

LIBERATOR

Vol. IV, No. 7

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EXCLUSIVE THIS MONTH

**We Are All
Blood Brothers**

MALCOLM X

**The Economics
of Black
Nationalism**

Harold Cruse

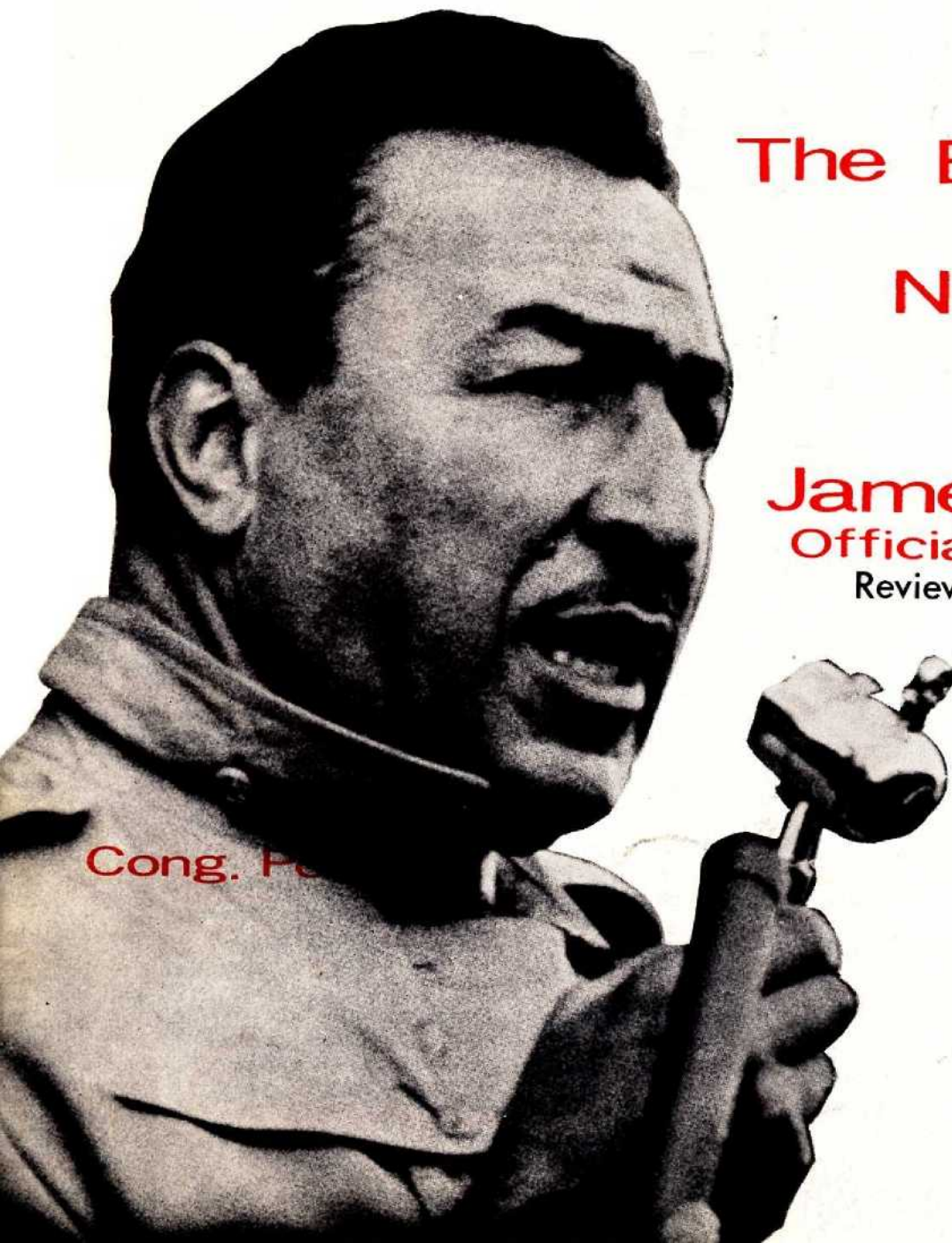
James Baldwin
Official Angry Negro

Review: Blues For Mr. Charlie
Clebert Ford

Cong. Po

Ghosts

Langston Hughes





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Who Speaks For The Negro?

"It matters not what our friends may do; they may make OUR CAUSE their perpetual theme...yet all will be of no avail, so far as we, ourselves, are personally interested without our thinking and acting, as a body, for ourselves." (Philip A. Bell in the Weekly Advocate, New York, January, 1837)

The above statement was made 127 years ago, yet a century later we are still fighting for the right to speak for ourselves.

Congressman Adam Clayton Powell is one of the few authentic black leaders who has been democratically elected by the black masses as their spokesman. Despite this incontrovertible fact, the white community through their propaganda mills continue to impose on the black community their hand picked handkerchief head "responsible leaders", KING, WILKINS, YOUNG and FARMER.

The recent dispute between Congressman Powell and the kindly old professor (complete down to his pipe) from City College, is another clear indication of how the white power structure maintains its stranglehold on the black community. This kindly old professor (a Negro) from the Gothic bluffs overlooking Harlem performed a greatly needed service to the community: his monumental document on Harlem, its ills and its cure is a testament to his personal integrity as a scientific researcher. There can be no argument with his conclusions and proposed cures; with the publishing of his report, it was expected by all concerned, including the professor, that he would return to the classroom on the hill. But now we learn that this "naive non-political" professor has solicited the support of the darling of the white liberals, our do-nothing Mayor Wagner, to impose once again a hand-picked "nigrah" leader to direct the affairs of this much needed first step program of rehabilitating Harlem. Immediately the white press and the Greek chorus (Uncle Toms) launched the verbal assault; Congressman Powell was being "irresponsible" for insisting that the director of the project must be a black man who has been with the joint project from the beginning and has his roots in the black community, not one who takes the rubbernecking sightseeing tour of Harlem every four years. On the other hand, the white press insists that Mayor Wagner and the professor are for motherhood and against sin; translated into Mau Mau talk, Harlem was once more to be on the receiving end of the shaft.

The phrase that is being bandied about today by the white liberals, "who speaks for the Negro," is another device the power structure has come up with in order to divide and rule. No black community has elected King, Wilkins, Young or Farmer as their spokesman; they have never campaigned for "public office," yet we are constantly being told that they speak for us. This lesson should not be lost to the freedom fighters in the South who are giving their lives in order to increase Afro-American voter registration. Even if the right to vote is gained, we must vote for the approved "responsible leader." Even in the so-called democratic processes, the will of the black people is ignored.

Now, White Man, hear this: Adam Clayton Powell was nominated and elected via the secret ballot by the black people of Harlem as our spokesman and leader; until we vote him out of office, he will continue to represent us. No amount of phony white liberalism and missionary tears can change this fact!

The one remaining service that the kindly old professor can perform for Harlem is for him to retire to the weed-covered eclectic Gothic structure on 137th Street and Amsterdam Avenue and leave the "driving to us," the black people of the community.

DANIEL H. WATTS

We Are All Blood Brothers

Malcolm X

Malcolm X poses beside a statue of President Nkrumah inscribed with his famous statement, "Seek ye first the political kingdom and all other things shall be added unto it."

The collective African reaction to America's treatment of the 22 million Afro-Americans first came to my attention in Beirut, Lebanon, where I stopped for three days on my way back to Cairo from Mecca. When it was learned that I was in Beirut, the African students at the American University of Beirut immediately arranged for me to lecture at the Sudanese Cultural Center. The overflow audience received the lecture warmly and gave me a glimpse of the interest, sympathy and support our case has among the people abroad once they fully understand our deplorable plight here in America. The Sudanese and Lebanese Muslim students kept me up until 3 a.m. after my lecture, trying to learn how they themselves could help the Afro-American in his struggle for freedom and human dignity.

In Nigeria I received an even warmer response at the University of Ibadan. After my lecture there, a visiting professor from the West Indies tried to defend America with a verbal attack upon me during the question and answer period. The young Nigerian students leaped on the stage and grabbed the microphone from him. Then they ran him off the stage, out of the hall, off the campus, and would have lynched him had not Dr. Essien Udom (author of "Black Nationalism," who





Nkrumah's Government has welcomed Afro-American exiles to Ghana; above are Julian Mayfield (left), Shirley Graham DuBois, Maya Angelo Make, and Alice Windom.

is teaching at the University of Ibadan) intervened.

At a banquet that night the students made me an honorary member of the Muslim Student's Society of Nigeria, and bestowed upon me the name, *Omowale*, which in Yoruba means "the child has returned."

I appeared on Nigerian T.V. and radio explaining the plight of the Afro-American to the Nigerian people. I had private discussions with many government and religious leaders and other persons of prominence in Nigeria. All showed genuine concern for our problem, and expressed a sincere desire to help.

Nigeria has unlimited natural wealth and beauty. It is impossible for that country to be so heavily vegetated and not have highly fertile, productive soil. With modern agricultural methods Nigeria could easily become the "bread basket of the world." In fact, most all of the African continent has this same natural wealth and beauty.

One white American whom I met in Nigeria, stated emphatically that Africa was the "last frontier," the only continent left with unlimited untapped supplies of natural resources. He agreed that if America was to be considered the

land of the past in current history, Africa was definitely the Land of the Future.

Ghana is one of the fastest moving countries on the continent. She knows what she wants and where she is going; her leaders are flexible enough to experiment with all sorts of ideas and methods in order to take the Ghanaian people forward on the path of progress.

Signs of modernization and industrialization are everywhere, and the Ghanaian people show an unquenchable thirst for education. President Nkrumah told me himself that the T.V. network now being installed in Ghana will be used primarily to educate his people. It will not be misused to corrupt the morals of the people by giving them an overdose of western movies as has been the case in some of the other African countries. In fact the Director of Ghana's T.V. network will be Shirley Graham DuBois, the wife of the late world famous Afro-American scholar who renounced his American citizenship and made Ghana his home.

Ghana probably has the largest Afro-American community on the continent. The Nkrumah government has welcomed all of them. Some refer to themselves as ex-

patriates, others as exiles. Many Afro-Americans and West Indians who have migrated to Ghana have played a prominent role in the very progressive intellectual atmosphere that prevails throughout the country. Some of the more famous names involved are the late Dr. W.E.B. DuBois, his charming wife (the former Shirley Graham), George Padmore, Miss Cecil McHardy, Dr. T.R. Makonnen, and many others.

The Ghanaians regard the 22 million Afro-Americans as their long lost brothers, and their concern with our plight reflects itself at all levels of government. They invited me to lecture at the University of Accra at Legon, at the Kwame Nkrumah Ideological Institute at Winneba, and also permitted me to address the Members of the Ghanaian House of Parliament.

My topic in all these speeches was the "22 million colonized Afro-Americans," the violation of our human rights by the U.S. government, and the necessity of the independent nations of Africa, Asia and Latin America giving us their active and open support in our struggle for freedom and human dignity. I encountered no closed minds. I found open ears and sympathy everywhere. They told me that injury to us was

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Samory Touré

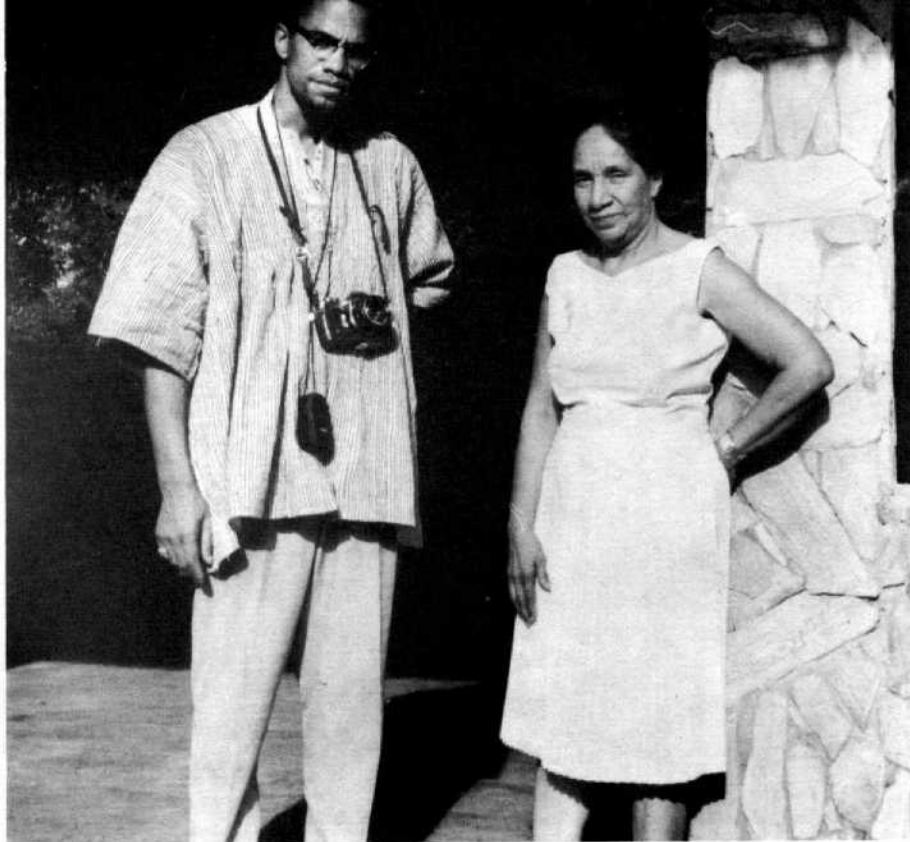
Samory Touré, (1830-1900), much maligned African warrior-king, was the most fearsome adversary that the French met in Africa. He demanded, and he set the example, for unfaltering fidelity to principles and tenacious determination in the face of overwhelming odds. An astute political analyst, courageous soldier, and masterful strategist, he exemplified "Freedom Fighters" of past and present, who have led and will lead their people to a better life.

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Brother Malcolm poses with Shirley Graham DuBois in Accra, Ghana.

MALCOLM cont.

injury to them, that our problems were their problems. We are all one people—Africans or of African descent. We are all blood brothers!

During my hour long audience with President Nkrumah he made it clear that he would not consider Ghana free until all Africa and all people of African descent are free. His philosophy of Pan-Africanism is the most advanced political doctrine being voiced on the African Continent today, and for this reason President Nkrumah is both feared and hated by the White Western Powers who are still trying to maintain a neo-colonialist foothold on that continent of beauty and wealth.

While in Ghana I was able to confer with ambassadors from at least fifteen African, Asian and Latin American countries. The entire Dark World is beginning to see America as the 20th Century's leading neo-colonial power.

I had tea at the home of the Chinese ambassador, who later gave a dinner in my honor at the Chinese Embassy. He was very impressive, intelligent and well-informed on the plight of the Afro-American. He very politely reminded me that Mao Tze-Tung was the first head of

state to declare the open support of his government and its 800 million people behind the Afro-American struggle for freedom and human dignity in America.

The Cuban Ambassador, a small, boyish-looking man, was an expert on African affairs. I proudly visited his embassy and accepted an invitation to his home where I met his beautiful wife and children. They made me feel like one of the family. He was so down-to-earth and unassuming, it was difficult to remember that he was actually His Excellency Armando Enríquez. He also gave a dinner in my honor to which he invited the entire diplomatic community.

Another very impressive diplomat was the Algerian Ambassador. He had a razor-sharp mind, and was well-versed in the principles of revolution. His image of militant sincerity is still strongly pictured in my mind. He led the five ambassadors who accompanied me to the airport on the morning that I left Ghana for Senegal, Morocco and Algeria.

Travel broadens one's scope. My outlook after my five weeks' tour of the Mid-East and Africa is much broader than before I left.

James Baldwin: Official Angry Negro

Review of "Blues for Mister Charlie"

Clebert Ford

My first observation at "Blues for Mr. Charlie" was the racial composition of the audience. Yes, there were Negroes in attendance, about 20% of that night's audience. But they were not the "jungle" Negroes of Harlem or the "box" Negroes of Brooklyn; rather those E. Franklin Frazier types who, like their liberal white bourgeois brethren, seem to be compelled to keep abreast of the revolution as it takes its various courses. This particular relationship between audience racial composition and play may seem tenuous, but one cannot help but feel that there is a positive correlation between the lack of total black support of "Blues" and an increasing disenchantment and disillusionment with Baldwin in the Negro community. James Baldwin, after all, has become an "integrated" Negro in the fullest sense. Indeed, one could go as far as to say that Baldwin has been appointed the "official angry Negro in charge" or "resident house Negro" by the establishment, and we all know what this means. Baldwin now finds himself less and less involved in hard core, black community centered activities and more indulged and courted by the white power structure.

"Blues" is essentially a reworking of the Emmet Till Mississippi lynching of several years ago. Written in a rather eclectic style, imaginatively lighted and surprisingly well directed by Burgess Meredith, "Blues" remains consistently interesting if not particularly enlightening or fresh in idea or conception. Mr. Meredith has gleaned at least three brilliant performances from Al Freeman, Jr. (who is rapidly becoming one of the finest actors on the American stage),

Rip Torn and Diana Sands.

When one looks closely at the play its faults, however, become quite obvious. Cases in point: Are the Negroes projected on stage the truthful representation of the Southern rural Negro? Would not Richard Henry, the "crazy nigger" protagonist of the piece, be silenced by the Negro community long before he was allowed to go far past the point of any reality in Lyle Britton's rural country store? Does Baldwin want to hate or does he want to love and be loved? I might add that fully fifty percent of "Blues" is devoted to a white point of view. Would "Blues" have been produced by Actors Studio, certainly the establishment of the American theatre, had it been written by a Negro other than Baldwin?

It is impossible not to be impressed by Baldwin's immense talent after viewing "Blues," but is his

face the only image of the Afro-American to be exposed on the American stage? All blacks don't desire to love or be loved by our white society, and Mr. Baldwin should realize that what the black man wants is just that—to be a free man, a free black man, and not necessarily an "integrated" man. If Baldwin finds himself becoming more alienated from the black community he has only himself to blame. The black community needs his talent, his passion, his intelligence and fervor. The James Baldwin of "The Fire Next Time" seems to be no more. In "Blues" Baldwin the playwright instinctively begins to say certain truths about freedom, black manhood, and the white society. But James Baldwin the official angry Negro intrudes. As a friend of mine said, "In the beginning he was groovy, but he got lost somewhere."

James Baldwin at the March in Washington, August, 1963.

TONNAIRE-TAYLOR



The Economics of Black Nationalism

Harold Cruse

PART ONE OF THREE

The great conflict between W.E.B. DuBois and Marcus Garvey in the early 1920's had its roots in the earlier leadership rivalry between DuBois and Booker T. Washington that had agitated Negro leadership circles from the turn of the century until 1915 when Washington died. The basic, underlying, issues that gave rise to this Washington-DuBois-Garvey continuum were fundamentally economic although Negro historians do not tell the story this way. The historians, both Negro and white, have so distorted and confused the issues involving Washington, DuBois, and Garvey that it is impossible for the present generation to comprehend the real meaning of the roles these leaders played. There were deep conflicts between DuBois, first with Washington and then with Garvey. But in reality these conflicts were more concerned with leadership tactics than with certain racial principles involved in such goals as "civil rights," "racial equality," "higher education," "voting rights," "gradualism," "accommodationism," "political power," "back to Africa," "separatism," "integration," "nationalism," etc., etc.

In the attempt to explain the conflicts between DuBois and his rivals, the historians have done the Negro a serious disservice by elaborating on the slogans and the ideologies of these leaders without caring to explain the fundamental economic compulsions behind these ideologies. For neither Washington, nor DuBois, nor Garvey can be understood in their proper contexts unless one, at the same time, comprehends the basic economic realities and motivations behind Negro class ideologies at any given time. For, while it is true that ideologies move men, it is economics that feeds, clothes, and shelters them. Hence, if ideologies are not understood in terms of economics then these ideologies are not understood at all. Individual leaders can project ideologies of many kinds and color them with the hues of their own personal aspirations which very often obscure the very fundamental issues which are of crucial interest to the people for whom the leaders speak. Then the historians come along and completely forget or overlook what the basic issues were for the people in the mass and center their attention on the personal

characteristics of the leaders. In this fashion was the fundamental economic question that first split DuBois and Washington, and then DuBois and Garvey, almost completely lost in the historical accounts of these men. Thus, both the historians, and also the partisan followers of these leaders—Washington, DuBois, and Garvey—will have you believe that these three leaders represented three, clearly defined, separate schools of racial thought concerning the Negro in America. But for all these seeming differences—and they were very marked at certain times—these differences were essentially tactical rather than substantive. This can be shown by the fact that DuBois wound up essentially agreeing with both Washington and Garvey on the necessity of the "black economy" which was Washington's original idea, and then on the "back to Africa" possibility which was Garvey's main platform which in turn was a further elaboration of the "black economy" theme. In his autobiography *Dusk of Dawn* (1940), W.E.B. DuBois protested against the charge that he had any serious differences with Washington. He

EDITOR'S NOTE

The split between Malcolm X and Elijah Muhammed that occurred in the Muslim Movement last March was the result of a profound crisis not only within the Muslim ranks but within the entire Negro civil rights movement as a whole. The real compulsions behind this split lie in the fundamental economic problem that is inextricably bound up with the Negroes' struggle for racial equality. This basic economic factor is obvious, but it is obscured only because of the ideological, religious, political and racial ideas by which the Muslim split is being explained publicly. This split was heralded in the press both radical and liberal as a "step forward" for Malcolm X because of his expressed desire to participate in the "broader" civil rights movement. But this remains to be seen because in departing from the Muslims' official organization, Malcolm X actually exchanged one movement's crisis for another inasmuch as the official civil rights movement is also in a crisis. The fact that it was the concealed economic realities of the Negroes' existence in America that worked to force a split in Muslim ranks is proven by the fact that Malcolm X could not avoid projecting the idea of the "black economy" and the "economic control of the jobs and businesses, etc." in the Negro community. Whatever Malcolm X says about "politics," "Black Nationalism," etc., has its importance but the crucial issue is economics—black economics. But this idea of the "black economy" is by no means anything new. It has been discussed many times before in our history but it has never been thoroughly understood. Thus it becomes necessary again to examine this question of economics but from an historical point of view because that is the only way in which this complex economic factor can be understood today in terms of the Negro movement as a whole.

stated he was "not against Washington's ideas" but he insisted on the rights of other Negroes to express their ideas. But DuBois admitted in his book that Washington was the undisputed leader of ten million Negroes of his time. If so, who were these "other Negroes" and what were their views on Negro leadership. DuBois admitted of himself, "I was not a natural leader of men." But then he argued that "the question was as to how far educated Negro opinion in the U.S. was going to have the right and opportunity to guide the Negro group."

Here were the seeds of DuBois' "talented tenth" elite leadership conception. In other words, DuBois'



W. E. B. DuBois

conflict with Washington was a leadership power struggle expressed mainly through a difference of theories of Negro education. DuBois, being a Northern-born product of Fisk, Harvard and Berlin Universities, would naturally have a much different point of view on education of the Negro than Washington, a southern product of slave parentage. But DuBois had, thirty-seven years before Dusk of Dawn was published, stated much more clearly the real basis of his opposition to Washington's "undisputed leadership." In his Souls of Black Folk (1903), he summed up his views on Washington most thoroughly in his essay, "Of Mr. Washington and Others." If one analyzes this essay

very thoroughly and also very objectively, without the partisan emotionalism common to most Negroes these days, one can arrive at a clearer comprehension of what the Negro problem is all about and also better understand what is wrong with the Negro movement today, and why this movement is hung up in a programmatic crisis.

Booker T. Washington had stated his position in 1895 with his famous (or infamous—depending on how you look at it) Atlanta Exposition speech. DuBois quoted him:

"In all things purely social we can be as separate as the five fingers, and yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

This went down in Negro history as Washington's "Atlanta Compromise" which, according to DuBois and others (mostly from the safer Northern states), was a "civil rights" sell-out. Washington's soft-peddling of civil rights agitation in the South was interpreted as counselling Negro submission. And so it might seem if we were to look at the South of 1895 to 1910 and mistake that South with the South of today. DuBois' attitude was:

"Mr. Washington's counsels of submission overlooked certain elements of true manhood, and that his educational programme was unnecessarily narrow."

Notice the reference to "education" theory. However, DuBois had to recognize that circumstances had elevated Washington to the rank of "the one recognized spokesman of his ten million fellows, and one of the most notable figures in a nation of seventy millions." Therefore, DuBois softened his criticisms of Washington by saying:

"One hesitates, therefore, to criticize a life which, beginning with so little, has done so much."

Then DuBois continues with what is the essence of his conflict with Washington's leadership:

"This is an age of unusual economic development, and Mr. Washington's programme naturally takes an economic cast, becoming a gospel of Work and

Money to such an extent as apparently almost completely to overshadow the higher aims of life. (Underscoring ours.)

Here the question of economics, the real underlying social compellent, forces its way into the picture. DuBois, then, elaborates on this economic theme as follows:

"(Mr. Washington) is striving nobly to make Negro artisans business men and property owners; but it is utterly impossible, under modern competitive methods, for workingmen and property owners to defend their rights and exist without the right of suffrage."

Washington's views on "suffrage" were expressed as follows:



Booker T. Washington

"Brains, property, and character for the Negro will settle the question of civil rights. The best course to pursue in regard to a civil rights bill in the South is to let it alone; let it alone and it will settle itself. Good school teachers and plenty of money to pay them will be more potent in settling the race question than many civil rights bills and investigation committees."

DuBois countered this by voicing the sentiments of his own and "the other class of Negroes who cannot agree with Mr. Washington..." He said, "...Such men feel in conscience to ask of this nation three things: 1) the right to vote; 2) civil equality; 3) the education of youth

cont. next page

according to ability."

This reference to "education of youth according to ability" was a reflection of the Washington-DuBois disagreement over "education theories." Washington favored "common-school and industrial training" for Negroes in the South and, according to DuBois, "depreciated institutions of higher learning," which implied that, for most Negroes in the South, what Washington was teaching at Tuskegee was not "higher learning." Here, again, DuBois' educational "elitism" and "talented tenth" ideas were in conflict with Washington's "functional" or "practical" educational ideas as concerns the mass of illiterate or



Carter G. Woodson

semi-illiterate Negroes who had to be fitted into an industrial society. Washington did not see what the study of "French, Latin and Greek" had to do with enabling the class of Negroes he was most concerned with to earn a "practical" living. This educational controversy is no longer valid today, but it is noteworthy that Carter G. Woodson in his book *The Miseducation of the Negro* (1933) apparently favored the Washington school of thought and does not mention DuBois anywhere in his study. Woodson observed that:

"The large majority of the Negroes who have put on the finishing touches of our best colleges are all but worthless in

in the development of their people."

He speaks of the "Contempt for Negroes on the part of educated Negroes" and added that:

"Negro scholars taught in universities outside the South—languages, mathematics, and science—may serve well... But what has been taught in economics, history, literature, religion, philosophy is propaganda and cant and a waste of time and has misdirected Negroes thus trained."

This was, without a doubt, a slap at the DuBois "talented tenth" idea. Woodson added that "classical education" produced no Negro thinkers or philosophers. Woodson did not disagree with Washington's "Industrial Education" theory in principle but observed that it resulted in no uplift of Negroes as artisans and mechanics because of lack of facilities, obsolete methods and techniques which did not equip Negroes to keep up with rapid changes in industrial techniques based on division of labor. As was to be expected the inevitable "economics" of the race question found its way into Woodson's remarks. He observed that:

"In the schools of business administration Negroes are trained exclusively in the psychology of and economics of Wall Street and are, therefore, made to despise the opportunities to run ice wagons, push banana carts... among their own people. Foreigners, who have not studied economics but have studied Negroes, take up this business and grow rich."

From all of this it must be seen that the Washington-DuBois controversy over race leadership and politics was fundamentally economic but fought out in terms of rivalry over "education" theories mainly because the Washington school of thought was getting the lion's share of white philanthropy for Negro education. Hence, Washington had more pull with the "big white folks" than DuBois. But Washington's position in all this forced him to soft-pedal "civil

rights" and "politics" to placate Southern opinion in order to further his own "economic" platform which he considered more important than "civil rights." The latter, he felt, could not be won under Southern conditions of that time. But DuBois, as we shall see later, did not really disagree with Washington over "economics" but had to force Washington's hand on "civil rights" by posing 1) the right to vote; 2) civic equality; 3) higher education, as a civil rights program. This DuBois position on civil rights soon flowered into the Niagara Movement—a protest group composed of the very small group of articulate critics of Washington. This dissident group was soon absorbed by white liberals

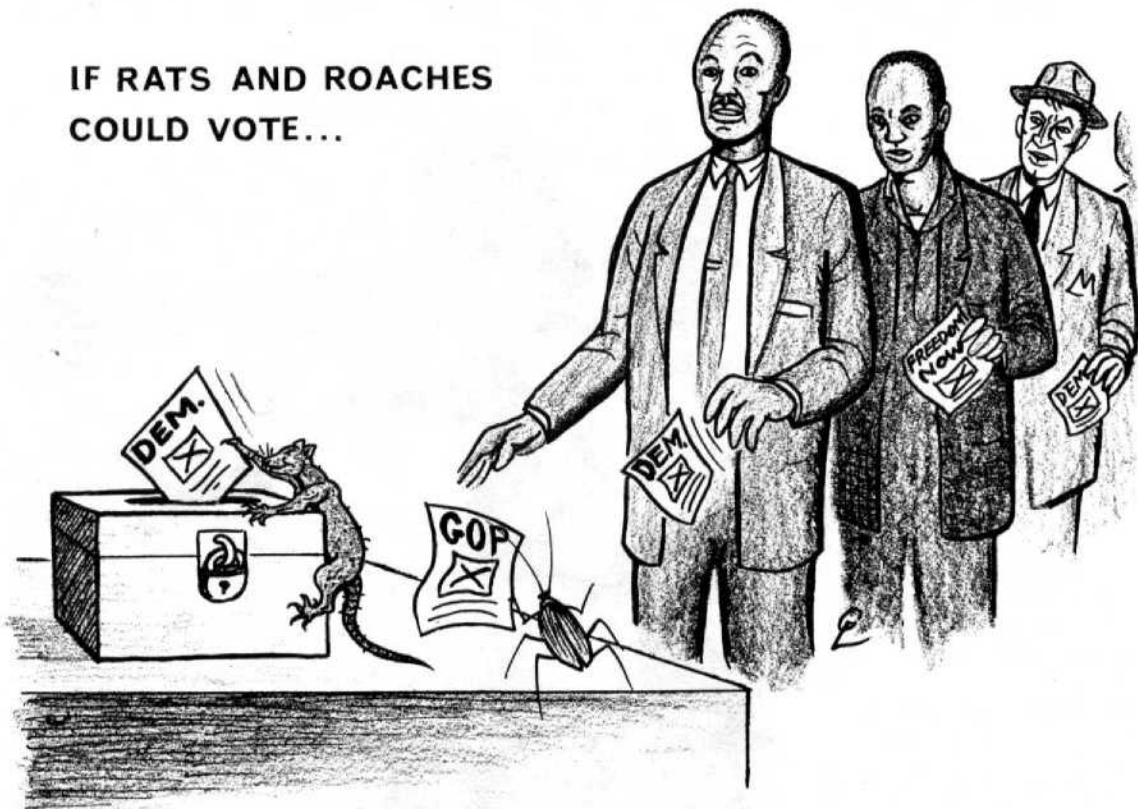


Marcus Garvey

and assorted Socialists to form the NAACP. Thus it was that the official civil rights protest movement was forever separated from the basic economics of the Negro situation in America as first posited by Booker T. Washington and given organizational form in the National Negro Business League established by him in 1900. This business league still exists in Washington, D.C.

But time has proven that the issues first raised by Washington and DuBois are still very much with us. Neither the "civil rights" of DuBois nor the "economics" of Washington have won their full measure of acceptance and the "education" problem on another level is more a bone

IF RATS AND ROACHES COULD VOTE...



of civil contention among the races than ever before. Moreover, even DuBois' educational "elitism" was given the critical downgrading by Carter G. Woodson, the founder of Negro History Week and the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. But fundamental to all issues growing out of the original clash between Washington and DuBois is the central fact that has still not been resolved in Negro thinking: It is impossible to separate civil rights from the economics of the problem of Negro existence in America. And by civil rights and economics we do not simply mean the question of "jobs" and "discrimination in employment." The question is much deeper than this. This was brought home to DuBois more profoundly several years after his conflict with Washington when the Garvey Movement came into being. For Garvey, even before he came to America, had been a student of Booker T. Washington's "economics" which DuBois had already said grew out of "an age of unusual economic development."

