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Black Lives Matters, Sometimes

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Bobby Delgado, “Black Lives Matter, Sometimes”

I’m a Chicano (Mexican-American). I grew up in the West End part of a small Texas-German town. Five Black families lived in our *barrio*. I watched Tarzan movies on a black-and-white fuzzy TV screen with my Black friend, Gregory. If the white savior wasn’t swinging from the trees in the jungle to save an African from a lion, he was saving the tribe from evil white men. Beyond the barrio’s border that separated minorities from whites, was the jungle that evil white men had staked out as their territory with *graffito*.

I could have written a song about all the posted “white only” signs that greeted us when we ventured beyond our borders. There were “white only” signs at the park’s Olympic pool, at privately owned restaurants, and even at the Saint Peter and Paul Catholic Church. Everywhere we looked there were signs that said, “Don’t do this, don’t do that!” The school hallway signs read “No speaking Spanish!” The sign posted inside the Brauntex Theatre directed Chicanos to the top balcony. However, Gregory, like a faithful pet dog, had to wait outside the theater door till we came out, because the sign at the entrance read “No Negroes beyond this point.” At the downtown Woolworth store, I could sit at the counter and enjoy my malt served in a glass cup, but I had to carry Gregory’s malt to him in a throw-away styrofoam cup. Everywhere we went, I had to serve Gregory “outside.” Having a white complexion had its advantages. Like Harry Potter’s cloak of invisibility. I often went unnoticed in “white only” establishments.

At 19, I left Gregory behind when I boarded a prison bus. In 1974, prisoners were segregated. There were no women guards, and if there were Black guards, I don’t remember seeing one. In clear violation of state laws that prohibited prison officials from using inmates as guards, prison officials were *using* inmates as guards. They armed these prison guards with knives and baseball bats. The brutal inmate-guard, or building tender (BT) system as it was

called, was composed of thousands of turncoat inmates who had betrayed their fellow prisoners to serve the white racist administrators. The top echelon of the BTs were composed of whites, and the lower end composed primarily of Black BTs, and a handful of Latino BTs.

It annoyed me then and still annoys me today when I hear Black inmates degrade one another by addressing each other as “Niggers.” They further degrade themselves by addressing the guards as “Boss Man.” It’s the Southern slave mentality. Behind the warden’s desk was a Confederate flag. In the Klansman cellblock, the white two-inch line with bold black letters at the cellblock entrance told Blacks how far they could go, “No niggers beyond the white line.” The Black dolls hanging from a noose on the Christmas trees and the blood stains on the baseball bats told you it was no bad joke. *The BTs were the lions in the jungle.*

Blacks who couldn’t keep up with the work pace were forced to stand next to burning bonfires with heavy branches on their shoulders. When the wind shifted and they fell to their knees, the guards would beat them with horse reins until they stood back up. The BT’s torture techniques included everything from testicle plummeting, to burning the soles of a prisoner’s feet with a lit cigar, to forcing prisoners to stand barefoot in the sitting water of a stainless-steel commode and then dropping the bare wires of an electrical cord in the water. *The BTs unquestionably controlled everything by instilling fear.*

There were no Blood or Crip gangs. In fact, there were no gangs, but that was about to change. Attila the Hun used to tell his victims, “O’man, what great sins have you committed that God would send the likes of such as I as your punishment?” When Texas officials failed to stop the BTs from beating, torturing, raping, and killing prisoners, God punished them. The Chicanos responded by creating their own monster. *The birth of the Texas Syndicate gang was a necessary evil to a greater evil.*

To God, “All lives matter,” for He said, “I wish all men to be saved.” **But we were not saved.** It was nothing personal when I stuck my aggie blade into a Latino BT’s head, or when I stuck my steel rod into a Black BT’s gut. It was just the law of the jungle. To us, the lives of those turncoats who had betrayed their race and sided on the wrong side of a cause, *didn’t matter*. So, not all Latino and Black lives matter!

