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THE BLACK VOICE

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



Angela Davis: Woman of the Century

by Wanda Washington
Black Voice Features Editor

"Ruthless Black revolutionary," "raving Black militant," "wild-eyed communist,"—these are but a few of the abounding misnomers that have arbitrarily and haphazardly been assigned to Angela Davis. In spite of being recently acquitted of kidnapping, murder, and conspiracy in a widely publicized trial held in San Rafeal, California, Angela Davis has yet to lose the stigma associated with what her sister Fania, calls the "good girl gone bad" image which has been attributed to her by the American press. Nevertheless, this stunningly beautiful, amazingly strong, brilliantly articulate, and intensely aware young Black woman has not only nobly endured these erroneous character sketches, but has emerged courageous and undaunted in spite of them.

No doubt, skepticism would mount about the possibility of any Black person's receiving a fair trial under circumstances similar to those surrounding the case of Angela Davis. But the sheer magnitude of the national attention devoted to Angela's case was not merely the result of her color, sex or the extent of the charges against her. The sensationalism arising from the trial was paralleled only by American reaction to the "Red Scare" of the early twentieth century and the paranoid ranting of Wisconsin's Joseph McCarthy in the '50's. The fact that Angela is an avowed Communist was enough to attract widespread national and even worldwide attention to a case which might otherwise have only been routinely covered.

Communism has always represented the "ultimate threat" to the American people. American "statesmen" can embezzle half of the American gold reserve, starve a fourth of the American population, and mercilessly devastate an entire Asian country, but as long as the American flag is hurled high over head, a loophole can be found in the American Constitution as justification, or the issue can be camouflaged with a meaningless debate on the floor of Congress, the American public is not only content, but secure and silent as well.

Yet, a single public announcement of a preference for Communism rather than for "good old American Democracy" can generate enough turmoil, spur enough patriotism, and stimulate enough condemnation to set the entire nation into pandemonium.

To Angela, Communism offers the only realistic answer to solving the problems of not only Black people in America, but of oppressed people all over the world. Those who are quick to react to and criticize her beliefs have only to look at how effective the American "system" is working in terms of accelerating the advancement of Black people in order to find the basis for her disenchantment. Whether one agrees with her philosophy or not, it is obvious that she has a very disheartening spectrum from which her disillusionment has emerged.

Angela Davis will be in Madison, Nov. 6, to speak as a part of the Afro-American Center's Film/Lecture Series: "A Real Look at America From the Bottom." Angela speaks at the *Memorial Shell*, behind the Fieldhouse, 7:30 p.m. Tickets, \$2, at the Afro-Center, Union Theatre Box Office, Afro-American Studies Dept., 5552 Humanities, Wilmar Neighborhood Center, South Madison, Community Center, Ben's Barber Shop, 1610 Gilson Street.

One must not forget that Angela is an extremely intelligent woman. She is not merely some half-cocked militant who blindly jumped on the Communist bandwagon. At 24 she had graduated magna cum laude and won a Phi Beta Kappa Key from Brandeis University and had studied at the Sorbonne in Paris and Goethe University in Frankfurt, Germany. Her decision to embrace Communism was based on years of study of the Marxist philosophy and her own very strong convictions that it held the answer to the liberation of the oppressed. Her philosophy can be summed up in a statement she made in California during the controversy surrounding her teaching a course in philosophy at UCLA:

"I am a Black Communist Revolutionary . . . in a revolutionary movement designed to overthrow all the conditions that stand in the way of our freedom . . . As I see it, capitalism does not contain the solution to our problems. We have to talk about radical solutions."

"When people start saying that we are subversive, we should say, hell yes, we are subversive; hell, yes, and we are going to continue to be subversive until we have subverted the whole damn system of oppression."

Angela's philosophy is not a mere spewing of irrelevant words on ears tuned to rhetoric of the revolution. She has become involved in the Black community and actively works toward the eradication of oppression. Her activities include membership in the Student National Coordinating Committee and the Black Panther Party. She joined the Che-Lumumba Club in Los Angeles according to her sister Fania, because it was a "collective of young Black Communists who were doing work in the Black community."

It was through the club that Angela first became aware of the "Soledad Brothers," three young Black men accused of killing a white prison guard at Soledad Prison and that she became a close friend of Jonathan Jackson, the younger brother of George Jackson who was allegedly the reason for her connection with the murder, conspiracy, and kidnapping case.

Angela two weeks ago toured Communist countries on a mission of gratitude for the overwhelming support she received from them during her trial, without whose efforts she says, "I would not be free." She has been to the Soviet Union where she was enthusiastically received and to other Russian satellite countries. Before she returned to the U.S., she was the guest of honor at the twelfth anniversary of the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution in Cuba.

Angela will be in Madison November 6th and will speak as a part of the Afro-American Center's Film/Lecture Series, A REAL LOOK AT AMERICA: FROM THE BOTTOM.

Cultural Library at Afro-American Center

At the top of the stairs on the second floor of the new Afro-American Center is the Center's Black Cultural Library. The library, whose collection is devoted exclusively to topics relevant to the Black experience, includes subjects ranging from Black history and sociology, to drama, poetry, and music.



Librarian, Evelyn Holmes at work

Mrs. Evelyn Holmes describes the library as the "one place on campus which is totally dedicated to Black literature." The new facility is divided into three distinct areas for the convenience, comfort, and utility of the student.

The general reference room is the largest of the three and serves as the nucleus of the library. It contains novels, short stories, biographies, autobiographies, as well as prose and poetry by most of the major and many minor Black writers in America. The room can be used for group study or merely for reading for entertainment.

The periodical reading room is housed in the room to the right of the general reference room. Regardless of your particular preference, the magazine you want can always be found there, for in the periodical room is something for everyone—*Ebony and Jet* for those interested in Black news across the nation; *Essence* for the Black woman; *Black Scholar* and *The Black Educational Journal* for those interested in scholarly journals, *The Black Collegian* for those concerned about the fare of Black colleges, *Black Enterprise* for the Black business aspirants, and several others.

Recent copies of Black newspapers from local communities across the country like the Chicago Defender, the Milwaukee Courier, and the (Philadelphia) *Afro-American* are also on file in the periodical reading room. The two Black nationally circulated newspapers,



Cultural Books

Muhammad Speaks, and *The Black Panther* can be found there, too.

The room to the left of the general reference room is set up chiefly for individualized study. It contains study carrels and booths to provide privacy and to make the area conducive for quiet uninterrupted study.

In addition to its collection of books, periodicals and newspapers, the library has its own collection of Black music which runs the gamut of the soul spectrum from spiritual, to jazz, blues, and rock. These recordings are available for supervised student use.

The library also has its own collection of tape recordings of visiting lecturers who have participated in the Afro-American Center's lecture-series in recent years. Recordings of the speeches of Sam Greenlee, Don L. Lee, Huey P. Newton, Gwendolyn Brooks, and others may be secured upon request from the librarian.

Students are urged to take advantage of the services the library offers. Since the whole purpose of its existence is that it serve as a storehouse for pertinent information about our Black heritage, it is essential that students benefit from the services it provides.

Rufus Ferguson-Superstar

by
Sam Spralls
Black Voice Asst. City Editor

Many people know Rufus "Road Runner" Ferguson, but how many people actually know Rufus, soul brother, Ferguson? In order to discern the difference between the two (if one exists) the writer interviewed the man from Miami.

Rufus came from a religious background. He admits he has "slacked off" during his college days, but he still reads the Bible. Rufus said that it helped him tremendously while growing up, and that he will send his children to church.



Rufus doing the "victory shuffle".

Ferguson is the only one, of a family of ten, to get this far in college. He credits his 38 year old brother with having inspired him to think "over optimistically," and to "know yourself." "It must have worked because it certainly paid off. Rufus became the first Black to ever receive the Silver Knight award, from the Miami Herald. Just out of high school, Rufus had his pick of at least 15 colleges and universities. During the summer of 1969 Ferguson served as a page in the House of Representatives, in Washington D.C. Today Rufus maintains a B average here at the University of Wisconsin. He is currently being promoted by Wisconsin as a top contender for the Heisman trophy for his football accomplishments.

Speaking of his football accomplishments, Rufus's record reads like a list of "Who's Who" in football. Last season he became the first U.W. player to top 1,000 yds. by gaining an astonishing 1,222 yds. He also broke the record for touchdowns in a season with 13. Don't gasp for breath yet because he also holds the record for the most points in a season, and is a member of the All Big Ten academics squad. Rufus's most recent

records is that of total career points. In the northwestern game he broke Al Ameche's record of 150 pts. with 152 pts. of his own, and tied Ameche's total touchdown record.



