

BLACK AWAKENING

Vol. I, No. 1

Staten Island Community College

Friday, February 14, 1969

A Step in History

We walked in not knowing what to expect but shortly found out. We talked amongst ourselves and we had the same basic views. We were told to take seats and we did so, promptly. We were all very eager to hear of the new course being introduced by the History and Social Sciences Department on American Negro History, and who was to teach it.

Five-Men Team

President B. introduced Chairman P. of the History and Social Sciences Department and who was also part of a five-man team selected to find a teacher who qualified to teach the American Negro History course. He proceeded to inform us what this course would consist of: "the forced migration of the first African in the 17th century to the contemporary struggles for equality; emphasis on such topics as slavery, abolition, reconstruction the origins of Jim Crow, urban migration, the struggle for civil rights, non-violence and the new militancy. We were all pleased to hear the format of the course but our interest was in who was going to teach it. He first explained that he had considered teaching the course himself but in thinking it over he felt that a qualified black historian might be better, or an outstanding Negro figure, such as James Farmer; though Mr. Farmer's name had been mentioned he had not been formally asked to teach the course. It had been said that he was in Washington on business and word was left with his wife. It was stated, I believe, that he might be connected with the course in an advisory capacity. When asked why Mr. Farmer was not con-

sidered for the position, the question was deferred by President B.

There were other black names mentioned by Chairman P. but he stated that they were not interested or not available. Not interested black scholars resented being hand-picked for lily-white northern schools to teach only one course. I could understand the resentment, the feeling of tokenism. But I know that the black scholars who said they would not be interested in teaching this course would reconsider after talking to black students on campus. There is a great need for black identity and only qualified black teachers could satisfy this need. The white students who are interested in taking this course would benefit greatly from a black teacher because not only would they be getting book knowledge which any qualified teacher could give, but also a valid evaluation of experiences and opinions made directly by this teacher that would probably bring about a better understanding. In this subject on American Negro history, as a black student, I could not expect anyone other than a black teacher because of the personal and psychological need within me, and because I feel so strongly. I can only compare it with the personal relationship between husband and wife.

Bomb Let Loose

Now, finally, the bomb was let loose. Chairman P. read a summary telling of one man's qualifications and opinions held about him by others. This man was being considered for the job. He was currently working on his Ph.D. He made various investigations on slavery and

(Continued on Page 2)

REMEMBER BROTHER MALCOLM Born May 19, 1925



Assassinated Feb. 21, 1965

Black Faculty and Students Link With SI Community

Among black college students and staff, particularly those in predominantly white schools, there has been, of late, a growing identification with the adjacent black community and its problems. On the SI CC campus, black teachers and administrators have begun to question the relevance of our education to the needs of the community. The only moral purpose for a college's existence is to develop creative energies. Is this purpose really being achieved?

Irrelevant Structures

Perhaps colleges—as they are now structured and as they now function — are irrelevant and sometimes destructive of black students and oblivious to the needs of the black community. Perhaps colleges should be more by way of encouraging the

black student to respect himself, to respect the validity of his presences among whites as their equals, and to respect the fine quality of his background.

Unfortunately, blacks exist in America not as first-class citizens but as a domestic colony, doubtless because they came from Africa not as immigrants but as slaves. In schools—when they are allowed to go to schools—they learn little or nothing about African history, or the history of blacks in America, or black literature, languages, art, music, dance, folklore, etc.

Equal Attention to All

Since a college's primary purpose is to educate students to become productive members of their society, then it must de-

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'Harlem on My Mind' at the Met

- A Colossal Bore

Charles Wright (TV, Thursday, January 30): "Thomas P. F. Hoving was fabulous as the Elsa Maxwell of the Parks Department. At present, he is the upper-class Ed Sullivan of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I do not know if Mr. Hoving is fond of Dixieland music, but it is apparent that only a white man whose stick is Dixieland could have conceived such an extraordinarily dull exhibition."

