

THE PAPER

VOL. 37, NO. 6

222

SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1973

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

Hanoi Gets Urban Renewal \$\$\$

Plans for foreign aid for underdeveloped areas of the Third World were drawn up in the White House last October. Hanoi, North Vietnam, which Richard Nixon described as "the most crucially poverty-stricken spot in the world," is now receiving aid from the federal government. A \$15 million housing development is among the projects under construction in Hanoi's downtown section.

During a \$100 plate banquet last October the President discussed this issue with his distinguished guests, which included South Vietnam's President Thieu; China's Premier Mao Tse-Tung; Sammy Davis Jr.; Jim Brown; James Brown; and Mrs. Diana Silverstein (Ross).

Thieu recalled when Ho Chi Minh gave his life to North Vietnam's struggle for freedom, justice, and equality—and said that the project should be named in honor of the late hero.

Nixon, however, felt that he should get a play in the title since he is sponsoring most of the funds.

It was finally agreed that the project would be named "The Nixon-Minh Memorial Towers." Sammy Davis noted that "Those natives should be given an opportunity to live in a nice, clean modern home, especially since homes will be so scarce after the war."

The proceeds of the banquet went towards the project.
The Nixon-Minh Memorial

Towers, under construction since last January, will be a lower-income housing project. Its tenants will include people who were left homeless as a result of the current bombings of the Southeast Asian city, and Vietcong veterans returning to Hanoi, who would normally have a difficult time finding homes.

The 20-story apartments will consist of two buildings. Each apartment will have a terrace and will range from 4½ to 8 rooms.

The walls and ceilings will be made of teflon; the floors will be constructed from mahogany and bamboo combination wood imported from Nigeria. The corridor walls are made of marble imported from China, in hues complimentary

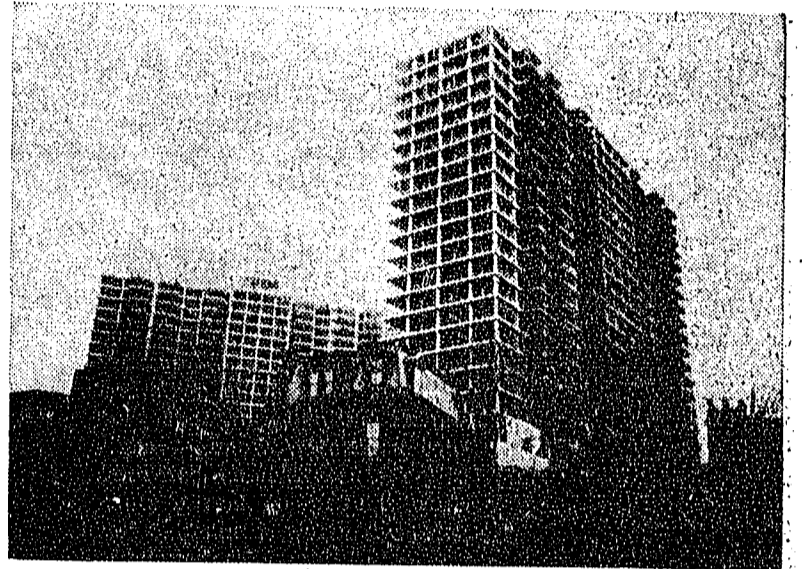
to the pastel wall to wall carpeting.

Each building will house 200 families. The ground floor of one will consist of a shopping center with a super market, drug store, bakers, discotheque, restaurant, beauty salon, and men and women's clothing store. The ground floor of the other will consist of a day care center with the renting office next door.

Separating the buildings will be a water fountain, twenty-four feet in diameter with a two-headed statue of Buddha and Nixon in the middle.

The James Brown Memorial Junior High School will be across the street from the towers.

The expected date for completion is June, 1974.



Social Study De-Mystifies

By DENNIS EMMET MACK

A recent sociological study, conducted by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare entitled "Iniquitous Neglect" has disproved many of the myths and false beliefs held down thru the ages, recently confirmed by the Harris poll, about Black people. The study was implemented among a cross section of the white urban and rural population during the period covering January 1970 thru December 1972.

It was conducted by questionnaire, and was also based on Department of Health, Education and Welfare statistics. Experiments were also conducted in B & W laboratories.

The purpose of the survey was to see if whites still held age old beliefs about Blacks. Virtually every niche and corner of every rural and urban community was polled according to research director Charles B. Cutter.

The research drive, part of the Nixon Administration's pledge to "see how the other half lives" employed, besides Cutter, seven ex-Rand employees and eight researchers from the Louis Harris research team.

Blacks have often been pictured by many to be shiftless and lazy. The Iniquitous Neglect report states that "Blacks are perhaps one of the most productive people in our society." Our research showed there is no significant difference between Blacks, whites, and any other group hanging out on corners," stated ex-Pentagon official Marvin Lard.

Statistics by the U.S. Department of H.E.W. reveal that 75% of all those on welfare are White, many of whom live in Appalachia.

Figures on crime reveal that while whites have been moving towards blue-collar crimes (shoot-outs, stealings, robbery, breaking and entering, murder, rape, and theft) Blacks are moving toward such white-collar crimes as espionage, embezzlement, extortion, kidnapping, treason, and forgery.

The figures are based on precinct reports compiled by the

F.B.I. It should be noted that precincts deal with arrests, not convictions, and rely heavily on precinct and individual policemen quota systems. This means that figures are inflated to meet quota requirements, an apparent contradiction in the survey.

Whites are moving into the cities and Blacks are moving out. Blacks are moving into the suburbs and whites are moving out.

Control of, that most basic of American institutions, the family. There has been a sharp increase in white women living with their boyfriends as a direct result of divorce, separation, annulment, and abandonment of family. Statistics show a sharp decrease in the breakup of the Black family.

The figures on births and abortions over the past two years reveal another apparent contradiction in the survey. Over the past two years there have been more abortions among whites and more births. More Blacks are being born and less Black babies are being aborted.

