

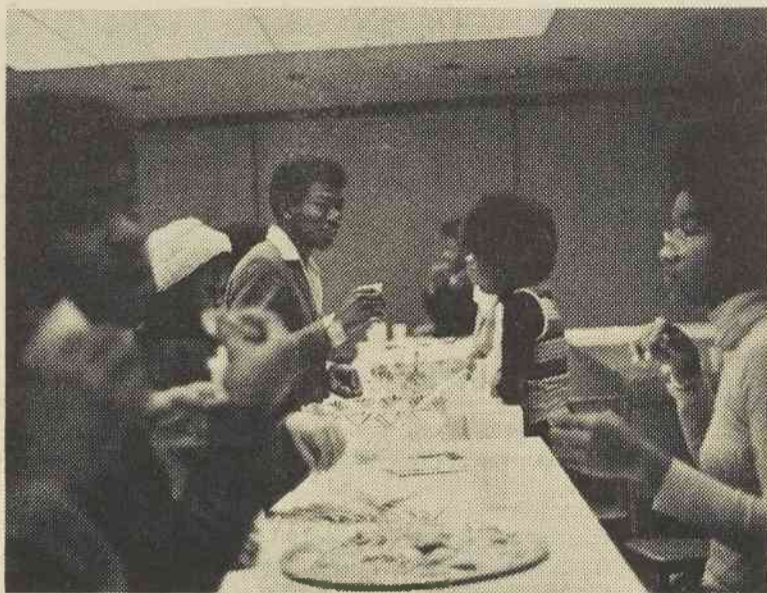
# Upendo: a love uprising!

by Jessica Marshall  
Staff Writer

Remember Upendo, the Black student center scheduled to open in early November? The official word is that the Grand Opening will be within the next three weeks.

Upendo meaning "love" in Swahili is located on the first floor of Chase Cafeteria. As many people know, several activities are now being held in Upendo to express interest in it and concern about the seemingly University-based bureaucratic hold-up in progress. The Central Committee and Black Caucus meet there as well as the drama and gospel choir groups. During the visit of Imamu Baraka, a well-attended reception was held there.

People ask, "What is in Upendo?" According to BSM Chairman Warren Carson and Phil Geddie, the first work-study student to help with preparations for the center, it will offer various recreational and educational opportunities. Located in one area will be a pool table, free jukebox, a stereo, T.V., and tables and chairs for our whist-playing



brothers and sisters.

Tentatively, refreshments will be served either behind the counter or in vending machines and movies will occasionally be shown. In the study area, magazines and quiz files will be available, and a book drive is being conducted to help create a library. Of course, Black interest groups and committees will continue to meet in Upendo. Cultural presentations will be

held there, too.

Interested? Upendo activities will be coordinated by a board of directors—three appointed members and three elected members to be chosen in the upcoming BSM elections. If you have a true interest in doing something and being involved in constructive Black activities, contact Chairman Warren Carson or Phil Geddie about these positions.

by Larry Mixon  
Staff Writer

Upendo, the new center for Black students, will be opening soon. Its success and continuance in large part depends on the support and reaction it receives from you. Many have conjectured various reasons why the University administration saw fit to allow us to set the place up. Some believe that they did it to allow for an embarrassment to the Black student populace. They believe that the center is sure to flop, and that the failure will be credited directly to the BSM and to Black students in general. The University would then return to its do-nothing program for Blacks on the basis that their problems are incurred by themselves, and not by the University.

Others advance a more convincing theory that the University gave us Upendo with the hopeful intention that we would confine our activities totally to its confines; thus sparing the administration the

unpleasant task of coping with the continuing nuisance of Black masses in the dorms on the weekends, participating in "wild jungle rituals," or with the discordant and disdainful music of a so-called "choir" practicing in the dorm lounge. Blacks, it would be hoped, would leave their dormitory confinements alone, disturbing their white sterility only to rest.

It is our hope that Black students would fool the hell out of everybody; that we would enter Upendo to get our heads, movement, and presence here on this campus together. And furthermore than we get together in true revolutionary Black fashion loving, respecting, and helping one another.

Forget whether we are perceived as Toms, oreos, super-Blacks, or whatever; come out of Upendo united in Revolutionary Black love and spread our scene all over this cold white university. Now THAT would be revolutionary Black love coming down!

## Black sounds—finally!

by Dawn Clayton  
Staff Writer

Fed up to their eardrums with the raucous fare presented as music by WCAR, starved for lack of Black community and campus news and cultural entertainment, totally deserted by WAFR and WMDE when the clock struck twelve, and just lacking the ammunition and initiative to blow the whole WCAR operation to bits, Phil Geddie, Connie Bullock, and Ronald George wasted no time in getting over to see Burnes Ray last semester, to decide how to deal with the prospect of getting their own station.

Burnes Ray, even then a sort of overalled superfly Gordon Parks type man about campus, deep into the workings of the photoelectric lens and mechanics of RTVMP, shooting his own film on "Blackness at Carolina," and developing his own inimitable "D.J." style, agreed that it was time to stop bullshitting and get the show on the road. That "show" evolved into what Blacks later this semester would proudly refer to as "Black Sounds."

For a time, however, "Black Sounds" was on ground as shaky as the San Andreas fault, due to a veto of the show by the WCAR Board of Directors; it looked as though Ray and the five Blacks he had so diligently trained all semester had as soon have been "grazin' in the grass" as learning to adjust radio equipment, or the frequency of a megacycle. Only at the threat of Black insurgency and the concrete emphasis of a petition circulated by the BSM was "Black Sounds" even guaranteed a hearing by the

WCAR Board of Directors of which Burnes Ray is chairman, but with whom he doesn't even share a vote.

