

CARTON 6:15

STRONG IN THE STRUGGLE

CIVIL RIGHTS, RACISM, REPARATIONS CIRCA 1975-1990  
AND JUSTICE ARTICLES

SAINT JOSEPH COLLEGE, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

LINKED TO EDUCATION AND RESEARCH CENTER

2017/193



# Newspaper Apologizes For Cartoon

## NAACP not satisfied with Sacramento Bee's response

*Chronicle Sacramento Bureau*

### Sacramento

The Sacramento Bee said yesterday that it is sorry it printed an editorial cartoon that used the word "nigger," but one black leader said the apology is insufficient.

Erwin Potts, president and chief executive officer of McClatchy Newspapers, published the apology four days after the cartoon appeared depicting two members of the Ku Klux Klan saying they agreed with Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan.

"I want to apologize to those of you who were offended by a word used in the editorial cartoon that appeared in the Bee last Friday," Potts said in a statement printed in the paper.

"The cartoon was intended to be a reaffirmation of our stand against bigotry. Unfortunately, that anti-racism message has been lost in the ensuing controversy. And for that, we are sincerely sorry."

The cartoon showed two Klansmen reading a statement by Farrakhan that said, "You can't be a racist by talking, only by acting." In the caption, one Klansman said, "That nigger makes a lot of sense."

Nate White, president of the Sacramento chapter of the NAACP, said cartoonist Dennis Renault and editorial page editor Peter Schrag should resign. The NAACP is seeking at least \$20,000 worth of subscription cancellations, White said.

"The Bee hasn't gotten the message yet," White said. "They're still talking about Farrakhan. We're talking about the Bee."

The incident has become controversial at the Bee, too, where staff members met Monday with Potts, Schrag and Renault to talk about the cartoon. A number of black staff members expressed their embarrassment over the incident.

In a column yesterday, Schrag said the intent of the cartoon was to "dramatize the fact that bigotry is seamless."

"To say that we're saddened is an understatement," he wrote. "Sad for the injury the word caused, sad for the missed opportunity to show how demagogues can exploit a sense of injury into a justification of bigotry against people who bear no responsibility for it."

On Thursday, Farrakhan fired his national spokesman, Khalid Abdul Muhammad, for making anti-Semitic remarks. But Farrakhan defended the "truths" of Muhammad's statements. It was that incident that prompted the cartoon.



# The Black Church Should Get Its Due

**A** RECENT Chronicle article, "Identity Crisis for the Black Church," maintains that because of some homophobic black clergy "some of the most respected voices in modern black culture say the church has become not just conservative, but ineffective and irrelevant."

While the black church has a long history, there is no "the black church." Like any institution, it has many parts and persuasions, some good, some bad. It has never been monolithic.

This over generalization is only one of several flaws in The Chronicle article. Some dates are open to question. Some quoted remarks are overemphasized. But a far more important flaw is the implication that the black church is on its last legs.

I do agree with the article that the black church had special value in its early days when it "offered members services that white society denied them, such as housing, education and cultural, social and business contacts."

Examples abound. Meharry Medical School was founded in the basement of a Methodist church. Most black insurance companies started as mutual aid societies at churches. And the National Student Defense Loans Act, which benefits students of all races, was shepherded through Congress by the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

Sad to say, the issues that the church addressed in its early days have not evaporated. And even as the church evolves, it continues to deal with them. The best portions of the church still offer a holistic ministry that innovatively speaks to the social and spiritual needs of our time.

San Francisco is brimming with such ministries. For example, the Ingleside Presbyterian Church has an inclusive senior program that serves the physically and mentally handicapped. Jones Methodist Church has an innovative housing program. Bethel AME Church holds lock-ins for its teenagers, to mentor and reinforce good study habits.

Among the many programs at my church (Third Baptist Church of San Francisco) are a joint tutoring effort with Temple Emanuel, ownership of a community service and convention center in the Fillmore District, an AIDS ministry, a housing development for all low-to moderate-income people in the community (not just church members), and support, which includes resettlement, for refugees from Africa and the Caribbean.

San Franciscans can take pride in Father James Good of St. Paul of the Shipwreck Church whose Afro-centric education and mentoring program, one of the most enriching in the nation, serves many youth in Bayview-Hunters Point. Father Good works arm in arm with his neighbor, the Rev. Calvin Jones at the Providence Baptist Church, with its impressive athletic program and the Thurgood Marshall Alternative Treatment Facility for ex-offenders.

In addition, Providence Baptist's Open Hand project delivers meals to AIDS patients in the area. Rev. Arelious Walker of San Francisco's True Hope Church of God in Christ, another stalwart, has one of the most effective jail ministries in the nation and has turned around many lives for the better. And his church's The Caring and Restoration Home continues the process by helping ex-offenders to

make transitions.

An increasing number of churches have attacked the lack of jobs and economic development. In "More Black Churches Go Into Business" (Jan. 27, 1993), the Wall Street Journal reports how black churches are "taking on increasingly ambitious and creative ventures as the need for community development grows and black congregations become more business savvy."

New Sunny Mount Baptist Church in St. Louis, which owns a bus rental company, a parking lot and a 328-acre retreat that it rents out, has created jobs in its community.

In Chicago, Christ Universal Temple, which owns and rents out a large banquet facility, is building a school and a bookstore.

Even more impressive are the efforts of the Greater Christ Temple Church in Meridian, Miss. In 1977, when 96 percent of its congregation was on welfare, Bishop Luke Edwards told them that they had the power to deliver themselves. Combining the church members' food stamps, he bought food from a wholesale grocer. The church then set up a grocery store in its auditorium, and from its profits bought a supermarket.

Among the church's present assets are a 4,000-acre farm and three restaurants. All needy members have been given jobs by the church.

The publication Black Enterprise of December 1993 also reports about this growing trend in church economic activity. A few examples: The Hartford Memorial Baptist Church in northwest Detroit broke ground last summer for its latest project — "a reported \$17 million, 80,000 square-foot shopping center that will include a supermarket, drug store and restaurant." Atlanta's Wheat Street Baptist Church, which has been setting up redevelopment projects since the early 1960s, today has over \$33 million in real estate holdings.

On a personal note, The Chronicle article made it appear at one point that I was condescending to colleagues who come from differing theological backgrounds. I disagree with any premise that formal credentials don't guarantee quality or success. Sometimes, in fact, as Carter G. Woodson argued in "Mis-education of the Negro," they are counter-productive.

Frederick Douglass received no formal education. Nor did Charles A. Tindley, the great 20th-century preacher whose hymn, "I'll Overcome Some Day," was adapted as the anthem of the civil rights movement. Tindley, who wrote 46 other hymns during his lifetime, mastered Arabic, Greek and Hebrew. The huge church he constructed in Philadelphia is still standing today.

In commenting on the article, I also want to reassert my opposition to any theology, in the black or any other church, that treats gays and lesbians as anything less than God's children. Most leaders within the black church would agree with this. Some might even mention their support for the late Bayard Rustin, a homosexual, who organized the March on Washington in 1963 and masterminded much of the civil rights movement from the 1950s through the 1970s. As far as I'm concerned, homophobia, whatever its source, is a red herring.

*The Rev. Amos Brown is pastor of the Third Baptist Church in San Francisco.*



# DELAYED RECOGNITION



AP/DENIS PAQUIN

**Memorial ceremony participants** dressed as Civil War soldiers stand during a moment of silence to honor the 185,000 blacks who served in the Union Army during the War Between the States. The role of blacks in the Civil War has been largely ignored by history. Ground was broken Wednesday in Washington, D.C.,

for an African American Civil War Memorial that will include a genealogical database for descendants of men who served in the black units that made up as much as one-sixth of the Union Army. Twenty-three blacks earned Medals of Honor for heroism in the Civil War.





Southwest Hospital and Medical Center has affiliation ties with the Morehouse School of Medicine. Morehouse Medical school President Dr. James Goodman (r.) is shown with Southwest administrator Herbert Weldon. Los Angeles' Drew University of Medicine is affiliated with a public hospital.

## BLACK HOSPITALS *Continued*

proved. We have two years to implement it before the city hospital actually closes."

Despite the obvious superiority of Meharry/Hubbard, the plan has generated a great deal of controversy, and some people, Black and White, have said that the basic problem is race. In an address at the Vanderbilt University Divinity School, Dr. Satcher said: "It's not Meharry on trial; we are all on trial. The merger might be Nashville's best opportunity to deal generically with issues of race in this community."

By choice or necessity, a number of Black hospitals have sought direct links with city and county governments. And in some cases, governments have actually taken over hospitals that were formerly Black. In Chicago, for example, famed Provident Hospital—the first Black hospital to provide postgraduate courses for Black physicians, the first Black hospital approved for full graduate training in surgery, and the site of the first successful operation on the human heart—was forced to close after 96 years of service. What made this all the more appalling was that the hospital had recently constructed an ultra-modern facility with high-tech equipment that was equal, and perhaps superior, to the building and facilities of many of the city's White-owned hospitals. Despite these amenities, the hospital could not mobilize sufficient support to satisfy HUD and closed its doors in 1987. Last September, the Cook County Board of Commissioners paid the federal govern-

ment \$1 for the bankrupt institution. Cook County officials say they are spending millions of dollars to renovate the modern structure, which is scheduled to re-open in late 1992.

Dr. Claude Young, one of the leaders of a group that is trying to re-open Detroit's bankrupt Southwest Hospital, says Black people must realize that this is a life-or-death crisis. "We are," he says, "in a period of the rationing of health care—of who can go to the hospital, how long they can stay, what procedures they can ask for and who can treat them. And living in a racist society, we are going to

end up with the short end of the stick if we don't maintain our own institutions."

Black leaders in Detroit and other cities say the Black physician and the Black middle-class community must actively support the Black hospital if they expect it to survive. "In Washington, D.C., if every Black doctor would admit just one patient a year to Howard Hospital, it would make a critical difference," says Kevin Lofton, Howard University Hospital chief executive officer.

Lofton and other CEOs say Blacks should also reach out to Black hospitals by volunteering their services and by ensuring that Black hospitals are on the list of preferred providers of their corporations and organizations.

"Black hospitals are in keen competition with majority hospitals," says Dr. Charles Epps, dean of the Howard University Medical School. "To the extent that they can compete on an even plane with the majority institutions, they can survive."

But they can't survive if Black middle-class patients turn up their noses at the idea of receiving health care at Black hospitals. "These institutions are places where Black people can receive care with dignity and sensitivity," says Dr. Bernard Bridges, chairperson of the Coalition to Save the Black Hospital. "Some Black hospitals like Howard University have excellent facilities and staff and not only should Black physicians and Black middle-class Americans recognize this, they should, like other American ethnic groups, demonstrate their recognition by supporting their own institutions."

## 12 REMAINING BLACK HOSPITALS

### HOSPITAL

1. Central Medical Center
2. Howard University Hospital
3. Meharry/Hubbard Hospital
4. Newport News General Hospital\*
5. Norfolk Community Hospital
6. North General Hospital
7. Richmond Community Hospital
8. Riverside General Hospital
9. Roseland Community Hospital
10. S.E. Specialty Hospital (formerly L. Richardson)
11. Southwest Community Hospital\*\*
12. Southwest Hospital and Medical Center

### CITY

- St. Louis, Mo.  
Washington, D.C.  
Nashville, Tenn.  
Newport News, Va  
Norfolk, Va.  
New York City  
Richmond, Va.  
Houston, Texas  
Chicago  
Greensboro, N.C.

Detroit

Atlanta

SOURCE: Private, not-for-profit Black-owned hospitals listed by the Coalition to Save The Black Hospital, January 1993.

\*Reorganizing under protection of bankruptcy laws.

\*\*At press time, a local group was trying to re-open the hospital under the protection of bankruptcy laws.



'PEOPLE WORKING TOGETHER'

## We Are Family

From The Library Of  
LEE BROWN

# Rae & Julian Richardson

*Lee Brown Remains  
Your Brother in  
Struggle*

## engaged in A Literary Labor of Love

By Eldredge McCready

Most Black family enterprises are usually a means to an end, the end being economic survival. Julian and Rae Richardson differ from this philosophy, for through their enterprises they seek an end to ignorance and oppression. The means they employ is the printed word.

The Richardsons are the proprietors of Marcus Book Stores, which feature books by, for, and about Black people. The stores are named in honor of Marcus Garvey, the Jamaican Black nationalist who led a movement advocating Black repatriation to Africa in the 1920's. The well arranged shelves contain sections of books on politics, cooking, and sociology, as well as biographies, plays, and books for children. They also carry cards, magazines, posters, and newspapers.

"It all began because of Rae's interest in books," says Mr. Richardson. "It was hard to get these type of books then, and friends would borrow them and not return them." "And we could get books cheaper," interjects Mrs. Richardson, in reference to bulk purchases.

The Richardsons met in 1937 while attending Tuskegee Institute. "Rich," as Mrs. Richardson lovingly calls her husband, is originally from Birmingham, Alabama, and she hails from Wauke-

gan, Illinois.

In 1942, they came to San Francisco to look into the possibility of starting a newspaper. Mr. Richardson visited the Bay Area while staying in Los Angeles, and says, "I've only been back to Los Angeles once since then."

They opened a print shop, Success Printing Co., and later started a paper called "The Graphic" which Mr. Richardson laughingly says "had a brief but brilliant" career. After the paper's demise, the print shop remained open. It was here, in 1945 that they began dealing with Black literature on an expanded basis, as they procured books for friends and neighbors.

The front of the San Francisco store is appropriately painted red, black, and green. In its windows are hung stained glass art crafted by the Richardson's son, Billy. This preliminary glimpse of a craft which originated in Africa, is an indication of the wealth of information inside. The books cover a wide spectrum, from the volumes of Black sociologist J.A. Rogers, to the works of local writers and poets.

The Richardsons like to see books in print "that will improve the despicable state of Black people," says Mr. Richardson. With their publishing com-

pany, they have reprinted Garvey's "Philosophies and Opinions," which has been out of print since 1923, and George G.M. James' "Stolen Legacy," which tells how African philosophy was "ripped-off" by the Greeks. "This book is our all-time best seller," says Mr. Richardson. They've also printed books by local authors that might not otherwise be published. Books by Bay Area poets Ahimsa Sumchai, James Blake, John Eckels, Lige Dailey and the late Sarah Webster Fabio abound. They also published a book of poetry by Mshairi Weusi, which was published while he was still in San Quentin in 1976. Their daughter, Karen, often does the cover art for the books that they publish.

Prior to opening up Marcus Books in 1960, "We did marketing surveys, and found out that bookstores had a high mortality rate in San Francisco. This city had more bookstores than the 11 Southern states combined," says Mr. Richardson. Since bookstores are not usually high profit ventures, the Richardsons' labors are labors of love. Asked how they manage to work together and stay together, Mrs. Richardson replies, "No problem, I don't know how we could not have." "We like each other, we've got the same goals and commitments,





*Rae and Julian Richardson are the owners of the Marcus Bookstores in San Francisco and Oakland.*

money is not the motivation," Mr. Richardson says. "We've always enjoyed being together, we've never been bored," and, he adds with a smile, "Life's never been dull."

The stores, one in San Francisco near City Hall on McAllister Street, and the other in Oakland on Grove Street, receive some support from the local school districts and libraries.

The Richardsons believe that one of the greatest assets that Black people have is their children. They have four children and seven grandchildren. The stores have sections devoted to children's books, of fiction and others which teach grammar and history simultaneously. "We have schools bringing groups of kids down here all the time, some from

as far away as Sacramento," says Mrs. Richardson. In the rear of the San Francisco store is an all-purpose room, used for poetry readings, meetings, and lectures. A Black Children's Workshop is presented there on Saturdays for children ages 6 to 11. "We teach Black history, math, science, and nutrition," says Mrs. Richardson. "We also have a class on understanding news and entertainment media."

Mrs. Richardson is an Associate Professor of literature, poetry and humanities at San Francisco State University. She is very much in demand throughout the Bay Area as a speaker. Mrs. Richardson also adapts the works of Black writers into musical plays, the most recent of which was "Montage of a Dream De-

ferred," based on one of Langston Hughes' poems. Mrs. Richardson is chairperson of the board of directors of the Berkeley-based Center for Urban Black Studies, where both she and her husband received honorary doctoral degrees.

The Richardsons are a couple with a strong sense of commitment behind their warm smiles and senses of humor. They receive requests for and send books all over this country, as well as to London, Canada, and the Carribean.

One customer summed it up best. "I don't know where I'd go to find these books if this store wasn't here," a woman customer remarked. "They are performing a service to the community, and God bless them."



# THE SPEECH

by Willie Lynch 1712

Gentlemen:

I greet you here on the bank of the James River in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve. First, I shall thank you, The Gentlemen of the Colony of Virginia, for bringing me here. I am here to help you solve some of your problems with slaves. Your invitation reached me on my modest plantation in the West Indies where I have experimented with some of the newest and still the oldest methods for the control of slaves. Ancient Rome would envy us if my program is implemented. As our boat sailed south on the James River, named for our illustrious King, whose version of the Bible we cherish, I saw enough to know that your problem is not unique. While Rome used cords of wood as crosses for standing human bodies along its old highways, in great numbers you are here using the tree and the rope on occasion.

I caught the whiff of a dead slave hanging from a tree a couple of miles back. You are not only losing valuable stock by hangings, you are having uprisings, slaves are running away, your crops are sometimes left in the fields too long for maximum profit, you suffer occasional fires, your animals are killed,

gentlemen, you know what your problems are: I do not need to elaborate, I am not here to enumerate your problems, I am here to introduce you to a method of solving them.

In my bag here, I have a fool proof method for controlling your Black slaves. I guarantee everyone of you that if installed correctly, it will control the slaves for at least 300 years. My method is simple, any member of your family or any overseer can use it.

I have outlined a number of differences among the slaves: and I take these differences and make them bigger. I use fear, distrust and envy for control purposes. These methods have worked on my modest plantation in the West Indies and it will work throughout the South for you also. Take this simple little list of differences, and think about them. On top of my list is "Age" but it is only there because it starts with an "A": the second is "Color" or shade, there is intelligence, size, sex, size of plantations, status on plantation, attitude of owners, whether the slaves live in the valley, on a hill, East, West, North, South, have fine or coarse hair, or is tall or short. Now that you have a list of

differences, I shall give you an outline of action - but before that I shall assure you that distrust is stronger than trust, and envy is stronger than adulation, respect or admiration. The Black slave, after receiving this indoctrination shall carry on and will become self re-fueling and self-generating for hundreds of years, maybe thousands.

Don't forget you must pit the old Black male vs. the young Black male and the young Black male vs. the old Black male. You must use the dark skin slaves vs. the light skin slaves and the light skin slaves vs. the dark skin slaves. You must use the female vs. the male, and the male vs. the female. You must also have your caucasian servants and overseers distrust all Blacks, but it is necessary that your Black slaves trust and depend on us. They must love, respect and trust only us.

Gentlemen, these kits are your keys to control, use them. Have your wives and children use them, never miss an opportunity. My plan is guaranteed, and the good thing about this plan is that if used intensely and properly for one year, the slaves themselves will remain perpetually distrustful. Thank you Gentlemen.



time he lay bleeding and in a little while he died without ever regaining consciousness. The man had been a star athlete, scholar, scientist and surgeon who had already made his mark in his profession. The dead man was Dr. Charles Drew, head of Freedmen's Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Dr. Drew was not yet fifty years old, but already his contribution to medicine had saved hundreds of thousands of lives during World War II. Dr. Drew was a pioneer in blood plasma preservation. Before his time there was no efficient way to store large quantities of blood plasma for use during emergencies or for use in wartime where thousands of lives depended on the availability of blood for blood transfusions. After Dr. Drew this was no longer a problem, for he discovered ways and means of preserving blood plasma in what are commonly known as blood banks.

A native of Washington, D. C., Dr. Drew had been a letter man in track, a Mossman trophy winner in general scholarship, and a Spingarn Medalist for his contributions to human welfare. Dr. Drew's entire life was spent in the pursuit of excellence whether it was on the track cinders, in the operating room, or in the research laboratory. As an Amherst undergraduate, he was captain of the track team and an outstanding halfback on the football team. He received the Mossman trophy for having brought the most honor to the school over a four-year period. At McGill University in Canada, he won first prize in physiological anatomy and set track records which stood for several years.

Beginning his research into the properties of blood plasma at Columbia University, Dr. Drew became an authority on the subject and was asked by the British to set up a plasma program for them. He later did the same thing for the United States in 1942 and won the Spingarn Medal in recognition of his contributions to Negro progress. At the time of his death in 1950, Dr. Drew was chief surgeon and chief of staff at Freedmen's Hospital.

*Current Biography, 1950; Negro Yearbook, 1947 (Tuskegee, 1947); Who's Who in Colored America, 1950, pp. 163-164.*







TOP

Robert Dean, Machinist's Mate 2 c, and J. Belcher, Jr., Machinist's Mate 2 c, at work in their shop during a cruise of the carrier *Saipan*

BOTTOM

Keeping fit at the Naval Gun Factory, Washington, D. C.



agencies of justice, but they are also underrepresented among private attorneys and judges. Blacks comprise only 1 per cent of the lawyers in the United States, a smaller proportion than in any other occupational group. There is an average of one black lawyer for 8,000 black people as compared to a national average of one lawyer for every 625 people.<sup>6</sup> In the South, where until recently blacks were denied admission to the bar and are still excluded from many state and local bar associations,<sup>7</sup> the ratio is one to 28,000.<sup>8</sup> Because of financial conditions, few black lawyers are able to practice outside the large cities. Most of them serve primarily poor black clientele. Sometimes even black clients are hard to get since they "often seek out white lawyers because they feel them to be more capable, or because they feel that Negro lawyers are at a disadvantage against a white adversary and before a white judge and jury."<sup>9</sup> Even militant blacks like Black Panther Huey Newton recognize the advantage of being represented by a white lawyer. (Of course, there were no black law firms large enough to handle the Newton case.)<sup>10</sup> There are only 65 black state judges and 15 out of over 300 federal judges.

Increased representation of blacks in the legal profession does not seem likely in the near future; black enrollment in law schools is only 1.3 per cent.<sup>11</sup> Several top schools are now disregarding the "admittedly biased" law Standard Achievement Test and accepting all black applicants whom they consider able to complete the curriculum with special help. Some schools even have minority recruitment programs to increase the very small number of applicants. Yet they generally fail to use black recruiters. Very little has been done

<sup>6</sup> Hon. George W. Crockett, Jr., Judge, Recorder's Court, Detroit, at a conference on Racism in the Law, San Francisco, May 4, 1968.

<sup>7</sup> Report, pp. 118-19.

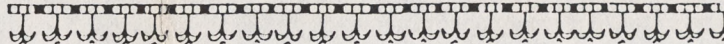
<sup>8</sup> Crockett.

<sup>9</sup> Report, p. 119. Mexican-Americans and Indians are also grossly underrepresented in the legal profession. There are only 200 Mexican-American attorneys in California and no native California Indian attorneys. (Jose Ramos, Esq., and George F. Duke, Esq., at a conference on Racism in the Law, San Francisco, May 4, 1968.)

<sup>10</sup> Richard A. Bancroft, Esq., at a conference on Racism in the Law, San Francisco, May 4, 1968. A survey of five San Francisco law firms in May showed only two black employees (secretaries) out of a total of 152 attorneys, 70-85 secretaries, and 6 clerks.

<sup>11</sup> Crockett.





## Reparations

# Why Reparations?

For the 100 Million Plus Africans who perished in the Traffic of Slavery.

We do not now nor have we ever had equal protection under the laws of this country which by customs are not enforced when we are involved.

We have, since 1863 been the victims of mob violence lynching and systematized atrocities, to a far greater extent than any other residents of this country.

We charge that: our language, culture and heritage were methodically and deliberately destroyed.

Our names and geographical identity were systematically obliterated.

We are denied the legal right to shelter by discrimination, custom, segregation, and subtle defacto segregation.

The Reparations Committee, in seeking relief in money damages for the victims of these injustices with which to begin a program of rehabilitation. It is further, the desire of the Committee that every well-meaning person, whatever their race or position in life, do their utmost by word as well as deed, to help this long overdue and just effort to erase the blot and stigma from the ignoble past of the history of the U.S.A. for the wrongs heaped in multiplicity upon a large mass of Africans who have contributed so richly to the wealth, culture, welfare and safety of this country.

### Claim for Reparations Filed

In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, which became effective January 1, 1863, we have filed a claim for Reparations and money damages with the United States Government on December 20, 1962, for more than 25 million African members of the Black Race. Descendants of Slaves in the U.S.A.