Numbers on employment opportunities exemplify the fact that more Blacks are going in for Teaching, Law, and Medicine. There has also been a sharp increase in the number of Blacks employed on the boards of large corporations, educational institutions, and holding managerial positions.

Still another contradiction in the survey was in the area of percentage of Black businessmen. In 1970 1/10 of 1% of all businessmen were Black, the figure for 1972 shows 8.3% of all

(Continued on Page 3)

Gracie In Harlem

By AYAD MOHAMED

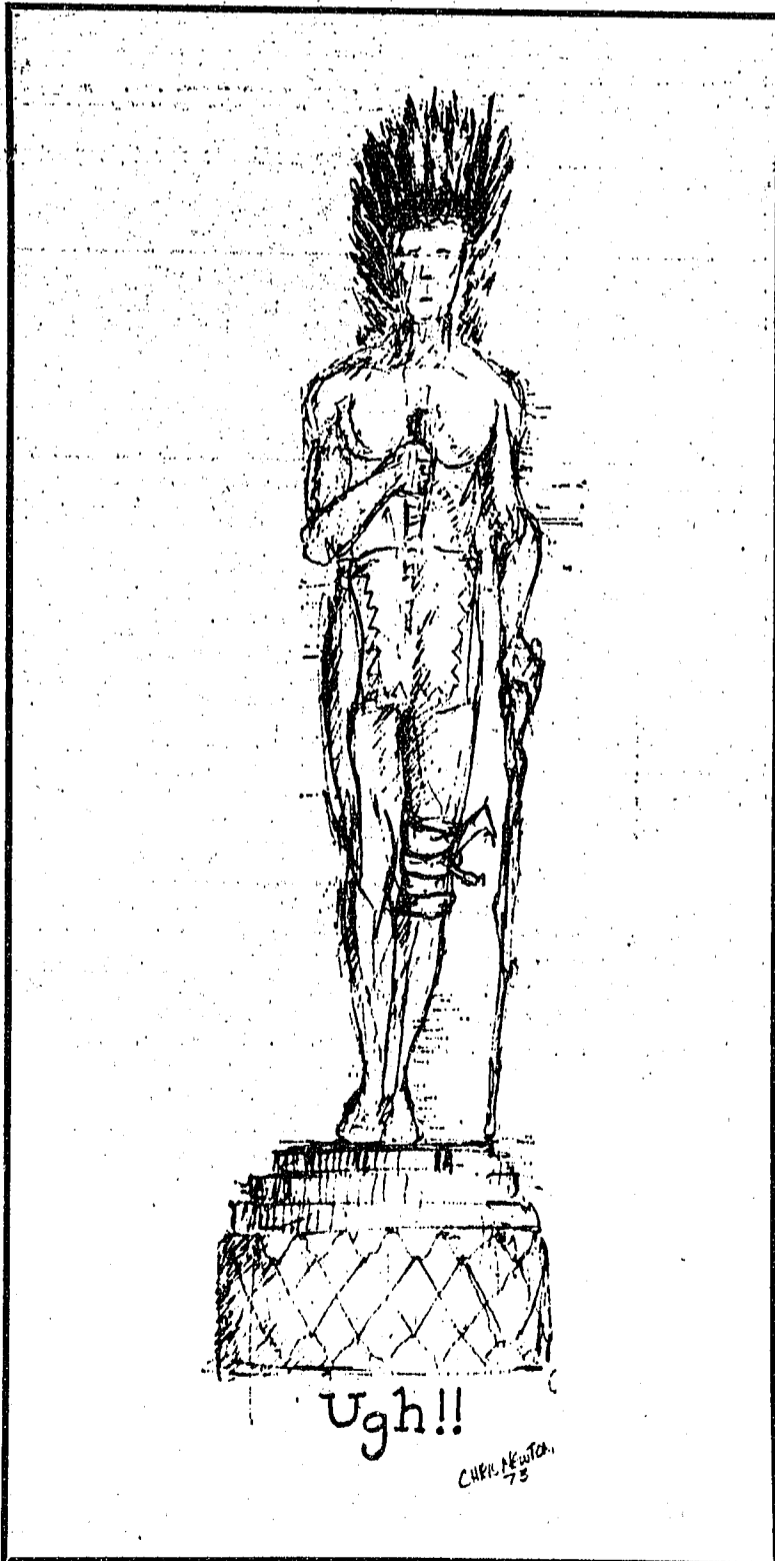
During a recent meeting with Mayor elect Jesse Gray, Mayor John Lindsay announced that Gracie Mansion may move uptown to Harlem.

"Because of the strong possibility of this candidate winning office," exhorted Lindsay, "we feel that he reserves to live closer to home where he could feel at home." This place would also be relevant since many more of his kind shall be mayor in the future."

The proposed location is 75 East 121st Street. However, because it would take about a year for urban renewal of this building, the expected date for completion is January, 1974/

'75 East' shall be remodeled into a combination mansion-hotel, housing not only family members but other relatives vacationing, as well as Bloods who cannot find homes.

This location is a very strategic one since the New Haven Railroad, buses and subways are right nearby. Thus, this location would put Gray closer to the drug congregation problem which exists on Park and Lexington Avenues. He'd also be able to cop a little easier.



Everything 'Cept Love Or A Whole Lotta Fear

By SANDRA DENISE MC NEILL

There were a whole heapa reasons that she gave when I asked if she and Mitch were still together. She started off with "he's got a lot going for him, ya know," to which I whole heartedly agreed. Next came, "he's good people to talk to." After that, she decided to try to get me down with, "his rhythm's outasite." She finally ended on, "he's been good to me all this time."

All that I asked her was how long the two of them had been together. After tellin' me that they'd been together for 3 years, she acted as if she had to justify it — or somethin'.

Three years — 3 years of livin' together — that was all she had to say. Three years of gettin' up in the mornin' and lookin' in the same man's face, and all that she had to say was that he's always treated her right.

I thought about that for a long time after I left her last week. I concluded that either she was crazy, or she thought that I did not have the sense of a backwards jack-ass to have believed somethin' like that. Cause I know it takes a whole lot more than "outasite rhythm" for two people to live with each other for 3 whole years.