A close-up on Rufus.

In contrast to his remarkable history Rufus has kept his cool. He stated "success and fame have served to mature me." Ferguson manages to stay humble by never forgetting where he came from. Rufus sees success as a stepping stone to another dimension. He stated that "It could have happened to someone else . . . I feel gifted."

Many Blacks find it difficult to find relevancy for working so hard in a predominately white University. However, Ferguson has solved the problem, at least for himself. He put it this way "My relevancy is necessity. I don't want to waste time."

Rufus speaks at different high schools around the state. He told a group of Milwaukee, King students "young brothers come and get your degree. They are going to use you anyway, but get that degree!" Ferguson feels that football helped him to get his degree, but that there's a lot more to life than football.

When asked whether or not he enjoyed his nearly four years at U.W. he replied "Yes, I enjoyed my four years at Wisconsin, but I'm not typical of all Blacks." Ferguson is to graduate this May, with a degree in Economics, and has already been approached by the Kansas City Chiefs, and the Miami Dolphins. In keeping with his own philosophy of having an alternative to football, he has a public relations job lined up.

The writers asked Rufus if Wisconsin has been appreciative of his contributions, he replied "Yes, they are spending thousands of dollars to promote me for Heisman trophy. Channel three is working on a 30 minute special all about me." The writer agrees that Rufus, the roadrunner,

Ferguson is fast becoming a household word. In fact you can now buy in many department stores in Madison a large poster of Rufus doing his "victory shuffle."

Despite being nationally recognized, Ferguson does not feel qualified as a spokesman for Black people. He stated "I can't speak for all Blacks, I can only suggest things. I can only answer for Rufus Ferguson." Nevertheless, Rufus said he is willing to use whatever influence he has to help others with their problems, especially academic ones.

Up to this point you have been given the elements and details of a sports hero, but what actually makes that hero tick? It is really that I can do it, I can do it psyche or is it that football, for Rufus, represents the only mechanism by which a black college man, such as he, can express himself at the expense of racism?



Another touchdown in the making



A Soulful Strut

The latter obviously makes a lot more sense than the former. Rufus has managed to release and express all his hopes, emotions, and frustrations on the gridiron. Being black often calls for more ridicule and cynicism than normal. This man has chosen to stick his foot in the door to athletics and use it as a stepping stone to higher things, rather than to bang relentlessly on the doors of oppression hatred,

and bigotry, that surround the better schools, jobs, and homes of this society. This is good, but what about the countless numbers of brothers and sisters who are not superstars? At what point is the system should they concentrate their talents? The writer feels that this is a multi-variate question and that each brother and sister has some ability that is above and beyond his or her other qualities. They like Rufus must also search themselves and find out who they are. Someone once spoke of being young, gifted, and black, surely they were in reference to this very thing.

Super Fly "Another Controversial Movie"

Review by All-African News Service

The Movie "Super Fly," produced by Sig Shore and directed by Gordon Parks, jr., is a motion picture which is supposed to be a statement against the pushing of drugs in the Black community. Seeing this film and analysing it carefully, however, will result in quite a different conclusion.

"Super Fly" is the story of Priest (Ron O'Neal) a Black cocaine pusher who has decided to make one more big shove and then quit the racket to "get his head straight" while still young.

Together with his pushing partner, Eddie (Carl Lee), he talks his main man, Scatter, into agreeing to get them 30 kilos of cocaine at \$10,000 each. From this load, the two feel they can make \$1 million, split it evenly and then retire.

They go to Scatter because his cocaine is the best in town. This time he doesn't provide it directly, but instead they get turned on to his supplier, who turns out to be none other than the officers of the local vice squad.

The police dealers give them the coke and promise more when they get rid of it—all they can push and credit too—plus any police protection they want.

But when the police move against Scatter, jamming a needle into his arm because they are afraid he knows too much, the need to quit is driven home more clearly to Priest.

Eddie doesn't want to quit. Things are going too well. And if he's being used, so what, is his reasoning. As long as he's making it, making it good and is going to live to enjoy it, he's glad he's being used.

So when Priest takes his share of the money and promptly splits, Eddie calls the police, who now move in on Priest and (they think) the money. But Priest has pulled two quick ones on them.

First he has switched briefcases on the elevator with his Black girl friend, Georgia (Shiela Frazier) who is disguised as an old lady with a shopping bag.

When the white henchmen take him down to the waterfront, he pulls a second big surprise on them by revealing that

even though they may want to, they can't kill him. Reason: he has hired the best killers—"white killers"—to kill them if he "so much as chokes on a chicken bone."

The henchmen and their boss, who turns out to be the deputy commissioner of police, are stumped. Following a short beating and a string of 'honkies,' 'rednecks' and 'faggots,' Priest walks off to his Rolls Royce-grilled El Dorado and drives off as the camera closes out on the Empire State building.

PLOT PROBLEMS

There are many problems with this supposedly progressive plot and the characterizations which follow. Several key questions are handled in "Super Fly," most in a way that actually work to the opposite of what the film claims to be about.

First of all, there is no doubt that Priest (whose nickname apparently comes from the African cross he wears around his neck and uses to hold his coke every time he needs a good snort) is supposed to be a hero—a Black hero.

He is athletic—able to jump over tall fences (while chasing a junkie who has stolen his wallet) with a single bound. He is a fighter, holding an unimpressive yellow belt in karate. He is a fly dresser, drives an El Dorado cadillac and, not to be left out, he is a lover—of women both Black and white.

Later, other moves are made to make him even more heroic, and Blacker yet. When confronted by local Black militants to "pay some dues" for Black people being so good to him, he tells them not to worry. When they get armed, arm the people and are ready to go down, he'll be there with them. Until them, he tells them, "go sing your marching songs someplace else."

Then still later, he dumps the white woman he has been going with. At one time, he tells her, she represented all he thought he wanted, "My hog, my vines, that wine you drink and a woman like you."

Now he is no longer sure about all that, but he is sure about keeping Georgia, his Black queen. Another cheer for the militant Black pusher.

Then in the final scene he really gets over: Priest is so bad he snorts cocaine from his African cross in the face of the boss-man pusher and then calls him a "red-necked faggot" before beating up all of his henchmen. (During the fight, he never uses his karate, but rather, quite strangely, reverts to an old uppercut thing).

And finally, he must be a super Black hero because he is in fact cussing out the real drug dealers, who happen to be the police, double criminals in the Black community. And, sure enough, at this final point of the movie most Blacks in the audience are vigorously shouting, "Right On, Blood."

But two real problems are not dealt with consistent to such thoughts. The first is the question of drug use. The film shows cocaine being sold to and used by, in addition to Blacks, whites and all sorts, including a businessman, two homosexuals and even a construction worker with an American flag on his hard hat.

Apparently the message is: don't always blame drug use on Blacks. However, in a situation such as that current in the Black community, the questions must be raised if this is in fact the message. Or is it instead, well if everybody's on drugs of some kind, and even white people are on coke, then certainly there's nothing wrong with it?

Another question raised throughout the picture, primarily through Eddie (who says the most meaningful things of the film) is whether or not Blacks are supposed to just be drug pushers. "I know it's a rotten game," he tells Priest on one occasion. "But it's the only one the man left us to play and that's the stone cold truth."

Priest disagrees but, counters Eddie, what else can you do. Either you are a pusher or a pimp. Even when asked by Georgia what he will do when he stops pushing, Priest can only answer "It's not so much what we do, it's having a choice. I'll buy some time . . . just to be free."

Maybe that shows him as a victim of society, that is not to be questioned. But because the movie offers no alternative, leaving the question unanswered does little to help change the reality.

Then finally there is the whole way in which Priest gets out which really tarnishes his alleged heroic character. Somehow the fact gets lost that he could have just quit. Instead he decided to make a half million dollars selling dope first. What is so heroic about that? What is so Black about that?

BLOOD MONEY

What also gets lost in the scuffle is that the money he has devised such a clever scheme to escape with is blood money—money made from pushing cocaine dope on Black people. Moreover, no indication is made of what will happen to the money. Apparently, Priest will just keep the whole half million and lavishly live it up.

Given this analysis, tied in with other factors, Priest the super Black, super fly, super hero becomes nothing more than a drug pusher who makes his half million and then retires to enjoy it with his woman. "Super Fly" becomes Super Foul because it is highly questionable whether the message it claims to carry cuts through its well disguised super-coating.

