

# THE PAPER

Vol. 44 No. 5



Friday, December 17, 1976

—Langston Hughes

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.

## Puerto Rican Studies Prof. Firing Sparks Demands For Representation

by Diane M. Wilson

Approximately thirty-five students representing various organizations on campus quietly marched into the office of Dean Joan Girgus last Friday afternoon and demanded that the Executive Committee of the Puerto Rican Studies, department rescind their decision to dismiss professor Andres Perez.

Members of the Executive Committee of the Puerto Rican Studies Department "voted not to recommend (Perez) for reappointment as Instructor for the year 1977-1978." Perez would have been eligible for tenure next year.

The students presented Girgus, who is the Dean of Social Sciences, with a list of demands and a petition to President Marshak demanding, "the right to be represented in decision-making processes as student enrolled in Puerto Rican Studies."

Professor Federico Aquino-Bermudez who is the chairman of both the Executive Committee and the Puerto Rican Studies department was also served with a list of the students' demands and a copy of the petition which requested a response from President Marshak.

After presenting Girgus with



Professor Andres Perez of the Puerto Rican Studies Dept.

their list of grievances the Dean suggested that they go speak to Dr. Gerald Kauvar, special assistant to the President, to arrange a meeting with Marshak. Under pressure, Girgus called Kauvar to immediately arrange such a meeting.

The group then proceeded to the Administration Building where they met with Kauvar. Modesto Alicea, a spokesman for the group, reread the list of demands which also asserted that "academic-freedom be maintained in the Puerto Rican Studies department."

Kauvar stated that he could not "accept" the demands because the "Policy Advisory Council has enjoined the administration against responding to demands."

Kauvar did assure the student delegation however, that he would be "happy to make an investigation to determine if students were being represented, (on the Puerto Rican Studies department's Executive Committee) and if not, why not."

"Students have legal rights and their voices should be heard,"

Kauvar continued. "If the laws have not been compiled with I will report that to you."

Student representation on executive committees here at the College, as mandated by the Board of Higher Education, has been minimal throughout the various departments. Executive committees have the power to decide on such matters as faculty reappointments, tenure, course curriculum and departmental policy. According to the department, the executive committees can be composed of students with vote or with students who advise the committee's faculty members.

The group's request for the immediate addition of student representatives on the department's executive committee follows a statement by Vice-Provost Ann Rees, in a memorandum to all departmental chairpersons, asserting that it would be "counter-productive" to hold elections for student representatives so late in the semester.

## Biomed Renaming Ceremonies Boycotted

by Kenneth D. Williams with Diane M. Wilson

Black and Latin students enrolled in the College's Center for Biomedical Education boycotted the Center's renaming ceremonies last Saturday in protest of "the gradual relinquishment of the program's responsibility towards its present Black and Latin students."

The students refused to attend a symposium, held at the New York Hilton Hotel, at which the Center was officially renamed the Sophie Davis Center for Biomedical Education. In their stead, flyers were distributed by faculty members sympathetic to their cause.

The program, established in 1973, was the center of a legal dispute last summer when a federal judge ruled that the center had used discriminatory methods in its 1974 admission practices.

The Biomedical Center was established to train dedicated high school seniors for medical careers in inner-city communities, particularly in underprivileged areas. Upon entering the program, students must sign a "Memorandum of Understanding," agreeing to spend at least two years working in an underprivileged community after their internship and residency. The program condenses eight years of medical training into six years. Entering students must have a high school average of 85 or better to qualify.

According to Dr. Alfred Gellhorn, the Center's Director, good grades are not enough. The student must also be motivated by a desire to help the community, and should show a record of voluntary service.

There are at presently 245

students enrolled in the Center and approximately one third are Black and Latin.

President Marshak who attended the ceremonies, claims that the program has been particularly geared toward the recruiting of black and Latin students. The President stated, "we've sent letters to Harlem physicians urging them to encourage promising young men and women to try to enroll in the Biomedical Center."

Andre Perez, one faculty member that was sympathetic toward the protesting students said "minority students feel they have borne a disproportionate share of the attrition rate and they have been stifled in their attempts to actually help the community."

Mr. Perez went on to say that there has been a purge of those students who attempted to relate political activity to community health service.

Another sympathetic faculty member who asked not to be identified, did not believe that the white students would fulfill their promise to serve the community once they had their medical degrees.

White students had positive feelings toward the program and mixed feelings over the protest. One student, Mindi Steinhardt, said that she intends to work in underprivileged areas of the city even

(Continued on Page 6)

## New Senate Hearings On The Campus Begin



The Sub-Committee on Student Publications members at the recent Campus hearing.

The Student Senate's Sub-Committee on Publications once again began hearings, last Friday, to decide whether or not to suspend The Campus' charter on grounds of fiscal mismanagement and violations in advertising and contractual regulations.

The new series of hearings follows President Marshak's revocation of "all action" previously affected by the Senate against the newspaper. The Senate apologized to The Campus for violating the paper's right to due process.

Dale Brichta, Editor-in-Chief and David Wysoki, Associate Editor, represented the Campus at the hearing. Henry J. Stern, Chairman of the College Affairs Committee of the Alumni Association, served as legal counsel for The Campus.

William Lake, the College's Legal Aid Center lawyer, served as legal

advisor for The Senate's sub-committee, which is chaired by Ed Roberts.

One of the central issues discussed involved the sub-committee's ability to serve as an impartial body during the hearings. Stern asserted the need for an "independent student tribunal of students who have not previously taken a position on the suspension of The Campus."

Lake contended that The Campus "attacked the jurisdiction of the Student Senate," by refusing the Senate's second request for the newspaper to appear before the sub-committee.

