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**PIMPING THE SYSTEM
AND THE
SYSTEM OF PIMPING**



E. MICHAEL JONES

Niggas in Denial
Pimping the System and The System of Pimping

E. Michael Jones

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To Gloria Hardy

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Preface

During the summer of 1973, the Joneses made one of the most dramatic moves in our young marriage. We moved from Philadelphia, where my wife was teaching Kindergarten in the Ghetto, to Germany where I began teaching English at a Gymnasium on the lower Rhein. Both my wife and I had grown up in Philadelphia, and yet after years of teaching in the Ghetto, my wife had to admit that she didn't have a clue about what went on when her pupils left to go home in the afternoon. She did know that their mothers often didn't pick them up on time, that they were out late because of going to the movies, etc., etc., but everything else about their lives was shrouded in a mystery that was made all the more profound by all the civil rights imagery that had no application to the lives of the pupils she encountered on a daily basis.

Conversely, neither of us had ever been to Europe before, but both of us found that, when we got over the initial language barrier, there was nothing strange about this foreign country at all. In fact, it felt more like home than city we had called home for our entire lives. *Niggas in Denial* is a late attempt at explaining that paradox.

The Ghetto was awash in romantic imagery during the 1970s. What we now know and what I try to explain in *Niggas in Denial* is how that imagery is nothing more than one more psy op perpetrated by a government which uses social engineering to evoke soldiers from dragon seeds, but can't find a way to tame the monsters they have created. No one has suffered more from politically motivated racial migration and the concomitant sexual revolution, than the black population of America's big northern cities. Caroline Peoples, who is now serving seven consecutive life sentences for the murders she committed on the South Side of Chicago, is one of these monsters, but a human being too, who decided to tell the truth, no matter what it cost her, a truth I share with you in this book.

E. Michael Jones

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THE SOUTH SIDE

I always wear a suit when I go to the South Side of Chicago. I learned this lesson by accident one night when I walked into the wrong apartment building looking for Gloria Hardy. Four niggas were sitting on the floor of the vestibule drinking wine out of bottles in brown paper bags. Somehow I knew I was in the wrong place, but rather than just turn around and run out, I decided to ask them a question.

"Does Gloria Hardy live here?" I asked, unbuttoning my trench coat.

"We don't know no Gloria," one man volunteered. Waiting a moment for effect, I turned to go when the same man asked me, "Are you an officer of the law?"

That was in the mid '90s. Things have deteriorated since then. This time when I pick up Gloria, she tells me that someone snuck up behind a cop, stole his gun, and then tried to rob him. When the robbery attempt failed, the nigga shot the cop, proving that the more things change on the South Side the worse they get. When I propose that I take Gloria back via the Dan Ryan Expressway and then east on 63rd St. she vetoes the idea, claiming that if I go to Lake Shore Drive instead and then go west on 63rd, I will decrease the likelihood of either of us getting shot.

The suit I am wearing on this occasion is an old olive green summer suit with an ink spot over my heart where the pen I was carrying in Germany in my breast pocket at the time discharged its contents. The spot proved impossible to eradicate, but the suit still works its charm.

When we show up at the prison for women in Dwight, Illinois, I have to go through all of the usual rigmarole. It's a bit like getting through O'Hare except for the fact that there is no airplane waiting for me on the other side of the metal detector. So in addition to having to take off my belt and shoes and empty my pockets, I have to fill out a form giving my personal information, which includes my relationship to the inmate I'm planning to see. The blank on the paper form creates a similar blank in my mind. The woman I'm hoping to see is Caroline Peoples. It would not be an exaggeration to call Caroline a serial killer. She is currently serving five consecutive life sentences, one for each man she killed. Or let's say, one life sentence for each man she was tried and convicted of killing. So if the Illinois Department of Corrections can bring Caroline back to life five times, she will be a free woman at some point in the 24th century. Otherwise she's going to be at Dwight, which is

pronounced Dee-Wight on the South Side, for the rest of her life.

Noticing both my suit and my hesitation over the blank space on the form I can't quite complete, the sergeant behind the desk asks me if I'm a lawyer. "No," I answer. "I'm a writer."

At that point, he takes out his pen and writes "lawyer" on the form, and I am ushered through the metal detector into the visiting area. As further confirmation of the power of a suit to create an indelible impression on the mind of the Illinois criminal justice system, Gloria and I are escorted past *hoi polloi* in their T-shirts and jeans into one of the two private rooms off to the side of the general visiting area known as lawyer's rooms. The decor of the lawyer's room is what you might expect in a correction institute: white cinder block walls, a table with three plastic chairs. The only unique feature is two stainless steel stools, one behind a metal railing, adorned with chains attached by padlocks to metal loops bolted to the floor.

I settle into one of the plastic chairs and gaze out at the visitor area, which is full of prisoners sitting at tables conversing with what look like family members. None of the visitors is wearing a suit. The prison uniform consists of dark slacks and a royal blue polo shirt, a get-up which makes the inmates look like employees at Office Max. The only picture of Caroline I have seen is the one posted on the web. She has the hunted look of someone who has just been apprehended for a serious crime. That's probably because the picture in question was the mug shot taken at the time of her arrest. Her shoe polish red hair makes her look like a prostitute, which she was at the time, in addition to being a murderer.

When Caroline finally arrives in person, she is wearing glasses, which gives her a studious air. She is also heavier than she was in the picture, which makes her seem healthier as well. Her hair is processed but no longer bright red. It is black and looks like her God-given color. The hunted look is gone as well. In fact, she radiates a sense of calm. Like most wards of the regime, she is full of prescription psychotropic drugs, but she doesn't seem dopey or manic or not really there. She seems calm. Like all of the other prisoners at Dwight, she is wearing a badge with her picture on it. Her skin seems much lighter in the picture on the badge, almost ivory in hue. She is not wearing glasses in that picture, so it looks like yet another person. This is appropriate, in a way, because Caroline Peoples was a number of different people in the short and violent life she led before she ended up in prison.

Unless she had pointed it out to me, I would not have noticed that

Caroline was wearing a red badge; not the red badge of courage, but the red badge of section 12, which is to say the maximum security unit at Dwight. Caroline describes for us life in the maximum security unit. The main fact of life for Caroline is that she will be here for the rest of her life.

I can never leave [Dwight] because of my sentence. Once I pled guilty, I knew I was going to be locked up for a long time, but I needed to show my kids how to do the right thing. Once I confessed there was no deal. That also ruined Angela's case. She tried to put everything on me.

The disclosure is full of information that needs to be unpacked bit by bit. Angela refers to Angela (a/k/a Angel) Wright, the name of Caroline's cousin, who was also arrested in connection with the murders. Angela's trial is still pending, and both Gloria and Caroline agree that Angela is "in denial," which is to say that she's planning to plead innocent and put all of the blame for the murders on Caroline.

At this point Gloria points out a new tattoo — this one is on Caroline's face — a spidery blue flower that is located just to the side of her right eye and curls around to below her eye socket throwing an indigo tendril in the direction of her cheek. It does not stand out as much as one might suspect because the color of the ink is not that different than the color of Caroline's skin. When I ask how she got a tattoo while in prison, Caroline explains that she did it herself. Suddenly I am aware of all of the other tattoos on her body. On her left forearm there are a number of tattoos, all in blue ink, including two words in bold face type: "That Bitch." She also has another spidery plant-like tattoo on her neck, growing up out of her open shirt collar and heading toward her jaw. The tattoo on her neck looks like a plant. This plant-like design must be her family tree because it contains the name of her children, but in no discernible chronological order. At the top of the vine is Sierra, her middle child. Just below Sierra's name is Quinton, her youngest child. Quinton was three months old when Caroline was arrested, and he played a crucial role in Caroline's conversion.

Caroline is not in denial. She confessed to the murders the first time the police questioned her and has stuck to the story ever since. Becoming docile to the truth conferred a certain amount of peace, but the rage which led to the killings in the first place is still there, ready to flare up at any moment. Two weeks before our meeting, when another inmate bumped into her (intentionally, according to Caroline), her first impulse was to kill her. The

fact that she didn't kill her or try to kill her shows how far Caroline has come in learning to master her impulses. When something similar set Caroline off in the Cook County Jail a year or so ago, she acted on her impulses reflexively, as she had learned to do while living on the streets of the South Side of Chicago.

"I stabbed a white woman when I was in the county jail. Her name was Jennifer Reeves," she tells me. Before I have a chance to notice that I have left two pens lying on the table between us, she picks up one of the pens and holding it dagger-like in her right hand says to me, "This could be a weapon." A spasm of fear takes off when she brandishes the pen in front of my face. It flutters at the center of my consciousness for a moment before disappearing, at which point I think for a moment of the stainless steel stool with its padlock and chains and the reason why it's there. Gloria, who dozed off in her chair, woke up to see Caroline's upraised hand. Outside in the visitors' area the guard on duty noticed too. He stands up and starts heading toward our cubicle. But just as quickly as Caroline snatched the pen, she puts it back down again and continues her story. Caroline stabbed Jennifer 20 times in the neck. "I was trying to cut her jugular vein, but I couldn't find it," she tells me. "She's now at Dwight. I apologized to her and she accepted my apology. As soon as the thought was in my mind, I was in action. That's not me anymore."

Gloria remembers the Jennifer Reeves incident at the county jail. The whole place was under lock down for two weeks because of what Caroline had done.

GLORIA'S STORY

During the early to mid-'90s, I did a number of articles about Gloria Hardy. Gloria was a social worker who had adopted twins from one of her crack addict clients who had come to her for money to obtain an abortion. In the spring of 2005, I got a call from Gloria. The twins were now 18 years old, and Ivori, the girl twin, was pregnant. So I traveled to the South Side of Chicago to talk with her, being sure to wear a suit. Ivori and I walked to a store on 63rd street on what I remember as a sunny Sunday. The niggas were out in force that day still drinking wine out of bottles in paper bags, but they all jumped up and saluted when we walked by, saying hello, commenting on the weather, as if they were glad to see us. I discussed the situation with Ivori, offering all of the usual white guy options, adoption, etc., and she, in typical fashion, agreed to all of them even if they were mutually exclusive. In retrospect, the only thing that made any impression on her was telling her that she was like a dog returning to her vomit. Ivori was not contemplating having an abortion, but the fact that Gloria had rescued her from abortion had always conferred on her a higher calling, at least in my mind. When I mentioned this she agreed, but it didn't change the situation because in situations like this culture is the invincible force that vetoes all other options. As we walked through the neighborhood on that Sunday afternoon, Ivori's story gradually began to unfold.

I'm sure there are 18-year-old Amish girls who get pregnant out of wedlock, but if that is the case it happens in spite of their culture and not because of it. During my conversation with Ivori that Sunday afternoon, it became clear to me that on the South Side of Chicago, 18-year-old girls get pregnant out of wedlock because of their culture and not in spite of it. Ivori lives in a culture which is saturated in celebrations of sex, but before long it became clear to me that the music — hip-hop culture — revolved around a central icon, and that that icon was the pimp. On the South Side of Chicago the ideal male is the man who lives off of women.

In 1999 Gloria married a 72-year-old bus driver by the name of Joe Evans. On their wedding night, Old Black Joe announced that he had gotten her cheap. What he meant was that the marriage license had only cost \$25, and she had a \$100,000 insurance policy. Old Black Joe, who was 33 years older than Gloria, was evidently planning to outlive her and collect the money she had coming to her. The next day he went downtown to find out

how much she would be getting from her pension.

In June of 2000, one year after Gloria married Old Black Joe, Ivori attempted suicide. She was 12 years old at the time. The link between the two events was not coincidental. Old Black Joe had been sexually molesting Ivori for months by the time she attempted suicide. Ivori would go to school in the morning but wait inside the door until Joe pulled up in his van. At that point the two of them would drive off to the McDonald's parking lot at 51st and Wentworth, where Old Black Joe would sexually abuse her. When Gloria got wind of what was going on after the suicide attempt, she was, as she would put it, "in denial." Before long all of the pieces began to fall into place. Ivori's teachers said that she suddenly had lots of money at school and at the same time started acting up. Then she realized that this is precisely what had happened to her. Gloria's father had molested her for years, and everyone around her denied that it was happening. Now the cycle of abuse had started all over again, under her very eyes, in spite of the fact that she swore it would never happen in her family again.

Old Black Joe was arrested in June 2000 shortly after Ivori's suicide attempt. He denied everything. Gloria says that he had to take a lie detector test but doesn't say whether he passed or failed. Eventually, Joe confessed to molesting Ivori but claimed that the sex was consensual. Since there is no such thing from a legal point of view as consensual sex with a 12 year old, things didn't look good for Old Black Joe. In December 2000 the DCFS showed up at Gloria's apartment, this time the male twin, Isaac, claimed that Joe had molested him as well and the police were there to investigate the claim. Eventually Joe confessed, all the while claiming that the children sought out sex with him, but he didn't go to prison. After his confession, he got a suspended sentence and had to register as a pedophile, which meant that he couldn't drive a school bus anymore. This brought back memories as well.

"My father didn't go to prison," Gloria said. "None of them go to prison unless they stab the child. People get away with it all the time."

Unless, of course, a Catholic priest is involved. Then a whole different set of standards applies. Every time Gloria mentioned the Catholic Church, someone on the South Side brought up the sex abuse scandal, which at the time was just getting started.

