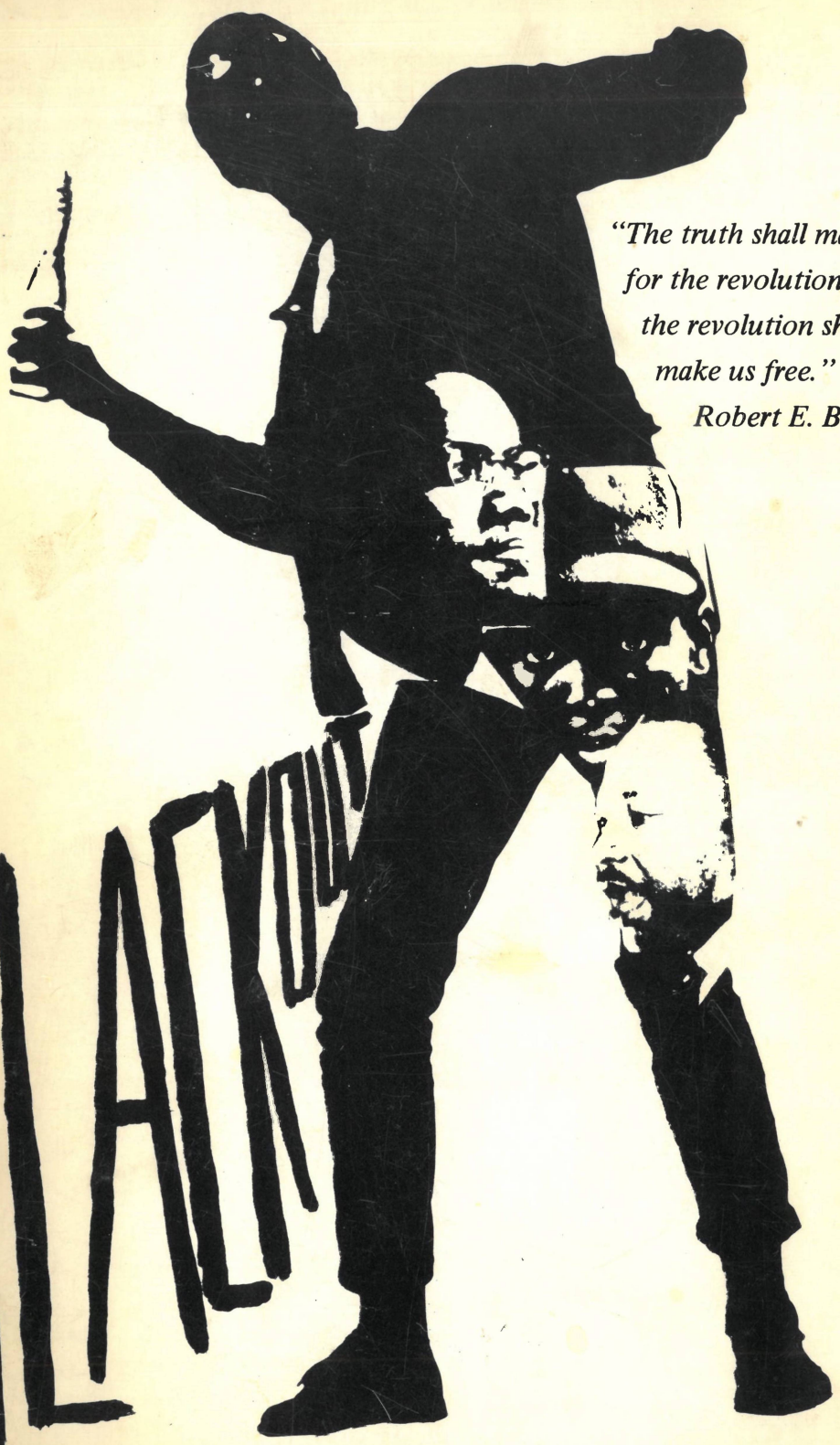


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*"The truth shall make
for the revolution, and
the revolution shall
make us free."*

Robert E. Bennett '69

BLACKOUT

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6:13 THE END
OF NONVIOLENCE — THE DEATH OF THE WHITE MAN
by O.C. Sydnor '68

“Good morning, Revolution,
You’re the very best friend I ever had;
Come on; let’s pal around together. . .”

— Langston Hughes

“Our job . . . is to teach the revolutionary youth of this country to tell the difference between the nationalism of the oppressed and the nationalism of the oppressor; to teach them to differentiate the forces of liberation from the forces of the exploiters; to teach them to hear the voices of the revolution regardless of the forms they may take; to teach them to differentiate between the self-defense of the victims and the violence of the aggressor; to teach them to refuse to give an inch to white liberalism and to reach out to Malcom’s heirs, the vanguard of the ghetto, as brothers and comrades.”

—Jack Barnes, National Chairman
of the Young Socialist
Alliance.

Events of the last few weeks, culminating in the very mysterious assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, have succeeded immeasurably in crystallizing heretofore unresolved and hazy issues associated with the so-called “civil rights” movement—issues centering around the content and concentration of white nationalism prevailing Anglo-Saxon America; the degree to which this white nationalism has manifested itself as an impenetrable barrier to the full, complete, total realization of black manhood; to the realization of the rights and the rewards due black people residing in America; and the modes and methods to be utilized to liberate the black male, and as a result, effectuate total freedom of black people in America.

As ever increasing number of blacks who formerly saw salvation in the out-dated white liberal rhetoric of a black-white coalition are being rudely awakened to the very apparent fact that this society will not permit a pleasant, peaceful, nonviolent resolution of America’s racial problem.

The quantitative and the psychological slaughter of black people at Orangesburg and Memphis, in addition to the abrupt reversal in the tone of that first Memphis march, indicate not only that those continuing to employ the traditional tactics, directed more towards the mollification of white attitudes and sensibilities than to the liberation of black people in America, are courting meaningless self-destruction, but also, that more and more blacks are becoming mentally incapable of responding nonviolently to mounting white aggression.

Assuming that the object of the emerging black liberation movement is the complete and immediate freedom of all black men, their women and their children, (anything short of that to be construed as just another in a long line of political insults committing black hope to white acquiescence) and recognizing the fact that the philosophy of nonviolence was, at most, only a very dubious tactic, that it no longer can be applied by any sane black man, the only question remaining is the manner in which truly revolutionary thought and action can be applied to free black people from their colonial status.

Fanon has already noted that only through violence can the masses be educated to the social truths (in America the existence of the white imperial power on the one hand and of the black colonial subject on the other), that only violence directed towards the oppressor can channel the frustrations and discontents of blacks residing in the colonies away from acts of self-annihilation and into significant acts of liberation.

If violence is the only alternative, then how is it to be employed, first, to impress upon our brothers our colonial status and second, to liberate our colonies from the imperialist policies of the white government?

Late in 1967 at the Roxbury People's Forum, brother Gladstone Ntabati, a South African attending Harvard, noted the similarities between the conditions of black people in America and of our South African brothers.

“For a long time we believed that through non-violent means we could win our struggles. But everytime we used nonviolence to gain our freedom, we were met with blood and iron . . . Six thousand miners went on a non-violent strike in Johannesburg. Instead of the army and the government negotiating with the miners, they shot into the strikers and killed 600 miners and forced the rest of them back to work. In Port Elizabeth 24 were in protest to this massacre of African miners. Some white civilians and police killed all the protestors.”

And this was before Sharpeville.

The similarities go further though than just the savage repression by officials of the state of nonviolent tactics. More importantly, I suggest that the methods used by our brothers back home to emancipate themselves and their lands from colonial domination, methods now being used to free black people in South Africa, can and should be utilized to accomplish the same ends in America.

More specifically, according to the doctrine of mass education through the application of violence, better known as protracted conflict, through a gradual intensification of acts of revolutionary violence, freedom fighters force the imperialist power to employ increasingly treacherous acts of retaliation, acts directed not only at the revolutionaries but the general populace as well. As a result of the wholesale response by the oppressing power, popular support for the freedom fighters is crystallized and the ranks of the revolutionaries is increased. By this process the will of the imperialist power is gradually sapped, that of the subject peoples strengthened, and the country ripened for a total popular uprising of the oppressed. The success of the FLN in Algeria, the Viet Minh in Vietnam, and of the 26th of July Movement in Cuba bespeak the overpowering force of this revolutionary principle.

In suggesting the applicability of such a revolutionary philosophy to the war being waged against black people in America, it is essential that we assure ourselves of three very important truths. First, we should recognize the fact that the reason why the initial reaction of the majority of black people to a sudden attack on the white establishment will probably vary from curious observation to open hostility is not that they are physically unable to join in the struggle and carry it to its successful conclusion, but that they are still either unconvinced of the true nature of white racism in America and all that this racism implies or that they are conscious allies to the white nationalist extermination of the black population.

The second truth is that the first conscious acts of the revolution will elicit such a response on the part of the white army that the very nature of white nationalism in America will be bared and all choice for black people removed.

The third and most important truth is that because of the peculiar situation of the black population in America and the goals that freedom fighters set for the revolution, the black revolution must necessarily culminate in total victory over white imperialism.

Are there any concrete indicators which serve to bear out the validity of the above-stated truths? Although presently only a haphazard nature which is relatively disorganized, there are positive signs suggesting the existence of a climate conducive to the application of the protracted conflict doctrine and to a victorious black revolution. The response of the white army to individual and collective acts of rebellion in the colonies has been to strike out at the entire black community rather than to seek out individual antagonists. Whole tenements are raked with machinegun fire in reaction to a real or imagined shot of a single black sniper. Soul Brother establishments are either allowed to burn or purposefully set aflame as officials of America vent their racism against even those blacks who remained passive during the rebellion.

