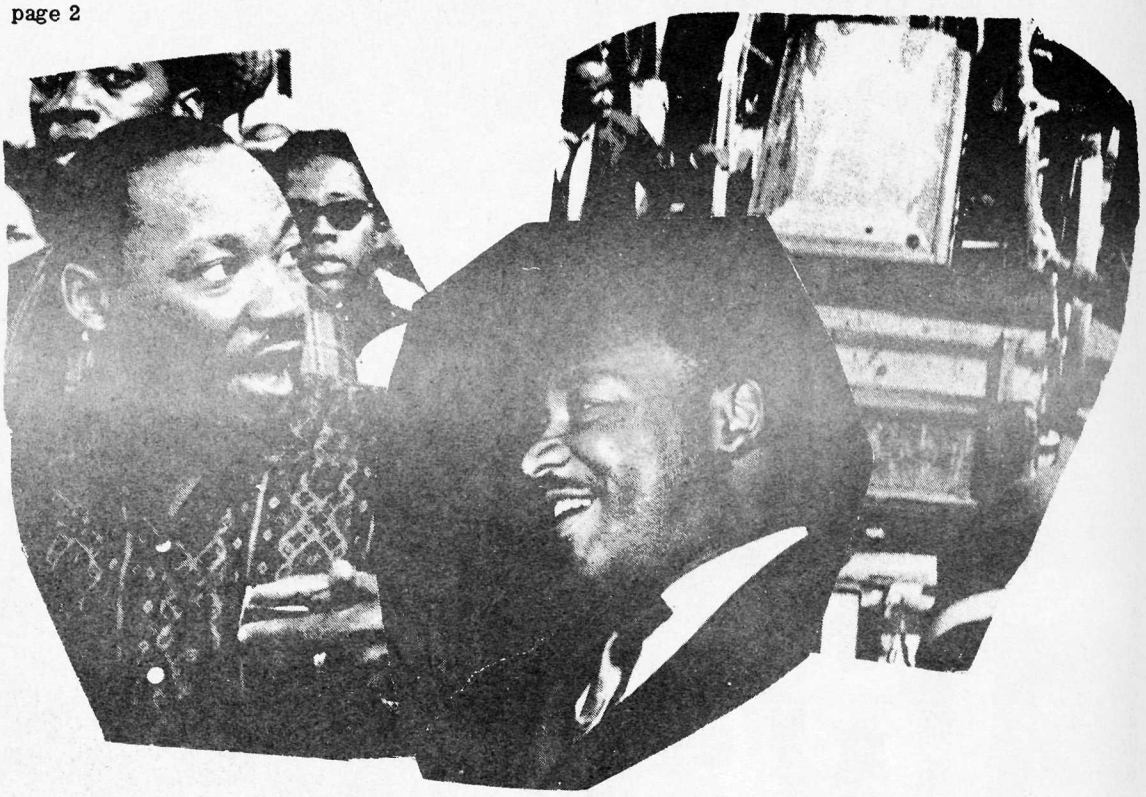
THE BLACK BOOK



"I HAVE (HAD?) A DREAM..."

"Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity.

But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize an appalling condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation s Capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check; a check which has come back marked 'insufficient funds. But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check-a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of Democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to open the doors of opportunity to all of God s children. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the

moment and to underestimate the determination of the Negro. This sweltering summer of the Negro s legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. 1963 is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the Nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our Nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, 'When will you be satisfied? We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro s basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto into a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by storms of persecution, and staggered by winds of police brutality. You have been veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to Louisiana, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to the slums and ghettos of our modern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American Dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

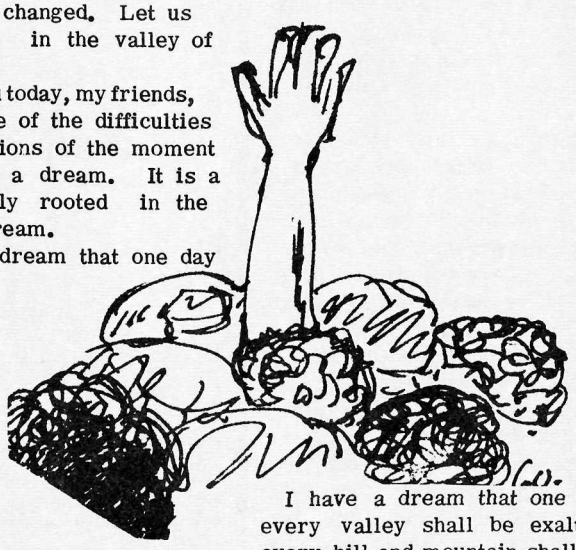
I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor·s lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.





