



Editor's Note: This prose writing is an experience in writing. It has no title, for it is to be continued in future issues. The author, Mr. Juron Brothers, hopes to give it a title when he has completed it.

Babies born fat and round,
in a world of sin and
sorrow.
And I was born looking
for tomorrow.

City lights, night lights
and lights that make the
silent sounds; popping,
zinging, pinging sounds..
sounds of cars, red, blue
and green putter through
the congested avenues and
speedways. Slinging and
vomiting that venom
called carbon monoxide
and it slowly shortens
the life span of all that
dare to breathe.

Even late at night the
city still retains a misty
glow, with little people
under towering steel...in-
habitants they call them,
moving on and on in per-
petual motion until fate
plucks them from the gal-
lery. When the rain falls
the scents of the city come
out. The orders of gas
that explode in the cham-
ber walls of cars, trucks,
motorcycles and scoot-
ers, maybe even a lawn
mower, fill the air. The
smell of oil and rubber
and burning rags and
and liquor from the bar
room doors that swing
open and lets out the scent
come of burben and Gin.

Even the sound of beer
dripping from the taps is
heard, the sound of foam
and suds...the clicking of
glasses.

The city has an infinite
number of sounds and
odors that seem to
sprinkled in the nights of
the city. There is also
the stink of the ghetto and
the musky building that
sweat and drip of night,
the morning after the ra-
dient sun dries its dingy
walls. The steaming
orders seem to rise
bouyantly from the cor-
ners of wine left in broken
glittering bottles, of burnt
paper of stale butts and
wet pot...and oh yes the
scent of shit and piss that
seem to fog the air around
it.

All these things, the
sounds, the odors, the
streets, the alleys, the
dumps, the whores and
prostitutes all are a part
of me because I've come
this way before. And I
still see the same things
that I saw then and I hope
that through some mir-
acle there can be a met-
amorphosis of the junkie.
The poor sick junkie
merely a lump of coal
among millions of tons.
In reality he's not even
a lump, a speck of dust
that should it disappear,
no one will ever notice.
I disappeared into that
world and one one, not
one soul gave a damn.

It was the spring of the
year when you could to out
just about smell the air
almost fresh. Patches of
grass were trying to
break through the pave-

ment, the dew of the
morning was weighing
heavily on its blades. The
lengthy shadows caused
by a blazing mass of gas
made the morning seem
almost peaceful. The
horns of the taxis and the
noise of screeching
brakes seem to vibrate
as I closed the door to my
somewhat shabby apart-
ment and off to face the
world I thought to myself..

At the newsstand, I got
the news and started to
read until I heard the roar
of the city transit line.
Looking through the
white, foggish windows of
the bus, I could see the
people walking hurridly
to and fro trying to get
on the job to do abso-
lutely nothing. I didn't
have that problem, I
didn't have to meet no-
body...not one damn soul..
I wished I would. Many
times when I didn't sell
nothing and no rent money
and no food money...I
wished like hell I'd met
somebody.

Roy was a black artist
in a non-caring world
impregnated with rubbish
of its wrath and violence.
However, everyday he
kept in time with reality,
using delicate strokes of
his brushes and oils...
hoping always that some-
one might share with him
the same frustration
he saw and would do
something to ease
the pain.

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ADMINISTRATIVE BOG EN- COURAGES DEMONSTRATION

(ACP) --- "Minnesota
Daily", University of
Minnesota. The frequent
occurrence of violent and
nonviolent disruptive ac-
tion on college campuses
has stimulated a dis-
appointingly limited pub-
lic discussion, believes
Dr. James Beck, assist-
ant professor of physio-
logy at the University.

Discussion has been
limited in two ways; it
has been narrowly fo-
cused on some sup-
posed peculiarities of the
university and it has come
largely from a rather uni-
form group with a uniform
viewpoint -- i.e. the lib-
eral in academic and
journalistic form.

Beck believes failure to
communicate between the
administration and the
"liberal" is due simply
to the fact that the groups
talk of different things.

When one group's dis-
course concerns life and
death and the quality of
life and the other's con-
cerns rules of proce-

dures for setting dormi-
tory hours and whether
one is permitted an ob-
scenity, which group is
obliged to change its uni-
verse of discourse?

"Universities within
the United States are gen-
erally not the sources of
honest criticism and
broader vision by which
the society might be
served," Beck observed.

"In fact, universities
are largely sources of the
means of oppression and
camps for the further de-
humanization of people
who are expected to fill
predestined niches in
society."

Change is "imperative
and urgent," Beck said,
although he doesn't be-
lieve it is justification for
some of the tactics used.

Both groups are obliged
to consider the issue as
it arises, Beck believes.
"We cannot hide behind
procedural rules." His
inclination is strongly to
nonviolent resistance and
reconstruction.

What Kind of Protest is Best?

(ACP) -- "The Henderson Oracle," Henderson
State College, Arkadelphia, Ark. Protest through
responsibility is the best way to express opinions.
This can be done at the conference table or by "a
peaceful protest of some sort," suggested an editorial
in the "Henderson Oracle".

Admittedly this is difficult to accomplish because
neither students nor administrators realize the need
for it.

However, it is much better than violence or "that
other kind of protest often faced by small colleges --
Apathy." Apathy is the kind of protest most people
prefer, however, it is the most dangerous because it
breeds acceptance of anything and anything postpones
change.

Communication With Administrators Difficult

(Editor's note: A com-
mon theme--lack of com-
munication between stud-
ent groups and adminis-
tration--runs through
items selected at random
from college papers
around the nation.)

(ACP) -- Oracle, Uni-
versity of Southern Flor-
ida, Tampa. Oracle edi-
tor Mario Garcia found
most of the 1,200 college
newspaper editors at-
tending the recent Asso-
ciation Collegiate Press
conference in New York

share the problem of lack
of communication with
administrators.

Editors report ad-
ministrators seem to be
afraid to communicate
with student newspaper
staffs.

The fear results, edi-
tors feel, from the fact
that editors no longer are
afraid to say what they
believe. As a result,
more and more editors
are bringing up certain
truths which annoy many
administrators.