

Black



Rap

Editor's Note

This issue of Black Rap is the first of several issues to be written and structured solely by the Black freshman class. It is commendable that many members of our class have pooled their resources in this literary effort. In the past we have except for a few cases not utilized Black Rap as a viable means of expressing our opinions as a whole. It is impossible, of course, to have unanimity in our views, however, it is imperative that all opinions be expressed. This is another of our avenues toward black unity on a predominately white campus.

One of the problems of our organization is that it is motivated to action only in an event and/or crisis situation. The event at the time is Black Rap. We hope that the novelty does not wear off in a week or two. The freshman class, which is the largest in Lake Forest history, has great leadership potential. Now is the time for blacks to overcome diverse backgrounds and work together toward diserable ends.

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PROFILES IN BLACK

by Dwight Greene

Lake Forest experiences have affected the thinking of every black student on campus. To find out some of these thoughts the following interviews were conducted with Rosiele Roberts and Robert Baker. Rosie attended a predominately white girls' school in Philadelphia. Bob, a chemistry major, went to a largely black high school in Denver, Colorado. Both subjects were asked identical questions by different interviewers and at separate times and places. It should be clearly understood that the answers given are the personal opinions of Rosie and Bob. The questions and answers given are as follows:

1. Have your attitudes concerning black people changed and if so, how?

Rosie: Yes. Well my attitudes have changed in that material things without a culture don't mean a thing. Now black is no longer just a color of the skin but is now a beautiful race that is just as good or better than any other race.

Bob: Yes. Before I came on this campus I was more idealistic. Now I see things a lot more realistically. The situation on this campus is not realistic but the way people cope with the problems are.

2. Do you have any identity problems concerning black people after having attended a predominately white school?

Rosie: Yes, at the beginning of the year. The attitudes of blacks in high school was much like that of whites. After coming here my ideas switched from those of a middle-class Negro to that of a black person. The major reason for this was a difference in attitude on the part of whites here as compared to those in high school.

Bob: I cannot answer this because I went to a black high school.

3. What do you think is the major problem for black people on this campus in relationships with each other?

Rosie: I would say our backgrounds and experiences. I think this can be overcome, but only through sitting down and conversing with each other about our experiences. It will help us to relate to one another.

Bob: I think we need more effective leadership in getting black people together. I'm not saying that the present leadership is either good or bad but it hasn't reached its goal by getting black people together and organized.

BLACK PROFILES cont.

4. What do you conceive of as the ideal relationship between whites and blacks on this campus or in general?

Rosie: I cannot think of an ideal situation.

Bob: I don't think there is a set ideal relationship. It should be more on an individual level. I don't feel that black people should just totally integrate.

5. Although you have been on this campus and away from home only a short time, do you feel alienated from your community?

Rosie: My ideas are alienated though we are still friends. I have a more militant point of view, but then again you have to look at their ideas. They still believe that the black man should work slowly for progress. Some of my friends that are already in college are beginning to think the same as I do.

Bob: I don't feel alienated from any community but worried about it. My thinking has changed where my friends haven't. I have been finding out a lot of things while they have not.

6. Is there a race problem in this country? If so what is it?

Rosie: There is definitely a race problem. There are two race problems in the country. The first is a historical one between blacks and whites. This concerns the white man's attitude that the black man is inferior and not equal. "The second race problem" is of blacks themselves. The Negroes who still live by white ideals versus the black man who seeks to live and build ideals that relate to his race. A way to help this problem is a realization of the middle class Negro that he is a black man and that white standards aren't necessarily the best. He has to become part of the black race not only in skin but in ideas and feelings.

Bob: I suppose you could call it that if you want to. However the race problem is just an excuse for the larger problem of Americanism. Americanism is a combination of a religious thought, capitalism, nationalism and other shit.

7. What do you feel your responsibility is as a black person in this country while you are in school and after you leave?

Rosie: My responsibility as a black person in school is naturally to get as much education as I can and then take this education after I leave and go back to my

Black Profiles cont.

Bob: The responsibility of the individual is to get himself together. I'm still trying to figure out what I am doing here. I think each person should play it by ear and decide for himself what he should do. There is no set answer. Every black person can't be a political scientist. Do your own thing but do it black.

8. Do you think you are as black as anyone else on this campus? How do you define blackness?

Rosie: I consider myself a black person in color and in mind but I may not be as black conscious as some may be. As the Black Panther said, I'm a black person in mind even though I'm maybe not up to his level. I can't think of an adequate definition.

Bob: (Pause) Yeah. I may not be able to spout a glorious rhetoric but I am as black as anybody else.

9. What social problems have you found on a predominately white campus?

Rosie: The social problem would be the over zealous white person, one who is trying to carry on a one man crusade to relieve the racial problem. Another problem is the white liberal who tries to become "black" through listening to soul music and by associating with blacks.

Bob: The greatest problem is that you are confined to one small group. You don't feel as if you belong. If this were a 90% black school you would feel like LFC was your school but as it is now you just go to Lake Forest.

10. How can we be of assistance to incoming black students in preparing them for the situation they will encounter at a largely white college?

Rosie: I think it is good to be able to see an incoming freshman over the summer and be able to speak with him or her and help them to feel that among the blacks there is no level where help is concerned pertaining to school work and they should feel free to ask for help. We should help them to feel that this is a black community, and it is, and that they should seek help whenever necessary. We should try to be able to truthfully present a unified black student body.

Bob: The best thing that you can do is to be friendly and not act like you are a big time upperclassman and they are just freshmen. Big brother didn't please me at all because it didn't do anything.

THE FRESHMEN SPEAK

As the Black Freshmen constitute the largest percentage of the Blacks on this campus, we, the editorial staff of Black Rap thought that the time had come for their opinions to be voiced. Whether these opinions were unheeded by the upper-classmen or whether they were not voiced, we cannot say. However, we do feel that it is imperative that these opinions be expressed. This poll prepared by the staff, was answered by a majority of these freshmen, and gives their opinions on questions faced by themselves.