An Open Mind

I went to the Metropolitan—both times—with as much of an open mind as I could possibly have. Like Mr. Wright, I was not expecting Miss Moor-man, naked in blackface, playing "Give me a pigfoot and a bottle of gin," or black drag queens wearing banana costumes designed by Andy Warhol. I respect the tradition of the Metropolitan. I am extremely pleased that it exists, and to honor Harlem was a very good idea—a white man's idea. Okay, All right. I accept it. But don't give me an afternoon of bullshit. I refuse to look up at a white father and watch that smile form, a tokenistic smile reserved for "house and yard" Negroes and lap dogs only. Mr. Hoving, I too know and understand your kind. And all the "Negroes" associated with this so-called "black exhibit"—I know your kind, too: two-dollar whores

Celebrated Introduction

Candice Van Ellison's celebrated introduction, to me, depicts the true feeling of an intelligent and frustrated black girl. There are many hard, cold truths therein. In one particular section of her essay, which dealt with inter-group relations in Harlem, there was a great deal of controversy concerning the so-called "racist overtones" that were used (which, incidentally, resulted in "banning from public circulation" the

catalog featuring the introduction by Miss Van Ellison). Reason: some trumped-up charge of anti-semitism, I think. (Mr. White Power, do your thing, baby.)

Thomas P. F. Hoving: "To me 'Harlem on My Mind' is a discussion. It is a confrontation. It is education. It is dialog. And today we'd better have these things. Today there is a growing gap between people, particularly between black people and white people, despite the efforts to avoid it. There is little communication. 'Harlem on My Mind' will avoid that."

Gap Between Blacks and Whites

My dear well-meaning, good-spirited, rich, tokenistic Mr. Hoving, in my opinion you couldn't have been more wrong. Never have I been more aware of the gap, the ever-widening gap between blacks and whites, as I was upon leaving the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 'Harlem on My Mind' was taken from a masochistic Berlin song. It is in extremely bad taste and an insult to black people. The exhibition is scheduled to run through April 6. It should, however, be closed immediately.

—William Thomas

Dope

Don't take the dare,
If they call you a square
take it once
And you'll take it again;
take it twice
And you'll pay the price
Every day while each
Fis takes your life away.

—Christopher Thompson

N—iggers
A—in't
A—lways
C—olored
P—eople

SOUL Has Been Sold Again

History 21, the course in American Negro history, must be boycotted by the SICO black student community.

The course, supposedly a historical-sociological survey of past and present contemporary struggles for equality, has been organized by whites who do not begin to know the black experience. Moreover, during the lengthy planning period of the course, the Department of History and Social Sciences ignored the advisory resources of black students and the black intellectual community of Staten Island.

The Afro-American Society, by majority vote, deem it mandatory that the HSS Dept. become more aware of and sensitive to the needs of black students.

The society demands:

- 1) A black instructor for History 21; otherwise the course must be canceled.
- 2) The appointment, by the HSS Dept., of black students and black faculty to policy-making committees.
- 3) A more viable relationship between the HSS Dept. and the total black community.

The society's position paper on this matter is being prepared now and will be issued shortly.

Join the protest demonstrations outside room B117 on Friday, Feb. 21, at 4:00 (at which time Hist. 21 meets).

Step . . .

(Continued from page 1, col. 2) vote equal attention to all societies. Happily, James Wooten and others at SICO have been working with community leaders during the past months on such education and motivation. For the spring of 1969, about eighty minority people have applied for entrance into a new Community Scholar Program, with Wooten (Director of Insti-

Link . . .

(Continued from page 1, col. 4) he was involved in a host of things concerning black Americans. It was gratifying to hear of this man's fine qualifications but there was one most important qualification he was lacking and that was the experience his color could not give him, which was just as important as all his educational background.

For three hours or more we discussed with Chairman P. what we thought—what should be considered in the qualifications for teaching our history. But it was implied that this man had already in my opinion been selected for the job and that there was a very slim chance of getting a qualified black instructor.

President E. said that this was a great step in the school's history because this was the first time any chairman of a department consented to hear the views of students on an incoming faculty member. After the discussion had finally ended, the chairman came over to me to restate that many black scholars were just not interested. As I was just about to give a reply to his statement he turned and rudely walked away. For a moment I just stood there because I could not believe he could be so ill-mannered. Then I remembered: Chairman P. had done exactly what he had done throughout the entire discussion. It was very apparent that he had not heard anyone but himself. —Arlann Harper

tutional Research) and Dr. Peter Nigro (Dean of the Summer Session) as co-directors. Applicants are referred by community organizations and are screened by a committee of faculty, students, and community leaders. Qualifications are simple and refreshing: students must derive from a minority background and must reside in an environment of poverty. —Naeta

I Have a Dream

" . . . we have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America that the fierce urgency is now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promise of democracy."

