

A precious, rare gift

Long, long years ago, when a certain journalist was a freshman, he relished in hangin' with the fellas in the Hinton James snack bar and scrutinously evaluating each young lady as she walked past. We used a scale from one to ten and, as one of the dudes so illustratively put it: "Ain't a ten been born yet."

So the ladies paraded . . . and we rated—that is, until a few of the women began to rate US, and not, mind you, very kindly.

We also began to realize, at this point, that Black women are just as human—if not more so—than Black men. We began to appreciate the vibrant, intrinsic beauty of a lady which transcends the brownness of her eyes or the size of her 'fro.

A Black woman is a beautiful, precious entity. She is strong, yet tender, steadfast, yet flexible.

We, who oftentimes label our women bitches and chicks, squeezes and whatever else, had better take some time to remember what a wonderful and rare gift a Black woman is.

Perhaps, during such contemplation, we should stop for a moment and imagine where we would be without them.

Afro-Am

Time for a change

The curriculum of Afro-American Studies has been a valuable key to an American past which for two centuries, many white historians have traditionally placed on a shelf and shut away.

Such courses as "The Black Experience" (Afro-Am 40-41), American Negro Literature (English 84) and "The Black Press" (Afro-Am 65) have provided both invigorating and enlightening experiences for both students and instructors alike, and more importantly, have significantly enhanced our Black historical perspective.

The time is long overdue for Afro-American and African studies to be elevated to departmental status, a move which would insure the sufficient recruitment of instructors and the adequate growth of the department. The move would also provide a much-needed vote of confidence in African and Afro-American Studies by the University administration.

We, as Black students demanded that Afro-American Studies be instituted at UNC. We should now insure than an Afro-American Studies DEPARTMENT is established.



Liberation for whom?

By GWEN CHUNN
Staff Contributor

For some strange reason, some sisters tend to see the noun rather than the adjective when they look at the phrase "Black women." And everybody knows that in this country, when the adjective is "Black," then whatever it modifies isn't very important anyway. When sisters get all caught up in the women's movement, they're saying that "Black" isn't very important. And that is very bad. That means that they don't have a clear perception and appreciation of who they are and the sacrifices that generations made in the name of their future.

I will build my case for non-involvement in the women's movement around three points. These points are very simple ones which should serve only to spur your thoughts. It is the women of the majority culture who inculcate attitudes and values in their young. Women are the primary disseminators of their culture; they say what is "right" and what is "wrong." Then it logically follows that white women do more than their share of perpetuating racism in this country. When white children are kept close to their mothers around Black children, white children intuitively understand that for some reason their mothers are not comfortable; their mothers want to protect them from something or someone. (Children of any culture pick up these "vibrations" from their parents.) When white mothers do not admonish their children when they infringe upon the rights of Black children, these mothers imply that Blacks do not deserve the same considerations as whites. As white children mature, they learn the classic rationalizations for racial prejudices, and they become adept in handling these prejudices for themselves.

Of course, these generalizations do not apply to each and every white in this country, but they do apply to most whites.

Secondly why should white women want Black women involved in the women's movement? The sales pitch is "we're all women; we're in this thing together." But look at the situation for what it is. We're not in this thing together. Black women have historically had to fend for themselves. When Black men were emasculated from slavery to the present, were Black women supposed to wring their hands and let their children starve? No. Black women have never had time to be dependent, nor passive, nor reticent. Black women had to survive for their children if not for themselves. More succinctly, Black women have been forceful and aggressive in order to survive. And white women recognize the potential power of Black women. Black women want to be liberated from the kitchen, but from whose kitchen?

Saying that Black women ought to be involved in the women's movement is as ludicrous as saying that I ought to build my neighbor's house before I build my own. Does anyone remember that there was another movement in the 60's? What will Black women get out of this new movement? Will Black women get a guarantee that things will be different in this country for Blacks if they join this new movement? Or will things be different for Black women only? Or will we have to wait again? Or will it be the "same ole thing"? I don't know about you, but I suspect that if white women achieve equal rights, in the fullest sense, they may no longer need the "Black presence."

