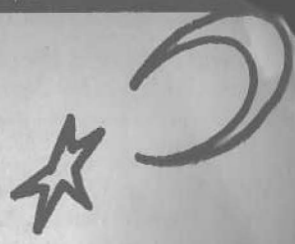


AN EVENING OF
TRIBUTE TO



EL HAJJ MALIK SHABAZZ

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21
6 P.M. - 12 MIDNIGHT

CONTRIBUTING
ARTISTS



IMAMU AMEER DARAKA
GARY BARTZ NTA TROUPE
CHARLES & MYRA HUNTER
YUSEF IMAN & WENSI KUUMBA
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DIRECTIONS TO CLAVER PLACE: CLAVER PLACE is a small block off Fulton Street between Franklin and Clason Avenues. No. 10 is the RED, BLACK and GREEN building. BY TRAIN: Take IND "A" train to Franklin Avenue Station, walk one block North to Claver Place. 10 CLAVER PLACE IS THE HOME OF: The African-American Students Ass'n - Black News - The Uhuru Sasa School - Home meals & non-alcoholic beverages served. (You can bring your own refreshments.)

ELEMENTARY KISWAHILI
by Jorge Mfariji Aponte

Maneno Kusomesha

Ndugu Hodari...Hujambo Ndugu Samaki?
Ndugu Samaki...Sijambo asante...Nawewe?
Ndugu Hodari...Sijambo KIdogo.

Ndugu Samaki...Wendapi leo, Ndugu Hodari?
Ndugu Hodari...Nitakwenda chuo cha Uhuru Sasa.
Ndugu Samaki...Unasomesha mambo gani chuoni?
Ndugu Hodari...Nasomesha mambo ya watu wa Afrika.
Ndugu Samaki...Ni njema! Kesho nitawaleta watoto wangu na Uhuru Sasa, kwa sababu, nimesikia kina chuo kizuri cha watu weusi wakweli...ndiyo!

Ndugu Hodari...Ndiyo ni hiyo! Kuna watu weusi wengi waliojua mambo ya Uhuru Sasa. Basi Ndugu Samaki, nita kuona kesho...Baki na Heri!
Ndugu Samaki...Baki na Heri!

Words to learn

Brother Hodari...Hello, how are you Brother Samaki?
Brother Samaki...I am well thank you...And you?
Brother Hodari...I am fairly well.

Brother Samaki...Where are you going today, Brother Hodari?

Ndugu Hodari...I will go the Uhuru Sasa school.
Brother Samaki...What kind of subjects do you learn in school.

Brother Hodari...I learn African subjects.
Brother Samaki...Very good! Tomorrow I will bring my children to Uhuru Sasa, because, I have heard that it is a good school for true black people...Yes?

Brother Hodari...That is so! There are many black people who know of Uhuru Sasa. Very well Brother Samaki, I will see you tomorrow...Remain in Peace! Brother Samaki...Remain in Peace!

Tazame (look for) next issue.

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DUE TO THE LENGTH OF MINISTER FARRAKHAN'S SPEECH ON ANGELA DAVIS, THE SERIES ON THE TOMBS IS NOT BEING RUN THIS ISSUE, BUT WILL BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.

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City
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Zip
Telephone

removed the muddle from our thoughts about the nature of the enemy; and has been pointed out, his scathing analysis of white society gave us the legacy of an indisputable body of knowledge upon which constructive programs may be built. Malcolm did not leave behind a blueprint for nation-building since he did not have time enough to do this.

Malcolm however erred in over-extending himself; there is no doubt that he had good political reasons for leaving the Muslims. whose program for liberation through the Islamic religion seems impractical and destined to reduce a potentially great body into a esoteric sect. But there is also evidence that Malcolm became a victim of his own ego. one can only assume that his praise of some white people delivered in an apologetic tone was motivated by a desire to express gratitude for the bouquets they threw his way. His insistence on the goodness of some white people was made with a seemingly frantic desire to please. This has misled a host of his political offspring, who take his name in vain, and provides justification for their desire for integration in a white socialist society.

The extent to which Malcolm was a victim of his ego-tripping can be seen from the way in which he led the Organisation of Afro-American Unity. Prior to this, he was a spokesman for the highly efficient Muslims and their tight organization made Malcolm a most effective force; when Malcolm formed the O.A.A.U., he continued in the same style he used while a Muslim; here was Malcolm at the head of a fledgeling organisation, poorly financed and acting as if he had a well-organised body behind him.

Malcolm clearly thought that his charisma was enough to build the organisation; elsewhere in this issue the deficiencies of a leadership built on a personality cult are discussed and the usually sober Malcolm undoubtedly showed bad judgement in building the O.A.A.U. upon the bubble of white publicity.

To conclude it must be re-emphasised that if we are to make the fullest use of Malcolm's life as an example to those of us who are in the struggle, then we will be doing him and ourselves a disservice if we do not examine his life in a balanced manner, paying respect to his genius and indefatigable service, but at the same time recognising his human fallibility and avoiding the pitfalls he encountered.



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SATIRE FROM LIL MAN

Dear Teacher :

You told me to write a composition on if I were President. I think that's bullshit. Everyone knows niggers can't be president plus I want to be a pimp they slick as hell, plus I done lived in the ghetto all my life. Anyway if I shot dope sitting on that MF white house roof I might roll off plus whoever heard of a spade - shacking in a "white house." Plus my dad says us don't need to be no more than porters because if you are you will be called a "Uppity-Nigger". I hope I get an "A" for this composition then my dad won't whip my ass for pissing in the bed. I would have went to the bathroom but my daddy drank up the light bill money and I didn't want to mash roaches with my bare feet.