The final characteristic statement can be made about the music, written by Curtis Mayfield and orchestrated by Johnny Nash. By Black music standards, it is good and effectively complements the picture.

However, one thing should be pointed out. Most people who have not seen "Super Fly" have heard the theme song, "Freddie's Dead," which has a powerful message about the death dope brings.

The assumption is that since this is the theme song of the picture, the moral of the picture must be the same thing. Thus Freddie's death must be the point in the picture where everything is driven home.

Not so. Fat Freddy, a two bit drug pusher, is lying dead on the corner, but after accidentally being struck by a car trying to run from the police. And what of Priest? What is he doing at that point?

Well, we find our hero walking in the park with his woman looking at white children playing in the snow and talking about how great it will be when he makes the half million and retires young with more money than most Blacks will make in their lifetime.

The message: If you want to be a junkie, remember Freddie's dead. Right. But if you want to be a big time, well-dressed, karate-wielding, El-D driving, bad-talking, super-loving, big time millionaire drug pusher—well just go on, with your *Super Fly* self.

The Guitar Album: Columbia (KG 31045)

a review by Mary Jonson

While most music anthologies come off as dilute combinations of well-known artists playing unfamiliar songs, or of unfamiliar artists playing well-known songs, Colombia's new anthology, unpretentiously entitled, "The Guitar Album," measures the full spectrum of well-known and more unfamiliar arts, well-known and more unfamiliar songs. The final product is exceptionally well-balanced, leading this reviewer to make an exception in the long life of unimpressive musical anthologies, in order to recommend this relatively new Colombia release.

The anthology surveys the work of guitarists Charlie Byrd, Joe Beck, Bucky Pizzarelli, George Barnes, Tiny Grimes, Chuck Wayne, and John MacLaughlin, impressively exemplifying the style of each artist.

For example, Byrd takes the Duke Ellington standard, "It Don't Mean A Thing," playing it in the semi-classical manner which so typifies his playing, and which lends nuances to the tune which only someone of Byrd's ability and stylistic leanings could have created. Similarly, Tiny Grimes (an old bop musician, who played with Dizzy Gillespie in the early '50's) plays "Watermelon Man" and "Blues for Connie" with such a degree of subtlety that one would have to go far today (especially in the case of "Blues for Connie") to find a wealth

of blues ideas and idioms in a single selection.

Although I find it impossible to classify Chuck Wayne as the antithesis of Grimes (Wayne is an ex-member of Woody Herman's first "Herd"), he seems to dwell more on the fizz of the cocktail music he plays (i.e. he will state a melody, substitute jazz runs for the melody in large interludes, and eventually return to the initial melody for the last chorus.) Wayne concentrates on tunes such as "Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise," and "What's New."

Of a newer school of jazz guitar playing, Joe Beck (who, judging from the age and the experience of the other artists on this album, is a mere child) betrays the influence of rock 'n roll on his playing in tunes like "Down Under," using traditional rock runs, and often implementing 'wah-wah' technique.

Of course, whenever one is involved in a conversation about 'the new guitar' the name of John MacLaughlin is immediately apparent, for MacLaughlin, who has played with specialists in improvisation like Miles Davis, and who not too long ago combined talents with Davis in "Bitches' Brew", an experiments in sound album, is represented in this anthology as a Far Eastern Guru, beckon-

ing us to the sounds and the rhythms of a new music. Although MacLaughlin's voice does little to enhance his awesome guitar work, his wife Eve (who plays autoharp, and who shares the vocals on this cut, appropriately entitled "Devotion") does some fine vocal work, her high riffs evenly balancing the textures of MacLaughlin's low guitar runs.

Ironically, what captivated me most was the work of two rather unfamiliar artists, Bucky Pizzarelli and George Barnes, who combined their talents in an excellent medley of "Eleanor Rigby," "Here, There and Everywhere," and "Satin Doll." What is most stunning, however, is their rendition of "Blue Skies," which, providing you have access to two excellent speakers, and are sitting approximately halfway between them, is liable to blow your mind sky-high, without any help from your friends.

Enough emphasis on the musical excellence of musicians who have hidden in the studios for years, thus escaping recognition, and likewise, the demands placed on those who have achieved recognition, cannot be placed.

So without further comment, let me recommend this album as a worthy investment for anyone who takes music, specifically guitar, seriously.



uv th feetures
uv blk wimmen
i cn say
much of very little:
i love dem

like big lips
not lips but lups
i mean bug wad open
not thick but thuck lups
lups that look like
they just finish playin
sum boddy's trum pet
like Mahlz' f'rinstance

lups that looks like
Miles been usin for his trum pet
lups wif valves,
blu n blk lups
reht lups
big lups
sof lups

lups dat look like
they be soundin
nefertiti
o
footprints
o
blu in grn

lups that calls u fun afar
lups that jes stare at you, grinnin
damn sugar,
i sho is glad
t see ya

lups dat caint make up they mind bout
nothin but they bugness/(n they blkness)
Lups weuns poze t have every beed
a shamed uv

lups that look like
they be soundin
roun midnight
o
miles (tones)
o
sanctuary

any one of them
nothin more den
'charge's t my hrt

POET'S CORNER

Why is there no communication between the two?
Does not man and woman walk hand in hand
From the beginning of time?
One is not separated from the other.
One is the carrier of life, the other a giver of life.
Then why not share equally in it's freedom,
With respect and dignity for each other
Instead of using the absurd name calling
With no thought in what you said that costs an inferiority complex.
As we are strong, then why not share our wisdom and strength.
Or are we children?
I think not, for the gap is closing now.

WOMAN

she moves
across the curve
of my village stream,
a form carved ebony
flashing pearls
eyes like cat's,
fires light
the moon of her conception;
she is coming
to the 500 Club . . .
drums beckon hotly
to flutes of wind
becoming
the sound-of-the-world
in a jukebox,
throbbing with meaning;
voodoo blues
point the way
to our house in the bush.

Clydell Nelson

say
say got
say got to
say got to come
say got to come home
say got to come home cause
say got to come home cause niggers
say got to come home cause niggers/say niggers
say got to come home cause niggers/say niggers all kinds
all colors all shapes all sizes all minds
say got to come home cause niggers all kinds
all colors all shapes all sizes all minds in dyin
dyin w-tness dyin drugness dyin vietnam
dyin niggers killin niggers dyin no natchl death
dyin deader than dead red blk n grn corpses
buried in niggers only cemeteries
upon whose plots
the gravestones read:

i'm dead cause a niggers
whatcha gotta git pushed
down yo throat
fo u listen
to the pleas of
our fallen brother
& misc. comrades
sayin
i died
cause
niggers
let me

bro. david anthony

bro. david anthony

LOST CHILD

by Charles Robinson (Amman Shabazz)

Women that gives life where there is darkness
That gives warmth and love where there is pain and sorrow,
Mother to those that have no mother,
Father to those who have no father,
Teacher to those who have no teacher,
To those who have forgotten who she is
And what part she played,
And it's easy for those who have grown up
But yet haven't grown up.
For even today some of us have forgotten
Who she is; we use the excuse of saying
We are men and she is woman.
And she has no rights,
And we act as though she was our slave
Instead of looking at reality as it is.
But this is hard seeing that we have been
Orientated from birth through the society
We were brought up in.
The time has come for us to look at her as a person
And not as someone we can use for our frustrations and anxieties.
No longer can we excuse or take her for granted.
We talk about liberating everyone but her,
And constructing a new society,
But we forget she is the vital element in our lives
For without her there could be no society.
She has stood in front,
Then why must we push it into the back of our minds
When she calls out for us in recognition
If she's not our Mother, or wife, or sister or friend,
Then who is she? This woman, ask yourself that.
We capitalize upon her by using her as a sex symbol,
And have taken her out of her rightful place.
She does not ask for much but to determine her own future.
These are her rights as they are ours.
But we do not like to look, but only classify—and crucify
Her, for daring to oppose us.
How fearful and naive can we be by allowing ourselves
To forget who she is.
And what she has done for us
Which cannot be measured in dollars or cents.

(ha)

night
I lie in the dark
trying to forget;
dull shadows of bars,
memories
I cannot touch;
there is no mercy
in the night
awake
in my dreams.

BLACK.
stone feeling
of all that came before—
an act of freedom
in deepest
motion-love.
a whirlwind
seen
from the eye.
and the
children
keeping time.

