

PHILA

Black power

*Top: Rubye inte, viewed
best-dressed list's Amanda Burden
on fly outside Ritz Hotel.
Center: Fur is very big in Paris
this fall. Many coats were
calf-length. Fox was a favorite.
Below: Rabanne leather dress
combined medieval look with this
year's prevalent outer space theme.*



them." Rubye is the first to admit it. "You can understand when you see what they wear."

To go to dinner at Maxim's, Rubye is going to change into the Dior hanging in the bathroom over the tub. It's made of white silk with the name "Dior" printed in black all over it. It's a simple sheath with a row of little pleats at the hem, but the effect of the black "Dior" on the white is electric. Everyone always notices it.

She's not worried that it's 8:00 p.m. She had her make up and eye-lashes put on at Elizabeth Arden in the morning, so she won't have to do *that*, and besides you're supposed to be a little late in Paris, even to a dinner for 10 thrown by Jacques Rouët, director of the House of Dior, even if you're going to sit at the place of honor at Monsieur Rouët's right.

Everyone will be at Maxim's. The



6PM 9/66

Born on the roads of Mississippi last June, the slogan has invaded the streets of Philadelphia.

"Actually, America's most dangerous and threatening black man is the one who has been kept sealed up by the Northerner in the black ghettos — the Northern white power structure's system to keep talking democracy while keeping the black man out of sight somewhere, around the corner. . . . Human rights! Respect as human beings! That's what America's black masses want."

—MALCOLM X
From his "Autobiography"

ON AUGUST 10TH, a portable metal swimming pool was installed on a vacant lot of slightly rising ground at the corner of 35th and Wallace in West Philadelphia.

The pool is 16 by 32 feet and forty inches deep, and is the only source of comfort, on a blistering summer day in West Philadelphia, for hundreds — maybe thousands — of kids up to 13 years old in the area.

The water is supplied by the Fire Department, and the pool itself is compliments of the City anti-poverty funds.

Installing the portable metal pool at 35th and Wallace took exactly 13 days. That is, only 13 days elapsed between the time a group of young men went to see Councilman George X. Schwartz and the dedication.

Mr. Schwartz is white. The young men who went to see him are black.

The city of Chicago was upset this summer (before the open occupancy demonstrations) over a bunch of fire hydrants.

The 35th and Wallace neighborhood has been quiet this summer.

Councilman Schwartz and other city officials apparently saw the contrast.

Those young men, from the Young Great Society, an umbrella of youth and gang groups, and one of its offshoots, the United Friends Association, prompted City Hall to set what may be a record for action.

That is black power.

On the morning of August 13th over a thousand police swooped down on two-and-a-half sticks of dynamite found in the house of a youthful civil rights worker.

That is white power. It is easy to understand.

But black power is more difficult to pin down.

Many consider it anti-white power; much of it is. Until many more are heard from, however, it is basically, neither anti-white *people* nor is it particularly or necessarily violent, window breaking and brick throw-

ing by a few people notwithstanding.

Black power, or rather black sensitivity to and awareness of the Negro's own identity, has been around for a long time. But the concept, spurred by the civil rights movement, has sent new tremors through much of the American social system.

Ever since Rosa Parks decided she wasn't going to sit in the back of Montgomery, Alabama, buses 11 years ago, black people have been busy getting the fact down on paper. Four Federal laws have been passed since 1957. Beyond the legislation, black people have sat in, slept in, moved in, prayed in, to encourage the reluctant, North as well as South, to come to terms with the fact of Negroes as people.

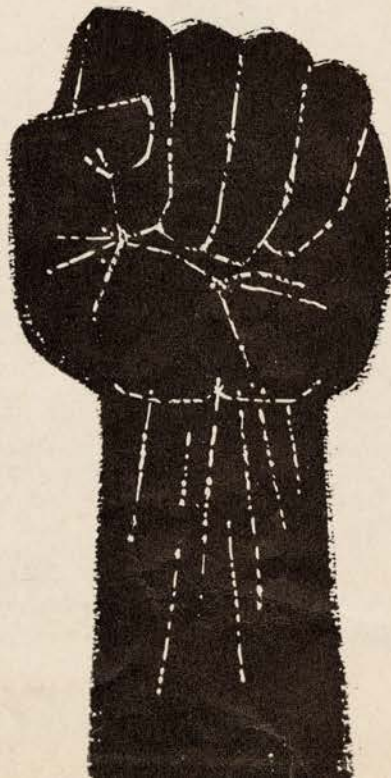
The movement has been directed at public recognition, via the statute books. It is a thrust which will undoubtedly continue. But there are some new directions which can be said to be pointed internally. Black people in greater numbers are deciding that they do not have to wait forever for white society to move over. They have the tools — legal, political, economic — to make the place themselves. There is growing awareness that the beach-head secured in law over the last 11 years can be made a permanent landing only if black (or just plain Negro) power is developed side by side with the power and position other groups have already established for themselves.

This kind of thinking — one of many, to be sure — is at the core of the black power which blew up during the Meredith march in Mississippi last June.

Black power, in Philadelphia as much as anywhere else, is a here and there thing. Right now it is only engaging the attention of a small number of the most self-conscious and the most articulate. The vast majority of black people do not concern themselves with the discussion if, for no other reason than, apart from an intuitive good feeling about the sound of the phrase, nobody understands its implications completely. Few are ready to say just what to do first and most don't see a whole lot further than surviving from day to day.

If the press had not busied itself with black power, the discussion would not have developed as far as it has. But the press, bored with the repetitiousness of burning days of walking along Mississippi roads last June, picked up the ball and made black power, in all its recent infant talk

continued on page 100





OUR RUBBER-STAMP REPRESENTATIVES

ON A CLEAR DAY in late spring, with nothing better in mind than killing time and grabbing some headlines, a band of Democratic hopefuls for State office, plus their entourage, the press, and three of the five Philadelphia congressmen, climbed into a row of new-smelling 1966 Lincolns and Mercurys lined along Broad Street outside the Bellevue.

The lead car took off, running red lights, speeding south toward the Navy Yard. The others dutifully followed.

Inside a maroon convertible at the vanguard, nervously glancing at his watch, sat Gene Armao, Democratic City Committee's press captain in charge of the day's events. "We're running about a half hour behind schedule. That's *good* because I don't know what I'm going to do with them when we get there," he mused.

"Who's here today?" asked the *Bulletin's* John McCullough.

"Well there's Casey and Staisey and Gen Blatt. And Jack Hayes, City Committee treasurer," was the answer.

"And the congressmen?"

"Yeah — Barrett, Nix and Green."

"What about Jimmy?"

"Jimmy Byrne? He called yesterday to say he was sick." Laughter.

"No honest. That's what he said."
More laughter.

No one asked about Herman Toll. It's understood that Philadelphia's retiring Fourth District Congressman is ailing and hasn't made an appearance in two years.

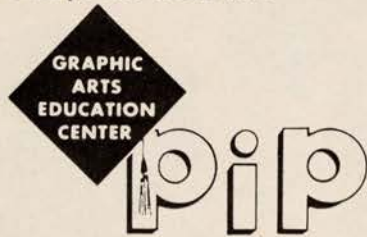
At this point the safari reached the Navy Yard. Waved through, the cars were parked, their passengers boarded a battleship-gray bus for a creaking ride around the base—past destroyers, ghosts of World War II, subs in drydock, and a mammoth pit awaiting a carrier. The bus stopped. The dignitaries alighted.

After a few minutes of confusion and aimless walking, Congressman William A. Barrett clucked to his two colleagues like a mother hen gathering her brood. The Congressman, who holds the local longevity record for service, with ten terms in Washington, calls himself the Dean of the Delegation.

"Boys," he called to the press. He had a statement to make. He said something about how good it was the Navy Yard was saved in Philadelphia. "It's the number one employer in town." He indicated he would go back to Washington and demand more space age assignments for Philadelphia.

There was nothing startling about the statement. But the press dutifully recorded it. The other candidates had

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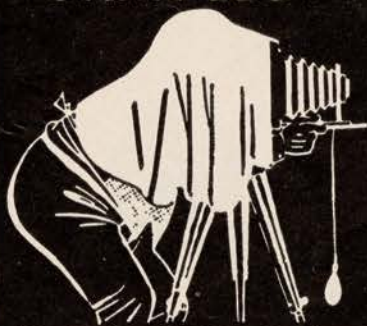


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Black Power

continued from page 49

and confusion, what it is—or what it would like to be — today.

Few people, black or white, have much to go on except what appears in print. Newspapers don't agree, and columnists on the same newspapers don't agree. In their uncertainty, there has been a great storm of misinterpretation. The result has been that black power has a very bad name — if you're not black — even if the basic concept of group power and its current usage by Negroes is not new. Black power only frightens white people and if that is all it does, it might be better to get the subject out of the headlines so that black people can decide what it's going to be and what to do about it.

Black consciousness is stirring Philadelphia these days. Parties, meetings, crap games, corner talk, front stoops, the living rooms. Here and there. No great wave of a thing, no phenomenon, in spite of the national furor. It is possible — but, at the moment, not very much more than that — that a unified surge for black power might develop in the City of Brotherly Love. It could happen here. Even in Philadelphia.

Of the two million people who live in Philadelphia, something like one in three is black. They have not really made their presence as a community felt: If you subtract the selective boycotts of some years ago, the construction trades demonstrations in 1963, Girard College last year and some other odds and ends of direct civil rights action like the recent Post Office picketing episode, it would be hard to tell that black people have been turning up the gas around the country for more than a decade. Philadelphia ranks, nationally, as one of the shyest civil rights big cities. Some believe it is just plain moribund. There are flurries. People work behind the scenes, some effectively. But apathy is the chief figure. When there are flurries, the same faces tend to appear.

Consider the organizations.

For visibility, civil rights in Philadelphia nearly begins and ends with the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People or, to be more precise, its president, Cecil Moore. Technically speaking, Moore should be in trouble — which he seems to thrive on — because he is who he is. Which is not what the national NAACP organization is: A gradualist agent with an Establishment affiliation, which is the despair of many in the civil rights family. Moore and a handful of others are exceptions to the NAACP image.

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■ HARRY A. McNICHOL has joined the sales staff of WPBS.

■ DAVID J. REIMEL has been named to head the financial advertising and public relations division of T. L. Reimel Advertising. He had been an assistant vice president with Industrial Valley Bank.

■ THOMAS E. WOOD has joined the sales staff of Kaiser Broadcasting's WKBS-TV as an account executive.

■ GERARD E. END JR. has been appointed to the public relations staff of Ringold/Kalish. He had been managing editor of the *Burlington County Times*.

■ NOEL G. MILES JR. has joined the art department of the WFIL stations. He taught in the city's public school system.

■ Al Paul Lefton has appointed TOM CARSON print and broadcast buyer. He had been with the William Esty Agency.

■ ROBERTA L. CANTZ has been appointed public relations director at Kampmann & Bright. She had been with Harris D. McKinney as a publicity writer.

■ Evo & Mattern Advertising and Public Relations, a new agency, has opened in Doylestown. CHARLES R. Evo had been an art director for GRAY & ROGERS and DONALD E. MATTERN had conducted his own advertising and PR firm.

■ LEWIS C. GREIST has been appointed sales account executive with WCAU Radio. He had been with Katz and Peters in New York.

■ PAUL DIETZ, creative director, and EDWARD SCHORR, graphic arts director, have been named vice presidents of Wermen and Schorr.

■ DAVID BELL has become an account executive in the sales department of WPEN. Formerly he was with WHAT Radio and WFIL Radio.

■ Changes in personnel at Chilton: WILLIAM J. HUFF has been promoted to sales manager of *Hardware Age*. He had been marketing assistant and sales promotion manager. FREDERIC H. LANDMANN, marketing director of *Food Engineering*, has been promoted to assistant publisher of the magazine. LOUIS LAWRENCE MARINE has joined *Contractor News* as news editor. THOMAS J. CASPER has been named publisher of *Marine Products*, a magazine serving the pleasure boat industry. He will continue as publisher of *The Spectator*.

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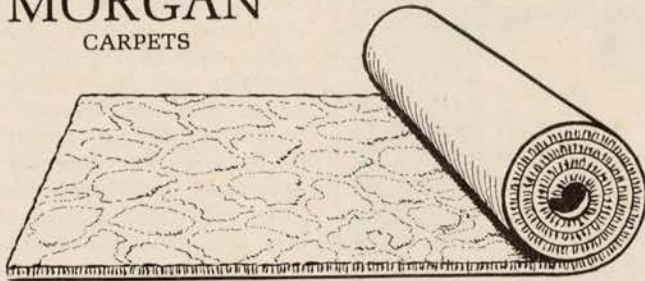
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Moore is not a gradualist, at least to hear him. He used to be the reporters' favorite diversion, and he is still stock-in-trade when they want to hear from black people. Moore put together Philadelphia's best known civil rights campaigns in very recent years — the school desegregation suit, the building trades integrating, Girard College. Moore is brash, which has gotten him as far as he has, has gotten certain things started. But his record for staying the course is flawed, and this failure to follow through seems to star-cross the little civil rights activity there is here. Several things point this up.

It would be wrong to say school segregation is as bad or worse now as it was when the NAACP's suit in Federal Court opened because of Cecil Moore. Grossly wrong. But this used to be a lively issue in this town, and the NAACP hasn't contributed much to it publicly for some time.



In re Girard, after seven months of demonstrations at the wall and the raising as a national issue of the validity of a will, there was one Federal court hearing on February 28th — and very little has been heard of the whole affair since then. (Furthermore, there were great spaces of time when Moore neglected to appear at the wall, absences which helped provoke a near-rebellion in the ranks of demonstrators who wanted Martin Luther King to come to the wall in August, 1965, when Moore did not.) And the building trades drive is supine (although it needs to be said that the unions were not overwhelmed with applicants).

Likewise, Moore's record on the legal front is imperfect. If he is pressing the Girard case, it is one of the best kept secrets of all time.

His future as a civil rights champion here may depend a good deal on how he handles the recent dynamite cases.

If all this were not enough, the local chapter is in dutch. The national office is trying to whittle Moore's control by carving up the chapter. He has been harassed about its local financial affairs. And chapter membership dur-

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Black Power

continued

ing his presidency is estimated to have fallen well below 10,000 — from over twice that number several years ago.

Somehow, Moore survives. He took school board member the Rev. Henry Nichols to the cleaners in last year's NAACP chapter election. And there is no gainsaying that he is the one black man in Philadelphia in Autumn, 1966, around whom crowds will gather, whether some of his local associates like it or not.

That is another form of black power — in Philadelphia — that the national NAACP organization does not begin to generate, and which riles the hell out of it. The national people are respectable and respectful; Mr. Moore is not. Do not bet against him.

Activist quartet. There are four other readily-visible rights organizations as well as any number of lesser knowns, and nobody knows how many — which deal consciously in the black power arena. The Congress of Racial Equality, the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, the Young Militants and the W. E. B. DuBois Club head the list, along with splinters of these groups, Muslims, those of the non-religious Afro-American bent, the simplistically action-oriented, the potential bomb throwers and the vast, unchartable stratum of those who do not belong to any organization at all — far and away the greatest number of all.

CORE has had few staff people and lots of "associates" — which is translated as white liberal support. The CORE orientation seems to be towards black, in line with the larger black consciousness nationally.

To James O. Williams, 43, a medium-built basso-voiced warehouseman who used to be the CORE chief here and who is now one of seven national vice presidents — for the Northeast region in the U. S., it will be, less and less, eager white students who man picket lines, and more and more, the man from the neighborhood who will be involved in tomorrow's demonstrations. "I'm more interested now in getting people who are directly concerned to take action themselves," he says. "When the guy that's paying the rent, when the rats and roaches are *his* rats and roaches, the protesting puts a whole different complexion on it. I wouldn't change the technique; I would change who's doing it." The recent CORE contretemps at the Post Office, over one man's job, is not the kind of thing that is likely to be repeated.

SNCC has been fund-raising for workers in the South for years. It has


had a full-time staff here of late, concentrating on political awakening. (It may have taken the pipe, however, after last month's dynamite cases).

The DuBois Club, headed by tall, stringy Jarvis Tyner, 25, a furniture factory employe who says his brother once was a sideman for tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, is relatively new to the scene. The club is named for one of the organizers of the movement which produced the NAACP a half-century ago, a man who turned to Communism two years before he died as a nonagenarian in 1963. Tyner believes a third political party is "absolutely necessary" with society needing "new forms" and "basic changes."

The last in the basic quartet — and the swingiest — is the Young Militants, born out of the arrests during the Girard College demonstrations. Its "chief warrior" is a tall, bushy-haired medical lab clerk from Washington, D. C., who is so sensitive about being "old" — mid-twenties — that he is shy about admitting he was at North Carolina A & T College six years ago when the kids there made Greensboro the birthplace of the sit-ins. His name is George Brower. He calls himself Freedom George. Like many, he is a disciple of the late Malcolm X and regards himself, not as Negro, but Afro-American. He heads a group of intensely loyal young people who do not have a human rights program of their own but support those of others. Their slogan is "Freedom by any means." (The means do not include dynamite.)

There are Muslims in Philadelphia, too, but little is known of them — by whites, at least. Their members hawk *Muhammad Speaks* at rallies, but they are otherwise invisible (which is not the same as underground); their religious activities are closed to the white man. The minister of the local temple, Mosque Number 12, at 5232 Haverford Avenue, is Jeremiah X, who declines to discuss black power because the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, Messenger of Allah for those of the Islamic faith, has not revealed himself about the current discussion. Minister Jeremiah took a few minutes one evening recently to talk to a white man outside the temple; he made one sure point: "Black power has not been defined really to the point where anyone could give an opinion on it. Every civil rights leader comes up with a different interpretation."

Churchly birth. Philadelphia got its first black power treatment the night of July 17th, at the Episcopal Church of the Advocate on Diamond



Franklin's welcome

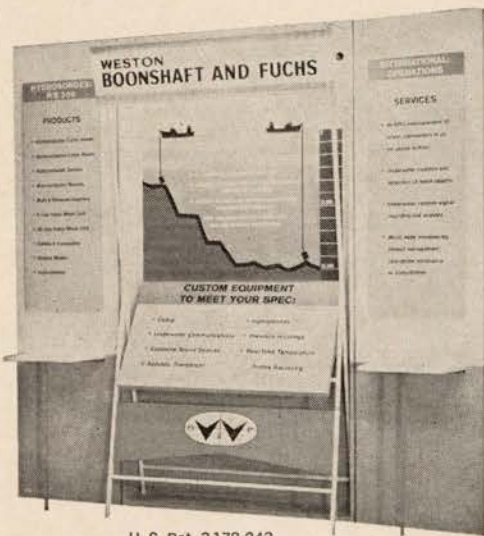
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Black Power

continued

Street in North Philadelphia. The rector, Paul Washington, was one of the Philadelphia signers of the July 31st New York Times ad on black power by some 50 Negro clergymen nationally. The ad said, among other things, that, "The fundamental distortion facing us in the controversy about black power is rooted in a gross imbalance of power and conscience between Negroes and white Americans. . . . Powerlessness breeds a race of beggars."

