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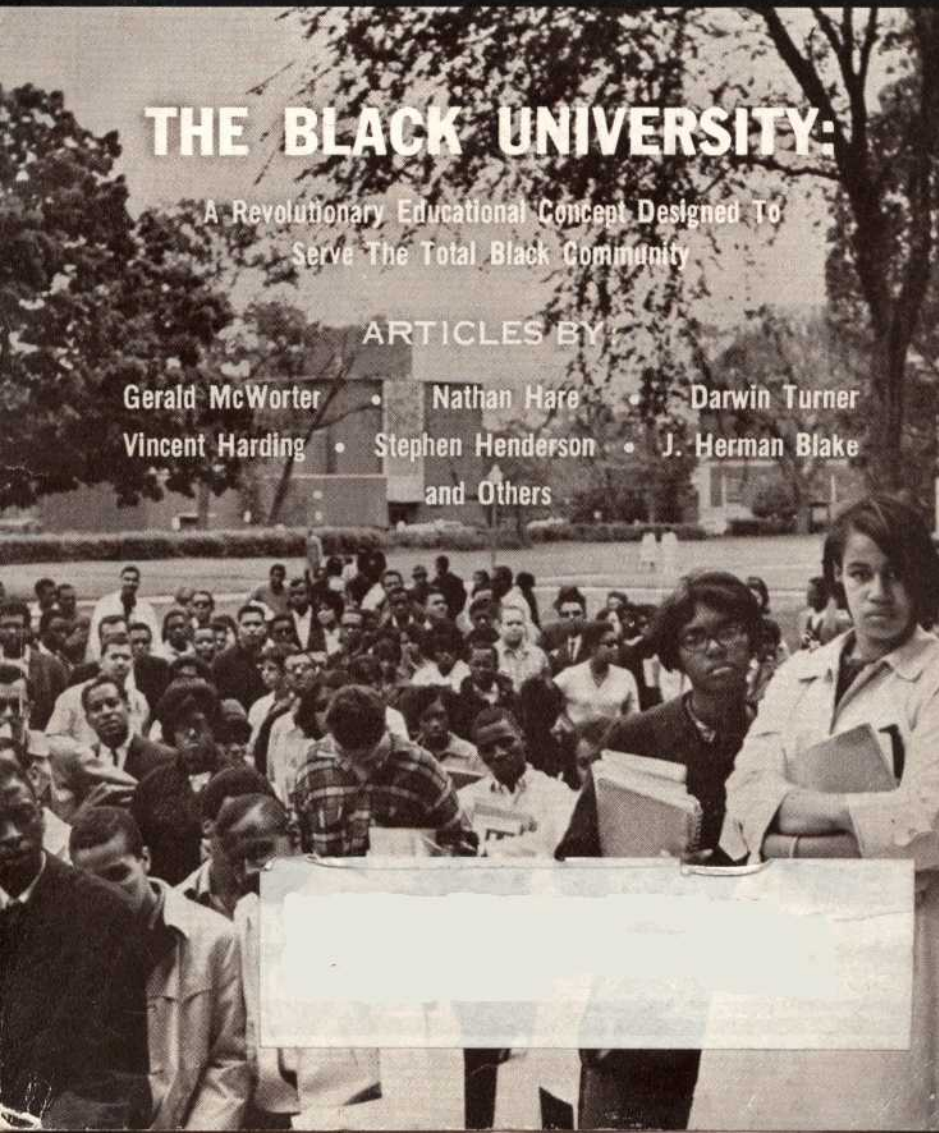
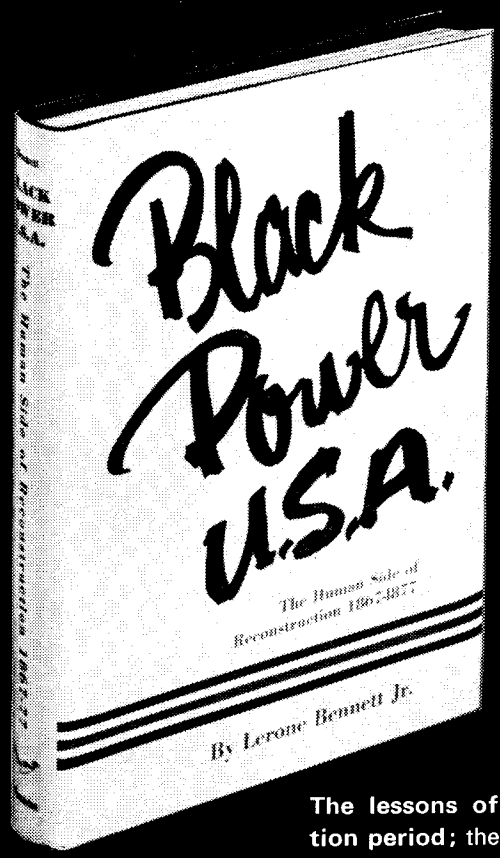


THE BLACK UNIVERSITY:

A Revolutionary Educational Concept Designed To Serve The Total Black Community

ARTICLES BY:

Gerald McWorter • Nathan Hare • Darwin Turner
Vincent Harding • Stephen Henderson • J. Herman Blake
and Others



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A Choice of Forms

BY GERALD McWORTER

". . . While we can look to the future, at best, for its full realization, it is quite possible now to suggest a structural outline that reflects the fundamental assumptions about the Black University's social and intellectual role . . ."

(See Editor's Notes, page 97)

REVOLUTIONARY change for the liberation of a people from oppressive social structures is not the special function of one course of action, but, more likely, the result of several. And while education is generally hoped to be a liberating force on men's minds and bodies, ofttimes it has been used as a debilitating tool in the interests of an oppressive society. Accordingly,

Kwame Nkrumah compares the colonial student educated for "the art of forming not a concrete environmental view of social political problems, but an abstract 'liberal' outlook," with the revolutionary student "animated by a lively national consciousness, (who) sought knowledge as an instrument of national emancipation and integrity." So it is becoming rather clear that educational institutions are vital to a liberation movement, a fact of modern times in anti-colonial movements in the Third World.

In the United States there is no question about the persistence of segregation, racism, and more subtle forms of neo-racism. As the pernicious oppression of racism is an organic part of the institutions, symbols, and values of Western industrial society, so it is firmly entrenched in the U.S.A. ("as American as apple pie"). An Afro-American liberation movement

must subvert and/or supplant such a well-entrenched social system if it is to be a real source of radical change and not a false one.

My primary task in this discussion is an ideological consideration of the role of a university in the liberation of the Afro-American community. It must be clear that this role has to deal with today's world, as well as with what ought to be. And certainly, it must include the management of whatever social change is required to move effectively from the "is" to the "ought." The university is alive for people in the world (including all of the socio-economic and political hangs-up involved), and so must meet the challenge of responding creatively to whatever needs exist now for those people. But, at the same time, it must project itself as a prophetic institution calling into question all that which is inconsistent with its highest ideals, and organizing its activities to bring about the realization of its ideals. The focus of this discussion is on what *ought* to be, *the prophetic social role of the Black University*, for therein lies the fountainhead of revolutionary liberation.

We must be reminded of this same theme as stated by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois over 50 years ago in the 1910 Niagro Movement resolutions:

> And when we call for education, we mean real education . . . Education is the development of power and ideal. We want our children trained as intelligent human beings should be, and we will fight for all time against any proposal to educate black boys and girls simply as servants and underlings, or simply for the use of other people. They have a right to know, to think, to aspire. We do not believe in violence . . . but we do believe in . . . that willingness to sacrifice money, reputation, and life itself on the altar of right.

The Booker T. Washington-Du Bois dialectical opposition is relevant here, as it is the important example of the "is" versus the "ought" concerning educational ideology for Afro-Americans. Training people to fit in where they can (think of MDTA, Job Corps, etc.) might be acceptable for short term solutions, though not as Washington thought it to be. But the educational ideology of Du Bois is our prophecy, a rationale to built a Black university—the crucible of definitive social change.

In order that the idea of the new university and the notions of how we are to achieve it as a goal will be more clearly understood, it is important to discuss briefly the current social situation. The current situation is one charged with a great deal of expectancy on the part of many Afro-Americans, an expectancy frequently expressed by the emotional connotations of a term or phrase but usually not delineated in structural or programmatic terms. But this programmatic

deficiency is not so much a shortcoming, for the exciting search for innovation and relevance is the first sign of progress. A major question, then, is what conditions give rise to this expectancy, this charged atmosphere crystallized around the term Black University?

A major trend in today's world is that, as oppressed people know that the world offers more than they have, and as they are able to get a little more of it, they also expect to get very much more. This has been called "the revolution of rising expectations." A figurative example: An Afro-American family gets a television set and enters as a spectator the world of affluent Euro-American society. It is not complicated to see that this would lead to the family wanting more than it has, much more. Just imagine how cruel it must be for poor oppressed Black people to watch the give-away quiz programs on which white people win appliances, furniture, and cars in 20 minutes or so. Then think of a scene of ghetto destruction during which people brave armed police to steal appliances, furniture, and cars in 20 minutes or so. Oppressed people see what is going on, and want 'in' in the best way they can get 'in' (yes, by any means necessary to do it right now!!).

Along with this developing desire to get more out of society there also is the increasing saliency of a nationalistic alternative to the system. The general components are militancy, self-determination, and a desire to identify with similar oppressed people throughout the world (who are *not* by accident mostly colored people). This alternative is grounded in communalism and finds its legitimacy from within Afro-America and not outside of it. Nationalism, in this context, means total concern for the community of common experience, so Afro-American Nationalism is grounded in the Black Experience. Communalism, meaning self-help cooperative efforts, is the ethic supporting the new alternative.

These two major trends cannot be viewed outside of the total context of world events, especially those events of particular relevance to the Afro-American community. The military-industrial machine of the Western powers is equally offensive and outraging in Vietnam and South Africa, in Santo Domingo and Ghana. But it seems apparent that peoples can only unite across the world in aspiring for the same universals—peace, freedom, and justice—while focusing their working activities on the social ills as manifested at home. If we are to reap a harvest of world brotherhood, then each man must first tend to his own garden. But for each garden to have its true meaning, the gardener must know his historical role and his relation-

ship with all others working for the same harvest.

The two trends are general social sources of the cry for a Black University. While everyone is more or less for such a thing as a university, for some the quality of Blackness imbues the concept with polemical emotional intensity and conceptual ambiguity (or, in extreme cases, of racism). This must be cleared up if the dialogue is to continue. In reference to a university, Blackness must mean at least three things.

First, Blackness refers to the Afro-American community as the basic focus for the University. This in no way compromises or limits its universalistic orientation or its attempts to contribute to human progress: rather, it frees it to be relevant in the face of an unmet need reflecting the woeful limit of human progress.

A second, and more controversial point, considers the limits placed on participation in the University. Blackness does not categorically exclude all white people from the University; it redefines the standards for their participation and the possibility for their involvement. In much the same way that independent African countries have attempted to redefine the possible role of the European, so in the Black University the role of the white man must be redefined and carefully placed for the maximum good of all. Some white people will be necessary for the immediate future if for no other reason than the black community's own shortage of resources. But unconditional participation will have to be ended. The participation must be based on a commitment to the goals and aspirations of the Afro-American community, and the white participant must possess the sacrificial humility necessary for one historically and socially identified with the beast of Afro-American history and the system of oppression.

Last, Blackness is an affirmation of an identity independent of the historical human evils of modern nation states, and is closely tied to the emerging international identity of man in his struggle for a better life. Consider this revelation by Brother Malcolm X when on his pilgrimage to Mecca:

> "That morning was when I first began to reappraise the 'white man.' It was when I first began to perceive that 'white man' as commonly used, means complexion only secondarily; primarily it described attitudes and actions. In America, 'white man' meant specific attitudes and actions toward the black man, and toward all other nonwhite men. But in the Muslim world, I had seen men with white complexions were more genuinely brotherly than anyone else had ever been."

The relations between people must be allowed to grow and progress without the limiting problem of the national state. Who are we? Afro-Americans, men of the world. Why

are we here? We were sent here to love. Where are we going? Toward the community of love, and if stopped we will continue "by any means necessary," because we must continue.

So much for prologue. What is the Black University idea all about? What are its goals? And what might it look like? The university focusing on the particular needs of the Afro-American community will be a center of learning. But, recognizing the alternatives noted above by Nkrumah, it must be based on an educational ideology grounded in an uncompromising goal of psychological independence from the oppressor (and his oppressive system), and as much structural independence as is necessary not only to survive in the world, but to prosper. So, education must be defined to specify these purposes as most important.

The American (U.S.A.) ethic of individualism is inclusive of both basic needs of men and the essence of a social style. All men are, to some extent, self-centered. But to build a social group process on self-centeredness is to hope for a just order through "antagonistic cooperation." The thrust of the Black University must be to overcome this subtle social warlike-state with the ethic of communalism. This means that instead of hoping for social progress through the individual merits of its students or faculty *qua* individuals, progress is to be viewed as a social process through which the community is uplifted with the aid of its contributing people. This then means that while students and faculty play a very vital role, they are co-workers alongside the equally important others, *e.g.*, the community organizer, the artist, the union organizer.

Moreover, the goal of the university must be one of service to the community. The students, faculty, and administration of the Black University must consider themselves as servants to the broader Afro-American community. Being a member of the University must be considered an honor, but more important this honor must be one involving responsibility to the total community and not simply focusing on the "I-made-it-because-I'm-smarter-than" kind of thinking. Being servants, status is not based on the academic credentials university people create for themselves; rather it is on the extent to which the total community is able to reap benefits from the service provided.

The service of the Black University must not be one transmitted through mass communication or ritualistic ceremony but through a concrete programmatic movement toward liberation. The time when the Afro-American community must be arms-length from its institutions of higher education is over.

The pimps, prostitutes, preachers, and Ph.D.'s must find a common bond to change themselves and weave an organic unity as the basis for liberation and a better life for all.

These goals must redefine two dangerously-pervasive patterns found among Afro-American faculty and students today. One of the patterns is for education to be simply a process of acclimation and adjustment to the white world. One goes to a white school to rub shoulders with *them,* "because, son, you got to make a livin' out in their world." Another pattern is the play-culture of friendship cliques and fraternity life. Whether it is mimicry of whites (think of Fort Lauderdale in the spring), or defection based on hopelessness, we must find the recipe for a revolutionary discipline consistent with our desire for immediate radical change. A free man is also (and must be) a responsible man, and so must Afro-American students and faculty be responsible to themselves by being responsible to the Black community.

The values of the Black University must support the liberation movement of Afro-Americans, oppressed people around the world, and all that prevents man from leading the good life. We must find a synthesis of efficient reason and purposive compassion. The value placed on scientific methods must be joined by an equally important value placed on empathy, *i.e.,* scientific detachment must be limited to method and technique, complemented with involvement and commitment. The students and faculty must be evangelical in their social roles and give new meaning to being a missionary for freedom. And finally, the Black University must impart to all who are associated with it the strength to be alone. The struggle against ignorance, just as with the struggle of power, is one within which the forces of good are often small in number and sparsely placed. An Afro-American of the Black University must have inner strength, positive historical identity, and a vision of the good, for only in having these traits will he be able to stand up in a world dominated by evil and be secure even in being alone.

Among its many functions, the university is most concerned with knowledge, both the accumulated information and insights of human history and the vision and process of new discovery. And it is knowledge about Afro-Americans that is most lacking, or biased and wrong, in all these respects. The Black University is based on the fundamental assumption that the Afro-American community is, in E. Franklin Frazier's words, "a little social world," a human universe heretofore misused or ignored by higher education. Consider these autobiographical comments by Dr. Du Bois:

> "When I went South to Fisk, I became a member of a closed

racial group with rites and loyalties, with a history and a corporate future, with an art and philosophy.

Into this world I leapt with provincial enthusiasm. A new loyalty and allegiance replaced my Americanism: henceforth I was a Negro."

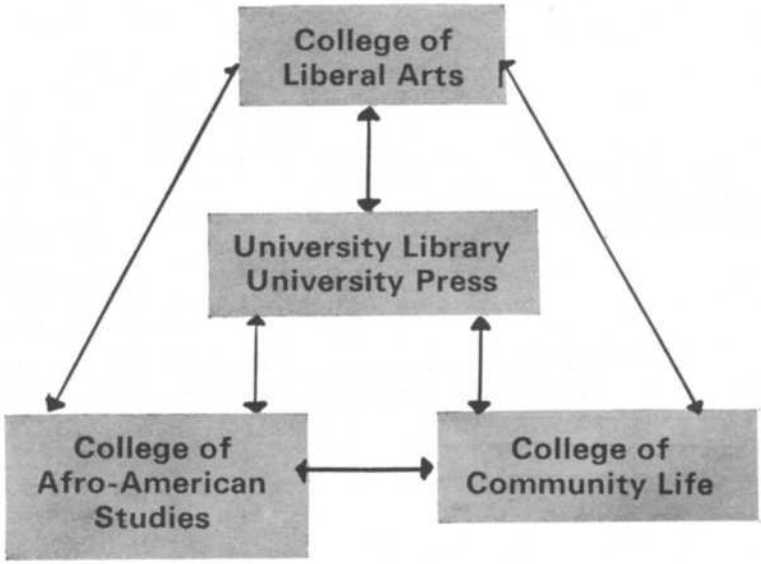
The Black University must respond creatively to just these realities which were true for Du Bois in 1880, and equally true for this author in the 1960's.

The knowledge of Afro-Americans, just as with Africa, is yet to be fully reclaimed. With the full scope of University activities (research, teaching, *etc.*), revision is needed to secure for colored peoples of the world their proper place in human history. This revision of educational materials is a process as much political as it is scholarly. With scholarly work a text of U.S.A. history can be written, but only with political influence will it be made available by getting it published, placed in a library, or adopted as recommended reading. However, in the present it would be foolish to think of throwing everything aside. Revision of *what is* must be a thorough job of systematic and rigorous scholarship backed by the concerted political efforts of Afro-American students, faculty, and the entire community.

But more important (and more difficult), there is a need to find new styles of scholarship, new forms of knowledge, new ways of knowing. These new developments must be consistent with what is to be known, and have utility for the liberation movement. There must be research on all aspects of the Black Experience, research necessarily not limited to traditional scholarly disciplines, but open to the demands of the subject. For example, the "Blues" component of Afro-American culture demands a historian, musicologist, literary historian, sociologist, *etc.* The soul of a people must be reflected in the results of the research as well as the life style of the Black University. We must be in search of the "funky" sociologist, the "soulful" political scientist, and the University president who can "get down."

These are some of the necessary ingredients of a Black University. And while we can, at best, look to the future for its full realization, it is quite possible now to suggest a structural outline that reflects these fundamental assumptions about its social and intellectual role. The diagram (on page 12) suggests three related colleges concerned with distinct areas, though bound together in the idea of the University. Each would be organized around research, teaching, and practice. For every part of the University community there would be

THE BLACK UNIVERSITY:
An Unfinished Design



1. Centers for International Study (Asia, Africa, Latin America)
2. International Conference Center

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an advisory board of community representatives from all walks of life, with the task of providing policy suggestions and guidelines. This would insure the community of ties to the specific parts of the University.

As one enters the University he will be faced with a variety of degree programs and alternative courses of study. It is quite clear that the standard four-year college degree meets only a partial need for the Afro-American community. But even the student entering the College of Liberal Arts would have to work at least a year in one or more of the other two colleges in order to meet the requirements for graduation. The general principle

might well be that, to meet the needs of today, the new programs will have to take less time; but those set up to meet the needs of tomorrow will have to take more time.

As a national institution engaged in activities found nowhere else, the component colleges of the Black University would be of great service to a wide variety of groups. Service professionals working with Afro-Americans face a challenge supported by sparse research and little experience. The College of Afro-American Studies, being a center of innovation and discovery concerning these problems, will conduct special courses and training programs so that students can supplement their training and experience with a concentrated program. There is a desperate need for social workers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, psychiatrists, *etc.* And the same kind of function is planned for the entire University.

There also must be connected with such a University a set of centers of International Study. They will be small centers specializing in specific areas in order that, together, they might constitute an international program without superficially missing the peculiar character of each part of the world. In addition, no such University could hope to function without an international conference center available to the University community, and accommodating other activities consistent with the aims and purpose of the University community and liberation movement. Afro-Americans are moving onto the international scene and so must have at their disposal a center where such meetings can be held.

