

BLACK POWER

American Opinion Goes To A Berkeley Rally

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■ NO DOUBT in halcyon days of yore, like millions of other Americans, you followed the famous weekly feature in *Life* magazine known as "Life Goes to . . ." You will recall that each week *Life* took you via photographer and reporter to some posh soiree where the Vanasterbilts' spoiled daughter was making her debut, or on a weekend of sailing on Long Island Sound, or perhaps, as Halloween neared, to some extravagant costume party.

Since *Life* has long since been dulled by the disappearance of that feature, AMERICAN OPINION has decided to pick up the gauntlet. We will, in fact, take you to one of the year's outstanding social events — the Halloween Black Power Conference at Berkeley, California. As they say, "It's what's happening, Baby!"

I

THE BERKELEY Black Power Conference was organized and sponsored by the Marxist Students for a Democratic

Society (S.D.S.), whose two-hundred members at Berkeley include a hard core of avowed Communists. The event was announced at a convention of the National Conference for New Politics held at East Los Angeles Junior College in early October. The New Politics group is composed of New Left radicals and obtained its impetus when the Left-wing of the California Democratic Clubs bolted a C.D.C. convention because the rest of the group voted to support the Johnson Administration's War in Vietnam.

The New Politics revolutionaries sought to show their independence by setting out to dump California's "Liberal" Governor Pat Brown. They pointed out that Brown refused to voice support of the Vietcong in the War in Vietnam, that he had fled town to avoid a confrontation when Cesar Chavez and the Marxist "grape strikers" ended their march to Sacramento, and that Brown had not intervened to keep key revolutionaries from being convicted as an aftermath of arrests during the New Left's demonstrations at the Sheraton Palace Hotel in San Francisco. By being willing to sacrifice such a compromising "Liberal," the militant revolutionaries reasoned that they would then be in a position to exert veto power over Democratic Party candidates: In essence they could say, "You play the game our way, all of the time, or we will embarrass you and see that you are defeated. It's our way or the highway, Baby." Governor Pat Brown, it seemed, was expendable in spite of all he had done for the Left in the Golden State.

For their part, the Berkeley revolutionaries said they wanted to dump Brown because he was giving them no resistance, having acceded to all of their demands during the Free Speech Movement in 1964. Now there was nobody to fight with — resulting in no publicity. You can't recruit new revolutionaries or attract attention without some real or imagined grievance, and you can have no grievance when your "opponent" insists on surrendering. The New Leftist leaders at Berkeley claimed to feel that they would be more successful if Brown were replaced with someone who could serve as a symbol of the Hated Right. Ronald Reagan, they reasoned, was a very good terrible example.

It was common knowledge throughout California that if there should be so much as a peep from the militants at Berkeley during the latter stages of the gubernatorial campaign — well, Pat Brown would have less chance with the California voters than Lester Maddox running for Congress from Harlem.



Gary Allen (R.) interviewing at the Rally.

To seal Brown's doom, New Politics and S.D.S. put together the Berkeley Black Power Conference, thereby placing the pro-Brown Berkeley Administration squarely on the hot seat. If the Administration permitted the rally to be held on campus, the publicity would sever the Governor's last thread of hope for re-election; and if the University balked, the campus revolutionaries would have an excellent excuse to rekindle the Free Speech Movement riots — which would also finish Brown.

As usual, the University vacillated. Then, after a suitable amount of haggling, permission was granted. Initially the Administration had said that it was "concerned" that the Black Power Conference was a non-student project since its principal promoter was Castro-trained Jerry Rubin, a national organizer for S.D.S. To show "good faith," and to "prove" that the Conference was to be a student endeavor, S.D.S. agreed not to use sound trucks to advertise the Conference in Oakland and San Francisco, and the Administration then concluded that the Black Power Conference did, indeed, have "educational value," and granted permission to hold it on the Berkeley campus.