Stokely Carmichael came to speak at the church that night. He is, next to Dr. King, the most headlined man on the scene, the most articulate and forceful proponent of black political power. He is 25.

The church was jammed that night. There were a half-dozen speakers, including blues singer Nina Simone, whose simple thanks for the recognition she received was moving. Before, after and around her, the oratory flowed, building to the introduction of Carmichael. He skewered the heart of black power in two sentences:

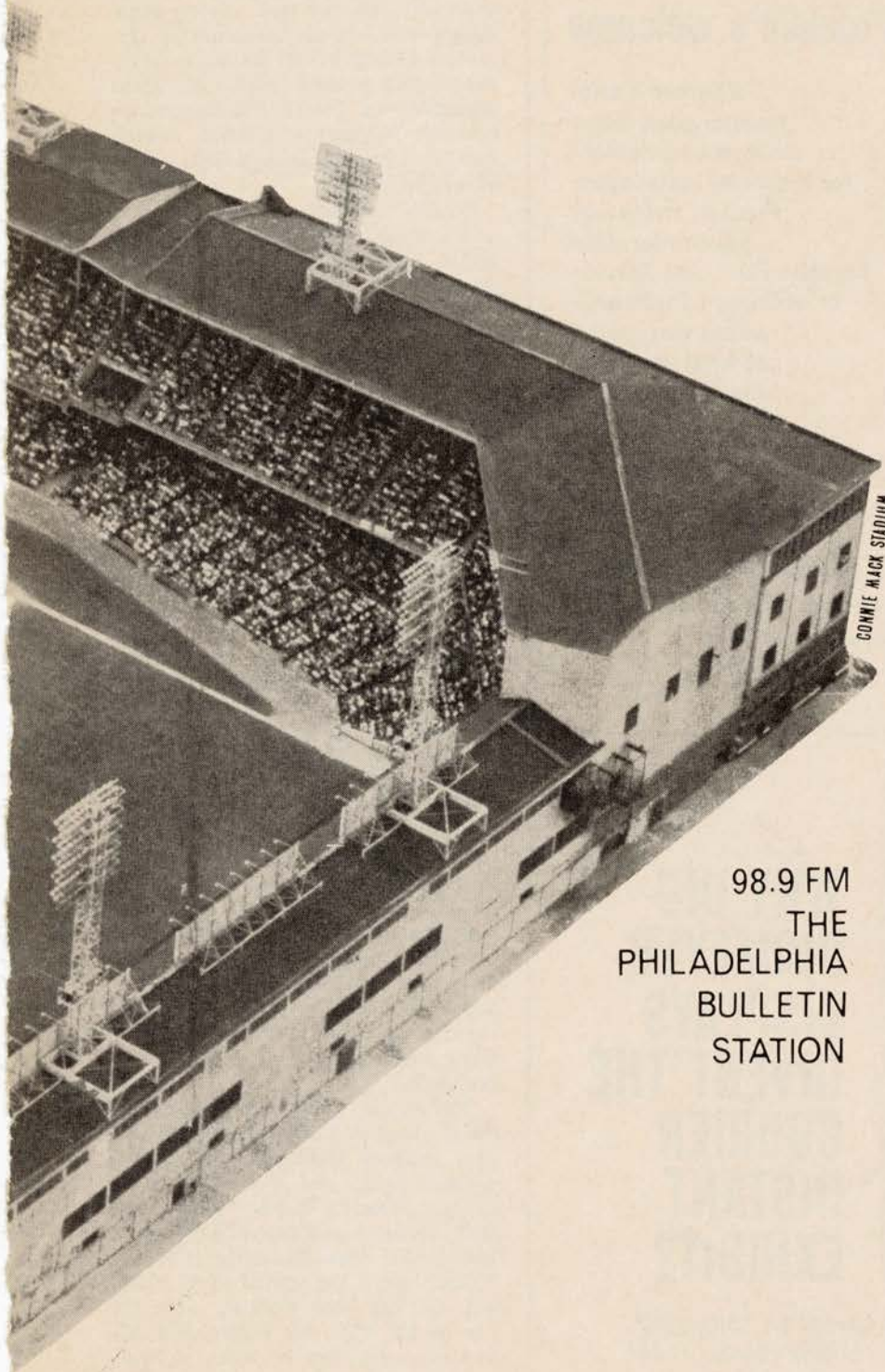
"We are not rebelling to kill the white man. We are rebelling to get him off our backs.

"Black power is when all the forces of the (Negro) community come together to force their representatives to speak to their needs."

Clip. Clip. Nothing heavy-handed at the center of his speech. A crystal.

The entire evening—three hours—was about self-concentration. Black people talking about black people. People talking about what they could do and where they could go if they pulled together. There were only a couple of references to whites; one was to white store owners and what they might face if Negroes put co-ops together to keep black money from being siphoned out of black neighborhoods.

The whole affair was run like a Swiss watch by a 30-year-old Philadelphia medical technician who sports a small beard and a photograph of the late Malcolm X (the "Black Messiah" to more and more Negroes) on his hospital desk. His name is Walter Palmer. He is the second of 13 children. He has been working since the age of 12, when his father died. He is a visionary, but he balks at being considered a leader. He also organized the Afro-American program tribute to Malcolm X at the Annenberg School of Communication the night of August 4th. He is a disciple (and he doesn't especially care whether you like it or not) of Malcolm, of Afro-Americanism, with the "Afro" under-



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lined.

The word. "When I discuss black power," Palmer says, "we have to understand that the term . . . is only new to us in America because we have always taken for granted the power elite that exists. We call it the white power structure.

"Therefore, if we want to try and define black power in its most primitive definition, it might be the same as white power, where one develops his own political and economic destiny for himself.

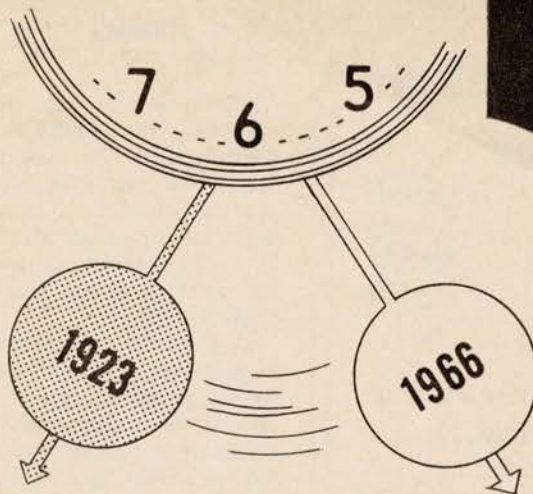
"Black power is something that is going to have to be . . . toyed with, played with until we come to something more concrete than just throwing around a term.

"At this point," says Palmer, "black power is not a reality, it's a slogan. It very distinctly calls for people who will support a black kind of awareness, a black consciousness. It will be whatever the (Negro) community defines as being their need. And what they can control. If it is important for them to control, in their particular communities, the shops and the businesses and the education and the housing, et cetera, then they must develop a kind of base which will allow them to have the influence." He cites the fact that there are far more black people in Philadelphia, Mississippi, who are in a position to determine their destiny because of the majority they hold there, than there are in this Philadelphia.

Palmer prefers not to be called Negro. "The term was given by a white racist group which completely made me void of any background, any heritage. I must get away from that because that completely cuts me off from my ties to Africa."

Palmer talked for well over an hour the day after the Malcolm tribute at the Annenberg school. The program the night before was distinctly black and largely African. Exhilarating dancing, bongos, cowbells, police whistles, costumes, poetry, spirituals, oratory. Everybody, possibly even police on-lookers, had fun. The dancing was so frenetic that at one point, an elderly woman in bright raiment who had been accompanying the instrumentalists with a police whistle of her own, left her seat, flew down the aisle and for a few mad moments, flung herself into the boiling activity on the stage. It was quite a show.

"We're referred to many times," Palmer said the next morning, "as being culturally deprived. No people are culturally deprived. Every people has a culture.



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Black Power

continued

"There is a lie when black children are born, that black is wrong and white is right. We must reject the lie before we can ever aspire to have pride in black. . . . How can I ever begin to appreciate white culture until I can understand and appreciate my own?" It seems like a legitimate question.

One matter of wide interest that bugs this black Philadelphian is quality integrated education. It is underground, to be sure, but there's some evidence that some black people don't believe having their kids bussed away to sit next to white kids is nearly as important as solving the basic problem of lousy basic education.

"Why couldn't it just be quality education?" Palmer asks. "Why is it that in our own black communities there cannot be a good black school, with good black teachers to develop good black students? Why is it we must assume that everything going towards white is superior and everything coming toward black is bad, inferior, indifferent?"

On the same track, Palmer and many, many black people — as well as whites — do not hold integration as a be-all-to-end-all. There is an interest in moving to suburbia, but because of better living conditions, not proximity to white people. Integration, in fact, say Palmer and others, is a white creature, "a term which will save much of the white racist conscience. Integration now means that black culture could come into a white community and be absorbed. . . . The culture would disappear."

Palmer cites the fact that every people in the national tapestry has preserved its own identity to at least some extent, giving it up only by collective choice of assimilation. "But there's been a total rejection of black culture," Palmer says.

"We're all caught up in integration . . . which should be a long-term ideal." What is left, to him, given the premise of white intractability will be a "kind of peaceful co-existence that will exist in separate communities." For him, talk about integration is "aimless," "long-term" and "nobody's ever seen it."

The listener has the feeling the speaker wishes it were not so.

The man from C.O.R.E. Malcolm's picture also graces a cabinet in the CORE office, at 2229 N. Broad. Three placards also hang on one wall, saying: "If the white man . . . and the black man . . . would work hand in hand. . ." That's all there is. It is a wistful contrast to the stern face of

the Black Messiah facing the placards.

"I consider," says Jim Williams, through and around a barrage of phone calls, "black power just a slogan involved in community organization. Nothing else."

He contrasts his view with that of the police generally. "They have gotten an idea that black power means black violence or a takeover or people arming themselves to start an open revolt. The danger of an open revolt is very present, and I would be a liar if I sat here and said it wasn't," but that isn't really the point, he believes. He does believe that the rights groups' use of the idea is a good thing.

"Black power's use by responsible groups . . . probably will avert its use by some other group for some other purpose," he says, pointing to organizations with candidly insurrectionist objectives, such as the Revolutionary Action Movement whose chief known spokesman, Robert Williams, was reported in one of Philadelphia's papers recently as having arrived in China, via Cuba. "But the majority of Negroes, poor and suffering, don't belong to anything. The best they might belong to is some local gang. They're their own people." Williams believes the great number of the unorganized have just as much right to discuss black power as traditional Negro organizations or leaders. "It seems to me the authorities should be very happy (that the black power dialogue is mainly in the arena of discussion) because I think CORE and SNCC, although they have been accused of being radicals, are pretty moderate compared to a lot of people I talk to in the street that don't belong to anything.

"There are some angry people out there."

To Williams, like Malcolm-disciple Palmer, they are not angry about integration.

"All Negroes are not desirous of leaving Negroes. I don't think integration really means that everybody's got to have a Negro living next door. The kind of integration I'm talking about is freedom of choice."

Black panther. On the door of the SNCC office at 521 S. 16th, just inside South Philadelphia's black belt, there is a black panther. It is, for SNCC, the universal symbol of black political power. It comes out of Alabama's Black Belt, where a top-heavy Negro population is beginning to put the third-party Black Panther organization into power in some counties. SNCC workers here would dearly like to pull a similar coup. They talk about

a third party here, claiming that the two existing parties don't pay any attention to Negroes after election day.

One SNCC leader is thin, bespectacled **George Anderson**.

Anderson is 21, he claims five feet, eleven inches, a West Philadelphia High degree and trumpet and trombone talent on a free-lance basis. (Anderson was interviewed the same day Palmer was and again while a fugitive, by phone, Saturday afternoon, August 13th, the day a 13-state alarm went out for him and two other SNCC leaders in the dynamite cases.) He is administrative coordinator of the SNCC branch here. Early last month he talked about a Philadelphia Freedom Organization, and he also talked about the Negro-run co-ops Carmichael proposed July 17th.

"If we can't form co-ops in our own neighborhoods, then those stores should just come down. Whites make their living off those black people. Now they bring food into that store that they don't eat themselves, that they wouldn't eat." If it doesn't stop, here's what SNCC would like to see happen:

"People are going to offer you such and such price for your store. If the man refuses to sell his store, then nobody in that community buys anything from that man — and that man can no longer exist in that neighborhood."

Big blast. Just when this is to start is a secret, even to SNCC. That program and its political action efforts have been unexpectedly postponed.

Shortly after midnight, Saturday, August 13th, a claimed force of some 1100 policemen descended, or stood ready to do so, on four civil rights locations in the city. Four teams, totaling 80 men, made the series of raids looking for explosives. They were armed to the teeth. That it was something of a fishing expedition is suggested, first, by the number of men involved; secondly, by the language of the warrants, which reportedly includes mention of "guns and ammunition," besides the two-and-a-half sticks of dynamite actually found; and thirdly, by the four target sites, listed inaccurately by the press as SNCC locations — only one was, in fact. (And just why the SNCC label was pasted on the four people originally arrested is unclear, given the amount of attention the police pay civil rights activists here. Only one youth of the original quartet arrested is a SNCC member.)

Hit were SNCC's South Philadelphia digs, the Northern Student Move-

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Black Power

continued

ment's Freedom Library on Ridge Avenue just below Jefferson Street and two North Philadelphia apartments. It was in the North 16th Street apartment of Freedom George Brower, the young militant "warrior", that dynamite was reportedly found. Three people, including a SNCC worker, were arrested at that apartment. Brower subsequently turned himself in. Later Saturday, 13-state-alarms went out for three more SNCC people, including young George Anderson.

Ultimately, three of the first four arrested were freed. But SNCC's Barry Dawson, plus a construction worker who reportedly supplied the dynamite, and a go-between who allegedly passed the stuff on to Dawson, were each held in a whopping \$50,000 bail. (The same amount, incidentally, for all but one of last year's Statue of Liberty-Washington Monument-Liberty Bell conspirators, although, through the first two steps in litigation, the local prosecution has not said one word, publicly, about what use was to be made of the dynamite.)

The truth of the whole matter will be a while in the telling. There has been disclosure of who was involved, but the why's trouble observers. Was there ever any conspiracy to explode the dynamite? Had the local police been looking for an excuse to move on certain rights activists here? (Deputy Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo, acting head of the department when the raids were made, and various Young Militants tangled during the Girard demonstrations, and he was eventually hanged in effigy there.) And what about the feuding inside the various civil rights groups? Did SNCC ditch the dynamite in a Young Militant's apartment? And if the authorities wanted to nail just the dynamite, why wasn't it snapped up at the SNCC office? Was SNCC used as a pigeon to try to bag other civil rights groups?

At a four-hour hearing before Judge Leo Weinrott on August 22nd, the factionalism of the young rights groups surfaced when Cecil Moore used one defendant to testify against another to get three of the original defendants' cases dismissed.

There was a bitter reaction to Moore's tactic at a City Hall Plaza rally right after the hearing, amid shouts of "black power." But if Moore lost some points with certain elements, the total effect of the raids has likely been to unify, rather than fragment, the rights people. They say it will take more than two-and-a-half sticks of dynamite to blow up black unity, no matter who did what with the ex-

plosives.

On the basis of early returns the raids seem to have welded most of the various factions together.

The Sunday morning after the raids, a "high police source" (Rizzo) told *The Inquirer* that the initial arrestees "have been active in a program to keep police under surveillance for possible brutality." According to the report, "evidence" turned up by the "vigilante committee" was to go to Federal authorities and the American Civil Liberties Union. The committee was said to be like the Community Action Patrol in the Watts section of Los Angeles.

It is difficult for civil rights workers here to understand why the authorities should object to having police activities watched. They are sensitive, too, to the fact, that the dynamite raids happened the night after the surveillance teams actually opened business. They view the raids as something more than just a coincidence, especially since some of those arrested work in the project.

The project is called "Operation Alert." The teams work in groups of four; they are armed with pencils and paper. Their goal is strictly to observe and to go to bat, on the legal front, for any victims of police excesses.

The leaders aren't secretive about the fact of the project — City Hall and police officials were among those who first received project flyers — but they are shy about disclosing the details of the operations. The reason they are shy is that they regard the police as, potentially, an enemy.

If the acting police commissioner had it in his mind to kill off "Alert," he couldn't have been wider of the mark. "Alert" was operating the night the raids were made and was expanded the following week.

With three young groups involved in it, "Alert" is becoming a unifying force for civil rights around here.

Should such a coalition grow, it could be the launching pad for more programs. There has been much talk of "black unity" around the city for a year or more; it would be ironic if it got started here because of boom-eranging dynamite raids.

Power hour. It will be some time before black power develops, no matter what the police and/or the civil rights community do or do not do about it. The confrontation of the police and rights activists goes on at a level the vast majority of black people here don't pay much attention to. Negroes in numbers will be saying "Malcolm who?" for a while yet; a dead hero, no matter how messianic,

still doesn't mean as much to welfare recipients as the mailman. That's why, for a while, portable metal swimming pools are nothing to be sniffed at.

Black power *talk* doesn't mean nearly as much to somebody like Herman Wrice as black power *action* does. Herman Wrice is 26. He has six kids. He carries about 200 pounds on a six-four frame. Last year, the Junior Chamber of Commerce nominated him man of the year. Officially, he's a community developer for the Episcopal Diocese; he is also founder and president of the Young Great Society, the largest informal organization of youth — gang — groups in the city. Baseball teams, referral services, liaison with City Hall and the courts and the police are part of daily and nightly operations, centered mainly in West Philadelphia. YGS was born 20 months ago in the echo of a shotgun blast just about a block from where that first portable metal swimming pool was installed August 10th.

Wrice doesn't have all that much use for leaders, civil rights or anybody else, if he's not a *community* man.

"It takes less effort to stand in front of a television camera (before) 80 million people and define a meaning of a word than it is to get out and chaperone block parties, clean down eye-sore streets, help an old lady get rid of rats. Our results don't show up in 10 years, they show up that same day.

"When I mean direct action, how many leaders can say, today, within two hours, I can put 500 people in the street?"

"On any given moment, within two hours' time, we can put as many people in a given situation (as) we wished."

Definitions. Right now, white Philadelphia is obsessed with the facts of a few sticks of dynamite. But nitroglycerine is not black power.