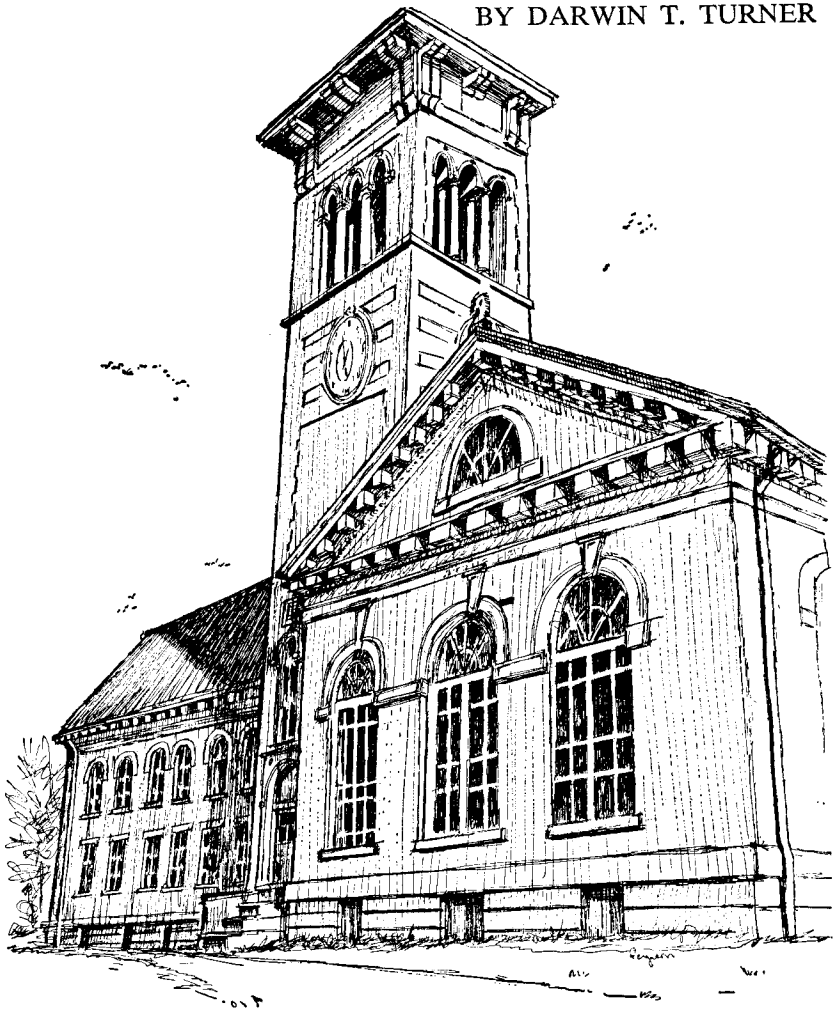
As stated at the beginning of this discussion, there is no panacea for the Afro-American liberation movement, just as there can and will be no monolithic organizational structure. But there can be operational unity around such concepts as the Black University. The first step in moving toward this operational unity, moving toward the Black University, is to begin a creative and honest dialogue among Afro-Americans. But more than that, we need small bands of people in positions to act, to make steps, to be daring enough to risk failure (or worse, irrelevance). It will only be when these ideas can be referred to in concrete terms that definitive statements can be made, and the concrete reality of the Black University must begin today.

One last thought. The Afro-American community does not possess unlimited resources with which to carry on experiment after experiment. Each of us who can contribute to the Black University must ask himself what he is doing for it, what he is doing for this kind of operational unity. I am calling for all of the brothers and sisters in "other" colleges and university settings to come on home. And to those at home, let us get this thing together!!

Problems, Prospects, and Proposals

The Black University: A Practical Approach

BY DARWIN T. TURNER



A distinguished young educator from a leading black college offers a possible pattern for a Black University which "should be the kind of institution best designed to provide adequate opportunity for black teachers and students to develop their capabilities fully, to serve the black community effectively, to gain pride in and knowledge of their heritage and themselves . . ."

MOST REFORM ends in revolution. Perhaps that will be the inevitable result in any effort to reform higher education for Negroes in the United States. Nevertheless, before proposing the revolutionary step of establishing a new institution—a black university—I wish to suggest ways of achieving the desired improvement within the present structure of higher education.

For fear that the very discussion of this issue may seem to provide substance for those hostile critics who argue that Negroes are peculiar creatures always demanding or needing special attention, I must point out that the need for reform is not limited to the education of Negroes. Higher education in the United States needs attention. It is a mongrel conceived from the forced wedding of the European ideal of educating the *élite* to the United States ideal of educating the masses. Students complain about their loss of identity, their isolation from professors, their inability to receive respect as young adults, and their subjection to antiquated or absurd academic regulations, courses, and materials. Teachers complain about the disinterest of students and about the overemphasis on athletics, grants, and research. Administrators complain about the continuous complaining by students and teachers.

Although Negroes share in these characteristic and perennial problems of higher education, Negroes experience additional problems both in the "integrated" colleges and in the "predominantly Negro" colleges.

The Negro teacher in an integrated institution knows that he exists as a visible symbol of liberal attitudes and practices of brotherhood. If he is one in a million, he may become the chairman of his department. (Or who is there besides John Hope Franklin?) If he is especially astute in his studies of Negroes, he may aspire to be a Kenneth B. Clark. Most often, however, he rises to the lowly post of assistant or associate professor, and squirms there; the channels to prominence are dammed for him even though his intelligence and training may surpass those of men who rise beyond his rank.

If he works in a predominantly

Negro college, he, generally, must live in the South. Professionally, his growth is restricted by the cultural isolation, the poverty, and the apathy frequently characteristic of such institutions. Because he may become a professor, a dean, or even a president, he may earn more money than he would in an integrated institution. Psychologically, however, he struggles to maintain self-respect when professional friends accuse him of martyrdom or worse. Even though the quality of instruction in individual classes may equal that observed in any college in the country, widely publicized reports by white men have proclaimed the innate inferiority of such institutions. Thus, as long as he remains attached to a predominantly Negro college, he too is adjudged inferior or, at best, an exception, a small-sized frog in a muddy cesspool.

It is no wonder that, vacillating between such harsh alternatives, Negro educators frequently dream of a black university in which they might rise to a level ordained by their talents and ambition while commanding the professional respect accorded to teachers at prestige institutions.

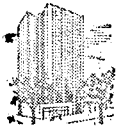
Similarly, sensitive Negro students feel repressed. In integrated institutions, prospects are brighter for them than for Negro teachers. They may be elected to such exalted positions as homecoming queen or president of a club or even a class. The only requirement is that they be exceptional in intelligence, athletic ability, charm, or beauty, or that the school be campaigning to prove its liberality. If they are average or enroll during the wrong year, they drop into obscurity, where they remain far more hidden than are white classmates of equal talent. Regardless of their prominence, they experience restrictions in social life. Academically, some suffer from the prejudice of instructors who believe Negroes incapable of swimming above "C" level. Still others, intelligent students, may suspect that they are being crippled by condescending tolerance. Their answers are accepted too easily; their mistakes are forgiven too quickly. They fear that they are being hurried along, with good grades, by teachers willing to evaluate Negroes on lowered standards because, after graduation, the Negroes will disappear into their own world where their ignorance will neither injure nor threaten the white world. Furthermore, whether talented or average, these students will be taught very little about the worthy achievements of other Negroes.

As students in a predominantly Negro college, they may achieve more local prominence as individuals, but they have read the studies which advise them and the world that their education is inferior. This knowledge creates double dangers. First, although they resent the situation which labels them inferior by association, they subconsciously

come to accept the judgment. Consequently, they fail to drive themselves as industriously as they would in integrated institutions; and, too frequently, they protest against the teachers who demand college-level work from them. Second, because they lack first-hand knowledge of integrated colleges, they assume that each weakness which they observe must be unique to predominantly Negro colleges and must be further evidence of the inferiority of such institutions.

Like Negro teachers, they want to be part of an institution which will afford the opportunity to develop their talents and the prestige merited by their achievements.

Let us, therefore, dream of the ideal institution—one which will give growth to Negro teachers and students alike. It is, I repeat, one which can be developed within the current framework of higher education—if it is to be developed at all.



ENDOWMENT

A university must have money. Good teachers and good administrators—whether white or black—go where salaries will buy all the necessities and, hopefully, some of the luxuries. Money is needed for classroom buildings, dormitories, staff, equipment, and supplies.

Predominantly Negro colleges have lacked money. They have depended upon state legislators, churches, generous patrons, alumni, and students. Except in California, legislators spend money for education as grudgingly as a temperance worker gives alcoholics money for liquor. Generally, one state-supported university is favored. The rest beg. The least successful beggars have been the predominantly Negro colleges, which have lacked alumni who, seated in Southern legislatures, might trade votes for dollars. More limited in funds, churches frequently have doled their allotments with the prayer that sacrifice and dedication might substitute for cash. Donors—both individuals and foundations—have been generous at times. But, planning a black university, one cannot afford to forget that the majority of philanthropic supporters of Negroes' higher education are white. Negro alumni have contributed; but, deficient in both number and wealth, they generally have been unable to provide more than a few scholarships and some spending change. Tuition has been an important source of revenue, but it is a troublesome source. Raise tuition too high; fewer students attend. Increase the number of students; additional money is needed for teachers, equipment, supplies, and facilities. Furthermore, the quality of the student too frequently is lowered when additional quantity is sought.

An obvious method to use to secure the necessary money would be an appeal to the Negro populace to support a worthy cause. An average contribution of one dollar for every Negro in the United States would furnish working capital—sixteen or seventeen million dollars. But will enough Negroes contribute sufficiently generously to a single university? I fear, pessimistically, that this ideal institution must continue to depend partially upon contributions from white patrons—federal or private—who traditionally weaken in generosity as a Negro institution gains in affluence.

Of course, in a black state or a black nation, it would be possible to secure sufficient money by a minimal tax. But I must make clear that I am not considering a black state or nation on the continent of North America. Although I would be happy to be part of a nation where a black man might be elected president in 1968, I do not judge such a nation to be practicable in North America, where it would begin 300 years behind the other countries, where its creation would require uprooting settled people, and where its existence might depend upon "conscience-contributions" from people notoriously untroubled by conscience when comfort and cash are at stake.

No. I must discuss the possibilities of an ideal institution for Negroes within the United States. To secure sufficient money, such an institution must discover a way to tap the pocketbooks of moneyed Negroes as no other Negro cause has succeeded in doing. All methods must be used—collections in churches, dances by fraternal organizations, door to door soliciting, telephone and mail canvassing, raffles. And the solicitors must have substantial arguments to offset the prejudice against higher education, the disinterest in national causes, and the suspicion of solicitors.

CURRICULA

In considering second the question of what the Negro student should learn, I am merely giving high priority to the complaint of Negro students that they learn too little about themselves and about ways to improve their community. Although I admit the justice of the charge, I cannot blame anyone except Negro faculty members—myself included. Unimaginatively, we, like thousands of white educators, have reproduced for our students the same education which we received. We have wanted our students to possess the kind of knowledge respected by the semi-integrated society which will surround them after graduation. But we have failed to realize sufficiently the need to provide them with ad-

ditional knowledge required for the segregated society, the black society, the little circle inside of—and ignored by—the large circle.

We can blame ourselves. Nothing—to my knowledge—prevents predominantly Negro colleges from offering any course that is desired. I am fully aware that some Southern legislators or governors have applied pressure to some Negro college presidents in an effort to curb demonstrations. I know also that some Negro college presidents have succumbed to such pressure or, timidly, have restricted student activity in anticipation of such pressure. Certainly, having taught in North Carolina for nine years, I know how legislators may try to restrict freedom of speech. Fearful of Communism, the legislature of North Carolina banned from appearance on campuses any acknowledged communist or anyone who had pleaded the fifth amendment. Educators in North Carolina understood, however, that this law was not aimed at the predominantly Negro colleges. The white legislators scarcely knew nor cared who spoke to the Negro students. The legislators and their constituents concerned themselves with the speakers who came to the campuses of the large state-supported universities.

I do not know any instance in which a state official has opposed an attempt to introduce any racially-oriented course at a predominantly Negro college. Of course, I have no primary knowledge of what happens in education in Mississippi or Alabama, those bastions of Confederate racism. I do know teachers in those states, however, and have no reason to believe that courses have been denied.

The fact is that Negro educators —and I must include myself— have not conceived courses oriented to the Negro. Aside from the history of the Negro in America, a course in literature by Negro American writers, and possibly a course or two in sociology including a discussion of the problems of minority groups, few educators have proposed courses studying the achievements of black men. I know no course in the history of art or music of Negroes, no history of education which includes a study of predominantly Negro segregated public schools and colleges, no linguistics course which analyzes the so-called Negro dialect. There should be sociology courses analyzing the structure of the Negro community, business courses describing methods of organizing co-operative community businesses, more courses concentrated on practices in small businesses.

These courses are desirable, can be established, and must be established, even at the predominantly Negro colleges as currently structured. The irony is that they may be established first and, condescendingly, at predominantly white institutions.

This new information, however, cannot be substituted for other more traditional knowledge. It must be additional. I hesitate to use the term "supplementary" only because some readers may assume that I regard it as less important. To the contrary, it is significant. However, if the Negro student is provided only with knowledge about Negroes, then his education will be as restricted as it has been in the past. His vision, true, will be black instead of white. But the revisers of the curriculum will be guilty of the same color-blindness and narrow vision for which they condemn the planners of the present curriculum.

RESEARCH

Despite the extravagances committed in its name, research is the consort of good teaching. A teacher must have information about his subject. Before significant changes can be made in curricula for Negro students, considerable research will be needed. For, shamefully, facts about Negroes are not known or have been gathered by white researchers, too frequently in quickly published studies where a limited sampling was used to substantiate a pre-conceived generalization about an entire population. Just as predominantly Negro colleges have been compared, unfavorably, with the ideal of a college or with the prestige institutions rather than with predominantly white colleges of comparable size and endowment, so Negroes as individuals and groups have been evaluated against the ideal rather than judged in comparison with white peers of similar economic, educational, and social background.

New research is needed; extensive research is needed. There are Negroes qualified to perform such research. But ways must be devised to provide researchers with the time needed and to persuade foundations to trust Negro researchers to conduct scholarly studies of Negroes. Without such research, the new courses cannot be offered, for it is better to teach nothing than to teach something which is known to be merely a guess.

PUBLISHING

The Black University needs to publish the research of its scholars. Today, white publishers respect research into problems of Negroes primarily when it is conducted by white men. A Negro scholar—

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Faculty, Curriculum, Research . . .

BY STEPHEN E. HENDERSON

". . . That the change will *come is obvious to all but the blind and the deaf, who really have no business at all in the crucial task of educating this new black generation who well may be our last hope for sanity and decency in this country . . ."*

AS I SEE IT, the Black University may exist in the following forms: (1) as a new institution; (2) as an institution already existing in toto; and (3) as an institution already existing in part, both physically and intellectually. Now, it strikes me that the first choice, for practical men, is unrealistic and wasteful since the need is immediate and the founding and supporting of a strong institution so costly and time-consuming that it would unduly diffuse the already too meager financial and professional resources of the black community. Can we turn, then, to a Black University which already exists in toto? The question, of course is rhetorical, for if *one* such institution existed, there would be no need for a discussion of the desirability of such an institution. This, consequently, leaves us with the third possibility: an institution already existing in part, physically and intellectually.

It appears to me that, although the Black University does not at present exist anywhere in toto, it does exist in part in that residue of blackness—social, cultural, and philosophical—which is found in the so-called predominantly Negro colleges; or to use another circumlocution, in the historically Negro colleges. The problem becomes, then, a matter of modifying some one or more of these institutions. Personally, I have no doubt that such modification is necessary; indeed, it seems to me inevitable. Some, perhaps many, of these schools will survive with relatively little change; others will perish, either absorbed into their various state budgets, or through

consolidation, or through absorption into the cloudy American "mainstream." Strangely enough, this last-named fate seems to be eagerly anticipated by many institutions which, with few exceptions, have sizeable white numbers in their faculties but virtually no white students in their enrollment. Riesman and Jencks have already analyzed this phenomenon, so I am content to observe that schools are for the education of students, not for the employment of teachers. Once we accept that simple fact, the pathetic absurdity of calling our schools "predominantly Negro" becomes altogether too clear. It indicates a curious ambivalence which is characteristic of all of our relationships with the rest of the country. We say "predominantly Negro," meaning, perhaps, that this is a temporary situation, that what we really want is to be "integrated," *i.e.,* to be a minority—*in our own schools.* Why? Is it that we doubt our own capacity to give *our children* a quality education, or even to raise our children at all? That same ambivalence lurks behind the whole thrust of the recent Civil Rights movement. Another aspect of this ambivalence is perhaps the secret wish to retain the schools as "predominantly Negro," *i.e,* to retain power and control and decision-making in our own hands. If that is what we mean, then why do we apologize for it? God knows it's natural enough, and it's a salutary development to see, as a practical expression of Black Consciousness, that parents and teachers and pupils in Northern urban high schools are demanding just that kind of control.

If such a desire is natural, then why do the Negro colleges equivocate? I submit that they do so out of confusion or out of fear—confusion as to their role in a society marked by constant crisis, confusion as to the nature of the changes taking place in that society; fear of offending their white supporters and faculty, and fear of re-evaluating the premises on which the institutions themselves are predicated.

By nature of the problem to which I address myself, the schools which best illustrate this anxiety are our so-called liberal arts colleges. They represent the heart of the problem since their ultimate function is to shape the student's mind and soul in such a way that he can perform most efficiently and happily in his world. Glancing at random through statements of institutional purpose of many of the schools, one discovers quite soon that the purpose actually, if stated in fashionable language, is to help the student discover his identity through acquainting him with the history, the culture, and the forms of belief of Western civilization. Even this limited aim has never been carried out on any large scale. And it hasn't been done chiefly because, as educators, we took the

passive role and assumed that the experience of blackness is irrelevant to Western history and civilization and hence to our students' (and our own) search for identity. *The single revolutionary concept that has emerged in recent years is that the black experience is not only relevant in such a search, it is fundamental and crucial.* One might almost call it archetypal, for from it can be derived not only America's quest for selfhood but, indeed,—since the black experience is also the type of the colonial experience and reaction to it—the whole modern experience of Europe as well. How absurd it is, then, to assume, as some critics do, that a Black University would exist in a vacuum, when the question of identity—the question of blackness—is more than a matter of pigmentation, when it is ultimately a moral and philosophical position.

In other words, one finally *wills* to be black. This is what the fuss is all about—Albert Cleage, Adam Powell, Walter White, Frank Silvera, *willed* in varying degrees to be black. My firm belief is that, by willing to be black in that philosophical sense, our schools can make a greater contribution to our personal well-being and to the world at large than by any other means that I can presently see.

What does this will-to-blackness entail?

It entails a certain double vision —not the double vision of Du Bois,* but a shift in perspective, in which one looks inward (into himself and the group) and sees outward with sharper *in*sight; in which one looks backward (into his history and his cultural roots) and discovers that he is looking forward. It is like looking backward in time though one is looking forward in space through a telescope. If through this process one discovered God in the actual act of creation (and with a new physics we might), one's knowledge would be complete. Vaughan, the poet said, "There is in God, they say, a deep and dazzling darkness." And it is for the reason of this liberating God within us that we must confront our blackness. Immediately we must confront it, because we have to no inconsiderable extent Africanized this country. That time it was unconscious and passive. This time it must be otherwise, for unless the values inherent in "Soul" and "Negritude" are made to prevail in this country, we may yet find ourselves at Armageddon, across the seas, in our skies, and in our own city streets.

Assuming then my estimate of the importance of the Black University to be valid, I shall briefly discuss what seems to me the feasibility of such an institution.

* *Souls of Black Folk*

First, if black college presidents *willed* to be black the problem would be very much simpler (though by no means simple), for to some extent philosophical blackness, or Soul, exists in all of our institutions—if not in individual courses, then in faculty or students. Our immediate problem, thus, is to bring this blackness, as it were, to a saturation point. This means conscious reorganization and concentration of human and other resources, preferably, as I see it, in several regional centers which already exist: in the Baltimore-D. C. area; in the Norfolk area; in the Durham-Greensboro area; in the Nashville area, in the Atlanta area; in the Tallahassee area; in the New Orleans area, and in the Houston area. Depending on the degree of cooperation, they would become centers of Black Consciousness or units of a single *de facto* supra-institutional Black University.

The simplest thing to do, of course, would be for college presidents to recognize the schizophrenia implicit in being "predominantly Negro" and simply declare themselves to be black people, working especially for the good of black people, though excluding no one because of color or ethnic origin, their mission being to capitalize on the unique importance of the black experience to this country and to the world. If we were honest with ourselves, and if national spokesmen for cultural pluralism were serious, then presidents would have no fear of losing financial and moral support. Indeed, the Federal Government and private industry in such a case should have no qualms at all about paying some interest on that great invisible national debt, the vast backlog of salary which they owe us for almost 400 years of economic exploitation.

But this is too much to hope for, and too naïve, since recent pronouncements by some of our presidents indicate their determination to die the white death, while others indicate an unfortunate confusion of a personal revulsion for extremes of pigmentation with the legitimate concern which black students have with the ultimate purpose of liberal education—freedom through self-knowledge. The recourse, then, must lie in the will-to-blackness of the faculty and the students. When this will becomes strong enough, when it becomes *informed,* in all senses of the word, with SOUL, when it reaches the saturation point (or better still, when it reaches critical mass), it will demand institutional restructuring—in faculty, in general resources, and in *acknowledged* aims. Some of these changes may take place comparatively rapidly and thoroughly in a few strategic institutions; in others they may not occur at all. In some, to pursue a figure, the energy will be harnessed for the good of all; in others, the result may well be destructive social explosion. That the resist-

ance is formidable is obvious to anyone who reads the newspapers. That the change *will* come is equally obvious to all but the blind and the deaf, who really have no business at all in the crucial task of educating this new black generation who well may be our last hope for sanity and decency in this country.

Some of the changes I speak of may occur through the following structures: 1. Regional organization; 2. Shared resources; 3. Systematic and continual faculty and student exchange, and 4. Black humanists and "Specialists in Blackness.

By regional organization, I mean several things. The first is the establishment of honest and creative relationships with non-academic black intellectual communities. I mean the establishment of new and respectable relationships with the black non-intellectual communities. I mean the establishment of genuine lines of communication between academic institutions in the same region, that is, exchange below the administrative level. This type of organization is admittedly difficult, but models do exist. The Atlanta University center is moving in this direction.

