



# THE CRUSADER

NEWSLETTER

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## WHITHER GOETH THE PEACE MOVEMENT?

Now that "De Lawd" (Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.) has denounced violence in Vietnam and criticized the Johnson regime as the "greatest purveyor of violence" there is a new stir of mixed emotions in many quarters. For quite sometime there has been some indication that the war thugs entertain a somewhat submerged, but morbid fear that the peace spark may flare into a 5-alarm fire. The Black liberation movement has long openly been declared a threat to U.S. security. There is a great trend developing wherein more and more Afro-Americans are beginning to identify with the liberation forces of Vietnam and the



Why can't we get 'YOU PEOPLE' to join our march? Don't you believe in PEACE!

world. The militant Black people of racist America are becoming more and more anti-imperialist as well as being anti-racist. They are beginning to understand that the struggles of the world's oppressed peoples complement each other. These so-called radical new views constitute a source of great fear and apprehension on the part of the power structure.

The enlightened Black masses of the freedom struggle have come to see Rev. King as playing the role of the White House's fire marshal with the special assignment of manning the smoldering embers of ghetto discontent. Wherever the smoke of urgency rises, signaling a threat of potential massive combustion, fire marshal King is dispatched to the scene. First, he was assigned exclusively to the area of the South, and when he lost control of the situation there and was losing his capacity to deceive, due to the impotency of his tactics and philosophy, his center of operation was shifted to the West and North. After the Harlem, Watts and Chicago fiascos, Marshal King now emerges heading up a new contingent of fire fighters, this time with even more elaborate and sophisticated gear equipped to extinguish the biggest fire of them all.

Yes, a genuine peace movement for Vietnam is a positive thing. Most of all Afro-Americans should refuse to fight there. However, those who are trapped into it must come to understand that there is an alternative. They can work among the troops to educate them to the true facts of life. They should throw a monkey wrench into those murderous operations designed to exterminate both the Black youth of America and the colored people of Vietnam. They should eliminate as many of their real enemies as they can at the front so that these racists will not be able to return home and intensify the brutalization and extermination of Black people to the extent that they are currently exterminating the Vietnamese people. Black troops must come to understand that the racist life they spare at the front may be the very Minuteman, Klansman or thug cop who will brutalize or lynch them at home. When possible, Black troops must sabotage Chuck's machinery of death. They should create unrest and tension among the troops. Every Black soldier must come to realize that America is the Black man's battleground. He must come to realize that America is the land where his people are being brutalized and denied freedom and human rights. The Black man is a fool to fight a white man's war of imperialism in Vietnam. The Black man is a fool to believe that he can earn his right to American citizenship by fighting in Vietnam. The Black man has fought in every war since the American Revolution without reaping any real and honorable benefits. Vietnam will be no exception. If the U.S. Government had any real desire to grant justice to Black people, it would do it now. After Vietnam racist Chuck will be just as racist as he has ever been. If he cannot see the need to stop dehumanizing our people during the heat of battle, it is fool-hardy to think that he will see any greater need to cease and desist in the cool of normalcy. Chuck's savage action in Vietnam is tantamount to a massive racist Ku Klux Klan escapade. How can Chuck love colored people to the extent of wanting to "liberate" them in Vietnam while he holds them in bondage in Mississippi? How can he harbor any logical intentions about rendering fair play and justice in the case of Black soldiers in Vietnam while he continues to insist on treating their mothers, sisters and wives as the scum of the earth in the so-called free world of racist America? Justice should start at home, then spread abroad. As a matter of self-interest, honorable Black men must oppose the Klan racist terror in Vietnam as well as in racist America. The schemes of racist Whitey must be understood and frustrated. He must not be allowed to develop a new crop of Uncle Toms who unwittingly serve as his bullet shields and goon squads to restrain colored humanity. No, the Black man cannot earn or convince Chuck to liberate him by slavishly following his

orders to enslave and shackle other colored men. Those who fight on the side of and in the cause of slavery do not deserve freedom themselves.

We view Rev. King's new field of endeavor with mixed emotions. We approach it in the greatest spirit of caution. In the past he has seen fit to divorce himself from the needs and aspirations of the suffering masses of Black people. He has revealed himself as a running dog of the White House. He has proudly displayed the white man's label of "responsible Negro leader." He has served more as a representative of the power structure than as a spokesman of the victims of its tyranny. It is somewhat incongruous for one so timid and careful not to defy the power structure on the question of Black liberation, then to suddenly and publicly display laudatory defiance in a way that is sure to ruffle the feathers of the war hawks' roost.