Yours truly
 Little MAN
 "Vice" Pres

Brooklyn Stompers

P. S. I think it's shocking. People have insects and animals living in their homes. As a matter of fact if I ever catch your ass in any alley I'm kicking your ass do you hear me President Nixon.



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CURRENT STATUS OF THE THREE FAMILIES.

We are aware that our readers have waited quite patiently for a report as to the status of the three families whose homes we and the black community have been trying to save. We're glad to announce that although they're not "out of the woods" yet they're beginning to see "the light at the end of tunnel."

After much harassment, subpoenas, actual sales dates, scheduled court appearances, etc., the bonding company has agreed to settle for \$15,000 plus whatever monies and bank books they had already seized from others also on the two bonds. The Defense Committee for the Three Families gave Harry Salvan, the attorney for the bonding company, the Continental Casualty Company, \$5,000 on the 26th day of January 1971. The written agreement states that the families have 9 months in which to raise the balance - \$10,000. That would wipe out the entire indebtedness of the families. The Defense Committee retained \$1,500 in the defense fund with which to work to raise t So to effect a satisfactory conclusion a lot of hard work lies ahead of the Defense Committee and, you, as a reader of Black News

and a member of the Black community. Nine months can slip by very rapidly! We must arrange a few fund-raising dances or affairs. We can and must save these homes . . . \$10,000 must be raised in the next nine months! Have you sent your contribuioyet? If so, thank you, if not, please do so immediately!! The Defense Committee c/o Murice L. Fredericks, 317 Midwood Street, Brooklyn., N.Y. 11225. Urge your friends and relatives to do likewise. ●

Peace



We have a common enemy. We have this in common: We have a common oppressor, a common exploiter, and a common discriminator. But once we all realize that we have a common enemy, then we unite - on the basis of what we have in common. And what we have foremost in common is that enemy - the white man. He's an enemy to all of us. I know some of you all think that some of them aren't enemies. Time will tell.

Brother Malcolm

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HOWARD HOUSES

Black News is going to do a Housing special in several issues on one of the most together housing projects we know of - the Howard Houses; located on East New York and Rockaway Avenues in Brownsville.

The whole staff of Black News for the next few weeks is going to be visiting the Howard Avenue Houses; walking, talking with people, looking around, asking questions, rapping etc., and we hope we come up with something nice.

One of the main reasons why we're so interested in the Howard Houses is because it is mainly a Black & Puerto Rican community who through a courageous effort is struggling to fight the problem of drugs which has taken on the most vicious proportions to be found anywhere in the city. We also have received a most gracious invitation from the Jones family living in Apt. 4C who want us to come up and check their home out which is supposed to exemplify the very best in good, pure, clean, wholesome Christian living. We can hardly wait to see it.

Make no mistake about it, the drug pusher might look Black but he's not a Black man. He'll tell you he don't give a damn for Black, white, yellow, greet, etc. -- "the only thing I care about is me." This pusher who is painted Black don't care if his drugs are used by teenagers, children or babies. He don't care if a child dies from his drugs. The pusher don't care if the junky kills your mamma, or your sister, or brother or father, for \$5.00 or so just so long as he has his fix. We were told how a junky snatched a woman's bag as she struggled with him he sliced her arms and face to ribbons - just so he could get his fix. Two hours later and he was picked up walking down the street like a zombie, a zombie still covered with blood - you think the pusher gives a damn about this?

So next time our junky brothers see the pusher we ask them to see him other than a person to buy their fix from. The pusher is multi-faceted, he dispenses valuable hordes of drugs; he might be walking around with \$500, \$1,000 etc., at any given time; he might have ten, twenty or 100 times this amount stashed away someplace and ain't nobody going to cry if he loses his bread, his stuff or his life.

So happy hunting pusher-junkies --- next year and the zombies might be looking for you.

DIG IT B.A.K. SOA. YOUR REVOLUTIONARY COURT MIGHT CHECK OUT 4C, THEY SERVE NICE TEA AND BISCUITS WITH A PINCH OF SNUFF.

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT THE NET PROFITS MADE FROM DRUGS IS ALMOST 1 BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR. YET YOU HAVE THE CASE OF SOME SMALL TIME PUSHER MAKING \$150.00 PER WEEK WITH A \$200 A DAY HABIT. NE DOES ALL THE DIRTY WORK, ALL THE CHANCING AND ALL THE GETTIN' CAUGHT -- HE'S WHAT'S KNOWN AS A STUPID-ASS CHUMP FOR BEING AROUND OTHER PUSHERS WITH ALL THEIR THOUSANDS AND HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS AND BEING TOO SCARED TO TAKE A DIME.

APT. 4C, THAT'S WHERE IT'S AT.

NOW THERE ARE BUT SO MANY PLACES WHERE A PUSHER CAN LEAVE HIS MONEY AND HIS DRUGS. THERE ARE BUT FEW PEOPLE HE TRUSTS IF ANY -- SO IT STANDS TO REASON THAT IF HE'S WATCHED LONG ENOUGH HE'LL ACCIDENTALLY GIVE A CLUE, OR MAYBE HE'LL EVEN TELL YOU IF YOU GET HIM OFF TO THE SIDE.

* * *

MOST PUSHERS ARE ON THE STUFF THEMSELVES. THE FLUNKY PUSHER GETS THE BAD STUFF AND HE'S THE ONE WALKING AROUND LIKE A ZOMBIE -- WHEREAS HIS BOSS-MAN IS LOOKING FINE AND DANDY BECAUSE HE CAN AFFORD GOOD STUFF.

* * *

BROWNSVILLE IS WORTH ALMOST A BILLION DOLLAR IN DRUGS, HOWEVER, THERE ARE SOME PUSHER-JUNKIES WHO BARELY CLEAR \$100.00 PER WEEK -- THESE ARE THE LUCKY ZOMBIES!!!

