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THE BLACK VOICE

A Sense of Direction

The Black Voice was born as a result of the Common Recognition of a gap in the Communication nexus among Black Students. How adequately this gap is filled will depend on the frequency of publication and the quality of the newspaper.

After consideration of our financial resources and available manpower, we decided to publish two issues per month. Fulfillment of this decision will of course depend on the level of response and the amount of assistance we receive from the Black Student body as a whole.

Given the frequency of publication we can afford and given the need for meaningful communication, it seems to us that we can ill-afford a social sheet and that the Black Voice, instead, ought to be a forum for ideas. To be explicit, the ideas we seek are those relevant to the needs of Black People, wherever they may be. Of necessity, then, our main concern will be with serious analysis of the conditions of Black People and the various political philosophies which have been advanced to explain and rectify these conditions.

It is our hope that the Black Voice will stimulate and be a forum for constructive criticism of any and all political ideas, regardless of who advances them. For we hold but one thing, sacred, and that is revolution/truth.

A Report on the Revolutionary People's Convention in D.C.

On November 27, 1970, the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention got underway after much hasseling, and without the use of Howard University facilities. The Panthers found Howard's officials less cooperative than Dr. Paul K. Anderson, president of Temple University which housed the convention's plenary session in early September.

After several meetings with the Panthers, the university administration fluctuated between \$18,000 and \$10,000—as the asking rental charge. The community and local leaders were highly pissed with the exorbitant fee being asked. Oddly enough, Howard is the only Black university the federal government recognizes as a fully accredited university. All other universities, colleges, and institutions are rated substandard. Don't believe me? When you got out to cop a gig, tell the cat you graduated from Atlanta U., Bethune Cookman College, Dillard U., Fisk U., Florida A&M, Knoxville College, Morehouse College, Morgan State, Morris Brown College, Spellman College, Tennessee A&I, Tuskegee Institute, Xavier U., or any other Black school; see if he don't look at you slightly off.

Reginald H. Booker, chairman of the Washington Area Construction Industry Task Force, characterized the administration demand as a kind of "ransom." Booker continued to blow heat on Dr. James Cheek, president of Howard; by stating that the people should not have to pay for the use of Howard's facilities, "...it should be open to the Blacks without any cost, since the charter establishing the university is set up to serve the descendants of slaves," and oh how Howard University administration hates to be reminded of its obligation to serve Black people. Their fears, and feelings of uncertainty, were eased by others who had unquestionable faith in the Panthers. One Black student summed it up "...Brother Huey ain't never bull-shitted the people! We know hell lay down something for all the people."

Only the Youth International Party (Yippies), Gay Liberation Front, and Women's Liberation exhibited confidence in their revolutionary beliefs, and faith in the Panthers to include all the people in the constitution. Of a crowd of about 4,000, 60% of its members were white. The Gay Liberation Front acted in a revolutionary manner Saturday night: when they turned out a bar on Wisconsin Avenue. Earlier several members were refused drinks, and ruffed up. They returned to the bar 50 strong, and proceeded to cuss everyone out and literally kicked ass. Right On! Gay Liberation Front.

Late Saturday night Huey spoke at Stephen's Church. His speech was heard by some 600 persons inside the church, with more than 2,00 straining to hear outside. Huey was blowing for about one hour before most people understood what he was talking about.

The university later made the statement "...the Panthers had failed to pay \$7,300 in expenses, as required by law..." as the real reason why the Panthers didn't obtain the use of its facilities. Aside from Howard's cop out; the Panthers efforts to obtain the District of Columbia National Guard Armory as a possible site was denied. Now here comes the winner; dig on the reason why. The armory board said "that the use of the armory might interfere with a call-up of the Guard."

Three days before the convention, the Panthers still didn't have any accommodations. A spokesman for the Panthers said: "The Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention will not be stopped." By Friday (27th) night a crowd between 3,000 and 4,000 persons had converged on D.C. in Meridian Hill Park, where they were told to gather at the Church of St. Stephen, All Souls Unitarian Church, and the Incarnation Episcopal Church at 9:00 a.m., Saturday morning.

People arrived on the streets early Saturday, wanting to get it on, but not quite sure how to get it on: which was mainly due to the absence of adequate facilities. The structure and organization that was visible in Philadelphia during the plenary session was nonexistent in D.C. This lack of structure seems to produce impatience and frustration among liberals and white radicals.

It was really a trip to watch and listen as professional liberals and half-stepping white radicals try to convince themselves and each other that the Panthers would not leave them out of the new constitution. All the talk, raps, and intellectual dialogues, and there were plenty, were rooted in the following argument. If the constitution favored women, homosexuals, and minorities, it would not be ratified.

Many expected a rip rousing "off the pig" pep talk. His rap was as smooth as silk and deadly earnest. When he explained that the constitution would be written at another time, "the people have not liberated any territory, and until we do a constitution means nothing," a loud cheer echoed through the speakers, as the people outside cheered in answer. Huey also emphasized that the people must work together in a revolutionary spirit to change the present conditions, so that a constitution will soon be possible.

Huey elaborated on the revolutionary changes the Panthers had made from nationalist, to internationalist, to world inter-communalism. Repeatedly, a sister's voice from the masses outside yelled "...teach brother teach." Inter-communalism allowed the party to ally itself with other revolutionary communities around the world, who are fighting for self determination. Because of the very nature of Amerika, and Black people being in the very stomach of beast, countries around the world recognized the Black Panther Party as being the vanguard of the struggle against racism and imperialism. And if racism is destroyed in Amerika, world wide oppression would cease.

