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THE BLACK VOICE

Published by the Afro-American Center, University of Wisconsin-Madison

The African - American in the great drama of history

by Kwame Salter



American history minus George Washington, Abe Lincoln and Patrick Henry is sort of like Christmas without Santa Claus and his assorted groupies. The event becomes less an event. Somewhere along the line, the individual actor in his limited role in the great drama of history has somehow upstaged the screenplay itself. The American Revolutionary War appears pitifully dependent on old wig-wearing George Washington. It is as though historical events waited in limbo for certain personalities to come along so they could happen. According to some, negro slaves waited patiently-singing and dancing their cares away—until Abe Lincoln happened along and acted on history. The question I raise is simple enough, I think. Is history in fact just one big continuous volume of "Profiles in Courage." Can one man or woman make much of a difference? If, for instance, Adolph Hitler had never been born, would the Jewish tragedy been averted. To some, I know, the questions I raise seem academic—that is to say, after the fact. Yet, to me, it is a serious question worthy of investigation.

Possibly, we have assigned too much importance to historical super-stars (or at least, to the wrong ones) and in the process de-emphasized certain objective conditions, forces and developments along with failing to mention the supporting cast of millions. And maybe, when the screen credits are written for any portion of this great human epic drama called history, it should read: Starring: The People; Co-starring: The Times; and With: George Washington. Still we have

grown so accustomed to having our history carved up and dished out the Super-star—complete with tall-tales, legends and myths. We tend to dismiss or take light the history of a people or movement lacking in individual super-stars. And, unfortunately, as if to justify and give credibility to their history, varying groups and movements of people frantically comb the pages of their history for the charismatic super-star. In the hectic rush to get their historical production on the road, many have compiled, pieced together and weaved the most remarkable bits of trivia and mundanity into and around simple, dedicated men and women who possessed no greater powers than they. Like its Hollywood counterpart the historical super-star is often times shallow and himself unawared of his much heralded contributions to history. Why you ask, am I so set against historical super-stars? Well, primarily because once taken out of the context of their times and people

and used in a cultist fashion they only serve to falsify past history and distort future history. A historical super-star's image drug and opiates the masses—who are the only real history makers; it perpetuates the "Messiah is-a-coming-out-of-the-sky to save us" crap that causes people to resign themselves to an oppressive reality; it justifies and makes acceptable inaction and the waiting for forces or personalities much greater than ourselves to come and rescue us from persons no different than us. Any real, worthwhile historical figure must be viewed as part of our struggle, as a contributor to our history—not as the sum total of our history.

Black history, if it is to have any utility for us, must, by necessity, speak of our people's struggle and not lapse into idle hero-worship. We must see our history as a record of the struggle, achievements and prospering of black—nameless, faceless—people struggling for human dignity and justice in America. Our real heroes must be viewed within this framework. Few

pass the test. Even so, we have been assigned super-stars who though black skinned were not necessarily black minded. George Washington Carver, a great scientist, did little to directly secure freedom for southern blacks. To some, he figures more prominently in the corporate history of Skippy peanut butter company, Jan Matzeliger's shoe lacing invention was little solace for barefoot blacks. Elijah McCoy's air-brake invention for railroads did not move one "Red-Cap" from loading baggage to conducting trains. Understand, it was not necessarily those individuals' fault that the objective conditions of blacks remained relatively unchanged in spite of their backgrounds. And, understand also that we have a right to view them as they actually were and not as black historical super-stars. But what of the black men and women who might actually be considered direct contributors to black history. Usually, these men and women were infamous in their own times. They did things not with an eye towards history's hall of fame, but because they felt it necessary. They acted at times when the power structure saw neither rationale or need to do so. They received usually no commendation or reward. They were the trouble makers, the uppity niggers, the militants, the psychotic maniacal killers, the paranoid. They were Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, David Walker, Henry Highland Garnett, Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King, Jr., Angela Davis, Huey Newton, Malcolm X and who knows, maybe, just maybe, Jonathan Jackson and Mark Essex.

A NEW REVOLUTION ERUPTS

by Jean Collins
Black Voice staff

Right before the advent of the mass Black power struggle in the 60's, a Black dignitary from Africa came on a goodwill tour to the United States. He decided to stop for a glass of orange juice in the restaurant of a well-known hotel. The waitress in this restaurant told him it was against hotel rules to serve colored people. The African dignitary became enraged and cancelled the rest of his goodwill tour. The incident at this restaurant caused much publicity and embarrassment for the United States.

This same hotel whose restaurant didn't "serve colored" is once again in the news because of a Black man's indignation and anger. On January 7, 1973, Mark James Essex of Emporia, Kansas was killed on the roof-top of Howard Johnson's. What Essex did in New Orleans is happening all over the country; bullets from the guns of Black men are beating a steady rhythm of fear into the white men. From the De Mau Maus in Chicago who were accused of slaying nine white people to the brothers calling themselves "1-2-3-4" who took over a sporting goods store in Brooklyn; to Mark Essex; a new kind of revolution is taking place. It's the individualized, miniature revolution.

