

THE PAPER

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Thursday, November 18, 1978

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

Confusion Over Checks May be Cleared

by Angela Henderson

The confusion concerning the processing and distribution of financial aid checks earlier this month, will probably be settled by the time Basic Opportunity Grant (BEOG) checks are distributed November 23rd and 24th, according to Ann Rees, Vice Provost for Student Affairs.

Students who went to Cohen Library to get their BEOG, Biomed, College Discovery, College Work Study, Nursing, SEEK and SEOG checks, on November 3rd and 4th, had to, as usual, wait on long lines. But many found, after the long wait, that their checks weren't there.

The delay in processing caused confusion at the check distribution site. Ms. Rees said there were many reasons for the processing delay.

The imposition of tuition at CCNY this year, has resulted in more students applying for and actually receiving financial aid. As a result, the amount of work in the financial aid office has doubled, and there

isn't sufficient staff to carry the overload, according to Ann Rees, Vice Provost for Student Affairs.

In addition, many students were confused as to when and if they would receive their checks. Some students went to get their checks even though they never received an award letter. Others should have gotten their checks but did not.

Besides a heavier work load, another reason for the delays in the financial aid office was because, Ms. Rees said, "financial aid was late in coming" and (CCNY) "didn't know how much money was allotted for college-based programs such as work-study."

Also, many students applied late for financial aid and they are just getting their checks processed now.

As an example of the amount of work in the financial aid office, Ms. Rees explained how approximately 2000 award letters were "hand folded" to be put into envelopes and mailed. But then these letters had to be re-folded a different way when the office



The Paper/Howard Moore

Ann Rees, Vice Provost for Student Affairs explains that the cause of the checks delay was due to the double work load and insufficient staffing at the financial office.

received envelopes with cellophane out.

Ms. Rees said that there should not be any problems when financial aid checks are distributed on November 23rd and 24th because only BEOG checks will be given

Though her office is not in charge of the distribution of financial aid checks (the business office is), Ms. Rees said that a new system of distribution would probably be implemented next year.

SEEK Students to Get Aid Despite Cuts

by Stephanie Skinner

Although the budget for the SEEK Study Center at the College has suffered a slash this fall, measures have been implemented to maintain the same level of effective services as before. SEEK's assistant director, George McDonald, reported that "sufficient reallocations of money can meet the needs of the students." Thus no students will be denied services because of the cuts.

Since the existence of the SEEK program, tutoring has always been a pertinent and necessary function. In the past the Study Center provided SEEK students with tutoring in English, the social sciences, math, foreign languages, and in remedial courses, such as social science survey, college skills and math. These services have aided in bridging the gap between the high school and college levels of academics. Past figures have substantiated that remedial and tutorial assistance have brought students who were behind, up to college standards.

This semester tutoring is still being offered in the social sciences, foreign languages, and math. There is now a limited amount of tutoring in the remedial courses because it was determined that there should not be an emphasis on tutoring in such courses.

English, one of the most important and sought after areas was completely eliminated in the study center. It was rationalized that there was an overlap with the writing center and the college is trying to avoid all duplication of services as a means to improve the spending of monies.

However, the writing center, which was cited as being better



The Paper/Sally Orlando

Student's face reflects the woes that the Study Center is going thru.

qualified to tutor in English and writing, has also been seriously cut. As a result, many students must be turned away. The center does, however, give priority to the SEEK students, so that it is the non-SEEK students who are mostly deprived of tutoring there.

McDonald impressed that the key to the situation of the study center was to take limited resources and use them effectively. Thus attempts are being made to set priorities.

In doing so, a previous system

used, the drop-in tutoring center has been eliminated and replaced by a system where students are assigned to specific tutors. The drop-in tutoring center was "not pedagogically sound," explained McDonald. Since students usually came around... during exam times, it was not an effective method to always have tutors available.

By enforcing a system of assigned tutors, both tutors and students could be held accountable for keeping appointments and regular attendance. It was also reported that each month expenditures will be reviewed thus having a highly accountable system to maximize the efficiency of the center.

According to Chester Trachtenberg, the coordinator for the SEEK student center, the center is presently accommodating 200 students on an average of three hours a week. In total, there is about 400 hours a week of tutoring going on.

At any rate, the SEEK cuts do not seem to have hampered the study center except for the elimination of English. In fact, Trachtenberg said that they were slightly underenrolled. Trachtenberg said that at any given time the center is able to accommodate 250 to 300 students a week on a regular basis.

Fortunately no tutors have been dismissed due to budget cuts. However, there were some quality cuts to ensure a maintenance of competent tutors, and this process will continue to be enforced. The tutors, who are made up of college

work study persons, 900 hour employees and SEEK upperclassmen, have decreased this fall as a result of quality cuts, and because some tutors did not come back. As it stands now there are some openings for tutors, so more college work study persons will probably be added, but they will all be subject to a screening process, McDonald had explained.

Because tutoring gets a high priority, additional funding is now being requested from the central SEEK office to assure that complete services be delivered to the students, McDonald added.

However, \$7,000 was allocated this semester for tutoring as compared to \$6,500 last fall. At that time the Study Center was matched with college work study money so that the actual amount spent on tutoring was nearly \$13,000. Similarly this fall, money from college work study is approximately 50 percent higher, bringing the actual budget to nearly the same as last fall.

When asked how a similar amount of funding was allocated this semester after being cut, McDonald explained that "fat money" was found throughout the SEEK budget and was applied to the Study Center.

He also assured that every SEEK student will get help and that "some provisions will be made for every student requesting it."

In this
issue:
PAPER
EXCLUSIVE—
Interview
with
Alex Haley



Distinguished author
of the new book,
"Roots: Saga of An
American Family"

Also:
Creative
Arts
Supplement

Starts on
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INSIDE:

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And More

News Briefs

Faculty Senate Meeting

by Beverly A. Smith

Retrenchment, faculty tenure, and the budget crisis at CCNY were the main topics discussed by Provost Alice Chandler at the College's last Faculty Senate meeting.

According to Provost Chandler, there are no plans for mid-year retrenchment, and expenditures will be deferred for as long as possible. "It is better to cut things before people," she said, "in order to bypass retrenchment."

On matters of tenure, Provost Chandler hoped that the present faculty members could be considered as tenured, but it was nothing definite.

Provost Chandler's most important topic was the budget crisis at CCNY. She stressed the need for changes in budgeting from a CUNY type model to a SUNY type model.

According to Provost Chandler, City College, due to its size, leans more toward the model of a state university other than a college of liberal arts and sciences category



Provost Alice Chandler

that it's under now. "The only thing missing is college programs on the doctoral level, she said."

Provost Chandler said that City, along with Hunter, Queens, Brooklyn and Baruch Colleges, should be treated as a university center. "City College is unfunded compared to SUNY colleges, she

said."

Also Provost Chandler stated that the student-faculty ratio is too high at City. In order to alleviate the situation, Provost Chandler stressed the need for smaller student enrollment in upcoming semesters to even out the ratio, and have City become a State College.

In reference to spring budgeting, Provost Chandler discussed setting up a short-ranged budget. She stated that retirements, resignations, and deaths would also be included when the budget for the spring semester is settled. "The college will probably be on safe grounds if we live through the fragilities, she said."

In addition to funding for the College, Provost Chandler said that although funding for the Davis Center is complex, it is needed to maintain student enrollment in the arts, music, speech, and theater departments. "We need interests in applied portions of subjects or else we will not be able to support our standards as a good college," she concluded.



President Marshak recently announced that he would remain at the college rather than accept an offer to head a physics institute at Texas A & M University. "I want more than anything at this time to help City College use its rich tradition and achieve excellence as a great urban institution of high quality," the President stated.

SPECIAL NOTE

President Robert E. Marshak will award Mr. Alex Haley the City College's Martin Luther King Jr. Medal on Dec. 3 at 1 p.m. in Finley Center Ballroom

Free Admission

Davis Center Construction to Resume

by Carmen Bell

The Leonard Davis Center for the Performing Arts, long plagued by financial difficulties, is due to resume construction by early December according to Gerald Kauvar, Special Assistant to the President.

In a recent interview, Kauvar seemed very optimistic about the financing package put together by President Marshak and the Bowery Savings Bank. The plan involves the bank buying \$6.25 million worth of bonds that the College will post the collateral for. The resolution to adopt such a plan was passed unanimously by the Board of Higher Education.

Usually the State Dormitory Authority funds the City University through the sale of bonds. Due to last year's fiscal crisis, sales were virtually at a standstill. According to Kauvar, later this week there will be a meeting of the lawyers representing the four parties in-



Gerald Kauvar, Special Assistant to the President.

involved in the negotiations: the State Dormitory Authority, Board of Higher Education, the College and the Bowery Savings Bank.



