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TONI CADE BAMBARA
by Valerie Colbert

Nationally known African-American author Toni Cade Bambara was this year's guest lecturer of the Fourth Annual Scholars Authors Program on September 17 in Boll Theatre.

Bambara, author of Gorilla, My Love and The Seabirds Are Still Alive, began the lecture with selections from some of her writings. The remainder of the program consisted of questions from the audience and a reception in Torch Lounge.

Most of the questions were directed toward Bambara's writing style. Bambara stated that her intended audience is "that sector of the progressive community." And her purpose for writing is to "provoke people to raise some critical questions."

Bambara is often thought of as a political or social writer who uses her writing as a tool to express her views. Bambara defended her position by saying "I've never read a work that did not advance a particular world view...I've never read anything that is not political." In her personal life Bambara is a champion for social justice. She is particularly involved in Anti-Klan movements because they "attempt to monitor and check the assault of democratic principles."

Bambara cleared up many misconceptions about her writing style. For example, she does not write all day long. In addition to her involvement in social causes, she also teaches full-time at the university level. She explained, "I write when I can...Fortunately paper is patient." When asked whether or not she writes from personal experiences, she replied, "No. It's boring." As to her writing style, Bambara says, "My voice, my sensibility is formed by Be Bop."

Unlike many writers Bambara is not afraid to publicly admit pride in her accomplishments as a writer. "My favorite writer is me. I spend more time with that writer." However, Bambara does have respect and admiration for many of her peers, including African-American author Toni Morrison, of whom she says has "a very illuminated mind."

As to what advice she would give to aspiring African-American female writers, Bambara closed the program with these encouraging words, "You need to know that there is a very hungry readership waiting for you all around the world...Black women writers are writing out of the community with strength and joy."

GREGORY HAYES
by Adrian Morgan

"When UD says they help all students, they help all students," is a belief held by Gregory Hayes, and one that he is now instilling in others in his new position as director of the Jesse Philips Center for career placement.

The help referred to by Mr. Hayes is something that he knows from personal experience. Far from this being his first time at UD, Hayes also received his master's degree from the University of Dayton in 1972 and then worked in the placement office for some time before moving on to a placement position at historically black Howard University. In 1976 he accepted the position as placement director at the University of Southern California where he stayed for almost ten years. Before returning to Dayton, Hayes worked as a recruiter for Taco Bell in hotel-management and for Toyota Motor Sales Inc. as a generalist in human resources.

Finding human resources too specialized, Hayes moved on to higher education where he could emphasize the service aspect of his career and enjoy the challenge of helping a student through the employment maze.

On his first trip to Dayton, Hayes brought with him a bachelor's degree from historically black Morgan State, which he finished in 1971. Twenty years later Mr. Hayes returned to Dayton with his wife and two young daughters.

Part of the reason that Hayes chose to return to Dayton was because of the long term career opportunities available to him. In hopes of one day advancing beyond career director, Hayes is currently pursuing his doctorate in educational leadership.

Mr. Hayes is very excited about the ability that he has to help people with his new position and shares this in his conversations.

"I encourage students to get involved as early as possible," says Hayes. "It's not just for seniors, there are a lot of meaningful..."
BATU/DST WIN AWARDS
HOMECOMING DISCUSSED
by Adrian Morgan

The President's Meeting held on September 1st in Kennedy Union was very informative and provided campus organizations with quite a bit of helpful information for the upcoming year, which I will now share with all of you.

To begin with, congratulations are in order for two of the organizations which were always 'tops' with us but now have been recognized by the whole campus as Top Organization for the '91-'92 school year. Delta Sigma Theta was recognized as the top overall sorority and Black Action Thru Unity received the same award for special interest group. Hopefully, next year these organizations will achieve similar success.

This year there will also be another award that student organization members can vie for. This award is the Volunteer of the Year of the ward. The actual specifications of the award and its nomination process have kyet to be worked out, but mention has been made of the winner receiving a reward of fifty dollars. Keep your eyes open for details.