And the white man is scared because he has figured out a hundred ways to deal with the mass Black revolution but the small revolutions are a shock to him. He's the one who taught Blacks about one-on-one combat and guerilla warfare; and he realizes that this type of revolution is the most effective because he doesn't know where it will strike next. Whenever this type of thing happens, the newspaper accounts as well as the other medium, broadcast the Blacks are being part of a "nation-wide terrorist group" or a national militant organization; this is more a wish on their part because the white man is well-equipped and used to dealing with a big body of Blacks. All he'd have to do would be to infiltrate the organization with spies and cause an internal feud, and he'd have the group broken up into splinters.

The Black groups and the Black organizations that came into vogue in the 60's were just that—a vogue, the in thing. The white man simply made the Black groups and organizations a way to get money and prestige for himself. By buying or annihilating the "leaders" of these groups and the community leaders, the white man turned the revolution into a chess game where he knew all the moves. He made money by passing "Negro Self-Help" programs so that white businesses got paid for making programmed flunkies out of poor people who needed the money; as if these con games weren't enough, the white man even started the "Afro" fashion cult by selling afro wigs, afro gowns, afro-thing, and afro-that.

By the time the ghetto fires had died out, the white man had his pockets lined by "Black Power" money. But by so exploiting the Black movements of the 60's, the white man wrote his own death sentence and signed his own death warrant. By taking away the dreams and struggles for freedom and replacing them with illusions of progress, the white man was asking for the hatred he seems so unable to understand. He made the wrong moves when he started an all-out program to get Black men off the streets by sending them to the service and training them to kill.

The brothers who fought in Viet Nam or who went into any branch of the service began to see what was happening first because they were closer to the man on top. These brothers would come back home and see that the alienation and bitterness they felt was the same as the alienation the brothers and sisters on the street were feeling and they began to compare notes on what was happening.

They looked around them and asked themselves "if so many Blacks are making it, then why are our families still hungry, why are my people still jobless, why are the streets of the Black community still filled with drugs, and who are the pigs still shooting down Blacks like it was open season on niggas?" It seems that the massive changes for the good in the Black communities are invisible to everyone except the white people and the few Blacks who are allowed to get over.

Mark Essex and other brothers like him are fighting for survival. The tactics they use were learned from the white men who set up the chess game and made too many wrong moves.

Afro-Center expands programs

by Leslie Hewlett
Black Voice staff

The Afro-American Community Service Center (AACSC) is adding a new dimension to the traditional film/lecture series this semester. One new outstretch is the student symposium. The series will begin Feb. 20 at 8:15 in 1111 Humanities.

Tentative speakers and topics for the symposia include: Reggie Clark and Bob Murphy on "Black Behavior on the White Campus, Mwalimi Aminife on "The Role

of Religion in the Black Revolution", Charles Green on "Mass Media", Vicki Meet on "Art", and Walter Cabell, Ken Hendree, Austin McLendon, Emma Miller, Welford Sanders, and Charles Swanson on "Prisons."

According to Cheryl BIRTHA, AACSC program coordinator.

"Each group will submit a paper and give a lecture and/or discussion dealing with the same subject." Cheryl added

Mano A Mano

by Lutecia Gonzalez Fleming

Comunicacion—aparentmente una necesidad physica del hombre-hoy una necesidad social. El poder comunicar con los estudiantes chicanos, con los estudiates negros, con la comunidad Universitaria y con la comunidad en general trae consigo muchos sentimientos. Primeramente, agradecemos al Black Voice por la sensibilidad y la comprehension demonstrados al ofrecer de compartir sus paginas con la comunidad chicana. No solo tenemos ahora la posibilidad del un organo de comunicacion pero la oportunidad de trabarjar mano a mano, como minoridades; un esfuerzo esencial y necesitado por mucho tiempo. Segundamente—hay tanto qu decir! Mucho se dira a traves de las siguientes ediciones del Black Voice—por ahora—una introduccion a la comunidad chicana.

Hay como 50,000 chicanos en Wisconsin. La malloria de este numero es originaria de la poblacion migrante. Las mas grandes concentraciones de chicanos se encuentran en Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha. Durante los tiempos de la labor, unos 6,000 migrantes vienen a Wisconsin—sin union y viviendo en condiciones demasiado recordantes de los campos de concentracion. Las poblaciones urbanas se pueden describir principalmente en la clasificacion de clase-media-hacia-pobre. Para los migrantes y para los chicanos en general, oportunidades educativas ha sido, si existentes, muy pobres. La 'Gente de Aztlan' ha sostenido una cultura orgullosa y estoica en la cual la familia, las tradiciones y el idioma se valuan y en la cual el individualismo expressivo y no la agrecion se ha cultivado. Pero esta gente, esta gente cafe, mucha de la cual estuvo aquí antes del Mayflower, ha vivido y sigue viviendo la experiencia de las minoridades raciales y etnicas de este pais. Y esta gente ahor cide Basta!—y cuando esta gente dice Basta! es por que el Basta hirvio y mucho y es—ya Basta!