Harold Jacobs, head of the Berkeley chapter of S.D.S. even demanded that Berkeley's Student Senate provide his Marxist group with \$500 for plane fares so that "both sides" of the Black Power issue could be represented. Jacobs explained that since Stokely Carmichael would represent the Left, S.D.S. wanted to "balance" the program with someone "more conservative" and had therefore invited Martin Luther King to send a representative. Overwhelmed by this dynamic gesture of moderation, the Berkeley Senate voted S.D.S. a \$500 grant, but a dissident reactionary obstructed democracy by filing a suit with a student Judicial Committee, which issued an injunction preventing S.D.S. from obtaining the student funds.



(1) Steve and (2) Ruth Hamilton of Communist P.L.P., (3) Lieberman of S.D.S., (4) Miller of DuBois Club.

Everything went off as planned — except for one other egregious *faux pas*. S.D.S. forgot to officially invite Berkeley's Negro students to participate in the Conference. This led the Afro-American Student Union, representing a majority of the University's Negro students, to condemn the Conference as "farcical . . . insidious . . . and politically oriented." Don Davis, a senior political science major and leader of the Negro Union, made it clear that his people would not support any effort to solidify and mobilize the Left to sabotage Brown: "What if these tactics backfire? Most S.D.S. people will just shave and go back to New York and the black people will be stuck with Ronald Reagan. . . ." Davis exclaimed. S.D.S. retaliated by denouncing Berkeley's Negro students as "black bourgeois," but Davis got in the last barb, replying: "I don't need some rich white kid from New Jersey to tell me about Black Power." The leader of S.D.S. at Berkeley, it seems, is the white son of a wealthy New Jersey judge.

II

RETURNING to the Berkeley campus for the Black Power Conference was like homecoming day for me. It had been exactly one year since I had been at Berkeley to report for AMERICAN OPINION on the pro-Vietcong International Days of Protest. Not too surprisingly, the same creatures were still haunting the campus. Arriving at Berkeley is like attending a Halloween party where you don't know anybody but recognize all the costumes. It is a synthetic, vicarious, L.S.D. trip into the eerie habitat of the psychotic revolutionary; a hallucinatory psychedelic journey into what you keep telling yourself is an unreal world.

At the entrance to the University, a group of "Nazis" marched and counter-marched in cadence to the ridicule and taunts of the assembled crowd. The "stormtroopers" played their part for that day's show biz in the streets by carrying signs calling for "White Power." A heckler hoisted a hastily created placard demanding "Electric

Power." He was probably the most rational participant I was to see during the whole Halloween weekend.

As I walked onto the Berkeley campus and approached the Sather Gate area, the scene of the Free Speech Rebellion, I noticed dozens of posters ballyhooing coming events guaranteed to broaden one's outlook on life. While one large sign proclaimed that San Francisco's most gigantically endowed topless dancer was going to appear on campus, another announced a debate on whether radicals should support Governor Brown in the forthcoming election. The latter poster revealed that the affirmative in the debate would be advocated by "Carl Bloice, Communist." Mr. Bloice is a reporter for a Communist newspaper, *People's World*, and like the rest of the official Communist Party he was supporting Governor Brown while the nihilists, Maoists, and Trotskyites declared themselves in favor of Brown's opponent.*

The Black Power Conference was planned as a three-day affair, with

workshops on Friday and Sunday to be sandwiched around all-day marathons of Black Power speeches to be delivered at Cal's huge outdoor Greek Theater. The Friday seminar was sparsely attended as St. Clair Drake, Professor of Sociology at Roosevelt University, and Lawrence Levine, Assistant Professor of History at Cal's Davis campus, led a panel discussion on "Historical and Cultural Roots of Black Power." Professor Drake declared that Black Power, like non-violence, "only works because of the threat of violence which lies behind it." He characterized Black Power, which he defined as "race consciousness" and "race pride," as a "specter" which has influenced America since its early days.