From this type of regional reorganization could come more concrete objectives, shared resources, both general and human. Let us take an example of each. First, the general. By this I mean non-human resources such as library holdings, art collections, and the like. I submit that the average black student has no real notion of the richness of the Fisk Negroana collection, or the Howard library, or the Atlanta University Negro collections of books, manuscripts, and paintings. Fewer students still know anything of the Schomberg Collection, and honesty compels me to say that altogether too few professors know very much about these collections. Whose fault is it? Our own. But fortunately, structures already exist which could make it possible for even the smallest, the poorest, Negro college to will itself to a saving state of blackness, as I have suggested its contours above.

If a panel of artists and critics comparable to the one which set up the recent exhibit of Afro-American painting at City College (New York) could cull the best and the most representative examples of African and Afro-American art which our colleges possess, it should be a relatively simple matter to make slides and reproductions available at a nominal fee even to these colleges. Both, it seems to me, lie within the possibility of a Title III grant. Manuscript material and other comparatively rare items could be made available on microfilm, with provisions made for print-outs. This is just an obvious example. A more thorough going proposition would be the es-

tablishment of an information retrieval system connected with the regional resources of our best schools, and even with the special resources of the nation's largest graduate schools. (I see the irony in this latter statement, but what do you do at a Black University, if someone else has your ancestral artifacts—raid the British Museum?) Ultimately, the purpose of such a system would be to stimulate students and faculty alike to visit the institutions where the originals exist.

This brings us to the next point, human resources. These resources are, naturally, faculty and students. The problem, of course, is to get them together on a meaningful basis across institutional lines. Now, some few students and faculty might be stimulated enough, or may have the financial resources, to visit schools with special library or art holdings, but this is not enough. What is needed, it seems to me, is some plan whereby a continual interchange of ideas and opinions may be insured on a personal, face-to-face basis. This can be done by a system of student exchange between centers of Blackness and Negro colleges. Oddly enough, a good deal of this was done a few years ago, only the exchange was, in effect, between centers of Whiteness and Negro colleges. (I remember a boy from the Mid-west who left after a few days on my campus, suffering, I was told, from "culture shock.") Obviously, such a system can work only if the administration of the Negro school is sympathetic, or apathetic. It remains for students and faculty to *will* the change, to create the structure. At any rate, the visits could last anywhere from a week-end to a semester, depending on the academic standards of the institution and other such sticky business.

A visitation period of a semester would presuppose that the student would find something worth his time in one of the regional Black Centers. What he should find is a group of gifted Black humanists who have assembled, or have been assembled, at a center for the express purposes of the Black University as stated above. Presumably, at first, there wouldn't be enough of these people to staff all of the schools which may require them. Presumably, some of the schools may not be able to afford to pay them. (And one couldn't expect them to starve; black starvation is still starvation, no matter how soulful.) Still it would be possible (especially for the politically aggressive and the academically and artistically talented) for a sizeable number of students, no matter how poor, to be brought into dialogue with this group of dedicated and gifted teachers. The student might even spend time in two or more such situations, obtaining the kind of experience

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Social Change in the Sixties

THE BLACK UNIVERSITY and ITS COMMUNITY

BY J. HERMAN BLAKE

IN ORDER to become a viable institution and to make a meaningful contribution to the black community, the Black University must be cognizant of the varied and complex developments among black people. These developments should become an explicit part of course offerings in an effort to develop a philosophy and ideology which will permit us to analyze and evaluate social change in the black community from a perspective of blackness.

The decade of the 1960's will certainly go down in history as one in which major contradictory trends developed in black communities across the nation. This is the decade that has seen black people achieve higher political offices than ever before. Two of the nation's major cities have elected black men

Contradictions: While poverty breeds alienation and a fresh anger . . .

as mayors, another black man was elected as Senator from a New England state, a black man sits on the cabinet of the President, and another black man sits on the Supreme Court. All of these are dramatic and significant "firsts" for black people in the Sixties and they portend further changes.

With these developments have come other phenomena which indicate the perplexing and troubled situation within black communities, for this is also the first decade to see major urban insurrection for four consecutive summers, with the most recent outbursts far more severe than any previous ones. This is the decade that has seen more and more black militants take up the philosophy of self-defense when attacked, viewing violent action as an effective approach to black dignity and manhood. This is the decade that has seen more and more black youth refusing to serve in the Armed Forces of the United States on the grounds that the nation is engaged in a program of genocide against black people in other lands, and within its own confines the nation is also practicing genocide against blacks. These contradictory trends amongst black people in America—on the one hand some black men getting more rewards for participating in the system, and on the other hand black men refusing to participate regardless of the rewards—must be taken into consideration by a Black University, for the contradiction requires some resolution.

In this paper we shall review several recent and major demographic

. . . a minority within the minority moves deeper into the middle class.

trends in the black community to shed some light upon some of the underlying variables in this perplexing situation. There are a variety of ways in which these changes can be analyzed, but we choose to focus upon two general approaches: (1) where we were at the beginning of the decade, or an earlier point, as compared to where we are now; and (2) the relative changes in the black and white communities, and where these changes leave us in relation to those who so utterly fail to understand our condition. The varieties of variables that one might select, the different statistical measures that might be applied, and the different base populations, or starting points, make it easy to prove any point one wishes to prove about the black community. We hope to avoid this problem in some instances (notably income) by presenting several measures to show the trends in the black community.

One of the most significant Twentieth-century trends among black people has been the redistribution of the population, from the country to the city, and out of the South to the North and West. This trend has continued into the Sixties. Between 1960 and 1966 the proportion of black people in the South declined from 60 to 55 percent. We should not ignore the fact, however, that despite a vast migratory trend, the majority of the black people still live in the South, and blacks make up one-fifth of the total population in the southern states.

In addition to the movement out of the South, black people have been moving into cities, and the large ones at that, in both North and South. The recent appointment of a black "mayor" in Washington, D. C., and the election of black men to mayoralties in Gary and Cleveland is a direct manifestation of the presence of large black populations in these cities. Over half (56 percent) of all black people now live in the central cities of metropolitan areas, and the population increase has been fastest in the largest cities. In metropolitan areas with one million or more persons, black people comprise one-fourth of the central city population, and the experts estimate that in 1965 black people were at least 25 percent or more of the population of 11 of the 30 largest cities in the country. These cities and the proportions of their population which are black are as follows:

Washington	66
Newark	47
Atlanta	44
New Orleans	41
Memphis	40
Baltimore	38
St. Louis	36
Cleveland	34
Detroit	34
Philadelphia	31
Chicago	28

The evidence indicates that more black people than ever before are both interested in education and are

taking advantage of every opportunity to increase their knowledge. The statistics on the proportions of blacks completing high school and college show some interesting and significant trends. In 1960, 36 percent of all black males and 41 percent of all black females between the ages of 25-29 had completed high school. However, by 1966, 53 percent of all black males and 49 percent of all black females in the same age category had completed high school. Not only was there a dramatic increase in the proportion of young adults with high school diplomas, the number of young males completing high school now exceeds the number of young females. Although the proportions are much lower, the same trend holds for those completing college. In 1960, 4 percent of all black males between the ages of 25 and 34, and 5 percent of all black females had completed four or more years of college. By 1965 these proportions had increased to 7 percent for males and 6 percent for females. If the dramatic increase in high school completions is any indicator, we can expect substantial improvements in the number of black youth with college degrees in the next few years.

It is not at all insignificant in considering a Black University to recognize that the educational experience of black youth still takes place in predominantly black schools where the culture of black people is maintained in the interaction of the youth if not in the educational curriculum. Sixty-six percent of all black youths in the twelfth grade in 1965 were in schools which were predominantly black, so these youth would probably be more comfortable and at ease in black institutions of higher education.

Despite the movement into cities where occupational opportunity is said to be higher, despite higher levels of education, the employment situation of black people has changed little from the "last hired, first fired" status. Since the early Fifties the unemployment rate for black people has been about twice as high as that for whites, and it has remained this way until the present day, although unemployment rates have fluctuated considerably. In 1961, the unemployment rate for black people went up to 12.4 percent, the highest since 1958 (12.6), but it has dropped steadily in subsequent years. It went down to 8.1 percent in 1966, and the decline continued to 7.3 percent for the first nine months of 1967. Black people are overrepresented in every category of unemployment. During the first nine months of 1967, blacks comprised 11 percent of the civilian labor force, but were 21 percent of all unemployed workers and 23 percent of those persons unemployed for at least three and a half consecutive months. Teen-agers still suffer the most of those without jobs for in the first part of 1967 the unem-

ployment rate for black youth between 16 and 19 was 26 percent, more than twice the rate for white youth.

Between 1960 and 1966, there were substantial increases in the number of black people holding white collar positions, and less dramatic but still increases for blacks holding blue collar positions. The increase in white collar employment shows the largest gain in clerical and sales positions. Blacks are still under-represented in the skilled white collar positions, as of 1966, with the situation for black males and black females showing some significant differences. In professional and technical positions black males represent 42 percent as many as there would be if there were full occupational equality, while females in the same category represent 58 percent as many as would be found in a situation of full equality. On the other hand, in the clerical positions black males represent 89 percent as many as would be found in a situation of full equality while black females comprise only 39 percent. These and other data which we have analyzed indicate that the black female has a better chance of obtaining a job consistent with her education and training than the black male in the professional, technical and managerial categories, while black males are more likely than females to be adequately represented in clerical positions.

The chronic problems black people face with education, employment, and occupational levels are reflected in the income levels of the population, although the Sixties have seen changes in income for blacks. There are varying interpretations of income changes in the black community and they produce different conclusions. Some analysts talk about the income of *families,* while others talk about the income of *persons,* and then differentiate between males and females. Furthermore, income changes can be analyzed in terms of the percentage change in median income, the ratio of black to white median income, or the absolute black-white differences in income. Let us see how the black situation in the Sixties stands up in terms of all these measurements.

In 1960, 68 percent of all black families had incomes under $5,000 per year (36 percent of all white families were at this level), but by 1966 this had declined to 56 percent of all families (27 percent for whites). The proportion of black families with incomes between $5,000 and $10,000 went up from 27 to 33 percent (white families declined from 46 to 44 percent), between 1960 and 1966. Black families with incomes over $10,000 went up from 6 to 12 percent in the same period of time (with a corresponding increase from 18 to 30 percent for white families). These figures are ad-

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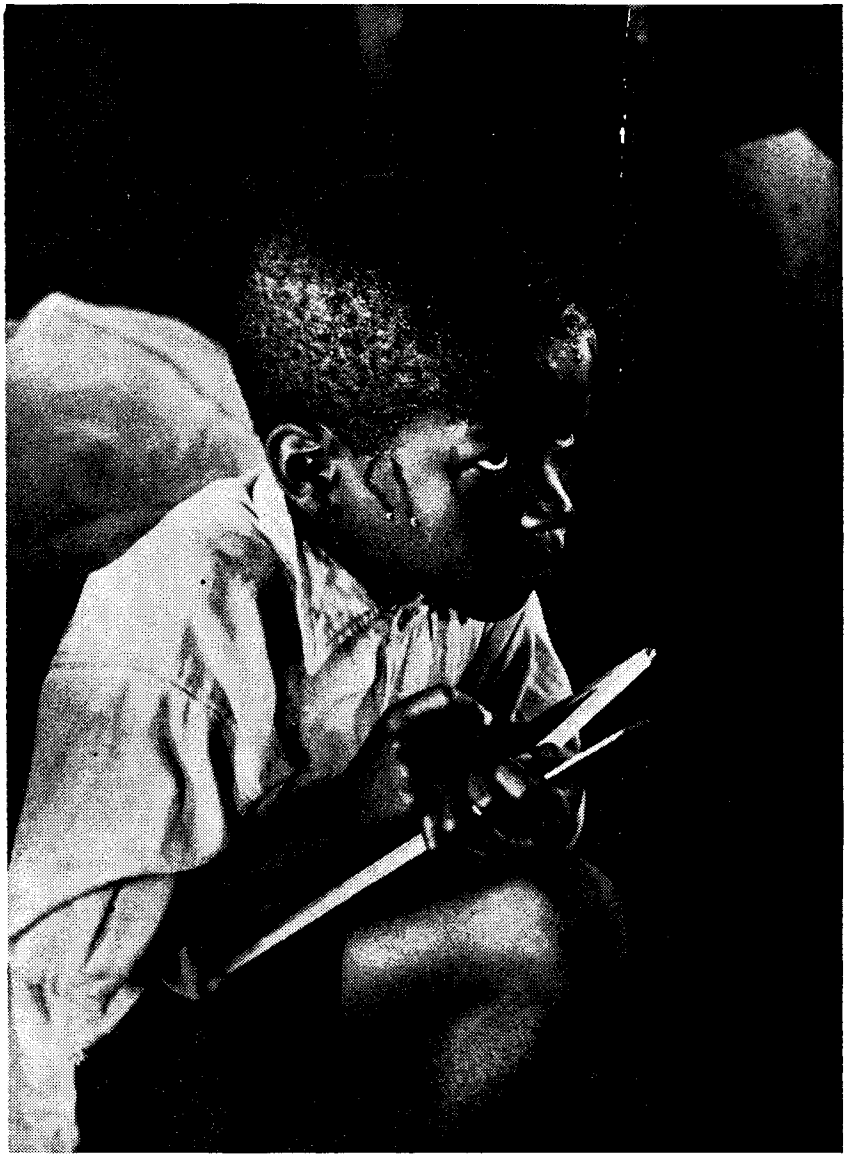


This provocative photo of a little boy crouched on a clay floor, sweating in the midday heat, tells much about the agony of securing an education in racist South Africa. It is from House of Bondage *(Random House, $10), by Ernest Cole.*

For Our People — Everywhere

BY VINCENT HARDING

"By far the greatest and most significant thing that is happening in the World today is a movement on foot for giving the benefits of civilization to that huge majority of the human race that has paid for civilization, without sharing in its benefits . . ." (Arnold Toynbee)

". . . most American Negroes, even those of intelligence and courage, do not fully realize that they are being bribed to trade equal status in the United States for the slavery of the majority of men. When this is clear, especially to the black youth, the race must be aroused to thought and action and will see that the price asked for their cooperation is far higher than need be paid . . ." (W. E. B. Du Bois)

ONE OF THE most insistent themes in the literature of black America is the attempt to articulate our awareness of the presence of a certain dividedness in our deepest beings, an inner tension which W. E. B. Du Bois referred to as a twoness of spirit and soul.

While all Americans (even those who were here when the others came half a millennia ago) are people of a broken past, nowhere is the tension so often obvious as within the Afro-American community. We are the largest single segment of the nation which holds within itself both East and West, both Africa and America, both developed and developing societies. For many of us the tension has been so unbearably painful that we have collapsed it on one or the other side. Until recently, it was more often the Western, developed side which triumphed. Now, of course, there moves among us a renewed consciousness of our non-Westernness, and in the ghettos of the land one easily senses that many black men are seeking to build and celebrate

a new-old nation in the midst of the world's most "developed" society.

Any university which grew with integrity out of the ground of our black experience in America would have to reflect and bear the creative agony of that tension—no matter how great the temptation to escape it. The life of such an institution would, in many ways, testify to the Westernization of our lives, but if it is to make a major contribution to its students and their world, the Western experience cannot be its most important emphasis. More than 2,000 colleges and universities in this country (and hundreds more in Europe) already perform that task. Though "predominantly Negro" institutions have long imitated such a direction, those of us who seek to build faithfully out of the materials of the Afro-American experience are called to other paths.

One major strength of a black university would be its internationalism, but its focus would not follow the style of the scores of "International Studies" programs which have burgeoned in American institutions since the Korean War. Instead, the uniqueness of our approach to the world would be found in our vision through an unashamedly black-oriented prism. In the academic program and in a hundred other less structured ways, the black university would seek to explore, celebrate and record the experiences of the non-Western world. Because of much that we have lived through, our focus would be upon that segment of the non-West which has existed under Western domination for the relatively brief span of 400 years or less, and which now shakes the world with its efforts to wrench free.

Even within that group our specialty would rightfully be found among the peoples of Africa, both those who remained on the continent and those who were forced into the New World through the diaspora of slavery. This, in a peculiar way, is our thing, and we would have no less reason to build on it in a university setting than Brandeis has for building on Jewish Studies, or Minnesota on Immigrant Studies, or Oklahoma on studies of the American Indian.

In an article of this length it is possible only to suggest some of the directions such a black-oriented internationalism might take in a university context, but certain lines are suggestive of the whole. In the academic program, one of the most attractive aspects of this focus would be comparative, intercultural studies of many kinds, especially in the humanities and the social sciences. For instance, in music we would try to develop an understanding of the continuities and discontinuities among the musical styles of Africa and those of its scattered children in the northern and southern portions of the black, New World. (The dance and the drama would present obvious

analogues for possible study.) We would also attempt to explore the implications of the strong similarities which a noted literary authority claims he has found in the literature recently coming out of Harlem and out of black Johannesburg. What fascinating insights might courses in "Comparative Black Literature" produce?

When we realize that there are sections of Cuba and other parts of Latin America where African religious practices are alive and prospering, it is obvious that the study of comparative religious development is also filled with new possibilities in such a context. (Especially as those who know black folk religion in the United States remind us of the persistent presence of a belief in religious magic here.) Or it may be that in such a setting, careful elaboration would be done on a significant interdisciplinary as well as intercultural academic monograph, such as Lanternari's *The Religions of the Oppressed.* For here, in a study of the messianic movements of the non-Western world, it is clear that history, political science, sociology, psychology and religion encounter and enrich each other. Few settings would be more congenial to such mutual intellectual fertilization than the kind of institution we envision.

Indeed such a study as Lanternari's strongly suggests that the black-oriented university could present a marvelous opportunity for the social sciences in America to break out of their nationalistic trap. Sociology might include such matters as urban development among black people in Nairobi, Chicago and Rio. Political Science could well analyse the forms of resistance to colonial domination in Harlem, Cuba, Mozambique and Vietnam. So, too, might specialists in Education try to understand the ways in which Indians, Africans, and Afro-Americans have attempted to rescue their educational systems from the domination of structures and ideologies shaped in England, France and white America. Seminars in non-Western cultural nationalisms of the modern world might be filled with excitement and profit for those who are trying to discern, develop and sustain an Afro-American style of life.

The academic curriculum would be, of course, only one of the places in which the unique internationalism of the black university might be expressed. Special institutes on Afro-American (using "American" in the hemispheric sense) culture would abound. Colloquies on a subject like Slavery would engage scholars from all over the New World, especially those who still bear the marks which were first painfully known by their ancestors. Conferences on such topics as "The Role of Women in Re-Emerging Societies," would simply be part of the breathing of such a school.

Symposia on strategies for social

change in the former colonial societies would be sponsored—but not by the American State Department. "Think Tanks" filled with the varied but constant experience of blackness might be established for the sole purpose of analyzing specific conflict situations from Detroit to Angola (and beyond), and suggesting directions of actions and ideology for those who are struggling to break away from the hegemony of the West. From such a university there would go out teams of specialists in development whose primary concerns would not include the opening of wedges for American influences. Rather their search would be for ways in which modernization might be purged of its synonymous relationship with Westernization and Americanization.

Throughout the Black University and in all of its special projects, the emphasis would be on the search for new models, for new systems, for new ways of life, free from the suffocating grasp of the most current forms of imperialism. Not only would specialists be sent out in such a search, but other kinds of "specialists" would be brought in. Representatives of the anti-colonial forces, members of Liberation Fronts, religious and educational leaders from the reborning nations would be invited and welcomed in order to give deeper meaning to the searching. Indeed, such a university might well become a sanctuary of sorts for some of the world's revolutionaries. What better way to raise the hard questions which many revolutions often force honest intellectuals to ask?

Such an institution would self-consciously be orienting its students toward an understanding of —and an appreciation for—the myriad ways in which our experiences here as colonials who were brought *to* the "mother country" parallel those of our brothers who had to receive the emissaries of countless white fatherlands. (It would, of course, also stress the uniqueness of the Afro-American colonial experience.) As a part of developing this sense of common experience—and common roots—summer study and Junior Years abroad in Europe would likely become the exception, and black students would move toward Latin America, Africa, India and Asia for their experience of intercultural exchange and overseas study. (This direction would, of course, have significant implications for the languages taught in the institution. German, for instance, might have difficulties.) Both student and faculty exchanges with the non-Western world would become a regular part of the Black University's life. The journal of such a center might well seek to ally itself with the *New*

World publication of the Caribbean, with *Presence Africaine,* and with other lesser known publications of the non-Western intellectuals.

The university would be service-oriented in the largest sense of that term. It would set up skills banks for developing nations and it would urge those students who do not return to the black American communities to offer their skills in Africa, Latin America and wherever else they are needed and desired. Conceivably, a black-oriented Overseas Service Corps might develop, and this would not only provide excellent nation-building opportunities, but it could become an alternative to action with the United States military forces. For it is likely that the international orientation of a Black University will create many dissenters to the foreign policy which our armed forces now enforce.

Should it refuse to enter the lists of American foreign policy supporters, should it become a significant source of dissent and the center of a search for new ways of international life, it is not easy to know how the Black University would be funded. Indeed, if it saw reason to move beyond experiments in nation-building to the search for a new world society in which nations played a far less significant role, its enemies might come from the nationalistic left as well as the right. Certain monies would not be available. Others (like some connected with black Chicago slums or African diamond mining) might not be accepted. A Free Black University might be forced into existence.

For the present that is the problem of other writers and other moments. At this moment it may suffice to say that the Black University must seek to be faithful to the best dreams of our greatest twentieth century black dreamers, from Du Bois to (Frantz) Fanon. It should at least attempt to place the rise of the West in proper historical perspective, refusing either to do homage to—or to be terrified by—what may well prove to be no more than a hyper-active aberration in the context of mankind's long, essentially non-Western pilgrimage. Such a service to truth would be no mean accomplishment in itself.

