

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 Blacks on campus and the Black 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 articles must be signed and include box number or address, 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 (i.e., by the Wednesday following date of publication).

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 Wayne Cook  
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## EDITORIAL

While it has become obvious that quite a few people have been shocked, not to mention flagrantly affronted, by some of the terminology employed by a certain contributor to BLACK RAP, I, as one of the editors responsible for this publication, feel no need for an apology as such. But, in all due respect for our reading audience, I would like to state an explanation of our policy regarding such "insulting" terminology. More than the style and language of a particular work sent to BLACK RAP, we find that the content and character of the work is more important. Applied to a particular literary piece, this means that style and/or language that may possibly be in poor taste for certain of our reading audience, will be overlooked if it is found that the content and character of this literary piece is such that mere exposure to it might prove to be very enlightening. It may be enlightening in the sense that it hits the public to the fact that such ——— (call it what you like) language, applied to certain circumstances and situations, is representative of a relevant and quite serious viewpoint which might, because of disregard, be naively assumed to be non-existent, unrealistic, or unworthy of public acknowledgement and respect. This is, in effect, a sophisticated, and yet unrealistic and anti-intellectual attempt to sublimate our fears of the actual existence of this type of viewpoint among those on par with one intellectually. In sum, we welcome and encourage any and all viewpoints from anyone, regardless of their style and language. And further, we will print anything we feel is composed such that the intent of the work is not overshadowed by extreme and absurd use of offensive terminology, and that which we feel is sufficiently relevant for Black people exposing (in any realm) their lives and those around them.

Ronald Wayne Cook

Dear Editor,

I must agree that I found much of the materials in BLACK RAP very interesting and enlightening, however, I can truthfully state that the little note (or poem, whatever it was) by Gerald Newell, which appeared in your last issue, was, unfortunately, neither a fine presentation nor an informative type of creativity. His intellectual philosophy about the profound race problem in this country is understandable and well-taken. I am positively sure that he tried hard to convey a point of view, which does not necessarily represent many of the Black students on campus, however, the language he used was inadequate and inappropriate for most college educated people-blacks or whites.

There was a little wisdom and a lot of anger in his message; and certainly his use of nonstandard words made an unfavorable impression on most of your readers. It is my considered belief that the rejection of all-white values might be a step in finding one's own black identity, however, one must be rational, and meanwhile, be able to control emotions which elicit bad expressions and a hostility that knows no limits.

The language of Mr. Newell does not only depreciate the standard of the emerging paper, which symbolizes the existence and activities of the black students on this campus, but also discourages those students who wish "to promote their creativity and talents" in more precise, good language. I leave you with this last thought, if we deeply believe that "black is beautiful", then that beauty should first be indicated, not in our physical appearances, but in our language and behavior. It is my hope that the main purpose of this paper will be to help us develop good language habits for more constructive ideas. Thanks to God, that Gerald tutors nobody but himself.

Sincerely,  
Ali Amalo

To the Editor,

It has come to my attention that a few individuals were shocked and offended by the content and terminology in the last issue of BLACK RAP, (see BLACK RAP, vol. I, no. 2) of a poem called "Westernly Christainly". I have been cautioned that the line between poetic license and vulgarity is a very thin one. Consequently, I feel called on to clarify and justify my use of terms.

First of all, every supposedly vulgar word in that poem is a word that I hear and say almost every day. That is to say that words of this sort make up a  
(cont. on p. 6)



TO SCRATCH THE SKY

Lillian Tynes

The future blows across my mind like a cool breeze.  
It causes my soul to tingle and itch in wary anticipation.  
I am young and impetuous. I feel uneasy, unsure.  
The feeling bothers me,  
And I long to scratch the sky.

I invoke the long, slender fingers of security to find  
the itch—to relieve it.  
Soothe the burning with a gentle massage.  
Make the tingle cease. Make me old and wise.  
Give me those slim, golden fingers—  
So I may scratch the sky.

WHITE! BLACK!

James J. Johnson

As empty as it sounds...  
As deep as the abyss...  
A perfect void...  
Completely unknown.  
NOTHING!  
Possibly any and everything.  
Nothing!  
Good things and bad things...maybe  
nothing!  
Oh, how much society might benefit.  
n \* . i g!  
Why doesn't Life give it a chance?  
— — — — — ?  
My blackness will make it's own.

Suggested reading list:

Nobody Knows My Name - James Baldwin  
The Negro In Our History - William Foster  
Crisis In Black and White - C.E. Silberman  
SNCC - Howard Zinn  
Race, Man's Most Dangerous Myth - Ashley Montagu

## THE RIGHT HUMOR

There are a number of rumors floating around campus as to the content of the disturbance on South Campus this past Saturday night. The following is offered as an explanation of the facts that we have, in an attempt to set the record straight.