As a consequence of this wholesale attack on black men, women and children, heretofore uncommitted black people—the rational and responsible who saw white racism as being selective, both among white people and against blacks, those who viewed it as a periodic state of mind rather than a universal fact of life; those who envisioned the ultimate right to give full expression to their manhood as being brought about through nonviolent biracial committees, through yearly “civil rights” legislation; those who were aware of the nature of white racism but who were also afraid of vehemently striking out against it for fear of white retaliation—threw themselves against white property, against white attitudes, even against white bodies. Black middleclassers joined their “less privileged” brothers in the throwing of rocks, bottles, and in acts of reclamation and expropriation. Black college students and intellectuals publicly rejoiced at each announced death of a white cop, a white national guardsman, an unfortunate (ha!) white motorist caught in the colony.

Quite obviously, though, such uncoordinated acts of violence, while indicative of a revolutionary temperament and harbingers of things to come, are inappropriate in a truly revolutionary black uprising. Attacks on white imperialists, on the white establishment, must be part of a conscious program of revolutionary action. They must constitute more than just a series of thrusts initiated by immediate acts of white nationalists.

All that is required then is direction and coordination. And such direction and coordination can only be supplied by a full-time, dedicated black liberation force.

To summarize, white America has shown itself incapable of yielding to nonviolent pressures and peaceful “demands” for full equality of black people in this country. In

fact, the very philosophy of nonviolence clearly spells doom for its practitioners. Violence with all its unpleasant connotations is the only means by which the black man can truly realize his manhood and, consequently, free himself, his women and his children from white imperialism. I have suggested that the doctrine of protracted conflict serve as the basis of a black revolution in America. Also, I have indicated that we are physically and psychologically equipped and able to respond positively to such a doctrine.

In addition, the second factor underlying the successful application of that philosophy — a wholesale and brutal retaliation against blacks for revolutionary acts committed by a tiny segment of the black community — is also assured. But the most important foundation upon which the doctrine of protracted conflict and the revolution rests — their inevitable success — remains to be clarified.

Hardly a day passes when we are not confronted with the recurring argument that black people, “no matter how just their grievances,” still are a minority in America and cannot hope to emerge victorious in a war between the races. As always, though, these apologists for white nationalism again misinterpret the aspirations of black people and the aims of the revolution. By our very wrong-headed “protectors” victory is seen in terms of total conquest over the opposing force, followed by a reversal of the master-servant relationship. This is clearly not the goal of the black revolution. In fact, it is not the goal of the black revolution. In fact, it is not even necessary to dislodge the white nationalist power structure in order to destroy America, the white American and to liberate ourselves. To understand why this is so requires only a very brief glance at some basic American values—values which govern the functioning of this country nationally and internationally.

In 1921 the American historian Frederick Jackson Turner noted that while other nations had been rich and powerful, America was unique in that it believed that it had an original contribution to make to the history of society by the production of a “self-determining, self-restrained, intelligent democracy.”

This divine mission that Turner saw reflected in the early frontiersman is even more deeply entrenched in the mind of the twentieth century white American. More than even the insignificant are directed towards the exproation of the American Way Of Life. Indeed, it would be virtually impossible to imagine the continued being of white America if she were unable to favorably compare her society to those less politically, socially, economically, religiously, technologically, esthetically and morally advanced.

It should be obvious by now why a black revolution cannot fail. Our atomic bomb, ironically, shall be what white America thought was her own exclusive and inviolable weapon. White imperialist America’s very possession of that weapon is the omen of her imminent destruction.

No matter what choice she makes, the species of animal known as the white American will cease to exist and the system that has enslaved and mercilessly exploited our ancestors and ourselves will be destroyed. Our liberation will be realized.

In order for white America to continue to wave her ethocentric banner, in order for white America to continue to justify her military invasions of sovereign states, in order for white America to preserve its very life force, at least a façade of that “self-determining, self-restrained, intelligent democracy” must be maintained. This country, consequently, can and will increase her racist policies until they approach South African terms with herself. It can either grant self-rule to the black communities, the colonies, and immediately begin to pay reparations so as to partially atone for the centuries of injustices heaped upon black people; or, she can seek to exterminate her black population and, in the process, her cities, museums, business and cultural centers . . . her façade — in other words, commit national suicide.

Over a century ago Frederick Douglas said that if a man had nothing to die for, life was not worth living. What was true then is 100 years more true today. Our choice is simple. We can either continue to bow, shuffle, scratch our heads for the white man; fight racist wars for the white man; mistreat our women and children for the white man; or we can welcome our liberator — the revolution — with open arms and, for once in our lives as colonial subjects of white American imperialism, act like men.

MORATORIUM

Let the word go forth.
The black mailed glove is on.
The loins are girded and the breastplate is on.
There will be no more poems of love.
 no more words of love.
 no more songs of love.
 no more books of love.
There can be no love in the pasty hell of now.
My mouth is full of the rotting morass of here.
Hearts have been buried for a later date.
There will be no love.
Minds cannot wander trapped and devoured by beasts.
Babies die.
Women raped.
Men killed.

Our babies, Our women, Our men.
There will be no love.
No love until it's over.
No love until the beast is caged.
No love until the paste is burnt.
No love until the bodies rot in the sun and the hyenas
 eat them.
No love until throats split open spew gore.
Until the beasts are cut up and roasted.
Teeth will be kicked and bodies broken.
There will be no love until cries of help and mercy
 rend the sky as once before.
No love until the beast is caged, locked up, Put away.
Never to menace.

—Wally Ford '70

“Confidential to the Earl of
Rhetoric who lives in Redundancy.”

by Ronald Talley '69

Dear Mom

I am happy to say that after three years of intensive study, I have come to some extremely well-founded and indisputable conclusions relative to the empirical nature of the American Negro problem. I have a number of statistics and they seem to support my assertions. I am sorry that I have not been communicating with you in the past, but I want you to know that all of my friends here are in support of the Negro movement, were so enthusiastic that we sat up late many nights taling about the problem and de-veloping some ideas of our own. I never thought that academic endeavor and intellectual pursuit could be so interesting. Well, I'll be through in a year, then we're going to make some big changes.

Love,
Your Ivy League Negro
Son

Dear son,

I called you last night but youre friends said you was over to the library. Your brother he die last night cause of he took to much dope. Your little sister got knocked up by some guy. Your father he got shot up pretty bad in the riots. One of your ole freinds read your letter. He couldn't understand all them words but he said to kiss his ass. People round here say if folks dont get theyselves together now, they aint gonna be no next year.

love
your black harlem
mother

From The Brother in The Street

by

Henry Jordan '69

People have been calling me everything
but ain't nobody asked me what I call myself.
Now I ain't smart or intelligent but I know what is
happening.

Now sometimes I get drunk and sometimes I get mad,
but I know about the Government.

I was reading where Bobby Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy
was running for the President against Johnson,
but I don't even go to vote cause,
"How can Satan cast out Satan?"

I know the government is broke up in factions but what
we need is action.

You spoils the taste of milk if you pour it in a
glass that is full of whisky. And

Man unless yall change something around here
the spoiled taste of milk and alcohol is going
to flow down State street in the form of fire.

It is going to drip from the rooftops with the sound of
bullets, and it is going to flow across the country
in the form of mass destruction.

This ain't the end. We is just gonna be
getting mad at ya. Cause

You are the motherfucker of the world and the
Pimp of the Black race. You have made us mad and
we done took all we gonna take. If you don't
straighten up

"We gonna have to Boogaloo down Broadway."

We need more than words like

"Things are getting better" or

"You are making Progress."

Our women have been used as your sexual outhouse
and our men as the tillers of your soil.

I am only an observer on the street and I have seen
how you have made the Black man your Whore!

Not only have you misused his body but you have
abused, abused his mind. When I conk my hair

you look and laugh at me as if I were a freak. When I try to play your game and get a job I end up having to rob. I am not paid at the minimum wage but at the slave wage. Man, I tried going to school and when I got out of High School, I found out I was just smart enough to be in the 6th grade. I went to get a job after college and I found out I wasn't educated enough with 7 degrees, 4 doctorates and a Ph.D.

Man, I don't laid in, I done prayed in, and I done done everything but go naked and lose my mind, and you just don't understand that it is not that I want you to lighten up the load. I want you to get off of my back.

In 64, 65 and 66, I walked more for Martin Luther King than I did for my mama, and things ain't changed. I have done everything except died or had a baby to try to show yall that I am a man. Now my back is to the wall, and I ain't got much time.

I got to buy some mo bullets and a coat cause sometimes it gets cold on them rooftops. A young brother asked me the other day why I do things this way. All I could say was, "It is the only way for me."

They tells me that the Government will take care of all my injustice, but I say that the government and injustice look too much alike for me to be fooling wit.

Man told me yesterday that they would shoot me dead, but I say when every morning I get up and breathe the breath of life and it smells like garbage and piss I ain't living no how.

Now I got to go. I will see yall later cause I ain't got time to say no mo.

DREAM—SONG TO MY EVER—DYING COUSIN

by William McCurine, Jr. '69

“Hey Juno”.

But Juno can't hear me.
His shifting face / a bright
jewel floating down through
dark, dark waters / leaning into
the lampost whose glow is cheap
under the brilliance oozing in
his eyes.

“Juno, man.
it's me.”

But he has left all of this
behind and challenges the white
god from his rainbow / in the
veins, through the body like
an orgasm, lifting the
mind from all the shit around it—
an anger so profound that it
must burst in the heavens with the
stars or destroy everything around it:
streets, storefronts, signs, cadillacs,
people, people, people, people.
the rooftops are the cellars of
your feelings where the thing pushes
your body into spasmic dances of resurrection
and repeating deaths. up there there is
no pain, and even the piss in the
halls smells sweet.

you are a sperm wrenching
to be born into something, but that something
will be born with a cry and then die—if
lucky. and if unlucky, it will be born and
throughout the living seek only to die.

Juno the god. the sweet, smiling god
whose head bobs through times and histories and futures.

but stay away from the Now. juno
cause Now is a muh-fuh and it will kick
your balls through the back alleys while you
sit there dumb and screaming for help. no man,
Now is a muh-fuh.

