

SOULBOOK 4



SOULBOOK

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editorial

The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, a civil rights organization with strong grass roots support among Black Americans, was recently moved to issue a statement condemning the U.S. Government for both its acquiescence and participation in the continued murders of Afroamericans and Vietnamese.

The statement read in part :

" The murder of Samuel Younge in Tuskegee, Alabama is no different from the murder of people in Vietnam, for both Younge and the Vietnamese sought and are seeking to secure the rights guaranteed them by law. In each case, the U.S. government bears a great part of the responsibility for these deaths. Thus SNCC realizes, just as the majority of Afroamericans do, that Afroamericans and Vietnamese peoples are fighting parallel struggles for an identical objective -- human dignity.

Furthermore, the masses of Black Americans can only acclaim SNCC for its forthright and uncompromising stand against the sending of Black troops to fight brown Vietnamese peasants for the perpetuation of white supremacy.

It was a sign of increasing political maturity on the part of SNCC when its Public Relations Director Brother Julian Bond chose to unambiguously assert SNCC's position as his own, fully realizing that he would be a victim of political oppression. Subsequently he was not allowed to take the office to which he was elected by the Black people of Atlanta, Georgia. This further exposed to Black people that American Democracy is a lie as great as the geographical distance between Vietnam and Atlanta.

We are also convinced that the statement by SNCC and actions of Brother Julian Bond set an inspiring example for our people, thus adding impetus to

to our struggle. For in order to continue and increase the tempo of the struggle for Black Liberation, we must all learn from the concrete realities that our enemies and ill-wishers place in our way. We must broaden our current perspectives to include all relevant forces and agents operating against our struggle. These will include concrete analysis of the economic and political circumstances and realities of the present day U. S. and of the world, which ultimately and unavoidably determine social realities and behavior. At each and every stage of development and enlightenment, above all, we must not neglect to inform and take our direction from the people. For if we lose touch with our people, we lose our purpose.

Therefore, we, as Afroamericans and as editors of SOULBOOK, BLACK DIALOGUE, and BURNING SPEAR, vehemently support and welcome the statements on Vietnam issued by SNCC and its subsequent endorsement by Julian Bond. This type of courageous and principled activity is an important ingredient for the achievement of Black Liberation in the same way that the heroic efforts of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam are a guarantee for the ultimate achievement of Vietnamese Liberation.

ADDENDUM

As we go to press SOULBOOK is deeply irritated by the inconsistent conduct of Brother Julian Bond during a T V interview on Meet The Press. When Bond was questioned about the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam as being a legitimate force struggling for the liberation of the Vietnamese People, his reply left the explicit impression that the Liberation Front was an alien force in Vietnam and that its aspirations were other than legitimate.

SOULBOOK would like to take this opportunity to remind Brother Julian Bond that all objective analyses prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the N. F. L. of South Vietnam is indigenous to that area and represents the legitimate aspirations of the vast majority of Vietnamese people in south Vietnam infinitely more than all the civil rights groups in the U. S. represent the needs and aspirations of the vast majority of Black Americans.

From the Wars

**Black Soldier
Marched home
home to his woman,
home to his boss man
home to his rack,
Hung up his balls.**

**Black Soldier
Turned in his gun
Should have kept it;
Enemies not dead
Waited for him
with installment plan
& 20 - year mortgage.
A broad smile
Pats for his back
a foot for his ass.**

**Black Soldier,
Can you speak
of a freedom
you've never had?
You're the nation's
greatest con man.
Why don't you
run for President?**

patricia bullins

NOTICE

The accompanying communiqué was first released in the Fall, 1964 issue of Revolution magazine. Recently we, the editors of SOULBOOK, were deeply disturbed to find this same nigger agent, Richard Gibson, featured in articles of recent issues (Dec., 1965-Feb., 1966) of a certain black publication. We feel that this magazine, which purports to be in full accord with the forces of Black Liberation, has done a grave disservice to our revolutionary cause; thus we feel compelled to hold up these above facts to Black light.

Perhaps we judge too harshly; it is quite possible that our brother editors FORGOT that traitor Gibson sold out the International Struggle. If this is so, then we hope that the republication of the communiqué will serve as a helpful reminder. If not, it is time for them to get themselves together.

SOULBOOK

COMMUNIQUE

Following most serious accusations brought forth by comrades from New York, London and Accra concerning Richard GIBSON and confirmed after proper investigation, REVOLUTION wishes to inform its readers that Richard GIBSON who has used his former position as secretary of "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" to infiltrate the International Revolutionary Movement, must not be considered any longer as a member of REVOLUTION'S staff. We can not be held responsible for any of his past and present activities, projects and ideas.

alvin morrell

notes on the avant-garde:

A BRIEF PERSPECTIVE OF BLACK MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES

In an article in the first issue of the magazine African Revolution, LeRoi Jones, a profound and prolific writer who is at once a poet, polemicist and music critic (you know which music I mean too), wrote an essay titled "The Avant Garde". In this insightful article he tells of some interesting happenings on the contemporary Black music scene, and makes some critical observations and interpretations.

LeRoi reports of a new rank of young musicians who are beginning to use not only the most important ideas of "formal" music (by which is meant European music), but more importantly, the ideas contained in the music called BeBop. He points out that the use of Bop is the most significant aspect of the avant-garde, since almost any modern musician can tell you Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bartok, etc. LeRoi observes: "for the Black musicians to have come to the logical and beautiful conclusion that BeBop was the most legitimately complex, emotionally rich music to come out of this country is a brilliant beginning for a 'new music'. BeBop is roots now, just as much as Blues is; classical music is not". He states that 'classical' music (contemporary and past European 'art' music) "definitely can and should be 'milked' for as many solutions as possible" for the engineering problems the contemporary Black musician is likely to run into in his statement of musical truths and actions. He illustrates his point: "Ornette Coleman has had to live with the attitudes responsible for Anton Webern's music whether he knows that music or not: They were handed to

him along with the whole history of formal western music, and the musics that have come to characterize the Black man in the U.S. came to exist as they do only through the acculturation of this entire history". He goes on to reveal that the actual knowing of that history, or those European music only adds to the indoctrination. "But that jazz and blues are western musics; products of a Euro-American culture. And we are all of us, moderns, whether we like or not." Here LeRoi says that he is merely stressing the fact that he believes formal music of Europe can be used by modern Black musicians to solve technical problems. "How to play exactly what I feel" as he quotes an unnamed avant musician as telling him. LeRoi's definition of 'technical' is the utilization of the 'important ideas that are contained in the residue of history". A broadened though subjective definition of the term, and by 'history' I take LeRoi to mean western music history. My assumption is strengthened with "the fact that being able to doubletime Listz's piano pieces might help one to become a musician, but it will not make a man

aware of the fact that Bartok was a greater composer than Listz. And it is the consciousness, on whatever level, of fact, ideas, etc. like this that are the most important part of technique". LeRoi emphasizes this notion of his on a more when he says "formal music, for the jazz musician should be ideas. Ideas that can make it easier for the modern musician to get to his roots". And he says further that the strongest of these roots are Blues and BeBop which are basically autonomous musics. "They are understandable, emotionally, as they sit: without the barest discussion of their origins, themselves. Blues is a beginning, BeBop a beginning. They define other varieties of music that came after them".

LeRoi's essay is informative, as far as it goes, as to some of the advanced happenings on the modern music scene; but a close inspection





of his critical assertions will reveal some remarkable contradictions and some just plain residue of brainwashing in the western music heritage that LeRoi hadn't ridden himself of at the time of the writing. The first thing I would like to hold up to black light is the rather common over-emphasis that is given to European music in the foundations and origins of African-American or Black music. Whether the notion is stressed because of the music's technical usefulness or convenience makes not one iota of basic difference. The fact is that western music seems to be a gigantic boulder that constantly gets in LeRoi's way and he tries to get by it by making mental deals with it in order to get at the indigenous ideas that lie in the fertile mind of the Black

musician and his roots -- Blues and BeBop. This historic origin and expression of Black people's music is radically different than that of the Europeans. In fact, as I will show later, non-western musics all related among themselves in that each is predicated on radically different and opposing principles than those of the smaller western world. In other words, the music of the west is apart to itself -- segregated if you will.

Western music's basic motivating force and characteristic are harmonic design and written composition (the minutest detail possible within the idiom's musical reference, which is limited to what can be notated or made to conform to a preconceived standard of notation), especially after the 18th century and J. S. Bach. Accompanying these basic constructs were the desire for 'perfection' in pitch or tone expression and secondary consideration of melodic line with rhythm being of a basic 2/4, 3/4, or 4/4 character; all elements, remember, had to be completely notated, even such subtle distinctions as dynamic levels and ornamentation of the music to be played. Another important point to remember is that the writer or composer of the music rarely performed his own music or anyone else's as a playing musician, so the impersonal aspect of the composed music was rule. Hardly anything was left for the 'musicians' who did play it to do but provide the energy and hit the 'right notes' at the 'right' notated times.

The musics of the eastern world, those of Africa, India, Oceania, etc., are predicated on improvisational and rhythmic elements of immense

complexity and depth as well as harmony (least extent) and melody. But the understanding of the rhythmic foundations is the essential key to the whole improvisational super-structure of the music; and this area is precisely that arena that the Europeans understand least; as is demonstrated in their harmonically dense but rhythmically shallow music. The rhythmic improvisations of the non-western musician allows him to express his own inner thoughts and feelings about the world as he sees it. They often consists of many different rhythms played by several musicians simultaneously, each man being aware of others while maintaing his own improvisation. The static and simplistic (I'm tempted to say "primitive") form of rhythmic content in western music accounts for the fact western ears find it difficult to respond with natural and unself-conscious appreciation to the rich rhythmic patterns of Indian and African music. ² Of course, there are plenty of the so-called (self-called) "sencous" type of "hip" hunkey on both coasts and Europe too, who put on a show at being up tight ---but we know better.

II

To merely observe that it's a beautiful scene for African-American musicians to now use BeBop as a beginning for a "new" music is to look lightly, if at all, at some important philosophical and historical concepts and motivations that the Black man, in general, and the Black musician, in particular, is responsive to and responsible for in his existence in this enclave, presently, of the western world. The African-American musician holds certain beliefs about the world which makes it only natural for him to be orientated towards certain areas of thought and expression. These beliefs are primarily influenced by the musician's life in a racist society where he is one of a suppressed people. Among the young or avant-garde musicians this reality is increasingly being seen for what is; and therefore is the substance of their expression and thought (musical, political and social). If these expressions and thoughts are influenced by western modes or technical resources (presently), one must understand how these resources are used and why. If recognition of the present forces affecting ones existence can significantly influence and lead to the forming of a philosophical viewpoint of the world and the future, then a further study of a particular history will deepen the influence and formation of that viewpoint. And if there is existing initiative, the new awareness can provide creative motivating factors with revolutionary ramifications.

Historically, the majority of the instruments used by African-American musicians were of western origin with the drum, "banjo", earth-bound, and others being exceptions (among the modern musicians : Yuseef Lateef uses



Bessie Smith

many Afro-Asian instruments, and Roland Kirk has invented some of his own). The avant-garde, as a start, are going against western musical tradition by playing these western instruments in "incorrect classical style". Oh, dear! Although this has almost always been the case in the most original and best African-American music. The same criticism was used against those Black musicians who, in distorted attempts to prove their worth as human beings, mastered the conventions of European music. The difference now, because of the beginning of a new awareness of themselves as Black men, is that the young musicians are more consciously undermining the confines of western tradition.

The substance, historically, and now evolving forms³ (in this lies the avant-garde's chief importance) are very definitely of a non-western character. In the United States, because of the white man's attempt to totally destroy the African-American's conception of himself as a human being, certain forms of African musical expression were suppressed by whites who couldn't understand them, but feared their use in anti-slave rebellions.⁴ But the fundamental rhythmic substance of the music was retained in the spiritual being of the people and expressed in more convenient modes of music form --- that is the modes that the white slavers possessed. Thus began the imprisonment of a rhythmically and extemporaneously free music in a western straight jacket.

Every since the end of overt slavery in this country, the Black musician has had one essential task before him --- breaking free from the western contraction that his music was in. In Blues this was done to the greatest extent, but the instrumental expression of the same basic music presented a different thing although. The struggle has been accelerated more consciously in the last 25 years or so than at any time in African-American history. I think this is so because the musician has had a definite means of expressing his feelings and attitudes of the white man (most of the 'hip' blood talk comes from the musician) and at the same time within this expression there was the very real task of liberation from white western standards.⁵ The rhythmic complexity (and the rhythmically induced harmonics and dynamics created by Monk⁶) of African-American music at the time of the initial Black onslaught of Charles Parker, John B. Gillespie, Thelonious Sphere Monk, Jimmy Blanton, Charles Christian, Maxwell Roach and others in the 1940's based on the more rudimentary but vital work of early Louis Armstrong (in the 1925-29 period), James P. Johnson, Benny Moten and Count Basie demonstrates this vividly. The dedicated, young musicians of the present are picking up the liberation movement attempting to make up for the time lost in the 1950's when the social and political forces in the struggle miscalculated the winning of a small battle with de-



Historic reunion: Thelonious Monk accompanying Charlie Parker

feat of the enemy.⁷

III

In the history of African-American music or "jazz"⁸ all developments of major and lasting importance have come from the minds of Black musicians; the avant-garde of today is very aware of this fact as are white "jazz critics" and musicians. With this in mind, I question LeRoi's advising Black musicians to use whatever important ideas that are contained in the residue of European music history. Those ideas are just part of the dying residue of western culture and resurrecting them in order that they may help new Black musicians get to their roots sounds a bit grey to me. It's only logical for a man to get at his roots by going directly to them accompanied by the natural insight that a new generation will automatically bring to those classic roots.

By this time, there exist a body of African-American technique based on the substance of the main music of BeBop and Blues ; and these techniques can and must be added on to. Why go through some alien, oppressive tradition having to eject its shibboleths during the entire journey to the precious streams ?!! One may never reach the roots having been so brainwashed by white standards. "In my music, I came up with a music that didn't require European laws applied to it. This was a revolutionary breakthrough as well as a support for the jazz image".⁹ This statement points to future of Black music. Cecil Taylor, contemporary pianist and nominal head of the avant-garde, says : "Jazz is the imposition of Black American feeling upon an aryan culture". And feeling, that special quality, is a basic ingredient to the consciousness of ones own cultural heritage and roots. Oliver Nelson, composer-arranger, tenor saxman, says that he is just now getting over the affect of all his training in the university music (western) laboratory. "Jazz is not only the way Billie Holiday sang but the way she'd pronounce certain words. It's the way Duke Ellington pats his foot when he's playing. Sure, it came out of the experience of the Black man in America --- the way he feels, the way he brings those feelings into music."¹⁰ And they didn't teach any of these things in the white oriented university. The persistence of the African American musician with his creative strength and increased awareness can only lead to a further growing and maturation of a culture of revolutionary significance.

