

SOULBOOK 8



soulbook

The Revolutionary Journal of The Black World

SOULBOOK is dedicated to all our Black Ancestors who have made it possible for us to exist and work for a LOVE SUPREME of BLACK PEOPLE.

NDUGU ZANGU WAMEKUFUAA WAISHI (LONG LIVE OUR ANCESTORS!)

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volume 2

number 4

spring-summer
1969

annual subscription by ordinary mail, \$3.00 inside u.s., \$4.50 outside; annual subscription by airmail, \$5.50 inside, \$10.00 outside; there are four issues in an annual subscription; cost of one copy: \$1.00
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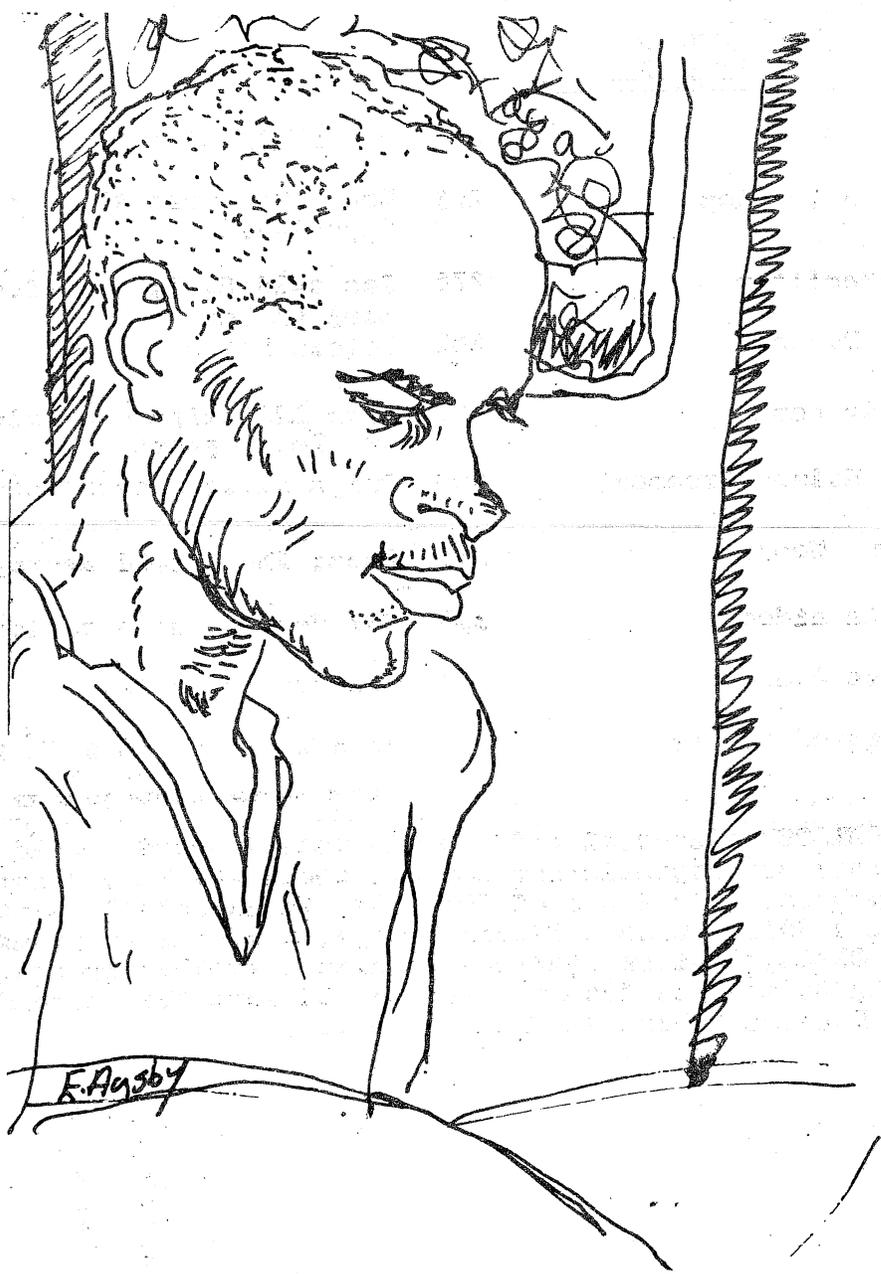
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The SOULBOOK editorial and administrative boards would like to express our appreciation for all those who have inspired us to publish this issue of SOULBOOK. We especially want to mention: Robert Uwazo, Sister Pamoja, Sister Montondani, Sister Olaka, Brother Obafunmi Akinlana, Brother Mwenye, Brother Sigidi and all the Brothers and Sisters that attend/teach at the Freedom School in Washington D.C.



editorial



Why must Black People unite? This is a question many Black Americans are asking themselves today. One of the main answers is that we must unite in order to *survive*, in order to present a common front to our oppressors.

Why did the Vietnamese unite? Why did they feel they needed a National Liberation Front? Do all Vietnamese have the same interests?

Let us take a look at the National Liberation Front (NLF) in South Vietnam. Inside the front you will find Catholics, Communists, Buddhists, Capitalists, workers, peasants, and Socialists. Each group has different self-interests which it wants to protect. Then why do Vietnamese come together? They come together *because they have a common interest which is more important than all of their differences* put together, and that interest is in seeing white American imperialism driven out of their country. No one group of Vietnamese itself, whether it be Communist, or Capitalist, or Buddhist, or Socialist, is capable of driving the white man out of their country. The Vietnamese realize that the only way to fight the war is to join together in a common front which unites all those who can be united, and neutralizes or isolates those who cannot or will not be brought over. This is the way a united front works.

When we look at our situation in the United States, we see that the overriding contradiction*in America today is that between the Black Nation and our colonial oppressors, the White Nation. Thus our struggle is for *National* Liberation; and as *all* great struggles for *National* Liberation we must unite all the best elements of *every* socioeconomic class in the nation of Black America. Denouncing Black cultural nationalism and praising white hippie cultural degeneracy will not unite Black America; in fact it will create the conditions for a civil war

*By this we definitely mean an antagonistic contradiction

amongst Black Americans; and this in our opinion is as big a danger to our *survival* in this country, as is the right-wing menace led by George Wallace, Birchites, minutemen, hells angels etc.. No one would deny that there are differences within the Black Nation, but just as in the case of the Vietnamese, one of the main common interests we have is the *survival* of the Black Nation which far outweighs these differences. We have Uncle Toms, certainly, but they can in no way be compared to Chiang Kai-shek, because no Black person in America has ever wielded the power which Chiang Kai-shek once had. And history shows that even though Chiang Kai-shek was a traitor to the cause of Chinese people, Mao Tse Tung was able to *unite* with him in a common front when China was invaded by Japan in 1936. *Why did they unite, even though they were sworn enemies?* They united because China was being invaded by a power stronger than both of them put together, and the survival of the Chinese nation was at stake.

Black people! We cannot afford to wait until each of us is threatened individually before we decide to unite. The survival of all Black people is at stake! Dr. Martin Luther King was not killed because he was a Baptist. He was killed because he was black! Brother Bobby Hutton was not killed because he was a member of the Black Panther Party. He was killed because he was black! No matter what our differences may be, they are small indeed compared to the problem of our survival in America. This is the basis upon which we must unite, or else we will perish in the white shadow of imminent death. Black Umoja (Unity) groups who organize the Black masses must be formed in all Black communities *especially the south*, so that ultimately we may link ourselves together nationally behind a common Black organization.

UMOJA

NDUGU ZANGU WAMEKUFUAA WAISHI (LONG LIVE OUR ANCESTORS!)

by CHEIKH ANTA DIOP

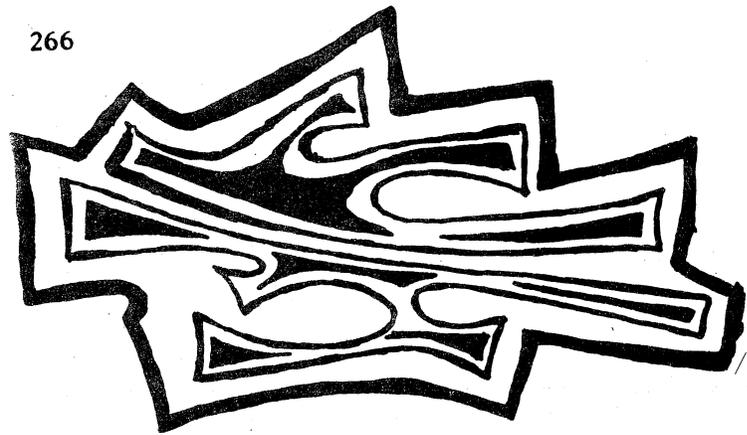
Every since the birth of the science of Egyptology, the number of books published on the one question of the color of the skin of the ancient Egyptians would make up a whole library; this is because they didn't tell it like it was, but they preferred to speculate, most of the time, on the very meaning of the words they used.

what
race
were

the ancient

Egyptians?





THE EGYPTIANS HAD BLACK SKINS IN THE SAME SENSE THAT BLACKS (persons anthropologically classified as Negroid) TODAY HAVE BLACK SKINS, STATISTICALLY SPEAKING. I AM SAYING THIS ON THE FORCE OF MY OWN INVESTIGATIONS. IN CONNECTION WITH THIS POINT I HAVE PREVIOUSLY MADE NUMEROUS DEDUCTIONS ON THE EGYPTIAN MUMMIES THAT WERE FOUND BY MARIETTE; THEY ARE CONSERVED IN OUR LABORATORY OF THE IFAN (A) AND THEY ARE AT THE DISPOSAL OF ALL THE RESEARCHERS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE QUESTION.

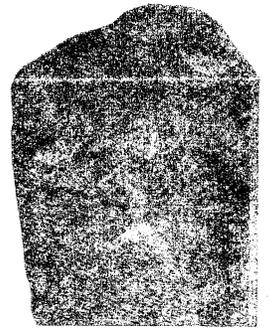
The scientific examination of these samples proves beyond a doubt, even beyond the so-called differences between the "black type" and the "Egyptian type" that the pigmentation of the two races is the same.

It is precisely the case that the skin of mummies can be cleaned, even of the most ancient mummies, and the pigmentation of the skin can be discovered if it existed. That is effectively what happened with all of the specimens on which I experimented. But all of them revealed, without exception, a black skin of the kind that all of the Blacks that we know today have.

A white, on the other hand, a Greek in the same condition as an ancient Egyptian, would he have become black or blackened after the mummification treatment of his skin? The answer is, No. Mummified whites preserve their color; the skin remains non-pigmented, whitish. This is what happened on a white mummie head from the Egyptian province that was conserved in the Musée de l'Homme, and on many mummies in the anthropological laboratory of Musée de l'Homme. Pigmentation is an internal phenomenon of the skin; it is different and distinguishable from the superficial layer of dirt that one finds on a cadaver. You can always appreciate how deep down this color goes by using the appropriate techniques, in terms of the absorption of ultraviolet rays, for example. A method of producing melanine through fluorescence is suggested below.

This was translated from Antériorité Des Civilisations Nègres (Présence Africaine; 1967, Paris) by Malaika Lumumba. Permission to translate and publish requested by SOULBOOK.

Three factors are involved in the pigmentation of the skin: a) The first, and the most important is strictly racial. Science, to the present time, has not been able to explain this in a satisfactory manner. Science contents itself with recognizing the effect of this phenomenon which corresponds to the fact that tyrosinase catalyses the oxydation of the tyrosine, an amino-acid which exists in animals and vegetation and transforms it into a black pigment that is called melanine. This strictly racial factor can be pointed out in the skin of ancient Egyptian mummies and compared to what happens in the skin of presently living blacks. b) An endocrinal factor, tied to the cortico-surrenal secretion which was studied by Jeanne Leschi (1). This secretion established the relative differences between surrenal secretions, the balance of potassium, plasmatic sodium, etc, and establishes the relative differences between blacks and whites, whether living in Africa (Dakar) or in Europe (Paris). The abundance of surrenal secretions has the effect of lessening the pigmentation of the skin, which conforms to the fact that this phenomenon is more important in whites, according to the author, than it is in blacks. This second factor is equally of a racial order. c) Finally, ultra-violet rays also provoke the reaction of oxydation which leads to the formation of melanine. But the effect disappears with the cause, that is, seasonal insolation, and the Europeans who brown in the summer, lose their pigmentation in the winter.



Just as it is necessary to compare Egyptian plastic art and African plastic art, in the same way it is the modern African painting that should be compared to the Egyptian painting: the spontaneous choice of colors and tones by present blacks in order to represent their race will give some important implications on the ethnic value of Egyptian pictorial representations; the dark brown tone is the same when one compares present black paintings with those of ancient Egypt.

In the Egyptian legend of creation of Osiris and of Isis, Osiris, the principle of Good and of Moral Order, is born with the traits of a man with flat black coloring: he is always painted with a carbon black skin when he is not represented as green to symbolize vegetation.

Seth (Typhon), the principle of Evil and of Disorder, the symbol of Treason, is born with the traits of a white with red hair: until the end of their history, Egyptians spontaneously massacred this type of white as soon as they were encountered, as being an impure being. They acted thus not by intolerance, but through prejudice.



Seth is the Brother of Osiris, in the same manner that Ham is the brother of Shem and of Japheth in the creation legend of the bible, in the story of Noah.

ESTHETIC

An esthetic conception of the black consists, mostly in the woman, of blackening the parts of the body that are not naturally pigmented. Thus among the Valof, Peul, Toucouleur, Bambara, Laobe, Sarakolle (present-day African tribes of Sub-Sahara regions) etc. the women have their two gums and their two lips, most often the bottom lip, tatoed in black; in the same way they blacken the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet with the application of leaves of henné (2) that has been reduced to a powder and mixed with water.

Were the female Egyptian mummies tatoed in the same way as present day Africans? This should be verified. On the other hand it is known that the Egyptians were acquainted with and used henné in the same way as do Africans of today.

THE EGYPTIAN RACE ACCORDING TO CLASSIC AND ANCIENT AUTHORS

In the case of the Greeks and Latins, who were the contemporaries of the Egyptians of antiquity, the physical anthropology of the Egyptians did not pose any problems: the Egyptians were blacks, thick-lipped, with frizzly hair and slender legs; the oneness of their testimony on a physical fact as pronounced as the race of a "people" is difficult to minimize or to pass over in silence.

We will review several of these testimonies in order to pinpoint their ideas.

a) Herodotus, called the father of history, 480(?) to 425 B.C.

On the subject of the origin of the Colchians(3) Herodotus wrote:

"Evidently, the Colchians are of the Egyptian-race. What I say was my personal opinion before I heard it expressed by others; when I took that question to heart I questioned the men of the two peoples; and I found

that the Colchians were more a part of Egyptian culture than the Egyptians were a part of Colchian culture; but some Egyptians told me that they thought the Colchians descended from the soldiers of Sesostris. I had conjectured this myself following two indices. First, because they have black skin and frizzly hair (really this proves nothing because other people are in this category). Secondly, and more indicative is the fact that alone among men, the Colchians, the Egyptians and the Ethiopians practice circumcision from birth. The Phoenicians and the Syrians of Palestine recognize themselves that they took this habit from the Egyptians; the Syrians who inhabit the region of the Thermodon river and of Parthenia and the Macrons, who are their neighbors, say that they recently took this practice from the Colchians. These are the only men who practice circumcision, and one realizes that they do it in the same manner as the Egyptians. Between the Egyptians themselves and the Ethiopians, I couldn't say which of them taught this practice to the other; because, evidently, among them it is an ancient practice; that this practice is learned through intercourse with Egypt, here is what for me is also strong proof: All those Phoenicians who frequent Greece give up the habit of treating the natural parts with the exception of the Egyptians, and do not submit their descendants to circumcision"(4).

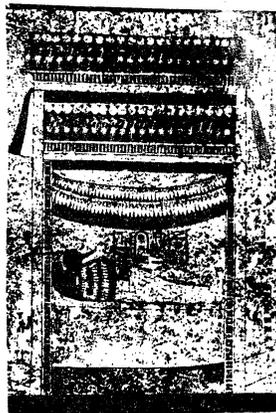
Herodotus returns several times to the black quality of the Egyptians and uses it each time, as a gift that follows from the sense of the word Egyptian, in order to demonstrate theses that are more or less complex.

Thus, in order to prove that the Greek oracle of the city of Dodone, in Epire, is of Egyptian origin, he gives, among other arguments: "and when they add that that column was black, they give us to understand that this woman was Egyptian" (5).

The Columns in question -- there were in fact two according to the text -- symbolized two Egyptian women who were supposed to have been carried from Thebes in Egypt to found the oracles of Dodone in Greece and of Libye (Oasis of Jupiter Amon).

