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BLACKPANELS

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AGITATE · EDUCATE · ORGANIZE

SEPT. 26, 1970 VOL. 1 NO. 21



ZIONIST BUBBLES FROM THE DEEP

The same trouble that the Arabs are having in keeping King Hussein from being a traitor to the Arab world is the same trouble Black people are having today with most of their political leaders. The aware Black is going to have to take an active role politically so that never again will our elected leaders be able to commit such disgraceful acts as giving support to the Zionist state of Israel.

Black people must be made aware of the racist attitudes of the Zionist Jews as they aggressively intrude themselves on foreign soils and force the indigenous people to leave their homes of 2,000 years.

The same Jewish racist attitudes that many of us saw used against Oceanhill- Brownsville by the U.F.T. is only an extension of the racism they carry to Israel.

The indigenous Jews along with the Arabs have been forced into a corner by the European Jew in general and the German Jew in particular. American Jews enjoy a high place of prestige for they like their counter-part bring high technical skills with them. Yemenites, Moroccan Jews, Lebanese Jews, etc., are frowned upon. Don't expect the Jew to admit this just like he won't admit his racist motives for voting for Proccachino, or voting against the Civilian Review Board or taking the spirit of community control and stoning it to death in their synagogues.

The Jew Zionist is an historically insecure person. As a result he tries to go along with the winner. In the U.S., he goes along with this racist government. In Germany he tried to go along with Hitler. And in South Africa the Jew-Zionist community goes along with that racist government and you never hear of any major U.S. Jewish organizations (i.e., B'nai Brith) denouncing, or criticizing them for their complicity.

The South African Jew as the American Jew as the Israeli Jew, goes along with these governments' racist programs as it suits their miserly self-interest.

In South Africa, land of Black oppression, land where the Africans are the majority, the Jew-Zionist along with the Afrikaner is the oppressive storm trooper.

Israel and South Africa have reciprocal trade arms and technological agreements. South Africa gives economic aid and sustenance to Israel like one ally would give to another.

And along with South Africa's willingness to help Israel, Black Americans have their own despicable traitors in Shirley Chisholm and Basil Patterson along with a host of other nigger politicians.

The perceptive person will realize that what goes on in the Middle East and Africa boils down to White vs. Black and Brown, The Oppressor vs. the oppressed. The U.S. has already said that it's to her interest that Israel's sovereignty remain intact.

Israel splits all the Middle East in half, she cuts off Egypt from Jordan, Jordan from Lebanon, and Lebanon, Syria and Jordan from Africa.

Whitey knows that once Israel's snuffed, that Africa and the Middle East could build for itself a Liberation army powerful enough to drive Portuguese, Rhodesian and then South African whites into the seas.

As Prime Minister Dr. Malan of South Africa said in 1952 as the country stood ready to cooperate with NATO and the Commonwealth to create a Middle East Command, "to stop the enemy (Russia, China) from coming through the Middle East and from invading Africa through Egypt in the event of war . . . what happens higher up in Africa must necessarily affect us.

So now we have a clear picture of why whitey's in the Middle East and Africa, and why these countries support Israel.

And while all this is very clear to the Black, Brown and Yellow world, our major Black political representatives are urging this government to send more planes to Israel.

This is just one more reason why Black people must enter the arena of politics - not Democrat or Republican politics, but to create our own Black political organizations which will begin the job of wresting political control away from the house niggers and putting it into the hands of the people - Black People.

QUESTION Sis. A.C.

Yeah, we really been through some changes! We been :

I nslaved
Soul-ingraved
Inchained
De-brained
De-ridged
Devided
mis-led
Half bred
Stepped on
Shit upon
Molested
Dog-digested
Hung
Strung
Shot
Left to rot
Niggered
Disfigured
Soul-robbed
white-mobbed
Instituted
Mind-unrooted
Constituted
Blackness squashed
Whitey wash
Colonized
Nigger-ized
Christianized
Emancipated
Proclamated
Humiliated
Discriminated
Segregated
Consintrated
Inte grated
Strungout and rehabilitated

Yeah, we been really turned around
Four-hundred years mixed up!

Yeah, but do it take four hundred more years
to get us back together????????????????????

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To my Brothers and Sisters at Black News

I don't want to sound maudlin or corny, but I think you all are the most beautiful people I have ever known. I've had a helluva lot of disappointments in people, most of them black (I don't really consider whitey as people) and I had just about given up in having faith until someone turned me on to you all. Now I find myself wondering where have you been all my life? I am sure I speak for others who feel the way I used to, for I know there are a lot of sisters floundering around out there betwixt and between two worlds, not really knowing which way to turn. I'm glad my about face turned my face to you! I'm not ever going to let you get away from me.

I'm sending my son to Uhuru Sasa come September 21st, and I can hardly wait to see the results of his training there. It's more than I could ever hope to achieve single-handed, and I willingly entrust him to your care. I don't want any more years of his life to go wasted, as so many of mine have gone. It's like I just woke up from a deep sleep, and the dreams that I had are becoming reality - at long last . . . those dreams of the strength of my people, and the beauty and the love. ●

Peace & Power

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Brothers and Sisters of Uhuru Sasa School:

We would like to thank you for giving us an alternative. When our daughter approached school age we didn't know where to turn. The "so-called" public schools were out and the private schools seem to be established for educational capitalism. Therefore after reading your brochure we were immediately convinced that Uhuru Sasa is the school for our child.

Although our funds are limited, if we can be of further financial assistance please do not hesitate to call on us. ●

Peace

Brother & Sister L.

●●●●

Peace Big Black

I accept your challenge and intend to deal with it heavily. Since we're talking from a personal experience bag, I'll deal from mine for a little bit. I'm a pre-med. undergrad. at a Mid-western university. I hope to become a doctor and work with my Bloods in the streets or on the continent. I want to specialize in Obstetrics, to insure the health (mental and physical) of our nation. My nationalistic political views are my main source of determination. So, first of all, how do you propose I achieve this goal if I don't go to college? What your message should say to those who need it is, "Dig Brothers, where you came from, what your past is, where you want to go and what our future is."

Who the hell ever said you can't fight the struggle other than the streets? Why must I quit school and go back to my ghetto Bloods when I have people like you here educating them! Out where I am, I'm educating my Bloods who live

in the woods, the ones who live in real "KKKlan" country. Where is your mind? I can do my revolutionary thing just as well with my Bloods out there as I can with my Bloods at home. The only difference is that Niggers think country Bloods ain't cool and wouldn't deal with them; but Bloods are Bloods and they all have to be dealt with.

Don't start spouting that s--t that we should all come home because that is where the ordinary peasant folks are. Well Big Black I've seen more poor college Grass folks (me included) than a little-bit. If I have Brothers and Sisters who are rearranged in there thinking then why should I leave them totally to Charlie and his boys? If the university system didn't screw me and my thinking then it shouldn't screw then and other Blood's heads as long as I'm there to act on it! If we don't help them as we meet them then we don't deserve to be called Revolutionaries. All Bloods are potential Black Men and Women and they must be dealt with! Would you tell an "uppity staff member" of the Black News to get screwed - because you couldn't/wouldn't deal with his attitude? (If so Brother, I would personally like to rapp to you!) What you should do is follow the theme of your paper-Educate-him to the real jive, Agitate-get that latent mind on the ball and Organize-him and souls like him. All of us Revolutionaries have our part to do and we must do it on all fronts!