While demanding that King go for broke and be for real in support of the Vietnamese liberation struggle, we must also guard against his pacifist doctrine serving to emasculate the Black liberation movement. We must maintain high vigil and make sure that militant Afro-Americans not allow themselves to fall under the influence and command of the power structure's number 1 fire marshal. For to denounce the inalienable right of self-defense is to negate the first law of survival. While we support peace in Vietnam, we must make certain that it is the kind of peace that will further the cause of oppressed humanity's freedom and justice. We must make certain that it is not a peace rendered in homage to the racist imperialists. The only just peace that can come out of Vietnam is a clear-cut victory on the part of the freedom fighters of the people's Liberation Front. Under the disguise of the urgency of peace we must not allow our struggle in racist America to be side-tracked, emasculated and subverted to a mere appendage of the white pacifist-led and pro-State Department so-called peace movement. The best service Black freedom fighters can render to our besieged Vietnamese brothers is to intensify our own struggle to uproot social reaction in the fountain-head of universal evil. The Johnson regime is doing everything possible to extinguish the fires of freedom at home. It has already read the danger signals. It shudders from the thought of the potential danger that smolders among the restive masses. Yes, the fire marshal has entered the stage once again to enact his role. The critic cannot grasp the underlying motive of the plot until he can ascertain the true nature of the script writer.

### **AMERICA IS THE BLACK MAN'S BATTLEGROUND**

The suffering and torture of Black humanity, in the so-called free world of white Christian America, is indescribable. Mere words cannot accurately transmit the poignant emotions and frustrations that are concomitant to being black in the "land of representative white democracy." The cruel transgressions foisted by the "justice and freedom loving" white man upon our brutally subdued and defenseless people are infinitely more than can be recorded in the history of modern civilization. What is the nature of this so-called Christian white man? Is he man or beast? Beast is as beast does. A beast is a beast by virtue of action and deed rather than by appearance. The white beast in America has all but exterminated the American Indian. He has robbed him of his land in the name of luxurious living space and white expansion. He has savagely murdered him while piously holding a Bible in one hand and brandishing a gun in the other. In the name of Christian white civilization he has covered the blood of tyranny with a noble sounding constitution, and blurred the anguished cries of his wretched and dying victims with his prayerful incantations to a "just God" in a pagan ritual of hypocritical love and piety.

He has enslaved the defenseless African, raped, maimed, reduced him to the status of a subhuman and slaughtered him in the white

man's sport of head hunting. He has reduced the South American to a state of peonage. And now look how he proposes to Christianize and democratize Asia. Look at the nature of his feigned love for democracy in Vietnam. The white savage in America is a master at extermination. Yes, he is an experienced exterminator. In Vietnam he is joined by his fellow travelling blood brother exterminators, the Australian and New Zealander white Christian reactionaries, whose hands still drip with the blood fresh from the slaughter of the Aborigines. Everywhere the American beast fanatically throws his massive weight against the wheel of progress. He is subverting people's governments around the globe and as for who shall rule over humanity, his choice is clearly the bloody oppressor and tyrant. He arrogantly claims that his bloody hand is being raised in defense of "democracy and freedom." Whose democracy and freedom? He has already more than amply demonstrated the true nature of his beastly concept of democracy and freedom. Let the record of his history speak for itself. He saved the American Indian from what he called a "primitive life" in the wilderness. He crowned him in the splendor and grace of white Christian civilization. Yes, this great white benefactor, who so ardently loves "peace and democracy", was more than lavish in showering the Indian with the peace of the grave. And what was his great benevolence towards the captive African? He Christianized and civilized him and educated him in the wiles of humble acquiescence to slavery, oppression and tyranny. Not only did he enslave his body but he also enslaved his mind. He imbued him with dog loyalty and rendered him a hapless accessory to his own enslavement. He mugged Mexico and robbed it of great expanses of its territory. And this is the beast who proposes to save humanity from oppression! And this is the beast who so liberally extends the right to Nigras to fight for "democracy and justice" in Vietnam!