I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plains, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

KING

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

WHY AFRO-AMERICAN WEEK ?

There are many misconceptions about the Black man in America. Things such as name: what shall he be called? is he Nigger, Negro, Black, or Colored? Things such as identity and tradition: what is he? where did he come from? what are some of the things he has done? what caused him to be put into slavery? and why has he been denied so much for so long? just what has he been denied?

The Black man in America has been here just as long as any White man, and longer than most. The Black man in America is by no means a newcomer nor are all Black men in America descended from slaves. His achievements in America and for America have been numerous. There is so little known about the Negro about the Black man in America; or to put it like it is, there is much that is so widely scattered and known by so few.

There are bits of information in certain books, portions of things that may have been thrown in the preface or introduction. There are scattered bits in magazines or newspapers. Whenever there has been an effort to unite, whenever the Black man has tried to get together to make his plight known, he has been silenced, as has anyone else who has attempted to shed light on the true hardships that the Black man has been forced to endure. When silencing was not possible the White man would somehow split the people up, causing discord from within and thereby preventing the compiling place at any one time. The extent to which the Black man is unknown is unbelievable.

We are attempting for a week to bring together information, facts and figures, about the Black man, with visual proff and voacl commentation. The combined efforts of ABC (Association of Black Collegians), UCM(United Christian Movement), the Newman Association, and various other campus organizations are attempting to bring Black awareness to the Black man and to the White world. We must create a pride in the Black man, and an understanding of Blackness in the White man. We shall attempt to put Blackness and the Black man into the mainstreams of American life where they both have truly earned their places.

As part of Afro-American Week a Soul Dinner is being held on February 21 at 6 p.m. in Quigley Faculty Lounge. This is your chance to taste real soul food! The charge is $1.50. Take out orders may be arranged by calling 336-9833. $.25 extra for delivery.

SOUL DINNER MENU
greens and chitterlings
black eyed peas
sweet potatoes
southern fried chicken
cornbread

The soul dinner will be held Friday, Feb. 21, at 6 p.m. in Quigley Faculty Lounge. Price for tickets is $1.50.

The Biafran fast will be held on Thursday evening, Feb. 20. If you signed up for this fast please do not eat dinner in your dining hall.

"TRYPTYCH"

I.
Where
in this world of pyromaniacs
are the flames
that disclose
the faces
of the dark children
who rake the streets
for crumbs?
Scraggly-fingered,
big-bellied,
cadaverous infants
of ill-fortune.

II.
Flickering lights
from doorways
walked into
time and again --
darkened wombs,
the multitude of holes
for hiding
not for finding
a home-hole --
whole-home
total peace
with eternal flames,
flickering lights
in doorways.

III.
As chants
would have it
a softly spoken word
of suppliance
to my god
Throned against
the last wall
of
that inner chamber
where
truth and falsity
begin as brothers
born unto
wide-eyed parents.

Lloyd McNeill, artist in Washinton, D.C.

LET US MOVE!