Black power is, to Herman Wrice, "getting what you go after (within) the structure in which you live."

To Walter Palmer, it's an expanding black consciousness.

To CORE's Jim Williams, it's getting the man with the rats and roaches to do his own protesting.

To Freedom George Brower and other young ones, it's policing the police.

Defining black power is pertinent and pressing, for the black community and for the white. The hour is late for coming up with an answer. Black people, even in Philadelphia, are not always going to be willing to settle for portable, metal swimming pools.

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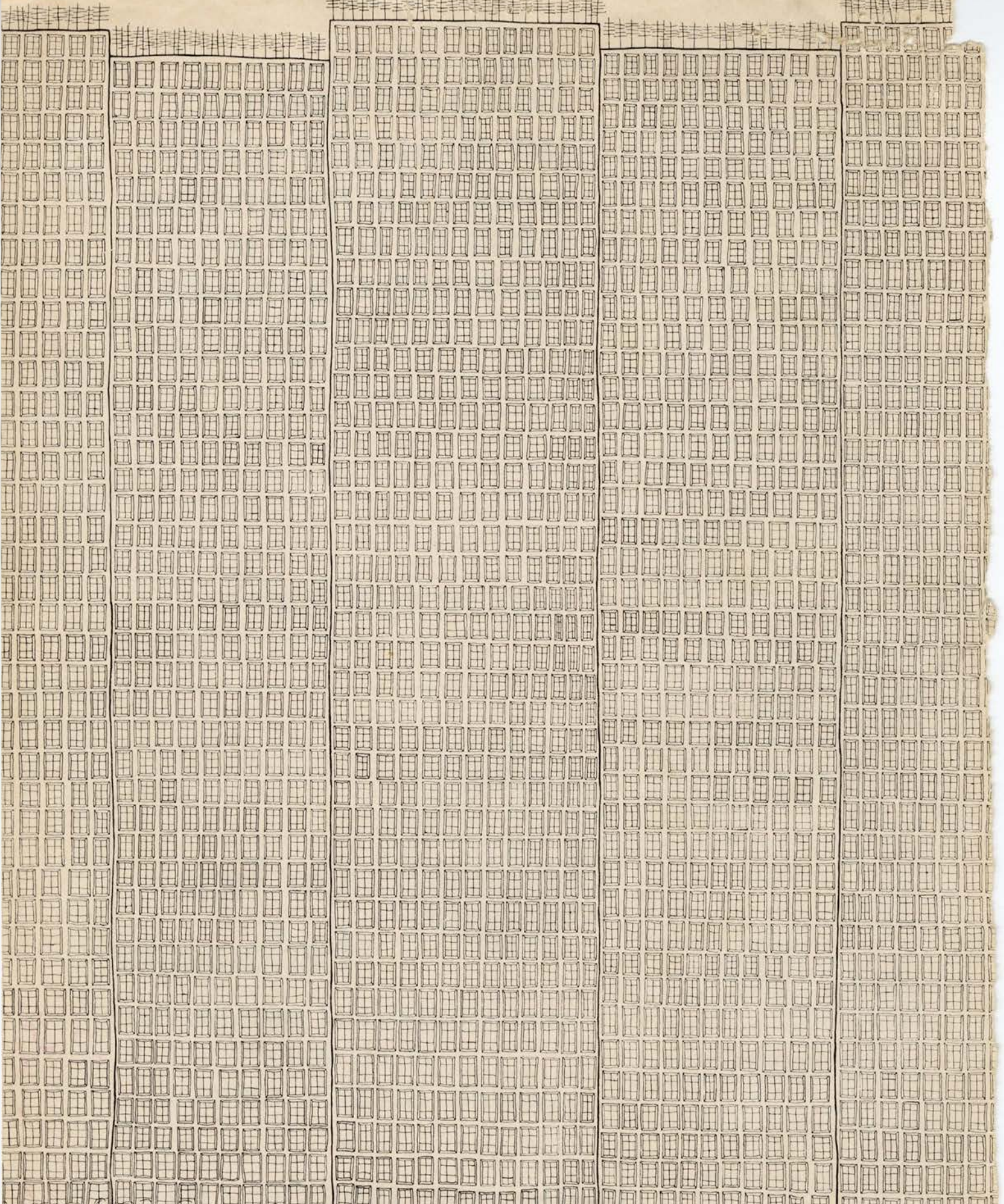
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African American

News for You

1966

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OLAS/First Conference of the Organization of Latin American
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SPEECH BY STOKELY CARMICHAEL

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We greet you as comrades because it becomes increasingly clear to us each day that we share with you a common struggle; we have a common enemy. Our enemy is white western imperialist society. (Note that we use the term white western society as opposed to white western civilization. The west has never been civilized. It has no right to speak of itself as a civilization.) Our struggle is to overthrow this system which feeds itself and expands itself through the economic and cultural exploitation of non-white, non-western peoples - the THIRD WORLD.

We share with you also a common vision of the establishment of humanistic societies in the place of those now existing. We seek with you, to change the power bases of the world, where mankind will share the resources of their nations, instead of having to give them up to foreign plunderers where civilizations can retain their cultural sovereignty instead of being forced to submit to foreign rulers who impose their own corrupt cultures on those civilizations they would dominate.

Anglo society has been nearly successful in keeping all of us, the oppressed of the third world, separated and fragmented. They do this for their survival, because if we felt our unity we would know our strength. Especially here on this continent, where the Anglo is in the minority, he has for hundreds of years succeeded in keeping all of us who are oppressed from realizing our common plight. But the call of Che Guevara for a continental struggle against a common enemy would seem to ameliorate this fragmentation among those who would resist western imperialism.

We speak with you, comrades, because we wish to make clear that we understand that our destinies are intertwined. Our world can only be the third world; our only struggle, for the third world; our only vision, of the third world.

Until recently, most African-Americans thought that the best way to alleviate their oppression was through attempts at integration into the society. If we could enjoy public accommodations in the United States (motels, hotels, restaurants, etc.) our condition would be alleviated, many of us believed.

This attitude was characteristic of the "civil rights movement" and clearly points up the bourgeois character of that "movement". Only the bourgeoisie are in a position to be concerned about public accommodations. The African-American masses, on the other hand, do not have any jobs, any housing worthy of the name decent, nor the money to enjoy restaurants, hotels, motels, etc. The "civil rights movement" did not actively involve the masses, because it did not speak to the needs of the masses.

Nonetheless, the "civil rights movement" was a beginning and because its aims met resistance throughout the U.S.A., depths of racism heretofore unrecognized were laid bare. It has been thought that the aims of the "civil rights movement" would be easily realizable, because the United States' Constitution supported them. But thousands of African-Americans were jailed, intimidated, beaten, and some murdered for agitating for those rights guaranteed by the Constitution, but only available to whites.

Eventually, the United States Congress passed a Civil Rights Bill and a Voting Rights Bill, assuring us of those rights for which we had been agitating. By this time, however, more and more of us were realizing that our problems would not be solved by the enacting of these laws.

In fact, these laws did not begin to speak to our problems. Our problems were an inherent part of the capitalist system and therefore could not be alleviated within that system.

The African-American masses had been outside the "civil rights movement." For four years they watched to see if any significant changes would come from the non-violent demonstrations. It became clear to us that nothing would change and in the summer of 1964, only a couple of weeks after the civil Rights Bill was passed, the first of what is now over 100 rebellions occurred. The following year, the same year that the Voting Rights Bill was enacted, one of the largest rebellions occurred in WATTS. These rebellions were violent uprisings in which African-Americans exchanged gunfire with policemen and Army troops, burned down stores and took from the stores those commodities that are rightfully our's - food and clothing - and which we never had. These rebellions are increasing with intensity and frequency each year until now practically every major city has seen us rise to say, we will seize the day or be killed in the attempt.

The "Civil rights movement" could never attract and hold the young bloods who clearly understood the savagery of white

United States and who are ready to meet this savagery with armed resistance. It is the "Young Bloods" who contain especially the hatred Che Guevara speaks of when he says, "Hatred as an element of the struggle, relentless hatred of the enemy that impels us over and beyond the natural limitations of man and transforms us into effective, violent, selected and cold killing machine." The black power movement has been the catalyst for the bringing together of these young bloods: the real revolutionary proletariat ready to fight by any means necessary for the liberation of our people. In exposing the extent of racism and exploitation which permeates all institutions in the United States, the black power movement has unique appeal to young black students on campuses across the country. These students have been deluded by the fiction that exists in white North America that if the black man would educate himself and behave himself he would be acceptable enough to leave the ranks of the oppressed and join white society. This year, when provoked by savage white policement, students on many campuses fought back, whereas before they had accepted these incidents without rebellion. As students are a part of these rebellions they begin to acquire a resistance consciousness. They begin to realize that white North America might let a very few of them escape one by one into the mainstream of her society - but as soon as blacks move in concert around their blackness - she will reply with a fury which reveals her true racist nature.

We are moving to control our African-American communities as you are moving to wrest control of your countries., of the entire Latin Continent, from the hands of foreign imperialist powers. Therefore there is only one course open to us. We must change North America so that the economy and politics of the country will be in the hands of the people. Our particular concern is our people, African-Americans. But it is clear that a community based on the community ownership of all resources could not exist within the present capitalist framework. For the total transformation to take place, whites must see the struggle that we're engaged in as being their own struggle. At the present time, they do not. Even though the white worker is exploited, he sees his own best interest lying with the power structure. Because of the racist nature of this country, we cannot work in white communities, but have asked those whites who work with us to go into their own communities to begin propagandizing and organizing. When the white workers realize their true condition, then there will exist the possibilities for alliances between ourselves and them.

However, we cannot wait for this to happen, or despair if it does not happen. The struggle we are engaged in is international. We well know what happens in Viet Nam affects our struggle here and what we do affects the struggle of the

Vietnamese people. This is even more apparent when we look at ourselves not as African-Americans of the United States, but as African-Americans of the Americas. At the present moment, the power structure has sown the seeds of hate and discord between African-Americans and Spanish-speaking people in the large cities where they live. In the State of California, Mexican-Americans and Spanish-speaking people comprise almost 50% of the population, yet the two view each other with suspicion and sometimes, outright hostility. We recognize this as the old trick of "divide and conquer" and we are working to see that it does not succeed this time. Last week Puerto Ricans and blacks took the streets together in New York City to fight against the police, which demonstrates success in this area. Our destiny cannot be separated from the destiny of the Spanish-speaking people in the United States and of the Americas. Our victory will not be achieved unless they celebrate their liberation side by side with us. For it is not their struggle, but our struggle. We have already pledged ourselves to do what we are asked to aid the struggle for the independence of Puerto Rico, to free it from domination by United States business and military interests. And we look upon Cuba as a shining example of hope in our hemisphere. We do not view our struggle as being contained within the boundaries of the United States as they are defined by present day maps. Instead we look to the day when a true United States of America will extend from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska, when those formerly oppressed will stand together, a liberated people.

Our people are a colony within the United States; you are colonies outside the United States. It is more than a figure of speech to say that the black communities in America are the victims of white imperialism and colonial exploitation. This is in practical economic and political terms true. There are over 30 million of us in the United States. For the most part we live in sharply defined areas in the rural black belt areas and shanty towns of the South, and more and more in the slums of the northern and western industrial cities. It is estimated that in another 5 to 10 years, 2/3rds of our 30 million will be in the ghettos-in the heart of the cities. Joining us are the hundreds and thousands of Puerto-Ricans, Mexican-American and American Indian populations. The American city is in essence populated by people of the third world, while the white middle-class flee the cities to the suburbs.

In these cities we do not control our resources. We do not control the land, the houses or the stores. There are owned by whites who live outside the community. These are real colonies as their capital and cheap labor are exploited by those

who live outside the cities. White power makes the laws and enforces those laws with guns and night-sticks in the hands of white racist policemen and black mercenaries. The capitalist system gave birth to these black enslaves and formally articulated the terms of their colonial and dependent status as was done, for example, by the apartheid government of ~~Tazania~~ which the U. S. keeps alive by its support. The struggle for black power in this country is the struggle to free these colonies from external domination. But we do not seek to create communities where in place of white rulers, black rulers control the lives of black masses and where black money goes into a few black pockets: we want to see it go into the communal pocket. The society we seek to build among black people is not an oppressive capitalist society, for capitalism by its very nature cannot create structures free from exploitation. We are fighting for the redistribution of wealth and for the end of private property inside the United States.

The question that may be asked is how does the struggle to free these internal colonies relate to your struggle to destroy imperialism. We realistically survey our numbers and know that it is not possible for black people to take over the entire country militarily and hold large areas of land.

In a highly industrialized nation the struggle is different. The heart of production and the heart of commercial trade is in the cities. We are in the cities. With our rebellions we have become a disruptive force in the flow of services, goods and capital.

Since 1966, the cry of the rebellions has been "Black Power". In this cry, there was an ideology implied which the masses understood instinctively. It is because we are powerless that we are oppressed and it is only with power that we can make the decisions governing our lives and our communities. Those who have power have everything; those who are without power have nothing. Without power we have to beg for what is rightfully ours. With power we will take our birthright because it was with power that our birthright was taken from us.

Black Power is more than a slogan; it is a way of looking at our problems and the beginning of a solution to them. It attacks racism and exploitation, the horns of the bull that seek to gore us.

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Black Power is more than a slogan; it is a way of looking at our problems and the beginning of a solution to them. It attacks racism and exploitation, the horns of the bull that seek to gore us.

The United States is a racist country. From its very beginning it has built itself upon the subjugation of colored people. The Europeans who settled the United States systematically stole the land and destroyed the native population, the Indians, forcing them eventually onto reservations where they live today, a mere 0.3% of the total population. And at the same time the United States was waging genocide against the Indians, it was raping the African continent of its natives and bringing them to the Americas to work as slaves.

To enslave another human being, one needs a justification and the United States has always found this justification in proclaiming the superiority of whites and the inferiority of non-whites. We are called "niggers"; Spanish-speaking people are called "spicks"; the Chinese, "chinks"; the Vietnams, "gooks". By dehumanizing us and all others of color, it therefore becomes just, in the mind of the white man, that we should be enslaved, exploited and oppressed.

However, it becomes even easier to keep a man a slave when he himself can be convinced that he is inferior. How much easier it is to keep a man in chains by making him believe his own inferiority! As long as he does, he will keep himself in chains. As long as a slave allows himself to be defined as a slave by the master, he will be a slave, even if the master dies.

This technique has been successfully practiced not only against us, but wherever people have been enslaved, oppressed and exploited. We can see it happening today in the schools of large U. S. cities where Puerto Rican and Mexican children are not allowed to speak Spanish and are taught nothing of their country and their history. It is apparent in many African countries, where one is not considered educated unless he has studied in France and speaks French.

Black power attacks this brain-washing by saying, WE WILL DEFINE OURSELVES. We will no longer accept the white man's definition of ourselves as ugly, ignorant and uncultured. We will recognize our own beauty and our own culture and will no longer be ashamed of ourselves, for a people ashamed of themselves cannot be free.

Because our color has been used as a weapon to oppress us, we must use our color as a weapon of liberation. This is the same as other people using their nationality as a weapon for their liberation.

Black Power recognizes that while we are made to feel inferior, this is only so that we may be more easily exploited. Even if we destroy racism, we would not necessarily destroy exploitation. Thus, we must constantly launch a two-pronged attack; we must constantly keep our eyes on both of the bull's horns.

Color and culture were and are key in our oppression, therefore our analysis of history and our economic analysis are rooted in these concepts. Our historical analysis, for example, views the United States as being conceived in racism. Although the first settlers themselves were escaping from oppression, and although their armed uprising against their mother country was around the aggravations of colonialism, "taxation without representation," etc. The white European settlers could not extend their lofty theories of democracy to the Indian, whom they systematically exterminated as they expanded into the interior of the country. Indeed in that same town where the settlers set up their model of government based on the theory of representative democracy in that same town the first slaves were brought from Africa.

In our economic analysis our interpretation of Marx comes not only from his writings, but from how we see capitalism's relationships to people of color. The labor movement of the United States, while in the beginning containing some great leaders in the struggle, against the absolute control of the economy by the industrial lords, essentially fought only for more money. Those few who had the vision of extending the fight for workers control of production, never succeeded in transmitting their entire vision to the rank and file. This labor found itself asking the industrial lords not to give up their control but merely to pass out a few more of the fruits of this control. Unlike us, they do not raise questions of redistributing the wealth inside the U. S.

Thereby, did the U. S. anticipate the prophecy of Marx and avoided the inevitable class struggle within the country by expanding into the third world and exploiting the resources and slave labor of people of color. U. S. capitalists never cut down on their domestic profits to share with the workers. Instead they expanded internationally and threw the bones of their profits to the American working class. The American working class enjoys the fruits of the labors of the third world workers. The proletariat has become the third world; the bourgeoisie is white western society.

The true potential revolutionaries in this country are the black youths of the ghettos, those who have developed insurgence in the cities are African-American and Latin communities where past rebellions have taught important lessons in dealing with the governments' armed reaction to our uprisings.

These rebellions should not be taken lightly. In the past three years, there have been over 100 uprisings in the internal colonies of the United States. These are no doubt reported to you as "minor disturbances initiated by a few malcontents". These are major rebellions with numbers of participants who are developing a consciousness of resistance.

It is with increasing concern that we see the United States will by any means necessary attempt to prevent the liberation struggles sweeping across the third world, but in particular we know that the United States fears most the liberation struggle on this continent. In order to secure itself geographically, the United States must have Latin America, both economically, politically and culturally. It will not do for the Anglo's to be isolated on a continent of hostiles.

Black Power not only addresses itself to exploitation, but to the problem of cultural integrity. Wherever imperialism has gone, she has imposed her culture by force on other people's, forcing them to adopt her language and way of life. When African slaves were brought to this country, the Anglo saw that if he took away the language of the African, he broke one of the bonds which kept them united and struggling. Africans were forbidden to speak to each other in their own language. If they were found doing so, they were savagely beaten into silence. Western society has always understood the importance of language to a peoples' cultural consciousness and integrity. When it has moved into the Third World, it has moved to impose its own language. In Puerto Rico, where Yankee cultural imposition is at its height, English is taught in all high schools for 3 years, while Spanish is taught for 2 years.

Anglos society learned other valuable lessons from the enslavement of Africans in this country. If you separate a man's family, as was done to the slaves, you again weaken his resistance. But carry the separation further. Take a few of the weaker slaves and treat them as house pets, the

lighter skinned slaves (the offspring of the master's rape of the African woman) was preferred. Give him the crumbs from the master's table and cast-off clothing and soon he will fear to lose these small comforts. Then use his fears by getting him to report on the activities of the bad slaves, report the impending revolts and uprisings. Distrust and dissent is created among the Africans, and thus, they will fight among themselves instead of uniting to fight their oppressors.

