

Black rap



WTA

"Black rap" has been created in order to satisfy the needs of the Black students on campus. It promotes the creativity of those Black students who have in the past desired to display their talents (as artists), but who were reluctant to submit articles to white-oriented publications. We feel that Black students will be more apt to express themselves in a paper that has been created in order to provide a showcase for Black talent.

It will only contain articles that are relevant to the Blacks on campus and the community at large.

"Black Rap" is primarily for the use of Black artists, however articles deemed relevant by the editorial staff will be accepted from anyone. All entries must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request. Articles to be considered for publication should be put in Box 531 (c/o Gerard Simon) at least a week in advance.

The opinions expressed in the individual articles do not necessarily reflect the views of BSBA.

"Black Rap" is for you, and it is up to you to make it a success. So, get together and rap "Black"!!

Editorial Staff

Ronald Payne Cook
Gerard Simon
Erselle Datcher
Calvin Gantt
Betty Walter
Charles Webb

Business Manager

Natalie Brannum

TO ALL MY BLACK BROTHERS
AND SISTERS
Calvin Gantt

Some of the black students on campus, particularly the freshmen, have somehow gotten the misconception that black orientated groups are racist groups. This is sheer stupidity. If we were stupid we wouldn't be here in the first place.

Now, stop to think! How the hell are 88 black people on this campus going to be racists against 1112 others? This includes neither the administration nor the people in the surrounding community.

We're not trying to tell you what to do. We're trying to help you realize who you are, instill in your minds a feeling of racial pride, and to remind you of your heritage.

There's nothing wrong with a white man or white woman, but when you disassociate yourselves from your own people in order to associate with them, YOU ARE WRONG. You can talk with 'em, walk with 'em, eat with 'em, even marry one if you think you can handle it, but for your own sake don't think like them.

I'm sure many of you, like myself, are being sent through school by scholarships, grants, or what have you, given to you by the "white father"; therefore, you feel indebted to him. Well, as far as that goes, he's been taking from you and your forefathers for four hundred years, so you don't owe him a damn thing!!

We, (and I speak for all the black organizations on campus) can't give you any money, but we can give you understanding. I can remember many times when white people have come to me and said, "I understand how you feel." How the hell can he understand how I feel? He ain't black. We are black. We understand your feelings because you're going through what we've been through.

purpose is to help you get wherever you're going— on the right road. It's hard as hell to be black by yourself, but once we unite, we can sho' nuf handle it

YOU NEED US
AND WE NEED YOU
SO LET'S GET TOGETHER
AND TAKE CARE.

" We should not be blessed for talking separation. Racism in America has already decided this. We just want to be separate and powerful, not segregated and powerless."
— Maulana Ron Karenga

The Way Things Are
GMS

Black is Black
White is White
Gray is Gray
And they'll always stay that way.

*If the Black race
is a beautiful race,
this is primarily
because of our
beautiful, soulful
Black women,
for without them
we could not be
together.*

A Brother

The staff feels that the following letter is worthy of being reprinted. It is taken from the May 5, 1968 issue of the Stentor with the permission of Ali Amalo.

Black Beauty

To the editors:

Beside the confusion of GHA election, the excitement of the Generation Gap, and the emergence of the black student organization, there is an interesting but unacknowledged change on our campus,

namely the appearance of the "Natural" look. Being an African student in this institution, I am pleased to note and appreciate that many of the black girls on campus have intentionally and proudly changed their hair style to what is generally known as "Natural". In my opinion, this tendency, on the part of the black girl, to show her natural hair illustrates (as the sense of making illustrations) an identification with the African heritage. By their action these girls have paid homage to their mother land, and by all means they have claimed all the treasure of African beauty and pride. I could not be silent, but have to pay tribute to my black sisters.

Permit me to express my sincere admiration and offer my warmest congratulations to them for their outstanding thought and courage of finally accepting what they really are, and not what they pretend to be. Let me assure them that this showing of the original hair is far better than pressing, stretching, and straightening, as well as the shame of wearing a wig. I would certainly hope and urge that the remaining "Unnaturals" will join the "Naturals" in the crusade for original beauty and black identity.

To be natural is to be oneself. Let us be ourselves, black as gentle night but proud of being so.

Ali Amalo

A PARABLE OF SORTS

Gerard Simon

One afternoon a small boy walked into his regular ice cream store. This store was a special store because it had two owners. One owner sold chocolate ice cream at his counter and the other sold vanilla at his.

As the boy stepped through the door, he noticed the usual long line at the vanilla counter. This was the line he waited in almost every day of what seemed to him a long life.

Today a sudden urge swept him into the shorter line. He told himself that he wanted to help out the old man behind the other counter, since he had so few customers; but he also realized that he was tired of standing in that long line when he didn't even like vanilla.