IV

LeRoi comes on strong when he observes that the roots, Blues and Bop, are emotive. "And that there can be produced material of the purest intellect from this emotional experience as can the rawest emotions proceed from the ideal apprehension of any hypothesis. . . . It is the ideas that are utilized instinctively that determine the degree of profundity any artist reaches. We must always remember this vital fact : the Black musician's instinct represents not only his experience, but those of all African-Americans because of the similarity of experience; and for the Black artist to express himself fully and freely, he will ultimately have to break every hallow tradition that the west has created in his enforced and unconsulted presence. LeRoi indicates that he has the germ of this conviction in his concluding paragraph where writes : "Blues was the initial Afro-American music, and BeBop, the re-emphasis of the non-western tradition. And if the latter saved us from the vapid wastes of swing, singlehandedly, the new avant-garde (originally led by Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane) are saving us from the comparatively vapid 50's. And they both utilized the same general methods :

getting the music back to its initial rhythmic impetus , and away from the attempts at rhythmic regularity and melodic predic ability that the 30's and the 50's had laid on it. "And as Ornette says : "Don't worry about figuring out each thing we're doing. Open up as much as you can, and try to feel the music as a whole... We're not trying to communicate blueprints. We're trying to tell you how we feel".



Lady Day

1. African Revolution, Vol. 1, No. 1 (May, 1963)
2. D. Heckman, "Notation and the Jazz composer", Downbeat, Sept. 23, 1965, pg. 24
3. The term "form" defines the overall musical shape of construction of a composition or solo generally. It's like a bag that holds the improvisational expressions or ideas of the soloist. ; The ideas that come from the mind of the musician is the substance of the music. The substance represents the raw material gathered from the day to day life of the musician, the things on his mind, and how he thinks. Hence, the substance is of primary importance and eventually determines the shape that the music will take if allowed the freedom to do so.
4. Leroi Jones. Blues People: Negro (Black) Music in white america. New York: Wm. Morrow and Co. 1963.
5. I think it is worth noting that up to the present time, the musician, of all Black people in the US, has been most successful in the liberation task that he has undertaken. Black musicians are also among the most politically enlighten cadres of this struggle because they are literally in the streets "chopping" full time. Abbey Lincoln, the brilliant wife of Max Roach was a leader in the 1961 demonstration of pro-Lumumba forces at the U.N.
6. Monk's music is a field within itself. His creations were done in near exile on W.63rd St., N. Y. C. This was because his fellow musicians did not understand and appreciate the complexities of his music. According to Art Blakey : "Monk is the guy who started it all; he came before Parker and Gillespie". Little did they realize (some still don't), until his "rediscovery" nearly 15 years later, the significance of his work, Monk has, in fact, created a music of almost total African-american character. He didn't even borrow the European way of "proper" hand position at the piano. This brought realization to the possibility of totally liberating Black music from Western concepts and is what's happening now.
7. Leroi Jones, ibid. ---Leroi's book is a very important thesis on the interrelativeness of the socio-ece-politice and music areas in African-american culture . I strongly hope that he will soon strengthen and expand the work this time directing it to the vital needs of the rising Black youths across the country.
8. I must come out with it ---"jazz" is another one of those words coined and sanction for us by you know who; and of course, for de-nigrating effect. The original work "jazz" was used by the brothers of the Storyville district of old New Orleans and meant to "jam" accompanied by music played by the "cats" downstairs. The origin of "cat" also dates back to that era and area, and has remain with us. You know who coined it, brothers.
9. Charles L. Russell, "Ornette Coleman Sounds Off", Liberator, vol. V, No. 7 (July, 1965), p. 14.
10. N. Henteff, "Jazz and Race", Commonweal, vol. LXXXI, No. 15, (Jan. 8, 1965).

jumma troupe

a reply to mrs. "instant-hair" thompson —

part I of a sermon to the black bourgeoisie

From the midst of burning and fried hair, funky grease and oil there sits our woman Mrs. "Instant Hair" Thompson serenely wrapped in the latest face borrowed from the pale white girls. As ever she retains that facial scorn grooved into her would-be beautiful countenance indicative of four hundred years of self-hatred. In this world supreme one hears the usual exchanges of the amorous conquests of their respective ministers spoken - as any trained observer would readily learn - with feelings of envy and concern as to why it could not be me.

After the brief accounting of church business Our Lady of Little Rock and her counterparts address themselves to the trials and tribulations of family life. First of all, there is the perpetual statement of a lack of money in which to run the house. Has it ever occurred to these lustre-silk and nadinola wonders that their insufficient funds stems from a waste of their pitiful resources on artificial "beauty" preparations which abounds in their hope of becoming akin to snow white.

The money Black women spend on cosmetics, viz. in the form of hair culture and skin whiteness would place them and their families on a more viable plane of living.

Another area of dismay constant in Mrs. "Instant Hair" Thompson's sojourn in this supreme world, is the worry over keeping her fifteen year old son and daughter attendant in school resplendent in the very latest clothing as depicted by Ebony and Elegant Teen Magazines. Sister "Instant Hair" Thompson here is another wasteful way in which you create an unnecessary drain on your husband's meager earnings.



Mrs. "Instant Hair"

Yes, Negro homemaker, you cry and yearn for understanding in your distressed condition. I hear your soulful cry and pledge myself to gain understanding, and suddenly ! It is revealed to me that, you are often responsible for the perpetuation of this sickness of soul. You are, as your mother was, saturated with the belief in, and faith in the four hundred year old cliché that "white makes right !"

Moreover, you negro female buzgies* believe that if you can't be white, then dress and act white, notwithstanding the cost : not only to your monetary position, but to your own self-being which causes you to loath anything black.

What's that you say, negro homemaker ?

Yes, your children attend school dressed like the ofay boys and girls whose fathers and mothers earnings are much higher than yours - incidently, because of their capacity to exploit anti-black attitudes such as yours. And I soon learned that your children's grades and their desire to study is not made any more relevant as a result of their sartorial and elegant splendor.

Now that I have gained understanding of your especial home economic situation I can't laugh at you, but wish only to advise you in your daily striving(s) which are rapidly becoming daily prayers : to stop your useless spending in an accelerated effort to become white. The money you spend in your attempt to be accepted by white society could be used to provide a fund for your childrens' future. Teach yourself and your children the need to struggle for and to obtain self-acceptance, and consequently there will be no need to recreate yourself in a white image,

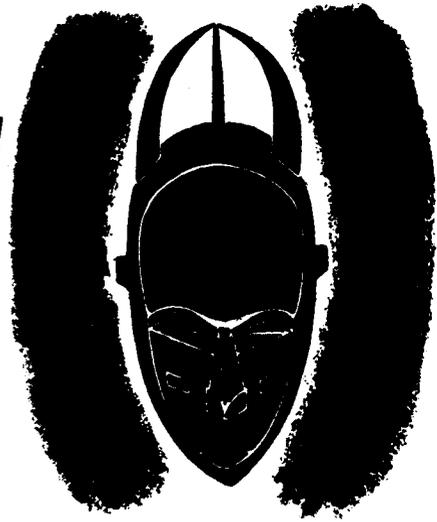
Okay, Sister "Instant Hair", the hairdresser is through with you; now go on home to your husband who is just as much in need of advice as you were . He is spending his money on ivy league suits, alligator shoes, ofay whores, cases of imported scotch, and all the other income waste trappings of a frustrated Black male. Sister "Instant Hair", if it's all right with you, I'd like to see you next week at the wash house.

* bourgeoisie

frantz fanon

psychology and négritude

translated from the french by SOULBOOK



I speak of millions of men in which they have knowingly inculcated fear, inferiority complexes, trembling, kneeling down, despair, flunkying.

(A. Césaire, Discours sur le Colonialisme)

The explosion will not take place today. It is too soon...or too late.

I do not come armed with decisive truths.

My conscience is not traversed with essential brilliances.

In all serenity, however, I think that it would be well that certain things be said.

I am going to say these things, not cry them. For the cry left my life a long time ago.

And it is so remote...

Why write this work? No one has asked me.

Above all, not any of those to which it is addressed.

Then? Then, calmly I respond that there are too many fools on this earth. And since I am saying it, it is a question of proving it.

Towards a new humanism...

•This is Fanon's introduction to his book, Peau Noire Masques Blancs (Black Skins, White Masks)

The understanding between men...

Our brothers of color...

I believe in you, man...

Racial prejudice...

To understand and to love...

From all sides, dozens and hundreds of pages assail and try to force themselves upon me. However, a single line would suffice; a single response to furnish, and the problem of the black man is stripped of its seriousness.

What does man want?

What does the black man want?

I may incur the resentment of my brothers of color, but I will state that the black is not a man.

There is a zone of non-being, a region extraordinary sterile and arid, a stairway stripped of essentials from which a genuine upheaval might take birth. In the majority of cases, the black does not have the benefit of realizing this descent to a veritable hell.

Man is not only possibility of rebirth or of negation. If it is true that the conscience is activity of transcendence, we should know also that this transcendence is haunted by the problem of love and of comprehension. Man is vibrant OUI with the cosmic harmonies. Torn away, dispersed, confounded, condemned to see dissolved one after another the truths which he elaborates, man must cease projecting in the world an antimony which to him seems co-existent.

The black is a black man; that is to say that as a result of a series of affective aberrations, he has taken root in the midst of a universe from which it will be very necessary to depart.

The problem is important. We insist upon nothing less than the liberation of the man of color from himself. We will go very slowly, for there are two camps: the white and the black.

We will tenaciously examine the two metaphysics, and we will see that they are frequently very solvent.

For the former governors and missionaries we will have no pity. For us, those who adore blacks are as "sick" as those who execrate them.

Inversely, the black who desires to whiten his race is as unfortunate as the one who preaches the hatred of the white.

In the absolute, the black is no more lovable than the Czech. And truthfully it is a question of freeing man.

This book should have been written three years ago...but then the truths burned us. Today they can be said without excitement. Those truths have no need of being thrown in the face of men. They don't require enthusiasm. We mistrust enthusiasm.

Each time we have seen it blossom somewhere, it announced fire, famine, and misery...also the contempt of man.

Enthusiasm is par excellence the arm of the powerless.

Of those who would heat the iron in order to beat it immediately. But we would like to heat man's carcass and then leave. Perhaps we would arrive at this result : man maintaining this fire by auto-combustion.

Man liberated from the springboard that the resistance of others constitutes, and digging in his own flesh in order to find a sense of himself.

Only a few of those reading this work will guess the difficulties which we have encountered in the wording.

During a period in which sceptical doubt is present in the world, where, in the words of a group of bastards, it is no longer possible to discern sense from non-sense, it becomes difficult to descend to a stage where the categories of sense and non-sense are not yet employed.

The black wants to be white. The white is intent upon realizing a condition of man.

We will see during the course of this work an essay elaborating upon the understanding of the black-white relationship.

The white is locked up in his whiteness.

The black in his blackness.

We will try to determine the trends of this double narcissism and the motivations to which it returns.

At the beginning of our reflections it seemed inopportune to us to make explicit the conclusions which you are going to read.

Only the anxiety of putting an end to a vicious circle has guided our efforts.

It is a fact : some whites regard themselves as being superior to blacks.

It is another fact : cost what it may, some blacks want to demonstrate to whites the richness of their thought, the equal power of their spirit.

How does one get away from it ?

A short time ago we employed the term of narcissism. As a matter of fact, we think that only a psychoanalytical interpretation of the black problem can

reveal the responsible affective anomalies within the structure of the complex. We will work towards a total lysis of this morbid universe. We think that an individual should tend to assume the universality inherent to the human condition. And when we advance this thought, we are indifferent to men such as Gobineau² or women such as Mayotte Capécia. But in order to succeed in this execution it is urgent to rid oneself of a series of defects evolved from the childhood experience.

The misfortune of man, said Nietzsche, is having been a child. We would not know how to forget, however, for as Charles Odier had us to understand, the fate of the neurotic resides between his own hands.



This following statement may also be painful for us, but we are obliged to make it : for the black, there is only one aim -- and it is white.

Before beginning the process, we insist upon certain things. The analysis that we are undertaking is a psychological one. Nevertheless it remains evident to us that the veritable destruction of the Black's alienation implies a abrupt realization of economic and social truths. If there is an inferiority complex, it is the result of a double process :

--- Economic, first of all.

--- Next, by internalization or, better, epidermization of this inferiority.

Reacting against the constitutionalist³ tendency at the end of the 19th century, Freud, through psychoanalysis, asked that the factor of the individual be taken into consideration. For a phylogenetic thesis he substituted the ontogenetic perspective. One will see that the alienation of the Black is not an individual question. At the side of phylogeny and ontogeny⁴ there is sociogeny.⁵ In a sense, in order to reply to the wish of Leconte and Damey⁶ we say that it is here a question of a socio-diagnosis.

What is the prognosis ?

But society, contrary to the bio-chemical process, doesn't escape the human influence. Man is what society succeeds in being. The prognosis is between the hands of those who are willing to shake the worm-eaten roots of the structure.

The black should lead the fight upon two fronts : since, historically, they are conditioning themselves, all unilateral liberation is imperfect, and the worst error would be to believe in their mechanical independence. Besides, the facts are opposed to a similar systematic inclination, which we will demonstrate.

Reality, for one time, claims total understanding. Upon an objective plan as on a subjective plan a solution should be brought forth.

And it is not worth the trouble of coming, with the airs of "crab-it-is-my-fault," to proclaim that it is a question of saving the soul.

There will be authentic destruction of alienation only to the extent that things, in the most material sense, will have resumed their place.

It is good style to introduce a work of psychology from a methodological point of view. We will not follow this usage here; we will leave systems to botanists and mathematicians. There is a point at which systems reabsorb themselves.

We would like to place ourselves there. We will try to discover the different responses that the black adopts when confronted with the civilization of whites.

The "savage of the bush" is not envisaged here, because for him certain elements as yet have no weight.

We feel that due to the fact of placing together the white and black races that there is a psycho-existential complex surrounding both. In analysing it we are also aiming at its destruction.

Many blacks will not encounter themselves in the lines which follow.

Similarly many whites.

But for me the fact that I feel myself a stranger to the world of the schizophrenic or of the sexual incompetent in no way contests of their reality.

The attitudes that I intend to describe are true. I have encountered them in incalculable number of times - in students, workers, & pimps in Pigalle or Marseille, I have identified the same component of aggressivity and passivity.

This work is a critical study. Those who might find themselves here, I believe, will have advanced a step. I really want to lead my brother, black or white, to jolt most energetically the lamentable livery built through centuries of incomprehension.

The structure of the present work is situated on a temporal base. All human problems demand to be considered from this point of view, the ideal being that the present always serves to construct the future.

And this future is not the one of the cosmos, but certainly the one of my era, of my country, of my existence. By no means should I plan to prepare the world which will follow me. I belong irreducibly to my own epoch, and this epoch is what I should live for. The future should be a sustained construction by existing man. This edifice is linked to the present to the extent that we pose the present as a thing which should be surpassed.