Following, are the questions which were posed to the freshmen, and the percentages of their responses:

I. What do you think of the leadership of the B.S.B.A.?

- | | |
|--------------|-----|
| a. very good | 5% |
| b. good | 15% |
| c. fair | 35% |
| d. poor | 45% |

II. Do you think that the B.S.B.A. is keeping it's pact of helping the Black find his identity?

- | | |
|-------------|-----|
| a. yes | 10% |
| b. no | 60% |
| c. not sure | 30% |

III. Have your attitudes changed concerning Black people since you have been on campus?

- | | |
|-------------|-----|
| a. yes | 65% |
| b. no | 25% |
| c. not sure | 10% |

IV. Is there a place for white people in the B.S.B.A.?

- | | |
|-------------|-----|
| a. yes | 0% |
| b. no | 95% |
| c. not sure | 5% |

V. Would you say the people of your community are,

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| a. very concerned about | 10% |
| b. concerned about | 65% |
| c. disinterested in | 25% |

the economic, social, and political problems faced by the Black man today?

Below, are comments by some of the participants regarding the individual questions:

Number I.

"...or should I say, 'What leadership?'"

"It is good considering the lack of support it receives and the short time that it has been in existence. I can think of no one who could do a better job at this time except a few seniors."

"The leadership is unrepresentative and irresponsible."

"There has been no change in the B.S.B.A. since Sept., nor has there been any improvement. The leadrs have not accented their responsibilities."

Number II.

"B.S.B.A., in my opinion has yet to pass the stage of just presenting a united front to whites"

"Never knew I had to, Black people should know they're Black and why, without B.S.B.A.'s telling them."

"B.S.B.A. serves as a social organization more than anything else, and in so doing forces people to act according to what is expected by them rather than what they really are."

"Oh, is that why it was born"?

Number III.

"I have become tragically more aware of our problems and the approaches suggested for their solutions."

"For the worst, I've seen all of the splits because some of the people are too black."

"Before I came here, I believed that given any group of Blacks in any given place, those Blacks would become united merely because they share a distinctly common bond. This has invariably not been the case."

"I have lost a lot of faith in potential Black leaders."

Number IV.

"If the color of their skins gets drastically darker and they become capable of Black action."

"No person should be a part of a group which is not directly relevant to him. B.S.B.A. is for Black people. Check the name: Black Students for Black Action."

"This is our organization, our problems, and our search for identity, pride, and unity, and only we by ourselves can find these things."

"HELL NO"!

"Black people can't get together by themselves, what the hell do you want to let the honkies in for"?

Number V.

"I say that the people in my community are concerned rather than very concerned due to the fact that they tend to have their particular interests at heart more than any interests which may be relative to Black people collectively."

"In the slums the Black man is engrossed in his own struggle for day to day existence. He leaves the solving of the economic, social, and political problem to be solved by the "Black Elite"."

"My community is composed of several socio-economic groups, each taking the position which best helps their sense of security. I pray that this is not common among other Black communities."

"I think that the young people of my community are very concerned about the problems of the Black man today. However, it must be remembered that many young people are in the "Black Bag" because it's the thing. Most of the older people are concerned, but more so about the methods of the Black leaders than the results."

BLACK FACTS

We are a part of America. It would not be the America it is without us. It would not be as wealthy, its civil liberties not as well developed, its culture less distinctive. In short this is not a "white country".

TIME:

We have put in as much time in the land as any people except the Indian. And Gunnar Myrdal in An American Dilemma has pointed out that American Indians have not disappeared as often is assumed--but have rather "As the number of Negro slaves increased, the Indian slaves gradually disappeared into the larger Negro population (through intermarriage). Whole Indian tribes became untraceably lost in the Negro population of the South." (p. 124)

We date from the pilot with Columbus who may have been a Black and the Black cabin boy who was with him on his 4th voyage. We date from Estevanico, advance scout for Cortez in New Mexico (1539) and numerous Black servants, explorers and seamen, born or settled in Spain and Portugal, in the 1400's some of whom came along on all of the early voyages to Florida, South America and the West Indies. (By 1450, 700-800 Black Africans were being brought to Portugal each year. There were many Black people in Europe in the age of exploration.) (Franklin Slavery to Freedom p. 44)

The 20 Black indentured servants who landed in Jamestown in 1619 were Spanish Christians. They were once considered the first Black slaves to settle in America. By 1790 one out of every five Americans was Black.

CULTURE:

American culture is significantly marked by our Black culture. When Americans sing they often sing our harmonies and rhythms. And not only spirituals, rock and roll, blues, jazz and soul. But also Paul Whitman, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin and Aaron Copeland.

Black folk have adopted English, but Americans have also adopted our variations of English. American English is enriched by the idiom and poetry of our language--including the original style of Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Adam Clayton Powell.

Consider "groovy", "groovin'", "making it", "hang-up", "together", "hip" and "dig" (Some of these are in the American Dictionary of Slang). Is this language inferior because it is new, or because it comes from the Street? I think not. It is musical, expressive and forceful.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY:

Our presence here has by 1968 enlarged and strengthened the civil rights and liberties of all Americans. Beginning with the due process clause, the definition of citizenship, the privileges and immunities clause of the 14th amendment (1868) and up to May 19, 1968 when the Supreme Court announced the extension of the right of jury trial to state as well as federal courts, Americans have benefitted by the expansion of civil rights fought out by,

and/or for Blacks in the Supreme Court. Most recently, the sit-in, non-violent movements have occasioned new definitions of full assembly and petition.

CONFUSION OVER RACE:

Finally, we are aware of the "blood" of white men in our bodies, but we seem to systematically overlook the obvious converse of that state of affairs. America is not even biologically "white". There are no pure races, not even in America, and one out of five or 21% of white Americans has some elements of African in their background according to Robert P. Stuckert (quoted from Bennett, Before the Mayflower and American Dilemma). Further, "the majority of persons with African elements in their background are classified as white."

