The Association of Black Collegians humbly dedicates this literary magazine, SPEAK, BROTHER, to the Noble Black Freedom Fighters at Cornell University, in honor of all that WE stand for including the coming Black Nation.

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ESSAY: THE BLACK STUDENT IN THE WHITE UNIVERSITY—HOMEMEWARD BOUND.

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WILLIAM B. ROBINSON
You may find me bitter,
    you may find me sweet—
it all depends what side of the fence you're on.
Pure Heart, Pumping Black Heart
Beat...beat...beat so true that other day
in April, '69.
Willard Strait...Cornell...Big Red-
Ivy league tradition killed dead.
Dead at the hands of Brothers and Sisters who said,
"No fraternity beer party is this!"
Started dying a long time ago—that ivy league
23 skidoo Bullshit which is America—was Death
the day it was born...
Put on trial when the big shots(who ain't shit)
tried to castrate five Black Men, Five Black Freedom
Fighters riding high above Cavuga's waters...Put on
trial when those administrators of the lie which is
America found themselves smothering under a
swollen tide of united Black Manhood and Woman-
hood—Power that said:
"Before you touch our Brothers, you must sweep us all
aside, you must destroy this ANGRY TIDE!"
Cornell...Big Red...ugly and dead...
Found guilty when some fool(singular as a collective no-
mind)burned a cross in front of Wari House...
and insulted Black Womanhood universal,
and challenged Black Manhood universal...
Burning cross lit the fuse to that lie which is
America.
And the people acted swiftly on that Judgement Day-
Liberation Day—Willard Strait Hall...lib-er-a-ted.
Poor white mommies and daddies thrown out into
the cold, cruel world they created:
Happy Parents Weekend, Mothafuckers!
And the real people are together as one—
United We Stand!
Fear! Yes—fear! Fear gives strength to Courage,
Fear gives direction to Truth.
No guns; just hands, bodies, minds—Beautiful Black Minds.
Then 20 stupid fraternity ivy league 23 skidoo no-minds
attempt to destroy the Truth...
allowed to pass white security pigs who are suppose
to protect the Freedom Fighters—who are instead
protecting the lie that is America...those honkies
are quickly busted and ejected from Liberation Hall—
But, a Brother is wounded:
Black blood shed—added to that bloody river
which has run too long, too deep...
Cuts a sharp and ugly path thruout this land.
It is disheartening, but cool heads and a
Collective Strength soon prevail.
FLASH! Carloads of armed honkies headed toward
Liberation Hall!
We must protect! We must defend—Our Honor,
Our Dignity, Our Rights!
No more "we shall overcome"...no more"black
and white holding hands marching to the promised land!"
We must survive this day—or die defending that
Right!
Cornell...Big Red...cursed and dead.
Soon TCB-the people are armed...the people are ready...didn't start trouble, but will handle any that comes.
This is no joke...
A Brother arrives with his family- 
Babe in one arm, carbine in the other.
Protect them, Brother, they are my family too;
Stand by the Sisters, they are my Sisters too;
Stand up for Truth—we are all a part of that Truth;
Steadfast against the Lie...that has been told...
on all of us...
The people are ready...those outside know they are ready...Power of Confrontation(with meaning jampacked behind it).
Action on the outside; inside, talks...promises...
Not a shot is fired...but, they were ready...ARE READY.
Walk out fully aware...wary...Soldiers of Truth...
Disciples of Justice...still meaning to take care of business if necessary.
The white man lies, his newspapers lie, his radio lies, his ugly T.V. commentators lie. They try to turn you into another lie. They cannot.
We hear you, Brothers and Sisters. We see you with eyes that are no longer blind.
We feel you with hearts that beat strong and steady.
We rejoice that you stood for Us against an ugly storm.
   We salute you from the other side of the valley.
   We salute you from the other side of the country.
   We salute you from the other side of the world.
With Black fists clenched and Black heads raised,
   We salute you.
For you have written a death note to that lie...
which is America.

