

# LIBERATOR

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The Sellout  
**Editorial**

Why Malcolm X  
Was Assassinated  
**RAM**

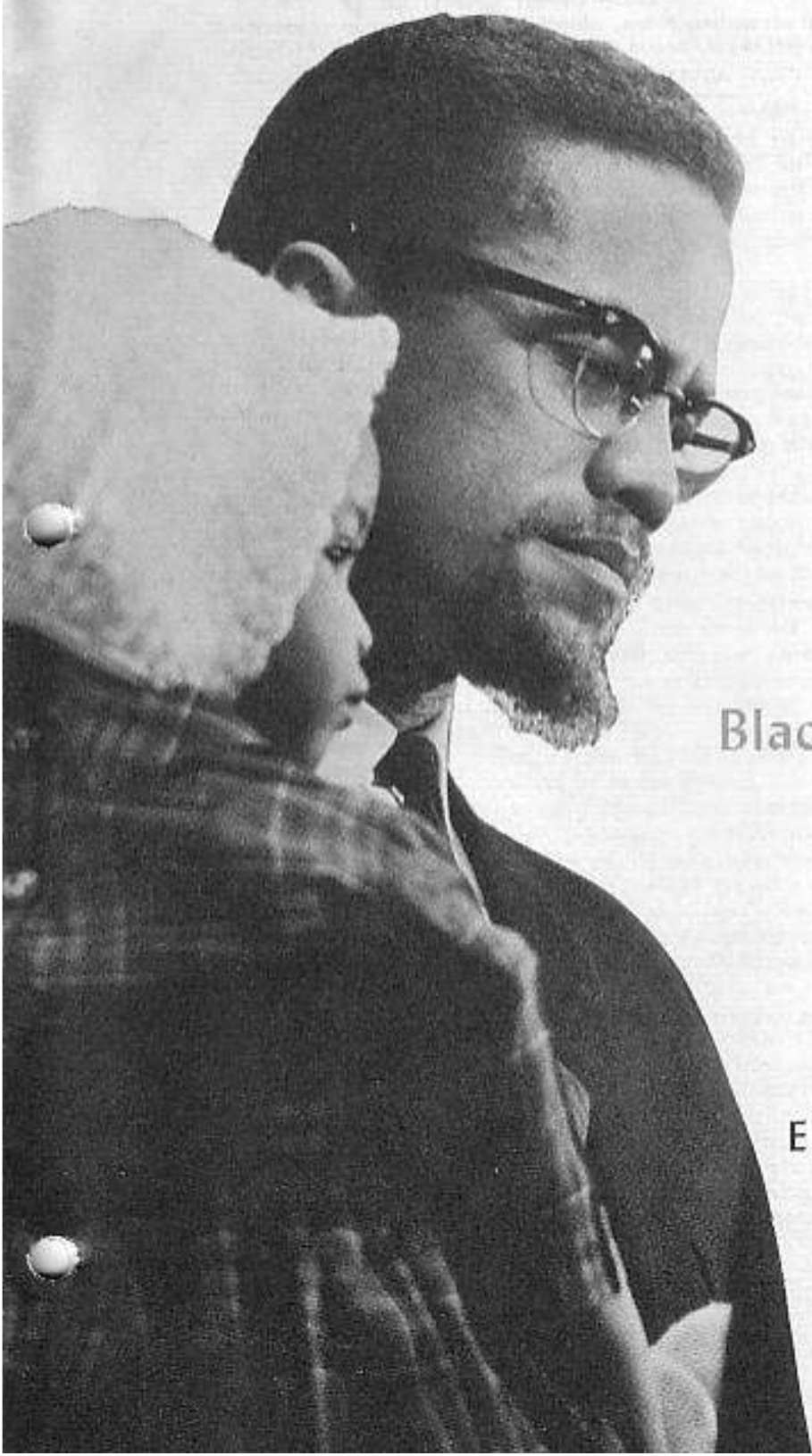
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El Hajj Malik El Shabazz

MAY 1925 - FEB. 1965





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# LIBERATOR

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# The Sellout

"Once to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide..."

Some time between Saturday night and Sunday morning, March 7th, Rev. King, through his direct pipeline to the white power structure, was informed that the march to Birmingham to be led by him was going to be stopped. In his haste to avoid his long awaited moment of truth, King took off for the safety and comfort of Atlanta, Georgia, neglecting to inform his followers. The massacre of freedom fighters, black and white, at the hands of Governor Wallace's storm troopers is now history.

King's statement to the effect that "I knew the march was going to be stopped," reminds one of the case of the young boy who killed his mother and father and, when brought to trial, pleaded innocent on the grounds that he was an orphan.

After the Sunday massacre, Rev. King, in order to recoup his lost newspaper image as a leader, began working behind the scenes with Attorney General Nicholas de B. Katzenbach to come up with a march scheme. A so-called surprise Federal Court order banning the march was issued; thereby once again the white power structure had come to the rescue of their chief errand boy, the most self-righteous Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. President Johnson then dispatched former Florida Governor LeRoy Collins to mediate the so-called dispute; by this time the shaking exposed King, ever anxious to please Mr. Charley, agreed to the deal of a token march across the bridge, where the freedom fighters could kneel and pray and then return to Selma. The self-anointed one, now armed with support and assurances from President Johnson's representative and Governor George Wallace, carried out the so-called march across the bridge. Flushed with his Pyrrhic victory the self-appointed one then hoped to return to the real business of counting the money coming in from all over the country, and in particular from guilt stricken whites.

Despite the well laid plans of the power structure to preserve the American dream and its image abroad, the white racists in Selma were not having any of it. They wanted blood. Later that night after the great "victory," three white ministers while leaving an Afro-American restaurant were attacked from behind by four whites. One of the ministers, the Rev. James J. Reeb, 38, of Boston, was clubbed to death by the tools of the cancer that has eaten away the very heart of America: Racism. Those three men like many others had come to Selma to bear witness. They left the relative comfort and safety of their homes to join in the great crusade for freedom; they did not seek or ask permission of President Johnson, Governor Wallace or Sheriff Clark to demonstrate on behalf of their Afro-American brothers. They came as men, as pacifists, believing in non-violence as a means of achieving freedom. We at the LIBERATOR may disagree with their beliefs; we may also disagree with their tactics; but we certainly admire them as men who displayed the courage of their convictions.

President Johnson, ignoring pleas from all over the country to send federal troops into Selma to put down the insurrection by Governor Wallace and his storm troopers, finally came up with a tired, hollow plea for Congress to pass another addendum to the already bulging, but not enforced, civil rights bill.

The pattern continues: Demonstrations, sellouts, and more meaningless civil rights bills.

DANIEL H. WATTS

# The Week That Malcolm X Died

Ossie Sykes

New York, New York—It was a quiet Sunday; the sun shone through the partly clouded skies. It was the kind of day when the pace of things appeared to slow down a bit to allow for some of the frivolities of life that are impossible in the drudgery of the work week. The news service wires were sending out such dull and uninteresting news items that the staffs of New York dailies were joking about all that extra space which they had to fill up in the next day's editions. Then, out of nowhere, it happened. To the tune of death dealing gunfire heard round the world, a man slumped dead to the floor, his chest peppered with bullets. The time was February 21, 1965; the place, the Audubon Ballroom in upper Manhattan, New York; the lifeless form on the floor—Malcolm X.

The events that took place inside that damn Hall are hard to describe, but if you can imagine dozens of shots being squeezed off (more than a dozen hit Malcolm), people being chased to the outside, and mass confusion, you will have a good idea of what happened—but only an idea.

Walking through the Audubon Ballroom afterward, it reminded one of what cities were like in the roaring 20's, when gangs ran wild and executed their peers in public with ease. There were bullet holes in the walls and where Malcolm stood, evidence of the heavy gunfire could be seen in concentrated form. On the cheap speaker's stand were eight clearly visible bullet holes; in the wall directly behind the stand were at least five more. This was a dirty place to die; the stage was deteriorating, as was the rest of the room. Even the profit motive was visible, as a manager tried to rush newsmen away. A dance was scheduled for that evening—after all, one mustn't lose a dime, you



Above: Some of the 30,000 people who visited the Unity Funeral Home to pay homage to Malcolm.

Below: Outside the church on the day of the funeral.





know. Indeed, it was a dirty place to die.

Malcolm's body had been carried to the Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, where he was pronounced dead at 3:30 p.m. He had been listed as John Doe because no one had identified him yet (officially). Even before this, however, there was the talk of war and revenge in the air, as many assumed that there could be no other course. When asked about the possibility of violence, Percy Sutton, personal lawyer to Malcolm X, said that for him to suggest anything of that type might be misinterpreted as being part of the cause, if it should happen. He refused to speculate.

Violence of another type appeared in the New York Times on February 22. It was not only a badly written editorial, but was filled with hate and recriminations. Said the Times, "...He was a case history, as well as an extraordinary and twisted man, turning many true gifts to evil purpose." Continued the Times, "The world he saw through those horn-rimmed glasses of his was distorted and dark. But he made it darker still with his exaltation of fanaticism." That was the Times on Monday morning. No doubt they were quite surprised when thousands of black mourners began to file past Malcolm's casket. In the words of one white reporter, "We misjudged the support this man had." To be sure, there was an army of cops and talk of trouble, but they came, representing every age group, the poor and even some well-heeled citizens.

In the meantime, while Malcolm lay in state at the Unity Funeral Home in Harlem, the tension over war between Muslims and members of the OAAU (Malcolm's Organization of Afro-American Unity) was increasing. The Muslim Mosque an

116th Street had been blown up earlier in a spectacular show of fireworks. The arsonist had slipped a police guard. The Muslim Convention in Chicago was preparing to open, and sources revealed that Elijah Muhammed was shaking in his boots despite the outward show of calm. In New York, a heavy police guard was thrown up around the funeral parlor. Harlem, once again, was an occupied community, with the tactical police force on stand-by orders. There was no more violence, but the "jitters" seemed to grip the city of New York as the funeral approached. James Farmer was even seeing international links in the killing, a charge which must still be substantiated. By Friday, about thirty thousand people had passed the coffin in spite of feared dangers. After the funeral parlor closed, secret preparations were made to move the coffin to the Temple of God and Christ with a heavy police escort in the dead of night.

When the dawn rose on the day of the funeral, the only thing that was fairly clear was the sky. There had been talk of cremating Malcolm with Molotov cocktails or other worse actions. The church, of course, was like an armed camp—cops everywhere. They patrolled the streets and roof tops; the tactical squad was out in force. Inside the church both uniformed and plainclothes police were in evidence, and a "choir" of newsmen and photographers.

It was a solemn occasion. Malcolm's body was dressed in Muslim white, with lamps at either end of the casket, and Islamic artifacts behind the casket.

The services began when Ossie Davis stepped forward; the widow, Betty Shabazz, was in her place, draped in black veil and dress, with tears streaming from her eyes. Ossie

Above: Mourners gather at the cemetery for the burial.

Below: A sister picks a memento from the flowers on the grave.



We urge LIBERATOR readers who wish to help Malcolm X's family in their time of need to send a check or money order payable to:

Concerned Mothers Committee  
P.O. Box 1024, Church St. Station  
New York, New York

Below: Malcolm's widow, Mrs. Betty Shabazz, at his grave.



#### MALCOLM X cont.

Davis opened up by stating that it was a tribute to Malcolm "that those who disagreed with him nevertheless followed him in the name of his wisdom." He thanked those assembled, in Betty Shabazz's name, for coming. The messages, read by Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis, to the widow were from the near and far reaches of the earth. Dr. Kwame Nkrumah led the list as he stated, "I have received with profound shock the death of Malcolm X at the hands of an assassin. He has left a heritage of dedication so that Afro-Americans everywhere can live in freedom." There were other messages from the African National Congress of South Africa, the London School of Economics, Whitney Young, the African Nationalist Liberation Movement, the Ambassador of Jordan, the Los Angeles NAACP, and many others. The freedom fighters of Ohio made a comparison between Malcolm and Patrice Lumumba; and the Michigan Committee for the Freedom Now Party paid their respects. Davis then announced that anyone wanting to help the family of Malcolm X could send contributions to Post Office Box 1024, Church Street Station, New York, New York, in care of Mrs. Betty Shabazz Little.

