

# THE PAPER

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April 29, 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.

If he was voting here next week, he'd probably vote to reelect the present senate



he thinks like they do  
**DO YOU?**

**The FREE SPEECH PARTY doesn't!**

We believe the student senate should protect student rights, not violate them

**VOTE MAY 2-6**

Above is a reproduction of the posters reportedly posted on the North Campus on Wednesday, April 27. All known copies have been removed.

## SMEAR TACTICS MAR SENATE ELECTIONS

### Ouster of Free Speech Slate Demanded

By Raymond Jack

Special to The Paper

The Free Speech Party on April 27 at 9:00 am put up posters that are inflammatory and racist. This characterization of United Peoples as butchers, murderers, and anti-christian, is an insult to all Third World students who make up over 50% of the college community.

United Peoples wishes to emphasize that we are pro-student and therefore, anti-tuition and anti-two-year test. United Peoples, by its very definition is, for all peoples; we have been, we are now, and we will be.

We have always stood for free expression and First Amendment rights. However, free expression should not be used to humiliate, degrade and castrate Third World students and Peoples of Color. "The Free Speech Party," who claims to be in support of "student rights," have violated our rights by making slanderous and provocative statements. Their campaign posters and tactics would "disgrace a nation of savages." Their practices have not offered City College students any other alternative but slanderous accusations. They have not addressed the crucial issues that adversely affect the students of City College. Although we do not believe the students of City College are in accordance with this racist ideology, however, our sources indicate that these posters and various literature, were printed in the School of Engineering.

United Peoples, never did consider stooping to such racist practices. We wish to reiterate our long-held commitment to the "rights of all students," regardless of their nationality or ethnic origin.

Due to unethical campaign practices, violations of the rights and dignity of U.P. members, and a most deleterious practice of promulgating a racist philosophy on campus, WE DEMAND THE REMOVAL OF THE FREE SPEECH SLATE FROM STUDENT ELECTIONS.

(This dispatch was sent to Thorne Brown, Student Ombudsperson and Dean Ann Rees, Vice Provost for Student Affairs.)

## Louis Farrakhan Returns; Warns Blacks 'Falling Asleep'

By Lois Barrett

Louis Farrakhan, spokesman for *The Nation of Islam* and former Muslim minister of the 116th St. Mosque, returned to New York for the first time last Friday to speak at the College on *The Mission of Survival*.

The program, sponsored by the student governments of CCNY and Borough of Manhattan Community College began with a choral presentation by the Dance Theatre of Harlem's Chorus.

Farrakhan made a late entrance, but was warmly received by the large audience, with many standing and applauding enthusiastically. Shouts of "Farrakhan!", "Farrakhan!" could be heard resounding through the Mahoney Gymnasium; on the strength of his past image, as Farrakhan already held his audience captive. An underlying current of anticipation was apparent as the audience waited for his delivery, to see if "Farrakhan was" the same old Farrakhan.

Farrakhan launched into his presentation beginning by voicing his opinion that Black people in this country and in Africa were sleeping and that the *devil* now had its "opportunity to slip back in the door." Farrakhan stated that from the late 60's through the early 70's there had been a period of progressiveness for Blacks but now that all the great leaders of the movement had passed, there appeared to be a lull — in fact a regression among Blacks both here and in Africa.

Farrakhan went on to admonish



Louis Farrakhan

the Black population in the U.S. for relaxing and "falling asleep," especially now that Jimmy Carter was in the White House. Farrakhan observed that many Blacks had put complete trust in Carter, but he informed them that the inauguration of Carter "had not been the return of J.C." He advised Black people that now more than ever was the time to keep their eyes and ears open and to be shrewd observers of the political scene.

Farrakhan made it clear that in his opinion, if the Blacks allowed themselves to be destroyed once again by the white man they would never be able to revitalize themselves as a race.

Farrakhan spoke of the dissension that has erupted in the nation of Islam since the death of Elijah Muhammad and the succession of his son, Wallis D.

Muhammad. Wallis Muhammad has employed a looser interpretation of the Muslim's doctrines, which grants the members of the Islam community greater freedom. A great deal of misinterpretation and confusion has occurred in the nation as a result of this," Farrakhan expounded.

He went on to explain that when Elijah emerged on the scene the white man was "suffering from a high called white supremacy" and the Black man was "overdosing from inferiority." In an effort to balance things, Elijah gave the white man a dosage of "downers" by calling him the "devil" and gave the Black man a heavy dosage of "uppers" by telling him that he was "god". Farrakhan feels that Elijah knew uncannily that this direction was the most viable method he could use to initiate change.

Farrakhan says that abuse of drugs and alcohol along with that of gambling, and other practices ruin Black people and their communities. The absence of these abuses among the members of the nation, is living proof of the virtue in Elijah's chosen method. Farrakhan went on to explain that with the changes that have come about in the Black man's image of self and in the light of a new era, validates the freer interpretations of the Muslim doctrines by Wallis Muhammad.

Farrakhan stated that it was no longer necessary to push the notion of the white man, as the devil. He explained that "any man or woman whose mind has grown falsely can

(Continued on Page 3)

## USS Organizes Against Reductions

University Student Senate Chairperson, Ed Roberts congratulated USS representatives, Student Governments, SASU and other concerned student groups in their successful organizing and lobbying that resulted in the State Legislature rejecting four of five programmatic cuts in Governor Carey's Executive Budget for 1977-78.

The five cuts that were proposed by Governor Carey were the following:

1. A reduced award schedule for students graduating from high school prior to January 1974.
2. Inclusion of federal benefits in determining the amount of the TAP award.
3. An automatic \$100 award reduction, if tuition is less than \$1500 per year.
4. A four semester limitation of



Ed Roberts

TAP award to students enrolled in an Associate or Masters degree program.

5. The creation of a significantly reduced payment schedule for students who are financially independent from their parents.

The only TAP cut that was accepted by the Legislature was the proposed cut dealing with Emancipated Students.

Roberts said, "even though four of the five proposed cuts were rejected, it is of absolute necessity that students continue their fight so as to ultimately defeat such regressive attempts to limit access to higher education."

"Because of the peculiar socio-economic situation of New York City," continued Roberts, "many college-age youth leave their homes at an early age and thus, the emancipated student cut would have its greatest impact on City University students."

For further information contact: Brian Kanzaki, Legislative Director, University Student Senate, 430 East 80th Street, New York, New York 10021.

## The Assassination of Malcolm X



By George Breilman, Herman Porter, and Baxter Smith  
**WHO KILLED MALCOLM X?**  
 One assassin was caught at the scene. He confessed at the trial, but the prosecution and police never pursued the central question: *Who paid him to pull the trigger?*

**This new book demands the answer!**  
 192 pages, cloth \$8, paper \$1.95  
 At bookstores or by mail from:  
 Pathfinder Press, 410 West St.,  
 New York, N.Y. 10014.



The next issue of **The Paper** will appear on campus May 5, 1977. Deadline for all ads and other copy is May 2.

**SAVE THE CITY UNIVERSITY**  
 Join Mary Travers, David Amram, Twyla Tharp, Buzzy Linhart, Bella Abzug, plus surprise guests from jazz, folk, dance, and the theatre  
 Sat., April 30 9 P.M., Hunter College Assembly Hall  
 69th & Lex Tickets; \$8, \$10, \$12 at all ticketron outlets or at Hunter College Room 139.  
 For ticket info, call: 582-1757

*Benefit sponsored by Operation: Save CUNY*

**Back by popular demand  
 the Concert Committee of  
 the Day Student Senate presents  
 Discount tickets for  
 "For Colored Girls Who Have  
 Considered Suicide/  
 When the Rainbow is Enuf"**

For May 13, 14, 15 performances

Tickets: \$5.00 (with I.D.)

For information call 690-8175/76

or come to Finley 331 (Student Senate Office)

Ask for Elaine or Mitra. Tickets can be obtained beginning Tuesday May 3 at 12 noon.

**Architecture  
 Students  
 Meet With  
 President Marshak**

on

**May 4th 12 - 2 PM**

in

**Rm 316 Curry Building**

Arranged by Andre Joseph and Daniel Martinez  
 in cooperation with the Day Student Senate



## FPA Presents

**April 29th Barry Wallerstein reads his poetry  
 to musical accompaniment in the  
 Monkey's Paw 1:30 - 3**

**April 29th French Blue Quality Pornography  
 in Finley Ballroom 12, 2, 4, 6  
 FPA's Dance & Theatre Co. is proud to present**

## Soweto

(Ex-members of 'Ipi Tombi')

Traditional African Dance

Demonstration & Lecture Mon. May 2nd

Buttenweiser Lounge 12 - 2

Doors will be closed on time

**And now what you've all been waiting for...**

## The 'Talent' Show

Tues. May 3rd 1 - 3 pm  
 in the Monkey's Paw Cafe

**May 5th D.C.P.A. Student Dance Troop  
 12 - 2 Buttenweiser Lounge**

**Also—"Watch for Hatian dance, Music  
 & Poetry Program"**

*Date for this is still open*

## The Black Action Council of the City College of New York

has authorized the granting of two awards of \$200 each, to be given this June to two graduating seniors (February 76, June 76) to be determined by its "selection committee." A candidate eligible to receive this award must be a minority student who has completed the requirements for the baccalaureate degree issued by the City College and must meet one or more of the following criteria:

- A. Has overcome obstacles of inadequate preparation and/or financial hardships.
- B. Has made satisfactory progress
- C. Has demonstrated commitment by his/her activities served as a model for his/her peer group and community.

Students who wish to be considered for this award must complete the council's required application to be filed no later than May 6, 1976 to the Affirmative Action Office, Administration building 206.

Candidates shall express a willingness to appear before the selection committee for a personal interview.

The decision of the committee will be final. Applications may be picked up from the following offices:

- Carol Mathews (Seek office Mott 314)
- George Crouch (Physical Sci. Bldg. 1002)
- Naomi Shelnut (Shepard 206A)
- William Wright (Downer 201 class room hours Mon-Wed 1-6  
Thurs 3-6 Fri 1-3)
- Dr. Henderson (Goethals 106A)



# African Presence Before Columbus

By Angela Henderson

The African presence in the New World before Columbus was the topic of a lecture given by Ivan Van Sertima in Shephard 315, earlier this month.

Mr. Van Sertima, the author of, *They Came Before Columbus: The African Presence in Ancient America*, discovered that Africans made contact with the Americas in five significant periods. He said that he is not the first to claim that Africans made contact in the Americas; both Black and white scholars have made such claims. His book he said, pulls together many strands from the works of other scholars.

Mr. Van Sertima, who is an Anthropologist and a professor in the Africana Studies Department at Rutgers University, talked about the Olmec people in the Gulf of Mexico because he considers this to be the most "significant contact but not the only significant contact." In his lecture he concentrated on one contact because, he said, "the evidence is complex."

According to professor Van Sertima, in 1848, Mexican peasants in the Gulf of Mexico uncovered a large piece of stone from the earth. The huge stone sculpture, with "negroid" features, was studied by a number of Mexican scholars. The sculpture was dismissed because, according to the professor, one find is easily dismissed.

Scientific investigations began in the Gulf of Mexico in 1938-39 with Dr. Mathew Sterling leading the expeditions.

Another stone head was found which weighed 10 tons, was 18 feet high, and 18 inches in circumference. Mr. Van Sertima read a comment made by Dr. Sterling concerning the stone head. The "workmanship (was) delicate and sure (despite the size). (The) features negroid."

La Venta, (In the past, according to Mr. Van Sertima, the site of a state run by elites and the state class; a royal center where priests and their helpers lived.), was the site of another find. Included in the find were four stone heads, six to



The Paper/Ryanard Moore

Ivan Van Sertima, author of *They Came Before Columbus: The African Presence in Ancient America*

nine feet high, weighing 20-40 tons. These heads, which also had distinct "negroid" features, exhibited head gear never before seen in America. The average dating was 800 B.C.

Explaining how these stone heads got to the New World, professor Van Sertima explained that Africans and Egyptians traveled and settled in the Gulf of Mexico. They "profoundly influenced" the culture.

He briefly traced the early history of Egypt.

