

February 8, 1971
Volume I #2
S.U.N.Y.
Stony Brook,
L.I.

B.S.U.

THE

PEOPLE

~Toni
Persip



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"A revolutionary ideology is not merely negative. It's not merely a conceptual refutation of a dying social order, but a positive creative theory, the guiding light of the emerging social order."

Kwame Nkrumah

Our Plans

Some of our short range goals are to incorporate community news and distribute to the surrounding Black Communities; to hope/see the Black faculty- administrators- staff- of Stony Brook contributing to "The People"; to make Niggers read/critize/participate in their newspaper; regular culture column- focusing on the Black Arts and music, political analyzes; and a supplement with our brothers and sisters in High School Equivalency programs; to be truthful with the people and educate them.

Long range goals are: to increase the papers subscription and size; hope/see a possible exchanging of ideas ideology, etc. with the state, city, and other universities; become indopondant of mother country money;.....but remember that, it ain't possible without yawl helping out.

ALL PRAISES DUE TO THE BLACKMAN!!!!

SERVE THE BLACK PEOPLE...or else!!!!

The Editorial Staff

"The People" gives its love and best wishes to a revolution ary, a beautiful, compassionate, concerned, loving, energetic, and postively Black Brother, Arthur Mitchell. Brother Mitchell peace and love be with you always. Though the man has made you leave our presence physically, you shall always be with us in spirit. Just as the man has made you leave us, so shall the man, one day leave us too!!

Right On!!! Brother Mitchell, Right On!!!

The Editorial Staff

"The People" gives its love and best wishes to another dedicated brother, Jerry Tung, who is in Yaphank Prison farm. Brother Tung was concerned about oppressed Third World People and was engaged in constant struggling.

HELP FREE ALL THIRD WORLD POLITICAL PRISONERS!!!

We dedicate this overdue/special issue to our Black Women, who are our other natural half. Yes, we need them and vice-versa. And we are trying to move to make that a reality. "The People" will forge that road, and make that not only the beginning but conti nuous.

So for sister Nina, Nikki, Sonia, Queen mother, Alice, Betty Shabazz, Angela, Erika... and all our Mother/non mother...Queens of the Black World.

PEACE.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

When in N.Y.C. visit the New Lafayette Theater, located at 2349 7th Ave. (138th St.) or call 862-2460. Dig on Black folks Black Art, instead of some B'way mother country pervetion. And only for \$1.00 (students)

Buy from Black business. The Liberation Book Store at 421 Lenox Ave. (131th St.) in Harlem N.Y.

All Third World, perticularly Black youth, 18 or over, should be registering or already registered. Don't vote for any jive-politicians or party, unless they will serve your community.

Tuesday Feb 9, in Irving lounge at 8:00 p.m., there will be a meeting for all Third World People interested in the School of Social Welfare. Sponsored by Irving Legislature and B.S.U. The school will open next semester, with scholarships for minority students. Emphasis on social research, community work, independent studies, and the possibility of helping and developing yourself, your/people.

Visit Nyabinghis African Gift Shop in Brooklyn. 368 Livingston St. (corner of Flatbush) call 212-834-8966.

A first Aid class arranged by the Irving legislature and B.S.U. will meet on wednesday and Thursdays at 7:00p.m. in the infirmary. The course is non credit, because we were not early enough. However, Black folks should know about first aid (survival). Sister Jean Jordan will be instructing the class. Come.

A Black Studies course (3 credits) will be taught in Irving College. Classes start Tues. Feb. 9, 7:00p.m. The course will deal with political/historical contradictions in Amerikkka, analyzing/evaluating Black people's role in Amerikkka, and possibly and independent study or some community work. Contact dan a. savage -5165 or OBATAIYE OBAWOLE Irving 6118.

H.E.P. needs tutors in all fields, particularly the science and math fields. Give your time to help some brother or sister. call 4052

When was the last time you went to the Electric Circus, or Cheetah or the Dome, or.... But if you want to be endarkened, share an experience with Black Folks, learn and exchange loving ideas, and digs some sounds, writings, Then check out the East in Brooklyn, 10 Claver Place... or call 212- 636-9460. Please go.

The minority co-alition(a group of brothers who are doing something) has been meeting with the administration in order to get more brothers working with construction. The administration has finally agreed to get a Black Contractor with more brothers on the job !!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!

Black Students who are interested in working in the community and with housing for Black folks, are urged to work with Donald Harris, Senior Coodiniator of H.O.M.E.S. Inc. Economic Opportunity Council. Possible arrangements made to view Brodhaven Township(that is where we are) could be arranged. Any Black student interested, or for more information contact;

Chairman of Communications Committee Obataiye Obawole 5179
or B.S.U. office 075 Basement of Union 3687

Days and Times of Meeting of B.S.U.
Committees

Communications Committee
Thursday 8:00/p.m. Liberation Lounge.

OBATAIYE OBAWOLE
Chairman

Political Committee
Wednesday 9:00/a.m. Liberation Lounge

dan a. savage
Temp. Chairman

Education Committee
Wednesday 7:00?p.m. Liberation Lounge

En och Marshall
Chairman

Tactical Committee(formerly security Committee)
Tuesday 7:00/p.m. Liberation Lounge

Victor M. ' Ferrell
Chairman

Culture Committee
Tues. 8:00 p.m.

Liberation Lounge Ayodele Ayobunmi
Chairman

Social Committee
Thursday 9:00 p.m.

Liberation Lounge Wilnetta English
Tomp. Chairman

Finance Committee
Jane Canty Chairman 5767

Exocutive Committee meeting
Mondays 6:00 p.m. sharp

Liberation Lounge

A.I.M. Councils Student Representatives

H and G Quads

Brown Donise	A204 Irving	5231
Davis Donald	A120 Irving	5165
OBAWOLE OBATIYE	B118 Irving	5179
O'Ferrall Victor	B105 Irving	
Houston Daniel	A117 Irving	5161
Jemmot Pat		
McCollum Marcella		
Newbille Cynthia	A213 Irving	5239
savage dan a.	A121 Irving	5165

Roth

Cozier Enos	A34B Whitman	4541
Douglass Leslie	A35C Whitman	4543

Tabler

Rodriquies Raul	313C Toscanini	4467
Stallworth Annetto	120C Tabler	4228

P.R.S.O.

Collazo Even	B221 Tabler	4301
Reyes Marty	F312 O'Neil	5347

Taylor Bob Henry James College

Report - A.I.M. Policy Council

The council is moving in the direction of completing the policy for the program behind the brilliant directorship of Mr. Monroe J. Bails. The new policy should be made public in the near future.

The A.I.M. staff has been working continuously to complete the new proposal which should result in major changes in the program.

The A.I.M. staff has enlarged by several new additional people. Mr. Dwight Loines, a Stony Brook graduate, as counselor. Also a Miss Margretta Reid a graduate of C.C.N.Y., and Mrs. Roxanne Pritchard of Amityville, also counselors. (Next issue a personal interview with the three new counselors and the director, Mr. Monroe J. Bails).

All those Black Folks who have something to contribute or have suggestions, ideas or criticism, please write us for we need the guidance of the people. Drop your letters to the editors under the doors of Room B118 or A121, Irving College, or 075, in the basement of the Student Union.

Much Thanks to Yawl.

SPECIAL NOTE: "The People" has heard thru the grape vine, that a very special brother will be here: Huey P. Newton. So watch out on around Feb. 13th. We will keep the people posted.
* _ * * * *

We will like to congratulate those brothers and sisters who graduated from the A.I.M. this term. Hope that they will continue to progress. Why weren't we (the Black community) informed about the graduation? Anyhow Good Luck to the brothers and sisters on Your Graduation!

Much Thanks Again

Sickle Cell Anemia

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Definition Of Sickle Cell Anemia

Sickle Cell Anemia (SCA) is a hereditary form of chronic anemia found essentially among Blacks. It is distinguished by sickle-shaped red blood corpuscles. Formation of these corpuscles occurs simultaneously with excessive destruction of red blood cells.

normal cells



sickle cells



The sickling trait is transmitted directly from parent to child without regard to sex. When the child inherits the trait from one parent only, he has the form of sickling that is not serious, called the sickling trait. When the child inherits the trait from both his father and mother he has so to speak a double dose and there by suffers from the serious condition or death.

SCA Aims

1. To raise and maintain funds for research and to provide scholarship aid for medical students who wish to do reasearch in SCA.
2. To assist families burdened by the high cost of proper medical care for those afflicted with SCA.
3. To educate people here and other parts of the world with with facts about SCA.
4. To intrest the State and Federal governments to provide for mandatory sickle-cell blood testing, so those who carry the disease can be discovered and made aware of the implications of their conditions.