Clydell

Compared To What

Is a second
Isolated to my soul—
That first spasmic pain
Started the dream,
And continues now
As the only thing real
To be saved
As self,
In this scopic universe
Of black reality
And white dreams.

The mirrors reversed
Back to back,
Facing themselves—
Compared to what
Is their beauty,
And
How long the dream?

Clydell Nelson

Black Nation Building

We are here to inform you—
We are here to teach you—
We are here to praise you—
We are here to elevate your knowledge of self.

The key to the Black Man's Success is Unity.
Ride through life tall and strong and praise your ancestors.

Dig your self Black man
you are a God—Your are the God of the Universe

Go ahead now Allah You are the all-in-all.

As time rides on the winds the winds blow
and the minds stir to liberation
people talk about a Nation

I hear someone talk about the All-Mighty, Great Black Nation

The Nation is self—you Black Man
Rising higher and higher into an awareness of self

People with a sense of Builders and architects,
musicians and poets,
doctors and nurses,
Detectives and Nuclear researchers.

This is the way—
This is the truth—
This is the new epic—
This is what must be done

Walk tall and proud with your head up high
Didn't cry
Just fly with the wind, yeahhhh fly with the wind

And change all the elements on the face of the earth
You can do it

I know you can
and your children know it too
and they will PRAISE you.

Brother Levert X

The Olympic Games Farce

by Patrick Onyango

Patrick Onyango, writer of Olympic story, is an international relations student at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He represented Kenya at the XX Olympics at Munich through the contributions of The Goodman's Brothers jewellers in Madison. Onyango holds the Big Ten record for the triple jump at 52 feet.

What shall we call the games of the XXth Olympiade? The games of Gold, Silver, Bronze and Lead? or the games of blood, sweat and tears? Both describe the games so appropriately. But here is my assessment; They were the greatest games of all time!

For the first time mankind has been brought to grips with his shortcomings in a "world" festival that many people have been giving false image of. For years the world has struggled to entertain the illusion that for some two short weeks during the games, we can find escape in a cocoon, shutting out the problems that plague the world, that for two weeks our entire nature can be transformed into some sacred phenomenon. The hypocrisy that surrounds the games must be eradicated if the Olympic movement is going to survive. The Western world has always yelled for the maintenance of peace and upholding the Olympic spirit and yet over the years they have made the games more political than I care to describe.

In 1936, France, Britain and the U.S.A. led the protest against Germany accusing Hitler of staging the Nazi Games and yet these same countries find it difficult to appreciate Africa's desire to keep the Olympics within the bounds of its principles. Oh, what hypocrisy!! In the contest for hosting the 1976 games, Los Angeles and Moscow lose, Montreal wins, and this is consolation enough for Mayor Yorty because he feels that although L.A. lost, Moscow did too, meaning the games have been retained in the free western world. And there are millions of hypocrites like Yorty. They fight to stage the so-called-politics-free-festival and yet their self-fish political goals underly the whole undertaking.

The Arabs came to the games. They held Israeli athletes. My heart pours out for the poor athletes who were so badly betrayed by the Israeli government. It is incredible that a government worth its name could abandon her Olympic athletes to a miserable death in the name of hollow pride.

The hypocrisy that surrounds the games is confounding. What difference could it have made if Hitler presented the medals to Jesse Owens? He could have done it and yet cursed under his breath in the process. The IOC and the world is very pre-occupied with superficial aspects of the games. They could have been happy if Wayne Collett and Vince Matthews stood at attention and mumbled insults at the Star-Spangled-Banner.

I blame Wayne Collett and Vince Matthews. I blame them for not giving the Black power salute right at the rostrum. The crowd booed. They booed two honest men who were courageous enough to stand up for what they believe in. Two young men who are sick and tired of the eyewash that engulfs the whole Olympic movement. If the Black athletes that stood on the rostrum after this incident made no sign of a clenched fist, it was not because they really believed in the victory ceremony, it is because they were scared of the repercussions. The IOC employed tactics of intimidation. It came to a point when a Black athlete could not as much as fold his fingers. This is naked blackmail by the IOC. The sensation hungry newsmen went on a hunt for Black clenched fist, apparently the whites were allowed to walk around with clenched fists. It is difficult to conceive the kind of harmony that the IOC wants to establish in the Olympics when they are making it so difficult for the Black athlete to survive in them. A clenched fist is such a natural gesture; one could notice how Blacks were really going to pains not to be caught with a clenched fist.

That Collett and Mathews were expelled from the movement reflects the thinking boundaries of the IOC. They were so anxious to wipe out the two Blacks they even forgot to be decent enough and consult the USOC. If there are going to be rules, they better apply to everybody! Why should other nations dip their flags to the dias of honor in the opening ceremony while the U.S. fails to do so and gets away with it? What is this double standard stuff!!

Yes, these games were the greatest. The greatest because man displayed his true self. They revealed that the Olympic movement is just another of the human institutions, political as anything else, only the rules are different. Why elevate the Olympics to a world of the super-nice? Bring it down to the world of strife and pain, of blood and tears, because then it becomes real. It becomes honest. Collett and Mathews were honest. They were the true Olympians.

It would be interesting to note that the Kenya flag was occupying one of the three masts in this particular ceremony. The Kenyans did not complain because of Collett and Mathews. It was interesting that the Kenyans kept yelling HARAMBEE with the one finger sign but no one complained. These are political signs of the ruling party in Kenya. Nothing was done to the Kenyans. This shows how discriminatory the IOC is.

Someone may have won seven gold medals, he is going to make millions of dollars for them. Vince Mathews won only one, he may be having hell for it, but he will never walk with a bowed head. He stood up for his brothers and sisters. He is part of the revolution.

If the Olympics provide a platform for peace, then the Olympics must surely measure up to the prerequisites. Peace does not come on a platter. The Olympics have to provide a platform for the oppressed people of this world.



Poli-Olympics

Vince Matthews and Wayne Collett have been barred from Olympic competition for life. This rebuke was for political reasons, however, Matthews and Collett claim that their actions were not political.

"I'm an athlete not a politician," said Vince Matthews. "Wayne and I are being told that we are disgracing the flag and doing something intentionally. When we came off the victory stand, I heard a lot of people booing and whistling, it really surprised me. That's when I took off the gold medal and started twirling it. People said I gave the impression that the medal didn't mean a thing to me. What it means is that I trained hard for it, just like a person who wants to be a doctor or a lawyer, and I accomplished something. True I was clowning around with the medal, but it was mine."

For Wayne Collett and Vince Matthews there is no way to make people understand what really happened. So, what do you do?

by Charles Riley
Black Voice Writer

Get it together

Black folks thing they're together. But you know, we're just getting fooled again, cause we're the most untogether race in the U.S. We waste our time blaming the white man for keeping us down, not that he isn't doing his share, but dig that Black Brother. He's trying so hard to get to the top, he's just stepping all over us. And after he makes it up there, he forgets what color he is.

The white man is a smart man. He figures he can get all of us high, and we'll do anything, and "ain't it the truth." I've seen some of us so high we couldn't see straight, let alone walk straight.

Most people say Blacks are better off now than they were a few years ago, and in a lot of important ways, we are. But blacks are slowly losing the togetherness that has brought us from the days of slavery. Blacks today must realize that we've still got a long way to go and unless we get together, "we ain't goin nowhere." We have to stop stepping on our brothers and sisters and realize that they're after the same thing we're after. And we'll get it much faster if we go at it together.

Black Folks! Don't you think it's time we stopped playing the fool? We all want equality, and freedom. Why don't we just GET IT TOGETHER!

by Dorothy J. Stanley
Black Voice Writer



Boycott South African Goods

Statement by
THE MADISON AREA COMMITTEE
ON SOUTHERN AFRICA

The Madison Area Committee on Southern Africa has called for a boycott of all South African products which, in the Madison area, include rock lobster tails, *Kaffir Tea* (read *Nigger Tea*), Gant guavas, wine, and some diamonds.

The South African economy is based on the exploitation of the black worker to ensure super-profits for the white master. This has resulted in a caste system whose sole criterion is the colour of one's skin. All labour legislation, especially since the Union (now the Republic) of South Africa was established in 1910, has been aimed at defining the white worker and the black worker as separate classes moving in different spheres. For the black worker, the legislation is also aimed at undermining his self-esteem in order to make him accept his exploitation.