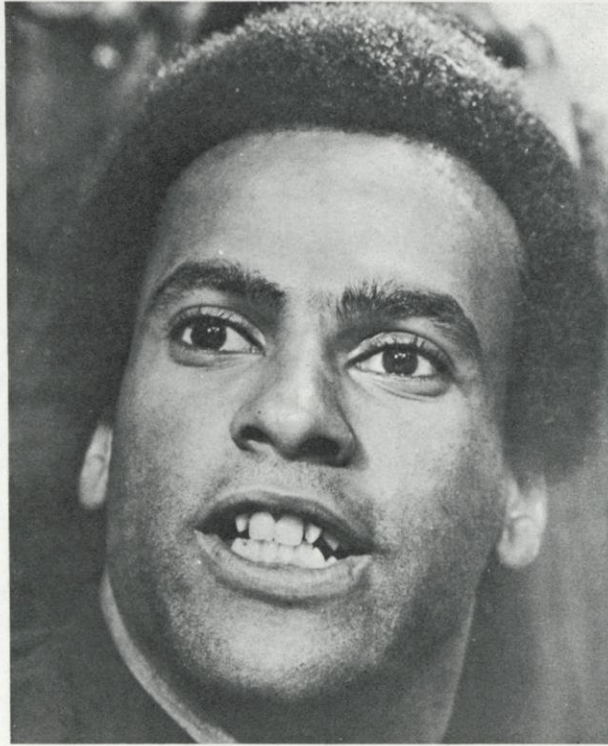
Huey turned the meeting over to the people to ask questions. Someone commented on the fact that Huey's talk implies the party was chavunistic. Upon apologizing, brother Huey went into great detail explaining the Panthers position on male chavunism.

"Some of our high ranking members are sisters and they are the backbone of the struggle." He did not admit that the party did have and practice male chavunism, but that the sisters informed the brothers of it and steps had been taken to rid the party of practices of male chavunism.

The Panther security force was comprised of about 50% sisters. This force totally controlled the crowd and directed traffic, which local police found impossible to do. With the help of the Young Lords the Panthers locked arms and prevented the crowd from spilling into the street and blocking traffic; every third guard was a sister. When a young blood tried to cross the street; pushing his way through a sister security guard, she verbally jumped all over him and physically put him back on the sidewalk. Right on sister love!

The convention was a success. Huey P. Newton used the time to explain to the people the direction of the Black Panther Party. He was concerned with providing alternatives to the present constitution that is not designed for the people. "...Alternatives which will place their emphasis on the common man, alternatives which will bring about a new economic system in which the rewards as well as the work will be equally shared by all people in a Socialist framework...where work can be

HUEY IS COMING



On Huey

It is a new revolutionary phenomenon that haunts America. It is a symbol of black pride, black manhood and above all black political consciousness. It is many things to many people. It is called the Black Panther Party. On February 20, its founder and leader, Huey P. Newton will visit Madison to talk about the role and function of the Party and to discuss with all concerned, the future direction of the struggle for liberation. But what about this Newton, whose mystical and almost legendary image tends to cloud and obscure our understanding of this human being and his relevancy to our people?

Eldridge Cleaver once said that there is a tendency to look upon Huey as being above and beyond others, to view Huey as being different from everybody else. For four hundred years black people have been wanting to do exactly what Huey Newton did, that is, to stand up in front of the most deadly tentacle of the white racist power structure, the police, and to defy that deadly tentacle and to tell that tentacle that he will not accept the aggression and the brutality, and that if he is moved against, he will retaliate in kind.

Huey is the youngest of seven children. He was born on February 17, 1942, in Oak Grove, Louisiana, a town of fewer than two thousand people, but he grew up in the slums of North Oakland, California. Huey was, of course, a street kid, and like any kid in the ghetto, he formed early opinions about policemen. "I think," he says now, "it was a general thing of being anti-police at that age." Huey was always known as a fighter. He won more street fights than he lost but as his brother Melvin remembers, "he always got along well with people, with girls and with people generally." At about sixteen Huey was reading poetry and ancient philosophy. Melvin says that he used it as a way of teaching himself to read well. But high school sophomore Huey Newton, who read Shakespeare and Lao-Tzu, was still baby faced Huey Newton who never quit in a fight regardless of the odds. At Berkeley High Huey had been classified as a "functional" student—an educator's term meaning he could do well enough at his level. At the time Huey P. Newton does not seem to have perceived this kind of classification as itself a manifestation of racism. As a student, already obviously brilliant, working with the most difficult of materials in a determined outside-the-school-effort to improve his own reading ability and understanding, he would have excited teachers and counselors anywhere—if he were white. But with tests still based on white standards, it is far harder to find those who will pick him out and isolate his potential if he happens to be black. He defied his counselors, however, and enrolled at Merritt College and later attended San Francisco Law School but dropped out after a year of good work to involve himself in the struggle.

At Merritt, Huey Newton found politics and began to find his life. He was extremely active in

meaningful play." In closing, Huey stressed that the Black Panther Party will ally with any revolutionary group dedicated in destroying the psychological and physical oppression of Black people in Amerika and the oppressed around the world.

campus political affairs especially in the fall of 1962 when the Cuban missile crisis had led to a number of campus rallies everywhere. It was around this time that Newton met another young, concerned, black, Bobby Seale, and together they exchanged ideas, sentiments, hopes and aspirations which all culminated on October 1, 1966, when they initiated the Black Panther Party. The years hence are full of history that is familiar to most of us and therefore there is no need to dwell on it. As we mentioned before, this black man Huey P. Newton will be in Madison on February 20 to speak to us and to give us his message. When asked, in an interview not very long ago what is Huey's message, Brother Cleaver replied, "Essentially what's important about Huey is that he destroyed the whole abstract discussion about the way that black people should move for their liberation. Many people talked about placing the struggle of black people on the same basis of reality that the liberation struggles all over the world inevitably reach, but it was Huey who organized this idea and created an instrument, a political party that would be the vehicle for galvanizing the idea into reality by making black males into men, by setting the standard of what a black man must be and must be willing to do in our time in order to be a man and in order to say that he is fulfilling his duties to secure his people from oppression. I think Huey has set a standard against which other men will be measured."

