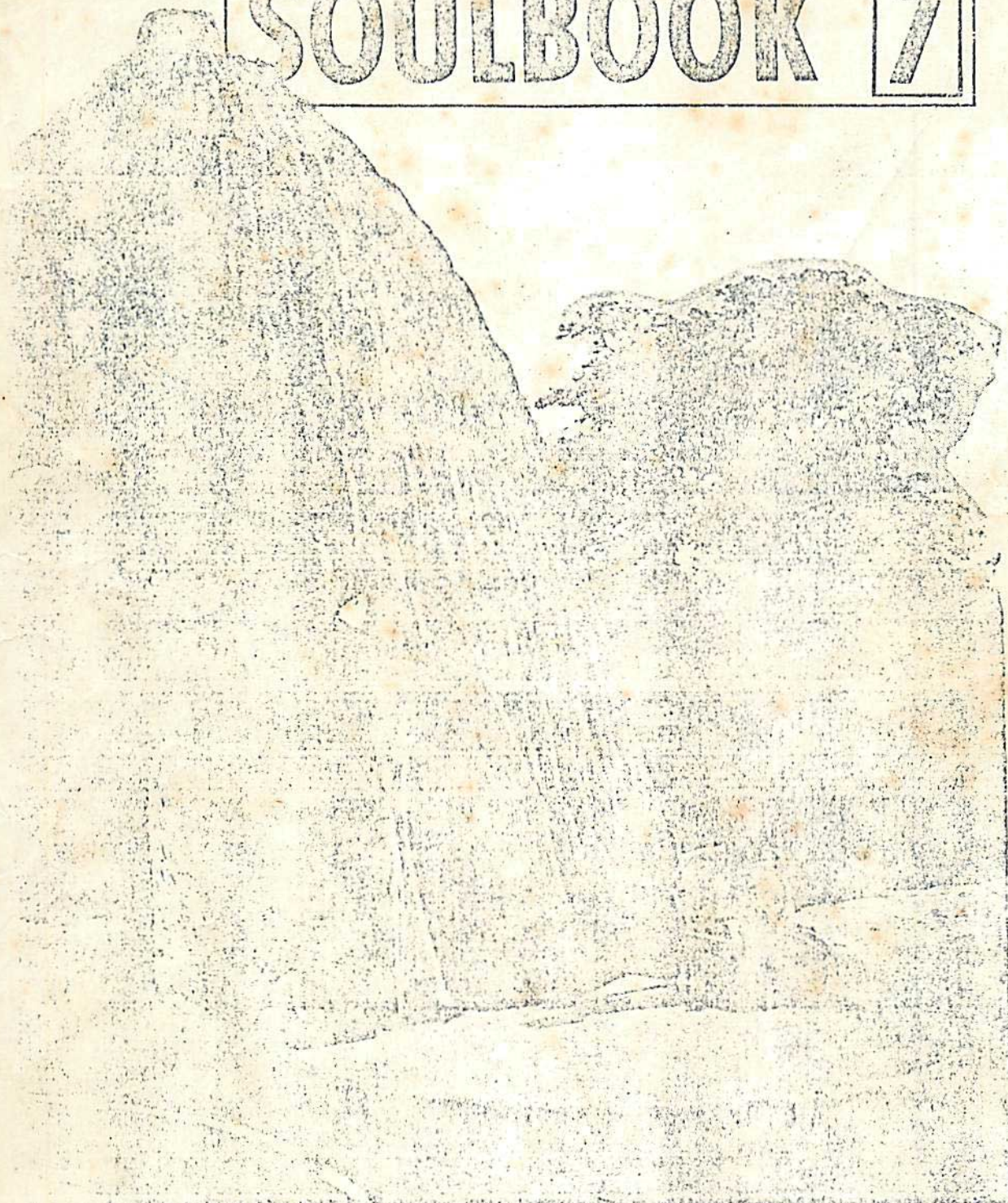


SOULBOOK

7



# soulbook 7

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this issue is dedicated to the memories of John COLTRANE,  
Ruby Doris ROBINSON, Che GUEVARA, Albert LUTHULI,  
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SOULBOOK contributors:

WANANCHI

harry haywood  
willie green  
carol freeman  
k. kgositsile  
lero! jones  
clarence major

doug allen  
anita cornwell  
ed bullins  
rolland snellings  
alfredo pena  
sonia sanchez

black music  
economics  
black poetry  
anti-imperialism

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editorial board: wananchi donald freeman, issac moore  
ernie allen, leo r. huey, ama ata aidoo, alvin morrell,  
kenn m. freeman, carroll holmes, bobb hamilton

new york representative: mwananchi bobb hamilton,  
473 w.152nd street, new york, new york 10031

detroit representative: mwananchi le graham  
(address upon request)

atlanta representative: mwananchi donald p. stone,  
2170 penelope street, n.w., atlanta, georgia

distribution manager: mwananchi harold robinson

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473 w.152nd street, new york, new york 10031.

# editorial

NA WATENGENZAJI

## **SALUTE TO VIETNAMESE FREEDOM FIGHTERS and MESSAGE TO OUR BROTHERS IN ARMS**

On behalf of the Black Liberation Struggle in the U.S. we send this message of encouragement and support to our Vietnamese cousins fighting against our common oppressor: the racist and imperialist government of the United States. We would also like to remind Black American soldiers fighting and dying on the battlefields of Vietnam that four hundred years of brutal, savage oppression of Black people within the United States--at times abetted, but always unchecked by officials at all levels of government--should be ample proof that the U.S. government has no great love for people whose skins are other than white, that its professed reason for being in Vietnam is a total lie fabricated to cover up its exploitation of the majority of the world peoples, who are of dark skin.

The road to liberation is strewn with innumerable obstacles which during the course of revolutionary struggle, must be cast aside, one by one. There is no short cut. From their first encounter with French colonialism over one hundred years ago up to their present struggle against U.S. imperialism the Vietnamese people have shown themselves not only capable of dealing with these obstacles, but have waged their struggle in total dignity. We are extremely proud that in spite of seemingly overwhelming problems they have faced and will apparently face for many months to come, they continue to maintain active and total resistance to foreign domination of their country, which we know will eventually be re-united under the mandate of the Vietnamese people and not through any maneuvering of the racist U.S. government.

In conclusion, we say to our Black Brothers in Arms: if you are truly interested in fighting for democracy--as the U.S. government would have you believe you are doing at present--then we are certain that the guns you bring back from Vietnam will be used for the purpose of protecting your own people, Black people, whenever they are attacked by racist forces of reaction inside the United States, no matter the level from which these forces emanate.

To the Vietnamese people: your confidence and determination lends impetus to our own struggle for national liberation, North America's "internal Vietnam," and renews and revitalizes each day our unshakable faith in mankind. SOCK IT TO 'EM!!!

#### SOULBOOK

### BLACK AMERICANS UNDER ATTACK!

*Since this summer the attacks initiated by the U.S. Government upon Black Americans have grown in intensity. The frame-up murder charge against 16 innocent Black people in New York is only one of many anti-Black measures initiated by the white power structure this year. Your contributions are needed for their legal defense.*

#### **SUPPORT THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS!**

National Legal Defense Fund for the 16 African-Americans Accused  
c/o The Allied Federal Savings and Loan Association  
115-02 Merrick Blvd., Jamaica, New York 11434



What can Jules Régis Debray, a honkey philosopher of rich French parentage, offer the Black Liberation Struggle in America? How can Revolutionary Black Nationalists on the one hand say that "not one cracker, not even a John Brown, will be trusted in this revolution," and on the other hand call Karl Marx's The Communist Manifesto, Che Guevara's Guerrilla Warfare, and Debray's newly published Revolution in the Revolution? as "some of the most out of sight books ever written?"

You can't just pass it up by saying that honkies got their philosophy down, but just don't know how to carry it through. In between writing books, Marx was steady out trying to organize the proletariat of 19th century Germany, Guevara was one of the key factors in Fidel Castro's defeat of dictator Batista in Cuba in 1959, and Debray is now facing a 30-year maximum sentence in a Bolivian prison for allegedly aiding the popular guerrilla army there,

# FOR BLACK GUERRILLAS

by weusi

a review of régis debray's  
Revolution in the Revolution?

\*note: This article does not represent the opinion of SCULHOOK's editorial board.

which is currently socking it to the Bolivian government.

But there really ain't no need in getting involved in an argument on the matter. Honkies got their thing going with honkies, and bloods got their thing going with bloods. It's as simple as that. In other words, ain't no way in hell a honkey can show me how to convince a Sister that Blackness is more than a Natural and big gold earrings, but he can give me a basic guideline of how to set up a revolutionary apparatus, how to initiate guerrilla warfare, or how to resolve the contradiction between the political and the military. And that's where Revolution in the Revolution? comes in.

Basically, Debray has two points in his book which can be applied to the Black Liberation Struggle in America: 1) Self-defense as a system definitely ain't what's happening, and 2) Thumping in your enemy's chest is much better than talking about it.

#### SELF-DEFENSE VS. SELF-OFFENSE

"Today, self-defense as a system and as a reality has been liquidated by the march of events."

According to Debray, without a protective complementary program of guerrilla warfare initiated against the enemy forces, self-defense of a city or zone is doomed to defeat, sooner or later. Pointing to examples of the Colombian peasant uprising and the Bolivian tin-miners strikes of the early 1960's, Debray claims that without the constant reality and threat of popular forces attacking a garrison here, destroying an arms dump there, without a guerrilla conflict constantly throwing it off balance, a repressive government has all the time in the world to plan and execute an assault on the self-defense zone, with disastrous results to the defenders.

It is one of the most basic principles of popular revolutionary warfare, in fact the one which makes guerrillas guerrillas, which says that popular forces must remain mobile to stay alive. It is precisely because the guerrilla can strike in force at any point of the enemy's weakness; it is precisely because (as Robert Taber says) the guerrilla is "a flea which hops about taking a nip here, a bite there, and always keeping away from the scratching dog," it is precisely because the oppressive government must put its forces everywhere to guard factories and bus depots and lonely railroad tracks while the guerrilla is constantly striking, bomb-

ing, assaulting where he is the least expected; it is precisely because of all this that the guerrilla and guerrilla warfare has become the threat in the 20th century to imperialism and honkey racism.

But what happens if the guerrilla gives up his most precious possession, his mobility? What if the flea ceases to hop, but bites continuously in one spot? What if the popular forces, instead of concentrating on keeping the enemy off balance and unable to pin them down, decide to concentrate on defending one particular city or zone in the country? The result, of course, as Debray points out, is that, "when the army passes over to the attack after long preparations made at its leisure, (the battle) will have a major effect: a great victory for the bourgeoisie, a great defeat for the 'Castro-Communist revolutionaries.'"

Black People in America have been faced with this same contradiction, with similar results. During the "Freedom Rides" of the 1960 "Civil Rites Movement," a Black Militia to protect the Brothers and Sisters' was formed by NAACP chapter leader Rob Williams in Monroe, N. C. Instead of concentrating on systematically wiping out the racist crackers who he well knew were killing off our people, Williams chose solely to defend his People when the attacks came, with the effect that when JHK (John Honkey Kennedy) called out the National Guard on the Brothers, the entire self-defense unit was wiped out, and Williams himself had to split the country from trumped-up kidnapping charges. From political sanctuary in the People's Republic of China, Brother Rob has since changed his views, and now calls for armed offensives by Black People against the racist American power structure.

This same principle was brought out in the Battle of Detroit in July of 1967, when popular Black forces fought toe to toe with Whitey's National Guard and Army before being forced to retreat back to normal, everyday slavery. At one point in the 5-day struggle, Whitey's troops were forced out of the 140-square block war zone, unable to stand up to the Brothers' uptight guerrilla sniping techniques. It was at this point that the Brothers made their most serious tactical error. Instead of taking the battle to the honkies, instead of initiating hit-and-run sniper attacks on the National Guard and Army barracks, instead of driving to nearby cities and



taking the heat off Detroit, the Brothers tried to defend the territory they had already won. Of course, through the use of superior communications, weapons, and with the help of low-flying helicopters which beacon-lighted the war area, Chuck was able to recapture the zone the next day, and re-impose his oppression of the valiant Brothers and Sisters of Detroit.

"...self-defense" according to Debray, "reduces the guerrilla force to an exclusively tactical role and deprives it of the possibility of making even the slightest strategic revolutionary contribution. By choosing to operate at this level, it may be able to provide protection for the population for a limited time. But in the long run, the opposite is true: self-defense undermines the security of the civilian population."

In other words, baby, the Black Liberation Army in America will be serving the Black masses best, not by setting up self-defense militias which march up and down 12th st. or 103rd, get their leaders' pictures on the television, and end up by getting wasted in gun duels with Whitey's troops or thrown in jail on trumped-up charges, but by bringing the fight to Whitey. By getting the hell off 125th and taking the battle to Wall Street, by dropping the bottles on Fillmore and picking up guns on Market Street. By silently hitting the Beast's factories, his railroad stations, his building complexes, one at a time, keeping Chuck always on the defensive, always looking over his shoulder, so that he never knows when another explosion will send him jumping out of bed at 4 A. M.

As Sun Tzu, the ancient Chinese military expert who inspired the military philosophies of Mao Tse-tung, raps, "The enemy must not know where I intend to give battle. For if he does not know where I intend to give battle, he must prepare in a great many places. And when he prepares in a great many places, those I have to fight in any one place will be few. . . . And when he prepares everywhere, he will be weak everywhere."

That's why self-defense ain't what's happening.

#### POLITICAL PARTY VS. MILITARY MACHINERY

The second point Debray brings out which is directly applicable to the Black Liberation Struggle in America is the contradiction between the political party and the guerrilla army, over who will have supreme command of the liberation struggle.

According to Debray, "No political front which is basically a deliberative body can assume leadership of a people's war; only a technically capable executive group, centralized and united on the basis of identical class interests, can do so; in brief, only a revolutionary general staff."

Debray uses three arguments to prove this point, taking most of his information from the experiences of the Cuban revolution. He poses the situation when the political party in the city tries to call the shots for the guerrilla army in the countryside:

1) The military leadership is forced to go down into the city to consult the political machinery on strategy and tactics of the struggle. This is how most military leaders, unstoppable in the field, are caught by Secret Service and government agents.

2) "The lack of political power leads to logistical and military dependence of the mountain forces on the city. This dependence often leads to the abandonment of the guerrilla force by the city leadership." This speaks for itself.

3) The lack of a single command leads to military mess-ups, and the loss of many revolutionary lives.

What Debray brings out in these arguments is that there ain't nothing which beats getting out there wheeling and dealing. All the cats in the political parties sit back in the chairs and smoke pot, talk about the "revolutionary fervor of the Black masses," and blow how "one day Whitey's going to get iced." But the Brothers who are out there in the streets, popping caps at the National Guard in Detroit or organizing anti-draft unions in San Francisco--these are the true leaders of the Black Liberation Struggle. And it is they who must take command.