About fifteen Black men from off-campus (Chicago, as far as we know) came on campus last Saturday night looking for some action. They came to the House of Soul and found nothing going on in the lounge. There was a small gathering of students in one of the rooms, and about five of the off-campus fellows went up to the room. They left soon afterwards, and from all indications, they went down to the basement of Gregory and into the Delta Chi lounge.

All of the non-students gathered in the basement where a fight was about to break out between these non-students and the Delta Chis. The Black students from the House of Soul attempted to break up the fight by separating the two groups and getting the non-students outside. Once outside, the non-students began going after any White person they saw. Again, members from the House of Soul broke the fight up, but not before some of the Black members of our House had been physically attacked. We then decided that the most expedient strategy would be to get the White people out of sight as quickly as possible. The police had been called at least five times, including a call by one of the Black students of our House. However, by the time a policeman arrived, the fellows had left the campus. That is all we know at this point concerning the course of events.

However, there is one other point I would like to make. The reason the non-students were in Gregory was because they were sent there by some White students in another dormitory. When White people from off-campus ask what's happening, we tell them we don't know; we don't send them to McClure or Nollen. But, when a Black person asks a White person what's happening, the Black person is sent to the House of Soul. And there is no logical reason why they should be sent to the House of Soul. We don't want a lot of non-students at our parties just because they are Black, anymore than the frats want a lot of non-students at their parties just because they are White.

We are happy to congratulate Sister Jimetta Johnson on having become more of her fine, natural self.

★★★★★

★★★★★

## BLACK AND PROUD

Dwight Green

Regardless of how much I talk about it, there are few Blacks (and no Whites) that I can fully identify with as having the characteristics and qualities that I would like to possess. I feel that most Blacks who have "made it" have at least partially sold out to be accepted by White America. That is why I was actually thrilled when Tommy Smith raised his arm in defiant protest after winning the 220 in Mexico. That's courage. And that's the kind of man I can readily identify with: Black and proud.

He has done more for Black America with black socks and a raised arm more than Leroy Keyes and O.J. Simpson have done in their entire four years. He had spoken up for Black America while hundreds of other athletes have remained silent. If Black American is to rise it will do so on the arms and tongues of Smiths and Alcindors, not on the legs of Keyes and Simpsons.

## SENSE OF AWARENESS

Cynthia Goodwin

I see the faces,  
All separate and yet connected cases.  
I hear the voices,  
Loud and bold with curses.  
I feel the hurt  
And realize the unseen worth.  
I smell the air  
And know that here is not rare.  
I touch with my hand,  
And with little thought, I know that  
NO MAN IS AN ISLAND!

## NOTE BENE

Dr. Merton will hold private sessions for Black students in Dr. Forgas' office, Johnson 173 (6-7:30). Appointments beforehand are preferred, but not necessary. See the Doctor or Dr. Forgas' secretary to make appointments.

*Black men will never be free till they  
learn not to have aspirations identical to  
their oppressors, for this is to say to the  
rapist, 'let me steady your hand'...*



## HEY, LISTEN PEOPLE

Richard Carlson

Some of you black people piss me off. You more that piss me off—you make me hate. I speak not as an afraid and obsequious white boy who will bend to your demands if I consider you (who piss me off) a threat to my existence. (Cont. on Pg. 8)

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(Cont. from p. 2)  
substantial portion of my contemporary vernacular, and that vernacular is fully consistent with my life style. Through BLACK RAP my primary aim was to communicate with other students who, I assume, by virtue of their being Black, to have life styles somewhat similar to my own. To us such words do not usually have any shock value to speak of. We are in one sense Black symptoms of a White disease. This is one reason why White people hate us. The vitality of our life styles reminds them of how sick we are/

Secondly, and this follows logically, the poem could only shock and alienate a person who has internalized certain Western Christian, middle class values, and this is exactly what it should do. It seems almost ridiculously simple to say that if one is to forcefully condemn any particular mode of behavior, the use of the most forceful terms available is not inappropriate. (Think about it.)

Besides that, what justifies the use of any term is the idea it seeks to communicate. The only function of language is to communicate ideas and emotions. Therefore, if through my use of terms I was able to communicate adequately with other Black students, my language was indeed appropriate. This is very important. I, and I think many other Black people, am tired of being asked the same White questions by the same White people. Therefore, I contend that the overall theme of my poem, very clearly, justifies the use of any terms to which I choose to resort. To have stated my ideas differently would have, in my opinion, detracted from my poem; to have done so would have been to create a less effective literary production.

Finally, it is of utmost importance for Black people to begin to define things for themselves. The divious question is whether we as Black people can claim our right to use any language not previously given the sanction of the White community. My answer, very simply is, yes, we do. Perhaps I will be called a literary anarchist because I will continue to use any terms I choose. I will say Hell; I will say Damn; I will say Honkie; I will say Stop Fucking-up; no matter how many White people turn red. No matter how many Honkies I alienate or traumatize.

I welcome debate and encourage response of any sort.

