

VOICES OF PROTEST

Liberia on the Edge, 1974—1980

Edited by H. Boima Fahnbulleh

Voices of Protest: Liberia on the Edge, 1974-1980

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In Memory of

Wiwi Debbah, Marcus Gbobeh, Momolu Lavalá, Wuo Tapia,
Tonie Richardson—and before them—the cadres and militants
who marched and fell on April 14, 1979.

“We are the Dead. Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved....

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep....” (John McCrae)

Preface

Liberians entered the Tolbert era in 1971 with much hope and expectation but also with apprehension and reservation. The death of Tubman after twenty seven years of “one man rule” with the attendant suppression of all democratic tendencies led to a flowering of political openness and passionate debates about the direction of the nation in the midst of an Africa grappling with the problems of underdevelopment, political paralysis and military intervention.

The Tolbert years started with pronouncements and utterances that dazzled those who had hoped for dramatic changes after Tubman. The old guards of the True Whig Party had hedged their bets on the vice president under Tubman as a reliable ally to protect their interests. William Tolbert as vice president succeeded Tubman with the hope of continuing his policies but also with the realization that Africa was changing and his country Liberia had to be an integral part of that change. It was this dilemma that defined the Tolbert administration and presented him with such difficult choices in an era of popular demands for participation and alteration.

In this dynamic matrix of popular demands, confrontation and opposition, William Tolbert tried to accommodate the aspirations of the opposition with convenient improvisation without alienating the conservative and reactionary old guards who understood only the political methods of the past. Thus, from an exposition of “African socialism” and self-reliance” to a hybrid form of “African humanism” and then to a convenient concoction of appeasement for all called “Humanistic capitalism,” Tolbert dangled the possibilities of social transformation while at the same time signaling to his conservative allies that all was well and constant. He toyed with reformism, inciting passion and hope, but created that stasis of political immobility called reaction.

Tolbert’s dilemma emerged not so much from his inability to reform the Liberian society through the development of a new consciousness because of his political ties but due to the fact that his utterances and pronouncements were taken seriously by those who were demanding an alternative to the social, political and economic policies of the old guard. Also, his apparent unwillingness to stop the romantic incitement he was encouraging by his posturing augmented the demands from various quarters and emboldened those who were determined to

push for meaningful reforms. The tragedy was that he uttered words of passion to a passionate people and they went forward without waiting for him to join them. He expatiated at the beginning of his incumbency that: “We conceive a wholesome Functioning Society where people are totally involved. We conceive an involvement not only of everyone in every place, but also of everyone in every way. Total involvement for us is not an abstract idea; it is no philosophic ideal or political slogan. By total involvement we mean that Liberians should lose themselves in new level of alert, creative activity to gain for the nation new peaks of continuing process. By total involvement we simply mean hard and discerning work. Laziness and slothfulness, idleness and dishonesty have no place of merit or of reward in the wholesome Functioning Society.” (Presidential Papers: First Year of the Administration of President William R. Tolbert, Jr., July 23, 1971—July 31, 1972, p.154.) These were striking words and they resonated in a society gripped by “idleness, slothfulness and dishonesty,” but they were not enough to alter the situation. In politics, a reformer must rely less on words and more on conscious activities that will galvanize the people and involve them in the process of reconstructing their lives. It is this participation that alters the balance of forces and leads to the dynamic transformation that pit the people against those who will keep them in conditions of servitude and poverty.

In Liberia, Tolbert spoke and the people listened! Their actions reflected his desire as expressed. He was forthright in his pronouncements but indecisive in his actions. He opined that: “We seek a wholesome Functioning Society where opportunities are equally opened to all, where all are equally dedicated to benefit thereby, and where all sense the responsibility to maintain same. We desire a Wholesome Functioning Society where merit, not favoritism, productivity, not influence and connections; selflessness, not selfish individualism, form the criteria for real distinction. Devoted to discipline, order and justice, we strive at achieving a national community where there is enduring loving care for the poor, the helpless and underprivileged, and where there is compelling sympathy for the disadvantaged. The Wholesome Functioning Society we seek will inspire and redirect the creative abilities of the young and the old into a self-renewing and unselfish role for a greater Liberia.” (Presidential Papers, First Year...., p.154.) These were words that promised much but were inadequate in a society where decades of paralysis and misrule by an indolent clique sapped the potential of the people. But there were

responses to the utterances as the people took up the call and marched forward to create a new history.