The next man who spoke was Amad Asan, Director of the Islamic Center. He stated that Malcolm "would not cast down his head before any tyrant." He proceeded to correct the assertion of Carl Rowan, Director of the United States Information Agency, that Africans had misunderstood the killing. The mention of Carl Rowan's name brought a moan from the mourners. Continuing, Mr. Asan said, "The highest thing a Moslem can do is to die on the battlefield, and not on the bedside." The mourners, breaking normal tradition for funerals, applauded in response. In conclusion, he hoped "that there will be more people like Malcolm X."

After thanking the Organization of Afro-American Unity for allowing the community to share in tributes to Malcolm, Davis delivered one of the most moving eulogies this writer has ever heard, the full text of which is printed elsewhere in this issue. He

## "Our Own Black Shining Prince"

Text of the eulogy to Malcolm X by Ossie Davis  
delivered at Faith Temple Church of God and Christ Feb. 27, 1965.

Here—at this final hour, in this quiet place, Harlem has come to bid farewell to one of its brightest hopes—extinguished now, and gone from us forever.

For Harlem is where he worked and where he struggled and fought—his home of homes, where his heart was, and where his people are—and it is, therefore, most fitting that we meet once again—in Harlem—to share these last moments with him.

For Harlem has ever been gracious to those who have loved her, have fought for her, and have defended her honor even to the death. It is not in the memory of man that this beleaguered, unfortunate but nonetheless proud community has found a braver, more gallant young champion than this Afro-American who lies before us—unconquered still.

I say the word again, as he would want me to: Afro-American—Afro-American Malcolm, who was a master, was most meticulous in his use of words. Nobody knew better than he the power words have over the minds of men. Malcolm had stopped being a "Negro" years ago.

It had become too small, too puny, too weak a word for him. Malcolm was bigger than that. Malcolm had become an Afro-American and he wanted—so des-

perately—that we, that all his people would become Afro-Americans too.

There are those who will consider it their duty, as friends of the Negro people, to tell us to revile him, to flee, even from the presence of his memory, to save ourselves by writing him out of the history of our turbulent times.

Many will ask what Harlem finds to honor in this stormy, controversial and bold young captain—and we will smile.

Many will say turn away—away from this man, for he is not a man but a demon, a monster, a subverter and an enemy of the black man—and we will smile.

They will say that he is of hate—a fanatic, a racist—who can only bring evil to the cause for which you struggle!

And we will answer and say unto them: Did you ever talk to Brother Malcolm? Did you ever touch him, or have him smile at you? Did you ever really listen to him? Did he ever do a mean thing? Was he ever himself associated with violence or any public disturbance? For if you did you would know him. And if you knew him you would know why we must honor him: Malcolm was our manhood, our living, black manhood! This was his meaning to

his people. And, in honoring him, we honor the best in ourselves.

Last year, from Africa, he wrote these words to a friend: "My journey," he says, "is almost ended, and I have a much broader scope than when I started out, which I believe will add new life and dimension to our struggle for freedom and honor, and dignity in the States. I'm writing these things so that you will know for a fact the tremendous sympathy and support we have among the African States for our Human Rights struggle. The main thing is that we keep a United Front wherein our most valuable time and energy will not be wasted fighting each other."

However much we may have differed with him—or with each other about him and his value as a man, let his going from us serve only to bring us together, now. Consigning these mortal remains to earth, the common mother of all, secure in the knowledge that what we place in the ground is no more now a man—but a seed—which, after the winter of our discontent—will come forth again to meet us. And we will know him then for what he was and is—a Prince—our own black shining Prince!—who didn't hesitate to die, because he loved us so.

### MALCOLM X cont.

started with the suggestion that Malcolm wouldn't appreciate tears, so he would try to control himself even in that trying situation.

The Islamic service followed the eulogy, after which the casket was rolled to the waiting line of cars outside. When the casket moved, Betty Shabazz cried out in anguish.

Outside, soul brothers crowded the streets, hung from windows and fire escapes. It was an impressive display of the warm feeling they had for Malcolm and his ideas. Some say these people were motivated by curiosity. I say it was love. For a man so loved, you would think a slow

motorcade through Harlem would have been in order; but the police would have none of that. They whisked the funeral line out of the city at about seventy miles an hour. I know, because I stepped on my gas to keep up with them. The police wanted this "nigger" buried as quickly as possible; the feelings of Harlemites didn't matter at all.

At graveside (Ferncliff Cemetery, located off Exit 7 on the New York Thruway), the scene was even more electric and the ceremony quick. The family departed, but not the loyal friends who worked at Malcolm's side. Spontaneously, with controlled emotions, some of Mal-

colm's friends, ignoring the white grave diggers, began to fill the grave with their bare hands. There were statements flowing, of Islamic origin. If this isn't love, I thought, then none exists. Someone gave them shovels, and they continued until the grave was filled to ground level. They said, in effect, that the person being laid to rest was important to them; therefore, it was their place to bury him. It was not a job that should be left to strangers. It was a moving experience, even in the presence of police, for their actions proved that Malcolm's support went far beyond the estimation of racist whites.

Put a torch to the robes of mourning,  
And don your sheath of armour.  
Listen for his clarion's blast,  
For he is not dead my brothers.  
His silenced voice,  
Can still be heard,  
Within the confines  
Of our hearts.

Put a torch to the robes of mourning...  
For he walks the streets of Harlem,  
And every ghetto belt.  
Proud,  
Erect,  
A MAN.

Put a torch to the robes of mourning...  
For he is amongst us still.  
Look in the eyes,  
Of those who pass,  
Along the ghetto streets,  
And every black MAN  
That you meet, Bid him but to speak,  
And Malcolm's booming voice,  
Will echo through the streets.

Put a torch to the robes of mourning...  
For the earth, in whose breast  
Our warrior rests,  
Battle-scarred, but not vanquished,  
Will blossom,  
With his love for us.

Put a torch to the robes of mourning...  
For he is not dead I say.  
You can feel him when your blood  
Rushes through your veins,  
And every drop,  
That's filled with fire,  
Is but a semblance of his name.

Put a torch to the robes of mourning...  
For he would not have us weep.  
My brothers,  
Let not the lion sleep!  
To fight, that he may live,  
Is a promise we must keep.

Carlos Enrique Russell

Right: Some of Malcolm's friends  
began to fill the grave using their  
bare hands.





## Why Malcolm X Died

### BACKGROUND OF MALCOLM'S ASSASSINATION

Brother Malcolm X became a threat to "Charlie" when he broke from the Nation of Islam because of his statements which expressed the sentiment of black America and his attempt to organize a black nationalist movement. He immediately put himself in danger by attempting to organize the black community for self-defense. He knew that our people had to be exposed to the nature of our condition and attempted to mobilize them for liberation. It's significant that the only other black man who attempted to organize black America for self-defense was run into exile. Malcolm's friendliness to young Afro-American revolutionaries frightened the power structure. It feared that this linkup would lead to a black revolution. Also, Malcolm called upon the help of all sections of the black community to formulate a solution for the Afro-American liberation struggle. Out of this coalition of various elements in the black community came the Organization of Afro-American Unity. The name was designed after the Organization of African Unity and proved to be very significant in Brother Malcolm's attempt to reestablish the true meaning of Pan-Africanism.

Malcolm's first trip to Africa was very significant because it took the struggle out of the confines of the continental U.S.A. and linked it with the "Bandung" (non-white) world, making our struggle international—the first time since the Garvey movement. It destroyed the myth that our people are citizens denied their rights, and that the Afro-American liberation struggle

was a domestic problem. Through his slogan of "Human Rights," Malcolm raised the concept that we were an African captive nation denied our right to self determination. His trip exposed the U.S.I.A.'s "Uncle" Carl T. Rowan and other "Tom" leaders who have gone to Africa to whitewash our struggle. During his trip Brother Malcolm exposed the Johnson administration in its attempt to rape Africa, and showed, by example of the Afro-American struggle, how Pan-Africanism could not be a meaningful force for African liberation unless it again became universal in nature rather than continental. In doing this, Brother Malcolm became a living example of Garvey's original thesis that no black person is free until all black people are free. In this way he also showed that DuBois was correct in his original thesis that "the problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line."

When Brother Malcolm returned from Africa he destroyed the myth that black America was alone in its struggle against the universal slave-master (U.S. imperialism). He also destroyed the taboos of the Afro-American uniting with any people that the "beast" said wasn't "cool." He emphasized how he had received whole-hearted support from the Chinese ambassadors in those countries.

Brother Malcolm, through continuous efforts, attempted to relate the OAAU to the southern struggle and attempted to unify the civil rights leaders with the nationalist leaders. Also, Brother Malcolm's main emphasis was to internationalize the Afro-American struggle; therefore he decided that a second trip to Africa was necessary to further consolidate the ties

of African - Afro-American unity. When Malcolm returned to Africa, he was recognized at the Cairo Conference which was the second convening of the OAU. This recognition of Brother Malcolm by the African nations meant, essentially, that he (Malcolm) represented an Afro-American government in exile. In his speech at the Cairo Conference, he exposed the nature of U.S. imperialism and forced the African countries to reconsider their position of non-alignment against U.S. imperialism. His speech brought out the true role of the United States in Africa and, in what he termed "U.S. dollarism," exposed Johnson and the rest of his racist cowboys as white supremacists. This speech and the rest of Malcolm's trip destroyed, in essence, the concept of the "Peace Corps," the image of every "Uncle Tom" leader who ever visited Africa, and forced Afro-Americans living in Africa to take a position on our struggle, or be left in an isolated atmosphere.

Malcolm created such an atmosphere in Africa that SNCC, when visiting there, had to re-evaluate itself, the struggle, and had to take stands that it had refused to take before, i.e., Congo, Cuba, China, Vietnam, etc.

When Malcolm came back from his second trip to Africa, our people recognized that a leader was developing in the community who had the potential for linking up the north and the south as well as the international scene. The significance of this was that Brother Malcolm posed the same threat to the same power structure, some forty years later, that Marcus Garvey had done before. He, like Garvey, was threatening the power structure by attempting to create a national black nationalist movement that

## RAM ANALYSIS cont.

would be linked up with the other oppressed peoples of the world. In this way, our struggle would become part of an international black liberation struggle aimed against U.S. imperialism. Malcolm became more dangerous to the white power structure when he emphasized the role of the ultra-right and constantly exposed the "tricknology" of the racist U.S. government. He warned of the "fox up north" and the "wolf down south," and that the boundaries of Mississippi extended to Canada.

The C.I.A. became alarmed by Malcolm's constant remarks on the "house-nigger"-lackey role that Carl T. Rowan was playing, and explained to our people how "freaks" (white-minded "negroes") were being used to spread lies throughout the world to keep black people enslaved. The Brother constantly explained the U.S. government's role in the Congo and "other places." One of the major events that inflamed the CIA and its lackeys against what it stood for, and how it came about; also how the CIA attempted to destroy it: his inviting Brother Mohammed Babu, one of the leaders of the Zanzibar Revolution, was the first time an African revolutionary had been invited to the black community (Harlem) by a black revolutionary nationalist leader. Brother Mohammed Babu spoke highly of Brother Malcolm, his role and his relationship in the world struggle.

Malcolm made a qualitative change in our struggle when he went to Selma, Alabama. Malcolm made such a tremendous impact through his exposure of the nature of imperialism, that the French government denied him the right to speak before a Congress of African students in France.

The events that were stated here led to what we call the "set-up." The set-up was the bombing of Malcolm's house which, from reliable sources, imply that the power structure bombed Malcolm's house, blamed it on the Muslims and set the atmosphere for their old colonial trick—divide and conquer.

## MALCOLM'S POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE

Malcolm was the first black leader to attack the U.S. government as the cause of racism and the enslavement of our African captive nation since Marcus Garvey. Through his existence he formed the bridge between the last generation and the present one. He articulated the views of both generations and was going in the direction of developing a program that would have consolidated both generations towards black liberation. In this context, he was to black America what Lumumba was to the Congo. In this way, his spirit should be to black revolutionary nationalists what Lumumba's spirit is to the Congolese National Liberation Front. In the Congo the word is: "Lumumba lives." In black America the word must be: "Malcolm lives! Keep on pushin'! Chango is gonna come!"

