

# **ENEMIES:** **the clash of races**

**HAKI R. MADHUBUTI**

**RD WORLD PRESS**

**\$12.95**

**ENEMIES:  
THE CLASH OF RACES**

**HAKI R. MADHUBUTI**

**THIRD WORLD PRESS**

**CHICAGO**

Ninth Printing

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Some of these essays have previously appeared in *Nkombo*, *Black World*,  
*Black Scholar*, *Black Books Bulletin*, *Black Collegian*, and *New*  
*Directions*.

Asante Sana to brother Calvin Jones for the together cover.

Special thanks to Howard University

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Third World Press  
7524 S. Cottage Grove Avenue  
Chicago, IL 60619

LCN: 077-12275  
ISBN: 0-88378-073-9

Manufactured in the United States of America

# **ENEMIES:**

## **THE CLASH OF RACES**

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A. Akinwale Alhamisi . . . Oba T'Shaka . . . Acklyn Lynch  
Bobbi Womack . . . Queen Mother Moore . . . Wesley South  
the Brothers and Sisters of the Institute of Positive Education and  
Black People Worldwide

these are indeed the builders and the lovers

## In Remembrance

Ralph Featherstone  
(1939-1970)

David Llorens  
(1939-1973)

Johnny Boyd  
(1949-1973)

Maruwa Saunyama Chiri  
(Ruwa Chiri)  
(1943-1974)

& please  
understand that death  
is not our way  
we are the people of life  
“to die for the people”  
is not our saying.  
it is the mumbling of would-be martyrs  
& westernized death-wishers  
lost  
in their warped sense of eternity.  
we the Black people  
are the people of life  
& death is not a weapon that can  
be used to stop  
our  
life-movements  
ever  
again.

H.R.M. 7/7/75

That we Black People are one people we know.  
Destroyers will travel long distances in their  
minds and out to deny you this truth. We do not  
argue with them, the fools. Let them presume to  
instruct us about ourselves. That too is in the  
flow of their two thousand seasons against us.

Ayi Kwei Armah

## ***IS CRAZINESS ONLY MIND DEEP?***

### ***An Introduction***

I have had the opportunity to travel into far reaches of the world and into almost every state in the United States. In the last ten years I have traveled over seven hundred thousand miles. This is important because travel and the intimate interaction with Black people and other peoples of the World play heavily in my analysis. My view of the world is a wide one and goes beyond the traditional white-western limits. This is crucial and must be understood from the beginning.

I am a product of America: its culture, its institutions, its language, its structure-legislative, judicial and executive. I am a product of America's politics and economics, its aberration and saneness, its morality and immorality, its weaknesses and strengths. Most of all I am a product of America's *whiteness* and *Blackness*; these two forces penetrate every cell in my body and like fire and water have become antagonistic and are not able to occupy the same space at the same time without one being master and the other slave. We know which is which without asking or thinking too hard about it; that too speaks to our Americanization.

This country and its people are in my blood and the flow is very deep and goes beyond a love-hate relationship. I actually like Chicago yet loathe what Chicago and cities like Chicago have done and are doing to my people. I loathe what the United States has done and is doing to my people and much of the World's people. There is no let-up in sight. The next generation of Black children will be less educated and will experience less in terms of life-knowledge than my generation. They will be mentally whiter, materially poorer and psychologically crazier than those that preceeded them. Sound impossible? Only if the sun doesn't rise tomorrow. Don't hold your breath!

This book is about Black struggle - culturally, politically, economically and scientifically within this country and the world. I am now thirty-five years of age and somewhat tired. I am not sure if my physical weariness has come from my weekly travels between

Chicago and Washington, D.C. over the last six years to work at Howard University or from the constant burden of struggle in Chicago where there is absolutely no let-up in crises. We measure our days at the Institute of Positive Education by solved and unsolved crises. One learns to live with and conquer physical fatigue. It's the psychological disruption that slowly but effectively consumes. How does one day after day productively deal with the *hypocrisy*, the *pettiness*, the *lies*, the *opportunists*, the *in-fighting*, the *traitors*, the *ignorant*, the *weak* of our people? How do we deal with those of our people who think they have "successfully" made the transition into America and thus have become whiter than white in culture, consciousness and actions?

Those of our people who did not *die* during our forced migration to this land have been *mentally corrupted and often bestialized to the point of no return*. How else does one explain the day to day betrayal of families and friends that have become a living part of our existence in the western hemisphere? There are exceptions, yes, but the numbers give way daily to those wishing to join America at any expense. We understand. The mind and body can take only so much pressure before it weakens, goes mad or dies out. Believe it when I say that in America it is easier being a negro (a white invention), it is safer being a pseudocapitalist, it is more profitable to join and support the Democratic and Republican parties. You are defined as crazy if you upset the balance-don't make waves they say-as we all drown pulling loved ones into the sea of the most sophisticated form of slavery ever to hit this earth. *We cannot, nor should we try to out-exploit the supreme exploiters. For a Black person to actively, all of his or her life, seek to be white is the ultimate in irrational and psychotic behavior.* Yet, to be and seek values of whiteness has been the foundation of most of our education, so in essence we only do what we have been taught to do. The normal seeking the abnormal.