* * *

WHERE IN THE HELL DOES THE PUSHER LEAVE HIS STUFF AND HIS MONEY. COULD IT BE IN HIS MATTRESS, OR STRAPPED AROUND HIS WAIST, BURIED UNDER THE FLOOR, IN THE WATER TANK, IN THE CELLAR OR HIS OTHER APARTMENT -- IT MIGHT BE ANYWHERE.

* * *

IN MOST CASES ONLY A SMALL PART OF HIS SUPPLY WOULD BE IN HIS HOUSE OR HIS SECRET APARTMENT. THE STUFF HE HAS IN HIS HOUSE WILL BE SOMETHING HE CAN EASILY FLUSH DOWN THE TOILET BOWL. THIS SUGGESTS THAT THE PUSHER WHO SUPPLIES A LARGE AREA MUST STASH HIS MAIN STOCK OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE -- IT MIGHT BE IN OR UNDER HIS CAR, IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, SUSPENDED ON A STRING DOWN THE CHIMNEY, ETC'

4C IS KNOWN FOR STASHING LARGE SUMS OF SNUFF AND BREAD NEATLY TUCKED AWAY IN THE MATTRESS.

THERE ARE FOUR SOURCES OF POWER WHICH HOLDS SWAY OVER BROWNSVILLE -- THE U. S. GOVERNMENT IN WASHINGTON, CITY HALL, THE 73rd PRECINCT AND APT'. 4C. AND APT. 4C. ●

WE MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE MANY TYPE ERRORS IN THIS ISSUE. OUR OWN TYPE-SETTING EQUIPMENT BROKE DOWN JUST BEFORE THE LONG WEEKEND AND WE NEARLY DIDN'T MAKE OUR DEADLINE FOR BRO. MALCOLM'S BIRTHDAY. HOWEVER THIS ISSUE WOULD HAVE BEEN TOTALLY IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT THE GREAT GENEROSITY OF THE NEW YORK COURIER.

AROUND OUR WAY By Big Black

The Creators

Each Feb. 21st after all the Rallies have been held and all the speeches made honoring the memory of El Hajj Malik Shabazz (Malcolm X), I usually retreat to the quiet solitude of my soul for a real memorial tribute. I begin to take stock of what I have contributed for the advancement of self and kind during the past year. After having carefully listed my accomplishment, then I read several chapters of the "Autobiography" and come away feeling meek and humble. At that point I rededicate myself and my every thought once again.

I begin to realize it is not the memory of a dead man that we pay tribute to but the thought that he left alive in the minds of those of us who dare to think of things like Freedom, Liberty and the rights of self-determination. In reality most of us honor Malcolm just like the cracker honors his dead heroes. We idolize Malcolm the hero, the black prince, the man we'd never dare to be. Whereas today the times demand we must really pay tribute in a far more provocative manner. We must understand that Malcolm stood for certain ideas, thoughts and actions. If we really want to pay tribute to him but more importantly to ourselves, we must put these ideas into practice. We cannot be possessed by fear. Most mothers probably don't desire that their sons or daughters grow up with minds of the caliber of a Malcolm X. We don't want our sons so wise that they might be flirting with death. But the truth of the matter is that until we have rid ourselves of the fear of death we will not be ready to really live. I remember in C.L.R. James' brilliant writing on the Haitian Revolution (The Black Jacobins) led by Toussaint L'Ouverture, James pointed out that the black slave army fought so hard that it seemed like they enjoyed dying. "They died with smiles on their faces, as if they knew already that they had won the battle." This kind of confidence caused the French soldiers to throw down their arms and get out. But today when I see all of these half-scared assed-niggers going someplace to honor Malcolm, I really get disturbed. **MALCOLM WASN'T A SCARED BLACK MAN. THE GREATEST TRIBUTE THAT YOU CAN PAY IS TO VOW TO CAST OFF THAT DEATH FEAR AND GIVE BREATH TO A BLACK LIFE' WE ARE THE CREATORS.**

* * * *

Evening classes at UHURU SASA School begin on Feb. 8th, but you can still register. Bro. Aponte "Tafadhali" teach us some Swahili so that we can learn to recognize the real "Adui." Swahili meets every Monday and Wednesday. Other classes include:

YOGA (Every Monday) Helps you to think clearly if your brain is foggy.

ART WORKSHOP (Tuesday & Thursday) With two fishes like Dyson and Warwell you are bound to have fun even if you can't draw.

HIGH SCHOOL EQUIVALENCY STUDIES (Wednesday)

REPUBLIC OF NEW AFRICA WORKSHOP (Wednesday)

1st Aid, Gun Safety, Nation Building

FOOD SCIENCE AND BODY HEALTH (Thursday) You

are what you eat says brothers Mansa and Abraham. Prove it!

SELF-DEFENSE (Saturday 1 P.M.) What you gonna do pop when the young brother knocks you down?

BLACK DRAMA (Saturday 5:30 P.M.) We want to find out what Miss RCS is all about.

For Info time, space and other data

Call 636-9400

* * *

Thank you Minister Farrakhan for speaking such Truth at the EAST on Wednesday, January 27th. Your time was well spent and we invite you back again real soon. We particularly liked your views on the question of polygamy. Any other black people who have anything to say **POSITIVE** to the upliftment and betterment of the black race please call the EAST at 636-9400 and we'll invite you to speak. On this note we'd like to shift our focus to a group of white pimps and black hustlers known to us as C. May Associates. Now their game is real slick: C. May is the white 5th Ave. front that sells black "experts" to the tune of fees at least 2 to 4 times higher "than possible without such representation." Of course Miss C. May "Sells" the ability of her clients "with greater impact and discretion than can the clients themselves." First we have integration pimps (Bayard Rustin); Poverty pimps (Major Owens) and now the "black Experts." "Black Experts" are usually washed up strugglers who now want to collect social security payments upon the backs of the struggling black Freedom Fighters. That's Okay, but where the hell does Miss C. May call ME "APRIL" come in. If I'm going to sell out for some cash why split the take with some white Wench pimp. Any black groups in the World looking for speakers, just call the EAST 636-9400 and for the price of carfare and the right to sell some Black News and posters we'll send some of the most experienced EXPERTS in the UNIVERSE TO RAP ON DRUGS (We used to use them) to WOMEN (JUST NEED TO STOP COMPETING AND PRACTICE UMOJA) and the boy (you call him the Man because you respect his right to enslave you) NEW BUSINESS TRENDS (Start buying only what you need). Any donations our speakers receive go toward building a better black world for black babies and not toward some fat cracker bitch. NEXT CASE.