P.S. For details on Newton's visit, check with the Afro-American Center. Tickets are on sale at a number of places in Madison. Proceeds go to the Black Panther Party.

The Black Arts Festival

The Afro-American Center of the University of Wisconsin is sponsoring a Black Arts Festival Week, and the public is invited. Roberta Flack, a Bill Cosby protege, and an acclaimed singing artist on the Atlantic label, will open up the week long event beginning on February 8 through the 13th. Tickets for her performance are presently on sale at the Union Theater.

The Festival is divided into four aesthetic areas: song, dance, music (jazz), and drama. Other notables on the program along with Miss Flack include Mr. Jimmie Garrett, the together author of the revolutionary Black drama entitled, "And We Own The Night," which will be performed on February 10th.

According to Kwame Salter, Director of the Afro-Center, the purpose of the program is two-fold, "We would like to take this opportunity to provide the Madison community with a show-case of undeniable Black genius and creativity and also, more importantly, provide Black students and non-students throughout the state of Wisconsin, the chance to meet each other in an atmosphere that is both educational and entertaining."

A calendar of specific dates for the Black Arts Festival Week is on the back page.

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Whither the Black Studies
Department?

John Felder

It was a most painful birth for the Black Studies Department on this and other campuses. Proposals for such departments languished in various components of white bureaucracy for years until forced out by the spirit of rebellion which erupted following the murder of Martin Luther King. Mixing rhetoric and idealism, Black students here and elsewhere insisted that the incorporation of Black Studies departments would herald the beginning of the millennium and threatened Armageddon in a thousand places if Black Studies were not to be realized immediately.

We have now had Black Studies on this campus for one semester, a fact which does not permit us to attempt anything more than a superficial analysis of the department itself. But we are completely legitimate in attempting to analyse the response of Black students to the department: one of not quite enthusiasm, not quite antipathy, but one of apathy. Of course 175 Black students have enrolled in in one of the Black Studies courses. The seminars of Professor Dathorne and of Professor Scott were attended by Blacks—if only sparsely. Cecil Taylor's class continued its popularity. But these instances of "success" in terms of Black student response are clearly the exception.

As many an instructor in the Black Studies Department will attest, there appears to be a purposelessness among brothers and sisters taking the courses. Where is the revolutionary fervor which would lead Black Students to maximize the knowledge to be gained of self from having taken a course in the Black Studies department? Does Black Studies mean more than another grade, another three credits?

Granted, the whole college establishment serves primarily to differentiate, in spite of its rhetoric about service to society, blue collar workers from white collar workers. We, however, cannot let our valid cynicism about the "educational process" deflect us from our fundamental tasks.

Apathy, the ability to not-respond to stimulus is a cancerous, and unfortunately pervasive attitude among Black students. To paraphrase Richard Wright (and to inject necessary rhetoric), one is because one acts, not because one feels, knows or thinks. The Black Studies department exists and would indeed be better off if there were active hate towards the department. At least then the department would be on the defensive and would more actively seek to justify itself under the glare of public scrutiny.

We must enroll in the Black Studies courses. We must aggressively criticize the Black Studies department and thereby make the department a useful tool for our liberation, or we must destroy the Black Studies department. For there can be no limbo.

Angela: A Symbol

"For, if they take you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night."

BROTHER JAMES BALDWIN

Angela Yvonne Davis, former Assistant Professor of Philosophy at U.C.L.A., is currently being held in a San Rafael jail on charges of conspiracy, kidnapping, and murder, which stems from a courthouse shootout on August 7, 1970 which left 3 young Black men and a white judge dead of gunshot wounds. Miss Davis was consequently charged with providing the weapons used in the shootout. Miss Davis has pleaded innocent to all charges assessed against her. If convicted, she could be sentenced to the gas chamber.

Many people have asked, and quite fairly, why Angela's injustices are being accenuated and not those encountered by all Black people. Because all Blacks are suffering injustices daily we must refuse to make Angela the center of a cause celebre, for she is only a symbol of the many genocidal attacks against our people.

Angela herself refuses to be made a heroine in the struggle for liberation. As Angela personally relayed in the NATIONAL UNITED COMMITTEE TO FREE ANGELA DAVIS newsletter, "While newspapers and magazines wasted pages upon pages attempting to resurrect my past, they should instead have made the public cognizant of the hundreds upon hundreds of American revolutionaries who have been confronted with a fate no different than mine." She goes on to say, "I think it is important to link up the struggle for my freedom with the fight to free other Black political prisoners . . . I maintain that the fight should call for the freedom of all Black men and women. For few of us have received fair trials. We certainly have not yet been judged by juries from among our peers . . . Even if I am eventually allowed to leave the dungeon, I will not consider myself free. My freedom will become a reality when we as a people have destroyed our enemies, when we Black people have broken the yokes of our oppression and can freely erect a society which reflects our needs and our dreams. I will not be free until all Black people are free."

Why Communism?

Foremost questions which come to the minds of people when they think of Angela Davis—militant Black woman communist are: To what extent is Angela Davis a communist? What role does she think communism plays in the liberation of Black people? Has Angela copped out on the struggle to free Black people by joining the Communist Party? When Black people think of communism, we tend to immediately think of being "used" by the communists to further their own goals.

To the extent to which Miss Davis is a Communist, she answers: "Before anything else, I am a Black woman. I dedicated my life to the struggle for the liberation of Black people—my enslaved, imprisoned people."

Miss Davis' decision to become a Communist evolved out of a basic known fact in the Black community: Black people have not been able to share in the wealth of this country relative to the extent to which they have created the basis of this wealth. The question thus asked is, "How do we, as Black people, remedy this situation? The goal is understood, the means of obtaining these goals are less clear. From Stokely Carmichael to Martin Luther King, from the N.A.A.C.P. to the Black Panther Party, they have shown that there are many alternatives toward obtaining these goals—Angela chose communism. Why? Because, she explains, "The Communist Party recognizes that Black people not only constitute the most oppressed people in the U.S., but also they are a product of the most militant tradition of resistance within the confines of this country . . . Black people must free themselves. The Communist Party acknowledges the need for white people to accept the leadership of Blacks."