Hey jesus. sweet jesus. sweet, good jesus.
juno is calling across to you / wants
to know why the moon
stays in his toilet so he can't crap
like a man—a real man.

your life is in dying.
shoot for the stars, then,
burn you black face in the sun and
spit
while the flesh rolls soft down
your arms. their god is in the sun and if
you get close enough to can laugh
in his face
that's a promise, juno.

slip into the warm folds of our
confused heritage of drums and
elephant-hunting. you, juno, slipping
through the alleys where the stars
are pieces of beer bottles and wine bottles
and frozen tears,
making not a sound but of a heart that
beats to stop itself.
walk on, black crucifix. right. left.
right. left. right. left. right. left.
it comes easy if you know the grave is right there
swept by the warm folds of our confused
heritage (drums and dances and our smells).

your eyes search the depths of the Nile
but you can only stay a while because
you are conquering the universe with your
nodding. sweet god jesus, look up at him

and tell me you don't
know who he is!

your black lips. your big,
moist lips running over the puss—scarred
human face. you were so wrapped up with the
touch of it that you swore the puss tasted
sweet. you really wanted to love it /
 until
 you choked
 on the unsweet puss
and had to spit it out. man, i remember
you sayin' how bad your stomach hurt
after that, like you had spit out
your guts.
your lips. big, moist lips
running over the lampost now.
your saliva trickles star—shot into the
big—dipper gutter,
then drips down into heaven to drop up on the gold.

seems like the world is too slow for
you, man. or, you are too slow for
the world. whatever, you gotta split or be
fucked with.

my milky—way god. my king of kings
is beggar—nigger—hip. i bet you could
run your hands through mary's skirt and
make her like it.
my milk—way god. my king of kings is
beggar—nigger—hip. how
 long of a road was it from hide—and—seek
 in the alleys to stompin' in church
 to the choking howl to the lampost where
 you have finally become god?
just through the valley of the shadow and
uptown and back through the gangaway to the
place where you could cry and the filth would
stroke your eyes and pledge allegiance, not

far at all, just all your life, just
20 years. not bad for a boy your age.
my milky-way god. my king of kings is be
beggar-nigger-hip. my milky-way god.
my king of kings is
beggar-nigger-hip

I know it is hard for you to hear
me up there, man; the people must
think i'm a fool for screaming like
this. but i know you ain't coming
back and i want to tell you i love you.
i blow my crying at you like kisses because
my arms wont reach.
suck my tears in your mouth and hold
them there while you fly into the sun.
and when you burst let them drop
down to earth. I
will run under them and let them
sear my eyes with your brilliance.

3/68

MY PEOPLE

by Herschell Johnson '70

My people
Come to me
And ask
My purpose,
My reason for being
Here
And not there,
My people
Distrust me
Because I am
Around him
And influenced
Though unwilling,
My people
Don't dig
My phonetics,
They say why
Must we
Talk like him
If he doesn't understand
Why can't he
Talk like us?

BLACK

by James C. Johnson '68

A color perceived vaguely
by white minds.
Barely visible to white eyes.
Conceived narrowly—a symbol
representing the fears of a white world
(bad guys wear black hats)

Located farthest from the
white end—supposedly the
right end of the spectrum.
Total absence of light,
proving itself the other's
irreconcilable opposite.

Lurking mysteriously
Primitive
Savage
(Taboo to white strangers)
Impenetrable
Incomprehensible
(Approached
symbolically)

Victim of white misconceptions
Realized in painful actualities—
Pillaged
Enslaved
Raped
Castrated
Left unconscious, near-death gray
hardly breathing . . . dying.

A color resurrected—
Singing
Dancing
Fighting
Living with new life
renewed consciousness.

Rejecting white symbolism
creating its own
Defining itself.

A color redefined
in terms of reality.
Heroes murdered. Tradition buried.
Black is Malcolm,
Martin, Bird, 'Trane
Strength, beauty
along with the blues.
A color? A symbol?
Black is.

CHOICE

by William McCurine Jr '69

i was sitting by the window
when i saw him. black and
brooding. night rolled across
his eyes; the sun that lit
my window stopped there.

he stood up and looked at me /
something there. in that "us"
look/black and wondering.

he took out a gun and pointed
it at them. then at me.

my eyes
the gun pulled a smile from
my eyes. he saw /us/

the gun: our old selves, the negro ones.
he put it away
quietly: the night, and stepped into
the sun—
light.

I
followed.

YOU WANT ME TO FIGHT?

by Charles Johnson '71

In all the wars in which America has participated, the veterans have received on returning home the tumultuous welcome of heroes. After the American Revolution, "Yankee Doodle" and large plots of land as benefits greeted returning soldiers. After the Civil War, when soldiers returned to their previous state of normalcy, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," good business opportunities awaited them. In World War I, "Over There" was blasted everywhere, and soldiers once again were granted golden opportunities. World War II and Korea were basically the same stories, this time with colleges and fringe benefits granted. And now there is Vietnam, which for the returning soldier, particularly the Negro, is in total contrast to the "rosy" picture characteristic of previous wars.

There is little, or no glory for the Negro veteran. There are no ticker-tape parades. Perhaps there is an occasional Medal of Honor or Bronze Star, but usually he faces an insecure situation. As a matter of fact, these men can possess little pride in themselves. When he returns to his community, the black veteran is looked down upon by his neighbors, rather than heralded as a hero. When he returns to his former job (that is, if he had one), he often finds his position filled. If physically capable of holding certain other jobs, he often hears the chant of "no openings." If he wants to continue his education, he finds that since World War II, with college costs rising, army benefits are decreasing. Where is there to turn?

Then he is on an unemployed list. He finds himself in the intolerable condition of poverty, of second class citizenship, of being looked down upon by all after having risked his life for his country. And you want me to fight? Do you want me to risk my life, manhood and state of being for you? Go to hell, Uncle Sam!

WATCH THE MAN

by Allan Evans

Poem to my darkest brothers
watch the man, watch the man,
watch the man, watch the man,
watch the man, watch the man,
watch the man, he's watching you.

RETURN

by

Thomas L. Parker '69

-----The neon lights bleached the people in perpetual bursts of electric orgasm;
Saturday night on Church Street

“Hey man! When you git in? Ain’t seen you in a long time, man! Been up there with them gray cats so long thought you’d never come home . . .”

-----Persons recoiled from the broiling lights and flit from shadow to shadow.

“ . . . yeah, Tom, same hardheads. Cats just waiting to kick ass. Best get your shit together and start breaking bad too . . .”

-----The night was viscous, heavy with a strange fog of sensuality.

“ . . . babes ’round here now that will mess your mind! Saw this fox outside of Queen’s the other night. Fine for days! But shit, man, I won’ ’bout to start rappin’ to her ’cause that nigger she was with won’ playin.’ Shit! Cat would’ve put my game and my ass in the street at the same time . . .”

-----The people walked stiffly and determined: Mannequin-like except for the eyes.

“ . . . and can jam! I was taking care of business with her at her house when her damn daddy come bustin’ thru the door. I was scared shitless, man! I grabbed my clothes, eased out some kind of way and kept gettin’ ap....”

-----Still it lingers in my mind --- the old man on the curb, sitting as if half asleep. Defeated by life, yet conquest lay in his bottle.

“ . . . gotta loop, man. Check you later Tom.”

-----I watched him slip back into anonymity, getting back in step with the rhythms of the night.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

by

Ronald Talley '69

The people of White Town, U.S.A. woke up one morning with a feeling that something big had happened during the night, though no one was really sure of what it was.

Ray Cist climbed out of his bed, dressed and headed down to the garage to drive to work. On his way out of the driveway, he almost ran over a child who was pedaling past on a shiny new bike. He mopped his brow and started on up the block. At the corner, he nearly slammed into the back of a shiny Cadillac. Ray could not understand why he was so distracted.

He drove on to the garage where he usually gets his car serviced. Turning into the station, he ran over the oil drainer and ground to a stop. Ray reached into the glove compartment where he kept aspirin and pills for his ulcer. He quickly gobbled down three of each, his hands shaking wildly. He had his car filled with gas, and when he went to pay the attendant, he dropped his money all over the place in the process. Totally shaken, he stepped down on the accelerator and raced away, his throat swollen and his chest gripped by some unexplicable horror against which his heart pounded wildly.

As he raced through the business section of White Town, he intermittently lost control of his car as something continually rooted his vision in the direction of the stores.

Ray reached his office and rushed upstairs. As he passed the boss's secretary, he tripped and fell over a newspaper rack which he had walked around every morning in the past. The "White Town Courier" landed near his face. Ray read the headlines and the article on the front page:

"BLACK POWER COMES TO WHITE TOWN"

"White Town, July 5 — Last night, Black Power stole quietly into this peaceful town and deposited a large number of influential Black People. By early morning, they had established themselves firmly within the structure of this town, under the auspices and supervision of something called "Black Power." No one as yet has seen it so we cannot describe it, but we are certain that it could not have gotten very far since last night. These people, however, are now permanently rooted. So far, no abnormal results of their presence have been visible except that

(article cont'd p. 3, col. 1)"

Ray's mind raced back. The Secretary, the store owners in a few of the downtown stores, the gas station attendant, the driver in the Cadillac, the child on the bike, they were Black. All Black. "Niggers," thought Ray. Ray's heart gave way at the thought. All of the biased evil and hatred which had been contained there for so many generations poured out in an ugly white pus and flowed through his body. It inundated his brain, his lungs, and it destroyed every cell that it came into contact with. For this hatred was a poison, non-conducive to Life. Ray's lifeless form was carried out of the office as the secretary stood sobbing in horror, unable to explain to the police what had happened.

"(cont'd from P. 1, 'Black Power'). . . it was noted that several of the outstanding citizens in town, some of the finest Southern Gentlemen, have died in rapid succession. All of the deaths have been attributed to 'natural Causes,' the only significant element being that heart failures have been the consistent cause. This paper will carry further developments if they occur. Meanwhile, the town is apparently going about its business as usual."

