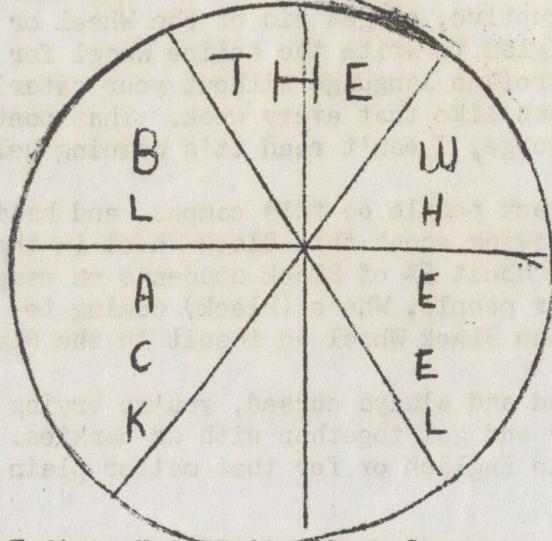


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Indiana University Black Students  
Vol. II No. 2, April 17, 1970

Home to Blackness

--George Thompson

The tremendous influence of the Black inventor upon American industry and culture is a force that is still structuring our society. It is an accepted fact that we are influenced, guided, and motivated by our communications. For so many scholars, historians, and the culture in general to have deleted the magnificent accomplishments of our beautiful race is to collectively "Bear false witness."

If we began to examine the many inventions that are responsible for America's industrial success we will see that Black people have been the minds behind these inventions. Some of these inventions are; the automatic lubricator, sugar refiner, induction telegraphy, automatic phone recorder, railroad car coupler, "the third rail", automatic shoemaker, portable X-ray machine, blood bank, automatic car washer, the refrigerator, traffic light, turn signal, toggle harpoon, automatic transmission, automatic air brake, and semaphore.

The first patent known to have been granted to a Black man was for a corn planting machine. This issued to Henry Blair of Maryland on October 14, 1834. Two years later he was granted a second patent, for a similar device involving the planting of cotton. Blair was one of the more fortunate slaves who was able to have his freedom purchased. A slave, of course, could not file a patent in his own name. Lewis Temple invented the toggle-harpoon and doubled the whaling industry of New England. James Fortey of Philadelphia invented the Fortey Sail control and built a factory employing fifty workers.

"FROM BLACKNESS COMES EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING MUST RETURN TO BLACKNESS"

(cont. next issue)

THE ACTION IS HERE!

Blk Festival and Blk Images--a Photographic Expo of Blk Activities//Slide show, Fridays 3:00 p.m. Blk house. Also rap--jam session.

The B.S.A. of Western Illinois University invites you to attend its "Dialogue in Blackness" April 12 thru 18th. There will be speakers such as Jerry Durley, Carolyn Rogers, workshops and entertainment featuring the Pharoahs. Registration fee, one dollar and there will be a nominal fee for the black ball (Afro-garb).

The Black women at St. Mary's College invites you to participate in a black weekend May 1-3. There will be a variety of activities including parties and musical programs. Sly and the Family Stone in concert will be featured and will be followed by a Black Ball: theme--"Wantu Wazuri" (Beautiful People). Interested? contact the Blkhouse, 7-9271

Black Arts Drama Performance "Many Shades of Ebony" is going to Depauw April 24. If you are interested in going, call the Blkhouse, 7-9271.

On Wednesday at 3:30 p.m. in Business 109 "An Experience in Black Studies" is still being presented. I.U. will be featured May 7.

Locked for forward movement  
Only baby, the wheel, the black  
Wheel is now loose, oiled and  
Not ready to, but rolling

Greased lightning it is  
And knows no nuances  
Be whatever you be  
Take it fast people  
Cause the wheel, the Black Wheel  
Will smash you, roll you under  
Cause its go definite  
Business to tend to, Yah!

Editorial -- "The Black Wheel"--trash!

Black people are sick and tired of all the trash being written in "The Black Wheel". Please start writing something constructive, or get rid of the Wheel or get new editors or give me a ring and I'll be glad to write the entire Wheel for you. We as Black people know very well how to use profane language without your catering it to us every week, we don't need to read trash like that every week. That poetry or so-called poetry is so full of profane language, I can't read it's meaning well, before a curse word grabs my inner thoughts.

This Wheel is suppose to represent all Black people on this campus, and believe me if you check out what Black students are saying about this Black Wheel in these dorms you'll find ou the Wheel only speaks for about 5% of Black students on campus. We are interested in hearing about news of our people, Who's (Black) coming to speak hear, when? Time? etc. You are making the Black Wheel an insult to the Blacks on this campus.

Just because whitey told you you were loud and always cursed, you're trying to prove him right, stop trying to appease whitey and get together with us darkies. We can understand you better if you write plain English or for that matter plain Black dialect (without cursing).