Stern questioned the composition of the tribunal stating, "the same lawyer represents the prosecutor and the judge." He further asserted that the judge was also serving as the prosecutor.

Roberts stated that the prosecutor for the hearings was

Hugh Lawrence, Student Senate Treasurer, since he had drawn the charges of fiscal irresponsibility against The Campus, and that there was "no third party involved in this hearing at this point."

Lake asserted that he was "not going to cross-examine" the two Campus editors. "I was retained as counsel to the chairperson and the Student Senate. I have no interest in the outcome of the proceedings."

The hearing, which was impeded by numerous delays and legal debating by the two lawyers, lasted into the night with no final concrete accomplishments being made.

At the conclusion of the hearings, Ms. Brichta commented, "The Student Senate has not set transcripts are made public, people will laugh themselves silly over this pseudo-legal farce."

The Student Senate has not yet set a date for future hearings.

Diane M. Wilson

# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

## Day Care Center to Reopen

by Margareth Regis

The College's Child Development Center, which provides day care services for the children of City College students, will reopen soon, perhaps next semester. The center has received state and federal funds from The Child Development Center of the City of New York.

President Marshak is now providing money to hire a program director, who will coordinate,

supervise and make policies for the center. The director will be hired on a one year basis. Parents will be asked to pay a thirty-five dollar fee to cover the costs of maintenance and additional staff hiring.

Professor Hirsh, an associate Professor in the Early Childhood Education department, and the head of the day care center said that the reopening of the center is a result of the efforts of concerned

parents who met and organized over the summer months.

This center is particularly important for students who are young mothers, because it is very difficult to find adequate day care at moderate fees.

If you wish to register your child at the center contact Professor Lunsford at Klapper Hall, room 224. There is a waiting list, but it is not yet filled to capacity.

## Student Shot in Finley Basement

by Edward Butler

On the afternoon of November 22nd, a 19-year old science major, Rouget Henschel, of Queens, was injured in an apparent robbery attempt in the basement restroom of Finley and suffered a gunshot wound to the neck. Police at the 26th precinct are still looking for the two assailants of Henschel, described as Blacks in their late teens. They approached Henschel, and demanded he hand over an attache case he was carrying. Contacting the Wackenhut Guards for comment on the incident, they displayed a lack of knowledge

regarding the details of the shooting.

Hopefully, this is an isolated incident and not a recurring trend. Nevertheless, the question still arises as to whether the security force at the college uses the most effective approach in its efforts to provide maximum security throughout the campus grounds. Although the security guards are always in attendance at the gates of South Campus, at times just about any undesirable person can wander onto the campus without having to state his business here. This is not

to imply that security is lax or nonexistent at the college, but perhaps it is a good idea at this point to assign a security guard to the basement of Finley, if only for the sake of the patrons of the Monkey's Paw Cafe located there.

I hope in the future, we will see a more alert security force on campus, before any more students, or members of the faculty become the victims of crime. In the event that another instance such as this occurs, let us hope, for the sake of everyone here, that it will not be of tragic proportions.

## Al Sondej, Activist for Poor Visits College

Last week Al Sondej, an independent activist for the poor, visited the College petitioning for a "Right To Food" resolution and collecting donations.

A graduate of Notre Dame College, Sondej remained there an additional two years collecting money to help the poor people of the world. As a result he has collected over \$25,000 and started an on-going activity there.

He has worked with the Overseas Development Counsel in Washington D.C. and in the summer of 1975 Sondej traveled internationally learning the problems of the world's poor, particularly by working in the fields of Bangladesh.

Since then he has been going to different campuses around the country collecting and petitioning for the cause of world poverty in an attempt to institutionalize these activities.

Sondej, who believes, "every individual has the right to food and life," hopes for government action on this principle.

The money that he collects gets distributed in quarters to CARE, UNICEF, Catholic Relations Services and Church World Services.

Stephanie Skinner

## Fencers Take Up Their Swords!

On February 19, 1977 at St. John's Recreation Center, Horizons-4 will sponsor its first fencing tournament in the Metropolitan Division of the Amateur Fencers League of America. This tournament will promote the existence of this new and dynamic team. For further information contact the coaches at 965-6567/8 or visit the team on Wed. or Thurs. evenings and 11-5 Sundays. Tompkins Recreation Center is located at 709 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn. *Touche!*



Omar Ahmed, (standing), producer/director of WCCR's upcoming fashion show is seen surrounded by some of his models. The fashion show is tonight in Finley Grand Ballroom at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$2.50 and may be purchased at the door.



Ray Patterson, professor of English at the College and Phil Appleton, creative writing instructor at Indiana University were the two featured guest poets at this week's *Noon Poetry Series* reading.

The series, which is sponsored by the Finley Program Agency, concludes next Wednesday. Joan Dayan and David Rosenthal are the scheduled poets. The readings will take place in Finley 330 at 12 noon.