Most university Black aren't striving for B.S. jive; they are working towards UNITY, STRENGTH, FAITH "LIFE"! The administration at the school I attend is a localized form of the present presidential administration. Like the Nixon era, it has shown too many that they are oppressed and made the oppressed see just who their oppressor is. This common pain between us has united us in larger numbers against the oppressor. Brother, it is UNITY that is our main source of salvation. Division among the ranks is what Charlie wants and will continue to have if you keep rappin what you're rappin.

Stop---Categorizing, Generalizing and backwards rationalizing--- and let's deal with the thing from all points, with Unity & Liberation as the common aim. If our heads are geared right, we'll be able to screw Charlie and he wouldn't be able to screw us. ●

Sister M.

Big Black:

Sister, we're sending you a subscription of Black News. Continue to read Black News and we'll be able to understand each other.

●●●●

BLACK NEWS--

How stupid can you get? A national home for the Jews is recognized by all intelligent people -- they walk hand in hand with Blacks and get killed for their show of sympathy - Now, a Jew Morris Abram, is named National Head to raise millions for the Black Colleges - he is serving Free-- you and your kind go about with your anti-Jew, anti-Zionist hate paper and kick him and others like him in the groin - or should I say "balls"?

I guess the whites are so right -- Black is Blind! And at times, very, very stupid - specially people like you - read the enclosed and get smart--- ●

Black Brother-Student Howard U J.T.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

I am in the process of putting together an anthology of positive Black short Stories from the Pan African World. The publisher will be the Drum & Spear Publications of Washington, D.C. We hope to publish the anthology in the late spring of 1971. It will be called MUNTU-SOUL.

The type of short stories I am looking for are:

- A) Historical short stories that show how Blackfolk resisted slavery and colonialism.
- B) Short stories which express positive (victorious struggle for Black Liberation.
- C) Black folktales that express the humor, stamina and humanism of Blackfolk.
- D) Science Fiction stories that talk of how science and technology must play an important factor in our struggles.
- E) Love stories which show brothers and sisters creating positive love-relationships and strong Black families.

Clearly, I am not looking for the "oh-how-horrible-it-is-to-be-black" type of story. Nor am I looking for the colorless and "universal" type. Black people need to see that we can grow, we can win, we can fight and, indeed, that we can love.

I am drawing the stories from thruout the Pan African World: The Caribbean, African and Black America and South America. So spread the word that the first deadline is October 31, 1970, and that all correspondence should be sent to:

S.E. Anderson
412 w 147 st.
harlem-10031
new york ny

Do not look for a lot money or for any money (unless you desperately need it). We are trying to build a good long-lasting Black Publishing house. And that takes money and assistance from all concerned and dedicated brothers and sisters. ●

Blackliberation, then Blackpeace,

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TO THE EDITOR

I see in the last two issues, everybody is getting excited about Communism and Racism. It is time that we all realize that the so-called Cold War between Amerika and Russia is "White tribal warfare for white world domination."

Brothers and Sisters open your eyes and look! Amerika supposedly hates Russian Communists, but yet there is talk about Ford building trucks for our supposedly Russian enemies, there are exchanges and tours by astronauts. I'm sure you heard something about Russian cosmonauts visiting NASA and Neil Armstrong riding around Kremlin Square in a motorcade. I'll bet you even heard that some moon rock samples were sent to Russian scientists. (Rock

samples that were made possible by black taxpayers money.) Come on people let's face facts "Birds of a feather stick together."

Ask yourself what happens when the Middle East War ends, whether it be Russia or Amerika, IT'S STILL A WHITE MAN'S INFLUENCE THAT WILL BE PRESENT THERE'

Open your eyes and see that Amerika and Russia are common allies against Red China (a non-white self-sufficient nation.)

Open your eyes and see that the arms struggle is not in Germany, Switzerland, or France, but in the non-white sectors such as Asia, Africa, Latin America, Afro- Amerika, the Carribean and even in the West Indian slums of Great Britain!

Remember it was a white man who said "Birds of a feather stick together."

Yours respectfully,
Brother Assam ●

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American Justice or Injustice

The brothers and sisters of Black News have been following the trial of ex-mayor Hugh Addonizio and his co-defendants for the past several months. No doubt you have also been following this political trial.

We think it is significant that (as the grapevine tells us) the question of trial error, a legal technicality will give mayor Addonizio his "freedom". Hence, we are speaking out on this issue to focus our attentions on another recent episode of Amerikkan, Justice.

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**AN APPEAL TO 1,000 BROTHERS
SAVED FROM THE DRAFT**

For the past two issues we've spoken about the three families' homes that might be grabbed by a bail bond company. The three homes were put up as collateral for getting two brothers out of jail on appeal. The brothers facing up to 50 years on frame charges, made their flight to freedom. Meanwhile the three families are trying to forestall the seizure of their homes.

Brother Maurice Fredericks who is spokesman for the families and whom we know personally is the one we've spoken about before mainly because of his long involvement in the community and also because to us he exemplifies what a Black patriot is.

We hope that through Brother Freddie and all the friends and people who know him for his outstanding works, that contributions will continue being sent to the three families in ever increasing numbers.

One other aspect on Brother Fred: all of our readers at one time in Black News have seen the announcements of meetings for the draft counselling service. Many of our brothers who were eligible for the draft went down to the draft counselling office and immediately began to see miracles start to happen. Brothers who were just on the brink of being drafted all of a sudden found themselves free men after going to the draft counselling service.

One of the staunch counsellors of this service is Maurice Fredericks. Every Monday night at Siloam Presbyterian Church you'll find Brother Fred counselling Brothers. During its three years of operation they've counselled over 1,000 brothers and not a one - not a single, lone brother has been drafted. All of them were eligible to be drafted, some had a few days before the inevitable happened, and not one man has been inducted because of the Draft Counselling service.

Now it is these brothers whom Black News is making the appeal to. Brother Freddie doesn't know anything about this appeal, otherwise we know he'd object. He's quick to emphasize "we don't expect no payment for our services". But we ain't goin' to worry about the right or wrong of what we're about to ask of you the brothers that Freddie saved from going into the Army. We don't have to remind you that if it hadn't been for Bro. Fred you might have gotten all shot up messin' over there "in Vietnam. Possibly he might have saved your legs, your head, or maybe even your life. You, more than anybody, should be making contribution to Bro. Freddie and the other two families. And if you contribute something - not \$1 or \$2 - we think \$10 should be the very least you could do for one who has helped you so much.

And for the readers of Black News who number over 15,000 - Just one buck would give the three families \$15,000.00. In just three issues if you sent \$1 (per issue), the \$40,000 to the man could be paid and the two men, 4 women and 14 children would have their homes to keep them from the cold winds of winter which is almost upon us.

It's imperative that the Black community save these homes, for if they're not saved there'll be many a Black

person who'll think twice about supporting any more brothers who happen to get busted.

Make out checks and money orders to the Defense Committee c/o Maurice Fredericks, 317 Midwood Street, Brooklyn, New York 11225. ●

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POLITICS IN JAMAICA

Last week BLACK NEWS requested those who had been abroad this summer to write about their trip. I went to Jamaica and I would like to share what I saw with others here because I believe all black people are Africans and as one people we should know each other's problems and successes. Then we can understand the oneness of our struggle and the power of our enemies.