Long lines tell the story as students wait to receive their financial aid checks. Lines for next week's distribution of BEOG checks are not expected to be as long. If you can't pick up your check on the specified date it will be available at the Bursar's office the following day.

WCCR to Lose Money

by Margareth Regis

WCCR the radio station on campus will lose a \$60,000 grant from the department of Health Education and Welfare if they do not reach an agreement with WBGO-FM station by the end of December.

WCCR has been negotiating with WBGO so that it can utilize its FM frequency when it is not working. WBGO has so far rejected this request on the basis that they must expand their own program. WCCR has no alternate FM station at this time, because they do not break their time schedule, like WBGO. If it could get the WBGO which is an educational station, WCCR would be able to reach a wider audience, covering L.I., N.J., and N.Y. City.

Program director John Johnson feels that the city college administration is not giving them their full support, and has not



John Johnson, Program Director for WCCR

really put pressure on WBGO to cooperate. WCCR is presently functioning on the A.M. frequency, but only on campus; it cannot get another A.M. band, because most

of them are already filled.

What can you do for WCCR? You can listen more to it, and try to get to know what it's all about. Support WCCR anyway you can.

LAW DAY
Monday, November 22, 1976 3:30 - 6pm
Finley Grand Ballroom
Symposium: Is there Equality Under The Law?

Prominent Guest Panelists
 Sponsored by: Urban Legal Studies Program

The Next Issue of the Paper is to appear Dec. 10

Ads and other material are due by Dec. 3, 1976

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Interview:

Alex Haley - A Man Discovers His Roots

by Edward Butler

Starting January 30th, ABC-TV will present a 12-hour dramatization of Alex Haley's "Roots: The saga of an American Family", with a cast including: Cicely Tyson, O.J. Simpson, Lou Gossett, Hari Rhodes, and Ben Vereen. Most of us are probably familiar with Haley's co-authorship of the classic "Autobiography of Malcolm X". But, in the semi-biographical "Roots", Haley reveals himself as a highly versatile and prolific novelist in his own right. The publishers at Doubleday & Co. obviously showed a great deal of faith in the potential of the book, as it has received the largest advance printing (200,000 copies) of any other book in their history. Plans are also in the works to have the book translated into some 19 languages. The author put over 12 years of research into the narrative, which spans some 200 years, 7 generations and two continents, as the story of Haley's ancestors unfolds for the reader. This book is a 'must read' volume for those of us seeking a measure of true perspective and insight of the void surrounding the factual saga of the Black Experience, and Black heritage. The following interview was transcribed from a taping of an interview with Alex Haley which took place on September 28, 1976.

What made you decide to become a writer?

Haley: I didn't make any sort of single dramatic decision, I just got into it. I was a cook in the U.S. Coast Guard on ships. I used to write lots of letters to people during the war, and I was a very heavy reader. I started by typing out one chapter of a book I had read, and around the second paragraph I began to 'feel' how good writing felt. There really is a feel to good writing, the disciplined sentences, the 'lean thing' where every word does some work. People will come up to me and say something like, "Wow, what talent you must have" and I always feel I ought to tell them that the big necessity isn't talent, but self-discipline.

Talent can be acquired through work you do if impelled by self-discipline. If you don't have it, you're not gonna make it. I wrote every day for eight years before I sold my first piece to a magazine.

What was the first piece you sold about?

Haley: It was a little piece about the Coast

Guard. Funny things that happened in the Coast Guard. I had gotten literally hundreds of rejection slips, but I knew I could sell, and I had been tremendously encouraged by that fact. I began to sell now and then, and gradually with more frequency.

Did you feel any type of hinderance after you left the Coast Guard as far as your age was concerned?

Haley: I don't know any profession in which age is more irrelevant than writing; it makes no difference. If anything, I thank God I wasn't your age. I'm saying this simply because at your age you've got too many things distracting you to put in as much time. I don't think anything of



'Roots'
"attempts to fill
in the void
that has existed
for generations
about who we
are."

working 16 hours a day, or just stopping to eat or go to the bathroom. That's a kind of obsessive discipline that is really difficult to master when you're younger because you really have a lot of things to resolve. Your work is your mistress, that's very true. I have had several different women say to me "You're married to your work." I can't deny that. I am, as a result, single; I don't pay any alimony.

Liv Blummer (Press agent from Doubleday) mentioned that you're in the movie, could you tell us a little about that?

Haley: We have been filming since May 28, with just a little break in between and we finish in about 2 weeks.

Aren't you in the movie?

Haley: In the movie of "Roots" I'm the

last person on screen, and I talk about my family and what they did after what the book portrays: there was eventually my birth, my life history and the little stories my Grandmother told me, which led to my eventually writing "Roots". The movie tells what's in the book, or researching the book- the story of me writing the book, or researching the book don't even seem real because this is part of "In Search of Roots".

Are you going to be working on that when you go on the ocean cruise?

Haley: Yes, I intend to work on it on the boat while I'm traveling. I'm gonna work on it at night. One of my big thrills with "Roots" was the day it came to writing the worked "I", which was the 7th generation,

How many grlots to a village?

Haley: It might vary. Some big villages might have three. A small village like Jufere had one; some villages might have none.

Did it occur to you what this book might do for the oral tradition?

Haley: Well, I think it just really refreshes the oral tradition; not a whole lot of people are aware of the oral tradition as such, so we tend to not really be too cognizent of how accurate, how well it keeps.

What do you think your book will do for Black Awareness?

Haley: It attempts to fill in the void that has existed for generations about who we are. We have been, up to say, World War II tended to be a race of people who were ashamed of ourselves. We were ashamed of the place we came from: Africa. All we knew of it was Tarzan movies. We have been so unaware of any sense of pride in our heritage that it has led to being ashamed of one's own race. This book will hope to alter that by giving us a better sense of our past. This isn't just my family, but the story of all Black people. Our ancestry goes back to somebody living somewhere in Africa, captured in some way, put on a slave ship, brought across the same ocean, brought to some succession of plantations; after that the Civil War; the Emancipation, and after that the struggle for freedom. So the story of any one of them, any of your stories, told the same material. "Roots" is the symbolic saga of all Black People.

Did Malcolm X add anything to your insight?

HALEY: The things that led me to write "Roots", I knew before I knew Malcolm existed. I was older than Malcolm, and, I like to think I had been, to some degree. I was my own man. I respected him highly, but I didn't see him as my seer. It always amuses me that a lot of people seemed to almost never exist until Malcolm came along and told them what to think and how to feel. I just like to feel that I was pretty much on that road myself before I met Malcolm. I didn't agree with everything Malcolm said, nor would he agree with everything I said. I think we were both pretty much solid in the ways we were. We respected each other.

**The Black Studies Student Collective
and
Black Studies Department of City College**
invite you to a lecture by Mr. Alex Haley,
author of **ROOTS.**

Place: The Finley ballroom 133rd St. and Convent Ave.

Date: December 3, 1976 at 1pm

For more information call (212) 690-8117,8

THE PAPER

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Editorials On Weeding Out The Garden

The Board of Higher Education's decision to implement a "Junior Skills Test" at the end of a student's sophomore semester is but another indication of the "weeding out" process administrators are waging to 'clean the house' of minority students.

It is no coincidence that when Third World student enrollment is at its highest levels unprecedented measures are being enacted to carefully and systematically close the doors on the faces of those students who had to fight for their right to a higher education.

It can only be concluded that the Junior Skills Test is not intended to measure the academic skills of third year students but to force those students out of school who did not have the benefits of private secondary schooling. The implementation of such "achievement" tests not only blames the students rather than the system for the poor pre-college education many receive, but it refutes the idea of a free, non-elitist, public institution.

As Third World students we must anew our fight now for the control of our education. Our time has run out and if we do not unite and form a progressive unit of conscious students we will be completely weeded out of the garden.

Oppose the two year test. Attend the Forum sponsored by United Peoples in 330 Finley today from 3-6 p.m. It's a first step toward preserving the right of a free education for our coming generations.