* At the New Politics convention in Los Angeles, Dorothy Rae Healy — Chairman of the Communist Party of Southern California — who had just received 86,000 votes in a primary race for Los Angeles County Assessor, walked out of the convention taking with her about a hundred C.P.U.S.A. followers when the New Politics organization refused to endorse Pat Brown for Governor.



This man paraded about carrying a U.N. flag and Communist Kwame Nkrumah's latest hate book.

Supporting Dr. Drake's assertions, Professor Levine discussed sociological studies in which Negroes had been asked to predict the outcome of a violent black-white conflict, assuming a ratio of one Negro to ten whites. Not only was there substantial belief among the Negroes polled that the blacks would win such a conflict, Levine said, but the polls also revealed an inflated perception among the blacks of the *percentage* of Negroes in the United States. That inflation, Levine added, may be a reflection of life in the "ghetto" and of limited contact with the white world. He noted that, having been deluded into believing they could win a race war, Negroes may attempt such a suicidal revolution in the form of a series of coordinated and simultaneous Watts-type riots, resulting in the loss of vast numbers of lives and billions in property.

An important part of Levine's remarks was a discussion of Joel Chandler Harris' *Complete Tales of Uncle Remus*. In those Nineteenth Century American folktales, Levine noted, there is a preponderance of stories of small, weak animals overcoming and violently destroying stronger animals through cunning. (Get it?) Specific examples which he cited included Br'er Rabbit boiling to death Br'er Wolf, and the decapitation of Br'er Fox and a subsequent attempt to feed his head to Mrs. Fox and her children. Professor Levine warned that "the Br'er Rabbit syndrome has not ended." If S.D.S. hadn't invited the good Professor to speak, we might think him a mere racist. Of course, *we* would never throw him into that briar patch.

Friday was full of such pedantry. It was all very interesting, of course, but rather dull as these things go. Not that I was disappointed, you understand. It was just that it didn't figure. Where was Stokely Carmichael? Where were the boys from S.N.C.C. and S.D.S.



"Actually, this tank is only ideological."

and the DuBois Clubbers?

If Friday was dull, Saturday was a holocaust. At ten a.m. on Saturday the speeches began with only a few hundred persons scattered about the giant Greek Theater. At that early hour the crowd seemed to be composed predominantly of rather conspicuous plainclothes policemen and F.B.I. agents — but within a few hours the theater was filled with fourteen-thousand persons cheering at every call to fill the streets with White Blood.

The first speaker of note was one Ivanhoe Donaldson, a Harlem organizer for S.N.C.C., the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. S.N.C.C. is a sort of Kolored Klan — a band of violent, reactionary, Redniks who have popularized the cry for Black Power. Everyone, of course, now seems to have his own definition of what S.N.C.C. means by Black Power. To the average Negro, Black Power may mean electing colored politicians to represent Negro neighborhoods; to S.N.C.C. it means seizing power, overthrowing the govern-

ment, even an affectation of African culture, and always a thirst for revenge against the white man.

Ivanhoe Donaldson claims to have attended Columbia University and the University of Michigan before signing on as an organizer for S.N.C.C. It was readily apparent at Berkeley that Ivanhoe did not major in public speaking. But, while his delivery was anything but polished, he made up for it with bizarre content. His central theme, like that of most of the day's speakers, was that America is a thoroughly racist country. Proof? Well, for one thing, school books tell us that Columbus discovered America, right? This, said Ivanhoe, discloses the bigoted white orientation of school texts because there were already colored people here when Columbus made his voyage. I could only guess that he was talking about the Indians.

There is no such thing as a "white backlash" to the mind of S.N.C.C.'s Ivanhoe. If Americans are disgusted with having their streets turned into battlegrounds, he said, it is merely verification that they were racists to begin with. Donaldson postulated that the "white backlash" is a manifestation of brutal whites endeavoring to protect their property: "White people are just moving to protect what they think is theirs. If we are to have meaningful social change in this country, that is the problem we must deal with," the S.N.C.C. organizer declared. He claimed that the form which the inevitable "confrontation" will take in this country is up to the whites — i.e., if whites are willing to surrender their property, there will be no violence. He told his audience that all of the "Civil Rights" legislation rammed through Congress during the past four years is "meaningless because it has not yet redistributed the wealth." Karl Marx couldn't have put it better.