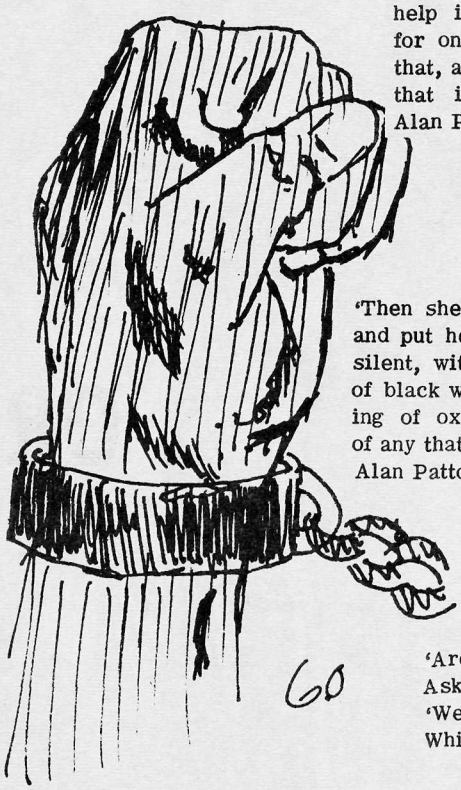
If I were to take an objective look at Allegheny College I would view it as a prospective hot-bed of prejudices. My views would be based primarily on the fact that Allegheny is a middle-class white school with only nine black students, and on the assumption that few of Allegheny s students have been in direct contact with any Blacks, other than perhaps with their maids. But I can t look objectively at Allegheny because I am a part of it and my feelings about this place are very mixed– indeed, quite complicated.

It is not enough for me to say I have found the people here to be friendly, because I have found several people who mean much more than that to me. Yet, I can t help but wonder why we have become so close. At times we have chosen to ignore the fact that we are of different races, cultures , and backgrounds. : Just pretend she s another white girl, one might tend to say, then things are just beautiful. But wouldn t everything be much more beautiful if we could see one another– really see one another for what we are and why we are. What a person is and what he believes in should matter most to us.

The other extreme leads us to stereotyping one another, as I would be wont to do in observing Allegheny objectively. All white teens who work with Head Start in their cities Black ghettos aren t social workers and all Blacks don t gobble down chittlings and black peas at the church social every other week (but some of us do). We just can t afford to stereotype one another because we are immediately limiting our ability to communicate frankly. Surely, we are adopting an attitude which is bound and determined to get us all nowhere and leave unblossomed some wonderful friendships.

Above all we must not fool ourselves into believing we are not prejudiced, especially if we have never had to make any commitments which cause our feelings to surface. Unfortunately I feel that there are some prejudices latent in individuals here. And, if their attitudes don t change, those individuals will walk around for the rest of their lives smiling their automatic, super-delux, liberal smiles until their faces fall off.

Let s do away with all our mesmeric fantasies, wipe the rosey fog from our eyes, and take a long, hard look at ourselves and others. And, when we ve looked, still looking, move.



'In the deserted harbor there is yet water that laps against the quay. In the dark and silent forest there is a leaf that falls. Behind the polished panelling the white ant eats away the wood. Nothing is ever quiet, except for fools.'
Alan Paton

'Have no doubt it is fear in the land. For what can men do when so many have grown lawless? Who can enjoy the lovely land, who can enjoy the seventy years, and the sun that pours down on the earth, when there is fear in the heart? Who can walk quietly in the shadow of the jacarandas, where their beauty is grown to danger? Who can lie peacefully abed, while the darkness holds some secret? What lovers can lie sweetly under the stars, when menace grows with the measure of their seclusion?

There are voices crying what must be done, a hundred, a thousand voices. But what do they help if one seeks for counsel, for one cries this, and one cries that, and another cries something that is neither this or that.'
Alan Paton

'Then she sat down at his table and put her head on it, and was silent, with the patient suffering of black woman, with the suffering of oxen, with the suffering of any that are mute.'
Alan Patton

'Are we at peace'
Ask those who cry?
'We are at Peace,'
Whisper those who die.
Tony Galvan

BLACK



MILITANCY

OR

BL



ACK

MATURITY?