If anyone is intrested in helping:

CONTACT Georgette- 5442
Sheila - 5443
Ann - 5226

ABORTION

On April 22, 1970, the state of New York adopted a new abortion law. Effective July 1st, a woman can legally be aborted if she and her physician agree that it is in her best interest. Consent of the husband is not required. Her reasons for choosing to interupt the pregnancy can remain in the confidence of her physician. Rich woman or poor, by the doctor of her choice, she can terminate her pregnancy under comfortable, sanitary conditions. The law provides that no physician be required to perform an abortion if it violates his own morality. At the present time only New York State and the state of Hawaii permit elective abortion, but soon I expect there will be similar laws in all fifty states. Efforts are under way in several states to challenge the constitutionality of restrictive abortion laws This movement is headed by the New York-based Association for the Study of Abortion and its attorney Roy Lucas, Mr. Lucas has itemized several areas in which law preventawoman from legally obtaining an abortion clearly infringing on her constitutional rights. Some of his major points are understandable:

- Since statistics show that it is safer to have an abortion than a baby, any laws that force a woman to have a baby violate her constitutional "right to life". The laws also violate the guaranteed privacy of the physician-patient relationship, the right to practice medicine according to the highest medical standards as he sees them.
- Abortion is considered a sin only in the Roman Catholic and Orthodox Jewish religions.
- The Constitution protects us from "cruel and unusuál punishment." Because forcing a women to bear a child against her wishes is punishment far in excess of the "crime" of getting pregnant, it is unconstitutional."

I'm the Black Woman, Mother of civilization, Queen of the universe!
 Through me the Black Man produces his nation
 If he does not protect his woman, he will not produce a good nation.
 It is my duty to teach and train the young, who are the future of
 our nation.
 I teach my children the language, history and culture when they are
 young.
 I teach them to love and respect their father, who works hard so that
 they may have adequate food, clothing and shelter.
 I care and make our home comfortable for my husband.
 I reflect his love to the children, as the moon reflects the light
 from the sun to earth.
 I sit and talk with my husband to work out the daily problems and
 necessities of running a stable and peaceful household.
 The best that I can give my nation, my nation is strong, healthy
 intelligent children, who will grow to be leaders of truth.
 I am always aware that the true worth of a nation is reflected through
 the respect and protection of the woman, so I carry myself in a
 civilized manner at all times and teach my children to do the same.
 I am the Black Woman.

ABORTION cont. from pg.4

These arguments will soon be presented to the United States Supreme Court. If the Court's findings are in favor of Mr. Lucas' argument, there will be no law restricting abortion anywhere in the United States.

All women should have a clear understanding of abortion based on fact. An unwanted pregnancy can only be terminated by an abortion. Only an abortion. Once a pregnancy has become implanted in the uterus it can only be removed by an abortion. Jumping off ironing boards, soaking in hot baths, or using caustic douches will result only in sore feet, a very clean body, or a sore vagina. An unwanted pregnancy requires an abortion. Quinine, castor oil, or the large red pills that some druggists dispense under the counter for ten dollars will cure malaria, cause diarrhea, and leave the dishonest druggist richer by \$9.98. An unwanted pregnancy requires an abortion.

There has been a great deal of research for the past few years on a product initially called the "M" pill which is reported to be a safe, sure method of aborting pregnancy up to three months without surgery. The researchers are hopeful that this product will become a remote contraceptive rather than limited in the use of abortion. The "M" pill would have some advantages over the birth control pill now in use. It would only have to be taken once a month rather than every day. In areas where price and availability were a problem it could even be held in reserve. But the "M" pill's greatest advantage would be that the power to abort would be solely in the hands of the woman and out of the control of the physician. The decision to abort is a great one and should be made as soon as possible. Time is precious. Precious because early abortions are always easier than late abortions. The woman has every right to know just how safe an abortion is. Compared to another common surgical procedure, it is said that the danger of an early abortion is far less of a risk of tonsillectomy. But in the hands of a competent physician, the risk of an abortion at any stage is not greater than delivering a full term baby. It does not affect childbearing and does not leave permanent scars or wounds. The first priority must always be given to the most innocent, the one least responsible, the baby. It does not ask to be born, but, once born, the child is entitled to the care and love that it requires to develop its' fullest potential. No infant deserves the fate of life in a series of foster homes or institutions.

The new law in New York State permits abortions up to twenty-four weeks of pregnancy. The classic techniques for aborting is by dilation and curettage, an operation called a hysterotomy or by salt injections. To get an abortion, one would consult her physician, a Clergyman's Counseling Service, or a Planned Parenthood headquarters. If people will be patient in their opinion of the new abortion law, no child will represent an accident, mistake, or a moment of stupidity and we can hope that children born of love and raised with love will find hatred a foreign human emotion. There may be tranquility.

¹ Selig Neubardt, M.D., All You Need To Know About
 Pregnancy and Abortion, Cosmopolitan, Oct. 1970, p.163

written by: Hattie Tyler

Only the wino's are happy, peering
through the burnt-out hulk of
liquor stores long ago looted,
uncomprehending...

While in the streets, tattered,
dirty children play-Washington,
stickball, crap. Oblivious to the
broken glass and their mothers'
anguish cries, unheeding...

Black women curse their men with
their eyes, their ears ever attuned
to the sounds of an approaching
army, contempt...

...they come in fours, kicking in
doors. The National Guard has
arrived, bayonets drawn...

black women, beautiful in your
pride
beautiful
in your beauty
lay lady, hear this declaration of
love
black women, evil
black women
live
black women, forget the circumstance
that
emasculated me,
made me unworthy of your love
evil
black women
love
black women
let your love grace
the
continuity of our race
let your love
grace
me.

by: Larry Bullard

A Note to a Black Stallion

Up, Up, and away! Up the hill through the valley, beyond the
skies beneath the seas. My stallion I've searched, searched to touch
your wooly hair. I've longed to touch your valley and at last
I'm sinking to the seas.

by: James Nolan

I long for your warm body beside me
to be beside me.
In my bed; that your body warms
near me without touching me,
I, as yours, ask you to build a relationship
with me.
As flowers need water and sun, we need
warmth and affection to love
So lay here besides me,
Let me feel your body's warmth, of love besides
my body that is yours besides me.
Be besides me; get besides me.
And let my body's warmth rest you,
As I rest beside you.

by:

Sidney Grant

~~First you kept me looking like death standing in the corner
I know, I know, you're to die, how you want to wrap me all up to show
that you want to kill me and that you no longer got a
hearted, walking, but walking, man.~~

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~~By Gail X Stokes (reprinted from Liberator)~~

What Is My Purpose Here !

I'm surrounded by a great number of things I do not understand.
Signs, Symbols, Cryptic messages given to me by the man.
I'm engulfed in innumerable words in every direction and way.
Written in books and pamphlets by the man each day.

His signs and symbols, they have no meaning for me.
His words in books and pamphlets do not set me free.
Oh, Lord, My God, What am I doing in this university.

History is taught, but it does not tell me of my past !
While world literature and grammar pushed on me in English class
Oh Lord, My God, please come down and help me.
And tell me what is my purpose in this university.

Is my purpose here to get good grades and then go work for whitey?
Or is my purpose here to play college sports and drink booze nightly.
None of these solution seem to fit the question I ask.
But I have a feeling in my soul that I have a specific task.
For you see I'm a poor young Black man in college on a quest of which
I'm unassured.
Put in this university by the man because he says it will help me score
He tells me, "boy go to school, go there for at least four years
or more.
And when you've finished boy, to you I'll open my door."

So I listened and I enrolled in the local university.
I'm getting good grades, playing athletic games and working that
degree, while in reverie each night I envision the system welcoming me.
Imagining four years from now the man will set me free.

But one day I found the solution to the question that tortured my mind.
The answer stood in front of me, oh how could I have been so blind?!

It happened during school winter recess I was in my neighborhood of old
And there I saw eighteen year old sisters selling ass out in the cold.
While around the corner old men were near death drinking wine.
And young men were shooting done, the only hope they could find.
Houses were falling down and cracking up right in my face.
The solution then befell me - "The Ghetto, and its people, is my place."

Now I'm back at this university with the answer on my mind
The solution is to get that degree and from there I'll find ---v...
More solutions to help my people who have not even one mean or way
To make it in the system that whitey has out in play.