When Blacks have suffered most, large numbers of them who could passed into the white world. No American can be quite certain that he is white by most strigent classification (1/10 of 1%). Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and George Washington all have Black Descendants. Alexander Hamilton was rumored to have been part Black himself. It is certain according to his biographers that he had two mulatto sons. (Bennett, Before the Mayflower, "Miscegenation")

What manner of men were these, our ancestors? What manner of men and women are we? They were subjected to dehumanizing and brutal slavery, but they survived and some prospered. They easily learned to read despite the Black codes; some were doctors (James Derham 1762, Pa.), editors (David Walker, 1829), inventors. They were totally cut off from their past-- totally American in speech, dress, religion, but still after 400 years dance the movements and sing the harmonies of Africa. Finally one of us, Alex Haley, has traced his ancestry to a Moslem holyman who came to a Mandingo village in 1600. (Washington Post, May 16, 1968)

Are we really no more than the barbaric progeny of steaming jungles, living in the stone age and selling mom, pop and the kids for a string of beads as in the textbooks and Tarzan? Are we American, African or neither? Are we favored or cursed? Why did it happen to us?

WHO ARE WE? HOW DID WE COME THIS WAY, WHO DO WE WANT TO BE, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

--Sister Barbara Smith

Julian Bond at Barat

Last Thursday night April 17th, the sisters of Barat College presented Julian Bond as a guest speaker. Julian Bond, the current "in" type of the black movement, still riding the crest of wise and heroic political moves in the Democratic political campaign is presently on a speaking tour of college campuses across the country urging youth to re-involve themselves in political activity. Julian Bond, a new type of Black leader, is a black member of the Georgia House of Representatives. He is young and angry, but contrary to most present day militants chooses to work within the system. Unlike Negroes, Uncle Roy and Whitey Young, Julian Bond is for us. In short he is Black. However, the purpose of this article is not to give a life history on Julian Bond, but rather to tell of the general reaction of the crowd to him.

Before Julian Bond had said a word, before he had even reached the microphone, he was greeted by a standing ovation led by the whites. He began his presentation with a monologue filled with corny jokes. The people loved it. Blacks who know little of Julian Bond, and were therefore impressionistic, viewed him as a typical Negro in public office. However, the reaction changed when he got into the meat of his speech. First there were three relevant speeches, taken from black history of over one hundred years old. They were in essence the same type of speeches that are being made today; demanding our rights. The real crowd shaker came when he began talking of Black beauty... "the roundness of the features, the smoothness of the skin, the frizzly hair..." and white people's lack of it. "...mother nature must have been exhausted when she created the white man, and in her fatigue she pinched out his features..." This evoked a standing ovation by this time led by black brothers and sisters while getting merely tight-lipped smiles from the whites.

He finished with a question and answer period in which he showed real style and class. He was aloof, and at times non-committal, but he was always cool. It was strange in a way for in an indirect manner he was cutting down white people left and right but they still seemed to like him. This is understandable since they will readily accept a tall, lean, light-skinned man who doesn't openly offend them rather than a big burly buck anyday. Julian Bond definitely has charisma and therefore natural leadership ability. It is hard to tell whether it is based on his good looks (there were many oohs and ahs from the girls present) or his cool mannered class. His usefulness to the black community must be based on his actions not his outward features. Remember that!

BEFORE

Who am I?
I am nobody
I am Black
In a white man's world.
Integration, segregation, black power -
Go to hell!
let me be Me.

AND AFTER

Once I wanted to be a part,
To belong!
Acceptance was my only goal.
Now,
I don't care about you,
Or you standards
Or your ideals.

For I'm tired of being colored
In a white man's world
Tired of changing my nature
To emulate
Someone inferior to me.
Tired of trying to fit in
Where I don't belong,
Tired of identifying with someone
who resembles me so little.
I'm tire of wanting so much
Getting nothing
Tired of grinning when I
Should be kickinf ass.

I'm tired
And it's time for change.

I have learned to accept muself
As I am
I no longer need to search
For my identity
For I KNOW
I AM A BLACK MAN!

So watch out white america.

Black Rap says "BOTTOMS UP" to:

Sylvia Dawson, Cynthia Goodwin, and Florine Johnson for making the dean's list winter term. Special congratulations go to Cynthia for making three honors

Cheryl Chisley and Barbara Smith who are new members of the Tutorial Project in Chicago

Rena Schuller for the fine job she has been doing on her radio show on WLFC. Rena's show is 6 P.M. to 8 P.M. on Wed. . . .

Cheryl Chisley for making the Cheerleaders Squad and for her role as lead singer for "The Vertigos", whose first performance will be on May 3 in the TKE lounge Geraldine Burt, Cynthia Goodwin, and Florine Johnson for their outstanding performance on the varsity Volleyball team The twenty black freshman students who have arranged and volunteered their time to go into Chicago and talk to juniors in high school. They will attempt to answer black students questions concerning college life and college in general Lillian "Tang" Tynes, Susan White, and Wardell Hairston for their outstanding performances as members of the "Soul Syndicate".....

The black freshman who are attempting to initiate a black library in College Hall The black freshman who are attempting to have films that are relevant to black people shown on this campus

RMB III

EDITOR'S CORNER

The freshmen opinion poll reported in this issue should have a definite relevancy to the Black people on this campus, and particularly to B.S.B.A. The reason for comprising and taking this poll is twofold: (1) To give the freshmen, as a group a chance to air their opinions, and (2) to let the upper classmen know how the freshmen feel about such germane issues as the leadership of B.S.B.A., whether or not the upper-classmen have helped to shape freshmen attitudes about Black people, and lastly but most importantly, the effectiveness B.S.B.A. has had in helping the freshmen to find their identities.

I have found, through talking with several freshmen that many of them feel as though any opinions which they may have will go and have gone unheeded by the upperclass members of B.S.B.A.. These freshmen have voiced a dissatisfaction with the manner in which the meetings of B.S.B. A. are conducted by the Chairman and the Co-Chairman. They feel as though whenever they bring up any issue which seems important to them they are "cut down" with replies such as, " We don't have time for that now". Because of this apathetic attitude toward voiced freshmen opinion these people choose to remain silent at B.S.B.A. meetings or they do not come to the meetings at all.

