

that a chance incident might spark a conflagration in the Middle East, and the chances of that happening increase with every step toward military preparedness taken by the Arab states. Furthermore, the recent revival of organized Arab terrorist raids across the Israel frontier has provoked more frequent Israeli retaliations, and any one of these brushes could lead to a major commitment of forces on both sides. The United Arab Command has exerted some pressure on the Arab states to control terrorists, since it wants to be fully prepared when the day of confrontation comes; but even should it be dragged into a full-scale war with Israel by the hit-and-run route, its armies would be much better prepared than they were two years ago.

Although U.S. explanations of its so-called policy in selling arms to the Middle East seem remarkably offhand, it is difficult at this point to imagine an attitude that would improve the situation. King Hussein would almost certainly feel obliged to accept Soviet arms if his Western sources were cut off. The Lebanese might not, but their 10,000-man army is relatively insignificant in the large picture. As for the other key nations—Egypt, Syria and Iraq—the West no longer controls their ordnance supplies.

The United States will no doubt continue, however reluctantly, to sell tanks and airplanes to both Arab and Jew—meanwhile hoping anxiously that they will be used for bluffs that never quite come to blows.

A WHITE LOOK AT BLACK POWER

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting events from the South.

In the middle of June, the words "Black Power" were shouted by a handful of Negroes marching along a Mississippi highway. The national reaction to this small verbal stimulus was extreme, it was as though someone had cried "fire!" in an excelsior factory. Before the echo had died, the civil rights movement was in disarray. The White House, many white liberals and most white men in the street were aghast, angry, or both. Not a few black men were upset. Why should these two words have produced such exorbitant reaction? The answer involves many racial facts and fictions current in American life.

Among the most violent reactors was Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, who exercised his prerogative as a veteran Negro leader to denounce Black Power. "It is the reverse of Mississippi," he told the NAACP convention in Los Angeles. "A reverse Hitler, a reverse Ku Klux Klan."

Dr. Martin Luther King sagaciously concentrated on trying to interpret what the words really meant, but he also dissociated himself from them, there was obviously some awful taboo about using the word "power" in conjunction with the word "black." President Johnson made that clear. "We are not interested in black power," the President declared. "And we are not interested in white power. But we are interested in American democratic power with a small 'd'."

This was heartwarmingly biracial and bipartisan. But like so many of Mr. Johnson's statements, it did not come to grips with the issue. Because whether or not "we" are interested in white power, it is a fact of national life that virtually all power in America is white. There is black poverty, white power, black aspiration, white power, black pressure, white power.

Manifestations of white power have been sometimes gross, sometimes subtle. While the controversy over Black Power raged on front pages, the social, economic and political proofs of white power were scattered over the

inside pages. One story told about an amusement park in Lawson, Okla., that barred Negroes. Another reported that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was being forced by court order to eliminate a constitutional provision denying membership to anyone "unless he is a white man." The union, representing 40,000 jobs, has for half a century made sure that all the trains thundering across the continent would have white hands on the throttle while black hands made up the Pullman berths.

Up in the air, Vice President Humphrey and the chief of the Justice Department's antitrust division had flown to the All Star game in a plane owned by the Anheuser-Busch Company. Company executives had recently donated \$10,000 to the Democratic Party. A Justice Department antitrust suit had recently been dropped against the company. Surely these facts were related only by coincidence, yet a Negro, reading the story and remembering the national uproar a few years back when a colored FBI driver gave Dr. King a five-minute lift, might ponder how white folks just had a way of flying high together—to get some place.

Such stories—and thousands more they could tell—spelled out to Negroes the frustrating phenomenon of white power which the majority of whites were taking for granted. Understandably. Power of any color corrupts, and white America's power had had a disabling influence on its ability even to recognize the powerless position in which the American Negro found himself. All these factors of power, and the lack of it, combined on the Mississippi march to produce the new Negro rallying cry at a historic moment of change in the civil rights movement. An attempt to understand Black Power may begin with the march.

