the newspaper, listen to the radio or view the television or if you are educated in its schools. We become debrainwashed by becoming as I heard a Black sister put it, "Blackinized." This means learning our blackness, learning our culture, our history, our music, our art, our dance, our black ethos, our Africaness. All of this means simutaneously rejecting the Western cultural value system and all that connects to it. This is the first step in the creation of the Black revolutionary. It is my contention that if the process stops here we have only created that much maligned creature the cultural nationalist. He is a totally cultural being having neglected his political development. The stance of cultural nationalist is readily adopted by the "Inlaw" because it really represents no threat to his achieved material existence. He really has not fully become "Blackinized". If he were, he would know that in order to become liberated he must move on to the next step of his development.

On the other hand, the "Outlaw" in becoming politically relevant has totally neglected the Blackinization process. He sees no need of Black culture and does not understand the value that culture plays in sustaining and unifying people for a protracted struggle. Thus the "Outlaw" alienates his fellow Black liberators and poisons the "Black Sea" in which he must swim. He applies the term Marxist-Leninist to himself without understanding the creative dynamic of the term. The true Black revolutionary understands that he must acquire the analytical tools that allow him to understand what Western capitalism is about, what colonialism, imperialism and racism are about and not only to understand what these demons are about but also to acquire the necessary implements to promote the destruction of them. It thus follows from the above analysis and thesis that I consider cultural nationalists and the Panthers (one must substitute Panthers at the point where I talk about the "Outlaw" becoming politically relevant) to be incompletely formed as revolutionaries. The consequences of this incomplete development has already manifested itself in the fratricidal war between the Panthers and US, in the alienation of the Panthers from the broad masses of Black people land in the decimation of the Panther leadership. This may seem an inopportune time to criticize the Panthers in the face of the murder of youthful and dynamic Hampton and Clark, but it is now in the face of complete annihilation that this criticism must be made, in hopes that it may serve for greater political and cultural development on the part of the Panthers. How best to characterize the political, economic and cultural philosophy that should guide us? I would say, after DuBois and Nkrumah, that we should be guided by the Pan-African socialism. To quote DuBois: "Pan-African socialism seeks the welfare state in Africa. It will refuse to be exploited by people of other continents for their own benefit of the peoples of Africa. It will no longer consent to permitting the African majority of an African Country to be governed against its will by a minority of invaders who claim racial superiority or the right to get rich at African expense. - - -"Pan-Africa will seek to preserve its own past history and write the present account, erasing from literature the lies and distortions about Black folks which have disgraced the last centuries of European and American literature"- - -(The Autobiography of W. E. B. DuBois, p. 400). If we ascribe to a Pan-Africanist ideology as set forth by DuBois and Nkrumah, then left to us is the task of defining all Black people of the diaspora as Africans and the lands in which they reside as extensions of the African continent. We do this because the blood and bones of our ancestors that lay buried on the continents of North America, the Carribean, and South America along with the sweat and labor that we contributed, gives us valid claim to these lands. No one, worked harder or can claim that they were the base of the wealth of the western world as can Africans all over the world.

JAN. 26, 1970 - A very exciting day today. Milton Burts, Paul Frierson, both Black brothers, and myself made a mild protest today by refusing to go out into the day room. We sacked all day and no one said anything. After that Burts got into a fight with this white guy and beat him unmercifully! I had to stop it. The guy was really worked over. Burts is kind of off sometimes. He has a .22 slug in his skull. You can actually feel it. He flakes out sometime. He's been in the slams about 2 years.

I was reading Joseph H. Howard's article in Negro Digest entitled,"How to end Colonial Domination of Black America". It is a very good article. I met Joe at Bobby's and Sonja's the last time Flora and I were in Chicago. I thought he was a together Brother. The phenomenon that he calls the "Pimp Syndrome" is very accurate. And it is especially accurate in terms of the person that I described as the "Outlaw" in yesterday's entry. Since I've been here in jail I've been able to observe this phenomenon very closely. All of the Brothers have as their ambition to have about "2 or 3 bitches" on the block, "fly vines" and a mark III or Eldorado "ride". One night recently all of the Brothers stayed up until around 2:30 or 3:00 A.M. rapping about Iceberg Slim's book, Pimp. All of them had read the books. The swaggering bravado is alwasy evident among them. At least 5 times a day this stance almost causes violent eruptions between each other. Usually the thing is to do it without loosing one's manhood.