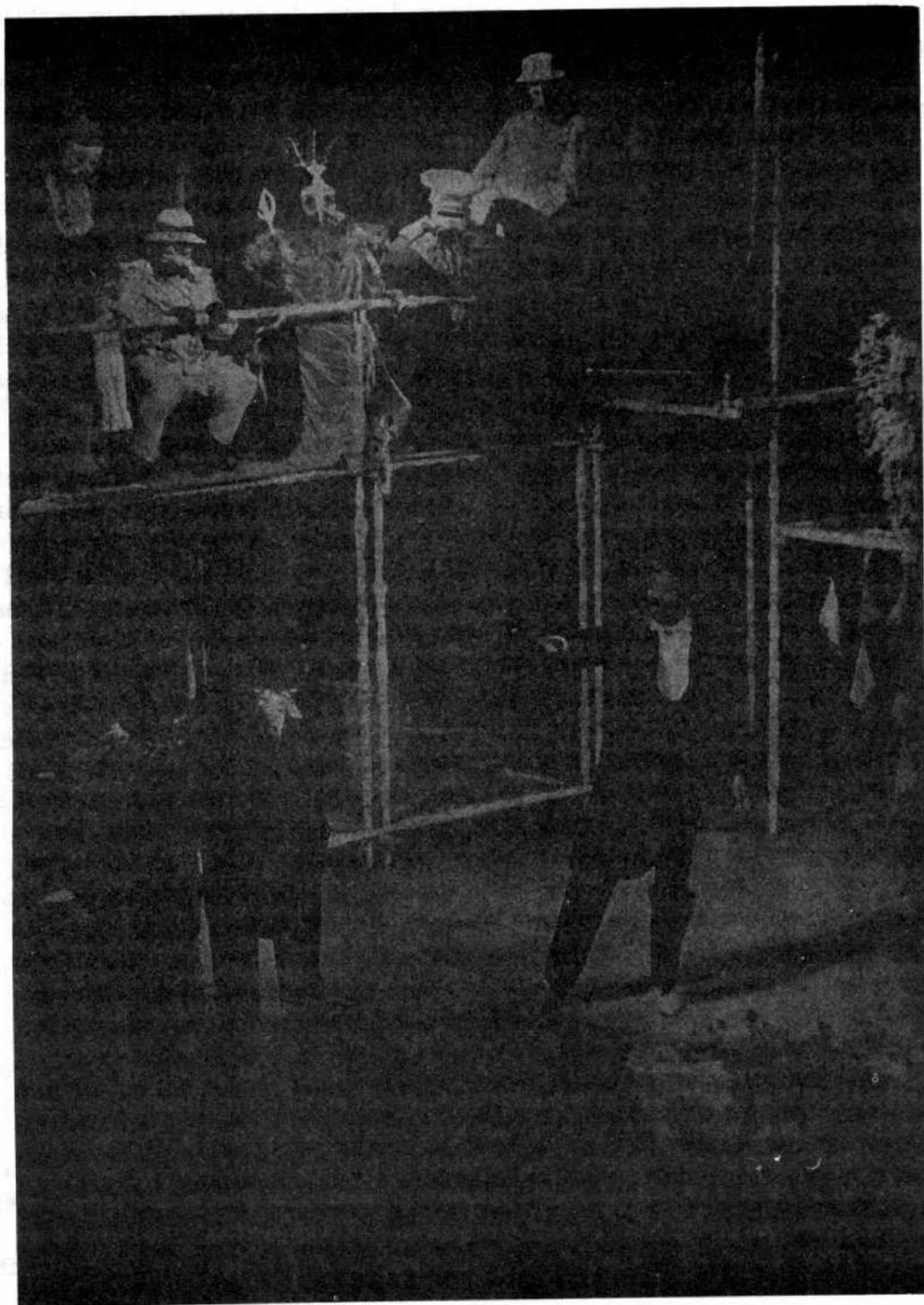
The first three chapters concern themselves with the modern black. I take blacks as they actually are and try to determine their attitudes in the white world. The last two are concerned with a psychopathological and philosophical explanation of the black's existence.

The analysis is, above all, regressive.

The fourth and fifth chapters are written on an essentially different plan.

In the fourth chapter I have criticized a work⁷ which in my opinion is dangerous. However, the author, M. Mannoni, is conscious of the ambiguity of his position, and perhaps that is one of the merits of his work. He attempted to render an account of a situation and we have the right of declaring ourselves unsatisfied. We are obliged to show the author where we differ from him.

The fifth chapter, which I have entitled, "The Experience Endured by the



Black,"; it shows the black confronting his race. One will perceive that the black man described in this chapter has nothing in common with the one who desires to sleep with white women. One would find that this last has a desire to be white -- a thirst for vengeance, in any case. Here, on the contrary, we witness the desperate efforts of a black intent on discovering the sense of his black identity. White civilization, European culture, has imposed an existential deviation upon the black. We will show elsewhere that often what one calls the 'black soul' is a construction of whites.

The evolved black, slave to the Negro myth, spontaneous and cosmical, feels at a given moment that his race understands him no longer.

Or that he understands it no longer.

Then, he congratulates himself, and developing this difference, this incomprehension, this disharmony, he discovers the sense of his veritable humanity. Or more rarely he has a desire to be with his people. And it is with the rage on his lips and madness in his heart that he plunges into the "great black cave." We will see that this attitude, so absolutely beautiful, rejects reality and the future in the name of a mystic past.

Being West Indian of origin, our observations and conclusions are only of value to the West Indies -- at the very least in what concerns the black, within himself, there. There should be a study devoted to the explanation of divergences between West Indians and Africans. Perhaps we will do it one day. Perhaps also someday, it will have become useless, in which case we can only congratulate ourselves.

FOOTNOTES

- 1) means "yes" in french
- 2) the 18th century french author of several racist works
- 3) this was Kraepelin's term for an ill-defined category of disorders in which he placed such symptoms as the following: uncontrolled excitement, despondency, homicidal impulses, chronic thievery, pyromania, sex perversions, and wanderlust (1833). Kraepelin believed that such individuals were the result of bad heredity, and hence degenerates.
- 4) the growth and development of the individual, as contrasted with phylogeny, the development of the species.
- 5) study of the origins of society; characterizing behavior as determined by social experience.
- 6) M. Laconte and A. Damey, Essai critique des nosographies psychiatriques actuelles.
- 7) Psychologie de la colonisation, by O. Mannoni (Ed. du Seuil, 1950).

douglas allen

'twas the night before christmas,
and all through the house,
not a creature was stirring,
not even "whitey"...

'twas the night before christmas

Little Marvin Oswald of Alabaster, Louisiana, crept from his bedroom and into the gloom living room. The glint of the tinsel and bulbs from the Christmas tree shone in his bright blue eyes. All was quiet.

Suddenly, there was a muffled scuffling from the cold stone fireplace, and among the ashes a black boot appeared, a bit of bright red pants-leg, a snowy beard, and finally Santa Claus himself !

But there was something wrong! Santa's face was full and dark, his cheeks two brown-baked apples above full lips and lying next to a wide, broad nose. Dang, man ! Santa was a nigger !

"Ho-ho-ho," Santa said, puffing as he lowered a bag swollen with goodies. "Well, Marvin Oswald, have you been a good little boy this year ?

"Hey," Marvin said, "you're not Santa Claus !"

Santa looked up from the bag with a puzzled glance.

"What do you mean ?" he said. "Have you seen Santa before ?"

"No," Marvin hesitated, "but I know you're not Santa. You're black !"

"But I'm still Santa Claus," Santa protested, still a little puzzled. "Come on, Marvin, I've got a lot of work to do tonight. What do you want for Christmas this year ?" He smiled broadly as he drew a large package out of his bag. "How about a nice skate board ? Or an official NBA basketball autographed by Bill Russell Or a --"

The door to the living room opened and Randolph Oswald, Marvin's Father, peered sleepily in.

"Hey," he yawned, "what's all the noise about ?" He looked a little closer, and his mouth dropped open in disbelief. "What the hell--?" he began.



"Ho-ho-ho?" Santa said a little weakly. "How'd you like the after-shave lotion I got you last year? And the alpaca sweater?"

With a roar, Randolph Oswald disappeared into his room, and before Santa could gather up his bag of goodies and scramble for the fireplace the man was back in the living room with a shotgun cocked under one arm.

"What's wrong, Randolph?" Santa said, his eyes growing wide as he moved slowly backwards. "Where's the Christmas cheer you've been taught for so many years? What about the faith and brotherhood all should

live by on this anniversary of the birth of our Lord and Saviour? Don't you believe in Santa Claus?"

"I don't know what your game is boy," Randolph said with clenched teeth, "but if you think you can get away with running around in a listle red suit and breaking into white people's houses you're about the most mistaken nigger in Dixie."

He pointed the shotgun at Santa. "Let's go, he said.

Little Marvin and his friend Alexander, sat sadly on the front porch the morning after.

"I didn't get any Christmas presents at all," Marvin said mournfully.

"Neither did I," Alexander moped. "Say, what was all that excitement about last night?"

"Oh, they just lynched some fool nigger from the big Christmas tree out in from of City Hall." He sighed and rubbed his toe in the dirt. "I wonder why Santa Claus didn't come this year --?"



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harry haywood

THE TWO EPOCHS of NATION-DEVELOPMENT:

is black nationalism a form of classical nationalism?

This is an excerpt from Brother Harry Haywood's unpublished book, Towards A Revolutionary Program For Negro Freedom .

The dramatic resurgence of Negro nationalism, its emergence as a viable, authentic trend is one of the most significant developments of the present day Negro freedom scene. With the appearance of the Black Muslims, its most articulate and best organized manifestation, Negro Nationalism, for the first time since the Garvey movement, has attained the significance of a major mass trend. It is having a profound impact upon the Negro community, striking a deep chord among the lower masses, the most disprivileged section of the Negro population. Especially in the northern urban ghettos is this impact felt. It has entered the list to challenge the old guard assimilationist leadership. Any program having in view the unleashing of the vast revolutionary potential of the Negro people's liberation struggles must take into account and accurately assess this burgeoning nationalist component, its implications and importance with respect to the character and future direction of that struggle. Such an examination cannot be restricted to Muslim separation, which is only one manifestation of a broad trend, although the most vocal one.

If nationalism in its broad sense can be defined as an effort of a people to assert its identity and its dignity, its human right to become master of its own destiny, then, today, Negro nationalism is indeed a broad and growing trend embracing the vast majority of the Negro people. It is rooted in their strivings to break out of the trap of racist economic and cultural subjugation, to assert their humanity as a free and equal people. This new mood of self-assertion, this search for identity, far from being restricted



to the Black Muslims or other avowed nationalist groups, ramifies throughout the entire spectrum of the present day Negro freedom struggle. It affects even those masses now under assimilationist leadership, and the Negro man in the street without organizational ties.

Negro nationalism as above defined is a catalyst in the Negro civil rights revolt now sweeping up from its center in the South, bursting all regional barriers and exploding on all fronts. The unifying concept behind this movement is the Negro's new image of himself as belong to a people with a common destiny. A prime ingredient of this image is the Negro's determination to assume at whatever cost the upright posture of manhood and to right the wrongs of three centuries of slavery compounded by a century of fustian freedom. In this drive for self-realization and ethnic identity, a new Negro personality emerges. Its elements are pride, dignity and self-reliance. It pictures a people freeing itself from the entrapment of inferiority, reclaiming its stolen history, a people with a great past and a greater future, a people who have produced great men and women: poets, statesmen, scientists, heroes. It is a people recognizing its own great revolutionary traditions manifested in the struggle against chattle slavery, the Civil War, the battle of Reconstruction; a people proud of their link to ancient African culture and the achievements of the newly emerged African nations with which they identify. Especially among the youth is there a reaffirmation of the value of the Negro experience. As James Baldwin put it:

"That man who is forced to snatch his manhood, his identity, out of the fire of human cruelty that rages to destroy it knows, if he survives his effort, and even if he does not survive it, something about himself and life that no school on earth -- and indeed no church -- can teach. He achieves his own authority, and that is unshakable. This is because he is forced to look beneath appearances, to take nothing for granted, to hear the meaning behind words..." 1

The Negro rebounds with an assertive nationalism from the blows of racism, using nationalism as a weapon against oppression and racist ideology. It is accompanied by a growing scepticism ranging to violent rejection of the values and behavior patterns of the white power structure.

Columnist Walter Lippmann is whistling in the dark when he writes

that, "American Negroes are asking only for their lawful rights... (but) the American Negro movement is not at all revolutionary, as we have seen the anti-colonial movements in Africa and Asia." He is indulging in wishful thinking when he says that the Negro is merely trying to join the whites "inside the existing American social order."

The refrain of the non-revolutionary character of the current Negro upsurge is repeated ad nauseum by the Alsops, Harry Ashmores and other writers in an attempt to confuse and distort the new objectives of the struggle and to contain the movement within the old framework of middle class assimilationist goals.

The Negro's new concept of equality rejects the idea of acceptance into the existing power structure at the price of conforming to the standards and values set by the white rulers. Even if this goal were attainable, its content is paternalism in which he would continue to be less than equal, and assimilation would amount to losing his identity and foregoing his rights to a future as a people. On the contrary, Negro self-realization demands a status affording him control of his own affairs, determination of his future as a people, and assertion of his dignity, self-respect and pride.

As E. U. Essien-Udom puts it, "... a status which enables him to recover a world in which they can enjoy an unashamed sense of identity and vindicate their honor as Black Americans."³

It is not accidental that the main thrust of the reawakening comes from the Negro youth, who are the spearhead of the drive for identity. Caught up in what has been called "the revolution of expectancy," Negro youth refuse the status of forebears, the status of indefinitely waiting for recognition of Negro rights and human dignity.

The temper of the youth is often expressed in strident disaffection, in a rejection of any possibility of adjustment within the white-dominated power structure, in scepticism tantamount to a vote of no confidence in the desire or ability of the United States white rulers to live up to their promises and pretenses of recognizing elementary human rights of the Negro subcitizens.

The element of hope, an essential ingredient of the civil rights upsurge, is also present. An awareness grows among Negroes that they push for freedom from positions of strength. They are gaining a consciousness that the balance of world forces has shifted in their favor; that their struggle takes place in conditions of irreversible, revolutionary world change; that their fight for freedom is inseparably part of the globe-encircling revolt of the earth's downtrodden colored people.

Negro nationalism is not alien or new to the American scene, as some writers pretend. Historically, it has been a basic and continuing theme in Negro protest. In modern times, it has been a steady undercurrent in the national Negro community, existing side by side with the dominant integrationist-assimilationist trend. Submerged by the latter, in so-called "normal" times, Negro nationalism surges forth in times of stress and crisis, and in the absence or weakness of a revolutionary third trend, posing an alternative, it is apt to take the form of mass separatist movements such as the Garvey movement in the early 1920s and the Black Muslim movement of the present day. Not since the Garvey movement has the Negro nationalist trend achieved the dynamic and all-embracing character of the present resurgence. What is new is the stepped up urgency of the Negro's demand for freedom.

The growth of Negro nationalist sentiment is a positive development in itself. It is in fact an essential precondition for the emergence of a national revolutionary movement. The Negro population in the United States has been historically subjected to all-out psychological warfare intended to prevent it from fighting for its rights. This warfare has taken several forms. :

- 1) The lynch law of the South and police brutality in the north: to intimidate.
- 2) Paternalistic concessions and philanthropy, on both a personal and organized basis, to prevent Negroes from leading their own struggles.
- 3) Conditioning the Negro people to believe profoundly in their own unworthiness. The white chauvinist version of history of Africa and of the Negro people in America predominant in United States publications and educational institutions, the racist content of popular culture, as well as the overwhelming influence of the Negro church has inculcated a deep feeling of unworthiness and humility.
- 4) Encouragement of the illusion that militant struggle is hopeless, since Negroes as a minority dare not fight for their rights.