Right On.
I'm so tired. Pardon me for this, but I haven't been sleeping lately. I been up thinking about my three brothers, that the Spirit which is Colgate got to and [who] tried to do themselves in. I've been up...wondering why...we ain't got...no Soul House. Everybody said it was necessary, a year ago. I want to go to my Soul House and get away...I'm so tired, really I am. The Watershed has been passed. HAS IT?? What are you trying to do? That's a LIE and you know it! What kind of game are you playing, Mr.? You toying with my peoples lives...I'm so tired.

The Genesis of lies continues. Mr. Wallin's future one is coming. The seeds have been sewn and the Harvest Time is near. The white right told me in their editorial that if we think there's a whole lot of money coming from the University for the Center, it's a whole lot of financial naivete. Mr. Krehel says the University is a sick patient, financially, amongst other things...the LIE...the OUT is spawned...I'm so tired...Mr. Wallin lied, but then what else is new? He told us we could have the Taylor House, but then he said we couldn't. He told us Merrill House [the liberation of] wasn't a disruptive tactic (Thank You, Mr. Wallin), but then he said it was. What's more important, Mr. Wallin, that house-Merrill House—or three Black lives. And only that beautiful Black god up there knows how much personality damage has resulted.

But then again, you don't care. After all, Mr. Krehel and other people say we are in financial trouble...and, after all, again; those lives and personalities of my Most Beautiful and Precious Black Brothers is more important than whatever it costs to make financial naivete. I'm so tired, I'm so goddamned tired. Mr. Whiteboy told me he was morally committed and that we should continue to negotiate. We are. But our throats are sore, so sore—and I'm running out of words...and we still ain't got no Soul House. Mr. Wallin, Mr. Whiteboy, I know you say you're morally committed. Mr. Whiteboy, I know when the shit breaks down, your no-nut-ass is going to be saying keep cool. I know when the shit breaks down you ain't even going to have enough spine to be
an open racist. You are going to say, "negotiate in good faith, little colored boys; we're morally committed, but we condemn your actions...so keep on talking." And when one of your fellow whiteboys reaches in between his legs and finds out he's a man, and says, "what are we doing? Let's take action!", you going to pussy lip around and say, "that's not a good tactic at this time."

I'm so tired...I want to go to my Soul House and go away for awhile. Next year I'm going to be married, the year after maybe a little baby. I hope he's born into a happy home and not one marred by death and erosion of his brothers. While Mr. no-nut-ass honkey with a dictionary for a dick and his wife, Mrs. honkette('nough said), say, "negotiate, little colored boys, keep cool. We're morally committed. We ARE! But you take over that building as a soul house and stop our twelve professors from sitting on their plump little juicy behinds—and drinking tea—and talking about giving you boys a soul house, and we're going to bring in the police and beat your ass. While Mr. Whiteboy says, "I'm morally committed, but I condemn your actions. Keep cool. It's not a tactfully right time. And the other beast talks of financial naiveté while you destroy my brothers.

I'm tired, I'm oh so tired...I'm going to my Soul House to get away...but it ain't there...and the budget has to be balanced...doesn't it, Jemal?

BUT, MY BROTHERS WILL LIVE.
HE SHALL OVERCOME

And The Black Man Snarled
And Gazed Into The Dark
From Whence He Came.
Then He Returned
To Become Master.

NOT TO GIVE A DAMN

The Man,
He Can See.
The Light Is Perfect For Sight.

Oh! He Can See?
Why Does He Not Open His Eyes?
He Can See.
Oh! He Doesn't Care.

PARTY TALK

Dig It Man There's A Party Saturday Night.
Where?
Same Place We Held The Last Gig.
Will There Be Many Soft Bodies And Few Hard Heads?
Don't Know. Hope So!
What Time Will The Box Begin?
Bout Leven O'Clock.
Will TCB Be There To TCB With His Tools?
Yeah Man And This Time The GRUNCH Won't
Be Watered Down!!!