Many "negro" Americans consider Jamaica the epitome of black power since they see black lawyers, judges, doctors, etc., around. However, that blackness is only skin deep. The Jamaican upper class is just as reactionary and anti-black as some of our very own local pigs. "The whiter you are the better you are" is a well known Jamaican line, and to most members of the local bourgeoisie the Afro-hairstyle is the epitome of ugliness. Their so-called black economic and political power is really negligible. Like every country, Jamaica is just another cesspool for American imperialism. The island's most important industries are bauxite mining, sugar, banana growing and tourism. Bauxite mining is carried out by Alcoa, Reynolds and Kaiser Mines - all American and Canadian firms. The bulk of the sugar cane and banana production is controlled by companies like United Fruit Company, Grace Line and any American capitalist who wants to pick up an estate for tax deduction purposes, or a little place to spend his summer vacation. As a matter of fact, some Jamaicans estimate that over 80% of the land belongs to foreigners (mostly American) in some way or another. We don't even need discuss tourism - it's Sheraton, Hilton, Playboy and we know who owns them.

Power they may not have, but the symbols of power are certainly not lacking. When the English pulled out politically eight years ago they left all the tomfoiery and trappings of 18th century Welshire. It's a pathetic sign to see little black Englishmen with long hot black gowns strolling to court and negligible black men vying for the chance to be elected to the local parliament so they can argue over things which they can rarely control.

At present there are two political parties in Jamaica - the Jamaica Labour Party which is the ruling party and the People's National Party which makes up the opposition. Both parties are basically the same as far as the caliber, attitude and character of the members of each party is concerned. The only difference between them is that one is in power and the other is not, one has a Mr. Manley (P.N.P.) who tries to spread socialism and to relate to Africa. Mr. Manley himself is in a very unique position, he is the only socialist in a socialist-orientated party. The rest are fat capitalists. Without his presence, his party, the P.N.P., could just as well merge with the Jamaican Labour Party and no one would notice the difference.

Yet despite all the reactionary attitudes among the bourgeoisie, the working class people are very black, very together in their blackness and in their conception of Africa and our cultural heritage. Marcus Garvey left a distinct impression on his countrymen. As a result of his teachings and that of Haile Selassie, the Rastafarian cult was born.

The Rastas are a difficult people to analyze. There are all types ranging from plain ganja (marijuana) smokers to very correct, very together and very progressive brothers.

A discussion of the Rastafarians naturally leads one to consider Marcus Garvey, Jr. Although his father was an inspiration to the Rasta brethren, Marcus Garvey, Jr., and the present day Rastas do not see eye to eye on most subjects. The biggest source of conflict is that Marcus Jr. considers his father greater than Haile Selassie, while the Rastas consider the latter their God. Moreover, despite the publicity given to Marcus Jr. abroad, at home he wields little political influence among the progressive forces in Jamaica or even among the bourgeoisie for that matter. Apparently his attitude of know it all and son of the greatest has alienated him from many African brethren in Jamaica. The organization he heads, The African Nationalist Union, is known for the elderly nature of its members and their inability to relate to today's happenings.

Besides seeing Marcus Garvey, Jr. and Mrs. Amy Garvey the most outstanding thing on my trip was a visit to Rev. Claudius Henry. This unique man tried to capture the country five years ago and in the struggle one of his sons was killed and he was jailed and at one point committed to a mental asylum. Today he has established a number of "churches", one in Kingston, one at Palmers Cross, one at Vere, and another in St. Elizabeth. Informal sources say that he has close to 3,000 members. The settlement at Palmers Cross is a fantastic attempt at nation building from the ground up. There Rev. Henry has constructed a block and tile factory, a bakery, a church and a primary school. He is also in the process of building a technical school for the youth and a number of factories.

However, Henry is a hive of contradictions. He considers himself the Biblical repairer of the breath [see Isaiah 58; one reason he was considered insane]. Although he provides employment for a host of brothers in the vicinity of his camps, most of the profit, instead of being used to benefit the whole community, goes right into his own pockets. Moreover, since he is oppressed by the power structure in Jamaica he believes the American government if they found out about his project would provide him financial assistance (poor fool). Although he professes to relate to Africa and blackness, he had a white professor from California in his camp who wrote her thesis on what he was doing. One good thing he does is give the present government hell. Prime Minister Shearer, it is rumored, cannot run in Clarendon (where Henry has his two largest camps) any more because of Henry's support for Mr. Manley and the P.N.P.

Surprisingly, the most progressive element in Jamaica are the independent trade unions. Previously all unions were organized nationally and no particular interest was paid to the problems of individual industries. Thus new unions were formed to fill this need. As was expected, the two older unions banded together repeatedly to destroy the new ones. The new unions are concentrated in the meat packing industry, banana shipping, gas station workers, and the Jamaica Omnibus Service Ltd. What's unique about them is that they are socialist oriented and some observers even go so far as to say they are communist inspired. Their beauty lies in the fact that they are not just unions in the ordinary sense of the word. They educate workers as to their role in

POLITICS IN JAMAICA

society now and in a revolutionary society. They inform their members of their cultural heritage and of Africa the motherland.

One thing that was also obvious in Jamaica was its relatively tense political atmosphere. When twenty-odd men are on death row for the first time in years, when men of property strut around with guns in their back pockets, when dances are raided on the slightest excuse, when cops are excessively brutal and even carry rifles in certain areas, people can't help but want to do something about it.

With all these things happening it is a wonder that the brothers there are so calm. The last significant riot was two years ago when a very dedicated university professor, a true servant of the people, Walter Rodney, was barred from returning to the island after attending a black writers' conference in Canada. Since then things have been relatively quiet. Incidents which occur are very localized, for instance in the midst of July a family of white American capitalists were shot to death in their suburban paradise, a few months before a riot of unemployed youth occurred in Westmoreland. Three weeks ago three white tourists were stabbed when they went into the wrong place. Nevertheless, along with the Rastas, Henry and the independent trade unions, grass root organizing is still rising on a minor scale through the initiative of individual brothers who take it upon themselves to do something constructive. However, since Rodney's departure there has been no unity of action among the various progressive groups. Rather it has been every group doing its own thing and hoping for unity when security conditions and the political situations permit it.

Yet there is a lot of hope for Jamaica. Although books by Carmichael, Malcolm, Elijah Muhammed, etc., are banned, many are smuggled in and brothers who study abroad return home with Malcolm in their minds rather than on their bookshelves. One of the most surprising things was to hear "The Last Poets" Record, and see brothers reading "Die Nigger Die" by Rap Brown (which is not banned incidentally). There is moreover a basic need and desire among the working class people to relate to Africa and to blackness. One significant statement Rodney made in his book "The Groundlings With My Brothers" is that when he started teaching about Africa and its glory to the Jamaican people they listened not because he was saying anything new but because he as an expert confirmed what they always hoped was true but weren't sure.

•••••

DOCTOR I'M DYIN'

The cars crashed at the intersection. A man from one of the cars was thrown through the door and slammed up alongside the curb. The other driver stumbled from his steaming car and went to the aid of the man on the curb lying unconscious.

