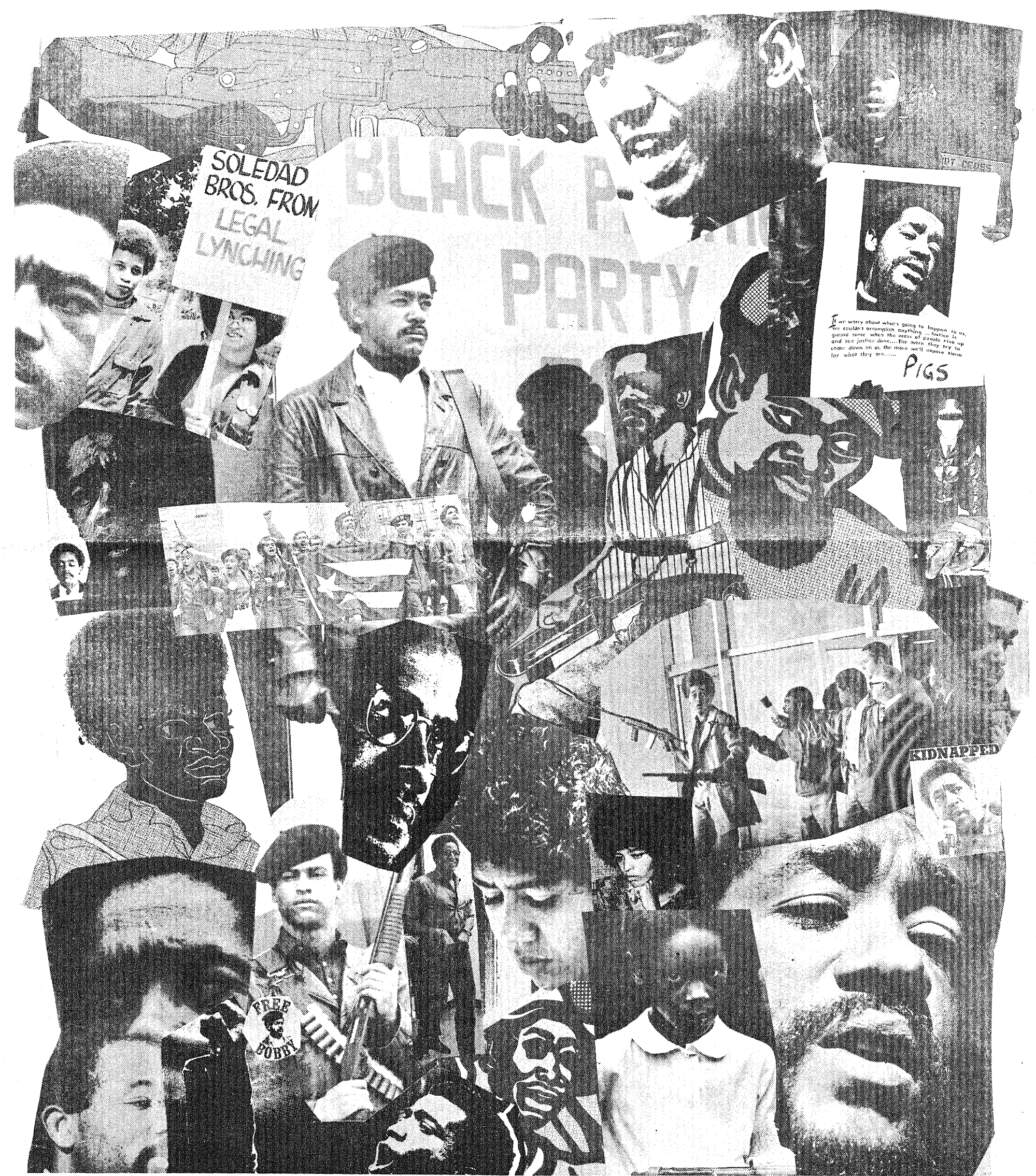


Black People's Publication
of
Staten Island Community (College)
Volume 2
Number 3

Black Perspective

February, 1971



*This Issue is Dedicated to Bobby Seale, A
Forgotten Political Prisoner*

Capitalism Plus Dope Equals Genocide



By MICHAEL 'CETEWAYO' TABOR (Political Prisoner, N.Y. 21) BLACK PANTHER PARTY, U.S.A.

I. The Problem
Recently in the Black colony of Harlem a 12 year old Black boy was murdered by an overdose of heroin. Less than two weeks later a 15 year old Black girl met the same tragic fate. During the year 1969 in New York City alone there were over 900 deaths resulting from drug addiction. Of these, 210 were youths ranging in age from 12 to 19. Of the over 900 dead, the overwhelming majority were Black and Puerto Rican. It is estimated that there are at least 25,000 youths addicted to narcotics in New York City — and that is a conservative estimate.

Birth Control and Its' Effects on Blacks

By C. W. Lewis

White America is creating more problems for blacks. One of these problems that is presently hampering the black man's quest for unity is the "Birth Control Program." This weapon which seems to be part of a white backlash against blacks is having a serious effect on the black race. This dangerous weapon is creating alienation among blacks. Presently there is a confrontation between black women and black men. As a result of this, disunity seems to be inevitable between black militants (men) in revolutionary organizations, and black (women) liberationists currently involved in the pseudo women's liberationist movement. Black leaders are presently in disagreement as to how the black race should accept birth control as presented by white America. "Some feel that the motive behind these birth control schemes are not designed to promote the welfare of the black race, but to eliminate blacks in the future, because the birth control law or act is directed toward blacks and not the American white." Some black militants are opposing birth control because they see it as a genocidal weapon against black communities, which in terms of forced sterilization of welfare mothers, it is.

Black militants in response to the birth control program are standing up telling black women to "produce more babies." However these black militants are pledging allegiance in their own way to an old principle. "There is strength only in numbers." Coming back to the black women from the liberationist sector. These black women are being used by the oppressors, the pseudo women's liberationist movement. These misguided black women are preaching that all black women should use birth control devices because it prevents them from breeding black babies that would have to grow up in a world of oppression, poverty, slavery, etc. Now these black women liberationists are correct in one sense, but they seem to cast aside the proven results of medical authorities that, "long term use of the pill and other birth control contraceptives carries with it a definite danger of producing irreversible sterility." In 1968 in a report to the American public, a leading medical researcher, Dr. Louis Lasagna, said on NBC television, that, "Hundreds of cases have now been observed by physicians in this country and abroad of women who while taking the pill and other birth control contraceptives, have developed clots in their extremities, in their hearts, abdomens, lungs and brain which ended in fatal results." After these results, other established side effects were made known to the black community. Black women (liberationists) fell for the lies of the white "co-discoverer" of the pill, scientist, Dr. John Rock. Dr. Rock wrote a magazine article and had his works published and sold in super markets to hundreds of black women in the black communities. In oppressor Rock's magazine he advised black women to take the pill because, "When taken with the supervision of a competent physician and under directions followed "the Pill" is perfectly safe." This advice is irrelevant to black women because the majority of black women do not have competent physicians. In some black

From the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, to the clergy, to members of the medical profession, so-called educators, psychologists, right on down to the chemically enslaved addicts on the street corner, the hopes for effectively curbing the spread of the plague are dishearteningly dim. Despite the stiffer jail sentences being meted out to those whom the law defines as "drug profiteers" — a euphemism for illegal capitalists — there are more dope dealers now than ever before. Despite the ever increasing number of preventive and rehabilitative programs the plague proliferates, it threatens to devour an entire generation of youth.

The basic reason why the plague cannot be stopped by the drug prevention and rehabilitation programs is that these programs, with their archaic, bourgeois Freudian approach and their unrealistic therapeutic communities, do not deal with the causes of the problem. These programs deliberately negate or at best deal flippantly with the socio-economic origin of drug addiction. These programs sanctimoniously deny the fact that capitalist exploitation and racial oppression are the main contributing factors to drug addiction in regard to Black people. These programs were never intended to cure Black addicts. They can't even cure the White addicts they were designed for.

This fascist government defines the cause of addiction as the importation of the plague into the country by smugglers. They themselves even admit that stopping the entry of the plague is impossible. For every kilo (2.2 lbs.) of heroin they confiscate, at least 25 kilos get past customs agents. The government is well aware of the fact that even if they were able to stop the importation of heroin, dope dealers and addicts would simply find another drug to take its place. The government is totally incapable of addressing itself to the true causes of drug addiction, for to do so would necessitate effecting a radical transformation of this society. The social consciousness of this society, the values, mores and traditions would have to be altered. And this would be impossible without totally changing the way in

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Capital Punishment; Legal Tool of U.S.

By Cortland T. G. Summey, Jr.

In a society as modern as ours today, Capital Punishment still exists. Although there hasn't been an execution in the United States since 1967, the outlook for complete abolishment is very dim.

Being human, I will never understand the taking of one life for another. Life is very precious, too precious to be taken away simply to justify a right for a wrong.

The world's first recorded homicide was not punished by death. When Cain killed his brother Abel and lied, the Lord did not take Cain's life. Instead He marked Cain and exiled him for life.

Much has been said pro and con concerning Capital Punishment. It would take many years to compose only a partial list of writings, speeches and people who were involved. But I feel that if everyone would evaluate the very essence of life itself, then you too would see that Capital Punishment, the Supreme Sacrifice, is morally wrong.

Generally, arguments for and against Capital Punishment are of two kinds. The first claims that man's innate sense of justice requires that a murderer should lose his life, or that man has no right to take life, which God alone can give. The second claims that Capital Punishment serves some demonstrable purpose.

But I search for answers to these questions; What principle of justice can authorize the taking of a life? What can be gained by senseless killings?

I hope that someday a new awakening will come across the minds of mankind. Then and only then will we realize what a terrible thing Capital Punishment is. Complete abolishment is the only solution.

Capital Punishment is the execution of a criminal pursuant to a sentence of death imposed by a competent court.

Enrici Ferri, the founder of criminal sociology declared that: Retribution, often invoked, seems equally inadequate as justification. All present systems support a social disapproval of the offense committed. But it does not follow that the punishment should consist of taking a life. Finally, it's being realized that human justice is relative, and that the death penalty reforms no one. In America, criminal statistics and criminological research on the evolution of criminality demonstrate that the abolition of the death penalty has never brought about an increase in crime.

Since the early 1800's, in America there has been a trend moving to eliminate Capital Punishment. Those in favor of Capital Punishment feel that it decreases crimes, or serves as a reminder to others what the ultimatum is. Those who are opposed to capital punishment feel that it is morally wrong and outrageous to think that such an ugly thing could exist in our society.

The abolitionist movement in the United States can be said to have started in 1778, when Dr. Benjamin Rush, physician and signer of the Declaration of Independence wrote an essay called "Inquiry Into The Justice and Policy of Punishing Murder By Death." In the 1840's an important convert to the cause was Horace Greeley, founder-editor of The New York Tribune. In 1846, Michigan abolished the death penalty for all crimes except treason, and has remained true to the principle since attaining statehood. Rhode Island followed in 1852, Wisconsin in 1853, and Maine in 1876. (Maine revoked the action in 1883, but returned to her original decision in 1897.) Minnesota saw the light in 1911, North Dakota in 1915, Alaska and Hawaii in 1957, Oregon in 1964, Iowa, New York, Vermont, and West Virginia in 1965.

The abolitionist movement has moved forward, although today many states still threaten the death penalty as a means of punishment for certain crimes.

Why do certain crimes draw the death penalty? The answer to this question can be argued greatly. I feel that it depends largely on the brutality of the offense committed, rather than the offense itself. Take for example murder. In most states, a conviction of murder in the first degree automatically carries the death penalty. Yet, a lesser degree would not impose the death penalty but perhaps life imprisonment. But if the offense, murder, was premeditated, or done in such a way that when the case was tried in the Courts, the brutality of the offense will determine the sentence!

In the United States, capital homicide ordinarily means murder in the first degree, i.e., the premeditated and willful killing of a person and (except in federal law) homicide in connection with certain crimes.

LIFE

*Life is the art of living
And death is the passing of the artist
I intend to be an artist of life
I want to live
I want to breathe freely and unsparingly
without fear of polluted air
I want to walk slowly,
So that I can dig
Really dig the scenes
To laugh and feel the joy of my laughter
To cry
Cry for a release of tension and grief
And to love with every fiber of my being
Yes — I crave for love
But my greatest need is to find "me"
Who am I?
Where do I belong?
So you see I'm searching
And when I've attained the goals of my heart
When I've fed the fires of my hungry passion
And when the pain . . .
That painful awareness of being alone
When the pain subsides
Only then will I die
But until then
I'll fight death at every corner
I refuse to die because
I haven't lived*

Ernie Priester

Angela Davis Speaks To Harlemites

By Joe Walker
New York Editor of Muhammed Speaks

NEW YORK — In her first interview since being arrested and imprisoned here on charges of murder, kidnapping and conspiracy handed down in a California indictment, Angela Davis answered questions from the people of Harlem submitted to her by MUHAMMED SPEAKS.

MS CANVASSERS walked the streets of Harlem and asked Black people — men and women from a wide variety of occupations as well as students and unemployed — what would they ask Miss Davis if they could, or what troubled them about her case.

The questions most frequently asked were presented to Angela Davis by her Attorney Margaret Burnham, who tape-recorded her exclusive answers for MUHAMMED SPEAKS.

A lot of the people polled by MS expressed a desire to hear "in Angela's own words" exactly what the situation is, instead of having to rely on the "conclusions" drawn by the daily press.

A considerable number of people said that they had no questions to ask and said they realized the nature of her persecution but wanted to send their wishes and expressions of encouragement and solidarity to her. Also, similar sentiments were expressed by many of those who did propose questions.

This correspondent believes that the questions gathered from the streets of Harlem represent those most being asked by Black men and women across the country. Miss Davis' responses are printed here so that she can represent herself in a Black news medium and clear up distortions printed in Life, Newsweek, Time, N.Y. Times and so forth.

THE FOLLOWING are the questions to Angela Davis from the people of Harlem (listed in order of frequency, the most asked question first, etc.) and her verbatim answers.

WHY ARE YOU A COMMUNIST?

Before anything else I am a Black woman. I dedicated my life to the struggle for the liberation of Black people — my enslaved, imprisoned people.

I am a Communist because I am convinced that the reason we have been forcefully compelled to eke out an existence at the very lowest level of American society has to do with the nature of capitalism. If we are going to rise out of our oppression, our poverty, if we are going to cease being the targets of the racist-minded mentality of racist policemen, we will have to destroy the American capitalist system. We will have to obliterate a system in which a few wealthy capitalists are guaranteed the privilege of becoming richer and richer, whereas the people who are forced to work for the rich, and especially Black people, never take any significant step forward.

I am a Communist because I believe that Black people, with whose labor and blood this country was built, have a right to a great deal of wealth that has been hoarded in the hands of the Hughes, the Rockefellers, the Kennedys, the DuPonts, all the Super-powerful white capitalists of America.

Further I am a Communist because I believe Black men should not be coerced into fighting a racist, imperialist war in Southeast Asia, where the U.S. Government is violently denying a non-white people the right to control their own lives, just as they violently suppressed us for hundreds of years.

MY DECISION to join the Che-Lumumba Club, a militant, all-Black collective of the Communist Party, flowed directly from my belief that the only path of liberation for Black people is the one which leads towards the complete and total overthrow of the capitalist class and all its various instruments of suppression.