Chrispus Attucks, a Black man, was the first to die in the American Revolution. Whose freedom and democracy did he die for? And all of the Black men who served as cannon fodder in wars thereafter, for what and for whom did they die? Those loyal Nigra running dogs for white tyranny, who are bowing and scraping and pleading for Black men to prove their right to democracy by fighting for it in Vietnam, are demonstrating that they are just as sinisterly naïve as their masters are cruelly hypocritical. How can the inhuman slaughter of Vietnamese patriots annihilate white terror and tyrants in the American Mississippi of the so-called free world? If the Black man's loyal service in Vietnam will ultimately result in his freedom and democracy in Mississippi, why is it not granted NOW? What is the logic of fighting for so-called democracy now in Vietnam and consenting to its deferment in racist America? Justice is not a thing to be deferred. Deferred justice is no justice at all. The man who fights for democracy, must fight for his own democracy first. To free one's self is to complement the freedom of all men on the face of the earth. The Black American is the only creature who can be motivated by a hundred years of empty slogans to fight for so-called instant freedom, who can be led like a loyal dog to butcher his freedom loving brothers while his own freedom is deferred for a hundred years. If battles are being fought for instant freedom today why are they not relative to the instant freedom of the Black man in racist America?

The Black man in America today enjoys less freedom and protection of law than a common street dog. Black men in uniform in the social jungle of racist America today can be murdered at the whim and sporting urge of white beasts like a rabbit. Civil rights workers can be mutilated and murdered as freely as a rabbit and more so than a bear or buzzard. It is a violation of law to slay a bear or buzzard and the law is enforced! The Black American is the only living thing that is not a pest or predatory that is considered fair game in every season;

and he fights to preserve such a system. He is decorated and honored for killing defenseless women and children in Vietnam and sent to the electric chair or gas chamber for defensively slaying a brutal thug cop or a white head hunting savage. A medal of honor winner is too coward and spineless to defend his own wife or mother from slander, intimidation, abuse or rape at the hands of the beast, who calls him a good loyal Nigra for his "valorous" defense of white savagery. What kind of a medal of honor is it that is bestowed upon such a spineless creature? It is a dirty imperialist white man's honor reserved for loyal running dogs. It is a medal of honor bestowed by a beast whose hands are dripping with 400 years of the blood of Black people. It is a dog tag and collar that labels Sambo as a special breed of dog, who is honored in the kennel of vicious beasts and responds loyally to his master's evil commands. Brave Black men are never honored for defending democracy at home. For that noble deed they are more than likely to be crowned with the fate of Harry T. Moore, Medgar Evers, Malcolm X and countless others.

The battleground should be where the oppression is. The man of valor should be the first to rise in his own defense. The honorable man sets out to dethrone the tyrant at home. Many stupid dupes are willing to kill and die in the cause of the white man's oppression. Who is willing to kill and die for Black liberation? When oppression and tyranny hang heavy over a people or nation some must die that others may live. This is a hard cold fact of life. Our own liberation must become the uppermost thing in our lives. It must become our most serious undertaking. It must become our greatest business. Let us be on with it. Let us gear for any sacrifice. Let us cast all fear and illusions to the wind. Let us rend the heavy chains that enslave our minds and bodies and annihilate the beast who put them there. If this is not our cause, then we are without a cause to live. If this is not the way to prove that we deserve equality and justice, then there is no way to prove it under the sun. The beast is our incorrigible enemy and we must become impossible for him to deal with. Yes, some things are worse than death, and life under the racist American savage is one of those things. Yes, the Black man has a cause to make war. He has a cause to kill and die. He has a justifiable quarrel with oppression and tyranny. And he has a rendezvous to keep in the heat of battle where old scores are settled. The bugles of war summon him to meet the foe. The cause of justice and democracy command him to take up the sword. Let valorous Black men, let honorable Black men discharge their long delinquent obligation to justice and democracy. The enemy is not a colored patriot 10,000 miles from Mississippi, he is the tyrant and oppressive white American beast, the enemy land is America and AMERICA IS THE BLACK MAN'S BATTLEGROUND.

### **CHICAGO: THE DIXIE CARPETBAGGERS ARE COMING**

In days gone by, brutally oppressed and distressed Black folks shook the dust of Dixie off their feet and moved North in hope of escaping the bitter yoke of southern gentry. Time was when the only southern accent that Blacks heard "up North" was that of the tourist or the wandering hillbilly looking for a home. Neither constituted a real threat to the Afro-American. The tourist was a downhome square tipping lightly on a foreign and sometimes hostile soil. The hillbilly was so destitute that he was more concerned with his next meal than indulging in his traditional sport of mutilating and dehumanizing "darkies."