She believes that capitalism is the means by which Black people are oppressed, that the only way for this oppression to be lifted is to destroy the system of capitalism, for capitalism has denied Black people the share of its wealth which Black people have helped to obtain. She cautions, though, not so much " . . . the destruction of the country, but rather the destruction of the institutions which deter the people from having access to their own creations."

Her decision to join the Che-Lumumba Club of the Communist party, whose members are all Black, was her method of putting action into words. The Che-Lumumba Club was " . . . committed to the task of rendering Marxism-Leninism relevant to Black people." The Club directed its attention to providing intellectual and political leadership to the Black community—mainly in the Los Angeles area, and of " . . . organizing Black people around their immediate needs." Miss Davis further describes the Club as being aware of " . . . the need to emphasize the national character of our people's struggles and to struggle around specific forms of oppression. . . but at the same time to place ourselves as Black people in the forefront of a revolution involving masses of people to destroy capitalism."

Angela Davis, because she is a Black woman involved in the struggle of destroying the reigns of racism and "super-exploitation" through the means of communism, has found herself a member of a large group of people who, like herself, have spoken up for their beliefs and have actively undertaken their right to defend their beliefs. They are the Rap Browns, the Erika Huggins, the Eldridge Cleavers, the Soledad Brothers, to name but a few—they are political prisoners or exiles whose only real crime is as Miss Davis details, "lie in being absolutely devoted to the liberation of Black people." Through political persecution, " . . . they are being set up as examples to the rest of the people."

Our daily lives constantly reinforce the fact that we are *not* free, will *never* be free, *don't want* to be free until we take time out from our parties, our raps, our trips, our traps, our praying, our laying, and even our studying—to make an objective appraisal of existing conditions.

If your assessment goes deep enough you may begin to see that silence is suicidal. (Were not the Jews of Hitler's reign silent and later

silenced?) We must not whisper in our neighbor's ear that we hope to be free one day, no, we must shout in the ear of the 'sleeper' that we *will* become free by exposing his repressive facade.

Angela Davis was about exposing . . . exposing the fact that the judicial system has continually made Black people victims, not recipients, of justice. Angela is merely a symbol of the treatment any Black person would receive in these courts of 'justice'. For, these courts have flagrantly tossed aside those rights promised by our 'Savior', the Constitution. Angela's extradition, her co-counsels maintained, "Would constitute a violation of the first and 14th Amendments to the Constitution." They further allege the warrant for extradition was invalid because their client was denied a transcript of the California grand jury proceedings against her, which is contrary to a California law stating the accused must be presented with a copy of the hearings. This open denial of one's Constitutional rights is not surprising to the Raps, the Hueys, the Erikas, or the Angelas of our time. Angela's realization can be seen in another statement taken from the Muhammed Speaks interview when she says, "Through me the government is attempting to further attack and terrorize Black people as they have done in the case of George Jackson, Huey Newton, Bobby Seale, Erika Huggins, and I could go on and on. Therefore, Black people have to begin to talk about rising up not only in the defense of political prisoners but in their own defense."

Those of us who see Angela's fate as our own have mobilized to free OURSELVES. Committees have been organized, demonstrations, petition campaigns, and massive literature campaigns are products of this rude awakening. The final goal is not to free Angela Davis *per se* but to free *the* Angela Davis—all of which are Black.

"Death itself is not the greatest tragedy that can happen to a man, rather, the greatest tragedy is to live placidly and safely and to keep silent in the face of injustice and oppression."

ANGELO HERNDON from "Let Me Live"

FREE ANGELA DAVIS COMMITTEE

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Editorial

THE BLACK VOICE is a new vehicle on which black people can transmit their thoughts. We realize, of course, that through THE BLACK VOICE our thoughts can only find limited expression since the Board of Regents and the other groups which set editorial standards find our native dialects "vulgar," "unacceptable" and an indication of "irresponsibility." Nevertheless, this newsletter gives us an opportunity to reach a large segment of the black population on this campus. How we will use this opportunity is still an open question.

In the past, our publications (and this includes memos and notices) have followed a general pattern. They are usually editorial commentaries which seek to point out what are perceived to be the "problems" with the "niggers" on this campus. They are often liberally spiced with insults, and end with a call for an end to unconstructive socially oriented activity and a start at creative action. The message is now cliché, and the intended goal, the motivation of black people, has not been accomplished.

It is clear as crystal that there are many deep and basic problems with the black community on this Madison campus. What is not so clear is just what these problems are. It is not infrequent that we hear our brothers and sisters reprove us for partying and jiving. But those of us endowed with functional thinking machinery realize that there is no inherent and insidious evil in parties or in communicating with the brothers and sisters on other than a profound level. The playing of bid wist is also condemned and fraternities and sororities have received their share of attack. However, the fact that such activities as parties and bid wist games arouse more interest and enthusiasm in so many black people here than do more important and far-reaching endeavors is a *symptom* of a much greater problem.

There is movement taking place on this campus. This is evidenced by the success of a march and rally which, objectively, seemed doomed to failure. The mood of the campus was one of paranoia, the symbol at whom the demonstration was aimed failed to show up, and the weather was prohibitive. Yet two thousand people came out to express their dissatisfaction with the Vietnam war.

There is intellectual movement taking place inside and outside of these classrooms. There is movement taking place in Africa, and there is movement taking place in Latin America. Black people here have not only isolated themselves from this movement, but they have cut the lines of communication with it, and as a result, black

people on this campus are standing still and the world is moving past them.

