

## Death of The American Dream

In the streets of Chicago the American Dream was given a beating from which it may never recover. By the way of T.V. many of us learned that an idealistic approach to the changing of the political mainstream is impossible. In a court in Oakland, California, a fight to keep the American Dream a reality for blacks is being waged by a black hero and many of us should be coming to the realization that a soft approach to human dignity by blacks is not working either. One of the most unfortunate things to come to light through this is that the whites who are concerned about Vietnam are not interested in the problems at home. We are making a truism of H. Rap Brown's charge that the Vietnam issue is an intellectual exercise for white students.

The situation for the liberated black man is not so very pretty. He is kept herded in the ghetto by realtors who are afraid of depreciating land values if they allow a black family in an exclusive area. He is taken advantage of by the storeowner who arrives in the ghetto at 8:00 and leaves at 5:00 to go home to suburbia knowing that "if a nigger breaks into my store the cops will kill him." It is of course possible to look superficially at the black people and point out that we've given them a chance to educate themselves, but they're too lazy to take advantage of it. All I can say to this outlook is if you can believe it you're the racist that the blacks are rebelling against, for it was the white slave trader who in breeding men like horses broke the most important power structure in America, the family, and without the family, motivation toward the reaching of goals is almost impossible. Until we look at a black drunk or black children in the streets after dark and realize we put them there, we will remain a racist society. Until we reach out with no strings attached to help our black brothers we will remain a racist society.

Many black militants feel stronger about the situation. They know they are a freed race, but what has changed? They can sit on any bus, go to any school, but they must return to the ghetto to live. They see the ghettos as colonies of the American capitalistic system, where the cop has become the redcoat, mayor as a military governor, the President, King George, not interested in their real problems. They will not feel free until they can live in any neighborhood, eat at any home, play golf on any country club course, swim in any swimming pool, and if a black boy loves a white girl, know that they can go anywhere without getting grief from anyone.

All white says is wait-wait hell-they've waited a hundred years and all they got were laws telling them that the Constitution said what it meant. How long until people change? How long until racism dies? The militant demands, and should get an answer, not a promise to be ignored of NOW! Huey P. Newton is one of these people, and along with Bobby Seals he founded the Black Panther Party to counter the racist qualities of America. To do this they are giving their brothers pride to be black; to show him that he is what he is because of two hundred years of slavery in which he lost all of his cultural heritage. They are saying that to be black does not mean you're a lazy bum, but the offshoot of a proud new continent just coming into its own now. They are also sick and tired of waiting for the police to treat them like people instead of pigs, i.e. "Run nigger, run". Chicago riots. And to counter this they began patrols to insure that the Oakland police force did not violate the rights of their people.

It was during one of these patrols that Huey supposedly shot and killed a policeman, and was himself wounded. He has now been convicted of manslaughter and the judge returns the verdict next week, unless a suspended sentence is passed down a gross miscarriage of human and civil rights will occur. Unless the legal system realizes that this shooting was to the Black Panthers and most black militants, due to the reasons stated above, a patriotic duty, no worse than a colonial killing a redcoat, and the riots, no worse morally than the Boston Tea Party. Huey Newton may well become a Nathan Hale.

With this sort of blatant disregard for the dignity of our black brothers, with the prostitution of American political system as exemplified by the national conventions, it is imperative that white liberals identify with the cultural and moral genocide being propagated against the black colonies. We must unite to destroy the American colonial society and build a new concept of racial equality.

K. Gregory Oviatt - Managing Editor

## Baby Sitting Service?

As we settle into the year, having thoroughly digested the administration's ceremonial opening statements concerning our university's free, intellectual environment, it is oddly amusing to remember such rules as dorm regulations. These regulations primarily affect the women students, but hopefully also concern the men.

Freshmen girls have already discovered the wonders of the sign-out sheet. They have learned that they must be in no later than 11 p.m. on weeknights and 1 a.m. on Friday and Saturday nights. Upperclasswomen must be in by 2 a.m. on weekends.

