

THE PAPER

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Thursday, March 31, 1977

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

—Langston Hughes

Langston Hughes: Honored And Remembered

by Lidi Lewis

In the 1920's a "New Negro" emerged. This decade was characterized by changing attitudes among Blacks about themselves and a search for a re-establishment of their roots. This period, which came to be known as the Harlem Renaissance, saw a flourishing of Black writers, artists and musicians who evoked their new-found racial consciousness through their art.

One of the most prolific and most celebrated writers of that decade of the "New Negro" was Langston Hughes.

In commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the birth of the American poet, playwright, social historian and world traveler, several prominent Black members of various social and intellectual persuasions gathered to pay homage to Langston Hughes in Finley's Grand Ballroom, last week.

The affair, entitled "Langston Hughes Celebration/1977," was the first of a two-part series held in honor of Mr. Hughes and his works.

Dr. Mary V. Jackson, program coordinator of the symposium, focused on the "Legacy of Langston Hughes" in opening the proceedings, by calling Mr. Hughes a man of insight who penned the Black experience with poignancy and compassion.

Flanked by the famed Black historian John Henrik Clarke and June Jordan, artist in residence at the City College, Dr. Wilfred Cartney, the moderator, cited one of Hughes' most renowned poems, *A Dream Deferred*. Dr. Cartney pointed out an underlying prophecy in the piece.

"Langston Hughes made us what we are today," Dr. Cartney noted. Continuing he said, "We are discussing the legacy of Hughes, but we are the legacy here to celebrate an ancestor — an elder griot (in African culture, a man who knows the history of his people). We are not a dream deferred, but a dream realized."

The 'dream' was a predominant theme in Mr. Hughes' works. Many of his poems convey a message of perseverance to Black people in recognition of the ability to survive in a white man's world. This 'dream' theme is said to have provided the poet with more than enough motivation to continue in his literary endeavors.

Dr. Cartney continued by paralleling Mr. Hughes with Dr. Martin Luther King, saying that the folklorist reached the mountain top in his own right.

Langston Hughes' lucidly comprehensible and fluent style distinguished him from some other poets of the time. June Jordan recounted her first meeting with the writer while working with him in a school in the Fort Green section of Brooklyn.

"There would be times when some of the children would steal some of Hughes' books. This was my first understanding of the greatness of Hughes. His poetry was always accessible — it had a simplicity and clarity that could immediately be understood."

Others described his writing as lyrical, musical, unpretentious. It has also been said that his poetry embodies rhythm, blues, gospel and jazz. Mr. Hughes was the people's poet; he spoke their language.



Langston Hughes, A dream achieved

Black writers and other artists were patronized by both Blacks and whites during the Harlem Renaissance. Harlem during the twenties was the Mecca of entertainment in New York City. It was also somewhat of a promised land for migrating Blacks from the South.

However, despite the success of many Black artists during the rise of the "New Negro," writing was not a lucrative field. Most of the poets, essayists and the like were forced to work full time and write part time if they didn't want to go hungry, — if they weren't hungry already. In comparison, Langston Hughes made himself the exception to the rule.

Dr. Nathan Huggins, professor of History at Columbia University and author of *The Harlem Renaissance* said that Hughes undertook a "monumental change" in his career by devoting himself full time to his expertise.

He committed himself to making a living as a poet.

"Whether or not the author was successful in collecting fees for his recitals, Mr. Hughes would appear anyway, and he was welcomed with open arms," Dr. Huggins said.

Other Black journalists who sought to reap the so-called success of their fellow writers were often faced with an inner conflict, the conflict was could they obtain recognition as a proficient writer and preserve their Black identity while emulating their white counterparts. Black writers who attempted to shirk their identity and adopt a "white style" were quite repulsive to Hughes, John A. Davis, professor of Political Science, indicated.

"Write first, add color second", Hughes would say. "If you are a good writer, you will transcend all racial barriers and will inevitably receive recognition."

Langston Hughes was a

philanthropist, but he possessed a deep love for his people in particular, according to Paula Marshall, author of *The Chosen Place, The Timeless People*. The distinguished poet was a lover of 'Harlem, children, small talk and Africa.' He acquired a reverence for fellow poet Imamu Amiri Baraka.

Not only did Mr. Hughes write about the Black experience, some of his works pertained to urban living; consequently, Mr. Hughes came to be known as an urban poet.

Mr. Hughes personified the dilemma of the Black man in his folk hero, Jesse B. Simple, a man whose resilience to incessant hardships kept him alive.

Poet Quincy Troupe shared Mr. Hughes' "Census", with the audience. The piece is a ludicrous but realistic expression by Simple, whose feet symbolize the plight of the Black man.

"My feet have stood before alters, at crap tables, bars, graves, kitchen doors, welfare windows, and social security railings . . ."

The razor blades I have used cutting away my corns could pay for a razor plant. Oh, my feet have helped make America rich, and I am still standing on them.

On a final note, Mr. Troupe emphasized that Langston Hughes is more worthy of recognition as a prestigious American poet, more so than just a Black poet.

"Langston Hughes, more than anyone else was a people's poet — a poet who understood and appreciated Africa and was yet in still an American. Hughes was infinitely more American than any American poet could ever be."

