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Black Perspective

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EDITORIALS

The struggle between the Vietnamese people and the United States imperialists has no American historical precedent. It is an example to the world that a superior form of political organization and ideology cannot and will not succumb even to the power of the most advanced capitalist technology in the world. All the military power of the United States has already been proved ineffective in holding back the struggle for liberation by the armed people of the Republic of Vietnam.

The overall strategy of the Vietnamese follows Mao's concept that revolutionary forces must begin their work in the countryside, where the government forces are weakest, and avoid the cities until adequate popular support has been mobilized. This concept has been used in conjunction with propaganda campaigns. Viet Cong attacks have almost always been accompanied by propaganda teams which explain, depending on the situation, why an official has been killed, how evil and corrupt the puppet government installed by the U.S. is, and how they intend to improve the lot of the peasant. These teams express to the people in the villages the aspirations and beliefs of the NLF and the people within the struggle. This has led to a merging of the guerrillas and the people as one. The result is that the villagers support the NLF either materially or at least harbor sympathies towards the movement.

The method of warfare used by the Vietnamese is that described by Mao in his "On Protracted War." His theories state that the war will be long, and will be divisible into three definite stages, whose length cannot be predicted. In the first, given the initial superiority of the enemy, the revolutionary forces must be on the strategic defensive, while the enemy holds the strategic initiative. During this phase, the Communists must be willing, if necessary, to trade territory, industries, and population for the preservation of their weak military forces. They must be prepared for long retreats, during which they may temporarily grow even weaker. The enemy, however, will also be growing weaker because of harassment by the guerrillas, weakening morale,

and increasing unfriendliness of the population. The next stage will begin when the enemy stops his advance and concentrates on holding territory and consolidating his gains. During this second period, as in the first, guerrilla action will be the chief form of warfare, while the regular revolutionary forces are being trained, and equipped for the final stage of the war — the counteroffensive, the objective of which will be to annihilate the enemy.

The psychological indoctrination of the guerrillas makes them capable of enduring extreme hardships. The forces of the U.S. are not capable of matching these efforts. The people of Vietnam have opposed the will of the American imperialists to such an extent that the Americans are forced to show their true nature, that of racists and barbarians. The type of warfare, the inability of the Americans to conquer the Vietnamese people, coupled with the decaying of the morale of their soldiers, have put the interventionists in such a precarious position that they have to resort to extreme measures in order to halt the process of liberation, as if they could. Firing squads, destruction of villages and the massacre of the inhabitants within them, have been some of the methods used to try to put fear into the hearts of the people. But these measures will be used to no avail.

The resistance of the Vietnamese people has exposed to the world the brutality and viciousness hidden behind the myths of "opulence" and "representative democracy." By their heroic resistance, the Vietnamese have reawakened a socialist consciousness in the West which has been dormant since the beginning of the Cold War. The Vietnamese are aware of the importance of their struggle. They realize that an American defeat would give a badly needed upsurge to the revolutionary movements in Asia and Latin America. The possibility of a Latin American revolution on the doors of the U.S. itself is existent. We, the progressive people of Latin America, are indebted to the Vietnamese people for this. We express our solidarity with them and wish them complete success in their struggle for liberation.

Ed Diaz
Hispanic American League

GENOCIDE

WHAT IS GENOCIDE?

Genocide (geno-cide, race killing) is the planned, intentional systematic destruction in whole or in part of a national, ethnic, racial or religious group.

WHAT IS THE U.N. CONVENTION?

In 1948 the U.N. General Assembly all voted (with the help of U.S. delegates) to create the U.N. Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of Genocide. The basic purpose of the treaty is to make genocide an international crime whether committed in time of peace or war.

U.S. FAILED TO SIGN

In 1970, 22 years after the creation of the convention, the U.S. and South Africa are the only two major nations which have not signed the Anti-Genocide Treaty, 75 other nations have already signed it.

U.S. POSITIONS

In January, 1970 the American Bar Association, constant opponent of the treaty, voted 131 to 129 not to have the U.S. sign the treaty.

Senator William Proxmire (D-Wis) — "Senate failure to debate and ratify the genocide convention can only be construed by our enemies as evidence that we have indeed something to fear." (AP reports)

Richard Gardner, Columbia University law professor — "The Convention . . . requires specific intent to commit genocide. Therefore, it does not apply, as some have suggested, to racial discrimination, to segregation or to American military operation in Vietnam . . . At a time when our commitment is being questioned by some of our own people as well as by some overseas, it is particularly important that we ratify a treaty so fundamental in importance and so thoroughly consistent with our national purpose." (AP reports)

BLACK PERSPECTIVE

Co-Editors MARSHA DARLING
CHRISTOPHER THOMPSON
Typing VALDA GERALD
Secretary MICKEY McCOVEY
Staff: Claudette Berkel, Jimmy Butler, James David, I. J. Diggs, Doreen Dow, D. R. Dow, Jake Ford, Littleton Camb, Lois Graham, Jose Hernandez, Dwight Jackson, Clyde Lewis, Terri Lomax, Carlos Morales, Carolyn Powell, Marilyn Procopo, Malik Rahman, John Ray, Fabian Rivera, James Samuels, Gloria Schauder, Cortland Summey, Eric Washington, Preston Watts, Regina West, Gloria Wiggins, Willie Wilson.
Contributing Faculty JOSEPH R. HARRIS
Art LESTER PRICE
Photography ROBERT YOUNG
Faculty Adviser MR. DONALD WILLIAMS
Technical Consultant DR. BERNARD BLAU

WE CHARGE THE U.S. WITH GENOCIDE THE UN CONVENTION LISTS AS GENOCIDE:

1. Killing members of a group.
2. Causing them serious bodily or mental harm.
3. Deliberately inflicting upon them conditions of life calculated to bring about their physical destruction.
4. Imposing measures to prevent births within their group.
5. Forcibly transferring their children to another group.

CURRENT EXAMPLES:

1. Vietnamese, Indians, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, etc.
2. Police brutality, starvation in the midst of plenty.
3. Inhumane, inadequate health "services," discrimination, exploitation in housing and land use, "debtors" prisons, inadequate welfare services, black death rate 7 years lower than white in U.S., authorities permit free flow of drugs, alcohol and Mafia activities.
4. Welfare recipients encouraged or "forced" to use birth control, Peace Corps birth control programs in India, sterilization programs overseas and at home.
5. Bussing to schools, culturally, spiritually and mentally programming youths to fit into the defense-oriented system, opposition to community control of schools.

SOME READINGS

We Charge Genocide—American Bar Association, Report by the Section of Individual Rights and Responsibilities (Recommendation that the U.S. sign the Genocide Convention).

National Commission on Civil Disorders — Kerner Commission

The Vietnam Reader — B. Fall and M. Raskin
International Dependency in the 1970's — Africa Research Group, Cambridge, Mass.

Who Rules America, Domhoff
The Power Elite — C. Wright Mills
The Murder of Christ — Wilhelm Reich
Listen Little Man — Wilhelm Reich

Nature and Intelligence — Lao Tzu
Essays of Tolstoy

Thou Shalt Not Kill — Tolstoy
The Kingdom of God Is Within You — Tolstoy
Gandhi's Autobiography

The Biography of Mahatma Gandhi — Fischer
Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community — Martin Luther King

WHAT WE CAN DO

1. Support local, state, national and international efforts to encourage U.S. signing of the anti-genocide treaty.
2. Support efforts to establish a new international court with power to resolve conflict.
3. Study our communities to identify and locate cases of genocide and organize to fight it.

COMMUNITY SERVICE PROGRAM

By DWIGHT JACKSON

It is a known fact that many people feel that college should play a more important role than it has in the past. I feel that the college for the most part is isolated from the community. Most people in the community feel that the college is a scapegoat and a stepping stone from reality. Most people coming to the college use the expertise and skills presented by the college to move upwards from common community life. I feel that the college should be and can be the focal point of the community. All of the expertise and skills learned should be channeled back into the community to try to alleviate present and future problems of the community. After the college channels its skills and expertise back into the community, the college will become a liaison and a focal point of the community. The community services program will attempt to be the college and community together. Some of the effort in the community service program will be to get more financial aid and housing for the students from the community attending the college. The program funding area will try to fund small programs stemming from the community. The Day Care Center, for example, will service both the college and community. With the help of all people the community services program will be a smash success in alleviating some community problems.

"Power to the people and what it means"

Power to the people to me is more than just a saying. To different people it means different things. To one person it might mean one thing, to another something different. Some people see it as just another saying. When said to me, I take it as words with very important meaning behind it. It is used as a shield to move onward. Something to keep me moving in a positive direction in this highly complex society. Power to the people is the priority of the minority groups here in the U.S. and all over the world.

Dwight Jackson

BLACK and WHITE

BLACK & WHITE IN OUR SOCIETY ARE SYMBOLS FOR A STATE OF MIND AND A SET OF VALUES

The two symbols, Black and White, throughout the western civilization, teach that Black is evil and white is virginal.

In our beautiful country of justice and equality, one of the best known dictionaries, Webster's defines Black as sullen, hostile, forboding, as Black looks. Words in our American language with the word Black in it usually have some connection with evil doing; such as Black book, Black mail Black list, Black leg, and Black flag, not the roach spray.

The same dictionary defines Black's opposite White as without evil intent; relatively harmless, as a white lie.

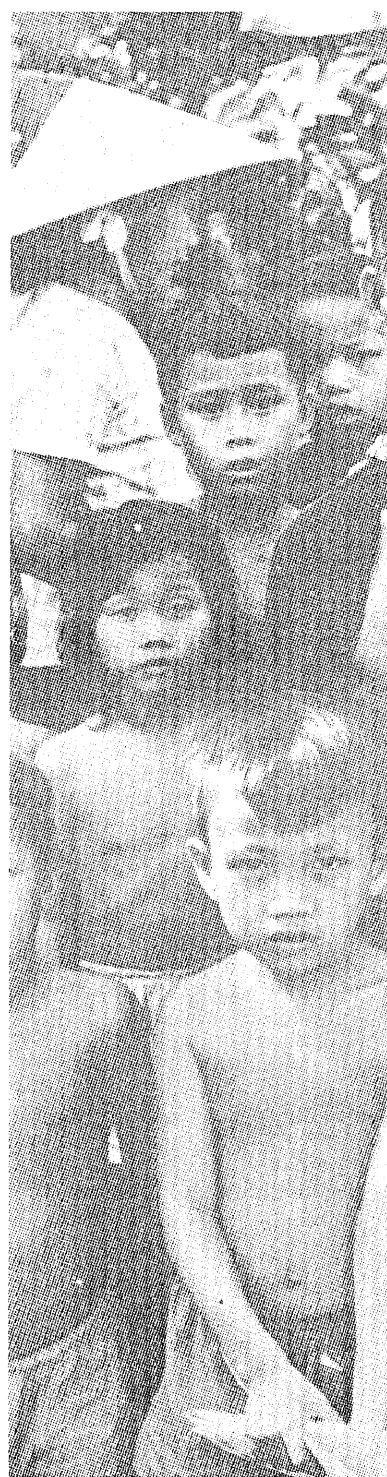
The splitting of the two symbols has kept and will continue to keep Black and White separated until both learn to accept one another as just fellow human beings with the same wants and needs that every animal on this earth is born with.

Both Black and White value their lives and their families. We both need love, feel pain and value life, which can be maintained only by coming together.

— Anonymous —

LETTER TO A NORTH VIETNAMESE SISTER FROM AN AFRO-AMERICAN WOMAN

SEPT. 1968



Dear Sister:

We know full well that the power structure of our country is so threatened now by you, the great vanguard of this historical period, and after Chicago, by a rapidly awakening minority of U.S. citizens. It will strike out and we blacks with our historical memories of the reconstruction period gird ourselves along with the knowing oppressed whites.

In the 1880's and on we were slaughtered by the petit-bourgeois whites, those frightened fascists in white hoods. We don't overestimate or underestimate the enemy. We know his pattern and ours as well. We gave up; we submitted to what we saw as overpowering force. We were disorganized slaves. We went back to the land we did not have the power to own.

In 1920, a large group of us, mostly petit-bourgeois blacks who had trekked from the South, almost physically starved, decided in our new semi-opulence of the Northern cities (we were eating) that we could not gain power in this country and we wanted power and affluence. So we would go to Africa and become "kings and queens" over the natives here. Liberia had already been established. The government had helped groups of Afro-Americans to establish one of the first U.S. neo-colonies in Africa.

But this was a different historical period. The great white entrepreneur denied his new wage slaves and consumer market the opportunity. Marcus Garvey, the famous Black nationalist, was summarily done away with, jailed and dropped from history. We permitted this. We did not go to Africa; a few were left to dream about it.

The historian and intellectual W. E. B. Du Bois formed the elite thinkers of a Negro movement. This movement developed into the NAACP, a bourgeois organization with which you are familiar. It exerted the kind of pressure, integration, that the well-versed imperialist could deal with.

The international capitalist had learned from his experience of colonization how to deal with rising expectations. Let the small middle class integrate, school them well in the role of puppets, and they will make excellent overseers — hence the Supreme Court decision of 1964 to integrate schools.

Meanwhile he persecuted those bourgeois, like Du Bois and Paul Robeson, who were not taken in. Those were the middle-class Black radicals who had analyzed the system as the enemy but had not the resources or followers to unite with the poor Blacks. Like Nkrumah, they saw the opportunities socialism could offer their people.

In the late fifties and early sixties a new generation of Blacks without historical awareness and seduced by the prospects of education and integration moved forward on the backs of the poor Southern Blacks in Birmingham, Alabama. The great bus strike provided the opening for the opportunistic Southern middle-class Negro to move forward on the results of their nonviolent marches. Martin Luther King was brought in by the less charismatic Negroes to lead the movement. The capitalist system was not supposed to be overturned, just reformed so the Negro caricatures of a middle class could enjoy the crumbs of what the U.S. pillaged from Latin America, Africa, and Asia.

The international capitalist wisely supported this movement while the weaker and more lower-

class domestic capitalist saw his social and economic interests threatened. The local oil interests, progenitors of LBJ, the labor monarchs, now a labor elite to socialize occasionally with big industrial leaders of the East and the white lower middle class, made semi-affluent through war contracts, fought this rise of the Negro middle class. Du Bois, too long persecuted by the U.S. government, escaped to Ghana, where he died a Communist. Nkrumah would be overthrown in 1965 after the publication of his book, Neo-Colonialism, the Last Stage of Imperialism, exposing the new European and U.S. colonization of Africa and the need for African unity under socialism. Mrs. Du Bois would flee to China and Nkrumah to semi-socialist Guinea.

The petit-bourgeois Black in the North, who had by now turned to hustling and had been educated in our great Black universities, "whitey's jail," modified his Back to Africa dream. The Nation of Islam or the "Black Muslims" would have their separate state here. The lower middle class and their domestic capitalist supporters saw the opportunities such separation would give them. The class-race struggle would diminish and they would have a colony, with a small and crippled capitalist economy they could exploit — much like "The Fraud of Separate Development, Feathering the Nationalist Seat," analyzed by Goyan Mbeki in South Africa, The Peasant's Revolt.

. . . with the establishment of Bantu authorities, the government could try and break down by forcing the chiefs to comply. Many have been the techniques that the chiefs have employed to implement government policy against the will of the people, but they have not broken popular resistance and their conduct has increased it.

But Malcolm X, a brilliant Black humanist, revolted from this essential betrayal of the oppressed, his damned brothers and sisters. He began to teach, educate, and awaken thousands of Black North Americans, to the wider factors in our oppression, the international oppression by the U.S. of poor dark people and their rising revolt. He reflected our depth, our human wealth and beauty. He gave us back our roots, our history, and he connected us with the world revolutions. When he turned inward to the monster and identified him as the real enemy, he was assassinated.