Brothers and sisters gathered around. The police were there in a short while and were taking down details of the

accident. The brother lying in gutter water and bleeding seemed delirious, shaking all over. "How soon's the ambulance goin' to get here, the brother's dying?" someone asked. The policeman said, "they should be here anytime now." The crowd was getting restless, "Well, why don't you put a blanket on the man, what you want him to die?" The old lady was right up in the policeman's face and he couldn't budge for the folks ganged up behind him - "Lady we don't have any blankets." A brother getting mad - "Give us some damn blankets. I know you've got some blankets. Those are my blankets in the back of your car. I paid taxes for 'em, so just put some blankets on the man." Meanwhile another patrol car pulled up - they had blankets which they laid on the brother. Blankets then started coming everywhere and before long the brother could hardly be seen from the mounds of blankets which poured forth from the generous hearts of the Black community.

In the hospital and on the table the brother was still shaking. The man from the other car was also waiting to be x-rayed. He wanted to call his wife for she had been expecting him home shortly. He asked to use a phone on a desk. "Don't use that phone," hollered a Black nurse. The brother explained, "Can't I just call my wife?" Another nurse yelled "Go outside and use the public phone if you want to call." The brother searched in his pocket for change as a doctor meanwhile stitched the other brother's head. No nickels or dimes, just quarters. "Can somebody give me change of a quarter?" At least 7 little sambos from the hospital plus an oriental doctor and the police heard the question and not one person answered. He didn't expect any reply from the police or this doctor but not one of those little nigger sambo nurses' aides, nurses, clerks or guards uttered a mumbling word. "Thanks for nothing niggers" yelled the brother. Then the most undesired thing happened - a white policeman asked if he could make the call for the brother explaining that none of the public phones worked. The police was calling, the brother on the table was screaming, and the oriental doctor was trying to sew the last stitch - "let that one go doc, it'll be all right. . . G. D. doc, you're killing me." The doctor applied the last stitch as the brother contorted into a little knot of Black legs, arms and elbows. The nigger nurses were still working at doing nothing.

Up in the x-ray room of St. Mary's Hospital known for its great blue-eyed, blond-haired, Christ-like charity. The technician was unkempt and ugly dispositioned. He treated the wheelchair patients - one who had been hit in the head with a steel pipe, one a knife victim, and the brother with his stitches like dirt. The technician read the patients' charts and one could see dry blood on the x-ray table and blood everywhere else in the room. The technician who had an undershirt on gave off a putrid underarm odor as every once in a while he'd sniff down snot down from the nostril and spit it into a garbage pail - one time he missed.

All's well, we presume with the 4 injured brothers; after all we're a hardy people and recupe rapidly. It's the maladies and diseases of the hospitals for the oppressed

cont'd on Page 8

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MAMA'S TEARS

I feel it Mama I now feel the pain
 which you felt in those years of stress
 and strain
 I see it Mama I now see the light
 yes, you've fixed my minds eye and have
 focused the sight
 I'm crying Mama I'm crying real tears
 now I know how you felt in all the
 past years
 seem like I've been on a trip all the
 past time
 but you and I know it was one of life's
 twines
 Don't worry Mama I've come to my
 senses
 the life I was living had too many
 expenses
 I love you Mama with all my heart
 and I'll cherish your love till death
 do us part
 Don't cry Mama you're a big girl
 if you don't stop soon you'll flood
 the world
 come now Mama please no tears
 you've been mentally and physically
 crying for years
 thank you Mama for that golden key
 which delivered me from evil and
 set me free
 there is one thing I must confess
 like a boy I miss your tenderness
 I must go Mama lights out time for
 sleep
 but in reality and my dreams your
 love will keep
 Treasure this always for every
 word is true

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people which remain almost terminal and intransigently sick.

Black News will be getting into the whole role of the hospitals in future issues. But we must say now that if for no other reason than the hospitals, this whole corrupt racist society must be changed. Don't get sick healthy Black brothers and sisters and have to go to the hospital - it's a b--h as most of our people know. When a sick dog can get to a veterinarian hospital and get the very best service and the most humane type courtesy while a Black human being is subjected to the most brutal form of contempt and humiliation from fellow Blacks, it doesn't take any sociologist to know that the torch of revolution must be touched to the shrouds of this rabid Beast.

The nigger sambo hospital workers also must begin to realize that they have a special obligation to their people who go to these hospitals. Whitey is not going to change hospital conditions for the Blacks therefore it falls upon us to treat our people with dignity and respect and give them as much service as is humanly possible.

Our obligation to our readers is to say that St. Mary's Hospital's Black staff is in a state of atrocious incompetence, filth and barbarism. Our hats go off to some of the Black nurses and nurses aides (not all of them) at Brooklyn Hospital, with especial attention to big woman Head Nurse Williams on the 3rd floor for her outstanding services.

This type of service should be a regular part of the routine in each and every city hospital. But Brooklyn Hospital is a private institution, which is another way of saying that Christian "charity" is practiced on those who can afford it. ●

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ELEMENTARY KISWAHILI

by Jorge Mfariji Aponte

Simple Sentence Structure

- I am nina
- able to weza
- to read kusoma
- and write na kuandika
- Kiswahili Kiswahili
- well Kizuri
- Nina weza kusoma na kuandika Kiswahili kizuri.
- Can you speak Kiswahili?
- Una weza kusema Kiswahili?
- Can you count in Kiswahili?
- Una weza kuhesabu Kiswahili?
- Yes, from one to ten : one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Ndiyo, kutoka kwa moja kwa kumi : moja, mbili, tatu, nne, tano, sita, saba, nane, kenda, kumi.
- Maneno kusomesha (words to learn.)
- Hello brother, how are you today?
- Jambo ndugu, habari gani leo?
- I am fine, thank you Njema, sante.
- What is your name sister?
- Jina lako nani, dada?
- My name is Malaisha.
- Jina langu Malaisha.
- Where are you from?
- Watoka wapi?
- I am from Dar Es Salaam.
- Nina kutoka kwa mji ya Dar es Salaam.
- Tazame (Look for) Next issue.

HISTORY LESSON FROM A READER

The recent years have brought to America a day of reckoning long overdue. The shiftless, smiling, sun-loving "negra" whom America claims to have treated so well is dead. He has been replaced by the Brother who is aware of what beauty there is in being Black, the Brother who won't turn the other cheek, the Brother who has stepped out of his traditional "place" and has taken a vow to die before returning. Our Black pride has brought to life the Black goddess who has been a dream for so many years, the Sister who proudly displays her short "nappy" hair, the Sister who is aware of the beauty of her thick lips and the loveliness of her black skin.

Along with our pride we developed a deep bitterness, a hatred of the white man that has had four hundred intolerable years to grow. To quote the white man we have become "racist". The very thought of Black racism scares whitey to death. He stands there red as a beet with a foolish look of astonishment when we shout Black power. As long as we wanted integration he did all that he could to keep us out what he called civilized establishments. Now we want to stay among ourselves, improve our own, forget whitey, and whitey is trying his best to make us want to be with him. He cannot face the horror of Black rejecting whites.

Well, whitey, your time has come, you have spread the cancer of racism and now America is dying. The white empire that we helped you to build is burning just like Rome, and you Whitey, America's Nero sit and watch it burn. We tried so hard to save you whitey, but you rejected us. We tried and tried but to no avail, now all we can do is sit and watch you destroy yourself.

I must admit it gives me great pleasure to see that white store owner sweat as his store in the Black ghetto goes up in flames. I find it satisfying to see Blacks defending themselves against the oppressor's military forces in the ghetto. Don't complain whitey you asked for everything that you're getting. We have taken more from you than we will ever take again. And yet you have the nerve to ask why Blacks have become so militant. You rule over us like some appointed god, exploit us beyond endurance and you ask why we are militant.