All the above methods of ideological and political domination are now challenged by Negro nationalism. They are an essential prop to Negro oppression, because, far from being isolated and impotent, the Negro movement represents a terrible potential threat to the existing power structure. This accounts for the nearly hysterical reaction against Negro nationalism in ruling circles, as well as among liberal "friends" of the Negro.

The growth of nationalist sentiment is a step in the right direction, because it builds up self-confidence and a fighting spirit. The basic significance of Negro nationalism is in the attempt to set an independent course for the movement; to shake off the dead hand of liberalism, paternalism, gradualism, and dependency which has plagued the modern Negro movement since its inception. But this trend has yet to crystallize into a clear-cut work-

able political program.

All objective factors point to the growth of Negro nationalism. The problem is to channelize this sentiment into a revolutionary direction. But the emerging revolutionary forces will utterly fail in this task if they allow themselves to trail, either ideologically or politically, the ghetto petty-bourgeois leadership of the nationalist movement.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams along with the head of the National Liberation Movement of South Viet Nam and the Premier of North Viet Nam toasting to the future victories of the Viet Namese People and the Afroamerican people.

SOME THEORIES THAT ATTEMPT TO DENY THE REVOLUTIONARY POTENTIAL OF THE BLACK MOVEMENT

Consistent with their direct integration or assimilationist orientation, the Communist Party theoreticians take special pains to be absolutely certain that all the elements of nationhood as defined by Stalin are not only present, but are maturing before the CPUSA can support a Negro national revolutionary movement. They insist that the Negro people in the deep south must take the "classic road to the formation of a nation" as precondition for continuing to support the principle of self-determination.

For example, James S. Allen contends that the Negro movement in the deep south will not take an autonomous direction because the negroes there lack the most essential elements of nationhood, that is, common territory and economic life. These, he contends, are in the process of disintegration as the result of the "... forces of capitalist development of great expansive power, which has lasted well into the era of monopoly and imperialism.⁴ As a result, "the struggle for equal rights has not taken the "classic road of the formation of a nation in the Black Belt area" as supposedly envisioned by the CPUSA when it first put forth the principle of the right of self-determination. The Negro movement, he contends, has developed along other lines, "predominantly in the direction of integration." In failing to fully appreciate these "specific characteristics of the development of the Negro people in the U. S. the party got fixed into immutable positions not in accordance with reality."

Specifically, he charges that the Party's program with respect to the Negro nation and the right of self-determination was the result of a "mechanical, inflexible, unhistorical approach both to the theory of nation and the national program."

First of all, where, we must ask, does Allen expect to find an oppressed nation in the epoch of imperialism taking the "classic road" to formation of nations? His repeated reference to the "Classic period to formation of nations in respect to the Negro question, it seems to us, simply reveals his own unclarity concerning the national question of the epoch of imperialism.

"Imperialism," says Lenin, "is the progressive oppression of the nations of the world by a handful of great powers. It is the epoch of war among them for the widening and strengthening of national oppression. . . This is precisely why the central point in the Social Democratic Party must be the distinction between oppressing and oppressed nations, which is the essence of imperialism which is falsely evaded by the social chauvinist."⁵

We are dealing here with the specific, Negro nation in the context of the extreme crisis of world imperialism, a main feature of which is the collapse of the system of national-colonial oppression. We are dealing with a submerged nation in the heartland of U. S. imperialism, the main bulwark of the collapsing colonial system.

Allen's dogmatic strictures would make the development of a national movement for autonomy and self-determination contingent upon the "maturing" of all elements of nationhood of this oppressed nation. It is, however an elementary truth that universally, imperialist policy with regard to the national question is designed forcibly to arrest and distort the free development of nations. To maintain their economic and cultural backwardness as an essential condition for the extraction of super-profits. Is it not clear that the application of this policy operates to obstruct, warp, and distort the development of the elements of nationhood among oppressed peoples? That is, common territory, economic life, language, and culture?

Now, then, can any serious student of the contemporary national question make our support of autonomy, including the right of self-determination of Negroes, contingent upon the maturing of "all elements of nationhood among them? Clearly, the logic of such a position, were we to apply it to the question of oppressed nations generally, would be to deny the right of self-determination to a whole number of peoples suffering under the yoke of imperialist oppression and, by virtue of this oppression, the maturing of all the elements of nationhood among them has been prevented. Indeed, Allen's logic, if applied to the national-colonial question generally, would deny the right of self-determination to a number of the emerging nations in Negro Africa and elsewhere, among whom the requisites of nationhood exist only in extremely rudimentary form.

Is not this position objectively close to apology for continued imperialist political domination of so-called "backward peoples?"

The dialectical fact, which Allen and others seem to miss, is that imperialist oppression, in stifling the development of nations, created the conditions for the rise of national revolutionary movements which, in this epoch, are a special phase of the struggle for socialism. This creates the basis for the revolutionary alliance of the oppressed peoples with the international working class in the struggle against the common enemy, capitalist imperialism.

Allen is indeed on shaky ground when he lectures on our "unhistoric approach to the theory of nations" when he himself confuses the classic period

with the imperialist epoch.

In insisting upon the "classic road" with respect to the Negro national liberation movement, Allen clearly violates an elementary requirement of Marxist-Leninist theory: that is, the necessity of distinguishing between two radically different epochs of capitalism with respect to nations and national movements.

1) The classic period - the victory of capitalism over feudalism - the epoch of bourgeois revolution, which witnessed the formation of big capitalist national states in Europe and the United States.

2) The imperialist epoch, when these nations, having long completed their bourgeois-democratic transformation, have become powerful imperialist states oppressing these left-behind - the overwhelming majority of mankind, who can achieve national liberation only via the path of revolutionary struggle in alliance with the working class against imperialism.

In the United States, the second bourgeois-democratic revolution of the Civil War and Reconstruction, while abolishing chattel slavery, stopped short of carrying through the land revolution and guarantying full citizenship rights for the Negro freedmen. The betrayal of Reconstruction blasted the



Negroes' hopes for democratic integration into U.S. national life on the basis of equality. With the advent of imperialism, the dominance of trusts and monopolies at the turn of the century riveted tighter the yoke of Negro bondage, with the result that he was thrust further outside the pale of U.S. democracy into deeper isolation within his own group. The possibility for peaceful, democratic integration into the U.S. mainstream was definitely precluded. Henceforth, an effective struggle for Negro equality had to ~~take~~ the form of a struggle of an oppressed nation for special political guarantees to ensure its freedom.

In correcting our "unhistoric approach", it appears that Allen blurs over this distinction. He fails to take into account Lenin's principle :

"The categorical demand of Marxian theory in examining any social question is that it be placed within definite historical limits, and if its refers to one country (e.g. the national program of a given country) that the concrete peculiarities that distinguish that country from others within the same political epoch be taken into account." 6.

While Allen makes a bold attempt to discuss the "concrete peculiarities" of the Negro national question in the United States, he fails to take into account the "historical epoch." His dogmatic, unhistorical approach explains his confusion with respect to the elements of nationhood. Concerning this question, Stalin said :

"...the elements of nationhood - language, territory, culture, etc., - did not fall from the skies, but were evolved gradually in the pre-capitalist period. But these elements were in a rudimentary state and at best, were only a potentiality, that is, they constituted the possibility of the formation of a nation in the future given certain favorable conditions. The potentiality became a reality only in the period of rising capitalism with its national market and its economic, cultural centers." 7.

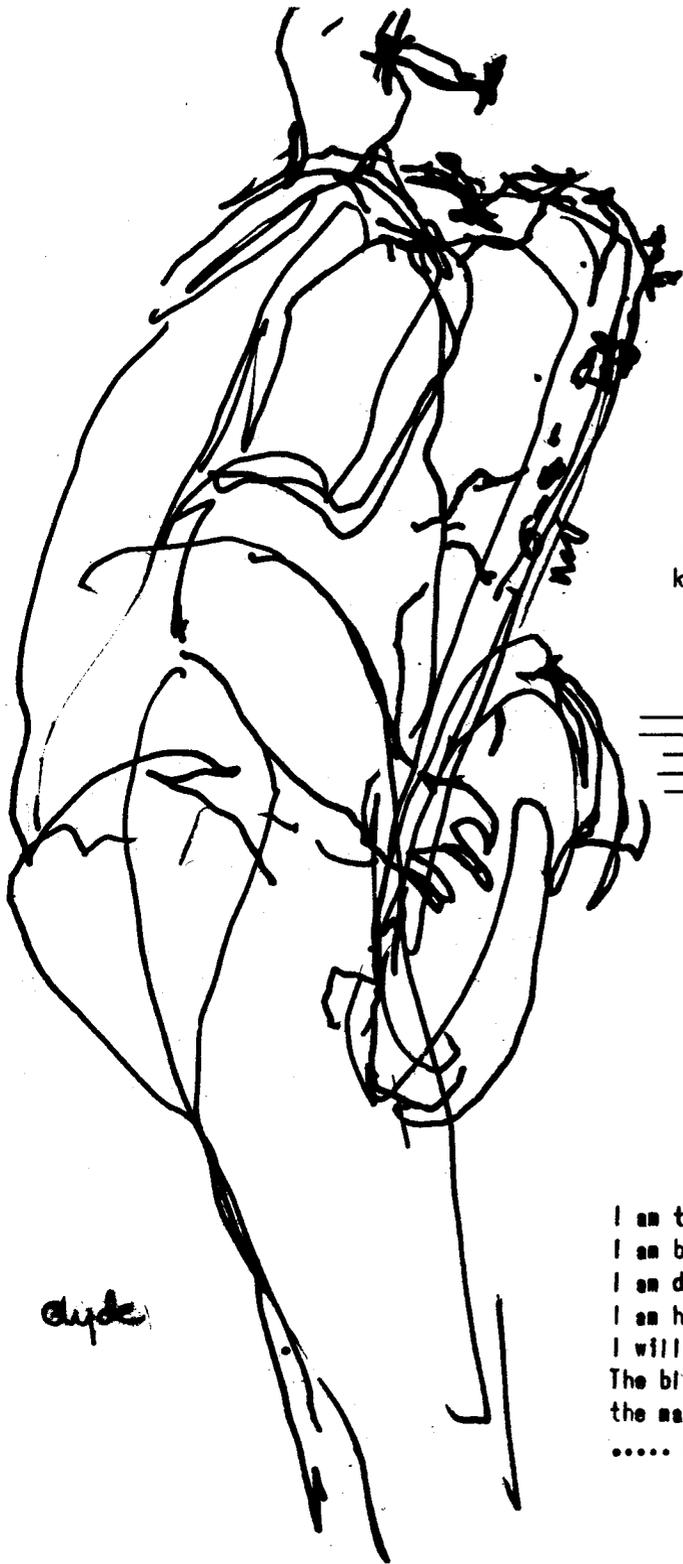
In the classic epoch, the epoch of transition to capitalism, favorable circumstances for the conversion of this potentiality into a reality was the bourgeois-democratic revolution - the overthrow of feudalism. In the present, imperialist epoch, the epoch of transition to socialism, the essential condition for the full development of oppressed nations is the overthrow of imperialist oppression and domination of weaker nations.

FOOTNOTES

1. James Baldwin, The Fire Next Time, p. 113.

2. Washington Post, 8/29/63

3. E. U. Essien-Udom, Black Nationalism, p.4



gaston neal
ernie allen
john fisher
renald stone
wa patterson
harold foster
carol turner
theodore horne
patricia bullins
k william kgositsile



I am the Snake King.
I am black.
I am darkening with song,
I am hearkening to wrong;
I will be black as blackness can,
The blacker the mantle the mightier
the man.
..... by W. E. B. DuBois

duke

Revelations

Behold the book was placed before me and it bore
the seal of death. . .

And a voice commanded me to read there of
And go forth prophesying of things to be. . .

And the writings of the book were a brand
unto my eyes blinding me.

it is written, Selah

And in the day of the night which is to come
mighty tremors will gird the earth, shaking it
as a leaf in storm, then will issue forth
the trumpeter winds, the dark winds that burn
sere and scorch the flesh and it will be a sign
and in the day of the night to come your white
and blue skies will yellow and taint with the
breath of the lion, and the encroaching jungle
will heave and move forward. And your pleasures will
be carrion and ashes. Selah

And in the day of the night to come the children of
your blandness spewed from your bloodless loins
will be gutted in an orgy of blood, and their
bones affixed as crosses on your doorsteps
to guide our way in darkness. Selah!

And on the eve of the night which is to come
You will quake palsied with knowing, and
You will run to your hiding places, away
from the black wrath among you, to find your
retreat blocked by jungle, the black hordes
surrounding you, and it is night.

And in this night from the airless
tombs which you have sentenced unto us
we will issue forth, a mighty army of spectres
wraiths, destroying your cities, desecrating your
altars, and your benediction will be the
cold kiss of destruction and you will flee
screaming to your graves and we will
fatten and grow strong on the sweet food
of revenge and wax mighty, and black
Afrika will Triumph and the castrated sons
of her flesh will issue forth new life
long live Afrika

carol turner

BAUBLE

Hell, Mary,

You're full of crap;

Milord's been with you --

If not the stableboy.

And that dove tale

Is for the birds.

The fruit of your womb

Will be a lemon, sweetie,

To bear all by yourself.

At least you can still

Grab an old man, baby;

And_who knows?_

Your lucky star

May shine one day.

theodora herne

Hiphiphooray

for the good old redwhite&blue !

Uncle Sam

oink a happy tune

oink! Oink! Oink! OINK!

You 're topdog of hogs now.

In your pen

is yourveryown vomit feces

& the best garbage from the world over

for your consumption pleasure.

You have all the wealth and power

a prize blue ribbon hog

in human doghog civilization should have.

Uncle Sam

everything is A-OK now

but WOW look out

when Farmer Fate starts licking his chops.

MAN MATING

Gathering tender fruit, we rape the tree of life

that falling a serpent's head consume,

Til in bright hot ecstacy it bursts blindingly --

wrafting us skyward,

Upward spiraling through vermillion vapors of cosmic

hypnotic night,

Exploding in a wild phantasmagoria. Enraptured.

O night of all nights!

Subsiding in mild euphoria to the listless twittering

of eye lids,

Oblivious of all -- save the sea of time around us.

john fisher

MOTIVATION

(for black painters)

Decaying teeth
 from some destructive particles
 wedged between themselves
 and their black lives

black clinchable lives

stare them in their faces
 as they walk upon the sea
 that carries their alien food
 to some destructable water fall

human's fall from pyrrhea

of stained gums that will not create
 their own salavia to float
 white disease from their mouths
 and leave them with a new breath

(of life.
 liberation,
 love of blackness
 that is themselves and their beauty)

if realized in their minds
 and not their tongues.

harold fester

Black Man Blues

Sometimes on midsummer nights

As you grow weary of sleep

And seek to escape riding the waves of insomnia _____

You ask yourself

Why has my jungle dream left me ?

I am the reason, and as you say this to yourself

You lift your arms

And the sound of chains

Echoes

through centuries

dripping blood

on covers bleached white

Perhaps you seek a voice

enchromed in logic giving you answers

Soothing soul

enclosed in beercans.

