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SPECIAL FEATURE

THE TRAGIC CONSEQUENCE OF WHITE PSYCHOLOGY

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20c A Copy

Marcus Garvey
FATHER OF BLACK NATIONALISM

It's Been There All The Time!

Writes Solomon Johnson —

ALL MY life, or at least two-thirds of it, (*I am now Twenty-five*) deep down—way deep down inside, I knew that something was wrong with things. I don't mean the fact that our family wasn't rich, or that we were having a hard time scratching to make ends meet, No; that wasn't it, because nobody minds scratching to make ends meet if the two ends finally start meeting. For example: the place where I was born and partially raised, Philadelphia. It is an industrial city with many factories and plants, all run and controlled by the white race. There are many homes and hotels built by various groups of white people. Many roads and bridges, in fact a whole city. I won't go into a long harangue about what people or tools built it, but I can say that various groups of white people made the policy.

When I was a small boy running up and down 8th St. in Philadelphia, I use to see the Jewish people always selling something, all the time, all over the sidewalk, in the streets; blocking traffic, selling all kinds of junk. And I often wondered where they got all the stuff to sell all the time. Sometimes I would wish that my father had a store so that I could eat candy free. The Italians didn't like the Jews because the Jews had more stores. The Italians did some selling too, and some stealing. Mussolini at that time had attacked Ethiopia, used poison gas on women and children, this is the general character of the Italians, they will foul you in a minute.

I use to go to a store on the corner to buy bread. This store was operated by a big fat funny looking Italian. The place was usually crowded with cut throats Grown men who would say, "Black Nigger, let me rub your head" or "Hey Sambo." When I was alone, or with other Black kids, I would call them all kinds of "Wops and Dago's," and then I'd run like hell. Sometimes we black kids would go down there, just so we could call some names. In the window of this same store, there was a big picture with all kinds of Italian flags draped around it, and IL Duce printed at the bottom of it. I often wondered who the jerk was. I found out later. Pisan use to give parades with big pictures of the IL Duce and statues of the Virgin Mary, with dollar bills stuck all over them. That money probably went straight to Italy.

There we were, a few black families, smack dab in the middle of a bunch of fascists. The light-headed Irish kids were always throwing things at us, such as bricks, bottles and tin cans. They didn't want to harm us of

course, this was like a friendly jesture. We black kids would friendly jesture them right back by chasing them home, then their Mothers—Sisters—Aunts—Grandmas—Fathers and even St. Patrick would start a friendly jesture by heaving different things out of the windows, naturally we returned the various articles. Then all of a sudden the red cars would show, with the big nose Irish cops who would immediately, without question start throwing us into the red car. They would send us home wondering if throwing things ran in the Irish people's blood.

There was another group of people who didn't have any Factories or Stores around there, and they didn't sell anything much. The white people called them Negroes, Niggers and Colored people, but most of the time they called them Black so and so's. Most of these people were ashamed, they didn't know what they were, while every other group around them was making it very plain what they were themselves. Not knowing anything about organizing in order to get themselves straight, they just got drunk and cut up each other. They hated the word: Black, which was their true classification racially. They attempted to act more and more like Irish, Jews and Italians and various other Europeans. They did nothing of any importance such as establishing Factories and Stores. All they did was talk funny and straighten their hair. Later on I met some of these funny people and to my surprise they had succeeded, they were Jewish, Italians and even Irish.

My family, being racial, moved to an all black neighborhood when I was ten years old. So early in life, I had found out about three master con-men; the Jew, the Italian, and the Irish. These three white groups who were fighting a relentless war on the blacks propaganda wise and even physically, each playing his part methodically in an endless effort to keep the sucker - negro, a no - race - flunky, let me know just where they stood. And that's on your head if you let them. Today the same condition prevail. So those of you who are second-hand-white-men, you are not kidding anybody but yourself, ultimately you will be eliminated as is the fate of all fools and flunkies.

Those of you who are not ashamed of your African descent, and don't flinch when you hear the word: Black you really have a vast future when chain reaction occurs from the blackness of thought. Don't fight it! It's been there all the time.

BECOME A BLACK NATIONALIST.

A PROPHET IS POSTHUMOUSLY HONORED IN HIS HOME

Writes Carlos A. Cooks —

ON AUGUST 17, 1956 in Elouise Park, Kingston Jamaica, B.W.I. at a birthday celebration of the Honorable Marcus Garvey, a bronze statue of Garvey will be unveiled.

Marcus Garvey organized the "Universal Negro Improvement Association," the "African Community League," the "Black Star Line," and "Negro Factory, Inc." He recruited the leading engineers of the African race and sent them to Liberia on a mission, for the purpose of aiding and abetting that republic.

He floated the Black Star Line with the following ships, S.S. Orion which was the mother ship and was re-christened the S.S. Phyllis Wheatly, the S.S. Yarmouth re-christened S.S. Fredrick Douglas. The S.S. General G.W. Goethals, re-christened the S.S. Booker T. Washington. The S.S. Kanawha had formerly served as a Yacht but was re-fitted to serve as an Inter-colonial passenger boat along with the larger ships. There was also the S.S. Shady Side, a river boat.

Marcus Garvey addressed the League of Nations in the interest of the black race's right to control their own destiny.

He was dean of the school of African Fundamentalism, published the Negro World Newspaper, Black man Magazine and counceled such outstanding African Patriots as Jomo Kenyatta and a host of others.

While in England on the program of African redemption, he lectured in Hyde Park. He also lectured in El Hyde Park, Jamaica B.W.I. and spoke on Lenox and Seventh Avenues in New York. Garvey gave a program in Madison Square Garden, on African redemption. He was President General of the Universal Negro Improvement Association. A most thought provoking orator, he went into the strongholds of the Klu-Klux-Klan and fearlessly announced the program of his organization, conceding that Europe belongs to the Europeans and Asia to the Asiatics, and insisting that Africa must and shall be for the Africans, both those at home and those abroad.

Marcus Garvey's birthday is observed in Africa, South and Central America, The Caribbeans and here in New York there will be a parade in his honor through the streets of Harlem on the 17th day of August, 1956

"THE BLACK WOMAN"

By the Honorable Marcus Garvey

Black Queen of beauty, thou has't given
color to the world.
Among other women, thou art royal and the fairest,
Like the brightest of jewels in the regal diadem,
shinest thou
Goddess of Africa natures purest emblem
Black men worship at your virtuous shrine
of truest love,
Because in thine eyes are virtues steady
A holy mark as we see in no other,
Clothed in silk and fine linen from ancient Venus
the Goddess to mythical Helen.
When Africa stood at the head of the elder nations
The Gods use to travel from foreign lands
to look at thee,
On coach of costly Eastern materials
All perfumed reclineth thee
As in thy path flowers were strewn sweetest that bloom
Thy transcendent marvelous beauty
made the whole world mad,
Bringing Solomon to tears as he viewed
thy comeliness,
Anthony and the elder Caesar at thy royal feet

preferring death than to leave thy presence
their foes to meet.

