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# BLACKPUNKS

Special 20¢ Edition

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AGITATE · EDUCATE · ORGANIZE

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## ANGELA

As Angela Davis languishes in jail, deprived of her freedom by a cruel system bent on exterminating its enemies, the disorganized state of black people becomes more evident. Brothers and Sisters have not rushed into the streets in their thousands to free Angela; no Black leader has called the Black masses around the sister, yet Black people by reason of their experiences are apprehensive about the sister's plight and fear she may be on the verge of annihilation.

But confusion reigns among the Black masses about Angela's position: she has identified herself as a Communist and Communists have been taking the initiative in organizing demonstrations ostensibly on the sister's behalf. When we look at these Communists, they are mostly an assortment of white people who seem to be talking about everything else except Angela's predicament.

It then becomes crystal clear that these whites care less about the freedom of Angela Davis than callously and immorally pursuing their aims. A hotch-potch of whites is on hand at all these demonstrations: lesbians, and homosexuals, shout obscenities at everyone within sight; unwashed and evil-smelling whites infest the streets screaming meaningless slogans about everything except Angela.

What does all this mean? Black people know that these white trash elements at the Davis demonstrations are no more genuine than Nixon or Agnew and are thus hesitant about giving unequivocal support to Angela. But whether Angela is misguided in choosing her political associates or not, she is a Black woman and this fact makes whatever happens to her our major concern. Long after Angela is abandoned by whites who extract all the publicity they can from her confinement, she will still be dependent upon us. We must redouble our efforts to save her in her time of need or she will perish. ●



The Benefit Dance for the Three Families presented by the Community Savings Organization on Nov. 10, 1970 was a tremendous success.

The Three Families are also starting to receive more \$1 contributions; these are the kind we want Black News readers to send - this is getting away from that "\$10,000 contribution from one person-type-individualism." We want every Black News reader to send just \$1 and like we said once before if you haven't sent your \$1 to these families and don't intend to send \$1 because you just can't see saving these three homes which were put up as bail money so two brothers could be free, well then send \$1 for Angela Davis, or \$1 for Uhuru Sasa, or \$1 for Cairo, Ill. brothers and sisters. Now if you ain't sending to one of these or something connected with the Black Struggle and you're not a student and you're not on welfare and you got you a gig - well then you're like dead lice and what the hell does the struggle need with you anyway? ●

## THREE FAMILIES

The latest development on the Three Families is that money is still needed to save the houses put up as bail money for Herman Ferguson and Arthur Harris. Forty thousand dollars is a lot of money and the fund raising effort hasn't even cleared \$10,000. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice and Winnifred Fredericks are one of the families. Their indebtedness for Herman Ferguson is \$20,000. Their home will almost certainly be the first house seized. Stark evidence of this was reported to us by a Black News reader who noticed their house listed for "sale" in a sheriff's auction announcement downtown in Supreme Court for January 7, 1971.

Brother Freddie has been offered terms for a settlement - payments of \$1,200 p+ per month, for 15 months.

If all of our readers sent in the \$1 we'd have it. If all of the Negro churches with their \$80,000 carpetings, \$90,000 carrilons, and \$100,000 organs pawned just a fraction of these bric-a-bracs and donated to these families, the houses would be saved. Or, if some of these Black entertainers would get up off of a few bucks, the families could satisfy whiteys pound of flesh demands and Black people could get into other things of the Struggle.

Community Savings Organization which just gave a highly successful fund raising affair for the 3 families will make a last ditch effort to get the fat, rich Negro ministers and the fat, rich Negro entertainers to get up off of some bucks for these families.

Meanwhile, send your (\$1) buck for the families to Defense Fund, c/o Maurice Fredericks, 317 Midwood Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225, and make checks and money orders payable to the Defense Fund. ●



People are starting to take notice of what's been happening out in Cairo, Illinois. This is the first blatant bit of evidence of the new fascist state of America.

Rednecks, KKK, white Citizens Council, the American Nazi Party and your Cairo Local Police have all joined forces to begin a campaign of Black annihilation. The food and clothing sent to the East, 10 Claver Place was taken out to Cairo the weekend of November 14th, by some of our people who were able to see things first hand. The situation according to them is worse than the reports we've received.

So continue to bring down clothes, food, etc., and also call us at the East or Black News (636-0400) to volunteer your van, or trucks so we can take substantial loads out there as often as possible.

Next issue an in-depth thing on Cairo. ●



It never ceases to amaze us how colleges can produce thousand upon thousand of "educated" block-headed negroes and brothers who serve time in jail often achieve great feats of scholastic brilliance and creativeness.



## THE CONFERENCE GOER

(Reprinted from the Pan-African)

The summer months in America have become known as the months during which one can expect *lots* of Black conferences. The reason for these conferences? Obviously, so that Black people can get together to share their ideas. We would like to make a few observations on what these conferences have now become, and a few suggestions to minimize our theatrics.

We have now arrived at that point in history where the Black conference has developed its own charisma. As a result, a new type of revolutionary political animal has evolved: The conference-goer. This is a unique type of animal that thrives on conferences in the same way that some *real* people thrive on work. Let me explain the phenomenon: no sooner the word "conference" is mentioned, than the telephone wires start humming, the contacts are made, the exclusive African wardrobes are packed, the car rented, and into the trunk go the wardrobes, the records, the liquor, and the artillery (which is a must for the "bad nigger" image).

Of course, the format of the conference to some extent usually lends itself to theatrics. Even though most of them are supposed to be organized - and probably quite sincerely - around work, there is usually a large amount of planned entertainment involved.

In recent conferences, at least 30 percent of the time has been taken up by singing, dancing or poetry. What this does is that it creates an atmosphere in which the conference-goer makes judgments based on what is more "soulful" rather than on what is more practical. For instance, the brother who raps rhythmically about "offing crackers" is infinitely more popular than the brother who talks about mechanical engineering. "Nationtime" has become a slogan already more noted for its poetic value than the hard work associated with it, and at the recent conference in Atlanta a brother was booed off the stage because he was delaying the start of the music. The brother, Howard Fuller, Head of Malcolm X Liberation University, aroused immense hostility when he attempted to talk about the mechanics of Pan Africanism and attached the life style of the conference-goers, calling them "daytime revolutionaries, night-time party-goers, and African fashion models".

We would suggest that in this day and age when the written word is widely read that it is senseless to have people meet constantly to expound their various ideologies when they can easily have them printed up and distributed. Conferences should be organized around work. In other words, people whose ideologies and positions are already known to each other should see if a program of work in which they can all be involved can be organized. For reasons already mentioned, we feel that all entertainment should be kept out of conferences. Finally we suggest that emphasis on people who attend conferences should be representatives of organizations with programmatic suggestions to offer. We appreciate the fact that there are many famous revolutionaries who usually have a lot to say, but firstly we say that they can, and usually *do* say it in

writing and secondly, conference-goers need to break the habit of going to conferences based on whether or not their favorite rappers will be speaking. ●

## GUNS FOR THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT POLITICAL UNDERSTANDING CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS TO THE OPPRESSED

### GETTING RID OF SOME BED BUGS

Another good reason why Black people should think twice on the subject of "Women's Liberation" is **SHIRLEY CHISHOLM**.

Now we have a lot of Black people digging Shirley Chisholm. We even have some Black militants digging Shirley. With all the folks digging Shirley we would think there'd be someone who could tell us why Shirley is so great.

We know she can scream in Washington, but aside from that there ain't nobody who can tell us one thing she's done to better the lives of her people or community. And this is why Black News regards Shirley Chisholm as the worst type of political representation Black people could have. And this is also the reason why our new Black Political Party will inevitably be challenging Shirley Chisholm. And Shirley as everybody knows is "unbeatable".

Last election both Republican and Liberal parties had her on their slate. The politicians know that there are more Black women voters than there are Black men voters, and most Black women are liking Shirley. And Shirley never lets the Black woman voter forget that she's a woman too and you can rest assured that Shirley will be guest speaker at every women's liberation rally there is.

The task of the Black Political Party will be to start a massive political education program - this especially for our sisters who must judge their Black representatives not by sex but by the program they offer. Our brothers must get their political education so they won't let the sisters dominate the polls while they do nothing. In the future the Black Political Party will emphasize the importance of brothers and sisters going to the polls together. ●



### BLOCKHEADED FOOLS

It never ceases to amaze us how so many brothers such as Malcolm X while in whiety's prisons achieve great heights of scholastic brilliance while thousands upon thousands of Negroes study in great universities and colleges to learn the dubious Negro art of how to become good blockheaded house niggers.

This is not an idle statement - just dig the letters we've been getting from the Tombs. Just pick up on the Brother Kahlil's article which follows on the next page - this brother's mind is together. This is just one sampling; there are more. The point is that the Black inmate isn't standing still - the Black inmate who is a political prisoner is getting his mind together, so he'll be able to make his contribution to the struggle once he's out. These brothers will certainly number among our future leaders. ➡

## TOMBS: Ninth Floor

by Brother K

Think of a rectangular area with the approximate measurements being 50 yards in length, 15 yards in width and 5 yards in height. Within this space arrange the cell sections, lower and upper "A" to be situated directly across from the lower and upper "B" section. There is a five yard space between these two sections lined with two rows of beds called the "A" side dorm. You now have a double perpendicular of almost totally occupied space. At one end of the double perpendicular "A", "B" cell and dorm section you place the lower and upper "F" section that crosses the double perpendicular like the line of a capital "T" and your birds-eye schematic gives you this figure: (T).

Between the "A", "B", and "F" cell sections you have a total of 54 cells. Now put two men in each cell, which measures 9x7x8 feet, and originally built for one man, you have 108 men in cells. And between the double perpendicular floor space the "A" dorm with 16 occupied beds giving a total of 124 men to this side.

Proceed now to the open end of the double perpendicular and pass through two gates. You are now in an area measuring approximately 20x20x5 yards with tightly spaced rectangular tables. This area serves as a dining room, recreation, T.V. viewing space. Cross this expanse and pass through two more gates and you are in the "C", "D", "E" cell sections and the "C" side dorm. Do the same calculations of cells and humanity as you did on the "A", "B", "F" side, add 8 sporadically working showers, rats the size of cats, mice by the thousands, roaches and body lice without number, slop buckets to wash clothes in, no haircuts, infrequent shaves, half prepared foods, inadequate medical treatment, abuse from sadistic Correction Department employees, excessive bail instituted by the courts, inadequate representation by legal aid lawyers, racist judges and district attorneys. Such were the conditions and situation of the men of the 9th floor, Tombs, specifically, and the Tombs generally.

\* \* \*

Friday, July 16, 1970

The bell rings indicating the 3 P.M. lock-in in preparation for the 4 P.M. head count by the "hacks" on the 4 to 12 shift. Some of the brothers automatically rise at the sound of the bell leaving their games of chess, checkers, whist, and coon-can without so much as a word to their various partners or opponents. Pavlovian Response! The routine monotony has dulled the senses to the point of involuntary autonomic reflexes. They drift listlessly to their respective sections and await the hack to open their cells and close them.