At the meeting, "sparks flew" between the WCAR Board of Directors and some twenty-odd members of the BSM, admitted Burnes Ray; but the BSM held its ground. One board member haughtily asserted, "But we've advertised for Black students," to which Warren Carson, chairman of the BSM icily retorted, "Blacks don't even listen to WCAR much less apply for positions on it." At final tally, it was obvious that the Blacks had hung in there for their cause. In an eight to one decision, it was decided that "Black Sounds" would go on the air, preferably from twelve 'til three in the morning, thereby making it the finest listening hours of the UNC Blacks' day.

In an unstructured interview granted to the BLACK INK on January 28, Burnes Ray rapped about the future of "Black Sounds," as well as his plans and aspirations concerning its upcoming success, and revealed comments on broadcasting in general:

"We really needed 'Black Sounds,'" progressed Burnes. "After all, the whities already have ODR, WRAL, 101FM, and DBS, Jones Fishmarket at Duke, to name only a few. You know DBS stinks. They sit up there, high as kites, in a two-man show; if they don't like a record, they just don't play it, or talk and laugh all the way through. They cuss on the air, no programming format. The FCC would have a fit."

"But they've got some of the best equipment in North

Carolina. If I started laying names on you, you probably wouldn't understand, but— TRY ME BURNES.

"O.K. Doby equipment takes out imperfections, gives a feel of presence. Static and distortions are minimized, but intentional background noises, like when they knock over a chair?"

UH-HUH

"are emphasized"

OH

"You know, I'm into a 'Jazz Thing.' Osibisa. I'm on the Carolina Union Music Committee that's bringing Curtis Mayfield here this spring, and Stevie Wonder and Osibisa."

IS HELL ABOUT TO FREEZE OVER?!

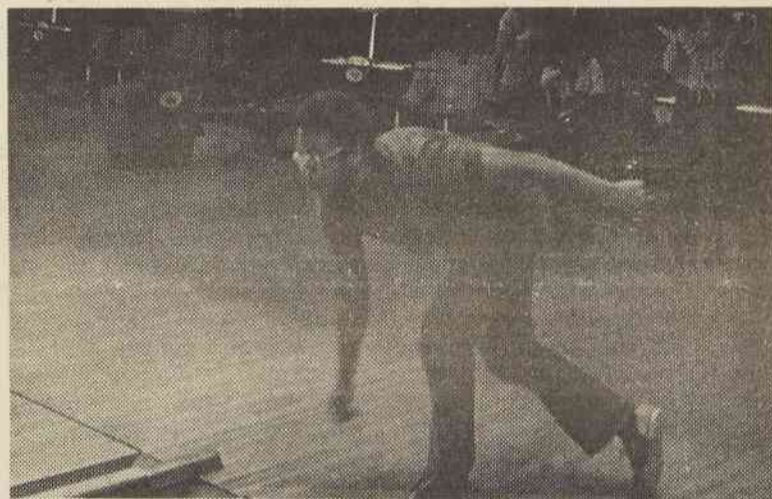
"I've had the opportunity to travel, I made a show with Isaac Hayes one to one and one half hours long. And Roberta Flack. Nationally designed programs—interviews interspersed with music. If you can get these things on."

BUT NOW YOU'VE GOT "BLACK SOUNDS."

"Yeah. We need publicity. Francine Randolph has worked up a top notch group of singers almost from nothing. Gospel music is something almost all Blacks can relate to. And the new Drama Group and the Opeyo Dancers—they all need publicity."

Right on, Burnes Ray! One gets the feeling from his assured tone and technique that UNC Blacks will all eventually benefit from the newly found spotlight they have been denied so long, but that their proud Black egos and talents have deserved, striven for, and finally acquired; if only in the twilight hours.

MORE POWER!



BSM bowls on Thursdays

### DARK GREY \* LIGHT BLACK

A one-act play about the frustrating dilemma confronting the fraudulent Negroes whose color changes like that of the chameleon: depending on who he's with determines his manner of action and tone of voice. Dark grey when he's in the company of Blacks so as to show his rhetorical involvement in the struggle, but not to the extent of militancy. A mild revolutionary, so to speak. Light Black when in the company of whites as to reveal his blackness, but not to the extent of being anti-establishment. Black reformism; wanting to pose the threat of Blackness without actually being called militant.

THE SETTING: A room that is divided into two parts—one-half being decorated in the manner of militancy: Huey Newton, Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey posters, crossed spears, clenched black fist, etc. The other half of the room being quite contemporary: sofa and two chairs, end tables, etc., very middle class. Our character: Tom Black, Thomas Militant, Charles Righton, Charles O. Pression, Thomas O. Pressed, Rutherford D. Humanized, etc., is positioned in the middle of the divided room facing the audience. In one hand he holds a very black mask; in the other

hand a grey mask.

SCENE I As a white visitor enters the contemporary side of the room our character quickly places the grey mask over his face and greets his visitor, "good evening," and starts promptly to discuss . . . "those colored folks." The white visitor leaves as a knock on the other side leads our character to it. He places the black mask on his face and says, "yeah . . . who is it?" Brother Darubah is the answer and he lets him in. "What's happening brother?" and he gets into a right-on type discussion of how oppressed his people are and how rotten the pigs and the system are.

SCENE II Knock from both sides of the room . . . our character scrambles for his masks; "what's hap . . . how are . . . yeah . . . man . . . I mean . . ." Enter Black man on the left, white on the right. Our character starts to the left then the right . . . babbling idiotically as he turns and changes masks. Shifting and twisting and turning he loses both masks and repeats, as the curtain closes, "who am I, what am I, where am I . . . who am I . . . what am I . . . where am I," ad infinitum . . .

CINQUE