

## A LESSON IN CONFRONTATION

—Welton Johnson

Red Bank, New Jersey is the typical white middle class controlled suburban community. With the wasps in control of the power in Red Bank, they always assumed that its black inhabitants were a happy lot. As long as the whites were in the position to give us crumbs instead of bread they felt that the blacks could be effectively controlled. Controlled by their racist police force, by their racist educational system, and by our handkerchief head leaders.

However, a time had to come when the black community released itself from the restraints of the white power structure in Red Bank. This emancipation took place when whitey least expected it—while their pigs were harassing the black residents in their typically racist manner. It was a simple thing that started it all and yet it wasn't so simple, for racism itself is a complex thing.

A brother went through a traffic light in the west side of Red Bank, which is where all of the blacks live. The pigs saw him go through the light and called on him to stop. When the brother didn't stop, the pig reacted in his normal manner by pulling out his revolver and shooting the brother. Here whitey finally made a mistake. The man perpetually assumes that the black man understands his law which allows a single man in a blue uniform to be the judge, jury, and executioner in one single instant. To blacks, this is absurd; it's incomprehensible.

The brothers on the street who witnessed this occurrence were members of the new breed of black people. These are the blacks who no longer wait till they are behind closed doors in the comfort of their homes before they

denounce the white man. These brothers do it in the street in the only terms whitey understands—violence. Approximately three seconds after the pigs ripped off the brother for a traffic violation, the new breed was raising hell.

Shouting, screaming, cussing, burning, looting, shooting, and whitey ran home to get his shit together.

The pigs returned with their machine guns, shotguns, tear gas, etc., all in the form of that mindless mass called a tactical police force. But the brothers fought on and again the pigs withdrew. When they returned for a third time they brought with them their most powerful weapon in whitey's arsenal—the so called outstanding negroes of the black community. These traitors, sell outs, handkerchief head, tom ass leaders were to attempt to get the brothers off the streets. The new breed had no use for these old leaders and the whitey retreated again with his houseboys.

When the fire began to die out and the dust began to settle, the brothers got together to find out what they needed to survive. High with the spirit of victory, full of beautiful ideas, the new breed confronted the man and demanded their full share of the power in Red Bank.

Words filled with fire and ideas laden with hope bombarded the white folks, and whitey listened with no ears. This time the brothers retreated; they had won the battle and lost the war.

Why? The new breed made a fatal error by listening to the liberals' promises. We were tired of whitey's promises, tired of his lies, so the brothers moved. The new breed went insane in whitey's eyes . . . they no longer met with the man they acted.

Terrorism, malicious vandalism, foolish acts of arson . . . this is how the man reacted to our struggle for survival. The new breed no longer needed our "leaders" so we dispose of them and they washed their hands of these "violent young fanatics."

The brothers finally were moving. They realized that words are wasted on white folks. Give them a bullet then they can hear black people demand their freedom. Offer them death and they will give up their power. Destroy the monster it will then no longer prey on black lives.

Black White Confrontation: A Post Script  
—Welton Johnson

The end result of all black-white confrontation is a transparent victory for the weary beleaguered blacks while a somewhat frightened whitey walks away still on top. Whenever black people get together to cash in on their share of America; Charlie (who never fails to be prepared for us) has already gotten his shit together. By the time we bust up to whitey with blood in our eyes and pieces in our hands; he has already gotten to our "sell outs", our so called leaders, people you never see until the shit looks grim. These are the people who run around saying "cool it brother, why don't we get together, sit down and talk with the man", and we do exactly that. From the moment we sit down and look into that benevolent white face finding that concerned, "I didn't know it was that bad" expression on the man; we realize we have made a mistake yet we still go through with it.

We leave whitey's conference room carrying a big bundle of meaningless

worthless promises from our great white father and immediately after this we look at each other realizing what fools we have been. The man knows what we want. How can he not know what we need after he goes out of his way to make it impossible to get these things before we even demand them.

Yet we persist on playing his game by his rules on his field with our lives as the ball. Brothers and sisters, we can no longer afford to play in this manner. For we black people to totally and completely liberate ourselves from the white folks; we must begin to employ the methods that we know best.

It is a known fact that the man will not listen to us unless he is coerced in some manner. Therefore the obvious thing for us to do is to apply constant pressure on him at all times. No time outs for his worthless chit chat.

Bring the people onto the streets and keep them there until we have what we want—liberation. Spit in his face when he brings his compromise solution—the white man must let the black people loose. He must open the prison doors before we tear them down and whitey with them. He must call off his pigs before we rip them off.

Brothers and Sisters, let's open our eyes—see the hard cold realities of death—whitey is killing us. We are born dead and stay dead until we die. If we are to survive the white man and his Frankenstein monster America, then we simply have to start fighting. Fight with our minds, with our pieces, with their gasoline, with anything we can get our hands on but we must fight on till death—theirs.