At this point, playing the role of the

disinherited knight, Donaldson launched into an "expose." He said that recent interest in birth control was a product of racism, and declared that talk of contraception really stems from the fact that the majority of the population explosion in the world is among non-whites, promotion of birth control being a white plot to prevent the birth of black babies. "If the whites were really concerned about food and land space to live on," he said, "they would begin by redistributing the land in this country to exploited blacks."

S.N.C.C.'s Ivanhoe Donaldson closed his tirade by hitting on another theme that was to be emphasized again and again that day. He proclaimed Black Power a part of a vast international revolution and screamed: "The [North] Vietnamese are fighting the same enemy that the Brothers in Oakland, Los Angeles, Mississippi, Alabama, and Harlem are fighting. The ones who are exploiting foreign nations are the same ones who are exploiting blacks in America."

Later, during a question and answer session directed by a panel of Black Power promoters, Donaldson was asked if there was really an International Brotherhood of Blacks or if this was merely a colorful allegory. He replied that the Brotherhood exists and extends beyond Africa: "The Red Chinese have made it clear many times that they are also Black Brothers and when Castro [a great cheer greeted Castro's name] came here, he made it clear that he was part of the Brotherhood. . . . There is no question in the black's mind about who their friends are, who their Brothers are, and who their enemies are."

A member of the Leftwing illiterati followed Ivanhoe. He was Terry Cannon, the Caucasian editor of S.N.C.C.'s Westcoast newspaper, *The Movement*, and an active participant in the Delano "grape strike." The subject of Cannon's oration was "The Role of the Revolu-

tionary," and he stressed that *The Movement* was a revolutionary newspaper. "The job now, in America today, of a revolutionary group or a revolutionary newspaper is to strengthen local insurgent revolts," Mr. Cannon reported. He defined a revolutionary as one involved actively in strengthening an insurgent revolt. Then he praised Black Power:

The great thing about the Black Power is that it has forced whites and students who want to change this society, who want to overthrow — and I emphasize overthrow — a sick and unjust [sic] system, that Black Power has told them that they can no longer get individual redemption by joining Negro movements and feeling that this is the way they are going to change the world. There were a lot of good people and there were a lot of Jesus Christs who came to the South that were sick. They were Jesus Christs because they were not able to build anything. It was S.N.C.C. that built something.

Cannon expanded his definition of a revolutionary by explaining that the word means "working where the masses of people are being oppressed and kept down." "Our job," said Cannon, "is to build groups that actively challenge the power structure and not to quibble among ourselves about the meaning of the word *imperialism*." But that's not all, said S.N.C.C.'s editor: Revolution also "means overthrowing the system, and it means overthrowing the system by the people of this country, not just the students, and it means overthrowing the system in the time and by the means the people choose."

No doubt the reader is acquainted with the splendor and wealth enjoyed by the inhabitants of the "people's democracies" throughout the globe. You

no doubt appreciate the fact that the Russians have been saved from the dangers of liberty and from owning an automobile or a ball-point pen or a flashlight battery. Certainly you must be envious of the opulence and luxuries heaped upon the peasants of China or the natives of Zanzibar. Then you will doubtless nod your head in assent, as did the audience at Berkeley, at these extraordinary remarks of this revolutionary whose only claim to being black came from the ink on his hands:

America is a very backward nation. It is a very underprivileged nation and we are implored to understand in this country what poor people all over the world understood yesterday, last year, fifty years ago. We're still getting around to understanding what they've done and the solution poor people have sought for in other countries. And maybe very soon poor people living in this country will decide that they're going to do the kinds of things that all poor



Communist Stu Alpert waiting to speak.

people in the rest of the world have done. At that point we will become a revolutionary movement.