### Early Egypt

Since 1085 B.C., he said, Nubians were coming to power. Egypt was inhabited by Black Africans. The first four dynasties in Egypt were Black. It was during these dynasties, the professor said, that Egypt saw the building of pyramids, administration, the science of mummification, etc.

Mr. Van Sertima said that La Venta was an important basis for other American civilizations. He said that the African's influence is hard for many people to accept because the traditional image is very difficult to break away from. The African is only depicted as a

primitive savage. The importance of African societies of the past and present is not communicated.

### African Influence In The New World

The influence of the pyramid, so constructed as to prevent the decomposition and decaying of organic matter placed inside of it, is an example of Africa's advanced civilization.

There is also a ritual influence, he said. The Egyptian kings' royal clothes are duplicated in America, in some cases exactly. The use of the color purple, a royal priestly color, is related to the color of the Nile river.

The use of a double crown, he continued, is another influence. In Egypt, the double crown signified the original division of Egypt into two lands joined together.

The professor pointed out the influences of feather sun shades and parasols used in Africa and found in the Americas.

The formula for mummification used in Peru was the identical formula used in Egypt, he said. The Egyptian practice of sculpture in mummification with, among other things, crossed arms and outlined rib cage, is found in the Americas, too.

Another influence that he felt was very important was the use of the plumed bird-serpent motif in ancient Egypt. Mr. Van Sertima said that this motif was also used in the New World. He drew, on the blackboard, the Mexican and the Egyptian symbols for the plumed serpent.

During his lecture, professor Van Sertima showed pictures and maps (from his book) to verify his claims. He said there is an "urgency in Black scholarship to verify every thing you say."

One magazine reported recently that I am saying that Africans discovered America; I'm not saying that. What I am saying is that Africans visited the Americas and significantly affected the culture here."

# United Peoples Platform

"And so it came to this. With our backs against the wall, we stand before the corporate firing squad, waiting to be massacred. There is no one at our side. Kibbee the Butcher, Marshak di Sade and his seamy collection of pompous, fat-cat administrators, as well as a large percentage of self-serving faculty have all taken their stand. They say "cut-back," and when they say cut-back, we know damn well whose backs they intend to cut. They say "cut the backs of the poor and working class — whether they be Red, Yellow, Black, White or Brown — cut their backs, slaughter them — just let us keep our big cars, our jobs and our summer homes!"

Today, Spring of 1977, we still stand with our backs against the wall. Our position has not improved, it has worsened. The student body of City College finds themselves in a pressured and precarious position in and outside of the confines of the University.

The United Peoples Slate, an instrument of the poor and working class student body of City College, dedicates itself to the following issues:

**Opposition to the implementation of the 2-year test** — this test is designed to eliminate 10% of the student body, and we know which 10% they intend to eliminate. This unprecedented test would weed out Black, Latin and Asian as well as working class students, preventing us from getting a complete higher education. This test is a part of the effort to turn CUNY back into an elite and racist institution.

**Opposition to Wessell Commission** — The Wessell Commission, founded last summer during the so called "financial

crises of CUNY," claims to be the savior of higher education in New York. By proposing reorganization of various city and state institutions, the financial burden of the City University will be shifted to the state. So, even though it claims to be in favor of academic excellence and student interests, in reality, it is a devious way of recreating the elitist institution of pre-1969.

**Community Interaction** — Though it has become isolated, City College is an integral part of the Harlem community. This is illustrated by the make up of the student body. As City College is a resource essential to community development, we advocate the use of community programs, such as the Harlem Renaissance and other cultural and academic activities.

**Student Services** we hope to maintain and create innovative programs that will help and benefit the student body. For example:

- Book Grants
- Book Exchange
- Formation of a text-book library
- Pre-Registration Counseling
- Day Care
- Cultural and Academic programs
- Information Service
- SEEK — The restoration and maintenance of the SEEK program. This is to ensure a higher education to minority and working class students.

The Student Government is an instrument of the student body at large and the students are really the makers of their own destiny. We, as students, have the power to reinstate the policies of Open Admissions and Free Tuition, if only our leadership is so committed. A VOTE FOR U.P. IS A VOTE FOR YOURSELF.

# Exiled South African Insurgent Seeks Support

By Jill Nelson

Tsletsi Mashinini, exiled former president of the Soweto Student Representative Council of South Africa (and one of the primary organizers of the demonstrations last June in the South African ghetto of Soweto) spoke at the College last month. The Soweto demonstrations, in which Mashinini played an integral role, served to catapult the racist and murderous regime of South African back into the public consciousness from which it had been too long forgotten and ignored.

Brother Mashinini spoke with power, sensitivity, and tremendous insight. He articulated for us, living thousands of miles away, the true situation in South Africa, a reality which varies from the "official" versions we are force fed by the western press.

He traced the historical invasion of South Africa by white men in search of India who, stopping to

get water and food on the southern tip of Africa, were enchanted by the richness of the land, its hills laden with vegetation, and its bowels laden with gold. The trip to India was forgotten with the "discovery" of this fertile and wealthy land. The conquering of South Africa began.

Presently, South Africa is a place where whites, comprising less than one fourth of the population, occupy 87% of its land. In contrast, 19 million African people are crammed into the remaining 13% which is all arid desert. As a poet and a revolutionary, Mr. Mashinini spoke of the struggle for self determination in these words, "It is a law of nature that no two objects can occupy the same space at the same time. It is also true that any object will stay stationary until acted upon by an unbalanced force." Thus the current turmoil in South Africa can be seen as an attempt by Africans to exert this unbalanced force on the un-

balanced apartheid regime."

Mashinini sees the land, which is among the most fertile in the world, as the basis for the struggle in South Africa. His description of the terrain of South Africa created vivid and tender pictures of a beautiful land in the process of decimation. It is gold, most of all, that holds the white man in South Africa. "They come to South Africa, and force African brothers into the ground, into the bowels of mother earth, sixteen hours a day digging gold. This gold is then brought up, melted into silly little bars, loaded onto boats, and sent to America. When it gets here it is put into banks, into vaults, deep inside the earth again." Mashinini's method of speaking, a combination of passion, irony, and rage, illustrated perfectly the insanity of the white presence in South Africa and capitalism in general.

Along with the decimation of the land has come the cultural

(Continued on Page 15)

# Farrakhan Warns Blacks 'Falling Asleep'

(Continued from Page 1)

become a "devil". Farrakhan warned the audience that "It is not the body that makes the devil but the mind". Furthermore he expounded, although there are many scholars now who agree that the Black man was the first man and the progenitor of the white race does not make him superior. The only way to achieve superiority is through righteousness. The character of the Black man, he stated, is that of a warrior. Farrakhan who was in Uganda visiting President Idi Amin when the Ugandan crisis broke out, commented on his visit and the impressions he gleaned there. Farrakhan found in Uganda "more calm, peace and cleanliness than anywhere in the U.S. He stated that while the President of Nigeria was heavily guarded in public, President Amin was not. He found that the majority of people loved and respected Amin.

Farrakhan stated his belief that

the white man is smearing Amin with slander in order to turn Blacks against him. This, he stated, will enable the whites to set the stage for the murder of Idi Amin. Farrakhan also said, "Once the whites start killing the Blacks in Africa, Blacks in the U.S. will be their next victims." He mentioned that he was in education here, as one step in the direction of destroying Blacks.

Farrakhan alluded by comparing the Blacks in the U.S. to Joseph in the house of bondage. "Joseph in the house of bondage became the master over the house and we (Blacks) are not going to settle for anything else."

A question and answer period followed the presentation; Farrakhan did not disappoint his audience. Although he had been absent (from New York), his approach was as outspoken, dynamic and as eloquent as ever.

The City College of New York  
Room 337, Finley Student Center  
133rd Street & Convent Avenue  
New York City 10031  
690-8186

## EDITORIAL COLLECTIVE

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Faculty Advisor: Ernest B. Boynton, Jr.

## Facing the Two-Year Test

The two year test has been put into effect. Naturally it was announced during the Easter recess. The attempt is being made to make you take this exam.

You as Black students, by the information you receive, and the reading you do in the Black Studies department should be awake and aware enough to realize how you are attacked, conned, and brainwashed. The intentions of this exam are racist and are designed to take you out of this school.

The Board of Higher Education, in essence, claims that this test will allow them to see whether you can read or write. Why then do we have to subject ourselves to a battery of tests, exams, mid-term papers, research papers, book reports, and reading assignments throughout the semester which already are the measure of our reading and writing abilities?

As it stands now your grade index determines whether you continue in this institution or not. You must reach a certain grade index before you receive any degree from this college. You can be put on probation and eventually kicked out if your grade index goes below a certain level. So why do we have to take a two year test? The answer is simply because the grade index system does not give the Board of Higher Education enough direct control over who graduates from this college. A two year test will give a few members of the Board direct control over you. Do not allow a handpicked few to control your future.

No matter how simple this exam may be, once administered it will become increasingly difficult throughout the years. Your children will have no access to the professional fields which we so desperately need in our communities.

There is an overall package designed just for you. It involves Open Admissions, tuition, TAP, SEEK, BEOG, and the two year test.

Open Admissions was designed to aid in allowing Blacks and other minorities access to these institutions. The discontinuance of this program should be considered a personal rejection of the same Blacks and other minorities.

The imposition of tuition, needless to say, is an attack on the poor. What has happened to the millions of dollars going to off-track betting that was supposed to be allocated, in part, to education? What has happened to the millions of dollars going to the state lotteries that was supposed to be partly allocated to education? We must begin to question these actions.

The Tuition Assistance Program was just a way to alleviate the resistance expected by the politicians who imposed it. It was a way to con students into accepting tuition and students did just what they expected. The attempt was made this year to eliminate TAP. The attempt to stop state aid will come again.

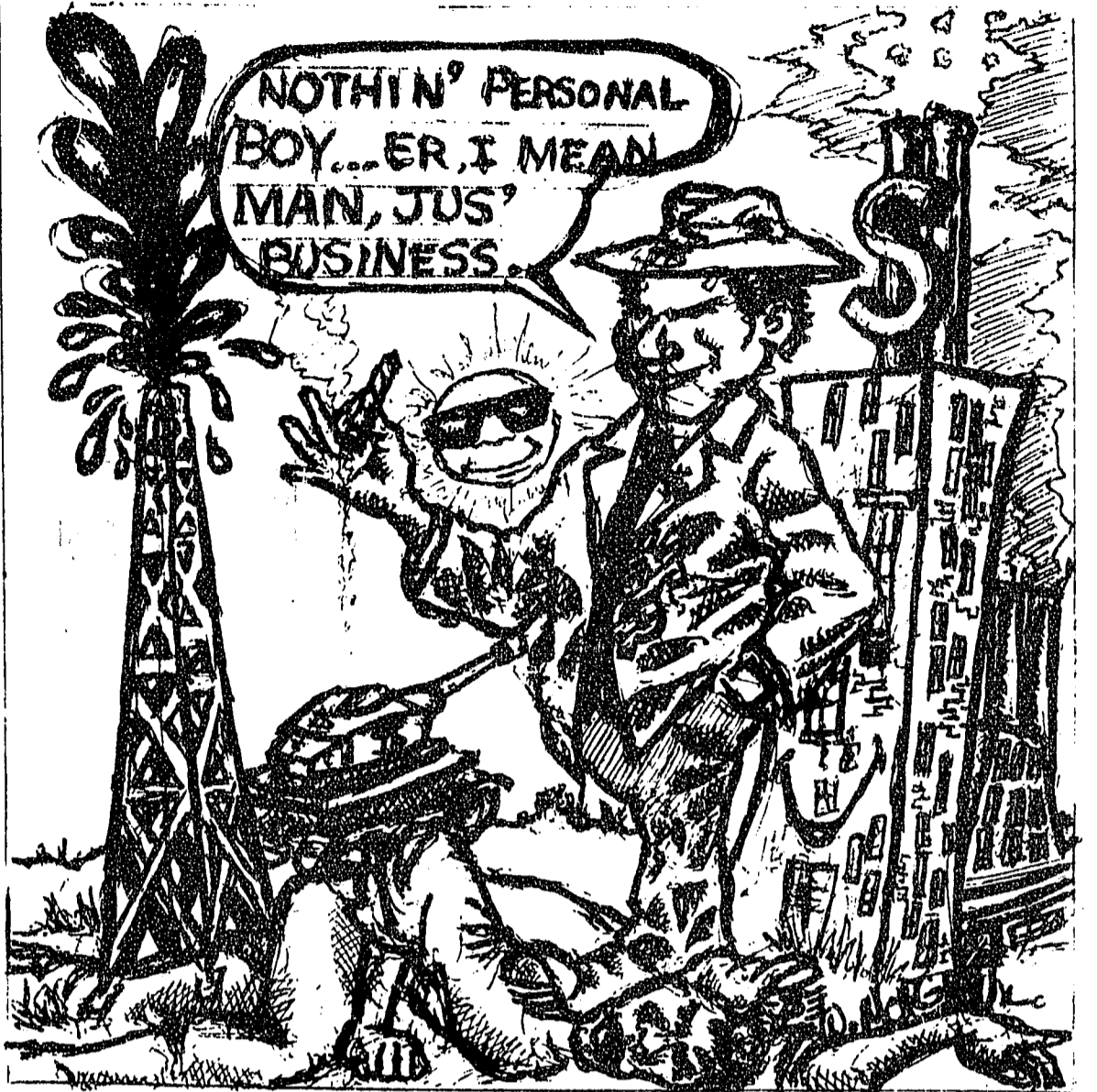
The SEEK program is all but dismantled.

