys, and in doing so assumes the same territory as the student."

Second, is the teacher who "uses the fact that he is a teacher as a solid wall between himself and the class."

Kriegel combines his Jewishness and socialism again when he lists Marx among the many men who are important to him in world history.

He places Marx in a prophetic tradition that goes back to Moses. The prophetic tradition, as he sees

it, is one in which "passionate intellectual and spiritual commitment and a vision of total reality takes place.

"The study of literature enables a man to define himself and reality. Unfortunately such definition is limited because the university, as we know it, has assumed a body of knowledge (that of Western civilization) to be the only body of knowledge."

"The only salvation," says Kriegel, is found in "the good things which can happen to a college, such as City. So many students are at war with culture. This can produce a healthy situation."

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Thirty

By TOM McDONALD

*Sometimes I lay awake
and wonder if I lost.
Looking over my what's and f's
my profits and my costs.
It's not the bridges burned
that bother me,
Just the one's I never crossed.*

While I was walking back from the Snack bar the other day the lights suddenly went out on the second floor. Some sister was into her super-bad bag and was striking another blow for the revolution — turning the lights out.

When I turned them back on she turned around and said:

"Hey motherfucker, why'd you turn them lights on when I turned them off?"

"Why'd you turn them off in the first place?" I retorted.

The remainder of the occasion was the usual ritual of "Honky fucks" and "Kick your white ass." None of the above bothered me until a day later when the same chick stopped me in the hall to borrow a cigarette.

This time she came on like Elvira from the lower forty, full of "god almighty's" and "thank you kindly's."

The people and the scenes that make up City College sometimes boggle the mind. Mindless idiots sit around reading magazine articles about the new carbtorator system in a Ford pick-up.

Four-eyed Howie dribbles all over his corned beef sandwich and says "Jesus Marvin, look at the tits on that one."

Immature, pseudopoliticians continuously remind each other how bad and revolutionary they are, but are no better or different than the pimps and hacks who rule Albany, New York, and Washington.

Then there are the spades who are into the super-cool bag, one way shades and 'gators. What did the Last Poets say?

"Die niggas die, let some Black people grow."

Going them one better are pathetic white people who would shit green to be Black. Eating up the cool bag, never trying to be up front or letting their real feelings and emotions show. Die idiots die, let some people grow.

Where that's not bad enough, many of the people on this campus who are committed and willing to take chances waste their time in the old nationalistic game.

All that ever got us was Hit-

ler, Mussolini, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, and the good old U.S.A. Do we have to play that movie again?

Revolutionary groups compete against each other for attention and membership as if they were selling cars instead of trying to better this society. Apathetic slob get high all the time and tell you "like dig it man, like wow, like yeah; this is where it's really at." Sure.

In the midst of all this was The Paper. A haven from all the tired bullshit. A place where people can exchange ideas, laugh, socialize, solve their own hangups, and work together to put a newspaper out for no money or credit, just the pleasure of trying to do a good job.

In this time of supposed separation and self discovery The Paper was a place where people of different color and background came to understand and accept each other.

In this time of leaving there are very few people to whom I bid goodbye; there are many more to whom I ever regret saying hello.

Many on this campus work long hours trying to do a decent job. They never get any recognition or thanks. James Fleshmen of Black Science Students tries to get people into grad schools.

Helene Frankfurt of Tutorial Development tries to teach children to read, and gets nothing but insults and pessimism from a bunch of lazy bastards who don't have the guts to do the job themselves.

George Schabes tries to run a radio station that will satisfy the musical tastes of 18,000 students at once.

Charles Powell, Jerry Mondesire, and Bucky Taylor realize that helping poor people's political representation in Alabama and South Carolina is more important than shooting shit in New York. Maybe they aren't the answer, but they try. That's a lot more than some other people are doing.

As for myself I would like nothing more than to be near some water and trees and write about where I've been and what I've seen. However, this world has more compelling considerations and those plans will just have to wait.

Considering the shape of things around here I may never get to those dreams, but that's the breaks.

Before I go, I would like to acknowledge the people I came to understand and value. Francee

Covington, who always told me I was "incorrigible." Paul Simms and the trail of chicken bones we left on Amsterdam Ave. on the way home from the printer.

Rivera, for teaching me about journalism, and putting up with my shit. Joudon "the Bear" Ford, just for being himself. Arlette, Diane, and Desira for adding a little beauty to an otherwise drab office.

Little David, who grew with us in the short time he's been here. Newton and Miss Capricorn, who between them must have cornered the market on human talent.

Cinema Ted Fleming, and his incredibly poor jokes. Bob Colazo, who shares my taste in women, Al, Rock Watts, the Black Valentino (so he says), Frost, Jeff, Reggie, Miami Bill, and most of all the classified king, Greg Holder.

We took it this far, now you have to take it the rest of the way.

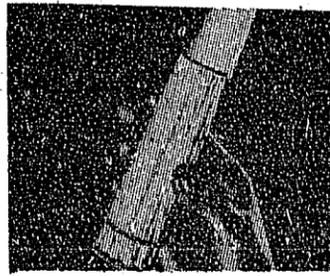
There are others with whom I did not work but came to know. Lana the "Tin Man," "Boiny" Sohmer, who draws a Dean's salary for playing with wooden elephants all day. Pinky Leiberman, who introduced me to the old lady.

Sometimes I think I should be indebted, other times I feel like kicking your ass. Nor should I forget the hard partying V.O. twins, B.C. and K.S.

Sometimes you look around and wonder what it all means, and if it's worth the cost. I can't regret what's gone before, only, learn from my mistakes and make it better the next time.

There's a sick world out there that needs our attention, and we must be willing to meet the price whatever it may be.

City College is another bridge that I've burned behind me, now I eagerly await the next bridge. Just hope I got the fucking quarter for the toll.



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Thirty

By ARLETTE HECHT

I came to City College four years ago and during most of that time minded my own business and went to class. In my senior year I felt the need to do more than just schlep around to those boring classes so I joined The Paper, but even then I followed my old pattern.

I sort of looked upon myself as the "mild-mannered reporter" of The Paper who wrote the news without bias or sensation. As a matter of fact I even shied away from covering controversial stories.

Well, I may be quiet and I may have let my co-workers handle the "heavy" stuff but that doesn't mean that I didn't notice all the crap that's been going down in this insane asylum that they call a college.

And before I go there are just a few things I want to get off my chest. Like . . .

* * *

Did you ever notice how much backstabbing goes on within the various departments of this college? Take Finley Center for example. Last year a secretary was hired in February for Dr. Ben Karr, a man who had already been done-in by his colleagues and was leaving in June.

No mention was made of the fact that the job was only temporary and that the Sister would be beating the sidewalks again come June. But when she was hired everyone knew full well that she was going to be fired four months later — everyone, that is, except the secretary.

And these same two-faced folks held secret evaluation meetings this year concerning another one of their colleagues. They tried every trick in the book and all the while smiling and grinning as though they were as innocent as angels.

* * *

What untenured teacher doesn't watch his every word for fear of not being rehired the next year ala Jay Schulman, Norman DeCandido, the Anthropology Five and on, and on?

Rumor has it that there are some who are even out after Bernie Sohmer's job.

The question which must be asked is: Isn't it fair that you should lose your job the same way so many others have lost theirs?

* * *

I'm really disgusted over having wasted three months of my time on the ill fated Drug Commission Report. I believed that the President was sincere in wanting to begin to solve the problem of drug abuse at City, but I must have been wrong.

As yet no members have been appointed to the educational and rehabilitation committees and I haven't heard another word about the outreach program.

The money spent on all those posters and banners announcing the "big crackdown" was wasted. The drugs are heavier than ever and every day more students are sucked in.

* * *

Why is it that whenever a budget crisis arises the first programs to get the ax are Open Admissions, Seek, etc.? Somehow it just doesn't jive with the administration's statements about trying to help minority students. You know what they say — "Actions speak louder than words."

* * *

And these students who always want to strike are getting on my nerves. Last year the school was closed down except for the South Campus.

Finley Center was left open 24 hours a day so that workshops on the war and other pressing issues could be held. No one wanted to do any work — they went to the beach and layed up and showed just how much they really cared about the dead kids at Kent and Jackson.

I don't believe they give two shits about anything except laying around in filth (check out Battenweiser lounge), making filth (they threw garbage, food and toilet tissue in the Park Gym pool when it was open during the strike last year) and closing the school every spring so that they can avoid final exams and can go to Europe a week early.

No thought is given to those of us who want and need an education, no matter how irrelevant it is.

I'm glad that the attempt to close the school this year failed. Staying home watching TV, going to the beach, going to Europe early and laying up wouldn't get any more money for the City University than going to class will.

May 16 — MARCH ON HUNGER

March For Farmworkers

The migrant men and women and children, the very people who feed us, are asking for your help. In 1971 they are still getting depression-time wages: an average of less than \$2400 a year. The United Farmworkers Organizing Committee is successfully waging a non-violent struggle to get basic rights for all farmworkers. On May 16 a march will be held to raise funds. Prior to the march, all participants will get sponsors to pledge money for each mile walked. After the march, the money will be collected and used to help the farmworkers in their struggle for justice. The route centers around Central Park — beginning at the 72nd St. Mall, at 8:00 a.m.