BLACK MILITANCY

Lennis Lewis

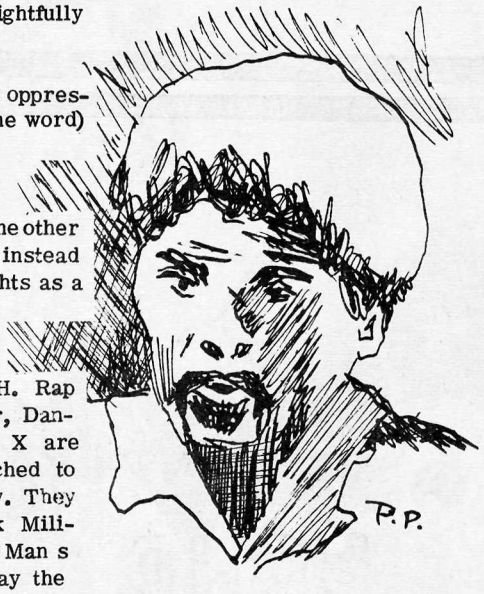
–is a Negro realizing he is black and being proud of it.

–is a Black man taking what is his.

–is the Black man s awareness of his independence; of the fact that he need not depend on the White man for what is rightfully his.

–is a Black man tired of oppression (in all senses of the word) and ready for vengence.

–is MAN tired of turning the other cheek and ready to fight instead of compromising his rights as a Man.



Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Daniel Watts, and Malcolm X are just a few names attached to the word Black Militancy. They are self-declared Black Militants, they prick the White Man s conscience and wipe away the rationalizations which cover his guilt. And because of his guilt he feels obligated to protect himself and his traditions (wrong though they may be).

Black militancy is just a modern application of the old rule–an eye for an eye. Yet Black militancy is not a new attitude. It s older than 'White Supremacy and much more understandable. It is a common misconception that the black slaves were happy on the plantations, that they loved and worshiped their masters–well Whitey look again, this time you ask about people like Marcus Garvy and Harriet Tubman. The truth is that the black sentiment (Black Militancy) was ignored or beaten down but, with today s news media complete ignorance is nearly impossible and open oppression is passe. So recognition of the Black man and recnition of the Black man by the White man and recognition of the Black man by himself was inevitable. Thus you have Black militancy. A Black man flexing his forgotten muscles against White bonds. A MAN tired.

KING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God s children will be able to sing with new meaning 'My country tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee i sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim s pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado!

Let freedom ring from the curvacious peaks of California!

But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!

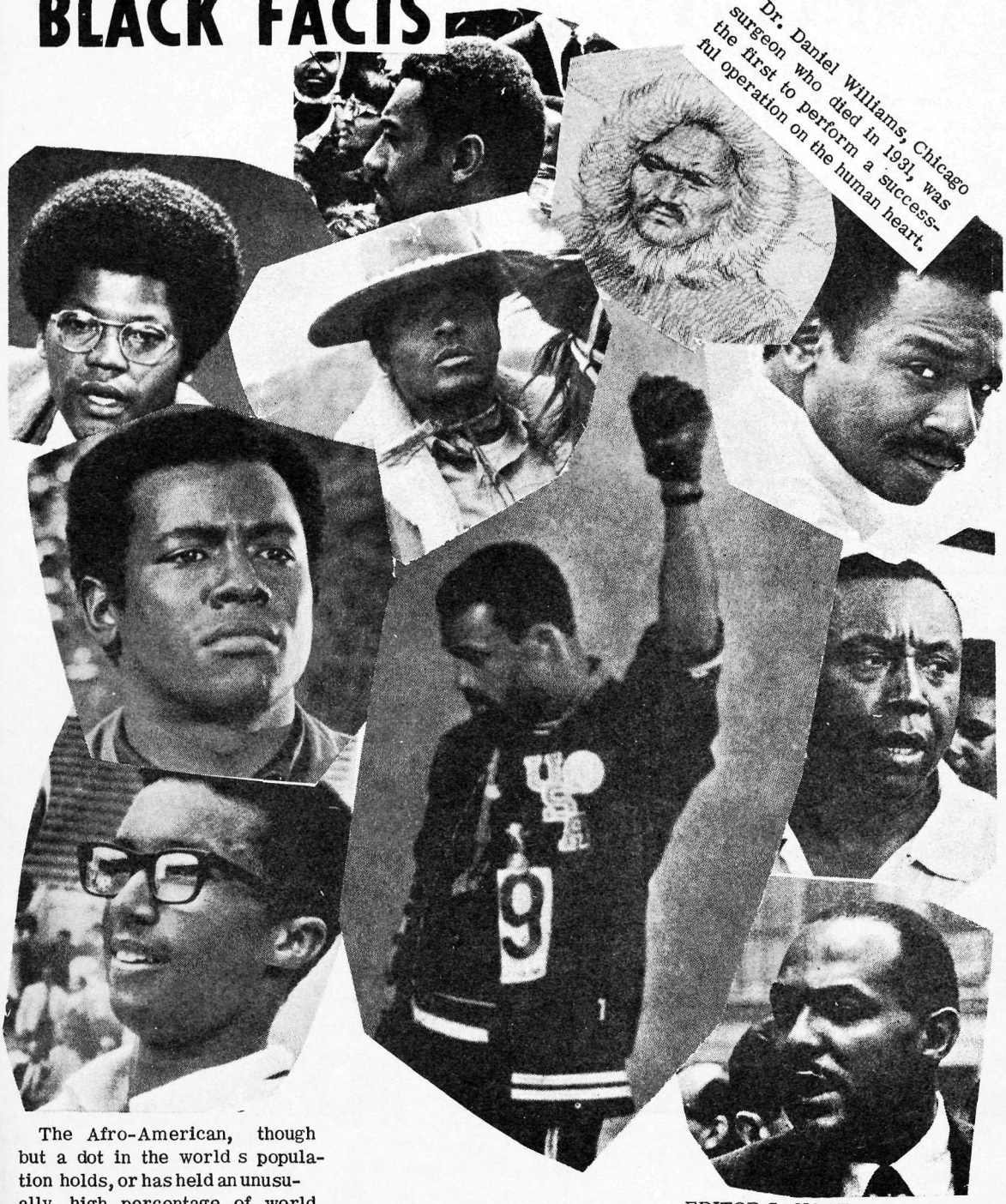
Let freedom ring from every hill and mole hill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God s children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, 'Free at last! free at last! thank God almighty, we are free at last!