You as in all ages have attracted the adoring world,
causing many a bloody banner to be unfurled.
Eminence to see a world fight in your ancient
African defense
Today you are dethroned through weakness of your men
While with frenzy those of us crave your smiles
and your hands,
Those who were all monsters and would not
with love approach you
Have insulted your pride, and now attack
your good virtue
Through disunion, you became the mother of the world
Giving tinge of robust color to five continents.
Making a greater world of millions of colored people
Whose claim to beauty is reflected through
our black faces.
From the handsome Indian to the European brunette.
There is a claim for that credit of their sunny beauty
Which none can never take from thee
Queen of all women, who hast borne trials and
troubles of racial burden.

PATRONIZE YOUR RESIDENT MERCHANTS !!

SLAVES vs FREE MEN

Writes Oscar Brown —

HAITI, IS A Black republic, where there is a black democracy. There are 10,000 square miles of land, and some 4,000,000 people. These people are happy, though poor. They have long debunked the propaganda that "blacks cannot rule themselves efficiently."

These Haitians have also debunked the story that was being told about civilizing the savages. If this were true, they would never have revolted. They would have been too busy enjoying their new found culture.

These so-called negroes are always telling us that slavery was a blessing in disguise; this is usually said by some of our negro Christians who are so inferior that they have to be washed in the blood of some lamb until they become as white as snow, as black as they are.

I deliver medicine occasionally to some negroes who live in a private house, owned by a white doctor. It would do your heart good to see these savages, always in slippers, tipping around on their toes and speaking in whispers. I am willing to bet that the day the doctor moves out of there and leaves those negroes alone, the police wagon will be there in short order to load up and take negroes to jail for cutting up each other. And you tell me that this negro is civilized? He was never a bigger savage than he is now. He fights tooth and nails against organization. Brother, I don't blame them for fighting against it, because the day we become organized is the day civilization will really begin.

After their defeat in 1697, the Spaniards ceded Haiti to France. Spain introduced sugar cane, which was to eventually become Haiti's main export. The combined exports of Haiti exceeded the thirteen American colonies and the colonies of Spain to the tune of some one hundred and forty million.

The next in line of privilege were the mulattoes. Some twenty-eight thousand of them owned one third of the land, and owed their very existence to Louis XIV's code which stated that any slave acquiring his freedom by purchase or gift, was to become a full French citizen, with all rights, including the right to own slaves.

The mulattoes feared the large mass of blacks. The whites discriminated against the mulattoes; the blacks were from several parts of Africa, and spoke many different languages. Their hatred of the white slave masters, and their ancestral worship kept them close together. Their ceremonial worships furnished real means of communication between escaped and chained slaves, and organized rebellion.

In the year 1758, the ablest of the escaped slaves, Macandel, almost succeeded in a plot to poison the reservoir supplying the Plains DuNord. On the night of Aug. 14, 1791 at a meeting disguised as a voodoo ceremony, Boukman, Biasson and Jean Francois, three leaders of the blacks, adopted definite plans against the

whites. Six days later, led by Boukman, the slaves of Turpin Plantation massacred every white man, woman, or child they could get their hands on. This inaugurated a general insurrection, and within a few weeks, the plantations of the Plains Du Nord were in ruins. The white population was either murdered or couped up in the larger cities. Blood poured in torrents, the earth was blackened with ashes; the captured blacks were burned alive, broken on wheels, or buried to their necks in sand and hot melted wax was poured into their ears.

The United States noted that these atrocities were paralleled by equally revolting exhibitions of black savagery. It was computed that within two months after the revolt began, about two thousand whites had been massacred, and hundreds of plantations destroyed.

Jean Francois, Biasson, and Boukman completely controlled the insurgent blacks of the north. The country was in a state of confusion. Although the blacks had no definite plans for the abolition of slavery, the mulattoes lacking organization and able leadership, were in no position to assert their claims, but opposed granting freedom to themselves. The whites engaged in fractional quarrels were united in only one determination; to suppress revolt. The mulattoes considered the refusal of the whites to recognize the decree of the National Assembly which gave certain political rights to men of color. Defiant of the home government, their leaders assured of the support of France, were determined to get their rights by force.

This movement was organized in the western province, where many of the mulattoes were rich and had slaves. The whites strengthened their claims, not wanting to fight both blacks and mulattoes. They figured they could control the mulattoes. This was the state of the colony in September, 1791. The inability of the National Assembly to restore order, drove a large number of mulattoes into the camp of the blacks. This so hopelessly discouraged the commissioners, that they left the colony. Mulatto soldiers were brought from the south, fearing a civil war between white soldiers and the mulatto soldiers. The governor resigned. A quarrel broke out between the mulatto and white soldiers; this added more revolt, into which the blacks were called as the mulattoes were outnumbered. The governor retired to his ships and sailed for the United States.

Over fifteen thousand blacks entered the city, and the whites who could not escape, stood in the hills and watched the town being destroyed in flames, and the fall of French supremacy in the island. From every port, ships crowded with refugees sailed for the United States, Europe, or other West Indian Islands; while the Spanish border ports received streams of terrified and destitute whites, all of whom were glad to escape with their lives. Since early in May 1793, a number of Spanish troops had been operating on the

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PSYCHOSYNTHESIS

THE CONVERSION OF BLACK MEN INTO NEGROES

Writes R. W. Williams —

THE WHITEMAN has developed a new science which might best be termed "Psychosynthesis"—through which the processor is enabled to synthesize the mentality of a human being and thereby make him into what ever he will have him be. The guinea pigs for the development of this science as well as its target victims has been the black race. What was the motive behind an alleged civilized race engaging in such a diabolical practice as the destruction of the human mind? It is no mystery.

Unlike any other segment of the American population, our forefathers did not come here of their own free will as immigrants seeking a better way of life, they were uprooted from their homes in the land of plenty, and brought to America by force, deceit, and trickery, to serve as slaves in building a nation, not for themselves, but as a haven for the pauperized white race which was dying out from disease, wars, and starvation in poverty stricken Europe. To carve a nation out of a wilderness, the whiteman learned, was a job beyond his ability. He then tried the Indians, with equal failure. The only man whose physical excellence could conquer this herculean task was the African, so he was elected.