The Reparations Committee  
Queen Mother (Audley A. Moore), President and Founder  
Mt. Addis Ababa - Box 244  
Parksville, N.Y. 12768  
(212) 234-3495

# WHY REPARATIONS?

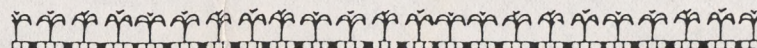
We who still suffer from the scars of slavery

DECLARE!

"Reparations is the battle cry for the Economic, Social,  
and Political Freedom of more than 35 Million<sup>1</sup> descendants of  
African Slaves in the U.S.A.

We demand 200 Billion dollars and goods and services  
for centuries of unrequited forced labor, building the U.S.A. and  
for the 100 Million plus Africans who perished in the slave trade."

Compact Edition





## Reparations

# Why Reparations?

After 244 years of free slave labor and the most inhuman, sinister and barbaric atrocities which surpass in magnitude any savagery perpetrated against human beings in the history of the planet earth, and an additional one hundred years of so-called freedom accompanied by terror, the Committee seeking Reparations for the descendants of African Slaves concludes that the payment of Reparations is an absolute necessity if the Government of the United States is ever to wipe the slate clean, redeem herself and pay for the damages she has inflicted upon more than 35 millions, who are members of the African Race. The payment of Reparations is the only position the U.S.A. can take in the interest of justice and make an effort to restore the dignity to 15 percent of the people thus injured.

THEREFORE, WE, The Committee For The Securing of Reparations For The Descendants of men and women brought from the continent of Africa, and enslaved in the United States of America for more than 244 years, and are now commonly referred to as "negroes," do now make formal request of the Government of the United States, for fair and just compensation for the loss of the property rights in the labor of our foreparents, for which no payment of any kind has ever been made. The loss of so great a value in labor and skills, by which means citizens of this nation, who as a class called themselves "slave owners," over a period of 244 years became unjustly enriched, thereby making possible the development of so many of the vast and numberless fortunes which even today accounts for a very considerable portion of this nation's wealth, is now due and payable to us as victims of this loss.

WHEREAS, the original drafters of the Constitution of this nation recognized the property rights in a man's labor, they recognized members of the African Race only as chattels or animals. Consequently, we were never thought of as attaining the status of men and women, and thus no consideration had to be given to our labor and skills, nor any rights extended whatsoever, to us, either legal or human.

The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863, belatedly bestowed the legal rights of ex-slaves, and provided that they be "classified" as human beings, men and women. The Proclamation also made it unlawful to continue to force ex-slaves to contribute their labor and skills without "fair" compensation.

## Reparations

# Why Reparations?

The Supreme Court of the United States has now established that members of the Black Race in America, no matter how they came, nor the circumstances of their existence, are now, and retroactively have been human beings. And as human beings, these men and women, members of the Black Race, are logically and legally entitled to all of the rights and benefits accorded to caucasian men and women, including the right of inheritance and property rights which are also retroactive.

Many years ago the Courts of the United States ruled that a man or woman has a property right in labor and skills, and that such right is subject to the laws governing inheritance. Hence, under the inheritance Law, members of the Black Race, as human beings and citizens, despite national customs and practices, are governed and protected.

The fact, that no consideration was ever accorded members of the Black Race who as a class were called "slaves" and whose descendants, as a class, are now called "negroes" has compounded the original injury to those now called "negroes." This injury ranges all the way from chronic and extensive poverty...causing suffering and emotional distress resulting from:

- Lynching
- Jim Crow - Segregation
- Disfranchisement
- Raping
- Denial Right to Vote in Southern States
- Police Brutality
- Use of Dogs - Water Hoses
- Use of Cattle Probes (electric)
- Use of Horses and Billie Clubs
- Severance of all Ancestral ties

And, widespread contempt and disdain which we receive from those not relegated to such class, to mental mayhem, which, conditions inevitably culminate into Genocide, according to the U.N.'s Declarations on Human Rights.

We—in the name of humanity, created by God to seek a full life while in this earthly domain; for the cause of justice for which mankind craves; for the sake of dignity which all men strive; we the people of African origin enclosed within the boundries of the United States of America do declare that: we were the 1st Hostages and the 1st Boat People sold as chattle and branded like cattle, still held captive in the U.S.A.



# "The white man's got a God complex"

Bishi-Allah Ir-Rahman Ir-Rahim

In the name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful

Brothers and sisters, it is quite obvious that the propagation and teaching of white supremacy has done to destroy our self love and self-esteem. We know that it has taught us to hate ourselves and kind. We also know now, as they have always known, that self hatred breeds self destruction. We have long since analyzed what white supremacy has done to us, but have we ever really analyzed what this same teaching has done to the psychology of white men, women and babies raised and nurtured on this teaching.

Every aspect of this society was set up as premeditated conformation of white folks being superior, and Black folks being inferior, and it all began from pregnancy in the womb even long before you are born. Is it

any wonder why??? "the white man's got a God complex????"

How can a white baby not grow to love itself when everything in this society influences and confirms his greatness; by the same token how can a Black baby be expected to grow to not hate himself when everything in this society confirms his being the scum of the earth? White babies grow up knowing that Jesus is white, the angels are white, the prophets are white, the saints are white, everything godly or good is white and everything evil or bad is Black. If Jesus is a white man, and according to their teachings, Jesus is the father (God), the son, and the holy ghost three in one; then God according to their teachings is a white man. Is there any wonder why??? "the white man's a God complex????"

We must begin to study and analyze this conspiracy of white supremacy in theology, with such

key co-conspirators as Pope Julius the Second who petitioned Michael Angelo to paint the first image ever portraying Jesus as a white man. We all know the history of how he had his uncle pose for this portrait that we worship today as Jesus, which is the actual picture of his uncle.

We must understand that before this, never have any of the prophets, or angels been depicted as white. As a matter of fact, most white people in

DO THE RIGHT THING  
By OMAR ALI-BEY

Europe used to worship the shrine of the Black Madonna and some still do even today, even the Pope in secret. Then we must understand this known homosexual anti-Christ King James and his role in this conspiracy. How can you trust the word of a man who gathered all the Bibles and gave a worldwide decree that all the original Bibles be burnt? We must be the most stupid people on the planet to "now" willingly accept the same

doctrine of religion that was used to enslave us, to teach us to hate ourselves and finally to teach us that the white man is God. This is by no means true Christianity or the beautiful teachings of Christ. It would stand to reason that if it wasn't King James intentions to alter the Bible, then why would he have all original copies burned. The question should be asked, "What was in the original Bible that is not in there now under this version?" or "What is in there now that was not in the original version, including all of those white images of Michael Angelo who we know didn't exist before the 14th century?" Don't just take my word for it. Research this for yourself. Is there any wonder why??? "the white man's got a God complex????"

Finally as a part of this conspiracy working with the above mentioned, you must understand the role of the slave trade and its justification for

slavery according to King James: then the loyalty and instructions the slaves were given according to King James. You must understand how all of this began and developed at the same time. You must understand how all this ties-up into one big conspiracy called international "white supremacy" and world control. I pray in the name of the true God, the one God, that you can better understand why you hate yourself while "the white man's got a God complex."

This has been the worst holocaust in the history of this planet; teaching you to worship your enslaver as God while teaching you, the enslaved, to hate yourself by the same doctrine.

Remember "The African Holocaust." For further information call 881-5433.

WAKE UP!  
As-Salaam Alaikum  
Peace from God be unto you

## Congressman Stokes addresses N' COBRA's Conference

By PETER E. UWAGIE-ERO  
Call and Post Staff Reporter

Congressman Louis Stokes addressed the National Coalition of Blacks for Reparations in America (N' COBRA) at their second national conference held in Tri-C's Metro Campus Auditorium, recently, stressing unity among Blacks.

Speaking to Omar Ali-Bey, the coordinator of the conference after recognizing Mother Moore, the matriarch of Reparations, Congressman Stokes said that Ali-Bey has worked for and with him in the 21st. Congressional District Caucus where he (Ali-Bey) chairs the crime and safety committee, and is the chairman of the Coalition for a Better Life. "When people work with you, you should be able to work with them," he said.

Congressman Stokes said that people belong to different organizations, have different philosophies and affiliate with different religions so "we are entitled to be different". He added that no matter the group to which we belong, all of us are Black, saying that he is a Black Congressman. "Never forget that you are Black," he admonished. He reminded the audience that the only way for the Black race to move forward is through unity, urging that by uniting with Black elected officials and voting for them, we increase our power base and improve our chances of representation in the political process.

He added that the United States Congress is the second highest position in the U.S. government after the President and vice-president and that the people voted him there to work



REPARATIONS—Congressman Louis Stokes addresses the audience at the Reparations conference. (Photo by Peter E. Uwagie-Ero)

for them. He is referred to as 'the people's Congressman' by those who admire his closeness to his constituents.

Congressman Stokes is the cosponsor of HR Bill 3745 with Congressman John Conyers who was represented at the N' COBRA conference by Mark Watson.

Speaking to the 526 registrants and vendors at the two-day conference, Watson said that HR Bill 3745 is a 'first step' towards Reparations—a bill to acknowledge the fundamental injustice, cruelty, brutality and inhumanity of slavery in the United States and the 13 American colonies between 1619 and 1865 and to establish a commission to examine the institution of slavery and economic discrimination against African Americans, and the impact of those forces on living

African Americans, to make recommendations to the Congress on appropriate remedies and for other purposes.

Other speakers at the conference included Queen Mother Moore, a Garveyite and the matriarch of Reparations who has been working on this cause for about fifty years. She said that it has taken too long to study Reparations for African Americans.

Dr. Delois Blakely, the deputy mayor of Harlem where Mother Moore lives said that the overall concern is the liberation of Mother Africa while Cindy Edwards-Owens, wife of Senator Bill Owens and Founder/President of African-American Reparations Committee in Detroit said that Africa has to be healed before any of us are freed.



$$\begin{array}{r} 40 \\ 20 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 0 \overline{) 8} \\ 10 \\ \hline 20 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 40 \\ 30 \\ \hline 70 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 40 \\ 30 \\ \hline 70 \\ 60 \\ \hline 130 \end{array}$$

NOVEMBER 20, 1992

## Kevin Williams Speaks Out



**IN THESE PERILOUS  
TIMES OF INJUSTICE  
AND DESPAIR, ONLY  
GOD CAN TURN IT  
AROUND**

**Keynote Speech Delivered to  
the National Associated  
Council of Community  
Churches of America in  
Virginia Beach, Virginia  
Part II**

by Kevin Williams

As a people, no one is more concerned about crime in our neighborhoods than we are. We share the very same concerns about violent crimes, theft, homicides, assaults, and rape as any other group in society. However, we must be equally concerned about our sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers behind bars, where they may very well be providing a new form of legally sanctioned slave labor. Who do you think represents the greatest

number in these overcrowded and sweltering cell blocks? We do! Who do you think receives stiffer sentences in all areas of the criminal justice system? We do! Who do you think provides the vast majority of the labor in the correctional system business activities? We do! Inside the prisons, who are the maintenance, food services and manufacturing workers? Who are relegated to inferior, unskilled labor, even within prisons? We are!

In Washington D.C. alone, a business operating four factories grosses over \$300 million in sales, making \$14 million in profits, using prison labor. Federal Prison Industries Inc. is a profitable venture that uses the forced labor of inmates for making mops, rebuilding motors, and manufacturing computers, employing 14,000 inmates. Blacks represent nearly one third of over 60,000 federal inmates. The federal prison population increases by 500 inmates per month and is expected to reach 130,000 by the year 2000.

In 1991, Federal Prison Industries received \$293 million in business from U.S. companies. Do you want to know what the inmates earned for their work? They earned between 23 cents

See Kevin Williams, page 10



## Kevin Williams

*continued from page 4*

and \$1.25 per hour. You need to know and understand that prison construction is a multi-billion dollar industry, fueled by spiraling incarceration rates.

Leading opponents of this system charge that the last vestiges of slavery live in the prisons. The exploitation of the largely Black and Hispanic prison population highlights the criminal justice system as inherently racist. It locates new prisons in white rural areas, while the prisons are being filled to capacity with innercity Blacks. For whites, who exploit Black inmate labor in a slave like fashion, Black leaders have said, "Crime does pay." This form of white supremacy keeps our people behind bars and makes Black men the endangered species.

The Center for the Study of Social Policy predicts that by the year 2000, more than 70 percent of Black men will be unemployed, jailed, addicted to drugs or alcohol, or otherwise part of an underground economy, indefinitely out of the labor force. Federal sta-

tistics reveal that while Black men make up just six percent of the U.S. population, they comprise 44 percent of inmates in state and federal prisons.

In my home state of California, over 600,000, or 23 percent, of Black men are in prison, costing taxpayers \$2.5 billion a year. The California State Commission on the Status of African American Males projects that seven out of ten Black males will be in jail by the year 2000. Black men are six times more likely to be murdered than white men. More than 40 percent of the youngsters in the juvenile justice system are Black. Black men ages 16 to 65 have the shortest life expectancy of any group in the nation. A Black boy born today has a better chance of going to jail than to college.

The continued folly of disparate treatment toward us lights the incinerator of heated discord and racial tension, as in the beating of motorist Rodney King by

15 police officers, who were later acquitted in Simi Valley, a town heavily populated by police retirees. The subsequent uprising revealed to the world that when institutions under color of justice and fairness break down, people will turn to the streets and turn on one another along racial lines. The uprising in South Central Los Angeles stands as the largest rebellion in the 20th century, with 58 lives lost and nearly \$300 million in damage. But many people are uninformed as to its real cause. The beating of Rodney King was preceded by other acts which established a double standard of the value of Black life and white life.

When young people gun down one another on the streets, they send a signal to the greater society that our very lives have virtually no value, and the "injustice system" acts that message out in the courts of the land. As I stand here, I ponder how long will it take before we recognize

that we are our brother's keeper and that life is sacred. When young Black men take each other's lives over crack, because we are the descendants of slaves who were moved from plantation to plantation, they may well be killing their own blood brother. When they push crack upon their women, a drug so devastatingly addictive that it causes a mother to forsake her maternal instincts toward her own babies, that man, when he destroys his offspring, also destroys himself.





The New York Times/Neal Boenz

Mayor David N. Dinkins in his office at City Hall.



# HISTORY OF RACISM

By Narda Nia Enzi

## Nine Lessons-A test will follow.

1. **George Washington**, America's first president, owned 216 slaves in 1771.
2. **Patrick Henry**, "Give me liberty or give me death" owned 65 slaves at the time of his death.
3. **Thomas Jefferson**, owned 185 slaves in 1809.
4. **Andrew Jackson**, owned 160 slaves at the time of his becoming Chief Executive.
5. **James K. Polk**, the 11th president, owned 18 slaves.
6. **Abraham Lincoln**, the "Great Emancipator" said during a debate in 1858, "I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having a superior position assigned to the white race."
7. **Ulysses S. Grant**, owned 4 slaves.
8. **Theodore Roosevelt**, 26th president of the United States, in a letter to a friend wrote, "Now as to Negroes, I entirely agree with you that as a race and in mass, they are altogether inferior to whites."
9. **William Taft**, the 27th president of the United States, while addressing African-American students at a Black North Carolina college, said, "Your race is adapted to be a race of farmers, first, last and always!"

**Question:** Were you taught any of this in **your** American history classes?

**Answer:** Teach yourself! No one will save you if you don't first save yourself!

**Know your enemies for who they are, not for what they want you to know about them!**



they'd be lucky to sell five thousand copies of—hymn of the angels yet.

At the thought of the song the tiny belligerence he had begun to work up dissolved. Instead he felt hurt. Here he loved the music like nothing he'd ever heard, he was ready to give them sixty, even sixty-five cents a record, and they go hire a watchdog to worry him. The thought of their not trusting him made him not angry but unhappy. Couldn't they tell how much that record meant to him?

On the chance he telephoned Sharon's hotel. Her line was busy. He left his number for her to call him back. Thinking of her, he remembered the afternoon two years before when he had nearly proposed to her. He'd taken her up to his apartment after a recording session and told her he enjoyed being with her more than with any other woman he'd ever known. She told him he was sweet, he really was. They'd necked on the sofa for awhile, but she said she couldn't do it with a man unless she was married to him. Then he'd said something—he was no longer sure exactly what—about loneliness and old friends and both parties living their own lives. If she'd wanted him to propose he would have done it, but somehow, though he was sure she liked him, he hadn't quite got the words said.

The telephone rang. "Hi, Sidddy baby."

As soon as he heard her voice—its bold facsimile of affection, its vague suspicion, its publicness made harsher by the instrument—he changed his mind. "I just wanted to say good-bye."

She sounded sorry and wanted to see him, wanted to just enough, sounded just sorry enough.

He started to tell her about the hymn and the Brothers, but instead switched over to telling her about the record he was going to get from them and how he planned to exploit it. "I mean it, Shary, I really do." He did not know exactly what he meant, but he knew he meant something.

"It's been wonderful seeing you, Sidddy. Thanks for everything."

He thought that he felt sympathy underneath the hardness of her voice. "Keep in touch," he said. In the comfortable, friendly seeming, old shoe of a phrase he felt like himself. She did her purr job on him and he liked it. "I got to hang up now. I got a crowded calendar for the rest of the day." Saying it, though it was not true, made him feel normal again. "Bye now, baby. Keep in touch."

## *Among the Dangs*

I graduated from Sansom University in 1937 with honors in history, having intended to study law, but I had no money and nowhere to get any; by good fortune the anthropology department, which had just been given a grant for research, decided that I could do a job for them. In idle curiosity I had taken a course in anthro, to see what I would have been like had history not catapulted my people a couple of centuries ago up into civilization, but I had not been inclined to enlarge on the sketchy knowledge I got from that course; even yet, when I think about it, I feel like a fraud teaching anthropology. What chiefly recommended me to the department, aside from a friend, was a combination of three attributes: I was a good mimic, a long-distance runner, and black.

The Dangs live in a forested valley in the eastern foothills of the Andes. The only white man to report on them (and, it was loosely



gossiped, the only one to return from them alive), Sir Bewley Morehead, owed his escape in 1910 to the consternation caused by Halley's comet. Otherwise, he reported, they would certainly have sacrificed him as they were preparing to do; as it was they killed the priest who was to have killed him and then burned the temple down. However, Dr. Sorish, our most distinguished Sansom man, in the early thirties developed an interest in the Dangs which led to my research grant; he had introduced a tribe of Amazonian head-shrinkers to the idea of planting grain instead of just harvesting it, as a result of which they had fattened, taken to drinking brew by the tubful, and elevated Sorish to the rank of new god. The last time he had descended among them—it is Sansom policy to follow through on any primitives we “do”—he had found his worshipers holding a couple of young Dang men captive and preparing them for ceremonies which would end only with the processing of their heads; his godhood gave him sufficient power to defer these ceremonies while he made half-a-dozen transcriptions of the men's conversations and learned their language well enough to arouse the curiosity of his colleagues. The Dangs were handy with blowpipes; no one knew what pleased them; Halley's comet wasn't due till 1986. But among the recordings Sorish brought back was a legend strangely chanted by one of these young men, whose very head perhaps you can buy today from a natural science company for \$150 to \$200, and the same youth had given Sorish a sufficient demonstration of the Dang prophetic trance, previously described by Morehead, to whet his appetite.

I was black, true; but as Sorish pointed out, I looked as though I had been rolled in granite dust and the Dangs as though they had been rolled in brick dust; my hair was short and kinky, theirs long and straight; my lips were thick, theirs thin. It's like dressing a Greek up in reindeer skins, I said, and telling him to go pass himself off as a Lapp in Lapland. Maybe, they countered, but wouldn't he be more likely to get by than a naked Swahili with bones in his nose? I was a long-distance runner, true, but as I pointed out with a good deal of feeling I didn't know the principles of jungle escape and had no desire to learn them in, as they put it, the field. They would teach me to throw the javelin and wield a machete, they would teach me the elements of judo, and as for poisoned darts and sacrifices they would insure my life—that is, my return within three years

—for five thousand dollars. I was a good mimic, true; I would be able to reproduce the Dang speech and especially the trance of the Dang prophets for the observation of science—“make a genuine contribution to learning.” In the Sansom concept the researcher's experience is an inextricable part of anthropological study, and a good mimic provides the object for others' study as well as for his own. For doing this job I would be given round-trip transportation, an M.S. if I wrote a thesis on the material I gathered, the temporary insurance on my life, and one hundred dollars a month for the year I was expected to be gone. After I'd got them to throw in a fellowship of some sort for the following year I agreed. It would pay for filling the forty cavities in my brothers' and sisters' teeth.

Dr. Sorish and I had to wait at the nearest outstation for a thunderstorm; when it finally blew up I took off all my clothes, put on a breechcloth and leather apron, put a box of equipment on my head, and trotted after him; his people were holed in from the thunder and we were in their settlement before they saw us. They were taller than I, they no doubt found my white teeth as disagreeable as I found their stained, filed teeth, but when Sorish spoke to me in English (telling me to pretend indifference to them while they sniffed me over) and in the accents of American acquaintances rather than in the harsh tones of divinity their eyes filled with awe of me. Their taboo against touching Sorish extended itself to me; when a baby ran up to me and I lifted him up to play with him, his mother crawled, beating her head on the ground till I freed him.

The next day was devoted chiefly to selecting the man to fulfill Sorish's formidable command to guide me to the edge of the Dang country. As for running—if those characters could be got to the next Olympics, Ecuador would take every long-distance medal on the board. I knew I had reached the brow of my valley only because I discovered that my guide, whom I had been lagging behind by fifty feet, at a turn in the path had disappeared into the brush.

Exhaustion allayed my terror; as I lay in the meager shade recuperating I remembered to execute the advice I had given myself before coming: to act always as though I were not afraid. What would a brave man do next? Pay no attention to his aching feet, reconnoiter, and cautiously proceed. I climbed a jutting of rock and peered about. It was a wide, scrubby valley; on the banks of the river running down the valley I thought I saw a dozen mounds too



regular for stones. I touched the handle of the hunting knife sheathed at my side, and trotted down the trackless hill.

The village was deserted, but the huts, though miserable, were clean and in good repair. This meant, according to the movies I had seen, that hostile eyes were watching my every gesture. I had to keep moving in order to avoid trembling. The river was clear and not deep. The corpse of a man floated by. I felt like going downstream, but my hypothesized courage drove me up.

In half a mile I came upon a toothless old woman squatting by the track. She did not stop munching when I appeared, nor did she scream, or even stand up. I greeted her in Dang according to the formula I had learned, whereupon she cackled and smiled and nodded as gleefully as though I had just passed a test. She reminded me of my grandmother, rolled in brick dust, minus a corn cob pipe between her gums. Presently I heard voices ahead of me. I saw five women carrying branches and walking very slowly. I lurked behind them until they came to a small village, and watched from a bush while they set to work. They stripped the leaves off, carefully did something to them with their fingers, and then dropped them in small-throated pots. Children scrabbled around, and once a couple of them ran up and suckled at one of the women. There remained about an hour till sunset. I prowled, undetected. The women stood, like fashion models, with pelvis abnormally rocked forward; they were wiry, without fat even on their breasts; not even their thighs and hips afforded clean sweeping lines undisturbed by bunched muscles. I saw no men.

Before I began to get into a lather about the right tack to take I stepped into the clearing and uttered their word of salutation. If a strange man should walk in your wife's front door and say "How do you do" in an accent she did not recognize, simultaneously poking his middle finger at her, her consternation would be something like that of those Dang women, for unthinkingly I had nodded my head when speaking and turned my palm up as one does in the United States; to them this was a gesture of intimacy, signifying desire. They disappeared into huts, clutching children.

I went to the central clearing and sat with my back to a log, knowing they would scrutinize me. I wondered where the men were. I could think of no excuse for having my knife in my hand except to clean my toenails. So astonishing an act was unknown to

the Dangs; the women and children gradually approached in silence, watching; I cleaned my fingernails. I said the word for food; no one reacted, but presently a little girl ran up to me holding a fruit in both hands. I took it, snibbed her nose between my fingers, and with a pat on the bottom sent her back to her mother. Upon this there were hostile glances, audible intakes of breath, and a huddling about the baby who did not understand any more than I did why she was being consoled. While I ate the fruit I determined to leave the next move up to them. I sheathed my knife and squatted on my hunkers, waiting. To disguise my nervousness I fixed my eyes on the ground between my feet, and grasped my ankles from behind in such a way—right ankle with right hand, left with left—as to expose the inner sides of my forearms. Now this was, as I later learned, pretty close to the initial posture taken for the prophetic trance; also I had a blue flower tattooed on my inner right arm and a blue serpent on my left (from the summer I'd gone to sea), the like of which had never been seen in this place.