Financial Aid Headaches

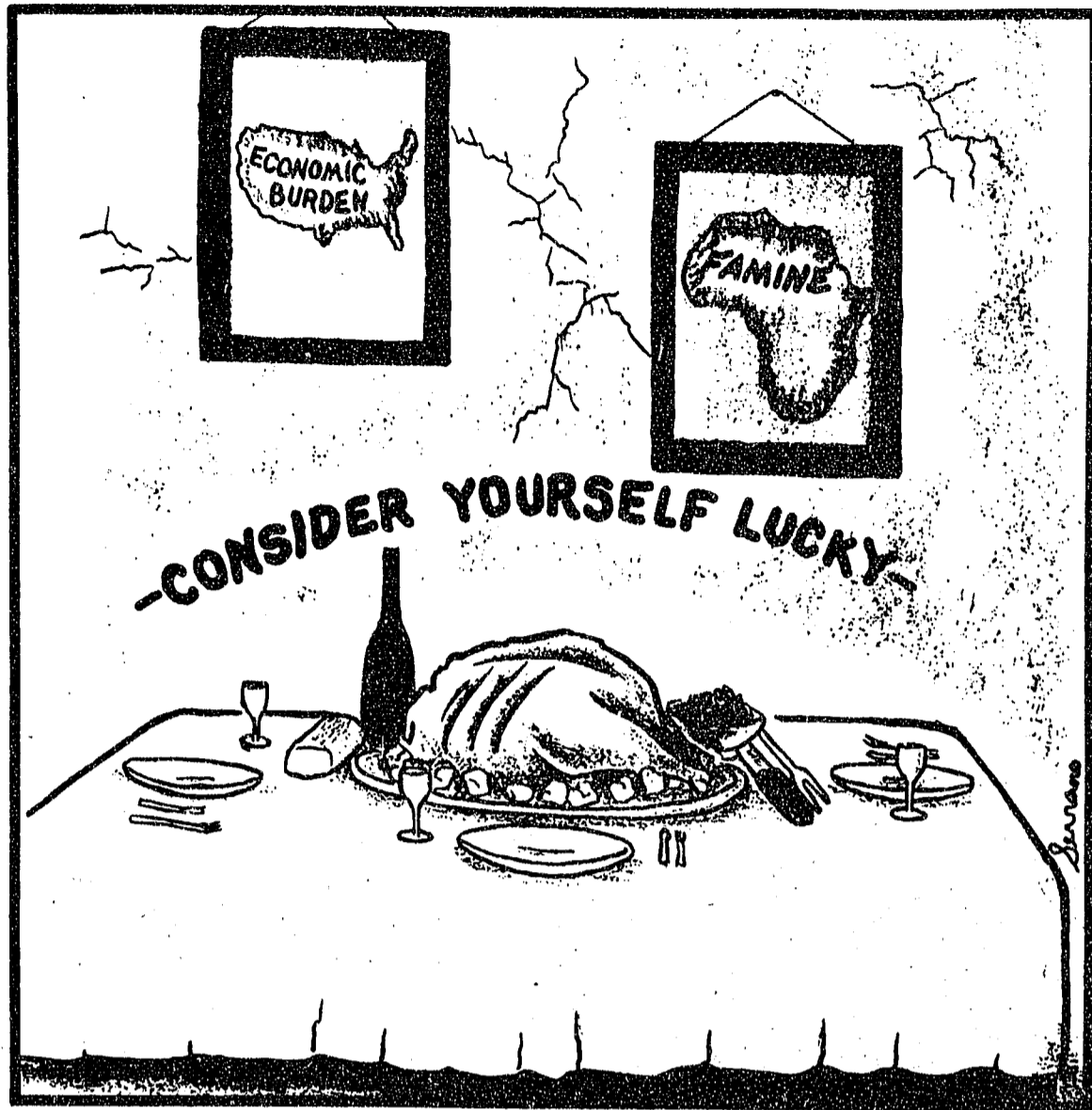
Hassles and confusion were the norm early this November when students had to endure headache after headache because of a poorly organized system for financial aid check distribution.

It was bad enough that students had to wait on long, extraneous lines to receive their badly needed checks, but to be placed in a potentially hazardous situation where anger, frustration and pressed nerves were volatile is taking things too far.

The administration must **immediately** take the necessary measures to ensure that such an inhumane procedure is not repeated. To say that a new system of distribution will be implemented next year is avoiding the problem.

As recommended, check distribution by alphabetical order over a four-day period could possibly alleviate some of the turmoil. Another alternative is "staggered day" check dispersal whereby all financial aid checks are not distributed on one day, but over a period of days according to the type of check.

If the tables were turned and the administrators had to wait on three hour lines to receive their pay checks would they settle for a year postponement before the situation was remedied? Think about it!



Letters To The Collective

WRITING CENTER

To the Collective:

I was delighted to see your article in the Friday, November 5th issue of *The Paper*; however, I was disturbed by a number of errors which were printed. I've corrected them below and would appreciate your correcting them in your next issue.

1. We can no longer accept non-SEEK students who apply for tutoring. We still have openings for SEEK students.
2. Any firing that I might have to do will not be of student aides but of tutors.
3. We do hire graduate students. It is your future hiring of these students that is in jeopardy because of the additional \$1.00 per hour they receive.
4. At one time the Center had a special tutoring arrangement in which 10-13 teachers had tutors assigned to them to work with students enrolled in their classes. There have not been any English teachers tutoring at the Center since Fall, 1974.
5. The 5 teachers we work with now are also using tutors in this same fashion.

Sincerely,

Marvina White, Director
The Writing Center

'FOR COLORED GIRLS...'

I am a student at Hunter College and my roommate, who goes to City College, brought home "The Paper" where I read your article "For Colored Girls; Explicit But Bitter."

I think your analysis was very clearly expressed and very true. I saw the play downtown at the

Public Theatre and questioned why such a powerfully dramatic, emotional play such as it is, would be moving to Broadway. It seemed obvious to me that at \$15.00 a seat the house would no longer be filled with too many people that could "relate" to it.

Yet, the underlying message of what Black men are like and their relations with Black women is much too poorly represented and does leave a bitter after taste.

I really agreed with your article and I believe you should submit it to some widely circulating paper. This was the first article that described what I felt.

I really respected the last line of your article where you stated, "If Black men and women cannot relate in positive, progressive relations we cannot expect to progress as a people." That statement is powerful and in my opinion, expressed the truth about any people.

CARLOS MOLINA AND THE BUDGET CUTS

Carlos Molina, a physical education instructor of Judo, Karate and scuba diving at City College was a victim of retrenchment during the budget cuts this fall.

Molina's accomplishments include the establishment of the first Metropolitan Judo and Karate League within the City University system. Two of his Karate students participated in the World Games and a Judo player participated in the Olympics in Montreal this summer.

Carlos Molina, a Cuban, grew up in Harlem and was a graduate of CCNY. He has the unique characteristic of being able to relate to the particular needs of students at

City College.

Many students view Molina's firing as an example of racism camouflaged by the budget cuts since minorities are the last hired and the first fired. This is true especially when you consider that Molina was granted his Certificate of Continuous Employment, effective September 1976, before his dismissal.

There is a movement developing on campus to reinstate Carlos Molina. Many student organizations are taking part in soliciting signatures, along with letters that will soon be presented to the College Administration.

"Soft money" as President Marshak coined the phrase, is available. It consists of campus and alumni funds which may be diverted to various departments for rehiring instructors. This was the case concerning the reinstatement of Floyd Layne, the basketball coach. Due to public pressure, Mr. Layne's salary was funded by the alumni.

This "soft money" may be used to rehire Carlos Molina without legal difficulty from the faculty payroll. The feasibility of Molina's reinstatement is possible considering that too many faculty were cut before registration. This was partially corrected by various departments rehiring during the semester.

It will be interesting to observe the Administration's response to student demands. They may ignore students by refusing to see them or perhaps give a flat denial based on the excuse of financial difficulty. However, even when the school was supposedly "financially secure," the excuse for cutting programs and people was a deficit. Therefore, can you name one year when CCNY did not claim to be operating at a deficit?

Mike Holmes

CREATIVE SUPPLEMENT

THE ORANGE THING

by Phil Emanuel

The older boys around my way told me that from the top of the Orange Thing they could look across the Long Island Railroad tracks and see the old Jamaica Racetrack, could turn around about 135 degrees and see the Saint Albans Naval Hospital's red and white checkered water tower, and the old dirt path that led to the Orange Thing.

The Orange Thing was in reality a cement mixing unit about twelve stories high (or what seemed to have been twelve stories at the age of ten) and ten feet wide at the top. We called it "The Orange Thing" because it was orange, and besides, it was easier to say "Orange Thing" than "The Cement Mixing Unit."