But as I thought about it for a little while longer, I realized that quite a few women that I knew were sayin' that same thing. That the reason they were still with their men was because their men treated them well and stuff. It was as if people stayed together for every reason in the world 'cept love.

One intellectual frined of mine who'd been livin' with her man for 4 years said they'd been together all those years because she "needed someone she could relate to on an intellectual level" and with whom she could communicate, as well as a man who could satisfy her physical needs, and he qualified.

Maybe it's just that people don't "talk" about lovin' one another anymore. I sho hope that's the case, cause if it ain't, things are way worst than I thought they were.

It's like folks are scared to admit lovin' another person these days. Like lovin' is no longer the "in" thing to do. It's like admitting to lovin' someone is now a sign of inferiority of some sort, or a flaw in one's make up. Could it be that one's ability to love is now a sign of weakness?

It's little wonder that so many really horrible things are happenin' these days. When folks refuse to admit to lovin' those who are supposed to be dear to them, who wants to think about the way they treat or think about all the other people.

Of course there may be a very real reason for all this. Unfortunately, that reason may also be very sad. It could be that folks are jus' plain scared. And that's really horrible.

It is tragic when two people are so insecure in a relationship that they no longer admit to lovin' each other.

Scared to love, scared to care, scared to do anything 'cept be. And that's what everybody is, just being scared, and sad, and perhaps real lonely.

Applause

March 21, 1973

To the Editors:

Your article on Paul Laurence Dunbar, March 21, 1973 issue, is one of the most inspiring articles that I have ever read. It comforted and provided solace to my mind.

Before reading Miss Dixon's article I had some knowledge of the works of Paul Laurence Dunbar. However, no one or no author, neither verbally or orally, has quite captured the essence of the man as Miss Dixon did in her article. I read and reread the editorial as well as the poem many times, trying to let every bit of its essence seep into my mind. But each reading took me deeper and deeper into the soul of the man.

I commend Miss Dixon for her fine literary insight and her adept analysis, and *The Paper* for such fine literary and journalistic expertise.

L. Primus

Correction

Notes from last issue's Editor:

My apologies to Leachim Semaj for the mistake in the printing of *Perspectives*. Two lines of the poem were missing. There will be a reprint of the poem, in its entirety, as soon as possible.

Speaker

Michael Claxton, a member of the Tweorpa tribe will appear on WKCR, Columbia University's radio station (80.9 FM) on April 13th. He will speak on the situation at Wounded Knee.

Tiddy-Bits

Anti-War

Antiwar actions are called for in 20 major cities in the U.S. to protest South Vietnamese President Thieu's visit to the United States.

In New York there will be a demonstration in front of the Saigon mission to the U.N. (1st Ave. and 49th St.) on Thursday, April 5 from 5-7 P.M.

A nationwide demonstration has been called for by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and People United to Save Humanity on April 7th.

Vet Service

The City College has recently expanded its services to veterans by establishing an office for Veterans Counseling located in room 412 Finley Student Center.

If any veterans is interested in any of the benefits, or has any questions regarding the benefits he deserves, or needs any type of counseling, please see us in 412 Finley — we can and want to help.

Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. or call 286-1722 for evening appointment.

Poetic Festival

As our schedule for the Spring Poetry Festival indicates, we are attempting an exciting and ambitious program. Students from the college, high school students from all parts of New York, elementary school students from neighborhood and upper Manhattan, and non-student poets from the Harlem community, will be sharing the stage with our principal readers.

The audience for this poetry

festival and symposium, hopefully, will also be made up of as diverse a population.

You can help this festival by spreading the word in a way as to attract the varied and lively audience that such a program deserves.

If you have any ideas or if you know any groups of poetry aficionados who would be interested in participating, please contact Barry Wallenstein at 621-2177.

Department of English



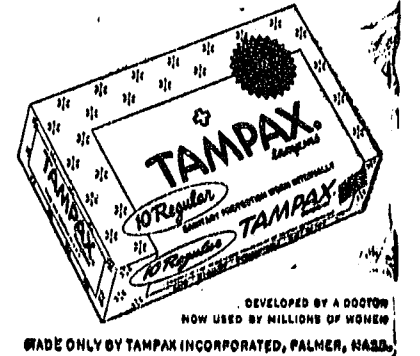
Make jogging fun and easy.

Jogging with a friend is a fun way to exercise, and keeping in shape always seems easier with good company along. So you don't want to give up even one day's run, and certainly not several days due to your period.

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Classifieds

Want to Sniff some rubber cement? Join THE PAPER's layout staff. Come to 337F every Monday at 5 P.M.

Wanted: Two dummies without much experience to be issue editor for THE PAPER's Vol. 37 No. 7. Apply in Finley 337 or call 621-7186.

Feel tired, fatigued, worn out, bushed? If you have these qualifications then you are eligible to join THE PAPER's staff. Come to Finley 337 anytime.

Wanted—women with pistol permits. Must have experience in sadomasochist relationships. Apply Finley 136. Ask for Big Bertha.

NEEDED an alert education major to care for two aggressive boys. From 2-6 pm, Mon-Fri. Must be innovative, bright, and creative in concepts to contribute towards their development. Call: 850-4545. Ask for Mrs. Be.

Would like information on small apartment in the City College area. Leave information in Paper's office Finley 337.

I would like to buy comfortable sofa cheap. Call 234-8077. Ask for Faviolo.

Ride Needed to Boston. Will Share Expenses. Leaving March 28. Call J. Starbuck at 433-3289 or 724-2432.

Moving — Must Sell queen-size mattress. Call Debbie in the evening at 849-7851.

For Sale — Best offer gets my 1970 Yamaha 650 cc. Weekdays and Sat. 885-1646 (before 5); evenings 362-8030. Ask for Ronnie.

Need a ride for the weekend or the Easter recess? Have something to sell? Put in a classified ad in THE PAPER. Minimum of two lines at .25 a line. Come to room 337 Finley to place ad. No ads taken over the phone.