A FOURTH POEM

The night has stealthily crept upon this angry slum.
A highpowered white on red in black GTX
approaches with several transparent people.
The silence is broken with shouts—NIGGER!
BLACKIE! NIGGER! BOY! ZULU! TOM!
Faces fill dark stained windows;
Shots ring out with deadly force.
Faces disappear,
Silence becomes master;
The car is motionless with doors torn off—
White, bloody masses lie in the streets
of the inferior, forgotten Black slum.
Today I have seen the light. I know life for what it is. Man is ugly and man is very, very beautiful. My people are beautiful. I am proud to be Black; I am Black to be proud. Once I turned away from myself, from my people. I was ashamed of who I was. I was ugly, I was dead. Blind, deaf, and dumb—I was numb. The ocean rolls in turbulence, no ships can sail unharmed to the port of salvation, Freedom Harbor. That is how it was. My ship smashed against the rocks of lies, greed, and deception. I was tossed into that violent sea and swallowed by the nasty putrid water that wanted my body permanently, that filled the lungs of my soul until it nearly burst into eternity. That is how it was. That is how it was until a dull faroff light caught my eyes that could not see. Then, it came closer, cutting through the ugly white-gray fog. The light became crystal clear...the light was a straight and golden beam that made my eyes sparkle, my eyes dance. The light was Truth shining from the good ship, SALVATION. My ugly self became more real to me than ever before. The light, Truth, shone as a guide that would make me see. As the ship pulled up alongside of me—I who was floundering and struggling to stay afloat in that scum, Death—a voice called down to me. It was the captain of SALVATION, Love. The voice was warm yet firm: "Before you come aboard, spit out all that rots your soul, that poisons your spirit." This I did painstakingly, but with vital determination. Then, I was gently pulled aboard by the crew, Brotherhood, and placed in a secure berth. The ocean grew calm and as the good ship, SALVATION, moved unhindered into Freedom Harbor, my recovery was completed. Today, I say without hesitation that my soul is filled with beauty, that I am proud to be Black and Black to be proud. Sometimes the ocean is calm, sometimes it is not. But the good ship, SALVATION, is indestructable. It has rescued many from the brutal storm and sailed them to Freedom Harbor. Our people, we are the dusk, we are the night. We are the good ship, SALVATION, that glides in the glorious darkness with Love forever at the helm. 

April 26, 1969
I
came to you once with a prayer on my lips,
I approach you now with a black clenched fist,
strangling the realistic impression of oppression
which kept my soul on Satan's palate
and dared to silence my dreams of Jericho.

You tell me that all is well.
But, still you keep the bell of freedom from ringing,
ringing, and singing the joyous chant that I am I,
and I have found my home in Jericho.

I remain no more in the yoke of servitude,
for I am whole and I exist.
I listen not to your artless platitude which once
perplexed my naive ears,
For I comprehend and I exist.
As one implies the other, I am I, and I have
found my home in Jericho.
You, foolish, approach me now and ask who am I
that shouts a travesty of justice, when yet you
know me well!

I am my people who live on foreign soil and call
it home when a home it is not.
I am my people who sing shouts of freedom
and die singing.

I am my people who shout words of "injustice!"
"never again!", and "liberty!" and dare to be silenced.
And I am my people who walk hand in hand, unified,
and defy you to stop us.
I am all these, for
I am I.
MIDDLE CLASS CHILD THOUGHTS

from where do i go to here?
is that the true question my brother?

i dig a.t.&t.
with shareholders infinite,
足够 coin at each dividend
to fill the philly mint.

think about g.m. my brother
those cars and trucks galore.
shh! faintly i hear dubois' voice shouting,
look out son, there's more in store.

uncle sam or the empire state,
whom do you want to slave for?
forget about working for yourself,
everything today on the market is
homo factor.

another year and then i move on
like the death of an only child.
you weep and mourn with nostalgia my brother
though through your tears i sense your smile.

116th and 146th streets
and all those in between--------
money is needed, fathers and clothes and me too,
know what i mean?
so tell me mr. whiteman
low and evil as you seem.
give me an answer.

oh yes, tell me loud and clear,
from where do i go to here?

US

He was tall, strong, handsome-
He liked her.
She was pretty, very pretty,
She liked him. Maybe,
But she hadn't let it be known to anyone he knew.
They got along well together
Dinner
Song
Kiss
Again they will meet-
Someday soon.