Maybe I just don't trust people enough. Maybe I just can't get past "Black."

Nye, what you gonna do, boy?

By IKE CUMMINGS
Staff Contributor

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) is a 67-year old man about to be "lynched" by an angry mob of twelve white merchants. Their inspiration is the Mississippi Boycott Law, a law which says that no organization can authorize a strike or boycott without due process. Actually the mob incriminated the old man with an ex post facto law. He authorized a boycott which took place from 1966 to 1967. The law was passed in '68, and is itself a violation of the first amendment.

The mob has indicated that perhaps it would be pacified by the sum of \$1,250,699. But like most mobs, the twelve merchants are cowards who could not stand alone. Perhaps there is more to their purposes than just money. . . . They can smother the cries from the minorities of social, economical and educational injustice by simply slipping a nylon rope around the 67-year old man's neck.

As the old man sits on a horse with his hands bound, sweat protruding through his dark skin, he reminisces about his past triumphs and frustrations. He smiles as he thinks about the Supreme Court decisions he won safe-guarding the Negro Franchise (1915), abolishing urban housing segregation ordinances (1917) and the mammoth decision knocking down the separate but equal school policy (1954). He also smiles when he thinks about the progress made during the Civil Rights Movement of the '60's, but he grimaces and tears fall from his eyes when he thinks about the progress yet to be made in equality.

But the man's thoughts are rudely interrupted by the voices of the twelve merchants who have formed a modern day mob: "Boy, ya beena askin' fer hit e'r since ah kin remember. Hits time ya wuz put in ya place. Nye wut ya gonna do, Boy!"

The higher court stands on the edge of the woods as an innocent spectator. It originally offered to hear the case of the man but not unless he put up \$1,563,375 first; then the court reconsidered and asked for \$100,000. Ultimately, the higher court will decide the man's fate by yelling either "Untie him!" or "Giddy-up!"

Fortunately, the man has friends who are frantically working to bail him out. One friend is the AFL-CIO, which had the foresight to realize that if the NAACP hanged, it would certainly be next. It loaned a sizable sum. Among other friends were some entertainers and prominent businessmen, most notably the Spinners singing group who donated \$1,000.

Some local citizens in this university town also helped out. The BSM and Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity canvassed the town and university hoping to attain a goal of \$500. So far they have raised about half. Plans are being made to raise more via churches and dances.

Support is not only local but national, as other communities have rolled their sleeves up and pitched in to help.

As the old man sits upon that horse, hoping and praying, let us do our share to aid the man. Don't allow him to be lynched. SUPPORT THE NAACP.

J-school insults Black journalists

Gail Westry
Associate Editor

On October 29th a group of distinguished Black newspaper editors, publishers, tv news personalities and Journalism students were the invited guests of the UNC School of Journalism. The occasion? A workshop about the Black Press—an idea which came from professors in the J-School.

Most of the participants who came were excited that some recognition was finally being given to the Black Press, a part of journalism which has heretofore been virtually ignored by our school of journalism.

UNC students came to the workshops to meet prospective employers and professionals such as Ervin Hester and Armistead Pride, the keynote speaker.

These people came to learn and share what they knew about the Black Press. They came for organization and enlightenment. But this is not what they got.

The workshop was doomed when the first speaker opened his mouth. From his vantage point sitting on a couch across the room, the Dean of UNC's School of Journalism proceeded to talk about the art of floor waxing. He apologized for the

workmen's continual tromps through the workshop room as they proceeded to strip and wax floors. To established, successful journalists he continued to explain how "water always gets under the cracks when you strip wax."

This attitude of seeming uninterest and disrespect for professionals put a damper on the workshop that would not wear off. Many Black journalists felt insulted that Dean Adams did not find it necessary to stand up when making his welcoming speech, and they were not much interested in waxing floors. As a result, many of them did not return for part two of the workshop the next day. After all, their expertise is in the newspaper field—not in maintenance.

BLACK INK

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