Many had heard Malcolm X from all classes, both Black and white. Another generation had come forth more historically aware and with eyes turned both toward the world revolution and the monster counter-revolutionary oppressor in whose belly they had been born. They began to analyze, to study, write and act to confront the monster, the United States. The young Black man thought unity necessary to the freedom of the Black colonies or ghettos. We are still in the period of trying to bring the middle class and the poor Blacks together in a united front.

Meanwhile the moderate Negro middle class, now more sophisticated through its integration struggles and like the labor unions of the thirties and forties, intent on keeping its hard-won petty privileges, moved to co-opt the awakening Black poor. Martin Luther King moved into the struggle of the poor laborers in Memphis, Tennessee, to unionize themselves. The lower-middle-class whites would not stand for this incipient social and economic competition. They assassinated King.

The Black United Fronts and (Continued on Page 5, Col. 3)

BLACK ORANGE JUICE

By GLORIA WIGGINS

In Africa today, the colonial era is rapidly drawing to a close and the continent is now largely made up of independent states. These states have inherited the boundaries established by European governments who partitioned the land in the 19th century, and these boundaries are likely to remain for some time.

By the year 1957, aside from Liberia and Ethiopia, there were six new independent countries . . . Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Morocco, Sudan and Ghana. In the intervening years some twenty-four new African nations have been created.

Africa, as you are aware, is a large area. The second largest continent: it contains 11 1/2 million square miles . . . nearly four times that of continental U.S. Its variant terrain is the home of more than 220 million people of many races and a wide variety of cultures. In the North are the ruins and remnants of classic civilization. In the South, there have been more than 300 years of European occupation and of struggle between the African and the European who made his home in Africa.

In 1957, in a part of the world called the most civilized, a negro was refused a glass of orange juice in a restaurant. This turned out to be the not trivial repetition of a familiar injustice, but a globe circling incident. This negro was Komla A. Gbedemah, then Finance Minister of Ghana, who was in the U.S. to represent a meeting of the International Bank and Monetary Fund, (Ghana was the first tropical African State to win independence). Within two days of his encounter with what is called "Jim Crow," he received an urgent invitation from President Eisenhower and the then Vice President Nixon, whom he had entertained at dinner in Acra earlier that year. It was reported that the White House in Washington, D.C. tactfully omitted orange juice from the breakfast menu.

SEVEN PRINCIPLES

By KAYLANA KARENGA

NGUZU SABA

(The Seven Principles)

1. UMOJA (UNITY) To strive for and maintain unity in the family, community, nation and race.
2. KUJICHAGULIA (SELF-DETERMINATION) To define ourselves, name ourselves, and speak for ourselves, instead of being spoken for by others.
3. UJIMA (COLLECTIVE WORK AND RESPONSIBILITY) To build and maintain our community together and to take our brothers and sisters problems and to solve them together.
4. UJAMAA (CO-OPERATIVE ECONOMICS) To build and maintain our own stores, shops and other businesses and to profit together from them.
5. NIA (PURPOSE) To make as our collective vocation the building and developing of our community in order to restore our people to their traditional greatness.
6. KUUMBA (CREATIVITY) To do always as much as we can, in the way we can, in order to leave our community more beautiful and beneficial than when we inherited it.
7. IMANI (FAITH) To believe with all our heart in our parents, our teachers, our leaders, our people and the righteousness and victory of our struggle.

1. SELF
2. HOUSE (Family)
3. COMMUNITIES — place where we share common values
4. NEIGHBORHOOD — group of people who share common values
5. NATION — group of communities practicing common values
6. RACE
7. THIRD WORLD

3 ENDS OF BLACK POWER

1. SELF-DETERMINATION
2. SELF-RESPECT
3. SELF-DEFENSE

THE SEVEN CRITERIA OF CULTURE

1. Mythology (Religion) — An answer to the origin of things and "the chosen people" concept — necessary for a good self-concept Zulu, Jews, Japanese, Aztecs.
2. History — a continuation of mythology in more human terms. A record of images, events, and issues to reinforce the self-concept. "History writers" write what the power structure dictates. Only a people can write its own history — others by necessity are "history writers."
3. Social Organization — a means of socializing through teaching the roles and concomitant responsibilities — family structure/social groups.
4. Economics Organization — ways and means of providing goods and services. Systems: Capitalism, Communism, Socialism, UJAMAA (African Communism)
5. Political Organization — A system of obtaining, maintaining, and using power-political forces, political parties. Democrats, Republicans and Black Panthers.
6. Creative Motif — A dominant theme or attitude which expresses itself in art, music, literature, technology, etc. Determine the emphasis of a culture — European: destructiveness and technology — war machine-literature — the tragedy-great arts — the crucifixion. Ours must be revolution — change; music (Trippin'), revolutionary poetry (Jones), revolutionary concepts (US) based on tradition and reason, i.e. foundation and movement. From a foundation and movement. From a foundation we move and create new values from that movement.
7. Ethos — a dominant characteristic of a group based on other areas and their emphasis. Jews — finance and education; French — sex and reason. Bloods soul and physical education's need soul and Education — we won't sell our soul for money and machines, but need education to compete in western world.

On Eldridge Cleaver, By Kathleen Cleaver



I first met Eldridge Cleaver in Nashville, Tennessee, at a Black Student Conference held by SNCC at Fisk University in March 1967. I was then SNCC's campus program secretary and Eldridge was an invited speaker. What startled me most about him — a brilliant writer, an eloquently lucid speaker, as well as a tremendously handsome and magnetic person — was that he referred to himself as a "convict." Seeing him at the conference as he moved about with supreme confidence, an ease that approached elegance, and a dignified reserve that all combined to give him an air that could best be described as stately, it seemed hard to conceive of this powerful man as a "convict." He exuded strength, power, force in his very physical being. To think of such a man caged up and designated for the dungheap of history was impossible. In my blissful ignorance, Eldridge Cleaver seemed as remote from prison as the moon; he walked the earth like a king. On board the plane from Nashville to Washington, D.C., I wrote a passionate love poem to Eldridge called, "My King, I Greet You," my answer to his Open Letter to All Black Women from All Black Men titled: "My Queen, I Greet You."

My bliss far outlasted my ignorance concerning Eldridge's relationship to prison. Shortly after his arrival in Nashville, the nature of his status vis-a-vis prison began to come to light. He didn't explain to us what being on parole meant, but he couldn't leave Nashville for any side trips during the conference because he didn't have permission from his parole officer. And he couldn't stay any longer than 15 days without returning to California to get a new permission slip signed.

After the student riot broke out in Nashville on April 7, Eldridge was ordered by parole authorities to get on a plane and fly back to San Francisco immediately or be arrested by the Nashville police and have his parole revoked, meaning he would be returned to prison. The authorities' relentless attempts to cage Eldridge, whether by prison or parole against his own driving determination to challenge them with his freedom — over the next two years I saw these two forces clash in irreversibly mounting, violent conflict.

Eldridge Cleaver's political career had begun in prison and his prison activities had won him the undying enmity of the officialdom of the entire state penitentiary system long before he became a target for higher state officials. After spending the first four years (from 1956 to 1960) of his last sentence in San Quentin's honor block, Eldridge left the favored conditions to join the Black Muslims. His friend Booker became the Minister and Eldridge the Assistant Minister of the San Quentin Mosque. Their efforts to organize and educate the black convicts in San Quentin were so explosive that by 1963, the prison officials had plotted their destruction. Booker was attacked by a group of white Nazis in the yard and while Eldridge was trying to protect him, the guards in the gun tower fired at them — the bullet went over Eldridge's shoulder and killed Booker.

Eldridge left the Muslims when Malcolm X was put out and then organized a political group called the African-American History and Culture Class to follow Malcolm X's teachings. Alprentice "Bunchy" Carter, later a Deputy Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party who was assassinated at UCLA on January 17, 1969, was his second-in-command while they were in Soledad together. During a conversation last year, Bunchy told me that Eldridge essentially was held as a political prisoner the last five years he spent in prison. The only reason he was denied parole was his political activities. Eldridge could have stayed in the honor block for a couple of more years, kept silent, and gotten out on the streets with little trouble. But because he moved to deal with the problems of black convicts and black people, because he refused to submit to the well delineated role of slave, he became a victim of the most degrading, dangerous and destructive form of repression this society has devised — that sadistic, insane torture that prison officials visit upon the inmates with complete impunity. It was only Eldridge's tremendous strength which prevented him from being destroyed and broken in prison like the vast majority of convicts. When Malcolm X began to become nationally prominent, a federal directive was sent out to all prisons to watch out for Malcolm X types and destroy them. The prison officials attempted to give Eldridge shock treatment to destroy his mind, but he would fight them off and get dragged to the hole.

Once released on parole from Soledad on December 12, 1966,

Eldridge immediately became a "special study case." He was required to see his parole officer once a week and all his movements were carefully watched, circumscribed and reported. The prison authorities had no intention of allowing Eldridge to live in peace nor to remain on parole for long; the only reason they finally agreed to release him was because they knew — or rather they thought — they could lock him back up whenever they decided to.

A parolee has no privacy, no rights, no independence. Eldridge's parole officer could enter his residence at any time for any reason. He had to submit "monthly reports" on his place of residence, his job, how much money he earned, what kind of car he drove, and so on. He had to receive permission to buy a car. He was not allowed to get married until he had been on parole for six months, and then he had to get a form signed restoring his civil right to marry. Their perversions and their control, both subtle and blatant, were endless. I soon had abundant opportunity to see why Eldridge had referred to himself as a convict when I met him.

On January 16, 1968, about three a.m., the morning before a scheduled Panther rally, the San Francisco Tactical Squad kicked down the door to our apartment, barged in with drawn guns, and ransacked the place. We took that as a warning from the pigs. From then on the harassment of the Party intensified. And with Eldridge's role becoming increasingly important, especially in the Party's collaboration with the white radicals in the Free Huey movement, the focus of the pigs on Eldridge became sharper and clearer.

On April 6, Eldridge spoke at a rally on the Sproul Hall steps at Berkeley. I remember we were walking up Telegraph Avenue toward the campus; the sun was shining brightly and as I looked at Eldridge, with his black leather jacket gleaming in the sun, his black sweater, black pants, black shoes, black hair and black sunglasses, walking deliberately and thoughtfully up the street, he seemed to be cloaked in death. I felt an overpowering sense of dread that I could neither explain nor articulate; the thought flashed through my mind that this was the last time I would ever see Eldridge. But I quickly pushed the thought aside. Of course, we knew that death could come at any minute and we were always prepared to face the ultimate. Any minute Eldridge could be whisked back to the penitentiary — anything could happen.

That night I was waiting for Eldridge to come get me from a friend's house in Berkeley. We watched the 11:00 news and a report came on about a shoot-out with the Oakland police, but no names, no time, no location was given. I remembered my earlier premonition and shuddered, but I pushed it out of my mind again. I fell asleep on the couch by the phone. Many people tried to call me that night but I slept through the calls as if I were drugged. At five a.m., I finally awoke to receive a call from attorney Alex Hoffmann. He told me that Eldridge was in San Quentin and Bobby Hutton was dead.

I finally saw Eldridge at 11:00 a.m. on April 7 in the Vacaville, California, Medical Facility. He was in a wheelchair, completely covered with burns, bruises and cuts, and his foot was bandaged. Since the last time I had seen him, he had been trapped in a burning house on 12th Street in Oakland while a 50-man police assault filled it with 1,000 rounds of ammunition; had seen the pigs shoot Bobby Hutton hands in the air; had been arrested and beaten in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. He was treated for immediate wounds, whisked from the hospital, made to lie on the floor at the Alameda County Jail while he was perfunctorily booked, then rushed to San Quentin where the guard at the prison hospital refused to lift him up the stairs, threw him on the steps and told him to walk before he was admitted to the hospital. Then, early that morning, he was spirited off to Vacaville and placed in solitary confinement under maximum security. His face was bloated from tear gas and his eyes were swollen out of shape. His hair and beard were matted. I watched through the glass windows as he was wheeled down the hall — he looked like a captured giant, a battered war casualty, a caged king. During the past few months Eldridge had begun to refer to himself as the Minister of Information, but here he was, again a convict.

He was so drugged that he could hardly keep his head up or his

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

BLACK RESIDENT

By WILLIE PIERCE

If a Black man was elected president of these so-called United States, he will not be committed to the wealthy industrialists, nor will he be committed to the influential politicians. Yet he will still be a committed president. Committed to the welfare of the people. The Black president will not be interested in being the "bully of the world." For too long the people have suffered the ambitions of the part-time dictators for world dominance, while the backbone of this country is be-damned.

Any educated Black man has the ingredients to be president. He has suffered at the hands of crazy people for his many years and still has his sanity. He has lived on the barest necessities throughout his life, yet he is strong and healthy, with a controlled mind that's soundly stable. From the day to day involvements, this mind and eyes experiences the mucus of a sick society, yet he endures and is capable of love. Therefore, when elected president, he readily knows where his energies are to be devoted.

"True democracy" is his ultimate goal. Not the democracy of the present government whereas the government goes to foreign countries trying to force it down the throats of the foreign people. They know that every time the president delivers one of his messages he is saying "damn the niggers." If the democracy was that good, foreigners would be trying to steal it. The type of "true democracy" a Black president will institute, everybody will be trying to steal!

WHITE WORKER KILLED

DETROIT (LNS) — Patrolman Ronald Gedda used to be a motorcycle cop. He still wears leather boots and walks with a swagger. In 1967 this pig shot and killed a black woman during the Detroit riots, then pretended he had stumbled and shot her by accident. The woman was shot between the eyes.

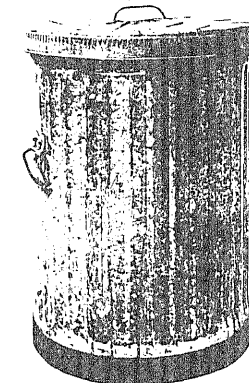
On Sunday, October 11, Gedda shot and killed a young white worker in full view of the victim's family. Charles Calloway was a 24-year old white worker at Chrysler; he also worked part time in a service station. His wife, of Puerto Rican descent, is left with their three children.

According to witnesses, the incident took place when two police officers, Gedda (who is white) and Patrolman William Freeman (who is black) were driving on the alley behind Calloway's house. Calloway was under his car showing the transmission to three black men who were interested in buying it. The policemen got out of their car and went over to talk to Calloway. A fight ensued. The policemen got Calloway down on his back, and beat him for several minutes.

By this time a crowd had gathered. A woman witness, one of Calloway's neighbors, recalled: "The colored cop jumped up and he says, 'Shoot him and get it over with.'" So this red-headed cop (Gedda) got up, backed up a little and he shot him. But the cop didn't shoot him with the gun in his holster, he shot him with a little gun he carried in his belt . . . he couldn't have been over five or six feet away from Charlie when he shot him."

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 5)

Starve a rat today.



¡Mate de hambre a una rata, hoy!

THE CONCERNED BLACK STUDENTS OF STATEN ISLAND COMMUNITY (COLLEGE) OFFER A FREE INSECT AND RODENT EXTERMINATION TO THE BLACK COMMUNITY

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT:
FREE COMMUNITY PEST CONTROL
 995 CASTLETON AVE. (NEAR BROADWAY)
 STATEN ISLAND, N.Y. PHONE NO. 442-5770 (24 HRS SERVICE)

OBJECTIVE: The major objective is to provide free extermination of pests for the community. To research various pesticides, and to determine which will be more efficient in the community. To teach people in the use of various pesticides and equipments such as: aerosol, bird repellents, deodorants, fly controls, fumigants, insecticides (concentrated insecticides (miticides powders, rodenticides, and weed killers).

SCOPE: The long range goal of this (program) is to set up and maintain a workable office where any member of the community can come in and learn various methods of eliminating pests. To put this free (program) in the hands of the community and to apply a self-help concept into the community.