First, the students at the University of Liberia and Cuttington University College came out with their news organs, “The Revelation” and “The Cuttington Echo” respectively, critically examining the utterances and pronouncements and paying the price of isolation, condemnation and imprisonment. The students were followed by the Movement for Justice in Africa (MOJA) and the Progressive Alliance of Liberia (PAL). The latter subsequently transformed itself into a national political movement. The students overseas embraced the call for participation at the same time as their counterparts back home sought to awaken the people to the reality of the utterances and the contradictions; the form and the substance; and the reckless exploitation and parasitism of the leadership and the insensitivity of its scions. As favoritism, selfishness, crude individualism and indiscipline escalated, the nation experienced bouts of totalitarian practices, culminating in intolerance and the massacre during the rice demonstration of April 1979.

The “Voices of Protest” collected here show the sentiments of the Liberian people as regards the evolution of their society during the rule of William Tolbert. These were forceful expressions of ideas in a period of national uncertainty. In these voices, another interpretation of the Liberian reality is given, far from the revisionist accounts of the conservative and reactionary forces that have interpreted history based on the interest of the minority. The ideas and sentiments expressed in this volume are those that would have created the framework for genuine democracy, popular participation and social justice if the military had not followed its counterparts in certain areas of the third world by doing the bidding of external forces and driving the popular forces from the centre stage of history, thus throwing the nation back into the dark ages of paralysis, , fear and selective inquisition.

The ideas expressed here are those of ordinary Liberians who dreamt dreams of social justice and national dignity but were awakened to a nightmarish reality by those who orchestrate the making of other people’s history to serve foreign interests. These sentiments in the “Voices of Protest” expressed a hope, a vision and another history that will be realized and achieved one day by those who believe in the honour and dignity of the downtrodden people of Africa.

H. Boima Fahnbulleh, Jr.
November 2003
London, England

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REPRESSION IN LIBERIA (H. Boima Fahnbulleh, Jr.) 1974

In this era of worldwide liberation, the Liberian oligarchy has decided to flirt with history. It has instituted reactionary legislations to suppress the Liberian people—hoping that this counter-revolutionary move will castrate the people's determination to move forward to dignity and freedom.

The oligarchy, in its act of banditry has decided to dismiss Liberian professors from the institutions of higher learning for no apparent reason but that they decided to cast their lot with the poverty stricken masses. The oligarchy has even gone so far as to imprison progressive Liberians without trial, thereby, hoping to sap the dynamism of the progressive movement.

In its bankruptcy and utter shortsightedness, this oligarchy--transplanted on Africa's soil at the dawn of the nineteenth century—has decided that the destiny of Liberia is interlard with that of America and not Africa. It has identified with racial bigotry and stupidity in Southern Africa, at the same time masquerading as a defender of the people of Namibia. Like a band of mercenaries, this oligarchy has decided to frustrate the will of the Liberian people to identify with the African Revolution and the anti-imperialist struggle.

With the death of Tubman—U.S. Police Inspector in West Africa—and the accession to the presidency of William Tolbert, a simulacrum of phony reformism reared its head. This was meant to be a ruse to delude the people into believing that a different era was in the making. The oligarchy was successful at first, not because the Liberian people are gullible, but because after twenty-seven years of mismanagement under Tubman, the people were willing to give reformism a try.

But after four years of rule by the 'remnant' of the Tubman regime, the bare necessities for a human existence have not been delivered to the people. Instead, the economic mess generated by international capitalism and stupidly accepted by the oligarchy as the 'darkness before the dawn of a revitalized capitalism' continues to weigh heavily on the backs of the Liberian people.

Now that the people have begun to stir, the oligarchy has resorted to intimidation, coupled with brute force to delay the inevitable day of reckoning. This oligarchy—a wayward offspring of imperialism—intends, against all logic of history to deny the masses the right to a meaningful existence.

But no amount of theatrics can save this bankrupt oligarchy from the revolutionary wrath of the people!

The Liberian people have refused to be onlookers on the unfolding of the African Revolution. They intend to go forward with the rest of progressive Africa to a dignified future—freed from exploitation, racism and imperialist domination.!!

THE AFRICAN PEOPLE WILL WIN!!!

