

nounced that he was bankrupt. What did he really prove?

A: That the white man is more powerful.

Q: What, in the final analysis, can any black man or Negro prove?

A: Nothing. Nothing that hasn't been said or done already.

And that's Randy. A confused kid who knows he is being excluded for reasons he can't alter or fully understand. He has adopted a form of "Black Chauvinism" to turn the tables, but he is intelligent enough to realize that the white man is "more powerful."

He knows, however, that even though he doesn't possess the means or the power to get himself into the system, he possesses the power to disrupt and precipitate "chaos." It's safe to say that the factors which will ultimately determine whether or not he will use that power rest outside him.

Randy is a complex young man, reminiscent of many persons and things. If he were white, he could easily be another Holden Caulfield or James Dean. He's not white, however, and his angry blackness brings to mind Bigger Thomas (the tragic hero in Richard Wright's *Native Son*) and the young Malcolm Little (now known as Malcolm X).

He has no hangups where violence is concerned. He lives with it every day and he is not afraid of it. He is undoubtedly capable of committing atrocities out of anger or for "chaos."

Though he says he doesn't feel degraded, it's obvious he does. And sooner or later he's going to do something about it. Right now he's struggling to place his problems into a black quasi-political context—a step in the direction of Black Consciousness. But, like thousands of other young Afro-Americans, his volatile hate may explode before he can come to grips with himself within this nation.

SELF*

what does the cracker
when in a barrel
bare
with dark
and alone
and
beside it
self with fear
of being
uneaten

The bit of esoteric verse above was written by N. H. (Norman Henry) Pritchard, a twenty-eight-year-old poet-novelist whose poems have appeared in small magazines. (His novels are as yet unpublished.) He has a B.A. in art history and has done graduate work at Columbia University's Institute of Fine Art. A handsome man, he sports a bushy Zapata moustache, long sideburns, and a turn-of-the-century hairstyle bisected by a part in the middle of his large head. He dresses well, speaks eloquently, and exudes an abundance of arrogant urbanity.

"I am a mixture of races," says Norman. "I think of myself as a person of color who has descended from many racial stocks. A person doesn't belong to a race unless he comes from an unbroken line of descendants. And certainly none of the so-called American Negroes can claim that their line has remained unbroken. There's no question about it. We're all people of color and any designation beyond that is incorrect."

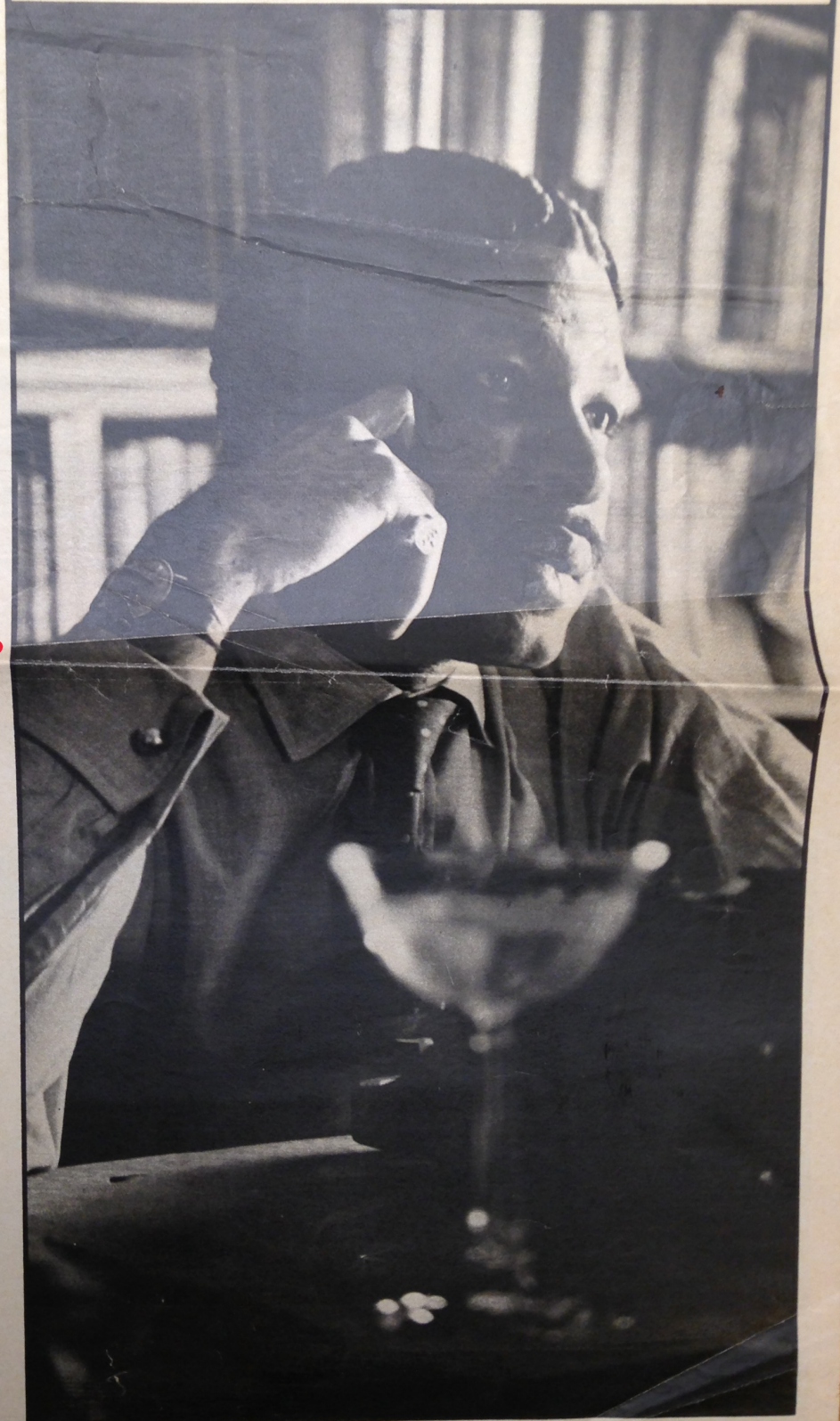
Norman's approach to his identity crisis is to deny its existence altogether. He says there is no relevant racial division in the United States, and refuses to align himself with either of the two dominant categories which do exist.

