

Youth must decide—Gregory

Sadie Copeland
Managing Editor

The rotary blades of a windmill perch on the long antenna of a van. The sign on the back of the van explains that windmill power was used to crush grain in the early part of the twentieth century. Wafts of tangy odors from the items on an L-shaped table drift by. The table, filled with inorganic foods from desserts to sandwiches, attracts people wary of new foods, but forced

by their hunger to try them.

Signs decorate walls and tables, identifying the various survival booths; asking for donations to starving countries and animals; giving information about environmental groups. All the excitement of a carnival is in the air as people move from one survival exhibit to another.

Across the street, babies, teenagers and adults gather, some sitting on the sidewalk and grass in front of Connor dormitory, others simply

standing around; some conversing, others trying to listen to the moderator of the Survival Day activities, all waiting expectantly for the next speaker.

Multi-colored oblong balloons, tied to an unused microphone, dance behind the moderator's head as he makes his introduction. The speaker is quietly dressed in a blue shirt with brown pants and vest, the only deviation from total conservative dress being a black leather jacket.

Dick Gregory, a specialist in satire,

warms up his audience by joking about how bad things were when he was growing up. "I ain't seen nothin' like the roaches in my neighborhood when I was growing up. I've seen some roaches this—(He indicates 12 inches with his hands)—big. The roaches in my neighborhood were so tough, Raid wouldn't do nothin' but get 'em high. In fact, they'd send you for the Raid."

When the laughter finally dies down and Gregory can be heard again, the mood of the speech has become much more serious. "The balance of power depends on you young kids. You are our only hope of salvation to stop the rich aristocracy.

"Fifty years ago, when Black folk stopped being afraid of 'the man,' marijuana, speed and LSD showed up in the Black neighborhood. I deal with the assassination of filth and corruption. I was put in jail about two weeks ago because I went to the White House to tell the President about the corrupt government in Vietnam."

In a comical aside, he said, "The President is either crazy or high. He's still talking about military victory. If I was dealin', I'd sure try to find out where he's gettin' his stuff."

Gregory said food is going to be the weapon in the future. He said fuel shortages and sugar shortages have been engineered by the capitalists to make money, and that a food shortage will be next. "I know colonialism is over, but if a man can be deprived of food, he can be kept slaving for 14¢ a day."

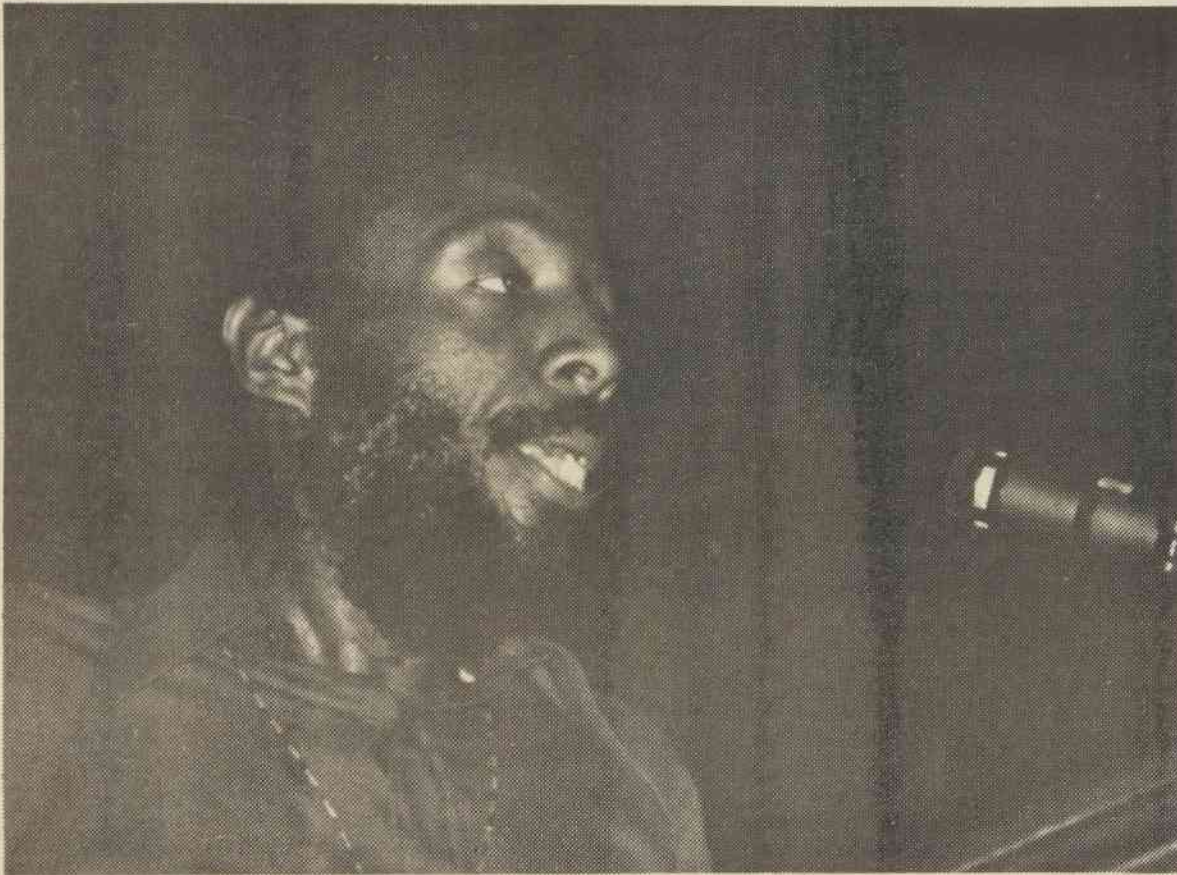
The father of 10, Gregory said over-population is not the cause of the food shortage. "They've got us believing the problem in India is over-population. India grows enough