A few brothers, who have managed to retain the mores of civility in the abnormal atmosphere, end their games and conversations more amicably. Last minute conversations amid the pandemonium of voices.

"Peace, brother!"

"Power!"

"Right on! my man."

"Wait a minute! I got a book for you, man."

"They got that goddamn fish again tonight!"

"Hey, Reggie! Gimme a cigarette."

"I gotta go! They're lockin' my side in."

"Fuck the police, man."

"Yeah, I'm goin' to court next Tuesday."

"See you on the lock-out at 7."

"Bring the cards on the lock-out."

"Hey, officer! I ain't got no bulb in my cell. Lower A-5!"

"See you later, brother."

"All right, clear the bridge. Clear the goddamn bridge," one hack growls over the loud speaker.

"Who the fuck he think he talkin' to," somebody mutters.

"I'd like to kick that white hack's mother fuckin' ass."

"Yeah, man. That punk think that badge covers his ass."

Clanging, banging steel cell doors open and close with cold finality. Lock-in. The shrill sound of a whistle.

"All right, everybody on your feet for the count," a hack shouts.

The "A", "B" and "F" side lock-out first for the evening meal.

"What they got this time?" someone inquires.

"Fish", comes the reply.

"Fish! Fuck that fish."

"We ain't eatin' this garbage no more!"

"What the hell they talkin' about?" someone on the still locked in "C", "D", "E" side asks.

"They sayin' they ain't eatin' that hard-ass fish", someone answers.

"What's goin' on? What's hap'nin', man?"

"The "A" side says they ain't eatin' the fish."

"I ain't goin' for that shit, man. I'm hungry!"

"If they don't eat on that side we don't eat over here."

"Pass the word."

Grumbles. Shouts. Moans. "We ain't eatin'! We don't want that slop! Rub it on your chest, sucker! Give that shit to McGrath! We don't want it! I'm hungry."

The hungry are shouted down. Bellicose democracy. Unanimity. We refuse to eat. "A", "B" and "F" sections lock back in their cells.

A white deputy warden comes up on the floor and does a Bogart thing and is roundly shook-up by the soul rhetoric he receives for his dumb performance as a tough guy with a pea brain. Enter the comedy relief in the form of the black civilian cook who indignantly tastes the fish as if to assure us that it contains no cyanide.

"Get off the floor nigger," somebody shouts, "and take Humphrey Bogart with you. Nigger!"

"Hey, Nigger! You can't be the cook", from the other side, "ain't no black man can cook that bad."

"Yeah, that nigger's the cook, man. It's just that he been takin' lessons from whitey's cookbook."

The cook and the deputy warden slink off to the wings. The bridge area is empty except for the sentenced help and the floor hacks.

Lock-out as usual at 6:30. Cards. Chess. Checkers. Rap sessions. Showers. Laundry. Letter writing. Television watching. Anxious pacing. 248 sweaty, stinking bodies try to make the best of a bad situation that could deteriorate at the whim of any one of the officers.





Lock-in! Damn! The time passed quickly. Most of us start to drift toward the cell sections.

"We ain't lockin' in!" I know that voice, it's brother Mongo.

Everyone stops. It's quiet. I turn in the direction of Mongo's voice. "We ain't lockin' in," he shouts again, "We didn't eat yet." He's standing on a table, his black face is twisted with raging defiance. Ignition! His chant of belligerence echoes from the throats of all of us on the bridge area.

"We ain't lockin' in! We ain't lockin' in!"

The two hacks on duty nervously close the gate leading to the elevators. A look of amazed bewilderment replaces the usual arrogant indifference on their faces. The white hack grabs the phone. He's calling down to the control room for the "goon" squad; the hacks with a reputation for ganging up on one or two individuals and beating their heads softer than milk shakes; the so-called "killers"; the breakers of men's wills; push-button niggers that do whitey's dirty work without question; the automatons with chests swollen with pride at the police department citations worn above their badges denoting the probability that they busted a few caps into some black man for stealing some of whitey's money. We have even less respect for these boot-licking-ass-kissing robots than we have for their whip-wielding white masters. They are despicable.

back-stabbing imps.

Enter the "goon" squad. Six mentally deficient blacks scowling menacingly at our impertinence.

"Let's go! Lock in!" the tall balding one says, trying to look ferocious and succeeding only in making himself obnoxious.

I am standing on the top of one of the tables feeling the exhilaration of pure black rage and arrogance permeate every pore of my body. All around me black and Puerto Rican brothers are feeling this newness of rekindled fires of manhood and defiance of tyranny seeping into their bloodstreams from some long dormant gland.

A black deputy warden comes up on the floor, his face showing consternation.

"Listen, fellas", he says. "You've made your point. We're going to bring some sandwiches up. Just lock in your cells."

"No good!" Brother Mongo, again.

"Ain't nothin' hap'nin' with that", anonymous voice.

"Look, let's be reasonable, fellas. We can't accomplish anything like this. Lock in and we'll talk to anyone who wants to act as spokesman"

Angry Shouts. Booing. Epithets.

"We're all spokesmen. You talk to all of us here and now", Flaco, a tall earring-wearing latin brother, says.

"Yeah, that's right. We ain't goin' for no trick bag", a

## TOMBS

chromatic progression of voices sound.

One of the "goon" squad members, who have seen that their scowling hasn't shaken anyone and that their meagre numbers cannot cope with the mass of indignant overwhelming humanity on the bridge, eases over to me.

"Why don't you guys listen to the dep. Lock in and we can solve the problem", he says to me.

I look down at him and I wonder at his benign look and expression of concern. The smile on his face doesn't become him. It was as if the years of scowling beastiality and a lifetime of frowns had made his face as brittle as a paper mache mask and his smile was akin to crumpling the mask. Watching that smile was like watching something obscene; something mind-bendingly degenerate; a mocking black Sardonicus. I wondered how many black men he had beaten, stomped, mauled and dehumanized for the sake of the \$140 weekly salary whitey gave him for being a good house nigger. Damn! How he must hate that black skin that hermetically seals his ancestral African blood. How he must hate me for daring to confront his master's genocidal system! The man was an anachronism! A living, breathing, smiling atavist! The perfect unthinking machine! I could just see him solving our problems with the black-jack, the print of which was outlined through the small leg-pocket of his pants.

"Yeah", I say, "I bet you could solve the problem. But we ain't lockin' in until we get some satisfaction to our grievance."

There is probably something in the tone of my voice that must have told him that any further rap with me would be to no avail so he moves away from me, his face reverting back to its normal gorilla mold.

"Brother Heavy! Hey, brother Heavy", someone shouts. "Tell this dep we ain't lockin' in, man."

Brother Leroy, also known as Brother Heavy, makes his way through the tumult and positions himself on top of one of the tables. It is generally accepted that Brother Heavy is a moderating influence on the floor. His youthful look and muscular build belie his 54 years on the planet. He has done time in Sing Sing and Dannemora State Prisons and has seen and done a lot more than most of us younger men. He is a stabilizing factor on the 9th floor, often arbitrating difficulties between the brothers and it is known that he doesn't take any shit from any of the Tombs brass or hacks and will rumble his ass off for what he thought was right and beneficial to all the brothers on the floor.

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute." Brother Heavy says, gesturing with his hands for quiet. "We're all intelligent here so let's act civilized. We're men, not animals."

"Right on, Brother Heavy", a brother says.

"Listen dep," Brother Heavy says, "We got a legitimate grievance and you can't resolve it by sendin' no goon squad up here. We feel that if the cooks can't prepare the food better we ain't gonna eat it."

Everyone's attention is focused on Brother Heavy now weighing each word on the scales of their minds.

The dep tries to interject a thought but Brother Heavy waves him into silence.

"Now we're willing to discuss this as men, but understand this. We are not goin' into them cells just on your promise that you gonna take care of business by sendin' up sandwiches. You people keep tellin' us one thing and doin' another. We ain't goin' for it no more. Now, we haven't eaten tonight and we want to know what you gonna do".

Brother Watusi jumps up on a table. "Listen fellas, let's lock in and see what happens", he says.

"Get the fuck down from there you hankerchief head-ass-nigger", someone shouts back at him.

"Let's give the dep a chance . . .," Watusi's words are drowned out with roars of dissent.

"Ain't nobody lockin' in nowhere."

"Your ass is out with that bullshit, fool."

"Brother Heavy's doin' the talkin', you Jeff-ass-motherfucker."

"Get on down from there, man."

"Quiet down! Everybody be cool," Brother Heavy roars.

"I can't hear everyone at once," the dep says.

Watusi is wise enough to squash the lock-in theme. A moderate quiet returns. The dep is now stage center on the table next to Brother Heavy.

"Listen, fellas. I give you my word that you'll be fed tonight. It's impossible for us to do it with everybody on the bridge. So let's be reasonable. You have my word on the food."

Argument. Ranting. Raving. Consultations. Agreement. We lock in. It's 11:00 clock.

Cell conversations consist of the stand that we took in defiance of the dreaded "goon" squad.

"Them lames ain't shit."

"You dig now that sucker-ass (officer) so-and-so came up. Like he was gonna bus' somebodies ass?"

"I wanted to take that nigger's head."

"You think they gonna feed us tonight, man?"

"They better."

"I'm hungry!"

"Drink some water."

One A.M. Cheese sandwiches and coffee are brought up and hungrily consumed. Lights out. The night-owl rappers doin' their regular. Laughter. Singing. Cheers.

I can't sleep. I keep going over yesterday's happenings in my mind. It's big, man. It's so big that it's like a strong intoxicant. But only this high won't let go of me. I'm high on my self-asserted manhood. Everyone's feeling it and expressing it. There is a definite bond growing stronger between us on the 9th floor. It is indefinable, but yet it exists.

A line from a poem I once read comes to my mind in the sense of paraphrase, "When the gods of Africa awaken . . .," was it, "how the earth will tremble." Well, anyway, that's suitable enough to accommodate the euphoria that I feel of having participated in something big; something that was pure; something right.

Yeah, I feel good. I'm getting sleepy now. Thoughts all jumbled up. One thought lingers though: During the whole confrontation I didn't recall seeing any one of the 14 whites on the floor out on the bridge. . .

For the next three Fridays the fish comes up to the 9th floor fried and seasoned with pepper instead of baked and unseasoned.



## TOMBS

August 7, 1970

The 8 to 4 officer on the 9th floor, Mr. A. had told us this morning that someone had dropped a tab in on him to be brass complaining that he showed favoritism in giving out the extra food to some and not to others. The anonymous complaint by one of the inmates on the 9th floor stated that officer A. didn't give shaves to certain inmates and that he kept the radio on too late in the night. Mr. A. resented the fact that anyone should do such a thing to him.

It is generally acknowledged by the majority of the inmates on the 9th floor that Mr. A., although he had his peculiarities, was fair in his dealings with the inmates.