Herodotus did not share the opinion of Anaxagoras according to whom the fountain of snows on the high summits of Ethiopia were the origin of the fashioning of the Nile (6). He leaned upon the fact that it neither rains nor snowed in Egypt "and the heat there makes the men black" (7).

b) Aristotle: 389 (?) to 322 B.C. Scientist, philosopher, perceptor to Alexander the Great:



Aristotle, in one of his "minor works," entitled The Physiology tried to establish, with an unexpected naivete, a correlation between the physique and the moral of a being and left us a testimony on the Egyptian and Ethiopian races, which confirms the evidence of Herodotus.

According to Aristotle:

"Those who are too black are cowards. This applies to the Egyptians and the Ethiopians. But those who are too white are also cowards, look at the women. But the complexion that corresponds to courage is between the two." (8)

c) Lucien: Greek writer, 125(?) to 190 B.C.

The testimony of Lucien is as explicit as the two preceding. He puts before us two Greeks, Lycinus and Timolos between whom the following dialogue occurs:

Lycinus (describing a young Egyptian): "This boy is not only black but he is also thick-lipped and his legs are too slim... His hair, which is tied behind in a braid shows that he is not free.

Timolos: "That is the sign of a very high birth in Egypt, Lycinus. All children who are born free, braid their hair until the adult age; it is just the contrary of our ancestors who find it convenient for aged persons to knot their hair with a brooch of gold in order to hold it in place" (9).

d) Apollodorus: first century B.C. Greek philosopher. According to Apollodorus: "Egyptos conquered the land of the black feet and called it Egypt after his own name." (10)

e) Aeschillus: 525(?) to 456 B.C. Tragic poet, creator of the Greek tragedy.

In The Suppliants, Danaos, escaping with her daughters, the "Danaiides", pursued by her brother Egyptos and his sons, the "Egyptiades", who want to marry their cousins by force, climb upon a high piece of ground. She observes the sea and describes in the following terms the "Egyptiades" who are in the distance:

"I can see the carriage with their black limbs coming out of white tunics. (B)

f) Ammien Marcellin: 330 (?) to 400 A.D. Latin historian and friend of the emperor Julien. With this writer we reach the decline of the Roman Empire and the end of classic antiquity.

Nine centuries, about, separate his death from the birth of Aeschillus or Herodotus, nine centuries during which the Egyptians, surrounded by the white nations have not ceased to mix them. One can say without exaggeration, that in Egypt in one house out of ten there was a white slave, or an asiatic or indo-european one (11).

It is remarkable that this mixing did not succeed, despite its intensity, in changing the racial constants. In effect, Ammien Marcellin wrote:

"But the Egyptian men are, for the most part brown and black, of a sinister aspect, slender and dry, emphatic in all their movements, inclined towards controversy and the sharpest vengfulness." (12)

We have just made partial review of the testimonies of ancient Greco-Latin authors on the Egyptian race. Their agreement is impressive and constitutes an objective fact that is difficult to minimize or to mask. Modern erudition vascillates constantly between these two poles; you can presume that constantly between these two poles; you can presume that anyone would have quite a job before them if they wanted to dispute historical science, not by sane criticism, but by the negation of documents that were written in the time of related events. While one has the right to expect a convincing demonstration, based upon solid argument and weighted with all of the force of logic in the critical sense, as the reward for all the waiting, there is only evasion, camouflaged from even before the beginning of the scientific debate with provocative forms, more or less awkward. A trial of intentions rather than facts, of grotesque deformations that are most of the time not even worth putting down.

BONES

The bones of the ancient Egyptians were equally Negroid. This important fact was established by Lepsius. The Canon, said to have come from Lepius, charts the body proportions of the perfect Egyptian, with short arms. These proportions would be classed as Negroid (13). Must we recall that here it is a question of morphological character that is most firmly established and which permits one to distinguish a black from a white. This is the reason the "scientific" works pass this question in silence.

THE HAIR OF THE EGYPTIANS

The Egyptians had kinky hair. In the persons of mixed blood, their hair was straighter in differing degrees.



The shaven head of the Egyptian woman from the Amratan epoch, the wearing of wigs that goes back to the same proto historic epoch, the series of hairdos of the Egyptian woman of the Pharoanic epoch which are also found in black Africa, all of these things do not jibe with the existence of a long natural hair that falls to the shoulders. If this had been the case, as certain anthropologists desire to show through very carefully selected reproductions (14), one fact would remain mysterious: the

Egyptian woman would then be the only woman to mask her long natural hair with a complete wig of artificial hair, very impractical, made of all sorts of vegetable matter of strings of bark, of plaited hemp, of lapis-lacule ... On the contrary, in Africa, we know that these kinds of hairdos that are common to Egypt and to the rest of black Africa, and in particular to Senegal, are justified only by the krinkled nature of the hair. The treatment of Krinkly hair is a constant worry of the black woman.

The permanence of these facts in Egypt of old excludes a passing vogue comparable to the wearing of wigs in Europe of the seventeenth century (15). It results from a physical necessity; if one judges by the generality of these hairdos, he must admit that the majority of Egyptians had kinky hair that conforms to the testimonies of the ancient historians cited above. (16)

It would seem, then, that the reproductions like those contained in "The Royal Mummies" and so many other collections, are of the kind that would give false impressions. One finds blacks with kinky hair in every epoch, all the way to the delta, and nothing except ones prejudices would permit one to class these Egyptians as strangers. (17)

Whatever the case, the mummies with "straight" hair and those with kinky hair are always of pigmented skin in the same way, because they correspond to the two variants of the same black (Negroid) universe (with the exclusion of the mummies of Greek and asiatic strangers which are easy to identify). The casquette of Sete the first, founder of the XIXth dynasty and the father of Ramses II, has a bizarre form that can only be explained by the hair styled of kinky hair of black Africa. The kinky hair is visibly represented by circles.



One regrets the disorder and the negligence, above all, of the first searches (through Egyptian tombs) -- the fact that these searches were conducted without essentially the participation of African specialists, who did not yet exist. One can regret that specialists, who

have not yet been freed from prejudice, were able to, during a century and a half, with abandon, work alone and search through dozens of thousands of tombs, to select on their own the anthropological types worthy of being preserved and to decline those that held no value for science and for civilization; and should have been burned as such. (18) Despite all of these facts, the anthropologists are obliged to conclude that a relative majority of Negroids peopled the predynastic Egyptians: 36% Negroids, 33% Mediterraneans, 11% Cromagnoides, 20% of individuals not fitting into any of these three groups, parented either by Cromagnoides or Negroids. (19)

In reality the blacks were more than "frequent in Upper Egypt" if one holds to an objective interpretation of the figures cited: they were the majority as compared to all the other categories, according to the figures of Falkenburger and adopted by Cornevin. But these figures themselves are not realistic. In effect, the 33% of Mediterraneans (20) concern the brown race defined by the anthropologists Elliot Smith or of Sergi that the anthropologists would try in vain to place outside of the "Negroids". The 11% of Cromagnoides correspond only to an artificial classification because there were no indigenous Cro-Magnon in Egypt; what then can one think of the 20% of mixed-blood peoples belonging either to Cromagnoides or to Negroids?

The black Negro, almost free from mixture, and the Negro that is less dark (Khes -- "clear skin" in Valaf language), the two blacks of the Egyptian monuments, are the two extremes of the same anthropological universe, in the same sense that the latin and the nordic are; it is improper to try to make them seem fundamentally different.



FOOTNOTES:

- A.
1. Races melanodermes et leucodermes. Pigmentation et fonctionnement corticosurrenalien. Paris, Masson et Cie, 1952.
 2. A plant found in Africa that yields a black dye that is used to color parts of the body particularly during certain important ceremonies (marriage, etc.).
 3. In the fifth century B.C., during the time when Herodotus visited Egypt, there still lived, in Kholmsk (Colchide) U.S.S.R., on the Armenian bank of the Black Sea, to the east of the ancient port of Trbizonde, a Black People, the Colchians, surrounded by nations of white-skinned people.
 4. Herodotus: Book II, p. 104. As with many African Peoples of Black Africa, the Egyptian woman was circumcised: see Strabon (geographie livre 17, ch 1.).
 5. Herodotus: Book II, p. 57.
 6. Seneque: Questions naturelles, livre IV, 17.
 7. Herodotus: Book II, p.22.
 8. Aristotle: Physiognomy, 6; In this fashion, the Father of formal logic continues for entire paragraphs, one should not be surprised, it seems. "Those who have red hair have evil characters: look at the wolf." None of the words that were responsible for Aristotle's reputation in ancient times has come down to us. They are known, at the present time, only by way of minor works, truly the notes of school boys that are often contestable. Paradoxically, the works (that we have directly) of Aristotle are completely incoherent. His most vehement detractors consider him as the representative of infantile mentality, he, the creator of logical reasoning and of the principle of identity. And one is (should be) familiar with the severe judgement of Pic de la Mirandole according to which "Without Saint Thomas, Aristotle would have remained dead (silent)."
 9. Lucien Navig, paragraphe 2 to 3.
 0. Apollodorus, Book II. The family of Inacus, paragraphe 3 and 4.
 - B. Aeschillus: The Suppliantes, verses 719 to 720. See also verse 745.
 1. The notable Egyptians liked to have in their "harems" a Syrian or Mitanian slave.
 2. Ammien Marcellin, Livre XXII, paragraphe 16 (23).
 3. Fontanes, Les Egyptes. Editions Lemerre, p. 44-45.
 4. See Reproductions contained in "The Royal Mummies" by Elliot Smith. Musee du Caire edition.

15. It must be pointed out that these wigs exaggerated the natural character of European hair instead of transfiguring it as would have been the case (assuming that Egyptians had straight hair) with the Egyptian wig. It is just as clear that as far as the women were concerned, it was not a question of protection from intemperate weather, no more than that is the case in Black Africa.
16. See Herodotus. History (Book II) Euterpe. Lucien see above.
17. See, Origine africaine de la coiffure egyptienne, by Mlle. Cappart, in the magazine Reflets du Monde. Bruxelles, 1956.
18. *All during the Middle Ages Europe was the principle importer of 'mummy powder'. It was supposed to possess magical powers against diverse illnesses. Healers administered this powder to patients orally (through the mouth)! Tons of mummies disappeared in this way, through this commerce which was very lucrative.*
19. Massoulard, Prehistoire et protohistoire d'Egypte, Paris, Institut d' Ethnologie, 1949 p. 421.
- 19A. Refers to the elongated skull shape that is characteristic of the black man (Negroids).
20. "The 'negroid' substratum of mankind is as extensive as it is old. Haddon shows how Elliot Smith and Sergi identified this substratum. Concerning Sergi's Euro-African race, he writes: "one notices a second variety with wavy, short hair, prognathism, and shorter limbs; this Euro African type, possessing almost negroid characteristics, may be linked to that of Grimaldi (The Grimaldi man was the prime substratum (main ancestors) to the whole group of people that are now called/classified as 'negroes' or Black people, or Black Africans), and has been described by Sergi, Guiffrida, Ruggeri, and Fleure, who found it in various areas of Southern Wales. A type with an analogous skull has been found among the present inhabitants of Algeria, Somaliland, Northern Abyssinia, Egypt, Northern Italy, Sardinia, Northern Portugal, in the Spanish province of Tralos Montes, to the west of the Pyrenees, and in various isolated areas of Europe. This is evidently a very ancient type of man which had endured in remote regions." (Haddon: Les Races Humaines and Leur Repartition Geographique. Translated by Van Gennep. Felix Alcan, Nouvelle edition, Paris 1930, p. 43.).



Soul On Ice, by brother Cleaver is a book about a black man's pilgrimage -- one that is incomplete; it is incomplete not because he has not reached the holy city; it is incomplete because he keeps retreating to revisit those desolate way stations he once passed that he must touch on again and again because he is not sure, because he has no guarantee that the city will be there when he reaches the end of the road. In this book we see him run the gamut from mediocre sensationalism to superb soulful outrage. At its worse it is difficult to tell whether the author is Calvin Cleaver or Eldridge Hernton spiced liberally with Norvridge Mailer.

Sections I and II entitled, Letters From Prison and Blood of the Beast respectively are Cleaver at his best.

In Letters From Prison, he takes us not only into the jail cells but inside himself as well. We see the physical deprivation he suffered inside Folsom Prison and then he holds up a mirror before us in which we see reflected that detached uninvolved part of us that cannot see beyond the fragmented self. "I met life as an individual and took my chance...Negroes found it necessary... to remain somewhat aloof and detached from the problem." The painful honesty of this self revelation is reminiscent of the Hustler chapter in Malcolm X's autobiography. In this section although the theme runs through the book, we see the intensity of Cleaver's love-hate conflict, love-hate of blackness, love-hate of the white world. He goes from Catholicism to Elijah's Nation of Islam wherein he becomes a prison minister -- he swings back to a pitiful adulation of his prison school teacher Lovdjieff, whom he calls "The Christ;" he writes a doggerel poem, "To A White Girl," his attorney Beverly Axelrod?

"I love you

Because you're white

Not because you're charming

Or Bright

...

I hate you

Because you're white...

My heart is torn in two

Crucified."

After he states that if he had not been apprehended he would have slit some white throats. On the next page he is terribly impressed by American youth, black and white "... they have reaffirmed my faith in humanity." I commend Eldridge for his honesty in putting his feelings down on paper, but I look askance at his lack of resolution. Not even the chapter on the murder of Malcolm has the intensity of his feeling he expressed for Thomas Merton or Tom Paine. I find this flaw distressing when it appears in a man who holds a high position on the council of a militant black organization.

The first essay in Section II, "Blood of the Beast," is a stimulating catalogue of Cleaver's iconoclasm, very little of which any Afro-American outside of the civil rights movement would find unacceptable. His identification of black Americans with the rest of the colonial world whose people are either chafing under or revolting against white racist imperialism is a point that no black revolutionary can afford to ignore. All of us are "Ofay Watchers," the term he uses at the beginning of this section. It is too bad though that he did not carry the thought to its limits; what he should have said is that we have to watch all Ofays; it would do well for him to remember, since he is coalition minded, that we have suffered betrayal at the hands of white Populists during the Reconstruction, at the hands of the C.P. during the forties, and at the hands of white liberals secretly and openly during and after the civil rights era, and that in the Third World struggle, Russia has played the role of Janus as often as she has helped. But he does well to re-alert us to that Pilgrim Fathers, George

Washington, Honest Abe, 4th of July Bullshit. One further statement on this particular essay called "The White Race and Its Heroes," I do not and cannot believe that black rebels and white rebels want the same thing, as brother Cleaver asserts. Until such time as white youths create simultaneous diversionary disturbances in white neighborhoods during so-called riots in black ghettos, I shall hold to my passionate skepticism about the unity that he wants to believe in so badly.

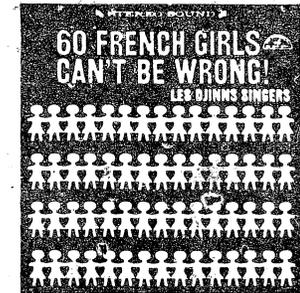
In a section sub-titled, "The Negro Celebrity," he goes into the making and breaking of black idols by the white power structure and its "hatchetmen" the black bourgeoisie; he makes short shrift of Martin Luther King (the indignant reader must remember that this book was published before King's murder, although any post assassination critique of King would not be invalidated by his death) as a tool of the structure along with entertainers and athletes who toe the line; and we all know this is true -- Sonny Liston was a "bad fellow" until he whipped Patterson and had to face a "worse nigger" in the person of Mohammed Ali! He back tracks again though when he repeats the cliché that the black Muslims have a racist ideology; that's too easy an out. Space does not permit a long digression, but if the Nation of Islam is racist, it has had 400 years of good teaching to draw on; the "racism" of the black Muslims stems from the same source as the self-hatred exhibited in numerous passages of this book, a self-hatred not too far removed from that ascribed to James Baldwin in the essay "Notes On a Native Son!" The last three essays of section II deal with the forked tongued patriotism in America, the mercenary role of Afro-Americans in Vietnam, where the best (Third World) interests of blacks lie in the defeat of American Imperialism there, and the issue of law and order at home and abroad, an order enforced by brutal white capitalism whose chief victims at home are blacks and whose victims abroad are the coloreds of Africa, Asia, and South America. How more eloquently could I put it, except by quoting the last essay in this section? "Why not die right here in Babylon fighting for a better life, like the Viet Cong?" "If those little cats can do it, what's wrong with big studs like us?"

Section III is entirely devoted to three letters to his female lawyer and to her answers to them. I suspect that Beverly Axelrod is a white woman, but whether or not she is, they are of no interest to this reviewer, political or literary wise and they should have been left in brother Cleaver's diary for the perusal of his biographer. The reader can buy the book and go through them himself.