This was an important observation on the part of DuBois for it is assumed by too many people of various political persuasions (both Negro and white) that there is something very strange that Negroes would want to develop a capitalist

class. Or that it is even necessary in terms of capitalist development that such a class should come into existence or else strive to cultivate a capitalist (bourgeois) ideology even though a real capitalist class well entrenched in the corporate structure of American capitalism is never achieved. This has been a unique problem for the American Negro. We have cultivated among us a very strong bourgeois outlook among our articulate, educated classes. But this bourgeois mentality is not matched by any parallel achievements as capitalist producers, entrepreneurs, or managers. Hence, this bourgeois mentality becomes, in many ways, a troublesome intellectual abnormality in many Negroes. These bourgeois trappings are worn like expensive but ill-fitting clothes by people who harbor exaggerated bourgeois ideals but who lack the substance to back up these ideals. It would not be half so bad if these bourgeois ideals grew out of a profound knowledge of economic thought which the public libraries are full of. But our bourgeois-oriented Negroes are, economics-wise, the most ill-equipped of all people. They clutter up the Negro civil rights movement with their strident protests and really believe that American capitalism is going to grant them racial equality while they remain

in blithe ignorance of the inner workings of American capitalism.

These Negroes have been kept in ignorance about economic realities not only by themselves but by their white liberal, radical, and "revolutionary" friends from left of center to left. The liberals have promised them "full integration" without economic integration above the level of token jobs, which is a lie. The white Leftists have advised them to forget about capitalist economics of the market place today and place their hopes on "socialism" tomorrow, which is a dishonest deception. It took DuBois almost a lifetime to see through the first lie of the white liberals concerning "civil rights." Washington saw through that tale by pure common-sense reasoning. But then DuBois had much longer to live than Washington and a much broader life's canvas to paint on and more horizons to conquer. Right after Washington died Garvey came on the scene. Hence, Washington's original "black economy" theories took on broader implications than he gave it in 1900. For now the "black economy" theory was pushed onto the international scene and had to include the continent of Africa and the American Negroes' relationships to that continent.

TO BE CONTINUED

Sports



Boxing: Black Hope, White Cop-Out

Clayton Riley

For longer than anyone now living can remember, prize fighting has enjoyed an enormous popularity in this country—a popularity due, in no small measure, to the favor with which it has historically been looked upon by the nation's press. John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and others were, and in fact continue to be, lionized as heroes by white sports writers throughout America, as living symbols of all that is masculine, righteous and upstanding in this society. Recently, however, pugilism has fallen into a state of ill repute; witness the tumultuous roar of protest from newspapers all over the

United States when Muhammad Ali—formerly called Cassius Clay—boasted he would win the heavyweight championship from Sonny Liston, won it, then outraged the white establishment by declaring himself a disciple of Elijah Muhammad and the Nation of Islam. Indignation swelled like a malignant tumor in sports columns everywhere. The fight surely had been fixed, it was asserted. Liston was an over-rated fraud, said many who had previously claimed he was invincible by virtue of the fact that, in their view, he was not a human being.

All that was missing from this

hysterical journalistic outburst was a public display of froth on white sports writers' lips. The brutally savage sport would have to be abolished, became the cry as it had been in the furor attending the deaths of Benny "Kid" Paret and Davey Moore. However, no fatality was involved in Muhammad Ali's Miami Beach triumph. Why then the renewed effort to ban boxing?

At the moment, black or tan fighters hold four of the six major division titles and, in addition, seem for the first time in history to be earning and holding on to considerable sums of money. Many of the top contenders are quite well

fixed financially. Floyd Patterson, for example, has become a wealthy man and, it seems, will remain one, having wisely engaged trustworthy lawyers and advisors to guard his earnings. Sonny Liston and Muhammad Ali have tapped a goldmine which, after two more bouts together, will probably leave them the dollar champions of boxing history. The good old days, so regularly lamented by America's white press, are gone. Those were the days when boxing made white men rich and black men cripples. There are, the Caucasian columnists continue, no longer any decent fighters in the ring. Freely translated, this means there are no more white fighters of more than mediocre ability in the ring today.

The situation has crystallized more clearly in the heavyweight ranks, where the purses, like the fighters, are the largest and the title is the most coveted for its prestige. It is an exclusively black domain; probably no white fighter will ever again rule this roost, a fact which white fans and writers find most unpalatable. There are no more Dempseys, Tunneys or Marcianos nor will there ever be again on these effete Anglo-Saxon shores. This being true, prizefighting can no longer be called the "manly art of self-defense;" boxers can no longer be heroes, for in this republic it is dangerous to consider Negroes either men or heroes.

In keeping with this ancient American tradition, the World Boxing Association, an organization peculiarly silent in other matters, attempted to void Muhammad Ali's title after the youthful fighter had publicly admitted membership in the Black Muslims. Such an allegiance is detrimental to the best interests of boxing and conduct unbecoming a champion, this august body of boxing senators decided. Looking back a few years, one wonders why former middleweight king Gene Fullmer's membership in the Mormon faith, whose tenets include an assertion that all black people are eternally damned, was not viewed as at least equally "detrimental." The question is academic. We know

why. Just as we know why the WBA has never raised a finger to end the exploitation of hundreds of fighters by their unscrupulous handlers and managers. Theft and other malpractices are holy endeavors in the eyes of organizations like the WBA so long as they are carried out by other white men.

It is becoming, however, increasingly difficult for the overseers of boxing's vast plantation to rob their chattel any longer. Far too many fighters today can read and write and are no longer the smiling, trustful charges of yesteryear, a cause for increasing alarm and chagrin in the white community. With boxing's money and its championships out of the grasp of schemers and sophisticated criminals, it should come as no surprise that a campaign is being mounted to abolish the venerable ring sport, for this is nothing more than a reaction to the possibility of Negroes seizing the reins of an extremely lucrative enterprise. Of course, no one can deny boxing's inherent dangers as a sport; men are killed or maimed in the ring every year. But instead of pushing for its abolition, the white press might give some consideration to making the prize ring a safer place than it is now. If this means federal control, then so be it.

On the day when America can offer Negroes consistent opportunities for sharing in the nation's wealth, boxing may die a natural death, at least on a professional level. What youngster would risk a scrambled brain in the ring if there were sufficient possibilities elsewhere to earn the big money to purchase the posh goods and services presently available only to a chosen few in this country? Those opportunities are not now accessible to young black men; boxing money is. Until Negro youngsters can think in concrete terms about being president of these United States, white America and its newspapers would be well advised to direct their passionate abolitionist sentiments to something like professional tennis, which at last report was still a lily-white operation.

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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

John Lewis of SNCC

Clebert Ford

curtly, "We would be willing to meet with him at any time, however."

John Lewis was born and raised in Troy, Alabama some twenty-odd years ago. He attended Baptist Seminary where he received an A.B. in Religion and is three hours short of a second A.B. in Philosophy from Fisk University. "I expect to finish up some day when the struggle is over," he says. Lewis' SNCC activities have led to his being arrested thirty-one times in the South as well as the North. "I've been arrested in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Illinois (Cairo, Illinois is a typical southern city. We had a demonstration at a swimming pool there), and Missouri," he said.

I asked Mr. Lewis how SNCC personnel were recruited. "We send out questionnaires to college students," he answered, "but most of our people are gotten through personal contact with staff people. We also have 'Campus Travelers,' workers who visit colleges for the specific purpose of recruiting students. We get a great deal of student participation in the summer months, but we do have a problem getting Negro summer participation since it is generally a financial problem for them to get funds to support their college training. However, private Negro colleges are becoming increasingly willing to give student scholarships, and we are trying to get more funds to finance our summer program."

"What about white participation in your activities?" I asked.

"Out of a staff of 150 we have about 45 white workers. We are not a membership organization, but there are areas (some 100% white) in which 'friends of SNCC' number in the thousands." Lewis said that there are areas in Mississippi and Alabama where SNCC is quite

strong in community support as opposed to Negro college student support. "You see, our name can be quite misleading," he added.

This writer's observations on Atlanta were confirmed by Lewis in his comments concerning the racial situation here. "Atlanta is unique in a sense," Lewis said. "I know of no other city like it. The press has advanced the image of Atlanta as a 'progressive' city, but the visitor to this 'gateway to the South' will be gravely disappointed. There are only 140 Negroes in the entire city in desegregated schools." He continued, "One of the Negro schools is on triple shift. Only 14 out of more than 100 hotels and motels are desegregated, and there are less than 20 restaurants in downtown Atlanta where a Negro can eat. The administration here has refused to take a stand on a public accommodations law and has even requested the House Committee on Un-American Activities to investigate 'Communist' infiltration in the Civil Rights Movement." As to SNCC's image in Atlanta, Lewis said, "Mayor Allen thinks of SNCC as a bunch of irresponsible nuts. Atlanta is also a stronghold of the black middle class, and this presents some problems." Lewis went on to say that SNCC's traditional "uniform" of workmen's overalls and rolled up sleeves were not being readily accepted amongst Negroes in Atlanta and would have to be re-examined at SNCC's upcoming national conference. "The freedom struggle here in Atlanta is going to require a long, hard campaign, one that is going to become increasingly dirty," Lewis said. "Demonstrators are not going to stand in lines smiling and cheerful. There's going to be a great deal of non-cooperation. In 1960 the picket lines were dignified and beautiful, full of college students;

SNCC PHOTO

Atlanta, Georgia—"You'll have to excuse my bad mood today," John Lewis, National Chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, said after I had been in his office only a few minutes. "You see, an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was here this morning to question me about something." Mr. Lewis refrained from further comment on his "morning meeting," but it was obvious that he was somewhat concerned by the United States Government's interest in SNCC activities. In the course of the interview I was to learn at least part of the reason why. "The national atmosphere with regards to civil rights has definitely changed since the late President Kennedy's assassination. Kennedy represented youth and change and was willing to listen to us. I don't get the same feeling with Johnson." He adds

but now it has got to become a mass movement. Mass demonstrations have got to become a type of force. If a restaurant is going to serve at all it is going to have to serve on a desegregated basis."

Throughout the interview John Lewis used the term "aggressive non-violence." "Aggressive non-violence is non-cooperation," Lewis said simply. "It is civil disobedience on all levels."

We spoke of the North and Lewis said, "I don't have any real knowledge of the North since basically I'm a southerner, but it appears to me that there is too much civil rights activity without the necessary support of the mass of black people. In New York, for in-

the Negro community. He must put on his sandals and walk the dirt roads of Missouri and the Mississippi Delta. There are hundreds of kids in SNCC, CORE and SLC who are the real leaders of the movement. I wouldn't like to say that our leaders are selling out, but too many of them are committed to political ends...and I mean the Democratic Party." Lewis failed to enlarge upon this very sensitive area of the movement; and sensing a hesitancy on his part to discuss the matter further, this writer did not press the issue any further.

It was getting late in the Atlanta afternoon and I asked Lewis for a brief comment concerning the Black Muslims. "Black Muslims are serv-



NCC PHOTO stance, there is an absolute need for civil rights people to go into the dens and dives of Harlem and get a mass movement started, a movement that must be led by these Negroes who are the true victims of the system. If Harlem Negroes could go downtown and block traffic on a summer's day, Detroit would soon follow suit. I get a sense of pride when I am in Harlem, I get a kick. A mass movement in Harlem would have a significant influence on Negroes across the United States. The Harlem Rent Strike is a fine thing and should be developed on a national basis. I know Harlem's potential."

On the subject of Negro leadership Lewis becomes quite animated. "There are too many 'symbolic' leaders in the movement today," Lewis said. "A leader must lead not only by words but by actions. He must go into the bars and taverns of

ing a useful purpose in American society," he said. "They're doing things for the forgotten mass of black people all over the country. SNCC, for instance, could well use some of the disciplines of the Muslims. It would work wonders in our organization. Do you know that their paper, 'Muhammad Speaks,' reports more of SNCC activities and of the entire freedom struggle than any other paper in the United States, black or white." Lewis smiled when asked about a possible liaison between SNCC and the Muslims. "No," he said, "there's no connection, but Jeremiah X here in Atlanta is a good friend of ours."

Our interview ended on an interesting note. A cliché question pertaining to the outlook or forecast of things to come in the revolution evoked the following response:

"I see a great cry for modera-

Black America Speaks

the coming revolution

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tion and tolerance from white liberal sources, and much more extremist Klu Klux Klan and White Citizens' Council activities—bombings, fires, etc. But our immediate job will continue to be liberating an oppressed people with emphasis on the angry and now of the whole situation."



SECRETARY-GENERAL SPEAKS OUT AGAINST AMERICAN RACISTS

Recently Senator Goldwater, appealing to his right-wing lunatic fringe and other racists, suggested the possibility of using "low yield atomic bombs" in Vietnam, in order to destroy the foliage and flush out the Viet-Cong.

It was encouraging to the Afro-American community to learn that Secretary-General U Thant, who normally maintains a hands-off position on internal American affairs, felt compelled to speak out forcefully against the suggested use of atomic weapons, particularly in an area populated by non-whites. At his press conference recently, in Ottawa, Canada, when he was asked to comment "on the suggestion that atomic bombs should be used in South Viet-Nam," the Secretary-General replied: "As you are no doubt aware, I am against the use of atomic weapons for destructive purposes anywhere, under any circumstances. Anybody who proposes the use of atomic weapons for destructive purposes is, in my view, out of his mind... Such action is sure to generate widespread resentment and bitter criticism, particularly from quarters which so far have not been very vocal, and have not been very outspoken regarding the situation in South-East Asia. Lastly, and this in my view is a very important element, there is, if I may

say so, a racial factor in such a projected operation. In 1945, when atomic bombs were dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan, there was a widespread feeling in many parts of Asia that these deadly atomic bombs were dropped on Japanese cities because the Japanese were non-whites, and it was also argued at that time that the atomic bombs would never have been dropped over cities in Nazi Germany at that time. As you know, Nazi Germany was also at war with the Allies. So there is also a racial element in these things which I would commend to the attention of those who are thinking of launching such atomic blasts."

Many of the African and Asian delegates at the UN were pleased to hear the Secretary-General speak out against the racist attitude of Senator Goldwater and his neo-Nazi cohorts.

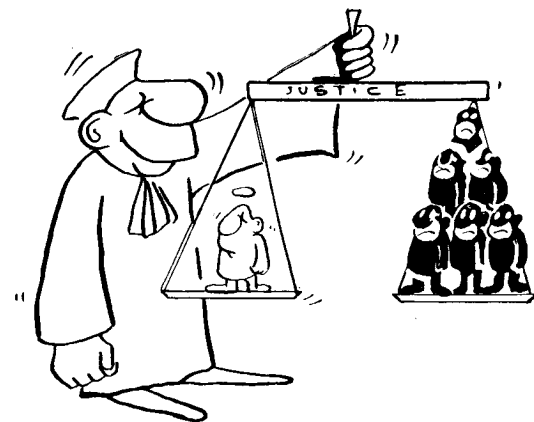
BIG POWERS ABSTAIN ON VOTING CONDEMNATION OF SOUTH AFRICA

The United States, France and the United Kingdom abstained on a resolution sponsored by 58 delegations, calling for an end to the "arbitrary" trials of anti-apartheid leaders and to call off the execution of those already sentenced to death. Under the guise of not wanting to inflame a flammable situation in South Africa, the big powers, resorting to their worn-out hypocritical position of being concerned for the safety and lives of 9,000,000 South Africans, refused to support a resolution sponsored by the representatives of the imprisoned African leaders. What they did not say, was their main concern was "protecting" their billion dollar investment in the racist government of South Africa.



Secretary General U Thant receiving a special phonograph album of the opera "Aida" from Miss Leontyne Price, world famous opera singer.

U.S. Image in Ghana



The following article appeared in The Ghanaian Times (5/30/64) under the by-line of its Editor-in-Chief, T.D. Baffoe, who recently toured the U.S. as a member of a Ghana delegation.

President Lyndon Johnson of the United States was due on a visit to Chicago on April 23 for an election campaign dinner by his Party.

In the morning we had notices of security warnings stuck in our hotel rooms.

The warning said: "Dear Sheraton-Blackstone Guest: We have been requested by Security Personnel that during the visit of President Johnson to Chicago, April 23rd, that you refrain from either opening the window in your room or any gesturing inside the windows which might cause alarm to any of the Security Personnel. Thank you very much for your cooperation."

And as if this keep-off-your-window inconvenience and threat were not enough, we were soon to experience another method of operation by U.S. security, for at this stage America was donning its robes as a police state to protect the life of its President.

An Afro-American couple we met among some friends in Chicago were startled early in the morning on the day of President Johnson's visit by secret police.

This poor worker and his wife, who hold strong views opposed to the capitalist system which has sentenced millions of Americans, black, white, ebony and yellow, to a life of humiliation, poverty and frustration, were told that their house had been under police surveillance for some time and that they were to be under close guard, night and day, throughout Mr. Lyndon Johnson's visit.

Two pistol-packing secret police

officers whisked off the man, Odis Hyde, to his place of work in a police car and were to stay with him wherever he went, from the toilet to the lunch room, while a third rather well-mannered giant of a security agent was put on the wife, Ruth.

I learnt from investigation that similar warnings like those in our hotel rooms were distributed to all the hotels, offices, shops and buildings in the area of the Democrats' campaign dinner, with thousands of secret police numbering more than half of the reception crowds.

I learnt also that what happened to Mr. and Mrs. Hyde was not an isolated case, but a well-known highly practiced security police offensive.

Nobody is grudging the United States any police state methods to tighten its internal security and to protect the life of its President especially after they had murdered their beloved President John Kennedy.

But when their journalists, who have not carefully studied events in Africa and seem not to know the history of America's own struggle for independence and the difficulties of reconstruction and the tears and tragic effects of the years of the depression in U.S. economy, dare to moralize to Ghana, and to Africa, about the liberty of the individual in a democratic society, then it is the duty of the press and Governments in Africa to tell off the holier-than-thou hostile U.S. press which ignores the beam that is in the American eye and points falsely and hypocritically at an imaginary mote they behold in the eyes of Africans and the other oppressed nations in Asia, Latin America and the Middle East where Uncle Sam cannot create puppets to dance in its anti-communist hys-

terical drama.

The Afro-Americans' struggle strengthened by the successes of the African Liberation movement and the social and ideological revolution raging in our continent, is now beyond the point of appeasement and empty civil rights platitudes.

What has made his struggle so fruitless for decades is not because the African-American turned the other cheek after he had been struck in one, but mainly because his cause had lacked organization, leadership and direction.

The feeble leadership that had risen every now and then had only led the struggling and angry masses in demonstrations into the cages of police assaults and into floods of despair and humiliation, while the so-called civil rights leaders only escaped into safety to dine and wine with so-called white sympathizers to their own prestige and brief sensations as "heroes"—their shortlived militancy bought over by powerful interests that desire to see the black man perpetually kept down under the borderline of human progress.

As more and more enlightened Americans throw in their voices in support of new civil rights legislation, and as race-conscious senators engage in inciting speeches to obstruct the work of the Administration, white resentment toward Negro pressures appear to be growing, thus nursing the danger of violence.

Nor is the feared outburst of racial violence in the United States the only major problem facing the U.S. Government. Automation and the introduction of new production skills have produced for America a booming economy that should present a picture of general prosperity, but has many Americans, blacks and whites, hoping against hope in areas of acute distress.

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Nationalist Student Conference

Don Freeman

Nationalist minded Afro-American students from North and South convened in Nashville, Tennessee, to form a Black Nationalist Youth Movement last May 1-3. The convention asserted the vanguard role of young nationalists in the Black Revolution in America, and agreed that they must create: 1) an organization to translate Nationalist ideology into effective action, 2) black financing to insure black control of such an organization, 3) dedicated, disciplined and decisive youth cadres willing to make sacrifices to build and sustain a dynamic Nationalist Movement.

A conference session on Bourgeois Reformism concluded that the present crisis within the integrationist civil rights organizations substantiates the position of Dr. W.E.B. DuBois that "capitalism cannot reform itself, a system that enslaves you cannot free you." Increasingly frustrated young militants are gravitating to a nationalist position. It is the responsibility of the emerging Nationalist Youth Movement to forge a concrete alternative to Bourgeois Reformism, now.

A discussion of American Marxism resulted in support for the position which Harold Cruse stated in "Marxism and the Negro" (*LIBERATOR*, May '64), i.e., that the essentially racist and reformist nature of the white working class leaves Marxists without a revolutionary proletariat to lead, and that the only revolutionary force in this society, the Afro-American freedom struggle, must be led by black radicals, not opportunistic white Marxists.

The reasons for the impotence of traditional Bourgeois Nationalism were examined. It was decided that emphasis on rhetoric rather than action left no programmatic alternative to Bourgeois Reformist civil rights activities and that in projecting an autonomous Black

Economy, Bourgeois Nationalists failed to recognize the colonial nature of the exploitation of the black ghettos and were thus incapable of taking the kind of action necessary to achieve their goal, namely, a "strategy of chaos," as Rev. Albert Cleague has called it, involving more devastating civil disobedience than undertaken by established reformist groups.

A young African scholar presented a paper on Pan-Africanism in which he suggested that African leaders today, in their narrow preoccupation with the elimination of the remnants of overt colonial rule in Africa, have lost sight of the equally important elements of Pan-Africanism as outlined in the Manchester Conference of 1945. He asserted that only permanent revolution that annihilates neo-colonialist puppet regimes and establishes completely socialist African societies can achieve the goals of Pan-Africanism and relate Africa meaningfully to the Afro-American struggle.

The conference agreed that a fundamental cultural revolution or re-Africanization of black people in America was a prerequisite for a genuine Black Revolution. Re-Africanization was described as the repudiation of decadent materialist values and pathological egoism inherent in American society. It embraces a humanism derived from the African heritage which exalts aesthetic, intellectual and spiritual development and communalism or cooperation rather than the exploitation of humanity.

Afro-Americans must know their authentic history in Africa and America in order to demolish the psychological rape of white American indoctrination. The Afro-American self-image must be revolutionized to foster a sense of collective ethnic identity as a unique Black People before Black Nationalism can emerge triumphant.

The Bag's Too Heavy

Herb Ottley

I've been reading this here magazine for about a year or more. It's saying some boss stuff. It shows the black man like he is in the jungle—rough and tough. And like it shows him screaming on those jive cats who's pick-pocketing the piggy-bank when the soul brothers are out there trying to make it. It attempts to get inside the problem of the black struggle not just for civil rights, but to keep twenty million black people alive on this jive scene.

But the hang up is the magazine just can't begin to say the soul brothers are restless and stop. 'Cause the soul brothers always been restless. Baby, hunger makes them restless. And empty stomachs don't know no peace.

Dig, my brother suggested that I read "Marxism and the Negro," by this cat named Harold Cruse. My brother said Cruse was one of the toughest cats that hit the scene in a long time, and that he could give me some answers. My brother gave me a dictionary and told me to use it if necessary. Shit! I read more Webster than Cruse. Dig, man! I'm no dummy. I finished high school, but I'm no Einstein either. My brother is one of those screwball cats, too. Just nineteen, dig the shit he writes about the jungle. "In one's attempt to evaluate the inequitable realities in terms of the present colonial status of the black ghetto, it is necessary to explore the historical forces which manifest these realities. Political and economic factors must be placed in proper perspective, for these are only effects of a given circumstance. If the historical American purity myth is unveiled, racism as a fundamental cause screams out with unparalleled clarity." Goddam, how is the soul brothers in the street going to understand, or even follow such a shaky bag? It's too heavy.

Man, you intellectuals are pissing on the parade. Soul brothers

are marching and you cats are writing letters to each other. That's not where it's at. Where it's really

at, is where it always has been, out there in the jungle, where it always will be.



Unchain the Lion

Among all the peoples of the earth—races, nations, tribes, ethnic groupings, everyone, with one exception!—there exists a caste of warriors whose sole purpose is the protection and preservation of the lives of those particular people. It is human nature, and is as old as the flow of human blood in human veins. To deny this is to deny mankind. Unfortunately, only among the people of black America—an oppressed NATION—is there an exception. Only black America thinks that freedom can be won under the leadership of singing, praying clergymen, old church-sisters, bourgeois intellectuals, students, and liberals. Black America—even though given the examples of struggles of brother oppressed nations and peoples in Asia, Africa, and Latin America—still persists with the myth of singing and praying its way to freedom, and calling this a Negro Revolution!

Now, in writing this letter, it is definitely my purpose to speak for a caste which represents potentially the finest fighting machine on this planet: the fighting man of black America! Called the "Lion" in ancient and biblical times; endowed with a rich ancestral heritage dating back to the dawn of history—including the magnificent armies of the pharaohs of Egypt, the warrior-kings of Ethiopia, Hannibal's hosts who marched through the Alps with elephants and astounded a world, the Islamic Moors—the scourge of southern Europe, the Zulu legions of King Chaka...and down through the slave-holding lands of America, where he was bred on stud-farms for "stamina and strength"; the fighting man of black America—participating grandly in every American war—from the Revolutionary to the Korean "police action"—looms in the background: brooding, grumbling, and drinking more and more, and still more: while churches ex-



plode barbecuing our daughters, police dogs bite and mangle our youth, and hairy, neanderthal beasts with shiny badges of law and order fondle our women on freedom demonstrations. Black America: how long will you allow your protectors to bear the brunt of shame and castration while people who should be somewhere in schools, churches, rocking chairs, or just plain OUT OF SIGHT!, try to lead us to freedom?

If you've observed "Mose" (a complimentary name derived from the pharaohs: Thutmose, Ahmose, Ramose, etc.), you'll notice that he seldom attends such "foolishness" as civil rights rallies or forums. He'll only go to civil rights demonstrations in order to "get it on" in case any violence erupts. Then, he'll—

Rolland Snellings

if not severely wounded or jailed—vanish into the smoldering interiors of bars, cafes, or poolrooms to "drink the blues away," and wait, and wait, and wait, and wait, and wait. How long, black America, how long will your strong right arm hang limply in despair?

The curious thing about the bourgeois-reformist movement (so-called because it has similar values to white America, and believes that capitalism—a power system—can reform itself and give black people their civil rights, i.e. to become like white, capitalist, exploitative, decadent America!) is that there is a latent fear of "Mose" inherent in its whole makeup. A mixture of fear and guilt that recalls E. Franklin Frazier's *Black Bourgeoisie*, and to follow history back a bit, the attitude of the "house nigger" towards the black field hands. Such statements and questions as these always arise when they speak of the masses: "But how can we reach them?" "They just won't cooperate." "They're violent at the drop of a hat; non-violence just doesn't seem to reach them." "Don't THEY realize that WE (note the schism) and liberal white people are fighting THEIR battle for them, while they wallow in the mire of those horrible bars?" Fear, guilt, frustration... from... class, status? Well, whatever it might derive from, I'm here to state that there can be no black liberation without "Mose" and our militant, young soul-sisters who make up the angry, exploited masses —'cause they're the very lifeblood of our people, our future; and they'll NEVER rally to a basically suicidal, masochistic movement such as non-violence in a police state.

The main point is that "Mose" knows where it's really at, even if he doesn't articulate it, he knows that black communities are really reservations, and essentially, death—

pens and occupied territories where the might of Western Rome is displayed to keep him down...The clip-clop of horse-troops echoes through the bleak streets of Harlem, where even dogs learn to fight for survival from puppyhood. Pregnant teenage girls nod in urine-spattered hallways after sweet daddy's arrival with the fix. Night streets explode with feminine giggles as our hope and his boy friends (every bit of seventeen, tight leotards) swish along like sexy female movie-stars. "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Genocide." Yes, "Mose" KNOWS!...that eventually there will come a final clash between black America and imperialist white America which will shake the planet to its roots and bring on the Final War. He KNOWS that liberals are only white-washing the issues and distorting the realities of the Negro problem and—for white radicals—that white workers are racists, and identify with imperialism, and will NEVER unite with them "niggers"; being in direct competition, and as automation increases, reacting with more and more violence as the blacks push for universal justice. Finally, he knows that rich folks—with the aid of "Nigra Leaders"—continue to coax black folks to remain non-violent at all costs, and don't—please don't—destroy our technological society (vulnerable to social dislocation—traffic tie-ups, water-wastage, mob-action, and many other things). Yes, "Mose," though bound, "Mose," the conquering warrior of civilization's dawn, KNOWS where it's REALLY at, and waits, and waits, and waits, and waits...for the final confrontation.

Black America: if you value your existence, your survival as a people...unchain your hero, unchain the mighty lion, and gird yourself to meet the gathering storm! SUNRISE!

Ghosts

Ghosts of all too solid flesh,
Dark ghosts come back to haunt you now,
These dark ghosts to taunt you---
Yet ghosts so solid, ghosts so real
They may not only haunt you---
But rape, rob, steal,
Sit-in, stand-in, stall-in, vote-in
(Even vote for real in Alabam')
And in voting not give a damn
For the fact that white was right
Until last night.

Last night?
What happened then?
Flesh and blood ghosts
Became flesh and blood men?
Got tired of asking, When?
Although in the minority,
Suddenly became majority
(Metaphysically speaking)
In seeking authority?

How can one man be ten?
Or ten be a hundred and ten?
Or a thousand and ten?
Or a million and ten
When a million and ten
Are but a thousand and ten
Or a hundred and ten
Or ten---or one
Or none---
Being ghosts
Of then?

Langston Hughes

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EDITORIAL

White Man's Burden

**Malcolm X: A Tragedy
of Leadership**
C. E. Wilson

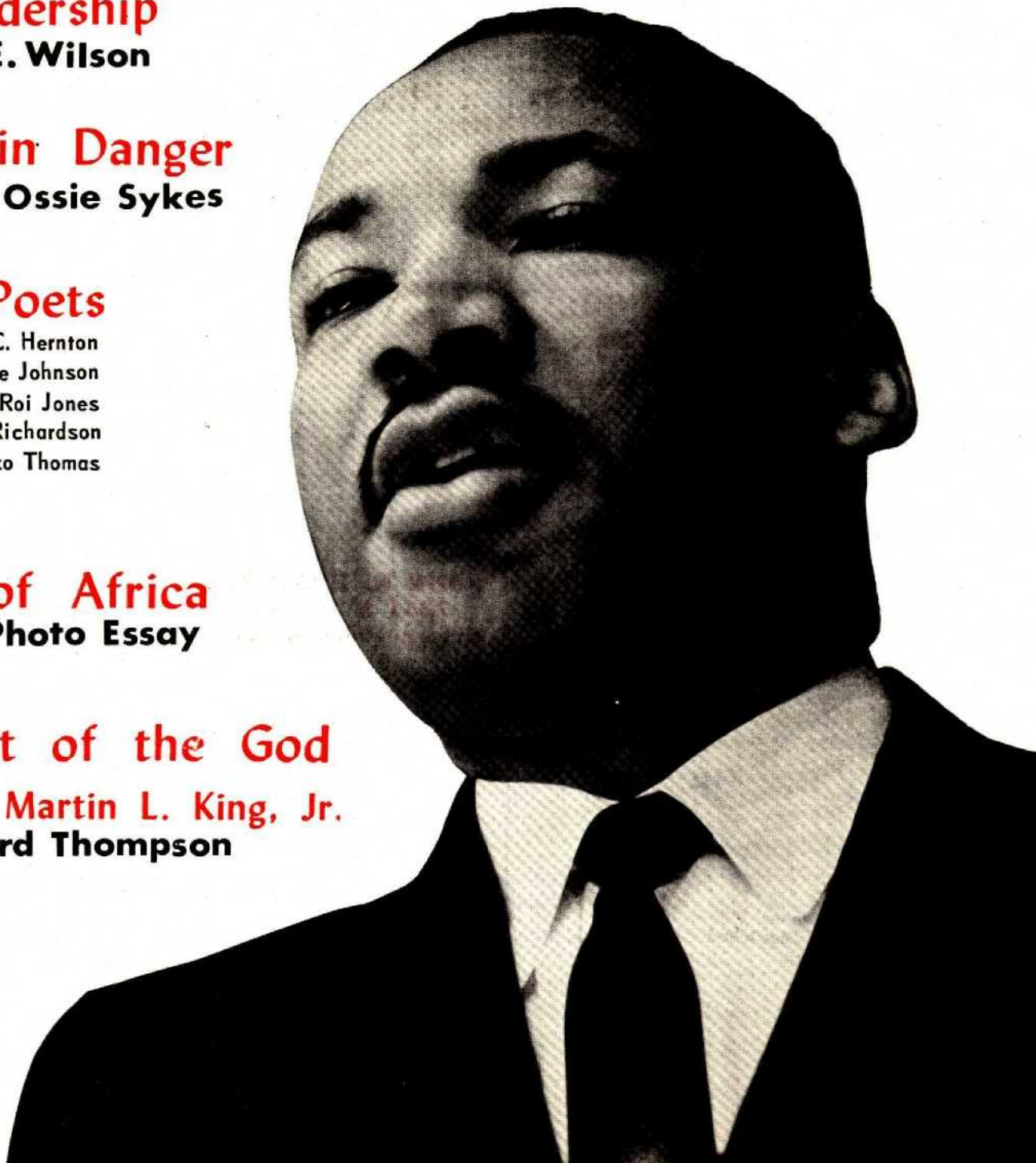
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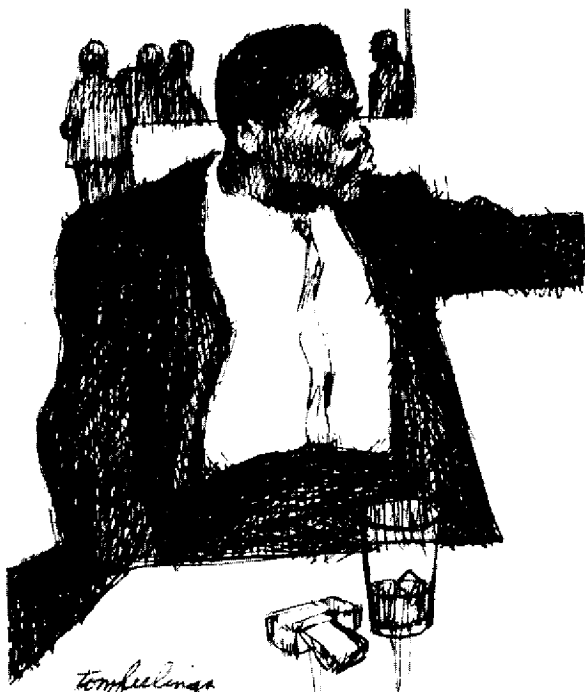
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White Mans Burden

The sun has set on the British Empire, and events of the last twenty years has proved the Pacific Ocean is not an American lake. However what has not occurred to official Washington, is that Vietnam, and for that matter, Asia, Africa, and Latin America has never been theirs to give or take. The 19th century mentality of the *white man's burden* continues to dominate the thinking of President Johnson and his advisers.