By June 15, the marchers had been trudging for nine dissension-ridden days through Mississippi, the heartland of white power in action and of Negro powerlessness. James Meredith was back in New York, wrapped in his personal mystique, nursing his wounds and suspicions about what civil rights leaders were doing to his original march concept. Dr. King, Floyd McKissick of CORE and Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, were running the march with help from the Medical

Committee on Human Rights, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and the Delta Ministry. Charles Evers and the NAACP were giving on-again, off-again support. CORE and SNCC sneered at NAACP as representing the black bourgeoisie; NAACP huffed that it made racial progress while the others agitated.

Compounding the organizational stresses was the fact that McKissick and Carmichael were stepping into the national spotlight for the first time since being elected leaders and were eager to establish reputations. Dr. King's presence assured widespread publicity. But SNCC, in particular, had long been at odds with Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the patchwork unity of the past was badly frayed. March leaders were divided over objectives although McKissick saw strategic value in this.

"We're not getting sucked into one objective," he said. "So they can say, Well you got your civil rights bill. What else do you want? Get off the streets!"

For many miles, the spirit of going-on-ness, the spiritual lift of seeing Negroes leave their woebegone shacks to join the big parade had swept dissensions and tactics underfoot. And there was full agreement on one thing: the reality of life along Highway 51 (Meredith's original route to Jackson) and then along Highway 49 as the column swung west into the Delta. It was a reality that the lazy national eye slid over. Civil rights workers hadn't been killed lately and Congress had passed a whole bunch of civil rights laws and why the hell get out on a highway just to demonstrate? Particularly when the nation had enough trouble in Vietnam.

But quantities of federal law were being broken along both highways, and white men in control in Washington were doing nothing about it. The marchers passed no integrated schools, although the Supreme Court had ruled twelve years before that school segregation must end. Restaurants, courthouses, theatres and many hospitals were as segregated as they had been at the turn of the century, despite the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and other legislation. The job-rights section of the same act had produced little or no change in the scattered factories—most of them Northern-owned—along the route.

Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson was talking so moderately you could hardly believe he was the same man who once said NAACP stood for "niggers, alligators, apes, coon and possum." Yet there wasn't a single Negro in the Mississippi executive, judiciary or legislature. Thousands of Mississippi Negroes were being drafted to fight in Vietnam but there wasn't one Negro on a Mississippi draft board. The Poverty Program, fought by white Mississippians as if it were a Vietcong plot, the vaunted Poverty Program had done almost nothing to relieve poverty in a state where the median Negro income is around \$600 a year. It had only created a few hundred jobs *inside* OEO agencies like Head Start and a job training program called STAR that somehow wound up being run by the Catholic Church.

Hoehands in the cotton fields shimmering in June heat were getting \$3 for a ten-hour day, with no minimum wage or age safeguards. A multibillion-dollar cotton support bill financed by U.S. taxpayers was forcing drastic acreage cut-backs, but it contained not a word or a dollar to aid Negroes forced off white land without jobs, training or hope. The only federal law that had produced measurable results was

the Voting Rights Act. About 100,000 Negroes had registered since its enactment in August, 1965. This made a total of 130,000 on the books with more than 300,000 still unregistered against 545,000 white voters. Atrophied Negro political instincts and limited federal involvement, along with white power employing all the intimidating tricks the Deep South knew so well, had reduced registration to a trickle as the march came through.

All this reality of national failure to insure a democratic society of equal opportunity had been on display when the marchers reached the segregated city of Grenada on June 14. How much got across to the American public at large is debatable. Television newsmen were busy asking alarmed questions about campsite debates over nonviolence. UPI sent out a story calling the march "part movement, part circus." It stressed that many marchers wore T-shirts and denims, reported that one youth told a newsmen that the coming sexual revolution would center around homosexuality, and concluded that most newsmen agreed with a highway patrolman who declared: "This is a great assembly of kooks."

Segregated Grenada smiled a crocodile smile, let Negroes use white courthouse bathrooms that had been numbered One and Two, not scatologically but racially, and hired temporary Negro registrars. It even swallowed its indignation when a black speaker slapped a bust of Jeff Davis and called him a "joker." "They're really trying the patience of this town," said a reporter whose journalistic myopia enabled him to overlook the Negro patience that had been tried for a century.