"The Allegory of the Black Eunuchs" is the opening essay of the last portion of the book called, "White Woman, Black Man." And he takes us through the labyrinth of painfully true hang ups of black men with each other and in intimate relationships with white men and women, a subject that

Fanon goes into thoroughly in Black Skin, White Masks. Cleaver ascribes to the black male all of the mythical brawn, sexuality and no brain attributes that he rails against the white man for inventing in the first place. The term "eunuch" becomes an irony at the least. Did Cleaver get caught up by the myth he set out to expose? This leads up to the next essay wherein he pulls out all of the stops in a 15-page essay that is half existentialist and half madness. White women are ultrafeminine and yet in reality frigid; black men are super masculine and at the same time eunuchs and menial. The white man is all brain and no brawn. The black woman is an Amazon, who... finds it difficult to respect the supermasculine (black) menial. In trying to negotiate this bed of quicksand created by the ofay, Cleaver has gotten mired down and is close to drowning! In "Convalesce" he quotes Irving Louis Horowitz, "The solution is not through the direct liquidation of the color line... but rather through a greater physical connectedness of the whites; and a greater intellectual connectedness of the blacks..." Some shit (expletive mine). If my brother will admit that he was on some out of mind "hash", I'll forgive him! It seems from the above essay, that the road to "convalescence" is innate in the white acceptance and adaptation (and not incidentally getting rich) of rhythm and blues, the twist, the boogie-woogie, and whatever other dances the blacks invent and move on before the whites half-learn them and capitalize on them. Three cheers for cultural piracy. "Enter the Beatles-soul by proxy, middlemen between the Mind and the Body." He writes, "...a long way from Pat Boone's white shoes." I am not convinced, and Cleaver should not be deceived in his eagerness to be accepted. The Beatles and their like have done with rhythm and blues what white musicians did with jazz-swing a la Benny Goodman, what white entertainers did with black dancers -- the cake walk and the Charleston a la Vernon and Irene Castle. One could write a book just on this phenomenon. Cleaver, as a black artist, takes a position similar to that of the black middle class of Afro-American music forms; the latter abdicate because it is too "primitive" and "emotional," the former are willing to give it away -- both do so in exchange for "acceptance" by the white masters. Whites have been snatching up black art forms (and perverting them) for generations and this has not changed their attitude toward blacks any more than have Dr. King's moral exhortations.

In his closing essay, "To All Black Women, From All Black Men," he sings a poem to black womanhood, a noble effort with a number of flat notes which



stem from the singer's indecision and lack of preparation. "I have returned from the dead." "I speak to you from the Here and Now. I was dead for four hundred years." Nonsense! Black manhood was not resurrected nor created in the last half of the twentieth century. American soil is well checkered with the graves, marked and unmarked of slaves, "uppity niggers," and courageous civil rights organizers, to say nothing of those buried alive because they prefer manhood more than a salary: Paul Robeson, Nathan Hare, Muhammed Ali, and the forty dollar a week porter who tells his white boss to kiss his ass and walks away leaving his broom in the middle of the floor, have a tradition. The black American men of today are heirs to a tradition begun when Manhattan was a forest, and the first slave ship touched these shores. "I would kill a black man or woman quicker than I'd smash a fly..." is part of the truth and the long suffering on the part of black women, their anguish, their abuse at the hands of black males and white males is also true, painfully true, because far too many blacks abandoned their manhood; but there were always those who did not and those that perished became seeds. That is how we "survived our forced march and travail through the Valley of Slavery, Suffering and Death," that puzzles Cleaver. It is indeed a wilderness overrun with ruins, as Cleaver puts it, that we find here after that hard climb, and the promise to build a New City for his Queen is one well worth making and striving to fulfill! It can be fulfilled if we become single minded and pass up the glittering distractions about us.

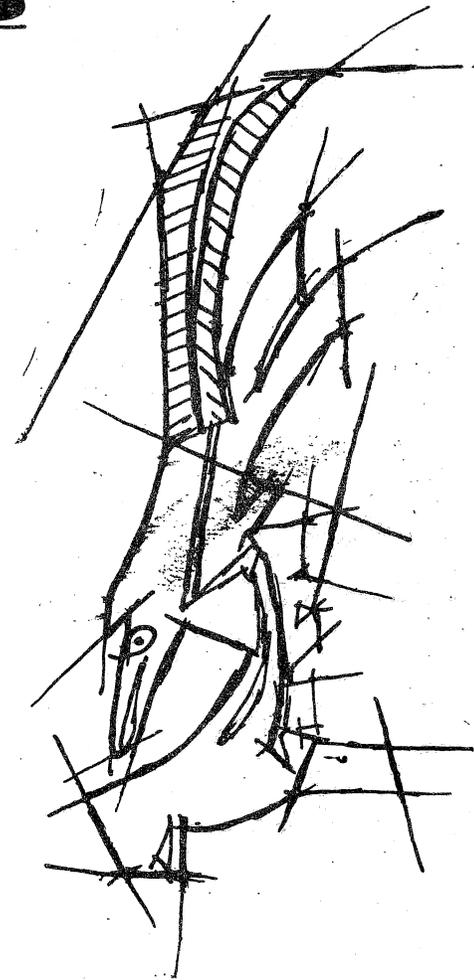
This review was started before Cleaver was shot and brutalized again by racist cops, and in the light of this "white happening," I was, I must admit, tempted to be less critical of this book. But books by black writers are too few and too important to be glossed over in these post civil rights days. In the forging of a new ideology for black people, we cannot afford to ignore the "hang ups" that surface during our dialogues, for what is at stake is not merely our physical survival, but our spiritual and psychic survival as well.



reject

notes

talib M. Zobeir
sonia Sanchez
h. winfield Tavasti
david Henderson
bobb Hamilton
carol Holmes (Freeman)
barbara Simmons
alicia Johnson
ahmed Alhamisi



"The Black Revolution"

The Black Revolution in America is not to be equated with acts of social aggression designed to promote integration. It is the self-defensive measures of a human organism that has found it increasingly difficult to distinguish the difference between life and death in a closed republic. It is a direct confrontation with Neo-Genocide. It is a quest to augment "Green Power" with "Black Power". It is a revolution of survival. And We will survive. We must.

Talib M. Zobeir.

Poem for my children

mungu & Morani

Meusi

ain't no prince

charmings

and Anita

ain't no cin / de / rella.

but

u & i know

this is a fairy

land.

YEAH

--sonia sanchez

for unborn malcolms

git the word out

now.

to the man/boy

taking a holiday

from murder.

tell him

we hip to his shit and that

the next time he kills one

of our

blk/princes

some of his faggots

gonna die

a stone/cold/death.

yeah.

it's time.

an eye for an eye

a tooth for a tooth

don't worry bout his balls

they al

ready gone.

git the word

out that us blk/niggers

are out to lunch

and the main course

is gonna be his white meat.

yeah.

--sonia sanchez

right on: white america

1.

it is quite
evident by now
that kennedys
are kill
able
easily
assassinated
cuz after all
the money and
polish is washed
away in blood
what u got

left cept
pocr dirty/
irish/
american/
(and we know what that
means in white america)

2.

white america is saying
stand up & be counted
as a conservative
or die white/
liberal if u think u
can be our great/
white/ president.
and chickens do
come home to roost
cuz
a/ mer/ ica
is now killing her own
after all the
terrible/ blk/ deaths/
of our
terrible/ blk/yrs.

3.

this country might have
been a pion
neer land
once.
but. there ain't
no mo
indians blowing
custer's mind
with a different
image of america.
this country
might have
needed shoot/
outs/ daily/
once.
but. there ain't
no mo real/white/
allamerican
bad/guys.
just.
u & me.
blk/ and un/armed.
this country might have
been a pion
eer land. once.

and it still is.
check out
the falling
gun/shells on our blk/ tomorrows.

4.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!
starting july 4th is
bring in yr/guns/down/to
yr/nearest/po/lice/station/
no questions/asked/
wk.
and yr/po/lice/dept/

will welcome
 all yr/
 illegal/guns. (and they won't say a thing)
 cept maybe
 at the next re/bel/lion
 maybe just
 the small sound
 of murder:
 yr/own...

---sonia sanchez

Kikuyu Man: Mau Mau

H. Winfield Tavasti

Kikuyu man
 where are you?
 We can't go on without you.
 come
 out of your tent
 come
 join at the red rock our ritual
 of blood and sweat
 of fire and sweetness
 of night and agony
 come
 feel our hearts clang
 against the hot hate of the evening
 Kikuyu man
 Kikuyu man.
 come
 bring your lion's tooth your boar your bone knife,
 bring the embers of a fading colony
 your goat-song and flaming lamb
 your broken fingers and soiled grasses
 and
 sway with us your steaming black rhythms
 join
 our incantation of love and death
 hate and joy
 brighter life
 and vibrant song.
 sway with us your steaming black rhythms
 til our brains dizzy and roused
 and our souls angry and sad
 breathe the strength
 of your oath
 Kikuyu man
 Kikuyu man.

CARAVAN

1.

along speeding highways
 southern stars churn/ quiet white light
graves unincorporated
 is the only insurance

here

i would study
 the origins of the sisters
 find
 the genius of american dance
 sitting on the lips
 of a toothless shack

2.

& below

many many little pickaninnies cry
 for the nation
 drooning like oriental wisemen/
 koolaid
 may ease the pain
 but the music of the race
 will suffice
 the sleepy hamlets

david henderson

Fork Of The West River (5)

from my windows
 i hear the rain of the water hydrants
 seems like water brings the breezes
 seems like night time brings the breezes

by summer-in-the city days
 i walk huge dust storms
 along the popular avenues
 looking for my son

sometimes i walk uptown
 facing the palisades from across the great hudson
 where the cathedrals of higher education loom high
 against the sky

sometimes i walk thru central park
 and find
 that as we near the ghetto
 the park becomes a mountain
 which we must overcome
 for a good fish sandwich

---david henderson

Its More Impressive That Way

Allen Rufus Smith

Makes 8200 beans a yeah now;

He says, "Per annum,"

Sounds more impressive that way.

When he got the raise,

He started spelling his last name with a "Y"

Sounds more impressive that way.

He got a 2 and 9/10ths room apartment in Lenox Terrace

For \$145 a month;

He asked for a apartment of the 14th floor;

Its more impressive up thataway;

He wanted to live in Park West Village, cause

Its more impressive that way,

But the Man told him that he didn't make enough money,

So, he had to come back here and live

With all us colored folks,

I'm in Harlem, he say, "but I'm not of Harlem;"

Its more impressive that way.

He got a apartment fulla expensive second-handed furniture;

He calls it Lewis The 14th.

Its more impressive that way.

He got copies of European pictures on his walls

Instead of real paintings by black folks;

But he don't buy "Old Crow"

He buys Old Dove

Its more impressive that way.

He give a big New Yeah's Party in his little place

And invited his white boss who didn't come,

It's more impressive that way.

On Monday mornings he git on the elevator

With three bags

One under each eye and one

In his right hand with his lunch in it;

He calls it a brief-case;

Its more impressive that way.

He gits into his little two-seated coop

"Foreign sportscar" he calls it

And drive to his civil service job

Throwing mailsacks at the post-office.

We grew up together,

But he don't speak no more

Since he got rich.

Its more impressive that way.

So one day I sees him before he sees me

And gits busy tying his shoe,

And I walks up to him ever so politely

And says, "in a refined-like voice,

"Mr. Alleen Rufurst Smythe Esquire"

How come you High-hats me now that you moved up

In gov'ment circles?"

And he says to me, as he bends over to

Tie his shoe,

"Its more impressive that way"

bobb hamilton

a white rapist hangs from

my

family

tree

Carol Holmes (Freeman)

I knew you Abraham Linkstein when
 your family sold Kosher meat in
 a dingy corner of the world, spoke
 yiddish and put the witch sign on
 lunch backs and Hungry Black cats
 who arched their backs at your jewishness

I knew you Abie when you wore
 horn rim glasses and a cheap jew suit
 to my world sticking your sallow
 misers rose in our desolation
 calling my mamma Mrs. nigger so polite
 she would make payments on your
 cheap imitation cardboard bedroom set
 sniffing my mammas warm Blackness
 up your cranial calcined nose

I knew you Abie Linkstein one night
 when I woke up from a bad dream to see
 you snarling your lepers ass across
 my mothers dying body your nose
 running and your mouth and cursing wetly

I knew you Abie Linkstein when
 you opened your jew mouth and grinned
 gassily, selling your jewishness
 All men are Brothers, we jews understand
 we went through hell in germany we
 we we we we we we we we we we selling
 your liberal crap the way you sell your
 shitty furniture, and rotten food -
 geared to appeal to the
 knee-grow market.

I knew you Abie baby ---
 with your blind white eyes drooling

over some poor Black domestic
 with a back ache, fallen arches and
 too many children at home to feed, I
 see you, damning her
 to some private orgy in your lechers
 brain making her dance your own
 Auschwitz death dance to pay her rent
 knew you Abie scratching your
 funky crotch on a transit bus dreaming
 raping Black women and castrating
 Black men --

Look up Abie look up -slowly
 See this Black Black Black Black gun in my
 Black hand.

Watch the Black bitch thrill
 look on down this Black
 Barrell see how hot and Black it
 is see my finger tremble on the
 trigger, moan some Abie, I want
 it to be good to you, Abie baby I
 am going to make real good, Jew Boy
 I intend to really blow your mind
 is it good? look out abie here
 comes your climax

carol holmes (freeman)

Because you are silent and
 Caught up in your maleness

Because you are captured
 in your Blinding dazzling
 Blackness

Because you are Beautiful
 in your knowing
 in your Black charisma
 of eyes and warm soft mouth
 do you see me

carol holmes (freeman)

Aint no disrespect to chocolate men
 I want that understood
 It's just that they got a premium
 cause all they got is good

Aint the chocolate man's fault these gals love him
 Aint the chocolate man's fault he's going strong
 Who can blame sweet chocolate if he's right
 or if he's wrong

Don't blame chocolate for the system
 Don't blame chocolate for the rules
 It's Charley wont let chocolate rise
 cause charley's woman got big eyes

barbara simmons

(i)

WROTE

3

WORDES

ON

THE

P-E-N-T-A-G-O-N

LAST

NIGHT

F-U-C-K (U) B-I-T-C-H...

ALJ/8/4/67

alicia Johnson

guerilla warfare: an aftermath

Prologue: (Hasani) Mad, i picked up a bottle, stuck a rage in as a wick;
and with oil & gasoline as the combustible, threw it into a
jew-infested storefront ...

we eat better now
our refrigerator is full
thars milk for the babies. cause
mamma shopped for free
them days. and
daddy didn't get a chance to deposit his check in the wine store
down below.
we ain't confused no more. cause daddy hauled in a ignorant box &
uncle toms are shown in color.

& the children ain't hungry no more
now. they just lay thar on our new carpet. watching t.v. & eating
overdue christmas turkey. & drinking. large glasses of egg-nog in
smoke-filled rooms &
next-to-riot-torn partments.
we can sit now & more friends visit us now & don't get tired now &
daddy watches a hot colored t.v. now sipping from a bottle of cold
duck on a 50 dollar looted table reading his picture in the detroit
news & the chronicle.
thars laughter for the first
time in months. mamma and daddy don't argue no more now. don't give
a damn 'bout cracker johnson's statement that the riots are criminal
elements of niggers & black people suffer.
but we know the truth from cracked lips. dead cops. smoke signals
spelling black power. in one billion-plus dollars. fires. screams.
white eyes. slow pumping hearts. silence. death

pow pow pow powwww!
do-it to 'em brothers. create big-city screams & let america be
big-city. pick up grosse pointe on the radar. cause
thars enough to go around. here in motown. brotherhood!
Sisterhood! we good. we help. showed devils humanity. we hep. we brotherhod
helped the christians too. i mean
psychological moments
punctuated with bullets from snipers have taken some crackers to heavenly
splendors. & god has made america so nice
now. since sunday when black gods threatened christianity. 'cept
for big burley cracker cops beating niggers.

owned houses. kicking in gold-trimmed doors of bourgeois
directing "hogs" in pig-pens under "parking
allowed" signs dripping with nigger blood.
looting buildings & lives. using "bloods"
as radar. for their executions.

there is a conspiracy going on in america. a conspiracy so barbaric
that even "the fire next time".
but nothing will survive the newer creations
'cept black people
bleeding white throats to death. newer creations are coming. are here!
even now we have celebrated the first black christmas. &
we shop at different times now.

under spirits of blood & sweat. under
broken glass. dying rooftops. glaring searchlights. stupid loudspeaker:
in an already stricten ghetto. &
there are so many new toys now:

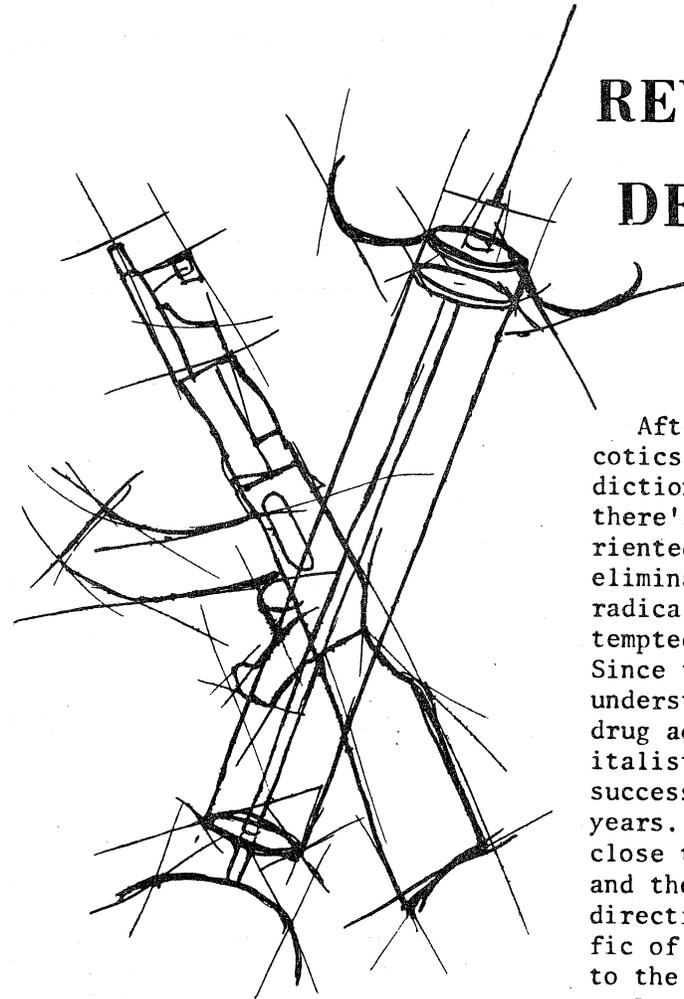
real toy soldiers with pop-guns
iron troopers armed with ignorance.
cockroach-looking-cops coloring books f
children (child! color 'em all crackers ...). santa claus is
black with wooly hair. laid hair. is arsonist. are snipers coming on
hard from weird & unknown places. niggers slipping down chimneys in bla
communities. bringing gifts. to black spiritual brothers and sisters
of african kings and queens.
"Get the niggers! Blast 'em to hell!" echoed from ass-faced hunky cops
carrying out presidential orders of military leeches.
but the crackers will
die. from the arsonal of black truths. coming from rooftops. painted
fires. delayed bombs. sparked after 400 yrs. from brothers
clutching the "bible" (Frantz Fanon's The Wretched of the Earth) &
smiling confidently with african amulets 'round their necks.
pow pow powpowpowwwwwwwwwww
do-it to 'em truth. fill up this abyss. this emptyness. of white americ
& let the fullness flush away anything against your humanity.
i mean
how can we lose
when the night ignores conversation with big burley cops. & 50 caliper
machine guns can't frighten. or murder the blackness of night. again.
how can we lose when even A-Bombs can't destroy the dawn. missiles can'
bring down the darkness 'cept on whiteness. cause
darkness is god. immortal. now
explain it with people: the night overcomes the day. white folks

is the day & we are the night.
 i repeat
 there is a conspiracy going on. a conspiracy so real it exposes the
 truth of white lies. of ugliness. of crackers. honkeys. dying
 exposing filth. americas's ass
 is exposed. & the whole world is a sniper. & snipers only rid themselves
 from stinking faces. seek the truth in punctuation marks.
 but we will punctuate america with a period & an exclamation point
 for her screams.
 & all mankind will begin a new sentence. will create new marks for a
 greater world. The Third World. the blacker world.

ahmed alhamisi

Drug Addiction & REVOLUTIONARY DEVELOPMENT

By Alfredo Peña



After years of acceleration in narcotics traffic and apathy towards addiction growing ever more conspicuous, there's yet to be a political issue oriented towards or concentrated on the elimination of drug addiction. No radical political organization has attempted to capitalize on this issue. Since there is a lack of knowledge and understanding among radicals, work on drug addiction has been minimal. Capitalist political parties have been successful in obscuring the issue for years. Only recently have they come close to bringing it to the surface, and then only to deceive the public by directing more attention to the traffic of narcotics and LSD rather than to the problem of addiction.

Drug addiction first appeared in the United States after the Civil War. Handicapped veterans who had been given morphine to ease the pain of their

wounds became addicted. It grew after World War I and during Prohibition. Today drug usage and addiction have grown disproportionately and have become an enterprise of the ruling class.

The main concentration of addicts is in New York City, where in 1962 Tom Leonard in a CBS documentary, "Junkyard by the Sea" estimated that 42% of drug addicts in America lived in New York. A large portion of these are Puerto Ricans.

After World War II, the deteriorating economic conditions in Puerto Rico and the rise in the standard of living stimulated the migration of islanders to New York. Because of their semi-illiteracy and their desperate need to find employment they were used as a scab labor force in factories at limited wages during the late forties. Finding work only sporadically they were compelled to live in the ghettos: South Bronx, East Harlem, Lower Manhattan, etc.. Since employment was scarce the man would usually stay out in the streets with the other unemployed. The woman became the more dominant in the family. She would attend the family needs. Women's wages were lower than those for men in non-clerical work and it was easier for the woman to find employment than the man. A matriarchial society was created in the Puerto Rican ghetto where the woman played the dominant role and was the authoritative force in the family. The man, attempting to fulfill his obligation as the more masculine element of the family would fall into a violent conflict with the woman, who had already been recognized as the provider among the rest of the family. Emasculated, defeated, depressed and unemployed he would take his problems out into the street with the other men.

Drug traffic already existing in the ghetto began to rise as it found itself in the hands of Puerto Rican unemployed. Finding their responsibilities too difficult to confront they searched for an escape. The intoxication of drugs alleviated the tension and the pressure that had been built. Thus drug usage for the Puerto Rican began as an outlet from the difficulties of the ghetto. Guilty of having his family live in filthy squalor, alienated by a racist society, harassed by police and landlords, and confused by the American way of life which called for a paternalistic society, the price for a "high on Junk" became very cheap and very easy as an alternative.

Generally, the human environment of the drug addict is instrumental in luring him to his involvement with narcotics. The first stage is his introduction to marijuana. Living in a ghetto the individual can obtain it easily from his friends, who have already begun smoking and set the precedent



for friendship among themselves on the basis of smoking marijuana. After that stage is "snorting", sniffing heroin. The next is "skin popping", injecting heroin into a part of the body without injecting it into a vein. Finally, the last step is "mainlining", injecting heroin directly into the vein.



The first reaction of a victim who has just mainlined is one of sporadic flurries of nausea and dizziness. Between intervals of illness the user feels very good: at first, perhaps very loquacious, later, very relaxed, and then so relaxed that he falls asleep. Generally, the user feels that his daily problems are arrested and the tension he experienced dispersed. Generally after his first shot the user is irretrievable. Considering the unbearable conditions he lives in, there is nothing interesting enough to pry him away from using drugs. Using drugs constantly, he actually finds the life of a drug addict more bearable, quite aside from being physically addicted.

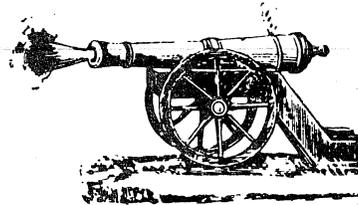
The illness of addiction is similar to having a virus. There are times when the addict feels weak, with chills and running nose. Eating is a problem since his metabolism is already so used to drugs that any alien substance can upset it. Lack of drugs after addiction heightens the desperation and if the only means for acquiring drugs is robbing, it will be done with blase' and clinical coolness.

Most drug addicts are apprehended for misdemeanors (robbery, burglary, petty larceny, etc.). The addict is sent either to one of the federal hospitals or in most cases, because of lack of space, to a city hospital such as Metropolitan Hospital. Once in the hospital, the drug addict receives the medical services required for physical rehabilitation. He visits a psychologist or a social worker who discusses the addict's problems with him, yet does not solve them. Continuing to acquire drugs is very easy if he's staying in a city hospital. Male nurses who are users usually bring some in to sell. The medication applied by the doctors is therefore futile.

If the drug addict is sentenced to jail he must rehabilitate himself without medication, in the terminology used by addicts, "kicking cold turkey". The process is straining and strenuous. The addict spends sleepless nights with nausea, chills, cramps, dizziness and running nose. The worse the habit the longer the process.

While in jail the addict always maintains a good conduct, which makes it easier and faster for him to be either parolled or released after serving his time. Addicts serving a sentence in jail for the first time find it difficult to adjust. Many search for a way or method in which they can occupy their time so as not to concentrate on the problems of jail and those that will be facing them after jail. Many of them study, participate in the prison's classes, work in one of the vocational shops, or even follow religion. Therefore, it is not strange to find many former addicts who now hold status within Pentacostal Religions as directors or preachers.

When an addict returns from prison without any employment and the same responsibilities waiting for him, it is not very long before he revives his involvement with heroin. It is here, when the addict is physically capable,



has had an experience with prison and again is confronted with the same bitter social problems that a radical orientation can be effective. An addict before entering a hospital or serving a prison sentence is not self-conscious about his behavior. He is out on the streets hustling and it is still an excitement, a thrill. He is cocky; self-confident that his pleasure is drugs. The tyro addict creates illusionary justifications for taking drugs, reminisces on his early curiosity. Approaching him at this stage would be premature. Any serious proposal that a radical would confront him with the addict would reject as superficial.

But the addict returning from prison or hospital is prepared for orientation; vulnerable to a radical confrontation. With his past experience with drugs, social responsibilities and jail, he searches vigorously for an alternative. He makes his search during this time between his release until his second addiction. His conscience is functioning intensively. He finds himself back on the street either shooting dope or stealing to buy it. He realizes that he's repeating the same mistakes but is unable to help himself.

One of the main roles of a revolutionary vanguard in New York City is to study in what form it can approach drug addicts. It must create a concrete

program in which it can deal with addicts on a dialectical constructive basis. It must open up an arena to give serious consideration to working with drug addicts. In order to approach drug addicts the vanguard must have the experience of working in the ghetto, making contact with various people in the community, and already have worked with young people. It must learn the mannerisms of the addict, how he behaves and conducts himself in the society of the ghetto, and the language he speaks.

The vanguard must open up or sanction certain facilities in which addicts can meet and discuss their immediate problems. At such discussions a member of the vanguard can direct the discussions presenting certain political topics for exploration. After a rudimentary political structure has been built by the addicts they must be presented with political activity for the purpose of translating theory into practice. The vanguard must set certain criteria for the addict and test his response. The further stages of development of a former addict can come only with his reaction to these criteria.



TRIPZ inc.

(a short story)

by

Carol Holmes (Freeman)

You can't blame the police for jumping the wrong way, not always any-how.

I mean what with S.F. going mad, with the Hippies and all, what with the Haight Ashberry denizen screaming about a summer of love. No wonder the Bay Area cops were jumping. Vice squads in the Bay Area were going crazy trying to keep one jump ahead of everything. That's why, when the "TRIPZ, Inc." sign appeared in West Oakland, the Black ghetto of Oakland, Calif., just across the bridge, the Oakland vice squad jumped.

The sign went up on June 7. By June 29, Oakland's finest knew it was there, and not just by rumor. An off duty riot patroller had spotted the sign while making his rounds, and reported it.

Except for the the terrible lettering, the sign was nothing much in a community of signs. Black ghettoites feel an affinity towards signs -- a way of proclaiming themselves, an emphasis to their individuality, their creativeness. On any one street in an urban ghetto you find hundreds of signs: Beauty Shop, Church, Chapel, second second-hand clothes, shoe repair, Barbeque, quick fry, Brothels and Booze signs. Since most of these establishments are housed in delapidated storefronts and apartment houses, you need a sign of some kind to tell them apart. The only signs you won't find plenty of are --

Street signs and signals, as the whipped Cream Community feels its Black Citizens should have the liberty of being run down and over at each street corner. It has something to do with the bill of rights.

Back to TRIPZ, Inc.

Chief Inspector David Darling, the Brains "as it were" of the O.P.D. vice squad sat tensely behind his desk (Chief Darling always did things tensely) tensely cracking a knuckle.

"Boys," he said, "Boys, I have a feeling this thing is Big." This is not your ordinary sign, I don't know, I just have a feeling..." The room crackled with tense type feelings, a rookie swallowed and whispered, "Chief? you mean, you mean the Commies?"

Chief Darling screwed his face into a tense, thoughtful mold. He had not really meant the commies, in fact he had not really meant anything, it was his way of getting a pep talk started, a sort of team feeling of -- "It's Big, But I-Know-we-can-lick-it-as it were." Chief Darling was a frustrated Hockey Coach.

"Tom, I'm putting you and the kid here on this initially, you being familiar with that section. Sniff around, get the word, talk to your informers, round up any suspicious types in the vicinity. I give you one week, report back at the end of that time, and we'll see what we got. O.K. men, dis-missed."

The squad relaxed and evaporated except for Inspector Thomas Kissy, and the rookie, Jackie Robinson Epstein.

"Arrr, Chief, " it was Tom. "Chief, I, I wish it didn't have to be me. Couldn't I relieve Hogarth or one of the other fellows? I mean its pretty embarrassing for me down there with everybody knowing me so well."

Chief Darling stood up, tensely. "Now you listen to me Kissy, you got nothing to worry about. I got a fool proof cover for you and Epstein. Fool proof! I think you gonnalikeit."

"What is it?" Inspector Kissy did not hold much hope for the cover, whatever it was, West Oakland knew Him. Little kids would yell at him, old ladies on their way to church spoke to him, prostitutes went out of their way to call his name. Everywhere he went in the ghetto it was, "Heah comes Kissy." And the bad part of it was, that after 3 years he still could not

tell one Black face from another. His favorite remark was, "They all look alike to me."

"Relax, Kissy, it's the perfect cover..."
The Chief was very pleased with himself. "It's Bible Salesman!"

The next day two quietly dressed Bible salesmen in a green unmarked police car pulled up to Whiporwill Street, parked in front of a fire hydrant, snapped their brim hats, and went to work, each taking one side of the street. Two buildings up from the sign, Kissy rang the manager's doorbell, shifted his briefcase, and waited. The door opened and an elderly little Negro lady with gold-rimmed glasses and a flowered apron answered the door. Kissy went into his act.

"Good morning, madam, I am with the Nifty Bible and Glow Card Company. For \$38.50, I can let you have this genuine King James leatherette, washable covered bible and 5 framed glo-in-the-dark mottoes for your home. The mottoes are..."

"Wail, wail, hif it haint Mr. Kissy! How you feel son, been fiahed from the po-leese face?"

Kissy was defeated. The lady turned out to be a preacherette, at the First Snow White Baptist Church on Green Street. Kissy had investigated a complaint lodged by the Greater Golgotha Church across the way that the Snow White sect had been running a gambling den 6 months earlier. Going down the steps, he glared across the street to see how rookie Epstein was getting on. The whore-in-residence across the way had just sold him two counterfeit tickets to the policeman's ball in Eugene, Oregon.

They teamed up and went after TRIPZ, together.

The first thing noticeable about the place was that the whole first floor was rented by TRIPZ. Kissy was apprehensive, this was Big. They rang the bell, a buzzer sounded, and the front door opened. Cautiously, they went into the hallway. The place was dark, cool, and quiet. It could have been a crypt. There were no children on the stairs, no graffiti, no nosey women, no cooking odors, nothing. The ersatz Bible salesmen stood back to back, hands to their holsters, waiting for it to happen. The door opened as a pleasant faced middle-aged woman was smiling up at them.

"Yass? What is it you all wont?"

Kissy went into action. "Hello madam, I am with the Nifty Bible and Glo Card Company and for \$38.50..." The lady interrupted...

"Wail, why doan yowl come inside and set down?"

Inside was a huge room, two rooms with the wall knocked down. It was scrupously clean, waxed hardwood floors, two green sectional sofas end to end at one wall, a large coffee table, a gas heater, two rocking chairs, a sewing machine, and a television set, on with the sound turned down. In one corner an old toothless gnome slept with a fat Calico tom cat in her lap. They could hear a kettle singing from the kitchen.

"Yowl set on down, I'll take the kittle off the fire." She bustled in to the back.

Epstein nudged Kissy and nodded at the corner of the room. On a stand were three world globes, and above them a chart, in color, of the solar system. On the stand was a pink roll of tickets. They felt eyes on them, boring through them. The gnome was awake. "Hee Hee Hee," she cackled absently and appeared to doze off again.

"Would you all lak some tea, coffee, milk or soda pop?" the lady sang from the kitchen.

"Arrh nothing thank you," Kissy yelled back.

She appeared in the doorway again with a large tray, she set it down on the table -- two glasses, two coca colas, one cup of coffee, three saucers, and a chocolate cake.

"Most of my white customers like coca cola or 7-UP. I don't have no 7-UP, but the cokes is cold. 15¢ a bottle for the coke, the cake is 10¢ a slice."

Startled, Epstein laid 50¢ on the table. She pocketed it swiftly.

"I'm Mrs. Jessie Mae Jackson. Call me Mrs. Jackson. Now what did you want to sell me?"



Mrs. Jackson listened sympathically to their speil all the way through until Epstein blurted out, "What's TRIPZ? What's that map on the wall yonder? Are those tickets?"

Kissy kicked at him. Mrs. Jackson was smiling again.