Recently the world was shocked to learn that in violation of the Geneva Agreement of 1925, civilized United States, publically admitted that it was using gas on the people of Vietnam. The explainers and the apologists were galvanized into action; The gas that was being used was "non-lethal" and "humane" "we use it on our own people" (Black Americans), "it only produces tearing of the eyes, nausea and vomiting." What these students of Herr Goebbels choose to ignore is that tearing of the eyes, nausea and vomiting is *not* part of our daily life habits, like breathing, eating and sleeping.

Less than 12 hours after President Johnson delivered his speech on U. S. policy in Vietnam calling for unconditional negotiations (surrender) 200 American planes bombed North Vietnam. As commander-in-chief of the U. S. armed forces the President must have known of the planned raid before he delivered his Madison Avenue inspired (something for everyone) policy statement on Vietnam. Walter Lippman, with his usual clear insight stated after the massive U. S. bombing that "For my part, I am inclined to think that Hanoi will endure all the punishment that we dare to inflict." The people of Vietnam, will indeed endure. Their 20 year struggle against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism will prevail.

Despite the refusal of "the official civil rights leaders" and professional pacifists to support the April 17th march on Washington, calling for an end to the War in Vietnam, 25,000 Americans Black and White, mostly college students picketed the White House and then marched to the Washington Monument to hear speeches by I. F. Stone, U. S. Senator Ernest Gruening, Paul Potter and many others. It was Paul Potter, president of Students for a Democratic Society, (SDS) one of the sponsoring organizations who delivered the most stinging indictment of American foreign policy not only in Vietnam but in the Congo, Cuba and all of Asia, when he said "U. S. policy in Vietnam provided the razor, the terrifying, sharp cutting edge that has finally severed the last vestige of illusion that morality and democracy are the guiding principles of American foreign policy."

The theme of most of the signs carried by the marchers were, "We will not fight in Vietnam."

DANIEL H. WATTS

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Twilight of the God

by Buford Thompson

For these ten years, we have been lulled by that mellifluous cant of his litany:

"If blood be shed, let it be ours-not theirs."

For a decade, lacking some months, he has bade us endure the slobbering fangs of the dogs, the spewing bullets of the guns, the crackling bombs slaughtering little children.

"Love is the only force capable of transforming an enemy into a friend," he says in one of those best-selling books largely read by starry-eyed whites. So let's ready a wreath of welcome for our future "friend," Sheriff James Clark of Selma, Alabama.

We have been bidden by both the naive and the calculating to worship Martin Luther King as a god. And worship him we did.

Shouted hosannas to him because his lips dip with such dewy eloquence. Let him dominate this whole nascent period of the most consecrated and dedicated struggle that Negroes have waged since that original one for emancipation from chattel slavery.

But our god has brought us something less than heaven. For the American Negro is still in hell.

Slipping Halo

His halo started slipping at Selma. He's on his way out though the

press and the politicians of the white power structure are doing their best to keep him on his cloud. How rapidly can we release that militancy which he has so long muzzled that he will no longer be needed even for window dressing? How much longer will today's militants, grouped around the Students' Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, continue to be awed by the King legend?--continue to back away in fear from his very shadow even at a time when his close aides allegedly feed deceitful and destructive propaganda about SNCC to any white paper that will publish it?

Maybe Martin Luther King is such an ominous image because it hasn't been given the minute examination that is required since Selma.

For Selma is where he began stumbling. But he had started riding high for a fall even back in those early days of Montgomery.

He was a local pastor in Montgomery when the epochal bus strike erupted on the morning of December 2, 1955. That he assumed the leadership was due to no special qualities of his, but because he stepped into a void that almost anybody with a commanding personality and an impressive education might have filled.

Pawns of White Power

For more than a generation the Alabama Black Belt had been pro-

ducing militant leaders who had been the unsuspecting pawns of one or another white power play. During the 1930's, the militant Sharecroppers Union had broken up because its heroic Negro leaders had let themselves become divided in a dogmatic wrangle between white Socialists and white Communists who'd muscled in on a spontaneous peoples' movement.

During the great days of the CIO, Negroes had been among the most courageous militants in the Birmingham steel mills. Then the CIO started "loving" Negroes less and just about stopped organizing them. At the time of the Montgomery struggles Alabama's NAACP branches were on the verge of that long outlawry suffered at the hands of state authorities and were hamstrung by the Wilkins machine in New York besides.

More learned than most of Montgomery's clergymen-Negro or white--, carrying the prestige of belonging to one of the Atlanta colored dynasties, Martin Luther King emerged as the leading figure of the bus strike. He made like Gandhi by preaching a total pacifism during that decisive conflict. Eventually it was won, not by King or any individual but by the sheer fervor and united strength of the Negro community organized around the Montgomery Improvement Association.

King then made his pacifism the *sine qua non* of all the struggles yet

to be waged by black Americans. "With Jesus on the Cross, we must look lovingly at our oppressors," he would write. Most of us lapped it up, because we are powerfully conditioned by the established, still largely segregated church, and the slavish interpretations of Christianity that it has given us.

That tactics have to be flexible in terms of given battles is something we must now realize as we start marching beyond and away from Martin Luther King. At best, pacifism is only a transient weapon, useful in proportion to the willingness of the ruling elements to concessions, but no more.

What worked at Montgomery clearly did not work at Selma where the white rulers were out for blood and drew blood. In Selma, King had to be hastily propped up by both the white press and the white-dominated government in Washington.

Molding of a God

Yet many other factors have entered into the molding of the faltering god. Space limitations permit us to list but a few.

During the '50's, white authorities crippled the NAACP in several Southern states, including Alabama and Texas, then represented by an uncompromising U. S. senator named Lyndon B. Johnson. The NAACP had been the only Negro mass organization in Dixie. Into a second vacuum stepped Martin Luther King with his Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

So that, explainably, the Reverend King was adopted by one part of the white power structure while the other part was despising him. Once again, a situation was made to order for the man carrying the padded crucifix.

Northern white liberals took him up. These people are always looking for a Negro "leader" who will tell them what they want to hear about the people of the sweaty fields and the stinking ghettos. Northern politicians, including the late John Fitzgerald Kennedy, soon saw his value in terms of the ghetto vote, so they started wooing him, their mouths dripping with chumminess after the im-

memorial fashion of ballot hustlers.

But stupid Southern stump jumpers caught in their own peculiar backwash, began visualizing young Dr. King as somebody sprouting horns along with a moustache. The late Booker T. Washington had been too "radical" for some of their grandad-dies. Few of this element realized that King's policies were accomplishing exactly what they wanted with their "nigras."

Immobilizing them by sermons.

It must be said categorically that nobody made Martin Luther King the "national" leader of Negroes except whites adoring or hating him. Negroes were dazzled by the image because they control few communications media except a handful of newspapers and magazines existing on the bounty of white advertisers.



TWILIGHT OF THE GOD *cont.*

But Martin Luther King, for all the love jive, knows how to hamper opposition as ruthlessly as any back-room politician.

The Official Negro

By 1960, he had become the official Negro of the Northern section of the white power structure. John Kennedy, afterwards assassinated in Johnson's Texas, won the presidential election of that year by the Negro votes that he garnered after getting King out of jail in Atlanta. Johnson is less personally cordial to him, but King cooperates fully with that Florida ex-governor, Leroy Collins, who accomplished no miracles of integration in that Dixie state yet who is, for all practical purposes, the U. S. Civil Rights Commission.

After King received the Nobel Prize in 1964, his reputation soared in the dominant White Establishment and its less powerful imitation, the Black Psuedo-Establishment. But the mass of Negroes did not thrust that laurel into his willing hand. For Negroes know no "peace" in a racist society constantly greasing ropes for them.

The Price Tag

Laurels don't come without price tags-nor do padded crucifixes. Except that the price, a high one, has been paid by Martin Luther King's own people.

The tab this time is government control, through this eloquent one, of the very Negro liberation struggle itself. By the logic of his own position, King must "go along" with what Washington wants.

That he does acquiesce to the White House and the Democratic national machine is shown by his behavior at Albany, Georgia, in 1961, where the issue was again a bus strike; and at blood-spattered Selma, Alabama, with its voter registration struggle, in 1965.

Everybody knows that the militant leaders of the collapsed Albany Movement were indicted on Federal contempt of court charges after King lit a shuck and pulled back to Atlanta. Hundreds of Negroes, a large part of

them young students, went to jail along with the god. King, after vowing to stick it out behind the bars, with them, allegedly deserted because he resented the influence of the burgeoning Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. So far as is known, he has done nothing for the Albany defendants since.

"Had he stuck to this (meaning staying in jail)," says Louis E. Lomax in *The Negro Revolt*, "as Gandhi would have done, Albany would have been desegregated. But Martin came out on bond."

Did Washington indicate to him its displeasure with SNCC, which has sprung up right out of the Southern heartland? Mr. Lomax, who has known the Atlanta Kings since his boyhood, adds: "One day, perhaps, Martin will tell the true story of Albany; he is the only man who can tell it. A few people-about a dozen-know the truth, but Martin Luther King is the only man who can tell it. Knowing Martin as I do, I doubt if he will ever part his lips. When I unearthed the truth and asked him to confirm it, his only reply was: 'If you print it, I will not be non-violent with you'."

Apparently, the Reverend King has made no public answer to this scarcely-veiled public accusation. But by his own scriptures, "that which is hidden shall be revealed." And Selma was the place where Negro militants, as well as white allies mustered by King himself, began seeing through a mask.

Disgusted by Tactics

Newspapers reported that visiting clergymen, present at King's invitation, were disgusted by his namby-pamby tactics and felt that they'd wasted their time in coming. King admitted that he'd made accommodations to the authorities about limiting the scope of demonstrations. He was engaged in constant counsel with Leroy Collins, the lame duck Southern politician sent from Washington to hold down the lid on disfranchised, outraged Negro citizens in Alabama.

And while one can admire the courage of all the white allies who flocked into Selma, would not visiting dele-

gations of Negroes from all over America have been more effective in terms of all the ultimate issues involved?

Negroes would have gone to Selma had the word been given. They would have descended upon this patrician white center of the Black Belt by bus and train, in motorcades bearing license plates from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific.

They would have been impatient of rhetorical prayer and unctuous platitude. They would have made history.

For history is not a stagnant sea but an inevitable coursing flood break-all dams.

King has come out of Selma with rips in his mantle. He did not show up in some of the crucial set-tos with the badge-bedecked bullies of Sheriff Jim Clark. He was able to maintain qualified authority only because of the shock that reverberated throughout the nation following the assassination of the Reverend Reeb.

So he profited by that "blood" which he has always so disavowed. But would James Reeb and Viola Liuzzo and Jimmie Lee Jackson have been lost to the Negro freedom struggle had show of might been countered with show of might? Did not King's very disavowal of resistance help to load the guns of the Klan and the posses at the very outset of the Selma troubles?

You don't whip an enemy by letting him know in advance that he can do anything he likes with your person - and the persons of everybody else on your side.

From Selma we shall learn. But Martin Luther King will hardly be our teacher.

Next time- next battle- the motorcades will come. And no black agent of the white power structure will flag them, by the sly word, to any halts anywhere.

Next time! Next battle - when the great chariots of time will sweep across another crumbling sward of the Confederacy.

Let's leave the mumbling god to the dust of archives.

Let's get on with business still unfinished.



Malcolm X: A Tragedy of Leadership

by C. E. Wilson & Ossie Sykes

Negroes of whatever political, cultural and religious persuasion have always placed great value on leadership. They seem to place little faith in ideologies or institutions, but place their faith and hope in "unselfish individual leaders." Anyone who appears to have that certain intangible something, apparent honesty and articulate verbal skills, is considered a possible leader. Malcolm X possessed these very attributes to which Negroes gravitate. Despite the brevity of his career, we might do well to examine his leadership style and isolate some of the lessons to be learned from his life, so that those who are willing to learn the lessons of history need not repeat the same mistakes.

Understanding Negro Leadership:

It is impossible to understand any Negro leader unless we understand the milieu and the social conditions which propel him to the forefront.

In employment the conditions of the average Negro people is on a treadmill, slowly losing ground to the average white citizen. 20% of the Negro labor force is unemployed; a whopping 37% of the youthful "out of school" Negro group are not working. The Negro family income has dipped to 52%

of the white, and the dollar gap between Negro and white workers is widening.

In housing the degree of segregation in urban cities increases with each passing year. In education the public education apparatus teeters and totters under the weight of demands for equal opportunity without sufficient will or resources to perform the task. Police brutality exists without adequate police protection for those who would be law-abiding. The Negro family reels under these successive shocks from the broad American cultural system. Social scientists suggest that the disorganization the Negroes experience would not be so demoralizing if Negroes had not accepted the values and aspirations of the dominant white society.

The established Negro leadership is, at this juncture, effectively tied to the Democratic Party coalition, and thus separated from the desperate plight of the masses. Historically, the Negro leadership has maintained the fiction that the inequality of treatment which the Negro people endure is purely a domestic affair. This domestic affair is allegedly totally unrelated to worldwide conditions. The more avant-gard of these Negro leaders see that economics is the means by which the inequality is assured,

but few are radical enough to recognize that the racial problem is basic to the Europeans' quest for power and world dominance. Not only is the leadership basically conservative, but their followers are devoted to approved cultural goals. Within the last generation this leadership has been impressed by the emergence of the African nations, but they believe that their future must be resolved within America, by America, and in terms of the *American Dream*.

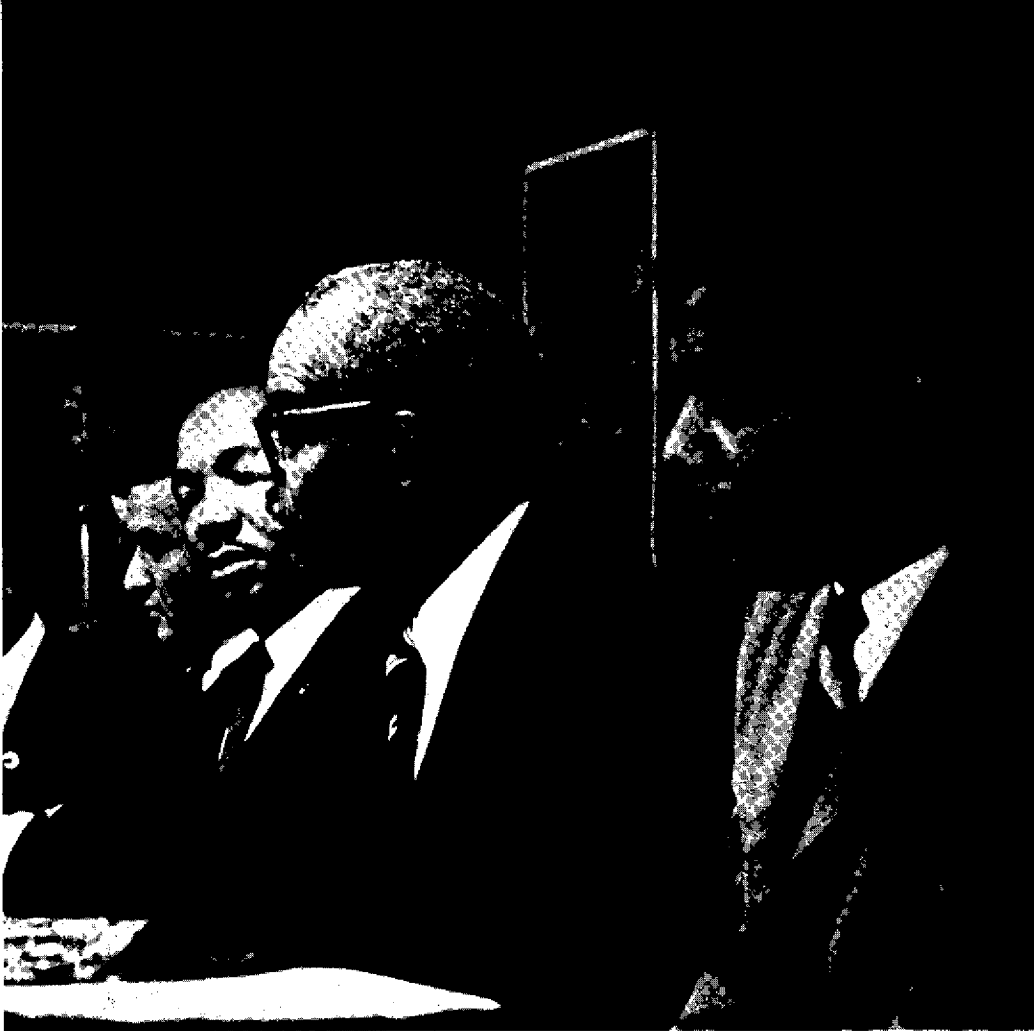
Ideology

Conditions alone, however, do not make the leader. Sometimes the leader's ability to act is effected by his political orientation. Malcolm X seems to have been a nationalist. To understand him, therefore, one should understand something about the dynamics of nationalism and Negro radical movements. Nationalism denies the basic assumption of most Negroes about their situation in the United States, vis "things are getting better every day." Nationalism articulates the tensions of the masses.

Negro radical movements historically share five major characteristics: 1) They seek to withdraw the Negro physically or psychologically from the society.

2) They are basically an urban phenomenon.

cont. next page



TRAGEDY *cont.*

nomenon and a product of periods of great distress and crisis.

3) They have suffered from unstable membership. The membership is made up of people on their way to middle-class respectability and standards.

4) They are traditionally bound by a religious doctrine which seeks either to create a theocratic, separate state or to re-interpret the Old testament and the old-time religion into a current political and social context.

5) Negroes have not been able to support or sustain a radical movement.

Styles of Negro Leaders

If we understand the conditions and ideology we need only understand the styles and categories of minority group leaders. The dominant styles of Negro leadership are:

1) The moderate style of the bargainer lawyer who sees life with its subtleties and complexities; seeks welfare aims, considers time as an inevitable component of change, and basically shares the attitudes of the white conservative.

2) The militant or protest style of the individual who sees the world as it should be, and shares the view of the white liberal or radical. He seeks

status ends and wants unity, but not at all costs. This style involves mass demonstrations and loud protests.

The tension which results from the conflict between the conditions of the people and the orientation and styles of various leadership creates a situation in which unity is the most fervent hope and cry, while division within the community is the most common experience, except in times of extreme danger.

It is within this milieu that Malcolm X, like any other aspirant for leadership, had to function. The leader is bound by his own concept of the society's restraints as well as the outlook of his audience.

The Muslim Period:

In the first part of Malcolm X's public career he was not a leader, but a spokesman-administrator. The Muslim movement provided a formidable platform for addressing the dispossessed and the downtrodden urban masses as well as the rest of the Negro population. Malcolm X attracted people because he could directly articulate

the suffering of those people and place the blame for that suffering squarely where it rested. He possessed tremendous skills as a debator, plus an uncompromising "ghetto-eyed" point of view. Fortunately, the Muslim movement was not bound by the same cultural constraints that tightly circumscribed the actions of the Civil Rights Movement. In his role as spokesman, he liked to be called Minister Malcolm X. Malcolm X also acknowledged that he had helped to found the newspaper, *Muhammed Speaks*. He asserted that the early

The powerful rhetoric of the Muslims limited their ability to enlarge their membership. Negroes are too conformist. They conform to the material necessities of survival, even if this means further degradation and debasement. The rhetoric of the Muslims was altogether too threatening. Malcolm X devoted considerable effort to gaining the attention of the black and white college elite as well as the masses.

Yet his experience with the Muslims was not limited to solely that of a protest leader. As an administrator for the Honorable Elijah Muhammed of the Muslims, he devoted his energies to the service of the cause he espoused. The disciplined oligarchic nature of the Muslim religion provided Malcolm X with the kind of administrative training opportunity not generally available to Negroes.

In addition, from his spokesman-administrative role with the Muslims, Malcolm X derived invaluable experience in the international arena. In July, 1959, he was named the personal envoy of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad to the United Arab Republic, The Sudan, and Nigeria. This experience gave him an opportunity to think in terms of international contacts rather than along the customary lines of traditional U.S.-bound Negro leadership.

The apprenticeship and training of Malcolm X within the Muslim movement provided various experiences necessary for successful leadership. He was exposed to opportunities for speechmaking, administrative respon-

sibility and overseas contacts. Each type of experience was invaluable in this 20th Century context.

After the Break with the Muslims

When Malcolm X broke with the Muslims, he carried with him many of the concepts that he had learned. He initially called his organization The Muslim Mosque, Inc. and declared, "I am a follower of the Honorable Elijah Muhammed. I believe in the Honorable Elijah Muhammed." He proposed that his new organization would have a base designed to propagate the moral reformation necessary to rid the Negro community of the evils that destroy its fiber. Further, he advocated a unique "Go It Alone Plan" for American Negroes. He advocated completely controlling the Negro community, with no outsider able to pull strings. Whites were to be excluded from membership in this organization. He postulated that nationalism might have some immediate goals beside the exodus from American shores. This theory carried with it the implicit suggestion that Malcolm X's brand of nationalism was departing from the Utopian view of race relations characteristic of many black nationalists for a more attractive, realizable goal.

One interviewer suggested that in terms of the formidable obstacles that he faced, Malcolm X would not only have to be a charismatic leader, but also a magician to get his organization off the ground. The interviewer did not doubt his basic sincerity and purposefulness. He recognized, however, how great the obstacles and the limitations would be in the Mosque organizational structure.

Assessment of Malcolm X's Leadership

Once outside of the Muslim fold, Malcolm X found it necessary to soften his uncompromising rhetoric. He became less and less antagonistic toward whites, and even apologized to other civil rights leaders for his former slashing attacks on them. In October, 1964, he suggested that he was sorry he had led so many well-meaning Negroes into the fold of the Muslims. Malcolm X called for unity and even

participated in a school boycott, which, while ostensibly about school integration, was in reality a test of strength

between Negro grass-roots leadership in New York City and middle-class organization leadership.

Every poll conducted by whites of Negroes and whites placed Malcolm far down the list among those who aspired to leadership. In one poll, the whites of New York City rated Malcolm X and Adam C. Powell the least popular Negroes. Negroes throughout the land gave him scarcely more popular support. This lack of popularity can be attributed to his basic protest style, the attachment of Negroes to their material possessions, and the fact that what most Negroes really want is a way into the society and not out of it.

The youthful Harlem ghetto dwellers, however, saw him as a leader and chanted his name in the midst of the Harlem Uprising of 1964, although he was, at that time, thousands of miles away.

His reputation was soiled by the fact that he was frequently condemned by all sides for his "extremist" views.

Malcolm X was a leader that Negroes could not publicly acknowledge. His rhetoric and style were too direct and too frightening. He never won popularity contests for he was a cultural bad guy. Yet, how he might have won such contests if Negroes weren't afraid to be themselves and think for themselves! He was an *extremist* in a *moderate society*.

Outside of the American Straight-Jacket

In the eleven months between his departure from the Muslim fold to his death, Malcolm X spent considerable time trying to gain the support of sovereign African States for the American Negro's Human Rights struggle. He wished to expand the civil rights movement to a Human Rights movement, internationalizing it and providing an opportunity for African nations to attack U.S. racism.

Malcolm X was an observer at the African Unity Council in Cairo, Egypt,

in July, 1964. He issued a stinging, eight-page memorandum condemning U. S. racism and requesting aid from the sovereign African States. In January, 1965, Malcolm X claimed that his efforts had been crowned with success, and that a link had been forged with the African governments and the Orthodox religious Muslims as well. On his last journey overseas in February 1965, he visited England where a number of individuals who are caught in the Western world's racial conflict were interested in hearing from him. He was barred from entering Paris, where a large colony of American expatriots now live. Malcolm X believed that he was barred by the French Government at the behest of the U. S. Government.

This barring from France was only one indication of the nature of the American response to Negro efforts to break out of the straight jacket that binds their struggle. For his efforts in trying to place the civil rights issue in the international arena, Malcolm X was frequently shadowed by the C.I.A. and harassed and denounced by U.S.-I.S.(Information Service). He openly acknowledged that he recognized his home phone was tapped. In the Saturday Evening Post, he quipped: "If I said on my home telephone right today, 'I'm going to bomb the Empire State Building,' I guarantee you that in five minutes it would be surrounded."

His efforts within the confines of the United States paralleled his efforts in Africa. He tried to forge a link. He asked Negroes to accept the African cultural component of their lives and suggested active use of the word Afro-American instead of "Negro." The name of his organization, Organization of Afro-American Unity (OAAU) reflects his continued effort in that direction. He repeatedly called upon Negroes to look culturally and spiritually to Africa. Malcolm X blamed the U. S. Administration's continued support of Tshombe as a cog in the never-ending Congo turmoil.

Malcolm X further suggested unique African solutions to the violence of the American racists (Mau-Mau) and repeatedly urged self-defense for Ne-

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TRAGEDY *cont.*

groes. This was a unique type of nationalism. Malcolm X's brand was actually internationalism. He was struggling to get out of the straight jacket that constricts Negro leadership. Only in this international arena was there a chance. Unfortunately, he alone made the international contacts and his untimely death may have once more broken the tenuous link.

Hung Up On Organization

The skills required of a protester as well as an international negotiator drew effort, energy and time away from the task of building a national institution. From its outset, any organization made up of Negroes can expect limited financial backing. Such an organization needs time to develop individuals with the appropriate administrative skill and can expect to get very little sympathetic cooperation from other Negro organizations. However much these organizations may want to assist, their own human and financial resources are not capable of providing assistance. The middle-class Negroes pursue their own private goals through escapism and naive individualistic effort. Therefore, the Negro community, while screaming about the need for leadership, can never develop the skills of followership which can propel racial organization. Malcolm X then made little impact in this area. This area cannot be considered a failure because Malcolm X did not have enough time to devote to the development of the necessary organizational hierarchy and trained cadres which are needed.

The Legacy of Malcolm X

Malcolm X's death marked the end of prospects that the Negro revolution might become revolutionary. There will now be *no spokesman* for the wretched bottom. His death, coupled with the attacks on the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and the current investigation of the white radical left, indicates the true feelings of the society toward Negro demands and the apparent need for structural change in the society. This

moderate society has decreed that The Negro Revolution should become a religious reform movement, be legal in approach and not affect any of the realities. Malcolm X leaves to succeeding generations of aspiring leaders a strange legacy. He was never able to make the full impact of his attempt to internationalize and escalate the Negro struggle in the U. S. felt. His life in the big arena was far too short. Yet, his brilliant effort may bring the first rays of light into the Negro's tunnel vision. Actually, his leadership is another leadership tragedy.

The brevity of Malcolm X's leadership career is only a single aspect of the tragedy that has befallen the Negro people. The direction which he chartered would have required a long, strenuous effort. But beyond this lack of sufficient time, Malcolm's life in the leadership arena revealed three other catastrophes of major proportions. His life was first a tragedy of style and character. The protest style is not generally productive in building a strong institutional framework (organization). The rhetoric of the protester is often too frightening for most Negroes, and this rhetoric demands maintenance of a high level of tension over a long period of time. The protester skills are not geared to hold people for the long period of time necessary for assembly, orientation and training. The escapist and extremist character of Malcolm X's movement is not suited to the middle-of-the-road approach of the agricultural and industrial black peasantry and black bourgeoisie. A movement such as Malcolm X's was too closely tied to the single charismatic leader. When this charismatic leader goes, the movement is threatened with dissolution.

Malcolm X's leadership was further a tragedy of concept. Malcolm X proposed a radical solution to the race Problem (nationalization of the Negro struggle and internationalization of this struggle through the support of the Asian-African bloc). Although the race problem has always been a radical problem vis a problem at the root of the society, the dominant Negro bourgeoisie, truncated in their political

thinking, does not accept either the radical nature of the problem or the need for radical solutions, for they are tied to the concept of political reform.

Although in their hearts the Negro masses understood the nature of Malcolm X's message, their minds did not fully grasp the unfamiliar nature of Malcolm's concepts. Malcolm was at one and the same time talking over the heads of many while scaring the heads off some.

Malcolm X's leadership was even more profoundly a tragedy of followership. Although he was sensitive to the thinking of the mass, Malcolm X was not willing to wait till the masses caught up with him. He was, therefore, alone, isolated and vulnerable. The Negro people still by and large cling to the belief that the society will keep its promises. As long as such thinking predominates, radicals will be outcasts and marginal men. Malcolm X was such an outcast.

The Negro people have always wanted and still crave a strong authoritarian father figure leader who will tell them what to do, solve their problems, boss them around and take the responsibility. They are as yet not willing to take the lead in the resolution of their own destiny. Once they take this step they will choose their own leaders from those who have struggled with them. That day, unfortunately, has not dawned, and will not as long as the great majority picture a world of fantasy and make-believe (racial reform). Malcolm X's leadership was, then, a tragedy of followership.

It has been said that people get the leaders they deserve. Conversely, they lose those leaders they don't deserve. Malcolm X was just a man ahead of his time. A genuine tragedy. But the truly tragic figures are those who will stand around wistfully talking about his abilities, instead of pushing on in their own thinking to where their fallen leader was. If the people go that far, they will find another leader whose life need not be so tragic. After all, the new leaders may have an opportunity to learn from Malcolm X's experience.



The Quotable Mr. X

by C. E. Wilson

When Malcolm X was imprisoned almost twenty years ago it was reported that he spent considerable time studying. Reports state Malcolm X copied the entire dictionary in his thirst for knowledge and a good vocabulary. On his release from prison, he set about becoming one of the most effective and dynamic speakers on the American scene. Quick, direct, sardonic, confident, even arrogant, he possessed the natural ability and skills that belied his formal school level, eighth grade. He often visited colleges and handled himself well in numerous debates with individuals of superior *formal* education.

