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THE BLACK VOICE

MALCOLM REMEMBERED

The Apotheosis of Malcolm X

The past few years have witnessed a prodigious outpouring of writings about Malcolm X. For better or worse, the future portends even more. Hopefully, the present essay, written on the sixth anniversary of Malcolm's death, will achieve more than merely adding volume to this proliferating body of literature. My primary intent is not, as might be expected on this solemn occasion, to mourn the tragic loss of Brother Malcolm. Certainly, mourning is appropriate, but this essay has a less lachrymose purpose. Fearful that some of us are succumbing increasingly to the influence of black romanticists, sentimentalists, and mythologists, and thereby losing sight of the essence of Malcolm's life, I present these remarks essentially as an admonition. Specifically, I wish to bring attention to the germination of an ominous development within our community, the idolization of Malcolm X.

Out of genuine love and respect for Malcolm X, not a few well-intentioned brothers and sisters have recently shown a marked tendency not only to honor Brother Malcolm, but also to idolize him. With increasing frequency, Malcolm is being viewed in such circles as a monumental figure, assuming almost god-like proportions. The virtually uncritical acceptance and commitment to memory of many of his utterances as if they were divinely inspired, the extreme to which he is revered by some, the yearly commemorative ceremonies reminiscent of high requiem masses, and references to Saint Malcolm have all contributed to this development.

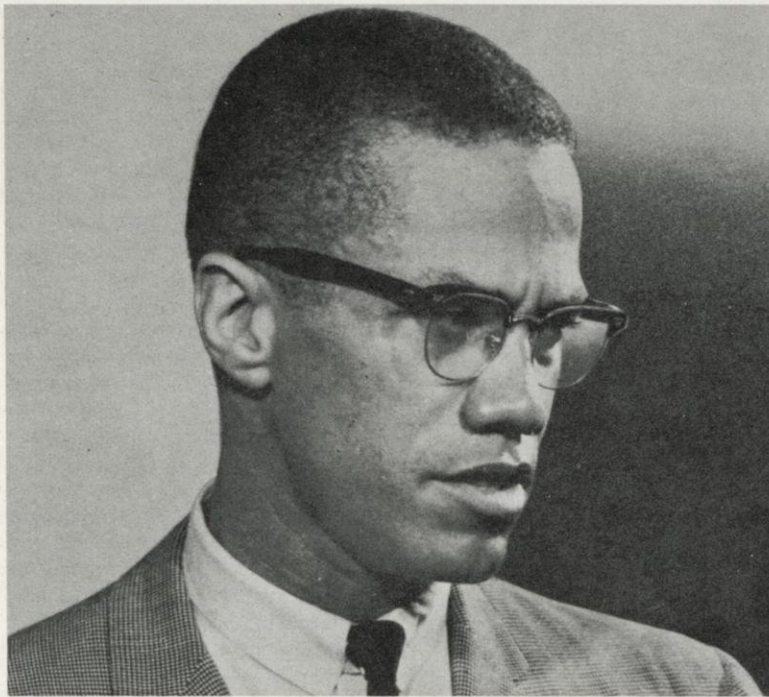
All this is not to say that tribute is not due Malcolm X. Certainly, in most instances the esteem accorded him is warranted. Malcolm literally raised himself from the deepest recesses of the black ghetto and white penitentiaries to perhaps an unparalleled position in the annals of Afro-American history. His was no mean feat.

However, on the threshold of revolution, should not our concern be with more than simply creating a black messiah to whom we can pay occasional homage? The deification of Malcolm X is not only repugnant but also devoid of any sound purpose or rationality. Rather than indulging in idolism, it would seem more advantageous for us to be striving to find in Malcolm's life direction for ourselves as we seek a path to liberation.

But any tendency toward the apotheosis of Malcolm would seriously undermine such a possibility. Insidiously, this movement could slowly deprive us of our ability, indeed our willingness, to critically examine Malcolm's life and thereby lose the opportunity to glean any more of value from it. In fact this trend were ever consummated, Malcolm would become an icon, adored and worshipped but never questioned. To challenge the teachings of the "Master," as interpreted by his disciples, would be not only blasphemous but personally hazardous. Thus, history would be repeating itself. The very problem which precipitated Malcolm's break with Elijah Muhammad and the Nation of Islam would be threatening the evolving spiritual unity of the black nation at large.

Obviously, this trend must be aborted. Some of us must be willing to take up the cudgel of the iconoclast and shatter any aura of perfection with which Malcolm might be surrounded. Malcolm was a highly dedicated, skillful, and courageous leader of our people. He was, however, a man. Nothing more, nothing less. Malcolm's idolization will serve no useful purpose. It will not enhance our struggle. On the contrary, fully understanding the positive as well as the negative in Malcolm through an exhaustive and dispassionate analysis does. It is only in this manner, that we can be reasonably assured of having extracted from Malcolm all that is relevant and having discarded all that is irrelevant. To do less would be a disservice to black people and to a truly outstanding black leader who clearly recognized and warned us about the dangers inherent in clothing fellow human beings in the impenetrable armor of divine infallibility.

William Scott
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Capital Times photo

Malcolm and Memorials

By Kwame Salter

The week of February 21, has arrived for the sixth time. It rolls a vibrating knoll for freedom against the ears of black folk. Since Malcolm's assassination, Black People have begun to move in the directions he dictated as the only viable solutions for an oppressed people. But those solutions still come too slowly, and too far between. The political progressions of a year have left small imprints on the mask of change. A mask, unfortunately so impenetrable by a year's advances, that a speech delivered in the spirit of "70", would still make fresh delivery today:

A brother once remarked that, "Due to my age and the lateness of my awakening from the negro state of mind, I missed all of the great men of the past. When Garvey was here I wasn't lucky enough to be born and when Malcolm was here I was too sick to realize he was a great man." The brother spoke for many of us. Because if we hadn't been so sick when Malcolm was here we might have no need for a memorial service today. We should learn from our mistakes, we should mature from our childishness, we must escape from our negroness. We can no longer sacrifice our brothers and sisters to those who are freaks for killing. Finally, we must get off our degrees and hustles and be about more than just reading the Autobiography of Malcolm X. We, if we are to survive and prosper, must live that autobiography. We must promise ourselves that this will be the last tear-jerker, the last memorial, the last, to Malcolm. The next will be a victory celebration in his honor.

