

Brother

ILLUSION

"I do declare," the preacher said,
 "I say, I do declare,
 The Negro is inferior
 Because he isn't there.

And bein' as I see none here
 And cause he isn't there
 I'd say that we may all conclude
 He isn't anywhere!"

Then from the rear of that lame crowd
 A man strode to the front,
 His face was dirty charcoal-black
 His features thick and blunt.

He walked up to the pulpit
 Then bowed to the holy man
 And said, "I beg your pardon, sir,
 But here indeed I am!"

The preacher sure enough was stunened
 And rightly taken back
 His eyes just goggled in his head
 To see that speakin' black!

The Negro then continued
 With a simply spoken air
 "I hate to contradict you
 But the Negro's everywhere.

He's just as smart as you white folks
 And just as clever too,
 In fact you all had best watch out
 His guns are aimed at you."

The preacher and the people stood
 Plain frozen to the spot,
 A Negro didn't say such things
 Or else be hanged or shot.

Then suddenly the spell was broke,
 "Let's git 'im," shouted one,
 The others chorused, "String 'im up
 It's time we had some fun!"

They all rushed straight up to the stand
 And grabbed the helpless man,
 Then dragged him out the church front door
 And towards an old oak, grand.

Then one did toss the hangman's noose
 Around the Negro's throat,
 Another one did prop him up
 And darned if he didn't gloat.

But when the white man pulled the stool
 To everyone's surprise,
 The Negro vanished into space
 Before the white folks eyes.

"I do declare," the preacher said,
 "I say, I do declare,
 The Negro is inferior
 Because he isn't there!"

Edward Lewis

Changes

First Week Blues over and sub-
 siding, growing pains create a
 more comfortable air at U-Ha. Am
 feeling something, a new atmos-
 phere. Ben and Angelo pointing the
 direction quite clearly.

Many good people in the fresh-
 men, and many smiles, hellos.
 Many freshmen seeming twice the
 age we were, last year, many only
 children. But there's a time of
 growth coming upon us. The air
 is easier to breathe this year,
 much musk and confusion being
 gone.

Walking the streets at night.
 See a black brother, Hello, Smile,
 He and I walking our street. Much
 communication this year it seems
 -- a hug from Chekov a kiss from
 Weenie -- Hello's and smiles from
 new faces.

But comparative Utopia doesn't
 make it. Community is the thing.
 Community is everyone. Sharing
 isn't hard, Ask James. We must
 have a complete sharing. Put your
 heads straight. Sharing is the
 thing. Free is the thing.

The enemy is clear, He's as
 proud, of the ground he stands on
 as we are. He's sometimes elu-
 sive but betrays himself easily.
 Obviously not having the balls of
 his nemesis. "You're afraid of
 losing your job but we're not
 afraid to die," Abbie will tell you
 Wednesday.

Join. Everyone join. No meet-
 ings, we won't reserve a room for
 you, because we don't exist in Stu-
 dent Services. We're just there.
 Make yourself known. Between
 classes -- in the cafeteria --
 lounge -- comfortable hallway, or
 out on the grass. In classes, in your
 dorm. We're probably sitting right
 next to you as you read. We're
 everywhere. We're everyone. Seek
 us out.

It's all an education, get yourself
 educated. It's a community pro-
 cess. Transferral of thoughts,
 ideas. See the streets, feel their
 people. Read your books but know
 them for what they are. Reach for
 answers. Act. Action teaches and
 educates. Spontaneity, discussion,
 express feelings and thoughts.
 Make contact. Make everything
 sensual.

Don't let instructors get you
 down. Toilet training is in their
 minds, expecting blind faith. Keep
 them thinking. Shit in your pants
 until you understand. Know what
 you're here for. Know what's be-
 yond the blackboard. You can't have
 faith in something until you can
 touch it, feel it. Then it definitely
 exists. This is a university. For
 the students. THE STUDENTS. It's
 yours. Mold it. Make your own
 education.

It's communal. It can't be done
 alone. There are others to touch.
 To feel. Group education definitely
 makes it. It may be a different
 group each day. You educate as
 you're being educated. Be a part of
 everything you meet. Don't sur-
 render ever. Not to grabby housing
 directors or two-face administra-
 tors. Be free. Everything here is
 yours. Everything.

by flowerpants

The New "Born Free"

Be born little black child
 In a world of constant sorrow.
 Come and grow to be a "boy"
 And white man's dope will blind you.
 For your tomorrow's you'll have to borrow.

Play ball in the lots of ashes and glass.
 In the streets where whites sell over-priced food.
 Grow taller, see the stares in Weaver as they say.
 "Well, they all sure do have rhythm!" (they look the same too)
 Feel the lead-hearted cold of hate.

Fight his wars someday, black baby--lose your life.
 Fight for his love and lose that too.
 Fight for freedom and liberty and lose.
 Fight for a ray of hope from someone, can't find him.
 Fight--in the stick-ball streets of Philly;
 Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, New York, and Hartford.
 Fight

Jim Walker

maybe sometime you will look at your whole face
 from the ground up to the heaven
 or is there something i can say
 to make you understand who we are
 maybe you would not be so afraid
 to reach out and take my hand
 or so blind
 as to think yourself anything
 but beautiful

-michael flowerpants

Beautiful Person seeking other beautiful Person's Pr. Females to experience Spiratual Sensuality of Physical and Psychological Planes 547-1747 Michiel

Poet Seeking means of Publication Contact newroom Angelo

Want to meet some Freshman chick but don't have the balls. -FREE- write it. if she's together she'll be reading together You too.

House wanted 8 rm. Pref. with land call UoHf newsroom 547-1747

Little Polly Filanders Set among the clouds. Warm for Pretty too. Your Sister's hand is on your nose. You're in the middle of a rebellion. Get Hip. Get Smart.

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BOUNCE TUBE 3RD BIRTHDAY PARTY SEPT. 27 BUSHNELL PARK

If all the world were apple pie, and all the sea's were ink, and all the tree's were bread and cheese, maybe we'd all be Pink.

Freshman violin major wanted named Kathy to communicate with hippie business major object? contact Allan at home

Tired of the rotten, strung out junkie life. Salvation Army Prayer Meeting across from Arthur's Drug Drugs every Saturday nite

compiled by Paul Manselle

LOST, Red & Yellow Dunear YO-YO Romme 242-9009