But Grenada didn't need sympathy. It planned to redeem its Deep South reputation with firings and jailings after the march moved on. The country didn't seem to be paying too much attention anyway. The Negro leadership was painfully aware that the town's analysis was correct, that something was needed to awaken America's comatose conscience. SNCC's Carmichael decided that his own moment of truth had arrived.

Stokely—as friend and foe alike call him—is 24, Harlem-bred and one of the young "old Mississippi veterans." He has been jailed twenty-seven times, survived the horrendous summer of 1964 in charge of the Greenwood COFO Freedom House that came under firebomb attack, and is an articulate spokesman for the ultra-militant wing of SNCC. That wing, under the philosophical spell of Bob Parish, *né* Moses, had carried the SNCC convention in May and Stokely was elected, replacing John Lewis. *Reporter* magazine reported that Lewis had been "dumped." The truth was that Lewis, a dedicated militant himself but spiritually committed to nonviolence without modifiers, had become a minority member in his own organization. SNCC, with Northern membership dominating its once-Southern character, had swung from nonviolent activism to a new, harder look which Stokely epitomized.

Tall and energetic, theorist and activist, Carmichael was outspoken if not always precise. He was orienting SNCC to all-black direction and limiting those whites who remained to work only in white communities. The white press, always eager to sit in judgment on the content and tone of the movement, had viewed him with an alarm it did not

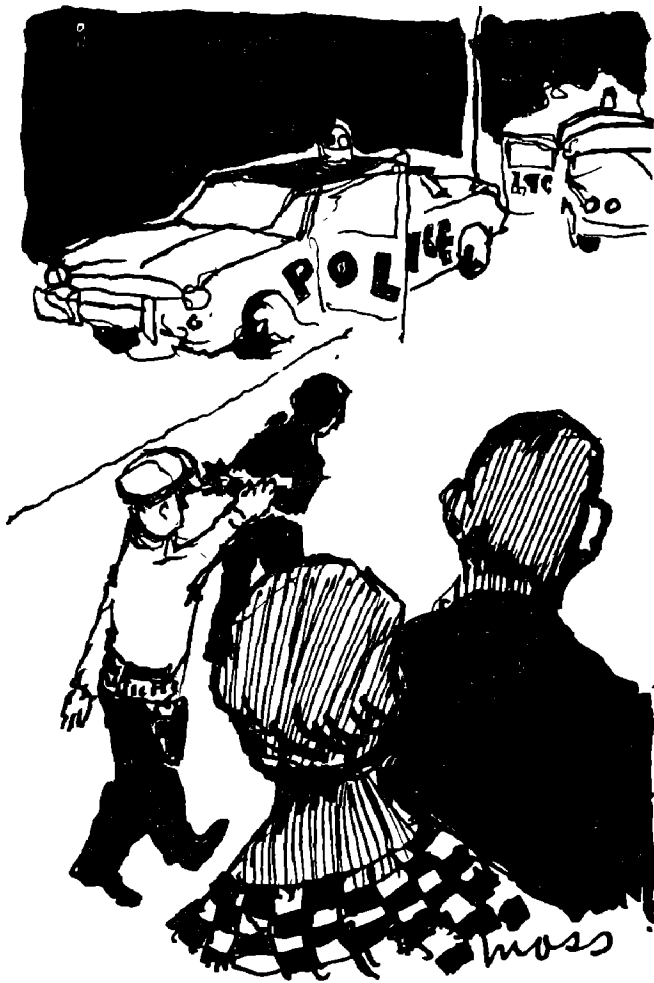


exhibit at continued Southern defiance of federal law. This has been standard procedure whenever the Negro has begun to make assertive gestures, but Stokely reacted with a contempt that blocked free exchange with even the few perceptive reporters who covered the march—those from the *Los Angeles Times* and *The New York Times*, for example.

"There's no point explaining ourselves to the white press anymore," Stokely told me. "All they want to do is put us on the defensive. It isn't my job to make black people love everybody or to pick up guns—but to help black people get the things they deserve. We have to address ourselves to the black people, not to the press or the black bourgeoisie. Integration is an insidious subterfuge when initiated by blacks alone." It's his style to repeat dogma and he did.

"Integration is an insidious subterfuge when initiated by blacks alone. So we've got to move to control neighborhoods, sections and counties politically and economically just like every other American minority has done."