WONDERING ABOUT MY FRIENDS

The liberal will ask you what he can do. — And I wonder why/or if he really wants to do Anything. — I know that he will read Claude Brown and LIFE and give me his Sympathy from the Suburb. He will have peace of mind, because he understands.

The radical will tell you that he hates "the system." — And I wonder if he realizes that "The system," because it is what it is, allows him to hate it freely and openly. — I know That he will lend his physical presence to my cause, when he is not protesting the War, Defending exterior nonconformity, or crusading against numerous other Puritan hang-Ups and atrocities. He will have peace of mind, because he is the idealistic hero of "The Impossible Dream."

The humanitarian will help you, because you are his brother in Christ and his equal. — And I wonder if he knows that his Christ never condemed slavery. — He will give Me a sermon, and then I will join him in a bowl of soup. Then he will help me to find Pride in myself — and I will wonder who helped him to find his pride. He will have Peace of mind because he has given to the least of his brethren.

I will tell them all: "When the time comes I will have to kill you, because there will be No time to separate the good from the bad only the Black from the White." They will Be shocked. I will say to them: "If you are sincere you will only say: 'Father, forgive him For he knows not that which he does.'" I will have peace of mind, because I seek Justice.

— Robert M. Carter '71

FOR NON-BLACKS ONLY

by George R. Spivey '68

people try too hard not to be themselves trying to be themselves.

feelings are revealed through actions

actions without feelings are revealing.

word of mouth should have sound of truth.

some people say that the Wallace Affair gave the Dartmouth Image a Black eye. As far as I am concerned the Image looks better . . . I just hope that it can see better with one Black eye and one White eye.

a little dirt in one's eye helps one to see better . . .

people who talk over my head spit in my eye.

people who whisper in my ear gnaw at my throat.

(to people whom I like or dislike)

I wish I were you . . . then you wouldn't be.

(to a person who can't relate to Blackness)

Turn yourself inside out . . . introvert yourself. what do you see?

beware of the SILENT TYPE . . . They tell me a silent typewriter does a job as well as a noisy typewriter . . . maybe even better. You don't know it's typing . . . out your epitaph.

Black power is humanistic. Black people are fighting to regain and maintain their status as human beings.

SONG TO MY BROTHER AT DARTMOUTH

"chump!
 ya' brothers at home, poisoned,
 dyin' in the streets, cop shots, whole
 bodies flyin' through air, bustlin'.
 barely makin' it.
 sniffin' cocaine
 for quick high ---
 That's home bro--ther!
 Niggers up at Dart-
 mouth "being cool."
 acting "ra-
 tion-
 al,"
 playin'
 the
 role--
 Nothin's a game, my bro-
 ther!
 War,
 and
 Conflict.
 Don't git caught in the enemy's camp,
 eatin' his food, thinkin' his thoughts.
 look out, my bro-
 ther,
 Dyin's for real.

gregory young

WHITE LIKE YOU

by James C. Johnson '68

The first black man who stepped off the boat found out that America was a white man's country. In spite of so-called "progress", it's still true.

The fact that this is a white man's country makes too many Negroes think they'd be better off white. In fact, many try to "make it" by whitening themselves as much as possible. But they go about it all wrong. They embrace white culture. They won't listen to Negro music. Don't eat anything that might be considered Negro food. Shy away from flashy clothes. Buy Rivieras instead of Cadilacs. Develop all kinds of funny speech affections. Argue that Mickey Mantle is a better all around ballplayer than Willie Mays. All sorts of dumb shit like that.

Now, I can't deny that the idea never entered my mind. I'd be a liar if I said so. But I decided to find out the right way. No social scientific experimentation, but the real thing—pure scientific experimentation. I figured why should I screw around trying to act white. When I could cut the bullshit and be white. (It's not impossible.) Well anyhow, I tried. I'll have to admit things were a hell of a lot easier. As a matter of fact, the whole thing was a gas. More black cats should try it.

Like I said, the way I went about the whole thing was purely scientific. (And giving credit where credit is due, I have to acknowledge that I probably never would have reached my empirical approach without the benefit of my thorough, liberal education.) I got together two friends of mine. One, Bernard, was a chemist, and the other, Ray, was a physiologist. At first I beat around the bush, afraid that they might think I was screwed up. I started asking about the chemical makeup of bleaching creams and the effects it had on the skin. When I asked Bernard if the creams could be made stronger, he got hip to me quick. He asked me if I was thinking what he thought I was thinking.

"Yeah," I said. "I want to be white for a couple of days."

"Why?"

"I just want to see what it's like."

I still don't know whether they were more scared or amused at first. But after talking about it they got into the idea as much as I was. I can't explain what they did technically, but they removed some bleaching inhibitor from the cream and added some other shit that kept the cells from being destroyed. After about three months work they came up with "the cream." Even though they could only test in on small areas of my skin, it seemed to be what I wanted. Not any sissy lightener, but real, honest-to-God whitener. As soon as they said it was ready, I was ready.

Both my friends impolitely refused my invitation to participate in the experiment. They generously decided that since the idea was mine that I should reap all the glory myself. I didn't really care. They knew there was plenty of cream — in case they changed their minds.

They had to be scientific geniuses. The cream worked like a bitch. Good and fast. In a few minutes I was a new person. I have to admit, when I looked in the mirror I was slightly impressed. I had the real McCoy. The one thing that had worried me turned out not to be a problem. The new skin wasn't permanent. They had cooked up some shit so all I had to do was mix it in water. My color returned in minutes. (like I said, they had to be geniuses)

I bought a wig go go with the new skin. I was ready. My friends gave me a final check-out and couldn't find anything wrong. Now that it was for real I was serious about the shit. They still thought it was kind of funny.

“Is he, or isn't he? Only his chemist knows for sure,” said Bernard, half sarcastically.

“Do whitey's really have more fun?” Ray added.

“Both of you go to Hell.”

I didn't really give a damn about the laughter. I had things to do. I had scores to settle.

Early the next morning I went downtown to the advertising agency where I had applied for a job two weeks before. The same faceless interviewer who was there before greeted me; only this time with a bigger smile. We hurried through the preliminary shit and I took the examination. I knew it by heart and deliberately got the same score. Two days later he called me. I had done “so well that the job was mine if I wanted it.” I knew he hadn't checked out the resume I gave him because half the shit on it was phony. Anyhow, I told him I was interested and he said I could start the next Monday.

I was never more anxious to start anything in my life. I had a hard time getting to sleep Sunday night. I laid awake half the night trying to figure the best time and way to do it. Finally, when I knew what I was going to do, I fell asleep laughing.

Monday morning I was a cocky bastard. So cocky, in fact, that I couldn't stand myself. I was ready for my first academy award performance. And I was ready to pull it off brilliantly. About two that afternoon the interviewer came in to see how I was coming along.

“How’s the job coming?”

“Fine, so far.”

Your supervisor says you’re a hard worker. That’s good. But relax a little. You can’t get everything done in one day.”

I saw my opening.

“I guess you’re right.” I said, a little sheepishly. “I ought to relax more. But you know how it is. First day and all . . .” He nodded in agreement. That shitty smile being the only feature on an otherwise blank face. I kept talking and walked over to the water cooler, keeping my back to him so he couldn’t see what I was doing. I turned back toward him and didn’t say another word. Just drinking water and grinning.

He picked up the conversation where I left off, talking about the company and the opportunities it offered young men like myself. He stopped abruptly. His one feature disappeared leaving an expressionless void. Noises emanated from some part of his body, but they were inarticulate. The only motion he could manage was to point at me. Then, with some difficulty, he ran out of the room, making those animal noises. After I stopped laughing I looked around at the others. They were too shocked to move. I walked to the edge of that petrified forest, turned around and yelled “ ‘bye y’all” as loud as I could, and slammed the door.

Like I said, being white can be a gas. That is, if you know how to enjoy it. That afternoon I realized that I —little ol’ me—owned the most potent secret weapon in the world. I figured I could declare war on the United States and win.

It’s funny what a new skin can do for a guy. First it was little things. Old white ladies weren’t afraid to sit next to me on busses. Storekeepers would go in the back of their stores while I was in the front. Those dumb motherfuckers. Cops didn’t even stare hard at me. The whole thing was out of sight. For a while I just took it easy, sucking up all the action. Laughing at all those white son—of—a—bitches who didn’t know that they were supposed to hate me. But after a couple weeks that got to be a drag. I decided to get back to work.

I remembered a white girl in the neighborhood who used to tease black cats. She looked good. No shit! But she fucked over a lot of cats. She pretended like she wanted to make it with one of my boys. He thought he was over. Next thing I know, he’s busted. Up for rape.

One night I went past her house and she was sitting on her steps. We smiled at each other, so I spoke. I asked her her name, told her mine, then asked her if she was waiting for somebody in particular. She said no, so I sat down.

“You must be new around here.”

“Yeah, I just moved in, around the corner, a couple of days ago.”

“It’s always nice to meet new faces.”

“Variety’s the spice of life.”

We bullshitted like that for about half an hour. She looked so good I almost forgot why I had come. So I figured I had better get down to business.

“Is it true what I heard about you messing around with the colored boys?”

“I do it, but just for fun.”

“Fun?”

She got real serious, almost indignant, at that question.

“Every nigger in this neighborhood wants to get into my pants. I don’t let them, but I like to see them get excited.”

I got off of that right there and acted like I didn’t give a shit what kind of games she played. I started rapping to her like I was interested in her. I guess I was, ‘cause I started talking my ass off. I must have said the right things too. Before I knew it she said she was getting cold and we should go inside. She said we didn’t have to worry about anything because her parents weren’t home.

I would say I wanted to laugh all the time I was in bed with her, but I can’t lie like that. I was too busy taking care of business to even think about laughing. While we were at it, nobody wasn’t any color. That shit was so nice I had to think two or three times about going through with my plan. Only a goddam fool would be dumb enough to blow a piece like that. I laid in bed for a long time figuring out what I was going to do. Then, I remembered my boy in jail.

