

THE PAPER

Vol. 45 No. 10

© 1977 Published at City College New York N.Y. 10031

Thursday, May 19, 1977

—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.

African Leader Blasts U.S. Policy



The Paper/Ryan Moore

Tapson Mware, representative of Zimbabwean African National Union: 'The liberation movement has not been fooled.'

By Angela Henderson

"Armed struggle is the only way to free Zimbabwe," said Tapson Mware, the North American representative of the Zimbabwean African National Union, when he spoke to a small group of students at City College, last week.

Speaking about the situation in Zimbabwe, Mr. Mware said, "We don't see why the American government should be involved in Zimbabwe. We feel that the United States is the beneficiary of the status quo in Zimbabwe."

Referring to the United States' business investments in Southern Africa, he said, "We know the U.S.A. supports Southern Africa and Southern Africa is the main supporter of the Rhodesian regime." But, he said, the "level of struggle (in Rhodesia) has met the crucial point."

Zimbabwe is one of the five countries called "the front line states," together they form policies of liberation for other nations," Mr. Mware pointed

out. Rural areas of Zimbabwe have been liberated and "there are areas where Rhodesian soldiers can't go in," he added.

Andrew Young in Africa

One student asked if United Nations' Ambassador Andrew Young, in his visits to Africa, would be able to obtain a peaceful settlement in Southern Africa.

Because of the United States' investment in Southern Africa, Mr. Mware said, the administration has done nothing to change the policy in Southern Africa. "Some of the African governments have been fooled before, but the liberation movement has not been.

The meeting, sponsored by the Revolutionary Student Brigade, urged students to get involved in "African Liberation Day." The May 28 demonstration will take place in the White House. The meeting also informed students of the proposed, "material aid drive" for clothing "for the liberation struggle."

Nigerian Workshops Coming To City

Robert Carroll, Vice President of Communications at City College, recently spent seven days in Nigeria. He negotiated a project which involves a series of workshops under the general theme: "Education in the Service of Nation-Building." The first workshop, to be held next year, will draw upon the National Sciences Foundation, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Black community, and will deal with the problem of "technology transfer," one of Nigeria's greatest needs.

"The government of Lt. General Obasanjo," according to Carroll "is making steady strides toward developing programs and facilities to improve the quality of life of Nigerians. However, there is a significant technological gap because of the lack of middle managers, technicians, teachers and supervisory personnel. The workshop will deal with that problem. Of course, our project will not simply look at the transfer of gadgets and technicians. There are social and psychological considerations as well." He continued, "That's important, probably as important as the



The Paper/Ryan Moore

Robert Carroll,
Vice President of Communications

technology itself."

Vice President Carroll was accompanied on his trip by Professor Moyibi Amoda, of the Black Studies Department. The Black Studies Department will play a "major role" in the workshops, organizing and planning, Mr.

Carroll said.

The idea for the project came out of discussions held by President Robert Marshak and some governmental and university officials during his visit to FESTAC earlier this year. City College Professors Barbara Wheelers, Leonard Jeffries, Osborne Scott, and Amoda of the Black Studies department, "were over there, too," the Vice President said.

The cooperating institution that will coordinate the project from the Nigerian side will be the University of Ife, located at Ile-Ife in Oyo State.

Nigeria is the most populous and the richest Black country in Africa. It is set on the Gulf of Guinea on the West African coast. It has a population of over 56 million and an oil-rich income of over \$9 billion a year.

Vice President Carroll said that from now until March, 1978, discussion will center on such things as costs, the number of people involved, etc.

Nigerians will pay for their share and the college will raise money. "Money won't be taken from City College tax levied funds," Mr. Carroll said.

Closed Door Meetings On 2-Year Test

A closed meeting to discuss the upcoming two-year test was held in the Administration Building on May 13. Members of the Day Student Senate, Ann Rees, Vice Provost for Student Affairs, and Egon Brenner, Vice Chancellor of the City University, were among those who attended.

The two year test was implemented by the Board of Higher Education. It will effect the freshman class of September 1977.

Freshmen will take the exam, which will test math, reading and writing skills, at the end of their first semester. If students fail they will be allowed to take the exam again at the end of their second semester at City College.

If students fail again they will be channeled into remediation courses or be forced to leave college. If students remain, they can take the test at the end of their second year. If they fail this time, they will receive their A.S. degree. There will be no more remedial help, no chance

to receive a B.A. or a B.S. degree; the student is out.

In order to enter a 4-year college, community college students must take the exam also.

Referring to the two-year test, Mr. Brenner said that he could not explain the Board of Higher Education's resolution. When a student asked if he was implementing a program he knew nothing about, the Vice Chancellor said yes.

Later in the meeting he denied saying this.

Mr. Brenner said that "A student who cannot read or write will not be able to go to the upper division."

The Vice Chancellor said also that he was "puzzled" as to "why there is concern" about the exam. At other City University campuses, students are not interested. No more than five students on other CUNY campuses attended meetings concerning the test, he added.

Thorne Brown, Student Ombudsperson, said that "this

is a two-year attempt to undo what students haven't gotten in thirteen years of school."

Selwin Carter (Student Senate) suggested that the money used for the testing be used to "improve basic skills."

Vice Chancellor Brenner said that the costs will be about \$40,000.00 per college, and that "The tests won't cost enough to make a difference."

Commenting on the lack of specific information concerning the two-year test, Thorne Brown said, "You can talk around some, but not me. You can't sit here and talk around us. Students are faced with tuition, the test, everything that goes on."

After meeting with Vice Chancellor Brenner, newly elected student senator Timothy Schermerhorn summed up the Senate's position regarding the Skills Test: "Our position is unchanged. We're still against this Skills Test, we still advocate a boycott on the grounds that the test is racist, unjust, misdirected, and an outrageous misallocation of funds."

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DAY AND EVENING CLASSES AVAILABLE INQUIRE NOW FOR FALL COURSES

Jill Nelson, a Contributing Editor at The Paper, will appear on William Buckley's Firing Line, Saturday, May 21, at 10:30 p.m. Also appearing will be Professors Geoffrey Wagner and Edward Quinn of the English Department, and Peter Rondinone and Joe Lauria of Observation Post.

The program will be a discussion of Open Admissions.

Garden Nursery School and Kindergarten will hold an International Spring Fair on Saturday, May 21, from 12 to 5. The fair will be held at 90 Lasalle Street (between Broadway and Amsterdam) Food, Games, Music, Auction, and a White Elephant Sale will be featured.

A Token of our Appreciation

We the Day Student Senate would like to thank all those who contributed to the successful execution of the Harlem Renaissance Festival last April 28 and 29.