In the new scheme of things the confederate influx into the North is a different story. Southern racist gentry are becoming the new kings of national commerce and politics. The southern accent is fast becoming the voice of power in the whole of America and the world. The racist lynchmen of the solid-in-racism South are now casting their



menacing shadows over the ghettos that were once considered a refuge for Black men fleeing the bigoted wrath of southern white men. Yes, the plantation bosses are following the miserable sharecroppers to the North to help establish a new and even more vicious plantation system. Their greatest asset to the Northern power structure is their experience in keeping "darkies" in their places. They are the new shock troops of white supremacy, the most effective bulwark against the Black man's advancement.

One of the most glaring examples of the new carpetbag era is the case of Henry Hall Wilson, Jr. Cap'n Wilson, or Mr. Hall as the boys from the chain gang call him, is from Monroe, North Carolina one of the most notorious names in the legend of Dixie oppression of the Afro-American. The crimes of Monroe and Union County against helpless Black humanity are too numerous to be outlined here. Wilson has long been a leading figure in the local power structure of Monroe and Union County. He is a local racist country politician who made it to Washington as Kennedy's White House Aide and liaison man to the Senate as a political payoff for his success in swinging the racist and Klan vote of North Carolina to the Kennedy Camp during the election. Wilson was one of the few from the Kennedy Administration who was considered valuable enough to be carried over by Johnson into his administration. This southern bigot recently accompanied Johnson to Germany for Adenauer's funeral. He is a special friend of Chief A. A. Mauney of Monroe. Chief of police Mauney allowed the local Klan to use the police station as a recruiting station to swell its ranks while "Mr. Hall" saw to it that the Klan was never short on legal advice.

After Chief Mauney and other racist officials forced a white couple to falsely indict the five Monroe Freedom Fighter Defendants, on a trumped-up kidnap charge that was woven around a civil rights demonstration which resulted in a race riot, the Klan's liaison man in the White House, Henry Hall Wilson, inveighed upon Bobby Kennedy, then attorney-general, to throw the U.S. Justice Department behind the Klan and Chief Mauney. As a result of the efforts of Wilson at the White House and U.S. Justice Department, the notoriously racist F.B.I. sought my capture to turn me over to a mob of Klansmen who waited at the Union County Courthouse for two days. They were so sure that the F.B.I.'s Klansmen would capture and return me to the mob that they had already prepared the facilities for the lynching. Early on the third day they tired of waiting.

Racist Wilson is still on the rise. The racist power structure is so pleased with his dedication, of frustrating the civil rights of Black people, that he has now been shifted from the White House to Chicago. The struggle of the Black people of Chicago for human rights will certainly not be served by the entrance of the racist mouthpiece of the Ku Klux Klan, Henry Hall Wilson onto the Chicago scene. The Klan advocate from the racist jungle of Monroe, North Carolina has been appointed president of the Chicago Board of Trade. He will fill the post beginning June 1, 1967 at a salary of \$100,000 a year. Will the Black people of Chicago allow a vicious racist carpetbagger like Wilson to take over such a position in Chicago without opposition? Will the Black people of Chicago stand idly by while a place that was once the Afro-American's refuge from southern gentry like Wilson be taken over without black resistance? Without even a protest? Wilson cannot represent lynch law and Jim Crow and serve the interest of equality and justice at the same time. Our people have fought hard to combat racial injustice in Chicago. Our people have even protested and resisted the incursion of the Bull Connors, the Ross Barnets, the George Wallaces and a sordid lot of other advocates of racist lynch law. But Mr. "Hall" is not coming to Chicago just to speak and persuade peo-

ple to the "virtue of the southern way of life", no, he is assuming power. He will be in position to make policy and to accommodate other members of the southern club of white supremacy gentry. If there ever was a time or a reason for a Chicago demonstration, for a picket line and a call for Black power, the time is now. The racists must be brought to realize that they cannot terrorize our people in one part of the country and be awarded in another. They must be made to understand that the Black man today is united and if they abuse our people any place in the world they will be at war with all of Black humanity. They must be made to realize that Chicago and other northern cities are not greener pastures for racist Dixie oppressors but are the front line positions in the war for Black liberation. I say to the Black people of Chicago, that I can personally attest to Wilson's collusion with racist Klansmen in Monroe. Wilson manipulated the strings that led to my exile and now he is the plantation boss of Chicago, undermining the Black people and sipping mint juleps at a cool hundred thousand a year. What is the Black man's answer? It should be blowing in the wind of the long hot summer.

**ON BEING PARTIAL WITHOUT APOLOGY**

Yes, on the question of the subjugation of the Black man, I am partial. I am a partisan of Black liberation. Let no one harbor any illusion that I am or should be a horn tooter of the American way of life, of Americanism. Nay never! I am one of its wretched victims, not one of its pretentious and arrogant beneficiaries. I am black.