It should be noted that Malcolm was really becoming a threat to the power structure because of his growing influence on African and Asiatic students in this country and throughout the world. In essence, Malcolm was becoming the "Soul" bloc to be instrumental in destroying the State Department's program of neo-colonialism in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. By Malcolm exposing Carl T. Rowan's role in the U.S.I.A., he destroyed the myth of "sly" Johnson's "Great Society." He also exposed the State Department's "raus" to Africa. Brother Malcolm's trip to Africa had much to do with Brother Nasser's repudiation of U.S. "dollarism" when he told the U.S. to "go to hell" with regard to U.S. aid and also concerning its blatant, racist, brutal activities in the Congo. His constant attacks on the U.S. government, particularly the C.I.A., threatened U.S. foreign policy, particularly in Africa, and just about finished the "Peace Corps."

His influence in Africa was so strong that our African brothers were not going to let "Uncle" James Farmer enter Africa unless Malcolm okayed it. Due to the efforts of Malcolm in Africa, coupled

with those of Robert F. Williams in Asia and Latin America, the racist U.S. government was truly pictured as the universal slavemaster, i.e., the beast. Another factor that made Malcolm a threat to the U.S. government was that he organized Afro-Americans now living in African countries to politically support our struggle—particularly in Ghana and the U.A.R. Another factor that made Malcolm a threat to the FBI, CIA and its lackeys was his preparation of a document to indict the U.S. government for genocide against our African-American captive nation. This alone would give the CIA reason to assassinate Brother Malcolm. Another reason for the CIA's wanting to assassinate him was his growing impact on young black militants. Such an impact caused a polarization in the southern movement which developed a black nationalist wing in the south. Through his telegram, warning, and speeches about the far right, he helped expose the plan the far right has and is using to take over this country. He interpreted the far right's (fascists') plan and what it meant to black people.

His efforts to organize the Organization of Afro-American Unity was very significant; for this was the first organization officially recognized by an African government since the U.N.I.A. of Marcus Garvey. It had the potential of becoming a Black Liberation Front with a government in exile. In this perspective the formation of the organization raised the issue to our people to UNITE OR PERISH.

## RECENT EVENTS

Malcolm's trip to Selma, Alabama was the first time that a black nationalist leader had gone into the south to organize people and challenge the bourgeois reformist since the days of the legendary Marcus Garvey. This led to the unification of the struggle both north and south, and made Malcolm a threat to "Charlie's" (U.S.) "house-nigger" program. In Selma Brother Malcolm destroyed the myth of bourgeois democracy. His theme of "ballots or bullets" led the youth to one

conclusion. The police authorities, along with the CIA, FBI, and others, attempted to close in on potential black revolutionary forces by creating an atmosphere of an internal threat to white America's security; and presenting what appears to us to be a "frame-up." This was done by projecting that black youth attempted to sabotage white America's national shrines. This appears to be a "frame-up" because they implied that other black groups were involved and they created a fantastic story which implied that it was part of an international conspiracy involving other heads of state. The second reason is that they claim that Robert Williams was in Canada and had planned the whole conspiracy which is, of course, absurd! A third reason is that there was unnecessary "gold-fingering" activity to get the necessary goods to do the job. One ebony James Bond alias "Raymond Wood" who was somehow unable to pass his simple college courses, nevertheless managed to "mastomind" an expose of the so-called "international conspiracy" led by some of the world's greatest revolutionary mentors. Need we say more? If these events were believable, then the atmosphere was set for anything to happen.

#### THE "SET-UP"

The "set-up" was the bombing of Malcolm's house. The white power had estimated that if one of the black forces would accuse the other then the "beast" would have created a motive for Malcolm's assassination. In this way the "beast" prepared for a week an atmosphere for Malcolm's assassination. Also they set it up so that Muhammed could be assassinated and it would look like Malcolm's forces were pitched against Muhammed's. In this way the "beast" figures he can use his age-old colonial strategy of "divide and conquer," "nigger against nigger." With this the "beast" had planned to either annihilate or discredit nationalist leadership in black America, which would leave only "house niggers"; and who knows when their turns will come.



#### THE ASSASSINATION

The assassination was well planned, and by its nature was obviously alien to the black community. From reliable sources there are indications that there were Negro agents—hired killers—in the audience. The assassination means that any black man who attacks the power structure directly, or attempts to organize our people around the "truth" is either assassinated, jailed, or forced into exile; but they never receive Nobel Peace prizes. The assassination shows that the white American government is anti-black; its nature is worse than that of a beast. If it (the U.S. government) is anti-black, this means it is diametrically opposed to anything we support and supports anything that we oppose. This brutal, unjust, evil assassination shows that the "beast" (U.S. government) will stop at nothing to keep our dehumanized black nation enslaved. This evil act

is the beginning of what we call the "domination theory" or the step-by-step destruction of the militant fighting wing of the Afro-American liberation struggle. But, and this should be acknowledged, the racist U.S. government will not stop at the annihilation of black militants but, like the bloody tiger, continue to feed upon the life-blood of our people until we are totally annihilated. In short, this is fascism! This shows that there is no such thing as bourgeois democracy; and if there were, it has meant rape, castration, lynching, murder, and all forms of genocide against our oppressed, captive black nation. This shows that either black people will be destroyed or the white American government will be destroyed. It is a life or death struggle. This further illustrates that we have only one alternative: Unite for self defense warfare now, or perish!

Black Soul Brothers and Soul Sisters: Unite or Perish! Keep on Pushin'!

## Why Don't Public Schools Teach Our Children ?



ROY DeCARAVA

### SECOND OF TWO INSTALLMENTS

C. E. Wilson

#### THE EDUCATIONAL NEEDS OF NEGRO CHILDREN:

The present system operates covertly but effectively against successive generations of Negro children. The young unsuspecting victims have genuine educational needs which are seldom discussed. The needs are derived in part from the operation of the system of the society. The fragmentation of the Negro's own individual personality and family structure, the failure of the Negro to develop a spirit of

group solidarity and group self-help are all by-products of the cultural pressures he has faced and the training he has received, and it in turn reinforces the system.

Dr. Wade Jones once suggested that one entire constellation of educational needs of Negro youth could be identified under the heading of "Social Unreadiness for Education." Under this grouping might be traits like no books in the home, no family member to reach the child, little motivation to learn to read, poor clothing, poorer health and nutritional habits to sustain the child in school.

Another group of educational needs might be isolated about the attitudes and skills of professionals who are assigned the task of providing the education of the youngsters. This group of needs might be concerned with staff competency, training, ability, recruitment, supervision, morale, and the attitudes of the individuals themselves and that of the Negro children.

The final set of needs might be isolated around the provision and maintenance of materials, curriculum, and educational plant itself for the education of the children. In very few instances have any efforts been made to recognize that the complex needs of Negro children cannot be met by the current system as it is. The needs of Negro youth are so varied and extensive that nothing short of a system of special education will suffice. Dr. John H. Fischer, President of Teachers College, Columbia University, once said:

"Of every one hundred youngsters who are still dropped from school, thirty to thirty-five lacked even rudimentary learning mainly because we don't know how to teach them. In thousands of cases, we don't know how to talk to them well enough to get them to listen."

Yet, despite the admission of basic weakness in the existing system and the basic orientation, the high impact, low probability remedy proposed by those victims who suffer from the system is "racial integration of the schools."

#### THE ASSUMPTION AND PREMISES OF THE SCHOL INTEGRATIONIST

Rather than criticize a particular point of view, perhaps it would be far wiser to isolate the assumptions that seem to govern the actions of the school integrationist forces.

1. The United States is a democracy.
2. Public education can play a great part in the training of young people for life in a democracy.
3. The values of society can be

changed by a weak minority within that society.

4. Negroes, the weak minority whose basic cultural institutions are authoritarian in nature and constituency, can help whites achieve racial democracy.

5. Whites believe in democracy and recognize in integrated education a means to achieve the extension of fruits of freedom to all.

6. Integration alone will make it possible to solve the complex educational problems of Negro children.

7. The unorganized and the poor in the ghettos have no opinion or ideas worth considering.

8. The educational revolution of the unorganized and the poor should start where their leaders are.

9. The educational system is vulnerable to a massive attack on a city-wide front, utilizing methods of propaganda, conference, picketing and boycotts, and ultimately achieving so-called agreements.

## EDUCATION

In isolating these assumptions, we can more closely examine each of them. Notice that all assumptions are based on false premises. These premises can be disproved by currently available scientific information. Perhaps some of the loudest proponents of integration have not really understood the nature of this society or the nature of their own demands. By integration of the schools, the victims of this system are petitioning the profiteers to end the most profitable system based on inequality. The integrationists wish that their children be given an equal chance by a system designed to perpetuate inequality.

For several important reasons, in spite of their basic errors, the integrationists have come to dominate the struggle for better education (and life) for Negroes. The reasons center about the unconscious psychological needs that "integration" serves:

1. The need to be part of a nation—a need which is all the more pressing among Negroes since they have essentially rejected identification with Africa. Ironically for

the Negro, in accepting the values and aspirations of this society, the effects of the pattern of inequality become more demoralizing.

2. The need not to look deeply into things. Americans are a people who do not look into philosophies; they are pragmatic (what works is right). Because the system of public education doesn't work in their favor, Negroes think it is wrong. Negroes consider themselves part of the "public." What they fail to recognize is that the system works as it was designed to work, and for that reason, the system has effectively evaded their attempts to reform it.

3. Integration, as a proposed solution for inequality, fits the basic requirement of American life—a proposed solution that doesn't deal with the evil. Integration then serves this society's needs to appear to be changing while remaining pretty much the same.

What becomes amazing, therefore, is not the obstacles that lie in the path of the integrationists, but the success that they have had. The leaders of the integrationists seek to solve problems by failing to recognize the problems and failing to address themselves to those problems. The integrationists in their misplaced zeal are attempting "high impact, low probability" changes in contending with an amoral foe of incalculable cunning who has legitimized and legalized his genocide.

## WHAT CAN NEGROES DO ABOUT INEQUALITY IN EDUCATION?

In a moment of rare candor Adam Walinsky's writing in last July 4th's edition of *New Republic* showed that the middle class of America resisted and would resist any attempts to improve the work, status, housing and education of the poor (and parenthetically Negroes). Therefore, we are dealing with a symptom of a radical problem (a problem of the roots of the society, the traditional Latin root of radical). If the problem of education of Negro youth is a radical problem, then conservative, moderate and liberal remedies are not going to

solve the problem. At best these types of proposals will only treat the symptom. These remedies have included conferences, studies, and begging demonstrations. The limitation of these types of approaches are obvious if the intention of the white society and its leadership is the maintenance of inequality.

To begin at the logical beginning point, Negroes have to cast away their historic blinders to the system's realities and must face the true nature of the capitalistic, exploitive beast which grinds up everybody—black, white, yellow—with greedy selfishness and supremacy mythology. With the Negroes' new look at "what is," not as an historical accident, but the logical result of certain beliefs, behavior, and a genuine wish not to change the illogical and irrational, they are ready to build a new set of premises.

## A NEW SET OF PREMISES ABOUT EDUCATION

"As a man thinketh so is he."

1. Formal education is an urgently needed and important cultural value in this technologically advanced era.

2. The American is not committed to equality of educational opportunity for the poor or Negroes.

3. Negroes as a group, or any group for that matter, cannot serve two masters: themselves and the cultural value system of the oppressive white society.

4. The basic unit of education is the family. Strengthening the family (developing life-preserving values for the lower-class Negro family) will strengthen the thrust toward improvement of educational status.

5. Any barrier that prevents Negro youth from attaining the goal of a quality education to a level commensurate with his ability must be removed.

6. The solution of the problem of the education of the Negro is not solely an educational but a cultural problem. A problem of a society whose verbalizations are about equality, but whose pragmatic reality is inequality.