I wish to remind the upperclassmen that the freshmen comprise the largest percentage, by class, of B.S.B.A. We feel as though our opinions are just as important, and in some cases more important, as those of our upperclass counterparts. Further, the future of our organization will depend upon the attitudes formed by the freshmen NOW. I feel as though B.S.B.A. cannot afford to alienate any of the sisters and brothers, be they freshmen or not - and this is exactly what may be happening.

However, in all fairness I must admit that the silence of the freshmen at meetings may not entirely be the fault of the upperclassmen or the leaders of the organization. The freshmen I spoke of earlier are voiceless because they feel as though anything they say will go unheeded, but I cannot say that all the freshmen are silent for this reason. Through my two and a half terms on this campus I have found that apathy is bred here. Some of the freshmen may not speak out simply because of a lack of interest. But if this be the case, I cannot see why these people would continue to attend the meetings. They are not forced to do so, and if they are not interested, these people should cease to present the facade of interest. Therefore, in closing I use the admonitory words of one of the "great white fathers", " A house divided against itself cannot stand."

The Editor

The black freshman class made a wise decision in its overwhelming decision to elect a president and an additional representative to the Steering Committee. As time passes, Lake Forest apathy has become deeply embedded in many members of the class. This is primarily due to the absence of relevant programs and a lack of knowledge of the upperclassman's activities within BSBA. Our creation of the two new offices will be instrumental in combating this problem.

Several worthwhile projects were brought up during the winter term. These proposals are at best in their conceptual stage, however, I believe that a strong and active president could have begun the implementation of these programs by now.

Our under-representation on this body brought about the idea for an additional member on the Steering Committee. We comprise almost half of BSBA, and we have only ONE member on the board. His duties are merely to represent and to relay the proceedings. Realistically, it is impossible for one person to know and to express the feelings of forty people on any subject. That fact that he is expected to articulate the feelings of the remaining thirty-nine members at the meetings is definitely absurd.

Our present representative should be given a non-voting seat on the Steering Committee enabling him to coordinate the efforts of the freshman class with those of BSBA as a whole. Two voting and one non-voting member will not completely alleviate this problem, however, it is a step in the right direction.

The Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

When I first came to this college, I got the impression that the majority of the Blacks were a bunch of farces, and most of all stuck up (snobish is more the word for it). However, having stayed here for a length of time, I can say that the majority of the Blacks are A-Okay with me. They have shown me that first impressions give way sometimes to better and more lasting impressions.

Sidney Horton

Dear Editors:

During the past editions of Black Rap there have been pleas from the editor for the Black students on campus to show some concerted effort toward sharing the responsibility of getting Black Rap organized and published. I think the cry is justified but----- I would like to remind the editors that the circulation of Black Rap is not restricted to Black students, therefore we should not air our business. Not only do you announce to the campus that there is apathy among the Black students, but it has been done in a derogatory manner. BLACK BUSINESS OF ALL TYPES SHOULD BE BETWEEN BLACK PEOPLE. LET'S KEEP OUR BUSINESS OUT OF THE STREETS AND IN B.S.B.A. MEETINGS.

Phyllis Wyatt

The following was written by a white student on a Southern campus.

"HEY NIGGER!"

by

Todd S. Davis

Let me tell you something about yourself. Your name is William Gregory Thompson, your friends call you Bill. I'm white, and you're a nigger.

You were born in April of 1949 into a family of five other children and a mother who cleans house for income, and a father who is in the Sanitation and Maintenance Department of the First Presbyterian Church--in other words, a janitor. The yearly income for your family is just over three thousand dollars, they have a 1961 Dodge, and they live in a southern industrial city of about twenty-two thousand people. You've always had clothes and food, Bill; money has often been tight, but you've had basic necessities. You were sent to school in 1955. Grammar school merely meant a few new black faces added to those that you had seen in your neighborhood before. It didn't seem to bother you that all the faces were black; you had only seen white faces on a few occasions, and your public questioning and awe was hushed by your embarrassed mother. By the time you were in high school you had long stopped asking questions about the white man, Bill.

You knew who and what he was and you resigned yourself to the backseats of Greyhound buses; and you resigned yourself to the balcony of the theatre when you could afford it and if they could afford to let you sit even in the balcony; and you resigned yourself to walking extra blocks with a full bladder, looking for a bathroom, trying to understand that your bladder was somehow inherently inferior to white bladders and therefore not worthy of a white commode.

Yes, Bill, you resigned yourself, most of the way through high school--- black high school. It was a black high school that could not addid not hope to prepare you academically as well as your white counterparts. It was a black high school that was about half as big as the white high school football stadium. It was a black high school that wasn't really black, that wasn't really segregated, but that was simply located in a particular part of town where all the inhabitants just "happened" to be black (or so said the School Board.). Yes, Bill, you resigned yourself, until a few Negro leaders and many white liberals came marching along and told you that your bladder was the same as any white man's, and told you that you deserved equal liberty and must demand it, told you about the changes America was making. And you believed them, and you had hope.

And one day a black professor friend told you to go to "college night" at the white high school. You and a few others went. A white man there explained to you how you could work your way through his college--a college founded on and dedicated to the Christian ideals of love and justice, and openminded understanding--St. Andrews Presbyterian College. And so you went in the fall of 1968. What have you learned, and experienced, and realized since then, Bill? What has this college, this unique experience, meant to you? What happened, Bill?