At sundown I heard the men approach; they were anything but stealthy about it; I had the greatest difficulty in suppressing the shivers. In simple fear of showing my fear I did not look up when the men gathered around, I could understand just enough of what the women were telling the men to realize that they were afraid of me. Even though I was pelted with pebbles and twigs till I was angry I still did not respond, because I could not think what to do. Then something clammy was plopped onto my back from above and I leaped high, howling. Their spears were poised before I landed.

"Strangers!" I cried, my speech composed. "Far kinsmen! I come from the mountains!" I had intended to say *from the river lands*, but the excitement tangled my tongue. Their faces remained expressionless but no spears drove at me, and then to be doing something I shoved the guts under the log with my feet.

And saved my life by doing so. That I seemed to have taken, though awkwardly, the prophetic squat; that I bore visible marvels on my arm; that I was fearless and inwardly absorbed; that I came from the mountains (their enemies lived toward the river lands); that I wore their apron and spoke their language, albeit poorly, all these disposed them to wonder at this mysterious outlander. Even so they might very well have captured me, marvelous though I was,



possibly useful to them, dangerous to antagonize, had I not been unblemished, which meant that I was supernaturally guarded. Finally, my scrutinizing the fish guts, daring to smile as I did so, could mean only that I was prophetic; my leap when they had been dropped onto my back was prodigious, "far higher than a man's head," and my howl had been vatic; and my deliberately kicking the guts aside, though an inscrutable act, demonstrated at least that I could touch the entrails of an eel and live.

So I was accepted to the Dangs. The trouble was they they had no ceremony for naturalizing me. For them every act had a significance, and here they were faced with a reverse problem for which nothing had prepared them. They could not possibly just assimilate me without marking the event with an act (that is, a ceremony) signifying my entrance. For them nothing *just happened*, certainly nothing that men did. Meanwhile, I was kept in a sort of quarantine while they deliberated. I did not, to be sure, understand why I was being isolated in a hut by myself, never spoken to except efficiently, watched but not restrained. I swam, slept, scratched, watched, swatted, ate; I was not really alarmed because they had not restrained me forcibly and they gave me food. I began making friends with some of the small children, especially while swimming, and there were two girls of fifteen or so who found me terribly funny. I wished I had some magic, but I knew only card tricks. The sixth day, swimming, I thought I was being enticed around a point in the river by the two girls, but when I began to chase them they threw good-sized stones at me, missing me only because they were such poor shots. A corpse floated by; when they saw it they immediately placed the sole of their right foot on the side of their left knee and stood thus on one leg till the corpse floated out of sight; I followed the girls' example, teetering. I gathered from what they said that some illness was devastating their people; I hoped it was one of the diseases I had been inoculated against. The girls' mothers found them talking with me and cuffed them away.

I did not see them for two days, but the night of my eighth day there the bolder of them hissed me awake at the door of my hut in a way that meant "no danger." I recognized her when she giggled. I was not sure what their customs were in these matters, but while I was deliberating what my course of wisdom should be she crawled into the hut and lay on the mat beside me. She liked me, she was utterly

devoid of reticence, I was twenty-one and far from home; even a scabby little knotty-legged fashion model is hard to resist under such circumstances. I learned before falling asleep that there was a three-way debate among the men over what to do with me: initiate me according to the prophet-initiation rites, invent a new ceremony, or sacrifice me as propitiation to the disease among them as was usually done with captives. Each had its advantages and drawbacks; even the news that some of the Dangs wanted to sacrifice me did not excite me as it would have done a week before; now, I half-sympathized with their trouble. I was awakened at dawn by the outraged howl of a man at my door; he was the girl's father. The village men gathered and the girl cowered behind me. They talked for hours outside my hut, men arrived from other villages up and down the valley, and finally they agreed upon a solution to all the problems: they proposed that I should be made one of the tribe by marriage on the same night that I should be initiated into the rites of prophecy.

The new-rite men were satisfied by this arrangement because of the novelty of having a man married and initiated on the same day, but the sacrifice party was visibly unmollified. Noticing this and reflecting that the proposed arrangement would permit me to do all my trance research under optimum conditions and to accumulate a great deal of sexual data as well I agreed to it. I would of course only be going through the forms of marriage, not meaning them; as for the girl, I took this vow to myself (meaning without ceremony): "So long as I am a Dang I shall be formally a correct husband to her." More's a pity.

Fortunately a youth from down the valley already had been chosen as a novice (at least a third of the Dang men enter the novitiate at one time or another, though few make the grade), so that I had not only a companion during the four-month preparation for the vatic rites but also a control upon whom I might check my experience of the stages of the novitiate. My mimetic powers stood me in good stead; I was presumed to have a special prophetic gift and my readiness at assuming the proper stances and properly performing the ritual acts confirmed the Dangs' impressions of my gift; but also, since I was required to proceed no faster than the ritual pace in my learning, I had plenty of leisure in which to observe in the smallest detail what I did and how I, and to some extent my fellow novice,



felt. If I had not had this self-observing to relieve the tedium I think I should have been unable to get through that mindless holding of the same position hour after hour, that mindless repeating of the same act day after day. The Dangs *appear* to be bored much of the time, and my early experience with them was certainly that of ennui, though never again ennui so acute as during this novitiate. Yet I doubt that it would be accurate to say they actually are bored, and I am sure that the other novice was not, as a fisherman waiting hours for a strike cannot be said to be bored. The Dangs do not sate themselves on food; the experience which they consider most worth seeking, vision, is one which cannot glut either the prophet or his auditors; they cannot imagine an alternative to living as they live or, more instantly, to preparing a novice as I was being prepared. The people endure; the prophets, as I have learned, wait for the time to come again, and though they are bitten and stung by ten thousand fears, about this they have no anxiety—the time will surely come again. Boredom implies either satiety, and they were poor and not interested in enriching themselves, or the frustration of impulse, and they were without alternatives and diversions. The intense boredom which is really a controlled anxiety, they are protected from by never doubting the worth of their vision or their power to achieve it.

I was assisted through these difficult months during which I was supposed to do nothing but train by Redadu, my betrothed. As a novice I was strictly to abstain from sexual intercourse, but as betrothed we were supposed to make sure before marriage that we satisfied one another, for adultery by either husband or wife was punishable by maiming. Naturally the theologians were much exercised by this impasse, but while they were arguing Redadu and I took the obvious course—we met more or less surreptitiously. Since my vatic training could not take place between sunrise and sundown I assumed that we could meet in the afternoon when I woke up, but when I began making plans to this effect I discovered that she did not know what I was talking about. It makes as much sense in Dang to say, "Let's blow poisoned darts at the loss of the moon," as to say, "Let's make love in broad daylight." Redadu dissolved in giggles at the absurdity. What to do? She found us a cave. Everyone must have known what I was up to, but we were respectable (the Dang term for it was harsher, *deed-liar*) so we were never

disturbed. Redadu's friends would not believe her stories of my luxurious love ways, especially my biting with lips instead of teeth. At one time or another she sent four of them to the cave for me to demonstrate my prowess upon; I was glad that none of them pleased me as much as she did for I was beginning to be fond of her. My son has told me that lip-biting has become if not a customary at any rate a possible caress.

As the night of the double rite approached, a night of full moon, a new conflict became evident: the marriage must be consummated exactly at sundown, but the initiation must begin at moonrise, less than two hours later. For some reason that was not clear to me preparing for the initiation would incapacitate me for the consummation. I refrained from pointing out that it was only technically that this marriage needed consummating and even from asking why I would not be able to do it. The solution, which displeased everyone, was to defer the rites for three nights, when the moon, though no longer perfectly round, would rise sufficiently late so that I would, by hurrying, be able to perform both of my functions. Redadu's father, who had been of the sacrifice party, waived ahead of time his claim against me; legally he was entitled to annul the marriage if I should leave the marriage hut during the bridal night. And although I in turn could legally annul it if she left the hut I waived my claim as well so that she might attend my initiation.

The wedding consisted chiefly of our being bound back to back by the elbows and being sung to and danced about all day. At sunset we were bound face to face by the elbows (most awkward) and sent into our hut. Outside the two mothers waited—a high prophet's wife took the place of my mother (my Methodist mother!)—until our orgasmic cries indicated that the marriage had been consummated, and then came in to sever our bonds and bring us the bridal foods of cold stewed eel and parched seeds. We fed each other bite for bite and gave the scraps to our mothers, who by the formula with which they thanked us pronounced themselves satisfied with us. Then a falsetto voice called to me to hurry to the altar. A man in the mask of a moon slave was standing outside my hut on his left leg with the right foot against his left knee, and he continued to shake his rattle so long as I was within earshot.

The men were masked. Their voices were all disguised. I wondered whether I was supposed to speak in an altered voice; I knew



every stance and gesture I was to make, but nothing of what I was to say; yet surely a prophet must employ words. I had seen some of the masks before—being repaired, being carried from one place to another—but now, faced with them alive in the failing twilight, I was impressed by them in no scientific or aesthetic way—they terrified and exalted me. I wondered if I would be given a mask. I began trying to identify such men as I could by their scars and missing fingers and crooked arms, and noticed to my distress that they too were all standing one-legged in my presence. I had thought that was the stance to be assumed in the presence of the dead! We were at the entrance to The Cleft, a dead-end ravine in one of the cliffs along the valley; my fellow novice and I were each given a gourdful of some vile-tasting drink and were then taken up to the end of The Cleft, instructed to assume the first position, and left alone. We squatted as I had been squatting by the log on my first day, except that my head was cocked in a certain way and my hands clasped my ankles from the front. The excitements of the day seemed to have addled my wits, I could concentrate on nothing and lost my impulse to observe coolly what was going on; I kept humming *St. James Infirmary* to myself, and though at first I had been thinking the words, after awhile I realized that I had nothing but the tune left in my head. At moonrise we were brought another gourd of the liquor to drink, and were then taken to the mouth of The Cleft again. I did, easily, whatever I was told. The last thing I remember seeing before taking the second position was the semicircle of masked men facing us and chanting, and behind them the women and children—all standing on the left leg. I lay on my back with my left ankle on my right and my hands crossed over my navel, rolled my eyeballs up and held the lids open without blinking, and breathed in the necessary rhythm, each breath taking four heartbeats, with an interval of ten heartbeats between each exhalation and the next inspiration. Then the drug took over. At dawn when a called command awakened me, I found myself on an islet in the river dancing with my companion a leaping dance I had not known or even seen before, and brandishing over my head a magnificent red and blue, new-made mask of my own. The shores of the river were lined with the people chanting as we leaped, and all of them were either sitting or else standing on both feet. If we had been dead the night before we were alive now.

After I had slept and returned to myself, Redadu told me that my vision was splendid, but of course she was no more permitted to tell me what I had said than I was able to remember it. The Dangs' sense of rhythm is as subtle as their ear for melody is monotonous, and for weeks I kept hearing rhythmic snatches of *St. James Infirmary* scratched on calabash drums and tapped on blocks.

Sorish honored me by rewriting my master's thesis and adding my name as co-author of the resultant essay, which he published in *JAFSA* (*The Journal of American Field Anthropology*): "Techniques of Vatic Hallucinoses among the Dangs." And the twenty-minute movie I made of a streamlined performance of the rites is still widely used as an audio-visual aid.

By 1939 when I had been cured of the skin disease I had brought back with me and had finished the work for my M.S. I still had no money. I had been working as the assistant curator of the University's Pre-Columbian Museum and had developed a powerful aversion to devoting my life to cataloguing, displaying, restoring, warehousing. But my chances of getting a research job, slight enough with a Ph.D., were nil with only an M.S. The girl I was going with said (I had not told her about Redadu) that if we married she would work as a nurse to support me while I went through law school; I was tempted by the opportunity to fulfill my original ambition, and probably I would have done it had she not pressed too hard; she wanted me to leave anthropology, she wanted me to become a lawyer, she wanted to support me, but what she did not want was to make my intentions, whatever they might be, her own. So when a new grant gave me the chance to return to the Dangs I gladly seized it; not only would I be asserting myself against Velma, but also I would be paid for doing the research for my Ph.D. thesis; besides, I was curious to see the Congo-Maryland-Dang bastard I had left in Redadu's belly.

My assignment was to make a general cultural survey but especially to discover the *content* of the vatic experience—not just the technique, not even the hallucinations and stories, but the qualities of the experience itself. The former would get me a routine degree, but the latter would, if I did it, make me a name and get me a job. After much consultation I decided against taking with me any form of magic, including medicine; the antibiotics had not been in-



vented yet, and even if there had been a simple way to eradicate the fever endemic among the Dangs, my advisers persuaded me that it would be an error to introduce it since the Dangs were able to procure barely enough food for themselves as it was and since they might worship me for doing it, thereby making it impossible for me to do my research with the proper empathy. I arrived the second time provided only with my knife (which had not seemed to impress these stone-agers), salve to soothe my sores, and the knowledge of how to preserve fish against a lean season, innovation enough but not one likely to divinize me.

I was only slightly worried how I would be received on my return, because of the circumstances under which I had disappeared. I had become a fairly decent hunter—the women gathered grain and fruit—and I had learned to respect the Dangs' tracking abilities enough to have been nervous about getting away safely. While hunting with a companion in the hills south of our valley I had run into a couple of hunters from an enemy tribe which seldom foraged so far north as this. They probably were as surprised as I and probably would have been glad to leave me unmolested; however, outnumbered and not knowing how many more were with them, I whooped for my companion; one of the hunters in turn, not knowing how many were with me, threw his spear at me. I side-stepped it and reached for my darts, and though I was not very accurate with a blowpipe I hit him in the thigh; within a minute he was writhing on the ground, for in my haste I had blown a venomous dart at him, and my comrade took his comrade prisoner by surprise. As soon as the man I had hit was dead I withdrew my dart and cut off his ear for trophy, and we returned with our captive. He told our war chief in sign language that the young man I had killed was the son and heir of their king and that my having mutilated him meant their tribe surely would seek to avenge his death. The next morning a Dang search party was sent out to recover the body so that it might be destroyed and trouble averted, but it had disappeared; war threatened. The day after that I chose to vanish; they would not think of looking for me in the direction of Sorish's tribe, north, but would assume that I had been captured by the southern tribe in retribution for their prince's death. My concern now, two years later, was how to account for not having been maimed or executed; the least I could do was to cut a finger off, but when it came to the point I

could not even bring myself to have a surgeon do it, much less do it myself; I had adequate lies prepared for their other questions, but about this I was a bit nervous.

I got there at sundown. Spying, I did not see Redadu about the village. On the chance, I slipped into our hut when no one was looking; she was there, playing with our child. He was as cute a little preliterate as you ever saw suck a thumb, and it made me chuckle to think he would never be literate either. Redadu's screams when she saw me fetched the women, but when they heard a man's voice they could not intrude. In her joy she lacerated me with her fingernails (the furrows across my shoulder festered for a long time); I could do no less than bite her arm till she bled; the primal scene we treated our son to presumably scarred him for life—though I must say the scars haven't shown up yet. I can't deny I was glad to see her too, for, though I felt for her none of the tender, complex emotions I had been feeling for Velma, emotions which I more or less identified as being love, yet I was so secure with her sexually, knew so well what to do and what to expect from her in every important matter that it was an enormous, if cool, comfort to me to be with her. *Comfort* is a dangerous approximation to what I mean; being with her provided, as it were, the condition for doing; in Sansom I did not consider her my wife and here I did not recognize in myself the American emotions of love or marriage, yet it seemed to me right to be with her and our son was no bastard. *Cool*—I cannot guarantee that mine was the usual Dang emotion, for it is hard for the cool to gauge the warmth of others (in my reports I have denied any personal experience of love among the Dangs for this reason). When we emerged from the hut there was amazement and relief among the women: amazement that I had returned and relief that it had not been one of their husbands pleasuring the widow. But the men were more ambiguously pleased to see me. Redadu's scratches were not enough and they doubted my story that the enemy king had made me his personal slave who must be bodily perfect. They wanted to hear me prophesy.

Redadu told me afterward, hiding her face in my arms for fear of being judged insolent, that I surpassed myself that night, that only the three high prophets had ever been so inspired. And it was true that even the men most hostile to me did not oppose my reentry into the tribe after they had heard me prophesy; they could have



swallowed the story I fed them about my two-year absence only because they believed in me the prophet. Dangs make no separation between fact and fantasy, apparent reality and visionary reality, truth and beauty. I once saw a young would-be prophet shudder away from a stick on the ground saying it was a snake, and none of the others except the impressionable was afraid of the stick; it was said of him that he was a beginner. Another time I saw a prophet scatter the whole congregation, myself included, when he screamed at the sight of a beast which he called a cougar; when sober dawn found the speared creature to be a cur it was said of the prophet that he was strong, and he was honored with an epithet, Cougar-Dog. My prophesying the first night of my return must have been of this caliber, though to my disappointment I was given no epithet, not even the nickname I'd sometimes heard before, Bush-Hair.

I knew there was a third kind of prophesying, the highest, performed only on the most important occasions in the Cave-Temple where I had never been. No such occasion had presented itself during my stay before, and when I asked one of the other prophets about that ceremony he put me off with the term Wind-Haired Child of the Sun; from another I learned that the name of this sort of prophesying was Stone is Stone. Obviously I was going to have to stay until I could make sense of these mysteries.

There was a war party that wanted my support; my slavery was presumed to have given me knowledge which would make a raid highly successful; because of this as well as because I had instigated the conflict by killing the king's son I would be made chief of the raiding party. I was uneasy about the fever, which had got rather worse among them during the previous two years, without risking my neck against savages who were said always to eat a portion of their slain enemy's liver raw and whose habitat I knew nothing of. I persuaded the Dangs, therefore, that they should not consider attacking before the rains came, because their enemies were now the stronger, having on their side their protector, the sun. They listened to me and waited. Fortunately it was a long dry season, during which I had time to find a salt deposit and to teach a few women the rudiments of drying and salting fish; and during the first week of the rains every night there were showers of falling stars to be seen in the sky; to defend against them absorbed all energies for weeks, including the warriors'. Even so, even though I was a prophet, a

journeyman prophet as it were, I was never in on these rites in the Cave-Temple. I dared not ask many questions. Sir Bewley Morehead had described a temple surrounded by seventy-six poles, each topped by a human head; he could hardly have failed to mention that it was in a cave, yet he made no such mention, and I knew of no temple like the one he had described. At a time of rains and peace in the sky the war party would importune me. I did not know what to do but wait.

The rains became violent, swamping the villages in the lower valley and destroying a number of huts, yet the rainy season ended abruptly two months before its usual time. Preparations for war had already begun, and day by day as the sun's strength increased and the earth dried the war party became more impatient. The preparations in themselves lulled my objections to the raid, even to my leading the raid, and stimulated my desire to make war. But the whole project was canceled a couple of days before we were to attack because of the sudden fever of one of the high prophets; the day after he came down five others of the tribe fell sick, among them Redadu. There was nothing I could do but sit by her, fanning her and sponging her till she died. Her next older sister took our son to rear. I would allow no one to prepare her body but myself, though her mother was supposed to help; I washed it with the proper infusions of herbs, and at dawn, in the presence of her clan, I laid her body on the river. Thank heaven it floated or I should have had to spend another night preparing it further. I felt like killing someone now; I recklessly called for war now, even though the high prophet had not yet died; I was restrained, not without admiration. I went up into the eastern hills by myself and returned after a week bearing the hide of a cougar; I had left the head and claws on my trophy in a way the Dangs had never seen; when I put the skin on in play by daylight and bounded and snarled only the bravest did not run in terror. They called me Cougar-Man. Redadu's younger sister came to sleep with me; I did not want her, but she so stubbornly refused to be expelled that I kept her for the night, for the next night, for the next; it was not improper.

The high prophet did not die, but lay comatose most of the time. The Dangs have ten master prophets, of whom the specially gifted, whether one or all ten, usually two or three, are high prophets. Fifteen days after Redadu had died, well into the abnormal dry spell,



nearly all the large fish seemed to disappear from the river. A sacrifice was necessary. It was only because the old man was so sick that a high prophet was used for this occasion, otherwise a captive or a woman would have served the purpose. A new master prophet must replace him, to keep the complement up to ten. I was chosen.

The exultation I felt when I learned that the master prophets had co-opted me among them was by no means cool and anthropological, for now that I had got what I had come to get I no longer wanted it for Sansom reasons. *If the conditions of my being elevated, I said to myself, are the suffering of the people, Redadu's death, and the sacrifice of an old man, then I must make myself worthy of the great price.* Worthy—a value word, not a scientific one. Of course, my emotions were not the simple pride and fear of a Dang. I can't say what sort they were, but they were fierce.

At sundown all the Dangs of all the clans were assembled about the entrance to The Cleft. All the prophets, masked, emerged from The Cleft and began the dance in a great wheel. Within this wheel, rotating against it, was the smaller wheel of the nine able-bodied master prophets. At the center, facing the point at which the full moon would rise, I hopped on one leg, than the other. I had been given none of the vatic liquor, that brew which the women, when I had first come among the Dangs, had been preparing in the small-throated pots, and I hoped I should be able to remain conscious throughout the rites. However, at moonrise a moon slave brought me a gourdful to drink without ceasing to dance. I managed to allow a good deal of it to spill unnoticed down with the sweat streaming off me, so that later I was able to remember what had happened, right up to the prophesying itself. The dance continued for at least two more hours, then the drums suddenly stopped and the prophets began to file up The Cleft with me last dancing after the high prophets. We danced into an opening in the cliff from which a disguising stone had been rolled away. The people were not allowed to follow us. We entered a great cavern illuminated by ten smoking torches and circled a palisade of stakes; the only sound was the shuffle of our feet and the snorts of our breathing. There were seventy-six stakes, as Morehead had seen, but only on twenty-eight of them were heads impaled, the last few with flesh on them still, not yet skulls cleaned of all but hair. In the center was a huge stone under the middle of which a now dry stream had tunneled a

narrow passage; on one side of the stone, above the passage, were two breastlike protuberances, one of which had a recognizable nipple in the suitable place. Presently the dancing file reversed so that I was the leader. I had not been taught what to do; I wove the file through the round of stakes, and spiraled inward till we were three deep about The Stone; I straddled the channel, raised my hands till they were touching the breasts, and gave a great cry. I was, for reasons I do not understand, shuddering all over; though I was conscious and though I had not been instructed, I was not worried that I might do the wrong thing next. When I touched The Stone a dread shook me without affecting my exaltation. Two moon slaves seized my arms, took off my mask, and wrapped and bound me—arms at my side and legs pressed together in a deer hide—and then laid me on my back in the channel under The Stone with my head only half out, so that I was staring up the sheer side of rock. The dancers continued, though the master prophets had disappeared. My excitement, the new unused position, being mummied tightly, the weakness of the drug, my will to observe, all kept me conscious for a long time. Gradually, however, my eyes began to roll up into my head, I strained less powerfully against the thongs that bound me, and I felt my breathing approach the vatic rhythm. At this point I seemed to break out in a new sweat, on my forehead, my throat, in my hair; I could hear a splash, groggily I licked my chin—an odd taste—I wondered if I was bleeding. Of course, it was the blood of the sick old high prophet, who had just been sacrificed on The Stone above me; well, his blood would give me strength. Wondering remotely whether his fever could be transmitted by drinking his blood I entered the trance. At dawn I emerged into consciousness while I was still prophesying; I was on a ledge in the valley above all the people, in my mask again. I listened to myself finish the story I was telling. "He was afraid. A third time a man said to him: 'You are a friend of the most high prophet.' He answered: 'Not me. I do not know that man they are sacrificing.' Then he went into a dark corner, he put his hands over his face all day." When I came to the Resurrection a sigh blew across the people. It was the best story they had ever heard. Of course. But I was not really a Christian. For several weeks I fretted over my confusion, this new, unsuspected confusion.

I was miserable without Redadu; I let her sister substitute only



until I had been elevated, and then I cast her off, promising her however that she and only she might wear an anklet made of my teeth when I should die. Now that I was a master prophet I could not be a warrior; I had enough of hunting and fishing and tedious ceremonies. Hunger from the shortage of fish drove the hunters high into the foothills; there was not enough; they ate my preserved fish, suspiciously, but they ate them. When I left it was not famine that I was escaping but my confusion; I was fleeing to the classrooms and the cool museums where I should be neither a leftover Christian nor a mimic of a Dang.

My academic peace lasted for just two years, during which time I wrote five articles on my researches, publishing them this time under my name only, did some of the work for my doctorate, and married Velma. Then came World War II, in which my right hand was severed above the wrist; I was provided with an artificial hand and given enough money so that I could afford to finish my degree in style. We had two daughters and I was given a job at Sansom. There was no longer a question of my returning to the Dangs. I would become a settled anthropologist, teach, and quarrel with my colleagues in the learned journals. But by the time the Korean War came along and robbed us of a lot of our students, my situation at the university had changed considerably. Few of my theoretical and disputatious articles were printed in the journals, and I hated writing them; I was not given tenure and there were some hints to the effect that I was considered a one-shot man, a flash-in-the-pan; Velma nagged for more money and higher rank. My only recourse was further research, and when I thought of starting all over again with some other tribe—in northern Australia, along the Zambesi, on an African island—my heart sank. The gossip was not far from the mark—I was not a one hundred per cent scientist and never would be. I had just enough reputation and influential recommendations to be awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship; supplemented by a travel grant from the university this made it possible for me to leave my family comfortably provided for and to return to the Dangs.

