

POWER TO THE GRASSROOTS

By RICK HOPTON



BLACK DEPRESSION — A MEANS TO A WHITE END

Sure we're depressed, and rightly so. After more than 300 hundred years of being systematically degraded and spit upon by white America it is hard for us to feel any other way.

But, you say, I can always treat my depression by running down to Maverick's Flat or the Light House on the weekend to snap my fingers and do the boogaloo — but that's just a thing we do to keep ourselves from becoming more depressed.

Depression comes in varied forms, and many times we refuse to make ourselves consciously aware of what's really happening.

We over-customize our cars to relieve this depression; we over-dress ourselves to relieve this depression; we run games on people to relieve this depression; one brother tries to be cooler than another brother to relieve this depression.

Why do we do these things? What are we trying to prove, or who are we trying to be other than ourselves?

Do we do it because that's what's happening? No. We do it because we are trying to put ourselves in a position of power among our own people, so we can feel big and powerful like white America.

In short, you are living up to white America's stereotype, and at the same time trying to dream yourself into a position of power.

The sad thing is that while we stand there playing a fools game, white America is laughing at us.

They're laughing because they put the traps out there and black people keep falling for them.

We spend our money and put all our efforts into trying to look good in the eyes of white America — who could care less.

White America knows what black people want; for the simple reason they know what they haven't given us.

They put the temptation there, and we run after it like sheep going to the slaughter house.

They put an Eldorado Cadillac on the car lot, and who's the first person to buy one — black people; they come out with a new type of suit or sport coat and who's the first in the neighborhood to have one — black people; they stick a "Red devil" in your face and who's the first person to get high and tear-up the Eldorado he bought last week — black people.

Why do we always fall victim to these material hang-ups?

The only possible reason I can think of, is that, maybe we're so unhappy (Depressed) with our own existence in racist America, and just disgusted with ourselves in general for not getting ahead, that we believe that these material things will relieve our depression.

You see, white America is also aware of this; they know you are depressed, because they made you that way

They also know that in order to keep you depressed, they must, keep you running after, new suits, new cars, and other things that tend to psyche black people into believing they're equal in the eyes of white America.

How can we or any other group of people expect to progress if we continue to be suckers to white America's economic game.

And, how else can we be anything but "Depressed" when we continually work for the good of white America and for the destruction of our own race.

The reality and depression of the material possession game is simply this: When you get in your Eldorado and get stopped by a policeman in Glendale, who decides to beat your head, you suddenly find that you're just another black statistic to an uninterested American "Storm Trooper" (That's depression). Or, when you put on your new suit to go find a job and the employer tells you, "We'll give you a call if a job comes up".

At this point there are three different types of depression you must confront; (1) you believe they discriminated against you because of your color, (2) your mad because you didn't get the job, (3) and finally, your wife is going to nag at you for not bringing any money into the house.

This type of depression will only lead to self-hate, and this self-hate will continue to perpetuate into the form of a "Negro Robot", who walks and talks to the tune of a musically uneducated white America.

Why must we run to white America for help and never our own brothers and sisters?

This unfortunately is all a part of your sociological, psychological conditioning that says, "The white man will help you, and your black brother will only stab you in the back". White America has been the one stabbing you — so wake up. The only reason your brother stabs you is because white America stabs him every day. We can't win the fight as individuals, we must do it together.

We must stop living a lie and start facing the fact that, White America wishes to keep us divided, because they are afraid of the potential power Black people would have if they united.

Just think how much of a threat we could be to the economic, political, and social structure if Blacks took their "red devil" money, their "Eldorado" money, or their "new suit" money and put it into a national bank for Black people.

Then we wouldn't have to wait for the government, we could help ourselves (This in itself would eliminate the depression of trying to survive in a racist country)

Webster's definition of depression is: 1. Low spirits; gloominess; dejection; sadness. 2. a decrease in functional activity. 3. An emotional condition, either normal or pathological, characterized by discouragement, a feeling of inadequacy.

If you brothers and sisters want to be in poor old Webster's bag, go ahead. But for heaven's sake in the future if you insist on being depressed, and prefer to follow a false image of someone else, at least be depressed with something that has some soul that a white, uneducated White America