The next day, June 16, as the march entered Greenwood, he gave the word to SNCC supporters in the column to send the cry "Black Power" booming over the Delta. Carmichael himself was arrested that day for trying to put up the marchers' tents against police orders. A graphic example of what white power means to black men can be seen in two photographs—one, of his arrest appearing on the front page of the *Times*, June 17, the other, the arrest of Aubrey James Norvell after he allegedly shot James Meredith, which was on page 29 of the June 7 issue. An AP photo shows Stokely, grimacing in pain, as white policemen twist

his arms behind his back to handcuff him. He had not resisted arrest. The UPI picture of Norvell shows him with both hands free, puffing calmly on a pipe as he enters a police car with no official hand on him minutes after firing a shotgun three times at Meredith.

Stokely was bailed out—apparently with NAACP money—and came to a night meeting at the campsite with fire in his eye to tell the crowd:

"We're asking Negroes not to go to Vietnam but to stay in Greenwood and fight. We need Black Power. What do we want?"

"Black Power!" roared the crowd, and the question and answer was tossed back and forth in the night.

"If they put one more of us in jail," Stokely shouted, "we're not going to pay a bond to get out . . . We're going up there and get him out ourselves. Black Power!"

"Black Power! Black Power!"

"You can't depend on the march here in Greenwood," he went on. "You must build a power base . . . the power base has to get you a black sheriff . . . White people aren't going to do it for you . . . you have to stop being ashamed of being black and don't try to be white . . . Now that doesn't mean to be anti-white . . . but get the nappiest-headed black man with the broadest nose and the thickest lips and make him sheriff!"

The crowd exulted. It seemed that a long-mute chord had been struck. But what did it all mean exactly? Storm courthouses? Run over whites? After the shouting died, Carmichael and I talked quietly together.

"When I talk about going to the courthouse," he said, "it's an allusion. Negroes understand me. But whites get nervous when we don't keep talking about brotherly love. They need reassurance. But we're not about to divert our energies to give it to them."

Nationwide, Negroes are a minority of 22 million out of a total population of 190 million, as President Johnson on July 20 pointedly reminded them. In Mississippi they could potentially out-register whites in 40 per cent of the counties, with black majorities possible in another dozen counties across the line in Alabama. But how could a minority on its own ever take significant national power?

"You can't everywhere," Carmichael said. "You take it anywhere you can out in the country, and in the cities you use bloc pressure like the Irish, Italians and everybody else. But you do it on your own terms, not on what the white man thinks you should do. This nation has only responded to demands in civil rights legislation. Whites never give anything. Even today Johnson won't send in federal registrars unless we speak to it. And as far as making coalitions in a place like Mississippi, who you gonna coalesce with? You can only talk to them on the basis of political power and you have to become more militant—in Mississippi and all over—because whites get more militant as we thrust into areas of real control they don't like to think about."

Yet there were immediate ambiguities. Other minorities had worked inside existing political parties to exert power, but Stokely sometimes seemed to be saying that Negroes should create their own independent parties. Except on a limited local basis, it sounded politically suicidal. Black Power was not intended as a call for black violence, but a

few marchers talked of spilling white blood, their words stridently publicized by the press and given the ring of policy. The concept of nonviolence was a black gift to white America, but white America had developed a proprietary feeling toward it and now was insisting that even though violence was a one-way street against Negroes, they would have to continue to buck the traffic and be run down. White fear of Negro riot was universal, and riot itself the ultimate weapon of desperation, self-annihilating to the rioter submerged in a mob and a confession of his own failure to challenge politically a society that had failed him. Already, riot was lacing the air with a whiff of brimstone.

Was Black Power a call for retaliatory combat and riot? It sometimes depended whether a Black Nationalist or a black voter registration worker was interpreting it. The day after Greenwood, Dr. King's right-hand man, Rev. Andrew Young, was trying to come to grips with Black Power as he marched past Negro shacks, surrounded by rows of cotton whose owner would share in billion-dollar-a-year federal supports.

"Even Gandhi preached that he would rather a man be violent than be a coward," Reverend Young said. "Dr. King has never said a man didn't have the duty to defend his person or home against attack. But we insist on non-violence in demonstrations because it works. The thing that worries me now is that nondiscipline is spreading. Black Power means one thing to one man and something else to another.