We have got to promise ourselves this victory celebration or we will find ourselves worshippers-of-the-dead cop-out artists at best. Our memorials can no longer be mournful, sad, or pious in the "swing low sweet chariot" tradition. Our memorials must be like the men they seek to eulogize. In this case, Malcolm's memorial has got to be hot, angry, moving, black, and uncompromising. It's got to be real—throwing firewords to burn the frozen and crusted excuses from our tongues, like the man, it's got to pimp niggus who have prostituted themselves to a decadent Amerika, it's got to sneak molotov cocktails into our heads, slide a message into our minds, and let the memory of Malcolm tapdance the burning, urgent message on the grey matter of our brains, its got to push us one step closer to freedom, one step away from slavery. Yea this memorial got to move us beyond crying and moping, got to carry us away from jiving, got to make us shake with awareness and sweat with the urgency of freedom. Malcolm is dead—gone—he ain't no more. He was not immortal, he was not blessed with any divine or special power, he had no monopoly on guts, heart, he was just like you and me—except he was ready and we're not. All of us here today has got a little bit of Malcolm in our blood and you know it. You know it's there because it itches and all the scratching in the world won't help. It makes it hard for us to jive ourselves, it makes us feel like going upside somebody's head, it's what makes us drop out

of these white universities, or really take something useful from them, it's what makes us go back home and try to deal, it's what makes us talk and rap about freedom and then be about ways to get that freedom. You feel it, it's just that you deny it sometimes, you push it back until it becomes a lump in your throat. And Brother, you know what it is! You *know* what it is?—it's what men like Garvey, Turner, and Malcolm left us. It's the legacy of revolution, the creed of self-liberation. Unlike man, this spirit can not be assassinated, jailed or bought off. This spirit left to us by Malcolm is contagious. The enemy knows that such a spirit is invincible and only we are weak.

Unfortunately, they don't realize that you don't kill the spirit by killing the man. One second after they killed Malcolm another Malcolm was born, and another was baptized, and another got ready to do battle . . . Death is inevitable and certain—anybody can die—it does not take too much skill and no commitment whatsoever. But freedom is elusive and uncertain. Just anybody doesn't get it. As Malcolm once said, only those who let their enemy know they'll do anything, *yea anything*, to get their freedom, only they really get it.

And so you see we've only paid half our debt to Malcolm—attending this memorial is all right but it's not what's needed. The other half of our debt to Malcolm will come in the form of action: Movement, and revolution from all levels, if necessary. As I indicated earlier, memorials must, for Black People, take on a new meaning. We must envision the day when such memorials will be held in the streets, in the alleys, in airports, and on the enemy's head. We can no longer be confined by four walls, a floor, a ceiling, and a door. We must no longer be put off by and slowed down by tears, and unrealistic sermons. We must move or be moved on, we must challenge or be challenged, deal or be dealt with. It is sacrilegious to come to pay respect to a man like Malcolm with your mouth stuck out, your face screwed up into a sorrowful ball of flesh. It is ridiculous to expect reassurance from anything having to do with Malcolm. Malcolm, the living, gave us all the reassurance we needed . . . Malcolm the dead, can only give us a stoic reinforcement. To leave here today and fall back into a slave mentality would be blasphemous. To forget until next year Feb. 21, would be idiotic. To rest under the assumption that Malcolm did all that was necessary would be suicidal. To do anything less than creative at this juncture would be foolish resignation. Freedom will not come as a directive from Washington.

Big Red knew freedom was not hidden in a Ph.D., a "hog" or a "nice home," he knew that freedom was non-negotiable, he was hip to the struggle needed, and he challenged all of us, dared us to agitate, and revolt when he said—"I'm the man you think you are . . . if you want to know what I'll do, figure out what you'll do, I'll do the same thing—only more of it." Yes, Malcolm Speaks But we are afraid to listen!

Poem for Malcolm

once.
and people were both.
black. and white.
and possessive.
about ultimate
confusion.
and yet afraid.
to motion with a
laughing mother nature
who frees animals. first.
Malcolm. came.
. . . and we read
until the magic was gone
before we learned to
finish the sound
of his lightning.
& they.
who gave us nothing
to give from. will die.
when black gut
swallows love.
once.
to remember
fewer
gas chambers.

Femi Taylor

Rev. Cleage on Campus

On Wednesday, February 17, the Rev. Albert Cleage spoke here in commemoration of Malcolm X. Rev. Cleage, author of the *Black Messiah* and pastor of the Shrine of the Black Madonna in Detroit, related himself to the direction Malcolm was moving at the time of his assassination and to the contributions Malcolm gave to the struggle for Black Liberation.

He spoke of how Malcolm once said, "You can't organize a sleeping people around common cause" meaning that before we can effectively organize the consciousness of the people must be awakened. This is the task that Malcolm embarked on when he spoke of who our enemy is, and when he tried to bring this nation's actions to the world court. Malcolm was also attempting by the latter to find a way to deal with institutional racism in this country.

The Rev. Cleage also stressed the necessity for young brothers and sisters to challenge and destroy the myths about Malcolm that have been written in numerous books and articles since his death. Rev. Cleage disclaimed the fallacy that Malcolm was becoming an integrationist. He said that Malcolm was about awakening the consciousness of Black folks here and organizing a program to solidify relationships with non-white people everywhere.

Rev. Cleage went on to speak about the prolonged struggle that we're going to be involved in, and how our great, great, grandchildren will be engaged in the struggle for power between us and the white man. He said our task is to give our children a better position in which to fight, meaning acquiring some power. He spoke of the development of counter political parties, counter educational programs and economic systems as means to this end.