grain for all of her people and enough to send to other countries. It's the rats that are eating up the grain. People are talking about gettin' rid of the Indians, but nobody's talkin' about gettin' rid of the rats."

Gregory is a staunch believer in women's rights. "It's not until women are liberated that man can be liberated. Women have got to liberate themselves. A woman will go through all kinds of changes to make a man want her. If your body's not enough, just turn over and go to sleep."

Being informed is the key to survival, Gregory said. For example, he said, few people know that 90 percent of the stock in birth control companies is owned by the Vatican and that over 80 percent of women who get uterine cancer are birth control pill users. He also accused the CIA and FBI of kidnapping Patty Hearst, substantiating this by saying the car that is supposed to be her get-away car belongs to the FBI. He also said it is little known that the Los Angeles Police Department is preparing for expected food riots in the future because of the food shortage.

In a later interview, Gregory said his speeches have become more political because people are more informed now. He has written several books on the civil rights issue: "From the Back of the Bus," "No More Lies," "The Shadow that Scares Me." He also made national news in 1973 when he ran 900 miles from Chicago to Washington, D.C. in an effort to raise money for drought-stricken African nations. He has also fasted several times (once for 81 days) for political reasons.



Dick Gregory

—Answer Man

White liberal, don't call us!

By Allen H. Johnson III
Sports Editor

Due to overwhelming demand, the Black Ink Answer Man reaches into his voluminous mailbag to share with you a number of his more interesting correspondence. The Answer Man, a noted and undisputed authority on whatever you wish to know, welcomes cards and letters from readers. They may be addressed to the Black Ink Answer Man, Suite B, Carolina Union, Chapel Hill, 27514.

Dear Answer Man: I am really amazed at how you Black folks know how to live it up. Y'all just have a knack for smilin' and laughin' and dancin'. I guess you're born with it. Well, what I'd like to know is if I could learn how to be like y'all. I watch John Cornelius on "Soul Train" every Saturday and I listen to Jack Brown and the J.B.'s every chance I get. My Flagg Bros. High Rise fashions catalogue hasn't come in the mail yet but it should be here any day.

What do you think?

Warner B. Black

Dear Warner: Don't call us...

Dear Answer Man: I am hopelessly in love with a beautiful young goddess from Durham. She is shapely, statuesque, every thing I could ever want in a female companion. The problem is, I can't find the words to tell her what I feel about her. Can you help?

S.H.Y.

Y.: Simply give me her name, address, and phone number and I'll be more than eager to offer my services.

Dear Answer Man: I am a worried white mother whose daughter has been assigned to live in Hinton James dormitory next year. Very frankly, I am extremely concerned about my

little girl's safety (or lack of it) in such an environment. There are so many blacks over there and the stories I've heard about the crime and low morality are frightening. Why does the University of North Carolina administration allow such a cesspool to exist?

Mrs. Kay K. Kaye

Dear Mrs. Kaye: Yes, indeed, Mrs.

Kaye, the situation is a frightening one with all those loud, rowdy blacks running around the place. It would certainly be a much better alternative for your daughter to reside on North Campus where the people are more civilized—civilized enough to jog stark naked en masse and in the dead of winter.

(Cont. on page 8)



From a Black Perspective
Black woman

black woman
is an
in and out
right side up
action-image
of her man...
in other
(Blacker) words;
she's together,
if
he
bes.

Don L. Lee

The BSM Gospel Choir and Ebony Readers performed April 9 in Upendo as a part of the Fourth Annual Black Arts Cultural Festival.

Very much in demand, the choir has performed all over the state since it was formed in 1969. Winner of the State Intercollegiate Gospel Festival, the choir is planning a U.S. summer tour.

The Ebony Readers, started in 1969, featured Marion Phillips, assistant dean of Student Affairs for the UNC Medical School.

The performances attracted a full house and received several standing ovations.