My Lord, My God, I need not call on you again.
For I have found the answer, and now I can transcend

I know now my purpose, enormous as it may seem
I know now this fact also ... I can no longer dream.
For my purpose in this college, though it's hard and slow.
Is to educate myself to the maximum and bring it back to the ghetto

For if I don't help dying friends for we are the "wretched of the earth"
Then black people will always be stifled and I should have died at
birth.

Hark all brothers and sisters who attend any university.
When you're finished booking it; go home ... help your brothers get free
Pass on your achieved knowledge, educate them to the fact
That you have come to help them; that you have finally come to act...

By Robert H. Jeffries

Hiero Mombasa

East African Town;
Indian Ocean Island;
A city of the Moors called Mombaza

If you have ever wondered why there is no African Ocean washing the coasts of Ostafrika, but the Indian Ocean - the Erythrean Sea - you must go to Mombasa with its Black - hole - of - Calcutta heat: it seems Africans have hardly ever been sea-worthy; but monsoons have long wafted saris from Goa to Mombasa.

Fort Jesus - Mombasa

Portuguese design
From the Golden Age of Spain
A safe stronghold our God is still?

The grounds of Fort Jesus are now an archaeologist's mine sending up its sherds to a museum which displays a curved sabre captured, of course, from a moustached Pirate-King in the heydays of the Sultan of Omar. The Arabs have long been sobered by the British in Mombasa: They now sit in front of curio shops and serve tea to thirsty coastmen. And now they watch surreptitiously their counter-part Africans in long limousines cruising the coast either as Administrators or Cops.

Mombasa

"Island of War"
Very smart Pick-pockets;
Very skinny Constables.

No wonder the shop-owners employ human burglar-alarms to set up their beds across the doors at night, so that any threat to property may not lead to possession except "over our dead bodies". Mombasa women draped in black walk about Mombasa veiled in Black - broke loose, they look, from unguarded harems in modernized Mombasa.

Outside the Hindu Temple silk-robed yogis sit crosslegged in the near-dark; inside is all bright, and the jangling of the bell of adoration.

By the coast the stumpy trees of suffering and old age: If I am told that at the feet of these trees slaves with yokes around their necks awaited shipments, I shall believe it - they look it; They look like trees that have for years demanded human sacrifice, and got it yearly.

Mombasa - if you go there, go not to the Rainbow Hotel: go not into the Rainbow Hotel. I tell you as I was told - go not into the Rainbow Hotel. You'll pass it on your way to the YMCA. Look up and say: "Aha! Rainbow Hotel!" But keep on going.

Coconut Palms and coconut milk - reminiscent of Zanzibar. Monkeys jumping down from coconut trees to accept redes on the backs of sharks - tall story from Zanzibar. The sharks in the story have on occasions materialized off the beaches of Mombasa, and carried off humans in swimsuits.

Mombasa - Island of War.
Fort Jesus, Mombasa;
"A city of the Moors called Bombasa."

THE DESTRUCTION OF A SISTER-A SISTER'S REACTION

"You have to make a lot of sacrifices. You can't even pass before yourself the alternative of what am I going to do. Am I going to stay home and get high and have a good time tonight or am I going out and tdy and rap with the people, to try to organize....You don't have that alternative any more. It has to be only one course...the revolutionary course."
--Angela Davis

When, for a group of people, namely America's colonized Blacks, revolution ceases to mean "a complete, pervasive, usually radical change in something," and takes on a new definition, a new dimension -- survival -- then by virtue of the fact that that group wants to survive, revolution, because it has come to mean survival, becomes the only real alternative.

When it becomes increasingly clear that our oppressors are systematically and consciously moving toward the extinction, extermination of Blacks as a group, when we are aware that genocide is but a logical extension of the political system here in America, then we are not shocked or even surprised when a brother's actions to survive are labeled as treason, conspiracy and murder, when our people are mur-
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dered, vamped upon, exiled and when as political prisoners for actions deemed by the oppressors as revolutionary, but deemed by the oppressed as merely a means of survival. Nor are we amazed by the arrest of a sister trying to survive in a land whose entire political, cultural, and social institutions are geared toward her destruction.

With no attempt in mind of minimizing her particular role, Miss Davis knew that her course would be interpreted by whites in this country as a revolutionary one; for were it viewed as an act of survival then any repercussions taken against her move would readily admit America's genocidal intent. But for her people no mistake was made -- her course was purely and simply one to survival, and definitely not individual survival, for she realized that the road she chose to take would lead to her eventual destruction, but to the survival of her people as a group. Therefore, no justification or rationalization is needed, except one perhaps to her people who already, by virtue of their color and their situation in this country, are in her corner one hundred percent.

by DIANE SIMS

A PLEA FOR ----- by Annjeannette Mckissick

We weren't taught to be pretty; to be soft, angelic and sweet, for the winds fell on our cheeks in harsh gales and hurricanes, not the light breezes afforded only by the pampered rulers of an empire.

We weren't taught understanding; to be kind, always listening to the suffering our sons and chosen were born to endure, We could not offer our calloused hands for soothing - the hands awaiting them were themselves too swollen.

We weren't embraced softly by the white claws that ripped into our flesh. We weren't solaced when the delights of our womanhood were ripped away to be given to another at the will of he who stalks the earth - even now.

No other people on the face of this ever spinning ball of hate and confusion, have ever been treated as we have. We were divorced from our culture - from all that held life together. Our religion was taken away - our families separated and our bodies invaded by those vampires who sought to be made human by the touch of Black love on white-ness.

Here now is the Black woman, in a Red woman's land, being ruled by a white she-beast who seeks to further destroy Blackness by becoming the very instrument through which the Black man produces his nation. And, because we/you are helpless, it will happen.

Black man - you are our life, hope and freedom. We will not let you go. We plead for time to reconstruct. We bid you do the same.

Our hands are becoming softer now. Our lips begin to tremble with the anticipation of Black lips - your lips. Our wombs fill with life and joy juices at the thought of welcome invasion by armies of Black manhood. Somewhere in each of us there awaits a Black seed that can only be sown in Blackness.

Our smiles come easier now, our eyes bright with the very thought of lighting your dreams.

We are becoming - what we once were - mother of the world and queen of the universe. We do so only to be fit for the King whose sperm ignited with us in cosmos to form all that is - was - and will be. We ask for you! We wait for you! We try to shed the burden of white womanhood for a robe of color and hope.

We wait for you in love - and love is the strongest of our emotions. WE

Move for you ---

Learn for you---

Live for you-----

Come to me/us

But first

Let us both

come to ourselves.

Angela Davis - Elegant Sister PART II -- Clayton Riley

Never imagining that the Sister might have other plans. But who would understand this? Surely none of us who woke one evil morning to note with wonder her fine frame -- but not the handcuffs that insured her lack of freedom. As if such insurance was needed...in the photo crying from the front page of the Daily News.

Angela Davis will stand trial. If she lives. Will face accusers and juries (the same people), all of whom will seek to have her life canceled. Because at one time or another, in one way or another, the regime will have its peace. If we let them. Have their tranquility; a return to "the old values." (Their way of saying: Bring back lynch

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continued on next page

law...or, Hands off the Ku Klux Klan!)

py10

But what will a verdict mean to us? You'n me. How long after she is gone until we start to bougaloo again...funky chicken with barbeque sauce glistening on all our lips as we rattle the walls of these high-rise or split-level coolout stations with a rich, traditional kind of laughter?

For there ils no insanity like ours. No trust, no such loyal serfdom in the world. Assuming -- as only we will -- that the death of whitey will in itself free us. Which is why, when looking in mirrors, or the display windows at Bloomingdale's, we fail to see the skeletons looking back -- reflections of our own capture and imprisonment.

These things made clear by Sister Angela, Daughter Davis, hunger-striking in a mid-victorian jail cell. Without rhythm or purpose. And no help from any soul congregation. Perhaps it is not so complicated, but rather simple. What is required, that is. Which is an end to crew-cut rookies representing the State in Robert Hall suits and Old Spice, finding it so easy to put the Republic's collar on the country's Blood. Putting whatever sort of bullets in them.

In the meantime...

Here goes the Brother, mumbling oaths of allegiance to the bail system, signing angry petitions with nineteen other livingroom revolutionaries...asking for explanations.

Is it possible to be real? To share with each other the practical logistics needed to get a Brother or a Sister ou of the country ...whenever they decide with us that the time has come for them to go? Or be hidden safely while the arrangements are being made? How much will it cost to lay tracks for a latter-day underground railroad... and find some Harriet Tubmans?