Old Black Joe was now out of the picture, but Ivori's behavior in school deteriorated after the sexual abuse. Gloria says that Ivori's behavior became overtly sexual at this point. She began disrupting class at the Catholic school

she attended by showing her mother's Victoria's Secret catalogue to her classmates during prayer time. Joe had been encouraging Ivori's sexual acting out before the suicide attempt, telling Gloria "don't worry about Ivori she know more about sex than you think," because it let him off the hook by making it appear that Ivori was avid for sexual encounters. Ivori, for her part, remembers that "Joe was interested in me after boarding school [and] used to ride around [and] started to rub my leg. I didn't like him period. I went to the back and momma went to the back. I fell asleep. He started bothering me, more than that." As a prelude to the suicide attempt, Ivori called in a bomb threat at the school she was attending in a cryptic attempt to call attention to her situation. Needless to say, it didn't help.

"They didn't believe me," Ivori recounted as we walked through the neighborhood that Sunday afternoon. "Nope. Joe didn't go to jail. He got an award. He was in the newspaper. I hate old guys especially when they want to talk to you on the street." Ivori has "no sympathy for the old guys who hang on corners. I hate that when they hang they head out. I hate that."

The irony, of course, is that the father of Ivori's child was precisely one of those old guys who hung out on street corners and propositioned her as she walked by. A pimp or someone schooled in the pimp's way of dealing with women would not engage in anything that was too crude or overt, not if he wanted to gain the confidence of a teenager walking to school in the morning, and that was precisely Ivori's situation in the wake of the sexual molestation. Simply put, Ivori had no father there to protect her. The man Gloria had married and who claimed to be her father as a result of that fact turned out to be a pimp like just about every other "old guy" on the South Side who felt that success in life was living off of women.

"I didn't know what was going on," Gloria claimed during the conversations I had with her around the time that Ivori announced that she was pregnant. "He took advantage of her. She was seeking love from her dad. He was training her like a pimp."

The pimp is a cultural marker which is symptomatic of some bigger problem. The pimp is the opportunistic infection which moves in when the family's normal defense mechanism breaks down, and the heart of the family's defense mechanism is the father. Women on the South Side of Chicago are easy pickings for the pimp because they are suffering from father deprivation on a massive scale. The absent father creates a psychological vacuum which is filled by the mother's boyfriend, who moves in, and more

often than not molests the female children that woman has had by their now absent father. The pimp knows how to exploit the situation by posing as the father these children never had.

This was precisely the case with Caroline Peoples. She was molested by her mother's boyfriend when she was seven years old, something which her mother didn't acknowledge until after Caroline was arrested for murder. When I ask her what percentage of young girls living on the South Side of Chicago are molested by their mothers' boyfriends, she volunteers the figure of 60 percent. When I ask what percentage of the women in prison have been sexually molested, she raises the figure to 99 percent.

BORN IN CHICAGO

Caroline Peoples was born in Chicago on August 11, 1977, the youngest of three children of a couple who had migrated to Chicago from Marion, Alabama. Caroline's mother was born in 1951, her father in 1948. Caroline remembers her father Archie as a difficult father. Her earliest memory is of her father "beating the hell out of my mother." Caroline also remembers her father coming home in the dead of winter and breaking all of the windows in their apartment. He then took all of the children's blankets and ran water on them, making it impossible for them to keep warm.

Caroline's father walked out when Caroline was three years old. She didn't see him until ten years later, on the day before she was to graduate from eighth grade in 1990. Caroline explains that she didn't see her father for ten years because, shortly after walking out on his family, he was sentenced to 20 years in prison in Alabama. He arrived back in Chicago in time for her graduation because he ended up serving only half of the sentence because of good behavior.

He came to see me at my mom's house, but I don't remember anything he said. He was basically a stranger to me. I didn't feel anything when I saw him again. I wanted a father. I wanted a friend. But when I saw him I had no feeling one way or the other. He is now 62 years old and lives in Alabama. The last time I saw him I was 19 years old. He called my mom and found out that I was going to have a baby, so he called the hospital.

I wrote to him a number of times, trying to reconnect, trying to let him know that I was not angry at him not being there, but I got no feedback. He wrote twice. He's on parole now and probably can't leave the state, so he couldn't come and see me even if he wanted to.

Caroline's mother worked as a hairdresser by day and a bartender by night, and so she had ample opportunity to meet men. One of the men she met, although Caroline doesn't know where, was a sporadically employed carpenter by the name of Columbus Love. The work schedule of Caroline's mother and Columbus Love meant that Caroline's mother was out of their new apartment at 88th and Crandon during most of the day, and that during this time Love was alone with the children.

Love, as a result, began sexually molesting Caroline when she was seven years old. He also began molesting Caroline's sister, who was 11 at the

time. When asked to explain her reaction to the sexual abuse, Caroline responded by saying, "I was scared." She tried to fend Love off by pretending that she was asleep, but that didn't work. The molestation continued on and off until Caroline was 12 years old. Caroline never told her mother because she was terrified of what Love, a man she referred to as "pure evil," might do to her or her sister and what he might do to her mother as well.

Caroline's sister ran away from home at the age of 13, but before she left she gave Caroline a butcher knife and told her to sleep with it so that she could defend herself against Love. It didn't help. She was too scared to use it, but the gesture was significant in light of later events in Caroline's life.

Instead of telling her mother about what Love was doing or attacking her attacker, Caroline internalized the molestation and became introverted, reading a lot, and going off by herself. She also began to wonder whether the molestation was her fault, perhaps because she was too pretty, and as a result, she began to neglect personal hygiene, not brushing her teeth, not combing her hair, etc., in the hope that if she were perceived as ugly the molestation would stop. Caroline was attending grade school during this period of her life, but she never told anyone at school what was happening to her. She never acted up in class, and as a result she was ignored at schools where acting up was the norm.

Caroline's mother remained in denial during the entire time that she was cohabiting with Columbus Love. Caroline remembers an incident in connection with Love which must have occurred in 1983 or 1984. Caroline's mother woke her up in her upstairs bedroom in the middle of the night asking where her older sister was. When both Caroline and her mother went downstairs, Caroline heard movement in the bathroom, which was right off of the kitchen. Love was in that bathroom, and Caroline's older sister, who was 12 or 13 at the time, was in the basement. Caroline remembers her sister coming up out of the basement, and hearing her mother tell her to take her brother his house shoes. "Me and my sister went back to our room," but it was clear to Caroline at the time that her sister and Love had been "messin' around." Her sister, who is now a crack whore in Gary, could not have entered into a sexual relationship with Love willingly because she was still a minor. Caroline still doesn't know if or when her mother ever figured out what was going on. Instead of confronting her live-in boyfriend, Caroline's mother turned on her sister and thereafter "treated her like shit." Love began molesting Caroline's sister before he began molesting Caroline. The result

was rebellious behavior on the part of Caroline's sister. She began cutting school, and then moved out altogether. When Caroline was 11 years old, Love moved out as well. It was only after Love was caught having an affair with a neighbor in the same house that Caroline's mother kicked him out.

After Love moved out, Robert Williams, the man Caroline refers to as her mother's third husband, moved in. Caroline's mother met Robert Williams when Caroline was 12 years old. Williams did not sexually molest Caroline, but he was verbally abusive to the children from the time he moved in. He claimed that he never wanted to have any kids, and referred to Caroline and her siblings as "scum bucket mother f**kers." As if that weren't bad enough, he taunted Caroline for being "too dark," and claimed she would never amount to anything. Williams was an alcoholic who died of cirrhosis of the liver in 2005.

When Caroline was in 7th grade the family made one of the many moves which characterized her childhood on the South Side of Chicago. This time the family moved to 90th and East End, a neighborhood that had so many gang-related murders that the police referred to it as the Red Zone. As before, Caroline was home alone because her mother was out working. As a result she spent a lot of time on the streets, where she met Pete, a young man in his early twenties who was a member of the Chicago gang known as the Gangster Disciples. Pete took a liking to Caroline, who had met him by hanging out on the block, and began treating her like his little sister, which meant that he allowed her to hold his pistol and keep his drugs for him.

One night during the summer of 1990, somewhere between midnight and one in the morning, Caroline was hanging out with Pete, when he got into an argument with Kizzy, another local girl who was involved with the same gang. The argument eventually escalated into a shooting match. Pete was shooting up at the second-story window and the gang members up there were shooting down at Pete, who was standing in the street. One round hit Pete in the head, and he fell to the ground in the middle of the street where Caroline held him, while waiting for an ambulance, until he died.

In spite of the mayhem on the streets of the Red Zone, Caroline preferred the streets to life at home with her mother's abusive boyfriends. Beginning in 1990 shortly after she graduated from 8th grade, Caroline would spend most of her time at her friend Kizzy's mother's apartment. Kizzy's mother was a crack addict, which meant that she allowed Kizzy and her friends to do pretty much whatever they wanted at her apartment. That

meant that Caroline, who was 12 years old at the time, and Kizzy and her friends could spend the whole day drinking beer, smoking weed, watching TV, and listening to rap music with Kizzy's brother and their mutual friends in a dirty apartment where the culture of sexual deviance could be ingested, unlike the cocaine that got mixed with baking soda to make crack, in its purest and most unadulterated form. This is where she would hang out with Pete, before he got killed. When she was at the apartment, Kizzy's mother would retire to her bedroom, where she smoked crack. When the crack was all gone, she would leave the apartment to go out and raise some money to buy more crack. Crack, according to Caroline, is a cheap drug, but crack heads have to consume large amounts of it to get high, and so a crack habit can cost hundreds of dollars a day. Gloria interjects that her brother had a crack habit that cost him \$800 a day. Since Kizzy's mother didn't work, Caroline suspects that she got the money to pay for her drug habit by prostitution and theft. "Crack addicts will do anything," she added.

Caroline was so fed up with family drama at that point, and so, angry with her mother's abusive boyfriends, that she ran away from home. On the South Side of Chicago that meant becoming involved with that neighborhood's gangs. After Pete got killed, Caroline met Star Shell, daughter of Gregory Shell, otherwise known as Shorty G, a high ranking member of the Gangster Disciples, whose turf stretched from the lake on the east to State Street on the West, and from 83rd St. on the south to 79th on the north. Members of other black gangs trespassed on Gangster Disciples territory at their own peril, but whites could visit the area with impunity to buy drugs. Sound business principles dictated that the whites could come and go unmolested by the gang members who wanted to sell them drugs, but white interlopers nonetheless still ran the risk of getting robbed.

"Mom didn't know that I had been molested," Caroline said, trying to explain her mother's psychic absence during Caroline's formative years. After Caroline had been arrested, "she said to me I'm sorry for bringing this man into your life. In 2001 Mr. Love died. I don't know how he died. During the trial, my lawyers insinuated that my mother wasn't a good parent."

"I first started running away when I was 13. I was not scared to be out after dark. I felt safe in the streets. I didn't feel safe at home. I graduated from the 8th grade. After that I went to the Chicago Vocation School for two weeks, but dropped out. My sister was smoking crack. Mom had a hysterectomy. She was going out with men. I never told her where I was

living at, because she would have come to get me."

After Caroline became a member of the Gangster Disciples, she felt that she had made the big time, which is to say she became involved in selling drugs, robbery, and murder. Caroline was never paid for what she did, but in exchange for her services she was provided with a place to stay and lots of expensive jewelry and clothes. She eventually went to work for a Gangster Disciple by the name of Stephen Pink, who was known on the street as Chi-Chi. Her first assignment was cooking up drugs, which is to say, mixing cocaine with baking soda, to make the drug known as crack, which could be smoked and led to a less expensive and more intense high because the cocaine was absorbed through the lungs and not nasal membranes.

One of Caroline's other duties was counting Chi-Chi's money. The amount he took in from the sale of crack varied, but Caroline remembers one day's take amounting to \$65,000. For her pains, Chi-Chi raped Caroline twice. She remembers him as a really strange dude, incredibly cruel, but a man who trusted her nonetheless with cooking up his drugs and counting his money, a job she held from 1990 until 1994. By the time Caroline turned 17 she was considered an important member of the Gangster Disciples, a position which allowed her to meet "important people," which is to say other drug dealers and pimps, the role models for the South Side of Chicago young male. In return, she got to wear expensive leather suits, fur coats, designer jeans and lots of gold chains. Compared to her mother's boyfriends, the Gangster Disciples were, as Caroline put it, "really nice to me," the rapes notwithstanding. And "that's how I got sucked in."

It was around this time that Caroline's sister was pregnant with the daughter she named Shamequa. It was also around this time that Caroline's sister came back from Alabama and got an apartment of her own, at 81st and University, and Caroline was spending the nights there. Caroline spent the rest of her time at Star's grandmother's house, which was on the same block as her sister's apartment. Star was the same age as Caroline, but had fancier clothes and the lots of expensive jewelry. Because of the amount of time she was spending at Star's grandmother's apartment, Caroline eventually met Shorty G, Star's father, as well as other members of the Gangster Disciples hierarchy. Star's grandmother did not deal drugs out of her apartment but the whole living arrangement, including Star's clothes and jewelry, was financed with money which the Gangster Disciples brought in through their drug operation.

Being Star Shell's friend opened up a whole new world to Caroline, the drug/gang/rap music/pimp culture that was the true operating system of the South Side of Chicago demimonde. Caroline enjoyed the respect that she and Star received wherever they went because Star's father was a kingpin in the Gangster Disciples organization. Caroline remembers going to Gangster Disciples parties, and in particular one at the East of the Rhine nightclub, where the top Gangster Disciples people were present. It was the first time she had seen black people with lots of money. The Gangster Disciples were celebrities on the South Side, and Caroline wanted to be like them. The men Caroline saw that night at the East of the Rhine night club were the most important people on the South Side of Chicago, and the reason they were important is that they were all gang members.