While some so-called "leaders" try to use the Black urban insurrections as bargaining power with Whitey, it is the pimps, the hustlers, the young Brothers on the block who in the end will be our true leaders. This is not to romanticize the hustlers, because we recognize their limitations and realize that it is the Black middle class which must supply them with the skills to carry through the revolution. But the do-rag Brothers... these are our Mao's, our Castro's, our Lenin's. Malcolm got his revolutionary training on the streets of Harlem, not from discussing whether or not LBJ really screwed Kennedy in his wounds or not.

There is a need in Black America for a unified, togetha guerrilla front which is based on taking care of business, not on talking ab-

out it. There is a need for more Black Action and less Black Discussion. There is a need for Rap Brown to get off television and go down in the pool halls, for Stokely Carmichael to come back from abroad and go back to what he is best at doing, grassroots organizing. The Brothers can rap their positions down, but is it more important to talk about "destroying the system from within," or to do it?

In the final analysis, the guerrilla band is the military and the political all in one package because, as Cousin Mao points out, "Politics is war without bloodshed while war is politics with bloodshed." The political party, wrapped as it is in sterile debate and conjecture, never even deals with true politics. The guerrilla army, on the other hand, is constantly confronting the enemy on a highly visible, highly existant level. The armed struggle is the solid basis for a popular political front. For a Black Liberation Front.

### CONCLUSION

Debray's book, Revolution in the Revolution?, has been called a handbook of the Third World liberation struggles, of which the Black Liberation Struggle in America is an integral part. But it is only a handbook. Like a book about sex, it can only provide some of the answers. You got to do the rest.

As we pointed out previously, Revolutionary Black Nationalists point to honkies Marx, Guevara, and Debray as some of the messiahs of the liberation struggle. Like Brothers Malcolm and Fanon, these cats had the guts to get out there and test their theories through practice. In order to surpass the honkies, we've got to get out in the stream of the struggle and get the mud between our toes.

As Debray points out, the liberation struggle will have to be one of armed offense by the liberation forces, and it will have to be done immediately. Only by putting our revolutionary theories to the test will we win. And we're definitely gonna win!

---

"...every doctrine is worthless and null unless rethought by us, rewrought by us, converted to us, to match our needs."

Aimé CÉSAIRE, Letter to Maurice Thorez



**"Tuyên Truyền"**  
the propaganda detachment  
of the  
vietnamese liberation army!

by Vo Nguyen GIAP

*This provocative essay was written by Vo Nguyen GIAP following the outbreak in 1945 of the AUGUST Revolution and the birth of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam; it clearly demonstrates the courage and dedication of a people who have won past victories and who will continue to win in spite of tremendous obstacles placed in its way-- the racist US government notwithstanding. We hope in the future to present our readers with other rare and striking essays of the same genre; in the meantime, do your thing, cuz!*

SOULBOOK

In order to decide the hour of insurrection, the interprovincial committee had planned to organize a final conference. It was then that we received the news of the impending return of Uncle Ho, who had just been released from a Kuomintang prison.

Upon arriving in Pac Bo he listened to the report on the situation and the resolution on the launching of the guerrilla struggle. Then he

assembled the responsible cadres in order to analyze the situation. He emphasized that the adopted resolution rested only on the situation in Cao-Bac-Lang, and not on the totality of the country; in other words, we had seized upon one part and had projected it upon the whole situation. Under such conditions; to launch large-scale guerilla warfare within the perspectives of the inter-provincial committee resolution would have been fatal. Given the entire situation, no other region possessed the conditions necessary to support us; therefore the enemy would have been able to group all of his forces against us. From the military point of view the resolution did not comply with the principle of concentration of forces; both cadres and armament were dispersed, a grass-roots force was missing.



Uncle Ho decided that if the stage of peaceful development of the revolution had already been depassed, this did not, however, mean that the stage of general insurrection had been reached. To limit oneself to purely political activities would no longer suffice to make the movement progress; but to immediately launch the insurrection would put everyone in a trick. It was therefore necessary to pass from political struggle to armed struggle, allowing, in the immediate phase, political action to take precedence over armed struggle.

It was necessary to find an appropriate formula for the relaunching of the movement; during the course of this meeting the President sanctioned the creation of the "Propaganda Detachment of the Vietnamese Liberation Army," which then could only be a small formation. But in its beginnings it was to attach more importance to political work than to armed action, with the propaganda mission priming the combat properly said.



This analysis of the situation convinced everyone, and the new program was unanimously approved; it was thus that the Propaganda Detachment of the Vietnamese Liberation Army saw the day.

Following the method of work dear to him, Uncle Ho, after having resolved the principal questions, gave us our orientation in the application of the measure: the organization of the detachment, composition, recruitment, food and arms supplies, and future relations with the authorities and local populations.

We then spent a complete day together elaborating the plan. During the evening we continued to exchange our points of view; late in the night, Uncle Ho again weighed the advantages and disadvantages. The following morning we submitted the project to the collectivity.

In order to follow the armed struggle according to the new orientation, Uncle Ho insisted upon two points in particular: Acting quickly and resolutely: one month after the formation of the detachment it should have acquired several military victories; the first combat would of necessity have to be a victory.

In the country, assuring good relations between the regular detachment and local detachments, between the army and the population. Maintaining a permanent liason with the leading structure.

In addition, the President attached an extreme importance to the principles of secrecy. We were going to take the route that he had recommended to us again:

"Do not be subjective, do not reveal your forces, act in secret, in absolute secrecy. Let the enemy ignore all of you. Let him believe that you are in the east when you are in the west. Let him believe that you are weak when you are strong. Though you may be just about to strike him, let him suspect nothing."

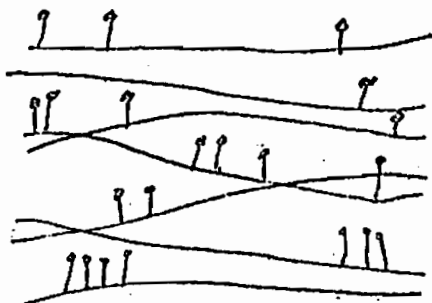
We returned to the inter-provincial committee, our hearts overflowing with confidence. The orders were rapidly applied. Cadres and armament were immediately re-assembled. Originally the detachment included 34 combatants chosen from section chiefs, group chiefs, and elite soldiers who were marked by their courage in the regional armed detachments or the groups of shock militiamen. The unit had been given equal reinforcement by several cadres who had just finished their military studies in China. From then on three types of armed formation existed in Cao-Bac-Lang; the propaganda detachment constituted the shock element, around which were grouped the armed regional detachments, and then the detachments of para-military self-defense. Though still at the guerilla stage, these formations acted, however, in strict coordination. I remember very clearly how I felt; this was a completely new thing which left a lasting impression upon me.

On the eve of the formation of the detachment I received directives from Uncle Ho written on a little piece of paper hidden in a pack of cigarettes. Two days after, the Propaganda Detachment began to apply them by achieving its first two victories at Phay Khat and Na Ngan. The "Viet Lap" soon published a communiqué on it. During the same time, the inter-provincial committee

called upon the population to increase its support to the army. The influence of the detachment grew. The wavering elements came to our side. Traitors began to tremble and the enemy tempered its activity in its chase of militants. Numerous grass-roots organizations were put back on their feet, and their forces begin to grow rapidly. The movement climbed. The population brought the army buckets of grain and baskets filled with rice cakes. In certain places they even offered us buffalo, oxen, and pigs. T. T. poems, T. T. rice, T. T. money boxes for the purchase of arms begin to appear.\*

The youth were won over by a powerful "depart for liberation movement which swelled our ranks.

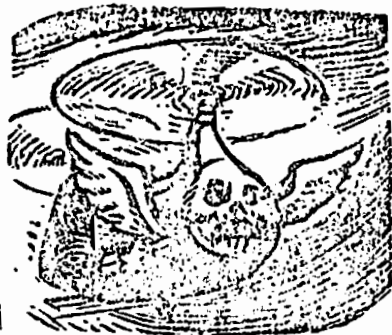
From Phay Khat and Na Ngan the Propaganda Detachment of the Vietnamese Liberation Army marched directly on the Thien Thuat zone in order to transform itself into a company. The new recruits, coming from small regional units, arrived very rapidly at the center of the gathering. In several places, local detachments had already attained the force of a division. Part of the arms taken from the enemy were distributed to them, which overwhelmed the troops (in those days two or three carbines were sufficient to raise the enthusiasm of the combatants). In every sector people prepared feverishly for new engagements and demanded the sending of regular troops.



After forming ourselves into companies we left a part of our forces at Kim Ma, Tinh Tuc, and Phia Uac to carry out armed propaganda, whereas most of our forces embarked in the direction of Dong Mu-Bao Loc, on the Sino-Vietnamese border, in order to mislead the enemy. We soon arrived in this sector, and fell back in absolute silence towards the neighboring region of the Cao Bang and Bac Can provinces. While the movement was still gaining ground we thought that we should head towards the South. On the way the population gave us an extremely warm welcome. In certain places, though we were only one or two miles from the guard-house, they burned torches in order to

\* T. T. are the initials of the Vietnamese words, Tuyên Truyền, propaganda, by which the detachment was designated.





come to meet us. We were at the approach to Tết. In certain localities the youth had prepared a real feast; they had set tables and chairs at the very side of the road and had waited one whole night in order to entertain us. In the canton (district) of Hoang Hoa Tham, for example, a veritable encampment of straw huts awaited us in the forest, vast enough to lodge the complete company, with an exercise area and an important stock of provisions.

In spite of its extreme deprivation the population aided the army of liberation. During the three days of Tết, young and old left their homes to pass the holiday with us. When I think about it today I still ask myself how we can pay the debt that we have incurred from the people.

This was the era in which the storm units re-established communication lines with Thai Nguyen, cut by the enemy. We continued intense preparations for our march on the South. They had hardly left us when the March 9 "coup de force" struck.\* The situation evolved favorably. The Propaganda Detachment of The Vietnamese Liberation Army left the jungle and marched in broad daylight through the Kim Ma valley. In each village the revelling people had unfurled red flags, each bearing one gold star. All these red flags made the sky seem more vast and bluer, man and nature seemed transformed and beaming, the first gusts of independence which elated us.

Then, most of our company headed for the South, establishing revolutionary power in its wake, disarming enemy garrisons, and creating new units.

In Cao-Bac-Lang the direction of the party had given the directives in time for the formation of people's power in the countryside, the launching of the guerilla struggle, and the gathering of new recruits. On the eve of the Japanese "coup de force" about twenty new companies of the liberation army had been constituted. We opened recruitment offices everywhere. Near Nuoc Hai more than three thousand youth voluntarily enrolled. Throughout the Cao-Bac-Lang

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\*March 9, 1945

region the countryside formed a vast free zone.

At the same time, the National Safety troops in the center of Bac Son-Vu Nhai also arose, undertook guerilla warfare, installed revolutionary power, and increased their forces. Some time later the National Safety Troops and the liberation army joined together. The Tonkin Military Conference held at Hiep Ho decided upon the unification of all revolutionary armed forces under the name, "Liberation Army of Viet Nam." The liberated zone was then formed, embracing the provinces of Cao Bang, Bac Can, Lang Son, Ha Giang, Thai Nguyen, Tuyen Quang, and a portion of Bac Giang and Vinh Yen provinces.

The situation rapidly evolved. The movement against the Japanese and for national safety rose like a tidal wave. The National Party Congress and the National Delegates Congress were held at Tan Trao. Meanwhile, Japan capitulated. The August Revolution broke out. The Democratic Republic of Vietnam was born!



translated from the french by SOULBOOK

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"For finally one must take one's part and say, once and for all, that each day the bourgeoisie is condemned to be more vicious, more openly savage, more devoid of shame, more summarily barbarous; that it is an implacable law for every decadent class to see itself transformed into a receptacle where all the filthy waters of history flow; that it is a universal law that every class before disappearing must first dishonor itself completely, unilaterally, and that it is with their heads buried in dung-hills that moribund societies sing their last songs."

Aimé CÉSAIRE, Discours sur le colonialisme

## on centralization



### Prologue: The "Freedom Council"

In many areas of this country, militant Black people are coming together to form machinery for a national Black party. This is a progressive step and will have monumental results--a qualitative change in our struggle--when completed. However, in the interim period, we need an instrument which will voice our people's collective will in times of crisis.

It is obvious that our people are eager and willing to take the initiative in changing their lives. The past Rebellions in Los Angeles, Chicago, Omaha, Dayton, Atlanta, Boston, and recently Newark and Detroit, have demonstrated the Black Mood. But as heroic as these uprisings were, there were two important flaws in each: not only did they lack organized political direction, but they failed to produce any significant victories for the masses. We feel that these failures stemmed from the absence of experienced militant leadership, and from the failure to produce an organ capable of leading the mass struggle: an organ which would embody the concept of "dual-power" and challenge the power of the local establishment by organizing, politicizing, and channeling the energies of the people in a meaningful direction.

With this problem in mind, we are forwarding the idea of "Freedom Councils" presided over by representatives of the people. In times of crisis it is vitally important that militants know concretely what

steps to take to effectively organize and channel the energies of the people in order to bring the struggle to a higher level, at the same time heightening the political consciousness of the masses while winning concrete victories.

#### ON CENTRALIZATION

One of the major problems confronting Black America today is the lack of centralized authority acting in conjunction with the popular will.

One example of proof that this authority is non-existent is the fact that many groups of "Negro spokesmen and leaders" abound without any visible improvement in the living conditions of Afroamericans. Many times such "spokesmen" will appear on national T.V., radio, or the press voicing opinions which are totally foreign to overall Black opinion; and in truth they represent merely the outlook of the Black Bourgeoisie.

Within the framework of the "Black Power" movement, the question of centralization must be dealt with. Our local grassroots organizations must serve as the foundations for district, regional, and eventually, national centralized Black authority. This type of organization will have two distinct advantages; one: it will be an authentic expression of genuine Black National Opinion; two, it will serve as a means of isolating all opportunists, careerists, and forces operating against the interests of Afroamericans.

One progressive tendency that has been observed is the growth of Black community organizations: anti-poverty groups, tenant councils, citizen's committees, etc. Also, within the last few years there have been conscious efforts to develop, in one form or another, Black political parties. This is a positive development, but we must think ahead to the period when we will have numerous local "parties" in urban and rural areas.

It would be wise to develop some plans for the unification of these prospective organizations in this current period. One such method would be the wholesale development of "People's Conferences" beginning on the local level, developing finally into state, regional, and national conferences. Recently we've witnessed conferences whereby various militant intellectuals and leadership elements participated. This is progressive to a degree, but if we are to be truly representative of the broad masses of our people, then these conferences must include grassroots elements in active roles.