## EDUCATION cont.

These premises suggest that the Negro, particularly the lower class, might begin by believing that education is important. Often the culturally induced anti-intellectualism, plus the predatory zeal of Negro religion, fuse to form a skepticism about book learning and better education that poses a great inner barrier to attempts to improve educational conditions of the Negro. The Negro should answer for himself whether he considers education important enough to make the appropriate sacrifices to achieve it.

Examination of these new premises then provide more opportunity for action programs on all sorts of levels—individual, family, community, city. These premises suggest that attempts to change any society and its practices begin by changing the individual and subgroup practices first. These premises allow for using existing society's deliberately imperfect apparatus, yet not depending upon this apparatus to provide most of the basic necessities. Not only is the existing apparatus utilized, but it is intelligently supplemented by action by the Negro group.

The new premises further recognize and identify indirectly the enemy and enemies that exist within the Negro community. Institutions like the Negro church, the petit bourgeoisie whose interest and goals are the maintenance of present levels of ignorance have to be removed, especially since the Negro church and the black bourgeoisie produce leaders who, by their very belief systems, and the action which develops from the belief systems, foster the historic ethnic dualism.

### AFTER PREMISES, STRATEGY: THE LONGEST WAY ROUND IS THE SHORTEST WAY HOME

One important observation that can be made about the Negroes' struggle for equality of opportunity in America is that "Negroes tend to try to take the shortest way to the objective." Perhaps if we recall the complex nature of educa-

tional needs of Negro students, we may come to realize that perhaps the longest way round is truly the shortest way home.

Three lessons can be learned from the years 1963 and 1964 with their glowing, unfulfilled promise:

1. Since the society is built on the maintenance of inequality, pleas and protest aimed at education and informing whites of the consequences of their deeds are patently foolish. Those who have the power educationally know already; those who benefit from the set-up don't want to know; those who aren't directly affected don't care.

2. The society is quite upset about the local community residents who organize and develop their own indigenous leadership and strike out against the local colonial administration.

3. Taking the people right where they are at the level of understanding that they develop a powerful pressure, can be put on the true, invisible decision makers (the profiteers). This is the lesson from the Mobilization for Youth and the rent strikes of Jessie Gray. The more frequently we begin by taking the people where they are and showing them the interlocking directorate of injustice involving the political, social, economic and educational apparatus of this society, the more quickly they will recognize the vulnerable interests and the interested parties in the Negroes' interests (including those other Negroes—profiteers).

The foes of racial tyranny cannot afford to underestimate the enemy. The description of the system of educational inequality should suggest that we are dealing with a foe of incalculable craftiness and finesse. Some of his best agents and allies are Negroes. Some of the Negro improvement organizations that have pretended to labor most tirelessly for "reform" are part of the enemy's apparatus. Efforts, therefore, to secure a total solid front of Negro organizations are a colossal waste of time. Such a united front generally produces conservative compromises far short of the original objective.

## MAXIMS OF STRATEGY FOR OPERATION EDUCATION

1. Organization should be on a school-by-school basis, neighborhood-by-neighborhood level first. This group should take over PTA's if necessary, work through PTA's where possible, and attempt to provide another focus to PTA besides cake sales, etc. Efforts should be made to include Negro males (the missing person of the Negro family). This is their basic training for the next level of struggle.

2. Goals should be developed from the expressed wishes of the parents.

3. Leaders should be chosen on their ability to think and perform, not on their ability to talk or their occupation.

4. Negro teachers should not be perceived as friends or accepted until they prove by their actions that their allegiance is to the education of the children first, even at the expense of their own personal aspirations.

5. Every effort should be made to realize specific goals (substance), specific enemies, and specific allies if any.

6. No conference should be planned downtown. All conferences should be held within the black community only. No press conference or T.V. appearances for leaders. Use of Negro radio apparatus and newspaper is sufficient to acquaint local residents of some plans. Since organization is on a local house-by-house, street-by-street level, these means are sufficient. The press and T.V. must be recognized as the communication apparatus of those in control. It is silly to try to use it against him without slick operators as slick as the power group generally is.

7. There is a need for development of coercive machinery to help those individuals and leaders who might be wavering, to gain new perspective about the problems and cooperate. One major weakness in all Negro movements has been the inability to reward the effective good guys and punish the bad guys. Without such apparatus, organization will always be weak.

8. Effort should be made to train and develop 2nd and 3rd level leadership before any struggle is undertaken.

9. Effort should be developed to train and teach individual Negro parents on every grade level exactly what they (and their children) should be doing.

10. There needs to be developed coercive techniques to induce the white majority to keep its "agreement." Without such machinery, the tendency of capitalists, not to pay off an agreement will assert itself.

11. Constant investigation of the situation and evaluation of tactics should be built into the machinery in order to avoid the breakups and lulls which menace all volunteer organizations.

12. Development of professional advisory machinery that can help provide basic information program review and development of assignment for the membership.

We are, therefore, embarking on a protracted struggle to take over the machinery of our neighborhoods and therefore capturing one part of the machinery of this domestic colonial system under which the Negro lives. None of the steps can be utilized by itself. Each is only part of a whole.

#### TACTICS AND TIMING

All too often tactics are confused with strategy, and strategy in turn is confused with tactics. Tactics, in this case, are seen as everyday goal-oriented behavior which must grow out of the local conditions and situations. This article presumes wide differences in techniques for the maintenance of educational inequality based on local conditions, history, industry, labor needs, etc. Therefore, the presentation of tactics would be little more than wishful thinking.

Those interested in the over-all presentation must begin to do some thinking on their own about their local situation perhaps using the Maxims of Strategy we have suggested, or, based on their analysis, develop their own maxims. There is nothing sacred about the strategic concepts.



ROY DICAROVA

"Since the society is based on the maintenance of inequality, . . . . . pleas and protests are patently foolish."

#### WHO WILL DO IT

It is far easier to present a plan to oppose educational inequality than to find those whose minds, hands and hearts will put it into practice. All too few Americans, black or white, understand the Negroes' colonial situation, the pragmatic nature of the society, or the internal restraints within the Negro community which operate in favor of the status-quo. If they did, the system would have a difficult time rationalizing its existence. Yet despite the apparent lack of willing hands, this program is presented in a firm belief that within a few years all other avenues will have been explored and exhausted by Negroes in their bid for FREEDOM NOW.

#### CONCLUSION

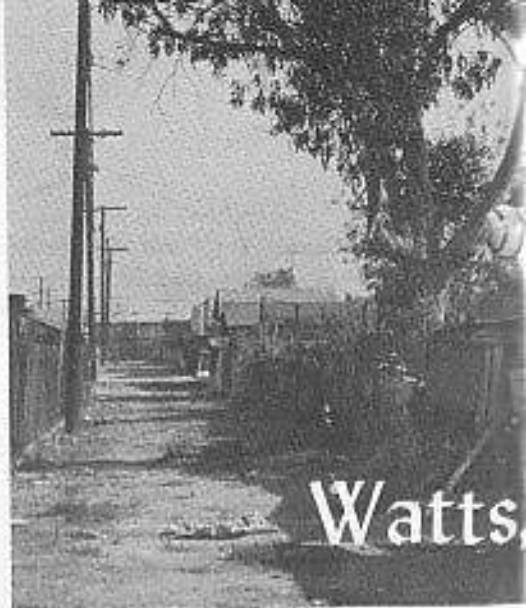
"Why Doesn't Public Education Teach the Negro Child" takes the position that the reason lies in the complex, pragmatic system developed by this nation. The educational system reflects the fact that the cultural system is a system designed to perpetuate inequality. The entire system of inequality is profitable both financially, intellectually, and emotionally to the dominant group. The public educational system with its built-in inequality in the land of the free survives through the willing, unknow-

ing cooperation of the various strata of society.

The major effort to alter this system of inequality has been through efforts of school integration. The assumptions of the school integrationists have been examined and found that these premises ignore the basic reality and go off on the wings of the democratic bluebird of happiness (which we know has nothing to do with the problem).

Finally, this author proposed new premises and new strategy aimed at organizing as many of the victims as possible to fight the ravaging beast of domestic colonialism (a synonym for the system of inequality). There has been a deliberate attempt to show that the road will be long, with innumerable obstacles, internal barriers, and the monumental opposition of the profiteers. Yet this author is certain that there is no way to defeat a colonial master by integrating within the society. DuBois expressed it most clearly when he stated: "A system that enslaves you cannot free you."

"A little child shall lead them," states a Biblical quote. Perhaps the Negro child can lead his elders to learn something about education and life itself. Everybody else has tried and failed. Perhaps a little child will truly lead them.



## Far From the Photos by Fi

Last year NBC had a special program on the so-called riots that took place last year in Harlem, Rochester, New Jersey and other northeastern cities showing that these outbreaks were caused by the resentment and frustration generated by inhuman living conditions, unemployment and police brutality.

Los Angeles, however, was shown as a middle income utopia with clean streets, nice houses and of course no cause for the type of discontent that could cause a "riot."

But there is another side to this picture of contentment that NBC failed to show. Watts is a part of that other side.

Watts, an almost all black community of 41,000 people, is at the same time a part of the overall Negro community and a community unto itself. Watts has historically been a stopping over point for Negroes coming from the deep south looking for better jobs and housing in the Los Angeles area. Consequently it combines the qualities of a small quiet rural town with the frustrations of a big city ghetto. Because most of these immigrants have moved into newer better housing in the westside of L.A. (as have most of the youth) as better paying jobs opened up to them, Watts has been left a run down, economically stagnant community of very young and old, of unskilled undereducated people, with little community pride or spirit. Deserted by the black bourgeoisie. Preacher and politician lecture the residents of Watts





# Los Angeles

## Black Bourgeoisie Gerald Whitney

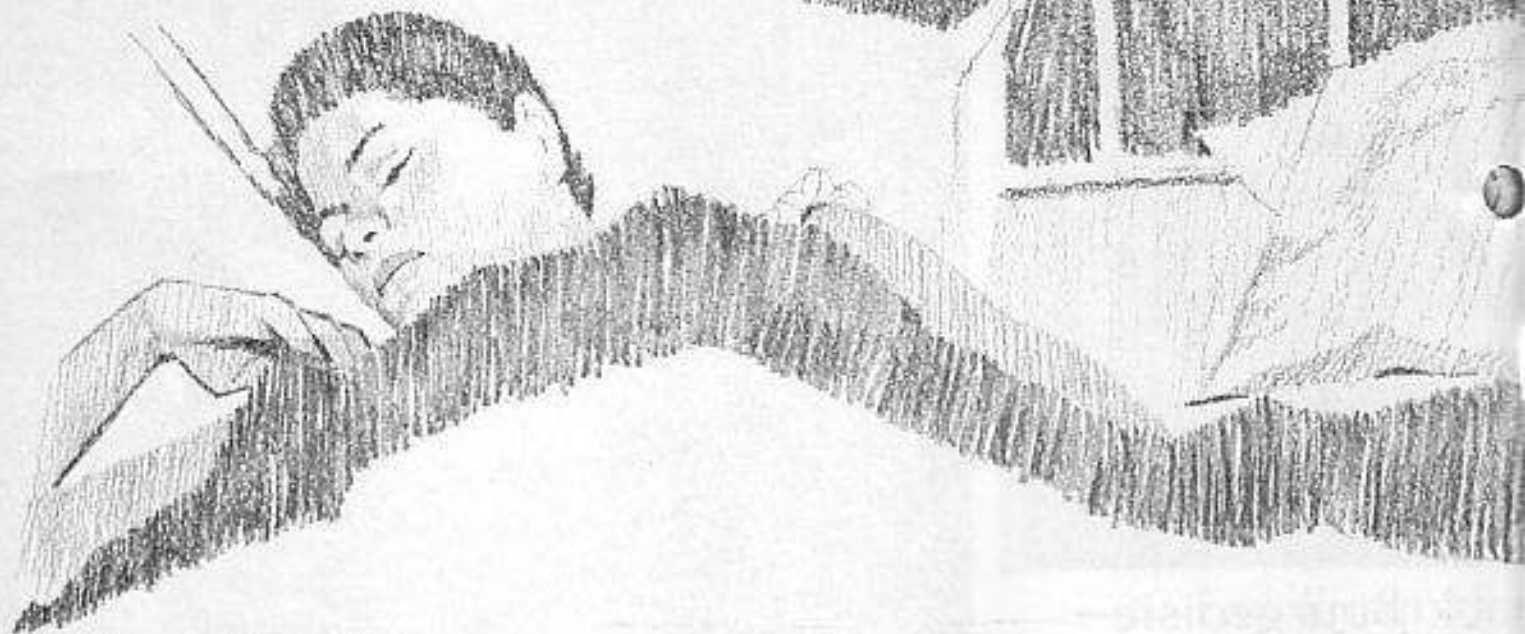
to "stay in Watts and improve yourselves so you'll be good enough for the white man." At the same time, absentee landlords who own two-thirds of Watts, and white merchants who have run down the shopping section so badly that most people spend their money in the white neighborhood across the tracks, parasitically drain the community of the little money it does have.

