

## Ego and emotions

Male-ever proving;  
female-ever choosing

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The Black man continuously moving, always grooving, and ever-proving what he is or what he thinks he should be. The Black man, rapping, trapping, getting over with whiteys, brothers, and yes, the sisters. This "bad nigger" syndrome has already infiltrated our campus and has become an important part of our Black sub-culture.

As the Black man comes to UNC, he is faced with a new surrounding, new people and new women. No more is his ability to communicate established, as it was previously at home. He comes at first alone. He looks, checks out the campus, and subconsciously he remembers certain people he met who impressed him.

## Dilemma of the Black Man

These mounting impressions place the man in a dilemma. He not only sees new faces whose habits and ideas are much like his own, but very often he notices brothers who appear to be different. Whether the differences are in dress, in athletic ability, or in on the surface rapport with women, it nevertheless intrigues the new brother.

At this point, he must make a decision as to what image he wants to project, and what friends he wants to run with. Obviously, this decision has a lot to do with the men the new brother admires. If he admires the athlete, for example, he may choose an athlete as his running partner. Upon making his decision, the man must set out again to prove himself, and

establish his image according to the standards of his male friends.

Not only proving his worth to other brothers, he must also show the sisters that he can get over. This is a tricky, paradoxical deal. He cannot afford to flout his sexual power too much because it could damage his credibility with the sisters and earn him the label as a shaky, hit and run, fuck and forget nigger. However, if he fails to appeal to enough sisters sexually, his worth is threatened. Ultimately he fails to live up to the "bad nigger" image and falls in the trap of being the average dude; not overly hip, not super bad, but a little a sad.

## Views on love

The nature of his coming and new surroundings definitely affects the Black man's views on love. He came usually as a loner into a situation of established brothers and immediately sets out to integrate his individual program into the establishment. He must go for himself. Individualism rather than collectivism is stressed. He more often than not, comes to school without the idea of finding one woman but checking them all out. But if by chance he does meet his ideal woman, he clings to her.

While interviewing some brothers on campus about love their ideas were similar. "I came here not looking for one love, but if I find a compatible mate, that's hip." "There's no such thing as love, it's a false emotion." "I came confused about looking for gratification, and whether it comes from one girl or many, it does not matter."

In a final analysis, the new socio-sexual consciousness of the UNC Black sub-culture demands certain criteria of its men for

acceptance. Some seem to feel that this means being super mean, super clean, super high and super fly. But for the mature, sensitive woman, try being yourself, you might find that is enough.

## The Black woman

College can be a lonely place for a Black woman without someone who cares especially for her. Friends are nice, but often, she needs a person with whom to have a special communication. Women and men of college are still adolescents, and during this period, emotions and the ego are very delicate and shaky. She is not sure actually of what she thinks of herself, what she feels, and what it is credible to feel and think.

The social life of the UNC Black sub-culture is also a factor in the development of love relationships. Social activities are not date-oriented but more group or crowd-oriented. So meeting the right person, becomes a factor of being in the right place at the right time, with the right crowd and making the right impression. Often a woman can get so caught up in this "trap" of "hanging" that she never really gets a chance to project herself—and becomes disillusioned with the "trap" and the individuals.

## Search for security and love

With emotions and ego at a shaky stage, a woman is looking for security in a man. A man that can give her a positive self-image and direction. Often also mixed with this search for security is the search for or existence of romantic love. A woman can tend to forget that the man of her desire is only a human being with the same search, and that her self-love and



self-image must come from herself.

Everybody seems to be looking for the "bad nigger." What is your type of man? The answer to that question can go a long way in determining a woman's perspective on love. It also is interlocked with how she defines love. The ability to love is not inborn in a person; it is acquired in the course of growing up. As a natural consequence, the capacity will vary from person to person depending largely on his degree of success with each previous step.

The problem is not love, but the fact that too many people jump into a deep relationship before acquiring the capacity for love necessary for a personally democratic relationship. To learn to love is a developmental task. The individual must have some love relationships that do not last forever. Each experience will contribute something vital toward developing the capacity for love that will justify marriage.

## "Relationship Consciousness"

After several experiences with romantic and/or sexual love, a woman is bound to sooner or later come face to face with a phenomenon called "relationship consciousness." At this point, a romance becomes a

love relationship. Love is no longer enough, but understanding, compatibility, compromise, affection, patience, responsibility, loyalty and forgiving become important. The "Romeo and Juliet" is over and the real work is here.