We also want to thank all those students who participated in the last student elections, especially those who voted for us!

Have a Happy Summer!!!

MBATHA: WHEN CULTURAL WORLDS MEET

By JoAnne Silla-Jihoji

Mphiwa Mbatha, a cultural anthropologist and native of Azania (S. Africa), instructs several anthropology courses at City. He received his B.A. in English and History from the University of South Africa, and taught there for many years. Some of his students eventually rose to prominence in African affairs such as Joshua Nkomo, nationalist leader in Zimbabwe.

In 1960 the South African government enacted the Extension of Higher Education Act which brought the higher education system under government control. As teaching became progressively more difficult Prof. Mbatha decided he would "rather teach almost anywhere else in the world" and applied to schools in the United Kingdom. Eventually he was hired by Hartford College in Connecticut for a two year period.

As Prof. Mbatha pursued his masters degree he changed his field of concentration to anthropology: "Some of us were of the conviction that we were not going to stop anthropologists from writing about us, however falsely, by just abstaining. It is a good idea to put yourself in the position to write your own story."



The Paper/Milton Michael

Jihoji: We talk of "culture" and "cultural processes." What exactly is this and how is it important to the identity and perpetuation of a people?

Mbatha: I can only react to that in the context of my case in the South African subcontinent. It seemed most important to me as an anthropologist to spell out the cultural process which has gone on, and the cultural continuity that under lays all events in South Africa. For example there are the Bantu speaking people who share a common linguistic background. Their culture, their customs, the way they marry, the way they relate to sex, the way they educate, their self perception — there is a continuity in all these aspects of their culture.

Jihoji: If you were seeking to control a people you might begin by undermining their culture or disrupting it's flow?

Mbatha: In colonialization there has been a deliberate, and sometimes incidental assault on African culture. From our religion and technology to our social relations. Even the preaching of missionaries is an attack on the religious perceptions of African peoples. It is true we have taken alot from the different sorts of whites that have ruled us, and some of us think whatever we had before has been substituted; but a close look at how we live, play, and work indicates an integration of our traditional patterns with whatever we have taken on. Our technological, and inevitably economic and political organization come from our white colonizers.

Jihoji: With this in mind if you wanted to expel an undesirable element from your environment, say the whites from S. Africa you could do so by physically forcing them off the land. Could you culturally rid yourself of their influence? I would think they would have injected certain things into the culture...

Mbatha: Inevitably, and it has also become part of our personality structure and behavioral patterns. And these things, culture being a configuration of all sorts of things, and hard to disentangle. Once human beings come together of any sort they interact with each other and produce new variations of patterns. There has been a meeting of two worlds in colonial S. Africa and there is no way to disentangle cultural patterns. Even if we could physically expel them from the land their institutions are part of our life. We wear European clothes, we have a thing about cars, property, money, organized labor, and urban life. Those things have become a part of our life and there is no way we can get rid of these even if we wanted to. In fact we want to.

So again when we talk of cultural continuity we are speaking of it's enrichment by absorbing the traditional patterns we encounter. In that way emerging culture becomes enriched on the basis of two traditions merged into one. It's a political rather than an anthropological issue whether one can get rid of non-African things in the S. African subcontinent. It's my own opinion that we are working here with a dynamic mixture, a new

way; and the interesting thing is when you operate from two cultural patterns you see things from two different points of view, and in that way richer than a person who sees things from only one.

Jihoji: What is orality?

Mbatha: We are all by tradition oral, this is how I know the story of my family for eight generations. Everybody keeps the clan lineage in fact. My brother, who is still in S. Africa, knows it even better and more poetically than I. In going to school and becoming literate as individuals, many clans have lost connection with their oral tradition. At night, the father or mother would tell the stories of the old people. We would hear them night after night and without effort we would remember them. We didn't even know we were doing anything important, but as we grew up we saw things differently. Now having gone to school we saw there were some things of the past likely to be lost which could be captured in writing and thereby preserved. Early writers were interested in documenting and recording such oral histories.

So there is a literalization of our traditions, and it's not a distortion really, it's a preservation. In the context of our current transition from traditionalism to industrialism memories of the people aren't so good. Children going to school do not hear the old people's stories, alot of them look down upon it as heathen and backward. It's not so true now with the awakening of young people in Johannesburg

as expressed in Soweto.

Jihoji: An attribute then of literacy is the ability to preserve records and chronologies?

Mbatha: Yes. If you look at the writing of the Bible it is a summary at a certain point in time, and a reduction to writing of oral traditions of different strands. I think the story of literization of oral traditions has a historical parallel with the old Testament Jewish tradition.

Jihoji: How do traditional African religions differ from outside religions like Christianity or Islam?

Mbatha: African traditional religion in S. Africa consists of many different strands that people don't consciously try to logically bring together in a monotheistic context. We believe in a Creator but it's not the same Creator that said: "Let there be light." And he doesn't have the same type of expectations for people to keep certain laws like the Christian God. He is revered and respected but not worshipped, and never addressed directly. Another strand quite separate is the animistic entity in the world of nature. Everything has a soul, a rock, a tree, a waterfall — a personalization of inanimate things. On the basis of this you treat these inanimate things with respect so that you just don't destroy vegetation, or cut a tree down, and you just don't kill game. There is also a belief everything has an independent beingness. This desk is a desk because it performs certain functions as a desk that a door does not. Different things are of different essences in the world of being. Another very important aspect of African religion is the Ancestors. There is a symbiotic relationship between the departed who are concerned about the welfare of the living, and the living are concerned about the well being of the Ancestors in the Land of The Spirits. The Ancestors give or withdraw their protection from the living. It is in this aspect that African religion has a moral function; in that the Ancestor World has definite expectations about the behavior of the living. And when you do wrong you displease not the Creator, not the spirits in nature, not the animistic forces, but the Ancestors. You want them to be pleased with you always.

Jihoji: Has the study of cultures much different from your own changed your perspective of man and the world?

Mbatha: Yes, especially coming from history to anthropology, coming first through functional anthropology and then to historical anthropology. There is a great deal of continuity to the human story. In every part of the world the strive for human unity is an undeniable fact. I can now see my people and their history from a historic and pre-historical perspective and the S. African and general African story has been sharpened and given a respectability which it did not have before to me.

**African Liberation Day
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The Two - Year Farce

How can the two-year exam test the knowledge obtained by students after two years of college when a student can take it after his or her first and second semesters at college?

Why give a skills test if a student has passed his or her courses? Doesn't the Board of Higher Education trust their college faculty? Do they think that professors give out false marks?