WHY I WAS FIRED (Dew Tuan-Wleh Mayson) 1974

On the 31st of January, 1975, I received a letter from Father Emmanuel Johnson, President of Cuttington College, dismissing me from my position as Assistant Professor of Political Science, on the grounds that my “general conduct” at Cuttington “affects the morale of the college.”

This was my second arbitrary dismissal since my return home in 1971, after five years of academic pursuits in the citadel of imperialism, the United States. In December of 1973, I was dismissed from my position as Deputy Director of the Bureau of African and Asian Affairs in the Foreign Ministry, for “administrative reason.” Some months later, I was informed by the President that the real reason for my dismissal was that I was engaged in “subversive activities.” The evidence purportedly supporting this charge was a dirty sheet of paper on which was scribbled a letter allegedly written to me and one “Toh” by the Sasstown Youth Association.” The letter referred to a meeting we had supposedly held in Sasstown territory at which time it was decided to stage a protest demonstration against the President whenever he visited that territory.

I was taken aback; for not only had I not had any contact with the “sasstown Youth Association” (which I doubt even exists), but since my return home I had not even visited Sasstown! Obviously, I had become the target of a vicious political frame-up. When these facts were made known, the President, evidently embarrassed, dismissed the charge.

It was in these incredible circumstances that I accepted the professorship at Cuttington College. It was in equally incredible circumstances that I was dismissed from the college. Tracing those circumstances now is revealing of the interesting developments that have been occurring in our country in the last few years.

It all began early one morning in December 1974 when I was rudely awakened from bed by the banging on the door of the house where I was staying in Monrovia. The intruder was an Assistant Minister in the Office of the President who had come to bring a letter requesting my presence at a meeting that morning with the President.

I was in no mood for being awakened at such an un-Godly hour. We were all thoroughly exhausted after a week of intense organizational activity for COLIDAP (Citizens of Liberia in Defense of Albert Porte),

the organization set up to mobilize support in behalf of one of the most honest, most courageous and most consistent progressives in our country, Mr. Albert Porte. Porte, who had just published a pamphlet charging Finance Minister Stephen Tolbert with using his position to further his business interests, was being brought to Court by the Finance Minister who had managed to put together a legal team of nine persons, consisting of one senator, two representatives and other high government officials.

Moreover, a group calling itself the “Friends of Steve,” headed by Foreign Minister Cecil Dennis and comprising of top Government officials were already attempting to mobilize public support in behalf of Mr. Tolbert. It was therefore clear that if Mr. Porte were to have a minimum chance in Court, the meager financial but vast moral support of the masses would have to be mobilized in his behalf to challenge the formidable resources already at the disposal of the Finance Minister. COLIDAP was thus organized. The strategy adopted was to hold rallies all over the country at which Mr. Porte would speak and contributions would be collected.

The first rally was held in the market place of Gbarnga City in Bong County. It was a resounding success. We had had only about three days to prepare for the rally, but when I stood on our hastily-built platform to introduce Mr. Porte, I couldn’t believe my eyes. Over 2000 people had showed up for the rally. How could we do this? How—in three days of mobilization—had we been able to attract such a huge crowd in an underdeveloped county as Bong and among illiterate, rural and poverty-stricken peasants?

In the days that followed, we were to pose this type of question many times, the answer to which, however, began to manifest itself with a clarity as bright as the sun. That answer consists, in part, in understanding that the peasants, though illiterate (in English) are not ignorant. They know their interests. And if care and time is taken to talk to them, to engage them in a meaningful dialogue, in a language that they can understand, they will prove themselves equal to the test demanding the most sacrificial tasks.

Mr. Porte took the platform and with his characteristic poise and unsurpassed dignity, spoke to the people about the question of freedom of speech and of the press, about the fact that our leaders should be servants of the masses, not masters. He refused to discuss the issues of the case as it was pending trial, sub judice, as the lawyers like to put it.

With slight variations, this was the speech Mr. Porte was to make at all the subsequent rallies organized by COLIDAP.

When it was time to collect the contributions, people brought whatever they had—money, oranges, cola nuts, etc. One old market woman brought \$5 bill and speaking in Kpelle, said: “This is all that I made today, but we understand what you are saying, and we support you.” Mr. Porte and all of us were visibly moved and barely managed to restrain our tears. It might be relevant to mention here that the week before, the Gbarnga market had refused to buy mesufish because of the hike in its wholesale prices. Perhaps our contributor was among those striking market women.