La Universidad en Madison tiene como 25 estudiates chicanos, la gran mayoría subgraduados, la mayoría viniendo de fuera de Madison. Whitewater tiene unos 80

chicanos; Oshkosh como 60. En estos sitios se ha proveido a lo menos oportunidades basic para chicanos. Pero no es bastante.

La Sra. Wilma Gomex Stump ha sido empleada por la Universidad desde el 15 de Enero para la posicion de 'Latin Recruiter' bajo la oficina del 'Undergraduate Orientation'. El objeto principal de esta posicion es de atraer y ayudar a estudiantes chicanos. Una beca de 'student leadership' ha sido dada a una estudiante chicana, (a mi!) por el University Catholic Center, para trabajar como liason entre los estudiantes chicanos y la comunidad chicana y la Universidad, con la provicion de las facilidades del Newman Center. El 5-Year Program ha hecho hasta ahora todo lo posible para atender a las necesidades de estudiantes chicanos. El Afro-American Center ha continuamente ofrecido sus facilidades a los estudiantes chicanos.

Hay mucho que hacer. Los estudiantes chicanos formaron un grupo, 'La Raza Unida' durante el ano escolar '71-'72. Este grupo ha tenido el apoyo del Director del Afro-American Center, Kwame Salter y del Director del 5-Year Program Jim Baugh. Se espera poder trabajar junto con la recientemente farmada organizacion de los estudiantes Indios Americanos. La Raza Unida se agrupara de nuevo ahora y, con las nuevas facilidades para los chicanos, podra hacer oír su voz.

Organizaciones chicanas locales y Estatales estan haciendo contacto y precion con el sistema Universitario para hacerlo sensitivo y responsable a un factor de la poblacion de este Estado. Educacion universitaria se debe proveer para el chicano. Ahora. Hay muchas maneras con las cuales la minoridades pueden realizarse en el sistema. Hay que pelear bien equipado, bien equipado con las' movidas' del sistema—una arma de mayor importancia es la educacion. Queremos educacion, la necesitamos y la obtendremos. A travez del Black Voice, se describiran las organizaciones chicanas, el alma chicana se vera—se establecare comunicacion entre los estudiantes de esta Universidad. Nos necesitamos. Da gusto estar aqui. Adelante Raza!

Let us communicate

Communication—apparently an inborn need of man—now a social necessity. To be able to communicate with Chicano students, with black students, with the University community and with the community at large carries with it many feelings today. Firstly, may we thank the Black Voice for the awareness and foresight shown by offering to share it's pages with the chicano community. Not only do we now have the availability of an organ of communication but the opportunity to work hand-in-hand, as minorities; a long overdue and essential effort. Secondly—there is so much to say! Much will be said through the coming issues of the Black Voice—for now—an introduction of the chicano community.

There are around 50,000 chicanos in Wisconsin. The majority of this number originate directly from the migrant stream. The largest concentrations of chicano residents are found in Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha. During the migrant season, about 6,000 chicanos come to Wisconsin as field laborers—unionized and living in what too often remind one of infamous concentration camps. The urban peoples fit within the lower-middle-class-to-poor classification. Both for migrants and for chicanos at large, educational opportunities have been, if existant, extremely poor. The 'Peoples of Aztlan' have long held-on to a proud and stoic culture where family, traditions and language are treasured and assertiveness, rather than aggression has been cultivated. But these people, these brown people, many of whom were here before the Mayflower, have and are undergoing the experience of the racial and ethnic minorities in this country. And these people are now saying Basta! —Enough— and when these people say Basta! it has simmered, it's from the gut and it's Basta!

The Madison campus has about 25 Chicano students, the large majority undergraduate, most coming from outside the Madison area. The Whitewater campus has about 80 chicanos; Oshkosh has about 60. On these campuses at least basic opportunities have been made existant for chicanos. But it is not enough. The

Madison chicano community comprises about 86 families, averaging about 6 per family. This year, for the first time, the University, at Madison, is giving chicanos an eqr. Mrs. Wilma Gomez Stump has been employed by the University as of January 15 for the position of 'Latin Recruiter' under the Office of Undergraduate Orientation. The main thrust of this position is to recruit and counsel chicano students. A student leadership grant has been given to a chicano student, (myself!) through the University's Catholic Center to work as liason between the chicano students and community and the University, with the facilities of the center, Newman, being provided. The 5-Year Program has up to now done all it could to cope with chicano student needs. The Afro American Center has consistently offered it's facilities to chicano students. There is much work to be done. Chicano students formed a group, 'La Raza Unida' (The United Race) during the '71-'72 school year. This group has had the staunch back-up of the Afro American Center's Director, Kwame Salter and of Jim Baugh, Director, of the 5-Year Program. It is hoped to also work with the support of the newly formed Native American student organization. La Raza Unida will re-group now and with the recently made available facilities will be able to make it's voice heard.

