

## Editorial, Winter 2020

It should be obvious by now that the president views the presidency as a phallus extension. His. Those who voted for him, as I have suggested, even though they include millions, are members of a death cult. Why else would they vote for a man whose environmental policies jeopardize the health of their children? Who said that he might want to fling some nuclear weapons about. His withdrawal from the Paris Climate Agreement postpones the treatment of the planet, which already has made some parts of the earth uninhabitable and dooms the global south. Yet the corporate media, which helped elect Trump and useless as usual, make excuses for these bigots because they need them to buy their products. As a result of his destroying the Iran Nuclear Deal between Iran and the United States, all about his punking Obama, the crazy people surrounding him are urging him to strike Iran as though Iran and the United States were teams in a football game held at Mar-a-Lago.

Lamont Steptoe shows that war is no joke nor a reality show nor a movie where corpses get up between takes. We print Part 2 of Lamont's Vietnam experience where he had to fight black soldiers because of class--his rank--and white soldiers, because of racial friction. We got the great Frank Chin's brilliant adorably disjointed take on the career of the one-time Japanese film star Sessue Hayakawa. Film curator Floyd Webb examines "Harriet Tubman," in which a black bogeyman was inserted to attract consumers who are OJ sick.

What good are the millions put into publicity, technology, highly paid actors, sets, props, costumes when you get the story wrong? "Watchmen" pretended to represent the 1921 Tulsa Riot, during which hundreds of blacks were killed, but left out any mention of the heroes. The mob was after A.J. Smitherman and J.B. Stradford, whom they accused of "riling" up blacks. How did they rile them up? Sometimes A.J. and his friends were armed when they interrupted lynchings. On one occasion A.J. was unarmed when he stopped a lynching single-handedly. Whose treatment of the 1921 Tulsa riots does one trust? The one created by Damon Lindelof for HBO? Lindelof was the executive producer and writer for "The Watchman." Did HBO marketing decide that the introduction of two black heroes would challenge the supremacist attitudes of their target audience? A.J. Smitherman, who lost everything because of his anti-lynching posture died broke. But he left us his version of the Tulsa riot in a poem, which we publish. Other poets in this issue are Stephen Cole, Pierre-Damien Myuyekure, and our regulars Theo Konrad Auer and Jack Foley. Once again we publish Barbara Lowenstein's photographs from Africa. This time from Eritrea. She challenges corporate media images of Africa by showing Africans in their daily lives.

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