In the weeks that followed the Gbarnga rally, more rallies were held in Monrovia. Here again huge crowds turned up, and an impressive sum was realized. At the end of Mr. Porte’s speech, the people took to the streets locked arms in arms, and shouting a song that later became known as COLIDAP’s national anthem: “We are tired, Liberia needs justice; we are tired, Liberia needs justice.” The effect of this action on us was electrifying. In the life of our generation, this was the first time we had seen the people take to the streets for an issue not endorsed by the ruling True Whig Party and in a demonstration not under its auspices. Clearly, a new consciousness was emerging among the Liberian people. This people, who for several generations now had grown to be a most apathetic, fearful and cynical public, this people was slowly awakening and beginning to recapture their right to make their own history and to influence the direction of their collective destiny.

As events unfolded themselves with an increasing intensity, it became clear that this heightened consciousness of our people would in the crucible of time and with the inexorable force of logic manifest itself in a great battle cry—a battle cry which would demand a halt to those stultifying neo-colonial arrangements which together operate to maintain us in a most deplorable state of underdevelopment.

And so, not surprisingly, this heightened consciousness among our people, this unusual phenomenon—rallies, demonstrations, free discussion of issues—was greeted with violent hostility. We were summoned before the Court, and our planned future demonstrations were summarily banned. Troops and police, armed with tear gas and sub-machine guns were posted at our rally sites to ensure that our demonstrations would not take place.

It was against this extraordinary background of unusual political activity that I was summoned to meet the President. Accompanied by

Comrade Amos Sawyer (who had also been invited to the meeting), we arrived at the Executive Mansion about quarter of ten. There we were surprised to meet almost the entire leadership of Sinoe County, led by Vice President Greene. Bishop Browne of the Episcopal Church, who hails from Sinoe was also in attendance.

In strong remarks, the President denounced what he termed my “subversive activities.” He accused me of “contributing directly” to the student strike which had occurred that last August at Cuttington, and of teaching “doctrines of tribalism, sectionalism and subversion.” Grave charges! Yes, indeed!! As soon as the President ended his statement, the Sinoe leadership, with the notable exception of the Superintendent and the Bishop, did not even bother to ask any questions as to the evidence to support the charges, etc. Instead, one after the other, they went on to promise unreserved support to the President for “whatever action” he contemplated taking against me. The representative from my home district, obviously convinced of my guilt, told the President how ashamed he was of me!

In my reply, I told the President that all of the charges hurled against me were false and unfounded. With regard to the August strike at Cuttington, I explained that it was initiated and led by the students themselves. As all informed observers know, the strike was precipitated by the students’ refusal to sing at a political rally in Gbarnga at which time resolutions were to be presented to the President, calling on him to accept another term of office. When Father Johnson, the President of the College, tried to make scape-goats of four students identified as ring leaders by suspending them, the students struck, demanding the lifting of the suspension.

Those are the facts about the August strike. However, the tendency to explain Liberian students’ behavior in terms of “somebody who is influencing them” is a perfunctory, time-honored tradition in our country. But if we are not to repeat the mistakes of history, we must avoid resorting to this simple, one-dimensional explanation of our students’ behavior. Such an explanation befits only those in search of scape-goats and those who believe that our students are gullible and can just be swayed by the “man behind the whole thing.” Who was the “man behind the thing” at BWI? Cuttington students, like other Liberian students have their weaknesses. We all agree. But no one can justifiably accuse them of gullibility or naivety.

Moreover, while it might be flattering for one to believe that he is the “man behind” a whole social movement, for me, such a notion must

simply be dismissed; for it, like the “great man” theory of history is elitist, anti-historical and downright unrealistic. Ahmed Sekou Toure has said that “ heroes do not make history.” He is correct. It is history that makes heroes. History does not make the people. It is the people who make history.

When we turn our attention to the second charge, here again we must deny, categorically and unequivocally, that we have taught at Cuttington, or anywhere else, “doctrine of sectionalism, tribalism, etc.” Although we avoid ideological labels, politically we must however be considered as a nationalist and a pan-Africanist. We do not believe that the problems which confront Africa in general and Liberia in particular are tribal/sectional or can be solved on the basis of tribalism and/or sectionalism. Since when did the driving force in history become the tribe rather than class. When tribalism exists in Liberia or anywhere else, it is a maneuver on the part of the governing classes to divide the people in order better to rule them.