Africana Literature

Tabled

The Curriculum and Educational Policy committee of the Faculty Council at City College last week rejected a proposal introducing a new course called *Introduction to African Literature*.

The new course, which would have been included under the Core B Humanities requirements, would have provided a "basic structure" to compensate for upcoming changes in the core requirements divisions. Black studies courses which are related to English, such as the popular core course *Black Writers in America*, are expected to be axed as a result of these changes.

In an open letter to President Marshak, James L. de Jongh, a professor in the College's English department and chairman of the

Committee on Non-Western Literature emphatically stated, "When the College limits the teaching of Black Literature through a variety of subterfuges — no matter how elegant — the venal, racist character of the exercise remains obvious."

Prof de Jongh expects to resign his position as chairman of the "so-called" committee on non-Western Literature in protest of "the academic shell game currently being played with the Core Curriculum of the City College."

According to prof Jongh the proposal for the creation of Africana Literature was tabled because the "committee felt it wasn't structured properly."

Prof Wilfred Cartney of the Black

Studies Department wrote the six page proposal which outlined a course description, academic objectives, a syllabus and complete reading list. Prof Jongh noted that the tabling of the proposal was an "unfair judgment" by pointing out that his proposal was "specific and extensive" as opposed to a one-page "vague" proposal submitted by the French dept.

"In 1977, Black artists and scholars do not beg, apologize and cajole for our cultures to be studied. The Langston Hugheses of this world have survived, created and endured in spite of the academic infighters," Prof. Jongh further asserted in his letter.

Members of the CEP committee could not be reached for comment.

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- Six Million Dollar Nigger On the Way—Pg. 7



The next issue of
THE PAPER
will
appear on Campus,
April 14, 1977. Dead-
line for all ads and
other copy is April
11.

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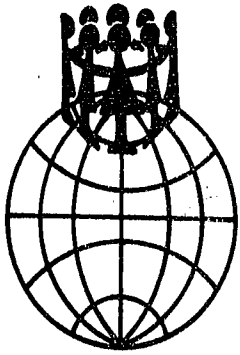
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**Lecture and Slide Show by
IVAN VAN SERTIMA**
*author of They Came Before
Columbus about his book.*

**Harris Auditorium
12 - 2 pm
Thursday April 14th**

Mr. Van Sertima is a professor in
Third World Creative Writings and
Black Civilizations at Rutgers University.

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VOICES OF GAY WOMEN

BY Jill Nelson

Voices of Gay Women

Aida is twenty three, Puerto Rican, with a solid, endearing body that suggests security. When she was nine years old Aida knew she was gay, that, in her words, "she wanted to love women." At thirteen she "came out" and told her parents. She was immediately committed, by her parents, to the Hudson State School for Girls, where she spent eleven months being "cured" of her love for women. It didn't work.

Nineteen years old, Black, with a cherubic, laughing, face and eyes, Julie has known she was gay since she was twelve. When she told her mother at age eighteen, her mother went crazy, "Cried, how could you be gay when you went to Catholic School?" Later her mother decided Catholic School was in fact responsible for Julie's homosexuality, and that she would outgrow it, "As soon as Mr. Right comes along".

Carmen is twenty one, petite, Argentinian. She grew up in a culture of machismo and male superiority, where any non-submissive relationship to men was looked upon as freakish. When she was ten she told her parents she was gay. Their response was, "You're crazy, you don't know what you like, it's just a phase." Though Carmen has had relationships with men, they have been undesired and unsatisfactory. She has accepted her love for women as the natural way that she is.

Aida, Julie and Carmen are just three of the gay people I've met during my forays to the office of Gay People at City College, Finley Room 408, trying to discover something about the identity of contemporary Black and Latin gay women on campus. Who they are, why they are gay,

what being gay means to them, how they feel about their experiences on campus, were some of the questions we discussed during my visits. As a group, the gay women and men I spoke with were communicative and friendly people, who as a result of their own oppression as women, as people of color, and/as gay people, were highly sensitive to the nature and workings of oppression in society.

As gay women on campus, much of their energies are focused on improving relations with people on campus, regardless of race or sexual orientation. They feel that Black and Latin people on campus and off are their principle oppressors, due to lack of understanding of what being gay is, as well as cultural conditioning. As Aida said, "Even now, Latin women are still slaves to the concept of machismo, though this is changing, slowly. Most Latin men think being gay is disgusting — It goes against the myth that Latin women are hot blooded, and that Latin men are studs." Julie, who is Black, continued, "There's a lot of snickering about us on campus. People seem to feel threatened by us, like we're dividing the race, emasculating men by being gay. Also, as women, we're supposed to have kids and continue the race, and if we don't, we're nothing."

They stress that contrary to popular myth, they have no desire to be men, but simply wish to love other women, specifically gay women. They are conscious of bearing the burdens of a lot of these myths, i.e., gay women would go straight if they "got a good fuck," religious attitudes and dictates — that label homosexuality a "perversion," that they

suffer from advanced "penis envy," that they hate and try to negate their feminine sexuality.

As a group, the gay women I talked with were very conscious of their oppression as simply another rung in the ladder of oppression that is characteristic of American society and its ruling class: in gay writer Christopher Isherwood's words, "the heterosexual dictatorship." Their oppression by their own people (Black and Latin) is seen by them as another means of dividing oppressed people from each other by encouraging in-group hostility.