If a student is tested just before he or she enters college, why test them again? Is the Board of Higher Education saying that the original exam is invalid?

The two-year test is a farce.

It was designed to discourage students from receiving their B.A. or B.S. degrees.

It was designed to discourage community college students from attending 4-year institutions.

It was designed to give the senior colleges the look of pre-1969.

It was designed to crush Third World students and their communities.

The two-year test is racist and reactionary.

But we will not be crushed.

Black Journalists

Acknowledging Our Editorial Bias

As those of us who write intelligently and/or read critically know, the power of the press is an enormous, and often monstrous thing. For the critical reader, this knowledge comes from massive reading from diverse sources. Thus for example, when reading about the recent helicopter crash in midtown Manhattan in the Times, The News, and the Post, it becomes obvious that in fact each publication holds its own particular bias or allegiances, and these undoubtedly, though to varying subtle or obvious extents, make themselves known to the critical reader. Yet, coming from the position of the reader presents a limited vision. One is put into the position of trying to figure out what the facts are from not only what has been reported, but also the methods of reporting. It is precisely because of this reader's dilemma that the New York Times has gained the reputation for journalistic integrity and excellence. The bias of the Times, though in fact in existence, seldom intrudes upon its reporting of the News in an obvious way, though it is always evident, subtly.

Conversely, the Daily News and New York Post enjoy reputations as "Rag Sheets" precisely because their position of reporting is always one characterized by exploitation of violence, gore, and racism. Thus the Times reported the copter crash from an impartial perspective, while the News and Post dealt with the story from the angle of 'another horror inflicted upon New Yorkers by the bosses,' and then went into explicit and gory detail regarding how many people, and by what means, were killed, mutilated, or terrified.

The Critical Reader

These aspects of journalism, editorial position and individual bias, are often only apparent to the critical reader, or journalistic writer. As newspaper people we at the Paper are aware of the intent behind a method of reporting, as well as its effect upon us as isolated readers.

Headlines Create Bias

Yet as much as the method by which a story is written effects the reader, as the reader is affected as much, if not more, by the headlines which lead into the story. Thus in the case of Patricia Hearst, the headline in the New York Post read, "Patty Gets Off with Probation," while the headline of the Times read, "Patricia Hearst Sentenced to Five Years Probation." Thus it becomes apparent that, aside from the story itself, headlines alone can cause the reader to form opinions, can create a bias that will effect the reader before he reads the article.

On Campus

What does this have to do with City College Campus? A lot. We have three student newspapers here, whose responsibility it is to report the news with some semblance of objectivity, or at least

(given that they are all college newspapers, and thus, to some extent or another places of learning) to indicate honestly what the editorial position and bias is. In this way a reader knows immediately what the perspective of the paper which she reads are, and can apply this knowledge to any analysis of the information contained within.

We At The Paper

Certainly we at The Paper have never made any bones about the fact that we are Black people, that we believe ourselves to be living in an oppressive and racist system, and that we cover and report the news from a perspective that is based upon this knowledge. It is our sincere opinion that were we not to analyze our position at this college and in this world from this angle, we would be severely derelict in our duty as *Black Journalists*. This critical and editorial stance may be scoffed at by some who believe in the total impartiality of the press, but when you are a member of the Black Press in white america, any other stance would be going on unfounded blind faith.

We feel that the Observation Post, despite internal disagreement has made its critical perspective, clear.

Questionable Professionalism

Unfortunately, we at the Paper cannot say the same for the staff of the Campus. We believe The Campus to have been consistently guilty of intentionally printing headlines which condemn or indict, followed up by stories that show a total lack of factual evidence to base such an indictment upon. (Note attacks on Professor Scott, Robert Carroll, and the Student Senate.) We also feel the Campus' fascination with the Third World Student body reminiscent of the southern white males obsession with the Black male, an obsession which often ended in castration or murder. We find it highly strange that the Campus, with a less than skeletal contingent of Black staffers, should so consistently focus on stories dealing with the Black student body, faculty, or administrators. We at The Paper have talked with the staffers of The Campus about what we see as their racist and administrative mouthpiece stance, but to no avail. We have also talked to them regarding their use of pseudo-journalistic and editorial devices that make any self-respecting and competent journalist/writer cringe. To no avail.

Clear Perspective

We do not ask the Campus for impartiality or objectivity, but simply for a clear and consistent perspective of their editorial position. As far as we have been able to ascertain, they do not have one, unless we can conclude from their actions that they have assumed as their reporting and editorial position the Administration's position of going after Third World students and Administrators whenever possible.

NEWSBRIEFS

Two Women Receive Awards 'First Time' in CCNY History

For the first time ever, two women will receive City College's Nat Holman Scholarship Award, together with a member of the men's varsity basketball team.

Forward Pat Samuel, who set a new City College women's career scoring mark with 1,056 points in four years, and center Linda Kerrigan, who set a New CCNY rebounding record during 1976-77 with 272 for 12.9 per game, will each receive a \$400 scholarship together with center Hugo Bonar of the men's varsity team.

Pat Samuel has also been named CCNY's "Woman Athlete of the Year."

The Nat Holman Scholarship, named for City College's all-time coaching great, is awarded to a graduating senior on the basketball team who "has brought honor to the College by his/her scholastic and athletic achievements and has chosen to pursue postgraduate study...."

The awards were presented at City College's annual All-Sports Night Dinner, held at the college on Thursday evening, May 12.

Career Option For Women

Catalyst, the national non-profit organization dedicated to expanding career opportunities for college-educated women of all ages, has just published 12 self-guidance publications. The *Career Option Series* has been prepared specifically for undergraduate women to help them bring their aspirations into focus, develop realistic career goals, and launch an effective job campaign.

Each publication in the *Career Options for Undergraduate Women Series* sells for \$1.95; the complete set of 12 booklets with display case may be purchased for \$25.00.

Catalyst has also developed a Resume Preparation Manual, a unique step-by-step workbook prepared especially for women, and a Resume Preparation Kit for use by a group of four to six women containing a Leader's Guide, Resume Preparation Manual, Exercises for the Resume Workbook, and a tape cassette program. The manual for individual use is \$3.50; the kit is \$20.00.

In addition to its career guidance publications, Catalyst also conducts a national grass roots campaign designed to open channels of communications between women, educators, counsellors, employees, and over 150 local resource centers that provide services to women throughout the United States.