A former student now in Standard Oil in Venezuela arranged to have me parachuted among them from an SO plane. There was the real danger that they would kill me before they recognized me, but if I arrived in a less spectacular fashion I was pretty sure they

would sacrifice me for their safety's sake. This time, being middle-aged, I left my hunting knife and brought instead at my belt a pouch filled with penicillin and salves. I had a hard time identifying the valley from the air; it took me so long that it was sunset before I jumped. I knew how the Dangs were enraged by airplanes, especially by the winking lights of night fliers, and I knew they would come for me if they saw me billowing down. Fortunately I landed in the river, for though I was nearly drowned before I disentangled my parachute harness I was also out of range of the blowpipes. I finally identified myself to the warriors brandishing their spears along the shore; they had not quite dared to swim out after so prodigious a being; even after they knew who I said I was and allowed me to swim to shore they saw me less as myself than as a supernatural being. I was recognized by newcomers who had not seen me so closely swinging from the parachute (the cloud); on the spot my epithet became, and remained, Sky-Cougar. Even so no one dared touch me till the high prophet—there was only one now—had arrived and talked with me; my artificial hand seemed to him an extension of the snake tattooed onto my skin, he would not touch it; I suddenly struck him with it and pinched his arm. "Pinchers," I said using the word for a crayfish claw, and he laughed. He said there was no way of telling whether I was what I seemed to be until he had heard me prophesy; if I prophesied as I had done before I had disappeared I must be what I seemed to be; meanwhile, for the three weeks till full moon I was to be kept in the hut for captives.

At first I was furious at being imprisoned, and when mothers brought children from miles about to peek through the stakes at the man with the snake hand I snarled or sulked like a caged wolf. But I became conscious that one youth, squatting in a quiet place, had been watching me for hours. I demanded of him who he was. He said, "I am your son," but he did not treat me as his father. To be sure, he could not have remembered what I looked like; my very identity was doubted; even if I were myself, I was legendary, a stranger who had become a Dang and had been held by an enemy as captive slave for two years and had then become a master prophet with the most wonderful vision anyone knew. Yet he came to me every day and answered all the questions I put to him. It was, I believe, my artificial hand that finally kept him aloof from me; no amount of acquaintance could accustom him to that. By the end of



the first week it was clear to me that if I wanted to survive—not to be accepted as I once had been, just to survive—I would have to prophesy the Passion again. And how could I determine what I would say when under the vatic drug? I imagined a dozen schemes for substituting colored water for the drug, but I would need an accomplice for that and I knew that not even my own son would serve me in so forbidden an act.

I called for the high prophet. I announced to him in tones all the more arrogant because of my trepidations that I would prophesy without the vatic liquor. His response to my announcement astonished me: he fell upon his knees, bowed his head, and rubbed dust into his hair. He was the most powerful man among the Dangs, except in time of war when the war chief took over, and furthermore he was an old man of personal dignity, yet here he was abasing himself before me and, worse, rubbing dust into his hair as was proper in the presence of the very sick to help them in their dying. He told me why: prophesying successfully from a voluntary trance was the test which I must pass to become a high prophet; normally a master prophet was forced to this, for the penalty for failing it was death. I dismissed him with a wave of my claw.

I had five days to wait until full moon. The thought of the risk I was running was more than I could handle consciously; to avoid the jitters I performed over and over all the techniques of preparing for the trance, though I carefully avoided entering it. I was not sure I would be able to enter it alone, but whether I could or not I knew I wanted to conserve my forces for the great test. At first during those five days I would remind myself once in a while of my scientific purpose in going into the trance consciously; at other times I would assure myself that it was for the good of the Dangs that I was doing it, since it was not wise or safe for them to have only one high prophet. Both of these reasons were true enough, but not very important. As scientist I should tell them some new myth, say the story of Abraham and Isaac or of Oedipus, so that I could compare its effect on them with that of the Passion; as master prophet I should ennoble my people if I could. However, thinking these matters over as I held my vatic squat hour after hour, visited and poked at by prying eyes, I could find no myth to satisfy me; either, as in the case of Abraham, it involved a concept of God which the Dangs could not reach, or else, as with Oedipus, it necessitated more drastic

changes than I trusted myself to keep straight while prophesying—that Oedipus should mutilate himself was unthinkable to the Dangs and that the gods should be represented as able to forgive him for it was impious. Furthermore, I did not think, basically, that any story I could tell them would in fact ennoble them. I was out to save my own skin.

The story of Christ I knew by heart; it had worked for me once, perhaps more than once; it would work again. I rehearsed it over and over, from the Immaculate Conception to the Ascension. But such was the force of that story on me that by the fifth day my cynicism had disappeared along with my scientism, and I believed, not that the myth itself was true, but that relating it to my people was the best thing it was possible for me to do for them. I remember telling myself that this story would help raise them toward monotheism, a necessary stage in the evolution toward freedom. I felt a certain satisfaction in the thought that some of the skulls on the stakes in the Cave-Temple were very likely those of missionaries who had failed to convert these heathen.

At sundown of the fifth day I was taken by moon slaves to a cave near The Cleft, where I was left in peace. I fell into a troubled sleep from which I awoke in a sweat. "Where am I? What am I about to do?" It seemed to me dreadfully wrong that I should be telling these, my people, a myth in whose power, but not in whose truth, I believed. Why should I want to free them from superstition into monotheism and then into my total freedom, when I myself was half-returning, voluntarily, down the layers again? The energy for these sweating questions came, no doubt, from my anxiety about how I was going to perform that night, but I did not recognize this fact at the time. Then I thought it was my conscience speaking, and that I had no right to open to the Dangs a freedom I myself was rejecting. It was too late to alter my course; honesty required me, and I resolved courageously, not to prophesy at all.

When I was fetched out the people were in assembly at The Cleft and the wheel of master prophets was revolving against the greater wheel of dancers. I was given my cougar skin. Hung from a stake, in the center where I was to hop, was a huge, terrific mask I had never seen before. As the moon rose her slaves hung this mask on me; the thong cut into the back of my neck cruelly, and at the bottom the mask came to a point that pressed my belly; it was so wide my



arms could only move laterally. It had no eye holes; I broke into a sweat wondering how I should be able to follow the prophets into the Cave-Temple. It turned out to be no problem; the two moon slaves, one on each side, guided me by prodding spears in my ribs. Once in the cave they guided me to the back side of The Stone and drove me to climb it, my feet groping for steps I could not see; once, when I lost my balance, the spears' pressure kept me from falling backward. By the time I reached the top of The Stone I was bleeding and dizzy. With one arm I kept the mask from gouging my belly while with the other I helped my aching neck support the mask. I did not know what to do next. Tears of pain and anger poured from my eyes. I began hopping. I should have been moving my arms in counterpoint to the rhythm of my hop, but I could not bear the thought of letting the mask cut into me more. I kept hopping in the same place for fear of falling off; I had not been noticing the sounds of the other prophets, but suddenly I was aware they were making no sounds at all. In my alarm I lurched to the side and cut my foot on a sharp break in the rock. Pain converted my panic to rage.

I lifted the mask and held it flat above my head. I threw my head back and howled as I had never howled in my life, through a constricted, gradually opening throat, until at the end I was roaring; when I gasped in my breath I made a barking noise. I leaped and leaped, relieved of pain, confident. I punched my knee desecratingly through the brittle hide of the mask, and threw it behind me off The Stone. I tore off my cougar skin, and holding it with my claw by the tip of its tail I whirled it around my head. The prophets, massed below me, fell onto their knees. I felt their fear. Howling, I soared the skin out over them; one of those on whom it landed screamed hideously. A commotion started; I could not see very well what was happening. I barked and they turned toward me again. I leaped three times and then, howling, jumped wide-armed off The Stone. The twelve-foot drop hurt severely my already cut foot. I rolled exhausted into the channel in the cave floor.

Moon slaves with trembling hands mummied me in the deerskin and shoved me under The Stone with only my head sticking out. They brought two spears with darts tied to the points; rolling my head to watch them do this I saw that the prophets were kneeling over and rubbing dirt into their hair. Then the slaves laid the

spears alongside the base of The Stone with the poisoned pricks pointed at my temples; exactly how close they were I could not be sure, but close enough so that I dared not move my head. In all my preparations I had, as I had been trained to do, rocked and weaved at least my head; now, rigidity, live rigidity. A movement would scratch me and a scratch would kill me.

I pressed my hook into my thigh, curled my toes, and pressed my tongue against my teeth till my throat ached. I did not dare relieve myself even with a howl, for I might toss my head fatally. I strained against my thongs to the verge of apoplexy. For a while I was unable to see, for sheer rage. Fatigue collapsed me. Yet I dared not relax my vigilance over my movements. My consciousness sealed me off. Those stone protuberances up between which I had to stare in the flickering light were merely chance processes on a boulder, similes to breasts. The one thing I might not become unconscious of was the pair of darts waiting for me to err. For a long time I thought of piercing my head against them, for relief, for spite. Hours passed. I was carefully watched.

I do not know what wild scheme I had had in mind when I had earlier resolved not to prophesy, what confrontation or escape; it had had the pure magnificence of a fantasy resolution. But the reality, which I had not seriously tried to evade, was that I must prophesy or die. I kept lapsing from English into a delirium of Dang. By the greatest effort of will I looked about me rationally. I wondered whether the return of Halley's comet, at which time all the stakes should be mounted by skulls, would make the Dangs destroy the Cave-Temple and erect a new one. I observed the straight, indented seam of sandstone running slantwise up the boulder over me and wondered how many eons this rotting piece of granite had been tumbled about by water. I reflected that I was unworthy both as a Christian and as a Dang to prophesy the life of Jesus. But I convinced myself that it was a trivial matter, since to the Christians it was the telling more than the teller that counted and to the Dangs this myth would serve as a civilizing force they needed. Surely, I thought, my hypocrisy could be forgiven me, especially since I resolved to punish myself for it by leaving the Dangs forever as soon as I could. Having reached this rational solution I smiled and gestured to the high prophet with my eyes; he did not move a muscle. When I realized that nothing to do with hypocrisy would



unbind me desperation swarmed in my guts and mounted toward my brain; with this question it took me over: *How can I make myself believe it is true?* I needed to catch hold of myself again. I dug my hook so hard into my leg—it was the only action I was able to take—that I gasped with pain; the pain I wanted. I did not speculate on the consequences of gouging my leg, tearing a furrow in my thigh muscle, hurting by the same act the stump of my arm to which the hook was attached; just as I knew that the prophets, the torches, the poisoned darts were there in the cave, so also I knew that far far back in my mind I had good enough reasons to be hurting myself, reasons which I could find out if I wanted to, but which it was not worth my trouble to discover; I even allowed the knowledge that I myself was causing the pain to drift back in my mind. The pain itself, only the pain, became my consciousness, purging all else. Then, as the pain subsided leaving me free and equipoised, awareness of the stone arched over me flooded my mind. Because it had been invested by the people with a great mystery, it was an incarnation; the power of their faith made it the moon, who was female; at the same time it was only a boulder. I understood Stone is Stone, and that became my consciousness.

My muscles ceased straining against the bonds, nor did they slump; they ceased aching, they were at ease, they were ready. I said nothing, I did not change the upward direction of my glance, I did not smile, yet at this moment the high prophet removed the spears and had the moon slaves unbind me. I did not feel stiff nor did my wounds bother me, and when I put on my cougar skin and leaped, pulled the head over my face and roared, all the prophets fell onto their faces before me. I began chanting and I knew I was doing it all the better for knowing what I was about; I led them back out to the waiting people, and until dawn I chanted the story of the birth, prophesying, betrayal, sacrifice, and victory of the most high prophet. I am a good mimic, I was thoroughly trained, the story is the best; what I gave them was, for them, as good as a vision. I did not know the difference myself.

But the next evening I knew the difference. While I performed my ablutions and the routine ceremonies to the full moon I thought with increasing horror of my state of mind during my conscious trance. What my state of mind actually had been I cannot with confidence now represent, for what I know of it is

colored by my reaction against it the next day. I had remained conscious, in that I could recall what happened, yet that observer and commentator in myself of whose existence I had scarcely been aware, but whom I had always taken for my consciousness, had vanished. I no longer had been thinking, but had lost control so that my consciousness had become what I was doing; almost worse, when I had told the story of Christ I had done it not because I had wanted to or believed in it but because, in some obscure sense, I had had to. Thinking about it afterward I did not understand or want to understand what I was drifting toward, but I knew it was something that I feared. And I got out of there as soon as I was physically able.

Here in Sansom what I have learned has provided me with material for an honorable contribution to knowledge, has given me a tenure to a professorship—thereby pleasing my wife—whereas if I had stayed there among the Dangs much longer I would have reverted until I had become one of them, might not have minded when the time came to die under the sacrificial knife, would have taken in all ways the risk of prophecy—as my Dang son intends to do—until I had lost myself utterly.



not find employment outside of Negro schools. In fact, some Negro teachers were placed upon a "blacklist," indicating that they were not fit to teach in Negro schools because they did not have the "right" philosophy of racial adjustment. A teacher could be placed upon the "blacklist" by merely refusing to submit to insults by southern whites. Under such a system of tutelage the Negro teacher has been able to teach students only an opportunistic philosophy with reference to the race problem or the economic problems facing the country.

A relatively large proportion of educated Negroes have found employment in the field of social work. In this field of employment, as in the teaching field, the Negro intellectual has not been able to engage in independent thinking. Social welfare among Negroes has been supported by white philanthropy, and Negro workers in social welfare agencies have supported, on the whole, the ideas of their white benefactors concerning racial and economic questions. The leading organization in the field of social work devoted to the Negro has been the National Urban League. This organization, which grew out of several committees of philanthropic whites interested in the welfare of the Negro in northern cities, came into existence in 1911.<sup>17</sup> From its beginning the Urban League emphasized the interracial character of its program. The staff of the Urban League was composed of Negroes, with a sociologist as its executive secretary, while wealthy whites including John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Julius Rosenwald, and Mrs. William H. Baldwin were among its main financial supporters. Soon after its organization, the League established branches in the industrial centers of

the North. Consequently, du  
League became the most in  
the raw southern Negro r  
and assisted in finding them  
able to them the resources o

It was inevitable that the  
volved in the problem of the  
ers to the labor unions. In  
in Detroit, the National U  
in favor of collective barg  
Negro worker "should begin  
the terms of the labor move  
when President Roosevelt's  
augurated, the League reite  
bargaining.<sup>19</sup> These liberal  
of the National Office did no  
cies followed by the local  
shaped their policies accord  
white employers whose finan  
ence possible. In a number  
utilized their relations with  
breaking, or they went into  
from organizing.<sup>20</sup> The local  
about supporting Negroes in  
unions, as in the case of the  
gene K. Jones, the executiv  
Urban League announced h  
man porters union during a  
Pullman Company, which  
Chicago Urban League, dem  
was speaking for the Urban



the North. Consequently, during the first World War, the League became the most important agency in screening the raw southern Negro recruits to northern industry and assisted in finding them homes and in making available to them the resources of the social welfare agencies.

It was inevitable that the League should become involved in the problem of the relation of the Negro workers to the labor unions. In 1919, at its annual meeting in Detroit, the National Urban League declared itself in favor of collective bargaining and stated that the Negro worker "should begin to think more and more in the terms of the labor movement."<sup>18</sup> Then again in 1933, when President Roosevelt's New Deal program was inaugurated, the League reiterated its belief in collective bargaining.<sup>19</sup> These liberal pronouncements on the part of the National Office did not have any effect on the policies followed by the local Leagues. The local Leagues shaped their policies according to the demands of the white employers whose financial support made their existence possible. In a number of cities the local Leagues utilized their relations with Negroes to engage in strike breaking, or they went into plants to discourage Negroes from organizing.<sup>20</sup> The local Leagues were even careful about supporting Negroes in the organization of separate unions, as in the case of the Pullman porters. When Eugene K. Jones, the executive secretary of the National Urban League announced his endorsement of the Pullman porters union during a financial drive in 1926, the Pullman Company, which made contributions to the Chicago Urban League, demanded to know if Mr. Jones was speaking for the Urban League or only personally.<sup>21</sup>



Upon receiving the reply that the National Urban League handled national questions and did not control the policies of the local Leagues, the Pullman Company continued to contribute to the Chicago Urban League.

However, the National Urban League has also followed an opportunistic policy in regard to the labor movement. It was slow in giving its endorsement of the organization of the Congress of Industrial Organizations.<sup>22</sup>

Its support of movements to unionize Negro workers has advanced only as its white supporters have allowed it to advance. The National Urban League does not have the support of the Negro masses. It is an organization composed of Negro professional and white-collar workers depending upon white philanthropy. The leaders in the National Urban League regard themselves as essentially social welfare workers. Even when the League organized the so-called "Workers Councils" during the 1930's, when Negro workers were making increasing demands for organization, they selected for membership in the Councils middle-class Negroes who had little knowledge of Negro workers or sympathy with their aspirations.<sup>23</sup>

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which was also a form of interracial cooperation for the improvement of the Negro, was organized two years before the National Urban League. It differed from the League in that it represented a cooperative effort on the part of the so-called "militant" Negroes, who were opposed to the program of Booker T. Washington, and distinguished white leaders of public opinion who were opposed to the segregation and disfranchisement of the Negro.<sup>24</sup> W. E. B. DuBois, who

bec  
Nat  
Peo  
Osv  
tion  
com  
Adv  
the  
clud

Ab  
Eq  
En  
En  
the U

The  
who  
groes  
tions  
this  
from  
Ne  
sociat  
know  
ciated  
of Ne  
calism  
mean  
for eq  
upon t  
of the  
and fo



→ became the editor of the *Crisis*, the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was the leader of the "militant" Negroes, and Oswald Garrison Villard, the grandson of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, wrote the call for the conference at which the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was organized. When the association was organized in 1909, its program included the following goals:

- Abolition of Enforced Segregation;
- Equal Educational Advantages for Colored and White;
- Enfranchisement for the Negro;
- Enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the United States Constitution.

The program "was denounced by nearly every white man who gave to Negro institutions."<sup>25</sup> Moreover, many Negroes, especially those who were associated with institutions supported by white philanthropists, "thought" that this program was too radical, and there was pressure from both whites and Negroes to modify the program.

Negroes who became identified with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People were known as "radical" and thus radicalism came to be associated with "racial radicalism" or the belief in the equality of Negroes and whites in American society. "Racial radicalism" had nothing to do with "radicalism" in the broader meaning of the term. It is true, however, that in the fight for equality in American society, the Association insisted upon the equality of Negroes in labor unions. As the result of the mass migrations of Negroes to northern cities during and following the first World War, membership in the



## ALONG THE COLOR LINE

# America's military iron

By Dr. Manning Marable

The Cold War in Europe is at long last ending. The Iron Curtain dividing Communist Eastern Europe from the capitalist west has been breached, and entirely destroyed in Hungary. This year alone, we have witnessed the election of a non-communist government in Poland, political liberation in Hungary, the creation of a democratic legislature in the Soviet Union, and the destruction of the Berlin Wall.

The political leader chiefly responsible for the trend toward world peace is not President Bush, but Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev. It is Gorbachev who has set the pace for the radical restructuring of his own economic and political system, and has encouraged pluralism and democracy in Eastern Europe.

The Soviets are unilaterally withdrawing 50,000 troops and 5,000 tanks from Europe, and are prepared to make even deeper cuts in conventional and nuclear forces. The Soviets have agreed to disband the Warsaw Pact if the U.S. and its allies also agree to dissolve the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But the Bush administration has yet to respond to these initiatives. The U.S. still has over 300,000 army and air force troops stationed in Europe, and the Bush administration has rejected talks to eliminate the

the largest bill for nuclear and conventional weapons expenditures in U.S. history — \$305 billion. There were virtually no debate or discussion, and the bipartisan vote was 236 to 172. The Senate is expected to approve the bill.

In some respects, this most recent legislation for militarism was even more conservative and reactionary than the legislation sought by Bush. For example, Bush had previously agreed to terminate ten weapons programs over the next two years. The administration had agreed to end construction on new F-14 fighters built by the Grumman Corporation. But the House continued the program, calling for the construction of 18 additional F-14 planes that the Pentagon had not requested. Each F-14 cost \$66 million.

The Pentagon agreed to terminate the V-22 Osprey airplane program; but the House authorized continued production at \$585 million. The Bush administration sought to cut a helicopter program, but Congress asked for 36 more helicopters at \$195 million. This is not to suggest that Bush has become a "dove" on defense. The Pentagon wanted \$4.7 billion for the B-2 Stealth bomber; Congress responded with a paltry \$4.3 billion.

Why are Congress and the President proposing billions of

Because we exercise the vote, we have the illusion that our interests genuinely matter. But the corporate special interests coopt Democrats and Republicans alike, by providing generous election financing in return for the continuation of wasteful, destructive military programs.

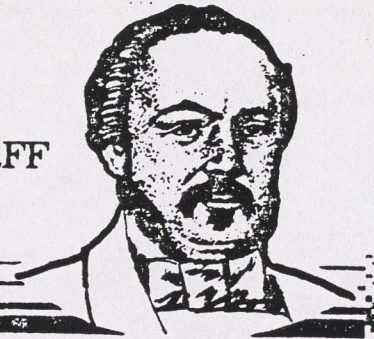
What's the price of this Cold War budget? In the next five years, Congress is projected to allocate nearly \$1.6 trillion for weapons. These billions are taken from human needs and economic development. Two Trident submarines cut \$2.3 billion from food stamps, plus another \$700 million from nutritional aid to women, infants and children. Forty six M-1 tanks would purchase 500 modern city buses for mass transportation.

One F-16 jet fighter costs as much as one thousand teachers' salaries for one full year. One billion dollars spent on building guided missiles creates 20,700 jobs — but one billion dollars spent for public health care facilities, doctors, nurses and staff would create 54,300 jobs. One billion dollars spent for public education, teachers' salaries and school construction would generate 71,500 jobs.

It is a question of public need vs. corporate greed. The real wages of American middle income workers, adjusted for inflation, have actually fallen 9 percent since the election of Reagan



WILLIAM ALEXANDER LEIDESDORFF  
1810-1848



William A. Leidesdorff was a pioneer in the development of California. He owned a 35,000-acre estate, was captain of a 160-ton schooner, and he was also an American diplomat. He built San Francisco's first hotel, opened the State's first public school, and also introduced the first steamboat and the first official horse race to California. Leidesdorff became the first Black millionaire in America.

Born in 1810, in the Virgin Islands (St. Croix), he was one of three sons born to a Danish father and an African mother. He and his two brothers were sent to New Orleans to work in their father's cotton business. Sometime later, for reasons unknown, his brothers died and Leidesdorff inherited the capital from the business. In 1841, he left New Orleans (legend has it, because of an unsuccessful love affair) and sailed to California on the *Julia Ann*, his 160-ton schooner.