There were no female gang members, even though the gangsta lifestyle attracted lots of females. There was a women's auxiliary of sorts known as Sisters of the Struggle or SOS, but women in the gangsta world were little more than sexual appliances and fashion accessories. The quickest way to become a member of the Gangster Disciples was to kill a member of a rival gang. The quickest way to become a member of the Sisters of the Struggle was to f **k twelve or so gang members at one time, something that the South Side demimonde refers to as pulling a train. Depending on your gender, murder or sex was the quickest and surest way to "get jumped in."

Even more than the bling, Caroline loved the rap music which got played at Gangster Disciples parties, because, as she put it, "that music got you all hopped up." Sometimes the Gangster Disciples would sponsor live concerts with artists like Ice Cube and other rappers, all of whom were part of the gang lifestyle. Caroline or Gloria mentions the story of Mr. Big as another big draw who ended up dead.

The gang lifestyle generated so much cash that they needed fronts like concerts, hair salons, and barbers shops to launder the money. According to Caroline, 97 percent of those kinds of businesses on the South Side were run on drug money. The drugs and the music were two sides of the same cultural coin. The music extolled the drugs, and the drug money paid for the music. But from a metaphysical point of view, the music was the cultural prime mover which propelled, explicated, and extolled gang life. "When I listened to that music," Caroline said, "I was ready to fight. To this day I can't listen to it without getting the same violent feelings." At this point in time, which is to say around 1990-1991, Ice Cube and NWA (Niggas with Attitude) had just

released their groundbreaking CD "Straight from Compton." The hit single on that CD was "F**k the Police," a song whose message would continue to bear its deadly fruit on the South Side for the next 20 years. Mayor Daley's 63-year-old bodyguard was murdered near his South Side home on 715 street just weeks before he was scheduled to retire from the force. The music propelled Caroline and her Gangster Disciple buddies out into the streets after the party ended to go out and "kill some hooks under the five point star." Gangster Disciples were under the six point star, meaning that their logo was the Star of David with pitchforks on either side. Pumped up by the intrinsically violent nature of rap music, Caroline would leave the party with other Gangster Disciples and take part in drive-by shootings against rival gangs.

The culture of the South Side of Chicago is a seamless garment (to use the phrase popularized by Joseph Cardinal Bernardin when he was head of the Chicago archdiocese) made up of individual strands of pathology, but the one cultural artifact which holds it all together, the one which inspired Ivori to have sex as a child and which inspired Caroline to go out and take part in drive-by shootings is rap music.

Rap music was an invention of Rick Rubin, a Jew from suburban New York who dropped out of NYU to become a music mogul, and Russell Simmons, a black musical entrepreneur, who collaborated with Rubin in the creation Def Jam records in the 1980s. Rap music was one more incarnation of the Black-Jewish collaboration in cultural decadence that had begun with Jazz. This is an old story, one which Henry Ford described when he wrote that "The first self-styled 'King of Jazz' was a Jew by the name of 'Frisco.'" Rubin was "the most important white boy in hip-hop." "White boy" has always been a code word for Jew in the world of pop music. Chess Records, run by two Polish Jews, is the Chicago version of the same story told during the '50s and '60s. Rubin was to Run-DMC what Leonard Chess was to Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry. He was the mastermind behind "the essential albums of the last two decades," albums which include both white and black rap such as the Beastie Boys' *Licensed to Kill* and Run-DMC's *Raising Hell*:

As a teenager, Rubin was drawn to rebel music, mainly punk (he includes both the Beatles and another favorite, AC/DC, in the category) and hip-hop, which he considered the black punk. When he got to New York University he met another hip-hop fan, Russell Simmons, and the

duo started a record label out of their dorm room, Def Jam Records.

The label's first release was the 1984 single "It's Yours" by T La Rock. There were other rap songs on the radio at the time, but Rubin felt even hits like the Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight" dragged on and lacked identifiable choruses. So he applied the song structure he learned from the Beatles and found instant success.

One year and seven Def Jam singles later (including two from a group of white rappers he discovered called the Beastie Boys), Rubin produced his first album, the debut release from another Long Island native, LL Cool J. Titled *Radio*, it was one of the first hip-hop albums from a solo artist. And while other rappers at the time were hiding behind showboating DJs, Rubin stripped the songs down to LL's voice and simple beats. The liner notes credited him with the words "reduced by Rick Rubin."

Stacy Gueraseva, Rubin's Boswell, claims that: "Rick Rubin had come to be regarded as one of the greatest rock producers of the century. His status in the music industry was almost mythical." Rubin was a sophomore film and video major from Long Island who "had become obsessed with magic ... as a young boy." The source of this Jewish magic was not Caballa but money. Rubin "always got passing grades" at NYU because he paid other students to write his papers for him. He got his start in the music business because his Jewish father saw the commercial possibilities and put up the money for his record company. Or as Gueraseva puts it, "The money came from Rubin's parents, who doted on their only child. ... A self-made business man in the wholesale shoe industry, Mickey understood the entrepreneurial spirit well. Linda Rubin often drove her son to rock shows, waiting outside the club for him in her Cadillac until the show finished. ... Access to money allowed Rubin to make mistakes without major consequences."

Rubin was also a revolutionary. He "was not afraid to defy authority." When the dean of students at NYU threatened to expel him for playing music in his dorm room at a volume which made it impossible for anyone else in the dorm to study, Rubin took his fellow students to court arguing "that when he listened to his music, he was studying, just as [fellow student] Nancy studied for her law classes." Given the revolutionary nature of the culture at NYU, it was a foregone conclusion that Rubin was going to win his case.

Rubin then became, in the words of Norman Mailer, another revolutionary Jew from New York, a "white Negro." When Rubin played one

of his first rap songs to Russell Simmons, a black man who, like Rick Rubin, had an equally "suburban upbringing" Russell exclaimed, "I can't believe you made that record and you're white! Cause that's the blackest hip-hop record that's ever been!"

Together Rubin and Simmons resurrected the Black-Jewish alliance, which had fallen on hard times since Professor Cruse published *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* in 1967 and began flooding the ghetto with music of the sort that inspired Ivori to have sex as a teenager and Caroline to go out and shoot rival gang members. Rap music was the culmination of a Black-Jewish musical collaboration which began with the creation of Jazz in the first decade of the 20th century.

Ivori's decision to have sex and Caroline's decision to kill came at the end of a long history — a history I am going to call the Black-Jewish alliance. For 60 years — from 1909 with the founding of the NAACP to 1969 when the FBI shut down the Black Panthers — influential Jews in organizations as diverse as the NAACP and the Communist Party tried to turn the Negro into a revolutionary. They created a monster instead. This is precisely what Tom Watson predicted in the aftermath of the Leo Frank trial. "The National Pencil Factory, owned by Frank's people, fought our Child Labor bill fiercely and helped to kill it — and in God's mysterious way, it cost the Superintendent his life." (Writing in the *Jeffersonian*.) In closing ranks behind Frank, the nation's wealthy Jews had "blown the breath of life into the Monster of Race Hatred; and this Frankenstein, whom you created at such enormous expense, WILL HUNT YOU DOWN!" (Writing in *Agrarian Rebel*.)

As a result of the Frank case, the Jews declared war on the South. The same influential Jews who had taken up the banner of Leo Frank went on to create the Anti-Defamation League, but, more importantly for our purposes, they infected the Negro with the virus of revolution. The Negroes of the South Side of Chicago now act the way they do because of an idea that was planted in their mind by Jewish revolutionaries. Rap music, like Jazz, is simply a way of reinforcing the behavior which goes along with the Jewish revolutionary spirit that took over the black mind during the course of the 20th century.

In his book *The Jewish Century*, Yuri Slezkine says we have all become Jews because we have all become moderns. According to Slezkine, "The Modern age is the Jewish Age, and the twentieth century, in particular, is the

Jewish Century." Becoming modern "is about ... dismantling social estates for the benefit of individuals, nuclear families and book-reading tribes (nations). Modernization, in other words, is about everyone becoming Jewish." By becoming modern, which is to say, by moving from Mississippi to Chicago, the Negro became a Jew, but the only way the Negro could really become a Jew was by becoming a revolutionary, because revolution is the essence of Jewish identity, and it has been that ever since they crucified Christ and rejected the Logos who/which is the source of all social order.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

Once the Negro moved from Mississippi to Chicago, black racial consciousness simply became another word the Jewish revolutionary spirit which virtually every Negro now carries around inside his head. The main vehicle for this transformation in the black mind (from rural sharecropper to urban revolutionary) was the civil rights movement, which was the most successful part of the Black-Jewish alliance, which was another word for the 60-year-long attempt on the part of Jews at organizations like the NAACP and the Communist Party to turn Negroes into revolutionaries.

In his book on the *Black-Jewish Alliance, What Went Wrong?*, Murray Friedman explains how the Civil Rights Movement was Jewish. First of all, it was based on what Friedman calls "Jewish science."

The Civil Rights Movement was based on a book by the name of *An American Dilemma*, purportedly written by a Swede by the name of Gunnar Myrdal. As Murray Friedman hints, Myrdal did not and could not have written *An American Dilemma*. Nor did he need to since it was going to be based on the Boasian school of environmental sociology and anthropology anyway, and there were plenty of Boasians in the United States. The Boasians needed Myrdal as their front man because otherwise the *Brown* decision ran the danger of being derided as based on "Jewish science."

"Jewish science" was the basis for the Supreme Court's *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas* decision. The Jews at the NAACP were intimately involved in the *Brown* decision. According to Murray Friedman, Felix Frankfurter, Chief Justice on the Court which handed down *Brown*, was a German-speaking Jew from Vienna who had served on the NAACP's legal committee. Jack Greenberg of the NAACP, Friedman tells us, "drew the assignment to find experts in the Midwest for the landmark case *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*." Kenneth B. Clark, the black psychologist whose study of black and white dolls indicated that students were harmed by segregated classrooms was cited in *Brown*, had been funded by the AJC [American Jewish Committee]. Clark's study led the court to conclude that "the average black American had been scarred by self-hatred," and that "segregation ... inflicted vast psychic damage on both white and black children."

AJC-sponsored studies provided the theoretical underpinning of *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*. In fact, AJC-sponsored

psychological studies festoon the decision from one footnote to another. Friedman concludes after the fact that "Clark's research ... was flawed," but 50 years after the fact the point was moot. Flawed or not, the Jewish-sponsored research that made up the theoretical underpinning for the *Brown* decision had gotten the job done. *Brown* created both an atmosphere conducive to revolution and a weapon that could be used against the South for what it had done to Leo Frank. "The Court's May 17, 1954 decision," as Friedman put it, "would spur the civil rights *revolution* that followed [my emphasis]."

This sort of revolutionary activity soon created a reaction. Before long "Jew" and "Communist" had become synonyms in the South. Unlike the good southern Jews, the New York Jews had come south with one purpose in mind, to stir up the Negroes and turn them into communist revolutionaries. Rep. John E. Rankin, who introduced legislation in Congress to outlaw the ADL, claimed that the "better element" of Jews throughout the South and West was not only ashamed but also alarmed by the activities of Jewish Communists, who were responsible for the rapes and murders of white girls by "vicious Negroes."

In addition to that, Friedman notes that

In 1948 a prominent member of the Daughters of the Confederacy's North Carolina chapter circulated a letter charging that most of the Communists in the United States were Jews and that most agitators stirring up southern Negroes were of Jewish origin. Jews also supplied most of the money for such activities.

The suspicions of the Southerners were justified, but they were demonized for having them nonetheless. In *Travels with Charley*, a book which John Steinbeck dedicated to New York publisher and NAACP supporter Harold Guinzberg, Steinbeck runs into a cab driver in Louisiana, who tells him that "them goddamn New York Jews come in and stir the niggers up." When Steinbeck picks up a cracker hitchhiker, who tells him he sounds like a "Commie nigger lover," Steinbeck loses no time in expelling this man from the RV, which has come to symbolize deracinated America, for saying the same thing that Murray Friedman would note with pride 30 some years later. By the time Friedman got around to writing his book in 1995, the Civil Rights Movement was not only a good or necessary conspiracy: it was the Black-Jewish alliance's finest hour.

Up until the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955, the Jews dominated the

civil rights movement. Indeed, the NAACP, which was founded in 1909, did not have one black lawyer on its staff until 1933. After Montgomery, however, "The black masses now became the shock troops and the central force in the civil rights revolution."

As if to show that the cab driver in *Travels with Charley* was right all along, Friedman cites the case of Bayard Rustin, a Negro Quaker homosexual, who attended City College of New York, with its Stalinist and Trotskyite alcoves in the lunch room, and "joined the young communist league" after he arrived in New York. In the summer of 1956 Bayard Rustin introduced Martin Luther King, Jr. to Stanley Levison, a "political radical who had worked on behalf of the convicted atom spies Ethel and Julius Rosenberg" who was also "a financial pillar of the Communist Party and other radical causes." Levison would go on to become "enormously influential behind the scenes and throughout King's career." Friedman claims that Levison became "King's closest white friend and most reliable colleague for the remainder of his life" and "would epitomize the black-Jewish alliance's new look."

Levison got his start in politics shortly after the war when he became a financial contributor to the Communist Party. By 1953 he was assisting in the management of party finances, a job which included creating business fronts which would earn or launder money for the party. J. Edgar Hoover believed that Levison was under party discipline when he entered the King movement.

Stanley Levison was the man who raised the money for Martin Luther King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

When Martin Luther King announced the creation of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in 1957, it was Levison and Rustin who "labored behind the scenes in New York" to provide the \$200,000 a year the SCLC needed for its operations in the South. Eventually, Rustin and Levison were joined by two more members of the Black-Jewish alliance — Jack O'Dell, a black communist, and Harry Wachtel. Together they came up with a list of 9,000 donors who were willing to make semiannual contributions to the SCLC to fund its operations.