This excerpt appears in the pamphlet describing the efforts of the Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Heritage House on Staten Island, and it is taken from Dr. King's speech given at the Lincoln Memorial during the March on Washington. Heritage House believes in Dr. King's many ideals, and has at present sought to aid the plight of the poor.

A Humble Abode

The "House" is situated in one of the "poverty pockets" of the Island, New Brighton. Its humble abode consists of a converted store front that contains the people and the will to "make real the promise of democracy" for Staten Island's first crusade to help its small but important segment of its population.

The majority of the people who constitute this segment are black; and it is here on this unchartered island that black power and white power have merged into "checkered power" (which is an equal dose of both). At Heritage House the minorities are given a chance to determine their own fate. And thus, by knowing their own problem's needs, they have formulated programs that have tried to eliminate some of the more pressing problems in the poor man's community.

Programs In Progress

This has been done by giving a countless number of children a place to go and something to do to diminish their idleness. Some of the programs that are now in progress are ballet classes, arts and crafts, a teen group whose goals include find-

ing their heritage and helping to fight prejudice and, above all, programs that seek to help solve the many complex problems that face the community.

One such instance concerned the closing of the Bethlehem Home for Children due to financial troubles. These children faced returning to shelters, foster homes, etc. that would once again make their lives one move after another. But with the cooperation of several organizations and the Heritage House, the children were able to stay in the only home most of them had ever known.

Bigger And Better Things

Yet the "House" plans include bigger and better things, such as a cultural and educational centers, job counseling and training programs, and a community center. However, the one thing that amazed me was the strong relationship that has developed between the people at Heritage House and the white community. The white community has realized that the black man must help himself. And that they can best aid him by their support, financial aid, and by willingly giving any knowledge that can help the black man on his road to respectability.

I feel that this is what Dr. King meant by the "making real the promise of democracy." And that the existence of the house and its people shows that the last flicker of hope for an equal chance for all might still be flickering.

If you want to see a dream begin to emerge as reality, come down to 243 Jersey St. on Staten Island. An excellent chance to see the "House" will be opened to you during Negro History Week, which begins the week of February 10th. For more information call 442-2982. Go and satisfy your curiosity!

—Carol Ann Palmer

Keep Your Cool

Man, the world is mad; everybody's gone blind.
Few are sane and the rest have lost their mind.
They run to and fro, crowding heel and toe
Up and down along the ground
Nobody knows where to go.
Nobody has that vital tool—
They've lost it, they've lost their cool.
In the beginning the world was cool, man,
Because the only people here were Adam and his madam.
He slipped up on a bad piece of luck,
And as a rule, since he blew his cool
Troubles came and he really had 'em.
As the world got bad, things got sad
And the old man upstairs started getting mad.
And he blew his cool man, yes he did.
He sent much water down and flooded the ground,
Till there was hardly a living soul around.
He felt bad inside, his people had hurt his pride,
So he sent J. C. down to be the people's guide.
He did his best, but man, listen to me,
They had no cool, they strung J. C. up to a tree.
Trouble is . . . there ain't no cool around.
The next time the old man gonna fling fire down.
But don't you worry if you've got that tool,
Just walk along and smile and keep your cool . . . baby.

—James P. Wooten

The Afro-American Society
Meets Every Thursday
During Club Hours
In Room B209
All Brothers and Sisters
Are Welcome!

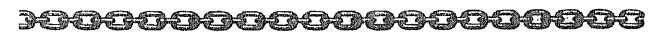
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The Black Awakening is published by the SICC Afro-American Society to represent the black students on campus—their grievances, their problems, and their interpretations of the world around them.

The black college student is no longer a fictional character, but a necessary and determining factor in the future of America.

Although Black Awakening is a black-oriented newspaper, the editors welcome articles on pertinent topics from anyone, regardless of race. This invitation extends to SICC students and staff as well as to members of the Staten Island community.