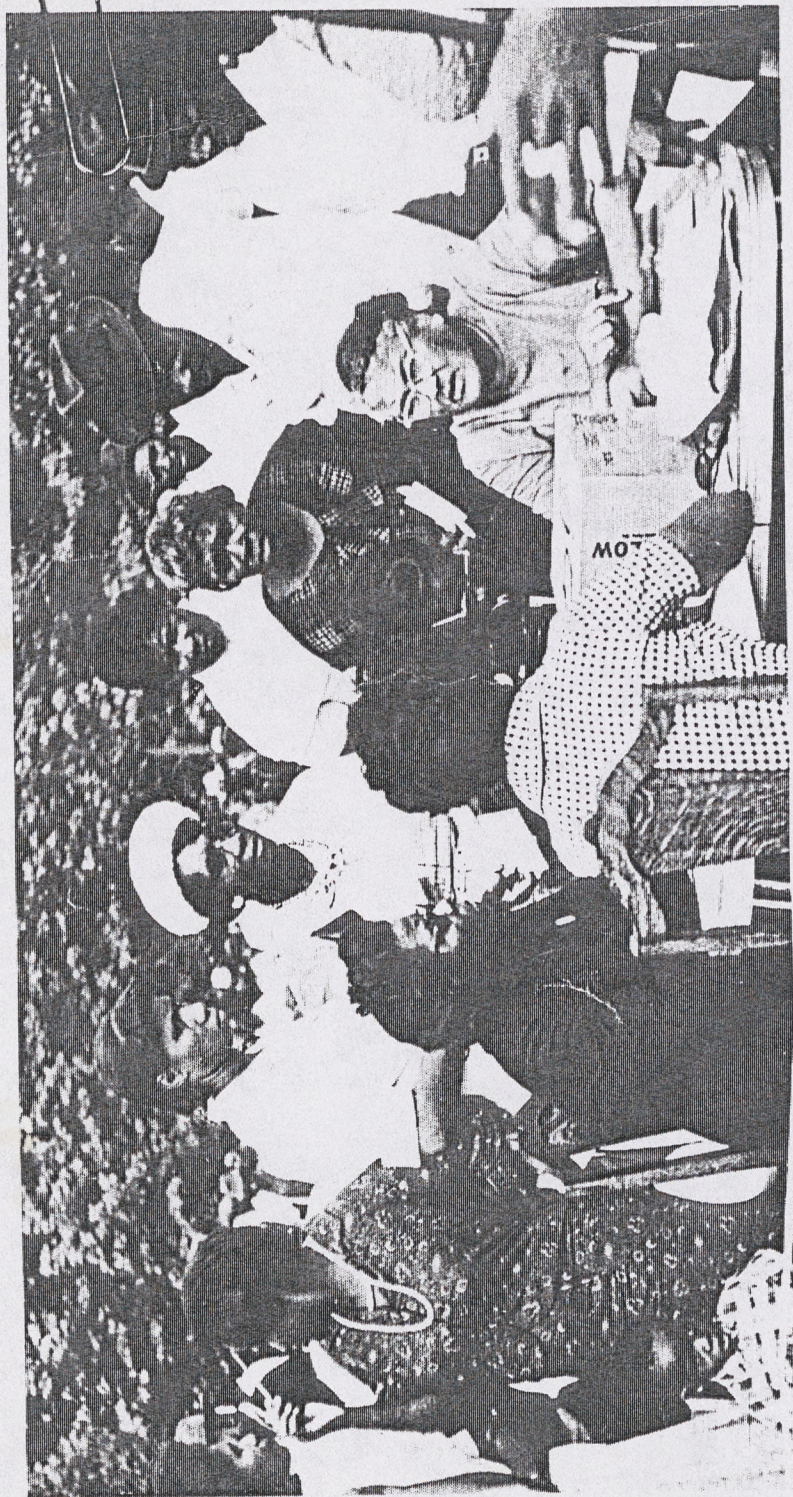
In a short time, Leidesdorff made major changes in California. As recalled by William Tecumseh Sherman in 1847, "California had been without a shod horse, tavern, hotel, or even a common wagon road." Leidesdorff obtained land grants from the Mexican government for two 300-foot lots, and built a store and a home, where he entertained the socially accepted and high ranking political figures. Later, wishing to obtain more land, he became a Mexican citizen and acquired a 35,000-acre estate in 1844. It was located on the banks of the American River, near Sutter's Mill, the birth place of the California gold rush. He named the ranch Rancho Rio de Los Americanos.

The last Mexican mayor of San Francisco gave him another parcel of land in 1846, on what has now become Leidesdorff and California Streets. Upon this land, he built a warehouse and leased it to the U.S. government. By this time he had become a member of the city council, chairman of the school board and city treasurer of San Francisco. During the interim, California was in the middle of a three-way power struggle between the Mexican government, who owned it, and the United States and Great Britain, who wanted it. Leidesdorff played an exciting and influential role, a double agent of sorts, in the political struggle.

In spite of his new citizenship, Leidesdorff conferred with John C. Fremont and other American sympathizers on more than one occasion, to discuss the impending seizure of California by the American government. In July, 1846, the United States Marines seized the city and planted the American flag in the plaza. The night before, Leidesdorff had translated the take-over proclamation for the benefit of citizens who did not understand English. Further, Mexican officials were expecting the invasion and had given their flag and official papers to him for safe-keeping. Two weeks later, Leidesdorff threw a fancy-dress ball for the conquering Americans. He was allowed to maintain his official posts and was further given the position of American consul.

Leidesdorff's career and fame was short-lived. He died on May 18, 1848, at age 38 of brain fever (typhus). But before his death, he had become a man of great political and social influence. His land holdings and financial wealth were astounding. After a lengthy legal battle, his estate was sold to a White army captain, Joseph Folsom, for \$75,000; however, it was later valued at \$1.5 million.





*Members of Black Panther Party in Lowndes County, Alabama, registering to vote.*

## THE CASE for an INDEPENDENT BLACK POLITICAL PARTY

The most dynamic demand among Afro-Americans today is for black power. Although they are the biggest minority in this country, numbering 22 million people or over 11 per cent of the population, making up about 20 per cent of the work force, and due to become the majority in ten of the larger Northern cities by the 1970s, black Americans have been permitted little power of any kind, economic, social, cultural or political. The denial of real or proportional political representation to such a key sector is one of the most glaring injustices of this capitalist society.

How has the racist ruling class managed to keep black people in such a politically powerless state? How can this condition be overcome? This is one of the most pressing problems facing black Americans — and their future depends upon finding the correct solution to it.

To the extent that black people have participated in politics to date, it has been almost entirely through the two big capitalist parties, the Democrats and Republicans, that is within terms laid down by the representatives of their oppressors and exploiters. The main reason for the meager results achieved after 13 years of struggle since the 1954 Supreme Court decision has been their dependence upon the two capitalist parties which have conceded little but a series of phony "civil rights" bills.

The lack of any substantial gains through this avenue underscores the need for organizing and exercising genuinely independent black political power. Here are some of the reasons why this kind of political action can bring considerable benefits to the black masses, give maximum leverage to their united power, and prepare them for the tasks of revolutionizing this oppressive racist capitalist society.

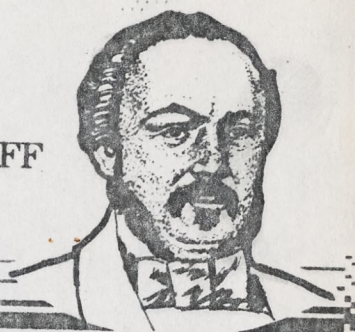
### Why an Independent Black Party is Needed

The black people's lack of political power is so serious because politics is the key to breaking out of the vicious circle of social, economic and cultural deprivation and discrimination imposed on them by this system. It is not something far away from their everyday lives or



From The Library of  
LEE BROWN

WILLIAM ALEXANDER LEIDESDORFF  
1810-1848



William A. Leidesdorff was a pioneer in the development of California. He owned a 35,000-acre estate, was captain of a 160-ton schooner, and he was also an American diplomat. He built San Francisco's first hotel, opened the State's first public school, and also introduced the first steamboat and the first official horse race to California. Leidesdorff became the first Black millionaire in America.

Born in 1810, in the Virgin Islands (St. Croix), he was one of three sons born to a Danish father and an African mother. He and his two brothers were sent to New Orleans to work in their father's cotton business. Sometime later, for reasons unknown, his brothers died and Leidesdorff inherited the capital from the business. In 1841, he left New Orleans (legend has it, because of an unsuccessful love affair) and sailed to California on the *Julia Ann*, his 160-ton schooner.

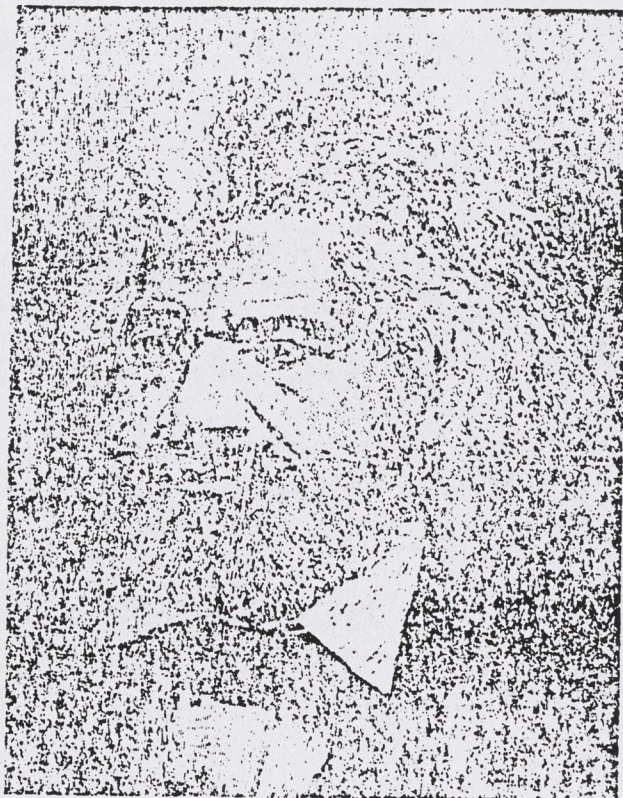
In a short time, Leidesdorff made major changes in California. As recalled by William Tecumseh Sherman in 1847, "California had been without a shod horse, tavern, hotel, or even a common wagon road." Leidesdorff obtained land grants from the Mexican government for two 300-foot lots, and built a store and a home, where he entertained the socially accepted and high ranking political figures. Later, wishing to obtain more land, he became a Mexican citizen and acquired a 35,000-acre estate in 1844. It was located on the banks of the American River, near Sutter's Mill, the birth place of the California gold rush. He named the ranch Rancho Rio de Los Americanos.

The last Mexican mayor of San Francisco gave him another parcel of land in 1846, on what has now become Leidesdorff and California Streets. Upon this land, he built a warehouse and leased it to the U.S. government. By this time he had become a member of the city council, chairman of the school board and city treasurer of San Francisco. During the interim, California was in the middle of a three-way power struggle between the Mexican government, who owned it, and the United States and Great Britain, who wanted it. Leidesdorff played an exciting and influential role, a double agent of sorts, in the political struggle.

In spite of his new citizenship, Leidesdorff conferred with John C. Fremont and other American sympathizers on more than one occasion, to discuss the impending seizure of California by the American government. In July, 1846, the United States Marines seized the city and planted the American flag in the plaza. The night before, Leidesdorff had translated the take-over proclamation for the benefit of citizens who did not understand English. Further, Mexican officials were expecting the invasion and had given their flag and official papers to him for safe-keeping. Two weeks later, Leidesdorff threw a fancy-dress ball for the conquering Americans. He was allowed to maintain his official posts and was further given the position of American consul.

Leidesdorff's career and fame was short-lived. He died on May 18, 1848, at age 38 of brain fever (typhus). But before his death, he had become a man of great political and social influence. His land holdings and financial wealth were astounding. After a lengthy legal battle, his estate was sold to a White army captain, Joseph Folsom, for \$75,000; however, it was later valued at \$1.5 million.





FREDERICK DOUGLASS

COPY

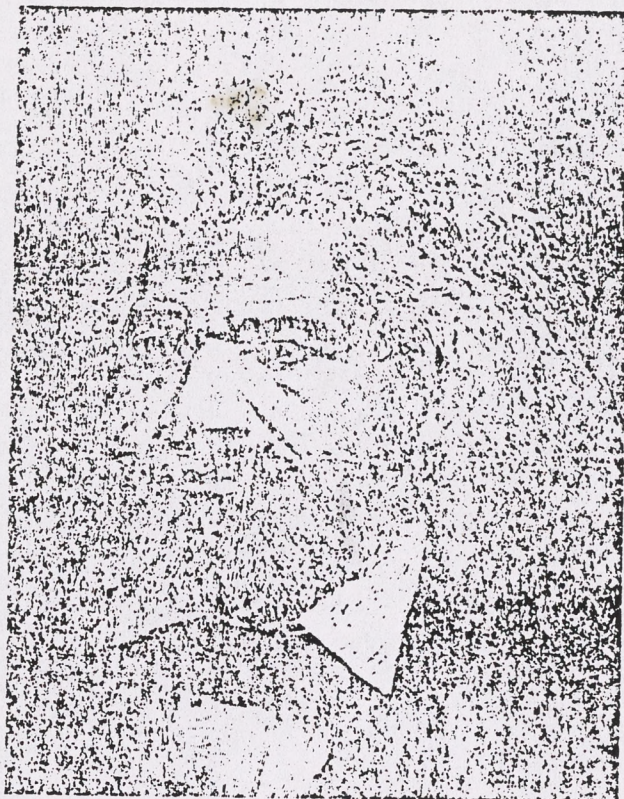
*Excerpts from the*  
**FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH**  
By FREDERICK DOUGLASS

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are, to him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is no nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour.)

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all of the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.)

COPY





FREDERICK DOUGLASS

COPY

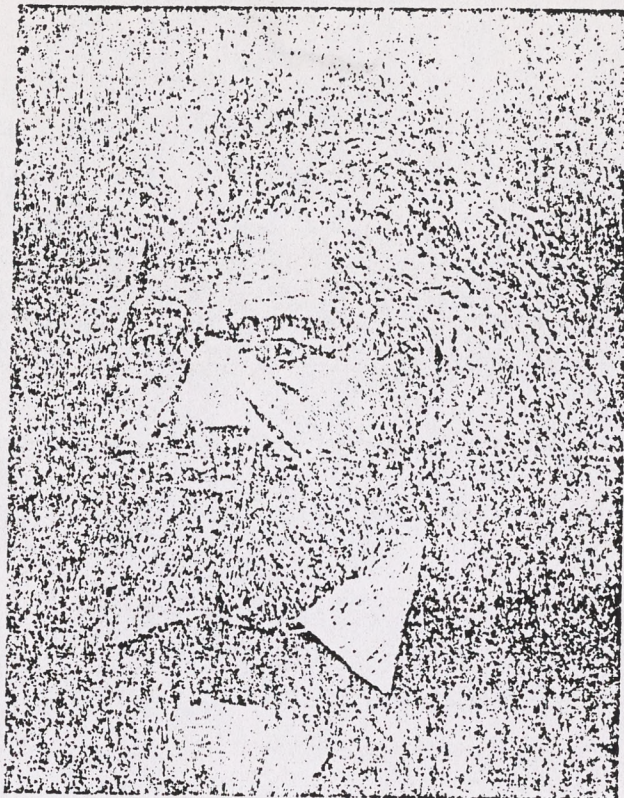
*Excerpts from the*  
**FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH**  
By FREDERICK DOUGLASS

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are, to him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is no nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour.)

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all of the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.)

COPY





FREDERICK DOUGLASS

COPY

*Excerpts from the*  
**FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH**  
By FREDERICK DOUGLASS

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are, to him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is no nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour.)

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all of the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.)

COPY



It saps the foundation of religion; it makes your name a hissing and a bye-word to a mocking earth. It is the antagonistic force in your government, the only thing that seriously disturbs and endangers your *Union*. It fetters your progress; it is the enemy of improvement; the deadly foe of education; it fosters pride; it breeds insolence; it promotes vice; it shelters crime; it is a curse to the earth that supports it; and yet you cling to it as if it were the sheet anchor of all your hopes.

Oh! be warned! be warned! a horrible reptile is coiled up in your nation's bosom; the venomous creature is nursing at the tender breast of your youthful republic; *for the love of God, tear away, and fling from you the hideous monster, and let the weight of twenty millions crush and destroy it forever!*<sup>5</sup>

#### WHAT DOES JULY FOURTH MEAN TO THE SLAVE?

Fellow-citizens, pardon me, allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here today? What have I, or those I represent, to do with your national independence? Are the great principles of political freedom and of natural justice, embodied in that Declaration of Independence, extended to us? and am I, therefore, called upon to bring our humble offering to the national altar, and to confess the benefits and express devout gratitude for the blessings resulting from your independence to us? . . .

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants brass fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are to him, mere

COPY

bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour.

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me, that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.<sup>6</sup>

#### THE NEGRO'S RIGHT TO REMAIN IN AMERICA

I would ask you, my friends, if this is not mean and impudent in the extreme, for one class of Americans to ask for the removal of another class? I feel, sir, I have as much right in this country as any other man. I feel that the black man in this land has as much right to stay in this land as the white man. Consider the matter in the light of possession in this country. Our connection with this country is contemporaneous with your own. From the beginning of the existence of this people, as a people, the colored man has had a place upon the American soil. To be sure, he was not driven from his home in pursuit of a greater liberty than he enjoyed at home, like the Pilgrim fathers; but in the same year that the Pilgrims were landing in this State, slaves were landing on the James River, in Virginia. We feel on this score, then, that we have as much right here as any other class of people.

We have other claims to being regarded and treated as American citizens. Some of our number have fought and bled for this country, and we only ask to be treated as well as those who have fought against it. We are lovers of this country, and we only ask to be treated as well as the haters





*Members of Black Panther Party in Lowndes County, Alabama, registering to vote.*

## THE CASE for an INDEPENDENT BLACK POLITICAL PARTY

The most dynamic demand among Afro-Americans today is for black power. Although they are the biggest minority in this country, numbering 22 million people or over 11 per cent of the population, making up about 20 per cent of the work force, and due to become the majority in ten of the larger Northern cities by the 1970s, black Americans have been permitted little power of any kind, economic, social, cultural or political. The denial of real or proportional political representation to such a key sector is one of the most glaring injustices of this capitalist society.

How has the racist ruling class managed to keep black people in such a politically powerless state? How can this condition be overcome? This is one of the most pressing problems facing black Americans — and their future depends upon finding the correct solution to it.

To the extent that black people have participated in politics to date, it has been almost entirely through the two big capitalist parties, the Democrats and Republicans, that is within terms laid down by the representatives of their oppressors and exploiters. The main reason for the meager results achieved after 13 years of struggle since the 1954 Supreme Court decision has been their dependence upon the two capitalist parties which have conceded little but a series of phony "civil rights" bills.

The lack of any substantial gains through this avenue underscores the need for organizing and exercising genuinely independent black political power. Here are some of the reasons why this kind of political action can bring considerable benefits to the black masses, give maximum leverage to their united power, and prepare them for the tasks of revolutionizing this oppressive racist capitalist society.

### → Why an Independent Black Party is Needed

The black people's lack of political power is so serious because politics is the key to breaking out of the vicious circle of social, economic and cultural deprivation and discrimination imposed on them by this system. It is not something far away from their everyday lives or





**ELIJAH MCCOY**

Have you ever wondered where the saying “It’s the real McCoy” comes from? And how it came to be part of our language? Its origin can be traced back to an African American who was a mechanic in the early 1870s. His name was Elijah McCoy.

As a young man, Elijah McCoy was fascinated with steam engines, and he began experimenting with them. During this period of history, most machines had to be stopped every time they needed oiling. Furthermore, the



lubrication was done by hand oilers. Stopping and starting engines to oil them wasted a lot of time. It was also very expensive. McCoy realized that somehow a way had to be found to provide a continuous flow of oil to the moving parts of a machine while it was still operating.

It was Elijah McCoy who developed a small cup with a valve mechanism that could supply oil, drop by drop, to the moving parts of machines. This valve, called a stop-cock, finally made it possible to eliminate costly and time-consuming stoppages for lubrication.

McCoy's cup was extensively used on the engines and locomotives of the great western railways, on the steamships that crossed the Great Lakes, on transatlantic ocean liners, and on machinery in factories. No piece of heavy machinery was considered to be complete unless it was equipped with the McCoy lubricator.

And, eventually, railroad and factory inspectors, when checking out a new piece of machinery, began to ask, "Is it the real McCoy?" The phrase soon caught on. It was understood to mean "the real thing." It wasn't long before many people began to apply the expression to other things besides machinery.

McCoy lived most of his life in the city of Detroit, Michigan. Anyone who lived there between 1882 and 1929 had heard something about McCoy, but there were few people who knew him well. Occasionally, in answer to a question about McCoy, one would say, "He's the one that invented some kind of lubricator, isn't he?" Beyond this, most people knew very little or nothing about him.

### Finding a Better Way

Elijah McCoy was born in May 1843, in Colchester, Ontario, in Canada. Both of his parents, who had been enslaved in Kentucky, escaped to Canada in the fall of 1837 via the Underground Railroad. (The Underground Railroad was the network of homes and farms where anti-slavery people hid escaping slaves and helped them on their way to freedom in the North.)

After settling in Canada, McCoy's father joined the Canadian army. Upon his honorable discharge, he was given 160 acres of farmland in Colchester. Elijah attended school and worked on his father's farm until he was 15 years old.

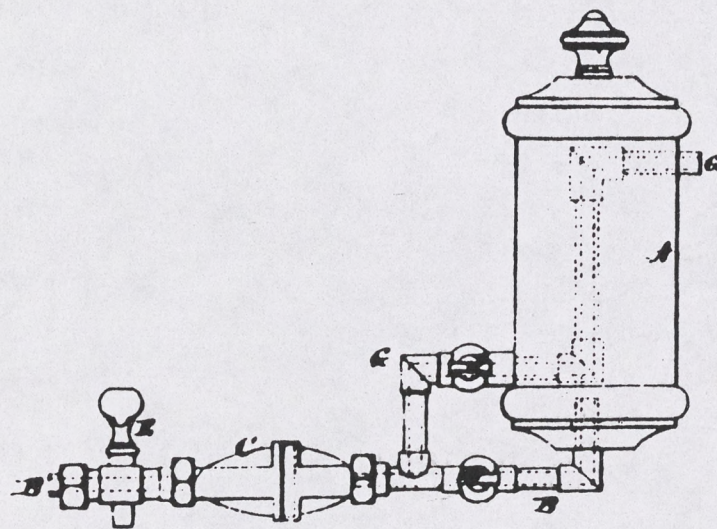
After his fifteenth birthday, McCoy's father sent him to Edinburgh, Scotland, to study mechanical engineering. After five years in Scotland, McCoy returned to Canada as a master mechanic and engineer. He worked there for a year and then left for the United States.

The best job that McCoy could find was that of a railroad fireman (a person who tends, or stokes, a train's fire). A bit discouraged, he began work on the Michigan Central Railroad.

At this time, wood was used as fuel to power steam locomotives. Men stood on the running board to pour oil from cups onto the steam chest of the engine. McCoy felt that there had to be a better way to lubricate these machines. His mechanical creativity and training started to work.



Around 1870, Elijah McCoy was living in Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he began experimenting in his machine shop with lubricators for steam engines. After two years of labor, on June 23, 1872, he received his first patent for a locomotive lubricator.



Witnesses:  
J. L. Ewert.

Elijah McCoy, Inventor.  
per [Signature] Attorney.

# IMPROVEMENT IN LUBRICATORS FOR STEAM ENGINES

Patented 1872

Elijah McCoy patented a new method of lubricating steam engines. His description of the invention appears on page 99.

In his letter of application to the U.S. Patent Office for a patent on one of his first lubricators, McCoy wrote the following description of his device:

*To all whom it may concern:*

Be it known that I, Elijah McCoy, of Ypsilanti, in the county of Washtenaw and in the State of Michigan, have invented certain new and useful Improvements in a Lubricator for Cylinders; and do hereby declare that the following is a full, clear, and exact description thereof, reference being had to the accompanying drawing and to the letters of reference marked thereon, making a part of the specification. . . .

A represents the vessel in which oil is contained, and from the bottom of which a pipe, B, leads to the steam-chest. This pipe is, at a suitable point, provided with a globe or reservoir, C. Between the vessel A and the globe or reservoir C is a stop-cock, D, in the pipe B, and in the same pipe, between the globe and the steamchest, is another stop-cock, E. A steam-pipe, G, passes from the dome or boiler down through the vessel and connects with the oil-pipe B at the globe or reservoir C, or at any point between the same and the valve D. In the steam-pipe G, after it leaves the vessel A, is a stop-cock, J. One of these oilers is to be placed on each side of the smoke-arch directly opposite the cylinder, and the various stop-cocks should be so connected with levers or rods that they can be operated simultaneously by a single rod in the engineer's cab. When the engine is working, the stop-cocks E and J are closed and the stop-cock D opened, allowing the oil to pass into the globe or reservoir C. The steam being in the pipe G prevents the oil from congealing in cold weather in the vessel A. When the cylinder is to be oiled, the stop-cocks E and J are opened and D closed. Steam passing from the boiler or dome through the pipe G forces the oil out of the globe or reservoir C into the cylinder.



Elijah McCoy was not satisfied with his first attempt to develop a locomotive lubricator. He wanted to perfect his ideas, and in the next few years, McCoy obtained six patents for different types of machine lubricators. During his lifetime, he received a total of 57 patents.

At first, locomotive engineers were reluctant to use McCoy's new invention on their engines. They objected to the device because it had been invented by a black man. Some of the men taunted McCoy and called his lubricator a "nigger oilcup."

Despite objections, however, the oilcup was installed on many locomotives, often under the direct supervision of McCoy himself. It was not unusual for the engineers to be instructed by him on how to use it. From 1872 to 1915, most of the railroad locomotives in the United States, and many in foreign countries as well, were equipped with Elijah McCoy's lubricators.

