

6200 Castle Drive
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January 25, 1981

Richard,

This letter which should have been written in happier times is precipitated by the unfortunate phone call during the holidays. It is knowledge that the white society has convinced itself and makes every attempt to convince us that Blacks are bores, are pompous asses, sniveling toms or discourteous idiots, lacking senses of generosity and graciousness. There are huzzah for our side, a few Black people who do not subscribe to those murderous intents and are not convinced that we are without courtesy.

I know that temorous liberals (only Whites can afford that appellation) look upon many of us as exotics, i.e., noble savages. I know that many others do not look upon us at all. I believe that we individually and collectively, must take rest from the killing climate, a position of unalterable dignity, which does not mean a pompous patronization. I believe that our people must display to each other the highest graciousness we can muster.

Your telephone call to my home and your treatment of my husband spoke neither to my house nor to the man to whom I am married. What it revealed unfortunately, was your regard of me and alas, your regard of yourself. I was distressed for I looked to you as do many, for instruction, encouragement and inspiration, in order that my contribution