When the whiteman went into Africa, he found Africans there, not "Negroes," he kidnapped Africans, he transported Africans to the Western Hemisphere. We are the descendants of those Africans, then why and when did we become "Negroes?" The answer is quite simple. The Africans, after thousands of years of enjoying freedom and prosperity in their own country, in their own civilization, were in no mood to become slaves of anybody, and especially the whiteman. Their distaste for the idea was forcibly demonstrated by the valiant battles in warfare put up in Africa, when these invading parasites' real aim became apparent; and by numerous other forms of resistance as mass suicides, mutiny on the slave ships, and bloody rebellions against their white enslavers.

The whiteman soon realized that it would require more than his savage brutality and iron chains to hold these proud black people in slavery. He further realized that as long as the mind remains free, the body cannot be kept indefinitely enslaved. Hence, if a man is to be made into a slave, he must first be stripped of the things that make him a man. What are the ingredients of manhood? To be a man, a person must have pride and confidence in himself, his race, his heritage. He must possess a willingness to die if necessary to defend this heritage, his homeland, to perpetuate his ideals, his culture, his way of life, he must maintain a close adher-

ence to the first law of nature, he must sustain a perpetual desire to be free to take part in chartering his own destiny; that destiny being to protect, defend and promote the welfare of his family and his race.

Ways and means of destroying these traits of manhood in the blackman therefore, became item No. 1 on the slave master's agenda in his plan to build America—for a builder cannot perform his work well unless his tools are in order. Thus the whiteman decided long ago, that when the first generation of our forefathers with the memory of their country and freedom still vivid in their minds, had died out, future generations of black people, if they are to remain under white domination, must never be allowed to re-establish, or reunite themselves with Africa, their homeland; their way of life, their arts, their languages, their religions, their history, and their people; hence, their hope for freedom and racial independence.

They must be taught that their history has been one of slavery, dating only back to 1619. They must never know that their history is that of the oldest and first civilized people on earth; that their black forebearers were builders of empires and creators of civilizations in Africa centuries before the white race in Europe emerged from the stage of savage cannibals. They must be taught that they were the savages whom the kind-hearted whiteman through his Christian benevolence brought out of darkness and allowed to share his civilization; and for such generosity on the part of the whiteman, the blacks should be eternally grateful, and contented to be his slaves.

The whiteman then, has based his policy on the unshakable conviction that black people must never be allowed to consider themselves equal, or even potentially equal to the whites, and thereby become a threat to white supremacy. Therefore, they must be made to admire and respect white people and to hate themselves.

Since the mind is the master of the body, gain control of his brains, and you automatically have control of the man. By this simple law of psychology our race has been laid to waste. By consistent and systematic propaganda and formal mis-education over many generations, this professional enslaver has succeeded in reducing the minds of our people to the level where they have accepted this nonsense; and as ironic and incredible as it may sound, have joined him in perpetuating it.

From a race of proud, creative and courageous black people (Africans) the whiteman through "Psychosynthesis" has created the confused, frustrated, spineless creatures to whom he has given the insulting names of "Negroes" and "Niggers." And as if to add insult to the injury of black dignity, these *(Continued on Page 10)*

I AM MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER? THIS IS SUPPOSE TO BE AN ANSWER MADE BY CAIN AFTER HE HAD SLAIN HIS BROTHER, ABEL.

Writes Oscar Brown —

WE HAVE LONG since realized that we are our brother's keeper. There are numerous organizations which take care of the old, the sick, the very young and those who are unable to take care of themselves. Relief, old age pension, social security and a host of others prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that we are our brother's keeper.

In an economic system such as this, the negro should not have to be told to make some form of preparations to do likewise; the least he can do is try to employ himself. Why does the negro think that every other group is suppose to take care of him? These people are so busily engaged in creating and finding employment for each other, that it is very unreasonable to expect them to include us in their plans. These people must not only find employment for each other, but also the negro. If there is a porter job available after most or all of them are employed, then the negro gets it, he then raises hell because he is qualified to do chores other than porter work.

We are a group of some fifteen million, who spend sixteen billion dollars yearly! Yet, we are so poor. Our employment ratio is always very high because we have no industries. The negro is a consumer, and a very ignorant one at that. While the negro is employed, he could pool his monies and go into some form of business; this business would employ not only one of them, but several. Instead, the negro insists on being extravagant, he buys the best, or at least he pays the most for what he calls the best. Thus, you'll find the negro paying a hundred dollars for a suit, thirty dollars for a pair of shoes etc.

This money is used by those with whom the negro trades, to make employment for everyone except the negro. The fine cars we own, and the luxuries we indulge in, you'll find no other race indulging in unless they are rich. Then why does the negro insist on being the only outstanding poor-rich? A people as poor as the negro cannot afford to be careless with money. Some of the people who trade with negroes are always telling them that money was made to be spent; true, but let us examine these people, most of whom are middle men. These people buy and sell; thus, they receive bills for merchandise purchased. You'll find them adding each item, checking and rechecking over and over to make certain they aren't being overcharged one cent, but it shouldn't matter that the negro is overcharged for most of the things he gets, making it possible for these merchants to receive not only their regular profit, but in many instances, profit and a half. Yet, these people don't intend to spend one cent more than is necessary.

What makes this such a sorry state of affairs, is that

these people who take the negroes money are aliens; thus, this money is taken out of the community to educate, employ, and promote better living conditions for people other than negroes, while the negro remains illiterate, unemployed and living in a filthy community. The things that negroes do, you'll find no other group doing. If there are one or two of his kind in a business, the negro is the last to patronize him. The only business negroes seem to support is the negro restaurant that is open all night. These restaurants usually have a Juke Box that can be heard four or five blocks away. Negroes wait until four o'clock in the morning, then they decide to eat—or is it to play this noise maker and keep everyone else awake? I suppose that is the only reason the negro trades with these restaurants, nobody is able to rest; this he likes.

Why isn't the negro told to patronize his own merchants? Strange as it may seem, there is only one organization among us advocating self-determination; this is known as the A.N.P.M., with it's "Buy Black Campaign" This is the most despised group in Harlem. Why? Those who sell merchandise to the negro naturally dislike anyone trying to take their bread and butter away from them. But why the negro dislikes the A.N.P.M., is beyond me.

If this negro doesn't intend to do anything for himself, then what does he mean to do? He, surely will profit most from his own industrial enterprises. We had among us three people worth mentioning; an Ice cream manufacturer, a Clothing manufacturer and a negro woman Pharmacist. The ice cream maker and the factory making clothing were opposite each other on 135th St. between Lenox and Fifth Avenues. These people went out of business long before the block was condemned for projects. What I would like to know is, doesn't the negro eat ice cream, and doesn't he wear clothing? If not, why are there so many ice cream companies and so many people selling clothing among us? These people could have employed not only themselves, but several others, had they been successful in business. The negro woman who owned the Drug Store at 119th St. and 7th Ave., was in a field already prejudiced to women. It would seem that the negro women would have gone out of their way to support this woman; first, because she was one of their kind, and secondly, because she was a woman. Despite her unusual accent, she failed in business. I dare say that had she been a white woman right here in Harlem, she wouldn't have enough hands to serve negroes. They would be swarming all over the place to trade with her, even though she spoke little or no English. Negro women could have supported the negro druggist just buying a box of Kotex. She could then employ herself, another druggist, a clerk and a porter.