* * *

Results of the EAST COAST WORKSHOP ON CORRECT BLACK EDUCATION are now available for distribution. Write us for copies. National Conference being projected for February or March will be delayed temporarily. We'd like to get more information as to the progress of different institutions. Please send Progress Reports to UHURU SASA School - 10 Claver Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11238.

* * *

BLACK POLITICS NEW YORK CITY. FEB. 1971. = A NATIONAL PRECONVENTION Workshop of the Black Political Convention will be held on April 3rd, 1971 at 10 A.M. at the EAST, 10 Claver Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Our Steering Committee has been meeting every week since Nov. 7th 1970 working on the Constitution and Platform; rough drafts will be ready on April 3rd. The Second Black Political Convention is being planned for July 1971. We are

seeking all black workers and political cadre to meet with us on April 3rd and help us lay the groundwork for July. In the next issue of the Black News which travels all over the U.S., Carriibbean, South America, Europe and Africa, we begin to print the list of those we expect to participate in the Second Black Political Convention.

* * *

It's NOW TIME TO REALLY SELL BLACK NEWS TO FRIENDS, RELATIVES, CO-WORKERS, STUDENTS and all those you meet - Come by the EAST and pick up your Black News Bags.

* * *

Will you help the Struggle?

Call 636-9400

- We need cars, good buys, cheap, that run.
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- Anyone with old TENTS to give away.
- Anybody wanting to help a black organization in Guyana.
- Invest in a Black Nation that is alive and kicking. The baby needs blood.

KUNUNUANA (Koo-Noo-Noo-Anna) means buying together and it's the name of a food buying plan recently instituted at the East. The purpose of Kununuana is to buy fresher and better quality food at a lower cost to Black people in the community. It is a form of co-operative economics. Ujamma. You place orders at the EAST on Monday Night (Call 636-9400 AFTER MIDNIGHT). Pick up and Pay for all orders on Thursday between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. ALL ITEMS Are wholesale priced. --FRuits and vegetables prices vary. There is a handling charge of 50 cents for all orders under \$1.00 and all orders over \$10.00 the handling charge is \$1.00.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR BLACK STAR SPECIALS.

* * *

Now we don't expect the average Chicken Delight or Kentucky Fried Cat to flip over this but if you're tired of T.V. Dinners and Bensonburger snacks come on home to the nature of Koo-Noo-Noo-Anna. For info on the PLAN and a Copy of "How to Eat to Live" visit the EAST any night for dinner. Our Kitchen under the steady hands of Sister Lottie Hicks Brown is open six nights of the week. If you blow your stack with Chicken Delight or Worst. For the menu call 636-9400.

* * *

BLACK NEWS SETTING UP A BLACK DISTRIBUTION SERVICE' In order to circulate the many books and magazines now being circulated by our people Black News has set up a wholesale Distribution Service for Black Publications. We will circulate magazines all over the city, U.S., Carriibbean, South America, Africa. We are steadily building contacts and sending out to more stores. So join up with self and kind, bring your materials to BLACK NEWS.

DEALERS - IF YOU KNOW OF ANY DEALERS WHO WANT TO HANDLE BLACK NEWS, IMANI MAGAZINES, AFRICAN POSTERS, "Thoughts of the Silent Minority" PLEDGE AND SONG POSTERS, BLACK IS SERIES 1-4 POSTERS, INCENSE, OR EAST RECORDS. Send Request to :

BLACK NEWS DISTRIBUTION

c/o Brother Lefty
10 Claver Place

Brooklyn, N. Y. 11238 ●

Peace!

This is the richest country on earth and there's poverty, there's bad housing, there's slums, there's inferior education. And this is the richest country on earth. Now, you know, if those countries that are poor can come up with a colution to their problems so that there's no unemployment, then instead of you running downtown picketing city hall, you should stop and find out what they do over there to solve their problems. This is why the man doesn't want you and me to look beyond Harlem or beyond the shores of America. As long as you don't know what's happening on the outside, you'll be all messed up dealing with this man on the inside. I mean what they use to solve the problem is not capitalism. What they are using to solve their problem in Africa and Asia is not capitalism. So what you and I should do is find out what they are using to get rid of poverty and all the other negative characteristics of a rundown society.

Malcolm

HOUSE OF FOOD AND THOUGHT
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Muhammed Speaks
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DON'T TALK TOO MUCH BLACK JUROR

When we urge young people to register we don't ask them to do it so they can go out here and vote for or against Shirley Chisholm, Waldaba Stewart, etc. The reason is you won't get called for jury duty unless you are registered.

We are able to say now that many young Blacks (21+) have let us know they have or are going to register.

So now some of us, are registered (and for the sake of argument) we've now been called for jury duty.

One item of importance we want to emphasize is **THE REASON WHY YOU ARE THERE IS TO MAKE SURE THE BLACK DEFENDANT DOESN'T HAVE TO GIVE NO POUND OF HIS FLESH TO THIS RACIST SOCIETY.** This is the only reason why you are there. If what you do isn't going to help the brother you might as well stay home.