As you fall from your throne and see your empire destroyed remember those slaves who you worked to death with barely enough food to keep them going. The next time you complain about the Black welfare recipient think about all those fields plowed for a piece of stale bread, remember who picked your cotton and how much they were paid. Don't forget America still owes us our forty acres of land and a mule.

The next time you hear us shout "Right On", "Yours for the Revolution" or anything else displaying our sudden strength and willingness to resist the oppressor, before you ask why we are doing it, why we want a revolution, think about all those peaceful years, think about how we prayed for freedom and sang for freedom. Think about how you met our demands than. As our four little Black sisters prayed that Sunday, you bombed their church, killed them and their dreams of freedom. As we sang "We shall overcome" you us, threw us in jail, and murdered us. When

we were "sitting-in" you turned fire hoses on us, attacked us with dogs, and you still want to know why we have become so militant.

When you hear Rep yell "burn baby burn" before you call him an extremist and a communist and whatever else you call him think about those Black slaves you breded, women you raped, men you lynched and castrated. When we were peaceful and trying to prove ourselves worthy you showed us just how inhuman you are. We have learned that the only way for us to survive is to resist your oppression, to put an end to our fascist form of government you call a democracy.

The revolution is well on its way but before it actually gets here America, you will squirm, oh how you will squirm! Just as you are doing now and you will start eradicating our leaders (Malcom, Martin Luther King, Jr., Fred Hampton and has anybody seen Rap Brown?), Taking us as political prisoners (Bobby Seale, Huey P. Newton, Panther 21, ect.). Our government is so afraid of the revolution that they have concentration camps set up across the country as places to put the extremists, they have even made police states out of our communities.

Well whitey these last attempts to keep Blacks oppressed will fail because we will fight until there is a change in our government and the power restored to the people. ●

••••

At this point we would like to thank just a few of our many helpers. Without their remarkable efforts, Black News would not have survived and expanded. Due to limited space, our list is incomplete and we regret not mentioning the others. We will, however, continue the list in future issues; Student Body of Our Lady of Victory A.S.A.

African-American Teachers Assoc
Brothers & Sisters for African Unity
Uhuru Sasa
Subscribers of Black News
All African Peoples' Information Center
Beautiful Family of Black News
District 13 Council
Nat Cooper
Kweli Division of I.S. 201
Del Shields, formerly of WLIB
Onyx Bar-B-Q
Dr. Porter
Community Savings Organization
Pushers of Black News
Exodus House

AROUND OUR WAY -- By Big Black

THE EAST

"It is our belief that the most crucial work for this particular era of African existence is the building of Revolutionary Nationalist institutions. By 'institutions' we mean schools, political parties, cultural centers, military units, presses - all those programatic structures that enable a people to see beyond survival; in short, the elemental ingredients of a viable nation."

Editorial Staff Rhythm Magazine (Vol. 1 No.)

African Expressions, Inc.

859 ½ Hunter Street, N.W.

Atlanta, Georgia 30314

The East which began in July of 1969, is our humble attempt toward establishing such institutions in our Community. Operating daily with a program of activities and events, The East represents the efforts of the youth and aware Black adults of the Central Brooklyn Community.

Nobody can really say that we had any blueprint of what The East would be or how it will affect our lives when we started.

We began in July of 1969 with a dozen or so A.S.A. fanatics. Black youths who are motivated with the ambition of doing something for themselves.

We were lucky in obtaining the services of several of the many skilled Black Brothers of our Community who have contributed much to the rehabilitation of the building. (EAST). Bros. Hekima and Juan, (electrical work and painting), Bro. Kemp (plumbing), Bro. Jackson (painting and masonry), Bro. Monty (carpentry).

A.S.A. (African-American Students Assoc.). A.S.A. is the life blood and driving force of the East. The East exists primarily to satisfy the revolutionary demands of the Black youth of our Community. They desire "Institutions" for education and liberation and The East simply tries to meet these demands. The youth have shown by their willingness to struggle and sacrifice to build such institutions, that we (adults) must push onward toward their establishment. As long as The East remains a major attraction to the youth of our Community, we feel we are moving in the correct direction. Young people come to The East every day (our Sign-in sheet indicates that we average 150 visitors a day) for various reasons. Maybe they want to attend a class or buy a book or newspaper or listen to a speech or some music or take out some papers to sell or pick up some flyers to distribute or do the many things not mentioned or explained here. The first and most important goal of The East must be to service the youth of our Community, at all times, because as any student of history knows, "The Youth Will Make The Revolution".

But the youth must be given the proper training and direction and this is the function of those of us adult brothers and sisters here at The East. We attempt to provide and exchange knowledge that the youth of today may find invaluable toward his political and social growth and development. We don't always succeed. Some of our youth leave A.S.A. and The East without fully understanding the situation of "being Black in white America." But failing

sometimes makes us more determined. This determination will continue to pay dividends to those of us who continue to struggle and grow. A.S.A. today is led by some of the sharpest young Black minds in North America. This is a tradition that we can only hope we can improve. Long Live A.S.A. -- Long Live Black Youth.

BLACK NEWS - Born in September of 1969 out of the frustrations of NO COMMUNICATION among the slaves of our Community. Black News is alive and very well. Already being called No. 3 after less than a year of publication, Black News is going to be a dynamic voice in the liberation struggles of Our people. Only 3 members of the team that started the paper are still around but Black News has taken on new and younger blood. Young Bloods who have just begun to fight are now building Black News. We have just begun to build our own Black press and once that is accomplished Black News will really be out of sight. In the immediate future Black News has plans for printing a few booklets, a coloring book for Black youth, and a book of poetry.

UHURU SASA SCHOOL - In November of 1969 the students of Franklin K. Lane High School pointed out very clearly for all to see that the Board of Miseducation was not about to allow Black youth an avenue to express their new found Nationalism and racial pride. The forces of miseducation and police brutality forcefully served notice that public schools were going to remain in the hands of the state and that anyone who didn't like it could get out and stay out. Many of our outspoken youngsters were tossed out into the streets with no direction or possibility for educational advancement. Our answer to this situation was the creation of the UHURU SASA SCHOOL. When the school began in February of 1970, it was merely based on a philosophy which was a reaction to white institutions. Now in September of 1970 we are equipped with a Black ideology (education for self-reliance and nationhood) and a reason for our existence. The concept of an independent Black school is one that has developed as we have groped to establish our Revolutionary "institutions". The problem of finding teachers for our revolutionary Black youth is one that we have had to deal with. Our dear departed Bro. Herman Ferguson started us on the correct path when he set up our Teacher Training Workshop. The graduates of that first Workshop will be taking their places as teachers of the youth at UHURU SASA this fall. We have complete confidence that we will solve our teacher problem. This year the school will have four sections - a Pre-school, Elementary school, Secondary school and the Evening School of Knowledge for people of all ages.

We are trying to adopt a small building at 1115 Fulton Street to our use as a second classroom building. This will give us additional space for Pre-school and Elementary school classes and additional workshop space.

Maybe the forthcoming conferences on the goals and objectives of Black education to be held at the UHURU SASA SCHOOL during the months of December and February will give us all a better understanding of the potential of the UHURU SASA SCHOOL.