The Che-Lumumba Club is concerned with the task of organizing Black people around their immediate needs but at the same time of creating an army of freedom fighters which will overthrow our enemies. We realize that in order to accomplish this latter goal we must work in harmony with the progressive forces of white America who have seen the nature of the beast.

WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE "UNDERGROUND RAILROAD," LIKE ROBERT WILLIAMS AND ELDRIDGE CLEAVER AND OTHERS, TO ESCAPE THE PERSECUTION BEING WAGED AGAINST YOU?

First of all, I am sure that J. Edgar Hoover in collusion with Nixon and Reagan decided to make an example of me. The FBI unleashed an enormous amount of manpower in this search, much more than they can afford to use ordinarily. Because so much public attention was focused on me and my alleged participation in the events at San Rafael, they had to prove to their reactionary contingencies that they could capture Black revolutionaries.

HUNDREDS of women resembling me in Black communities across the country were arrested. Not only were my family, friends and political acquaintances kept under constant surveillance but casual friends and acquaintances, some of whom I haven't had contact with for over a decade, were also under surveillance.

Obviously they intended to block all paths of escape. We have to realize that I was taken by surprise. There was no way for me to have foreseen that I would be compelled to run for my life last August. Therefore the entire flight had to be improvised.

It was a difficult situation with my picture pasted up all over the country. Furthermore, the press helped the FBI by doing all kinds of articles and even cover stories on me.

I DIDN'T ESCAPE successfully but we should remember this — there will continue to be frameups such as mine and we will continue to be forced to hide. Just because they caught me doesn't mean that everyone of us will be captured.

They set all their running dogs on me. This they can afford to do only a few times over. We must refuse to allow them to strike terror among us, for this was obviously the intent of their actions.

Furthermore, because of the intensified repression we are experiencing, we have to begin to talk about creating a viable apparatus to allow Black freedom fighters sought for by the police to remain in

this country and remain active in the Black liberation struggle.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK THAT YOU ARE BEING USED BY THE COMMUNISTS. IS IT IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE THAT THIS IS SO?

Any vicious propaganda to the effect that I am being used by Communists can only have been initiated by the enemies of our struggle.

There have been rumors that because the Communist Party has come to my defense, this means that they are exploiting me and further indicates that perhaps the party had something to do with my capture.

Anyone who believes such flagrant lies has been terribly deceived by the Nixon-Reagan clique, for they are the ones who devise such underhanded methods of questioning our struggle.

I AM A BLACK woman Communist. The corrupt government of this country could not accept such a combination. This is why they use the events at San Rafael to launch an effort to murder me. As a member of the Communist Party, it was incumbent on the party to come to my defense.

Furthermore, through me the government is attempting to further attack and terrorize Black people, as they have done in the case of George Jackson, Huey Newton, Bobby Seale, Ericka Huggins, and I could go on and on. Therefore Black people have to begin to talk about rising up not only in the defense of political prisoners but in their own defense.

DESPITE ALL THAT HAS FALLEN ON YOU, DO YOU STILL FEEL AS STRONGLY ABOUT THE BLACK CAUSE?

There is absolutely nothing which could deter me from continuing to fight with all my energies for the freedom of my people. There is no need for me to cry because I have been captured but there is all the more reason to be strong and keep fighting.

During the time I was participating in the efforts to free the Soledad Brothers, I continually warned that any one of us could be set up as the next target of the government's policy of repression of Black revolutionaries.

Many among us are locked in the dungeons across the country. Ninety-five per cent of us here in the (N.Y.C.) Women's House of Detention are Black and Puerto Rican. I am with my people and we are going to continue to fight inside the dungeon.

HOW CAN ORDINARY PEOPLE HELP YOU IN YOUR FIGHT?

Committees have been organized all across the country, in fact throughout the world, to force the government to set me free. Demonstrations, petition campaigns, massive literature campaigns, have already been developed. There is a whole host of activities in which people can involve themselves. I would suggest that those who are interested, should contact the New York Committee to Free Angela Davis, 29 W. 15th St., N.Y.C., or Black Women for the Freedom of Angela Davis, 361 West 125th St., N.Y.C., or the United National Committee to Free Angela Davis, 4350 43rd Street, Los Angeles, California.

I think it is important to link up the struggle for my freedom with the fight to free other Black political prisoners. . . . I maintain that the fight should call for the freedom of all Black men and women. For few of us have received fair trials. We certainly have not been judged by juries from among our peers.

EVEN IF I am eventually allowed to leave the dungeon, I will not consider myself free. My freedom will become a reality when we as a people have destroyed our enemies, when we Black people have broken the yokes of our oppression and can freely erect a society which reflects our needs and our dreams. I will not be free until all Black people are free.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY DOUBT SINCE YOU BECAME A COMMUNIST ABOUT THEIR ABILITY TO HELP BLACK PEOPLE?

The Communist Party recognizes that Black people not only constitute the most oppressed collection of people in the United States but also that we are the product of the most militant tradition of resistance within the confines of this country. Therefore we as Black

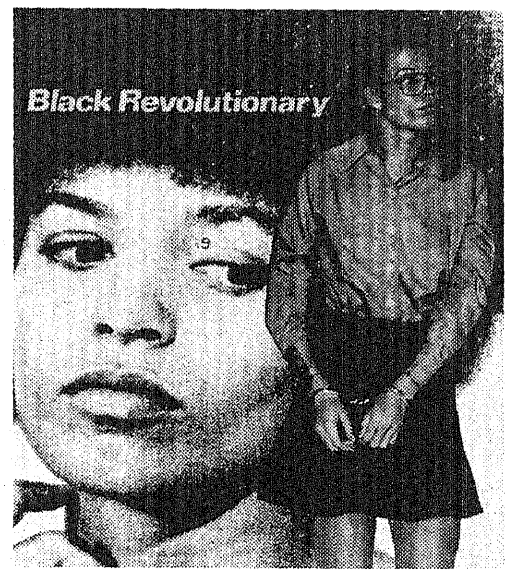
Racism In America

America — populated by the Redman for X amount of years — "discovered" by the White man in the 1400's. Colonized in the 1600's by "oppressed" Whites, (with the help of their indentured servants). By the 1700's the sound of the Liberty Bell tolling — "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND UNTO ALL OF THE INHABITANTS THEREOF" (1) — had reached the ears of freedom loving Americans. The Declaration of Independence, men's blood spilled on fields of battle. The Constitution of the United States of America, with the Bill of Rights, to insure for all men Freedom, Justice, Liberty, and Equality. The parents of America, most of whom were slave owners, decide that for the purposes of taxation and governmental representation in the Senate and the Congress, each slave would represent 3/4 of a human. The laws governing slavery and the rights of the slaveowner exemplify the growth of slavery as an institution. Manumission (?) ? — Abolition (?) ? Slave states vs. Free states, Agricultural economy vs. industrial economy, Union states vs. Confederate states. The Civil War to end slavery (?) — more blood seeping into the soil of 1800 America. Amendments to the Constitution 14-15-16. Reconstruction, the Klan, more spilled blood. Jim Crow laws replace Slave laws. America grows with the expansion of the Indian Removal Acts. She has "manifest destiny" her way across the continent to claim Texas and California, she also has broadened her claims to include islands in the Pacific as well as islands in the Atlantic. Wars, Lynchings, Massacres, Murders, Jails, Prisons, Reservations. FREedom!!!! The Statue of Liberty, with her hollow arm dripping blood, symbolizes freedom and proclaims "WITH SILENT LIPS," GIVE ME YOUR TIRE D, YOUR POOR, YOUR HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO BREATHE FREEDOM, THE WRITCHED REFUSE OF YOUR TREEMING SHORE, SEND THESE THE HOME LESS, TEMPEST FOST TO ME, I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN DOOR" (2)

Racism. Discrimination. Bigotry. Ethnocentricity: nomenclature means very little to those who suffer unjustly in the 1900's. Words — sounds — as hollow as the aforementioned freedom are spoken in reply to the anguished screams of the oppressed.

So now I must sit down and compose a paper on "racism" in, on, Staten Island. How to begin such a project. It is impossible for me to be objective, for I have been the victim of the oppressor, and I will remain so until the very instant of my death. (Is heaven-hell populated by bigots also?) To those members of the White race (?) who feel that they were born to be superior, and to those who consider themselves truly free of bigotry, it will be less complicated to feign objectivity. It will be impossible for victims of bigotry to convince them that they are mistaken. Should I strive for a grade, intellectualize the problem, or should I express my self? I could spend hours, days, weeks reading books, magazines, newspapers, and pamphlets. I could document articles pro and con on racism. I could review the papers of my fellow students, (and my own) and thereby expose the racism inherent in our thinking.

As a victim of racism I have (Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)



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Brother Gets His Values Together

NEW YORK (LNS) — I was rapping with Michael Tabor, one of the Panthers now on trial before Judge John Murtagh on trumped up charges of conspiring to blow up the Bronx Botanical Gardens, bomb railroads, dynamite department stores, and kill policemen.

Tabor had been a prisoner in the Queens House of Detention, ransomed at \$50,000 for over a year until his release last spring. It was the last of many jails which have held him. He has, he says, been in jail all his life — in maximum security jails — State and Federal Penitentiaries, and in the minimum security jails — the Black ghettos of America. Like many other Panthers he became a revolutionary in maximum security jail. Nine other Panthers are still held on \$100,000 bail each in the Queens House of Detention.

Tabor is 23. He is defending himself before Judge Murtagh. His essay "Capitalism Plus Dope Equals Genocide" is one of the best analyses of heroin ever written. We talked about dope, about prisons and jail breaks, Fascism and liberation. Then I asked Tabor how he became a Panther. This is what he said:

My joining the Party was the culmination of a lot of things that had gone down, the impact of which descended on me at one time. I can remember seeing the Birmingham Church bombing reported on the news back in 1963. That had a very profound impact on me. But at the time I saw it I was high. I just got through taking off on some cocaine and heroin. I was sitting nodding in front of the TV. Righteously nodding. I was fucked up. The news came on. They ran that whole thing down. The account blew my mind, but the effect was cushioned by the way of the high I was under. I said, "Damn, is that for real? What kind of depraved beast would do that? Wow!" And I went back off on my heroin trip. Erased back on cloud nine.

Then there was the Harlem Rebellion of 1964. Again at that time I was still shooting heroin. I was living downtown in the Village and I came up to Harlem to cop some dope. I wasn't even hip to the fact that a rebellion was going on. I wasn't hip to the fact that a young Black brother had been shot down by the pigs. I came up out of the subway with another dude on 125th Street. I saw this frantic activity going on. Police cars zipping back and forth, sirens wailing, gun shots crackling in the distance. Black folks running up and down the streets, many with packages in their arms.

I looked at this shit and I said, "What the fuck is going on up here, Man." It was a hell of a thing coming out of the subway and stepping into this scene. The foremost thing on my mind was copping some dope. So I ease up a side street, me and my man. Went up to 8th Avenue and 126th Street to cop. But there wasn't anybody out there. I walked up to 129th and 8th to cop and there wasn't anybody out there. The pig was all over the place. People were running back and forth. We started downtown to 126th Street and somebody cracked in the window of a pawn shop and an appliance shop. A group of kids ran in and ripped off the merchandise and came back out. So I instinctively followed suit and snatched a portable TV, hopped out into the street. Pigs were shooting at us. We ran through backyards hopped into a cab, took the merchandise back uptown, and came back down again.

At this point I still didn't know what was going down, what had sparked it. Finally I was able to cop. Hopped on the subway and went back downtown. I came back up in the morning. People were selling stuff all over the street. A man had wrist watches all the way up to his shoulder blades. There were whole trays of rings. It wasn't until a few days later that I found out what had sparked the rebellion. That was a profound experience. A certain something was indelibly stamped on my soul.

Then there was the assassination of Malcolm X. I did not recognize the significance and greatness of Malcolm X till after he was dead. It was strange because I was hip to him, but because I was so preoccupied with my other activities, namely the systematic attempt to destroy myself through the shooting of heroin, I paid very little attention to Malcolm or King, or anything that extended beyond the world of narcotics. But when the news came over the TV that Malcolm had been assassinated something very deep inside of me was touched, like all the strings of a Stradivarius violin suddenly snapped.

I was in prison at the time. I had been arrested by Federal authorities for interstate theft. I was in the Federal House of Detention awaiting trial. We were sitting down playing pinocle when the news came on. The game stopped and everybody just looked at each other. One cat in the corner just started crying. I was stunned and shocked. We rapped about Malcolm the rest of the day. Then his funeral was on television. It was at that point that I came to appreciate his importance, his greatness, because it was the first time to my knowledge that the death of a Black person was televised.

What was so baffling about the whole thing was that he was a Black man who was not an endorsed spokesman of the power structure. He was a Black man who, more so than any Black man on the planet at the time, was educating the people to the fundamental reality of the system, to the fact that it was a capitalist, racist system, that our struggle here in America was not a domestic struggle confined to the boundaries of the US but that it was an international struggle, inextricably bound up with the struggles of all third world peoples all over the planet. A man who was an exponent of revolutionary violence, and self-defense. Now, here was his funeral on television. It really blew my mind, man. It was like the funeral of a head of state.

While I was in the Federal Penitentiary in Lexington, Kentucky, which is technically called a hospital, I had occasion to do a lot of reading and studying. The atmosphere in that institution was conducive to study. You could get almost any book. We also had classes in Black history. I became a member of an Islamic sect known as the Moorish Science Temple. At that time, if you went to Rikers Island, or the Brooklyn House of Detention you became a Black Muslim almost out of necessity. Many dudes used it as a kind of protection. People came into jail not knowing anybody, subject to rape, brutalization. They would join the Black Muslims. I would rap with them and

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I Wish I Could Know How It Feels To Be Free
I wish I could know how it feels to be free
I wish I could break all these chains holding me
I wish I could say all the things I should say
Say them loud, say them clear for the whole world to hear
I wish I could know how it feels to be me

I wish I could break all these chains holding me
I wish you could know how it feels to be me
Then you'll see and agree every man should be free
I wish I could live like I'm longing to live
I wish I could give all the things I could give
I wish I could do all the things I could do

Though I'm long overdue I'll be starting anew
I wish I could be like a bird in the sky
How sweet it would be if I found I could fly
I gaze at the sky and look down at the sea
Then I'll sing 'cause I know how it feels to be free.
Then I'll sing 'cause I know how it feels to be free.

Racism Creates Resentment

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 5)

become racist, which makes me unqualified to be objective. Racism has become a part of my being. I have lived with it and breathed it for so long that it has become a part of me — or I a part of it. I see racism in the rat infested dwellings of Blacks and Puerto Ricans. I see racism in the "black lungs" of the Appalachian coal miners. I see racism in action during the Chicago Convention. I see racism silencing dissent in four White students at Kent. I see racism still the voice of Black dissent. I see racism riding the backs of migrant farm workers.

Racism is the oppressor of thoughts, the repression of those who would dare look, act, or think different. Racism is a deliberate tactic designed to create a division of the population in a society which considers property values higher than human values. Racism is an institution.

We are a nation of many Nationalities, Religions, and Creeds, in short a nation of minorities; all subject to the bigotry and the discrimination from the collective majority.

A nation divided internally as to the meanings of Freedom, Justice, Liberty, and Equality. At the same time a nation calling upon all of its citizens (?) to shed their blood, and the blood of others both at home and abroad. To be forced to live with rats and roaches, to be forced to lie and to steal in order to feed your children.

