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is what are we, as black people, going to do about this? Three choices are left to us: 1) emancipate our minds from the white man and demand our necessities and, if necessary, take them ourselves 2) continued talking with the great deceiver hoping that he will throw us a few crumbs 3) do nothing and become full-fledged white "professional" Negroes.

The choice brothers and sisters, is yours and mine; are we to be "integrated Negroes" or Free Black people.

REVOLT WHERE YOU LIVE,
LIVE EVERYWHERE

THERE IS A LARGE CONFEDERATE (CRACKED) FLAG WAVING PROUDLY IN THE REAR WINDOW OF W.E.B. DUBOIS DORMITORY.
BPMR/Welton Johnson

together

*a relation beyond the intercept of microsoms
complimentary reciprals yen and yang
with infinite flowing communication and communion
awkward people with angels intentions
living simply in divine theory
sheltered only by their love*

godbye
we are leaving

michael rubinstein

A White View:

Gray Life

by Ronni Zinkotsky

(Ed. Note: The idea for a black dormitory began to be laid down last year when it was included in a list of proposals submitted by Afro-Am. The dormitory would be a place where the black student could live with a relatively intact culture; together. The dorm is not all black, several white students are now living there; this does not mean that the goal of the dorm is to promote racial harmony. This article was written by one of the white students now living there.)

Kaleidoscope of bathrobes, patterns of cigarette smoke -- Faces, many faces. Black ones painted proud and assured. Few whites looking cool, some uptight and afraid, many bewildered and confused.

Strange, muffled, excited chatter filled the room. And sudden quite-yielding-discussion. And we talked . . .

Lots of feelings to be aired. Lots of questions to be answered. Lots of misunderstandings to be made understandable. And we all

talked . . .

We talked about this thing -- "a black dormitory." What's it all about? Why is it called "Black?" How do WE feel about it? Will it work? And we all talked TOGETHER . . .

Yes, some white faces were caught off guard -- finding themselves tangled in a black world that they weren't quite ready for. Not just new FACES, but new cultures and different life-styles. Fortunately the cinder-block walls of the dormitory weren't designed to house minds, but bodies. And the university suddenly becomes real and beautiful within its walls, when ideas and emotions flow, and are shared. Even the hostility becomes beautiful when it is a headstart to growth. And so we talked . . .

White eyes learning to look beyond the noise, the music, the parties and faces. Eyes -- learning to see. Blacks seeing the coldness as fear and anxiety. All wanting to make it work -- sharing a hope -- brought together with the cry for a name. We became one for a moment, because -- we talked . . .
NEXT WEEK: VIEW FROM A BLACK STUDENT.