COFFEE

Listless, donny and harmless
The HAWK was strong, played
Havoc with my bones
The Pad-no heat, Oh hell
A Mama-and Maxwell House
Now- Togetherness and everything is fine.
these days in my life
in fleeting motion pass
in silence; the wind
across the blades of grass
chills this day more
to bring soft warm puddles of
tears
tears
tears to think of rosy fields
soothing sun on soft
hair
hair
hair in curls so high and tight
it binds me and
hides your face and
brings
the rapture of your hands on
arms
that rush across my back and
spine
to twine with me till we are I
and you are me and again I am
you:
but instead I must go deep
deep into myself
where I am not,
go deep where someone else can
love
but deeper still where the heart
dwells
and find that clues of love lie
here.

To sniff the sweet smoke of illusion
To rise and see your eyes red and puffy
To feel your head surprisingly light
or heavy and
To look deep into self
so seldom done and
To expect to find the light of
truth and
To find only red, puffy eyes

To sniff the bitter smoke of truth
To rise and see her eyes brown and light
To feel your head surprisingly light
or heavy and
To look deep into otherness
so seldom done and
To expect to find the shadow of
insincerity and
To find eyes brown and bright with
love.
EBONY MOMMIE

Fine, ebony mommie.
Rare, black fox.
Swinging and dancing—
soulfully—
to that funky soul beat.

Long, lean ebony thighs.
A rhythmic illusion,
a psychedelic hallucination,
inciting my keenest emotions.

You tickle my emotions
with beautiful delusions
of possessing you forever.
But, your game is to tempt
and jive every nigger you can enchant.

Goodbye, fine ebony mommie!

EBONY MOMMIE: AFTER THOUGHT

No! On second thought—don't leave.

I know that you will jive me for awhile
then coldly cut me loose.
But, you have seduced my mind
to the point
that it no longer matters.

Your beautiful blackness
has obsessed me.
Long, lean ebony thighs
have inhibited my reasoning.

I want to possess your beauty—if only for a short while.
Because to live in your soul
for one day,
is worth more than an eternity without you.
BLACK RAGE

Every dollar in white man's wallet
Is notch in his gun
For each Black child suffered
Black woman raped
    Black man shot all to pieces
Black skull crushed.
Those who dared fight back
Slashed away like skin of
    Butchered animal
Leaving weak and unprotected
Whimpering at savagery of man
    Over MAN.
And if blood of our Blood
Continues to spill and Rise
Like unflushed tide of the ocean,
    We all shall drown.
Not still deaf, dumb, and blind,
    Can hear insults shattering our dignity
Can feel sadistic beatings on our bodies and minds
Can see our right to be right imprisoned,
    Crying to be set free.

LIBERATE NOW!
    Unite!
    React!
    Black Brothers,
    Fight Back!

SERMON OF SALVATION

Glory!
Sing Hallelujah! Sing it with the sword this time!
Sing it with the mighty sword!
For the meek shall be the mighty and strength shall spring
from the weak and power from the powerless...
As Gabriel's horn shall be a call to battle,
And the wrongs of the past shall be righted in this present!
Blow, Brother, blow hard!
Out of ugliness has come so much beauty...the ugliness of man...
The beauty of man...Beauty...Black, Brown, Yellow and
All the shades in between.
Cooling shade? Fiery shade!
Anger! Bitterness! Determination! Resolution!
Blow, my Black Brother! Oh, won't you blow, blow blow?!
Sing it with the mighty sword that is yet unsheathed...
So sharp...so ready!
Now put that horn down, Brother, and let the sword blow awhile!
Call all the brothers and the sisters too...
Everyone of us been waitin' to collect what's due!
Lips swollen...Heads rollin'...
Rise up! Rise up, won't you, my Dear People?
Sing it! Sing it! Sing it with the sword this time!
Sing it with the mighty sword!
Now let me hear you say "Amen"
AMEN!

Hallelujah!