For further information, write Catalyst, Dept. CN, 14 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Fifth Annual Concert

On Saturday, May 21 and on Sunday, May 22 at 8:00 p.m. at Columbia University's McMillin Theatre (116th Street & Broadway), students of African and Afro-American Dance — along with the Jess Oliver Dancers — will present their *FIFTH ANNUAL SPRING CONCERT*. In addition to a variety of dance performances, featured musicians and singers will render various interpretations of musical modes ranging from those of Traditional Africa to those of the Caribbean and Afro-America.

Ticket and travel information can be obtained by calling either 690-8117/8118 or 799-6853. Tickets can be purchased at CCNY's Black Studies Dept. Office in Goethals Room 106, Monday thru Friday. General admission tickets are \$4.00 and student discount tickets are \$2.50.

CCNY-Training Program For Teachers

City College will hold a unique Summer Institute to train secondary-school teachers and others in the methods of compiling family histories and discovering ethnic roots.

The Institute, which is made possible by a \$38,266 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, is entitled "Questioning the Past: A Summer Workshop for Research in Family and Ethnic History."

Professor Jim Watts of City College's history department will head a team of three leading historians who will offer an intensive 70-hour program at the college from June 27 to July 14, 1977.

Field work will be conducted through visits to the various ethnic neighborhoods of New York City, including Little Italy, Harlem, Spanish Harlem and Chinatown. Oral sources will be compiled through interviews with immigrants and their descendants, and written sources will be utilized to supplement oral data.

Enrollment in the Summer Institute will be limited to 30 persons. They will be divided into groups of ten and will meet with the three Professors on a rotating basis.

Secondary school social science teachers who complete the course may earn six credits toward or beyond the Master of Arts or Master of Science degree in Education.

Persons interested in enrolling in the Summer Institute should contact Professor Jim Watts, History Department, The City College of New York — Wagner Hall, New York, N.Y. 10031.

Help Free Assata Shakur

The following letter is available in the Student Senate Office, Finley 331, to all students interested in participating in a letter writing campaign protesting the conviction of Assata Shakur.

To: Chief Justice Collins G. Seitz:

We as concerned students recognize and wish to protest the miscarriage of justice that has been committed against a young Black woman, Assata Shakur, on March 25th, 1977.

We recognize that her democratic and human rights are being violated to a degree unprecedented in the history of the state of New Jersey.

We understand that her case is up for review before your court, and hope that your judgment will vindicate Assata Shakur and reflect the fact that her conviction was in fact a miscarriage of justice.

Sincerely,

Name _____

Address _____

New Course For Fall

African Prehistory and The Origins of Culture, Anthropology 100, will be offered this fall on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 3-4:15 in Room 307 Shepard. Although a course in Introductory Anthropology would be a very helpful background for this course, there will be no prerequisite.

The course will examine the archaeological evidence for the evolution of culture in Africa, with special emphasis on the spectacular finds made in recent years dealing with the origins and early development of human society, but also surveying the excavations dealing with the remains of the more recent past in Africa.

Comparative material focusing on early prehistory will be drawn from other world areas.

The course will be taught by Prof. J. Jacobson, a prehistorian who had made two trips to Africa and who has archaeological experience in Asia and North America.

Kibbee Accepts Resignation

The resignation of Candido de Leon as president of Eugenio Maria de Hostos Community College has been accepted with regret, Chancellor Robert J. Kibbee of the City University of New York said today. Mr. de Leon has served as Hostos president since 1971; he will step down August 31. Mr. de Leon has served CUNY for a total of 13 years.

Mr. de Leon said he had no plans for the immediate future except "to think of what I want to do." He emphasized his was a voluntary and amicable departure from this post. He had served two years on the Chancellor's staff as well as in the Mobilization for Youth and College Discovery programs before his appointment as Hostos' first administrative officer in 1968.

Cheddi Jagan Still Going Strong



The Paper/Alton Henriques

by Ayad Mohamed

Dr. Cheddi Jagan, former Premier of Guyana and leader of the Peoples Progressive Party, spoke at the invitation of the Friends of Marxist Education at the Marc Ballroom, 27 Union Square West, on April 13th.

"If we in the Caribbean follow Cuba as an example," he said, "we shall be successful in gaining full independence."

Dr. Jagan said that the Caribbean is generally unknown to most people except as a tourist attraction. He said it has been suffering a serious economic downfall over the years. "According to the 1975 World Bank Report, economic growth and output decreased considerably. There is a 20% inflation rate." In Guyana, in 1972, yams cost \$.16 per pound. Today, yams cost \$.87 per pound.

"In 1970, the year Guyana became a republic, the slogan was 'The small man will become a big man in 1976.'" "Today," Dr. Jagan said, "the small man is like a dead man."

One reason for the economic downfall, he stated was because of neo-colonialism which is sweeping the Caribbean and Latin America. "There are Black, brown and yellow, English, French and Dutch in the Caribbean."

He pointed out that the main reason for the economical downfall is because these countries reap only a small profit from the exports to the United States and other imperialist nations.

Of the Third World countries, the Caribbean nations are the main producers of bananas. However, they receive only 15% of what their bananas are sold for. We, in the Caribbean, produce 80% of the bauxite North America receives. North America pays us only \$60 for four tons of bauxite. Bauxite is the raw material used for producing tin and aluminum. But, when we buy back the aluminum produced, we are charged and pay \$1200."

Dr. Jagan also spoke about outside intervention in Third World countries. He said that there are two types of intervention or aggression, direct and indirect. Direct intervention is the sending of military troops to a Third World country for attack by an imperialistic nation. Indirect intervention is the military training of Third World men by an imperialistic country for the purpose of subsequent mental control of their countries.

Prime Minister Burnham

Prime Minister Burnham of Guyana won the 1973 elections by a military coup. Despite Dr. Jagan's criticism of Burnham's party, [The Peoples National Congress (PNC)], Mr. Jagan stressed the idea of giving the party critical support.

"It does not mean joining the PNC. Critical support means unity and struggle against the PNC right wing sector. We must struggle against reactions at home as well as abroad. It also means protecting the country against going backward."

When asked whether he and Burnham were once good friends, Cheddi Jagan responded: "Before and during Burnham's college years in London from 1945 to 1949, he was a Marxist-Leninist. When he returned to Guyana, we thought he would be good for the Peoples Progressive Party (PPP). Unfortunately, after joining the PPP, he proved his weaknesses. The party showed he led a socialist aspect, and myself, a communist aspect."

Dr. Jagan went on to say that Burnham also proved to be an opportunist which led him, eventually, to break away from the party and become whitewashed afterwards in London.

Membership in PPP Not Easy

Years ago anybody could join the PPP. Now, there are more stringent qualifications for membership.

One must participate and work in the main PPP organization and the Peoples Progressive Party sends would-be members to school to learn the Marxist-Leninist philosophy.