Martin Luther King, Jr., Address at the March on Washington, 1963. From SCLC NEWSLETTER, I, 12 (September 1963), 5, 8.

Opening on February 9 and continuing through Afro-American Week there will be an exhibit in the College Union featuring the photography of Charles Dawson. Mr. Dawson. 25. is a resident of Newark, New Jersey. He studied photography at the New School of Social Research in New York City and is currently studing cinematography at New York University.

BLACK FACTS



Dr. Daniel Williams, Chicago surgeon who died in 1931, was the first to perform a successful operation on the human heart.

The Afro-American, though but a dot in the world s population holds, or has held an unusually high percentage of world athletic championships. There have been thirteen world boxing champions. Blacks have held ten Olympic titles. Of 12 inter-collegiate championships competed for on June 1, 1940, Blacks won eight.

Cheops, a Negro, built the Great Pyramid, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. It is 451 feet high, has 2,500,000 blocks of granite, each two and a half tons, covers 13 acres, took 100,000 men thirty years to build and was completed in 3730 B.C.

EDITOR S NOTE:

The proof of these statements can be found in 100 AMAZING FACTS ABOUT THE NEGRO, by J.A. Rogers, from which the above were taken. The editor also wishes to note that even though there are only ten Black men shown above there are thousands more worthy of recognition.

A Black Look At A White Paper

Yvonne Hobbs

After reading David Squires report on institutional racism, the concerned student, and in particular the black student is unavoidably left with a desire to reform and a sense of challenge. It is more than a little unsettling to see concrete proof of Allegheny s failure to incorporate knowledge and awareness of the black's role as an integral part of America·s culture into its academic and social curriculum.

The prevalent excuse for the lack of black content coarses is that a separate treatment of Black Culture promotes segregation and gives a distorted, incomplete picture. Courses with integrated material will reach a larger percent of the student body. But where are the integrated courses? The major responsibility of our institutions of higher learning is to prepare its students intellectually and socially for life. The student who has spent his undergrad years in a veritable Utopia - a 99% white environment, offering a curriculum that for all practical purposes shouts white supremacy - unrealistic though it may be, is decidedly at a disadvantage. There is a great possiblilty that a student will graduate detached from many of society·s problems, particularly the racial issue, simply because he has never been exposed - physically or mentally. How then will he fit into society? What will his attitudes and reactions be? For all his education, he remains socially ignorant.