Negroes and Negro Goals

Writes Antonio B. Stephens —

ADLAI STEVENSON in "Look Magazine" of Nov. 15, 1955 uses the following words, "Incidentally, I never once heard the word "Negro" in Africa. African, Native, Bantu; yes, but "Negro," never. This word seems to be an American invention, etc." Black people were indeed surprised to see such a ridiculous statement from a statesman, a man supposedly of a high educational and intellectual caliber. Is it just an effort to side-track the truth, or is it genuine ignorance? It should be common knowledge of the average person, not only in America, that this debasing word "Negro" is an American invention. The semi-human creatures who fulfill the qualifications of that despicable word, constitutes a separate element, apart; regrettable to admit that the only affiliation between them and the Blacks is probably the color of the skin, but in Racial dignity and aspirations—none.

I dare any man to make this contradictory statement "Negro Nationalism." Whenever there is such an aspiration, it is "Black." Negro aspirations are namely INTEGRATION, DESEGREGATION, MISCEGENATION, SOCIAL EQUALITY, COMMUNISM, etc.

The negro is not Black psychologically; therefore, constitutes a something apart, consequently is not a representative of the Black Race.

It's indeed a tribute to the ignorance of any man who refers to my race as a whole, as negroes, or to associate in any way the aspirations of Blacks with those of bastard minded negroes.

The negro is the product of that debased, dehumanizing circumstance imposed on him by his humane Christian white masters known as chattel slavery, now converted into mental slavery — a creature devoid of his racial pride, ambition and originality; thanks to those civilized white masters. Negroes were and are taught through every chanel of propaganda, namely the church, school, movies, radio, television, books and magazines, that he is inferior, that he cannot make it alone. It is impressed on him in every aspect of life and he has learned well the lesson intended for him. Is it a wonder that he chose the undignified goal of integration? He adheres to the whiteman's conceptions in totality; to his conceptions of beauty, justice, right, religion, might, etc. In other words, this negro is an artificial being with Black skin but a white mind, white ambitions, white aspirations; made exactly to order by his white maker.

The Blacks inspired by racial dignity, pride and ambition, combined with the knowledge of their glorious past, and the realization that Africa their natural heritage bequeathed to them by the God Nature, inspired by the realization that theirs, the land of possibilities, the land of the future, and the burning desire to redeem his women; his posterity is forging ahead to the racial goal

of "Black Nationalism" under the leadership of Garveyism and the African Nationalist Pioneer Movement, determined to accomplish that goal in the land of our forefathers, and it shall be accomplished even if it requires the annihilation of everything under the firmament of heaven.

Integration in what is justly ours is inconceivable with the beastly negro included; he had better remain with his white master since he inwardly is also white.

THE *Universal African Anthem*

National Anthem of the African Nationalist Pioneer Movement and African Communities League.

Poem by Burrell and Ford

(1)

Africa, thou land of our fathers,
Thou land where the Gods love to be,
As storm clouds at night sudden gathers
Our armies come rushing to thee.

We must in the fight be victorious
When swords are thrust outward to glean;
For us will the victory be glorious
When led by the Red — Black — and Green.

Chorus

Advance, Advance to Victory.
Let Africa be free;
Advance to meet the foe with the might
Of the Red — the Black — and the Green.

(2)

Africa, the tyrant's falling,
Who smote thee to thy knees
And thy children are lustily calling
From over the distant seas.

Jehovah, the great one has heard us
Has noted our sighs and our tears,
With his spirit of love he has stirred
Be one through the coming years.

Chorus: Advance, Advance, etc.

(3)

O, Jehovah, thou God of the ages
Grant unto our sons that lead
The wisdom thou gave to the sages
When Isaac was sore in need.

Thy voice thro' the dim past has spoken
Africa shall stretch forth her hand
By thee shall all fetters be broken
And heav'n blesses our dear Mother Land.

Chorus: Advance, Advance, etc.

PATRONIZE YOUR RESIDENT MERCHANTS ! !

THE TRAGIC CONSEQUENCE

"NEGROES: A SYNTHETIC CASTE"

This is the second in a series of three articles dealing with the main arteries of the race problem in the Americas. The initial article dealt with existing conditions. Here we will deal with the underlying causes responsible for bringing about the psychological metamorphosis from a proud, arrogant African Warrior: to a docile and subservient caste creature — now known as negroes.

Writes Carlos Cooks —

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE

IN THE YEAR 1547, the Council of Cardinals met in the Hague, and sanctioned as a righteous and progressive idea, the enslavement of Black Africans for the purpose of their conversion to Christianity and to be exploited in the labor market as the chattel property of white supremacy.

The Princes of the Catholic Church adopted this devilish scheme, it speedily gained the sanctimonious blessing of His Holiness, the Pope of Rome and became standard policy of the Roman Catholic; later the Protestant Churches for three centuries. Thus was the ghastly traffic in human misery given the cloak of respectability and annointed with the oil of Pontifical righteousness—In Jesus Name. And so the slave trade began, inaugurating an era that stands out as the most gruesome and macabre example of man's inhumanity towards man.

There isn't a crime conceived by the human mind that was not committed against those unfortunate Africans who fell into the hands of the slave traders. The Europeans saw in African manpower, the means whereby they could secure free labor for the building of the Americas. The indigenous American Indians flatly refused to work for the whiteman, preferring to fight till death, rather than become the tool of white feudalism.

Working in consort with Moslem-Arab marauders, the Christian slave ships of Portugal, Spain, Holland, France and England kept their criminal rendezvous with Arab slave merchants along the Ivory, Gold and Guinea Coasts of West Africa; sometimes carrying a ship-load of calico and molasses to barter for a ship-load of Africans, on other occasions rum and guns would be exchanged for a cargo of human beings. Those caught in the vortex of the Arab slave marauders were herded on the slave boats, crammed into the holes of slave ships; upon completing loading operations, the ship's hatch would be latched upon them and any showing a spark of fighting spirit were shackled to their bunks, there they were left to wallow in their own waste material and inhale the asphyxiating stench of human squalor for the voyage. Only the most hardy survived the journey into slavery. Upon arrival at the trading center in the western world, they were herded down the gang plank, chained to each other and led directly to the auction blocks where they were paraded naked before prospective buyers and sold to the highest bidder.

SLAVERY

The blacks upon entering into the slave system of

the Americas, became exposed to the most diabolical and consistent application of mental and physical torture the world has ever known.

