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e. christi cunningham†

During the first weeks of the fall semester of 1990, a Yale law student was sexually assaulted. In response to this attack, some person or group of people put anonymous hate letters in the mailboxes of ten African-American law students. Dean Calabresi published the following edited version of the hate letter in a statement to the law school:

_Last Sunday [a crime was committed off campus involving] one of our classmates . . . . This crime was done by two black men . . . . Now do you know why we call you NIGGERS?_

_Yale Students for Racism_

There was no response from either the faculty or the students. The law school, which is usually a hub of political activism and concern, was unmoved. The wall in the law school, which is typically covered with statements and political posters of all varieties ranging from the trivial to the profound, was empty. To many members of the Black Law Students Association, it appeared that the faculty and students were unconcerned about the threat that the anonymous letters presented to African-American students and the sexual attack suffered by one of our classmates. These events were quickly followed by several other racial incidents suffered by Black law students in settings outside of the law school. These incidents likewise went unanswered.

Although discussion of the incidents eventually culminated in a one-day student moratorium on classes that included racism workshops and rallies, _Another Rainy Saturday in New Haven_ was the first public statement made in response to the Dean's publication of the events.

† e. christi cunningham is a second-year student at Yale Law School, a member of the Yale Journal of Law and Feminism, and a Black woman with a chip on her shoulder. This poem is dedicated to Susan, Adrienne, and Yasmin.
Another Rainy Saturday in New Haven

Listen
to the Silence

*Now do you know why we call you NIGGERS?*

It resonates
with the grinding and churning
of the day to day of everyday at YLS

*Now do you know?*

It harmonizes
with the bustling and humming
of note-writing, class-attending, interviewing YLS

*why?*

It patters
in the background like rain
on another New Haven Saturday

It thunders
louder than the cowardly whine
of anonymous hate mail

The deafening Silence of the Committee Against Bigotry, a barren wall,

the unheard masses of YLS

*we call you NIGGERS*

Listen
to the Silence

I know you can hear it
with her pain it's a duet

with my rage it's a trio

or maybe it's a chorus

*Now do you know why we call you NIGGERS?*

maybe it's a group effort (the Silence, I mean)

_Last Sunday [a crime was committed]_

_Yesterday the following was placed in the mailboxes of a large group of African-American students_

_Thursday two first-years were randomly stopped and frisked by New Haven police (the two students just happened to be Black men)_

_Friday a Black first-year woman, accompanied by eight other Black women, was physically assaulted by a stanger venting racial hatred_
Listen
to the Silence of YLS
I know you can hear it
I can hardly hear anything else.