Finally, he spoke of the relationship that draft resisters, women's lib, and other white student groups have to our struggle. He stated that none of these groups will overthrow the system because white folks have sense enough to grant concession to these groups in order to retain their rule. A good example of this is found in the labor movement in the 1930's and 40's.

Rev. Cleage's visit in short gave us new insights to Malcolm X the man, the nature of our struggle, and role of the Black church in the struggle. And for this all of us are extremely grateful.

Luther

Contribute to
the Black Voice

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Editorial

Why Political Self-education?

The platitudes fill our ears and the rhetoric stifles our true understanding. We mouth our allegiances to those nebulous concepts we call the ‘revolution’ and the ‘struggle.’ But the truth of the matter is most of us are still wallowing in the mire of mystification while our bourgeois-cultural brothers stand on the sidelines (and they are also mystified, but on a different level) and call us “crazy niggus” who play with fire. Come to college, learn a few slogans, get a few raps down pat and you graduate a “bad mother f _____.” But always that syndrome lacks depth, serious analysis and cogent, constructive ideological criticism. We don’t have to educate ourselves about black dignity and black beauty—we have to feel them, be convinced of them, and live them on a very visceral level. But we *do* have to educate ourselves, (because it stands to reason that the oppressor will not provide the tools or institutions to subsidize his destruction) about subtle, devious, and covert mechanisms that are built into the economic and political system that constantly enslaves our minds and stymies our true creativity. This process of demystification is the essence of political self-education. It involves reading analyses that run counter to bourgeois-oriented intellectualism. It involves examining possible alternatives that are rooted in objective reality. It involves, in toto, understanding those forces that directly and, more terrifying, indirectly pattern our very thought processes. Anti-capitalist thought and mundane anti-bourgeois actions need our energies *now*, but let us warn that this whole enriching enterprise necessitates intellectual-emotional discipline, and constant self-motivation. The substance of this undertaking is not rooted in the classrooms of a white bourgeois university and there is no appealing, *certificated* ‘status-type’ reward attached to this exercise. Re-education is always a hard task and we are aware of this reality. If you have transcended this level then brothers and sisters, please disregard this article and its advice. It is only in the spirit of revolutionary unity and brotherhood that we tickle your awareness. We are not elitists. We are still struggling to raise our consciousness and using specific collective steps to do so. In the light of this we recommend the following readings that contain some of the analyses that have been helpful to us so far:

1. Karl Marx, *Das Kapital*
2. E. Mandel, *Introduction to Marxist Economic Theory*
3. Mao-Tse-Tung, *Red Book & Essay on Contradictions*
4. Baran & Sweezy, *Monopoly Capital*
5. E. Williams, *Capitalism & Slavery*
6. K. Nkrumah, *Consciencism*
7. V. Lenin, *State & Revolution*
8. C. L. R. James, *Black Jacobins—State Capitalism*
9. F. Fanon, All his works.
10. Huey P. Newton, *Essays & Speeches*

Finally it is our belief that concepts and analyses that are internalized in our personal and collective consciousness must lead, by historical necessity, to the level of adaptation and application. Theory must inevitably be transformed into action.

Lenin and Black Voice

The third main tactical precept propounded by Lenin in the pamphlet, *What is to be Done* though more implicitly than explicitly, is what he called ‘the decisive link’. It is the idea that in any given situation one can and should try to find a key task the solution of which would lead to the solution of all the main tasks of the moment. When he was writing *What is to be Done?*, Lenin had come to the conclusion that the ‘decisive link’ in the chain of tasks facing him in his struggle to overcome the prevalence of ‘Economism’ in Russian social-democracy was the establishment of a newspaper that should serve ‘not only as a collective propagandist and collective agitator but also as a collective organizer.’

Letters to the Staff

Feb. 17, 1971

Sir:

I write to commend you on your excellent paper and to wish you success.
I feel it is important that black people on the Madison campus, indeed in Madison, should have a voice and be heard; through your organ I anticipate that this need will be met.
In conclusion, my best wishes to your staff.
(signed)
O. R. Dathorne
Afro-American Studies Department

Dear Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you on your very excellent publication, THE BLACK VOICE. It is important that black people have a communicative arm that is effective and intelligent.
I regret adding a pessimistic note, however I was quite disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm with which your paper was received by the blacks on campus. I’d like to make a suggestion if I may; stop trying to reach those unresponsive people (who unfortunately comprise the greater part of the campus black community) and move ahead to provide new perspective to those people who display interest in your efforts. Otherwise you are doomed to failure.
Again my congratulations!
Yamul

Liberalism

In building a revolutionary consciousness, it is important that we re-examine the prevailing political concepts from a radical perspective. Consequently, we present an interesting definition of Liberalism written by a bona fide revolutionary in order that we may better understand our “allies” who fly the banner of Liberalism.
Liberalism manifests itself in various ways. To let things slide for the sake of peace and friendship when a person has clearly gone wrong and refrain from principled argument because he is an old acquaintance, a fellow townsman, a schoolmate, a close friend, a loved one, an old colleague or old subordinate. Or to touch on the matter lightly instead of going into it thoroughly, so as to keep on good terms. The result is that both the organization and the individual are harmed. This is one type of liberalism.
To indulge in irresponsible criticism in private instead of actively putting forward one’s suggestion to the organization. To say nothing to people to their faces but to gossip behind their backs, or to say nothing at a meeting but to gossips afterwards. To show no regard at all for the principles of collective life but to follow one’s own inclination. This is a second type.
To let things drift if they do not affect one personally; to say as little as possible while knowing perfectly well what is wrong, to be worldly wise and play safe and seek only to avoid blame. This is a third type.
Not to obey orders but to give pride of place to one’s own opinions. To demand special consideration from the organization but to reject its discipline. This is a fourth type.
To indulge in personal attacks, pick quarrels, vent personal spite or seek revenge instead of entering into an argument and struggling against incorrect views for sake of unity or progress or getting the work done properly. This is a fifth type.
To hear incorrect views without rebutting them and even to hear counter-revolutionary remarks without reporting them, but instead to take them calmly as if nothing had happened. This is the sixth type.
To be among the masses and fail to conduct propaganda and agitation or speak at meetings or conduct investigations and inquiries among them, and instead to be indifferent to them and show no concern for their well-being, forgetting that one is a Communist and behaving as if one were an ordinary non-Communist. This is a seventh type.
To see someone harming the interests of the masses and yet not feel indignant, or dissuade or stop him or reason with him, but to allow him to continue. This is an eighth type.
To work half-heartedly without a definite plan or direction; to work perfunctorily and muddle along—“So long as one remains a monk, one goes on tolling the bell.” This is a ninth type.
To regard oneself as having rendered a great service to the revolution, to pride oneself on being a veteran, to disdain minor assignments while being quite unequal to major tasks, to be slipshod in work and slack in study. This is a tenth type.
To be aware of one’s own mistakes and yet make no attempt to correct them, taking a liberal attitude towards oneself. This is an eleventh type.