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT 1155 BROADWAY, OR CALL 679-1522

Capricorn

BLACKLOVE

By DOROTHY RANDALL

..... *It's raining, and a people lay dying. The air is filled with the smells of a pregnant thunderstorm. An ominous blue light falls upon the Blues People as they wait for the storm to come*

We turn on our radios and listen to our people sing about love. But one woman is making a home, and another woman's making this man do wrong. Or somebody's making love to someone's old lady while that same someone was out making love. And just when you think you've done your best, some damn "outside man" steps in to do the rest. You realize somebody's been sleeping in your bed and that your good thing's 'bout to come to an end. You discover that the beautiful Sister and happy family life is just in someone's imagination. Where are the songs about the love of a Black woman for a Black man who loves her in return? Is Blacklove doomed to be unfaithful, unfortunate, and unrequited? If we can sing about getting high on cloud nine, can't we sing about the spiritual high of a Blacklove? Or will we continue to let callouses grow upon our souls?

..... *The sky begins to growl like a child's empty stomach. As the storm draws near, the people quickly close their windows, searching for a place where they can hide from themselves*

We look around and see our

young warriors grow hungry from lack of love. They come to schools crying for attention and are removed from classrooms. They pull on your dress and call you over and over again. You turn on the television for them and start to thaw out some frozen collard greens. They try to talk to you on the bus and you get embarrassed because you think they're making too much noise. They ask you to read them a story and you give them fifty cents to go to the movies. They've never heard you say you love them. And they learn from what you do, not from what you say. They grow, having no love of self, no belief in self, or having no self at all. They seek love in their dolls, their pets, or up on the roof. Their soft faces grow hard like the concrete playgrounds. The ten year old girl will be fifteen tomorrow. The nine year old junkie will be dead tomorrow. And our Black nation dies before it is born.

In spite of our parents, we grew up and told ourselves to put away childish things. We invented new games to masturbate and vacillate ourselves away from Blacklove. The air became foul with, "I love you, but ... ! Someone was supposed to wait while you got your things together. Someone was supposed to wait while you tried to decide on deciding exactly what this thing was that you had to get together. Brothers searched for a Black-earth goddess, do-right, all-night woman who cooked like their mother.

Sisters searched for a man. You played, "Revolutionary Screw," "I - Can't - Have - Just - One - Wife," and "Let's - See - How - Many - Men - I - Can - Play - Against - Each - Other." You remembered the first Brother or Sister that ever did you wrong, and let that interfere with all your relationships. You became so afraid of getting hurt that you always tried to make sure you got the first blows in. You went to bed with an image and woke up with a bitch. You played at love so well, you couldn't see the curtain coming down. The play was over, and you wondered how you'd make it without a script.

..... *An angry wind spends its wrath upon the trees and bushes. Those that bend, survive, while the unyielding ones are broken by the force. The storm is coming from the East*

Where has Blacklove gone, or had it ever really arrived? We took the chains from our legs and left them on our hearts. We hear the links rattle and are reminded that we are loving too much. And because we can't relate to loving ourselves, we try to destroy our Brothers and Sisters who can love. Sisters trying to steal another Sister's man just for the hell of it. Brothers who prefer engaged or married women. And love begins to take on totally different meanings. "I love you" means, "I can't wait

(Continued on Page 10)

Thirty

By BOB COLLAZO

What can one say about leaving City College? Well, either nothing, or a lot, as long as it's three hundred words. I suppose I should feel somewhat guilty. I mean getting to write a thirty column for my very own and sitting here with not so much as a faint suggestion of a tear in my eyes. I would like to say that it had been fun and all that but it hasn't and so I won't.

It really is difficult writing this sort of thing. Graduating from such a hallowed (?) institution should provide me with reams of anecdotes and wonderful instances of unparalleled academic joys.

The fact is that I can't remember giving the whole damn place two moments of my thoughts, and when I did, it was usually negative.

I guess I'm just trying to make the best of an opportunity to defame the school — and I must admit I'm botching the job — but I can only say that my undergraduate years at C.C.N.Y. were, for the most part, an aggravating, dejecting, scornful and frustrating experience. In other words, it was a "down."

The experience of going through City College academic rigors is a hellified thing. I really can't begin to attempt to categorize the instances when I thought I was headed for the "funny farm," or the times when I was forced to deal with thick-headed bureaucrats in high places.

The entire place is anti-student, anti-intellectual — not to mention anti-Puerto Rican and anti-Black — anti-life.

And if I can issue only one warning to my brothers let me say — don't let that clown Marshak get away with nothing, because if you do he'll take everything.

Dealing with him is, as David Steinberg might say, "like explaining alternate side of the street regulations to a cranberry." Especially when it comes to us. The man simply can't hear, or should I say is shrewd enough to discriminate when he should turn deaf.

Well, now that I've polished off one college president, let me say that I have met good people here, and that's probably one of the few saving graces.

There are some brilliant and inspiring professors and some warm intelligent students, some of whom I thankfully was able to befriend and who have made my stay here a good deal more palatable.

One man in particular, Dick Soll, of the Seek department, who provided me with the confidence and sound advice that helped me to bear my golden crosses gracefully, deserves my sincere thanks.

And of course, all the people on this news staff I hold in special regard for taking care of the right kind of business and for just being themselves.

And along about now let me leave all of you freshmen with this one, exasperating, frustrated verbal belch from another C.C.N.Y. alumnus:

"Oh how I'd wished I gone to the Sorbonne, or Cambridge, anywhere but City College."

— Henry Miller

Who's the Fool?

By JOUDON M. FORD

A few weeks ago, my cousin Keith and I got together to indulge in an old ghetto pastime: drinking wine. I pulled out a bottle of Beaujolais Villages while Kelly came up with some Boone's Farm. We had decided to get high, maybe drunk, and cry on each other's shoulders.

After putting a tape on the deck, we laid up and waited for James Taylor's "The Blues is just a bad dream" to come on, and we started rapping in between draughts.

"Hey, man, there's some foul shit goin' on in this country," said Kell.

"A profound pronouncement, my son," I retorted, raising the bottle to my lips.

"Don't get shitty, nigger. I mean, really, jack, it's gettin' all outta hand. Folks gettin' shot, jailed, starvin', outta work, an' lames are still talkin' 'bout not dealin' with Pigpen an' his boys."

"Well, you gotta unnerstan' man. Folks be scared. They feel either they'll get killed redressin' grievances, or that if they do assault the institutions, the revolution might really come. They scared."

"But damn, Don, we don't have to have anarchical violence and disorder. An' we can't keep takin' this shit from Pigpen Nixon, the capitalists and the military. There's no reason to be asshole backwards about it. Preparation, education, organization, politicizin', common sense 'bout self-defense, you know we

can deliver the right consequence."

"Who you tryin' to kid, nigger? When's the last time you overheard some intelligent rap about the struggle? When in history have the masses exercised some smarts? It's always some leader who's got his game together. Who've we got?"

"Nixon's a fool, boy. The Democrats keep pushin' slimy ass politicians, an' ignorin' potential statesmen whom we could take advantage of. Jesse an' Julian won't enter the nationals. Ralph an' crew are dealin' mainly with the basic needs. An' we can chalk up His Excellency Huey P. Fool, who blew his cool, an' Eldridge is a party to the shit."

"An' the historical vanguard, the students. Ha! Fuckin' college students carryin' asses in they hands, with they minds tied to they behinds. Niggers runnin' 'round talkin' shit, tryin' to get it together, but still talkin' racism an' reactionary nationalism. Crackers talkin' that do-your-own-thing shit, fuckin' over the people's thing, an' nebulizin' any unity we can get goin'. Anarchy when we should be actin' together against fascism. We helpin' put the chain's on ourselves. Like your column implied, man, we do need a fuckin' weatherman."

"Yeah. Just like all that strike shit man. Nobody thinks about gettin' the tools to set up some copacetic institutions. Just a lotta disjointed protest."

"It's escapism, man. Until we forget the petty shit and unify

to assault Nixon, Nels, and 'their running dogs,' as you like to say, and do it with the vote, with knowledge, and with calculation, as well as in the streets, we ain't gonna gain shit, no tuition, no jobs, no peace, nothin' but a big black boot up our ass."

At this point, we ran out of wine. Though we were both well into our grapes, we made for the frig and broke out some more. Kell took some Pinot Noir, and I grabbed some Italian Swiss Colony Port and lemon juice, and proceeded to mix up some bitter dog. As we relaxed, Roberta Flack tore at our hearts with "Our ages or our hearts."

"You know somethin', Don? Yesterday, I saw this fine mommy in Finley over by them windows, down by the half-horse on the third floor. I was readin' La Chute."

"Golden crown or mellow brown, mornin' light or sweetest night?" I asked.

"One o' them, clem," he answered solemnly.

"Why brother, that's counter-revolutionary. One must not mix the races, we must preserve the purity of the races, right? It's treason to go the 'fay way.'"

There was a long pause.

"It's fucked up, ain't it?"

Kell sensed my meaning. "Yeah, homes. I'm sick, man. I'm sick of being used by people rappin' some foul shit in the name of pride an' 'nation buildin'' an' shit. I'm tired of bein' a silent party to a lie of exped-

(Continued on Page 16)

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Conspiracy Against Humanity: Three Faces

Hate — American Style

By DIANE KEARNEY

Hitler believed that a race of people inferior to his own were manipulating the German economy and so he slaughtered them. The world aghast, shook and winced with disbelief. Only a madman, they thought, could be capable of such filth.

Yet during that period in the U.S., Japanese families were disenfranchised, robbed of their belongings, and placed in concentration camps. Their sons were drafted and sent off to war. These soldiers comprised one of the most decorated divisions in the annals of World War II.

Of the three major enemies — Germany, Italy and Japan, this happened only to the Japanese. Though Germany was the larger foe, people of German and Italian heritage were allowed to roam the land, conspiring against the United States. Many were found to be responsible for the sabotage that became so prevalent during those days.