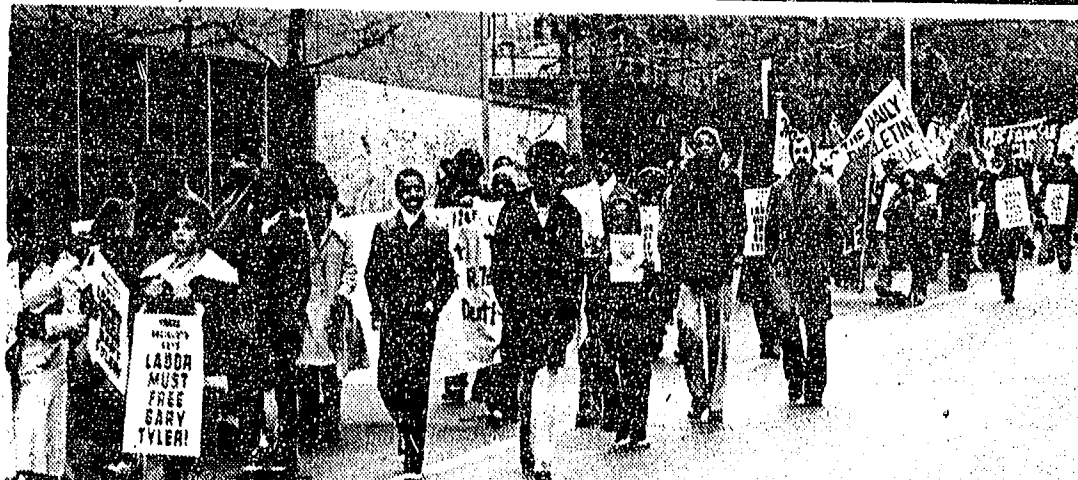
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Above, 300 people can be seen demonstrating with The Young Socialists in a "free Gary Tyler" rally.

Tyler, who is imprisoned for allegedly killing a 13-year-old boy, was supported by the striking Washington Post pressmen and representatives from SSEU Local 371. Among the speakers present were Terry Tyler, Gary's brother and members of the Transit Worker's Union and the United Auto Workers union. Randy Williams, friend of the recently slain Randy Evans, was also present.

# Alex Haley: A Griot Visits City College

by Lihj Lewis

The misconceptions and stereotypes that have been fixed in the minds of a majority of Black Americans has created a chasm of ignorance—between ourselves and our African brothers and sisters. It has also caused many Black Americans to disassociate themselves from their African heritage. Alex Haley, author of *Roots*, shared his story of how he was able to trace his family lineage in a recent lecture at City College's Finley Center Ballroom.

The lecture climaxed a week-long program—"Black Week"—sponsored by the Black Studies Department and the Black Studies Student Collective.

Before the distinguished journalist took the podium, he was graciously lauded for his tenacious endeavor by vice president Robert Carroll, mistress of ceremonies, Professor Barbara Wheeler, Dr. Leonard Jeffries, Chairman of the Black Studies department, Selwyn Carter, Day Student Senate Vice President for Campus Affairs and Provost Alice Chandler who presented Alex Haley with the Martin Luther King Jr. award, which has only been given four times previously.

A standing ovation followed the presentation, one of several the celebrated journalist received that afternoon.

At that point, Dr. Jeffries gave the floor to Alex Haley.

Wiping his forehead free of perspiration, Haley expressed his gratitude to the standing-room-only audience that packed the ballroom.

"There are sometimes when your business is words - and my business is words - you really can't find the right ones for that particular occasion; this is certainly one of those times," he said.

Haley then began to relate to his listeners how *Roots* came to be, but first he made clear that as a young boy growing up in a small town called Henning, Tennessee, he had no idea that he would become a famous author.

"I had no dream that I would ever write a book or that I would ever be a writer," he said.

The eloquent speaker went on to give his account of how, almost every summer during his childhood, family and friends would congregate at his grandmother's (Cynthia Murry Palmer) house to listen to her retell a story that had been handed down to posterity for so many years. Tales of slavery, masters and plantations pervaded his grandmother's lectures, he said.

"[But]...they finally went back to this person to whom they always referred to as 'The African,'" stressed Haley, "This slave, was a renegade in the eyes of the slave masters and had set a bad example for his fellow men in bondage by attempting several escapes."

As a heinous form of punishment, "Kinte" as he came to be known by his fellow slaves, had his foot amputated by his master - "Mas' John Waller" as his grandmother used to put it. Kinte's choice had been either castration or amputation, Haley said.

"As it was going to turn out, this

incident was going to play a major role in keeping intact a history of a Black family down through generation after generation for one major reason," Haley continued.

"That was that slaves had almost no sense of (what) we know today as family continuity," he said.

According to the journalist, knowledge of any ancestral history sharply diminished due to the high frequency of the breakup of families and the random

nobody was casual; every single person was deeply involved in tracing their history. There were people who were trying to find out who they were.

That day earmarked Alex Haley's twelve-year quest to rediscover his ancestry—nine years of research and three years of writing.

In the Archive's files, Haley was astonished to see what his grandmother had been reciting all the



Alex Haley autographs copies of *Roots*

redistribution of slaves.

Kinte, who's Anglicized name was "Toby", mated with a house cook named Bell; the two begot a girl named Kizzy.

When Kizzy would point to a banjo, for instance, Kinte would utter "ko" and for a river near the plantation in Spotsylvania Virginia, he would say "Kembay Bolongo", said Haley. These phonetic sounds were derived from Kinte's native tongue.

It was these sounds that provided a premise for Haley's research which he finally ensued after having spent twenty years in the Coast Guard and after having collaborated with Malcolm X on *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

Motivated by the thrust that Black consciousness had in the mid-sixties, Alex Haley described that fateful day in Washington's National Archives.

"I had never been there before and I kind of had in my mind the story my mother used to tell me so much," he said. "It had become imprinted in my memory."

From there, the author browsed through the census records for Alamance, North Carolina for 1870. Haley was fascinated with the documents, but soon became bored and discouraged in his search for his slave forebearers.

"But something happened on my way out," he said creating a suspenseful atmosphere in the ballroom. "...Through my peripheral vision, I noticed and picked up something that I have never seen before. I noticed that

time. There they were: grandma's parents and the rest of the extensive lineage.