To drop out of school because someone has to work if the family is going to eat. Join the service

because that is the only way to survive and still feed and clothe the four sisters and a brother. In Idaho, in 1954, to be humiliated in a barber shop. In Chicago, 1955, to be denied job after job after job for being inexperienced and/or not meeting the educational requirements. Then after striving for two years being told that "you are over qualified and could not possibly be happy in such a position," in California in 1963. And to be offered a job emptying bedpans at Willowbrook State School on Staten Island in 1968, despite a two year college education. These incidents, plus a thousand similar ones, have left their mark on me. I have been a presser, a crash-rescue firefighter, a mail clerk and carrier, a structural firefighter, a pipe fitter, a machinist, a laborer, a ditchdigger, street paver, supervisor, instructor, truck driver, mover, bread-bagger, and a student. Still to many, I remain a lazy, good for nothing nigger living off of relief checks and wine (today probably a drug addict to these same people).

When I apply for a job — WE ARE AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER — I will be turned away because "The job has already been taken by a qualified man." It is by sheer chance that they are still accepting applications for that very same job. Prejudice, discrimination, and bigotry have created, in me, a biased mind. And a determination to fight the class system. I see prejudice — racism — in the courts of law, allowing a judge

(?) to penalize people who are trying to improve their lot. The fact that the people involved are Black and Puerto Rican is not, in itself, sufficient grounds to prove discrimination. Not to the powers that be. It is impossible because prejudice and discrimination, and bigotry, are almost impossible (99 and 99-100% possible) to prove under our present legal system.

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Angela Sees No Justice

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 4)

people are the natural leaders of a revolution which must ultimately overthrow the American ruling class, thus freeing the masses of the American people. Black people must free themselves.

WE REALIZE in our struggle that racism in this country is all pervasive. This we learned in the experiences we encountered during the civil rights era in which many well-meaning whites unconsciously perpetuated racism by taking the patronizing posture that they must "help us" Black people, which meant to assist us in the futile task of integrating ourselves into a dying culture.

The Communist Party acknowledges the need for white people to accept the leadership of Blacks, especially white workers. If they are to free themselves of their chains, they must realize that first and foremost they must struggle against all manifestations of racism. Hardly a day passed last year when I didn't receive a death threat in some form or another. As a result of Reagan's actions, I was constantly harassed by pigs patrolling our community.

I FLED BECAUSE I was convinced that there was little likelihood that would get justice in California. I might add that the L.A. TIMES conducted a survey in the Black community in Los Angeles and found that 80 per cent of those questioned felt that I was correct in going into hiding, for to turn myself in would have been tantamount to delivering myself into the hands of my self-appointed executioners — the self-appointed executioners of Black people in general.

IF YOU MUST STAND TRIAL IN CALIFORNIA, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET A FAIR TRIAL?

The American judicial system is bankrupt. In so far as Black people are concerned, it has proven itself to be one more arm of a system carrying out the systematic oppression of our people. We are the victims, not the recipients of justice.

It is obvious that democracy in America is hopelessly deteriorated when the courts, allegedly guardians of the rights of the people, have been enlisted to play an active role in the genocidal war against Black people.

We must reject the right of the courts to further oppress us. The only way we can get justice is demand it and to create a mass movement which will give notice to our enemy that we will use all means at our disposal to secure justice for our people. This is the only way we can expect to free all our brothers and sisters held captive in America's dungeons. This is the only way we can expect to ultimately gain total liberation.

HOW IS YOUR MORALE HOLDING UP?

With all the beautiful sisters surrounding me and with all the sisters and brothers struggling in the streets, I cannot help but feel just as determined to keep on fighting as I was when I was captured. Each day I receive hundreds and hundreds of letters from sympathizers all over the world. The support I have been receiving has almost left me incredulous.

THE PRESS FAILED to mention that when I embarked upon a hunger strike to protest my solitary confinement here, many of the sisters, in a gesture of solidarity, joined in.

I have been in jail for two months. Huey was incarcerated for two years. Ericka Huggins, whom I know personally and admire as one of this country's great Black women, has been incarcerated for almost two years, as has Bobby Seale.

MOST OF THE PAPERS HAVE SAID YOU FLED CALIFORNIA BECAUSE YOU WERE GUILTY. CAN YOU CLEAR THIS UP FOR US?

Let me ask this question. When a slave, who managed to escape from the whips and wheels of the white slave master, fled to another state, was this evidence of his guilt?

After Ronald Reagan and his fascist cohorts launched the campaign to fire me from my job at UCLA — not because there were any defects in my qualifications but simply because I was Black, a Communist and devoted to the struggle for freedom of my people — how could I fail to realize that they were now determined to murder me? After all, they had already unleashed a tremendous reactionary sentiment against me, simply around the question of my job.

When I stop and try to re-invent all that George Jackson (the Soledad prisoner) has endured over the last 11 years of his life and has still emerged as a powerful, brilliant leader of his people, and

On The Young Lords

By Louis Maysonet

On November 18th I had the opportunity of visiting and speaking with members of the Young Lords Party at their New York headquarters at Madison Avenue and 111th Street.

It was during this meeting that I learned the full details of the many contributions the Young Lords had made to help the ghetto community in areas where the public had failed, and continues to fail.

Today's Young Lords organization is an outgrowth of a Chicago street gang which, in 1968, turned its attention to the social and economic needs of the people in ghetto areas.

Now filling the ranks of the New York based organization are

when I think that Jonathan Jackson and many others have sacrificed their lives in our struggle, I am infused with all of the strength I need to carry on the fight.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE HOW YOU ARE BEING TREATED IN THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION?

This is a prison and the atrocious conditions that characterize virtually every American prison are present in this place. Rather than start with the specific treatment I have been receiving, I would like to delineate the circumstances under which all of us are compelled to exist.

First of all, the prison is filthy. It is infested with roaches and mice. Often we discover roaches cooked into our food. Not too long ago, a sister found a mousetail in her soup. A few days ago I was drinking a cup of coffee and I was forced to spit out a roach.

ROACHES LITERALLY cover the walls of our cells at night, crawling across our bodies while we sleep. Every night we hear the screams of inmates who wake up to find mice scurrying across their bodies. I discovered one in bed with me last night in fact.

The medical conditions here are abominable. The doctors are racists and entirely insensitive to the needs of the women here. One sister who is housed in my corridor complained to the doctor not too long ago that she had terrible pains in her chest.

After which the doctor suggested to her that she get a job without once examining her. It was later discovered that the sister had tumors in her breast and needed immediate hospital attention. This is indicative of the way we are treated here.

We spend most of our time in either 5 x 9 cells with filth and concrete floors or outside on the bare corridors. We are not even allowed to place blankets on the floor where we must sit to protect ourselves from the filth and the cold.

To talk a little about the library, they have a collection of adventure stories and romances which they have designated the library. It is important to realize that although the prison population is 95 per cent Black and Puerto Rican, I found only five or six books about Black people and literature in Spanish is extremely scarce.

I COULD GO ON and on but perhaps now I will turn to the specific kinds of treatment I have been receiving myself. I am convinced that the authorities in this place have been instructed to make life as difficult as possible for me, probably in order to convince me to stop fighting extradition.

Of course after the courts overruled them and they were compelled to release me from solitary confinement and 24-hour guard, they had to seek other ways to assert their dominance.

Unlike the other women who are being held for trial, I am forced to wear institutional clothing. They say I am a high security risk and they want to make it difficult for me to escape. They refuse to permit my attorneys to give me legal material unless they first read it over, demonstrating that they have no respect whatsoever for the confidentiality which is supposed to exist between lawyer and client.

I could continue to enumerate a hundred little things that have been done in the hope of breaking me but I continue to give notice to them that there is absolutely nothing they can do to break my determination to keep struggling.

THE ONLY WAY they can accomplish this is by taking my life and then they would have to face the wrath of the people. The same holds true for Ericka, Bobby, George, the Soledad Brothers, etc.

WHAT IS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE OTHER PRISONERS?

I have never encountered such an overwhelmingly warm and cordial welcome. Obviously the reason why the prison authorities isolated me was the enthusiastic welcome I received. Each time I go from one area of the jail to another, the sisters hold up their clenched fists and convey expressions of solidarity.

While I was in solitary confinement, the sisters on the floor conducted demonstrations in my behalf. When I embarked upon a hunger strike, many of them joined.

AFTER I WAS transferred into isolation, some of the sisters on my corridor, with whom I had spent a great deal of time, were helping me answer letters from the outside. They were all immediately transferred to another floor but we still find ways to communicate with one another.

I have already mentioned the state of the so-called library. After many requests and arguments, I was told that if books were sent directly from the publishing company I could receive them.

Now the authorities allow me to bring up five of these books at

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 4)

ly been branded as Communist. It is not politics which is the primary concern of the Young Lords, but the well being of the poor, oppressed — and forgotten — people of the ghetto communities.

Why, then, have the Young Lords been so often labeled Communists? Not that the term itself is offensive — but the term is generally used when referring to leftist or subversive groups.

Mr. Constantine, of Metropolitan Hospital, in a recent article of Modern Hospital Magazine, stated "one of the most important technique in determining the community needs is face to face meeting." Also, he believes the Young Lords are "well motivated." — Is this a commentary on a subversive organization?

In referring to the hospital activities of the Young Lords a recent New York Times article stated, "that there have been instances of close cooperation . . . where members of the group accompanied New York Medical College students to collect urine specimens from small children in a program which seeks to detect lead poisoning." Again is this a commentary on the activities of a subversive group?

The pastor of the Spanish Methodist Church said of the Young Lords, "These young men represent a legitimate expression of the voice of the community." And is this subversive?

Funds for the support of the many community activities of the Young Lords are provided solely by voluntary contributions and receipts from the sale of the organization newspaper. Wholehearted support from the students of Staten Island Community College can help assure the continuing efforts and good works of the Young Lords organization.

America?!

By Gail Brodmax

Look at her because your eyes just happen to be found in her direction. She sits absorbed in thought, her body in a contorted position — chin resting on hand, resting on elbow, resting. A homely face, perhaps a cross between that of male and female, but possessing all of neither one, and being neither. She seems so rigid, so frozen, not moving a muscle. The slow rising and falling of her breast suggests that she is living as organisms go.

Find the time to examine her in one long easy sweep downward. Hair of red, a pseudo shade. Red, the same as blood. Grow cuts or guts. Her face is white, a sickly shade of pale, like pages of a newspaper, coarse and grainless. Around her mouth the skin appears to take on a powder blue, the blue of corpses, next to ashy gray. This makes a fine surrounding for the lips that are more blue and cracked and thin. Her eyes are closed, although her lids be open fair and fine.

Her throat curves long and slender, so frightfully fragile that it tempts a man to grab it and wring it, once and for all. Never knowing exactly why. Her dress is green, the color poets praise in poems of spring and things lovely. The cloth is old and shabby . . . funny how one notices that only after the color. I guess that is because of her tremendous size once you leave the neck. You see, it took an awful lot of green to cover her offensive bulges, fat, not a hearty, healthy or happy fat, but a grotesque body that has taken too much of the world around it into itself and for itself, so that it may expand.

It is debatable whether or not she has children, some say yes in between bites of apple pie. Some say no and it echoes no . . . no from deep valleys of obscurity. Her legs are large and broad as tree trunks. It would appear that she would have a sure and solid stance, but a closer look will reveal the varicose veins that plague her.

What one notices last are her shoes. They are black, badly worn yet polished. One notices something special and freakish about the shoes . . . for by no stretch of the imagination can one see them supporting all of this hulking figure. Imagine how strong they must be, how long they must have borne up under her ominous weight. It is here that the eyes remain fixed for the longest. The paradox causes a smile to creep across your face, but it quickly disappears as your mind is startled . . . America. Look at her because you may never see her again.

Hence Forth

By Jimmy Butler

Black flesh wasted. Sisters and Brothers victimized and destroyed. All our lives servants and serfs. Here! Today and now let's give birth to a free man. How shall we dress him? What shall we call him? Man? Black Man? Surely he must protect and provide. What are to be his tools to defend? Guns! Black Guns! Not to destroy but to create. I'll call him creator. Creator of love, beauty and a Black Woman to inspire and insure his and all unity.

So now you see? It was then as is now. Black is pure, innocent and refined. If there should ever evolve a condensation in mind I am as I've always been. My Black woman with me as a constant reminder that freedom is not given but attained and until we are respected as one, I'll remain P.S. yours in struggle.

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THE BLACK PANTHER

Black Community News Service

MANIFESTO

BLACK PANTHER PARTY LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

BOX 2967, CUSTOM HOUSE SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94126

THE FASCISTS HAVE ALREADY DECIDED IN ADVANCE TO MURDER CHAIRMAN BOBBY SEALE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

CONCERNING: The pre-planned political murder of Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party, in the electric chair in the state of Connecticut.

The Primary Task of the American Revolution, at this point in our history, is to defeat the Number One maneuver of the fascist power structure, which is to make an example of Bobby Seale by putting him to death in the Electric Chair in the state of Connecticut.

The fascists have already decided in advance to murder Chairman Bobby Seale in their all-out effort to destroy the leadership of the Black Panther Party and to intimidate our membership in particular and all other progressive people and organizations. This should be crystal clear even to a blind man. The vicious political persecution of Chairman Bobby Seale ranges in time over a four year period--from the very beginning of the Black Panther Party--and, geographically, it follows a twisted trail of trumped-up charges from Oakland, Sacramento, Berkeley, San Francisco, Chicago, and now to Connecticut. The plot against Bobby Seale in particular is so outrageously obvious that even these shameless pigs should not have the gall to try to pull it off.