Local and State chicano organizations are approaching and pressing the University system for awareness and due responsiveness to a factor of this State's population. Higher education must be provided for chicanos. Now. There are many ways with which minorities are or could cope with the system. One must fight well-equipped, well equipped with the system's tools—a major tool is education. We want it, need it and will get it.

Through the Black Voice, chicano organizations will be described, the chicano head and soul will be seen—communication will establish itself among the campus' students. We need each other. It's great to be here. Adelante Raza! (cultural equivalent for Power to the People—except we say: forward our race!)

The Slavery of Dependency

by Sam Spralls III
Black Voice staff

The governmental policy of benign neglect has become wide spread. President Nixon's policy of "self-reliance" has extinguished man federally funded programs such as the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), and the Emergency Employment Act (amounted to 2.25 billion over two years). It is only a matter of time before we, as the majority of the nations poor, are left out in the cold. We must sever the pale umbilical cord that shackles us to the whiteman. Just a new born baby emerges victorious after doing a nine months sentence, we must awaken from our 400 year period of gestation. Booker T. Washington stressed the importance of our being self-sustaining throughout his life time.

Some of us are attending the University through the aid of federal or state funds. It is all too easy for us to become lackadaisical and fail to take this opportunity to learn the tools necessary to become economically independent. The core of the Black Muslim religion depicts this beautifully in that they stress the acquisition of skills and knowledge with which we can someday be producers as well as consumers.

In the real world the welfare roles have many of our people depending on the generosity of the great grand sons and daughters of slave masters. At one time welfare was necessary aid to their survival, but it has not and never will be a sufficient means of support.

What of the current alternatives and proposals to relieve the nation's poor? There has been much talk of a negative income tax. This involves filling out a tax return as usual, but instead of the poor people having their tax money taken from them it would be paid to them. This would supplement their other income, and hopefully generate an incentive to work.

Then too there is continued support by the remaining federal programs such as Unemployment Compensation, Old Age, Survivors, Disability, and Workmen' Compensation. According to North and Miller, *The Economics of Public Issues*, these programs and their predecessors lowered the percentage of poor in the U.S. from 32 percent in 1935, to 23 percent in 1959, and to 11 percent currently. It would seem that these programs would one day eliminate poverty, but will it? We Black people are approximately 11 percent of the population in the U.S. Based on this information we can infer that the war on poverty has reached a stalemate now that it is faced with wiping out the societal problems of Blacks, James Gwartney, in his

Discrimination and Income Differentials states . . . "but even when we take account of differences in quantity of education received, scholastic achievement, regional, age, and city size distributions (all factors which affect productivity) there remains an unexplained differential in income between Blacks and whites of 14 to 25 percent of non-farm occupations. We are left with the inevitable conclusion that this difference is due to discrimination."

By now it should be apparent that we must begin to polarize toward economic independence that means, Black banks, universities and hospitals—all on a large scale. Only then will we be able to pick up that 25 percent slack that Gwartney talked of. We must learn to be industrious without adopting whitey's capitalistic ethic, to be shrewd without exploiting innocent people, and last but not least to be economically unto ourselves.



Black Arts Festival

April 30th thru May 5		3rd night	Kuumba Workshop/Bazaar
1st night	Black Haze, UW Jazz Ensemble, Quincy Edwards	4th night	Ko-Thi Dance Company
2nd night	Student Talent Show (free (Free—panel of judges & prizes)	5th night	Cabaret Saturday Picnic (Community) Black Haze

Black arts, music, and film review

Freddie King, Texas Cannonball

by David Anthony
Black Voice staff

Freddie King has arrived. The least well known of the "King blues family" of black musicians, he has been working for a while before the recording establishment has seen fit to "allow" him his chance to perform his music. One can certainly speculate whether that time has come yet.

From Texas, as the album cover would lead one to believe, Brother Freddie was spotlighted in a memoable show seen on National Educational Television several months ago. This seems to be his first recorded date since then.

Brother Freddie's singing can be most closely compared to that of Albert King, and his guitar playing is extensive whereas Albert's tends to be spare, accenting choice phrases. Brother Freddie is a smoother player, in the sense that he and his guitar communicate differently than Albert, which is as it should be, because they are two different people.

Freddie King himself is a *big* man. At least two hundred fifty pounds, he literally dwarfs his instrument, squeezing screams and cries from its fragile body. He is a very "entertaining" personality, yet one gets more from him than simply entertainment. There is the essential aspect of communication which is as valid in conveying the emotional message of Black Music as it is necessary. Black folks tend to take that emotion for granted, but we know when it is not there.