In 1963, the Kennedy brothers, Jack and Bobby, persuaded King to cut his ties with Bayard Rustin, but King never broke with Levison, and in fact spoke with him on the phone until King's death in 1968. Friedman gives conflicting accounts of the amount of Jewish money that ended up in the coffers of the SCLC. After citing Levison's claim "that only some 10 percent

of SCLC's money came from Jews," Friedman goes on to say that "Jewish support" was "so important ... that King's advisers considered dropping the word 'Christian' from the organization's title" and that Bayard Rustin "never failed to remind King to mention the Judeo-Christian tradition in his speeches."

Once the success of the sit-in movement became apparent, Stokely Carmichael, another black Jamaican from New York City, broke with the SCLC and created the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in 1960 to give the Civil Rights Movement another push in the direction of violent revolution. Marion Barry, who became famous later as the first Mayor of Washington, DC to be arrested on a charge of cocaine possession, was elected first chairman of SNCC.

In the spring of 1961, Farmer and CORE called for a series of interracial "freedom rides" on public buses throughout the South, and the Jewish Freedom Riders headed south to spread revolution. Friedman estimates that "Jews probably made up two thirds of the white Freedom Riders into the South in the summer of 1961 and about one third to one half of the Mississippi Summer volunteers three years later." Even Arthur Spingarn, then in his eighties, got into the act. Unlike the SCLC, SNCC did not bar Communists from membership, a fact which enabled still more New York Jews to pour into the movement. The massive numbers of arrests that the sit-movement and the freedom riders generated required an army of lawyers, and "More than half of them," including Edward I. Koch, future mayor of New York City, "were Jews." Of the three civil rights workers murdered in Mississippi — Goodman, Schwerner, and Chaney — two were Jews and one was black. Schwerner, who "was the primary target of the killers, because of his longer involvement with civil rights workers in Mississippi," was an atheist who saw the Civil Rights Movement as the cutting edge of Messianic politics, which had always sought to create heaven on earth by wielding the sword, even if the revolutionary sword was disguised by the tactics of nonviolence:

It was because Schwerner had no hope of heaven that he held such extravagant hopes here on earth. And for many the pursuit of racial justice became a kind of secular religion. ... Rabbi Philip Bernstein made the point that the Jewish radical who ignored his Jewishness was still the product of messianic fervor: Though he might not be aware of it, he was spiritually wearing his yarmulke as he headed South.

"Eventually," Friedman concludes, "virtually every segment of the Jewish community enlisted in the civil rights struggle. ... Nothing would be the same again in the South, but a *true revolution* was under way" (my emphasis).

As in Harlem in the '20s, many of the black leaders of the movement had learned their tactics from revolutionary Jews. Robert Moses, the charismatic black leader of the SNCC's Mississippi Summer Project, "was a product of the black-Jewish radical culture, having attended a Jewish socialist camp as a child and become friends with Jewish young people from similar radical backgrounds."

The Black-Jewish alliance reached its moment of triumph during the famous 1963 March on Washington when Bob Dylan, the world's most famous Jewish folksinger, sang and Martin Luther King gave his famous "I have a dream" speech.

Three months earlier, however, when King met with John and Robert Kennedy in the White House on June 22, he was told in no uncertain terms that his organization had ties to, and was possibly controlled by, the Communist Party. Robert Kennedy claimed that SCLC's fundraiser Stanley Levison "was acting on Soviet orders to weaken the United States by manipulating the civil rights movement." John Kennedy, who was under pressure from Southern Democrats to rein in the civil rights movement, named O'Dell as "the number five Communist in the United States," and claimed that Levison was his handler.

Acting under pressure from the Kennedys, King fired O'Dell on July 3 but maintained covert contact with the less dispensable Levison, whom Friedman refers to as King's "closest white advisor." Deprived of the Jews and Communists that provided the backbone of its financial and administrative support, the SCLC, which was now staffed by southern Negroes who sat around the office talking to each other, started to fall apart.

The final nail in the coffin of the Civil Rights Movement was Martin Luther King's ill-fated campaign to reform "segregated" housing in Chicago. After months of preliminary work, Martin Luther King arrived in Chicago to kick off his housing drive in June 1966. Chicago had been a racial battlefield since the Chicago Housing Authority, the Quakers, B'nai B'rith/ADL and Louis Wirth redoubled their efforts at to complete the social engineering of Chicago's ethnic neighborhoods that had begun during World War II.

But things started to go wrong from the beginning, and they never ended

up going right. When King stepped out of his car to lead a march through "segregated" Marquette Park, he was greeted by a hail of rocks and bottles, one of which hit him on the head and staggered him to his knees. The Lithuanians who would later set fire to the marchers' cars and chase Jesse Jackson down 63rd St. were outraged by the fact that people from another part of the country would come into their neighborhood and tell them to sell their homes. That wasn't precisely King's message, but the simple fact of the matter was that no one, not even the Chicago Tribune, knew exactly what King's message was. According to an editorial in the Chicago Tribune, the message of the "paid professional agitators" who made up the march was "give up your homes and get out so that we can take over."

King was befuddled, as Mayor Daley indicated, because he didn't understand Chicago. One of King's lieutenants only strengthened this suspicion when she said, in effect, Chicago was different from what they had expected. "Down South," the SCLC's Dorothy Tillman opined, "you were black or white. You wasn't Irish or Polish or all of this."

When Daley suggested in April 1966 that King go home to Georgia, seven Negro committeemen seconded his suggestion. King's Jewish backers had a sense of foreboding about Chicago as well. Both Bayard Rustin and Stanley Levison "sensed disaster." Friedman claims that "Levison sought to restrain his friend but failed to do so."

The main problem was King's unfamiliarity with the situation in Chicago. King's knowledge of the housing situation in Chicago was based largely on his reading of Lorraine Hansberry's play *A Raisin in the Sun*. When King vowed that "he would lead a rent strike unless the city's landlords improved their properties immediately," he failed to understand that many of the landlords were black, and that Hansberry Enterprises, run by Lorraine Hansberry's father and then her brothers, was one of the biggest slum landlords in Chicago.

King was caught up in a world he did not understand, and his ill-fated Chicago campaign soon turned into the disaster that Levison and Rustin feared it would become. The "beloved community" that King and others in the Black-Jewish alliance had tried to create during the '50s and early '60s had died two years before he did.

GLORIA AND THE BLACK PANTHERS

Caroline Peoples was too young to remember anything associated with the Civil Rights Movement in Chicago, but Gloria Hardy remembers meeting Martin Luther King when he came to Chicago in 1966. Gloria was 17 years old at the time. Gloria Hardy marched with the Black Panthers after Martin Luther King was assassinated in 1968. The regime had promoted revolution when it suited them. In 1967 Sargent Shriver, as head of the Office of Economic Opportunity, had given the Blackstone Rangers, a Chicago gang which was the predecessor of the Gangster Disciples a grant for over \$900,000 to engage in, well, gang-related activity, which is to say criminal behavior, which at the time was a convenient way of driving Catholics out of the ethnic neighborhoods they had established on the South Side of Chicago. Tom Wolfe took note of this in *Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers*:

Some of the main heroes in the ghetto, on a par with the panthers even, were the Blackstone Rangers. The Rangers were so bad, the Rangers so terrified the whole youth welfare poverty establishment, that in one year, 1968, they got a \$937,000 grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington. ... The police would argue that in giving all that money to gangs like the Blackstone Rangers the poverty bureaucrats were financing criminal elements and helping to destroy the community.

When the regime realized that the Civil Rights Movement had morphed into a monster, the FBI was sent in to kill off the Black Panthers. After the FBI created a COINTELPRO operation to take out the Chicago branch, then headed by Fred Hampton, the image that succeeded the Black Panther as revolutionary in the Negro mind was the pimp. In his article, "The Myth of the Great Black Pimp" (8/21/01), Adissa Banjoko sees a connection between the revolutionary Black Panthers of the '60s and the pimps of the '70s. The latter succeeded the former as ghetto role model. When the Negro got scared, he became a pimp, or, as Banjoko put it,

Black America was tired of fighting with their white oppressors and on top of that were SCARED to fight back. The F.B.I.'s COINTELPRO orchestrated assassination and imprisonment of our most courageous soldiers like Bobby Hutton, Fred Hampton, Geronimo Pratt and others left us "shook" as a people.

The pimp is a classic example of the groups which make up what Karl Marx termed the *Lumpenproletariat*, a group of people who are good for nothing but making trouble. The *Lumpenproletariat* was incapable of becoming what Marx considered true revolutionaries because they lacked the necessary discipline. By the late '60s, when the Jews had backed out of the Black-Jewish alliance and when the threat of Black Revolution had become too real for the regime which had promoted it to destroy the South and Catholic neighborhoods in places like Chicago, the FBI was called in to destroy the Black Panthers. After that Hollywood was called in to ratchet revolution back to its *Lumpenproletariat* origins and promote the pimp as the ideal Negro.

In his already mentioned book, Tom Wolfe explicated the connection between what he calls "pimp style" and the *Lumpenproletariat*: "The *Lumpenproletariat*," according to Wolfe, "used to drive the Russian revolutionaries up the wall." In fact, Wolfe claimed that "Nicolai Bulcharin ... sounded like some Grand Koogle on the bedsheet circuit," when he denounced their: "shiftlessness, lack of discipline, hatred of the old, but impotence to construct or organize anything new, an individualist declassed 'personality,' whose actions are based only on foolish caprices"

Eldridge Cleaver (or Robert Scheer or David Horowitz or whoever else wrote *Soul on Ice*) was fond of spouting Marxist analysis, but the brothers who succeeded him when he went into exile in North Korea and Algeria, "grew up with their own outlook, their own status system," and

Near the top of the heap was the pimp style. In all the common reports and studies and syllabuses you won't see anything about the pimp style. And yet there it was. In areas like Hunters Point ... the king was the man who made our best by not working. By not sitting all day under the Man's bitch box. And on the street, the king was the pimp. Sixty years ago Thorstein Veblen wrote that at the very bottom of the class system ... there was a "spurious aristocracy," a leisure class of bottom dogs devoted to luxury and aristocratic poses. And there you have him, the pimp. The pimp is the dude who wears the \$150 Sly Stone-style vest and pants outfit from the haberdasheries on Polk and the \$35 Lester Chambers-style four-inch brim black beaver fedora and the thin nylon socks with the vertical stripes and drives the customized sun-roof Eldorado with the Jaguar radiator cap. The pimp was the aristocrat of the street hustle. ... The pimp style was a supercool style that was

much admired or envied. ... You can say to the dude, "Hey, Pimp!" and he's not offended. He'll chuckle and say, "How you doing, baby." He's smiling and pleased with himself.

In his book *That's Blaxploitation*, Darius James claims that "Nineteen-seventies' America was infected with pimp fever. F**k the Brady Bunch. Everybody wanted to live 'The Life.' Pimp movies. Pimp books. Pimpmobiles. And pimp socks."

If *Superfly* was the *Lumpenproletariat* version of Christ, then Iceberg Slim was John the Baptist. Iceberg Slim's autobiography, *Pimp: The Story of My Life*, was published in 1969. Iceberg Slim was born in Chicago on August 4, 1918 as Robert Lee Maupin, one year older than Leonard Chess and around the same age as Gloria's father. Like most blacks he was abandoned by his father and raised by his mother, who worked in a beauty shop.

Maupin saw a connection between illegitimacy, the absent father, and the rise of the pimp in black culture. In fact, "He credits his mother for having prepared him for the pimp lifestyle by pampering him during his childhood." Unlike most of the blacks of his generation, Iceberg Slim was actually born in Chicago. He also spent his early years as a pimp in Chicago.

Iceberg Slim ended up in the Cook County Jail in 1960, forty-some years before Caroline Peoples did, and in both cases incarceration had a salutary effect. Iceberg Slim decided to "square up" and become a writer. But in the case of Iceberg Slim, turning away from crime led to rationalization rather than the truth. Iceberg Slim admired the Black Panthers, but the feeling wasn't mutual. He fancied himself a revolutionary and "considered his success as a pimp as a blow against white oppression. The Black Panthers, however, had little mutual regard for Slim, considered his former profession as little more than the exploitation of his people for personal gain."

Whether the Black Panthers accepted Iceberg Slim as a fellow revolutionary or not, the pimp soon "became an important part of the pop pantheon ... along with the luminaries Ho Chi Minh, Malcolm X, Bruce Lee, Huey Newton and Funkedelic's cartoonist Pedro Bell." Fathers would even pass it on to their sons, and they in turn shared it with their friends, along with labored explanations of how what looked like cheap and cowardly exploitation of women had something to do with "white racism":

By our way of thinking the whyte world created the language and the conditions the resourceful hustler was forced to exploit. The racism rooted in the whyte's man's language was an ugliness we sought to

appropriate, subvert and destroy through rhyme, wordplay and invention. The pimp was another yardstick, along with the drug dealer and the revolutionary, against whom we measured out manhood. We were under no obligation to respect a world that did not respect us. Our only obligation was not to get caught.

In their documentary *American Pimp*, the Hughes Brothers, who were themselves a biological product of the Black-Jewish alliance, broadened the definition of pimp to include just about all male interaction with the opposite sex on the South Side of Chicago, certainly including Old Black Joe's relationship with Gloria Hardy:

Anybody who exploits women for profit can be called a pimp. Which begins to cover a lot of territory like model agencies, houses of prostitution, smut magazines, pornography. Hugh Hefner is one of the biggest pimps and one of the greatest ones that ever lived. A pimp is somebody who lives off the earning of what a woman does. She doesn't have to be a prostitute. She could be a model. America likes Heidi Fleiss and Hugh Hefner because those people are not considered Macks. Those people are considered business people.