METHOD: a) To establish a workable office in the community. b) To extend the knowledge of extermination into the community. c) To hold classes for the people of the community on extermination. d) To have students and people of the community to disseminate knowledge of free extermination by students. e) To have members of the community to help.

ADMINISTRATION: a) Staff: the students that have taken the initiative to move on this idea. b) Scheduling: This will be maintained by various students who participate. c) Space: Space is a workable office in West Brighton. d) Budget: \$6,00 from Student Government, SICC.

Location: 995 Castleton Ave. (near Broadway), Staten Island, NY
 Phone: 442-5770 (24 hours).



Letter to Vietnam Sisters

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

Black Power, at this point in our history, are in reality a historical continuation of an elite group of moderate and petit - bourgeois Blacks attempting to gain power over the existing urban Black communities. The Black poor are the main population of these neighborhoods. Thousands of Negroes have been able to move out of the center-city slums to the suburbs where they are semi-integrated or have all-Black enclaves of well-kept homes. Black Power is actually power over the poor Black communities, not the more middle-class neighborhoods.

Ideally the exponents of Black Power imply that the poor Blacks can achieve a more comfortable life through the leadership of elite Blacks who will gain for them better housing, education, medical care, and jobs through the manipulation of the white capitalists. Consequently, they threaten to be the new puppet exploiters, moving out the present white-skinned small businessmen, educators, and professionals and installing themselves. Developing an interest in keeping their privileges, they can become like those puppets who in Africa rule the "natives" in the interests of the United States and Europe. In capitalist societies, after all, the profit motive and material incentives motivate individuals, not human need.

The rich and internationally minded capitalists believe this maxim absolutely, as does the labor aristocracy in certain socialist countries; they therefore, support not only the Black Power Conferences but the new school decentralization schemes with limited community control, actually limited and controlled by them.

What Nixon calls the "forgotten American" or the seriously threatened new rich and new middle classes, are again feeling oppressed and sacrificed by the big industrialists and their intellectual university parasites. It is this "taken-for-granted group" that has always directly confronted the rising Negro classes and is beginning to do so again. This group has shown itself to be like all fascists — nondialectical, antihistorical, anti-analytic, and more prone to hysterical reactions to threats from below to its hard-won small social and economic status.

Yet it is strong enough in numbers at certain historical periods when revolution really threatens capitalism to be the necessary class to sustain the imperialists' interests. Correspondingly, this class which oppresses openly in-

creases revolutionary rage and fervor across class and ethnic lines. Hopefully it will force the discipline, patience, and unity to create a revolutionary ideology and party and a base for a real revolution in the United States.

At this point in our history many Black and white women are forming their own class and historical analysis of capitalism. The poor Black woman is the lowest in this capitalist social and economic hierarchy. A few are beginning to see their oppressors as those who mean to keep them bare-foot, pregnant, and ignorant of male oppression. But the fact of white male oppression has already been exposed by certain groups of middle-class white women. Poor Black women have close contacts with middle-class white women through their jobs as domestics, health and social welfare programs, education, etc. They live the reality daily of Black male oppression. Now they fight back in a silent warfare of guerrilla wits and homemade weapons. Some have begun to move toward smashing the myth of Black female social and economic dominance over the Black male. The middle-class white female sees the oppressor as male-ness gone mad, the technocrat, cybernetically programmed, non-human God. This is the warfare state, a dynamic capitalist power requiring periodic wars to survive. Out of a long history of worldwide oppression North American women are being moved by historical forces and exalted out of their slave mentality.

We must speak out at this time from the belly of the monster to all the oppressed throughout the world to tell them whence we have come to join them in the struggle for a new world and a new people.

Please send this to our great and courageous sisters in your country and tell them we embrace them and will do all that is necessary here. First, we must smash the myth of white supremacy. Then together we can work toward smashing imperialism and capitalism.

Let us hear from them soon, as if possible, because some of us as individuals do not have much time and we want to pass on the message to those who will take up our weapons.

We salute you and ourselves, in love and courage.

ONWARD TO THE WORLD REVOLUTION.
 ON THE POSITION OF POOR BLACK WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

Why
 When they ask me why
 I'll say,
 I don't know why
 maybe it was the roaches
 that lived in my crib
 or maybe the rats that nibbled
 my toes
 when I was three
 or maybe my mother
 who cried bitterly,
 scrubbing your floors for fifty-
 cents
 or maybe the maggots collecting
 the rent.
 D. R. Dow

Growing . . .
 the words
 fingers that carass
 lips that hunger
 eyes that want
 heart that aches
 knowing the pain
 it has yet to suffer.
 D. R. Dow

My eyes
 they tear
 into my soul
 a hole
 of emptiness.
 D. R. Dow

Love — 1970
 my brain is burning
 As it soaks in the acid of my life
 my eyes are burning
 as they search for a new begin-
 ning
 my heart is burning
 as doubt seeps in to extinguish
 all hope.
 D. R. Dow

Ezra
 I.
 young blood-sucked
 man
 empty land
 the hatred
 is hopeless
 old man
 bloodless man
 with malignant memory
 II.

mind
 psyched.
 thoughts flushing
 melancholy illusions
 love
 delusion
 a paradox.
 III.

falling
 the ecess
 hyper-echo
 crawl
 walk
 flight
 free
 blasting-pounding
 a glimpse of
 and then it came
 the darkness
 Who has the truth for lies
 I.

Higher
 to the dungeons of hell
 I look
 unto your eyes
 and am crystallized
 by the way things must be.
 II.

Pushed
 back into myself
 mind
 Listening to hear
 from you
 my black brothers
 to hear what my soul demands
 can you stare into my hunger
 black eyes
 and still continue
 with your lies.
 D. R. Dow



Let me say, at the risk of
 seeming ridiculous, that the
 true revolutionary is guided
 by great feelings of love.
 —Che

On Practice

By MALIK ABDUL RAHMAN (LARRY GRANT)

When Black students on the college campus make a critical analysis of the situation they find themselves in, I think they come to the conclusion that they are part of a social environment or social class that is alien to the respective communities from which they come. Checking this shit out and coming to the conclusion that the only way for Black students on the college campus to be in harmony with the Black community, is to respond to the needs and desires of the community.

Black students on the college have proven to be "non-functional." In the past Black students have shown through their practice, or because of their inability to put their theory into practice, that they are more concerned with focusing most of their attention on the college campus, that they lose sight of what the problems are. The reality of the situation is not the college campus but the Black community.

If we clearly understand this, that the problem is not manifested in the dean, president or cannot be solved by five reforms, taking over a building, or setting up Black organizations as fronts.

We should clearly understand that organizing on the college campus is secondary, to organizing for the national salvation for Black people. Therefore if we as Black students are concerned about our people we must move to deal with the community. With our talent and skills we must move to deal with inadequate "medical care," poor health conditions, sub-standard housing conditions, organizing self defense groups, and liberation schools.

For the Black students on the college campus the situation is not hopeless and there is a remedy for the situation, that is first and foremost. Black students must get up off their asses and stop getting hung up in a whole lot of esoteric bull shit that is not relevant to the Black community.

Having an objective and a critical analysis of the situation we as Black students find that our problem is bigger than the college campus. Our problems are manifested in a whole social structure that is systematically mis-educating us, colonizing us, dehumanizing us, perpetrating mass genocide against us and we as Black students seem to be off on a trip, locked up in the ivory towers of the college campus, talking about how we are free.

If we as Black students say that we have a clear understanding of what is happening to our people, and I think we do because it is quite evident through the oral diarrhea the rhetoric, and the verbal masturbatman about the Black community's problems.

In hope of not sounding too redundant it is very important for us to have a clear and objective analysis of the situation, but it must not manifest itself in articulating the problem, but must manifest itself in some practical application to the problem.

Brothers and Sisters on the college campus, I would like to leave you with these words, the only criteria for truth is your practice and not your mouth.

More Line-Up on Angela Davis' Side

NEW YORK (LNS) — The fight against the extradition orders which will take Angela Davis from New York to California, where she faces murder charges, is still going strong. The Emma Lazarus Federation of Jewish Women's Clubs and a group of French actresses and actors headed by Simone Signoret and Yves Montand, have voiced their protest in support of Angela. Both the women's clubs and the performers sent telegrams to New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller calling the possible extradition a "legal lynching" because "in California, Angela has already been tried and convicted of murder and conspiracy — by the mass media."

Black Maids at Berkeley Lead Fight For Better Working Conditions

BERKELEY (LNS) — Waxing floors, washing walls and scrubbing toilets — this is how fifty black women spend their day at the University of California (UC), Berkeley. The women are maids who clean the dormitories. Their salaries are \$50 less than those of the male janitors doing the same work in the dormitories. Male custodians who clean administration and classroom buildings earn as much as \$200 more a month than the women. The male custodians won their higher wages along with greater job security in a strike a few years ago.

The "non-profit" University of California exploits their employees more than most private employers. The women face frequent lay-offs without unemployment insurance. Most of them receive full paychecks only six months a year because of school vacations. Decreased working time not only reduces pay, but also the number of paid sick days and prevents workers from acquiring seniority.

The UC maids, along with the janitors have joined Local 1695 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). Their demands call for equal pay for equal work; full, yearly employment for all; worker control of working conditions, including the right to have staff meetings, and seniority; and the addition of more workers. AFSCME 1695 is also demanding day care for all employees, students and faculty at UC.

Unemployment Hits Young Blacks Hardest

WASHINGTON (CPS) — Not surprisingly, the segment of the working population hit hardest by rising unemployment in Nixon-era America were young Black men in urban centers, according to reports from the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Labor Department. Young Black men between the ages of 16 and 19 showed a rate of 34.9 percent unemployment in the third quarter of 1970.

Total national unemployment in the same period hit 4,341,000 or 5.2 percent of the civilian work force. The rate was 3.7 percent in a corresponding period last year.

In areas designated as poverty neighborhoods, however, unemployment rose to 8.3 percent compared to 6.8 percent a year ago. Unemployment among Black men and other Third World peoples rose by four percent to a rate of 7.9 percent, while the corresponding rise among white males rose by only 2.3 percent to 5.1 percent of the white working force.

ON ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 4)

eyes open, I was reading the reports of the shoot-out to him from the Oakland Tribune and his head kept falling down. I put my arms around his shoulders to support his neck, and every time his head fell on my shoulder, I would kiss him lightly on the forehead. This incensed the guards watching outside; they came in and forced me to sit on the other side of the table. In prison, even a kiss from a wife is against the rules.

After our visit, Alex Hoffmann managed to get Eldridge transferred from solitary confinement to the hospital, where his wounds could be treated. But there was always the fear that while he was in that prison hospital, the pigs could do something to him or give him something to destroy his mind. Vacaville is where men are turned into vegetables. During his entire stay in prison, Eldridge was kept in the Reception and Guidance Center at Vacaville. Usually, a convict is just processed there and then shipped out to another joint. The restrictions concerning visitors, possessions and communication are tightest during this period, and Eldridge was kept there for an indefinite time in order to isolate him from the Party and his friends. Not even an outside doctor was allowed, a privilege we attempted to secure to protect his life.

The two months Eldridge spent in Vacaville were a torture beyond recall. I seemed to live the entire time in a state of suspended animation, more dead than alive. Getting Eldridge out of prison was my sole concern. Chaos ensued in the Party. We were lured into another dimension in time; Martin Luther King had been assassinated April 4 in Memphis and Bobby Hutton had been murdered April 6 in Oakland. Eldridge Cleaver had been wounded and returned to prison.

We initiated a mass campaign to get Eldridge released from prison where he was now confined as a parole violator, facing four years of his last sentence and life imprisonment if convicted on the new charges: three counts of assault with a deadly weapon and three counts of attempted murder. His parole had been revoked by telephone from Sacramento on the demand of the Oakland Police Department. There was no official written revocation of parole for days afterward. On May 8, the Adult Authority finally came up with the charges: possession of a gun, association with disreputable characters and refusal to cooperate with his parole officer. The first charge had yet to be decided in his court case in Alameda County; the last two were transparently spurious — the "characters of ill repute" were members of the Black Panther Party; the refusal to cooperate with his parole officer consisted of a phone call Eldridge allegedly didn't make to his parole officer in April to inform him that he had returned from New York. No date for a hearing with the Adult Authority was set and, apparently, none was even considered.

In May, however, a court hearing was obtained on a writ of habeas corpus filed by attorney Charles Garry. The hearing was held in the quiet, sunlit courtroom of the Solano County Courthouse. In contrast to the massive pig presence in the Alameda County Courthouse, where Eldridge was brought to court in an armored car with a motorcycle guard and accompanied by numerous armed guards, in Judge Sherwin's court he was accompanied by only three prison guards.

To the shock of everyone involved in our campaign to release Eldridge, Judge Raymond Sherwin granted the writ of habeas corpus on June 11, 1968. Paul Jacobs, Dr. Jane Aguilar, Godfrey Cambridge, Dr. Phillip Shapiro and Ed Keating were all there to assist with the \$50,000 bail. The bonding company allowed us to put up \$5,000 in cash and accepted these people's signatures as collateral for the rest of the money.

To me it seemed as if this were a dream. I couldn't believe my eyes as I watched Eldridge being processed for release by the Solano County Sheriff's office. They brought him down the hall where a crowd of people waited to witness this unprecedented event. The sun in the valley had tanned Eldridge to a crisp reddish brown; he was very lean, having lost weight in the penitentiary, and his beard and mustache had been shaven. He looked ten years younger, and as one friend put it, rather "newborn." We drove back to San Francisco and held a brief press conference-celebration in Garry's office. When asked by reporters what his immediate plans were, Eldridge replied, "I want to get reacquainted with my wife."

On June 14, the Adult Authority held a secret meeting to plot their next move against Eldridge, now that their first plot had been foiled by their own state courts. Huey Newton's trial began on July 15.

The opening of his trial marked the culmination of all our intense efforts on every level toward mobilizing mass support for Huey P. Newton. Once the verdict was in, it would be clear exactly what course of action we would have to take.

Eldridge had staked his life on saving Huey from the gas chamber. He had said and written many times that Huey P. Newton would go to the gas chamber over his dead body. He meant every word of it. Every day following the 15th of July was a day closer to the showdown. The Adult Authority was working behind the scenes and in the courts every day to get Eldridge back behind bars. The local pigs, the FBI and the CIA were watching, listening, plotting and lurking around us in all kinds of guises. Eldridge wore the tension like a suit of mail, so heavy it jangled every time he moved. He was in constant motion, never relaxed, never off-guard for a second. He drove many different cars, stayed in many different places, was always on the way from one meeting or conference or appointment to the next, never stopping to rest. Wherever he passed out, he slept; wherever he was at mealtime, he ate. When he needed to change clothes, he'd buy them if he didn't have any with him. This had been Eldridge's pattern of living-organizing-surviving since the day Huey was shot, but now it was escalated to a fantastic pitch.

He traveled all over the city, state and country, demanding the release of Huey and the liberation of the black colony. Outside of working toward these goals, he had no life. His past was prison; his future was prison; the only arena Eldridge could work in was the present, the moment, the immediate reality. From being the key organizer and spokesman of the Free Huey movement, Eldridge moved to become its key victim. The brunt of the retaliation against the Party and against the mass movement involving thousands of people was being taken out on him because he was the most vulnerable, as

OJOS ASTRALES

Puerto Ricans are lovers, and there is nothing more precious to us than our dark eyed, graceful beauties, our women. No one states it better than Jose P. H. Hernandez.