In fact, beginning now, we must strive for a much closer relationship between potential cadres (young radicals and activists) and grass-roots people. A good example of this mode of action has been the progressive role of SNCC workers in the South. They have even had a few "people's conferences," but the number must increase if we're to move ahead. In this way we prevent the rise to power of a "new elite"--an opportunist "nationalist" caste which would fill the vacuum created by the dismissal of the Black bourgeois leadership. In certain areas of the country the pre-conditions for and the elements of such a caste exist. The rise of or tendencies towards nihilist-opportunist nationalism can only abort or seriously distort our growing Afroamerican people's movement. These tendencies, again, can only be defeated by conferences which unite the broad masses with radical and intellectual elements; thereby, the people are able to voice their will, cancelling out the need of intellectuals to "interpret" it.

Here we must voice the need for the mobilization of various leadership elements throughout the country. Young activists and potential leaders must visit their brothers and sisters in other regions of the nation and begin to develop a continuous dialogue and exchange of information. This itself will shatter the barriers of provincialism and regionalism--and develop within the minds of potential leaders the sense of National Consciousness. This in itself--once the regional barriers are shattered--will accelerate the demand and desire for organizations of Central Authority (This is what the Continental Africans were attempting to achieve with their organization of African Unity, the inspiration from which prompted Brother Malcolm to follow suit and form the Organization of Afro-american Unity).

The idea of Centralization does not mean that members of current organizations will lose their autonomy; on the contrary, we can expect the lobbying of various groups for influence within the Central Organizations. This is correct because it holds true to the





"AMANDLA NGAWETHU"  
(POWER TO THE PEOPLE)

concepts of true democracy.

In returning to the problem of combatting regionalism, it is astonishing how much of the current potential leadership is ignorant of conditions in other regions. Again, as a prelude to building Central Authority, we must encourage militant activists and intellectuals to form delegations which would visit the rural areas of this country (ie. the South) as well as other urban areas. It is the duty of conscious aspiring leadership to develop the networks and organization for making this possible. In the same vein, too many youth and budding intellectuals (artists, writers, actors, musicians, etc.) are concentrated in groups or on college campuses totally alienated or

divorced from the day to day struggles of the masses of our people.

During the period when Brother Malcolm was among us, our thoughts and actions were developing along the lines of national Black unity. There were joint rallies involving Brother Malcolm and militant Southern leadership, which also included our African brothers. After the Brother's tragic death there was fragmentation within the Movement for National Unity and, generally, a return to isolationism. Currently we are witnessing a return of this progressive trend in the linking up of SNCC and CORE leaders with the various Nationalist and radical groups in other areas. This is excellent; but the contacts must increase and involve other progressive elements outside of the "Black Power" leadership, i.e., students, artists, grassroots leaders, intellectuals, progressive professionals, etc.

In moving towards National Unity we must become aware of the concrete realities of our people's condition. This can be accomplished by forming independent committees or councils which would make independent studies of the vital statistics and living conditions in our various regions, and exchange these studies and reports with brother councils from other regions. Such studies and reports will increase the general knowledge of the conditions of our people in all regions to potential leadership elements. Also, such committees or councils making these

and other surveys and studies will begin to function as spokes in the wheel of National Centralized Organization. Later, after several surveys and reports are completed, studied, and exchanged, a Congress of these Councils or committees can be established to work out solutions to these problems. Such councils or committees, needless to say, would be responsible to--and elected by--the groups and grassroots organizations of their various regions. Out of such Congresses of militant councils or committees can be developed the basic machinery and foundations for Centralized Authority, along with ideas towards forming national and international Afroamerican Policy. In addition, out of the council apparatus and other machinery can be developed National Organs of Communication (newspapers, journals, magazines, etc.) which will express the outlook and opinion of the Afroamerican nation.

In exploring various methods within the theme of Centralization, the system of committees or Councils is merely one possible method. More than likely there will be numerous methods developed before we obtain liberation. Various progressive grassroots organizations would participate in the election of Council or committee members to represent their particular city. This method can be extended to district, state, regional, and finally, national representation. Again, such councils, be they rural or urban, can serve as organizational machinery for Central Authority. However, to reiterate, this does not rule out broad conferences of the people, ranging from the current cultural conferences to student conferences, women's conferences, youth conferences, etc. (in fact, the councils would be the machinery developed to execute the popular decisions arrived at in the people's conferences). It is only through such meetings and exchanges of opinions, locally, regionally, and nationally, that popular creative ferment can be sustained, and mobilized, and actions initiated to solve our National Problem.



"...the west has never, even during the time when it has reveled the most in the word, been further from being able to rise to the demands of a true humanism, from being able to live a true humanism--humanism encompassing the world."

Aimé CÉSAIRE, Discours sur le colonialisme

MASHAIRI • POÉSIE NOIRE • POESÍA NEGRA • BLACK POETRY



# reject notes

poetry by

leroi jones  
ed bullins  
reggie lockett  
ernie allen  
margaret block  
john fisher  
le graham  
william r. lamppa  
eunice sanders  
sonny williams  
clarence major  
ho chi minh

Your forest sign,  
with your red corals,  
your bracelets of curved gold,  
and this dark crocodile  
swimming in the Zambesi of your eyes

Nicholas GUILLÉN





## UNPERTURBED

So he sits in stoic splendor,  
not noticing  
the stagnant liquid  
imperceptibly rising,  
and even now gently covering  
his expensive oxfords.

Undoubtedly the hideous scum  
will be level  
with his lower lip,  
before he recognizes  
what he is immersed in.

And when that time comes,  
the inept buffoon  
will probably swallow,  
and swallow and swallow...

william r. lamppa

## ATTENTION: The Pope Speaks

(to himself)

Ahem . . .

Yes, I am the Slavemaster  
blue-eyed Roman  
with forked tongue  
raper of Aunty Remus  
big hatted  
rider in the fields  
(shaped to red clay  
furrows  
like black briny fore  
heads)  
sun raining upon backs  
in my lands  
Edens  
of magnolias  
& everlasting  
spirituals  
& prayer meetings  
& Yas . . .

(Latin Benediction)

(Boss) me  
who I am  
the Slavemaster  
father of a  
never-conceived bastard  
the ticket taker  
the widow maker  
the New Dealer  
& greatness is  
mine thus sayeth I  
for my Great Society

(Latinized mumbling)

Yes, I am he, The Slavemaster,  
in lands brown &  
russet  
the blood and  
sunsets that never  
set upon my Empire  
that I observe  
from the towers  
that I babble  
upon as I  
politic  
preach  
pray  
prolifigate  
& sell  
my daughters  
for scrotums (good  
for carrying coins when  
properly cured)  
to the under-privileged  
upon whome  
I wish relief  
from me.

(10 Hail Marys, etc.)

ed bullins

For a lady i know

Talk the talk I need  
you, as you resurrect  
your consciousness above  
the streets, as you walk  
with me, and lay  
with me, and wonder  
what is on  
my mind. Oh talk, talk,  
lady, and remind yrself  
that you are dealing  
with a spirit, deal, madam  
in your bigassed smiling eyes  
in the world of real things--  
as I have pronounced the life  
in our fingers, real, so you must be  
and grow to love me, as I must, of  
course, finally, fall on my knees,  
with love for you.

leroi jones

## SUMMER FUN

Summer Fun!!!  
Ice cream  
and  
gasoline  
barbecues...  
roasted honkies  
Winterland in ashes---  
Haight street  
in flames  
black people tripping over  
each other  
trying  
to burn down  
the  
tribune building  
toilet niggas  
hiding  
in the shit bowl  
house niggas  
under the bed  
Summer Fun!!!  
the devil comes out  
in full colors:  
Red, White, and Blue

reggie lockett

## 1.4 TRANE

fires of dawn  
splash out of the  
damp eye  
of an inky african night  
while a black troubled earth  
heaves listlessly  
digging into its sobbing flesh and  
the mourning sea  
listening to the broken  
rhythm of its own breath  
rise wash self laps  
a green wet tongue across the  
bleeding docks of crushed  
african hearts in the  
bush thin grey smoke veils  
ancestral hearth  
wisping way thru matted  
fronds  
spirals the shimmering silhouette of  
departing prophet-priest

stretch forth your arms  
mother afrika! he is  
coming home!

rising with giant steps he  
makes his swift ascension up the  
steep winding mountain path up the  
long pausing ivory road  
only once to turn  
a last wistful glance our way  
memories flood our hollowed souls  
those calabashes worn and broken  
now lifted upward by the black star  
rising slowly slowly in the  
burning african sky

weep not he is  
not gone black sister if you  
want to see him  
watch for him  
on the road to guinea.

SOCK IT TO ME!

ride the greengolden fields of  
your black mind, girl  
strike the bewitching cobwebs  
from each sleepstepped corner, yeah  
let not one droplet of life fall outside  
those softchurning waters of your  
dark consciousness then

your black thoughts will i promise  
swish beyond the stagnant  
pale pools of  
sticky mystification sweep  
you upon the field of action where  
liberation's torch lies waiting  
in the warm  
flesh of your blackness

ernie allen

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BLACK MAN

A child is born  
 and the sun peeks through from behind the clouds  
 to bring welcome to this  
 Innocent One

A child is born  
 he grows, he learns,  
 but mostly he awaits  
 his entrance into "the world"

"All I could see were greys and blacks  
 and now and then streaks of red--  
 that was all.

But the smell...

I could remember the smell

Like rot

Like decay

Like death...

and the continual crying  
 from nowhere

Everywhere--

Begging--pleading

Help me

Help me...

A child is born  
 but he grows  
 too fast  
 learns too soon

"And after awhile

I began to cry too--

"Father, Father,..."

but my Father knew me not.

'Mother, Mother, .:.'

but she, long ago, had died..."



A child is born  
 into a world of back alleys  
 and of dark rooms that serve as  
 outposts for junkies, pimps, and prostitutes  
 into a world where pregnant women call out  
 "where forth are thou Romeo"  
 into a world dominated by poverty, by filth, by ignorance  
 into a world whereto be black is to be curse  
 and the king, the devil, the ruler is  
 the White Man

"So, like an animal  
 Like the Rest  
 I ran  
 and always I found the same darkness  
 the same smells  
 the same crying  
 Until, like the Rest,  
 I, too, grew weary and prepared to  
 Die..."

A child is born  
 No longer a child but a Man  
 A Man pursued by an enemy  
 Whitey  
 One must always attack  
 Attack  
 Least you be smothered by your "own world"  
 Attack  
 Least you be reduced to nothing by the White Man  
 Attack  
 Fight  
 Survive

"I could not rest.  
I had to keep running--  
To keep searching  
for life  
For true life..."

A child is born  
At twelve a man  
At seventeen a father  
At twenty  
Dead  
or perhaps  
Just perhaps  
he never really breathed the breath of  
Life

margaret block

## ON NUCLEAR WEAPONS

Like the builder slaves of Egypt,  
they perfect the monster,  
as we watch in awe the spiral  
of its halocaustic portent.

Who among us culprits and bystanders  
is the blessed Noah?

Submerged in the mute anxiety of the  
multitude—like plebian earthworms—  
from infancy to the grave,  
entranced by schemes—blind Homer would  
have seen through—  
we struggle to sever the umbilical cord.  
and when face with the aspect of freedom  
submit to the paternity of the church  
the demagogue, the state.

We sheep—sucklers all—

enchanted by Odysseus

wait only to be eaten.

john fisher

billowing swirling damply falling  
 confetti  
 drifting blackly wafers of  
 manna we  
 dumb like ox  
 on stand like  
 black mouths slavering  
 red  
 ly  
 wait  
 receiving  
 bit of the host of  
 soggy girlbodies  
 hair teeth toe skin vein  
 vessel finger nail  
 falling  
 in the smoky rubble  
 of mammag  
 dreams

carol freeman

## POME. FOR WEIRD. HEARTS. &amp; ALL you mothers

The bearded "TEACH" : walking. pissing thots. on church-coated stools.  
 disguised as minds.

Anonymous voices: ha. ha. that's robert in the future... heh heh ...

they. black eyes. nappy-headed. grey minds. damn fools  
 that they are. have been taught  
 their death. frome split lips. of pimps

(Dr. White Folks. Mrs. Whitey  
 House. The Dean of American Forces. THE AMERICAN DREAM. & nigger scene  
 exposing grey matters  
 of the bone. carved in voices. words. "good mornings."  
 "i have nothing against coloured people ... " & we are  
 taught this vision thur white light

black might. in the night. & with  
 so much grace. this light. this w. & b. (INTEGRATED) light. wind  
 ing itself skillfully in our minds. causing black  
 people to turn to themselves.

like dead & tired faces  
 hanging frome windows. piercing shadows frome light  
 come plex sion niggers. in blackest of ghettos. considered  
 sane by intelligent tests. causing other creations:  
 the ofay. fat. punk. forced  
 into a double-vested vine on Linwood. or  
 the bastard with the pokadot mind crying  
 "help me bros."

Damn! hearts are weird.

There's no love in these voices. anonymous voices.  
 resting in little minds. doomed  
 for dying. unless hip. teachers. teach them their  
 beauty. & the rulers. their death. No. it's  
 not hate to love yourself. only  
 love. baby. only love. for  
 life. our life. cause  
 their life. is our death. yr.  
 death. if logic is your  
 mother.  
 father. or  
 lover.

- le graham

## SON OF A GUN

I knew a man,  
Son of a gun!  
Skin smoothed blackness  
Held delight baby  
Spelled me stilled  
In the suede of  
black-like-me-ness.  
That man was tall  
He was short  
Bony, he was fat  
Intellectual, gusty-lusty  
Bold, shy, that guy.  
And when he walked,  
It was his shoulders  
When he walked  
Eyes when he talked  
With a voice that  
touched below my awareness  
got to my sensual yes-ness  
grabbed my body  
from sighs and cries  
to his honey. Right there  
Where he held me  
Until I turned  
And knew him  
For what he was,  
A black man, honey  
I knew once  
Son of a gun!

eunice saunders

## FOR MY SISTER

in  
 nights reeking from  
     blackblood  
     freshly warmed  
     cold

in vermin infested house  
     i walk among  
     gutterstreets  
 while neon signs  
 illumine ghost highways  
                                     and  
 pale, pasty creatures with  
 wrenching, tearing, foaming mouths  
     and  
 tentacle-like claws  
                     clutch  
                     choice  
                     black meat

as  
 BLACK FIRE BURNS

and  
 from ebony ashes  
 i arise filled with new  
     lifeblood  
     youngblood  
     bloodblood  
 blood of my father  
     of my mother  
     of Africa.

