

Inmates need attention

Being forgotten is a terrible and shocking experience. According to prison records, there are approximately 10,000 inmates in North Carolina's prisons and the majority of those inmates are Black. Furthermore, a vast majority of those inmates have been forgotten.

Prison reform can only take place as public reform takes place. That is, until the attitude of the community changes so that it understands that the committing of a crime is not necessarily a vicious act, and it accepts the inmate into the community once he's out, prison reform will be what it always has been . . . non-existent!

Not far from UNC is a town named Hillsborough. In this town there is a minimum security prison unit that houses about a hundred inmates . . . mostly black. There are also some very interested citizens who recognize a need for community involvement and have set themselves to the task.

This group is called the Orange County Community Advisory Council. Along with the prison unit's innovative 26-year-old superintendent, it has started some positive action toward real prison reform. The group, under the auspices of the Department of Correction, is concerned with such things as raising the inmates level of education through an Adult Basic Education program, vocational training, meeting the needs of older inmates, through beautifying the prison grounds and extending the recreational facilities, providing counseling services and many other viable programs designed to make the transition from inmate to citizen a successful one.

What this group needs is more community and student involvement. No matter what your special interests are you can help make this group, the inmate and the program a successful one. If you are interested in participating in the activities of the Council please contact: Ernest H. Pitt, 406 Grimes Hall, 933-8757 or John Curry, 732-2196.

EBONY READERS

Everyone will certainly remember the dynamic performance of eight freshman Black students during this past year's Miss BSM Coronation Ball. Reading powerful words of Black inspiration, the Ebony Readers created in everyone a sense of purpose, pride, and progression. Realizing that we, as Black students, are not quite as together mentally as we should be on this campus, the Ebony Readers reassembled as a permanent group.

The Readers: Brenda McClain, Arnia Floyd, Joe Knight, Curtis Howard, Angela Wright, Lena Dobson, Walter Egerton, and Leroy Bynum have committed themselves to use the medium of poetry, and the spoken word for Black Liberation.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!



Being my Blackself

By Larry Mixon
Staff Writer

You know, I sometimes wonder what it is that makes whites feel as though we ought to be complacent and impressed with them on this campus. I mean Carolina is supposed to be liberal and all that, but I just cannot convince myself of that fallacy.

For instance, consider that fact that some 225 of my brothers, sisters and I stay down in James dorm. One of the few uses that I make of the dorm is the downstairs lounge. Now that's my party place, and I mean, I dig it if the party is swinging. It seems to me that if my liberal white cohorts were so interested in my general welfare, they would look out for my party place.

James dorm governor, Bill Hill, who beat my boy, Mike Mosley, back in September, is alright if he looks out for my interest, but damn, if he did not go and propose some ridiculous party policy. I mean you just cannot depend on these white folks.

Sign up four fucking days in advance for some party that I probably will not set up until Friday night. That is too damn much! To add to that, I have to have an officially recognized university group (and you and I know that Black folks ain't recognized) sponsor it. Finally, to make sure that I do not get to

use the place no more, the group has to fork up fifty dollars for insurance against "damages."

Now I have had complaints against white folks' foolishness before, and I have come to learn that in these instances, you can only depend on your own kind. So I contacted my BSM representatives, and got them to work on it for me. I figure they could better handle such white folks' foolishness, while I let my mind rest on more basic things.

But then, damn man, that's hard to do on this campus. I mean, my man, Leroi Jones - Baraka, came down to speak. I checked his scene out, and found it out-a-sight. Man, he was talking some heavy shit - I mean, I even thought that his "we're an African people" bag was bad. Well the next day, I thought I would check out what Carolina free press would have to say about his speech. Like, wow man, the goddamn paper had the wrong damn picture published. There it was, Baraka's guard sitting back looking cool, and stereotyped. Some brothers remarked laughingly, "As they say, 'We all look alike.'" Look alike, hell!

That is just indicative of this whole damn place. "Blacks are stupid, and do not care." We can run any kind of shit down on them, and they will accept it." Well I am here to tell them that is a lie! Blacks *do* not look alike. Blacks *do* care, they do have something to say and contribute.

And I am not going to stand back and allow such stupid mistakes to continue.

I started to write my letter of protest, but then I remembered how last year the same thing had happened with the Supremes. I remembered how we all cursed out them folks for making such stupid mistakes. After I thought about it, I decided that I could not expect anything more than foolishness, and biased ignorance from them folks. I mean, after all, they were not Black, and consequently were very little concerned about my interests. For my interests and image to be projected correctly, I would certainly have to do it myself.

So, I went on down to their office, and offered my services. They were nice about it. They could appreciate my concern. But they had enough staff writers, and could really see no need for having me around. Well that really did not set too well with me. What the hell they mean, their staff was "proficient". I mean I was only trying to help them out, and my services are not to be taken lightly.

So I made my way to the Black Ink Office where I was appreciated, helpful and inspired. Whereforth I proceeded to produce this magnificent representation/expression of my Blackself.

Peace, Power, Party
Nigger Tom

Essex's message received

By Emma Pullen
Associate Editor

Relatives and friends of Mark James Robert Essex remember him as a quiet, well-liked young man. By Black standards, he came from a middle-class family. He was the oldest of five children. An average student, Jimmy, as his mother called him, graduated from high school in his home town of Emporia, Kansas and, as many Black males do, enlisted in the armed services.

Essex's home environment seemingly did not prepare him for the discrimination and injustices that he would encounter in the Navy. One particular incident involving him and one of his friends and a white sailor, was never settled to his satisfaction. After an official investigation, the white sailor dropped the charges, but nothing was done to actually clear up the matter. Unable to cope with the entire situation, Jimmy went AWOL.

At his court marshal, Essex testified that he was beginning to hate all white people. "I was tired of going to white people and telling them my problems and not getting anything done about it," he said.

Essex joined the increasingly large number of Black GIs who receive less than honorable discharges which result from racial incidents. (One out of every four unfavorable military discharges goes to a Black man). His discharge was based on "bad conduct" and "character disorders."

Mark drifted to New Orleans where he enrolled in a technical institute for the hard core unemployed. According to friends, he never really got over his Navy experiences. The walls of his apartment were decorated with such slogans as: MY DEATH LIES IN THE BLOODY DEATH OF RACIST PIGS and POLITICAL POWER COMES FROM THE BARREL OF A GUN.

The Howard Johnston Motor Lodge in New Orleans was the scene of Essex's one-man revolution. For 42 hours, this marksman who had been trained to kill the "enemy", held off a barrage of 200 heavy armed law enforcement officers and one armor-plated Marine helicopter. When the battle was over, Mark had taken with him six whites and injured nine more.

Essex's death should serve as a warning to America about the detrimental effect of racial discrimination in the military. How many more Mark Essexes are they producing?

HOW TO SUCCEED (For niggers only)

Don't fight Boy!
That's not the American
Way!
Laugh, sing, dance,
Grin, hope and
Pray!

Arnold Kemp