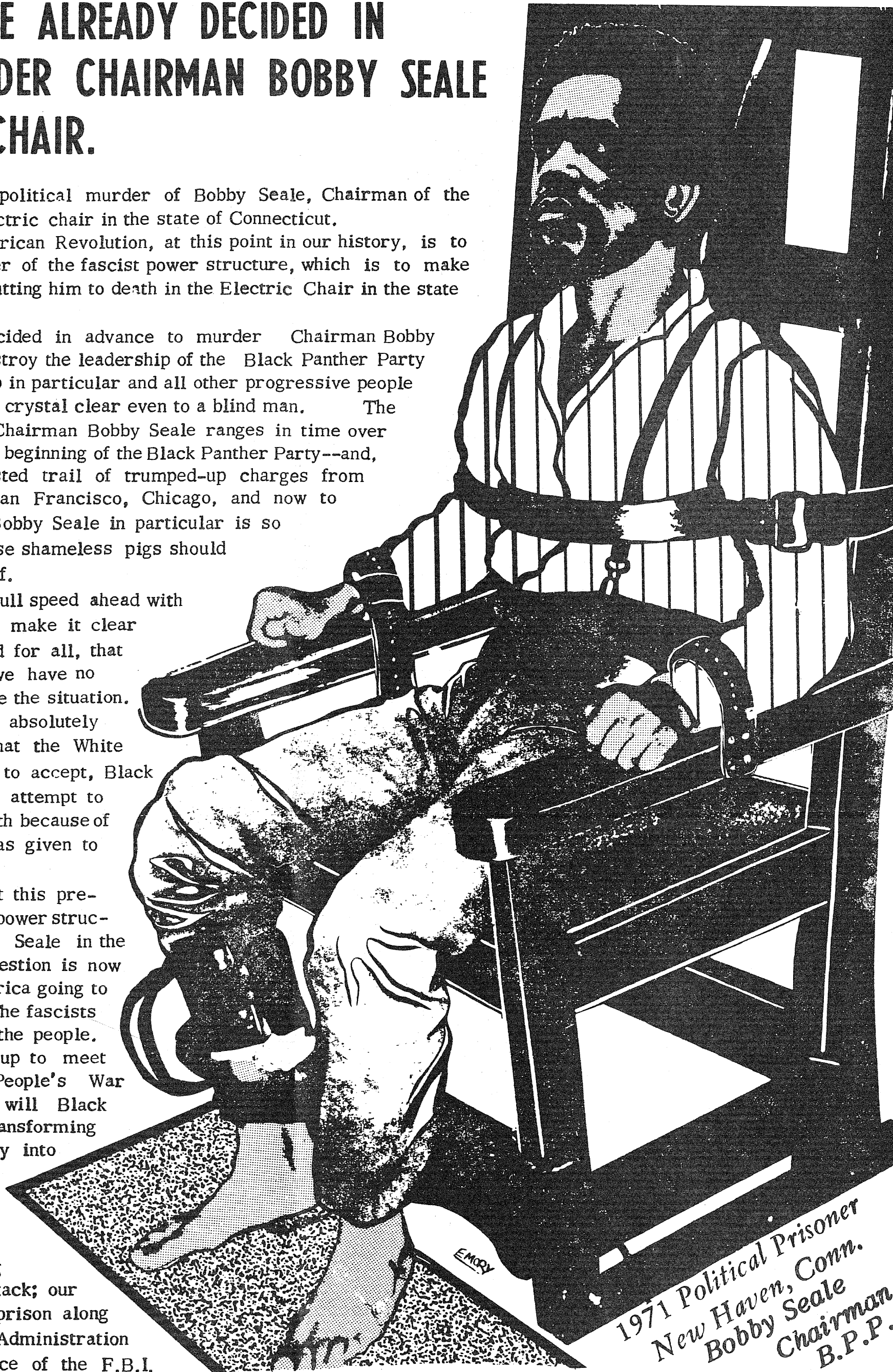
But the fact that they are going full speed ahead with their disgraceful conspiracy should make it clear to the American people, once and for all, that a desperate hour is upon us and we have no time to lose if we are to salvage the situation. Because one thing must be made absolutely clear to America: no matter what the White people of America are prepared to accept, Black people do not accept this ultimate attempt to bind and gag Bobby Seale with death because of the fearless leadership that he has given to our people.

Black people will never accept this pre-meditated decision of the fascist power structure to murder Chairman Bobby Seale in the Electric Chair. So that the question is now posed, pure and simple: Is America going to have a Class War or a Race War? The fascists have already declared war upon the people. Will the people as a whole rise up to meet this challenge with a righteous People's War against these fascist pigs, or will Black people have to go it alone, thus transforming a dream of interracial solidarity into the nightmare of a Race War?

Our brothers are being murdered in their sleep by the shock troopers of the power structure; our offices are being subjected to all-out military attack; our lawyers are being sentenced to prison along with us; and the fascist Nixon Administration has unleashed the political police of the F.B.I.

and thrown away all pretenses of justice and equality under the law. Lip-service to the Constitution of the United States of America has been replaced by outright fascist terror and naked repression. Hundreds of our Party members have been jacked-up on highly political charges. Scores of our Party members languish in jails and prisons, subjected to scandalously high bails that are tantamount to RANSOM. Throughout the length and breadth of this depraved land, the situation is the same. It is nothing but an attempt to sabotage the 400 year struggle of our people for freedom and liberation.

Our Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton, teaches us that in order to have security from the unceasing aggressions of the enemy, we must always be in a position to inflict a political consequence upon the aggressor for each act of aggression. This attempt to murder Chairman Bobby Seale coldbloodedly in the Electric Chair is an open provocation and the ultimate aggression against Black people. It is a calculated step taken by fascist pigs in the unfolding of their vicious blueprint of genocide against Black people. We, Black people, if we are forced to go it alone, must be prepared to unleash the ultimate political consequence upon this racist nation. The ultimate political consequence which Black people have in their power to unleash is RACE WAR. Indeed, we have been and at this very moment are the victims of a systematic racist repression. The Black Panther Party, as everybody knows, has taken a leading role in trying to avoid precisely this disastrous RACE WAR which the fascist oppressors have been working night and day to bring about. But we cannot and will not continue this policy to the point of racial suicide. We will not sacrifice Chairman Bobby Seale on the altar of interracial harmony if White people continue to sit back and allow this ghastly plot to go forward. So if the so-called freedom loving White people of America do not stand up now, while there are still a few moments of time left, and put an end to the persecution of Chairman Bobby Seale, then Black people will have to go it alone and step forward alone. This will mean the end of our dreams for the Class War which America needs and the beginning of the Race War which America cannot endure. This is the political consequence which America faces because of this unspeakably evil attempt to murder Chairman Bobby Seale in the Electric Chair.



BLACK PANTHER PARTY
Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver

Birth Control Separating Blacks

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)



communities there are black women who were deprived of an education, therefore these women cannot follow the complicated directions as prescribed by the manufacturers of the pill. Dr. Rock stated in his advice to black women that the pill is perfectly safe. This is part of the white man's methods used in his genocidal plan because, no drugs are perfectly safe. This advice coming from a scientist is nonsense and non-science.

The whole concept of the birth control program as presented by white America is negative. Black militants and black leaders whose disagreements are based on this concept are negative, therefore their guidance for the black race on birth control are negative and dangerous. This makes them accomplices in the genocidal plot engineered by (the man) white America.

Black revolutionary authors who are playing a very important role by awakening blacks to their oppression by white America seem to be shunning the birth control program. The few who bothered to write about it, did so with very narrow minds which resulted in more blacks being incorrectly mis-guided about birth control. However, there is one black revolutionary author who seems to have the most realistic insights about black women and birth control. Unfortunately his works are being held back from black communities by the white power structure. This revolutionary's works could play a very important role in bringing back the unity blacks lost over the birth control program. Julius Lester, the revolutionary author said, "The blacks who react to the genocide program by breeding more black babies cannot compare themselves with Ethel Kennedy, who seems to drop a kid every year. The Ethel Kennedys of the world can afford to give birth to ten babies a year because they have the financial ability to provide food, shelter, clothes, luxuries, etc. for a family of ten, but for a black couple to have ten children and a welfare check, this is akin to suicide." Julius further states that "If blacks within the revolutionary movement are seriously concerned about revolution and freedom, then by all means they should urge women to postpone having children, because women need to be free for the fullest participation in the black struggle for freedom." This is the mes-

sage Frances Beale, of SNCC's Women's Liberation Committee meant in an article titled "Double Jeopardy: To be black and Female" Miss Beale said. "We need our whole army out there dealing with the enemy and not half an army."

Blacks do not have to turn to the killer type birth control devices that white oppressors are offering black women. In order to postpone having children Julius Lester says "Black could solve this problem by taking examples from oppressed peoples in revolutionary countries where families are postponed by the youths of the movement deferring marriage until they reach their late twenties or early thirties. A present example of this occurs in Vietnam, where oppressed Vietnamese in their war against white oppressors, have a rule called "The Three Don'ts": (1) If you meet a boy (girl) don't fall in love. (2) If you fall in love don't get engaged. (3) If you get engaged don't get married."

Black leader and author, Elijah Muhammad came close to this theory. The Honorable Muhammad said, "It would be better for blacks to do as many African and Asian oppressed husbands and wives have done. To take care of birth control methods themselves rather than rely on the ruling white oppressors." Now Mr. Lester and Elijah Muhammad must not be looked upon as contributors to the genocidal plan, because these men did advise blacks to stay away from white America's birth control program, and this must be understood clearly. Muhammad and Julius Lester did offer blacks a birth control program of their own that cannot be compared with white America's genocidal program. An important factor in their "Black Birth Control Program" is that it can contribute toward a victory for blacks over white oppression.

If blacks are to be involved in a successful revolution against white oppressors. The first necessity should be for blacks to defer many of their personal desires, in favor of the revolution. As long as black women are confined to raising families the revolution would be left without the necessary abilities of black women. As long as black militants urge black women to breed more black babies these militants would be helping the enemy and at the same time confining black women to be enslaved to their bodies. Black men (Continued on Page 13, Col. 3)

ODE TO A LEAF

Although the rays grow straighter,
Bitter chills still engulf me,
As I swing high above the earth,
I sway not of mortal fears,
Having not the food for tears.

Breathing easy now,
The woodsmen have since passed me by,
Sparing my friends and I,
Leaving us the natural fate.

The distant inferno bathed me well,
But this too has to cease,
Faithfully exploding,
Trillions times trillions and more,
Her warm treasured wealth,
Fails to sustain me.
Friendly clouds weep for us,
For our good,
They cease for us.

Having been spared,
Time, time and time again,
Yet, I too must fly that descending flight.
Of the eventual,
I do ponder. An unknown treasure is best for me.

Racing passed, these things be true
Speckles soft, embraced with endless black,
Childish laughter, teenage joy,
High flying birds with cold silver skin,
Smoked kiss camp sites.

Lisening closely — the rustle
whisper of those fallen before me,
Wrestling wildly against the cold merciless wind.

Its call growing, growing, growing,
Louder, louder, and louder!
I'll know when it beckons me.

I know of pain and sorrow
I do not shut them out,

Without remorse or pity,
I the leaf shall wait.

Nat Martin

What Is Mystery?

Mystery is not understanding
What is happening to you or around you

Mystery is like a dark blue sky when the sun is shining.

Mystery is a child exploring a cave, for the first time all by himself.

Mystery is knowing something is there but you don't know what it is.

Lydia Rhodes

N.Y., N.Y.

Stone corners filled with dead weed,
Do birds make their little nest.

Where poverty and poetry,
Run rampant abreast.

Where man's arms of cement,
Thrust high beyond the sky.

Where prayer is still upheld,
And hope is not dispised.

Of her heart, this I do feel,
The vital blood which gives me zeal.

Of her people, mixed and plenty
As a mother, she rubs them gently.

Eyes shade of blue, on either side,
Eyelashes of piers, do people flock.

On and on, this I do say
Problems we have, problems will stay.

New York, New York!
A beauty any day.

Nat Martin

An Emerging Kenya and Its Leader

By Barbara Morris

Kenya and Its Prime Minister

Jomo Kenyatta is the first Prime Minister of Kenya. He is known as the oldest African nationalist leader. From birth, Kenyatta has been the colorful tribal leader, thus creating a native elder image with a clipped beard, a beaded cap, and the two traditional symbols of authority he carries today, the fly whisk and the carved blackwood cane. In 1938, Kenyatta said of his childhood: "My grandfather was a seer and a magician and in traveling about with him and carrying his bag of equipment, I served a kind of apprenticeship in the principles of the art."

It is reported that thunder pealed and lightning flashed over the courthouse as Kenyatta was sentenced to seven years hard labor for his role in the Mau Mau uprisings. He was berated by the trial judge for unleashing "a flood of misery and unhappiness affecting the lives of all the races . . ." This man once described as the "leader to darkness and death" was born Kamau Nguni, the son of a poor farmer, near Fort Hall, where his tribe, the Kikuyu, worshipped snow-capped Mount Kenya as the dwelling place of Ngai (God). At the age of 10 Kenyatta ran away from home, and then incurred a serious spinal ailment which required extensive treatment at a Church of Scotland Mission. After being cured, he stayed on as a kitchen hand and learned carpentry, receiving the adopted name of Kenyatta from the beaded belt which he wore as a kind of trademark.

Later, in Nairobi, the young Kenyatta became a Public Works Department Clerk and in 1922 joined the Kikuyu Central Association, a movement devoted to recovering the lands which the Kikuyu claimed had been stolen by white settlers. Rising to the post of General Secretary, he published a native language paper Muigwithania, and formulated the African case against the European occupation of Kenya's highlands, journeying in 1929 to England on behalf of his tribe. During his first trip he obtained permission for the Kikuyu to establish and operate independent schools.

Kenyatta made a second trip to England in 1931, living first at the Quaker College in Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, where he studied English. In London he shared a flat with the American singer Paul Robeson and the Negro South African writer Peter Abrahams, working from 1933 to 1936 at the School of Oriental and African Studies as an Assistant in Phonetics. In 1936 he took a post-graduate diploma at the London School of Economics, his fees being paid by the organization now known as the International African Institute. Kenyatta also lectured widely, notably before a shocked Ladies Guild on the subject of female circumcision, and found time to appear in an Edgar Wallace film as a native Chief. His career, despite these bizarre moments, was never interrupted. In 1938 he published *Facing Mount Kenya*, a detailed study of the customs of the Kikuyu, written to show the tribal disruption caused by the invasion of the white man. The work today is regarded as the definitive study of the subject.

During the 1930's Kenyatta also found time to travel to Moscow where, according to the British, he enrolled in the Lenin School of Subversion. Others report simply that he studied at Moscow University. During World War II, Kenyatta retired to the Sussex Village of Storrington where he became a farm laborer, earning 14 dollars a week. After he married an English governess, he temporarily took precedence over politics. In 1945 African affairs again claimed his attention and Kenyatta formed the Pan African Federation with such (Continued on Page 14, Col. 1)

Destruction And Dope

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 1)

which the means of producing social wealth is owned and distributed. Only a revolution can eliminate the plague.

Drug addiction is a monstrous symptom of the malignancy which is ravaging the social fabric of this capitalist system. Drug addiction is a social phenomena that grows organically from the social system. Every social phenomenon that emanates from a social system that is predicated upon and driven by bitter class antagonisms that result from class exploitation must be seen from a class point of view.

II. Escapism and Self-Destruction

In regard to Black people, our problems are compounded and take on appalling dimensions as a result of the racist dehumanization that we are subjected to. To understand the plague as it relates to Black people, we must analyze the effects of capitalist economic exploitation and racist dehumanization.

The heinous and sadistic program of annihilating the humanity of Black people that was initiated over 400 years ago by money-mad slave masters and that has continued unabated until this very day is deliberate and systematic. It is done for the purpose of justifying and facilitating our exploitation. Since the reality of our objective existence seemed to confirm the racist doctrines of White superiority and its antithesis, Black inferiority, and since we lacked an understanding of our condition, we internalized the racist propaganda of our oppressors. We began to believe that we were inherently inferior to Whites. These feelings of inferiority gave birth to a sense of self-hatred which finds expression in self-destructive behavior patterns. The wretchedness of our plight, our sense of powerlessness and despair created within our minds a predisposition toward the use of any substance which produces euphoric illusions. We are inclined to use anything that enables us to suffer peacefully. We have developed an escapist complex. This escapist complex is self-destructive.

The deprived capitalist-racist oppressor exploits these psychological and emotional deficiencies for all they are worth. The oppressor encourages our participation in any activity that is self-destructive. Our self-destructive behavior patterns and our escapist tendencies constitute a source of profits for the capitalists. They also, by weakening, dividing and destroying us, reinforce the strength of the oppressor, enabling him to perpetuate his domination over us.

Fratricidal street-gang fighting is a direct manifestation of a self-destructive behavior pattern. It is also a form of escapism by which Black youths vent their rage, frustrations and despair on each other rather than dealing with the true enemy. Pathological religion- (Continued on Page 12, Col. 1)

CHICAGO

On hippies on yuppies
On beatniks on diggers

On the American dream
On the Black Power theme

On mothers and babies
With blood smeared on
their faces

On right of excepting and
That of rejecting

On law and order with
Equality too

On living with our neighbor
Whether Gentle or Jew

On sisters and brothers
With mothers and fathers

On high schools and colleges
And none a disgrace

On guaranteed income, so
All can keep pace

But remember,
Policemen are human too!!