When we stop to make an objective analysis of the situation prevailing in our country and in Africa as a whole, we are led to conclude that our problems are by no means tribal or sectional in nature. They are above all else national and continental and will be solved on this basis—and this alone. But we must ask ourselves, seeking an honest answer: who are the tribalists in our country? Is it those like Tipoteh who are always advocating unity of the people for progressive action in our country? Or is it those who are determined to maintain artificial differences among our people and shameful symbols which make for division, rather than unity among the people?

Before we left the meeting with the President, I asked him to institute an investigation into the charges leveled against me. The President replied that an investigation was not necessary and since a New Year was approaching he wanted us to “forget the matter” and help him build a great nation in 1975.

One week later, however, Bishop Browne, deciding to act more Catholic than the Pope, authorized Father Johnson to investigate the charges the President had leveled against me. That was like throwing me among a pack of wolves. Father Johnson put together an Investigating Board comprising of his most pliant cronies. From the beginning, the Board, being without a single piece of evidence to substantiate the charges leveled against me, resorted to a witch-hunting adventure. Thus the Board members, rather than trying to establish the truth or falsity of the accusations against me, decided to give their “impressions” of me.

One of them, Robert Carey, made the most racist, malicious, arbitrary and irrelevant assertions in giving his “impressions” of me. This backward white American who should be at Bella Yala for his racist views rather than at Cuttington, asserted that I wore “fatigues” during a speech, and that somebody told him that I was not singing the National Anthem during the Commencement Program. Other Committee Members in giving their impressions of me made similar ridiculous assertions. Father Johnson said that I do not visit him; Mrs. Florence Walker said that my students call me by my first name; and Father Samford Dennis said I was friendly with a student who had said he was a “revolutionary.” What are we to make of these “impressions?” One can only wonder at what forces drive so-called professional people to making such ridiculous remarks.

As the investigation proceeded, Father Johnson attempted to court students to testify against me. In this effort he failed miserably. I then insisted on having students and faculty testify. To the obvious disappointment and even anger of the Investigating Board, the 3 faculty members and 3 students who finally testified spoke in glowing terms of our “exemplary” behavior at Cuttington, our merits as a teacher, our positive contributions to the Cuttington community and our innocence of the charges. One faculty member sent Father Johnson in an uncontrollable rage when he asked to see the evidence on which I was being investigated. In the absence of any evidence, the faculty member demanded that the investigation be called off.

With an eye to the future, I insisted that the entire proceedings of the investigation be tape-recorded. Unless the Cuttington authorities resort to a “Nixon-style” editing (which is not unlikely) the tapes will remain for posterity to see that I was again the victim of a vicious political frame-up which, far from pointing to my culpability, implicates the Cuttington authorities as agents of political repression.

Faced with the overwhelming evidence of my innocence, the Investigating Board was forced to write a report declaring that its “investigations have not found direct evidence linking Mr. Mayson to the two charges made by President Tolbert.” At the same time, however, the Board, ignoring all standards of logic, reason and justice, went on to recommend that simply because the charges were made by the Government they would not “feel secure” in my continued employment at Cuttington.

When a copy of the report was made available to me by the Bishop (the Investigating Board failed to give me a copy), I fired off a

strongly-worded protest to the Board of Trustees, contending that under our system of justice a person cannot be penalized simply because charges were brought against him, and particularly when those charges are found to be baseless.

Upon receiving the report, the Bishop, rather than call a full meeting of the Board, convened the Executive Committee. But even this body found itself unable to use the findings of the investigation as a basis for summarily giving me the axe. Instead, Father Johnson was told to search for a more palatable basis for my summary dismissal. It was then that the Father wrote the letter dismissing me on the grounds that “my general conduct affects the morale of the college.” Here again, however, he proved inept. Not only did he fail to give any instance of my morale affecting conduct but he also failed to say whether my conduct affected the morale of the college in a positive or negative manner. The Father could not have done otherwise, however. He was well aware that at the investigation both faculty and students had testified that my teaching, research and community-involvement activities had made a positive impact on the Cuttington community. Furthermore, as he also knew, my mere presence, as one of the only two full-time Liberian faculty members had been a morale booster to the Cuttington community whose members had come to feel that Cuttington was an alien institution, transplanted on Liberian soil, and staffed by aliens.