Awakening

My sleep was like a prenatal death. After 300 years I thought something in me was awake But then I couldn't have been awake Because nothing sounded clear— Nothing sounded good enough Unless it had a white background. I flirted with Marx Kept my ear open to Tshaka, Moshoesshoe, Dingane, Garvey, DuBois. Then came Nkrumah's voice. Heraldic of bearings flowery as spring. Lamumba, Kenyatta, Mandela, Sobukwe, Kaunda, Babu, Castro, Tour, Mao— Twentieth century recipe For a grass roots favorite dish. Then came I to America. Twentieth century capital of the living dead Petulant whores fighting to make me a phallic assimilated A successful relic of the house nigger. Amidst sit-ins, knel-ins, sleep-ins and mass mis-education Brother Malcolm's voice penetrated alienated bloodcells Teaching Black manhood in Harlem USA. Endorsing "Bandung," Retrieving Black balls cowering in glib Uncle Tomism Forcing me to grow up ten feet tall and Black My crotch too high For the pedestal of Greco-Roman Anglo-Saxon adolescent Fascist myth. Now I see everything against a Black background As Black and proud as Melba Breaking the blood-dripping icons of Western congenital chicanery Enthraling me like the cataract of a cosmic orgasm.

—K. William Kgositsile (Reprinted from "Black Fire")

Letters . . .

To the Editor and Sandy McDougall, Re: The African Dancers, in a letter to the Dolphin, Thursday, December 19, 1968:

I am taking the time to reply to Miss McDougall's letter that revealed her ignorance of other cultures and her narrow-mindedness concerning the "all time low . . . deterioration of the Dolphin in the quality of its contents."

The very beautiful and realistic photograph on the front page of the Dolphin, Friday, December 6, has absolutely nothing to do with the over-exploited topic of sex in American society because it is a picture of one of the beautiful black women of Senegal, Africa. This in itself proves that it is irrelevant to your conception of sex and "the limits of decency to stimulate the human intellect by arousing sociological, psychological, or biological interests."

The photograph was not pornographic at all, but it did arouse and alert the school to the black man's great creative stamina and his many cultural contributions to the rest of the world. The black man is the master of creative dance, music, and art. The white man only came along, exploited, and developed it to his customs and environment.

You have proven yourself to be totally blind to the fact that people of Africa dress according to their topographical, geographical, climatic, and sociological environment. Thus, they carry out their daily customs and traditions in their native dress, that is, partially naked. They do not think of sex when they are dressed in such a manner. They are adapting themselves to the natural conditions. Also, in Africa the black women and men respect each other's bodies. Naturally they have their own moral codes and regulatory systems in each

individual tribal society. However, they do not regard the appearance of a scantily dressed or completely naked man or woman as a means to arouse biological functions.

The White American society is so corrupt and polluted with all sorts of adverse beliefs toward something of another ethnic group's cultural and native customs that it thinks its society is the best and all others are inferior. The average American refuses to believe that there were millions of other peoples, the majority of them black, brown, red, and yellow on the earth long before Christopher Columbus made his serious traveling error in 1492. The average American also refuses to realize that it is his own society that steals the customs, traditions, dress, philosophies, and cultures of other people and over-exploits them and then calls it American.

When referring to the "upright, erect" ROTC men as being morally corrupted by the photograph, a drastic mistake was made because they may appear to be upright and erect outwardly; however, mentally and socially they are and always will be, to certain extents corrupt. The uniform only makes them look like honest and patriotic young men. When you think of what goes on within the minds of these people and what the uniform represents and symbolizes, there is nothing so moral about any of it because they represent what the United States wants and how it achieves its power by oppressing and imperializing minority groups and undeveloped nations in the world. They also are the prime examples of a country that is willing to interfere with some other nation's internal affairs while the dirt—political, social, economic, psychological, racial, etc. — is mounting sky-high everyday

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Wake Up America

Wake Up America Why can't you see People are dying and want to be free, They've toiled and sweated for this old land, And now you won't even give them a hand; Wake Up America Why can't you see The swine and the scum of this humanity, They've cheated, they've lied, they've led me to believe This was my country and my society; Wake Up America Why can't you see Oppression is dead Progress is free; Wake Up America Why can't you see You've planted the seed, The time has come and now we're ripe, It's bloom or bust! Wake Up America You know it has to be!

Sylvia E. Sumter

'The Black Man Endured'

It was out of the unknown that the Black Man came bringing with him the gift of soul. Billowing out of the slave ship and the embryonic Harlem of the plantation, with the soul of a fierce and forceful will to live. This soul within the "Black Man" sustained and made him the white man's greatest collaborator in taking of the land. "The Black Man endured."