"The Lord sent you all here, I knew it. You all want to take a trip doan you? Well you sure come to the right place, bless yo'harts, and it will do you a world of good. And doan you think because the price is cheap it ain't the genuine thing. I got the gift."

"What is TRIPZ, Mam?"

"Lord, Sonny I cain't explain it. You have to go for yo'self, I jest sell the tickets and guide you tharh. But I cain't do it right now, I got this sewing to finis up. I am a seamstress too, you know, but you all come back this evening at 7. That's the regular time anyways. The price is \$3.00 on up to \$50.00. I ain't sold no \$50.00 tickets yet, just the local \$3 to \$5 ones. But you all come on back, believing in the Lord and brang some of them motto cards wif you, you might could sell some to my other customers, but jest doan't brang no likker nor dop because I cain't let you in if you do. Now you all run on along and come early so's to git a seat."

Mrs. Jackson gave them a paper bag for their cokes and cake and they left.

There was a traffic ticket on the windshield of their police car when they returned.

Kissy took the food and sodas to the police lab for analyzing and finger prints, and Chief Darling congratulated them and had a tape recorder installed in their brief cases. They were also given \$100.00 in marked money. Epstein tore up the bogus policemen's ball ducats he had bought and did not report the incident. He was learning fast.

At 6 o'clock that evening, Chief Darling, police Mitty, Kissy, Epstein, and two policewomen had a conference. The plan was for Kissy and Epstein and the two policewomen to enter together. As men and wives they were to observe, and according to the nature of the trips-- Chief Darling and Kissy



concurred it was Bunko, a con game, because of Mrs. Jackson's ban on "likker and dope" -- they were to go singly; Epstein first, policewoman Grudder second, policewoman Tubbs, and then Kissy. At the end of two hours, either way, they were to cause a disturbance, denounce Mrs. Jackson for a fake, inform her of her rights, and make the arrests. If they were not outside by 9:14 P.M., the force was to come in and raid the joint. That was the plan, 'as it were'.

"I don't know, Kissy," Epstein confided, "she doesn't mean, I mean, she isn't what you expect of a con artist. I kind of like her."

"Well Kid, working down here like I do, you see all kinds. A Negro slum isn't like any other ethnic slum. I mean, these people will pull any con stunt in the world, and get away with it. Look how you got suckered in to those tickets." Kissy felt good, telling some one else off for once.

At 7 on the dot they arrived, the policewomen in tow, looking awkward and lumpish out of their protective coverings. They rang the bell. The door buzzed and they went in.

Mrs. Jackson greeted them like blood relatives and ushered them in. The room was half filled already. On the couch, in the rocking chair, in kitchen chairs and folding chairs, the Black people sat. A real mixed bag, mostly elderly ladies and stiff old gentlemen, their eyeglasses gleaming and reflecting back the animal laughter and controlled excitement. The coffee table was covered by two cakes, a sweet potato pie, a coffee pot, a pitcher of milk, and the inevitable soda pops. People were sitting gingerly on the edge of their seats with gay paper napkins tucked in collars or on padded laps, eating and drinking soda pop and talking. Here and there lean, sad-eyed young women sat, their eyes voicing an aching bitterness to the entire world. It made the small police party uncomfortable to be caught by those empty hungry eyes. In the corner a crippled young man sat, his crutch leaning against the wall. In the rocking chairs, sitting side by side, was a chubby middle aged Mexican couple, rocking and smiling at everyone. The woman had a handkerchief pinned to her bosom by a floral pin. They looked sad and alien among these genial Blacks. More chairs appeared and the police party sat. Kissy bought them each a soda pop and opened it for them. Policewoman Grudder and Tubbs took cautious sips from the bottles. The door bell rang and a young white couple came in. The woman was pregnant and shabby; the husband thin and shabby.

"Mexican", Grudder stage-whispered to Tubbs.

"No. Either East Indian, Syrian, or Jew." Tubbs whispered back.

Kissy decided he definitely did not like the policewomen. There were 19 people in the apartment.

"Well! I guess this is all for this night. We better be gittin started," Mrs. Jackson said... Immediately, the room was quiet. She and the Mexican lady began clearing away the food. In less than three minutes things were cleared away. Mrs. Jackson rolled the globe stand into the center of the floor and sat down behind the coffee table.

"Well you all are here, praise the Lord. Now we have some new people in our midst. Tonight we want to make them welcome, so I'll explain as much as I can about the trips to give them the idea." All the eyes turned silently to the police party.

"I and my sister, Annie Bell, and our Brother Jack was all born with gifts from the good Lawd. Annie Bell, my sister, who is dead now was 14 years oldern me. She had the gift of prophesizing. She could look into the future straight as a arrow. She saw my brother Jack's deaf and her own but she couldn't tell how to stop them deafs, because the good Lawd doan give out that kind of power. She prophesize my brohter dying in sin and shame at the hands of violence. She saw her own deaf and prepared for it. I was three when she died, and before she died she saw my future for me. She saw me having much trials and tribulations, many hard times. But she said I had the greatest gift of all, but I had to be keerful for many would hate me and my gift. My brother had the gift to make things move. He could make the dices and pool balls and playing cards do what he wanted. But his downfall was strong drink. When he would drink he would lose the gift. One night he got drunk while gambling and was shot to deaf. My gift did not appear till I was 14 years old, and I doan really know what you would call it, but I can make people go into they dreams. If you want to be 16 again, for a little while, I can send you back to 16; if you want to be with Christopher Columbus, I can send you there. Ef you want to go to Venice, I probably could send you there, but ain't nobody wanted to go."

There was laughter at that.

"So ef you want to go back anywhere in time in yo' life, its \$3.00. Ef you wants to go anywhere in them world globes, it's \$5.00. If you wants to go back in history, it's \$10.00. Ef you wants to gon into space, wail, all

th kin do is try and charge you \$50.00." More laughter...
"So let's begin."

Kissy glared at his watch. It was 7:45 -- He felt sad and very superi or to the poor Black People in the room, the remnants of the human race, trying to salvage something to buy dreams with their pension checks. He looked at Epstein and did a doubletake; Epstein's eyes were veiled and f away. At that moment he looked very alone and isolated with his heritag seeming to stare bleakly from his eyes. For the first time he was aware Epstein's being a Jew.

Mrs. Jackson was coming around with a glass bowl and the tickets. The Mexican woman's voice loomed large and loud in the silent room.

"Please Lady you take us to 1926, Hokay? Yes, you takes us to 1926 to our Baby, yes?" The man opened a coin purse and put the money in the bow Mrs. Jackson gave each of them a ticket, in a soft sibilant whisper she began to ask questions.

"The year. Yes. Where that year?...Yes?...the place?...yes..yes.. close your eyes." She stared at the couple a moment; they locked hands. Suddenly the woman jerked rigid; moments later the husband was rigid. Th were like zombies, not a sound from them. They were back in 1926.

"Hypnotism?" Tubbs sneered.

"Power of Suggestion", Grudder mocked.

Mrs. Jackson was in front of the crippled man, "Well, Johnny, back to Ghana?"

"No, Mrs. Jackson." His voice was strong and deep..."That was too far back. I couldn't understand anything that went on...I, I want to go to Louisiana, 1865 summertime...Richland Parish, my Great-grandfather was from there. My grandmother say he used to tell them about slavery time e ing...I, I want to stay."

Kissy did not understand the meaning of "stay", and assumed it was jus the strange way Negroes talked. The crippled placed his money in the bow and the question answer ritual began: "Where are you?...yes, I feel a summersun...do you feel it? Yes...etc."

Soon Mrs. Jackson had moved to someone else, and then someone else,

leaving each of them in the deep zombie-like state. She was standing in front of them. "Where to Sonny?"

She spoke to Epstein, "I, I, can you send me to the Sea of Galilee, or Jerusalem, or Nazareth?"

"Which one?" There was humor in her eyes.

"Jerusalem!"

"You mean in 1967?"

"No, no," Epstein licked his lips, and whispered, "I mean in the time of Jesus." Mrs. Jackson held out the bowl and in his haste, or was it, he forgot to give her the marked money. She locked eyes with him, and began the question and answer period. Suddenly, Epstein went stiff and was gone.

Policewoman Grudder was next and she wanted to go back to her 21st birthday, explaining mysteriously that that was the day she first experienced 'life'. Kissy looked at his watch, it was 8:45. He glanced in the direction of the Cripple, and he was gone! The crutch was leaning against the wall. The cushions were still indented, but no Cripple. He caught his breath, and turned to policewoman Tubbs. "Where's the Cripple?", he demanded, as if accusing her of stuffing him into her pocketbook or something.

Mrs. Jackson replied softly, "Poor feller, he just couldn't stand this life no longer, so he went on back somewhere else; he's gone."

He stared sharply at her, half rising. "You didn't say you could do this. Why didn't you say so? Where is he?"

The only question in his mind was that the Cripple would need his crutch ..."

"Set down, Sonny. Now jest tell me whar you won't to go. It won't hurt, and you'll be back in a few hours."

Kissy glanced at Epstein, sitting rigid and stiff. Policewoman Grudder was under also. He hesitated, Mrs. Jackson said, "Wait, let me get somebody else. I'll come back to you." And she walked off. Policewoman Tubbs was whispering frantically in his ear, "Go on! Do it Inspector Kissy, Sir! If you aren't out of it by 9:10, I'll blow the whistle. The troops are up

at 9:14 anyway, Power of suggestion, sir, that's all it is."

"Mrs. Jackson?" She turned from the already stiff elderly lady, "I'm ready. I want to, to take the trip. I want to go back to, to September 1st, 1937, to, to Wayne, Indiana, 1715 Popular Street...the 3rd house from the corner." Kissy did not realize that he was wobbling or that policewoman Tubbs was beginning to rue the haste with which she had made Kissy go through with this farce.

Mrs. Jackson was standing in front of Kissy, her eyes large and luminous in the pleasant face. He did not know what made him say what he did or pick that particular time; but staring into Mrs. Jackson's eyes, answering in silent whispered questions. He felt himself go dizzy, experience sudden vertigo, and begin to fall. Mrs. Jackson who, who is that Mrs. Jonsomi Jimisi Mss?

What was wrong. What's wrong with you Alfred sissy Kissy? Spreading his fingers up on the warm prickly grass, he rolls over to face the sky. So very pale and greyish, he is sad. Why? He does not know. The little girl, Norma Tydings, stares at him.

"You're funny Alfred; I bet you didn't hear anything I just said. I think you're sort of crazy." She stares at him with huge grey eyes, the freckles standing out on her nose and cheeks like a connect-the-dot game. "Some funny old picnic, it's not at all nice, Alfred. It's not like it was in the real summer; the sky is all smoky, and it feels like school weather!"



"Silly ol'Norma. How can it feel school, school won't start for another week, and my Pop's gonna teach 5th and 6th this year."

She stares solemnly at him. "My mama's going to make me wear a dumb old rice paste all next week to clear up my freckles; don't tell anyone!"

He stares at her hair, her eyes, the grass stains on the hem of her dress; why does his heart sound so, ache so. "Dumb ol'Norma. Bet you never even had a kiss!"

"Well, I guess I have too! But I won't tell who to."

"Betcha didn't, betcher scared." He jeered, his voice cracking.

"I'll let you kiss me if you promise not to tell."

"I promise." She leans forward and stares directly at him; she smells of soap and lemon lotion and sunshine and dying grasses and fallsmoke, grey skies. He clutches the grasses tightly and leans toward her. Her eyes too big; there is a pain in his throat and tears are coming to his eyes. He blinks and snuffs them away. He leans, closer and closer...My mother's calling me. Mrs. Mother Mother, caller call calling. Norma norma, falling the dizzying whirling catches him. He holds tight to the grass...grass, grass, there is no...Mrs. Jolson, Jackins Jonson. Mrs. Jackson, someone is slapping him, his head aches, and he has been crying silently.

"Come on Inspector. In you go," a hearty authoritative Anglo-Saxon voice! He blinks. He is out on the street, police cars and patrol wagons, sirens going all over the street.

"What is it, where, what happened?" His head is splitting, "Buddy you owe policewoman Tubbs here your life; that colored woman put you in some kind of hoodoo trance; Epstein and Grudder out like lights already; so policewoman Tubbs edges to the window while this witch is counting the loot and blows the whistle on her. We, we come a running, and we see all these zombies including you and Epstein and Grudder; well, in the gentle melee, the Jackson woman is gone! So we round up everybody and charge 'em with visitin' a disorderly house. Of course the charge won't stick, but it'll give us time, you know, to get things together. How ya feeling Inspecta?"

"You say Mrs. Jackson's gone?"

"Gone, Inspecta. We got out a bulletin, but none of these creeps we picked up will make a complaint, not a single one; the only things we got is a dried up little ol lady, a tom cat, and a crutch." You guys didn't even turn on ya tape recorders!...and Tubbs said ya didn't even give out the marked money. Boy, it musta been some hullabaloo!

Kissy brought his hand up to his face and discovered it was a tight fist, opening he found a hand full of grass and a tiny blue marble. He tried to remember his trip, but all he could think of was a big-eyed little kid, whose name escaped him, that he knew a long, long time ago.

Editorial introduction....

"Europe is Latin America's model. The first colonists taught even the whites born in the colonies to look down on themselves and to worship things European. The tradition still remains."

...J. A. Rogers. p. xlx, volume I, World's Great Men of Color.

The above statement made by the late Black historian J. A. Rogers is still quite relevant to a discussion AND application of Revolution in South, Central America and the Caribbean -- as well as the rest of the Third World. Thus we state unequivocally the struggle of the Third World is against capitalism *And* the decadent racist superstructure institutionalized by the Judeo-Christian-Aryan legacy imposed on the world by "Western Civilization". Thus, if imperialism is to be scraped and scrubbed clean off the face and body of the universe, and its cleansed wounds soothed with the salve of boiled roots from the secret recesses of Black African earth, then, the most wretched of the earth, the Black race, must ride itself of *all* white imperialism.

It is quite true Blacks in Cuba have gained more social benefits from the revolution than any other group in Cuba. It is also true Blacks in the United States gained more out the Roosevelt's new deal also. But we are convinced that there is more to the racial problem than: "There is no discrimination on the beaches and hotels, and Black Cubans can now get an education." We believe Brother Carlos Moore, close friend of the late Malcolm X, has many points that must be considered and reckoned with by those that want a complete change, in a word, a revolution which must include relegating to the ashes of oblivion the evil structures and vibrations of white western decadence so that we, our ancestors, & our sons and daughters will partake in the music of eternal harmony!

So in view of this, and to *complete* the Cuban revolution we offer part II (of 3 parts) of the articles on the subject that nobody wants to talk about, but many suspect already: that the problem of Blacks is not solely the problem of the proletariat.



CUBA:

the untold story

by Carlos MOORE

part 2

On January 1, 1899, an American Governor, Wood, took possession of the island and an attempt to impose English as the official language was made on June 16, 1900. The Cuban people were called upon to "elect" a Constituent Assembly. The majority of the Afro-Cuban population was barred from the polls because they lacked the two prerequisites for having voting-rights: (a) property and, (b) the "minimum required education"...²³ While these farcical "elections" were taking place, the American Senate voted an amendment ("Platt") which provided for the intervention of American forces in case the "security" of the United States was "threatened" because of the events in Cuba, and, furthermore, provided for the establishment of military bases on the island. The Americans were taking no chances; one Haiti was already too much for them to tolerate another. Significantly enough, one Juan Gualberto Gomez, the courageous black war veteran, to whom General Wood referred angrily as "that blackie", was the man who led the vigorous opposition to the infamous amendment and the intervention and occupation of Cuba by the United States, but the will of the white majority -- a majority composed of annexationists and racists who saw the amendment as a guarantee of security in case of future "trouble" -- overran the opposition and the ignominious "Platt Amendment" was incorporated into the first constitution of the nation. The first Republic was installed and headed, at least nominally, by the "white revolutionaries" of 1895, and backed militarily by the mighty "liberator" from the North. This was not the Republic which

thousands of blacks had fought and died for; it was not the republic "free and redeemed" which Maceo and Marti had called for; it was a republic composed of, and led by, the most outspoken racists of their time who harboured a profound hatred towards the majority population whom they were empowered to govern. It was a Republic, the inception of which had its roots in the fear of the Afro-Cuban people -- a fear shared both by the Cuban whites and the racist North American government with the same intensity. It was a republic engineered by those who through long experience had mastered the art of "keeping niggers in their place". Yet, the "niggers" showed no willingness to remain in "their place", and knowing this, a white Cuban regular army was created and carefully tutored before the United States considered it "safe" to withdraw their military presence. Nevertheless, concerned with the smallest details which might backfire, a military base was secured at Guantanamo in Oriente Province, the cradle of most slave revolts and of both wars of independence-- and the home of most of the black military leaders, including General Maceo. Guantanamo is only 50 miles from Haiti where the population, is almost totally black. To infer that the choosing of the sight of the American base was grounded upon fears of a "black revolution" might be considered by some people as "pushing the issue too far", but what were the motives for the American intervention? Weren't they mainly those of preventing the recurrence of another Haiti, at this time only 90 miles from their Southern shores, while, at the same time, securing a rich sugar-producing country?