"It was vague and ambiguous, but yet it was like a charge," Haley declared. "...the thing that really intrigued me was those 'K' sounds...I got to thinking, if I could possibly find out what were those 'K' sounds...the question was, 'What tongue was it?'"



Back in New York, the author met Dr. Jan Vansina, a Belgian scholar in African Linguistics who told him those "K" sounds were probably related to the Mandinka tongue - the tongue of the Mandingo tribe of West Africa. According to Dr. Vansina, "Kamby" meant the country Gambia and "Bolongo" meant river.

"All of a sudden I had a lust; I had to get to this place in Africa," asserted Haley.

Embarrassed of his ignorance about the Motherland, the author

"snatched" Ebou Manga, an African student (from Gambia) then attending Hamilton College in New York, to accompany him overseas.

When Haley and Ebou reached Gambia, arrangements were made by Ebou's parents for Haley to meet with three Gambian villagers. At that meeting, it was revealed that very often, people are named after the village in which they reside; thus Kinte was named

bolizing for them the twenty-five million of us they had never seen."

The village griot walked briskly through the gathering and stood face-to-face with the journalist. Then, translating from the Mandinko tongue from which the Griot spoke, Alex Haley moved the predominantly Black audience with these lines:

"Yes...we have been told by the forefathers that there are many of us from this place who are in exile...in that place called America...and in other places."

Kebba Kanga Fofana, the griot, began to ramble off the incredible array of lineage of the Kinte (Kintay) clan - from Kairaba Kunte Kinte, the founder of the Kinte clan - on down to Kunta Kinte, "the African" who was captured by slave traders that his grandmother used to tell him about.

Dumbfounded, the author reached into his bag and presented the unfinished text of the other side of that story. Abruptly, a joyous ceremony erupted; chanting and dancing, they formed a human ring around him and women thrust their babies at him for him to hold, he related.

Unknowingly, Haley was participating in one of the oldest ceremonies of human kind called "the laying on of hands", as he was told by a Harvard University professor. "...that in their way they were saying to you, 'Through this flesh, which is us, we are you and you are us'."

Inner visions of Africa's rape for the benefit of the slave trade flashed through Haley's mind as he left that village and approached another. The distant talking of drums echoed over the land as he and his party sighted the village. Little children and gray-haired elders thronged to meet him. Beaming, they shouted, "Meester Kinte! Meester Kinte!"

"I am a man, but I remember that a sob hit me about ankle level and just surged up..." he reminisced.

Writing everyday for eight years to polish his craft had finally paid off, but the author still engaged himself in feverish research. Within time, Haley tracked down the ship that brought Kunte Kinte to "Naplis" (Annapolis, Maryland) in 1767. Her name was the Lord Ligonier and Kinte was one of the 98 slaves out of the original 140 who had survived that voyage from the Gambian River.

When the deed of sale indicating the transference of Kinte from "Mas' John Waller" to "Mas' William Waller" was found, Haley discovered that his escapade had come to a close. Among other slave items, the deed included "...and also one Negro man slave named Toby," Haley said.

Alex Haley referred to *Roots* as a saga of a people and not just a story about himself. He said that he was also very impressed that *Roots* had broken the record for hard-back sales - over a half-million copies sold and rapidly approaching one million.

The audience was elated to hear that the ABC television network has pre-empted total prime-time for eight consecutive nights beginning (Continued on Page 5)

Bynard Moore

Bynard Moore

THE PAPER

The City College of New York  
Room 337, Finley Student Center  
133rd Street & Convent Avenue  
New York City 10031  
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Ernest B. Boynton — Faculty Advisor

The American Museum of Lost Cultures



# Editorial

## On

### The Campus Suspension

Although we agree with the intentions behind the Student Senate's actions to suspend *The Campus*, we disagree with the methods the governing body employed.

We agree that in certain instances *The Campus* has been guilty of "misrepresenting the facts" and inaccurate reporting. As the representative organ of students it is the Senate's responsibility to oversee the various student organizations and to monitor their operational procedures. However, suspending *The Campus* without affording the newspaper the right to defend itself at a hearing was an excessively reactionary move on the part of the Student Senate. An informal meeting between Senate and *Campus* representatives or some other type of forewarning should have first been arranged before formally reprimanding the publication. If student newspaper charters can so hastily be subjected to revocation, on any given day grounds can just as easily be found to suspend the College's other newspapers, including this one.