You dig? Because that's what the thing is all about now. We've got to start putting lamps in windows. Begin designing unbreakable code messages... successful pass-words. Build invisible but functioning bridges to Algiers... Beirut... Conakry... wherever.

Why?

So that there will be no more polite apprehensions at Howard Johnson Motor Lodges. Anywhere. So that we begin to realize that each facet of American life is now political (as Rap was trying to tell us).

So that everybody will / nderstand exactly what is happening when the flatcars start heading west, filled with junkies dressed in cowboy suits, and gaily painted Black fashion models who are used to starving themselves for profit, and thousands of ordinary niggers in gray suits and white socks who believe that Jesus will stop the train and let them off in Kansas City.

Friends, there are one-way tickets waiting in some civil servant's desk drawer -- your unsafe conduct to the sunwashed skies of Arizona. Ask not for whom the trains will roll. They will roll for us all, ladies "n jemmins.

Beginning, perhaps, with.....and Angela.

On February 2, 1971, OBATAIYE OBAWOLE, dan savage, Sidney Grant, Annette Stalworth, Victor O'Ferrall, Robert Myricks, Al Ray, Loon Bassknight, William Smith and Phil Jackson, with Mrs. Vera Rony, University co-ordinator of equal opportunity programs, went to Hauppauge Criminal Court to witness the trial of four of the nine welfare mothers accused of potty larceny. This is a result of their unsuccessful attempt to obtain clothes for their children from the Sears, Bayshore store, and to charge them to the Suffolk County Social Services Department.

After waiting several hours for their trial to begin, the mothers were requested to come to the judge's chambers. Upon their return 30 minutes later, each of the mothers had been fined.

The mothers were Mrs. Emma McPherson, fined \$25, Mrs. Carol Leahy and Mrs. Sylvia C. Randall, both fined \$30. The mothers were either to pay the fine or be placed in jail for sentences ranging from 3 to 10 days.

Mrs. McPherson, chairman of People for Adequate Welfare, the demonstrating group, might decide to go to jail rather than pay the fine. She had this to say about the trial, "It was worth it. It made known to the public that we're not receiving enough money. We're still not getting any more. This is why I don't want to pay the fine because, if I had it to spare, I could use it myself."

by: Robert Myricks

"The Visual World of Black Larry Bullard"
a photo exhibit by a good, + talented
brother. In the Student Union Art Gallery
Feb. 15 - March 1st. Go -10-

BLACK WOMAN TO BLACK MAN

py 11

Calling all Black men, calling all Black men, come in, come on. I've heard your cry ringing from the Black Nationalist movements to the Muslim teachings of Elijah Muhammad. O.K., you've been put down and let down by the white man and his women, and you are now pleading your case to the Black female nation. Well, show me what it is you have to offer.

In bygone times, you have cursed me and labeled me a wretched bitch because of my blasphemies against your name, your condition your attitude. Yet these blasphemies were justified, because when I looked at you I saw a free slave thinking himself a free man forgetting me and lusting after the white man, the white woman the white status symbol.

My belly rose and swelled year after year from the implantations of your seed, while you cursed my pregnancies, forgetting that they were all mainly the product of your sexual pleasures. But you didn't mind letting the consequences rain heavily upon my nappy head.

Payday came on Fridays and you would stop off at the bar and throw the babies' milk and food money across the counter like the big white spender. Then to finish off what little cash was left, you'd go to the liquor store for that cheap whiskey bottle from which you'd drink the rest of the night, or sometimes you'd buy some smoke instead to illuminate your false feelings of grandeur.

Me, I had to stomach it all. Along with the Black child inside of me that neither I nor you wanted. I'd cry and plead and beg while taking you on your all-to-familiar weekly tour of our dilapidated rooms with the dilapidated furniture and our poor Black and starving children all over the junk that they had peed on.

Where was the food and rent money going to come from? I couldn't get a loan because I couldn't pay it back. The merchant in the corner grocery store wouldn't let me charge any more because I couldn't pay the previous week's bill. How could I help but wonder when you would ever use your head and grow up, stand up, be a man? My insides were torn. I cursed you and began my wailing, and all you could say was: "Shut up, goddamn it, shut up!" "Lord, why don't you let me die?" I'd say to myself, but I was dead already. I had been laid in my coffin unknowingly the day I had married you, the human being I thought I loved and who I thought loved me.

Now I've gone deaf, deliberately deaf to your calls, and all your illusions of power. I will have no part of your power-- Black, white, pink, or green. Just give me my power, power to break away from... you!

You greet me with "My Black goddess," but you don't know how goddesses are treated. Can you really expect me to believe that you can treat me that way? No sir, I will not accept your humble, feeble offerings. No, not now. It's too late; I'm broken beyond repair. For if I extend my hand towards yours, will you give me that feeling of secure femininity? Hell no, for you, like the oppressor, have helped to make a perpetual beast of burden.

Of course, you will say, "How can I love you and want to be with you when I come home and you're looking like a slob? Why, white women never open the door for their husbands looking the way you Black bitches do".

I should guess not, you ignorant man. Why should they be in such a state when they've got Black maids like me to do everything for them? There is no standing over a hot stove; everything is done for her or not, he provides... provides... do you hear that, nigger? PROVIDES!

Yes, I know your pay isn't much and your opportunities are limited, but when you squander away what little you do make and the same little that I count on so desperately, how else can I react?

No money, no love, no pride... how can I be anything else but the evil bitch that you call me. Can I smile when you come home bringing no six o'clock happiness? Can I be beautiful when I am worthless? I look and see no survival for me, and this death of mine projects upon my young children. The young babies know more about cussing and fussing than laughter, love and good times. The ugly mold has been set for us; and you, Black man, watch us turn to jelly. Into the mold will drain the life of our children, their children, and their children's children.

The oppressor has been determined to keep you running and so you in turn have been determined to keep me barefoot and pregnant. He keeps you under and you keep me under. For each blow that the Man rains on your head, you come home and rain triple blows upon my already weary and battered skull.

I can not heed your calls now, because when I came to you with love and respected you in spite of your servitude, you passed me by unnoticed. Now you want to offer me dignity in all forms, but the Black love and dignity I want can not emerge in long gowns and
continued on next page

covered heads . First you kept me looking like death standing in the corner looking for a place to die. Now you want to wrap me all up to show that you've at last really killed me and that you've no longer got a half-dead, whining bitch but a walking mummy.

P912

By Gail A. Stokes (Reprinted from the Liberator magazine)

PART II ** FROM ROXBURY TO RIO and BACK IN A HURRY!

Someone at Rio police headquarters once told me that being a foreigner I therefore could not be classified as Black. In some areas of Brazil one can change one's race by changing jobs. For example, a former mailboat operator along with the Amazon River became white upon being elected mayor of his town. How? Because in the words of one of the townspeople, "It's simple. We would never have a Black mayor!"

Now here is where the interpretations of E. Franklin Frazier and Era Bell Thompson go awry. They hear something like the latter story and feel there is more mobility and/or equality for the Black man in Brazil as a result. But what is really being touched upon here? Black is negative so Brazilians would prefer to change the mayor's description to the positive ... white. It also means that American blacks traveling to Brazil from a higher standard of living, and who therefore have more clothes, education, and other accouterments of Doris Day-Rock Hudson movies, are afforded better treatment than their Brazilian counterparts. The internalized decadence that permits someone to subsequently interpret this special consideration as being generic to all Brazilian blacks is a rationalization for permitting and enjoying such special treatment, and is European individualism in its most pathological form. It furthermore suggests that the aforementioned writers felt agreement with the Brazilian goal of eliminating vestiges of blackness.

There are roughly 40 million blacks in Brazil—forty per cent of the population. Most of the forty million look like West Africans. The Portuguese quite cleverly fomented and/or used their sperm to create splinter groups, all with different names to eliminate identification with one another, and expected different behavior from, and extended different justice to each group, so that a large united group would never take power even though non-whites outnumbered whites. Mulattoes do not want to marry blacks unless they represent more money, "cafusos" (a person of black and Amerindian heritage) and Amerindians were used to hunt runaway slaves a dark person with straight hair has more "market value" than a person who is lighter with kinky hair, etc. To further explain this insidious classification, the following persons would be thusly categorized:

- Kathleen Cleaverwhite (with hair straightened)
- Malcolm X mulato sarara
- Mrs. Martin L. King..... mulato
- Dr. Martin Luther King black (or mulato if he wore a suit and tie)
- Harry Belafonte..... mulato
- Lena Horne..... white
- Lola Falana..... cafusa
- Percy Suttonwhite
- Adam C. Powell.....white
- Sidney Poitier.....black
- Huey P. Newton ... white (if he has trappings of the rich)
- Robert Macbethwhite

What this "classification" portends to show is the confusing and variable nature of racial categorizing in Brazil. In the large cities of the south, we can see tragic scramblings of "Lola Falana" types using their beauty to get Italo-Brazilian husbands for example, so that their children will be considered white. The difference between the U.S. and Brazil then is this: In Brazil the phenotype (the visible physical characteristics) is the determinant of race, while in the U.S. it is the genotype (the invisible heritage in its entirety).