The path leading to the Orange Thing was a long and winding one, full of danger and adventure. The path took us through the woods, which was nothing but a big lot with an excessive amount of trees and garbage; it was a dirt road most of the way, but the path went into tall weeds after a while, and, at nine or ten years old, we could easily get lost if not on another boy's heels. Getting lost wasn't our only problem — rotten boards with protruding nails were waiting for somebody's foot to come crashing down upon them. Traps were also set by the older boys along the path to catch rabbits, rats, and the enemy while playing "army."

When we reached the destination, our fun had just begun. To the left of the Orange Thing was the shack that barely sheltered the conveyor belt's motor: The shack had rusted metal on its sides and a rusted roof that did nothing but let rain in. Leading from the shack was the conveyor belt — it led straight to the top of the Orange Thing. We had to walk up the belt because the motor didn't work, and it was a hard walk too — about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five yards, uphill on the conveyor belt, to get to the top. Some of the fellows went up the metal ladder running vertical to the side of the Orange Thing, or they climbed the

rope that hung from the conveyor belt.

That made only three ways known to us of how to get up there, but there were a number of ways to come down. The three ways I have described on going up were used to get down, and we sometimes used the pipe running to the right of the ladder to slide down on. That method was used for quite a while, until somebody slid down the pole until near the end, when the pole cracked so that he crashed to the mud below. Luckily he was okay; plenty of boys came down the faster — but most dangerous — way there was. They fell. Most fell from the ladder and not the full twelve stories down. Very few fell from the top into the mud or onto the cement, which had been left on the ground during the early days of the Orange Thing. When somebody fell from the top of the Orange Thing there wasn't any chance of survival — when they hit the ground their necks were broken, skulls were cracked, and the fall turned the unfortunate into a mass of unrecognizable blood, guts and bones which we used to joke about.



Bynard Moore

Even though these guys died, and even though we didn't want to die like them, we looked up to them as heroes. As a matter of fact, anybody who had been to the top was almost a man; there wasn't anything wrong with a guy if he didn't go to the top, but the other guys would torment him with taunts.

I made up my mind to go up the Orange Thing. I was an overweight ten-year-old, so that cut out going up the rope. I wasn't brave enough to go up the ladder. So the only half-safe thing to go up was the conveyor belt. The belt was no more than a yard wide, just enough room for me to fit inside the railing. On the way up I mumbled to myself that I was going to show them that I was no faggot. Well, when I was about halfway up, those bastards took out a big truck tire, like the ones you see on those tractor-trailer trucks. The rim was still in the tire when they gave it a good kick to start it rolling on me. Mel Me, one of their boys! Those bastards! There was no waiting to see if I couldn't outrun it because it shook the belt as it rolled. There was nothing to do but go over the side, and that was just where I went.

I fell, maybe about two or three stories before I knew what I had done. I soon realized that there was a rope in front of me, so I grabbed it, then I slid down about two more stories before I could control my speed. While I was still on the rope the sound of thunder came to my ears; later someone told me that the tire had just about blown away the shack at the end of the conveyor belt.

I safely made it down to the ground, the good old ground: the ground which stopped falling bodies with such suddenness that it robbed life from bodies felt good under my shaky feet. I got myself together and looked up at my "friends," who were laughing their asses off on top of the Orange Thing.

I was never destined to reach the top. By the Orange Thing's standards,

I was never to become a man, for several months later we returned to find just cement and a few blood stains where our "heroes" had fallen. The Orange Thing had died; there would be no more dangerous fun with the boys. Years later all but one of the guys who rolled down on me were still be to friends. I didn't seek revenge on anyone, because then it was part of growing up. Two were to go on to college, one of them to City College, one to work in a printing plant, one may become my brother-in-law, and the last was to lose his arm at the Orange Thing, then die from the loss of too much blood.

Now I know that just to play around there, and live, you were a man.

I Just Got High— * Naturally

I just got high — naturally
and sat down here
thinking how
ain't nothing really changed
and how
hot chocolate
is still warm
under my skin
and I wondered
would it be beans, again
like yesterday
when yesterday
caught me undressed
and us
indisposed
without
a double pair of gloves for 2
leaving you along
with your naked hands
out there —

I wish I had a pair of gloves
for us to share
on a chilly cold picket line
moving along
inch by inch —
and when cease time showed
we moved along
in search of
little lost Ashanti dolls
stolen from the womb
of
momma land.
I just got high over you
and wondered
would it be
beans, again
like yesterday.

Ron Lasana

Untitled

Dreams are made on snow-capped mountains
and taken upwards
by gusty winds
they soar above clouds
into limitless blue
and stand suspended
awaiting release
when summoned
they gather in clusters of hues
and burst!
into droplets of harmony
in plentiful fountains of ecstasy
they present themselves impressively
attracting throngs of pleasure-seekers
with little or not concern for effect
they vanish!
in cunningly quick maneuvers
and die . . .
in caverns of obscurity.

Deb



Kids: Pedro Deljin

* See Editor's Note Page S-2

Waiting*

golden horizon holding
evening in your hands
a warm embrace ripping
through my cloud
evening haze of all
good things, come to
me, tranquility
forget not my multitude
I am the salt of the earth
goodness is a part of me

golden horizon holding
time within your crusty grasp
break through this facade
of sometimey times and
come down to enlighten me.

Carolyn S. Williams

Love's Magnetic Field*

If I
consume
the
kinetic energy
emanating
from his eyes
I could
ignite
a million day dreams

And if I
stroke
his hair
black steel
soft wiry
I would short/circuit
computers

If I dared touch his arm
Inert in fitful sleep
circuit/breakers
might overload

So
I would
be content to
trace
each
fine line
and
pattern
of his
face
and
become
the
watching shadows
under
his eyes.

Sophie Johnson

Untitled

The violence in newspapers
are like Rembrandt.
The strokes are obvious
genius,
the vivid detail
masterful,
a collectors item
by morning.

Ken Jones



Eric White

Untitled

Sometimes, when we are together
it is as if the world outside the two of us
does not exist.

Time has no meaning, for the joy of our
togetherness consumes it in tremendous gulps.
The inner peace, the unadulterated happiness
that our just being together creates is more
beautiful than anything that my eyes can see
or my mind can conceive . . .

Thank you my love, for just being you.

Dewayne Robinson

Blossom of a Rose*

yet even the crimson petal
cannot compare
to the grace and beauty
standing there
smiling so sweetly

yet even the black/thorn
cannot withstand
the luring presence of
this ebened presence of
touching me gently

nor can the searching bee
ever know
the taste of pleasure
all allow
moving withing me

no . . .

not even the blossom of a rose

or the whispering
of prose
not the stem so green and bland
nor any being can
know you so purely.

Louis Reyes Rivera

Supreme Sacrifice

which reminds me,
I have written this poem softly
so as not to harm any of you;

sanded down all the rough edges, held
secret rendezvous at streetcorners across the cups

In my hotel room, the ceiling swaying
like intoxicated wood grain,

the walls leaning across candle light
like anonymous phone calls, the

night resting its chin on my window sill.

yes, I have really gone all out for you.

*Ken Jones

**Our Seed**

As we met on the streets of
New York by a roll of the dice.
As the dice rolled twice there
was you and I face to face.
The dice hit the table and landed
on tow, it was you and I for ever.
As the dice changed hands our luck
altered slightly. There was a seed
growing in our midst, that may destroy
us or bring us closer together.
This seed that grows so near to us,
may be in our image.
The seed began to show and the world said it could not be.
They had condemned our seed and reversed the chances
for a last roll at the dice.

copyrighted 1974
by Roy Barton**MO'**

By Jill Nelson

I was sitting by the window shelling peas, looking at the river. It was nice 'cause I was liking the river and the peas alot. The peas were lying bright green and deformed against an old ceramic bowl; there were little pieces of white showing through. The river was there. It looked as though it didn't move at all. *And God was in his heaven.*

"Please do the laundry while I'm out," my husband said.

"Be home in time for dinner and bring a pineapple," I said. He turned around fast as he must've heard the rustling of my spear.

"Don't give me orders. I'm not on the job anymore!" And bad me. I said nothing. While he put on his coat real slow, he was being a man and giving me a chance to defend myself, and left.

I was languid, suspended between the peas and the river. I felt I was slipping away but my body was getting heavier. It was nice being alone. Even though the baby was in her room asleep, I was like alone. I can always count on her sleeping a good three hours. Sometimes when my husband's home he wants to conversate when I don't want to.

Sometimes I feel like screaming silence! Sometimes I do.

Men like to talk about themselves; that's all they talk about, whatever they say. It's painful what babies they can be. *Making babies.* But in the process they occasionally put up a good front—which is what counts—being realistic. My husband is not an exception. He talks emphatically, earnestly. He is serious when he talks about carpentry, flute, money, meditation. He is sincere, and the hot breath of his sincerity threatens to swallow me up.