GORDON PARKS

When the pimp as a cultural phenomenon appeared in the '70s it was a tacit, if cryptic, admission that the revolution had failed. When the Black Panthers got shut down in 1969, Gordon Parks noted their demise from his vantage point as a famous Negro photographer and reporter for Time/Life on black issues:

In Chicago before dawn came the most celebrated shoot-up of the ongoing warfare. In December 1969, 14 cops shot up a Black Panther's apartment. When the melee ended, the Chicago's party leader, Fred Hampton, and Mark Clark had been gunned to death. Hampton, asleep when the attack came, never got out of his blood drenched bed. ... To more and more young blacks, the romantic appeal of their bold image was becoming irresistible. The Panthers had dared to use the word "revolution" because they wanted the system destroyed, not repaired. And they had lost faith in the ability of the system to repair itself.

In 1970 Gordon Parks left *Life* to become the director of *Shaft*. In his memoir, Parks hints that his access to Hollywood was dependent on his article on the Black Panthers: "Before I could pursue my newfound interest in the movies, I was called back by *Life* to cover the Black Panthers."

The creation of the pimp as black cultural hero coincided with the eradication of the Black Panthers in late '69 early '70. The real change came in 1971 when the film genre known as Blaxpoitation got launched.

The man who launched that genre was Gordon Parks. Parks was a photographer with *Life Magazine*, who had worked for the OWI during the war. After the war, Time/Life became a CIA front. The CIA liaison at Time/Life was a man by the name of C. D. Jackson. If you go to the National Archives and do a computer search, his name will show up on many top secret CIA documents, and in each instance his institutional affiliation is Time/Life. Gordon Parks was the man Time/Life and the CIA used to "penetrate" black organizations which the regime considered subversive, something he brings up in his memoir *A Hungry Heart*:

Life magazine had tried to penetrate the Black Muslim world for three years, but without any success. The mosque's doors remained closed to its White reporters and photographers. Occasionally they were allowed into the large New York and Chicago rallies after being ruthlessly searched from head to toe. Since I was Black, my objectivity

toward such an assignment must have been questioned by the editors. I did not push for an assignment for an opposite reason. The Muslims and Panthers regarded the magazine as an enemy, and I was working inside the enemy's camp. Nonetheless, all else having failed, *Life* asked me if I would like to try. I was unsure of myself, but I agreed to try.

During his first meeting with Elijah Muhammed, Parks claims that "The Messenger looked through me," which may or may not mean that Muhammed saw that Parks was a double agent. According to Parks, Muhammed continued by saying, "I worry about a young Black man like you working inside the devil's den." Parks goes on to claim that,

Elijah Muhammad's angry words held a special meaning. Without subtlety they were reminding me of the great distance between life in Black ghettos, and life in Henry Luce's privileged empire. In one I had nearly become a stranger. In the other I was a social oddity.

While mulling over his ambivalent attitude toward the poverty of the ghetto and the privilege which came from his association with Time/Life, Parks got a call from Malcolm X. "Elijah Muhammad is inviting you back to Arizona. Do you accept?" Elijah Muhammad then proposed that the two of them collaborate on a film, something which caused Parks to ask him:

"Would you expect to influence it?"

"Indeed, I would."

"That would create a serious problem. I truly appreciate your offer, but I'll have to decline. I'm a journalist who reports strictly in his own way. I am sorry, sir."

"Do you practice that philosophy in the White devil's den?"

"Absolutely. I wouldn't allow *Life* magazine to alter my report on the Nation of Islam. If you have a helpful message for this world I want to deliver it, but in my own way."

Parks, of course, changed the subject from a film to the article he was writing about the Nation of Islam. He never got around to telling us whether he would "practice that philosophy" when it came to launching the Blaxploitation genre. He resolved the issue in his own mind by claiming that "If racial violence did erupt he could depend on my standing firmly behind him," probably taking pictures for the CIA.

The same sense of guilt and betrayal pervades Parks' feelings about the Black Panthers, which was the next Negro group Parks "penetrated" for

Time/Life: "I made my way through the plush lobby of the Mark Hopkins Hotel. It sharply defined the gap between the Black Panthers world and the world they set out to change. For a few uncomfortable moments, I felt out of place, disloyal, even traitorous."

Why Parks should feel traitorous about writing an article on the Black Panthers is something he never gets around to explaining. Parks eventually met with Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers, but he had to pay \$10,000 for the interview. Where did the money come from? In *The Hungry Heart*, Parks tells us that "Life magazine, after arranging a payment of \$10,000 with his agent in Paris, sent me to have a talk with him." Parks, in other words, does not claim that *Life* paid the \$10,000 fee, but it's clear that *Life* served as the conduit for the people who came up with the money.

So was Gordon Parks a double agent? When I asked his third wife, Genevieve (Gene) Young, whether he worked for the CIA, she dismissed the claim out of hand. But when I cited a number of sources which claimed that CIA people would regularly debrief Time/Life reporters returning from assignments, she changed her tune, claiming "there is a difference between working for the CIA and being debriefed." I then asked Young if Parks had been debriefed after interviewing people like Malcolm X or Eldridge Cleaver.

"I have no way of knowing," she said, "but it was unlikely. He was in hiding at the time."

Young, of course, failed to mention that he was most probably being hidden by the CIA to protect him from retaliation for the spying he was doing under the guise of journalism. Being in hiding was, in other words, the ideal situation for being debriefed.

I then asked Young if Parks ever mentioned C. D. Jackson.

He mentioned him in passing but only to say that he was a terrible boss. He [Jackson] would complain about Gordon's expense account, which was enormous. Jackson was involved in the business side and had little to do with photography.

If Jackson was in charge of Parks' expense account, then he was most likely the person who had to approve the \$10,000 payment to Eldridge Cleaver for the interview in Algiers. Is it likely that Jackson would have approved the money and then not asked for something in return?

When I mention Jim Aubrey and the Hollywood connection that led to the production of *Shaft*, Young says that Aubrey may have been a CIA guy but then claims that he had nothing to do with the production of *Shaft* (unlike

Parks' memoir, which says he did). Young says that Parks got into films because of John Cassavetes. His first film was an artsy fartsy autobiopic called *The Learning Tree*, worlds apart from the *Shaft* and *Superfly* films of the '70s.

Young sums up Parks' career as a Hollywood director by saying, "He did what people paid him to do." Was he paid to betray Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver when he did his articles in *Life*? Better still, was he paid to betray Black people when he produced *Shaft* and funded his son's production of *Superfly*? This is what Parks himself had to say about his betrayal of his second wife. Parks left his second wife, who was a friend of his daughter, to marry Gene Young, the Chinese lady who was his editor at *Harper's*:

I often go back looking for the truth about my second marriage. I want to know what was born so quickly and why it died. Perhaps my reputation as a "ladies' man" had something to do with it. ... Let's just say that if an attractive woman was dancing before me, I found it extremely difficult to allow her to dance alone.

According to Parks' account,

Working on *A Choice of Weapons* ... brought Gene Young and me much closer together. In the flowering spring of 1965 we were having a drink after work when I blurted, "Gene, I think I've fallen in love with you.

Eventually, Parks decided to act on his desires, "after thoughtful consideration":

On that same summer evening we decided, after thoughtful consideration, to permanently bring our lives together. Passion and love stood aloof from fidelity—flowering, flowering, flowering until it seemed measureless. The price for it would be heavy but we were ready to pay it. Our love for one another had become so ardent and involving, it was, at times, terrifying. From that day on we gave ourselves to it without restraint.

Of his three wives, Parks claims, "I invariably unveil memories of them when they were at their finest," but there is no indication that they view him in the same light.

Eventually, Parks betrayed Gene Young, his third wife, as well, something that he describes in another memoir:

And when she wasn't around I had other female companions, a fact of which Gene was not unaware. One evening Marie telephoned with a request. She was an attractive young stewardess who had been paying

me more attention than a married man deserved. ... I'm not claiming innocence of a previous affair with Marie, but it was over and done with. Past affairs have a way of showing up at the wrong time.

Parks ultimately became so deceptive that he had difficulty telling which of the roles he played was real:

I've ... lived in so many different skins it is impossible for one skin to claim me. ... I became an actor and gave myself the name of "I" and it was I who had to search out the cycles that helped me play the roles of my exile. Not only did I play myself, it was also necessary to take on the roles of others who were shrewder than I, and masters of their own plots. Yet, hidden in the sorcery of those plots were things to help me unmask them. I had only to listen to their lines, then concoct lines of my own—to question me, then lead me toward the daily answers. ... I have yet to figure out what life is really all about, and I doubt that I will ever come up with the answer.

If Parks had no qualms about betraying his wives, why should he have qualms about betraying strangers like Eldridge Cleaver or Malcolm X? As his third wife said, "He did what people paid him to do."

Shortly after leaving Time/Life, Parks met with Jim Aubrey, whom he describes as "the tough inflexible boss at MGM Studio," who "handed me my second Hollywood film. Titled *Shaft*, it was the story of a virile, suave, black Harlem detective." When I mention Jim Aubrey's name, Gene Young blurts out that he was probably a CIA agent. Parks makes clear in his memoir that the point of the film was to provide Black youth with a role model: "It was a film that could give black youth their first cinematic hero comparable to James Cagney or Humphrey Bogart, but not the least of the persuasion was the salary I was to receive."

Parks leaves unmentioned the type of behavior which *Shaft* and *Superfly* were to inspire as the new role models for "black youth." He also never mentions the disruption this behavior was to cause in the black community by further weakening the already weak black family. He also never mentions the effect that emulation of these cinematic heroes is going to have on the black women who were on the receiving end of the pimp culture he was paid to promote. If Parks were willing to disrupt black organizations like the Black Panthers and the Nation of Islam, why not the black community as a whole? Why not steer it down the path of self-destruction, as long as he was paid well to do it?

Shaft was a big success. According to Parks' account, it "opened on July 2, 1971, to lines around the block and audiences who stood up screaming at its conclusion. It was a particular hit with young Blacks, who for the first time had a Black hero to identify with. One reviewer called *Shaft*, 'the ultimate in suave Black detectives.'"

Shaft was breaking attendance records all over the country, but it was especially popular in Chicago, where one theater, the Roosevelt, took in a million dollars during its run there. Needless to say, the Hollywood moguls were pleased that social engineering was proving lucrative. "Joel," Parks tells us, was "all happiness" when he "came to my office. ... Now Hollywood had the green light for black suspense films." Jim Aubrey was happy too. Parks went on to collaborate with Aubrey on two more films — *The Super Cops* and *Shaft's Big Score* — but for some reason not on the other Ernest Tidyman novel in the *Shaft* series, *Shaft Among the Jews*.

Aubrey then upped the ante by handing Parks the screenplay for *Superfly*, a film in which the new role model for young blacks is the pimp not the detective. In the end, Parks did not direct *Superfly*. During the summer of 1971, when *Shaft* was becoming a box office hit throughout the world, Parks passed the baton to his son, Gordon Parks, Jr. "I was on a week's leave from Hollywood when he [Aubrey] handed me a screenplay titled 'Superfly.'" For some reason Parks could not bring himself to direct this film, but for some reason he couldn't quite pass on the opportunity either. So rather than turn the film down altogether, Parks "took a deep breath. Then I wrote out a big check and thrust it into his [son's] pocket." *Superfly* became the Blaxploitation hit of 1972. Before *Shaft* and *Superfly*, the ideal Negro was a revolutionary, of the sort symbolized best by the Black Panthers. After Blaxploitation, the ideal Negro was a pimp.

Blaxploitation was Jewish revenge against the anti-Jewish resentment which had spread throughout the Civil Rights Movement during the late '60s and found its culmination when Stokely Carmichael had expelled the Jews from SNCC. Harold Cruse's book *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* and the Ocean Hill-Brownsville teacher strike, which broke out in 1967, were two more reasons for Jewish resentment against the ungrateful *shvartzas* who had received so much Jewish money when Martin Luther King had been running the civil rights movement. In many respects, the rise of the Black Panther as the premier black power organization came about because the Panthers were willing, if not avid, to accept Jewish/Hollywood money when Black Power

groups like SNCC were expelling the Jews from their organizations. One of the Panthers' biggest sources of funds, as David Horowitz has pointed out, was Bert Schneider, the producer of *Easy Rider*.

The success of Blaxploitation films meant that Hollywood had reasserted its control over the black mind after the anti-Jewish uprising at the end of the civil rights movement. Blaxploitation meant the end of whatever black solidarity the civil rights and black power movements created. It also took everyone's mind off the fact that up until Blaxploitation, pimping, like pornography, was largely a Jewish operation.

By glamorizing the pimp, Hollywood created an internal front in the black community that has perdured until the present. The valorization of the pimp meant that it was perfectly acceptable for black men to exploit the weaker elements of their community in a way congruent with Capitalism, but at the same time, it prohibited criticism of the Jewish financial exploitation of the black community that had been a staple of black nationalist critique from Marcus Garvey up to Minister Farrakhan. As one pimp put it in the Hughes Brothers documentary, "I don't consider myself a pimp. I consider myself a businessman who is working within a legal sexual environment. But once I looked at the dictionary, I am not only the pimp. I am the big pimp because I do bring clients to girls."

Blaxploitation allowed Hollywood to exact revenge on uppity niggas like Stokely Carmichael and make money in the process. No wonder Joel was "all happiness." That paradigm shift would also have serious implications for black women, as Gloria Hardy was to find out.