Today's descendents of African slaves brought to America have been separated from their cultural and national roots. Black children are not taught of the glory of African civilization in the history of mankind; they are instead taught about Africa: the dark continent inhabited by man-eating savages. They are not taught of the thousands of black martyrs who died resisting the white slave masters. They are not taught of the numerous uprisings and revolts where hundreds of brave Africans refused to submit to slavery. Instead, their history books read of "happy slaves singing in their fields...content with their new lives". Those "few" slaves who did resist are called "trouble-makers", "malcontents", or "crazy".

Black children in North America grow up aspiring only to enter white society-not only because white society eats better, is housed and clothes better and can make a better living. But also because they have been bombarded by the white-controlled communications media and educated by black teachers with white minds (our petty Yankees) that white IS better, white is beautiful. Anglo features, manner of speech and aspirations are to be acquired if one is to be successful, even WITHIN the black community. The white man hardly needs to police his colonies within this country for he has plundered the cultures and enslaved the minds of the people of color until their resistance is paralyzed by self-hate.

An important fight in the third world therefore is the fight for cultural integrity. Wherever western society has gone, as Frantz Fanon tells us, she has imposed through force her culture.

Through force and bribery (the giving of a few crumbs to a few petty Yankees) the people of a conquered country begin

to believe that western culture is better than their own. The young people begin to put aside the richness of their native culture to take on the tinsel of western culture. They become ashamed of their roots and inevitably can only be trapped in a life of self-hate and private pursuit for self-gain. Thus does the West entrap whole peoples with little resistance.

One of our major battles is to root our corrupt Western values and our resistance cannot prevail unless our cultural integrity is restored and maintained.

It is from our people's history, therefore, that we know our struggles and your struggles are the same. We have difficulty getting the information we need on what is happening in your countries. In so many ways we are illiterate of your heroes, your battles and your victories.

We are working now to increase the consciousness of the African-American so it will extend internationally. The U. S. fears this more than anything else. Not only because such a consciousness would destroy within black communities the minority complex so carefully cultivated by the Anglos, but because it knows that if the black man realized that the counter-insurgency efforts of this country are directed against his brother, he will not go, he cannot go. Then it will become crystal clear to the world that the imperialist wars are racist wars.

During the past year we have instituted a black resistance to the draft movement, not only because we are against black men fighting their brothers in Viet Nam, but also because we are certain that the next Viet Nam will be on this continent. Perhaps, Bolivia, where there are now "special forces advisors", perhaps Guatemala, Brazil, Peru or the Dominican Republic.

The African-American has tried for the past 400 years to peacefully exist inside the country. It has been to no avail. Our history demonstrates that the reward for trying to peacefully co-exist has been physical and psychological murder of our people. We have been lynched, our houses have been bombed and our churches burned. We are now being shot down in the streets like dogs by white racist policemen. And we can no longer accept this oppression without retribution. We must join those who are for armed struggle around the world. We understand that as we expand our resistance

and internationalize the consciousness of our people as our martyred brother Malcolm X taught us, retaliation from the government will come to us as it did to him.

As the resistance struggle escalates we are well aware of the reality of Che Guevara's words that the "struggle will not be a mere street fight...but will be long and harsh". In the end our common brotherhood sustains us all as we fight for our liberation by any means necessary.

But Black Power means that we see ourselves as part of the Third World; that we see our struggle as closely related to liberation struggles around the world. We must hook up with these struggles. We must, for example, ask ourselves, when black people in Africa begin to storm Johannesburg, when Latin Americans revolt, what will be the role of the U.S. and that of African-Americans. It seems inevitable that this nation will move to protect its financial interests in South Africa and Latin America which means protecting white rule in these countries. Black people in the United States then have the responsibility to oppose, at least, to neutralize, that effort by the United States.

This is but one example of many such situations which have already arisen around the world, with more to come. There is only one place for black Americans in these struggles, and that is on the side of the Third World. Frantz Fanon, in "The Wretched of The Earth", puts forth clearly the reasons for this and the relationship of the concept of a new force in the world:

"Let us decide not to imitate Europe; let us try to create the whole man, whom Europe has been incapable of bringing to triumphant birth.

Two centuries ago, a former European colony decided to catch up with Europe. It succeeded so well that the United States of America became a monster, in which the taints, the sickness and the inhumanity of Europe have grown to appalling dimensions...

"The Third World today faces Europe like a colossal mass whose aim should be to try to resolve the problems to which Europe has not been able to find the answers:..

It is a question of the Third World starting a new history

of Man, a history which will have regard to the sometimes prodigious thesis, which Europe has put forward, but which will also not forget Europe's crimes, of which the most horrible was committed in the heart of Man, and consisted of the pathological tearing apart of his functions and the crumbling away of his unity.

No, there is no question of a return to nature. It is simply a very concrete question of not dragging men towards mutilation, of not imposing upon the brain rhythms which very quickly obliterate it and wreck it. The pretext of catching up must not be used to push man around, to tear him away from himself or from his privacy, to break and kill him.

No, we do not want to catch up with anyone. What we want to do is go forward all the time, night and day, in the company of Man, in the company of all men...

(This was the major speech given by Stokely Carmichael in Cuba. Most of us who read the daily newspapers can see that most of the things said about Stokely while in Cuba were definitely taken out of context.) Editor.

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EXTERMINATION--is it conceivable? resistible?

TREBLINKA, by Jean-Francois Steiner. Simon & Schuster, 415 pp. \$5.95

THEY FOUGHT BACK, by Yuri Suhl, Crown Publishers, 326 pp. \$5.96

A million children. Five million adults. Jews.....

All killed in two years in six sets of "ovens": Auschwitz, Majdanek, Sobibor, Belsec, Chelmo-- and Treblinka. And they died with out even the grunts of hogs being led down the killing ramp at Cuda-hy or the bleats of the lambs soaking in the pit at Swift and Company.

Is this a myth? Did this happen? What kind of persons could let this happen to them without a struggle? Sh'ma Yisroel!

The sabras, young Jews raised in Israel, have asked this question and expressed contempt for the European Jews by asserting: "We are not related." Yet, the sabras are related and feel a shame, and part of the fury they invoked in the present Arab-Israeli war was to prove that Jews can fight.

The authors of Treblinka and They Fought Back state that there is no reason for shame, that Jews did fight back, and fought well, when it was possible. The two books should be read, and read together--Treblinka first because of its realism. It devotes its hundreds of pages to a description of life and revolt at one of the "extermination centers." At times the book is so vivid

your nose will twitch from the stench of smoking bodies coming from the low building in No. 2 Section of the camp. They Fought Back should be read last, because one then transfers imagery to the 33 accounts in this anthology of struggles by Jews throughout the German "empire".

Acceptance of the authors' conclusion that Jews fought when it was possible comes only when one understands what they mean by the word "possible." Flippantly, one can easily assert that such a struggle against extermination is always possible because "you've got nothing to lose, you can only die once." "And the streets are as good a place to die as Auschwitz, Harlem is as good as Saigon, the Wayne County Jail is as good as an Arizona 'Relocation Camp'."

WAS STRUGGLE POSSIBLE?

The Authors suggest that struggle was not "possible" because for a long time few could be convinced of the necessity of such a struggle against extermination. The idea of extermination of Jews in the areas controlled by Germans is fantastic in the context of the times. The Western culture is logical. What logical reason would the Germans have to kill all Jews? That would be a waste

of manpower. Gen, head of the Judenrat of Vilna, Lithuania (Judenrat is the puppet government in Jewish ghettos, which in exchange for privileges, carried out the dictates of the Germans, including delivery of Jews to the railroad for the "trips east"), expressed this view ably:

"It is our duty to prove that the prejudice about our unfitness to work is fundamentally false. We must prove that we are indispensable to war production, and that it would be impossible to replace us under present wartime conditions."

It was not possible for Jews to resist because they could not believe in a "final solution." To believe such would require one to act. Jews, for the most part, in the ghetto, had no faith that any act that they could perform would be meaningful to save life. And for Jews survival is more than a desire; it is a duty.

In the early stages of extermination, before the "ovens," the Germans had carried out extermination of 30,000 Jews from the area of Vilna. Pessia Aronovich miraculously escaped death because the bullet, instead of going into her head, hit her arm. At the risk of life she dragged herself back to the ghetto to warn her people. A lawyer, upon getting the word, was against informing the people. "Why creat an atmosphere of panic?" said the barrister. "We are here to reasure the people and encourage them."

Even after months in the extermination camp, herding other Jews to their death, some of the Jewish workers rejected the concept of total extermination.

If it is still difficult for you to understand that the European Jew could disbelieve the concept of extermination imagine the following: Tomorrow a team of persons tells all of the blacks in Watts: 5,000 shotguns have been issued to the police and each man has been given 100 rounds of shells. These shells contain lead pellets the size of marbles which will cut a body in half at 100 yards. Their plan is to take advantage of the slightest incident, call it a riot, surround the ghetto, and then walk through it shooting every black dog, black hat, black cat and black person they can see. How would you react?

Sound impossible and improbable? It may be a fact. Published reports state that such arming of the Los Angeles police has already occurred.

The Germans knew about reports to the ghetto by eyewitnesses of the slaughtering, and of the ghetto's disbelief. They used this information. People were loaded into freight cars and merely told that they were being "resettled in the R st." For days they'd travel with no water and food, forced to sleep in their own droppings, and then blandly get off the cars, walk into buildings to strip for a "shower," a natural part of their trip to "resettle in the East." In the "shower" they

were bathed with gas.

These acts were done in co-operation with the Germans in the same trusting manner with which some 100,000 Japanese-Americans trudged into Arizona RElocation Centers" in 1941; the Jews entered the "baths" with the same unconcern which characterized the 3,500 blacks who sat in First Baptist Church, Montgomery, Ala., on May 20, 1961, when the Freedom Riders were passing through. They joked and fanned while 800 National Guard troops fixed bayonets, snapped clips of bullets into the Garands, took off the safety catches, encircled the blacks inside the church, then turned and pointed bayonets and bullets at the black bellies encircled. The blacks had been attacked earlier by white mobs of friends and relatives of the National Guardsmen--and perhaps the Guardsmen themselves.

JEWS WITHOUT GUNS

It was not possible for the Jews to resist because they had no guns. A whole village would be without one shotgun. Few Jews had ever fired a gun. Because they were not wanted, it was easy for Jews to avoid military service. (This relationship to guns is largely true of the Jewish population in America today.)

It was not possible for the Jew to resist extermination because the world gave no hope that any course other than extermination of Jews was desirable. A leader of the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto spoke this indictment:

"The world is silent. The world knows; it is not possible that it doesn't know. But the world is silent. God's representative in the Vatican is silent. London and Washington are silent; the Jews in America are silent.

This silence is astonishing and horrible."

America wanted the Jews killed. All the Brandeises, Frankfurters, Goldbergs and Fortases on the Supreme Court don't disprove this fact. This is no news, nor is it a secret. How else does one explain names like Greenberg becoming "Green" and "Weichbrods" becoming "White", and the money paid to plastic surgeons by persons seeking to rid themselves of what they think of as a "Jewish face"?

At a time when American bombers roamed and controlled Europe's skies the way cops in squad cars control Harlem's Lenox Avenue, Chaim Weizman, Zionist leader of some note, pointed out the location of extermination camps and begged the American Air Force generals to merely bomb the rail lines from Hungary to the Death Camps. The answer was a rude "No!"

The Air Force and the Supreme Allied Command, under that soon-to-become president, Gen. Eisenhower, did not care. And they didn't need locations pointed out to them. The pyres burned almost every night and "the fires and smoke could be seen for 30 kilometers (about 25 miles)."

READ OR RELIVE

These two books should be read. Only those who bear the tattooed numbers on their arms and those who emotionally cannot accept the hard, cold truth of the butchering of a whole people should avoid them. Any black person who doesn't read Treblinka--who is capable of reading and can get access to the book--is a damned fool, one destined to relive, to some degree, the agony of the European Jew of the 1940s.

Is this true?

Think about it. The destruction of 6 million Jews by the Germans by the Germans, while America and the world looked in the opposite direction, is nothing but the story of what any country will do when it has millions of identifiable people who are economically and politically surplus.

Guess who is surplus--and identifiable-- in the ghettos of the United States.

--LEN HOLT

Len Holt is a black civil rights attorney, speaker, and author of two books, Art of Conscience, Beacon Press, and The Summer That Didn't End, Morrow.

(Reprint from National Guardian-July 22, 1967.)

1966
by Norman Jordan

A man
who is afraid
to die
for his freedom
is
already dead.

I'M MIDDLE CLASS NOW

After years of struggling, the day is here

I'm a white collar worker, so there's nothing

To fear.

I now eat broiled steaks and the finest cut meat

No more hog malls, chitterlings or pig feet.

Episcopalian is now my new belief

Holy Roller no more, Wow! What a relief.

My vocabulary is articulate and proper now

Splitting verbs, using slang, I've forgotten how!

To my token job, with brief case and pipe

And my blond secretary who cannot type.

The ballet now is apropos, for the opera house

Is the place to go, and to the theatre there the evening

I'll spend, for no more jamming at "Noah's Dew Drop Inn"

Not to the ghetto, but to my middle class home

With two baths, a swimming pool and three telephones

With my two-car garage on top of a hill

To hold my white four-door Cadillac Coupe DeVille

To the golf course but first, to get my suede coat

Then to the mail box, to get out the letters.

Surprisingly I find that its stuffed with repossession notes.

Back to the house to find a middle class rope!

Dezi and Beni

(SNCC Communications Department staff)

THE U. S. CHEMICAL WAR IN SOUTH VIET-NAM

In defiance of all human ethics and universal indignation, the United States has, in its war of aggression against Vietnam, been resorting to chemical warfare on an ever larger scale.

Countless are the lives and property of the Vietnamese people which has been destroyed in a most barbarous manner' Their abominable crimes must be exposed to public opinion and to the conscience of progressive peoples!

How does the United States carry out its chemical warfare in South Vietnam?

Poisons, noxious chemicals, combat gases, napalm, phosphorus, all these have been used in the hope of subduing the patriotic South Vietnamese people.

1/ Poisoning of Civilians.

Following is a typical case that the Vietnamese people will never forget: On Dec., 1958, the U. S. and the Ngo Dinh Diem puppet authorities poisoned at a time 6,000 patriots among them many women, detained at Phu Loi prison camp (Thu Dau Mot province). A few hours after the poisoned meal, the affected people suffered terrible pains and convulsions. The weak ones died at once. The other made a desperate effort toward the door shouting for help but fell exhausted. Corpses were laying pell-mell on the plank beds in the prison camp.

Thous the U. S. Diem authorities did their best to conceal their crime, the French paper "La Tribune des Nations" clearly exposed it in its January 6, 1959 issue: It "Was Ho Van Tan who was trained in counter-intelligence in the United States of America who carried out this horrid exploit of mass murder through poisoning at Phu Loi prison camp: 1,000 dead, 4,000 seriously ill out of 6,000 political prisoners. This is an act of revenge, obviously the biggest, against former resistance members since the implementation of the Geneva Agreements"

The Phu Loi massacre was denounced by the whole human kind. Nevertheless, "He will die as he lived", the U. S. and their henchmen continued to use poisons in many other parts in South Vietnam.

In February 1961, at Long My village, Giong Trom district, Ben Tre province, they stealthily put poison in the drinking water of a pioneer song and dance group. Two of them died, many others were seriously affected.

They mixed poison with salt then sold it to the population as in the January 1963 case, when three grocers from Phuoc Hoa village, Cho On province, discovered it in the salt the U. S. had distributed to them for sale. When they brought the salt to the authorities and complained, these admitted that the U. S. advisers poisoned the salt to kill the Vietcong (i.e. the South Vietnamese people).

Recently, to mass murder the people, to aggravate the terror-stricken atmosphere and to create social disorder, they have dropped from the air colorful plastic bags of poisoned sweets. In the same manner, in February 1966, they killed 20 children at Binh Dai district, Ben Tre province. There are cases of Americans distributing, themselves, poisoned sweets to children, e.g.: On August 5, 1966, at Cam Nai village, Noi An province, 3 children died and many others were seriously ill.

2/ Destroying of Corps, Poisoning of Civilians with Toxic Chemicals:

Together with the "State-Taylor Plan" aiming at "pacifying South Vietnam within 18 months, the U. S. has since 1961 been resorting to toxic chemicals to destroy crops, causing terror and famine in the hope of forcing the South Vietnamese into concentration camps named "strategic hamlets."

In August 1961, U. S. planes sprayed toxic chemicals on "Village No. 1", Binh Thuan province. It was a kind of powder coming down in the form of a cloud. 5 hectares of ripening rice were completely destroyed. Following this, the U. S. continued to spray toxic chemicals over 10 other localities in 6 provinces of South Central Vietnam. The result of the 11 sprayings of toxic chemicals during the three months ending 1961 were: 560 hectares of paddy-field, orchard and forest were destroyed, 182 people affected and 120 domestic animals killed.

To effectively serve their policy of mass concentration and setting up of "strategic hamlets: from 1962 to 1964, they yearly intensified the spraying of toxic chemicals on extensive areas in South Central Vietnam and South Vietnam. The acreage of paddy-field and orchard as well as the number of people poisoned, domestic animals killed have been increasing manifold year after year.

According to preliminary data published by the Health Service of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation, the number of provinces affected by noxious chemicals in 1965 amounted to 26 (3/5 of South Vietnam provinces), the damaged superficies reached 700,000 hectares (acres), and 146,274 people were poisoned, 13 times as many as in 1964 and 800 times as in 1961.

In the 1965-66 dry season (I), spraying of poisonous chemicals had been intensified in many places, from the 17th Parallel to the Cape of Ca Mau. Many a time U. S. aircraft released ballons containing noxious chemicals, or after spraying noxious chemicals, dropped explosive, napalm bombs designed to cause a maximum of deaths and destruction. For 4 days on December 14, 17, 21 and 22, 1965, U. S. aircraft repeatedly sprayed noxious chemicals on Long Tuyen, Giai Xuan, My Khann villages (Chau Thann district, Can Tho province), Tan Thoi, Phuoc Thoi and Thoi and Dong villages (O Mon district, Can Tho province) which are populous areas with fertile paddy-fields and luxuriant orchards. 11,020 hectares of paddy-fields and orchards were completely ravaged. 40,015 other hectares of paddy-fields and orchards were seriously affected. Tens of thousands of people were poisoned. The victims in the three hamlets Binh Lac, Binh Nhut and Bin Yen alone in Long Tuyen village, with a population of nearly 9,000, counted 14 people killed (1 old man, 3 women and 10 children) (260 people seriously poisoned (continual) vomitings, diarrheas with blood in the stools) and nearly 8,000 people slightly affected (dizziness, headache, continual vomitings) nearly 100% people were poisoned.