I am air, words float away from me. Often I cannot hear them, though I can always read or write them. My husband talks, other people talk. I find myself watching their faces, their feet, their groins. I do not listen to what they're saying at all.

Peas do not talk, they obey. You roll them to, from, they all roll, no matter how flattened and dead they look. They are constant. They were just lying there in the bowl, looking up at me as if they were saying, "Tell us what to do, what to do." So I mind-thought.

* These poems are in *Poets In Motion* by Shamal Book. The collection is available for \$3.00 by check or money order at 1392 Union Street, B'klyn, N.Y. 11213. Make all checks payable to Shamal Books.

Chocolate Chip

Sometimes I feel like a chocolate chip
 Kind of obvious, you know
 Blatantly contrasting with the white dough
 But I don't think I have to worry
 They did name the cookie for the chips.

Sadie Mills

Bees Buzz*

bee buzzes
 all you do is buzz
 buzz.

you must also
 fertilize
 gather pollen
 the best from each flower
 adding what you will from your own body.
 It's the best, only way to survive
 cause
 noise and bees buzz.

you can get past that
 to live as bees
 all doing their part
 building hives
 eliminating enemies

together
 no internal battles
 you be's
 bees buzz
 hey

you can be more
 stinging.
 love as the queens
 knowledge as the drones

yeah
 you can really be
 do more than
 just buzz.

Aubrey Moncrieffe, Jr.,

Our Seed

If I die before the age of manhood.
 Tell the man I obeyed all the golden rules.
 No smoking, No dope needles, Nor pill cropping
 or protesting. Tell the man,
 I followed the code and stuck by the law of the
 land. Tell the man I lived a passive life in
 Harlem and never went downtown to harass the people.
 I stayed uptown and did my thing.
 Tell the man I never had a job and never went
 in his neighborhood to ask for one.
 HEY MAN be sure to tell him, I died with hope
 in my hands.

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by Roy Bardon



Ronald Gray

Prayer

Beyond the nascent of space
 and time,
 When knowledge and wisdom
 bleeds,
 When strength and courage
 aches in icy hoods,
 And that quiet terror hammers
 it's silence,
 I shall put both my hands together
 like this—
 And let destiny sip the darkness
 from my closed eyes.

Ken Jones

C
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Y

PEAS

"Roll to the left." And they did, every one of them, because peas are green-round and tasty silent things.

The peas tumble to the right, and it is the river, yawning, beneath me. In quiet times I feel her move. She reminds me, "I move. Nothing is constant." She does not realize I know, that we are the same. Only her face is impassive.

Peas tumble, bracelets clink.

Looking at me this morning while eating one hundred percent organic pancakes, home ground, my husband said, "What are you thinking about?" "Eggplant parmesan."

"Hey! I got a new customer today; it should pay good. I'll be using new tools, better wood. You can get some boots next week . . ." And my beautiful black eggplants were trampled in the dust. I could barely distinguish a retreating green pepper, a scrap of tomato, but generally speaking they were gone. I found myself surrounded by sawdust table: sawdust walls, sitting at a sawdust table, eating a sawdust eggplant. I thought I could see vague outlines of cradles, shelves, cabinets, but I wasn't sure. It is so easy to get lost in the fine powder.

"I like eggplant," he said, softly.

"Huh?" I was startled. Beginning to like sawdust, lulled by soft particles I am breathing. He put his hand under my chin, held my face up, looking. It was temble. I felt like a child star, a miracle, a wonder, *no woman*. His other hand massaged my breast. Oh, so soft, so nice. But I had to move because the dude really was fucking with my chin.

"Don't you want me to touch you?" he asked.

"I like the mellow touch," I said. I do and he does. Nakedly, silently, together we climbed into space.

"The peas," I remember. A red-gold light moves across my face and it is evening, for me to rise, for me to bake bread. Rising, my body sways, I am light again! I feel and enjoy my buoyancy, my fertility. Intoxicated with the fumes of my incense I sway low, standing. The ceramic bowl falls from my hands, bounding, does not break. A hundred peas roll a thousand directions.

Beneath me, the river . . . yawns.



EVELYN!

by Darryl Eric Alladice

She was pushed into the Brooklyn bound Lexington Avenue express by the rush hour crowd. Evelyn desperately fought for a seat but was beat by a man who was not much older than herself. She grabbed the handle bar above her head and tried to finish reading *Vogue*, but she couldn't because everytime she began to read a new sentence she was accidentally nudged by the elbow of a lady in back of her.

The train was awfully crowded and the smell of many underarms caught Evelyn's nose and it made her nauseous, and she was ready to vomit any moment or fall from exhaustion. But it was Friday, the end of the work week, and there was nothing that awaited her. *How long, how long must I wait for my? When will I, not when will it stop?* Her conscious hammered at her and she still had quite a ride ahead. At Utica Avenue she changed for the New Lots Avenue train, got a seat, and got off at Van Sicklen Avenue.

Her apartment smelled "close" so she opened the windows. Evelyn changed into some comfortable clothes, heated the ox-tails and greens she had the night before, turned on the news while she ate, and took a hot bath afterwards. She was no longer tired so she decided on calling her sister, Roxanne, to see how she was doing. She hung up after letting the phone ring six times. Must be shopping, she thought. Evelyn looked through her mail and came up with a letter from Ron after going through the bills from Con Ed and J. Michaels. She read:

Hi Baby,

I'm doing fine down here and I think I found myself working with these planes. Pretty soon I'll be a good mechanic if I keep the faith. Will you keep the faith with me? You better or I'll come up there and put something on your tail. (Smile)

I'm sorry I didn't call when I told you but you got to understand that I was tied up. Say, when're you gonna get back into your photography? You can shoot your ass off, you know that don't you? Well you better. I gotta run. I'm inbetween assignments, you know. I'll call you. I think we can make it this time.

Love,
Ron

She put the letter in the pocket of her robe while a smile ran across her face for a moment. "Ron," she said to herself "I think I've found myself," she mimicked. Evelyn struggled to forget the times they had. He was twenty and she was nineteen six years ago. They fell in love too quickly, she thought, and that's why they broke up and remained very good friends, *because we didn't understand ourselves first.* But that was in the past and all Evelyn could think about was the present: her nine to five job in Chock Full O'Nuts; her two room apartment in East New York which desperately needed paint here and there; her abortion two years ago; and her fight with sickle-cell anemia which she found out she had a year after meeting Ron. But now she is twenty-five, one hundred and seventeen pounds, alone, bewildered and tired. Tired of her life. *How long?* her conscious keeps messing with her. *You can never get back into your photography now.*

Evelyn got up, washed the dishes, dried her hands, went to the bathroom, looked in the mirror and looked at the coloring of her eyes: a dullish white from the "black disease", her skin the color of a vanilla wafer, and her hair still holding the curls she put in two nights ago. "Me and Ron could never make it again," she said aloud. They fought in the house and in the streets when they were together. Evelyn opened the medicine cabinet, took a razor blade out the small blue box, held it in her fingers for a moment, observing it, and then remembered what Jokulo, a militant she met at a party one night, said: Blacks are the last to commit suicide. And she proceeded trimming her corns on her right foot like she intended.

It was ten o'clock by the time Evelyn finished doing whatever she had to do. But she still had nowhere to go. *Roxanne's?* No, she asked and answered subconsciously. Roxanne was probably too busy to listen to her sister's problems because she had plenty of her own. After thinking a while she decided to go to *The Pink Lion*, a small but clean bar on the other side of town on Broadway.

After getting dressed she caught a cab because it was Friday and she had a little change. The cab passed streets of broken glass, stray dogs, wandering children, corner crooners, fire engines, dilapidated buildings, junkies, winos, good news and bad news, schools, and there was a fight on Ralph Avenue just beyond the Breevort Houses.



Ray Charles' "Living in the City" smacked her ears in the face when she opened the door of the small bar. She sat at the counter, ordered a slow ginfizz and waited for her change from the ten dollar bill she gave the bartender before she looked around. Evelyn saw two guys shooting pool, a couple dancing, a man on the phone behind the door just before one comes in, two people holding hands, a stocky lady putting some change in the juke box, and an elderly man sitting by the window talking to himself while holding a beer in his hand. Evelyn took her drink and went to sit at a table she saw in the far dark corner of the place. She put her coat on the back of the chair before she sat.

The music of Barry White, the Blue Notes, the Temptations, and the Stylistics made her feel relaxed as she played with her straw and sipped her drink. Evelyn had several more drinks and she put some change in the box to make her selections on her way back to her seat.