Looking at this then in contemporary Pan-African terms, I would contend that American blacks by virtue of the imposed historical definition of who is or is not black, have more advantages. That is, the identifiable (by virtue of color and/or culture) black in this country has potential for family/group unity and common goals far exceeding that which is possible in Brazil. The only possible black movement in Brazil will be due to "outside agitation" which forces the 40 per cent of Brazilian population that does not see itself as black (but is indeed African in culture) into a confrontation with the 40 per cent black population as to which direction the "cleansing of the blood" is going to take Africanization or Europeanization. Mind you, all 80 per cent would clearly be black in this country as native born Americans. The rest of the 20 per cent remaining do not count; the runaway Nazis, Italians, Nisei and Lebanese who make up part of the southern region of Brazil have most of the economic power, but the major battle at this point is conscious cultural direction. And most important, a vital heritage of African values and African resistance is part of Brazil.

The unconscious African values have remained imbedded in all Brazilians. The heritage of Palmares is what has to be revived consciously. In 1500 the first Africans arrived as slaves, in 1600 a major slave rebellion occurred that resulted in the development of a Republic called Palmares. It consisted of a group of towns that related to the land in the African tradition and which was so successful agri-

culturally that the republic traded goods for guns with neighboring landlords. When this was checked out by the Portuguese, we see the commencement of the triumvirate power that still controls Latin America. The military, church and landlords united to successfully destroy the Republic in 1696 after 27 prior military attempts. And there were other glorious traditions set by black slaves in Brazil. Often they came to Brazil knowing how to read and write, when the Portuguese, who like early Americans, were the ignorant convicts, derelicts and marginals of their parental societies.

The Brazilian black did not get his nominal freedom until 1889; the last country to abolish slavery in this hemisphere was Brazil. Since then, he has been brainwashed by statements affirming that he is just as Brazilian as anyone else and that doors will open as soon as he "cleanses his blood". The Brazilians who consciously glorify in their blackness are few, and they are seen as eccentric. For example, Brother Abdias do Nascimento, black playwright and painter in exile here, has lived somewhat of a lonely life. Most Brazilians however do celebrate Africaness, albeit unconsciously (such as dancing "samba" day in and day out, eating African food as a natural part of life, and using words like dende, bunda, macumba, sarava, capoeira, samba, etc.)

Much of the thrust of conscious Africanization in Brazil must come from the United States. American black people must start to realize that even some of the conceptualizations and solutions towards an African Africa will come from our efforts. The struggle is one.

It is shameful for Brazilian blacks in the southern states to be more exposed to German culture than to Africaness. In Blumenau (dig the name), some blacks learn German before Portuguese!

It is shameful for a country with at least forty percent of its population black, to have less than one per cent of that segment represented in the universities!

It is shame on Brazil to have to pass a law last year making it illegal to speak out on Brazilian racial discrimination and adjudicating one to three years as the corresponding sentence, plus one half of the original sentence added on if said statements are made before a group of people and/or get into the media!

It is shame on American black people who do not make it their business to find out about and concern themselves with Africans throughout the world; who can travel to another country where experiences are so similar to ours that as Brother Nascimento has said, the play "In the Wine Time" could be called "In Cachaca Time" and no other changes needed to depict urban Brazilian black life; -and yet who gratefully accept temporal admittance into Nescafe Society at the expense of the black people indigenous to that country!

And it is shame on me for not having taken the time to write these thoughts down sooner!

Reprinted from "Black News"

And if I shouted out
to the tyrants
of my oppression
and wrote essays and poetry
about the beauties of my people

If I sat at our home
and watched you
echo
thoughts to the world
that were at my own
or
In the untakings
of all earths beautiful fruit
our minds and bodies
coincided

Or brought equipment
by which to listen
to the sounds of our people
flung to us on plastic discs
to keep us pacified
Or brought chairs
by which to glorify your liesure
Or purchased threads, to accent
what nature gave you of
without qualms

Then through this trail of;
evolution, revolution, solution
or mountains conquered
would I be more
your woman?

Diane Sims

Will the Stony Brook Black Community Please Stand up; so I can see it?

I write these few lines with a heavy heart, swirling beneath its burden of sadness, sorrow, and shame. The shame, sorrow, and sadness I feel is a sadness, sorrow, and shame born of years of work among so-called "educated" Black college students. For over six years, I spent most of my waking hours deeply and intimately concerned with on-campus Black student affairs, sacrificing time, money and even school work to the sacred cause of getting the Brothers together. And over those long years, I made an awful discovery: Black students can't get together because they don't know how to get together because Black people have never been together because they have never been allowed to get together because the MAN is afraid of what might happen if Black folk ever got together which is the reason why Black student pet/parasites are never allowed to get together.

I refused to believe these simple truths for many years. I broke my back trying to convince Black students that they ought to get together/I accused them of being no good rotten sonofa bitches/I screamed at their lazy Black asses 'til my throat got so sore I couldn't scream any more. And you know what happened; The Brothers refused to get together and preferred being no good lazy Black assed rotten sonofa bites. This shit kept going on and on 'til one day I realized that screaming at Brothers is useless 'cause Brothers have gotten so used to being screamed at during our "short" stay in this 'country (read, hellhole) that being screamed at means nothing/it's part of the dues Blacks pay for being allowed to exist on the margins of society.

So I stopped screaming several years ago. I stopped accusing Brothers of being counter-revolutionary for sleeping with white/devil women. I stopped yelling at Sisters for acting like old hard hearted Hannah. I stopped ego-tripping and started relating to the day to day realities of the Black Experience in America. I started understanding that Brothers and Sisters act the way they do because those are their methods of surviving life in this land of the free and home of the brave. I began understanding that whomever takes it upon himself to cast the first stones about how little progress all the "other" Brothers and Sisters are making had better be damn sure that his own like can stand the same tests he is vamping down on other folk. I slowly realized that Black folk have always had a super over abundance of CRITICS, ready to point out every sin, no matter how small, Black folk make.

Critics: we've had enough of them to last for ever, but constructive change agents have been and are few and far between. It's a whole lot easier to sit back on your fat or skinny Black ass and complain, complain, complain about what those "others" aren't doing, than it is to understand why Brothers and Sisters aren't doing what they ought to be doing, than to extend to them the ancestral love of our global Black community, and to resolve to act for the benefit of all Black people in spite of Black people's hangups.

I finally decided that the reason so many so-called concerned Black people spend all their time screaming at the Brothers is that deep down inside, down where most folks are afraid to look, these people really don't LOVE Black people because they don't LOVE themselves. To LOVE a people is to love them for their strengths and weaknesses. To berate a people because of their weaknesses and praise them for their strengths is the kind of half blind childish infatuation which produces the kind of shallow immature crushes we all knew in high school. True love of one's people is an affection born of intimate knowledge, understanding and acceptance of the totality of that people's traits, both good and bad; it is an affection born of a deep commitment to the growth of that people in spite of all the shit through which one must wade.

Our Black critics have always had unerring aim when it came to exposing Black folks' weaknesses. Their aim has been much worse when it came time to descend down into that shit they pointed out so well and dealing with that shit so that the Brothers and Sisters wallowing in that shit might some day grow out of it.

This my way of coming to the main point. Ever since I came to Stony Brook, about three months ago, I have been hearing complaints about what BSU wasn't doing. I have listened to Brothers complaining that Sisters won't give them any leg. I have listened as Sisters complained that all the Brothers are interested in is some quick drawers. And, I have listened as both Brothers and Sisters complain about the Black dorm; they complained that people party all the time, that music is playing all the time, that it's impossible to do any work down there, that Brothers and Sisters steal each others stuff, that the gossip is so vicious and continuous that Brothers and Sis-

TO THE BROTHERS AND GENERAL PUBLIC AT STONY BROOK

PJ/16

(In reply to the article written by Brother Anonymous).