Next on the list will be BEOG.

Chancellor Kibbee, believe it or not, made the statement that he moved to close Medgar Evers and Hostos Colleges because that was where he would meet the least amount of pressure. That statement was made blatantly to a panel of city officials.

The Black Student Collective will oppose this exam with all the force we can summon. We are asking you to support us by not participating in this racist examination. Let us stand together and fight this test. We are joined and supported by the Student Senate, United Peoples and Third World organizations throughout the campus.

If you participate in this examination you are cutting your own throat. you are supporting the people that have degraded and ignored us throughout our history. Fight back! Protest the two year test!



## Are You TAP-ed Out, BEOG-ed Down or Bullshitted?

### When

### Honesty Equals

### Ignorance

If we can take an accurate reading from the blatantly racist attempt by the Free Speech Slate to discredit the United Peoples Platform, it serves to show just how deeply divided the collective student body is along the lines of race. To simply condemn these students for their racist smear tactics or to write them off as sophomoric would be almost as gross an act as the one they have committed.

The Free Speech party has openly admitted how racist and small and petty-minded it is, but it's time to ask ourselves are these folks really that different from the rest of us? Certainly, they can make no claims as to being any more intelligent or tactful. They can, however, score points for being as honest as they are ignorant and that constitutes a hell of a lot of points!

In many ways one can use the microcosmic world of the College to see how serious the feelings of mutual distress and racial antagonism are in these United States. Racism is still the definitive psychological barrier as we discuss and debate so-called systems of "equality." And this issue as it affects our day to day existence remains inescapable.

## Letters to the Editor

### Plaudits for Jill Nelson

Jill Nelson is to be congratulated on her powerful and moving article, "The Slow Death of Harlem," (March 31, 1977). It deserves to be reprinted and given a wider distribution — both for the excellence of the writing and the importance of the subject.

Sincerely,  
Edward Quinn  
Professor of English

### The Deflowering of South Campus

Each year there are about two weeks in April when the natural beauty of the campus so delights us that our attention is diverted briefly from the shabby physical conditions on campus.

I am appalled at the damage done to the flowering cherry trees by those greedy few who chose to take the beauty with them. Limbs have been broken off, trunks split, and branches stripped as high as eight feet. Some destruction was caused by neighborhood children, but by no means all. Students and staff of the College set a poor example with their fists full of blossoms.

This damage to one of the few phenomena that brighten up this community especially discourages the Buildings and Grounds staff and those volunteers who are trying to improve the look of the place. There are students and staff all over campus putting in their time and money, including members of the Department of Industrial Arts in the School of Education and the Friends of the Garden in front of Cohen Library.

The College has so little money for maintenance and beautification. If we want physical conditions to improve, we will have to pick up after ourselves, and convince those who litter or trample the greenery that their behaviour is socially unacceptable.

Robin Villa

### Compelled to Write Critique

I had the opportunity to read "Liberty in Death," in the March 10th issue of *The Paper* and I felt compelled to write this small critique: It's the only poem I've ever read that comes complete with its own music.

I found it somber, picturesque, dramatic and sensitive to many of the dilemmas of our existence. I'm looking forward to seeing more of your poetry.

Sincerely,  
Cassandra Taylor.

### A Question of Translation

Appearing in the issue of *The Paper* of Thursday, March 31, 1977, was an article entitled, "A Luta Continua" or 'The Struggle Continues. What translation is this from? If this was a Spanish title it was incorrect grammatically. The correct form would be: "La Lucha Continua." I'm just interested in knowing the original language.

Sincerely,  
Doris Garcia  
Student

("La Luta Continua" is the Latin translation of "The Struggle Continues." It comes from the title of a movie.)



# Japanese Language Course Threatened

Special to the Paper: by Irme Paule, Ted Sakuma, and Betty Arce

Unknown to most students, City College offers a one year Japanese language course. CCNY is the only unit of the City University that offers such a course, even though Japanese has become the Oriental language most in demand in the business world, both in the U.S. and abroad.

This language is of great importance to those who major or minor in Asian Studies, languages or business, with an eye toward a career in international trade. The course gives an opportunity for those who simply have an interest in Japanese culture and for those who wish to travel to Japan.

Japanese 51, is a 4 credit course, consisting of two, 2-hour weekly classes plus free individual tutoring by an experienced native speaker of Japanese.

The course will be given again in the fall only if there is a strong indication of sufficient demand now. Japanese 51 was not among the early listings of fall 1977 course offerings. Mrs. Ikeda-Feingold, the sole faculty representative for Japanese language in the Department of Asian Studies, stated that funds will be allocated for Japanese 51 if enough students register for it.

The current drive to economize makes non-tenured teachers most vulnerable to "lay off." Only strong pressure from students who had registered for the course, saved Japanese 51 from being dropped from the curriculum. Unfortunately, the current drive to economize makes non-tenured teachers such as Mrs. Ikeda-Feingold particularly vulnerable to dismissal.

The CCNY course is a bargain. If you shop around for a similar course outside of the CUNY system, you'll find the Japan Society charges \$5.00 per hour (no credit), the New School \$7.14 per hour (for credit) and \$4.53 (no credit). By way of contrast, CCNY costs approximately \$1.40 per hour (fall 1976 tuition costs).

Everyone interested in studying Japanese is urged to take advantage of this opportunity. In order to insure that the course will not be dropped, we urge interested students to let the secretary of the Asian Studies Department, Mrs. Eltz, know by phone as soon as possible, (690-8267).

If you wait too long, you may never get the chance to study Japanese again at any CUNY college.

For further details contact: Irme Paule — 690-1138, Ted Sakuma — 751-0200 or Betty Arce — 289-2162.

# Wessell Commission's Recommendations Would Split CUNY

by William L. Ballinger

Mr. Jay Hershenson spoke at a sparsely attended American Association of University Professors (AAUP) meeting about the Wessell Commission report last week. The Wessell commission, appointed by Governor Carey, made recommendations about the future of post-secondary education in New York State.

Mr. Hershenson said that some of the recommendations would add "an additional \$10 million dollars to CUNY senior colleges." The City of New York would contribute 25% and the State 75% of the cost. It would also provide greater access and opportunity for students, a quota system for minorities, a new administrative structure and part-time student aid. Furthermore it would fund the four CUNY Senior Colleges, City, Hunter, Queens and Brooklyn, as SUNY Senior Colleges.

Mr. Hershenson stated that the "minority quota system" would probably be proved unconstitutional if brought to court.

A question and answer period followed his talk. One professor from the Romance Language Department asked how salaries were going to be paid, because under the new structure, SUNY and

CUNY would be combined and currently, CUNY professors receive more money than SUNY professors. Mr. Hershenson replied stating, "The State passed its budget April 1, but the City's budget won't be passed until July 1st. A precedent has occurred whereby CUNY [professors] will have to renegotiate their salaries from the State. You have to fight for what you believe, he said and arrangements have to be made.

Another professor asked, if students of CUNY and SUNY will be allowed to share facilities if his college lacks them, Mr. Hershenson answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Hershenson urged everyone to read the Wessell report. Copies may be obtained by calling Governor Carey's office (979-2700) or by calling President Marshak's office (690-4286/7).

Mr. Jay Hershenson is a researcher for the New York Public Research Group, a consumer group which recently discovered redlining by New York City banks. He was chairperson of the 1974-1976 CUNY Student Senate and a graduate of Queens College.

A summary of the Wessell Commission report appears on page

# For Your Information



"Rubalays of Fashions" Finley Ballroom, May 6, 8PM.

For the second consecutive year, City College has won the Sportsmanship Award of the Metropolitan New York Group of the Collegiate Basketball Officials Association.

The award is the highest honor bestowed on the organization, which represents collegiate basketball officials throughout the metropolitan area.



Richard Clarke Associates, Inc. is sponsoring a "Job Opportunity Center" on Friday, June 17 and Saturday, June 18.

Companies from Fortune's 500 list of top United States businesses will be interviewing June, 1977 graduates from 5 PM-10 PM, Friday, and 8 AM-6 PM, Saturday.

To be interviewed by these companies send your resume, no later than May 10, to: Richard Clarke Associates, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, Suite 1807, New York, NY 10017.



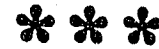
The 1977-79 City College Bulletins, which will appear this summer, will be published and distributed under a new system designed to reduce waste and printing costs.

The new bulletins, designed to cover a two-year period, will depart from the College's long-standing tradition of publishing annual bulletins.

Under the new system of distribution, each enrolled student will be sent a voucher in August, enclosed with his academic transcript. The voucher will entitle the student to receive a bulletin without charge. Students enrolled in the professional schools will be able to receive a College of Liberal Arts and Science Bulletin as well as the bulletin for their particular schools.

Vouchers will be exchanged for bulletins in the Public Relations Office, Room 306 Administration.

Each student will be expected to retain his copy of the bulletin until 1979, when a new edition is published. Lost or discarded bulletins can be replaced only by purchasing a new voucher from the Bursar's office for \$.50 and exchanging it in the Public Relations Office.



The Day Care Political Action Network lays future plays. They agreed on five political action projects to be carried out, one after the other, over the next several months. Each project is meant to help educate large numbers of day care parents and workers to a particular issue, and to help them to press their local political representatives for appropriate action. The five projects are:

1. **Now to May:** To influence the City's budget process to make sure that social services, including day care, are not being cut again by the City.

2. **June and September:** To register large numbers of voters for the fall elections and send them to the polls with clear information on how the various candidates have voted in the past on day care and other important issues.

3. **June and July:** To educate all the candidates for Mayor, and for other city-wide offices, about day care problems, and to inform day care people of how the candidates stand on the issues.

4. **Next Fall:** To have legislation introduced and passed in the State Legislature which would deal with problems caused by the State's Title XX plan, such as fee scales, four year college students, etc.

5. **All the time:** To continuously press for the passage of bills in the State Legislature and City Council which are important to day care.

Each of the next issues of ACTION BULLETIN will give details about one of these five projects. The Action Bulletin's "Parent Power!" can be obtained by writing the Bank Street Day Care Consultation Service, 610 West 112 Street, New York, N.Y. 10025.



IMAGES OF TIME, Past, Present and Future is the theme for a national photography contest announced recently by TIME Magazine Publisher Ralph P. Davidson.

A grand prize of \$1,000 will be awarded for the best photograph of nature, people, places, events or objects by an amateur photographer, in color or black and white. Second prize is \$500 and three third prize winners will receive \$250 each. Honorable mentions will receive the LIFE LIBRARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Prize-winning photographs will be selected by a panel of judges. The winning photographs will be published in a special advertising section on photography entitled "Photography: The Universal Language" in TIME's November 28, 1977 issue.

Deadline for entries is September 1, 1977. For contest information or entry forms, write to: Marilyn Maccio, TIME Magazine, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.