When American capital is moved to South Africa to take advantage of the super-profits arising out of this exploitation, the American worker suffers reduced work opportunities.

The regimentation of the South African black worker has led to the notorious pass-identity system which controls his movements and determines where he shall work. The permit system also controls what areas the worker may visit, whom he may visit, how long he may stay.

People without the pass on their persons when the police demand it, are imprisoned and comingled with hardcore criminals. Some are hired out to farmers under the farm prison labour system, which reminds one of the Georgia chain gang system. In the 1960's many were sent to the Bethal farms in the Transvaal where they were treated most harshly, some being murdered by sadistic farm prison guards.

This symbol of the slavery of the black South African worker led to the Massacre of Sharpeville when the Blacks, in a peaceful demonstration, went to the nearest police station to hand over their passes and declare themselves free, choosing the option of prison. The volley of machine gun fire that left over sixty lying dead and several hundred seriously wounded, was the South African government's lesson to its slaves for having fancy ideas about freedom.

As happened to the slaves in the days of slavery in America, families continue to be separated by the pass laws in South Africa when one partner qualifies to live in an area and the other does not. Protests from enlightened church leaders about "those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" have failed to move the South African "Christian Democratic" government even towards tampering these slave conditions with some measure of human justice.

This obnoxious system of control of every detail of the black man's life has been aided by Polaroid in making its photographic equipment available for the pass-identification books.

Buying South African goods is tantamount to upholding a slave society by buying products produced by slave labour, in the same manner as the wealthy suburban whites of South Africa relished the blood-stained potatoes from the Bethal farms.

To boycott South African goods is to make a meaningful contribution towards ending this modern-day slave system.

We urge you to boycott the items listed above, plus any that may come to your attention in the future.

Staff Commentary

How People Forget

It seems almost unbelievable how short some people's memory seems to be these days. People only seem to think about those issues which appear on that day's paper headlines, so what may have appeared on today's headlines will certainly have been forgotten by tomorrow. But every once in a while someone has to remind us of *what* and *why* we shouldn't forget.

When black athletes from around the world protested against Rhodesia's entrance into the Olympics because of its racist policies, they had *not* forgotten.

There are many people who would like to see you forget! In fact, they would like to see you forget about Marcus Garvey, Martin L. King, Fred Hampton, George Jackson . . .

by Charles Cobb
Black Voice Writer

Mali Dancers Rock Madison

by Ferdinand Fiofori
Black Voice Editor-in-Chief

An entourage of 45 dancers, acrobats, musicians, drummers, and singers from Mali, West Africa, will invade the University of Wisconsin-Madison, and rock the Memorial Union Theater with a rattling mesmeric performance on Thursday, October 26th, at 8 p.m. Mali's invasion of Wisconsin is of course more of an artistic and cultural *fait accompli* than a military or political "incursion" of the United States of America.

The National Ensemble of the Republic of Mali, dancers and musicians from 12 major ethnic regions of Mali, was founded in 1956 by Mali's Ministry of National Education, Youth, and Sport. This group was only performing at the annual Youth Festival in Bamako, capital of Mali, until 1964 when they competed and won first prize at the Theatre des Nations, in the International Dance Festival in Paris, France. They have since then toured many capitals of Europe, Asia, and the Americas.



Mali Musicians electrify the audience as they make their drums talk.

What has really put the Mali dancers in the forefront of the entertainment world, just like most of the other African musical and dancing "ensembles" that have often toured Europe and the Americas, is their authentic and unbastardized sense of rhythm and movements.

Many critics in the Western world have often found the dance sequences and electrifying movements of African and African blooded dancers to be too complicated and beyond mathematical analyses. Most of the dances, especially the movements, are so geometrically cut out of sight that mathematic predictions and speculations are even short of describable words for their occurrences. It is this modern man's inability to comprehend these "metaphysical" movements of African dancers that many critics have dismissed or described the dance routines as primitive, diabolic, and fettish ecstasies; and with other phrases replete with opacity and vagueness.

In a rowdy, complicated, but well-blended musical atmosphere of the tom-tom, the gong-gong, the Kora and some marimba-like instruments, the Mali dance *ensemble* is here to entertain the Madison audience with some spectacular extravaganza. It is likely that many Wisconsin spectators will either be hypnotized by the incessant body movements of the Mali dancers and acrobats, or, will be confused from what they see as opposed to their imagination of the happenings of the "real world." And some spectators may perhaps even seek recluse in accepting both the weakness and the doubtability of the human's *sensibilia*.

When the Dancers of Mali last toured the United States, one critic reported: "If the air was hot in the capacity-filled gymnasium, the dancers and drums were even hotter. At times it sounded as if all the pent-up fury of the Dark Continent had descended on us." In their last tour of the U.S., also, voyeuristic communicators—TV camera men and news photographers—were confused as to where to focus their angle of photography, as both mystifying and gracious movements of the dancers were seen from head to toe on multi-dimensional variances and vibrations. Traditional communication is the name of the game, as the drum talks are answered by body movements of the dancers.

If the sounds of the native horns and talking drums of Mali do not remind many spectators of their lost cultural heritage, the African dancers, singers and acrobats will surely remind people of man's origin and seat of civilization—AFRICA.

Fashion Takes The Flair

by Leslie Hewlett
Black Voice City Editor

The day was Sunday Oct. 8. The place was Great Hall in Memorial Union. The scene was soft. The stage was enhanced with pink and green crepe paper and a pink glow illuminated the surroundings.

Millicent Clarke (AKA president, glided on stage and extended a welcome to "Black Fashion Flair", the fourth annual fashion show of the Epsilon Delta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority.

The fashion show had actually begun a half hour earlier as the audience filled the room with bold prints, innocent pastels, suede capes, fashion boots, midis, maxis, macrame and bells.

The program opened with the Ray Gordon Singers, Ray Gordon, director and pianist, Ben Blanks, Joann Downs, Margaret Frazier, Drue Hill, Jean Jackson, Gale Kidd, tambourine, Deborah Owens, Brenda Wheat, and Teresa Williams, soloist. The group stirred the audience with "I Heard Music, I Hear Voices," "Jesus Christ, Sacrificed His Life," "Come and Go With Me To My Father's House," and "This Little Light of Mine."

In act II the audience was serenaded by the soulful sounds of the Jay and Kay

singers. Jay McIntyre and Glenda Greenhill were accompanied by John Moore on piano and Luther Gray on conga. They harmonized on "I (Who Have Nothing)" and "Where is the Love."

"Summertime" returned as Sandy Burrell performed a modern dance to the song. Glenda Greenhill, John Moore and Luther Gray accompanied her. Bonita Cornute danced to "I Don't Need No Help."

Larry Baskerville and Lavert Brown led the audience through a spectrum of emotion with their poetry readings. The displayed artwork was done by Orlando Bell, Lavert Brown, Otis Crawford, Calvin Dallas and Vicki Meek. Emcees for the evening included Cynthia Harris, Mrs. Ethel Swonigan and Donald Williams.

The fashion show was divided into four scenes which primarily depicted party wear. The models were Doris Cole, Gayle Conley, Carmen Lowe, Mrs. Cynthis Norvell and Pamela Williams. The male models were Esker Atterbury, Lavert Brown, David Christopher, Darryl Knox and Terry Whittaker.

Guest model and designer, Sly Williams stole the show when he promenaded on stage in orange high-waisted baggies, silver shoes and body chains.

Fashion show coordinator was Judy Braggs.

BLACK ARTS: The Inside Story

by David Anthony
Black Voice Art Critic

We are such beauty. Something to be hip to. Something to walk around excited about. Dancing. Niggers is dancin. Music. Niggers is art. Beauty. Life. Force. Spirit. Energy. Blacklove.

This space will be dealing with all aspects of black creative force, the power of emotion in all its manifestation and dimensions. Like music. Not as "entertainment" but as teaching, as a political force as great as any other. Like all the things we sleep on. Like why in the fifties Sonny Rollins would title a tune "Airegin." (Read it backwards) or why Lee Morgan would make an album called "Search for the New Land." or why Trane would write "Africa" in 1961. Or take rhythm and blues (soul) and look at the words of "People Make the World Go Round" or the message of the music behind "Free Your Mind." Or take the blues with B.B.'s "Why I Sing the Blues" or Fred McDowell's "I Do Not Play No Rock and Roll" or John Lee Hookers "I Ain't Goin to Vietnam" or Muddy Waters' version of Willie Dixon's "I Am the Blues." These are not accidents. These messages have depth, purpose, an instructive end. If we would stop finger poppin and start listening...