This particular date is not the Brother's best, through no fault of his own. His performances and interpretations are

beyond reproach, because, as I have related, he is an efficient technician and an emotionally honest singer. What I object to is the choice of material which I am sure is not so much Freddie's own as it probably is that of Leon Russell, producer of the date, and incidentally, proprietor of Shelter Records. As if that is not enough, Leon plays on all the tunes (Piano, organ, and occasional slide guitar), arranged the album, and wrote three of the tunes. With so much of him apparent in the production of the album, it is difficult to determine how much of it is Freddie's statement and how much of it is the glorification of Leon Russell as renaissance white musician who is dabbling beyond his ability or calling into Black Music. This is a point of basic disagreement that I have with Russell.

For those of you who are not familiar with this man, he has a lot to do with Joe Crocker, in fact, he performed a similar function as arranger/composer/performer behind him when Cocker put together his Mad Dogs and Englishmen (which gives you some idea where their heads are) staying with that unit until he gathered enough money and recognition to buy a franchise from Capitol Records which has since become Shelter Records. I am certain that if Freddie or Muddy Waters or Howlin Wolf or any of those cats asked Capitol for a franchise, half of the company would have died laughing. You could probably have walked into Capitol Records which has since become Shelter Records. I am certain that if Freddie or Muddy Waters or Howlin Wolf or any of those cats asked Capitol for a franchise, half of the company would have died laughing. You could probably have walked into Capitol Records in Holly-

wood and found 1456 corpses, all with the same frozen smile.

But regardless of the disagreeable nature of this situation, this is what we have to realize, that these are the conditions we must deal with, conditions which say that wherever we are we are very much in the control of this system, no matter how we attempt to deny it. That is something we should think about every time we pick up a 45 or an album. Who is getting the money for this? The inequities are manifest. Most black artists get one cent per copy of album sales. Given that singing groups may have five members, or playing units five or six, think of what it would take in album sales to give them any kind of decent remuneration. Miles Davis is a millionaire because Columbia Records allowed him to get about three cents a copy for albums. Then he goes out and sells a million copies of *Bitches Brew* or *Live At the Fillmore*. It took Brother Miles fourteen years to achieve that distinction. It took Bob Dylan all of five. Makes you think, doesn't it?

That is what we have to deal with. It would be hilarious if it wasn't so tragic. Brother Freddie King, like so many other Black Artists is caught within the web of that colonialist system. We should hope that the future holds more recognition, opportunities, and chances to make a real individual musical statement than the present. If you are into Black Blues, I suggest you check him out. See what conclusions you come to. I wish him and all other struggling black bluesmen all the luck in the world. There is no question how much of that they will need.

Peace and Love,
Brother D

Women in movies

by Phoenix

If a visitor from outer space came in and watched some of the current Black movies, I wonder what impressions he'd get of Black women? In the movies, he'll see a variety of roles played by white men, white women and Black men. All three of them will be involved deeply in the action of the movie, the white man is busy portraying himself, the white woman is busy shooting her way into and out of the nigger-man's bed, and the Black man is busy running across the roof-tops of the ghetto and being cool.

The visitor from outer space would probably decide, after seeing these movies that everybody has been liberated to do their thing except the Black woman who still has to be told what to do. I'd be inclined to agree with him; everytime I go to see a movie, I just about know what part the sister will have. Nina Simone summed it up aptly when she sang "Four Women," only in the movies there are three types of Black Women; Saffronia, Aunt Sara, and Sweet Thang. The Sweet Thang role is the role that 95% of the sisters seem to get stuck in.

If the movies are truly an indicator of society's beliefs, then Black women have been taken from one stereotypical slot to another one that is just as extreme and just as detrimental to our self-image. At first there was the Moynihanistic version of the domineering, ironclad, castrating, Black women; now we are being depicted as mindless prostitutes who sometimes make a mistake and do something on our own without being told.

The sister in the movies are usually naturalized beauties and whatever talents the actresses have are carefully suppressed when they play the parts. All the sensuality of Black women becomes debased and lowered to fit the image the producer wants to create. We are shown in the movies as being completely without character; our men tell us how to eat, how to lay, when to dress, when to laugh and when to cry; before the movie is over we will have gotten ripped off in one way or another. And we are shown as not being capable of action on our own since we are too weak.

Even the beautiful movie done on Billie Holiday's life. "Lady Sings the Blues" showed the Lady as being weak and mentally and physically dependent upon her drugs and her man. I have nothing against Black love being pushed in the movies but so far I've seen only a painful few that have pushed anything besides violence and intermittent physical byplay.