There is nothing intrinsically wrong, given our circumstances, with black people coming together as a group and withdrawing from the amalgam. But such an action is warranted only under two circumstances; first, that there is a purpose in so doing, and second, that as a group we continue to progress. The purpose of coming together is first and foremost to come to grips with our human selves, to deal with our blackness on every level and to deal with each other as human beings. Black people have indeed set themselves aside on this campus, but to what end? The very basic questions have as yet not been posed, much less discussed and answered. What does it mean to be black? This question must be posed because there are so many black people who are immobilized totally, simply because they are insecure in their own blackness; they don't know if they are "black enough." Many myths and misconceptions are alive and running amok on campus; people with big Afros are black, sisters who straighten their hair are not black; if you say 'hello' to every black person you see you are black, if you don't, you're not black. Unfortunately many brothers and sisters fall prey to such nonsense.

What does it mean to be a woman? What does it mean to be a man? This campus is equally rife with rumors and misinformation about black manhood and black womanhood, because these issues have not been dealt with. Everyone seems to be acting on the basis of some nebulous assumptions and esoteric understandings (or misunderstandings!) This is the problem stripped bare: black people are always willing to sit in judgment of other black people and they are inclined (when not actually over-zealous) to believe the worst about their brothers and sisters. And yet black people on this campus know almost as little about other blacks as white sociologists know about our people. At least the sociologist's conclusions are based on observations, studies and accumulated data. Ours are based on hearsay, rumors and word of mouth.

When we get together and examine ourselves, I am quite sure that many of our problems will alleviate themselves. Meaningful, open and honest discussion can do more for the cause of unity than all the rhetoric in our publications. Once we can make a start at self-examination, we must turn our attention to other immediate considerations. We must begin to thoroughly examine the society we live in and the nature of the oppression heaped upon our people daily. We must realize that oppression takes many shapes, forms and disguises. We are oppressed because we are black, but we are also oppressed as students. Our sisters are suppressed as women and the homosexuals among us are persecuted because they are gay. We must look at oppression on all levels and begin to formulate viable alternatives to a system of oppression.

The next logical step is on a world scale. We must examine the current state of the world and question why it's in this condition. We must then pinpoint our role and again, seek viable alternatives.

This entire process starts with you my brother, and you my sister. It starts first with a personal rejection of the myths, old wives tales and lies which enslave *you*. It continues with a collective effort to establish real and meaningful relationships and then to examine the role of black people in the liberation of humanity.

This calls for the organization of informal as well as formal groups. The Afro-American Center is very important and has a central role in this black community. But we cannot expect it to carry the full burden, nor should we sit around waiting for ideas to emanate from the Center. We need people to feed ideas into the Center.

Not more fraternities, we have enough of those; I am calling for creative organization. We no longer have use for exclusivism, and we don't want top heavy, non-functional bureaucracy. Black people need more organizations, but we must be innovative and reject the notion of elitist competition. We must no longer set up groups for the purpose of rivaling and fighting; we have a sufficient number of warring factions now. We must set up groups only to increase the amount of contact we have with other black individuals, and to increase the flow of ideas among black people. We don't need group conscious cliques; we need study groups, discussion groups, and interest groups always keeping in mind that the object is to increase the level of interaction among black people.

The black science students are speaking about getting together to research cancer from a brilliant new perspective with the emphasis on physics. We must show our enthusiasm and lend our support. A boxing club and a karate class have been formed. If you can, check them out. A photography group is in the process of organizing itself. A group of freshmen women have been meeting to examine the hostility between brothers and sisters on this campus. We should support their efforts, for these are the kinds of endeavors we should all be engaged in.

And so it becomes clear that this, or any other newsletter cannot solve the problems of black people; we can and must solve them face to face with ourselves. What then, is the purpose of a newsletter? This newsletter can serve to keep us informed of the movements and progress within our black communities on this campus, throughout this country, in the motherland, and throughout the world. It can serve to put our struggle in continued on page 3

by K. Salter

On any university campus, these days, with a black student population of two or more, one finds a disturbing amount of precious learning time being occupied by needless disagreements and “ideological” bickering on some super-abstract level. Seemingly, the only consensus reached is that we are *black* people—and some Negroes take umbrage to that statement. Out of the semantical ashes of these fierce and oft-times protracted intellectual/ideological battles, has emerged a frightening phenomenon. Somehow, the intensity and pressures of the “real” struggle outside of the pastoral calm of the campus has taken its toll. Students find that four years is not so long a time and that in the near future they will be called upon to make *real* their previously romantic commitment to a life/death struggle for freedom and human dignity. In essence upon graduation or “quit-uation” (whichever comes first) the campus radical is forced to either intensify his commitment or betray it completely though gradually—i.e., shit or get off the pot.

Yet in the meantime, life on campus goes on steeped in fantasy and illusions of revolutions. Some, who have reached the point of no return begin to see the inevitability of total commitment and take advantage of any and every situation to become revolutionary *practitioners*, rather than revolutionary commentators. The practitioner understands the need to study, to analyze and to experiment with the social/political variables that will eventually confront him outside in the real world. Specifically, the revolutionary practitioner perceives the Afro-American Center as a testing ground, a focal point of black activity on campus. albeit social at times. Further, he understands the shortcomings of the Center, i.e. its distorted and awkward position within the university.

Nevertheless, his concern is to right it if it’s wrong, direct it if it’s without direction, and to contribute realistically his talents, skills, and expertise towards the enterprise. He is more concerned about making it work rather than *commenting* on how sure he is that it won’t work and then boring others with reasons why it won’t work.

But, on the other hand, we find the revolutionary theoretician or the “intellectualism for intellectualism sake” adherant whose only so-called contribution to the Center is his vast political mind; his enormous—but questionable—grasp of revolutionary concepts and doctrines that go no further than his bottom lip. The commentator has assumed a very confrontable role: (a) he can criticize without contributing; (b) he can reap the benefits of other actual labors without contributing; (c) he can expect protection from his brothers without offering protection; (d) he can question your commitment without committing himself—in essence he can be *black*, *revolutionary*, and *militant*, without leaving the comfort of his stereo and “nickel” bag. And what’s most pathetic is that we allow this cult of intellectual parasites to thrive: we permit a potentially serious brother to become a commentator and we encourage half-ass commitments—which is more dangerous to the person making the half-ass gesture than to those totally committed persons—because, those totally committed constantly stay on their toes, keep their eyes open and ears open and watch their backs.