He is wholeheartedly accepted by the Muslim segment of the floor population who don't eat pork, which just happened to be 85% of the meat that was served, because Mr. A. always gives them an extra piece of cake or an extra bowl of powdered milk as a food supplement when pork was on the line.

He doesn't just run the extras to the Muslim brothers, but he runs the extras as far as they will go. And as far as most brothers on the floor are concerned he doesn't exclude anyone from what was within his power to extend, and again, almost everyone enjoys an extra hour or two of radio at night. Right down the line everyone agrees that it was a pretty foul thing to do to drop a note in on Mr. A., because it appeared that one of our means of survival in this madhouse was being attacked. And after all, Mr. A. is a brother. We decide to investigate the matter and find out the source of disunity on the floor.

One-hundred and fifty amateur sleuths at work.

Questions asked. Facts shifted. Appraisals made. Answers in. Two or three of the whites had drawn up the tab to the brass against Mr. A.

It is decided that we will check the matter out after the P.M. lock-out.

The whites on the 9th floor are in the habit of secluding themselves and are, for the most part, non-communicative. In the lock-outs they will gather at one of the tables on the bridge and do their own thing. At chow time they will group together and try to get to the same table away from the brothers. Well, that is all right with us. None of us really feel the loss of their company. As a matter of fact, we welcome it.

A week earlier 4 of the whites were playing cards on the landing between the upper "C" and "D" cells. One of them, by accident or design, threw a lit cigarette butt down through the grating that ran the nine cell length distance between the "C" and "D" side, into the dorm area. The cigarette landed on a brother's bed in the dorm area. The brother yelled up to check it out.

"Say, man, what's hap'nin' up there?" the brother asked.

None of the whites replied. So the brother went up to pursue the matter further. He's got rocks in his jaw by now, though. Brother Richard went with him to check it out.

"Say, punk," brother Tony said, "what the fuck you throwin' cigarettes down on people for?"

The tall whitey who tried to talk black, stood up and let something pseudo-hip come out of his mouth, and Brother Tony lit him up! Brother Richard does a thing randomly on the other three whites. Several other brothers gravitated like sharks toward the scene for their share of the prey. The whites fell and tried to cover their exposed bodies from the raining black fists that were seemingly coming from every direction.



Mr. W., a black officer on the floor, tried to break it up. The brothers backed off the whites in respect to Mr. W., who led the whites through the sea of equally-anxious-for-white-blood black men on the bridge. The whites were taken downstairs to the doctor's office on the ground floor. Up came another elevator and out came the "goon" squad. There are two noticeable differences that time; they were integrated for one, and they didn't seem too anxious to barge into the milling mass of blacks. They consulted with the floor officer and the white dep. Mr. W. brought Brother Richard and Brother Tony out to the officer's section of the bridge. Brothers Heavy, Gaylord, Carl, Herbie, myself and others gathered at the gate that separates the officer's bridge from the larger area.

"Where you takin' the brothers?" Brother Heavy asked the dep.

"They have to go to the 'bing'."

"Well, you might as well take me, too, 'cause where they go, I go", brother Heavy replied.

"And you gotta take me, too," Brother Gaylord said.

"And me", someone else.

"And me."

"And me."

It was too much for the dep. He looks from one to the other of us. Just too much for his mind. He allowed Brothers Tony and Richard to rejoin us. The incident was officially squashed. We had did it again!

The 6 P.M. lock-out bell. The bridge area is quickly filled. Dominoes. Checkers. Cards. Chess. T.V. Radio. Mail call. Money slips. Officer W. has the floor again.

The whites are quietly rounded up and ushered to the upper "F" cell section. They all have the look of men about to be beheaded. Fear and consternation is an odor coming out of their pores.

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About fifty brothers gather around them. Brother Fitzroy, a muscular black brother from the West Indies interrogates.

"What's happening with you whites. You got a beef about something?" he asks the closely huddled whites.

"We ain't go no beef", one white timidly offers.

"Well, what's this business about putting a tab in to the brass about Mr. A. mistreating you?" Brother Fitzroy inquires.

None of the whites say anything. Their attention seems riveted on the silver, Egyptian symbol of everlasting life, ankh, that hangs from a chain around Brother Fitzroy's neck.

"If you feel that you're being oppressed on this floor", brother Malik says, "the best thing that you could do for yourself is to tell the officer that you want to get off this floor."

"That's right", somebody says.

"Speak on it, brother", another says.

"Yeah, get them honkies off the floor".

Mr. W. walks up on the tier and sees the crowd. "What's

going on?" he asks a brother.

"Ain't nothin' to it, Mr. W., we're just tryin' to straighten out a misunderstandin'", the brother tells him.

"All right. I don't want to see no blood fellas," Mr. W. says.

"Everything cool, Mr. W.," another brother replies.

"...you honkies separate your own selves," Brother Fitzroy is saying. "We got a thing going on this floor and we're not going to let you fuck it up for us. If you feel that you can't fit into the scheme of things up here, then pack your things and ask for a transfer to another floor. Understand?"

The whites nod their understanding.

"O.K., Don't everybody go down at once," a brother advises.

We come back down on the bridge in two's and three's. The news spreads in Spanish and English through the throng of humanity of the banishment of the honkies. They come down from the "F" section en masse and beline-it to Mr. W. They ask to be transferred off the floor.

Nine P.M. Lock-in. Everybody's in but the whites who are waiting for the dep to officiate the transfer. Fourteen new arrivals come up from another floor. Eleven black, three white. One white refuses to go in after hearing the situation. Score one more for us!

cont'd next issue

## TOMBS

### IN JAIL! A REUNION!

I behold my long lost sister's face  
And I experience her sadness  
Her tears of separation from all that was once  
Her man.  
For here she stands  
Quiet, But not ALONE  
For I AM NOW  
With her.

### EXPRESSIONS OF APPRECIATION TO THE BLACK WOMAN!

Oh! How long ago, that horrible day  
When he came upon our continent  
And Stole us - Away.  
Yet You, remembered our far-away home  
Our African Throne.  
In those perilous times  
You were the Essence  
of Purified Wines.  
In Times when I asserted in manhood  
You showed me I could.  
In days of no protection  
You were my resurrection.  
In those lynching nights of fear  
Still, you were there.  
If not for the strength you held back  
How could I, now be Black?  
Oh! So many tears you've placed  
Upon your silken face.  
Yes, True womanhood! It is the secret you hold

That makes you more precious  
Than the finest Gold!  
And how carefully you nourished me  
To regain my masculinity,  
So ingeniously!  
Yet secretly! You hid me in your womb  
To release me at this chosen time  
To bring about "His" doom!  
Yes, after I have ended this 400 year war  
Which you so long have endured,  
Soon you will sparkle so radiantly  
Your Beautiful Black Depth  
Beyond Infinity!  
Then Forever!  
Shall  
"We Be".

Andrew Watts-Bey  
Written 10-14-70

Jambo Ndugu,

In reference to the letter received from the University of Zambia and your note, I would like to make what I feel is better suggestion.

Instead of merely having your readers underwrite the expense of sending copies of Black News, why not have each interested reader send a copy or two directly and include a letter giving some background of the reader. In this way not only will Black News reach Zambia (and hopefully soon all of Africa), but personal contacts can be made that cannot help but enrich us.

I have already written a letter and am sending along some other things of interest in addition to Black News.

Harambee kwa Hmoja Bro. R. C. T.

## AROUND OUR WAY

By BIG BLACK

The weather was perfect. It was as if She knew something important was going to take place. We opened at 8:15 and by 8:30 people began to arrive. Telephones began ringing and by 10 A. M., the official starting time, about 100 people were in attendance. We could have started by 10:15 but was delayed by the lateness of a brother who was to officiate the opening ceremonies. Upon his arrival at 11 A.M., the 1st Black Political Convention of our people here in North Amerika began. It was like a dream come true. Here they were over 250 strong, former slaves, sitting seriously wanting to get down the tedious, hard, boring, unrewarding job of Black Liberation. Many who sat in the audience on Saturday, may not survive to see the final moment of triumph but they began the opening journey in fine shape. The 1st Political Convention of Black People was a huge success.

Paul Boutelle, the keynote speaker, clearly outlined the necessity of a black political party at this time in our history. Boutelle noted the new party must identify itself with a new system and not become an accomplice of the existing racist and exploitative political machines. Paul stated that our people must develop an ideology forged out of struggle. He also emphasized that the party must be broad enough to encompass the many religious, spiritual and ideological groupings of Black people.

Since Brother Boutelle is a socialist and has often ran for public office on the Socialist Worker's Party ticket, many of our people in the audience seemed ready to pounce on the brother and force him to defend socialism and/or the Socialist Worker's Party. But this was not the issue or the question. We were not assembled to argue the merits of capitalism and socialism but to further the ends of our people and no amount of arguing and rhetoric will solve the problem.

\* \* \*

### Highlights of the Convention

\*Brother Don Blackman amazed many of our people with his stern handling of the chair. As a result, the convention moved smoothly, with very few disruptive moments.

\*Bro. Yusef Iman performed the opening and closing ceremonies with outstanding dignity and respect for our people everywhere.

\*The sister of Black Liberation fighter and political prisoner, Angela Davis, made a brief appearance and explained the situation and circumstances surrounding Sister Angela's imprisonment. NOV. 20th is the Day Angela appears in court. Hope we see your face in the place.

\*Committee chairman - Boutelle, Blackman, Rasheen Watkins, Serge Mullery and Job X did an excellent job of moving the committees into action.

\*Our vote of confidence to all of the beautiful Brothers and Sisters who participated and displayed by the high level of revolutionary discipline and understanding that they were really ready.

### Some Suggestions to Members of the Convention Steering Committee

- 1) Remember, to keep your promise, no ties to Republican, Liberals, Conservatives, U.S. Communist, Socialist Workers or anyone else outside of our situation.
- 2) Strive to be a party of all philosophies and spectrum of the Black Struggle. Our goal is the unified political power of Black people.
- 3) Future convention must be held to give our people the opportunity to ratify the constitution and platform. We must strive for greater involvement of college and high school brothers and sisters.
- 4) We must concentrate on getting a mass registration drive started. We must be called for Jury Duty.
- 5) We must begin to sign up black captains and district chairmen. Our slogan should be "A Captain on Every Block"

Many of the folks on our list (Issue No. 23) showed up, but WE WONDER WHAT happened to: Amelia Long, and folks from out in Queens, Larry Neal, Sam Anderson, Charlie Russell and Bill Strickland and brothers from Manhattan. Victor Solomon and Harlem Core. Brother Lenny Burg and other N.Y.U. Students. Ida McCrae and Sadie Jackson and members of the Welfare Rights Movement. Carlos Russell and the Black Solidarity group, Charles Hobson and members of the Black press were conspicuous by their absence. We also missed Marion Kennedy, Joseph Francoise, Thelma Hamilton, Gloria Oliver, Walter Lynch, Dan Watts, Olivia Taylor and Brother Hoshea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday, November 9th, 1970

Well, Jim Buckley had been elected on the Nazi Party ticket running for Senator. Pigs parking in the Black community for their annual riot-control weekend, exploits (National Guard) had their cars stripped and looted and generally received the message that they are not welcome in Bedford-Stuyvesant. It was this back drop of a Buckley win and a weekend of rejection by their former slaves that led the three pigs to commit murder on a Brooklyn street last Monday. The pigs are killers, there is no doubt about that. But just how long are we going to be sitting ducks? Where were our newly elected Negro public officials as the bodies were carried out? This event highlighted another reason why we need a Black Political Party.