A movement should be started to balance out the movies we have on the market at present. The Black woman should be shown on all her levels of existence; not merely as the streetwalker, the mother who is quiet during most of the movie, or the advice woman who understands all but says little. The beauty of the Harriet Tubmans, the Sojourner Truths, and all the women whose names are not known but who have done just as much as their people should be allowed to surface and bring about a new awareness of Blackwomanhood.

Staff

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Ferdinand Fiofori, Editor-in-Chief
Leslie Hewlett, City Editor
Sam Spralls, City Editor
Francine Johnson, Community Editor
David Anthony, Art Critic

James Clark, Jean Collins, Vania Lindsay, Teresa May, Maria Medina, Floyd Nelson, Byron Oler, Patricia Pettis, Charles Riley, Dorothy Stanley, Curtis Ward, Marcia Watkins.

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Melinda tells us a lot . . .

by Abdallah Malik Khalid
Black Voice staff

With so many movies put out by Black people now, and other flicks just being pushed in as Black films, it's really beautiful when a deep, positive and strongly Black movie comes out. "MELINDA", a recent Black movie, is a serious, "potent" picture, full of powerful Black messages without shouting out its political ideology. "MELINDA" is a stimulating kind of movie, though, because it keeps your mind working on all its subtle messages and at the same time keeps your interest alive because of all the action there.

The story of "MELINDA" runs like a good detective thriller, but with more sheer energy coming at you. The main character is Frankie Parker, a local Black diskjockey and young "player." Frankie meets Melinda, a beautiful but mysterious sister, and moves into a deep relationship with her. Later, when Frankie comes home from the radio station, he finds Melinda dead in his apartment and immediately gets arrested for her murder. Then the action begins and keeps you tensed up until the end as Frankie, out on bail and back with his main lady Jerri, moves to prove he's innocent. He gradually learns that Melinda was murdered by mobsters because she had some important evidence against them, then Frankie has to deal hard to get the best of them after they take Jerry hostage in order to get that evidence back.

One of the best messages that comes across in "MELINDA" is a strong stand against hard drug use. In every scene involving the Black community center, you'd see the slogan "DOPE IS DEATH" in the background. This center functioned as both a drug rehabilitation center and as a dojo for karate classes. Most importantly, they showed the karate instructor, two other brothers and a Black nurse with a

junkie in his crisis, actively encouraging this brother to get off his habit, telling him, "You want to live! You want to live! and trying to help him hold out as long as possible. That part was one of the three most powerful scenes in the picture. It was so for real it was almost terrifying, seeing a brother in such pathetic condition, writhing in pain with no control over himself and screaming, whining and crying.

Frankie himself was a "statement" against the drug racket, because at one point in "MELINDA", Frankie thoroughly beats up a drug pusher (using karate very effectively), viciously criticized him for being a pusher, then called the police in on him.

On several other levels, too, "MELINDA", came out with very positive Black images: it showed the unity in a Black neighborhood by the whole karate class coming to help Frankie fight in one scene; it showed respect for positive Black programs when Frankie risked his job to promote support for the community center and its programs on the radio; and the value of a good relationship between a Black man and a Black woman was really brought out by the way Frankie and Jerry related to each other and worked together so well in that kind of situation.

"MELINDA" was done by Black producer, Pervis Atkins, Black director Hugh Robertson, with Lonnie Elder (one

DOPE IS DEATH!
KEEP YOUR MINDS ALIVE, PEOPLE!



of our famous Black playwrights) on the script and starred Calvin Lockhart as Frankie, Rasalind Cash as Jerry, and Voneta McGee as Melinda. Check out MELINDA for yourself. It would definitely be some heavy entertainment.

Number One Record

by Floyd Nelson
Black Voice staff

The Black Voice Staff has done it again folks. With much time, effort, skillfulness, dexterity, finesse and, genius and that "Old Black Voice Magic", which only a modest newspaper can possess we have chosen the No. 1 album and the No. 1 on 45 play *Talking Book!* as the No. 1 album of the moment; and *superstition*, the No. 1 on 45 play.

Both masterworks are products of the same mind—Stevie Wonder. One writer summed the man and his music and by saying, "Stevie draws his vision from the world of pure vibration, which is music, feelings, energy. He builds his world in sound."

Superstition and Talking Book are arranged, composed and performed by a man who cannot see the tens of thousands of hands applauding him. Listen to his music—the feeling you get is what Stevie Wonder sees.

A.K.A. Lives

by Charles Riley
Black Voice staff

Dying! Yeah! It seems that due to a lack of patronage, the Black Greek Organizations (B.G.Os) are literally dying. We fail to learn the purpose and goals of the B.G.O. Our views are either biased by individual speculation or by rumor. A check on one of the sororities, the A.K.A., shows some signs of progress. It has yet to be seen whether or not similar progress has been displayed by the Deltas, Kappas, Alphas, and Omegas. Miss Millicent Clark, president, A.K.A. chapter, feels that Greeks have contributed a great deal to the mental and physical life of Black students on this campus.