**B O O M**

youngbloods

smash

old chains newly fastened

voices raise

shout

scream

the battlecry

of Shango

of vengeance

Out on the streets

i join

young warriors with

do-rag helmets

do-battle

with sticks, stones, knives, bottles, chains,

conk

anything a weapon

later i see a head

peep

through the shades and

nod

sonny williams



SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

White men, themselves, preaching my  
 talk. Apathy, come out, apathy come out!  
 Action, come in, come in, action!  
 The introduction to a training for nerves;  
 the background to the organization  
 to bust the power structure to bits;  
 to give the oppressed a chance to Action.  
 Spirit. Spirit, spirit. Most likely such folk  
 will have shown their ability to Lead.  
 Do not lead us, screams; nights,  
 give me Nothing, Show me Nothing--  
 except my chance to Be, to be equal  
 in element, in the cradle. In the womb;  
 I went as an applicant to Heaven, white heaven  
 and was sent immediately down into Hell.  
 White hell. The procedure of the program  
 is to try to get at least a few dumb Negroes  
 too on the traineeships in order to really see  
 thru them what the Rich White Fathers cannot see  
 in the course of the launch into stink, garbage  
 and death: into apathy, disease, into Class  
 room notes, into special library  
 for reports on what the niggers said. What  
 "we" believe will help them to be Human--  
 derived from our own brillaint deductions;  
 Particular emphasis on the white sickness to  
 use the black flesh for profit, sometimes sex profit.  
 We will, gentlemen, discuss all the poverty.  
 Ladies and gentlemen, we will organize or Fall.  
 Organize what? Our souls as they relate to the  
 core of the country's money structure, it's walls.  
 Then I got a call from a capacity center  
 and was asked to please explain myself  
 before the count of three: or else treatment  
 for race hatred; the white girl said, you hate us.  
 Gosh, how can it be, how can it? she sang.

clarence major

July 1946, Paris

In the reception room of that palace on the right bank of the river, a hale and hearty journalist heckled for a quarter of an hour a thin man with deep marks of suffering and privation on his face, who had in front of him a small vase of pink roses.

Round about were nearly one hundred reporters and observers from all countries.

"Mr. President, you are a revolutionary, aren't you?" the journalist asked.

"Yes," the man replied sedately.

"Have you been in the resistance?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"About forty years."

"Have you been in prison, too?" It was clear what the journalist



was driving at.

"Yes."

"What prison?"

"Many, sir."

"Long?"

The thin man looked at the hale and hearty journalist with a faint smile and said, "In prison, time is always long, you know."

The reply given in French was prompt, clear and unexpected. Was it said as a reproach, as irony or as humor? What is certain is that at that instant Frenchmen, Englishmen and Americans

in the room were astonished to notice that the goatee-bearded scholar could smile in Paris or in London as well as in Hanoi; it was the inscrutable smile of a wise man whose vision stretched far beyond today.

Have you any further questions, journalist?

"In prison, time is always long."



August 1942, in Asia

The second year of the war drew to a close. The Japanese took possession of Indochina. But new forces emerged. In Vietnam a resistance base was firmly established in the uplands.

One day, near the Sino-Vietnamese border, Chiang Kai-shek's police arrested a man about whom they knew nothing except that he was called Ho Chi Minh, that he wanted to go to Chungking and that he claimed to be a representative of the Vietnamese patriots.

Who was this Ho Chi Minh? Around 1926 or 1927, there existed a Vietnamese patriot by the name of Nguyen Ai Quoc--known to all the police in the Far East--who used to travel about this seeing region of the world. But Nguyen the Patriot was dead.

This man looked about the same age. His clothes were very simple, but small details about him revealed that he was not an ordinary man, and, strange to say, he wanted to see the Chinese authorities at Chungking. This was enough to clap a man in prison.

First he was put in Tsingji jail; then without any plausible reason, he was taken to Nanning; from Nanning he was sent to Kweilin and from Kweilin to Liuchow where he retraced his steps...

Before dawn, when the stars faded away, he was sent on his way on a lead, with hands bound, behind a pig carried by two guards. At nightfall, when the birds returned to their nests, he was cooped up in some makeshift jail near a rubbish shoot, happy to have

one leg shackled so as to avoid a night's sleep on a cesspool.

Transferred here and there by circuitous routes, he crossed the thirteen districts of Kwangsi province, was confined in thirty prefecture and district prisons for fourteen months in all and put under house arrest at Liuchow from where he took the road back to the frontier which he had crossed two years before.

Despite the days of fifty-kilometer walks, despite sleepless nights, hunger, cold, fevers, the cangues, the prisoner kept his smile which testified to his inexhaustible confidence in life, in all its victories over evil and death.

Arms, leg bound, who can prevent you from hearing a bird sing, from smelling fragrant flowers? Do solitude, inaction weigh on you? The autumn moon is bright in the sky. Does the languor of the evening twilight stupify your will? Look at that house lit in the pitch dark night:

Wearily to the wood the birds fly, seek rest,  
 Across the empty sky a lonely cloud is drifting,  
 Far away in a mountain village a young girl grinds  
   out maize,  
 When the maize is ground, the fire burns red in  
   the oven.

The police watch every detail of your deeds and gestures. Who can forbid you to jot down the loneliness of an hour, an unspeakable situation, the drama behind a smile? The poetry of things is in the heart of life. And if poetry can ever be of use in life, it is in the circumstances described above.

The Chinese prisons at that time were much more like a court of miracles than the Santé (the main prison in Paris) cell. They were atrocious spots alive with misery, filth, corruption, diseases, in which gamblers, bugs, opium addicts, itchmites, syphilitics huddled together. Apart from that, you lived a family-like life; preparing tea on a personal stove and eating with gusto when there was something to eat, after a good hunting for lice.



Sometimes in the evening, sitting in the dark, our prisoner watched all these people asleep and awake, innocent-faced men on the ground, bugs on the walls crawling like black armored cars in the night, and mosquitoes flying in squadrons in the sky. The world was at war, while he suffered in the corner of a prison cell, far from his country, far from his comrades. It was just at such moments that he took out a time-worn notebook and jotted down his impressions of the day. He wrote in the language of the jailers, who would have suspected all material written in Vietnamese.

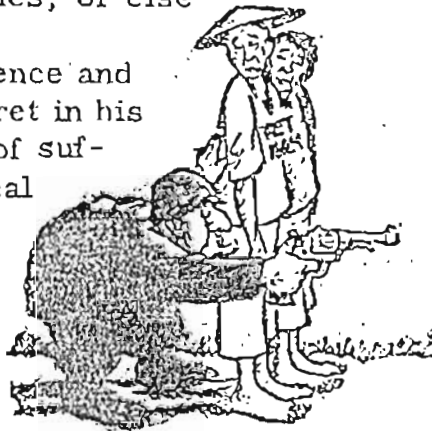
This was the origin of a hundred odd quatrains and Tang poems written in the Chinese classical language, adorned here with a newly coined sentence, there with a popular expression. All were sketches taken from life and they made what could be called the prisoner's travel book.

And the prisoner, as you have guessed, was none other than Nguyen the Patriot, the man who received pressmen in the Royal Monceau reception room one afternoon of July 1946, the year of Franco-Vietnamese reconciliation, as it could be called.

Nowadays there are many memoirs of great statesmen. Memoirs are part of history, and history, as you know, can be told as one likes. This for many reasons of which the following is worth noting, however impertinent it may be; great statesmen are great chiefly because of their work, their thinking and their character--not always because of their sensibility. Now, poetry is something most intimate to man. It can hardly tell lies, or else the poet is not a poet.

In such men as Ho Chi Minh the intelligence and sensibility are one. There is nothing secret in his public and private life. To him the sight of suffering is a call both to action and to poetical expression.

The rose at evening blossoms, and then  
   it fades away  
 Its opening and its withering continue  
   all unnoticed.  
 But the fragrance of the rose floats



into the depths of the prison,  
Telling the inmates there of life's injustice and sorrow.

So I believe this little essay and these few poems will tell Black Americans more about President Ho Chi Minh of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam than any lengthy memoirs.

Visiting Her Husband in Prison

The husband is inside the iron bars.  
The wife is outside the iron bars, looking in.  
So near they are, only separated by inches,  
And yet so distant, like sky and depths of the sea.  
What no words utter, their desperate eyes relate.  
Before each work, their eyes brim over with tears.  
Who could stand here and watch their meeting, unmoved?

At the End of Four Months

"One day in Jail is equal to a thousand years outside it..."  
How right were the ancients, expressing it in those words!  
Four months leading a life in which there is nothing human  
Have aged me more than ten years.  
Yes: in a whole four months I have never eaten my fill,  
In four months I have never had a comfortable night's sleep,  
In four months I have never changed my clothes, and in  
four months

I have never taken a bath.  
So: I have lost a tooth, my hair has grown grey,  
And, lean and black as a demon gnawed by hunger,  
I am covered with scabies.

Fortunately

Being stubborn and patient, never yielding an inch,  
Though physically I suffer, my spirit is unshaken.

Mid-Autumn Festival

The mid-autumn moon is round like a mirror  
And shines on the whole earth its silver white rays





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# *fanonian ideology*



# *and the peasantry*

by abdelbaki hermassi

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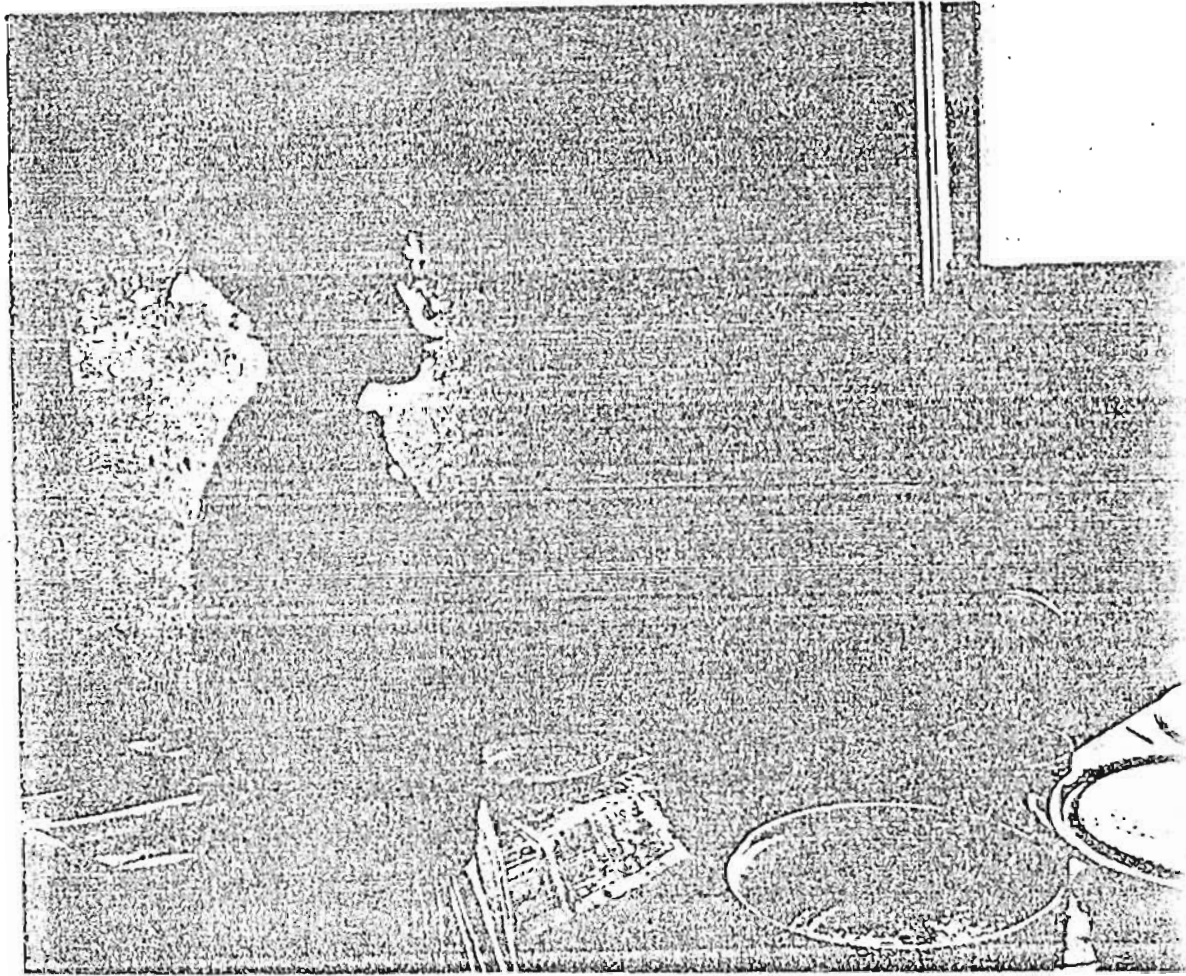
Political literature is ungrateful; the man who yesterday saw his portraits dominate various headquarters, who saw his writings read with passion, today finds himself relegated to the past, with no more importance than a page of history. But the work of Frantz Fanon, written in the beautiful midst of combat— if it carries the marks of it, remains no less living to us.

Both his work and his personality lack neither passion, lucidity, nor paradox. Fanon, a psychiatrist and combatant in the Algerian revolution, was led by his own political and professional directives to approach the majority of problems associated with decolonization: the fundamental mutations of the personality of the colonized, social classes and the liberation struggle, and national culture. Briefly, he knew how to trace with visionary brilliance all sides of the questions which he held close to his heart; and paradoxically, it is his conception of social classes that has been remembered by most militants.

## ONLY THE PEASANTRY

For Fanon the great error of the political parties in the "underdeveloped" countries was that they attached a priority to addressing themselves to the most conscious elements: the urban proletariat, artisans, civil servants. That is to say a minute sector of the population. But "if this proletariat understood the propaganda of the party and read its literature, it was much

**A Black Woman's Plea:**



**Let's Bring Our Black Troops Home**

less prepared to respond to the eventual slogans of relentless struggle for national liberation."

Fanon thought the proletariat to be the sector of colonized society most pampered by the colonizer. In effect, it furnished the colonizer with necessary and irreplaceable elements: street-car conductors, taxi drivers, miners, dockers, interpreters, hospital attendants, etc. Though these elements constituted the most faithful members of the nationalist parties, the privileged place that they occupied within the colonial system had conferred upon them a relatively "bourgeois" mentality.

On the other hand, when the peasantry revolts, it very quickly appears to be the radical class: "It experiences naked oppression... and in order to keep itself from dying of hunger, nothing less than a total uprooting of all structures is necessary."

#### AFTER THE VIOLENCE

Thus the peasantry becomes the motor of the revolution; this is all the more manifest in that the people of the countryside, in the Sierra Maestra as well as the Aurès\* have almost everywhere generalized the usage of liberating violence. Simplifying Marxian schema, it is a question of demonstrating that at a certain degree of oppression a social group (here the peasantry) becomes an explosive force. This vision seduced a number of intellectuals during the 1960's. Since that time the phase of organized violence has left its place, on the one hand with an insatiable thirst for power, which would have disturbed Fanon a great deal, on the other with the slow and difficult phase of national construction.

\* Sierra Maestra, Aurès: mountain ranges located in Cuba and in the mid-part of Algeria respectively



Now it is seen that the national movement given birth within the urban centers depended fundamentally upon its origins, and that the peasantry for a time took the initial steps toward intensifying the struggle. But within a complex process should one consider any one phase over another? Can one develop theories on the destiny of a revolution based upon one of its moments? Certainly the moment was great and historic, a generator of great victories, for the sub-proletariat constituted the gangrene of colonial domination; through militant action, unemployed workers and "sub-men" rediscovered the road of the nation.