BLUES FOR BRO, DEATH : BLUES FOR YOU
dedicated to Donald Byrd

leaving
last and lost
arms and hours
of cherished-bitter moments
Happening upon the
well-trodden footpath
through the wet foliage
and greying afternoon
(still, as it were,
unrecognized by you...
but yet not unknown)
Watching spring-green
bushes bowing, swaying
saplings bending, praying,
approximating the movement
of a curious wind which chills your body
Dark, damp leaves brushing against your face

"I've Longed and I've Searched..."

Silent figures-greying masks -
watching your every turn
on the dark, slippery ground
knowing, knowing...
with neither care nor comprehension
as bowing, bending limbs
paint with fallen leaves and water droplets
mosaics on sky-grey canvas
Faint voices with a call

"... For My Mother"

for a shelter somewhere
 Finding dry cave, cavern...
 no
 Tunnel , black
 with breeze warm
 at first which dries
 the weather from your face
 smooths the wrinkles
 relights the eyes
 as if in preparation
 for the long descent
 And you follow quickly-dropping steps
 knowing not, asking not
 why
 with one hand against the wall
 making grey-cold stones become
 colder, greyer
 as you slip from the world of bending limbs and greying masks
 tracing out the pathway of the cold, yellow beam of light
 which now illuminates
 the tomb
 Your spirit stops
 to pick its fallen shadow
 from the stony silence
 of the sepulcher...
 but in this quiet place
 you learn that shadows come
 only to fall
 and leave
 their mark upon the wall
 and you step aside to face
 your face
 echoed, etched
 into the side of
 the tomb
 and light begins to fade...
 to die... Panic --

stricken
 Leave tunnel
 Hurry
 Stumbling, gasping coughing
 tripping clumsily upon
 steps easily descended, but...
 now calling cursing screaming epithets
 motherfucker

"I've Longed and I've Searched..."

wretching
 tears, blood-mingled,
 rushing from parted orifice
 Backwards falling on
 steeping sleeping
 stony-cold steps
 grasping clutching
 Losing
 twitching twisted
 broken body
 lying on the tomb
 in stone-like
 Silence
 as Bro. Death
 gives your brow
 a parting kiss

"I'm Tryin' To Get Home"

we, as children,
 had hopes-
 but Reality
 was for real
 (and Immortality
 was not)

FROM THE GHETTO, DARKLY

The crying sense of soul

makes itself

within my mind

The four foot beat man

in my soul

in my soul

(I cry inward tears and talk to the white-
man with disdain and resentment)

All day long as the movement lasted

All day long as the hand touched

All day long as the body wasted

The blues climbed 'tween the

crack floors

In my torn heart

In my black feet

In my child's depleted body

worn out from slumland lords, weak milk,

mushy white bread,

sad mourning fathers facing a white jobless

day and a white unloving god.

The rhythms

The precious black life, treating this lie,

this inhuman hell, as a truth, with incredible

love

And we will live

And we will fight

And we will win

The crying sense of soul

makes itself

within my mind

Gaston Neal

INHERENT AND INHERITED MISTRUSTS.

Can a god that sings
 A new kind of blues
 Or mbaqanga -- if you will -
 Bend to the will of shrivelling
 toiletpaper gods ?

Woke up in the morning and listened to your radio
 Read your papers and history books also.
 Black thoughts. Black emotions. Black decisions.
 The future looks good to me now
 I'm goona stop the cause of the blues.

The shit hit imperialist fans in the Congo.
 Colonial nuns hit your front pages losing their papal virginity
 Maybe the pope foresaw the need for prophylactic supplies.
 The U. N. says I'm a racist
 I say I have Black thoughts.
 Man, all I learned at your schools was what not to be.
 Charlie, don't you know I'm gonna stop the cause of the blues ?

Your dreams have always been my nightmares.
 No more nightmares for me now; only freedom on my mind
 No more iffy concessions from liberals for me now.
 Lumumba incarnate in all Black children
 Black giant awakening beating freedom drums.
 Charlie, don't you know you're living on borrowed time ?

k william kgesitsile

by alfredo peña

of the Pro-Independence Movement of Puerto Rico

The Puerto Rican REVOLUTION: part 2

After his release from prison in 1943 Albizu Campos remained in New York for four years; finally this citadel of an infected society became an infinite and monotonous cycle for him, and Pedro returned to the island in 1947 to be honored at a triumphant affair. Thousands of followers filled Escobar Stadium in order to hear their "maestro" speak.

In 1948 the United States dropped an egg of propaganda declaring Puerto Rico a "commonwealth," and replacing the American governor with the corrupt liberal, Munoz Marin. On October 30, 1950 the criteria for Marin's liberalism was constructed. With chants of independence echoing throughout the island, Munoz Marin supported the colonization of Puerto Rico. The Nationalist Party and hundreds of its sympathizers began a protest on the grounds of the Governor's palace. The palace guards, who formerly had been holding back the demonstrators, began to fire into the crowd, killing three persons. The protestors responded by taking up arms and firing back, killing six guards. Thus the second epoch of revolution for independence erupted with Albizu in the forefront and the armed proletariat behind, offering him support with all determination and force.

News of the battle on the governor's grounds reached Jaguga, where revolutionary cadres burned down the police station. On the same night the townspeople of Utado seized the Bell Telephone Company building. In Narajito the peasants came swarming out of the hills and attacked the police center with stones and machetes; outbreaks of demonstrations occurred in Ponce and Arecibo. Meanwhile, the police and the American Military Police seized Albizu's home, nearly beating his mother to death.



Pedro Albizu Campos

I met Boliver on a long morning.....
 'Father,' 'I said' 'Are you or are you
 not or who are you?'
 'And he said:'
 'I rise every hundred years when the
 people wake up'

In October the battle in Jaguga continued. The conflict brought the peasants of the surrounding area to the aid of the nationalist freedom fighters, inflicting heavy losses on both the police and the American troops, and damaging whatever mechanism the colonialists had brought. After a number of days the masses of Jaguga proclaimed the first Republic of Puerto

Rico. On Oct. 31, 1950 the people of Jaguga were bombed by American planes. American and Puerto Rican imperialist ground troops overwhelmed the entrenchments outside of the town which were being held by the peasants.

The news of the first Republic blazed with fury throughout the island, spreading the revolution from town to town. In Washington President Truman, who had labeled the cause for freedom in Puerto Rico as "fanatical" was himself nearly mowed down. Following the assassination attempt on Truman the United States began to attack the struggle for liberation with a program of slaughters in every village and extermination of the "campesinos" crops. Pedro Albizu Campos, Juan Jose Munez, a student at Puerto Rico University and two women sympathizers were arrested, tortured and put on trial. Pedro was sentenced 30 to 80 years in prison in Puerto Rico. The American centers of propaganda, the press, distorted the revolution and accused it of being communist inspired and that it had occurred because of a prison break in Rio Piedras.

In 1951 a barber from Jaguga, Vidal Santiago Diaz formed a cadre of revolutionaries sowing the seeds of insurrection again. In a gun battle with the police the heroic barber was murdered, but not before he held off 16 squadrons of American and Puerto Rican military police.

It was while he was incarcerated that Albizu became paralyzed. The American government began to examine the prospects of nuclear x-rays and the effect on human beings. Their prize subject was Pedro Albizu who was forced to serve as a guinea pig in the laboratories located near the prison.

Day after day they strapped him down and performed nuclear experiments on his body. They news of the atrocity reached outside the walls of the chambers perpetuating street demonstrations by his followers and his sympathizers. Finally, to preserve American imperialism's form of peace, Governor Marin had Albizu released.

The apprehension of revolution was alive as the masses awaited with anticipation for Albizu's return. When Pedro was freed he was not the same titan who had become the vanguard of the struggle of independence; instead the people found a psychological derelict

handicapped with only one kidney; a graying old man unable to speak or remember. When his followers saw that his forthright and dynamic vigor had been transformed into a useless and wretched shell they burst with wrath. So in 1954 the liberation movement tore down the doors of the House of Representatives in an attempt to settle accounts. The "independentistas" shot five racist congressmen. Later a gun battle erupted when guards from every sector of the building attempted to arrest the freedom fighters.

* * * * *

Each year of imperialism had abraded the resistance of the masses to the elimination of their dignity, their culture and their history. The stage constructed in 1920 by the Nationalist Party led and redeveloped by Albizu Campos has become the theatre of revolution for the M. P.I. (Movement for Pro-Independence)

The abundance and the acceleration of an exploited people's burden has created offsprings that have developed into a revolutionary movement for national liberation whose forces are subjected to changes by the mechanical elements within the movement.



KAMS
Kamb in Humanite, Paris
"We have the situation well in hand."

The shrewdness and sharpness of capitalism and imperialism, its enigmatic indoctrination have indirectly produced such a contradictory force. At each stage the bourgeois apparatus advances; so does the proletarian revolutionary force. Each motion is negative and positive of its axiom.

The Puerto Rican, whether in New York or in Puerto Rico, has been part of the toilers of the lower layers of the class system; a part of the international proletariat : 87% of our people in the state of New York are in the poverty level, and more than 50% are earning less than the average white American or (even) Afro-American workers. One out of every five Puerto Ricans has been a part of two generations that have lived under welfare.

The Puerto Rican is a mixture of African, Spanish and Indian, his color varies from black, brown or red to white. Since we are of a racial mixture we don't consider ourselves ofay ("todos somos hermanos, el hombre blanco es el diablo" - Taken from a speech by MalcolmX) We are a colored people and we are proud of our color. Those who consider themselves as Puerto Rican before considering themselves American are proud of their heritage, culture, and philosophy that sees all colored people as one race.

The migrations of Puerto Ricans in New York brought in a new era to the city. No more was it just the whites against Niggers, but it soon become whites against Niggers and SpiCs.

It was in the early fifties that the Puerto Rican began to fight back against his white Anglo-Saxon tormentors. The harassments from the white race were countered in the form of youth gangs. All over the south Bronx and east Harlem street gangs sprung up : "Young Sinners," "Frenchmen", "Command mandos," "Scorpions," "Crowns," "Viceroyes," "Dragons," "Enchanters," etc. Each gang's enemies were the white gangs and the police department.

The gangs that were formed in the early fifties were not only a product of the Puerto Rican's social environment and his rejection of the all-white American society, but also form of defense from the white American.

The exploitation of our island by the American government is an illegal act since Puerto Rico does not belong to them. The land is ours, the beaches are ours, the streets are ours, the flamboyans that touch the sky are ours. The island of Puerto Rico belongs to the Puerto Ricans.



The Puerto Rican peasants, workers and students will never forget the rape of our island by the ruling class of the United States. Neither will we forget the island's emasculation, nor the maiming of our dignity and our freedom.

* * * * *

On April 19, 1965, U. N. General Assembly President Alex Quaison Sackey from Ghana warned Puerto Ricans against neo-colonialism which he called the greatest enemy of nations striving for independence. The U. N. delegate from Ghana said countries under colonial rule should beware of accepting "a sort of independence" designed to make them "client countries

In November of 1964 at the Pan-African conference in Cairo, Egypt the struggle for independence of Puerto Rico was recognized by all the nations that attended. Quaison Sackey was the prime mover which listed Puerto Rico among countries waiting to achieve independence.

The task now of the movements of national liberation in Puerto Rico is to re-educate the masses, to identify them with their culture and history, to oppose "yanqui" propaganda with counter-propaganda. The Puerto Rican struggle for freedom is a reflection of the revolutions against imperialism and colonialism in Africa, Asia, and in Latin America. Under the banner of universal revolution we identify ourselves with our brothers in South Africa, Angola, Congo, Vietnam, Santo Domingo and all of the other forces in the campaign to destroy imperialism and colonialism.

Long Live Patrice Lumumba!

Long Live Malcolm X!

Long Live Pedro Albizu Campos!

por alfredo peña

del Movimiento Pro-Independencia de Puerto Rico

la revolución puertorriqueña⁽²⁾

traducción española por SOULBOOK

Después de su liberación durante 1943 Albizu Campos se quedó en Nueva York durante cuatro años; finalmente la ciudadela de una sociedad infectada se convirtió en un ciclo monótono e infinito a él. Durante 1947 volvió Pedro a la isla, y en volver millares de Albizu se llenaron estado de Escobar para oír su maestro habló.

En 1948 Los Estados Unidos dejaron caer un huevo de propaganda declarar Puerto Rico un "Commonwealth" y reponer al gobernador yanqui con un liberal corrompido, Muñoz Marín. En 30 de Octubre de 1950 el criterio por el liberalismo de Marín fue construido. Con cantos de Independencia repercutir por la isla, Muñoz Marín sostuvo la colonización de Puerto Rico. El Partido Nacionalista y centares de la gente que simpatizaron con ello. Comensaron a protestar sobre los jardines del palacio del Gobernador. Las guardias del palacio quienes antes hubieron sido detener el muchadumbre comenzieron a tirar a gente matar a 3 personas. La gente que estuvo protestando respondió port tomar prestado armas, volver el fuego y matar a 6 guardias. Entonces la época segunda de la revolución de independencia hizo erupción con Albizu en la parte más adelantada y el proletariado detrás de él, con fusiles sostenerlo con determinación y fuerza.

Noticias de la batalla sobre los jardines del gobernador llegó a Jagua donde cadres revolucionarios quemaron toda la estación de policía. La misma noche la compañía de Bell Telefonos fue cercado por la gente de Utado después oír de la batalla de fusiles en el palacio.

En Narajito los campesinos vinieron pulular afuera de los cerros y atacaron el centro de la policia con piedras y machettes. Erupciones de demostraciones ocurrieron en Ponce y Arecibo. Mientras la policia y la policia militar yanqui cercaron la casa de Albizu y golpearon a la madre de Albizu y casi mataron a ella.



Ruiz in Siempre, Mexico

"Conoci a Bolivar durante una mañana larga.....

"Padre, "dije" usted es o usted no es o quien es usted?

y el dijo : "

"Me levanto cada ciento años cuando la gente se despierte."

En Octubre la batalla en Jaguga continuaba. El conflicto provocó los campesinos del camp circundante al auxilio de los guerreros de libertad nacionalista, estuvieron inflictiendo perdidas grandes sobre las dos la policia y las tropas yanquis, y estuvieron dañando cualquier mecanismo los colonialistas hubieron traedo. Despues muchas dias las masas de Jaguga proclamaron La Primera Republica de Puerto Rico.

En 3 de Octubre de 1950 fue bombardeado la gente por los aeroplanos yanquis. Las tropas terrenas imperialistas Puertorriqueñas y yanquis abrumaron los atrincheramientos afuera el pueblo que fueron ocupados por los campesinos.