Nat Martin

THINK

Think as a stranger,
A mind is not aware.

Think as a stranger,
No thoughts are processed there.

Think as a stranger,
For conflict is sheer pain.

Think as a stranger,
When you refuse to use your
brain.

Nat Martin

OF BEAUTY

Beauty isn't just a brook
Whose cool water trickles
Slowly down a mountain side.

Beauty isn't just a mother
Proud of her young
Talking that first step.

Beauty isn't just a blue sky
Overhead
That reminds us of peace, love,
And the true destiny of man,

Beauty isn't just the wind
Who whispers in our ear,
Songs of lands afar,
Asking us to travel, love, learn
and lend.

Beauty may be getting up at
morn
To chase another day,
Beauty may be the things we
Think, do and say.

Beauty may just be the right to
pray.

Nat Martin

GENESIS

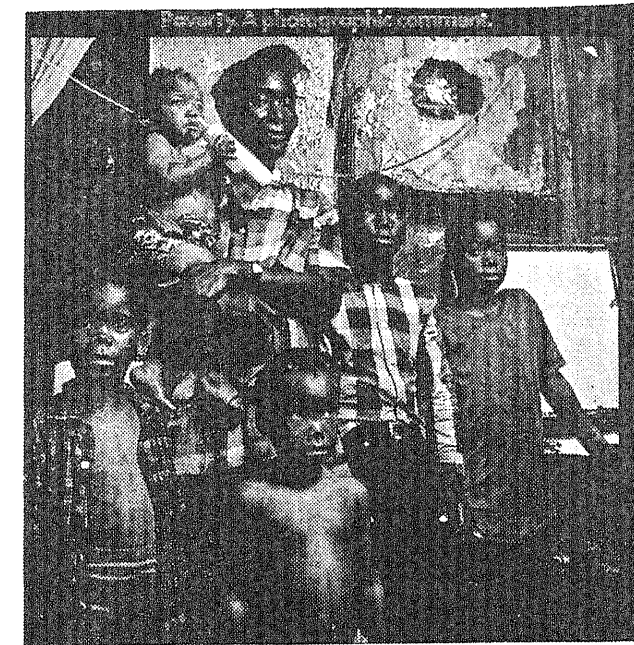
Death to life in the womb
Cripple, blind, insane soon
A mother cries out in fright
Father long since gone — vapor
amidst a lonely night
Babies entrench in feces — urine
A hallow scream reaches callous
ears

Programmed minds, delinquency,
dope and death
Treading thru rain drenched
streets — a pregnant youth in
search of her destiny — riding
on a wind-swept dream

Nat Martin

Please note in the December,
1970 issue of Black Perspective
that the author of the poem
"Black Pride" should be Malik
Ya Jamo (Master of the Burning
Spear); and the poem under it,
"Happy Jack" was written by
Jimmy Butler. Our sincere apologies
for this error.

C. Berkel



"NATURES CHILDREN"

Sorrow is dwelling,
Sad are the children of my soul,
Hurt, then Anger
Give me back these tiny creatures,
Now wrapped in life's dark folds.
The earths crust heaving,
Thrusting forth the day on fire.
Oblivion now, my balance sought
Natures will be restored.

Marsha Darling



CURSED

I was a beautiful and normal baby
Born in a world that's driving me crazy.
I was cursed,
I grew physically as well as mentally
I couldn't understand life, not totally

I was cursed,
From bits and pieces I've put together
I've found that I'm not like the others
I was cursed

I'll live my life the best I can
Some day I hope I'll understand
Why I was cursed
Perhaps I know and won't admit it
It's true and I should say it

Curse it
The curse that's on me is a fact
I've been cursed for being black.

C. Berkel

IN PEACE

— The bombs have ceased
All is silent
The air is still
unmoved,
above the barren graveyard —
A few ghostly figures
stand shivering in the mist,
paying their last respects,
mourning their dead war heroes' wives,
mourning their dead husbands, children,
mourning their dead fathers, girlfriends,
mourning their dead Johnnies.

The president
gave them all a medal posthumously,
saying that they forgot most valiantly;
giving their lives to their country,
answering their country's call.

But their country
did not answer the call of the poor,
when they called for more money,
did not answer the call of the naked,
when they cried for clothes,
did not answer the call of the homeless,
when they pleaded for more homes.

She did not answer
No, she did not hear
But I heard, and you heard,
No my friends
She did not hear.
Those who have died for the winning side,
— nobody wins in war,
(once a life is lost, all is lost) —

Have been chosen to be right
and those who died the defeated side
died the wrong side,
died the wrong cause
and so, they died in vain,
what use is victory or defeat to them now,
we win
and 40,000 boys are dead, what good is victory or defeat
to them now.
they fought for a cause,
a hopeless cause.

— MOST causes are hopeless —
— No cause should be strong enough to motivate
a country to a war —
they go off to fight the nameless soldier,
the unknown man.
He fights — he shoots,
he dies — a stupid way to die,
for a country that would not die for him. —

He dies
his country cries,
his mother cries,
— war is a stupid business —
The cold gives way to the sun,
the mourners they gather themselves together,
it's time to go,
All is silent,
All is still,
the crying has ceased
they may sleep comfortably now,
their Johnny is home to rest
In Peace.

Michael Saunders



Understanding
Companionship
Being wanted and needed,
Yes love is all these things
Plus more.
To feel warm strong hands
holding you tightly and
Tenderly, telling you they
care.

A small child asking why,
and you taking the time to

explain even when you're busy
Love is making a child laugh
when he is sad.
Love is understanding a little
problem which is so big for a
child to handle
Love is finding the least amount
of good in a person who has
done you wrong
Love is always there.

Lydia Rhodes

Dope Will Rob The Third World People of Their Leaders

(Continued from Page 10, Col. 5)

ism or the fanatical indulgence in religion is essentially escapist because it encourages the victim to concentrate his attention, energy and hope for salvation and freedom upon a dubious, mystical force. It discourages confronting the actual causes of our misery and deprivation. It encourages the focusing of attention upon pie in the sky, rather than the securing of more lamb chops right here on planet earth. It also serves as a source of profits for those religious charlatans, preachers and ministers who exploit it.

Alcoholism is both self-destructive and escapist. It is also a source of tremendous profits for the capitalists. The amazingly high number of bars and liquor stores in the Black communities testifies to this tragic fact. The capitalist liquor industry could prosper just on the business it does in the Black ghetto alone.

III. The Heroin Addict

The most escapist and self-destructive activity for us and one of the most profitable for the capitalist, and therefore the most encouraged by him, is drug addiction, specifically heroin addiction.

About 1898 a German chemist discovered diacetyl-morphine, heroin. It was hailed as the perfect drug for curing morphine addicts. But soon it became apparent that it was more addictive than morphine. By the 1920's there were addicts who were injecting heroin directly into their veins. Heroin production in the United States was discontinued and the drug was no longer used as an antidote for morphine addiction and as a pain killer.

Heroin addiction, the plague, the scourge of the Black colonies of Babylon. The plague, whose spiritual, moral, psychological, physical and social destructive powers greatly exceed that of any disease hitherto known to humanity. The plague, opium from Turkey, shipped to Marseilles, converted into morphine base, then processed into heroin, smuggled into America, cut, diluted, then placed into the Black ghetto. The plague, poisonous, lethal, white powdery substance, sold by depraved, money-craved beasts to Black youths who are desperately seeking a kick, a high, a means, anything that will help to make them oblivious to the squalor, to the abject poverty, disease and degradation that engulfs them in their daily existence.

Initially the plague does just that. Under its sinister influence, the oppressive, nauseous, ghetto prison is transformed into a virtual Black Valhalla. One becomes impervious to the rancid stench of urine-soaked tenement dungeons, unaffected by the piercing cries of anguish of Black folks driven to the brink of insanity by a sadistic, social system. Unaffected by the deafening wail of pig-police car sirens as they tear through the streets of the Black Hell en route to answer a 1013 call from some other pig-police who is in a state of well-deserved distress. Unaffected by the trash cans whose decayed, disease carrying garbage has overflowed to fill the ghetto streets.

Yes, under its ecstatic influence one is made oblivious to ugly realities. But there is a trick, a cruel monstrous trick, a deadly film-flam awaiting its naive, youthful victim, for, as the illusionary beauty of the heroin-induced high begins to vanish, correspondingly, the temporary immunity from reality attained under its chemical trance vanishes. The reality that the pathetic victim sought so desperately to escape, once again descends upon and re-engulfs him. The rancid stench of urine-soaked tenement dungeons begins to assail his nostrils. Those Black cries of anguish seem to blend with the wailing sirens of pig-police cars. He hears them now, very loud, and very clear — in stereophonic sound. And that garbage that flows over onto the streets from uncollected trash cans is felt underfoot.

The young victim is not long in discovering that only by taking another dosage will he be able to attain sanctuary from his hideous reality. Each shot of the plague that he injects into his blood system brings him that much closer to the grave. Soon he is strung-out, hooked. He is physiologically and psychologically dependent on the plague. Both his body and mind have become addicted to heroin. He has now become a full-time, chartered member of the Cloud 9 Society. His physical body begins to take on a decimated appearance. A shameless disregard is displayed toward his clothes. That his shirt is filthy and his shoes are soles, leaving him to walk virtually on his naked feet, does not matter. That his unwashed body now emits a most foul odor disturbs him but little. That his non-addicted friends now shun him and look upon him with contempt matters not, for the feelings are mutual. They no longer have anything in common. Everything ceases to matter. Everything except heroin, the plague.

As he continues, his body begins to build up an immunity to the drug. Now, in order to attain his euphoric high he must increase his dosage. This means that he must obtain more money. So enslaved he is now become that he will do anything for a bag, for a "shot." To lie, to steal, to cheat, to rob is nothing to him. Whatever he must do for a "shot" he will do, he must do, for he is a slave to the plague.

The vicious cycle grinds into motion. He violates what the ruling class defines as being the law in order to secure money to feed his sickness. Inevitably he gets flagged-off, busted. He goes to jail, and after he has served out his sentence he is released. The first thing he wants is a shot. The cycle continues. And he plunges deeper and deeper into the abyssal pit of degradation. And there, always there and ever willing, for a price of course, to meet the addict's demand for dope is the cop-man, the dealer, purveyor of poison, distributor of death, merciless, murdering scum of the planet, vile capitalists, salesmen of death on the installment plan, the dope pusher, the plague-man.

IV. Capitalism and Crime

Dope selling is beyond a doubt one of the most profitable capitalist undertakings. The profits from it soar into billions. Internationally and domestically the trade and distribution of heroin is ultimately controlled by the Cosa Nostra, the Mafia.

Much of the profits amassed from the drug business is used to finance so-called legitimate businesses. These legitimate businesses that are controlled by the Mafia are also used to facilitate their drug-smuggling activities. Given the fact that organized crime is a business and an ever-expanding one at that, it is constantly seeking new areas of investment to increase profits. Hence, more and more illegal profits are being channeled into legitimate businesses. Partnerships between the Mafia and "reputable businessmen" are the order of the day. There is a direct relationship between legitimate and illegitimate capitalists.

Over the years a number of politicians and foreign ambassadors and wealthy businessmen have been arrested in this country for drug



activities. Others, because of their wealth and influence, were able to avoid arrest. In the fall of 1969 it was discovered that a group of prominent New York financiers was financing an international drug smuggling operation. No indictments were handed down. Shortly after that a group of wealthy South American businessmen were arrested in a plush New York City hotel with over \$10 million worth of drugs.

Given the predatory and voracious nature of the capitalist, it should come as no surprise that so-called legitimate businessmen are deeply involved in the drug trade. Capitalists are motivated by an insatiable lust for profits. They will do anything for money. The activities of organized crime and the "legitimate capitalists" are so inextricably tied up, so thoroughly interwoven, that from our vantage point, any distinction made between them is purely academic.

The legitimization of the Mafia, their increased emphasis upon investing in, and establishing corporations, has been accelerated by the stiffer prison sentences that are being meted out to drug profiteers. In New York this has resulted in the gradual withdrawal of the Mafia from their position of actual leadership of the New York drug trade. The New York drug trade is now dominated by Cuban exiles, many of whom were military officers and police agents in the pre-revolutionary, repressive Batista regime. They equal the Mafia in ruthlessness and greed.

These new local dope kingpins have established a broad network of international smuggling operations. They utilize the traditional trade routes and create new ones, as indicated by the increased number of Narcotics Bureau seizures of dope coming from South America.

The concept of Black Power has influenced the thinking of every segment of the Black community. It has come to mean Black control of the institutions and activities that are centered in the Black community. Black teachers demand Black community control of the ghetto schools. Black businessmen and merchants advocate the expulsion of White businessmen from the ghetto so that they can maximize their profits. Black numbers-game operators are demanding total control of the ghetto numbers operations. And Black dope dealers are demanding community control of heroin. It is a tragedy that in New York the greatest gains made in the realm of Black community control have been made by Black racketeers, numbers-game bankers and dope dealers, by the Black illegal capitalists. Prior to 1967 it was a rarity to find a Black dope dealer who handled more than 3 kilos (1 kilo equals 2.2 lbs.) of heroin at any given time. Independent Black importers were unheard of. Now, there is an entire class of Blacks who have become importers, using Mafia supplied lists of European connections.

The extent and instant rate of profits reaped from the dope industry could arouse the envy of U.S. Steel, General Motors and Standard Oil. From the highest level to the lowest, the profits are enormous. If the individual is sufficiently ambitious, cunning, ruthless and vicious, he may graduate from the status of street peddler to big-time wholesaler and distributor in a short span of time.

A characteristic feature of class and racial oppression is the ruling class policy of brainwashing the oppressed into accepting their oppression. Initially, this program is carried out by viciously implanting fear into the minds and sowing the seeds of inferiority in the souls of the oppressed. But as the objective conditions and the balance of forces become more favorable for the oppressed and more adverse to the oppressor, it becomes necessary for the oppressor to modify his program and adopt more subtle and devious methods to maintain his rule. The oppressor attempts to throw the oppressed psychologically off-balance by combining a policy of vicious repression with spectacular gestures of good-will and service.

Given the fact that Black people have abandoned the non-functional and ineffective tactics of the "Civil Rights" era and have now resolved to attain their long overdue liberation by any means necessary, it has become necessary for the oppressor to deploy more occupation forces into the Black colony. The oppressor, particularly in New York, realizes that this cannot be done overtly without intensifying the revolutionary fervor of the Black people in the colony. Therefore, a pretext is needed for placing more pigs in the ghetto.

And what is the pretext? It goes like this: Responsible negro community leaders have informed us, and their reports concur with police findings, that the negro community is ravaged by crime, muggings, burglaries, murders and mayhem. The streets are unsafe, business establishments are infested by armed robbers, commerce cannot function. City Hall agrees with negro residents that the main cause for this horrible situation is the dope addicts who prey on innocent

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Wake Up!

By Ellen Cotes

Being cool, not speaking out about something I feel inside is something I can't do. It's not me to laugh and smile when I know something wrong is going down. I can't talk about getting together, or acting out or even revolution when my mind is on a street called confusion.

Bet, I may fry my hair, my skins not purely black, I'm not tall & slim, my traditional ways physically are few. Yet I thought being a sister and having my mind together for my people would naturally mean acceptance. Being black, automatically meant knowing the struggle and cause. Black is being truly beautiful for what you are for the person you can be. Right? Two beautiful things come to mind for the black women. She's black and she's a woman. She plays a big role and must act out her part.