Nor do our "leaders" talk of the Health Department that tells you of the "poor landlord" or of the tenants who "want to live that way."

Watts is a community still trying to "make it" but beginning to wonder if it's worth the effort; still dazzled by the clean shiny materialism of the big city, yet not sure it wants to become like its westside brothers who "used to be colored myself;" a community still obsessed by Cadillac dreams, yet always aware of the blue uniformed realities of "hey boy, where'd you get the new car;" a community reading editorials about "progress" in local "Negro" newspapers and headlines of "Negro Flees Miss. Terror—Shot by L.A. Cop;" a community that doesn't know where it's going or even if it is going.

Unfortunately there will have to be a great deal more suffering and struggle before this ideological confusion is resolved and the mass unity and active militancy needed to challenge the white power structure in L.A. is gained.





## Short Story

# Any Other Reason

Alfred Gray, Jr.

"Daddy!" cried little Wendel when Ben arrived home. Ben picked him up and machine-gunned his face with kisses. "Look Daddy," Wendel pointed to a wobbly looking papier mache giraffe he had made at the private nursery school.

"Say, how old are you, son?" Ben asked with a kind of bogus sternness.

"I'm five and I'm gonna be six in January."

"Whoa! Listen to the little killer."

"You're a killer! Don't call me a killer. I'm not no killer."

"Oh you aren't, eh. Well, don't you think it's time we started shaking hands like men?"

"Well, put me down so I can shake your hand, daddy."

"Don't talk so fresh to your daddy!" snapped a feminine voice. Jeanette, a coffee-and-cream skinned beauty, came out of the kitchen and walked up to Ben as he was putting Wendel, now subdued, down and bumped her cheek with his. "Don't let 'em talk to you like that. I've told you time and time again."

"Yes, Jeanette," said Ben, somewhat hollowly.

"So how's my sweet CPA?"

"Fair to middlin..."

Jeanette snapped to Wendel, "Go inside and get yourself ready for dinner, you. And be quick about it."

"Yes, mommy." Wendel disappeared.

"Listen, Ben, I have a board meeting tonight at eight, so I'm a little pressed. I want you to pick up a can of tomato sauce for me, huh. You don't mind, do you?"

Ben glanced into the bedroom and saw that the phone was on the pistachio quilt on the bed. Something burning seemed to stab his chest. "Oh no. I can take Wendel."

"You'll do no such thing. Wendel's washing up now. And you're going to take 'em out? Really, Ben, sometimes you don't use your head."

Ben swallowed that as Jeanette slapped him on the arm and smiled. "Got a surprise for you later."

Her surprises usually turn out to be treats for her, thought Ben, not me. Nevertheless he still wondered what it would be, though he really didn't care. He didn't rush to the store and wouldn't rush back. Instead he strolled and let his mind wander. All sorts of remembrances meandered in and out, some flashing, some blending with others...

one of his rare attempts to make a quick survey of his life and derive some essence from it. Inevitably there'd be his days of glory: the high marks, roaring fraternal brothers, track feats that even astounded him.

And then it'd happened which seemed to end it all.

"Ben, you're an intelligent lad. I can see that just looking at you."

"Yessir."

"You know why I asked to speak to you?"

"I could guess, sir."

"It couldn't possibly work between you and my daughter. You know that, don't you?"

Silence.

"You've got your way of life. Lucy's got hers. You'd have your people to reckon with. Lucy'd have hers. Now why set yourselves up in a position where one morning you'd wake up, face each other, and find hate there between you? Think about that."

"Yessir."

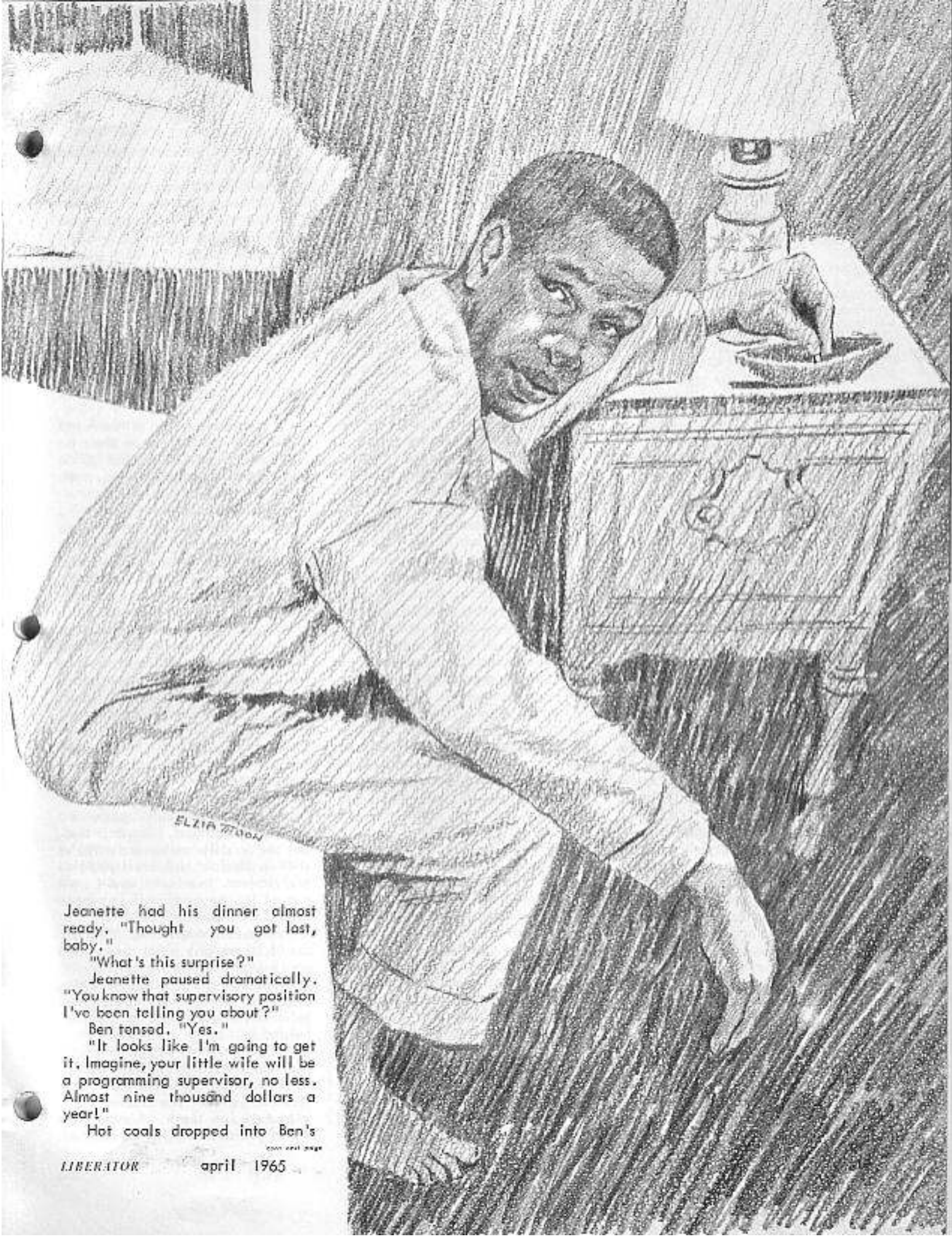
"You're two intelligent young people."

"Yessir."

"It couldn't possibly work. You know that."

"Yessir."

When Ben returned home



Jeanette had his dinner almost ready. "Thought you got last, baby."

"What's this surprise?"

Jeanette paused dramatically. "You know that supervisory position I've been telling you about?"

Ben tensed. "Yes."

"It looks like I'm going to get it. Imagine, your little wife will be a programming supervisor, no less. Almost nine thousand dollars a year!"

Hot coals dropped into Ben's

continued on page 2



Alfred Gray, Jr., English teacher, ex-athlete, has had two plays produced (off-Broadway) and has been published in Rights and Reviews and other publications. Having just finished a screenplay, he has definite ideas on negritude-oriented cinema and theater. This is his first for the LIBERATOR.

**ANY OTHER REASON** cont. stomach. He reached for her and pulled her to him.

"Stop bothering mommy!" shouted Wendel.

"Hush you!" snapped Jeanette.

"That's really wonderful," said Ben. "Congratulations."

As the words squeezed out of his mouth he thought of that expression that had clouded her face when he'd told her he'd failed his third straight junior supervisory interview. It was an expression that was at once pained, disappointed, not only in the world that had blocked him in his career progress but in him as a man, and he knew it, felt it even. Something in Jeanette had also come to an end. This he knew and felt, along with that icy pressing on his stomach.

Jeanette pushed him away. "I have to go now. Wendel and I ate already. We'll use the sauce tomorrow. Now when you put Wendel to bed please don't forget to button up his bottom, huh." A perfunctory peck and she was gone. She'd stopped asking him about his career progress ever since that time.

Ben was still awake when Jeanette got back. It was about twelve. She babbled on excitedly about the meeting but he wasn't really listening. He was concentrating on trying not to notice that knot which still thumped lightly away in his stomach.

"Maybe now we'll get money enough to move away from Harlem,"

he said and swallowed.

"Certainly not," she snapped. "I'm not moving away from Harlem. I told you that. I don't understand you. Our friends are here."

"Friends."

"You think those teeth-showing white neighbors'll be your friends? If they do accept you which I doubt, you'll still have to examine your back every night when you come home to make sure a knife wasn't in it."

"Oh stop it, Jeanette."

"What do you mean, stop it? Do you think your little ofay girl friend Lorraine who rides to work with you, really cares for you? She'd be the first one out there serving coffee to the rock throwers. The dimples would come with the sugar too."

"All right, Jeanette. All that's unnecessary."

"I don't know why you want to move from Harlem. If we lived in a bad section here maybe I'd see it. But we live in a nice neighborhood. I happen to know, as a matter of fact, that there're a lot of suburban neighborhoods that're not as good as this one. It's convenient. You don't even need the car except how else can you give Lorraine a lift to work every day. We have a nice apartment here. Nice furniture. Clean. No lawn to mow. I know I'm not gonna give myself varicose veins mowing anybody's lawn. Nice house. Nice neighbors. You won't get them up in Valhalla. Only miles and miles of teeth. You got soul folks all around you here."

"Aw soul baloney."

"You're just jealous because you don't have any. Wendel goes to an excellent day nursery."

"It's costing us enough."

"It's worth it."

"That's worth it, but a home in the suburbs isn't."

"There's no comparison, Ben. Do you want a house wrapped around your neck for the rest of your life? No. I'm not moving and that's that. You want to move up there with the crickets. You go ahead. Wendel and I are staying right here."

"I don't understand you. I really don't understand you. Most women would be clamoring to get into a

home."

"Well, I just don't understand you."

"Well, that's marriage, isn't it, Ben. It's all peaches and cream at first and then the next thing you know you find out nobody don't understand nobody."

She was in bed now, her back to him. It seemed to be all he saw of her these days. Not that he cared. So he told himself.

The hot coals rolled around in his stomach. He tried to squeeze his thoughts away from them, concentrating on her light blue silk nightgown.

It crossed his mind to reach out and touch it. But even then he could hear her. "You're not gonna want to get up in the morning, now. You know you."

And then he thought that he could feel, through the hot coals, a swelling desire for her. But the hot coals stirred some more. They made themselves felt too insistently.