### **"The Best Thing in the World"**

From 1882 to 1926, 45 patents were awarded to Elijah McCoy. All but eight of them pertained to lubricating devices.

McCoy considered his Graphite Lubricator, patented in April 1915, to be his best invention. About 1920, he organized the Elijah McCoy Manufacturing Company, in Detroit, Michigan, to manufacture and sell this lubricator. It was designed to overcome the difficulties in oiling a kind of engine called a superheater. This engine operated by using large amounts of steam.

Before McCoy developed his Graphite Lubricator, the problems of lubricating the superheater engine were made clear by a Mr. Kelly in an article in the *Engineer's Journal*. Mr. Kelly wrote:

#### **There is Need of a Remedy**

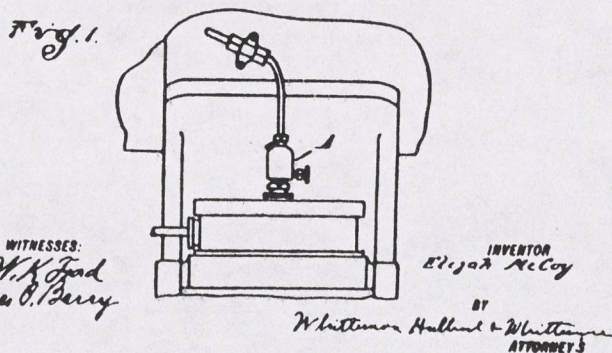
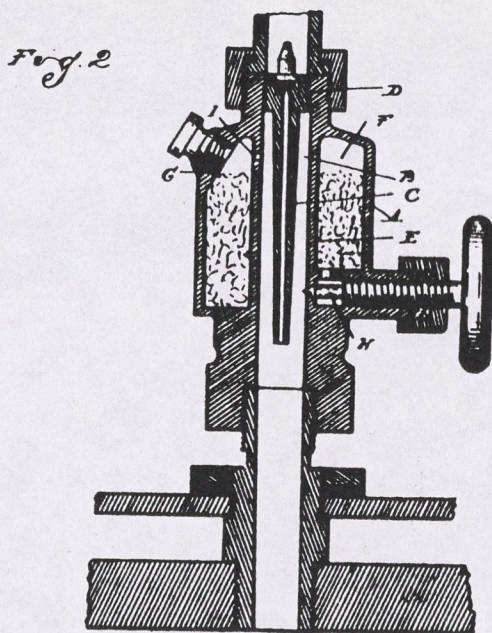
There is no denying the fact that our present experience in lubricating the cylinders of engines using superheated steam is anything but satisfactory. Locomotive Superintendents and Master Mechanics are trying to make each other and everyone else believe that they have solved the problem, but perfect lubrication cannot be had unless there is provision made to supply the oil to cylinder with some degree of regularity. . . . If the oil feed was made regular so the steam would distribute it over the bearing surface of cylinder when the engine is working, these bearing surfaces would be better protected than is otherwise possible.

Our trouble from trying to lubricate cylinders of superheated engines is not so much due to a lack of an oil to withstand the heat of cylinders as to a lack of some way to supply the oil we have with some regularity while the engine is working.

McCoy's new lubricator used a solid substance called graphite as the lubricant. Graphite is a form of the element carbon and is the basic substance found in the lead of an ordinary pencil.

If you were to rub some powdered graphite between your fingers, you would find that it is soft, smooth, and greasy. Because of these properties, graphite makes an ideal lubricant. Perhaps you have lubricated bicycle parts or locks with this powdered material. Sometimes, it is mixed with oil or water, as it was in McCoy's lubricator.





## LOCOMOTIVE LUBRICATOR

Patented 1915

McCoy invented the Graphite Lubricator for use on railroad locomotives with superheater engines. This device provided a continuous flow of oil without clogging the engine.

In his letter of application for a patent, McCoy carefully described the mechanics of his Graphite Lubricator. McCoy's lubricator effectively met the problem of providing a continuous flow of oil to superheater engines:

*To all whom it may concern:*

Be it known that I, Elijah McCoy, a citizen of the United States of America, residing in Detroit, in the county of Wayne and State of Michigan, have invented certain new and useful Improvements in Locomotive-Lubricators, of which the following is a specification, reference being had therein to the accompanying drawings.

The invention relates to locomotive lubricators, and it is the particular object of the invention to provide means for introduction of graphite or other suspended solid lubricant without danger of clogging.

In the drawing: Figure 1 is an elevation of my improved lubricator, showing it as applied to a locomotive; and fig. 2 is a longitudinal section thereof.

In the present state of the art, locomotive lubricators are usually provided with a restricted passage, or choke-plug, which is arranged adjacent to the steam chest at the lower end of the oil conduit. This choke-plug is usually a separate fitting which has a screw-threaded engagement with the nipple entering the steam chest and a union coupling with the oil conduit. This is adapted for the feeding of a free-flowing oil, but a heavy lubricant and particularly one containing a suspended solid matter, such as graphite, is liable to obstruct the choke-plug so as to render the device inoperative.

With my improved construction, means is provided for feeding the heavy lubricant without danger of obstructing this choke-plug, this consisting essentially of a lubricant cup associated with a choke-plug, but so as not to clog the restricted passage.



The Graphite Lubricator met with a very enthusiastic reception from locomotive engineers. The superintendent of one large railroad wrote:

We have found the Graphite Lubricator of considerable assistance in the lubrication of locomotives equipped with superheaters. . . . There is a decided advantage in better lubrication and reduction in wear in valves and piston rings, and as a well lubricated engine is more economical in the use of fuel, there is unquestionably a saving in fuel.

The master mechanic of a well-known Canadian railroad company agreed with this endorsement of the McCoy Graphite Lubricator: "It is the best thing in the world, as it saves us a world of trouble."

### **The Real McCoy**

By 1923, Elijah McCoy was well known throughout the world for his mechanical genius. His inventions carried patents in many foreign countries—Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia, to name just a few. He was often called upon as a consultant to give advice to large industrial concerns.

McCoy was also well known among the young people of Detroit, where he counseled teen-age boys. He believed that what he had accomplished, thousands of others could do if only they would apply themselves.

At 80 years of age, McCoy stood perfectly erect and was remarkably active. He was proud of his inventions. He was also proud of the fact that he could still touch his toes without bending his knees. But after 1926 McCoy's

health began to fail. He was alone during his last days, his wife having died a few years earlier. In 1928, he was admitted to Eloise Infirmary in Eloise, Michigan, where he died in 1929.

Elijah McCoy's accomplishments as an inventor came during very difficult times for African Americans. When no positions were open to him despite the fact that he was a trained engineer, he took the nearest job to an engineer that he could get, that of a railroad fireman, and made the best of his opportunity.

The result was that Elijah McCoy became a teacher of engineers and a master among master mechanics. Daily papers and mechanical and engineering journals spoke highly of his work. His patents were used internationally, and his inventions contributed to the growth of our nation.

Elijah McCoy was as real as his work.



**In 1955, she  
made history.  
Now she brings  
it to life.**

On December 1, 1955, Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat to a white man on a segregated bus, sparking a revolution that turned the civil rights movement into a dynamic force for change in America. Now, at long last, readers can meet this exceptional woman—and ride into history by her side.

**CORETTA SCOTT KING**  
**says:** "In these pages, Mrs. Parks has movingly evoked the experiences and influences that led to her appointment with history. Here, in her own words, is the story of one of America's greatest freedom fighters."

**JULIAN BOND says:**  
"Readers of any age will enjoy learning more about this remarkable American."

## ROSA PARKS



**M Y S T O R Y**

*—by Rosa Parks—*

*with Jim Haskins*

*Photographs throughout  
—many from Mrs. Parks's  
personal collection.*

**AT YOUR BOOKSTORE NOW**



**Dial Books**

A Division of Penguin USA



# ACROSS THE USA: NEWS FROM EVERY STATE

## Alabama

**Birmingham** — About 4,500 Alabama families are believed to be educating their children at home, said Connie Atchison, administrator of Hope Christian School. Many of the parents involved in home-schooling cite religious reasons or dissatisfaction with public schools.

## Alaska

**Ketchikan** — Abacus Mineral Corp. is considering reopening a 100-year-old gold mine on Prince of Wales Island, saying indications of marketable deposits have been found. It could employ up to 250 miners, officials say.

## Arizona

**Flagstaff** — After last summer's wildfires, prescribed burns by the Flagstaff Fire Dept. inside the city limits are becoming more frequent. The burns are aimed at clearing out thickened forests that present serious fire dangers.

## Arkansas

**Fayetteville** — The University of Arkansas' search for a chancellor has drawn 26 applicants, officials say. The list should be pared to three finalists by January. Dan Ferritor plans to retire May 13 due to poor health.

## California

**Los Angeles** — Authorities in Los Angeles County made arrests in only half of the 2,000 annual homicide cases, compared to four out of five 25 years ago, the *Los Angeles Times* reported. Only a third of those cases ended in convictions. ... **Long Beach** — A plan to require uniforms for 20,000 high school students here has drawn such fire that the district has postponed it. Parents, teachers and students have come out against the idea.

## Colorado

**Denver** — City officials proposed an 11 p.m. curfew for areas along the South Platte and Cherry Creek to rid them of homeless people who are frequently the complaint of campers who don't feel safe. ... **Colorado Springs** — The Broadmoor Hotel resort has undertaken a \$7 million winter renovation of its International Center, guest rooms and golf course irrigation system.

## Connecticut

**Ledyard** — Dara Ty, 40, and Bopha Sung, 33, are accused of leaving a boy, 9, possibly their son, in their car overnight in subfreezing weather while they gambled at Foxwoods Resort Casino. They're charged with risk of injury to a minor. The boy was treated at a hospital.

## Delaware

**Smyrna** — A fire that caused heavy damage to the Centennial United Methodist Church was caused by faulty wiring, fire officials said. The fire started in the basement of the 132-year-old church and spread through the building. Damage estimates weren't available.

## D.C.

Community activist Kathryn Pearson-West denounced Mayor Marion Barry's proposal to cut welfare benefits and unionized city workers' wages while raising salaries of the city's top administrators. Any more reduction in services will further alienate taxpayers, she says.

## Florida

**Tallahassee** — An estimated 232 infants were born with the AIDS virus in '95, down from a record 316 in '92, records show. It's the third straight year of decline. Fewer women with AIDS are having children, officials say. ... A group of hunters are suing the state to lift a ban on bear hunting, in force since '93.

There's no evidence to show that the black bear is threatened, the group says.

## Georgia

**Athens** — Architect Rob Fisher today presents his plan for the Oconee River Greenway & Heritage Trail, a 12-mile area that includes the University of Georgia campus and downtown. ... **Atlanta** — About 15,000 students statewide are schooled at home, a 400% increase over seven years, officials say.

## Hawaii

**Honolulu** — The Hawaii Convention Center is 70% completed, but planners have confirmed only 17 bookings, not enough to make the center viable. But, construction will continue as planned. The first convention is set for August '98.

## Idaho

**Boise** — At least two measures setting guidelines for employer-ordered drug testing may surface in January's opening of the Legislature. If the guidelines become law, employers whose drug-testing rules meet them would get discounted insurance premiums and other benefits.

## Illinois

**Springfield** — Gov. Edgar and Republican lawmakers are discussing whether to ask voters in an advisory referendum next April if the Legislature should overhaul school funding. The current funding formula creates disparity between wealthier and property-poor districts.

## Indiana

**Indianapolis** — The Justice Dept. says it has reached settlements totaling \$1.25 million with 65 Indiana hospitals that double-billed Medicare. More hospitals are expected to pay up, officials said. A nationwide probe turned up 4,660 hospitals that double-billed for lab tests.

## Iowa

**Ames** — Emu ranchers gave 24 of the flightless birds to Iowa State University for scientists to study the commercial potential of its meat and oils. Enthusiasts say the meat is tasty like beef but with less cholesterol, and fat along its back can be rendered into an anti-inflammatory ointment.

## Kansas

**Lawrence** — High demand due to an early cold spell has kept propang gas prices at nearly twice those of '95. The cost is about \$1.05 per gallon, compared with 60 cents last year.

## Kentucky

**Frankfort** — The General Assembly convenes today in special session. Gov. Patton will address lawmakers on his workers' compensation plan. Patton says workers would get benefits faster. Critics claim his plan would make it harder to win a new claim or to reopen an old one.

## Louisiana

**New Orleans** — Southern University property manager Sidney Carter said he was ordered by Vice Chancellor Junius Robinson to falsify records to cover up \$76,000 in missing property and equipment. Robinson couldn't be reached. Carter is on paid suspension until the board decides the issue in January.

## Maine

**Portland** — Maine's firearm deer-hunting season ended with several injuries but no human fatalities. Hunters using muzzle-loaded rifles can hunt for two more weeks.

## Maryland

**St. Charles** — The county's 1,200 teachers today begin working strictly by

their contract to protest the county's rejection of an arbitrator's non-binding decision to give teachers pay raises as they rise in seniority. The job action will curtail volunteer activities such as after-school tutoring and student clubs.

## Massachusetts

**Boston** — The popularity of the state lottery and casinos is being blamed for annual charity and church bingo revenues dropping to \$28 million last year from \$136 million five years ago. A \$500 bingo jackpot restriction and smoking bans in bingo halls also were cited. ... **Auburn** — State police shot and wounded Paul Antonian, 26, after a chase through several cities and towns during which he is accused of ramming six police cars.

## Michigan

**Lansing** — More than 7,000 state employees — 15% of the state's work force — would be eligible for early retirement if Gov. Engler's proposal gets legislative approval, *The Detroit News* reported. One worker will be hired for every one who retires, but at a considerably lower salary. Engler estimates yearly savings of nearly \$25 million.

## Minnesota

**Waverly** — The adopted hometown of Hubert H. Humphrey is honoring the former vice president and U.S. senator with a museum. The fledgling museum is housed temporarily in a former hat shop and hamburger joint.

## Mississippi

**Ocean Springs** — The Mississippi Vietnam Veterans Committee is selling bricks for \$100 each to provide money to complete a \$3 million monument that has been in the works for eight years. The bricks, inscribed with names of veterans, will form a walkway to the monument.

## Missouri

**Kansas City** — Hunters shot 180,395 deer, 6,302 fewer than last year's record, during the 11-day season that ended last week. ... **St. Joseph** — School officials and the EPA are deciding who should pay the \$110,000 cost of cleaning up mercury contamination at a middle school where students passed around 8 ounces of the toxic liquid found in a file cabinet.

## Montana

**Billings** — The Montana Advisory Commission has invited numerous state, tribal and educational leaders to speak at a Dec. 10 public hearing that will focus on educational opportunities for Indian students in the public schools.

## Nebraska

**Lincoln** — Women and minorities in the city's work force increased in the last three years, with the largest share of women working in clerical positions and the greatest number of minorities in the police and firefighting force. But women and minorities still make up only 29.9% and 6.3% of the whole, respectively.

## Nevada

**Reno** — An annual state survey shows Reno hotel-casino workers continue to lag behind their Las Vegas counterparts in wages. Service industry wages traditionally have been less in northern Nevada, where unions have far less influence than in Las Vegas, officials said.

## New Hampshire

**Concord** — A day after Lester Bouchard, 75, lost a wallet holding \$2,000, Thanksgiving guests said they hoped an angel was watching over him. That's when Sharon Ferriter showed up with the wallet, all the cash intact. "I think it was a test for me and a lesson for you," she told Bouchard.

## New Jersey

**Trenton** — Treasurer Brian Clymer says he'll proceed next year with an overhaul of the state's utility taxes, worth some \$1.2 billion a year to the Statehouse and to city halls across the state. "We are sort of looking at a January implementation," he told *The Associated Press*.

## New Mexico

**Santa Fe** — Christine Bodman has organized a volunteer group of massage therapists known as the Massage Emergency Response Team to offer firefighters, paramedics, police officers and radio dispatchers free massages. There have been no takers so far.

## New York

**New York** — Ex-city police commissioner William Bratton said he will announce in a few days whether he will run for mayor. ... **Albany** — The state's 69 state prisons already hold nearly 70,000 inmates and are operating at 131% capacity, state Sen. Michael Nozzolio claims. He is campaigning the Legislature for more prison construction.

## North Carolina

**Greenville** — Officials reminded residents who had property losses from Hurricane Fran that they have until Wednesday to apply for federal and state assistance. The aid includes temporary housing, minimal home repair assistance and low-interest property loans.

## North Dakota

**Jamestown** — AgGrow Oils will meet with 19 communities to solicit money and select a site for its proposed oilseed processing plant. The company, composed of growers, needs to sell \$2.9 million of equity in the plant by Jan. 10 to proceed with the first phase, officials said.

## Ohio

**Cincinnati** — Gov. Voinovich's approval rating is higher than ever at 68%, the Ohio Poll found. Another 19% disapproved of the job he's doing and 13% had no opinion. ... The Ohio Parole Board has received hundreds of letters, faxes and telephone calls objecting to the possible release of Percy Wilson, 45, convicted in the '79 slaying of police officer Melvin Henze. Wilson's parole hearing is today.

## Oklahoma

**Edmond** — Some people in a city that battled all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to keep a Christian symbol on its municipal seal now want to keep a giant cross from being built off I-35. Metro-Church is planning an illuminated 100-ft. cross atop a 57-ft. pedestal. The planning Commission will discuss it Tuesday.

## Oregon

**Portland** — More than half the warnings received by Oregon's Office for Services to Children and Families are ignored, *The Oregonian* reported. In the deaths of at least 31 children, the state agency had been warned that the children were in danger, the newspaper said. The agency said it saves thousands of lives each year.

## Pennsylvania

**Butler** — The family of John Baglier, 18, has scheduled a memorial service for Dec. 7 even though searches for him or his body continue. He was last seen the

night of Nov. 9 at a mall. Richard Gamble, 23, later was seen on store videotapes wearing Baglier's clothing and driving his truck. When police surrounded Gamble, he shot and killed himself.

## Rhode Island

**Cranston** — Ernesto Voccola, who Gov. Almond declared in April was the state's oldest man, died Thursday at age 106. Voccola, who served in World War I, was also the state's oldest veteran.

## South Carolina

**Rock Hill** — Winthrop University is considering using 360 acres that once was the campus farm for a baseball stadium, convention center, fraternity housing, track and field facility — or all of the above. Some area residents have voiced opposition to any of the possibilities.

## South Dakota

**Pierre** — State lawmakers Tuesday will discuss ways the state and tribal governments an work together to boost economic development on reservations. Gov. Janklow also will deliver his budget address that day.

## Tennessee

**Memphis** — Zookeeper Debbie Blackwell, who was 27 when she was kicked unconscious by a giraffe in 1976, died Friday after never coming out of a coma.

## Texas

**Austin** — Too many non-white students are being shuffled off to special education classes, while too few are placed in gifted-and-talented programs, some school officials and parents say. School districts insist that the placements are not discriminatory and are based on objective tests and evaluations.

## Utah

**Salt Lake City** — Utah Attorney General Jan Graham wants the state to pay for death row inmates' first comprehensive appeal, arguing it will save taxpayers time and money in the long run. She'll push lawmakers to pass the law she says will cost \$250,000 to implement.

## Vermont

**Montpelier** — Dairy farmers' incomes are expected to drop 25% this winter because milk prices have fallen to the lowest in two decades due to a plunging cheese market. Fall milk prices had reached record highs.

## Virginia

**Newport News** — Enrollment opens today for the Virginia Higher Education Tuition Trust Fund, which allows parents to use a state investment plan to pay for their children's future college education at today's prices. ... **Charlottesville** — City officials are working on a new noise ordinance to curb mammoth music systems in cars. Some hit 150 decibels, about the same as a jet plane taking off.

## Washington

**Pullman** — Washington State University is spending \$70,000 to study how marijuana could be controlled if allowed to be used for medical reasons. Suggested: a farm with guard towers and double fences to guard the crop.

## West Virginia

**Wheeling** — Madison Elementary educators said they're still accepting applications for Children and Parents for Education, or CAPE. The federally funded program prepares preschoolers for the future while letting parents or caregivers learn the skills they need to obtain a general equivalency diploma or a job.

## Wisconsin

**Milwaukee** — The *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel* said more than 100 state public school district officials make more than \$80,000 a year. At the top: Milwaukee Public Schools Supt. Robert Jasna, who recently got a \$30,000 bonus and a 3.8% raise to \$127,678.

## Wyoming

**Ethete** — The Sheltered Treatment Recovery program is setting up a division on the Wind River Reservation. It is designed to help pregnant American Indian women dependent on alcohol.

Stoffer Stores - Staff up toll-free lines Friday - They're free!

Dallas, Texas

**Sprint**

\$50 monthly minimum required. Certain restrictions apply. Maximum of \$1,000 in free long distance calling per month. Domestic calls and commercial use only. Not valid with any other offer. © 1996 Sprint Communications Company L.P.

**LEGAL CREDIT REPAIR**

Let the Law Office of Jack Schroid attempt to Improve/Change your negative credit reports. Only \$99.00 retainer, plus \$25.00 each item, paid after item is successfully removed. 1-800-929-3311

Hiring a lawyer should not be based on advertisement only. Before you decide ask us to send you free written information about our qualifications and experience. Member Ft. Bar Ft. Laud. Ft.



# Marshall's place in history untainted by FBI role

Popular history favors heroes with crisp edges, the better to outline them and their lives. But heroes are rarely neat, and if you didn't know that already, you could learn it fast enough from the news that Thurgood Marshall, one of this nation's greatest champions of civil rights and its first black Supreme Court justice, was sporadically in cahoots with J. Edgar Hoover's FBI.

Marshall himself was the subject of extensive FBI scrutiny. His 1,300-page file, released last weekend to USA TODAY, dates back to the 1940s. Marshall, who died in 1993, also was an outspoken critic of Hoover's FBI, which tended to ignore civil rights while obsessing over communism.

But Marshall's dossier also shows that as early as 1956 he supplied the FBI information about the civil rights movement. He told the FBI in advance that the NAACP would adopt a resolution critical of the Justice Department. He provided information about a break-away civil rights leader bent on violence. He discussed the NAACP's ef-



Marshall

UPI/Bettmann

forts to rid itself of communist influences.

For some, this won't fit easily into Marshall's pop iconography, which presents him as a pillar of unshakeable integrity. When adversaries cooperate — especially when they represent Hoover's FBI and the 1950s civil rights movement — they do so on a field of gray. Providing the FBI information about a violence-minded conspiracy is plainly the right thing to do. Discussing upcoming resolutions and other information is less clear cut.

Complicating the issue: The possibility that Marshall benefited personally as a result. Despite the sizable file and despite Hoover's animosity toward civil rights leaders, the FBI never obstructed Marshall's career, even though, prior to one of Marshall's early confirmation hearings, southern senators asked the FBI directly for any "concerns" it had.

It may be impossible to judge Thurgood Marshall fairly today. He wasn't the only civil rights leader to cultivate relations with the FBI during the 1950s. It was often the best way to survive and function. Moreover, he was a complex man in a complex age, fighting a complex battle. Is his legacy damaged by revelations that he helped Hoover? Only if you think that the civil rights movement in the 1950s was strictly a matter of black and white.



# Thurgood Marshall helped FBI

By Tony Mauro  
USA TODAY

The late Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall provided information to the FBI in the 1950s even while he was an outspoken civil rights leader and critic of the bureau, newly released FBI documents show.

The FBI's 1,300-page file on Marshall casts new light on the life of Marshall, who died in 1993 after a career as the most important civil rights lawyer and jurist of the century.

In his early years as counsel for the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Marshall had a stormy relationship with FBI director J. Edgar Hoover. The bureau amassed files on Marshall dating back to the 1940s, when he was alleged to have communist ties.

But beginning in the late 1950s, the dossier reveals for the first time, the relationship turned cordial — even to the point of Marshall passing on information. Among the subjects: a potentially violent civil rights faction in North Carolina.

"If you look at this in the context of the survival of the NAACP, he probably realized that it couldn't survive without mollifying Hoover," says Alexander Charns, author of a book on the relationship between the FBI and the high court.

The FBI's file on Marshall became releasable under the Freedom of Information Act once he died in 1993. The FBI took three years to screen the file before releasing copies.

In early files, informants linked Marshall with the National Lawyer's Guild, then viewed as a communist front. Marshall also was pictured receiving a check from an American Communist Party official to fight "Jim Crow" laws.

Marshall's son Thurgood Jr., a top aide to Vice President Gore, declined detailed comment Sunday on the files. He was given an advance copy.

But he said documents indicating a cooperative relationship between Marshall and Hoover are an "ironic twist," given their earlier animosity.



# Marshall file answers long-held question

By Tony Mauro  
USA TODAY

Like most civil rights leaders in the 1950s and 60s, Thurgood Marshall let it be known that he feared and despised FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover.