Mao

Black Studies Revisited

In order that the concept, Black Power, possess any viable meaning, much time was spent in defining “Black”. It seems to us that the most explicit, and meaningful definition of “Black” would include at least those who are oppressed directly or indirectly by the agents of capitalism. This of course is essentially another characterization of the masses of human beings whose skins are of a non-white hue. Yet we must note carefully that a non-white skin does not automatically entitle one to be called “Black.” In a real sense then, the term “Black” connotes not only the objective conditions of life of the masses of human beings, but also a state of mind.
We belabour the obvious, for it is in the above sense that we understand the meaning and relevance of “Black” studies. Obvious, too, is the fact that applicable and significant Black studies courses, as far as content goes, will necessarily be scarce within the white university. Consequently, we cannot rely on the so-called Black studies department to supply us with information relevant to our liberation. We must begin to look elsewhere.
Immediately we think of History 471, Contemporary Social Issues, taught by Harvey Goldberg. In terms of interest generated and content of his lectures, he is unequalled in Madison. He fulfills the primary role of the left-wing intellectual, which is de-mystification. The historical perspective one acquires from his course is absolutely necessary if one is to understand the condition of Black people and the need for Black power as we have defined Black. And if the generality of our definition of Black is difficult to accept, suffice it to say that it includes, in particular, those of African descent who acknowledge their heritage, realize the condition of oppression under which the masses of their brothers and sisters exist, and possess a modicum of interest in removing the strangle-hold of the oppressors. As such what we have said above concerning the relevance of Goldberg’s course applies to this group of people.
The course, which is held in 3650 Humanities, is at present unfortunately over-crowded with curiosity-seekers and other romantic characters. However, in a week or two there will be room for sincere individuals with an hour to spare at 2:25 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, to sit in on the course, as the romantics will probably have had enough thrills.
Information about other genuine Black studies courses, such as Economics 390—a Marxist critique of Capitalism—should be sent to the BLACK VOICE for dissemination. In this manner of carefully selecting our courses, we will subvert the not so covert attempt by the University, as an agent of the Establishment, to program us as functional units within its decadent system.

Resist!

Dirty Work

The tenth type of Liberalism, dealt with elsewhere on this page, ought to be heeded by some folks in the Afro-American Center.
There are certain mundane tasks that must be done to insure a system of movement, free from minor obstructions because of unfinished tasks. Some mundane tasks (for those who are unfamiliar) are: typing, answering phones, operating the mimeograph machine, cleaning up, addressing envelopes, etc. There is little glamour in this type of work but the work must be done. The problem arises in the fact that some of us are guilty of never dealing with these unpleasantries. Instead these tasks are left for those people, (too often known as sisters) who accept the fact that the work must be done.
I only bring up this problem which seems minor but can build into major tasks for those who deal with this problem constantly. These jobs fall under the major category better known as “shit work.” “Shit work” is real and must be dealt with but by all who are engaged in areas where the problem arises.
I have used a small example that I have encountered while working in the Communication Center. But the same problems can be applied on a broader scale. They can be applied to each individual who in some way uses the Center. If the Center is all of ours, then we must begin to act accordingly. Something as minor as a piece of paper can develop into a major task of cleaning the Center. It is up to us to learn to pick up after ourselves and if we continue to fail to do this then something should move us to clean up after folks who have no respect for the Center, let alone each other. There is nothing heroic or revolutionary about putting a cigarette out in an ashtray, or answering the phone when the receptionist is not at the desk. It is only a responsibility that each of us should take upon ourselves.