The development of a love relationship is the real test of maturity, self-love and sexual identity. This is where Black women have the most trouble. At this point the crucial factors are how much do you want to love, how similar are the directions in which you and your partner are going, and how similar are your values.

How do you see your role as a woman and a sexual being? Will you be aggressive or submissive, independent or dependent, restrained and non-committal or open, feminine and demanding or liberated and self-sufficient? These are not easy questions to resolve — but one wonders, what will get me over? . . . what does he like?

## What does the Black man want?

This brings up the question of just how honest is the Black man about what he wants. There exists a double standard among some Black men. They seem to desire and go out with one type of woman, some "bad broad" that knows how to hand, but they want to settle down to some "nice" homely girl. But this is the result of generations of insecurity, just as the Black woman's insecurity about her sexual and racial identity is also generations old.

But we can start changing this now. By trying to learn ourselves as women and sexual beings and as Blacks. Pamper yourself, be proud to be a woman and decide your role according to your own feelings. Make a place for yourself — do not let anyone carve a place for you.

I came to the crowd seeking friends

I came to the crowd seeking love  
I came to the crowd for understanding

I found you

I came to the crowd to weep  
I came to the crowd to laugh

You dried my tears  
You shared my happiness

I went from the crowd seeking you

I went from The crowd seeking me

I went from the crowd forever

You came too.

(Giovanni)

## 'Try a little bitchcraft...'

by Gwen P. Harvey  
Feature Editor

So you almost break your neck rushing to get on the elevator to ride up to the eighth floor with him. You drop your tray of lunch on his foot in the Pine Room. You douse yourself with a half a bottle of "Intimate" cologne and flit by him in your skin tight blue jeans.

And he just doesn't notice. Listen Honey, perhaps its time you threw away the Mickey Mouse tee shirts and Wrangler jackets and cultivated an aura of exotica. For here is what to do when virtue fails. Try a little bitchcraft. Steep yourself in Satanic ambiguities and esoteric intrigue. Be enigmatic. Get witchy.

No more little girl nice stuff. And no more fake sophistication. The heavy breathing, the sultry sway of the hips, baby doll whispers. If you seek the dynamic man you have to be outstanding too. Extraordinary. Attention-compelling. And a bit devious.

Now you decide to incorporate a little daring into your pursuit of that great ally to women: the beautiful male. Rally up your creative and manipulative energy. Here is the plan.

Know the man you emulate. Each body is composed of two "selves." The one projected to the public and the one that remains hidden until unshackled by a few too many drinks. This inner "self" is what you seek in the person you wish to bewitch. You are to become his minority self. His opposite. If he's the heavy intellectual you present yourself as the flashy filly with a little more heart than brains. If he's the meek and mild sort you have to come on as a vivacious lady of the world. Get the message?

Study yourself in the mirror. If you have good looks exploit your beauty at every opportunity. And if you are really ugly capitalize on your grotesqueness. Both types should learn to employ all the accoutrements of the outrageous. A little divine

decadence never hurt anyone. The thing is to be a little awesome, not street-walker flashy.

Muster your luster-power. Call attention to the mouth and that darting tongue. Paint your mouth a bright red. Zing out them tresses. An unpardonable sin for the would-be witch is to insist on every hair in place. You're to look touchable. Not chaste. Set a glow to the cheeks—not a timid blush but a vibrant splash. Turn the eyes into smoldering pots of gray and brown.

Wear clothes with a tactile quality. The ones that say "squeeze me—hug me." They don't have to look as though they were poured on you either. Clothes should move free and easy. And every self-respecting witch except the bonafide fattie should have a bright red dress hanging in the closet.

Now on to being more decidedly naughty. Open the pupils of the eyes and cast a few "come hither" looks his way. No other organs have been so closely linked with the sexual

motivation of the brain as the eye.

A witch's voice must be consistent with her appearance. Big Amazons shouldn't go around with a squeaky little kid's voice. And watch your language. Every other word should not be a "damn" or any other such profundity as "oh wow" or "far out."

Sure you should be clean but don't scrub away the natural odors of seduction. A man doesn't want to go to bed with someone who smells like a drugstore.

Develop a dirty mind. Try taking short walks in public places with nothing on but a light topcoat. Underneath, just little ole you. As you walk imagine that every man you meet is gazing right at you. Learn to languish in the provocative.

You have now released the blazen siren within you. You have all the physical clues for the practice of the Devil's game. Now sic him.

And you Helen Gurley Brown, eat your heart out.