So what's my point, what's my beef? The brothers I see are skeeming and jiving sisters to the point that there's no self respect or respect for others; and we know what this leads to.

If giving is your time consuming game, then don't cluster and scelve like young jealous kids.

I worry not about myself but, for the revolution, for the cause.

No time for skeeming.
No time for that time bull.
Revolution's started—come in!
Wake up!

Few Blacks Deal With Racism

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

The non-history text books which exclude identification for poor whites in general, Blacks in particular, and Puerto Ricans, Orientals, and "others" entirely. Small neglects which could be corrected by simply including, incorporating, the true historical contributions of these people, in American History courses. These "neglects" can be rectified by recognizing the ethnic contributions of all groups. But these and other "ills" have not been rectified, and are always controversial issues which result in polarization — with the majority winning the major battles.

Racism? Progress? Who has progressed? A token Black (a negro) who does not even identify with Blacks and Blacks' problems, except when it becomes advantageous? Black is beautiful—Black Power — These are only phrases which exemplify the terrible treatment that Black people, the Black people as a nation, have received by the civilized White nations. Black men and Black women have been forced to create phrases in order to become unshamed of their "blackness." Before we could even begin to unite ourselves, we had to first overcome the stigma of being BLACK. So had our society conditioned us to doubt the very justification for seeking equality.

SUCCESS

One day too, I will grow,
Leaving my mark on this land.

When that day comes,
I pray that I will have grown,
Grown into a big, big rock,
Or maybe a mountain,
Leaving my mark on this land.

If this not be, contented I'll stay,
If only a meaningful grain of sand.

Nat Martin

Capital Punishment vs. Blacks

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 5)

tain serious crimes, usually arson, robbery, rape or burglary. Federal law makes treason, espionage, and rape capital offenses and provides the death penalty in 28 other sections of the U.S. code. Kidnapping, usually associated with a demand for ransom, or harm, or death to the victim has been made capital in 40 states, mostly from the early 1930's. Treason was capital in 19 states; rape, variously defined in 16; perjury in a capital case in 12; bombing and the use of machine guns in crime in 4; and assault by a prisoner serving a life sentence in three.

Are the scales of justice equal for all? My personal opinion is no. There have been many instances where crimes that were committed by individuals were overlooked, or completely ignored. Special favors from the courts depend on such things as social status, wealth, or race. A good example is the summation of a trial held in Wilmington, Delaware.

On December 18, 1961, by a margin of one vote, the Delaware Legislature restored the death penalty over the veto of Governor Elbert N. Carvel. One of the loudest voices was that of Detective Sgt. William J. Malrine, of the Wilmington Police Department. He insisted that:

Capital punishment is a deterrent, a necessary protection for law officers, and a just punishment for murderers.

On December 28, 1961, just 10 days after making this statement, Detective Mulrine shot and killed his wife! On the third day of his trial, he pleaded guilty to manslaughter, received a five year sentence, and became eligible for parole after serving two years! Are the scales of justice equal?

A further example illustrates:

The Legal Defense Fund started fighting capital punishment because of the high number of Negroes being sentenced to death. It has also included poor Whites in this category. The Legal Defense Fund has put together an unusual battery of legal weapons in three cases now being tried in the Courts. The three cases depend at least partly on the contention that the death penalty is cruel and unusual. Another claim is that the death penalty serves no interest of society and is therefore unnecessary punishment in violation of due process of law. Although Mississippi judges frequently sentence Negroes to death for rape and murder, a determined group of lawyers have managed to block every Mississippi execution for the past three years, solely on the basis that juries there are segregated.

Should the two preceding examples leave doubt in anyone's mind, then I feel that there can be no question as to the equality of justice in our Courts.

Mr. Franklin A. Williams expresses his views on public opinion favoring the death penalty:

Public opinion favoring the death penalty decreased from 68 per cent in 1953 to 38 per cent last year according to the latest Gallup Poll. Far from being encouraged, however, I find it dismaying on two counts. First it is to me incredible that over a third of the country supports what I consider to be a cruel, barbarous and archaic method of punishment. Second, there is increasing evidence that the trend is being reversed; that with the current hue and cry for law and order, people are beginning to push for more severe punishment up to and including the death penalty.

I feel that public opinion supporting the death penalty is slowly dwindling in America. Many people in America are too involved with "doing their own thing" and are not concerned with capital punishment. Generally, most people will pass the burden of responsibility to the Courts and Penal Institutions, accepting their decisions.

James French was the last man to be executed in the United States (2 June 1967). He was electrocuted in the Oklahoma State Prison for strangling his cellmate. Before he died he stated that:

I was angered that my first conviction did not result in a death sentence.

Basically, his motive in the second murder was to force the state to take his life! Are these the words of a perfectly sane man?

Perhaps one of the most moving cases ever tried in an American Court was that of Cary Chessman. For 12 years, he dramatically defended himself, behind bars on death row at San Quentin.

On 27 May 1921, Cary Chessman was born in a small town in Michigan. He was an unusually intelligent boy and most conscientious in his school assignments. In addition, he was musically inclined. While in his early stages of life, Cary and his mother were hurt in a car accident. He was not seriously hurt, but his mother never walked again. Cary's father was a cinematographic assistant in Hollywood. Unable to meet all of his family obligations, Mr. Chessman attempted suicide twice.

Cary's first arrest was for stealing cars. He graduated from the young toughs of his own age group to advanced thefts, armed attacks upon men and women and eventually this led him to San Quentin.

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, one of America's best known criminologists stated:

To describe Chessman's trial in 1948, is one of the most fantastic travesties of justice in history. Criminal jurisprudence would involve considerable restraint in the choice of language.

The trial was a mockery of justice. The prosecutor was allowed to do almost anything he pleased. His approach to the jury and the bench was improper; his evidence, when introduced, was improper. On the other hand, Chessman had to present his case from the prisoner's chair. Armed guards, with orders to shoot should he rise up, were placed around the walls of the court.

Of the eighteen charges of felony charged against Chessman, he was acquitted on one; a burglary count, thus leaving seventeen convictions of felonies which included kidnapping for the purpose of rape and attempted rape. The sentence was adjudged on 25 June 1948: MURDER in the first degree!

This is why I feel so strongly for complete abolishment of capital punishment. Cary Chessman is dead; nothing in the world can alleviate this. By taking a firm stand and being concerned, we force our courts to use proper trial procedures, thus relinquishing trial errors, as in the Chessman case.

At a round table discussion in the Americana Hotel in New York City, I listened diligently to a reformed convict talk about problems

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Aretha Has Angela's Bail

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 5)

Soul Queen Aretha Franklin says she stands ready to go Angela Davis' bail, "whether it's \$100,000 or \$250,000." If the courts will let her. Miss Davis, 26-year-old former UCLA philosophy instructor and an admitted Communist, has been extradited to San Rafael, Calif., where a Marin County grand jury returned murder, kidnaping and conspiracy indictments against her in connection with a courtroom escape attempt that took four lives. Miss Davis was accused of buying the guns that were used in the abortive attempt to free three prisoners.

Miss Franklin said, "My daddy (Detroit's Rev. C. L. Franklin) says I don't know what I'm doing. Well, I respect him, of course, but I'm going to stick by my beliefs. Angela Davis must go free. Black people will be free. I've been locked up (for disturbing the peace in Detroit) and I know you've got to disturb the peace when you can't get no peace. Jail is hell to be in. I'm going to see her free if there is any justice in our courts, not because I believe in communism, but because she's a Black woman and she wants freedom for Black people. I have the money; I got it from Black people—they've made me financially able to have it—and I want to use it in ways that will help our people."

When I was in jail in Kentucky the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* had come out. I didn't have occasion to read it in its entirety at that time, because there was only one copy in the whole jail. There was fierce competition to get the book. There were four of us on the book at the same time. While one was sleeping another would read, or while one was working another would read. I was only able to get bits and pieces of it, but even the bits and pieces affected me very deeply. But not sufficiently to help me overcome my addiction to narcotics. Upon release from that Federal Penitentiary I went back to shooting dope. Got busted again, did about a year on Rikers Island.

On May 2, 1967 I was on Rikers Island. Everybody was in jail cliques. I was mainly in the dope shooters clique. All of us share that in common. Some of us specialized in stock ups, others specialized in burglaries, others sold stuff, but all of us shot dope. It was a major pastime. Hustling in the penitentiary. Gambling. We would shoot crap, play blackjack, what have you.

I remember May 2, 1967. It was right after the 8:30 lock in. One of the tier men ran down to me a newspaper story. He said, "You hep to this here." I said "What's that." "Dig these niggers man, they stormed into the state legislature in California with guns." I stood in front of the bars and read the article. I showed it to my cell mate who was a 5 percenter. I said, "These niggers are stark raving mad or they know exactly what they are doing. Whichever the case may be I dig where they're coming from. I'm going to check out these motherfuckers some more." That was the first time I heard about the Black Panther Party. We rapped about it all the next day.

Later on, while in prison I read about Huey P. Newton. It was an article in *Newsweek* — one of their "The Black Problem in America" shit. They ran down the case of Huey P. Newton. It seemed so poignant, man, for some reason I can't explain. I said, "Damn, Jack, this nigger wasn't jiving. This motherfucker sure enough wasn't jiving. This motherfucker sure enough got down." It wasn't until a month later that I found out that Huey P. Newton was Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, that they were the same dudes who had stormed into the State legislature with guns protesting the restrictive gun legislation they were trying to pass in California.

Just before I came out I read *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver, then Malcolm, *The Wretched of the Earth*, a few things by Marx....

It was at that point that I decided, *decided*, that my dope shooting days were over, my days of self-destruction, counter productive, reactionary activities were over, that I would henceforth till the day I died dedicate every moment of my life towards the liberation of the masses of my people. How I arrived at my decision took a devious route. The major battle was the inner battle, which entailed finding out why I shot dope. I found it so difficult to liberate myself from the prison of heroin and figure out what I would precisely do upon liberation. I went through some weird changes, getting my mind together.

Che Guevara Speaks was another book that had an enormous impact on me. Che was like so profound. He just ran down that whole revolutionary experience and process so straightforwardly without romanticizing. You know, "In a revolution one wins or dies." It was reminiscent of what Malcolm had said. You know if you're not ready for a revolution you might just as well get back into the alley. There's no such thing as a non-violent revolution. Che said it all!

Wherever death may surprise us, it will be welcome, if this our battle cry, finds some receptive ear, if another hand reaches out to take up our weapons, and other men come forward to intone our funeral dirge with the staccato of machine guns and new cries of battle and of victory.

I dug that it was no game. Marching down that road was like, once you go down that road there's no turning back. Your destiny has been sealed. It's like standing in a hall or a room with many doors. One door says "Accommodation to the system." Another door says "Revolution — no turning back, no detour." This is the only path which can bring you to your destination of freedom. Think very carefully before you march down that path, because there's no turning around. I had that in mind. I went to Brooklyn to join the Party. Six or seven times, on six or seven different occasions I walked back and forth in front of the office. One day in 1968 there was no longer any question in my mind as to what had to be done. There was no longer any question in my mind as to whether armed struggle was necessary to gain our liberation in this country. I knew it was. That was it. I was prepared to make the ultimate sacrifice. I went into the office and joined the Party.

On July 23, the Washington Post quoted a noted black female leader, Mrs. Ruby Evans of the United Planning Organization. Quote, "It's part of being a woman to get babies." There were thirty black girls under Mrs. Evans' guidance, many of whom had experienced premarital pregnancy. Mrs. Evans added, "It is the duty of all black slum dwellers to breed more and more black children." In this same article other black officials of the United Planning Organization were quoted as saying, "Black men view the breeding of children

Joining The Revolution

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 5)

I accepted their analyses almost whole.

Certain aspects of the teaching were in fact correct. It's like you been fucked over, and exploited, put in a film-flam for so long without having any genuine understanding of why. Because of your limited understanding you think you're caught up in this thing simply because you're inferior, incapable of living in a better fashion. It's all your fault. You internalize everything. You get into that self-hate, self-destructive syndrome. Then somebody runs down to you — if only in partial truth — why you exist in such a wretched state and you say, "Damn, Jack, that's a hell of a revelation. You mean those motherfuckers have been doing all this shit to me, man, and I wasn't hip to like all the strings of a Stradivarius violin suddenly snapped.

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Che Guevara Speaks was another book that had an enormous impact on me. Che was like so profound. He just ran down that whole revolutionary experience and process so straightforwardly without romanticizing. You know, "In a revolution one wins or dies." It was reminiscent of what Malcolm had said. You know if you're not ready for a revolution you might just as well get back into the alley. There's no such thing as a non-violent revolution. Che said it all!

Wherever death may surprise us, it will be welcome, if this our battle cry, finds some receptive ear, if another hand reaches out to take up our weapons, and other men come forward to intone our funeral dirge with the staccato of machine guns and new cries of battle and of victory.

I dug that it was no game. Marching down that road was like, once you go down that road there's no turning back. Your destiny has been sealed. It's like standing in a hall or a room with many doors. One door says "Accommodation to the system." Another door says "Revolution — no turning back, no detour." This is the only path which can bring you to your destination of freedom. Think very carefully before you march down that path, because there's no turning around. I had that in mind. I went to Brooklyn to join the Party. Six or seven times, on six or seven different occasions I walked back and forth in front of the office. One day in 1968 there was no longer any question in my mind as to what had to be done. There was no longer any question in my mind as to whether armed struggle was necessary to gain our liberation in this country. I knew it was. That was it. I was prepared to make the ultimate sacrifice. I went into the office and joined the Party.

as proof of manhood." Here we have one black woman and officials of the U.P.O. who are supposed to be spokesmen for the black community giving black women a negative and dangerous piece of advice about birth control. These thirty black girls and many other black women are confused about white America's gendered birth control program. They are depending on guidance from black leaders like Mrs. Evans, but black leaders like Mrs. Evans are a failure to the Black Race. In regards to the reason given by officials of the U.P.O., about black men breeding children to prove their manhood. This is nonsense, the old legend that black men view the breeding of babies as proof of their manhood is an ignorant myth propagandized by old white racists. The black man is proving his manhood by untying his black woman from strings in the house so that both of them can get outside and participate in the struggle to free the black race in America and other dark-skinned nations from white oppression.

Nationalism In Kenya Freedom Is Alive

(Continued from Page 10, Col. 4)

political leaders (nationalists) as George Padmore and Kwame Nkrumah and also organized the Fifth Pan-African Congress. In the same year he returned to politics with the publication of "Kenya, Land of Conflict," a warning to the settlers of impending trouble and revolt against the whites if the settlers did not give way. In the next few years he returned to Kenya and took control of the Kenya African Union (KAU). His message was passionate and relentless: "The land is ours. When the Europeans came, they kept us back and took our land. We want self-government . . . Don't be afraid to spill your blood to get the land." The thrilling effect of his personality, his magnetic style and speech and his overwhelming respect and concern for African traditions won over both the Kikuyu elders and the younger elite in the mounting fight against European domination.