In Carmen's words, "We are people, like all other people. The only difference is that we are gay. That doesn't really have anything to do with anyone except ourselves and our lovers." Certainly, as Black and Latin people, there is a strong basis for common struggle regardless of our sexual orientation. The issue of the two year test, day care cuts, tuition, and the quality of university education, are issues we must all struggle with as Black and Latin people, not gays or straights.

Aida, Julie, and Carmen all agreed that improved communication and exchange between gay people at City College and other groups and individuals on campus is necessary to close the gaps between various factions of the Black and Latin community. They invite all people to visit their office, Room 408, Finley, or come to their meetings Thursdays 12-2, in Downer 303. Their organization sponsors films, attends plays, holds consciousness raising and education sessions, all of which would be interesting and relevant to people, regardless of sexual orientation.

Coming Soon:

FINE AND FABULOUS



Here's some of the models that will participate in the Fashion Show to be held in the Finley Ballroom, which will be sponsored by THE PAPER on May 6.

For Your Information

The college community is welcome to attend the History Department's Film programs, in Cohen Library Room 301. The afternoon showings (2-6) usually include discussions conducted by Professors Jim Watts and Bob Twombly. Evening Session discussions are held on Tuesdays following the screenings, in Wagner 201.

Marlon Brando's "On the Waterfront" is featured on March 31.

The April 14 program will pair "Sit In," a 1961 documentary about the Civil Rights movement, with the seldom-shown Brazilian "Os Fuzis."

"The Missiles of October," a 1976 film dealing with the Kennedy Administration's handling of the Cuban Missile Crisis, will be shown on April 21.

On April 28, "The Graduate," with Dustin Hoffman and Ann Bancroft; Kenneth Anger's "Scorpio Rising," and "Marilyn!" will be shown.

The final program, on May 5, features the recent critically-acclaimed "Union Maids," and the film version of Alvin Toffler's "Future Shock."

The Bank Street Day Care Consultation Service is publishing a newsletter designed especially for day care parents. Its *Action Bulletin* will come out every two weeks with *Parent Power!*

Parent Power! will try to present parents with basic facts about day care in New York City, and about problems that centers face. The newsletter will also describe some of the things which parents at many centers are doing in the fight to save day care.

Four issues of *Parent Power!* will be published in the next eight weeks, and then it will be decided whether or not to continue publication.

Let the publishers know your ideas, suggestions, criticisms and comments on *Parent Power!* Copies of the *Action Bulletin* can be obtained free, but contributions are appreciated. Write: Tony Ward, Action Bulletin, Bank Street Day Care Consultation Service, 610 West 112th Street, New York, New York 10025. Or call Mr. Ward at 663-7200, extension 225.

The American Museum of Natural History will have a discussion on "Television and the Black Cultural Revolution," on Thursday, April 14 at 7:30 PM. Admission is free.

"Afro-American Culture in the 70's," will be discussed at the American Museum of Natural History on Thursday, April 7 at 7:30 PM. Admission is free.

T H E P A P E R

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Letters To The Editor

The Music Department appreciates the fine interview with John Lewis by J. Sills-Jihoji in the March 24th issue of *The Paper*. Perhaps your readers would be interested in knowing the kinds of courses that Professor Lewis teaches in the Music Department.