Another change that UAO is experimenting with is the type of entertainment to be present at the pub this year. Currently, the biggest act they're thinking about booking is an alternative band, "Toad of the Wet Sprocket," however they "were talking about booking a group, "Disposable Heroes of Hiphopcracy," and the bottom line is that money does talk. With this type of entertainment the pub would be changing its seating arrangement to accommodate approximately 300 people and ticket prices would range from $8-$10. Steve Canorelli is the director of the Pub and he is very interested in marketable ideas.

Other important people in UAO include Mark Farrelli, Cultural Director, Fred Norton, Educational Coordinator and Molly Juelich who works with the SAAC newsletter. This year the newsletter is accepting free advertising in the form of brief write-ups that an organization might have. Also with regards to educational and/or cultural programming and getting support for, it Mr. Norton and Mr. Farrelli are khere, just like MSA, to help us. So we have no one to blame but ourselves when potential resources have been missed out on.

In previous years, one of the most well known resources for student organizations has been the use of the student activity grant money available from SGA for up to $200.00. This year that has changed, and the amount of money available has no set limit and is coming from a grand total of over $10,000.00. Detailed application procedures have been sent to organization presidents, but more information can be obtained from the UAO or SGA offices located in KU.

The Black Perspective is a University of Dayton student-run and operated publication. This paper aims to be the eyes, ears, and voice of the UD Afro-American community. The general editors urge the study body to use this paper to publicize their upcoming events and to express their thoughts on national, state, local, etc., that affect the African-American community. This paper should reflect the intelligence and determination that exist within the African-American community on this campus. The paper solicits student writings in all forms: editorials, feature articles, commentaries, poetry, or any other forms that address relevant issues. The editors do reserve the right to edit material and to choose material that will be published; however, only material that is presented in a foul, derogatory manner will be rejected. The paper accepts writings from all UD students.

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4.25 AN HOUR
HA HA HA

DO YA WANNA
BUY ONE OF OUR
NEW DARRELL GATES
DOLLS?

THE MAN

Hoffa in 92
BLACK MALES: MYTH AND REALITY
By Delisha Stewart

HOW CAN WE INCREASE THE MAJORITY AND DECREASE THE NUMBER OF THOSE WHO ARE IN TROUBLE?

Thousands of years ago, tribes existed on the continent of Africa. The dominant figurehead was the beautiful black man, king over the native land in which God had placed him. He stood proud, fearless, and confident, with an insurmountable esteem that said, "I am black, I am beautiful, I am me." Today, we have lost the beautiful, black man—amongst a world full of greed, corruption, and false identity. He is not gone, but merely hidden, by cruel stereotypes that hinder potential minds; that place limits on dreams and expectations; and most harmful, hidden by a society that wishes to suppress a strong lineage that throughout history, has continued to fight for existence. In due time, the black man will resurface, more dignified than ever. He will live up to the true meaning of what his purpose was set out to be by his forefathers, back in Africa.

Whoever said that all black men could play football or run, was wrong. For if they had any knowledge they would understand that it is improper to use the word "all" when classifying any group. We are taught in school that when the word "all" appears in a sentence nine times out of ten that sentence is false. Unless it has a scientific basis, it is false beyond shadow of a doubt, and even in science there are exceptions to the rules. Myths or stereotypes lead people to make assumptions which are most likely, untrue. Stereotypes that originated during slavery times still come back to haunt us today. Things like African-Americans not being able to read to write. Or, being more derogatory; that the men had no worth over that of an ox or mule, and they had a mental capacity equivalent to that of an ape. Even today, some people still have the ignorance to say things such as impoverished blacks are incapable of learning.

Even though black males have been negatively stereotyped, there is still a harsh reality that smacks us in the face everyday when we turn on the television and watch the news, or read a newspaper. Yet what is more frightening is who we come in contact with daily. It is the impoverished black male who has fallen victim to some type of addiction, down on his luck when it comes to employment, or unable to cope with the problems of the home, thus venting their frustrations through some violent act, either toward themselves or others. We seldom meet a black male, on the street, who is about something positive. And when we do, we scarcely even realize it because society has tried to make this black male a myth. But he does exist, again, merely hidden. You see, society would like for us to believe that only the statistical black male exists.