He quickly came to the front of the line (since it was so short), and purchased one scoop of chocolate on a cone.

But as he was leaving the store (enjoying the re-discovery of what he liked), the vanilla man called out to him over the crowd, "I think chocolate is good too," he said. "And if it's good all by itself, just think how it will taste with a nice large scoop of creamy, white vanilla on top. Son, you've been eating it all your life - you know how good it is. Come on now, let me help you to this scoop of ice cream."

Being a good boy and not wanting to upset anyone, the son all fell low quickly agreed, and without ceremony, received his white topping.

He walked out happy, for he had successfully bridged the gap between his yesterday and his today.

The vanilla man was happy too; his today turned out just as good as his yesterday. But the chocolate

(cont. on p.3, vol. 1)

"To Be A Negro"

Gerald Newell

is to be the grotesque creation
of madmen with perverted imaginations;
is to love and emulate a monster who hates you;
is to have the body of a black nigger (the term is
an expression of endearment) and the mentality
of a white liberal;
is to believe that 'American culture'
(as expressed through its cultural artifacts:
Pepsi-Cola, Kellogg's Cornflakes, and Preparation H) is
a goal to strive for;
is to live under the illusion
that you've something to gain by accepting
the role (or is it 'roll'?) thrown at you
by pale bodies with pale minds;
is to waste your valuable time and energy
trying hard, hard, hard, to be what you ain't;
is to let white America keep on
playing God and say to itself,
"I've made me a man...created him in my own image."

Will we go on being shadows of the white man's image??
Will we be "negroes" (???) all our lives???

(Cont. from p. 2)

man was hurt, disappointed, and sad.
his yesterday was like his today;
his today was another yesterday; and
his tomorrow was still a dream.

"From river to river
Uptown and down
There's liable to be confusion
When a dream gets kicked
around."

Langston Hughes

IDENTIFY!!

dig it, nwo

trying to rap is a very hip thing,

*like you rawls doing that "love is a
hurting thing" thing,*

*like don see, Serol jones, or Boz Ross,
in a neo-colonialism bag...*

*trying to tell you how for 400
years you've been had,*

*like 'black rap' trying to tell
you where it's at,*

*... saying turn this page,
brother, and commence
to dig these cats,*

dig it... ..

NOW

Geraldine Burt

The wait is over.
Tomorrow is here.
So, I want what is mine.
Now.

I don't want just a share.
And I don't give a damn if you care.
Just give me what is mine.
Now.

No more bill making.
No more hesitating.
I want what is mine.
Now.

Keep all of your sympathy.
And your perspicacity.
I want what is mine.
Now.

No more "yes sir smiles".
No more "in a little while".
I want what is mine.
Now.

I don't want your handouts.
On which you later cop-out.
I just want what is mine.
Now.

I am a man.
I know that I am.
So give me what is mine.
Now.

I want my Human Rights.
I don't care is I have to fight.
But I will get what is mine.
And Now!

- THINK
BLACK -

o o o o o o o o

THE FAILURE OF THE NEGRO CHURCH
Charles W

Time is running out for black people, and we've got to quit chasing Black Power and begin to analyze the question of where we've failed thus far. We've got to evaluate each institution which by now should have helped us to gain some type of dignity and better economic foothold. The institution which was in the best position to do so, but failed, was the Negro Church.

For generations the Negro Church was the strongest center for Black people since we've been in America. Black people always flocked there because this was the only institution where they could feel some sense of pride. After a man had worked hard "yassuhin'" a white man and taken orders all week, he knew he could dress up on Sunday and go to church. In church everyone was "brother" and "sister". Here everyone gave and received respect. Whereas in everyday life he suffered maltreatment and racial status. A black man knew he could escape to the church to be an honorary deacon, superintendent of Sunday school, committee member, or help in the church planning and monetary decisions.

But all the while black people were giving their time (and money) to the church, it never gave them, in return their basic needs. Sure they got pride for a few hours a week and the privilege of being called "brother", but they were never given the fundamental knowledge needed which wasn't available anywhere else.

What could they be taught? What was the church in a position to do?—As Blacks poured into urban cities, they encountered problems not anticipated.

The church should have started weekly evening lessons in personal hygiene. Family economics should have been offered. While they were jumping up and down on pews, men should have been offered. While they were jumping up and down on pews, men should have been received

To Own As Strangers Do

Ronald Wayne Cook

Yes, here we lay on the grass in the chill
Night's wind, She and I, Strangers, new lovers be;
We two separate and alien snowflakes still
On a blanket of snow, each of us, maybe
To be parts of different snowballs thrown away
In different directions. But that would prove ill
For me to lose this glowing jeweled warmth of day,
This perfect figure that gives my senses thrills.
Ahhh, but the faceted beauty of this our
Stranger Love is still a stranger to I,
For we are apart as we are alone.
But our strangeness shall not strip our powers,
For as we come together, caress and sigh,
My Stranger Love, we make togetherness our own.