His uncompromising ghetto-eyed point of view could embarrass and antagonize an enemy or strengthen the resolve of a believer. His press conferences were always alive, crackling with quips and jests that probed deeply into the heart of a problem. Often his words were descriptive; sometimes they were prophetic; always they were entertaining. Here are collected some of his more pungent comments. Listen

to the words of the late Malcolm X:

On White America:

Malcolm X was noted for his caustic comments about white America. One major theme dominated his outlook. Once, for a change of pace, he was quoted as saying:

"Todos somos hermanos. El hombre blanco es el diablo." Even in Spanish Malcolm X's estimate of white America was always out in the open. "All men are brothers, the white man is a devil."

Malcolm X described the goal of America, "America wants the whole world to bow down to her, but the majority of the people who own this earth are dark people...and the yardstick by which they measure this white man is his treatment and attitude toward the twenty million so-called Negroes in this country."

Malcolm X was once asked what were the motives of a magazine for providing him an opportunity for free discussion of his views. He replied: "I think you want to sell magazines. I have never seen a sincere white

man, not when it came to helping black people."

On another occasion he made the following observation about United States newspapers to his followers: "Don't trust a line." Sound advice by any standard.

He was once asked about the worst crime of the American white man. He replied: "The worst crime the white man has committed has been to teach us to hate ourselves."

He was even more scathing in his characterization of white participation in the civil rights movement. "A man who tosses worms in the river isn't necessarily a friend to the fish. All the fish who take him for a friend, who think the worm's got no hooks in it, usually end up in the frying pan. All these things dangled before us by the white liberals posing as a friend and benefactor have turned out to be nothing but bait to make us think we are making progress."

Once, at Harvard University, Malcolm X perceived the problems of America in this light: "This is the core of America's troubles today, and

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QUOTABLE MR. X *cont.*

there will be no peace as long as the twenty million so-called Negroes are here begging for rights which America knows she will never grant us."

Several years ago he made a statement on Federal protection for the Negro in the face of local tyranny which seems now like a prophecy in light of the Selma, Alabama, situation: "You will never get protection from the Federal Government. Just like King asking Kennedy to go to Alabama to stand in a doorway, to put his body in a doorway. That's like asking the fox to protect you from the wolf. The masses of black people can see this, and it is only the Negro leadership, the bourgeois, the handpicked handful of Negroes who think that they are going to get some kind of respect, recognition, or protection from the government. The government is responsible for what is happening to black people in this country."

Malcolm X's homey expressions sometimes caused him considerable trouble. His "chickens coming home to roost" statement is an example. But his comment on the last presidential election may bear careful scrutiny:

"Johnson and Goldwater, I feel that as far as the American black man is concerned, are both just about the same. It's just a question of Johnson, the fox, or Goldwater, the wolf. 'Conservatism' is only meaning 'let's keep the niggers in their place. Liberalism is meaning 'let's keep the *kneegrows* in their place, but tell them we'll treat them a little better. Let's fool them with more promises.' Since these are the choices for the black man in America, I think he only needs to pick which one he chooses to be eaten by, because they both will eat him."

While he could see the national picture clearly, he was also acutely aware of the overseas efforts of the United States Information Service to discredit him: "This was a white-balling from the highest level. But, ironically, what they did made me even more welcome. It told Africans exactly where I was."

On Black America

While he was a perceptive commentator on the white side of the domestic scene, he was also an apt critic of the Negro's role in the cultural dialogue: "The western world is sick. America is sick, but the Negro in America is the sickest of them all. The sickening condition of the Negro in America is infecting Uncle Sam's entire body and endangering the security and future of the western world." America often accused him of racism and he often had to discuss the entire subject of black racism. During one interview he suggested: "As soon as the white man hears the black man say that he is through loving white people, then the white man accuses the black man of hating him."

Malcolm X was an arch foe of "so-called Negro progress." He once evaluated a statement about Negro progress in these terms: "I hear that everywhere, almost as you stated it. This is one of the biggest myths that the black man believes in. Every immigrant ethnic group that has come to America is now a genuinely first-class citizen group ... Every one of them but the black man who was here when they came ..."

"The Negro is like a man on a luxury commuter train doing ninety miles an hour. He looks out of the window along with all of the white passengers in the pullman chairs, and he thinks he's doing ninety, too. Then he gets to the men's room and looks in the mirror and he sees he's not getting anywhere at all. His reflection shows a black man standing there in the white uniform of a dining car steward. He may get on the 5:10 all right, but he won't be getting off at Westport."

Progress is merely one area of Negro self-deception. Once, in an interview with Louis Lomax, Malcolm X commented on another area of self-deception. "You Negroes are not willing to admit it yet, but integration will not work. Why, it is against the white man's nature to integrate into his house. Even if he wanted to, he would no more do that than a Model T can

sprout wings and fly. It isn't in his nature."

Malcolm X's continued warnings about the future now seem extremely relevant. One of his predictions is quoted in William Stringfellow's *My People is the Enemy*: "The black masses that are waking up don't believe in Christianity any more. All that's done for the black man is to help keep them slaves."

While he could warn of the awakening of the masses, he was quite scornful of the Negro Middle Class. It is reflected in such comments as: "For the masses are not the brainwashed, satisfied Negro middle class." And more directly, "The black middle class, in its attempt to protect the crumbs the white man gives, while trying at the same time to decide to deceive him, is the most acrobatic of Negroes." Following this line of reasoning, he came to the conclusion that "the clergy politician leadership does not speak for the Negro majority. They don't speak for the black masses. They speak for the black bourgeois, white-minded, middle class minority."

Malcolm X was not in love with the current Negro national heroes, particularly those who win Nobel Prizes. Throughout his career he made scathing comments about Martin Luther King. When he was asked how he evaluated Dr. King, Malcolm X said: "You don't have to criticize Rev. Martin Luther King. His actions criticize him."

On another occasion, he said: "Any Negro who teaches other Negroes to turn the other cheek in the face of attack is disarming the Negro of his God-given right to defend himself. Everything in nature can so defend itself and is right in defending itself except the American Negro."

On The Overseas Arena

Malcolm X's travels through Europe and Africa gave him an opportunity to make observations on the world scene. For example, after the Congo Affair, he defined United States participation in the Congo as a criminal action. "They've got some more innocent blood on their hands." He referred to Tshombe as "The worst African ever

born...The Worst African ever born! and he actually has the nerve to come here.. Well, we must welcome him..properly."

Since Malcolm X was a thorn in the side of the United States overseas operations, he had choice comments for the United States Information Service. "They have done a vicious job....a vicious job. They were there all right... and steadily at work to prevent real contact and honest communication between American blacks and African blacks. The United States Government prefers to regulate our contacts....and represent us." Malcolm X had a word of warning for his African brothers-"Don't let American racism be legalized by American dollarism."

After Malcolm X was prevented from entering Paris he quipped about General DeGaulle, "DeGaulle had too much gall." He characterized police activity at Paris Orleans Airport as, "I thought I was in South Africa by the way the police acted." On England's

race problems he remarked: "England has a severe racial problem. She has become almost hysterical over the problem."

Malcolm X Was Just Too Much

Perhaps two additional quotations from his life would be quite illuminating at this time. Once, Malcolm X was asked by a knowledgeable reporter about his reluctance to speak of socialism. He quipped; "Why speak of it. If you want someone to drink from a bottle, you never put the skull and crossbones on the label, for they won't drink: the same is true here."

His definition of Black Nationalism was quite an interesting one, and it should be repeated over and over again so that perhaps one of his many messages might sink in. "By Black Nationalism I mean that the black man must control the politics of his own community. He must control the radio, newspaper, television for our com-

munity. I also mean that we must do those things necessary to elevate ourselves socially, culturally and to restore racial dignity."

The entire racial scene is too tame, too dull, now that Malcolm X's truth has been removed. The established Negro leaders are now cautious, correct, responsible (to the white society), reliable and evasive. Malcolm X's voice is silent. We suspect that many of the civil righters secretly wish that Malcolm X was still around to say what needs to be said. Only a person who isn't connected with the status quo can make such comments. Since he wasn't connected - *he could tell 'em like it is*, and the Quotable Mr. X did just that.

Maybe the readers have personal memories of quotes by Malcolm X that they would like to share. Maybe you'd like to send them in to us. The only rule is that the quote must *tell it like it is*. No other way is worthy of the of the Quotable Mr. X.



SNCC in Danger

by Ossie Sykes

Suddenly the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) has become the prime target for criticism, red-baiting and caustic comment; it is bearing the brunt of attacks on the Freedom Movements. It has been claimed that the effectiveness of demonstrations can be determined by the volume, pitch, and intensity of hostile white reaction. If this is true SNCC and its Chairman, John Lewis, are leading contenders for Freedom Honors in 1965.

Opposition From All Sides

SNCC critics now come in all sizes, shapes, colors, and descriptions. Theodore White, in *Life*, November 1963, called SNCC "an extremist organization which has attempted to convert peaceful demonstrations into Putsches (against government offices in Southern cities) and consummated the adoption of a sinister military plan that would start another civil war." Of all the civil rights organizations, White preferred the quiet, conservative Urban League and dismissed SNCC's members as "lunatics and aliens."

The *Herald Tribune's* Evans and Novak, on December 2, 1964, reported that the *responsible* leaders of the Civil Rights movement were worried lest SNCC will put into practice the successful revolutionary technique of these emerging countries of Africa. Not to be outdone by white critics, on March 21, Washington D.C.'s Rev. Jefferson P. Rogers, a SCLC aide to Dr. Martin Luther King said, "There were deep strands of the irresponsible in the movement manifested by a fool-

ish kind of radicalism--a radicalism that does not have any capacity for reconciliation. SNCC seemed more interested in protest than achievement." His black audience did not protest, and the *New York Times* carried the story the next day.

The pride of radio liberalism, Edward P. Morgan, got in his licks at SNCC soon thereafter, but the prize critic of all was the Rev. Martin Luther King himself. Rev. King was quoted as saying that his organization (SCLC) had not yielded to "radical groups in the Alabama civil rights demonstrations." Dr. King, known in some circles as "Da Lawd," stated that "many members of the Non-Violent Committee were young people who tended to become frustrated and impatient over the slowness of progress in the civil rights field. We question at times if their tactics and decisions are decisions we would make." As is his custom, Dr. King refrained from outright attacks on the leaders of SNCC, but it appears that the task of restraining SNCC has been turned over to his underlings.

Everybody but the *LIBERATOR* and a few others seems to be mad at SNCC. *LIBERATOR*, in December 1964, awarded SNCC the Anti-racism for the service SNCC has performed on the grass roots level.

Why Is Everybody Mad At SNCC

Everybody, especially anyone with an interest in maintaining the status quo, is mad at SNCC first and foremost because SNCC has gone to the people to work with the people right where they are,--in the hamlets and hovels of the Black Belt, facing and sharing with the people the terror and

intimidations and helping develop *local leadership*. The organization helps fight the awesome fear that binds, imprisons, and disarms the Negro of the back country. With SNCC's help, direction and encouragement to face the white terror and intimidation the communities are better able to carry on the job of fighting for their rights.

Some of the criticism from the hidebound and chairbound generals of the older civil rights groups is a matter of self-interest and envy. Self-interest because the older groups have made a good thing of bourgeois reformism without the masses of black people. Envy because, unlike the valiant youth of SNCC, they can no longer get out into the back country--without custom cigarettes, foreign cars, and fancy foreign foods.

White criticism of the back-to-the people approach is more relevant, for the whites recognize clearly that organizing the disorganized is a direct threat to white dominance. White liberalism, which never organized anything, is afraid that it might lose its stranglehold on the Negro protest movement if Negroes were organized. Everybody is mad at SNCC for good reason: They have gone back to the people.

SNCC Is A Threat To Everybody's Non-Violent Daydreams--

For the past five years, SNCC has been testing the mythology of the non-violent approach. Through their work and suffering, SNCC workers have put Non-Violence to its most severe test. Often these tests have been without the benefit of the klieglights of nationwide television and world press cov-



John Lewis (left) and James Foreman (right) of SNCC participating in the Harlem demonstration in support of Selma.

erage. Some of their beliefs have certainly by now been shaken in concepts like:

1. Unmerited suffering will reap rewards.
2. The sadist will grow tired of beating the masochist.
3. The nonviolent revolution can bring change in a direction contrary to the values of the majority of the people.
4. Americans love and respect freedom as a reality for all men.

By now the brave young men and women might well be impatient with talk of brotherhood and reconciliation, having experienced night-stick brotherhood and jail reconciliation whenever the cameras weren't focussed.

It is no small wonder that devotees of TV Non-Violence (Sing Along With King) should be angry with SNCC. White liberals and white conservatism, too, is angry with the idea that SNCC is really trying out non-violent resistance as a creative weapon without clearing with them. How could any Freedom group dare to operate without clearing with its Masters.

SNCC Testing the American Mythology-

The third big reason why everybody is upset over SNCC is that SNCC is really testing out the limit of the *American Dream*. Using raw courage, very little money, and without the vast

public relations machinery, the gallant youth of SNCC have tested the following Sacred American beliefs:

1. We have equal justice under the law.
2. The right to vote cannot be abridged.
3. There is fair play and justice for all.
4. Success comes by hard work.
5. The Federal Government protects the constitutionally guaranteed rights of citizens.
6. There are constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and assembly that should not be abridged.

In testing these shibboleths, SNCC has been radical and revolutionary enough to go right to the roots, and everybody is just plain embarrassed. When Americans black or white, are embarrassed, they don't attack the problem or the problem-makers, they attack the people who made them conscious of the situation. In this case, SNCC.

The vast majority of Americans have been safe and silent spectators to racial violence and beastiality. Now they react in opposition to those who have made them conscious of their smugness. While Washington issues communiques about poverty programs and structural changes, SNCC has been changing some structures. Therefore, everybody is angry.

SNCC Has Earned Support--

SNCC is an organization of men, not demi-gods. As such, they have often been too busy fighting off white enemies and black racial reform critics to evaluate all they have learned from bitter experience. SNCC has learned time and time again that civil rights movements is often a seething kettle of jealous fish, with several Kingfish, rather than a purposeful cauldron of hot water. SNCC has learned that militancy and bold programing and effort can cause the most hostility among so-called friends. The Editors fully understand that the SNCC organization has in some ways failed to re-examine the premises of American society like other Americans who hold on to American mythologies, but they are some of the most effective workers we have got, so let us not be guilty of letting the baby go down the drain with the dirty water. We need good people-let's help to keep them.

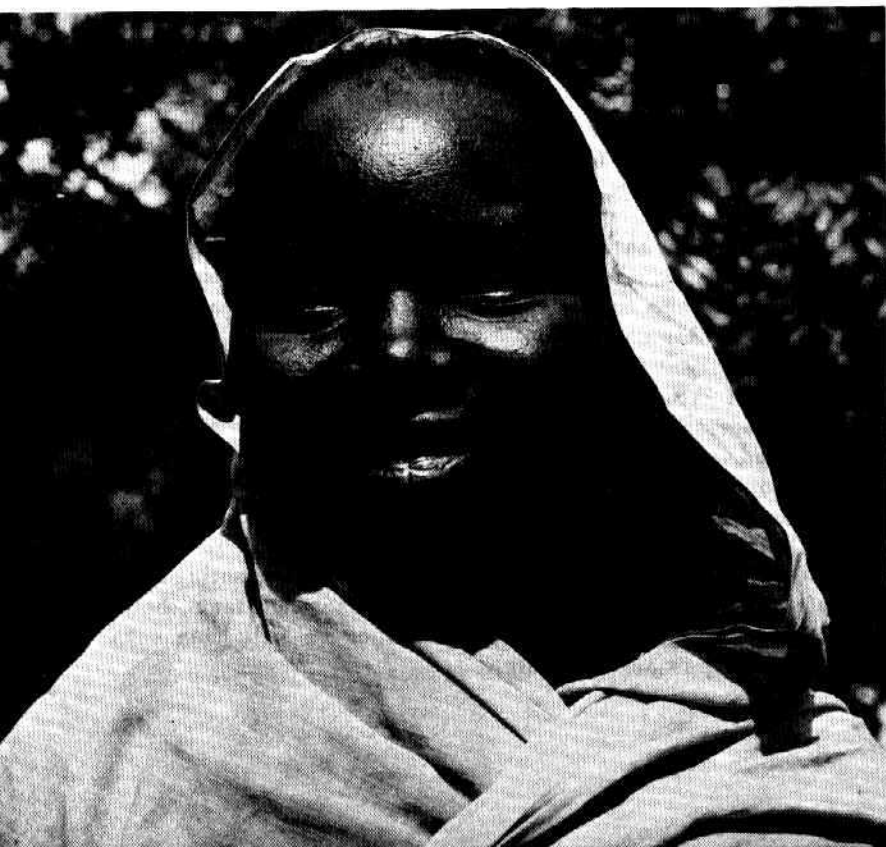
In the words of an old African proverb: "Those who cross the river in a crowd are not eaten by the crocodile."

All right, you other crocodiles, let's have no tears and let's help SNCC.

We are sure that the mounting storm of criticism means militants better hang together or we will hang separately.



above: A Bahutu girl from Burundi.
below: A woman from Torit in the Southern Sudan.



United Nations Photographs

Women O

above: A young Sarakole girl from Mali.
below: A student in an English language class org





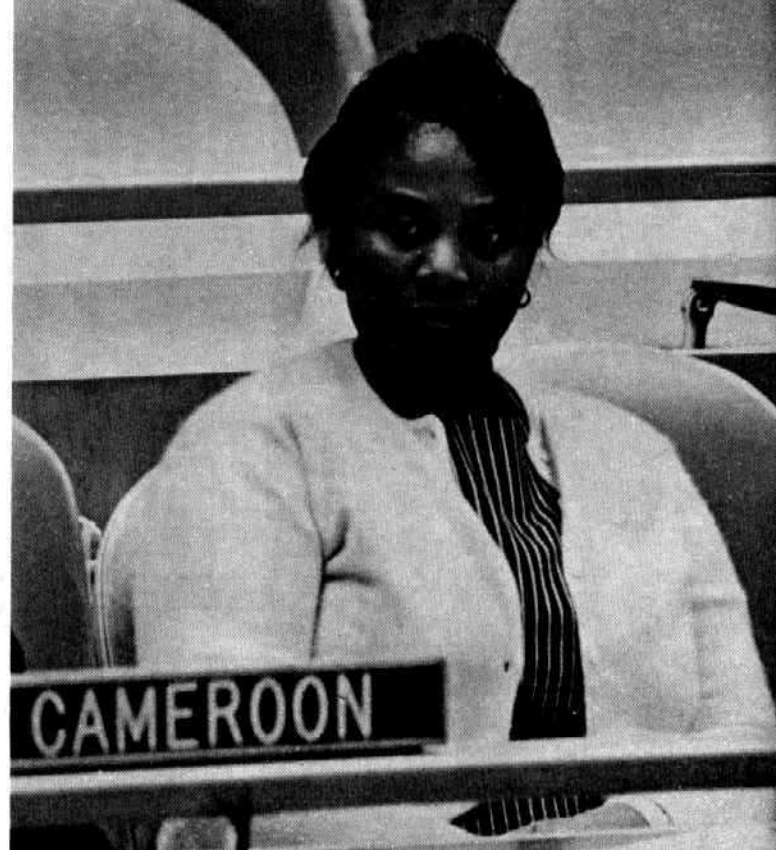
Of Africa

ganized by the Union of Women of Togoland.



above: A Somali girl at a political rally celebrating her country's independence
below: A woman from the Genalle region of Somalia unloading bananas, the country's principal export.





African Women at the U. N.

African women served on many missions during the last session of the United Nations. Shown here (clockwise from the upper left corner) are Miss Nancy Kajumbula of Uganda, Mrs. Keutcha of Cameroon, Miss Florence Addison of Ghana, Miss Margaret Aguta of Nigeria, and Mrs. Regine Gbedey of Togo. United Nations Photos



Living Poetry by Black Arts Group

by Clayton Riley

I will not say I enjoyed the program, BLACK ARTS, which was presented at the Actor's Playhouse on April 12-- I felt it; I *lived* it. The prospect of clever men reading aloud, in a program that begins late and is conducted in the dim confines of a sweltering downtown auditorium, would ordinarily inspire your reporter to naught but dismay. In the case of Black Poets, however, the experience, the event was not only worthwhile but memorable.

Host and participating poet Charles Patterson greeted the audience with the statement that he hoped the readings would "run you out of the theater." This was not an entirely prophetic remark, for the humor, fire and frequently awesome power of their individual works kept a large gathering rooted in the house for nearly three hours. And if a single word could possibly describe the evening, I would venture to say it was an urgency of the sort that attends a jazz set when musicians are "into something," when that undefinable thread of connective tissue we sometimes refer to as *rapport* is established with the listener. All of which is to say that poets were *there*, deep in a *thing*; I was there digging, and, baby, it cooked.

The Black Poets were: (in alphabetical order) LeRoi Bibbs, Albert Haynes, David Henderson, Calvin Hernton, LeRoi Jones, Larry Neal, Ojijiico, Charles Patterson, Ishmael Reed, Lorenzo Thomas and Steve Young. Each in his own way was the star of a star-studded evening. Reed, for example, leads a marvelous visual and vocal quality to his penetrating words. His work is both vividly descriptive and charged with an electrifying current of scathing social commentary.

Calvin Hernton (see poetry section, this issue) a veteran of the old Deux Megots Cafe readings, was perhaps the most emotionally engaging poet of the night. There is about Hernton's voice

and material, a quality that is faintly reminiscent of the music of Ray Charles. His verse recollection of a trip to his former S. Carolina home was, in anguished intensity, a work of eminent beauty.

Lorenzo Thomas and Albert Haynes write with a quiet but forceful skill; their works crackle with sardonic humor and wit. Thomas' "Inauguration," "The Subway Witnesses," and "Bureau of Missing Persons," were particularly impressive. Haynes, reading in a small, almost gentle voice, revealed a craft that is highly articulate and soulful.

David Henderson's "They are Killing All The Young Men," is a thrilling series of poems dedicated to the memory of Malcolm X. There is sadness and a profound level of perception in his reference to "Harlem: Dallas of the East." Another of his selections, "To Elvin Jones," contains the kind of muscular prose that embodies the type of jazz ethic and spirit to which I previously referred.

The works of LeRoi Bibbs, Steve Young and Ojijiico, presented some difficulties for me, and I believe they are artists whose writing is more profitably read than heard. The substance, the *nitty-gritty* is all there but is not fully illuminated by the spoken word. Bibbs' "To Jimmy Baldwin: Everybody Knows Your Name," is, I think, a particularly good example of this.

Charles Patterson's "115th Street" was undoubtedly the best of his especially fine selections. In forthright, graphic language that fully suits the topics he chooses to explore, Patterson vivifies much of the frustration and pain that attends life in the ghetto. (A child looks up from the squalor of his block at the Grand Central commuter trains carrying crowds of grinning whites who gaze down at Harlem thinking "those niggers are having a ball." To which the child, with a trenchant wisdom and logic replies, "if we're having such a ball, come and play with us,.....!" Patterson's

son's insights are stiletto-sharp.

Larry Neal of the *LIBERATOR* staff made a notable contribution to the evening with his "To Black Writers and Artists," among others, all of which were skillfully written and read.

The quality of LeRoi Jones' poetry grows fantastically in stature each time I am exposed to it. One of our great contemporary tragedies lies in the fact of the one-dimensional view most critics and nearly all the white public takes of him. For, to think of Jones as merely angry or bitter (as, indeed, most whites do) is to overlook the enormity of the man's considerable talent and expansive vision; a vision that embraces the need and responsibility for loving and feeling, for communicating the entire range of the human emotional mechanism, which includes, in addition to what I have just mentioned, rage, violence, and yes, hate.

The white community it seems is capable of regarding such an artist only with almost complete misunderstanding or, more commonly, total alienation. In Jones' work lives that rare example of communion-the successful unity of heart and mind, that marriage of passion and intellect that is so conspicuously absent from "Charlie's" scene.

Of the works read by Jones, I found "Twentieth Century Fox," and "Ready or Not," especially interesting. One other, the title of which I cannot recall but which includes the line "I am a meditative man," personified what I feel poetry can do to and for the spirit of the listener.

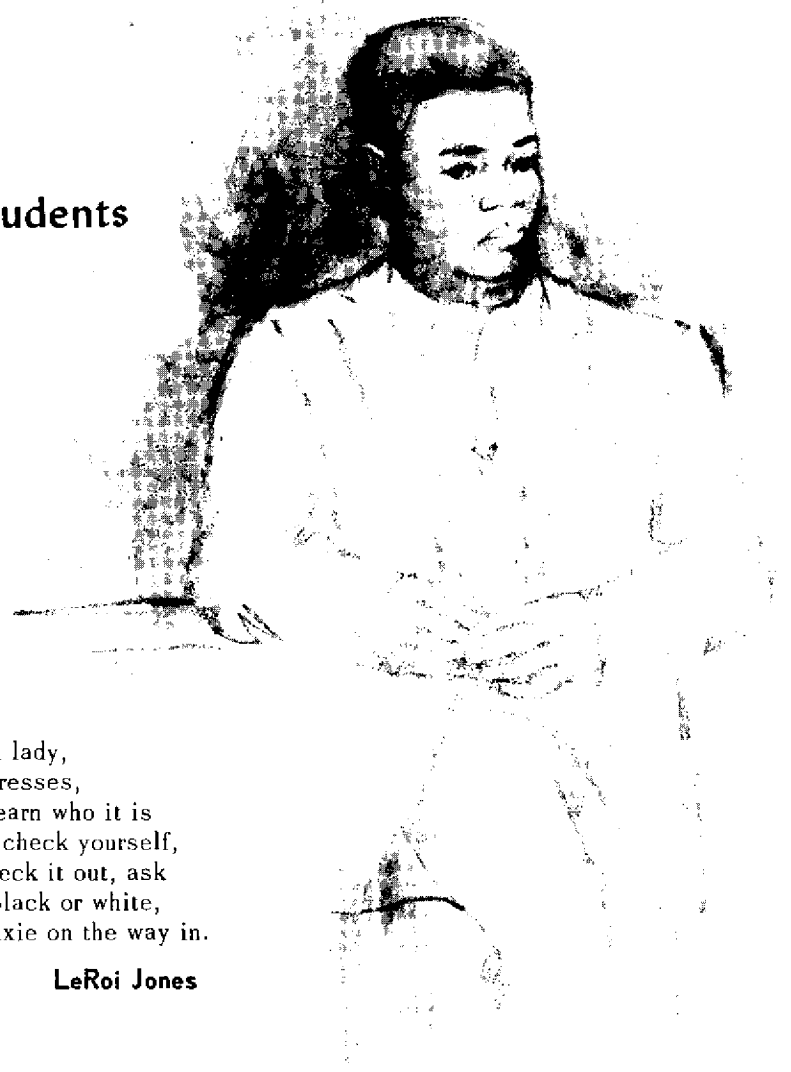
The program was presented by The Black Arts Repertory Theater, which will shortly be moving into 109 West 130 St., N.Y.C. Let that address and the names of the poets I have listed here become familiar to you. Much needs to be said in this madhouse we euphemistically call the United States, and I believe these poets will be saying it. Do yourself a large favor: listen.

Black Poets

Poem For Half-White College Students

Who are you, listening to me, who are you
listening to yourself? Are you white or
black, or does that have anything to do
with it? Can you pop your fingers to no
music, except those wild monkeys going on
in your head, can you jerk, to no melody,
except fingerpoppers get it together
when you turn from starcheking to checking
yourself. How do you sound, your words, are they
yours? The ghost you see in the mirror, is it really
you, can you swear you are not an imitation greyboy,
can you look right next to you in that chair, and swear,
that the sister you have your hand on is not really
so full of Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton is
coming out of her ears. You may have to be Richard
with a white shirt and face, and four million negroes
think you cute, you may have to be Elizabeth Taylor, old lady,
if you want to sit up in your crazy spot dreaming about dresses,
and the sway of certain porter's hips. Check yourself, learn who it is
speaking, when you make some ultrasophisticated point, check yourself,
when you find yourself gesturing like Steve McQueen, check it out, ask
in your black heart who it is you are, and is that image black or white,
you might be surprised right out the window, whistling dixie on the way in.

LeRoi Jones



Terrorist

*For the four Negro children in Birmingham
who were murdered
while praying to God*

Like his stricken face
There were stroke of midnight.
Torn by crack of thunder
Or dissonance of vowel,
The deed, like an agonized tooth,
Fell from his mouth

And exploded.

In a dark room in a crumbling
Heart, the deed conceived its victims:
Ninety-one nails in the breast of Christ;
The deed made terror, ripped open

Flesh and bone. No one knew,
Not even he himself, eight fragile legs
Would never walk from that debris.
I am the door. Hammer me down

Ninety-one and four.
They were like chrysanthemums,
Tender flesh cracked by thunder--
Unknown to his grotesque face.

A revolution must draw blood.

In the manacled chambers of our egos
What we do not know about death
Comes alive, and though love agonized
There, hate is a better madness

When terror expires our frail hearts.

For the four who died, without tears,
Outside of cognition--their end
Is ubiquitous, everlasting;
Their beginning is eternity.

To die young, before the rodent of exchange
Imperils the flesh, when you are innocent
And immaculate to the paranoid itch,
Is lambs blood,
Is bread transubstantiated

To galaxy, to love beyond ego.

If I were loin from whose pain
The ecstasy of these four little girls
Leaped, I would wail and weep,

Seek revenge; fly, with shotgun,
Amuck in the streets.
Yet, I know
When all of this raving, tortured love
And flagellating hatred
Is reckoned up to stars,
These four will illuminate
The dark more than a billion heavens.

I wish I had died as they.
Before the thunder in your face is
Done, you will too; there shall be
No shaking hands later on
And forgetting; Blood will heave

In your chattered streets,
Birmingham!

And God, the tornado
Shall rave down on you like an angered
Black fist, merciless

And violent!
Even unto the blazing sun.

Calvin C. Hernton

Embarcation For Cytheria

"And out of the solitude / Voice and soul
with selves unite . . ." C. Okigbo

This color, its pure absence
in other words a space
 some African mothers, children
cupped in their slim arms
They are bending into the sand
and it is their lesson written there.
 A new motif of
 destruction—
The idea of a written language
 when before,
the words in our
 mouths were enough.
Not that it takes anything away
from the people we are,
 "Education"
You don't write "corn" if you
 mean okra.
Along Merrick Blvd, standing in front
the dance hall
 it's the same thing, the
 cop in a luminous blue
His badge spreads all over his face,
threatening me. There should be
 some way to get in without paying.

II

Rain that falls into the dusty
 life of the people on
the street, it turns into a new language
All the fine mommas walking inside,
getting out of Grand Prix
 Can hardly read
this paper without stumbling over "embarkation"
What someone has done to us, that
 my words become unintelligible.
It says, do not despise your own
 I wonder if they see that,
All those foxes. All of a sudden,
I'm so glad I have on my wide
pants, my 10 dollar banlon shirt
 The girls wish I was
inside, too. At least, I think so.
 This much is understood
I go down to Benson's Burgers
 and sit in the parking lot.
Food smell, but I don't have any money
 All I have is the blues
and a ticket for someplace called Cytherea
a bus outing on Sunday.
 Got this magazine telling about the great
 new thing going on in Nigeria
 And I have my beautiful high,
a green alcove of the evening
 called "music"
My voice when it is understood,
 piped into dancehalls and restaurants by
this very intricate and lovely machine.

Lorenzo Thomas

Here I Stand

Here I stand, America the pity.
 With justice, equality, and liberty
With poor, hungry young men hast'ning to riot.
 And rich, fat old men yelling "Quiet!"
With today's young, black men taking a stand.
 And the South, rampant with the Ku Klux Klan.
Washington, his troops, Bunker Hill, equality.
 And a young, black policeman saving the Statue of Liberty
And my white liberals numbering in many.
 And my black militants emerging from the Cotton Jenny.
And Jack Ruby or Bryon Beckwith-aquitted-with-luck.
 And all mankind-trying to make a buck.
Here I stand, America the pity.
 With justice, equality, and liberty.

Frederick Douglass Richardson

Assimilation

I enjoy being brown.
Colour makes no difference.
My homestead is valued at thirty thousand.
My daughter's in the Jack and Jill.
A car I have, a Cadillac.
I'm just as good as any grey.
But when I make my voice dull Harvard,
When I suppress the rythmic tap,
When mine I rebuke for the lure of white.
Then the innate heritage arises and asks.
Why am I being buried and for what?