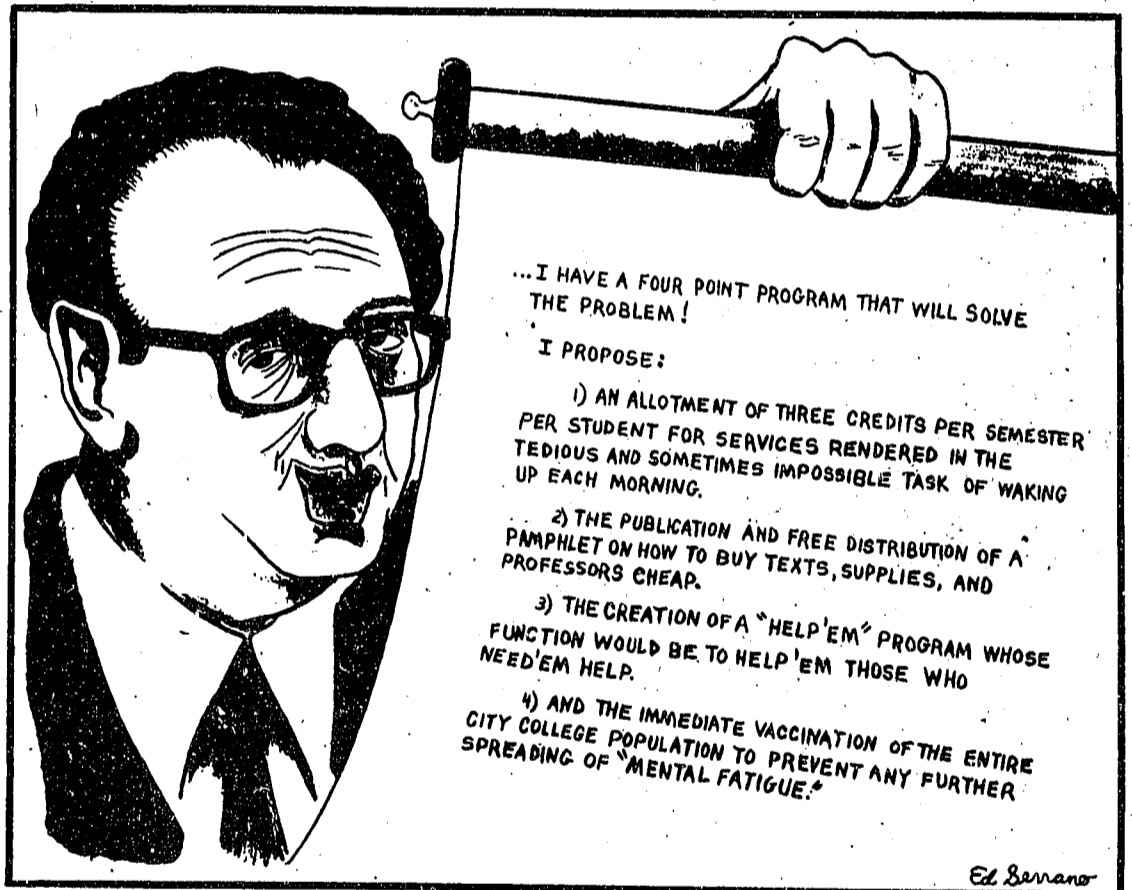
Student newspapers serve as the training grounds for future professional journalists. An inevitable part of the learning process is making mistakes and *The Campus* has made its due share over the years. Inexperience and ignorance are not crimes however, and proving that *The Campus* has intentionally misled students and fiscally mismanaged funds will be a difficult task.

By ignoring *The Campus'* right to due process the Student Senate demonstrated that it too can make mistakes. (The student members that comprise the Senate are not professional lawyers with legal expertise backgrounds.)

However, we uphold the Senate's power to regulate the student newspapers. Student newspapers are student organizations and should not have a separate governing body or an independent managing board to allocate funds. The first responsibility of the various student newspapers is to serve the students. As the representative body of the students it is only fitting that the Senate be the ultimate publisher of the newspapers. It is possible that other student organizations would also want to detach themselves from the Senate's jurisdiction creating anarchic conditions.

Regardless of the outcome of the hearings, the Senate's power to allocate funds and watch over the affairs of student newspapers should remain intact and in the future *The Campus* must seriously attempt to scrutinize their functional procedures more thoroughly.

### YOU'RE SICK, TIRED AND CONFUSED, RIGHT? ... WELL ...



Relatives stand by the casket of Randy Evans before funeral services begin. The Black youngster was fatally shot by Officer Robert Tornsey of the New York City Police Department for no apparent reason on Thanksgiving evening. Officer Tornsey is currently out on bail put up by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association pending legal action. *The Paper* wishes to extend its condolences to the Evans family.

# The International Afrikan-American Ballet

by Stephanie Skinner

African and Caribbean dance was an essential aspect of the era for Black awareness during the late 1960's and early 1970's. This new exposure to African rhythms and movements swept through the Black communities, and as a result numerous African dance groups formed rapidly in the large cities. These groups demonstrated that a sense of cultural pride and identification were developing where it had once been void, particularly since there were rhythmic similarities between Africa and the United States. For many of us who had been kept ignorant for so long, we saw Africa as our roots, through which we, as Blacks, discovered our cultural heritage.

A fad was created; one so vibrant that it prompted producers to bring authentic African and Caribbean companies to America's major stages. However, as fads come and go, only the best survive.

On November 24, the Student Senate presented a concert featuring the International Afrikan-American Ballet, in the Finley Ballroom. The International Afrikan-American Ballet, a composition of dancers, musicians, and singers exhibiting some of the best folkloric arts, took the audience back to the West African countries of Senegal and Guinea. This was a feeling

projected from the moment their voices echoed in the African nasal tone, were heard backstage until their moving drummers exited, leaving a standing crowd.

Dressed in authentic garb the Ballet of Black Americans gave a stimulating performance, ranging from the soft, graceful, contracting movements to the exciting swift foot work typical to Sengallse and Guinea dancing.

The presentation closed with the Marie Brooks Children's Dance Company. These youngsters, varying from ages six to about twelve years old, performed works of African, Caribbean and American dance cultures. These children had traveled to the various regions that their dances represented, so through this firsthand experience the children's performances were unique.

I had had the fortune and great pleasure of meeting Marie Brooks and several of her young dancers in Ghana one summer, and I was impressed with their realistic adaptation of Ghanaian dance and dress, especially from such young minds. The children exemplified the power of their direct experiences through their traveling.

The International Afrikan-American Ballet and the Marie Brooks Children's Dance Company, gave a moving display of the total Black cultural expression, but unfortunately, only to a half-filled ballroom.

# Alex Haley: Griot at CCNY

(Continued from Page 3)  
ning on January 23rd for the film version of Roots.