Thus, it is incumbent upon those concerned people to bring an end to contradictions like this. We must encourage all persons to join us in our righteous effort to “learn by doing.” The Center can and will only become self-reliant through a group effort underpinned by practical needs and not *undermined* by ideological/differences and invalid criticism.

HUEY

FIELDHOUSE

FEBRUARY 20

ROBERTA

UNION THEATER

FEBRUARY 8

Revolutionary Convention of Black Women
March 19, 20, 21

BROTHERS and SISTERS:

We, Black Women, conceptually tied to every ache, mistake, advance, or reactive retreat of Black People, understand that this country has been historically re-vitalized by Black Wealth stolen from the shores of Africa. Everyday, we live as proofs of the determination of this country to use those of us who are profitable to its continued avariciousness, and dispose of the rest. Determined to see to the survival of all Black People, we prepare to make a serious effort towards constructive revolution. A concrete assessment of revolutionary tasks must be actualized.

We realize the “harmless” nature accorded to Black Women by the oppressor. The exploitive nature of his assessment of and use for Black People forced him to be fearful of the strong survival instincts of the Black Mother, and propagandize those instincts on news-stands as the “Matriarchial Syndrome of the Black Family.” This self-psyche game enabled the oppressor to carry out a super job discrimination of the Black Man; but the results have produced an unconscious passport to more vulnerable facets of the exploitive machine for Black Women. For the “unconscious” oppressor (be he employer, “friend,” president, or school-mate), we become his “conscious” enemy: taking any and all avenues that lead to total victory for our people. We seek to become educators, by realizing our influence as mothers, sisters, nieces, grandmothers, teachers, and secretaries of big business firms. We seek to strengthen all Black People for the struggle, for conditions of war, sustained for unconditional lengths of time. A war whose initial hardships will be emotional and psychological. In order to maintain the level of calm imperative for victory, regardless of momentary hardship, we must educate ourselves.

In this context, one of our greatest problems is the obscurity of the oppressor. He still remains hidden behind twisted monetary mysticisms of poverty programs, desegregation legislation (translation of a political term; the proper care, handling, and enrichment of growing real estate agents), commercials, and a deceptive economy which gives hasty impressions of progress. Capitalism, “the largest system of muggings,” has perfected and thrives on ignorance. What other modern society defines, creates and demands that it has a Middle America, a Silent Majority; automatic buffer for any kind of economic advance for the sake of “minorities.”

We move to make the oppressor real. This involves study, practice, systematic yearly plans of strategy. It involves a tangible love for Black People, that transcends all heights of love thought possible in the past, and seeks to create an infinitum of Love for Black People. We move to make our communities sound bases for a struggle that is constructive, corrective, and creative. Revolution must mold the consciousness of ALL BLACK PEOPLE: not just college students—whose maturities are forced to be more sterile than productive, selfish than communal; or politicians—whose initiatives are more often “popular” but shallow; or revolutionaries, who have yet to make their ideas extensive or nigguh enough to be understood. *Its needs are people needs.*

This conference attempts to once and for all direct that Black People will allow no division of energies from their revolutionary drive. We, as Black Women, as focal survival units of the Black Family, invite you to join with us in our expansion. In the full revolutionary continuum, we must begin to surmount a new sacrifice, and be new women, who have channelled and pre-scheduled ALL energies into revolutionary struggle-oriented life styles.

AIMS AND OBJECTIVES
OF THE REVOLUTIONARY
CONVENTION OF BLACK WOMEN:

1. Create and outline those life styles that must begin to be common and attainable to all Black People.
2. Show our support for all Liberation Movements involved in this same struggle for human equality.
3. Organize what has been learned during the convention into concrete programs, that will be continuous and expansive in local areas around the country.
4. Make sure that “Women’s Lib” understands the total extent to which we ignore them.

If more information is needed please call the Afro-American Center (263-1790) and ask for Cheryl Davis or myself. All questions are welcomed.

Sister Femi Taylor
Convenor

Things and Stuff and
Stuff and Things

Now is the time for all Black students to produce or to be totally blown away. Produce . . . , a more likely word would be to regurgitate information that we have memorized/crammed for our finals.

Many of us are going through definite changes, changes that we impose upon ourselves because of a definite lack of discipline and direction. Some of the changes stem from grades, averages, and probation. But some of us not only go through these particular changes, but also begin to evaluate ourselves in terms of school. Questions like, should I be in school, separate from niggahs, is school relevant to us as a people, is it revolutionary or a cop out? These changes are superflous and reactionary. These questions should have been asked and answered before now. The questions are legitimate but they can also become a cop-out, because we failed to deal with the school situation and it seems easier if we suddenly find school irrelevant to Black folks.

School is only relevant if we are learning skills that can be used by and for the masses. We have to determine for ourselves if we are employing a course of study that is of use and not some popcorn major that keeps us out of the service (which in some aspects is very legitimate) or is filling a vacuum in our lives at this point. It may not be necessary to have a major if the skill has been learned before senior year and it might not be necessary to go on to graduate school if we are serious about the skill and not the paper. I am not knocking degrees or grad school if that is the only means by which one can obtain the specific skills needed. What I am saying is that it is not always necessary, unless a piece of paper and the prestige of a degree and the prospect of more money is involved. Then one must begin to question where they are coming from and if they are relevant to the masses.

A new semester is beginning and many of us will continue on the same lines, seeking no real direction, refusing to discipline ourselves in terms of school. If we aren’t serious, about what our role as a student responsive to the needs of our people, let us at least face up to the fact that we are jiving, and let’s admit we are jiving and not act in the guise of those who are committed.