"Is it really that bad?" said a voice before taking a seat. Evelyn was startled at first because she hadn't spoken to anybody all night because there wasn't anyone in the bar she knew.

"It's as bad as one makes it," she responded quietly after thinking for a moment. Her finger was tapping the glass. She took a sip of her drink. There were only about four or five customers in the bar.

"You sitting here all quiet, baby. I come over here to make sure you won't die." Their faces still hadn't met because of the darkness of the corner they sat in, Evelyn felt flattered by her visitor's remark.

"You really did, huh?" she asked. "That's right." Their hands touched. Evelyn didn't resist. "My name is Claud."

"Evelyn," she said. "How long you been in here?" she went further.

"Not long. Maybe an hour." Their faces met, finally. Evelyn met the smooth face of a person looking around twenty-six or seven with a short afro.

"I didn't see you," Evelyn said, testingly.

"I saw you." There was silence except for the cracking of pool balls, the voice of Aretha Franklin, and the bell of the cash register. Evelyn was wondering.

"You live around here?" Their silence was broken.

"East New York. You?" she asked. "Macon Street. Near Reid."

Evelyn's thoughts switched from work, her apartment, Ron's letter, and back to the bar.

"Let's get out of here, okay?" "I don't even know you," Evelyn responded. But she didn't want to stay in the bar all night and she didn't want to return home yet, especially alone.

"But I want to know you. Is that a sin?"

"What makes you think I should accept your proposition?" she asked.

"You don't have to." After a long silence they stepped out the bar and into the almost quiet streets.

"Let's go to my place. Okay?" was the suggestion. Evelyn followed. They walked the streets while conversing quietly. They passed empty beer cans, closed stores, staggering drunks, and half-decent brownstones.

The apartment wasn't big and Evelyn was hit with the smell of incense when the door opened. Soft intimate records were put on. They conversed, again, and had several drinks. Evelyn had forgotten about her job and her apartment, the streets outside, and . . . Ron. They drank heavily and smoked a few joints. Evelyn was touched and they kissed. She was glad to be touched, to be thought of: she loved it when someone listened to her. *To me!*

The red light was cut out and they undressed in the dark. The covers were thrown back a little and they got under them. *Oh God!* she thought, *I can't! I can't! I can't do this anymore.*

When he caressed her thighs she stiffened instead of melting into his arms like she thought she would.

"What's wrong, baby?" He kissed her. She was crying a little. He kissed her tears and sucked her cheeks, her lips, her tongue.

"I don't belong here," she whispered, frantically.

"Don't belong where?" he questioned as he kissed and sucked her nipples, her neck, her tongue.

"I have somebody," she said in a tone a little above a whisper.

"Where is he at?" he asked. "Where is he at?" he asked again after not getting an answer.

"I don't know, but . . . I do have somebody," she replied.

"Yeah . . . baby. Yeah," he countered, slowly, as he was rubbing the inside of her thighs. "Me," he finished.

They were both sweating profusely. He was kissing her. She was holding his shoulders. He was kissing her. She was rubbing his soaking back. He was kissing her. She was kissing him. He entered her while she was holding his tongue in her mouth, and they held each other until the sun came up and the chirping of the first awakening sparrow could be heard.

"I don't wanna be a tramp," she said. "I don't wanna be a tramp."

"Baby, life's a bitch," he said, watching her get dressed.

"But will I see you again?"

"Like I said, I don't want you to die," he replied. He began to get dressed. They were both dressed. He took her home and she didn't invite him in when they were at her door.

"Is this where it ends?" he asked, looking into her weary eyes.

"I don't know." Silence. He kissed her. *Ron. Men. Ron. Life.*

"Later, baby." Before Evelyn could say anything or feel anything he was already down the stairs and gone. She unlocked the door, went inside, slammed it shut behind her and went to the bathroom, to the medicine cabinet.

To The Lady And Didn't

We met in a dream of light in the middle of noise and rails of endless tracks. After looks through windows and eyes that meet and a word of hope.

I still remember the dream of light. The light still shines deep down for one so fair.

Here I stand in a burning shade of a light dream, thinking of a face that would change life forever.

After searching and more searching and looking and watching and more watching and looking.

As the burning shade of light covers the face of a rose.

I knew destiny had just came and led me down memory lane.

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by Roy Bardan

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MODELS****for WCCR****FASHION SHOW****AUDITION: TODAY
From 12⁰⁰-2⁰⁰****Room 419, Finley Hall
Call 926-3300****Press Release:****Opposition to the Two Year Test**

Press Release from UNITED PEOPLES
UNITED PEOPLES is a student organization interested in educating and raising the political consciousness of students as to the nature of the attacks on our education. For awhile we are all angry it is important

UNITED PEOPLES is a student organization interested in educating and raising the political consciousness of students as to the nature of the attacks on our education. For while we are all angry it is important for us to have a thorough and deep understanding of the issues affecting us, as well as how to channel that anger into an organized, conscious struggle against our real enemies. We feel it is important to be active, and to organize and unite students to be active in the movement to struggle for the kind of education that will service us and our communities.

**THE TWO YEAR TEST, ANOTHER
ATTACK**

Thus, we are initiating a campaign to stop a "Junior Skills Test," being imposed by the Board of Higher Education. This test was previously revealed to us in the Spring semester by the Board of Higher Education, along with its other restrictions on our education. Starting this Spring semester, all students will be required to take this test prior to their Junior year. Those who fail will be thrown out of school.

After having ended Open Admissions, imposed tuition, retrenched faculty and course offerings, laid off enormous numbers of campus workers, ripped-off our financial aid and virtually eliminated the SEEK program, the B.H.E. slaps us on the other cheek with a second year test. We have taken abuse after abuse on top of abuse—it does not end.

These attacks on our education are clearly a part of the general attack on the N.Y.C.

working community, in particular Third World people.

OPPOSE THE TWO YEAR TEST

Black, Latin, Asian and other working class students, who spend their first two years repairing the damage of an inadequate high school system, will be particularly weeded out by this test. Already the B.H.E. has projected that 10-15% of the CUNY student population will fail the test. Undoubtedly this estimate is modest and the numbers are much higher. The B.H.E. will create their standards of what they want students to "know" before becoming a junior, being sure to have in mind who they want to fail this test. At the same time the imposition of this test **blames the students**, and not the poor education we receive, for failing to "achieve success." They will say we did not study hard enough, that Third World people don't have the brain capacity to comprehend mathematics, or that we don't know English well enough, etc. They will ignore the racist attitudes and distorted education which we confront every day, both in the classroom and in the textbooks.

They further disregard the daily hardships we encounter, especially in meeting our financial obligations.

METHODS OF ELIMINATION

While the end of Open Admissions, in December of 1975, made sure that only the more "intelligent" and privileged students can enter CUNY, the two year test closes in on us even more blatantly than tuition. The figures released by CCNY reveal that approximately 4,000 students have already been eliminated from here, due to tuition, and thousands more CUNY-wide. We have no more cheeks left to turn.

**MATURE OF EDUCATIONAL
SYSTEM AND BHE'S ROLE**

The BHE's actions expose its role as a representative of the capitalist class. With

the growing crisis confronting U.S. capitalism, the ruling class must ball itself out at the expense of the working community. They have thus declared "fiscal crisis," and uses this as its rationale for its intensified oppression. Our communities have felt this dehumanization in the form of enormous layoffs and unemployment, inflationary prices, increased police harassment and repression, reduction or elimination of social services and budget cuts on a federal, state and local level. With these budget cuts hitting education, health and other social services sharply in N.Y.C., the B.H.E. is reducing its budget by eliminating people. As is always the case in racist America, Third World people are the primary targets.

These actions have brought to the surface the naked truth about the educational system: that it was never intended to educate students, but rather to track them according to the dictates of the corporate structure.

This tracking system makes sure that Black, Latin and Asian students be rejected or restricted to the lower level vocations, like clerical and technical slots. In terms of college, this means no more than two years of training; thus the two year test.

United Peoples is initiating a petition campaign to end the "Two Year Skills Test," and urges students and student clubs and faculty to pass the petitions around and begin to discuss the issue. U.P. does not see the petition as a means to an end in itself—we have no illusions that the B.H.E. and the Administration will give in under pressure of petitions or if we kindly ask them to. We are using this petition as a tool for getting more students involved by discussing with them the issues and emphasizing the need for unified action. Out of this effort, we hope will come a unified body which will further involve more students towards taking decisive action.

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Buy your tickets now!