"[It is] what I believe, the most powerful thing ever put on film in this country," Haley said.

"Now that the Christmas season is upon us," the distinguished journalist said we must do three things:

"We need quickly to hurry to the oldest people in our families and ask them to tell us everything they can about our forefathers."

"Record everything you can get from all the oldest people...write it out in a simple form...then circulate that copy to every member in the family."

"Locate and preserve those old trunks and boxes in attics and closets...they often contain the most precious kinds of family memorabilia."

"We need to start generating and holding family reunions. Taking on the role of family preserver will give you a whole new image."

On a final note, Alex Haley, reminded every individual in the audience of his own potential, by relating a traditional African anecdote:

*The birth of a child was a solemn ceremony where after the father, having whispered a name in the baby's ear so that he would be the first to know who he is, the father would take the baby further out into the woods, direct the child's eyes towards the heavens and say, "Behold the only thing greater than thyself."*

In closing Professor Wheeler asked, "By the way, remember he told us what a griot is? Would you not say that Alex Haley is a griot?"

The audience unanimously agreed.

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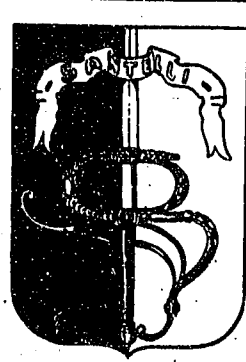
# Boycott

(Continued from Page 1)  
 after the two years of required services are completed. Another student, Clark Homan, said that he had misgivings about working in ghetto areas prior to entering the program, but has since come to enjoy helping people in his field work in the South Bronx. Gerald Pally another student, said that at Harlem hospital he finds fulfillment that makes him look forward to a medical career in underserved communities. Mr. Pally was distressed over the protest however:

"I cannot understand the reason for the protest, and I am surprised that some of the minority students whom I think of as friends, did not discuss any dissatisfaction with me."

An unidentified representative for the Black and Latin students who also refused to be named, would not elaborate further on the reasons for the protest, but stressed the "gravity" of the situation and said the protesting students desired to discuss the issues with persons responsible for the administration of the program.

Thursday, December 23, 12:30 p.m. in Great Hall The City College Chorus presents Benjamin's Britten's "Ceremony of Carols," for chorus and harp. Bonney McDowell, director. Soloists: Donna Slawsky, Hope Smith. Program also includes duets by Bach and Schutz, featuring Janet Steele, soprano and Constantine Cassas, tenor. The concert will be repeated Sunday, December 26 at 3:30 p.m. at St Michael's Church, 99th street and Amsterdam Avenue.



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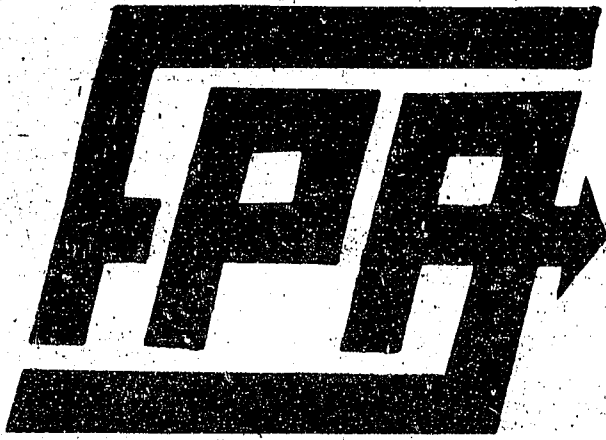
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# Horizons-4: A Black Fencing Team

by Addie Rimmer

Upon the stage of the Eubie Blake Auditorium a special drama unfolds. Two people stand and face each other. With raised weapons they salute the director, the audience and each other. The director asks, "Are you ready?" They nod yes. The director shouts, "Play." The audience leans forward. Will they kill each other? Will one turn and run away? What will happen? That question can only be answered by the two Horizons-4 contestants.

Horizons-4 is a predominantly Black fencing team which houses itself in the Eubie Blake Auditorium of the Tompkins Recreation Center which is in the heart of Bedford Stuyvesant. This team is a newly formed coalition of the St. John's Recreation Center Fencing Team coached by Cottrell Jones and the Horizons-4 Team coached by Roi Green. Their merger is a result of years of intense competition and mutual admiration. They realized their independence caused reciprocal suffering in the competitions sponsored by the Metropolitan Division of the Amateur Fencers League of America. Curiously they always found themselves facing each other in the initial rounds of the tournaments. Naturally one of them was always eliminated.

Cottrell Jones explained how he became involved with the sport. After successfully playing football, basketball and the other sports he thought fencing might be fun. However, he quickly realized this seemingly easy sport challenged his physical stamina and ability to concentrate. Since he was an adult at the time, he could afford the tremendous time and money involved in taking lessons and purchasing equipment.

While working at St. John's

Recreation Center he began to get children interested and involved in this demanding sport. His aim was to teach them the difference between sword fighting and fencing and make this instruction available to children who might never get this opportunity otherwise. The children were enthusiastic and with the coaching and guidance of their mentor became competent fencers.



Milton Alexis

They were ready to challenge other youngsters. However, Jones knew no one in their age bracket against whom they could compete. Fortunately, Roi Green was busy in Harlem doing the same thing. Together they learned of two other teams and established the Community Fencers League. For approximately three years this went well. The children's appetite grew. These competitions were no longer sufficient for the more experienced fencers. As teenagers they joined high school teams and were offered fencing scholarships to many

colleges and universities. Their superior performances in various competitions brought publicity to their coaches, Jones and Green were actively pursued by high school students eager to learn how to fence.