Eliot Black

Ragtime Nine to Five

Nine

Sun was up like a past due bill
 Pushin' for my full bellied woman walkin' two and a toaster
 Hands honk hurt I don't wanta cry rags
 Bones asphalt cling forces me to sing rags
 Flo' shine shoe give me the blues-tight-sparrow lipped women
 Give me the orders to pick rags
 Got a greased-creased crown 3.50 to keep down south I worked
 Hard I swear befo' God if I had my way
 Posum-jawled fools wouldn't shout rag scented reason

At nine

At ragtime 9

At ragtime 9 to 5

Ten

Over my head Lawd

Over my head

Pray Mary

Pray Mother

Blessed art thou amongst women

Blessed art the fruit of thy pussy

Over my head Lawd

Bow-wow blues urges me to choose rags

(Jesus wept on the step---pushin' rags)

Over my head Lawd piss scented anthems belly-born ripe for dust

Heat stumblin' throat causes me to choke on rags

Over my head Lawd

Death ridin' side-saddle across my face

Eleven

Summer stains my veins dry I don't wanta cry rags

Put glasses on to keep sun out

Put glasses on to keep blues in

God we trust Miami man tanned tailored green

Over my head, Lawd

(One monkey don't stop a show)

Twelve

Ready to flag one

Pride not too far from the ground

Feelin' down Lawd, feelin down

Fear next door to hate Lawd

To hate Lawd

Recidivistic rituals rushin' raw

Comin' close to one Lawd, One lawd

Feelin' too Lawd, feelin

Two

If I had my way

The sun would shine on my time

Not ragtime

Liquor runnin' thin can't muster up a grin

But narrow-nosed women presuppose that I love rags

Over my head

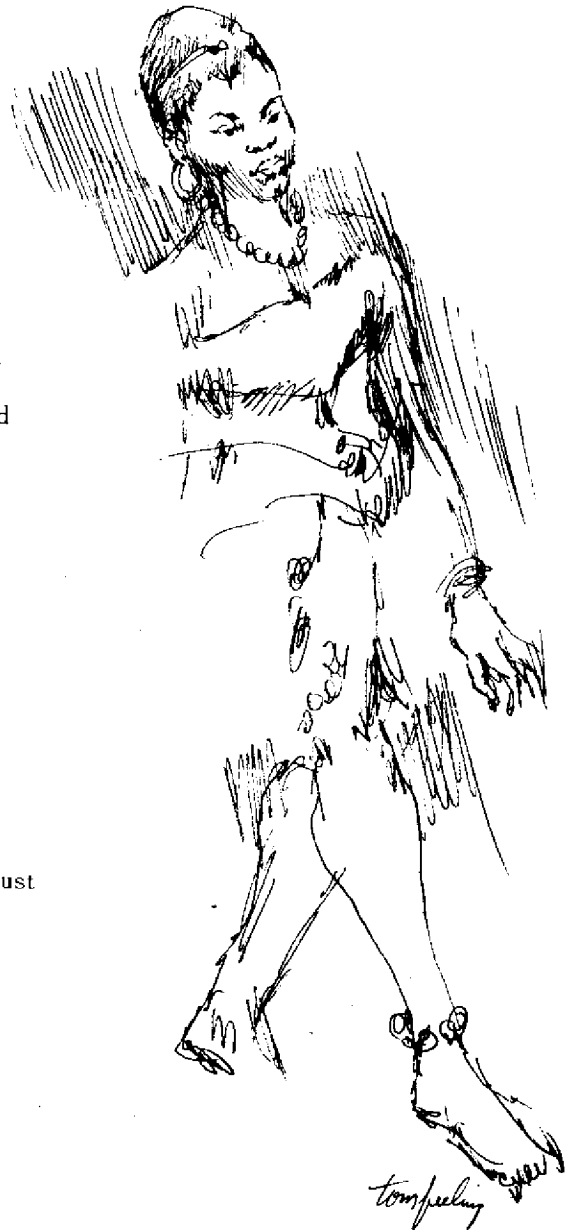
(I can't bleed on this man's rags)

Dreams kickin' dust

Hang on or Hand up

Can this be Lawd, can this be?

Street clock close to three to



Three

(Up tight as only a m can be, can be)

Now thou lay me down to sleep

Pray the Lawd my soul to keep

Damp gutter dreams that intervene

Whispering obscene soliloquies on my back

Rag 9

Rag 5

My woman feeds me love to stay alive

If I had my way

If I had my way

(In the beginning God created--Amen)

Four

Let me ride this iron horse marked "A" till I die

At ragtime

Not my ragtime

At ragtime 9

Ragtime

Subterranean cattle move toward darker pastures

Five.

Joe Johnson

Sermon On the U. S. Mint

"The Revelation"

The two week old baby was bitten by a rat,
In a broken down Harlem, cold water flat.
And as the rat filled his jaws
With a Second Plug,
Mama couldn't hear
The baby bawl
Cause she was fussing
Down the hall,
With the Super who had not fixed
The hole in the wall.

"The First Blessing"

The thirteen year old boy,
Stretched on the Project roof
Breathing not-Lightless eyes staring at the skies
The stench-filled air of Bed-Sty
A trickle of blood
From a punctured arm, (take heed)
Black folks do bleed
Boy escaping from a world of Harm.
Blessed be Urban Renewal

"The Invocation"

Praise be to Allah!
Hossana in the highest!

"The Second Blessing"

Two P.R.'s in a back seat,
Bullets in their heads.
Two courageous men in blue,
Now pound a foreign beat.
A city sleeps,
While two women mourn,
And silently weep.
The two cops?
Uh! merely soak tired feet.
Hallelujah!
Police brutality
Is a myth.

"The Lamentation"

We have a new prophet,
Harrington is his name.
He is the prophet of the poor,
Now reaping profit from the unpoor,
For telling how,
To make the poor,
Poor no more.

Now the General of this war
To make the poor unpoor
Is a Sergeant.
He once waged a war for peace.
Peace or war,
Ballots or Bullets,
What's in a name!
U.S. Steal, oops, Steel,
Has gone up two points,
Big Deal!
Anyone for a New Deal?

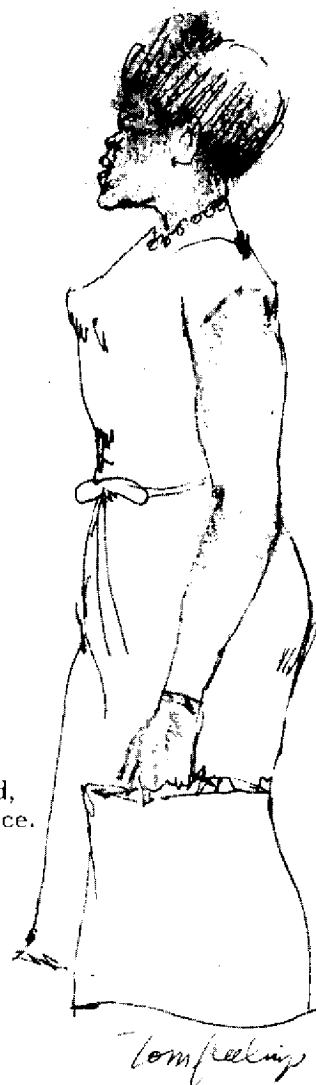
"The Salvation"

But, fear not,
For God is in His heaven,
Johnson is in Washington
And as sure as the dice
will roll seven,
And not eleven!
Everything is alright with the world,
For the joint is rigged with affluence.

"The Response"

Who the hell really cares.

Amen!



Carlos E. Russell



Joseph Jeffries-El, Grand Sheik of the Moorish Science Temple Brooklyn, New York.

The Prophet Drew Ali Has Spoken

Joseph Jeffries-El

Many sons and daughters of that proud and handsome race which inspired the architecture of Northern Africa and carried into Spain the influence of its artistic temperament have become citizens of this Nation. In the State of New York there exists a Moorish Science Temple of America made up of Moors who have found here the end of their quest for a home and of the children of those who journeyed here from the plains of Africa. This organization has done much to bring about a thorough absorption by these people of those principles which are necessary to make them good American citizens.

We Moorish-Americans do not ask for social equality (Integration) with the European, because we, as a clean and pure nation descended from the inhabitants of Africa, do not desire to



A view of Chaven, a holy city at the foot of Mount Kalay el Mayot in Morocco.

amalgamate or marry into the families of the pale skin nations of Europe. Neither do we serve the Gods of their religion, because our forefathers are the true and divine founders of the first religious creed for the redemption and salvation of mankind on earth.

Our divine and national movement stands for the specific grand principles of Love, Truth, Peace, Freedom and Justice to all mankind. We ask all American citizens to help us in our efforts of uplifting the fallen humanity among the Asiatic race and nation of North America. For we have suffered much and severely in the past through misunderstanding of what the movement is dedicated to. It is the great God Allah alone that guides the destiny of this movement.

We are trying to build a Nation. We are calling on all true American citizens and others alike for Moral and Financial support. Our program consists of establishing the following:

- 1-Products to manufacture and sell.
- 2-Markets to sell our products.
- 3-Schools to advance our posterity.
- 4-Hospitals for those in need of medical care.
- 5-Recreation facilities for our youth and aged.
- 6-Temples to propagate the faith and extend the learning and truth of the Great Prophet of Ali in America.

7-Newspapers to spread our interests and also to unite our brothers and sisters throughout the world.

8-Housing for our people.

9-Jobs for our people in our own places of business.

10-All other projects which are necessary for building and maintaining a nation of people.

If you have race pride and love your race, join the Moorish Science Temple of America and become a part of this divine movement. Then you will have power to redeem your race, because you will know who you are and who your forefathers were, because where there is unity there is strength. "Together we stand and divided we fall." Come, good people, because we who are trying to redeem this nation from mental slavery which you now have, need every one of you who think that your condition can be better. This is a field open to strong men and women to uplift the nation and take your place in the affairs of men. If other nations are helping us, why not you? It is your problem. The "Negro" problem is being solved only as it can and that is by the Moorish National Divine Movement. If you have a nation you must have a free national name in order to be recognized by this nation as an American citizen. This is what was meant when it was said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things would be added unto you."

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Theater

Amen Corner

reviewed by Clayton Riley



AVAILABLE AT LAST
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white world

HERE, at last, is Frantz Fanon's fiery manifesto — which in its original French edition served as a revolutionary bible for dozens of emerging African and Asian nations. Its startling advocacy of violence as an instrument for historical change has influenced events everywhere from Angola to Algeria, from the Congo to Vietnam — and is finding a growing audience among America's civil rights workers.

"Have the courage to read this book . . . Fanon speaks out loud; he hides nothing . . . he fears nothing."

—JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

"Must be read by all who wish to understand what it means to fight for freedom, equality and dignity." —ALEX QUAISSON-SACKKEY, President, U.N. General Assembly

THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH

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Bea Richards. The name should be synonymous with the term actress. For rarely, if ever, will it be possible to see a more magnificent theater performance than that which Miss Richards offers in James Baldwin's drama, *The Amen Corner*. As Sister Margaret, the tortured evangelist of a Harlem store-front church, she illuminates the stage of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre with a brilliance that is matchless in its depth and aglow with a warmth and splendor quite wondrous to behold. The role is a difficult one, more so for having to emerge from a play that is not always structurally sound and suffers from a painfully uneven production. To further encumber matters, Miss Richards is frequently hampered by a supporting cast that seems neither as capable as she nor as hard working. Despite these obstacles, she reveals a talent — no, an *art* — so extraordinary and pure that one's breath is continually taken away by it; a consummate, impassioned skill with which is conceived and executed an acting accomplishment that is truly overwhelming.

The Amen Corner concerns itself with the plight of a woman preacher (Sister Margaret) whose overzealous dedication to "The Lord's Work" has destroyed her marriage and caused considerable emotional damage to her teen-aged son. The sudden return of her husband, after an absence of nearly ten years, forces Sister Margaret to confront the fact of her needs as a woman; needs she has spurned as "worldly" and therefore unbecoming a minister of the gospel. She is further faced with a rebellious congregation whose members, long intimidated into a false sort of spiritual piety by the example they imagine their pastor to represent, are now champing at the bit of her Calvinist-oriented doctrine. The revelation of her past — a marriage to a wandering, lusty jazz musician whose passions lie somewhat removed from the paths of righteousness, provides the flock with a fine excuse for

freeing themselves from Sister Margaret's grip. The husband, Luke, who is now a dying man, strives hard to re-establish a relationship with his wife and son. He succeeds with the boy to the extent that the lad breaks loose from his emasculating maternal bonds and leaves home. Luke dies and Sister Margaret goes off to face her belligerent parishioners who have conspired to remove her from the pulpit by charging her with misappropriating funds from the penurious church coffers. The play ends with what I am not sure is an affirmation on the part of Sister Margaret. I say, not sure, because the final curtain left me somewhat bewildered. At that point, Luke is dead, David has fled, and just what these events mean to those who remain — most notably to Sister Margaret — seems rather blurred.

The drama in its entirety does not work. There are several fine individual scenes and, of course, the stunning presence of Miss Richards, yet *The Amen Corner* could profit considerably from a lot of intensive re-writing. The characters, with the exception of Sister Margaret, are incompletely drawn — they speak but do not reveal more than superficially constructed personalities. I am told that Mr. Baldwin has done little or no additional "drafting" of the piece since it was completed some twelve years ago. This, I believe, has been an egregious error on his part, one that is far too obvious throughout the evening. Yet, the fault is not entirely his. I must say, quite frankly, that the direction and general level of playing is sometimes extremely unprofessional. As the husband, Luke, Frank Silvera seems to lack an even basic knowledge of who and what he represents as the classic figure of the Negro male historically in flight, maligned and emotionally lacerated by the very fact of that flight; oppressed by personal doubts and often stunted into enraged helplessness. Silvera gives no sense of having *been there*, and an inclina-

tion toward stereotypical Actor's Studio histrionics looms continually in his portrayal, robbing the character of its much-needed definition and, more importantly, leaving the pivotal relationship between Luke and Sister Margaret largely unexplored. More than anyone else in the cast, Silvera seems to need direction badly, and here again he bears much of the responsibility for any inadequacies in that area - he is the director.

As David, the son, Art Evans struggles with admirable determination but is simply not equal to the role's numerable demands. He approaches the part far too tentatively and never achieves it. Evans frequently seems to be moving about the stage in the throes of a terrifying defeat that results from an attempt to shoulder dramatic weights he isn't prepared for.

As for the remaining members of the company, only Isabel Sanford, in the role of a dedicated church elder equally dedicated to the maintenance of her virginity, gives a genuinely engaging performance. Her part (Sister Moore) carries with it a good deal of comic possibility, which Miss Sanford handles quite well. Her use of a strong voice, an exceptionally expressive face and pair of hands deserves commendation. Whitman Mayo, as Brother Boxer, another church elder, is a droll and interesting figure in the early part of the show but his deadpan wit and funereal manner wears thin later on. More significantly, he fails to bring the proper quality - that of a menacing but essentially hollow martinet - to a third-act confrontation with Sister Margaret. Boxer is a small, petty being whose sense of *self* has vanished in a unending parade of church activities; who has only begun to sense the nature of his loss and subtle but irrevocable descent into the submissive bondage of a woman-dominated house of worship. He is the only adult male who appears on stage as a member of the congregation (David plays the piano for all services) and the degree to which his manhood becomes imperiled in this play would in itself make a forceful drama. Mayo, however, does not seem up to playing the more

serious facets of the role, and falters badly in the potentially rich scene with Sister Margaret. It is she who has forbidden him to take a job driving a liquor truck, she, in fact, who dominates and controls much of his life from her place in the pulpit. And when she asks him, "Why do you hate me?" a powerful moment of theater goes down the drain with Mayo's inability to fully realize the character he is playing, his torment, and the monumental significance of the question he has been asked.

Juanita Moore works without distinction as Boxer's somewhat candid wife, giving us few clues beyond what the text provides her as to the woman's abundant physical and emotional needs. Josie Dotson appears briefly as the mother of a child who dies despite Sister Margaret's blessing, and handles the part with taste and restraint. But like Gertrude Jeanette, who plays the woman minister's long-suffering sister, Odessa, she is undone by an odd circumstance. Both actresses seem to possess a deep insight into their respective characters, a thorough understanding of who they are. This knowledge, however, is rarely extended to the audience; it remains a personal awareness that begs to be translated from their private considerations into a sharply delineated portrait that is displayed with all the powers of clarification at the player's disposal. Both Miss Dotson and Miss Jeanette seem convinced at times that the forces motivating *them* to a rapport with their parts will sufficiently inform the viewer. This is not true, of course, for those forces must not only be harnessed by the actor but expanded beyond their normal dimensions until they are visible to the spectator in the last balcony seat. A play such as *The Amen Corner* especially requires this, lest carelessness beget a cartoon of the author's intention.

As it is, Baldwin has written a play containing numerous sections not particularly well served by the dramatic form. Little seems to happen in *The Amen Corner* during those moments between important speeches when a play is most apt to falter. It

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limps from one "big moment" to another, and since there are not really enough of those to justify three acts, the play regularly becomes tedious. Moreover, the very place in which the play is being presented conspires to defeat its purposes. The sound of gospel music (a rather tepid example of it actually) coupled with a story of trial and tribulation in a Harlem church, seems ludicrously out of place when offered as fare for patrons arriving in Rolls Royces, clothed in mink, custom tailoring and Tiffany trinkets. How far removed is such a spectacle from the plantation era with its heartfelt, "*in the evening by the moonlight you can hear those darkies singing*"? Why not a large Harlem church auditorium as the setting for a play about a small Harlem church? A trip uptown might be good exercise for midtown-bred limousines.

In sum, *The Amen Corner* fails to impress on several counts, yet I urge you to see it for one reason. For that reason I am able to say: Miss Richards, BRAVO!

THE SUMMER THAT DIDN'T END

LEN HOLT

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Movie Review

Goldfinger

reviewed by

L. P. Neal

He is a connoisseur of fine liquors. He wears customtailored suits, speaks several languages. He is charming at the cocktail hour, responds the most subtle nuances in discussions on art, horses, books, and sex. He is the most incredible agent ever dreamed up in the wishful fantasies of the Western mind. Agent 007 is about the closest thing to a superman that her Majesty's got going. And go he does. First, he single-handedly quells a Latin-American revolution; kills an attacker (saw his reflection in the eye of this chick that he is about to screw) by electrocuting him. He then turns up in Miami to save a rich sucker from falling deeper into debt with **GOLDFINGER!** He screws Goldfinger's chick, but Goldfinger gets revenge by having Bond conked Karate style--by an oriental valet and what do you know the girl turns up painted in gold--yes gold. Her naked body is painted all over with the stuff; and 007 he gets mad and goes after **GOLDFINGER!** And little Charlie in there applauding when 007 gets his special instruments of destruction. All in good fun. He gets a little help from the C.I.A. once in awhile; but for the most part, he takes care of himself. But he's got one weakness--sex. He's got to have it, but he overcomes it in the end, and destroys the plot by the **YELLOW MENACE** (the Chinese).

That's basically it. You could just sit there and "enjoy" all of this--after all living in this country must have affected our values somewhat. The movie oozes with the stench that is Western culture. Its evils are more penetrating in that they exist surrounded by tongue-in-cheek, innuendo, understatement, and gimmicks. Bond, the Western all-purpose boy, driven to

do his duty for the Queen, the United States and his insatiable sex drive. Somehow, I believe that they *need* this kind of hero. I understand the James Bond films are very popular, especially among the culturally "hip" pop-art ofay set.

For has not the chief pursuit of American society been that of pleasure? A rampantly hedonistic impulse pervades all areas of her culture. And has not the society ceased to participate collectively in healthy artistic experiences (as if it ever did so)? Is not Bond's popularity another symptom of a dying culture which is rotting away because it is devoid of humanistic content and purpose.

And, yes, her racism, it intrudes again, this time the Indians or some other "heathen" race have been replaced by the mainland Chinese. But "love" conquers all. The West triumphs because Pussy Galore needs what Bond's got; and she is suddenly reformed when she gets it.

What underlies all of this? Gold. As the United States gets its ass kicked on the international scene, her hodge-podge phoniness is beginning to show. She maintains her power through terror in Alabama, Congo, and South Vietnam. A million or so James Bonds, white and Negro, are her last hope. This reviewer has already indulged himself, the worse part of that self; and I suggest that maybe there is some inverted lesson to be gained from this movie. You'll laugh at it at least. But just remember, somewhere in the city 007 is watching you, waiting to practice one of those death-gadgets on you, waiting to lure you with his money and his women, waiting to betray his own people, rather than see this thing fall.

Book Review

WITH GRIEF ACQUAINTED: by
Stanford Winfield Williamson
Follet Publishing Co. 127 pp. \$6.95

With Grief Acquainted, a book of photographs with text, is the best book of its kind to appear on the scene since Richard Wright's *One Million Black Voices*. While Wright's book had primarily a rural setting, *With Grief Acquainted* is set in Chicago's South Side.

The photographs are by James Stricklin, Don Sparks, and Jerry Cogbill; dealing, for the most part, with the Negro folk culture of Chicago, placed together, they make a striking appearance that gladdens the heart.

However, first-rate as the photographs are, to this reviewer at least, the outstanding thing about *With Grief Acquainted* is its text. Written in the Negro idiom, the language is sometimes sharp, sometimes witty, sometimes grand, but always sensitive.

My personal favorite is a picture in which there is a portly, matronly woman who is looking askance at a speaker out of the camera's view. The text accompanying the picture says:

"Now what she sayin' is all well and good... must be somethin' right 'bout countin' cal'ries and balancin' meals... but long as my pocketbook don't say nothin' but neck bones and navy beans that's what I got to cook.. now them cal'ries want to get in the pot with them bones and beans ain't no way I can stop 'em!"

On each page of the book, the author reaches a delightful medium: *With Grief Acquainted* manages to depict a portion of Negro life with verisimilitude, and yet at the same time deal with it in such a realistic manner that each part becomes as great as the whole.

If you happen to be one of those people who wants empirical evidence that Negroes are, indeed, beautiful people, my advice to you is: Run, don't walk to the nearest book store and get a copy of *With Grief Acquainted* before your friends beat you there and buy them all up.

C. L. Russell

THE SUMMER THAT DIDN'T END,
by Len Holt. William Morrow & Co.,
1965.

Regular readers of this magazine will be familiar with the hard-hitting, plain talk of Len Holt, a member of the *LIBERATOR* Editorial Board. He has written a book about the 1964 Mississippi Summer Project which tells so much of the truth and steps on so many toes that it just barely stays within the boundary line of permissible dissent. Reading between the lines with some analytical thought, one quickly finds himself well over that magic line into the area of revolutionary ideas, which, I suspect, would not disturb the author at all.

The Summer That Didn't End is refreshingly and frankly a partisan defense of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). In language which ranges from lyrical to humorous to coldly analytical as the occasion requires, Len Holt builds his well constructed argument with a wealth of documentation and a minimum of phrasemongering cliches. He lets the reader draw his own conclusions. Thus, by giving us a detailed description of the actions of Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. during the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party's challenge at the Democratic National Convention, without using the term "Uncle Tom" he leaves no doubt in the reader's mind about the nature of Rev. King's role. Similarly, author Holt scrupulously avoids the term "sell out" in narrating the part played by Bayard Rustin, nor does he call Walter Reuther a "Typical White Liberal."

But far more important than the failings of certain individuals, are the implicit and explicit lessons to be drawn from this account of last summer in Mississippi:

1. *Mississippi is part of the U.S.A.* As the author points out in the introduction, the major difference between Mississippi and the rest of the country is that it reflects more of the worst. This means that an examination of that state's problems reveals a magnified

reflection of the rest of the country and the lessons are perfectly applicable elsewhere.

2. *The problem is deeper than integration.* The organizers of the Summer Program specifically prohibited demonstrations for the integration of public facilities in hopes of being left alone to develop their main objectives: the organization of Freedom Schools and the voter registration drive along with the building of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. This, of course, was a more fundamental attack on the status quo than the sit-ins and freedom rides and evoked greater resistance.

3. *Any movement for change not controlled by the power structure is revolutionary.* There is nothing new about educational and voter registration programs even in Mississippi. Government and private organizations have been playing at this kind of activity for years. It was only when SNCC, demonstrating forbidden independence from the Establishment, started to do an *effective* job along these lines, that massive resistance was displayed on a State and National level.

4. *The Federal Government is no better than the State Government.* Even those who are already convinced that no knight in shining armor will come riding down from Washington to rescue the distressed black folks of Mississippi should read the chapter on "Federal Law in Mississippi" to find out exactly why this is so.

5. *Legal and moral right is not enough.* After you read the chapter on the "Democratic National Convention" and see what happened to the delegation from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party which had all the law and morality working for it, you will conclude that such considerations are irrelevant in the struggle for political power.

Elsewhere in this issue is an article on the ever increasing attacks on SNCC from all quarters including Rev. King's SCLC and Roy Wilkins of the NAACP. Whatever reservations one might have about SNCC's program, the

cont. next page

WRETCHED OF THE EARTH: by Frantz Fanon, Grove Press - 1965 pp. 251

The clique of angry black writers can now relax. Bayard Rustin, the non-violent theoretician and the so-called Socrates of the civil rights movement can now take hemlock. "*The Wretched of the Earth*" tells the whole story of racism and colonialism clearly, concisely, with a passion, without wildness. The book goes directly to the core of the world wide racial problem, sparing neither black nor white profiteers. This book is as important as any book written since Myrdal's *American Dilemma* and it grasps the basic error in Myrdal's formulation. In contrast to Myrdal, Fanon sees no dilemma: racism and colonialism are Western society's unique twin double of degradation and profit. Grove Press is to be commended for translating and publishing this book.

Different From Other Books

The *Wretched of the Earth* differs radically from the usual anti-colonial literature. This is a book by a black theoretician for blacks, wasting no time trying to appeal to the humanity or conscience of white Westerners. The author, a Martinique-born psychiatrist, who cast his lot with the successful Algerian revolutionary forces and became one of Africa's most articulate spokesman, doesn't care if whites hear his message. The message is for the beleaguered children of Africa, wherever they may be. Jean Paul Sartre has written in the preface,

"When Fanon says of Europe, that she is rushing to her doom, far from sounding the alarm, he is merely setting out a diagnosis...he does not give a damn whether she lives or dies."

It is Sartre who is eloquently pleading with whites to listen. With the comple-

tion of the preface, the reader finds no more messages for whites, for the book is not the usual anti-colonial tract.

Unlike the current U. S. material produced by Negro writers and scholars, Fanon's book does not sing beautiful superficial songs. The author plainly recognizes that these violent, resounding, florid writings merely reassure the occupying power.

Fanon, in this classic insightful statement, laughs at European (and American) claims at humanism, dismissing talks of liberty, equality, fraternity, love, honor, patriotism, objectivity, public opinion, conscience, liberalism, as merely camouflage for the basic narcissistic racism of contempt which whites exhibit toward their inferiors. The author does not find it necessary to waste time on the cliches of the American struggle for he knows who he is and what he is about. He is an African who does not wish to be an imitation Westernized carbon copy. He wishes to be himself, he wishes to be free.

Radical and Revolutionary Document

Fanon's book is a radical document because it goes to the root of the problem. Western opulence is built on slavery. Nothing is legitimate about the murder for profit, brutality, or exploitation. Western pretenses of justice are exposed for what they are - pompous fakery.

Fanon's document is revolutionary because he does not believe in the cult of the individual leadership, or the Talented Tenth, or the Black Bourgeoisie, but he believes in the people. He believes in the people and their ability to decide the proper course for themselves. It is the people, he says, that are the wealth and strength of a nation or a group. Therefore, he wastes no time on abstract master plans and concentrates on urging on Africans the task of inven-

ting for themselves and, incidentally, for humanity, new ways of thought, new forms of participative social leadership, and a new image of man.

The Wretched of the Earth is revolutionary because the author recognizes the basic, mechanistic, non-thinking, machine-oriented nature of capitalism which, because of its basic nature, will yield only to violence - physical and psychological.

Political reform, trade unionism, non-violence are seen as mere stages, sometimes detours, along the road to freedom.

"Shall We Overcome....Someday" by compromise, by private agreement, by secret conferences, by marches, by speeches, by concessions which are little more than sops? Fanon says, "most unlikely", for Racism and Colonialism give nothing away, every concession must be won. Bourgeoisie groups who talk of non-violence can never fulfill their historic role of cultural intermediaries in the capitalist economic order.

Fanon is revolutionary because he advocates that Africa's children must seize their manhood in order to become themselves. (Striking a powerful blow against the current naive conception of racial integration.)

Confirmation of Reality

Fanon will confirm the reality of the urban black man in the street, the SNCC worker in the field, the frustrated middle class Negro who sees the currently exploitive character of Negro bourgeoisie, the migrant farmer, and the automation-displaced worker. He confirms their reality by accepting the grim reality of these people who are the real victims of Western Society gone mad-mad with power, conceit, indifference and contempt.

After reading *The Wretched of the Earth*, one has no choice but to share the treasure with other blacks.

C. E. Wilson

SUMMER THAT DIDN'T END cont.

widespread, vehement attack is proof enough that SNCC is onto something and must be defended. Len Holt's

book is a powerful defensive weapon in this battle. If it is recognized as such by the press, there is a danger that it will be ignored. In that event,

it is up to *LIBERATOR* readers, and other right thinking people, to see that it gets around. Order your ten copies today.

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Monument Bomb
Plot Victims

Bill Mahoney

Automation and
the
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C. E. Wilson

Ornette Coleman
Jazz: Soul of
Black America

Charlie Russell

LIBERATOR

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Corrupt, Sadistic and Ignorant

Growing up in Harlem, it was not an uncommon occurrence for me to watch policemen on a hot Saturday afternoon attempt to shake down single action men, only to be chased away because they were frightening away the action men's customers.

While waiting for the last figure and their payoff, the cops, for kicks, would saunter over to some unsuspecting and innocent soul brother sitting on a stoop and lean on him heavy-like, plant a numbers slip on him, then proceed to ask for bread on the threat of being taken downtown and given a real going over.

As night fell they would make their way down the block shaking down *Boosters, Hustlers, Whores, Pimps, Rent parties and sneaky Pete joints*.

Such was the Afro-American youth's exposure to the representatives of law and order. Even then we used to say there were only three qualifications to be a policeman: be corrupt, sadistic and ignorant. Nothing has happened in the intervening years to change that opinion.

The recent case of George Whitmore is another classic example of legal lynching that takes place every day in up South. Two young white girls were brutally murdered and immediately the whole police department was out on a manhunt for a *soul* brother. It didn't matter who (*we all look alike*) as long as he was black.

Despite pleas and statements that he was innocent, George Whitmore was held for 26 hours without legal counsel, beaten and starved until he was willing to confess to any and all crimes. After all, he had to be guilty - he was black. Condemned before the public and before the trial by the eager press and TV, Whitmore was well on the all-too-familiar route that thousands of innocent Afro-Americans have travelled. Except for the belief of his lawyer in his innocence and one New York City newspaper, white society's *justice* would have been done.

The courts have thrown out the case against him, because another young man, who couldn't pass as an Afro-American, was found to be more closely involved in the murder.

Not to be outdone, the white liberal community now points with pride and says, "At least he was saved." Some even call this progress. We say stop the lynching and persecution of Afro-Americans, up South and down South and there will be no need to save a George Whitmore.

DANIEL H. WATTS

The Revolutionary Theatre

by LeRoi Jones

This essay was originally commissioned by the New York Times in December 1964, but was refused, with the statement that the editors could not understand it. The Village Voice also refused to run this essay. It was first published in Black Dialogue.

LeRoi Jones

The Revolutionary Theatre should force change, it should be change. (All their faces turned into the lights and you work on them black nigger magic, and cleanse them at having seen the ugliness and if the beautiful see themselves, they will love themselves.) We are preaching virtue again, but by that to mean NOW, what seems the most constructive uses of the world.

The Revolutionary Theatre must EXPOSE! Show up the insides of these humans, look into black skulls. White men will cower before this theatre because it hates them. Because they have been trained to hate. The Revolutionary Theatre must hate them for hating. For presuming with their technology to deny the supremacy of the Spirit. They will all die because of this.

The Revolutionary Theatre must teach them their deaths. It must crack their faces open to the mad cries of the poor. It must teach them about silence and the truths lodged there. It must kill any God anyone names except common Sense. The Revolutionary Theatre should flush the fags and murders out of Lincoln's face.