"Listen, Jeanette, I've lived in this negative place for practically all of my thirty-three years, except for my stint in the service. I'm a CPA and I've achieved that no thanks to living here. I've had to study, function, through fights, cussing, breaking wine bottles, drunks yelling at the top of their lungs. I've had to concentrate while smelling urine, while hearing women screaming and loud radios blasting throughout the house. All right, this particular section's a good neighborhood, I'll admit that, but we're still surrounded. We're still in Harlem and I tell you I've had Harlem. I've had it and I want out of it. Anybody with any sense should want out of it."

He paused and looked at her.

"Is there any other reason why you want to stay in Harlem?"

Only her stillness answered him. Was she asleep? He could never tell. It's always hard to tell from behind.

"I said is there any other reason why you want to stay in Harlem?"

He began to feel his body tremble under the covers. He clenched his teeth. "Jeanette, I asked you something!" he shouted.

"Now answer me! Is there something you want to tell me?"

Jeanette stirred a little, making herself more comfortable, shifting her pillow, patting it, keeping her back to him, and then was still.

Ben stared at her a while, feeling a choking anger welling up in him, then turned his back to her back and stared at the hyacinths on the wallpaper facing him which seemed to be laughing at him. He was now trembling intensely. And he bit his bottom lip hard because he wanted to cry.

Though the phone rang very softly it woke Ben. It was always on Jeanette's side because she used it more in bed. He glanced at the clock without moving his head and saw that it was five minutes to seven in the morning.

He lay still and pretended he was asleep. It was his turn now to pretend, that is, if she had been playing the game before. He heard Jeanette behind him take the phone quietly into the hall and close the door. It was "Mary" most likely, a practical nurse at night. She always called Jeanette at this time. Whenever he told himself this he couldn't help feeling the cynical aura that lined the edges of its significance. He'd met Mary once. And her personality, to him, was not like the personality on the other end that Jeanette was responding to in a soft purring way her muffled voice had, which she didn't give to him now—something he could tell in the dead quiet of the morning with the heightened acuteness of his just-awakened senses. All these jolts in the gut a guy must take in the course of his life.

And amid the distant ticking of the clock he thought of Wendel and became a little frightened. What would become of Wendel? There was implied in this early morning silence, the deadly ticking of the clock, the damning murmur of Jeanette's voice in the hall, an inchoate threat to Wendel. Well, he would see to it that Wendel was protected, if at the sacrifice of everyone and everything else. And he wondered what dress Lorraine would be wearing to work.

## Theater

# The Black Arts

Clayton Riley

A new theatre group called The Black Arts presented a benefit theatre showing on Monday, March 1, at the St. Marks Playhouse in New York City. Setting aside for the moment certain reservations about the plays performed that evening, this organization, its members and the ideas it seeks to bring to the community are all well worth our consideration. The following is from the group's brochure:

"THE BLACK ARTS repertory theatre school, as its name indicates, will be a repertory theatre in Harlem, as well as a school. As a school it will set up and continue to provide instruction, both practical and theoretical, in all new areas of the dramatic arts.

"Acting, writing, directing, set designing, production management workshops will open, aimed at gathering young Negroes interested in entering the professional theatre world. The Black Arts will in turn make use of these students in its own repertory company.

"But the Black Arts will not only encourage interest by young Negroes in the theatre, it will also provide already proven black dra-



AL HICKS

LeRoi Jones

matic talent with a showcase, as well as serving as a cultural center for all the performing arts.

"We will be using the best black talent in this part of the world. We need help! First of all, we need money! Send contributions to:

"THE BLACK ARTS, c/o LeRoi Jones, 27 Cooper Square, New York City 10003."

The plays presented by The Black Arts in their first benefit showcase were LeRoi Jones' "The Toilet" (which is currently showing on a regular off-Broadway basis at the St. Marks, and is a stunning piece of theatre that everyone should make an effort to see); Charles Patterson's "Black Ice," Nat White's "The Black Tramp," and another play by Jones, "Experimental Death Unit #1." The latter three bear some critical evaluation which we will save for another column. Suffice to say for now that The Black Arts group needs and deserves your help, particularly your financial help. Send them a contribution in whatever amount you can afford.

# Selma, Alabama: Black People in Crisis

Lawrence P. Neal

"The troopers continued pushing, using both the force of their bodies and the prodding of their nightsticks.

"A cheer went up from the white spectators lining the south side of the highway.

"The mounted posseman spurred their horses and rode at a run into the retreating mass. The Negroes cried out as they crowded together for protection, and the whites on the sideline whooped and cheered." New York Times, 3/8/65

The man who had brought all of these people to this point was not in Selma; he was in Atlanta, where he stated that he had been "advised" that he should not lead the march because the troopers would block it. So, at the most critical and dangerous moment, a few hundred defenseless non-violent men and women are left to be beaten and maimed, left to go it alone, without even the semblance of leadership.

But this is not really surprising. The South has been leaderless for quite some time. And the man that the power structure is calling a leader is hopelessly sick. He is quoted as saying that: "I am shocked at the terrible reign of terror that took place in Alabama today."

Why the hell should he be shocked? How could he be, after four hundred years of oppression. This man was born in the South. He lived there. Isn't he a nigger like the rest of us?

Leaderless. Especially now, with the death of Malcolm, there is not even a voice that can be raised in adequate opposition to the death-trap into which the brothers and sisters are being led.

In one sense, the man leading these people does not really matter. To attack him personally is to at-

tack a shell, a non-reality. Our most important role must be to come forth with a more realistic attitude toward the struggle. We must aim our most pertinent criticism at the whole range of values and assumptions on which this man and his followers base their struggle.

Many of these people are religious and they do feel that there is a point of morality at which all men can be reached—that the big and little racists of the South and North have within them the capacity to respond to a moral assault. They believe that this society can be reformed by the force of "love." They do believe that self-defense ("violence") is evil. And they have been successful in recruiting a lot of grass roots people on these assumptions.

But Selma means something else to other folks. It means that you are a "nigger" and that the big and little racist from Wallace to Sheriff Clark have no moral basis that we can ever touch. That the society which produces these beasts has not given them any such morality. That black people are more and more the victims of a horrible delusion—democracy; and that black people still have not recognized that the issue is state power and land. These things are not obtainable within the morality or the law that enslaves us. Outside of that "morality" we are more of a threat. The ultimate weapon—and this is only being said for those who are ready, if any of us are—the ultimate weapon is the destruction of those who oppress us; the racist must learn, as Wilkins said, that some of them may get seriously hurt.

This is not insurrection, not yet. We must think in terms of self-defense beyond the tactics of non-violence. The example of Jonesboro, Louisiana, where the black

people have farmed a self-defense unit, is a good model to follow, especially in the rural South.

When a Wilkins can make statements about self-defense, we have come to a serious turning-point in the struggle. And as we get closer and closer to a real confrontation with the racist society, the dangers increase. We are fast approaching that point.

Finally, and this is difficult for most of us to accept, the Federal government that many of us cry out to, will never really help us. Asking for Federal troops is another form of delusion. Those troops, if sent southward, would merely contain the struggle. To prove this point, note that any time they appear it is at a very critical moment. Their role is to suppress and contain all forms of dislocation. We have no one but ourselves. We are in danger and we have no one but ourselves. Any gestures from white America towards our struggle are of a weakening nature. We must begin to think of ourselves as a distinct people with a distinct set of grievances outside of the established framework. We must not ever petition white America for help such as the Nobel Peace Winner did in calling for support from fifty ministers, mostly white, whose presence in Selma will only confuse black people; and further suppress the issue, which is: whether black people will control their own destinies or not.

After Selma, many black people will see the hard truth; many will wonder how they could have ever been so foolish as not to see it. And the "man" who "led" them will be seen as part of a process, a necessary and brutal process; and we will tell stories about him such as are told about the dodo bird, which is now extinct.

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# The Prophet Drew Ali Has Spoken

Joseph Jeffries - Et



"The most ancient names for so-called black people are Nehesu, or Nubian; Ethiopian, and Moor from Ancient Egypt, and Negro or Nigrita from West Africa. All the above are native African words. 'Negro' is probably the oldest as the Negritos are the oldest known branch of the human race. 'Negro' comes from the River Niger. 'Niger' found its way into Latin and, since the people from that region were dark-skinned, Niger, nigra, nigrum came to mean black. Negro, Negrito, Negrita, mean 'the people of the great river.' Black and colored, like white, are, on the other hand, European words. Ethiopian and Moor were popularly used to describe the so-called blacks until 1500. Shakespeare uses 'Negro' only once and uses it synonymously with Moor."

—J. A. Rogers

"The citizens of all free national governments according to their national constitutions are of all one family bearing one free national name. Those who fail to recognize the free national name of their constitutional government are classed as undesirable and are subject to all inferior names, abuses and mistreatment that the citizens care to bestow upon them, and it is a sin for any group of people to violate the national constitutional laws of a free national government and to

cling to the names and principles that allude to slavery."

—Prophet Drew Ali

"The condition of slavery was imposed upon all servants, whether negroes, Moors, mulattoes, or Indians, brought into the colony by sea or land, whether converted to christianity or not, provided they were not of christian parentage or country, or, if Turks or Moors, in amity with his majesty."

—Harper's Encyclopaedia, Vol. 8, Slavery, p. 206

"If Italians, Greeks, English, Chinese, Japanese, Turks and Arabians are forced to proclaim their free national name and religion before the constitutional government of the United States of America, it is no more than right that the law be forced upon all American citizens alike. In all other governments, when a man is born and reared there and asked his name and national descent and fails to give it, he is misused, imprisoned, or exiled. Any group of people that fails to answer up to the constitutional standards of law by name and principle because to be a citizen of any government, you must claim your national name descent; because they place their trust upon issue and names that they are not a part and parcel of, and neither were they formed by their forefathers. Every nation must bear a national descent

name of their fore-fathers because honoring thy fathers and thy mothers your days will be lengthened upon this earth."

"Money doesn't make the man; it is free national standards and power that makes a man and a nation. The wealth of all national governments' gold, silver and commerce belongs to the citizens alone and without your national citizenship by name and principle, you have no true wealth."

"Through your free national name you are known and recognized by all nations of the earth that are recognized by said national government in which they live. The 14th and 15th Amendments brought the north and south in unit placing the southerner which was at that time without power with the constitutional body of power; and at that time, 1865, the free national constitutional law that was enforced since 1774 declared all men equal and free and if all men are declared by the free national constitution to be free and equal, since that constitution has never been changed there is no need for the application of the 14th and 15th Amendments for the salvation of our people and citizens."

"And I, the Prophet, do hereby believe that this administration of the government being more wisely prepared by more genius citizens that believe in their free national constitution and laws, and through the help of such class of citizens, I the Prophet truly believe that my people will find the true and divine way of their fore-fathers and learn to stop serving camel customs and merely ideas of man, that has never done them any good, but has always harmed them."

There is but one issue, for our people to be recognized by this government and of the earth and that comes only through the connection of the Moorish Divine National Movement which is incorporated in this government and recognized by all other nations of the world. And through it they and their children can receive their divine rights, unmolested by other citizens.





Robert Collier



Walter Bowe



Khaleel Sayeed

# Mother Howard and the Liberty Three

## Virginia L. Hughes

In the hallways:

"They're giving the school a bad name."

"I think they just wanted to get into the headlines."

"Those guys are just a bunch of nuts."

"He said something about it being symbolic."

In the classroom—from a white professor:

"I think those guys have hurt the civil rights cause."

From another white professor:

"Howard's name has been smeared. Now the F.B.I. is swarming over the campus and questioning the teachers."

It was the day after the story of the three Afro-Americans' supposed plan to demolish the government symbols was published and the administration of Howard University bowed and scraped perceptibly more than usual to the F.B.I. and ever-present State Department men on Howard's campus. The students grinned wider and laughed louder than usual at the professors' unfunny jokes. Particularly the one that went, "How many of you are taking demolition 1 and 2?" Most nauseating of all were the pep talks on good old America that the professors zealously spouted as they put in their bid to keep their jobs. These were the reactions that I observed. If there were any reactions at all, for some just laughed when

informed of the story and went on to discuss the next fraternity bash.