Brothers whenever you hear sisters cussing and fussing about seeing brothers with white women, you must realize that we not only despise it and resent it, we hurt everytime we are faced with it. And for us fussing and stomping around is the only way we can express these hurts and resentments. This hurt stems from the realization that a very large percentage of our Black Brothers are being killed in the white man's army, being shipped off to the white man's prisons and becoming total exiles in the white man's country. To put it very bluntly, there's not too many Black Men around, and when we see you with white women, we not only hurt we bleed a little inside with anger, disgust, and hatred for that white woman and disgust for the brother with her.

I know a lot of you. You are probably saying "Then why don't the sisters show this need, why don't they let us cop"? The answer to this is simple, we're not looking or asking for a one night stand, or to become unwed mothers, we're asking you for sincerity and love. Is that so absolutely hard to understand? Are we asking for too much? All we can do is show you in whatever way we can, however absurd you may think it is that we do want you and we do need you.

Yes I know the sisters have a lot of changing to do. We're not saying that we're perfect, we're not, but in order to become what we need to become, true Black sisters, we need your help. We'll try to make you as comfortable as possible, we'll try to be the women you want us to be, but you also must try. You must try to become Black Men.

What we also want you Brothers to do is stop slandering the sisters you do go with. I'm pretty sure if you felt enough for this sister to sleep with her to perform one of the most necessary functions of life, then why should you want to ruin this by making it dirty with vile and vicious talk. You not only hurt the sister you also hurt yourself, because no other sister will respect you as a man, therefore limiting yourself and your social life. I'm pretty sure that if this bull session talk didn't go on amongst you brothers that you wouldn't be getting such a cold shoulder from us sisters. It not only keeps us from doing what we want and need to do for you, it makes us unnecessarily cautious and damn evil. So you see all you have to do is start acting like Men not like young school boys. And when you start acting like men and giving us the respect you'd give a white girl then we'll in turn start treating you as men and acting as a woman ought to act.

Sincerely,
Hadara Rumi

LOVE

Love is the pain in your heart,
The ache in your chest,
The tears in your eyes.
Love is hurt, pain, anguish, fear
and a total emotional
involvement.
Love are long hours, and even longer
minutes.
Love consists of feelings you can't
express, the unsaid words
That will never be expressed.
But love is beautiful neverthe less.

HADARA RUMI

Open letter to 'Brother Anonymous'

So you kick some asses and/or the sisters begin vamping. The problem will still be here, only in a more secluded, secretive form. I say, if vanilla pussy is your bag, jump into it. Sisters, if floured penis and organisms is your stick, grab it. Brother Anonymous, what you need to do is relate to these individuals minds upstairs and the one downstairs will automatically follow.

But Brother Anonymous who ordains you with the Black Chauvinistic power to make an atoll (boundary around) on a person's sexual desires or whether his midnight snack be chocolate or vanilla. Think about it.

-16- Brother T.A. (tony alves)

Get Up, Get On Up.

How can you say Stony Brook University's curriculum is irrelevant to the Black experience? To some degree it is, but how would you know if its relevant when you miss classes, sleeping off you beautiful high from last night? This is my third school since I graduated, and from hard experience, "An institution and it's curriculum is what you make it." Education to the Black man is like a rare precious fruit. It hangs from the tree for the world to see. Only thing is that you need support and or a ladder. A.I.M. is the support, and Stony Brook University is the ladder. Get up, get on up from your ass and liberate the damn fruit for all times.

And So You Liberated A Lounge

And so you liberated a lounge. It's nice. Superbly luxurious, plush nylon pile carpet, wall to wall if you please, decorated with cigarette butts, discarded paper, and just common everyday dirt. Ah, the chairs, they are so lovely too. They seem to metaphorical imply the life style of the Stony Brook Black populace. All are from the spectrum of colors with only a few of the true colors, some time ago it was beautiful and highly symbolic. Now damaged pipes reveal how something relevant can become irrelevant so very easy. Oh yea, can't forget those handsome air-conditioners. One day I'm sure, the custodial department, will eventually place them into the windows... But until then, we will be co-opted by the machine, the white machine, on campus and let his emissary, (Ben-(the colored head custodian of G Quad)), live in his make-believe world.

And so you liberated a lounge. I believe since its liberation, it hasn't seen another day of professional cleaning. Every end-hall lounge in G and H quads recieved just recently new furniture. Not our lounge, which still houses dilapidated sofas and chairs.

On or about November 12, I directed this complaint to the proper housing authorities. Immediately action was taken and the respective parties were notified and the problem so-called "corrected". Well, people, its another day and the carpet is still decorated with cigarette butts, discarded paper and everyday common dirt. The mural still shows a plunging neglect. The air-conditioners only conditions their corner.

And so you liberated a lounge. People, the battle has just begun.

by Brother T.A. (T. Alves)

"The Secret of Life is to have No Fear" - Kwame Nkrumah

people reaching, Reaching, REACHING
Reaching forward, stretching hard
Reaching towards, with faces turned away
never looking at what they're reaching for
never understanding why they reach.

ashamed, always ashamed that someone else may see,
when we really hope to god they do, really see.
so afraid, so afraid of communication
"To be seen naked in broad daylight
is a hell of a thing." she said, he said,
we say as we wrap snugly in our
warm, scratchy winter coats. Reaching,
as we wrap, making the reach harder everytime.

And each time we pull that warmth around us,
smothering ourselves with dry warmth, as of barren deserts,
we ravage ourselves with its irritating scratch,
clawing at our Ebony bodies demanding to be set free
and we reach again only to wrap, until we become frantic
and insane within ourselves, lying, stealing,
destroying, in order to end the pain of hunger and fear.

so the battle goes on until we look like
members of a mental institution trying to
escape from the straight - jackets of OURSELVES

Fear not Mary Lou there are people behind
those doors on that long sound-emitting corridor.
Sound must mean Life?

by

Jane

"There is no force however formidable, that a united people cannot
overcome" --Kwame Nkrumah

This survey was taken basically to get the Black peoples' re-⁻¹⁸⁻sponse to the anonymous letter submitted to the Black newspaper. Below are the results.

QUESTION I

Is there a conflict between the Black male and the Black female?

STATISTICS: 9 out of 10 females questioned answered yes. 9 out of 10 males questioned answered yes.

RESPONSES (FEMALE)

1. It is hard for the Black female to stand back and let the man take over because of the role the Black male has played in the past.
2. There is a struggle between the two for the dominant role in general.
3. They can't communicate with each other.
4. It is hard for the female to give up her domineering position to the male.
5. It is hard to relate to the male.
6. Role Conflict-Society has set up certain norms for the males and so far the Black women have been fulfilling them the Black male.
7. Black women are sensitive and need love and appreciation and the Black males are never available when the Black females needs them.

RESPONSES (MALE)

1. In the past the woman was considered the head of the household, but today, the man has had problems adjusting to his new position: therefore there is conflict.
2. There is conflict because the Black male has a certain perspective of the family (white) and the Black female has a different perspective.
3. The Black female has a tendency to try to compete with the male on equal basis.
4. Because the Black male and female seem to be striving for a status quo against each other.
5. Black males are unable to accept Black females for what they really are.
6. Because of the political, cultural and economical situation that exists in the Black struggle.

QUESTION II

Why are Black males turning towards white females?

RESPONSES (FEMALE)

1. The Black male turned to the white female in order that he may receive the "love", understanding, passion, etc. that he could not receive from the Black female.
2. Because Black females don't like to be dominated as much as the white female. Black females are more independent.
3. Black males want to dominate someone and so their only alternative is the white females.
4. They don't really notice the Black female the way they should.

- 19-
5. White females like to be dominated or are taught to be less authoritative; therefore the Black male turn to them.
 6. Black women expect more than white women.
 7. White females don't have as much pride as Black females.
 8. Slave mentality, where the Black male has always aspired for white women. White women are more gullible than Black. Black women are more domineering and prone to arguements.
 - ~~9. Black men say that they are frustrated and with white women there are no hassles.~~

RESPONSES (MALE)

1. White women are shown as sex symbols. Black males don't have enough patience and gall to understand Black females.
2. Black males are unserious and sisters are much more serious. White girls aren't as demanding as Blacks. For the simple satisfaction of their sex drives. White girls are easier to get into bed than Blacks. Out of curiosity and because of past history too.
3. White females are more understanding than Black.
4. As a symbol of his new freedom.
5. There is no reason for it.
6. He feels more secure with the white woman rather than the Black, instead of respecting the Black woman as his equal.
7. A lot of the sisters are hard on the Black male. Because we haven't set up any cultural values that tell us to love our Black females. We haven't realized how beastly most white women are and how good Black women are.