Dig on this--

Just because one wears an Afro- doesn't make him any more blacker or because one wears his hair straight doesn't make him any less blacker. Because many of us with these Afros are just like oreo cookies...Black on the outside and white on the inside. People should feel free to wear their hair kinky or straight, make-up or no make-up. Noone should impose their ideas on others. We need to get Blackenized Bad!! But we're going about it the wrong way. Don't worry about how a person looks, because looks can be deceiving, check their actions out, how Black are they inside? What are they doing for the cause of Black people? The outside can easily be a fashion or display.

Note:

A group of us is writing this and would like to see this in your next issue, if not we'll come over and talk to your editor or higher authorities then the editor if need be. There's got to be a change in the Black Wheel or else we will have to collect petitions from students to abandon it. Don't get us wrong many of your articles are good, and very informative. Don't mean to make you angry, but if you are really Black, you can dig it and stand up and be a man.

"P.P.D"

Replies:

Really one doubts you ability to read. Don't misunderstand me, I'm not making fun. Information about the happenings on campus is presented and upcoming events are noted. As for profanity, you should stop and think. Words? What are words? But mere articulations to express a given situation or object. And who deems the validity or purity of words? You? Hell no, the man. If a brother or a sister needs to inject a fuck, a damn, or whatever to get their point across, need we deny them the privilege of expressing themselves? If we restrict, if we limit, then we deny our innate blackness and fall dead into the man's bag.

As far as being interested in our people, check that the paper is sent only to blacks. Therefore, if we were seeking to appease whitey don't you think we would include him on our mailing list? Futhermore, just as easily as you sat and wrote up this letter of criticism you could have wrote something that you consider "constructive."

Estella Perkins,  
co-editor

(Number of the Office of Afro-American Affairs, the BLKhouse is 79271.

Estella Perkins, 6 7290  
Charles Sanders, 6 0051).

"The Black Wheel" will only represent all Black students on campus when someone other than the three or four people who feel enough alive contribute, do something constructive besides write anonymous letters. Indeed we have been begging people to offer ideas, works, and anything they feel would enhance "The Black Wheel". Where have you been?

We are not in the business of pleasing whitey and Black dialect is full of curse words. As you know up until about four years ago, your very name BLACK, hurled at a brother, was the foulest of insults. As for the meaning in the poems, it is SUPPOSED to grab your inner thoughts and tug at your nerve endings.

Noone has commented to us about the paper putting anybody down about their hair being long or short or whether they wear belled levis or Brooks brothers suits to class. So we don't understand your reference to clothes and hair and peoples look.

We may be reached at the Office of Afro-America Affairs. Your ideas and changes, if any that you have are welcomed, there is always room for a brother or sister on the paper.

Charles Sanders  
co-editor

Dearest Black Brothers and Sisters:

Hello, my name is Willie Jordan and I'm afreshman. I'm writing, first of all because I'm very confused about something. I've been receiving the "Black Wheel" for quite some time now, and I wanted to help do something on it ever since I started receiving it. The only problem is, I don't know what I can do.

I can't write that well, so what can I do? Right now I'm an art major. I don't see too many drawings or cartoons in your paper, so that sort of leaves me out. Please tell me what I can do to help. Another thing I'm confused about is the black problem as it stands now. I'M sure that along with myself, there are others who are confused. Why don't some of you that do know about the problem inform us that are not sure. The problem I'M talking about is revolutions, concentration camps, and so on.

I am also questioning fraternities and sororities. It seems that if things areas bad as they seem to be concerning blacks, that instead of having individuals fighting one another all the time, they could somehow unite. Tell me, is this in any way possible.

Thank you,  
Willie Jordan

To Willie Jordan

We do hope that your black brothers and sisters will answer your questions and send them to the Black Wheel. By all means do stop by and aid us, as we truly need an artist. In addition, there is a rap-jam session every Friday at 3:00P.M. sponsored by the Black House that seeks to deal with the black situation. Since very few people have come perhaps you can be instrumental in directing or encouraging people to come. Right on!

The Editors

WILL THE FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES PLEASE NOTE THE ABOVE LETTER!!!!!!

\*\*\*\*\*  
WASICHU MEANS THE WHITE MAN  
\*\*\*\*\*

PERSERVATION HALL a jazz group that specializes in DIXIELAND music composed of black men over 60 did a real live thing Sunday, April 12.

During the break a group of us went backstage to let them know that some soul was in that immense crowd of honkies. Talking bout together, honey shut yore mouf! Them old brothers taked "holes in my clothes" i mean to tell ya'll i left there raggety. The drummer told me, "where yore little man, if he round, too bad."