Who are these statistical black males? They represent the major concerns of those who are trying, so hard, to salvage an endangered race. Many people do not even understand how bad our condition, as a race, is becoming. After reading the Governor's Commission on Socially Disadvantage Black Males, I came to a conclusion of eight statistics, that could lead to the extinction of the race, in the event of continued increase in these numbers.

—Black males constitute 21% of Ohio AIDS cases yet only 10% of Ohio male population.
—Black on Black homicide is the leading cause of death for Black males ages 15-34.
—Black males comprise 89% of the Black prison population.
—54% of the Black males in prison are under 29 years of age.
—One-fifth of all Black males drop out of high school. In many cities, the dropout rate is 50%.
—Black males in Ohio maintain a higher unemployment rate than Hispanic, Asian, or Native American males, as well as Caucasian males.
—Of the Black male first grade population, 84% failed math. Of all Black male students in grades 2-6, an average of 50% failed English in each grade.
—54% of Black male students reside in a single female head of household residence.

When we have information such as this, we must use it as a stepping stone; a means for making a complete 180 degree turn. We must make our males aware that this information represents them, and ultimately, they must be the ones to bring about reform, so that future reports show improvements.

Continued on page 6

WAKE UP
by Cleo Syph

On September 18-20 Minority Student Affairs held a weekend convention called "Secrets for Success", which was aimed at helping the minority students on campus, in particular the first year students.

The convention had such workshops as Self-Esteem and the African-American Student, African-American Student Leaders on a Predominantly White Campus, and Utilizing Campus Resources to Maximize Individual Success. What was disturbing was the low minority turnout, especially the lack of African-American males.

This workshop was held for the benefit of all African-Americans here at UD, but some failed to attend. According to Minority Student Affairs, there are approximately 300 African-American students out of a total of 7000 undergraduates. I believe I have yet to meet 300 students. In actuality, I believe I have only met 50-60 students, out of 7000. That's 75% at best. This convention was held for everyone as an attempt to reach out and make the ease into university life just a little bit smoother. But some people could not set their alarm clocks to wake them up, even for their own benefit.

Another example is the program "Everything You Wanted to Know About UD, but Were Afraid to Ask" hosted by Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity Inc. Only seven out of a potential twenty-seven first year students showed up. There should have been at least half of the first-year African-American males there, because they are the ones the program was there to benefit.

Watch the next time there is a party thrown by the Alpha's. Those same students who could not take time out of their busy schedule to get some assistance from UD upperclass males will be the same ones crawling out of cubby holes and from unturned rocks to attend the party.

These are just a few statistics from our own UD campus. However, I would like to share some statistics given to me by those who facilitated the self-esteem seminar. By the year 2000, only 8 years away, 70% of black men will be unemployed. There are more African American males in penitentiaries than there are in institutions of higher learning. Forty percent of black men are in prison, while black men are only 12% of the total population.

For every black person that is making $36,000 annually there are 20 living below the poverty line. The unemployment rate is twice as high for African-Americans compared to any other ethnic group. Forty-four percent of all African-Americans age 17 are illiterate.

Now come on black men, now is the time to take advance of the resources at hand, because these people are here for you.
Opinion

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK
by Onoriod Ewuwaraye

On the weekend of September 18th, Minority Student Affairs sponsored a series of workshops on being successful on an all white campus. I attended one of these workshops. This workshop had a panel of black students, who talked about their life at UD. While at the workshops, I heard statements from both students on the panel and people in the crowd that shocked me and made me wonder if our people will ever get ahead. I did not voice my opinion at this workshop because it was all I could do to stay and listen to what was being said. I am now writing to share my view on a few issues that were brought up at this workshop.

First of all, we as black students do not have to prove anything to anybody but ourselves. Several students made the point that we should work harder to prove to white people at UD that we are just as good and as hard working as they are. I feel this is foolish. People of our race have been excelling in their fields for years, yet the stereotypes still remain. Why is that? It is because when black people do something with their lives, many whites blow it off by saying, "He's different than the rest" or "He's a credit to his race." It was once said "You can please some of the people some of the time but you can't please all of the people all of the time." Be true to yourself and don't base your actions on what white people will think.