Las noticias de La Republica ardieron con furia por las isla, extender la revolucion desde un pueblo a otro. En Washington (El Distrito Federal) El Presidente Truman quien hubo marcada la causa de la libertad en Puerto Rico como "fanatico", él fue casi tirado. Despues el esfuerzo asesinato en Truman Los Estados Unidos comenzaron a atacar la lucha para liberación con un programma de matanzas en todas las aldeas y el exterminio de las cosechas "de los campesinos." Pedro Albizu Campos, Juan Jose Munoz, un estudiante en La Universidad de Puerto Rico, y 2 mujeres que simpatizaban con El Partido Nacionalista fueron arrestados, torturados y trajeron en ensayo. Pedro fue contenido a 30 a 80 años de carcel en Puerto Rico. Los centros Yanquis de propaganda, la prensa, torceron la revolucion y la acusaron de ser inspiraba por comunis-

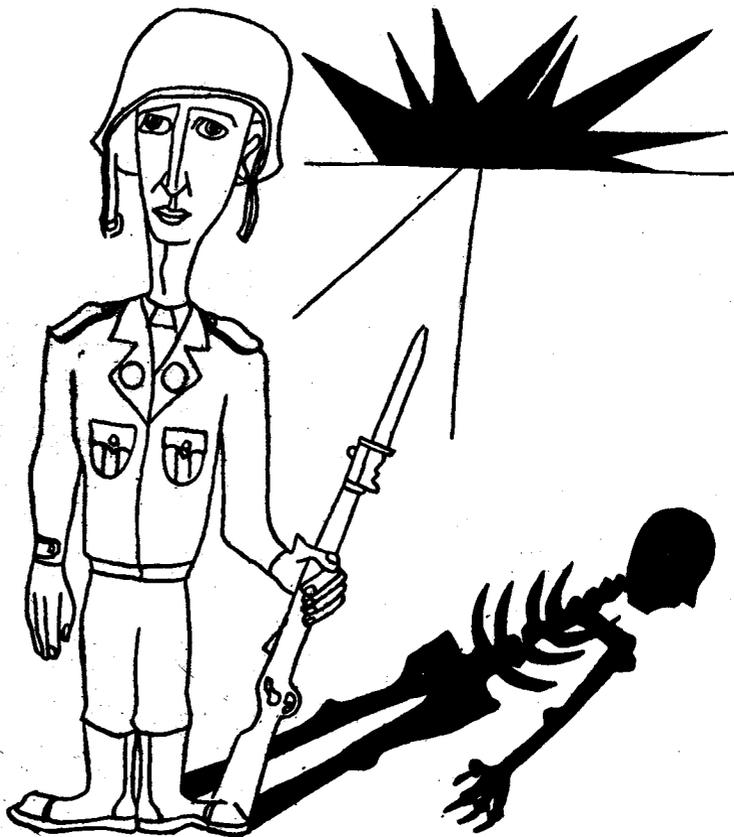
mo, que hubo ocurrido porque alguien se escapo de la cárcel en Rio Piedras.

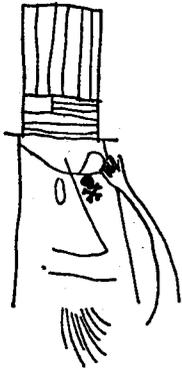
Durante 1951 un barbero desde Jaguga se llama Vidal Santiago Diaz formó un cadre de revolucionarios; entonces sembrar otra vez las semilla de insurrección. En una battalla de fusiles con la policia el barbero heroico fue asesinado, pero no antes mantuvo a distancia 16 escuadrones de Policia Militar Puertorriqueño y yanqui.

Fue durante el tiempo que él fue encarcelado que Albizu convino a paralizado. El Gobierno comenzó a examinar la perspectivas de rayos x nucleares y el efecto sobre seres humanos. Su sujeto premio fue Pedro Albizu quien fue forzado a servir como "un conejillo de Indias" en los laboratorios esta cerca la cárcel. Dia tras dia lo amarraron y ejecutaron experimentos nucleares sobre el cuerpo de Albizu Campos. Las noticias de la atrocidad llegó a afuera de las paredes del aposento, perpetuar demostraciones en las calles por sus seguidores y los que simpatizaron con él.

Por fin, para que preservar la forma de la paz de imperialismo yanqui, el gobernador hubo puesto en libertad a Albizu.

A La aprehensión de revolución estuvo activo como las masas esperaron con anticipación para el regreso de Albizu. Cuando Pedro fue libertado él no fue el titano mismo quien hubo convenido la vanguardia de la lucha de independencia; en lugar la gente encontró a un desamparo psicológico que tuvo solamente un rifion un hombre viejo que no puede hablar o recordar. Cuando sus





seguidores quienes hubieron visto su vigor dinámica y francote hubo sido transformado dentro de corteza inútil y miserable se revantaron con ira. Entonces, durante 19-54 el movimiento de liberación derribó las puertas de Cámara de Representativas en una tentativa a ajustar cuentas. "Los independentistas" tiraron a cinco congresistas racistas. Más tarde una batalla de fusiles hizo erupción cuando guardias desde todas las areas del edificio trataron aprehender a los guerreros de libertad.

* * * * *

Cada año de imperialismo ha raedo la resistencia de las masas a la eliminación de su dignidad, su cultura y su historia. La etapa que fue construido durante 1920 por El Partido Nacionalista y dirigido y redevelopado por Albizu Campos ha convenido al teatro de revolución para El Movimiento de Pro-Independencia.

La abundancia y la aceleración de la carga de una gente explotada ha creado proles que ha desarrolado en un movimiento revolucionario para liberación nacional cuyo sus fuerzas son sujetados a cambios por los elementos mecanicos dentro del movimiento.

La sagacidad y agudeza de capitalismo y imperialismo, su instrucción enigmática indirectamente ha producido tal una fuerza contradictoria. En cada etapa el aparato de la burguesa avanza; también avanza la fuerza revolucionaria proletaria. Cada moción es negativa y positiva de su axioma.

Sea el Puertorriqueño en Nueva York o en Puerto Rico, ha sido parte de los trabajadores de las capas más bajas del dystema clase; una parte del proletariado internacional: 87% de nuestra gente en el Estado de Nueva York ess sobre el llano de pobreza, y más que 50 % esta ganando menos que el Morteamerican Blanco mediano o (aun) los trabajadores Afroamericanos. Uno de cinco Puertorriqueños ha sido vivir sobre bienestar; y uno de siete ha sid una parte de 2 generaciones que ha vivido abajo bienestar.

El Puertorriqueño es una mezcla de Africano, Español, y Indio, su color varia desde negro, moreno, o rojo hasta blanco. Desde entonces somos de una mezcla racial, no nos consideramos blancos ("Todos somos hermanos, el nombre blanco es el diablo" -- Dijo Malcolm X) Nosotros somos una gente de color y tenemos orgullo en nuestro color. Los que se consideran como Puertorriqueño antes se consideran norteamericano tienen orgullo en su herencia, cultura y filosofia que considera toda gente de color como una raza.

La emigración de Los Puertorriqueños a Nueva York indució una era nueva en esa ciudad. No hubo más fue solamente blancos contra "Niggers", pero pronto convino a blancos contra "Niggers*" y "Spics**".

Fue en las cincuentas tempranas que El Puertorriqueño comenzó a terminar alguna contienda peleando contra sus atormentadores Anglosajones Blancos. Los histigamientos desde la raza Blanca se fueron ponendo en la forma de cuadrillas de juvenes. En todas partes de Bronx del Sur y Harlem del este cuadrillas de la calle surgeeron: "Young Sinner," "Frenchmen," "Commandos" "Scorpions," "Crowns," "Viceroyes", "Dragons", "Enchanters", etc. Los enemigos de cada cuadrilla fueron las cuadrillas blancas y el departamento de la policia. Las cuadrillas que fueron formados en las cincuentas tempranas no fue solamente un producto del ambiente social del Puertorriqueño y su rechazamiento de la sociedad norteamericana que es solamente para los Blancos, pero también una forma de defense desde el Americano Blanco.

La explotación de nuestra isla por el Gobierno Norteamericano es un acto ilegal porque Puerto Rico no pertenece a el... La Tierra es la nuestra; las playas son las nuestras; la isla de Puerto Rico pertenecen a los Puertorriqueños.

Los campesinos Puertorriqueños, trabajadores y estudiantes nuca olvidarán la rapia de Puerto Rico por la clase que controla Los Stados Unidos. Ni olvidaremos la castradura de la isla, ni la mutilación de nuestra y nuestra libertad.

* * * * *

En 19 de Abril de 1965 El Presidente de La Asamblea General de Las Naciones Unidas, El Señor Quaison Sackey desde La Republic de Ghana, aviso a los Puertorriqueños contra neo-colonialismo el cual él llamó el enemigo mayor de las naciones que luchan para la independendia. El delegado en Las Naciones Unidas de Ghana dijo que los países abajo gobierno colonial se cuidiese de aceptar "una suerte de independendia" que diseña a hacerlos "países clientes...."

Durante Noviembre de 1964 en La Conferencia PanAfricana en Egipto, Cairo la lucha para La Independendia de Puerto Rico fue reconocido por todas las naciones que asistieron. Quaison Sackey fue el instigador principal el cual inscribo Puerto Rico en una lista según uno de los países que esperan realizar independendia.

La faena ahora de los movimientos de liberación nacional en Puerto Rico es a enseñar otra vez las masas, establecer la identidad de ellos con su cultura y historia, a oponer propaganda yanqui con contrapropaganda.

La lucha Puertorriqueña para la libertad es una reflexión de las revoluciones contra imperialismo y colonialismo en Africa, Asia y en América Latina. Debajo la bandera de revolución universal afirmamos la identidad de nosotros con nuestros paisanos en Africa del Sur, Angola, El Congo, Viet Nam, Santo Domingo y todas de las fuerzas otras que son en la campaña para destruir imperialismo y colonialismo.

¡ Viva Patrice Lumumba!

¡ Viva Malcolm X!

¡ Viva Pedro Albizu Campos!

Is James Baldwin a Black Writer ?

"I began by asking how is it that Baldwin has betrayed not only his race, but himself, in the very act of disclosure. The answer should now be obvious. He and his art are in violent conflict with the very nature of what that art sets out to do. By exploring and attacking the White liberal conscience it merely gives it sustenance; by speaking so forcefully to the White public it condemns by implication the Negro public as unworthy of being addressed by its own spokesmen and, conversely, adopts an Uncle Tom position (which it consciously rejects) that the revolution that is necessary before the Negro is to be treated as a citizen in his own country can only come about by pleading to the conscience and the mercy of the Whites. "

Orlando Patterson. "The essays of James Baldwin" No. 26 New Left Review Summer, 1964

the need to develop a revolutionary consciousness

JAZZ has always, since its beginning, served as the most revolutionary musical force of Black people in America. Mainly because it is an outgrowth of say, the roots of Black social protest -- blues.

Blues is basically the residue of Black hostility, suffering, and general social discontent. Being traditionally one of the only forms of protest we could engage in without fear of losing our lives, blues has been an essential part of our culture.

Jazz is essentially a logical extension of our protestations from a predominantly vocal ramification to a predominantly instrumental form.

Today, more than ever, jazz is being put into its proper perspective by such musicians as Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, John Coltrane, and Archie Shepp. Clichés such as "avant-garde" and the "new thing" have been used to describe and distort the significance of this important form of music. Terms that inherently could have some value, but have been over-used by those ofays who are constantly trying to put our culture in their white melifluous way.

This music is in its proper context when described as revolutionary music.



MILFORD GRAVES

Music, like literature and drama, doesn't exist in a singular vacuum. There are always contemporary social forces that cause, mold, and shape these various art forms. Just to say "avant-garde" and the "new thing" without also mentioning the social forces that caused, and are causing, this revolutionary music is omnivorously shortsighted.

As I mentioned earlier, jazz has always been our most revolutionary form of music. It has constantly sought social change, and the musicians, for the most part, have been some of the most militant-minded members of Black America.

Today there is a revolutionary consciousness that is correctly analyzing our plight, and preparing us all for our inevitable struggle and ultimate

defeat of whitey's oppressive regimes. The revolutionary music I speak of is simply a reflection of this consciousness.

Among the aforementioned forerunners of this music is tenor Saxophonist Archie Shepp. After listening to Shepp's two outstanding albums, *FOUR FOR TRANE* and *FIRE MUSIC*, I was left unusually impressed. The side *MALCOLM*, *MALCOLM* from *FIRE MUSIC* remains most vividly in my mind. Shepp opens the side with a poem that gives vent to our generations of emasculations and sufferings.

After listening to Shepp blow and then to hear him speak the same message left me with a feeling of hope, hope that at least one of our musicians would not only blow his message, but would speak with as much potency,

Upon hearing of Shepp's planned booking at one of San Francisco's jazz clubs, I awaited with much anxiety and anticipation to see for myself whether or not he was true to his convictions.

I checked Shepp out on the second night following his opening. After arriving somewhat late, Shepp showed with a bottle of beer and a gray cap à la Monk. This was my first recognition of a series of gimmicks that followed.

The first set consisted of one number an original I suppose. I overheard Shepp refer to it as "The Theme." After a few bars to set the tune in motion, Rudd, the trombonist, took the first solo. His playing is more or less a take-off of Shepp's style on trombone. Rudd uses an enormous number of gimmicks such as long sustained notes and repetitious triplets and runs. There is nothing about his playing that is unusually creative or beautiful; in fact, he is lacking in many areas. He certainly is more harmful than complimentary to Shepp's possibility as a future giant.

Drummer Beaver HARRIS is perhaps the most amateurish of all the so-called professional drummers that I have ever heard. He is very unimaginative, more or less say, just a repetitious timekeeper. Beating and banging over and over with nothing to say. There were times when he appeared to be completely lost.

Bassist Lou's WORRELL is the more outstanding member of the group, Shepp notwithstanding. His playing is poetic and smooth, his runs clean and creatively restoring. There is a conspicuous absence of gimmicking in his playing. It was he alone that made the night worthwhile.



Archie Shepp

Shepp's solos were much too long and obviously repetitious. He showed none of the imagination nor development that is exhibited in FIRE MUSIC. He was reaching and grabbing after the same twig constantly.

All and all I was very disappointed. It looks like Shepp, too, will just be another musician lost in that mire of night clubs, booze, and whitey's phony contracts. Maybe I'm wrong, maybe my conclusions are premature, maybe as a "westcoaster" I was exposed to a bit of that New York complacency : you know, the idea that once you leave New York you can do anything and it will be praised simply because you got your thing together back East. An attitude that those Village hipster will soon find inadequate when they travel in this rection. An attitude they will eventually find equally inadequate even in New York.



Roswell Rudd

Perhaps it isn't too late, maybe someday there will be one of our musicians that is truly interested in verbally living up to the

claims of their music. Perhaps our revolutionary music will be played -- when that day comes -- by musicians who are as revolutionary as their music, that is, Black musicians interested in Black liberation -- regardless.

Until that day comes, we can just forget about those poems and sweet little letters to the editor. We can sweep them under the rug as simple artificial fronts for the real self. Until musicians develop a revolutionary consciousness that has rapport with our struggle, their revolutionary music will just become another western-oriented art for art's sake bag ; a disintegrating abyss of noise.

Wake up brothers, we have the swords ; let's sharpen them for the struggle that awaits us. Believe me, there is a need for the development of a revolutionary consciousness.





towards a black liberation army!

translated from the french by SOULBOOK

This article describes an instance of the highest importance in the world struggle against whitey's aggression and imperialism -- strategic coordination and unification of the forces of the Bandung revolution. The specific world region is the Portuguese colonized territories of Angola, Guinea and Cape Verde in western Africa, and Mozambique in eastern Africa. The movements of liberation in these areas are hard at work on forging the steel-tipped strategy that will enable our brothers' armies of liberation and reconstruction to march to victory at maximum strength and full area-wide political unity. The same principles apply to all levels of the common struggle as we witnessed in the direct efforts set down by our own Brother Malcolm in building the forces of Afroamerican liberation in the context of the world revolution i.e. in alliance with the forces of liberation in the Bandung world. SOULBOOK

Last September the CONCP (Conference of the Nationalist Organizations of the Portuguese Colonies) reconvened from the 3rd to the 7th at Dar-es-Salaam. However, this event, which might possibly change the character of the nationalist fight in the Portuguese colonies, passed almost unnoticed.