First of all, Bill, you are not as academically prepared as the average white student, and you know it, for you had not the opportunities. Upon arriving at school, you find that your white roommate has already talked with the dean about changing rooms. This is the first time you have ever sat in class with white bodies around you, the first time you have ever lived in a white community. You know by name, Bill, at least two faculty members who still cling to segregation as the ethical and moral way of life; you realize that most of them claim racial liberality, some of whom are rather close-minded when it comes to skin color. You find yourself one of fourteen black people in a community of nearly ninehundred white students. You begin to question why you are at St. Andrews. You hear rumors of the hesitance of some trustees a few years ago concerning admission of black students. You wonder by they did not segregate St. Andrews. You wonder if perhaps your presence as a Negro student has anything to do with the enormous amount of federal financial aid coming into St. Andrews. You wonder why there are only fourteen black students. It seems to you as if the administration hopes that by having only a few Negroes they can say we are integrated, and at the same time they can attempt to graduate "processed, white niggers." You hear the story of the faculty member who, because

of the turmoil his civil rights involvement cause, left St. Andrews a few years ago. You realize how completely suqelched your social life is when there are only thirteen more similar to you. Am Bill, dating white on campus only asks for harsh condemnation. You realize, Bill, that St. Andrews claims to desire a black community for understanding and education for both sides. Can fourteen people be called a functioning community? There are only two white professors that you can totally trust, that you can be totally honest with. There are no black professors. There are two, maybe three, white students with whom you can be toally honest and not worry about being misunderstood, and not worry about condescension and prejudice. You find yourself, Bill, living in a smiling white community, a community tokenly smiling at one of the new campus Negroes-- smiling because you are a Negro. You are living, Bill, at a college where all the maids and most of the indoor underling positions are filled by Negroes--Negroes who are dealt with individually by the administration (a lily-white administration), and who have no collective voice. These are the same Negroes, Bill, if you remember, that several students and faculty members tried to unionize last year. This is that action that nearly cost one faculty member a job.

You know, Bill, that you are a part of a larger community, too--the Laurinburg community. This is a place where the main downtown restaurant has no reservation about serving you, Bill-- burnt food. This is the town where the barber shops are known in the black community for their discouraging tactics. This is the place where there are only three churches with black and white members rolls. Do you happen to be Lutheran or Presbyterian or Catholic Bill? And Bill, James Rodgers has finally served a Negro. He really served a black student; it was an issue but he served one of your black friends.

And that's it, Bill. Everything you do at St. Andrews is an issue--date a white girl, go to Rodger's, let your hair grow, wear an Afro shirt, get mad, or state your opinion, they're all issue, they're all something to get upset about. And when people get upset, Bill, you can trust your liberal friends to come rushing in with the solution! No need to ask you, Bill; the answer is obvious, just follow me, great white liberal that I am.

And finally, Bill, you find yourself asking, " Why shouldn't I transfer, why should I stay?" And Bill, liberal white that I call myself, I'm deeply concerned. Because for the first time, I don't know why.

FACING AND MAKING TOMMORROW

Since we have been here on campus many of us have read papers or heard news cast reporting racial violence in in our home towns. It is very depressing to realize that the National Guard is patrolling your neighborhood and you are safely tucked away in some dormitory 1,000 miles away. It is even more depressing to read about your ex-classmates facing charges of arson while you and other Black students bicker among yourselves about petty details. You begin to get some inkling of the responsibilities of the so-called Black Elite.

The "Black Elite", for those of us not familiar with the term, consists mostly of Black students on white college campuses. These students are considered to be the cream of the crop of Black people and from their ranks will come replacements for the Stockley Carmichaels and Martin L. Kings. They are going to step off of their colleges campuses into a world that will bitterly need them to carry on the revolution that King and Carmichael have only started. Their ability to respond to this need will depend to a great extent on the way they prepare themselves while in school. They are going to have to leave their schools as dedicated, political animals.

Regretfully most Black students on White campuses do not have the background to be as sensitive to other Black people and their problems as will be needed. Most Black students come from middle class backgrounds for fairly obvious reasons. There is nothing wrong with being middle class has become increasingly synonymous with apathy and individualism. The Black masses can no longer tolerate this attitude among its "leaders" and the "elite" must halt this trend.

In order to stop this trend, Black students are going to pause to become actively involved with relevant political issues as well as reading and analyzing as much material concerning our problems as possible.

Establishment - oriented ideas are only one of many hazards that the Black Elite are going to have to face and overcome before they can responsibly perform in the new role that has been thrust upon them. Therefore it is imperative that they recognize their importance in bringing about meaningful change to all Black people.

The Leaf,
Dwight Greene

CAST YE NO STONES

It is evident that the great majority of the freshmen class has become dissatisfied with the leadership of the Black Students for Black Action.

The following diagrams illustrate my interpretation of the weakness in the structure of our organization, that has led my class to take such an opinion.

The theoretical structure of B.S.B.A. (DIAGRAM A) is that of a wheel with the steering committee at it's center. The function of the steering committee is to coordinate actions and policies of all interest committees (Black Rap, Freshmen class, etc.). The spokes of the wheel represent the channels of communications and the representation that should exist between the whole body, interest groups, and the steering committee.

Despite this theoretical structure however, the realistic organization of the B.S.B.A. is that of a very indefinite wheel with a very indefinite center (DIAGRAM B). There is relatively little communication between the interest groups and the steering committee. Many of these interest groups are self-contained and no one outside of them really knows what's going on. Black education and awareness at L.F.C. which would include speakers, etc. is such a such a group. The Freshmen class itself has only a very small communication with the steering committee and little or no communication with the body of the whole.

Finally, when one takes a closer look at the organization such as Black Rap (DIAGRAM C), one begins to see another real weakness of B.S.B.A. The editor of Black Rap must draw his artists, typists, reporters and writers from the whole. However, as we all know he gets little response if any (excepting typists).

In short, our organization suffers from three main weaknesses

1. no strong organization,
2. no real communication, and
3. little cooperation or support from the whole.

It is my opinion, along with the Freshmen class that though our problem may not even be completely solved, certainly there are things that can and should be done.

A strong and consistent system of communications needs to be developed by requiring all committees to present a written report bi-weekly to the secretary of the steering committee. She in turn will inform the entire body of the information given her, through either a newsletter or a special section in Black Rap.

In order to avoid the Hap-Hazard schedule of meetings, there each committee (including the steering) should have regular weekly, bi-weekly or monthly meetings. This would enable all members to set aside special time for the meetings and prevent any unnecessary conflicts. These meetings need not be held if there is no need, however, they should still be scheduled.