*There are, of course, many

*Appeared in the *Negro Digest*.

“I'm not involved in politics because politics are rooted in time and space and I'm interested in communications with the ultimate.”

Norman Pritchard, 28-year-old poet-novelist, negates the existence of the Negro crisis. He lives in N.Y.'s East 70's, remains politically aloof.



realities, and I would like to think that my concept of reality is ultimate. In terms of actual fact, I am correct." He realizes, however, that most people, both Negroes and whites, consider him a Negro and this troubles him.

"I attribute it to their ignorance," he says.

"Tribe is more important than race," he adds, "and any problem that manifests itself anywhere in the world is due to tribal, and not racial, origins."

Although he swears he doesn't hate anything about America, it's evident that he has conscientiously attempted to negate all those unique problems that Negroes encounter. Most of his friends are Bohemian "artsy-craftsy" types and he lives in one of the whitest sections of town (the East seventies). He is also not involved in the Civil Rights movement.

"I'm not involved in politics because politics are rooted in time and space and I'm interested in communication with the ultimate."

Although he was raised in "high Episcopal church," he considers himself spiritual in the Eastern sense. When discussing himself he constantly refers to the "psychic

forces" that dictate his choices and point of view. "I have had a number of spiritual experiences in my life," he says.

It has become fashionable in circles these days to revere the late Malcolm X and Norman has joined the belated chorus, albeit with his own anachronistic twist.

"I think that Malcolm, and I'm not talking about Malcolm the myth, was the first spiritual leader in America who ever experienced a spiritual revelation on the order of the highest mystic realm. In other words, I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that Malcolm passed into a state of illumination as an individual being."

Obviously, it's easier to place your allegiances with figures and forces which are beyond the control of the "Anglo-Saxon" tribe which controls everything else in America. It's safer that way. An indication of how this devious process works itself out is Norman's hostile, detached opinion of those who are working to change the here and now.

He believes that Dr. Martin Luther King (who was still alive when this article was written) "copped out" and he is very upset by Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown, although he says he loves them.

"I love Stokely and Rap but they are not that 'guy' they're trying to be. They are not that guy who is out of his mind, who hasn't got a job, and has got to shoot the President or jump off a bridge.

"I know what's going on. I know what's happening. It's all given. No matter what they say, people think that because a guy makes a few dollars on the market he doesn't know what's happening anymore."

Norman hasn't really transcended the problems which his race has thrust on him for he has a façade, too. It's far more elaborate than Randy's but in the final analysis it can be reduced to a rather simple component. What he is really saying to himself, and to the white world in which he lives, is: If you refuse to confront me, I refuse to confront you. He sincerely believes it's working and that it actually matters in the total scheme of things. But in the final analysis we all know that the loss of one pawn rarely, if ever, halts or changes the complexion of the game.