I got out of bed and went to the bathroom to get some water. All the time thinking about my boy, and looking back over my shoulder at her. One head was telling me one thing and the other one was telling me something a whole lot different. I got two steps away from the bathroom and stopped, but I knew I couldn’t go back now. So I got the water and climbed back in the bed.

“Did you ever fuck for any of those colored boys?” I asked.

“Why?”

“I don t know. I just wondered.”

We kept quiet for a minute. She didn't want to talk. I was just waiting. All of a sudden she sat straight up in the bed. Just like that interviewer, she couldn't say shit. She just made funny noises. I'd have given my left nut to know what she was thinking when she saw me change. She was sure thinking something. Everything she had was talking except her mouth.

I couldn't help from laughing while I was putting on my clothes. I was laughing so hard that I tripped twice trying to get my pants up. I figured she'd scream sooner or later, but all that time she didn't say one single word. She just sat straight up in the bed, buck naked, staring at me. I know I didn't need to rub it in, but I couldn't help it. "Maybe we can get together again, sometime, baby."

That kept me satisfied for more than a month. Just thinking about it. In fact, I didn't think I could come up with anything better. So like I said, I laid off the cream for more than a month. It was nice to be black again. I had started to miss all the old shit and tired of running around being white for kicks. After a month of the old routine, however, that got to be a drag, too. I wanted some more action.

I thought about settling some more scores, but that wasn't for shit anymore. There were too many of them to settle. I could settle mine, my family's, my friends, and still not get it all done. I decided to do something big, something everybody could dig. I got an idea from a friend of mine.

This friend told me about a contest run by the Chamber of Commerce. It was a speech contest on "The Value of American Politics." That was perfect. I had a lot of opinions about politics anyway. For more than a week I worked hard as hell on that speech. I made sure it was good. It was good, too. It was selected along with four others, to be given at the Chamber's annual fund raising banquet.

The banquet had me really excited. Most of the big shots in town would be there and I couldn't wait to get a crack at them. Before, on special occasions, I had trouble figuring out what I was going to wear. This time I couldn't decide whether I should go as a Negro or as a white. All the other times I had switched from white to black. But it seemed to me that it would be better the other way around this time.

I walked in the door of the banquet room and heads turned quickly. No one had thought that a black boy could write a speech as eloquent as the one I had written. This was definitely in my favor. The group was awed by me before I said one goddamn word. I knew I couldn't help but be good. The audience was in the palm of my humble black hands.

I started my thing by giving them a lot of the kind of shit they wanted to hear. I talked about democracy, freedom, liberty, and shit like that until I was almost believing that crap. I waved the flag and flew the eagle until I had their hearts pounding like bass drums in a fourth of July parade. I got them feeling real proud that they were Americans. Then I slipped into my real shit.

“ . . . Yes, gentlemen, only in America can these miraculous things occur. Only in America could a minority group, such as my race hope to attain equality through normal political channels. Only in America could the small voice of a distressed people be heard above the din of progress. And gentlemen, above all, only in America would the majority — like the good Samaritan—go out of its way to offer assistance to a minority. If this were not true, my race would have no hope, and they would be forced to resort to either of two measures. One would be violence. And we all know that that is not the answer. The other would be . . .” At that point I made a long pause, allowing the suspense to build, and wiped my face with a handkerchief. “. . . That would be for all of us to turn white.”

The timing was perfect. The second I finished, my face began to lighten. I could see it clearly in the mirror created by the faces in the audience. Once again I was in the petrified forest. More than one hundred black faces. Over two hundred hands, frozen in near applause. This time nothing more needed to be said. I just took three bottles of whiskey from the head table, and walked out.

Now, I don't use the cream much. The whole thing is pretty much of a drag any more. I'd just as soon be me and spook white people that way. You don't have to turn black, really. All you have to do is be black. Like I said though, it was crazy for awhile. I can't deny that. Still every now and then, I'll go to a movie or sit in a library and run on some cream for fun. But that's only when I get really bored.

One of these days, if I can't find anything else to do, I might just give cream to every black person in this country, and let them all turn white for a while. That'd be a real bitch. White people knowing they're supposed to hate somebody, but can't figure out who it is they're supposed to hate.

COMMENTARY

by Thomas Parker '69

I watched the women sit and chit
And chitchat
Their gimboled heads contriving tales of modest self-importance

I attacked the women, stripped them of their pseudos washed painted youth from their
faces, broke their cocktail shakers, and ran to watch.

Flayed women recoiled before their starkness,
ashamed.

“Liberation!” I cried from hiding
This was the Moment
I had given them their chance.

Their barren sufeited carcasses lumbered towards me —
Outraged.

They wanted to kill me, but it was Brotherhood Week
So they ripped my balls off instead.
Fed one to their poodles
And chilled the other for hors d'oeuvres.

I WONDER
by
William McCofine '69

If you will laugh
at what i say—for i am sensitive
to your words. it's about love
touch. the difference between
breathing for the business's
sake and the wonder of it all.

christ's image can't be fixed in
paintings—even if the Church
OK'd it. he is you; and you are
me. and we, all of us, gods; the
rulers of our living, the makers of
our own sacrifices. we are the
crucification and the resurrection.
we must be love. and that is touch. (you
see, hearts are not jewish or black or
communist; hearts are human things: like
we try to be)
touch is a human thing: baby lips on
a mother's breast; warm, touching thighs
of sky—tossing lovers; fingers on feet.
touch. touch. touch
sky—tossing mother's breasts; a baby
lips on warm thighs; feet on fingers.
all of it the same thing.

so, will you laugh if i want to touch
you? or will you touch me back? (may
be i will even find the courage to
touch my self and be amazed with it all/
babies play with their own toes, grabbing
them like flowers or their mother's hair because
it is all beautiful).

i want to touch you. want to touch my self.
want to run my hands over my feet and hair and
ass. cause i am for real and it's beautiful.
touch. touch. touch.
you are me and i am you: we are flowers
held in the same hand.
we are a groping hand on the human face. we touch and we are.

A DREAM GARDEN

by Herschell Johnson '70

A dream garden
Is my love
Dark and sensuous
Like some hot gypsy
Casting spells of love
As she brushes
Against me.
A warm night
Is
My
Love.

CLASSIFIED AD

by

Wally Ford '70

For a dime, or lack of it, you can get a ride.
A ride with wondrous view and scenes.
Skin roasted darker than its hated color,
Or a child bubbling and boiling into a shapeless mass.
The ride is like none other
With ups and downs with a predominant latter.
Swirling round and round.
You may get nauseous and puke, but don't get off.
You probably have forgotten where you got on.
The kaleidoscope goes on whether you like it or not.
You may fight to get off or try and change seats.
But no go.
Just sit and wait for the undesired end that you want
so much.

WHAT DO I DO

by

Don A. Dayson '70

Since you ask, most days, I can remember.
I walk in my clothing, unmarked by this voyage,
Then the almost unnameable lust returns
Then I know
Then I have nothing against life.

Myself comes with you.

The wind briskly reminds me
It is cold.
Early morning has peace and it is cold.

I sit here where it is cold
This morning
My room is still warm.

My feelings are
Here; I find
No warmth there.

This morning you are here.
In mind, not hand.
I feel more than my mind.

I exist
Where warmth exists.
You. And it is cold.

Early morning cold. I am here.
My peace for today. You.
And it is cold.

Since you ask, most days, I can remember.

BLOOMING BLACK FLOWERS

by Evan Hyde '68

---“Den got all kind a flowers---
white, pink, yellow, all
kind. But you ever see
any black flowers yet---
One Western Hemisphere
black to another in a
barber shop which
sold grass.

It was five thirty in the evening and the sun was straddling the wet and green mangrove horizon. Albert was walking over from the gymnasium to the classroom in the brown and yellow building which was the Jesuit junior college in the underdeveloped country. There was a girl leaving the building with books under her left arm and a bicycle pump in her right hand. She was wearing a white dress and a yellow scarf around her neck. She walked to the bicycle in the wooden bicycle stand on the hallway of the building, put down her books on the concrete and started to pump the real wheel. He walked by her and as he was entering the brown and yellow building she called to him and asked him to help her, and he did although he did not want to. She smelled of perfume and coconut oil. She spent too much time in the headmaster's small office, even though she was the headmaster's secretary, and she got A's in the headmaster's English class.

When he finished, he handed her the black pump without looking at her and walked into the classroom to get his books. The headmaster was looking out a window at the girl. His hair was sparse and blonde. His face was red and pock-marked and he wore glasses with white frames and his belly was big even under the baggy white cassock. Some said he was from Missouri and others said he was from Wisconsin. Albert thought that he knew how to spell Missouri but was not sure of Mississippi. The Braves played in a city in Wisconsin.

He walked from the building to his bicycle and saw out of the corner of his eye that the girl was standing with her black bicycle on the pathway to the gravel road. Instinctively, he slowed his walk. When he wheeled his bicycle off the hallway into the pathway, she was still standing there with her dress being blown by the wind so he stopped at the water fountain and drank a lot of the cold chlorinated water. It was no use.

She stood sideways looking at him with the long black hair swimming down to her waist. Her eyes were large and dark and the dark brown skin stretched tight and smooth over the high cheekbones. Her breasts were small and pointed. Her rear was small and it sagged a little and would need cushioning for good leverage.

"May I rid down with you, Albert?" asked Solangel.

"Yeah."

"You would never ride with me if I don't ask you, right?"

"No. Look ya. No di boda me wid no lotta question."

They entered the road and after a while he turned around on the bicycle seat and saw the white cassock standing at the door of the classroom. The seat was too high for Solangel and she had to twist up and down on each side in turn. He looked into her eyes and there was innocence in their darkness. Carol had innocent eyes too and she was seven days overdue. He did not know what he would do. His mother was six months dead and he had never known his father. Albert used to ask his mother why he had no father and why there were so many different men coming to their flat above her beautician's shop and staying there until the night was very dark. He was thirteen when his Uncle Joe who was high on grass told him that his father went away to work in Panama on the canal and never came back. The government people sent him to live with a couple after his mother died so that he could finish school on his scholarship and not swerve from the straight and narrow.