Here was the African, far away from his native land where he was free to hunt the mighty lion, dance his tribal dances, farm his land, commune with his great God Dambulla, and offer incantations to Vudaun, Africa! where he could drink freely from the sweet nectar of the cup of life, husbanding his wives and fathering his children, enjoying the fraternity of his friends, marching bravely with the warriors of his tribe in time of peril; he was passionately devoted to the beauty of Africa, its green fields and rich soil, its rapid flowing streams and cascading waterfalls, its serenely beautiful sunsets and golden dawns.

As the African reflected on his miserable state and the strange brutal hell of his surroundings, he became a creature of conflicting emotions, caught in the throes of nostalgia. He would recklessly gamble his life away in a suicidal attack on the entire slave system. Oftimes these attacks gained limited success, in that the attacking Africans achieved their objective; mainly, to kill everyone on the plantation connected with slavery. Their prime targets during the attacks were the slave-masters, their families and the task-masters.

The feudal hierarchy of the slave system soon realized that they were losing face and money as a consequence of these spasmodic attacks and decided that a full course of physical and spiritual psychology must be implemented if the Black African was to be transformed from a proud rebellious man to a docile (Negro) slave caste creature. Their plans entailed some of the most extreme forms of physical torture.

"Breaking On the Rack" The rack was a wooden mechanism with a score of heavy oak poles; the poles would lash out in vigorous unison at the half turn of the wheel and pound the black victim until every bone in his body was broken in fragmental particles, this operation normally took four hours.

"Quartering of Blacks" Quartering was a more violent but quicker form of torture. This consisted of the use of two young trees to which the helpless victim would be tied, right hand and right foot to one tree, and left hand and left foot to the other, the trees were bent to the point of tension and held in that position until the victim was securely tied, then the staying hands would be removed, the concentric force of each tree returning to its natural position would tear the unfortunate black man's body in four.

"The Whipping Post" This was the most widely used

BUY BLACK !!

CE OF WHITE PSYCHOLOGY

method of the terror apparatus of the slave system. Its operation varied in heinousness based on the temperament of the task-master, some used spiked whips during the flogging and gloated in sadistic glee as the lashes from the steel spiked whip tore into the blackman's flesh. Others favored "hot brine" after the flogging—their joy came from the painful moaning of the African.

"The Pit" This mode of torture was reserved for pregnant black women; consisting of a hole in the ground deep enough to house her inflated belly, with her naked back exposed to the slave-master's bull-whip. If her condition of pregnancy was in an advanced stage and her offense against the slave system a serious one, she would be whipped until she prematurely gave birth to the child in her womb, or died from the excruciating pain of the bull-whip biting into her naked flesh.

"The Blood Hounds" The hounds were trained to disembowel human beings. At the signal of an escape, they would be turned loose to track down their quarry, upon finding their prey, the hounds would proceed to tear out the entrails of the fugitive blackman.

These are just some of the torture methods employed by the supposedly civilized white man on the reputedly uncivilized blackman. The civilized Christian whiteman saw humor in the misery of suffering blacks, indeed! Whenever there was a quartering, or the whipping of a pregnant blackwoman, or the hounds went on a trek, plantation owners from all around came with their wives and children to see the show.

Despite the cruelty and savage atrocities inflicted on the Africans as a means to break their spirit and condition them into becoming profitable assets to the slave system, the white slave-master began to realize that terror alone would be useless as long as the Africans retained their proud brave spirit and native ways. Therefore, the Christian church came up with a program designed to bring about complete subversion of the African to the desired Slave Caste Creature demanded by the feudal society of the Americas.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL METAMORPHOSIS

The plan of the Christian church called for the complete destruction of the African's mind. The psychological process was implemented in its totality to the extent that the Bible was revised in 1659 for the express purpose of justifying slavery and establishing as divine dogma, the fallacious assumption that the curse of God was upon the Black Race; and slavery was the intention of the Almighty God where the Africans would serve their penitence.

This ecclesiastic hoax having gained currency, the entire Christian world now armed with the newly fabricated "Divine Dogma" (Slaves, obey thy master) proceeded to vilify the African Race—burlesquing their hair, color, lips, teeth, nose, eyes, head and general appearance.

The Blackman's concept of God as the great tower

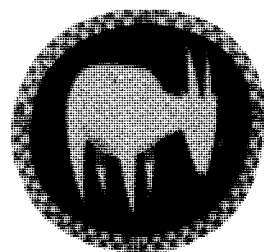
ing black figure of Dambulla, who made his wrath felt, the avenging spirit of Voudun; was tabooed by the Christian slave system. Any attempt by the Africans to practice their indigenous religion was considered necromancy and the High Priests of Voudun were called sorcerers, and fed to the hungry blood hounds. Thus with the suppression of the African native religion a *fait accompli* and the destruction of the Blackman's self confidence and affinity for each other becoming an evident fact, the Christian church and slave system was ready to put into operation the next phase of their horrible scheme.

STOCK BREEDING & MISCEGENATION

At the turn of the eighteenth century, Christian Feudal Slave Cartel was yielding so much profit to the European parasites who trafficked in it (which was the majority of nations of Europe) the white man began to envision the domination of all Africa, and the total enslavement of its Black population.

In this connection, they decided to create within the slave caste, a mongrel group that could be used to perpetuate a phobia of happy subservience among the black slaves. To accomplish this end, the Christian slave system endorsed the use of innocent young black girls to be used as concubines of the white slavemasters. The bastard born of this sordid union, naturally was neither black nor white, neither freeman or slave. This mongrel caste was taught to believe themselves better than the black slave—based on their lighter color, they were taught to read and write and enjoyed a very close relationship with the slavemaster. They were known as the "House Nigger" and they gave valuable service to the feudal slave system, acting as liaison between the slavemaster and the field slaves. On Sunday mornings it was the "house nigger" who preached to the work-weary slave about the blessings of Jesus and the paradise to come. The "house nigger" was the chief espionage agent for the slavemaster and in turn had his underlings in the field from whom he would get information as to plots and agitation to turn over to his master. But as vigilant and cruel as the Feudal Christian Slave System was, many blacks escaped, many died gallantly—hacking the task master to death, many succeeded in burning the plantation down.

To be continued in next issue.



HAITIAN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

PROCLAMATION OF DESSALINES, CHRISTOPHE AND CLERVAUX

Chiefs of the Liberation Armies of Haiti

THE INDEPENDENCE OF ST. DOMINGUE is proclaimed. Restored to our primitive dignity, we have asserted our right; we swear never to yield them to any power on earth. The frightful veil of prejudice is torn to pieces. Be it ever so! Woe be to them who would dare to put together its Bloody tatters!

