Raison D’ Etre

By JIM ANDERSON

Since this is the initial publication of the “Black Wildcat,” I feel that many persons (esp. whites) will misconstrue the purpose or true direction of our newspaper. This misrepresentation of ideas is easily understood as a ramification of the alienation of social groups; hence, when whites read Black material or vice versa, obscurities and partisan responses are to be expected.

The Black Students League at Villanova felt the need to communicate with the community as a whole, but primarily the Black community as a whole. Members of the VILLANOVA (Villanova’s predominantly white-oriented newspaper) offered to set aside a special section of their newspaper for the use of the BSL. However, realizing that the VILLANOVA generally pervades the white community and that its literary freedom is controlled by the administration, the BSL decided to create an autonomous publication which would primarily reach the Black community in the area, at other schools, and then, whites.

The “Black Wildcat” is neither a revolutionary nor an underground response to our racist society or to Villanova itself, although both may frequently be subjected to vehement degradation; it is not a contemporary commentary of daily events on the national and domestic scene, unless they fall into the arena of Black-white relations; it is not part of the contemporary “fad” of establishing publications for the hell of it. It is a collection and an attempted integration of ideas and ideologies taken from the vast reservoir of black talent which is so frequently suppressed within the national communications media. It is primarily geared toward unifying black people by presenting an aggregate of ideas and theories and allowing blacks to synthesize what they think is functional for their particular group or community. Secondly, we are attempting to create an awareness among whites; not necessarily an understanding of black theories and idiosyncracies, but an awareness that they are being deprived of their own people of hearing the angry response of the blacks.

The BSL will assume full responsibility for its newspaper. Opinions expressed do not reflect those of the patrons, of Villanova University, or of the VILLANOVA.

The Case For Rebellion

By JOE FRANCIS

The changes being made in American colleges seem to be of primary concern throughout the nation. Campus “radicals” are upsetting the educational system everywhere. The cry of “rad” is heard with increasing regularity. Debates are being held, papers are being written, and administrators are “cracking down.”

It is not my purpose to attempt to discuss the right or wrong of campus rebellions. What I wish to do however is to honestly appraise the demands of the students, particularly the black students.

Primary in the demands of black students is the demand for education which will instill pride and self-respect in the student. The concept of identity is of great importance to any individual. Without it he can only be an empty shell, groping in the darkness for a self which does not exist. A society which fails to meet the demands of its constituency is an unjust society.

For I do not advocate that every black student major in Afro-American studies, for we must also produce doctors, lawyers, engineers, mathematicians, and physicists. However, I do think it necessary that instead of taking History 111-112 the AMERICAN PARCE, we have the alternative of selecting something such as the history of slavery or current urban crises.

I emphasize again that we must have science majors, for without technological sophistication we will always be a colonized people.

Another pertinent demand is for student participation in administrative policy. Once again I am in favor of the student proposal. I do have reservations however. I believe that decisions made by anyone will ultimately affect the entire university community. Students are the primary part of that community, if they cannot determine what is good for themselves, who is justified in making such decisions?

Certainly the students will err sometimes because of insufficient maturity, but no student is yet old enough to make irreversible mistakes. He must make his own mistakes. Certainly many of the courses he takes now are difficult for him, but I contend that this is only so because he can have little interest in subjects which have no relevance to his life. If he is reality that we must face, then let it be reality that guides our education.

There are other demands which range from governing admissions to having “soot” food in the dining hall. The relative merits of these will not be discussed. It is hoped however that we make legitimate efforts to examine what the students are saying before stereotyping them.

America must listen attentively to minority dissent or there can be no majority rule. In the words of St. Malcolm X: “There must be freedom for everyone or there will be freedom for no one.”
"Burning This Damn Country"

By DICK GREGORY

Everybody gets upset over black violence. Nobody gives a damn about white violence.

Four niggers get some dynamite in Harlem, and this system finds it and they send the National Guard in to take that dynamite. But everybody in this country knows about their right-wing cracker Minutemen, you know about that dynamite, but you ain't nothing on taking that dynamite away.

Why? "Cause they're white. One day, if you take it away, you find Minutemen going to kill you. Y'know, you can't give a Minuteman a million dollars and a tank and pay him to go to Harlem. All that dynamite they Minutemen got buried out in your little-white suburbs, if it blew up accidental-ly tonight and wiped out blocks of you white folks, then you would take the dynamite from him, wouldn't you?