The white lights on the lamp posts came on as they were entering the town proper.

"A wan slide ya," he said, turning a corner.

"I will see you tomorrow," she said.

Albert rode five blocks then turned left and stopped at a green and white house standing on stilts. He rang the bell on his bicycle a few times, and when there was no answer, he started shouting for Mario although it made him feel stupid when the people on the street looked curiously at him. Mario came outside in his undershirt and with a paperback in his hand.

"Les go tak two beer, ball." Albert said.

"Aright. Hold on. I gwyne go put on mi shirt."

Mario was a good guy. He was two years older than Albert and was always two steps ahead of him in everything and always pointing out to Albert that he was two steps behind him. Still he was a good guy because he knew how to take care of himself and Albert had learned a lot from him. Besides he was the only student he knew in the class who never had anything else to do when Albert wanted to drink or smoke grass in the section of town they called Viet Nam.

They could not decide which bar they would go to so Mario said they would go to Ched's. Mario usually ended up deciding where they would go. Albert did not care. Ched's was a good bar because they had credit there and there was usually a big black waitress there who would go upstairs for three dollars for most people and two fifty if you were young and looked eager and ignorant enough.

When they entered Ched's, Albert thought that it looked like Africa on the map. You entered by way of the Cape of Good Hope and after walking along the narrow corridor alongside the bar you turned left into a large orange-lit room where there were tables, a juke box, and pictures of naked women. There was a couple sitting near the entrance in the southern part of Africa. They were white, and when the man ordered a drink Albert decided that he was an American. When the man spoke, the bartender ignored Mario and filled the American's order. They were making out. It seemed the wrong place.

Albert and Mario bought two bottles of Heineken and went to sit in the large room. They talked of Carol, and Mario said he knew someone who could take care of business if it became troublesome. Albert was not sure he wanted the business taken care of. He had walked out on her before she told him there might be a little trouble. But she was a good girl. She was quiet and a little shy and very warm and he was the first one she had been with. She was sixteen. Mario was talking about Gilda. He said she liked it too much. They bought two more beers. Mario said that Gilda was making him so skinny that he could not wear continental trousers any more. He had to use a belt. They laughed. Mario told the joke about the stud ant and the female elephant. They bought two more beers and decided to punch some records on the juke box. Mario told Albert that most of the second year guys in the junior college, who numbered twelve, agreed with what he had told the priest. The priest had spoken about the good of dictatorships in certain instances. This was in a class called Christian Social Philosophy which was really Jesuit propaganda in favor of the government which was very right wing and run by a native who had once been a Jesuit seminarian. Albert had argued for a while but was put down by the priest headmaster. It was no use. The Mexican sang: "Si te dicen que me vieron muy borracho orgullosamente diles que es por ti." Albert wanted to get very drunk.

Albert took him home when he was very drunk. The woman opened the door and looked at him with half her eyes over and half through the brown rimmed glasses.

"Why di raise you no stop drink, an? You wan end up just like yu bloody no—good pa. I no give a rase anyway. A wish yu ma mi de ya fu straten out you rase." She cursed only when her husband was not at home. She was irritable.

He struggled off his blue shirt, white jeans and black pointed toed shoes and fell on to the lumpy mattress. There were no sheets and the pillow smelled of vomit from the night before. The bed was spinning around under him but he could not pass out because Carol was on his mind. After they had been very good together for two months, Albert did not care any more and told her so and she cried on his shoulder. It had been embarrassing because a funeral procession was passing them while she was crying. The next day she came to see him at the house with her eyes red with tears and said her mother wanted to see him that afternoon. He had not been touched. He took Mario along with him to ease a quick exit and maybe to let Mario see what a tough guy he had become. Carol's mother wanted to know what kind of boy he was and whether he thought it was funny to go around breaking girls' hearts. Albert said Mario had to go so they went.

The woman shook him awake at seven thirty when he was still drunk. He remembered dreaming about a girl with a black pump in her hand. He put on the white jeans and black pointed toed shoes and changed the blue shirt for a red one and went to the bathroom. There was no water in the bucket so he took it two blocks to the pie stand which brought in water from the reservoir inland. It was a chilly November morning and the wet north wind pasted sheets of white on his black arms. Solangel rode by on her way to school and smiled at him. He waved impassively. It was something he would have to look into, but why. Damn the priest. Always eating the bread and drinking wine like he was something prophetic from the desert. Who did he think he was. He was the headmaster and they ran the country.

When he got back to the house the woman had prepared his breakfast of homemade bread and warm cocoa with brown sugar and condensed milk. He made his toilet and ate breakfast while the woman, who was childless and whose husband was away at sea, spewed matriarchal advice on the evils of drinking and cited examples of many promising youths who had been lost to the country because of drink. She was such a fire breather when her husband was away. It was funny sometimes. He was used to her and the advice dripped slowly off him like dew off the flowers blooming in her garden.

While he was riding to school, he thought of going to confession and Communion. On Friday the priest celebrated Mass in the lobby of the brown and yellow building after morning classes. Albert had not partaken of the white unleavened bread for a long time.

When he got to school and sat at his desk looking at Horace's EPISTLES through the dark glasses he wore to hide the blood-shot eyes, Solangel came up to him and said that the priest wanted to see him. He walked in, decided not to remove the sunglasses and watched the priest get up, close the door and then resume his seat.

"Mr. Flowers, ah, I think you have a good chance to pass the exam if you continue to study."

Albert bowed his head in feigned humility. He knew he was going to pass. Nothing could stop him. Well, . . . maybe, what the hell.

“Ah, I saw you riding to town with Miss Martinez yesterday.”

Albert looked up and the priest was looking at his forehead with the blue green eyes behind the thick lenses of the white horn-rimmed glasses.

“I want you to know that I am not against casual socializing between the boys and girls in the class. This is only healthy. But I must warn you that any serious relationship could badly injure your chances to pass the exam and get a scholarship to go abroad. My job here is to make sure that you pass and I will do all in my power to ensure your success. I would strongly advise against any attempts at intimacy with Miss Martinez. If this goes on, I might be forced to ask the government to remove your present scholarship. That is all.”

“Yes, father,” he said. He wanted to say, “Yeah, priest.”

He walked back into the classroom with the anger sputtering inside him like a pool of molten lava. There was no one to talk to, no one. If he let Mario know he was afraid and angry, Mario would laugh. If Carol were there, he would vent his rage on her, beat her, and then love her. What was the use? Yes, Carol was good, she cared, but she was leaning on him. His knees were weak, and she was leaning on him and the leaning was scary and yet strengthening.

There was a meeting of the Sodality in the lobby now. It was a meeting of young religious enthusiasts guided by the fat priest with the red face. Mario had been asked to leave the high school, but Albert was still a member although a bad one. The Sodalists gathered in a circle sitting around the priest. Solangel was there modestly pulling down her skirt. The priest was talking about the seven capital sins and pointed out that pride was perhaps the biggest and a source of all the other sins. Albert broke in:

“Excuse me, but I don’t understand why everyone has to keep insisting that pride is such a fearful thing. If a man doesn’t have pride, without self-respect, without self-faith, he can’t do anything. What is the use of not being proud. I’m me and if I don’t believe in me, there’s nothing.

He stopped, embarrassed. The sodality of eleven was glancing at the floor and moving in the chairs. The priest’s face became redder and the thick veins protruded in his neck.

“Mr. Flowers, Christ said: ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.’ An excess of pride was the sin of Satan as it is of most sinners. We must always lean on Christ; he is our only salvation; he is the root of all good. His Church is our guide and

our father. Of ourselves, we are nothing. I ——" he stopped. Flowers was walking out of the lobby and into the classroom. There was silence in the lobby as Flowers walked to his desk. Those in the classroom look up inquisitively.

Frustration was upon him; there was no way he could say all he had to say in the English language. His anger began to congeal and he sat there and listened as the priest's voice started to drone on outside. He did not know how long it was before the priest came up to him and asked to see him in the office.

He followed the priest into the office and stood there and listened.

— "I don't want you to be hurt or humiliated by this, Mr. Flowers, but in view of your laxity in terms of daily Mass, confession, Communion and other Sodality duties, I must ask that you leave the Sodality."

The bell rang for recess and he walked out.

Solangel came up and asked him if he would be going to the party for the junior college that night. He said yes and went outside and got his bicycle and headed downtown. He was going to see Carol. She would probably be in her backyard doing the laundry. She would be wearing jeans and a T-shirt through which you could see her bra. He would find her because she had never gone away.

.....

Carol was doing the laundry and she was wearing jeans and a T-shirt through which you could see her bra and her two black children were shouting in the yard when the woman next door walked through the gate and asked her if she had heard that Albert Flowers was one of those shot by the government troops in the mountains. She drew her hands slowly from the water in the wash tub and shook them dry. She hung her head and cried. Carol cried for a long time and the two children came to her and she held them against her legs. Albert, Albert, dear God, Albert. The tears from her eyes fell into the black hair of the two black children.

FRACTURED UNIT STRUCTURES

by
Evan Hyde '68

Scratching aimlessly on the squared regular unit structures of graph paper white with
blue lines
befuddling stared at long

—this is why they sent the underdeveloped to
Western culture

while white with blue eyes despoil underdevelopeds of their right to be peasants:
they have broken open the underdeveloped unit structures and removed their dreams

—where is their hope

Scratching aimlessly on the squared regular unit structures of graph paper white with
blue lines
alienating and emasculating
stared at long.