As the white man's greatest collaborator, he cleared the forest, drained the swamps, and cultivated the grain. He founded the wealth of this country on what Abraham Lincoln called the 250 years of unrequited toil of "Black Men and Black Women." After the mutated wall of the slaves going in chain to American plantations—resulting in the gold that made capitalism possible—from the black brawn came the tobacco and cotton and from the black blood came the white sugar. This land which the

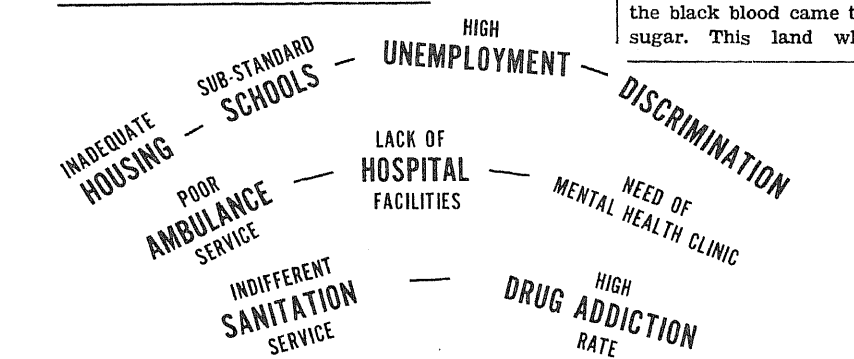
Black Man has watered with his tears and blood is now America, his mother country. "The Black Man endured."

Now we must abandon our shallow trenches and confront each other as co-inheritors of a common land, which is to say that we must meet and know each other as brothers in marriage of visions, as co-conspirators in making of a dream, as fellow passengers on the journey into the unknown. "The Black Man endured."

America would not have been America without the "Black Man," and America cannot become America until it learns to recognize the gifts the "Black Man" bears.

—Yolando Philpotts

THE PROBLEMS:



I do what I want and because I want to— It is right—for me. I say what I want When I want How I want Because it's right—for me. I don't want to be a white woman in black skin Because it's not right—for me I love who I want I hate who I want Not because it's right to you But because it's right—for me. I want to be free inside— outside & I want to be me! It's harder than I thought it would be. It's like dying and being born again. I want to be free to do—not to react to what's been done Sounds hopeless but I've got to try I've got to be me then I won't mind dying Because I would have lived.

Love is one's most valuable and richest possession Almost all of us are living in a chronic mental state of poverty!

—Juanita E. Ray

The Afro-American Artist - Part I

When man is savagely taken away from his nation environment and rudely and crudely thrown into another environment completely diverse and foreign to his own; then forbidden to continue his customs or try to adapt them to the new environment, he is last culturally, socially, spiritually, and to a certain extent, mentally. Thereby, if he finds it hard to adjust to the new environment, especially under brutal force and hatred, he is labelled as ignorant stupid, and illiterate by the men who have thrown him into this plight. Also, he is labelled the above if he cannot grasp the cultures of the foreign atmosphere as quickly as one may desire him to do so. Such was the case of the black man from Africa who was brought here by the white man under the worse possible conditions for human existence—in iron chains as slaves—then the black man arrived here, he was auctioned off to slave buyers and thereby broken away from his family, friends, and native customs.

Native Customs Forbidden

The slave buyers and holders forbade the black people to continue or adapt any of their native cultural customs here in America. It is here where as an artist, the ties of the black man to his beloved Africa were cut sharply and at a crucial point in his life. It is also here that the ignorant white man took it upon himself to say that black man had no heritage, background, creative ability, artistic talent, native customs, or culture. The white man brainwashed the oppressed so much and for such a long period of time that the black man began to believe it or consider Africa as a dark and functionless continent. When the black man in America began to emerge from the shadows of the deep as an artist, he only used the same techniques and subject matter of the white man. During early

American history and up to the early 1900's, the Afro-American artist drew and painted pictures of the customs around him without depicting any racial self-expression as self-portraiture in his works. Most of the paintings and other works were of a universal nature.

The plight of the Afro-American artists in the United States is a very sad one because for many years he has been totally disregarded; and what significant works he may have done were accredited to the white artists of the period. One such example was that of Joshua Johnston (1770-1830) of Baltimore, Maryland, a practising portraitist of notable skill and vote in the accepted style of his day; so much so that several of his paintings were attributed to Rembrandt Peale. There were quite a few black artists of early American days, but they were only recognized in the United States after they gained foreign recognition.