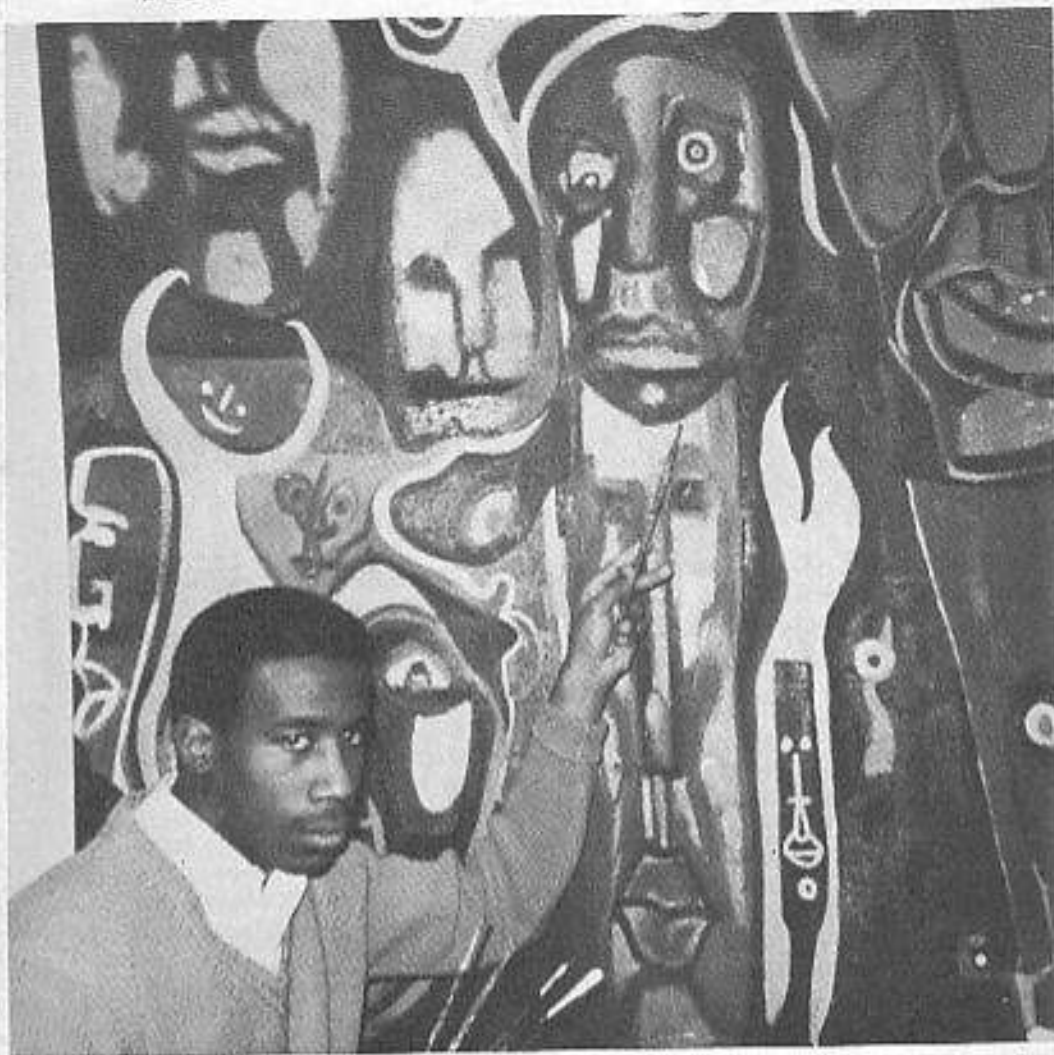
Howard University is an anachronism. It is a predominantly Negro University where no civil rights group is allowed to operate on campus grounds. It is a campus consisting approximately of 7000 students where the five girls who wear their hair natural cause stares, chuckles and snide remarks. It is a school that is government sponsored, government controlled and where many teachers who just happen to be employed by the State Department pour American propaganda in the form of lectures into the rinsed brains of the robot students. It is a school where the grade one gets is a reflection of how well one conforms to the white standards of beauty, to the white political judgments and how well you can repeat verbatim on an exam, the professor's lecture notes.

It is this kind of student and teacher that condemns Walter, Khaleel and Robert. They rushed to the press with statements of condemnation. However, those of us who had favorable comments were unable to get our comments printed in the school newspaper. A fearless school editor had the recklessness to make a favorable statement about Khaleel (an ex-Howardite) and was immediately condemned and implicitly threatened by a faculty member. Washington is full of black slums in proximity to Howard. Discrimination in all segments of life is

rampant in Washington—despite the statues. Police brutality and oppression is an everyday fact. Howard University is a police state in microcosm—a campus whose security guards brutalize the students, as happened recently. But according to the general consensus of opinion here at Howard, America is the long (and I mean long) promised land, Dr. Martin Luther Kingfish is the black Moses, and Walter, Khaleel, and Robert are of the criminal element.

However, there are negligibly few of us here who know that the men who allegedly wanted to destroy the fallacious symbols of liberty are law abiding, intelligent, humane, peaceful, sane and truthful men. Most of all, truthful. They are men who know that the Poverty Program is a lie, that the Great Society is a lie, that Civil Rights is a big lie and that America is a great big white lie. They are men who, like us, read about black people getting bombed, killed, mutilated and cuffed on the mouth while the reincarnation of Booker T. Washington—Dr. Martin Luther King—promises that "not a hair on a white man's head will be harmed in the Negro's quest for freedom." They are men who, like us, hate lies. And Patrolman Robert Woods, a traditional "house nigger," ran and told Mister Charlie. As Howard University illustrates, there are still quite a few "house niggers" left over.

## Art



### Bedwick Thomas and the Black Art Movement

Many of us are not aware of the monumental contributions of the so-called "primitive" black man to modern art. It was his sculpture and painting that inspired many of the great masters and gave birth to the modern art movement. To this day his sculpture stands alone in strength and importance.

The creative genius of the "primitive" painter and sculptor was stymied with the ravaging of Africa. His contributions to modern dance and jazz however, are very evident today. While the black man is being represented in most of the art forms of today, he is virtually unknown in art and sculpture. This should not be so. In the words of Thomas Bedwick:

"Versatility, awareness of the world and knowledge of the contributions made by our ancestors will be important factors in the search for artistic perfection and success in the art world.

"Every artist has an obligation to himself and humanity. The quest for beauty and originality is foremost in my thinking."

Born in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, Bedwick is mainly self-taught. However, graduation from Fashion Industries High School and courses at the New York School of Visual Arts have given him a thorough background in fashion design, illustration and commercial art.

His studios, located at 551 and

552 Shapherd Avenue, Brooklyn, have an extensive collection of oils, watercolors, woodcuts and drawings priced to suit the economic status of the buyer.

Bedwick Studios also has the facilities to handle all types of commercial work. Since opening in November he has already designed several brochures, posters, leaflets and layouts for many social and business organizations.

Bedwick is a member of the 20th Century Creators, a group of young Afro-American artists who staged Harlem's first outdoor art show last summer, where he won first prize. (It was run by Mrs. Rahman and James Sneed.) Bedwick is a member of the fast growing Universal Art Studios.

Formerly a professional bassist, Bedwick's interest in jazz is very evident in many of his paintings. His close association with Pomusic-art Inc., a jazz culture organization, has further stimulated his conception of jazz as an art form. Beside directing the art department of this vital organization, he has contributed his time and paintings to many of their programs.

"We must believe in our vast untapped creative powers and search for the truth in ourselves. We must not be confined to the many false values of today's art world. This is the mistake that has kept the black man off the art scene for so long. Now is the time to look for new inspiration, different channels of expression. I believe jazz is the answer."

Some of Bedwick's recent group showings have been at the St. Marks Gallery, Cauntea Cullen Library, Hamilton Grange Library and Bowery Savings Bank.

His works are in the permanent exhibits of Universal Studios Gallery in the Bronx, Theodor Decorators, Afro-Art Gallery and Minars Fine Furniture in Manhattan and Bestu Galleries in Brooklyn.

"Besides my basic love of art, the desire to awaken and elevate the stature of my people will compel me to dedicate my life to art, and the development of our culture."



Latin America has a long tradition of so-called bloodless palace coups, the changing of one military clique for another. A kind of gentleman's agreement exists: "you got yours (American aid), now let me get mine." Not so for Africa. Political assassination has always been an effective weapon in the hands of the colonialist enslavers of Africa in disposing of militant African nationalist leaders.

On November 3rd, 1960, Dr. Felix-Roland Moumie, President of the Union of the Population of the Cameroons, died in Geneva, Switzerland of thallium poisoning administered to him by a member of "La Main Rouge," a secret terrorist organization in the service of French imperialism. One of Dr. Moumie's last statements was, "My mission is to take care of the spirit and the body at the same time—to heal sickness, but also to awaken the class conscience of the working masses and to mobilize them against the foreign capitalistic monopolies."

In February 1961 the world was shocked and horrified to learn that Patrice Lumumba, Prime Minister of the Republic of the Congo, was

brutally murdered by paid assassins in the employ of breakaway Katanga Province strongman Moïse Tshombe. Later that year, African and European agents, operating out of the safety of Katanga, assassinated Prime Minister Prince Rwagasore of Burundi. In September 1963 Foreign Minister Nimbona was gunned down; and in May 1964 Prince Katamari was murdered. The fledgling Republic of Burundi, in four years, has suffered the loss of three of its most militant leaders and spokesmen at the hands of the hired gun, operating with impunity out of Katanga.

The Republic of the Congo under Moïse Tshombe has now become the center of anti-African nationalism. Plots against such African states as Congo, Brazzaville, Tanzania, Sudan and Uganda are part of the daily diet of intrigues instigated by American agents, operating behind elaborate propaganda machinery of "anti-communism" and other such pro-western slogans as "free elections" and "democracy."

In the November 1964 issue of VIGILANCE, a magazine published in Dar-es-Salam, Tanzania an article appeared accusing United States agents of trying to provoke

an incident that would lead to disorders in Burundi, in order to give Tshombe and his army of white mercenaries an excuse to invade Burundi under the pretext of saving the Republic for the "free west." Fortunately that particular plot failed. The assassination of the three nationalist leaders in Burundi is only one link in the chain of political assassinations that leads directly back to Tshombe and the Congo.

Friends of African liberation in the United States have a particular responsibility in this matter. The late President Kennedy approved the reorganization and expansion of what he euphemistically called "para-military" operations in the Pentagon. This program is, of course, ostensibly directed against communist subversion of U.S. interests (in other countries), but remembering that Patrice Lumumba himself was smeared in the U.S. press as a communist menace, we have reason to believe that the primary victims of U.S. para-military skullduggery will continue to be the champions of national liberation in Africa, Asia and Latin America who must inevitably come into conflict with U.S. imperialist interests.

## Letters

Dear Sir:

As a long-time admirer of and sometimes contributor to LIBERATOR, I hesitate to venture any criticism, but somehow your remarks on the death of Lorraine Hansberry left too much unspoken.

During the twelve years I knew her, I saw her infrequently, but I cherished her friendship because she was an unflinching revolutionary who could be depended on never to compromise with the enemies of her people. Probably unintentionally, your obituary implies that she was somehow limited by having been born into the black middle class. But anyone who knew her well can affirm that nothing could have been further from the truth. We have all seen the deterioration of some of our celebrities, born without a pot, who suddenly strike a pay lode. I have often wondered if what saved Lorraine was that she was not awed by the sudden acquisition of relative wealth, having been near it all her life. Indeed, the most serious charge I ever heard raised against her was that she was spending her "Raisin" money on all sorts of silly things (like the race struggle) without a thought for her personal future.

It is no mark against Lorraine that she was fortunate enough to attend a university. By the time she went to New York she had a very sound knowledge of the raging world revolution against capitalism, and the black man's stake in it. Naturally she was drawn to the Left, but her quick intelligence and keen sensitivity kept her from being blind to the inadequacies of the progressive movement generally, especially where race was concerned. Slender, energetic, attractive, her horizons extended far beyond the boundaries of the United States. Earlier than most of her generation she understood that the fate of the African raised in the Western world was inextricably related to the African in the home continent, and later she wove this theme beautifully and artistically into "Raisin in the Sun."