BLACK MUSIC AT THE EAST - Back in January when it was decided to implement the program "Black Experience in Sound" every Friday and Saturday night nobody understood exactly how this program would be accepted by our Community. Black musicians, having been fully exploited and left for dead by the fiendish white music merchants, decided it was time to come on home. What a message they have brought home! With all but a few off-beat individualists, the Black musicians have provided us with musical proof that the politics of Black Liberation and Nationhood are being practiced in all walks of life. Our programs have become more like revival sessions instead of concerts. The interaction between the musicians and the audience at times becomes almost electric (charged with energy) and overwhelmingly spiritual. I think Martin Sortre said it best: "Music is the best form of advertisement in the Black Community; it attracts attention because everyone loves music - especially youths".

Our weekend music program also includes the preaching and teaching of Bro. Yusef Iman and Weusi Kuumba (Black Creativity) troupe.

The "Black Experience in Sound" will develop into another institution in our Community. Black people will come to The East nightly (Fri-Sat-Sun) to hear their favorite musicians (messengers) deliver that POSITIVE message. Musicians will begin to gather strength from the Black Community. Long Live Black Music - Long Live The East!

THE EAST - UNITY AND DISSENTION - Let us be honest, to operate an institution like The East without dissention and opposition is PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE. We have had much opposition, misunderstanding and falling-out. As a rule, it (opposition) can generally be categorized into 3 types of areas, Malicious, Individualist and Group.

Malicious Oppositions. This type of dissention is dangerous and completely destructive. Its intent is to divide and dis-unify our people and destroy the institutions we attempt to build. It does not offer constructive criticism but instead usually delights in spreading malicious rumors. Malicious Opposition, usually a tactic of agent provocateurs and/or paid informers, is skillfully performed and executed. Its perpetrators are not people who come in the spirit of humility and love but rather in the sense of "what's in it for me". They skillfully spread tales and rumors and very rarely do they ever openly confront the group with anything meaningful. We can guard against malicious opposition by bringing all gripes, questions, rumors and tales out in the open and by saying how you heard about such information.

Individualist Opposition - It is usually based on the premise that an individual feels aggrieved or slighted by a certain chain of events. With so many people (over 50 part-time and full-time) working to build the many parts of The East it is quite normal that disagreement and opposition occurs. Someone is untidy, lazy, un-necessarily loud or boisterous at the wrong time, insulting or otherwise just plain wrong. And, Bang, tempers fly. That, we think, is healthy and leads to a better understanding among brothers and sisters. Individual Opposition becomes destructive only when the person begins to hide his feeling about another or about the group. It is about this time that

the individual becomes prey for the malicious forces that lurk everywhere in organizations such as ours looking for their unjust reward. Bring out your gripes and fears today and you'll be a stronger person tomorrow.

Group Opposition - Whenever a group of people have a concerted grievance it is a sure sign that something is wrong. It's time to all sit down and talk things over, the sooner the better. Maybe a collective airing of gripes serving no other purpose but to let everyone speak his piece does have a necessary unifying effect. It's a known fact that a group under fire seems to unite quicker. As pressures continue to mount group opposition will be lowered.

There are no magical formulas to Black Unity here in Babylon. At The East we accept people of all religious and political backgrounds and levels if they are willing to make a contribution. We have no time for anyone (regardless of background or affiliation) who wishes to loaf and hang out and collect the benefits of the hard work done by others. Racist America has a deliberate plan to plant a welfare mentality in the minds of Black people; most of our people (youth included) have a negative attitude toward work. We want the glory and the recognition but we don't want to do the HARD WORK. We want crops but we don't want to plow seed, and hoe the cold ground.

At the East EVERYONE WORKS. No one is exempt from washing floors, cleaning bathrooms, emptying garbage, carrying boxes, selling papers or any of the other WORK chores that are the basis of any operation. Our motto should be "IF YOU DIDN'T COME TO WORK FOR THE REVOLUTION- STAY HOME". This is not stated to imply that every second of every working day should be spent working, but it is intended to bring to your attention that we have too many non-workers at the East. During the coming weeks we must put EVERYONE to work.

One of the major sore spots of the East operation has been our kitchen. The selection, preparation and prices of the food we serve has come under daily criticism. Not a day goes by without some complaint or opposition being reported regarding the kitchen operation. But realizing the importance of such an operation we will continue to try and improve the East Kitchen. With the help and patience of our brothers and sisters this will soon be a problem - solved.

NEW IDEAS - Certainly in our attempt to build community institutions we must keep our ear to the ground for new "things". Ideas or plans that can help in re-educating, organizing and revolutionizing our people, are what we need. Everyone always has a homework assignment. Bring in something that can help advance our cause. Sit-down, think it out, jot it down and bring it to the East. If it is of any value we can use it. But be ready to help put it into practice and participate in its operation. Don't think of something to do (for someone else) that you won't do yourself. The people don't need Sociologist pointing the way from way back, they need leaders who are willing to light the way by walking ahead.

One such new idea that we'd like to put into practice immediately is The HIRE - A - MILITANT Employment Agency. The agency will operate because many people want good BLACK people to take available jobs. Secondly, we

can build up confidence among our people by helping to meet a real need: Jobs. Plans and progress of Hire-A-Militant will be further explained.

"The present is one of struggle; the future is ours" - We must realize that the present here in Babylon for Black people holds out nothing new and "business as usual", but we can never cease to continue our 400 year struggle toward self-determination, liberation and Nationhood. It would be an insult to the history of our fathers and our father's father if we did not promise to give our oppressor "hell" each and every waking day. As Brother Eldridge Cleaver says, "We shall have our liberation or Babylon will be burnt clean". The future, that is very clear to everyone, belongs to the Black man. It is just a question of when we will "seize the time". White America is sinking fast. You can't deny that. World-wide she is catching Hell and with a schedule of more to come. At home she is splitting and coming apart at the seams. What will she do when 30 million, plus, ex-slaves stand up and say "We ain't going to take this shit no longer".

I'd like to end with a quote from a great Freedom Fighter killed by the American Government, Che Guevera writes in Man and Socialism in Cuba :

"Let me say, with the risk of appearing ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by strong feelings of love. It is impossible to think of an authentic revolutionary without this quality. This is perhaps one of the great dramas of a leader; he must combine an impassioned spirit with a cold mind and make painful decisions without flinching. Our Vanguard revolutionaries must idealize their love for the people for the most hallowed causes, and make it one and indivisible. They cannot descend with small doses of daily affection, to the terrain where ordinary men put their love into practice.

The leaders of the revolution have children who do not learn to call their fathers with their first faltering words; they have wives who must be part of the general sacrifice of their lives to carry the revolution to its destination; their friends are strictly limited to their comrades in revolution. There is no life outside the revolution.

In these conditions, the revolutionary leaders must have a large dose of humanity, a large dose of a sense of justice and truth to avoid falling into dogmatic extremes, into cold scholasticism, into isolation from the masses. They must struggle every day so that this love of living humanity is transformed into concrete deeds, into acts that will serve as an example, as a mobilizing factor." 9/14/70 ●

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IF YOU'RE AN EVENING SCHOOL STUDENT THAT'S HIP TOO!

CRUMBS FROM OLE MASSA'S TABLE

The freshest of the crumbs carelessly thrown to the Black community from the cracker's table are the food stamps. The purpose of the stamps cannot really be to feed the poor and insure people of healthier existences because that is easy and everything about the food stamps is a bureaucratic hang-up.

