

BLACK WILDCAT



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April 23, 1969

A search for unity.

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 VILLANOVAN (Villanova's predominantly white-orientated newspaper) offered to set aside a special section of their newspaper for the use of the BSL. However, realizing that the VILLANOVAN 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 by 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 VILLANOVAN.

THE PROBLEM

It would seem most perplexing
And at certain times interesting
To talk of transients and old lace
Or for the latter, to sit and hear chatter
Which really has no matter
Concerning place or grace.

I often wonder
What spectacle is fonder
Than the consumption of arsenic
Or a little old lace.

But of far greater importance
Is a certain instance
A man contemplating a women's face.

—F

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 "red" 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.

No! 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-THE AMERICAN FARCE, we have the alternative of selecting something such as the history of slavery or current urban crisis.

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 it be 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 "soul" 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."



NEGRO!?

By STEVE FRANCIS

a man is born
a boy
he should materialize
into a regular man
but
take a man
and strip him
bare-
rip-
a naked brother of
negritude
make him
small
bitter
raw
isolate
him 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
sap his strength
superiority
stick him into
a stinking hole
darkness-
take his pride

strength-
now weak-
make him
barbaric
animal
inferior
nothingness
pressure him
pound him
brainwash him
until
he believes
he's less than human
name him
whip him
kick him
break his backbone
of salvation
of sovereignty
lay his
bones bare-
nude-
then bathe him
in the milk of
human kindness
so you can
cast him
segregate him
regulate 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.

"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 out and they send the National Guard in to take that dynamite. But everybody in this country knows about them right-wing cracker Minutemen; you know about that dynamite, but you ain't stuck on taking that dynamite away.

Why? 'Cause they're white. One day, if you take it away, you find Minutemen going to kill you. Yet, you couldn't give a Minuteman a million dollars and a tank and pay him to go to Harlem. All that dynamite them Minutemen got buried out in your lily-white suburbs, if it blew it up accidentally 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 are 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 chalking, and then he asks you, "Where's mommy 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 your 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 not 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 cracker's foot in your chest and a double barreled 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 naphalm 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 react normally like a five year old should react after being hurt; he can't run to the adults because they're spitting 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-lean over that kid and spit on him and stomp at him, but 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 hit with the brick, got his double barrel shotgun. He gonna kill you, because you prom-

ised. He ain't going to kill them crackers, he gonna kill you, so now you got to get out of town.

That's what Stokely and Rap 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, baby, if you went through the 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.



Omaha, Nebraska, 1919.

BLACK WILDCAT

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This paper is dedicated to Mr. George Raveling, whose undying devotion to Villanova and the black students, made this effort a reality. Good luck in all you do Mr. Raveling. Thank you for everything.

The Black Student League at Villanova

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 understanding 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 we need every 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.

By JOE FRANCIS

Darkness! Ah,
Let me taste your sweetness.
Yes, and I will love you.
For you are black
But dawn approaches
And reveals your hidden lines.

DARKNESS

You are not beautiful
Anymore!
Will I love you more
When you again become
Beautiful?
I know not.

Black
is
Beautiful.
Thank
you
Johnny
&
Howard

to my brothers

By LINDA SIMS

Take up that sword
Hold it dear to your heart
Grasp it, Clasp it
As though it were all you have

Put your strength in it
Make it worthy of you
Possess it, Cherish it
For it may prove all you have

Be strong, powerful and unrelenting
Don't fear rejection or scorn
Want it & have it
Because it through love that it is yours

Make that sword
that which is yours
that which is dear to your heart
Your women



Humanity Transcends Color

By BLACK CLASS of 1971

Tell me, what color is, a thought, an act, or a sentiment? Is it visibly black; or is it visibly white? A man cannot be rejected simply because his skin is the wrong color. How true WE know this. Throughout our history we have felt the angry hand of the white man. Can we justifiably impose upon all others that which we have experienced? Don't get me wrong and feel that I'm saying all "white" men love their black brothers. If you think this is my feeling, you're as much of a fool as I would be if I were even to think of something so ridiculous. My point is as Mr. Gregory says, "It's that which is in the heart that is

important; it's in being human that makes the difference. Color is just a matter of opinion."

A Common Bond

Don't stoop to the level of the majority of American "white" people. Don't accept upon yourself the vile, inhumane role that Americans have played so long. Don't scorn and reject ALL others because of an epidermal difference. Experience has shown me that there exist some "Caucasians, or colorless people" (I'll use this rather than "white," because there is a distinction between the two) who quite often possess more soul than some of our black sisters and brothers. Can you reject them

also? We know we have our Uncle Tom's and Aunt Susie's. We also know that we have some "white" people who feel it's the "in" thing to associate with "those black people." But yet we are certain, without a question of doubt, that some of us, in both groups are together.

By Its Cover

Don't let ourselves be caught in that anti-white bag just for the sake of belonging. Look into the heart and soul of all the people you come in contact with; then judge. If you do this you will prove worthy, first of being a human being, and then too possessing that distinctive characteristic of being "black."