The second thing that angered me were the statements that suggested that you have to know how to get along with white people because, when you get a job, you will be working with them. This statement is dead wrong. On the job one should be hardworking, respectful of others and demand respect in return. This has nothing to do with white and white relations. One should deal with everyone on the job with intelligence and a serious attitude. This has nothing to do with the color issue.

The third thing that made me upset was the "Oreo" issue. People tend to think of people as "Oreo" or "sellout" without knowing the fact that a "Oreo" or "sellout" is someone who intentionally has no interaction with their people or change themselves to be accepted by white people. Not all of the people called "sellouts" fit this definition. A friend of mine associates with a few blacks on campus, not because he wants to be white, but because he does not like the way many of us act. He feels there is too much gossiping within the black community on this campus. The other thing that he does not like about the black community at UD is how everybody says that they are going to do something, but when it comes right down to it, they do not follow through. For example, many of us act like we want to take part in black activities, yet there was only a handful of blacks at the first B.A.T.U. meeting, and I can count the number of first year students that were at the workshop on three fingers.

Also, many people jump to the conclusion that people are "selling out" before knowing what is really going on. If a black male is seen walking with a white female, then he "got jungle fever." If a black person is walking with a group of whites "he's changing" or she's crossing over." That is like saying just because we are black we can only get along with other black people. I was here over the summer taking classes in a program with 40 students. Out of this program, three of us were black, and we had one black R.A. Needless to say, not all of the friends I made were black. Another point that needs to be made is that some of the people going off about sellouts were the same people that were saying we need to change to fit into the "white workforce." Are we being a little bit hypocritical?

My intentions are not to offend either the students on the panel or anyone else. I respect the fact that others have their own opinions, just as I have my own. Over all, we as black people on a white campus need to realize who we are and where we are. Finally, I think we, as black people, should do three things.

#1—Stop being so judgmental. We should do our best to support each other, especially when there are so few of us here.
#2—Think about what you say before you say it. When there are so few of us here, what one person says can effect all of us and if the wrong thing is said, we may become even more divided than what we already are.

#3—Think about what you hear when you hear it. Many people jump up and down talking about how down they are and how pro-black they are, yet when it comes down to it they are all talk. Any fool with a mouth can talk, but actions speak louder than words.

THE FAMILY FRONT
by R. Piazza

Many people say that minorities today are at war with society. The government does not do enough and the police seem to act as if dark skin is the mark of criminals. Our communities are flooded with drugs, liquor, and guns. The highest killer of African-American teenagers between the ages of 12-19 is violence. Violence committed by people of their own race. If your hispanic, the numbers are not much better. The war we are engaged in has many fronts. But their is one key front that has to be won, and that is the family front.

Many minorities suffer from dysfunctional families. My family is like that. My father left the house when I was two years old. My mother is ashamed to be Puerto Rican and has told me many times she wishes she was white. My other brother and I both suffer from the fact that our parents did not prepare us to be responsible. I have spor work ethic because my mother never put me to work in the house. I tend to be selfish sometimes and have a hard time dealing with problems. I have learned a lot and I am still learning. But the lesson I want to learn is how my family came to be this way and how can I avoid the same thing in the family I plan to raise.

The first thing that comes to my mind is self esteem. The media, and society in general, never present good role models to children. African-Americans are always shown robbing stores, killing each other, and drinking liquor like it was water. Yes, there are a lot of communities like that, but what about the successful blacks in our community? Why don't we ever see them. My mother watches a lot of TV. She thinks that almost all African-Americans are criminals. Hispanics are portrayed as people who run around stealing hub caps, with a pocket full of food stamps, and they cannot pronounce a word of English. How can any child get a sense of self worth when all they are shown is garbage. The only minority role models are mostly athletes. They are good people, but I want my child to look up to someone who makes a living in life, not the fantasy world of sports. The chances for my children to live in the sports world are slim, but their chance at reality is pretty good. A key to good role models is teachers, so all you education majors listen up. A teacher with a heart for knowledge can send a child's mind soaring to new heights. Showing children of all cultures what minorities have contributed to the world is the gift of a teacher. Children are so impressionable, give them a model of a strong individual and they will respond. If anything, to them you are living proof that every minority is not a drug dealer, drunk, or criminal.