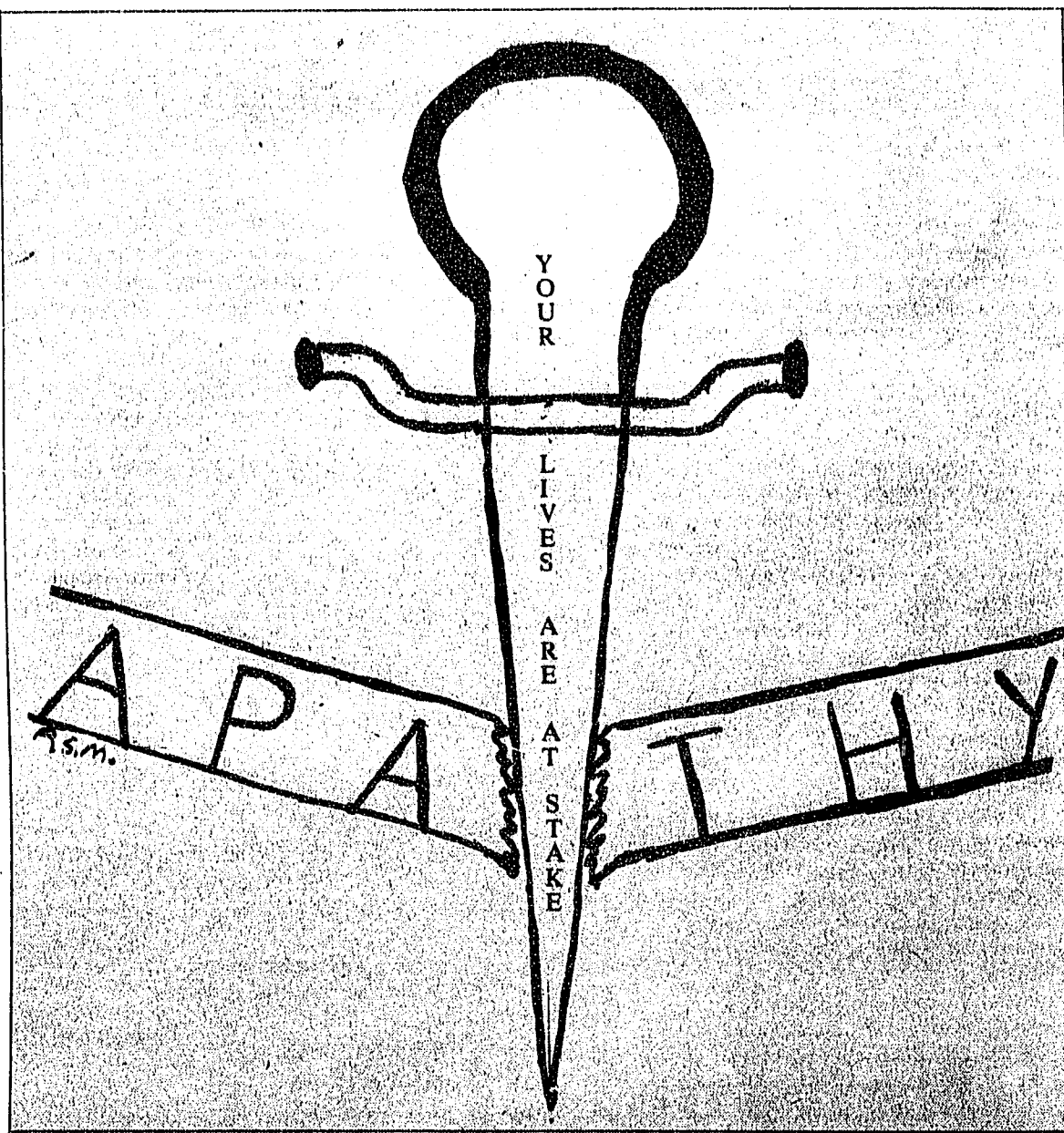
Music 12 Introduction to Jazz Improvisation
Music 13 Advanced Jazz Improvisation
Music 81 Small Jazz Ensemble
Music 146.1 Jazz-WWII to the Present

Thanks for giving such good coverage to one of the true Jazz Greats!

Sincerely yours,
Virginia S. Red
Chairman

I was thrilled and pleased to read the articles in the March 10 issue of *The Paper*. *The Paper* showed what black people can achieve as a unified group.

Rosalyn Williams



Dear Editors:

For the first time (and I hope the only time) I am embarrassed by *The Paper*. In your March 24th issue, you had a picture of a group of Africans pouring water into a well. The caption, "A prayer to the return of funk," is insulting. You are ridiculing a people's culture.

Sincerely,
Paulette Dobbson

Editorial:

What Do You Think About That?

As a student body in particular and a readership in general, you are a sickeningly pathetic lot. You couldn't communicate if your lives were at stake, and little do you realize that it is your imaginative lives that are.

But still you will persist in being the hopelessly inadequate creatures who you are with no particular sense of how important it is to have a well rounded mentality, the power to be objective as well as subjective. You will talk about this newspaper as if it were a dog, but who the hell cares if you don't have the interest to write constructive comments and suggestions. Certainly you don't give a damn, but we of *The Paper* find ourselves in that unfortunate position of the eternal sucker: We do care!

But you, the individual student, go on with your self-interested pursuits making such old cliches as "Talk is Cheap!" that much more true. It must be so wonderful to live in a cheery little vacuum where very few thoughts and actions have a significant connection to those which preceded them and those which shall follow. The bulk of your criticisms are 99% fraudulent; they're merely the emotional whinings of children. Meanwhile, the concept of collective accomplishment in the attainment of individual goals, particularly as exemplified by the leadership of this newspaper, has degenerated into a sibling rivalry, the egotistical struggle for authority and acclaim.

What are you, the student body who have a vested financial interest in the wide-ranging field of student affairs, the future of our nation, going to do about it? Very simply — Nothing! You're going to let us get away with it, because in so much as we reflect you, you reflect us. The idea of what education means [Latin root: educere, i.e. to lead out] is lost on you and the many teachers who seek to forcefeed you with total garbage. The purpose of education is to bring what is inside of you — out! That's what it has, does and shall always mean. Do you hear that, all of you "one individual me's" who are screaming for self-expression and fulfillment?

You are in this College for more than one reason, but keep in mind (and we realize that for most of you this is asking a hell of a sacrifice) the function of higher education is to fashion adults, and we must be everready to remind the institution that the quality of human beings it is influencing us to be is an A-1 priority. All of what needs saying cannot be covered in one editorial, but it's time to get on with it. Those of you who piss away your money eating junk food and playing pinball all day need, however, read no further. You are going to be eliminated anyway, because you can't pass any kind of two-year test or anything designed to measure whether you know anything worth a damn.

For those of you still in the ballgame, we are putting it to you directly. We really want to know whether or not you are a bunch of "ignorant bastards" (as you are termed at one time or another in every nook and cranny of these hallowed halls) who are illiterate by nature and dumb by design. The pages of this newspaper represent our input into the Public Forum. You as the College citizen are what we call the Body Politic. You are deaf and dumb until you let yourselves be heard, but you must do it in writing because the price of "talk" has not gone up since this editorial started.