Pioneer Black Artists

Edmonia Lewis (1845-1890) of Boston, was a black pioneer woman sculptor and a protégé of the Storey family; she studied and practised her art in Rome and won prizes at home and abroad for competent but not overly-original neo-classic figures and figure groups. William Bannister (1828-1901) was a leading and accepted member of Providence, R. P. art groups; and a landscapist and marine painter of considerable ability. Robert Duncanson (1821-1871) was an accepted member of the art groups in Cincinnati in the late 1860's. He studied in Edinburgh and achieved outstanding success in London art circles. He returned to Cincinnati to execute commission portraits and murals for leading art patrons of that vicinity.

Cultural Exodus

These developments did not establish the black man as an accepted or integrated artist.

Sorrow	agony	pain
People	gett'in	high
People	barely	
Gett'in	by	
Eviotions	for	the
Black	woman	
Convictions	for	the
Black	man	
Lynching	killin	blacks all over the land
It's	mass	genocidal
From	the	truth
One	can	not
I	was	born
I	must	die
I'm	sick	of
Forgiving		
Forgiving		
Forgiving		

Shirley A. Curinton

The next stage of development achieved one of these desirable goals, and that at the sacrifice of the altar. As in many other artistic fields, the obstacles and discounts of prejudice forced the black American to strive for foreign opportunity and recognition before gaining it in the United States. At that time American art was outgrowing provincialism and becoming more cosmopolitan in focus and outlook. By way of sharing the Parisian orientation and trying to avoid the handicaps of the race, the next generation of black artists were divorced both from their own racial backgrounds as well as from the American scene. Outstanding black artists of the period contributed little to the development of black expression in art in America. However, they contributed greatly to the single-standard acceptance of the Afro-American as an artist first in international recognition and later by national acceptance. This was a significant accomplishment of outstanding artists as Meta Warrick Fuller, a puppet of Codin in sculpture and Harry O. Tanner (1859-1937), an internationally known painter. They and a few others like Wm. Harper, Wm. E. Scott, May Howard Jackson demonstrated complete assimilation of the best academic tradition and style.

—Winifred Neblett

Black—like God's good earth
Shining like the sun,
Proud in the midst of
confusion—
Uncalled for!
Are you stunned?
Good!
A change has got to come
For our sake and
For yours, white man!
There's no way we can
go on living in this
Hypocritical half-ass set-up.
So, black man, stand up
and be counted

Black—like God's good earth
Shining like the sun
For a purpose
For a goal.

—Juanita E. Ray

... to inform ...

I place a fretting Debbie in her crib for an afternoon nap. On returning downstairs I check the mail, a routine matter on this nonroutine day. There is a telegram, but I already know what it says. Didn't I get a telephone call? Damn the whole dumb world! Who needs a telegram?
I open it anyway and stand there weeping like an idiot.
"... to inform ... Sgt. William E. Turner ... killed in action ... Chu Lal, South Viet Nam."
—Michael (M. M.) Fane

The Other Side of the Track

The Afro-American Society has filed suit against the so-called Student Government. The action was brought about because of the SG's neglect and breach of contract. The society's suit to recover damages represents the first attempt of its kind in the history of SIOCC's student court — the first real case before the court. It is hoped that justice will roll down like river water.

It is time that we as brothers and sisters must put our house in order. The time has come for all black men and women to come to the aid of their people.

The so-called "Black college student" is in serious trouble. We students must begin to think and act as a people united for a common goal. By cleaning our own school, we will set sail on this powerful sea of unity which will take us to the promised land.

Therefore, my brothers and sisters—but mainly you brothers—when you go out boogalooing Friday night, remember there's a lot of work we black students must do on Saturday and the rest of the week.

In a memorable statement at the inauguration of a university president, John W. Garner said

he liked to think that the university will stand "for things that are forgotten in the heat of battle, for values that get pushed aside in the rough-and-tumble of everyday living, for the facts we don't like to face and the questions we lack the courage to ask."

A university or college is always dealing with the future. It is (sometimes) the preparation ground for "professionals"—ministers, teachers, physicians, lawyers, and others." It (sometimes) develops in them the power to apply to daily problems the knowledge which research has given us. Most of what college is about is the hearing and answering of old questions, which are asked in a new way. To do this is wisdom.

"The goal is first a man, then an informed man, then a committed man." It is no longer good to be your brother's keeper. To be your brother's keeper makes you no more than a good warden. Now is the time to be your brother's brother.