Queens Action -- Parents of Shimer Junior High School in Queens closed the school down last Thursday in protest against unsafe conditions and mental genocide against their kids. Students are now attending Liberation schools in the area until their demands are met. For information on Shimer call Sister Hicks at 523-6635. Black News has learned through the grapevine that Sister Hicks is being asked to accept principalship at Shimer. The Sister would be an excellent choice.

Have you visited the FAR EAST in Queens at 192-15 Linden Boulevard, St. Albans, N. Y. For Information call 341-2749. Cultural Programs begin Nov. 26th, 27th and 28th, with Eddie Gale and his Ghetto Music Ensemble, plus the Young Poets of Brooklyn. See YOU at the FAR EAST



## AROUND OUR WAY CON'T

We'd like to congratulate the following students selling Black News in their schools and doing a real JOB of it. Keep up the good work and come to the EAST.

**EAST SPECIAL** - From now until Jan. 1st, 1971 - ½ Price Admission to the EAST (Fri., Sat., Sun. night) to ALL STUDENTS WHO SELL AT LEAST 25 COPIES OF BLACK NEWS each issue.

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..... Ai Mecca - Bishop McD.  
Sis. Kisha Ali - Bushwick .....  
..... Bro. Aben Ali - Harlem Prep.  
Leila Richardson - Prospect Heights .....  
..... Sis. Kendra - Fashion High  
John Bright - Cooper Union .....  
..... Rodney Rowe - Bishop Loughlin  
Michael Bailey - Boys High .....  
..... Veronica Blakely - Fashion  
Valerie Sutherland - Fashion High .....  
..... Brenda Brown - Bishop McDonald  
Olivia Dowd - Fashion High .....  
..... Esther Weeks - City DownTown  
Chakasha Faraha - Fashion High .....  
..... Carolyn Maynore - S.I.C.C.  
Al Williams - Hunter .....  
..... Shirley White - Fashion High

What about your school? Want to be a School Sales man - call us at 941-6150. **NEW BLACK IDEOLOGY** - Instead of sending Christmas cards this year, send your close friends and relatives subscriptions and back issues of BLACK NEWS. You can obtain both by calling 941-6150.

**SORRY!** We omitted the Brooklyn unit of U.N.I.A. and A.C.L. from our list of invited organizations to the convention. **GOOD LUCK** Brothers and Sisters at your Annual Dance and we hope to see you at the 2nd BLACK POLITICAL CONVENTION. ●

PEACE



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## WHAT DEFENSE FUND FOR ANGELA?

When I walk into a recent meeting of the *the New York Committee to Defend Angela Davis*, I walk in with an open mind. (The New York group is a branch of the *United National Committee to Free Angela Davis*; headquartered in Los Angeles California.) I know that some members of the Communist Party will be here; after all the meeting is held at the Young Workers Liberation League. But I have made up my mind where I stand on the Communist issue -- or so I think at the time.

Sister Angela Davis is a member of the Che-Lumumba Club, a Los Angeles-based, all-Black branch of the American Communist Party. And I defend her right to follow any ideology of her choosing. I also know that Angela doesn't want anyone to apologize for her ideology, that she is firmly committed to her membership in the party. And this I can respect. I have reasoned logically that any national defense effort will, of course, involve members of the Communist Party. And I am willing to meet the Communist effort halfway. Besides, prior to the meeting, I had met the Chairman of the Che-Lumumba Club and his wife, a brother and sister whom I like and whom I feel are genuinely concerned about Angela.

I assume there will be some whites at the meeting -- most Communists are white. And although I don't believe in aligning with whites on political issues, I realize that a sister's life is at stake and she needs broad-based mass support. I also assume there will be more Blacks here who represent local defense groups in the city, so I eagerly open the door of the building where YWLL is headquartered. I'm ready to join in the fight to free sister Angela.

What I confront standing by the elevator is a group of young whites. We pile into the overcrowded elevator and I'm crushed by members of the radical white left. On the ride up, I begin to get uptight. Where are the Blacks? Is this going to be the same old tired scene of whites dominating a Black issue? When I glance into the meeting room, my fears are confirmed. The room is filled with people, 90 percent of whom are white. I feel as if I've been tricked. But I'm here so I decide to take a seat and check it out.

The meeting is opened by Jose Stevens, a young Black who was running for congress on the Communist ticket from the 18th congressional district. As soon as Jose begins to speak, a fat, unattractive white woman suddenly stands up. She's a member of the Gay Liberation Front and she begins to complain about the way the gay folks had been treated on the demonstration line the night before. (A demonstration had been held in front of the Women's House of Detention in Greenwich Village where Angela is imprisoned in solitary confinement. On November 5th, however, Judge --- Lasker ruled that Angela be removed and allowed to mingle with other inmates.)

The Chairman of the Che-Lumumba Club tells the gay woman to shut-up or get out. "We're here to talk about Angela", he says. And she sits down. But it's too late, she's started the ball rolling. All the fags and lesbians -- who I suddenly realize are here in full force -- begin to bitch. At the very minute Sister Angela is on a hunger strike, sitting

in an isolated jail cell, the Gay Liberation Front is trying to turn our attention to their gripes. As I begin to feel an overwhelming disgust, a long-haired, emaciated Jesus-Christ figure, begins to speak. In a soft, high-pitched voice that drips, I hear, "We want to defend our sister". *Their sister!* This is too much to take. We're here to build a mass movement, but Angela doesn't need the support of the Gay Lib. Front.

Thwarted in their attempts to abort the meeting, the gay folks finally walk out in anger, en masse, shouting obscenities as they leave the room. But they've achieved what they came to do. By saying that they want to defend Angela while griping about the way they're treated, they are actually trying to focus attention on their movement. What do these white queers really care about the life of a Black woman?

After the "Gays" leave, the committee begins to plan an action that will help to have Angela removed from solitary confinement. (She is as I said earlier, now removed.) As the rhetoric flows back and forth, the meeting proceeds like other large-group meetings where talk is endless. For close to two hours nothing is decided; finally, the group plans to demonstrate in front of City Hall the following week -- to put pressure on Mayor Lindsay. The crucial thing here, however, is that time-consuming thoughtless and irresponsible ideas are suggested when we're dealing with the serious business of trying to save a sister's life. This lack of urgency bothers me throughout the meeting.

Lists are circulated for people here to sign-up for various sub-committees, but Jose is poorly prepared. Because it's difficult to decide upon action at a mass meeting, Jose should have workable ideas already in mind. These ideas -- that he could then bring-up for the group to discuss -- should have been worked-out by Jose and others who organized the meeting.

And who are the others who organized the meeting? When I was first told about the committee, I had the understanding that different groups -- specifically Black ones -- would be attending the meeting. But as people stand up to speak here, most everyone identifies him - and herself as a member of the Communist Party. Something shaky has gone down!

Since I would prefer to think that the all-Black Che-Lumumba Club is sincere in its efforts to liberate Angela, I can only conclude that the larger group -- the American Communist Party -- is manipulating the action of the national committee. By the lack of urgency and the inept way the meeting is handled (I criticize the Chairman of Che-Lumumba for not taking over), I conclude that the Communists are less concerned about Angela's fate than they are about rallying behind her case for their own self-interest. And this is tragic.

When I can no longer stomach the bull that is going down, I walk out. And leave this meeting repulsed. I'm still for helping Angela, but I don't dig her party. This is, of course, a tricky situation because Angela is a committed member of the Party.

For those of you who want to donate money to a defense fund for Angela, I'd say don't send it to the communist-controlled national committee.

Ed. Note: The National Conference of Black Lawyers is a



## WHAT DEFENSE FUND FOR ANGELA?

group of activist Black Brothers who donate their time and energies wherever legal action is needed by Black people. It is the *ONLY* group involved in the defense of Angela Davis that Black News supports. Send your contributions to the National Conference of Black Lawyers, 112 West 120th Street, New York, N. Y. 10027. ●



THE BLACK POLITICAL ACTIVIST MUST HAVE HIS BLOCK SO TIGHTLY ORGANIZED THAT MUGGERS, THIEVES AND THIEVING LANDLORDS WILL BE AFRAID TO COME ON IT.

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## BLACK POLITICAL TAKEOVER

As of this writing, there is no name for the new Black Political Party which was formed on November 7, 1970 at the East, 10 Claver Place, Brooklyn. There will be a name for it shortly but meanwhile Black people in New York City have their own non-democrat, non-republican, non-Negro, non-establishment, all Black Political Organization.

Now we've heard all the arguments against why Black people shouldn't "waste their time" building a Black party. These arguments hold no validity whatsoever. There is no sound arguments for why Black people should not get themselves organized - and forming a Black political party is the quickest way we know of for doing it.

How do we intend to grab the nigger politician by the scrub of his neck and throwing him out? Workers, workers and more workers! Workers in your building! Workers in your block! Workers in your community. These workers shall come from all strata of the Black race. Black News sees these workers and supporters coming mainly from the young, very poor, the unemployed worker, the low paid worker, welfare people, college students, former inmates, etc. This is the majority of us Black folks and with this majority Black people should at least be able to see to it that no nigger ever gets elected to represent them in Washington, Albany or City Hall.

This Black Political Party is going to look for commitment. We want *WORKERS*.

We want these workers to go out and get folks registered who've never been registered or voted in their entire lives. For example, one worker might be required to get at least 10, 20, 30, etc. people registered from his block. He don't never have to go off his block as far as we're concerned. We want the Black worker to literally *CONTROL HIS BLOCK AND ITS PEOPLE*. ●

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## BLACK SOLIDARITY DAY AND MIN. FARRAKHAN

On November 2nd, Black Solidarity Day, there was a tremendous rally at Manhattan Center. This event brought many Blacks of varying philosophies together in a spirit of warm brotherly affection. Minister Farrakhan, representing the Honorable Elijah Muhammad was there and delivered a most timely speech which we publish now (almost in its entirety) for our readers. (Anyone interested in obtaining the complete text of the speech may do so by writing to Sis. Fujii.) ED.



### *As-Salaam-Alaikum.*

As-Salaam-Alaikum is the best greeting that I could give to you. It is better than "hi" for the Black Man has been high in the wrong way too long. And it is a much better greeting than "hello" for hell has always been low and as long as the Black Man has been in White America he has been in hell and he has been pretty low. It's a much better greeting that "good morning" or "good evening" for ever since our fathers set the soles of their feet in the Western Hemisphere, there has never been a good morning or a good evening for Black people. We can never say "good morning" nor can we say "good evening" until we wake up in the morning free, until we wake up in the morning with justice, until we wake up in the morning equal with the civilized nations of the world - then we can say "good morning. It will be a good morning in that time.