Lgtas

On the Other Fronts of Imperialism

In the wake of the recent American invasion of Laos, it is again time to consider the level of consciousness of the masses of American students as well as the implications of the invasion for anti-imperialist struggles. For indeed the aggression against Laos is but one form of the worldwide thrust of imperialism.
The pseudo-radical position, “End the war now,” is even sometimes pushed further to demand recognition of the various revolutionary movements in Indo-China. What is not heard is a call for ending imperialist aggression in all forms in Latin America, the Middle East and Africa as well. Assuming that it is common knowledge that liberation struggles are being fiercely waged throughout the Third World, one wonders whether the basis of seeking to “Get out of Viet Nam now” is genuinely anti-imperialist or not. And if it is not, then the motive force behind the so-called anti-war movement might well rest on flimsy moralistic grounds and even on the selfish grounds of losing the Indo-Chinese front. One cannot help but notice that where there is no explicit genocide, as in Guinea, imperialist aggression goes unprotected. Nor does it seem that there is any awareness of the systematic genocide of black people throughout Southern Africa. If there were this awareness, then to be consistent with the cry of genocide in Indo-China, the “movement” would have to extend this charge to include at least American involvement in Southern Africa. No one must be lulled into believing that the present Laotion aggression is singular. History spits out at us numerous examples of imperialistic aggression as recently as the Cambodian adventure last May, and the Guinean adventure last month. Consequently, we must accept the distinct probability of imperialist attempts to thwart the various liberation movements.
We need not even have established the logical basis for such. cursory analysis of the African front provides us with ample empirical evidence of imperialist intervention. Recently the bulwark of imperialism, on our beloved continent, South Africa, has been freeing herself from the isolation imposed on her by the O.A.U. mainly through the agency of Houphouet-Boigny, the western puppet in Ivory Coast. Unlike Dr. Banda in Malawi who has geographical considerations to make in dealing with South Africa, Houphouet-Boigny can only be actively following the directives of Washington, London, and Paris. As imperialistic strategy grows more sophisticated one can expect South Africa increasing her role as hand-maiden of the West to suppress the liberation movements in Africa. Specifically, in assisting Portugal, the freedom of Mozambique, Angola and the so-called Portuguese Guinea is being delayed. We need not mention the plight of our brothers within and around South Africa’s borders whose fight is particularly difficult.
It now becomes the duty of those who commit themselves to assisting the oppressed sector of mankind in their bid to throw off the yoke of oppression to raise a new cry against imperialism. Specifically, a movement to raise the political consciousness of the masses of American students by pin-pointing all the activities of the imperialists has long been over-due. It is hoped that concerned Black students will be the vanguard of such a movement in keeping with their vanguard role in the gathering American revolution.
Such a movement should seek to expose the nature of American involvement in the imperialistic conspiracy we have identified. Information about the activities of such sacro-sanct organizations as NATO, SEATO, and O.A.S. would serve to de-mystify reality as portrayed by the powers that are.

Interesting Contradictions

1. The head of the recent Coup in Uganda is a Sudanese, who was trained, militarily, at Sandhurst in England and also in Israel.
2. Israel buys \$500,000,000 worth of small diamonds from South Africa each year, processes them and then resells them to the Third World. Interesting how America gets around certain trade embargos!!
3. There is a brother on campus who can afford to pay \$4.50 to listen to Roberta Flack, but hassels about \$2 to listen to Huey Newton. A sister thought that this might be evidence of a distorted value system.
4. A visiting comrade recently remarked that the man has provided us niggus on this campus with many facilities but it appears we don’t make use of them.
5. Black capitalism by definition does include the profit motive which means that niggus will have to rip off other niggus to make their profits . . . another subtle manifestation of the man’s divide and rule tactics.

Dare to Struggle / Dare to Win!

The Serious, The Spoilers, The Traitors or The Good, The Bad, And The Ugly

By Kwame Salter

The first stage in any life and death struggle that the people go through is “dealing with themselves”—internal purging. To utilize an historical example of this internal purging that might serve as a useful analogy for us in America one has only to analyze the Mau Mau struggle in Kenya during the 50’s. During this struggle less than a hundred white people were actually killed by the Mau Mau and over 11,000 so-called “brothers and sisters” were killed directly by the Mau Mau—Why? Obviously, the reason for this surprising casualty break-down rests in the fact that often times the real obstacle to our freedom is seated right next to us, *looks* like us, and at times even *sounds* like us—but unfortunately whose loyalties are not with ours. We use to call persons who did not *look black, sound black, walk black, or even dance black*, Uncle Toms. Yet, times have changed and we can no longer and should no longer rely on incomplete analysis or employ such simplistic short-cuts to real thinking such as “labeling” people. Only after we have studied the facts, analyzed the situation, and reached a conclusion based on the preceding can we identify certain elements within the struggle. Toms don’t exist anymore—either you are a revolutionist or the “target” of the revolution. To pose the same condition in softer terms, one might say that either you are part of the solution or part of the problem. Going back to what can be gleaned from the Mau Mau experience, I would posit that we could learn from the conclusion they reached concerning what types of individuals comprise or are part of your organization. The three types of individuals that emerged from the rigors of an on-going ever-intensifying struggle are (1) the serious (good), (2) the spoilers (bad) and (3) the traitors (ugly). And if we are to be victorious in our struggle (and we must!) we must keep a relentless watch out for types 2 and 3. We must begin to isolate their traits and habits so that when we “crack” him we do so on the basis of justifiable facts and not groundless supposition or even personal jealousies.

The serious, type 1 is the person who has made a commitment to the struggle, to the freedom of his people. This person is willing to take on any assignment regardless of its nature—be it such a grandiose speaking engagement or a mundane task like answering phones. His loyalties are with his people and his action are such that in the final analysis it is not so much what he says that convinces you but rather what he does. You may not always agree with him but these differences will be resolved in practice (action being the manifestation of rapping and the final and only criteria for commitment.)

Type 2 spoilers exist in any organization, within any group, race, or people. The spoiler is basically a coward. He’ll talk behind your back, criticize any effort you make and even circulate rumors and vicious lies among the people to divide. Spoilers fear advancement, progress, or growth. This fear manifests itself in a strange way—under the guise of courage and fearing no one, or anything. These people maintain that they are providing a service to us by dividing us further; they contend that the reason for their constant complaining, and disgruntlement is concern for you and I. In essence, they are constantly kicking us in the rear and telling us at the same time that is good for us—absurd and we know it. Yet, we continue to let these maniacs perform their two-act skits and destructive acts without retort. In order to achieve freedom we must be willing as Malcolm stated, to do anything and remove any obstacle in our path to freedom—the spoiler is our first obstacle.

Finally, type 3, the most dangerous, and conniving. Because of his ability to merge into the masses for brief periods of time, I would suggest that we be concerned with punishment rather than therapy of this individual. It would take myriad reams of paper and a similar number of hours to delineate his characteristics. Inevitably, type 3 evolves from type 2 and all the warning signs are there; what we need to do is to take notice of such and abort the plans of the potential traitor. Think seriously about the following excerpt from Malcolm Speaks:

I read a little story once, and Mau Mau proved it. I read a story once where someone asked some group of people how many of them wanted freedom. They all put up their hand. Think there were about 300 of them. Then the person says, “Well, how many of you are ready to kill anyone, who gets in your way for freedom? About fifty put up their hands. And he told those

Third World

It is often instructive and always necessary to examine our struggle in different perspectives. If we are to address ourselves to the ultimate task of putting an end to the oppression of man by man, we must understand oppression and all of its forms. Perhaps the largest context in which we can put our struggle is within the concept of the Third World.