Landholders of St. Domingue, wandering in foreign countries! By proclaiming our independence, we do not forbid you all, without distinction, to return to your property. Far be from us so unjust a thought! We are not ignorant that there are some among you who have renounced their former errors, abjured the injustices of their exorbitant pretensions, and acknowledge the lawfulness of the cause for which we have been spilling our blood these twelve years. Towards those men who do us justice, we will act as brothers. Let them rely forever on our esteem and friendship; let them return among us. The God who protects us, the God of free men, bids us stretch out towards them our conquering arms. But as for those who, intoxicated with foolish pride, interested slaves of a guilty pretension, are blinded so much as to believe themselves the essence of human nature and assert that they are destined by Heaven to be our masters and our tyrants, let them never come near the land of St. Domingue! If they come hither, they will only meet with chains of banishment. Then let them stay where they are—tormented by their well deserved misery and the frowns of the just men whom they have too long mocked, let them still continue to live, unpitied and unnoticed by all. We have sworn not to listen with clemency to any who would dare to speak to us of Slavery. We will be inexorable, perhaps even cruel, towards all troops who, themselves forgetting the object for which they have not ceased fighting since 1780, should come from Europe to bring among us death and servitude. No sacrifice is too costly and all means are lawful to men from whom it is wished to wrest the first of all blessings. Were they to cause streams and torrents of blood to flow; were they in order to maintain their liberty; to fire seven eighths of the globe, they are innocent before the tribunal of Providence; which never created men to groan under so harsh and shameful a servitude.

In the various commotions that have taken place, some inhabitants against whom we have no complaints have been victims of the cruelty of a few soldiers or cultivators—too much blinded by the remembrance of their past sufferings to be able to distinguish the good and humane landowner from those who were unfeeling and cruel. We lament, together with all who feel, so deplorable an end, and declare to the world, whatever may be said to the contrary by wicked people, that the murders were committed contrary to the wishes of our

hearts. It was impossible, especially in the crisis in which the colony was, to prevent or stop those horrors. They who are in the least acquainted with history know that a people, when torn by civil dissensions, though they may be the most civilized on earth, give themselves up to every species of excess; and the authority of the chiefs, not yet firmly based, in a time of revolution cannot punish all who are guilty, without meeting with perpetual difficulties. But today the dawn of peace cheers us with glimpses of a less stormy time; now that the calm of victory has succeeded to the tumult of a dreadful war, all affairs in St. Domingue ought to assume a new face and its government henceforward be one of Justice.

Done at Headquarters, Fort Dauphin
November 29, 1803

Signed *Dessalines*
 Christophe
 Clervaux

Manifestation of Contemplation

By LaVerne Holt

Myself do I love – honor, worship and obey
Myself do I live for – twenty-four hours a day
Myself alone do I cling to
Myself alone do I truly care for

Myself nature has made so perfect
Myself cannot be defined in words
For thousands and thousands of years
Man has labored hard, wracking his brain,
Trying to solve the mystery of myself; Ah, but never!
For the "infinite virtue" filtrated the core

The vision of myself is in your face
Intricately woven in the "Black Race"
The discomposure of the whole
Must organize and take their place

You, Blackman! Pride of nature's creation
Adhere to the only law, "Self Preservation"
We are natures chosen people of the world
We must unify ourselves with racial love

Know "Myself" in daily reality
You are only dreaming, you are free
It's all up to you to make it be
Who else can plan your destiny?

Time? You have no more of that friend
You've lost your chance, "Myself" will win
Who knows how many moons will pass by?
Before Blackmen, will unite against the enemy
Fighting, side by side

Oh, what a glorious day that will be
It will have to be done, before we are free
Why can't they all "understand the sign"
Myself is the mind, Black unity, it will bind!

BUY BLACK !!

MURDER!! WITHOUT REPENTENCE

Writes Mary Kerr —

THIS IS A STORY OF MURDER! The story of the white man's murderous attack on the black men of Africa.

We the black women of the Ladies Auxiliary of the African Nationalist Pioneer Movement are determined to stand behind our men, to help promulgate the political and moral ideals of Black Nationalism all over the world, wherever black people may be found. We declare that "Africa must be free," and all members of African heritage must be free.

I can remember a few short years ago, one of the most barbaric wars that has ever been fought in an effort to gain control of other people's destiny. They called the man who led that war, Hitler. And at that time the British claimed he was the most barbaric man in the world because he was killing men, women and children. Yet today, these same British are killing black men, women and children in the Kenya, and they are using the same methods used by Hitler when he made an attempt to suppress free people.

We do hope and sincerely pray, that nature, habits, and opinion will give the Mau-Mau more power and strength to kill all of their oppressors, so that Africa will be free. This is the fervent hope and desire of every Nationalist minded black man, woman, and child the world over.

Since we know that today Nationalism is the religious aspiration of the world, we feel as other people do; that freedom is the salvation of all mankind. Therefore,

we the black women who believe in the great philosophy of Marcus Garvey, and the truthful and honest leadership of the Administrator of the African Nationalist Pioneer Movement, Mr. Carlos A. Cooks, must therefore begin to build a world wide Auxiliary of all black women.

We must learn to stand behind our men as other women of the world do. We must make bold efforts to back our men; give them courage, affection and the will to go forward; for a man only moves forward when he puts forth a genuine effort to gain and have control of his own destiny. He must fight, he must be willing to devote his blood, sweat and tears. He must lay down his life, if need be, as did his illustrious ancestors before him. But a man will only fight when he has something to fight for, and believes whole heartedly in what he is fighting for, and believes in the woman who gives him inspiration.

This should be the aspiration of all black women. We are constantly plagued with "House Niggers, Aunt Jemimas and Uncle Tomism," all over the world. These are defiant and definate nuisances to the race, and they must be dealt with. Some of us will gladly sell out our black mother to save a white man. It is such as he, who must be wiped out along with the white men who oppress the African blacks, and hamper the redemption of our homeland. They must be removed from the role of stumbling block which they now occupy. When this is done, the black race can once again move forward towards its ultimate goal — a free Africa from Cape to Cairo. A FREE RACE!

SLAVES VS FREE MEN

(Continued from Page 2) French border. Thousands of French troops deserted after the fall of Cap Francois and joined the Spanish army. So did many of the Black leaders.

There were two years of confusion; the French wanting to keep the disastrous situation in hand, sent commissioners to appease the three warring factions. Three deputies were sent, one a black, and 2 mulattoes. They were received by the National Convention, and a decree proclaimed abolishing slavery; this decree completed the alienation of the mulattoes who saw themselves deprived of slaves, and forced to accept equality of the Africans whom they despised. The Spanish now reinforced, began to threaten the northern part of the colony. Shortly after that, freedom was granted to the entire population.