The real tragedy is how this situation fits in with the overall scheme of the perpetuation of distrust, hate and misunderstanding in today s world. Allegheny with its institutionalized racism is an excellent example of just how all our pillars of civilization agitate the situation by incorporating racism into their foundations. In the same manner that these prejudiced principles and practices are entrenched in our educational system so too are they present in our churches and other organizations from which we ultimately hope to find solutions. Before you raze the ghetto, so that the underprivileged can live your ways - make sure it·s a better way. Don t build up blacks to tear them down.



'Cry, the beloved country, for the unborn child that is the inheritor of our fear. Let him not love the earth too deeply. Let him not laugh to gladly when the water runs through his fingers, nor stand too silent when the setting sun makes red the veld with fire. Let him not be too moved when the birds of his land are singing, nor give too much of his heart to a mountain or a valley. For fear will rob him of all if he gives too much.'
Alan Paton

EDITORIAL

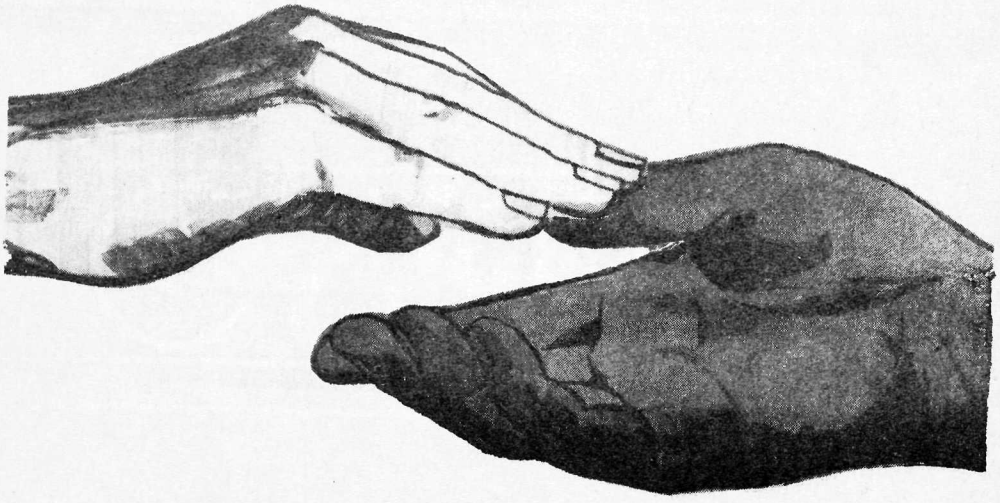
This editorial is directed mainly to its White readers because most Blacks know what I·m talking about (so do a few Whites). If you heard the Black spirituals sung at Ford Chapel (most people didn t) you would have also heard Joseph McKnight when he said, '...we better get together and Tim Hepp when he told it like it is. Finally you would have seen the few whites that were there enjoying themselves. I would be lying if I said all of them enjoyed themselves, there were a few who didn t. They appreciated it for what it was, not a show, but an attempt at communication, at understanding and that s what this entire week has been and is. A chance for White to see Black and for Black to see Black. Many have commented that every event that has been and is being presented is biased. Well my answer to that is—so what? That is what this whole week is, a presentation of one major American culture. If you don t buy that just call it reciprocation because we (Blacks) have been exposed to a biased culture for over 400 years and yet we survived. So why not open you minds and souls for the rest of this week and don t look on the coming events as just 'groovy things to do but as windows into Blackness. You ve got nothing to lose and an entire new culture to gain.

The editor of this special edition would like to thank all those responsible for this paper--
Lennis Lewis

Special Edition Committee
&
Regular CAMPUS staff

"HOLD OUT YOUR HAND

IN BROTHERHOOD-



-AND DON'T BE CONCERNED

WITH THE COLOR OF THE HAND

THAT ACCEPTS IT"

ANON

CAMPUS

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