

# Letter To the Editor:

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I am writing in response to an article entitled "The N-Word" printed in the most recent publication of the Black Ink. The writer's main message in this article is that the word "nigger" is acceptable under certain circumstances. Some argue that in today's society, this word "has become a term of endearment" used in the Black community as a means of defiance; it is with this particular point that I have a problem.

The word "nigger" was used often and freely in the past by whites to "remind" Blacks of their inferiority to them. For years, this word and other words with similar meaning were used "to express disrespect, hatred, and disgust," which is why it disturbs me to find that this word has become common in everyday conversations between Blacks.

Today, the term "nigger" is not used as often by whites, yet some African-Americans find it necessary to accept the label they had given us and use it frequently. Moreover, I sincerely have a problem with the argument that it is somehow a term of endearment. How often do you hear a Jewish person say, "Yeah, that's my kyke!" or a homosexual say, "Hey, faggot, wassup?" Not often, but for some reason a significant percentage of Blacks feel it's okay for us to degrade our race using this word.

Throughout history, many Black men and women detested this word and fought hard to be called otherwise. If not out of respect for ourselves, we as African-Americans should cease to use this word out of respect for them and their struggle. If we continue to use this word, I truly believe we are taking a step back in our race for equality.

-Adam Aberra  
Biology Major



illustration by Stefan Greenlee

## UNconditional LOVE

By Star Spencer  
STAFF WRITER

Looking back at the youth of my grandparents, it is hard to believe that love once had a true meaning in the realm of relationships — especially that between a man and a woman. Not to say that love no longer exists, but somehow its essence has been distorted. During their time not long ago, respect was a mighty king and virtue was his fortress. Now all that is left from what once was a powerful kingdom is a city of ruins. Then, in their quest for love, materialistic distractions meant nothing, while finding genuine companionship meant the universe.

Black men seemed to be more secure with themselves, even in a world that was against them; and Black women seemed to be more dignified, though this world had refused them their dignity. Society said that black people showed no affection for each other or that they just did not know how. But in reality, they were all that they had, and they cherished the times that they were together.

During my grandparents' youth, divorces were rare and the word marriage meant for life. Teen pregnancy was at an all time low, and most children grew up with two parents. Now loving someone seems to be associated with their earthly possessions or their sexual willingness. Respect means calling someone the morning after instead of driving them home the night before. How can this be that honor, once our sovereign ruler, is now a feeble peasant?

The day that we realize we must love and treasure one another to strengthen ourselves, Almighty respect will regain his throne and our kingdom will rise again.

## It's a Thin Line Between Love and Hate

By Shayne Vann  
STAFF WRITER

Black man, Black woman, this speaks to you. The more I think about this, the more frantic I become over what is taking place. I'm talking about the disrespect that we as Black people show the opposite sex. Men are doggin' women, women are doggin' men, and no one seems to know or want to know what love really is. It is my belief that in order to love another person you must first love yourself. Can you honestly say you love yourself when you show yourself indifferent in the face of love? How long will the lie continue before you lose the you you knew?

I see Black men with white

women, Black women with white men, ain't that a bitch? Now where is my strong Black nation gonna be if no one out there looks like me? I see sistas caught up in the media's game thinking Black men ain't shit, so why bother, I'll just make myself another brother. It's a thin line between love and hate and you cross it if you can't walk it with a true love of self.

Stop disrespecting that man or woman standing beside you because you are only disrespecting yourself. Give up the games and be true to who you are, 'cause if you don't we can only go but so far. For the love of me, I just don't understand why my brothers and sisters won't be men and women.