Since 1791, the refugees had been asking the British to send troops to take the island, preferring to be ruled by another white power, rather than blacks. It was stipulated that the colony be occupied by the British, on condition that the French colony assisted in subduing the blacks, and restoring order to the island. The Gov. of Jamaica, B.W.I. was instructed to send troops to St.

Domingue, and to accept submission of those who solicit the protection of the British. They were accepted with great expectation, and quickly took the important town of Aux Cayes which was held by the mulatto General Rigaud.

Two months later, the garrison at Mole St. Nicholas also fell to the British. This was composed of Irish and French troops. The mulattoes at Port Au Prince, fearing that they would lose their hard earned rights revolted. At this point, came a man who completed the freedom of the blacks, and finally expelled Spain, France and England from the island.

When war broke out in 1793 between France and Spain, Touissant joined the Spanish army with his men and induced a number of the regular troops to join him. By spring of 1794, he had some four thousand men. He then deserted the Spanish army. After many brilliant campaigns, he defeated the Spanish. In fact, it is said that after de-seating the Spanish army they were so demoralized, that they surrendered to him readily.

Then Toussaint and Rigaud turned on the British and almost eliminated them. He was then in complete
(To be continued in next issue)

PSYCHOSYNTHESIS

(Continued from Page 3)

poor creatures have also accepted these vile names along with all the implications of inferiority that go with them.

Through his religion, his press, his schools, his theatres, his radio, and now television, this master propagandist has with unrelenting consistency, bombarded the minds of our people with the notion of superiority of his race, and the inferiority of ours.

Basically by employing the policy of glorifying white, and degrading black. White being associated with purity, beauty, and things that are suppose to be angelic and godly.

For example: A bride dresses in a white wedding gown, symbolizing the innocence of a virgin. The angels in heaven are said to be as "white as snow." A "little white lie" is a justifiable lie told for a good and honorable purpose. A person of good standing with the law, has a "lily white" reputation. A white woman with blond straight hair, fairest complexion, thin lips, long keen nose, blue eyes etc. (characteristics being just the opposite of those of a black woman) is put forth as the standard of beauty in womanhood. Even Jesus Christ is presented as a blond, with blue eyes, and thin lips. Black, on the other hand, is associated with death, diseases, suffering, misfortune; in short, with everything that is criminal, bad, ugly, unpleasant or undesirable. Thus! A band of notorious white gangsters is called "The Black Hand Gang," or the illegal sale of commodities is referred to as "The Black Market," or the wayward child is called the "Black Sheep" of the family, a criminal writes a letter of distortion the act is called "Black Mail," or a person is Blacklisted, or has a Black Reputation, the Black Cat is singled out as a symbol of bad luck, the worse plague ever recorded, which almost exterminated the white race in Europe, has been named "The Black Death," Black is worn at funerals to indicate grief—and the list goes on and on.

The fact that the black people in the Western Hemisphere are the only people who bitterly disown their homeland and their indigenous culture, hate their color, and resort to every conceivable means to escape from their race, is ample testimony that the whiteman has achieved astounding success in what he set out to accomplish.

Our women, having lost the ability to recognize and appreciate their own natural beauty, spend millions of dollars, and endure inhuman torture, subjecting themselves to serious danger of red-hot combs to straighten their hair, chemicals to bleach their skin white, and their hair blond, in an asinine attempt to look like white women; resulting in such profane and hideous creatures as Black Blonds and Black Red-heads, with men of equal stupidity, falling right behind as "Conked Clowns," and "Manicured Monkeys."

"Hail to the Sudanese"

By Rayfus Williams

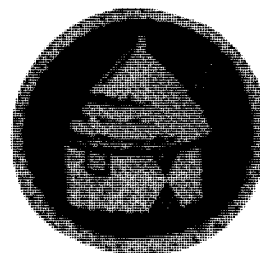
Hail! Black brothers of the Nile
We salute your valiant deed.
You've shed your land of something vile
No single act will e're exceed.

You've added fuel to the fire
Already burning in our hearts
The flame of Freedom we all aspire
In all the fury that such imparts.

Your declaration resounded here
The dead arose – the sleep' awoke
The drums of Freedom filled the air
While shouts of joy all silence broke.

We raise our voices across the wave
To thank our brother Sudanese.
But as long as ONE Blackman's a slave
The minds of none can be at ease.

For all Black men who would be free
You have sound' the clarion call
For there'll be no lasting Liberty
Until there's Freedom for us all.



There is no escape from nature, nor should there be any desire to escape. The sooner we realize that what is wrong with us is not the color of our skin, or the texture of our hair; but rather the condition of our minds, and take steps to rectify this condition, the sooner we can and will once again have a race of which we can feel duly proud.

We must free our minds of over three-hundred years of mental slavery, and the only force in existence powerful enough to break such well forged shackles is the force of AFRICAN NATIONALISM, and the only organization capable of harnessing that force is the AFRICAN NATIONALIST PIONEER MOVEMENT

ESCAPE vs CURE

Writes Mary Kerr —

A FEW DAYS AGO I was asked a question, a question which all loyal members of African heritage should be asking today; one which all Black men, women and children who are aware, awake, and watching the signs of the time and reading the handwriting on the wall, are asking. "How can we ever possibly hope to escape from our originality, and why should we want to escape from our great African heritage? The man who asked me this question told me a very sad but interesting story about his past life, and of his hopes and desires for the future. He said, "I was born deep in the jungles of Africa, about 500 miles outside the Cameroons. I was the son of a Bacha chief. We lived a normal and happy life and all our hopes and desires were fulfilled completely; until the German army invaded our jungle haven. In 1914 or 1915, I cannot recall the exact year, the German army moved in under the command of Kaiser Wilhelm. My father, the chief, was ordered to have all members of his tribe supply the German army with whatever produce they desired, and to supply them with man power at no cost, and in general to be slaves in every other conceivable way. When my father refused to submit to this form of slavery; when he refused to order his tribe to do the biddings of the whitemen, he was thrown into the huge jail which had been established by the Germans in Kusamba. It was in that jail that the Boyangams killed him.

After my father was slain, I drifted from the Cameroons to Pachung, from there to Fernando-Poo. As time passed, the Germans became savage and brutal and the war became worse. Kaiser Wilhelm became more determined than ever to trod all of Africa's children under the heels of his soldier's boots. He led his army as far as Fernando-Po and could go no further. They left death and destruction in their wake, shattered bodies, blood and tears. They pushed on along their bloody trail until at Fernando-Poo, they reached a dead end and could not pass.