The Nazi Party remained operative and had a considerable following. How, then, can one explain the imprisonment of the Japanese, and the freedom allowed the German and Italian peoples here in the United States?

The story is one of mistreatment and inhumanity perpetrated on all men of color by this country.

Check out the history of the American Indian. One cannot help but conclude that his history is that of a people who, at the hands of America (the free), has suffered the burden of a preconceived, conscious, deliberate and socially excused act of genocide.

Although the land was his, it was ripped off and he was given only a reservation. The

total Indian population was drastically reduced from a figure in the millions to less than 300,000. Of over 300 treaties that were mutually drawn up, all were violated by the white man.

His women and children were murdered and peaceful villages were attacked. In the Sand Creek Massacre over 300 Indians were slaughtered in a battle much celebrated throughout U.S. history. On November 26, 1868, Custer attacked the peaceful Cheyenne village at Washita Creek. Many more Indian massacres followed.

Even now the Indians rank high among America's deprived groups in infant mortality, disease, malnutrition and illiteracy. But in a technological society where education is a government responsibility, widespread illiteracy is tantamount to genocide.

Remember, now, that both peoples previously mentioned, who were exploited by this country, were people of color. Does this tell you anything?

If not, consider the plight of the black man. The black man was brought to this country from his homeland to fulfill an economic need. He was whipped, kicked, and slain at the whim of his master. Families were torn apart, and two factions of niggers were created through the skillfulness of the slaveowners. Houseniggers and fieldniggers were at each other's throats.

Now that black folks are no longer a factor of economic necessity, and are, in fact, a strain on the economy, what is likely to become of us? Is it possible that we could be treated like the Japanese — or worst — like the Indians?

Unlike the Germans, who slaughtered people of their own color, the U.S. has confined its racism to the oppression of colored

people. If, as history seems to prove, this is a racist society, capable of consciously committing genocide, can we blacks expect any different? Perhaps the answer can be found in examining American tactics.

The Calley case has been blown up to relieve America of her guilty conscience, but, in fact, there have been Calleys since war began. Someone has always given the order to bomb and shell hospitals, which is forbidden in the Army Field Manual. Someone is behind the electrical torture treatment used to elicit information.

The most famous war crime tribunal before Calley, occurred a century ago. Major Henry Wirz was commandant of the Andersonville civil war camp when 14,000 prisoners died of hunger, disease, the cold of winter, and the heat of summer. He was convicted, though he pleaded superior orders.

In 1902, General Jacob H. Smith ordered one of his subordinates to conduct a raid in the Philippines. He ordered a marine major to "kill and burn." "The more you kill and burn," he explained, "the better you will please me." When asked the age limit for that order, "10 years of age" was his reply.

There have been other trials convicting men who were not solely responsible for the atrocities of war. Lt. General Yamashita was hung in a Manilian Cane field on February 23, 1946. He had been convicted on behalf of his troops, who had murdered 25,000 civilians, though he had never given such orders and knew nothing of the crimes.

In light of the judgments at Nuremberg and Tokyo, where top civilian and military officials were executed for "crimes against peace," we must ask ourselves who should bear the blame for the Vietnamese killings that are currently being conducted. Perhaps

General Westmoreland, Creighton Abrams or Richard Nixon himself?

Regardless of the individual we blame, let us remember that the crimes were committed by U.S. machinery, and that they have been covered up through the use of scapegoats. Also keep in mind that the majority of war crimes have been committed against people of color.

You may say that blacks have been an integral part of the United States military and thus equally to blame. Remember, though, that blacks seldom assumed positions of leadership. Remember too, that until 1945 blacks fought in segregated military units, and that no black unit was ever

convicted or held responsible for any of the many war crimes this country has known.

Who then do I blame for the acts of slaughter we have observed? I must find the United States government guilty for these, and for other criminal acts against non-white people. In a country where the National Security Act allows a president to suspend all rights of and imprison any person he deems a threat to the national security, black folks don't have a leg to stand on. What can we look forward to, when a country as hate-ridden as this, and so capable of injustice, deems us no longer an economic necessity?

Vietnam: Right Or Wrong

The following are two versions of the history of the war in Vietnam: one is a letter sent by the State Department to school children who ask about the war, the other is a brief history researched by a staff member. Every fact in the second version can be documented by solid sources. Anybody interested in looking into the matter should look at Herbert Gettleman's excellent book, *Vietnam*, or at old issues of the magazine *Viet-Report*.

STATE DEPARTMENT VERSION

Vietnam is a very old country in Asia, about 8,000 miles away from the United States. About 17 years ago, part of the Vietnamese people called Viet Minh were fighting against France, which had ruled Vietnam for many years. Many of the VietMinh wanted Vietnam to be a Communist dictatorship rather than a free country. The Vietnamese communists are especially dangerous because they believe in the use of armed force and terror.

The VietMinh finally won a big victory over the French forces. The French and officials from some other countries who were interested in Vietnam sat down to talk with the VietMinh in Geneva, Switzerland. They agreed to make peace and to divide Vietnam into two parts. The northern part to be held by the communists called North Vietnam. South Vietnam to be held by those Vietnamese who do not want to live under communist rule. Many people in the North went

(Continued on Page 10)

HISTORY

Before World War II, France had a great many colonies in which the people were treated very badly. They were made to work long hours and were heavily taxed. They were forced to take dangerous drugs and drink hard liquor. They were often killed by the French settlers, who were not held responsible for crimes against the colonized people. The Vietnamese fought back, at first weak, but growing stronger with time.

When World War II came, the Germans put a fascist dictatorship in France, which allowed the Japanese to overrun Vietnam. The Japanese were even worse than the French, and murdered and starved many Vietnamese.

The Vietnamese people, led by the Communist Party of Vietnam headed by Ho Chi Minh, fought a long war against the Japanese. With the support of the Allied countries, including the United States, they finally beat the

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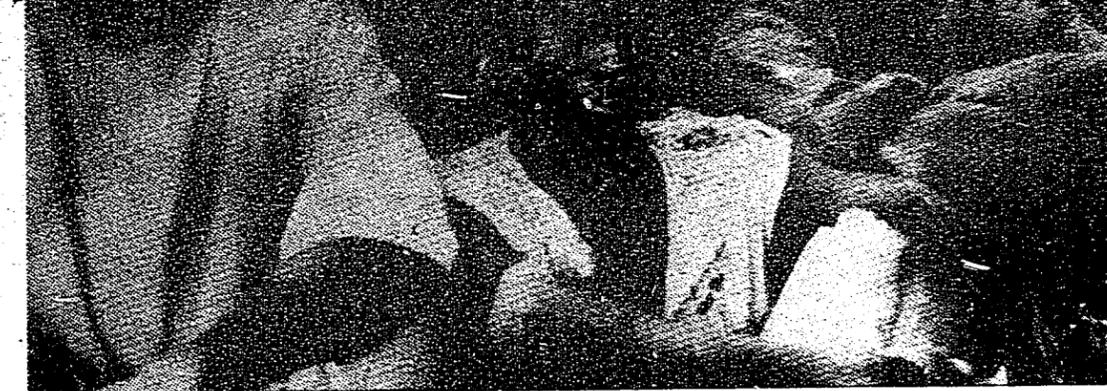




No place to play, no school to attend. Newark, N. J.



Top, PAIGC liberation fighters mill around for small talk. Below, group of Indians.



Villagers of Guinea-Bissau have little to be pleased by with the perennial threat of Portuguese planes.

Portugal in Africa

History's Omitted Imperialist

Imperialism has many faces. Look at Vietnam, South Africa, Eastern Europe, and Puerto Rico and see its several guises. Yet, one of the faces overlooked is that of Portugal.

Since 1441, when Conclaves delivered the first cargo of slaves and gold to Lisbon, Portugal has been one of the most identifiable of the European imperialists in Africa.

Despite her many atrocities and continuing presence in Africa, Portugal is usually omitted from most discussions of Africa's demise.

Her interests were first aroused in Africa as a stopover for ships on their way to India and the Far East. But tales of gold and other riches ignited Portuguese interests in the development of real trade within the continent.

She embarked on extensive trade in the area known as the 'Gold Coast.' By 1450, Portugal engaged in extensive commerce in the Guinean lowlands, primarily with gold, pepper, and slaves.

From 1450 to 1578, Portugal enjoyed a monopoly on the Guinean trade and prospered enormously. Guinea, then independent, also prospered, adding to the wealth her civilization had already developed.

The slave trade, in the meantime, increased gradually. At about the turn of the 15th century, the intrusion of the Mohammedans into East Africa forced migration of the Bantus westward into West Africa. The competition between the Bantus and the Souzas (often encouraged by Portugal) resulted in widespread warfare and an abundance of slaves from captives taken in war.

The Portuguese took advantage by initiating a massive slave trade to the Americas. By 1530, Portugal was a vast commercial empire, with its heart in West Africa.

The vast profits of this enterprise attracted the other European empires, principally Britain, France, and Holland. By 1553, the new competition had virtually destroyed the Portuguese monopoly and Portugal's annexation by Spain (1581) and the subsequent defeat of the Armada (1588) toppled the Portuguese empire.

However, in spite of the loss of formal military power and political sovereignty, Portugal

was able to keep her colonial possessions.

Portugal's commercial power was enhanced by the continuing growth of the slave trade. In part this was due to the de-population of Europe by internal warfare and also to the increased demand for labor after the beginning of the Industrial Revolution.

Europe turned to African slave labor for fulfillment of labor needs and thus the growth of the Western world became intricately intertwined with the supply of Black labor.