In 1911, the fears harboured by the Cuban whites and North Americans proved to be well-founded; a black revolution -- led by Evaristo Estenoz and Pedro Ivonnet, both black Independence War veterans -- broke out in Oriente. The white Cuban army, corroborating the earlier American fears proved to be incapable of handling the revolt and President Miguel Gomez²⁴ hurriedly appealed for aid. Considering its "security" threatened by the action of the Afro-Cuban masses the "Platt Amendment" was activated and white American troops were quickly swung into action. The insurgent leaders called for the overthrow of the corrupt and racist government headed by Gomez, an outspoken advocate of North American imperialism. The revolutionary attempt which had spread throughout the island, was fierce and courageous. Afro-Cubans -- with the exception of Martin Morrua Delgado, a black intellectual in the service of the white bourgeoisie in power, who denounced the revolution as being "racist" -- quickly rallied to the cry of "Liberty or Death"! Overwhelmed by an infinitely superior military force, and lacking the weapons and means to spread and pur-

sue the struggle (in addition to the reluctance of the white Cuban masses to support the revolution), the black rebels were forced into the mountains. The most gruesome and sadistic repression was enacted. During the few months which the spark of revolution had ignited, at least 15,000 AfroCubans²⁵ had perished. Throughout the island black men and women were shot down on sight, lynched or burnt to death while tied to posts. The two main leaders of the revolution, Estenoz and Ivonnet, were hunted down, apprehended **and lynched publicly**. The whites were displaying the same sadistic behavior as their slave-holding predecessors. The conspiratorial silence which cloaks this bloody page of history, and the persistent claims of white "revolutionary historians" that the nature of the 1911 attempted revolution was "racist" cannot but outrage the most detached fact-seekers.

Further on, we shall see how, over and over again, the aspirations and actions of AfroCubans towards *total and unlimited* emancipation is branded as "racist" or -- introducing a new term -- "counter-revolutionary". As evidenced by the preceding pages, the AfroCuban population has been called upon whenever the Cuban whites have deemed it essential to bear arms towards achieving a certain goal. However, once the goal has been achieved, as we have seen before, the role of the black has ended; he has served his puppet purpose. Any attempt on his part to establish the values he deems to be his own, molding his life as a free citizen, in a country his forefathers built by their unpaid slave labor, and which later they fought and died to liberate, has been met with the fiercest opposition and slaughter.

PART TWO

On January 8, 1959, as Castro triumphantly entered Havana, cheered, admired and acclaimed by *all* segments of the population, AfroCubans saw what they expected to be a new era. The first signs, however, were not too encouraging; the "revolutionary" group was composed, almost in its totality, of members of the ruling white Cuban bourgeoisie. The first government was set up under the leadership of the most conservative and racist-minded members of the white Cuban upper-class. They all came from middle and upper-class white homes and had fought to overthrow Batista but had no intention of tampering with the *status quo*. As the bearded AfroCuban soldiers, who had fought for years in the mountains, began to enter Havana, acclaimed by a deliriant black population, trouble started brewing.

These black, battle-scarred soldiers, saw themselves refused entrance into the white high-class hotels where their white fellow-combatants had been admitted and lodged²⁶; the same thing happened in the restaurants and all public places where the bearded black faces showed up. It was hinted that they should not get out of their "places" and were reminded that life in Cuba would be substantially the same as before. A series of violent incidents began to take place all over the island where the Blacks would not tolerate²⁷ that the fight they had led would only amount to a change of masters. Coinciding with this situation, a crisis arose among the "revolutionary" leadership between the *more moderate* wing (Cardona, Ray, Urrutia, etc.) and the *more progressive* elements grouped around Dr Castro. Castro became Premier on February 16th and a sharp struggle for power between both upper-class white groups began. The moderates (outright white bourgeois racists) lost the battle to the Left-wing tendency and Castro appointed a new President, Dorticos, and a new Cabinet of Ministers. This was a good sign for the AfroCuban population -- including the black Sierra Maestra veterans -- which was looking on with anxiety, not knowing what to expect, but this time, prepared to face the worst. The dangers of an open civil-war were averted through quick measures adopted by the Castro Administration (opening of restaurants, hotels, beaches, and public places to all people, regardless of color).

Thus, the measure of "opening the beaches". etc., was an action dictated by expediency and not -- as the "revolutionary" whites delight in putting it -- a "humanitarian" action. The mere fact that anti-discriminatory measures constitute (as the "revolutionary" leaders like to "remind" AfroCubans) an act of brotherhood which blacks must be grateful of, is, in itself, an implicit acceptance of their inferiority. Hotels, restaurants and beaches were opened to all Cubans because AfroCubans -- based upon their previous experiences -- were in no mood to tolerate another flagrant betrayal. The *right* of AfroCubans to enter the places they wished -- provided they had the money to pay -- was nothing handed down by anyone, but *imposed* with their blood and the weapons taken from Batista's puppet soldiers... "A revolution which has established social equality, and which has *given* the Black the right of education, the right to work and the right to go to a beach, and the right to grow in a free country without being hated and without being discriminated against..."²⁸ Is Dr Castro kidding? No! The revolution has not "given" a single thing to Cuban blacks. Whatever they have gotten -- which, as a matter of fact, was *long overdue* -- has been achieved through blood, black blood, which began to flow three hundred and fifty years ago and has not yet ceased to

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flow. This is not only an attitude which betrays the truth about the history of AfroCubans, but reveals a subconscious disdain and condescendence on the part of Dr Castro.

The presence of race discrimination in Cuba is a factor which, as in any society, is *abnormal* and the breaching down of some of these abnormal restrictive barriers is nothing more than a step towards normal relationships between human beings. This however, does not imply -- as presented today -- any degree of progress for the blacks: if any "progress" is involved it would have to concern whites, who are directly responsible for this abnormal situation. I believe it is high time that these concepts of "integration", "racial equality", and so many other deceptive slogans be placed in their right perspective without any sort of ambiguity. Nevertheless, this shall be treated further on.

As we have already seen, the most reactionary wing of the white bourgeois "revolutionary" leadership was feuding openly with the representatives of the most progressive wing led by Dr Castro. The removal of Cardona first, and then Urrutia, from their posts at the head of the "revolutionary" government (both were opposed to the mildest of bourgeois democratic reforms) was an indication for AfroCubans that the "revolution" was becoming more radical. Thus, the Blacks gave support without reserve to Dr Castro and the men around him.

At this point certain things should be explained. When Fidel Castro attacked Moncada Barracks on July 26, 1953, he appealed to the black population of **Oriente** to join in the fight. The Blacks, reasonably deducing that the call to arms was a scheme to drag them into a fight in which they had nothing to gain, abstained from supporting the 26th of July attack which, therefore, failed miserably. Why hadn't AfroCubans, being the most humiliated, exploited and oppressed segment of the population, and thus potentially and historically the most revolutionary, been the initiators of the armed struggle against the Batista dictatorship? The answer to this question is manifold but the main reasons were:

- a) the Cuban Communist Party, which since its foundation in 1925, had had a great influence over, and support from, the AfroCuban masses -- notably among the sugar and tobacco workers -- was totally committed to a line of collaboration with the bourgeois regimes and discouraged and bellicose action similar to that of the 1912 revolution of Extanoz and Ivonnet;

- b) the black bourgeois "leaders", for their part, were also totally committed to the white bourgeois structure and acted as "uncle Toms" in the elections to muster the black vote;
- c) the AfroCubans (through previous experience) knew that any independent bellicose move on their part would be tolerated by neither the Cuban whites nor their big white Northern protectors.

It is quite obvious that had Castro been an AfroCuban his life would not have lasted more than a couple of hours after the attacks on Moncada barracks, for it should be known that at the time of his imprisonment, his father-in-law was Batista's State Secretary of the Interior. Thus, Castro's life was redeemed, and after spending two years in prison and benefiting from a government-amnesty (a chance that an AfroCuban leader would have certainly been deprived of) left for Mexico in exile. He returned in 1957 to recommence the struggle against the dictatorship. Batista, fearing AfroCuban support for Castro (which he knew would be decisive) and playing upon the fears of the black population, began spreading the rumor that Castro was leading a "revolution of whites". Then the Dictator, in the most demagogic of moves, began boasting about his "mixed" blood. Nevertheless, the cautious attitude of the AfroCuban population came, not out of support for Batista, but from the principle that, having been fooled so many times by those in power, and used by those who wanted to get it, they would no longer shed their blood for the benefit of those who always came out as masters. It didn't take the AfroCubans long to realize that the white rebel leader, Castro, really meant to struggle to the last against the Batista regime and that his appeal for support -- frank and straightforward -- had to be heard. Young black men -- as their forefathers did ninety years before -- began to go into the mountains of the Sierra Maestra to make up the rebel Army which would wear down and defeat Batista's 50,000 regulars. The Third Cuban War of Independence had begun with the blacks, once more responding to the cry of "Motherland or Death".

Returning to the subject, it can be safely said that the year 1959 was one of great hopes for the AfroCuban population -- especially in connection with the defeat of the most reactionary and ultra-racist element of the bourgeoisie which had made up the first "revolutionary" government. Yet, if these reactionary elements -- all members of Cuba's leading rich white society -- were dislodged from power, they were not replaced by a single black leader; their posts were quickly filled by other whites (also from the same upper white bourgeoisie

class) whose racial "revolutionary brotherhood" was questionable. The newly-appointed President, Osvaldo Dorticos, a lawyer and member of the leading white bourgeoisie of Cienfuegos, was white; the new cabinet of Ministers chosen by Dr. Castro, was also, without exception, white.. Top administrative posts were assigned to men who, probably "accidentally", were also white and members of the most notable upper-class families. Meanwhile, AfroCubans remained in their ready-to-die soldier positions, though not ignoring the continuance of a pattern which had become, by force of repetition, a tradition in Cuba -- "the Blacks shall fight while the Whites shall govern". As discontentment on the part of the former became vocal, panic struck the hearts of the latter: "Soon the Blacks will walk all over us... We knew Fidel went too far", they said. Since history is capriciously repetitions, familiar sounds began to fill the air, the "peligro negro" was sounding at *all levels*. The atmosphere became rare, the brotherhood anthem -- sung throughout the early part of 1959 -- was swiftly turning into a sort of battle-cry; the white "revolutionaries" weren't prepared to make any further "concessions". Shouts of "They will grab our women next... you should have seen the way that Negro looked at my daughter", filled the air. The exodus began: fathers, husbands and brothers hurried off their daughters, wives and sisters to safer places. Planeloads of white families began to arrive daily at Miami airport: "Cuba has gone Communist, the Blacks are in control".

Regardless of the fact that not a single Black was holding *any* significant post (no more than he did under Batista or under previous governments) the two alarming names ("Blacks" and "Communism") pronounced in the same breath, shook the North American Government out of their brief nap. As a matter of fact, the background of the "revolutionary" leadership had reassured the Americans of what should be expected from them. It is obvious that, had Washington considered Castro a man capable of breaking away from the fold, Yankee soldiers would have been strolling in the streets of Havana even before Batista took flight on the night of December 31, 1959. After all, weren't the headquarters of the rebel Army in Oriente Province, just a few miles away from the gigantic American military installation of Guantanamo -- land robbed from the Cuban people, and maintained even today by force? One cannot help asking oneself **what would have happened had Dr. Castro been an AfroCuban?** Would the Americans have stood by and seen a black rebel leader march from the mountains of the Sierra Maestra right into the Presidential Palace? It should also be recalled that both the white Cuban bourgeoisie and the American government saw no more use for Batista who, on the contrary, was ruining the economic "stability" of the island (based upon sugar) by being unable to ensure "peace" and guarantee the "security" of private capital. It should not be forgotten that the funds for weapons -- bought in the United States -- were coming right out of the pockets of the ruling classes. Upon hearing the words

"Black ", "Communism", and "Power", Washington became aware that something had gone dangerously wrong; that something had to be done about it, and fast. The deteriorating situation -- marked by a crescendo of measures and counter-measures on the part of both governments -- was leading, at vertiginous speed, towards an armed intervention on the part of Washington. In the face of this external threat, Dr. Castro appealed for national unity and -- because of it -- the formation of a National Militia was prompted. The white leadership knew that an American intervention -- precisely at such an early period -- would undoubtedly oust them from power, unless they could count upon the population for support. They also knew that with at least 65% of the population (AfroCuban) hostile, they stood no chance of remaining in power. So, the deep racial antagonisms kept alive for centuries -- added to the malcontent among Blacks over their lack of representation in the "revolutionary" government -- was hurriedly shoved under the rug in view of the impending danger. Former civilian AfroCubans (men and women) began to bear rifles; the Army, under the leadership of Juan Almeida (one of the black majors who led the guerrillas with Dr. Castro) became a fighting force, the majority of which was, and is, black.

The state of national alert continued, almost without a pause, through 1960-1961 -- including the Bay of Pigs aggression where the greatest percentage of those who lost their lives were AfroCubans -- into 1962 when, during the "October Crisis", the world was on the brink of Nuclear War. Here, once again, while a substantial segment of the white ruling group was calling for U.S. "inspection" in Cuba -- as proposed by Washington and agreed upon by Moscow -- the AfroCuban population (both in the Militia and the Army) was vocal in its hostility to such a capitulatory action. In brief, following the crisis in which AfroCubans had proved how much they were willing, and ready, to give on the road towards *true* liberation (a crisis in which certain white "revolutionaries" exposed the limitations of their zeal" on the road towards Socialism and then Communism") the apparent cohesion and "identity of goals" began to loosen. A "promise" of non-attack on the part of Washington -- which, apparently, was whispered to Mr. Khrushchev for not too many people heard it -- seemed to have brought great relief to the white ruling party. As the months went by into 1963, with no apparent military designs on the part of Washington, something strange (really not strange, but indeed, normal) began to occur. Having no need, at least for the time being, to rely on the military support which had kept the revolution afloat since its beginning and having defeated a direct military (mercenary) aggression and stood up, on its own, to the pretensions of North American imperialism, the "cohesion" between black and white "revolutionaries" was no longer the same as throughout the previous three-and-a-half years. The prevalent 'you're my brother' irony had begun to disappear as sandbags were removed from street-corners and guns were

taken away from the militia. Whispering campaigns (quite audible though) could be heard concerning the danger inherent in an army the majority of which was black. This amounted to nothing more than a new version of the "Black Peril" cry of the white Cuban "revolutionaries" throughout the history of the nation. The white socialist "revolutionaries" were merely echoing the fears of their "nationalist revolutionary" predecessors; the brief *honeymoon* was over.

White "revolutionaries" became more outspoken: "You can enter the hotels, you've got the beaches all to yourselves, you can *even* sit beside *us* in restaurants. What the hell more do you want?" These sentiments began to be spouted as bluntly as that. Other times, the same undertone would be camouflaged by expressions such as "Don't push things too far, you can't change things overnight"; when not expressed in the obnoxious "Give it time", or in the paternalistic "My best friend was a Negro". However expressed, the thought on the part of white Cuban "revolutionaries" that Afro Cubans had gone as far as they could or should want to go, became quite vocal; anything else amounted to getting out of a certain "place" -- a place which black Cubans have occupied in Cuban society for more than three centuries -- with the dangerous consequences of upsetting the "revolution".

The "Stay in your place" attitude, however, drew a sharp reaction from the Afro Cubans who began evaluating and sizing up the real issues involved. The *balance sheet* -- which had never been consulted throughout the four previous years -- was being drawn up. Yes, the hotels and beaches were open to all, but did this represent any sort of an achievement? An achievement for whom? Was it supposed to represent the achievement? Hotels and beaches are open to anyone *who can pay for them* in many Western capitalist European countries but this doesn't mean that racism does not exist in these societies, or that they have achieved revolutionary social relationships.

Does the opening of public places -- provided that an Afro Cuban, who is the most economically underprivileged of Cuban workers, is able to afford lodging in the Habana Libre or the Riviera or have the money to buy a drink at the "Floridita" and the "Club 1800" -- constitute the *essential* factor in the lives of a majority population? Does a man spend three years fighting in the Sierra Maestra (living under the harshest conditions and risking his life at every combat) in order to discover that he *can now* go into a fancy hotel, or sit at a luxurious bar and sip a daiquiri if he can bear the expense? Should an Afro Cuban rejoice over the fact that, *today*, he may sit beside a white in many public places -- as if this fact, "benevolent" in its implication, represented his ascension to "higher" grounds? The crux of the matter is that, as far as the Cuban whites are concerned, Afro Cubans have gone as far as they should *want* to go, and since the whites "know" how the black man feels, and what he wants, the opening of beaches and hotels represent an "achievement", "progress", and a great step "for-

ward". For the whites, this means that all "past" grievances have been redressed and minds are freed from *guilt*; it means that, in one stroke, 350 years of *their* history no longer haunts them because the Negro is now their equal as they have *accepted* him! Since, according to those who "know" Afro Cubans better than they know themselves, the latter have gotten the things they "wanted", it is not *difficult* to see the logic in the white protestation of "...what else do you want?"