THE ICEMAN COMETH

To All Black Students:

Last week I sent a copy of BLACK RAP to a friend of mine at Harvard University. This was his reaction:

"Man I just read an article or two in BLACK RAP, and I can really dig it, Jack! It is in the groove. Can't wait to lay it on the other brothers around here. Pass along my congrats to whoever is responsible."

I hope that this will encourage all of the Brothers and Sisters to "keep it in the groove."

Sincerely,  
Tony Peters

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*Our fight for freedom will not be won by rhetoric!*  
*Language is the most powerful tool ever*  
*possessed by mankind*  
*do or die!!!*



(cont. from pg. 6)

For a long time black people, taken collectively, have been suppressed. But anyone who has ever gone to college, anyone who has walked through Harlem, anyone who lives in an all white neighborhood knows about that. Those without this knowledge should receive it before they do anything---those with it have two alternatives they can do something about it, Robert F. Kennedy was one of those people, or they can ignore the situation and attempt to influence other people to do the same George Wallace does this. In any case, there will be conflicts of interest. These conflicts sometimes precipitate violence---you've been hit in the head before and know it hurts. Does suffering become less painful by causing suffering (death-"Kill the honkey") in someone else?

If some cat scratches your face, it hurts like hell. You can kick the cat, but if you want to forget the pain on your face, you pinch your arm. While your face bleeds and your arm is being pinched, you have to apply medicine to guard against infection. Your medicine has been up to this point, humor. Humor has kept our mind off your pain and it has made you forget, at least for a while, your suffering. Until now! When you were forced to work hard, your bodies ached. You developed a remedy for this ache too---dancing. When you were cursed by your masters you wanted to hear things different from curses---music. You've survived because you forced yourselves to.

Now that you realize that you're alive, you decide to compare your existence with those of your white suppressors. You've analyzed the scene and found that shit, "they" have too much and we not enough. So you have two alternatives: you can kick "us" (and I am not a white racist---don't forget!) or you can forget us and alienate by making us look stupid. If you choose to kick us we'll (ditto) kick back and maybe you'll win. No, in light of statistics which reveal the 'colored' majority in the world, you'll really stomp on us. Then you'll be on top of the world and will be faced with no problems but those presented by your brothers and sisters. Are you ready, really ready to cope with the Chinese, the Japanese, the Puerto Ricans? If you choose to make us look stupid you will accomplish what you desire, equality, or if you really think you deserve it---superiority. In the process of making fools of us you will become educated in the science of goofing. You will undoubtedly have to learn about things which you might consider at the moment to be of second importance; literature, physical science, sociology, economy, etc.

You may now decide, you have to decide, which course to take. Will you bury through violence only to be buried later by your Chinese brothers whose technology is comparable to ours. Or will you eat at knowledge and understanding until you

(cont. on p. 10)

## NEVER GET, SELDOM YET

Ronald Wayne Cook

But I was depressed, and I wrote a poem telling them so.  
But just the same, nobody listened, nobody cared anymore.  
So there I reclined in between bursts of their laughter and their joy  
But I was depressed in heart and soul, unhappy amidst hap hap, emotion's  
toy  
No one cared as I sat with sad face, each of them had their own self-defining  
glance,  
And no one would ever look my way, or ever ever care, except by chance.  
But that's the way we humans act, brother to brother.  
Each philosophically expounding on virtues and love, but no time to care  
for each other.  
We endlessly indulge in labors of mind and aimlessly waste valuable time.  
We say how men should be and how great he is, but considerate action  
refuses to shine.  
Two thousand year indelibly mark the cultivation of aesthetics by the  
human race.  
But for all the cultivation, the action of passion and love has little  
embrace.  
We speak of the goodness of man and the love in our hearts.  
Yet the goodness must be old and stale, and the love hardened, for all we  
get are maps and charts.  
For the goodness and love fails to manifest,  
And instead, we get sciences, which we call our best.  
We get selfishness and self-centered-ness, and we do and say to satisfy our  
needs,  
While the loveless and lonely await our attention, but never get, only  
grow old,..... grow cold  
Now, I begin to see a pattern in this our human race,  
To laugh, joke, sing, and do, with the final gain calculated for "me",  
All else is too time consuming, too expending, too involving, useless!....  
"you see".  
But even I am not so generous to work and care for the other man,  
For even I must live my life as best I can.  
"As best I can" is life only for me, right here,  
Not enough time for them, out there.  
So finally I return to my one-celled cocoon  
Knowing I have a lot to do,..... Hope life doesn't end too soon!  
But "They",..... "They" Never Get, And Seldom Yet.....

*Black rap for black people*

have developed appetites and capacities which surpass ours. Assuming both black and white are now traveling in the realm of learning at the same rate, if you are to surpass us, you will have to increase your rate. This will consume your time, your energy, and your spirit. DIG IT!

— response to any article is encouraged  
and appreciated —

*Listen to Brother Langston  
Hughes rap about the effects  
of disillusionment on a people....*

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

Like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore—

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over—

Like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

Like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

—Langston Hughes

D I G I T — P L E A S E

H1 Sapphire!