Constituted in April, 1961 at Casablanca in order to coordinate the fight against Portugal, the CONCP brought together what was the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola), the PAIGC (African Party for the Independence of Portuguese Guinea and Cape Verde), UDENAMO (Democratic and National Union of Mozambique), the Liberation Committee of Sao Tome and Principe, the Party of the People of Goa, the National Congress and Liberation Council of Goa, as well as the Liberation Movement of Guinea and Cape Verde.

ORGANIZATIONAL CHANGES

These are the same organizations which found themselves in Tanzania's capital. In between times the UDENAMO had become the FRELIMO (Liberation Front of Mozambique) and the Liberation Movement of Guinea and Cape Verde were absorbed by the PAIGC. Meanwhile, Goa had become independent; a committee of support for the people of Portuguese colonies had been created in this former enclave of Portugal, and, in a manner which invited honor, took part in the Dar-es-Salaam union. The leaders of these liberation movements stated that in spite of the difficulties which they should have faced up to during the past four years, the overall balance of their action had been positive. At the time of the Casablanca reunion in 1961, only Angola had been following the course of armed struggle; if today in this country the struggle is trampling the ground, it is also developing in Mozambique and above all in Portuguese-speaking Guinea. The PAIGC of Amilcar Cabral occupies and administers half of the country, possesses a regular army, guerilla forces,



and a people's militia.

PORTUGAL'S "STRATEGIC HAMLETS"

Last September 25 the Liberation Front of Mozambique, led by Dr. Mondlane, observed the first anniversary of the launching of its rather successful armed struggle. Today FRELIMO has the support of 2,000 well-armed guerillas, whereas they could only count 300 last year. This evolution has forced Portugal to revise its methods of oppression; today Portugal applies to the territories which it occupies the experiences gained from the inauguration of 'strategic hamlets' in Viet Nam. Only here they are called 'villages of protection.' The people are 'invited' to regroup themselves about administration centers. All sorts of pressures are exercised against the tribal chiefs in order to have them convince their people to leave the forests and to install themselves at these centers. The Dar-es-Salaam conference devoted itself to elaborating upon a strategy to deal with these new developments. They paid particular attention to the determination of the best ways of coordination the three wars (Angola, Mozambique, Portuguese-speaking Guinea). On the other hand they showed that they were willing not to operate in closed clubs and affirmed that the success of their combat lay in the finding out by the entire African continent and the Third World of this struggle.



TENACIOUS DIVISIONS

This conference at Dar-es-Salaam felt very much relieved that it could hold itself at the same time that South Africa, Portugal, and Southern Rhodesia had begun to speak of a 'southern-crossing' project which would unite them in a center of defense of the white empire. If the colonialist bloc appeared homogeneous it was also necessary that the nationalist movements of Africa demonstrate the same cohesion. For example, only the MPLA represented Angola at Dar-es-Salaam. Despite the efforts which it has displayed in the enclave of Cabinda, the MPLA only partially represents Angola. Roberto Holden, chief of the revolutionary Angolan Government in Exile, was sorely missed at this conference. But the case of Angola is not unique: everywhere each liberation movement has a rival. All of the attempts made in view of

their reunification, notably by the OAU, have been in vain; the most recent example is that of the two Rhodesian parties, ZAPU and ZANU. Is it unthinkable that the nationalist will not follow the example of their rival colonialists who know how to compromise or even sacrifice their interests in order to present a solid front ?

A Perceptive Homage to Prime Minister Balewa

"Remarkably honest himself Sir Abubakar was unable to control the forces of evil generated by the system over which he ruled. His failure sprang from the fact that he supposed, if his Government copied all the outward attributes of British political life, all would be well.

He failed to realise that he was being manipulated by neo-colonialism. He was deluded perhaps, despite his personal modesty, by the applause of Western countries who lauded Nigeria as the one true democracy of Africa.

In fact they meant by this that Nigeria was, from their point of view, the easiest of all to influence. However this may be, Sir Abubakar never examined scientifically the basis of the society over which his Government governed.

If he had done so he would have realized that of all countries on our continent, Nigeria had the most to gain and the least to lose by a Union Government of Africa.

May he rest in peace."

From Dr. Kwame Nkrumah's speech in memory of the assassinated Prime Minister of Nigeria, Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa.

the suicide

one act play cast: the suicide; the wife; the preacher; the neighbor;
and the cops.

The scene : A small cramped living bed room in an apartment, against one wall on sawhorses and planks, a plain casket, draped with a lace tablecloth, at each end withered flowers in vases, and soda-pop bottles, the room is very crowded containing a double bed, some kitchen chairs, on the wall directly over the casket is a small carpet, with the Last Supper scene on it, next to that is a calender from the New Light Church with a fly blown picture of a cafe au lait family, on their knees in a church pew, grinning estafically at the ceiling. Sounds of muted merriment from the street, below, in a room off the living room, comes the smell of frying chicken, and womens' voices.

First woman (the neighbor) -- What ah wants tuh know is hi git daih in the first place. Frank ain had no car, is he? Newspapers jus' say he jumped, nombah some thousan' jumped from that bridge, didn't hardly say much mo'.

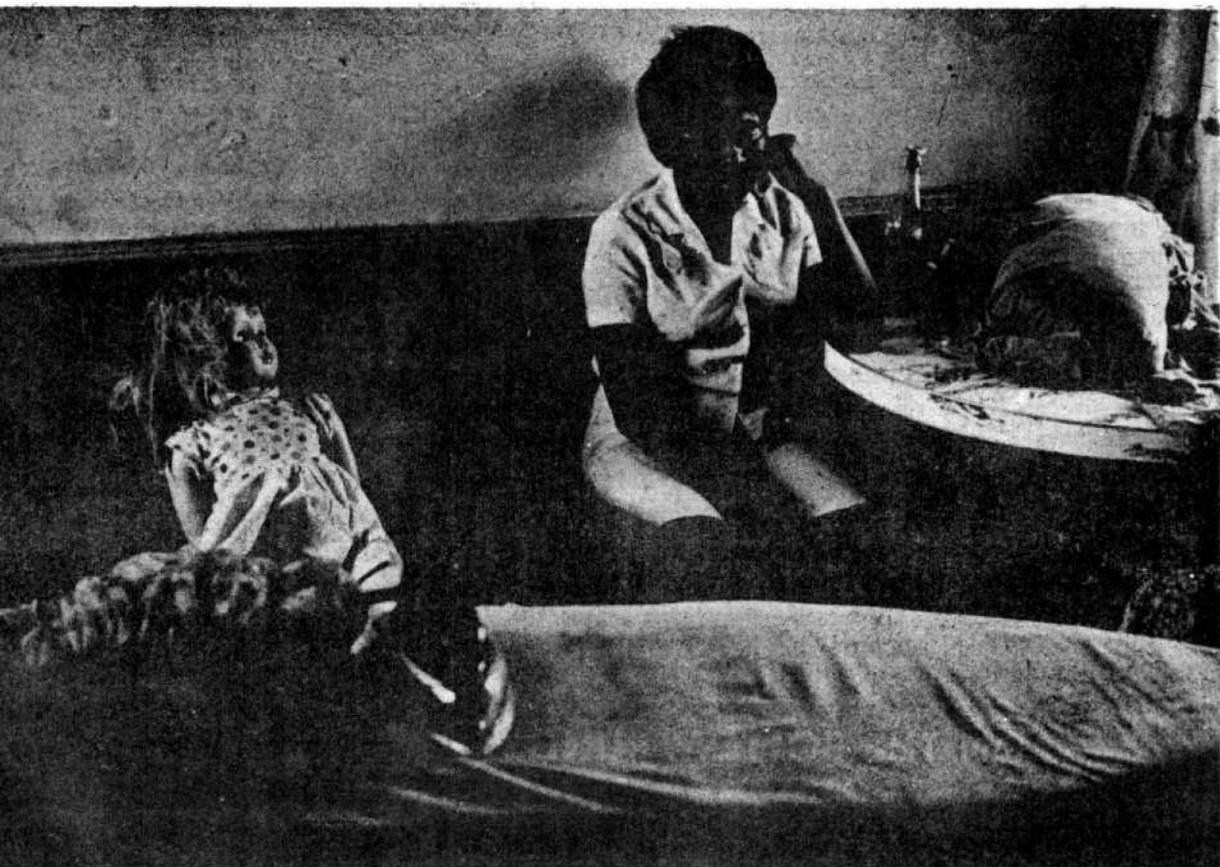
Wife - Ah tell ya how, mussa bummed him a ride, fum somebody,

First woman -- Got enny mo' in that showtneck?

Wife --- Take it all, Wine ain what ah needs now, issen you got a cuppla' dollahs ah could have the loan of tell toomarrie mawning? Frank's momma gon cum git the body then tuh ship back to loozana, en um goona hit huh fuh leas' 20 bucks.

First woman - Bitch if ah had moe'n a kwarder you thank ahd be settin heah? (She fidgets nervously, and wipes her throat with a dish cloth.) Damn! It's hot in heah, open up a winder or somethin', shit, ah got highblood pressuah an did heat gonna mek me fain inna minit.

Wife - ef ya havin hot flashes go stand in front of the frigidaih and stick yo' haid inside, but ain gon open dese winders, evvy fly in ten miles, be done come in heah then. (She speaks sourly.) Frank, ya know Frank, he raily was a good man, 'cept readin oall them books, and drankin so much wine done rumn him crazy. But he was good. (She is silent, with her desire to explain to the neighbor how Frank had been) Ah mean, he didn't hit me, didn't take mah change, didn't cheat on me, welllll.



There is a knock at the door, loud, patient. The women are silent.....

wife - Wait uh minute, somebody at the do', Jes' uh minute. (She raises her voice to the door, and then she stands up; a gaunt black woman perhaps thirty, or forty, her eyes are red, she has on a purple crepe dress, with sequins and rhinestones down the front, the dress is too large, her hair is dyed an obvious red, she is greying, high heel black shoes, and no stockings, her hands are blunt and course, the nails bitten to the quick, but painted a thick red. Going to the door, she stumbles on the coffin, stares at it a moment, then opens the door.)

Preacher - Mrs. Frank Jones?

Wife - Yes, won't ya please come in revend.

(Enter the preacher, a very young stocky Black man, a dark suit, and the collar, he has on horned rimmed glasses, and a black felt hat, under one arm is tucked a large black Bible, he is a pompous man, recently out of divinity school, he speaks formal English, and aware of his importance, gives himself airs. He enters, and stands in the middle of the crowded room, he is ill at ease here.)

Preacher - (extending his hand) **Harrumph! I am Reverend Theophilous Handee,**

your landlady told me of your misfortune, plus I read in the paper of your husband's untimely demise, and although neither you nor your husband were members of my congregation, I felt it my Christian duty to come to you in this time of need, and offer up a few prayers to the lord for this unfortunate soul.

Wife- Would you lak to rest yo'hat?

Preacher- Indeed, indeed.

Wife - Yall kin set down on de bed ef you wants to, ain' got many chaih cep them kitchen ones. (The preacher sits gingerly on the edge of the bed with his hat in his hand. The woman is now uncertain what to do next, she walks over and lays her hand on the casket, hesitantly, with her back to the preacher, she turns suddenly,)

Wife - Yall want to see Frank? Kin ef yu wants to, ah got the lid closed on count of the flies, but you kin look ef you wants to.

Preacher- Don't mind if I do. (He crosses over to the casket, the woman raises the lid, and they both stare intently at the body. The first woman enters silently from the kitchen, her glass in her hand, and stands behind the preacher and peers at the body.)

First Woman : Ummph Ummph ummph!

(The preacher and the wife jump startled. The preacher is really shook.)

Preacher- (His voice unnaturally high.) Good God woman! Where did you come from?

Ist Woman (Her voice surly, and blurred.) Ah come from the kitchen, where you thank ah come from, (She finishes her drink.) Where you come from?

Wife- Ah woman hush! This heres the preacher.

Ist Woman- Hell ah know what he is. (She speaks petulantly)

(There is a silence, they stand uncomfortable with each other. The wife closes the coffin. Next door, suddenly comes the sound of a record player, and Jimmy Reed, blaring out a blues song. The neighbor, goes over and bangs on the wall.)

First woman- Turn that off! Turn that music off! We got dead folks in heah!

A muffled voice through the wall : Fuck you!

First woman- (Turning to the wife.) Who is that next do'?

Wife- Some ol' hoe, whats gonna git huh ass kicked tomorrow! (She has raised her voices so that the woman next door can hear.)

Preacher - For goodness sakes! Please, Mrs. Jones! (The preacher clears his throat and opens his Bible. There is a knock at the door, then a voice through the door: Please don' kick my ass tomorrow, bitch! Come on out heah and kick it now, come on out!

Wife-(screaming) Ya gawdam right ah will! (She grabs one of the soda pep bottles, empties the wilted flowers on the floor, and rushes off stage. Outside can be heard the two women screaming at each other, then the sounds of tussling, the preacher, jumps from the bed, and stares at the neighbor)

Preacher - Somebody should stop them, this is no way to hold a wake! If they don't stop I'm going home! This is indecent!

The neighbor goes into the kitchen, and returns with a butcher knife.

First woman - Set down preacher, Mrs. Jones be right back, ah'll stop this shit. (She leaves. Outside can be heard a full scale battle, with screams, mere curses; the preacher, jumps over to the coffin, and lifts the lid, he stares intently at the body, and returns to the bed. He opens his Bible, and reads something, then he goes to the door.) Suddenly, from outside : "Aw shit! That bitch done stabbed that hoe! (Screams) Voice: Somebody call the ambulance! Call the cops! (The preacher grabs his hat, and opens the door and steps out into the hall. Muted sounds from outside then sirens, heavy steps on the stairs.) Voice: Cops! heah the cops!

Cop - Get back! Get back, let me through! All right what happened here?
murmuring voices....

Cop- Hold it! one at a time. Reverend what happened here?

Preacher- Officer, I cannot tell you all the details, I was inside, with the body.

Cop- What body? What the hell are you talking about?

Preacher- Well, uh, uh, the body in there, in the casket.

Reenter the preacher, and the cop

Cop - J e e s u s whats going on here?

Preacher-Well I was saying officer, I came over here to Mrs. Jones to help her mourn the passing of her husband, even though she nor her husband were members of my congregation, I was given to understand that she could not afford a church ceremony, and as the body was being shipped out tonight, for burial in the family plot in Louisiana I.....

Cop- Hold it rev. (He crosses to the door, and yells outside to another policeman) Hey Art! Come in here you gotta see this! nigger bitches fighting over a dead man!! (A second cop enters, behind him is the wife. They close the door, the wife sits on the bed.)

Cop- All right Rev. Tell it from the start.....Hold it, who is this woman? Is this the one that did the stabbing?

