

BRIDGE

by W. T. Watson

The bidding from the hand last column is simply:

West	North	East	South
1NT	pass	3NT	pass
pass	pass		

As long as North does not lead the K of clubs and because of the the bidding, he won't, West will win 9 tricks. This example illustrates the possibility of not having a stopper in a suit and still getting to 3NT. More advanced bidding systems such as forcing Stayman give the partnership a better opportunity to explore where their stoppers are. Forcing Stayman will be discussed later, but non-forcing stayman has to be discussed first which will be done in the near future.

So far, we know what to do with opening points. What does the partner need to respond? Once partner has opened, the partner needs 6-9 high card points (HCP's) to bid a new suit at the 1 level or 6-9 points (HCP's with distribution) to raise partner's suit by one level; 10+ HCP's to mention a new suit at the 2 level and 13+ HCP's to bid 2NT with no fit from partner's suit or 13+ points to jump raise partner's suit.

The responder must have a length of 3+ cards in a major to show support and 4+ cards in a minor to show support with no intervening four card major. Four card suits are bid up the line; however a four card suit can be skipped to bid the higher ranking of the 5 card or longer suits only if the responder's points allow you to bid them both. With the minimum point range of 6-9 HCP's, the responder usually only should mention one new suit and this has to be at the one level and should be the responder's best suit (longest and strongest). With 10-12 points and support for partner's major, the

responder can show delayed support by bidding a new suit at the second level and then jumping to three of the major.

What would you do with the following hands if 1. partner bids 1♣ and 2. he bids 1♠?

- a. ♠ 6 3
♥ T 8 6 5
♦ Q J 9 7 4
♣ K 2
- b. ♠ 6 3 2
♥ T 8 6
♦ Q J 9
♣ K 5 4 3
- c. ♠ 6
♥ A 8 6 5
♦ Q J 9 3
♣ K 5 4 3
- d. ♠ 7 6 5 4 3
♥ T 8 6 5
♦ Q J
♣ K 5
- e. ♠ A Q J 3
♥ T 8 6 5
♦ 9 7 4 3
♣ 8
- f. ♠ A K 5 4 3
♥ T 8 6 5
♦ Q J
♣ K 5
- g. ♠ A Q J 3
♥ T 8 6 5
♦ A 7 4 3
♣ 8

Play of the Hand- The Finesse

Two basic principles of the play of a bridge hand is that honours wait for the honour below it and that one has to lead up to honours (from partner's hand). A player will try to hold onto his ace unless it can take a king or a queen. If a player has a king and the left-hand opponent has the ace, chances are the king will not win a trick. For example consider the following holding:

declarer (West)	dummy (East)
A Q x	x x x

A finesse consists of leading a low card from the dummy and playing the queen unless south plays the King. More play of the hand tips will be discussed later.



WHY

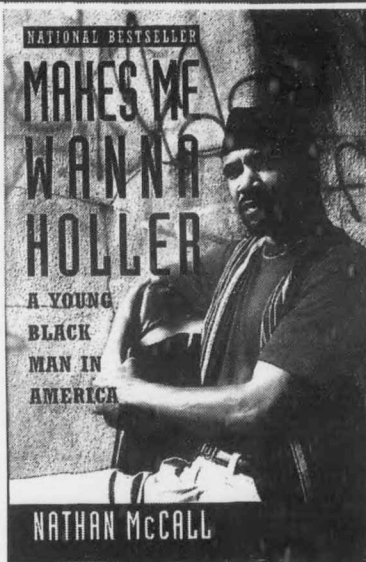
The sky is blue,
the sun is shining,
but clouds are hiding my eyes.
My heart is full of nothing,
it is numb from the pain.
It feels like a hand has grabbed it,
to throw it on the floor.
I feel like a turtle,
that has lost its shell.
Why, oh why does it have to be so painful?
My heart is a hurricane of pain.
Thoughts and memories are storming
through my mind.
Some I'll remember,
others I'll forget.
I'm a lonely soul again,
looking for myself...
looking for a meaning to live...

CRASH

POETRY CONTEST:
LAST CHANCE TO GET YOUR
SUBMISSION IN TODAY BEFORE
3:00 PM.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE FOREIGN EXPRESSION?

My favourite foreign expression is "SUMPAL JUMPA LAGI" which means UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN in Indonesian. E-mail your favorite expression, its meaning and what language it is to watsonwt@unb.ca, I will publish the suitable replies next week.



Makes Me Wanna Holler:
A Young Black Man in America

by Nathan McCall

(Vintage/Random House)

The American Dream gone sour is as much of a cliché nowadays as the American Dream. But how did that dream seemingly just evaporate? What went wrong? Sometimes it helps to approach a problem from the bottom up. By listening to someone who has lived through the nightmare of falling through the cracks, we might hear how the system developed those cracks.

Makes Me Wanna Holler: A Young Black Man in America begins like any tragedy, with the calm before the storm. The author, Nathan McCall, paints a picture of the black America of his childhood during the 1950's, a culture most Canadians are unfamiliar with (and most Americans too, it can safely be assumed). The only black culture of that time that most whites would recognise would be the black presence in white culture as maids, busboys, janitors, and so forth. The blacks' own culture, the one they lived when they went home after a hard day of cleaning up after whites is the one described by McCall. And despite the lack of material luxuries in his childhood which he never gives over, McCall describes a secure, liveable, nurturing kind of environment.