The final force bringing Portugal's involvement in Africa came through trade in ivory. A sharp increase in the demand for ivory since 1840 was an important stimulus for the invasion of Africa by imperial Europe.

It also stimulated an increase in the slave trade which was then declining because of its suppression in the Americas. As the trade grew, the Europeans saw a chance for greater prosperity in the colonization of Africa.

Previously, the European nations supplied Arab traders with weapons. But they soon decided to eliminate the Arab middleman and conduct the trade themselves while at the same time increasing profits by availing themselves to untapped mineral wealth in the interior.

The rape of Africa ensued. Thousands of acres of land were destroyed; thousands of elephants were slaughtered; and hundreds of thousands of natives were killed or traded. The brutality of this period is unmatched by any other in history, and the leading exponents were the Portuguese.

During the years of the ivory trade the whole of Africa was subject to Western intrusion. Not only did Business interests in all of Europe complied in the violation of Africa; traders were followed by explorers, colonialists, missionaries, and settlers.

Africa was traded, explored, conquered, partitioned and settled. Europeans sought the total suppression of the African world. The structures of society were disrupted, the internal political systems usurped, and the economy and wealth confiscated.

The Portuguese adhered to their tradition of

leading the process of colonization. By the turn of the century they had colonies in Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Angola, Mozambique, Zambia, Zimbabwe and Nambibia.

Today Guinea and Zambia are independent states. Presently the brothers and sisters in Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea-Bissau are fighting for freedom from Portuguese rules. Like the rest of Africa, Portuguese Africa was caught up in the spirit of liberation, self-determination and African solidarity.

In 1956, the Pan-African Party for the Liberation of Guinea and Cape Verde (P.A.L.G.C.) was formed. Initially it focused its activities in the urban areas of the two colonies and for three years conducted a successful series of strikes.

In July of 1959 a strike was called which brought the colony under severe economic strain. The Portuguese, as did the French in Angola, resorted to the use of force. On August 3, 1959 the Portuguese army massacred some fifty striking workers.

Understanding the high potential for Portuguese retaliation in urban areas, the P.A.I.G.C. moved its operations to the countryside and began an intensive campaign to organize the peasants.

By 1962 they were ready to resume guerilla war. After the 1963 attack on their base the P.A.I.G.C. moved into open warfare with the Portuguese. Today the brothers control almost three quarters of the country, thereby confining the Portuguese to the cities.

In the liberated territories P.A.I.G.C. has set up medical facilities and educational programs, including a secondary school in Conakry.

In Mozambique the present liberation struggle is being carried on by the Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO) and the Mozambique Revolutionary Committee (COREMO). Together they control more than one third of the country and have defeated the Portuguese in several large battles.

An important date for the liberation struggle in Mozambique is June 13. On this day in 1960 the Portuguese, in an effort to quell agita-

tion, killed some 500 natives who had gathered for a rally which the Portuguese had called.

Portugal has not, however, confined its aggressions against African peoples, to its colonies alone.

On Nov. 22, 1970 the Portuguese army and its mercenary allies, attempted an invasion of the free African Republic of Guinea. The Guinean people came out in their support for Ahmed Toure's regime. The Portuguese were defeated within 48 hours.

For 400 years until the beginning of this century, the Portuguese grew prosperous on their trade in gold and men. Today much of Portugal's economy is based upon her maintenance of an exploitative colonial system in Africa.

Portugal is today one of the poorer nations of Western Europe and yet its expenditures on an army and navy exceed the cost of its system of public works, communications and education.

A closer look at Portugal's economy reveals that her oldest and largest manufacturing industry is the textile industry. Cotton ranks among her leading exports and raw cotton as her third leading import in 1964. Mozambique's principle export is raw cotton, sending most of it to Portugal. Cotton textiles were Mozambique's leading import, most of it coming from Portugal.

Portugal's 5th leading export is machinery while petroleum products is 6th. These goods find an open market in Mozambique, where machinery and petroleum products rank 5th and 6th, respectively, among its imports.

Vegetable oils are Portugal's 8th leading export and the raw materials needed for this industry are in the top ten imports into Portugal. Most of the oils and seeds needed come from Angola and Mozambique where they are also among the principle imports. Sugar from Mozambique is another of Portugal's leading imports.

Further evidence of Portugal's economic dependence upon Africa can be seen in Portugal's plans for her own economic growth. In the six-year plan of 1952, the budget called for a total expenditure of 9.2 billion in Portugal and 4.7 billion in overseas. The six-year plan of 1959-64

called for a total expenditure of 21 billion at home and 9 billion overseas.

Portuguese economists foresee a blossoming industry in the manufacture of steel and petroleum products. However iron ore accounts for less than 10% of the total ore mined in Portugal and coal only for 50%.

Much of Portugal's economic future is tied to Angola and Mozambique, where there are large deposits of iron, coal, tungsten, copper, titanium, manganese, petroleum and graphite.

Plans of the colonial governments outline the development of hydroelectric power, harbor development, road and rail development, land drainage, land colonization (another way of describing the expansion of European settlements) and 'Colonization Projects' (further suppression of the natives).

In three nations which cumulatively have less than 1,000 doctors, 3,000 schools, and 300 hospitals to serve over 13 million people, this type of expenditure is no more than a plan to further facilitate the exploitation of the people and their land.

Nevertheless, the Portuguese aren't alone in this conspiracy against African humanity. The Angolian national railroad runs throughout the interior of enslaved southern Africa (Mozambique, Angola, South Africa, South West Africa, Nyasaland, Swaziland, Northern Rhodesia, and Rhodesia) and serves as the primary means for the transportation of raw materials from their interior to the coastal ports for shipment.

The United States is a co-conspirator in the enslavement of southern Africa. Through its economic investments it is possible for the Portuguese to wage war against Black folk.

American investments are the largest of any foreign nation in Portugal (50 million dollars).

Through the Azores treaty and N.A.T.O. Portugal receives money, equipment, and instructors which help her remain an obstacle to African liberation. Without this vital economic and military support Portugal would be wholly incapable of holding onto its possessions on the continent.



Photo by Charles Walker

Viewing Harlem Prep

By BILL ROBINSON

The Harlem Preparatory School, located between 135th and 136th Streets, on 8th Avenue, has existed since 1967 under the leadership of Headmaster Edward F. Carpenter. The school provides high school dropouts and other unskilled Harlem youth with an opportunity to enter colleges.

Harlem Prep presently has an enrollment of 400 students with an expected freshman class of 150 entering in the fall. There is no tuition charge, and educational materials are free.

The Prep is funded primarily through private foundations and Corporations, of which Standard Oil Company, New Jersey, is a dominant contributor.

Henry Pruett, Assistant Headmaster, pointed out in a private interview that, "many problems have plagued the Prep.

"The generosity of philanthropy has changed a lot since the 60's. The sector of private funds along with other sectors of the economy is in bad shape at this time."

With regards to the problem of drugs at the institution, Pruett stated that the student body at the Prep was confronted with the threat that if the drugs don't disappear from the premises, the school will. The students had to make a choice. The choice seems to have been that the drugs are disappearing.

Students with serious drug problems are required to go through a detoxification program before being accepted into the Prep.

One of the noticeable qualities of the environment at the Prep is its open atmosphere. Equipped with an acoustical ceiling, the Prep provides the way for collective learning. Its two big

rooms, one at street level and the other at basement level, partitioned off into several classrooms, serve as energizers in stimulating more thought.

The Prep consists of Harlem youth who decided to look the system dead in the eye, rather than turn their backs or their other cheeks.

Instinctively, they have realized what happens when one turns his back on the system. Inevitably he gets stabbed in the back. Confronting it means that he sees it coming and can avoid the, "what happened?", and "I didn't know."

Harlem Prep is diversified in the sense that there are Black youth from all walks of life coming together for a common and real experience in learning. Recognition of their different personalities and backgrounds, in addition to their common history, establishes unity from a broad base of acceptance of others and working from there.

The administrators of Harlem Prep provide the program, logistics, and political maneuvering to open those doors for the youth who were labeled failures.

The older administering establishment at the Prep, makes

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Capricorn

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to get into your draws." "I love you" means, "I think I can use you nigger." "I love you" means, "Sure I was fuckin' around last night baby, but she don't mean a thing to me." We became too cool and sophisticated to show our affections for each other. And as Panthers fight Panthers, we wonder whatever became of undying love.

Blacklove must become our lives. The forces that helped us survive for four hundred years, must now make us more than just survivors. Blacklove dares us to love, be hurt, and live to love again. There can be no more unloved little nations wasting away in agencies. There can be

no more eighty year old Brothers and Sisters sleeping and dying in the streets. The time for play is over. A new day wants to come. We must begin to touch our people, hold their hands, feel their feelings. Show them. Love them. Tell them we love them. Write love poems to a Brother's skin, a Sister's eyes. For once in our Blacklives put our whole selves into a relationship, daring to give, and touch, and love. The time for play is over. A new day wants to come. With this love, this Blacklove, we can begin to build. Every Brother carries the seeds of a new beginning. Every Sister becomes a field with waiting warriors. And every child be-

(Continued from Page 9)

to live in the South to get away from the communists. Many more wanted to go too, but the communists broke the rules of the agreement made at Geneva and would not let them go.

A few years went by. The North Vietnamese were planning to take over all of South Vietnam by elections because there were more Northerners to vote than Southerners, and because the communists would make sure, by force if necessary, that more people would vote for the North than for the South. The leader of South Vietnam refused to take part in elections that they knew would be unfair. This made the communist leaders of the North very angry, and they decided to take over South Vietnam by force. When the country was divided into two parts, the communists had left men in the South. These men received orders to dig up the guns which they had hidden and kill people in the South so the men in the South would be afraid to fight against the communists. Those communists in the South, called guerillas, would often go into villages at night and kill important persons such as the mayor and the schoolteacher. This would make the villagers afraid to tell the South Vietnamese soldiers where the guerillas were hiding. The guerillas did not wear uniforms and it was easy for them to hide in the jungle or to pretend they were villagers. During this time we were sending guns and supplies to the South Vietnamese so they could fight back. We also sent some soldiers to advise them how to fight.