For eleven days running between January 9 and 19, 1966, many U. S. aircraft sprayed noxious chemicals on Long Dien Dong, Long Dien Tay and An Trach villages, Gia Rai district, Bac Liou province. On January 19, 1966, after spraying noxious chemicals on Long Dien Tay village, U.S. aircraft repeatedly poured explosive and napalm bombs on dwelling houses, ricefields and orchards. Long Dien Tay village was blanketed with poisonous chemicals, fire and smoke. Mrs. Truong Thi Den's family was among thousands of families victims of U.S. atrocities. Her husband had an eye gouged out. Her son, 10-years old, had his right hand completely burned off and there remained only two fingers on his left hand. She herself had half her face burned, all her ten fingers burned off and her body all covered with serious burns.

As their attempt to "turn defeat into victory" in the so-called "dry season counter-offensive", has been shattered, the U.S.'s ruthless nature became more transparent. Over these last months, they have been frenziedly spraying noxious chemicals on many provinces in South Central Vietnam, such as Thua Thien, Quang Nam, Farlac, Bing Dinh, Binh Thuan.

(I) In the 1965-66 dry season (between November 1965 and March 1966) after direct massive dispatch of 210,000 troops of the U. S. and its satellites to South Vietnam, General Westmoreland mustered a considerable force for the dry season counter-offensive in an attempt to regain the initiative and turn "defeat into victory", but he sustained a complete failure. 114,000 enemy troops were annihilated including 45,000 troops of the U.S. and its satellites.

The Tay Nguyen high plateau and many provinces in South Vietnam proper such as Bien Hoa, Thu Dai Mot, Tay Ninh, Tay An, Vinh Long, Can Tho, Nach Gia, Ca Mau and especially Ben Tre.

Recently, on September 22, 1966, they cynically sprayed noxious chemicals on the souther part of demilitarized zone, and on September 18, 1966, on Cha Li, A Chooc hamlets in Nuong Lap, a village of the minority people located in the northern part of the demilitarized zone.

The "New York Times" on July 26, 1966, revealed that in 1966, the U. S. intended to destroy an acreage of land equal to that of all the lands ruined the previous years put together. And on September 9, 1966, the Saigon correspondent of the "New York Times" wrote that since the beginning of this year, the U. S. has used 6 big C-123 planes, especially equipped, to spray 1,324,480 gallons of noxious chemicals on 530,872 acres of land and the forthcoming U. S. plan envisages the utilization of 18 C-123's three times as many as previously.

The same correspondent further reported that U. S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge commanded himself the spraying of noxious chemicals and directly "ratified the plan of each operation".

3/ Massacre of Civilians by Poison Gases:

In the years 1963-64, the U. S. aggressors many a time fired shells or dropped bombs containing gases on a certain number of villages in Ben Tre, Go Cong, Can Tho, Ca Mau, Phu Yen and Quang Nam provinces.

Since the end of 1964, to retrieve the repeated reverses of the puppet army commanded by them and to cope with the mounting anti-U.S. tide in South Vietnam, cities, the U. S. aggressors have been intensifying, alongside with the spraying of noxious chemicals the use of combat gases on an ever larger scale.

In early 1965, for three days running, January 25, 26, 27, 1965, U. S. aircraft intensified sprayings of noxious chemicals on Phu Lac hamlet, Phu Yen province and dropped explosive and napalm bombs, causing heavy losses to the local population. Poison gases alone killed 80 people and hundreds of others were seriously affected, most of them old people, women and children.

The U. S.'s crimes have aroused great indignation among world public opinion. The U.S. military spokesman in Saigon admitted on March 22, 1965 that gases had been used for weeks and on many occasions (AP, March 22, 1965). Later on, U. S. Defense Secretary McNamara himself had to convene a press conference in which he showed a coloured catalogue of the Federal Laboratories' Chemical Factories which sell various kinds of riot gases ("Newsweek", April 5, 1965). McNamara told a lie when

asserting that gases used in South Vietnam were but tear gases which were non-lethal. But he could convince nobody. The following day, State Secretary Dean Rusk denied that the U. S. had started chemical warfare in South Vietnam and added that poison gases would not be used in normal actions ("Newsweek").

The war criminals' deceitful denials cannot dupe anybody but only aggravate their crimes.

When raiding Vinh Quang hamlet, Tuy Phuoc district, Binh Quinh province, on September 5, 1965, a U. S. marine corps commanded by Li-utenant Colonel Leon Utter emptied 48 toxic gas canisters into the people's houses and shelters, killing 35 people on the spot and seriously poisoned 19 others. Among the victims were 28 children, 26 women, including 18 old women. A seven-member family were blinded or tragically killed by toxic gas.

On September 8, 1965, only three days after the Vinh Quang raid, U. S. soldiers threw toxic grenades into the people's shelters in Ba Lang An, Quang Ngai province, killing 78 civilians at the same time.

In the October 6, 1965 raid in the south east of Ben Cat, Thu Dau Mot province, U. S. para-brigade 173 and a number of Australian units were equipped with gas masks. According to AFP on October 8, 1965, they got the "permission" from Westmoreland himself to use the CN and the CS type toxic gas. Since then toxic gas has been considered as a "basic weapon" of U. S. troops in South Vietnam and the use of toxic gas in attacks has been openly intensified.

In the January 2, 1966 raid on Bau Trai area, Cho Lon province, the U.S. aggressors used infantry guns to throw gas grenades and the mighty-mite type gas sprayer which is able to pump toxic chemicals in the form of gas or power at 285 Km per hour.

On January 10, 1966, while raiding Kim Tai hamlet, Binh Dinh province, the U.S. aggressors indulged in mass murder, an extremely savage crime. They herded 42 villagers into shelters and killed them by toxic gas. It was also in January 1966 that more than 100,000 U.S., Australian, New Zealand and puppet soldiers in their raid in Nhuan Duc, Duc Hiep and Phu My Hung village, Cu Chi district, Gia Ginh province, pumped toxic gas into the people's shelters, killing more than 100 people and seriously hurt hundreds of others. In this raid they used aircraft to extensively spray CN gas mixed with toxic chemicals and lobbed gas grenades into hamlets. Reuter reported on January 12:

"An Australian NCO Robert Bowtell, 24 years old, born in Sydney, was killed by poison gas on January 11, 1966, though he had put on a gas mask while he was using gas against the population in an area north west of Saigon. Two other soldiers who came to his rescue were also hurt and fell unconscious while six others were also affected and sent to hospitals".

On February 1, 1966, in Ky Anh area, Tam Ky district, Quang Nam province, the U. S. fumigated 141 civilian shelters with toxic gas, killing many people, among them 14 children. On Feb. 3 and 4, 1966, helicopters dropped 800 gas grenades on Bong Son area, Binh Dinh province. In March 1966, they again exploded 3000 others in this area, killing and wounding many people.

Early in April, 1966, in west Plei Me, Gia Rai province, the U.S. troops carried out the so-called "combined toxic gas, aircraft and artiller action".

UPI boasted on April 2, 1966 that first Airmobile Cavalry Division choppers dropped strings of SC toxic gas grenades on Chu Pong area.

Between April 23 and May 9, 1966, U. S. aircraft dropped 15 tons of gas-producing powder on some areas of Tay Ninh province. The powder is of an ivory color, very fine, as hot as chili. The affected people got burning and tearing of eyes, itches, blistered skin and mucous membrane, dyspnoea, nausea and paralysis. Cattle and poultry were killed in great numbers. Toxic powder fell on the Nga Cay and To Go River section, killing more than 300 kg of fish among which are fish weighing over 5 kg.

Even in Saigon city the U.S. aggressors and their lackeys did not stop at using toxic gas to suppress people's demonstrations at the end of May 1966.

Saigon Mayor, Colonel Vu Van Cua himself cynically warned: "Our army has 4 new types of weapon at its disposal. There are 4 kinds of gas grenades. Apart from tear gas, we have colored gas effective within 3 days in spite of hard rubbings and washings, gas inducing diarrhea within 24 hours and nausea gas.

4/ Use of Napalm and White Phosphorus.

Since the end of 1961, the U.S. aggressors and their flunkies have dumped napalm bombs on over 1,000 hamlets in South Vietnam.

On July 8, 1964, napalm and demolition bombs burned, killed and wounded 43 pupils of Linh Phung School, Ben Tre province, and 45 others of Man Quang School, Quang Nam province on March 16, 1965.

In 1965 alone there were hundreds of napalm bombings and white phosphorus shellings. On January 15 and 16, 1965, U. S. aircraft showered over 30 napalm bombs on Thanh My village, Sa Dec province, burned to death 7 people, burned down 7 houses and a Cao daist temple.

On February 8, 1965, they indiscriminately released tons of demolition and napalm bombs on the peasants busy weeding in the fields, on gardens or fishing boats on Ba Rai River, Xuan Son village, My Tho province. 13 people were killed, 55 houses burnt, 1 ferry, 12 sampans and boats burnt or sunk, causing the missing of many people driven away by the waters. They dumped napalm and shelled Phuoc Trung pagoda of Phuoc Trung village, Co Cong province, during mass time, burning down the pagoda, 13 houses nearby and killing 22 people.

Since the beginning of 1966, the U. S. puppet and satellite troops have intensified the use of napalm and phosphorus bombs, and other massive lethal means. They committed monstrous massacres in Chau Binh village, Ben Tre province, on April 27, 1966, in Truong Xuan village, Can Tho province, on March 6, 1966. One of innumerable U.S. odious crimes was the tragic losses done to Mrs. Nguyen Thi Xe's family, in Truong Xuan village:

Her 5 children aged from 5 months to 14 years were burned to death and she herself to infirmity.

On June 26, 1966, 2 U. S. jets, guided by an L-19 reconnaissance plane, napalm bombed and strafed 2 ferry boats, "Ngoc Thanh" and "Huynh Mai" and a motor-boat full of passengers sailing on the Van Co Dong River, Duc Hue district, Cho Lon province. The two boats were set afire, 13 people were burned to death or seriously wounded.

While the victims were crying for help, the U.S. aggressors called in two other jet planes to strafe and sink two ferry boats and 5 other boats and 16 people were killed or wounded, most of them women and children. On July 1, 1966, they dumped napalm and demolition bombs on Ta Uyen School and market place, Bien Hoa province, and 170 people were killed or wounded, among them 44 pupils killed and 6 others seriously burned. Many similar massacres occurred in various places in South Vietnam.

TO CARMICHAEL

You and your fellow-countrymen have risen up,
Black color glossy, glimmering with beads of sweat,
Black yelling, Black color shouting claims,
Black color swarming like a forest of anthracite,
Black color surging along like tidal waves:
Black Power! Black Power!
From this shore of the Pacific hourly we follow
Your footsteps that kick down walls and fortresses.
Marchers throng like trees in the forests and on the mountains.
Among them little kids in rags!
In the scorching sun, their necks burn hour after hour!
No water. They drink it out of fire trucks.
O youngsters, skinny, narrow-shouldered!
They go to school, but are waved out;
They go to parks, but the signs still can read:
"No Admittance: Colored People And Dogs!"
Marchers stream forward like a tide, a mountain flood.
O old grandmas trudging along, carrying babies!
Whiter can they run? Tear grenades strew the streets
Police dogs snap right and left: flesh falls in bits.
For the kids' future, though, mother struggle for the right to
live:

"We, too, are human beings created by the Almighty.

What's our crime? The color of our skin?"

No! Ebon is rising up with pride!

No promise for rendezvous, yet across thousands of miles,

The same words: Black Power! Black Power!

They march in the sun, they march in the rain.

O sturdy youths, eyes flashing anger.

They say: "With our money they make bombs and bullets,

While we're without a home, without a hearth!

They stand for racial contempt,

Law of the rich, law of the strong!

Rise up! Tear them to pieces!

Bash in their narrow-minded heads, squeeze out their unjust
thoughts,

So tomorrow may come, blazing with the light of world union!"

Carmichael, Brother Carmichael, do you know?

The world is watching each of your footsteps,

Steps for equity, steps for freedom,

Steps for peace, steps for a better life,

Resounding on a staircase that shines with promises.

Though thousands of miles from you across the ocean,

We share the same spite and anger.

Fire is burning our villages, fire is burning in our hearts.
We lack medicine, schools, rice, clothings.
Our kinfolk have saved rice grain by grain,
Their clothes, with a hundred patches, are drenched with sweat.
Our kids no longer look like human beings.
They learn to dodge bombs before they learn to speak.
Our young women, out of poverty and hunger,
In their thousands have to "sell their bodies to feed their
mouths."
Oh! the sea boils with anger, and hatred mounts higher than
mountains.
How can we describe the bitterness in the heart of our
motherland!
Carmichael, Brother Carmichael!
RATHER DIE THAN BE SLAVES°

Thảo Nguyen

Association of Students Engaged in
Literary and Art work
(From "Songs of Those Marching Onward",
published by the Saigon Students Union,
1966-1967 -- Original text publicly
distributed among Saigon students).
Translated by Tran Van Chuong
August 1967

A Symposium

BLACK POWER

Its Meaning and Measure

Editor's Note:

We think that the racial situation in this country has reached a critical point long predicted by a line of writers from W. E. B. Du Bois to James Baldwin and Lerone Bennett Jr., and we feel that thoughtful consideration now must be given to the nature and direction of the struggle against racism. NEGRO DIGEST invited the following dozen people, all contributors to the magazine at one time or other, to comment on the following two questions in the belief that their ideas will be clarifying and provocative:

1. *Is the Civil Rights Movement at the crossroads?—And, if so, what are the practical alternatives to it?*
2. *What is your own reaction to the term, "Black Power," and why do you feel the national press and the white public reacted as they did to the term?*



JULIAN BOND

Julian Bond is the former communications director for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee who has twice been elected a representative to the Georgia Legislature and twice been refused his seat by the overwhelming vote of white legislators. Mr. Bond's crime in the eyes of his white peers is his support of a SNCC statement opposing the war in Vietnam.

BLACK POWER, as described by its initiator, Stokely Carmichael, Chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), is both a slogan and a political and psychological technique. As a slogan it has the value that others do; but as a technique for achieving change and rallying together the most powerless groups in American society—the Negro poor—it has enormous potential.

The national reaction to both the slogan and technique has been directed, for the most part, by advocates of a counter position in the white and Negro communities,

those who are spokesmen for "white fright."

Contending for the national title as leading spokesman for the "white fright" advocates is Eugene Patterson, editor of the Atlanta Constitution. Believing, as do most "white frighters," that Negro militancy equals riots, rape, and in a favorite phrase of "white fright" supporters "irreparable harm to the Negro movement," the Constitution under Patterson has devoted almost more editorial space in recent weeks to denouncing "Black Power" than he has to supporting his paper's hawkish position on the Vietnam war.

It is too easy to characterize the
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EUGENE WALTON

Eugene Walton is an employee of the Postmaster General's office in Washington and a former member of the United States Information Service staff in Nigeria. Holder of a Doctor of Public Administration degree from the University of Southern California, he has an extensive background in administrative research and teaching. He lives in Silver Spring, Md.



In an article published in these pages in 1963 ("The New Challenge Facing Negro Leaders," March, 1963) it was observed that ". . . the thing that distinguishes successful from unsuccessful social

movements is that the leaders of the former are more alert to recognizing new challenges and directing their energies toward meeting them." After predicting success for the civil rights movement on the

judicial-legislative front, the writer defined the new challenge facing Negro leaders as "... the building of pride, self-respect and self-esteem, and confidence of Negroes as a group. . . ."

Such advice was not taken then

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(1963) and probably won't be taken now, but The Challenge is still present and the recent disruptions in the civil rights movement over the term "Black Power" clearly indicate that the need is more urgent than ever and that Ne-



ANITA R. CORNWELL

Anita Cornwell is a free lance writer living in Philadelphia and a regular contributor of fiction and essays to NEGRO DIGEST. She is the author of two novels, much of a third, and a collection of essays, all presently unpublished. A former employee of the State Department of Public Welfare in Pennsylvania, Miss Cornwell is a graduate of Temple University.

APPARENTLY, the Civil Rights Movement has now reached a point wherein the old ways of doing things can no longer disguise the fact that our present tactics cannot budge the immovable stumbling block—white America's rigid determination to keep black Americans in their place—which most of our leaders have long pretended would give way in only a matter of time.

The only alternative to the Civil Rights Movement itself, it seems to me, would be stagnation, or riots, and more riots. I think that what

we really need is a complete re-evaluation of the aims and methods of most of our civil rights organizations. Also, I believe it is long past time when we should stop pointing to the token gains made by the few amongst us and turn our full attention to the plight of the deprived and relentlessly oppressed many.

I think, too, that we must stop deluding ourselves with the belief that there are "many white people of good will" who are eagerly standing by to help in our all-out fight for complete equality. That there are some white people of good will cannot be denied, but it should be

obvious to all black folk by now that such white folk are few and far between.

If we are ever to find any solution to our increasingly intolerable situation, we must go to the people themselves, to our unfortunate brothers and sisters left behind in the shanties and the shacks and the teeming ghettos, and listen to their ideas, for only those who face the enemy qua enemy on a daily basis can really know the magnitude of the battle that lies ahead. And only they can really know how they want to conduct their fight.

And I believe this is precisely

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what SNCC has been doing, and why, directly or otherwise, it has come up with the term "Black Power." I believe this is SNCC's way of trying to inculcate in black people the idea that if we are to survive, we must, somehow, gain a sense of solidarity and rid ourselves of the old feelings of helplessness and inferiority that have always paralyzed us in America.

That SNCC has really hit upon something can be readily ascertained by the instant and overwhelming hostility shown by the national press and a majority of those in the white community to-

CONRAD KENT RIVERS

Conrad Kent Rivers is a poet and a high school teacher who lives in Chicago and commutes to nearby Gary, Indiana. His poems have appeared in numerous anthologies and journals, including NEGRO DIGEST. Mr. Rivers also has an avid interest in theatre, and has both produced and acted in theatre projects in Chicago.



THE current crisis facing the civil rights movement has the quality of death written in characters of blood, fire, and self-destruction. It is a killer stalking human prey—and finding

only Americans without hearts, religion, intellect or democracy.

The American dream is failing, so to speak, and "Americans" are proving to be just plain white people living a democratic lie in a non-democratic society. "Ameri-

cans" are proving by their actions that they are psychologically incapable of developing a native and original multi-racial culture.

America has become a land of guilt-ridden, illiterate and fearful proletarians. White men and black men have failed to discover each other. White mothers fear for their daughters. Black mothers fear for fear of their husbands. Amalgamation is not a concept but a condemnation. To a nation tall and tense, such is the stupid dread of a Christian society. A nation of Christians spitting on priests and nuns and Negroes. Here is the sad evidence of another Rome in ashes, but Nero

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is a rector heard in the choir on Sunday mornings. Nero is a white home-owner or businessman standing against the windy sunlight looking for Cleopatra in the ghetto. Nero is the black man afraid to give up his belly needs for his dignity.