Igtas

‘A Love’

When I first thought about writing about my love in the “Black Voice”, I wanted everybody to know how mad I was that this white man’s system had taken my husband, the most important part of *me*, away for a year and the only way they were going to make me feel better was to tell me to think about all the other wives. Well, I wasn’t thinking about the other wives! I was thinking of lonely days and nights, eating without that before meal “sugar” I always got. I was thinking about the times when I would need someone to tell me that I looked good or that I had done something well; when I would need someone to be strong when I got so mad I was weak; the vacations I would spend alone; and enduring people asking the same damn question everytime they saw me: “How long before he’ll be back?”; missing having one person you could curse out and not be fired or hated for it and then letting me know that he understands and missing being assured that no matter what, when all else have deserted me that there will be one person, my “Baby”, always there to love me. But, now I’ve changed my mind! I’ve been mad too long! I’m tired of being mad. I’m tired of that white man and his wife and family *expecting* me to be mad, wanting me to be mad, wanting me to hurt them in order to satisfy their masochistic souls. Listen to this, Mr. and Mrs. white folk: I ain’t mad. I’m in love and I’m very happy. I’ve been in love with that same beautiful brown form (that you took away from me *physically*) for the past six years. No, you didn’t put so much hate into his mind and heart that he would block me out too. You did not make him forget the love and tenderness we have always shared. He remembered that I’ll be there through thick and thin, that I’m with him no matter what, that no matter what, who or where, I’ll always be there. When you told him he was nothing, I told him that he was everything! I’ll keep on telling him too. We’re going to keep on loving too. So, when you see me kiss him right out full in the mouth in public or anywhere, don’t be surprised! Don’t stare! Black people can love too. Our love is of a tenderness and sweetness and depth and strength that you will *never* match on TV or in the movies. Watch out, don’t fear our hate. “Love conquers all!”

I’m so in love I want to shout it! I’m IN LOVE, Y’ALL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ena

Focus on Viet Nam

Issues like the war in Viet Nam do concern Black people. Ask any mother whose son is there. ask any sister whose husband is there, or ask any brother who is up for the draft.

And we’re not exempt from this problem on campus. Student deferments are on their way out. No longer will we be able to escape war by going to college, now we’ll have to learn to deal.

Potentially revolutionary bloods are being forced into reactionary roles against wars of national liberation. Black men are being used on the front lines in disproportionate numbers. Forty-five percent of the casualties are Black. As Rap says, “We must refuse to participate in the war of genocide against people of color: a war that also commits genocide against us.”

We’ve got to resist the man’s attempt to make us killers and to decide who our enemies are. We’ve got to answer questions like these: who will we defend? Who is our enemy? Will we kill and when...?

What’s Happening With Cecil Taylor?

Cecil Taylor, a professor of Music at the UW, is rehearsing with fervor in the anticipation of the Black Ensemble’s future concerts in the Spring. The Black Ensemble, which consists of 13 to 15 instruments will perform at New York’s Hunter College in April and on the UW campus in May.

Black students, who can really dig on John Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders, are not hip to Cecil Taylor. Taylor is years ahead of Coltrane and Sanders in terms of his jazz style. He was the first musician to shift to a more creative and complex form of jazz. Other musicians, who turned on to these forms, took bits and pieces of Taylor’s style to obtain their own.

The Black Ensemble meets Tuesday through Saturday for two hours. The Ensemble meets Tuesday and Thursday at 1:20 p.m. in rm. 1351 Humanities and Wednesday and Friday at 5:30. It also meets Saturday afternoon at 2:30.

Editorial (from page 2)

perspective, to point out the similarities and differences between our struggle and the struggle of other peoples, particularly other Third World peoples. With THE BLACK VOICE, this new endeavor, let us all become determined to progress, let us all refuse to stagnate, and let us all refuse to regress. This is only a long awaited beginning.
—Vass

Chappie James at the Center

He came rolling in, big and well oiled grinning at us the way insurance men and rent collectors do around the first of the month. Chappie James is currently reigning in the official position of highest house nigger—highest ranked black man in the U.S. Air Force— air force as in airplanes manufactured in this country and NATO’ed to Israel, currently bombing Black People in Arabia; and to Portugal, currently bombing Black People in Guinea; and to special mercenary units of Americans last seen dropping herbicides in Vietnam.

If you were there last Wednesday, you would have seen how students upset Chappie. He was less than diplomatic when one brother asked him what time of the day does he make the Mr. Hyde transformation from Black man, seriously concerned with his people’s survival, to military manhine. But in Thursday’s Capitol Times, three large pictures of Chappie are headlined... “Working in the system”. The Article “James Keeps Cool In Afro Center Hot Seat” is typical of the fiction spoonfed to millions of complacent black people daily. Nonattenders are led to believe the distortion.’ Chappie gets a pat on the back, and the oppressors put another red tack on their strategy map.

Not only did he “loose” his cool—but he showed us that exploitation comes in all colors. Not only is he a parasite, living off all that is supportive to Black survival—our cultural unity, the unity of oppressed colored peoples around the world—not only does he destroy us, but that destruction is professional: Not amateur or sporadic, but silent, cold, and calculating. This ignorance he enjoys is the same voice that “Tom Jews” languished in until their number came up... “Six million and one...two...

Nixon just told us he plans a “peaceful revolution.” The way ‘Chappie’ slid in and out of the Madison papers, as if we had thrown roses in his path, is only more proof of how “peaceful” destruction can be. If our oppressors are as professional and able as Germany’s were, Chappie could be the last one to go. Unless we wake up, the time we waste now will reclaim itself later, in bodies, in babies, in a “peaceful” country swept clean of niggers.

“There are two kinds of nationalism, revolutionary nationalism and reactionary nationalism. Revolutionary nationalism is first dependent upon a people’s revolution with the end goal being the people in power. Therefore to be a revolutionary nationalist you would by necessity have to be a socialist....