Americanism has never let me forget this fact. I am abused. I am angry. I am partisan. Why should I be otherwise? Should the slave be expected to laud slavery? Should the slave be expected to be an advocate of "both sides" of the slave question, to give an unbiased picture of it? I am not of the master class but of the slave class. I have no objective view towards oppression. The question of human dignity and freedom is not of the nature or state of a discourse that can be taken so lightly. It is not a subject for debate, for objectivity and prerogative. Americanism is a sharp instrument of tyranny and human degradation. There are no two ways about it. I am not a defender of Americanism. I am not its advocate. It is my enemy and I am its enemy. I am not in quest of latent virtue in such an insensate oppressor. Four hundred years of its unmitigated tyranny has convinced me that common sense dictates that I seek after its destruction rather than after the virtue of its virtueless soul. Let the slave master expound on the virtues of slavery if there are any. Let the advocate of Americanism extol the virtuous attributes of Americanism if he wishes, but as for me, I find the personality of the clown and the fool most glorified in the context of self-pretentious individuals who pay pious tribute to the so-called "good Christian slave master" while in the same breath claiming to be opponents of the wicked system of slavery. I am opposed to the so-called good attributes of slavery as well as the bad. Unconditionally I am opposed to slavery. I think it ought not exist. Being bitterly opposed to it and one of its dehumanized victims, I can find no rhyme or reason to compromise with it, no reason to dignify any part of it. To dignify any part of such an extreme injustice is to become its conditioned or qualified supporter, its sometimes advocate; yes, its amateur horn blower. No, I am not interested in giving "both sides" and a "balanced picture" of tyranny. I am resolutely opposed to tyranny. For me there is but one side. That is the side of its opposite—freedom. My mission is not to be kind to it, not to accommodate it, not to peacefully co-exist with it but to severely criticize, expose and eventually destroy it. No honorable black victim of U.S. imperialism, racism and Americanism can sanely give a balanced and unbiased picture of the condition of his brutal oppression. It is impossibly incongruous for the victim to give both the slave and slave

master justice in the same scheme of things, the same picture. Who is concerned with paying homage to evil? Who is concerned with being objective towards savage tyranny when the facts are self-evident, when the ugly scars and abrasions are imprinted forever on the souls of mankind for all the world to see. To piously and even-handedly speak of the virtues of the tyrant and his cruel tyranny is to weaken the indictment against vicious evil, is to mitigate condemnation, is to oppose the evil of tyranny in a half-hearted way. Actually, such a stance is no position at all, it is a fluid state indicative of the appeaser. Such is the fellow traveller of the fabian. It is the nebulous line of the wavering liberal whose views are liberal towards everything but impatience towards oppression. Those who display great patience in the face of heavy tyranny are the faithful friends of the tyrant. Those who are more concerned with rendering a liberal or moderate view of the tyranny of Americanism, than with an immediate and major operation to remove the excruciating pain of this malignant tumor, are not a blessing of virtue but a plague on humanity. When the heart is expiring, there is no sense or need in massaging the toe. There is no need or sense in the black American ghoulishly scavenging the morgue in desperate quest of a corpse with a smile on its face in an extreme, but futile effort to give a balanced picture of life and death, to show the virtue of both the happy face and the somber face of death. Death is total. Death is complete. It is not objective. It is partial. Its state is not a subject for debate. Brutal oppression and cruel tyranny is total, complete. The Black man in America is not a third class citizen, he is not a half man. He is either or. Justice cannot be divided in halves or quarters. Human dignity in its relativity to time and the entire human race is not a thing of graduated degrees. It is total. It is complete.

I cannot set myself up as a sometimes spokesman for Americanism. I cannot see, nor honorably extol the virtues of its slave system without becoming a stupid mouthpiece of my oppressors, of weakening my charges against it or of betraying those to whom I am inextricably bound by the bond of common suffering. My object is to cure America's ills not to encourage their longevity by massaging and fertilizing the conditions wherein such evil roots find fertility. To emphasize America's soft spots of oppression is to enhance the fertility of the environment that nurtures the evil as well as the good, if one can be "objective" enough to see good in a situation wherein tyranny reigns supreme. Yes, I am partisan. I am partial, a partisan in opposition to oppression. I have no inclination to be objective in condemning the cruel subjugation of my people. I am partisan because to be anything less than this would lead to a half-hearted endeavor on my part to eliminate the subjectivity of the tyrant. I am a partisan of liberation of all mankind, of total humanity. I am one of the black victims whose souls have been mutilated by the brutal white subjectivity of Americanism. I am partial in my struggle against it. I am total in my dedication to the elimination of this shameful and intolerable evil. I am not in friendly competition with tyranny. I am not its loyal opposition. I am at war with it and war is not a contest of nonviolence and love. The nature of war is a resolution to kill or be killed and death is not a half-way thing or sometimes this or that. It is unmistakably total.