Gloria's involvement with the Black Panthers ended when the Chicago Police attacked Black Panther headquarters in Chicago and murdered Fred Hampton in December 1969. Feeling that her life was in danger, Gloria left the Black Panthers and got married. Before long she noticed that her husband began wearing the pimp clothes that Ron Neal made popular in *Superfly*, which have since been satirized in movies like *Undercover Brother* and *I'm Gonna Get You, Sucka*. He also began asking her to engage in the sexual activity he was seeing in the movies. Since *Deep Throat* came out around this time, he began pestering her for oral sex, and when she wouldn't give it to him, he went out and paid for it. This change in behavior eventually led to Gloria's divorcing her husband in 1977.

1977

Nineteen Seventy-Seven is the year in which Caroline Peoples was born. When I mention the effect that the *Superfly* movies and *Deep Throat* had on Gloria's husband, Gloria, who has been dozing off and on during my conversation, wakes up and begins talking about the effect that pimp/Blaxploitation culture had on her life. "The movies and the music definitely influenced his behavior," she said. "He went out and got oral sex whenever he wanted."

Caroline concurs, claiming that listening to rap music made her want to go out and shoot members of rival gangs. When I tell Caroline that she reminds me of someone who got dropped into a fast and dangerous river, she says that her daughter Mohogany told my lawyer that I was a product of my environment. "I didn't struggle against the river. I went with the flow. I didn't mind. I wasn't scared of nothing."

Gloria talks about her sex life and the promiscuity which came about as a result of the divorce.

After the divorce I didn't date for two years. The first guy I dated gave me an ectopic pregnancy. I was full of anger but deep down I was just an abused little girl, and then I was abused as a women. I wasn't going to keep repeating that cycle. I chose to stop dating period. I decided to get an education. As a child I had no control over anything. It took me going through alcoholism. I needed to get control. The victim of abuse wants to get it over with. It was something I didn't want to think about. I also wondered whether I was gay or not. I realized I was a heterosexual because the first guy I had sex with was nice to me. I didn't know if I was gay or not. I knew I needed help.

Gloria compensated for the divorce in other ways as well—by eating and drinking to excess and, when that didn't ease the pain sufficiently, by attempting suicide. That life has taken a toll on Gloria's health. She is overweight and suffering from all of the usual ghetto maladies—hypertension, diabetes, sleep apnea—that flow from that lifestyle. When the suicide attempt failed as well, Gloria realized that "helping people is what I wanted to do." That meant being a social worker, which meant adopting Ivori and Isaac. It also meant meeting Caroline in Cook County Jail.

Caroline's high life with the Gangster Disciples came to an abrupt end in 1994, when the leadership of the gang was all arrested. At this point, Caroline

found herself unemployed and pregnant with Chi-Chi's baby. She had no place to go but back to her mother, who was still living with the verbally abusive Robert Williams. Caroline's family was not happy with her, and it was made clear to her that now that she was pregnant she was on her own, and so after four months of living with her mother and her boyfriend, Caroline got on public aid and moved out on her own.

Her first child, a girl by the name of Mohagany, was born on October 2, 1995. Afterward Caroline was able to find an apartment at 51st and Loomis, a section of Chicago which she characterizes as "a real bad neighborhood." Caroline now was a single mother, struggling to make ends meet on public assistance, so she decided to go to "hair school," to learn her mother's trade. Her mother started watching the baby, but before long it became clear that Robert Williams didn't approve of the arrangement, and so with no daycare for her newborn child Caroline had to drop out.

THE GODFATHER

At this point Caroline took a job working at two South Side Amoco gas stations owned by the same man. She would work alternate night shifts at the Amoco stations at 71st and Halsted and 115th and Halsted. One of Caroline's regular customers was a pimp who went by the name of The Godfather. Before long Caroline, who was 19 at the time, noticed that The Godfather, whose name bespoke a conscious intention to prey on the father deprivation rampant among ghetto girls, was showing an interest in her. He would drive up in his limousine full of girls and give Caroline \$100 after he filled up and tell her to keep the change.

Women would flock to the gangster life, attracted by the cars and the drugs and the easy money, and the pimps knew how to exploit the situation for their own benefit. There are two role models for black youth on the South Side of Chicago: one is the gangster drug dealer, the other is the pimp. Caroline was first approached by a pimp when she was 14 years old. She said the encounter scared her. Missing from the equation at the time was any real financial necessity on her part. She was a member of the Gangster Disciples at the time, and they provided her with everything she needed. The Gangster Disciples didn't buy her a car because she was too young to get a driver's license, but Caroline never took a bus during this period of time because cash was always at hand for cab fares.

The Godfather's big tips led to casual conversation. "You smoke weed?", The Godfather asked Caroline. When she replied that she did, little bags of weed started showing up at the Amoco station for her. The Godfather then asked Caroline if she would like to go to breakfast after her 11 P.M. to 7 A.M shift ended. "I knew he was a pimp," she said, but during all of the times The Godfather took Caroline to breakfast, "he never propositioned me." During one of their breakfast meetings, however, The Godfather started talking about his girls and the high life they were living in his mansion down in the 100s.

"He told me that he could help me, and that a good looking woman like me didn't need to be working in no gas station."

He then took Caroline to his house and introduced her to his stable of prostitutes, who said pretty much the same thing.

"They were telling me that I didn't need to be working at no square's job. I could make just as much money doing what they was doing."

It didn't take Caroline long to think over The Godfather's proposition.

"I said that I wouldn't make a good prostitute because as soon as I started working I would keep all the money for myself."

The Godfather was taken aback by Caroline's candor. "Whorin' ain't for everybody," was his philosophical response.

After turning him down, Caroline found that The Godfather stopped coming around the Amoco station and dropping big tips.

During the time she was working at the two Amoco stations on the South Side, Caroline met a used car salesman by the name of Charles "Chuck" Barbee. Caroline had met Barbee at a South Side nightclub and was soon pregnant by him with her second child. Barbee started helping Caroline with taking care of her daughter, something that led her to characterize him at the time as the "nicest guy," and eventually because of his solicitude, Caroline moved in with him into an apartment at 78th and Cole.

Over the next two and a half years, the nice guy she had known from her nightclubbing days began to take on the characteristics of her mother's boyfriends. Barbee worked as a used car salesman, but he did not want Caroline to work. He was also a heavy drinker, and the more he drank, the more abusive he became.

"Chuck would beat me so bad," she claimed, because he wanted total control of her life, and that meant no job, no school, and no contact with her family. When his attempts to control Caroline failed, he began to beat her. "He was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde kind of character. He had isolated me from my family. He wanted me off of welfare because he didn't want me to have my own money."

Caroline had her second child, another daughter by the name of Sierra, by Barbee in 1997. (The father of her first child, Mohogany, was Chi-Chi of the Gangster Disciples.) Caroline breastfed all of her children, even the ones conceived by rape, for nine to ten months after their birth. Gloria finds this hard to understand, but before long it becomes clear that Caroline's children were the only still point in a world constantly in motion with manipulation and deceit.

After the birth of Sierra, Barbee made it clear that he didn't want any more children. When Caroline became pregnant again, he "acted like it was my fault," and told her to have an abortion "because he didn't want children to ruin his life." Caroline would go on to have two abortions at Barbee's insistence.

After the first abortion, Caroline "felt like sh**. I can't even describe how bad I felt. I still cry when I think about it. [Having the abortion] made me hate him." The abortion was the turning point in the relationship. "I didn't want him touching me." From this point on, the only touching in the relationship was the increasing brutal beatings which Barbee administered.

"I was scared to be on my own with kids that had never had a father or a mother and father in the house," but the beatings got worse and worse. Throughout it all, the abortion simmered just beneath the surface of the relationship, increasing the hate and the violence, both potential and actual.

"You lose a part of yourself when you have an abortion. It desensitized me. I was really f***ed up after I had those abortions."

It also took Caroline one major step closer to her career as a serial killer. The logic was simple enough. If she could kill two of her own children, why should she balk at killing strangers, especially the type of johns who, from her point of view, deserved everything that happened to them?

Caroline stayed in this relationship, one that became physically more abusive as Barbee's drinking increased, until 1999 when her son Charles was born. At this point, Caroline was "fed up" and started to do what she needed to do to get out of this relationship. She left and went to a shelter for abused women, but after two days there she made the mistake of calling Barbee, who talked her into moving back in with him. One month later, she was in another shelter, Rainbow House, but eventually she allowed herself once again to be talked into moving back in with him. After returning for a third time, the abuse escalated to the point where Barbee pulled a gun on Caroline and attempted to shoot her. The fact that Caroline is alive today is attributable more to Barbee's aim than his intention. He pulled the trigger but missed, and this time he was arrested for the abuse that had been taking place for the past two years. Caroline had called the police numerous times, but whenever they came to their apartment, Barbee, who was a Freemason, would show some secret Masonic sign, and the police would take his side against Caroline.

This time the charges stuck, even if they were downgraded from attempted murder to unlawful use of weapon, but even then, Charles was let off with a suspended sentence. Barbee was a used car salesman, which meant he had lots of contacts on the South Side, and, more importantly, lots of different cars at his disposal, which meant he could show up undetected where Caroline was living and perhaps with his aim improved, finish her off with the gun he had already fired at her. Barbee had told Caroline something

to the effect that no bitch ever left him, and that if that was what Caroline intended to do, he would kill her first.

As a result, Caroline left Chicago in 2000 and moved to Marion, Alabama, to live with relatives of her mother. Caroline had visited Alabama as a child, but now she was a mother with three small children of her own. After a few days of looking for a job in Alabama, it became clear to her that there was no work there, and before long she was out of money, which meant that she had to return to Chicago no matter what threats to her life that entailed.

After staying with her mother for three days, she eventually moved into another halfway house known as the Excellent Way. After placing the kids in school, she began to work for Excellent Way as a cook, a job which allowed her to get another apartment at 76th and Essex, but once she settled in she realized that she was now worse off than when she started out on her own some four years earlier. She now had an apartment, but the apartment had no furniture; so, trying to make ends meet with her welfare and food stamps payments, she enrolled in a Bridge program, where she began to work toward a certificate in nutrition so that she could eventually do cafeteria work. She eventually got her certification but only with difficulty because she was getting no help with the children. This difficulty wasn't going away any time soon.

"FAST MONEY"

Caroline started to frequent the strip bars that are euphemistically known as "gentlemen's clubs." Eventually, after checking out the local strip bar scene, she settled in as a dancer at a place known as the Sky Box. Caroline had scouted out how things worked by going to clubs like the Admiral, which is up north, and at the Punkin Room which is located at 71st and Martin Luther King Drive. She met other dancers who advised about what kind of lingerie she needed to buy and where to buy it. The main attraction which dancing at the Sky Box held was, as Caroline put it, "fast money." Caroline's sense of what an economy is and how much it takes to earn a living had been disrupted by her days as money counter for the Gangster Disciples, when she saw Chi-Chi pull in \$65,000 a day. Welfare had only compounded the problem. The money from the state came without any effort on her part, but it was never enough to cover the needs of her ever-growing family.

Caroline's drug habit contributed to the financial strain of living on welfare. Caroline claims that she smoked marijuana daily from the age of 12. She began by smoking cigarette-size joints but soon graduated to smoking between three and four blunts (which is to say, cigars emptied of tobacco and filled with marijuana) a day. She never stopped smoking marijuana, and she claims she never paid for it.

When I ask if pimps use drugs as a way of ensnaring and controlling women, she responds by saying that the whores need drugs to cope with the life of degradation they must perforce lead. Her sister is a good case in point. She is a crack whore who bore seven children while financing her drug habit. In 2001 or 2002, when Caroline wanted her nieces and nephews to attend her daughter Mohagany's birthday party, Caroline had to drive to the Ho Strolls in Gary to find her sister. Gary, Indiana is a center of the drug trade in northern Indiana and southeastern Illinois. Gary is an epicenter for drug dealing.

For the past 20 of her 33 years Caroline has been on one form of drug or another. She never took hard drugs, like heroin or cocaine or crack, but the marijuana and alcohol consumption that began when she was 12 gradually was replaced by a whole medicine cabinet of prescription drugs of the sort she began receiving in prison after she was diagnosed as bipolar. Those drugs included Lithium, Effexor, and Prozac (her current regimen) but in the past it included Ambien and Prozac, Senequeau, Serquel, Klonopin, Effexor and

Neurotonin as well. Caroline is "scared of Lithium" and won't take it. Lithium makes her nauseous and causes even more severe memory problems than marijuana. When she mentioned this to her doctor, he refused to change her medication.

Gloria interrupts to tell Caroline: "I got off Lithium after my boyfriend told me how bad it was."

Caroline says that she misses the weed and would smoke a blunt now if she could. All of the street drugs are available in prison. Smoking weed is an integral part of the gangsta lifestyle. Marijuana was, in fact, such an integral part of South Side gangsta culture that it is no longer considered a drug. It is considered natural, which is to say, a part of nature. When asked if constant consumption of marijuana had any lasting side effects, Caroline said that it destroyed her memory.

Marijuana may have gotten her through life in the Gangster Disciples and with her various boyfriends, but it wasn't strong enough to get her through dancing at the Sky Box. In order to brace herself for a session of pole dancing at the Sky Box, Caroline needed a shot of cognac, at least to get started. By the time her career at the Sky Box ended, she needed a pint of cognac in addition to the marijuana to get into the right mood.

"I was f***ed up by the time I got there," Caroline recounted, referring to her state of mind when she arrived at "work" every day. Marijuana made Caroline feel mellow, but alcohol made her feel numb, and numb is how she needed to feel to dance at the Sky Box. The reasons were both sexual and economic. Caroline earned no money from the club. In fact, she had to pay them \$100 for the privilege of dancing there, and in addition to that she had to tip the DJ. The only money Caroline earned from dancing was the money she earned from tips, and the only way she could earn money from tips was by demeaning herself sexually to the people she referred to as her "regular customers."

"It was the worst experience of my life. It was totally humiliating having them touching you and groping you while all the time you've got to talk sexy to them, because the more you demean yourself, the more money you make."