"Now what I think Stokely is doing is trying to fill the gap left by Malcolm. He's trying to project a militant image, push Negro protest as far as he can, carrying white liberals along with him as far as they will go. Then he may edge back a little. Actually, SNCC's position on Black Power isn't too far from ours except in style and semantics."

This was partially true. In the May Alabama primaries, Dr. King had urged Negroes to bloc vote for certain candidates, almost all black. SNCC, meanwhile, boycotted the primary, partly from principle and partly to conform with state "third party" laws as it prepared to run all-Negro independent slates in the fall. King backed State Attorney General Richmond Flowers in the gubernatorial primary and, as expected, he was trounced by Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace. The *Times's* Arthur Krock promptly lectured about the "counter polarization of white voters that Dr. King's counsel inevitably stimulated." It required a special brand of Krockian obtuseness not to see that Negro bloc voting was a countermeasure against already existing white Alabama polarization. But nowhere was the gulf between white and black, and the tensions and tactical differences among Negroes so obvious as in Mississippi.

In 1963, the NAACP's Medgar Evers paid with his life for trying to bring power to the black people of Mississippi within the existing system. His brother Charles succeeded him and was immediately involved in a power struggle against both the whites and SNCC, which was starting to practice the concept of Black Power without preaching it. SNCC entered Mississippi determined to leapfrog over any transitional accommodations with white power to a position of self-created strength to which whites would have to respond. Since more than 95 per cent of the state's

Negroes were poor, politically impotent and educationally impoverished, it determined to work with them in a basically class struggle against the Mississippi bourgeoisie, white or black. (It may be noted here that on a national scale 95 per cent of Negroes are ghettoized and represent a similar latent power source. The majority do not belong to SNCC, NAACP or CORE, and scarcely seem to belong to America. In Harlem, most belong simply to Adam Clayton Powell.)

Mississippi SNCC callously used the black bourgeoisie assembled under the NAACP aegis while trying in every way to undermine the organization and promote an egalitarian vision of a society that would be revolutionary but which otherwise was never clearly defined. Evers, continuing his brother's unrevolutionary approach and shrewd in the art of political survival, caught on early in the game. As far back as 1964 he boycotted the first convention of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, the political action arm set up by SNCC and CORE.

If SNCC was using NAACP's painfully established foothold in the state for its own ends, NAACP benefited from SNCC's headlong courage in openly challenging white authority and making the Negro aware that he should control his own destiny. Through a season of violence, SNCC—with CORE—forced the federal government to make the presence of the FBI and Justice Department more strongly felt, and that eased the organizing problems of all Negro groups. Salvos of bad publicity from the killings and bombings also jarred the white power structure to a legitimate fear that the state would be ruined economically if at least a façade of law and order were not erected. A memor-



able example of what could happen occurred in McComb, where SNCC workers and sympathizers were the principal targets of eighteen church burnings and Freedom House bombings in the '64 summer. This violence convinced three northern firms to abandon factory relocation there. White McComb leadership quickly worked through the NAACP for a well-publicized and successful test of public accommodations, while quietly and completely throttling SNCC efforts to rouse black citizens to independent political action.

The results of this internecine power struggle were still inconclusive as SNCC workers proclaimed Black Power on the march. The Freedom Party had made a moderately good showing in the June 7 state primary although all candidates—as expected—were steam-rolled by white opposition. SNCC influence still was strong in its council, but not absolute, the party ran one white Congressional candidate, thus nominally remaining open to whites.

Evers meanwhile was doing pretty well with his own voter organization, particularly in two counties (Jefferson and Claiborne) which had overwhelmingly Negro population majorities. It was not Black Power but it was black power. He had taken the NAACP into alliance with a new biracial group called the Mississippi Young Democrats which is put forward as a coalition of Negroes and white Mississippi liberals. The total number of publicly declared white liberals in Mississippi could ride with comfort in a Volkswagen. Hodding Carter III, editor of the Pulitzer Prize-winning Greenville *Delta Democrat*, is the Young Democrats' co-chairman, along with a University of Mississippi Negro student, Cleveland Donald.