Instead of helping civil rights enforcement, Hoover was seen as an ally of white supremacy, more interested in rooting out communism than racism.

"Hoover was a destroyer," writes columnist Carl Rowan in a 1993 biography of Marshall, the late civil rights lawyer who became the first black Supreme Court justice in 1967 and died in 1993. "One of the enduring questions about Thurgood Marshall is how he survived Hoover's wrath."

Answers to that question are emerging from the 1,300-page file FBI kept on Marshall, onetime counsel and director of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund. The dossier was released this weekend.

The files suggest that while Marshall publicly criticized the FBI throughout his career before becoming a federal appeals judge in 1961, he maintained a private relationship that was friendly enough to keep Hoover from unleashing on Marshall his fearsome power to destroy reputations.

"He seemed to rely on (the FBI) for a lot," said Marshall's son Thurgood Jr., who also received the file. "There was a running conflict between the two entities. By the time I came along, from our discussions, it seemed he was more aligned" with FBI interests.



UPI/Bettmann Archives

**NAACP lawyer:** Thurgood Marshall, counsel for the civil rights group, in front of the U.S. Supreme Court in 1958.

In a 1961 memo reviewing Marshall's files, one FBI official noted that after years of "unfounded" criticism of the bureau in the 1940s, Marshall "conferred with the bureau on several occasions in connection with his efforts to combat communist attempts to infiltrate the NAACP."

According to a 1956 memo, he gave the bureau ad-

vance warning that a resolution critical of the Justice Department would be voted on at an upcoming NAACP convention.

A June 4, 1959, memo from the FBI's New York office indicates that Marshall passed onto the bureau information about a dissident NAACP leader in North Carolina and about other civil rights leaders who were advocating violence there.

Two years later, Marshall was named to a federal appeals court judgeship, the first of several appointments requiring Senate confirmation.

Possibly because of Marshall's cordial contacts, Hoover passed up several chances to give Southern senators, eager to defeat Marshall, information about Marshall's reputed early ties to communist groups.

"It makes you wonder what would have happened to Marshall if he had not cooperated," says Alexander Charns, a Durham, N.C. lawyer who has reviewed dozens of FBI files of justices. "The files add a whole new layer to Marshall."

Charns thinks Marshall may have helped the FBI not for personal advancement but to satisfy Hoover, who died in 1972, that the NAACP did not warrant scrutiny.

Other civil rights leaders such as the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. were viewed by Hoover as bigger threats and became the target of FBI probes and rumor-mongering about public and private failings.

▶ The FBI revelation, 1A



# The startling twist in Marshall's legacy

Scholars say revelations of the Supreme Court justice's cooperation with the FBI fit in with his pragmatism and his belief in working within the system

By Tony Mauro  
USA TODAY

Thurgood Marshall's legacy as a towering civil rights leader won't be shaken by news that he cooperated with the FBI in the late 1950s while he was counsel for the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, scholars say.

Instead the revelations reinforce the late Supreme Court justice's image as a pragmatic lawyer who did not want the civil rights movement slowed down by allegations of communist or pro-violence influence, says Pulitzer Prize-winning historian David Garrow.

At the time, Garrow says, state attorneys general throughout the South were seeking to cripple the civil rights movement by investigating allegations of communist infiltration.

"The whole leadership of the NAACP became fixated on the need to demonstrate that the organization is aggressively anti-communist," says Garrow, a visiting professor at American University. He said FBI files have revealed that other leaders, including Roy Wilkins, also had ties with the bureau.

According to the FBI files, Marshall told the FBI about a dissident leader in North Carolina making violent threats. Marshall also made "several contacts" with the bureau to report on NAACP efforts to eradicate communism.

A 1952 memo by an aide to Director J. Edgar Hoover said of Marshall, "The matter which is worrying him more than anything else right at the moment is the Communist Party's effort to get into the NAACP."

Garrow and others who reacted to the FBI file also cautioned that Marshall should not be viewed as a regular FBI informant or turncoat to the civil rights movement.

"Thousands of people within the American power elite, including prominent black leaders, became friends and sources for the FBI and J. Edgar Hoover through the 1960s," Garrow says. "There is a very stark, formal distinction between being an informant and being a source."

A Marshall biographer said Monday that the FBI files are in keeping with Marshall's deeply held beliefs in nonviolence and the rule of law.

"It doesn't surprise me a bit that he had a cooperative relationship with the bureau," says Hunter Clark, a Drake



AP (1955 photo)

**Concern for the movement:** Historians say Thurgood Marshall did not want the civil rights movement slowed by violent tactics or allegations of Communist influence.

University law professor. "Thurgood Marshall was a superpatriot. He didn't like people who burned flags, and he was not anti-establishment. He supported the Vietnam War."

Throughout his career, Clark says, Marshall believed in working within the system. "He thought that if racism could be removed, like a tumor, the body would be healthy again. He was not out to destroy the system."

The civil rights movement, even at that point, was divided in its tactics. Some leaders disapproved of Marshall's strategy of working for change through the courts. Marshall in turn voiced concern about the tactics of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and others, who favored nonviolent demonstrations.

Soon after Marshall's contacts with the bureau, he was appointed to a federal appeals court and embarked on a ca-

reer that culminated in his appointment in 1967 as the first black justice on the nation's highest court. He retired in 1991 and died in 1993.

But any suggestion that Marshall had been trying to curry favor with Hoover to advance his own career is "preposterous," court scholar Bruce Fein says.

"He was not a man driven by ambition to occupy the highest pinnacles of power in Washington," says Fein, a former Justice Department official. "Marshall did not run around trying to please Hoover."

According to the FBI files, Marshall provoked the anger of the FBI in 1966 while serving as solicitor general, the government's top lawyer before the high court. While representing the FBI in a case about its wiretapping methods, Marshall told the court the FBI had improperly bugged defendant Fred



## ACROSS THE USA: NEWS FROM EVERY STATE

## Alabama

**Montgomery** — Black legislators are pressing Gov. James to appoint the state's first black attorney general to succeed Atty. Gen. Jeff Sessions when Sessions becomes a U.S. Senator in January. Legislators say this will disprove allegations of racism that have dogged the administration. Four of ten applicants are black.

## Alaska

**Anchorage** — In the past year, Alaska has seen a 50% rise in the number of HIV-positive women and a 150% increase in heterosexuals testing positive; HIV also is climbing in Hispanic and black men. As of June '96, Alaska had 345 confirmed AIDS cases, and 620 cases of HIV. ... **Fairbanks** — A musk ox skull, maybe 100,000 years old and found in a gravel pit, will be shown at a University of Alaska Museum open house Dec. 7.

## Arizona

**Scottsdale** — City Council will designate downtown as a redevelopment area in an effort to help revitalize the retail area around Fifth Avenue. Many shopkeepers have seen a decline in business in recent months.

## Arkansas

**Little Rock** — Gov. Huckabee vowed to veto Rep. Dennis Young's sales tax measure if the legislature passes it. The bill would raise the tax by three-eighths of a cent but exempt state and local taxes on food.

## California

**Sacramento** — Ninety-five percent of the state's school districts have reduced at least some of their elementary classes to 20 or fewer pupils per teacher, education officials said. A shortage of available classroom space has limited the program. ... The '97 session of the California Legislature was gavelled to order. Most of the work will begin in January.

## Colorado

**Denver** — Renovations to the state's 4,331 buildings are being put on the back burner even though a state audit says many of them are deteriorating. The average age of state buildings is 30 years. ... **Colorado Springs** — Since '90, El Paso County has seen sharp declines in HIV, syphilis, gonorrhea and chlamydia cases. Gonorrhea, for example, has dropped from 840 reported cases to about 350 this year.

## Connecticut

**Branford** — About 2,000 people, mostly firefighters with black tape over their badges, attended services for Edward Francis Ramos, 36, who died Thursday protecting two fellow firefighters from flames and falling debris as a roof collapsed inside a burning warehouse. ... **Hartford** — Luis Rojas, 26, was sentenced to 33 years for raping and bashing to death a 9-month-old girl known as Baby Emily.

## Delaware

**Wilmington** — All Delaware parents going through a divorce must attend court-ordered counseling sessions beginning this week. Parents filing child-custody or visitation petitions with the court after Dec. 1 must attend a six-hour educational program.

## D.C.

Police officials began implementing plans to fire eight of 10 officers suspended after they were accused of buying stolen goods in a fencing operation.

## Florida

**Miami** — Over 16,000 people have moved off public assistance rolls since September, an 8% decline that has saved the state \$3 million. State officials credit welfare reform, but say it's too early to call the exodus a trend. ... **Kissimmee** — A girl, 16, faces attempted kidnapping charges after she tried to sneak a newborn out of the hospital, police say.

## Georgia

**Atlanta** — Home-schooled children do not qualify for HOPE scholarships because the program says students must maintain a B average from an accredited school to qualify, officials say. A General Assembly bill would give home-schoolers access to the program.

## Hawaii

**Honolulu** — More than \$72,000 in overtime pay was spent on police officers who were part of the security staff for President Clinton during his vacation in Hawaii in November, the police department said.

## Idaho

**Boise** — State tax collections modestly exceeded dramatically lowered projections for October. The monthly revenue update showed the cash surplus increasing \$2.6 million during October to \$7.2 million through the first four months of the budget year.

## Illinois

**Springfield** — A state lawmaker said he is shelving a measure that would allow nursing homes to use restraints without the permission of residents, their guardians or authorized representatives. Rep. Tom Cross says

the matter has been clouded with misconceptions.

## Indiana

**Indianapolis** — Gov.-elect Frank O'Bannon, lawmakers and lobbyists will gather Thursday in a sold-out conference to discuss the next budget, tax reform and other top issues in the state. It will be O'Bannon's first major policy address since the election.

## Iowa

**Des Moines** — Gov. Branstad said he'll ask the Legislature to spend \$21.5 million a year on "technology investment." Most the effort will be paid for out of gambling collections.

## Kansas

**Wichita** — Salty water from the Arkansas River could seep into the Ogallala Aquifer and pollute southwest Kansas' only water source, geologist Don Whittemore says. Left unchecked, the salt water could threaten the water supplies for Garden City, Holcomb and Deerfield, he said. State officials said they are aware of the salt problem.

## Kentucky

**Lexington** — State schools are suffering from a severe shortage of substitute teachers, a problem that has "almost reached a crisis level," said Pam Hammonds of the Fayette County Education Assn. Blamed: low pay.

## Louisiana

**New Iberia** — The U.S. Justice Dept. and Iberia Parish agreed to settle a lawsuit claiming prisoner abuse in the parish jail. The parish agreed to stop using a restraining chair, quit hogtying inmates and stop using football helmets and mouth tape as methods of restraint.

## Maine

**Portland** — The Coast Guard declared the cleanup of the Portland Harbor oil spill complete. Of the 179,634 gallons leaked when the tanker Julie N hit a bridge Sept. 27, 78% was recovered.

## Maryland

**Baltimore** — A survey by War Room Research Co., found 58% of companies say outsiders illegally tried to get into company computers last year. Most intrusions were by competitors, not hackers. E-mail and insider documents were frequent targets. ... **Cockeysville** — To make room for a new development, Redland Genstar, Inc., is paying \$200,000 to move a cemetery containing the remains of the Revolutionary War hero Thomas Cockey Deye and his relatives.

## Massachusetts

**Amherst** — The University of Massachusetts women's crew team, which honors women who are role models, named their new shell for Susan Roosevelt Weld, wife of the governor. She teaches Chinese law at Boston College and was a U.S. delegate to the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women.

## Michigan

**Lansing** — Customers of Presque Isle Electric & Gas Co-op can expect lower electric bills come January, state regulators said. For example, customers using 500 kilowatt-hours of electricity per month will see a monthly decrease of \$1.67. ... A state Senate Committee may vote this week to place a stamp on cigarettes coming into the state. The effort would clamp down on smuggling following a 75-cents-a-pack tobacco tax.

## Minnesota

**St. Paul** — Corrections officials will request a change in state law to allow double-bunking at higher security prisons. The move would keep construction of the Rush City prison on budget.

## Mississippi

**Biloxi** — Two exterminators accused of spraying hundreds of Gulf Coast homes with illegal farm chemicals pleaded innocent to federal charges. Methyl parathion, used to kill boll weevils and other pests, attacks the nervous system and can be fatal to children. Both men said they didn't know it was dangerous.

## Missouri

**Kansas City** — Fire officials said careless smoking was the apparent cause of a fire that killed one person and injured 32 at the Royal Tower apartments Sunday. They said they believe careless smoking by the deceased triggered the blaze.

## Montana

**Helena** — A bill to raise tobacco taxes by a dime will be proposed in the '97 Legislature. The taxes would support the costs of Medicaid patients with tobacco-related illnesses.

## Nebraska

**Lincoln** — The state Capitol may crumble if it is not restored soon, officials say. The building suffers from a lack of maintenance; fixing the problem will take nine years and \$21 million, a study said.

## Nevada

**Las Vegas** — The Hacienda Hotel, which opened in '57,

closed its doors Sunday. It will be imploded on New Year's Eve to make room for an \$800 million casino and entertainment attraction.

## New Hampshire

**Concord** — State Rep. Linda Smith, who mailed out photos of herself in a leopard-print swimsuit last year in her bid to be Ms. United States of America, says she's toning it down this year. She says judges are going for a "suburban type." ... **Brentwood** — Anti-abortion activists held a jail vigil for Steven Mears, who calls himself a political prisoner. He's serving 90 days for violating stipulations of a deferred sentence for blocking a clinic.

## New Jersey

**Trenton** — Inmate visits to prison infirmaries have dropped 60% since March when the state began requiring a \$5 fee for each visit, officials said. But prisoner advocates say some inmates with serious ailments fail to seek help because they can't afford the fee.

## New Mexico

**Sunland Park** — The U.S. Border Patrol said a group of bandits crossed into the U.S. from Mexico late Sunday, stole an estimated 15 computers from a Southern Pacific Railroad train and then fled back across the border.

## New York

**New Rochelle** — A bubbling gush of water in a pond led workers to a water main break that dried up supplies to 85,000 customers in Westchester County. About 8,000 gallons a minute were being spilled, forcing some schools and restaurants to close. The problem should be fixed by today, officials say. ... **New York** — The Palladium, one

of the city's hottest night spots, is about to be turned into dorms for New York University, the *New York Post* reported.

## North Carolina

**Wilmington** — The state ports at Morehead City and Wilmington will split \$6 million to finance major maintenance projects. It is the first major allocation of state funds to the North Carolina Ports Authority in a decade, officials said.

## North Dakota

**Bismarck** — First Lady Nancy Jones Schafer is decorating the governor's mansion with children's art and offering holiday tours. Visitors are asked to bring small gifts for needy and abused children.

## Ohio

**Dayton** — City budget staffers have proposed cutting back traffic enforcement, street maintenance, grass-cutting in parks and a variety of other services. The city needs to trim \$9.1 million from its '97 budget of \$164 million because income tax revenues are expected to be lower than expected. ... **Columbus** — Deer hunting season is open in most counties for the next two weeks.

## Oklahoma

**Oklahoma City** — Oklahomans began applying for \$7.1 million in federal money earmarked for low income residents' winter utility bills. Last year, the state allocated \$6.4 million to help pay heating costs at 74,935 households. People can apply through Dec. 13.

## Oregon

**Salem** — Gov. Kitzhaber proposed a \$9.4 billion budget that would spend \$383 million in surplus

taxes for schools instead of returning the money to taxpayers. He also proposed to levy a new tax, about 3 cents, on beverage containers to fund state parks. ... **Portland** — Supreme Court Justice Edward Fadeley will face a review panel today. A former judicial assistant claims he sexually harassed her. Fadeley denies the charges.

## Pennsylvania

**Harrisburg** — One hunter was killed and five others were wounded on the opening day of the two-week antlered deer season, a Pennsylvania Game Commission official said. Killed: Arthur Hontz, 57.

## Rhode Island

**Cranston** — The city will pay \$5,000 to Monica Doriney, who at age 9 in '93 was suspended from school and taken by police to the station after being accused of hitting a girl and her granddad with a snowball. Her mother said authorities' overzealousness traumatized Monica. ... **Richmond** — Services are today for Narragansett Chief George Hopkins, or Broken Arrow, who died Friday at age 81 after suffering diabetes, Alzheimer's and cirrhosis. He helped unite tribal traditionalists and modernists.

## South Carolina

**Murrells Inlet** — Officials closed shellfish beds because of possible contamination due to heavy rain and runoff along the coast. The order involves both clam and oyster harvesting. The beds will remain closed until tests show acceptable bacteria levels.

## South Dakota

**Pierre** — Lawmakers were angry to learn that a clinic is being built for prisoners at Springfield

State Prison when they knew nothing of it. Corrections officials say the clinic, financed in part by federal dollars and the Sioux Valley Hospital, is badly needed.

## Tennessee

**Nashville** — Two new robotic telescopes will join four already at Tennessee State University's Center for Automated Space Science. The Center has a \$6.5 million NASA grant to help study the heavens.

## Texas

**Hartlingen** — Hispanic women living along the Texas border are diagnosed with cervical cancer at twice the rate of whites and are twice as likely to die, a study says. Health officials cite cultural and financial barriers. ... **San Antonio** — Judge John Gabriel ruled that parents can collect 12% interest on back child support. About 250,000 Texas parents are delinquent.

## Utah

**Salt Lake City** — The state's budget in the upcoming fiscal year won't be quite as lean as earlier projected. Gov. Leavitt said more accurate estimates show revenue growing 6.4%, or about \$194 million, not the 5% earlier projected.

## Vermont

**Shelburne** — The Shelburne Museum is auctioning off 13 more paintings, including James McNeil Whistler's *Greek Slave Girl*, on Thursday to raise funds to preserve its 80,000-piece collection. It raised \$31 million last month by selling five French Impressionist works.

## Virginia

**Norfolk** — Virginia public school students performed "average to dis-

appointing," a state Board of Education draft report says. Standardized tests in three grades show Virginia's fourth-graders did better than 61% of students nationally; eighth- and 11th-graders did better than 58% of the national sample.

## Washington

**Seattle** — Catholic Archbishop Thomas Murphy has been tentatively diagnosed as having leukemia, a diocese spokesman said. Murphy was admitted Sunday to Providence Seattle Medical Center. He is in guarded condition. ... **Olympia** — The state's population is expected to increase by 400,000 people over the next four years, a state agency said.

## West Virginia

**Charleston** — After 21 years, 11,000 bodies and scores of criminal trials, Irvin Sopher, the state's first chief medical examiner, is retiring. Sopher, 60, leaves Dec. 31.

## Wisconsin

**Milwaukee** — The state's first dental clinic for AIDS patients, opening in January, held an open house Monday. The clinic is expected to serve up to 2,400 patients in '97. ... **Stoughton** — Fire gutted three historic buildings in the heart of downtown. All of the burned buildings were built before the turn of the century and are listed on the National Historic Register. The cause is not known.

## Wyoming

**Cheyenne** — A request for over \$3 million to help ease overcrowding at the State Penitentiary in Rawlins tops Gov. Geringer's proposed, \$11.7 million supplemental budget. Most of the money will go to public safety.

ITT Sheraton Hotels and Resorts



## WASHINGTON

# Nation must wake up to the enemy within: Racism

Two recently published books by highly respected journalists paint a bleak picture of life in America's 21st century.

One by columnist/commentator Carl T. Rowan predicts that a major race war is coming. The other, by international affairs columnist Georgie Anne Geyer, says the common thread of citizenship that makes us all Americans is badly fraying and nearing the breaking point.

Perhaps both books are a bit overdrawn in their conclusions. But taken together, they offer cogent arguments outlining why we should be concerned about the volatile state of race relations and immigration in



## Politics

By Richard Benedetto

this country.

And they should open the door for debate of these highly controversial but deeply critical subjects, not only by the government, media and academic elites but by all of us who live with these realities every day.

Our very future as a nation could be at stake.

Rowan's book, *The Coming Race War in America*, says racism has

not been so rampant in the USA since the Civil War and soon could reach incendiary proportion. His long list of examples is sobering:

- ▶ Black church burnings.
- ▶ Economic inequality among the races.

▶ Frontal assaults on affirmative action and welfare.

▶ The emergence of white supremacists such as the Freemen militia and black supremacists such as Louis Farrakhan.

▶ Radio talk-show hosts who incite whites against minorities.

▶ A criminal justice system that minorities believe works against them.

All in all, Rowan says, a recipe for chaos unless we change course.

"There is no sense of community that reaches across racial lines. So walls of fear, suspicion and hatred are maintained," Rowan writes. "And that makes the unthinkable, a race war in America, possible."

Geyer's book, *Americans No More*, doesn't foresee a race war anytime soon. But it says the nation's

increased sensitivity to its ethnic and cultural diversity is driving Americans apart and eroding the common sense of civic purpose and community values that have sustained the nation for 220 years.

Many immigrants, Geyer asserts, no longer seem to aspire to the ideal of American citizenship. Instead, she says, they remain in ethnic enclaves, speaking their native language and enjoying the rights of citizenship without a sense of unity with the responsibilities that go with them.

"The Founding Fathers came together in the belief that immigrants must be profoundly socialized into an understanding of American ideals," Geyer writes. "They knew that becoming citizens helped to make men responsible for one another ... and that being citizens to-

gether made men capable of living and behaving as friends."

But as Rowan and Geyer observe, we seem to be drifting further and further away from the concept of "behaving as friends," to the point of teetering on the brink of disaster.

Despite the authors' bleak outlooks, however, there were signs of hope in the last elections:

▶ Five black incumbents were re-elected in majority-white districts redrawn after the Supreme Court ruled that the lines could not be grotesquely drawn to assure a black majority. All were in the deep South, a region long equated with racism.

▶ Voters of overwhelmingly white Washington state elected their first Asian-American governor, Gary Locke.

▶ Newly registered Hispanic-

American voters provided critical votes in many elections, most notably in the defeat of the bombastic Rep. Robert Dornan, R-Calif.

Clearly, the ethnic, racial and religious strife that tears at the fabric of the Bosnias and Rwandas of the world make our problems look mild.

But make no mistake. Unless we come to grips logically and peacefully with the critical problems of racism and immigration that simmer and fester in our American community, we could be headed down similar paths. Rowan and Geyer provide serious food for thought and action. We ignore them at our peril.

Richard Benedetto's column appears Mondays. Past columns on USA TODAY Online at <http://www.usatoday.com>



EXCERPTS OF REPORT BY:

HENRY WINSTON ON

"TRIPLE CONCENTRATION IN HARLEM"

THIS SUBJECT MATTER IS OF EXTREME URGENCY FOR THE PARTY AS IT IS FOR THE MASS MOVEMENT AS WELL.

IN CONDITIONS IN THE U.S., NO GREATER ERROR CAN BE MADE THAN TO TRY TO SEVER THE CLASS ASPECTS OF MATTERS FROM THE RACE AND NATIONAL. TO DO SO WOULD BE A DISSERVICE TO EITHER AND TO WEAKEN THE TOTAL FIGHT AGAINST OUR CLASS ENEMY, MONOPOLY IN GENERAL AND THE MOST REACTIONARY SECTOR, THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX IN PARTICULAR.

THIS ENEMY CANNOT BE DEFEATED BY AFRO-AMERICANS ALONE, LABOR ALONE, THE PEACE MOVEMENT ALONE. MEANS HAVE TO BE FOUND TO UNITE THESE FORCES TO TROUNCE THIS ENEMY.

BEFORE THE PARTY IS THE TASK OF UNDERSTANDING ITSELF AND THE PRIMACY OF THE TASK OF BUILDING THE PARTY. THIS IS A PRECONDITION FOR MOVING TO EFFECT THOSE KIND OF ALLIANCES THAT CAN MOVE THE ALL PEOPLES FRONT DEVELOPMENTS WITHIN THE COUNTRY.

TO UNDERSTAND THE PARTY CORRECTLY IS TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE FIGHT FOR ITS BUILDING IS FIRST OF ALL THE FIGHT TO DEVELOP THE BROADEST KIND OF UNITY OF STRUGGLE BEGINNING WITH THE LABOR MOVEMENT ORGANIZED AND UN-ORGANIZED AS WELL.

IN THE CONCRETE CONDITIONS OF THE U.S. TODAY, WE ARE IN A PERIOD AROUND WHICH ANY PROGRESS OF A PERMANENT CHARACTER IS DEPENDENT ON THAT OF LABOR AND AFRO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE. NOT TO SEE THIS IS NOT TO SEE ANYTHING OF A PROGRESSIVE CHARACTER IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST MONOPOLY IN THE U.S. TODAY.