Before you have children make sure you are mentally ready. Children in poverty can survive and learn. Children born in ignorance are doomed to either death or a hard life. Be prepared to educate your children about their culture. If the schools won't do it, then the responsibility is in your hands. Before you have children make sure you are mentally ready. Know who you are, where you come from, and who you came from. If you do not know yourself your children will not know either. And have children because you want them, not because you were irresponsible. My mother was not prepared to have children. She did not educate us, the streets did, and in some cases the streets are not too loving. You may leave them worse off than you came, as in the case of my older brother. Right now I take pride in being a Puerto Rican American, and that is because I saw how much pride my friends took in being African-Americans. Who did they get it from? I think the answer is on a shirt that my friend's mother has worn for years. "Black is Beautiful."
THE CRYSTAL FRAME  
by R. Piazza

On the cluttered desk of a young college woman, a most unique picture frame set. The frame was oval and made of pure crystal. The edges were not as smooth and slender as most frames. They were made of very thick crystal, which weaved around in small bands. The frame was icy to the touch. The crystal was smooth, but the constant weaving of the bands prevented one from getting a close feel for it. Just as you would feel the stroke of the enchanting material, it would be interrupted by the end of one band and the beginning of another.

The crystal frame has an odd beauty to it. It is lovely in the way that it catches the light and breaks it into a spectrum of colors. In the clutter, it quietly stands out. It has no color of its own, the frame reflects only what is around it. Yet, the transparency catches your attention and draws you to it. The crystal frame is a placid beauty.

When I first ventured into Lynn's room the frame immediately caught my attention. Its unique elegance grabbed me when I first set eyes on it. Inside, the crystal held a beautiful picture cut exactly to fit in the heart of its oval shape. The picture was of Lynn and her first real love, William. The best way to describe William is by his role in Lynn's life. He was the type of person who comes into someone's life and changes everything. The one who puts us on a passage from the ignorance of youth to the understanding of adulthood. Suddenly, you find love that you never knew was there. You not only want to be a friend, but so much more. A special type of friend, one who can share your hopes and dreams along with your life. A person you grow with and learn from. This is the first real touch of the tranquil river we call love. It's the loss of a special type of innocence. He made Lynn feel that she was special. The picture illuminated this feeling, and the frame magnified it.

Lynn's face shined with the glimmer of a person growing and experiencing one of life's greatest gifts, her first love. Lynn's ebony skin reflected the day's light and glowed with the radiance of the sky. Her sky blue dress was cut just above her breasts and gave her the distinction of a woman. William stood next to her in a black tuxedo. By her side, he represented the image of a true man. Respect lay in the firmness of his shoulders. In his face a tenderness could be seen, the type a true man shows towards those he loves. Together, they made a picture of honest love. Two people with a relationship like a fresh spring day, alive with life in a crystal frame.

With college dictating their lives, Lynn and William found themselves drifting apart. As I visited Lynn she grew more hurt and confused. We tend to deny that life goes on. We fight it, but in the end nature has its way. Time passed and the picture faded. It still held color, but the features of the picture faded. The picture became more dull and blurred. Lynn's face lost its radiance. The tender look in William seemed to be a flaw in the paper. The sky didn't seem so blue anymore. The frame itself seemed empty. It was becoming a shadow, shallow, with no dimension. Each day another grain would disappear from the picture, until one day the frame showed nothing. It held only a thin glossy paper, no light reflected from it, no rainbows. Nothing reflected, only the emptiness of the crystal showed through.

Thoughts ran through her mind, "He deserted me. I'll never love anyone the way I love William, he was my life." Lynn sat distressed and lost as I stayed with her. Tears streamed from her eyes. Lynn made the decision that it was time to leave. I watched her as she grabbed for the crystal frame, tears streaming from her eyes. She couldn't sit still. I could hear her try to clear her nose as she cried. Her sobs were peaceful but filled with emotion. Lynn began to pick at the picture in the frame. She cursed it when it wouldn't come out and the tears ran deeper. The picture came out and Lynn quietly placed it with other photos and notes. The small pile soon fell into the corner of one of her desk drawers. I'll never forget that moment. Reality can be the saddest thing. But it's nature's way, and that is understood, I just never wanted to see it.