The Third World as explained in a pamphlet published by the Third World Unity Movement, consists of Black and non-black Africans, Yellow and non-yellow Asians, Brown and non-brown Latins and those minorities within the so-called developed countries. To add to this definition I call your attention to Franz Fanon’s description of the native in *The Wretched of the Earth*. A member of the Third World is a native.

Throughout the Third World, the native notices an unfamiliar face. The possessor of that face is not a native, yet this foreigner is in control. In the land of the native, the foreigner has almost unlimited power. This foreigner controls the livelihood and indeed the life of the native. The foreigner decides who gets work, when and doing what; he decides what kinds of industrial or agricultural enterprises the native country will deal in; he decides where the native will live, since he buys up all the land (or merely confiscates it) and the native is left to his own devices if he is to survive; and he decides when the native has transgressed, when and how long he will be deprived of his human liberty, and when he will die, for the police forces, the occupying armies, invariably belong to their foreigner.

The foreigner usually comes representing a business. His name may be Coca-Cola or Standard Oil or RCA. He offers to bring industrial development to the native country in return for raw materials. Once he has set up shop, he proceeds by buying up all native industries which compete with him and he makes these subsidiaries. If the businesses will not sell out, he forces them out of business. It is not long before extensive dealings with the native government take place. Laws are instituted to protect the interests of these foreign businesses. Many times angry natives who have been pushed off of their land and out of their homes begin to attack and sabotage the foreign business. When this happens, the foreigner takes upon himself the responsibility of training a police force to protect himself. In addition, he brings in his professional police advisers and representatives of his intelligence agencies. He at this point is firmly entrenched and maintains his control through the barrel of a gun.

And what of the native? The native must live on that land which is left over. The foreigner has no economic interest in the welfare of the native and thus no provision is made for the native. The entire economy of the country is reordered to meet the needs of the foreigner. Agriculture is curtailed and food becomes scarce. The kinds of goods that the native needs to carry on his life also become hard to come by. Jobs are equally rare. The foreigner imports his own engineers and technical personnel for the job. The native is left with the few menial tasks, or the heavy manual labor. Almost always, provisions are made to keep the native as far away from the foreigner as possible. In the most extreme cases (and these are not rare) laws are instituted restricting the movement of the native. Signs reading WHITE ONLY become commonplace. The penalty for transgression is harsh.

Those natives who are in high governmental positions, and those who manage to get respectable and prestigious positions in the foreign business, have no complaints with this situation. They speak as representatives for the entire native population. They praise the foreign influence for the good it has done in the country. It is their desire to maintain the status quo. But an undercurrent develops in the native population at large. “We must get this foreigner out!” “Yankee go Home!” “BLACK POWER!” These are the sentiments of the native. A revolutionary movement begins to take hold. The privileged native class begins to denounce it as “criminal elements,” but such a movement cannot be stopped. It touches the heart of the low-class native. Soon, the movement has picked up such momentum that the tide of repression swells. Members of the revolutionary organization are searched out and executed, usually in pre-dawn raids because the terror that such an attack generates instills fear in the other natives.

But with that fear comes anger, and the movement grows. When the time is right, the

fifty “You stand over there.” That left 250 sitting who wanted freedom, but weren’t ready to kill for it. So he told this fifty, “Now, you wanted freedom and you said you’d kill anybody who’d get in your way. You see those 250? You get them first. Some of them are your own brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers. But they’re the ones who stand in the way of your freedom. They’re afraid to do whatever is necessary to get it and they’ll stop you from doing it. Get rid of them and freedom will come naturally.”

C. L. R. James—Black, Significant, and Relevant

Many of us have been critical about the cult of the personality. We have chided the often harmful and counter-revolutionary aspects of the “hero-deification” syndrome, the futility of blind dependence on persons we call “heroes”, and the reluctance to admit the human failings of those we hold in high esteem. Few of us have denied that our people in spite of worldwide oppression have produced admirable personalities who deserve our objective emulation. We have had Garvey, Du Bois, Carmichael, Malcolm X, Fanon, Nkrumah but we also have had C. L. R. James, the historian, the philosopher, political analyst. . . —the black revolutionary. Because we at the ‘Black Voice’ think that James has had an unfavorable press and an inadequate exposure in this country, we will use this two part series to focus on his life and works as important integrals in the process of revolutionary awareness.

James was born in 1901 in Trinidad, West Indies, a country which at the time suffered intensely from the pangs of ‘de jure’ colonial exploitation. This colonial predicament coupled with an early interest in things political provided the revolutionary rudiments that would nurture the socially progressive mind of young James. He was the first to put forward in the West Indies the demand for complete self-government and has the status there of a founding father of independence.

In 1932 James moved to England where he became heavily involved in Marxist politics, wrote an historical novel (Black Jacobins) and made friends with Jomo Kenyatta and Kwame Nkrumah. In 1938 he came to the United States on a lecture tour and stayed for 15 years. He had discussions with Trotsky in Mexico on the problems of American blacks and participated in the Trotskyist movement in this country. The period of the 30’s and 40’s was one of crisis and disappointment for revolutionary Marxist movements throughout the world. Being the creative and innovative intellect that he was, James embarked on a task of reconstructing a viable Marxism adequate to the times. This was indeed a gigantic enterprise. It began with a return to the fundamentals of Marxist economics, the study of ‘Capital’ and of the Marxian dialectic, and the study of Hegel and Lenin. But C. L. R. was not merely a sideline commentator and analyst. He often and still does insist on a unity of theory and practice and participated in the early 40’s in the organization of sharecroppers in Missouri and black workers in Detroit and Buffalo.