Survey by:

Cynthia Newbille

Black Music

by Larry Spruill

Black music is African in origin, African-American in its totality. Black music is John Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, Cecil Taylor, Leon Thomas, B.B. King, Gary Bartz, McCoy Tyner,.... The new Black music reaches back to jazz's roots-----Africa.

The music of the Afro-American has a wide range. Within the music of the Afro-American one can go from the heavy sounds of Sonny Rollins, or Charlie Parker to the transparent sound of Johnny Mathis. In the closely related areas of Black music (Rhythm and Blues) one can go from the funky sound of James Brown or Sam and Dave to Dionne Warwick, who hasn't lost all of her funk to Leslie Uggams. After Leslie Uggams everything is lost.

The brothers at WLIB FM have told the world that jazz is a Black experience in sound. The new black music is broken down into groups. John Coltrane, Albert Ayler, Sun-ra, Pharoah Sanders, come together as God-seekers; spiritual musicians dealing with abstracts. Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, and Ornette Coleman are good examples of non-religious music. Archie Shepp is more of the brother off the block. Archie represents the urban scene in the new black music.

Black music is the music of the revolutionary struggle, because it is revolutionary. It changes things, places, and minds. It can upset, disturb yet it can be gentle and soothing. Lerot Jones said, "Pharoah Sanders saying OMMMMMMM and James Brown screammMMMMM'N is more radical than a sit-in. Instead we get feel-ins, know-ins, be-ins."

Black music, our music has social consciousness. Though it is not enough to win our struggle it is part of our culture, and a vital part of the black movement.

The campus radio station (WUSB) has taken time from the Byrds, the Airplane, the Grateful Dead and other silly people so that a brother can bring the revolutionary sounds of black music to the people. Tune in every friday night at 10:45, 820 on your dial. I'm your host BROTHER LARRY SPRUILL BRINGING YOU an experience in jazz. Tune in. POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Since this issue is dedicated to sisters, i wanted to write about the Women's Liberation movement and its' relevance/irrelevance to the Blk Liberation struggle. Instead i found this article in "Black News" which i felt expressed just about the same things i was going to say, so i am putting this article in my original column.
Let all male/female chauvanists Die!

The Women's Liberation Movement in its new militant aspect is the latest of the multitudinous white organizations attempting to destroy the solidarity of Black people by diverting Blacks into their ranks. A hard look at the aims and pretensions of this group is therefore of the utmost importance to the Black struggle.

What does the expression "Women's Liberation" mean? To answer this in a definitive way, two other related questions must be asked, Who are these "women" to whom the expression refers and from what are they to be liberated? One must commence by stating a truism that women are the female counterparts of men, at least biologically: this simple fact is not often remembered by so called feminists. Now, this class of human beings described as women is not homogeneous: it contains individuals of diverse racial groups and colors, the Black, the white, the yellow, the brown and numerous permutations of these colors.

In the U.S.A., the predominant colors among women are Black and white respectively and this assumes great importance in the lives of these women. For example, in her present situation a Black female's chances of dying in infancy are four times greater, her life expectancy about 15 years shorter, her average earnings in a life time about half as much and a host of other disabilities burdens the Black woman. Since Black women experience problems sui generis, it is necessary for the sake of clarity to consider how the alleged male "sexism", chauvinism and oppression affect each group separately.

But before the task is completed, the converse question "What are Men?" must be answered; the short answer to which is that men are the male elements of the human species. But this definition is not enough for our purposes since men constitute a class of disparate members, some of whom are Black, white, yellow and others an admixture of some or all of these. Again, as in the case of women, Blacks and whites represent a preponderance of males in American society and their respective colors to a great extent determine their status in this society. In the U.S.A. today, it requires no great perspicacity to project the kind of hardships that a young Black will encounter in his life. Emasculation, degradation and unemployment to an exaggerated degree, to mention only a few evils, are bound to plague the Black male if Black people do not begin to exercise control over their lives.

Black men, like Black women, occupy a special but unenviable place in this society and this necessitates treating them separately from white men on the question under consideration.

It must now become obvious even to the most purblind that the careless usage of the terms "men" and "women" to refer to classes of people as if they were homogeneous can lead to the kind of ideological confusion with which this article concerns itself. The perspective of "Black News" is Black nationalist, while the source of the anger of the Women's Liberation Movement is in the heart of the white world; therefore, an analysis of the claims of this Movement ought appropriately to start with Black men and white women.

Now, "women" claim that they are oppressed by "men", denied equal rights, tyrannised, enslaved and used in almost every contemptible fashion that the human mind can conceive.

As soon as these claims are considered in the context of relations between Black men and white women, their absurdity becomes crystal clear. Indeed, Women's Liberation literature offers no analysis at all of the relationship between Black men and white women. At times, cursory reference is made to the fact that their oppression is analogous to that of the Black man. But this is a contradiction, for if Black men suffer the same oppression as white women, then the problem is something other than "sexism" as they contend, it can no longer be asserted that women suffer because of their sex.

While perusing the ambiguities which obscure the thoughts of the ideologists of Women's Lib., this writer discerned an implication that Black men may indirectly be considered the oppressors of white women. The woman writer, if a person who offers lesbianism as a prescription can be accurately described as a woman, was lamenting what she considered the excessive conditioning of women to be sensitive to their surroundings; this meant that any man could demolish the self-confidence of a woman with a stare, even the most despised Black man. Thousands of Black men have found themselves dangling at the end of a lynch--mob's rope, castrated or beaten half--dead in a jail cell for oppressing white women by staring at them; it is an odd position in which an oppressor finds himself.

But what are the facts of life about Black men and white women? These women claim economic discrimination: they assert they are paid less than "men" for doing equal work yet the average annual earnings of white women are greater than Black men and their unemployment rate is lower; there are more white women in universities than Black men, they live in better homes, they do not experience police brutality or any of the animalistic indignities heaped on the Black man. How can a powerless caste of people like Black men oppress white women, a privileged segment of this country? The evidence adduced above makes it palpable nonsense for anyone to argue in this way. Clearly then when Women's Lib. rave about men's oppression these white women cannot be referring to Black men as oppressors.

But what about Black women and Black men? Some Black women have rushed pell-mell into the Women's Liberation Movement or have identified with the shrill noises of the Movement's leaders from afar, feeling an unjustified empathy with what they consider the grievances of these white women. That Black women have grievances in their relations with Black men cannot be denied, but it would be sheer hyperbole to characterize these as oppression. The unhappy relations between Black men and women rather grow out of the racism that permeates this society; brothers and sisters make the mistake of judging each other within the framework of a white value system, a system that is alien to Blacks. Politically aware Blacks must never be tired of pointing out that to the extent that Black women engage in acts like the processing of hair in the forlorn belief that they improve their appearance, they will be regarded by Black men as pathetic, depreciated objects who like Sisyphus in hell are cursed with the task of achieving an impossible goal, that of acquiring for themselves the will o' the wisp of white beauty.

Black men for their part are in a similarly unhappy state, what we must do is to transform ourselves from "niggers" into Black men, the "nigger" derides his own and attempts the futile effort of out-whiting the white man. This kind of conduct is doomed to failure and in the eyes of the Black woman the "nigger" is a second-rate man.

All that is left now is the white man and woman confronting each other. As far as this writer is concerned, what they do to each other is their own affair, but in this kind of society, Black people somehow are caught up in the vortex of white controversies and this occurrence therefore necessitates an examination of the white woman's situation in relation to the white man. When the nature of this relationship is understood, Black women will think twice before lining up alongside these women.

An explanation of how white men perceive their functions as human beings can be found in the writings of Freud who put forward the view that man could be creative only insofar as he deliberately sacrificed his sex life; the Freudian theory of sublimation holds that drive and creativity are nothing more than sexual energy transmuted into other forms. It is important to understand how this has taken root in the psychology of the white man and one of the consequences of this belief is that in a society oriented towards the activity of the accumulation of money, Black men who are poor are classified as people who do nothing but engage in sexual orgies. Indeed, Freud argued that the poor are happier than the rich because they can devote all their energies to sexual pursuits. It is thus easy to see the cause of the notoriety of the Black man as a sex maniac.

Indoctrinated to accept money and power as the highest goals of humanity, the white man stopped communicating effectively with the white woman on a sexual level. This is illustrated by the fact that Women's Lib. regard sexual intercourse as an institution of oppression; to most Black people this position seems as preposterous as a suggestion that eating and drinking, other basic needs are forms of oppression.