I am a Black man, a man of Afrikan descent who writes. Writing picked me. I am not a born or trained writer. I did not plan or choose writing as a vocation. I use writing as a weapon, offensively and defensively, to help raise the consciousness of myself and my people. At earlier times in my life I may have written for somewhat personal reasons, but I now write for these five: 1) *For the total, uncompromising Liberation of Black people.* 2) *For the creation of a just world-order where each and every person is able to reach his or her highest potential and in doing so not violate the cultural or human rights of his or her neighbors as we all strive to live and develop in an atmosphere of productive peace.* 3) *Writing is the most lasting and the major (yet limiting) form of communication that I have access to that reaches a good*

*number of Black people.4) Writing is a cleansing, dialectical, meditative and communicative process that helps keep me honest and committed to struggle, keeps me open minded and active among those I dearly care for, many of whom I do not have daily contact with. 5) I love my people and know the greatness we have in us and know that that greatness, at this time in our lives, must be continuously pushed and forced out of us if we are to survive and develop as a people. Writing is one of the enforcers that I use.*

I do not have a writing (literary) background. I grew up on the West side of Chicago and the lower East side of Detroit amidst acute poverty and death. Our food was mainly from cans or boxes with much of it being given to us by the city welfare agency. We didn't have television or telephone and our radio—record player was always either broke or in the pawn shop. Our lights and gas were seldom on at the same time. The clothes that my sister and I wore were either hand-me-downs, pass-me-ons, *Good Will* cast-offs or cheap imitations purchased at Chicago's "Jew town" or similar sections in Detroit's "Black Bottom." When I got to the age where I could buy my own clothing I generally bought them used from a Chinese laundry (pants \$.75 to \$1.25, shirts \$.25 to \$.50 and underwear \$.15 to \$.25). I began to work for money at the age of ten in an assortment of jobs—paper boy's helper (until I was able to get my own route), shoe shine boy, grocery bag boy, junk collector and janitor's helper. I also learned to hustle and steal (liberate) needed items very early. My education was provided by the Detroit and Chicago public school systems, the streets, the U.S. Army and Chicago's Jr. College system which was at best an advanced senior high school.

There was never any money in our house. My sister and I were raised by my mother and for a short period a step-father existed. Our "real" father was not with us and did not overly concern himself with our welfare—mainly because he himself was trying to survive. My mother's employment fluctuated between grocery cashier, building care-taker or janitor (in my youth it was very painful watching her carry garbage cans down and up three flights of stairs three times a week), bar-maid (Miss Bar Maid of 1948) and eventually prostitution. These latter two occupations soon drove her to drinking and she died an alcoholic at the age of thirty-five. At her death I was almost too hard to cry. Her death seemed to me to be a relief, a heavy burden off of my sister and myself, and a rest for her. I loved my mother dearly and at that time did not understand why she had to die so young. Yet, the pain of watching her drink herself to death forced me to become a man and to assume manly responsibility at a very early age. In fact, it got to the point that the little money that I brought home did not

go for food or rent as it once did, but helped to supply her with whiskey, at first, and toward the end, cheap wine. Two years later she was dead. My younger sister had a year-old baby. The future looked impossible.

My mother's act of suicide not only forced manhood upon me but it stimulated me to begin questioning the world. One of the first questions I began to ask myself and others was: Why was just about every other storefront in the Black Community either a bar, tavern or liquor store? The only Black "business" that rivalled the liquor business and the one that occupied other storefronts was the church. Of course, I have since learned that our enemies have traditionally used these two tools (drugs and religion) to maintain control over our people and many of the world's people.

There were no Model Cities, no poverty programs, no war on urban conditions. The only social programs for adults or children existed in white communities and we knew, even then, that white people did not particularly care for us. There was the Black Church, but we were the products of Baptist store fronts and they could barely keep their doors open from week to week. The larger and more substantial Negro Methodist and Episcopal churches did not openly welcome our kind because we did not dress or act the part of imitation white people. All the street niggers were left to be saved by the Baptists, Evangelists, or Holy-Rollers.

We never stayed in one apartment over a two-year period. We seemed to always be moving, not to better our situation but to maintain it. Moving was a terrible psychological burden, each move was an uprootment. It got to the point where it was difficult to make and keep friends for fear of having to leave them soon. We became rootless and attachments to family and friends slowly dissolved. We became like the cities, the *people of concrete*; hard, full of cracks. Un-productive. Most of my early life we lived in walk-up tenements where there was never enough heat in the winter, and it was always too hot in the summer, where misery always had friends and enemies and everybody knew everybody's business. Privacy was an unknown quantity. In fact, I did not experience any degree of privacy until I went into the Army at eighteen. This may be hard to believe but it shows the extreme levels of Urban Communal living.