Again we are informing you that the pages of this newspaper are open to publish your opinions for public consumption and reaction. When you don't see letters printed, it's because you don't take the time or have the confidence to write even though you would have *your* words printed and on display. We cannot do an adequate job for a readership that has no pride in itself and is too busy making "chumps" and "punks" out of each other to look up and see the world closing in on them. We have to know what you think, that you do in fact THINK!

What this paper needs is positive and constructive input from you! On Thursday, March 9, 1977, Hamaas Abdul Khaalis led the commando wing of his Hanafi Moslem sect in the taking of three buildings in our nation's capital — all of it to demand justice, to get the attention of all of us. What do you think about that? We have a new President. What do you think about that? You're going to find yourself without adequate financial aid to complete your education. What do you think about that? Idi Amin wants to be your king, hates Jews, admires Hitler and maintains power with an army of mercenaries. The panorama of war and peace is now centered on the African continent. Now what the hell do you think about that?

Kunta Kinte and Kizzy now are your national symbols of a heritage stolen, but also of a pride never lost. Are you worthy enough to follow their lead? Do you understand that we represent the warrior class of this country and the cultural and human responsibilities it implies. We bet every Vietnam Veteran in this College community knows too well...

The time for cheap rhetoric is over. Every one individual "I" must produce or perish from this scene. It may even be necessary to slow down the course of normal events at this College for a day or two to make the point, and we don't mean by taking that stupid administration building. To put it to you one more time: you can no longer take it for free, and then turn around and play with yourselves to boot.

A LUTA CONTINUA (THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES)

by Angela Henderson

'Sharpville 1960 -- Soweto 1976,' was the topic discussed at a forum held in Goethals last week.

The sponsors, an amalgamation of various student groups at City College, sought to explain the various struggles for liberation in Southern Africa over the past sixteen years.

The forum also attempted to connect the fight for freedom in Southern Africa with the successful revolutions in other African nations during the 1950's and 1960's.

Unfortunately, trying to make an audience aware of the numerous revolutions and revolutionary leaders in African nations over the past few years in less than an hour is very difficult.

What results is a clutter of names and places with no awareness at all.

But this was lessened and the problems in Southern Africa were illuminated when the film, "There Is No Crisis Here," was shown.

Protests In Soweto

The film focused on Soweto, the largest Black township, located outside of Johannesburg.

When the government declared that the Afrikaans language was to be used as the teaching medium in Black schools, students began the first in what would become a series of demonstrations in Soweto.

During the first demonstration, at least 350 Black people, most of them children, were killed. Ten days later, in an attempt to cripple the South African economy, the students urged their parents to stay at home and hold back their labor.

The students' plea was heeded, many parents stayed at home, the protest was successful.

Institutionalized Racism

The system of apartheid in Southern Africa is institutionalized racism.

According to the film, almost no Blacks reside in the cities. They live in outlying Black townships and they must "commute" to their jobs. If there are no jobs available,

Blacks must live in special cities set up for those who are unemployed.

Blacks must carry identity passbooks wherever they go. They must get permission to travel from one area to another.

Many times, families are separated when jobs are available in different cities. In order to work, men often have to live in special housing away from their families.

The government blames the unrest on the "Black consciousness" movement.

In the film, student and community leaders committed themselves to continued struggle in the face of seemingly hopeless odds: official armed repression from the government, arrest and death.

The sponsors of the forum were: the Black Studies Collective, the Black Studies Department, the Caribbean Students Association, the Day Student Government, the Student Coalition Against Racism and the Young Socialist Alliance.



Ernest B. Boynton, Jr., lecturer in the English Department and chairman of the Communications and Mass Media program at The City College, has been named recipient of the "Faculty Service Award for 1977" by the Alumni Association of City College for his exemplary services to students beyond his classroom responsibilities.

The award will be presented at the 125th Annual Alumni Meeting on May 18, 1977, at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York City.

National Black Science Students Organization

by Regina M. Eaton and Robert Wilkens

This is the first in a series of articles to be written by National Black Science Students Organization and submitted to The Paper. These articles shall deal with the problems confronting Black students and point to various programs designed to aid them.

It shall act as a communication link between the organization's present and potential membership; in that capacity it will publicize activities and report and past programs sponsored by the organization.

Finally it will announce positions available in scientific areas of both traditional and alternative institutions, alternative institutions referring to those run for and by our community. We hope you will find this column both informative and helpful.

For those who are unfamiliar with National Black Science Students Organization (NBSSO), let me offer a brief description. NBSSO is a organization concerned with the growth of students on this campus. It is involved with the development of social awareness, so as to insure that the knowledge we acquire is used toward the betterment of our community.

We at Black Science attempt to relate our program to all levels of academic endeavor. In doing this we define "Black Science" as the systematic acquisition and application of knowledge and skills for the betterment of Black People.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

National Black Science Students Organization would like to announce the following Professional positions that have

come to the attention of our office. These employers have indicated an interest in Affirmative Action Recruitment and Outreach for non-teaching, professional and faculty positions. Interested candidates should contact the person (or office) indicated for further information.

Position: Lecturer
Starting Date: Fall 1977
Qualifications: Minimum of M.S. in Chemistry, evidence of student rapport and team perspective.