Carter is a liberal within narrowly defined Mississippi terms. For example, when striking Negro cotton workers were shamefully handled by Greenville authorities last year, his paper looked the other way. But there are already signs that the Johnson Administration is giving tacit support to the Young Democrats to get the albatross of the regular white Mississippi Democratic Party off its neck. The President also has never forgiven the Freedom Party for rejecting his compromise over the seating of the white Mississippi delegation at the 1964 Democratic Convention. Charles Evers may someday be invited to dinner at the LBJ ranch, but Stokely Carmichael never will. It seems as obvious as it is dangerous that this alienation will draw the Administration even further than it has presently drifted from responsiveness to Negro realities. It also helps buttress Stokely's contention that in order to get into the game with the powers that be, Negroes must let the whites call the rules.

This controversy physically and ideologically dominated the Mississippi march and made it vulnerable to sniping from within and without. Dr. King was in the most exposed position. He did not want to disavow SNCC, which he had supported even when SNCC elements were freely taking pot shots at his "bourgeois" belief in coalition with the whites to create nonviolently the "beloved community." At the same time, Black Power was being equated with Negro violence, and violence remained anathema to Dr. King, and to his white moral and financial supporters.

"I prefer not to use the phrase Black Power," he said. "Not that I don't sympathize with aspects of it. But it seems to say, black supremacy, and this would be as evil as white

supremacy. I do know the Negro must have power if we're going to gain freedom and human dignity."

Dr. King's interpretation was challenged in New York by Lincoln Lynch, CORE's second in command, who gave a most persuasive explanation of the Black Power rationale. As quoted in *The New York Times*, he said:

This power, economic, political and psychological has been denied the black man for too long and must be realized. We need black people standing on their own two feet and all the shouts of "Freedom now" are meaningless and empty phrases until we accomplish this.

The white man will not respect you until you can stand toe to toe with him and eyeball to eyeball. History has shown that if you're really depending on the vast majority of whites to help you're really leaning on a very broken reed. . . . As time goes by the militants will appear more militant and the moderates more moderate. But what we must remember is that no man can be "moderately" free.

On June 21, Dr. King led a side march in Philadelphia, Miss., along with local Negro leadership Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, named in the killing of Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney, controlled the lawmen there who permitted and encouraged white townspeople to attack the marchers in one of the most terrifying outbreaks I have seen in the South during three years that include St. Augustine and Selma. Dr. King cabled the President for immediate federal intervention. The President instructed his assistant press secretary, Robert Fleming, to reply. Fleming said the President had been assured by Governor Johnson that state highway patrolmen would furnish adequate future protection.

"The President," said Fleming, "knows it is going to take a lot of effort to produce understanding down there."

Two days later, I stood with the marchers in a field behind a segregated Negro school in Canton while highway patrolmen fired tear-gas canisters directly at them, then kicked and beat with gun stocks those who were too sick or blinded to run. One patrolman, kicking a woman into semi-consciousness, said: "Nigger, you want your freedom? Well, here it is." Dr. King sent another cable and this time Attorney General Katzenbach was delegated to express the President's concern. He said that the violence, while deplorable, had resulted because Negroes refused to accept a white choice of campsites and had illegally gone to the school. It took a good deal of effort to understand why the Administration was responding with a legalism instead of indignation to the raw display of old-time white brutality. Lynch's "broken reed" dangled.

Washington indifference had another important and probably far-reaching effect. It undermined Dr. King at a time when his strength within the movement was being tested. In the past, at Selma for instance, he had been able to marshal strong Washington pressure when he called. Now, he was just another dismissed Negro voice. If the President had wanted to boost Black Power, he could not have chosen a better way.

By the time the march reached Jackson, Dr. King received another setback. SNCC, CORE and the Freedom Party outvoted his effort to have Charles Evers appear at the Capitol rally for the sake of unity. The militants would

not forgive Evers for his vacillating and sometimes critical attitude toward the march leadership (that this has worked in Evers' favor among white Mississippians is ironic, but indicates how the scorching mantle of "good nigger" will increasingly be bestowed by whites on Negro civil rights leaders who oppose Black Power).