Needed: An alert Education major to care for two aggressive boys. From 2-6 pm, Mon-Fri. Must be innovative, bright and creative in concepts to contribute to their development. Call 850-4545. Ask for Mrs. B.

8 Track tapes for sale, cheap. Never used, Brand new. Call 251-3672. If no answer keep trying.

Stereo Tuner LT-325T. Lafayette. Originally \$110 now \$55.00. Call OL 5-3697.

Siamese Kittens for sale. Gorgeous, females, seven weeks old, litter box trained. Seal-point with blue eyes. (can see parents at my house) only \$10.00 each. Call Rebecca 536-2504.

Ride needed to Toledo, Ohio or any place near there. Any weekend. Will share expenses. Call Susie 868-8816.

Need Ride April 13 to New Orleans. Will Share Expenses. Call Teri 744-0573.

Ride Wanted to Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. via Atlanta or Washington, D.C. Around April 15. Call Steve 781-7128.

I need a ride to Detroit during Spring Vacation. Can drive and will share expenses. Call Bobby anytime at 798-1325.

THE PAPER

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Study Upsets Myths

(Continued from Page 1)
businessmen were Black. When asked to account how the rise was determined researcher Paul Emplistle stated "I have no comment to offer at this time, but I

am sure it will all become perfectly clear in a couple of days."

In education, reading scores for Blacks rose to 7th grade for 6th graders, while those for whites stayed at 6th grade for 6th grade children. Blacks taking the scholastic aptitude test for college entrance averaged 1000, while whites averaged 950, the figures were the same for the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test.

In 1970 college comprised 5% Blacks, 1.2% Puerto Rican, 0.01% Indian, 1.0% Asian, and 4.0% Chicano. In 1972 the figures rose sharply for all groups except Chicano another apparent contradiction inherent in the survey. The 1972 figures are 23.8% Black, 5.9% Puerto Rican, 0.1% Indian, 3.0% Asian, and 0.2% Chicano. When asked about this contradiction James Butterminister replied: "Due to the low wages paid to migrant workers, more and more Chicanos are unable to continue their education, so that their added incomes can help sustain their families."

There has been a 10% increase in the number of Blacks employed in the fields of technology, research, sociology, and library science, while the figures show a 5% decrease in those fields for whites.

The High School Drop-out rates continue to be highest among Indians, but whites are running a close second.

The number of whites receiving technical high school diplomas have rose, while those receiving Academic, Commercial, and General diplomas have drop-

ped. Stated Joe Educational "more and more Blacks are receiving Academic diplomas."

Statistics provided by the U.S. Department of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs show less Blacks on heroin and more whites on the white synthetic substance. Exact figures were not expected to be released until June or July.

A cross section of the white American public was asked "Do Blacks have more rhythm than Whites." 15% answered yes, 30% no, and 55% asked "just what is meant by rhythm."

85% of all those asked to give written responses to the question "Are Blacks better adapted to Basketball and Track and Field?" answered that Blacks, due to environmental factors, such as having more access to baskets and less to pools, are better basketball and track and field participants.

One person answered "all those years running around in the jungle has caused them to inherit better body movement."

Another interesting answer was the following. "All those years running around in the ghetto avoiding mice, and muggers has given them better body movement."

In an experiment conducted at B. & W. Laboratories Blacks were found to be no more or less potent than any other group.

At the conclusion of the study Marvin Laird & Charles Cutter both thought they had dispelled many of the myths concerning Black people, perpetuated by whites.

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Washington, D.C. .296-5440

Check your local yellow pages for direct lines from other cities.

*Based on 1972 fare level. It is anticipated that as a result of monetary fluctuation, fares will be increased by 2% when government approvals are obtained.

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No Growth

When the psychotic Weatherman SDS cult proposed in 1969 that white women who had children were "objectively pigs," and the division of labor could be abolished by wiping out most of the world's population and returning to primitive cave society, no one would have ventured to guess that within three years leading capitalists and capitalist agencies would fund "scientific" research in support of the Weatherman program.

Yet, today, leading scientists are affixing their names and reputations to "evidence" that was previously considered the result of Mark Rudd's LSD nightmares. In the name of science and the welfare of the human race, universities all over the United States and Western Europe are lending lecture halls for the proselytizing of this Weatherman fantasy.

The new name of this nut fad is "Zero Growth" or "Zero Population Growth," with no increase in population growth.

Last January a small-time British operator named Edward Goldsmith published a document called "Blueprint for Survival" in his magazine, *The Ecologist*. The Blueprint, which has just been released in the United States, advocates reduction of England's population by 50 per cent; returning to pre-industrial methods of agriculture, and break-up of large cities such as London and New York into "Aristotelian city-states."

Goldsmith's Blueprint, based on incredible misinformation and outright fakery (a docu-

ment which is to science what Clifford Irving is to biography) was promptly endorsed by 33 top British scientists, including some whose salaries are paid by the British government.

Zero Growth's scientific credentials are flimsy. Though Goldsmith urges a slower use of coal to counteract the imminent exhaustion of petroleum fuels, it is well known in the scientific community that the development of nuclear fusion reactors would solve both the fuel shortage problem and the problems of pollution in petroleum fuels.

Likeewise, Zero Growth clowns are forced to deny, against the whole course of human history, that the industrialization of agriculture can augment food supplies faster than the rate of population increase.

Aside from the scientific fraudulence of Zero Growth, one need only read the newspapers to see what ZG means in the real world. It is nothing less than a "scientific" justification for the approaching economic collapse of capitalism.

"Workers are fat" and "consumers pollute" can easily be translated to permit employers to cut wages, or Mayor Lindsay to cut social services. Zero Growth is fast becoming a justification for Nixon's Phase Two and Phase Three.

Welfare recipients in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey are now being forced to scab on strikes, and to take formerly unionized municipal jobs at \$'20 per hour.

CCNY Labor Committee

Women Series

7

Allegations

(To My Male)

I stand before you, in womanly fashion
 with the hope of a collective arrangement,
 Of happiness and accomplishment.
 I swell at the thought of you —
 and what I have is yours — Baby,
 I hold a storm of fury for you,
 betwixt my thighs — and I'd love to
 clap you with my lightning.