My Beloved Brothers and Sisters, this is the most serious hour in the history of America. This is the most serious hour in the history of the Black man of America, and this is the most serious hour for the white man's world. For we have arrived to that time in history, my Beloved Brothers and Sisters, of the end of white rule and domination over the dark peoples of the world. White America well knows the time. Her wise rulers and scholars have known that revolution would come to this country, and they are not asleep, they are wide awake. They have been prepared for this day of our rise, and in their preparation for the day of our rise, they prepared a doom for all of us, but they did not know that while they were preparing doom for us, that they had triggered their own doom. We have arrived to that hour in history of the confusion of government and the madness of people. The government of America at this hour is greatly confused. There is madness in the government and madness among the people. We have arrived to that time in history that Jesus prophesized, that time in which it is written that "as a man soweth, so shall he reap." White America does not like the seed, the harvest of the fruit that she has sown. The children of white America look with fear and their hearts are failing them and the number one disease of white America today is heart trouble, and their hearts are greatly troubled at what they see coming with the rise of the Yellow man of Asia, the rise of the Black man of Africa, the rise of the Brown man in the Pacific, and

the rise of the Dark peoples in Central and South America, but more than ever, the thing that troubles their hearts most of all is that after 400 long years, the faithful, the loyal slave that he thought he had killed that would never rise is on the move today. ALL PRAISES DUE TO ALLAH!

We are not here to make mockery of white America. We are here to tell the Truth as Almighty God Allah has revealed it to the Honorable Elijah Muhammed to give it to us to give it to you. We cannot mix up truth with falsehood, nor can we hide the Truth while we know. We cannot fear to speak the Truth even if death faces us, for it is better to die a man speaking the Truth than to tell a lie to please the people in their ignorance when they come into the knowledge of the Truth they will condemn you as a liar. Therefore it is wise today that we speak Truth, that we understand what is going on. The dark clouds of war are hanging over every part of the planet and America is involved everywhere on the planet in war. The guns of China are trained on the West. After first declaring violent revolution against her colonial oppressor, the people of Central and South America are rising up against the robbers of their land their mineral resources. There's war hanging over the Middle East; there is war hanging over the city of Berlin. There is war everywhere on the planet and whenever you see fires raging everywhere and in one spot there is no fire, all that is needed is a strong wind and the fire that is raging here will also rage there. So in this serious hour, what is the role of the Black man, what is the place of the Black man? What is the place of the Black woman? We're in the white man's economy - we want to declare independence from the white man. But remember my beloved Black brothers and sisters it is one thing to declare independence - it's another thing entirely to be independent. When a people take upon themselves that noble right to declare independence, that people must already have into motion the machinery to back up that independence. It would be foolish for us to declare independence and then turn around tomorrow morning and beg the white man for a job. It would be foolish (I want you to listen because we're a people that clap too much and think too little.) - Listen! The economy of America is falling and falling fast. The dollar that was once worth a few cents is now worth fewer cents. America is losing her trade. The war is absolutely playing havoc with her economy. Her internal problems are causing her to spend lots of money and today she's trying to tighten her belt and to tighten her belt means to leave Black people out. Understand. You may have taken a day off from your job today to show the power of Black men in America as a working force, but I say to you my beloved Black brothers and sister, America is in such trouble today, she cares not how long you strike. In fact she's getting ready now to dump the Black man off of all these jobs, so what are we gonna do tomorrow if we strike today and go back tomorrow - what good has it been if we're not going to prepare a way to make jobs for ourselves and to make jobs for all of our people? It's time to think! Please listen. I hope we're not making you angry my beloved brothers and sisters, but it's time to think. Brothers and sisters, we are brothers and sisters. We didn't come here to argue with each other. We came here to express our points of view, and

## MINISTER FARRAKHAN

what we want to do is show the world that even if we disagree, we will not be disagreeable. There are members of the same family that don't get along, but we are brothers and we are sisters and we are members of the same family and regardless of what the outcome is, in the final analysis the Black man and the Black woman are going to have stand together or we will die together. This is the thing we want to say.



This evening Beloved Brothers and Sisters, when you ratify the Declaration of Black Independence, you are 1,000 and 5% right that the Black man of America must be independent from white America. But remember as we ratify that Declaration of Independence, that we have got to move now to establish that base upon which we can truly be independent. As long as white people feed Black people, how can we be independent? When all of us eat three meals a day, thirty-million Black people eating ninety-million meals a day, six hundred and thirty million meals a week, thirty-two billion, seven hundred and sixty million meals a year and all of these meals provided for us by white people, when we talk in terms of independence Black man, we've gotta talk in terms of feeding ourselves. When we talk in terms of independence, we've gotta talk in terms of clothing ourselves; we've gotta talk in terms of building for self, making homes for self. How can we be independent if we have no land? Land is the basis of all independence. Therefore if we are to be independent and are to declare ourselves an independent people we must unite on the basis of getting some of this earth that we can call our own. Without earth we're just talking. But with the earth that is ours, Brothers and Sisters, we can build a heaven for ourselves while we live.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammed ssaid that the Black man is the father of all human beings. He's the root of all existence. The Bible calls us the ancient of days that was seen sitting on the throne with hair like lamb's wool and with feet like grass burnt in an oven. Muhammed is point out to us in that vision of Daniel that this is a picture of the new ruler to come after the white man's rule is broken and destroyed - that ruler that the God or that Daniel saw sitting on the throne. That ruler - an Ancient of Days - he is so old that time has erased his beginning. He's so old that they just say he was, he is, and he shall be. He has no beginning or no ending - he's the Alpha and the Omega. The Black man! This is you Black man! This is you Black woman! But the Black man has been destroyed by an enemy who has ruled and divided us against each other; who has planted the seed of hate in our hearts for each other, and we can never become a solid people again until we understand what has happened to make us a divided people. The white people poured their blood into us Brother and Sister. Please try to understand. Brother Farrakhan is not here to be an enemy to what you are trying to do of good. But Brother Farrakhan is here from Muhammed with a word of guidance, not for you to get angry, but for you to reason with. And if we reason with Muhammed we will come out a solid people because what he's given you is a base for solidarity. The white man pumped his blood into our woman. He had access to her during slavery. And he made all of these different colors. And then he made the lighter one to think that he was better than the darker one. Ain't that right? He divided us by color and he divided us by feature. Some of us had kinky hair, some of us had curly hair, and the curly haired brother and sister strutted because we felt we were closer to the master. Isn't that something? But he wasn't finished then. Not only did he divide us by color, by characteristic, he divided us by position even as he does today. He made one black a little nearer to him than the other. He brought him in the house and he left the other brother in the field. And then the one that was in the house said to the brother in the field, "I'm better than you." Today he does the same thing - he offers you a high paying job and a high position. But what he doesn't know is that the brother whom he thinks is a house nigger has already been awakened and is in the house doing work for the brother in the field. It's a new day!

But he didn't stop there. He kept on dividing. He gave us a religion that divided us one against the other. Whatever the slavemaster was, that's what he made his slave. If the slavemaster was a Baptist, he made his slave a Baptist. If he was a Methodist, he made his slave a Methodist, and if he was an Episcopalian, he made his slave what he was and then Black people on the plantation began to argue over which part of the slavemaster's religion was better when all of them were catching hell looking to go to a kingdom in the sky to enjoy a better life after they were dead. But he didn't stop there. No Brothers and Sisters, he kept on dividing us, and I might say when you have a whole number, when you keep on dividing into that whole number you produce a fraction. And everytime you reduce it you reduce it lower and lower until you drop it down



## MINISTER FARRAKHAN

into its lowest term. Ain't that right? When it's a whole number. When it's one. When it's solid. It's power. But the more you divide it against itself you drop it down into its lowest term. White people are not fools - they knew what they were doing. Then they divided the Black Brother in America from the Brother in the West Indies. I must speak to this because Brothers and Sisters if we're going to have solidarity we've got to understand what has happened. The Black Brother in the West Indies was captured by the British as our fathers were, too, but the British made him a slave in a different way while this conglomeration of Europeans made us a slave in a different way. And now the Brother from the West Indies and the Black Brother from America, he put them both at odds with each other. So the Brother from "home said, well, I don't know, I don't know these American Black people they this and that" (accented). Wait a minute! Then the Black Brother from America says "yall West Indians. Yall come on over here after you been chasin' them monkeys". But think over this.



Where did you get all this from? Now you gonna call yourself a Spainard. Spain is in Europe. The Black man did not originate in Europe. You gonna call yourself a Frenchman. France is in Europe. We must disclaim the colonial culture, the colonial religion, the colonial way of life. There's only one thing we must unite on - ARE YOU BLACK BROTHER? Well that's good! ALL PRAISES DUE TO ALLAH. But what else did he do? We've got to look at this Solidarity now. That's what we want right? But look at what happened. After the white people put their blood in us, what did that do? That made us weak and susceptible to their evil, filthy and indecent way of life. That made us (Listen carefully!), that made us to lean more toward them and less toward ourselves. They knew what they were doing. Then they make you a drunkard and open up bars on every corner. Let's look at it. They make us a dope addict, and then they tell a brother "if you wanna live good and ride in a Cadillac car, come on and sell this to your brother." They tell a Black man "Look how fine your woman is. Put her on the block and sell her flesh and you can live well - you'll be the biggest pimp in Harlem." All of this: cheating each other, robbing each other, lying on each other, murdering each other, robbing each other, raping each other, assaulting each other, then turn around and tell the white man, "Did you beat up. . ." Anytime you go in another man's house and he won't beat his wife and he won't curse in front of his children, you'll hold your mouth when you get in there won't you?

Well, what is the point? We can stop brutality of white against Black when we stop brutality of Black against Black. This is the kind of Solidarity that the Black man needs. But to the Beloved Brothers and Sisters of the Committee of Black Solidarity Day, this is a great day but we must extend it beyond one day. We've gotta make it Black Solidarity Year and Black Solidarity Years. And from here on out - we've got to practice this solidarity that we are finding within the confines of the Manhattan Center. But how can we practice it?

The Honorable Elijah Muhammed asked me to tell you that the base for Solidarity is Black and the base of Black Solidarity is the love of Black man for his Black brother. Jesus said, "Love your neighbor as you love yourself." But if you don't love yourself you cannot be trusted to love your neighbor. Is that right? So the basis must be Black man, wherever you are under the sound of our voice. Wherever you are out in radio land listening to this great Solidarity Day, you've got to love your Black self and then look out at your Black brother and your Black sister and love that brother and that sister as you love yourself, and when you become baptized in the love of your Blackness and in the love of yourself and in the love of your brother and your sister, what will you do to harm what you love? Do you love yourself? If you love yourself, would you stab yourself? Well, why would you stab your brother? That's yourself. If you love yourself, would you rob yourself? Why would you rob your brother? That's yourself. If you love yourself, do you love your wife? Your wife is a part of yourself. If you beat your wife you're beating yourself. If you destroy your wife you're destroying yourself. Brothers, we've got to get solid. Sisters we must have Black Solidarity. And there's a man in America who's producing this.

