

(continued from page 3)

handshakes to give the sisters and brothers, but as he stuck out his hand, the brother with the shovel cut it off.

"You didn't help us when we needed you, but now you want to come in and unify with us. You found every way in the book to keep from helping us before. You even stooped so low as to confuse the other brothers. You played long and hard and you had a good time while the rest of us were struggling. You even took money from the same man you told everybody you hated so much. In fact, not only did you not help us, but you helped the enemy who was trying to kill us all. You're not even a black man; You are a traitor. And this is only one way to deal with traitors.

As he said that, all of the brothers and sisters who had shovels raided them to strike the traitor. When he saw this, the traitor began to back away. Just as he turned to run, he hit smack into the big rock that they had just moved. As he fell to the ground, the ground creaked and the rock shifted, pinning him to the ground. "Help, help" he cried.

But the brothers and sisters swung their shovels over their shoulders and began to walk away. As it began to get dark, there was no one to hear the cries for help.

The others had some more rocks to move that night.

\*\*\*\*\*

## RESPONSE TO FLOOR POLICIES

by Herman Mixon

Recently, James Residence College inacted a social policy on September 11, 1971 restricting the social functions of the inhabitants of the dorm from having social functions with a significant number of off campus visitors or residents of other dorms.

This policy is directed chiefly against blacks on the campus, for blacks were the only ones on South Campus utilizing the social rooms for social functions attracting blacks from other dorms and blacks from off-campus.

The BSM officially protest this policy of James as being discriminatory and racist in sentiment. Currently, the only way black students can get together is through giving one week notice in writing and giving specific instruction as to how the affair will be conducted.

Black students are not typical UNC students and such affairs as beer-blasts, poetry reading sessions and folk singing do not appeal to the broad black masses. Since black students are not allowed to live together, it is impossible to avoid having a social function without inviting off-campus and blacks from other dorms. Therefore, Blacks at UNC had

# CHAPEL HILL BLACK DAYS

by Larry Mixon

Walking up the walk-way I came upon the unholy sight of an Oreo-- I mean a real through and through Oreo. He was coming down the walk-way straight towards me, surrounded (and I might add outwardly fascinated) by whites. He casually looks in my direction, and suddenly feels the real need of looking the other way at some God-damn birds. Undaunted, I decided to create a minor confrontation. I switched over to the same side he was on, so as to put him straight ahead of me. Next, I politely and of course friendly said "Whats happening

Brother." O-o-o-oh, have I never seen such a clasic Oreo. Not a word did his lips utter. He quickly assumed a totally embarrassed look. --Were his ears deceiving him? In my mind, I could just hear an affected southern drawl yelling "Nigger". Never in a million years could God Almighty above have come up with a worse horror than him. Now I profess to believe in Black solidarity, and benevolence towards my Black Brothers. But this was one time I

really wanted to whip some ass!

Yet, later I thought, am I an Oreo? Here I am on this mother-fucking white campus - identifying with some white washed Tarheel; watching with a troop of white friends myself; assimilating alien tastes-lasagna, Beatles, white fashions, indeed, white erudition! Not once have I ventured into the Black world of Carboro, and whats more, don't really want to. Am I Black? Have I retained my soul?

## ABSTRACT THOUGHTS OF A BROTHER

Me being me, Black proud, and determined to be free, Will fight to the death if need be, Until a brighter day for my brothers and sisters I see.

As a Black man I stand among the few, Like a Black grain of sand on the white beach. As a Black man I live from day to day, Paying the price of life, In blood, sweat and tears.

As a militant, I must be ready to fight And die for liberation, But then I might die anyway, Just Because I'm Black.

To the crackers, I'm just a spoon full Of chittlings on their steak plate. And when the revolution come, I'll surprise them, And for once they'll be late. I must be like Nimrod, the might hunter, Before the Eternal. Like the mighty oak in a storm of danger, With pressure from the wind, I must not bend.

But always in pain as my darker than blue Heart melts at the sight of coons, Niggers toms, and colored people.

The pain stoos as I partake of the oil And I wald that walk, And talk the talk Of the third world. Flying high in the friendly skies, Without ever leaving the ground Hard times come and go.

As the streets become crowded with People who wear afros, And yet have processed minds.

Grey people, grey people everywhere, But they must know, I don't care!

Grey people, grey people come and go, But you won't bullshit me no more.

Black people listen; but don't hear.

Black people touch? but don't feel.

Black leaders speak; but don't rap.

'bout heaven; but no one prays. Everybody's talking 'bout getting down; but no one will lay. People say if there's hell below, we're all going to go; But how do they know?

Black people, Black people, we must get right, It's time to get our function tight, When it all breaks out, you'll still die in the fight, No questions will be askea, I hope you don't die eating chicken, sittining on your ass.

previously held such functions at James Residence Halls owing to the attractive set-up of the high percentage

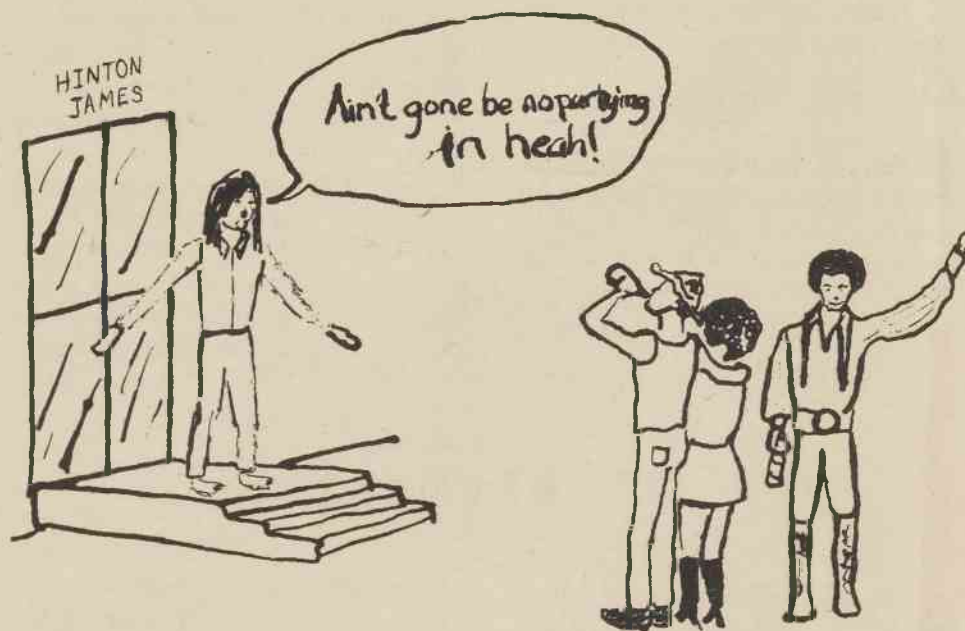
of Blacks residing there and the available dorm space for social functions.

The BSM was not consulted on this policy, nor were Black students residing in James given voice as to their wishes. (This policy also is in effect for Morrison).

Since Blacks do not participate in typical functions of dorm-life, it is not too much to ask to allow the continued use of the social rooms for infrequent and informal gathering places for Black borthers andnd sisters on weekends.

Therefore, the BSM goes on record officially opposing the written policy of James (and Morrison) and intend to present this statement of protest to the officials of James and appropriate University officials. It is hoped, nay, expected that something will come out of this confrontation and this latest infringement upon Blacks upon this campus be extinguished.

## TODAY JAMES, TOMORROW,



THE WORLD