Jamaican Prime Minister

When asked about Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley and the situation in Jamaica, Dr. Jagan said, "Jamaica has a strong right-wing opposition, led by Edward Seaga. It also has two main trade unions and unlike Guyana's government, Manley's government has Democratic policies put into practice. Burnham's government has the same policies, but his government does not put the policies to use."

Dr. Jagan concluded by saying that the big question and hope is for Manley to stay in power and for Jamaica to move forward. "We must, therefore, give support to Jamaica for it to succeed against rightist, imperialistic attacks."

The Rich Heritage of Black Music

BLACKSCOPE

In Retrospect

by Ken La'mar Jones

In the first installment of my column which appeared in the last issue of THE PAPER, entitled 'Blacks Against Blacks, I touched upon the paradox of Blacks being mistreated, alienated, and killed by other Blacks. It was not my intention to magnify the white man, for he has tried to magnify himself for centuries by attempting to dehumanize Black people. Nor was it my intention to shove negative concepts down the throats of our readership. At best, a writer can only hope that his audience will at least take small and conscious sips of his work and not gulp it down with quick and misguided disdain. By this I mean that any writer would prefer that his audience takes the time to look beneath the clothing of his writing.

One reaction to my column was that it sounded like what a white person might say. I ask, why so? Should only the white man be licensed to remind us of our shortcomings? And we do have some shortcomings. All the hyphenated rhetoric of pride and defiance on this earth is not going to nullify that. True, we are a proud people. But in being proud, much more comes with the territory than clenched fists. Pride receives all the gold trimmings when the awareness of our own pitfalls is not too far behind. By keeping conscious of our own setbacks we can devise methods towards healing those specific wounds. To pretend they don't exist will only make the wound infectious, and eventually gangrene will set in.

Blacks Against Blacks pointed a specific finger at Margaret Walker Alexander, a Black woman who has alleged that Mr. Alex Haley tampered with her 1966 novel, *Jubilee*, for his book *ROOTS*. Perhaps it would have been best, however, to have flipped the coin a mite. If in fact her accusations are true, we might tend to sympathize with Ms. Alexander if we were in her place.

It wouldn't make much sense to indicate a particular problem without attempting to focus upon why the problem exists. Anyone, I suppose, can spit. Still it wouldn't be an easy task for anyone to explain why there is so little regard for one another among Blacks. Reasons might lie with how most Black people have swallowed a pill of impotence that they themselves have created in their minds. They paint the white man sitting somewhere above and himself not being able to do very much about it. Not realizing that the white man has never at any time walked around on some high stilt but only tried to make him accept that he did by twisting his arm, i.e. by the institution of slavery and systematic suppression through higher education, to name a few.

But there are many Black men, without real manifestation toward why, that have been content with (as they would have it) scratching and biting and doing anything he can to establish and maintain some conditional manhood among his own people.

Yet in essence, it shouldn't be a matter of "fighting for bones". Nor should life be for Black People a game of competing, not at this stage. We don't have to prove anything to anyone, because we are already definitely on the move.

The conscience of a Brother who takes the life of another Brother might not immediately nudge at his shoulder, because perhaps like anyone who apathetically takes the life of another human being, the horrified visage of his victim or very act of submission gave him some vague feeling of

power. A Black might rob or steal from another Black because, quite frankly, he is the most convenient victim. But insofar as killing someone after you have taken his money, which has been the case very often these days, well . . . that's either called "from force of habit" or "spicing up criminal resumes".

Also we can not forget that certain Blacks, not being able to stand neck & neck with the white man on a given day, may take out their aggression and anger on their wives or husbands. They may even lash out their hostility towards a total stranger.

There are those Black folk who immediately become exalted when their wallets become furnished with a green lining. Living in Yonkers or Freeport, Long Island and driving 14 karat vehicles become "how decent folk live". But many upper case Blacks, regardless of whether or not they claim that their reasons for looking down upon lower case Blacks because they rather not be reminded of what they raised themselves above, at one time or another harbor a notion of being just a wee bit superior.

Then of course you have the toy aristocrats and immature snobs (who I can just about imagine dragging around huge swelled heads by their necks like a small tot pulling along his toy wagon with his dog in it). And with that exaggerated air of sophistication they'll burp, "Hey, I got mine sho 'nuff . . . where's yours, my man . . . sey what, oh you ain't . . . well, what can I tell you bro'."

My column BLACK SCOPE is not intended to put Black people down. One thing I don't need is grenades crashing through my front apartment window. I will write about positive aspects of our people as well as the negative aspects, perhaps slanted towards the former. But to solely dedicate my column to one aspect would not, I feel, be fair to our readership.

I feel it is necessary to make Black people aware of certain areas of their Blackness that might need a screw tightened there or bolt here. Emphasis on positiveness is needed, true. But an objective awareness of self is the only thing that's gonna be watching our backs, cause nothing or nobody else has been.

Most certainly my pen will at times dance a joyful jig in praising the many achievements of Black people. Never before have Blacks been so determined to elevate themselves from the dark abysses of social degradation. And in spite of a huge and menacing figure called systematic suppression through higher education, casting its shadow upon Black youth and swinging a whip, Black advancement wears wheels, and is definitely moving.

The need now is the quelling of Black fists being hurled at Black faces. The way in which we often treat each other reminds me of something this beautiful Black old woman once said to me. I will not reveal her name, but she said, "You know, Black folk are like a bunch of sea crabs in a wash tub. You'll notice that each of them claw and pinch to climb their way outta that tub. But none never make it cause whenever one of them reaches the top of the tub, another crab would jerk him back down. And there they be, pinching, clawing, climbing and jerking."

This proverb needn't have the satisfaction of being entirely true of us. If we were to subsequently band together as a people, then most assuredly we would become quite dangerous, to anyone.



Dancers at the Harlem Renaissance Cultural Festival sponsored by United People's last month outside Shephard Hall.

by Hugh Lawrence.

"Folk culture, though usually autochthonous, may be said to be dependent upon a great tradition for its memories and its myths;" in the case of the Caribbean and Black American the great tradition is clearly in Africa.

During the mid 17th thru 19th century period of slavery we saw how the African, wrenched out of his great traditional heritage, went about establishing himself in a hostile environment, using the available memories and tools of his traditional heritage to bring about something Caribbean, something new, something American, but nevertheless recognizably African. This has prevailed through the years into today's Caribbean and Afro-American culture as represented in music, dances, festivals, and other social activities.

The psychological problems of today's Black music is that the crucial and basic African element has been ignored, and too often one is made to believe that Black music of today is something just being created, instead of something evolving from a great tradition. As one traces the development of Black music in North America and the music of the Caribbean, the links of Africa answers us.

