



"NOW CUT THAT OUT!"

# Get Together By Relating

If I have had a main point to make as an editor this year, it has been the need for communication among Blacks. We have got to know and relate where we are coming from. It seems to me this is essential to our liberation struggle.

I have watched with fluctuating anger, apathy, frustration, pity and empathy UNC's Black population. I have alternately discussed, thought about, and dismissed the behaviors, attitudes and habits of the constituents.

My own behavior, attitudes and habits have fluctuated sometimes in opposition, but all too often in resignation to the masses of our collective.

It seems logical to me that my feelings may reflect those of many of you—Central Committee members, others in positions of responsibility, and members of the BSM at large. We all from time to time talk about the apathy which permeates the Black student population, and yet we are all from time to time guilty of numerous counter liberation activities.

The fact is that most of us on this campus do not FEEL CONSCIOUS oppression; this is understandable in as much as we have led sheltered lives and because we are victims of an often subtle and sly oppression. The thing is to make this oppressed state visible and real for Blacks on this campus as it is for our fighting brothers and sisters across the nation and world.

[So, brothers and sisters, we here at UNC are all in the same boat—"leaders" and "followers" alike. We must make an effort to mutually communicate this reality. To quote Larry Neal, Black writer, "Black people know how to relate to white people; that part of the survival kit is cooled out. But us relating to each other, that's another thing. We have still to get that together."

Riot Rimes  
No. 82

Yes, white and black are sisters and brothers.  
Just ask my mother's mother's mother.  
I go three centuries of grief  
That wants relief,

Raymond Patterson

## "An Essay On Toilet Paper"

Lately a lot of shit has been coming down within the ranks of the BSM. We had our first try at elections—and what a sham it was. The results were invalidated because of a plentitude of technicalities which the Central Committee decided to insist upon for a change (better now than later).

It befuddles me how the Black students—600 strong—fail to offer enough candidates to fill all the offices. It is particularly discomfoting to see four candidates of varying calibre running for Chairman, and Vice-Chairman and all other offices either uncontested or unpetitioned. Maybe it indicates something of our

character—bull-headed beyond belief.

One would also think that election time would encourage intense interest, campaigning, serious discussions, and a display of Black Student leadership at its best. Bullshit! We at Carolina do just the opposite: minimal interest, maximum controversy over minor issues for faked issues, and all-around display of poor low-grade ability to follow, not lead.

Shit for toilet paper.

To leave elections alone for a minute, one needs to take a good look at the functioning of the BSM at present—the situation now. Precautionary note—prepare your nose for full

attack.

For a start, one should consider the Central Committee, especially since it insists on being in control of everything. Walk into a meeting, take a seat. Look and listen closely. Witness our Chairman haphazardly proceed down the improvised agenda. Listen as one hears snickers, private jokes, or comic dismissal of this or that point. Watch as you begin to realize that this center of all committees does not in reality know too well just what is going on. Listen as you hear some say "the students on this campus are so and so," or "they have worn out my enthusiasm," or better yet "I still don't know exactly what I am supposed to be doing!"

Watch how a program gets put together a week in advance. Notice how this planning committee offers up no sound or effectual policy statements on anything. See how a fellow Black student is asked to appear to testify as to why Upendo was opened for Law Day students without prior consultation or even notification of the officers. And he refuses to come, on the grounds that he has to watch for election returns in his dorm.

More shit for toilet paper.

Next, dig on our newest attraction to Black Carolina—"Black Sounds" on WCAR. Cut on your radio, and dig on the brothers flipping disks, dig on how the sisters work together to broadcast Black Sounds News. Everything beautiful - outasight - until you realize that all the brothers emanate from the same core—that a group called Dog Phi Dog has instituted itself

behind the turntable, and no more needs to be said.

One may have been suffering under the false pretense that the radio program was designed to help bring together diversified segments of the Black student populace here at Carolina. You might have thought that Blackness in all its political, social, and varied cultural forms would be projected on the airways—not just lover egos, love triangles, and duos, and singles...

More shit for toilet paper.

Now tip on over to Upendo and take a look around. Hmmm—like what do you see lay-out-wise? Why are the chairs still in such a disarray—choir practice was held two days ago. Take a look at how efficiently the Upendo workers don't do their job.

Say that the place is supposed to be opened at 3:00 in the afternoon. That's funny, seems like that's never the case. Say what?—You came by at 7:15 and the place was just opening up? Mop the floors, remove the chairs, help set up a meeting. But, where are the workers? Better yet, WHO are the workers, how do you get these jobs, when and where do you apply for them? Hmmm—good questions, but mute points as one realizes that these jobs were given out long ago to those who knew about it—and they, unfortunately, were of a small clientele.

Shit and more shit for toilet paper.

Now I hate to complain and criticize all the time, but some things demand to be talked about. I mean, after all, we of

the BSM should/must be about building a broad base of Black solidarity here on campus. It irks the Hell out of me to see people disdain the BSM because of clique orientations and animosities. Its time we, as Black students on this campus, began building up a strong Black Student Movement—a solid edifice upon which no white disease can prevail. We must begin to provide a sense of direction and power in relation to the realities of Black life at Carolina and the immediate surrounding community. Its time that all our leadership and followship potential, as well, be put to task to make the BSM what it should be—first among campus organizations.

We are a voice to be heard and articulated at UNC. We should begin to instill such values as Black selfconfidence and respect for one another. We need to become challengers of the unknown and the untried. We need to MOVE all over this campus—bringing back to it the life and vitality it once had. And, above all, we need to discipline ourselves to the art of surviving and prospering and transforming those around us—particularly whites.

All the old shitty toilet sheets of the present BSM need to be flushed out. The new leadership must be broader-minded in scope and projections. We, as Black students, should expect no less from ourselves—the future is ours, if we wish to take it. As Garvey once said

"ARISE YOU MIGHTY RACE AND ACCOMPLISH WHAT YOU WILL!"

Larry Mixon

## BLACK INK

Valerie Batts  
Editor in Chief

Emma Pullen  
Associate Editor

Doris Stith  
Managing Editor

Gwen Harvey  
Feature Editor

Angela Bryant  
News Editor

Leonard Lee  
Sports Editor

Ida Dew  
Lay-Out Editor

Milton McCoy  
Photography Editor

Mary Lacewell  
Minister of Information

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. Letters to the Editor may be addressed to BLACK INK, 261 B, Carolina Student Union, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.