*Si Dios un dia
Cogara toda fuente de luz,
el universo se alumbraria
Con esos ojos que tienes tu.
Pero, si lleno de agrisos enojos
por tal blasfemia, tus lindos ojos
Dios te arrancase,
para que el mundo con la alborada
de tus pupilas no se alumbrase,
aunque quisiera, Dios no podra
tener la noche sobre la nada...
Porque aun el mundo se alumbraria
con el recuerdo de tu mirada!!*
Jose P. H. Hernandez

White Worker Killed

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 5)

Another of Calloway's neighbors, who was standing only two feet away from Patrolman Gedda when he fired, remembers that he asked the cop, "What the hell did you shoot that man for?" Gedda said, "He tried to grab my gun." Calloway's neighbor responded, "How could he grab your gun when you're way back here and the man's sitting there on the ground?" Gedda didn't say anything to that, but he took his other gun out of his holster and pointed it at the witnesses and said, "Stay where you're at."

The incident ended the way many similar police actions are concluded. Having satisfied their bloodlust, Patrolmen Gedda and Freeman radioed for help. Witnesses state that the two policemen were visibly shaken and afraid of the crowd's reactions. The crowd, however, was understandably wary of the cops' guns. Gedda and Freeman then dumped Calloway's dead body onto a stretcher and drove to Detroit General Hospital where he was pronounced Dead On Arrival.

The Detroit News, which is so diligent in reporting any attacks on police, devoted only five column inches to this incident. Rather than getting the facts from witnesses, the News used the police report. The News did not report the beating. It states: "Freeman's (the Black cop's) gun fell from the holster, police said, and Calloway tried to reach for it. Gedda pulled his service revolver and ordered him to stop but Calloway knocked Gedda's gun from his hand and lunged for it, police said. Gedda drew a second weapon and fired once..." Witnesses expressed astonishment and disgust at this fabrication.

The News also states that Calloway's car was parked in the alley, implying that the incident took place outside Calloway's property. For anyone who cares to look at it, Calloway's car has been parked in his backyard, with flat tires, for six months. The entire incident took place on Calloway's property in front of the horrified eyes of his family.

The Police Department has suspended both Freeman and Gedda pending an investigation of the latest incident. But witnesses who went to file a complaint are skeptical. They are afraid that Gedda will be reinstated and transferred to another precinct.

If Gedda gets off on this one and is not transferred out of the 2nd precinct, he had better start wearing three guns.



THE KING

By GENE AND CHRIS

Beware my friend. My name is King Herion, known to all as destroyer of men. Where I first was born no one knows, but I came from the land where the poppy grows.

I'm a world power and I know it's true. Use me once and you'll know it too. I entered this country without a passport and ever since then I've been hunted and sought by pushers, policemen and, uncool dudes and chicks. But mostly by junkies who need a quick fix.

My little white grains are nothing but waste. I'm soft, deadly and bitter to taste. I can make a school boy forget his books and make a world beauty forget her looks. I can cause a good husband to throw out his wife and send a greedy pusher to prison for life. I'm the King of Crime, the Prince of Corruption. I'll capture your soul and cause your destruction. I'm not just a king — I'm a god to behold. More treasured than diamonds, more precious than gold.

COMMITTEE TO DEFEND THE PANTHERS

The war against the Panthers is escalating. It is quite clear that the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell design for destruction of the Black Panther Party has been refined. The Chicago plan has been used in other cities, with shoot-outs in Philadelphia, New Orleans, New Bedford, and Hartford. Outrageous bail is still being set, petty and not so petty harassments continue, even such things as the arrest of young Blacks selling the party newspaper. The horror of Chicago has become the nightmare of America. We — all of us — must use our every resource to help make a reality of America's ideals of humanity and decency. Specifically, we must fight for these imprisoned men and women to receive a fair trial by a jury of their peers. We cannot sit by apathetically and hope that justice will be done. We must come together in support of the Committee to Defend the Panthers to help supply court costs, and to publicize as widely as possible what is going on in the battle against the Panthers — in their homes, on the streets, as well as in the courts and jails.

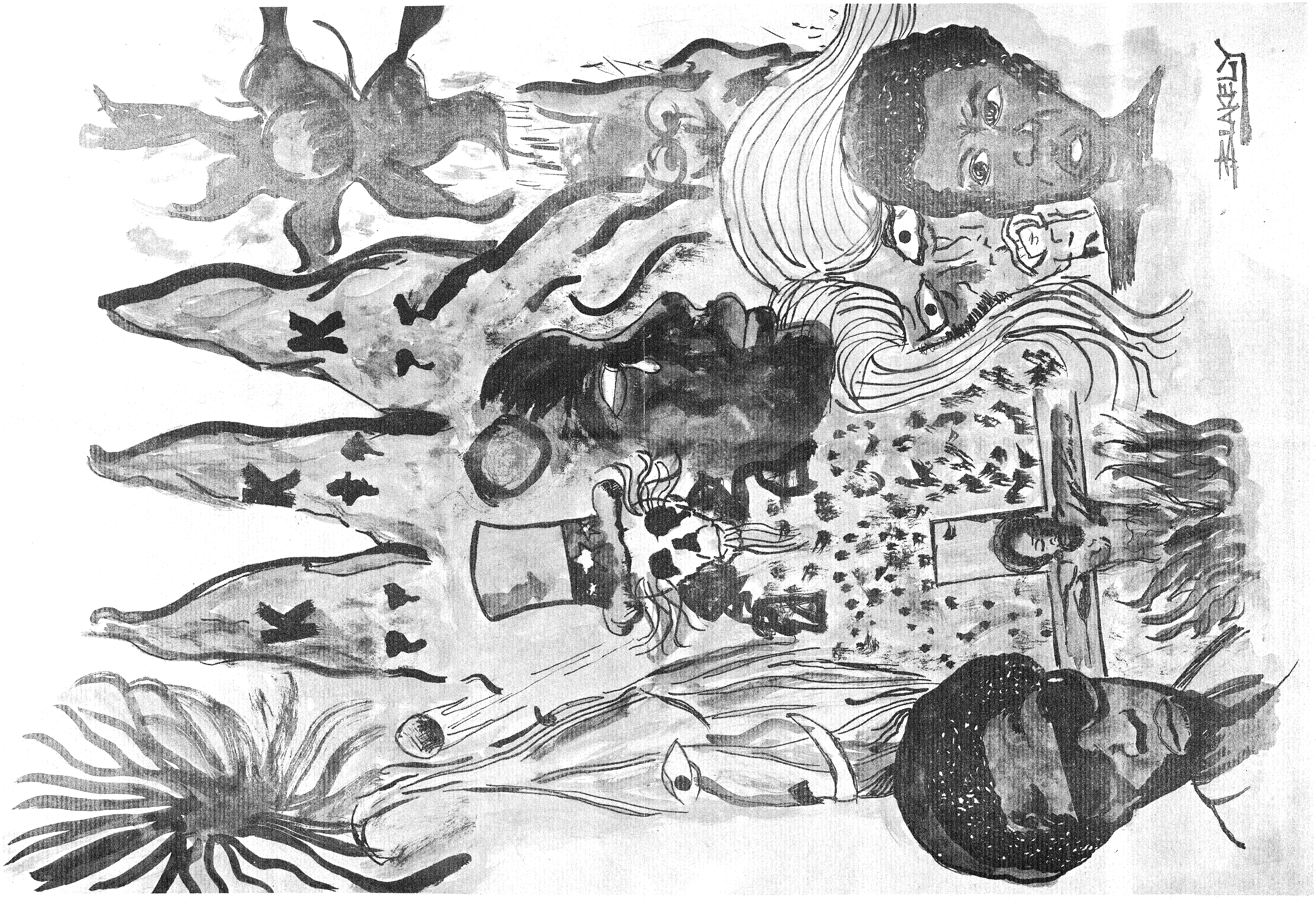
Two crucial trials are coming up. Bobby Seale's and Ericka Huggins' cases are expected to be heard in New Haven in November. And in New York, where the defendants were held for 10 months without so much as a hearing, a jury is being packed as we write, for the New York 21. Enormous costs are involved, even where attorneys are serving without fees, as many are. The importance of these trials can hardly be over-estimated. The defendants must have the best possible legal representation, and the public must be informed about what is going on. Give — the most that you can — and please do it today.

Sincerely yours,
Ossie Davis
Dick Gregory

NOW NO KNOCK

A bill implemented by Arkansas' democratic Senator John McClellan would vastly expand police authority. The new bill provides legal use of bugs and wiretaps against lawbreakers and violence prone radicals. Suspects under the scrutiny of the police would be subject to wiretaps, bugging, and no-knock. The no-knock provision of this bill gives police the right to enter a suspicious dwelling, private or public, without warning. This is on the premise that warning may give suspects time to destroy evidence or prepare for a shootout. No-knock might also infringe on the traditionally private conversation between lawyers and clients, doctors and patients, or priest and penitents. Guidelines in the no-knock are not clearly defined, therefore the bill can be interpreted by courts in any manner.

Whether the measure becomes law or not remains to be seen. It has already been ratified by the Senate. And it's now being reviewed by the House Judiciary Committee. We hope Congress will wait and see.





Requiem For A Revolutionary

By JAMES SAMUELS

A slave of natural death who dies can't balance out to two dead flies
Bunchy Carter

Harvey Nobles' death may have been premature, but it was not unexpected. Death is the fate that may await any Black man who occupies a revolutionary stratum in America. It is the same fate that claimed Malcolm X, Bobby Hutton, Bunchy Carter, Mark Clark, Fred Hampton and all the other Black men who have stood face to face with America and shouted: "No longer will I be oppressed by your dehumanizing system; no longer will I accept the outrages of fascist pigs on the Black community. I want liberation here and now or this country will be leveled by my attempts to gain it." To take this stance in the face of the most powerful technocratic society in the history of the world is the mark of a revolutionary. Harvey Nobles was a revolutionary.

I was privileged enough to see Harvey's transition from just another individualistic jive nigger into a revolutionary. When I first met Harvey last September (1969) at S.I.C.C. he was in a very individualistic bag, only worried about himself and saying later for the revolution. However, he didn't remain that way long. Slowly Harvey became more and more interested in the problem of Black students and more willing to tackle all the problems confronting the Black community.

The circumstances are unclear as to what happened the night Harvey died. Whether the attack was provoked or not, Harvey was murdered by a force that has no right in the Black community at all. The Pigs represent an occupation entirely noted for its brutality and disrespect of the rights of black people.

I hesitate to use the word murdered, because Harvey was not a victim by virtue of being black and revolutionary, he was a combatant, in combat mentally, physically, and emotionally with an oppressive system every second of every day. Even Fred Hampton being shot-gunned in bed while he slept was not murdered, he was killed in action. Whether being shot in the back while walking down a dark street, or being gunned down while sleeping in bed, or even in a full scale shoot out, revolutionaries must be aware that death awaits them anywhere because of their convictions. Malcolm X knew this, so did Bobby Hutton, so did Harvey Nobles.

For his eulogy all Harvey needs is a poem written by another revolutionary who "feels" while performing the act of revolution.

BLACK MOTHER

i must confess that i still breathe though you are not yet free what could justify my crying start forgive the cowards heart -- but blame me not the sheepish me for i have just awakened from a deep, deep sleep and i be hazed, and dazed, and scared and vipers fester in my hair BLACK MOTHER i curse your drudging years the rapes, and heart-breaks, sweat and tears -- but this cannot redeem the fact -- you cried in pain, i turned my back and ran into the mire's fog and watched while you were dogged and died a thousand deaths but i swear on seige night dark and gloom' a rose i'll wear to honor you, and when i fall the rose in hand you'll be free and i a man for a slave of natural death who dies can't balance out to two dead flies i'd rather be without the shame a bullet lodged within my brain if i were not to reach our goal let bleeding cancer torment my soul
-- Alprentice Bunchy Carter

BOOK REVIEW

George Jackson's Prison Letters

\$5.95. Bantam. 250 pages. \$1.50

Let us not patronize George Jackson's prison letters. They are irritating, disturbing, anxiety-provoking, and one reads them as if at knife-point. One would like to fix blame for them -- on society, the author, oneself -- but one can't. One wishes they would go away. They won't. They are introduced by a now all too familiar set piece by Jean Genet, in which he wonders about a judge's power to pronounce sentence: "What then, is this intellectual operation, which changes a simple act (a murder, if there was one) into something quite different; into another death, or a life sentence, or a period of time served?" -- as if two thousand years of legal history were but a muffin. They proceed with an autobiographical epistle by Jackson to his editor, filled with loathing for the "Amerikan" system and what it does to lower-class blacks, but vague on how this system landed Jackson himself in prison (vague at least in comparison with Elbridge Cleaver's insights into his own criminal disposition).

Arguments Are Sophistry

In the letters to his parents, brother, lawyer, and friends that follow, Jackson fails to explain the "incidents" that kept costing him parole privileges (although it should be kept in mind that he was writing around prison censors). He is frequently morally priggish with his parents, writing as if he had posterity in mind rather than his flesh and blood. He contradicts himself on half-a-dozen subjects -- now embracing technology, then damning it; now announcing that "women and children enjoy and need a strong hand poised above them," then discovering Angela Y. Davis. He over-idealizes China, Che's Cuba, the Third World, informing us at one point that temper tantrums don't occur in the Far East because there are no precedents for them. His arguments in favor of violence are sophistry. He embraces revolution without reasoned ends. He speaks endlessly of his profound thoughts, but mouths only ideas received from the standard militant-black catechisms.

Yet, consider the man. As a child he expressed wonder at the first white face he saw and was beaten over the head with a baseball bat for touching it. He was arrested in California at the age of 18 for allegedly stealing \$70 from a gas station, talked into a deal, and then thrown into Soledad Prison for 10 years, seven of them in solitary confinement. He has refused to play games with a system that he says encourages white inmates to beat up and even murder Blacks; in which whites habitually hurl excrement into cells occupied by blacks; and in which, he believes, he would have to admit defeat, be drained of all personal pride, before he would ever be allowed to go free.

Instead he has fought back. He has slept only three or four hours a night, and spent the rest of his time reading, thinking, writing letters, and each day learning five new words, smoking six dozen cigarettes, and doing a thousand fingertip pushups to keep his mind off sex. At first the language of (Continued on Page 13, Col 5)

Black Vets At SICC

By LITTLETON B. GAMB II

Black youth is forced into supporting White America's military force. Some of us give her four years, some three, some two. We survived the racist military force. Then the VA lied to us. They told us we would have educational benefits if we go to their racist colleges. The VA told us we would receive monthly checks to cover our needs in college. The brothers who are at SICC now found out how nasty the VA really is. Its all out in the open now. "The VA bribed the brothers into SICC. The Black Brothers who are presently attending SICC are struggling to avoid flunking out. Why??? Because: we are black, we are hungry, housing is difficult to obtain in this racist Staten Island, no clothes, we are in debt, some of us are forced to do part-time jobs, welfare and unemployment turned their racist backs on us. The VA is supposed to send every Black Vet at SICC a monthly check to cover these needs. It takes 6 months before the VA sends the first check. During this waiting period poor black veterans at SICC are supposed to make it through college on a small jive ass college discovery check. SICC's Administration is not aware of the Black Vets problem. Maybe it's because they don't care. Brothers, this shit must not be allowed to continue. Some one must get off their flunking ass and do something about getting the VA straight, or soon Black Vets might be forced to flunk out of SICC. Black Vets appeal to the Black Coalition to look into our problem. For the Black Vet, to be part of the Coalition or part of SICC, the Black Vet's needs must be met. Black Vets must unite and form a force against the lying VA, welfare, unemployment, racial discrimination in housing at Staten Island, etc. The VA's B.S. must be stopped. BROTHERS ATTEND VA MEETINGS AND LET'S START MOVING TOWARDS OFFING THE LYING VA.