In some manner, which I cannot recall, I was transported from Fernando-Poo to England, from there to the West Indies and from there to the United States of America where I find myself today, in an alien country answering to an alien name. But in spite of all that has happened in the past, and is now happening in this present day and age, and in spite of all that will happen in the future, I still remember Africa, the land of my father; I will never forget my home. I do not wish to be counted among those who are now endeavoring to lose themselves in an alien origination, and if I never realize my greatest hope and desire someday in the not too distant future return to the good earth Africa, then it is my fervent wish that the younger generation will remember Africa, and will return."

Remember this also! Hitler's bullets did not bar the

faces of black men. Tojo's bullets did not bar the faces of black men. Mussolini's bullets did not bar the faces of black men. When they came upon a black soldier, they shot to kill. But here in free, democratic America, the whiteman does bar the faces of blackmen. In this present day and age you can't ride his buses, you can't enter his fine hotels and restaurants; you can prepare his meals, scrub his floors, wash his dirty linen, but you can't eat, live, or sit near him. So I ask you once again. "How can you ever hope to escape from your originality, and why should you want to escape from your great African heritage? My friend, there is no escape, but there is a cure, and that cure will not be found in the Americas, in Europe, the West Indies or any other alien land. The cure lies within the boundaries of mother Africa. Africa is my home, I was born there. Africa is your ancestral home, your refuge, your hope, your citadel, there is no escape."

When I asked permission to use the gentleman's name, he said, "It is not my name. It is not my good African name. This name is alien to me. If you must have a name, just sign it, John Doe."

I listened very attentively to the gentleman, and when he had completed his discourse, the only thing I could possibly add to what he had already said is this, AMEN.

HAIL BRETHREN! *By Raymond Montano*

I WANT TO TALK to those men who are just sick and tired of the way our people are being pushed around. Everyday I encounter men talking of how damn disgusted they are. How bitter they seem, and yet they still refuse to let themselves awake to our people's plight. Therefore, to those who do not know where to go or where to come in order to stand and fight as men, I have written this poem:

Hail brethren, who look like me,
Rise O brothers, organize
Whiteman here comes the judge

Hail Blackman, black as tar,
Be proud that you are of Africa.
Now whiteman be judged

Hail woman, dark as night,
Body strong and firm,
Follow us and bring your young
The cause is none too great,
For in their midst you are queen,
Come dwell the earth as you ought.

Come Blackman, before it's too late,
There's but one path, the cause is none too great
Forever be rid of whitemen.

You are now on the threshold of a grave decision. If your decision is that of a Blackman, a man of principle, a man who makes a decision and sticks to it, I embrace you to the cause. You and I will meet and I shall see you rise with the tide and forever ours will be a land of glory, upon which the sun will never set.

Writes Oscar Brown —

How it is possible for untrained white men to fool

These people are so well organized that the few negroes who do notice these conditions refuse to say or do anything, fearing not only the loss of their bread and butter but that their welfare would be jeopardized. Yet! This negro refuses to organize, to remedy these conditions. He is still being fooled by the phonies who run the dumps they call "Drug Stores," in Harlem.

ALAN LUKE, Proprietor

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

By Carlos Cooks

That every Race on earth can see beauty in their own women; except; You know who.

That all other women, whether they be Malay, Chinese, Caucasian or Hindu accepts their hair, and color as a natural gift; except, Can you guess who?

That everybody from the Arab to the Chinese believe in their own God, and see good in the image and likeness of their Race – That's right, but with them God looks like somebody else.

And why is it that they are always taking the Whiteman to court to legally compel Whites to accept Them as a neighbor – Could it be that they are still suffering from an inferiority complex?

And why do they carry around such long, sharp, mobile knives to butcher each other with – Is it because they hate themselves?

And doesn't it seem funny that all other people concentrate on operating banks, railroads, textile mills, steamship lines, airlines, trucking lines and packing houses, etc; but they concentrate on operating churches.

And why do they buy so many expensive cars and live in such dinky little coops. Wouldn't it be better if they would invest the money spent on cars, in homes and businesses – No! that would be much of a display of intelligence.

And why are they always begging for jobs – good jobs, more jobs, and never bother to create businesses that make such jobs possible; Because they are Flunkies at heart.

And why do they keep griping and shouting about prejudice and Jim Crow; everyone knows that they are the greatest enemy of their own opportunity – They have refused to Buy Black.

And how is it that New York is suppose to be so cosmopolitan, but we don't see them operating business in other communities. Nevertheless all species of man can be found in their community operating and controlling the business; and naturally carting the money out of the community – A fool and his money must part.

They must have an awful queer taste for entertainment; to sit down in a movie and see a white man and a white woman enact a fantastic plot that invariably notes the essence of white supremacy – They actually laugh or applaud when their Race is held up to ridicule. Are they really human?

And how could they reject a doctrine, such as Garveyism; with all its appeal to reason, antidotes for their miserable plight, an inspiration to Racial Pride, Majesty and Manhood. Holding out to them the pomp and dignity of Nation, World Respect and Racial Security. Through the instrumentality of Black Nationalism, Africa could be free today, think of it! A powerful Martial Black Government in Africa controlled from Cape to Cairo by Nationalist black militarists with African ships sailing the seven seas building a universal Commercial Empire, with African generals and ministers as the watchdogs of that Empire, with Black Armies and Navies to defend the Empire. Ah but the poor devils had a porter's mentality and they scorned a doctrine of real freedom – Garveyism, for the bastard doctrine of miscegenation and the perverted Bolshevik Communist promises of Social Equality.

The African Nationalist Pioneer Movement

PRESENTS A

GALA 'GARVEY DAY' CELEBRATION

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1956

» HIGHLIGHTS «

PARADE

FORM AT 315 LENOX AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Marching Off At 7 p.m.

EULOGISTIC MASS MEETING

Commencing at 9 p.m. at the

RENAISSANCE CASINO, 7th AVENUE & 138th STREET, N.Y.C.

Miss Natural Standard of Beauty Contest

DANCING 10 P.M. - 2 A.M. TO THE MUSIC OF

Billy Hargraves & his Rhythm Masters

Expense Donation 35c

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE AFRICAN NATIONALIST PIONEER MOVEMENT

1. To establish a world wide hegemony amongst the Black Race.
2. To reclaim the fallen, administer to and assist the needy.
3. To promote Pioneering in Africa by qualified Black Youths.
4. To establish a cultural union with people of all Independent Black Nations and States.
5. To promote the development of Independence of Black nations and communities.
6. To establish agencies in the principalities of the world where members of the race reside.
7. To promote a conscientious spiritual worship in keeping with the ethnological characteristics of the race.
8. To establish Universities, Colleges, Academies and Schools for the racial education and culture of the people.
9. To conduct a world wide commercial and industrial intercourse for the good of the race.
10. To promote Economic self-sufficiency in Black communities.
11. To represent the race Locally, Nationally, and Internationally in all instances where the rights of people of African decent are involved.

MASS MEETING EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT AT 9 O'CLOCK

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