As time went on, the North Vietnamese sent more guerillas into South Vietnam. They began to send soldiers who attacked the soldiers of South Vietnam and soon there was a real war going on. The soldiers from the North were well trained to fight. Things were going badly for the people of the South. They wanted to be able to decide how to run their country for themselves. So they asked us to help them fight the North Vietnamese. The South Vietnamese had shown

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Vietnam

State Dept.

History

(Continued from Page 9)

Japanese and set up a government of Vietnam in September 1945, with Ho Chi Minh as the president.

But the new French government, set up by the Allied powers after World War II, did not want to give up the old French colonies, and invaded Vietnam, hoping to overthrow the government.

Still led by Ho Chi Minh, the Vietnamese people defended their independence stubbornly, through an organization called the Viet Minh, and finally won a big victory at Dienbienphu in 1954.

Forced to negotiate, the French agreed to allow the Vietnamese people to elect their own government. They managed to put off the date of the elections till 1956, though! In the meantime, the forces would separate. The Vietnamese Vietminh army was to go to the North and the French army was to occupy the South. The agreements prohibited arms shipments and military actions. The United States agreed not to break the Geneva agreements. Of course it was impossible for all the supporters of the Vietminh to go North, since that would have included most of the population.

The United States was already involved in Vietnam. At the time of Dienbienphu, the United States government was paying 80% of the French war costs.

Now the United States stepped in where the French had left off. The U.S. government knew that if elections took place Vietnam would elect the Vietminh to power. Breaking the Geneva agreement, the U.S. government put a dictatorship led by Ngo Dinh Diem into power, in 1955. Diem immediately declared that he would not hold elections. He started a campaign of terror against former friends and members of the Vietminh. With the help of arms sent illegally by the U.S., Diem demanded allegiance from local

(Continued on Page 15)

New Magazine

Beginning in June of this year a new and dynamic Black Fashion magazine comes to the Southwest. If you like food, fun and fashion — Body & Soul is for you.

The research for this magazine was done by a class in the Business School at Southern Methodist University — Dallas.

Our staff is composed of professionals in the three categories that the magazine will emphasize. However, Body & Soul will offer an opportunity for the

unknown, yet talented Black writers and artists still in school to see their work published and encouraged. For us there can be no greater satisfaction than in seeking out Black writers and artists of force, ideas and imagination. We, therefore, invite participation by such students of your institution.

Articles and pictures should relate to the Black world of food, fun and fashion. All materials should be forwarded to the address listed below and

payments will be made upon publication in our magazine.

First run scheduled for 10,000 copies with a circulation of 100,000 copies by the end of the year. Single copy price is 50 cents; subscription rates are \$3.50 per year.

On or before June 1st you should receive your free copy, and welcome to the wonderful world of Body & Soul.

Cecil Neal
Editor & Publisher
Neal Printing Co.
2851 Anode Lane
Dallas, Texas 75220

To Black Grads

To The Editor:

The ridiculous pomp and ceremony of the annual City College graduation with its in-

nate hypocrisy should hold no real meaning for Black people. The contradiction lies in the symbolism of the cap, gown and diploma. Instant success, elevated status, and an end to struggle, are false promises because we know that for oppressed people, the fight is continuing. If we retain our dedication and the integrity of our philosophies, a technicolored purge is the real promise.

Black graduates, let's unite and use that cap and gown cash for a relevant cause. Let's dedicate that money to Mrs. Coretta King (the commencement speaker) for the Institute of the Black World in Atlanta. Does this mean we don't go to graduation? No! Let's go in the dress of our African brothers to demonstrate the overpowering link between their struggle and ours.

If interested, leave your name, address, and telephone number in The Paper's office and you'll be contacted.

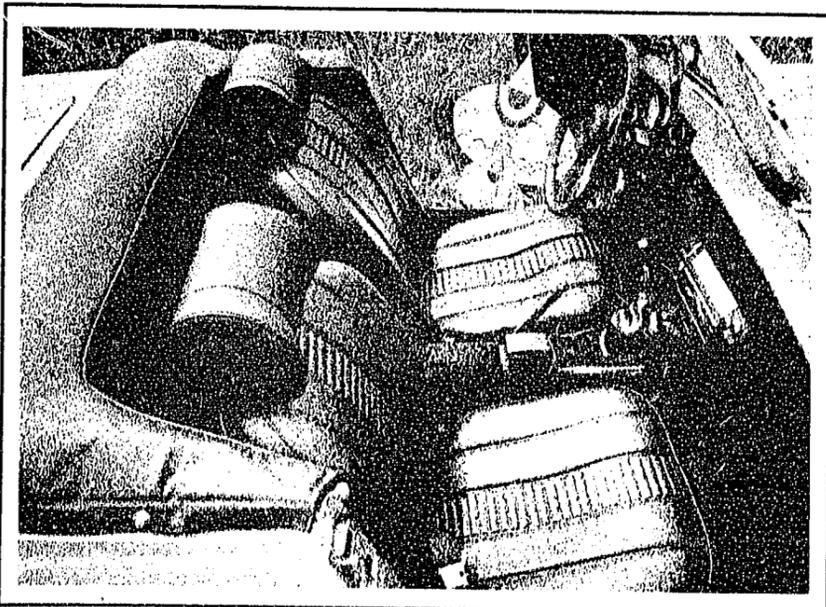
Claire Pic'ens



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Art Review

'Retrospective' in Modern Art

By MICHELE WALLACE

Among most Black artists, the question of "what is Black art?" has been a constant source of embarrassment mixed with confusion.

In fact, the majority of Black painters, sculptors, etc., would be only too glad to say that there is no such thing as Black art. This way they would be able to continue their work in the manner of the cubist, the impressionists, the ash can school, and other schools of western art long since dead.

However, a Black visual art does exist. The sad truth is that most Black artists just can't do it.

Black art actually began with prehistorically dated African cave paintings and continued in a brilliant tradition of African sculpture, mostly in the western and central parts of the Continent.

Since that tradition was cut off by the European invasion of Africa, Black art has become an extremely rare phenomenon found today in the works of Faith Ringgold and Nyumba Yaa Sanaa, artists of Harlem, Africobra of Chicago, and Dana Chandler of Boston (besides the old masters of African American art such as Jacob Lawrence, Sargent Johnson, Elizabeth Catlett, Eldzier Cortor, William Johnson, Lois Mailou Jones, Ellis Wilson and others, many of whom are still alive, incidentally).

However, there is a totally new phenomenon on the scene known as the "Black art show." These can be found all over New York, and the country, in an ever-increasing number.

Considered a breakthrough by the establishment-conscious Black artists, of which there are many, the Museum of Modern Art now has retrospectives of two Black artists on exhibition now thru June 7th, Romare Bearden and Richard Hunt are their names. Can they make Black art? Bearden — sometimes. Hunt — never.

Romare's retrospective consists of a series of tempera paintings on brown paper, done in the forties. Also a series of collages of the sixties and early seventies, including a series called the "Prevalence of Ritual," which bears the name of the show.

Carroll Greene, a Black art expert (they're into that too) and guest curator for Romare's exhibition, writes in his essay that Romare's "Prevalence of Ritual" marks the mature fruition of a theme that has obsessed Bearden for over thirty years — the aesthetic expression of the life and lifestyle of a people in visual and plastic language.

What is "aesthetic expression"? Non Sense. Why "life and lifestyle"? Rhetoric, a space filler.

What is this "visual and plastic language"? The style of someone else, preferably not Black, in this case — Picasso.

Many Black artists choose to copy Picasso because he is a white artist who acquired fame by copying African Art in his best work.

What is "Prevalence of Ritual"? A very provocative title which has nothing to do with his work.

It all adds up to a ridiculous, meaningless statement on nothing.

After examining Romare's tempera paintings on brown paper, one of which is shown here, it becomes clear why he has preferred to pursue collage in his career as an artist.

In a good painting like in African sculpture, every element included should be necessary, should contribute something crucial to the unity of the image.

Romare gives mostly frivolous information in the folds and patterns of the clothing and in the passiveness of the background.

His treatment of the background, vaguely realistic, is inconsistent with his treatment of the people, bulky, cubistic, stylized. Unforgiv-



ably, he steals the spirit and humanness of the people. He types them.

In the "Visitation" you are presented with the Black woman as seen by Romare's limited vision. He romanticizes and idealizes the image which makes it no less dull. He attempts to forge energy by giving the painting such a title.

I wouldn't even grace that title with consideration because if it's not in the painting, what's the point? The same information and more could be gotten from a photo; and when you can say that about a painting, it just ain't in ta nothin'.

Romare is a master of composition, a very capable collagist probably the best in the country. Although he uses cutouts of African masks, his work is not Black.

Black art takes its form from African sculpture and design, and its content or subject from the lives of Black people.

Romare's subject is Black, his southern rural youth and his "ghetto" adulthood; but anybody can use a Black subject; it's the form that's important, and he stole that from the thief Picasso.

In his collages, Romare is an expert at European methods of beautified space. Particularly his later work is quite decorative, which is forbidden by African art standards of functionalism.

His work lacks rhythm, which is a requirement for Black art. Instead it is dominated by harmony or, "Beautiful Melodies."