For Further Info: Dept. of Chemistry University of Wisconsin-Whitewater Whitewater, Wisconsin 53190

Position: Experimental Physical Chemistry
Starting Date: Aug., 1977
For Further Info: Prof. C.D. Cornwell Dept. of Chemistry 1101 University Ave. Madison, Wisconsin 53706

Position: Instructor Dept. Biological Science
Starting Date: Sept. 1, 1977
Qualifications: Applicants must have training and experience in teaching Human Anatomy and Human Physiology.
For Further Info: Dr. D.C. Lee Chairperson, Dept. of Biological Science State University of New York College of Arts and Science Plattsburgh, N.Y. 12901

National Black Science Students organization will be showing a film April 14, 1977.

If you are interested in NBSSO or simply have an item you want included in this article, please come to room 332 Finley; office hours will be posted on the door.

Sisyphus

I am tired, but not sleepy.
After running all day,
I return to my starting line.
So much ground covered,
So much of it so familiar.
The faces, all look the same
Whether I've seen them before or not.
I tire of them.
I become through doing,
But do what I will,
I am done before I have begun.
I must rest, for I am tired but not sleepy.
Is there no finish line?
Is there no place where I can be there,
While standing still,
Stay there while in motion?
I am not lazy,
But I must rest;
I am tired, but not sleepy.

by Kenneth D. Williams

LOST
Trapped in a state of mind
ruled by emotion
Driven by depression
steady on the mind
Flowing like a harsh rain
bouncing off each nerve line
Praying for that certain strength
a spiritual revelation of a sort
Confused by a situation wrong
trying to understand, if so
where to go on
Trying to decide
whether to walk into love
or just slide
Uncertain whether to confide in
someone
or just take some love
and run and hide

Have you ever felt like that . . .

LOST

by Earl Rue

A Day Is Born

An approving glance from above;
Light appears
Sleepy eyes seek protection from the
spectrum of light
Demanding entrance through the
curtained window.
A lazy yawn echoes through the silent
corridors
As the old clock ticks steadily in the
seemingly far off distance.
Upstairs a floor-board creaks.
A shuffle of feet,
A rush to greet the morning.
And nature in her love
has downed for us another day.
L.

To C.
In you I see new love.
As innocent as a baby's smile,
As trusting as a child's arms
Reaching out for love
Yet demanding none.
In you I see new love
To mend wrought by life.
In you I see a man
To love; To give new life; To cherish
L.

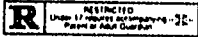
He was a nobody; a black man in a white man's prison.
 She was a somebody; a notorious, beautiful, radical black professor.
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 DIRECTED BY ARTHUR BARRON · EXECUTIVE PRODUCER LEE SAVIN
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 MUSIC COMPOSED AND PERFORMED BY TAJ MAHAL
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From Roots To Minstrel Man

by Diane M. Wilson

Advertisements heralding the recent television production of *Minstrel Man* read, "*Roots* was only the beginning." Such advertisements couldn't have been more correct. *Roots* was only the beginning — the beginning of exploitation, misrepresentation and propagandistic murder of Blacks in the established white media's made-for-television fantasy land. Black images and lifestyles have already been grossly misdefined on movies screens and in situation-comedies with little resistance, so we shouldn't be surprised by those profit-motivated movie executives and producers who now want to capitalize from the newest money making aspect of television at our expense.

Like *Roots*, *Minstrel Man* was a distorted portrayal of an aspect of the Black experience. After watching the dramatization a viewer could easily think that as long as Black minstrels conformed and played the roles of smiling, happy-go-lucky, ignorant but content niggers they could earn a decent living, dress in fine clothes and be offered opportunities to perform in some of the nation's top theaters without auditioning. Such was not truly the case, however.

Working in minstrel shows was a lowly, unglamorous profession for most Blacks trying to make a living in the entertainment field.

Many Black minstrels found it difficult to get work since white minstrels in black face already held the available jobs during the early nineteenth century. Many Blacks worked the minstrel circuit because they could not find any other type of work in show business and it unlikely many enjoyed the self-debasement and ridicule that minstrel performances thrived on. Although some Black minstrel shows were able to achieve success in America toward the mid and late 1800's, recognition was more readily obtainable abroad.

Few minstrel men were able to achieve a sense of personal triumph like the character of Harry, played remarkably well by Glynn Turman, does when he wipes off the makeup and inspires the rest of his company to do the same. That's like thinking that *Roots* had a happy ending when the truth of the matter is that the end of the Civil War did not grant Black Americans immediate freedom from oppression. Hard times were only taking on a new beginning, although the manner in which *Roots* climaxed indicated otherwise. Black minstrels were too thankful to find work than to deny white audiences the stereotyped images that were comfortable with.

The character of Rennie however, poignantly portrayed by Stanley Clay, is more plausible as it was obviously based on Louis Wright, a Black

minstrel who was hung for standing up to a white crowd because he detested the humiliation his people had endure to be recognized as entertainers.

CBS's sentimental approach to the subject matter of *Minstrel Man* revealed the network's attempt at capturing the same audience that watched *Roots* in hopes of making some of the same profits that *Roots*' tremendous success brought ABC. Evidently, *Roots*' success has begun a dangerous trend in the area of Black representation on made-for-television pictures. Neither production was born from a legitimate concern for Black history as evidenced in both networks' obvious inattention to details.