Since the plan was announced there has been confusion about eligibility and registration because of inadequate publicity and information.

Registration centers are understaffed and many confused applicants, not having "proper proofs" of low income, slow the tedious process or are turned away. But day after day, poor people flood into the centers to patiently wait on long lines, never knowing if their registration will be completed.

This is only the first of many changes a participant must endure. Once authorized to purchase stamps, you again become part of the line-up at a bank or check cashing office to buy your stamps. This is no different from waiting on line for surplus food. Why shouldn't food stamps be as readily available as lottery tickets?

Shopping with the coupons gives one the illusion of free will to choose what he wishes when actually purchases are restricted. You may not buy imported items with coupons (Norwegian sardines). You may not even buy such necessities as household cleaning aids, soap or toilet paper. In addition, all taxable goods must be rung and paid for separately. This is an annoying inconvenience and a stigma. (The poor are embarrassingly singled out and are targets of hostility for holding up check-out lines.) If you are due any change, you are given coupons for that amount.

There are many other weaknesses in the program. Why can't the government continue to give surplus staple foods in addition to the food stamps so that coupons will go further? Grocers may refuse to participate in program because they are not subject to government regulation. If they agree to accept coupons, they can mercilessly exploit people by jacking up prices. (This is especially true in poor neighborhoods.) Will rising food costs be met proportionately with stamp increases? A shopper does not save very much on this plan and he must buy stamps in bulk. This means his budget is tied up because he is forced to lay out a large lump sum of money. Although you could get \$106.00 worth of stamps for \$82.00 this month, next month the price will increase. You may not save or stockpile stamps for they will expire within a certain amount of time.

The idea of Black people groveling for these crumbs on a land of plenty is disgusting. ●

**FOR AD SPACE
CALL
BLACK NEWS
941 - 6150**

**GET IN THE HABIT
OF HELPING ONE ANOTHER**

Fifteen thousand copies, 15,000 readers of Black News all mainly located in Bedford Stuyvesant. This is potentially a whole lot of power especially if these 15,000 readers are all involved in the business of agitating, educating, organizing. If the Black News reader ain't involved in all of these areas or even one or two of these areas it means that something is wrong with either him or us.

We are struggling to make a Black News family of these 15,000+ brothers and sisters so that we all take an effective part in the struggle.

This family is rapidly forming itself. Letters are pouring in not from just Bed-Stuy, but from around the country, the West Indies, Africa, etc. Not only that but subscriptions are pouring in like crazy and contributions too.

But if we had a choice of a single million dollar contribution or a contribution of \$1 from 15,000 readers we'd take the \$1. Money isn't our game and if it was Black News is the last place we'd come to, and so we repeat that if there was a choice between a million dollars or just \$1 from each of our readers we'd take the \$1.

Another way of looking at it - some people say to us "well, why don't you sell the paper for \$.35 or \$.50; \$.10 is giving it away." We realize this and we also realize that many of our readers who are young children don't have the money for all these high-priced magazines. We'll keep Black News at a dime as long as it's humanly possible and we hope this will be forever.

However, when we ask the readers to support something we hope that one day they'll be so **HEAVY IN THEIR BLACK** that each and everyone will give something.

We've already told you about 3 families and their three houses which they might lose because their houses were put up for 2 brothers who were facing 50 years in prison and who have fled to freedom. Forty thousand dollars has thus been forfeited and the bail bond people have the deeds to the three houses as collateral for this amount. And we know that the bail bond people ain't going to pay this amount themselves. So it's on Black people to help these three families who have proven by courageous deeds that they would help any of our 15,000 readers who found themselves in similar situation. These families have sacrificed for the struggle, they must not be victimized by it. You expect for our people to be victims of the vicious white oppressor, but not by our own Black struggle.

If these families lose their homes, the whole Black community nationwide will suffer the most damaging type of set-back. Who will put up their homes again to help a fellow brother? Black people must be encouraged to support the struggle and not be set up as easy prey for the beast who has won on both sides. First he's removed two brothers from the struggle. Second he's enriched his own pockets from the long, hard years of work and sacrifice, by these three beautiful families.

Contributions have been coming in for the three families and they are grateful. But with 15,000 readers the \$40,000 should have been raised a month ago. With 15,000 readers sending in just \$1 a piece and in three issues the families would have had the money and then some.

So dig yourself sittin' up there reading Black News gettin' a big charge out of the boss articles and terrific drawings, looking real hip with it walkin' down the street, and you ain't done nothin' except to put out a dime.

We don't want you getting all charged up over Black News and then you don't do nothing. We expect the family of Black News people to be functional. One small way we all can be functional is by each reader giving \$1.00 to these three stricken families.

Now if you're too cheap, or too lazy to address and stamp an envelope and drop \$1.00 into it, and send it on to these three brave families, don't even bother to buy Black News. We don't want your dime, we don't want you; go to Ebony, Jet, Essence, Amsterdam, maybe they can use you - we sure can't!

But now that we're cut loose from the dead-weight people we return to you, our precious reader, urging you to send checks or money orders to the Defense Committee c/o Maurice Fredericks, 317 Midwood Street, Brooklyn, New York 11225. Oh, by the way, we'll expect the reader with the \$1.00 contribution to send \$1.00 for three consecutive issues. For those real young Bloods who don't have the dollar, call us up at 941-6150, give your name and pledge a dollar and we'll be damn if we won't get somebody to give a dollar for you. Just call up like a little warrior and say loud and clear, "My name is - I want to give a dollar to the Defense Committee but I don't have no money." If you do that now at such a young, early age, only Malcolm knows what great Black deeds you'll be doin' by time you get into your teens. ●

P.S. Welfare mothers can call too.

● ● ● ●
THE EAST

WILL REOPEN

Oct. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th

House of Nilaja Drummers
and Dancers

&

Joe Chambers Quintet

plus

Yusef Iman Weusi Kuumba

● ● ● ●
XMAS

We're going to drag out that little worm called St. Nicholas early this Christmas. We want you to look at this blue-eyed, red-whiskered weasel so you'll recognize this bandit from Calvary who picks your pockets once and every year. For mamma we say save the bread for those hungry mouths who are always looking into an empty refrigerator. For pappa we ask, have you only had that job for a year and if you lost it today, would it take you another year to find a new one? Remember this when you decide on which color TV set you're going to stick under the tree. And for the real young blood we say don't be like those foolish Negroes you see all about you who spend \$500 a year on bad whiskey, \$2,000 a year on white women, and \$7,000 a year on white Continentals and are only making \$3,800 a year. ●

BLACK THEATRE

In a style comparable to that of the Olympic 'heel-and-toe' race, the colored theater groups compete against one another for the title "The Black Theatre". In the hip-shaking motion of the 'heel-and-toe' race, to the jingle "I'm the blackest", the colored theater groups move slowly toward the tape. The reason for this slow foot race (walking) instead of the swift hundred yard dash (running) being that no one knows for sure, that the white money is going to the winner; the loser might get it.

The white money (Ford Foundation) lives up to its title "The Boss" by dangling over the track and grinning as the race starts getting dirty and low-down funky. Being tightly closed little groups, the colored theaters don't mind making the race dirty; every man for himself, dig it! They know that only one or two things can get the white money, the integrated public and/or the title "The Black Theatre". Number one: NOTORIETY (start folk talkin' 'bout you); Number two: THINK WHITE (cop out). The 'cool thing' to do would be to do both; BE NOTORIOUS AND COP OUT; that way the title would be assured; so they think. The 'Boss' dangles the money and confuses things.