Rhythm in visual art is established by the repetition of obvious, definite, unadorned shapes and patterns. Black art must be symmetrical.

Symmetry is completely absent from his work. His images are chaotic and confused. However, in his latest work, his style becomes a little less crowded; his backgrounds are broken up into huge dark colored surfaces. Less of the color white is used.

Some Black artists contend that the absence of this color is basic to Black art. Unfortunately, even this recent work continues to lack symmetry or balance.

The show's masterpiece is an evidently hastily put together mural called "The Block." It is 3' x 18', split into six panels, illustrating painfully the entire length of a Harlem block. It is accompanied by a tape of Harlem sounds.

For those who go to see it, the most exciting panel in terms of design or a little rhythm, is on the far left where the liquor store is represented.

A universal requirement for a mural is that it pulls together into one vision, no matter how big, as does Picasso's "Guernica" or Ringgold's "Die."

To add to the general failure of this mural,

Romare strays from his very accomplished collage technique to more painting. In some spaces, he paints flat surfaces of color, in others he uses shading, and in still others he even uses art obvious impressionistic brushstroke.

His people are almost microscopic. Yet, it would seem that they'd be the most important aspect in the painting.

Richard Hunt is thirty-five and he was picked by Lieberman, the curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art. Lieberman also served as curator for Hunt's show.

Hunt goes so far as to deny the importance of being Black; denies that he has ever had a Black experience, and therefore, denies the existence of a Black art.

Is it any wonder that his work is the ultimate corruption of the sterile art establishment?

Elizabeth Catlett, a great woman sculptor, should have had that retrospective instead.

Hunt's sculpture is obnoxious. I found that I could spend no more than fifteen minutes with it before becoming nauseated.

His many big metal sculpture reminds me of overgrown fences. There is no rhythm, absolutely no symmetry. It looks as if he took a large piece of metal, burned it till it was pliable, and then pulled little stingy pieces out of it into absurd shapes.

His work is non-objective, abstract and abstraction is never subversive (one wise thing Picasso said).

His thing seems to be moving towards a communication with the deceased animal world (dead pigs?) and as far away from people as possible.

The ultimate failure of Hunt's and Bearden's work and the work of numerous other Black artists is their lack of the basic knowledge that all art, form and content, comes out of the artist's experience.

As a Black artist, you cannot borrow the form of a white artist, because you cannot relate to the experience of being white upon which that form is based.

This explains the complete lack of excitement and validity in the works of many of our artists.

Why do these particular Black artists get the shows? Precisely because the art establishment would like to neutralize or kill Black art (partly for the purpose of stabilizing the art market — Art is a big business) by flaunting the unblack work of these artists.

They would like to say our art is as dead as white art (ask Canaday, a white critic, he said it).

The Student Senate

Alive and Active; Good and Bad

By ARLETTE HECHT

This year's Student Senate has been called many things; some good and (more recently, some bad). But one thing cannot be denied: the Student Senate has been alive and active since the October election.

Several of the campaign promises of the New World Coalition materialized within a very short time. The Child Care Center was launched in February due, in large part, to the hard work of Community Affairs Vice President, Sandra Small.

The Center, now temporarily located in the Webb Room of Shepard Hall is a co-operative of mothers who divide their time between minding their children and going to classes.

Sandra Small is now working with the mothers and an administrative committee to find a permanent home for the center at an off-campus location.

The need for a care center arose because students who could not afford baby sitters, or who did not want to leave their children alone all day, were forced to attend Evening Session.

The Spring '70 budget had to be balanced before the Fall and Spring '71 budgets could be formalized; this was done with efficiency by the Treasurer, Carlos Benjamin.

Unfortunately, the requests by student organizations exceeded the income from activities fees and Carlos was forced to cut certain expenditures.

The Teacher Evaluation handbook, the most expensive item in the budget, was the first to go.

The Senate lost the services of Carlos early this year when he was drafted and Paula Ippolito was appointed to the post.

Juan Santana, the Vice President for Educational Affairs, has been busy forming a coalition among the various academic collectives at City. The groundwork was laid for the unification of these collectives into a Student Council next year.

This Student Council, composed of the Sociology Collective, the History Collective, the Anthropology Collective, etc., will work side by side with the Student Senate to bring about greater student power.

University Affairs Vice President Lee Slonimsky has been very busy working with the University Senate. It was mainly due to his efforts that students can now sit on the departmental Personnel and Budget Committees, not only at City, but at all of the schools within CUNY.

James Small, the Student Senate President, has been the most active of the executives. During the six-hour takeover of the Department of Romance Languages office by the Puerto Rican Student Union in February, Small worked

to represent the views of the students who were angry.

Small has organized several meetings between various groups on campus and the Wackenhut guards. These meetings were called in an effort to forestall any violent confrontation between the guards and elements of the student body.

Such a meeting took place after a fight broke out between a few guards and members of the Progressive Labor Party in the South Campus cafeteria earlier this semester.

Small was somewhat influential in getting the present Policy on Drugs passed.

He, and other members of the Student Senate, appointed the student commissioners, picking

to the recent Frazier-Ali fight; and that James Small chartered organizations when it wasn't under his jurisdiction to do so.

She also complained that Small tried to make her feel like "a guilty white liberal."

In a recent article in *The Campus* she was quoted as saying "I was never so aware of Black, white and Asian separations until I entered the Senate."

The funds "misused" by Sandra Small were willingly approved by Deans Sohmer and Meisel after the tickets were bought and were told that no discount tickets could be had.

They were more upset over the fact that only twenty persons went, than they were about the tickets costing \$250.



Photo by Jeff Morgan

people who were knowledgeable about drugs and who were sincerely interested in solving the City College drug problem.

After a fight broke out between students during a Jewish Defense League (JDL) rally in the Grand Ballroom the Student Senate tried to conduct a hearing on the matter.

The meeting, which was to be held late in December, had to be cancelled when JDL representatives failed to appear.

In recent weeks several charges have been leveled against the Student Senate. Paula Ippolito, in reasoning why she resigned from her post as Treasurer, charged that James Small and Sandra Small had misused funds and power.

The specific charges were that James Small and his friends used the office telephones for personal calls, including expensive long distance service; that Sandra Small made an illegal expenditure when she took children and personnel from the City College "Y"

But, of course, it was too late to complain after the purchase had been made.

Then too, no one complained when the House Plan Association asked for \$3,000 for a "sensitivity weekend."

Lee Slonimsky, University Affairs V.P., stated in a recent interview that "it should be obvious to everyone that if Sandra intended to misuse the funds she would have made some attempt to cover it up."

"Even though the money spent on the tickets seems like a waste, one must remember that these kids come from a poverty stricken background and the two fighters may be the only people they have to look up to."

James Small, in responding to the charges made against him, said that any student who pays his fees can come to the Student Senate office and use the telephone.

"The students paid for these phones and they can use them so

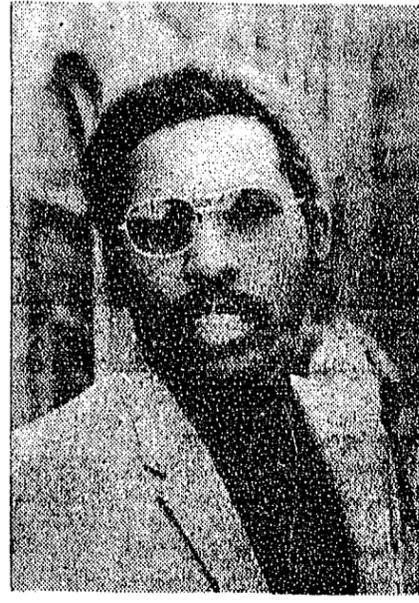


Photo by Jeff Morgan

long as I am President of the Senate."

He went on to say that 1,100 overcalls per month is normal for an office with three telephones and more than ten workers. It also seems that others, besides authorized personnel, are using the phones for long distance calls. It came to *The Paper's* attention that a long distance call was recently placed to Israel on the Student Senate phone, costing \$63.

When asked about this most recent long distance call Small replied "I don't know anyone in Israel. The descendants of my ancestors are trying to get back into Israel."

In explaining the heavy use of the phones, Small stated that the Senate office is rarely locked. Several of the maintenance staff have informed Small that many people unassociated with the Senate are in the office after 6 p.m.

Small has been known to make what some people take as racial slurs and to act in a biased manner when it comes to student organizations.

The City College Chess Club requested funds to attend a chess tournament in California this semester. When asked why he did not include this expenditure in budget allocations he was quoted as saying, "I'm not going to spend that much money for a couple of Jews to play chess when there are people out here starving."

Lee Slonimsky feels that there is actually less racial divisiveness on the City College campus now than ever before.

"Anyone who is just becoming aware of it now must have been blind," he said.

In answer to the many criticisms leveled at him, James Small says that the unfortunate truth is "many of the white students on campus resent a Black man giving orders. They're racist and they don't even know it," he said.

"When a white man stands up for himself it's called bravery by other whites. When a Black man stands up for himself it's called 'ego' by the whites. Whites at City College are still too racist to follow Black leadership."

