

in Baltimore on April 3, 1968 — three days before the Baltimore riots began.

It is deplorable and a sign of sickness in our society that the lunatic fringes of the black and white communities speak with wide publicity while we, the moderates, remain continuously mute. I cannot believe that the only alternative to white racism is black racism.

Somewhere the objectives of the civil rights movement have been obscured in a surge of emotional oversimplification. Somewhere the goal of equal opportunity has been replaced by the goal of instantaneous economic equality. This country does not guarantee that every man will be successful but only that he will have an equal opportunity to achieve success. I readily admit that this equal opportunity has not always been present for Negroes — that it is still not totally present for Negroes. But I say that we have come a long way. And I say that the road we have trodden is built with the sweat of the Roy Wilkinsons and the Whitney Youngs — with the spiritual leadership of Dr. Martin Luther King — and not with violence.

Tell me one constructive achievement that has flowed from the madness of the twin priests of violence, Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown. They do not build — they demolish. They are agents of destruction and they will surely destroy us if we do not repudiate them and their philosophies — along with the white racists such as Joseph Carroll and Connie Lynch — the American Nazi Party, the John Birchers, and their fellow travelers.

The bitterness of past and present days has been brewed by words like these:

We have to retaliate for the deaths of our leaders. The execution for those deaths will not be in the court rooms. They're going to be in the streets of the United States of America . . . Black people know that they have to get guns.

—Stokely Carmichael: Washington, D. C., April 5, 1968.

And:

To hell with the laws of the United States . . . Your brothers in the ghettos are going to wake up with matches . . . if a white man tries to walk over you, kill him . . . one match and you can retaliate. Burn, baby, burn . . . We're going to tear the cities up . . .

—Stokely Carmichael: Miles College, April 4, 1967.