There was never any talk of education or of the future in our family. Generally what little conversations we had as a family generated around finishing high school so that I could get a "good" job at Ford Motor Company or at General Motors. My sister was to get a "good man." College education was never spoken of - at home or at school. There was never a vision beyond making it from paycheck to paycheck and it seemed that all of our productive time was employed in day to day survival. The Friday

paycheck seldom lasted to Monday morning. Every weekend from Friday to Sunday was party time and my people woke up Monday mornings looking for a fresh drink to cool their hang-overs and for busfare to get to work. Every Monday morning I was sent to "friends" to borrow money to get us through the week. I often had to walk five or ten miles to get this money and many times returned empty handed because we didn't have a dime to call ahead to see if there was any money to be loaned.

We never had time to "think" or meditate. Nor were we taught to "think" or meditate. We always worked and it seemed as though our work pushed us deeper and deeper into debt. And yet we really never acquired anything of value. We would buy where we could get credit and the credit for the Black poor came very high - sometimes as much as 50¢ on the dollar. The few material objects that we were able to get either stayed broken, ended up stolen, or in the pawn shop sometimes years before they were paid for. A family car was a dream unfulfilled. We either took public transportation or walked. *There was definitely a poverty of wealth in our house but more importantly there was a poverty of the Spirit.* We did not see or plan for a tomorrow. There was little hope and the only salvation for us was said to be the Lord, if we prayed and served Him. *There was little talk about serving ourselves or our people.* Even though our dreams were small they were never realized. There was little joy and much pain in our lives and this, as far as I can see, was not the exception but the norm in Urban Black America.

The ways of the West are in me. For most of my adult life I have been at one level or another involved with Black struggle. I am currently associated with the building of Affirmative Independent Black Institutions in the United States. Yet, tomorrow if there was a way and a will for Black people to build and sustain the *ultimate aim* under our own conditions anywhere in the World, with the exception of Europe, I would carefully consider leaving this country. I am attached to this country but not foolishly or blindly. Life must have purpose, and meaningful purpose for Black people *on our own conditions* is denied us in the Western hemisphere and in much of the rest of the world. Sadly, I must include much of Afrika also. Without Black purpose there is no impetus for tomorrow and we in our impotence turn from the eyes of our children because we see them growing up mad and we are incapable of changing the course of their tomorrow.

However, the *will is to live and develop* within the harmony of the World. Yet, we do not wish to become Europeans, Arabs, Chinese, Indians or somebodies other than what our Black Ancestors and our mothers and fathers meant us to be. We must continue to examine the past to see where we made mistakes. We examine the past also to see if we were ever, as a people, living

correctly and justly. If we find fault in our past ways we must admit them to ourselves and others. We must analyze our short-comings and we must constantly change for the better. Therefore, let it be understood that all Afrikan (Black) people are not good, just or correct one hundred percent of the time. If we were, thirty seven million of us would not be trapped in the United States.

Our situation is going to get much worse. This is not a book to bring smiles to your lips. I have called it as I have experienced and observed it, holding nothing back. I am aware of most of the systems that cloud Black peoples' brains. Whether these systems are economic, social, political or scientific they all have two things in common: they are white-developed and are the steps that white supremacy is built on, and they all have to do with the concentration of power in the hands of the white few and control of non-white people worldwide. In other words, the running of the world. These systems be they capitalism, communism, democracy, socialism, Islam, Christianity, Buddhism, etc. are the cars and the people are the blind drivers. The people, especially Black people as drivers, live *with the illusion that we control the cars just because we sit at the wheel, not realizing that the gas, spare parts and new car developments are out of our immediate influence*. I'm more interested in the creators of the car than the car itself. This is where I focus much of my attention. I'm not so much after the guns or bullets, I'm after the men who control the pullers of the "ultimate" triggers. The color and make of the car or gun will change with the new technology. The task is to go after the change itself - the Changer.

We are tired but our spirits and bodies are renewed daily after a night's sleep, morning meditation and honest feeling, and the knowledge that we will live each day as justly and correctly as possible. Struggle is rewarding when you struggle with others you trust and love, and see production in that struggle. I am fortunate to work with an extended family in Chicago that has stood the test of war. Their example has become a continued model for me. I learn and am sustained and reinforced through their example. We are the New People. That is what the fight is about. To remove the running of the world from the unwise, unjust and incorrect. Craziness has gone beyond the mind, the white crazy have injected their disease into the food, the water, the air and the earth. We may not see or feel the craziness now but that is not unusual. There is much we do not see or feel. Years of enslavement have dulled our senses and blurred our vision. Our enemies know and appreciate our craziness even as we rush to join them in their artificial lives in the suburbs. White people do not fear us as a people—however, they still do not want us too close to them—that should tell us something. It is *easier* for Black people to be imitation white people in a white world than it is to be Black in a white world. Most Black

people know this and construct a compromise somewhere between the Black and the white. Most of us know that to be Black in color and to consciously live and act white means giving up all semblance of *Black manhood and womanhood*. There will always be resistance to this madness. Hopefully this book will be a part of such resistance.

Haki R. Madhubuti  
Institute of Positive Education  
April, 1977

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