My breast pulsates with the throb of
 desire; of total affection, of Supreme
 respect — beat for you.

I fascinate at your everyday approach
 to incidence rare, to me, to us —
 to our situation and to making it
 better.

I hold you, . . . lover . . . surrounding
 you with me — to encompass you —
 encircle your being — shock you with
 my static — excite you with my
 talents; for you.

I am here, here for the purposes of
 pleasing and more so existing with you.
 I am here to show you that home is
 better than a street affair; that there's
 more here than there, . . . more at stake
 presently than later . . . more betwixt us
 than amidst spontaneous excursions of curiosity
 And
 variety: a devilish need.

My thunder resounds to make yours
 Respond — for you to fill me with
 your seed; to initiate me as being
 really part of you — to truly
 enjoy the love experience for now and
 forever.

For you, my male, I exhibit me, my
 best and my uncontrollable faults. —
 However, I strive for me, you, you . . .
 and me, you in me, —
 yes me part of you, and ultimately
 we together.

My womanly talents, and individual
 techniques . . . lover . . . of making you
 smile — whimper — satisfy — or —
 caress the origin of your happiness
 are used to reach and prove my
 objectives of loyalty, trust, involvement —
 Love.

The depths of my inner warmth are here
 for you to make hotter, internally
 within an exclusive sense — for you.

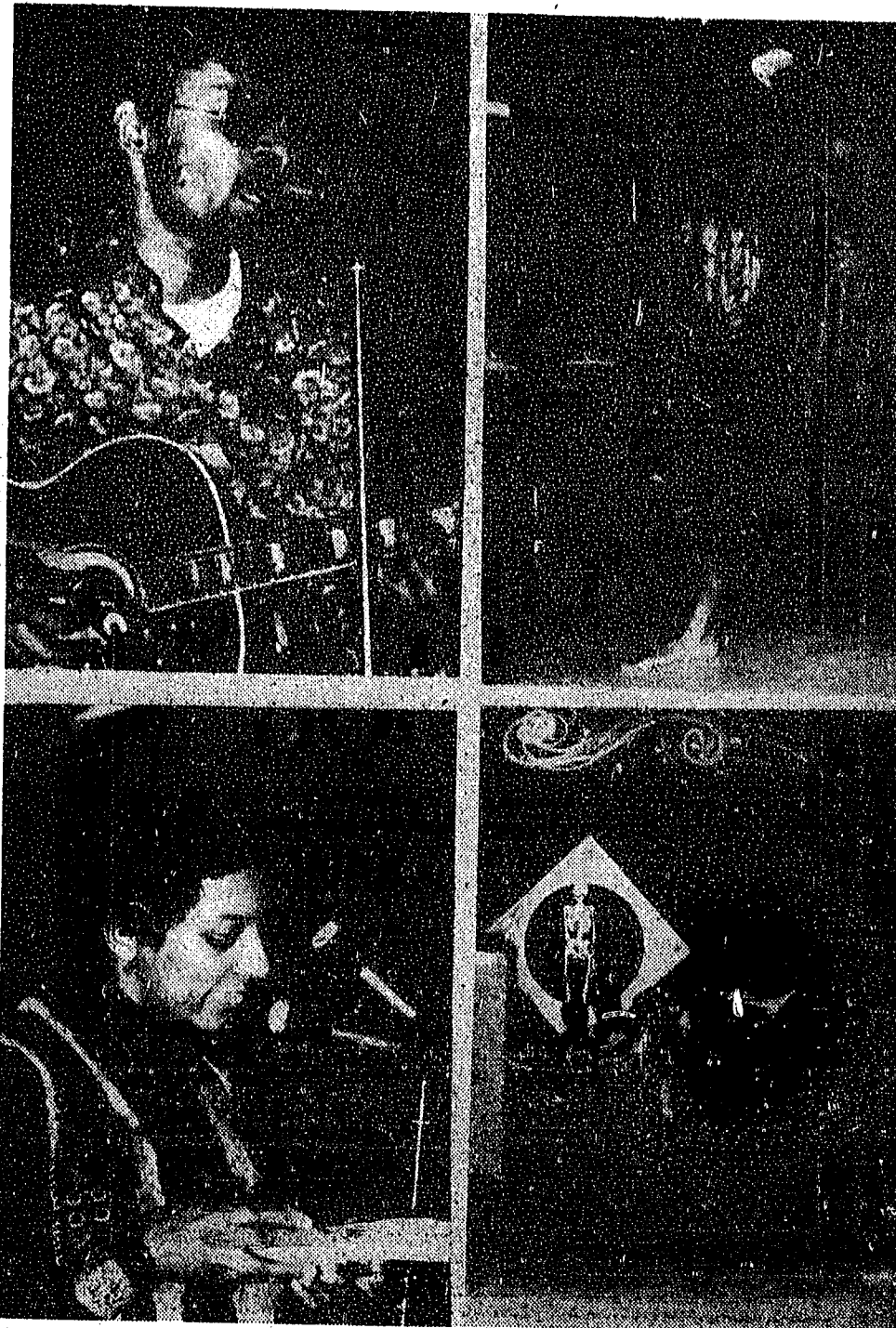
Use all that I offer to the fullest. All of
 me, physically — to the fullest. All of
 me, mentally — to ease you — to the fullest.
 All of me, actively, for I'll stand by your
 side and all of me, for our benefit.

All — provided it be devoted — I'll
 work with you personally — till I
 work no more and expire . . .
 All . . . and be true. —

For I am and we both should be,
 Right? . . . Right? . . . Right? . . .
 Right?