OLD-TIME RELIGION

by James C. Johnson '68

Weary traveler
limping pitifully.
Sagging under
time-weighted cross.
Nursing Christ-fucked
spirit on Sunday doses
of "hereafter" rhetoric
(Christian sugar pills.
Sentimental manure. .
Stinking shit
fertilizing weeds
in sterile brains.)
Battered pilgrim
trying to cross
Jordan.

SOFT PURRS

by Herschel Johnson '70

Soft purrs,
Come from kittens
Under hand
But who strokes
Tigers?

ATOMIC POWER

by

Ronald Talley '69

Johnson, Mao, Wallace
Uncle Ho.
Black folks ain't gonna beg
No mo'
White folks listen cause this you'll
Understand.
A new kind of power is present in
This land
Black boy run home, tell you
Dad and Mom
No more demonstrations
Brother Stokely has The Bomb.

CRISIS IN THE THIRD WORLD: AFRICA

by Guy Mhone

For 95 per cent of the population in Black Africa the post-independence era has brought about very little change. Poverty and political alienation in the villages continue in the face of increased material progress in the cities. Indeed, whatever progress there is, results in the growth and entrenchment of a small bourgeois segment of the society and the incorporation of marginal peasants into the market economy. The existing bourgeois-peasant duality is often taken for granted in the hope that it will ultimately be resolved through the usual process of development. What is often overlooked is that the two segments are not exclusive and independent sub-entities in a country but are related in that bourgeois group exploits and depends on the peasants.

Our basic structures in Black Africa are based on the community and ultimately on the peasants. The question is not one of a fanatic and atavistic regression to the traditions of Ancient Africa. It is rather one that calls for a conscious and deliberate understanding of peasant attitudes and ways of life, and their institutional incorporation into a viable society that will give due respect to man's dignity and social security. Thus, our community based structures have to be revived and galvanized into activity if "democracy" has to be preserved and political stability maintained.

Many African observers rightly recognise the existence of a dualistic structure in present day African society: the poorer peasant society comprising about 95 per cent of the population and depending on a subsistence economy with agricultural marketing as a secondary consideration, and the more well to do modern type society with complete dependence on a market economy. Very few such observers, however, recognise the exploitative nature of this dualistic predicament African states find themselves in. In its ultimate analysis the duality reflects the bourgeois-peasant or metropolis-statellite exploitation now in existence.

Most African countries largely depend on the exportation of agricultural produce for their income. This produce is bought at nominal prices predetermined by state or largely state controlled marketing boards and sold overseas in exchange for industrial goods. The industrial goods are almost all consumed by the modern bourgeois sector of the country. Thus the benefits from peasant labor are appropriated by the modern sector under the pretext of rapid industrialisation and modernisation and it is then hoped that the peasant sector will, over time, be gradually incorporated into the modern sector. This, however, still perpetuates and further aggravates the fundamental contradiction existing between peasant interests and bourgeois interests.

This metropolis-satellite contradiction is further reinforced on the international level by that existing between the advanced countries (metropolis) and the underdeveloped countries (satellites). The way this exploitation worked during the colonial period has been clearly stated by Lenin in *IMPERIALISM: THE LAST STATE OF CAPITALISM* and the way it works out now can be seen in Nkrumah's *NEOCOLONIALISM: THE LAST STAGE OF IMPERIALISM*, and more recently in Andre Frank's *CAPITALISM AND UNDERDEVELOPMENT IN LATIN AMERICA*; all these works are elaborations on the Marxian theses. The main theme in these works is that the present form of international trade, foreign aid, and private investments is in the long run widening the gap between the advanced underdeveloped nations, and that between the bourgeoisie and the peasants. In other words the present institutions being emphasized as necessary for development in the satellite countries are actually generating underdevelopment, and bringing about continued political and economic dependence on the metropolis powers. It is no accident that there exists a very strong correlation between a metropolitan power's foreign policy to underdeveloped countries and its channelling of foreign aid and private investment. And reciprocally a definite correlation exists between a satellite's foreign policy and its main source of foreign aid and foreign private investments.

A refusal by leaders in most African countries to recognize and resolve the above contradictions will lead us into tragic and quixotic adventures exemplified by the Latin American countries where politics is a game of musical chairs protracted over time. Most Africanists may too, miss the point at issue by intellectually dwelling on the complexity of the parameters involved viewed and analysed in Western conceptual terms. The existence of military coups (Ghana, Nigeria, etc.), right wing dictatorships (Malawi, Ethiopia, etc.) corruption, tribalism, and other factors of instability is merely symptomatic of a deeper phenomena — the exploited torpidity in the lives of 95 per cent of the population.

The peasants, however, are not apathetic in the issues confronting them, as is often supposed. They cannot, even if they wished it, afford to do so. Their future largely depends on the economic and political policies carried out by the central government. They are, in every way, directly affected by government decisions and activities, which makes them very sensitive to changes and failures in government policy. It can almost be expected that in the near future, after post-independence squabbles (Africanisation, tribalism, corruption and leadership rivalries) have played out themselves the basic contradictions will crystallize and someone will have to act. The solution will either be revolutionary, embracing the interests of the peasants, or increased authoritarianism and a complete control and subjugation of the peasants. If the latter solution prevails then we can sit back and start preparing a documentation of inevitable coups and counter-coups, assassinations, etc., which, in a long-run time perspective are the only democratic way of changing unpopular governments.

A few African governments are well aware of such a dilemma occurring in the future and are experimenting on ways of making peasant interests override all other considerations in national policy. Tanzania, Mali and Guinea have avowed themselves to this revolutionary ideal, which is sometimes talked about in terms of African Socialism. Senegal and Kenya are sitting on the fence attempting a mixture of capitalist and socialist elements through cooperatives. And lastly, President Kaunda in Zambia is talking of establishing a humanistic society in which the interests of man in general and the peasant in particular are given prime consideration. Other African countries would do well to embark on similar measures and experiments before they are caught unawares and plagued with inevitable peasant revolutions.

It is about time African countries stopped their blind competition for foreign aid and foreign private investments which abort their independence; it is time too we stopped measuring our development solely by the GNP growth rate and other similar bourgeois and materialistic criteria which only result in a prostitution of our cultural identity. Indeed, it is time we recognised that independence was only the beginning (a mere change from a white bourgeois ruling class to a black one). The fundamental contradictions are still with us and can only be properly resolved through well conceived socialist goals, increased regional cooperation, and a more or less autarkic form of development with a minimal dependence on the advanced nations. In this respect we will find that our struggle is one and the same with the exploited peoples of the world — be it the peasants of Viet Nam and Boliva or the black people of America.

THE WARRIOR'S RETREAT

by Herschell Johnson '70

I have come a long way
With broken spear and shattered shield
Not strong enough to lie upon
On cold nights in the field
I have come a long way
Across hot greassy savannah
Back to my home
I am tired
Leave me alone please
I no longer wish to speak
Of ideals my brother

I am tired I am tired
Let me live
In peace away from battle
My body is scarred
From both ceremonies
I have sung our songs
Of victory and of lament
Leave me alone, please,
My brother
I have come a long way
Let me live.

RETHINKING NECESSITIES

R. H. Porter '70

The sudden savage assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. has served to starkly delineate the choices facing Afro-Americans.

As a Race we are called upon as never before to fashion the tools with which to fashion our own freedom. Black Power is more than a slogan, it is a vision: a powerful vision of Black Stores and Black Homeowners, Black Corporation Presidents and Black Policeman. Black Power is a vision of Racial Pride with which to mold Racial Unity for the achievement of absolute equality at every level of American Life. Politically, Socially, Economically, Black Power is a vision summoning forth the strength among US to work and "hope till hope creates from its own wreck, the thing it contemplates."

Such is our aim, such must be our success. But the means to that end remains much debated. Today we are experiencing a crisis of leadership: not that we lack individual heroes whose various philosophies span the spectrum; what we lack is a great reserve of talented and dedicated professionals devoted at all levels and at all cost to the forward progress of our People. This mighty reserve must have educated minds, refined by sustained intellectual labor. This mighty reserve must have keen sense of justice, trained in the schools of experience and reflection. This mighty reserve must have great hearts open to the suffering of their Brothers, and involved in eradicating the calloused bitterness of angry despair.

Despite the current of opinion in recent years I am convinced that this mighty reserve must be, and shall be the Black Middle Class, the sleeping giant in our midst. I know that the Black Middle Class has been severely reprimanded for its too often heedless wholesale adoption of "white" values. I know that the Black Bourgeoisie has too often proved unwilling to stake out a forward position on the needs of Afro-Americans, unwilling to mingle with the great masses of our people who are without the conceptual tools and graces developed by that education of which too many were deprived. But historically it has been the Middle Class from whence our great Race Leaders have sprung: W.E.B. DuBois, Booker T. Washington, Walter White, A. Philip Randolph, Stokely Carmichael, Floyd McKissick, Martin Luther King. Historically it has been the Middle Class which, within the content of their times, created the most useful agencies for Racial Progress. Tuskegee Institute, the N.A.A.C.P., the Union of Negro Sleeping Car Porters, S.N.C.C., C.O.R.E., S.C.L.C.. The Black (middle class) Preacher has long been recognized as a power of consequence in the Great Black Advance. Almost all the evidence available points to the Black Bourgeoisie as the essential strand in the rope of Racial Improvement.

The Black Bourgeoisie has the intellect and the training, the experience and the grasp of subtle nuances vital to advancement. When the national leaders of any persuasion have had their say and retired to their Olympian Haunts, the mighty reserve of the Black Middle Class can, could, should, will persist in its untiring efforts to foster real strength of values—spiritual and material—among Black Americans. We must not turn our backs on this reserve force because now, at last, the Black Masses, are stirring to action. Indeed, the long awaited awakening of the Black Armies—sprawled like so many divisions across the most vital centers of National Life—makes imperative the need for an Officer's Cadre to interpret and apply the Word, be it from Stokely or Roy. The challenge is at last flung from the Ghettos; it remains for the Mighty Reserve to marshal these New Forces against bigotry.

