

Editorial Ink

Get Serious with your minds

Black people, get serious with your minds. The time has come for Black people to realize the true meaning of Blackness. Many of you claiming a Black identity had better examine yourselves and make sure you are not "half-white college students."

Black people, get serious with your minds. Blackness is more than an Afro, a cool walk, and a \$2.50 liberation tam from Sonny's. Blackness is more than just eating once a week at the Hollywood and buying a Black panther paper. Blackness is more than Union Bid Whisk and being the first to buy Isaac Hayes' "Black Moses" album.

Black people, get serious with your minds. If you think bumping into a white person and not saying excuse me is Blackness, you're fooling yourself. If you consider being cool and breaking line at registration is Blackness, you're fooling yourself. If you think only knowing half the soulshake is Blackness, you're fooling yourself. You fool.

A black cop?

One of the biggest fallacies of American law enforcement agencies today is the lack of racial balance. A touchy topic and a rarity is a black policeman. Not a colored cop or a Negro fuzz but an honest-to-goodness black policeman.

Sure, they're a few dark-skinned policemen with "fros" running around but as a whole, their presence calls no respect from the black community. Any black who attempts to enlist in any division in North Carolina's law enforcement agency is bound to become a person of the white society that pins a badge on his shirt — an instrument empowered to be used by whites to exercise control over blacks on their own level. A black cop is merely an agent of infiltration — or a token to maybe help subdue the next black protest.

But to a black man, the sight of another black man in a policeman's uniform gives him no sense of pride or fear — only apathy: a little grin at the man who sold out to a society to which no black man can assimilate himself or

Black people, get serious with your minds. The above are but symbols (very necessary symbols, however) of a Black movement. They are instrumental in maintaining the morale and spirit of our revolution. But Brothers and Sisters Blackness is an inner thing. Blackness is intangible and a state of mind. Of course we are linked together by our physical Blackness, but now we have got to strive for unity of the mind. When our invisible Black thoughts act on society to make changes, visible changes will manifest themselves.

Black people, get serious with your minds. Dedicate yourself to the betterment of the lives of Black people. Remember that all white people aren't bad and all Black people aren't good. Black people need you. You need Black people. But most of all we need each other.

Black people, get serious with your minds.

ever be a part of. If the white establishment thinks that the presence of black law officials is going to help quell the next riot or protest, it is sadly mistaken. If anything, their presence will only add to the tension and unrest. Blacks see a white face in a uniform as their enemy; they see a black face in a uniform as a traitor.

However, racially law enforcement is necessary to prevent incidents as the one in Ayden. But acceptance by blacks of blacks in this type of role is a different matter. The possibility of this acceptance has been soured by experiences with blacks who abused the police power granted them or merely became the paid pawns of a white establishment.

A black policeman — one aware of his job and his identity — is the bridge needed between society and its black outcasts. A Linc Hays or a John Shaft is not probable or practical. The black community does not need another fictional character — it needs a real black man.

NIKKI GIOVANNI

Her characteristics as seen from the album "Truth Is On Its Way"

Nikki Giovanni expresses her contempt for a white racist society that labels her closely knit, loving home as an under-privileged, ghetto hole. She was happy eating her greens, and she and her sister had fun whether or not they had a lot of unnecessary luxuries. She condemns the public for demanding so

much of Aretha. "How," she asks, "can you say you love her when you won't even let her rest?" She praises the brown baby that is truth, who sprang from her groin. She ego trips on her ethereal-self. She exalts the regal composure of a retired prostitute. Nikki is definitely bad on this album. It "cannot be comprehended except by her permission."

* * *

His chest was like velvet; as smooth and as warm as an African breeze. It was as black as his native land's night. His muscles rippled under his chest as the undercurrents of the Mediterranean ripple upon Moroccan beaches. There was a sparse fuzz around his naval that tapered off around his erect manhood. A manhood as stiff, strong and dark as ebony wood. My fingers ran across and down his back. They ran as delicately as a gazelle flees through the Congo forest.