KALON

Below are participants in an evening at Club El Zodiac, part of Tanzanian Trip Committee's fund drive. Pictured are: Bob Feaster, reciting poetry; Chris Newton playing and singing original compositions; and the Husnlyah African Dance Troupe. Bernard Hines / The Paper



My M

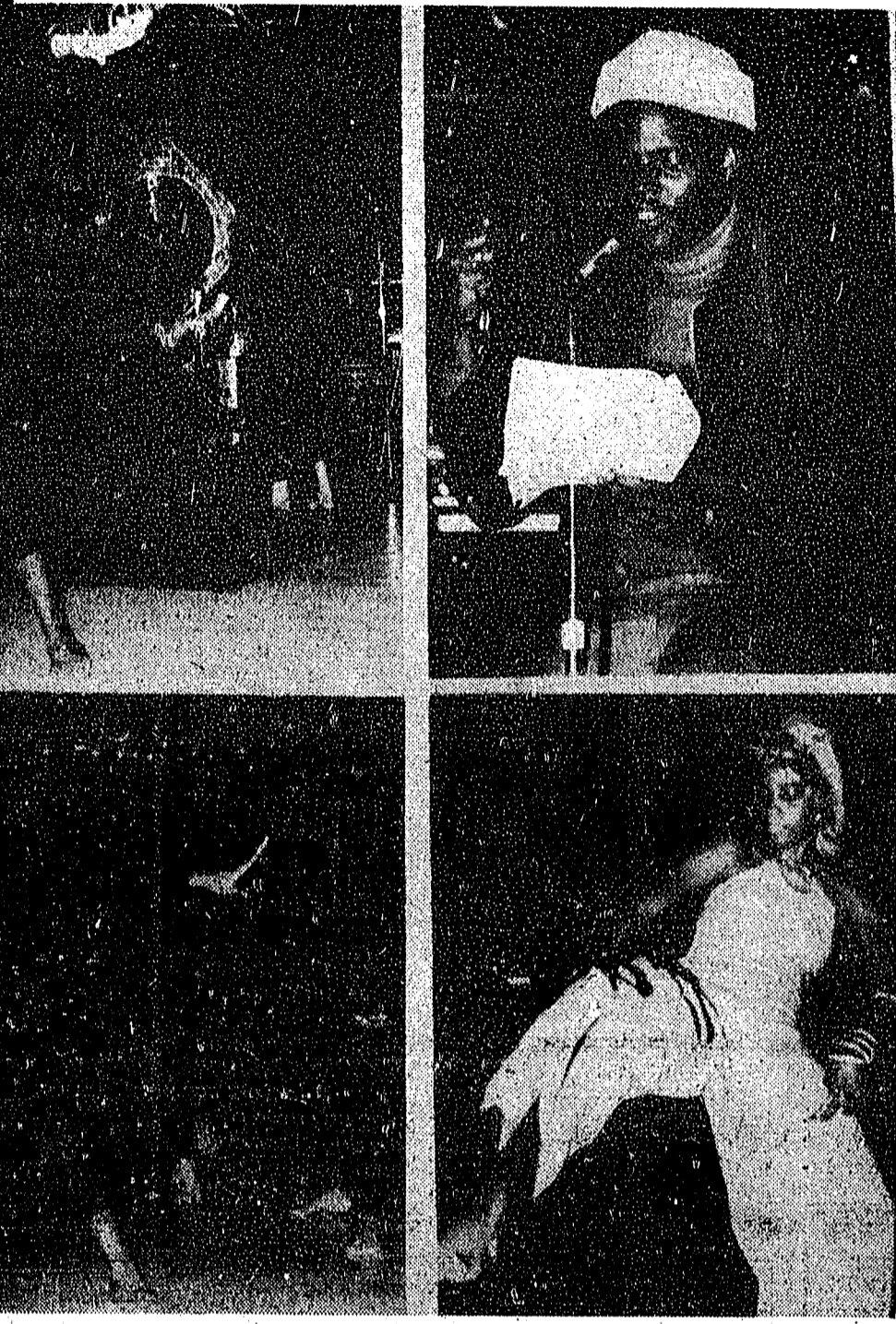
By THERESA REYES (age 15)

I met a guy the other day
 He was on the street corner.
 He looked dangerous and bad
 And even though I was forewarned by others,
 I had to stop and check him out.
 He was a magnet and I was iron.
 I knew it was bad, but what the hell, I thought.
 He took my hand and I jumped away;
 His touch was cold and evil.
 I'm not scared, I told myself.

He started to talk and I listened
 I answered him yes, and we took a walk
 Into his territory.
 Our first stop was Smoke Boulevard.
 I dug the place a lot.
 It was different, it was new.
 So I told him so and he laughed a sly laugh.
 I remembered his rep but I told myself
 I had a good head on my shoulders.

Our next stop was Downs Ave.
 It was a better place for me,
 But I wanted more, so he led
 And I followed.

Other performers included Ayad Mohammed, poet; Warren Doris, organist; and The Shuvah African Ensemble. Most of the performers are City College students.



A Holiday Note

By PAULA MARIE PARKER

*I will not send you a red valentine this year
Black Love*

*I will not let them capitalize
off of my feelings for you*

*Their pockets will not grow heavy
with that which should weigh down my heart*

*Fancy words, flowery phrases on pretty paper,
lines that rhyme and perhaps a pink envelope.
No, I could never present you with such a neat,
composite package of falsehood.*

*I could become a traitor
take the easy way out —
It would be so easy, oh so easy
to let them describe that which they never have, never will
know
never understand . . .
Indeed, were never meant to.*

*I don't know if I can or ever will be able
to tell you how much I love you
Or even make you believe I do
But the truth will come from my black self
and go to you, Black Love.*

*It will not be shuffled over, get slightly soiled
by prospective buyers
And when I speak
you will not hear the rustle of paper from my lips
and you will not flip my words over
to see how much they cost.*

Springtime Collage

By PAULA PARKER

1
Bush blown back by the breeze
Coat flappin' open to seasonally expose
what's there for the taking.
Suppressing an urge to hum, sing out loud,
skip, hop and hump to the sky.
Wanting everyone to know how
happy I am.
And succeeding.

2
Spring is a sex act.
The Lady Vernal Equinox strips bare
and exposes herself.
Grits her teeth and prepares for
an onslaught of eager, hungry lovers
whose temporarily satiated appetites
placate their anachronical labidos
until the next mating season
comes.