### THE UNDERWORLD OF SUBVERSION

In the movies and via television, that man Sam, whom some of our dark folks have the audacity to call Uncle, has come up with a new mode of brainwash. The foxy old bastard, Uncle, is trying to breast feed and nurture a new Tom breed of spy nigras. All of this bunk about I SPY and BROWN NOSE TOM is mood crap, designed to create a desire to join Whitey's spy corps. How be it that Chuck is so willing to integrate his cannon fodder goon forces and peepin' Tom snoop corps



while maintaining discriminatory selective employment? The adventures of Sherlock Tom Homey is a whole lotta b.s. The so-called new breed of I SPY coons is nothing but a third rate cage of stool pigeons, and CIA pimps. There is nothing noble about being a sniffing dog for head-hunters. It is a dirty business the same as prostitution and dope peddling. Our people must start a campaign to frustrate and negate this underworld traffic in soul selling. We must counteract both Whitey and his mangy running dogs. The feists of the establishment are enemies of the freedom of our people as well as of all the oppressed people of the world.

In actuality, Boss Charlie uses these mercenary Nigras surreptitiously to rupture the growing unity between the Afro-American and the liberation forces of the world. He uses them also to inform on the brothers in the ghetto. How honorable is an adventure that requires you to cut the throat of your own brother? Instead of joining Whitey, we must infiltrate him. We must counteract his nefarious schemes by out double-crossing him at his own con game. Revolutionaries must play it cool. Infiltrate the police and the master infiltrators, the CIA. We must learn to subvert him at his own expense while using his facilities to advance our cause of Black liberation. We cannot afford our own, so his will have to do until the real thing comes along.

Chuck is engaging in subversion around the world with his slick operators. Wherever there is strife, in fair weather and foul you will find the old devil fox in the thick of action. Charlie is always where the action is. He's got money, a blank check from Wall Street. He's got connections and he's got a gilded tongue for deception. He is as omnipresent as his great creator, the devil. The naive of the world are suckers for his sob story and everybody wants to believe the best about him. Surreptitiously, the devil fox paints a negative image of black folks. He projects all of his evil to the brothers. The brothers get all negative attributes while he gets all positive ones. The facilities of his international network and dragnet puts him at a great advantage. One black subversive is looked upon the same as one black whore. Chuck makes it with a Negro whore and he wants to convince the world that all Black women are without virtue. Now that a few Negro agents are being recruited, old Whitey fox wants to spread the impression that all Blacks are suspect. This is to divert attention away from himself and to make way for the bull gang to make the scene. Black Americans must close ranks and put the heat on Negro police pimps in the ghetto and the few Negro running dogs in the sinister underworld of the CIA. The struggling peoples of the world must be apprized of the fact that the spy business is still a white man's hipec. That glamorous I SPY jive where Sambo plays with the fabulous blondes is a phoney. The big scenes where Step'n Fetchet scrapes and bows to lady Anne is what's happening. Adventurous Black men who get turned on from the odor of the sewers, those who like to wallow in the stench of the shadowy underworld would do well to stick to petty larceny. Big time spying is deceitful Whitey's scene.

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"All men must die, but death can vary in its significance. The ancient Chinese writer Szuma Chien said, 'Though death befalls all men alike, it may be weightier than Mount Tai or lighter than a feather.' To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather."