I must tell you again in my conclusion for the Honorable Elijah Muhammed has caused us to love Black people as never before. I never was a lover of Black until I met Muhammed. I thought I loved Black, but you don't love Black until you are willing to live for Black and die for Black. But the Honorable Elijah Muhammed gave us such an insatiable love for the Black man and the Black woman that our whole effort, our whole lives, our whole destiny is wrapped up in seeing the Black man elevated to his proper place and position. Whatever the Honorable Elijah Muhammed is doing in America he's not just doing it for Muslims, he's doing it for Black people. He's trying to show you Brothers the way to Independence. Muhammed has taken that great newspaper MUHAMMED SPEAKS - a newspaper that tells the truth of the Black man's struggle in America and throughout the world. And the Brothers who believe in Islam as taught by him who are out in the street

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with that paper - and I know you thought we were paper boys, but we aren't paper boys - we were out there trying to get a message over to you that you may give us twenty cents that we may turn that twenty cents into something useful for Black people. And so the Honorable Elijah Muhammed after getting several of these twenty cents together, he set up Independent Black Education because Black man, we can never find Black Solidarity as long as our babies are being trained by the enemy to hate their Black selves. We cannot find Solidarity. Muhammed says that we must either take our children out from under the enemy or get control of the schools and teach these Black babies ourselves. When you teach them yourselves, they grow up loving you and loving their parents. Muhammed says but when they're taught by a stranger they can grow up not loving you, they grow up loving that stranger. And now we have Muhammed University of Islam. It's small but what we're trying to do is to show you my Beloved Black brothers and sisters, what we could do if we ever came into Black Solidarity. We can build schools for ourselves. Don't say you don't have the money. 80 per cent of the whiskey drunk in America they say is drunk by Black people. Think over that! Think of the money we throw away in wigs, in cosmetics! Think of the money we throw away in narcotics! What do you mean, we can't build for the Black man. Let's have a Black Solidarity Day and a Black Solidarity Year when we stop - I know you stopped drinking today, and I know you stopped smoking today - that was good! and if you can do it for one day, you can do it for one year.

Just remember what white America is doing when she floods the Black community with dope. She knows this is the time of your rise, but you can't rise nodding brother. You can't rise in a dream, you can only rise in reality. So if you could put down a cigarette for a day, put it down for a year! Put it down forever because if you want strength you can't get strength destroying the health of your body with a poison weed "fire on one end and a fool on the other". Look at the whiskey. Look at how much we save in one day by not going to the whiskey store. We could get more Solidarity if we closed them all down. We could get more Solidarity if we closed down all the bars because they're put in the Black community as what we call an enticement to "keep the little baby out of trouble" while white people go on ruling the world.

The white man puts us in a ghetto which is a playpen, and then you call yourself a "playboy". Just check yourself out. A bar on every corner, gambling, dope, everything that you need to keep your mind off of the serious business of NATION BUILDING.

No Brother, Muhammed says that we got to put it all down. I wish I had time to go into it, but we just don't have time. But my Beloved . . .

(Standing ovation here  
for Minister Farrakhan  
to continue)

The Honorable Elijah Muhammed has said to us on this

point, that drugs is a synthetic that white people offer you in the place of what your nature demands that is real. You are not a false person, you are a real person, and what you desire is real happiness, real freedom, real justice, real equality, and real accomplishments. But when a man deprives you and me of the freedom to live as a human being, deprives us of justice, deprives us of equality, deprives us of the right to create with our hands, then he deprives us of the right of real pleasure. Did you know that Brother? Man was created by nature to get pleasure from the work of his hands. It's written in the Book that when "God created the heavens and the earth, He looked and said 'Ah! This is good'." You know what that teaches us? That he was pleased with his own handiwork. When a man is an architect and he builds a building, he walks by that building and he looks at it and he says, "Ah! This is good". Because he knows that he will die but his works he hopes, will live on. But when you deprive a man of the right to the greatness of his own soul, then he has got to find greatness in a world of dreams, and he offers you drugs to keep you dreaming. Why should we use drugs today when the time is ripe for you and I to accomplish what we're worth.

Black man and woman, I say to you in my conclusion, the Honorable Elijah Muhammed in what he's doing in America in purchasing farm land for Black people that we may grow food to feed ourselves; in setting up industries for Black people to provide employment for us so that we may make jobs for ourselves; by getting fleets of trucks to take our produce across the country to make jobs for Black people! Muhammed is trying to show you Black man and woman what we all could do if we became into that that we are seeking - that Black Solidarity. Why not unite Brothers and Sisters? Let's unite behind a man that has proved that he's worthy to lead Black people.

So I leave you with this note, from this day forward, let every Black man, let every Black woman in New York City and throughout the country - let us love ourselves and let us love each other as the Brother of Self. Let us stop being greedy over who is the leader without qualifications to lead. The time is out for us to choose leaders because they can speak well, and do little. We need leaders that if they can't talk - can they PROGRAM for the Black man? Muhammed is a leader that has a program for the Black man that is worthy of your attention.

My Beloved Young Brothers and Sisters, I leave you with this and I plead with you, and almost beg you to listen! Black man and Black woman, remember the words of Muhammed "no man talks ahead of his actual power to do!" It is foolish for you to tell the white man what you are going to do, and then have not the power to back up what you say! Listen! It is right that Black people should defend themselves, but it is not right to face the enemy with nothing thinking that you're going to win against an enemy because your cause is right. Your cause is right all right, but if you about it wrong, you will end up with the wrong results. Do you know, do you know that it pleases the enemy to murder our young Black Brothers and Sisters. To my Beloved Black Brothers and Sisters of the Panther Party, these are some of the most brilliant and courageous young Black men and women in America today!

Listen! My Beloved Brothers and Sisters, I say this to you because we love you. We are not your enemy. We love

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you! But listen Brothers and Sisters, courage and bravery is no substitute for wisdom. You need courage. Listen! You need courage. You need bravery, but you also need wisdom.

When you are weak and your enemy is strong, never try to match strength with strength. You have to out maneuver a strong man until he gets weak and you get strong. Listen! You still with us?

Those of you who watch great fighters fight, did you see the way that Beautiful Brother of ours (Muhammed Ali), did you see the way he did the bear in? You see the bear was strong, but he was swift. So he let the bear swing, and he moved, and he moved, and when the bear swung out, then he swung in. But the point is, when you deal with a strong enemy, you've gotta out maneuver him. And that's why I say that the Honorable Elijah Muhammed is such a great leader because the man is a Master Maneuverer. Anytime a man maneuvers in America, not for a decade, but for four decades, that man can maneuver Brother! And he has maneuvered us - we have no guns, no weapons, no nothing and we maneuvered now, right on through a mountain of hate - the government against us, our people against us, every organization against us, our own families and relatives turned against us, but yet we held on to Muhammed and he kept on maneuvering us until now in 1970. Elijah Muhammed told the white man in 1959,

"you will see the

Black man reaching up for Islam and the Black man at that time will want to be separated from you. And here it is 1970 - Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Here it is 1970, and tonight we are here to ratify what? A Declaration of Black Independence - that's a document of separation. They laughed at Muhammed, they mocked him, they scorned him and said "That nigger's crazy. We'll never get away from white people". But look at you today - a sea of Black Solidarity!

Brothers, may I ask you a question? Do you want your own schools? (YEAH!) Do you want to run your own schools? (YEAH) Very good. Do you want your own factories? (YEAH!) Your own farms? (YEAH!) Can you see your own planes in the sky? Your own trains on the tracks? Your own buses on the highway? Can you see, can you see men like Carlos (Russell), this brother, as an ambassador to your own Black brothers in Africa and Asia? (THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE) Listen! We are not an organization, we must think in terms of building a nation! Do you want a nation? A beautiful Black Nation!

Brothers and Sisters, we'll have a beautiful nation.

I thank you so much. I thank Brother Carlos. I thank the Brothers and Sisters of the Committee for the Solidarity Day. I thank Queen Mother Moore. (Thunderous applause for Queen Mother Moore). All of the Brothers and the Sisters in the Urban Coalition who had anything to do with this day. We thank a lot for you Brothers. And last, but not least, we thank a lot for each and every one of you. Wait a minute! It is you who made this day what it is, and just remember, that's right Sister, this is just the beginning. When we leave this hall, take back home with you that

spirit of love for yourself and love for your people. Take this Beautiful Black woman - she's your Queen! She's your jewel! Don't let a white man get near this Black woman! Wait a minute! Listen Brothers, please. This is a beautiful woman. She is the best woman there is on the planet. Let us respect her, let us protect her, let us honor her, and last but not least, Black man - Don't you let that white man in anytime of your life give you his white woman! We don't want her, we don't want her! Hold on to her Black man! Hold on to your Black woman!

As-Salaam-Alaikum. ●

## PRODIGAL ANTI-POVERTY SON

This is a safe prediction - that Nixon will gradually let all anti-poverty programs die and that a lot of the militants who went to work for anti-poverty who became mild, gentle Negroes, will start becoming wild militants again. As soon as they lose their \$10, \$15 and \$20 thousand dollar a year jobs you will start hearing these militants start into their acts.

The Black Struggle has had almost 10 years of seeing these turncoats bought off and made into quiet Negroes. Black people should be alerted that these parasites once out of jobs will seek to worm their way back into leadership roles of the Black Struggle.

At this point of unemployment right after a long period of affluence these anti-poverty Tshombes will beat their most vulnerable stage for accepting more bribes for even more gross crimes against their people. So we urge all Black people and their organizations - be on guard for these traitors for very soon whitey will turn his house niggers back into Black peasants of the fields - and their kind - don't believe in no hard work. ●



## ANATOMY OF A REVOLUTION (from a young blood)

Revolution! Revolution! We Blacks are strong. We must gain our freedom by Revolution. What is Revolution? We're not afraid of that white man. White man? That is Revolution. We must keep ourselves armed at all times. We have to stop begging that white "swine"! We must take law and order into our own hands. We have Revolutionary hands. Revolution is in the bullet. "Don't cast your ballot - cast your bullet." We are not Negroes or colored people. We are Black Revolutionaries. Revolution is the end of that Red, White and Blue flag. Revolution is "our" never ending Red, Black and Green flag. Revolution is putting an end to "swine" brutality. Revolution is fair trials for Blacks. Revolution is freeing all political prisoners. ●

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## BLACK REMOVAL IN FORT GREENE

So as Black militants continue to try to acquire Black cultural centers, with the same tenacity as Negro ministers tried and try to gather up new cathedrals, the Black masses are still being removed from their lands.

There is a geographical phenomenon happening all over New York City, especially in Brooklyn and surrounding areas - a Black Belt is being formed from the Bronx, Manhattan into Brooklyn, then to Queens and it's continuing out to the Island, and all the way out to Sag Harbor.