3
We don't have the same Spring
You and I.
What a pity.
You see it ushered in traditionally,
Green grass, blue skies, pretty flowers
budding blossoms and all that bull shit.
My Spring has an urban flavor.
Overnight, seeds of empty Boone's farm
bottles germinate, take seed
and like your dandelions, they multiply exponentially
but when crushed under the foot,
just don't feel the same,
what a shame.

in Man

On the next stop we made
I found the place was "wicked."
It was called Snort Street.
I told myself I could always turn back
If things got too rough, so we stayed a while.
I started to dig this dude
So I asked him his name
And he said "Drugs."
I was scared but I couldn't turn back.
I still had to follow
Something ahead was better than this place.

I found out that what was ahead
Wasn't all that good —
This place was hell.
Everyone was dead in slowly dying bodies.
It was cold and damp
Hot and dry
Scary and nice.

I said to my main man Drugs
I want to go back now
I'm tired and I don't want to be like "them."
But he just laughed and said to me
"You are them, and you can't turn back now."
I got scared and tried to run, but
I couldn't get out of the neighborhood —
So I died.

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The train screeched to a stop and opened its doors. I got on hoping to find a seat. There were none available so I stood. Noticing that we were beginning to move I made my way through the crowded car until I found a comfortable place to stand.

After making two or three stops I became aware of the confusion within me. I fought between taking on the cold impersonal stillness of everyone else or letting my mind wonder over the faces around me. The battle is won. I look around and wonder about the interesting faces I see. Take that man sitting in the corner reading. Judging from the way he's dressed, neatly pressed, form fitted, double breasted suit, pointed toed shoes with bold white stitches, black shirt, white tie and of course a wide brim hat. I would say that he isn't doing too bad.

I stood there holding on to the pole rocking gently back and forth. I thought it would be fun to upset the tranquility in the car by doing something to wake everyone up. I've got it. I know exactly what I'm going to do. And Mr. Cool over there can give me a hand. Whether he wants to or not is out of the question. He will help me. Little does he know that the experience he's going to have is a mind blower.

With the swiftness of what was all mind, I reached out and tore the cheap printed paper from Mr. Hip's hands. He just sat there with a look of surprise and confusion on his face. In-

coherent words and phrases poured out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Even the hair on his head stood up in the shape of question marks. I roared with laughter. In a moment or so those words and phrases began to make sense. What I understood and observed caused a sort of painful laughter to swell me up. "Oh my God!" He said, "What's happening to me? Am I loosing my mind? Why are all these people continuing to stare at me that way? I'm not crazy. Didn't they see that I had nothing to do with what had just taken place? Someone must have walked past while I was momentarily asleep and snatched the paper from my hands. That's it, I was momentarily asleep. It wasn't possible for me to have seen who did it. As the train slowed down and finally stopped, Mr. Hip jumped up and started for the door. Talking loudly as he went. "All you people think I'm crazy don't you?" He screamed. Those nearest him, stumbled over each other trying to get out of his way. "That's right get the fuck out of my way." He said. He ran out of the car and the sight was hilarious.

After the fun was over I noticed that my physical self was left standing, cool, calm, and collective. I didn't seem to take notice of anything around me. I just stood there immersed in oblivious solitude.

This blissful moment was suddenly interrupted by the presence of a woman. The fact that it was a woman was unmistakable. As I stood there I seemed to be contained in a vacuum of strangely scented perfume. The effect that it had on me was

aphrodisiacal. I felt mad with desire. Without realizing what I was doing I looked up and cast crazy, lustful glances at all the women. She's got to be here I said to myself. How can that be I wondered. There's no female close enough to have this kind of effect on me. What am I, crazy or something. But wait a minute, what's happening to me right now is living proof that she's right here in my midst. And I mean in my immediate midst. Then suddenly I knew she was there because I heard her call out to me. The voice was barely audible at first but it slowly grew with intensity. It said, lover I'm here, very close to you. Please come to me. At first I couldn't believe what I had heard. Was it possible that this woman was capable of transcending her carnal self such as I. Up until now I had never given such an idea much thought. Well, I said to myself, the fact is quite clear that regardless of how you feel you've got to deal with the situation as it is. Once again I cast furtive glances at all the women trying to seek the voice out. "Take it easy," I said to myself. "You'll find her—just don't blow your cool. Let's not give the people a repeat performance of what just went down. You caused Mr. Hip to blow his mind. Now it would be a real shame if you turned around and blew your own."

I decided to wait until she spoke again. I would concentrate all my mental energy in the direction in which the voice was coming. Suddenly I heard her. "I'm here lover. Behind you." The magnetism of her words was so great my mind snapped like

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a rubber band to the rear of my body. There she was staring at me. Her beauty was beyond compare. "My God!" I thought to myself. "She's a goddess in the midst of all this unholiness. How could it be that a woman of her beauty and extraordinary intelligence should sit among so ordinary people?"

"Because I am ordinary," she softly whispered to me. "And lest I forget, I must remind you that you too are ordinary. We were sent here to do great work for mankind but the time has not come." Our system of communication was literally out of this world. We spoke to each other with our minds' eyes. "How do you know these things?" I said to her. "Oh, I know many things that you once knew, but because you have been doing bad things with that of which you have the knowledge your purpose has been temporarily taken from you."

"By whom?" I wanted to know.

"By one greater than you or I. Right now you must listen to me very closely. Do not concern yourself with things which are out of your reach. I have come to you for a reason, and that reason must be fulfilled."

With those words her mind merged with my own. We made love to each other with the madness that only we could create. We bounced and rolled

in a sea of wetness. The mucus poured from her secretness and engulfed my manhood. We soared up up up together until it happened. It was like the roar of a thousand atomic bombs exploding all at once. We came together. I suddenly became oblivious to everything. Even she who had touched me seemed not to exist. When I finally became coherent I reached out for her but she was gone. I was left with nothing but awareness of me. I found that I was physically wrapped around the subway pole which I had once been holding. My clothes were drenched in a sea of perspiration. And the front of my pants indicated that something exciting had just taken place.

People stared as if I were crazy. "You don't understand," I said aloud.

