

### WESTSIDE STORY

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"everyone's" rights like they did in the 60s.

Around 2010, women and Indians will be saying how they have more access than they did in 1990, and the reason will be because of black power! As always...we fight for our rights and everyone else's in racist America. peace...

### NOTES FROM THE SCHOOL OF AFRICAN PHILOSOPHY

Once again we'll be faced with another Euro American 'holiday,' the 4th of July. That's the day when white America declared its independence from Britain. And I can bet that come this 4th of July many Africans in America are going to be celebrating up a storm. But I have to ask you, what do you have to celebrate?

On July 4, 1776, when this day was proclaimed sacred, Africans in America were one hundred and fifty plus years into slavery and there was no end in site. Euro Americans were declaring independence from the British colonial empire whom they had defeated in the American Revolution. It would be close to another hundred years before so-called independence or freedom for the African would be granted.

The American Revolution was not fought with ideas of altering the status of Africans in this country. Euro Americans fought for their best interest and nobody else's. This celebrated day is referred to as the Fourth of You-Lie by the Rev. Ishakamusa Barashango, one of our preeminent African scholars. As he put it, "Euro Americans blatantly lied to us when they promised us freedom if we would fight for their liberation from Britain and the tyranny of King George..."

The only time the African in America was taken into account during this epoch of American history was when the Euro American realized that we could be used as shields against British muskets, thereby minimizing for whites the risk of being killed.

I realize that after so many years of Euro American indoctrination you may find it hard to believe that the 4th of July is nothing to celebrate, but let's look at the facts: independence from a tyrant was declared while at the same time the African was tyrannically kept in slavery. I don't know about you, but I find nothing to celebrate in that.

For those of you who are moved by these words and wish to know more, pick up the book African People and European Holidays: A Mental Genocide, by Barashango and read for yourselves. And for those of you who are American to the core, I say "Happy Fourth of You-Lie."

Until next time, this has been the Minister of Information!

### BLACK EMPOWERMENT

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of those on Death Row are men of color. In many ways the African American community was condemned to death long ago. Endemic poverty, unemployment, poor education, drugs and the day-to-day abuse and violence of racism are built into American society.

Ironically, the rise of violent crime and the increased

popularity of the death penalty share a similar cause: powerlessness. Unable to make a life for themselves due to economic, social and/or psychological instability, and powerless to change these conditions, some turn to violent crimes. Unable to get the government to set the country on a developmental path, and powerless to change the

government, more and more Americans support non-solutions like the death penalty.

The serious question in dealing with the pervasive problem of violent crime is how to get the country on a developmental path — economically, socially, psychologically and culturally. The popularity of the death penalty, and willingness of

politicians of both parties to put it forth as a genuine solution in spite of the fact that it isn't, is just one more indicator that under

the present political arrangements, there is no such path to development. You and I and other ordinary Americans are going to have to create it. And we're going to have to restructure the political arrangement in order to do so.

### ALONG THE COLOR LINE

## REVIVING THE YOUTH PROTEST MOVEMENT

By Dr. Manning Marable

When I was eighteen years old, I arrived at Earlham College, a small, Quaker private school in Richmond, Indiana, filled with fascination and expectations. It was the fall of 1968, in the middle of a controversial presidential campaign, a three-way contest between the Republican Richard Nixon, Democrat Hubert Humphrey and racial segregationist George Wallace. The disturbing events of that year — the "The Offensive" by the

### RAY WILLIS

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there aren't any Black males to bring us the news.

It just goes to show how things change over time. From 100 percent to zero percent in a mere quarter century. I wonder what the future has in store?

To know is to grow. Until next week.

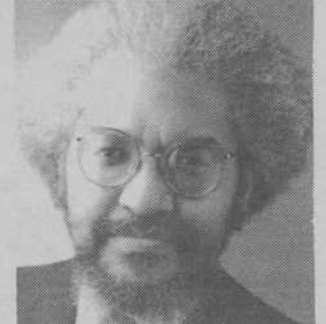
North Vietnamese which destroyed the myth of American military supremacy in southeast Asia, the tragic assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy, the police riot against demonstrators at the Democratic Party's national convention in Chicago that summer, and the growing worldwide tide of political and moral opposition to the U.S. war in Vietnam — all formed the turbulent cultural and social background to our times.

Me generation of students had experienced a political lifetime in the shortspan of several years. We had been inspired by the patriotism and idealism of John F. Kennedy, who had challenged us with the declaration: "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." WE stood in the hot summer sun before the Lincoln Memorial, and

were moved to tears as we listened to Martin's magnificent "I Have A Dream" speech. We marched in solidarity with our sisters and brothers who stood against racial injustice and segregation in Birmingham, Montgomery and Jackson, and we cheered as the authoritarian system on Jim Crow collapsed.

The charismatic figure of Malcolm X made us aware of the intricate network of hypocrisy and oppression which perpetuated black inequality and white power. And as we witnessed the rich parade of alternative voices and protest visions — Fannie Lou Hamer, Huey P. Newton, Cesar Chavez, Fred Hampton, Frantz Fanon, Amiri Baraka, Sonia Sanchez, and the "Last Poets" — we moved rapidly into new and unanticipated directions. America would never be the same again.

My college at Earlham was just another phase of that process of cultural change and self-discovery. The pace of change was occurring so rapidly by this time, that the rules, regulations and values generated by the early sixties now seemed, at the end of the decade, hopelessly and backward to us. For example, upperclass students forced us



**DR. MANNING MARABLE** to accept "freshman beanies", small, round, colorful little caps which symbolized one's school spirit. The African-American students were probably the first to raise objections, on practical grounds. Freshmen beanies were designed for white boys with crew cuts, not sisters and brothers with bushy afros. So when we declared our beanies as "obnoxious symbols of the white man's power structure", our long-haired, bearded and bearded hippy friends followed suit.

We challenged a series of ridiculous rules which were designed to segregate women from men on the campus. Freshman women had a curfew of 10:30 p.m., when meant that they had to run frantically out of the library before it closed, while the men students still studied, in order to reach their dormitories before the doors were locked (See Along Color Line, Pg 21)

### CIVIL RIGHTS JOURNAL

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After nearly three decades joblessness is still rampant in Harlem. Drug addiction has increased. Violence is rampant. Housing remains segregated. Schools have declined. My guess is that some of the hope those children then expressed would be gone.

But locked inside the fears, the realities, the powerlessness of every child in the Harlems of this land is a kernel of hope. A kernel of desire that they can have the same dreams that white children have. If only somebody would give a damn, they might have a chance. Does anyone give a damn anymore?

### SOME-WHERE OUT-THERE

BY GENE REDDEN



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