HERITAGE RECLAIMED

Dark ancestors' bones lie far beneath the soil of America,
Strange land they could never call their home.
Dark ancestors whose sweat and blood irrigated the soil
to make it black and alive, who in death impregnated
the earth with crumbling bodies so that it would
give forth life. Dark virile ancestors,
wedded to a land they could never call their own.
And the children give sweat and blood
to sew the soil deep-
land we do not own, fruit we never reap.
Hear the ghost of Artucks crying, "Have I died in vain?"
And Booker T. alone and sighing to have long lost dignity regained.
Black souls rise from the dead to embrace
Black bodies breathing still.
Souls that carry the fertility of the soil,
Strength of a wise old earth.
And the dark spirits cry, "Here am I, here am I!"
to the music of the rusted, rotting chains.

COUNTER-ACT AFTER THE FACT

Got caught up in a traffic jam th' other day.
Th' boys in blue was knockin' niggers heads left and right,
Wit' dem ol' billy sticks what dey calls 'nigger knockers'.
I heard one of th' blue boys say,
"Yeah, gon' knock few niggers heads today!"
Knock! Knock!
Ow!
Knockey-Knock!
Tell y'all what-
Gon' take me an' ol' baseball bat an' tie lil' rope to it,
Just 'nough to wrap 'round my wrist.
Den I'm gon' out an' knock th' first honkey's head I see!
Yeah, play music on all kindsa clear heads wit'
My honkey-knocker.
Bop! Bop! deBop!
Oh, yeah!
Bop! deBop! Bop! Bop!
Ooh, dat lil' knocker
Gon' Clean Up Th' Block!
LITTLE BLACK CHILD

Rest, my little child,
Sleep until tomorrow.
Bide yourself, no need to rush,
You've time enough for sorrow.
A gentle smile, a happy face
That knows no discontent.
Oh, you deserve no less than love
For you were Heaven-sent.
To think that someday you'll be grown
And taking on so much.
Sweet loving child, right now you sleep
And do not dream of such.
Inside your heart there is enough
To right each earthly wrong,
To make the world forget all strife
And burst forth into song.
To make each man lay down his sword
And reach out to his neighbor
And look about him as he can
To share his brother's labor.
My darling child, these are the things
You dream of as you rest.
Oh, that we all could share your dreams—
No doubt, they are the best.
And you too someday shall awake
For another's dreams to borrow.
But, as for now, just rest, my dear,
And sleep until tomorrow.

TO STEAL AWAY

In my youth, I was introduced to a Jesus Christ
with dirty blond hair, blue eyes and sickly pale skin.
This Jesus was hailed as the savior of all
us poor colored folk.
In Sunday school, we were taught that this Jesus
loves all his children and that we are all
made in the exact image of this Jesus.
We learned that this Jesus was our savior
and that it was wise to endure all pains
and sorrows stoutly, for he was only testing our
faith and would eventually deliver us all.
Oh, but this Jesus never touched my soul
although he did touch my mind and my
heart, as he helped me to hate myself
and other colored people with extreme ferocity.
And, not strangely, I knew I could never
steal away with this Jesus—
this ultimate symbol of white nationalism.

As I grew into maturity,
I began to realize the divine purpose of that Jesus,
I began to realize why the pie constantly crumbled in the sky,
I began to realize why I could never steal away
with that Jesus.
Anger, bitterness, frustration, and a deep pit of loneliness
all welmed within me.
And the fire, with a flame ravishing inward,
  made ashes of my soul.
As I lay near death, in the spiritual vacuum,
  slipping into eternal enslavement of both body and mind,
I felt a delicious tingle somewhere inside me—
  Ooh, then I began to quiver as if all the
warmth in my body had seeped out and gone elsewhere.
My entire self was being thrust about uncontrollably.
  And then, an EXPLOSION...that returned all warmth
to my body, to my spirit, to my mind.

For the first time in my life, I saw, or rather felt,
  My Jesus.
It was a revival which brought sweet inspiration upon me.
  That's when I knew that my Jesus
had been standing by all along.
And that the father of my grandfather had been
viciously torn from the womb of my Jesus long, long ago,
to be forced into an incubator, secured by chains,
which each of us had tried to break out of since.
As my Jesus was touching me, I knew that He was
touching others near and far—
  That my Jesus would be our Jesus,
That my spirit would be our spirit.
And there was no doubt that our Jesus
had come with a message of deliverance,
One which we would find in ourselves.
Life suddenly is refreshing—
  I had gone to bed a Negro and woke up
a Black Man.
Jesus, sweet Jesus—
  It's time to steal away.

