Fort-De-France, from Martinique, from illness that cut short his revolutionary struggle against the racist French who had dominated his life until he took up arms against them. Sammy Younge only wrote a few articles for the school newspaper wailing against the system around Tuskegee. Fanon wrote three major books and articles which are found in a fourth wailing against the total system of racism and colonialism.

Yet, it was a different moment only because the life experiences of Sammy Younge and Frantz Fanon were different, but in their essence, it was the same moment, for it was a moment of talking to two mothers, both of whom grieved and cried over their sons as they recalled their memories, both of whom had preserved various papers from the military to show their sons' participation in the corrupt armies of their oppressors, both of whom understood their sons belonged to history and who had made a historical contribution to the liberation of man.

Hence, the difference in the sons becomes only a matter of the smallest detail in the broad span of history which the sons and daughters of Africa have written in blood, sweat, slavery, the sugar cane fields of the Antilles, the cotton fields of North America, the heat of a Trinidad, Barbados, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Martinique, the chilling cold of a Boston, New York, Chicago, and other metropolitan centers of the United States and the West.

It was a moment when I realized once more that all the sons and daughters of Africa have paid a heavy price to build the great capitals of France, England, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, the United States; capitals that flourish now off the backs of all of us who have been dispersed throughout the Western Hemisphere, into the Antilles, North America, from the northern part of Canada to the southern tip of South America.

It was a moment when my insides gripped each other, churned against my stomach, for it was a moment when I had to face once again that the reality of the sons and daughters of Africa is that many of us do not understand our historical relationship to the African continent, do not understand, cannot feel the whip lash of the white bosses over our black mothers and fathers as it sears into their flesh, as they swing the machete into the sugar cane or stoop over to grab some cotton from its stalk, the whip lash, searing, bringing forth blood, pain and anguish, muffled moans and loud cries, again, again it comes forth and we do not understand. We are colonized. Slavery was a thing of yesterday, a passing mirage, an accident of history, an unknown, a forgotten quantity. "Je suis francais, the queen of england rules over me, belgium *gave* us independence after Livingstone discovered us, I am clean like my dutch friends, I am an american."

It was a moment of pain when I realized yet another time that the day is still to come when we will shatter the myth of clinging to the allegiance of our colonizers, when we will no longer yell we are french, english, belgium, dutch, american, but Belgian assert our African allegiance, our black togetherness, our desire for Pan-African Socialism, an end to racism, colonialism, capitalism and imperialism.

And the moment of pain endured, lingered on, spreading throughout my body as a malignant cancer when I realized that those of us who live under the yoke of colonialism are only half of the African experience. Our brothers and sisters in Africa have forgotten us, the sons and daughters of Africa, their brothers and sisters, blood of their blood and flesh of their flesh. They have a flag, a seat in the United Nations, a capitol city, a few French, English or american cars, coca-cola, pepsi-cola, Kodak, First National City Bank of New York, Chase Manhattan Bank, Firestone, Goodyear, Kaiser Aluminum, Esso, Standard Oil, United Fruit and all the other trappings of neo-colonialism.

The pain endures. It is malignant because our brothers and sisters have not paid attention to the experience of those of us who have been wrenched from the shores of Africa. They have not learned from the catastrophic, the earth-shaking dynamics of African history in which more than four hundred million souls of Africans were dispersed throughout the Western world, killed, beaten, brutalized, enslaved with only a few surviving. It is not that they have not been told, they have heard many voices crying out at night, wailing at mid-day, yelling, "Africa for the Africans" the world around. They have heard all of this, they know the definitions of racism, colonialism, capitalism and imperialism. They have heard but they do not understand. They too cannot feel the whip lash. Alas! They too have been colonized. Slavery was a thing of yesterday, a passing mirage, an accident of history, an unknown, a forgotten quantity.

And as Mrs. Fanon speaks of her son, a ray of delicious experience enters my being like the coolness of rain on a hot tropical day, reminding me of how my grandmother in the heat of a Mississippi day would tickle her toes under the flow of the same cool rain. My face lights up, my heart is less heavy. She smiles as she talks of his concern for others, the same trait that led him to Algeria and that drove him to fight with arms against the French.

It is the same moment I experienced with Mrs. Younge who wanted to talk of her son and to tell of his humanity to others.

It was the same moment, two mothers proud of their sons. Yet it was different, for Frantz Fanon spoke to the African experience in the West Indies and Africa and Sammy Younge spoke to the Black experience in the United States. But the moment was different only in time and place and circumstances of life of both mothers and sons. But the experience of both sons, Sammy Younge and Frantz Fanon was again the same essence, for both were sons of Africa, proud black men whose voices cried out against racism and exploitation and whose lives were cut

short before the world knew what might have been their final contribution to the liberation of man.

I am convinced that the decade of the seventies will be one of serious repression for us, black people in the United States. Although we are black and will suffer the most from repression we must not fail to understand that the racist United States government is going to try to kill all forms of dissent. In order to deal with this repression we will have to develop new forms of struggle, not the least of which will be a conspiratorial method of fighting the United States. All black people are already a conspiracy against the United States. Since our arrival here we have been treated as if we were permanent conspirators. We will have to adapt our form of struggle to meet the realities of our lives.

More important than the form of struggle or just as important is the question of our ideology and with whom we work. For years as you know I have been waging a fight against racism, colonialism, capitalism and imperialism. I have been villified throughout the United States for my ideological positions, sometimes by people who were very close to us at one time. This has not bothered me, for the ideological struggle is one that must be pursued without any mitigations, especially if one thinks he has a correct one, and I am absolutely convinced, without the least shade of doubt, that black people in the United States must see their fight and our struggle as one clearly against racism, colonialism, capitalism and imperialism. We must not hedge on that. We must not waver, but we must try to win recruits to our viewpoint.

It is not enough for a revolutionary to be against something. He must fight and be willing to die for something. Many years ago I came to the conclusion that only socialism will solve the problems of black people and of all humanity and I will not engage in polemics about the various forms of socialism which might exist. I am talking about the form of socialism in which all the wealth of the United States rests with the state for the benefit of all mankind, a form of socialism controlled by the workers, the poor farmers, and all the other wretched of the American earth.

The type of government I am talking about will have to be created by a ruling party dedicated to socialism and the end of exploitation of man by man. However, in the reality of the United States which suffers from economic expolitation and racism, the vanguard force of revolutionary change will be black people and my definition of black people are all nonwhites, including Indians, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, people of the Orient. You might call them Third World, but I think that is a mistake, for they are black people and suffer from the same essence of racism and exploitation by white America that all the African people suffer from. It would be the mistake of the highest order for those of us who are black and who are from Africa to fail to consider in our perspective that Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Indians and Orientals are black. They certainly are not white.

The black vanguard force which is the cutting edge of the revolutionary movement in the United States must not give up its right to leadership of the

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