Ronald K. Gray, director and cinematographer, shown above contemplating a shot for "Transmagnifican Damnability." In the opinion of THE PAPER, he created the best out of all the films shown at the Picker Film Festival. We hope to see more of his films in the future.

South Afrika: A Historical Essay

by Mike "Cheeno" Smith

South Afrika (or Azania, the preferred name by Africans) in the 17th and 18th centuries was far from being an empty land, but you could not tell that to the Dutch and British colonialists. It did not take very long for the Afrikans, such as the Khoikhoi and the bushmen who inhabited the South Afrikan region, to find out that these white men who occupied their territory were a menace. Afrikan resistance fighters were determined to throw the European intruders out of their land, but with the fire power of weapons along with mass murders, extermination, rape and large scale plundering of Afrikan land, slavery took hold.

The Dutch, in 1652, were the first to occupy South Afrika; they were basically agricultural people who used the Afrikan land for farming. There's no need to guess who worked the land. It was not until the discovery of diamonds had gold along with other material resources that the British began to carve themselves a niche in South Afrika during the early 1800's. Thousands of British diamond and gold seekers, headed by Cecil Rhodes, (Rhodesia is named after him and that is one of the reasons why Black people of Rhodesia prefer to call their country Zimbabwe) poured into South Afrika. Conflict rose between the Dutch and the British as to who would rule South Afrika. War broke out between the two European powers whereby the British proved to be far more superior than the Dutch, thus taking control of the urban areas and ripping off much of the wealth. In 1910 England gave internal self government to the white minority, creating the Union of South Afrika which incorporated the Dutch. A truce was necessary between the two White powers because Blacks were not standing idly by to see which "great white hunter" would rule them. Blacks were resisting European domination of their homeland with very heavy blows. The union between the British and the Dutch helped to intensify and secure the exploitation of Afrikan people. Thus from the seventeenth century up until 1976 Blacks in South Africa have had no type of self-determination in their own homeland.

Afrika in general is one of the richest continents on the face of this planet in terms of its natural resources. South Afrika in particular is wealthy in diamonds, gold and other minerals. South Afrika is the most economically developed country on the continent. It's been reported that White South Afrika has the highest per capita income in Afrika and also in the world. The U.S., Sweden and Canada are the only countries that outrank South Afrika.

The reason for white South Afrika's massive wealth is the cheap labor of Black workers. The Black Proletariat wages are 15 to 20 times lower as compared to the White Proletariat. The whole South Afrikan economy is totally dependent upon the black labor force but Blacks do not see any of that wealth they produce. Black unemployment runs rampant because a large number of jobs that are available are for whites only.

Prime Monster OH-UH, excuse me, I meant Prime Minister John Vorster is the "A" number one racist who runs the racist regime of South Afrika. He along with his henchmen are responsible for administering the system of apartheid. Apartheid is the legal system of segregation between the black and white races. Apartheid holds the same characteristics of separate but unequal treatment of blacks as existed in the U.S. between the years of 1896 to 1954.

There are 20 million Blacks in South Afrika who only live on 13% of the worst land, and to top it off they are not permitted to own that. The white population is only four million but yet they control the entire political, economic and social lives of the majority population. Within the past five months there has been spontaneous rebellions by Azanian students and workers against the white racist regime. Several thousand have been arrested. Cold blooded shooting by white racists and police forces have taken the lives of young people, students and workers. The question should be why are Blacks rebelling? The answers to this question are not complex at all. The effects of exploitation and domination are blatant.

People of color in South Afrika are not allowed to live anywhere they want to. Mulattoes (known as coloreds) must live in the colored section of town, an Asian in an area designated Asiatic, a white in an area designated as European, and Afrikans in areas known as bantustan, called the "Bantu Homeland," which is only 13% of land in the whole South Afrikan territory. This 13% of land is composed of nine units of different clans. These clans are kept divided up in order to weaken Afrikan unity. The "Bantu Homeland" serves as a dumping ground for "unproductive" Afrikans and it allows the capitalist to make full use of cheap Black labor without granting them any kind of rights whatsoever. Black workers' strikes are illegal. If Black workers dare to strike the penalty is a \$1000 fine and/or up to three years imprisonment. If Black workers want to strike they would have to receive government permission, but on the other hand, whites can strike. Black trade unions, are not recognized by the capitalists thus, there is no hope for improved wages on better working conditions. Trade unions that are legal are not allowed to have Afrikan members.

White per capita income is 14 times higher to that of the Afrikans. Whites per capita income is about \$11 a month while Afrikans is only \$9.50.

A recent survey put forth that 80% of all Afrikans live below the poverty line. The death rate of Afrikan children in the Bantu regions is 25 times higher than that of White children. Malnutrition is very common among Afrikans. It is ten times as high as compared to whites. South Afrika has one of the world's highest doctor-patient ratios on earth, but Black doctor-patient ratios is one to very 18,000 while for whites there is one doctor for every 455 people. Only about 12 or less black doctors qualify on a

yearly basis. Black and white patients are treated in separate hospitals by nurses and doctors of their own race. Certain laws forbid the employment of blacks in posts where they could supervise or control white staff. The South Afrikan racist regime is so drunk with bourgeois racist rule that even ambulances are divided according to the race of the patient.

Education is nothing but a joke for Afrikans. The government spends \$340 a year on a white child and only \$30 for a black child. Education is free for whites.

As I mentioned earlier whites have the right to live anywhere they want to, but Blacks have to carry passbooks that must be stamped with approval in order for Blacks to live or work in a certain area. If Blacks do not live in the urban areas they have less than 72 hours to leave or suffer penalties. In 1960 the Pan Afrikan Congress in South Afrika played an instrumental role

in organizing a non-violent protest against the pass laws when 20,000 Afrikans assembled in Sharpsville and other cities. At Sharpsville, South Afrikan police opened fire on unarmed crowds killing 69 Afrikan men, women and children and wounding hundreds. This tragic event became known as the infamous Sharpsville massacre.

The South Afrikan apartheid regime has done more than just serve as a bastion of wealth for their bourgeoisie and privileged standards of living for whites. The U.S. and other Western powers have profitable investments in South Afrika and in order to protect these investments the South Afrikan regime is supplied with a daily supply of fighter planes, missiles, tanks, bombs, guns, napalm etc., in order to crush the various liberation movements. Despite what "shuttle diplomat" Henry Kissinger and lying Gerald Ford

put forth, the naked reality is that U.S. helps to maintain racism and imperialism in South Afrika. U.S. corporate investments have grown from \$286 million since 1960 to \$1.5 billion dollars today. There are now over 375 big corporations in South Afrika. To name a few: Chrysler, Ford, General Motors, Gulf, Union Carbide, Chase Manhattan Bank, First National City Bank and General Electric. Monopoly capitalism's only concern with maintaining its profit interest at the expense of Afrikan people's lives.

The whole Southern Afrikan region is presently engaged in an armed national liberation struggle against racism, capitalism and imperialism. We are part of that struggle. Let us show our solidarity by giving support to our Brothers and Sisters in South Afrika and Zimbabwe by exposing U.S. imperialism to its fullest.

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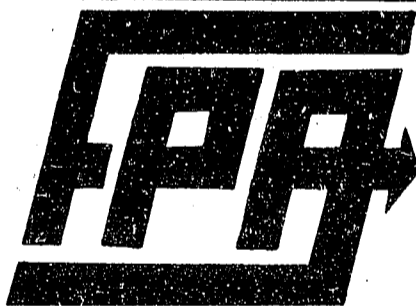
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F R E E

Nov 18

Concert

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Buddenweiser Lounge 12-2

Nov 19

Films

Journey Through the Past 12&4

Dracula 2&6

(postponed from Nov 5, 1976)

Nov 23

Filmed Rock Concerts

featuring Beatles,

Stones, etc.

Monkey's Paw 1-3 pm

Nov 24

Concert

Don Carter Trio—Jazz

Monkey's Paw 1-3

Visit crafts workshop F 350 11-4

Blacks in the Martial Arts

by Yusef Abdul Salaam

Once while browsing in a store in mid-town Manhattan, I picked up a book entitled "Twentieth Century Warriors." This book contained short biographies of men who were considered masters in the oriental arts of self-defense. As I scanned through the book I did not see one African-Bilalian (African descendants who were brought to the Americas as slaves over four hundred years ago).

To exclude the African-Bilalian out of karate, kung-fu and judo would be like trying to erase the names of Joe Louis and Jack Johnson from the pages of boxing. There are as many African-Bilalian twentieth century warriors in the oriental arts of self-defense as there have been African-Bilalian boxing champs: Steve Saunders, a champion out on the west coast and one of the founders of the Black Karate Federation, is a "warrior" who is respected and admired in the martial arts circle; Jimmy Jones of Chicago is a humble man who is appreciated by students and teachers of all races because of his knowledge of and ability in karate; Master Moses X Powell is a Ju Jitsu expert whose headquarters are in Brooklyn. He has been studying the science of his art for more than twenty years.