"Epsilon Delta, Chapter Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority was chartered on the University of Wisconsin Campus on May 18, 1968. We are part of a national greek letter society which began and was organized at Howard University in Washington, D.C. in January 1908. We have approximately forty thousand Black women in Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority scattered nationally. We have over four hundred Chapters located in thirty six of the fifty states, also in Liberia, West Africa and the Bahamas. Our motto is "By Merit and By Culture." Our chapter was founded by twelve young Black women pursuing degrees at the University of Wisconsin. We are proud to say that one of our illustrious chapter members

AFRO-PROGRAM

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that the papers will be printed and the presentation will be recorded and possibly taped.

"The purpose of these symposia are to provide a forum for a discussion and to demonstrate what expertise or potential expertise the students have." Cheryl explained. "In addition I hope the symposia will re-activate academic and intellectual discussions among Black students."

Walter Cabell commented on the nature of their dissertation, "Ours will be a composite paper on prisons. We'll be discussing the theme "The status of Blacks in Wisconsin prisons." Walter's group plans to have lecture/discussion on prison problems.

Walter further noted, "We hope to enlighten the community with respect to the prison system and to emphasize the great need for communication between the prison residents, the campus, and the community."

Another new dimension is that the AACSC will be closed three times this

is still on this campus—Soror Priscilla A. Florence, Specialist Nursing Counselor for the UW Five Year Program.

"Many outsiders view Greeks as primarily social groups; however Alpha Kappa Alpha is not such a group, but more of a service orientated society which has social outlets. Therefore, it is not impossible for us to be academically oriented. Our chapter members have maintained for the past three year an overall grade point average of 2.96. To further prove that we are highly academic three of our chapter members have graduated for this institution with honors. They include: Soror Andrea Anderson, Chicago, Illinois, B.S. Secondary Education, Phi Kappa Phi Honor Scholarship; Soror Carma Whitfield (Averhart), St. Louis, Missouri, B.A. Psychology, Woodrow Wilson Scholar, 1969 A.K.A. Highest Scholastic average (3.9), Central Region, A.K.A. Foreign Travel Grant; and Soror Sara Jackson, Chicago, Illinois, B.A. Psychology, University of Wisconsin, "Outstanding Senior Woman."

"The achievements of our sorority viewed nationally are too numerous to



semester, Feb. 21, March 21, and April 4 to encourage observances of the assassination of Malcolm X, the Sharpeville Massacre, and the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King respectively.

On Feb. 21 at 8 there will be a panel discussion on prisons. Panelists include Walter Cabell, Yvonne King from Chicago and Harith Razaa.

The panel on March 21 will discuss events surrounding the Sharpeville Massacre. Tentative panelists are Mrs. Jordan and Lindi Jordan from South Africa and Prof. Daniel Kunene from African Languages and Literature department.

Institutional racism will be explained on April 4. Possible panelists include Finley C. Campbell and Ross Evans from Afro-American Studies.

Cheryl stated. "We wanted to choose our own heroes. We hope that the AACSC being closed will encourage student rituals and/or ceremonies and a general re-dedication to the goals that these men and events were trying to achieve."

mention. Outstanding among its contributions however, is its Black Heritage Project which has put out pamphlets on Blacks who have excelled in the fields of politics, medicine, dentistry, judiciary and business. Others have worked on the Mississippi Health Project, Gamma House and its Vocational Guidance Program, and Sickle-Cell Anemia Research Project. Howard University A.K.A. contributed a total of fifteen thousand dollars to the University Research Project in Sickle-Cell Anemia and also the Cleveland Job Corp Center (one of two such centers left in the United States which is run by our National Sorority and partly funded by a federal grant).

"Our chapter has been involved in many service oriented projects with the Black community as well as with the University. We have sponsored volunteer projects at neighborhood centers in the South and at last Madison has participated in the Big Sister Program through the Madison Y.M.C.A. which served as hostess to Julian Bond for the Black University Community. At present we provide tutors for the UW Five Year Program. We are also working on a program with Reverend Garros a Black minister in charge of administering foster homes to girls from Oregon State School for Girls. Each year



as a continuing service, A.K.A. Sorority sponsors a Black Fashion Show which has become quite successful. We also have participated in almost all of the UW Afro-American Center's Programs.

"These programs that have been mentioned prove that we have channelled some of our energies in mass support of any Black sponsored event."

Miss Clark added, "I would like to say to outsiders that we, the Sorors of Epsilon Delta are individuals first, Black, and members of A.K.A. primarily. We do not need to be reminded that before any of us were Greeks, we were Black."