AND NOW THERE IS FIRE

by Herschell Johnson '70

We went here and there
And could not find it,
We waited outside,
On the side,
And behind,
But could not find it,
We pleaded,
Cried,
No, we rather wept,
And could not find it,

And now
There is fire.

BEYOND RHETORIC: WHAT WE CAN DO

by Dennis M. Young '69

“The perpetual danger of society is that it will fail to break from the invertebrate circle of its culture. The practical socialized men, the scarvers if mysticism and introversion are those who continue most efficiently to practice the errors of their ancestors.”

Martin R. Delaney

TOWARD A WORKING PHILOSOPHY

The black man in America has gone up and down many fruitless paths in his attempts to achieve human dignity. Throughout our intellectual history, there has been a constant dialogue between integrationists and separatists, moderates and militants, and even between radicals and revolutionaries as to which of two divergent courses we should follow. Presently, despite a few notable exceptions, there exists widespread confusion and a useless battle of rhetoric on all fronts, especially among the “intellectuals.” Theoretically speaking, no one seems quite prepared to move beyond the picket line. But why? Why the stagnation and continued confusion?

Without specific goals and without a working philosophy plotted simultaneously on the political, economic, and cultural fronts, we, as a people, are doomed to our present condition of oppression and suffering. Without a proper and realistic assessment of where we have been, historically, we are destined to commit the errors of previous generations.

In order that we might effectively and efficiently codify a philosophy, devise a program for action, and move on that program, it is crucial that we have a fundamental knowledge of our history as black people. Once the basic historical information is obtained, we can begin. First, to conceptualize a philosophy based on our own end values—concerning justice and equality, the desirability of a “capitalistic” economy within the community, the sharing of a common history, heroes, holidays, and symbols, and in general, deciding what constitutes desirable and undesirable social ends for black people. Second, and firmly based on our “cultural philosophy” we can then devise plans and our programs for action, cease with the rhetoric and get up and move.

As a necessary first step. The most fundamental of all values is that of SURVIVAL. We must survive, not only physical survival as a people against the overt and institutional attempts to destroy us—overseas and over here, but, psychological survival as individuals against the more subtle enticements—like a “slice of the melon” in the form of political and economic prestige or social acceptance.

We must totally and completely acknowledge the BEAUTY IN OUR BLACKNESS. The need for "cultural self-assertion" and a form of CULTURAL NATIONALISM cannot be over-emphasized. Examples of this type of cultural regeneration are taking place in Chicago at the Afro-arts Theater, in Newark at Leroi Jones' Repertorie Theater, in Watts at Ron Karenga's entire black cultural complex ("US, as opposed to "Them"), and Black Arts Festivals sponsored by black student groups on college campuses across the country. These trends should be increased and black intellectuals should take an even greater role. Political and economic protest alone is not enough. "In such a movement as our," states Harold Cruse in THE CRISIS OF THE NEGRO INTELLECTUAL, "whatever the organizational formula, the basic ingredients must be a synthesis of politics, economics, and culture, and from the Negro point of view it is the cultural side of the problem that puts politics and economics into their proper focus. . ." Unless we are all working from the same, or nearly the same, 'cultural perspective', we cannot begin to gain any type of political leverage and control, nor, can we begin to consolidate our rather tenuous economic victories. It would seem to be the role of the "black intellectuals"-historians, writers, poets, students, philosophers, hustlers, rebels et al-to assist their people in the development of a workable philosophy and "to bring the vitally needed facts of our common cultural history as a people into focus with the cultural practices of the present", a la Cruse. Thus, the "cultural revolution" must go hand-in-hand with the black revolution".

WHAT WE CAN DO

"This country with
its institutions belongs to
the people who inhabit it."

Abraham L.

"Sometimes brothers get so hung up
on bringing America to her knees they
can't wipe out one police station.

Ron Karenga

The major objectives of black people in America should be the complete political economic, and cultural CONTROL of their own communities. Not just control of the institutional structures, but the property itself — PROPERTY RIGHTS — the very ground upon which these structures rest. Instead of a community of tenants, surfs, consumers, employees, and unemployed, we should be a community of OWNERS — collective and co-operative owners. The merchant who commutes to the black community, makes his profit and then commutes back to the suburb is of no help to the black community as a whole, except for the few token jobs that are created. In cases, such as this the entire concept of capitalism especially this type, fleeing exploitations must be re-evaluated from the standpoint of our overall objectives via our cultural philosophy, and where proven to be dysfunctional and economically harmful to the community, replaced by a more community-beneficial system. Which means that

this merchant or merchants must be bouth out by the community when economically feasible, and when the time permits by the community as a whole, or by a group of businessmen, professionals, teachers, and community and religious leaders, or he must be required to leave via a more inflammable route, when other methods fail. A group of black businessmen and teachers in Detroit have begun purchasing "burned-out" stores and now vacant lots in last summer's "riot area". Black-owned and controlled stores will be constructed on these sites and operated by a community-wide citizens co-operative. Ironically, this is not being done on a larger scale simply because black communities lack key business, legal, organizational and administrative skills that the impotent "black intellectual and artisan have failed to provide. In short, a vaccuum exists. In the past, black intellectuals have not been able to deal with the structural problems facing their people. Even today, most of their thought processes are geared to 'piddling intellectualism, rhetorical smoothness, pretty civil writism, and racial integration.'" It's time out for that old line philosophy.

The new generation of black intellectuals must begin to assume the cultural leadership of their people (although in actuality we might be followers.) We must assist in the economic, political, and cultural revolution of our people. Keeping in mind our major objectives, we should move to control the community drug store, liquor store, and grocery store — decide who's to be hired, what's to be sold, for how much and who gets the profits, if indeed there are to be any profits; control the community apartment houses — determine the price and terms of occupancy, control the restaurants and theaters — deciding for ourselves what's to be cooked, what's to be shown, and who's coming to dinner; and finally, we should move to control the schools — decide what's to be taught and who's to teach it. Simultaneously, with these developments, we should begin building our own black stores and institutions like Jet Food Stores in Baltimore, the Afro-Arts Theater in Chicago, the Afro-American Publishing House, a National black student magazine, or an Afro-American Reality Company, or an Institute for the study of African and Afro-American History and Culture. Even the mass media. We should own and operate our own radio and television stations. True, this does exist to a certain degree in the South (WBBW in Augusta, Ga.) and in the West (Sunday morning Gospel House from Los Angeles), and to a lesser degree in the North where ostensibly there are more black faces and voices but less control and ownership, but this is usually the exception rather than the rule. The older dysfunctional elements within the community—the outside-controlled stores and city-hall run institutions—must be simultaneously altered and replaced with more community-responsive institutions and people. The point I am making in this respect, is that the black movement for social change must be motivated by some other school of economic thought aside from individual capitalism (although individual initiation is quite desirable) and private ownership. Given the nature of black communities (esp. ghettos in the North and West), collective and community ownership are better working economic philosophies. However, group capitalism, or better still COMMUNALISM would appear more viable and workable in the immediate future. The latter type of economic participation, viz. community stockholders, and shareholders, etc., should prove to enhance participation in the political sphere as well. CULTURAL and COMMUNITY patriotism as a goal, seems a valuable input in a movement such as ours.

Finally, as black students and intellectuals, our role is a central one. While presently working for alteration and change within the college institution, we are also “cultural workmen”, learning the new techniques and skills ——— the organizational and administrative skills, the business and economic skills, the legal and political skills which are drastically needed in our underdeveloped and overexploited black communities. We need not wait until the completion of our four years. The time to begin is now. This summer talks can begin in our communities with black businessmen, community leaders, teachers, professionals, merchants, pimps and hustlers. First, find out the specific needs of the community viz. a black school, a black principal, or a black store. Next, in conjunction with this corps of individuals and the black community as a whole determine the best and most efficient means of achieving the community’s desired ends. With our objectives in mind on the political, economic, and cultural fronts, we should be able to move positively from one point to another gaining leverage, control and ownership as we move along. From the establishment of black history tutorials, like those in Harlem, economic cooperatives like OPERATION BREADBASKET in Chicago, to the more accurate guiding and placing of m.c.’s, there is a job to be done and if we are to survive, as a people, and as a culture, we must get on with the task.

“We are the last of the revolutionaries in America. If we fail to leave a legacy of revolution to our children, if we fail to create a new synthesis and a new social theory of action, then we have failed our mission and our historical fate is sealed.”

Ron Karenga — US

FOR ALL BLACK MOTHERS

by Herschel Johnson '70

For you mothers with dirt—rough hands
For you with backs aching from bending
and flushing and scrubbing
For all you women on transit
You with brown bags under your arms
Bringing home the leavings of white folk
Bringing it to your children
For all you black mothers
Who had to live with humility
And yet have the pride to survive
For you black mothers who raised us
Your men are now with you.

HARAMBEE

The shocking murder of Martin Luther King has finally dramatized the true nature of racism in America. His death has already ignited many small explosions of violence, and many people are still awaiting the big blow. While the prospect of violence is developing, however, so is a new positive concept of blackness. At this point in its history America is at a crossroads. One branch could lead to a new beginning. The other definitely leads to a dead end.

In its second edition of **BLACKOUT** the Dartmouth Afro—Am is attempting to present a number of divergent, and sometimes conflicting, opinions concerning the present position of black people in America. The realization that this position becomes increasingly urgent has led us to extend our considerations beyond our own situations at Dartmouth, to our “place” in a much broader sense of that word. Therefore, it is neither possible, nor is it our intention to propogandize any one point of view or theme. Rather, it is to present as many strains as possible of the ideas and sentiments underlying the newly developing black consciousness. It is with this in mind that we presented **BLACKOUT II**.

In our next edition of **Blackout**, we hope to incorporate materials from other black college students in the East and across the country. Your contributions and articles are greatly needed.

That we must achieve a cultural unity based upon our individual and collective experience as a people is certain. It is with this in mind that we call upon you — our black brothers and sisters — to join with us in our efforts.

Yours in the struggle:
The Editors

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