Nevertheless, to speak of Fanon is to suggest even more. For it may be that, in its international aspects, such an institution might well take as its fiercely driving theme the call of his last chapter in *The Wretched of the Earth.* There his words were a call out of the darkness of hopeless, cynical reaction on the one hand, and out of ersatz brightness of imitative European styles on the other. It was a call to the light-filled (sometimes blinding), gruelling search for new shapes and forms, for patterns which deal wisely with the longer lines of history and the deepest needs of men. Ultimately, of course, he urged,

> For Europe, for ourselves and for humanity, comrades, we must turn over a new leaf, we must work out new concepts, and try to set afoot a new man.

As such his call is heir to all the pitfalls of messianism, at most, and to the disillusions of aborted hope at least. Nevertheless, it may well be far better that a university should search and reach and possibly fail at the practice of such hope than that it sell out to the highest bidder and live on in the style to which America has accustomed us. If it is better to try to do our thing, then let us press on—towards the Black University.

Vincent Harding, author of "Some International Implications of the Black University," is professor of History at Spelman College in Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Harding also is coordinator of the forthcoming conference on "Black Consciousness and Higher Education." His articles and poems have appeared previously in NEGRO DIGEST.

Humor in Hue

By Morrie

"This looks like a good place"

A Case Study

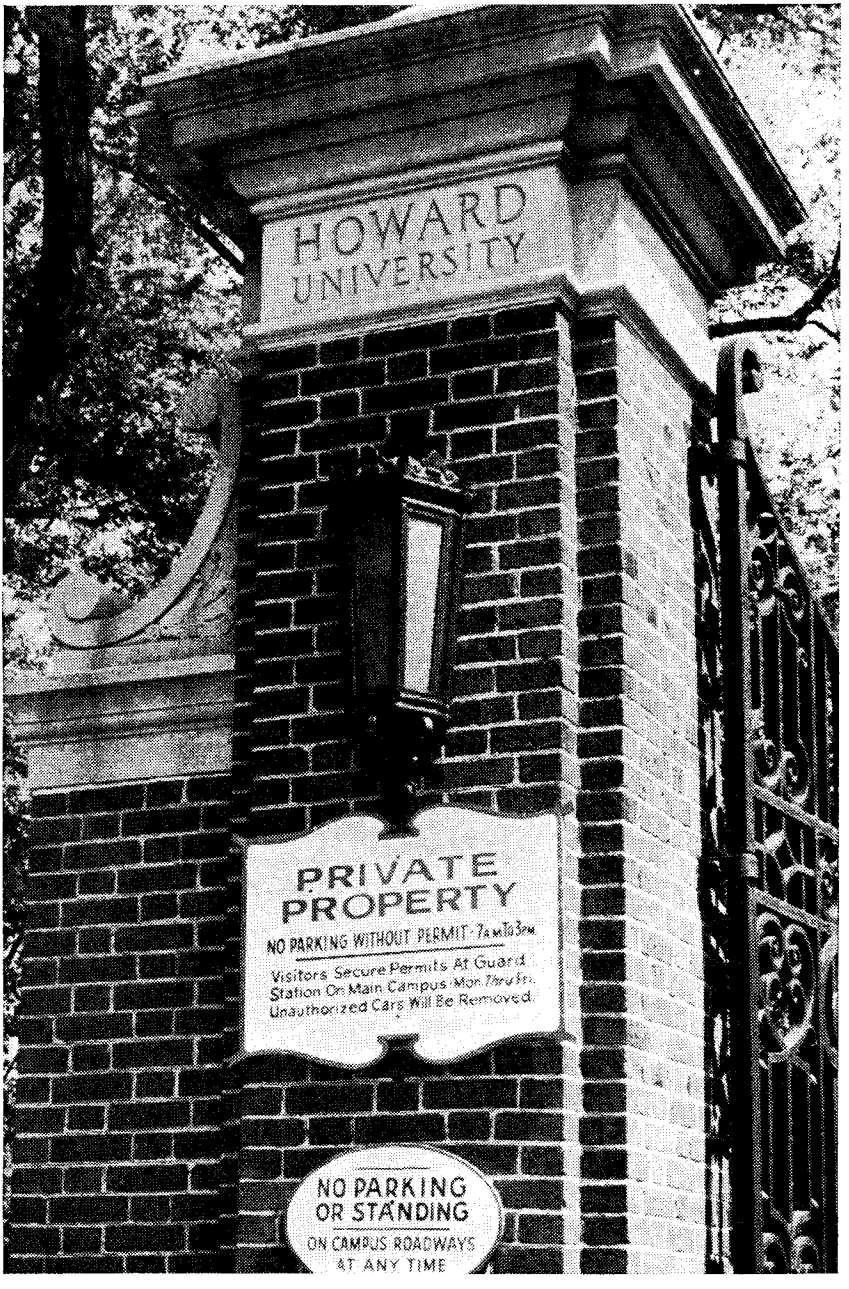
A young sociologist, dismissed from the nation's leading predominantly-Negro university for his militant pro-black activities, provides a first-person account of the events which led to his dismissal

BY NATHAN HARE

HOWARD UNIVERSITY spreads like a complex of cancerous sores on a breast-like hill in the heart of one of the worst sections—by most criteria—of the District of Columbia. The university, which is drably cached in subdued majesty midway the census tracts heaviest in "social disorganization," was founded in hypocritical contradiction by an ambivalent general, Oliver Otis Howard, apparently a "God-fearing" religious fanatic who forewent his ambition to become a minister, later a lawyer, to gain power through military might and position.[1]

My office during my first three years as a professor at Howard was in a third floor corner of what once was General Howard's mansion on the campus. From there I could see the Washington Monument and the Capitol Building just beyond the squalor of Washington's ghetto. On the way to the office each day I passed through the confusion and anguish of students waiting in the building to gain admission to the "counseling center" where their educational fates would be dictated to them by hostile clerks hoping, somehow, to piece together the debris from overly zealous administrative decrees.

Today, viewing Howard from a distance of more than a mile, yet from the vantage point of an intimate exposure to its inner workings, I am able to watch it writhe


HOWARD
UNIVERSITY
PRIVATE
PROPERTY
NO PARKING WITHOUT PERMIT - 7 A.M. TO 3 P.M.
Visitors Secure Permits At Guard
Station On Main Campus Mon. Thru Fri.
Unauthorized Cars Will Be Removed.
NO PARKING
OR STANDING
ON CAMPUS ROADWAYS
AT ANY TIME

and quiver, caught in the conflict between the new surge for black equality and the death-bed contortions of white supremacy and oppression. It is a condition I have known first hand for more than six years and have studied thoroughly with the combined tools of the sociologist and the journalist.

I learned that Howard University, which acquired its first set of buildings illegally and became a "monument" to General O. Howard and his scheme, has never broken entirely free from the grips of a military-religious-political corruption.[2]

> With this influence [criticized also by the great Frederick Douglass, a "colored" member of the board of trustees, who described the "ring" as "hungry sharks, with professions of piety upon their lips"][3] there developed [in the words of John Mercer Langston who eventually resigned in protest from his position as Dean of the Law School —the entire Law School faculty with him—before going on to become the first Negro ever elected to public office in the United States] appeared and grew the feeling that the Negro, whether as trusteee or member of the faculty, is of small account, indeed rather a pest only as he serves to give color to the enterprise . . . and with this feeling has constantly grown the idea that the Colored youth attending the University are incapable of high intellectual achievement.[4]

Still, by 1940 the University, which opened in 1867 with an all-white faculty and student body, had a student body one-half of one per cent white and a faculty less than nine per cent white. Today the graduate and professional schools, notable in the medical professions where white rejects from white schools frequently have high enough scores to outdistance poorly trained black applicants, are fast developing a white majority; and this is also the trend for the liberal arts faculty (where the average salary is higher for white professors than for black professors at the same rank).

Just prior to the emergence of this trend, as Howard became "the Capstone of Negro education," it also became an epitome of political docility and academic nothingness, groveling at the feet of outside (mainly Government) expectations, real or imagined, and fawning upon white Congressional appropriators. However, in an era of greater access to white colleges and "rising Negro expectations," this footshuffling was proving inadequate, as the Centennial year approached, in the competition for top students and professors. Faced with this predicament, administrators merely intensified their Stepin' Fetchit tactics.

Then, in September 1966, President James Nabrit announced in the Washington Post a plan to

make Howard "sixty per cent white" by 1970, a plan opposed by virtually every student on campus. To accomplish this goal the University had devised an ingenious program for excluding or/and removing black students while attracting white ones. Some professors were warned by the dean's office, through departmental chairmen instructed to "counsel" them, that their grade distributions should approximate a normal distribution (regardless of the caliber of a given class!) and specifically should include a minimum of failing marks.

At the same time, it was decided to "raise standards" by raising by 200 points the required score on entrance tests standardized on children of urban middle-class white exposure. Many "culturally deprived" black students would not, of course, be expected to manage such a score. White students who flunked would not need to humiliate themselves enrolling in a pre-college sequence at Howard; hence, a proposed special division for students who fail the test would invariably be black. These "subnormals" would have to spend a year preparing to enter the new white Howard. Having failed the test as individuals, their self-esteem would further be decimated, for they would be set apart as failures and subjected to an ego-mortifying curriculum.

First, they were to receive a speech course (already incorporated at Howard) frankly calculated to force black students to "lose their in-group dialects," despite the fact that President Nabrit himself has been successful in Supreme Court presentations in a classical "Negro dialect." Such students also were to be given a course in reading skills and, simultaneously, one in masterpieces of world literature. It goes without saying that "masterpiece" authors would be invariably, if not exclusively, caucasian. Still another course was history of *Western* civilization (not world civilization, as in the case of the masterpieces). This curriculum would say to black students, who already were failures as individuals, that they had no ennobling ancestral roots: their kind had produced no civilization worthy of attention, no literary achievements, and indeed are guilty now of the wrong mode of speech. It is true, even now at Howard, within the normal curriculum, that a liberal arts student cannot take a course in Negro history unless he is a history major.

Anyway, I wrote a letter mocking the idea of the whitewash program and the letter appeared in The Hilltop, the campus newspaper —the first issue in September of the centennial year. Immediately, I came under pressure, losing first a promotion to chairman of the Division of Social Sciences and other

privileges which publicly had been promised me; and this was an early object lesson of relentless pressure, including subjection to a network of student and faculty spies.

One day toward the end of September, while discussing the effects of urbanization on social norms, I criticized the obsolescence of some professed codes of sexual conduct; then, as if to salvage the class from its shock, gave assurances of my abiding adherence to them. I told of my efforts the previous year to launch an association of virgins on the campus, and that one member grew sick and dropped out and the other flunked out. I also explained that the reason Howard's wall clocks always differed as to time of day was because every time a virgin at Howard passes a clock the clock stands still. Within 30 minutes after that class was over, the chairman of my department was calling me in excitedly to say that the dean had said that a student had said that I had said that I was the only virgin on Howard's campus.

The superiors then proposed to "observe" my classes, and, when I refused this unique attention, threatened to fire me, but backed down when I remarked, during the hearing, that I had once been the best cotton-picker in Creek County, Oklahoma and that, should it ever come to that, I could always burn my doctorate and go back to picking cotton. After the hearing, they sent a letter reappointing me, mainly because (as they later said in court) they feared student disruptions should they fire me during the school year, but they nonetheless persisted in threats and harassment, warning that if I did not fall in line there was "going to be a war."

Late one evening, after a heated confrontation with a superior, I ducked into a middle-class bar near the campus where I encountered a number of older professors. Their plights surprised and horrified me. I decided from then on that, if there was "going to be a war," then I was a soldier and should act like one.

Meanwhile, students had been staging protests for grievances which typify universities everywhere—against curfew regulations and other aspects of the right not to be treated as children. The Law School students were prominent here, led chiefly by Jay Greene, later expelled and now on scholarship in the Yale Law School, and Art Goldberg, a Jewish student from Berkeley now in Rutgers Law School. Their activities consisted mainly of rallies where Jay Greene and other students would "rap" to a crowd of several hundred, then read resolutions drawn up in legal language; and the crowd, after being told that the resolutions were to be delivered to President Nabrit, would joyfully clap their hands and disperse. Nabrit practically never acted on the resolutions, except for a few faint promises, even when he was on campus, but the procedure was always repeated anyway.

Simultaneously there arose a hybrid political party-protest group called the Student Rights Oragnization, inspired in part by Art and Jay. I accepted the invitation to be its faculty advisor. SRO's membership covered the political waterfront. Their leaders, mainly the editors and feature writers on the Hilltop staff—which later was to prove invaluable — regarded themselves as black militants, in the responsible sense of the category, and had as their heroes the national leaders of SNCC though their own style approximated more the style of national CORE.

When UN Ambassador to the UN, Arthur Goldberg ex-boss of Nabrit, came to Howard, SRO staged a walkout in which I was able to persuade five other professors—all white, of course—to take an active part. Shortly after that, some SRO members, dissatisfied with the moderation of its leaders, came to me (late February by now) with a plan to form a "Black Power Committee." They were all freshmen largely unknown on campus, except in their dormitories and among their classmates, and accordingly asked my aid in composing and reading at a press conference a sort of "black university manifesto." We called for the complete revamping of Negro colleges as they now exist, spoke against the emerging desire to make Negro colleges predominantly white, and generally setting forth a program for transforming Negro colleges into black universities with relevance to the black community and its struggle against white racism and imperialism, cultural or otherwise. This kicked off an onslaught of student demonstrations (with, now and again, some faculty participation) and the first real confrontation between Howard students and an oppressive administration.

A rumor grew prevalent on campus that I was going to be "eased out" in the summer and, by mid-April, it had slipped into television and radio broadcasts. One night, on the way to my population class, I encountered a number of students who inquired anxiously whether the rumor was true. I assured them that no such word had come down to me and that the deadline for non-renewal of two-year contracts, December 15, already had passed. Inside the classroom, I sensed the downcast spirit of the students, brought up the rumor and suggested that, if there was a Howard in September, I would very well be there. All at once they burst into applause; but I knew even then that, probably, I was passing through my last days at Howard, and perhaps, as a college professor anywhere.

Student uprisings rocked on—including a confrontation with a police riot squad behind a girl's dormitory; the sponsorship of a "Black is Best" lecture by heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali after the administration closed

down the auditorium; LeRoi Jones in a reading, to frequent applause, of some of his cathartic poetry on the steps of the School of Religion; the breaking up of a hearing in which natural-look Homecoming Queen Robin Gregory was being tried ostensibly because she had helped me and student Huey LaBrie read the Black Power Committee's manifesto; and the interruption of Selective Service boss General Hershey's speech. Eventually, students hanged Hershey, Nabrit and Dean Frank Snowden in effigy, and followed this with a successful boycott of classes, curiously planned for one day only and reportedly representing efforts on the part of moderate student leaders to grab the protest ball from the Black Power Committee.

By now we were nearing final exams and it was decided to wrap up protest until the following fall, although a series of six mysterious fires (which may or may not have been connected with student activities) broke out on campus during the last week or so of school, one of them causing "a general emptying of the Administration building."[5]

School closed, and in the dead of early summer about 20 students and six professors received registered letters of dismissal. The manner of selecting the victims was indicative of the general confusion, hysteria and inefficiency of the adminstrators, who held several private meetings with student spies and faculty informants. There were no hearings for dismissed faculty members or students, amounting to a direct denial of due process and the chance to confront accusers, violating the First and Fifth Amendments of the Constitution of the United States.[6]

True, some middle-level administrators, including Clyde Ferguson, dean of the Law School, and Frank Snowden, dean of the College of Liberal Arts, went on record as opposing the dismissals. Dean Snowden, who reluctantly signed the letters dismissing the professors and who, up to that time, had risen from one of the favorite Howard professors of the late Forties to the most hated administrator, wrote two letters, both prior to the close of school, opposing the dismissals. One of Dean Snowden's letters to Acting President Wormley pleaded in part:

> . . . serious anxiety will arise among other faculty members as to the good faith of the university . . . I believe that the whole matter should be reconsidered before any announcements are made . . . because there seems to me to be a strong possibility that the contemplated action may result not only in serious harm to the University's position in the academic community but also in creating obstacles for our recruitment of faculty in the future.[7]

More obnoxious by anybody's

(Continued on page 70)

In the days of my visitation,
Black hands tended me and cared for me . . .
Black minds, hearts and souls loved me . . .
And I love them because of this.

In the early days of my visitation,
Black hands tended me and cared for me;
I can't forget these things.
For black hearts, minds and souls love me—
And even today the overtones from the fire
of that love are still burning

In the early days of my visitation
White rules and laws segregated me . . .
They helped to make me what I am today
And what I am, I am.
Yes, what I am, I am because of this
And because of this
My image of paradise is chromatic black.

Those who segregate did not segregate in vain
For I am,
And I am what I am.

—SUN RA

Creation

In a hot dark room—
celestial tomb
all hushed
and still as Death
waiting life, waiting warmth

Love waits—alive with oozing sweat.
Crystal droplets on earth brown thighs
now melt in desire's heat
now flow in merging rivulets
all coursing toward life's source
streaming from a Black Creator
smoothing his way to leap from nothingness
with hot lava's potent force

Black searing flesh penetrates a soft-soiled crevice
inundating all in seismic surge cease rhythms.
Scorched obsidion lovers
tossed high by friction's force

Shriek away the hush
Quake the silent tomb
AND LIFE FORCE COMES
Heaving, Panting, Groaning
it sighs Contentment

Into a hot dark room
terrestrial womb
all hushed
all still as life.

—TENA L. LOCKETT

A Call To Concerned Black Educators

Last Summer, **David W. Kent,** Director of Admissions at Lincoln University (Pennsylvania) drafted a proposal for a conference on the black American's access to higher education.

In October, a black coterie of college admissions personnel caucused at the national convention of a professional association to consider their feelings of frustration and indignation—feelings which were aroused by the fact that the black representation to this convention of 1800 was typically sparse and, further, that the convention did not address itself to THEIR primary concern—black youth.

Sharing an ethnic, social and professional mutuality, 12 educators discussed common concerns, exchanged philosophical views, defined their role as black professionals in higher education and concluded that, first, the issue proposed by Mr. Kent should be dealt with on a national level; second, any resolve to expand the opportunities for black children in higher education is meaningless without a consolidated attack on the fundamental educational problems of black children AT EVERY STEP OF THE EDUCATIONAL LADDER; and, third, the need for dialogue among—and action initiated by—black educators is overwhelming.

A national conference with seminar-workshops was conceived of as the most appropriate means by which to arouse the black professional to demonstrate his concern and simultaneously to put to use our vast resources of expertise. Black educators are uniquely equipped to state what must be done in order to raise the educational achievement of black children. We must sit down "family style," realign our priorities, and mobilize to remedy the educational ills afflicting our children.

The wheels were set in motion last October. In Illinois, the Association of Afro-American Educators was chartered. A steering committee was formed to lay the groundwork for a national conference to be held early this summer.

Chicago will be the place; June 6-9 the dates. We need your help. If you wish to become involved in this effort, let us hear from you TODAY. Contact **Mrs. Myrna C. Adams,** coordinator, National Conference Steering Committee, Association of Afro-American Educators, 72 E. 75th Street, Chicago, Ill., 60619.

Other members of the Steering Committee for the National Conference of Afro-American Educators include: **Clara B. Anthony; Dr. Nancy L. Arnez; Lerone Bennett Jr.; Timuel D. Black; Shelly Fletcher; Hoyt W. Fuller; Mildred Gladney; Dr. Charles V. Hamilton; Everett Hoagland; Arnold P. Jones; David W. Kent; Hugh W. Lane; Harold Pates; Marvinia Randolph; Dr. Donald H. Smith; Anderson Thompson; Donald Vanliew; Sylvester Williams; Radford Wilson;** and **Dr. Nathan Wright Jr.**

—MYRNA C. ADAMS

The First Gwendolyn Brooks Fiction Award

Last February, poet-publisher Dudley Randall journeyed from Detroit to present a $200 prize to the winner of a novella competition sponsored by poet Gwendolyn Brooks in her Chicago writers' workshop. Mr. Randall had read the submitted novellas without knowing the authors, and it was a coincidence that the winner was Mike Cook, who also was winner of another fiction contest sponsored by Miss Brooks in late summer 1967. (See the November 1967 NEGRO DIGEST.)

Earlier in 1967, Miss Brooks had proposed the establishment of an annual competition for literature to be conducted through NEGRO DIGEST, with the winning manuscripts published in the magazine. The winning authors, of course, would receive cash awards as well, the prizes awarded by Miss Brooks.

NEGRO DIGEST is pleased to announce that Miss Brooks' proposal has been accepted and that annual Gwendolyn Brooks Literary Awards will be made, beginning in the spring of 1969. Details of the competition will be announced in a later issue of NEGRO DIGEST, including the time and manner of submission of material, eligibility, the amount of the awards, and the names of the judges.

While Mr. Cook received the prize for his novella, "Whoever Said There's A Place Called Home?", all

(Continued on page 53)

Prize winner: A beaming Mike Cook (center) accepts congratulations from judge Dudley Randall and award-giver Gwendolyn Brooks following the announcement that Mr. Cook had won the first annual Gwendolyn Brooks Award for fiction. The competition was confined to members of Miss Brooks' Chicago workshop. Future awards will be open to all writers.