The Arkansas state law stipulating that blood for transfusions be labeled by race was voted to be repealed by the Arkansas House of Representatives, 87 to 2.

—Brother Christopher Thompson

Spirit

Spirit is the flight of a dove,
The glow of a flame.
It is a baby's first words,
And a dying man's last.
It is the force that compels you to live,
And to love.
It is the hope of a captive people
And the incentive of a free one.
It is the stamina of a soldier
And the bravery of a patriot.
It is the soul of life.

—Leona Schuler



Country Boy

Cities with bright lights shining round,
Attracted a little country boy to town.
Big eyes and dreams of fame,
On a greyhound dog he came.
Overwhelmed by all he could see,
Thinking he had left his poverty.
Straight to Harlem's slums he went,
Into a decaying tenement.
A walk-up five stories high,
Beaches and rats crawling by.
Got a room and went downtown,
To see if a job could be found.
Unemployed lines were very long,
Decent jobs were all gone.
He walked all around New York town,
His money rapidly going down.
Finally got a job sweeping floors,
Making barely enough to stay indoors.
The job was not held very long,
Cutbacks in production, jobs all gone.
No money, nothing to eat,
Landlord sits him on the street.
Morale's low, no place to go,
Guys asked him if he needed dough.
They got him pushing dope,
Country boy could not cope.
With city's vice and crime,
Wasn't long away from home
And he was serving time.
Cities with bright lights shining round,
Country boy now prison bound.

—James E. Wooten



"Well, ya honor, I see it this way: If a man's goin' to be sentenced for statutory rape, he might as well finish the job."

Letters . . .

(Continued from Page 4)
 right here in the United State's backyard and front court. The filthy backyard and front court will only be cleaned when the nation learns its lesson and when the present generations reject the American policies of bullying other peoples of the world and pushing its corruption down their throats.
 When you ask the "young editors" if they have no shame, I and other open-minded readers want to know to what shame are you referring? To what respect for American womanhood are you referring? The Black African woman has nothing to do with American womanhood. If that photograph was so pornographic and disgraceful, what do you think of the centerfolds of Playboy magazine and the weird art conceived by today's so-called

artists? What do you think of the underground movies and off-off Broadway productions in the Village? All of this consists of stark nude White American women who make up the majority of the female population in this nation. Thinking of the above, you may conclude that there is no respect for American Womenhood and much more for the African Woman because it is part of her culture to expose herself. Lastly, your last statement, "that the female mammary glands should be removed at birth, thereby eliminating further exploitation of the female body" proves that you and others like you have very serious mental problems.
 I commend the Dolphin for printing the photograph and putting it on the front page because this college needs this type of cultural education for everyone's benefit. It is about time the Dolphin editors got

out of the typical Staten Island bourgeois bag. This first in cultural education serves as a stepping stone toward cultural enlightenment of the "rejected" borough of the city. Staten Island lacks much when dealing with the cultural and educational essentials of the Afro-American on the island. Thereby being a fairly large educational institution on the island, the College should branch out into all reasonable forms of culture for the development and growth of the island.
 The Kaleidoscope production was only a very good beginning and there should be, with the aid of the black students and members of the faculty and staff, similar and relevant presentations to help open and educate the minds of the many people in the college and on the island who are in the same bag with Sandy McDougall.
 —Winifred L. Neblett

The bullshit artist did not
 Come about through
 contemporary man in the
 U. S.
 Why we only have to look
 at the Constitution of the
 U. S.
 to see that it is a long
 enduring art.

—Juanita E. Ray

Existence

A soft roar extended
 throughout
 The persistent occasional
 burst of laughter
 Like the sun
 seeking for recognition in a
 black world.
 It showed today
 white-gray
 hopeful—sorrowful
 Trees veiled for the occasion
 shudder at the thought
 The thought of when
 The snow will stop
 and they will be
 Naked again
 Naked—poised before
 the sun
 Laughing
 Sad.

—Juanita E. Ray

what a beautiful color!
 a color that was ashamed
 a color that was mistreated
 a color unclaimed.
 what is in a color?
 where does the difference lie?
 why is one color held down
 and another held high?
 the difference is in the mind
 of the people
 marred by a society decayed,
 a structure that is crumbling
 by the hands of mobile factions
 unafraid.
 we of this color must be proud
 must fight for recognition,
 respect
 fight to be allowed to do what
 we wish
 and have what we want equally
 under the law.

—Joe Granderson