Cannon left no doubt in anyone's mind that what he was calling for was open Communist revolution.

III

BETWEEN the appearances of the performers there was an opportunity to interview some of the crowd as they grabbed hotdogs or picked up literature from the booths outside the theater. A girl handing out leaflets signed by the "campus Communist Party" refused to speak while my tape-recorder was running, but many others were more than accommodating.

We asked a hirsute member of S.D.S. what effect Black Power would have on the progress of socialism in America. He replied that society is going to change as a result of a great deal of pressure and possibly as a result of revolutionary forces. Then he said, "I think Black Power is one of the many things that is going to divide and polarize society along political lines, which is going to lead to confrontation, clashes, and eventually political change. It is one of a series of things we are doing to try to break the vague 'Liberal' consensus in this country. It will help smash the consensus which stifles the discussion of the real issues."

After several similar interviews, I strolled into a red-hot conversation between a white student who seemed to have wandered in out of curiosity and a group of erratically dressed teenage Negroes from Oakland. The first words my tape-recorder picked up were: "White people have got to realize that they have to give up something. They have to give up money." After a while, a more aggressive young man with an African-style hair-do pushed his way to the front of the group and yelled into my microphone: "Boom! We're going

to blow your houses off the face of America." Another screamed, "One gallon of gas and a match — that's gonna be the Negro's motto in this country. . . . When one of the Brothers asks us what he has to do to overcome, we just point to that sign and say, Burn, Baby, Burn!"

The amphitheater was beginning to fill and I returned to the main event. Speaker after speaker traipsed to the microphone to deliver one voodooistic incantation after another. The crowd, which was eighty percent white, applauded each call to fill the streets with White Blood in masochistic glee.

Stu Alpert, a self-professed Communist of the Progressive Labor Party and a leader of Berkeley's S.D.S., gave the first pitch for money. He began by announcing that he had received a telephone call that morning from the sister of Malcolm X, who expressed her regrets at being unable to attend the Conference. Malcolm, said Alpert, was the real father of Black Power. Then came the pitch. In his fund-raising appeal the Communist pleaded that whites should give money to S.N.C.C. with no strings attached and that if S.N.C.C. "wants to spit in your face tomorrow you may deserve it, but you should continue to give your money anyway." He said that black people won't be grateful if you give them money, "in fact, they may even hate you more." But this, he said, is what Black Power is all about — and if you really want to help the Negro you will come across with the scratch. Alpert received enormous applause when he suggested: "I think it might be a good idea to Burn, Baby, Burn in Washington. . . ."

While it was not lacking in enthusiasm, Stu Alpert's appeal failed in sophistication, and later a second try was made at raising funds. This time California State Senator Mervyn Dymally, whose father is a Black Muslim

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Fletcher said that the revolution is in the streets. "You better get your guns," he screamed.

and who has built his political career on the "po-lice brutality" bit, got a hand from the crowd when he proudly waved a check for fifty dollars which he donated to the cause. The crux of the second pitch for funds, a pitch which would have made an old-fashioned tent revivalist blush, was that the coming of Black Power had meant that S.N.C.C.'s donations from "Liberals" had dried up miserably. Why, the whole Movement might be lost for want of a single dollar! The collection plate finally filled to the tune of \$4,400 — of which \$2,400 was used by S.D.S. to pay expenses and the rest pumped into S.N.C.C.

IV

You will recall that the members of the eminently fair S.D.S. wanted to present both sides of the Black Power story. Representing the *conservative* element at Berkeley's Black Power Conference was "Reverend" James Bevel, Martin Luther King's chief aide in the Windy City and the man Chicago Mayor Richard Daley claimed had been

training Negroes in that city in techniques of violence. "Reverend" Bevel shaves his head like Mister Clean and is never seen in public without a Black Muslim skull cap. But, of course, Bevel is a real "Reverend" — and staunchly *conservative*.