The Media, Information and Referral Service of the Langston Hughes Library and Cultural Center will sponsor a Careers Day for youth and adults on May 7, 1977 from 11 AM to 5 PM. It will be held at 102-09 Northern Blvd., Corona, New York, 11368.

For further information, call 672-8313 or 651-1100. 1. Ask for Ms. Charlyne Gadsden.



The Thalia Theatre is presenting **Battle of Love's Return** by Lloyd Kaufman and **Delora** by Kenneth Lane on April 29th and 30th at Midnight. These two underground classic cult comedy satires (held over for the third week) are part of the theatre's Special Midnight Film Program. The Thalia, located at Broadway and 95th St. is New York's oldest art and revival film theatre.

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The 10th issue of  
**The Paper** will  
 appear on campus  
 May 12, 1977.  
 Deadline for all  
 ads and other copy  
 is May 5.

**ALIYAH**



If you have recently considered making Israel your home or if the idea has been germinating in the back of your mind, contact the Israel Aliyah Center. Learn about special benefits available to new immigrants, as well as facts about employment, professional retraining, education, housing, etc. Ask about financial assistance and special material designed for students. If you are interested in Israel, Israel is interested in you.

**Israel Aliyah Center**  
 515 Park Ave.  
 New York, N.Y. 10022  
 (212) 752-0600

For information, please send to the above address. **A-76**

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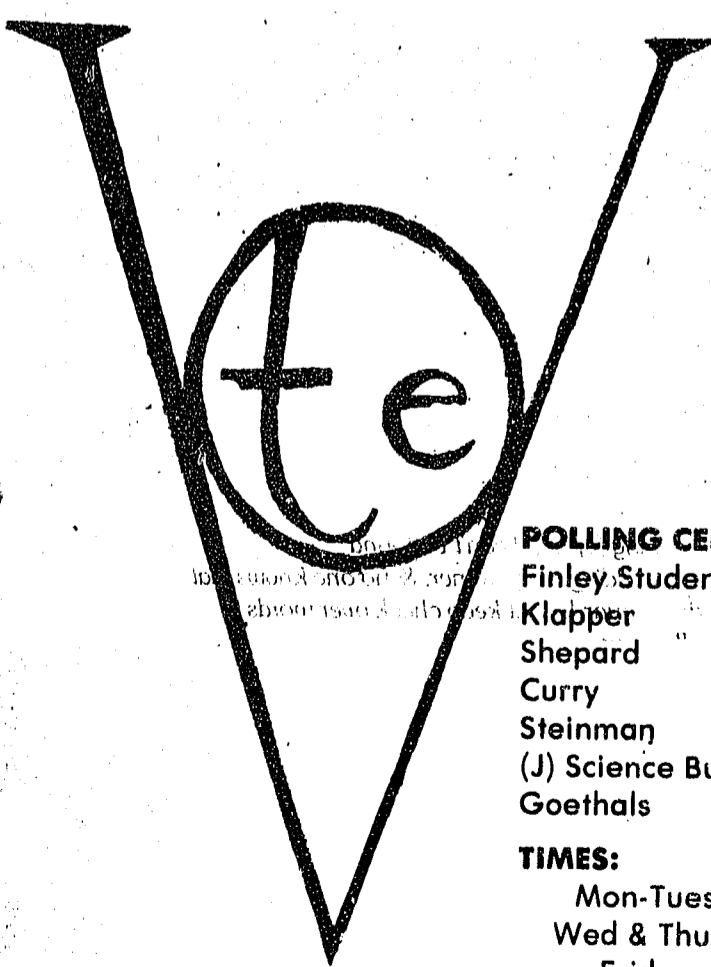
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Last Love Poem

When I was young  
and couldn't talk well  
I did all talking with my eyes.

When I was a kid and  
ran thru the city streets  
When I was accused I laughed or cried  
As girls began to enter in  
and fuse a little piece of them to me  
Then away to cling to another.

As my heart began to break  
into tears of ink on white I'd sink.

Finally afraid to face rejection,  
all expression of  
love would I write  
Deep inside the feelings flow  
but out of my mouth not  
one did go

One day whilst  
crowded amidst seclusion  
A young lady strolled by  
trying to step without intrusion.

So fine, so rare, a princess  
walking on stairs of air.  
The blue suit on me needed pressing  
my hair slightly ruffled,  
shoes unshined.

A force inside droned down  
the pride  
This was one person destiny  
could not  
deny.

So as a man  
I rose and said  
"Hello,"  
The Lady smiled with pointed  
stare  
Pleasingly gestured a welcome  
reply,

And to this last moment or up to this day  
the unfinished love poem  
has been left to lie  
For it cannot match  
what one in love  
can say.

Jay MacIver

TOGETHERNESS

We are one infinite abstraction  
Obese with desire and selfishness.  
Ones' demise is the others' misfortune  
Usefulness turns to accepted pity  
Having one soul with myriad minds.  
Togetherness obtains answers that others sought,  
A human unit of intangibles, one after infinity.

Academic Ambitions

Jay Mac

Chins, barely above water line,  
We dog paddle.  
We look over the grey surface  
Of a revolving sea  
At a golden whore  
Smiling toothlessly,  
Lying on the shore.  
We swim toward her.  
On the way,  
Some of us sink  
Beneath the rippled foam,  
And are seen no more.  
Others blinded by the brine,  
Dash their faces on rocks  
Just when the beach is near.  
Those of us who look behind,  
See the storm coming,  
See the angry typhoon  
Stalking at our heels.

We, my brothers and sisters,  
Live in the backwash  
Of a polluted Western tidal Wave.  
We swim against the undercurrent,  
Fight to stay afloat  
In whirlpools of muddled waters,  
Drowning in the confusion of our dreams.

Kenneth D. Williams

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 dawned for us another day.

Black Woman to Black Man  
Understand Me If You Can

Black Woman to Black Man  
Understand Me If You Can

a woman; all filled with heart's Desires  
The Kingdom of Heaven  
and  
Love Empires.

Black Woman to Black Man  
Understand Me If You Dare  
(all the small secrets of my life to share)  
Even time cannot erase  
My simple truth;

an inborn faith.

What Does It Take? to look inside/within

my heart

There's Hope There's Pride

There are needs inside of women like me,

Respect us and Treat us with Dignity

Kim McRae '77'

If loves looking for me, I can't be found  
hopes stepped on my sneakers too many times  
My breakfast beers gone flat on more than one occasion  
waiting for the phone to ring  
I hate sitting on the edge of my bed in the morning  
trying to decide which face to wear for the day.

If loves looking for me, I can't be found  
I make my watch strap extra tight, so I'll be aware of where  
my hand is at all times  
I've caught it before, sneaking to the phone  
dialing that certain number  
I hate putting on sun glasses to keep my soul  
from spilling out of my eyes.

If loves looking for me, I can't be found  
my body is holding me prisoner, & no one knows that  
my teeth are guards that keep check over words  
coming & going  
Once I was on punishment for 7 days, cause  
I didn't know I was gonna say "love me"

I'm the me nobody knows  
damned to love; I prefer to plead insanity  
so now I don't have to cope  
hope  
or belief in the pope...

SUNday

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M

J. Sil

(TALLE OF)

By J. Sil

No one ever came around much. The few folks that did take the long steep road came from the valley below to trap. Otherwise he stayed completely by himself, a self sufficient man who defied the wind and the rain and the cold of the mountain. So his alarm was great when he saw against the setting sun the silhouette of a man crossing his mountain. The wind picked up suddenly chilling him thoroughly as the man disappeared in the descending darkness. He squinted his eyes and carefully scanned the top but the retreating rays capped the tip ablaze. At once he was seized by an annoying rush of fear. The fear that reminded when the overseer's whip was gone. The fear that made him distrustful of other men and wedged his freedom in loneliness. The fear that shackled his very soul.

He stood there his arms full of wood, and when he could discern no further movement he stepped into the shadows of the trees and waited. What did the man want? Where did he go? Why didn't he reappear? He shifted nervously on his feet and became suddenly embarrassed. Why couldn't the man have been lost? Or a drifter on his way to California? Or any number of things that could have brought a man over his mountain. After all, he told himself, he was not alone in the world. With confidence he left the shadows to cross the field to his cabin. An owl hooted and a cricket replied in the yellow-orange last light of day.

(But) When he reached the cabin and was piling wood he felt he was not alone. Pivoting quickly on his foot he faced an Indian a few feet away.

"You are Mountain Man?" Asked the Indian slowly. The time had come finally and it stood before him here. It was almost relieving although he had hoped time somehow would have worn the debt away.

"I am." He replied. As he stood the man did not seem too tall and ominous in fact he was not a man at all but a boy on manhood's threshold. Against the impending night he could hardly make out the Indian's outline. "Come inside." He said.

They faced each other quietly at opposite ends of the table. The light of the lantern luminated their faces and they shone like moons in the night. The young boy uncomfortable under the man's gaze spoke up saying: "Pomex, my father, is dying." His voice showed no emotion but he paused and looked into the flame. "He wishes for you to be there when his spirit passes. This will fulfil your debt to him. He asks no more."

"No more?" The boy shook his head. "We must leave tonight. My father regrets he has no horse for you. It will take two days on foot."

The Mountain Man rose to get ready to go but he could not help thinking there

would be more. Beneath the moon lit sky he set out with the silent Indian: his mind disconcerted, his manner foreboding.

(Thirty years ago) He came to the mountain dejected and tired. He had belonged to a man in Georgia and upon emancipation wandered west in hope of finding a new beginning. But all he found was lynching and burning, raidings and rapings. So he married in hope that love would provide a place from which his life could freely spring. His wife bore him three princely sons whom he toiled and suffered abuses for, and loved with all he knew of love. In his family he found a supreme happiness and was deeply contented.

(But) The horses came in the night and a great flame arose. He was in the field watching for racoons and heard the screaming first. Running toward the flames which leaped into the air licking the sky, he did not want to believe what he knew was true. The screaming had stopped, and now could only be heard the whining of horses and the voice of men. He ran, the tears streaking his face, his chest heaving. "Please God..." He begged, running faster, but he knew what they had done. When he was upon the cabin he was forced back by the flames that wanted to consume him also. He ran to the back where the cow laid slain with it's eyes open and wondering, and a few feet away lay his son with his face down and his skin parched and bubbled. He could not bring himself to touch the small boy and backed away, his stomach contracting. Wildly he ran around calling to his family, looking for them everywhere, knowing where they were. Deciding he must enter the flames to get them dead or alive he made for the door, but was caught around the neck and dragged from the heat and wrestled to the ground. He struggled violently to free his arm to grab the knife he kept at his waist. Tossing the person off his back he grabbed the knife, but froze as he made ready to stab the man; his eyes fixed on the dandling feet. He rose and stumbled towards the body of his oldest son whose body swung (even now) from the tree. He turned to face the man who was now on his feet. The man who was an Indian. He drew near him with his knife drawn. They moved as if dancing in a circle, the black man lunging forward in hate, anger, in need of

revenge, the red man dodging trying to explain. (He had only been passing in the night and saw what they had done.) But the distraught man could not hear, nor see and his body moved in uncoordinated spasms. So with little difficulty the Indian kicked the knife from his hand and struck him on the neck knocking him out.

"This is where we will rest." These were the first words the boy spoke since they had begun their journey. They had walked all night and part of the morning but the Indian did not wish to make the aging man walk in the high sun. The Mountain Man let his pack slide down his back and squatted on the floor of the cave. After they had eaten (dried meat) and drank the cool cave water, they slept. The Indian was awakened by a small gopher who was surprised to see the two men in his watering place. The boy stood up and announced to the sleeping man that they could continue their journey which took them over a mountain and into the next night. As they walked through the day the old man picked wild berries filling his sack. Neither talked much, except for a few necessary words; but there did not exist an air of hostility.

(Now) The plain stretched before them in dusty lifelessness. The only movement was that of disconnected shrubs chased about by the wind. On an extreme plateau he saw the sporadic pyramid shapes of Indian teepees; a new uneasiness stirred him as they walked further into the bareness. He felt disgusted that his old friend was forced to live in a place so void of life and movement which was so much apart of his life.