Dr. King felt he could no longer cooperate with SNCC. Privately, he blamed SNCC's "meanness of spirit . . . too much infighting that wastes energies." Publicly, it was announced that SCLC henceforth would work alone in Mississippi. Black Power had forced the movement to drop its mask of solidarity, cracked and peeling anyway, and confront America with the varied faces of Negro demand.

Whites looked and were not pleased. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy decided "there is a militant group of Negroes who are not anxious to work with the white community to find answers to these problems." Author Lillian Smith, who had lent her personal courage and beautiful words to CORE for many years, was anguished when its convention endorsed Black Power. She resigned her membership, declaring that CORE had been infiltrated by "nihilists, black nationalists and plain old-fashioned haters . . . the new killers of the dream."

But many Negroes felt that white power, which had led whites to prosperity, was leading to slow death for Negroes. They believed that Miss Smith's dream and the stirring one that Dr. King had recounted on the Washington march had turned to rude awakening, the alarm bell of reality ringing in Watts and in Canton and in every community where white promises to Negroes were not being redeemed. Senator Kennedy notwithstanding, white communities like the one in Los Angeles that defeated a hospital bond issue for Watts did not seem anxious to work for the common good. Negroes saw Mayor Daley in Chicago boasting that he was getting rid of the rats in the ghetto while the ghetto remained. They saw sprinklers on fire hydrants and ten

portable swimming pools as the white largess bestowed to end riots there. Would the next white inspiration be to bus colored children to white hydrants?

"We are trying," President Johnson said, "to meet the poverty situation as we find it with the limited resources at our command."

Were resources in the world's richest country limited by commitments in Vietnam? The President called in Congressional leaders and told them to cut domestic spending because of possible defense increases. But months ago he had promised that the war would not affect domestic programs. Washington had enough money to build—unannounced—in Thailand one of the largest airfields in Southeast Asia. Still it could not rebuild a ghetto at home.

It is not yet possible to say how Black Power will respond to the continuation of current white policies at home and abroad. It remains primarily a shibboleth, but it certainly will be harnessed politically. If white liberals unselectively lump it with the extreme elements in black nationalism, they will be making the same kind of mistake that Republicans—and Democrats—made when they dismissed the ADA as a bunch of pinkos. Worse. Administration inaction after Canton has raised Southern hopes that stronger defiance of Negro demands and federal law may be possible. The riot-frazzled white Northern mood is increasingly hostile to pending civil rights legislation with its open housing provision. Buried nerves of basic racial prejudice are being exposed; it is gloomy to speculate what the nationwide effect might have been had the murderer of those eight Chicago nurses turned out to be a Negro. All these things will make it increasingly difficult for the responsible proponents of Black Power to work out its destiny in a way compatible with the history of American political minorities and in the process to evolve a definition which, if not noble, is at least "democratic with a small 'd.'"

Black Power is white power, only darker.

SALVAGE ARCHAEOLOGY

Saving the Past from the Present

J. O. BREW

Mr. Brew, director of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, is chairman of the United States Committee for the Recovery of Archaeological Remains and president of the UNESCO International Committee on Monuments, Historical and Artistic Sites and Archaeological Excavations.

After a trip up the Nile, Lord Dunsany wrote: "But what I remember most clearly from that journey was a figure carved from green stone in the temple of Luxor, buried nearly up to the waist in the dust of ages; and, as I looked at it seated there, a woman came from a cottage at the back of the temple and threw into the temple over a low wall a basketful of small rubbish, so that I actually saw what it was that buries cities."

That was fifty or sixty years ago. Since then, with modern technology we have improved our methods, immeasurably.

We no longer only bury cities; we rip them up, push them aside and knock them down. And we do these things not only in war but in our peaceful pursuits of urban renewal, multi-purpose reservoirs, autobahns and transcontinental highways, pipe lines, land-levelings for efficient farming, airports, missile ranges, factories, strip mining and an ever increasing number of other good causes. For such purposes the surface of the earth upon which our forebears have lived for hundreds of thousands of years is being constantly revised.

Much of this, though not all, is desirable. We gain by it. The purpose of this article is to draw attention to the things we lose, and to suggest ways by which the losses can be avoided or, at least, minimized.

Man has always speculated about his origins; some part of his thoughts has ever turned toward his creation and the reasons for his being. Even those societies which officially

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