Freshmen might find this situation to be more liberal than their parents' rules or, more likely, an inane infringement on their educational freedom. A girl is limited not only from seeing a double feature, but also from participating in any club or organizations' functions or work which may exceed the curfew. The university considers these measures necessary to protect the women from themselves. The women should be treated as mature students whose parents have sent them to the university to learn about life, or have they been sent here for a different purpose?

Daniel Hazelton - City Editor

## Poems by Ewart Skinner

editor's note: the first of these two poems was written for & read at the recent demonstration at the home of John M. Bailey

### We Are Not The Dead

We are here  
for we are not the dead,  
but we will wake them  
for we must wake them  
from their sleep.

We are here,  
We have come  
to look for America  
Grave America, Grim America.

How can we dream of things  
when we sleep in blood,  
How can we be Americans  
when we are run by kings.

America? America.  
Where are you wandering,  
carrying your promises on your back  
stumbling to let the  
sleeping sleep.

We are here  
because we bleed too  
America, and we cry;  
But we have come to ask again  
for what time  
saw us bringing  
and what we have  
lost derelict in the mire.

But are you tired America,  
or are you truly dead,  
or are you going headstrong  
into the mist,  
tugged by the reins of wayward men.

For God sake,  
let us pray America,  
let us pray  
for we are coming America,  
we are coming to the day.

We have brothers  
too weak to raise  
their hands from war,  
too tired to march  
out of the blood.

We have brothers America,  
too weak-too weak  
here at home  
too tired-too tired  
to go on.

We are here  
for we are not the dead.  
We are here  
because we are afraid.

America, America, Do not make  
men fear,  
Make them brave  
America, make them love.

We are here,  
We are here America.  
For we are not the dead.

Ewart C. Skinner



### I Have Watched The Living

I have dreams too,  
some to be wasted,  
others to be secured.  
I have strived and searched  
into the fetus of my mind.  
I have screamed endlessly  
into the hollow vaults of life,  
walked into the tired wastes  
of wasting away wildernesses,  
and I have found in them  
echoes and weeds,  
and in my mind  
the thick curdled  
blood of the stillborn.

And when I find myself waking  
up nights,  
for I cannot dream  
in peace.

I look for the night  
into which men  
have never walked alive  
and gone their.  
The quiet cemeteries I  
found praying to their dead,  
grave stones are cold  
at the head of resting saints;  
the throes have gone out  
of daytime burials.

The sultry hands of man,  
have dug arrogant holes,  
and sunk wicked pillars  
in the sand.  
But what can we give  
to them  
whom I have found  
sleeping in the earth:  
or what can they  
offer from their graves.

But graves are not  
narrow and deep.

I have seen the living,  
steal the nakedness  
from other human arms,  
and strong men love,  
and women fight,  
and babies die.

I have seen the living,  
I have felt the living.  
It is waking out  
out of nightmares,  
and being afraid of your own flesh  
in the dim of candles  
And I have watched  
the living.

Ewart C. Skinner

## Consider The Turkey

Strutting his way out of Americana and into your heart is the Turkey. Yet, what other bird would suffer the malice, intolerance, and neglect foisted upon it by countless generations of Americans and still emerge shouting his heroic, "Gobble, gobble."? The Give-A-Damn UH News (Liberated Press, you know) defies tradition by adopting the Turkey as its symbol. Carrying our iconoclasm to the hilt, we suggest that the UH sports teams drop their symbol, the Hawk, and also adopt America's Sweetheart.

Let us trace the glorious course of this noble fowl through man's past. What bird did Noah send out in search of dry land? The Turkey! St. Francis fed his last morsel of bread to what bird? The Turkey! When King Richard was left stranded, for what noble steed would he trade his kingdom? The Turkey!

And can one forget the contributions of the Turkey to America's past? He was there to greet the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. He complained not when selected to adorn the nation's first Thanksgiving table. He spread his wings with pride when turn-of-the-century youth christened a trot with his name.

However, all too often he has been shunted aside. The eagle serves as the national bird! The chicken serves as Colonel Sanders' main dish! AND THE HAWK SERVES AS OUR TEAMS' SYMBOL!!!

We promise that petitions supporting our position will be forthcoming. No stone will remain unturned. No student will remain unstoned. We pledge with the administration:

GIVE US THE BIRD

Mark Persky - Assistant Editor