Veterans For Identity

We, the veterans of SICC, have organized a club to meet some of our needs which are not now being met by any facility on campus. Some of the services we plan to offer are:

- 1) Counseling on Welfare, Medicaid and unemployment rights in cooperation with the Community Services organization on campus.
- 2) Information center to disseminate information to veterans through a newsletter on activities, legislation and programs affecting them.
- 3) Organization through which veterans can petition, question, and advise their Congressmen, Senators and other government agencies of their needs.
- 4) An out-reach program to recruit metropolitan area veterans to pre-college and college level courses at SICC.
- 5) And we will provide whatever other services as our abilities to do so increase and as we are made aware of the need.

Our current membership numbers 117. However, our organization will provide services for all of the 724 veterans now enrolled at SICC. Presently we are unable to accept more applications. This is due primarily to a lack of office space which would provide a central base of operations to facilitate all communications and subsequent action within an organization of this size and scope.

By February 1972, we anticipate an active membership of approximately 300 veterans.

Thank you, Littleton B. Gamb II, President, Veterans For Identity

NEW YORKICAN

By FABIAN RIVIERA

Why did you ever come to New York, if you hate it so much? The question was put to me by a particularly good example of a 'middle American,' a fellow I used to work with about two years ago. We had gotten into a discussion about the upcoming primaries for the mayoral race and I was giving him my reasons for not being too especially thrilled by the fact that a Puerto Rican was running. I told him that I didn't believe that Mr. Dadillo could win it, but that if by some stretch of good will and fraternalism he were to be elected, it still wouldn't change things. It wouldn't change the conditions of economic and cultural slavery and rank human exploitation that my people were suffering under in this city.

I tried to explain to him that American colonialism was the reason that I had come to New York. Despite what the history books say, Americans did not come to Puerto Rico for altruistic and democratic reasons. At the turn of the century when the U.S. invaded Puerto Rico, a race was going on to dominate the markets of the world. This race was called "Imperialism."

I further explained to him that ever since Americans came to Puerto Rico our land that produced varied products for everyday meals had been converted into a huge sugar factory, whose owners and the profits they made were far away. In order to get away from oppressive conditions, such as cutting cane all day long for \$1.50 a day or trying to compete for the too scarce jobs in the cities of the island, Puerto Ricans by the hundreds of thousands had made a mass exodus to the land of promise they were taught about in the text books.

Upon arriving at the big city they found themselves thrown into conditions that if anything, were even worse than back in the island. At least in the island there was fresh air and good climate; there was laughter and singing. There was love. Here they got a job slaving in a factory for fifty or sixty dollars a week. Our enemies were the climate, the fact that in winter time our clothing wasn't warm enough. The bad housing we lived in where you froze in the winter and sizzled in the summer. The reactionary press who seemed to attribute all the problems of the city to our presence. The basic tools of genocide, drugs.

After telling him about all these things, it's easy to understand why he said what he said, but there was a part I didn't tell him about.

It's about going to eat 'lechón asado' at my uncle's house on Sunday or going to 'la marcha' on a Saturday night, when the heat of the crowd and the drumming of the timbals gets into your brain and you feel like you can perform the most intricate set of steps and go on forever without stopping for air. It's going for a springtime walk in Prospect Park with a very soft, dark-eyed girl or staying up to all hours of the night, rappin' and listening to Symphony Sid on the radio.

I learned the Pledge of Allegiance when I was seven years old and I recited it for my father and mother; and they were proud because I was a real American. I remember vividly the smell of varnish that my old wooden desk top had at school. You know, the ones with the old empty ink well in one corner and all the crazy initials and drawings all over them.

And I remember the old, lonely Jewish lady in my building; her name was Bessie and she used to give me milk and cookies when I came home from school because there was no one to take care of me--my parents were working. There's a lot of things I remember, and that's why I can't leave.

Choice of Colors??

If you had a choice of colors, which one would you choose my brothers. If there was no day or night, which would you prefer to be right. How long have you hated your white teacher Who told you you loved your Black preacher Do you respect your brother's woman friend And share with Black folks not of kin. People must prove to the people A better day is coming For you and for me With just a little bit more education And love for our nation Would make a better society.

The song Choice of Colors by the Impressions asks Black people a question that I'm sure every Black man, woman and child has asked of himself once in their lives: Would you prefer to be Black or White if you had the choice?

Living in poverty many Black people see the road to success in America or any of the Western countries as a road for white and white imitators only Black means hate, discrimination in jobs, low income, poor housing and an inadequate education for our present day standards.

How long have you hated your white teacher? Who told you, you love your Black preacher? Both the White teacher and preacher are symbols or sources in which we get our knowledge. The white teacher in the Black community is not trained to teach and relate to Black children and their environment and the material taught to them does not relate to Black people therefore, the White teacher is a target for hate for these inadequacies. The Black preacher is supposed to be the king of the community in which all his little children may come and fill his basket for his new Cadillac each year.

Do you respect your brother's woman friend and share with Black folks not of kin. These lines express the feelings of not only the Black movement, but also the Radical movement. I think the word brother can be stretched so far as to mean not only a person of the same race but just another human being showing respect for his woman and sharing with people who have no relation to you.

If you had a choice of colors which one would you choose my BROTHERS?

Anonymous

Separatism

By WILLIE PIERCE

The heritage of the Afro-American is separatism. The Afro-Americans' ancestors, the Africans, were of various tribes which were in constant war against the other. It was more instinct than ambition or competition. The Africans were constantly proving his manhood and his courage to his brothers in his tribe. The tribes were forever proving what they thought was their superiority over the next. Competition and desires to prove oneself greater than the next are factors of separatism. Instead of striving for best tribal relationship or the African proving his manhood and courage by opposing the obstacles that would benefit all, the African was separate and opposed himself.

This same animosity among Africans was brought to this country with the slave trades. On the plantation the Africans competed among each other for the favoritism of his master. In competing for this favoritism, the African salves lied on his brothers, cheated on his brothers and killed his brothers for a pat on the head and the opportunity to say, "Tse Mr. Charlie's nigger."

This separatism is among the "new Blacks." Competing to be best dressed, competing for the best freaked off Cadillac, competing for a amount of leg he can cop from the jesters or the number of white thighs he can lay against. All of which is non-beneficial and wasted energies in fulfilling the ideology of the "new Blacks" which is unity.

Unity is the only key against a "common" enemy. The systematic jailing and murdering of minority peoples by local and federal police, and the chemical (dope, drug) war declared on minority peoples are acts of genocide. Genocide is a "common" enemy! To deny minority peoples the right to live as humanly possible because looked upon as being inferior and using these people as modern slaves is racism. Racism is a "common" enemy! Afro-American with the fetish of being Mr. Charlie's nigger (cheating, stealing, lying and spying on his people) are "common" enemies.

The "man" is concerned with our attempts of unification and is becoming insanely responsive. He is capable of planning for the future as he did when he set a date to land a man on the moon five years before that date; as he did when he planned the results of his chemicals among the minority peoples. He has the power in politics to make laws to outlaw the Afro hair style as he is doing with freedom of speech and thoughts.

The African opposed himself by being separate and was conquered. Let us, minority peoples, profit by the African's tragic mistakes and become one force, indivisible in our Godly given rights to be the human people that we are.

BLACK

I love black people because black people have lots of soul. Some of my best friends are black Black people can sing, dance, and some of them are great actors, actresses and athletes. . . . But what happened to the rest of them? Willie Wilson

On-Campus Child Care Center

Many programs have been implemented at this college and at other units of the City University of New York in an effort to help poor people further their education. Financial aid programs, tutorial sessions and other incentives geared toward encouraging disadvantaged people to enroll and remain in school have been set up.

However, one major problem confronting many students has not been dealt with by any unit of the City University of New York. This problem exists in the area of child-care. It is impractical for many young parents to think of going to college under the existing difficulty they encounter, while seeking adequate care for their children. If the service (child-care) is available it is often inadequate or very expensive. Also, transporting a child to and from the existing child-care centers is burdensome. A few students at Staten Island Community College recognize the overall problem surrounding child-care.

Therefore, the Child-Care Committee of Staten Island Community College was formed recently, its goal is to institute a child-care center here on campus. We need the help and expertise of all interested students, faculty members and other personnel of Staten Island Community College.

We have drawn up a working model for an on campus child-care center:

The Center would be able to accommodate approximately thirty-pre-school age children between the ages of two and five. Operating hours for the center would be from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m. Monday through Friday excluding all school holidays. Of course, the center could remain open later in the evenings so that some parents may attend night classes.

Staffing the center could be accomplished by having those students or faculty members who have children in the center to volunteer a minimal amount of time per week as a member of the staff. Next, the Child-Care department could alleviate their burdensome problem of having its students travel to child-care centers here on Staten Island and other boroughs to receive field experience. Finally, any interested students or faculty member who wanted to volunteer as a staff member could do so.

Funding such a program is a lot easier than what we have come to expect. Hunter College, which presently has an experimental child-care center operating, has weekly expenses of only \$200.00. Therefore, adequate funding of this program is quite easy, provided a certain pattern of operation is followed.

All staff members would be hired on a voluntary basis unless a person is paid by college work-study or some other source. Donations of equipment will be sought from every available resource. The equipment desired will include toys, cots, sheets, food and the like. Of course, donations in the form of money will be solicited.

The space for any additional program is always a big problem in this college; however, we have spoken to officers of the various clubs that are located in room C-132, and they all have unselfishly agreed to give up their space for this project.

Of course, the student government would have to be petitioned, before this space or any presently occupied space on campus could be reallocated. We must emphasize that the problem of acquiring the necessary space is not a great one. We do foresee problems in other areas.

There must be cooperation and continuity of efforts on the part of all concerned people; if not, problems will inevitably arise. The parents of children that would use this facility should meet with persons from various departments (child care, nursing, etc.) and determine how the center's daily activities should be handled. Factors such as what and how often a child should eat during his or her daily stay at the center, must be agreed upon. Recreational activities will have to be considered. The fees to be charged to non-volunteering parents must be discussed. The aforementioned are only a few things that must be agreed upon by parents and others connected with the proposed child-care center, if this idea is to become a reality at S.I.C.C.

THE GOOD BYSTANDER

That lust in your eye, the glow of your hair, reveals your jive but I am still here. I see your lovers waiting on line, two by two you destroy their minds. I've seen your victims, I never get close. your love is more potent than an overdose. And then you laugh in foolish pride, at a distance I stand weeping inside. Don't stare at me for you will know, I am the one who worships you so. I want to share all your joy and pain, walk by your side in the sun and rain. I'll protect you in the fiercest strife, pick up the pieces when you wreck your life. And when you die with my heart still aching, I'll rush to hell and rap to Satan

Satan you never heard me PRAY time is precious now don't delay, because I journey here below, Release my love! you can have my soul. With that smile cold as ice, playing with love like a cat with mice. You change never I fear, just remember I am still here.

Tony

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USE FOOD STAMPS!**

**YOUR FAMILY DOES NOT HAVE TO BE ON WELFARE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF THE NEW YORK CITY FOOD STAMP PROGRAM**

IF YOUR FAMILY SIZE IS AND YOUR NET MO. INCOME IS UP TO . . .	YOUR MAXIMUM MONTHLY FOOD STAMP ALLOTMENT IS . . .
1	\$185	\$28
2	245	56
3	305	84
4	370	106
5	420	126
6	485	144
7	540	162
8	590	180
9	660	196
10	705	212

**IF YOUR MONTHLY INCOME IS ANYWHERE NEAR THE SCHEDULE ABOVE, GO
TO THE NEAREST FOOD STAMP OFFICE AND SEE IF YOU ARE ELIGIBLE.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?**

FOOD STAMP OFFICES FOR NON-WELFARE FAMILIES

MANHATTAN:	BROOKLYN:
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES 109 East 16th Street, New York, New York	FLUSHING AVENUE CENTER 741 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn, New York
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BRONX: KINGSBRIDGE SOCIAL SERVICES CENTER 248 East 161st Street, Bronx, New York	BORO HALL SOCIAL SERVICES CENTER 330 Jay Street, Brooklyn, New York

The City of New York, Department of Social Services, Jack R. Goldberg, Ed.D. Commissioner

**CALL 433-3404, 433-3405 or
433-3406 FOR INFORMATION**

SISTER KATHLEEN RAPPS ON BROTHER ELDRIDGE

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 4)

and had his parole revoked, he would have been eligible for a discharge from parole in December. Now he had to return to prison on November 27. Regardless of whether or not we discussed November 27, it was the overwhelming reality that cast a pall over everything. Truly, the pigs had set a deadline on Eldridge. Our life became more chaotic than it had ever been, so chaotic that the tremendous chaos which had preceded the September decision now seemed like a joyride.

I watched Eldridge daily grow increasingly tense, harassed and paranoid. I saw less and less of him as his schedule became tighter, his time shorter. One day he bought himself an hourglass with pale blue crystals for sand which ran completely through in approximately ten minutes. He appeared drained and exhausted. The pressure that was being exerted upon him could not be shared; it was a solitary burden, for no one else was named in the order to return to prison. No one else could go with him. The thousands and thousands of followers he had couldn't keep him out of prison, for the Movement had not advanced to such a position of strength.

Eldridge's hair became grayer; his face became haggard; his shoulders began to sag. It was horrible to see the look of defeat begin to creep into his eyes, something I'd never seen in Eldridge as long as I'd know him. He became a man tortured night and day by a fate too deadly to accept, too real to ignore.

But it only seemed to spur him on to ever greater activity. He continued to lecture at Berkeley, and he accepted speaking engagements all over the country. He spent more time at *Ramparts*, working on his writings, and he initiated the *Biography of Huey Newton* by Bobby Seale. He began to spend more time with the Party, teaching political education classes and tightening the security apparatus within the organization. I wouldn't see him for days on end. When he did come home, it would be in the morning to bathe, change his clothes, sometimes eat, and then leave. He became totally preoccupied with the work which he loved, and which he soon would have to stop.

It is painful to recount these days, so painful my mind refuses to come up with the details. We lived a life with the beauty and joy of our love and work daily being crushed out and drained away by the pressure of the deadline. October drew to a close; November came. By November I was so exhausted, both mentally and physically, emotionally and psychically, I was convinced I would be dead by the end of the month. Eldridge would never say what he was going to do other than refer to a showdown. But as glorious as the idea sounded, in reality there weren't enough forces to make a successful stand. There could only be a massacre, no matter how heroic.

We had lived on the brink of death for so long, our life, since Huey had been shot, was so consumed with political work, that we had practically lost the ability to think or act on a personal basis. The personal was political, the political was personal. I knew if Eldridge didn't disappear he would be murdered in prison or killed in the streets. I silently begged him to leave; hundreds of friends and co-workers also hoped he would move to protect himself, and some openly told him he had to split. Only a sadist or a fool could have wanted him to return to prison.

Before I met Eldridge, I had read his "Letters from Prison" in *Ramparts*; what astounded me was the tremendous strength he demonstrated in recreating himself in prison. If a man can grow and develop as Eldridge had, subjected to the conditions of prison, if a man is not broken by these conditions, but instead becomes a profoundly beautiful and sensitive man, then nothing can break him.

When I met Eldridge at the Fisk conference and got to know him a little, I was surprised by his tenderness. Expecting him to be harsh and cold from his experiences, I found Eldridge to be amazingly warm, kind, gentle and sensitive. And as we came to know each other well, fell in love, began living together, got married and began working together, I watched Eldridge continue to grow, to develop, and to improve himself. His capacity for regeneration seemed boundless. And his dedication to the liberation of black people, in truth to the liberation of humanity, is total. One of Eldridge's greatest talents is the ability to see another person's latent strengths and abilities and bring them to the surface, making that person stronger and more competent than he ever thought he could be.

But to describe Eldridge is not my task here. Suffice it so say that his return to prison would not only have killed him, but would have killed me, and even more important, it would have killed everything that humanity strives to reach. The attack on Eldridge was launched not on him as an individual, and not on him as a black man, but on him as a leader expressing the aspirations of millions of people everywhere for the freedom of humanity.