It is, however, a question of seeing if this sub-proletariat which evinces between "folly and suicide" is as disposable for socialist construction as it is for the stage of revolt. Living in the uncertainty of tomorrow, filled with anxiety, and seized by the preoccupations of its present situation, it is difficult for the sub-proletariat to envisage the problems of the future. In his Travail et Travailleurs en Algérie,\* Pierre Bourdieu has shown how a certain level of misery must be surpassed in order that the attitudes of workers become rational and realistic. The absolute alienation of the lumpenproletariat prohibits its having the very conscienceness of its alienation. This is why, during the phase of national construction, the role of the working class continues to broaden. Assured of a regular income and therefore a plan of life, it is the workers who, through their professional and political education, have the most chance of becoming not a force of revolt, but a revolutionary force.

On the other hand, Fanon's romanticism did not hide from him the ambiguity of the historical role of the sub-proletariat. "This dispensable human reserve," he wrote, "if it is not immediately organized through insurrection, will find itself a mercenary reserve at the side of the colonialist troops." In effect it was the lumpen-proletariat in Algeria which fur-

\* Labor and Laborers in Algeria



nished the harkis\* and allies of the French; in the Congo one finds them in the regionalist manifestations of Kasai and Katanga provinces.

Consequently, one cannot support the thesis of a revolutionary peasantry; from the time of its thirst for undifferentiated light this class is at every instant menaced by mystification. The workers in the modern or modernized sector fundamentally remain the best support of national construction.

The greatness of Fanon is of having been a spokesman in a moment of great ideological sterility. "Through his voice," wrote Jean-Paul Sartre, "the Third World discovered itself and spoke." This is why he remains living.

\* harkis: soldiers who served as auxiliaries in the French army in North Africa



translated from the french by SOULBOOK

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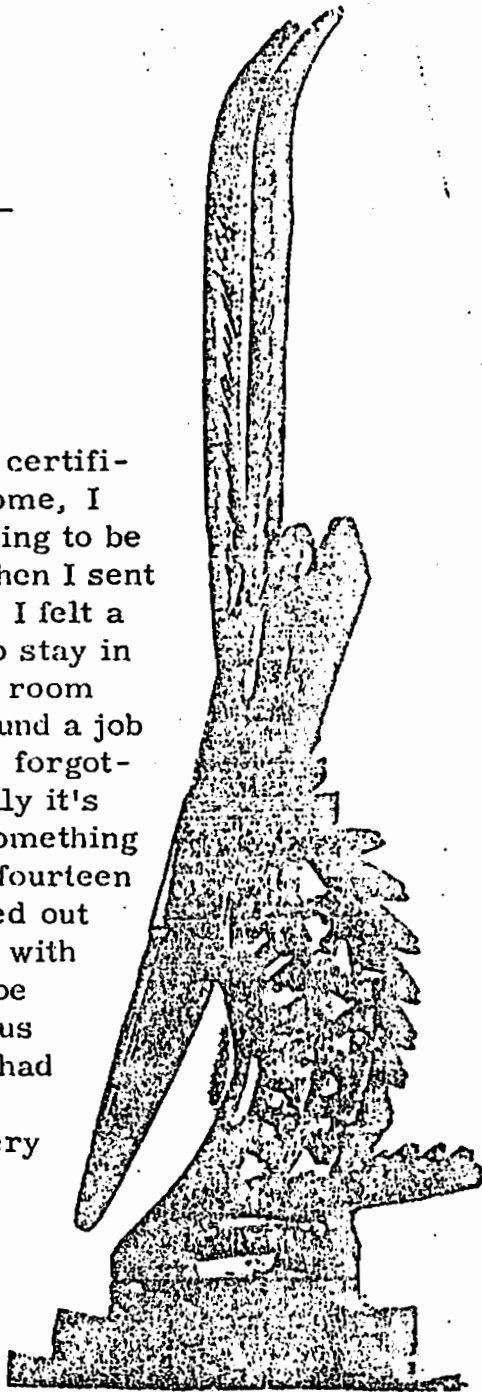
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## other versions

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by Ama Ata AIDOO

**T**he thing is, it had all started after the certificate exams. Instead of going straight home, I had stayed in town to work. This was going to be my first proper meeting with town and when I sent the letter home announcing my intentions I felt a little strange. Bekoe and I were going to stay in a small room in his Uncle's house. The room was like a coffin, but who cared? We found a job as sorting hands in the Post Office. I've forgotten how much they were paying us. Really it's strange...but I have. Anyway, it was something like twelve pounds. Either it started at fourteen pounds and then with the deductions leaned out to twelve-'n'-something or it was twelve with no taxes. But I remember twelve. Bekoe told me that his uncle was not expecting us to pay anything for the room and that he had even instructed his wife to give us three meals a day for free. I say, this was very kind of him. Because you know what? Some people would have insisted on our paying. They would have said it would help us get experienced at budgeting in the future. And in fact we later discovered that the wife did not have it in



mind to feed us free like that. After the first week, she hinted it would be nice if we considered contributing something. She was not charging us for the meals. No, she was just asking us to contribute something. We agreed on three pounds each. We also thought Bekoe should not tell his Uncle this. Not that Bekoe would have told on her anyway. He knew nephews and nieces have been able to break marriages. Ei, he didn't want any trouble. Besides his mother would have killed him for it. His mother is a fierce trader and I know her. She could easily have slapped him and later boasted it around the market how she had beaten up her son who was finishing five years in college!...

Anyhow, that was three pounds off the pay. Then there was this business of the blazer. I mean the school blazer I wanted to buy. It cost ten pounds and father had made it quite clear that he considered his duty by me done when he paid my fees for the last term. How could I go to him with a blazer case? So I thought I would keep four pounds by every month towards that. We were going to work for three months. That was the only time we could have in the long vacation. You see, we both wanted to go to the sixth form. Well, if I was able to set by this four pounds every month, I would have two pounds over after I had bought it. And I could use this to look after myself until our pocket money from the government came.

Then I remembered what mother had told me. I remembered her telling me one day that anytime I got my first pay, I was to take something home. That, part of this would be used to buy gin to pour libation to the spirits of our forefathers so they would come and bless me with prosperity. That was why the first Saturday after pay-day, I went to the lorry park and took The Tailless Animal. As for that lorry, eh! I was not surprised to read in Araba's letter the other day that Anan, its owner and driver has bought a bus. Anyone would after the two of them had for years literally owned what was to their right and to their left in the way of passengers.

Of course I had always thought this money would go to Mother. And so see, how do you think I felt when in a private discussion with her the afternoon I arrived, she told me it would be better if I gave it to Father. I had decided on four pounds here too, reserving the last pound for regular spending. Anyway, the moment the paper notes fell into her hand she burst into tears.

Ae, I too am coming to something in this world. Who would have thought it? I never slept to dream that I would live to see a day like this... Now I too have got my own man who would take care of me.. " You know how women carry on when they mean to? She even knelt down to say a prayer of thanks to God and at that point I left the room. Yes, and after all this business she didn't even take the silly money.

"Give it to your father. He will certainly buy a bottle of gin and pour some to the ancestors. Then I will ask him to give me about ten shillings to buy some yam and eggs for Sunday..."

"That should leave at least, three clear pounds." I sort of thought aloud.

"Listen my master, does it matter if your father has three pounds of your pay? It does not matter, I am telling you. Because then they shall not be able to say you have not given him anything since you started working."

"But mother, this is not starting work permanently."

"And what do you mean?"





"Mother I have done an examination. If I pass very well, I shall go to school again."

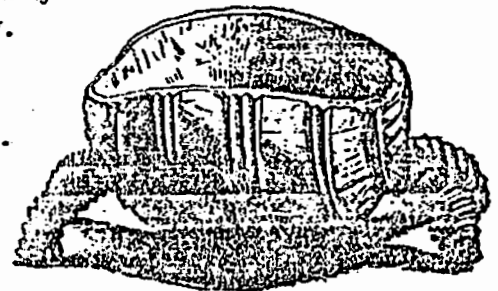
"Ah, and were you not the one who made me understand that you would finish after five years?"

"Yes, but the government asks those who do very well to continue."

"And does the government pay their fees?"

"Yes."

"Then that is good because I do not think your father would like to pay anymore fees for you. Anyway it does not matter about the money. You give it to him. His people do not know all these things about the government asking you to continue. What they know is that you are working."



God!

I hadn't thought of giving anything of that sort. Certainly not that soon. . . . However, Sunday came and I ate the oto mother prepared with the yam and palm oil. I ate it with some of the eggs to congratulate my soul. Then I went to say goodbye to people, and mother took me up to the mouth of the road. Being a Sunday, we thought it would be useless to wait for The Tailless Animal to wander in. Because it simply won't. It did that only on the week-days.

And I was to realize that I had not heard the last of the money business. Mother thought it would be good if I continued to give that "little something" to father as long as I worked.



"Ho, Father?"

"Yes. You know he has done very well. Taking you through college. Now, giving him something would not only show your gratitude but also go towards your sisters' fees."

Ei, I say, have you heard of a thing like this before? I tell you eh, I caught a fever in the raw. But mother was still talking.

"I had thought of a nice dignified something like five pounds. But you brought four this time and maybe it will be better

to maintain just that."

"And how much do I give you?"

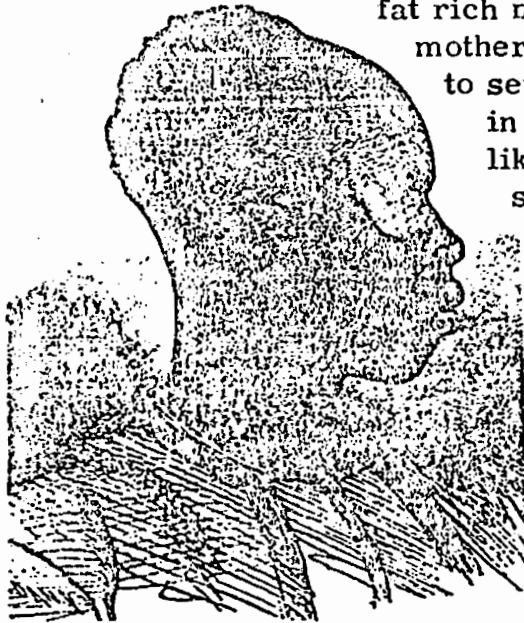
"Me?" She sounded quite shocked - "why should you bring me anything? I do not need your money. All I want is for you to be happy and you shall not be if they say you are bad. And do you think I am an old fool to ask you for more money? If you give that to your father, you will do a lot. Say you shall do it, Kofi."

"I will do it mother." I parroted.

I had a dazed feeling for the rest of the journey and the whole day. I just could not figure it out. To begin with, whose child was I? Why did I have to reward father for seeing me through secondary school? And calling that "college" did not help me either. Besides he only paid half the fees since the Cocoa Brokers' Union to which he is a member had given me a scholarship to cover the other half. And anyway Father. He is the kind of parent who checks out lists so thoroughly you would think his

life depends upon them. And he does not mind which kind either. Textbooks lists? "Hei, didn't I buy you a dictionary last year?" . . . . The lists of provisions you needed to survive the near starvation of boarding school feeding? "And whom are you going to feed with a dozen Heinz baked beans?" Well you know them. Once when Mother didn't know I was within earshot I heard her telling my little Aunt that Father always feels through his coins for the ones which have gone soft to give away! It's not very funny if you are his son. So you see why I got so mad to have Mother talk to me in that way? And the main thing was, it wasn't the money I was giving which hurt me. It was the idea of Father getting it. I had always thought of making a small allowance for Mother from the moment I started working. I was the third child. My two older brothers were all working but married and couldn't care much about the rest of us. There were two girls after me, then one other boy. Father pays the fees and complains all the time. Mother makes us clothes and feeds us too because the three pounds he gives for our chop-money is a nice joke. Mother peddles cloth but I know she is not the

fat rich market type--say, like Bekoe's mother. In the villages you always have to settle installments and money comes in in such miserable bits someone like Mother with four children just spends every penny of her profit as it comes. It is her favorite saying that she sells cloth for fish-and-cassava women. There is always a threat of her eating into her capital. And naturally it was of her I had thought in terms of any money giving I was going to do.

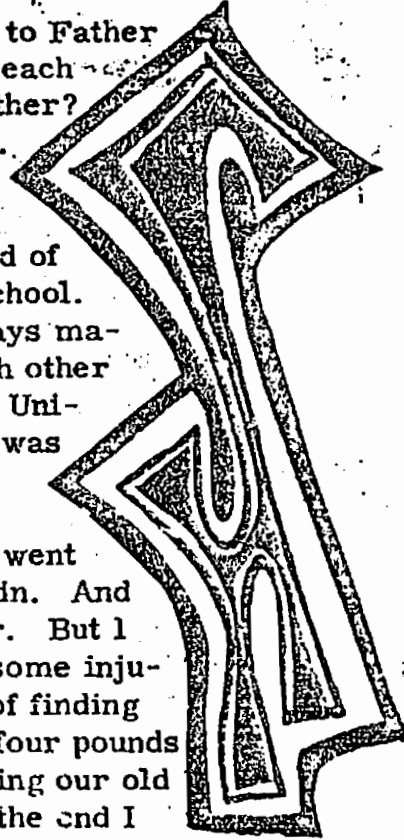


But I obeyed her. I sent four pounds to Father at the end of the remaining months and each time just about burst up. "Why not Mother? Why not Mother?" I kept asking myself. It drove me wild.

Well, we went to the sixth form. And of course Father realized I was still in school. He was quite proud of me too. He always managed to let slip into conversations with other men how Kofi was planning to go to the University. Oh, it was fine as long as he was not paying...

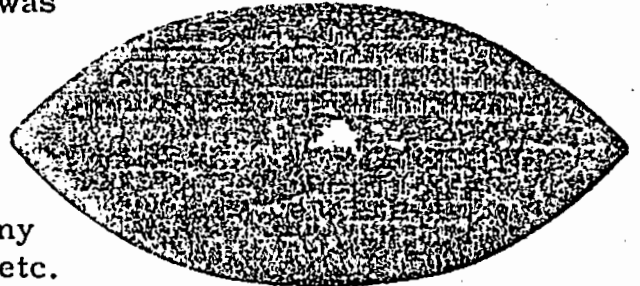
After the end of the higher exams, I went to stay in town with Bekoe to work again. And I resumed sending the money to Father. But I felt like I was involved in committing some injustice. In fact at one point, I thought of finding something extra to do to earn at least four pounds more for Mother too. But we were doing our old job and that was extremely tiring. In the end I just realized I couldn't manage another work. So I gave up the idea though only here at the front part of my head and not at the back.