The famous "opening of the beaches" theme, which leads a white (Communist American writer to conclude that "In today's Cuba, the Negro has come into his own", appears constantly as a *must* in the speeches of the most petty self-styled white Cuban "Marxists" (Blas Roca, Anibal Escalante and others) as well as in the writings of "Left-wing" white supporters of the revolution. It is also the *indispensable* topic in speeches of Dr. Castro:

"Here, for instance, we do not see those racial problems that we *see* in the United States (Dr. Castro is quite right for the only situation like the one prevailing in the United States is "*seen*" in South Africa)... I ask you if it isn't an interesting experience, the fact that here, among these people -- among the masses, in schools, in hospitals, theaters, on the beaches and other recreation centers; in working and cultural centers -- there is not even a shade of discrimination...?" 33 X

Thus, however and whenever the Afro Cuban is mentioned in Dr. Castro's speeches -- which is the rule rather than the exception (especially if foreign visitors are present) -- the "theme" is brought home in such a fashion as to evoke the response "thank you Fidel". A "thank you" which in reality means "Thank YOU Mister White Man; I'm grateful, for you have *let* me into *your* beaches, hotels and theaters". Very few are the speeches of the "revolutionary" leaders -- whether drawing comparisons with the situation of the Blacks in the U.S. or within the context of a "reminder" -- in which the "opening of the beaches" does not, in *one way or another*, appear. Isn't it a "reminder" that "you have never had it *so good*" or one which virtually says: "You see, in the U.S., Blacks are not allowed in public places, but here, we *let* you in"?

"I think, above all, that human rights are being violated in the United States of America where millions of Negroes are being treated as less than human... It is in Cuba that the Negro is *protected*, not only by legal principles, but by the real existence of opportunities for work, education and *participation* in the life of the

country without discrimination... in Cuba all men are equal"³⁴

It is interesting to note that the "protective" feelings of Dr. Dorticos (quoted above) -- that is, considering the fact that a man who is really free ought to be "protected" -- render useless his claim that "in Cuba all men are equal". Against what, against whom are Afro-Cubans "protected"? There seems to be some discrepancy -- and surely a lack of coherence -- between the President's protective, paternalistic statements and Prime Minister Castro's emphatic claim that "there is not even a shade of discrimination" in Cuba. If Dr. Castro's statement is true, then it cancels that of Dr. Dorticos; for one cannot protect *someone* against *something* which doesn't exist. Such an obvious contradiction can only imply one thing: the truth is being *concealed*. Indeed, racial prejudice in today's Cuba is not an imaginary phantom against which people are "protected", but a phenomenon which has occupied a place in Cuban society (as history well bears out) for more than three centuries to date. It is a fact which affects the existence of 65% of the present Cuban population, in a million different and *subtle* ways. No racial prejudice and discrimination are not "seen" in today's Cuba as it is "seen" in today's United States or South Africa -- I wonder if this fact represents the "interesting experience" that Dr. Castro mentions -- yet, it is a *living fact* that racism plays a great part in the affairs of the present Cuban "revolutionaries".

"... there still survives in the consciences of many people the prejudices and mental vices which were created by the past..."³⁵

To whom does Carbonell, an Afro-Cuban, refer when he writes about:

"... those who are revolutionaries and have *contributed* to liberate our country from the domination of the bourgeoisie, but are *incapable of liberating themselves* from the whole ideological power of the bourgeoisie..."³⁶

Of course, the previous quotes, coming from an Afro-Cuban (who, in fact, is a Marxist-Leninist) can be readily discounted, for, don't whites "*know*" black people and their problems *better* than the black man himself? Therefore, if Dr. Castro and Dorticos, both white "Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries" state that here is no racism in Cuba, Walterio Carbonell who writes about "prejudices and mental vices" in today's Cuba, must be wrong, confused or misguided, if not a counter-revolutionary and thus an "agent of imperialism".

Divested of all its demagogic intentions, in which Afro-Cubans serve the pure and simple purpose of a *propaganda weapon* -- a tool to be handled

or mishandled according to the need -- the "opening of beaches" theme is an indication of a condescending attitude; an attitude which tells an old, old story -- a story in which the big and good "white brother" accomplishes favors for and protects his under-privileged "black brother". It is an attitude in which the imprint of a strong feeling of racial superiority is present, for, to accept this whole "theme" as an accomplishment of "brotherhood" ("an interesting experience") for a population which is the majority -- even if this were not true and Afro-Cubans represented no more than fifteen percent of five percent or two percent of the nation -- it then must follow, by logic, that black Cubans are the inferiors of their white counterparts. To accept such an attitude, which says that now a black Cuban can sit beside a white one in restaurants and hotels, and is *accepted* into the formerly all-white beaches (which is supposed to be an *advancement* for the Blacks) is to emphatically accept and reaffirm the belief in the inferiority of a black person -- or any non-white for that matter. To accept the entire "opening of beaches" theory -- a theory so much expounded and lauded by "Marxists" as the "result of a Marxist revolution" -- is tantamount to crying out: "Nigger, you see, I let you into my beaches. Nigger, look, you can now sit beside me. Nigger, you never had it so good!" "To all those whites, inside and outside Cuba, who lift up the "opening of beaches" banner (obviously an effort of self-gratification which soothes their guilt-ridden consciences) there is but one answer: an oppressed people do not pick up weapons in order to be *allowed* into beaches or sit beside another man, or enter the hall of a hotel... An oppressed people -- oppressed black people -- bear arms in order to put an end to their oppression, in *whatever form this oppression may be expressed!*

The Afro-Cuban population has borne arms and spilled its own blood -- throughout the history of Cuba -- not for any type of "opening of beaches" crumbs, but for something quite different: for the right to rule, or effectively share, the power which directs the destiny of the Cuban nation, a nation built with the free slave labor of their black ancestors freed from Spanish colonial domination with the blood of their grandfathers and liberated from the yoke of North American imperialism with the *indispensable* and *decisive* participation of its black population.

The right to *govern* and not the right to "accept" concessions (concessions, because of their very nature of "conceding", are thoroughly satiated with feelings of racial superiority): here is where the problem lies, in spite of the thousand and one maneuvers and subtleties which are deployed to obscure it. After six years of "Revolution" and four of "Socialism", a "Marxist-Leninist" government where the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" is said to have been achieved, has *not a single black minister*

in its Cabinet... A "revolutionary" government in a non-white nation is all white...

Again we are faced with the historical similarity which has been established between Cuba and the United States. The most violent reaction against Afro-Cubans, on the part of Cuban whites, came during the period following the war for independence from Spain; as we have seen before in this essay, the predominantly black army was demobilized, the black military leaders (many of them disappearing under mysterious circumstances) were hurried off the political scene. This was a situation striking similar to the one which prevailed during the period of Reconstruction following the American Civil War. Today, once more, history repeats itself. The same need to put the "niggra back in his place", predominant in the period of Reconstruction of the U.S., and during the establishment of the First Republic in Cuba, is being manifested today under the guise of "revolutionary" socialism, and a facade of dictatorship of the proletariat.

Where are the proletarians in the "government of the proletariat"? Where are the Blacks, at least *sharing* power, in a nation whose majority are people of African origin? We are faced with a "proletarian" government which has not a single proletarian in it, and the members of which belong to the old traditional Cuban national bourgeoisie: a government "of the people" in which not a single Afro-Cuban is a minister and whose ministerial cabinet is all white.

The same idea again, strikingly enough utilized by the U.S. Reconstruction racist to bar the Afro-American's entry into full citizenship -- the idea that "nigras ain't capable of governing" -- is also spouted now by the white Cuban "revolutionaries". When confronted with the issue of the conspicuous absence of blacks in key governmental posts, these "revolutionaries" are quick to retort that, since Afro-Cubans "couldn't go to school in the 'old days', there are not enough of them educated to *appoint* to top government posts". Isn't this also, strangely enough, the same "logic" utilized by colonial powers in relation to their colonies in Africa?

Again, it might be a coincidence, yet one cannot help but see the common denominator in the language spoken by U.S. Reconstruction racists, white Cuban annexationists, European colonial powers and white Cuban "revolutionary Marxists". Yet, it is not strange to denote an identical reaction -- even identical ways of expressing it -- which different people adopt in facing those problems which are *essentially* common to them.

Another reaction of the white "revolutionaries" concerning the black "void" in the government is also analogous to the attitude of the white racist U.S. Government: "Yes, we have a 'Negro' in the government; as a matter of fact we have two; our great Major Juan Almeida and Lazaro Pena..." Indeed, the white "revolutionaries" have "*their Negro*" in the same way as the U.S. State Department has theirs. Isn't this the attitude adopted by North American racists, pointing at a few hand-chosen, submis-

sive and maneuverable "Negroes" whom they have *appointed* to certain governmental posts -- "Negroes" who are known commonly as "Uncle Toms"? Isn't the *appointment* of those "Negroes" geared towards impressing non-white nations and also serving the purpose of "tokenism" at home? Don't they also say: "Yes, we have a 'Negro'; look at Weaver, Hatcher, Ralph Bunche, etc."? Well, if it is a matter of who "*has*" the most "Negroes, then the racist North America has got a big start on "revolutionary" Cuba. Thus, in the attitude of both white Cubans and their American counterparts -- an attitude of possessiveness in regards to black people which can be traced back to the ownership of slaves -- one cannot fail to see the common denominator in the roles played by American-owned "Negroes" and those owned by the white Cuban "revolutionaries".

Lazaro Pena, one of the two Cuban-owned "Negroes" has for years effectively played this role in the Cuban Communist Party. His presence among the leadership of the Cuban CP serves the purpose of boosting the Party's prestige among the black masses and simultaneously proving that the party is "integrated" (in the U.S. Communist Party that role is played by James Jackson). Furthermore, his placement as a labor leader among the predominantly black proletariat was quite profitable in mustering votes for the Cuban Communist Party. Today, he heads the CTC 37 (Confederation of Cuban Workers) and continues to play the role which he has long been used to -- a role for which he has been rewarded with membership into the PURSC (United Party of the Socialist Revolution).

Juan Almeida, the second Negro whom the white "revolutionaries" *have*, is a repetition of the previous case, the only difference being that while Lazaro Pena "belonged" to the white Cuban Communist Party, Major Juan Almeida "belonged" to the white leadership of the 26th of July. Yet, as we shall see, their roles were *basically, essentially* and *fundamentally* the same. During the armed struggle against the dictatorship, at a time when Batista began to propagate rumors that Castro was intending a "revolution for whites" -- as said before, with the intention of alienating the black masses from the armed struggle -- the rebels were quick to point out that they *had* a "Negro" in their midst. The rebels lost no time in comparing Almeida to the Black General Antonio Maceo and presenting him as a new Maceo. Yet today, Almeida a man who showed courage and extreme ability during the armed struggle, continues to be nothin but a trouble-shooter, a figure-head, an obedient subordinate of the white "revolutionary" leadership. A good example of the role to which he is committed is the following:

In September 1960, Fidel Castro arrived in New York to address the United Nations General Assembly Session; he came with a large delegation whose members were conspicuously all white. Dr. Castro and his retinue sought and obtained residence at the Shelbourne Hotel. After a conflict

arose between the administration of the hotel (obviously under State Department pressure) and the all-white Cuban delegation, Dr. Castro, following a suggestion of the Fair Play For Cuba Committee, who saw the opening for a great propaganda coup in the favor of Cuba, announced his intention of moving into a hotel in the Afro-American community, Harlem. It was then that Dr. Castro quickly communicated with Havana and asked for the dispatch of Almeida. Within a few hours Almeida was hurried into a plane and "integrated" into the all-white delegation. The very night of his arrival, Almeida and Dr. Castro were "seen" together, looking out of a window of the Theresa Hotel and waving to the compact crowd of Afro-Americans. What a scene of "brotherhood" what a spectacle of "revolutionary" "integrationist" sincerity... For the "role" he has played throughout the years, dating back to 1953, Almeida has also been rewarded with membership of the PURSC.

to be concluded next issue



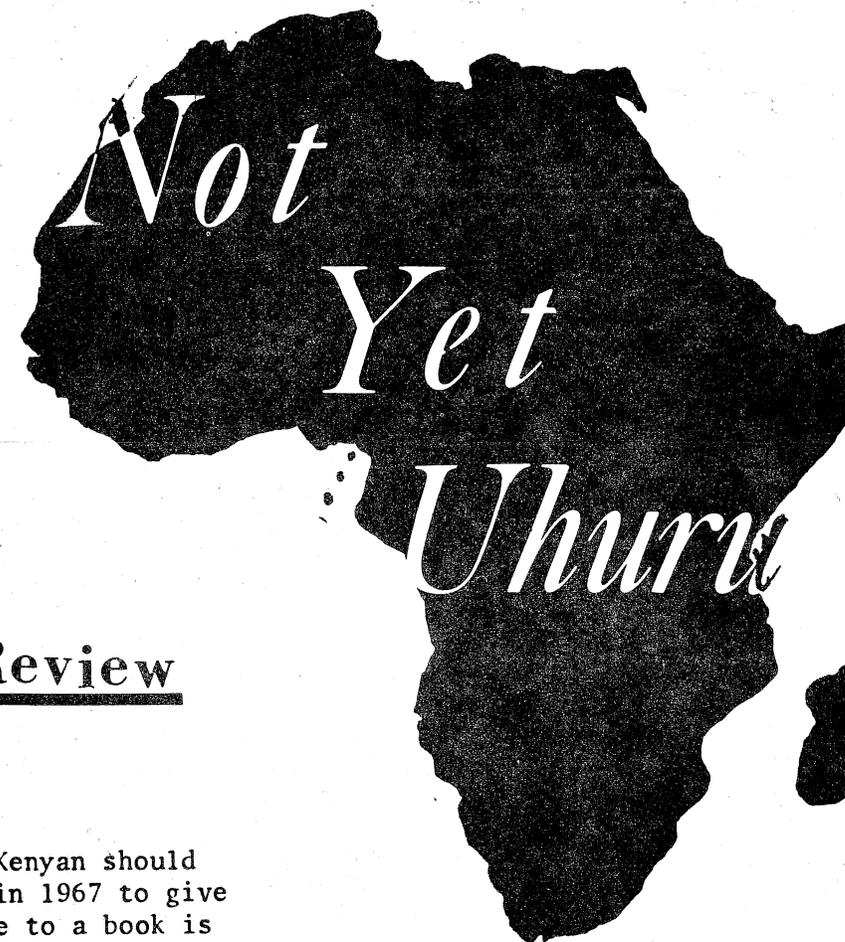
FOOTNOTES

23. The striking similarity between these "prerequisites" and those still existing in the U.S. -- Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, etc. -- in regards to Afro-Americans, cannot be overlooked.
24. Coincidentally, President General Gormez happened to be a descendant of General Maximo Gomez who had opposed Maceo, and whose son, Pancho Gomez, is said to have assassinated the black leader.
25. This figure, by the very fact that it has been given by the same "historians" who have re-arranged the History of Cuba to suit their designs, is highly dubious. Other figures, based on recent research, place the toll at a minimum of 35,000.
26. Havana Hilton ("Libre) Hotel, Riviera, Nacional, etc...
27. I have been told by black rebels themselves, about incidents in which the black Sierra Maestra veterans shot their way into hotels, restaurants and other public places in Havana and other cities.
28. Fidel Castro, speaking to the captured mercenaries of the Bay of Pigs invasion of April 1961.
29. A brutal example of the treatment meted out to black "revolutionary" leaders throughout the history of Cuba -- if previous examples have not sufficiently emphasised this point -- was the heinous assassination of Jesus Menendez, the courageous left-wing and anti-imperialist black labor leader (Secretary General of the Federation of Sugar-cane Workers), who was murdered by Batista's henchmen in Manzanillo, Oriente, on January 22, 1948.
30. Notably the members of the Cuban Communist Party (the Communists were not the only ones, though) whose theses ran thus: Better to lose face and save ourselves, than to save face and be destroyed. One can understand that the C.P. members -- "Khrushchevians" to the core -- did have a lot to lose since for them Socialism meant their posts as privileged bureaucrats and members of the white "proletariat" in power.
31. For those who happened to be in Cuba at this particular time (like myself) it was quite clear that those whining and crying about an American intervention were not Afrocubans who could scarcely fear the loss of anything but their life; a thought which could barely frighten those who, ever since birth, have learned to live with the nearness of death, which is something common to black people all over. Yet, when the chips were really down one thing became quite apparent: certain "comrades" did not fully measure up to expectations.
32. Harry King: *How Cuba Uprooted Race Discrimination*, pg. 5, Pioneer Publishers (June, 1961).