I had an opportunity for a brief interview with "Reverend" Bevel in the amphitheater foyer before he spoke. I asked him about his definition of Black Power, remarking that many white people thought it meant violence and Molotov cocktails. The "Reverend" replied:

Well, the white people probably have a better definition of it than the Negroes. That's probably why they are reacting — because nobody uses as much violence as white people. History has recorded that white people have murdered more people than any other race. I think they are afraid of losing the resources they are stealing from all the other people around the world.



King's "Reverend" Bevel (L.) encourages Fletcher. Bevel's wife is in Hanoi visiting Ho Chi Minh.

Prior to his main speech, Bevel participated with Ivanhoe Donaldson in a question and answer session. The "clergyman" was asked: "Since you have said you would burn down Harlem if you lived there, why haven't you burned down Chicago?" To the crowd's delight, Martin Luther King's chief Chicago agent replied:

One of the problems of not being able to burn down the slums of Chicago is at this point not having the proper discipline required for the problems of carrying out that kind of a mission. That's why we haven't burned it down.

All this talk of burning was enough to give any reasonable man the distinct impression that he was attending a convention of pyromaniacs. Smokey the Bear had better stay out of the "ghetto."

Bevel's speech was one of the most violent in a day of incredibly inflammatory speeches, yet the Press totally ignored his remarks. In the early part

of his harangue, "Reverend" Bevel even declared that Karl Marx's primary mistake was in attacking the church, because he was "speaking up against two-thousand years of propaganda." Later Bevel claimed that forty-two percent of the Americans in Vietnam are black. He said: "They didn't go there because of democracy or Christianity or any of that foolishness." "Reverend" Bevel must have attended a very progressive seminary.

King's accomplice also told the crowd:

We are going to be part of an international revolution to end slavery. . . . We talk about Western Civilization and what we don't like about it; and I guess I hate Western Civilization more than most people, because of its methods and what it does. One thing I dislike about Western Civilization is its use of violence to try to solve human problems. I reject that. . . . There is one thing the slave master has to do and that is make the slave respect violence.

If Negroes would not give obedience to violence, then Johnson, Governor Brown, and the Po-lice Captain in Los Angeles wouldn't be able to hold the Negro community virtually in slavery because of their own fear of violence.

In defining non-violence, Martin Luther King's chief Chicago disciple revealed:

By non-violence, I don't mean go off and stay away from folks who believe in stepping on white people. . . . I mean a definite confrontation to bring about social change and that is why I've been in jail. . . . twenty-five times. . . . I'm not philosophically committed to non-violence, but I'm tactically committed to it.

This emissary of peace who was presenting the *conservative* side of Black Power then interjected: "I've got a militant friend of mine — we drink liquor together all the time. One night we were drinking and he said to me, 'I'm going to get The [white] Man. If he steps on my feet just one more time, I'm going to kill him.' I said, 'Look, The Man has robbed you of all your land, got you on welfare, locked you out of school, fools with your woman, and now you tell me you want him to step on your feet just one more time.'" [gales of laughter and cheers]

The white American community is sick, Bevel reported, and he maintained that whites are incapable of getting well by themselves. The Negro must force racist America to change. All of the demands Negroes will make in the coming years will call for "economic rearrangement," he said. Bevel was also explicit in his assertion that neither political Party held the key to Negro salvation, because the "rich people" in both Parties would in the end move to protect their own property.

What is the key to ending Negro slavery in America? The "Reverend" Bevel had the answer: "We must move to destroy Western Capitalism," he said. "We do know this country has enough wealth to help most people in this country develop. The problem is that most white people are so greedy that they never think in terms of an adequate share of the natural resources



(L. to R.) Carmichael, Bevel, and Donaldson.

for the community. . . . Most people would never question the nature of our economy or even whether it's workable or not. It's impractical to fight The Man with a razor and a bottle when he's got rockets. If Negroes would stop buying non-essentials, we could cripple capitalism."

