

NATIONAL ALLIANCE AGAINST RACIST & POLITICAL REPRESSION

THE PROVERBIAL CRAB IN THE BARREL

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

While recently reading through an issue of the Sentinel Voice that is now a couple of months old, I came upon an article written by the head of one organization in which one verbally attacks the head of another organization, as well as the

organization itself. It struck me that this is not the way that we need to be conducting our business in the African Community.

Clearly, I do understand that this was in the heat of battle and that there was a battle going on for the leadership of the aforementioned organization; and I take that into consideration in

making the following comments. We are all, to some extent, justifiably proud of our prospective organizations. Each has been formed under less than ideal circumstances and has made in most cases, significant contributions. However, the only contribution that is of real significance is whether or not, as a people, we are free. If indeed we are free, then we will have the luxury of arguing with each other as to which organization or which individual was the bearer of that freedom. If indeed we are not free, and I would certainly contend that if one has any grip on reality that as a people we are

not free, then there is room for all organizations to work in this arena.

Secondly, it is clear that no organization has successfully completed it's scope of work. Whether it be the NAARPR, the NAACP, the Black Panther Party, the Urban League or any other organization. The issue here is the struggle to be free.

We must always keep our eye on that as the goal as opposed to merely attempting to put ourselves as the first slave among other slaves. As long as we are not free, no one has done their jobs satisfactorily, and we must be careful not to end up

spending all of our time and energy attacking each other while we let the real culprit escape. This is not to say that there will not be times when there must be disagreements and when these disagreements may be quite heated and may spill over into the public comment. This is appropriate, but it must be the issues of struggle that are debated not the personalities. For if all the personalities that presently inhabit all of the organizations that we have with the African American community were to disappear tomorrow, the problem of racism and discrimination would not change one iota. It will still be there for all the new people, who then would ascend to whatever positions that were vacant.

While we should rightfully be proud of our organizations and their various accomplishments, let our pride not become so great that it becomes destructive and that we attack each other. For we must remember that every organization owes it's existence to some other organization.

As Reverend Ben Chavis said recently in Detroit, "Were it not for the Alliance, I would not



JAMES S. TATE JR., MD

be here." And that is a true statement. Were it not for the NAACP most of the organizations present today would probably not be around, or would exist in vastly different form.

Because the struggle is inter-related, every organization that seeks to move into the arena of struggle is historically and practically bound up with every other organization, both past and present, that have struggled in that arena. Clearly there is plenty of work left to do. Let us always remember when every one comes to the table there is strength in numbers. It is not a tactically advantageous situation to find yourself facing your adversary who has 14 different organizations and you sitting there with only 1. If indeed our adversary has 14, then we should have 16. United in purpose even if not in tactic. La Lucha Continua!

The Struggle Continues!

THE RAY WILLIS REPORT
BY RAY E. WILLIS

PROTECTIVE COLORATION

Racially speaking, what is Protective Coloration? The term applies to any member of a so-called minority who is able to successfully parlay their skin color to gain the full benefits of society.

If it's a black person then they may be so light skinned as to be able to "pass" for white—and a relatively few number of blacks do just that. If the person is a member of a minority group other than black they may have light skin, delicate features and straight hair which enables them to exploit their protective coloration.

The comparison in nature to such a person is the chameleon, a lizard-like reptile that changes it's skin color to camouflage and blend in with it's surroundings.

The human chameleon, through protective coloration can be black or become a member of another minority group at will, but, by the same token can also cross over the color line and be accepted as white.

In doing so, "passing" minorities frequently play both sides of the fence. If they see the potential for personal benefit from affiliating with or acknowledging membership in a minority group, they will seize the opportunity to do so. Or, on the other hand, if they want to avoid their true heritage, they can wave a magic wand and instantly convert over to the other side of the fence.

In a sense, we as African-Americans are also victims of the use of protective coloration by other so-called minorities. Even though we are the only group whose ancestors were brought into this country forcibly as slaves, now there are many pretenders—other "minorities" claiming an oppressed status the same as us.

But as soon as it is feasible to do so, many of these "other" minorities cross over to the other side—in other words, they claim a kinship and racial designation with Whites, which automatically entitles them to the rank and privileges which accompany that designation.

Even if we wanted to, we can't do that. We are what we are. For the most part, you can easily identify us at a glance.

We laugh when we see Eddie Murphy in "white faces" speaking and acting so much like a white person you can't tell the difference. If Eddie can be so convincing, think how much easier it is for minorities who have bodily traits and characteristics very similar to whites.

But the truth of the matter is that many minorities, realizing they can only attain the full measure of the American dream if they are seen as White, are availing themselves of an opportunity to do just that.

In a sense those who employ protective coloration as a survival strategy reap significant benefits for themselves and their race, coming and going. They get the best of both worlds. For them, it's definitely a win-win situation.

To know is to grow. Until next week.

NLV...THE WESTSIDE STORY WHO'S NEXT!

By R. K. Brown

I'm sure by now, we are all familiar with the gambling exploits of Michael Jordan. If you aren't a sports fan like I am, you still would have been exposed to the negative portrayal, of one of America's leading citizens.

Now, it isn't my duty to argue whether or not Air Jordan has a gambling problem. If he does, he needs to get help. But if he isn't addicted, which is my belief, then he has the right to live as a private citizen.

Wealthy Texas land merchants, powerful Wall Street brokers, and eccentric Asian trading giants, go to all the major gambling resorts across the globe. On the "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" we see the rich gamble away 10's of millions, in the drop of a hat. Local hotels fly these "high rollers" into town by the dozens!

What's my point? Well, no one seems to mind, until it becomes a way, maybe the only way; to bring down the great Air Jordan. My concern is not that it happened, but when is it going to happen next. I mean really...WHO'S NEXT?? If you all don't follow what I am saying, just peep this.

Sammy, the greatest song and dance man to ever grace America's stages, died penniless. Joe Louis, the greatest boxer of the time, could scarcely afford to eat when his time came. Alex Haley was celebrated in life, as one of the great American writers of the 20th century. His epic saga "Roots", made more money for network TV, then I would like to think about! Yet when he died, creditors sold

away the land he lived on, just to pay his debts. Mike Tyson was considered the richest athlete in the United States. He owned a piece of America, yet in the end, he became just another inmate with a number.

The FBI hated Dr. King, and even though we later found out that the FBI's leader was a racist (See Westside Story, Page 25)

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