WE HAVE THE FORTUNATE EXPERIENCE OF BEING MEMBERS AND LEADERS OF THE ONLY FORCE IN THIS COUNTRY WHICH CAN AFFECT THE KIND OF CHANGE THAT CAN ADVANCE



THE CAUSE OF OUR CLASS AND OUR PEOPLE. THE PARTY IS THE ONLY INSTRUMENT THAT WE CAN USE TO RESOLVE QUESTIONS THAT CAN ADVANCE THE ANTI-MONOPOLY STRUGGLE. WE TAKE INTO ACCOUNT ALL OF THE INTERMEDIARY STEPS, WIDEN THE FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY AND IN THE COURSE OF STRUGGLE BUILD THE COMMUNIST PARTY, RECRUIT INTO THE COMMUNIST PARTY.

WE HAVE BEEN DISCUSSING PARTY BUILDING SINCE THE MILWAUKEE EXTRAORDINARY CONFERENCE. BUT WE NOTE THAT THERE IS A CONTRADICTION BETWEEN PARTY GROWTH AND THE MASSIVE MOVEMENT OF STRUGGLE AMONGST AFRO-AMERICANS. WE ARE CALLED UPON TO EXPLAIN THIS CONTRADICTION. THIS IS ALL THE MORE NECESSARY NOW BECAUSE OF A WHOLE SERIES OF EVENTS INCLUDING THE OVERALL DECLINE OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT WHICH ARISES OUT OF THE STRUCTURAL CRISIS, REGULAR CYCLICAL CRISIS, INTRODUCTION OF NEW TECHNOLOGY. THIS DECLINE HITS SHARPEST AT BLACK WORKERS.

WHAT TO DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES LIKE THIS? WHAT PROGRAM ARE WE ADVANCING FOR OUR PARTY TO HELP OUR PARTY TO MEET THIS MOMENT? MUCH IS NEEDED ON THIS FRONT IN WHICH AREA BY AREA BLACK PEOPLE ARE FACING A SITUATION IN WHICH CONDITIONS ARE BEING CREATED TO TREAT THEM AS SOCIAL PARIAHS WITHOUT ANY PERSPECTIVE OF ENTERING INDUSTRY OR HAVE A LIVELIHOOD. THIS TAKES PLACE, UNPRECEDENTED IN U.S. LIFE, BY THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION IN WHICH THE PROPOSITION IS PUT - TAKE GOVERNMENT OUT OF THIS WHOLE BUSINESS LET PRIVATE INDUSTRY DO IT. REAGAN IS SAYING THAT THE ADVANCES MADE BY LABOR AND THE PEOPLE BY SWEAT AND BLOOD, JAILING AND MURDERS ON PICKET LINES SHOULD BE ERASED AND WE SHOULD RETURN TO THE DAYS PRECEDING THE "WAGNER ACT." THIS AFFECTS NOT ONLY THE ECONOMIC, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL STATUS OF BLACK PEOPLE BUT IS REPRESENTS IN PERSPECTIVE THE CRUEST FORM OF RACIST RULE IN THE U.S.

WHAT DOES "TRIPLE CONCENTRATION" MEAN? THIS IS THE VERY ESSENCE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EQUALITY. THIS STRUGGLE IS A PRE-CONDITION FOR RAISING THE



LEVEL OF THE WHOLE CLASS TO ADVANCE.

THE QUESTION OF RACISM NEEDS CLARIFICATION, A CERTAIN UNDERSTANDING BY COMMUNISTS. THE CLASS ESSENCE OF RACISM IS TWO THINGS AT ONCE. FOR MONOPOLY RACISM REPRESENTS A UNITY FOR "EXPLOITATION AND NATIONAL OPPRESSION" FOR THE PURPOSE OF HIGHER AND HIGHER PROFITS. WHAT WOULD IT MEAN IF THE WORKING CLASS WOULD SHATTER THE ONENESS OF THE TWO? IT WOULD PLAY INTO THE HANDS OF THE OPPRESSOR.

RACISM IS ON ONE HAND A SPECIAL FIGHT TO DEPRESS THE POSITION OF BLACK WORKERS AND BLACK PEOPLE IN GENERAL, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND TO USE WHITE WORKERS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE EXPLOITER. YOU ARE NOT FIGHTING RACISM WHEN YOU ONLY SEE ONE ASPECT. YOU ARE FIGHTING RACISM ONLY WHEN YOU SEE THE DOUBLE ASPECT OF THIS PROBLEM. THE FIGHT AGAINST RACISM IS AT ONE TIME A STRUGGLE FOR THE UNITY OF THE WORKING CLASS ON A CLASS BASIS - A UNITY WHICH IS POSSIBLE ONLY TO THE EXTENT THAT YOU TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE SPECIAL PROBLEM OF DENIAL OF BLACK WORKERS AND BLACK PEOPLE.

THERE IS A CERTAIN DIALECTICAL APPROACH. THE WHITE WORKERS MUST UNDERSTAND THAT TO THE DEGREE THAT HE ACCEPTS AND IS INFLUENCED BY RACISM, WHETHER IN THE REALM OF IDEOLOGY OR PRACTICE, SERVES NOT HIS CLASS INTEREST, NOR IS HE DOING A FAVOR TO BLACK WORKERS BY CHANGING THIS, THAT OR THE OTHER.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT HAS CLASS AIMS, CLASS OBJECTIVES WHICH ARE ATTAINABLE ONLY BY CLASS UNITY, EQUALITY. EQUALITY IS NOT HELPING SOME POOR BLACK OVER HERE. IT IS A FIGHT FOR THE UNITY OF THE WHOLE CLASS.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE ANSWER TO INEQUALITY LIKEWISE IS A CONTRIBUTION NOT ONLY TO THE ADVANCE OF THE CAUSE OF BLACK LIBERATION, BUT TO THE STRUGGLE FOR THE UNITY OF THE WHOLE.

MUCH IS AT STAKE. THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION OF CLASS VERSAS RACE OR RACE VERSAS CLASS OR CLASS VERSAS NATIONAL, IS CLEAR. IT IS ANSWERED BY . . .



MARXIST-LENINIST CLASS APPROACH TO ALL QUESTIONS. WITHOUT THIS UNDERSTANDING THERE IS A LOT OF RHETORIC BUT NOT YET THE STRUGGLE FOR EQUALITY. IT, HAS MEANING ONLY WHEN IT IS ANCHORED IN THE SPIRIT OF PROLETARIAN INTERNATIONALISM.

HAVE ALL QUESTIONS BEEN BATTLED OUT ON SENIORITY AND AFFIRMATIVE ACTION? CAN THIS BE SAID? WE HAVE MUCH MORE TO DO. WE HAVE TO PUT AN END TO TRYING TO PUT YESTERDAYS SOLUTIONS TO TODAYS PROBLEMS.

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH ARGUMENT TO SAY THAT PRIVATE INDUSTRY CANNOT HANDLE THIS QUESTION. TO PUT THIS QUESTION MEANS GROWING SLUMS, EVICTIONS, DRUGS ETC. THE PROBLEM IS A CLASS ONE AND WE MUST SEE THAT THE ONLY WAY UNDER THESE CONDITIONS IS NOT PRIVATE INDUSTRY, BUT GOVERNMENTS RESPONSIBILITY TO SOLVE THESE PROBLEMS.

THE QUESTION WE ARE CAPABLE OF SOLVING IS THE QUESTION OF A GOVERNMENT PROGRAM OF AN ANTI-MONOPOLY TYPE. A STRONG ANTI-MONOPOLY PROGRAM IN WHICH BILLIONS CAN BE SPENT FOR SOCIAL NEEDS AND NOT FOR NUCLEAR WAR.

FOR THE CLASS AND ESPECIALLY FOR BLACK PEOPLE THE SOLUTION IS TO BE FOUND IN WAYS OTHER THAN THE POLICIES OF REAGANISM. THE SOLUTION MUST BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE FIGHT AGAINST REAGANS POLICIES.

WE SHOULD SET UP A COMMISSION TO COME UP WITH THIS PROGRAM. THIS IS URGENT AND IMMEDIATE.

THE BUILDING OF THE PARTY MEANS FIRST OF ALL AN IDEOLOGICAL POLITICAL APPROACH TO SOLVING ALL QUESTIONS OF CONCERN. YOU CANNOT DEVELOP A "JOBS" PROGRAM WITHOUT DEFINING THE ENEMY, WHAT METHODS NEED TO BE DEVELOPED, WHICH FORCES ARE NECESSARY. THIS IS OUR ROLE.

WE ARE CALLED UPON TO DEVELOP A COMMON POLICY WHICH IS IDEOLOGICALLY BASED. IN WHICH WE ARE WORKING AMONG PEOPLE WHO ARE MORE THAN FRIENDLY TO US.



WHAT ONE HAS TO BE AWARE OF NOWDAYS, TO DEFEND THE PURITY OF MARXISM-LENINISM AND OUR PARTY IS THE FACT THAT THE ENEMY HAS ASSIGNED TO THE BLACK COMMUNITY ALL OF ITS AGENTS TO DISCREDIT THE PARTY.

THE APRIL 28TH ISSUE OF FRONTLINE (LINE OF MARCH) HAS AN EDITORIAL WHICH ANALYZES THE RAINBOW COALITION IN A WAY IN WHICH IT BECOMES CRYSTAL CLEAR THAT A FALSE CONCLUSION IS BEING DRAWN. IT RAISES THAT JESSE JACKSON IS REPRESENTING A TENDENCY THAT THE RAINBOW-COALITION MUST BECOME THE LEADER OF THE ANTI-MONOPOLY FIGHT AND THE ROLE OF LABOR HAS NO ROLE EXCEPT THAT IT FOLLOWS THE RAINBOW.

THIS IS DONE TO OFFSET AN ANALYSIS WHICH MUST COME FROM US - AN ANALYSIS THAT SEES THAT RAINBOW'S ORIENTATION IS TO THE ENLIGHTENED DEMOCRATS WITHIN THE FRAMEWORK OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. HOW TO RECOGNIZE WHAT IS GOOD AND WHAT IS LIMITED, IS NOT EXAMINED. THE QUESTION OF INDEPENDENT POLITICAL ACTION IS PLAYED DOWN.

WHEN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY BECOMES THE MECHANISM THRU WHICH EVERYTHING IS CHanneled IN THE MASS MOVEMENT, WHERE WILL FRONTLINE BE? WHERE WILL OUR PARTY BE.?

THERE IS A FIRST CLASS IDEOLOGICAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEM HERE. WE MUST BE ABLE TO ANSWER CLEARLY.

THE QUESTION IS HOW TO DEVELOP POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE THAT IS DEVELOPING FROM WITHIN, INDEPENDENCE THAT UNITES WITH OUTSIDE TENDENCIES OF POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE AND INDEPENDENCE WHICH BRINGS TOGETHER FORCES FROM WITHOUT, FINDING ALLIES EVERYWHERE. POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE IS MANY SIDED.

OPERATING ON THIS BASIS AND REINFORCED ON THIS BASIS, WE ARE UNBEATABLE.

SOME PEOPLE WON'T WANT TO DO THIS. SOME FOR OPPORTUNIST REASONS. BUT OUR PARTY HAS A SPECIAL TASK HERE.



WE ARE UNDERESTIMATING THE 1986 ELECTIONS AND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS. HOW CAN WE SEE THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN 1988 WITHOUT NOVEMBER 1986? ARE WE IN THE STRUGGLE IDEOLOGICALLY? DO WE HAVE LITERATURE OUT THERE?

MASSSES IN MOTION PROVIDE THE BASIS NOT ONLY FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF COMMUNIST CADRE, BUT FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF MILITANT, PROGRESSIVE ANTI-IMPERIALIST LABOR CADRE, CONSCIOUS OF THEIR MISSION, CONSCIOUS OF THEIR AIM. THIS WILL ENABLE THE PARTY TO DEVELOP THE RIGHT KIND OF RELATIONSHIP WHICH WOULD ENABLE PARTY GROWTH AND WITH IT INCREASE THE GROWTH OF MASS ACTIVITIES IN ALL PEOPLES ORGANIZATIONS.

IN 1903 THE BOLSHEVIK TENDENCY TRIUMPHED. FIVE YEARS LATER LENIN WROTE AGAINST REFORMISM RIGHT AND LEFT. IN VOL. 15, PAGE 37&38 LENIN DEVELOPS POLEMICS AGAINST BERNSTEIN. HE WAS THE WORST POSSIBLE DEVIATOR OF THEM ALL. BERNSTEIN SAID THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS THE MOVEMENT. "THE MOVEMENT MEANS EVERYTHING - THE FINAL AIM NOTHING." THE FINAL AIM OF SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM MEAN ... NOTHING. THIS WAS THE MAN FROM THE LEFT. HE HAD A LOT OF TALK OF ACTION, ACTION, ACTION. WHAT KIND OF ACTION? OUR ACTION MUST SEE OUR IDEOLOGY AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE ACTION ITSELF, ITS DEVELOPMENT AND GROWING IN THE COURSE OF IT ALL. ONLY THE PARTY WILL LEAD IN THAT DIRECTION.

#### HARLEM

I CAN SEE A STANDSTILL IN PARTY GROWTH IN HARLEM. WHY? WE DISTRIBUTE THOUSANDS OF PAPERS. BUT ARE THESE PAPERS USED TO DEVELOP HIGHER AND MORE CONCRETE FORMS OF STRUGGLE OR DO WE DISTRIBUTE THEM AS THINGS IN THEMSELVES?

LENIN'S POLEMIC HAS AS ITS END POINT THE DECISIVE CHARACTER OF BUILDING THE PARTY, AND LENIN ALWAYS SPEAKS STRUGGLE, STRUGGLE, STRUGGLE. PARTY GROWTH IS SIMPLY NOT A QUESTION OF ANGELA DAVIS COMING TO MEETING. IF WE THINK OF BUILDING THE PARTY SOLELY ON THIS BASIS WE ARE LOST.



THERE IS NOT A COMMUNITY IN HARLEM OR ANYWHERE ELSE IN WHICH ON THE BASIS OF CONSISTENCY, PATIENCE, ORGANIZATION, REALISTIC PROGRAM IN WHICH PROGRESS CANNOT BE MADE.

BY TRIPLE CONCENTRATION WE ARE SAYING THAT THE NATIONAL, STATE AND HARLEM WILL AGREE ON A COMMON PROGRAM THAT WILL TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THAT DISTRICT 65 (AUTO) HAS A LARGE PART OF ITS MEMBERSHIP IF NOT THE MAJORITY, LIVING IN HARLEM BUT WHO WORK DOWNTOWN. THEY GO TO THEIR UNIONS DOWNTOWN.

LOCAL 1199 HAS 7500 MEMBERS, HOSPITAL WORKERS; OF WHICH HALF OR THE MAJORITY ARE BLACK AND PUERTO-RICAN. THEY EARN THERE LIVELIHOOD DOWNTOWN BUT LIVE IN HARLEM. IF WE THINK IN TERMS OF NOT ONLY 420 BUT OTHER AFSCME LOCALS, THEY ALSO LIVE IN HARLEM.

ONE COULD TAKE TWA AS WELL. NO ONE COULD SAY THE LEADERSHIP OF THE UNION REPRESENTS THE COMPOSITION OF THE MEMBERSHIP. THIS MEMBERSHIP ALSO LIVES IN HARLEM. THIS CAN BE SAID FOR GARMENT AND THE WATERFRONT.

WHEN YOU SPEAK OF BLACK PEOPLE, YOU ARE SPEAKING OF AN IMPORTANT SECTOR OF THE WORKING CLASS. THESE SAME PEOPLE ARE MEMBERS OF CHURCH CHOIR, DEACON BOARDS, USHER BOARDS, TEACHERS OF BUTU'S. THEY ARE BAPTISTS, METHODISTS, ANGLICANS, CATHOLICS. THEIR IDEOLOGY IS BEING FORMED.

A POLICY OF TRIPLE CONCENTRATION HAS MEANING ONLY IF HARLEM IS UNDERSTOOD THIS WAY.

ONE OF OUR PROUD ACHIEVEMENTS WAS THE ROLE OF OUR PARTY IN ELECTING BEN DAVIS TO THE CITY COUNCIL. THIS WAS NOT A SMALL TASK. NO INDIVIDUAL, NO MATTER HOW BRILLIANT AND EVEN POPULAR, COULD EVER HAVE BEEN ELECTED WITHOUT THE GREATEST DEGREE OF PRACTICAL WORK -- ORGANIZATION BASED UPON THE IDEA OF SMASHING SEGREGATION AND JIM CROWISM. SO WHAT HAPPENED? FIRST WAS THE FIGHT TO WIN PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION. COMMUNISTS DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES IN THIS PARTICULAR FIGHT. SECOND, CLAYTON POWELL HAD HIGHER GOALS AND WENT ON TO ACHIEVE THEM, BUT HE SELECTED AS HIS RUNNING MATE BEN DAVIS.



BUT BEN DAVIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ELECTED AFTER THAT. IT WAS WHEN JOE BRODSKY A WHITE COMMUNIST WHO WAS ALREADY IN THE RACE FOR CITY COUNCIL, DECLINED TO RUN IN FAVOR OF BEN DAVIS, WHICH PUT THE WEIGHT OF THE WHOLE PARTY TO SUPPORT BEN DAVIS THAT THE BASIS WAS LAID FOR HIS ELECTION.

THESE WERE THE DAYS OF THE DEMOCRATIC FRONT, THE PEOPLES FRONT, A HIGH POINT IN THE ANTI WAR STRUGGLE BUT THE ELECTION OF BEN DAVIS WAS THE PARTY, THE PARTY AND THE UNIONS, MASONS, CHURCHES ETC. THIS WAS ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POSSIBLE PERIODS.

THE PARTY AFFECTED HARLEM CONCENTRATION. CONCENTRATION WAS NOT CONCEIVED AS A HANDFUL OF COMMUNISTS IN HARLEM. THAT WOULD BE TOTALLY NOT UNDERSTANDING WHAT WAS REQUIRED THEN AND NOW.

THEREFORE, THE FIGHT WITHIN THE UNIONS FOR CORRECT POLICIES WILL REFLECT ITSELF CONCRETELY WHERE BLACK PEOPLE LIVE. NOT A SITUATION LIKE IN THE UNION, WHERE BLACK TEACHERS ARE HOSTILE TO AFT & SHANKER. TRADE UNIONISM MUST BECOME THE MEANS BY WHICH BLACK AND WHITE WITHIN THE UNION AND WITHIN THE COMMUNITY ARE FIGHTING FOR BLACK EQUALITY.

DOES THIS HAPPEN NOW? WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF THIS WERE STRUGGLED FOR? IT IS IDLE TO TALK ABOUT CLASS-UNITY WITHOUT RAISING CONSCIOUSNESS AND CLASS UNDERSTANDING.

WE HAVE THIS IDEOLOGICAL PROBLEM TO SOLVE. CAN ONLY BE SOLVED BY A COMMON APPROACH TO THE PROBLEMS OF HARLEM. THE PERSPECTIVE OF 150 BLACK COMMUNISTS IS NOT ONLY POSSIBLE BUT COULD BE OVERFULFILLED IN A VERY SHORT PERIOD OF TIME IF WE PUT OUR SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL IN ONE DIRECTION.

CERTAINLY AN INITIATION OF STRUGGLES CAN PUT AN END TO BICKERING, BACKBITING, WHICH ALWAYS EMERGES FROM NON MASS ACTIVITY, NON STRUGGLE. THIS DOESN'T HELP THE STRUGGLE AT ALL AND TO CONCEIVE OF UNITY WITHOUT THIS IS NOT TO SEE UNITY.



THEREFORE, IT IS ABSOLUTELY WRONG ONLY TO SEE NEGATIVES -- TO HAVE A PESSIMISTIC HOPELESS OUTLOOK TOWARDS EVENTS. IT WOULD BE WRONG TO JUST SIT AND WAIT. OUR ANSWER HAS TO BE THAT OF STRUGGLE FOR POLICY, STRUGGLE FOR ORGANIZATION AND PROPER ORGANIZATION OF OUR FORCES. WE HAVE TO RECOGNIZE THAT SMALL NUMBERS IS TEMPORARY. A PROPER APPROACH WITH PROPER ORGANIZATION OF OUR WORK CAN DOUBLE, TRIPLE, OR EVEN MORE, THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE PARTY.

WE HAVE TO PUT AN END TO THAT IN OUR AFFAIRS WE SEE FEW BLACK PEOPLE. WHAT IS REQUIRED IS NOT ONLY PROGRAM BUT OUTLINES FOR CLASSES ABOUT THE MAIN THINGS AND THE MAIN WAY OUT.

IT WOULD BE WRONG TO REGARD TRIPLE CONCENTRATION AS AN ORGANIZATIONAL PROCESS ALONE IN WHICH THERE IS PERIODIC CONSULTATION BETWEEN THE 3 BODIES, BUT THE UNITY OF THE 3 BODIES IN ELABORATING A PROGRAM THAT CAN WIN. WITHIN THIS FRAMEWORK, I THINK WE WILL NOT BE FOUND LACKING IN OUR ABILITY TO ACHIEVE GREAT SUCCESS.



# Genocide in America

by Benjamin F. Chavis, Jr.

Genocide is defined as the deliberate and systematic destruction of a racial, ethnic, political or cultural group. During the course of the last ten years, *Civil Rights Journal* has documented numerous examples of the fatal results of deliberate and systematic racial oppression of the African American community. The public health statistics of African Americans, Hispanic Americans, Asian Americans and Native Americans continue to portray the fact that living in America is "hazardous to your health."

We have just returned from a tour of Altgeld Gardens Housing Projects on the southside of Chicago where more than ten thousand African American children, women and men reside. Altgeld Gardens is surrounded by multiple toxic waste dumps, petro-chemical plants, and a toxic waste incinerator. Mrs. Hazel Johnson, a long time community activist and resident of Altgeld Gardens stated, "Our people here are unjustly exposed to deliberate dumping of cancer causing substances in our very midst . . . It is another form of genocide." The cancer among the residents of Altgeld Gardens is one of the highest in the nation. The week that we visited, four persons who had lived on the same street in these projects had died of cancer in less than one week's time.

*Toxic Waste and Race in the United States*, the first national study on the correlation between the location of hazardous waste sites and racial and ethnic communities, verified back in 1987 that race was the most significant variable in determining the location of these sites across the nation. Now three years later in places like Altgeld Gardens in Chicago, there has been a tremendous increase in the incidence of cancer, in particular among African American children.

We visited with fourteen year old Tony Collins, who was a healthy youngster until six months ago when doctors discovered that he has cancer. He painfully pleaded with us, "Please help me . . . I know that it is dangerous for me and my family to live so close to these toxic wastes . . . It is so unfair to be treated this way." Tony, whose normal weight is one hundred and fifty pounds, is now down to ninety-two pounds. Tony is only one of hundreds of children in this housing project who has mysteriously contracted cancer.

Last week, *The Journal of the American Medical Association* reported that asthma deaths have risen steadily in the United States, with the highest rate found among African American male children. One of the areas, according to the *AMA Journal*, that is largely responsible for this national trend is Chicago. Dr. Kevin Weiss of George Washington University Medical Center was the leading researcher and co-author of the article on asthma deaths in the journal. Previous to Dr. Weiss' study, researchers assumed that the increase in the reporting of asthma related deaths among racial and ethnic children was attributable largely to diagnostic changes. But now researchers have concluded that this explanation is no longer valid. Dr. Weiss concluded, "The suspicions are that it's a combination of access to medical treatment and a worse environment in urban areas" which is responsible for the increase in asthma related deaths.

The point here is that African Americans and others who are socially and economically vulnerable to the powerful forces of racism in this society should begin to make greater efforts to challenge the various ways in which our communities are victimized. Too often, we see asthma related deaths or childhood cancer or disproportionately high infant mortality as isolated singled issues. The time has come for a more comprehensive approach to analyzing the state of health in our communities. The cumulative effects of multiple exposures to toxic wastes, polluted water, and contaminated air as well as the deliberate decrease in the delivery of health care services for these communities constitute genocide.

L. B.





## 336 YEARS BEFORE THE PROCLAMATION



Years before the United States herself came into existence, Negroes were instrumental in shaping the future of what is now her most populous state—California. Part of the story is told here in murals\*, which dramatically illustrate the Negro's role in the exploration and development of America's last frontier. These murals which grace the entrance to GSM's Home Office in Los Angeles, trace the Negro's history—his struggle, his work, his fight—in the territory we know as California from 1527 through 1949. More than a portrayal of past accomplishments, the murals on "The Negro in California History" are an inspiration for future achievement. They represent part of the heritage which we now celebrate and which GSM is honored to share.

\*Painted by: Charles Alston (top panel) and Hale Woodruff (bottom panel).



8. 15 20  
1 0 0 0

2808

My dear Mr. [illegible]