"Negroes," the *conservative* "Reverend" Bevel explained, "make up ten percent of the population of this country, but they drink up fifty percent of the liquor — the Scotch. They do that. Yes, they do. We like it. But drinking Scotch has no practical value. [laughter] If Negroes quit drinking Scotch, Bobby Kennedy would be on the

poverty program in six months. . . . [uproarious laughter] So you see we are making the slave masters rich and keeping them in power because we don't understand the nature of tyranny. In order to gain the freedom we need, the Negro people and the black people around the world must be united to bring down capitalism — and they can do that." [tremendous cheering]

The crowd was then told of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's attempts at organizing a rent strike in Chicago where, Bevel pointed out, "Negroes pay \$50 million a month in rent." The object, "Reverend" Bevel screamed, is to "destroy capitalism in Chicago."

In concluding his learned dissertation on non-violence, "Reverend" Bevel, like most of the day's speakers, raised his opposition to the War in Vietnam in colorful and specific language: "Every night I pray, 'Lord, don't let me be like the white man in America.' I don't want to engage in the mass murder of ten or twelve million infants. . . . I don't want to be engaged in the lynching and brutalizing of people because they have different color skin. I don't want to be involved in the mass murder of people in Vietnam. . . ." The "Reverend" then proudly related that four years ago, when the late John F. Kennedy was President, Bevel had told people, "If the Vietcong jumped Jackie in my back yard I wouldn't pull them off her."

During the panel discussion which followed King's Bevel, a glassy-eyed young Negro, one Rodney Fletcher, suddenly burst onto the stage, grabbed the microphone, and proceeded to give a five-minute, absolutely unrehearsed, spontaneous, and entirely extemporaneous speech. "Two black, Black Brothers has [sic] been arrested in Oakland," he shouted, "just because they were yelling for Black Power." He called for the crowd to march on the jail and break

them out. He screamed that "White Power" was killing black people in Oakland. Referring to his companion, Fletcher barked: "He was on his way to this meeting. He said 'Black Power' and the policeman arrested him for being a drunk. That nigger [sic] never took a drink in his life. [wild cheers] This country has to be destroyed. Everything about it has to be destroyed."

By this time Fletcher was jumping up and down like an itchy orangutan. He closed as follows in a veritable shriek: "The revolution you people are intellectualizing about is in the streets. No black man with dignity could walk upon this stage and talk about revolution. How the hell can he talk about Black Power—or self-determination? He can't talk about it because it's in the streets. We got to talk to black people and tell them, 'you better get your guns.'"

The above statement received the loudest and longest applause of the day from the predominantly white crowd which by now numbered fourteen-thousand persons.

V

AFTER an eight-hour program highlighting such a star-studded list of racists, fanatics, psychotics, and schizoids, what could they do for a climax? There was only one possible answer: Gotham City's emissary of evil, Harlem's Herculean hell raiser, the sinister, satanic single—none other than Stokely Carmichael. I'm sorry. We'd better not even jest about the lanky, baby-faced S.N.C.C. leader. For while what he says is ninety percent preposterous, Carmichael is deadly serious. The August 7, 1966 issue of the *New York Times*—hardly ever accused of being a Right-wing Extremist publication—revealed that Carmichael first began studying the tracts of Karl Marx at the age of fifteen.

Stokely Carmichael is one of the most

dangerous revolutionaries operating today. His looks are deceptively mild, he has a sense of humor, he is intelligent, and never (as they say) "loses his cool." All of this camouflages a deep hatred which is only partially revealed in the well-calculated extravagance of his rhetoric. While in California to lecture at Berkeley, Carmichael met with officials of the Communist Progressive Labor Party—and two weeks following his Berkeley performance he addressed a crowd in Watts with Communist Progressive Labor Party activist John Harris, a former S.N.C.C. worker, occupying a prominent position on the stage. Yes, Stokely Carmichael knows what it's all about.