Finally, when one takes a closer look at the organization such as Black Rap, one begins to see another Black community would be reached. This would prevent the main flaw of "Soul Week" from reoccurring. These suggestions in themselves will only begin to attack the problem. Our most viable weapon is the strong commitment of every Black student to Black action.

Body of The Whole (BSBA)

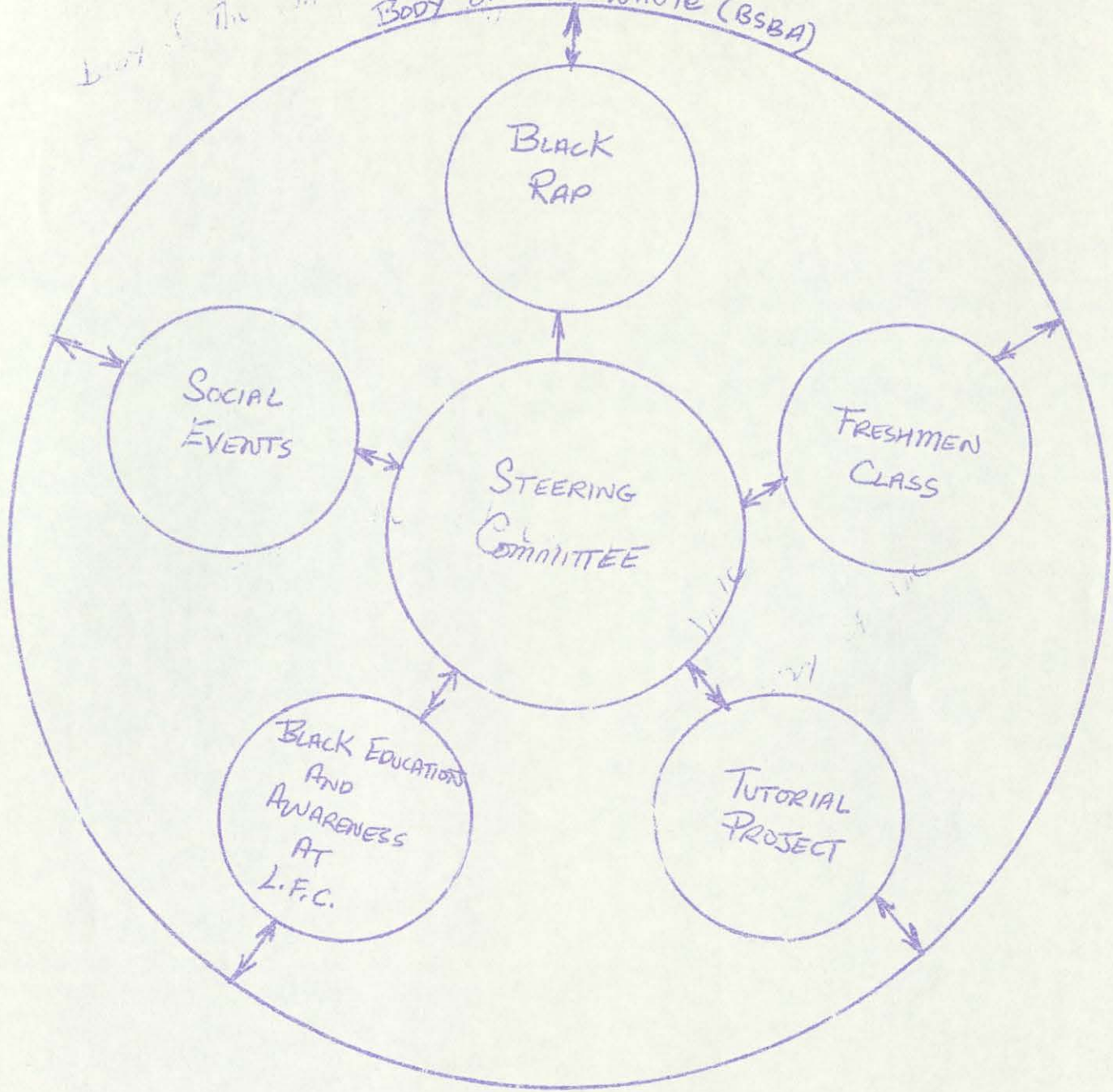
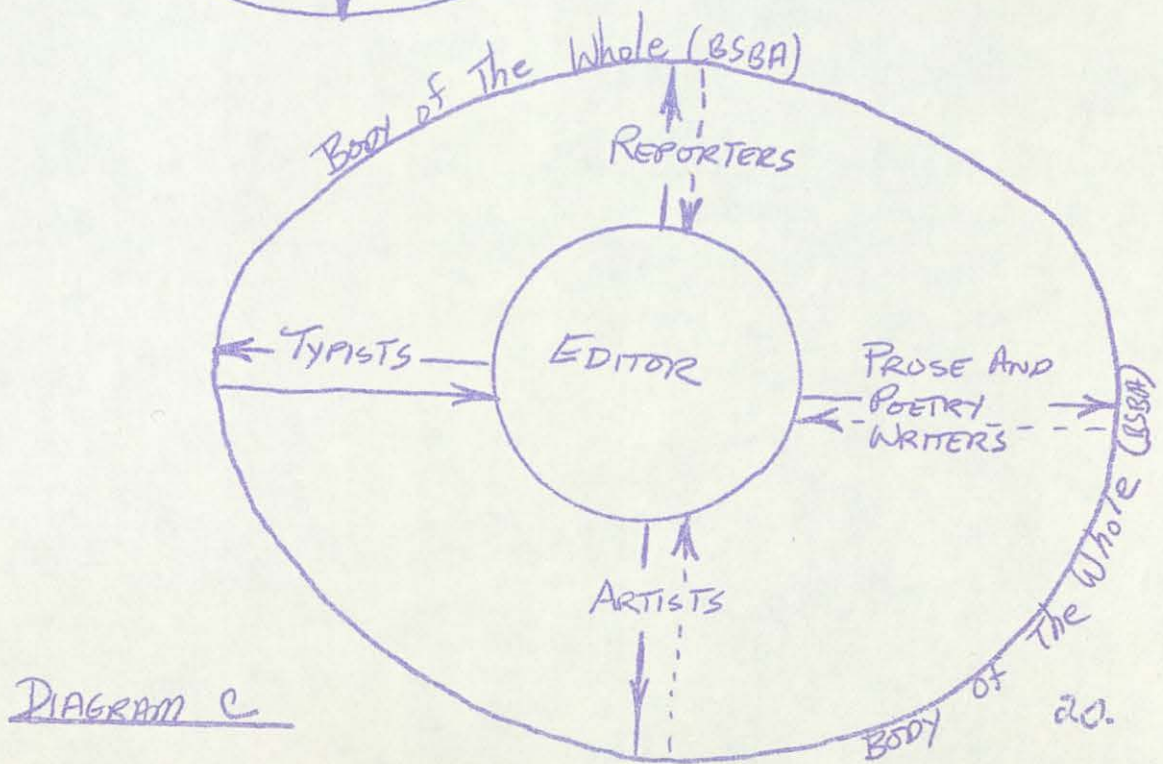
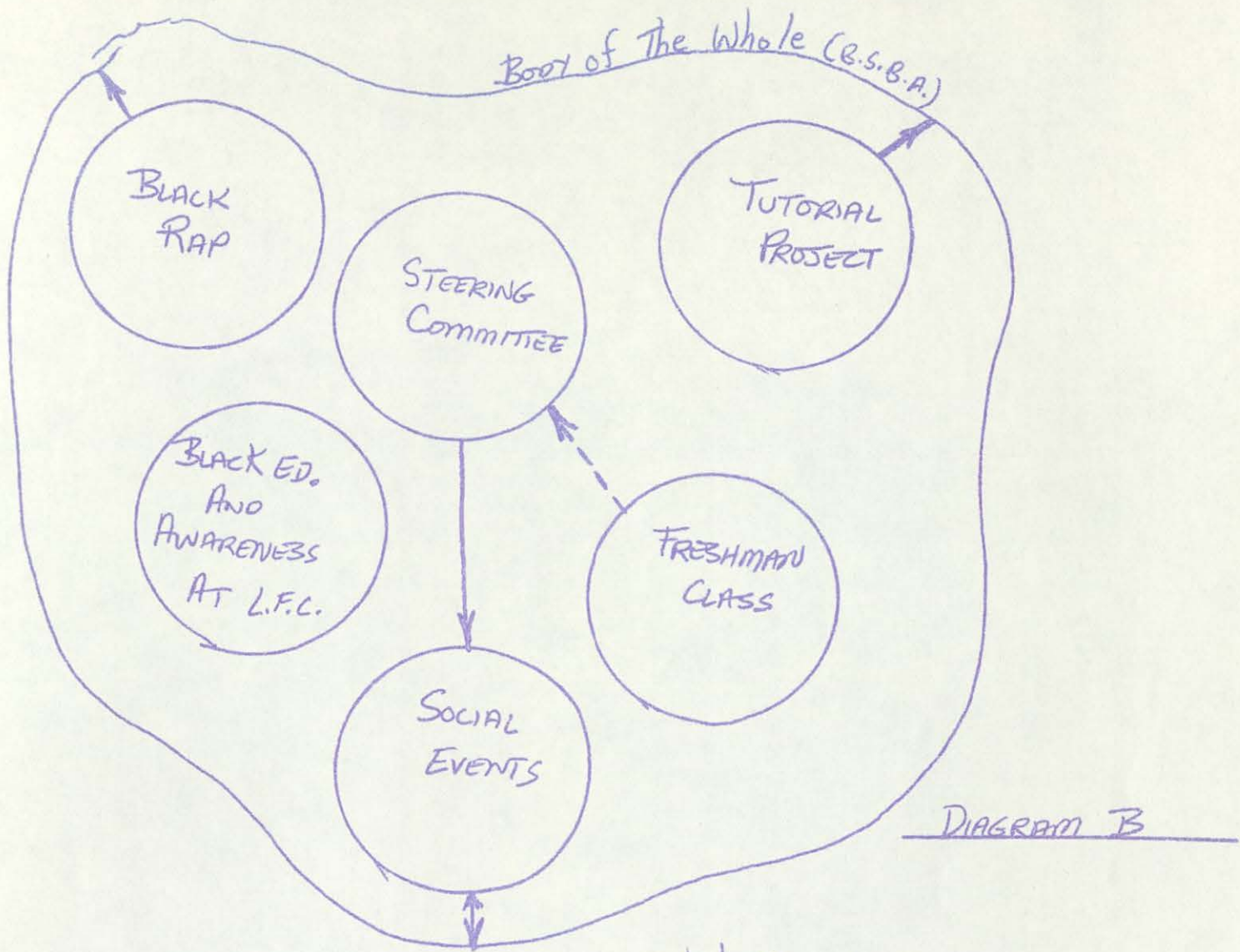