Only three of the colored theatres have moved into the big money spots, so far. Moving into the first place prize money for notoriety is the NEW LAFAYETTE THEATRE. The first thing the New Lafayette Theatre did was to get the old Lafayette Theatre burnt down; then the Minister built a fabulous physical theatre second to none in its interior structure; Bob told the world (everybody on the planet) that he did not want any white critics from the white news media in his inky black theatre . . . and that not one white cent of his Ford Foundation money would pay for AD space in the white papers; then he gathered as little talent as the Law would allow and put IT on that beautiful stage to butcher Ed Bullin's scripts. If Bob could get Colored Folk to come to the New Lafayette he would have the title of 'The Blackest', but as it was, the niggers (Chinese for Negro) had burnt down the OLD Lafayette, and just don't seem to be interested in the NEW one. The 'talking' being done about the New Lafayette places it in first place. NOTORIOUS!

Coming in second for the prize in notoriety is the NATIONAL BLACK THEATRE. Besides being totally unknown and having the title 'National', the leader pulled a few dirty strings and got her Sun people on SOUL; whereupon they proceeded to raise Hell. "It's Time To Rise!" After denouncing the entire Western concept of theater (half of which we originated), Miss Love closed her interview with Miss SOUL . . . by saying "We ain't got no ingenues". That, coupled with the small amount of talent in her group of ingenues, along with lack of direction, placed the NATIONAL BLACK THEATRE second in notoriety. If Barbara can get somebody to burn down the NBT, she will nose Rev. Bob out of first place.

The first prize in "Think White" is going to the NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY, unchallenged. The three blind mice in charge of the NEC took the white money; opened shop in the white neighborhood; called in the white critics; did white plays in black faces; did black plays in white

faces; then they did Doug Ward's plays. There could be no challenge for such a record. The only fatal deviation that was made, was in doing "Ceremonies in Dark Old Men" - a black play in black face. Somebody goofed! The play was a hit! Lonnie Elder III (The playwright) walked away with the white glory, the white money, and one of the company's talented young actresses; leaving NEC struggling to follow up his play. The results were disastrous!; placing the NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY in the first place money in "COP OUT".

The theater groups walking mid-way the track and kicking up a little change (dust) are THE NEW HERITAGE, Roger Furman has decided to do poetry until somebody finds out where his theater is . . . and the AFRO-AMERICAN STUDIO, 'The Bird' is running an ad in SHOW BUSINESS for a truck driver; letting folk know where his theatre is on the sly and that he has \$150 to pay. "The junkies can read, Ernie."

The little tiny theater groups struggling for survival in the backfield are getting pushed and shoved around so much that they only have enough wind to do a little name calling. Somebody made Black News (TV) give them a plug every week and a title, mind you; "Our Black Cultural Renaissance".

The 'pushing and shoving' on our would-be-black theaters is being done by outside agitators - namely, Leroi's "SLAVE SHIP" which was produced by the white church in Brooklyn; Ed Bullin's "Pig Pen" which was produced by the white church in Manhattan; "Hello Dolly" produced in black face by white Merrick; the Mississippi cotton picker's "Purlie" produced by the little white saviour; "Contributions" produced by two little white faggots; "The Black Quartet" produced by His Black Highness, The King . . . and etc., for example. These productions raped the black community produced theaters of much needed talent; talent that they had refused to let in to their little groups in the first place. Mad as Hell and working up a mighty sweat, the tiny theaters fold under the competition; they can't win; they can't lose, either. Since, the white money is dangling, everybody stays in the race (track).

In order to make bad things worse, 'the King' and 'The Lone Ranger' from Watts (Big Time) have started another little group at the Henry Street Settlement. Don't feel BAD if you don't 'NO' NOTHING about it. The group functions under a code of secrecy second only to USAF reports on UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS. The 'shadow' is the only one who knows . . .

The concept of Black Theatre gets lost and distorted as this long drawn-out name calling - walking out on productions - closed circuit- funky foot race for the 'title' carries on. Everybody is shouting "I'm the blackest!" No one seems to give a damn about the black community seeing good theatre, unless the theatre has the "can't help its"; can't get the white money; can't compete with the theaters that have the white money . . . etc. So, instead of black theatre, the black community sits in the bleaches watching bad plays being done; good plays being butchered; musicals being done by the lame, crippled and voiceless; and seeing, rituals featuring 'the director' and/or the producer's girlfriend. When only Aunt Minnie, Cousin Paul, and Tiny Mae's children show out to see Sister Mary's little faggot perform, the colored theatre owners scream "Niggers

BLACK THEATRE

don't support their artists!" What are artists? If an artist got into one of our theatre groups, somebody goofed! The white man's theater has most of our artists . . . and the rest of them are on welfare.

The irony of the situation is that the sought after title "The Black Theatre" can only be given, or rather bestowed by the black community, which doesn't intend to give that title to one little group. So, now, you stupid motherf. . . s will be out on the track forever! You will never see the tape, until you form a big black line across the track. Everybody has to hit the tape at the same time, dig it! Not just MISS NOTORIOUS and MR COP-OUT.

In that the black community doesn't want a black theater but rather an all-embracing concept of black art, somebody out there better start embracing 'open auditions' meaning on a stage, not the bed or the couch.

The black community knows that somewhere out there is the unity that could produce a concept of black theater that would embrace reading new black scripts; black directors who are standing in soup lines; choreographers who are starving; dancers who are picking sacks of cotton in "Purlie"; musicians who are not recording and should be; Summer stock workshops that function on a stage, and experimental schools for some of your bad ass actors who should be waiting tables. A unity that would make sure that the black communities see most of, if not all the black plays done. For example, "Pig Pen" closes downtown when the New Lafayette is dark. Dark meaning "ain't doing nothing but gathering dust". The black communities of Harlem, Brooklyn, the Bronx and etc. . . never saw this play. Yet, there is a little colored theatre in each of these communities that could have (with a little unity) picked-up plays like "Slave Ship", "Billy No Name", "Contributions" and "Pig Pen" . . . for example. A little unity could have a black show traveling, if not on the road, at least on the subway. A little dark unity could bring in guests "ARTISTS". There are many of them on welfare. if not on it, they have a tremendous amount of potential for becoming welfare recipients soon; like Lena and Jack Johnson, who are in South Africa on the lower Westside; Mr. Tibbs, they call him; Billy Dee; Purlie, who is Little Victorious, at the moment; and the "f. . . up" from the Landlord she did "Cleopatra" for a university drama group, remember.

We would come and bring our favorite "junkie" to see some of our black artists perform. The black community will support its little colored theater; if the little colored theater would stop doing stunts for the Ford Foundation and in the stopping, produces a good show; Get It Together! Until then, we—the people of color—will sit on the tape, drinking "Kool Aid" and mashed grapes, watching you jiveass-Black Theatre-pallbearers blow your "thing" doing a shuffle for the white monkey money. ●

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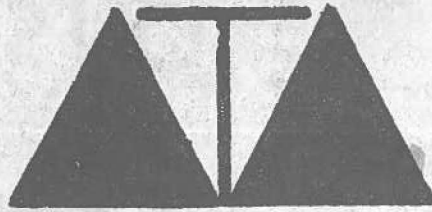
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