I am the blues
I am the blues
The whole world know
I been mistreated
The world know
I been used (Dixon)

All Black Arts give us these messages. They call for an awakening, a renaissance, blossoming of our collective spiritual energies. The same energies that make niggahs L I V E at parties. The same energies that build civilization and are now building "new" nations. The energy that explains itself and rejuvenates in creative force.

Black Arts have a profoundly spiritual/political basis. They are reflections of all we go through in the process of survival, as well as testaments to what should be done to ameliorate our condition, spiritually as well as politically. It is a source of strength which is as functional as it is entertaining. We possess assets and qualities in combinations that no others experience. We may often be imitated, but we can never be duplicated. We are the originals.

There is nothing "American" about our art, neither is our art anything which should be cheapened by calling it such. There are no native American aspects of culture save those that the Red Man left before he was dispersed within the entropic diaspora of the transplantation of European "civiliza-

tion." All "American" culture means is that something was moved from some place else to America, where it is quite paradoxically said to have "originated" Get to that.

For years "enlightened" ethnologists spent much time and energy attempting to prove the "American-ness" of the "American Negro," well perhaps this was the case because the "American Negro" had never existed, so it was to every powerful capitalist's advantage to invent him, and once invented, his style need only be followed by a populus which was already desperately searching for models to follow.

The myth of "American culture" contributed more than any other element to make the African who found himself in "America" lose his sense of identity, purpose, direction, heritage, and past.

What was an "American" but a mutation of an insoluble series of elements, and therefore what could an "American Negro" be but an even less soluble congeries of disjointed elements, separated as he was from knowledge of himself and his past. Who know this better than the artist, who, all the time he was creating was being told that he was not.

All the field hollers were relegated to the status of quaint "Negro art", meaningless laments, work songs that had no message other than that of misery. That was the European interpretation, when all the time they missed the messages laid between the lines, because they were blind, blinded by the ignorance of ethnocentrism. As loud as the slave screamed the master slept. He never heard the truth. I'm gon get yo ass. I don't know how long it gon take but I'm gon get yo ass. I ain't waitin, I'm just plannin.

The artist was told, "Boy (or girl), you sho got sumpin der; you sho kin dance. All you folks kin dance." Or when he dropped his music on people. Europeans dropped a label on it, calling it *jive ass* (jazz). Our painting was primitive. Our writing was imitative. For a while it sure seemed as if we couldn't do *nothin* that wasn't influenced by European or "American" culture, whatever the hell that shit was.

So this is the memory we had to erase, and after doing it we began to see what lay behind all the garbage our minds and bodies had been fed. Some of us realized it and just went outside because of it. Others became radical politicians. Others became artists and laughed until they couldn't keep the tears away, then some of them went out too.

This country has always been very hard on its artists. Witness Charlie Parker, dead at 35. Eric Dolphy, dead at 36. John Coltrane, dead at 40. Albert Ayler, killed mysteriously. Frank Mitchell, dying under mysterious circumstances. Otis Redding pulled from the wreckage of a still uninvestigated "accident." Kenny Dorham, *dying now*. Cecil Taylor, *weakening*. Donald Ayler, in a *mental institution*.

What could be more political, more intentional, more methodical, more diabolical. What clearer way of removing a threat than by killing him, mentally, spiritually, or physically. Kill the body and the head will die.

That's what this column will be about, saving lives, surviving, protecting our precious art and our more precious artists. A painting does not paint itself. A dance must be choreographed. A novel must be written. It is up to us to realize and save what we have, which is very much. Very much beauty. Very much joy. Very much pain. Very much goodness. Very much hate. Very much living.

There are artists *here*, at this university. BLACK artists. Check out Sis. Freida High (Art) and Bro. Quincy Edwards (Dance) in the Afro-American Studies Department on the fifth floor of Humanities (ironic name for that building, isn't it?) and Bro. Jimmy Cheatham (Music) on the same floor in the music department, also in the same building. Check this people out *now*, while they are *here*. Don't wait till they leave to be sorry. They are doing it now. They means we, means us, together. Keep an eye here, in this space. More messages will come. Peace and Love,

Calendar of Events

AFRO-CENTER

The UW Afro-American Community Service Center will continue its Film/Lecture series A Real Look at America: From the Bottom.

Nov. 2 Angela Like It Is, a penetrating interview with Angela Davis shortly after her arrest in December 1970 on charges of conspiracy to commit murder.

Nov. 19 As Long As the Rivers Run—the fight for fishing rights by the Indians of the Northwest is shown as a part of a larger movement for Indian self-determination.

Nov. 30 Hunger in America, a carefully researched film by CBS.

Nov. 6 Angela Davis will speak in the Memorial Shell at 7:30 on the UW campus. Tickets can be purchased for \$2 at the following places: Afro-American Community Service Center, 1120 W. Johnson Room 106, Afro-American Studies Department, 5552 Humanities, Union Theatre Box Office in the Memorial Union

Oct. 28 Masquerade Ball, 100 N. Blair, \$1.00. 9 until

Oct. 2-29 Elvehjem Art Center, Room 130 Traditional Art of Sub-Saharan Africa can be viewed Monday through Friday, 11:30-1:30, 6:30-8:30 and Saturday and Sunday, 5-9 p.m.

AFRO-STUDIES DEPT.

The AFro-American Studies Department announces a Special lectureship series on "Pan-Africanism" to be held in 1651 Humanities on Monday nights from 7-9 p.m. The speakers and topics are:

Oct. 30 Prof. Clarence Contee (Howard University) "Henry Sylvester Williams and the Origins of Organizational Pan-Africanism."

Nov. 6 Prof. Richard Ralston (Hoover Institution Fellow) "Pan-Africanist Trends in the Culture of the Black Masses."

Nov. 13 Prof. Robert Hill (Northwestern University) "Garvey and the Rise of Pan-Africanism."

Nov. 20 Prof. Locksley Edmondson (University of Denver) "Pan-Africanism: An International Relations Perspective Then and Now."

Nov. 27 Prof. Gloria Marshall (University of Michigan) "An Analysis of the Cultural Basis for Pan-African Unity."

Sub-Sahara Art Display at UW

by Dorothy Stanley
Black Voice Writer

"Traditional Art of Sub-Saharan Africa," is an art exhibition currently on display by exhibition curator Freida High at the main gallery of Wisconsin Memorial Union Oct 2 through the 29th. Sculptures and masks of Sub-Saharan are some of the traditional art pieces on display. Sculpture and masks it seems, are the most important of the traditional art forms. they tend to merit attention.

Some of the masks on display are the Mwaash a Mbooy-Bakuba-Zaire, which is constructed of wood, raffia pilecloth, beads, cowrie, raffia fibre and has a height of 14 inches. The Initiation Mask-Bapende-Zaire constructed of wood and raffia fibre stands 23-5/8 inches in height.

BLACK HOMECOMING 1972

Homecoming 1972! This year homecoming will be your homecoming . . . Black Homecoming.

On Nov. 2 there will be a cocktail sip from 3-5:30 sponsored by the Greek Council at the Stone Hearth.

To further the idea of a Black Homecoming there will be a Black Homecoming queen. Any organization or dorm floor on campus is eligible to sponsor a candidate. A committee of the Black faculty, students and community people will screen the candidates and decide on the finalists. The Black student body will be given the opportunity to vote from Monday Oct. 30 through Wednesday Nov. 1 at the Afro-American Community Service Center.

Action will reign on Saturday afternoon at the Wisconsin-Iowa game. Along with being able to watch the feats of Rufus Ferguson and the other Black superstars, spectators will also be able to cheer for the two Black pom pom girls, Gayle Conley and Janice Matthews, and the Black cheerleader Betty Scott.

Saturday night Nov. 4 is showtime. The performance will be a 8 pm at Union Theater. Eddie Harris, Buddy Montgomery and Pete Franklin will blow your mind with the moods of jazz. Tickets are \$4.75.

Eddie Harris is the electrifying composer-arranger saxophonist from Chi-town. He is known for such great albums as, "The Electrifying Eddie Harris," "Exodus,"

"High Voltage," "Wilver Cycles" and "Swiss Movement". His hit singles include "Cold Duck Time" and "Compared to What."

In 1968 Harris was signed by Columbia Pictures to compose, arrange and play the score for the motion picture "Why America." 1969 was the year when Harris was presented with the "Achievement Award" by the International Fan Club of America.