BOOKS  NOTED

The Man Who Cried I Am

"Great Literature is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree."
—Ezra Pound

"Nothing is ever finished, except the mediocre or the pretentious. The only people who should be consistently interested in masterpieces are museums and other people who have no use for them."
—LeRoi Jones

AS I HAVE often said before, to the point of repetition cramps, criticism of writing by Afro-Americans is — and should be—the responsibility of Afro-American critics. Not that black critics are more perspective or analytical or, for that matter, better writers of criticism; but, white critics have not in the past (as in the present) been able to explain or *translate* black literature accurately. This is not heresy but fact, and the few reviews that were written, by whites, of John A. Williams' *The Man Who Cried I Am* (Little, Brown, $6.95) support this statement explicitly.

Most good fiction borders on truth, *i.e.,* it is a reflection of the truth. If Newark and Detroit of 1967 had not happened, one could have, in all likelihood, read Mr. Williams' book with less fear and, indeed, could have smiled at the uncommon ending. One could have contentedly put the book aside as an excellent work of fiction and, of course, recommended it to friends and associates; you know, like we recommended *The Stranger, Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Black Boy, et cetera, et cetera.* One could have suggested this book with the same ease and delight as one suggested the early John Coltrane. However, the summer of 1967 was not fiction; therefore it added a new dimension to this novel: the dimension of prophesy.

As with black music, black literature continues to grow, extend, and ceases to be invisible. Our literature now cuts and you do bleed. Mr. Williams' latest book is this type of work; a blood bringer, causing you to hurt and forcing you to

redefine your relationship with your surroundings. It makes you open your eyes and enables you to see much more than what is in front of you. While reading this book, we see through mirrors, across continents, into other cultures, and unconsciously we feel—that is, if we are capable of feeling. John A. Williams has written an extensively handsome and dangerous novel.

Jean-Paul Sartre said, "It is true that all art is false." He lied, or he was talking about white Western art. The book in question is a work of Art. That is, if art, among other things, is a creative effort that others can identify with, an accent on a particular life-style, communication, a bringer of knowledge, a mind wakener, movable prose which is esthetically pleasing and meaningful and, in essence, one artist's comment on life as he views it. The work of Art is *The Man Who Cried I AM* and the artist is John A. Williams.

JOHN A. WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams' fourth novel successfully deals with the many acute problems that confront the black writer as well as the black man. This novel should be of the utmost interest to the black writer, for it covers the literary world of the black writer over a span of about 30 years, that whole black-white era of interdependency. The protagonist is one Max Reddick, who could very well be Williams himself, a black journalist for a "Time-style" magazine and a novelist of some stature. The main supporting character is the "father" of black literature, Harry Ames (Richard Wright). The action fluctuates between these two men.

As the novel unfolds, we are introduced to facsimiles of the major black writers and white critics of the last 20 years. There are characters who resemble James Baldwin, Chester Himes, Ralph Ellison, Frank Yerby, Carl Van Vechten, Granville Hicks, William Faulkner, and others.

On the civil and human rights scene, there is Martin L. King, Malcolm X and the philosophies of Marcus Garvey and W. E. B. Du Bois.

Max Reddick is what one might call an internationalist. A once-

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(Continued from page 50)

the members of Miss Brooks' workshop ended up as "winners." The famed poet presented the young writers with copies of two very popular books by black authors, John A. Williams' novel, *The Man Who Cried I Am*, and Harold Cruse's analysis of the black intellectual scene, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*.

Meanwhile, Miss Brooks was appointed poet laureate of Illinois by Gov. Otto Kerner, as a highlight of the state's sesqui-centennial celebration. The previous poet laureate of the state was Carl Sandburg.

On Stage: The year got off to an auspicious start with the opening in New York of the Negro Ensemble Company's production of Peter Weiss' *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey*, which is mentioned elsewhere in these pages . . . A one-act play by **Wilmer Lucas,** *Patent Leather Sunday*, was scheduled for production in Seattle, Wash., in February and March . . . A one-act play by **Charles Self,** of Kenner, La., was produced by the Free Southern Theater during the February Festival of Afro-American Arts at Dillard University . . . **Bob Curry** performed the featured role of Randall, the mesmerizing murderer, in the Parkway Theater's production of William Hanley's *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* in Chicago. The Parkway Theater is one of the branches (the South Side one) of the city's famed Hull House . . . During "Soul Week," the Festival of Black Art produced at Lake Forest College by the college's black students in January, a student production of Jean Genet's *The Blacks* was featured. There are only 60 black students among the 1,250 students at the college on Chicago's rich North Shore . . . **Sidney Poitier's** debut as director of *Carry Me Back To Morningside Heights* came after NEGRO DIGEST had gone to press. Whether or not the show was a success should be general news by the time this is published. **Louis Gossett** and **Cicely Tyson** have featured roles in the play . . . As a member of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater, **Diana Sands** has a role in the Center's production of *Tiger At The Gates*. Miss Sands' stint as St. Joan brought her mixed notices . . . The play, *The Great White Hope*, will undergo extensive cuts before it opens on Broadway in the fall. **James Earl Jones,** who portrayed the Jack Jefferson (read Jack Johnson) role in the Washington, D. C., production (at the Arena Theater), will star in the Broadway production . . . **Josephine (Baker) the Great** laid the groundwork for a series of spring appearances during her February visit to the United States . . . The February fire that gutted the New Lafayette Theater in Harlem ended—at least temporarily—another dream. Because of financial difficulties, the directors had postponed the production of **Ed Bullins'** *In The Wine Time*. Now the future of the theater is uncertain.

BY CHRISTINE REAMS

". . . We sat there . . . I didn't look at Janice because I didn't want to cry: and I think maybe she didn't look at me because she didn't want to cry either . . ."

IT WAS so hot that summer that the air stood still and I had trouble breathing. Sometimes I would sit on the front porch and breathe slowly. I felt as if I were breathing the same air over and over again. I turned two shades darker that summer. I almost got as black as Miss Mabel. The grownups said it wasn't really the temperature; it was the humidity—whatever that is. Anyway, it was a blistering, hot summer, and I hated it.

Our house was probably the hottest one in town. We didn't own it or anything like that. We only rented three rooms of it. Miss Mabel and her two children, Mike and Jim, lived upstairs over us. Mike was 12, and I think Jim was a year younger. Mike was dark like his mother, and Jim was almost white looking. Some of the folks in the neighborhood said that Jim's father was a white man. I don't know anything about that; I never saw Mike's or Jim's father. Mr. Frank and his wife, Miss Sally, lived upstairs on the other side of the house. Tina, their daughter, was about the same age as Mike and Jim. The three of them were always hanging around together. Since I was only seven at the time, they didn't want me around. In the first week of June, Miss Ruth moved into the downstairs apartment on Tina's side of the house. I was happy because Miss Ruth had a daughter, Janice; and I just knew she was going to play with me. Janice was much closer to my age than the others. Besides, the others swore in blood that they wouldn't play with her. Naturally, I thought she didn't have anyone to play with —except me. Well, it didn't turn out that way. Janice didn't want to play with anyone. She was a reader: and every time I turned around, she was reading. Her father was a soldier. Mike said he was in Saigon. I don't remember the last names of any of the people who lived in the old house. We were told to put

Mr. or Miss before the first names of grown-ups and address them that way. We didn't know it was wrong until we had grown older. By then, it didn't matter.

Everybody thought Miss Ruth was pretty. Men liked her. They were always coming around to see her. There was one who used to come around a lot. He was very tall—much taller than my dad, who was five feet ten. He had curly hair. Mama used to say that men like that are blessed with the hair their sisters should have had. After all, what's good hair to a man? Curly's yellow skin was smooth and soft looking. I always wanted to touch it to see if it were really as soft as it looked. One of Curly's eyes was smaller than the other. When he looked at you, it seemed as if one eye was looking at you while the other one was looking at something on the other side of the room. I used to hang around waiting for Curly. Sometimes I played jacks on the front porch and watched Miss Ruth and Curly out of the corner of my eye. She said he was her cousin. But one day I overheard Miss Mabel tell Mama that they were "the funniest cousins" she had ever seen. Then she laughed. Mama shook her head sadly and talked about the Lord. Mama knew all about the Lord because she was saved. I think she was the only person in the whole house who was saved.

Most of the time, Curly came to see Miss Ruth at night. He usually brought a carton of beer with him. We would stay up late playing hide and seek and Curly would still be around when we went inside. Once, I even saw him leaving Miss Ruth's house early in the morning. Then, for no reason at all, Mike, Jim, and Tina started whispering and giggling every time Curly came to the house. On that day, the game started. I don't remember who started it. probably Mike. He was always thinking of things to do. Anyway, I wanted to play too.

One evening, while Mama and Dad were looking at T.V., I went out to play on the porch. Janice was already there. She sat in a kitchen chair, on her side of the porch. Her head was buried in a book, and her feet were propped up on the bannister. I looked at her with envy. She had on a pair of old blue jeans which someone had cut off at the knees and a dirty white shirt. My mother wouldn't let me wear shorts. I sat down on the top step and took a small rubber ball out of my skirt pocket. I tossed the jacks on the floor. Janice didn't pay any attention to me. I bounced the ball on the porch several times. But she didn't even look up. I waited until Tina came out.

"Hey, Tina," I said, "will you play jacks with me?"

Tina shook her head "no."

"Why?" I asked.

"Gotta talk to Mike," she said.

"Can't you play until he comes?"

"No. He's coming now," Tina said. She rushed to the screen door

as Mike and Jim dashed down the steps.

"Just one game," I begged.

"Listen honey," Tina said, turning to face me. "Do you wanna play hide and seek with us tonight?"

"Sure."

"Okay. Keep quiet when we're talking business," she said.

"Business," I mumbled. "Hey you, hey girl," I said, calling to Janice. I stopped when I saw Tina's dirty look and pretended I was talking to myself. I picked up my ones. I heard the screen door open as I started my twos. I glanced up and saw Miss Ruth standing next to Janice. Mike whistled softly. Miss Ruth smiled as she looked across the porch at us. She was a short, thin woman, just five feet tall in heels. And she always wore heels. She looked cool in her pink sleeveless dress. I smiled at her shyly. She looked like a fragile toy, like something you would pick up carefully and hold gently with both hands.

"Hello," she said in a soft voice. She always spoke softly around us.

I mumbled and looked down at her tiny feet.

"Hi, Miss Ruth," Mike said.

"Hi," Tina and Jim said at the same time. They looked at each other and giggled.

Miss Ruth turned away from us and leaned over Janice. "Why don't you play with them?" she asked.

"I wanna read," Janice said. Her voice sounded hard compared to her mother's.

"You read too much," Miss Ruth said. She put her hand on Janice's shoulder. "Honey, you ought to play with other kids."

Janice didn't say anything. She didn't seem to be listening.

"I'm going to get some beer," Miss Ruth said. "Shouldn't be gone long. If Curly comes before I get back, tell him to wait."

"Aw right," Janice said.

Miss Ruth walked down the steps, her small hips swayed slightly from side to side. I watched her until she disappeared. I looked over at Tina. She was standing in a corner, talking to Mike and Jim. I looked at Janice. She was watching us with strange dark eyes. I held the jacks up and beckoned to her. But she seemed to be looking through me. I threw the jacks on the floor and picked up my threes.

"I'm glad to see you back from the army front," Mike chanted. I picked up the jacks and stared at him curiously. He marched across the porch. "Hey now," he continued, "I'm glad to see you back from the army front."

Tina put her hands over her mouth and giggled. Jim laughed out loud. Something funny was going on. As usual I was left out of it.

"Hey, hey," Jim said, "I'm glad to see you back from the army front."

Janice looked up at Mike and then at Jim and Tina. At first, she seemed puzzled. Then Mike began

to switch his hips the way Miss Ruth did. Janice's mouth swivelled up until it became very small. Her eyes narrowed. They were almost closed. She jumped up from the chair and slammed the door as she went inside the house. Mike and Jim marched over to Janice's side of the porch. I hesitated only for a few seconds before joining them. "I'm glad to see you back from the army front," I shouted in a high pitched voice.

The lights went out in Janice's living room. "I'm glad to see you . . ." I stopped abruptly. Janice's skinny face peered out the window facing the porch. She made a fist, brought it up to her nose and shook it at me. Startled and frightened, I backed over to our side of the porch. Jim, Mike, and Tina were still chanting when Miss Ruth and Curly walked into the yard.

Curly was carrying a six-pack of beer under his arm. His light skin was brightened by his yellow shirt. He didn't wear a belt. His hips held his brown slacks up; and they looked as if they were going to fall down.

"Where's Janice?" Miss Ruth asked, looking around.

"Aw, she went in," Mike said.

Miss Ruth thanked him with a smile. Before entering the house, she and Curly stopped at the door and whispered together for a few minutes. Afterwards they went inside of the apartment; and Janice dashed out as quickly as she had dashed inside.

Mike never stopped when he had a good game going. Army front was a good game. Every time one of us marched across the porch, Janice's eyes would get narrow and her mouth would shrink. We didn't have to say anything: all we had to do was march. One afternoon, when we were all on the porch, Mike jumped down the steps and ran down the sidewalk for about a block. He turned and marched back toward us. He stopped in front of the house and looked around. Then he marched into the yard and up the steps. Jim dashed over to Janice's side of the porch and stepped inside of the screen door. He put his left hand on his hips and patted his hair with the other one.

"Well, hello wife," Mike said. He stopped in front of the screen door.

Tina and I giggled.

"It ain't 'hello wife,' " I said. "It's 'hello darling.' "

"Only white folks talk that way," Mike said.

I started to disagree. But then, I had never heard Dad call Mama "darling." Maybe Mike was right.

"Hello wife," Mike said again. "I'm back from the army front."

Jim opened the screen door and stepped out on the porch. "Hello husband," he said. He put both hands on his hips. "I'm glad to see you back from the army front," he chanted softly.

"Ohhhh," Tina said, running her hand through her short, nappy hair.

"Oh, my hair is so curly, so curly."

Janice looked like an animal about to attack.

"I really do have that good stuff," Tina continued. "It's so curly. Hey now, ain't I got curly hair?" she marched across the porch with Mike and Jim.

Suddenly I was acting crazy too. "I'm glad to see you back from the army front," I shouted.

"We thank the Lord for your return," Tina said. She threw her hands up in mock prayer. "Oh, we're so glad to see you back from the army front. Yes, Lord! We're glad to have him back. Ain't we glad to have him back? Yes, Lord, we is."

"I still love curly hair," Jim said sadly. "I just love curly hair. Do you love curly hair?"

"Everybody loves curly hair," Mike said.

"Shut up!" Janice screamed, throwing her book on the floor. "Shut up! You say one more word about my mama!"

"Who's talking about your old mama?" Mike asked.

"You just say one more word, one more word," she whimpered, "and I'll knock the shit outta you."

"I'm gonna tell your mama," I said, impressed in spite of myself. "You said a bad word."

Janice enjoyed herself for a few minutes. "Be too late, after I knock it outta you."

"I'm really gonna tell now," I said.

"You gonna knock the shit outta me too?" Mike asked. He strutted up to Janice and pushed his chest out until his body touched hers. "Go on, hit me, I dare you," he said as he looked down into her face. "Hit me, hit me, I dare you."

"You say one more word about my mama," she said.

"We ain't talking about your old mama," Tina said.

"Yeah," I said, drawing courage from the others. "We're just playing a game. We're just playing army front. Ain't we just playing army front?"

Mike thrust his face into Janice's and laughed. "I'm glad to see you . . ."

Janice grabbed him by the throat. He tried to pry her hands away from his neck; she wouldn't let go. Then he hit her in the face. She swung at him so hard that they both fell on the floor.

"C'mon Mike," Jim shouted.

"Get her! Get her!" Tina shrieked.

I was shocked. Mike was on the bottom! Janice was sitting on his stomach, bashing him in the face with her fist. Jim couldn't stand it any longer. He jumped on Janice's back and pulled her off his brother. Then Tina leaped on Janice and the three of them wrestled her. Janice bit, kicked and swung her fist wildly. The noise grew louder,

and I was afraid Mama would hear us. I backed to our side of the porch and sat down on the top step.

All at once, I looked up and saw Mama standing at the screen door. She stepped out on the porch. Her face was wet with perspiration, and her stomach stuck out so far that it looked as if she had swallowed a watermelon.

"What's all the noise for?" she asked crossly. Tina, Mike, and Jim released their hold on Janice and stood up. I stood up too. Janice rose slowly. Her nose was bleeding. She wiped her face on the bottom of her blouse. We all looked ashamed and guilty, the way you're supposed to look when grown-ups catch you doing something wrong. But Janice put her hands on her hips and glared at my mother. With blood still dripping from her nose, she looked as if she were going to attack Mama. Mama looked at her with distaste.

"Well!" Mama said. She waited for an explanation.

"It's all her fault," Mike said quickly.

"Sure was, Mama," I said.

"We was out here playing, minding our own business, Miss Dorothy." Tina said. "Then she starts fighting and carrying on."

"Sure did, Mama. She said a bad word," I said.

"She's always causing trouble, Miss Dorothy," Jim said. "Can't nobody get along with her."

"Do you know what she said, Mama?" I said eagerly.

"I don't want to hear none of her nastiness," Mama said. "You little heifer, why don't you stay on your side of the porch if you can't play nice like the others."

"I am on my side," Janice said.

If I had spoken that way, I would have been whipped.

"Don't you talk back to me," Mama snapped. "I don't play with children."

Janice closed her mouth tightly. Even though she was silent, she looked defiant. Mama was furious. She couldn't bear to have anyone stand up to her. Again, I was impressed with Janice. "I don't want to hear no more foolishness from any of you," Mama said.

I looked away from Mama to the other side of the porch, and I saw Miss Ruth peering through the screen door at us. I didn't know how long she had been there nor what she had heard. My face grew hot with embarrassment and shame. For the first time, I really began to feel the summer heat.

Miss Ruth opened the screen door and poked her head out of it. Apparently she had been sleeping, for she wore a red bath robe which was unfastened. She held it together with one hand. "What's wrong?" she asked in a soft voice.

"These kids are fighting again," Mama said. She looked at Miss Ruth as if she were looking at sin itself. "I done told 'em I don't want no more of this foolishness. If they disturb me with their noise one more time, I'm gonna give every

one of them a good whipping, no matter who they belong to." She looked at Miss Ruth to see how she would take her threat.

Miss Ruth came out on the porch and let the screen door close. She put her arm around Janice. "Miss Dorothy," Miss Ruth said quietly, "I know you mean well. But I don't let no outsiders touch my child. If she does something wrong, you tell me and I'll punish her."

"Miss Ruth," Mama lowered her voice to match Miss Ruth's, "a body can't be everywhere all the time. We can't always see the devilment our children start."

Miss Ruth smiled faintly. "That's true, Miss Dorothy," she conceded. Her small mouth lost its softness.

"I try to do right by everybody," Mama continued. "When a body sees Betty doing wrong, they know they can chastise her. It's gonna be the same for this one here." She touched her stomach.

"You do what you think best for your children," Miss Ruth said. "But nobody better touch my Janice. Why, I don't whip her myself."

"I can believe that," Mama said.

I suddenly had a vision of Miss Ruth attacking my mother the way Janice had attacked Mike. Could little Miss Ruth beat up Mama, or would Mama beat up Miss Ruth? What would Daddy say when he came home and found that Mama had beaten up Miss Ruth? I didn't like what was going on.

"She don't have no bringing up at all," Mama continued. "You'd rather carry on with that one-eyed boy than to do right by your own child."

Mike exchanged a glance with Tina, and they laughed. Jim, with his hands jammed in his pockets, leaned against the wall. I began to feel uneasy and hot. I didn't want to play army front any more. I just wanted everybody to stop talking.

"Don't talk about my mama," Janice said suddenly. Her voice was almost a plead.

"See there. Talking back to her betters already," Mama said. "I always say you reap what you sow. And someday, this child here is gonna pay you back for not doing right by her."

"Don't say no more . . ."

"Hush," Miss Ruth said to Janice.

"I don't mean no harm," Mama said, "but I believe in telling things the way they is. Now you can live the wild life in this world. But you're gonna have to come before the Lord in the next one." Mama's voice rose as she began to feel the Spirit.

Miss Ruth was speechless. Everybody was quiet. I was getting hotter. I felt water running off my back. For a minute, I was afraid that Mama would feel the Holy Ghost. Then she would begin shouting and thanking the Lord for

being good enough to feel the Holy Ghost.

"I've lived a good life," Mama continued. "Didn't go running around and carrying on and leaving a child to go every which way."

"Don't talk about my mama," Janice said. She was breathing hard now.

Mama looked at her sadly. "I don't fault the child none. It's your teachings that's making her what she is. Look at Betty. She never talks back. Knows better than to try it."

Miss Ruth glanced at me quickly and I tried to back away from her look.

"Don't you say . . ."

"Be quiet," Miss Ruth said harshly.

"Then make her shut up," Janice screamed. "Make her shut her damn mouth!"

Miss Ruth released her robe and slapped Janice across the face. Bewildered, Janice backed away from her mother. They looked at each other for a long time. They looked as if they, both, were going to cry. Janice's mouth trembled. She jumped off the porch steps and ran down the street.

Miss Ruth looked at Mama with tears in her eyes. "I'm sorry," she mumbled. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I know better than to fuss with you in your condition. I know I ain't living right, Miss Dorothy," she said. "But I don't mean no harm. I just can't help myself. I don't mean to hurt nobody. Never hit the child before in my life. Don't know what's wrong with me. Pray for me, Miss Dorothy. Pray for me!"

Mama wiped the perspiration off her forehead with the back of her hand. "I'll pray for you," she promised.

