

The desires of Christmas have long been forgotten

Each year in America the Christmas season seems to lose a little bit of its "spirit." Love, somehow, is overwhelmed by monetary transactions; the desire to receive is stronger than the desire to give. Unfortunately, Black America is also a part of this capitalistic snobbishness.

Wouldn't it be great if on Christmas Day all the people of the world would stand and say to a sister or a brother, to a relative or a friend or to someone they don't even know, "I love you." It used to be that way, but it's a tradition that has "gone with the wind."

Wouldn't it be great if on Christmas Day the younger population would just drive to the nearest rest home and provide for the elderly, their roots, a caring affection? It used to be that way, but America no longer has time

for the old. In fact, America now looks down upon the old.

Wouldn't it be great if on Christmas Day we would all drive to a prison or a hospital and help to bring a little joy and happiness to those in bondage and to those in affliction? It used to be that way, but people in this country are now too embarrassed to be seen with prisoners and have too much pride to be around the sick.

Wouldn't it be great if on Christmas Day we could all awaken and discover we're suddenly free? Well, it has never been that way but let's continue to struggle until we receive that gift.

Wouldn't it be great if on Christmas Day we would not take the Christ out of Christmas? That's what Christmas is all about.

Plaudits go to . . .

. Bevelyn Parham, whose diligence as director of the Opeyo Dancers led the group to having one of their most successful and entertaining performances in years.

. The Bread of Life Ministry's Souvenir Book Committee, for having that burning desire and faith to produce in two months what an apathetic Black community will not help to produce in one year—a mini-yearbook.

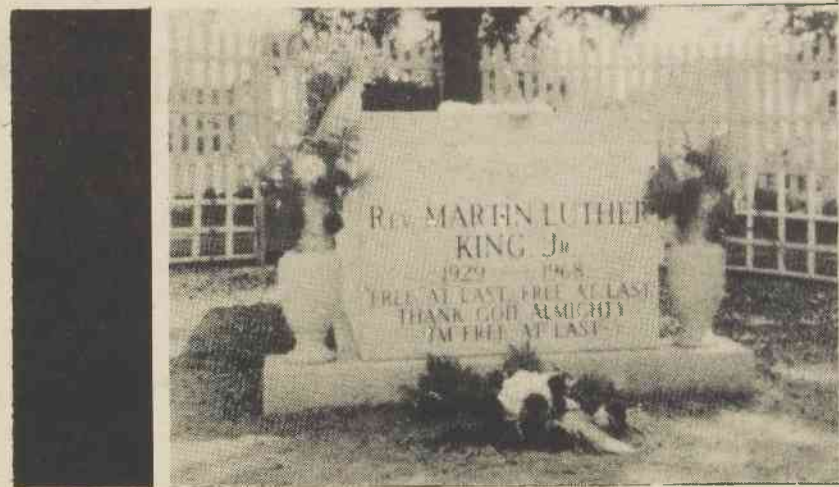
. Lillie Love, for her great industriousness and enthusiasm in the planning of this year's Ms. BSM Coronation Ball.

. John "Skip" Harper, whose unselfish devotion of his time directly contributed to the success of this year's National Achievement Weekend.

. Cathy Alston, who has charismatically proven that a freshman and a Morehead Scholar can be a vital force in the upkeep of the UNC Black community.

. The Break of Life Ministry's Basketball Game Committee, who showed that Blacks and whites, fraternities, sororities and Christian fellowships can have fun together.

. The five Central Committee members who were recently baptized.



Staff photo by Sarah Littlejohn

'The chick is bad'

By ALLEN JOHNSON
Co-Editor

She was a nice-looking chick . . . big eyes, rich brown complexion, small curly Afro.

And her shape . . . Lord have mercy it must've been a good year when they put this one together. There was just enough of everything everywhere and this chick knew it, too.

Sure, she pretended to be shy and nice and quiet and all that crap, but I knew better (crafty connoisseur of fine females that I am).