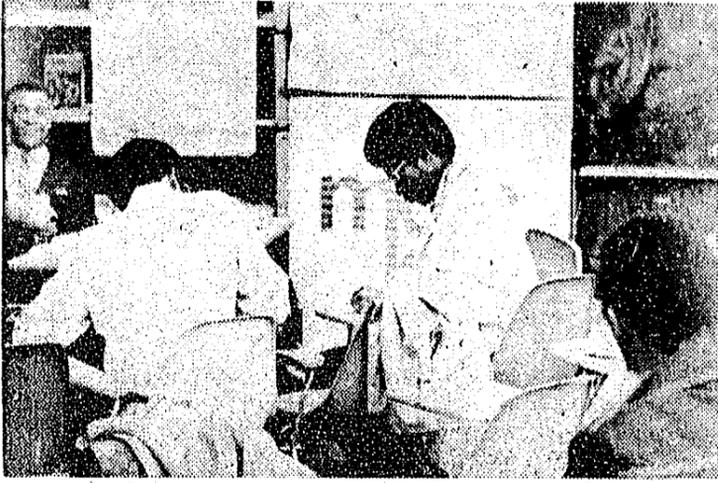


Photo by Charles Walker
Students being lectured in classroom at the Prep.

Harlem Prep

(Continued from Page 10)

compromises for the short term goals of training unskilled Black youth. But, they too have realized deep in the history of their people that in the long run, they cannot bow their heads to the Who's Who of the exploiting order. That they too must look reality dead in the eye and hold the patrons to their promises and gestures concerning humanity.

The Harlem youth from the Prep go out of the community to explore the other worlds of college campuses; seeking to unfold and unmask the contradictions; calling the shots as natural as their distrust for their environment will allow.

There are white teachers at the Prep going through the experience of being there. Their presence heightens the reality of and helps to destroy the myth of integration.

Black students don't gain any real knowledge by just being around white teachers, and white teachers don't gain constructive knowledge by just being in front off, next to, or in the close proximity of Black students.

Only when there is a mutually respected exchange and acceptance of ideas from both sides can there be any real integration. In the Prep it happens, and then it doesn't. But the sincerity is there.

Real integration implies that there is a Blackening process going on, as well as a whitening process: a two way communication between people more or less in the same boat.

A Black math teacher at the Prep spoke of the tendency of teachers, "as professionals," to complicate things in order to feel secure in their jobs.

He said that at the Prep the subjects are broken down based on where the students are at, not on the traditional blueprint, placing value judgments, or success-failure overtones on the academic level of a group or individual.

For the administrative staff the Prep is a challenge; an exercise to maintain a flexible ego in spite of discouragements.

For the student it is an educational base from which to begin to piece the puzzle of society together to strengthen his commitment to himself, and his community.

Finley Music

(Continued from Page 4)

to major in music when he first entered the college, but encountered he had with one of his music teachers changed his mind.

"I felt they were not dealing with the music of my time," he said. "How many kids do you know who are interested in Mozart and Beethoven?"

"I wanted relevant music to be played in the class, such as Jazz, Blues and Rock. But the teacher thought that I was a nut and she told me so in so many words. So, I'm majoring in theater arts."

Apparently Barry was in a minority who felt that the Music Department wasn't meeting the needs of the students, because in three years the Music

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Department has expanded immensely.

It occupies not only rooms in the Goldmark wing of the Student Center, but also in the Great Hall, in huts and in the president's empty house on South Campus.

Professors Shapiro and Hans Jaroda of the Music Department stated that innovations have been made in the Music Department to accommodate students such as Barry.

"We have incorporated a full jazz program in our curriculum. We now feature Latin jazz and courses in non-western music. Our aims to both students and faculty are to offer all of the training necessary for advanced degrees in music."

Rudy Seymour, an English-Journalism major, summed up the social and psychological aspects of the open corridor music. "People sit there in the corridor and listen because it is the only opportunity for social gathering at the college."

Down in the corridor, he said, people really cut loose. They become friendlier and more humane. "This is one place," he added, "where all of us can feel, regardless of our color or background, that music is a universal language."

Red Light—

Notes On Cinema

From beginning to end "The Andromeda Strain" is a big sham. It almost works, because the film nearly overpowers you with its dazzling gadgetry and technical effects.

There are no major changes from Michael Crichton's novel. Universal, which has already grossed a million dollars with "Andromeda," decided to play it safe and do nothing to improve the original. The novel fell apart with a cheap race against the clock to prevent a nuclear bomb exploding and some nonsense about Andromeda mutating into a harmless form, and the movie does the same.

Initially one is gripped by the chilling deadliness of this space microbe which eats through plastic and wipes out an entire town. It turns people's blood into dust, and the only survivors are a baby and an old man. The solution to neutralizing Andromeda lies in discovering what they have in common. In a 130 minute movie almost the entire time is spent trying to find an ultimately useless answer.

"The Andromeda Strain," however, is entertaining despite its impersonality and weak characterizations, tolerable only because the actors are familiar faces. Producer-director Robert Wise has peddled an interesting product, but it's too bad he wasn't more adventurous.

"THX 1138" may not be in the same league as "Andromeda Strain," but at least it speaks well of George Lucas. Lucas, a 25-year-old prodigy, expanded a short film he had made into "THX," and he might have fared better if he had a larger budget and a broader script. Besides directing, Lucas also did

the writing and editing. His main problem is lack of character development without which the film is periodically befuddling since we're not really sure why we should care.

Lucas' vision of the future is a world in which sex is illegal, the depersonalized society is geared solely toward production, and drugs are used to suppress most natural urges.

THX (Robert Duvall) stops his drug-taking and indulges in love-making with his roommate LUH (Maggie McOmie). He is arrested for perversion and drug evasion, but escapes to the surface world. The whole idea of it all is nothing new, but Lucas has an interesting approach.

For those of you who are tired of slick commercial movies, I suggest you see "Derby," a documentary which is as real as one can imagine.

"Derby" delves into a favorite Middle American pastime, the Roller Derby. The Derby undergoes some interesting changes from television to the cinema verite. Director Robert Kaylor and his crew take us into the world of the Derby skaters and examine in detail their lifestyle and mentality which accept violence as an occupation.

"Derby" also looks at the top skater Charlie O'Connell, follows the life of Mike Snell who is going to join the Derby, and also gets some candid comments from those avid spectators who relish the brutality. The effectiveness of "Derby" is in its eliminating that detached attitude one has when just watching it on television.

Another documentary out and around is "Saturday Morning."

It contains some penetrating sequences in which the 16 and 17 year-old participants express their feelings and as a group create a greater feeling of self-awareness.

The camera work is that disconcerting super close-up style which attempts to force one into the movie, but it vexed me terribly because I wasn't always deeply engrossed in the subject matter.

— TED FLEMING



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On The Subway

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underground standing in a stench skinned train
needed a feeling to make it worthwhile
so i felt about you.*

*sterile silence sullied my eunuch ears then
scratching sentences — better no sound
needed some music to impregnate the scene
so i sang your name.*

— dej —

THE PAPER

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Oscar Lumpkin — Faculty Advisor

aka TECH NEWS

Vietnam

State Dept.

(Continued from Page 10)

that they were brave people and we knew that if the North Vietnamese were not stopped from trying to take over another country by force the other countries in Asia would be in danger from the communists. So we and some other countries decided to help the South Vietnamese people. That way we hoped to keep the war in Vietnam from becoming a big war that might put the whole world in danger.

America promised to help the South Vietnamese and we sent soldiers, ships and airplanes to Vietnam. Five other countries also sent soldiers. Over 30 countries gave food, medical supplies, and other things to help the South Vietnamese. We have been fighting very hard for six years to help the South Vietnamese soldiers. Together we have done well and the soldiers from the North are not winning any more. They are still trying to take over the South but they know that with our help the South is stronger than they are. The South Vietnamese are becoming such good soldiers that we are bringing back some of our men to America. In May and June last year American and South Vietnamese soldiers destroyed the communist bases in the next door country of Cambodia. We did this because the bases give the communists a chance to attack our men in South Vietnam and then to run and hide in Cambodia. Our action in Cambodia made it safe to go on bringing our men home. This year some South Vietnamese troops, with the help of U.S. air power, have moved into the nearby country of Laos to cut the supply lines the communists need to carry on the war in South Vietnam.

We and South Vietnam do not want to take over the North and we do not want to make the war bigger. All we want to do is to stop the communists from taking South Vietnam. President Nixon has said that if the communists go back home to the North and leave the South alone, the war will end. We are having talks with leaders from the North in Paris, France. At these talks, we are telling them that if they will take all of their soldiers out of South Vietnam before peace is made or before we are sure that the South Vietnamese can take care of themselves, we would be breaking our promise to them. Other countries which are our allies would then believe that our word was no good and they would not respect us. Also, President Nixon is very concerned about our men held prisoner by the enemy. He has said that as long as North Vietnam holds a single American prisoner, we will have forces in South Vietnam.

We are sorry the North Vietnamese are not ready to pull back their soldiers, but we think they will come to see that peace is better than killing. President Nixon and all of us believe that a good and just peace is possible. Until the North Vietnamese agree, we must have lots of patience and grit to go on with the talks in Paris and with the fighting in Vietnam.

Urban And Ethnic

(Continued from Page 2)

consultants to create "relevant curriculum." Only two courses from UES have thus far been proposed for the fall. The other courses, are from the present undergraduate curriculum outside of UES, and are the same courses offered in '69.

There are those who question the relevancy of the new curriculum to Black studies. These critics feel that the formation of separate departments will only be detrimental to the unity of Third World peoples.

Reportedly, the City University will apply political pressure

to the state to restore funds needed in order to run the university. The institution of these separate departments are necessary and will be instituted as of September.

Despite threats of budget cuts that will, if put into effect, almost eliminate financial aid, force a raise in tuition, eliminate the SEEK program and perhaps, a freshman class, plans for new ethnic courses are being made.

According to Dr. Brown, "We are serious about instituting these new courses and serious efforts are being made to make this possible."

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History

(Continued from Page 10)

officials, and killed those who would not go along.