I looked around for Mike. He was whispering something to Jim and Tina. They were probably making up a new game or thinking of new ways to play the old one. I didn't want to be with any of them anymore. While Mama and Miss Ruth were discussing Mama's condition, I walked off the porch. Then Mama yelled at me. I didn't run or anything. I just kept walking down the street.

"Betty," Mama yelled, "you get yourself on back here."

I didn't turn around, I just kept walking. I found Janice in the alley, about a block from the house. She was lying, face down in the middle of the street.

"What're you doing?" I asked as I walked up to her.

"Go away," she said. "I hate you, too." She looked funny. There was dirt and blood all over her face.

"C'mon, get up."

"I'm gonna stay here forever," she said, "until I die."

"You gonna get run over," I said.

"I don't care. I wanna die."

"Why?" I asked.

"Who cares?" she asked.

I thought about her question for

a while. I didn't know what she meant by it. But I knew that I didn't hate her, and I didn't want to make fun of her anymore. "I . . . I . . . care," I said. "C'mon Janice, get up."

As usual, Janice didn't pay any attention to me. "I hate everybody," she said. "I hate mama, too. I'm gonna stay here till I die. Then she'll be sorry."

I was already sorry about everything. "Please get up," I said, fighting back the tears. She wouldn't move. I walked over to the sidewalk and sat down. I wasn't in any hurry to go home. I knew I was going to get it when I got there. It wouldn't be any little old slap either. Besides, I knew Janice couldn't lie in the street forever. People drove their cars through that alley. And one way or another, they would make her move. I sat for a long time thinking about Janice, Miss Ruth, and Mama. Finally Janice got up and came over to the sidewalk. She sat down next to me. I didn't know why she moved from the street. Maybe she thought that someone cared after all. Maybe she just got tired of lying there. Anyway, she moved. We sat there for a while longer. I didn't look at Janice because I didn't want to cry; and I think maybe she didn't look at me because she didn't want to cry either.

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especially one at a predominantly Negro institution—is suspect. His intellectual inferiority is assumed. If he is writing about Negroes, his bias is presumed. It is a painful job—but a fact—that when a white man studies the culture of Negroes, his work is sent to another white man for appraisal. When a Negro writes about Negroes, his work is sent to three white men. What is published, and publicized, consequently, generally repeats whatever white men already believe about the Negro.

What is needed is a Negro press, a black publisher that will publish and publicize the book-length research of Negro scholars. I first heard such a request in 1957. After a decade, Negro educators and businessmen have not taken the first step towards such a company. Negro publishers of magazines evidence their fears that Negroes will not buy scholarly publications, for they have concentrated their effort and money on periodicals with popular appeal.

Unfortunately, they may be correct. Langston Hughes was among those who, 30 years ago, deplored the unwillingness of Negroes to buy books. Hughes, of course, referred to popular books—fiction and poetry. Interest in scholarship is even less.

FACULTY

Negro teachers are needed. But the task of securing them is not as simple as might be presumed from listening to the bright young educators who demand a black university.

Let us assume that we are considering establishing a university of 10,000 students—small by standards of the prestige universities, colossal for a Negro institution. Let us also propose one teacher for every 20 students, certainly not a far-fetched standard for an ideal institution. That amounts to only 500 teachers, plus administrators and secretaries.

Only 500. But that number will not be found among Negroes who earn graduate degrees in 1968. I do not propose to exclude arbitrarily any candidate who lacks a doctorate degree. Nor do I wish to denigrate the intellectual ability and the enthusiam of people who may apply. But desire is not sufficient. Knowledge and teaching ability are required. Furthermore, because instruction must be provided in all areas of the curriculum, even the capable and well-trained instructors must be screened to make certain that their qualifications are supplementary rather than duplicating. For instance, it is useless to have four teachers well-trained in zoology if there is no one sufficiently trained in botany.

Since sufficient teachers cannot be secured from new graduates not already committed to particular institutions, it will be necessary to raid the faculties of established institutions. As anyone knows who has tried it, money does not always prove sufficiently strong to pry a teacher from an institution and a community where he has planted roots for himself and his family.

In time, a new institution with sufficient money and satisfactory fringe benefits—such as geographic location, adequate library, limited teaching load, and cultural activities—can build as satisfactory a faculty as did Duke and Chicago, to name only two institutions which competed successfully with well-established institutions. But time is required. A decade may not be an unreasonable minimum.

Meanwhile, it may be necessary to develop the program at an institution already established, for one may strengthen a competent faculty more quickly than create a new one. Naturally, the institution must be selected carefully, and means must be devised to exclude from the program—or at least minimize the influence of—tenured faculty members who, apathetic, incompetent, or hostile, cannot contribute wholesomely.

ADMINISTRATION

Negro administrators have been criticized for incompetence, autocratic behavior, and egocentricity. Although the charges are often justifiable, competent administrators can be secured from among those already in higher education. Like teachers, however, administrators may be unwilling to abandon established posts to gamble with uncertainty. I cannot easily condemn a man—black or white—who hesitates, and finally refuses, to dedicate himself to a cause which may require his sacrificing everything which he has spent a lifetime building. Perhaps, therefore, the proposed program should be placed under the jurisdiction of a president who has demonstrated excellence at an institution already established.

Before rejecting this suggestion, let us examine the major objections—that is, the criticisms traditionally hurled at Negro administrators. Autocrats have governed and do govern *some* Negro colleges. But the Negro race owns no monopoly on tyrannical presidents. Autocratic administration may develop wherever a weak, insecure faculty surrenders its rights.

There is little need to fear that autocratic practices will govern the ideal black university. First, the president will already have demonstrated excellence. Competent administrators recognize that educational programs work best when the faculty assists in determining

policy. Second, the strong faculty required for the ideal institution will not surrender its rights.

Negro administrators also are accused of incompetence. Again, the failing should not be identified with a particular race. Incompetent white men preside over colleges, just as incompetent Negroes do. Conversely, many Negroes administer programs effectively, just as white men do.

The fact that some presidents have proved to be incompetent merely emphasizes the need to select a president carefully. Some men cannot cope with the rapid expansions of colleges today. For example, an administrator who has governed successfully as a father-in-residence for a family of five hundred students and seventy teachers may learn that his methods fail when the population doubles.

Traditionally, ministers and professors have been selected as presidents of Negro colleges. Ministers are presumed competent to guide the moral as well as the intellectual development of students. It is further assumed that brilliant professors can reshape the curriculum imaginatively and can stimulate academic performance characteristic of their own work.

The fact is, however, that the complexity of college administration today requires the talents of a corporation executive rather than those of a scholar or a spiritual counselor. Higher education is big business. Some key administrator on the campus must know how to secure grants, how to organize staff, how to handle personnel, how to prepare and present budgets and proposals: in short, someone must know how to operate a big business successfully. Ideally, therefore, some top administrator—a vice-president, perhaps—should be experienced in business management. But how many Negroes have been given the opportunity to exercise their talents as executives in large corporations? Whereas some white colleges may complain that they cannot find business executives willing to accept lower salaries as vice-presidents, Negro colleges must complain of the scarcity of Negroes with sufficient executive experience to serve even as visiting consultants.

An ideal institution needs a triumvirate of key administrators—one man, experienced in managing a corporation, who manages the operation; a second man — an imaginative scholar—who spearheads the academic program; a third man, knowledgeable about budgets, taxes, and law, who serves as financial officer. Naturally, as a scholar, I would name the academic man to the post of president. Each of the three, however, is essential to a successful operation, and each must find sufficient prestige and satisfaction in his own position that he will not seek to usurp the responsibilities of the other two.

NEW PROGRAMS AND EXPERIMENTATION

The new courses proposed earlier do not complete the academic reforms which are needed. New curricula must prepare Negro students for occupations previously closed to them. Many predominantly Negro colleges, starving financially, cannot afford the additional expense of new programs, no matter how desirable they may be.

For example, if only five students seek training for college personnel positions, an impoverished institution may argue that it cannot afford to offer such a program. Instead, it will continue to prepare the fifty students interested in elementary and secondary school counseling. Thus, colleges, economically forced to perpetuate the traditional, fail to prepare Negro students for new occupations.

The Black University may suffer similar financial hardships; yet it must offer new programs. Otherwise, it will betray its students and, in fact, may lose prospective students to larger universities which can afford such programs.

The Black University also must discard the characteristic conservativism of most Negro institutions. Fearing criticism for failure, Negro institutions rarely have gambled on educational experiments. Many of the so-called experiments in curriculum and method merely revive antiquated and abandoned practices. Or these "experiments" abandon academic standards under the pretext of respecting the so-called culture of the Negro.

Experimentation must be encouraged. There should be experiments in methods of teaching, experiments with non-graded courses, experiments with tutorial sessions. But experiments must be conducted systematically. Control groups should be compared with the experimental groups, and student performance should be tested and evaluated. Always, the experiment should be designed to discover the most effective means of achieving desired results, never merely to confirm the validity of a pre-determined hypothesis. Possibly, experimentation will prove that many students cannot reach the required level of competence within four years. If so, the students must be retained longer. College education, thus, will not be envisioned as four years of courses producing a diploma as automatically as nine months of development produce a child. Instead, it should be viewed as the movement toward a goal, the duration determined by the knowledge, stamina, and quickness of the student.

The need for new programs and experimentation is a problem for all of higher education, not merely for Negro institutions. I must reemphasize, however, that the term "experiment" or "curriculum development" should not mask a condescending acceptance of inadequate performance by Negroes. For example, some educators currently

advise teachers to respect the dialect and the culture of Negro students. Since no studies have determined what that dialect is, some educators would accept all habits of language usage, no matter how far they deviate from the standard. Since studies do not describe the Negro's culture, some educators excuse irresponsibility, for example, as characteristic of that culture. Such permissiveness further injures the Negro student, who, after graduating, seeks a professional or technical position. The professional world expects that college graduates will use language identified with professional people and that they will demonstrate responsibility. For example, few employers will hire secretaries who will say, "I ain't got none of them." Whether the secretary speaks with the accent of Boston or Charleston does not matter, but the employer expects a different level of usage. The employer—black or white—does not care whether the secretary's parents and friends speak that way. He assumes that if she wishes to retain that pattern of usage, she should work among them rather than impose her "dialect" on his business. Similarly, no one—whether a white man or a race-proud black man—wants an irresponsible doctor or even an irresponsible plumber.

THEATRE, MUSIC, ART

The Black University should provide a training ground for young actors, playwrights, composers, musicians, and artists. No theatre today provides adequate opportunity for struggling actors and playwrights to develop their talents. Once again, the problem is not restricted to the Negro; a young white playwright experiences equal difficulty in gaining experience by staging his dramas. We are concerned, however, with the development of Negro artists.

An adequately financed university should be able to maintain a resident company of young writers and performers who could share with students their professional experiences, limited though they may be, and who would have a stage on which to develop their talent.

Similarly, the Black University must house a substantial collection of works by Negro writers and scholars and a museum of art by black men. Both collections require money and the services of full-time directors who have time and travel expenses to search for the necessary materials.

The resident company, the library, and the museum can be established and maintained as easily at a predominantly Negro institution already established as at a new institution.

TRUSTEES

If I seem indifferent to trustees, the reason is only that, as a teacher and quasi- or semi-administrator, I have considered trustees only as businessmen who give the blessing of the practical world to the dreams of educators. I foresee less difficulty in securing trustees than in securing anything else for the Black University. Jackie Robinson, Ralph Bunche, Mayor Carl Stokes of Cleveland or Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Publisher John H. Johnson—these are only a few who are possible. Trustees—all-black or all-Negro or all-Afro-American or whatever you wish to call "those people"—can be found.

PRESTIGE

The final need of the Black University is for prestige. Even newly established white institutions require time to build reputations. But I fear that, in America, a black university will never earn national reputation as long as it uses only black teachers to instruct only black students. And I wonder how long Negro students will retain pride in their institution unless that pride is respected by non-blacks.

This is perhaps the final reason reaffirming for me my original conclusion that the desired results may be obtained more effectively by building upon an already established predominantly Negro university rather than attempting to establish a new institution.

Secure the necessary money—whether from black men or white men, and add this to the money already in the budget of a school. Secure administrators whose talents supplement those of a competent administrator who already has experience. Secure teachers—black or white—who have the knowledge and the ability to teach the desired courses, and use them to strengthen a staff which already has numbers and competence. Accept students—white or black—who wish to experience the education provided. Then revise the curriculum to meet the needs and demands.

What results will not be *the* Black University, for it accepts white money, white faculty, and white students. But it should be the kind of institution best designed to provide adequate opportunity for black teachers and students to develop their capabilities fully, to serve the black community effectively, to gain pride in and knowledge of their heritage and themselves, and to achieve recognition for their ability. And these, after all, are the major purposes for which a Black University is proposed.

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standards were the methods of selecting dismissed individuals.

> Dr. Nabrit said—all the people have uniformly said—"We've used the scholarship method—we've read in the paper somewhere, rightly or wrongly, that these people were in some way associated with the disturbance. And that's a scholastic way to approach the situation.[8]

George Hayes, Howard attorney, assumed a Lawyer Calhoun demeanor and wailed that "there has been a suggestion of b-lack pow-wuh" (delivered in the Baptist preacher's fire-and-brimstone tones). He further insinuated that I had caused the fires,[9] reading a statement from an article on Howard I had written in the Washington Free Press. There I had said of the administration: "They don't seem to hear the thunder . . . and so, the boycott last Wednesday, the fire next time" (obviously employing the titles of two well-known novels about the racial scene).[10]

In a confidential report to his superior, the associate dean of students, Carl Anderson, set forth ludicrous and, needless to say, erroneous conclusions, based on the viewing of a film by 30 members of the staff and two students employed as spies. The film of a Hershey hearing had been turned over to Howard by a local television station whose white reporter had gotten into an argument with black militant students outside the building and was knocked down and hospitalized. The trouble with this was that the Howard investigators had a film with no sound. Consequently, they watched Anthony Gittens, in the room legitimately as a witness, and Jay Greene, who sought to bring the militant crowd under control, and concluded from that that they were inciting the crowd to rebellion.

The "confidential" report also erroneously declared the Black Power Committee under the control of SNCC and the Communist Party and labeled the father of one student a communist. The report listed the names of 12 "members of the Black Power Committee"; only one of them was actually a member. One student who was listed as a member, Art Goldberg, was white.

From this kind of evidence an *ad hoc* kangaroo disciplinary committee of 15 faculty officials meted out punishment (from dismissals to warnings and dormitory purges) to 60 students, including André McKissick, daughter of CORE's Floyd McKissick. Faculty members dismissed were merely outspoken faculty members whose contracts conveniently expired that year. They had violated the cult of mediocrity originated in Howard's early

years when "Christian character and republican principles" were, just as political docility is now, the prime prerequisites for employment and promotion.[11] The only other accusations, aside from Acting President Stanton L. Wormley's labeling of me and Prof. Ivan Eames as fellow "racists," came from President Nabrit (who was almost never on campus) who said that there had been "shovings and some kind of physical contact. These teachers had been involved in this kind of activity."[12] This, of course, was a baldfaced lie. In the recent months, four additional professors of unquestioned professional performance have been refused reappointment apparently for political views. More retaliations are to come with each year's expiration of contracts—as things now stand—until all persons of a divergent political hue have left in disgust or been dismissed.

When news of last summer's firings reached me, I had been lecturing at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee. After some weeks I returned to Washington and suggested, in passing, when responding in the local press to Nabrit's boasts of his past civil rights legal work, that at least now, having outlived his usefulness, after serving well in his day and receiving his reward, he should have the decency to get out of the way. I left town again shortly and Nabrit, who had one year left before reaching the mandatory retirement age and who had spent half of the previous year officially working away from Howard as a "salesman" of LBJ's foreign policy, announced his "retirement."

I was sitting at a conference breakfast table when I read this in the Washington Post and I immediately exclaimed to my companions that it was a propaganda, a public relations, stunt. My skepticism was based, in part, on long exposure to the conniving, dishonest approach of the Howard administration. Later, I was to learn that Howard's public relations director, who highlighted the Hershey affair when the selection of student defendants clearly indicated that the Black Power Committee was the target, had received a special citation from the American Association of College Public Relations Officials. He also played up the black power issue after the firing of six professors (four of them white, and I the only black power advocate in the six).

Unfortunately, a group of dismissed students and faculty members misread Nabrit's "resignation" (as did just about everybody else) and called a press conference to announce it as a victory for our cause. They also suggested Kenneth B. Clark (a member of Howard's Board of Trustees!) as a successor to Nabrit, which caused

me to exclaim unconsciously aloud as soon as I had read it. I was aware that if you write a book called *Tan Ghetto* people will think you moderate; *Dark Ghetto,* a militant; and *Black Ghetto,* a flaming radical. Hence it did not surprise me a few paragraphs later when I read that Clark had denounced our movement as "psychotic" while commending the ways of Nabrit. In September, Nabrit was to announce that he had never written a letter of resignation and would not, indeed, that he might defy the mandatory rule and stay on several years. Then, the day after the first fight of my current boxing comeback in December, in which I won by a knockout in 2 minutes and 22 seconds of the first round, Nabrit announced in the press for the second time that he would not retire.

We went to court in August—I belatedly and reluctantly, for I felt that that would turn the matter over to the mercy of the Great White Courts which might rule on a legal technicality rather than on pure justice. Also, Howard students and teachers, should any still care or remember by September, would tend to accept the court's decision as infallible or, equally as bad, await it passively. Our lawyers assured us that the case would be over by September and I felt I had to go along because other faculty members thought that my staying out would hurt their case. The judge who handled it, an octogenarian, had a reputation for conservatism as well as for making the wrong decision in the opinion of the Courts of Appeals (where the case is now). We did not, therefore, expect a favorable decision, and time and again during the courtroom proceedings the biased and illogical comments of the elderly judge brought down the courtroom in laughter.

I discovered, meanwhile, that the members of the Black Power Committee had been imprisoned in a summer "riot-prevention" roundup of black militants, in this case for "conspiring to incite a riot." As bail money could not be raised for them at the time, they could not return to Howard. This left me standing on the battlefield with no forces; and so I worked along with other student leaders who planned a boycott for September. I also remembered all the help local black leaders—not to mention Howard students and professors—unsolicited by me—had promised throughout the preceding year, and I planned at last to solicit their aid. However, student leaders were strongly against "outside" forces. Then, just before school started, the students were reinstated, though most of them went elsewhere, generally to better schools. One of them is said to have told the other students to work on forming a "student judiciary committee" instead of risking protest. I personally heard a dismissed professor discourage rebellion before he left for another college. Student

leaders and professors posing as militants echoed this advice. Now, students who previously had urged me not to round up and bring in "outside" forces, informed me that there would be no boycott and suggested that I use the outside forces. They had just learned that members of the Black Power Committee, which had stolen the campus leadership from the liberal-moderate student establishment the year before, were now away in jail.

At about this time the local affiliates of Newark's National Black Power Conference formed a Washington Committee for Black Power, of which I was elected chairman. I sought help with the Howard movement from them and from other black militants, but none came forward. Nor did any black group raise funds or contribute to the bill for court costs, although some area white professors held a fund-raising party and some American University students held a fund-raising concert. Howard students did nothing along these lines, although the militants put on a party to raise bail money for a person never connected with Howard and who had, in fact, help persuade the Washington Committee for Black Power to evade the Howard struggle.

On the formal opening of Howard, a walkout was planned by militant students for President Nabrit's address. Only three professors—again all white—could be persuaded to take an active part. Keith Lowe, Harvard-trained English professor who had been part of the summer's purge, stood with me on the sidewalk to greet students and faculty members walking out of the auditorium. As students gathered round and cheered, the voice of Professor Lowe, an Oriental reared in Jamaica, grew hoarse as he implored: "I have seen you act as full human beings . . . Don't let your struggle slip back." I warned the students that the only hope is to close Howard down indefinitely until a ruthless, helter-skelter administration buckles under in repentance. I did not know that that also had been the view of Mordecai Johnson, former president of Howard, when the Congressional Appropriations Committee attemped to suppress academic freedom at Howard early in the McCarthy era.

But, as in the case of last year's boycott, student militants, mistakenly seeking "wide participation," had turned the leadership of the protest over to establishment students. I know now that the major reason for the Black Power Committee's relative strength last year rested in its exclusiveness, although this angered many students who regarded themselves as "black radicals" and had reputations for constant espousals of the glory of blackness and revolutionary rhetoric. These students may still be

found at this game, beating their chests and reading and parroting Frantz Fanon and Mao-Tse Tung; and it is clear now that they cannot be expected to do much else.

Then there are the grand organizers. I recently attended a unifying meeting of the representatives of 19 different groups, each proposing to have the cure for Howard's ills. When I finally left the meeting at midnight they had not managed to get together on anything other than the prohibition of campus activity by any single member-group. Later, I learned that they agreed on a collective name whose acoustics formed an African word but they have done nothing since, which—remember?—is what they agreed—that no member-group should do anything.

This nothingness pervades the air at Howard, although Steve Abel, student chairman of the United Black Peoples Party, appears to try hard and to mean business; but he has little or no help; and freshman class president Michael Harris, who has much promise but has not yet had the time to lose his faith in the lies and promises of Howard's administration and establishment-student leaders, did stage a sit-in in President Nabrit's office, protesting compulsory ROTC. Against Abel's will, the 100 students were persuaded by establishment-leaders to break up the sit-in on the promise that Nabrit would eliminate compulsory ROTC. This promise may yet be fulfilled, but, in any case, at best it is a paper victory in more than one sense of the word.