One big hangup that many brothers will carry with them is the urge to "tell whitey off." You're right in the middle of "whitey's seat of justice" and now is as good a time as any to let "whitey know what kind of dog he is." And this is exactly what the prosecuting attorney wants to hear. He regards all Black people; Black, colored, Negro, nigger, toms, etc., as undesirables; not fit to serve on his case

against a Black defendant, and he will seek out and tirelessly search for the Black man or woman with the slightest sign of Black pride.

The Black potential juror must discipline himself by saying no more than he has to say. The potential juror must regard the lawyers, prosecuting attorney as the ENEMY and he should venture almost as little information as a soldier captured in enemy territory, who gives only his name, rank and serial number. Don't be rigid as this naturally; talk normally but venture no opinions which could type your political views.

This enemy lawyer is dead-set on finding us out; we in turn should be dead-set in not showing him a damn thing. Then after you've been selected for a jury you let your political beliefs come into play strong enough so you can sway other people to your view; or at least set liberal against conservative; bigot against racist; pig against hog, and get the brother free.

The point is and it should be the main point -- that the Black defendant should get the very best type of help he can from his brother the juror; for historically speaking he's never gotten it nor will he ever get it from our courts, juries, legal defense attorneys, bad lawyers and or even the good ones.

The one hope for the brother is a good, solid, sturdy, political, non-emotional, highly disciplined Black juror. ●



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AN OPEN LETTER

Beloved :

I am back in the cell and as always I now think of more that I would like to talk to you about. I think you are much wiser than I am although I may know more - because when you look at it I'm here not for the first time mind you; and you are out there. That means I don't apply what I know - I did to some extent but that is not enough because either you win or you lose and for the moment I've lost. I know the game of society, our environment and myself and yet it (society) has used me. I haven't used it. Instead of solving the problem it presents to us once and for all I solve it for a week, a month! That is very short-sighted. I'm not sorry for myself just angry at myself for not using my brain. I'm what they call a mother -----! and this place is built for mother -----! Knowing and doing is the crime and not what you do.

It is possible to rectify a mistake, if you know how, so that you can avoid the penalty or at least make the penalty less. You may forgive me for taking you through this; you may say, "I know you only meant well" and understand the tricks that life can play. But hell is paved with the "good intentions" of people of short-sight. I am still in here behind bars and my family, you tema anna and Melkis are left alone. You know, there isn't a judge, lawyer, police, doctor in here and they are the ones that really commit the crimes. To be sure there are some "up state" but they never get to 275 Atlantic Avenue. They come to court and are immediately bailed, they remain on the street even up to time of their sentence and never feel the stares of condemnation from the public or the cold steel of handcuffs. And even after serving time they return, put on a suit, say they've been to Florida or somewhere and it is as if they've never been away, they just haven't been exploited. Well, I've decided I am a winner too and that is how we'll play the "game of Society" from here on out.

Salvation is a personal one - we save ourselves. ALLAH gives us the knowledge to choose. For example if I had not been in the place I was then that policeman could not have "made himself out to be a 'hero' " ... and if he had shot and killed me (which they would have if his story were true) then he would still be a "hero", a bigger one! He would have got a citation and said, "He was dangerous, he had a gun and was firing at me, he used karate but I finally overwhelmed him and shot him." He'd be a liar, but they would say (society) Good, how brave you are. Here this is a raise for You! That's the way the game is played by society.

During the police strike many people were inclined to believe that the "Crime rate" would actually increase and according to the "on the street" interviews as reported by the daily news the majority of that consensus thought the police were letting down the community" and doing a "disservice to the police force." They were half-right and half-wrong, to phrase the paradox, because the police action did not in any realistic way "let the community down" actually, the "community let the police down," and the police disservice was to themselves because I believe

many persons recognized that the police were not that important a force as a deterrent to crime: as a matter of fact, that the community tends to react to police methods and harrassment, seeing them as enemies and seek naturally to vent their dissatisfaction to exploitation against police (i.e., by committing "crimes"). There was no crime wave during the police action, in fact less crimes were committed. Let us use this power (knowledge).

Malaka: I think I'll make this an open letter to the community so ask that it be printed in Black News.

Peace and Power to the Brothers and Sisters committed to Evolutionary REvolution and the matters relevant to that Struggle at UHURU SASA. ●

As Salaam Alaikum
Your Sun
K al S

As far as I'm concerned, everybody who has caught the same kind of hell that I have caught is my blood brother. And I have plenty of them. Because all of us have caught the same hell.

When I say the man, you know what I'm talking about. I'm talking about the man that lynches, the man that segregates, the man that discriminates, the man that oppresses and exploits, the man that won't let you and me have quality education facilities here in Harlem. That man, whoever he is, that's who I'm talking about. I have to talk about him like this, because if I talk about him any closer, they'll call me a racist. And I'm not a racist. I'm not against somebody because of their race, but I'm sure against them because of what they're doing; and if they're doing wrong, we should stop them, and by any means necessary.

The social philosophy of black nationalism only means that we have to get together and remove the evils, the vices, alcoholism, drug addiction, and other evils that are destroying the moral fiber of our community.

Malcolm X

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ANGELA DAVIS A QUESTION OF STRATEGY

The plight of Angela Davis once again underscores the inability of black people to protect our own. The Sister's incarceration has provoked the usual rhetoric from those who love an issue on which to grandstand; black militants, bleeding-heart liberals and diehard communists shedding their moth-balls have paraded before the befuddled black masses as gallant, courageous St. Georges trying to rescue the sister from the white dragon.

Meanwhile, empty clichés cascade upon the dazed observer from tedious orators; the black masses are deluged with pamphlets; funds are being solicited by would-be liberators and a seemingly endless number of meetings held or scheduled.