Too Scared

You should have been with them when they had to integrate the schools down South. I know, I was there. It's a hell of a thing to go and pick up a five year old kid, put him in the car, and you don't know if you're going to live or die that day. But you realize that all five year old kids react the same; he acts the same way you were acting on your first day of school, talking about playing in the sand and talking about choking, and then he asks you, "Where's my momma and daddy?" And you lie to him, you don't say they're too scared. You say, "They, well, they'll pick you up one day." Then you pull up to the school and you see the police barricading it, and the sheriff say, "Where you going nigger?" And you say, "I'm going to school," and he say, "You can't bring that damn car in here," and you park the car and you get out. Then you're walking down the street with a five year old black hand in the palm of your hand, and you kind of embarrassed because the five year old hand is steady and yours is shaking, because about fifty feet away where you got to walk up those stairs and get into that school, you see something, and whenever you see that you know what it means, and you were right. You're only being attacked by the mob, but by the police.

Peace at Home First

The next thing you know, you land in the gutter with that crack- er's foot in your chest and a double barrelled shotgun on your throat, and he's saying, "Move nigger, and I'll kill you," and you scared man, you scared to death.

Then you realize today is your day to die, and you stop being so scared and you start relating to reality and you look around you and you see that there's a five year old hand missing out of your hand and (as you lay there in that gutter with that rifle at your throat) you turn your head to try to find that five year old kid. You find him just in time to see a brick hit him in the mouth.

Now, let me talk to you "peace people" for a minute, and Lord knows I love you, but you run around demonstrating about kum- palm and atomic fire, you ain't never lived until you see a brick hit a five year old kid in the mouth, baby. Then you see he can't even rest normally like a five year old should rest after being hurt; he can't run to the adults because they're sitting on him and kicking him.

Leave Town

Then they snatch you out of the gutter and they put you in the wagon. The last sight you get to see of that white mother-him- mer over that kid and spit from him and stomp at him, and filled with so much hate he missed.

That evening you get out of jail on bond, only to find out you got to get out of town because that black father you convinced that nobody would harm his kid (the government would protect him) when he looked at his five year old son's mouth bit with the brick he got his double barrel shotgun. He gonna kill you, because you promis- ed. He ain't going to kill their crackers, he gonna kill you, sonow you got to get out of town.

That's what blacks and Nigs have been through for six years, when you didn't even know there was a movement, and they don't give a damn about what you think now, because they know damn good and well, lady, if you went through his same tricks they went through, half of you would have committed suicide and the other half would be burning this damn country to the ground.

NEGRO!? By STEVE FRANCIS

a man to born be
he should materialize
into a regular man
but take a man
and strip him bare-
rip
a naked brother of
egotit
make him
small
bitar
raw
isolate
Man from his
friends
pleasures
cultures
heritage-alone
assimilate
him into an awkward
society called
the melting pot
so there is nothing
remaining of his own
lose his dignity
self-respect
love
chain him
to the floor
strip his strength
sup his superiority
stick him into
a stinking hole
darkness
take his pride
strengths
one weak
make him
harsh
animal
inferior
nothingness
pressure
humiliate him
until
he believe
he's less than human
name him
whip him
kick him
break this backbone
of salvation
of sovereignty
of justice
of his
namelessness
of beauty
of his
beauty
nothingness
of human kindness
as you can
cast him
segregate him
humiliate him
damn him
take
his land
freedom
women
brothers
and sable sisters
give him a bible
and then
only then
... Call him NEGRO.
Black Child's Pledge

By SHIRLEY WILLIAMS

I pledge allegiance to my Black People,
I pledge to develop my mind and body to the greatest extent possible.
I will learn all that I can in order to give my best
to my people in their struggle for liberation.
I will keep myself physically fit, building a strong
body free from drugs and other substances which
weaken me and make me less capable of protecting
myself, my family, and my Black brothers and sisters.
I will unselfishly share my knowledge and understand-

when with them in order to bring about change more
quickly.
I will discipline myself to direct my energies
thoughtfully and constructively rather than wasting
them in idle hatred.
I will train myself never to hurt or allow others
to harm my Black brothers and sisters for I recognize
that as members of the black man, woman, and child
to be physically, mentally, and psychologically strong.
These principles I pledge to practice daily and to
teach them to others in order to unite my people.
Old myths...new realities

the black student on the white campus

By CHARLES J. HAMILTON, JR.
Harvard '69

The small shrill voiced coed from a seven Sister college waved her pencil at the group like a baton. "Sure I know I'm Black and I know what that means. But how do you communicate that to a white house mother who looks at me as if I dropped dead or an administration that looks at me as if I was crazy when I ask about black history or culture?"