—MAO TSE-TUNG  
(*Serve the People*)

### MOHAMMED ALI: WORLD CHAMPION

Mohammed Ali is not just a boxer. He is a Muslim minister and teacher of high morals yes, but he is much more than that too. He

is a world champion in every sense of the word, not just a puppet brawler dangling on a string suspended by the sinister czars of the gaudy U.S. sport's scene. Mohammed is a great champion, a symbol to the humble people of the world. It is asking too much to ask a true champion of the world, one who identifies with and loves all the people of the world, to cast away the true spirit of sportsmanship and become a savage butcher of innocent and defenseless children in a fight staged by bully boy thugs out to enslave the colored humanity of the world. The spirit of sportsmanship is supposed to transcend political spheres and national boundaries. When a world champion allows himself to be brow beaten into serving the cause of military conquerors and aggressors, he can no longer be considered a world champion, but a champion of an evil cause and the brutes he serves. Mohammed Ali is a people's champion, a champion of all the people. He won this great championship through worthy action. It cannot be summarily taken from him by a few king-pin thugs. He will always be a great champion in the hearts of the humble and honest people of the world. The power structure has given him a choice to remain a people's champion or to become a butcher on the goon squad of racist U.S. imperialism. Oppressed people, and especially the Black man, can feel nothing but pride in identifying with Mohammed Ali. Yes, he is our champ and it appears that the white aggressor devils are determined to knock the crown of boxing from his head and replace it with the crown of martyrdom. The justice loving peoples of the world are watching the racist U.S. Government. What it is doing to Mohammed Ali is symbolic of its attitude towards and rabid hatred of the colored humanity of the world. It is a vicious and callous insult to the Muslim religion.

#### **A REPORT FROM HAVANA ON "CHE" GUEVARA: GOOD NEWS?**

We hope that future events, subsequent to the initial and nebulous announcement from Havana concerning the welfare of Che, will give us cause to rejoice. With a great measure of caution we are trying to force ourselves to believe that the Tri-Continental's release of El Che's "message to the nations of the world" is the real McCoy. We would have truly rejoiced and cast away all doubts if "Che" had elected to send his message through his family and friends and perhaps a taped message in his actual voice to be disseminated to "the nations of the world." What a strange coincidence that "Che" selected the good offices of his most notorious enemies to convey his "message." It is indeed a great paradox that some of the most sinister characters and anti-revolutionaries, whom I am certain that he knew to be seeking to undermine him, were commissioned to serve as his spokesmen. At any rate, such is the state of contradictory world affairs today and so go the mysteries of life. We don't pretend to know where "Che" Guevara is. We don't pretend to know what has happened to him, but we do know that he is no longer on the old familiar scene. We know that his strange and sudden exit has left a lot of things dangling in thin air and some of them touch us personally. Our interest is not to cast aspersions, but to honor our sacred obligation to revolutionary brotherhood. It is the sacred duty of all true revolutionaries to concern themselves with the welfare of their brothers in struggle and to resolutely pursue revolutionary truth. If a revolutionary brother vanishes strangely, in a situation fraught with counter-revolution, it is our sacred duty to initiate a quest of accountability. It is in this spirit that we carefully examine all news and rumors of "Che" and his present role in the new revolutionary scheme of things. In our inquiring minds the evidence is not sufficient to allay our suspicions. We shall be plagued by these doubts until such time that brother Guevara deems it convenient to speak for himself. At that time we are sure that he will be the first to appreciate our unflinching concern for his welfare,

and that we have faithfully maintained the vigil in the revolutionary spirit of brotherhood.

### CRUSADER FORGED: COUNTERFEITERS STRIKE AGAIN

The so-called SPECIAL OCTOBER 1965 EDITION OF THE CRUSADER was a bogus one. It was counterfeited by unknown culprits lurking in the shadows of international intrigue and deception. We had hoped that it was a one shot affair. We hoped in vain. Now, we have seen with our own eyes another edition of THE CRUSADER that represents the work of the most debase of scoundrels. Vol. 8—No. 4 of the so-called April-May 1966 CRUSADER is a phoney. This faked edition has recently (May 1967) been mailed out from Havana, Cuba. This forged copy bears a vicious smear attack on the PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA and its leaders. It carries a metered postmark that is available only for Cuban Government bulk mailing. Its masthead carries the old Crusader imprint of a warrior on a horse and bears the title: *monthly* newsletter. The last genuine issue bearing such a masthead was published April-May 1965 (Vol. 6—No. 4).

Because of certain incriminating evidence, we are convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that this calumnious work was done under the auspices of the Cuban G-2 which is very heavily infiltrated by the U.S. C.I.A. One of the chief culprit commanders of this emasculated sub-agency of the C.I.A. international network is also a high official of the Cuban commission of the Tri-Continental organization. This same organization is responsible for publicizing a recently alleged letter from Ernesto "Che" Guevara. At this stage of betrayal of oppressed peoples by the American-Soviet-Cuban axis we are beginning to wonder if the junior partner is specializing in documentary forgery. However, one thing we can be certain of is the fact that Cuba did everything possible to sabotage the CRUSADER while it was being published there and now they are sinister enough to issue a cheap and filthy imitation in my name that serves only to indicate the bankruptcy of what was once their revolutionary morality.