Mercy! shit, who the hell said that us blacks got a generation gap. Not only could we relate to their music shucks childs, them old poppas had a script that would shame some young dudes. PERSERVATION HALL, yes indeedy, handle yore jive we hear you!

eb perkins

BLACK PEOPLE, COME HOME

The only home for Black people is in the hearts and souls of Black people Negroes

Come home  
America is not a place to live  
But a land to live in  
Colored folks

Come home  
The whiteman need not be your God

Come home  
Black is beautiful is inside

come home  
You are ours, and we won't let you go  
Black bourgeoisie

Come home

We need you  
Home...Home...Home nigger  
Home...home... come home nigger  
Welcome home brother  
Welcome home sister

Linda Randle

Tha white cake iz tha ang'l food

You ate it without question

black fool

Now you got 'n-di-ge-s-on

An' you think you gon' die  
Poor old black men  
Unfold yo' beggin' prayin' hands  
You ain't gonna be no ang'l You'z Devil food

fool

Send yo' kinky white hair to heaven!

Yo' poor o' black body cann't take no bleaching' !

Mary Wilson

In a land of vast

'E-CON-'O'-ME

Many are ragged and

HUNG-RY

(U.S) help people across the sea

And are killing  
at part of me

The cops killed my cousin  
in a riot last week

The sight

of it made me weak

A part  
of me  
died

The klans boomed a Baptist church  
this week

3 little children died  
I look on and cried

A part of me  
died

Today a "Brother" was killed in  
Viet Nam  
the same time one was killed by a  
Georgian  
SO

DAMMIT

I MUST BE

DEAD!

Mary Wilson

SPOTLIGHT -- Mrs. Johnnie Miles

Mrs. Johnnie Harris Miles was born in Lowndes County, Mississippi. She received her B.S. (major--Biology) in 1964 from Rust College located in Holly Springs, Miss. She also received her masters (major--guidance and counseling) in 1968 from Tuskegee Institute located in Alabama. Presently she is doing post graduate work in counseling here at Indiana University. Mrs. Miles is a counselor at the Counseling Center located in Maxwell Hall, Room 221.

Mrs. Miles' past reveals that she had has substantial experience in counseling. Formerly she served as Executive Director of the YMCA and the YWCA. She taught at one time at Robert E. Hunt High School in Columbus, Mississippi. While there she was active in the Science Club and with the cheerleaders. In addition, Mrs. Miles has travelled throughout the South assisting in program and leadership development on college campuses. Mrs. Miles is a member of the Southern College Personnel Association, Kappa Delta Pi Honorary Society, and Indiana Personnel and Guidance Association.

Mrs. Miles feels about the national social issues, "I see a tremendous need in this country for concerned and active people involved in solving our country's problems. Too long have we been satisfied to let the leaders make all the decisions for us. We are beginning to see that change will come only when we attempt to bring about those changes. My major concern is that Black people become, on a whole, more aware of themselves and their potential to bring about change. There is support in numbers--but there is also strength in a committed few."

And about the campus issues, "There is a great need for additional and more "in depth" changes in the University environment. Black and white students and faculty must work together in that direction. We must be genuinely concerned about our future goals but feel more of an urgency for finding solutions to the problems of now, for example, football players dismissal, recruiting more Black students, etc." Right on, Mrs. Miles, the Black students salute you!

\*\*\*\*\*  
LATER FOR TALKING BOUT WHEN THE SHIT COMES DOWN, THE SHIT IS DOWN--HERE, NIGGAS!!!!!!  
\*\*\*\*\*

Ebony Admiration

I love the night and not the day  
In daylight I am reflections  
of the walking dead  
constrained to follow the  
whims of stick-men  
struggling to balance themselves  
against the gravity  
of their own worlds.

At dusk I breath the air,  
and see that it is the daylight  
phantoms who know the night and  
feel the weeping secrets,  
experiencing its flowing  
respirations.

Here my organs are flushed clean  
in the mist-filled motions  
of this mind, a marvelous maze  
of congregation whose elements  
are puzzle people, each existing  
but to reach circularly for  
others, shaped in contradiction and  
in knowing it, strengthened.

That strength holds the night.  
The night and its specters.

The specters the glow of my people.  
My people the love of my life.

Walter R. Anderson

Back to the Ghetto.

The four years' sentence done:  
Out to the field must we  
Like soldiers with hopes and fears  
The fairy maiden to pursue:  
"Ghetto life" is her name.

Life!  
Life the splendiferous future of  
babes unborn  
The invisible present of all  
The unseen past of Kings  
The Eldorado of youth, the curse of  
age.

There we see thee still  
Crawling between soft saloons  
and pompous baits  
As once you did  
Behind the pearlsome gates of I.U.  
Whose name now like unnameable  
venom sounds.

While still we to suffer you there hope  
Let our valediction sing to I.U.  
Therefore,  
Farewell I.U. citadel of joy and sweat  
Farewell verdant pastures the value  
between and the parks beyond  
'Good-bye to all that.'

Aggrey Nyong'o

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NOTE: Your real name and address must supplied if you wish your article printed. We must be certain that you are black and we must be able to contact you. If you do not want your named printed, indicate so. Deadline for articles for next issue -- Wednesday April 22, 1970.

Thank you, Editors.