Executive membership in the party grew popular. Support was massive. So powerful was his public image that settlers demanded his deportation, especially after he had increased his influence through being appointed Principal of the Independent Teacher-Training College. In 1950, word reached the country about a secret organization known as the Mau-Mau. Its initiation rites were described as savage and its mission rumored to be the slaughter of white settlers and any African who did not join the cause. Kenyatta denied the fact that the Mau-Mau was acting through his party, the KAU. But in October of 1952 he and five other KAU leaders were detained by British authorities and charged with managing the Mau-Mau. Violent terrorism swept the territory during his imprisonment, and the British acted with brutal force to stop the uprisings in which 32 white civilians, 57 members of the security forces, and 1,740 Africans were killed. In 1953, Kenyatta was sentenced to a seven-year imprisonment for his role in the uprising, though until this day his part in the terrorism has not been specifically defined. In 1958 six months before his sentence was over, the elected African members in the Kenya Legislative Council started a campaign for his release and proclaimed that he was still regarded as the leader of the people. During his years in detention (first in Lokitaung where he worked in the cook-house and later in Lodwar in the Northern Frontier Province), the cry of "Uhuru" in Kenya became more insistent. In 1960 his release was a major issue in the Kenya Constitutional Conference held in London. The Kenya delegation was headed by Tom Mboya, one of the leaders of the newly formed Kenya African National Union (KANU), the party formed to unite the Kikuyu and Luo tribes. Kenyatta was elected president in absentia of the new group, which made his release a condition of participation in any new government for the territory. Even after the 1961 elections gave KANU an absolute majority in the Legislative Council, the party continued its resistance to the idea of forming a government without the guarantee of his release.

The jubilation of Kenyatta's ultimate release swept the territory in August of 1961, when the vast majority of Africans renewed their hopes that one leader might rise above the score of tribal and personal rivalries preventing the unification of the country. By early 1963 the "Old Man" (Mzee) was ready to assume the role of Prime Minister which elections had reserved for him. By the end of the year Kenyatta was standing on a dais with Prince Philip of England and addressing the people as their new Prime Minister: "Only we can save ourselves. Nobody else can save us. In the past we have blamed the Englishmen when anything went wrong. We said he was sucking our blood. Now the government is ours, and now you will blame Kenyatta. But you should know that Kenyatta by himself cannot give you anything. I urge you to work hard so that our Uhuru will be meaningful. From today on, our motto will be "Uhuru na Kazi" (Freedom and Work)." Facing formidable problems, Kenyatta has introduced a new tone of moderation into his speeches. "There is no need to hide or fight now," he says. "Harambee," he adds as a final word of encouragement, "... let's get going." (This is also the slogan of the Swahili speaking Black Nationalists in U.S.)

Political Parties

Kenya has several political parties. The two major parties are the Kenya African National Union (KANU) and the Kenya African Democratic Union (KADU). KANU led by Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta is the country's majority party and has strong support from the Kikuyu and the Luo tribes. When KANU won power in the 1961 general elections, its leaders refused to participate in the government until Kenyatta was released from detention by the British. At that time they had won 18 of the 33 seats in the legislature.

The difference between the opposition party is that KADU agreed to help in the formation of a new government and was awarded with the appointment of three of its leaders as ministers. KADU was formed in 1960 to oppose KANU and gets its main support from the Masai and Nindi tribes.

KANU tends to represent those people and tribes associated with an urban-oriented centralized nationalism, while KADU represents the more rural pastoral tribes. Other parties are the Kenya Indian Congress (KIC) formed to protect the interests of Kenya's Asian community and the Kenya Freedom Party which is a group of influential Asians. The New Kenya Party (NKP) emerged in 1959 as a multi-racial group. Its objective was to oppose the growing strength of the African nationalists. The United Party came into existence that same year, the white settlers were seeking to delay independence for Kenya.

Government

The shape of the government has not yet been fully determined in independent Kenya. The "framework" Constitution of 1963 provides for a Prime Minister and a bicameral assembly, as well as the appointment of cabinet ministers responsible to the legislature. Since independence, the trend seems to be toward the creation of a strong centralized government. Jomo Kenyatta, the popular first Prime Minister is also a powerful supporter of the concept of strong centralized rule.

Local Government

Matters of local government are taken to a regional assembly. Two kinds of upper local authority are in existence, municipalities and county councils. They are supplemented by four types of local lower authorities: urban councils, township authorities, area councils, and local councils. The councils carry out the work of great impor-

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 4)

Freedom Is Alive

By (Mbeke Oyewole)
Deborah White

I feel FREEDOM coming. Something my people have always been fighting for, bleeding, and running for. How long must we accept the white man's torture. Condemning our people as animals, forcing them to live in houses unfit for the rats and roaches that also live there. Brainwashing our people to think white. To think about white values, white status, and all those irrelevant things that they disown each other for. Teaching our people to love white and hate Black, teaching our young Black Brothers to shoot Dope to escape from the mounting oppression. Condemning our Beautiful Blackness as an inferior physical state.

Do they doubt us when we say "there will be a Black Revolution?" No, they've never doubted us. Black revolutions have always been in existence. Ever since the first Black man in chains stepped off the white man's ship into slavery. They've known of our revolutions just as they've known of our suffering, bleeding, our longing for FREEDOM. They've always been aware of the many desires our people share.

They will be taught to recognize us as HUMAN BEINGS, and not as an inferior race. They will be taught to call our strong Black men "Mr. Black man," not "hey nigger, or boy," and they will be taught to treat us as Black men and Black women with knowledge, not as savages and animals without knowledge.

Never again will they rape the minds of our people by telling us we're inferior, we're ignorant, Black is evil. We're educating ourselves, we're organizing ourselves, and we're agitating, white man. You're slick and tricky in playing games, but this is not a game. This is for real! You've covered up the reality of our struggle to set us back, but the Black man possesses the strength to overcome. So don't say, "we'll give you housing," and set the construction date for 1975. Don't say, "we'll give you education," and teach us "American History." Don't say, "we'll give you jobs," and shove a mop into our hands, because we're tired of being deceived. What we want is "FREEDOM!" Freedom for all the Black mother's that work in Miss Ann's kitchen, freedom for all the Black father's working for \$1.60 an hour, freedom for all the Black brothers fighting for "Uncle Sam" in Viet Nam, and above all freedom for our young Black children. We don't want it tomorrow, we don't want it Wednesday, and we don't want it next week. We want . . . UHURU SASA!

FREEDOM NOW!

THE AFRO

A brown buckskin jacket, blue jeans and dark glasses. Worn on a tall thin man. His reddish brown Afro is as wide as half the train door. and 12" high

With his high heel cow boots he stands 6'5" and proud as hell! To prove a point he goes natural To prove a point he says "Black people,

You should be aware!" He says he's together With his big Afro he thinks black 'cause black is together but his skin is white

Lydia Rhodes



Calendar of a Frame-Up

1969

SPRING—Angela Davis, graduate student at the University of California, San Diego, accepts a two-year contract as Assistant Professor of Philosophy at UCLA. The question of her being a Communist arises because of statements made by an FBI agent. In response to inquiries by the university chancellor she states publicly she is a member of the Che-Lumumba Club of the Communist Party of Southern California.

SEPTEMBER 19—University of California Regents vote to fire Miss Davis under a 29-year-old university rule barring employment of Communists. The academic community of UCLA sees this move as part of a continuing attack by the Regents against the university as well as an attack on movements on Blacks, women, youth, workers and progressives.

OCTOBER 20 — A Superior Court judge rules that the firing was unconstitutional and orders Miss Davis reinstated. For the rest of the school year she becomes the target of harassment by right-wingers, racists and kooks. Threats are made against her life and it is necessary for her to be accompanied by bodyguards wherever she goes. Nonetheless, she actively engages in the struggles of the Black community, particularly the defense of the Black Panther Party and the Soledad Brothers, three Black inmates at Soledad State Prison being framed for the murder of a white guard.

Jonathan Jackson, brother of one of the accused inmates, works closely with Angela Davis in the movement to free the Soledad Brothers and becomes one of her bodyguards.

1970

JUNE 8 — The Regents, waiting until the school year is over, vote again not to renew her contract for the coming year, this time citing her "extramural activities" on behalf of the Soledad Brothers and the Black Panther Party.

JUNE 11 — The UCLA faculty again votes to support her and even to pay her salary out of their own.

AUGUST 7 — Jonathan Jackson enters a courtroom in San Rafael where a Black San Quentin prisoner is on trial for his life on charges of assaulting a guard. He hands weapons to the defendant and two other inmates

present as witnesses. Five hostages are seized, including the judge. According to the LOS ANGELES TIMES, someone shouts, "We want the Soledad Brothers freed by 12:30 today!"

As the group attempts to escape, San Quentin guards and police open fire. Jackson, the defendant, one of the other inmates and the judge are killed. Police say the judge was killed by a blast from the shotgun Jackson brought into the courtroom.

Within a few days the police state that all four weapons brought in by Jackson are registered in the name of Angela Davis.

AUGUST 11 — A warrant is issued for Miss Davis' arrest, stating that she provided the guns for the break-out and is therefore an accomplice to kidnapping and murder — charges which in California carry the death penalty.

AUGUST 16 — Miss Davis avoids being served the arrest warrant and a federal fugitive warrant is issued, bringing the FBI into the case.

AUGUST 17 — Affidavits are filed by Marin County District Attorney Bruce Bales that the guns were purchased in 1968, 1969 and 1970 by Angela Davis.

AUGUST 19 — Miss Davis is placed on the 10 most-wanted list of the FBI — the third woman in history to be so placed. She is described by the FBI as "possibly armed and dangerous."

OCTOBER 13 — Following a nationwide manhunt, Miss Davis is arrested in a midtown Manhattan motel with a companion, David Poindexter, who is charged with "harboring a fugitive." She is held without bail at the Women's House of Detention. Poindexter is released on \$100,000 bail.

OCTOBER 21 — Governor Rockefeller signs an order to extradite Miss Davis to California.

OCTOBER 23 — She is transferred from a normal cell to solitary confinement where she is subjected to 24-hour guard, searches every three hours and complete isolation from other inmates. The following day she begins a hunger strike to protest this treatment.

NOVEMBER 4 — A Federal judge rules there has been no justification for placing her in solitary and orders that she be given the same treatment as other inmates.

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 3)

Pest Control Program Has Community Support

Deciding that the war for a cleaner environment can be fought on a level far more down to earth than that of the atmosphere, Staten Island Community College students are carrying on the first phase of their battle right where it matters to them—in the households of Staten Island.

In a community service volunteer project which has grown out of a social studies course early last summer, the SICC students have organized, and are operating, a household pest extermination project that already has brought help, and relief from insect harassment, to more than 150 Staten Island homes, virtually all of them in poverty areas where the badly-needed services of professional exterminators are beyond financial reach.

Staten Island Community College's president, Dr. William M. Birenbaum, disclosed that his office has received literally scores of telephone calls and letters from homes in which the SICC project has demonstrated its worth.

"We can't thank your students enough for what they have done to help make our lives better," is the way one West Brighton woman responded.

The students' project is far more than a theoretical bit, or a leaflet-distributing program. The young men and women from SICC are spending their spare time — after classes and on Saturdays — going into homes, using professional equipment and approved pesticides, to rid them of roaches, rats and other environmental hazards.

Cheered by the support they are getting, the students plan to carry on during the Christmas-New Year's recess not only with their actual exterminating work but also with a series of lectures and films in their Castleton Avenue headquarters to teach pest control to every interested householder who is interested enough to attend. Helping them with this project will be another Staten Island Community College representative, Professor John McHugh, who is the city Health Department's assistant director of professional education and teaches part-time at SICC.



LET'S GET RID OF RATS

EVERY TENANT MUST HELP

- Keep your house clean.
- Keep your food in covered jars or cans.
- Keep your garbage pail tightly covered.
- Do not throw garbage in the yard, hallway or dumbwaiter shaft.
- Keep your baby's crib clean.
- Wash your baby's face and body before putting him to bed. Rats follow the smell of milk.
- Watch your baby afterward.

Your landlord has been notified by the Health Department that he must exterminate the rats in your building. You can help get rid of rats in your apartment. If we all cooperate, we can get rid of this nuisance.

window because the pigs might be surrounding the house.

14. If the pigs find dope or illegal property and ask whose it is, NO ONE should claim it.

15. DON'T TALK. You are only required to identify yourself. If they ask more questions, say, "I have nothing to say until I talk to my lawyer."

16. NEVER CONFESS to anything.

17. Remember everything that happens and all the details.

GETTING OUT ON BOND — DISORDERLY CONDUCT, ETC.

1. When arrested on disorderly conduct and other minor charges you can post collateral bond of from \$10.00 to \$50.00 and be released from the precinct that night after being booked in.

2. When booked ask how much your collateral is. Call a friend and tell him to bring the money to the precinct. You can pay all or part yourself.

3. You should always post collateral and get released. If you go to court the next morning your stay in the lock-up all night and bond could be set much higher. Also, the friend who puts up the money will get it all back when you go to court — if you do.

4. Going to court or forfeiting collateral — you have a choice. When you leave the precinct tell the cops you want a trial. Make sure they write "trial" on your collateral receipt. The trial date will be several days later.

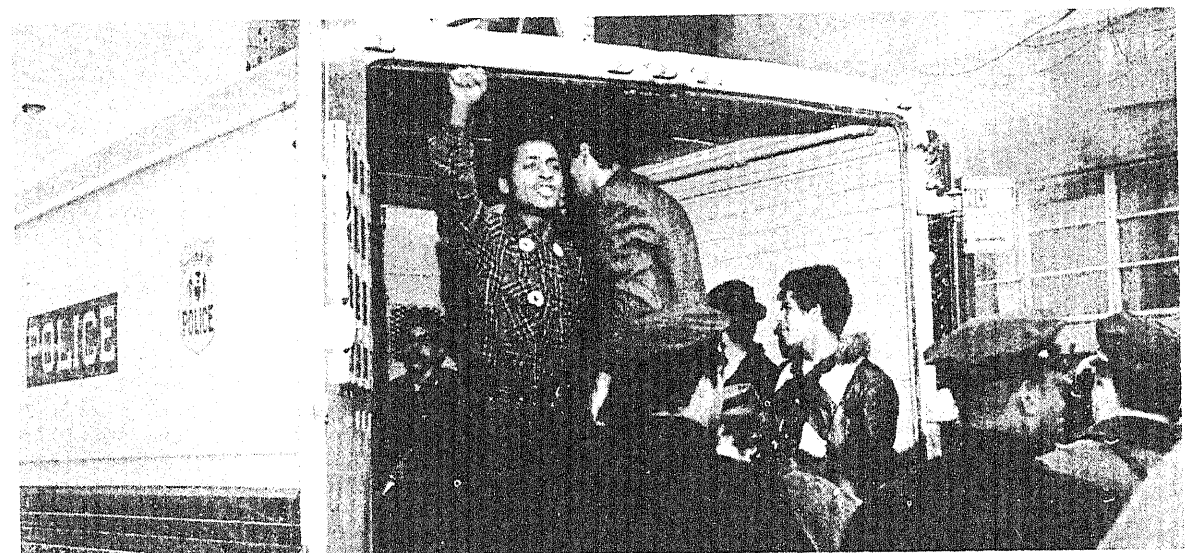
5. During the several days between your release on collateral bond and your trial date check with a lawyer about whether you want to fight the case. If you decide not to fight it then you simply don't show up in court on your trial date and the collateral bond is forfeited and the case is over — it's like paying a fine.

GETTING OUT ON BOND—SERIOUS CHARGES

1. If you are locked up on a more serious charge you will need a bondsman to get out that night. Bond premiums in D.C. are \$80.00 for the first \$1,000.00 of your bond and \$50.00 for each additional thousand. Finding a bondsman on short notice is difficult. Call a friend and tell him your charge, your bond amount, and ask him to try and get a bondsman.