"This is where he must make his life now?" He said more to himself than to the boy, but the boy answered saying, "Yes."



## AN

## Jihoji

Here we are many tribes. We are those who will not go to the reservations, we are those who move like ghosts from place to place. We run from what will be, but now it is upon our heels. They will come with soldiers to take this from us and drive us from their conscience into corners of the land to be set upon by disease and defeat." Yes, agreed the Mountain Man sadly, it was the unavoidable future.

They emerged onto the plateau near a woman bent over a fire, poking inside a large bowl. The boy spoke to a group of men who were arguing outside a feeble shack. Some little boys ran past chasing a frightened dog, and they were the only ones who did not stop to gaze at the tall black man with the great white beard who moved through their midst. They wound in and out of the tee pees and shacks, past distressed and tired people. On the edge of the plateau the boy opened the flap of a tee pee and there the journey ended.

(Inside) The Mountain Man seated himself on the earthen floor facing the old Indian who lay on a skin wrapped in blankets. His braid twisted out from the covering like an old gray snake.

"So you have come in time," he spoke without moving. "It is good. I did not know if you could make the journey, although in fact it is not long but to old bones it may be like a life time."

"Well, Pomex, it was a good journey. I have not been off the mountain in many years."

Pomex looked toward his old friend saying, "Time has been long. The gods have been good to you, you seem well. There is a circle of health about you, but there is a sadness too."

"I have found a peace on the mountain

that makes me feel ageless. But my friend it does not fool my heart, I am old and alone, my days are precious." The Indian smiled at his friend, but the smile broke shortly into a fit of coughing which raised his head up from the floor.

"There is an old medicine man here who says I die of the white man's disease. He also says it spreads like wild flower in spring. That is why I do not let my children near." He paused a moment to let the Mountain Man understand. "You may get it but I do not think you will. There are things in this life you still must do."

Smiling he replied, "What do you know Pomex that my mind does not? Do not worry about me, besides it is bad for a man to die alone. His spirit is sad and takes long to leave the body."

"I have much faith in you."

"And I in you, but tell me of your children. I have only seen your son, he has your strength and kindness."

"Yes he is good. I also have a daughter and a small boy. Their mother left a long time ago for the reservation. I told her my children would never go there." His words ended in another coughing fit and spitting of blood. "But there is something you should know. Sometime ago I had a dream. There I lay dying as I do now and you were at my side. But a man in a white mask walked up behind you, shouted, then began to shoot. You laughed and laughed with each shot, and there was no blood. My spirit was stuck. I did not want to leave you in danger. But the man grew frightened and ran, and my spirit flew up to the sky. I sent word to the medicine man but he made no sense. I have not made sense of it either, maybe it is nothing." The Mountain Man was very quiet; he saw many things in the dream, as he was sure his friend did too.

"But I was never troubled by dreams long. Come help me out of here. I wish to be outside, my daughter has prepared a place."

The night was clear and fragrant with pleasant memories for Pomex who recited the old Indian tale of the origin of the universe in a whisper. But the night to the old Black man was strangely familiar yet its familiarity was elusive. The night, his friend, the uneasiness, somehow escaping his memory, then with crash of recognition

his mind was fresh with the experience.

They knelt under the moonless sky secretly behind a rock above the camp of the white men. As the fire threw light on the four faces Pomex assured the Mountain Man that those were the men and cautioned him to be careful.

"You wish to do this alone, so you must be swift." He looked back down on the fire. "Yes those are the men."

In the manner of the nocturnal coyote he was upon them suddenly, killing three. The last man was at his back preparing to shoot when the arrow struck. He dropped the gun (it momentarily clinging to his forefinger) as he grasped at the thing that stuck in his neck. It was then they heard someone beyond the bushes and a horse riding away.

For days they rode, the pursuing posse never out of sight, from county to county and over the state line. Their wits together finally put hours then days between them and their hunters. When they had gone a week without a trace of the many horses, they took refuge high in the mountains among the trees of the forest. Here they built a cabin and gathered foods to sustain them against the winter which fell mercilessly. Upon the thawing of the frozen waters and the sprouting again of life, the friends parted. The empty black man was deeply indebted to the Indian whom he watched walk in and out of the trees and disappear from his life.

(Now) He looked upon his friend whose eyes were closed.

"Pomex, wake up you old fox." He whispered hoping he had not died yet.

"I am awake." His eyelids parted. "Is not the sun now rising?"

"Yes the horizon is very light. Let me hold your head up so that you may see it." He held his head and noticed only then the dull stare of the useless eyes.

"Pomex you are blind!" The eyes blinked.

"Yes for many years now. But in this darkness I see well. I see you good, but I am sad to feel your emptiness. You Mountain Man stayed on the mountain since we parted. You have grown in spirit much, that is good, but there is a great

emptiness, I know it must show in your eyes. Have you not held a child in these many years, have you not had a friend to be with, have you not had to help another or been in need of help? As humans my brother we are strangely dependent, we are not full if we do not live with the world. Even if the world we have known is gone, and in the new one there seems to be no place for us, we must make one or disappear like the buffalo from the plain who no longer makes footprints in the earth. We must carve a hole for ourselves for our growth, for tomorrow. You..." He paused to catch his breath. "You have stopped growth and emptiness set in, soon you will disappear. That is if you do not learn that these things in your mind are to be farmed and greater things harvested. Touch the world Mountain Man, even if you only take a snail and move it out of your foot's way." The man of the mountain felt naked and desired a place to hide.

"Do not be troubled you have many more years, was that not in the dream? You should have no fear of the world it cannot hurt you any more, remember the bullets you laughed at? But there remains one thing. I do not wish to leave you alone. I want to fill your emptiness."

"No!" Shouted the hollow man. "There is nothing you can do. I am too old, it is too late."

"Yes, There are my children. Do they not need to be saved from the reservations of the world? Are they not innocent snails to be moved out of the way of danger?" A coughing spasm interrupted his talk, this time blood splattered down his chest.

"Let my spirit fly up to the sky..." He struggled to regain his breath, but it escaped him; not unlike an agile rabbit escaping the keen hawk.

The Mountain Man and the children stood before the funeral fire until it collapsed and burned out. They then turned to retrace the steps of the journey, back to the mountain. As they ended the long stretch of the Plain he was preoccupied with thoughts of a new home and did not turn around. Had he, he would have seen a great dust cloud beyond the plateau. The soldiers were coming.

## Hold On John

"Hold on John,"  
Sang the lunatic  
After sliding off  
The Chrysler hood,  
Completing his five story drop . . .

"Hold on John,"  
Till Jesus told us  
That David had flown  
Rather than face the philistines . . .  
Since we knew  
Jesus could not lie,  
We flew.  
But by the stair,  
As we had no illusions  
That there were angels among us.

"Hold on John,"  
And the van's eye  
Shot blinding flames  
To all four corners  
Of the darkness,  
Coloring all things red  
So that his blood  
Could barely be distinguished  
From the street . . .

"Hold on John,"  
He sang.  
And the van sang  
A perverse harpy's song  
Of its own  
Which would ring in my  
Ear long after it had gone . . .

"Hold on John,"  
He sang,  
With his entrails hanging out,  
His face half an aborted babe . . .

"Hold on John . . ."  
"I did not cause him to fall."  
"Nor did I."  
"But you badgered him."  
"I did not, it was Matthew,  
He was always the teasing sort."  
"Not I."  
"I'm glad I'm high . . ."

The Father will not  
Forgive this. Where's the counselor?

"He's tasting wine,  
And sniffing Dellah's behind."  
"Hold on John . . ."

II  
The harpy's song rang on,  
And the full moon  
Snickered through the blind . . .  
I dared not approach the window  
To silence it.  
"Hold on John."  
So I held my blanket  
And prayed for daylight.  
I clutched my mattress tightly,  
Lest it throw me off.  
This it threatened several times,  
Heaving and weaving,  
Like a boat at sea.  
Daylight!  
Why? Why? Why?  
You stupid little motherfucker,  
Did you think you were a bird?  
Daylight!  
"Hold on John."  
I held on.

III  
Daylight came,  
And there were jokes at breakfast,  
Concerning the Law of Gravity,  
Punctuated with high whistles  
Cut short by a child's tongue-cluck.  
Talk of Superman, and the Silver Surfer  
Without his board.  
Whistle, cluck.  
A spoonful of cheerios.  
Swallow. Eyes meet. Whistle, cluck.  
Giggles  
"You know, he's tried it before."  
"If first you don't succeed."  
Whistle, cluck.  
"Daniel's going to get it  
From the Father for not being present."  
"It would have made no difference,  
He would have tried another time."  
"He'll get it right, sooner or later."  
Whistle, cluck.  
Hold on John.

Kenneth D. Williams

*St. Martin de Torres*

*St. Martin's on the curb in Villa de Agua  
With gray street mice hid in his baggy shirt.  
Damp pink paws tickle his brown belly skin,  
Naming each one, feeding them crumbs.  
He is only ten.*

*The lips of every soldier in Lima have broke  
On his mother's face and waist.  
In her steaming room the stained gray mattress  
Flaps and shoves — in force, in touch.*

*Martin comes home to sleep, maybe eat.  
She calls him her "Little Mouse" and holds him  
close.*

*Till the door knocks softly she won't return,  
Deep into the mattress  
Where saints are conceived.*

*Marty Rogers*

LAUGH

Listen to that racket  
can't make it out,  
sounds rather rambunctious  
It's full of cheer,  
The walls paper thin,  
stomachs tightened like ropes,  
mouths contorted strangely  
Drooping poor mouths of laughter  
Infrequent warmth colliding  
just can't make it out.

Synnova Percy

## Love Poem II

*His skin is brown/orange  
like a late evening sunset.  
His eyes are soft water reflections  
of his loving nature.  
His even lips are forest streams —  
quiet, yet inviting  
And his unblemished body is smooth  
as a red/orange leaf  
unmoved by the change of seasons.*

Diane Wilson

All Alone, — But Not Really

All alone  
but not really,  
Sometimes I sing with Ramsey,  
I coulda swore I was Fire  
of Earth and Wind fame.  
Ain't I the first key  
on Grover's alto?  
Did I hear someone call Miss  
Wilson?  
But then they meant the real  
Nancy.  
Or did they?  
Sometimes I don't get to be me  
all day.

Sadie Mills

## Uncaged

That's Ok,  
you don't have to walk next to me,  
I don't want to 'paralyze' you, babe . . . no way

I want you to feel free,  
free as a bird,  
want to see you float,  
and expand your wings,

go on baby,  
I'm with you all the way,  
don't let me stop you,  
you gone baby,  
keep on, keepin' on,

I want you to fly in circles,  
fly in squares, go on baby,  
give 'em some of that trapezoid,

or appear and disappear  
like a straight line,

be yourself, nuthin' else,  
'cause in the long run,  
that's all you are,

and before you leave,  
leave a gift,

wrapped in truth,  
tied with a ribbon of wisdom,  
and signed with the dawn of a new day.

Benny James

## Acceptance

*I hope a red wig  
will not be my answer  
When my flesh is folding  
and crumbling,  
like an old worn-out  
accordion  
Or Brazil for that  
matter  
Where beautiful people  
are renovated  
I hope I will not  
miscalculate  
counting, backwards  
or impede my steps  
with young shoes  
If the inner me is  
whole,  
and my mind is filled  
with living  
I hope, I wear that old  
folded flesh  
like a badge of honor  
and, be glad I'm still  
around.*

By Agnes Terkeltaub



# The Generational Conflict

By Diane M. Wilson

I sat comfortably on my grandmother's long, golden yellow sofa. I had curled my knees up so they almost met my chin as I stared inattentively at the color television in front of me.

A commercial for some type of hair product flashed on the screen. A white woman with flowing hair, the color of my grandmother's sofa, smiled at me from the set. I picked up the TV guide to see what was on another channel.

"It was a sin, I tell you," my grandmother suddenly blurted out shaking her head. "It was some kind of sin — God giving negroes nappy hair that they can't do nothing with, while He gave white people straight, pretty hair. I don't know why or how it happened. We must have been on the wrong line the day hair was being given out," she laughed.