THE MASTER AND THE SLAVE

Damn their allegories!
Damn their metaphors!
Damn their imagery!

We can make words dance,
We can make words sing,
We can make words kill—
  Kill them—
Then we'll be king,
Then we'll be ruler of this land,
And love and peace will reign.
We vomit them in disgust,
Their culture in disdain.
(We found metals and created art—
They took metals and loaded guns).

But, it's their words that have killed
most often,
Their language that has wounded most deeply.

LET US LIBERATE!
- Roget to the guillotine!
- Webster to the noose!
- Funk and Wagnall and the rest are dangerous running loose!

Arrest old words throw them in jail
Until they come out new,
When Brown is Brown and Might is right
And Black is royal hue!

Make truth talk now:
White lies must be killed,
Buried in unmarked graves.
Imagination must roam free,
Our minds no longer slaves.
Then we shall Do and we shall Be
And we shall own the land,
With our language wrapped in our hearts
And Victory in our hands!

CRUCIFIXIXION OF THE FUNKY JESUS

I saw Jesus walking down Main Street.
He was just as raggedy and black as soot.
He wore a do-rag wrapped around his head
And needle marks ran up and down his arm.
He kicked along a wine bottle full of red stuff.

As he walked, the sidewalks turned to sand
And the streets broke into rivers.

Jesus black and ragged,
Skull crushing Do-Rag:
A Crown of PIERCING THORNS.

Jesus Black,
Life draining Needle:
Nails driven deep into his body,
Nails that cannot reach his soul.

Jesus Ragged,
A Wine Bottle that does not break:
Filled with the Blood of Christ.

Oh Vision that I see, Symbol that I breathe,
Set It Straight!
Jesus didn't walk with kings and merchants,
Jesus walked with Prostitutes and Lepers.

I want to testify
that I saw
Jesus walking down Main Street.
OF LIBERTY

Out of the american tradition
this nation was spawned and now invents violence
friendship agony hate and despair is
accepted by christians everywhere
Patrick Henry once rapped a line
give me liberty or give me death
considering the fact he was not black
and did not have intervals of shit bestowed
upon him as his daily bread
yet Patrick simply said
give me liberty or give me death
when black folks speak of liberty
they can't find it right at hand
although liberty is for those who are
relevant and blacks are totally irrelevant
says this man
now black brothers this is our rap
use it wisely use it when there is
no evolution in sight
use it as a foundation for today's
Revolution
to end this unnecessary plight
Give me Black Liberty or Give me Black Death.

NACEO GILES

WE

Black, togetherness, bad, down, free

Power, nationalism, unity, peace

Beauty, courage, dignity

Brother, Sister

You

+

ME
A POEM THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Stop! What's this I see?
Columbia...Cornell...East Carolina...Colgate...
Brothers here today and gone tomorrow,
I wonder why?

Columbia, I'll take what I want because
I'm a real go-getter! Yeah!

Dixie—an insult to all who hear
it.
A rival song to be shouted at football
games to urge on to victory. Rah! Rah!

Then one gets to a small town, five-building
university which doesn't understand what's going
on in the world today...and with Janus, the
two-headed monster, telling the regals one thing and
the ebonies another.

A brother's head spins and his mind shakes like
an earthquake, trying to find out what is going on.

Many people deprived of that right to live
like men...

The methods are many and diverse, but they
lead to one thing...

Confusion, confusion, CONFUSION!

Heads banged! White crosses burned! Rat-tat-
tat-tat...machine guns ready!
Oh, the almighty Klan rises again.
And last, but not least, 100 apes hanging
around trying to figure out what was going
on (while we made good the library's invitation
to an edumacation).