Let’s be real. There’s trash in all the races. If Adolph Hitler’s Holocaust victims rose up to testify, or if Texas serial killer Samuel Little’s hundred plus victims rose up to testify, I’m sure they would agree that the world would have been a better place had this trash been taken out. Here is where people disagree. Like the saying goes, “One man’s trash is another man’s treasure.” Hitler was the symbol of white supremacy, and Donald J. Trump the symbol of white nationalism. Their ideology doesn’t condone co-existing with other races. But they realize they can’t win elections, nor fight wars, without the help of the turncoats among us. What Hitler wrote in his book, *Mein Kampf*, he practices. The blueprint for Hitler’s success was to use people of an impure race to achieve the goals of the pure white race. Hitler turned to the Italians and others of an impure race to achieve the Nazis’ goals, just as “Uncle Sam” turned to Mexican Americans, Blacks, and migrants to help fight against Hitler’s armies.

History tells a story. Black lives didn’t matter to the turncoat “Uncle Tom” slaves that betrayed their own Black race by serving as the eyes and ears for their white plantation masters. Black lives didn’t matter to the turncoat Black soldiers who fought on the side of the confederacy to keep slavery alive. Black lives didn’t matter to the turncoat Black BTs that betrayed their own race by serving as brutal enforcers for their white masters. And Martin Luther King, John Lewis, and other Civil Rights leaders must have turned over in their graves when their cause was betrayed by Blacks who cast their vote for Donald J. Trump! *Turncoats are all about me, myself,*

and I. The Black Klansmen in our midst are the reason why slavery and systemic racism still exist!

During the Covid-19 pandemic a lot of Black people and Latinos died from listening to the red-haired clown with the balloons. Herman Cain, a presidential candidate in 2012, led a group called “Black Voices for Trump” to a Trump rally in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Cain wore no mask. Cain laughed and hugged others while ignoring social distancing. Two weeks later, the invisible enemy claimed Cain’s life.

Even children like climate activist Greta Thunberg and anti-gun activist Emma Gonzales have figured out what the clown and his admirers are up to. It was the teenage girl in the horror movie *It* who figured out what the red-haired clown wanted to do to them. “Don’t you see what he is doing to us?” the young girl told the boys, “It wants to divide us!” And this is exactly what the clown with his lies and hate-filled messages did. The clown at home broke marriages and friendships. The clown divided the nation along political lines, separating foreign nations that had been friendly with the United States and embracing tyrant dictators, hostile toward the U.S.

In 2016, Donald J. Trump rode into the White House on the 6% black vote and the 28% Latino vote. Without the 6/28 percenters’ vote, Trump would have never won the presidency.

The clowns, the psychopaths, the racists and the incompetent white politicians can’t win elections and wars without the minorities. It is the turncoats, and those who don’t vote, that are largely to blame for the stain of systemic racism that exists today in our government institutions.

The things that should qualify someone for a top government position – integrity, dignity, and competence – were all lost when President Joe Biden was focused on positioning women and people of “color” in his administration. What does color, or being a woman have to do with any of this? What does being of color, or being a woman, have to do with erasing systemic

racism from our institutions if the appointed women or people of color have never championed noble causes, or had their feet on the ground like Martin Luther King, John Lewis, or Cesar Chavez? Who is Kamala Harris? The lesson we should have learned is that sometimes, the problem of systemic racism is unprogressive people of color, or women, in office.

The Black Klansmen like Kentucky's Attorney General, Daniel Cameron, who handled the Breonna Taylor case, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas (who then-Senator Biden actually defended against Anita Hill's sexual accusations) and others, have been repressive toward people of color! So, we should be more focused on a person's background than on a person's gender or race in choosing a candidate in upcoming elections. *It's not who someone says he or she is, it's what he or she has done that speaks volumes about them.*

Genre: Autobiography/Essay

Tags: Prison life; race/racism; race traitors; Latinx; gangs; reform; US politics; popular culture (film); Texas syndicate; brutality; torture; building tenders; convict guards; Donald J. Trump; Nazism; Hitler