The people living in South Vietnam began to fight back. The North Vietnamese government, which still hoped to settle things without violence, tried to prevent war from breaking out. In 1959, three years after the elections should have happened, people in the South formed an organization, the NLF.

The NLF attacked the Saigon government; often they would kill Saigon agents. Since the NLF had the support of the people living in Vietnam, they were able to go freely through their country, relying on the people to hide them and take care of them.

Since they were villagers themselves, they could not be distinguished from the other people.

Still the Saigon government did very badly. The American generals had to explain their failure somehow. They said that the NLF was receiving arms and men from the North Vietnamese, and started bombing North Vietnam. They have still not stopped, and have dropped more bombs there than were used on all of Europe in World War II. Now, since the bombing, the North Vietnamese are sending aid to the Vietnamese in the South.

The United States government wants to defeat Vietnam because large and powerful companies in the United States want Vietnam's natural resources. They also know that if Vietnam is conquered, they can make the people work for very little money and make large profits, like the French did before. They are afraid that if Vietnam wins, people in other places will kick American companies out of their countries as well.

The NLF is fighting very hard against the Americans. Because the Vietnamese people support them, they are winning slowly but surely. The American generals do not understand why the Vietnamese can win against their powerful army, and are killing many civilians and invading neighboring countries in desperation.

More and more American people have come to see what the war is like. They have held huge demonstrations against the policies of the U.S. government and generals in Vietnam. Between the military victories of the NLF and the growing political movement in the United States, the U.S. army will have to withdraw from Vietnam soon.

The NLF and North Vietnamese government are talking with the American and Saigon government representatives in Paris. There they have said that the only foreign troops in their country, the American troops, must leave. They say that when the American government sets a date for ending its occupation, they will talk about the release of American prisoners and anything else that the American government is worried about. They say that until the American troops have agreed to leave, they can not discuss the other issues.

The City Budget

(Continued from Page 4)

Mayor has called for "home rule" which can be described in the most simple terms as, "the right of the city to levy and collect its own taxes without approval from Albany."

The concept of "home rule" carries great validity in light of the fact that the overwhelming proportion of state taxes are provided by residents of the city, and the very same people get the least back in terms of state aid.

An interesting example of the contradiction is the fact that the county of Albany will receive 97 million in tax money to erect a mall at the State Capitol.

The bulk of that money came from New York City resident taxes. A sidelight to the case of the mall project is Rocky's announcement that the project will now cost 51% more than was initially expected.

One contractor alone will receive 51 million dollars more than was called for in the original bid. The company was given the money as an allowance for inflation.

Another aspect to the concept of "home rule" is the fact that the men most responsible for passing the budget in its present form are the Senate Majority Leader, Earl Brydges, and the Speaker of the House, Perry Duryea.

These two men wield the power of life and death over the city and reinforce the belief that it should be ruled by its own residents: Duryea lives in Montauk, L. I., and Brydges in Niagara Falls, New York.

The second reason for the crisis is the personality clash between the Mayor and the Governor. During Lindsay's two terms in office he and the Governor have continually fought in public over political issues.

In recent campaigns each has backed the other's opponent. A great deal of the wrangling that

has gone on in the past month can be tied to Rockefeller's desire to put the blame for the crisis on the Mayor.

In this light the possibility of the Governor interceding to restore the cuts in the budget are at the very least unlikely.

As a further point, the Governor will not come up for reelection for four years, while Lindsay's Presidential aspirations depend upon his ability to keep New York City intact.

Finally, the deepening financial crisis plaguing the entire country was one of the primary reasons behind the Legislature's desire to slash the budget drastically.

The Legislature wished to reduce spending and avoid any new taxes other than the 1% sales tax which will raise 600 million dollars in new taxes. The Governor had proposed additional taxes on alcohol and cigarettes but his plans were vetoed.

Within the City the forecasts for doom are undeniable. An unending war continues to drain money from needed programs. City residents pour millions into the Federal tax structure with little return.

Rising crime and addiction have caused the middle class to flee the city in droves. Business taxes have resulted in several large corporations moving across the river to New Jersey.

Real Estate taxes and rent control force landlords to abandon buildings which they can no longer run at a profit in spite of the fact that tenants cannot pay the existing rents.

The budget crisis is not merely a dilemma which could be solved in the next year. It is the beginning of a crisis that will eventually plunge an already ungovernable city into destruction; or force it to become a city solely populated by factories and poor people who are unable to flee to the suburbs as others do.

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Schomberg

(Continued from Page 3)

it as a museum or a private library.

There have also been other possibilities considered. The first is to place the Collection in the New York State Office Building, presently under construction on 125th Street between Lenox and Seventh Avenues. The building is more controlled and would offer

the badly needed air-conditioning for circulation.

Second, the Collection could be moved to the 42nd Street branch of the Library, whose present collection is sufficient for African studies, but lacks adequate information on Afro-American thought.

Finally, part of the Collection could be placed at Columbia University and the other part at City

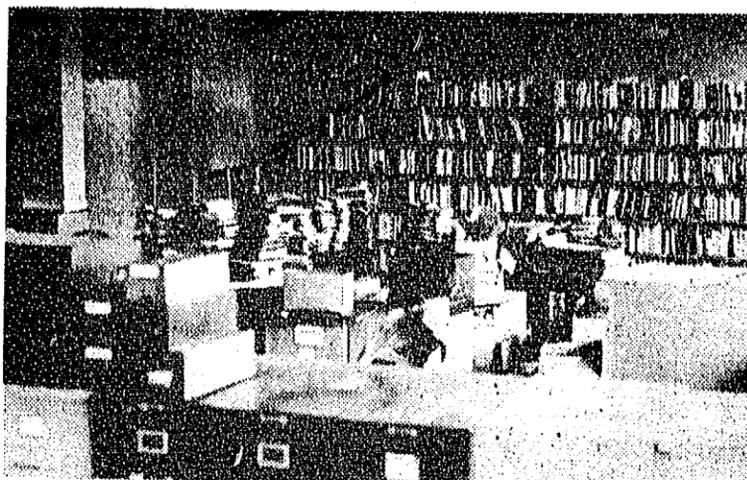


Photo by Culpepper

College. But, all of these offers have been flatly refused.

The Collection, as most Blacks see it, should remain in Harlem because it is not only a source of reference, but a cultural center as well — something with which they can identify.

During the Collection's early existence the Ford Foundation offered to purchase it. The Foundation was refused on the grounds that it would probably move the Collection to Detroit, and Schomberg had specified that he wanted it to remain in New York.

In the basement of the Schomberg Collection, remodeling is being done to house a micro-film machine. The men at work in

front of the machine are busy micro-filming newspapers dating back to 1827, when the first Black newspaper was printed.

Upstairs, on the second floor, is a large array of books which are being rebound with funds received from the Federal Government.

The third floor houses art materials, some of which were used in the November, 1968 art show at City College.

These priceless works of art are seriously neglected. They are just jumbled up on the floor and in boxes without the slightest precautions being taken for preservation.

Eventually, these irretrievable works of art will rot away.

Who's the Fool?

(Continued from Page 7)

ency, to this counterrevolutionary racism.

"I wanted that girl, man. She was walkin' slow, an' when she looked up, I saw need in her eyes, man, the need for love. An' somethin' inside me said I could have really loved her, man.

"Then the soldier inside me started askin' questions like 'How you gon' prevent black genocide?' an' 'How you gon' explain this to your people?' I'm sick of chainin' my heart. I didn't even say hello."

"I know. Kell. We both could use the freedom to love and be kind. Maybe that's our main problem in this mad mother-fuckin' world. Restrictions on

love an' kindness.

"Do we really need all these hangups? Do we have to hate an' reject people in order to kill the enemy? Will it really do in methods of thinkin' an' methods of work if we stop this petty racist shit? It's fucked up, pardner."

"Last night I was thinkin' 'bout Pigasus, an' 'bout that fox. Major Lance's voice went through my mind as I cursed Nixon: 'Who's the fool, me or you? Somethin' I wonder!'"

We drank on as we listened to James Taylor: 'I don't build no heathen temples where the Lord's done laid a hand. There's a well on the hill, let it be.'

We had thirst, but the wine didn't quench it.

Classified Ads

To Frost, "the ugliest":
You shot better with a camera than a basketball. Pass it off sometime.

To the Co-Op Kid:
Your shit is out there . . . With the rest of the shit.

From your
Palm, Springs Cousin

To C.N.
I have 51% of the campus.

M. H.

To M.H.
You do not. I have 51%.

C. N.

To M. H.
McDonald said that Ming Mar is not Vietnamese. You owe me 25 cents.

C. N.

Blood Lady:
Admit you have the hots to get into George's plaid shorts.

us

Order your yearbook before May 28th. After that, it may be too late. 297 Finley — Phone 234-5200.

Tommie: What's as long as her pony tail?

Uncle Rocco

To the Lunpen:
Not on Mondays too? Pass the Rosal Beef honey.

Roslokina

She doesn't want for anything, but our treasury sure does. Hope the check comes soon.

Your Business Manager

David Friedlander: Oy Vey.

Golda

Desira:
You sure are one girl on the G. O.

hoh-heh

To the Radio Man:
The Blood Lady must have been speaking of you Saturday night when she asked "Who's got the balls?" She couldn't be thinking of Randy, he doesn't have any.

Hey Max: Are you really good to the last drop?

El Exigente

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To Louie: Whatever happened to that dynamite critic?

The Black Bogart

To Joudon: Your political tape-recorder needs some Duracell batteries.

Eveready Teddy

To Tom: Roses are red, Violets are blue. The Paper brought out, The Nigger in you.

The Other One

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