He grew up in a public housing project in Portsmouth, Virginia, called Cavalier Manor. At the time, such projects were a novelty and not the stereotypical ghettos now associated with urban blight. The McCalls were a comfortable family in material terms but were by no means unusually affluent. His parents were hardworking, and able to see their prospects gradually improving. McCall's

Once out of the neighbourhood, McCall has the advantage of perspective which was denied him as a young man inside the neighbourhood but McCall now finds himself an unwelcome stranger in his old neighbourhood. Mc Call is now as likely as anybody to be the object of young blacks' hatred for the system that has failed them.

stepfather was a retired soldier who did odd jobs, and enough money was saved for the family to buy their own home in the Cavalier Manor project.

The first hints of trouble on the horizon came to McCall when he gradually became aware of the patronizing organization of the project. Half the neighbours believed that the philanthropist who funded the project was truly interested in helping the blacks of Portsmouth. The other half insisted he was a racist who wanted upwardly-mobile

and which has never gone away. Cheap guns came into the neighbourhood in the late 1960's. Soon every young man was carrying one for protection after fights broke out between Cavalier Manor boys and teens from a poorer, rougher neighbourhood across town. Petty high school disputes started ending in gunfights between students and police. Cheap drugs came next, followed by a stint in prison for McCall.

McCall pulls no punches in looking for the causes of the devastation of neighbourhoods like Cavalier Manor. In some respects, the residents of the neighbourhood must share responsibility for its degeneration into a slum. McCall recalls the new department store that opened there in the early 1970's. Rather than shop at the store, the rebellious young men and women in the neighbourhood robbed the store blind until it was forced to close and pull out. Other businesses were discouraged from moving in, and the economic fate of Cavalier Manor was sealed. Again and again, McCall and his friends gave in to short-sighted and ultimately self-destructive behaviour.

If a black man like McCall's stepfather could afford a new car, his son certainly didn't need a job.

blacks to live in a segregated project instead of moving into white neighbourhoods. In any case, it couldn't be disputed that many of the streets in the project bore the misspelled names of prominent blacks. McCall gradually realised that blacks could only improve their lot if whites did not oppose them. As a teen, he was fired from a job days after his stepfather had shown up at his workplace with a new car. The white supervisor's justification? If a black man like McCall's stepfather could afford a new car, his son certainly didn't need a job.

Once in his teens, McCall, like his friends, entered a phase of identity-seeking. His memories of his years at a working-class black high school in the sixties are full of nostalgia and go a long way towards opening the eyes of white readers to where the black American culture of today came from. One of the popular pastimes at his school was called "jonin":

Good jonin' required a brutal wit, a sharp tongue and a thick skin. It usually started with a challenge, an off-hand comment about someone's looks or clothes, followed by a retaliatory response. Once a jonin' session got started, everybody crowded around, listened, and instigated to keep it going... A few years later, when I became part of the hip crowd, I learned to jone hard enough to keep cats like Cardell Pattillo off my case. I never forgot how that little sawed-off, blockheaded, JCPenny's-dressin' baby panda humiliated me.

Obviously, anyone who wanted to save themselves from merciless jonin' worried a lot about their wardrobe, and the athletic sneaker mania was born.

The nostalgia, like McCall's sheltered childhood, turns out to be short-lived. It is replaced by McCall's brooding portrayal of the violence that swept through his neighbourhood during his later teen years,

CONFORMITY

WHY MUST I BE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS
THE ONES WHO DO NOT THINK ALONE
ALL SHARING A SOLE PERCEPTION
AND NEVER QUESTIONING WHAT MIGHT BE
TOO AFRAID TO BE UNLOYAL
OR LET DOWN THEIR GUARD
TOO BUSY MAKING OTHERS FEEL AS OUTSIDERS
ALIENS TO ANOTHER WORLD
FOR THEM RISK IS ANONYMOUS
TO BE DIFFERENT MEANS LOSING LOVE
OR AT LEAST WHAT THEY PERCEIVE TO BE LOVE

BUT I AM TRULY DIFFERENT
BY NOT CONFORMING TO THEIR STANDARDS
AM I JUST CONFORMING TO ANOTHER'S.

SPED

Box

This is my box
You gave it to me
It has four tall sides
and a lid that clamps on
You picked out the pattern
you thought was becoming
And you gave me things
to always keep inside
Except now it's waytoofull
and my own things won't fit
So here's your box back
It wasn't mine at all

Erin Carter

McCall turns the book into a work showing the depth and strength of spirit he once knew in black American culture.

McCall learned that truth the hard way. After being given a longer than expected prison sentence for armed robbery, McCall had plenty of time to think about what he wanted out of life and how he might achieve it. He worked his way through college after being released, built a career in journalism, and eventually wrote *Makes Me Wanna Holler*. But like the saying goes, hindsight is 20/20. Once out of the neighbourhood, McCall has the advantage of perspective. That advantage was denied him as a young man inside the neighbourhood. Today, he knows the anguish of seeing young blacks caught in the same trap. McCall now finds himself an unwelcome stranger in his old neighbourhood. The directionless rage he used to feel has come full circle; McCall is now as likely as anybody to be the object of young blacks' hatred for the system that has failed them.

Makes Me Wanna Holler could easily have been a mere listing of racist slights directed against, or witnessed by McCall. He resists the temptation, however, and instead turns the book into a work showing the depth and strength of spirit he once knew in black American culture. He now fears that the spirit may be dying, if it hasn't already. And that is where the tragedy lies. McCall has given a fresh and brutal spin on the classic American story of innocence lost. McCall's story shows a life eventually veering from one hostile environment to another, constantly running up against social restraints placed there by either white or black American culture. Being a black man in America today means being engulfed by conflicting pressures. It is also the realisation that the American Dream was always just myth for that country's largest minority. Part of the solution for America's young blacks is to stop turning their justifiable rage against themselves. *Makes Me Wanna Holler* is a profound resource for young blacks seeking guidance for their desire for change, as well as for whites looking for the origins of that desire.

by Mimi Cormier