It should stagger through our universe correcting, insulting, preaching, spitting craziness...but a craziness taught to us in our most rational moments. People must be taught to trust true scientists (knowers, diggers, oddballs) and that the holiness of life

is the constant possibility of widening the consciousness. And they must be incited to strike back against any agency that attempts to prevent this widening.

The Revolutionary Theatre must Accuse and Attack anything that can be accused and attacked. It must Accuse and Attack because it is a theatre of Victims. It looks at the sky with the victims' eyes, and moves the victims to look at the strength in their minds and their bodies.

Clay, in *Dutchman*, Ray, in *The Toilet*, Walker in *The Slave* are all victims. In the Western sense they could be heroes. But the Revolutionary Theatre, even if it is Western, must be anti-Western. It must show horrible coming attractions of The Crumbling of The West. Even as Artaud designed *The Conquest of Mexico*, so we must design *The Conquest of White Eye*, and show the missionaries and wiggly Liberals dying under blasts of concrete. For sound effects, wild screams of joy, from all the peoples of the world.

The Revolutionary Theatre must take dreams and give them a reality. It must isolate the ritual and historical cycles of reality. But it must be food for all these who need food, and daring propaganda for the beauty of the Human Mind. But it is a political theatre, a weapon to help in the slaughter of these dimwitted fat-bellied white guys who somehow believe that the rest of the world is here for



Avery Willard

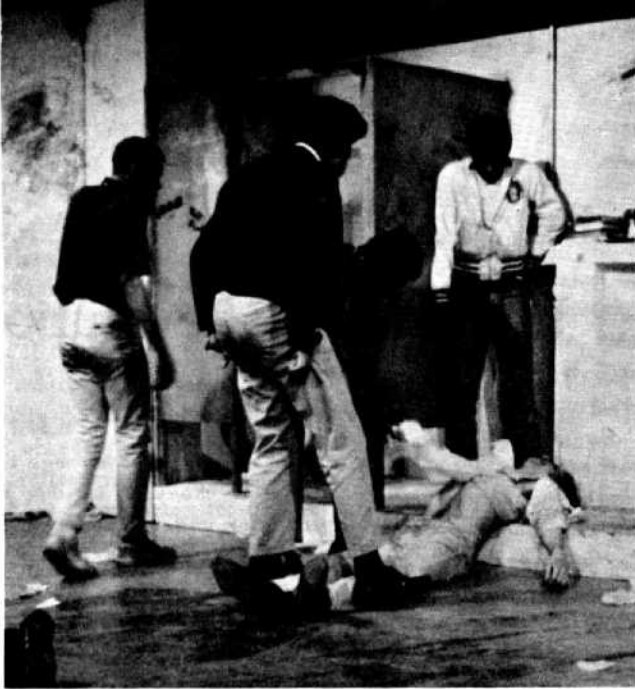
LeRoi Jones (left), whose article was rejected by the *New York Times*, listens to author John O. Killens, whose article was not rejected.

them to slobber on.

This should be a theatre of World Spirit. Where the spirit can be shown to be the most competent force in the world. Force. Spirit. Feeling. The language will be anybody's, but tightened by the poet's backbone. And even the language must show what the facts are in this consciousness epic, what's happening. We will talk about the world, and the preciseness with which we are able to summon the world, will be our art. Art is method. And art, "like any ashtray or senator" remains in the world. Wittgenstein said ethics and aesthetics are one. I believe this. So the Broadway theatre is a theatre of reaction whose ethics like its aesthetics reflects the spiritual values of this unholy society, which sends young crackers all over the world blowing off colored peoples heads. (In some of these flippy southern towns they even shoot up the immigrants' Favorite Son, be it Michael Schwerner or J. F. Kennedy.)

The Revolutionary Theatre is shaped by the world, and moves to reshape the world, using as its force the natural force and perpetual vibrations of the mind in the world. We are history and desire, what we are, and what any experience can make us.

It is a social theatre, but all thea-



The Revolutionary Theatre looks at the sky with the victims' eyes and moves the victims to look at the strength in their minds and their bodies. Above is a scene from LeRoi Jones' *The Toilet*.



The Revolutionary Theatre...must show the missionaries and wiggly Liberals dying under blasts of concrete. The scene above is *The Slave* by LeRoi Jones.

tre is social theatre. But we will change the drawing rooms into places where real things can be said about a real world, or into smoky rooms where the destruction of Washington can be plotted. The Revolutionary Theatre must function like an incendiary pencil planted in Curtis Lemay's cap. So that when the final curtain goes down brains are splattered over the seats and the floor, and bleeding nuns must wire SOS's to Belgians with gold teeth.

Our theatre will show victims so that their brothers in the audience will be better able to understand that they are the brothers of victims, and that they themselves are victims, if they are blood brothers. And what we show must cause the blood to rush, so that pre-revolutionary temperaments will be bathed in this blood, and it will cause their deepest souls to move, and they find themselves tensed and clenched, even ready to die, at what the soul has been taught. We will scream and cry, murder, run through the streets in agony, if it means some soul will be moved, moved to actual life understanding of what the world is, and what it ought to be. We are preaching virtue and feeling, and a natural sense of the self in the world. All men live in the world, and the

world ought to be a place for them to live.

What is called the imagination (from image, magi, magic, magician, etc.) is a practical vector from the soul. It stores all data, and can be called on to solve all our "problems." The imagination is the projection of ourselves past our sense of ourselves as "things." Imagination (image) is all possibility, because from the image, the initial circumscribed energy, and use (idea) is possible. And so begins that image's use in the world. Possibility is what moves us.

The popular white man's theatre like the popular white man's novel shows tired white lives, and the problems of eating white sugar, or else it herds bigcabossed blondes onto huge stages in rhinestones and makes believe they are dancing or singing. *WHITE BUSINESSMEN OF THE WORLD, DO YOU WANT TO SEE PEOPLE REALLY DANCING AND SINGING??? ALL OF YOU GO UP IN HARLEM AND GET YOURSELF KILLED. THERE WILL BE DANCING AND SINGING, THEN, FOR REAL!* (In *The Slave*, Walker Vessels, the black revolutionary, wears an armband, which is the insignia of the attacking army...a big redclipped minstrel, grinning like crazy.)

The liberal white man's objection to the theatre of the revolution (if he is "hip" enough) will be on aesthetic grounds. Most white Western artists do not need to be "political," since usually, whether they know it or not, they are in complete sympathy with the most repressive social forces in the world today. There are more junior birdmen fascists running around the West today disguised as Artists than there are disguised as fascists. (But then, that word, Fascist, and with it, Fascism, has been made obsolete by the word America, and Americanism. The American Artist usually turns out to be just a super-Bourgeois, because, finally, all he has to show for his sojourn through the world is "better taste" than the Bourgeois... many times not even that.

Americans will hate the revolutionary theatre because it will be out to destroy them and whatever they believe is real. American cops will try to close the theatres where such nakedness of the human spirit is paraded. American producers will say the revolutionary plays are filth, usually because they will treat human life as if it was actually happening. American directors will say that the white guys in the plays are too abstract and cowardly ("don't get me

cont. next page



"Mme. Socrates" of the civil rights movement, Bayard Rustin.

A Reply to Bayard Rustin

The Internal Revolution

by L.P.Neal

At a time when the struggle for liberation is taking place throughout the world along sharply nationalistic lines and the questions that have persisted among the non-white world, or the "Third World" (if you will), questions about old and new values and the necessity of change; very fundamental changes in the order of things, changes in the idea of order, changes in the idea of what constitutes a civilized society, and what constitutes a humane or soulful person in these emotionally unstable times - it is easy to forget what our particular mission in life must be, what this mission in life must be beyond any or few personal considerations. This latter finally emerges as the core of our dilemmas, for we have lived in a society which has abnegated both collective and individual responsibility, a society that is devoid of guidelines for bringing about the necessary internal or spiritual changes which will enable us to move forward towards control of our destinies.

Therefore, the Muslims represented, at least initially, an important philosophical and religious thrust into the history of our struggle for survival in this graveyard of North America. Coming with a message of spiritual redemption and translating it into

physical and objective terms was very inspirational to many of us who are both spiritually and culturally alienated in a society that basically has no way of relating to us.

RUSTIN'S ARTICLE IN *Dissent*

The phenomema of the Rustins and many others of his persuasion is that these changes which seem to be affecting the emotional and political lives of their brothers and sisters seem to be completely beyond them. By this I don't mean that they are not aware of the suffering of black people or the collective and individual rage that black people feel in this society, but more fundamentally, they are unaware of basic upheavals taking place in a whole realm of spiritual, social, and cultural values. They have been busy cultivating their Western tastes and values too long to see or hear anything else.

This lack of black awareness, therefore, leads to a sterile Western analysis of our needs and ideas; this kind of analysis is not wedded to the souls of black people. And because it lacks black spiritual and emotional content it is never enough.

Rustin's article in *Dissent*, written with a white leftist, Tom Kahn, is an example of such coldness, and exudes

REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE *cont.*

wrong...I mean aesthetically...") and they will be right.

The force we want is of twenty million spooks storming America with furious cries and unstoppable weapons. We want actual explosions and actual brutality; *AN EPOCH IS CRUMBLING* and we must give it the space and hugeness of its actual demise. The Revolutionary Theatre, which is now

peopled with victims, will soon begin to be peopled with new kinds of heroes...not the weak Hamlets debating whether or not they are ready to die for what's on their minds, but men and women (and minds) digging out from under a thousand years of "high art" and weakfaced dalliance. We must make an art that will function as to call down the actual wrath of world spirit. We are witchdoctors, and assassins, but we will open a place

for the true scientists to expand our consciousness. This is a theatre of assault. The play that will split the heavens for us will be called *THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA*. The heroes will be Crazy Horse, Denmark Vessey, Patrice Lumumba, but not history, not memory, not sad sentimental groping for a warmth in our despair; these will be new men, new heroes, and their enemies most of you who are reading this.

the attitude of holier-than-thou white writers when discussing Malcolm X or revolutionary nationalism. We learn that Malcolm did not have a "program (as if Rustin and Kahn do). That he "... strove to retrieve the Negro's shattered manhood from the wreckage of slavery, from the debris of patriarchy and family instability, from poverty and narcotics, from conditioned aimlessness, self hatred and chaos. He could not succeed because these are not problems that can be exorcized by religious mysticism or denunciatory rhetoric. What is required is a strategy for social change, and Malcolm was not willing (except perhaps when it was too late) to abandon premises which had made him and his program a maze of contradictions."

RUSTIN'S COMMITMENT TO AN ANTI-HUMAN SOCIETY:

As we read these words, we recall Rustin's "program" -- he was the chief organizer of the March on Washington, and we recall *his* program which, again, in its orientation was further from the needs and aspirations of black people than anything Malcolm ever espoused. Rustin's program commits itself to a society which is at root anti-human and devoid of spiritual content. At this point it should be noted that despite Rustin's 20 year commitment to the white power structure, he has been relieved of all of his "executive titles" and positions. Rumor has it, that after being run off the streets of Harlem last summer '64 during the riots by militant blacks, the power structure finally decided that Mme. Rustin spoke for no one, represented no one, except possibly *herself*.

Malcolm told the truth. He made his commitment to a more soulful world by attacking the whole range of values and psychological barriers which have kept black people in a semi-colonized condition. Malcolm was a *soul* messenger, a bearer of a certain kind of spiritual truth, and as such, called upon others more technically oriented to evolve an appara-

tus to decide what programs were worth it, considering the times and the direction of not only the national struggle, but the *world struggle*. Afro-Americans, Malcolm explained, are directly tied to that world struggle, and were advised to "internationalize" their struggle. The OAAU, as Malcolm envisioned it, was the first real step toward revolutionary black unity ever taken in this country. It is a unity essentially frowned upon by the Rustins and the Farmers who openly compete with each other for government favors and *white* acceptance. Malcolm's stance as a black man was *itself* a program.

BLACK MANHOOD:

Rustin may have been irritated at Ossie Davis' statement that Malcolm was "our shining black manhood." But millions of black men and women were not. They have had their experiences with the "acceptable" Negro leadership. They have gotten bad vibrations from the *effeminate* projections of the Rustins, the flabby orientation of the Farmers, and the shuffling act of the Kings. They understand that Malcolm's was not a "petty bourgeois" concept of manhood, but was instead deeply rooted in something beautiful and ancient, and was deeply courageous since it was conditioned, not by a sterile intellectualism, but by the facts of survival in a world dominated now by beasts of prey. The Western white man is the real creature of violence, and the rest of the world is defending itself from his beastliness.

And Malcolm did not break down, did not give himself up to self-pity, but did his work until the end. The Rustins would disagree vehemently --but they have given in, have been broken down by advocating a *narrow* philosophy of non-violence; and more fundamentally, by the acceptance of an ethic towards life that will not liberate black people - an ethic that will essentially make us "American Negroes" who want to be decadent Americans - freakish, fat, and fairly

satisfied with the direction that this country is taking *vis-a-vis* the emerging "new" world.

DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE INTERNATIONAL NATURE OF OUR STRUGGLE:

The failure of the "civil rites" intellectuals to understand those ideas that were first articulated for us by Garvey and Dubois; and then transformed into concerted programs in Africa and Asia has affected their attitudes toward local politics in the black community. The parallels that we find in Fanon's book *The Wretched of the Earth* between our struggle and that of our colonized brothers and sisters in other parts of the world illustrate clearly what a people must do to liberate themselves. The black youth of Harlem called for Malcolm during the uprising last summer. Understanding the nature of the kind of struggle black people must *ultimately* wage, they instinctively sought a black leader who they felt measured up to the task. Yes, we remember you Bayard on that day as you came off sounding remote and freakish, the nature of your alienation deeper than even James Farmer's. Bayard, I ask you, what kind of program would have satisfied us then?

The question remains. What kind of program?

Malcolm knew that the only real program for black people lay in the area of black unity, black spiritual and intellectual *awakening*, black leadership, and a Mau-Mau like commitment to change. And this is hard enough, because it lets the chips fall on the floor, and it *warns* those of us who will ever get themselves together to do so, and to pay the painful price that this process exerts on us. But the Bayard Rustins who flirt among us must not be allowed to speak of our blood with so much disrespect. It would be better if they exercised the same "restraint" to attack in print, as well as they exercised it when physical indignities are exacted upon their bodies.

Automation and the Negro

Will We Survive ?

by C. E. Wilson

Automation and the Negro is a two-part article discussing the consequences of the new technology on the economic life of the black working man. Part I gives a brief history and analysis of the early introduction of the new technology and its effects. Part II gives an outline of the proposals on how to meet the changes that the technology demands of the Negro if he is to survive.

While Civil Rights leaders boast about the defeat of segregation, while the administration's spokesmen make extravagant claims that constitutionally guaranteed voting rights are now practically secured, while the American press hails the snail-like pace of desegregation, the average Negro's everyday world turns steadily into a nightmare of frustrated hopes and crushed dreams. As the yoke of open oppression and exploitation is slowly lifted, the average Negro now finds himself tightly bound in poverty by impersonal, color-blind economic forces (automation and changing technology). In the words of Tom Kahn - author of *Economics of Equality*:

"It is as if racism, having put the Negro in his economic 'place,' stepped aside to watch technology destroy that place."

Automation, the common name for the revolutionary new technology, is as profoundly different from the industrial, agricultural, production system of today as the factory system of the Industrial Revolution was from the feudal system of the 15th century. Automation can and does increase the amount of production while reducing the number of workers needed to do the jobs. Experts see that machines can take the drudgery and monotony from the many meaningless, boring tasks men do to earn a living. These

same experts, as far back as 1948, predicted that by 1967 there would be few jobs for the unskilled and semi-skilled. In the most advanced form (cybernetics), the technology will replace human controls with electronic controls. The Negro is now especially imperiled. As a result of centuries of poor education and training, the Negro worker is largely concentrated in those very job areas and categories in which men are being replaced most immediately by machines. From the standpoint of the present structure of the economy, the average Negro now finds himself unwanted and ignored. Middle-class Negroes, having fought to secure a better education during the post World War II years, now find themselves competing with whites for the very high status jobs in which discrimination is most subtle and most difficult to unmask.

The machine, which needs no lunch periods, no coffee breaks nor vacations, and unlike human slaves, will not demand freedom, higher wages or Civil Rights. Having provided the basis for American wealth and opulence, Negro common labor is now superfluous; Negro skilled labor is now a competitive threat; and Negro professional managerial job seekers glut an already overcrowded market.

A Well-Kept Secret

When this society's leaders wish to keep information from their white citizenry, the facts are hidden, disguised or distorted. While the information may be kept secret from white citizens, the same facts are made a *complete mystery* to the society's chief victims - Negro inhabitants. From 1957 to 1963 most government and industry officials strained to keep the secret of automation's real impact. There were some vague hints, predic-

Part One of Two Parts
tions and contradictory claims about the impact of this revolutionary change in production (automation) on the laboring man. Conventional economists and social scientists, having only the vaguest idea of the impact, led people to believe that service industries, the traditional Negro jobs, would absorb many of the displaced workers for the new openings which would be created.

While these claims were being widely circulated, Negro workers were losing their jobs. On the farms, new equipment make unskilled agricultural labor unprofitable. The displaced farm workers, many of whom were black, drifted into migrant farm work, the 20th-century form of serfdom, or moved to the crowded urban areas of the North and South. The period (1948-1962) marked a dramatic occupational shift of Negroes from agriculture. While 21 out of every 100 Negroes worked in farming in 1948, only 12 out of every 100 were so employed in 1962. A *small* mechanical cotton picker, for example, could harvest an acre of cotton in six man-hours, compared with 74 man-hours for a hand laborer.

The new farm equipment made the small independent farm a thing of the past as well. In addition, the government farm subsidies for non-production of produce, which began to be paid in large sums to the big farm combines possessing or controlling vast acreages further discouraged the small farmers so that they were forced to sell out and move out.

In the factories, automated systems began to reduce the need for vast forces of unskilled and semi-skilled workers. In reducing the need for the unskilled and semi-skilled workers, the industrial apparatus was, in effect, reducing the level of Negro blue-collar workers *back* to the 1948 level of Negro factory employment. By 1962,

more than 8 out of every 10 Negro workers in blue-collar factory jobs were still unskilled or semi-skilled, while only 6 out of every 10 white workers were in this category.

Run-A-Way Factories:

In some instances whole factories were moved, lock, stock and barrel, and set up in brand new quarters in other states where Negro employees would experience difficulty in finding suitable living quarters. The factories were lured away by tax inducements, tax abatements and various profit motives.

In the service industries area, the disproportionately high level of Negro employment was maintained during this period. Service industries jobs have been the traditional work for the Negro. Fully 3 out of 10 Negro workers were engaged in this area, while only 1 white worker in 10 was employed in service work. Fully 80% of whites employed in service industries were not employed in the household-work field. Between 1955 and 1962 Negro employment in this service area increased somewhat, but the Negro worker found himself trapped in an area which, though rapidly expanding, was *low paying* and required only low to moderate skills.

The total effect of this employment pattern, agricultural, industrial and service areas, was gradually to ease upward the Negro unemployment rates for the period 1955-1962. During this period, the official tally of Negro unemployment rose from 8% to fully 11% (*1 Negro worker in 10 was out of work*), an unemployment rate of 2-1/4 times greater than the rate for whites. While white workers were suffering from mild technological displacement, Negro workers were already in a recession.

Furthermore, behind the official figures, Dr. Charles Killingsworth, Michigan State University labor expert, found a growing "invisible army of unemployed." This invisible army was made of people who were being forced out of the labor market, not

because they were not willing or able, but because they were becoming too discouraged even to search for jobs.

There is an old cliché that the Negro is always arriving, but never getting anywhere. By 1962, the Negro worker had progressed right back to the position he held in 1948. The percent of difference between the income of the Negro worker and that of the white remained constant. However, the wage-salary dollar difference actually widened. Even if the Negro worker graduated from college, his lifetime earnings only equalled that of the white *high school* graduate.

Paradoxically, the Civil Rights spokesmen, trying to stimulate belief in the fiction that a Negro Revolt was occurring, widely proclaimed that the Negro Revolution was a revolution of hope. The "revolutionaries" were not even challenging the basic American assumptions or values at this point in history. These revolutionaries seemed more interested in gaining *entrance* into the selfsame oppressive system which was tooling up for a change in the manner of production by ridding itself of unskilled workers - meaning Negroes.

The early period of the introduction of automation proved the accuracy of the sage observation of Murray Kempton

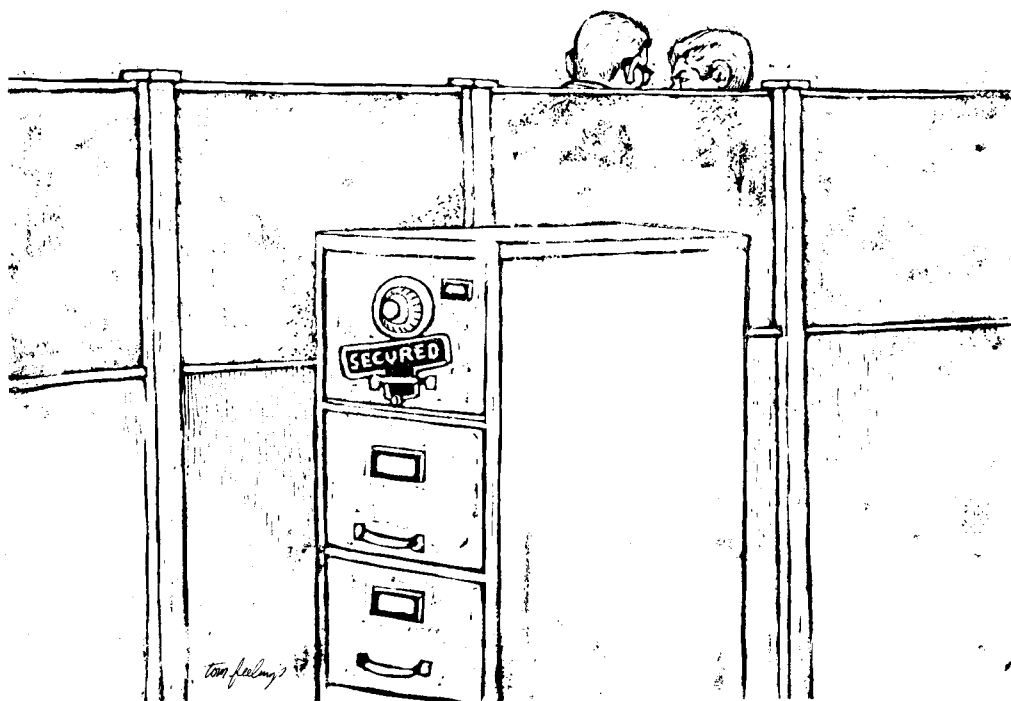
about Negroes - that "I had known very few who really understood what was being done *to them*."

1962 to the Present - Automation's Secret is Out:

Despite continued efforts of society's leaders to confuse unwary and uninterested Americans about the true effects of automation, the little people, black and white, have begun to understand. The white laboring man has been expressing his fear and anxiety through his unions and other organizations. White union workers, having already seen the mechanization of the mines with the resultant loss of jobs, peer around now as the process of automation begins catching up with other industrial areas, like glass, steel, chemicals, rubber and machinery. The industrial unions have been hard pressed to arrive at solutions - early pensions, no new openings, work speed-ups, the entire business of trying to stave off the inevitable.

By 1963, it was no longer possible for Negro Civil Rights "revolutionaries" to ignore the pleas of Negro workers for *jobs*. The plight of Negro workers was so pitiful that the Negro bourgeois leadership was forced

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AUTOMATION *cont.*

to use the "Freedom and Jobs" slogans for the memorable March on Washington. Few of the Civil Rights organizations, up to that juncture, had even produced studies about the Negro's economic plight, particularly in terms of automation.

It was not just a matter of lacking the current work skills that made it difficult for the Negro unemployed; the total *sham* of job retraining was working against the Negro worker. One study from the United States Department of Labor - Officer of Manpower Automation and Training, dated December, 1963, showed that state employment agencies were insisting that Negro workers be better qualified than white workers before being admitted to the training programs.

New machinery constantly being introduced requires higher basic education, from which Negroes are effectively barred. Comparison of educational levels alone of Negroes and whites does not provide the real clue

to the disparity in their basic educational training. The educational difference is apparent in so many areas that it is difficult to estimate the difference in terms of statistics alone. The result of the educational inequity is, however, that the educational life chances of a Negro person are constricted, particularly for those residing in racial ghettos. Fully 75% of Negroes in urban areas live now in those racially contiguous areas (ghettos). The present education of the Negro is an education for his role in the new automated society. The Negro's role is to be one of *uselessness* and he is being equipped in schools to carry out that very role. How does the society plan to do job retraining for the Negro? The society shrewdly proposed job retraining when it never did basic *LIFE* training.

The Trend Widens and Deepens:

New machinery has been introduced at a faster and faster rate since 1962. On the farm, for instance, in 17 counties of Arkansas, typical of the Southern cotton economy, there were 482 cotton machines in 1952. In 1963, there were 5,061 machines. The Negro tenant farm population dropped from 21,862 in 1952 to 6,587 in 1963. What happened to the other 14,000 Negroes? They have left the farm, the county and state in most instances. Situations like this have been repeated over and over again.

In the factories, plant relocations previously mentioned are still used as ways to reduce the number of black unskilled workers, as well as to reduce the need for the workers. One such instance was observed in the closing of four regional plants by a nationally-known paint concern. All four plants were replaced by a single, ultramodern plant on the eastern seaboard. The number of production workers dropped from 4,000 to 400; yet total production increased 25% and sales volume increased 40%.

One bakery plant in Cleveland, the Sara Lee Plant, employing 4,000 workers in 1956, now has 400 work-

ers in its new automated plant, and technicians suggest that production could be maintained with new electronic equipment with only 60 workers. Planning for a regulated, year-round production schedule reduces the need for increased numbers of workers during "rush seasons."

It is important to recognize that this reduction in the amount of manpower needed has occurred at a time when the numbers of potential workers entering or able to enter into the labor force is increasing at a record rate.

Negroes in the service industries, too, are feeling some of the effects of the general labor market, especially those Negroes in industrial cleaning occupations. New machines now clean, wash and wax floors in two operations, thereby making it possible for a machine tended by one man to do in one day the work of 10-12 workers working the old wash-and-wax method. Because of the reduction of the number of workers needed in the industrial area, whites are no longer so scornful of the service industries *per se*, and gradually are strengthening and widening their hold on *commercial* porter-handyman positions. The salary in the commercial cleaning concerns is considerably higher than the "normal" Negro porter capacity. The household service jobs are still the low-pay, high-abuse refuge for Negro women who daily take the "opposite direction express" to the suburbs and distant sections of major cities. As home builders use more special materials to reduce the amount of household dust, as more drip-dry-non-iron clothes are introduced, as more synthetic processes and special freezer packaging invade the supermarket shelves, the need for unskilled household help will be reduced. The net result has been that between 1962-1965, Negro unemployment, in a period of record-making good times, has risen to a level economists say is 20% of the Negro work force. In some cities, Detroit for instance, the rate is 35% (mean-

ing Negro workers unemployed). In the words of the *New York Times*, "Unemployment of these proportions, were it general, would be a national catastrophe."

Current Proposals for Relief:

Some of the criticism of the governments' activity about automation has been allayed by the image-building, talk of progress, proposals for special programs, and promotion of the Negro bourgeoisie into special positions of responsibility and visibility. None has proved effective in combatting the ravages of the new technology.

The talk of progress (by giving the impression that Negroes are doing better than ever) seems to obscure the reality that the Negro worker is dropping out of sight. *Time* magazine's, finding that - "The main source of Negro discontent is economic hardship," has assured us that "unfortunately, this is one area where progress seems most likely. More and better jobs for Negroes are on the way." In answer to this assurance, Tom Kahn asks the important question, "more and better jobs for which Negroes - and how many?"

The special programs to combat this widespread unemployment are often centered on so-called Poverty Programs. These programs, by and large, are a bust, vulnerable to political manipulations and often run by the very representatives of the status quo. Job retraining operation is a *farce* and some critics have gone so far as to see the Manpower Development and Training Act (1962) as merely sophisticated economic tokenism. The proposed goal of training 400 thousand workers in 3 years is nowhere near the level of 1 - 2 million jobs which the government's Manpower Research Office estimates will need to be created to offset the effects of the new technology.

HARYOU, the Job Corps, etc., are merely token efforts to approach the massive problems of youth unemployment created by the fact that there is no need for youth, black or white, in

modern industry.

Others have proposed that a massive program of education is required. Such proposals indicate that the individuals who advance these ideas believe that education, one of the culture's most conservative *institutions*, can take on a revolutionary role and posture. Still more ludicrous is the expectation that teachers, already mortgaged to the present status quo, will take on this new orientation when they themselves will be most vulnerable to competition from the very groups they are now being asked to help.

The proposals of the so-called radicals to solve the Negro worker's plight are warmed-over versions of the make-work schemes of the 1930's. These radicals are trying to attract the *advanced* legions of the Civil Rights forces to their position. Their proposals are built upon the concept of democratic, central government planning, an idea which does not have the support of the public at large, nor of its corporate leadership.

In an Unpopular Essay on Civil Rights - Joseph Lyford, of the Fund of the Republic wrote:

"The attitudes of business and political leadership are still frozen against economic planning to insure productive and necessary work for every person who wants to work, but cannot find employment in private industry."

Summing Up: The Plight of the Negro:

The period 1957-1965 has seen only the first two stages of the process of introduction of the new technology to the American production and services system. For the Negro, the period has been one of steadily in-

creased suffering, increased deprivation and mounting frustration. Automation has made the Civil Rights cry of "Freedom Now" an inspirational myth.

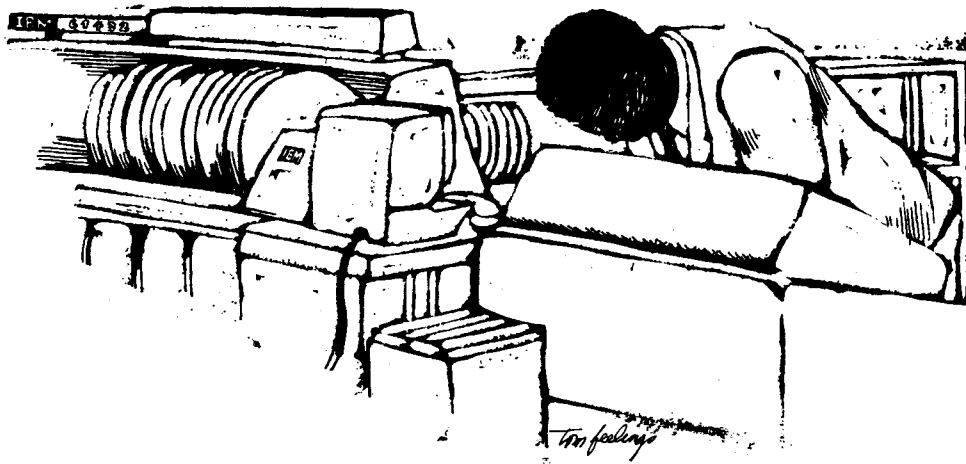
The future looks bleak indeed if we project the findings from these first two stages to succeeding decades. While the Civil Rights movement is struggling desperately to win freedom from restraints, the Negro is losing his capacity to participate in his freedom to pursue life, liberty and happiness. Without an income, he does not possess the means to pursue life and liberty. The more advanced Civil Rights groups are bringing this question to the attention of a still-reluctant white middle-class society which clings to its bourgeois, fantasy world slogan "I got mine; now you get yours."

What is the job-producing potential of the Civil Rights forces? Professors Dillingham and Sly of Central Michigan University at the Population Association of America convention predicted that:

"The integrationist movement is indirectly an answer to unemployment. However, growing Negro political power, even if used to the maximum, does not appear capable of opening to Negroes large numbers of current jobs, nor does it appear capable of creating new jobs."

The total effect of automation on the Negro is to make the chant "We Shall Overcome" a mockery. How can a people overcome if the mass of the struggling people have gone down the drain? Automation, it seems, is making Negroes go under not overcome.

Concluded Next Month



Ornette Coleman Sounds Off

by Charlie L. Russell

Ornette Coleman is one of those Negroes whose presence in our midst cannot be properly explained. Black, born in the South-Texas—he comes from the black poor, a class whose very existence society is designed to crush.