Black militants used to frown on Negroes moving out to the "Island" - however, we don't think that this is the worse thing that could happen. In a sense it might be a better unplanned part of the Black Strategy - Black land occupation from Mount Vernon to Sag Harbor, L.I.

Dig downtown Brooklyn - owned by whites; supported by Blacks. Indeed, when one walks through A & S you almost get the feeling that A & S is a Black institution, and one day in the not too distant future will be owned by Blacks.

Whitey sees all this happening and he's taarting to counteract a situation which left unchecked could be disastrous for him. Whitey is starting to reinforce his businesses downtown and for extra security, he is starting to physically take over large tracts of the adjacent area - Fort Greene.

Years ago Fort Greene was an area made up of extreme wealth and extreme poverty. The well-to-do whites lived on such blocks as So. Portland Avenue, between Dekalb and

Lafayette Ave., and had maids, butlers and nurses. After World War II, these same whites bought houses more far removed from a neighborhood which was seeing an ever increasing number of Blacks moving in.

Instead of selling these houses, the whites held on to them. They then converted them from two and three family houses into rooming houses. And these houses have been rooming places for mainly Black and Puerto Ricans. But now this is changing - whites are moving back in.

As we've stated many times in this paper brownstone houses are in tremendous demand by whites. There was no place else in the world to get brownstones from under \$30,000 but Fort Greene and Bed-Stuy. All the houses in Fort Greene today go for \$40,000 on up. So now there's only one place left for brownstone houses for less than \$30,000 - Bedford Stuyvesant.

But we'll get into this later on. Now, we should give attention to Fort Greene, downtown shopping center, Gowanus, Red Hook, etc. Land must be Black people's first consideration in the struggle. Hell, if we ain't got no land, we ain't got no community, if we ain't got no community, we ain't got no organization; and we ain't got no struggle. Then after we secure the land - we might start worrying about such luxuries as cultural centers, swimming pools; skating rinks, et al.

**THE BLACK POLITICAL ACTIVIST MUST DO ALL WITHIN HIS POWER TO DISCOURAGE ALL NEW LIQUOR STORES (WHITE OR BLACK) FROM OPENING UP IN THE BLACK COMMUNITIES. HE MUST ENCOURAGE ALL ESTABLISHED LIQUOR STORES TO MOVE OUT OF THE BLACK COMMUNITIES.**

## CONDITIONS PERTAINING TO BLACK PEOPLES IN AUSTRALIA

*Black News started out to be a community publication for mainly Bedford-Stuyvesant. However, in one year and two months, our circulation has spread throughout the world. Our latest and furthest contact is in Australia where there are 150,000 Black Australians who are suffering the same type of oppression as Black people here in Babylon, U.S.A. We welcome this linkage and we look forward to learning more about our brothers and sisters. Down Under. Ed.*

The following has been compiled by the five delegates who attended the Congress of African Peoples, convened in Atlanta, Georgia, September 3 to 7 (inclusive) and who are presently in New York. We intend petitioning the United Nations to intercede on behalf of the Aboriginal people of Australia to have their rights to land recognized and to pressure the Australian Government to confirm Article 107 of the International Labour Organisation's fortieth session, convened in Geneva, 5th June, 1957. This convention dealt with the protection of indigenous and other tribal and semi-tribal populations in independent countries.

We are:

**Jack Davis**, an Elder, and the Public Relations Officer of the Western Australia Aborigines Advancement Council, from Perth, Western Australia;

**Solomon Bellear**, a student, the New South Wales National Tribal Council representative from Sydney, New South Wales;

**Bob Maza**, Publicity and Public Relations Officer with the Aborigines Advancement League, from Melbourne, Victoria;

**Bruce McGuinness**, Director/Administrative Officer with the Aborigines Advancement League, from Melbourne, Victoria; and

**Patsy Kruger**, housewife and mother of two, the recently elected President of the Aborigines Advancement League, also from Melbourne, Victoria.

The commonwealth of Australia with its 13,000,000 people is the largest island and the smallest continent in the world. It is the greatest isolated mass of land south of the Equator. Its total area, including the island of Tasmania, but excluding islands and other territory under trusteeship from the United Nations, is 2,974,581 square miles. Its extreme measurements are about 2,000 miles from Cape York in the north to Wilson's Promintory in the south and 2,450 miles from Steep Point in the west, to Cape Byron in the east. Its climate is partly temperate and partly subtropical.

The commonwealth of Australia is divided politically into six states: New South Wales, Queensland, Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria and Tasmania together with the Northern Territory and the Australian Capital Territory.

The conservative estimate of black people in Australia is 150,000. This is made up of mostly the indigenous (Aboriginal) Torres Strait Islander and South Sea Islander (Kanaka) peoples.

Anthropological research indicates that the first migrations (three in all) of Aboriginal people to Australia, took place from 40,000 years before the birth of Christ. The first people, the Negritos, were forced out of south east Asia by a people with a higher regard for material culture. This was at a time when Australia formed part of the Asian land mass. The Negritos were followed and pushed further south by the Murrayians (related to the Ainu in Japan) and they in turn were followed by the Carpentarians (related to the Vedda in Ceylon).

Prior to the European and fourth migration which is still current, the people were divided into over six hundred (600) tribes (nations). The tribes were divided into clans which in turn were divided into family groups. The family groups could have consisted of from five persons to a group of over a hundred persons.

By Aboriginal law in Australia generally, land was traditionally inalienable. Throughout most of Aboriginal Australia there were basically two kinds of small social groups, each related to land in a different way: one through descent, directly or otherwise; the other through occupancy or use. The first was a land owning group and territorial claims were not transferable; the land was held in trust, collectively, in a time scale perspective which extended indefinitely back into the past and forward into the future. The other was a land occupying and utilizing group. The local group owns the hunting and food gathering rights of its country; members of other groups may only enter it and hunt over it after certain preliminaries have been attended to and permission has been granted.

Although when he left England in 1768, Captain James Cook had secret instructions to negotiate for the purchase of land from the native inhabitants, when he "discovered" Australia in 1770, he failed to do this.

The only known time in Australian history when white people negotiated for the purchase of land in Australia from the indigenous people was in March 1835 when John Batman signed the Batman Treaty with eight Aboriginal elders for the "purchase" of 100,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Port Philip. In August 1835, this treaty was repudiated by the Governor in Victoria, Governor Bourke, when he stated that the Crown was the only one with power to make treaties or contract for the possession of land. It is significant that from the time of settlement in 1788 to date, the Crown has never used that power. The consideration in the Batman Treaty was:

- 20 pairs blankets
- 30 knives
- 12 tomahawks
- 10 looking glasses
- 12 pairs scissors
- 50 handkerchiefs
- 12 red shifts
- 4 flannel jackets
- 4 suits of clothes
- 50 lbs. flour

When the whites came they methodically and brutally massacred, poisoned and killed (through spreading diseases,) the indigenous peoples, and at the same time went about stealing the land and dispossessing the inhabitants.

Australia was settled solely for the purpose of

## AUSTRALIA

establishing a penal colony so the first settlers were whites of the lowest order who were allowed to abuse the Aboriginal women. This form of genocide was encouraged and still is encouraged in the hope that the Aboriginal people will eventually be taken up in the general populous.

The present economic and social position of the Aboriginal and part-Aboriginal people of Australia is far worse, and far more dangerous for the future than most other Australians realize. Aborigines are very poor, very unhealthy, and increasing very rapidly. Population survey show infant mortality rates of 208 per 1,000 live births in Central Australia. In the Northern Territory alone, 1 in every 6 Aboriginal children dies in its first four years of life. The causes of Aboriginal infant mortality are not yet under control and no decline in its incidence can be anticipated. Diseases such as gastro-enteritis, dysentery and pneumonia are the main causes of child deaths. These are diseases typical of poverty, over-crowding and bad sanitation.

In a survey of rural New South Wales, it was found that only 9 in every 100 dwellings were owned or being bought by the Aborigines living in them, compared to 67 in every 100 for non-Aborigines. It was found also that 37 in every 100 were only shacks, that an average of 7 people lived in each dwelling (including the shacks) and that there were not enough beds for the number of people living in the dwellings in 51 out of every 100 dwellings. There were no books in 67 out of 100 dwellings. At the moment 8,000 able-bodied Aboriginal men are either unemployed or under-employed in Northern Australia and unless major changes are made in employment policies, this number will increase.

Aborigines therefore live in a self-perpetuating way of life, described as a culture of poverty brought about by dispossession of their lands.

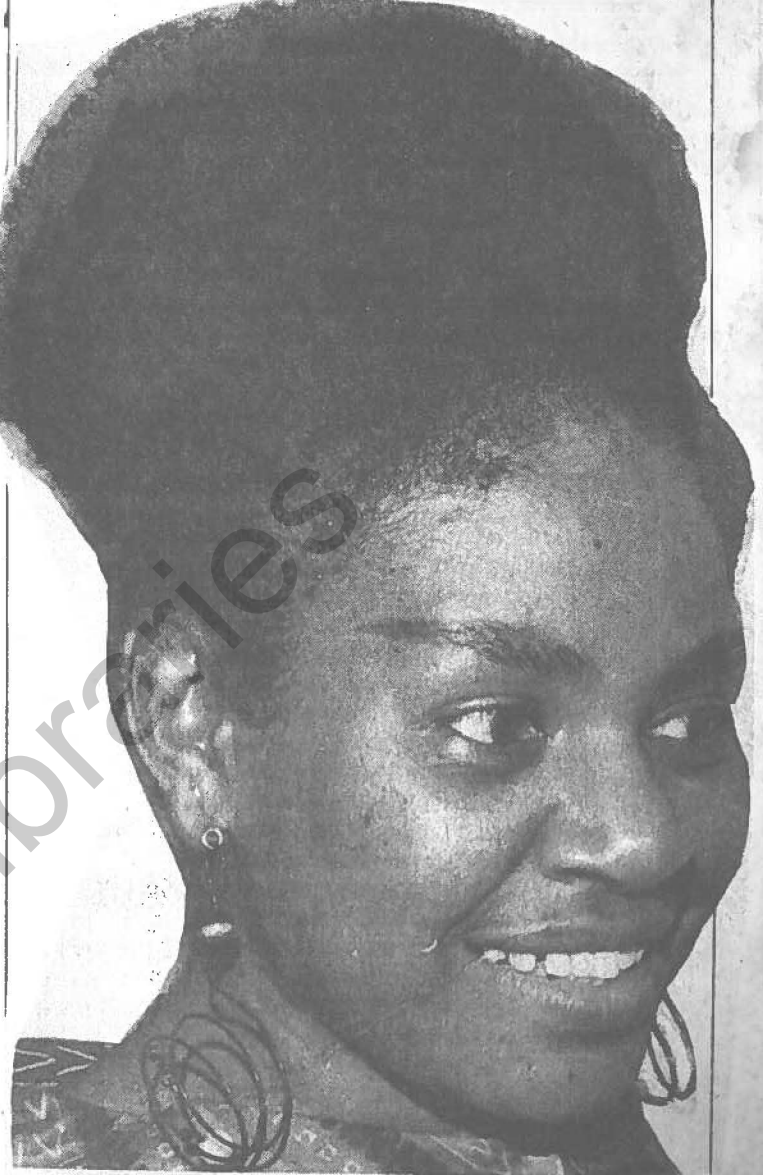
The black population of Australia is made up of the indigenous, descendants of indigenous peoples, Torres Strait Islanders descendants of black-bearded Kanaka slaves and other black minority groupings of people.