2. If you are not going to be able to get a bondsman that night call a friend and ask him to have members of your family and friends in General Sessions Court in the morning to give bond references. With references the judge MIGHT release you on your "personal bond" to reappear in court when required. This means you are released without having to put up any money or get a bondsman.

(Prepared by: Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention Legal Committee)



Legal Street Sheet for Everyone's Use

You're on the street, or in your car, or in your house. And the cops start to hassle you — push you around a little bit, threaten you and act tough, and you're scared. You don't know your rights, you don't know the law, and you're not exactly sure what to say. The cops know that and that's one of the reasons that they can intimidate you. KNOW THE LAW, KNOW YOUR RIGHTS, AND KNOW THE POLICE. Be cool, be confident, and remember that "an unarmed people is subject to slavery at any given moment."

ON THE STREET AND HASSLED BY THE COPS
1. If the police ask you for identification YOU SHOULD IDENTIFY YOURSELF.
2. The cops may pat you down for weapons. The legality of such a pat down "frisk" may be challenged in court. Remember all the details of how the frisk occurs. UNLESS THEY FEEL AN OBJECT THAT COULD BE A WEAPON, THEY CANNOT GO THROUGH YOUR POCKETS, without arresting you first.

3. You also may be expected to account for your presence. Without going into a long explanation, you should do so.
4. If the pigs continue to ask questions, you should say, "AM I UNDER ARREST?"
5. If they say yes, you should say, "WHAT ARE THE CHARGES?" The police are required to tell you the charges.
6. If they say no, but continue to ask questions, you should say, "I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY UNTIL I TALK TO MY LAWYER." (Even if you don't have one yet.)
7. If the pigs bust you, they are entitled to search you. If you are not under arrest and they search you, you should say, "I DO NOT CONSENT TO A SEARCH." Get witnesses that hear you say that.
8. The pigs might warn you of your rights, like the right to remain silent. They might try to get you to sign a paper saying that they told you your rights, but NEVER SIGN ANYTHING. You do not have to sign anything, and you should continue to refuse.

IN YOUR HOUSE, PIG KNOCKS ON THE DOOR WITH AN ARREST WARRANT
1. Always keep your door locked.

2. When someone knocks on the door, ask who it is with the door shut.
3. If it's the pigs, ask if they have a warrant.

4. If they say yes, ask them what for. Tell them to shove it under the door.
5. If it is an arrest warrant, the police should tell you who the warrant is for. If the pigs have reason to believe that the person named in the warrant is in your house, they might bust in, even if you say they can't come in.

6. If the victim named in the warrant is in the house, the person will have to decide what is best. This is a political decision that he or she will have to make. If the victim surrenders, he or she should go outside the door and shut the door and lock it. This will attempt to keep the pigs from inviting themselves into the house.

7. If the victim tries to escape, he/she might find pigs at the back door or surrounding the house, which will mean heavier charges like resisting arrest or attempting to escape.

8. If the pigs try to come into the house without a warrant, tell them, "You cannot come into the house." Get witnesses who hear you say that.

9. If the pigs have reason to believe that the person named on the warrant is in the house and he/she has not surrendered, they can look through the house where the person might be — in closets and under beds, but not in unreasonable places like drawers.

10. The cops can also look through the house for "armed comrades" once they are inside, even illegally.

11. You can be busted for anything illegal that is in "plain view" such as dope or illegal property. If the pigs want to frame you, they will find or plant illegal property or dope and SAY it was in plain view.

12. On dope raids cops will check the toilet just to see if your attempt to flush the stuff failed.

13. Don't throw dope out the

Angela A Political Prisoner

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 4)

a time per week. The sisters are immensely interested in the reading material I receive — everything from George Jackson's prison letters to works by Lenin.

The books circulate all over the floor and are the occasion for many a discussion. Since the authorities have indicated that they are totally insensitive to the desires of the inmates, I would hope that brothers and sisters in the streets take it upon themselves to donate relevant literature to the library here.

WHAT WERE YOUR FEELINGS WHEN YOU LEARNED THAT YOU WERE ON THE FBI'S 10 MOST WANTED LIST?

I expected the Nixon-Reagan clique to resort to any measure to suppress their critics. They are using all means in their power to eliminate revolutionary activity in this country.

The FBI is rapidly becoming a force similar to the death squad in Brazil used to repress Brazilian freedom fighters. By placing me on the 10 Most Wanted List, by characterizing me as a dangerous, hardened criminal, they were setting me up either to be killed on the spot or to be legally murdered by Reagan's running dogs.

YOUR SUPPORTERS HAVE CALLED YOU A "POLITICAL PRISONER." MANY ARE CONFUSED ABOUT THE MEANING OF THIS. CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT IT MEANS?

More and more Black people are being incarcerated not because they committed a crime but because of their political beliefs and the activities they undertake to bring our people together to struggle for freedom. Counterfeit charges are invented, outright frame-ups are increasingly becoming the rule.

George Jackson was arrested 11 years ago at the age of 18 and convicted of stealing \$70 from a gas station attendant. He was given an indeterminate sentence — one year to life imprisonment.

Because he evolved into a revolutionary and began to organize his fellow captives, he was denied parole year after year, and finally last year was framed-up along with two other brothers — John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo — who had demonstrated a deep concern for the destiny of our people.

George Jackson, John Clutchette, Fleeta Drumgo are political prisoners. Their real crimes lie in being absolutely devoted to the liberation of Black people. Bobby Seale is a political prisoner. Ericka Huggins is a political prisoner. Martin Sostre is a political prisoner.

I AM A POLITICAL prisoner. The government intends to silence me, to prohibit me from further organizing my people, to prohibit me from exposing this corrupt, degenerate system by convicting me on the basis of a crime I had nothing to do with.

Political prisoners are set up as examples to the rest of the people. George, John and Fleeta were set up as examples to the rest of the Soledad population — examples vividly spelling out the fate of any and every captive who followed in their footsteps. The same holds true for Ericka, Bobby, the Soledad 7, Martin Sostre, the Panther 21 and myself.

The government intends to terrorize our people by railroading us into the electric chair, gas chamber and long prison terms. There is only one way political prisoners can be liberated, millions of people must serve notice to the government that they intend to use every weapon at their disposal to secure the freedom of their captive warriors, and eventually to secure the total liberation of Black people.

Education In Kenya

(Continued from Page 14, Col. 2)

tance. For example: constructing and maintaining roads, enacting public health measures, improving housing, and contributing to education.

Education

Access to education has been an uphill fight for Kenya's Africans. Three major factors shaped the educational policy for this colony:

1. Training was offered on a limited scale to those Africans equipped for minor and clerical needs.
2. European farmers sought relentlessly to maintain a steady supply of cheap ignorant labor in ready reserve.
3. Fear of education as a liberating force equipping Africans for independence reached almost hysterical proportions.

The peoples of Kenya did not like these policies, especially the third one. They thought they had just as much right to an education as anyone else did. It was a long hard battle to the finish. Now they have a high standard of education in Kenya with qualified teachers and the right facilities. But there are still many people who do not know how to read or write. These are mostly the young people who are not allowed to leave the tribe because they have to cultivate and work on the land.

Nationalism, which is one of the strongest and most powerful forces in the world, has brought Kenya into existence as a strong government. The people of this nation believed in what they wanted and got what they wanted through their great leader Jomo Kenyatta. Now their strong desire of becoming equal and united with the rest of Africa is coming to reality. The peoples of Kenya have much in common, even though there is still friction between the tribes and white settlers. But they are now realizing that they have the same heritage and background and are working to keep their nation strong and prosperous.

Reform In Prisons

(Continued from Page 13, Col. 2)

which exist in our penal institutions. This is relevant to capital punishment because convicts who receive life imprisonment sentences are not being reformed. I feel that hardened criminals can be reformed if penal authorities place more emphasis on helping the individual rather than hurting them. One cannot overemphasize the basic need for psychiatric treatment for those who have been committed to penal institutions.

Help Ericka and Bobby

by Jan Von Flatern

They are trying to kill Bobby Seale. Ramparts said that last spring. Last spring it seemed that the American Movement was not willing to allow that to happen. "If they are bound up tight, we'll hold back the night and there won't be no light for days; the Black Panther Party says that occasionally. Most of us used to think that they meant it.

This winter, however, as Ericka Huggins and Bobby Seale sit in a courtroom watching their jury being selected, they watch alone. The State of Connecticut is systematically (and legally) eliminating from that jury anyone who will not accept the idea of killing Ericka and Bobby. A person must believe in capital punishment in order to serve. The state's attorney is very clear about that. And he has reason to believe that he can get away with it.

None of us are exempt from blame for the fact that, as the New York Times put it a little while ago, "all is quiet on the Green now." White radicals, confused and feeling impotent, are just now beginning to plunge themselves back into the war issue with a vengeance. Which is good—but, as always, the problems at home are more difficult to deal with. And the Black Panther Party, to whom radicals look — often blindly — for leadership where political prisoners are concerned, is spread too thin.

Elaine Brown was here at the trial; members of the 21 come up once in a while, and Huey has come and probably will again. But that is hardly enough. Bobby and Ericka belong to all of us and their lives are dependent on all of us. It is easy to think that they won't really be executed — there hasn't been an execution in Connecticut in ten years. But, at a time when the American public is being primed for the use of atomic weapons in Asia, it makes no sense to underestimate the beast.

The jury selection can be very dull, especially when it is as prolonged as this one. After three weeks, and nearly 200 candidates, there are only three jurors — two black and one white. But, as Charles Garry, Bobby's lawyer, has repeatedly said, this is the most important part of the trial.

There are only 30 seats in the New Haven courtroom—on some days, there are not even 30 people to sit in those seats. And there are none outside, either.

All is very quiet on the New Haven Green.

A Frame-Up

(Continued from Page 14, Col. 5)
NOVEMBER 5 — Attorneys John J. Abt and Margaret Burnham file a petition of habeas corpus, exposing "hopeless deficiencies" in the affidavit forming the basis of Miss Davis' arrest. A hearing on petition is set for November 20.

NOVEMBER 10 — Calif. requests her extradition based on charges brought by special grand jury session. Transcripts of grand jury proceedings ordered sealed, in violation of California law. NO ONE allowed to examine proceedings, thus preventing challenge to allegations.

DECEMBER 21 — U.S. Supreme Court denies stay of extradition.

DECEMBER 22 — Gov. Rockefeller's order carried out. Angela Davis extradited to Calif. Jailed at San Rafael to face arraignment on kidnap and murder charges.

Heroin or Revolution?

(Continued from Page 12, Col. 4)

people. Yes, the dope addicts are to blame for the ever-increasing crime rate. And City Hall will answer the desperate cry of negro residents for greater protection — send in more police!

That victims of the plague are responsible for most of the crimes in the Black ghettos is a fact. That Black drug addicts perpetrate most of their robberies, burglaries and thefts in the Black community against Black people cannot be denied. But before, out of desperation, we jump up and scream for more police protection, we better remember who put the plague in Harlem, Bedford Stuyvesant and the other Black communities. We better remember who ultimately profits from the drug addiction of Black people. We better remember that the police are alien hostile troops sent into the Black colonies by the ruling class, not to protect the lives of Black people, but rather to protect the economic interests and the private property of the capitalists and to make certain that Black people don't get out of place. Rockefeller and Lindsay couldn't care less about the lives of Black people. And if we don't know by now how the police feel about us, then we are really in bad shape.

V. Pig Police

The plague could never flourish in the Black colonies if it were not for the active support of the occupation forces, the police. That narcotics arrests have increased in no way mitigates the fact that the police give dope peddlers immunity from arrest in exchange for money pay-offs.

It is also the practice of pig-police, especially narcotics agents, to seize a quantity of drugs from one dealer, arrest him, but only turn in a portion of the confiscated drugs for evidence. The rest is given to another dealer who sells it and gives a percentage of the profits to the narcotics agents. The pig-police also utilize informers who are dealers. In return for information, they receive immunity from arrest. The police cannot solve the problem, for they are a part of the problem.

When you consider that a kilo of heroin purchased by an importer for \$6,000, when cut and bagged and distributed will bring back a profit of \$300,000 in a week's time, it becomes easier to understand that even if the death penalty were imposed on drug profiteers, it would not deter the trade.

The lying devious puppets of the bourgeois ruling class, the demagogic politicians of Capitol Hill have now passed a law which gives narcotics agents the right to crash into a person's home without knocking, on the pretext of looking for narcotics and "other evidence." This law was ostensibly passed to prevent dope dealers from destroying the dope and "other evidence." Now, anyone who thinks that this law will be confined to just suspected drug dealers is laboring under a tragic and possibly suicidal delusion. To assume that only suspected drug dealers will be affected by this law is to negate the reality of present-day America. To allow yourself to think for one moment that this law only applies to suspected drug dealers is to deny that the laws being passed, the policies being implemented, and the methods and tactics of the police have become blatantly and shamelessly fascist.

It should come as no surprise when the homes of revolutionaries and other progressive and true freedom-loving people are invaded by the police on the pretext of searching for drugs and "other evidence." A number of revolutionaries have already been imprisoned on framed-up narcotics charges. Lee Otis was given 30 years and Martin Sostre was sentenced to 41 years on trumped-up narcotics charges. Rest assured this policy will be intensified. It would do us well to consider what kicking in a person's door in search of drugs and "other evidence" actually means. What is "other evidence"? The bourgeois, fascist law-makers have no specified what constitutes "other evidence." The No-Knock Law is an integral part of the fascist trip that this country has embarked upon.

Before, when the home of a Black person was burglarized by a drug addict, or a sister had her purse snatched, the police took all night to respond to the call, or they didn't respond at all. The burglar or purse-snatcher was hardly ever caught. In most instances, when someone was arrested, it was the wrong person. But when an exploiting capitalist business establishment in that very same ghetto, especially a White one, gets ripped-off, there are immediately 15 sirens wailing police cars on the set, and three dozen pigs are running up and down the street, waving guns in everybody's face. And you can lay 5 to 1 odds that somebody is going to jail for it. Whether or not the arrested person perpetrated the act is irrelevant from the pigs' standpoint. The racist pig-police use Blacks as an outlet for their sadistic impulses, inadequacies and frustrations. Now that more police have been sent in, the situation has gone from bad to worse.

VI. Revolution

The racist pig-police, the demagogic politicians and the avaricious big businessmen who control the politicians are delighted that Black youths have fallen victim to the plague. They are delighted for two reasons: one, it is economically profitable, and two, they realize that as long as they can keep our Black youths standing on the street corners "nodding" from a "shot" of heroin, they won't have to worry about us waging an effective struggle for liberation. As long as our young Black brothers and sisters are chasing the bag, as long as they are trying to cop a fix, the rule of our oppressors is secure and our hopes for freedom are dead. It is the youth who make the revolution and it is the youth who carry it out. Without our young, we will never be able to forge a revolutionary force.

We are the only ones capable of eradicating the plague from our communities. It will not be an easy task. It will require tremendous effort. It will have to be a revolutionary program, a people's program.

The Black Panther Party is presently in the process of formulating a program to combat the plague. It will be controlled totally by the people. We, the people, must stamp out the plague, and we will. Dope is a form of genocide in which the victim pays to be killed. SEIZE THE TIME!

**INTENSIFY THE STRUGGLE!
DESTROY THE PLAGUE!**

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
Michael "Cetewayo" Tabor
N.Y. Panther 21, Political Prisoner

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