Carmichael, who when in the South wears the blue bib-overalls of a field hand and affects an illiterate dialect, wore an obviously expensive suit to speak at Berkeley and displayed nearly flawless diction in a forty-five minute speech delivered without notes. Stokely greeted the crowd by declaring that he was pleased to be in Berkeley, "the

white intellectual ghetto of the West," and announced to the delight of the audience that he was going to run for President in 1968. After the roar of approval had subsided, the black fox of Harlem grinned slyly and added that the only thing holding him back was that he was not born in the United States.

Soon Carmichael was hammering away at his thesis that America is a racist nation. He sneered, "This is not 1942 and if you play like Nazis, we playin' back with you this time around. Get hip to that!" He said he was not fighting for integration but, "to get the white people out of the way. . . . If there is going to be any integration, it is going to be a two-way thing. If you believe in integration, you can come live in Watts, you can send your children to the 'ghetto' schools. If you believe in integration, then we're going to start calling for white people to come live in our neighborhoods."

Next came the familiar Marxist call to redistribute the wealth:



Some fourteen-thousand persons cheered every Marxist canard and every call for White Blood.

A man is poor for one reason: He does not have money. And if you want to cure poverty, you give him money. You ought not to tell about people who don't work and you can't give people money without workin' 'cause if that were true you'd have to stop [giving money to] Rockefeller, Bobby Kennedy, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Lady Bird Johnson . . . and probably a large number of the Board of Trustees of this university. . . . We are oppressed because we are black, not because we are lazy, not because we are apathetic, not because we are stupid, not because we smell, not because we eat watermelon and have good rhythm.

Suddenly he switched his guns to the draft and the war in Vietnam. He reiterated his often repeated statement that Negro soldiers who fight for America are black mercenaries, and he said that radicals, both black and white, must emulate him by saying to their Draft Boards, "Hell, no—we ain't going!" The War in Vietnam "is an illegal and immoral war," he said. "There is a higher law than that of a racist named McNamara, a fool named Rusk, and a buffoon named Johnson. . . . We will not let them make us hired killers. We will not kill anybody they say to kill." Then, in an exaggerated dialect he threatened: "We goin' ta decide who we goin' kill." The crowd shrieked with glee. But, for some reason, no newspaper chose to quote the remark.

Like previous speakers, Carmichael called upon white radicals to work organizing white communities along the lines of those proposed by the Alinsky-King-Reuther Citizens Crusade Against Poverty. When that is accomplished, Stokely said, we can form a coalition to "build new political institutions."

In closing, Stokely Carmichael reiterated the theme heard throughout the day that neither the Democrat nor Re-

publican Parties could save the Negro because they were part of the same system, and added: "I don't want to be part of the American type—that type means raping South Africa, beating Vietnam, beating South America, raping the Philippines, wrecking every country. I don't want any of your blood money. . . . We must question whether we want this country to be the richest country in the world at the price of raping everybody else. . . . This country is uncivilized. It needs to be civilized! And so we say to our white brothers and sisters, 'move on over or we're going to move on over you.'"

In one sense Stokely is right. America is sick, but not in the way this Marxist revolutionary means. That Berkeley, an institution on which the industrious taxpayers of California yearly shower \$30 million, should be allowed to be turned into the world's largest outdoor insane asylum is symptomatic of our society's illness. That the Berkeley Administration could conceive of this Halloween monstrosity as having "educational value" is just plain sick. That it should go unnoticed in the news media that fourteen-thousand people turned out to cheer as speaker after speaker called for the overthrow of our economic and political system and for blood in the streets is indicative of the extent of our somnambulism. That every American has not been informed that the Black Power movement is based on the economic hallucinations of Marx and the revolutionary stratagems of Lenin discloses the depth of the disease of self-deceiving sophistication which afflicts the white "Liberal" egotists who are the opinion makers in this country. Having sewn the wind, America must reap the whirlwind. When it happens, the American Press will probably emulate the dissolute nominal Christian Scientist who upon descending to his final reward commented, "This is not Hell and it's not hot!" ■ ■ ■