"Well I understand her problem," a slender Vassar girl interjected. "Do you know how long it's taken for my white friends to understand that I want to be called Black and not colored or Negro I mean... you know... it's like calling me a name that white people used me up for."

Variations on a Theme

I really thought that my freshman roommates were the most straight guys in the world," a Dartmouth sophomore said. "I mean we ate dinner together, played touch football, and even shared notes sometimes. I began to forget all about all the whites down home - I really thought these guys were different. When I accidentally heard them planning a party for the weekend and one of them asked, "What are we going to do about the nagler in the house?" Staring in front of the picture of Dr. Martin Luther King, a young Princeton student answered: "I think all of us know the problem. I mean for most of us our individual experiences are just variations on a theme. We can go to all of these different schools but getting those same institutions to address themselves to us as Black Students, now there's the rub."

Racial Solidarity

A few years ago the Black student like his or her white counterpart was concerned with little more than just making it. While the Ivy League's Harvard or Princeton Black student studied diligently for his sheepskin, his Wellesley and Bryn Mawr counterparts showed up punctually for the afternoon tea sessions - the weekend negro fraternity parties or the college mixers were the happenings. But in recent years hundreds of black students have met for all - Black conferences this past spring. This past spring students from Fisk, Columbia, and Princeton to Northwesterns and San Francisco State took over college administration buildings to dramatize their demands for more Black students, black faculty, and curricular changes.

What is the cause for this recent racial solidarity among Blacks in college? What are their attitudes and viewpoints? What do they mean for white students and university administrations?

Day-to-Day Experiences

The rise of militancy among many black college students and the volatile developments on many white campuses are not occurring as one Wesleyan student said "merely to blow whitey's mind." Recent developments are tied to deeply entrenched and difficult to perceive realities involved on the day-to-day experience of being a Black student on a white campus. While students see the one Black pictured above on the college catalogue and say, "Well, I guess he should be happy, he's made it." They presume that his making it has a priority and has eliminated all the problems he might face because of his blackness. Indeed inform Blacks that his reasoning is absurd-they have lied or lived the experience with little room for presumption. It is because the nonwhite experience on campus is exclusive that it is so far beyond most whites understanding, I will never forget the Harvard freshman who in utter frustration after six weeks of school snapped, "I'm tired of being a damned gullies pig. No, my parents didn't grow up on a plantation, No, my diet doesn't just consist of soul food. No, I never won a dance contest because of natural rhythm. God I'm tired of all the attinite questions and the tongue-in-cheek native and the sur- repitious glances. Baby, if they want to satisfy their hunger for stereotypic wish fulfillment, let them take the subway to 125th street and Lenox Avenue. Let them get an overdose of the real thing." When black students from different colleges get to- gether, whether for a football game, a social event, or a mass conference, a great deal of conversation centers around day-to-day interaction with white students. And for most students who are all aware of a variety of controls on their presence at white colleges, the experience at any particular school is indeed viewed as a "variation on a theme."

Repressed Feelings

I recall my experience at Harvard, not because it is in any way special or different, but because it is similar to that of counterparts on many different campuses. I watched with curious detachment as other black students played the social and academic games of college solely in terms of the white student community.

What was continually affronting my sensibilities was the cool, or not so cool, racialism which persisted. There was always, for instance, the "Nigger" in the movie. What I mean by deceptions is the keeping of that ultimate black center of reaction veiled and hidden from the inspection of white onlookers. I imagine some of those white patina with the white smiles and quick laughter would be shocked at the honest reactions of the black students whose cool elbows they pulled in and whom they had accused that they had told Mother about their feelings about colored guys. The white friend is never aware of the students who intuitively measures the distance between the white conscience and the blackJC.