Black music has developed with the experiences, moods and trends of thought in its people. Black music is complex in its history and superb in its harmony. Note the closeness between the Rhumba of Cuba, Merengue of Haiti, the Calypso of Trinidad, Spoooge of Barbados, Goombay of the Bahamas, Ska, Rock Steady and Reggae of Jamaica, along with the Jazz, Blues, and Funk of Black America. All are close in basic rhythm, but have developed differently according to the cultural experiences and emotions of the different peoples.

The music of Black America and the Caribbean is a part of the wide, living tissue extending back to a great tradition

of Africa, and moving forward into the quicksand of our contemporary lives and value systems.

The presence of our rich musical tradition has been obscured by the ignorance of our literate education, which since emancipation, has been concerned with establishing the concept of Darkest Africa, and providing us with the notion that in view of the vacuum of our musical history and heritage, the only solution and salvation for us, lies in acceptance of European cultural norms. Even though these norms would, under our circumstances, lead only to the appearance of mimic people, a bastardized imitative music, or as many would have it, no cultural integrity at all.

Black music today is a part of the revolutionary process. It is one of the channels through which we must de-educate and re-educate our people. Black music not only relates our history, but is also a medium of expression of the protests and feelings of African peoples. The exponents of Black music are the politicians of their people as they address themselves to our oppressed condition; at the same time keeping that light of hope alive.

The word is still the most formidable weapon of the Black struggle. Modern scientific oppressive society still trembles when the speaker or the artist puts forth the call. The word exposes the guilt of the oppressor and constantly threatens him with the inevitable revolution.

Today, when it seems as if our revolutionaries have gone to sleep, the Black musician continues to stand up in musical assertion of themselves, and the continuum of Black struggle. Sing On: Stevie Wonder, Burning Spear, Betty Carter, Chalk Dust, Aretha Franklin, Short Shirt, Fela Ransom Kuti. Sing on for the struggle must go on. Your music is a music of a great tradition, the African Tradition.

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By Sadie Mills

I hardly know where to begin. It has been a long time and there are a lot of things on my mind. As I sit here writing I can't help but think about the physical changes I've gone through, appearance wise; and the mental changes,—from a girl to a woman, since I've been at City.

For me it started in the Fall of 1972. Back in those supposed 'good old days' the results of the big take over of '69 were still very prevalent. Many students still spoke with first-handed experience and admiration about that forceful origin of Open Admissions. I had my 'big bush' and my innocent little girl eyes and my Black idealism. Black Studies was not just a curriculum to follow. Each class session was, indeed, an emotional experience.

The Campus, OP and The Paper appeared in feverish competition for my attention. At that point, however, I was so overwhelmed, the thought of venturing into Finley and up to one of their offices was totally out of my realm of contemplation. But I read and admired.

Later I came to know some of the people at The Paper. Then I read, seeking out the published opinions of my friends. And I admired and thought that perhaps some day those published opinions might be my published opinions.

Needless to say school continued. My dream of becoming a 'model Black communicator' merged with the practical knowledge and writing experience I received in my journalism, creative writing and literature courses. The 'dream' of being a professional writer/journalist was thus transformed into a tangible concept and goal.

I was fortunate enough to study under professional writers whose beginnings were as comparably 'humble' as my own. They included James Emmanuel, Joel Oppenheimer and Ntozake Shange. I began to focus in on myself,—my strong points as far as communicating as well as my weaknesses.

As I underwent my changes so also did the College. The SEEK bandwagon lost a few wheels. Black Studies became chic for many rhetoric-spouting, jive-assed niggers. And, too, some of my friends could not regroup behind the fiasco of tuition, becoming 'slackened-enrollment' statistics.

Yet somehow I managed to persevere, even after not taking that much needed leave of absence I kept promising myself.

Finally one day, at Professor Boynton's insightful suggestion, I found myself at The Paper. To say my experience here has all been a 'bed of roses' would be a gross exaggeration. On the other hand to label my time at The Paper as a disappointment would be equally misleading. I have been afforded the unique and valuable experience of gauging and shaping my own growth. Dealing with my own peer group on a quasi-professional level has allowed me to discover how I measure up. It has not been so much a quantitative or competitive experience as it has been a qualitative learning and growing one. I got a firm start on the invaluable lesson of how to deal effectively with other people.

Every now and then I sit and lament the stories that for one reason or another never got written. But then I remember the near orgasmic elation I've felt at times while writing a review until 4 in the morning, and some of the news stories that held up under scrutiny even though they were written under stress, and I can't help but feel that I haven't really missed much.

The 'dream' has to a large extent become reality. I am fulfilling a goal and performing a vital service in communicating through the written, published and hopefully 'read' word. City College and The Paper have made this possible.

So, at age 23, five years and several hard knocks later, I leave friends and cherished

by Kenneth D. Williams

The Black people of the late 1960's were perhaps the most optimistic generation that has ever lived. We believed in a solution to the dilemma of racism in America. Whether by means of violent upheaval or successful entry into the Harvard School of Law, Black people believed that their time had come.

Every day Blacks were expected to rise up and burn D.C. to the ground. The summer became known as the Riot Season. Policemen's helmets bobbed nervously as they dashed out of the patrol car into the dell and back, hurriedly, for fear niggers on the rooftops were taking aim. It was a messianic age; a time of revolutions and rumors of revolutions.

"All we need is a leader," we thought, "all we need is a leader and some unity and it'll be nation time." This idea that we were going to make it was the impetus behind a number of political movements. Everything from the Panther's free breakfast programs to the Poor People's March on Washington, was based on the concept that only a collective effort could improve the situation of Black America.

The struggle for Open Admissions is another prime example of this spirit. Black people realized that to be "only negroes" in white dominated institutions, is like showing up for a gang fight alone; you might come out alive, but you sure ain't going to win.

Through the efforts of that small portion of the population which was politically active, Open Admissions was won. Subsequently, droves of Black people entered the City University, joining in the national ritual of 'going to college'.

There were at least three reasons for the Black invasion of the white middle class sanctum. To begin with, Blacks had been inundated with the idea that, "to get a

good job, get a good education." Those of us who had aspirations for better things saw the sheepskin as a kind of 'ghetto exit' visa. Others saw education as a tool that would make them more effective in their efforts to help the community. Lastly, the federal monies provided by SEEK, BEOG, and other programs, enabled thousands of less wealthy residents of the inner-city to register for Sociology 101 without the fear their furniture would be waiting for them on the sidewalk when they returned home from school.