As the deadline of November 27 came closer and closer, most people were too stunned to know what to do. A small handful decided to set up a vigil outside our home on Pine Street to protect Eldridge from the pigs; the pigs came anyway, infiltrating the vigil, trying to act like our friends. But in spite of everything they did and said, Eldridge Cleaver slipped away and hasn't been heard from since. Thank God.

The end of Eldridge's Affidavit No. 2 about the Oakland shoot-out, written April 19, 1968, says it all: "Why am I alive? While at Highland Hospital, a pig said to me: 'You ain't going to be at no barbecue picnic tomorrow. You the barbecue now!' Why did little Bobby die? It was not a miracle, it just happened that way. I know my duty. Having been spared my life, I don't want it. I give it back to our struggle. Eldridge Cleaver died in that house on 28th Street with little Bobby, and what's left is force: fuel for the fire that will rage across the face of this racist country and either purge it of its evil or turn it into ashes. I say this for little Bobby, for Eldridge Cleaver who died that night, for every black man, woman and child who ever died here in Babylon, and I say it to racist America, that if every voice is silenced by your guns, by your courts, by your gas chambers, by your money, you will know, that as long as the ghost of Eldridge Cleaver is afoot, you have an enemy in your midst."

When people ask about the \$50,000 bail and want to know why Cleaver doesn't pay it since he has so much money from his books, I can only look at them. I can't even argue, although all the money from his books, which hardly amounts to \$50,000, is being held in lien by the Internal Revenue Service on the pretext that they have no guarantee that the taxes will be paid. Eldridge Cleaver's debts have been paid with his blood, with his suffering, with his work, with his life. When will others begin to pay? Must Eldridge also pay the salaries of his tormentors, his would-be murderers, his enemies? What more can be taken from him that has not already been freely given to the people's struggle?

He said, "Eldridge Cleaver died in that house on 28th Street with little Bobby. . . ." Kathleen Cleaver died in that house on Pine Street when Eldridge walked out for the last time, driven away from the life and people that he loved as he had never loved before. . . . What's left is the mother of Eldridge Cleaver's child, more fuel for the fire that has set this country aflame, and of this country I say with Robert Williams, "Let it burn, let it burn."

WAKE UP

Wake up Black man
and see
What Whitley has done to
you and me
Don't you realize what
must be done
All Black men must
come together as one
Wake up Brother and look
us a dirty hand
Don't you know you're part
of the human race
Come on now
let's get together
And make our lives
a whole lot better
Wake up now before
it is too late
The sooner the better
so we can cheat fate
Fate has dealt
it's too late
Together we'll fight it,
every child woman and man
Wake up Black man
and see
The key to our success
is unity
Come one come all
Cause together we stand
And we'll never fall
—Jake Ford

YOUNG BLACK MURDERED

PORTSMOUTH, Va. (LNS) — John Bellamy, a sixteen-year-old black youth, was shot to death by a city pig here on Sept. 19, during an incident in which eight other people were wounded by gunfire. The shootings occurred after a football game between two predominantly black high schools.

According to the Portsmouth police department, the killings happened as the result of police officers being fired on by a group of black youths, including Bellamy. The cops claim that Bellamy and the others were shot when police returned their fire.

According to the many witnesses, two young blacks began sparring for fun on the sidewalk as a large crowd was leaving the football stadium. The festive mood was abruptly ended when Portsmouth policeman Jerry Ennis got out of his car, approached the scene, and without warning began firing his gun into the air. The crowd broke up and ran. Another group of cops came out of the stadium and opened fire on the unarmed, fleeing people. The police also loosed dogs on the crowd. The police gunfire was unprovoked and indiscriminate, aimed primarily at spectators leaving the game who had no idea what was going on.

Nine people were hit by the police gunfire; all were wounded in the back. John Bellamy was also hit in the back and fell to the ground. As he tried to get up again, he was shot twice more at point blank range by Ennis, who then reloaded his gun and began firing into the crowd again.

Portsmouth police and politicians, with the full cooperation of the local press, have been attempting to whitewash the killing. Police Chief Warren conducted a six-hour investigation and then appeared on television to announce that the shootings were justified. Commonwealth attorney Von L. Piersall said there was no need for further investigation. News media reports accept the police version of the attack.

The police claim that they were fired upon first, yet they have found no weapons except their own, not even on the body of Bellamy, who they claim was shooting at them. The only witnesses supporting the police version of the affair are white policemen.

Normally when a city policeman kills someone "in the line of duty," he is automatically suspended pending an inquiry. Jerry Ennis has not been suspended.

Black Portsmouth residents say that Ennis has a reputation for being trigger-happy. In fact, on February 26, 1970, he shot and killed a black man. This killing was equally ignored.

Tension has been high in Portsmouth since the killing. On Sept. 21, black citizens marched on the city courthouse to protest the murder. They were met by police with shotguns and dogs; armed guards have been posted around the clock at the city hall and the police station.

Meetings of black citizens called in order to plan a response to the killing have been surrounded by large groups of armed cops.

There are continual incidents of police harassment of black youths. One was arrested for "disorderly conduct" while walking down the street. Two other youths were arrested on the same charge while sitting in their own back yard. When their mother came out of the house, the police held a gun to one brother's head and warned the mother not to cause any trouble or they would kill him.

Huey Newton Speaks

By MARILYN PROCOPE

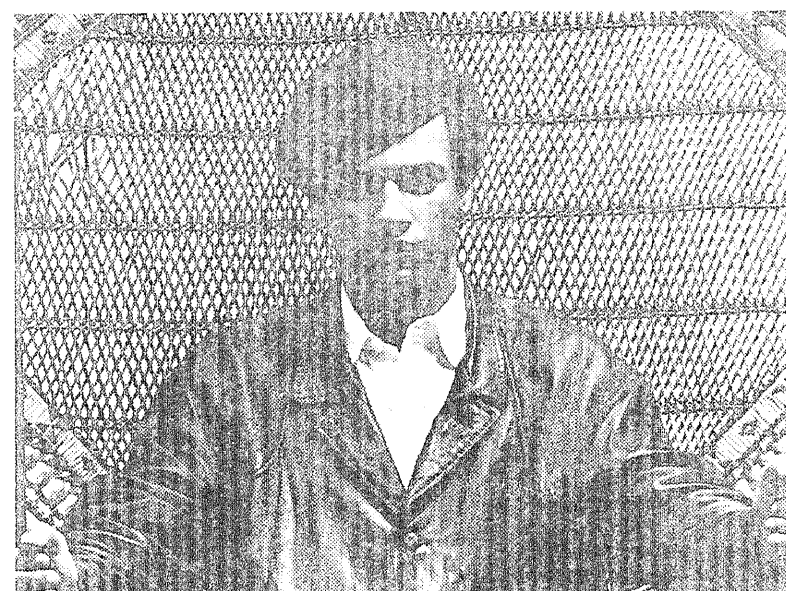
You missed it, people. On Thursday, November 18, 1970, at New York City Community College. The Bad Lumpen, a revolutionary band and singing group that had the people jumping and clapping and saying Right On! Right On! It just goes to show that niggers with talent could channel this talent into a political cause. They sang the song freedom, which goes:

"Snipers in the air
Bullets everywhere
for freedom

That's what all these jive people like the Temptations should do, says Lumpen. Next our supreme commander of defense was introduced, The Huey P. Newton. He introduced such points as the fact that the people must be aware. They must have consciousness. The brother further states that the only way we are going to achieve power is through an objective. You must have the ability and the knowledge to define the things in the world. He says being subjective, you serve the man. Black people and poor have a desire — a desire to be free. I am amazed at ignorance — the ignorance at most of the universities. Most people want to be entertained. Revolution is a "plan." Any act that isn't planned is counter-revolutionary and a counter-revolutionary act. I am going to give you a formula so that eventually you will "seize the time" and "seize the force." It is necessary to accept any insult because I am going to carry the program of Black Panther Party. "We are not entertainers." The Lumpens and I approach the problem differently but there are many similarities. I must criticize you, I must criticize myself for lack of communication and if I can't reach everyone of you I criticize myself and if I don't understand I should learn to understand, because with understanding you can bring anything down. We will talk about historical materialism. I shall try to solve the puzzle or set up a formula to solve the puzzle. Historical value can lead you to destruction, not freedom, because what happened in the past does not have to happen in the future. For example, "because the sun has risen today and rose in the past it does not have to rise tomorrow. There is a man who wrote about "dialectical materialism." His name was Karl Marx. The external is in a constant state of change. Many times in that external world, physical forces clash. Everything is interrelated. Therefore, in a social world the different forces clash. We say that when two people meet and they have a different way of solving this we say they have a confrontation, but we hope that tonight we leave here with unity. We can rely on historical fact, and we can say the external world is static.

Because other people have solved their problem with a certain solution it doesn't mean that we can solve our problem with their solution. We know that there might be some equation, some knowledge we can use to solve our problem. Racism is attitude. In order to have a racist, you have to have a man. Blacks repress the external world. We must be very careful not to speak in absolute, because in wretched of the earth forum of the French underground movement and of many whites who helped the movement so we should not be absolute. There also comes a time when we realize that everything has a dual character. The Black Panther party is ready often to seize the objective facts, put these objective facts into order that we are ready to move. The proletariat class in this society is on a decline because of the high unemployment rate. Socialism never will exist in the United States because the U.S. is not a nation, it is an empire, an empire that with its power controls its people and controls other people. China is a republic and a liberated territory, because it drove the oppressor out. It built the bomb because it was forced to build the bomb. Just like Detroit was a liberated territory for a few days, because it drove the people out.

The same tanks that were driven against my 13 comrades in Detroit is driven against the Vietnamese, the African, the Indians, so everything is interrelated, so that these people are almost controlled as we are culturally and socially. So I've begun to call this reality. In 1966 we called ourself the Black Nationalist Party because we thought by having our own nation we could run away from the oppressor, but we couldn't run away from the party so we called it the Black Revolutionary Party, an international police force to combat all oppression created against all oppressed people. We realize that we



Commander Huey P. Newton of the Black Panther Party

could not judge on the basis of color because some of our people are "hooking up with the reactionaries, whereas some of the reactionaries' children are turning against them. These reactionaries will be death with in the World Court. The Black Panther Party has moved from internationalism, is also nationalist, and we cannot be a nation. The Panther Party has adopted a form of Marxist-Leninist-Pantherism.

I say this "that while a nation consists of cultural things it consists of sterner stuff and can overcome the oppressor. The mass media of the ruling circle only seeks to destroy the culture of our people. In order to liberate ourselves we must obtain the knowledge to seize the power. Every revolutionary must have revolutionary enthusiasm so that he won't underestimate his power and overestimate the enemies' power. He must also be tough in reality. The mass media isn't really bad — it is only bad because it is dominated by the "ruling circle." We want the power to free our community so that the people can be free. The world is small. It only takes ten hours to get to Vietnam and a few hours for a sound wave. I want to thank you. You have been very patient with me. We will try to deal with them. If I do not know how to deal with them I will tell you so. There are so many things I would like to ask you, you must free Bobby, you must free Erika, you must free Angela and first of all you must free yourself. Our brother the Black Panther chairman of information Eldridge Cleaver, who I spoke to on a phone in Algiers, said that he wants to come back home to prepare a place for us.

QUESTIONS

- 1) Where is H. Rap Brown?
He is alive. I have seen him. I give you this message from Rap Brown: "arm yourself." You must arm yourself.
- 2) How does the Black Panther party relate to economics?
Black people were brought to work the hell out of us and that we were of an economic value.
- 3) Why can't we form a two party fifth column — one dealing with the problem in Africa? And one with America?
In Africa they say that if we take care of the problem over here, we shall take care of the problem, period. If we run over there to give them direction — direction they don't need because they have guns and are taking care of the younger people of the community. We have formed the breakfast program liberation schools for our children so that they will not be brainwashed and whenever we send them to public schools they are arrested by pigs because they are so aware, communes for our members to live in. All in all Huey used a very soft but powerful voice. He used no mother F. . . ., no bastard. In fact no filthy language, no slogans to bring the message to the people, but yet he got across to the people. We should copy his example.

Carl Clarke, Financial Aid Director

By GLORIA SCHAUDER

Carl D. Clarke, Staten Island Community College's new financial aid director, is a native of Barbados, West Indies. He first came to the United States in July of 1960.

He is a summa cum laude graduate of Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, with a B.A. in economics and a minor in business and psychology. Mr. Clarke received his Masters degree in economics from Fordham in 1965.

Mr. Clarke was associated with New York City's Human Resources Administration as a senior program budget analyst. In 1968, he was appointed special assistant director of fiscal affairs for the Catholic Medical Center of Brooklyn and Queens assigned to the staff of the Charles R. Drew M.D. Neighborhood Health Center.

Mr. Clarke, a resident of Brooklyn, is married and has one son. He and I spoke of his first reactions to America. He found Americans to be cold people. He was



CARL D. CLARKE
Financial Aid Director

amazed at the skyscrapers, bridges, and enormous highways, which Barbados doesn't have or need since it is a small island. Since his arrival in America Mr. Clarke, being a Black man, has felt racial prejudice. He finds it disturbing and intolerable. During his recreational time, he enjoys playing tennis.

Mr. Clarke is always surrounded by students' files. Students may seek financial aid through loans, grants or workstudy. The students can help to improve the financial aid of the college. This could be done by the students applying earlier for aid. Students now see the financial aid counselors by making appointments.

Mr. Clarke would like a closer rapport with the students. In order to give the student the right financial aid he feels he needs to know more about him. A way to accomplish this would be to meet with the student's counselor. Also Mr. Clarke has been trying to give students on workstudy a job that is related to his field of study. Another way for all the financial aid counselors to get to

know the student is Mr. Clarke and his staff meeting once a week and reviewing the applications interviewed that week. The financial aid counselors include Robert Trow, Neil Kushner and Patricia Stonewall.

There are limitations to financial aid and the student should be aware of them. Mr. Clarke stresses the students' acceptance of greater responsibility. Students should have concern for their fellow students.

The students are not the only ones with problems or complaints concerning the financial aid office. Mr. Clarke himself has complaints. He claims there has not been enough funds to meet the number of students because of open enrollment.

Mr. Clarke feels that financial aid is a meaningful program. He is making every attempt to get more money for Staten Island Community College's students. The purpose of Mr. Clarke's office is to aid the student in getting an education. Mr. Clarke wants all the students to be aware of this program.

Book Review

(Continued from Page 10, Col 3) his letters is halting and convoluted. Soon he begins to write like a parvenu, using his newly acquired vocabulary whenever possible but rarely with precision. Finally, he gains command of language, relaxes into his own style, grows eloquent. He has educated himself, acquired his own head.

Destroys His Peace

"I was born with terminal cancer," he wrote last April to his lawyer, Fay Stender, "a suppurating, malignant sore that attacked me in the region just behind my eyes and moves outward to destroy my peace. It has robbed me of these twenty-eight years. It has robbed us all for nearly half a millennium." As these letters show, it has also robbed his mother of her illusion that her sons must remain children to survive in the white world. It has robbed his father of his long-held belief in white mercy. And it spread to his brother, Jonathan, who last Aug. 7 invaded the courthouse in San Rafael, Calif., took three black convicts and five hostages, and was shot (along with two of the convicts and two of the hostages) while trying to escape. He was apparently trying to ransom his brother.

Today, George Jackson is part of a cause celebre, that of the Soledad Brothers. He faces trial with two other black men, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, for allegedly murdering a white guard last January shortly after a Monterey County grand jury had pronounced as justifiable homicide the shooting of three black prisoners by another white guard. If convicted, Jackson faces a mandatory death sentence. He is, according to Black Panther Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton, "a living legend in the California prison system; someone who has refused to sacrifice his integrity or the integrity of anyone else to get out of prison."