She regarded the recognition she received for "Raisin" as something of a freak, but a real oppor-

tunity to speak out for the sons and daughters of Africa everywhere. I once said to her, "Lorraine, when you are on those television programs you act as if you don't expect to be invited back again." She laughed and shrugged, perhaps because it was not within her to act any other way than forthrightly.

The fact that she was criticized by a few actors for not having solved their employment problem is trivial. Neither a Hansberry, Baldwin nor an Ossie Davis, multiplied many times over, will ever solve that problem. The black actor in the American theater lives in an unreal world and he must understand the simple fact that the present system simply will not tolerate but so much exposure of him.

You quite rightly pointed out that "she never sought the limelight or tried to pose as a 'leader' or 'spokesman,' and you wish that other artists would adopt her style. The implication is that artists should do their song-and-dance and leave leadership to others. I would sooner follow an artist into battle than a preacher or a professional politician. Genuine artists, toughened by a society hostile to creativity, are often impractical enough, brave, imaginative and uncompromising enough, to walk into the face of hell where principled objectives are to be won. I once met Lorraine at a party of black and white 'celebrities.' The air was thick with talk of non-violence and how we were going to conquer the enemy with love. Knowing some of her views, I asked her what she was doing there (I was embarrassed because I was there). She replied: "These fools actually believe that stuff, and I just want to be somewhere nearby when they turn the other cheek and Charlie starts cracking their heads. Then I can pass them the machine guns."

She had guts. It took a lot of that for a young woman with only one play behind her, but a promising career, to risk offending the powers that be by tackling the untouchable Dr. Bunche in the pages of the New York Times after the

Lumumba demonstration in the UN in 1961. The diplomat had taken it upon himself to apologize to the UN for his fellow Afro-Americans. Lorraine, aware of his nefarious activities in the Congo during the crisis, ventured to apologize to Mrs. Pauline Lumumba "for our Dr. Bunche."

Lorraine leaves a lonesome place in the hearts of all who knew her. That she has been so cruelly cut down in her prime confirms my belief that there is no God, or if He does exist we must wage war against Him unceasingly, for He is surely on the side of the enemy.

Julian Mayfield  
Accra, Ghana

Dear Editor:

In commenting on Lorraine Hansberry's message I'd like to say there is nothing obscure about it. The story of THE WINDOW is about women and it's about time somebody wrote it in just that way. The Negro Rebellion, including the most radical voice as expressed by the LIBERATOR, ought to scrutinize Miss Hansberry's message again. In THE WINDOW Miss Hansberry dramatizes the degrading positions of all females including those who are wealthy. The LIBERATOR could not care less, I suppose, since its editors are quite indifferent to the positions of women including those who are black and poor. The Negro rebellion stresses MAN, MANHOOD, MEN, the indignities involved in being a Negro man, last hired, first fired, who cannot protect HIS women. It never occurs to the vocal individuals of the Negro Rebellion that women, black and white, ought to be able to protect themselves, that in all the struggles from Montgomery through Birmingham to Mississippi women have stood shoulder to shoulder with men, often outnumbering them.

Miss Hansberry, a woman, chose white characters to convey her message, a simplification for the sake of strength, I think, since white in itself is non-controversial; also being white, the three women in the play should have belonged to the power-structure as many white

women believe they do. The truth is they do not belong, though white, and are as exploited and degraded by "The Man" as all Negroes of both sexes are. Observe the development of the three women, all sisters, in the play.

1. The young bohemian wife who wants to be a dancer.

2. The upper middle class woman whom Sidney considers a square.

3. The beautiful sister who has used her body for prostitution and wants to reform.

How does Sidney Brustein, humanist and idealist but nevertheless "The Man," relate to these women? The first, his wife, he treats as a child although after his failures in business she works as a waitress to support him. She cooks for him and his friends, receiving no help from any of the man. When she and Sidney quarrel she is asked to take down her hair and "do the Appalachian," a mockery of her ambition to dance. Her husband's ventures have failed. She is never encouraged to attempt to achieve her own ambition whether for failure or success. She has opinions about Sidney's last effort, the election of a certain politician, but Sidney does not listen to her nor do his friends. Sidney's young wife is an absolute nothing to Sidney.

What about the wife's older sister who, as target for Sidney's insulting outbursts, nevertheless understands him, admires him and attempts to accept his way of life, an integrated, bohemian life. To salvage some respect for herself she finally contributes to the campaign fund of the politician whom Sidney, idealist, is working to elect. She tells humane Sidney the hideous story of her life with her husband in which she, having borne a son, is forced to compete with a mistress who has also borne a son. Sidney finally comes to pity her but without respect for her good humor and her strength.

Sidney fails the younger sister altogether and so does the Negro man in the play. The younger sister of Sidney's wife wants to quit whoredom. She is not allowed to, of course. Her lover, the Negro

man, cannot deepen his love with compassion when he learns of the girl's profession. His repudiation of his sweetheart comes about in a certain way, glorification of a proud father who has detested a hard-working wife for accepting second-hand things from the white woman for whom she does day work. The girl who wants to quit whoredom is treated as a second-hand thing, not as a human being in dire need of love and emotional support. Sidney's treatment of this girl scarcely needs comment. He attempts to seduce her and can possibly be forgiven because he is drunk. He is asleep when the homosexual wants to use the girl for his own perverse purposes. He is asleep while the girl is killing herself.

The title of the play has a clear meaning, THE SIGN IN SIDNEY BRUSTEIN'S WINDOW, the sign not obscurely identifying the lovable, aspiring Sidney as "The Man." The Negro character with him assumes in his attitudes toward women the personality, possessiveness and oppression of "The Man." The lordly arrogance of "The Man" identifying with the power structure to which neither Sidney nor the Negro belong.

THE SIGN IN SIDNEY BRUSTEIN'S WINDOW is a courageous, revolutionary play which critics, including critics on the LIBERATOR staff, choose not to notice. A woman tells the story of all women which Len Holt and the LIBERATOR ought to have discovered. Miss Hansberry's play with beautiful artistry calls on women, black and white, to struggle and fight back. What more can a writer do in one play?

Joyce Gourfain

324 Bouton Hall  
State University College  
New Paltz, New York  
February 21, 1965

An Open Letter to the Family of Malcolm X:

We realize that at this time nothing anyone can say will console you in your hour of grief. But we hope that you will some day find

solace in the fact that Malcolm will not be forgotten by his many friends and supporters. It takes more than bullets to kill a man, and Malcolm's memory will live on in the minds and hearts of all those who are fighting for racial justice in the world. We wish to express our deepest sympathy for you in these difficult moments.

Very truly yours,  
Michael Jay Kaufman  
Donald Alan Goldberg  
Dale R. Geduldig  
Robert C. Leshinsky  
Barry Brett  
Thomas Tubman,  
Coordinator Civil  
Rights Group  
Paul Friedman, Chmn  
W.E.B. DuBois Club  
Frank Miato

To the Editor:

I wish to express my appreciation on the articles you've written about our musicians who in my opinion truly compliment Jazz. I am speaking, of course, about such musicians as Jimmy Garrison, Kenny Dorham and many others.

It is unfortunate that there are so many exceptionally good musicians in the Jazz field, whose knowledge of this music could equal those mentioned too frequently in our leading Jazz publications, if not surpass it.

Often I've wished that I could do something for the many musicians of Jazz. Perhaps one day I might be in the position to contribute to this great form of art. However I hope you will continue to publish articles of the musicians who are greatly underrated and ignored.

Thank you.

Mrs. Vaughn Cyrille

Dear Editor:

They call him an extremist, and yet one wanders about Patrick Henry, who said, "Give me liberty or give me death," or Nathan Hale, who said, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country," and became a national hero. Why? Because he made no compromise between life and death, freedom or

## Book Review

### The Man Was a Boy

THE MAN, a Novel by Irving Wallace. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1964. 766 pp. \$5.95.

Nigger an' white man  
Playin' seven-up;  
Nigger win de money—  
Skeered to pick 'em up.  
(p. 253, THE MAN)

THE MAN, by Irving Wallace, is a contemporary concoction of thinly disguised present day civil rights problems and personnel, with a dash of domestic and international issues, and a black president for flavor, aimed at capitalizing on the black boom in the graphic and written arts.

Every conceivable gimmick is thrown into the hopper from which Mr. Wallace attempts to weave a "believable" tale. And tale it is, from the confusion that clouds the Presidential Succession Act, which catapults Douglass Dilman, Negro, into the White House, then a sketchy characterization of the bulgy-eyed poet-laureate of those who believe in the "chocolate colored clatch"; a self-restrained version of the soon to be "canonized" one, to the daughter of a President who passes for white. They are all there, the Southern racist, and the black activists who, as to be expected, are labelled as extremists, agitators, people to be disliked by the "good" Negroes of the United States, notably, the

President himself, who can rightly be viewed as the *Tomus Americanus* par excellence.

Mr. Wallace depicts the first Negro President as a child-like creature, who must depend on his white friends to lead him through the arduous task that confronts the President of this country. And, in a not too subtle manner, Mr. Wallace makes it quite clear that without this type of help, Negroes do not have the backbone nor the ability to be President. Mr. Wallace even suggests that there is not a single black woman who could serve in the capacity of social secretary to the White House.

It is a cliché-ridden novel which, under the veneer of humor and compassion, is an affront to black people.

In his attempt to let President Dilman "grow" in office, Mr. Wallace has him striving to overcome "racial chauvinism." Yet, in reality, it was this racial chauvinism that allowed the Jew, the Irish, the Italian, etc., to become bastions of political and economic power in this the United States of America.

Mr. Wallace would have us believe that the President must show no favoritism, for the office makes him raceless. But, is it sheer coincidence that Texas today is in an economic boom? President Dilman, at all cost, must not give the country a "black government"; refrain from any identification with the

Negro cause per se, for he is the President of the United States first, and second, a Negro. Dilman is even afraid of being seen with his "light skinned" lady friend.

The most reproachful premise is that Negroes must rise above the concept of race, and unite under the banner of Americans, or in more universal terms, brotherhood. While the premise is a desirable goal in a utopian world, it has no meaning in the world in which we live, more specifically, at this juncture in history. Too long have black people labored under the strain of not desiring to "play the game" as the white man does, for as we often say, "we do not want to be reduced to their level." Hence, we are ever loving, and ever understanding. But, while we play games by Christian rules, the white man is "for real."

If we accept the raceless premise, we will never become cohesive as an ethnic group, and any strength that we now possess will forever be diffused; thus the chains that bind us will continue to be fastened to our ankles.

The real merit, if any, of the novel is the brilliant exposition of the ruthlessness of the white man, and what he really feels for the black man. It is also a good lesson plan for those who desire to teach what all "good" Negroes must know.

In short, the book was mis-titled; it should have been called *THE BOY*.  
Carlos E. Russell

#### LETTERS cont.

slavery. Yet Malcolm became an extremist. By what multiple standards do we evaluate such things? Do words of truth, wisdom and courage negate themselves because they come from a black throat? I say no, Malcolm X was no more an extremist than the above-mentioned patriots, whose souls cried out for freedom and brotherhood among men. True, Malcolm taught and spouted the dogma of the Black Muslims, that is to say, the segregationist, escapist doctrine of Elijah Muhammed, but he was far too articulate and erudite to remain with

such a sterile and stagnant philosophy. As long as he, Malcolm, preached the sterile philosophy of the Black Muslims, he was not a threat; but once he went to Mecca, the holy city of Islam, he saw and understood the true doctrine and philosophy of the Moslem religion, that is to say, the brotherhood of man. He had to die as he predicted; for as he would and did say, he could exhume too many skeletons, and pull the sheets off too many people. He had first-hand information of too many organizations and too many pieces to the political puzzle along with too much cour-

age, too much sincerity and an explicit belief in what he fought for and in the end died for. If this makes him an extremist then the world needs extremists, many more than they have now. America will live to regret his untimely death, for as the British have learned of Jomo Kenyatta, he started on one level and grew to another and in so doing prevented more bloodshed than he caused; so could have Malcolm, and those who speak ill of him now will be long forgotten before he is.

C. Moody  
New York City

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