"I'm not mad. I'm just as ordinary as you. She told me so. Please stop laughing at me. You don't understand I was sent here to help you. I know that I've hurt many of you but I didn't mean any harm. I was just having fun."

"Oh God," I screamed. "Why won't they believe me? I'm not

crazy. Oh no, — not the cops. Who called the cops? What's the meaning of this? Take your hands off me. I'm just as sane as you are.

"We know that you're not crazy. But still we want you to come with us."

"I'm not going anywhere. Take your fucking hands off me."

"Okay punk, now that's enough, just shut up and come along quietly with us."

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Worthy Occasion

Langston Hughes

By GWENDOLYN DIXON

"So we stand here on the edge of hell in Harlem and look out on the world and wonder what we're going to do in the face of what we remember."

Have you noticed the above quote by Langston Hughes, on the front page of this newspaper? On April 2, there will be a symposium illuminating the works and life of both Langston Hughes and Laurence Dunbar.

Hughes addressed himself to the disillusionment, loneliness and alienation of Black folks. In view of their battered bodies and scarred souls, he created humorous stories, plays and poems, giving to many a ray of hope when darkness enveloped their entire existence.

One of the first Black men devoted to his craft full-time and able to live off the fruit of his labors.

He flourished and contributed to making Harlem the Black Cultural Center of the U.S.A. in the thirties and was a part of the metamorphosis of the Harlem Awakening: the Renaissance.

Hughes was born in 1901 in Joplin, Missouri. At seventeen he wrote his first short story, "Mary Winosky," and in 1926 a volume of poetry, *Weary Blues* was published. Thus, he is also called the "Negro poet laureate."

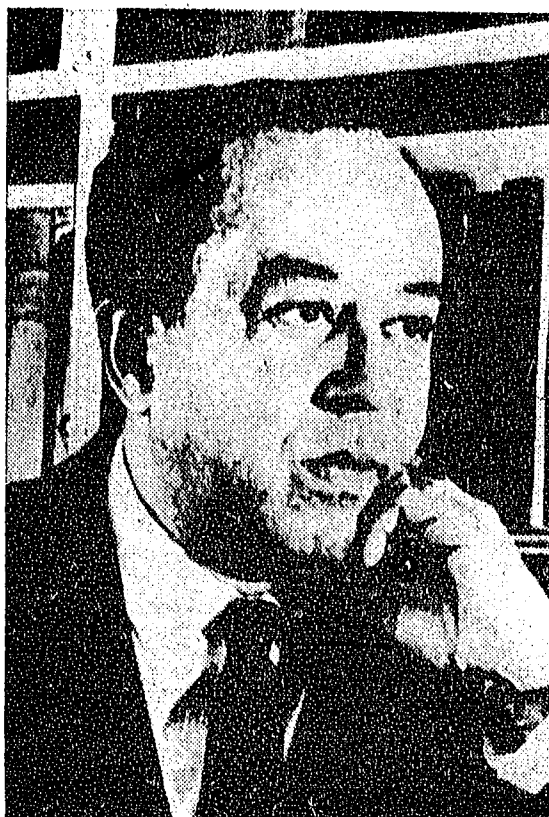
His mother and father separated when he was very young and he spent his early adolescence with his grandmother. At twelve his grandmother died and he went to Ohio to live with his mother. At twenty-one he attended Columbia University and quit after a year.

He wrote one of his famous poems, "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" while visiting his father in Mexico. It is a beautiful poem encompassing the state of Blacks across the globe, their birth in Egypt to their death, slavery, and struggle in America.

His culminative accomplishments include ten volumes of poetry, sixty-nine short stories, over one hundred separate essays, and twenty or more dramas, operas, musicals and gospels.

There is so much more to be said about a great talent and if you attend the symposium on April 2, in the Finley Ballroom, others will illuminate the writer, poet and man.

Here's one of Hughes' poems which expresses his humanism and desire for peace among all men.



Langston Hughes



Pauline Myers

I Dream A World

I dream a world where man
 No other will scorn,
 Where love will bless the earth
 And peace its paths adorn.
 I dream a world where all
 Will know sweet freedom's way,
 Where greed no longer saps the soul
 Nor avarice alights our day.
 A world I dream where black or white,
 Whatever race you be,
 Will share the bounties of the earth
 And every man is free,
 Where wretchedness will hand its head,
 And joy, like a pearl,
 Attend the needs of all mankind.
 O such I dream —
 Our World!

Pauline Myers

The symposium will also feature Pauline Myers, Broadway stage, film and television actress. Her latest performance was in "Lady Sings the Blues" as the salty madam.

She has appeared on such television shows as "Gunsmoke," "Mannix" and "Marcus Welby." A veteran of the New York Stage, she studied acting under the direction of George Kaufman, Arthur Hopkins, John Golden, Moss Hart, and most recently, Gene Frankel. She has performed with Gregory Peck in "To Kill a Mockingbird," Sidney Poitier in "The Lost Man," and in "Tick, Tick, Tick" with Jim Brown.

Ms. Myers is said to be graceful and endowed with extraordinary dramatic dimensions. Presently living in Los Angeles, she will perform a one woman dramatization in three acts.

The program, titled "The World of My America," consists of poems by Langston Hughes, dialect poetry by Paul Laurence Dunbar and an episode in the life of Sojourner Truth. She has presented this program from coast to coast, and the reviews all commend her performance as being a work of pure art.

The two-day symposium is the first of its kind to be held at City College commemorating the talent of Black artists.

Monday morning's program will feature six Black scholars and three students exploring the literary contributions of Dunbar and Hughes.

The participants are: Ms. Toni Cade Bambara, Associate Professor of English at Rutgers; Dr. Leonard Jeffries, Chairman of City College Black Studies Department; Mr. Lofton Mitchell, playwright and author of *Black Drama*; Dr. Wilfred Cartey, Professor of Black Studies at Brooklyn College; Professor Addison Gayle, Jr., Associate Professor of English at Baruch, and Dr. Nathan Huggins, Professor of History at Columbia University.

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