The frame stayed empty for a period of time until one day I noticed her cutting another picture into that familiar oval shape. This picture was black and white, but somehow it was still colorful. Lynn was smiling brightly, her eyes twinkled with a sort of hope. Next to her in the picture was me. I had the brightest smile I can ever remember having. I never really smiled in a picture until then. It seems like it was yesterday. If I remember correctly...

Lynn's friend, Dee, dragged us with her downtown because she had this photo project to do. Dee wasn't comfortable going into the city alone, so we went along. Downtown was silent on this brisk Saturday afternoon. A chill rode on the wind. Grey was settled among blue in the sky. The three of us made our way down the quiet avenues. The main street was fairly deserted. Dee clicked her camera at every artistic opportunity she felt. Lynn suggested that I take this picture with her in front of a building that reminded me of a courthouse. It was one solid color, pale grey. The building had Roman type pillars in front, and a multitude of steps. "Let's take a picture," Lynn spoke to all. "Of what?!" I asked. Dee just looked around from her camera, "I got it, you two sit on those steps. It'll make a nice picture." Lynn and I thought it was a good idea. I sat on the steps and Lynn sat next to me. She turned and looked at me, "Smile." "Hey, look! I don't smile for pictures. I don't look good when I smile." Lynn gave me a wry look. I turned my attention to Dee, "Take the picture," I said. I felt confident that I had put the nonsense of smiling to an end. I was giving my tough man look as Dee slipped her finger onto the red button. Just as the camera's gizmos were about to whirl and capture our images forever, Lynn slipped her hands around me. She tickled me and I let out a smile like none I had ever produced before. It was pure and from the heart, natural. "What'd you do that for?" I'll look like an idiot in that picture." Lynn and Dee just laughed. Inside I smiled. That picture...

...came to rest in the crystal frame. There were days when it shined so brightly it lit the room. Other days a cloud hung over the frame, clouding doubt and disappointment. As much as we tried, the picture still began to fade. It still shined now and then, but it wasn't the same as in the beginning. One day I came while Lynn was crying and I could not comfort her, I didn't have what she needed. She wanted me to be there every minute. What she needed wasn't me. What she needed was herself.

Christmas time came and with it the mass movement of college students, "Home for the holiday." On the day that Lynn left, I helped her straighten the room out. The refrigerator needed to be defrosted, appliances unhooked, and other things of that nature needed to be taken care of. As she closed the door my eyes tried to catch a glimpse of the frame. I hadn't looked at it while in the room, I just didn't want to know. The door was closing, all I caught was a glimpse of the sun reflecting off the crystal. A final flash echoes down the hall. My heart rushed. Gone was the crystal frame. I stood there staring at the door.

During the vacation, Lynn was always on my mind, but I didn't call her. I wanted to...
Crystal Frame (cont. from page 5)

give her time to think. The day before we returned, I tried to call her, there was no answer. When we returned, I went to see Lynn. I wanted to tell her that we could try again. This time we would sit down and talk it out, give our relationship another chance at life. As I ran to her room things were different.

The room was silent, no clutter to be seen. I looked at Lynn's face and it was something in her eyes. They were bright, but wet. I looked at the crystal frame. The only thing there was a thin sheet of paper with no image. Lynn had gone back to William to find love.

Hurt, angry, and disappointed, a whole range of emotions rushed through me. I didn't know how to deal with Lynn. Should I hate her and have nothing to do with her? There was always the chance to try and take what we have and build a friendship from it. The latter choice seemed the best of the two. Friends who love each other are too few and far between.

The day was cold and grey, typical of Ohio in the winter. Lynn was late. We were going to my room to spend some time. "It's time to go and I am in a little time to get ready, can you come up here?" I sighed to myself, "No problem." Her room was the last place I wanted to go.