My head, my Head, MY HEAD!!!
Why is all this so chaotic/
Why do I have to go through all this
rigamarole and ye end up almost exactly
where I began?
WHY?
And when I find the answer,
there'll be Hell to pay.
The Black student in the predominantly white university has always been advised, directly or indirectly, to do his best to adopt the values of the white middle class. He has been informed that to survive and succeed, he must turn away from Blackness and Black people. In this manner, the white college environment paved the way for the systematic pattern of destruction of the Black self-destruction sometimes "softened by the illusion that a degree would bring access to a "free and open" society. White administrators have always shown extreme insensitivity toward the Afro-American student. They have no knowledge of his problems and, what's more, in nine and 99/100(out of ten)cases, express no real desire either to know the problems or to solve them. In reverse, chucksville has made a conscious effort to assure that the Black student is cut off from his roots, his home community. In the past, charlie(or charles or chuck) has done this by automatically labeling the college Afro-American male or female a "Negro Intellectual"-a shrewd honkeyism designed to separate him and her from the Black community by fabricating an aura of "elitism" around the former(Rationale:"since you are a Negro intellectual, how can you really relate to-ugh-them?"). The white college community then works step by step to destroy any intimate ties or relationship between the college student and his brother on the block, by whispering to the former that he is "unique" and has something "constructive to contribute", that he is Champion Nigger and that cockroaches stunt one's growth.

The Black student has always been used as an educational instrument by chucksville-in a very real sense, a commodity which has been there not so much to learn as to teach. When Brother/Sister X receives a scholarship, he/she can always be assured of the university's intention to prostitute him/her in one way or another-either physically or intellectually, or both(and always emotionally).
It's odds against tomorrow that seldom (if ever) has any Black student been completely blind to the fact that he is viewed as an object, an instrument of whitey's whims, and that through him and his personality, much stereotyping takes place in clear people's minds ("I knows me one") If the brother is not prostituted on the football field, he is raped in the classroom, or the dining hall, or the dormitory. Whites expect him to be available at their convenience to run down how he feels about roy wilkins, Black Power, and his having more rhythm than they do.

Thus, in the past, the Black student in the white university has always been alienated from the environment. There has never been any such phenomena as the mythological honkeyism "integration" in the white college (or in any other white-dominated institution). Physical "integration" may consist of one or two Blacks and an infinite number of whites, but spiritual interaction is submerged by a spiritual vacuum. Under such conditions, it is no wonder that Black graduates have held little (no) love for their white alma maters—a institution which more often than not, they are extremely glad to leave.

LETTER: Dear Honorable, Beloved, Supreme, and Revered Graduate:
Please contribute X dollars to Chucksville U. for the maintenance and upkeep of it's fine standards.

RESPONSE: Dear Honorable, Beloved, Supreme, and Revered Sirs:
Please kiss my rusty black ass.

Such has been the history of the Black man at Colgate University where I have learned and suffered the past four years. In the last forty-nine years, a mere thirty (count 'em) Africans and Afro-Americans have graduated from this school. Only one (recent) graduate returns to this institution with what might be vaguely construed as the consistency of a loyal alumnus. While this particular lad was a student at Colgate, he was known to the brothers as a super nigger who could justly be called a Negro-saxon and a traitor to his race. This bona fide subscriber to white nationalism found it more expedient as an opportunist to reject the other Black students and walk the tight rope (Gon', boy, shuffle yo' feet an' twiggle yo' toes...for a wilted petal from a dying rose!). One other (most together) brother
returns frequently, but strictly to take care of business with the Blood on campus. [True to the spirit of Black unity, this brother has not let his physical departure from Colgate hinder necessary communications].

When Adam Clayton Powell, class of 1930, came to speak at the school this past fall, one of the first remarks he made to the brothers was, "This place is still dismal."(By the way, word is that after Adam finished doin' it with everybody's sister, way back when, wasn't no more niggers ever 'posed to be 'lowed to climb those hallowed hills, to freeze their behinds in those hallowed snow storms—and there was not a dark face in sight for the next two decades.). So Black graduates don't return to a school like Colgate because, rather than representing a wonderful time in their lives and a beautiful learning experience, it symbolizes the hell that the Black man has gone through in this country. In such an atmosphere, The Black student has always been conscious of and deeply sensitive to his Blackness. In the past, the Black graduate did not have much choice—he saw through his bitterness and emotional frustration long enough to know that he had to accommodate, to play the game, in order to achieve the ends promised by "integration."