Eddie Harris' style is one of innovation. His electric equipment includes a control panel which can reproduce eight different sounds ranging from tuba to oboe or bassoon. As Peter Altman of the Minneapolis Star said, "Switched on Eddie Harris' jazz is truly electrifying . . . Cook better with electricity—that's the motto put in practice by Eddie Harris."

Buddy Montgomery began playing guitar professionally in 1957 with his brothers Wes and Monk. Since then he has played with such greats as Cannonball Adderly, Johnny Griffin, Harold Land and George Shearing.

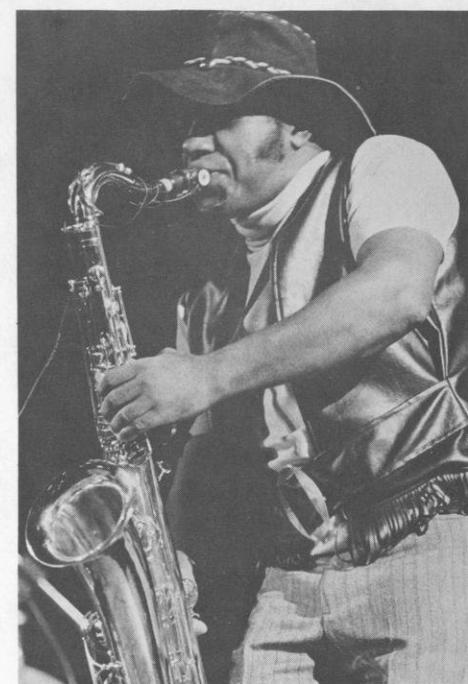
His most recent album is "Buddy Montgomery—The Two Sided Album." His vocalist Juanita Ellington will also perform in Madison.

Pete Franklin, Guitar Pete, began playing the guitar when he was eleven. He was born in Indianapolis and he may still be found there rambling from place

to place doing the blues.

Franklin feels strongly about the blues. He said, "the public should recognize the blues as an art, instead of looking down at it as something that comes out of the slums or the cotton fields."

Plans are still in the making for a homecoming parade, Greek performances and dances. This year homecoming will try to bring it on home.



Eddie Harris

Formation of All-African News

The All-African Peoples' News and Information Service (AAPNIS), an organization of Black persons who have recognized the need for unified, constructive and consistent work in the field of communications have recently organized an All-African News Service (AANS) in August, 1972 as a project of the AAPNIS.

AAPNIS was first organized in April, 1972 and at that time consisted of several persons having worked on the staff of *The African World* newspaper, a bi-weekly publication formerly called Student Organization for Black Unity (SOBU). Among the original staffers were Milton Coleman (former editor), Jim Grant (correspondent), Chuck Hopkins (research editor), Coni Smith (circulation manager), and reporter Bobby Gilliard. All are presently writing for the AANS. However, the original group has had several additions to it. New additions are Joe Smith, Robert Taylor and Ronald Topping.

AAPNIS was organized with the intent of developing a constant flow of essential information for, by, and of African people—wherever they may be situated. Among other essential needs it attempts to address itself to the increasing flow of pertinent news, worldwide information within the Black Community, development of mechanisms, both personal and institutional, with which to carry out these tasks on a permanent basis while reinforcing the atmosphere for development of these programs and ideas, designed in an effort to bring about the liberation of Black people.

AAPNIS's belief is in the history, struggle, and the future of African people worldwide. AAPNIS has planned several projects through the operation of various media to fulfill its appointed task. These projects include print media (both established and innovative) radio, television (on-the-air and cable) and special, mixed media educational materials.

The All-African News Service is the first program to be actively launched. Its purpose is to provide for the Black print media a low-cost news service that will supply significant news of the Black community which is usually unreported, including news of Africa as well as Black people in the Western hemisphere. The AANS is searching for a new way of instilling a value for news in the Black community which is absolutely essential to any people, especially the Black people interested in a fuller development of the AANS.

Minority Seniors Opportunity

Minority Seniors Graduate Opportunity Day will be November 11, 10:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. in room 313 of the Wisconsin Center. Representatives from the Graduate School, professional schools, and Financial Aids, will be there to tell of admissions requirements, financial aid, and the curriculum of grad and professional programs at UW. This will be a good opportunity to meet people who can tell prospective grad school applicants and other interested seniors what they can anticipate.

Tune In and Fly High

Do you ever get in the mood for some good soul music? Then why not listen to Black News every Friday from 5-6 on WHA 970 AM. The show's a combination of news, commentary, and mellow music.

If you live in the southeast dorm area then you should get hip to WSRM's "Black Experience in Sound." It's where the action is every Wednesday and Friday nights from 9-11, and Saturday evening from 5-8. That's on WSRM, 990 on your AM dial.

Remember tune in to WSRM. According to Disc Jockeys, Ronald Brown and Larry Baskerville: "We're bad as we want to be in a world of total ecstasy. We go from darkness to light and we're definitely out of sight. We'll put pride in your stride and dip in your hip. If you don't check us out you've got a hole in your soul and you don't eat chicken on Sunday."

STAFF

The BLACK VOICE, published by the Afro-American Community Service Center, University of Wisconsin-Madison, since December, 1970.

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David Anthony, Daphne Barbee, Levert Brown, James Clark, Charles Cobb, Deborah Johnson, Francine Johnson, Vania Lindsay, Teresa May, Maria Medina, Floyd Nelson, Patricia Pettis, Charles Riley, Dorothy Stanley, Curtis Ward, Marcia Watkins, Michael White.

Guinea-Bissau: Portugal's Vietnam Part II

Madison Area Committee on Southern Africa (MACSA), 731 State Street conducted a fund-raising drive during the month of October for assistance to Guinea-Bissau.

Those of us working on the fund-raising campaign were asking for \$5 donations from individuals. That's only a corner next to the \$400 million which the American government provides Portugal. In Part I of this article it was mentioned that Portugal cannot by itself conduct the war in Guinea-Bissau. The US, through its NATO pact, is an important material source making it possible for Portugal to wage incessant war against the liberating forces of PAIGC, national liberation movement.

If you recall, NATO is the Allied pact, the Western nations. In fact, the geographical limits of the NATO pact do not include the space of earth where Guinea-Bissau lies. Portugal, however, claims that Guinea-Bissau (3,000 Europeans, 800,000 Africans) is very much a part of Portugal, hence the NATO agreement extends even to Guinea-Bissau, according to the government at Lisbon.

The UN Special Delegation, on the other hand, made a trip to Guinea-Bissau and while there last April, while under almost direct Portuguese air fire, the UN Special Committee determined that PAIGC had liberated close to eighty (80) percent of the country hitherto known to history as Portuguese Guinea. Not only is Guinea-Bissau being liberated under the armed struggle of PAIGC, but the people are developing a new society to which the armed militants will one day return after liberation is completed.

One has reason to be skeptical about any importance attached to anything of the UN since that world body is dominated and pushed around by the NATO countries whose industrial-war interest lies in places like Guinea-Bissau and Vietnam. For Guinea-Bissau to be recognized by the UN, though, makes that country eligible, through PAIGC, for the types of assistance that building their bombed-scarred country requires. To the typical tropical disease, the war machine of Portugal has added the war injuries caused by napalm and other chemicals supplied by the US and NATO.

The war is by no means over, but internationally PAIGC is recognized as a *national* liberation movement/armed struggle. Portugal must surely be in a Dark Age. All other colonialists have become more sophisticated (neo-colonialism), and Portugal just remains in the obviously arrogant position—holding on to territory that had no apparent economic value or development, such as was Guinea-Bissau at the time when other African nations were getting their political independence.

But as the war in Guinea-Bissau continues these past ten years, the eventual defeat of the Portuguese will be a major moral incentive for the liberation armies of FRELIMO in Mozambique and the

Makeba Goes Cuban

(All-African News Service)

On the initiative of Fidel Castro, Miriam Makeba was made a citizen of Cuba early in September. The event marked the climax of Mrs. Makeba's tour before enthusiastic audiences on the island. Conferring citizenship on Ms. Makeba, Cuban minister of foreign relations, Raul Roa, told her, "Your voice is a universal voice, filled with the suffering of Africa, Asia and Latin America. It expresses the aspirations of all struggling peoples."

Accepting the presentation, Miriam replied, "In the name of all African people, I thank the Cuban people and their leaders. I hope we will always be working together to obtain our objectives against the forces of reaction, imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism in each and every one of their forms."