As if to prove that the life of a dancer/prostitute offers the illusion of sex without the reality, Caroline says, "I never had an orgasm" during her sexual encounters. Gloria says that this is not untypical of the average female who is sexually abused.

The point of the dancing was to arouse the regular customers to the point

where they would ask Caroline to accompany them to the "VIP room," where they would engage in sexual acts. It was at this point, through engaging in prostitution, that the real money was made. Caroline claimed that she could earn anywhere from \$550 to \$5,000 on a typical night. Weekends were better than weekdays. After a while, Caroline got to know her regular customers, as well as their sexual proclivities, on a personal level, something she found "scary."

Not content to go into the VIP room, many of Caroline's regular customers wanted to hook up with Caroline outside of the club—in motel rooms, at their place, whatever—a prospect that would loom ever larger in her mind during her time at the Sky Box, with fatal consequences for the men who did the propositioning.

Before long, Caroline noticed that men were stalking her after she left the club. That and the fact that her drinking had reached the point where she was blacking out regularly only increased the fear. For four months, Caroline dragged herself through this increasingly odious, increasingly dangerous routine, generally working from 11:00 PM to around 2:30 AM and then arriving at home at 4:00 AM, "f***ed up," but taking over child care at that point from her babysitter.

Eventually the sense that men were stalking her turned out to be something more than drug and alcohol fueled paranoia. Four months after starting at the Sky Box, two men jumped her after work, beat and raped her and stole that evening's earnings from her. Caroline didn't go to the hospital, nor did she report the rape and robbery to the police. She went home instead, where she discovered that her face was really "messed up," something that kept her from dancing and reduced her earnings correspondingly. Eventually, Caroline discovered that she was pregnant from the rape as well, and once the pregnancy began to show, Caroline's dancing days were over.

On October 2, 2003, which is to say, six months after Caroline had been raped and three months before she would give birth to the child conceived by that rape, Michael Eric Dyson, who is the Avalon Foundation Professor in the Humanities at the University of Pennsylvania appeared on The Tavis Smiley show on NPR, to discuss the black fascination with pimping. Right around the time that Caroline was beginning her career as a serial killer by plotting how to kill the johns who propositioned her at the Sky Box, she could have turned on her local NPR station and listen to Professor Dyson explain how pimping is more metaphorical than anything else. "It's metaphoric intensity is

basic, Tavis, but its literal application is quite limited." Dyson went on to concede that pimping "might have influence on young people, who might take the literal dimensions of pimping as opposed to the playful ones," but his basic thrust was that pimping is an "analogy for how men who are on the underside of society get on, get over ... pimping is a metaphor for how you get down, how you convince the larger society to take you seriously and how you rebel against it by doing your thing. ... Pimping becomes a metaphor for how young black men make a space for themselves in society."

Dyson is bright enough to trace "this fascination with pimping ... back to the '70s with the fascination with Iceberg Slim and his book about pimping [and] about Blaxploitation culture which produced *The Mack*, *Superfly* and other films," but not industrious enough to dig up the details about who produced those cultural artifacts and the political purpose they served. During his NPR interview, he gave no indication that he has read Tom Wolfe, much less Karl Marx, and no indication that he has ever heard the word *Lumpenproletariat* or that Karl Marx considered the pimp as the classic expression of *Lumpenproletarian* existence. Dyson has absorbed enough of the Jewish revolutionary spirit to notice its manifestation in the black community, as when he writes that "The fascination [with the pimp] comes with the preoccupation with the outlaw and the rebel" and that the pimps are "seen as heroic figures in many societies including black working class and poor societies," where he is "restricted from legal means of using capital." But when Dyson opines that "the black pimp was seen as challenging society even within black bourgeois culture" he misses the point completely.

The pimp was created by racial double agents like Gordon Parks to cripple the black population by creating an internal front of black predators, who would prey on the weaker members of that society, *i.e.*, women, while all the while conveying the illusion that they were putting something over on "the man." Dyson seems oblivious to the possibility that the man was putting something over on them, and the reason for that is simple enough. No professor is going to jeopardize his career by taking the true measure of the pimp as a form of social control, which arose when the regime decided that subsidizing black revolutionary movements like the Black Panthers was no longer to its advantage. Everything is metaphor and style to Professor Dyson: "Pimping is about a preoccupation with style." Pimps "wear interesting clothes, drive an interesting car and engage in an interesting lifestyle." When he is confronted with the question of "whether or not it's having an impact on

young folk," Dyson attempts to turn the question into a joke: "I don't think any of these kids are trying to pimp in a literal position, but if so, shame on them." At this point both Smiley and Dyson burst out laughing. Dyson and Smiley are, as Leon Ware might point out, "pimping the system." Like Gordon Parks, they were willing to sanitize the sexual exploitation of the people they claimed to represent in the interest of furthering their careers.

Caroline now describes the pregnancy which resulted from the rape outside the Sky Box as the lowest point in her life. The fast money was gone. She was pregnant by an anonymous aggressor and consumed with doubts about the child and whether she could love this child as much as she loved her other children, but she never contemplated abortion, and would not have gone through with it earlier if her boyfriend at the time hadn't pressured her to do so.

As always in situations like this there wasn't enough money to pay the bills, but the biggest and most immediate issue was her relationship with her yet-to-be born child. For the first time in her reproductive life, Caroline was considering putting a child up for adoption. She had met a couple from Florida who were interested in adopting her child and after weighing the pros and cons, and in particular the fear that she might not be able to love this child as much as she loved her other children because of the circumstances surrounding its conception, she agreed to let them have it. But Florida law specifies that the adoption can't take place until two days after birth, and during those two days Caroline held the baby and realized that she would treat him no differently than any of her other children, and so called off the adoption. Quinton Morris, the youngest of Caroline's was born on March 17, 2004, the feast of St. Patrick.

By April 2004 Caroline was back dancing at the Sky Box. She had nursed all of her children and this time, with the help of a breast pump, she would express enough milk for Quentin and go back to doing what she had been doing up to the time of the rape that had brought him into this unhappy world. During the time that she had been away from the Sky Box her rage against the sexual humiliation she needed to endure to earn money there had continued unabated but unnoticed, until it struck her with its full force when she returned to her pole dancing routine. Caroline had continued smoking marijuana during the pregnancy, but had stopped drinking. Now she noticed that she needed even more alcohol to get her up on the stage. Now she felt different. Now the anger was too big to ignore. She hated all men, but in

particular she hated the men she had to entertain at the Sky Box, and the rage would spike whenever she thought of them touching her. By this point in her life, Caroline had distilled 27 years of bad experiences with the opposite sex into a generalized hatred of all men.

"I hated men. Period. Every man I would see made me feel that they were all creeps or tricks." Her bad experiences drove her to find sexual satisfaction with women. Caroline's first consensual sexual encounter took place at age 14 with another woman. As men became more and more repulsive to her, she became more drawn to sex with women. She does not like butches, however, which is to say women who act like men. Dealing with butches is a significant part of prison life, and Caroline has adapted to that with the same aggression she applies to men who act like men. "I beat the hell out of their asses." In prison she wouldn't let men get near her. "They wouldn't touch me. It was only women who were allowed to put handcuffs on me."

It was out of this haze of rage at the rape and the sexual abuse of her past and ongoing sexual abuse of her job combined with post-pregnancy hormones and the intoxicating delusions that come from drug and alcohol consumption that Caroline began to come up with what an MBA graduate might call a new business plan. Instead of turning down the propositions that poured in every night from strangers and "regular customers," who wanted to engage in some form of sexual activity which the VIP room, full of copulating strangers, couldn't accommodate, why not take these potential johns up on their numerous offers and meet them at some hotel room in the area, and accept not what they consented to give as remuneration, but take their wallets and everything in them as well as their clothes, their car keys, their cars and whatever else wasn't nailed down at gunpoint?

WHY NOT?

Before long, Caroline was telling her admirers to meet her at the Stony Island Motel because she knew the neighborhood and was at home in that part of town. She would meet the john in a motel room for drinks, and then she would put music on and begin to dance for him, taking off her clothes and making sure that he took off his too. After waiting "until he's f***ed up" by lust and alcohol, she would then reach into her purse as if to get a cigarette and pull out her .32 caliber revolver instead and relieve her admirer of his clothes, his money, and his car keys in one dramatic gesture of revenge for all of the sexual humiliation she had suffered at the hands of these niggas.

Caroline's new business plan worked so well the first time that she tried it out that she used the same *modus operandi* on five different men, all of whom she picked up at the Sky Box. Considering how she came across her clientele, it was nothing short of amazing that no one led the cops to the Sky Box to have her arrested, but the humiliation of the encounter ensured that.

When Gloria asks why none of the men she robbed turned her in, Caroline says, "He's not going to tell his friends that he let some bitch rob him. Some of the men were professionals. I ran into a guy in the supermarket. He looked at me and didn't recognize me because I was wearing a wig when I robbed him."

It was at this point Caroline reconnected with her second cousin Angela Wright.

I hadn't seen Angela for years. After seeing her off and on, she called me on March 17, 2004 at the hospital and said that she wanted to come by and see the baby. We just started hanging out as a result of that meeting. She was working for a doctor as a CNA (a certified nursing assistant) but she lost her job when she stole \$20 from the doctor's office. She got fired after the baby came and had no plans. We didn't discuss it. I was stripping at the time at a place which is now called Club O. Angela wanted to prove herself to me. She claimed that I was mean to her. But I don't remember being mean to her. She wanted to be like me. She wanted to imitate me.

Because Angela, in true South Side style, was taking care of her boyfriend in spite of the fact that she was now unemployed, she was in constant need of money. Caroline describes Angela as "a healthy girl," which in terms of money making potential on the South Side of Chicago, should be

translated as meaning ugly or "too fat to dance at a strip club." Caroline tried to help Angela out by giving her weed to sell, but that coupled with loans that didn't get paid back, led to a sense of annoyance. "Bitch," Caroline finally told her, "I'm struggling too."

During the course of their post-reunion hanging out sessions, Angela became aware of Caroline's new line of work, and before long they were both planning new robberies together. "If you want to keep robbing niggas, you need niggas to rob" became their motto and business plan. After explaining how things had worked out up until then, Caroline joined forces with Angela in robbing men on the street, most often after they had withdrawn their money from automated teller machines. Because Caroline wears glasses, Angela became the eyes of the operation. She developed a good sense of who was drawing out the most money, and who was most vulnerable. They would also cruise around in Angela's car and pick up men who were interested in having a drink and a good time. "Men are such dogs when it comes to sex," Caroline explained. It was, therefore, easy to lure them into their car, rob them at gunpoint, and then kick them out. It was so easy, in fact, that they did this at least a dozen times. They became astute at picking out the potential victims with the most money. That meant pimps and drug dealers, men who stood out because of the way they dressed (the gold chains) and the kind of car they drove (26 inch rims were the infallible sign of a drug dealer).

Before long, Caroline was actually enjoying what she was doing. She loved the sense of power that robbery at gunpoint gave her. Beyond that, she loved even more making men feel weak and humiliated. This was a way of getting back at men for all of the humiliation they had inflicted on Caroline over the course of her short life. "Men," she felt after robbing someone at gunpoint, "deserved it. All men are pigs. This was what they got for treating my body as a toy. They deserved it."

With each robbery, the drinking and the marijuana consumption increased, and the more men they robbed, the more out of control Caroline and Angela became. Each successive robbery became simultaneously bolder in conception and sloppier in execution. Caroline began shooting guys even though she had their money. To this day she is not sure how many men she shot during this phase of her criminal career or whether they survived or not.

Caroline and Angela's plans became more complicated and deadlier the more they succeeded at simple street crime. Because of her job at a doctor's office, Angela had become a caregiver for a local man Caroline identified as

Jose. Jose, according to Angela, had a lot of money. Unlike the random victims Caroline and Angela found near South Side ATM machines, Jose could identify Angela if she tried to rob him. As a result, Angela planned to approach Jose in her capacity as his caregiver, and then murder him so that she could steal his money without the danger of him identifying her afterward.

When they arrived at Jose's apartment, Angela introduced Caroline to him for the first time. Caroline then put on music and engaged in some chitchat while Angela made a pot of coffee. At a certain point, probably 20 to 25 minutes after they had arrived, Angela concluded that Caroline was stalling too much. Angela gave Caroline a look as if to say, "Bitch, what you waitin' on?" At that point, she went to Caroline's purse, pulled out her .32 caliber revolver and, while Jose was still engaged in conversation with Caroline, walked up behind him and shot him in the back of his head, "Execution-style." After Jose fell dead onto the couch, Angela went into the bedroom, where she knew he hid his money. They netted \$8,000 from his murder.

"It was the first time we ever shot somebody like that," Caroline said later. "I was stunned. I was shocked, and I was nervous." The most shocking thing of all, Caroline related later, was the cold-blooded manner in which Angela carried out the murder. "I was impressed." Things had changed. Angela, who neither smoked weed nor drank and who had a job in the straight world as a doctor's assistant, was the real gangster. She could watch everything and still be pretty laid back. "We was close, but we never discussed it," it referring to the murders they committed together. As for Caroline, she felt no remorse.

I felt good [about killing these men]. They got what they deserved. I felt powerful. Ain't no nigga ever gonna give me no sh**. Ain't gonna take no sh** from no nigga. I felt good. I was emotionally disinvolved. Everything in my life had led up to this point. My time had come. Things were getting better.

Caroline claims that her relations with her children also improved after each murder. She had the sense that she was putting her life back together after so many years of humiliation and powerlessness.