Why has the African-Bilalian remained almost invisible in the martial arts world? Why has the history of the Black man as a martial artist been a mystery? This excerpt from an article in the "Science of Mind" magazine answers the

above questions beautifully: "The language we use to describe this mystery is most revealing. The word 'history,' divided into it's parts, means literally his story, 'man's' physical story. It is the record of man on this earth. The word 'mystery' divided into it's parts means literally 'my story.' When I understand the truth about myself, I am telling my story, the real story of me."

The story of the African-Bilalian's contributions to the martial arts has been a mystery because someone else has been telling his story. And if he does not begin to tell his own story he will remain invisible — a mystery!

Today in the streets of Harlem, Watts, Newark and other African-Bilalian communities in America we can observe our youths playfully kicking and chopping at each other. It is a common sight to see them whirling home-made nunchakus through the air (the nunchuka is a double pieced hardwood weapon. The woods are hinged by silk cords or a steel chain, end-to-end, by a universal point that allows freedom for swivel. It is used for close in fighting).

The late Bruce Lee can be thanked for instilling in our youth a craving for something as positive as the martial arts. By creating a martial arts boom in the movie industry, his movies reached our youths on a national scale. For a lot of them, Bruce Lee's movies were their first exposure to the martial arts.

But one of the negative effects of



The Paper Phil Imanuel

these movies is that they have our youths looking up to people other than their own kind. These movies tend to lead them to believe that the fighting arts began and ended with people of other races — excluding themselves. Not knowing history, some go to the extreme, assuming that African-Bilalians have not created or contributed to the various systems of self-defense that we see today.

Olka Agba, (a.k.a. Fred Hamilton) a sensei (teacher) who teaches various techniques from different styles, explained his role as a martial artist: "As a Black man I have an image to portray to these children who grow up and have no image to look up to."

Sensei Agba insists that Black children need Black heroes to admire and respect.

Trying to dodge the sensitive issue of race, Bruce Lee, creator of the Jeet Kune Do way of fighting, once said that it was not important that a person develop as a "Chinese martial artist, but as a human being first. Just as nationalities have nothing to do with one's humanity, so they have nothing to do with martial arts."

If we will examine Bruce Lee's movies we will notice that he always used a Chinese setting, and that the characters were mostly Chinese. His girlfriends were also always Chinese (he always showed them great respect) and the Chinese people in his movies expressed fierce pride in being Chinese.

In one of his movies, "Fist of Fury," Lee dealt with how the Chinese fought against Japanese oppression and the superiority of Chinese kung-fu over Japanese karate. After destroying one Japanese karate expert, Lee reminded him that the "Chinese are not the sick men of Asia." Though he was heavily influenced by Euro-American culture Bruce Lee was still a Chinese nationalist in many ways.

While learning the martial arts

African-Bilalians should not switch from Caucasian brainwashing to Chinese or Japanese brainwashing. Four hundred years of mental death is enough. We should strive to become African-Bilalian martial artists.

I believe that if African-Bilalians are taught the martial arts they should also learn about their historical involvement and contributions to the various fighting arts. A knowledge of and respect for others who have contributed to and developed the arts should also be included.

The African-Bilalian sensei who is blind to "his story" can only lead his students in the ditch. There are some senseis who seem to lose their identity as soon as they make a name for themselves. These lost men need to listen to sensei Agba. He will tell them that "I am Black. I am no less proud of being Black than Frank Sinatra is of being Italian or Henry Cho is of being Korean. This is absolutely ridiculous. They (African-Bilalian senseis who don't want to be themselves) become the laughing stock of the martial arts world."

It is time for the African-Bilalian, who for centuries has been blind, deaf and dumb to his positive achievements in history and contributions to world culture, to wake up!

(This is an excerpt from the author's forthcoming book "The African/Bilalian and the Martial Arts. It is scheduled for publication this summer)©

OPPOSE THE TWO YEAR TEST

The Board of Higher Education is planning to implement a "Junior Skills Test" that all students would have to take on completion of their Sophomore year. If you fail this, you would be thrown out of school.

For further information on this test and what can be done to prevent it, come to a forum this **Thurs. Nov. 18th. (3:00-6:00pm)**

in Finley Rm. 330

There will be speakers and discussion plus the showing of a film on the

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Bogey: New Direction for DCPA?

by Darryl Alladice

Many people think the power conflict in South Africa is something that is very recent. But, they're wrong. The struggle for power by the Black majority over the white minority has been going on since before Teddy Roosevelt became President of the United States back in the early part of the twentieth century. The reason why South Africa is in the news today is because people are ready to deal with the continent that's supposed to be dark.

When *Sizwe Bansi Is Dead* and *The Island* were playing on Broadway, during the '74-'75 season, they were one of the first plays that dealt with the formidable political conflicts in South Africa. After having a very prosperous run on Broadway

play is over they aren't victorious in their pursuit. The mere fact that justice really is a million miles away is what made me closely relate to the play.

Israel Hicks, the director, demonstrated a keen ability to interpret the purpose of the forces he has assembled. It was very obvious that he clearly understands the objectives of the experiences so as not to manipulate the communal surge of emotions in an irresponsible fashion.

Most of the credit, though, must go to the actors and actresses because if they didn't understand the subject matter they were dealing with *Bogey* would've certainly been a flop. The creativity in their characterizations was extremely exceptional, thus



A transitional moment in *Bogey* by the DCPA.

and in Europe the actors, John Kani and Winston Ntshona were jailed, after which they were subsequently released on bail.

One of the horrible effects of apartheid in European-dominated South Africa is one's Blackness cannot assuredly be claimed.

Bogey, a South African play based on *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey* by Peter Weiss, was recently performed by members of the Leonard Davis Center for the Performing Arts in Shepard Great Hall. The adaptation was very potent.

Set in South Africa, the characters go on an endless rampage for their justice as they witness and participate—willingly and unwillingly—in events that are castrating to the mind, body and soul. But, when the

allowing one to know they all showed "promise" as they emanated across the stage.

The set was composed of what I call "sophisticated junk," but it was effective because of its simplicity and its symbolism of the South African government. The lighting by James Stayoch and sounds by Bob Monteagudo were rather suitable in enabling the audience to witness and take part in the fever which was never over.

Since I've been attending City, the Davis Center has been putting on some rather sterile plays that never stimulated the actors and actresses to reach for new dimensions in their creativity. *Bogey* could be the beginning of a new and better direction the Center is headed toward.

Black Studies Forum On The Black Condition

by Sadie Mills and Steve Turner

The recent forum held in the Black Studies Department entitled "The Black Condition at City College" was the first in a series to be presented by United Peoples, the Day Student Senate and the Black Studies Department. A second forum is scheduled for Thursday Nov. 18, concerning the "Two-Year Test" required of all sophomores. Speakers were Danny Bratlee of United Peoples, Professor LaRaue of the Black Studies Department, Joe Whack of the Chemistry Department and Sonia Rudder, Student Senate President.

The major concern of the more than 100 students and faculty present was the phasing-out and retrenchment of programs essential to the continued education of Black and poor students at the College. The issue of the 30% lay-off of campus personnel including secretaries, technicians and laborers was also discussed. Sonia Rudder pointed out that some of the laid-off faculty members were very sympathetic to student rights.

Danny Bratlee recalled the 1969 "offensive" in which buildings were taken over, subsequently leading to the programs of Open

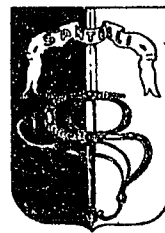
Admissions, SEEK and various Black and other ethnic studies departments. He made the point that at that time there was less student apathy.

Joe Whack equated national anti-poverty programs and the various aid programs at the College to "a pyramid of playing cards and clay." In so doing he implied that these programs were based on shaky foundations, since they were only implemented for a few years and then substantially decreased or completely discontinued.

Offering a solution to the problem of student apathy, professor LaRaue outlined a proposal in which students, faculty and the community would organize to ensure that no further cuts are made. They would hold meetings to air grievances and to act on them.

Sonia Rudder furthered the point of a need for increased student activism stating, "We must act instead of react." She also indicated, "We have an obligation to future college students."

Ms. Rudder, working in cooperation with United Peoples, assured those present that United Peoples was available to plan organization and strategy against further losses.



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