Basically, what emerged from his studies was a conception of a new stage of capitalism—

society must change hands and the land is once more in the hands of the native. Such is the course of the revolutionary struggle.

Does this sound familiar? For those of us who are aware of world events, it does. Does it relate directly to our black communities? Definitely. But to what extent? The account I have just given is just a skeleton; it is just a brief outline of the practice of imperialism in the Third World. In order for us as black people to determine how closely this pattern is followed in our ghettos we must study it in detail and discuss it among ourselves. I have not yet resolved the question in my mind. I hope to have generated enough interest that some of the brothers and sisters might discuss this, and arrive at an answer.

YAMUL



state capitalism. What characterized this new theory is what Martin Glaberman calls “dialectical unity.” These theoretical conceptions and James’ own experience as a colonial also contributed to his breakthrough on the theory of black liberation. The movement in the U.S. in the 30’s and 40’s was sunk in the morass of “black and white, unite and fight” which in practice denied the revolutionary capacity of black people and subordinated the black struggle to the working class struggle for socialism. James worked to have his viewpoint reversed. As early as his discussions with Trotsky in 1938 he saw the independent validity of the struggle of Black Americans and its integral part in the struggle for socialism.

But active revolutionaries, as recent history empirically validates, are witch-hunted by the reactionary forces of Amerika, the bastion of degenerate capitalism and consequently James was expelled from the United States in 1952. He left behind a body of ideas and a body of work which had become a total Marxist viewpoint and which was to influence many a young black scholar searching for direction. At present he is back in the U. S. and teaching in Washington, but the efforts to isolate and obscure his importance to the struggle are pursued with zeal by the ruling powers.

His usefulness in making us understand society and ourselves—that which formal social science cannot illuminate—underscores his relevance to our cause and we wish him all the power in the continuation of his noble revolutionary efforts.

P.S. For a bibliography of C. L. R. James’ works see the librarian at the Malcolm X Memorial Library in the Afro-Center.

Everything Is No Return

- No more candy money from pop bottles -
- cause everything is No Return
- No more Uncle Toms and Aunt Bessies
- cause everything is No Return
- No more disguising and hiding your black ignorance -
- cause everything is No Return
- No more kissing white lips, asses, etc. -
- cause everything is No Return
- No more fros, dashikis hanging on Whitey’s arm -
- cause everything is No Return
- No more rippin’ off your black brother -
- cause everything is No Return
- No more Mr. Whitey -
- cause everything is No Return
- Debbie Butler

Madison:
The Milli-tant Debu-tant Cycle

By Femi Taylor

dear birth,
we do
understand the cycle
of a nine-month process
but the question remains/afterbirth/as motion
declares; to contradict
the ceasefire; it rotates/the staged distance of
planets/peoples . . .will eclipse in simultaneous
darkness/
emotion, as expedience, will destroy
itself, as birth
protracts into life, you
do not suffice. we
do not
understand.

Everyday, bombs go off in mass number in small isolated cellular classrooms on the university campus. Questions are sought out with relish, consternation has become conformity. What is most feared, is silence, or rather, agreement. What happens when all the words have been used, the scrabble board allots title to the winner and revolution, as essence, is sanctioned by everyone, from head regent to an unknown student's faithful adherence to picket lines in front of McDonald's.

What forms does one assume when agreement as consolation becomes ordinary. The "radical" finds the formula has failed to make the cake rise, or the cocktail explode: The word sowers reap only more "intense" words.

Reaction to Laos on the UW campus erupted like a re-run of 1970: Only no one applauded this time, except the puppets behind the stage who succeeded in running the same computer program through twice in a row.

(Cold weather + Frustrated Radical + Right Button = More Heroic, More Frustrated Radical: REPEAT)

The comedy is not magnified within the confusion of the "Mother Country Radical," it is loudest among us Black People. Beyond Laos, or at least in spite of it, our oppression is jaded with a maze of checks and counter signals, as complex in design as romanticism, or Hitler: Because we *allow Them* to define. Oppression is invisible as long as the oppressed are visible to the oppressor. What we have experienced with "Black is Beautiful" is the assorted theft of cultural phenomena by the bourgeois who learned to imitate, and facilitate

the mode of exchange from revolutionary to faddish. What we witnessed recently was the theft of the revolutionary dictionary by the dictators of oppression. Without concept, the oppressor loses all legendary boundaries, we become enmeshed in speech, counter-speech, counter-expression: which we all know is bullshit.

The Madison Black campus community is centrally disadvantaged because it allows the dub "campus community" to exist in its vocabulary, its action and its mental attitudes. We overlook how "inner-city" conditions are for Black people surviving off university funds. Academic Welfare is just as unproductive and un-expansive as the welfare many of our mothers subsist on. Admission into Academic Welfare, via registration fee is just as uncertain and aggravating as paying Union dues. The Legal Contract is just as one-sided, the controls just as unpredictable. A "surplus population" of educated reserves, strike breakers, for the few seats reserved for niggers in the capitalist theatres of america can be utilized the same way, as excess postal workers, gisholt workers, Algernon police replacements, etc. As defined by the League of Revolutionary Black Workers in Detroit, Automation for Black People is the automatic replacement of one rest-less nigger, for two starving ones. The tune is the same; a collegiate variation on a theme: Everything is everything. Education, like automation yields "niggermation."

We also have "minorities." Once again, green power defines, dissects the definition and breeds the artifacts as natural enemies. The limited funds become more limited when divided among Blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans and Indians. A civil war of interest erupts over "one" interest in a corrupt machine compulsively sustaining two assembly lines for one task, two names for one oppression. But this rationality would have to be sustained to slowly, graphically declare "minorities" as "incapable", "ungrateful," "parasitic" and finally "destructive." This same rationale was applied to Panama ten years ago, Vietnam yesterday, Welfare Mothers today; and if ignorance triumphs and Black People are demolished on this continent, tomorrow it will be used against the weak, pink inheritors of the moon.