But what can we expect? Few Blacks contributed to the technical aspects of both productions. *Minstrel Man*'s screenplay was researched, produced and written by whites and although Alex Haley served as a consultant the screenplays of *Roots*' eight episodes were also written and directed by whites.

There are capable and knowledgeable Blacks in the ranks of Hollywood, from Gordon Parks to Maya Angelou, that could have been asked to lend their expertise and sensitivity in the technical production of these two television presentations. Assertions by white television executives that capable Blacks are not available are as false as the portrayals of Black ex-

perience on television and in the movies.

What's important now is that we, as Black consumers and concerned, educated viewers, tell our own stories, and refuse to passively accept the distorted and misconstrued images that white television producers, as well as the mass media, naively and ignorantly throw at us. We can no longer sit back and be thankful that there are Black programs on the air when such programs are more harmful than helpful and do not depict a realistic portrayal of Black experience.

We must begin to actively write letters to the various networks voicing our concerns and complaints and begin to seek other means of applying pressure where it counts. Refusing to buy the products of the sponsors who bring us Black shows that undermine us as a people and hinder our efforts for self expression is a start.

In the past our organized efforts have been able to cancel programs like *Amos and Andy* and *Birth of a Nation* that insensitively depicted negative and degrading Black images, so there's no reason why we can't collectively make a concerted effort to upgrade Black programming, presently. If we don't, it won't be long before shows such as the *Six Million Dollar Nigger* and *Charlie's Spades* are broadcast into our homes.

Airport '77

by Ken La'mar Jones

Airport 77 is the second offspring of the original "*Airport*," and unfortunately, like the first, this one is also a breech birth. The twisted bones protrude from an unbelievably dull and tired script rather ultra-conspicuously.

The film has the usual cavalcade of big name talent, and some former Oscar winners. But after having seen the film *Airport 77*, which probably would have been better off if it were totally free of dialogue, you'd think that they would have anything better to do than waste their talents on such silly and boring nonsense as this.

In this one, a privately owned airplane (owned by infinite multi-millionaire James Stewart) carrying a king's ransom in antique cargo, is seized by hijackers and then plunges into the Bermuda Triangle when it hits an offshore oil derrick. The movie has some spell-binding moments such as the scene in which the luxury airplane submerges into the sea. But the minute someone opens his or her mouth, we then open ours — yawning.

And most odd is the absence of fish of any kind. And in one scene when Jack

Lemmon swims his way towards the surface of this alleged sea, we can't help but visualize Mr. Lemmon perhaps trying out his new swimming pool and being so anxious that he didn't even bother to take his clothes off.

George Kennedy, who appeared in the last two disaster epics, is back as Joe Patroni and sickeningly optimistic; Christopher Lee, with that metal-like caricature of his, plays the poor soul husband of Lee Grant, an unfaithful drunk; Olivia de Havilland, as a rich old spinster, makes all of the props sticky with her embarrassing over acting; Joseph Cotten, with such an impressive looking name as Nicholas St. Downs III, is about as noticeable in the film as a pantomime is to a blind man; Darren McGaven, as one of the planes' engineers, can't seem to shed that bulge-eyed countenance that was so customary in his TV series "*The Night Stalker*"; and a tired looking Jack Lemmon portrays the crafts' pilot and lover of Brenda Vaccaro, stewardess.

The film is indeed a disaster. I can only hope that we're spared an *Airport 78*, the idea by now should be bankrupt.

Time Out?



With twenty seconds left in the CUNY-SUNY Allstar game, CUNY 73, SUNY 74, it was CUNY's ball... But nobody called timeout. CUNY player Gregg Vaughn from Queens College said, "In the excitement of the game nobody on court called time - It was just one of those things." Nice try men!

Final score: SUNY 76. CUNY 73, Above, Coach Layne looks on helplessly.

HAPPY VACATION!

RAYA DUNAYEVSKAYA

author of 'Philosophy and Revolution' will speak at New York University, April 6 at 5 p.m., Main 709 on "Dialectics Of Liberation" and Free Association, 5 W. 20th St., Friday April 5, 7:30 pm on "Post Mao China" and its world ramifications."

Makin' it Funky

The Slow Death Of Harlem

by Jill Nelson

My community, Harlem, is dying. The instrument of its death is heroin and the spiritual, physical, psychological death which is a natural consequence of this unnatural drug. Harlem was once a community of educational, political, cultural institutions, a haven for urban Black people, a place where individuals, families, artists, lived, grew, and created in a receptive environment. This Harlem is for me, and many of my generation, only a glorious memory, handed down by our parents, through literature, and the voices of older Harlemites. Perhaps hinted at when we see the decayed shell of Mintons, where Bird blew his heart through his horn for us, or the Baron, or Smalls, once hangouts for Harlem's finest, now places to conduct, undisturbed, drug deals.