Becoming a good fencer required more than lessons. The fencer must want to be a good fencer. He or she must make sacrifices of time and

movements and responses.

The satisfaction for these two fencing instructors results from the lasting relationship they establish with their students. They are also overwhelmed when the students win awards, scholarships and even win the national fencing tournaments or make the Olympic Team. Two former students, Nikki Tomlinson and Edward Wright

delighted their coaches when they did exceptionally well in the National Fencing competitions. For the fencers there's a sense of fulfillment. There is no other sport which forces the individual to confront himself so nakedly. He or she must face the weaknesses and the losses and still feel confident that the strengths and victories outweigh the negative.

In their years of coaching both Jones and Green have learned a great deal. They have realized each student must be appreciated for his or her individuality. They must remind themselves that the fencer is a person learning a new sport and that it takes time to master

money to train with undying concentration. A great deal of patience and a certain amount of natural ability is necessary. This ability facilitates the understanding and performing of special techniques. It enables the fencer to perform with relaxation.

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Please see announcement on page 2. Horizons-4

## Woman... Woman

by Darryl Eric Alladice

*Woman... I wanna hold your arms that remind me of the limbs of trees in a land where drums sing lullabies to the whistles of orphan winds from the western to the eastern seaboard.*

*Woman... I wanna bake biscuits with you in the sun that leans on the mountains of Killmanjaro and trade beehives so we can suck each other's honey.*

*Woman... I wanna cake your belly with Alaskan snowballs and watch them melt, lubricating your thighs.*

*Woman... I wanna dip my head in your vagina, swallow your stink if needs be, let my eyes and ears record a concert way ahead of the capabilities of the Boston Symphony, and slurp the syrup from your orgasm when it arrives.*

*When I dip my head out I wanna give you a pineapple so you can taste the juice I've preserved for you.*

*Then, only then may we walk barefoot in the woods being renovated by razor blades and broken glass and ride on the blood seeping from the balms of our feet on the ripples of the muddy waters before we play gin-rummy with our toes and swallow up the world.*

music/poetry

## Cold Evening With Warm Vibes

by Sadie Mills

What better way is there to spend a cold, Saturday evening than among the warm vibes of "An Evening of Music and Poetry" at Medgar Evers College in Brooklyn? The music was supplied by Carlos Garnett, a multi-talented jazz saxophonist and vocalist, and his group Cosmos Nucleus.

After several audio mishaps, a rousing jam session got under way with a tune called "Saxy". It featured Mr. Garnett on alto sax as well as the background of a melodic trombone reminiscent of the up-beat Latin trombone of Alegre All-Stars. The tune then mellowed out to near ballad pace with the harmony of alto sax, electric piano, and percussion. The beat picked up again, however, ending in a masterful crescendo of all the musicians in the group.

Cosmos Nucleus, numbering nine in all, displayed a diversity of instruments and talent ranging from a lead and bass guitar to trumpet, trombone, tenor and alto saxophones, drums, congas, and percussion.

The next tune, "Sweet Love", I call a brass ballad. It featured trumpet and

trombone as lead instruments with Carlos Garnett singing a deep-throated love lyric, after which he soloed on soprano sax.

Next, the poetic interlude of Esther Louise and Mervin Taylor changed the pace, but not the mood of the evening. Ms. Louise, a student at City College, read her poetry which skillfully embodied the awakening of Black womenly pride. Mr. Taylor's vivid and moving poetry expressed the discontent of Black and exploited people.

The music then continued with Mr. Garnett paying tribute to the late and great John Coltrane with a piece called "Senor Trane". This mellow tune featured Carlos Garnett on soprano saxophone, backed by the electric piano and drums of Cosmos Nucleus.

The musical high point of the evening was achieved in the tune, "What To Do", in which the group mixed Caribbean and Latin rhythms with traditional jazz riffs.

Afterwards, once again out in the subfreezing weather, the warm vibes within were enough to make the cold night air seem almost bearable.

## Reviews

book:

## The Junior Bachelor Society

by Darryl Alladice

It's been quite some time since an excellent intrinsic novel has been published about the love Black people have for each other. I mean a novel truly depicting how Black people love, honor and protect one another: erasing such sayings as "niggers ain't shit", "I ain't never gonna get anywhere anyhow", or some real cock and bull story.

The Junior Bachelor Society (Doubleday, 1976, \$7.95) by John A. Williams is that long awaited rare novel about how Black people survive collectively. In this novel Williams focuses on a group of Black men and shows the tribulations they go through in order to "make it" in this world.

Set in a fairly rural area on the east coast, members of The Junior Bachelor Society reunite to honor Chapple Davis who was their father, brother, and buddy, all-in-one when they didn't have anyone else to turn to. The reunion is organized by Bubbles Wiggins, one of the only "boys" remaining in the small city who is living what can be called a "normal life", and

Cudjo, who also works in the foundry and is suffering from a back ailment related to his job.

The whole reunion is centered around the return of Moon — "the man who moves the fastest and gets hurt the least." Moon is on the run because he killed a policeman for trying to get a "piece of his action." The reunion is not the right place for Moon to be, because of the presence of Swoop-a Black cop who always wanted to be a member of the JBS but was ousted because of his coniving ways.

The women in the novel are beautifully created too. Onetha (Bubbles' wife) and Diane (Cudjo's wife) encourage their men to reach for higher grounds. They sense when there's trouble and wisely let the men handle the situation but remain by their side if needed.

The unity in this novel is a rarity in Black novels, and one which focuses on liberation. This has been a pervasive theme in Williams' previous novels, especially The Man Who Cried I Am where the liberation of the soul was the battle. Maybe other Black novelists will begin to follow the path Williams is on.

