

# VIEWPOINT

## The BSM is not racist but definitely "racial"

Dear Editor,

It seems that we — African Americans would tire of apologizing for our heritage, culture and most recently our Organizations and their intent. I was saddened by the fact that BSM chairperson — Allen Johnson and-or the **Black Ink** considered it important to start off the year on the right foot by erroneously reporting that the BSM is "not racial" (**Black Ink** 8-18-78). If the BSM is "not racial" the Pope John Paul is not catholic.

I am fully aware of the constant onslaught of claims from white and some Black students that the BSM is a racist organization. I am equally aware of the

BSM's need to project its actions and purpose correctly and positively. This is especially true for campus newcomers who invariably play the game "Guess what the BSM is this year."

However, "confused" will be coupled with "racist" as BSM's descriptive labels if we boast on the one hand that "the BSM is a rallying force . . . an outlet and guide for Black students" while on the other hand we apologize for this very focus by stating that our organization (BSM) is "not racial."

For those who deny that UNC-CH is oppressive to its' Black community—students, staff and faculty alike, there is

an African proverb which says, "By the time the fool has learned the game, the players have dispersed."

A much saner mind and sober tongue not only boasts of the BSM's racial and organizational priorities but justifies them by words and deeds.

The **Black Ink** has adopted the phrase —

"The essence of freedom is understanding." It is equally true that TRUTH IS THE ESSENCE OF UNDERSTANDING, and the truth is — It is better to be respected than to be loved.

Thank you for listening,  
Wekesa Olatunji Madzimoyo

## Should Blacks take television seriously?

Again, "Roots," Alex Haley's television drama, graced our screens. Again we witnessed the deplorable treatment our people endured and wondered how that could have happened.

If *Roots* had not appeared on channel five many of us may still have been in limbo, humming those tunes that make us forget and never experiencing that tragic impact of slavery that television can bring so close to home. The actors and actresses were real convincing.

LeVar Burton's (Kunta Kinte) gritting teeth as he tried in vain to free himself from those chains, and Leslie Ugams' (Kizzy) yelling and pleading as she was sold away from her mother and father.

This enlightened us and no doubt served to form a certain attitude within us. This is alright though because one reason they made that TV drama was so that we could observe the hurt and pain.

What are the other programs designed to engrain in our minds?

That same little tube that informs us of significant facts can also place us in a position of accepting and adopting ideas, fashions, clothes and attitudes.

Oftentimes we are not even aware of the fact that what we see on TV over and over again sooner or later sinks into our subconscious minds.

It may be less obvious when we see ourselves in the store buying a suit just like the one we saw George Jefferson sporting because everybody knows 'ole George with his chain of dry cleaning businesses. What should be of concern to us is how he managed to acquire such a lucrative existence so that we can do it to.

Or it may be just a coincidence that we went to the beauty parlor and just happened to come out with a hair-style something like Farrah Fawcet-Majors'.

Is that you under all those Annie Hall clothes? Just like the woman on the commercial asked, "How do you like my new Annie Hall look?" Who's look is it?—hers or the designers for the character Annie Hall?

We can be influenced the same way she had.

If someone came on TV and announced that Russia had released an atomic bomb — would you believe it? I bet you wouldn't just sit there and wait for the bomb. But just because a program tries to make us accept that this is the way a nigger family acts doesn't mean we have to believe it— we of all people should know better. When a program is aired, are we to believe minorities are insignificant just because the programs suggest this merely by omitting the black, red, or any other 'colored' face? Some just sit, watch and believe without question.

Not only can the tube stimulate our brains to scenes we may have never seen before, it can also hinder the creativity of our minds, and sometimes gives us fictitious views. It teaches us to be satisfied with the ghetto situation.

For instance: see J.J. and Thelma? They are happy—you can be too. Can't you just hear J.J. now? "Just 'cause we in the ghetto ya'll don't mean we don't have good times. We always come out on top. We always have a color TV in the living room."

Ghetto child, J.J., with the responsibility of a family, might have gotten that color TV for his family, but in real life he probably would have had to work hard or unfortunately have to buy it hot. Sooner or later, a real life J.J. may join the ranks of the inhabitants in U.S. Central Prison, 60-75 percent of whom are Black (1975 statistic). But J.J. always comes out on top of everything. He never stays in jail for his escapades because the show must go on.

But what about that real family living in the ghetto. No one can make a comical series on the real Black ghetto family. They just couldn't be laughed at.

## Too busy to watch "Roots"

By LILLIE LOVE

I watched "Roots" again and I cried. Even more than the first time. I cried for all the nights young Black girls crouched inside shacks, waiting for the Massah or the overseer to come and use his bellywarmer.

I cried for all the times Black males were lashed in the back with raw hide whips.

I cried for all the white names and ways we were given. I cried for all the Missy Annes and Massah Tom Moores our ancestors had to deal with.

I cried for all the times people told me, "Child, I can't watch "Roots." I just ain't got the time."

Yet if one of our prestigious, all-powerful white professors told us to watch it, we would sit glued to the tube. Why is it they have to tell us what to do before we do it? What's wrong with our own minds?

We are so concerned with our busy little lives that we take little time to reflect on what our forefathers went through. We are so busy buying French-cut jeans, perming our hair, stepping high in our Candi's and just simply hanging, that the past has no meaning to us.

Kunta Kinte can't help us learn the Latin hustle so what's the use in watching six hours of him? We are so proud of our light skin and 'ood' hair that we can't stay out to of the mirror long enough to see anything other than our own reflections.

This is a general statement about all of us; and what a sad statement it is.



## BLACK INK

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