Although each type of community of black people in Australia would warrant special mention concerning it, each can be described as being economically, politically, socially, spiritually and morally depressed and having suffered and in fact still are suffering injustices since white people came and stole the land called Australia.

There are generally four distinct community groups:

- I. Tribal peoples still living in conditions embracing their culture prior to the coming of whites;
- II. Semi-tribal peoples, retaining a little of their culture but living in degrading and depressed conditions on missions and reserves;
- III. Fringe dwelling people; that is, peoples living not only on the fringes of society but also on the actual fringes of towns, cities and other areas in shacks, on rubbish tips, without sanitation, no reticulated water, no schools or proper access to schools, no employment for men and young adults and so on;
- IV. The assimilated black people. People proudly put forward by the governments and their agencies as

"accepted successful Aborigines." People living in false security, for on the one hand they hold down good jobs, and living in the mainstream of Australian



**Our Australian sister could be any sister on the block or in Africa. But from Cairo, Ill to Mozambique the Black struggle goes on.**

society and receiving its benefits but on the other hand they are bereft of an identity, are black-skinned "white people" and are really no better off than the peoples described in the previous three community groupings.

There are no special schools involving black studies at any level of the universal education conducted in schools in Australia. The schools in the cities and towns are not segregated but the text books from which the Aboriginal children are taught still refer to our people as being barbarians and therefore inferior. Aboriginal children on missions and reserves are segregated from the white children



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of the white administrators for schooling purposes. The white children in such instances have special facilities and properly qualified white teachers while the Aboriginal children are schooled in deplorable conditions with unqualified Aboriginal teachers.

There have been only nine university graduates of Aboriginal descent. None of these, however, are sincerely involved in the black struggle in Australia. We have no Aboriginal lawyers, doctors, architects, politicians, independent administrators or other professional people to work for our people; neither have we technicians at any level with skills in any field, to go amongst to work with and teach our people. We are entirely dependent upon white people for legal, political, health, technological and other advice and assistance.

Black Australians are presently involved in the struggle to have their inalienable claims to land rights recognized.

Nowhere in Australia do the indigenous peoples who from time immemorial have regarded the land as their own (192,000,000 square miles is the area of Australia), actually hold unencumbered title to their land.

Australia's mineral, agricultural and pastoral wealth is so great, but the indigenous people have no share in it. American capital is carrying on mining, pastoral and agricultural operations on lands, especially in the northern half of Australia on lands set aside for Aboriginal people. These lands are described as crown lands and the governments have complete control over them. When the Aboriginal people ask for certain areas of land encompassing their tribal areas, the governments say that they cannot excise the land from their lessees. Some of these lessees hold land at the rate of fifty-cents per square mile over periods of 99 years. The governments can lease any of the lands, at any time, with no regard to the wishes of the Aboriginal inhabitants.

The Yirrkala people on the Gove Peninsula in the Northern Territory have had their land taken and special sacred desecrated so that the consortium of companies known as Nabalco can mine the rich deposits of bauxite that are there.

The Gurindji people at Wattie Creek walked off the pastoral station controlled by the English Vestey Company in demand of better wages and also for recognition of their land rights claims. They asked for 500 square miles of their tribal lands, were promised 8½ square miles but in fact have received none. The government refused their request on the excuse that land could not be excised from the tenure. What we question now is why, after only two weeks of refusal, the government was able to excise land from the relevant lease, only five miles from the area where the Gurindji people are, to build a "model" town for the people?

When bauxite was discovered at Weipa on the western coast of Cape York Peninsula, the Aboriginal people living on the reserve there were forced to leave so that mining operations could be carried on. A mining town for whites has mushroomed around them while the Aboriginal people live

in segregated, depressed conditions. Only a few are employed by Comalco, the company engaged in the mining operations and to whom the government has leased the reserve land, which employment is of a semi-skilled or labouring nature. Most of the other Aboriginal people live on social welfare payments, their living conditions are depressing and the schooling conditions for the children are intolerable.

These three communities of people are typical of other Aboriginal peoples living on missions and reserves or on pastoral and/or mining areas.

We are appealing for support. While a good dose of more money will not cure the ills rife in Aboriginal Affairs, we can use all the financial support you can give us to carry out our work in the struggle.

We need you black educators, skilled technicians, doctors, lawyers, and others with special skills to either come to Australia to help us teach our people to live in the 20th Century whilst at the same time retaining their values and identities as black people; or to help us set up a programme where our black students around the world can travel and be exchanged through the different black countries whilst acquiring higher levels of education to enable them to return to our people and teach us.

Lastly, we want you to strengthen and keep up the communication links which we have now established with you. We can be contacted at the Office of the Aborigines Advancement League (Victoria) 56 Cunningham Street, Northcote, 3070 Victoria, Australia. Whilst in America, we can be contacted c/o Ken Jenkins, 50 Holloway Street, Freeport, Long Island, New York; telephone (516) FR 8-4025.

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PANTHER PAPERS**

## OPENING NIGHT AT THE NEW HERITAGE THEATRE

The New Heritage Repertory Theatre, Inc. Grassroots players are performing in a luxurious loft that more than competes with the fabulous New Lafayette stage and the highly technical stage of the Negro Ensemble Company. Roger Furman has builded a theatre! Only four months ago Roger had an empty barn. The roaches were in repertory. Roger didn't have a pot to (cook) in. Now through the graces of mighty sweat, gegging tears, and a continuous string of unknown poets, Roger has gotten it together. Can you get to that!

Opening night was a 'gas'. Drinks were served. Bille Holiday\* *Lady Day* welcomed the crowd. On recording with a big band behind her. Sounding like Count Basie. The Soulful . . . groovy . . . rocky . . . sandy . . . notes from the Lady got us ready to go for the first one-act play *MOJO*.

Alice Childress (playwright) had recaptured the good old days in *MOJO*. The days when the 'hip' niggers - Joe Slick and Company ruled the Ghetto Kingdom. Joe Slick with his 'high-yellow' women to white women lived in style. Gambling was the thing then, baby! Dice, Numbers, Card-Playing - "The Rackets". Dig it! Big Black niggers with long red 'Hogs' stick-in-the-floor and the 'red-bone' women. Chicks with straight hair that "blows".

The place: Freedomland Harlem. The set: Teddy's apartment. Teddy (Emett Babe Wallace) opens the scene. He is around 40(ish) but a swinger still. While Teddy is dressing for his date with this white chick in walks Irene (Jean Taylor). In mind. Mad-as Hell. And Colored. She deals in 'hot stuff' in Philly. Then the show starts. *MOJO* is a two-character play with telephone and too long. Jean Taylor gave the most professional performance of the evening. Although she slipped up on the monologues. She jumped to sounding British. Dropping her Sapphire-thing which was real and true and colored. Consequently, Sister Jean lost grip with d'script. I kept feeling as though Teddy Baby didn't know his lines. But he was physically perfect for the part and that carried him over. The script got long and dull as Alice Childress tried to include something that was not honest. The script departed from the badass forties and superimpose the 70(ties) on what started out to be beautiful characters. Characters who still exist today. Who don't give a shit 'bout no Africans and being Black. But we love 'em 'cause they is "niggers". The *MOJO* was working like bad Voodoo.

Intermission. One Time! Changed set. Incense smelling good. Still in Harlem, U.S.'. But this time the niggers is rioting. *Burn, Baby, Burn WINE IN THE WILDERNESS*'. Set: Bill's apartment. Bill (JOHN BIRD) is artist-in-ghetto-residence on grant from Ford Foundation. Now, Bill is mad 'cause the Afro- Americans are burning down the big 'H'. Oldtimer (CHARLES GRIFFITH) comes in with some stolen loot. He stole the loot from the looters. Then he steals scene from John Bird. Charles Griffith is cookin'. Bill runs down what he is doing to Oldtimer-which is-trying to paint, *MICHAELANGELO*-style. Three black women subjects. A beautiful Queen, An innocent baby girl, and the messed-up, messed-over, stepped-on, run-down, black bitch; who is a product of the system. A search is on for the last

subject. The first two are on canvass. The Trio of subjects is called *WINE IN THE WILDERNESS*.

A newly-black married couple, friends of the newly-black artist, finds the unpainted subject sitting in the park. Watching the Afro-Americans burn-up her apartment and her pink-satin shoes. The *REVOLUTION* done burned her up and out. The couple, Sunny-man played by Roger parris, and Cynthia played by CHRISTINE ANDERSON gave nice solid performances. They played the educated negroes. Cynthia, a social worker, had gotten herself an 'afro' and some space-jewelry from *KIMAKO'S* and a husband. Sunnyman, the husband, saved five dollars by not going to the barber and purchased one short *NEW BREEDS*' dashiki. Then both of them turned coal-black. They carried TOMMY, the black bitch, to Bill's apartment.

Alice Childress did her homework for this play. The dialogue is rich with folk humor and heavy with the contempt colored folks have for one another. In spite of homework, Sister Alice jumped feet first into something that she knows very little about. (grassroot-chitterling eaters, peach-pickers, roadrunners, chicken-stealers, low-down-stinking underground black bourgeoisie) The script gets bookish like when the 'Gay Lib.' boys write plays for the "Great White Hope."

Thanks bees! to the director (Roger Furman) for casting SISTER MILLIE HASSLE as TOMMY in the lead role. Talkin' 'bout fresh new talent. This girl had a lead role in our "Cultural Renaissance" and she never acted before. She just was TOMMY. Her honesty supported by her knowledge of such a woman, such a time, such a place, such a feeling - was REAL. SISTER MILLIE HASSLE's performance pushed the script into tear-jerking reality and shoved everything into artistic brilliance. Made the show work like a motherf... Nothing was missing but the chi'lings. Although the pig was on the scene. They had Hotdogs. (The jews call 'em frankfurters). The hotdogs were present 'cause Foo Young's place was closed. The revolution got-to Foo early.

Wine in the Wilderness becomes aged-vintage liqueur. A black bitch who is not really different from the beautiful Queen nor from the innocent baby girl. But rather favored with all three. Sapphire reigns supreme. Roger Furman casted these plays perfectly.

Praises must be bestowed-heaped upon the technical director "Plantation Prince" Thomas and his crew, Brothers ANDREW THOMAS, MANUEL SATO, and EDWARD R. WEAVER. You have to see the theatre to believe it. The work these young brothers have done. They builded a THEATRE from scratch. And it is "boss" - A do-it-to-you" OUCH! Check it out!

New Heritage Repertory Theatre, Inc.

43 E. 125th at Madison Avenue

Tickets \$2.50 ●

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