As a class, the black poor has no spokesman. And because they rarely see a positive image of themselves (even *EBONY* champions the suave light-skinned Negro with Anglo-Saxon features): because they are caught up in the basic struggle for bread; because they are unable to effectively deal with the predatory outside forces arrayed against them, members of the black poor are ever at odds with each other, inflicting deep lesions on each other's psyches, completing the inhuman task begun by white America.

Love and Hate Confrontation:

Thus, in black America, love and hate confront each other daily. For instance, at seven years old Ornette's parents' house burned down. Relatives invited the family to live with them temporarily. On the way to the relatives' house it was explained to Ornette that there were ghosts in the house, but that the ghosts only haunted the room upstairs where he would have to sleep, alone. Imagine the many terrifying nights he suffered through before he realized that a hoax was being played upon him; think of the many lessons he could have learned from such an experience.

In fact, all things considered, one can only marvel that Negroes, unlike white Americans, have not gone completely mad. That Ornette Coleman is a leading avant-garde jazz musician is not only a tribute to a strong will, it is also a contradiction. But then, Ornette is a man who has known the feel of cotton damp with early morning dew, and the quiet joy of warm sand slipping through his toes. And

America, violent America, is the country where the rich are subsidized by the government and the poor are left to practice free enterprise.

Self-Imposed Retirement:

Ornette recently returned to the jazz scene after a two year period of self-imposed retirement. He cites the fact that he found it difficult to find musicians who could play his music as being one of the reasons for his retirement. However, Ornette says that his main reason for retiring was to free himself from night club owners and other organizations that wanted to exploit him.

Records Sell, But No Money:

Ornette has recorded for two record companies: Contemporary and Atlantic. At Contemporary, under the aegis of Lester Koenig, Ornette recorded two albums, *Something Else*, and *Tomorrow is the Question*. His records sold well. His contract called for him to receive royalties of 3% of a 90¢ wholesale price per album. However, although over five years have passed, he still finds himself paying the production cost of each album.

At Atlantic Records, under Neueshi Ertegun, Ornette recorded six albums. This time he signed a contract calling for 5% royalty per album. Again, his albums had good sales, (well over 60,000, he estimates); however, Ornette finds himself paying for the production cost of the albums. Although the company sends him statements from time to time, he has never been given an opportunity to see the actual sales figures of his albums.

Ornette's music is owned by the M.J.Q. Publishing Company. Record companies pay the publishing company for the use of the artist's material. For his troubles so far, Ornette has received one dollar and change from the M.J.Q. Publishing Company.



Al Hicks

Ornette Coleman, recently returned to the jazz scene after two years of self imposed retirement, the main reason for which was to free himself from night club owners and others that wanted to exploit him.

Several months ago, Ornette found himself in a somewhat ironical position. A man whose albums were selling well, he returned home one morning after a date with one of the richest women in America, only to find that he had been evicted, his meager belongings piled on the sidewalk outside his door.

But it would be misleading, and dishonest, to describe Ornette as just another Negro exploited. There is about Ornette an innate existentialism:

"I decided to take a chance on getting paid for what I did," he says.

Hostile Reception To His Music:

Ornette is still smarting from the hostile reception that his music received from many of his fellow jazz musicians. "I always thought that if you learned something, how to do something, a place would be found

for you," Ornette says with a bitter smile.

"At first no one believed that I knew anything about music. I was accused of playing in the wrong key, the wrong notes, etc. But, I not only knew what they were doing, I had already forgotten it. I play the way I do because I believe that there is a certain music in America that must exist... I'm dedicated to that cause.

"I want to use musical freedom in order to make a contribution. The methods of playing jazz are just as they were in the times of Buck Johnson -- only the times, and the language have changed. Unlike the whites who have a sophisticated musical tradition to draw upon (although musically all the whites are doing now is imitating themselves), the Negro musician has to make something happen; he has to create his own place... The Negro artist knows, has a message which will upset a lot of things, but the funny thing is, he won't let it go, won't tell it...

"Jazz musicians are becoming too conservative. They are becoming judges, which is against the artist's credo -- which has existed throughout history -- that an artist should never judge anything. An artist should just tell what's going on.

Jazz is Sound Put to Emotion:

"There is no jazz musician on the scene today who moves me. But, I will say this, that record that Miles Davis made in Europe is the most honest record I've heard in jazz in over ten years... But there is a standard evolving in jazz which says 'play yourself.' Many writers are also trying to do this... Jazz musicians should be creating their own music rather than playing pop tunes, the very music that keeps them from making it. A lot of Negro jazz musicians are not playing jazz. Jazz is sound put to emotion. Jazz is a music that a jazz musician brings into existence."

Considering the intense dedication that Ornette brings to his music, it is absurd that in a land that has not pro-

duced one internationally great white creative talent (in any field), that crude money makers can dictate what is art. "Of all the problems that a Negro is confronted with, none is worse than the Negro artist trying to achieve individuality and human dignity without the approval of some organization that wants to control him," Ornette says ruefully.

"I want to keep my individuality... You know, this has been happening to me all my life," Ornette explains, almost *sotto voce*. "All my life I have been surrounded by people trying to control me. Trying to tell me what I want, when I can get it, how much.... That's what I'm rebelling against."

White America Does Not Want Negro Artists:

The pursuit of individuality is arduous, hazardous, and lonely. For the Negro artist the task is especially difficult -- white America simply does not want Negro artists. The existence of Negro artists forces white America into conflicts with itself; reminds white America of the insanity of this society; forces it to deal with a side of itself that it has managed to keep out of its history books. And, even when he practices his art, the Negro artist cannot be sure that society views him as an artist. One must have a gimmick! White America would turn jazz into a personality syndrome; Miles Davis pouts, Mingus preaches, Monk dances, Dizzy clowns, etc. A virtue is made of excesses. Trained by white jazz critics to view mannerisms as entertainment, white Americans have no need to hear the eternal beauty and the deep, bitter truths expressed in jazz music. The net result is that Negro jazz musicians are often forced to become caricatures, (some Negro musicians are put down by whites because they do not hate whites enough!!) merging into the images that whites have of what a Negro jazz musician is supposed to be. Ornette, like many other jazz musicians, (and a host of Negroes who are white black novelists and poets), has become, to

a degree, a white man's Negro jazz musician and, perhaps, without being aware of it, he is rebelling against this as well.

Again, it is not a simple case. For if Ornette is rebelling against white attitudes and pressures, he also (in a sense) caters to them. This explains the absurd hat he wears on occasion. While the hat is an expression of hostility, it also flushes out white guilt feelings and makes them feel sorry for him! But then Ornette's response is not uncommon. Almost twenty years ago, Charlie (Bird) Parker, reportedly, dressed in a cowboy suit, rode a horse into a nightclub.



Al Hicks

"All my life I have been surrounded by people trying to control me. Trying to tell me what I want, when I can get it, how much.... That's what I'm rebelling against.

Invariably, as we have just done, comparisons are made between Ornette Coleman and Charlie Parker. Ornette was controversial from the start; when he first arrived on the jazz scene, he was hailed by many critics as the New Bird or an extension of the Bird. It is an easy enough thing to get into, but it is misleading and distracts from the essence of both men. There will never be another Bird as there will never be another Ornette Coleman; waiting for the return of either will be like waiting for Godot. The controversy was started by white critics who, having missed the genius of Charlie Parker

cont. next page

ORNETTE COLEMAN *cont.*

entirely, wanted to make sure that the same thing didn't happen with Ornette. Thus, the white critics tried to judge him by the musical standards that they attributed to Charlie Parker. But the white critics have never understood (or even really liked) Bird's music, and just as they mistakenly tried to evaluate Parker's music by using Swing standards, they also erred in trying to judge Ornette by the musical standards they attributed to Charlie Parker.

The distinctive thing about Ornette is that he is not even concerned with the musical problems that Parker was concerned with.

Old Musical Standards Must Be Discarded:

To understand Ornette's music, old musical standards must be discarded; his music must be viewed as having an entity of its own. The first time you hear his music it is apt to strike you as being the incoherent cries of a child. However, after listening to Ornette's music repeatedly, the emotional purity of his sound makes itself felt. *Lonely Woman*, one of his original tunes, is a representative work: listening to it one gets a feeling similar to the one that Samson must have felt after he decided to bring the temple down upon his enemies, knowing that he was doomed also.

Many jazz musicians, like many other artists, are basically hostile towards people. It is as if they have seen the true side of life, caught a whole gob of people with their pants down, and as a result have become incensed... As if, if they did not have their horns, paints, or their pens, they would either go stark raving mad, or become murderers. Ornette has also seen the true side of life, but because he basically loves people, the sight has had an opposite effect upon him. He appears to have internalized matters and directs his hostility not against others, but towards himself. For instance, in conversations, he often puts himself down -- one of his

most frequent expressions is: "Man, I'm all fucked up." This can be disconcerting until one comes to realize that Ornette is as naive about himself as he is sometimes naive about the world -- get to know him and you begin to wonder when he will realize that he is really a beautiful cat.

Dares To Be Himself:

In fact, Ornette's main contribution to jazz, is that he dares to be himself at a time when many jazz musicians have become conformists. This does not mean necessarily that Ornette's particular style of playing will start a new trend in jazz; rather, it means that hearing Ornette play younger jazz musicians will say to themselves; "Man, if Ornette can be himself and make it, so can I."

Ornette, who is currently writing a music book entitled *A Theory of Music in Story Form For The Player*, describes his music as being "compositional improvisational music without the regular two, five, one, and tonic cadence."

Ornette's music is part of the body of music that has been tagged THE NEW THING, FREE FORM, and/or JAZZ EXISTENTIALISM. Speaking of his own music, Ornette had this to say:

"In my music, I came up with a music that didn't require European laws applied to it. This was a revolutionary breakthrough as well as a support for the jazz image... Now, the NEW THING came into being because there was no definite structure. Now the structure is to play together less restricted to the old forms. It is an extension of jazz, involving the players' ability to absorb the forms and structure of a composition in his relation to all the techniques of music.

"As I see it, there are three general groupings in the NEW THING. One group uses free form and employs improvisational techniques in the themes. There is another group which uses improvised ensembles as its form. There is a third group which writes

orchestral parts and uses improvisation as its movement. But, in all of these three groups, the players are too academic, too rudimental to express their goals. The rudiments that I use are a point of departure for me. I use the CDEFGAB scale for a key resolution as all scales are used."

Ornette also had these comments to make about the jazz scene in general:

"Duke Ellington only represents all the Negroes who learned to read music during the twenties and thirties. Duke simply wrote popular songs in the European song form.

"Cecil Taylor is a sophisticated person and he plays from that sense. In a sense he plays in one area and I think he is best in that area; ain't nothing wrong with that, I'm not knock-

The absurd hat which Coleman wears on occasions while an expression of hostility to white attitudes also flushes out the guilt feelings of whites and makes them feel sorry for him.



Al Hicks

ing it.

"White homosexual businessmen are destroying jazz. Jazz is fast becoming friendship rather than musicianship, because homosexuals have a tendency to look out for each other.

People who want to understand my music should approach it simply, with their natural and intellectual instincts.

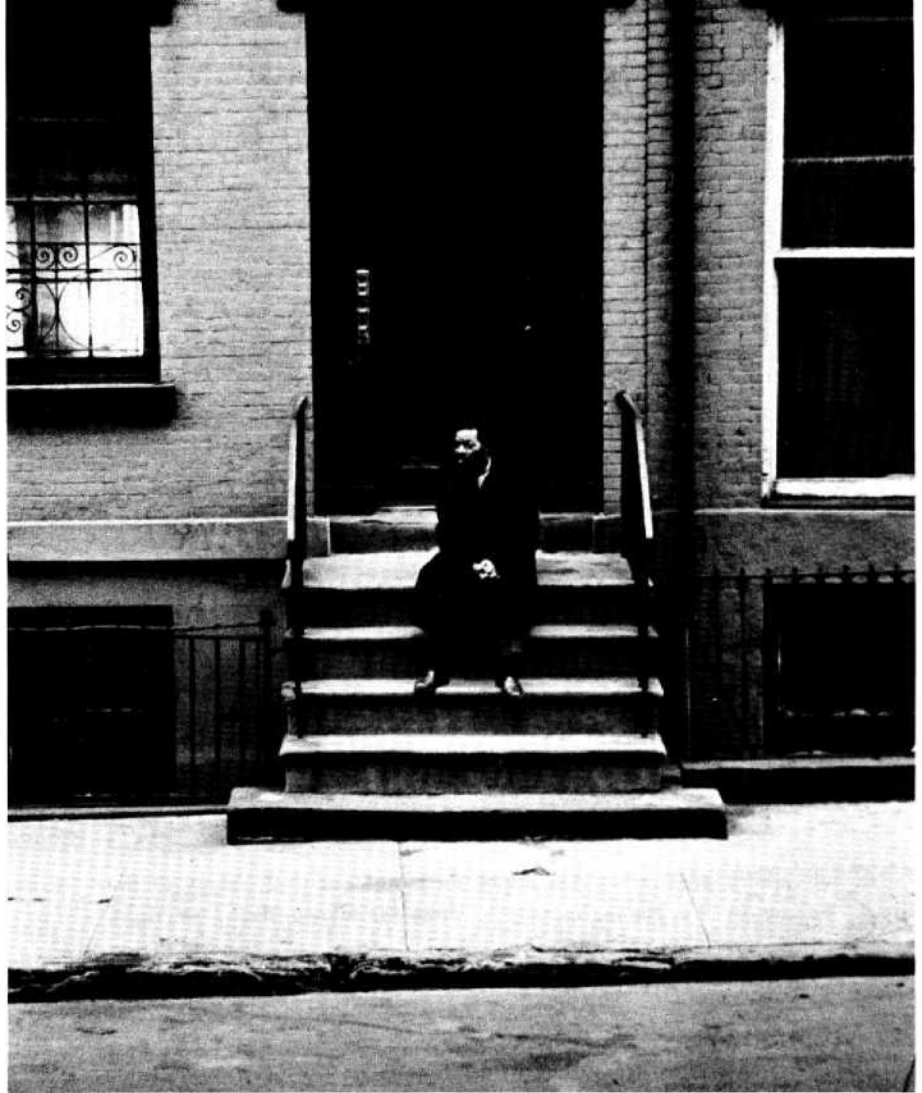
Critics Fail to Accept Their Responsibility:

"Critics used me to verify their own position. They're full of shit because they fail to accept their responsibility. Because of their position, they try to dictate to musicians and the listeners.

"I've written music for most of the top figures of jazz. They all want to have my music around, but they won't play it because they're scared.

"Some jazz fans are as bad as the critics. A guy came up to me a few weeks ago and said to me: 'You know why you're blowing that horn? You're blowing it because you want people to love you!' How sick can you get? What that guy didn't understand is that I'd want people to love me if I shoveled coal."

Ornette Coleman's name belongs with other names like Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, LeRoi Jones, Sun Ra, Grachan Moncur III, Joe Overstreet, etc., an iconoclastic aggregate of Negro musicians, painters, and writers who are holding forth in the Village, trying to establish themselves as black artists. These men are members of a fresh, new, and as yet, unnamed movement in America. Their ultimate direction at this point appears to be uncharted, but so far we have been fortunate in getting LeRoi Jones' *Dutchman* out of the movement. While no Negro writer immediately comes to mind who seriously challenges LeRoi Jones on his own ground, such is not true of the musicians mentioned. And, it will be interesting to compare the musical development of Ornette, Cecil, Shepp, etc. with the musical development of



Al Hicks

Coleman takes in the scene from his front steps in Manhattan's *Greenwich Village* where he lives along with other iconoclastic Negro musicians, painters and writers trying to establish themselves as black artists. They are members of a fresh, new, and as yet unnamed movement in America.

Donald Byrd, Stanley Turrentine, Herbie Hancock, etc., another aggregate of young musicians who appear to be going in the opposite direction. (While the latter group is as technically proficient as the former, their Negroness is more salient in their music).

Basically, despite his full, ferocious dark beard, Ornette is a gentle person; there is about his manner the hint of the celibate and he worries about how to get along with people. Many of his worries come about because he has not fully accepted the fact that the life of the artist is a lonely one, and that (as death is a part of life), vile attacks are as much a part of the artist's lot as accolades.

But Ornette is still growing. After his recent return to the jazz

scene, a very successful one in which he played the violin (left-handed), and the trumpet (as well as the alto saxophone), Ornette had this to say:

"The experience of being down had freed me in a sense. When you're at the bottom there is only one way to go, up. The worst has already happened to me. Right now, I'm not refusing any jobs that I want to play, but I plan to see some of the world. What do I really want to do?... Survive as an artist without losing my values. There is a writer, John Kilens, who says that the artist's main responsibility is to tell the truth and survive. And that's what I want to do, tell the truth on my horn and survive."



Edith Schomburg presenting her paper on panel entitled "Role of the Black Woman in the White Society" panelist Myrna Bain, on right



Panel Discussion
Sylvester Leaks,
Russell, moderator

Panel Discussion: Is a Dialogue Desirable Between Black and White?
Panelists: l to r Dave Dellinger, Ossie Sykes, moderator, Robert Vernon, speaking and C. E. Wilson.



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COMPLETE REPORT ON
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Must the Black Writer Lead? Panelists l to r
Nat Hentoff, standing, Rolland Snellings, Charlie
and Richard B. Moore.



A question from a member of the
audience (numbering over 200) during
the question and answer period.

ce, Mr. E. P. Mwaluko, (left) from the United
nia to the U.N. chats with Mr. Nathaniel East-
the Liberian Mission to the U.N.



LeRoi Jones, recipient of *LIBERATOR'S* award for Playwrighting con-
gratulates Charles S. Howard, Sr. recipient of *LIBERATOR'S* award for
Journalism.



The Statue of Liberty Conspiracy Trial

by Bill Mahoney

No Hiding Place in Foley Square

Four foolish years ago, to the date, I joined the Freedom Rides to Mississippi. I was serving my function as I then understood it: to add color to an almost lily white protest effort.

Like the others, I was given my just reward in the Mississippi state prison at Parchment...after hearing the usual incantation of impartial justice by white judges (minus hoods, and wearing black sheets). My cup was not quite filled by this. On to Monroe, N.C. I went with others from SNCC, for more beatings and another jailing. While in jail in Monroe in a mood of righteous tranquillity, a shocking ugliness was splattered in my face by Lawyer Len Holt. One of us told him "Our rights have been denied!" Holt's guffaw reverberated throughout the confines of the two story brick building as he laughed so hard that tears came. At the time I couldn't forgive him for this. Now I know that I should have joined the laughing because "rights" are a joke for all that have to claim that they have some.

Holt got no fee from me or the hundred of others he defended in Monroe for the next several days as Robert Williams made his way to exile in Cuba. In partial payment of a debt owed, I came last week to New York and to Foley Square to help Mark Lane and Holt find witnesses for the defense of their client, Robert Collier, who, along with Walter Bowe and Khaleel Sayyed, is charged with plotting to blow up the Statue of Liberty and other monuments. For four weeks the trial has been going on. To get orientated to know what kind of witnesses were needed, Holt had me read the record of the daily trial transcripts.

A black cop named Raymond Wood, after having infiltrated C.O.R.E., appears to have planted the idea of blowing up a statue, taken police de-

partment money to procure for the three men on trial everything that the cop thought could be used to destroy the Statue of Liberty, and then arrested the trio for wanting to carry out the cop-inspired and cop-financed plan. For his efforts Wood got a \$4,000 annual raise. It all sounded so familiar and so southern.

And so was the atmosphere of the court on the dates that I attended. The dreary, high-ceilinged federal courtroom number 110 was selecting a jury the first day I was there. Lane

Her back faces to Harlem.



and Holt had filed motions to strike the jury for the systematic exclusions of Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The judge *ridiculed* the motion and threatened contempt. What gall, I thought, as I looked around and saw ninety (90) persons called in for the jury and only one black person in the lot. The panel from which my jury had been selected in Jackson, Mississippi in 1961 had three Negroes out of 50. It all seemed so familiar.

By an odd quirk of fate, the sole Negro on the panel of 90 got to the position of being asked questions by the federal Judge, William B. Herlands. "Would your race cause you any problems if you sat on this case?" the judge asked. Not one of the white persons was asked if their race would cause any problems.

Though the answer given was "No," the United States Attorney struck the Negro from the panel because the stakes for the government were too high; nothing must interfere with "justice." And there were other instances of the same old shit: southern shit, northern shit..American shit.

Because the government had gotten an all white jury and our "black hero," Ray Wood, had used *soul* language like "Mr. Charley," "Getting next to the man," and similar jargon, the United States attorney had put into the record definitions of these phrases so that the jury might know that it was white people that were being discussed.

To counteract this, Holt had asked me to get Dr. Kenneth Clark, the black professor of psychology, to come to court and try the impossible: to put in context for the jury the place and role of threats by black people against white persons and white institutions and to provide a background for showing that the intervention and subsidy of the New York Police De-

partment was the cause of the commission of these federal crimes (if indeed any federal crimes have been committed).

In an all too familiar fashion the white man sitting on the high bench wearing the black robe did his duty: he denied Robert Collier and his lawyers the right to have Dr. Kenneth Clark speak. And while Dr. Clark sat on the witness chair thumbing through a book entitled *The Summer That Didn't End* written by defense lawyer Holt, the judge and the lawyers went into a back room where Holt and Lane argued for Dr. Clark to be heard:

HOLT: We have a situation in which the government has said through its witness, Wood, that certain threats were made by our client, Mr. Collier, and perhaps other persons on trial here, against white institutions and white people. There have also been threats directly against "whitey" and "Mr. Charley."

By virtue of the fact that this jury is all white and does not know the life of a black ghetto and does not understand the Negro, this jury can best determine the guilt or innocence in a context of black life which Dr. Clark with his expertise can give them. I know that this lily-white jury does not have this information. To protect our client, Mr. Collier, we have to put these statements that are supposed to have been made in a setting within black society.

JUDGE: Are you finished?

HOLT: Mr. Lane, my co-counsel, has just reminded me that Dr. Kenneth Clark was the leading psychologist involved in the Supreme Court School Segregation decision.

JUDGE:In a jury system such as ours, where the jury system has achieved its finest expression of democracy in action, and where challenges to our jury panels have been overruled, we have a jury system which, not only in theory but in practice, represents the technique by which we determine guilt or innocence.

To suggest that because the jury

is all white that you need a Negro expert to interpret Negro life is an argument which is not only inherently illogical because it assumes that white people do not know anything at all about Negro life or are substantially ignorant of Negro life, a proposition which is just not true in a community such as the Southern District of New York; to suggest that use of a Negro expert, because of an all white jury and Negro defendants, so that the mores and cultural values and sociological insights should be presented in the form of expert evidence to the jury might well lead to the use of similar experts who would testify to a jury consisting of non-Italians about the cultural life and insight of defendants who happen to be Italians."

A day later Mark Lane and Len Holt asked the Judge to let them withdraw from the case because the judge expressed attitudes making it impossible for the two to give adequate representation to their client because of the judge's hostility. It was a move to put on record -- in indirect fashion -- that the judge had predetermined the jury's decision.

With reluctance and doubt I stood as court was adjourned Friday; a reluctance and doubt as to whether I had surrendered something precious by standing for a man in a black robe whom I could not want to honor. James Lee was beside me as I walked out into the corridor. He turned around, looked at the number on the courtroom door: "Room 110, eh?" he said. "That's a number that I'll remember for another reason now."

"What do you mean?"

"This is the same courtroom where the Communist trials were held. In there is where Judge Kauffman, after having prayed for 16 hours, sentenced Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to die."

It was so familiar....maybe because I'm still naive...and think the south is the South and the north is the North and there ought to be some place to run to where you can hide your face... without having the rocks cry out: "There ain't no hiding place."



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Movie Review

China !

reviewed by Clayton Riley

There is an excellence about Felix Greene's documentary film, CHINA!, that proceeds both from the skill with which it has been made and the subject matter it imparts. Greene has used his camera, his mind and courage to let us glimpse the most "un-recognized" nation in the world, a nation that generally is projected to the West as a vast conglomeration of war machinery surrounded by a bloodthirsty horde of sneaker-clad warriors.

The People's Republic of China is, first of all, people. Simple as this fact is, we are all apt to forget it in light of the daily barrage of distortions rained upon us by the press and other communicative media. What become's most striking about Greene's film is the sensitivity and obvious care with which he has recorded the feelings of men, women and children in China. He has managed this without recourse to the tactic of interviews but rather by showing what people are *doing* and what has been the result of their labor. A documentary that generates excitement is rare. Greene achieves this by bearing witness to a government, a nation that presently, at least, is throbbing with vitality. The motto of the Peking regime could well be, taking care of business. In scene after scene, activity fills the life of these people. No one loafs, no one drags feet. The nation works, the nation learns, the nation moves. How-



The People's Republic of China is, first of all, people. With sensitivity and care, Felix Greene has recorded the feeling of men, women and children in China.

ever much anyone might disagree with the philosophy of communism, it is impossible to dismiss the effect it has had in improving the lot of China's enormous population. By combining his own footage with some historical film clips, Greene has clearly established the degree to which Mao Tse Tung brought China away from being a land traditionally ravaged by war, famine, and political turmoil. Chinese communism, it is asserted, must be viewed in terms of what it is actually accomplishing. It is not propaganda but fact that Peking had but a single public hospital when Mao assumed control of the nation in 1949. That city now has thirty-five, Greene notes.

In a country crippled by illiteracy in the past, 100 million youngster began school this year. New Roads, and bridges, housing construction and numerous other projects are in constant, continual evidence.

China obviously has its problems. the quality of the goods it produces must be improved. Housing development is not yet keeping up with the

ever increasing population.

These difficulties seem minor, however, when the energy, fervor and devotion to country displayed by the Chinese in parades, town meetings and schools is shown. Propaganda? To a degree, one suspects, but so what? The nation is struggling, aching nightly perhaps from its growing pains, enduring setbacks and frustrating obstacles. But China is - and one cannot see Greene's film without realizing this - tremendously, vitally, marvelously *alive*.

Alive without plaid stamps and Coca-Cola plants, without "the drinking man's diet" or discotesque syndrome, but somehow, *alive* nonetheless.

Every foot of this film is an education and in many ways, an odd sort of inspiration. But decide that for yourself. CHINA! is, at this writing at the Carnegie Hall Cinema in New York City. It is playing along with a splendid short that features the Peking Symphony Orchestra. I highly recommend both.

The New Left Acceptance of Responsibility

by Ossie Sykes

The United States of 1965 is not very different, in general, from any other year of its history. Its policies, both domestically and internationally, are still concerned with the maintenance of mediocrity rather than a search for excellence in solving the pressing problems of a world in need. From the time of Plymouth Colony, with people more interested in paying back their loans than they were in Democratic Principles, to the present, where guns and lawlessness are used

where, as is known, the racists are holding sway." The *New Statesman*, a British Weekly, was moved to say, "...What may be called the civilizing elements no longer have full access to the White House. The tone of United States foreign policy under Mr. Johnson has become harsh, unsympathetic and ill-mannered. His increasing use of force conceals a VACUUM OF IDEAS. The inevitable conclusion to be reached after looking at the "works" of the present Administration is that they refuse to accept any responsibilities except those which tend to protect American financial enterprises at home and overseas. Given the situation, is there anyone in the United States who is responsible for the welfare of the poor and underdeveloped? Is there anyone interested in a genuine and meaningful change, rather than the simple handout (we rob the world blind, and then offer a food for peace program)? We think there is; a maligned and often misunderstood group of people known collectively, as the *New Left*.

Acceptance of Responsibility:

If one were to generalize roughly about the New Left, we could say that most of its adherents are young people who have rejected American Dogma and propaganda; they are knowledgeable about world facts and conditions and are able to see relationships between them (much of the new left is college centered). They enjoy the writings of Vance Packard, C. Wright Mills, Bertrand Russell, Jean-Paul Sartre, Frantz Fanon to name but a few. The most misunderstood factors about them concerns their liking for political leaders such as Fidel Castro, Ahmed Ben Bella, Kwame Nkrumah, Mao Tse-Tung and Ho Chi Minh. They have an enlivened interest in the plight of the world's

poor, and, most of all, they never *chicken out* when it comes to protesting or criticizing policies which either do nothing to change the condition of the poor or make it worse.

The liking for political leaders such as Mao Tse-Tung has less to do with ideology than with the practical aspects of solving the problems of great masses of the poor. The Secretary-General of the United Nations, "drove the nail home" at a recent conference of "Non-Governmental



Ambassador Nikolai T. Federenko

immediately to protect the financial interest of the United States. We have noted that the enthusiasm to "protect American lives and property" has not extended itself to the southern black belt or, for that matter, to many other places with concentrations of Afro-Americans. The difference in U.S. words and U.S. deeds has not gone unnoticed. Russia's Ambassador Federenko addressing the Security Council on the present Dominican crises stated, "...American troops were sent to the Dominican Republic, a sovereign state, far more freely and far more willingly than they were sent, for instance, into the State of Alabama,



Secretary General U Thant

Organizations" (27 May 1965) as he told us what the real problem of the world was. Said U Thant, "I think that if the leaders of thought, the leaders of ideas, the leaders of men, the leaders of governments, the leaders of countries, are to bend their efforts to achieving significant results in the creation of a stable world order, **THOSE ENEMIES MUST BE FOUGHT: ILLITERACY, IGNORANCE, POVERTY AND DISEASE.** I think that to preach to them and tell them about the **VIRTUES OF DEMOCRACY**, the virtues of human dignity, the virtues of fundamental human freedoms, is not only **IRRELEVANT, BUT COMIC.**

cont. next page

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NEW LEFT *cont.*

Their first need is to have sufficient food to eat, to have adequate clothing, to have suitable houses in which to live. Those are their primary needs. I think that attempts to preach these ideas of parliamentary democracy and fundamental freedoms and human dignity will not go to their hearts. *IN MY VIEW, THAT IS NOT THE REMEDY. The remedy is to do away with these causes of illiteracy, ignorance, disease and poverty.* I think that we have to go to the ROOT OF THE PROBLEM if we are to establish a stable world order, if we are to see that the principles of the United Nations Charter are implemented in all parts of the world."

The *New Left* has accepted the responsibility of trying to do what it can to get at "the root of the problem." If they like political leaders who at this time are unpopular with our government, it is because considerable improvements have occurred for masses of people. While space does not permit us to review the statistics on such things as construction (new), or increase in manufacturing or agriculture, it is quite clear that masses of people have fared better under men such as Ben Bella, Nkrumah, Mao and

Steffen



Ahmed Ben Bella

Fidel. The change from foreign domination to independence has not been easy. Cuba, for example, was forced to adjust her entire economy due to the hostility of the United States. The recent figures on sugar will show that Cuba has declined in the number of metric tons produced when compared to pre-Castro days, but then the sugar was controlled by the U.S. and the people received little benefit, whereas today, even though the tonnage is less, the people have a higher living standard, because they control. The struggle of these countries to succeed is a study in raw courage. It is this kind of courage that captures the imagination of the new left; the courage to provide the necessities for the masses of people in spite of the United States.

Since Mao Tse-Tung is the "big bad enemy," some of the comments written in *The Selected Works of Mao Tse-Tung*, published by International Publishers in New York, are enlightening. At the height of the fight against Chiang Kai-shek (April 1948) Mao talked to an editorial group: "If we tried to go on the offensive when the masses are not yet awakened, that would be adventurism. If we insisted on leading the masses to do anything against their will, we would certainly fail. If we did not advance when the masses demand advance, that would be right (wing) opportunism." At another point he said, "We have always maintained that the revolution must rely on the masses of the people, on everybody's taking a hand; and we have opposed relying merely

on a few persons issuing orders." In the "Manifesto of Chinese People's Liberation Army" (1947) Mao states, "In order to overthrow Chiang Kai-shek and form a democratic coalition government at an early date, we call on our fellow-countrymen in all walks of life to co-operate actively with us where-ever our army goes in cleaning up the reactionary forces and setting up a democratic order. In places we have not yet reached, they should take up arms on their own, resist pressganging and the grain levy, distribute the land, repudiate debts We call on the people in the Liberated Areas to carry through the land reform, consolidate the foundations of democracy, develop production, practice economy, strengthen the people's armed forces." If one takes the time to read the five volumes of Mao's writing, you realize immediately that he has no equal when dealing with the masses. Small wonder that the revolutionary world looks toward Peking. Lederer and Burdick, writing in "The Ugly American," state that Mao is "one of the brilliant tacticians of our time." He is also human and understands the needs of his people.