I passed higher and higher with lots of distinctions. I stopped working to get ready to go to our national University. And then I met Mr. Buntyn, who had been our chemistry teacher. He asked me if I would be interested in a scholarship for an American University. He knew a business syndicate. They were looking out for especially bright young people to help. They had not had an African yet. But he was sure they would be interested. Of course I applied. There were endless forms to fill out but I got the scholarship. And I came here.



Somehow I never forgot the money for Mother. I told myself that I would do something about that the first thing after graduation. Perhaps it is the way she genuinely thinks she does not need my earnings that much which makes me want to do something for her. I've even thought of finding a vacation job here to do and sending the money home with express instructions that it is for her. But that I know would distress her no end. Better still, I planned to save as much money as I could so I could take her about forty pounds or even four hundred to do something with. Like building a house "for you children" as she always put it...

And then somehow this thing happened. It was the very first month I came. I was invited by Mr. Merrows to go and have dinner with him and his family. He is either the chairman of this syndicate which brought me here or certainly one of its top men. They came to pick me up from the campus to their house. Oh to be sure, it was a high and mighty hut. Everything was perfect. There were other guests besides the Merrows family. The food was gorgeous but the main course for the evening was me. What did I think of America? How do I plan to use this unique opportunity in the service of Africa? How many wives does my father have? etc. etc. etc.



I had assumed that everyone in the household was there at the dinner table. Mrs. Merrows kept popping in and out of the kitchen serving the food. And as I've said before, the food was really very good. Everyone complimented her on it and she smiled and gave the wives the recipes for this and for that.

A couple of hours after the meal, Mr. Merrows proposed to take me back to the campus because it was getting late. I agreed. I said my thanks and goodnights and followed Mr. Merrows to the door. I waited for him while he pulled out the car from the garage. He asked me to jump in and I did. But then he left his seat, leaving the engine running, and returned some five or ten minutes later followed by someone. It turned out to be a black woman. You know what your heart does sometimes? Mine did that just then. Kind of turned itself round in a funny way. Mr. Merrows opened the back seat for her and said,

"Kofi, Mrs. Hye helps us with the cooking sometimes, and since I am taking you back anyway, I thought I could take her at least half her way. Mrs. Hye, Kofi is from Africa."

In the car she and I each smiled nervously to the other... I tried not to feel agitated...

But then was it the next evening or two? I do not even remember.

I was returning again to the campus from visiting a boy I knew back home and whom I had met the first few days I arrived. I took the subway. When the train pulled up at the station, I got into the car nearest to me. It looked empty. I sat down. Then I raised my eyes and realized there was someone else in it. There was a black woman sitting to the left end of the opposite seat.

Another black woman.

Now I can't tell whether she was really old or just middle-aged. She certainly was not young. I realized I had to be careful or I would be staring. She was just normal black with a buttony mouth, pretty deep-set eyes and an old handbag.

Somehow I noticed the bag. She was wearing the lined raincoat affair which everyone wears around here in the autumn. Except that I felt hers was too thin for that time of the night.

That time of the night.

I got to thinking of what a woman her age would be wanting in a subway car that time of the night. I don't know why, but immediately I remembered the other one who had been in the Merrow's kitchen while they ate and I ate. Then I started getting confused. I can swear the woman knew I was trying not to stare. She most probably knew too that I was thinking about her. Anyway, I don't know what made me, but I drew out my wallet. I had received money from my scholarship. So I took some dollar bills, crumpled them in my hand and jumped like one goaded with a firebrand.

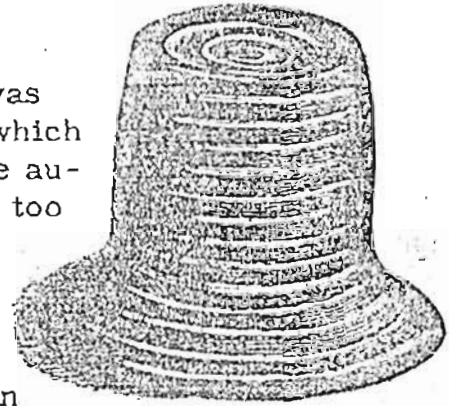
"Eh. . eh I come from Africa and you remind me of my mother. Please would you take this from me?" And all the time, I was trying hard not to stare.

"Sit down," she said.

I'm not sure I really heard these words above the din. But I know she patted the space by her. The train was pulling up at a station.

"You say you come from Africa?" she said.

"Yes," I said.



"What are you doing here, son?" she asked.

"A student." I could only reply shortly.

"Son, keep them dollars. I sure know you need them mor' than I do," she said. And we did not have anything more to say to each other. But now I could openly look at her face. I got out at the stop. Of course she waved to me and smiled. I stood there on the platform until the engine had wheezed and raged out of sight. I looked at the money which was still in my hand. I sort of felt like opening them out. I did. There was one ten dollar bill and two single ones. Twelve dollars. Then it occurred to me that that was as near to four pounds as you could get. It was not a constriction in the throat. Rather, the dazed feeling I had had that Sunday afternoon on the high road to town coming back. And as I stumbled through the Exit and up the stairs, I heard myself mutter, "O Mother."




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**CUBA:**  
the untold story  
BY CARLOS MOORE

One thing that Black People should learn from the thought of Fanon is that we must in no way be tied to any "ism" to the point that human relationships are obscured and we lose contact with the pulsebeat and rhythms of human realities. This is particularly true in the struggle to free ourselves from the asshole of honky degeneracy wherever the flames of Black Liberation burn.

Brother Moore, of part Afro-Cuban descent, is very well qualified to speak of the Cuban Revolution: he was among the first groups to fight for and help consolidate its victories. We share his sympathy for the Cuban Revolution and unequivocally support the many gains made in the lives and conditions of the people. We would like to make our position perfectly clear on this point.

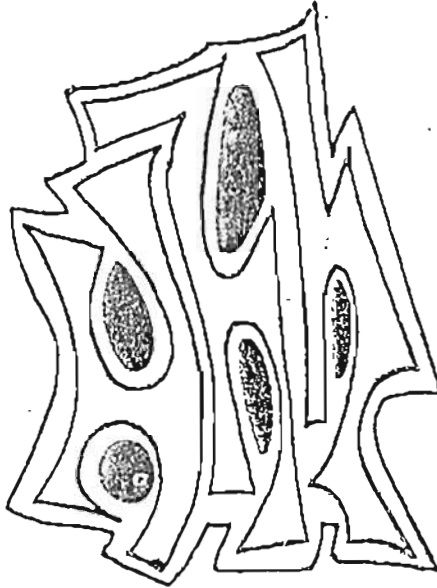
Moreover the problems engendered by this revolution and the certainty that they will be solved have significance for the entire Third World. Like our brother editors of "Presence Africaine", who in 1964 voiced disagreement "that the Negro problem is a particular part of the social revolution and that it is only necessary to bring about the latter for the former to be solved", the publication of the following article marks the continuation of that debate.

SOULBOOK

## PART ONE

A great number of things have been said about Cuba; writers, poets and assorted literary men have published books, tracts, and manifestos in support of the five year-old revolution. The exiled members of Cuba's racist white bourgeoisie have attacked the revolution--from their safe hiding places on the beaches of racist Miami--as being a "Soviet puppet regime," a "tool of international Communism" and many other fancy-worded statements typical of their class and of those who support them. On the other hand, Communists, Left-wing professionals and independent Marxists have lauded the many achievements of the Cuban revolution as "the greatest event of our times" and have baptized Cuba "the island of Paradise in the Caribbean." The personality of Dr. Fidel Castro has been surrounded with an aura of romantic adulation and the revolutionary regime has received the most exotic of names--e. g, "the Caribbean Eden," the "pearl of socialism," etc.

The one thing all observers agree upon is that the revolutionary government has abolished race discrimination forever in Cuba. In effect, the theme of total abolition of racial discrimination and prejudice under the present regime has become an anthem sung around the world with such convincing zeal, that those who visit the island arrive with an a priori preparation to view a "perfectly integrated society" under socialism. The visitor is no longer dealing with reality, since his basic need--if any--is simply that of confirming either his ideological principles, or his set ideas about what an "integrated society" is like under socialism. Those who contend that race prejudice and discrimination have been "completely eradicated" from Cuba happen to be, for the most part, members of some of the many Marxist or Left-wing movements and, possibly by coincidence, also whites. For a white Marxist it is a simple matter of proving to himself the Marxist axiom which says that racial prejudice is a product of Capitalism; therefore with the disappearance of capitalism, racism also disappears. I say it is a matter of proving it to himself since, as a member of the white race, he must escape a certain feeling of



guilt which assails him in the face of non-white peoples. How better to escape his ambivalent feelings when faced with a non-white than by saying: "No, it is not racism I feel, for I'm a Marxist and only capitalists are racists. On the contrary, I am anti-racist for I fight against Capitalism".

Yet it is not as simple as that, for there is a need in the spirit - the spirit of honest men - to prove something. Thus, Marxists come to revolutionary Cuba to prove to themselves that "it can work". So they accomplish two things simultaneously; a) self-exoneration and b) a reaffirmation of

their belief that Marxism could, should, and must work.

Let's get into the subject-matter with a bit of history; a history which has been twisted to suit the minds of those who have ruled Cuba since the establishment of the Republic; a history that even today, in spite of six years of revolution and four of socialism, is still not taught in the schools of revolutionary Cuba.

The fact that Cuba is an Afrocuban<sup>1</sup> nation may shock many ill-informed persons, yet it is true regarding both culture and population. The latter fact remains, until today, a topic which has been denied by those who most benefit from trafficking with lies to serve their own purposes. In the same way in which the United States Government insists upon the lie which placed the Afro-American population at fifteen million - from the 1920's to date - its adoptive son the Cuban bourgeoisie (which learned a great deal from its adoptive father) has insisted upon the fact that Afrocubans represented only one-third or at best 35-45 % of the Cuban population<sup>2</sup>.

Thus, we begin with an attempt to conceal the facts concerning the total population of Afrocubans on the island. Yet, from 1800-1850 the overwhelming majority of the population -- estimated to be a million and a half -- was made up of black slaves.

After this period, the white Cuban "historians" tell us, the population of blacks and whites became parallel (1962) and from there on the whites maintained their gain. We are told, by the same historians, that the reasons for this white gain were due to the decrease in importation of slaves and the increase in the immigration of whites from Spain in order to "balance" <sup>3</sup>the population. We are told by these "historians" that, from an overwhelming majority, the blacks in Cuba fell to a minority of 35-45 % at which level they have stood static for more than a century! Is this tantamount to saying that throughout a hundred and fifteen years the blacks in Cuba have gone through a period of sterility? Yet in spite of the obvious contradictions, our "historians" constantly mention the fact that Cuba is the country par excellence where whites and blacks intermixed and intermarried freely. Don't "historians" know that the result of unions between black and white peoples is a mulatto offspring? This is a simple matter of genetics. Furthermore, if all that intermarriage they talk so much about <sup>4</sup>- as proof that Cuba was a perfectly harmonious society where "black and white were alike" - took place during the last sixty-five years, how can the 35-45% figures be maintained? If each time a black and a white person mixed - and our "historians" tell us this was the mot d'ordre - and thereby their offspring was mulatto and not white, how could the Afro-Cuban population be a minority today? A great cloak of silence surrounds this issue; whenever it is mentioned at all it is within the context of an Afro-Cuban "minority". Thus, Raúl Castro, prominent leader of the revolution talks about "two million Cubans of dark skin"..<sup>5</sup> Two million Afro-Cubans out of a total population of seven million while the "historians" talk about a static "35-45%" black population. Why is there such an attempt to cloak the figures concerning the Afro-Cuban population with a cloud of mysterious contradictions, lies and counter-statements? The answer lies in the fact that there has been a concentrated effort to conceal the knowledge that Cuba is, and has been for quite some time, a nation in which the majority population is non-white: it is Afro-Cuban<sup>6</sup>. One can clearly see now what would have happened to Haiti had the white (French) creoles seized power; Haiti would also have been today a country with a "35-45%" or "15-20%" black "minority" population. The single fact which kept blacks in Haiti from becoming an overnight "minority" and suffering a prolonged "sterility" was, in fact, the

seizure of power by its black slaves, under the leadership of Toussaint Louverture. Otherwise, nowadays, white Haitian "historians" would have a grand time arranging facts and figures to suit their designs as white Cubans have done and still continue to do.

Haiti leads us right into our topic, since that country and its revolution played a great part in the historical development of Cuba. The same year that marked the triumph of the Haitian Revolution (the first country in the Americas or the Caribbean to shake off the yoke of foreign domination) also saw a great movement on the part of black slaves in Cuba for complete emancipation. The year 1795 saw the revolution which gave power to the blacks and saw, in turn, the installation of a government, led, composed and supported by blacks. This event was soon to have far-reaching consequences on an island only fifty miles away: Cuba. Whites fled Haiti to Cuba taking with them their "trustworthy" black slaves and the knowledge of a successful black revolution, a few miles away, spread like fire igniting the spirit and providing encouragement to the island's black slaves. Terror struck the hearts of the slaveholding whites in Cuba as they received the terrible news; preventative measures were taken, but hope and encouragement had already crept into the beings of Cuba's chained black population. That same year under the guidance of Nicolas Morales, a black man, the whole of Cuba shook under the convulsion of a series of slave rebellions. In spite of their tenacity, their courageous will to be free and their heroic action, the revolution was drowned in blood, and the most ferocious and sadistic punitive measures were exacted. Successive revolts were localized, isolated and crushed with the most fierce brutality: a brutality which white Cuban "historians" have minimized - if not overlooked - when dealing with the history of Cuba. This is not strange when one considers that these "historians" are the direct descendants of the Spanish slaveholders.



The slave rebellions persisted, in spite of the savage repression. 1812 (seventeen years later) saw another great upheaval, guided this time by José Antonio Aponte, another black man. In these anti-slavery rebellions, the various religions which enslaved Africans had brought over from the motherland - Africa - had a great part to play. The traditional secrecy of these religions permitted the undetected organization and synchronization of the revolts, kept spirits full of hope of emancipation and proclaimed the redemption of the sons and daughters of Africa in captivity. Thus, these religions, unlike the reactionary Christian religion of the Spanish slaveholder, which preached slavery and inhumanity, preached rebellion and emancipation to their enchained followers. Not only did the African religions preach freedom, but the dances and ceremonies connected with them had a social significance: rebellion. So while the Spaniards saw their slaves singing in their African languages and dancing to a rhythm they considered "savage", they were far thinking that plans were being

being drawn for an attempt to break the yoke of bondage. On the other hand, the same religions - the music, habits and cultural patterns of the enslaved Africans - so syncretized with aspects of Catholicism and began to form the embryo of a culture which later on would become Afro-Cuban.