He may not be "the greatest writer of us all," as Newton calls him (that title still belongs to Eldridge Cleaver). He may be wrong and dangerous. One may deplore his open commitment to a doctrine that holds that the best defense for the black man is attack. But as his collection of letters reveals unmistakably, he exists, his anger is pure and palpable, he is the product of a prison system that seeks to crush rather than rehabilitate, and there will be many others like him before too long. Attention must be paid.



WOMEN'S LIB?

By FABIAN RIVIERA—H.A.L.

The newest and most novel social phenomena to come our way lately has been the rebirth of the movement for the emancipation of women.

Like many other aspects of our great society, women in this country are free in name only.

You try and find any profession, with the possible exception of teaching, where women rate the same amount of wages, prestige, and job status as men. If the women happen to be Black or Puerto Rican sisters, forget it!

Women in this country tend to be relegated to the role of a sex symbol, who is to be pursued and conquered; or wife and mother who is to be domesticated and cast into the drudgery of the kitchen forever.

In most so called primitive societies such as the hunting and gathering tribal clans of South America and Africa, the woman is of paramount importance to the group. She plays a vital part in the process of hunting, preparation of food, repairs and maintenance of hunting nets and utensils. The women also play a very important role in religious ceremonies and in the passing down of knowledge from one generation to the next.

Is it possible that we can all learn a lesson from our so called primitive brothers. Isn't it about time we cast off the mantle of chauvinism. Let's take a good look at our history and our heritage and maybe we will learn something from our forebearers who didn't let a little thing like a person's sex keep them from par-

ticipating in the struggle for freedom.

So, in recognition of women's liberation and in honor of all our sisters who join arm in arm the struggle to overthrow repression and injustice wherever it lurks, we dedicate the following biography to our Puerto Rican womanhood.

Mariana Brocetti was born in my home town of Mayaguez, on the western coast of Puerto Rico. She was the wife of Manuel Rojas and sister in law to Manuel Rojas ringleader of El Gato de tares. She was so popular with the freedom fighters that to show their love and admiration for this brave sister they nicknamed her "Brazo de oro." Mariana was full of energy and selfless dedication to the revolutionary struggle for independence from Spain. When Ramon Emertio Betances drew up the model for the first flag of independence it was Mariana he came to for help. She sewed up the first flag of independence for Puerto Rico. Mariana participated actively in all aspects of the struggle for independence. She sewed on the revolutionary junta of tares, and was eventually captured and imprisoned by the Spaniards for her efforts. She bore her incarceration with all the courage and fortitude of a true warrior. After she was freed she went to live in the town of Anasco and there lived to a ripe old age.

Mariana Brocetti serves as a true inspiration to all seekers of liberty and justice and is a prime example of our beautiful Puerto Rican women.

Que viva la Mujer boricuena.

BLACK UNITY

By CLYDE LEWIS

Our first objective as Black students in S.I.C.C. should be a Violent Black Revolution. We must broaden and spread the Revolution that our Panther brothers and other Blacks are urging in America. Our aim must be one aim, at destroying everything that is functioning at S.I.C.C. (helping to keep Blacks oppressed). We need true devoted hard core Blacks to be the mainstream of the struggle. Oppressed brothers and sisters we must have unity to accomplish our success.

Presently there is little unity among the brothers and sisters at S.I.C.C. We need to start a program as soon as possible, where Revolutionaries from our community would be allowed to enter S.I.C.C. weekly. These Black Revolutionaries coming to S.I.C.C. propose would be to give oppressed Blacks an education on true revolution, power, unity, guidance, etc. Here again we must have support of the administration at S.I.C.C.

Oppressed brothers and sisters, we must realize for us to get the support of S.I.C.C.'s administration we must show them that they have no other alternative but the one to support oppressed Black students at S.I.C.C. Here again we need unity before we ever think of approaching these people. Brothers and sisters, we must come to our senses and realize now that we are here at S.I.C.C., we must be committed to our studies and be committed to the Black Revolution. For the oppressed Blacks who commit themselves to the "white books" and disassociate themselves from the Black Revolution, I can guarantee you that by the end of "your two white years" at S.I.C.C. all you'll be is oppressed, disguised, super Blacks with white minds.

Oppressed Blacks, we must face the reality of the revolution and realize that we cannot depend on the majority of the white radicals students. We must work, be devoted and committed revolutionaries.

Oppressed Blacks, we do not have the time to involve ourselves in various student activities here at S.I.C.C. I've already seen brothers and sisters signing up to be exploited in basketball, soccer, theater, dancing and other non-revolutionary shit. We oppressed Blacks are already established leaders in these various fields. They can hold out for later, concentration now on a Black Panther type revolution here at S.I.C.C. Student activities that will be held here at S.I.C.C. for oppressed Blacks are Karate, Yoga, and the Rifle Club. Oppressed Blacks what's wrong with us? Can't we start urging our heads under our beautiful Afros and realize that non-violent tactics (talking, Raping and getting no action) are getting oppressed Blacks nowhere. We must speed it up, action is our only weapon against our oppressor. Blacks at S.I.C.C. wake up. Wake up! Blacks are still enslaved, imprisoned in ghettos more and more; oppressed freedom fighters are being offered by the pigs daily. We Black oppressed students must not allow ourselves to be into a ceasefire at S.I.C.C. Student unrest is goor for black oppressed students. Black brother and sister, we must be on the verge of a military life style, everything is coming down to the NITTY GRITTY now.

All power to the oppressed people.

United and fight at S.I.C.C. Revolution for Peace and Human Rights.

OFF THE OPPRESSOR

COWBOYS and INDIANS

By DICK GREGORY

There is something terrifyingly symbolic about the childhood game of cowboys and Indians. The cowboy and Indian mentality sums up America's traditional mythical understanding of her own history. The cowboy of the wild western frontier — always a white Anglo-Saxon — symbolizes the rugged individual, the courageous, "good guy," "do-it-yourself" American who defends all would-be "bad guys." And those "bad guys" according to the myth, are most frequently Indians, wild, savage and ruthless, who stalk the courageous cowboy, posing a threat to his life and property and not infrequently massacring his entire family.

America has long perpetuated her cowboy mythology. Television series which have held up the longest are those which portray the Wild West myth. The Cartwrights of Bonanza are an All-American family, having amassed a personal fortune and carved a veritable empire — the Ponderosa — in the old frontier. On the surface, the Cartwrights would appear to be honorable men, upholding the virtues of honesty, justice and fair play, until one remembers that all of the Ponderosa was once Indian land and Ben Cartwright and his boys are at best unwelcome stewards of stolen Indian territory.

And in a country which tries desperately to perpetuate the myth of non-violence upon her young, Marshall Matt Dillon comes into every American living room once a week showing little kids it is a virtue to shoot straight. Matt Dillon should probably be heralded more than Herbert Marcuse as the Father of the New Left. Marshall Dillon has had a much longer influence upon the minds of youth, and his basic message has always been that the ends of justice are most frequently won at gun point, that evil must be violently wiped out, and that "bad guys" deserve to die.

So children in America grow up playing cowboys and Indians, and parents think it is cute. They enjoy watching their little ones hiding behind trees, pointing their fingers or toy guns at one another and shouting, "Bang! Bang! I got you. You're dead." Because Americans have always thought of themselves as the courageous cowboys, the rugged individuals carving out a new frontier of freedom. And as America has grown, so also have the boundaries of the new frontier. The whole

world has become the Wild West, and each time America sends her troops abroad, it is Matt Dillon making the frontier safe for democracy and law and order.

Now America's favorite myth is in danger. The children who grew up playing cowboys and Indians have discovered that the "good guy/bad guy" roles were reversed. The Indians were those who were denied justice. The cowboys were the invaders. Matt Dillon's personal virtues are inconsequential when matched against the genocidal activity involved in settling the new frontier.

But young folks in America have retained one important lesson of Matt Dillon's — that evil must be resisted and those who represent justice have every right to fight in the streets. Is it any wonder that some of those same young folks have followed Matt Dillon all the way and reached the decision that guns are an appropriate means for resisting evil and creating an atmosphere of justice?

The new cowboys are President Nixon, Spiro Agnew, Attorney General Mitchell, and the National Guard. They see themselves as defending their property, their territory, America if you will, against increasingly savage attackers. The American history books echo the rhetoric our national leaders are now using. Indians fighting to defend their land is called a "massacre" in those American history books. But when the United States cavalry wins a battle, or a group of frontier cowboys drive off an Indian attack, it is called a "great victory." And today when young folks struggle against evil and oppression it is called a "riot." But when the National Guard or the police open fire, it is called maintaining law and order.

Four students have died on the campus of Kent State University after a brief volley of shots from the guns of National Guardsmen. All Americans must decide in their own hearts if that was a "massacre" or the necessary means of "maintaining law and order." Those who decide that it was a massacre will have rejected the traditional cowboy and Indian myth once and for all. And they will look further to the invasion of Cambodia and they will say that Matt Dillon has traveled far beyond the legitimate boundaries of his jurisdiction. They will see that America's rugged individual is really the imperialist, the robber baron of the world. The cowboy has shown himself to be a bully,

Justified Revolution

By FABIAN RIVIERA—H.A.L.

According to Marcuse, all revolutions can be evaluated to be either good or bad.

It makes sense to assume that in order for a revolution to be justified, it must be evaluated to be good; at least, as far as Herbert Marcuse's definition is concerned.

First of all, one must know certain basic facts before one can begin to deal with the situation. Are all the goods and services that the society is producing being equally distributed? In other words, are there any segments of the society that are being denied the benefits due them? What tools of technology are available to you in order to implement a revolution?

Do you have the means to mobilize machinery and industry to back your efforts? What is the frame of mind of the people who are being oppressed? Are they aware and angry; are they militant about their oppression.

The most important ingredient is you, yourself as the revolutionary. Are you out for the welfare and betterment of the people? Do you want their happiness and freedom?

If after you ask yourself all these questions, you find that there is an unequal and unfair distribution of the goods and services of the society; that you do have the technological ability to wage rebellion, and that the people need and want revolution because they are being denied their freedom and happiness, then you are justified in using any means necessary in order to bring about a radical change in society. If it takes violence, then, according to Marcuse, Marx and all the other philosophers who have said that bloody confrontation between the classes is inevitable, then you are justified into injecting violence into the revolutionary framework of your movement.

A revolution implies complete and total change from one form of political domination of the people to another. If a revolution comes about, according to terms set down by Hegel, Engels and Marx — all the established institutions must go. Marx implied that established institutions are set up by people in power to keep the people without power in a state of subjugation. He said that organized religion is the opiate of the people. So, in any kind of socialist revolution, the framework of these institutions would have to be radically altered. Altered so that the little guy, the poor man with no power, the disenfranchised masses, would be better served by these institutions. On the other hand, the establishment, the people in power would of course lose all their power in a true dictatorship of the proletariat.

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 4)

The Community Service Program is in the process of formulating a Day Care Center on the S.I.C.C. campus, which would provide facilities for the pre-school children of the student body and faculty staff, under the direction of the Child Care Program.

Anyone interested in this service or having creative ideas to initiate this program is advised to consult Mr. Judith Rosado in the H.A.L. club room in C-129 or C-132 — Salt of The Earth, or Mr. Max Little in C-181, C-132, C-114, C-115.

Pig Gene Roberts Malcom's Bodyguard— Panther Infiltrator

By LYDIA RHODES

NEW YORK, (LNS) — On the winter afternoon in 1965 when Malcolm X was assassinated in the Audubon Ballroom, one of his bodyguards ran to his bullet-ridden corpse to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. On the morning of November 10, 1970, the bodyguard reappeared in the public eye. This time he is identified as Gene Roberts, detective with the New York Police Department's Bureau of Special Services (BOSS). He is unveiled by DA Phillips in the Panther 21 trial as a key infiltrator of the New York Chapter of the Panthers.

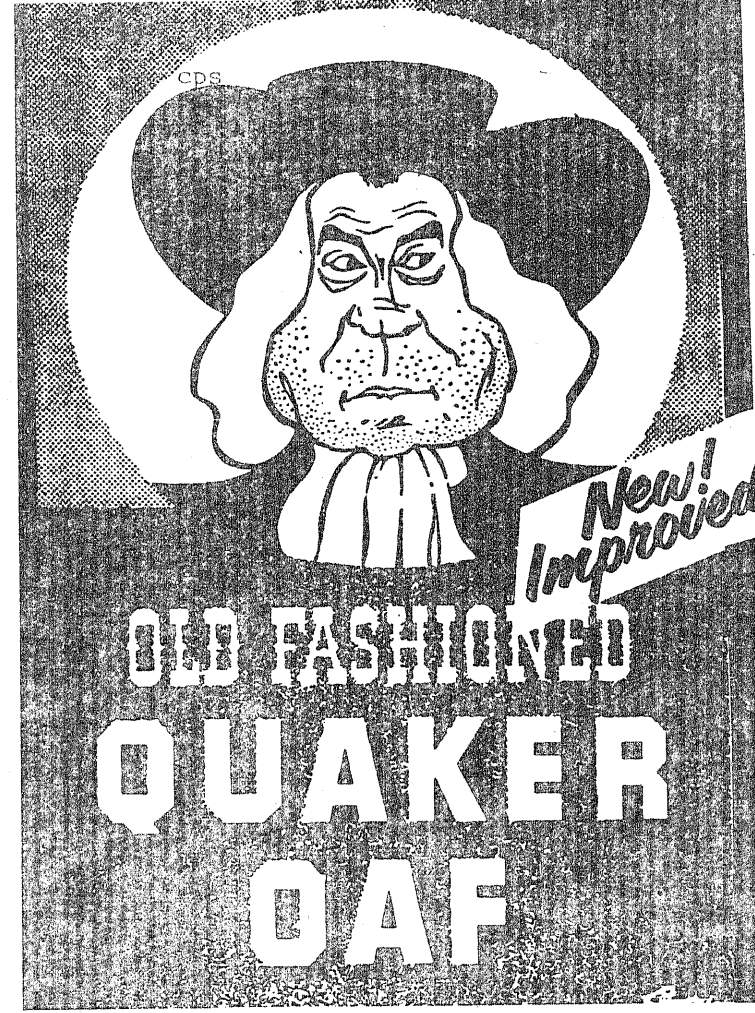
The Panther 21 are charged with conspiring to bomb such various places as Macy's Department Store and the Bronx Botanical Gardens. As Afeni Shakur, one of the defendants says, "Why would the Panther Party, which has sworn to defend the rights of black people, want to bomb the very stores that black people shop in?"

Gene Roberts is a young, light-skinned Black man with short hair and a full mustache. Appearing in a grey business suit with a police badge pinned to his pocket, he gives quiet, rather halting answers to an unending series of leading questions from DA Phillips that are strongly protested by defense lawyers.

According to Roberts' testimony, he was assigned to infiltrate the Panthers in July, 1968, even before they had been formally organized in New York. The prosecution is now seeking to use Roberts' testimony to create a convincing picture of the supposed conspiracy.

In the second week in November, Phillips carefully prompted Roberts through a long series of tedious details about Panther meetings, casual conversations, and reconnaissance missions. For example, Roberts said that Afeni Shakur ordered the members of her section to learn how to use ten different firearms and had said she could get dynamite from her uncle in West Virginia; that Dharuba told him about the bombing of a police station in the Bronx; that Lee Roper proposed killing a suspected FBI infiltrator; and that he and another Panther had been sent on a mission to cut the wire to the receiver in a police call box; and on and on and on.