I slid over nice and cool like in my Flagg Bros. highrise fashions, struck my beard with my left hand and said in my characteristically suave and sophisticated tone, "I don't believe I've had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

Now, in most instances, young ladies instantaneously melt when I greet them, but this chick tried to maintain her cool. She looked up and replied (attempting desperately to cover the fact that she was dazzled). "No, I don't believe I have met you."

Well, we passed through the usual amenities—hey - how - ya - doin' - I'm - from - Greensboro - oh - you - are - too - do - you - know - Joe - Blow - no - but - do - you - know - Suzy - Doe?

I could, at this point, easily discern that the young lady was in an intense state of anxiety as to whether I would accept or

reject her, so I promptly put her mind at ease.

"Hey, these parties can sometimes be rather annoying," I said, injecting a careful dose of intellectualism into my conversation. "The atmosphere is not quite, shall we say, conducive to intimate social intercourse. How would you like to take a little late-night cruise in my TR-7?"

This, I knew would excite her, but as I instinctively reached for my car keys, she said rather flatly, "Nope. No thanks. I'm with someone."

And suddenly out of the woodwork comes this little pip-squeak with bifocals and an "I'd Rather Be In Chapel Hill" t-shirt on. I couldn't believe that anyone as tall and handsome and irresistible (and modest about it, too) as me could be taken out by THAT!

As the chick got up to leave with the pipsqueak I mumbled in disbelief, "I don't understand it. I just don't understand it. How could she pick him over me? How? What could he possibly have that I don't have?"

The chick turned around and answered, "Honesty, Hal, and ME."

"Who cares about honesty?" I said. "I've got women on top of women and the last thing I had to use was honesty. What do you know anyway? You blew your big opportunity for yourself. You'll regret it."

She turned and walked away.

"And one more thing," I said, "The name's AL."

Don't overlook Bakke issues, Part One

Kay Sellars

It is interesting that those who criticize the ideas of Alan Bakke always seem to dwell upon the superficial aspects of the

case, the minute details of the case, the logic of particular aspects of the case. It is interesting to note that Bakke was refused admission to other medical schools or that other white students who were admitted had scores lower than he did. Yes, these

ideas are interesting, but trivial. They are trivial in the sense that they are stated under the assumption that the foundation of Bakke's argument is valid. They seem to be implying, "Yes, it may be reverse discrimination, but one should also be aware of this or that." My critique of Bakke's argument stems from the assumption that its very foundation is invalid and is a distortion of the history and current situation of Black people in this country.

In the early developmental years of this country, the fact that our skin color is different from that of white people was used as a means of keeping Black people from doing much more than subsisting from day to day. A system of slavery, philosophically-based upon and perpetuated by assumptions of our racial inferiority, was adopted; we were forced to exist at a marginal position in the capitalist system.

The assumption of inferiority was extended to the culture of Black people, as well. To whites, we were different, therefore, inferior. When slavery was abolished by law, one of the major institutional means of creating an illusion of Black people's inferiority was taken away.

Black people had the opportunity (legally) to demonstrate that, although they were different, they were not inferior.

However, masses of Black people were obstructed in this goal because white people devised means of tying them up in economic binds (e.g., sharecropping) or flagrantly disobeyed the new law. Also, social, religious, and lingual customs, values, and policies served to perpetuate the illusion of inferiority which existed.

In the meantime, new laws were put into effect which prevented Black people from even attempting to earn a living comparable to that of whites, and therefore, prevented them from demonstrating that they were equal. By this time, the illusion of inferiority was further institutionalized and extended to all aspects of the white world—economics, language, religion, housing, education, politics, law, social values and customs, etc., etc. In other words, Black people were forced to be different (and, therefore, seemed "inferior") in all areas of life, in addition to race and culture.

The history of Black people in America, then, has been one of RACISM. It has not been a history based upon individual prejudice or discrimination. The oppression of Black people has been systematic, pervasive, controlled, and institutional. Granted, there may have been discrimination in favor of a minute number of lighter-skinned Blacks.

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