A cynic may well exclaim "Deja vu" and turn his back upon all this pantomime. After all, we had witnessed similar antics after the murders of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King. Self-serving agitators grabbed the limelight for a short period, filled their pockets with money and then vanished leaving black people very much in the state of disarray that we are in today.

The latest foolhardy plan being hatched is the recommendation that the Soviet Union intercede with a view to securing the release of Angela and some black brothers for an assortment of Jew-boys under criminal charges in that country.

This tactic, when examined closely, is nothing more than an Uncle Tom maneuver on the part of blacks implicated in this venture and "Black News" believes that it should be resisted vehemently.

Black people find themselves today locked in a life-and-death struggle against a cruel, ruthless enemy; black people are in a state of war, but the reality is that black masses have not been mobilised for action and so leaders like Angela very often find themselves like generals without any footsoldiers.

The projected appeal to the Soviet Union therefore calls attention to the urgent question of a strategy for liberation. It has been erroneously assumed by many that the matter of strategy was laid to rest when the body of Martin Luther King was interred and there are numerous hot-heads who believe that it is otiose to create a blue-print for action, which could be revised, whenever necessary. This disdain for theory is a serious weakness, to which "Black News" will address itself in some future issue.

The efficient prosecution of a war requires planning and planning requires organisation; it is palpably clear that the black people of this country are not at present organized in any effective way to carry out the historic task of liberation. There are some notable exceptions, such as the leaders of the East in Brooklyn, who are attempting to forge a political organisation through rendering day to day services to ordinary black people. Otherwise it is generally the case that leadership is equated with public declamations. We must recognise at once that it is not enough for ambitious individuals to surround themselves with a clique of yes-men and make sensational but meaningless speeches and commit flamboyant but futile gestures to attract attention, for when the white man retaliates, those petty

groups find themselves defenceless against the full might of the power structure.

The Southern Christian Leadership Conference under Dr. King was nothing more than a fund-raising organization which engaged in grand public shows like demonstrations and the stage-managed speeches of King. S.C.L.C. did not even come near to scratching the surface of the problem of mass organisation, thus it developed no machinery to protect its fallen leader and after King was murdered, his lieutenants could not even mobilize the indignation of black people, but were reduced to making unconvincing statements about non-violence.

Again, we saw isolated Malcolm's Organisation of Afro-american Unity was from the black masses, when the O.A.A.U. could not even survive Malcolm's death; all that black people were left with was the aggrieved memory of a man who was taking on the impossible assignment of fighting white power single handedly. The elimination of Medgar Evers was in the same sorry pattern; no protection available to a general without troops and no apparatus to deter our foes from attacking life and limb of our own brothers and sisters.

The systematic extermination of Panthers drives the lesson painfully home that no small group of blacks, no matter how courageous, can survive this desperate struggle unless the black masses are moving in unison with them.

Therefore it cannot be repeated too often that one of the cardinal lessons to be learnt from the Angela Davis fiasco is the absolute necessity for any black man or woman never to attempt to wage war a liberation struggle without the black masses. It is imperative that the concept of leadership be re-assessed and this must involve a movement away from the personality cults to a system of collective endeavour.

In this connection it would be remiss of "Black News" and a dereliction of its duty to strive for truthful and objective commentary on all issues affecting black people, if it were not stated that our position is that Angela Davis committed this very serious error of waging an autonomous struggle which was not coordinated with the efforts of the black masses and the outcome of being seized as a political prisoner and probably killed was inevitable. No single black man or woman, no matter how gifted or how heavily eulogised by the white press, can undertake successfully a task of such magnitude.

The Angela Davis episode illustrates another strategic error that some blacks have been making for generations that is, the formation of black and white coalitions. One can scream with frustration to hear brothers and sisters saying that Angela believes the struggle and for liberation in this country ought to be a class struggle and this is uncritically accepted as some new and very profound gospel.

On the contrary, the Davis position is "old hat". Black freedom fighters like W.E.B. Dubois, George Padmore, C.L.R. James and Paul Robeson, to mention some black notables, were expounding this line more than forty years ago and they parted company with their white party "comrades" bitter and disillusioned men. Padmore and Robeson actually lived in the Soviet Union.

Padmore however left the country because of a peculiar

doctrine which was known as the theory of social fascism. As this theory was practised in Germany, communists were required to fight against all other parties of the left in order to put right wing politicians in power in the hope this would produce such wide spread oppression that the masses would rush to the communists for salvation.

The outcome of this tortuous reasoning was that the communists openly supported Hitler, a racist fanatic, and helped him to come to power. If these principles were applied to the American situation, one would witness the absurd spectacle of Angela Davis campaigning vigorously for George Wallace to be President and supporting a host of rednecks across the country during an election.

The communist party was completely aware of Hitler's program for the extermination of non-white people in order to create a world of Aryan super-men, yet its leaders were prepared callously to use millions of non-whites as pawns in their struggle for power. Dubois excoriates this despicable opportunism to which these white "revolutionaries" are prone when in his book "Dusk of Dawn" he describes how in the notorious Scottsboro cases, these communists unscrupulously jeopardised the lives of two black men to further their political aims.

The same devious, conniving pattern may be discerned in the Angela Davis case. Old guard communists have been resuscitated from their condition of political limbo by feeding on the publicity surrounding Davis like vampires who rise from their coffin when there is available a fresh supply of human beings whose blood they suck.

What has happened to Angela Davis occurs every day in the lives of black people without any demonstrated concern by these whites. White revolutionaries are interested only in black leaders or black political organisations like the Panthers, in the limelight. These people get the publicity for which many of these white parasites hunger and once they have utilised their black pawns as much as they can, they discard them without the least ceremony. At this very moment, one hears the anguished cries of Panthers as they feel the stab of white betrayal; the whites are abandoning the disintegrating Panther organisation with indecent speed of rats deserting a sinking ship. Every day one reads the pained expression of some Panther moaning about being jilted by his white political swains and in the light this kind of experience it is no hazard to predict that the fate of Angela Davis will be no different.