### DIALOGUE: TWO EXILES

It was late in the afternoon. The weather was sultry and hot. The streets were crowded with people strolling to escape the unbearable heat of their stuffy apartments. The elegant skyscraper hotel was a place of refuge. It stood like a tempting oasis in the middle of a scorching desert. Great multitudes streamed in and out of the air-conditioned former Hilton on hurried missions of business or simply in quest of respite from the sweltering heat. No one seemed to pay any special attention to the old man who stood by the series of glass doors. His presence was inconspicuous. When I approached him he stretched out his hand and smiled broadly. "Hello Williams," he exclaimed in English that only slightly bore a trace of an accent. I returned his greeting and he invited me for a cold lemonade.

I had seen this man many times before. He often sat near me at mass gatherings. On every occasion he displayed a very keen interest in the Black people in North America. Days before I had mistaken him for a leftist Catholic priest. He was a humble man and his image approximated more that of a priest than what he was. He was a retired general, a warrior. He wanted to know more about the struggle of the oppressed Blacks in North America. After I had given him a long run down of the struggle, he shook his head sadly and stated:

"I feel that if the Black people in America don't unite, organize and develop better tactics than those advocated by the pacifist preachers they will be slaughtered in the future." I concurred. A smile of reminiscence sparkled soulfully from his gentle face as he went on speaking. "The Yankee police had better be glad that they don't have

to contend with the troubles I had when I was chief of the security police in Barcelona. The enemy saboteurs there worked like termites and there was really nothing we could do about it. Those devils fanned out over the city with newspapers. They twisted them tightly and flushed them down the toilet stools of all the main buildings in the ritzy business districts. All the sewer lines were clogged up and it was a stinking mess. . . . Then they used to carry razor blades into all of the high class restaurants, clubs and theaters and cut up the upholstery.

"I remember times when there were many fire alarms because those sabotaging bastards wrapped lit cigarettes in toilet tissue and threw them in waste paper containers after some cohort had preceded him there with a pocket sized bottle or can of gasoline or other inflammable solution and poured it over the waste paper then covered it with dry paper. The smoke really messed up the paint job and often time caused serious damage. By the time the fire really flared the fire team was far from the scene of confusion and repeating the dastard act some place else. Say if one man had a can of lighter fluid, he didn't carry matches and vice versa. The two were never in the same rest room at the same time. Damn, what a headache they gave us. It is unbelievable, the terror and tension caused by these petty little acts of sabotage. Women played a big role in this because there was almost no danger involved for the insurrectionists."

The old man calmly sipped at his frosty lemonade as the light reflected from a massive head that time and travail had long shorn of hair. Even with his baldness, he displayed a majestic appearance that gave no indication of his rugged thorny past. He continued:

"At night they armed themselves with powerful slingshots and shot steel ingots and bearings from cars. They broke all of the expensive plate glass in the city. The slingshots were silent so we couldn't immediately ascertain from which direction they were being fired. The culprits escaped. I caught hell but there was nothing I could really do. Some vandals even filed the points of heavy long nails, bent them in a circle so that the keen point would stand upright when thrown from a car or motorcycle and spread them on the main thoroughfares just before the morning rush and traffic was sometimes completely paralyzed. They took candles to the countryside along the highways, lit them and covered them with paper bags, allowing just enough ventilation at the bottom for air to keep the flame burning. After the candle burned low the flames would reach the dry leaves and grass. By the time the forest fire would start the scoundrels would be far away from the scene. . . ."

The grand old man reminisced until late in the evening. Rarely can one meet such a warm and engaging personality. It was indeed a rare experience. Where in racist America could a Black man be entertained by the experiences of a world renown J. Edgar Hoover who had fought a losing cause and vividly related some of the reasons why? After we had exchanged our varied experiences and bade each other farewell, we went our separate ways, two exiles driven from our homelands. We had had our dialogue and I pushed into the busy street. Now I, too, was thinking how lucky the cops in racist America are.

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HELP to tell it like it is. Shake the man up. Wake the brothers up. Be a CRUSADER pusher. Order copies to put on the scene and to spread along. Send copies to the brothers all messed up in the man's armed services. The call is out, let the brothers come through. KEEP ON PUSHIN'.

Robert F. Williams, 1 Tai Chi Chang, Peking, China  
Order copies of The Crusader to pass along.