MPLA in Angola. Coupled to this will be the loss of Portuguese face and a slap in US' and NATO's face.

Butress to the Portuguese colonies in southern Africa is that notorious Union of South Africa (USA) which itself colonizes-enslaves twenty million African people in its midst. USA supplies planes for Portugal in Guinea-Bissau, and invests in the unpaid labor of Mozambique and Angola. The USA has sat like a leech on the Cape, so obviously parasitic, not capable of making it unless it exploits the black labor.

This is, then, the stake in Guinea-Bissau. As with any place in this world where a war rages, once you start checking it out you see that everybody and his mama is in it somewhere. Portuguese soldiers come to the US to study at the War College and already Green Berets are conducting search and destroy missions in Angola and Mozambique (*Muhammad Speaks*, August, 1972). Angola and Mozambique have strategic geographical positions and certainly are economically significant.

Whereas Guinea-Bissau has no significant economic gain for Portugal, it does have strategic position for the NATO countries who would like to place a base in the Cape Verde Islands (which PAIGC also represents). It is for this and for the future of monopoly capital as well that a ten-year old war goes on in Guinea-Bissau, the Vietnam of West Africa.

As time goes on, these Vietnams show we common people how very far removed is the government policy from the opinions we could all make were we better informed. The Founder of PAIGC and present Secretary-General Amícar Cabral, realized the distinction and emphasizes that PAIGC fights not the Portuguese *people*, but the Portuguese government of fascists as it manifests colonialism in Guinea-Bissau. The Portuguese people must themselves deal with their government at home which makes them no less oppressed through the lies and superstitions. Oppression is just relative to the oppressed, as the oppressors would have them believe. But when you compare your notes you find out that it is the NATO bloc that is carrying on imperialist wars, and that furthermore, it is the governments; the people are involved only through their ignorance.

When we learn to identify the lies, then we see that the government of America provides \$400 million to Portugal to keep the war going in Guinea-Bissau and still will not provide free and quality universal education for all Americans. For anyone of us to contribute to Guinea-Bissau is indeed a sacrifice. But we will be each other's harvest.

Obirin African

Madison Immunization Clinics

Immunization Clinics and Well Child Centers began its fall schedule September 8 at three Madison locations.

The program is designed to help the children of working families caught in the squeeze of being poor enough to afford an adequate level of private care for all their children.

An important feature the Clinic and Center has is that the child's condition is discussed in great detail with the parents by the doctor and recommendations given to the parents. Guidance is offered to parents in obtaining medical care if conditions requiring further medical consultation are discovered.

Immunizations are offered at the Immunization Clinics which include Diphtheria, Tetanus, Whooping Cough, Polio and both red and German measles. No appointment is necessary however parents bringing their children in for the first time are asked to bring any records of past immunization of the child. Appointments must be made in advance for the Well Child Centers. For further information call the Madison Department of Public Health at 266-4821.

Angola Calls On UN

In a letter addressed to the Secretary-General, the leader of the Angolan People's Liberation Movement (MPLA) has requested UN assistance to stop genocidal practices by Portuguese colonial forces. Agostinho Neto, president of the MPLA, informed the Secretary-General, that "In recent weeks, chemical warfare has been brutally and barbarically expanded."

Neto explained that herbicides and defoliants used by the Portuguese not only caused crop destruction and ecological damage, but resulted in serious physiological deformities in women and their offspring. Accompanying this practice, Neto said that the Portuguese were "practicing a 'scorched earth' policy, bombing and shelling peaceful hamlets, torturing and arbitrarily imprisoning thousands of persons, and systematically violating the laws of war." He further urged the Secretary-General to "make all the necessary arrangements for an international campaign against chemical warfare in Angola, through MPLA, in the realization that thousands and thousands of human beings—men, women and children are in dire straits."

The War Goes On

The Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO) has removed their armed



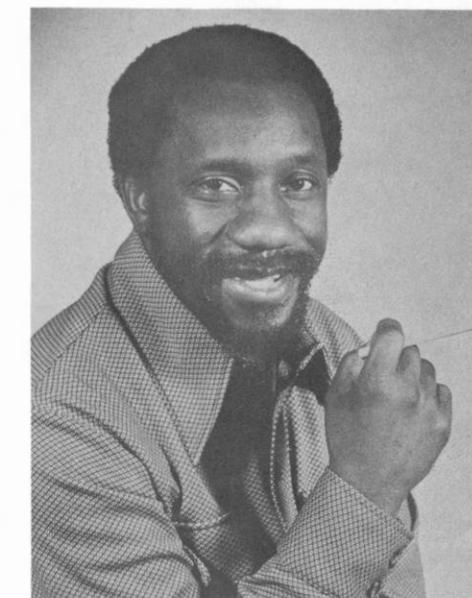
JUANITA ELLINGTON will also co-star and perform during Homecoming ceremonies.

struggle into a new front. FRELIMO president, Samora Machel announced a couple of weeks ago that guerrillas had begun military operations in Manica-Sofala province which borders on Rhodesia. The mineral rich Manica-Sofala province is the base of several American and Portuguese industries. It is also the site of Mozambique's second major port, Beira.

In a broadcast over Radio Tanzania to Mozambique, Samora appealed to the people that "we must intensify the fight, consolidate struggle in Sofala, and other provinces and extend this struggle to new fronts."

College Fund Drive

The United Negro College Fund is holding its annual drive from October 16 to November 30. This year's goal is \$25,000. If you are interested in volunteering for this project contact Mrs. Jewell Anderson at the Afro-American Community Service Center, 1120 W. Johnson. Contributions may be given to Mrs. Anderson or mailed to First Wisconsin National Bank, P.O. Box 1271. Please support this cause generously.



BUDDY MONTGOMERY will perform at Black Homecoming. See story on page 7

Alabama Cuts Black Scholarships

In Troy, Alabama, six Black football players lost their scholarships for staging a walkout at halftime on September 30.

The spontaneous walkout took place during the Troy-Ouachita Baptist (Arkansas) game. By Sunday, October 1, the six members were expelled from the team and their books were confiscated.

On Wednesday the six student took their protest to the Capitol backed by the other Black varsity athletes and several Black students. They outlined their grievances and attested that they were open to negotiation.

The six gridders include: Vinston Boyd, Ricky Buckman, Herman Daniels, Cliff Dunham, Mike Echols, and Lindsey Plummer.

The group's grievances encompassed problems common to most Black athletes on white campuses. The athletes first of all want more academic counselling. Cliff Dunham revealed that a Black athlete has yet to graduate from Troy. A second gripe was one of unfulfilled promises in regard to scholarships and financial aid.

A third major grievance was one concerning inadequate medical treatment. Cliff cited the case of high jumper Bernard Collier who landed on a brick in the pit. Although his injuries were sustained during the meet, Bernard was only given enough treatment to enable him to jump for the rest of the season and he later had to pay for more extensive medical treatment himself.

Many of the athletes claimed improper utilization of player potential. They said that they're mainly used as show pieces but they are seldom, if ever, given the chance to really perform or star. Cliff said that in many instances a Black athlete will be substituted with a second or third stringer even though the Black student had gone over all the plays in practice.

Some of the minor grievances of the group were: slanderous remarks by the coaches, unfair treatment by the assistant coaches and unfair dress codes, including rules against afros, mustaches and goatees.

Troy State University was formerly a teachers college. According to Caroline Lindsay, a UW sociology student, when Governor Wallace turned it into a university he claimed the right to appoint the present and the board of trustees. The president of Troy is a retired army colonel with no education experience.

The first integration of the school was in 1967. There are approximately 3,500 students, 67 Blacks and 25 Black athletes.

It should be realized that more is at stake than the mere fact whether the scholarships be revoked for these six students. Their walkout protested the larger problem of fair treatment of Blacks on a predominantly white campus.

Coach Tom Jones said that there was nothing to negotiate and he had no plans to discuss the grievances with the Blacks. John Mecklenburg, sports information director tried to make the conflict seem trivial by playing up the grievance about the dress code. Dean Jay Gibson sent the students a formal letter concerning the revoking of their scholarships on a Friday just before the financial aids office closed which alleviated the problem of his having to meet with the students. The evidence clearly shows that the brothers are being shafted, not only by Troy State University but by the state of Alabama and by everyone else who doesn't care enough to help.

At present the deposited gridders are trying to raise enough funds to stay in school. They have no plans of relenting or compromising. They plan to fight until every Black student at Troy can be assured of equal, fair and just treatment from the administration.