There may well be many readers who are already thinking that "Black News" is anti-Davis. This would be an incorrect interpretation of what has been said, for our view-point is that the life of every black man and woman is precious and we are committed to rescuing not only Angela Davis but every black man and woman detained by whites against their will.

The anger at the sister's confinement is justified, but our reactions to her plight must not degenerate into an orgy of emotionalism. This is the visible trend and important lessons are being lost; Davis is afflicted with the kind of naive trust in white radicals, who are diverting black leaders from dealing with black problems. Instead brothers like Cleaver, Newton, Seale along with Davis have been getting high on Marxism and in their fantasies chase rainbows such as the ushering in of a socialist society by the combined efforts of the white workers and their black brothers.

The extent, to which Marxism in this age of narcotics has become the opium of black activists, may be ascertained by a cursory reading of Cleaver's recent writings or the last speeches of Davis. They constitute a collection of dreary prose with terms as outdated as the dinosaur; surely this type of rhetoric cannot be aimed at black people who have never read a Marxist lexicon. One reluctantly concludes that Cleaver is no longer cognizant of the reality of this country and that Davis is a pawn in the hands of the communist left. The following is an example of an excerpt from a typical Cleaver effusion, part of a sentence which this writer became too exhausted to complete.

"Revolutionary violence against the counter-revolutionary class violence perpetrated through the special repressive force of the great armed tentacles (sic) of the state..." This turgid piece of verbosity speaks for itself. In conclusion "Black News" exhorts black people to approach the predicament of Angela Davis with clear thinking and to ponder the important questions raised such as the personalised leadership and black and white alliances.

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When you go back over the period of struggle, I think it would be agreed that we've gone through different patterns of struggle, that we've struggled in different ways. Each way that we tried never produced what we were looking for. If it had been productive, we would have continued along that same way. We've tried probably more different methods than any people. But at the same time, I think we've tried more wrong methods than any other people, because most others have gotten more freedom than we have. Everywhere you look, people get their freedom faster than we do. They get more respect and recognition faster than we do. We get promises, but we never get the real thing. And primarily because we have yet to learn the proper tactic or strategy or method to bring freedom into existence.

I'm not a politician, not even a student of politics; in fact, I'm not a student of much of anything. I'm not a Democrat, I'm not a Republican, and I don't even consider myself an American. If you and I were Americans, there'd be no problem.

Malcolm X

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Brothers and Sisters at Black News:

Not until I read an issue of Black News, was I awakened to a method of helping my friends and other people.

We have many black youth in this city unaware of themselves and surroundings. Thanks to you I know that I will learn more if I make it my business to agitate, educate and organize. And in this way have more brothers and sisters ready and waiting to "Seize the Time." ●

Asante
Sis. V. R.



Dear Brothers:

I am enclosing two dollars to help the Black News press or whatever it is needed for. I realize that two dollars isn't much, but I'm a little short of money at the present, but hope to send a larger contribution later on.

Keep on bringing truth to Black people here in Racist Amerikkka by printing BLACK NEWS. ●

Power & Liberation
Yours in the Struggle
Bro. Jerome Comer



Dear Mrs. Umbu Fujii :

Please be advised that this is a very urgent request which merits your attention immediately. It concerns the current atmosphere of repression imposed upon this concentration camp by Superintendent Harry Fritz. Martial law has been imposed on this prison due to a rebellion on November 4, 1970 by the majority of the inmate population.

On November 26, 1970 I was transferred into a specially segregated punishment-area of this prison to endure 24-hours a day lock-up under the most deplorable, unsanitary conditions, and until this date I have been denied fundamental human rights as well as so-called guaranteed rights under the honkey's Constitution : I, V, VI, VII, IX & XIV Amendments.

I was informed by a notice received from the Head pig that I am confined to this soc-called 'special housing unit' because of my alleged participation in the said rebellion; also, that the grand jury etc., etc., are investigating me for an indictment and/or felony charges stemming therefrom.

The present atmosphere of repression is nothing more than a curtain in the guise of a state of emergency to conceal the racist uncivilized acts of Superintendent Fritz and his gang of underlings in re-making and breaking American laws. All degrees of cruelties are being perpetrated and all requests (written and oral) to the top bureaucrats have been ignored or evaded. For instance: my mail to private organizations (e.g., Black Panther Party, Fortune Society, Council of Black Churchmen, etc.) soliciting legal assistance has been prevented from leaving this prison; even my letters to (and from) attorneys, family and friends, discussing these abject circumstances, stressing

my need for legal assistance, have been halted by the arbitrary malicious and prejudicial censorship imposed hereof; my subscriptions to *Monthly Review*, *Black News*, and *The Nation* were suspended (i.e. 'roughed off') by the authorities hereof; the Notary Public has refused to render his services upon my requests to have him notarize my petitions for Show Cause and Habeas Corpus orders, both against Harry Fritz and his agents; etc.

On December 20, 1970 38 of us assembled on the inside gallery to peacefully protest these flagrant abuses. We only requested an audience with a giant-sized (grade-a) pig to hear our grievances. Numerous pigs were summoned by the authorities and they appeared with helmets, tear-gas masks, baseball bats, and other ugly timbers in their hoofs. Soon tear-gas and mace were fired in abundance at us (I was maced twice). Afterward I was forcefully stripped and placed in an empty cell with nothing but a mattress on the filthy floor and a blanket.