The four young people presented here are not unique. Nor is the basic problem with which they are struggling. Identity has always been a crucial matter for Afro-Americans in this society. It's re-

flected in their literature, in their music, in their worship, and in every other major aspect of their culture.

Ralph Ellison wrote about it in his novel, *The Invisible Man*. And James Baldwin, who calls it a problem of "facelessness," discussed it brilliantly in his book, *Notes of a Native Son*.

The thing that is new, however, is the "black solution" being chosen today. Heretofore, the problem of identity was considered a personal one, something which required introspection. Afro-Americans were inclined to study and or change themselves in order to determine who and what they were. Defensive, they posed no serious threats to the aggregate society. They defined their problems in psychological terms and almost never in terms of the basic structure of American society.

Today, with the help of Black Consciousness, they are searching for solutions outside themselves. They are convinced they can't find peace of mind, personal happiness, and social grace unless America is forced into becoming something new and different from what it has been.

Many of them will probably have to die trying.

98 → FULLER RAPS

yesterday—and we'll discover that the black man and the white man are the same. There's no such thing as race at all—all this is nonsense, utter nonsense.

EYE: What can we do to help ourselves discover this?

FULLER: Well, what with round-the-world TV and all the young world—like the Berkeley class of '66—they were the first generation brought up with television, and they listen to television more than a thousand hours per year. That's much more than they listen to their own parents. Families used to have an uncle that came as a guest oc-

casional. But he went away. This TV stays right in the kids' room. They hear him much more and he tells them about the world and about all the people and their troubles. He's an authority and they pay more attention. Gradually, we're going to wash out the nonsense and we'll begin to get an enormous amount of world information. The kids are beginning to think in terms of round-the-world.

EYE: The younger generation, people from Berkeley in '66, seem to be talking more about revolution than evolution, particularly in the area of social problems.

FULLER: Well, I've often said

that this is really very deliberately organized. This is grand strategy. Men have been working in Russia—really being trained—for twenty years on how to get people agitating. They don't try to sell Communism any more. Instead, how can you amplify any trouble and get it rolling in the newspapers? How can you use the other man's economy to get him into trouble? How do you catch him off guard?

EYE: Do you find the confrontations between black and white, and the disorders on campus within the grand design?

FULLER: Oh, very deliberately; beautifully, skillfully done. The people who are participating have absolutely no knowledge they're carrying out a program.

EYE: Are the students and the angry blacks, then, to be regarded as pawns of this grand strategy?

FULLER: Yes.

EYE: To what extent, then, would their own discontents and their own perception of the contradictions of the American society . . .

FULLER: You can always get a guy sore—the nicest guy.

EYE: We mentioned the openness to change of the Berkeley generation. Would you . . .

FULLER: This young world refuses to accept the wisdom of their parents when they know they're not being wise. They realize the world could be made to work but they don't know how yet. And they think we oughtn't have war. They're the first generation in humanity to be brought up without bias. Now just think what we're saying.

The class of '66 was born in the year of Hiroshima. They say no matter how much we love our family and they love us, we don't think they were able to solve their problems of survival by having to do away with other people, innocent people. I say to the older people that

the young people have not lost any idealism or any of the compassion all young life has for life in general. I think their compassion is greater. This young world has a fantastic compassion for all humanity, and they're so very idealistic. They are very much better educated than man has ever been before. We didn't have the slightest idea: Our parents did all the thinking, and we were just in sports and things like that—there was an eschewing of studies and so forth. I find myself now being invited to go out to the high schools, and those young people, I just tell you, they're so brilliant, they're fantastic.

eyesore

Turns out, says a *Time* survey, that ex-FCC head Newton Minow not only coined the television term "vast wasteland," he watches it. Avidly.

EYE's Gee-I-Wish-I'd-Said-That Award to three foresighted leaders of their countries:

To the man who stressed, in 1946, "Poor Roosevelt, he rushed everything because he felt he was declining. . . . The great thing in politics, my friend, is to know how to retire in time."

To another who recalls, in memoirs of his administration, ". . . if the United States were, unilaterally, to permit its forces to be drawn into conflict in Indochina, and in a succession of Asian wars, the end result would be to drain off our resources and to weaken our overall defensive position."

To the truth-teller of 1964, who promised, "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves."

Charles DeGaulle, "Hot Pursuit" Eisenhower, and President Johnson