This land of Lincoln and Du Bois cries for inter-racial hot blood as a monument to its stupidity. In spite of all the prophets, in spite of all the warnings and sincere whites and blacks, we shall not overcome unless a black-white Jesus arises or Willie Mays picks up a gun instead of a bat. The alternative is blood or blessedness, everything or nothing.



STERLING STUCKEY

Sterling Stuckey is chairman of The Amistad Society, perhaps the most vital of the independent associations concerned with extending knowledge and appreciation of Negro history. A teacher, as well as historian and writer, Mr. Stuckey has taken the message to students at the University of Illinois and to the semi-illiterates of the Deep South.

YES, fortunately, the civil rights movement is at the crossroads. The promise of integration, bleached white by leaders who had all but

dropped the word "black" from their vocabularies, has been blown sky high over the past few years. (It is well, for there had not been a meaningful formulation of the concept since the days of W.E.B. Du-

Bois.) Indeed, the fuse was lit by a society which, alternating between overt racism, pathological silence and half-way measures, has demonstrated anew that its education is a failure, its human instincts monstrous and its version of the life the country has led hallucinatory.

Is it not now clear that nonviolence has been utterly rejected by black people trapped in the ghettos of the North? The rebellious inmates, the charred buildings, the pillaged shops, and the anonymity of eminent integrationists on pacifying missions testify to this. In fact, a new militancy moved black men, women and children in

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the Wattses, Harlems and Chicagos of the land to lash out against white property and the defenders of white power, constituting, however much civil rights leaders deny or fear it, the first revolutionary activity among black people in this century. No one knows how, when, or where the next explosion will occur. No one knows if an organization will emerge with the imagination, will and dedication required to shape, direct and rationalize the anger which has burst to the surface. We are at a highly fluid point in history.

In sum, for all the Civil Rights movement has accomplished in dramatizing racism in America, the

BROOKS JOHNSON

Brooks Johnson is one of the most versatile of NEGRO DIGEST's regular contributors. A former track star who traveled over much of the world in meets and exhibitions, he also is a jazz enthusiast, an avid reader, and a writer of growing depth and power. He is associated with Sports International and Youth for Development in Washington, D. C.



MY opinion is that the civil rights movement is not at the crossroads *per se*. The very nature of the movement itself dictates that crisis be-

come an integral and accepted part of its existence. What the civil rights movement is after is a chance for black Americans to share in the power and the privileges which have previously been allocated to

the whites and a Negro *élite*. It is a struggle to get the powerful and the privileged to relinquish their inequitable grip and let people in America share in the wealth and potential of America as Americans and not as Negroes, Jews, Orientals, Puerto Ricans and WASPs.

As Kenneth Clark states in *The Negro American*, "No group of human beings can easily and graciously give up power and privilege. Such change can only come through conflict and anguish and the ever-present threat of retro-

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gression." Being an underdog, minority movement, civil rights is constantly subjected to emergencies and pressures, and crisis is never any further away than the next confrontation with whites, the next split in "leadership" or the fight against racism itself becoming racist.

Having witnessed the Civil Rights Movement survive both near-defeats and defeats, I can only state that the fervor and determination for a successful resolution to the blight of racial inequality is so



FRANCIS WARD

Francis Ward is an associate editor of JET magazine in Chicago. A native of Atlanta, Ga., he did undergraduate work at Morehouse College and earned a master's degree in Journalism from Syracuse University. A researcher, he formerly worked for Facts on File in New York. Mr. Ward occasionally writes book reviews for NEGRO DIGEST.

HERE'S no question that the Movement is at the crossroads, but to understand why, you have to go back to the late 1950's, before the term "Black Power" became popular. During the latter half of the decade and into the early 1960's, a combination of historical developments

—dissolution of European empires in Asia and Africa, the Castro revolution in Cuba, the sit-ins and Freedom Rides in the South, the burgeoning peace movement among others—produced a class of impatient young rebels who were grossly intolerant of the gap between America's preachments and practices.

Among these youthful radicals were Stokely Carmichael, Marion Barry and John Lewis, all leaders of SNCC at one time; Mario Savio and Bettina Aptheker, student leaders at Berkeley; Clark Kissinger, Tom Hayden, Bob Ross and other leaders of Students for a Democratic Society.

Essentially, these radicals are telling America to practice what she preaches or suffer the consequences in the arena of world politics. In the civil rights movement, the leaders of SNCC and CORE, heavily influenced by the develop-

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ments referred to, have split off from the more conservative NAACP, National Urban League and SCLC because the traditional methods of change have not closed the gap between theory and practice fast enough.

At the heart of the schism are these burning questions, the answers to which will largely determine in which camp the masses of black people will enlist and, thusly, which road the Movement will take from here on.

1) Can the Movement tolerate such a deep split at a time when

NATHAN HARE

Nathan Hare is a professor in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Howard University. He is the author of one book, *The Black Anglo-Saxons*, and is at work on another. A native of Oklahoma, where he knew few Negroes of any kind and no "big city" Negroes at all, Professor Hare turned down a post at a big Western university to be among "bloods" at Howard.



MERELY to consider the question of whether the civil rights movement is "at the crossroads" is painfully pre-tentious. It implies that the civil rights caravan was at one point traveling along some illustrious

highway to a man-tanned Mecca or a jet-black Jerusalem but now has been blocked temporarily by some traffic jam at an unanticipated intersection.

There is, to be sure, a traffic jam of sorts at the leadership level. Witness leaders stumbling over one an-

other for the mike during the Meredith March—King darting to and fro to retrieve the spotlight captured now and again by some other leader with tendencies toward actually leading instead of corralling the marchers—and, although a bemused and whey-eyed white poet has been moved to write a book posing the question, *Who Speaks for the Negro?*, probably nobody, including the barber, really knows for sure.

It is a black day—your pardon, a white day, if it's that bad—in the

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ELOISE GREENFIELD

Eloise Greenfield is a housewife in Washington, D. C., and a frequent contributor to periodicals, including *NEGRO DIGEST*. A former U. S. Government employee (U. S. Patent Office), she studied at Miner Teachers College. She is a self-taught writer who credits the public library for inspiration and help. Mrs. Greenfield is the mother of two children.

NOT only the Civil Rights Movement, but the entire United States, is at the crossroads. Negroes will no longer live on the periphery of the country they are expected to live and die for. Whites must decide whether it is better to share the country with all of its citizens or to

history of the Negro's struggle when they must picket an ancient ceremony of the daughter of a man of poor white Texas stock now pompously walking the tightrope—despite propaganda to the contrary—of all puppets occupying the White House. This is on top of June's gigantic farce where Negroes, frequently those who whimper in their own backyards, went whining down a highway in Mississippi (what thousands of puzzled Negro bystanders accused of laxity in the

face continual disruption of "business as usual," resulting in deterioration of all phases of American life.

For our Negro leaders, who are fast losing their following, there could be no better rallying cry than "Black Power." Instead of hysterically denouncing this cry, the civil rights organizations should grasp

the opportunity to harness the energy of those who have lost hope and are floundering in violence, and to channel this unused and undeveloped power into constructive and practical effort toward economic power, political power, educational power, the power to pro-

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tect ourselves from physical and emotional harm, the inner power that comes with self-esteem, the power to develop to full stature as human beings.

The white press is, as usual, attempting to create the situation it ostensibly seeks to prevent—an ex-

RONALD FAIR

Ronald Fair is a novelist who lives and works in Chicago. His two published books are *Many Thousands Gone* and *Hog Butcher*, the latter released just last September. A trained court reporter, Mr. Fair devoted his evenings to producing his first novel, a forceful fantasy about life in Mississippi. *Hog Butcher* opens a window on life in the South Side ghetto.



THE day the civil rights movement began it was at the crossroads. And that day, by the way, was not the day the proud black lady refused to get up from her seat on the bus. It was the day the first black slaves said "no" to his slave owner, and that was nearly 400 years ago. The black man's fight for human rights has never been such a socially acceptable thing as it is today, but it has always been in motion, even though it sometimes manifested itself as no more of a nuisance than

a fly on the back of a rhinoceros.

The thing that amazes me about the whole civil rights movement, though, and my black brothers and sisters, is that we have been able to strip ourselves of our conditioning and see a reality that our white countrymen have not yet begun to see. We have, though existing within the framework of this most hostile society, dedicated to the perpetuation of black men as inferior beings (and make no mistake about it, this society is, in fact, dedicated, *totally*—perhaps even at the risk of destroying the world

—to the principle that the black man will *not* be equal), been able to rise above our negative conditioning and, at this very moment, although perhaps they don't deserve it, we are plotting the course of saving the whole goddamn world.

What thrills me about us is our tremendous stamina. Even though they infiltrate the ranks of some of our best organizations and render them almost totally ineffective, another organization is born every time they hamper the established

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one, and that organization fights even more vigorously than the parent group.

And while it lives in its effective state, it slashes away at the injustice about us and brings us still closer to the goals that we will attain because we are not only black and beautiful, but we are the children of the most oppressed of our times and we are the ones who are aware of injustice and we are the ones who will right all the wrongs perpetrated against us and our ancestors and we are

DUDLEY RANDALL

Dudley Randall is a librarian with the Wayne County (Detroit) Library System and editor-publisher of the *Broadside* series. A poet, Mr. Randall also writes short stories and articles, and examples of his poems, stories, articles and reviews appear regularly in *NEGRO DIGEST*.



THE fact that CORE and SNCC have taken different roads from the NAACP, the Urban League, and SCLC does not lead me to believe that the civil rights movement as a whole is at a crossroads, where one road can lead to success and the other to disaster. The older organizations

are continuing in the way they have always taken, using legal techniques, moral persuasion, non-violent demonstrations, and cooperation with whites.

There has been a tendency in the two younger organizations to develop grass-roots leadership and power, a tendency which is now coming to the fore. Instead of tak-

ing one road, the civil rights movement is taking two roads. In my opinion, this is a good thing, as the problem of racism cannot be solved by any panacea. It needs to be attacked on a variety of fronts, by whatever tactics is most effective in a given situation.

Our leaders have used too much energy in fighting and criticizing each other. From the utterances of some of them, it would seem that other Negro leaders are greater enemies to the civil rights movement than white bigots. Every one has his favorite solution, strategy, and

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tactics, but that does not mean that other tactics and approaches are not effective and should not be used.

I would not consider the civil rights movement to be at a crossroads, because if direct political action fails, there is still the alternative of legal and persuasive techniques employed by the older organizations. If these methods prove ineffectual, there are the techniques of political and economic mobilization already adopted by the other two organizations.

I think we should beware of ex-

JOHN O. KILLENS

John O. Killens has delivered to his publishers the manuscript of his third novel, *Sippi*. The distinguished author of *Youngblood*, *And Then We Heard the Thunder* and *Black Man's Burden* refuses to play the Great Man role, directs his art and his energies toward strengthening the nation's moral fiber. He is in his second year as writer-in-residence at Fisk University.



SOMEONE has said that the Civil Rights Movement in the summer of 1966 with its "non-violent" marches and its demonstrations had reached the crossroads. I believe it would be more accurately descriptive of the

situation to say that the Movement had reached a dead-end. It was time for a fundamental change of tactics.

The Supreme Court of the United States had spoken more than a decade earlier. All those "magnificent" Civil Rights bills had been

passed or were on the verge of passage. Many middle class Negroes and white liberals hailed these "landmarks" as evidence that at long last America was ready to set a place at the table of the Great Feast for her black sons and daughters so that they too might eat high on that gargantuan hog known as the Great Society.

From the narrow point of view of the black middle class, things were a little better—for the black middle class, that is. The white establishment had enough affluence now and enough sagacity and audacity to integrate most of them and at least let them sit at the foot of the table. By the time the platter got down to them, only the leavings were left, but at least they were at long last at the table, and in substantial numbers. And the leavings in Collier Heights in Atlanta and in Shaker Heights in Ohio and on Long Island and in Westchester, and in Crown Heights in Brooklyn, were, we will admit, some fair-de-middling leavings.

This "new" approach constituted a definite departure from the Establishment's time-tested tactic of "tokenism." Notwithstanding, the French have a saying (apropos to the situation) which, translated into English, means roughly: "The more things change the more they remain the same."

The price the black middle class was called upon to pay was to become an amorphous group without roots or culture, dependent entirely on the whims and quirks and ex-

pediences of the white establishment. In a word, they were to become white men in black skins. They were required to sever any and all connections with the Negro masses, an act many of them were very happy to accomplish, since they had never looked upon their Negro-ness as a thing of any intrinsic value.

At a time when the unity of black people was an absolute essential for achieving liberation, many of the black middle class were ready to throw in the towel. The struggle was over as far as many of them were concerned. The black middle class seemed to think that what *they* ate made the black masses fat, and that when *they* prospered, the black masses prospered, automatically and inevitably.

Meanwhile, the gap between the black millions and the black middle class steadily widened at a rate alarming to those who were seriously concerned with achieving economic, political and psychological freedom for the majority of black people. This should have been (and was) anticipated by some, since it was becoming increasingly clear that the white establishment never had any intention of integrating the black masses. Even as the country boasted of a great and prosperous society, conditions in black ghettos of the great cities and in the southern backwoods worsened. Thus, we had reached not a crossroads, but a deadend in the Racial crisis.

So now, in the waning months of

1966, the question is posed: Is there an alternate route? I think there is. I have for a long time thought that there were many roads to the Promised Land, and the tragic thing is that we have sent all our forces down a single highway, and not even the main one, but a detour. I believe the main highway to black liberation is through a total unification and galvanization of black strength throughout the nation, and that nothing short of this will achieve the victory. The struggle for "integration" is pure sham if we do not go to the Integration Table prepared to negotiate from strength. Black strength. Block by block in the teeming cities, plantation by plantation in the southern backwoods and the countryside, black folk must be organized for an assault upon the holy citadels of white power.

Integration comes after liberation. A slave cannot integrate with his master. In the whole history of revolts and revolutions, "integration" has never been the main slogan of a revolution. The oppressed's fight is to free himself from his oppressor, not to integrate with him. Integration is the step after freedom, when the freedman makes up his own mind as to whether he wishes to integrate with his former master. For integration to have any real meaning other than re-enslavement for the former slave the former slave must approach this decision (to be, or not to be, a part of the Great Society) based on

a position of strength. All else is total, hat-in-hand abjection. "Here am I old massa, take me."

Thus the concept of "Black Power" or "Black Consciousness" is an idea whose day has come. It is not a new idea, but it is an idea that the situation requires, yes, demands. This concept calls upon us black folk to unify our strength, politically, economically, psychologically and culturally. It calls upon us to write our own history, create our own myths and legends. Washington and Jefferson do not belong to our black children. They are not the founding fathers of black Americans; they are not our legendary heroes; they were our people's slavemasters. No amount of falsification of history can disguise this fact. Our legendary heroes are Nat Turner, Frederick Douglass, Denmark Vesey, Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, white John Brown, and red Sitting Bull. These and many more are our heroes, and most of us have never heard of them.

Black Consciousness carries with it, of course, the right of self-defense. Men are not free unless they affirm the right to defend themselves. Frederick Douglass understood this more than a century ago. Understood it profoundly out of his own life's experience. Reflecting on the time he turned upon Covey, a cruel slavebreaker, who flogged him daily and worked him past endurance and kept him on starvation rations (one day Douglass turned on Covey and soundly

thrashed him), Douglass writes: "This battle with Mr. Covey was the turning point in my career. I was a changed being after that fight. I was nothing before. I was a man now . . . with a renewed determination to be a free man . . . The gratification afforded by the triumph was a full compensation for whatever else might follow, even death itself. . . . I now resolved that, however long I might remain a slave in form, the day had passed when I could be a slave in fact. . . ."



"Black Power" is not an advocacy of violence. It advocates non-violence, but in depth. It keeps everybody nonviolent. It stays the hands of the practitioners of violence. "Nonviolence" which denies the right of self-defense, encourages and precipitates violence on the part of the practitioners. We black folk have a deep need to defend ourselves. Indeed we have an obligation. We must teach the brutalizers how it feels to be brutalized. We must teach them that it hurts. They'll never know unless we teach them.

Black Consciousness means placing less stress on moving into white neighborhoods and putting more creative energy into changing our own neighborhoods from citadels of despair into monuments of hope. It means that all the Harlems of the U.S.A. should be in the hands

of Harlemites. This is the starting place for black liberation. To create black politicians answerable to black constituents and not to the white bosses downtown. Black teachers and principals in charge of our public schools, in charge of shaping the lives of black children and giving them some sense of pride and dignity and beauty in their blackness. Of course, the teachers will have to undergo a great deal of de-brainwashing, since many of them are as contemptuous of black children as are most of the white teachers, of whom they are but terribly bad imitations.

Black Power works toward the day when black folk will control the economic destinies of their communities. It seems to me there need be no strong schism at this moment between the advocates of black power and the "black bourgeoisie." If one of the principal tenets of Black Consciousness is economic power, the starting place is with the black middle class. May their tribes increase. Black power advocates are no present danger to them. One of the great dangers, clear and present, is the steadily growing chasm between the black middle class and the black masses, and he who contributes to this widening gap, plays into the hands of the white establishment.

Why is there this tremendous reaction from the white establishment to this "new" concept of black power? And why is there this violent paranoiac reaction from the

poor white man? Let us consider the latter first. That is, the poor white man. He need not feel threatened. He has nothing that Black Consciousness wants. Fundamentally, he is as powerless as the black man. The only thing he has that black men lack is his white skin, and that is the one thing Black Power does not want. Black Consciousness affirms the dignity of blackness. Affirms the beauty of our blackness. But the white establishment, in which all the power is vested, does have cause to worry, because the black man's aim is to retake the power stolen from him centuries ago.

Some white politicians are certainly threatened. The white leeches in the ghetto are threatened, those who feed upon the ghetto's misery. Power has to come from somewhere, since it does not create itself out of a vacuum. Therefore, black power must necessarily weaken the stranglehold of the white power structure, especially in the black communities. This, then, is what the jumping up and down is all about. It isn't that the members of the white establishment do not understand the implications of Black Power and Black Consciousness. On the contrary, it is precisely because it understands more deeply than do many of us black folk.

Bedford Stuyvesant in Brooklyn has 400,000 black citizens and has never enjoyed black representation in the Congress of the United States. The white persons repre-

senting Bedford Stuyvesant now are threatened by the concept of Black Power. The same can be said for many areas in the northern cities and in the rural areas of the South, and every other place where black folk outnumber white folk. For if Black Power means anything at all, it means "One man, one vote." It means an end to taxation without representation.