As striking as Roberts' connection with Malcolm X is the fact that he is only one of six acknowledged BOSS infiltrators into the New York Panthers. A number of non-infiltrating BOSS agents have already been paraded in court to testify about their roles in the 125-man arrest raids on the Panthers; and a BOSS administrator, with help from Judge Murtagh, has successfully evaded (Continued on Page 16, Col. 3)



BE WHAT YOU WERE
Once you stood with pride and dignity
To behold a Black woman was a sight to see.
You were Black.
Down through the years and the changing tide,
You no longer held your head up high.
We want you black, Black!
Disgracing your man and hating your child,
You're not anymore the Black man's pride.
A Black bastard Black?
Prostitution pimping to a filthy drunk,
To the bottom of the barrel, that's how far you've sunk.
Get your dignity back, Black!
So lift your head and fill the wind,
There's a struggle that you've got to win.
Yell and scream and say it out loud,
I'm a Black woman,
A Black man's pride!
Be Black and Beautiful
Claudette Berkel

BLACK PRIDE
Black pride will never die.
for we are lovers of love.
From and of us in desire, to a country of burning fire
But Black people's nerves are made of
hard core wire.
We live to love, in love to live.
For years, in years, in years we fight
For what we do not know is wrong or right.
We die by the dozen, we lose our wives and husbands.
But we keep on pushing, dying and pushing
Black people are always dying, just to help others
stay alive.
But Black pride make us master survivors.
We came from a land of green, to a poor land of white
Black pride make us remember that there's no
Such thing as equal rights
We get lynched, shot, stabbed, and brain washed,
But it's pride, Black pride that keeps us alive.
Only the strong survive.
A slogan that will live for ever.
— Jimie Butler

"HAPPY — JACK"
I have longed to dance
between your radiant Black thighs;
With music being composed by our Hearts
and psyche; played to the tune of
Nirvana by our Bodies; Reaching out 'if
possible' beyond Bliss quickening
our thrusters; never letting a misplaced
note appear in our consort; Our
minds keeping in harmony with our hearts
and pulse beats; But then the cym-
bals clank and the violin purrs —
reminding us that Love as life
must culminate. Nothing is Immortal,
As you recede and I withdraw I
find myself alone. To the Field I
must return and you to the
match-cover—leaving me knowing
that the potential "Black-Flame"
exists—if only I can each time recover
to Struggle.

Black Awakening

By LYDIA RHODES

In the middle of a land of hearts and flowers, was my home of fire and hate. For 19 years I felt the pain For 19 years I felt the hate my heart is wounded, my mind, destroyed, and my body is being held prisoner, in the home of fire and hate. One day when the sun was high and very hot, and flowers were in bloom I left my home of fire and hate. Through the land of hearts and flowers I run, Leaving a trail of fire behind me. Not once did I stop. Not once did I look. Not once did I hear my heart call to me. Not once did I listen to the hearts and flowers Nor did I hear their warning. I ran far, I ran wild, I ran free, Across the water to the land of concrete and steel. Laughing, I heard them planning and laughing at me. The coldness of the land caught me off guard, and it laughed as it surrounded me. I found myself in a maze of people. Pushing and laughing, at me For I was the fool I tried to get free But the concrete and steel surrounded me There was nowhere to run Nowhere to hide. Nothing to do when I felt blue Nowhere to go when I felt closed in. I searched high, I searched low, For a bit of warmth For a friend a flower or a lover.

deeper and deeper, The coldness penetrated my body, I felt the steel mold around me, the concrete laughed at my foolishness. Each day as it went by hurt me more and more. I then started searching for warmth, love, affection, and kindness. In the middle of a concrete and steel land I found my flower, It brought me warmth and hope. I learned about the cold and how to feel warm in it About the steel, and how to feel free inside it About the concrete, and how to shatter it About life, and how to live with it. I felt pain, and learned to deal with it, or ignore it. I found love, and I gave my love in return. My heart feels little pain for it is warm My body is still cold and hard But yet soft. My body lays weak in a large half empty room, With warm wooden floors and cold walls. The concrete and steel had control of my mind My heart fought the cold And tries to bring strength to my body. My mind is a fool For only those who have steel nerves and cold hearts, Can survive in the land of concrete and steel.

Weak and disillusioned, I came back to the land of hearts and flowers. All the warmth restored my strength All my dreams came back to me. My mind now knows of two lands and my heart knows of one, That is of hearts, flowers, and love.



Attention: Students, Administrators, Faculty and Other Members of the Black Community
The third publication of Black Perspective for this semester will present itself January, 1970. These publications are a part of you, and you most definitely, should be a part of them. Any material for next month's issue will be expected by the end of December. Please give them to Chris Thompson, Marsha Darling, or drop them in room C-114.
IF YOU CAN'T DIG IT YOU CAN'T MAKE IT!

The Black Revolutionary

By TERRI LOMAX

In 1954, after the Supreme Court was gracious enough to outlaw segregation, some Negroes thought that their problems had been solved. However, they soon found out that their problems had just begun to formulate.

Some Negroes had put a lot of faith into that Supreme Court decision. All Negroes, no doubt, wanted it to be effective more than anything else in the world. Unfortunately, the strong desire to make it work had made them blind to the fact that it couldn't work.

It couldn't work because only two years later they had to walk to work because of the severe treatment they were still subjected to when they rode the buses in Montgomery, Alabama. But at least this taught them one thing if nothing else: that if you want rights you must demand them.

One hopeful action that came out of this way of thinking was that the Negro population had begun to take the struggle for equality out of the courts and into the streets. But something was still wrong. The bus boycott was "successful," not because everyone looked up and said, "I didn't realize how badly you were treated, and it's time for this to stop," but because the bus company was going bankrupt. Still, Negroes felt then that a boycott was the best way to deal with the problems of inequality and segregation. So Martin Luther King, Jr. and the NAACP continued to lead boycotts while white racists continued to physically destroy blacks' property, blacks' possessions and black people. White resistance was so strong that Southern sheriffs, judges, governors, and other government officials were outwardly displaying their hatred and racism by personally participating in the mistreatment and slaughter of black people, and even abusing white civil rights workers.

Although the Negro population by this time had become bored and impatient about the situation, they still thought that passive resistance was the key to their liberation. However, when 1960 came around, so did another technique of protest (for all it was worth) — sit-ins. Hence, Negroes boycotted and sat-in, and as they did, they were arrested and jailed. For three years afterward, Negroes continued to peacefully protest. Where did it get us? Where did all the Supreme Court decisions, bills and legislation get us? It got us a chance to actually see the governor of an entire state personally block a schoolhouse door because ONE lousy black man wanted to get in. It got us a chance to see that when ONE Black woman enters a university and the whole school of white racists riot, SHE is the one who is expelled. That's what it got us, and no more. One would think that the Negro would seek another, much more effective approach. Well they did.

In 1963, Negroes were very tired, unhappy, and discouraged. They found that they were not a) receiving fair employment opportunities, b) obtaining their dream of integration, c) receiving decent housing, or d) accomplishing anything long-lasting. So, they adopted a new tactic — marches. Big deal. Unfortunately, people really thought they had something here. But what they really had was something else altogether. Marchers were beaten and jailed, Medgar Evers got killed, politicians bullshitted and made promises they intended to forget, and Black people still got treated the same damn way they did before.

Again it was necessary (for some reason) to have another Civil Rights Act which again outlawed discrimination and segregation. Again white racists came through with successful techniques of ignoring ("legally") it, again Black people peacefully demonstrated, and again Black people were mentally screwed, physically murdered and nationally neglected.

Finally — the Black people of Watts had had it. Although 34 were killed, at least they were killed fighting back. Finally they saw that nonviolence might do something to the moral conscience of the nation, but a bullet doesn't have morals and it had become clearer that white people had more bullets than they had conscience. It was about time for Black people to set foot on the right track after being misled and cheated all these years. It was about time for Blacks to fight white "resistance" with a little Black Power.

Thanks to the Watt's riot and others that followed, the struggle for our freedom is beginning to be fought on a level where we could come out the victors. It should now be obvious to us that you can't fight power with any other thing but equal power. We clearly have no other choice but to accelerate and intensify our potential power of blackness.

Washington, Oct. 15 (UPI) — The Supreme Court ended three days of emotional arguments today and took under advisement the toughest civil rights objections it has faced in 16 years.

Not since the historic 1954 decision that struck down separate school systems for blacks and whites have the justices been asked to decide racial issues with such potentially sweeping impact.

Some Other Questions

Attorneys for Southern school boards, Negro parents, the Nixon administration and a parent-teacher association argued their points of view in the consolidated case that generally asked: under the Constitution, how far must a school board go in seeking racial balance in its classrooms?

Uppermost were questions such as: does a black child have a constitutional right to attend a racially mixed school? What is an appropriate black-white ratio? Must a school board bus children several miles to achieve a racial balance?

What are the rights of a black child in an all-black neighborhood which did not become so by law? Is there in fact any such thing as this type of neighborhood? As time goes on, will the court constantly have to "reapportion" schools racially?

The court may or may not answer all these questions and others that came up during the arguments. The opinions are expected before the court's 1970-71 term ends in June, but no one knows exactly when.

The entire human race will be extinct before any court will give me my liberation.

Residents Block Police From Raiding NCCF Chapter

NEW ORLEANS (LNS) — Nearly a thousand residents of the Desire Project in New Orleans stationed themselves in front of the office of the National Committee to Combat Fascism (NCCF) in order to prevent police from attacking when about 200 New Orleans cops arrived at the headquarters. It was only mid-September when police last attacked the NCCF headquarters (which was across the street from the project). That raid resulted in 16 NCCF members jailed, one youth killed and dozens of members of the community injured.

Since October 25, the NCCF (organizing arm of the Black Panther Party in the area) has been using an apartment of the low-income Desire Project as their headquarters. (61% of the residents in the project make less than \$3,000 a year.) Their old headquarters had been completely destroyed after the September attack when the police sent in white inmates of the county prison to "look for evidence" (as well as to pull out phones and break furniture).

This time, police claimed they were going to the project to evict the NCCF for non-payment of rent. To pull off the eviction they brought along M-16's, M-14's and, as one NCCF member put it, "The usual war equipment."

Perhaps the eviction had something to do with the free breakfast program, the free clothing program, the community physical education program the chapter had organized as well as the rent strike they were in the process of getting together. The NCCF chapter says that the mafia and also the mayor — through intermediaries — have offered them money to clear out. The chapter has also received atrocity pictures of brutally beaten Blacks.

The members arrested during the last raid are still waiting in jail. They sleep in the daytime to be able to stand guard over the rats at night. One woman has been sentenced to one year of contempt of court for saying "fuck you" twice to the judge. They're now awaiting trial.

Since their last attack, the New

(Continued on Page 14 Col 3)

PIG GENE ROBERTS

(Continued from Page 15 Col. 3) defense requests for BOSS reports and records on the Panthers.

In South Africa there is also a BOSS — the Bureau of State Security. Like BOSS-New York it is also a souped-up secret police, designed to root out threats to the racist regime. It was created in 1969 by former Hitler-supporter (and now Prime Minister) Balthazar Vorster and is responsible only to him. BOSS-South Africa's job is to administer the "Terrorism Law." It is the agency that kidnaps opponents of the regime, tortures them for information, and can hold them incommunicado indefinitely if it desires to. Any publication of compromising details about the agency are punishable as seditious — the equivalent of revealing military secrets to the enemy.

BOSS-New York is not significantly different in function. One of its key roles is to root out revolutionary political movements in Harlem and to protect apartheid American-style. It is shielded from public view, as there is no legislative review of its finances or operations. In the course of the New York Panther trial, we may get a view for the first time of perhaps the most sophisticated secret police operation in the U.S.

BLACK BOOK LIST

- Sex and Race — J.A. Rogers, Vol. I & II.
- Africa's Gift to America — J.A. Rogers.
- The Egyptian Book of the Dead — J.A. Rogers.
- Look-Out Whitey, Black Power's Gonna Get Your Mama — Julius Lester.
- Wretched of the Earth — Frantz Fanon.
- Black Fire — Leroi Jones.
- Home — Leroi Jones.
- Black Power Revolt — Lloyd Barbour.
- Malcolm X Speaks — Malcolm X.
- Race and Culture Contracts in the Modern World — E. Franklin Frazier.
- Malcolm X on Afro-American History — Malcolm X.
- Black Skin, White Mask — Frantz Fanon.
- Blues People — Leroi Jones.
- Die Nigger Die — Rap Brown.
- Bible Interpretations and Explanations — Amunbi Rahkaptah.
- Message to the Black Man in America — Elijah Muhamme
- Negro Protest Thought in the 20th Century — Broderick.
- Urban Blues — Charles Kell.
- Black Nationalism — E.U. Essien-Udom.
- Liberator Magazine — J. Stokely Carmichael, Charles Hamilton.
- From the Back of the Bus — Dick Gregory.
- Notes of a Native Son — James Baldwin.
- Spanish Harlem — Anatomy of Poverty.
- "Tales" — Leroi Jones.
- World's Great Men of Colors (3000B.C. to 1946 A.D. Vol. 1 & 2) — J.A. Rogers.
- Any Place but Here — Arna Bontemps, Jack Conroy.

- African History & Culture
- Liberia's Past and Present — Nathaniel R. Richardson.
 - Musical Instruments — Dietz, Olatunji.
 - Garvey & Garveyism — Jacques Garvey.
 - Ghana — The Autobiography of Kwame Nkrumah.
 - From Superman to Man — J.A. Rogers.
 - South Africa: The Peasants Revolt — Govan Mbeki.
 - African Opinion.

BLACK ALBUMS

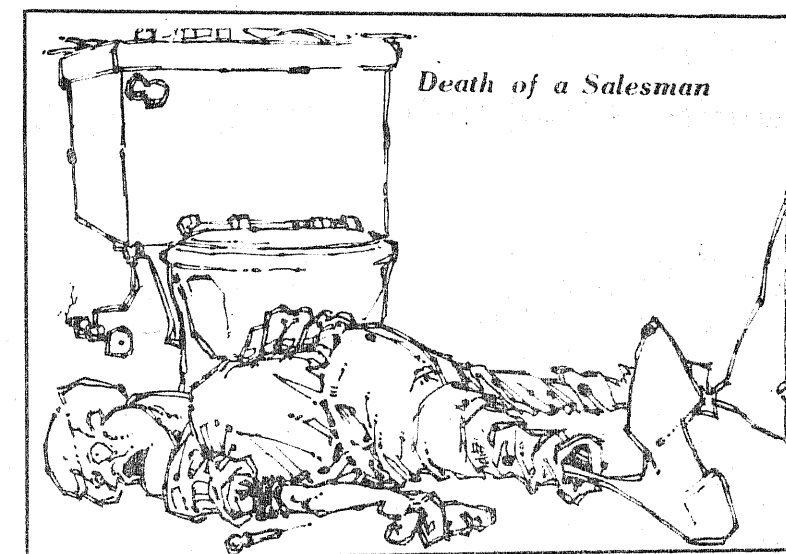
- Black & Beautiful, Soul & Madness — Leroi Jones.
- The Black Mass — Leroi Jones.
- "Dig" — Eldridge Cleaver.
- All albums by Malcolm X.

Asia

- Chinese Fables and Anecdotes — Hsun Tzu & Others.
- The People Have Strength — Rewi Alley.

Viet Nam

- The People of Viet Nam will Triumph — The U.S. Aggressors will be defeated.



JUSTIFIED REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 14, Col. 5)

If the kind of political and socio-economic changes that Frantz Fanon preaches were to come about, it would have its deepest effects on third world people (of color). This is so because revolution, as Fanon sees it, would bring about the cultural changes that would liberate this individual's colonized mentality. This process of liberation would bring about pride in self (Black is beautiful, so is brown and red, yellow too!); you need understanding and knowledge to love

your people. You can't love your people if you don't love yourself. All Power to the People Despierta Boricua, Defiende Lo tuyo!

My Brother
I bumped into my brother walkin' down the hall beautiful, bold defiant, so cool so very high.
Vaya! What's happenin' Pana? Oh you know bro, stayin' high. Yeah he was cool and beautiful but his eyes told me the truth Let me die!

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