2nd Cop- Naw she's out in the wagon. We're taking this one in too, she started the whole thing.

The wife- (Her face is bruised, one eye is closing, her hair awry, her dress torn, she stands over the coffin) She yells angrily : Who opened dis coffin? Flies! The flies on Frank! Motha fuckahs! You bastids !Told you to keep that lid closed! Now the flies on him!

1st cop - Christ! Get her our of here! (The second policeman grabs the wife and hustles her out the door, she is still screaming.)

Wife- Let me go! Let me go mothafucka!

2nd cop- Oww! You go to jail for that bitch! (The door closes, The preacher closes the coffin, and stands by it, the cop walks over and opens it, and stares at the body.)

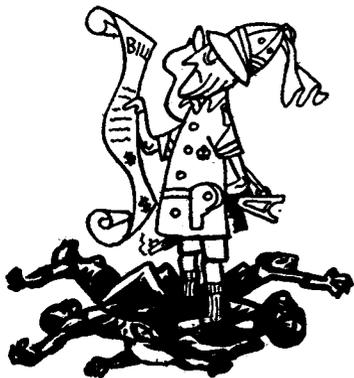
Preacher- Please close it officer, the flies.

bobb hamilton

It Was Election Time in New York—again...

On Sunday, October 10th, I had a hour to kill; I turned on the T. V. and got the three mayoralty candidates -- their "debate" accomplished the murder more efficiently than I could ever dream of doing. Three white men were gouging each other for the "privilege" of misgoverning New York City for the next four years. The contenders were: Abe Beame, a well worn Democrat hack who lately "discovered that his "boss," Wagner, was an uninspired and uninspiring do nothing. John Lindsey, a lean thin lipped Anglo-Saxon Protestant, a Republican turned zoologist who is trying to crossbreed an elephant with a jackass, and Wm. F. Buckley Jr., a Conservative, an over-age enfant terrible who rants like someone in the early stages of premature senility. Abe, Beame, his mind like a horizon to horizon wilderness in which a handful of undernourished ideas and a few prodigal painfully memorized cliches blunder about like the aimless wanderings of a patrol lost on the Sahara Desert. John Lindsey a power hungry, velvet tongued Madison Avenue hipster; and Wm. Buckley Jr. with his mediaeval mind -- a mind that is as sharp as a razor edge and just as narrow; these were the three candidates, all trying to outdo each other as to who will hire the most cops to keep the natives (Afro-Americans and Puerto Ricans) in line!

Junior Buckley is an outright Negrophobe. Buckley was not only the "cutest" one on stage, he was the most honest -- in spite of himself. Honest or bold, have it as you will, I must "respect" Buckley in a peculiar sort of way, in the way that I would respect the brazen thug or the house-breaker, while shooting him down, as contrasted to the utter contempt I hold for the con-man who would try to "jive" me out of my dignity! Mind you, this does not mean that I dislike Buckley less; it means that I despise Beame and Lindsay more! Buckley, somewhat less than Peckerwood Wallace, and cracker Bilbo shakes his rattles



like a true diamond back so that I know what to expect. His opponents were and are more like the street corner con men who try to hustle you with the shell and pea game. Jr. made it clear that if he were elected he would by no means put a rein on the racist, trigger-happy New York cops! We must remember that Buckley himself is only one generation removed from the shellelagh and the brick-bat, and those of his landmen who couldn't get rich joined the police force! His references to criminals were always allusions to Afro-Americans and Puerto Ricans "the subway criminals and street muggers who are criminals

whether they are members of minority groups or not" is the way he puts it. But I've not heard indignant statements about what he wants the cops to do about the crime, the graft, and the shakedowns and shifts within the police department. There is an expose of crooked cops. 99% of whom are white, at least three times a year. Where is his indignation about these crimes. Of course he does not mention the white youths who destroy houses during wild parties, nor does he mention the dope sessions, the sex orgies, and the parent sponsored boozings which have been reported lately!

Lindsay and Beame also play the racist game in their campaign material. They both promise more police to "make New York safe." Neither wants a real review board. Lindsay, with good white protestant piety stated that he would give the police commissioner veto power over the findings of a board composed of cops and prominent "qualified" civilians. What makes him think that the blue bloods are anymore sympathetic to the victims of police brutality than the cops? The civilians on that board should be the black and Puerto Rican mothers whose teenage sons are murdered, whose daughters are abused and called black bitches by white cops. Housewives whose husbands are beaten and falsely arrested for "assault," should serve on that board, as should truck drivers and building superintendents. So hypnotized was Buckley Jr. by the prettiness of his own speechmaking, which was heavy on opinions but light on substance, that he could not catch his co-conspira-

tors pitch. Another subject which bugged Buckley Jr., as it does most white folks even in the Democratic Party, was Adam Clayton Powell. Buckley asked his "opponents" to denounce Powell as a scoundrel and a rascal. Lindsay allowed that Powell was not supporting him. Beame, whom Powell is supporting, kept an eloquent silence. He did not defend his backer either. Buckley of course took refuge in his immunity as a candidate to call Powell things that all of his "clahss" and banjo-eye bucking could not save him from in a losing libel suit if he had said those things as a non-candidate. The T. V. show pointed up to me that the black voter has nothing to gain from the election of any one of the three candidates; Beame, a second rate retread, Lindsay, awkward political hybrid, and Buckley Jr., a juvenile intellectual flapper who would have been a hit in the '20s; the 1420's that is.

"What is there to say? Simply this: when a West Indian licentiate* in philosophy makes it known that he will not take the agregation**, citing his color as the reason, then I say that philosophy has never saved anyone. When another insists upon proving to me that blacks are as intelligent as whites, I reply: intelligence has never saved anyone. And that is true, for if it is in the name of intelligence and philosophy that one proclaims the equality of men, it is also in their name that one decides their extermination."

Frantz Fanon. (Peau noire masques blancs, p. 42)

*licentiate- in Europe, a university degree intermediate between that of bachelors and that of doctor.

** cconcours d'agregation- competitive examination for admission to teaching staff of state secondary schools in Europe.

kenn m. freeman



the colonized of north america

a review-essay of Fanon's Studies In A Dying Colonialism

In Fanon's book, Studies in a Dying Colonialism which recently has been translated into English and published by Monthly Review Press, there is an introduction which leaves me with an astounding amount of ambivalence (although it does not seriously take anything from Fanon's inordinate brilliance). It is written by an Argentine journalist name Adolfo Gilly who gives Fanon's book a reflective marxist interpretation. But on the other hand it lacks any penetrating view of the very axle of the dying machine of colonialism : The United States of America.

Nowhere in the introduction does Gilly give us an indication that he realizes that this world-wide revolution against what Fanon calls "an omnipresent death" affects Black America in a qualitatively different manner than White America. In fact, he persists in suggesting that all residents of New York would be intimidated by the atomic menace, but that the Third World revolutionaries (such as the Cubans, Vietnamese, Congolese etc.) themselves are not afraid of the possibility of nuclear destruction (or to be precise, they do not stop fighting for liberation even though they may be threatened with nuclear destruction by their oppressors). This courageousness of the Africans, Latin-Americans and Asians is found in the Harlem residents throughout North America, in spite of Mr. Gilly. And

like our oppressed brothers throughout the world, the use of "modern " weapons upon us merely increases our determination to win our liberation.

Was it not, in the same manner as the Cubans, Vietnamese and Dominicans, that the Black Freedom Fighters of Watts, who, in the face of "whitey's" arsenal, said: "We'd rather have them kill us all than go back to the old life." Yes, our L. A. Brothers shook their strong, Black fists at the kingpin of the atomic menace, and just as the Cubans did not waver or flinch during the "Cuban" missile crisis, neither did the Afroamerican masses shrink from the challenge of the "Watts" crisis. Nowhere do we find a similar reaction from either the white american proletariat or the predominately white peace movement.

There is another point that adds fuel to my fire that gives me the light with which to see the inconsistency in Gilly's introduction. He describes how the Bolivian miners, who, though having lost their recent armed battle with the Bolivian military dictatorship, have demonstrated that because they have hidden their weapons, their resistance to military oppression has not been destroyed. But Gilly does not mention that in Los Angeles the brothers lost the initial combative struggle with the "national guard", but like their "paisanos bolivianos" their resistance was not shattered. For they have also concealed their (and acquired many more) weapons with the determination of engaging their oppressors in battle again.

Again we see that Gilly admits in his piece that the essence of revolution is the struggle for human dignity. But apparently he is not intellectually mature enough to realize (or to admit) that it is only the Black American liberation struggle which is aiming for precisely human dignity in the racist-infested U. S. A.

* * * * *

I found fascinating the insightful unmasking by Fanon of the French sociologist and his interest in the veils of Algerian women. Fanon understands perfectly well that this interest in "freeing" Muslim women is really the old colonialist cliché of: "Let's win over the women and the rest will follow."

The only difference between this attempt by the French, and the parallel situation in colonized Afroamerica is that commercial slavery and its anti-

social kin. southern sharecropping and northern wage-slavery, succeeded in forcing many of our women (and subsequently our men) into the role of house and bed servants of white america instead of being the foundation for our Black childrens' future and the inspiration of the Black man's masculinity ; in Algeria, for certain historical reasons, this attempt at destruction of the woman's role in general never succeeded.

Thus our family structure is, generally, disemboweled, but in colonized Algeria, the French were continually trying to rape the Algerian family, and destroy its tenacity.

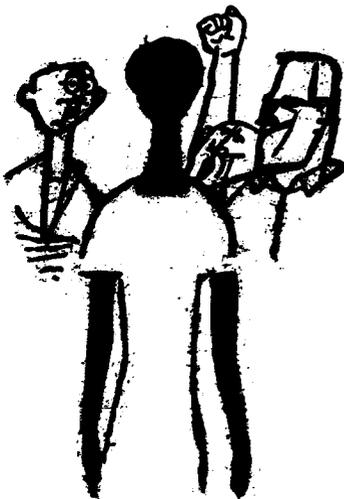
Our oppressor is doing everything that is in his power to see that our Brothers and Sisters do not succeed in rebuilding and reuniting our families, because this would depreciate his power in exploiting us politically, economically, psychologically, and sexually!!

Have you looked at the "new", "uncensored" Negro Heritage Library? The first volume is devoted to the American Negro Women. There is no volume in the set concerned with American Negro Men ; nor do they plan to publish one.

Have you attended the latest nigger-bourgeoisie gimmick? It is a tea-conference entitled : "American Negro Woman in The Great Society."

Have you seen the intellectually pornographic film, "The Pawnbroker," where a Black woman with natural hair is a prostitute for a persecuted (sic!) Jewish pawnbroker?

* * * * *



Of course our Black women, who have never ceased to struggle against our oppressors, do not wear haiks*, but they, as the Algerian Muslim women, have been victimized by a different beast with the same premise : " In the colonialist program it was the woman who was given the historic mission of shaking up the Algerian (read the Afro-american) man converting the woman, winning her over to the foreign values, wrenching her free from her status, was at the same time acheiving a real power over the man and attaining a practical, effective means of destruc-

turing Algerian (Afroamerican) culture." (p. 39)

Fanon, in the course of the first chapter, explains that the Algerian women preserved the wearing of the veil not so much because they loved the custom, but because they viewed this custom as a symbol of resistance against their white oppressor. He goes on to say that when an unveiled appearance became the best form of resistance against colonialism the women quickly shifted to it -- and the Algerian men likewise accepted it.

This concept of resistance put forth by Fanon strikes me of paramount importance. He sees it as the main reason that colonial peoples do not perform well in areas that colonialists dictate as of being of crucial value. Thus, by implication, he denies such theories that colonial people lack "motivation." (which is a terribly vague notion since no one can measure "motivation") Now if one is to apply Fanon's theory of resistance to the Afroamerican masses one must ask this question: Is it because Afroamerican people are resisting any further encroachment on the identity of Black America that they do not perform well in areas that white, western American cultural values prescribe them to do well? If this question is asked when applying it to a specific situation it must be remembered that: "This rejection of the conqueror assumes original forms, according to circumstances or to the type of colonial situation." (p. 41)



If my frame of reference on this latter point is correct, and there is no reason to think that it is not, then effective Black leadership must realize that we must examine the how our people resist our oppressor, and then scientifically ascertain whether these means are effective in sustaining our identity. If they are not effective -- and often they are not -- then we must show ourselves new ways to resist the oppression heaped on our still undeveloped nation. Hence by organizing in this context our features as a nation will qualitatively increase, for Fanon says this is what happened:

"The same time that the colonized man braces himself to reject oppression, a radical transformation takes place within him which makes any attempt to maintain the colonial system impossible and shocking." (p. 179)

I am not saying that an attitude of resistance necessarily explains all the indifference of the Black American masses to struggling to enter the "white-stream". But I am convinced it explains it more than such theories as ~~our-people-have-no-motivation-because-we-do-not-have-any-racial-pride~~. On the contrary, Blacks with less race pride than the Afroamerican masses show better performances in western cultural situations. (e.g. the Black bourgeoisie in U. S., and in the West Indies) Another thorn in the side of this race pride theory is: The Black American masses commit the most crimes, that is, physical aggression against each other. However, the Black American bourgeoisie display less physical aggression against each other, but are inflicted with more self-hate than the Black masses. Why?? It is very probable that Fanon's theory explains it.

(I want to make it very clear that I am not denigrating the necessity of our people restoring our racial pride. It is unquestionable a prerequisite in our struggle for Black liberation; but it is not a panacea for our ills.)

* * * * *

Looking superficially at the chapter on the Algerian family, an Afro-american might think there is nothing there that is relevant for understanding the Afroamerican family. For the Afroamerican family is, more often than not, a disrupted social unit where women suffer from too much freedom from their men. But in prerevolutionary Algeria the opposite problem was pervasive: the women, and the children were tied too strongly to the male. But both problems are identical in a much more fundamental sense. One of the main results of both situations is that generally there is a lack of conjugal love between the husband and wife. Fanon shows that by the Algerian husband and wife struggling together their mutual love is qualitatively increased. It seems to me that this is the best way, if not the only manner

in which we Black Americans can reconstruct the now mutilated relationships between our men and women.

At another point Fanon gives proof to my contention that this book is very applicable to Afreamerica :

"There is, first of all, the fact that the colonized person, who in this respect is like the man in underdeveloped countries or the disinherited in all parts of the world, perceives life not as a flowering or a development of an essential productiveness, but as a permanent struggle against an omnipresent death. This ever-menacing death is experienced as endemic famine, unemployment, high death rate, and inferiority complex and the absence of any hope for the future." (p.128)

This description fits our people like it was a glove especially patterned for each one of us.

So it is Fanon, the Black revolutionary psychiatrist, who understands our problems infinitely more than the american "marxist-leninists", who incessantly use their bullshit that they try to pass off as "science", and push upon us their white dope that they call women to denigrate and to sabotage our national struggle against "an omnipresent death."

But as Gilly forthrightly states in his introduction :

"Nations fall, armies collapse, businesses close or are expropriated, colonists flee, a city is destroyed by bombardment, but the masses go on living; they tenaciously recreate themselves, bury their dead, and go forward." (p.15)

This is what we, the Black American masses, are now doing without either white women, american "marxists", or "the great society", and are arming ourselves with the revolutionary ideas of Frantz Fanon, and soon with modern guns.



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