"Oh grandma," I said. "Don't be so ridiculous. Don't you know that Black people have a different grade of hair from white people because our ancestors were born in Africa. The environment and climatic conditions there were such that Black people wouldn't have survived if God hadn't provided them with darker skin and coarser hair. It was extremely hot in that part of the world grandma, and we needed those characteristics to help us adapt to the land we lived on."

"Oh yeah? Well, maybe your people came from Africa but mine came from right here. Don't talk to me about any African ancestors. If you want to associate yourself with those pygmies and scared, straving black-as-night folks, don't include me. You see my skin. It's not black like those Africans', it's beige!" I stared at grandma. Experience had taught me that it was useless arguing with her where Blacks and our heritage were concerned. We were still negroes to her; you were only Black if you came directly from Africa and she readily made it known that she was not to be associated with such people. The only Africans she had ever seen were the one shown on the television screen. I could understand why she had such a negative impression of her people and I didn't feel like challenging her ignorance.

She leaned over to run her hand through my natural. "They don't wear their hair like that over in Africa either, you know? I don't know why you do. Why don't you let me make an appointment for Miss Hudson to do your hair. You'd be surprised at how pretty you'd look, like a young lady."

"Grandma," I argued, "how do you know they don't wear their hair in Afros? Have you



ever been to Africa? Even if they don't, it's because of westernization and the white man. I don't want Miss Hudson to straighten my hair. I like it the way it is, thank you."

I looked at grandma as she shook her blue/silver head muttering, "I don't know what's become of you colored folks."

Although she was nearly seventy years old her wrinkleless face made her look more like she was in her middle fifties. The only sign of her true age was her solidly overweight body. She wasn't fat but household idleness had added extra pounds to her appearance, giving her the grandma-type image denied by her youthful face.

Her complexion was beige, an obvious sign of the mixing that had taken place somewhere along our family tree, a mixing she was proud of. Wilhelmina Sophie Fields. Such an ethnic name for a woman who'd rather refuse her heritage.

My grandfather had been half asleep in the armchair on the other side of the living room. When he heard grandma and me talking about my hair, he defended his only grandchild.

"Why don't you leave the girl alone, Willie. It's her hair, let her do what she wants with it. You do what you want with yar'awn, don't you?"

He quietly went back to sleep, knowing he had made his point.

"So what are you going to do with yourself now that you're a college graduate? Are you going to get a job or are you going to continue with your schooling?"

"I'm going to work awhile before going to graduate school, grandma. I need a rest from those books."

"That's good. Now you can help out your mother. Help her buy some furniture and fix things up. She's been by herself all these years and lawd knows she needs the help."

"Sure, I plan to help her out grandma, but I'm also going to try and get an apartment of my own."

"Are you serious?" My grandmother grinned as she thought I had to be joking. "What you need a place of your own for? Why you want to leave your mother?"

My grandfather opened his eyes.

"Well, I guess I just want to be independent. I just want a place of my own, that's all. If it doesn't work out I won't have too much pride to come back home."

Granddaddy gave me one of his 'I think you're crazy looks' but he didn't say anything. He let grandma do all the talking.

"Don't you know how difficult it is to make it out there, girl. You'd better stay home, save

your money and move when you find yourself a husband."

Now was not the time to tell her I planned to share an apartment with my boyfriend. I had no plans of getting married.

"It's too rough out there for a single woman. Believe me, I know."

Grandma did know. She had worked as a seamstress, a maid and a cook to support my mother and to help provide for my great grandmother's six children. Times didn't get better for her until she met Mitch, who is really my stepgrandfather.

"But grandma, things aren't the same as when you were my age and I won't have eight other people to help support."

I would tell her about Paul another time. Such news had to be given to her gradually, but I knew I had to be the one to tell her.

"Who's going to cook for you," she continued.

"I'll teach myself, grandma. The best way for me to learn is by getting away from you and ma. You all have been spoon feeding me for too long."

I got up to leave. I headed upstairs to the apartment I shared with my mother. Ma had conveniently managed to get my grandparents an apartment in the same building so she could look after them.

"I just told grandma I'm thinking about getting my own place in a few months, after I start working."

"You've got to be kidding, Robyn."

"I'm serious as cancer ma. I need some privacy."

"You've got your own room."

"That's not enough, ma. I need a place of my own where I can entertain my company as I please."

"You mean your male company."

"That's right. I'm not free to do everything I please under your roof, ma."

The discussion was taking on a bitter tone. I really didn't feel like arguing with ma either, so I went into my room. At least I had taken the first step today. I wanted my folks to get used to the idea of me moving out so they'd be prepared to deal with it when the time came. I understood I was an only child, an only grandchild too, and leaving home was going to be one of the most difficult things I would ever have to do, but I had made up my mind.

'Well Robyn you're starting to shape your own future,' I thought disquietly. Ma won't mind too much about Paul, but grandma...? How do I convince her that I'm not sinning?

I couldn't help but wonder if it would be easier to tell her if my hair were blonde.

## Poetry Lives

By Jill Nelson

In the late sixties and early seventies much of the poetry being written addressed itself to obvious political dilemmas, offering equally obvious, and often simplistic, solutions. For a large group of writers poetry became rhetoric. Subtlety, nuance, and style were discarded in favor of words that might inflame, enrage, and possibly, liberate. Well, here we are in 1977, and some say that poetry is a dying art. Many of us who eagerly attended readings in the past, knowing we could count on a hot burst of adrenalin, an oozing between our legs, the involuntary raising of our hands into clenched fists, no longer attend poetry readings. Too many poets preaching revolution, of one kind or another, have let us know, deserted us in the height of a revolutionary fever they helped create, opting instead for Artist in Residence titles, African names and religions, security within the system whose death they once urged. In reaction, feeling betrayed, we have retreated into ourselves, rejecting

poetry and poets as we would an unfaithful lover. Well, hold on! I bring the word, straight from Finley Program Association's student poetry reading on March 16th, and the word is: Poetry Lives! Amen, and praise the Lord.

Six poets, all CCNY students, read their poems to a small but attentive audience in Finley 330, and without exception, all offered unique, clear visions of post buycentennial Amerika. New Yorkers all, their poems were organic, writhing hunks of this dying, struggling city, in the heat of Zack Rogows "92," the funny, scary, beautifully captured street poetry of Michael Forwells "Sirens," or the tight, wonderfully precise lyrics of Susan Tuthills "Songs for Men on the Subway". Richard Kahn read a long poem which, though a bit rough, summoned up the heat and horrors of summer in New York to a T. While he was reading I found myself looking apprehensively out the window, expecting to see the thick stinking air of summer, laden

with flies, violence, and itching frustration, curling its funky tendrils towards me. Oonaugh Fife, whose work is polished and precise, read a finely constructed poem entitled "Professor Chain" which might be required reading for all faculty members who entertain fantasies of "civilizing the natives." Finally, Kenneth D. Williams read a poem entitled "Agwudoba & The Tribe," reminiscent of Ishmael Reed in its interweaving of time, history, mythology, and street talk.

Poetry, as was proved by six student poets that afternoon, is far from being dead, but lives in these poets, and all of us, for we are their food, and when successful, they are our lights. A word of warning: Next time you ride on the subway, suffer in the heat, dress for a date, sit bored and beaten in class, beware, a poet watches you. The only way you're going to find out who and what she sees is to come to the next student poetry reading May 4, Finley Room 330.

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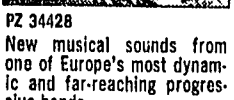
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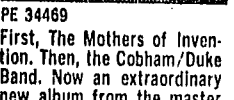
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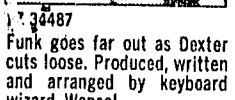
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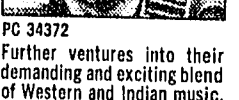


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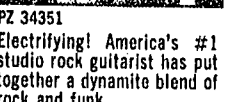
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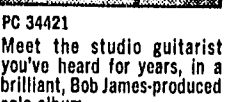
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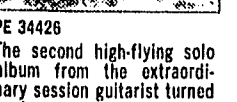
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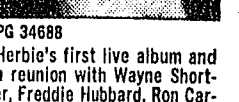
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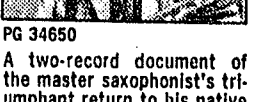
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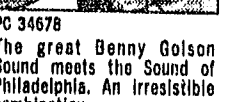
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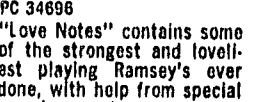


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A RESOURCE CENTER to help you complete your TAP application and answer any questions will be open in Room J-28 (Science Building) starting Tuesday May 3, from 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. & Monday thru Friday thereafter, also 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Center will stay open until 8 P. M.

Please complete your application forms as soon as possible. TAP applications must be filed before June 30th if awards are to be made for the fall semester. COMPLETE THE FORMS NOW AND AVOID DELAYS IN THE FALL. If you have not received the TAP application forms by May 13th, additional forms will be available in Room J-28. Call 690-6645 if you need additional information.

All students who plan to use TAP for the Summer Session MUST bring their application to the TAP RESOURCE CENTER in J-28. At that time an estimated award will be calculated so that you may be given credit toward tuition.

REMINDER: BEOG applications are still available in Room J-15 (Science Building). File early so that your award may be processed in time for registration this fall. If you have any questions about your application, you may go to the Resource Center in J-28.

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NYPIRG students and professional staff research and investigate issues which the student board of directors has approved. Sometimes the board decides that legislation is needed and that it should be drafted and lobbied by NYPIRG's professional lobbyists and student interns. Or they may decide that extensive public education, via publications and media, is required. And, in some cases, a lawsuit may be the best or only reasonable action.

Many students get academic credit for doing project work on these issues at their campus offices. Many students also receive credit as full-time interns in Albany and elsewhere.

## NYPIRG SAVES YOU MONEY

Almost all of the issues NYPIRG works on ultimately affect students' wallets. NYPIRG was instrumental in preventing the New York Telephone Company from increasing the \$.10 pay call. This action alone probably saved most students several dollars a year.

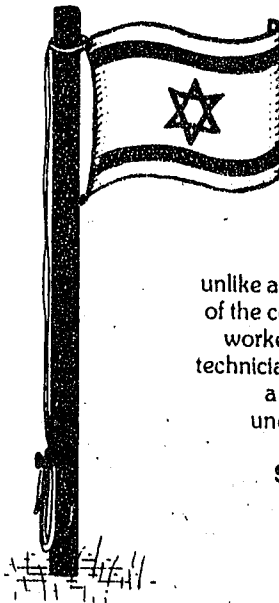
NYPIRG sued NYC and the uniformed municipal service unions demanding the return of nearly \$20 million in illegal "annuity" contributions by the city. If the suit is successful, NYC residents will save millions each year. Other NYPIRG efforts could result in substantially greater savings for students and other citizens.

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## HOW CAN CCNY BECOME A MEMBER?

Students at CCNY have already begun to organize a NYPIRG chapter. Handing out literature and talking to other students individually and in classes, they are attempting to provide the fullest possible information about NYPIRG and its activities.

This organizing effort is being handled in the most democratic way possible. Petitions supporting the formation of a NYPIRG chapter through a \$2.00 per semester increase in the student activities fee have to be signed by at least ten percent of the student body to qualify NYPIRG as a referendum item on the SG ballot, May 2-6.

Unlike other student activities, NYPIRG must be approved directly by a majority of the voting students.

## SUPPOSE I DON'T SUPPORT NYPIRG?

Also, unlike other student activities, NYPIRG guarantees a full refund during the first few weeks of the semester to any student who does not wish to support its activities. The refund process is simple and well-publicized. As an added check, if more than 50 percent of the students ever request a refund, the NYPIRG chapter will close down.