There are two reasons for writing this article, first is to bring about an awareness of progress that has taken place in one of the B.G.Os. Second is to ask all Sororities and Fraternities of the Black Greek Council to come together and unite as a progressive organization with education, economics, and community minded attributes. The progress that is made by an individual Fraternity or Sorority would lead to greater magnitude and power as a whole if it were made by everyone in a cooperative effort. This coming together or "gettin it together" would also establish a basic understanding between Black Students, and the B.G.Os., and the Black Community. This would be a basic understanding of Black Unity!!!

Left:

Break Time. A.K.A.s relax after rehearsing steps for their Valentine Dance.

Right:

A.K.A. president, Millicent Clark, poses with Mary Moseley (with Astrosign), vice president.
Photos by Byron Oler

"Your mama "

How's the dope in Afganistan? This was a question asked a Peace Corps recruitment staff when she recently gave a talk at the Afro-Center. A very academic question at best, yet tragically a refracted reflection of the level and kind of interest that seems to permeate the atmosphere of the first floor lounge of the Afro-Center. Perhaps a better question would be—HOW ARE THE FOLKS AT THE AACSC? How are their minds? Do their thoughts transcend the dynamics of the behavior of the dazed knights at the bid whist round table? Do they feel the urgency and need of the Black moment, minute, hour, day, years and years in an effort to destroy the oppression that has more than plagued their Black mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers?

Hopefully, they do. And the Afro-American Community Service Center in an effort to ensure that such thoughts

more than scratch the surface of a few Blacks heads will attempt to inspire discussion to strengthen the legitimate and much needed debate surrounding the issue of the survival of Black people. Each Monday and Friday afternoon in the Center lounge, a series of films are shown dealing with various aspects of the Black experience. The content of the films range from a discussion on the barrage of weapons that will be used should Black folks deviate from their "place", to the organizing efforts in Black communities to bring about significant changes in the quality and control of their lives.

Hopefully, the ideas presented in the films will generate discussion and serve to reopen our minds and desentitize our seemingly insensitive and mindless behavior.
Right on? C.B.

Blow your mind on exchange

by Alexis Yancey

If you're looking for an experience—one that is hell and yet satisfying—and you're tired of the one you're having in Madison—try the North-South student exchange program. It's hell in trying to survive and satisfying to have survived the challenge.

Last semester, I attended Texas Southern University in Houston. I found out all sorts of things about myself, black people, black institutions, and the South. Having grown up in the North, the whole thing was the complete opposite of what I had been used to and the University of Wisconsin.

In talking about the exchange program—I'm not going to sweeten it up because there is no sugar in being an exchange student. Exchange student? Really? So what—and then they told me to survive—no help—no courtesies—nothing. If you're going to have a good time and survive it's up to you—to make it for that one semester—lots of adjusting, coping—and mind blowing experiences—in other words it was a trip.

Having to deal with raunchy dorms and filthy cafeterias—all kinds of niggers—standing out because you're from a white university and the North—which

labels you automatically—dealing with black administration that don't give a damn about you—no one gives a damn about you—dealing with curfews and no visitation—people who have hang up about light-skinned people and bluejeans—none of the facilities you've been used to—and waiting for people to accept you—was rough.

It puts you in a situation where it's you against the world—a totally black world. You've already dealt with the white world up here—but now I had to deal with my people. Madison doesn't teach you to deal with the black world. One is supposedly able to deal with that automatically. But Madison does show how niggers can be—and if you dig that—you can understand how alone you can feel at times in Madison where you know everybody—one can imagine how alone you would feel among 6,000 cold black people who are checking you out to see where you are coming from.

Texas State University itself is a very apathetic campus, but you will find people who are interested in getting things accomplished if you make it clear that that's what you're about. Or whatever you're about, you can find someone who's into the same thing.

Once you've found some people into what you're into and once you've adjusted—you're straight. The whole environment is a realistic picture of black society in a nutshell—and it carries the problems of that reality in every aspect. Madison is not a real world to the black student—and the reality of T.S.U.—just slapped me in the face. I'm not saying the for-realness of the people, because people have psychological hang ups everywhere, but what society has done and is doing to black people and black institutions—forcing folks to turn on themselves instead of whitey. When you're in a situation like that—on the outside—one is more apt to

accomplish goals in getting things straight more so than when one has been conditioned to that situation.

So I got involved and raised hell, and got into the swing of things. Lots of people didn't like me and they won't like you. They told me you can't do this and that—who are you anyway?, etc. But being myself was more important than being a superficial bystander.

People couldn't understand me—that I cared—that I could help them—and that they could help me. I didn't have a ticket into T.S.U., I wasn't in a sorority, I wasn't a freshman—I wasn't from the South. Consequently, I was different and had a lot of nerve to most people. I'm not saying you won't have a good time, I had one, I'm just trying to lay it on the line that the adjustment period will be depressing.

I went with an open mind, but I would have coped better if I had understood exactly what I was going into. It was an experience I'll never forget and it was good to get that experience. Who knows where you'll go when you leave Madison. Madison is only one aspect of survival—T.S.U is the other side of the picture.