Understand me, there still are maybe 10 truly militant students left at Howard, which would be enough to detonate the movement should they ever manage to shake off the control of the administration's student flunkies, student-lounge radicals and other phonies. Adrienne Manns, editor of the Hilltop, for example, has done a brilliant job, along with Anthony Gittens, chairman of Project Awareness, in making students aware. Also, it is said that time makes more converts than reason, and it may come to pass that the next time Nabrit announces his retirement, Howard students (90 per cent of whom oppose his administration, according to a Hilltop survey) may have the courage to run him out of town.

As of this writing, the atmosphere at Howard appears to the casual visitor to loom thick with the sickness of a strange and eerie apathy. Administrators cling to the erroneous notion that a university can stand upon guns, cunning and connivance, unwary, it seems, of the fact that history is a vengeful lady and, when once it retaliates, can be a vicious executioner. Students and professors walk around virtually wrapped in a cautious trance, as if ready to run at the sound of "boo." Some wear the faces of grinning mummies, hucklebucking no less in mock glee in and

out of "The Punch Out" and other student hangouts.

I walk through the campus on occasion and, now and again, students wave or grin at me, or come over to shake my hand and to inquire about my welfare; and it saddens me to see that they are not concerned about their own. It is sadder still to see in their faces and reactions (and, frequently, frank apologies and rationalizations) a recognition that they have played into the hands of dishonesty and disgrace to their own heritage, bartered away self-respect for insulation against the risk of delay or inconvenience in getting themselves ratified (no pun intended) for the rat race they feel lies ahead. Some of them may never realize how cheaply they sold out.

But students, unlike professors, are not stuck forever in the cesspool of Howard's mediocrity. Many will be able to shake off the crippling influences of their college years and someday reclaim their lives elsewhere and make full contributions to the world and to their race. The professors who remain must either face dismissal or be left to quiver aimlessly in the quicksand of induced docility. I have watched them, day by day, young professors with style and promise already losing their spark, grumbling in the dark but falling silent and teethy when administrators walk by; old men now dissatisfied, but powerless at this late date to move, driven to drink in bars near the campus discussing the books begun five to 10 years ago which their frozen pens will now never finish.

The day before Christmas Eve, I stopped by an asylum to visit a former Howard professor and friend incarcerated there. He had been one of the deans of Negro literature and black thought in the days when Howard was in its heyday, sought out for guidance by a generation of black students when Howard's faculty directory read like a Who's Who Among Negro Scholars. In late November someone had told me how he stood in a faculty meeting and angrily threatened, should Howard go through with a proposal to give all this year's honorary degrees to white individuals, he would write exposés which would "make Nathan Hare's seem mild." Within two weeks they compelled him to retire ("leave of absence" beginning the second semester until the end of the year and then goodby) after over thirty years on the faculty. In a few days he was taken by force to St. Elizabeth's hospital. Coming down the corridor on the day of my visit, he looked well for his age and in good health. On approaching closer he recognized me and refused to see me, stating that he did not wish to see anybody from Howard again.

I am glad I was a Howard professor, but I also am glad that Howard fired me.

(See Footnotes on Next Page)

Final Reflections—

1. Walter Dyson, *Howard University: The Capstone of Negro Education*. Washington: Howard University Graduate School, 1942, *passim*.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 19. "Whittlesey Testimon," *Howard Investigation* (Congressional), 1870, p. 2. See also Nathan Hare, "Behind the Black College Student Revolt," *Ebony*, August, 1967, pp. 58-61.
3. *The Special Court of Inquiry upon Charges Against General Howard*, May 5, 1874. "The Profit of Godliness—a Pious Brigadier," *The Capital* of Washington, D. C., June 22, 1873.
4. The New York *Evening Post*, June 18, 1875. *Ibid.*, July 10, 1875.
5. *Hare et. al v. Howard*, Civil Action no. 2037-67.
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Ibid.*
8. Attorney Richard Millman, American Civil Liberties Union lawyer, *Hare et. al. v. Howard.*
9. George Hayes, Howard Attorney, *Hare et. al. v. Howard.*
10. Washington Free Press, May, 1967.
11. Walter Dyson, *op. cit.*, p. 90.
12. *Hare et. al. v. Howard.*

Nathan Hare, author of the article, "The Decline and Impending Fall of A 'Black' University," is author of the book, *The Black Anglo Saxons*, and a popular spokesman for the "Black Consciousness" movement. He recently received an appointment as coordinator of a projected Black Studies Program at San Francisco State College.

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penniless writer, he travels the gamut from beans and ham hocks to plush meals in Europe. He leaves the Negro paper for a more profitable position on a "liberal" white one. His published novels become a measured success, so successful that one eventually goes into paperback. He joins the White House staff as a speech writer for a "Kennedy-type" President, and leaves unhappily because the President doesn't use any of his speeches. He emasculates his manhood through his relationships with black and white women and soon becomes a carbon-copy of *that white boy.*

Lillian Patch, who is killed because of an abortion, was, of course, the prototype of the "Negro" professional woman, one who had acquired all the white "values" of her society and who wished to live those "values." Lillian and Max would have gotten married had Max had a better paying job, and had he moved more swiftly into the American "mainstream." Max made the mistake of letting Lillian wear the pants, and in effect lost himself and Lillian.

After a short depression period brought on by the death of Lillian, Max is regenerated through a job with the New York Century—a liberal white paper—and the publication of his third novel. After a successful stay at the Century, Max leaves and joins Pace (a Time-style magazine) and works his way up to chief of its African bureau.

The scene of the novel shifts from the United States to Africa and Europe. While in Africa we learn such things as the truth about the African slave trade, that black Africans own a very small percentage of their land, that the black masses of South Africa, with its own system of *apartheid,* have a higher standard of living than the masses of Africans in other areas of the continent. We learn that the majority of black leaders in the "independent" nations of Africa are just as devious, selfish and pro-Western as the black middle-class in the United States.

In Europe, we have glimpses of Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus and the whole French-black intellectual association. As in the Europe of Hemingway, Pound, Eliot, Joyce and Fitzgerald, black writers are not wanted or needed. Finally, while we are in Europe, we come to the revolutionary discovery of the "King Alfred Contingency Plan" for the detention and systematic extermination of the Afro-American people. While attending the funeral of Harry Ames, Max is given this highly secret information by Harry's white mistress.

As Max reads the letter from Harry explaining the plan, his physical pain (cancer of the rectum) leaves him and is replaced with the

pain of knowing too much, and we share this pain as Max reads:

"Panic in Washington ensued when it was discovered that Jaja not only had information on the Alliance, but on King Alfred, the contingency plan to detain and ultimately rid America of its Negroes. Mere American membership in the Alliance would have been sufficient to rock America, but King Alfred would have made Negroes realize, finally and angrily, that all the new moves—the laws and committees —to gain democracy for them were fraudulent, just as Minister Q and the others have been saying for years. Your own letter to me days after you left the White House only underscored what so many Negro leaders believed. The one alternative left for Negroes would be not only to seek that democracy withheld from them as quick and as violently as possible, but to fight for their very survival. King Alfred, as you will see, leaves no choice."

Have black people ever had a choice? NO. Yet, the New York Times reviewer said of the King Alfred plan, ". . . here believability falters." The Saturday Review adds to white America's illusions with the assertion, "It reads rather like an anti-white, Protocols of the Elders of Zion." The Nation said of the Contingency, "It is an unlikely possibility that deflects attention from the ways power and prejudice actually work. Inevitable black genocide is a risky thing to base your whole vision upon." A white critic reviewing a black book feels that "the King Alfred Contingency Plan" is not only fiction but borders on science fiction.

Were Detroit and Newark fiction? Were the deaths of three college students in South Carolina (two shot in the back) fiction? Is the formation of one thousand vigilantes (posse) in Chicago to fight off "rioters" fiction? And what about the purchasing of armored cars, "Mace" (an eye-irritating, nauseous gas), "banana peel" (a chemical that makes a street too slippery to walk on), polycarbonate Riot Shields, grenade launchers for 12-gauge shotguns, and other weapons by city and state governments? One can go further, even after reading the so-called scholarly criticism in Trans-Action and refer to the *Report from Iron Mountain.*

The "Report" not only legitimizes war, but suggests that the government reconsider the re-introduction of slavery:

"Another possible surrogate for the control of potential enemies of society is the re-introduction, in some form consistent with modern technology and political processes, of slavery.[1]"

As a black writer, I can look at *The Man Who Cried I AM* from a different perspective and indeed see "King Alfred" being implemented today.

[1] *Report From Iron Mountain,* Dial Press.

No doubt about it, Mr. Williams can write; he proved that with *Night Song* and *Sissie*; but the Williams of this novel transcends the artist and becomes the seer, the prophet.

One of the poor points of the book was the author's main characters' consistent relationship with white women. Max and Harry had white wives, and Max forever wanted a redhead. When will we stop hating ourselves and start loving our own women? As one black woman put it, "Williams makes a fool of himself in this respect. I guess he couldn't write any other way since he has one for a wife. It is interesting to note that the black man will share his hard times with the black woman, but when it comes to fame and fortune, it looks better with a white woman at his side." Williams is ambiguous when he states that, "It was one thing to sleep with white women, but quite another to marry them." Yet the two main figures in his novel had white wives—a part of being accepted, I guess.

After seriously thinking about the ending for some time, my conclusion is that it could happen . . . Mainly because we know for a fact that black FBI and CIA agents do exist; they are being used today in Africa and in the black communities of the United States. As for the 50-minute transatlantic call Max makes to Minister Q (Malcolm X) to tell about the "King Alfred Contingency," I regard it as extreme stupidity, but then, again, what else would a "negro" do? Max, as King "negro," had in actuality lost meaningful contact with his people. He had left "home" a long time ago and had no intention of coming back. If Max had been in tune he would have had brothers in Europe who would have helped him.

The value of this novel cannot be measured in terms of copies sold or reviews written. To date it has not sold as well as *Confessions of Nat Turner* for obvious reasons, and most of the major white critics completely overlooked it. This, I believe, is an indication of its importance. Ramparts magazine called it the "toughest novel of the fall" and ran an excerpt in its December 1967 issue. This, too, indicates its value for this is the first time, if I am not mistaken, that a novel by an Afro-American has been excerpted in a major white publication.* Yes, John A. Williams has written a dangerous novel and when the order comes down from the Regime that "books with dangerous teachings should be publicly burnt," *The Man Who Cried I AM* will start the fire.—DON L. LEE

* The writer is mistaken. The new novel of James Baldwin, *Tell Me How Long The Train's Been Gone*, for example, was excerpted in the February 1967 issue of McCall's magazine.—EDITOR

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which even the traditional "junior year abroad" could not give him. And student travel could conceivably be subsidized in much the same manner that such programs are underwritten, and would be vastly cheaper.

And what about the teachers themselves? As I said earlier, they could be Black Humanists or "Specialists in Blackness." The Black Humanists would include black teachers in the traditional humanities who have been "cured," so to speak. They would know Chaucer, let's say, but they would also know the Scottish poem, "The Lady with the Mickle Lips." They would talk about blues poetry with a full appreciation of the ballad making process which took place in Northern England and in Appalachia. The Specialists in Blackness would include those competent and dedicated people who, with degrees or not, have thoroughly acquainted themselves with the history and culture of black people in Africa, Europe, and the Americas. They would include historians, behavioral scientists, social scientists, ethnomusicologists, teachers of languages and literature, poets, novelists, composers, teachers of dance musicians and other performing artists. Some of these people will *by definition* be black people. Others would be green if they had the information, and if they had a sympathetic identification with the *real* (as distinguished from the arrogantly presupposed) purposes of the Black University. All of these fields are high-priority fields, so, it seems to me, that a great emphasis would have to be placed on identifying gifted students and imbuing them with the desire to prepare themselves for the academic profession.

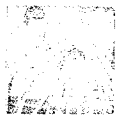
The musicians and the other artists, but especially the musicians, could provide a basic grass-roots relationship with the community, limited only by their talent and commitment. Poverty and degradation, aren't necessary for the production of great art. Why then do we continue to neglect our great and tortured musicians, ignoring them even in death? No one has written the biography of Clifford Brown or Fats Navarro? And the blood of Charlie Parker is still on our hands. At least half of the Negro colleges *as they exist today* could probably support a gifted jazz group for at least a semester. The Black University must make it possible for such artists to live and create in dignity.

It must also take a primary responsibility for doing the kind of scholarly research into the culture of black people that only black people themselves can do. In almost any discipline that one can conceive of, there are vital problems of

research crying for the kind of clarification which is essential to our selfhood. Some aspects of this research could be carried out even by serious "C" students. Certainly any "B" student worth his salt could find enough, say in *urban* contemporary folklore, to make a national reputation for himself. Fundamental documentation of black life-in-process needs serious attention from our creative filmmakers and artists, for somehow statistical studies fail to capture the vitality and wholeness embodied in the concept of Soul. In the modern world, our researchers need mastery of modern technology and methedology.

Our textbooks need serious revision. Many need simply to be written. In my own field, I haven't seen a single relevant text in the teaching of writing in the past five or six years. Our humanities courses are often archaic, and students are understandably bored. And all this while we are in the midst of an *identity revolution.*

Our professional organizations can still be relevant if they would welcome increased participation by graduates and undergraduates alike. We need these structures. Their evolution was too slow and painful for us to discard them now. Let them enter into the contemporary dialogue. Let them share their wisdom, their historical perspective, with the young. Perhaps in the process they will regain something of their original vision.



Let us turn, finally, to a difficult, practical and theoretical problem: the role of the natural sciences in the curriculum of the Black University. In the foregoing discussion I have deliberately begged this question. The reason for this should be obvious. How, as one of my colleagues recently asked, are you going to teach black chemistry? How are you going to teach black astronomy? Although they represent an over-simplification of the whole concept of the Black University, these questions do have some relevance, which I shall briefly try to point out.

At the outset, I suggested that the faculty of the University be staffed with Black Humanists and Specialists in Blackness. I also indicated that such a university would almost by definition involve chiefly those disciplines which are human-centered, *i.e.,* the social sciences, the behavioral sciences, literature, art and the like. This, however, as the questions imply, does not answer the fundamental question of the relationship between the humanistic studies and the natural sciences and mathematics. What is to be such a relationship in a Black University? Frankly, I am not clairvoyant enough, nor rash enough, to say; but I must say that this problem is not the exclusive concern of those of us who

seriously conceive of such a University. It has been a general problem in Western education ever since the advent of the new science. It was particularly crystallized in the 19th century in the exchange between Matthew Arnold and Thomas Huxley. It is still with us in the crisis of the two cultures as described by C. P. Snow. It is still with us in the growing dissatisfaction with General Education programs, as well as a rather common awareness that Science alone cannot satisfy all of the complex needs of human society and culture. It is still with us in the widespread fear that a society completely dominated by science might eventually deprive us of those very values which make human life meaningful. Thus, if anything, if the Black University is predicated upon the intrinsic human value of philosophical blackness, or SOUL, the conflict between the humanistic studies and the natural sciences could conceivably be heightened still further. And if, as I assume, the Black University would probably come into existence as a result of modifying the structure of some one or more of the existing liberal arts colleges which have science departments firmly entrenched in the academic life, other practical and theoretical problems are generated.

Suppose, for example, that at College X an ideal situation exists in which the administration and the board of trustees agree to change the identity of the college in order to make it a Black College or a *de facto* unit in a larger Black University. What should be their attitude toward the mathematics courses and the courses in the natural sciences? What should be their attitude toward the Black Humanists, assuming again an ideal situation, who teach these courses? What should be their attitude toward the black student who is already discovering himself and his world through an exploration of the Black Experience but who happens to be a physics major? Should they, with a black stroke of the pen, wipe out as anti-Soul, and thus anti-black, the entire department? Of course not, for such an action would be in itself divisive and hence anti-Soul. It would chop both student and professor straight down the middle, producing the very kind of fractured sensibility which is the tragic inheritance of modern Western life.

Then what recourse is there? A return to a pre-scientific state? This is clearly impractical, even if it were desirable. As I see it, it is not only undesirable; it is foolish. Science is here to stay. Technology, a step-sister of science, is also here to stay. Not only must Afro-Americans come to grips with that fact, so also must the so-called Third World. And so in fact they have Witness the Aswan High Dam. Witness the brilliant successes of the Chinese in nuclear physics. Witness the history of Japan since the contact with the West. Lest one dismiss this

lightly as Western intellectual imperialism or moral contamination, let us recall that the early history of science took place largely in non-Western areas of the world—in Africa, in the mid-East, in the Far East, and in pre-Columbian America. Left to develop without the devasting contact with the West, any one of these areas might well have evolved an independent modern science, and we have no assurance that the more negative aspects of scientism would not have developed likewise. Thus, since the study of science seems a natural and logical enough human pursuit, it should have, it seems to me, an honored place in the curriculum of the Black University. That place should not be subordinate to any other, for the rigorous discipline imposed by scientific study and the thrilling sweep of the scientific imagination would be extremely valuable in all of the other academic pursuits of the student. The result would be a new structure, a new balance, and, one hopes, a new man—a new vision of what it means to be a man. This would be our gift to ourselves, and through ourselves to the world. Perhaps it is not too late.

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justed for price changes in 1965 dollars so they show the actual situation for all families during the Sixties.

The data on family income are related to the number of persons within the family who are producing an income. In 1966 more black than white families had two or three persons within the family bringing home paychecks, but still a black family with three persons bringing home a salary (median income of $6,583) made less than a white family with just one earner ($6,877).

Between 1963 and 1966 median family income for blacks went up from $3,465 to $4,628, and from $6,548 to $7,722 for whites. In statistical terms the median income for black families increased by 34 percent while the increase for white families was 18 percent. Consequently, black families made 53 percent as much as white families in 1963 and 60 percent as much as white families in 1966. It would appear from these figures that black families were overtaking white families in their quest for a more equitable share of the nation's resources, but if you look at the statistics again and do a little calculating you will see that in 1963 a white family made $3,083 more than a black family and in 1966 white families made $3,094 more than black families. The data show clearly then, that in *relative* terms black families are overtaking whites, but in *absolute* terms the situation is getting worse.

One of the most profound and perplexing problems which has plagued the black community for generations has been the conflict between males and females. The income picture for persons, as differentiated from families, shows one underlying aspect of this conflict. Between 1959 and 1966 median income for black males (25 years and older) increased from $2,610 to $3,665, and for white males from $4,851 to $6,390. The percentage increase in the median income of the black male was 40 percent as compared to a 32 percent increase for the white male. In 1959 a black man made 54 percent as much as a white man and in 1966 he made 57 percent as much. In actual dollars the black man made $2,241 less than a white man in 1959 and $2,725 less in 1966. Just as it was in family income, the *relative* situation for the black man improved between 1959 and 1966 while the *absolute* situation declined.

Of even greater interest to our understanding is that higher levels of education did not significantly improve the relative or absolute situation of the black man. In 1959, a black man with eight years of school made 73 percent as much

as a white man with a similar education; a black high school graduate made 68 percent as much as a white man with a high school diploma; and a black man who had some college made 64 percent as much as a white man with some college. In actual dollars this meant that in 1959 a black man with an elementary school education made $1,081 less than a white; a black with four years of high school made $1,794 less; and a black man with some college made $2,507 less. In 1966, a black man with elementary school education made 80 percent as much as a white; the high school graduate made 70 percent as much; and the black man who went to college made 66 percent as much; and in actual terms the income differences were $930, $1,880, and $3,095 less, respectively.

As we indicated earlier, the picture is a confusing one, but let us summarize the income situation of the black man in 1966 as compared to 1959, and black men as compared to white men. In 1966, black men had a higher median income than in 1959, and this was true at all educational levels. In 1966, the *relative* situation between black and white men had improved at all educational levels, but *the absolute situation had improved only for black men with eight years of education.* It had worsened for those with high school diplomas or who had attended college. Furthermore, the relative situation had improved least, and the absolute situation declined worst for those who had college training. This means that at the higher educational levels white men are moving so rapidly in America that black men at the same levels are barely keeping up.

The situation for black women for the same period of time and in the same age category is quite different. Median income for black women went up from $959 in 1959 to $1,561 in 1966, and for white women the change was $1,635 to $1,988 respectively. In relative terms, the income of black women increased by 63 percent and that of white women by 22 percent, so that while black women made 59 percent as much as whites in 1959 they made 78 percent as much in 1966. In 1959, black women made $668 less than whites and $427 less in 1966. Therefore in both *relative* and *absolute* terms the income situation for black women has improved since 1959.

The nature of the relative and absolute improvement is seen more clearly when we analyze changes by educational levels. In 1959, a black woman with eight years of school made 85 percent as much as a white woman with similar education; a black woman with a high school diploma made 76 percent as much as a white woman; and a black woman with some college made 94 percent as much as a white woman with similar education. By 1966, a black woman with eight years of school made 92 percent as much as a white woman;

a black woman with a high school diploma also made 92 percent as much, and *a black woman with some college made 13 percent more than a white woman with similar education.* Median income for a black woman with some college education in 1966 was $3,964, $445 more than the median income of the white woman with similar education.

Although the data on income trends for blacks is confusing, we believe several conclusions are justified. In terms of family income the black population has made some relative improvements in the Sixties, but our absolute situation has remained virtually the same. If we remember that it takes at least three earners in a black family to produce a median family income anywhere close to that of a white family with one earner, we can certainly say there has been no improvement in the income situation of the black family; we have to work three times harder and we still do not keep up with the majority of Americans. When we consider income of persons, it is apparent, as it has long been apparent, that the black female is much more capable of matching and exceeding her white counterpart than is the black male. Furthermore, while black females with higher levels of education exceed white females, black males with higher levels of education fall further behind white males. This economic picture aggravates so many of the subtle psychological problems facing the black family and the relations between black men and women.