I have lived in Harlem most of my life and have seen it deteriorate year by year, seen King Heroin flooding our streets, spreading despair, disease, and parasitic corruption. Pumped into our community like gasoline at a gas station, heroin has become the focus of much of the life, the center of numerous lives being lived in Harlem. Bringing with it the contamination of despair and desperation, heroin has changed the nature of Harlem from a community, to a rotting carcass from which urban vultures rip flesh. With heroin has come rising crime rates, necessary to support even the smallest habit of those without work, on welfare. Clothing stores, fruit stands, bookstores close, replaced by businesses either directly dependent upon the sale of heroin, or heavily supported by addicts. Thus in Harlem, liquor and record stores, fast food restaurants, abound. Old men run candy stores whose primary business is the sale of junk food, loose cigarettes, and taking the number. Drugstores survive, supported by the constant sickness that is characteristic of our homes without heat, and hot water. Some drugstores sell glassine envelopes, imported Italian cut, sets of works under the counter. To a great extent, business in Harlem is dependent upon the proliferation of heroin.

The structure of Harlem, the decaying buildings, filthy streets, the lack of our own cultural institutions, the indifference of those institutions that exist, schools, cops, welfare, health services, combine to make Harlem a place where people stay, not live. For some, Harlem is a temporary stop, a way station until enough money can be accumulated to move downtown, out of state, somewhere. Others remain because they are too old, too poor, to get out. Some, successful artists, professionals, and politicians, stay because their livelihood is made in Harlem. The majority, like myself, stay because this is where we were brought up. Harlem is what we call home, because we have faith in

Harlem surviving, of becoming, through our acts of creation, a place of growth and creativity.

A large percentage of Harlem's residents make money directly from the sale of heroin, selling quantities from several kilos down to deuce (2.00) bags. There is a constant market for dope, coke, smoke, and all their paraphernalia, syringes, glassine envelopes, methadone.

I love Harlem, what it was, what it could be, the black, brown, beige faces of my sisters and brothers, and I am enraged that the system pours heroin into our community, I am disgusted that we complacently allow dope to destroy our community and ourselves. As far as why dope is in Harlem, Watts, and even I have heard, Soweto, the reasons are obvious, and in a sense, irrelevant. Obviously the government and its officials, on a city, state, and federal level, encourage and allow heroin addiction, for economic and political reasons. It would be naive for us to expect a system characterized throughout its history by genocide towards people of color (i.e. Native Americans, Africans, Japanese, etc., etc.) to be playing less than a direct role in the destruction of Harlem through drugs.

To quote a junkie I know, a CCNY graduate: "I'm still amazed at how drugs work. We're told that people with drugs are hiding, blah, blah, blah. They smuggle it in the bottom of their shoes, all that crap. Well, the truth is, they sell so much dope on 8th Avenue that even if you were Tom McAnn, hey, enough dope couldn't be smuggled in your shoes. Obviously, dope is being delivered to Harlem in ten ton crates".

Thus the heroin epidemic in Harlem is our problem, it is the responsibility of the people of Harlem to attempt to stop the murder of our community, our home, and its people. Heroin is an institution in Harlem. It is taking the place of art, education, political action, and the family. It is the most stable force in our community. Halting the death and destruction of Harlem and its people is about accountability, personal and public. It is about giving a damn, volunteering services, refusing to tolerate the encouragement and indifference of cops and the city government. We must not aid and abet the drug trade by our involvement or indifference. Saving Harlem is using our energies collectively, with love and compassion.

Will this exorcise the white powder demon from Harlem's spirit? I don't know. What it will do is cut the haze of despair, hopelessness, and indifference to each other and ourselves that is the basis of the spiritual death that makes the emotional and physical death of heroin addiction so totally appropriate.

Student Voices

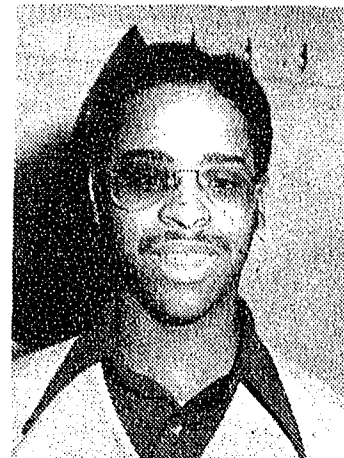
Christopher Quinlan

Question: What role do you see Third World women taking in the International Women's Movement?



Ione Green, sophomore, Nursing major.

Black women can't play much of a role in the movement because we face certain situations and problems in dealing with society and our men that can't be dealt with properly in this movement. A Black women's movement would be better.



Mark Turner, senior, Communication major.

Third World women have always played a stonger role in family life, and I feel that they should be the most dominant force in the International Womens Movement.



Wendell Moore, junior, Journalism major.

If Third World women believe that they are women first and Third World second, then their struggle will only be limited to their rightful positions in all male oriented society. But if the opposite holds true, then they will realize that the movement is universal for all Third World people as far as finding our rightful place in world-wide societies.



Leah A. Drayton, sophomore, Special Education major

Third World women are playing a bigger role than they have been previously. They have more voice in the movement but I still haven't seen any dramatic steps by this group. I think if Third World women do speak up, a drastic change would take place probably for the best.



Denise Wilson, junior, Nursing.

I believe that all Thirld World women are becoming so much more aware of their rights and privileges. We are being recognized today in more world wide activities, government, politics, etc..It's got to get better.



Dalia Gomez, junior, Communications major.

I personally see that not only Third World women, but many women today are gearing themselves toward the knowledge of politics.

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