Movie Reviews

# Clean Cars and Dirty Jokes

by Sadie Mills

**Car Wash**, recently released by United Artists is another hilarious addition to the world of comedy movies. It displays the talents of stand-up comics and more serious actors, Richard Pryor, Franklin Ajaye, Ivan Dixon, George Carlin, and Professor Irwin Corey are a few of the many stars of **Car Wash**. This sometimes hysterical movie comically enacts a day in the life of a hand-operated car wash.

The employees are nearly all Black and

his fare has sneaked out without paying are only two of the comically identifiable stereotypes caricatured in the film. There is also Antonio Fargas, who portrays an eccentric drag queen.

**Car Wash** also has its more serious moments. One example is a hooker who all but sets up housekeeping in the women's bathroom because she has no place else to go. Another is when the Black-militant worker, (Bill Duke), who has been fired for excessive absences, returns that night to



Car Wash - Universal Pictures

Justin (Leon Pinkey) and Chucko (Pepe Serna) enjoying a cheering moment in Universal's **Car Wash**.

the work is made to seem all play. With a loudspeaker turned to the local 'soul' radio station the workers "boogie" their way through the day. Their antics include pushing their employer's spaced-out son through the soap and brush cycle as well as making fun of customers, particularly one bandaged from head to foot.

Richard Pryor as a typical, rip-off preacher with a deluxe limousine and an all-girl singing group, and George Carlin as a jabbering cabbie who doesn't notice when

rob the car wash. He is convinced not to, however, by Ivan Dixon portraying an ex-con who cannot afford to lose his job by letting the car wash be robbed while he is closing up.

**Car Wash**, effectively slipping in a moral message or two, is a must for an evening of light adult entertainment. Unlike many films dealing with Black people, **Car Wash** presents somewhat of a balance between Blacks' approach to funny and serious matters.

# A Classic American Myth is Remade

by Jill Nelson

Sitting in the darkened Paramount Theatre at nine on a freezing Saturday morning, waiting for the lights to dim, I already disliked **Rocky**. Having to get out of bed at 8 a.m. to attend the screening, to be subjected to a media blitz trumpeting the brilliance of **Rocky** and genius of its writer and star, Sylvester Stallone, and being a Black woman in the midst of America's publicity machine, gave me a big negative attitude concerning this film. But, in the end, even with my cynical attitude, I enjoyed **Rocky**.

**Rocky** is the 20 thousandth remake of

other than the same ole', same ole'.

**Rocky** is a "never-has-been" with a sense of humor, pride, and determination. **Rocky** is chosen to fight because in the eyes of the promoters he is a "nobody", an unsuccessful fighter who boxes under the ring title "The Italian Stallion." He is also white and presents a nice contrast to the Black heavyweight champion, Apollo Creed. **Rocky** is the classic American Chump, poor, ethnic, and honest. Yet he refuses to become a nobody, or to be looked upon as being ridiculous. He refuses to play the "good honky", role or be thankful for the crumbs he is offered.



Rocky - United Artists

**Rocky** (Sylvester Stallone), the aging club fighter, who gets an unexpected chance to fight for the World Championship in **United Artists' Rocky**.

the classic American myth, where the underdog gets a chance at the big prize, and almost makes it to the top despite the opposition and ridicule of "the bosses"; a myth I don't usually find appealing.

Sketchily, **Rocky** is the story of an aging, small time Philly prizefighter, Rocky Balboa, who by a fluke of nature gets a chance to fight for the heavyweight championship of the world, a once in a lifetime try for the 'Big Time.'

What enables **Rocky** to transcend this trite plot is the writing, which is full of a gentle, natural rhythm. The humor and the acting, which in its almost uniform-excellence, enables the cast to make something fresh and generally attractive

As Stallone has written and portrayed him, **Rocky** emerges as a man of pride and ambition. **Rocky** is a man with a sense of self that no amount of opposition can destroy. In fact, he thrives on this and this is precisely the opposition that makes him stronger.

**Rocky** is a good film in the context of where it came from: Hollywood, the mainly financial and exploitative interests of producers, and the consciousness of Sylvester Stallone, a working class Italian "never-has-been."

**Rocky** is about the American Dream, true, but it is also a film about drama as paths to self-realization and fulfillment, whether they come true or not.

# Network

by Gerald Braithwaite

**Network**, a satire of American television (and, by extension, all of America), is a film delicately poised between realistic specificity and outright farce.

Essentially the story of a newscaster whose mental disintegration on camera provides a fictional network with tremendously high ratings and who is assassinated when his ratings drop, **Network** goes gunning for every conceivable target from an imitation Symbionese Liberation Army to a wildly drawn caricature of a straight ahead female "program developer", whose sweet nothing in the throes of passion consist of a recapitulation of her daytime media exploits.

Strained and tenuous at points, this film succeeds primarily on the strength of writing sometimes brilliant, but always competent, and

several fine performances, particularly those of William Holden and Faye Dunaway, as a late middle aged news executive and the program developer, respectively.

There are a few elements that cause the viewer some discomfort: that the Arabs may be buying out this country from under us is an ideal calculated to strike terror in the hearts of the paranoid and xenophobic, while the implicit and explicit condemnation of the "t.v. generation" must strike anyone born after 1949, as a simplistic diminution of his or her sensibilities.

But then again, a movie should cause some tension in its audience; if it doesn't, one might as well stay home and watch "Starsky and Hutch".

In any event, **Network** survives its own disunited style, providing thoughtful and often hilarious, entertainment.

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