DIAGRAM A



Bits of a broken whiskey bottle
cover the ground at my feet.

Catching light and reflecting it in
spectrums' of "Who gives a damn"

My life and a broken whiskey bottle
Both laying in the dirt at my foot.

Any possibilities of mending that bottle are remote.
Who would have the patience or time
to mend anything so useless

Who could harvest the ambition to care
meaning and life back into the bottle

Would Budda patch the broken fragments and
wrap his members around a heart and let
prayers be said to fill it's bleakness
Or would Budda
like I
stare into the emptiness
between the broken glass
and my heart.

Anonymous

ODE TO A BROTHER

If I've only one life to live,
Let me live it as a Black!
Raising hell and showing whites how to act!
Chances are I probably won't change the world anyway,
But for sure, they'll never forget the riots I was at!
And when I meet My Maker he'll say,
Well done Brother Stokely and now, that's that!

C. A. G.

81

and then ...

The sun rose
yellow rays glided in the morning air
The sun set, wary
deepening shadows cast apprehensive glances
a type of pose darting
glazed eyes of innocence, languishing stillness
a tranquil state of mind ... remembering
inner bleakness

Oh, yeh.
a hellish, past.

Sidney Horton III and William Dumas Jr.

SHAPING

A thought
glided
Forth
And stood before
its judge
mind frowned and said
and now
you wish to be ...?
No! Thought
haughtily injected
I
am.

by S

DEPRESSION

What was it that caused this mood?
A word? A deed?
A look?
There was just a second's time
it seems
Between the bright and beautiful world,
And the gray film which quickly covered it.
No indication
No warning
No time to prepare
Making it difficult to explain
To others who noticed
The sudden change

Anonymous

Love is beautiful,
Hate is ugly,
Life is both.

R. M. M.

Together again we are
 we could
 be
 Or do I dream too much
 why?
 Ah! Ah! I'm William villainous synonomous
 don't you know
 remember
 anyhow
 Lovingly irrational affectionate insecurity
 vain am I
 I kiss both hard soft and tongue
 you Sharon once before
 months left too many
 but
 I shall return to ...
 A cold heart
 hands
 feet
 or
 Your warmth wrapping
 around me
 to comfort or be comforted
 Gazes are so nice
 when each focusing
 consumes
 the other
 touch
 a
 signal
 to
 the
 inside
 ready-huh?
 Let's go!
 Where? where?
 Down down my
 Sharon
 Down
 In in my
 Sharon
 IN
 End end
 Begin begin
 stop tug go
 twist tell the world no. No.
 NO!

I hope you can find some quality in me,
 which surpasses a Renoir smile, Beethoven note,
 nature beauty. I hope and hope more for more
 of us for you and for me.

William R. Dumas Jr.

The following is a poem published in Black Dollar, a magazine published by Black business men and women in Washington, D. C. for the Black community. DIG IT!

AMERICAN WHITE MAN SPEAK NOT TO ME!

A country without conscience cannot last - speak not to me of laws and justice. Ask me not to abide by your precepts while Black men with minds of babes cry for help because they cannot find their identity. - Speak not to me.

Black babies hunger while committees study the incidences of rioting, looting, and burning. Black children throw rocks, smash windows, while Black fathers wander in search of justice through eyes of white man's laws - Speak not to me.

Speak not to these children of beautification while their stomachs growl for want of food - while their hearts yearn for love and want of a father. Tell them not you worthless, Black niggers care not a damn for what we give you - Speak not to me.

Where is your conscience, America - when the white man can grovel about a bed of erotic love with the Black woman while the Black man is beaten, kicked, then jailed for gazing upon the body of the white woman. Speak not to me.

Tell me not that the needs of the Dodds are misdemeanors while the practices of the Powells are felonies. Stop resolving your unsolved crimes by "throwing the book" at one Black man penalized in your institutions of justice. Speak not to me.

No, he doesn't take care of his babies - Yes, he drinks booze and talks jive. Oh, he tries to emulate you in speech and attire--and think! He does indeed. For you know he was a docile animal who loved that pat on his head you gave him. Speak not to me.

You taught your Black docile nigger not to take care of his babies, but rather to take care of you. You promised to see after the babies. Sure he danced the jig, scratched his head after he tilled your land and picked your cotton. Didn't you drink your juleps, wear fancy pants? Speak not to me.

Country, where is that damn emancipation? My Black babies are hungry - My Black man ain't working - Oh, I've been singing, "We'll Overcome" but that someday is so close yet so far away. Can't you feel it in your bones? Speak not to me.

Listen, if you don't come on with it I am gonna throw rocks at you - I'm gonna put poison in your food - I'm gonna mess up your green grass. You made me the hands that rock the cradle and I will rule your world for I am the Black matriarch you talk about.

White man, beware! Your nigger is mad. Mad with you!
He gonna be the bogey-man you frightened him with so many
years ago but this time, the bogey-man is gonna get you -
He gonna get you better than you got him - Be scared for sure
white man, and Speak not to me.

Beware, because I've been closer to you. Remember, I've warmed
your bed, cooked your food. You've told me problems with which
you didn't want to burden your dainty little white lady. I
know your weaknesses and your strengths. Be scared of me
because I'm getting mad now - Speak not to me.

I see my Black babies wanting. You said you were gonna take
care of them. You haven't done a good job. Your conscience
better make you do something quick, because if I give up the
faith, you and your country cannot and will not last.
Speak not to me.

Think about me for a little while - I am the Black mammy --
Remember? Think about everything I have done for you. The
one thing you forgot - I love my Black man. I love my Black
babies. I prepared the way for them through you - I comforted
them in my spare time - Speak not to me.

Oh, Country, make good your promises, please! I know how
blind and stubborn you are - I know your procrastination,
but for the love of your existence, give justice her sight,
give freedom her exoneration, give your conscience a chance
to accept your Black family. Then speak to me.

I warn you! Future generations will read about a nation that
existed for over four centuries but was annihilated because
thousands of Black women with wiry hair and firm hands just
quit on their white folk of that time. They just wouldn't do
no more. Speak not to me.

by Peola M. Holt

BLACK GRAFFITI

Non-violence is suffering passively.

Don't spend all your money dressing for the revolution,
Arm Yourself!

Assimilation is not integration!

One of the characteristics of a house negro is that he wants to be near the masa.
There are house negroes today.

Brightie wishes he was white!

It is time for Black men to stop mouthing the words of intellectual fagots!

It is no longer mellow to be yellow!

Those who are wondering where this younger generation
is going should ask where it came from.

Did you go to see or to hear Julian Bond?

It is not important that a Black man prove he's as good as a white man.
He Is!

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW TO ORDER BLACKS TO HELP BLACKS!

Don't be afraid of opposition.
Remember a kite rises against, not with, the wind.

The word "negro" should always be spelled with a lower case 'n' as in nigger!

Why should it be my loneliness,
Why should it be my song,
Why should it be my dream,
Deferred
Overlong?

Your hair is natural but is your mind still processed??

I believe in the integration of black people and negroes.

If
Not
NOW,
WHEN...

THE REVOLUTION IS HERE!!

meanwhile

THINGS are still HONKY-DORY at L.F.C...

Shutters

Box 378