As for Jose, he was, in Caroline's opinion, "a man," which is to say, "a piece of sh** who got what he deserved. His life meant nothing." Caroline's anger had reached the point where it prevented her from seeing the humanity

of the victim, especially if the victim were a man. "I never trusted men. I never felt comfortable around them. But I felt good when I shot them."

Having netted \$8,000 by murdering Jose in cold blood, Caroline and Angela planned their next murder. Angela's ex-boyfriend knew that Caroline was a stripper, and he had been badgering her to put on a private show for him at his apartment. Caroline's first reaction was revulsion, "Hell, no," she told Angela, "I ain't dancing for that creep." Sensing that her ex-boyfriend was an easy mark, Angela persuaded Caroline to go along with her plan.

When they got to the man's house on the southeast side of Chicago, Caroline and Angela fixed him a drink, put on some music, and entered into negotiations. Caroline agreed to do a private dance for him but only if Angela could perform too. After agreeing to pay both women \$150, Angela started dancing for her ex-boyfriend, who was seated in an easy chair in the middle of the room. After about an hour, the man was drunk and clad only in his boxer shorts. At this point, when Angela was dancing in front of his chair, Caroline urged him to get up and "spank her." When he got up unsteadily from his chair, Caroline, who was standing behind him, reached into the inside pocket of her jacket, which was hanging on the back of his chair, took out her .32 revolver and shot Angela's ex-boyfriend point blank in the back of his head.

"I felt nauseous," Caroline said, explaining her feelings as he fell to the floor between her and her cousin. "But at the same time, I still felt that he got what he deserved."

Angela and Caroline then got dressed and went into the victim's bedroom where they discovered that he didn't have as much money as they anticipated. The murder had netted them less than \$200. The two women would have made more with the lap dancing alone. As if to compensate herself for her trouble, Angela took articles of clothing for her current boyfriend, who wore the same size clothes. She also took the keys to his truck, which she sold later. Caroline remembers being angry at Angela for getting her involved in something that brought in so little money in return for the effort.

"I was numb. I cared about my kids and that's all I cared about. I was a good mom during the daytime, and I was a monster in the nighttime."

Angela and Caroline killed two more people. But she doesn't go into the details, probably because after a certain number of murders the details all run together in the murderer's mind. The blackouts from the marijuana (which is

notorious for destroying the memory of habitual users) and alcohol probably also played a role in blotting out the memories of the other murders.

The murder that led to Caroline's arrest is still clear in her mind, however, perhaps because it had nothing to do with robbery and was indicative more than anything else of her recklessness as a result of the other killings. Caroline remembers sitting in Angela Wright's car outside a White Castle on the South Side with her friend Aisha, who was the godmother to one of her children. Caroline was preoccupied with rolling and then lighting a blunt when she heard her cousin say about Aisha, "I can't stand that bitch." At this point Angela hit Caroline, who had been drinking in addition to smoking marijuana, on the leg. Caroline remembers that the gun was in the middle console of her cousin's car, but the rest of what happened comes in discreet images that lack any connective tissue of moral causality.

The gun was in the middle console of my cousin's car. Angela said about Aisha, "I can't stand that bitch." I was smoking weed trying to light up a blunt, looking for the lighter. My cousin hit me on the leg. I was drinking too. Nothing happened to cause me to kill Aisha. I just pulled up the gun and shot her. I didn't feel anything when I did.

"F**k," said Angela after the gun went off.

Both women then turned to look at Aisha, who looked as if she was trying to tell Caroline something. At that point Angela took the gun out of Caroline's hand and shot her again. Then Angela drove off and threw Aisha's body into an alley somewhere on the South Side. After they threw the body out the car, the two women drove to a nearby car wash, where they washed the blood out of the backseat.

Gloria doesn't understand how Caroline could go out at night and kill people and then come back in the morning and take care of her kids. Caroline has no real explanation either. "I don't have an answer for that. That was my kid's godmother. I was out of my mind. She didn't provoke me. I really don't have answer for that." After a pause, Caroline adds, "I was f***ed up at the time."

Angela then dropped Caroline off at her babysitter's house, where she took charge of her children once again. Caroline remembers having "a lot of blackouts" at this time. She also remembers trying to make sense of what was happening and then giving up and admitting that what she was doing was senseless.

When the police showed up at her apartment, Caroline acted shocked at

hearing the news of Aisha's death. When they asked her to come to the police station for questioning, Caroline complied. During the course of the interview, she attempted to float one lie after another. Realizing that she was no good at lying and that the police were seeing through her fabrications, Caroline eventually broke down and confessed. She didn't leave the jail that night. In fact she's been either in jail or in prison since that day in 2004.

After she confessed, Caroline felt a sense of relief. "I was actually sober" for the first time in fifteen years. During those fifteen years,

I was too busy questioning God. I didn't want to keep sober. I had stopped believing in God. I believed there was a devil but no God. Selling drugs for the Gangster Disciples had made me hard and so mean that people feared me. I got joy out of that. Nobody was preaching to me because I didn't want to hear that sh**.

Caroline had gone to church off and on during this period of her life. She remembers listening to what the preacher was saying but not believing it, because the preachers were all men, which is to say, creeps. Caroline went to church to expose her children to the religion of Jesus Christ, but she is at a loss to explain what was going through her mind when she was there. She remembers arguing with God, wanting to know why, if there was a God in heaven, "He didn't protect me when my mother's boyfriend molested me?" That's as close as she came to prayer during her years on the streets of the South Side. "If there is a God, why did he let a seven-year-old girl be molested by a grown man?" Caroline estimates that six out of every ten girls on the South Side has been sexually molested. When it comes to the prison population, her number increases to 99 percent. "I had lost my faith that there was good people in the world."

When she found herself in a cell in Cook County Jail, her attitude toward God and religion changed. In that cell, she realized that she had no power to protect her children anymore from anything, certainly not from the sort of sexual predators who had molested her as a child and followed her throughout her life. "When I realized that I couldn't take care of my child, I turned to God. When I realized that I couldn't protect my kids, I started to pray and read my Bible."

"Sometimes," she says, referring to her children, "they are angry with me for not being there. Sierra, who is 13, knows that I'm doing everything I can be doing, but I still haven't been able to forgive myself. I failed my children because of not being there when they needed me."

"God," Caroline prayed at the time of her incarceration, "I need you to watch over my kids." At that point Caroline started reading the Bible.

The ladies in the jail gave me the Scriptures. It was the first time I tried to pay attention to what the Scriptures were saying. I was full of anger and hopelessness. After I confessed at the police station, I telephoned my mom to tell her that I was in trouble. "Don't talk," she said, but I told her it was too late. I was trying to tell her how to take care of my son I knew I was going to be locked up for a long time. "My son," she told her mother over the phone, "don't like the crust on his bread. I cut it off for him." I tried to make sense of what happened to me. The killing of Aisha was senseless. She hadn't done anything wrong. The killing just got easier and easier.

After we were arrested, they processed me and Angela in at 2 West, the psychiatric center. They examined us for two days to see if we were in a state to be charged. Then they put us on the tier, and they put me on psych meds one year later.

In spite of the meds she is now taking, Caroline still gets depressed. She also misses the marijuana. "If I had a blunt now, I'd smoke it to calm my nerves. I signed up for Wells [drug therapy]. If I had some weed now, I would smoke it. I wish I had a blunt right now to calm my nerves."

When she first met Caroline, Gloria felt that she had schizophrenic tendencies. Caroline admitted that she used to hear voices, "but the voice was always my own. I still fight with that voice. If I encounter someone with an attitude in the prison now, I just have to get out of the way. My first thought is that I just bash her head in. But I have to tell myself not to do that."

Caroline tells the story of a girl in the prison who, two weeks ago, had bumped into her deliberately. She didn't say anything at the time even though "she set me off. I wanted to go to her girlfriend and say, 'Check yo bitch, or I'm gonna kill this bitch.'" But by now she has been able to place some distance between her impulses and acting on them. "I tell myself the devil be attacking me. I get depressed because people lie to me. They say they gonna send me \$1,000 but the money never come. The devil in my head is trying to trick me. Every day he trying to trick me."

Gloria was shocked when she saw the number of incarcerated mothers. "I couldn't imagine so many women in jail." The two women then talk about Angela Wright, who is, in their opinion, in a state of denial. "She is like Erika Ray, the woman who was convicted and sentenced to 45 years in March for

her role in the Leona restaurant murders. She is a Muslim and detached from reality. She is in big-time denial." Caroline says, "My cousin is the same way. She's in denial, claiming that she's innocent and that Caroline put her up to it. She's claiming she did it because she was afraid of Caroline. Her trial is coming up."

Caroline claims that Gloria played a role in her conversion. "She didn't look down on me. I just felt that there weren't any good people and that everybody wanted something from me who was nice to me. That ain't in the Bible." Caroline was still in county jail when she felt that the weight of guilt had been lifted. The officers noticed a change in her behavior. Gloria describes how Caroline ran up to her and embraced her one day in the Cook County Jail. The empathy may stem from the fact that Gloria could have ended up in the same situation.

I could have hurt people. I plotted to kill my father because he molested me. I found him helpless in the hospital and started pulling out all the tubes. He was the murderer. He murdered his brother.

But instead of killing her father, Gloria decided to help other people. "This is not a job. This is a ministry."

Caroline feels the same way. "I need to give back. I owe God and I owe my family. I don't want other women to go through what I've been through. I wouldn't tell my mom that I needed help."

Caroline would like to publish books of poetry about her experiences. In order to do any serious writing, she needs to buy a clear typewriter. I ask her what that means, and she says the materials out of which it is made are transparent, to discourage the smuggling of contraband. "I want to publish books to help kids. I want to open two youth centers, one in Chicago and one in Alabama."

As things stand now, that doesn't seem likely. Nor does it seem likely that Gloria will continue her prison ministry. She had retired from the Cook County Social Welfare Department for health reasons. If her health continues to deteriorate, she won't be able get out of her apartment, much less minister to women in prison.

"What were the happiest days of your life?" Gloria asks.

"I never had a happiest age," Caroline answers, and then she says, "Now thinking about it hurts and helps at the same time. A weight has been lifted."

TELLING THE TRUTH

If there is one thing responsible for lifting that weight, it is telling the truth, the one thing lacking in the black community at large. The South Side of Chicago is, as Gloria and Caroline would put it, "in denial" about the extent of their own sexual sins. The regime is in denial too. By constantly proposing the Civil Rights Movement as proof that we are a fundamentally good people, the regime ignores the fact that it was precisely the War on Poverty which was the government response to that movement which institutionalized the contraception as a part of black culture. The main sequel to that act was the destruction of the black family, as the late Daniel Patrick Moynihan had predicted in 1965. Back then, Moynihan suggested twice a day mail delivery as a way of strengthening the black family. But that would only work if black men got hired at a decent wage. Instead the regime chose the eugenic solution to the race problem, the one that Planned Parenthood proposed in the 1940s when they implemented Margaret Sanger's Negro Project. The results have been disastrous, and they will continue to be disastrous until the rest of the black community has the moment of truth that Caroline had when she confessed to her crimes in jail. Jesus said that the truth will set you free. It set Caroline free, even if she has to spend the rest of her life in jail.

On the drive home from Chicago, I see banners with Barack Obama's face on them, fluttering in the summer breeze. The election of Barack Obama gave new lease on life to the civic religion whose foundation rests squarely on the Civil Rights Movement. Instead of showing that we had overcome our racist past, the election showed more than anything else that the country was still "in denial" about the consequences of both the sexual revolution and the social engineering that came along with it. When the federal government turned its back on the recommendations of the Moynihan report in 1965, when it chose the contraceptive as the way out of the race problem, it condemned the black family to a slow and painful death.

I once gave a talk entitled "How Contraceptives Cause Drive-by Shootings." I even talked about the idea on National Public Radio in the mid-'90s. Now driving past all the Obama banners, it looks as if the South Side of Chicago is determined to prove me right. The only thing that allowed Caroline Peoples to maintain contact, no matter how tenuous, with reality, the only thing that pulled her back from the brink of total self-annihilation, the

only thing that prompted her to fall on her knees and call on God for help when everything else failed was the children she bore during her short and unhappy life on the streets of Chicago's South Side. The children were fathered by a number of different men; at least two were fathered by rapists. They were not wanted in any conventional sense of the term, and yet wanted or not, they are the only thing that held Caroline's life together. The regime's plan in dealing with people like Caroline was to deprive her of the last thread that connected her to the human race by coercing her into contracepting or aborting her children out of existence. Barack Obama is, of course, in total agreement with the eugenic annihilation of his most ardent supporters, denizens of the South Side like Caroline and Gloria.

FIVE LIFE TERMS

Caroline is now serving five consecutive life terms. As some proof that spiritual struggle doesn't end after incarceration, not even lifetime incarceration: during the two previous weeks, two women have committed suicide at Dwight, one because of being jilted by her lesbian lover. During our interview, I am struck by Caroline's calm. I walk out of the visitors' room still wondering where I have seen this sort of peace, and then it struck me. It was in a group of contemplative nuns whom I visited in Kentucky. Like the contemplative nuns, Caroline is faced with the prospect of a life lived in another kind of cell, as a prelude to an eternity either with God or without Him. God seems to know this too. No fence of chain link and razor wire, no matter how high, is big enough to keep him out.

Biographical Note

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[Abu Ghraib and The American Empire](#)

[Jewish Nazis](#)

[L'affaire Williamson: The Catholic Church and Holocaust Denial](#)

[Lejzor and Fiszel Sing the Blues: Chess Records and the Black-Jewish Alliance](#)

[The Logos of Architecture and Its Opponents](#)

[Requiem for a Whale Rider](#)

[Travels with Harley in Search of America: Motorcycles, War, Deracination, Consumer Identity](#)

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