Ghetto Dweller

GMS

Within my cave I lie, no beauty within my sight
The cold, the wind, no sky - my world without a light

I live forever and a day - all alone within my cave
I'm an inlet within a bay - small, worthless, useless to save

When will the day arrive, when I can leave my lonely cell
Rise up and become alive, dwell in heaven instead of hell.

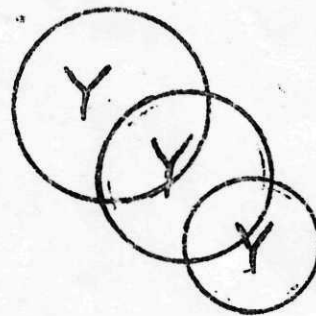
Dream

GMS

I rise like restful sun at dawn
I'm the twinkling dew on a new cut lawn

I'm life, I'm love, I'm beauty
I'm honor, I'm virtue, I'm duty

I'm the universe trapped in a beam
I'm a man living out of a dream.



Suggested reading material;

Wretched of The Earth, Frantz Fanon
Soul On Ice, Eldridge Cleaver
The Race War, Ronald Segal

This is the first installment in a planned serialization of a paper by Keith Cook. It describes Black opposition to this country's wars, especially the war in Vietnam. This paper is entitled,

"An Historical Account of Black Opposition To Participation In U.S. Wars. Focus-Vietnam: The Black Objector vs The Black Soldier."

Preface

Although I have begun to develop other reasons for opposing the war in Vietnam, my primary objection is not related to the war itself. My objection pertains to the idea of Black soldiers participating in the conflict and the general questioning of the idea of having black people obligated into serving this country in this capacity (military service) with only second class citizenship: if the power structure imposes second class citizenship upon black people, why should they allow themselves to be charged equally with the obligations of first class citizenship i.e. compulsory military service, payment of taxes, etc?

With the escalation of the Vietnam conflict, there has been a corresponding increase in the intensity of the conflict between the views of the Black soldiers fighting in Vietnam and those views held by a segment of the black populace on the home front. Character-wise, the Black people who object to the Black soldiers participation in the Vietnam conflict form a very heterogeneous group in the sense that they are almost totally representative of the entire economic and social strata of Black Americans: they are poor, rich, middle class, moderate, militant, very involved in civil rights activities, seemingly aloof from these activities, etc. Most of these people on the home front, however, are young (under 30) and/or very militant i.e.

they tend to lean appreciably to the ideals of Black Power, Black nationalism, Black consciousness, etc. They account for the bulk of the objectors and are most vocal in expressing their opposition because they will be immediately and directly affected by the war if not already.

This Black opposition to the war has an ironic tone in the sense that the Vietnam conflict reflects for the first time in American military history the fact that Black men are fully integrated in combat, fruitfully employed in positions of leadership, fiercely proud of their performance, and seem to be fighting mostly for the dignity of Black people in America, to shatter the stereotypes of racial inferiority, and to win the judgment of noncons and officers of whatever color. However, this Black opposition towards participation on the war focuses its attention to the qualitative and quantitative nature of Black soldier's "full integration in combat" and "fruitful employment in positions of leadership" as second class citizens.

On the other hand the Black soldiers themselves are a very heterogeneous group in the same sense as the Black objectors. However, they have a negative rejoinder for the racist interpretations of the Vietnam conflict as expressed by the leading exponents of that point of view: H. Rap Brown, Floyd McKissick, Stokely Carmichael, Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay), and others.

Therefore, the purpose of this paper will be to explain and reveal the nature of these antithetical views and give reasons for their existence.

(to be continued)

(Cont. from p. 4)

ing instructions in money management and family leadership. Women should have learned about child care and food planning.

While parishes were buying the greasy preachers a new Cadillac each year, an empty lot could have been purchased and converted into a playground for children. The Church's potential achievements are numerous.

Regardless of what changes the church may be making, it has still

failed. It failed during the Great Migration; it failed at Watts. It failed in Newark; it has failed every day since the black man has been here.

But not all is completely lost. The church can still save face. Though it's failed, it can still wiggle out. Church-goers, should demand changes. As the anonymous philosopher said, "Fail me once; shame on you. Fail me twice; shame on me."

"I remember my mother used to tell me...if you're bad the devil will get you. I didn't know that until the cops came."

Maulana Ron Karenga

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