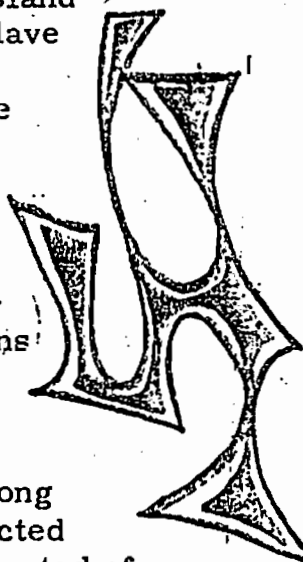
After being cut off from the motherland for almost a century, the black slaves had lost all hope of returning to Africa. They now recognized this land, Cuba, as their land - their home. But this process of "Cubanization" on the part of the black slaves, taking place in the midst of the harshest conditions imposed by slavery, did not involve the Spaniards in any way; in other words, the blacks were becoming Afro-Cubans whereas the whites were remaining Spanish. Able to maintain a direct contact with their own motherland - Spain - where they had families, and



to which they were culturally and traditionally attached, the latter continued to be foreigners: foreigners fighting to maintain a system of horror and inhumanity against a people whose main aim was that of smashing the system of slavery by means of a revolution. This revolution would have to be against the Spaniards in Cuba and thus, it follows logically, against Spain. Therefore, the anti-slavery rebellions were - through an accident of history - by consequence, also rebellions aimed towards a national liberation. We thus find that the black slaves, who now qualified as the first Cubans<sup>8</sup>, were the initiators, promoters and protagonists in the struggle for complete emancipation of Cuba from Spain. Certain people - who refuse to accept that which contradicts what they most often accept as facts (which conform to their prejudices) - will object to this statement and will argue that the slaves were not fighting "consciously" against Spain and, by consequence, for the liberation of Cuba, but simply for the abolition of slavery. This, indeed, is tantamount to saying that the black slaves lacked the intellectual ability to analyze the predicament in which they were in. But why should this be a point of objection if it is accepted - as history bears out - that the first and only manifestation of national consciousness, at that time, was, precisely, among the black slaves who recognized the land in which they had been born - though in bondage - or to which they had been brought, with no hopes of returning to Africa, as their home?

Did the black slaves in Haiti struggle just for the abolition of slavery? After their successful revolution, did they embark upon a policy of repatriation? No! The black slaves in Haiti fought against slavery and against the domination of France. Thus, after the Revolution, a Haitian Republic, without the French, was established. The truth - regardless of the like or dislike of certain "historians" - is that while blacks in Cuba became Afrocubans, struggling for emancipation from slavery and for Cuba's freedom from the Spanish colonial yoke, the whites continued to be Spaniards, slaveholders, and as such committed to Spain and to the system the latter had imposed in Cuba. The conspiratorial revolutionary movements struggled to break the hold of slavery over thousands of men and women and, subsequently, to pave the way for the total liberation of Cuba from Spanish rule. These movements were led, organized and made up of black men, and as I said before, led to the formation of the first group of Cubans

consciously fighting for the liberation of the island and its inhabitants. One of the most violent slave rebellions was registered in 1843 during the government of O'Donnell. The rebellion, once again, was nationwide and stands as one of the most heroic pages written by Afrocubans in their struggle against slavery and Spanish colonial domination. In the wave of terror and repression which followed this unsuccessful effort of liberation, thousands of Afrocubans were tortured and executed; Cuba began to grow with the blood of its first martyrs.



The talented Afrocuban poet Gabriel de la Concepción Valdes ("Placido")<sup>9</sup> succumbed, along with other black men, under the tortures inflicted upon the conspirators or upon those even suspected of having taken part in the promotion of the rebellion. While the black population of Cuba bled and struggled incessantly against Spanish domination and slavery, the whites, still attached to their European culture, traditions and background, were enjoying the benefits of the slave system which, through the years, formed a privileged rich class who no longer wanted to share their riches with the motherland. Therefore, the first indications of an "anti-Spain" feeling among the Spanish community in Cuba - an element which the white "historians" call "national consciousness" - can be traced about because of factors which were purely economic and had nothing to do with a change from the standpoint of consciousness. These "anti-Spain" elements were still attached to Spanish culture and made no bones about their "Hispanidad". Moreover, it was their so-called "anti-Spain" feeling a sentiment which reflected an attachment to Cuba, as their land and a desire to get rid of the Spanish colonial yoke? No! Far from it. These elements, heralded throughout the written "history" of Cuba as the first examples of "national consciousness", are nothing more than a fictitious invention on the part of white historians; a deception maintained and nourished even today, by those who most benefit from "historical" lies. These elements - whom "historians" present as the first true Cubans - were, in fact, viewing the separation of Cuba from Spain as a means of annexing her to the



United States...

While Afrocubans fought for the downfall of Spain and the system of slavery she imposed on Cuba, the "anti-Spain" whites were also struggling, but in another direction, to the North towards the Federated States of America. And today, with "revolutionary" Marxist "historians" predominating, the shameful, reactionary and untruthful trend persists; slaveholders, racists, and fifth columnists of North American imperialism are heralded as the "founding fathers of the nation" while the names of the true fathers of the Cuban nation are silenced, ignored, forgotten - because they were Blacks. The entire history of Cuba has been rewritten because of the unpleasant fact that the main protagonists of this history - a history soaked in blood - are black slaves - Afrocuban liberation fighters and men whose skin happens to be the wrong color in a society where, up to today, white is right and black the opposite of all which is held to be of value. So, the historical and cultural values of a nation which is Afrocuban have been twisted, falsified, denied and, as of late, very subtly - and often enough brutally - there is a continuation of the bourgeois pattern of ignoring the tremendous and decisive efforts of black Cubans towards fighting for a nation free of all foreign tutelage or oppression.

"In our country (Cuba) they have dealt with national culture in a trivial and reactionary manner to such an extent that it becomes shameful to look at certain radicals converted into panegyrists - in the bourgeois fashion of Parreno and Saco<sup>10</sup> furibund colonialists, staunch enemies of the immense majority of the population of their time - since no less than 60 % of the population (in Cuba) was black and mulatto - while they silence the name of José Antonio Aponte, the first great fighter for a nationality without slavery or colonialism"... "Aponte, who organized a conspiracy to do away with the slave system and domination; a conspiracy which, had it been successful, would have spared us almost a century of colonialism and cultural void - his name is silenced: he's kept silent while the masterminds and architects of the slaveholding system, who tried by all means to insure colonial domination, are glorified" 11

It is evident, as the preceding quotation shows, that the present "revolutionary" men in power today have no interest in placing the history of Cuba in its proper context: long-cherished images would have to be broken down; the heads of most of the white "founding fathers" would have to roll while the true face of these "revolutionary fathers of the nation" - from who the present white "revolutionaries" claim direct descentance - would have to be exposed for what it is: an ugly slaveholding, racist, reactionary, annexationist image. What a sad day for whites, who could no longer evoke the memory of their great-grandfathers with arrogance and pride as heretofore, but, on the contrary, look back only with deep shame...

This, the present "white revolutionaries" are not ready to do for the simple reason that it amounts to destroying their history and, above all, recognizing the history which is true, a history they cannot admit as theirs for it is a history forged by black men. What a "revolutionary" attitude towards history and culture... Let us however, push on further with the analysis of the true, hitherto untaught history of the Cuban nation.

The annexationist movement on the part of the "Cuban" whites was in strength up to 1868 - year of the first armed attempt by white Cubans towards obtaining "independence" from Spain. A new force began to develop among the whites: reformism. Whereas the prevalent idea among whites from 1800 to the 1860's had been that of annexing Cuba to the North American Union - an idea which was manifested in the most blatant and shameful language by Antonio Saco<sup>12</sup> and others who offered William J. Wright, the American General, three million dollars to invade Cuba, oust the Spanish and annex the island to the American Confederation - other "founding fathers" were busy on negotiations with Spain so that the latter would accept fifty million dollars in exchange for the annexation of Cuba to North America. All this was going on while the blacks - in bondage - were struggling to break the chains that Spain had wrapped around Cuba. Indeed, the history of the white "founding fathers" is besmirched throughout with shame and disgrace; therefore one can understand why the present white



"revolutionaries" are so reluctant to clear up the facts of Cuban history.

Reformism\*. This new political step of the whites in Cuba which can be summarized as autonomy with slavery - since the reformists had no intention of abolishing the system - began to gain influence among the white slaveholding population. It called for self-government under Spanish tutelage. The main reasons for this "bold" attitude on the part of the whites were twofold: a) annexationism had failed due to the refusal of Spain to let go of Cuba and b) the "Cuban" whites were deriving enormous profits from the island's slave economy which they were reluctant to share with the motherland.

Reformism was none other than an evolution of annexationism, thus the chief theoreticians of the latter movement became the main spokesmen for this "new" concept. One of the basic elements of the annexationist movement (the fear of the black majority) also became the main preoccupation of the "new" reformist movement propagated by the same old annexationists. The fear of seeing Cuba turned into another Haiti - a fear which obliged Spain to limit the importation of black slaves in 1846, with the approval of the whites in Cuba who had begun a cry that would be heard throughout the history of Cuba up to today - the cry of the "black peril" - became one of the main catalysts precipitating the reformist movement. Conflict of interests between the Cuban whites and Spain arose sharply in the early 1860's and, in 1868, when other South American colonies took up arms against Spain (Chile and Peru) the reformists saw the propitious moment for launching an armed action against Spain. (It should be recalled that one of the main conflicts between Spain and the creole whites was, again, over slavery when Spain wanted to abolish it and met with the fierce opposition of the latter - the "founding fathers" of the nation.)

Thus, in 1868, the first national uprising of the white creoles broke out. It didn't take them long to see that freeing the slaves would have to be an indispensable prerequisite to victory against the Spanish forces and though supporting slavery, the white "revolutionary" leaders of 1868 began to free their slaves under the condition that they join the "liberation" army in the armed uprising against Spain. Hence Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, in an

\* Reformism can be properly dated, more or less, as commencing in the early 1850's.

...ion of pure military expediency, freed the slaves on his large Demajagua sugar estate. Cespedes has been hailed in history by the whites as the Cuban Lincoln; this statement is definitely correct since Lincoln, who was an avowed racist, "freed" black slaves in America because it was a military necessity in winning the Civil War.<sup>13</sup> (White Cuban "historians" have tripped unconsciously.) What was for Mr. Lincoln - a supporter of slavery and a confessed racist - a military necessity, was also a necessity of the same nature for Carlos Manuel de Cespedes - one of the biggest white-creole slaveholders and former annexionist. But if Cespedes freed his slaves in 1868, other white Cuban slaveholders were less far-sighted and, instead, tightened the chains on their blacks captives. The war began with the freed slaves serving as soldiers who provided the ardour and courage in the battles against the Spanish troops. Black soldiers, due to their unlimited zeal and patriotism, quickly rose to prominence within the ranks of an army 85 % black. A "free" Republic-in-Arms was set up by the whites headed by Cespedes and Aguilera - both owners of great Eastern sugar estates with hundreds of black slaves. Among the main statutes of the "Republic-in-Arms" was the "gradual elimination of slavery with indemnification". As the war progressed, the sharp division between those of the East (initiators of the war) and those of the West became apparent: the majority of Cuban whites were not ready for the least token sign of reforms concerning slavery. The Spanish government on the island, aware of the sharp divisions amongst the whites, organized a select group of thousands of white counter-revolutionaries in what was called the "Volunteer Corps": a joint action or counter-revolutionary terror was unleashed upon the island by both Spanish soldiers and Cuban whites.

It was in these conditions that, having no other people to rely upon, the white leaders of the war, known in history as the Ten Year War (1868-78), entrusted posts of military leadership to the dauntless blacks. Black men like Antonio Maceo, later to become General, began to lead the black army of slaves and peasants, re-shaping it and introducing a new method of warfare - a method known and utilized by the black slaves in their previous rebellions - guerrilla warfare. In spite of the military efforts of Antonio

Maceo and other black military leaders, the whites began to fear something other than the Spaniards; the black army. The "black peril" began to sound. The masses, who had entered the war less than a year after its beginning, called for unity within the ranks of the leaders but to no avail; the white "revolutionaries" were hesitant, scared and unwilling to go on. Secret negotiations took place between the Spaniards and the Cuban whites and, as a result, a peace pact ("Pacto de Zanjón") was drawn up to end all hostilities. Upon hearing of the treachery committed by the white "revolutionary" leaders, Maceo denounced the Peace Pact and declared that neither he nor the Army would put down their weapons. This is known historically as the "Protest of Baragua". Yet the war had been betrayed and neither money nor munitions were available to continue hostilities. Betrayed by the whites who feared the blacks more than the Spanish soldiers, Maceo was forced to abandon the struggle and save his life by going into exile.



The year 1878 was the year of great betrayal by the white slaveholders who initiated a war and for whom the projected consequence was too frightening for them to continue it. The cost of the 10-year war added up to more than 100,000 dead on the part of the rebelling Cubans, 90% of whom were blacks.<sup>14</sup> In exile, Maceo tried to organize an invasion of Cuba. He returned surreptitiously in 1890, in order to recommence the war of liberation but was soon arrested. He succeeded in fleeing into exile once more.

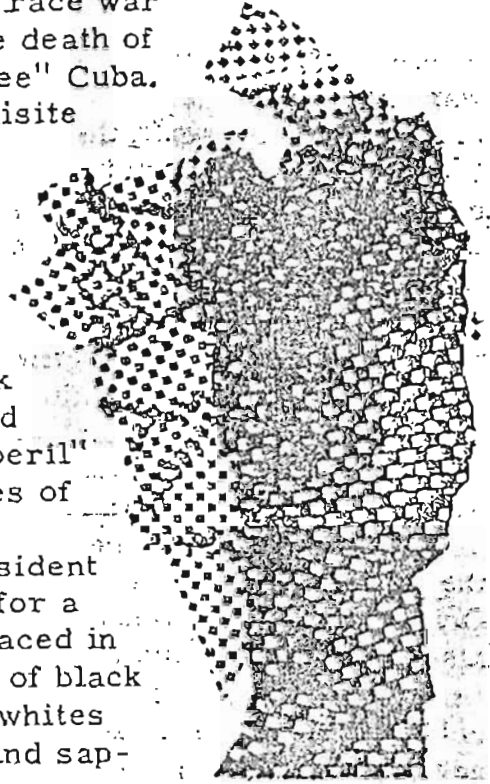
It took seventeen years to reorganize and rekindle the spirit of revolution which had been broken by the betrayal of 1870 and once again the Cuban countryside was on fire, struggling against Spanish domination. Maceo, now a general, was leading the war that would oust the Spanish from Cuba - it was not an accident that once again the Liberation Army was composed, in its great majority, by blacks who had achieved their freedom nine years earlier (1886), and that most of its military leaders were black.

