

NATIONAL ALLIANCE AGAINST RACIST & POLITICAL REPRESSION

VIEW FROM ABROAD

By James S. Tate, Jr., M.D.

One of the fascinating advantages of traveling, aside from the ability to lay out on a beach and watch the different swim suits walk by is the ability to actually meet the people in different countries and to get an

idea of how they think as opposed to how the plantation master here programs us all to think.

I recently had the opportunity of visiting Aruba, a country not without its problems, as Aruba is one of the islands of the

Dutch Antilles, encompassing Curacao, Bon Air and Aruba; they still are colonies of the Netherlands. Can you believe that? In this day and age? Be it as it may, besides the healthy dose of overt racism which they still maintain, it was interesting to read in one Aruba's tourist throw-away magazines (those are the ones that you always find at hotel lobbies and in hotel

rooms) a treatise on Christopher Columbus.

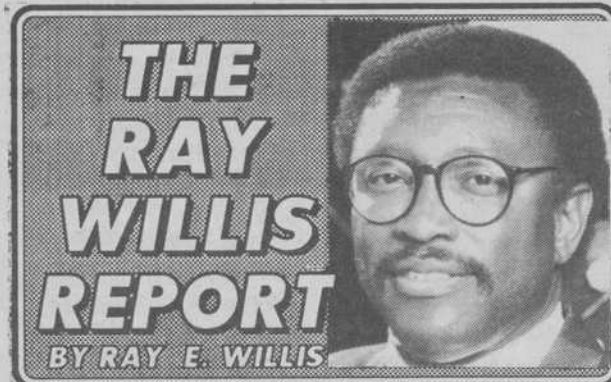
Columbus, as you may recall, is the European who blundered his way into History by being so incompetent and inept that he thought he could discover a new, shorter route to China by sailing in the opposite direction. Not that he was out to imagine that there was anything between Europe and Asia, sail-

ing West, but ocean. But be that as it may, Columbus has been given the credit for discovering what is now the American continents. Of course, assigning the credit to Columbus disregards many thousands of years of inhabitation of this land by Native Americans, who must have discovered it somewhat before Columbus, but that's a small argument for those who think

that Columbus had some significance in history. However, the purpose of this short introduction is to merely give you an idea of how other people view Chris the Jerk. Consider it well!

Christopher Columbus: The man behind the myth (by Louisa Marx)

The red carpet may be a little moldy after 500 years, but they're (See NAARPR, Page 10)



Racial Reality

This story takes us back to the year 1961 when I was in the sixth grade. As a member of my all-Black racially segregated elementary school's safety patrol, we eagerly looked forward to attending a special end-of-year party for Black and White school patrol teams at an amusement park in my hometown, Fort Smith, Arkansas. It was especially meaningful for me and my fellow patrol boys from the all-Black Howard Elementary School because this was the only time we would ever be permitted to enter the park. It was segregated.

The park's main attraction was a miniature choo-choo train that I always hoped to be able to one day ride. In fact, my friends and I often stole away from home to go down near the park to gape at the train through a chain link fence as it sped noisily around a set of steel tracks which followed the park's perimeter.

When the train chugged past our watchpost we could catch a whiff of the acrid fumes bellowing from the smokestack as it noisily whisked by. The sights and smells served to further fuel our desire to one day ride the celebrated miniature iron horse. Finally, when the long-awaited day arrived, we were primed and raring to go.

Once we got to the park, we headed straight for the train — not even stopping like most of the other boys did, to get ice cream, cake and sodas. Since we were first, we boarded the compartment up front, just behind the engine. Then we waited for enough boys to hop aboard behind us so we could begin our ride.

After a short while though, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder and then heard a stern hill billy voice say to us, "You colored boys are going to have to get out and ride in the caboose."

Slightly puzzled, but unfazed, we got out and walked back to the last car on the train and got back on again. We weren't going to let our spirits be dampened. Anything to ride the train.

And what a ride it was. Boy did we have fun! It was much later that I realized we had been victims of discrimination. But we were just too young to understand. And besides, we had suffered far worse treatment than that in our young lives.

What prompts me to reminisce about this true-life experience was something similar that happened just last year in South Carolina involving two Black Cub Scouts. It seems they were denied admission to an amusement water-theme park because of their race. Said one of the mothers of the two boys in the aftermath of the incident, "This kind of stuff happened when I was a child, but I would never have dreamed it would happen to my son (today)."

To say the least, then as now, it is a rude lesson in reality. Hard to believe, but the passage of thirty-some years since my experience with racism as a patrol boy and this mother's son last year, hasn't changed racial reality very much, if at all.

Looking ahead to the future, I just wonder what the next thirty years will bring? Care to guess?

Until next week.

N.L.V. ... THE WESTSIDE STORY

The Real Ones!

By R.K. Brown

Look, up in the sky, it's bird, it's plane! If we stop to think about this line, the first thing that has to come to mind is Michael Jordan. In fact if we look at the sporting arena, the conclusion is similar. Black men have dominated the boxing industry since they received minimal access. The record holders for home runs, yards gained, and points scored in a career all belong to black men. The fastest man alive is black, and has been for a long time.

From this information, we can conclude, that no conversation about supernatural ability, can begin without including the black man. If we look at the term "superman" from a social setting, we find that for the black man to make it in today's America, he has to be as good or better to obtain success in this segregated society. In 1992, the black man has to deal with police brutality, race baiting, and quota propaganda, in the fight for prosperity.

It has been documented in the texts, that the black male has been the main focus of repressive strategies. If the black male was held down, his whole community would suffer. From that legacy of oppression, the separation of the family, lynchings, sharecropping, separate but equal, and quotas, all were developed to insure that blacks wouldn't survive.

Not only did we endure all of that, we accepted racism and established landmark firsts in every field of the professional spectrum! In that regard we are the real supermen as well. As I have mentioned in earlier columns, other races were also forced into slavery in colonial America.

These groups included

Indians, and whites indentured servants. The problem was, they couldn't endure the oppressive nature of slavery. When other people were dying out in the fields of torture, blacks survived and multiplied! After working endless days and nights in the fields, blacks retired to throw parties and dances. This so puzzled the masters, they began to call blacks "the happiest people on earth."

From that time until today all blacks, especially the males,

have to deal with problems, that no other sector in the population is exposed to. Black males go to prison at a higher pace, then they go to college. A black male with the same amount of education as his white counterpart, is expected to make about 10,000 dollars less a year. He is exposed to constant racism and a challenge of his manhood.


In this seemingly bleak picture the black population has proceeded through the civil rights era, and has gained the highest

amount of access in the history of African America. We often hear how pressure makes other communities collapse, but if blacks had to use pressure as an excuse, there wouldn't be any achievement in our community. So, the next time you hear comparisons to superman, remember that it starts and ends with the Black man! (Dedicated to my dad, Joel, Randy, Rude, Trick, Rainey, Terrible, and to all the players, preachers, and professionals!) Peace...

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