**VOTE YES FOR NYPIRG MAY 2-6**



# Summary of Major Recommendations

## (Wessell Commission)

- The Senior Colleges of the City University need immediate assistance:
  - The City of New York should contribute 25 percent to the 1977-78 budget of the senior colleges (net of tuition). It should provide a minimum of \$10 million in additional emergency funds as soon as possible to avoid continued uncertainty.
  - The State of New York should contribute 75 percent to the 1977-78 budget of the senior colleges (net of tuition). It should provide a minimum of \$10 million in additional emergency funds, in part to cover the costs of the City University Assistance Program.
  - Funding parity between the City and State University systems should be implemented as soon as possible, no matter what structural realignments are made.
- The State should restructure its two public universities to preserve and enhance the quality, specific missions, and tradition of access characteristic of public higher education in New York.
  - The University of New York would consist of four senior colleges of City University (Brooklyn, City, Hunter, and Queens) and their Graduate Center, the four university centers of State University (Albany, Binghamton, Buffalo and Stony Brook), the two public medical centers (Downstate and Upstate), and the statutory/contract colleges (Cornell and Forestry).
  - The Empire State University would consist of three regional systems containing the four-year public arts and science colleges, the special purpose colleges, and the community colleges now in both CUNY and SUNY.
  - Both public systems should be funded primarily by the State, with local communities maintaining their continuing role in the funding of community colleges.
  - Parity should be achieved by providing comparable funding for comparable programs.
- Student access and opportunities should be preserved and enhanced:
  - Access to community colleges should be open subject only to the availability of places. (In areas without easy access to community colleges, state contracts should be developed with appropriate local private colleges to cover the first two years of post-secondary education.)
  - Opportunities for transfer between community colleges and four-year colleges should be assured.
  - Articulation between programs in two-year and four-year institutions should be improved.
  - Qualified students should be admitted to their first choice colleges and comprehensive centers subject to availability of places.
  - The comprehensive centers should reserve at least 20 percent of their freshman classes for students who do not meet conventional admissions criteria.
  - Remedial and special opportunity programs should be expanded and adequately funded; and their administration should be improved and their performance more rigorously monitored.
  - The maximum Tuition Assistance Program (TAP) awards should be raised to \$1,800 for freshmen and sophomores and periodically adjusted to reflect increases in the cost of living.
  - To distribute available TAP funds more equitably, certain TAP awards should be reduced or eliminated: the \$100 minimum award should be eliminated; the standards for TAP awards for "emancipated" students should be revised; the TAP program should be better coordinated with the federal BEOG program, in the application processes, the rules for eligibility and the levels of awards.
  - Serious consideration should be given to making part-time students (in attendance at least half time) eligible for TAP awards.
- The special contributions private sector institutes make to the State should be maintained and increased:
  - The State should contract with private sector institutions for academic programs of special merit which may not be generally or regionally available.
  - Collaboration within each sector and between the sectors should be fostered to achieve economies and enrich choices.
  - Bundy aid for the Ph.D. degree should be increased from the current rate of \$3,100 to \$3,600 to assist the State's major private research universities.
- The policy-making and planning functions of the State Board of Regents should be strengthened and maintained, provided their effectiveness is improved by a new appointment procedure:
  - The Governor should appoint the Regents, seven of whom should be designated Regents for higher education.
  - If the Legislature is unwilling to approve this plan, a new board for higher education should be created which should be appointed by the Governor; the Regents' higher education duties should be transferred to the new board.
  - The regents should be given the responsibility for general review of annual public budgets for higher education and for commenting on state aid to the private sector, and they should advise the Governor on their educational merit and conformity with the approved statewide plan for postsecondary education.

# BLACK SCOPE

## Blacks Against Blacks

This is the first of a regular column focusing upon various dimensions of Blackness.

"Dinosaurs have been known to treat their own with more compassion," my mother would grumble after having crudely been told to "move the HELL out from the doorway clearance" by a Black bus driver. "Give a niggah a little damn authority and he treats the rest of us as if we were soft carpet for his feet," someone would pout when a Black woman behind a subway token booth shows how rude she can be when simply asked directions. "Damm sister, you act as though your crap has fragrance instead of smell," a Black brother would say to a Black sister leaving a building on Wall Street and turning up her nose at him. "Now if that were a white person behind that desk at that Welfare place, she would have treated us like human beings."

The exact reason why Black people throw stones, darts and fists at each other is not immediately clear. Its true also that some Blacks look down on their own because of social status or whatever. One thing is however certain, the Klu Klux Klan needn't spend long hours in their private laboratories brewing up genocide, 'cause 'bout time we've done killing and destroying ourselves there won't be any need to use it.

We haven't completely gotten over the delicious awe of watching the week-long televised motion picture epic of **ROOTS**. Like a child who even now cherishes his most favorite toy received for Christmas, we too cherish the memory of **ROOTS**. However, long after the many toasts, congratulations and Emmys, a Black woman named Margaret Walker Alexander has surfaced to file suit against Mr. Alex Haley for allegedly having taken parts from her 1966 novel, "Jubilee" for his book **ROOTS**.

This may or may not be true. But the sad fact remains that in our savoring of **ROOTS**, moving its succulent memory around in our mouths, we unfortunately choke on a seed called "uncertainty." And in the wake of the enormous success of **ROOTS**, it is most disillusioning that a Black has to cast a stone.

If this accusation were true, mind you, then most certainly this Black woman considered at one time or another what might happen to those enthusiastic Black smiles where **ROOTS** had left a greater impression. Certainly she must have considered how many Black minds might be affected.

I'm not implying that since everybody is happy why not leave it that way, but what is wrong is wrong, regardless of whether or not that wrong may have made many happy. But no less than surely, something or another lurking off on one side and rubbing its knife and fork together conspiring havoc for self gain, is just as equally wrong. And isn't it strange that it wasn't until after the huge profits had been made from both the book and televised version of **ROOTS** that Ms. Alexander suddenly appears on the scene? No doubt she is probably saying to herself: "The HELL with sentiment, and the HELL with niggers! What does it matter to me if many will be disillusioned, I'm out to get mine."

This is more or less the mentality of many Blacks. "If I can get mine, what does someone elses' dream matter? For that

matter what does someones life matter?" The validity of this paraphrase is mostly certified whenever you pick up a paper at a newsstand.

How many times have you ran up against some upity Black folk whose noses were almost elevated above their temples because they lived better than you? I'm sure a quiet rage crawled up your throat like food that your stomach decided to throw back at you. And how many times has that conveyed in the opening paragraph of this article happened to you? It would seem, at times, as though any race of people could get along better than the Black race. If we're not killing each other with guns or blades, we still inflict wounds upon each other with razor sharp tongues. "Dig bro", that's an unuuugly Black sister. When God asked her to leave her name and telephone number so he would get back to her later cause he ran outta looks, he musta forgot to call her, damm." "Say Susan, have I got some dirt for you. You know that niggah Corey is now going out with that stupid "high yellor" hefer.

It was a time back when if a white person called you a nigger, (just for the record, you would only hear that word, slapping at your face, when you were outnumbered) you would become overwhelmed with anger. And now, we call each other that name with lubricated ease. Why? It's almost as if we accepted "nigger" as our name tag.

The itching reality about Black against Black is that it will get worse before it gets better. If a glass of water is accidentally knocked over, naturally water will spill out. One cannot replay the act of the glass being knocked over with a movie projector, and then slow it down so that he can catch the water with both of his hands. Of course, its impossible. The same thing applies with this concept of Black against Black. Perhaps two or less decades ago, statistics would not have revealed the startling amount of Blacks killed by Blacks as it does now. Because these statistics have kept rising in the past few years almost without pausing, we can't help but visualize the situation becoming worse and worse and worse.

In ghettos, Blacks rob and steal from their own. And whether they steal and rob to fatten their own wallets or to re-decorate their wallets that have been sucking on cobwebs, makes little distinction. Mostly poor people inhabit ghettos, and mostly poor people are the victims of rip-offs, muggings and holdups.

The Black woman who has accused Mr. Haley of wrong doing, could have spared us the shame of being seen by the white man as a discordant race of people bent on trying to win individual races against themselves. Yet, even though this woman has indifferently pressed her foot upon the pride of her own people, she reflects many Blacks. And for those of you Blacks reading this article — if one night, before shutting your eyes to sleep, you happen to hear a dim sound of laughter coming from somewhere, chances are it is the white populace...laughing at you.

## SAGA

### To Be Scraped?

A committee consisting of City College students and faculty voted to recommend to the college administration not to renew the food contract of Saga Dining Hall, Inc.

The committee, formed last year, examined student and faculty reactions to Saga.

According to several committee members, students have chiefly complained about Saga's prices and the quality and variety of food served in the North Campus Cafeteria, the South Campus Cafeteria and Snack Bar.

Generally, employees and faculty "like" Saga, said one committee

member. They think it is a "big improvement" over last year.

The committee, whose vote was five to three, with one abstention, will give its recommendation to college officials and then it is up to the college to make a final decision.

The contract to manage the food services at CCNY had been awarded to Saga Dining Hall, Inc. on June 28, 1976. Prior to that, City College ran the food services, but at a loss.

Recently, there have been reports by the student press of students' growing dissatisfaction with Saga's services.



# Fred Turns Tail

By Jill Nelson

I walk out of the elevator, down fluorescent, vibrating walls, past endless rooms, looking for Millie. I see several old Black men who look exactly alike, bald and all grey. For an instant its funny, thinking how she must feel stuck on this floor of old men. Still searching I hear a parched voice call my name and turning, it is her. Lying back flat on her bed in silence, though there is T.V., radio, tapedeck. Then I feel: This is not Millie. The Millie I know loves music and talk and noise, wouldn't be caught dead lying so stiff, so still, so quiet. But it is. I can make out her long, tangled black hair and her face, her cheeks hollows filled with dry tears.

Her mouth is moving like a fish with a hook in its jaw, and to spare her the effort I speak first. "You look well". The moment I say it remember its a lie, and Millie knows it too. She is a good friend so she ignores these words and says, "Do you know what happened to me?" I look at her lying there, caught half dead, and would hold her tight except she has tubes running out from her stomach which I notice only because I hear the plop of blood dripping useless into an unseen jar. Her eyes are so open and dry and blank, you would never believe what a joyous dancer Millie was, how cruel her jokes could be, how pretty her face is. You'd think she'd always been this way, pained and powerless.

"Uhhh... you had a..." The word swells in my mouth, filling it with the bloody, bloodless feeling of a bad acid trip, and I cannot throw it out, even as its choking me. I am thinking of a line I once read, "there was a pregnant pause as Lydia waited". I do not know why I think of it now, though since I read it I've been turning it over in my mind trying to figure out what it meant. "Hysterectomy". When I say it I look in her eyes. For a moment I see life slouching toward me, then she turns her head. I look out the window at the smog, wanting something to say to cut open the wound we are trying so hard to ignore and suffocating with our lack of knives. Knives made me think of my Aunt who keeps a sterile kitchen and a large collection of sharp, gleaming knives to go with it. Carving a roast or cutting a sandwich, we could always count on her wielding her knife with authority, and always, always at dessert time she would hold her knife over a meringue pie or chocolate beet cake, and hesitate. Looking round at all of us, she would ask, one by one, "Who wants their just desserts?" Of course we'd all eagerly say yes, hurry up. Then she would cut the cake, hand out the slices and say, "You can all rest assured that you will indeed get your just desserts. Without no doubt!" Which I never understood and I would ask my father who always said, "You will when you get older", which I don't.

I walk to the bed and take Millie's hand, stroke her soft, soft hair. "I love you" I say, "I came so you could break in peace". It is these words, overused, misused, dry, the finally in our anguish bring us together, into the hot sea of womens intimacy.

We are crying slowly, patiently, without the wracking sobs of other tears. Tears cried in closets, hurriedly before the key turns and we are found there, crying alone, the dinner still raw in the refrigerator. Millie and I cry slow, quiet, we are making a new love with our tears.

# UNION MAIDS



174-continental films

By Benny James

**Union Maids**, directed by Jim Klein, Miles Mogulesco and Julia Reichart, is a documentary film about the early U.S. Labor Movement and its influence on the virgin seeds of today's Womens Liberation Movement. The film envelops the entire spectrum of what makes a labor movement evolve, breath, and maneuver so that it can eventually uphold its doctrines, beliefs and rights of the workers it represents.

The events occur through the interviewing of three women, Kate Hyndman, Stella Nowicki and Sylvia Woods, who were instrumental catalysts in the birth of this movement. All these women lived in and around one of the most trying periods in U.S. history, **THE DEPRESSION**.