Today, Black students are ceasing to by the white university's second-hand, over-priced, over-used, much abused goods. With the rising development of Black awareness and the very practical theory of Black Power, campus Bloods refuse to be forced into a position that will cost them their identity with Black fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. We recognize the power structure for what it is—racist and hypocritical, and the liberal facades of the liberal arts institutions are being smashed away(too shaky to remain intact after a solid confrontation with the truth). Brothers and sisters are steadily informing mr. charles that he will no longer tell them what their values will be and how their lives will be run. "We will confront you on a basis of even-steven, recognizing our Blackness and your whiteness, and then we'll take it from there!"

Make no mistake about it—the white administrations and boards of trustees
don't like the real peoples moves, through Black political and cultural organizations, to consciously recognize the separation which has always been there (hiding behind that ol' mythological honkeyism, "integration"). Hell no! The most overwhelming weapon of the college establishment, in the past, of course, has been to divide and conquer by attempting to instill white consciousness into Black minds. But, that sword is now hopelessly dulled. And so, recently, they have pulled out another 'keep the niggers quiet' trick and applied it to a new situation. That is appeasement, accommodation. In the face of Black and white student demands and protest, throughout the nation last year, college administrations—when they didn't use brutal and suppressive forces, as at Columbia—employed accommodation through token promises and agreements which later proved to be, in many cases, outright lies. Real people have painfully learned that there is no good will intended on the part of the white power structure, and they realize the need to be extremely wary and cautious (always counting cool) in their dealings with the white administrations. Sure as God made little green apples, ain't no reason for the Blood to stand on the element of trust when even those whitefolk who have stood up against the established and systematized evils of the educational system are being persecuted in various ways by the power mongers. This despite claims by the latter that there would be "no reprisals".

Today, rather than feeling obliged to educate chuck, charlie, and charles, Black students and organizations realize the need to concentrate on self-education, inside and outside the classroom—culturally and politically, through day by day existence and confrontations. This is education valuable to both present and future. Telling it as it is means to say that there are still too many unaware brothers and sisters hung up on the myths of the old tradition— the honkeyisms of "upward mobility", "Negro-saxon", and "integration". But, as is happening to the brothers and sisters on the home front, more and more campus Blood are becoming Black in mind, and sharing that revelation with their fellow real people. (On the sly: Brothers and Sisters, beware of any Black studies program which you do not have direct and immediate control over. Ain't nobody can tell us who we are better
than we can tell ourselves, ain't nobody can tell us what we need better than we can tell ourselves. Realize that neither our means nor ends is to make a Black studies program a bourgeois academic excercise. No, whatever we learn, we want to be able to apply for our own thing. How many college administrators do you know who are thinking along our lines?). As the Black student's awareness grows, he realizes that he has learned a great deal from and about clear people which he can share with real people. At the same time, the home community holds something for him which he will reabsorb(depending upon his degree of honkeyitis) when he returns permanently. In this day and age, the Black graduate who returns to the community with the missionary attitude of pulling Black people up by their boot straps will be as soundly and forcefully rejected as the white liberal who invades under the same pretenses(Social workers, take heed.).

As more and more Black students throw aside the garbage that has smothered them in the past, they make it clear that they will use their education as they see fit. They make it clear that they will not be bought off with token dollars and owned by chuckdom. This astounds white America and many Blackfolk as well, in cluding fathers and mothers. To the latter the young Black adult might say, "Where others have failed us, we must not fail ourselves"; or, as a collective whole,

"Let's get down wit' it- it's time to GO FOR OURSELVES"!

ARROGANCE JUSTIFIABLE

Old white liberal came to me talkin' lotta shit about love thy neighbor. I thought, "Must I give you love and free labor?"
He said, "son, I know you want all the things that I own, But you don't have the senses to go it alone."
I said, "honkey, are you so blind that you just can't see I now spell Black with a capital B ?