The greater the estrangement in practice from the white woman, the more the white man idealised the white woman in his fantasies and his created myths about her which he came to believe; the white woman, according to American folklore, is the personification of purity, chastity and beauty; she was feminine perfection itself. The white man treated her, not like a human being, but rather like an expensive piece of jewelry; her role came to be nothing more than an ornament; she was too genteel to wash pots or dirty clothes and so these chores were assigned to Black women; she was deemed by her man to be too precious even to nurse the children she bore; the Black woman had to undertake the task of mothering the white woman's children, which included suckling the infants.

Women's Lib. is just another manifestation of efforts by white women to relieve themselves of the boredom of this kind of existence. Once white women are no longer bored, they have no further quarrel with white men, who are after all their brothers, sons and fathers as indeed white women are the mothers, sisters and daughters of white men.

It is therefore clear that the nature of the white women's problems is different from that of the Black woman, who has been exploited by the white man as a sex object and a house slave. Some Black militants, like Huey P. Newton, have mindlessly voiced support of Women's Lib. This kind of Black leader is doing his people a disservice by rushing to embrace every Tom, Dick and Harry who utters anti-establishment rhetoric. Black people must eschew this kind of simplistic interpretation of the aims of Women's Lib. or of any so-called white radicals. We must realize always that a person can only be an ally when his problems or objectives are similar and this is manifestly not the case with Women's Liberation.

Sé Àláfíà ní, my sisters?

Have we black-skinned female counterparts to the black-skinned males made the transition from girlhood to womanhood? We have most assuredly made the physical transition, but what of our minds, our hearts, our sensitivity and understanding? Have we yet realized the function of a black woman; in relation to ourselves, our people, as students, friends, companions or even as lovers? Do we realize that as the black man struggles to lift the awesome load that we have carried for centuries from our shoulders, that another falls immediately thereupon? Now we must stop being a mother, father, husband, provider combination, and become just a woman. Becoming "just a woman", as we well know is no menial task. We are now faced with the job of supporting, aiding and comforting those who we have carried for so long.

I ask you my sisters, can we turn to a brother, any brother, and say "I love you, because you are my black brother, part of myself," can you look him in the heart and say "I give to you the burden of our people's freedom, but I am ever with you to aid you"; can you honestly look at this man, your brother--part of yourself, and acknowledge his weaknesses and shortcomings, understand his fears and then take his hand and say, "We will be strong together, and we will be free."

My sisters, historians and poets have said that we are descendants of royalty in Mother Africa. Can we, and do we, live up to our heritage? Can we and do we command the respect due the heirs of mighty African empires? We cannot do so if we can be so easily compared to the white female devils we so avidly despise. When the black male can so easily dismiss a sister by saying she's "evil", or she doesn't understand him, etc., and then turns to "vanilla pussy" for his soul's satisfaction; then we as women have failed. (Not that I am dismissing the brother from any fault, but my concern now is with the sisters!)

I say we have failed my sisters, for there can be no contest between a black woman and a white devil. Bed privileges are no serious problem for any persevering male; for there are always (fortunately or not, depending on how you look at it!), some free pussies available. By free, I mean with no entangling strings attached. The one thing most brothers are looking for and indeed desperately need, is understanding, true sincere understanding. This, a white devil cannot give him! She may give of her body, her mind and her soul, if she pleases; but nowhere in her life's history, folkways or mores, has she experienced any of the pain and anguish of being B-L-A-C-K. She doesn't know how it feels to be a mental slave in the "land of the F-R-E-E(?)"; she doesn't know about the kind of frustration and despair that can drive a man to drugs, and a woman to prostitution; she can't feel the pride and joy in the discovery of the "BEAUTY of BLACKNESS"; she can never aspire to burn with the kind of suicidal hope that rumbles like a pregnant volcano inside a true revolutionary. Without any of this knowledge, how can a black man expect to find solace in her pale arms and her transparent mind? She may cool the fire burning in his loins; but she can't begin to touch the heat wave in his brain.

We, as sisters, have this knowledge, and if those things are foreign to you, at least it is at your fingertips to learn. With this knowledge, we are armed with the artillery needed to bear our new burden. We are capable of understanding this new, emerging black man. This burden may prove just as difficult and hard to carry as our previous load. But if we carry this one as we did the last, we may see the emergence of not only the new black male, but a new black nation, made strong by the blood of our black men and the inner strength of our black women.

Again I ask -- Sé Àláfíà ní, my sisters?

Is peace with you?

by: Ayodele Ayobunmi
Chairman of Culture - BSU
Editor

INVITATION to a CONTEST:

presented by:
the Culture Comm. of B.S.U.

Sisters! You are cordially invited to design and make (all by yourself!) an original African outfit. It can be for everyday or evening wear. You will present your creation to the public in a fashion show to be held on Friday, March 5, 1971.

Your design must be a derivative of an actual African style of dress, i.e. Ashanti, Yoruba, Ibo, etc. Therefore, some research may be necessary before you hit the drawing board.

There will be an entry fee of \$1.00 and application blanks may be picked up in either room B118 or A213. Appl. blanks must be returned by Feb. 20, 1971, at which time the contest will be closed. A summary of what African style your creation comes from, the type of material used, color etc. should be submitted to Ayodele Ayobunmi, or Cynthia Newbille by Feb. 26, 1971. This summary will be used to describe your creation in the fashion show. A panel of judges will be selected to view the entries and the dress selected as best entry will win for its' designer a \$50 gift certificate. Sisters, this is your chance to put your imagination and creativity to good use--it may earn you F-I-F-T-Y (50) D-O-L-L-A-R-S!!!!

Any questions may be directed to Ayodele Ayobunmi in Room B118.

-22 -Good luck and successful sewing.

Ayodele Ayo bunmi - Chrm. of Culture Comm.

From a student's stand point there seems to be substantial distance between Black students and Black administrators/Faculty. The most interesting part is that neither party seems to know/or want to get acquainted with the other. In general, Black faculty members (particularly in the Black Studies Dept.) aren't even aware of where the majority of Black students live on campus.

Brothers and sisters, students and administrators/faculty alike, we can't allow our global struggle to deteriorate into the contemptible state that cheap campus politics brings about. If we are to survive as a people, professionalism and chauvinistic attitudes must come second, and the survival of Black people must become our first priority. Black students and Black administrators/faculty co-exist on each other. Without Black students there would not be A.I.M., H.E.P., Upward Bound or Black Studies programs. Brothers and sisters have died trying to get places on fascist/racist campuses such as Stony Brook. Some have died being on such campuses. Some Black administrators/faculty have conspired with the administration to exclude Black students from participating in programs that students themselves have set up; under the guise of so-called professionalism or in the interest of Black students. Black students' intelligence has been insulted when we can select directors and institute programs and then have "Mr. District Attorney" (that goes by the glorified title of Executive-Vice President), appoint a super structure between our programs and Black students to "calm the niggers down". Our global struggle has indeed surpassed such primitive tactics of the opposition to "calm" us down.

We, as Black students have allowed egotistical comrades in black skin to wallow in the cesspool of politics with the administration to hamper the Black students' goals; to make the University relevant to our international experience, instead of us relevant to the University. These parasites must be told (along with the administration) that Black students have been the vanguard of every important contemporary political involvement. We furthermore have been deeply and personally involved in activities which have resulted in some of the most dramatic confrontations that this nation's power structure has ever known. Black students have had to learn and now know that in order to make our dreams come true, we must place ourselves in direct opposition to the basic structure of this racist Babylon--American society.

As Black students we can no longer allow for Black faculty in key positions to quietly sit by and be shitted on by the administration. We must have Black faculty who are not afraid to challenge the opposition and procure Black students' support in doing so.

We, as Black people on this campus are charged with the responsibility of expressing what is happening on the street, and to express what the brothers and sisters on the block are trying to say to the man. We are their spokesmen, they depend upon us and rightly so. They expect skills and knowledge of and about the system. We must not fail them.

To the Black faculty: if you are afraid to challenge the opposition, then there is no place for you here or anywhere representing Black people.

To Black students: ours is the responsibility to the community and to ourselves we must be aware of who is dealing for us, and who is dealing in the sewer of political stalemate with the opposition against our people.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Seize the Time, Do Something for Yourself and for the People

LEST WE DIE!!!

OBAIYE OBAWOLE

Chairman of Communication Committee

Editor - In - Chief