Meanwhile, as the matter remained on appeal to the Board of Trustees, the Cuttington authorities, led by that former United States serviceman, the Dean of Instruction, without giving me any notification, broke into the house assigned me and carted away my belongings. In a letter to the Board, dated 19 March, 1975, I protested this action. I wrote: “As you know, such an action is not only illegal, it is immoral and discourteous. It is even more distasteful when one considers that it was undertaken by a church-sponsored institution of higher-learning. Frankly, I suspect it is a continuation of the veritable witch-hunting adventure which the Cuttington authorities launched against me since last January. I protest!”

But the Board, having carefully shielded its sense of reason, justice and fairplay, ignored all my objections and complaints. And so, at a meeting on 16 April, 1975, over the objections of some of its members, the Board decided to confirm Father Johnson’s arbitrary dismissal of me, but at the same time, it confirmed what most people had been

saying from the beginning: under pressure, the Cuttington Board is not capable of rendering a just decision.

To conclude this account, it is perhaps necessary to put the case of my arbitrary dismissal in its proper perspective and to answer a few questions. In doing this, we must first of all realize that my case is by no means unique. Now, as in the past, numerous people have been arbitrarily dismissed from their positions. In fact, as all those acquainted with our history should know, arbitrary dismissal is the mildest reaction we should expect from those determined to maintain the status quo. If any particularity should be attached to my case, it is only that “it is more ridiculous,” to use Comrade Togba Nah Tipoteh’s suggestive characterization. It is also more revealing of the sad state of affairs which has befallen us—a state of affairs characterized by the abandonment, even by so-called “men of God” and a church-sponsored institution, of all standards of logic, reason and justice for the sake of political expediency.

Secondly, in determining as to who is responsible for my arbitrary dismissal, we must go beyond Father Johnson and his likes. In the politics of our country, Father Johnson and others in his position are “small potatoes.” They are political pygmies of utterly no significance. Father Johnson himself admitted this much to the Political Science students who confronted him over my dismissal. He said that he was “pressured” into firing me.

What is perhaps more important for us is to assess the “Pontius Pilate” role played by a man like Bishop Browne who many people had come to respect for his honorable stance against the much-hated gambling bill. Here was a man clearly in a position to stand up in defense of what he knew to be the truth. However, as the pressure mounted, the Bishop found it safer to “wash his hands,” but by that act he added his name, at least in this instance, to that long list of men and women in our country who always have an excuse when it comes to defending the cause of justice and fairplay; when it comes, in the words of Obi, to “stand up in defense of the poor, the oppressed, the downtrodden.”

And if we stop to examine that list, we shall find that it includes not only the die-hard conservatives and reactionaries in our society; most disgustingly, it also includes many well-meaning men and women who will never stop telling you of their yearnings for more justice, more fairplay, etc. But these people abhor the sacrifices that these principles entail and expect other people to do their dirty work for them. And

when you confront them with the realities of the situation and their permanent lack of action due to the political sclerosis which has overtaken them, they try to take cover under the all-embracing phrase: "What to do?" But is the answer to that boring question—boring because it doesn't get you anywhere—to be found simply by asking it?

Finally, some people have asked why did not the Cuttington community mount a more effective campaign for my re-instatement. Here, we must remember that the Cuttington faculty, for its part, consists overwhelmingly of Peace Corps volunteers and other expatriates who because of their status are easily intimidated. Indeed, the Dean of Instruction, claiming authority from some source, did threaten to deport any expatriate faculty who attempted in any way to secure my re-instatement. As a result, a majority of the faculty was only able to send a letter to the Bishop protesting the dismissal. They were joined in this effort by the political science students who managed to overcome the semi-paralysis which has befallen the student government.

Again, some people have asked why was not a popular campaign waged for my re-instatement. Frankly, we did not think it was worth the effort. If there is any one lesson that our cumulative experiences over the last few years have taught us, it is that we cannot fight every battle or respond to every act of provocation. The tendency to do this is a sign of political immaturity. It results in the dangerous dispersion of one's forces thus ensuring one's easy liquidation.

But the struggle continues. For our part, we shall endeavor now, as in the past, to ensure that we can be relied upon to fulfill our responsibilities in the struggle for the progressive development of our homeland and the total liberation and complete unity of our Mother continent.

**TO LOSE ONE'S JOB IS AN INSIGNIFICANT PRICE TO
PAY ON THE ROAD TO GAINING ONE' FREEDOM.**