The place was in disorder. Lynn was rearranging in expectancy of a new roommate. I stayed in my coat as she got ready to leave. I looked around a bit and noticed the crystal frame lying in clothes and magazines. It was almost unnoticeable in clutter. The crystal frame was looking straight up at me. The picture Lynn had once torn away from the frame stared at my face. "Damn!" I cursed to myself. William with his tender face and Lynn with her sky blue dress. The picture was very bright, and then it began to darken. The contrasts in the photo that defined the sky and their bodies disappeared. Lynn's eyes, her dress, Williams' face and his face, they all started to melt together. All the forms became one mass of darkness. The picture was a pitch black piece of paper, not an image left. Next to the crystal frame, I saw another oval shaped picture. It was turned face down so I couldn't see the photo. I didn't have to, I knew it was our picture. I began to think to myself, if our picture were to sit in that frame would it too darker or would it glow. I dismissed the thought, it was irrelevant. I know the only image that could ever fulfill that frame, would be a picture of Lynn, alone.

Greg Hayes (cont from page 1)

internships available and summer jobs."

When looking at Dayton from an Afro-centric perspective, Hayes is also very pleased. He thinks the fact that the Center of Afro-American Affairs (now Minority Student Affairs) is still thriving and surviving is a credit to UD.

"Dayton was into it (minority recruitment and affirmative action) before it was even fashionable. It may not seem like it," explains Hayes, but black people everywhere (on campus) shows UD's commitment.

When looking at historical trends black students do not use career placement offices," remarked Hayes. "Companies all the time wish to include diversity and are disappointed when they can't."

Hayes hopes that will change over the next year or so and reminds black students that when the job market gets tight, our people get hurt the most. Hayes is willing to meet students halfway and is available for personal appearances at student meetings or to talk individually to students.

"Any student wanting to talk to me about anything, job market or whatever, the door is open," states Hayes.

EAR-PIERCING
by Bernadette Harawa

silver studs for my brown ears
she chose gold
first they put two little dots
on either side
then picked up their weapon
which was a gun
with little ball studs for bullets
I volunteered to be the first one shot
because she was scared.
two holes in our heads
they'd be in there forever it seemed
that wasn't so bad.
no crying
though it stung.

Black Males (cont. from page 3)

But when I go to school and observe how misguided our males are, it makes me realize how much we need positive, accessible role models. That is why I admire the efforts of the 1000 Black Males Summit. We have a lot to accomplish, as a struggling race, if we are to continue to flourish. If we are to reclaim our black men and help them regain their sense of worth, we as black women must begin to take action now, to ensure a better future. We must seek out those most vulnerable, due to whatever circumstances life has handed them, and begin a quest for success by becoming counselors, companions, or merely friends with whom our black males can relate to.

We must make it our responsibility to secure males, so that our race does not become history. It is also the responsibility of those who have chosen to be educators, to educate. Changes toward improved educational opportunities must come about on all levels.

Our black males must have directions and opportunities in order to find a worthwhile identity. Knowing more about black history and accomplishments of our race in the past and present, will give basis for the passing down of a rich ethnic heritage, that must not be lost if we are to be found. Cooperative bonds between the home, school and church must be initiated. First and foremost, we must put God back into everything we do, if we want to succeed. I truly believe that if we make God the focal point in all our lives, we shall overcome.

USE YOUR
SGA SENATOR

Hi everyone!
My name is Rachelle Kelsey and I am your Student Government Association Minority Student Senator.

Stephanie Zollicoffer, Garry McGuire, Tom Eggemeyer, and myself are working together planning activities to make everyone at the university feel included, but we need your help. Any suggestions or any concerns you have about Student Government please share with me at the SGA office (x4444, KU Room 232) or at home (x1230) so we can discuss them.

Remember, if you don't say anything about an activity that has been planned or decision that has been made, we think you approve. Your ideas really are important to us. We have already had a lot of exciting ideas so just keep 'em coming.
Black Perspective wants YOU

No matter who you are or what you like to write we are very interested in working with you.

Communication majors or anyone else this is your opportunity for practical experience where you can have as much control over your work as want.

Also interested in photographers, artists, people interested in layout and design and anyone else who may want to help.

MEETINGS
Every Monday at 7:00 PM
Minority Student Affairs Lounge
Or call Adrian x1030
Or Valerie x5298

— No experience necessary —
Jesse Jackson Jr. is the guest speaker for the “Strategies For Success” Conference (left to right Jesse Jackson Jr. Kathleen Henderson, Timothy Spragins, Debra Moore)