Headed in the West by Juan Gualberto Gómez, a black intellectual who found himself deserted by the white "revolutionaries", the war also began raging in the South under the leadership of Guillermo Moncada, another black man. The efforts in the West failed, because of the lack of support on the part of the whites who refused to rally to the battle-cry issued by Gualberto Gómez. Nevertheless, Maceo, along with other military leaders, was able to disembark on the Southern coast of Cuba to take over the leadership of the war. During the landing in the province of Oriente (where, seventy-one years later, Fidel Castro would also land) Flor Crumbet, one of the black leaders, perished. Under the leadership of Generals Maceo and Máximo Gómez (a white) the war spread all over the island. As the war efforts advanced and the Spanish army began to show signs of weariness, the white "revolutionaries", except for an enlightened minority headed by the white anti-racist patriot, José Martí, reverted to their old policies of preventing the blacks from becoming so powerful in the army. The issue - as it had been in the ten years war against Spain (1868-1878) - was brought to the forefront once more. If the Spanish were ousted, the blacks might seize power. The "black peril" scare was once again prevalent among the ranks of the white "liberation fighters": black regiments began to fall into ambushes; black officers perished in mysterious circumstances<sup>15</sup> and efforts to end the war through a quick annexation to the young United States of Monroe gained force among the "revolutionary" whites. The U.S., on their part, were waiting for their "falling apple", while the white Cubans, except anti-imperialist intellectuals like José Martí, were doing their best to have Cuba fall into American hands where it was certain to remain secure with the

"niggers in their place". The U.S. began issuing warnings about the "danger of a race war" and within less than a year after the death of General Maceo, they decided to "free" Cuba. Therefore, his death was a prerequisite to U.S. intervention. Why? The efforts of the Afro-Cuban military leaders to oust the Spanish continued to be thwarted and sabotaged by their white counterparts who became more and more vocal about the "peril" represented by the black majority in the Liberation Army and its black military leaders. This "peril" became evident - at least in the eyes of the white "revolutionaries" - when Juan Gualberto Gómez became President of the Republic-in-Arms, but only for a short while, before the post was placed in "safer" hands. The disappointment of black military leaders, who felt that the whites were failing, dragging their feet, and sapping the Revolution, became vocal.

"... General, we Cubans want to wage the war regardless of the means..."

wrote Antonio Maceo to General Gómez in 1895. One can read his letters which bitterly denounce his "white brother" for plotting against him and for betraying the cause of Cuban Emancipation. These words clearly denote the impatience of the black military in face of the hesitant and zig-zagging attitude of the whites, an attitude reflecting their vocalized fears of being absorbed into a black revolution such as Haiti's. These words show a staunch refusal to accept a betrayal of the war efforts in the 1878 fashion. As the answers to the protest of the black military became clearer, the latter started complaining openly and denouncing what was quite obvious to them and what they had chosen to ignore in favor of the war - that the whites were more afraid of their black fellow-combatants than of the Spanish troops themselves! General Maceo complained



about the "intrigues and calumnies of my adversaries" ( it is to be noted that the term "adversaries" is not used in reference to the Spanish). The same attitude on the part of the whites - which, years before, had led to secret parleys with the occupying Spanish taking place behind the backs of the Afro-Cuban military and had ended up in an agreement between the Cuban "revolutionary" whites and the Spanish putting an end to the war ("Pact of Zanjón"), and which had been opposed by the black military headed by General Antonio Maceo ("Protest of Baragua") - reappeared and threatened the second war of independence with another flagrant betrayal. Thus again, Maceo spoke loud and clear;

"... this is why I would want for my country a man who has the virtue of freeing the Cuban people from Spanish oppression without tyrannizing the redeemed..."

It had become clear that if Cuba was still a Spanish colony in 1895 it was only due to the traditional racist and counter-revolutionary attitude of the whites. More than a dozen<sup>16</sup> chances of tearing the island away from Spanish domination were wasted in blood because of the unlimited panic of the whites when confronted with the possibility of black men running a government of a free Cuban Republic. This fact was not only sized up quickly by the black military, but was also a target of constant denunciation on the part of the single, unswerving, patriotic, anti-racist and anti-imperialist white known throughout the history of Cuba - José Martí. Outraged and revolted by the ultra-racist attitude displayed by those who supposedly represented the most enlightened segment of the white "revolutionary" elements (for it was this segment which called for annexation to the U.S. and who still deplored the abolition of slavery), this intellectual wrote:

"Now the problem is posed, the inevitable problem of all peoples, the only problem, actually, which explains the apparent confusion of our country as it explains the war itself: a contemptuous minority calling liberty its liberty of domination over those of its fellow-citizens whom it considers to be of an inferior extraction, prefers to humiliate itself before a foreign master and thus serve him as an instrument, than to recognize in political life as well as in daily relationships equality of rights between all men."



Can the betrayal of the white "revolutionaries" be made more explicit than in the preceding quotation, coming from José Martí<sup>17</sup>, the only anti-racist white revolutionary in the whole history of Cuba?

The disturbing activities of the former had already taken on the form of a campaign of pernicious rumors directed against black leaders such as Maceo, but also against anti-racist Martí. Rumors spread,

the content of which dealt with "a certain black" who intended to seize power impending the defeat of the Spanish Army.

"I am an unconditional soldier, without pretensions or ambitions, but it doesn't mean I overlook many things that I do not like and considers wrong..."<sup>18</sup> was the main target of the racist rumor. A year later, in

a letter, he furthered his opposition to the

counter-revolutionary and racist desires of the whites:

"... I will also protest and oppose to the utmost usurpation of the rights of one race by another..."<sup>19</sup>

On May 19, 1895, two months after the beginning of the second war of independence against Spanish colonial domination, José Martí succumbed. Maceo and the black military were thus deprived of an important support in the internal struggle which they were forced to wage against the racist white military leaders. Meanwhile, the Spanish began to show signs of weariness in a war which, apart from costing Spain 6,000,000 pesos a month, was demanding a heavy toil from her soldiers, who had to face a courageous army which was black in its great majority and made up of men whose battle cry was "Liberty or Death". The war entered its second year, under the leadership of Generals Maceo, Gómez and Calixto García - the two latter men becoming increasingly jealous of Maceo's military success which had made him the natural leader of the war - when, in a dramatic campaign, unparalleled in the history of Cuba, Maceo carried the war from the Southern end of the island to its Northern tip, breaking through all the Spanish lines. This dauntless action had the effect of proving that it was only a matter of months before the Spanish were driven into submission, yet its other effect was that of frightening the white military. Maceo's swift advance had broken

the backbone of Spanish resistance<sup>20</sup> in spite of its numerical superiority, but the successes of the black military crystallized the age-old fear constantly present in Cuban history, the fear of a Cuban Haiti - the black peril !

Annexationist theories which had once been abandoned regained their force: the U. S. A. was the only power capable of preventing the "black peril" from materializing. General Maceo, now the undisputed leader of the war, revered and admired by both soldiers and the peasantry, made it known that the only thing capable of making him join swords with the Spanish would be the eventuality of an American intervention: he had to be eliminated.

December 1896 was one of the saddest months in the history of the Cuban nation: General Antonio Maceo, the man who had opposed the 1878 betrayal, the veteran of two wars and thousands of battles, the anti-racist and anti-imperialist black leader, succumbed; along with him died his brother, José Maceo. Maceo fell, a victim of his enemies' bullets - which enemies, one might legitimately ask? Were they the enemies he had been fighting against on the battlefield (the Spanish) or were they the enemies he himself had called "adversaries" and had denounced as being the architects and promoters of the crudest and most violent racism? Cuban "history" written by whites states that he was killed in the course of an action by the Spanish, yet the version of old black independence war veterans (many of whom are still alive in Cuba and can still be heard) make no bones about the fact that he was assassinated by the white Cubans themselves. The very fact that alongside Maceo died Pancho Gómez, the son of one of the two white leaders of the revolutionary triumvirate (Máximo Gómez, Maceo and Calixto García) and that during previous months other black military leaders had been the targets of several attempted assassinations, reinforces the version of the black veterans according to which General Gómez's son shot Maceo and was in turn killed by



Maceo himself or one of his adjutants in retaliation.

The true facts concerning this eventful page of Cuban history are still to be cleared up, but it is certainly not in the interests of the present "revolutionary" leaders to admit the guilt of, and condemn, their white "revolutionary" predecessors who are hailed today in Cuba as the "founding fathers of the nation".

As the result of Maceo's mysterious death and, subsequently, the no less mysterious deaths of other black military leaders, the major obstacles in the way of the white "revolutionaries" were removed. Now, rid of the major opposition, the white "revolutionary" leaders were back at work conducting secret talks and concluding secret agreements with a power other than Spain - a power which both Maceo and Martí had considered far more dangerous than the Spanish could ever be - the United States of America. The "apple" had ripened and the Americans were ready to pluck it with the aid of the "founding fathers of the nation", for Cuba did not "fall" into the hand of North America as today's "revolutionaries" would have us believe. Cuba was handed on a silver platter to North American Imperialism by white Cubans who viewed American intervention as the only way to prevent a black army from seizing power<sup>21</sup>

The "black peril" had become more real, imminent and frightening than ever before. All the subsequent events led to the mysterious explosion of an American ship (the "Maine") and the landing, for the first time in history, of American troops on Cuban soil. It took no longer than a few months before the Spanish were out of Cuba forever and a new occupation - an occupation which would last more than sixty years - had begun. Military occupation of the island took place with amazing swiftness: the "unreliable" rebel army was quickly disarmed and demobilized and its leaders, such as Quintin Banderas, were placed on the pension roll, while others disappeared in extremely mysterious "accidents". Calixto García, one of the leading white members of the revolutionary triumvirate served as the spear-head of the American occupation of Santiago de Cuba, capital of the Province of Oriente, the birth-place of all slave-revolts and of independence wars, a province where 90 % of the population was black, less than 50 miles away from Haiti. Máximo Gómez, the other white

military leader did not, significantly enough, call upon the population and the rebel army to struggle against the American intervention, but, quite understandably, called for restraint, calm and cooperation with the North American "liberators". Thus, the rebel army deprived of its military leadership - military in the Maceo tradition - and in face of the betrayal of the white military leaders, was unable to oppose what was already a "fait-accompli". The age-old dream prevalent among whites in Cuba even since the beginning of the 19th Century had come true - the Northern Father had finally come to the rescue of his Adopted Children - the "black peril" had been averted.

to be concluded next issue

#### FOOTNOTES

- 1 The term Afro-Cuban is used in reference to Cubans of African descent, black and mulattos.
- 2 Those, indeed were "generous" figures, since other "historians" have allotted Afro-Cubans no more than 20-25 % of the population.
- 3 It is important to note the emphasis placed upon "balancing" the population.
- 4 There is a saying in Cuba which runs: "He who has not got blood from the Congo has got it from Calabar". This saying was even used by Dr. Castro in one of his early speeches in 1959.
- 5 Raúl Castro: During a speech in Santiago de Cuba, Oriente, to sugar-cane workers on May 22, 1964.
6. The present Afro-Cuban population (which doesn't include thousands of black workers from Haiti, Jamaica, Barbados and other Caribbean islands who have settled permanently in Cuba since 1914) is estimated at nothing less than 65 % of the total population.
7. The Afro-Cuban writer, Walterio Carbonell, traces the beginning of this process of "Cubanization" to the year 1830, up to which time there were two distinctive populations and cultures in Cuba: African and Spanish - Crítica (Havana, '61)
8. This is considering that the true Cubans - Indocubans - had been completely annihilated as a result of the Spanish conquests.
9. "Placido" was accused by the Spanish of having aided what is known in history as the "Conspiración de la Escalera".
10. Parreno and Saco were white Cuban slaveholders, partisans of Spanish domination over Cuba and later promoters of the annexationist movement.
11. From Crítica (Havana, 1961) a book by the Afro-Cuban writer Walterio Carbonell; the only man in today's Cuba who has presented the problem of Cuban culture and history in its true context. The writer, one of the many black Cuban intellectuals who fought for the downfall of dictator Batista, came under a virulent attack conducted by the "revolutionary" re-writers of history now in power. It is a poignant analysis of racist concepts of culture and history which have been established in Cuba since the whites seized power - with the aid of the North

American government - following the 1895 Independence War against Spain, up to today. It is an indictment of the white "revolutionary" of the past and of the present. It is a regrettable fact that such an important contribution to truth and history is now "out of print".

- 12 "If the Federation of North America wishes to incorporate Cuba, they must also reach an agreement with France and England; and if it (North America) would be so lucky to handle all the difficulties there involved, then Cuba, calmly and full of hopes, would be able to embrace her (North America)". Antonio Saco "Reflection about the Incorporation" (1848).
- Thus spoke a man who is heralded in Cuba as a representative of the first Cubans to gain a "national consciousness". Along with the annexationist Saco were a host to others - Luz y Caballero, Cisneros Betancourt, Montalvo Escovedo, Narcizo Lopez, Pinto, Arango y Parreno, etc.
- 13 (a) "I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which in my judgment will probably forever forbid their living together on a footing of equality, and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong, having a superior position. I agree with Judge Douglas that he (the Negro) is not my equal in many respects - certainly not in color, perhaps not in moral or intellectual endowment" (First Debate with Douglas at Ottawa, Illinois, March 4, 1861).
- (b) "I declare that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery. . . I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. . ." (First Inaugural Address - March 4, 1861).
- (c) "I made the peremptory proclamation (emancipation on what appeared to me to be a military necessity" (Letter to Major-General Mc Clelland, Washington D. C. January 8, 1863).
- 14 . . . "sans leur énorme majorité, les morts Cubains sont les Noirs . . ." in La Nouvelle Critique (Sept. -Oct. )1962. "Cuba et le Marxisme" (page 10)
- 15 Up until today, the death of General Antonio Maceo has not been cleared of rumors that he was assassinated by white Cubans following the orders of the white military staff. For further data on this subject, see Maceo (Havana, 1962).
- 16 Had the dozens of Cuban slave rebellions throughout history been supported by the whites, Cuba would have gained her independence - as did Haiti - by least a century before. Had the whites joined hands with the black slave rebels in 1808 (the year when Spain was busy fighting the invasion of Napoleon's troops, thus giving the colonies a chance to revolt and break away) this would have been the year of the establishment of a free Cuban government. Yet each time the opportunity was at hand to gain freedom (more than a dozen times from 1780-1895) the whites chose the foreign master rather than the black brother.
- 17 Isn't it a revealing fact that in 1962 the Cuban Communist Party, headed by Anibal Escalante, opposed the publication of José Martí's writings, in their view the work of a "bourgeois nationalist," while the same white Cuban "Communists" were heralding arch-reactionary, racist-minded "founding fathers of the nation" like General Gómez, Calixto García, and others?
- 18 Letter to José Rodríguez; Kingston, November 1, 1886
- 19 Letter to José Martí; January 15, 1888
- 20 182,000 Spanish soldiers in opposition to approximately 30,000 Cuban guerrilleros.
- 21 Estrada Palma, later to become the First President of the Republic, was the main promoter of the American intervention which, in his writing, he states is "the only guarantee of peace in the interior of our country" (letter to Major Andres Moreno de la Torre; January 1, 1898). Such were the words of the man who headed the first Cuban government!!!

# SOULBOOK!

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