Their picturesque descriptions of the events which led to the eventual formation of their unions were inspiring and vividly

portrayed the many aspects necessary to survive this particular era. These womens involvement emphasized the importance of unionization and brought home the point that even though men were going through hell during this period women were feeling the pressure even more so.

The fact that these women did not limit their scope of analysis to just womens' issues but incorporated into womens issues an analysis of class and race oppression, proves beyond a doubt that the film documents an essential movement in America.

The entire film consists of clippings and short films of demonstrations and rallies, combined with an inconsistent array of interviews with each woman. The essence and effectiveness of the film lies in the contrast of actions and views of those who lived through it, as opposed to what we know today.

One major point the film made was the fact that unions today are losing their potential firepower, and have shifted drastically in ideological standpoint from a socialistic to a conservative attitude. The film also points out that unions should get more involved in social issues and community affairs.

As a result of the unionization movements depicted in **Union Maids** the Taft-Hartley Act was created in June, 1947 as a legal means by which guidelines and grievances could be discussed, communicated to either side, and settled, either by the unions representing the workers, or their employers.

**Union Maids** should be seen by all those who want a better view and a clear taste of exactly how life was during this period in U.S. history, as well as how it has influenced and brought us and the U.S. labor movement to where we are now.

## LIVING ECHOES

Embroidering the Aura's universe  
as the fabricated intrication of existence,  
devours minuteness  
gains weight (wait),  
squats meditatively  
on, a soft-boiled egg,  
& cracks,  
a perched phoenix.....at dawn,  
a head-dress for the Sphinx,  
as it recounts  
the steps  
of the Great Pyramid.

Ageless roots, transpiring  
through deciphered concrete  
to infringe upon  
calloused soles (souls),  
awakening  
tidal thought waves,  
sending Homes' Odyssey  
towards....ancient shores,  
throwing raw feelings  
into a pots fire  
tenderizing....  
a soils journey,

...if even for a second,  
for a year,

...if even for a minute,  
for a decade,

...if even for an hour,  
for eternity.

As Mother Africa  
walks her beat....

and the beat goes on  
and the beat goes on,.....

Benny James'

# Exiled South African Insurgent Seeks Support

(Continued from Page 3)

destruction of the people of South Africa. The creation of Bantustans, tribal homelands, ostensibly under the pretext of concern for the African population, are, according to Mashinini, little more than modern day aphorisms for concentration camps. There is one difference however, in South Africa, unlike Hitler's Germany, the intention is not annihilation, but permanent, institutionalized slavery.

The separation of families, the forced use of Afrikaans rather than indigenous languages, the random torture and murder, 50% of Soweto's children dying of malnutrition before they are a year old, the proliferation of beer halls and company stores, all these elements combine to destroy the cultural history and future of Africans.

Mashinini said that this destruction could not be occurring without the aid of the United States Government and its allies throughout the world. The silence of the American people regarding the genocide and rape of South Africa is criminal. He feels that it is only through support here in the

U.S. of the struggle of our brothers and sisters in South Africa, that any of us will be freed. "The sickness of America has been exported to South Africa. Help us get rid of this sickness in our country, and we will help you get it out of yours." This is Mashinini's appeal to us, and his promise. He urges our participation in demonstrations against the apartheid regime and against our own country's complicity.

Mashinini was very well informed about this country and its college students. He was sensitive to our tendency to get caught up in various "isms" to the point of sacrificing any concrete action, of our tendency to shout "right on," "preach," and "teach," and not do anything.

Mashinini recited a poem whose refrain was "We beg your pardon South Africa," for expecting humanity from an inhuman regime. In closing Mashinini said, "I have spoken on a lot of campuses around the United States, and I've noticed something, people like to clap and nod their heads, but the real question is, what are you doing?"

## Makin' It Funky

## The Years of the Getover

Jill Nelson

If I were to give a name to the seventies, I would call them the Years of the Getover. Years characterized by the decline of the concept of collectivity, the belief in the necessity and possibility of radical change in our society, and the virtual disappearance of any organization aimed toward benefiting all oppressed peoples.

Replacing these characteristics has been a dramatic rise in the desire to "get a piece of the pie," of the belief in the individual at the expense of the group, of a rise in self indulgence and indifference at the expense of oppressed people.

Discouraged by governmental indifference and modern day genocide, as exemplified by the murders at Jackson and Kent State, in Memphis, New York, in the proliferation of heroin in Black communities throughout the United States, we have retreated. But is it not a strategic retreat, retreat from the battlefield whose purpose is to analyze failure, formulate new strategy?

No, the retreat of the seventies has been a retreat of fear, of hopelessness, of the studied indifference of people living in a war zone who refuse to acknowledge that a war is going on, who turn inward to themselves to find solace from the very real horrors rampant in the system under which we are living.

The pervasive system of capitalism has played an integral part in our lives, in the way we look at ourselves and our relationship to our communities, the very formation of the Years of the Getover. It is capitalism, whose definition is, "The economic system based on the private ownership of the means of production and distribution, as land, factories, mines, railroads, etc., and their operation for profit, under more or less competitive conditions," that is responsible for the creation of an atmosphere and an attitude that makes the spirit of "Getting Over" so easy to subscribe to. What private ownership means, on its most fundamental level, is individual ownership at the expense of the group, and this is a systemized mentality for which Black and Latin people have no historical or cultural relationship.

The successful rip-off by white imperialist forces of much of the land in Africa and the Americas was based on the colonizers exploitation of peoples of color and their lack of a concept of private ownership. Land was held communally by all citizens, often in the trust of a Chief. Thus when white men asked for land, it was lent to them, not given. Ownership remained in the hands of the community as a whole.

Communal ownership of land was something white men could not conceive of and would not struggle to grasp. "Gimme, gimme, gimme, I want, I want, I want" was all they knew, and what they got, in the process creating a self identity characterized by genocide, corruption, and cultural annihilation.

Sadly, in the Years of the Getover, we as oppressed Black and Latin people, as people to whom the concept of communalism is an inherent element of our economic, political and cultural identity, have accepted into our souls the spirit of capitalism, if not its formal application.

It is as if living oppressed in America has finally broken our backs and we lie squirming in the mire. Rather than look around us at our sisters and brothers with the intention of aiding one another in healing our communal wounds, we are each, individually writhing toward our nearest neighbor with the intention of climbing up on her or his back to elevate ourselves a little higher.

This is characteristic of Black people on all levels. No spirit of unity or collective responsibility brought us together to fight the imposition of tuition and thus now we all pay. Those few of us who are lucky enough to receive BEOG find ourselves waiting in line for three and four hours because our brothers and sisters push and shove into line, get front seats because they know the dude giving out the checks, the Wackenhuts, someone to help them "get over."

The Paper operates with a skeletal staff, attempting to serve 60% of the student body, because people on campus are too indifferent, too hip, too out for themselves to work with us. Brothers and sisters on campus seldom even speak to each other, and when they do it is usually directed toward "getting over," "getting a rap," "getting" someone's notes. We walk around like zombies in our little worlds of "Me-ism."

About the only time we come together is around discos and at reefer parties in the Finley Student Center, activities where we know we'll find the mental oblivion of physical activity and the turpor of smokin' weed.

Educational and political forums are sparsely attended, or attended by "right on" men and women who cannot sustain any communal political involvement further than an hour of muttering "teach," "preach," and "I'm ready to die for the cause." We have allowed our sense of responsibility for one another to dissipate into total indifference if we cannot see, and see immediately, what's in it for us.

As I wrote in my last column, our community is dying. It is dying because we as Black and Latin people have allowed ourselves to believe that it is possible for each of us to survive alone, responsible and accountable to no one. This belief is absolute folly and downright suicidal. Organization is crucial to our individual and communal survival, and the slow death of Harlem moves on precisely because we refuse to recognize this.

The other day I had the dubious pleasure of watching a massive heroin operation in a schoolyard on Momingside Drive. Twenty young black men appeared in the schoolyard, six began playing basketball, four stationed themselves on each corner. The remainder involved themselves in controlling the between thirty-five and one hundred junkies waiting to cop the latest heroin joint, known as the PC, or "Peoples Choice." The junkies were lined up against the wall, told to keep their hands out of their pockets, and wait. Money was collected systematically, no dope passed hands until a certain amount had been collected.

The men on the corners kept their partners in the schoolyard appraised of the activity of the cops. When everyone's money had been collected it was given to a young kid who disappeared into a side street, returning nearly an hour later with the dope which was passed out in a slow, orderly fashion. By the time these junkies had gotten their quarters, they were replaced by a whole new crowd waiting to cop. This went on for hours.

What struck me about this scene was the tightness of the organization, the strategic intelligence of this ring of dope dealers complete with camouflage basketball players, marshalls, and minors to handle and deliver the drugs. What disgusted me is the fact that it is here that I see the finest example of communalism, unity and organization in Harlem, in the service of heroin addiction, in the service of the racist and capitalist system which pumps heroin into Harlem.



Alvy Singer (Woody Allen) and Annie Hall (Diane Keaton) chat on the street after having met for the first time on a tennis court.

## Notes on Cinema

## Sex is Still the Question

Woody Allen's newest film opened in town last week, and if you have not heard about it as yet, you probably do not qualify as a serious movie-goer. Quite simply it is the best film in town, and the key word here is simply. After viewing *Annie Hall*, I had but one comment, "Marvelous!"

As a director of six feature films, Allen's career is not quite ten years old, but he is now showing signs of first level maturity, something which leads me to believe that he has learned quite speedily from his experiences and incorporated only the best elements of criticism into his style.

The brilliant, witty and imaginative lines that have become his trademark in such previous works as *Bananas*, *Sleeper* and *Love and Death* are no longer pleasant diversions or digressions; they are integral parts of the overall concept. They serve to deepen our understanding of the world of Woody Allen both inside and out. Witty little numbers from *Sleeper*, "... They can't do that to my brain, it's my second favorite organ," and from *Love and Death*, (when asked about his "exceptional" sexual prowess) "I practice a lot — on my own," have evolved and the effects are cumulative. After our hero Alvy Singer (Allen), a successful comedian by trade, has successfully wooed Annie Hall (Diane Keaton), he replies, "That's the most fun I've ever had without laughing," and when accused of going heavily for intellectual masturbation (for their relationship has started to sour), Alvy responds, "Hey, when you talk about masturbation, you're referring to sex with someone I love."

As Woody revealed in his forthright birthday interview with *The New York Times* a year or so ago, "Love is the answer, but Sex is still the question," and that's what *Annie Hall* is about in very real serio-comic terms. Alvy Singer is a neurotic paranoid, who is trying to get along although he is stigmatized by being an americanized jew. To call him "insecure" would rank with saying Raquel

Welch has above average size breasts. Psychologically speaking, he's a basket case just as are many of us who have had to endure those impressionable early years knowing that we were "different" as if to say there wasn't enough WASP to go around.

Having already failed at marriage twice, Alvy enters into a committed relationship with his new-found Annie Hall. Annie is a little Jewish boy's dream because she's both good-looking and sufficiently WASPish. To top it off, she's even more insecure and self-conscious in her own way as Alvy is in his, so he uses his intellectual talents to rescue her from her doldrums while broadening her horizons.

Unfortunately, Alvy has a fatal flaw. He is afflicted with "anhedonia," the bottom psychological line of which is nothing gives him true pleasure. "To me there's two possibilities in life. One is to be miserable and the other is to be desperate, so if you're miserable, just think of how much better off you are." The quote isn't exact but the idea of it is.

And it is this idea which ultimately defeats him. It's one thing to rescue someone from an imprisoned frame of mind, but if the alternative is another prison with simply larger accommodations, a dissolution is inevitable as the old anxieties reemerge and the urge for something better comes to the front as the driving force.

The performances are very right throughout the movie as each performer is allowed to make an impression, particularly Allen and Miss Keaton, but also Tony Roberts as Alvy's best friend Rob, who is always trying to get him to abandon New York City for California.

In a closing bit, Allen concludes with a story about a guy who won't turn in his friend who thinks he's a chicken. It seems he needs the eggs, and this serves as analogy for sex. You can order it boiled, poached or fried, but usually, what you get is scrambled.

—Ted Fleming