Black Consciousness also threatens the power of some gentlemen in the trade union establishment. Yes, there are some unions, even some "progressive" ones, whose leadership is white and entrenched and whose membership down through the years has become almost entirely black. Yet, this black membership is not reflected in the top-level leadership. Hence we have white presidents of black unions. Undoubtedly, some of these white men have given able leadership. Notwithstanding, the days of Great White Fatherism are numbered on this earth, and these leaders (good, bad and indifferent) must be classified as being among the last of the Great White Fathers.

There has been no parallel in history to the Negro experience in the U.S.A. American slavery and the slave trade were undoubtedly the cruelest episodes in the entire history of man's inhumanity to man. By comparison, Roman and Egyptian slavery were humanitarian experiments. Considering all the carnage connected with the Slave Trade, the 60 to 70 million lives lost in the Middle Passage;

considering the physical brutality connected with the plantation life during the days of American slavery, the injury and brutality inflicted upon the minds and souls and personalities of black folk were the cruelest aspects of American Slavery the most diabolical and deliberate.

The white ancestry of this country took a great and prideful people and brought them in chains across a mighty ocean, thousands of miles from the land of their fathers; broke up their families and clans and tribes; robbed them of their language; broke their personalities down bit by bit, and forged them into "niggers." Crueler still, they made black men believe they themselves were "niggers", and therefore deserving of their lot as slaves.

It has been a long tedious journey from slavery to this place, this moment in the last part of the Twentieth Century. Far, far too many of us still regard ourselves as "niggers." But, as we have mentioned before, one of the main tasks of Black Consciousness is to affirm the beauty of our blackness, to see beauty in black skin and thick lips and broad nostrils and kinky hair; to rid our vocabulary of "good hair" and "high yaller" and our medicine cabinets of bleaching creams. To de-niggerize ourselves is a key task of Black Consciousness. To rid the world of niggers is the Black Man's Burden.

And now, we want to proclaim: Black Consciousness is not racism. It is unequivocally anti-racist. Its firm dedication is to rid the world of racism. Black Consciousness does not teach hatred; it teaches love. But it teaches us that love, like charity, must begin at home; that it must begin with ourselves, our beautiful black selves. It advocates a love so powerful that it will settle for nothing short of love in return. Therefore, it does not advocate unrequited love, which is a sick bit under any guise or circumstance. Most black folk have no need to love those who would spit on them or practice genocide against them.

Furthermore, in the present confrontation, love and hate are total irrelevances. Profound love can only exist between equals. Generally speaking, a slave cannot love his master. Any slave who does is out of his mind, his cotton-picking mind. But masters have always needed to believe in the myth of the "loyal slave," the "loving slave." Hence, the myths of "Uncle Tom" and "Gunga Din" and "Aunt Jemima" were pure figments of the white man's wish fulfillment, some black folks historically have felt an obligation to act out the image, to play the "coon" role according to the script written by the Great White Fathers. Some of us still have a need to play the role. Correspondingly, most white people today demand that black folk either love them or hate them, so long as

they do not profess indifference to them. There is this pathetic need in most white Americans for the black man to be obsessed with them, one way or the other.

Finally, Black Consciousness understands that the "nigger," having been invented to justify American slavery, ultimately became the rationale for colonizing three quarters of the human race. Thus there evolved two kinds of *homo sapiens* on this earth—exploiter and exploited, a master race of white men and a subservient race of "niggers." Thus evolved such concepts as the "White Man's Burden" and the "noble savage." Our mutual heritage with the people of Africa, and even on a broader basis, our mutual experiences with all the colored peoples of the

world *vis-a-vis* the white man, create a bond between us and colored people everywhere.

Black Consciousness proclaims that our struggle for liberation is a part of the great Revolution sweeping the entire world, a Revolution against all the Great White Fathers in every nook and corner of this earth. In this context we black Americans are no longer a "minority" but a part of that vast majority of humanity yearning to be free and struggling with every ounce of their strength to throw off the blackman's burden and the yoke of white supremacy. We are a part of that fellowship of the disinherited which will surely inherit the earth in this century. We are dues paying members in the Brotherhood of Blackness.



Focus

(Cont'd. from p. 19)

feet, four inch, 200-pound frame, and his sense of humor and of the ridiculous is disarming. "Emotional rejection of white people is no solution to anything," he says. "We ought never descend to the level of hate that would blind us against the individual humanity of all men."

But his words are no mere platitudes, and his sight remains focused on essentials. "Negroes in this country must have an economic base of operations . . . A consciousness has to develop wherein Negroes have a sensitivity to their consumer power over against the economic success of white mer-

chants . . . Militarily, we have no power against exploiting businesses, but morally, we have the right to walk away from (boycott) them, which is what Operation Breadbasket is all about."

Is nonviolence bankrupt?—The Rev. Mr. Jackson smiles. He points to the recent series of Open Occupancy Marches sponsored by CCCO-SCLC through all-white Chicago neighborhoods. "The police got those blue helmets to protect them in clashes with Negroes," he says, "but they ended up battling violent white people instead." It is the kind of irony the young minister can appreciate.

not hear the volt, nor did he see the mystery behind Probe's first statement on the afro-horn. He had closed his eyes, trying to capture or elude the panthers of the music, but he had no eyes. He did not feel Ron slump against him. Strands of Tasha's hair were matted on a button of Ron's jacket, but she did not move when he slumped. Something was hitting them like waves, like shock waves . . .

Before his mind went black, Jan recalled the feeling when his father had beat him for playing "with a nigger!" and later he allowed the feeling to merge with his dislike of white people. When he fell, his case hit the floor and opened, revealing a shiny tenor saxophone that gleamed and vibrated in the freedom of freedom.

Ron's sleep had been quick, like the rush of post-hypnotic suggestions. He dropped Tasha's hand, slumped, felt the wall give (no, it was the air), and he fell face-for-

ward across a table, his heart silent in respect for truer vibrations.

The musicians stood. The horn and Probe drew up the shadows now from the audience. A child climbed upon the chords of sound, growing out of the circle of the womb, searching with fingers and then with motive and as the volume of the music increased—penetrating the thick callousness of the Irishman twirling his stick outside of black flesh—the musicians walked off, one by one, linked to Probe's respectful nod at each and his quiet pronouncement of their names. He mopped his face with a blue cloth.

"What's the matter here?"

"Step aside folks!"

"These people are unconscious!"

"Look at their faces!"

"They're dead."

"Dead?"

"What happened?"

"Dead?"

"It's true then. It's true . . ."



Henry Dumas, author of the story, "Will The Circle Be Unbroken?", is a student at Rutgers University and a part-time teacher. His stories and poems have appeared in *NEGRO DIGEST*, as well as in *The American Weave*, *Umbra* and *The Rotarian*. He also was editor of the university literary magazine *Untitled* and of another literary magazine called *Mosaic*.

BOND

(Continued from page 21)

opponents of "Black Power" as weak-kneed moderates or even as clever "divide and conquer" manipulators who aim at destroying the surface unity that exists among the various Negro civil rights groups.

The "white fright" position is basically that American whites have admittedly been brutal and oppressive with 400 years of white power; therefore, Black Power will mean that Negroes will be brutal and oppressive "if they ever get the upper hand."

This masochistic wishful thinking (both deplored and welcomed as proof of the incompetency of Negro militants) springs from a desire to eliminate the militant—and therefore uncontrollable — sectors of the Negro movement. It amounts to little more than a refinement of the McCarthy era's Red-baiting techniques and might well be called "Black-baiting."

But the best analysis of the "white fright" condition—and its reaction to "Black Power"—has come, strangely enough, from a white, metropolitan daily newspaper, the *Boston Herald*, whose lead editorial, "Reexamining Black Power," on July 9, 1966 reads:

Black Power has claimed its first two victims. They are Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP. Both men, honored veterans of the civil rights movement, succumbed,

temporarily at least, to the most ancient of maladies; the inability to adjust to a new idea.

The editorial described Humphrey's criticism of Black Power as "racism" and "apartheid" and gave Wilkin's description of Black Power as "Black death."

It went on to say, "we find nothing subversive in (SNCC Chairman Stokely) Carmichael's remarks. On the contrary," says the *Herald* "this type of thinking is both practical and traditionally American.

"Nor should the older generation of civil rights leaders object to the young Negroes wanting to run their own show with white men supporting rather than dominating the various organizations. This should be interpreted as a sign of maturity. It means that Negroes, having won their legal rights under the old system, are now ready to work toward their goals under their own leadership like any other minority. This, too, is traditional. American history does not show that the Irish were content to be led by Yankees or that working men were content to be led by their employees.

"In short, we are suggesting that the older generation of civil rights leaders avoid the mistakes of Hubert Humphrey and Roy Wilkins and resist the urge to panic at the sound of Black Power."

The editorial ends with a warning to both white and Negro advocates of "white fright."

"We suggest that the older civil rights generation reexamine this new concept of direct action and concentrate on the more thoughtful speeches of black power advocates. These young men are surprisingly

realistic and are fully aware of both their capabilities and their limitations. And like it or not, they are destined to be the doers of the new era of civil rights. Whether they do good or evil depends in part on whether their predecessors encourage or repress them."

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WALTON

gro leaders have but two options: either meet the challenge or be run over by it!

The Civil Rights Movement is indeed at the crossroads, but the alternatives are not clearly defined. One alternative, and in some ways the easy way out, is simply to go on doing what it has been doing with great success, namely getting more laws passed, getting more favorable decisions handed down, and, of course, seeking greater compliance with the new edicts. This is The Outside Approach—seeking The Solution in terms of changing the environment—the conditions "out there."

Another alternative, which may be called The Inside Approach, lies in turning inwards toward the Negro community itself and seeking to remove the psychic scars caused by 300 years of degradations. The Outside Approach calls for more demonstrations and marches while The Inside Approach, if tried, would call for 2,000,000 eight-person Self Analysis and Self Study

Groups, and borrowing from the Sensitivity Training methods, 20,000,000 Negroes would face up to the problems of identity, African and slave heritage, their attitudes toward blackness, and other problems of The Inside that prevents the group from fully exploiting the triumphs scored on The Outside.

The controversy surrounding the slogan "Black Power," besides reminding us that the black masses are over-ripe for anything that approximates or imitates the group therapy we have called The Inside Approach, also reminds us how easily the air is poisoned for these kinds of efforts amongst Negroes. The assumption seems to be that anything that draws Negroes together in a heightened awareness of their Negroness must be anti-white and separatist. And the irresponsible, even silly, public statements that are made by some Negro leaders don't help the situation any.

All of this points up the extraor-

dinary sensitivity of building up the spirit of His Dispossessed without alienating many of the friends of the Movement. But as difficult as the task may be, it seems inevi-

table that the mainstream of the Civil Rights Movement must face this new challenge or see much of its victories relative to The Outside go for naught.

(Continued from page 22)

CORNWELL

ward this one, two-word slogan. To be sure, it is more than just a slogan, it is symbolic of a possible way of life, a way of life that terrifies the white American, even before it is realized. For if we finally wake up to the fact that we too have power, we will no longer willingly play the lackey for the white man, who will then not only lose some of his self-

esteem when he loses his ancient doormats, but this same white man lives in constant fear that we will some day enslave our former masters.

That this idea is utterly irrational is beside the point. After all, if man were wholly rational, he would never have been a bigot in the first place, would he?

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RIVERS

ing. It is black, brown, and yellow men against the Western sleep-walker; and, at the same time, it is the population asking the rest of the human race to preserve humanity. Black men must take by any means they can the blindfold from justice. There are some wars in which a careful disorderliness is simply good tactics, and whoever said that the so-called black revolution is anything else but a war against ignorance? Any man can die or be destroyed for his country, but only a Negro, an American Negro, there is no other, can save it.

If Black Power causes fear, then

black men obviously cause something profoundly deeper in the minds of many white Americans. Richard Wright wrote of black power as a tool to be used by black men everywhere for the sole purpose of freeing themselves. Black power is black powder unjamming those solid mountains of white power and hatred. Black power may mean black people making decisions and building strong pyramids along the Vile banks of hate in America. White America is not aware of such dragon and suggestive language from the Negro Community. Black Toms have not used such humorless and truth-piercing

phrases before. The outcries stem from (to my mind) the fact that white people have for so long put their words into the mouths of Ne-

groes that they can't imagine the coming of strong new voices unrelated to Marian Anderson or Ralph Bunche.

STUCKEY

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status of millions of black people has scarcely changed in half a century. Practically batting zero in the North, in the South the movement, having for some time inspired great courage and hope, is today yielding blood and tokens. It is in this context that the Civil Rights movement is at the crossroads.

Any viable alternative to the movement must be based upon the simple but revolutionary principle that black people are fully capable of leading blacks. This means that the new movement for human rights *must* depend on black people for financial support, a necessary antidote to the sycophancy of black leadership in the face of "liberal" white moves toward defection whenever the chips are down. Doubtless the absence of large outlays of money will make it impossible for expensive rights projects to be conducted North or South, but this is precisely what is desirable. The spiralling costs of the Movement have long acted as a brake on serious attempts to better the lot of black people, often because leaders were not working on programs designed to benefit the majority of black people.

It is devoutly to be wished that a

decline in civil rights spectaculars would put an end to the parasitic relationship between fund-raising and publicity-seeking, forcing black leaders to set themselves the task of organizing rank-and-file blacks for political, economic and social ends consistent with the interests of black people. It is also hoped that, unencumbered by the need to appease whites and exaggerate white power, black leaders will never again gallantly announce that black people, because whites outnumber them, should not fight back. (How horrified Frederick Douglass, David Walker, and Henry Highland Garnet would be—not to mention Gabriel Prosser, Denmark Vesey, and Nat Turner—at the sorry spectacle of black men making such remarks!)

Black power presupposes the essential identity of interests of people of African descent in America and abroad. An affirmation of Pan-Africanism in its original sense, the mystique of black power is symbolic of the blazing vision which carried Malcolm X across the continent of Africa—forging links. It is really an old concept: from Richard Allen at the beginning of the 19th century to Bishop

Turner at the close, black folk have turned to black power in the face of hard-core racist resistance. The difference is, the times are now propitious, the mood is one of readiness, the call is for leaders equal to both.

The National Press and "Black Power"

The national press, hell-bent on dividing black leadership, embarrassing black militants and throwing a scare into white people—through its projection of "black power"—has unwittingly rendered black people in America an enormous service. Realizing that blackness, which causes whites to see red, and power, to which white people have dedicated their souls, constitute the most frightful of all juxtapositions, the national press was delighted to hear Stokely Carmichael use the phrase during the march through Mississippi.

But they could not have foreseen the response from the black community, so convinced were they that black people were inherently nonviolent and hopelessly infected by the contagion that being white is the best of all possible states.

Among "responsible" black leaders, only Roy Wilkins reacted in a manner which suggested that he had not altogether lost his head. Wilkins, at least, was aware of the fact that there was nothing new about many of the elements of the concept. Another leader deplored the ambiguity of the phrase, then,

after a brief pause, proceeded with engaging consistency to tell us, in stentorian terms, that black power means violence, that black power means black supremacy, etc., etc. We can only marvel. We are indeed at the crossroads.

Stokely Carmichael has thus far done yeoman service. Yet it remains to be seen whether the young man will be more than an audacious rhetorician. Will he stop speaking long enough to look to his financial base? Will he stop speaking long enough to put to use those talents which stamped him as a preeminent organizer in Alabama? If he does not, his decline will be as meteoric as his rise.

"Black power" thanks to the national press, has triggered a long overdue dialogue among civil rights leaders and organizations. In fact, serious ideological discourse is taking place with the movement for the first time since. Du Bois and the N.A.A.C.P. came to a parting of the ways two decades ago.

But, this time, everything is out in the open for every black man to evaluate. The national press has forced the black man and the white man to face up to the dreaded notion of *blackness*. The national press reaction, together with white shouts of "white power," have for the first time since Marcus Garvey enabled millions of black men to confront their blackness as blackness day after day. After all, what does it matter how whites respond to the phrase? They could scarcely

do worse than they have done in the past. In fact, if they are not careful, the national press and white people will hasten, through their opposition to racial justice, what otherwise would be a long time coming—black unity, a unity of more than 20,000,000 black people dedicated to freedom irrespective of cost. Such unity would be the surest guarantee that freedom would be won.

Three decades ago, Dr. Du Bois, writing in *Black Reconstruction*, set forth the essence of black power:

Such mental frustration cannot indefinitely continue. Some day it may burst in fire and blood. Who will be to blame? And where the greater cost? Black folk, after all, have little to lose, but Civilization has all. This the American black man knows: his fight here is a fight to the finish. Either he dies or wins. If he wins it will be by no subterfuge or evasion or amalgamation. He will enter modern civilization here in America as a black man on terms of perfect and unlimited equality with any white man, or he will enter not at all. Either extermination root and branch, or absolute equality. There can be no compromise. This is the last great battle of the West.

JOHNSON

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deeply rooted as to allay any fears that may exist about there being some ongoing form of active and dedicated civil rights activity. We have now lived with more than a decade of Civil Rights agitation. For many, this has become one of the basic elements of existence. They cannot even remember when this was not an issue, vital and pressing, in their lives. They are not going to be turned back. But if the questions posed above refer to the fact that it would appear the Movement is at the crossroads regarding what *form* of strategy will be utilized, then I believe we have a more fruitful question for debate.

Typically, civil rights thrusts have been basically nonviolent in nature. The largest groups within the movement, up until recently,

have steadfastly maintained a peaceful posture. With the advent of the slogan "Black Power" and the vagueness and frustration that it represents, there is a new crisis in the civil rights movement. As I mentioned earlier, crisis is the common denominator of the civil rights movement. The question is, of course, "is this new crisis of significant impact to actually represent enough of a threat to make significant numbers of people see it as an actual choice or alternative to nonviolence as the basic strategy characteristic?"

The original question essentially asks: "what is the alternative to the nonviolent tactic in the struggle for equal rights?" The only practical alternative I can see to nonviolent tactics on the part of

Negroes is a wholesale and genuine acceptance and implementation of equal rights on the part of whites. Just as I do not see white America relinquishing its preferred position voluntarily, so I don't see any long term practicality in black violence. Too many Negroes are becoming involved in "pragmatic" answers to a basically moral and ethical question. This makes us subject to the same kinds of "expediencies" and "rationalizations" that greatly account for the position we find ourselves in *viz-a-vis* the whites. Negroes trying to "explain" and distinguish kinds of violence remind me of whites trying to justify "separate, but equal."