Earlier, we pointed to two contradictory trends in the black population during the Sixties. The general social and economic picture of black families in the cities gives some foundation to the belief of some experts that black people may be moving in two directions. Recent special censuses in many of the major cities of the country are showing that, since 1960, there has been relatively little improvement for many black families and, in some cases, a reversal in our situation. In many cities, the unemployment rates for blacks have been virtually the same throughout the Sixties; there has been no improvement in family income; and often there is a rise in the proportion of families which are headed by women. A notable example is the Hough area of Cleveland where the male unemployment rate was virtually unchanged from 1960 to 1965, and family income declined by 12 percent.

The situation is not getting worse for all black people in major cities, however, and the trends bear very close observation and cautious interpretations. There is no doubt that a larger black "middle-class" is coming into existence, and there are some who would hold that these

blacks are better off, but we must ask, better off in relation to what? Are they better off in relation to their previous situation, in relation to low-income blacks or in relation to whites in the same areas in which they live?

Some limited data from Cleveland provide us with some tentative answers to what may be happening to black people in various parts of the large cities of the nation. While most of Cleveland's black population is generally found in nine neighborhoods, some black people live outside of these areas. In 1960, some 8.9 percent of the black people in Cleveland lived outside of the black community area; and in 1965, 15.0 percent of the black people lived outside of this area. If we assume that, in general, those living away from the black community are middle-income people, and those within the community low-income blacks, we can compare some of the characteristics of these two groups of blacks, and then compare them to middle-income whites in Cleveland. The table lists some of the social and economic characteristics of these three groups in Cleveland for 1960 and 1965.

In 1960, middle-income black people had a fertility ratio (the number of children under five for every 1,000 women aged 15-49) much lower than that of low-income blacks, indicating that poor blacks had more children to care for and less money with which to do so than their more prosperous brothers. The proportion of children under 18 living with both parents gives some indication of family "stability," and here the middle-income blacks were also better off for a higher percentage of their children live in "stable" families. Furthermore, middle-income blacks had a full year more of completed school than did those in low-income areas.

Although middle-income blacks have an employment rate lower than that of low-income blacks, both groups have high levels of employment. The difference between the two groups is most clearly seen in the income statistics. Middle-income blacks have a much lower proportion of families and the very low income category, and a higher proportion in the category of those families making from eight to fifteen thousand dollars per year. Therefore, the median income of the poor black families was only 86 percent as much as the median income of the black families living outside of the black community. We can confidently say that in Cleveland in 1960 middle-income blacks were better off than low-income blacks.

By 1965, the fertility ratio for all black families had declined considerably, but the middle-income blacks still had much lower fertility than low-income blacks. The proportion of "stable" families in two communities went in opposite directions; it got worse for the low-

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CHARACTERISTICS OF LOW-INCOME BLACKS (L.I.B.), MIDDLE-INCOME BLACKS (M.I.B.), AND MIDDLE-INCOME WHITES (M.I.W.), IN CLEVELAND, 1960 and 1965.

	1960			1965		
	L.I.B.	M.I.B.	M.I.W.	L.I.B.	M.I.B.	M.I.W.
Fertility Ratio	570	486	429	515	442	434
Children under 18 living with both parents (%)	67.7	75.8	91.1	62.1	78.4	89.8
Median years of completed school, Persons 25 and over	9.4	10.4	(NA)	10.0	11.6	(NA)
Unemployment Rate:						
Males	13.0	10.2	5.0	11.2	8.1	3.8
Females	12.3	9.0	4.9	14.5	3.8	5.9
Number of Families by Income Category (%)						
Under $3,999	40.8	26.7	17.4	39.8	19.0	16.1
$4,000-$7,999	44.6	48.4	50.3	38.6	38.6	38.3
$8,000-$14,999	13.7	22.6	29.0	19.8	40.1	39.7
$15,000 and over	1.0	2.3	3.3	1.7	2.3	5.8
TOTAL	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
N	51,367	5,072	131,436	51,996	10,133	118,116
Median Family Income ($)	4,961	5,797	(NA)	5,723	7,285	(NA)

SOURCE: U.S. Bureau of the Census, *Current Population Reports*, Series P-23, No. 21, January 23, 1967

income blacks and better for the middle-income blacks. While both groups improved in their educational levels, the middle-income blacks improved so much more rapidly that by 1965 they had over one and a half years more of completed education than did low-income blacks.

The unemployment picture in 1965 was most interesting, for the relationship of the males to each other did not change even though the general rates were lower for both groups. The low-income black women had a higher level of unemployment in 1965 while the unemployment rate for middle-income black women plummeted to below 4 percent. The effect of these diverging trends in female employment is seen in the income data. In the lowest income category there has been virtually no change for low-income blacks and a dramatic improvement for middle-income blacks. While both groups saw improvements in the upper income categories, there were twice as many middle-income black families making from eight to $15,000 per year as there were low-income blacks. Consequently, the poor black families had a median income only 78 percent as high as that of their more prosperous brothers, a decline from the 1960 situation. In 1960, the median income for middle-income black families was $836 more than it was for low-income black families, and by 1965 it was $1,562 more. The evidence suggests that not only were middle-income black people in Cleveland better off than low-income black people in 1965, in the period since 1960 the middle-income blacks were moving further away from low-income blacks in terms of family organization, education, employment, and income. The black population in one of America's major cities is moving in two different directions, it appears.

Given the comparative standing of middle- and low-income black families to each other in Cleveland in 1960 and 1965, how do the middle-income black families compare to the white families who live in the same area as they do? Here we are unable to obtain all the data necessary for comparison like that above, and the available data are not as satisfactory as we would wish, for there were significant changes in the number of black and white families in the area under consideration. While the number of black families living outside of the black community doubled in the five year period (an increase of 100 percent), the number of white families *declined by 10 percent,* apparently as whites moved further away from middle-income black families.

In 1960, black families in middle-income areas of Cleveland had a much higher level of fertility than

white families and a much lower level of family "stability." Black people were twice as likely as whites to be unemployed, and consequently they had much lower income levels than whites. Over a fourth of the black families fell into the lowest income category as compared to a fifth of the white families, and in the higher income categories the whites consistently outstripped the blacks.

Some rather profound changes had taken place by 1965. The fertility level of the blacks was much closer to that of the whites as a consequence of a slight rise in white fertility and a large drop in black fertility. Black families were still characterized by more "problems" than white families, however, as only 78 percent of all black youth under 18 were living with both parents as compared to 90 percent of the white youth. The most significant change was in the unemployment levels. Black men were still twice as likely as white men to be without employment, but *black women had a much lower unemployment rate than white women.* Finally, there was a considerable equalization in the distribution of families by income levels. It is true that more black than white families were in the lowest income category, but the difference between the two groups was reduced greatly. On the other hand, the difference in the proportion of families in the highest income category was increased in favor of the whites, while in the middle-range categories the black and white families were almost equitably distributed.

The general point we have been trying to articulate in this discussion of middle- and low-income black families in Cleveland, and their comparison to white families, is in answer to the question: if things have been getting better for some black people in the Sixties, what does getting better mean?

The data would suggest that middle-income black families are out-distancing low-income black families in Cleveland, so in relation to each other the absolute and relative situation of middle-income blacks is getting better and that of low-income blacks is getting worse.

However, in a comparison of middle-income blacks to whites in the same area, the data are suggestive if not conclusive. In 1960, middle-income black families were in a rather unfavorable position as compared to white families. By 1965, the situation had improved for two possible reasons: (1) Many white families had moved out of the city in flight from the influx of black people, and those whites who remain behind may fall into the lowest and highest income categories, and (2) black women carried a considerable portion of the income-producing activities of black families, thus making it possible for their families to exist in some reasonable comparison to the white families who remained in the area. The situation for black men as

compared to white men had not improved at all; it was the continuation of the feminine practice of supporting the family which has apparently made it possible for the black families in Cleveland to improve their situation in relation to the white families.

In this paper we have tried to specify some of the major demographic trends in the black community in the Sixties to underscore some of the issues that must be taken into account in the development of a Black University. The data indicate that black people are becoming a larger portion of the population in the nation's largest cities, and we have moved into a situation of influential control in at least one third of the 30 largest cities. Other data which we have not discussed here indicate that the blacks moving into the larger cities tend to be young people who are better educated and more likely to engage in white-collar occupations than the whites who remain in these cities. Furthermore, the data indicate that in the Sixties black people have been seeking education more than ever before.

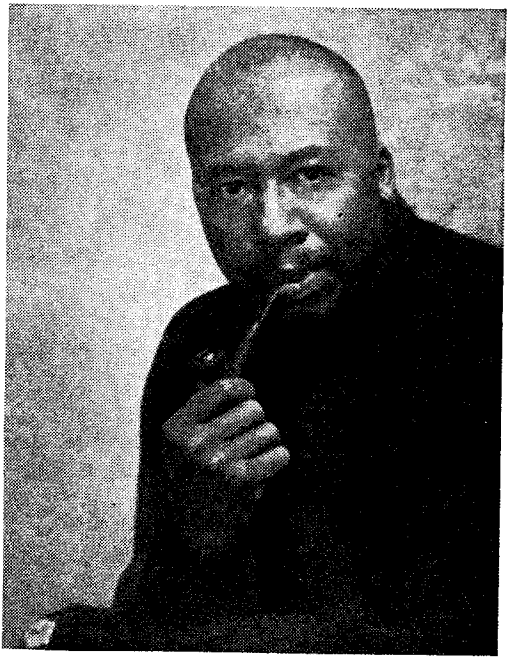
However, in occupations, and in employment, there has been no substantial improvement for the black population, with the exception of some notable changes for black women. While black people have shown improvement over previous periods in income, in relation to whites in America the situation is not as favorable. Black men, particularly those with higher levels of education, are no more able now than they were previously to match white men in income. On the other hand, black women compare much more favorably with white women in producing incomes, and at the higher educational levels black women clearly excel white women in income. When we can separate middle- and low-income blacks, we see that middle-income blacks are improving their social and economic situation much faster than low-income blacks; thus the two groups are getting further apart, and there is evidence that middle-income black families have been able to make gains on middle-income white families but primarily because of the income-producing ability of black women.

A black university must address itself to the changes taking place in the black community, and two profound conditions have been presented in this article. We must carefully consider the consequences of the fact that, in these times, the burden of family support still falls heavily upon the shoulders of black women. How this affects black men in particular and black families in general must be given very close attention as we attempt to respond to the conditions and needs of the black community. Secondly, we must consider the significance of the split between middle- and low-income blacks that has clearly developed in the Sixties. It would

seem safe to say that many prosperous blacks are being rewarded in this country while many poor blacks are taking to the streets. There must be a philosophy and ideology which will unite the black community regardless of economic condition or social status. If our prosperous brothers continue to prosper by putting their wives in the labor force and begin to forget, it may well be that in the 1960's, one century after the Emancipation decade of the 1860's, we may see the reinstatement of the old "house-slave" versus "field-slave" dichotomy, using income, education and place of residence as the basis of differentiation. "Lord have mercy."

J. Herman Blake, author of "The Black University and Its Community," is acting assistant professor of Sociology at Cowell College, Santa Cruz, one of the arms of the multi-limbed University of California. The New York University graduate also wrote "The Agony and the Rage," a description of experiences on the California campus, in the March 1967 NEGRO DIGEST.

BLACK ART by Jon O. Lockard

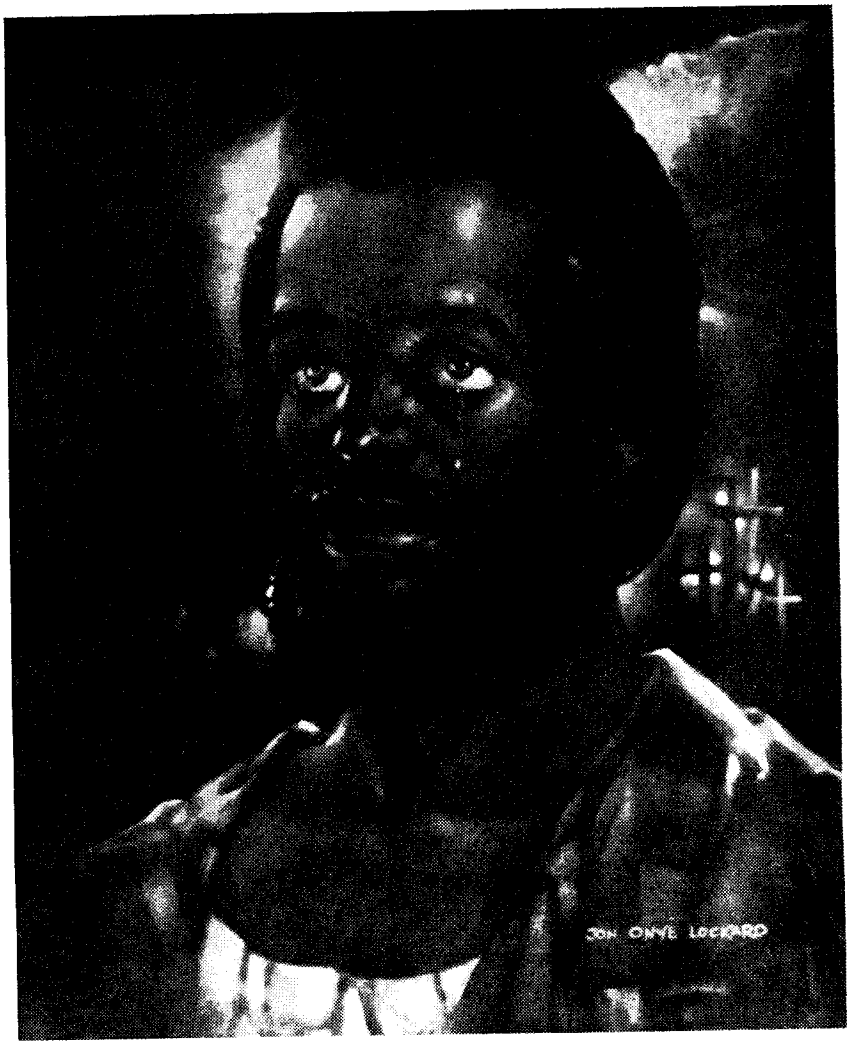


JON ONYE LOCKARD is a self-taught artist, a fact which might have something to do with his choice of subjects. For, as an artist, Mr. Lockard is not much concerned about the art class' geometrics and the delicacy of shadow on a rose; his art is directed toward human beings and to delineating their beauty, their anguish and their joys.

The impact of Mr. Lockard's work is evident on the next three pages, but it is to be regretted that NEGRO DIGEST is unable to reproduce the three paintings in color. For color—in more than one sense—is most important in Mr. Lockard's work. The faces and the hands are black, very black, but touched with that deep umber which suggests the earth. And the backgrounds, which appear merely dark in black and white, are shades of blue, red and flame-orange in the original.

Mr. Lockard, a Detroit native, currently lives and works in Ann Arbor, Mich., where his studio (Ann Arbor Art Centre, 215 S. Fourth Ave.) is located. He formerly operated Studio 21 in Detroit, specializing in commercial art and illustrations, and attended Wayne State University as an art major. He now concentrates on portraits.

Color prints of the paintings reproduced here are available through Mr. Lockard's studio. They are 16 by 20 inches in size and sell for $10.00 each. They also are available framed at additional cost. Framed 8 x 10 prints are available for $4.95. The unframed prints also are available at Vaughn's Book Store in Detroit and at Ellis' Book Store in Chicago.



The Black Messiah: *Describing this painting, the Rev. Albert Cleage of Detroit's Central United Church of Christ termed it a "strong black face under a crown of thorns, suffering, beaten, humiliated, but undefeated." The figure has symbolic blue in his eyes.*

Plea For A Second Chance: *Work-worn hands, lovely in their testimony to life, rise in supplication and sacrifice. Terror—always present where black men live among white men—threatens, but life will be renewed even again, and the hands will grow stronger.*

Interruption: *More than another version of Mother and Child, this painting speaks to the new vision of black Americans, who now see their own beauty, but it also celebrates the will to endure of the black people. The mother succors the child as fire rages.*

Editor's Notes

That something is gravely wrong with the conventional approach to the education of black children no longer is arguable. Much of the problem, of course, is general: there is something gravely wrong with American education, period. However, as always in a society which—being racist by nature—assigns opportunities and rewards according to race and color, those people suffer most who are regarded least, and *those* people in the American society *are* black people. It is a hopeful sign that some of the brightest young people who have chosen education as their profession are deeply concerned about the deficiencies of existing educational institutions, particularly as these institutions relate to black students and the communities from which the students come. These educators are no longer willing—as so many of their predecessors were—to sit back comfortably and garner laurels and enjoy status while the talent and potential of the masses of black children are criminally wasted. The idea of a Black University—an institution designed to serve the *real* and *total* needs of the black community—has taken root, and there is every reason to believe that the idea will grow and eventually take concrete shape.

The special issue of NEGRO DIGEST devoted to a consideration of the concept of the Black University developed through discussions with Gerald McWorter, a recent Ph.D. graduate of the University of Chicago now an assistant professor of Sociology at Fisk University in Nashville. In his outline letter to the other contributors to this special issue of NEGRO DIGEST, Mr. McWorter said that the articles dealing with facets of the proposed Black University would concern themselves with "a vision, the articulation of an 'ought' . . . for the future . . ." He made it clear that the concept of the Black University, as envisioned by himself and the editors, was concerned with the entire spectrum of social, economic, psychological and cultural imperatives which characterize, influence and control the black community.

In a further clarification by the editors, the Black University concept was described as also being "concerned with the art of black people, and with the development and articulation of a black esthetic. It is concerned with the conscious strengthening of those institutions which make the black community viable, and it is dedicated to the liberation of black students (and black people generally) from the inhibiting and crippling presumptions which have been imposed upon black life and culture from outside the black community."

The projected special issue on the Black University was conceived with five basic articles in mind, plus two "case studies" of existing black educational institutions. The proposed areas of concern for the five articles were as follows: 1. "The Black University: Toward a Conceptual Model"; 2. "Policy and Support: Trustees, Administrations and Funding"; 3. "The Academic Process: Faculty, Students, Courses, Research"; 4. "The Black University and Its Community: Social Change in the Sixties"; and 5. "The International Perspective: The Third World."

That the articles as presented fall short of the goal set for the special issue of the magazine is testimony more to the inflexible demands of deadlines and the preciousness of time than to any failing on the part of the contributors, all educators of the highest competency. Despite the inadequacy of time, however, they have presented here an urgent and imaginative educational prospect, one which will surely engage black students and educators more deeply in the days to come. For their efforts and for their service to the community, NEGRO DIGEST is most grateful.

HOYT W. FULLER
Managing Editor

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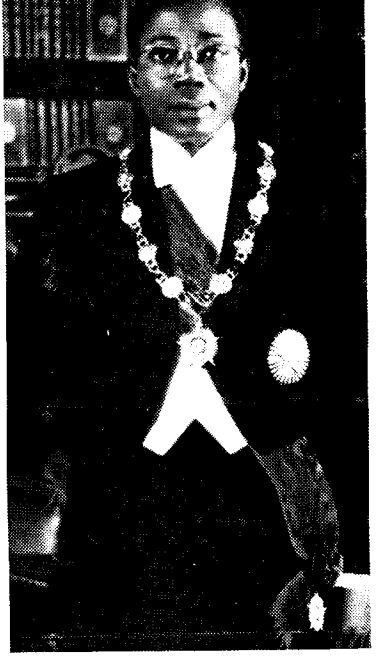
A Cult?
A Fraternity?
A Way of Life?

What Is This Thing Called Negritude?



For Africa in particular—and for much of the rest of the world in general—the era of Western discovery, exploration and occupation constituted a long night of exploitation and domination. And while Colonialism scourged most of the non-white world, only the black men from Africa were massively enslaved, corralled by the millions and transported in chains across the seas to alien lands. Torn from their roots, forbidden access to their cultural sustenance, assigned roles as eternal drones, the black men from Africa, drawing from some uncommon racial reservoir, nonetheless found the strength and the strategy to endure. The long night is now receding before a new dawn, but the coming light alone cannot heal the deep affliction induced by the prolonged darkness. Strong medicine is required to cure the disease of degradation, and Negritude has been offered as antidote to the ancient evil of anti-black racism.

It was a group of black intellectuals in Paris who first advanced the idea of Negritude —Césaire Aimé, a poet from the French Antilles, and Léopold Sedor Senghor, a poet-statesman from Senegal, chief among them. Senghor, now President of the Republic of Senegal, remains the principal proponent of Negritude, and he sums it up in these words: "Negritude is the whole complex of civilized values—cultural, economic, social and political—which characterize the black peoples, or, more precisely, the Negro-African world . . . In other words, the sense of communion, the gift of myth-making, the gift of rhythm . . . a myth which evolves with its circumstances into a form of humanism . . ." United Nations President Alex Quaison-Sackey of Ghana defines Negritude as "an acceptance and affirmation of the quality of 'blackness' . . . a psychological gathering together of all black peoples in the spiritual bonds of brotherhood." And American professor St. Clair Drake terms Negritude "a soft and resilient rather than a hard and mechanical approach to life . . . a deep resentment over subordination to white people during the 400 years of slave trade and the subsequent structuring of caste relations here and in Africa."

Negritude, then, is also a form of racialism—Yes, but in the words of French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, *"anti-racial racialism."* Therein lies the difference. And Dr. Drake explains: "Anti-racist racialism was brought into view by its opposite, which is aggressive, exploitative racism. And the whole concept of Negritude assumes in its dialectic that anti-racist racialism is destined to disappear."