His rhythm was as constant as the heat yet soothing as coconut milk. It mounted like the heat of the Sahara mounts. His heart beat with the determination of Watusi warrior drums. Our fevers rose and rose and rose higher and brighter than any tribal, sacrificial fire. It burst just like the sun does at high noon. It was full of warmth, love and relief. The fevers cooled and we lay side by side. We melted into each other's love and then into our fertile Nile soil.

Cleophus Crowder What's going on?

When was the last time you attended a BSM Central Committee meeting or a BSM meeting for that matter? Do you know what's going on?

The Central Committee is the backbone of our BSM. On Monday, November 1, I experienced my first Central Committee meeting. That meeting impressed upon me our divisiveness on this campus, and illustrated to me our need to strengthen our unity.

One issue which arose in this particular meeting involved the question of representation by WCAR at Central Committee meetings. As you are probably aware, WCAR is the campus radio station. Six brothers are involved with a program entitled "Black Sounds." This issue questioned our right to report to you on our program the function of Central Committee.

From this meeting, it appeared to me that the Central Committee was saying that we would not report to you on what goes on at the meetings. An interesting paradox arises: as BSM members, we are extended the privilege of sitting in at Central Committee meetings as "interested parties." Why may I remain an "interested party;" yet when I become the newsman seeking to report to you the functions of a committee discussing issues relevant to you brothers and sisters on this campus, can't I relate the story to you?

One might counter that our first obligation is to the organization. Within a reasonable limit, this is true. I see how we could endanger ourselves as brothers in reporting certain issues vital to black interests on this campus. Some things white folks don't need to know about. But, there are newsworthy items emanating from Central Committee which are useful in attempts to promote unity. This is indeed what we have, attempted — to strengthen our delicate threads of unity through dissemination of materials relevant to sisters and brothers on this campus. We are still conscientiously a part of our organization.

As broadcast journalists, we have the duty of informing you. It should be understood that a *lack of communication is one of our chief handicaps*. It breeches

Thanks to The Daily Tar Heel for their assistance in making this issue of BLACK INK possible.

Allen Mask, Editor
BLACK INK

our agreement and hampers our development of a strong unity.

Central Committee meetings currently remain open. However, if I am denied the right of informing you, then I feel there is a detriment to us all, for more Black students need to become aware — aware of the total scene.

We offer our medium as a forum for the promotion of this awareness. We want you to "get involved, get into it." If in the event you are unable to discover what's happening, can you see the benefit of our reporting what's going on?

Black and Free

by Ronald Richardson

Many long years ago, our Forefathers were bounded in chains of slavery.

But today can we really say we black people are free?

Oh yes, we can go by what he really said.

Freedom isn't a thing that must be installed on a chart.

Freedom is a thing that must be installed in one's heart.

If we are free, then tell me why do we riot in the streets so violently.

No white man can know how it feels to be black and free.

Only the black man can tell truthfully and positively.

We have been understated, raided, and not to mention discriminated against.

We have been walked upon, stalked upon, talked upon, and above all hated, and so we march with our marching signs and picket lines and we'll keep on marching until freedom and peace of mind we find.

And our so-called Mr. President tries to help by giving out welfare but deep down inside he really doesn't care.

It's just some big frame up to win him some big re-election and he gets our vote by giving us aid and pretended affection.

But yet we still house in the ghettos and live in the slums and so we grow up to be raiders, demonstrators, addicts and bums.

But we'll keep on striving to reach our long and never forgotten goal.

And one day the world will be ours to hold and control.

I wish I could really be... "Black and Free"

BLACK INK

Allen Mask,
Editor in Chief

James Moore,
Associate Editor

Mary Laceywell
Associate Editor

Mitzi Bond
Associate Editor

Doris Stith
Managing Editor

Deborah Austin
News Editor

Valerie McPherson
Feature Editor

Mae Helen Isreal
Layout Editor

James Monroe
Community Editor

Warren Carson
Sports Editor

Sterling Swann
Business Manager

BLACK INK, Published monthly by the UNC BLACK STUDENT MOVEMENT. All unsigned editorials represent the opinions of the editor. All columns represent only the opinions of the individual contributors.