Cultural nationalism, or pork chop nationalism, as I sometimes call it, is basically a problem of having the wrong political perspective. It seems to be a reaction instead of responding to political oppression.

—Huey

Black Arts Festival Calendar

- February 8
8 p.m., Union Theater
- 1. Roberta Flack
 - 2. The Black Haze, a local jazz group
- February 9
8 p.m., Catholic Center, free
- 1. George Brown
 - 2. Cecil Taylor Combo (students of Cecil Taylor)

- February 10
8 p.m., Catholic Center, 75¢
- 1. Jimmie Garrett, “We Own The Night”
 - 2. Interpretative Dance
- February
February 11
8 p.m., Catholic Center, free
- Poetry
- 1. Rocky Taylor
 - 2. Carolyn Rodgers

- February 12
1. Omega Thang with the Pamps

- February 13
1. AKA Sweetheart Ball



A revolutionary nationalist.

The Sure Truth

Levert X “SHAKA”

Out of the INVISIBLE-visible
VISIONS
of the past
came the
BLACK MAN.

THE HOLY, HOLY holy BLACK MAN
OUT of the invisible-visible
visions
of IGNORANT GROWTH and BLIND KNOWLEDGE
came the
Violent Revolutionary Black Nationalist Freedom Fighter
The BLIND, FOOLISH, FOOLISH BLACK MAN—

”LIGHTNING STRIKES,
AND THE LIGHT BROKE”

AND SUDDENLY CAME
A MESSENGER

THE MESSENGER OF ALLAH,
THE HONORABLE ELIJAH MUHAMMAD—
SPOKE
ABOUT
THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS
which is
FREEDOM
JUSTICE
EQUALITY

THIS IS THE SURE TRUTH
JUST OPEN YOUR EYES AND SEE THE LIGHT

So I Compared my love for you to a rock,
It’s strong, it’s sturdy, it’s heavy, it’s a sign of the formidable But:
It’s not alive and never was.
It’s not fresh and doesn’t grow.
It wears with age and time and above all it can be crushed!

So love must be like a straight infinite line,
After all it does go forever and seems to start out nowhere and
It’s the same from beginning to end . . . straight and unfaltering But:
It’s a figment of the imagination,
It’s not alive and will never live,
It’s not sweet and it’s not impressive and most important
There is no growth, just straight forward momentum and
Often you can’t tell if it’s coming or going.

So love must be like a sweet nectar from the grapes:
It’s sweet, it was alive, it mellows with age and give time it can be strong. But:
It’s dead and won’t grow.
It takes more time to get more mellow and doesn’t everybody know?
That water, plain water can dilute wine and enough water makes
One believe that the wine never existed.

Somewhere in the Bible, it reads, “God is Love.”
And to be absolute love is God!
So my love *is* a gift from God.
Like Love is God then my love is like God.
It has been in existence since I have
And will last as long as I do.
While you cannot see my love, you can see its results.
It’s real.
It’s sweeter than the nectars and sugars mankind has ever tasted.
It’s stronger than diamonds and can be crushed under *no* circumstances.
It endures all spiritual and physical shortcomings
If blind, I could see my love.
If unable to speak, I could convey my love.
And if not present, I can make my love felt!
It’s alive and well; it’s growing in every direction.
And because it leaves a path of happiness and joy,
you know it’s moving forward.

My love is a gift from God and like God
It grows from the depths of my chest
And explodes all over everywhere and everything.
My love makes the sun shine, the day pass and the stars come out at night.
My love is the moon which reflects at night while I’m asleep;
The strength of my love when I’m awake!

Because you are incapable of accepting *all* my love,
It goes to relatives, friends, acquaintances,
But if you should ever want *all* of it,
It’s *all* yours.
My gift from God—all my love—is yours.

Richard Harris, Jr.

Books

Brothers and Sisters:
You have neglected to comply with the letter sent you requesting the return of overdue books.

As we have heard nothing from you, we assume that our records are correct and we are, therefore, again obliged to call your attention to this matter.

If we do not hear from you by January 29, we will be forced to withhold your registration. Please give this matter your immediate attention.

Sincerely,
Barbara Smith
Librarian

Black Karate

“Self-defense and self-preservation is the first law of Mother Nature.”

Karate classes are now in session. The style being taught is the Korean style of TAE-KWON-DO. The classes are under the direction of Levert (Brown) and Doby Lowe. To date, more than fifteen Brothers and Sisters have signed up for instruction.

The meetings are held in the basement of Turner Hall on Mondays and Wednesdays at 6:30 p.m. The two instructors say “our method of approach comes from a Black frame of reference.” For more information, call 262-6322 or 262-4279.

Black Greek Council Schedules Events

The Black Greek Council, which is the representative of all Black Greeks, have tentatively formulated a social calendar. The purpose of this calendar is to unite and serve socially, all the Black students. The council has also set up a tentative schedule of events for those students who will be in Madison during the semester break. The events which are scheduled during the semester break can only function with the support of the students who are remaining in Madison during the break.

Black Greek Social Calendar

Feb.	5	Omega Psi Phi
	6	Kappa Alpha Psi
	12	Omega Psi Phi
	13	Alpha Kappa Alpha-Sweetheart Dance
	19	Omega Psi Phi
	20	Alpha Phi Alpha
	26-27	Kappa Alpha Psi-Sweetheart Ball

Please note that the dates are subject to change. The time, place and price, if any, will be publicized the week of the event.

When the Revolution has come and gone
And many of us have died, but not in vain
Will you laugh for me . . .
For now your laugh will be free
And it shall have no boundaries.

When the Revolution has come and gone
A time for the living
May I cry with you/for you
The mighty warrior/lover of men
My tears will water a dry-cracked earth
And our seeds of life will impregnate the world.

When the Revolution has come and gone
Remember what we are about
And will be about being—a loving people . . .

Igtas

Foster the Creativity

of the People:

Support the Black Voice