So they came. They filled the classrooms with their Afros and cool dispositions, challenging teachers who told them Chaucer invented literature. Many white people had no idea how many Black people there were in America until we started going to college. So many folks were trying to get that B.A., that it became hard to find a brother in the unemployment office who didn't have at least fourteen credits.

We studied impractical subjects, such as English, history, psychology, sociology, and in the spirit of narcissism, Black Studies: we held the superstitious conviction that passing grades would lead to a job. Many did not bother to study. They gravitated to lounges and majored in bid whist. And why not? College was a good place to hang out. There was no shortage of "get high" or "loose booty" to chase.

Meanwhile, in the real world, Richard Nixon became Our Leader. Recession set in. Idealistic Black people became increasingly concerned with the exigencies of everyday survival. Many had come through the gates with the dream of becoming lawyers or social workers "so I can go back to help the community." They were now saying, "before I can save the world, I have to save myself."

So we turned to practical subjects.

Marketing, accounting, and computer programming, would be the keys to the kingdom. We decided all's we needed was some money. Colored people became the most conspicuous consumers in the nation; witness the mink coated niggers going to watch Muhammad Ali beat up Joe Frazier. We went to see "Superfly" and admired his ride and wardrobe. Significantly, the process hairdo returned to popularity.

Political activity seemed to prove itself an exercise in futility. All the leaders we respected were shot or put in jail; the survivors became Republican converts or sellers of hot pants. Somehow, the revolution never came off.

We had believed ourselves to be the generation that had awakened. Yet subtly and suddenly, we transformed into the most materialistic, hedonistic, apathetic Black people this country has ever seen. We were off the picket lines and into the discotheques faster than you can say "jam boogie."

Paradoxically, we retain certain attitudes of that more optimistic time. This is why disco music is viewed with contempt even by people who dance off it, why Muhammad Ali is preferred over whoever challenges him, why Idi Amin has become a popular hero. Black people of the 1970's see this decade as a corrupt degeneration of the 1960's. We look at each other asking, "why have Black people gone back to sleep?" Everyone presumes the right to ask this question because no one considers himself or herself guilty of unconsciousness. It's those other niggers who need enlightenment.

So we go on, cynically despising America while hoping college will help us get our piece of the pie. Generally, young Blacks, are following—a course of action which will make them more affluent, more valuable to America's capitalist economic system. Yet most of us imagine that we are somehow better than the system we are joining.

The day is approaching when there will be no room for this discrepancy between self perception and action. There are changes occurring in America. While some Black people are rising into the bottom rungs of the middle class, others are left behind in the dying core of American cities. A gap is growing between them.

Despite the number of Blacks staying up nights studying to pass their G.R.E.'s, white people still think of us as a mob of food stamp-packing-muggers, waiting for our next welfare check. A Ph.D. on your resume will not abate this kind of blind, lunatic racism. Nor will any amount of law abiding, tax paying, god fearing, flag waving behavior, erase the fact that just by being Black, we are an embarrassment and a threat to much of white America.

There are changes happening in the world. Marxist revolutionaries have been successful in Indo-China, Angola, and Mozambique. Even James Schlesinger, former Secretary of Defense warned that the Soviet Union may soon surpass the U.S. in military strength. Where will an educated, Black petty bourgeoisie stand in a predominantly Non-Western, anti-American world. It will not be enough to mumble cliches about being members of the "Third World". When Mao and Samora Machel say they're against capitalism, they're not only referring to white capitalists; they mean you too. It will not be enough to say we've been discriminated against; the fact that we have, merely makes our dutiful service in wars against Third World people more shameful.

Illusions will not help. Black people must realize the contradictions of being Black in a white country, American in an anti-American world. For only by recognizing what we are, will we be able to decide who we wish to become.



...and that's the way it is —Sadie A. Mills

mentors behind. The College and The Paper will become memories. The thought of what awaits me in the outside world will be my new food for contemplation. However, this thin, short-froed,

sometimes misunderstood Black woman goes forward assured in the knowledge that she is infinitely more aware of who she is and what her purpose in life will be. Peace.

Makin' It Funky

Money Talks - Patty and Nixon Walk

Jill Nelson

In May of 1977, residents of the United States were treated to two of the major travesties of the decade, the appearance of Richard Nixon on prime time television, and the release, on probation, of Patty Hearst.

For all those who harbor fantasies of equal justice in America, it's time at last to let them go and wave bye, bye. The spectre of Richard Nixon four years later, still lying, still living, still running his game, was enraging and repulsive; though I bore with the program all the way through because I felt it my duty as a thinking person and as a writer.

Yesterday, on the subway, I glanced up and saw the headline of the New York Post, "Patty Hearst Gets Off With Probation," and once again I was enraged, the rising bile, the shattering of any vestiges of optimism in the wilderness of North America.

On March 25, 1977, Assata Shakur was sentenced to life imprisonment by an all white jury after massive and biased pre-trial publicity. Ms. Shakur is a young Black woman who, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was innocent beyond a reasonable doubt of the crimes of which she was accused. Ms. Shakur's conviction confirms that in America being Black eliminates all supposition of reasonable doubt, and that her conviction was based more upon her dedication to radical change in the structure of America than any evidence presented at her trial.

On May 9th, 1977, a little over a month later, Patty Hearst, the quintessential poor little rich girl, received five years probation after being convicted by a jury of her peers of violent crimes committed in the state of California. Her companions, William and Emily Harris, are currently serving eleven years to life on a lesser charge. What is the rationale for this? That she was kidnapped, brainwashed, and sexually abused by a band of radical whites, Blacks, and lesbians, none of whom can offer their perspective on Hearst's radical activities, as they are all, conveniently, dead. Randolph Hearst forks over much money for lawyers, shrinks, armed guards, and other unsavory means, and Patty is freed. Is this equal justice?

As for Richard Nixon, there is little need for me to chronicle his crimes, for he has entertained generations of Americans with

his lies, contortions, and vicious mentality. Having resigned on the brink of impeachment, after "stonewalling" and "deepsixing" for over a year, Richard Nixon is back, re-running his creep show, lying once again and getting paid at least six hundred thousand dollars for it.

George Jackson is dead, shot down during a supposed escape attempt from Soledad prison, where he was incarcerated for supposedly stealing seventy-eight dollars. Is this equal justice?

Justice in America, as far as Black, Latin, and poor people are concerned, is a farce, a fantasy, the ultimate philosophical chimera. Because Patty Hearst and Nixon are white, rich, and connected to the dubious and corrupt power centers of America, they are above punishment, above justice, totally without moral responsibility.