Until we learn to expose and fight refined "Amos 'n Andyism" we deserve and will get our share of oppression. We receive packets of oppressions wrapped in bundles of administrative smiles timely spaced between periods when

money is flowing and courses are new and hopeful and times when money ain't and professors get real. We have intensified what is extensive and everyday in the hood.

The difficulty of the "Mother Country Radical" in *finding* revolution is a basic rootlessness. History might allow him to bullshit about going back to the community, because he's so preoccupied with getting away from that community, his take-off point shadows his radicalization: He is almost ghostlike—hi-yo-silverish.

To Be or Not to Be—
An Afro-American Center

What is the Afro-American Center? A militant, revolutionary organization, a dilapidated building soon to be razed, a spirit, a home away from home, a Black entity within a white power structure, a relevant concept in some idealists' minds or a failure in others' minds? At present, the Afro-American Center is all of this and none at the same time.

Too often the cry has been the Center should produce "viable and relevant" programs that answer to the needs of the Black Student body and Black community alike. If the Center at present has failed to diminish this cry then we must first begin to ask ourselves why, but more importantly we must begin to ask ourselves what are "viable and relevant" programs and what are the needs that the Center can and should begin to answer? Should the Center attempt to deal with personal needs such as loneliness, shelter, protection, entertainment, begin developing an environment conducive to the pleasant things in life? If so, then the Center takes on the guise of our home away from home. Or should the Center be a resource station, where we as students can seek information, tutoring, and counseling in order that we become "successful" students? If so, at present the Center is failing. Or should the Center satisfy our political needs; political education classes, rap sessions, speeches, etc? If we as a whole decide that the latter example is the most feasible and relevant task of the Center, then we as students have failed. There are programs that have been initiated through the Center that have had little or no support from the mass student populace. For example, there were Black education classes held on Sunday afternoons which were attended by a small nucleus

of students. A number of sisters have been working constantly for the Black Woman's Revolutionary Convention, while too few sisters assist them and too many others are unconcerned about the entire matter. And there are a few students who continue to put out a newspaper which lacks support in terms of articles and which probably is not even read. Unfortunately, and to our shame, the list goes on.

Even though we move to the point of defining the needs and therefore the role in which the Center can employ in lieu of a political perspective, we must secondly begin to define what our political perspective is, what political consciousness arises from this political perspective, and what means of movement do we begin to employ.

While we begin to answer these questions, the Center begins to arise as a physical contradiction. We begin to question how can the Center exist as an entity or if the Center is truly an entity. We then begin to see that it is not, for an entity is something that has a separate and distinct existence and an independent, objective or conceptional reality. Can the Center be all of this in dealing with the white university and still be financially supported and allowed to exist by this same white university? If this is so, then it is fair to assume that the Center has the "white seal" of approval and not only is it satisfying the needs of the Black population but approvingly is satisfying our white financiers. For some reason, this does not rest easy in my mind and am I right to assume that our "politicking" ain't Black enough.

We must begin to implement "viable and relevant" programs from a Black perspective that enhances and forces a political consciousness that brings about action not only political rhetoric. We must begin to see that by implementing programs towards a political perspective we will also begin to answer other needs. Personal needs can then be dealt with because the environment will promote an atmosphere in which we will be able to deal with each other on a personal level. We must begin to implement a consciousness that will be so revolutionary that it will not be necessary for us to have a building for physical satisfaction. A consciousness that brings about a spirit. A consciousness that is not idealistic but realistic. A consciousness that is so bad, so together, so Black, that the Afro-American Race Relation Center will be not only financially cut-loose but banned from this white university forever.

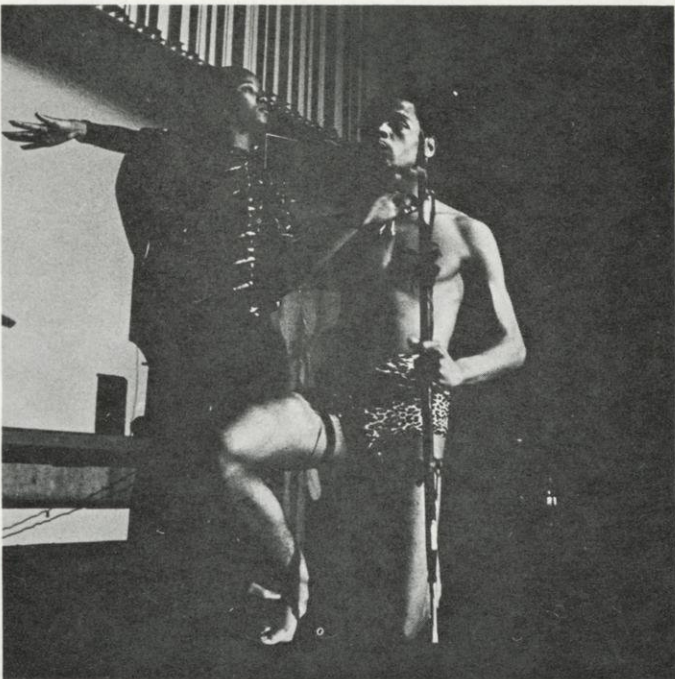
Lgtas



John Davies

This dance scene by the KO-THI dances of Milwaukee may have been called: "The Lives and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger," portraying as it does the Nigger-on-the-block with his wine and women.

Participate in the Black Arts
Contribute to the Black Voice



John Davies

Here the KO-THI dancers give us the spirit and love between brother and sister as it was in our beloved Africa, as it should still be if niggahs here would wake up.

Epitomizing love and soul, sister Roberta Flack appeared in front of an overflow crowd for three hours to open the recent Black Arts Festival. Sister Flack was presented with a dozen roses, as a token of esteem by the Afro-Center. If you missed it—you blew.



T. A. Sneed