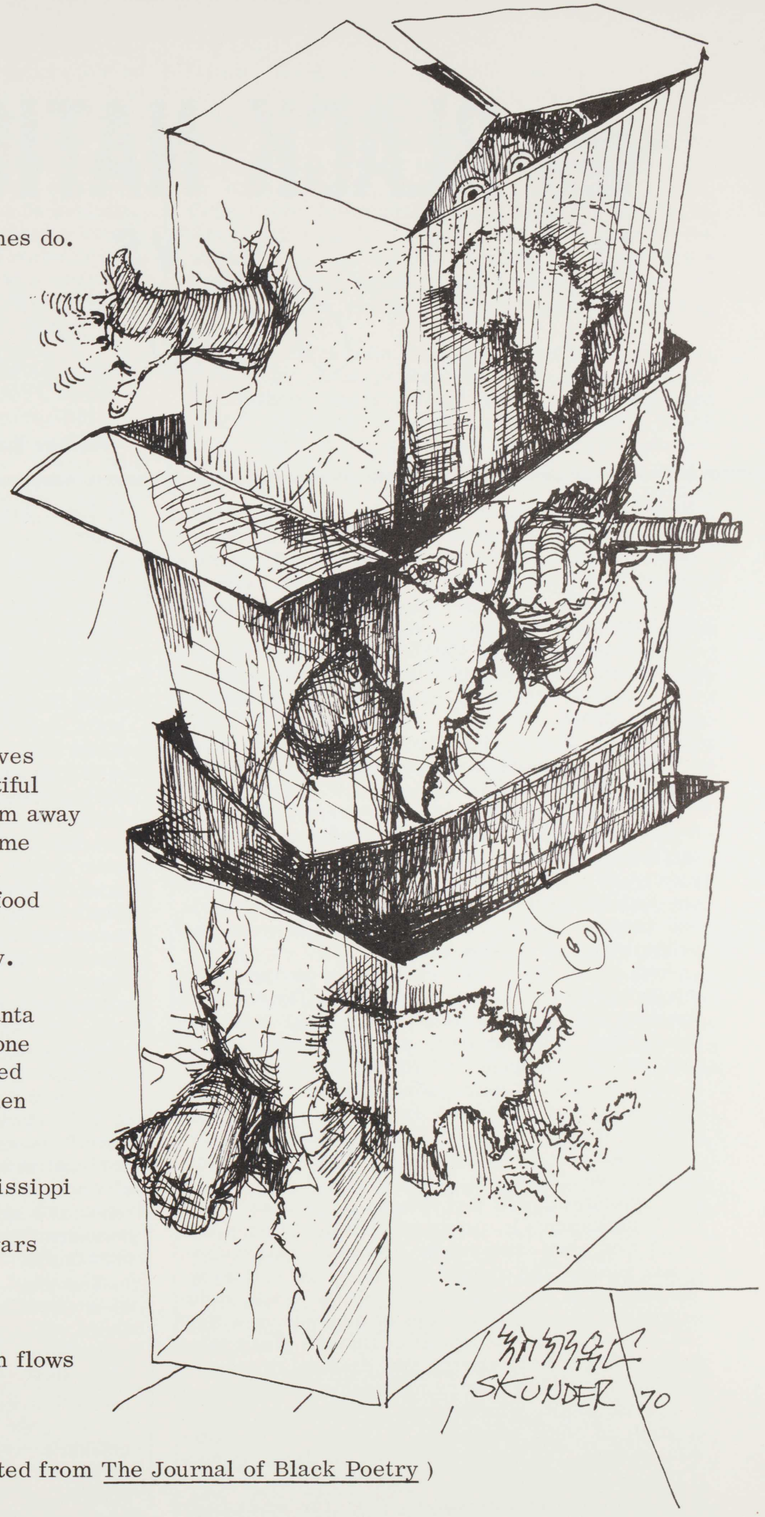
when black people are
with each other
we sometimes fear ourselves
whisper over our shoulders
about unmentionable acts
& sometimes we fight & lie.
these are somethings we sometimes do.

& when alone I sometimes walk
from wall to wall fighting visions
of white men fighting me
& black men fighting white men
& fighting me & i lose my
self between walls &
ricocheting shots & can't say
for certain who i have killed
or been killed by.

it is the fear of winter passing
& summer coming & the killing
i have called for coming
to my door saying
hit it a.b., you're in it too.

& the white army moves like thieves
in the night mass producing beautiful
black corpses & then stealing them away
while my frequent death watches me
from orangeburg on cronkite &
i'm oiling my gun & cooking my food
& saying "when the time comes"
to myself, over & over, hopefully.

but i remember driving from atlanta
to the city with stone & featherstone
& cleve & on the way feather talked
about ambushing a pair of klansmen
& cleve told how they hunted
chaney's body in the white night
of the haunted hourse in the mississippi
swamp while a runaway survivor
from orangeburg slept between wars
on the back seat.
times like this
are times when black people
are with each other & the strength flows
back & forth between us like
borrowed breath.




( reprinted from The Journal of Black Poetry )

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