Assata Shakur and George Jackson, being poor, Black, and completely disconnected from all power sources, pay the price for America's immoral and racist judicial structure and, in the case of Jackson, pay with their lives.

We have been bombarded with Richard Nixon for over thirty years, and there is no end in sight for us. Not only were we abused and ripped off by Nixon during his various tenures in office, but the beating goes on. How many of us have stopped to consider the psychological effects of seeing this un-indicted co-conspirator on television, free as a bird, living high, telling them same ole' lies? And Patty Hearst, a convicted felon, is free on probation, with no problem other than to forget the horrible things done to her by the ogres and perverts she would have us believe made up the SLA.

Nixon and Hearst represent the corruption and folly of American justice and the constant subliminal suggestion that this corruption is impenetrable, monolithic.

Assata Shakur, George Jackson, and nameless others struggled to create a true justice in America, and literally or figuratively, died for it.

The recently recurring images of Richard Nixon and Patty Hearst are horrible and violent reminders that human life and justice are too high a price to pay for the thirty first season of Richard Nixon's Creep Show.

A City's Love

UPON THE ENERGY
OF REACHING
AND UNDERSTANDING

New York City has
Taken me to her bosom
She has decided to
Protect me from myself.
She had realized that those streets
where she put me
were not safe.
New York City has
cuddled me in her arms
She has seen fit to
provide me with a home
in one of her fine
institutions of justice
Where I can be
rehabilitated
And where I can learn to
overcome my anti-social
behavior.
New York City has
Loved me like a mother.
And for that I am truly grateful.
For I am no longer anti-social
and if it were not for the
early training she instilled
in me,
I would not be the a-one
professional criminal
That I can proudly
state that I am today.

Melanie Alicia Scott

was conceived
In the natural order of things
as if mother earth
turned into herself
and nourished the seed
of her own kind.
And my place was cramped
my place was dark
my place was void
But my place was warm.

And when my time had come
I was forced to leave
And the only life-line I had ever known
was broken.
I was blinded-I was hurting-I was afraid
I screamed!
What is this place?
Who are these... things?

My eyes were open then
And what I saw convinced me.
I sensed my belonging
somewhere within
the darkness and light
theuntime and the moon
the falling of frozen crystals in the heaven
and the soft hum of whispers in the night.

And when it was that I was strong
I stepped outside my solitude
and there was you.
My heart was warm
with the knowledge of sharing
secrets
in secret with you.
And I became aware of my presence.
My body was open.
And I received your gifts
in wonder and surprise.
And then it was that you became
a daydream
A pleasing, teasing figment
of my imagination.
I was reaching, reaching...
And you were gone.

And then it was
that I knew
My depth of pain
My height of joy
My need to be
Untouched by this reality.
And my world became my shield.
My energies were trapped
within me
My sources were trapped
without.
And then it was that I knew
Of loneliness.

But the seconds that are my lifetime
Tick away in time — with time itself
And my motion
remain in motion — with motion itself
And my days still unfold
With the rising of the sun
And the coming of the moon
And the splendor of mother nature
sleeping in winter
and smiling in the spring.

And my reaching is become
the opening of a flower
her face unto the sun.
My touching is become
the caressing of the wind
upon the surface of the earth.
My understanding is become
the receiving of the rain
to be given back again
to the heavens
and received and renewed
once more.
And the energy that is my life
remains a part of the energy
of everything that is
and everything
that ever will be...

by Catherine E. Davis

Book Review

The Devil Finds Work

By Kenneth D. Williams

In *The Devil Finds Work*, James Baldwin uses his noted literary talents to lay bare the fallacies inherent in American film. He measures the world of the silver screen against the back street of Black life. Is the reel world real? Baldwin's "no" is emphatic and final.

His method of analysis is personal. Baldwin compares the images in film to his experiences in life, including his experience as a screenwriter. From *Birth of a Nation* to *Lady Sings the Blues*, the author finds that American Film is given to unrealistic portrayals of Black people, avoids serious discussions of racial problems, and patches together tacky myths which should have been ripped to shreds years ago.

That movies are not for real, seems an obvious point. It is, however, the substitutions for reality that Hollywood chooses to present, that best reveal the true nature of the society in which we live.

Why does the white girl jump off the cliff to save her virginity from the rampaging Black buck, in *Birth of a Nation*? What was she trying to save? Why, in *The Defiant Ones*, does a Black convict facing long time, leap from a freedom bound train to return to prison with his white escapee/buddy? What was he trying to prove? What do the various Bogarts, Valentinos, and Tarzans represent?

Baldwin's answer is that America, or at least White America, is haunted by "the legend of the nigger". He traces the origin of this legend, its meaning and ramifications, and the subtle masks it dons for the camera. The author suggests that this legend has been the controlling factor in American films including those motion pictures in which no Blacks appear, and even in many of those movies such as, *They Call Me Mr. Tibbs* that purport to be progressive representations of Blacks.

This book educates as well as entertains. It is an informed and timely examination of the role cinema plays in the racial morass that constitutes these dis-United States.

The Devil Finds Work, by James Baldwin, the Dial Press pub. c. 1976, 122 pp.

Subways

By David Smith

No pain here. His arms feel good. The noise of the subway sounds like the quiet roar in the back of my head, like a half-gentle push-pull coming from somewhere inside or out. I don't know, but his hands and his warm arm, make me smooth, and I don't feel the roar anymore.

Time to get off.

As the train pulls to the stop, and he knows it's the stop, as the sound reaches a high, sharp pitch, just before the slow 's' sound of the air brakes, forcing the giant machine to stop and rest, and give up and take in new passengers like some mythical whale, just before the point I'd have to rush up and off and out to the place I had to go, I moved my head to his face, gently, slowly, to tell him the thing I couldn't tell him. To show him how I felt, I moved my head to his face, and touched his hairy cheek with my lips.

I kept them there for five or six years,

taking in his smell, feeling the blood under the flesh of my lips, and the darkness of his skin. I felt it, took joy in it. Becalmed by the things he gave me, I held my lips to his face for strength and love trying to tell him the things I wanted to say, and didn't say, and finally hopefully did.

As I felt the heart pulsing under my lip, and the smooth, richness of the dark hairy skin, and as I forgot to listen to the 's' sound of the air brakes, and forgot to see the people in the dingy machine, I felt him trying to say something, words, feelings, I don't know, something. I heard him. I heard him where I heard the sound that echoed the sound of the subway. I heard but I didn't stay to listen to it all, because then I only wanted to give him a message, and I couldn't take anything then, so I got up and walked out of the door of the dark, dingy machine, with the smell of his skin on my lips and a half read message in the back of my mind.