Whereas: Black people have been exploited economically, politically, and culturally and,
Whereas: Retribution should be paid to the Black people in the number of \$400 billion (computed from the wages which should have been paid slaves and the interest compounded there from).
Whereas: Laws have been enacted to give Blacks the right to vote so federal officials should be dispensed to enforce these laws and persecute all those not in compliance.
Whereas: The educational facilities used to teach Black people should be made equal to those being used by whites.
Be it resolved: That the government of the U.S. has oppressed Black people in this country and that retribution is due all Black people residing in America. The system which perpetuated the reality of the 2nd class citizen should be the system that abolishes the reality of the 2nd class citizen.

Farrell J. Foreman

The Slave

To Felecia

Look at the Black slaves
Hovering over their weary shadows
of day;
Picking cotton, carrying hay.
Saying nothing but doing something,
Because the white master has his say.
In a whip to do his demonstration,
on the Black man's devastation
Black baby in the basket crying for
his mammy,
But she done died
Picking cotton and carrying hay.

Brotherhood
Longevity
Awareness
Cohesiveness
Knowledge

FRO NEED TRIMMING???
GETTING BACK INTO
YOUR
CONSERVATIVE BAG???
HEAD FOR-----

OUR
BARBER
SHOP

PROSPECT AVE.
BRYN MAWR
AMOS RODGERS
PROP.

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 made up for me."

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 nigger in the house,' Standing 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.'"

with curious detachment as other black students played the social and academic games of college solely in terms of the white students who surround them.

What was continually affronting my sensibilities was the cool, or not so cool, stratagems of black-white deception. Now deception, for those not of the fold, has always been part and parcel of blacks' survival equipment in interracial situations. Ralph Ellison, in an essay from his *SHADOW AND ACT*, calls it "beating the boy." 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 patsies with the shallow smiles and quick laughter would be shocked at the honest reactions of the black students whose coat sleeves they pulled and in whom they had confided what they had never told Mother about their feelings about colored guys. The white friend is never aware of the acumen which instinctively measures the distance between the white conscience and the black psyche.

White Environment

Deception, as in the cases of some of my contemporaries, can often become a pitfall--indeed, it often leads to self-deception.

I soon realized that I was becoming most sensitive to the very thing that many black students were trying to relegate to the furthestmost corner of their minds--their blackness. The trap was part of the environment. Those innocent, liberal do-gooder whites unwittingly put the self-deceptive mechanism in motion with a kind of attitude in which the appearance of sincerity and honesty was far greater than the reality. But the black student who somehow hoped that the new college identity would counteract or discount white reaction to his black face swallowed the ploy, line, and sinker. For



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 Northwestern and San Francisco State took over college administration buildings to dramatize their demands for more Black Students, black faculty, and curriculum changes.

What is the cause for this recent racial solidarity among Blacks in colleges? 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. Instinct informs Black students 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 Barnard freshman who in utter frustration after six weeks of school snapped, "I'm tired of being a damned guinea 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 asinine questions and the tongue-in-cheek naivete and the surreptitious glances. Baby, if they want to satisfy their hunger for stereotyped 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 together, whether for a football game, a social event, or a mass conference, a good deal of informal conversation centers around day-to-day interaction with white students. And for most students who are at all aware of the varied reactions to 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

many of these blacks, the charade was part of being at Harvard...

But other things happened that first year. I was part of the largest group of blacks ever admitted to Harvard (I often thought of us as *THE GREAT EXPERIMENT*). Harvard didn't realize it, but this was the first year that Harvard's conspicuous consumption of black students became the beginning of a new order of things.

Same Questions

Even though it was apparent and accepted that, among other, preppies and athletes clustered together at meals, there was something visibly unnerving about 25 blacks sitting at dinner in lively conversation. I, for one, felt something powerful in our visible solidarity; something which at the same time, many of the white students appeared noticeably suspicious of and uneasy about. We sensed, and unconsciously played up this new image. For the first few weeks of the conspicuous "black table" (which was later dubbed "Soul Table") in the middle of the Freshman Union, conversation dwelled on the different experiences of black students in our new setting. It seemed that all white roommates questions were more or less the same, and inanely so: "What's soul?" "Can you teach me the latest Negro dance, you guys do it so well." "What sport are you playing?" (The presumption being that to be black and at Harvard you HAD to be a spectacular athlete.)

Ignored Culture

We all laughed over lunch and dinner and were comforted in our collective disdain of all Harvard's idiosyncrasies. But as time went on our laughter became more strained and less comforting. It became less easy to countenance restraint when the white student in my class talked about the "culturally deprived" and I knew he was speaking from a misinformed perspective about ME. I became weary of saying with growing impatience: "Well, I've got a culture, too, baby, but your academicians forgot to include it in the syllabus."

Altered Identities

Many of my friends also lost their affability. A certain awareness was coming to each of us which three years' hindsight reinforces. Harvard, or at least the experience of black students there was in many ways painful since it appeared that our only reconciliation with the college environment meant, in effect, a tacit denial of our individual and collective blackness. Harvard was the world which supposedly gave to the black student a new set of garments--a new and supposedly more important identity as a Harvard man. But the garment does not change the facts of color and race. What one comes to understand is that the Harvard black should ignore these facts... even if no one else does.

While nothing about our blackness had changed Harvard, many implications of Harvard whiteness had changed us--we had come a long way to place a claim on our identities.