In case anyone is tempted to say that Mao's writings are propaganda, Lederer and Burdick also point out that Mao has laid down a pattern of strategy and tactics which the Communists of Southeast Asia have "followed undeviatingly." What is some of this strategy? What proof indicates it is being followed?

In October of 1947 Mao reissued what he called "The Three Main Rules of Discipline and The Eight Points For Attention." They were instructions of the General Headquarters of the Chinese People's Liberation Army:

The Three Main rules:

1. Obey orders in all your actions
2. Don't take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses
3. Turn in everything captured

The Eight Points:

1. Speak politely
2. Pay fairly for what you buy
3. Return everything you borrow

4. Pay for anything you damage
5. Don't hit or swear at people
6. Don't damage crops
7. Don't take liberties with women
8. Don't ill-treat captives

The New York Times, in a release dated April 25, stated the following: "The Vietcong guerrillas (Vietnam) despite their offensive against the Government, have not attempted to destroy the economic structure. Instead they have exploited it, exacting taxes (they are the government of the area) and, except in token cases, permitted industrial facilities to remain unscathed... Though Vietcong terrorism is centered in the countryside, the production of rice -- which occupies about 80 per cent of the cultivated land -- has not been severely affected. Little land has been abandoned, and cultivation has remained high"...



Premier Fidel Castro

The rules are followed all over the world. In Santo Domingo Americans are captured, well treated and then released. In Guatemala Freedom fighters offer pay when the peasants supply their needs. Peasants often will return the money in gratitude. This then has been just a capsule of why the *New Left* can appreciate certain types of leadership. If Mao and others have become heroes, in a sense, it is because America has defaulted in her responsibility to solve problems outlined above by U Thant at the United Nations. It is this default that has put the *New Left* at odds with the society.

Conflict of Views:

The demonstrations carried out by

the *New Left* has served to bring into focus the clash between basic foundations of thinking. On the one hand, most Americans accept the idea of "the strong shall dominate," while the *New Left* says "All should share with dignity." Most Americans are involved with the protection of goods and materials *above the level of basic necessities*, while the *New Left* is involved in trying to get *basic necessities*. Some will ask about the latest batting averages of A.T.T. or General Motors; the *New Left* asks "How many ate a decent meal today? How many are achieving a good education? Why do so many Negroes die in the prime of life? Must we always be against the legitimate aspirations of people overseas trying to better their poverty stricken lives? These are just a few of the questions, but they indicate the gap between accepted value structures.

Problems of the Left:

In utter stupidity, many Americans wonder if the *New Left* is in some way directed by foreign enemies. The answer is no, and the proof is in the way they operate. If Mao were running this operation, he would insist on Unity among peoples based on common goals and objectives. The highly splintered *New Left* hardly fits this bill. Competition for power in their ranks ignores Mao's slogan, "Officers teach soldiers, soldiers teach officers, and soldiers teach each other." When the meaning of this is learned, a force for meaningful change will be given birth. The *militant governmental infiltrators* will, however, try to keep this from happening.

If Mao were running this operation, he would start by making a complete and detailed analysis of the classes in America from the wealthiest to the unemployed. He would then ask the question, "Who are our enemies, and who are our friends?" We have a nagging doubt that the *New Left* has not done its homework adequately; there is too much dependence on white money and white conscience.



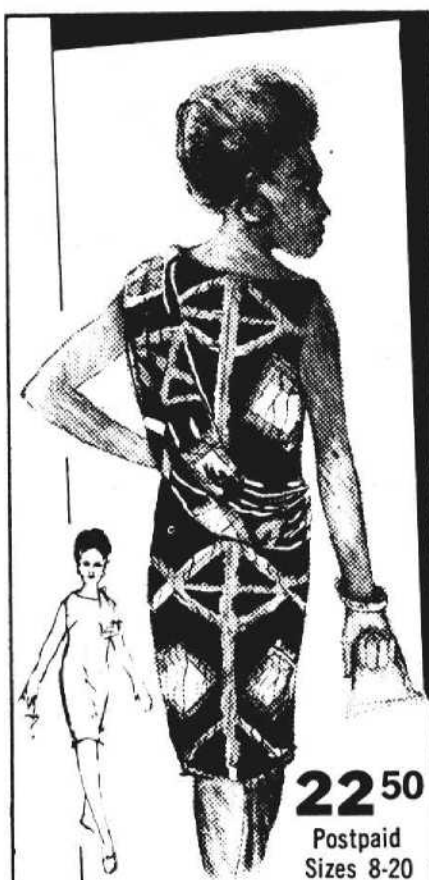
U.N. photo

President Kwame Nkrumah

In China Mao was faced with a classic problem of how to *unite their real friends to attack their real enemies*. Mao solved his problem; the *New Left* has not.

Mao believed in protracted struggles when up against a powerful foe. He carefully executed well thought out plans, calculated to win. We note with interest the desperate moves to move in on the racial question for purposes of unity. Problems arise not because they are not interested, but because so few have thought the thing through. A case in point: should demonstrations be means or ends? Should they be used alone or in concert with other tactics? Should they be geared toward the conscience or the pocketbook? Does police counteraction nullify its effectiveness, and if so, what action does one take? Historically, how many "appeals" have ever borne fruit?

The moral to this article is that unity, thoughtfulness, and study are prime necessities; and, if I may borrow the words of Frantz Fanon, considered the conscience of the Algerian Revolution, "A struggle which mobilizes all classes of the people and which expresses their aims and their impatience, which is not afraid to count almost exclusively on the people's support, *WILL OF NECESSITY TRIUMPH*." Such a goal is difficult indeed; and, while the *New Left* makes errors, they at least have accepted the responsibility of trying for a better world with humanity in mind.



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The Prophet Drew Ali Has Spoken

Joseph Jeffries-EI

The last Prophet in these days is Noble Drew Ali, who was prepared in due time by Allah to redeem men from their sinful ways, and to warn them of the great wrath which is sure to come upon the earth. John the Baptist was the forerunner of Jesus in those days, warning and stirring up the nation and preparing them to receive the divine creed which was to be taught by Jesus. In these modern days there came a forerunner, who was divinely prepared by the great God-Allah and his name is Marcus Garvey, who did teach and warn the nations of the earth to prepare to meet the coming Prophet; who was to bring the true and divine Creed of Islam, and his name is Noble Drew Ali, who was prepared and sent to this earth by Allah, to teach the religion and the everlasting gospel to the sons of men in that every nation shall and must worship under their own vine and fig tree, and return to their own and be one with their Father God-Allah.

The Beginning of Christianity:

The foundation of Christianity began in Rome. The Roman nations founded the first Church, of whom crucified Jesus of Nazareth for seek-to redeem His people from under the Roman yoke and law. Jesus himself was of the true blood of the ancient Canaanites and Moabites and the inhabitants of Africa. Seeking to redeem His people in those days from the pressure of the pale skin nations of Europe, Rome crucified Him according to their law, then imposed its *Pax Romana* on the subjugated people for a long time, until Mohammed the First came upon the scene and fulfilled the works of Jesus of Nazareth. The holy teaching of Jesus was to the common people, to redeem them from under the great pressure of the hands

of the unjust; that the rulers and the rich would not oppress the poor, also that the lion and the lamb may lay down together and neither would be harmed when morning came. These teachings were not accepted by the rulers, nor by the rich because they loved the principles of the Ten Commandments. Through the Ten Commandments the rulers and the rich live, while the poor suffer and die. The lamb is the poor people, the lion is the rulers and the rich, and through Love, Truth, Peace, Freedom and Justice all men are one and equal to seek their own destiny and to worship under their own vine and fig tree, after the principles of the holy and divine laws of their forefathers.

The Moorish Science Temple of America is a lawfully chartered and incorporated organization. Any subordinate Temple may receive a charter; the prophet has them to issue to every state throughout the United States, etc. That the world may hear and know the truth, that among the descendants of Africa there is still much wisdom to be learned in these days for the redemption of the sons of men under Love, Truth, Peace, Freedom and Justice. We, as a clean and pure nation descended from the inhabitants of Africa, do not desire to amalgamate or marry into the families of the pale skin nations of Europe nor serve the gods of their religion because our forefathers are the true and divine founders of the first religious creed for the redemption and salvation of mankind on earth. Therefore we are returning the Church and Christianity back to the European Nations, as it was prepared by their forefathers for their earthly salvation, while we, the Moorish-Americans, are returning to Islam, which was founded by our forefathers for our earthly and divine Salvation.

Letters To The Editor

LIBERATOR:

Since you gave a page to *The Pawnbroker*, you might be interested in further comment.

It seems very interesting to me that all the significant changes from the book serve to downgrade the Harlem Negro. Your reviewer has noted the fact that the most malevolent character has been changed from Italian to Negro. But the most sympathetic and vital character -- Ortiz -- has also changed. I find no suggestion in the book that either Ortiz or his mother is basically Spanish-speaking. The mothers' chat about religion with other mothers is in plain Harlem - accented American. But in the movie these "good people" are set off from other black folk by their Spanish.

The lonely man (Juano Hernandez) came across in the movie as a pretentious user of big words whose meaning he probably didn't grasp. In the book his depth of knowledge on the topics he discusses is underlined.

Finally, in the book, the old Jew's death includes a fine vignette of a sensible and sympathetic Negro doctor who refuses a fee. This has been dropped - perhaps a legitimate decision in itself, but part of a pattern. So of the book's Harlemites, the vital young Ortiz is de-Americanized (de-Harlemized), the scholar is made a bit of a fool, the wise and sympathetic doctor disappears, and we are left with the newly - created racketeer plus three thieves and a whore - hardly the balanced presentation given in the book. What was the motive here?

Len Ragozin
New York

Reader Len Ragozin is quite accurate on all counts. There is, of course, a pattern involved here; one which is present to a degree in all attempts by

communicative media in America to portray Black people. Sidney Lumet and the producers of PAWNBROKER are guilty of a form of racism that is perhaps more subtle than the brand espoused by George Wallace and James Eastland but certainly no less dangerous. Space did not allow me to deal with many disturbing aspects of this film, several of which are mentioned above, but I emphatically concur with the points made therein.

Clayton Riley

Mr. Watts;

No Mr. Watts, we will not have a long hot summer. Last winter was protracted and cold. There was no more heat in our vermin infested hovels than the year before. We have learned that as long as what we do takes place where we live and to those who choose to take their chances dealing directly with us, we will be at a standstill. Our summer of discontent will be expressed, but the anger will be directed more wisely. We will not concern ourselves with the poor shell of a man who cheats with the meat scale, and instead, will address ourselves to *The White Power Structure*. Kahn's Meat Market will be bypassed, we will invest a token and give *Lord and Taylor's* a chance to get in on the action. Park Avenue will see our uncollected garbage, smell the odor of dead rats, watch as their children are awakened by Black night riders burning crosses, then slipping into the quiet of night. Twenty men, twenty minutes downtown during the lunch hour rush will provide more financial and emotional wreckage on Whitey than two thousand on stores and apartments ready for the bulldozer could do given a weeks time!...Our slogan : Kahn's Meat Market? No! *Lord and Taylor?* Yes, Yes!

Reader
Camden, N.J.

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Dear Editor:

If there's been any doubt in the minds of the deal-making civil rights leaders as to just where President Lyndon B. Johnson stands on the "Rights of Negroes," the President's recent appointment of the racist ex-governor Coleman of Mississippi should make the matter perfectly clear.

The time has come for the Negroes of this country to come to the realization that they have been well used for vote-getting purposes, in exactly the same manner that the politicians have been using them for the past 170 years.

When the hoodwinked masses make some attempt to become factually informed as to whom the politicians really represent, they will find the true solution to their problems.

Jack Brady
Lake Charles, La.

Short Story

Now That Henry is Gone by Clayton Riley

Henry fell without a sound, arms loose, he crumpled like cloth and hit the basement floor. There was laughter from the crowded room, from people who thought he was joking, and the woman named Betty Toenail went right on dancing as if she expected him to rise again, grinning and doing *The Monkey*, the way he had done all night.

"Get up, man," someone called, "quit acting the fool."

The music and Betty continued, hands clapped in time with finger-popping through the smoke and dimness - what a party it was.

For two nights or three - no one was sure - the crowd kept coming, growing larger, shouting louder, on and on it went as few people left and many arrived, pushing into the basement of a Seventh Avenue building near 114th Street where T. J. Jones was superintendent. And T. J. Jones had started it all with a single half-pint of wine. He and Skeeter Davis drank with Brother Randolph-from-the-Bronx who later bought a gallon jug of muscatel and invited John Grimes who told Boo Johnson, so Skeeter D. went back to the liquor store for another and soon came back with Horace Tubbs, Ro Callister, Adam Travis, who all sometimes take a taste. Before the new refreshment could be opened, Pony Brewster was there with Leon Bell and two phonographs they had found. Herman Lipscomb got the word - he had LP records and 45's and his partner Charley Taylor who said, "The old-timers are headed around," Including those who didn't need last names: Beazle, Twenty-one, Biggus and Littlus, Junebug, Pill, Fatlip, The Chopper, Deuce, See-me, Roadrunner, DoWrong, Trolley-car, and Quarter-to-Midnight. They were sippers all, so another trip to the store was in order. Skeeter D. and Cousin Randolph conferred, being bankers for the day, and decided to go for broke with gallons

and the ladies who returned with them. Deuce, said, "Check, here come Sleepy Willa Morris and Lottie Jones, Pearl Booker, Alma Brock, Lessie Fernandez, Mama Wright, Bea Brown, and Betty Toenail, Jr."

Collation in paper cups, cigarettes and some sticks to smoke, the phonograph all the way up when Arthur Morris arrived and said to Betty, "Stack 'em back, baby!" The dancing began, And not to be left out, Miss Q trotted in with Birdlegs and Sweetroll, who went no place without I.I., who stuttered a little and traveled with Miss Gibbs, Sister Sidewalk, Miss Mouse, Lady Fish and Princess Queen.

"Well," says Adam Travis, explaining somewhat later to the Investigator, "I go with the crowd, you see. I'm standing on Lenox and '21st when my main man Ro says, 'Dig, it's on.' So I hat on down there with him and a couple of other cats to check the happenings. If it ain't swinging, you understand, I'm ready to do the bird. But everything is cool, on time and lovely - make yourself to home. Party time! I get a buzz, light stuff though, and step awhile with Lady Fish. She'll hip you to that. Pluck for days and I didn't ask who's buying, I'm in my world, you dig? Henry and me, we didn't run together. Not that he was uncool, just in another bag. I was leaning when he fell, but at least one stud said it was Betty Toenail who did him. Can I ask why you want to know?"

Some of which the Investigator doesn't understand but puts it in the record, saying to the others in the gallery, "Gentlemen, it is my considered opinion that a sordid collusion exists between these witnesses, there is a calculated attempt to confuse us. We have heard the woman called "Betty Toenail" villified, maligned and repeatedly accused of this heinous act. Yet we are not yet certain what that

act was or whether it even took place. Adam," he said to Adam Travis, "We intend to get to the bottom of this."

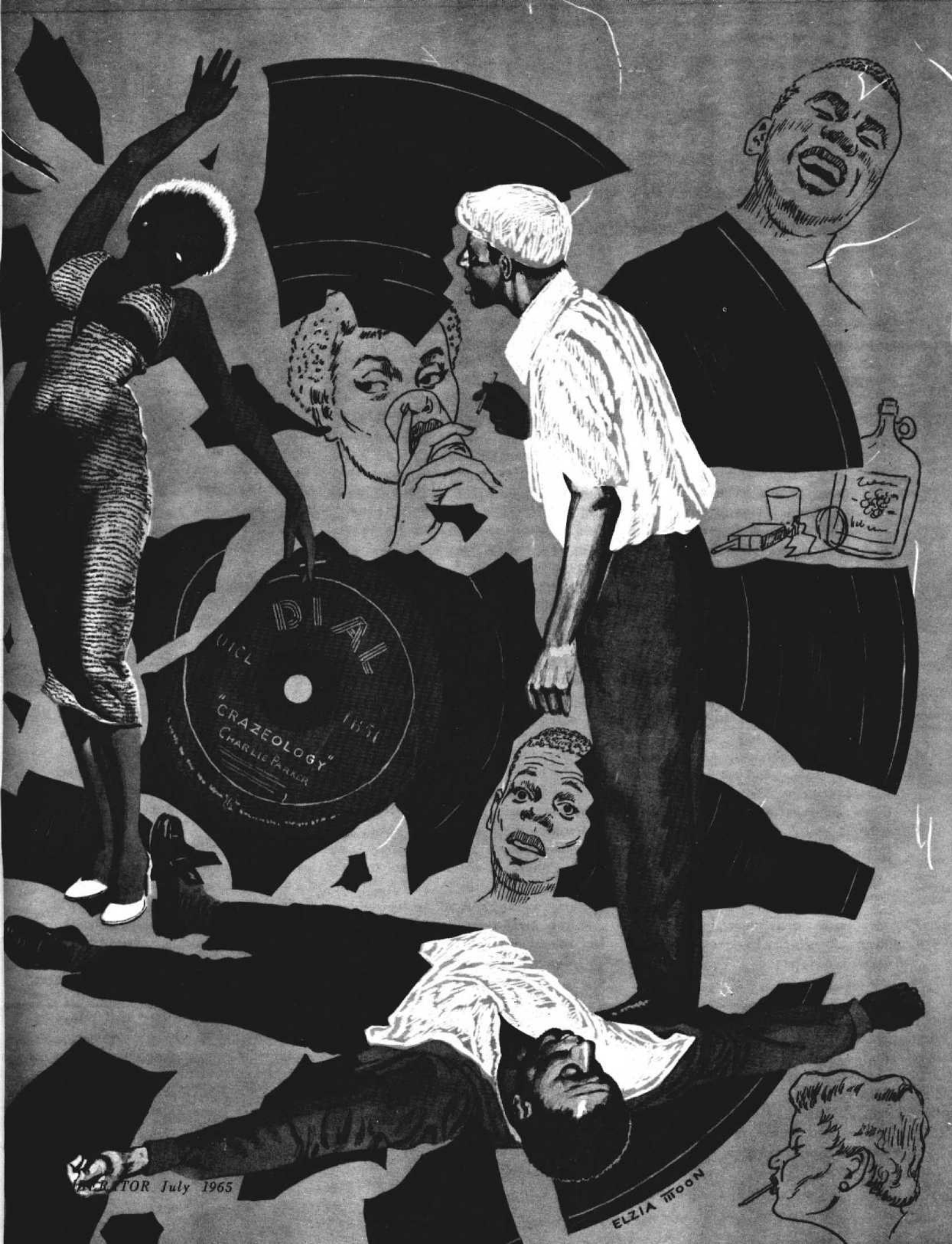
"That's cool," says Adam.

Henry fell without a sound, arms loose, he crumpled like cloth and hit the basement floor. There was laughter from the crowded room, from people who thought he was joking....

"Get up, man," someone called, "quit acting the fool." It was Beazle, who told the Investigator, "Skeeter D. and Brother Randolph-from-the-Bronx don't know, but I saw them making it down '10th by Central Park, up-tight and looking for a scene. Pill and them are supposed to play bid whist at Henry's crib, laying up the way they do. Skeeter D. and Brother Randolph are on the block or in the life as some folks call it - it's hustling any way you cut it. Some of this, a little of that, you pick up a few bills - enough to keep scuffling. Mostly though, you move as much as you can, looking for a break, a good deal or something. Everybody's chance to cop is lying around somewhere - you move enough, you get yours and relax. So Skeeter and Randolph don't know I'm peeping when they beat some dude for his bread. He's gray so I cool the whole thing. But I dug it. And these two dummies, because they haven't seen a coin for a while, throw a gig and blow that cash treating everybody to some squeeze, down in T.J.'s basement. It was them, not Betty T, who got into it with Henry. Another cat told me that Skeeter D. and Brother Randolph gorilla'd Henry. Can I ask why you want to know?"

People kept coming in all night. Egypt Land and the big man called Bonecrusher were among them, though they aren't known to socialize much. And several more who could only be called, "Say, man," or "Listen, girl," or "Look here." A few thieves, a junky trio, here a whore, there a pimp,

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HENRY *cont.*

amateur assassins, bullies, purse-snatchers, car-washers, pool sharks, muggers, stolen property agents, agitators, cowards, signifiers, beggars, and when everyone else was counted, Henry arrived.

Later, when Quarter-to-Midnight was taken to the Great Hall, he would sit beneath a harsh white light and be surrounded by an arena of spectators. Five hundred pale gray faces would surround him. On a stool, rubbing his hands together, Quarter-to-Midnight would wait. Presently - a stir in the assembly, a man in black robes, strolling and smiling, stopping and saying, "You are the individual called Quarter-to-Midnight?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I'm called."

"Why?"

"People like to bug me about being so dark."

"I shall address you as Quarter, henceforth."

"Square business, baby. And you, what's your stick?"

"I am the Investigator. Address me as Mr. Investigator."

"Solid," says Quarter-to-Midnight.

"Quarter, we are assembled here today in order to discern what if any malfeasance may have attended the demise of an individual named Henry Jackson, who was, I am told, a compatriot of yours. Be advised that any information you divulge shall be considered confidential and remain confined to the members of this investigative body and their immediate families. You are to discuss what you say and hear in this chamber with no one. Is that quite clear?"

Some of which Quarter-to-Midnight doesn't understand. "Yes, sir," he replies, "it's all clear."

"Then you may begin your testimony."

While Quarter-to-Midnight speaks, Betty Toenail, Jr., subpoenaed as a material witness, sought as a primary suspect, makes a phone call to a younger brother who, as it turns out, is unable to receive the call but later is given a message by his employer.

Betty Toenail, born in poverty, raised with indifference and hardened by her environment becomes a prostitute. At fourteen she is a seasoned professional plying the trade in transient hotels, alleys, and subway stations. Her face is embroidered with a number of stitches, the souvenirs she receives from the fists and other weapons of her customers and business rivals. She is arrested many times and counts her years by these events. Picked up on Christmas Eve by a jovial patrolman who promises leniency in exchange for her favors; she complies but spends her holiday in a jail cell nonetheless with a magistrate's words ringing in her ears. "Trust no one. Learn to defend yourself." Years later, standing quietly on a sidewalk near Mount Morris Park, Betty Toenail meets Henry and goes to live with him. It is a fine relationship, lasting through many troubles and she is able to retire from her work when Henry finds steady employment as a waiter. They live in peace, insofar as such a state is possible in that district. The betrayal that separates them is not caused specifically by a human failing. Their first meeting in months occurs at T. J. Jones' basement party. And Quarter-to-Midnight began.

"It's early, you dig? Three o'clock and I'm loafing on '16th and Seventh. Skeeter D. shows and hips me to the happenings at T. J.'s. Cool. We make it and at first it's a lame set. Nothing but hard-legs. T. J., Skeeter D., Brother Randolph and the crew. Henry was on the scene too."

A moan swept through the assembly and the Investigator cried, "Henry? Did you mention Henry?"

"Henry," replied Quarter-to-Midnight, "was there from the git-go."

"That's from the beginning, Gentlemen," a clerk explained.

A moan swept through the assembly and the Investigator cried, "We have been misled. But continue."

"Well," Quarter-to-Midnight went on, "we started tasting. Sides were blowing decent sounds. I start to step with Miss Gibbs, she'll hip you

to that. Some youngblood shows and starts to shoot up - I don't play that since my asthma but everybody is cool and the good times roll. I keep a cup of Must-I-Tell and my head starts smoking. All the people hit it pretty soon, The Chopper, See-me--

"We know who was there," the Investigator interrupted. "Go on."

"The sounds get groovy and boom, baby, Betty T. comes in and takes the floor. The chick's frame goes like honey, in a solo first but before long, boom, baby, dig Deuce. He's velvet, no jive. They get together and start to gig, off-timing and the bit. Never missing step, saying the word, telling the story. Betty's moves were preaching the gospel and Deuce, with ease, testified to everything she said. But then he's an old time soft-shoe tapper from way back. Before it was over it was rock-house in the joint. Everybody got up. It was something else. Soul got to all those people. Cats who would shiv each other for a bean were laughing together, the broads were behaving like royalty and the set became beautiful. Soul, baby. Love. Even me and Egypt Land, we never make it anywhere without scuffling, but we were pouring pluck together. Are you ready for that? Smiles, jokes, shake a hand, we were all beautiful. Cats couldn't believe it. Then, boom, baby, it was over. We thought Henry was shucking but it wasn't a hype. You dig?"

Henry fell without a sound, arms loose, he crumpled like cloth and hit the basement floor. There was laughter from the crowded room, from people who thought he was joking, and the woman named Betty Toenail went right on dancing as if....

This noon, while I was out to lunch, a telephone call came for me. Generally my employer strictly forbids use of his phone for calls - incoming or outgoing - and it surprised me to have him take a message, then pass it on to me. It's a small book warehouse, one large room divided into three sections. If one of us has to contact someone, send a message,



Letter to Black Men

by KATY GIBSON

or all of these characteristics go into the making up of that still-in-the-twentieth-century mystery to some men of the Black race.

Could it be her pursuit of the "finer" things of life or her approach to the more adventurous part of life? Her attitude toward sex, life, men, society, femininity? Her appreciation of art, music (the more "serious" type, that is), family, education or her awareness of the complicated world of economics? That Balzac, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Socrates, etc., are more meaningful and pronounceable names to her? Or maybe the way her hips don't swivel when she walks, mainly because of her flat derriere? Probably because her hands do not bear the callouses which came from picking more than her share of cotton--yes, the hard work started that long ago, or if you happen to have been "saved" from this awesome chore because the "master" found

favor in you and assigned you to domestic chores in the "big house," caring for the children, washing and ironing, cooking, being the illicit mistress and an assortment of other monstrous duties.

Really picking cotton, caring for children, cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, being an illicit mistress (unpaid) and an assortment of other monstrous duties has left little time, let alone desire, to pursue the "finer culture." Take the theatre, Wednesday at matinee time happens to be the same time that has been assigned for cleaning windows. Saturday at matinee time the laundry must be done. Evenings at 8:30 is the time to prepare for home and in most cases to duplicate the same chores.

When these things become so distasteful to Black men that the glorification of that still-in-the-twentieth-century mystery becomes an obsession and their main objective, the mystery

cont. next page

Is it the long silky hair which runs the gamut from ash to coal? Is it the blue, gray, hazel or brown eyes? The sharp pointed nose with the narrow nostrils? The high cheek bones? The pencil-thin lips? Or, finally, is it the pale skin described by some as a "peaches and cream complexion" un-kissed by the sun and its rays? One

HENRY *cont.*

there's a drugstore up the street, where some of the fellows go to eat. They have several pay phones.

"Evans," he said, "you had a call. A woman."

"I'm sorry," I told him, "I've asked people not to call me on the job."

"That's okay. Something about Henry. I couldn't understand her too well, she didn't speak clearly."

I went back to my work certain there had been a mistake or perhaps that's only what I hoped.

A shipment of children's books came in soon afterwards; one of the new men brought them to me on a skid and said they were to be put away into the bins. The call began to bother me. Who could it have been; what woman? And what about Henry?

Let me tell you, I spent several years on the block, or in the life as you will. A little of this or that - hustling, I

guess. Maybe you've seen a few of the people or dealt with some. They stand on streets, eyes wide, waiting, clusters of them like famished birds. A few rush off, into a bar or somebody's apartment.

I was arrested for petty theft a few years ago and spent time in prison. When I was released the warden told me, "Trust no one. Learn to defend yourself." I was fortunate to get this job; they ask no questions here and I'm treated well. I wear a shirt and tie to work each day and have several pairs of good shoes. My father used to tell us to keep clean and stay out of trouble. Betty and the others turned out badly, but I'm in night school and working steady. Like my father, who stayed out of trouble all his life, wore a wing-collar and tie out of the house each day to "go to business," I'm doing all right. He ran an elevator (changed clothes in

the locker room) I work with books. Things have gotten better.

But if something actually has happened to Henry - I'll know tonight.

"Get up, man," someone called, "quit acting the fool." But Henry never moved and soon the place was empty. Scattering toward the street, stumbling, gasping; no one wanted to believe or think about what had happened, what each had seen. Only Betty stayed behind, still moving to the music, a little more high than she usually got. And she waited, looking down at Henry through the smoke, the dimness, not realizing that Betty was alone. Outside, the scrambling quickly began. There were those who went along Seventh - uptown or down - in a trot with their loose change jangling, while some went east toward Lenox and the rest headed for Eighth. Everyone disappeared. Until the investigation.

LETTER *cont.*

will never reveal itself. The mystery is twofold and paradoxical. The Black Nationalist Intellectuals (if Nationalist is an objectionable label, Intellectual should compensate, for no one these days resents being called an intellect even if he isn't one and most are not) who speak, write and give all outward appearance of Black pride and identification, long natural hair notwithstanding, pulls the surprise of having that still-in-the-twentieth century mystery as wife, lover and/or mother of their offspring. This is done while they write "angry" writings, make "angry" speeches and generally give a facade of "pure" Black pride.

Is it to show that you too, yes even you, can have that precious and treasured masterpiece, and that it is within your reach? Pay back? It is said in some circles that they are "paying the national debt," whatever that means. Of course, marriage is a personal thing; who would do it just to avenge some injustices heaped upon your women? Disregard or disrespect for the 400 years of continuous struggle that the female Black has endured and still endures can't justify their attitude. An "intellect" would certainly have knowledge of this and should not take lightly the strong role of such women in their lives. Certainly the likes of Harriet Tubman cannot do less than evoke a deep sense of pride.

An interesting point to note is that the group that meets with the most contempt from the Black nationalist intellect (of course this doesn't include all Black nationalist intellectuals) by and large does not marry other than their own. They may not and will not identify with the Black masses, or grass roots, and have tried desperately for assimilation and do a poor job duplicating their non-Black middle-class counterpart (this is understandable in view of the fact that they do not come that closely in physical contact with their non-Black counterpart) - the Black bourgeoisie married Black.

How the "angry" Black nationalist intellect who has chosen a non-Black mate can seriously fight for Black liberation is more paradoxical to me than anything else that I can think of, and at times seems quite preposterous and ridiculous. The fact that they have chosen non-Black mates to love, honor, cherish and to bear their offspring, leaves little doubt in my mind that their pro-Black, nationalistic, angry writings, speeches etc. should not be taken seriously. That a system of miscegenation that was not started by us and has been around much long-



er than one cares to remember, certainly cannot be ignored. "She has been around me so long," it is often said, "that she is just like me." This is a prize piece of assininity that is hard to match. No one is just like anyone, white, black or indifferent. When Jews show distaste for inter-religious marriages (modern Jews included) no one accuses them of bigotry, narrowmindedness or being religious fanatics, racists or extremists. They are considered and accepted as a people proud of their ancestry, "holders of the faith," retainers of their culture and are determined to keep it pure. Not these Blacks -- the great lovers of all and all things -- they would never conceive of so narrow a thought. Of course, they are angry. In this struggle Blacks are angry for so many different reasons

that the issue and their actual goals become nebulous. One might well say that there is no Black unification and really go uncontested. For everyone the price is different. For some it's a "good" job, others a non-Black spouse and still for others a decent home would pay the tab. The Black inter-married nationalist intellectuals are angry mainly because they do not and never shall receive the universal acceptance and recognition that their spouses assume and take for granted as soon as their eyes are open.

This great Black awareness seems to come after the Black non-Black merger. Could it be the sudden realization that the attraction was not one based on common values or mutual interests after all, but because of of the oppositeness -- the very oppositeness? The kinky hair, the full lips, the whiteness of the teeth against the black skin (they swear that Blacks have the whitest teeth in the world) and the "primitive animalistic characteristics." This comes after much time has been spent trying to establish a certain image, moving away from black ghetto neighborhoods to the strange fascination of the "village," a different type of ghetto, only to realize and have a "real" appreciation for the former neighborhood. "I go uptown at least twice a week," they say, "just to keep in touch with my people."

Not the pursuit of the "finer things" of life or the appreciation of art, music (the more "serious" type), nor that Balzac, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Socrates etc. are more pronounceable and meaningful names, but the swiveling hips, the collard greens, the cotton picking, the calloused hands, the kinky hair, the flat nose with the wide nostrils, the eyes that do not boast of gray, green, blue or hazel, the dark complexion kissed by the sun and its strong rays, the washing and ironing, cooking, cleaning and an assortment of other monstrous chores, the countless illicit mistresses, unpaid, the matriarchal tendencies, and of course, the blues, are all YOU.

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