My response to question number two is that "Black Power" is subject to the same vagueness and great latitude of interpretation as is any slogan attempting to simplify a massively complex thing such as the emotion and feeling of 20,000,000 people. We Americans have a deep-rooted fear of the word "power." Our whole national trend is based on the fear of power being concentrated. When we link this basic fear and distrust of power with the basic fear, distrust, and ignorance of black humans, we have something that both fascinates and frightens whites.

The press is alert and very swift to pounce upon anything of this nature in its business of making headlines. The "public reaction," if we can identify one, was similar to that of people discovering that

"unidentified flying objects" do in fact, in some form, exist. It is frightening because for so long we were told they were objects of the imagination. Suddenly we are faced with the realization that some strange force in a somewhat identifiable form, which may or may not be harmful, *does* in fact exist.

For me, the essential question is this: "Can the struggle against racism be justified if it in turn becomes racist itself?" The Civil Rights Movement is being pressed to choose between the peaceful, dignified and effective posture of nonviolence and the racist-tinged call for "defensive" violence. This "defensive violence" is not a case of fighting fire with fire, but rather a case of lighting a forest fire with matches.

Negroes are a minority in America. We have the least money, housing, education, and most important, *power*. We are not going to get power commensurate with numbers if we choose to fight the white man with the tools he used to subjugate us. We are superior to the extent we press constantly for American ideals and their across-the-board fulfillment while the whites ignore them. Further, to the extent we do this in a dignified and intelligent manner we will be more successful in our demands than they in theirs.

The black nihilists notwithstanding, I think that the majority of black Americans are interested in

successfully securing their rights rather than in pursuing a course of civil, social and political suicide. My conclusion, then, is that if in fact the civil rights movement is at

the crossroads, it will ultimately choose to follow the road that is nonviolent and will succeed in the face of pessimism from within and resistance from without.

WARD

(Continued from page 27)

unity seems paramount? Some would argue that the "white backlash" (if it exists and whatever its strength) will force an eventual reconciliation.

2) What's going to be the future role of whites in the Movement? The traditionalists say the same as always. SNCC and CORE say whites will have no role unless they adjust to Negroes occupying policy-making positions.

3) Should black people seek *integration* into America's mainstream or some form of social, political and cultural separatism *outside* the mainstream? The traditionalists argue for the mainstream; CORE and, more especially, SNCC seem to argue that the mainstream is so polluted that integration would degrade, not elevate, the dignity and pride of being black. Instead, they contend blacks need a reaffirmation of their culture which can and will produce a black mass which can grow in harmony alongside white society.

4) Should Negroes continue being nonviolent or has the tactic outlived its usefulness, especially in the light of brutal crimes by whites

against civil rights workers? The radicals have already answered "No" to the first part of the question. The NAACP-SCLC-Urban League coalition says that the tragic alternative to nonviolence is overpowering white resistance based on superiority of numbers and firepower.

What Are the Alternatives for the Movement?

The NAACP, SCLC and Urban League have offered no alternative to increased pressure through the courts, the ballot box and appeals to America's conscience. An alternative neither side has proposed (though some in the Movement may have entertained the idea privately) is open rebellion by Negroes against white society with the main thrust coming from Negro ghettos in big cities.

A likely alternative for SNCC and CORE is an alliance with the other organizations within what has been termed the New Left—SDS, Progressive Labor Party, Young Socialist Alliance, W.E.B. DuBois Clubs and others—based on mutual opposition to the Viet-

nam war and a desire for structural changes in the American economy.

"Black Power"

This much-maligned and misunderstood term simply means the marshaling of all power available to the black communities throughout America—political, social, economic—to force the kind of changes necessary to end white oppression. Black power grows out of a clear realization that there are power forces among whites responsible for this oppression and that counter forces, equal or superior in strength, will have to be used against white society to end conditions causing racial discrimination.

So quick and hostile a reaction from whites stems from *their* misinterpretation, traditional fears of Negro closeness and, more importantly, the fear that the customary battle lines in the civil rights movement will be changed to the advantage of Negroes. In other words, whites could see fighting the battle if the most effective weapon Ne-

groes could muster was a feeble appeal to moral conscience arrayed against the massive weight of white economic and political control of Negro neighborhoods.

Now that segments of the Movement have proposed fighting the battle on different grounds, using weapons which propose not only to hurt the white man's conscience, but his pocketbook and traditional political position as well, whites are taking a second, more frightful look. Perhaps a more fundamental reason for whites' adverse reaction to black power has been their inability to adjust psychologically to the sudden shift in the Negro mood from one of patient plodding toward eventual freedom to defiant, audacious demands for "Freedom Now!" Their failure to adjust to and accept the political, economic and social rearrangements black power demands made a rash, emotional outcry from whites, leading to misinterpretation, almost inevitable.

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HARE

quest for "rights" had been doing all their born days).

This parade saw "leaders" taking part in a push-shove match with beef-bellied cracker cops at one point and spouting pussyfoot oratory over the privilege of pitching a tent at another.

Meanwhile, the great white fathers in Washington were engaged in a marathon goosetstep operation of successive steps to "water down" sections of this year's civil rights act—and an act it is becoming—which, if the water-down process continues, must stop just short of

liquidation (pun intended). Every-time unrest boils up in the black community, the white folks simply pass another rights act or bill to quiet them down for a spell.

But, alas, the Meredith marchers emerged at the back of a pickup truck bed on the campus of a Negro college, where leaders were revealed to be infinitely more in accord on the matter of who would foot the bills than who would be permitted to caress the mike and serenade the crowd. Predictably, they later wound up chastizing one another and "chest-izing" themselves. But in this they were, of course, doing what they do best—entertaining and kowtowing to white folks and wobbly financiers.

Mind you, this is not to say that all of the fault of the foregoing rests on leaders alone. They can be no better than their followers. It is in large part the mental attitudes of their followers which reduce leaders to fund-raising gimmicks geared to white pocketbooks and make it virtually necessary that they court coverage in the white press in order to emerge and remain as Negro leaders. We Negroes will never get too far as a group so long as a Negro must go through the white press in order to reach us, so long as we depend on white sources for information and ideas about ourselves.

What, in my opinion, can be done about the situation? It is hard to say in a brief discourse; but, to begin with, the Movement was crippled from the start by an ultra-

assimilationist craze for acceptance at all costs into a morally decadent white cesspool now cynically called The Great Society. They have stupidly, therefore, placed *love* in a position of priority over *respect*, from which love of necessity in the long run must flow.



Frankly, my hope is with the future generations. This generation may be—though slightly less so than their parents—already, it is sad to say, just a bit too far lost; although this is not to give up on them entirely. For this reason, I like the budding movement for "freedom schools." I would add, as adult counterparts, TNT clubs (Toward Negro Togetherness) which, among other things, would periodically hold "soul" talks and agitate at the grass roots level among Negroes for business enterprise and educational achievement.

These may eventually manage to teach black children what I call an "enlightened blackness," a dynamic new sense of Negritude. The main drawback of the schools up to now has been the necessity for using women, white mainly, as teachers and "moderators." This is due in large part to the reluctance of Negroes to donate their own leisure, their fear of blackness, and the fact that men are for the most part away at work or standing somewhere watching pretty girls go by or trying to make it to the next "broad."

Consequently, the black child still suffers a shortage of male models, and there is no one to teach black boys the arts of karate and boxing, for example, as much-needed psychological mechanisms (not so much for self-defense, as this is not, no matter what you may have heard, the Age of Flesh and Bones alone in weaponry).

With a new burst of pride, the black child also would gain the sense of aggressive persistence necessary for getting ahead in a success-crazed society. This is essential, provided they are not going to reject capitalism altogether—and by rejection I do not mean merely failing to take as tenacious a part in the system as possible, a course they have followed in the past. Why, for example, are four out of five Jewish persons of college age in school, two out of five orientals, about one out of five white Christians—and so few Negroes by comparison?

To argue that it is merely because Negroes experience a harsher degree of discrimination is to overlook the fact that—as the foregoing figures suggest—major groups discriminated against (except for Negroes, Mexicans, Indians and Puerto Ricans) exceed the college entrance standard set by the Anglo Saxon discriminators. What we lack are pride and industry; and nothing else will fully solve the black man's problems until he has those things. The cohesion necessary for breaking down barriers will flow naturally from that, else either

the few barriers broken down by other means will seldom be utilized maximally by Negroes as a whole.

So, in a larger sense, it is not the civil rights movement, so-called, at the crossroads; it is the misled leaders, the Uncle Toms, Rev. Sambos and Dr. Thomases, who have come to the crossroads (as indicated by their increasing necessity for revealing themselves as Toms, leading to a teaming up of the Toms, so to speak, as over against the one or two true tigers among Negro leaders).

Rev. King's "dream" is daily turning into a nightmare, although I do not begrudge him his hallucinations of any sort. But if Rev. King can dream, so can I and other children of poverty (unlike Rev. King) and discrimination.

We have a dream of a new army of black men dedicated to freedom, manhood and human dignity. We have a dream of soon one morning demanding that the white man give us a chance in America and, should it not be at once forthcoming, we have a dream of *preying* instead of praying for our equal rights. No, we are not beyond *flaying*, either; nor *swinging* instead of singing. And we foresee a black *blitzkrieg*—already shown bubbling last summer in Omaha, Chicago, Cleveland and elsewhere—making America a giant, mushrooming Watts, in which this country will either solve its problems or get the destruction it deserves.

So many Negro leaders and other crackpot lexicographers have been

taking bushwhacks at the definition of "Black Power" that, if I didn't know better than to believe a word they say, I'd be completely confused by now. Whitney Young, for example, opines that "black power is neither black nor white—it is the green of the dollar bill, the maroon of the textbook and the gray of the pay envelope." Although he is, of course, quite right on the surface, I don't know about that green power talk. My pay envelope is brown, and what's inside—the paycheck—is blue, and often leaves me feeling, if not looking, the self-same way.

Frankly, I feel fairly certain that Negro leaders—with the exception of Stokely Carmichael and Floyd McKissick—don't know what any kind of power, let alone black power, means. (James Meredith, for all the effort to educate him in the white folks' schools and in Africa, still thought that a Bible had more power than a bullet. An uneducated white fellow had to teach him a bit of the power of perfunctory piety.) That is why they spend most of their time defensively explaining what black power does not mean instead of what it means. They plead that black power is neither "anti-white nor anti-black!"

I believe that black power is at least pro-black; that it means being black in all areas of the struggle for black manhood among races—by any and all means available to black men and their allies. I suspect any informed person who pretends not to know what black pow-

er means of telling a bald-faced lie. They know the meaning of "power" (the ability to influence another, even against his will if necessary) and the meaning of "black." Black power, then, means the ability to make others, particularly white folks, walk the white chalk line in a way that is of equal benefit to blacks.

Black power would offset political and paycheck brutality—a cause—and thereby automatically obliterate the current cry against police brutality—an effect. White power means dollar bills, billy clubs, trick ballotry and bullets. Black power can someday be all of these too; but, unlike white power which, except for greed and a bullyboy psychosis, is wielded without a cause, black power is power in self-defense—but no less deadly in effect. It is a phrase which, merely spoken, is able to scare the hell out of white folks. And that is good.

However, I thought at first they were talking about sexual power—about the only area in which we Negro males are generally conceded the right to boast of superiority in terms of both equipment and performance.

And yet, as of this writing, those who use the slogan appear to believe that it means mainly bloc voting; "bloc power," if you will, instead of "black power." Indeed, in another sense, white power-wielders can depend on Negro leaders to block power rather than blacken it. Negro leaders, including most of those who spout the

slogan, would be the first to help quell any instance of the use of black power outside white-approved channels. Hence, one function the slogan has is a kind of capacity for separating the black sheep from the colored goats among Negro leaders.

Still, should some leaders manage to make black power materialize, white liberals would try—and probably succeed in—taking it over. Indeed, one of the main reasons for white opposition to the phrase is its threat to white liberal power in the civil rights movement. Note that more than 50 preachers (almost all white) took out a full page ad in the New York Times presenting a couple of thousand explanatory words and offering to provide the power structure more on demand to "interpret" the phrase.

The white press—which, unfortunately, just about everybody gets his cue—flew into a rage in a fear-stricken effort to befuddle the concept. Even colored critics threw up the smokescreen of a "black state" and the difficulty of colored folk getting along together let alone running a state. I do not think black power advocates as a whole are calling for a separate state. They

appear to believe that, as soon as we separate off, the white folks will simply drop an atom bomb on us. However, Negroes will eventually have separate cities anyway and, now comprising two-thirds of the District of Columbia, will soon have an all-Negro state. Then we can move the White House to Howard University and call it the Black House.

Even Rev. King—may the Lord have mercy on his soul—professes to blame the "black power" slogan for sapping the strength of the wobbly-legged Meredith March; prophesies that "black power would be equally as evil as white power;" and has the holy gall to call on colored folk to think in terms of "shared power!" White politicians quickly caught something of this demoniacal deception. Hubert Humphrey stood with solemn-faced piety and told an audience of purple-gummed Negro leaders that black men are becoming racists, while LBJ limp-lipped a bare-faced, weasel-worded line about being "against white or black power!"

I believe that they see as clearly as I do Black Judgment Day around the corner. They can wait and see what it means.

GREENFIELD

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plosion that would obviate the necessity for sharing the power, and sell a few newspapers as a side

benefit. Or failing that, to suppress the movement by instilling in the white public the fear of reprisal for

its crimes and in our "responsible" leaders fear of censure from "liberal" whites.

The only white power that will diminish with black power is the power of whites over blacks. All

other white power will increase proportionately since, in this country, white power plus black power plus yellow power plus red power equal American power.

That's the way it is.

FAIR

(Continued from page 30)

the ones who will save the world and bring a new day, a brilliantly alive society that swings and sings and rings out the world over for decency and honesty and sincerity and understanding and beauty and love.

What are the alternatives if we are presently at the crossroads? The alternatives are simple (And I always seem to oversimplify things—perhaps because I see them so clearly that I don't have to be bogged down in trivia): we fight on with every facility available to us, and we wait. We fight on in every city and town in the country. We fight on and we spread the love we have been told we cannot feel for ourselves to each and every black man we meet. We fight on and we see in our black brothers and sisters the dignity they tried to tell us they had but we could never know. We fight on and at the same time we look about us and wait.

We look about us and wait because somewhere, somewhere in the tenements in Harlem, or from the west side of Chicago, or from Watts, there will be another

Malcolm and this one won't be murdered. There will be another Malcolm and his words will reflect the emotions, the ideas, the beliefs, the worries, the torture of those from the bottom as well as those from the top. Yes, the man on top, too, because the black man at the top is just as disenfranchised as the man who walks through the alley picking up pop bottles to get the price of his bottle of wine. Somewhere there will be another Malcolm and we will again have a universal voice.

But even if we don't find another Brother Malcolm, we will still fight on because we are a people who know only one way, and that is the way of accomplishment, the way of victory. We've never really lost, you know, not even a battle. Even the fact that we fight is a victory.

"... what are the practical alternatives to it?" I keep thinking of that. I laugh to myself because every black man in this country is aware that our time has come. Yes, even those who have sold out and have been granted the "luxury" of thinking they are white and have been allowed the accept-

ance of the establishment still feel something when they see their precious black women largely relegated to the role of domestics, still tighten up when they see black children suffering in their inhuman world, bleed when they hear of a black family destroyed because of a bombing, when they pass through the area of the most disenfranchised in their air-conditioned automobiles. They feel their blackness. They know it. (God, don't hate them, please, because they'll be back. They'll be standing in the line when the time comes because their blackness will not let them escape their responsibility to the brave dead blackmen who have made their success possible.)

Today, without a word passing

between them, one black man looks at another one and instinctively they know that they will not tolerate another hundred years of economic slavery. And if it means that some of us have to die to get our point across to the world, then we will die. But we will not die meekly. We will not die without making our statement. It's true that we are really no prouder than any other oppressed people in history, but we are the last of the long sufferers. And as a result of our oppression, we have gained a dignity our oppressors can never have, and we try just a little harder than the man on top, we do just a little better job than he does, and we are a hell of a lot more alive.

God, it must be terrible not to be born black in this day and age!

RANDALL

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pecting perfection or Utopia. As President Kennedy said, life is hard, some men spend the war state-side and others are killed. I think we should constantly strive toward perfection but not be too disappointed if we do not achieve it.

In my opinion, Black Power means organizing black people so that they can have power commensurate with their numbers in their communities, states, and in the nation. This will mean that they may dominate some communities politi-

cally, will be a strong force in some states, and will wield power in the national government. This is similar to what other groups have done.

In the Detroit suburb of Hamtramck, for instance, the Poles regularly elect a Polish mayor, Polish state representatives and senators, and Polish representatives to Congress. The Irish have long dominated Boston, and recently we had an Irish Catholic President. We have Catholic power, Jewish power, Italian power, and Armenian power. Let there be Black Power

too. Black people have long voted for whites to represent them; now whites should learn to vote for black representatives. It's the ability of the man which matters, not the color of his skin.

The adverse reaction of the white press to the phrase "Black Power" stems from two things, the whites' attitude toward blacks and their feelings about themselves. One of the things which incenses the black man toward the white is his absolute refusal to see the black man. To the white, he is invisible, not there. A white makes a movie or a television show about a hospital, say, where black internes, nurses, and orderlies are falling over each other, but the picture will be lily white. There may be a promotion coming up, but he never considers competent black workers for the position. To him the black man is invisible, he does not exist.

Or, he may indeed see the black man, but through the distortion of his own preconceptions and prejudice. Sixty years ago, if you mentioned black writers to a white bigot, he would say, "A nigger write a book? How can an ape write a book?" Today, at the term "Black Power," many whites have the same reaction; the only difference is that it is stated in more genteel language.

The second reason for the whites' reaction to the term "Black Power" is internal—their sense of guilt. When you have kidnapped, enslaved, beaten, murdered, raped, exploited, cheated, traduced, and

committed injustice toward a race for 300 years, how can you escape feelings of guilt, and the fear that they will do to you what you have done to them? A people that can burn a man, cut off his genitals and toes and distribute them for souvenirs, and incarcerate loyal Japanese-Americans in concentration camps, would have long ago reacted violently to such treatment as they have meted out, and they fear the black man will do what they would have done. They cannot conceive that he can have magnanimity, generosity, and compassion.

So far, there is no prominent black leader advocating such violence, although some have advocated protecting one's self when attacked, as is every man's legal and God-given right. All men are not saints (incidentally, the only way you can become a saint is through martyrdom), and they do not have Martin Luther King Jr.'s saintly qualities and find it hard to look with compassion upon some policeman who is beating their women, or shooting a child, or calling them black sons-of-bitches.

Black Power does not mean violence, but it will give black men a sense of pride and of solidarity and will make them unwilling to continue to bear exploitation.

The direction which Black Power will take depends upon White Power. If White Power acts wisely and with all speedy urgency in making this a livable country for every man, then there will be no reason to fear Black Power.