33. Fidel Castro: Speech on the occasion of the Third Anniversary of the "Committees For the Defense of the Revolution"; September 28, 1963. *Obra Revolucionaria*, pages 8-9.
34. Oswaldo Dorticos: Speech delivered at the Conference of Punta del Este Uruguay (January 26, 1962).
35. *Ibid.* ; Note 11 (p. 19 of *Critica*).
36. *Ibid.* ; Note 11 (p. 20 of *Critica*).
37. CTC: Confederation of Cuban Workers.
38. PURSC: United Party of the Socialist Revolution.
39. Major Almeida's position in the present government is that of leader of the almost all-black army and, as of late, one of the Vice Ministers of the Ministry of Defense which is headed by Raul Castro, brother of the Prime Minister, who is in turn, *Commander in Chief* of the Armed Forces.



SOULBOOK | socks it to ya!



A Review

That a Kenyan should have dared in 1967 to give such a title to a book is amazing. Equally remarkable is that he then handed it over to Kwame Nkrumah to forward. Certainly, these 2 facts alone lead one into certain expectations concerning the contents of the book.

Not Yet Uhuru is an attempt by Kenya's "mad" politician "to tell it like it is"! A political biography, it covers the author's life so far with considerable amount of details on the years of activism. From the start, the book is immensely readable. Couched in very uncomplicated language it begins almost like a tale, tells of the lyricism of village life with Oginga Odinga himself in the role of the child of nature playing at work in the fields, sitting at the foot of his elders to listen to the tales of the past...it is an African story, and full of politics.

"Among the Luo of Central Nyanza, the forecasters had said of the coming of the White people, 'If you touch them the skin will remain in your hand because they are very soft, but they will come with thunderstorms and they will burn the people'".

Whether he does it deliberately or not, the author strikes here a continental note. The Luo become typical Africans by having these sentiments. The feeling that white skin is unbaked is not only Luo but African. Indeed with a feeling for the finicky and the macabre, most latter-day Africans say they disbelieve the stories about Africans stewing missionaries for the simple fact that they do not think their revered ancestors would bring themselves to eat such low-grade meat. Rather, what struck the people about the newcomers were their guns and the vicious readiness with which they were prepared to use them. The Akans of Ghana built new villages (about half of them scattered all over the land) and called them "Berefe ye dur". *white is might* or some such equivalent translation. Odinga goes on to tell how his people reacted further to the white man with his constant harassments in the form of taxations, forced labour, as well as his meddlesome policies contra the original systems of the land. "A chief is the direct agent of the government" against his people. We come across other familiar patterns. For instance, as priests and teachers, the missionaries contributed in no small measure to the establishment of the colonial ethos. White people have always loved to patronize. And most Africans have always welcomed patronage. Any show of unwillingness to co-operate from the one always drew forth the other's scorn and contempt. Odinga reiterates that "the price of education had been Christianity; now the price for approval and acceptance" was nodding your head while they told you how perfectly savage every African except yourself was

"Here were sown early the seeds for estrangement of the educated leadership from the people which has bedeviled Kenya's (read Africa) political life for so long".

Admittedly, in the East and the South the problem was complicated for the African by settler populations and British and Boer colonialism in these areas has had a rawness and intensity which the West African was spared. (Though even here this seems to have been an aspect of the French experience) At any rate, the people of East Africa resisted early from spontaneous groups of village elders to organized youth associations and revivalist churches. Naturally, the regime tried to crush them. But one thing becomes obvious from Odinga's account. The peasant revolt which was dubbed the "Mau Mau" did not spring from a vacuum. It sounds like the eruption of a people who had consistently refused to buckle down to a system that sought to make nonsense of their cultural validities, deprive them of their land and cheapen the worth of their physical labour. And it seems to have been a well-organized struggle when people were willing to pay high fees to take an oath swearing themselves to secrecy. Then after the Emergency was declared in 1952,

"it was simpler. One merely undertook to fight British imperialism until the arrested leaders were released".

Indeed, for those of us who were not and are not on the spot, all the chapters from "Peasants in Revolt" to the end of the book should make priceless reading. They tell of the impact the war had on the people, the struggle to get the leaders, especially Kenyatta, released; the formation of the political parties, the carryings on of the politicians during these crucial periods, the favor-carrying and the sell-outs. And the selling-outs has continued to the present day, according to Oginga Odinga.

Now, Kenya is supposed to be free with Kenyatta himself as head of the government. And what are these strange things we hear?

"Of the total land transfers, more than half of the farms have been acquired by Europeans! ... Of the total land area sold to individual purchasers 70 per cent was acquired by Europeans".

Odinga gives figures! L-O-R-D, is it true the remnants of the freedom fighters are still in the forests, not daring to come home because they are regarded as criminals by Kenyatta's government? And the majority of those who returned have not had their confiscated lands restored to them? Over what issues did Bildad Kaggia (a noted nationalist) resign from the government? Who killed Pip Pinto and why? What is this we hear about Tom Mboya, foreign trade union organizations and the all-round stooging? Why should the government of Kenya work so assiduously to protect the

people of Kenya from "communism"? And what role has Kenyatta been playing since the people fought for his release and voted him into power?

But then to what extent should we believe Odinga's insinuations about others and his portrayal of his own role? After all, this is his autobiography, is it not? Certainly, he is as much an old African politician as any. And as such he puts Oginga Odinga across. For instance he takes care to emphasize (his Luo thrift) a commercial enterprise was "black business" and therefore, a facet of the people's resistance against foreign exploitation! However, what definitely puts him together with one group of current African leaders and not the other, is his struggle to understand what it is that is really threatening the continent and how to bring it to the fore of the struggle. Naturally, as a member of his group (others include Sekou Toure, Kwame Nkrumah and Modibo Keita) he knows how to give the people their due in fine language. *"Finally, it has always been my firm conviction that to lead people, you must adhere to their will,"* he says. At any rate, whereas we recognize what these fathers of African nationalism have done and are doing, we need a more radical approach to the problems of the continent than it seems they are able to offer. (In this connection, it must be admitted that Nkrumah appears more and more to be in a class all by himself, and so does Nyerere.)

Is he a communist? A socialist? It is difficult to tell. What is clear in his replies to charges of communist leanings is a certain pragmatist argument which could go well with ordinary African peoples.

"The danger in Kenya has never been communism but imperialism and its remnants...the snake in the bush is less than the snake in our house, which is imperialism...If communism were to prove a danger in the future we would deal with it."

As for the allegations, he makes them against people who are still alive and it is for them to say whether he is lying or not. What we know is that he promises to tell us why he thinks Kenya is still not free, and he does it. After reading the book, any non-East African would come to understand why in certain quarters he is the most hated African politician next to Kwame Nkrumah.

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Annual Subscription rate..... 3.00

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SOULBOOK

idandre

A REVIEW

by
aaaidoo

Not too long ago, the question of whether the African writer should allow the ruder side of life (politics especially) to intrude on his fine artistic sensibilities was only one of the luxury items on the agenda of literature seminars and writers' workshops. Our Francophone relatives use the word engagement and we call it involvement or commitment. But the good days are gone. At the time of the writing of this review, Christopher Okigbo has already been killed fighting, and Soyinka is undergoing some kind of a political persecution. And these two possess poetic genius. Yet to be able to admit this about them, one has to go through a series of painful admissions, as one would have to do, in order to understand the events which have so terribly eliminated Christopher and are daily grinding out Wole.

Of the published African poets in English, the only one whom Soyinka reminds us of is Christopher Okigbo himself; as much in his profundity and the frightening adroitness of his handling of English, as his obscurity to any but the few initiates or experts. However, whether Soyinka intends it or not, *Idandre* has to be understood. Because, as has been implied in the forward to the poem and in the poem itself, it is a creation myth with nightmarish parallels to the living world. Matter and events are in a constant cycle of fire, iron, blood, water (rain), fire, iron, blood...This is symbolised in the essence of Ogun, the Creator god himself.

*"The flaming corkscrew etches sharp affinities
(No dream, no vision, no delirium of the dissolute)
When roaring vats of unstoppered heaven deluge
Earth in fevered distillations, potent with
The fire of the axe-handed one"*

Besides, it seems as though it was this same vision of creation and violent dissolution which gave birth to the other poems in the collection. Death is ever-present, as in *Abiku*, in quick succession to birth, or sudden and violent, as in motor accidents. In the latter connection, he has again, after the play of the same theme and name, portrayed the road in its special three dimensional significance in time, space and a wholly macabre greed:

"And the mother prayed, child
May you never walk
When the road waits, famished".

This plaintive prayer, which first appears in *Death in the Dawn* is later repeated in *Idandre*.

But the poems are also interesting for the way in which together, they describe another side of Soyinka himself hitherto only dimly glimpsed in the plays. Here, the fun-provoking satirist disappears, leaving us with only the serious and often gloomy visionary. Soaked in Yoruba mythology and obviously possessed by the grim Ogun, the poet gives us nothing for laughs now. Indeed, it seems the only time one is reminded of the familiar Soyinka is in the rather wry first line of *Post Mortem*:

"there are more functions to a freezing plant
than stocking beer"

for mortuary refrigerators hold corpses and human parts. In these new poems, even love is a farewell song before it has sat down or at best, comes only as a welcoming rain. However, some of the shorter pieces are extremely familiar, like the infinitely beautiful and tragic *Abiku* and *Season*. And talking of the poet's lighter moods, one wonders if it was just to keep the character of the present collection uniform that a *Telephone Conversation* was not included.

Another main characteristic which *Idandre* shares with the other poems is somehow a promise that the dawn is always round the corner. Of course, what it presages is often unspeakable. But looking at Africa today, we would want to ask Soyinka what he and others like him see. Certainly, this is unfair of us since it brings in the rather tiresome question of whether a writer or any artist has to communicate and if so, whom with. Generally, one is taught to think that the poet can safely behave like an ostrich, write about beautiful rippling streams if that is what he fancies, while the people around him labour under all types of oppressive forces,

natural and man-inspired. Besides the writer can use any language of his selection since he does not have to be understood. At the risk of being told it is wrong to make exception of Africans, that art is universal and all that, one is itching to say that beautiful as this sounds for any writer, Africans cannot afford to believe it. Traditionally, much of our poetry was functional and therefore had to be understood. But when we want to break away from all that and be modern and contemporary? Fine. Soyinka is certainly answering these questions for himself. It is obvious from the collection that as far as a poetry is concerned, he has not been able to write about anything else since the crisis in Nigeria took on its tragic momentum. Listen to him crying out in *Massacre, October 66*:

"A host of acorns fell, silent
As they are silenced all, whose laughter
Rose from such indifferent paths, oh God
They are not strangers all".

So we are waiting around for answers and praying that those who can see things will sometimes speak in accents which the few of us who read English can understand. For we are tired of betrayals, broken promises and forever remaining in the dark. Yet still like *Heavensgate* and *Limits, Idandre and Other Poems* is something good and difficult. We may have to knock our heads against it for a little while, but it should be worth it, somehow.

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SOULBOOK

BLACK DIALOGUE

LIBERATOR

The Journal of Black Poetry

Jackal lived all by himself; his wife had died an unusual death. One of those animals that go about on their hind legs had pointed a branch of a tree from a distance. The branch smoked and Jackal's wife died. From that day Jackal distrusted Man. But even more, he distrusted his cousin, Dog, who had made friends with man. After Mrs Jackal died, Jackal met a lady Dog who allowed him to smell her heat. While he was busy with this love-play, Man came along with the branch and pointed it at Jackal. But, luckily, for Jackal there was a handy clump of bushes nearby. He disappeared into it and was saved. Afterwards, whenever he felt like playing, he did so by himself.

by Collingwood August

All these things made Jackal distrustful and bitter. He had only one acquaintance, Monkey.

Monkey had also decided to live with man. But man did not trust Monkey a great deal. So Man had put a ring round Monkey's waist and another ring round a tall pole. The rings were connected by a chain. And at the top of the pole was Monkey's house. Man fed Monkey and looked after him. And Monkey enjoyed this carefree existence and thought that this was the natural order of things; so he was not bitter--like Jackal. Jackal knew this and used to ask Monkey, "Have you ever met Trouble?"

"No, I haven't. Who is he?"

"Well he's very fearsome."

"I'm not afraid of Trouble. Why don't you bring him along."

"I will--as soon as I can," but Jackal, although he very much wished to do this, did not quite believe he could.

One day Jackal was hustling for food as usual when he met some Boys carrying a sack.

"Boys, what have you got in that sack?", he asked.

"Dog," the Boys answered.

"And where are you taking him to?"

"To hang him by the neck until he dies."

"And why?" Jackal persisted.

"He's a thief. He robs the hens' nests of all their eggs."

Now Jackal did not consider this a crime at all. He himself when he was hungry, did not take the eggs from under the hen. He took the hen itself. Also he had no sympathy with Dog, the Traitor. But an idea was forming in his mind.

"Boys," he said, "why don't you give Dog to Me?"

The Boys debated among themselves for a short while and decided that since Dog and Jackal were sworn enemies, Jackal would devise a more painful death for him than the one they were contemplating. So they gave Dog to Jackal.

But before accepting the sack, Cautious Jackal asked the boys to tie its mouth more securely. Jackal carried the sack over his shoulder and went to see his friend, Monkey.

Monkey was sitting in his house at the top of the pole and saw Jackal while he was still some distance. Being curious to know what Jackal was carrying in the sack, he quickly slid down and waited his arrival.

"What have you got in that sack, Jackal?"

"Trouble," Jackal answered shortly.

"Can I see him?"



"Not so fast my friend."

By this time Dog was growling with rage for he had smelled Jackal and was determined to destroy him. And Jackal knew this.

So Jackal asked Monkey, "Do you see those rocks yonder?" and he pointed them out. "Now promise that you won't open this sack until I have reached them."

Monkey, who was extremely curious to meet Trouble eagerly promised, "Ido, I do!"

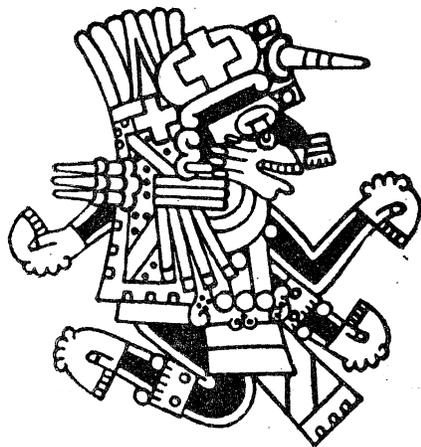
Jackal then put the sack down where Monkey could reach it in spite of his chain. And he immediately began to lope away with his sideways walk. Every few seconds he would quickly look back, prick his ears, and agitatedly shout to Monkey, "I'm not there yet."

When Jackal had reached the rocks, he squatted on his haunches and shouted at Monkey, "I'm there now."

But Monkey did not need to be told; he was already opening the sack.

Dog came out of the sack in a fury and immediately began to attack Monkey. Jackal, who did not want to see any more, shouted at Monkey, "There then is Trouble!" And he quickly loped home.

The following day he came by to see how it had gone with Monkey. The ring that had formerly gone round Monkey's waist was empty. With one front paw Jackal wiped a tear from his eye and said, "Poor Monkey; he was such a good friend"





A.A.O

SOULBOOK

The Black brother who is the author of this inspiring letter was convicted recently, in Washington D.C., of second degree murder of two white Lt. marines. To any honest observer of the "trial" it was a clear case of Brother Hodari (Benjamin Murdock) defending himself against a riotous pack of racist white marines!!

Jambo Ndugu Mamadou:

These few lines are not addressed to you personally, but to Black folk as a whole..It is especially to the wonderful brothers and sisters--who have found a way to give inspiration to my down-troded soul!

In court I've often gave thought to our late beloved Brother W.E. B. Dubois, scholar and ..fighter for Red, Yellow & Black People the world over --. Dubois' thoughts were just as valid on June 5, 1968, the nite of my "crime ", as they did when he first wrote Darkwaters. Here are a few excerpts; I hope you'll be able to get a better insight in what I was thinking and what ALL Black folks were thinking that night: "I have seen a grown man curse a little child who wandered into the wrong waiting room searching for its mother: 'Here you damned black ____'. He was white. In central Park I have seen the upper lip of a quiet, peaceful man curl in a tigerish snarl of rage because Black folk rode by in a motorcar. We have seen, you and I, city after city, drunk and furious with ungovernable lust of blood bring about murder, destroying, killing, cursing, torturing human beings because somebody accused of a crime happened to be of the same color as the mob's innocent victims; and because that color was not white! We have seen--Merciful God--in these wild days and in the name of civilization, Justice and Motherhood-- what have we not seen right here in America of orgy, cruelty, barbarism and murder done to men and women of Negro descent.

"What then is this dark (Black) world thinking? It is thinking that as wild and awful as this shameful war is, it is nothing compared with that fight for freedom which Black, Brown, Yellow and red Men must and will make unless their oppression and humiliation and insult at the hands of the White World cease.--The Dark World is going to submit to its' present treatment just as long as it must and not a moment longer."

, Asante my beautiful brothers and sisters. In-Sha-Allah that we can make a Love Supreme for Black People the world over---UMOJA

As-Salaam-Alaikum

Your brother always,

Benjamin Murdock (Hodari)

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Robert F. Williams