Your support and assistance are humbly solicited. These conditions have not changed and the need has become more urgent for legal assistance. It is difficult too, trying to relate these multiplying abuses by letter. A visit from any attorney would suffice. I shall await your response directly or indirectly. ●

Yours in Peace, etc.!
James Dunn No. 61726



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THE TOMBS

Brother Kahlil

Bro. Kahlil, writer of the brilliant series on the Tombs will be released from the Tombs in March.

The brother is visibly defeated by the verbal K-55 that has slashed his gossamer-thin world forever. He does not move until Brother Stan turns away and releases him from the psychological shock that held him fast while Brother Stan stripped him and exposed his purulent form for all of us to see. He turns slowly and drags his badly shocked mind and body into the elevator and descends, hopefully to hell.

The other captain and the two officers, equally flagellated by Brother Stan's cold currents, stand around looking dumb-foundedly at one another and the floor as if expecting to miraculously wake up from this long dreaded nightmare and find themselves in the relative security of their beds. The nightmare ignores their presence.

I'm relieved from my post on the officer's bridge and seek out Brother Bey. I find him. He has been a part of the tight circle of brothers on the bridge. I can tell by his face that he is totally absorbed in the contemplation of the newly found concept of beautiful black manhood that has made us see ourselves in each other.

"Brother Bey," I say to him, "do you realize what we've done here today?"

"Brother John, it's big!" he replies, shaking his head in wonderment at the enormity of his thought.

"No doubt about it, brother. This is the first time in the history of any of the slavemasters modern-day city detention centers that the inmates have rebelled and took over a part of the institution and seized hostages. And the reason that we haven't gotten much reaction yet is because we've managed to short-circuit whitey's dumb mind and he hasn't gotten over the initial shock that's shaken the shit out of his world.

"And what's even more significant is that our thing here is a kind of proto-type for future uprisings in all the slavemaster's prisons."

"Yes, sir," Brother Bey nods agreement to my attempt at prognostication. "But dig what's happening here, brother! Look at everybody! Look at you! Look at me! We've managed to do something here that the people in the streets have been trying to do for years. We've united! Black and Puerto Rican brothers doing something together! Ready to die for each other. Brother, it's big!"

"Yes, sir," I acknowledge the accuracy of Bey's words verified by a sweeping glance at the beautiful brothers on the bridge exploring each other with conversation. You just have to know something about the man who you are about to give your life up for. There is no nonsense about who's leading who. It's big enough to know that everybody's got equal representation in this thing. I leave Bey and walk along the catwalks where the brothers have broken out panes of shatter-proof glass.

"What's happening out there, brother?" I ask brother Jose.

"Man, there's all kinds of people down there. I just saw some Young Lords and Panther Brothers. They was shoutin' *Right On!* to us. Dig it brother!"

I Look down through one of the windows and the street below seems packed with ant-like humanity, their indistinct faces lifted, watching through the haze of morning sun - smog. We've managed to let them know of our presence behind these quiet gray walls. The idle, the curious, the



concerned. 'Hey, we're human too! They're killin' us in here!' 'We're your sons, brothers, husbands, uncles, nephews, friends. Help Us!' --- such is the tone of the notes the brothers are dropping to them. Will they do their thing? Some will, some won't. The stereotypes have been too long inculcated; power structure propaganda seems against us.

I walk back across the bridge to the "A" side. A latin brother whom we call 'Odd Job', because of his resemblance to the Ian Fleming character in 'Goldfinger', is sharpening a long flat piece of metal on the floor.

"Que haces, hermano? What are you making, brother?" I ask.

"I keel a honrad peegs today, brother." Odd Job replies without taking his eyes off his soul engaging labor.

"Right On, brother! Right On!" I leave the brother and go back out on the officer's bridge.

Brothers Carl, Rick and Donald weave in and out of the circle of weapon laden brothers maintaining order and calm while Brother Malik gives general instructions on how to disarm a person wielding a night-stick. Several brothers enter the circle for practice sessions. Two-man high-low attack groups are formed. Strategy discussed, filed and catalogued. Briefing over, we wait.

Several more unarmed officers and captains are now standing behind the barricaded gate looking in at the unbelievable scene. They're probably wondering: 'How come no confusion? How come no panic?' This is new within their experience. It's got them all warped.

Brother Malik picks up the microphone. "All right, brothers. Listen up! I want everybody to stand ready. It might come at any time now. They got a little gathering outside the gate now trying to size the situation up. But let me tell you this: They don't like what they see! You know why? We're all familiar with the slavemaster's conception of us. They think that we're savages. They'd like to go down and tell the reporters that they've got the situation well in hand up here.

"They'd like to go downstairs and tell the people and the reporters that we're up here beatin' each other to death and raping homos. But when they see you standing out here like men ready to take their heads they know that they're dealing with proud blackmen and they're shook-up 'cause we're together.

"They've run out of lies about us and the only thing they can tell is the truth now. And I want all of you brothers to know that when they come just remember that each one of you is worth eleven of them. So everybody stay cool . . ."

"Hey, Brother Malik! There's a reporter on the roof across the street! A brother shouts from the barred gate overlooking White Street. Brothers Malik and Stan make their way through the circle of brothers to the gate. Contact at last!

The circle starts to break with the news of a reporter being on the roof of the building across the street.

"Alright, everybody keep your positions!" Brother Malik checks the drift away from the circle. "Whatever's coming is gonna come through that front gate, so everybody stand fast. Keep your eyes on that front gate."

"Hey, you! Over there on the roof!" Brother Stan yells through the gate.

I can't hear the reporter's reply from my post on the officer's bridge.

"Are you a reporter?" Brother Stan quires loudly.

"What paper do you represent?" Brother Malik shouts.

"Yeah, the hostages are alright!" Brother Stan shouts in answer to a question.

"They beat up a brother in here the other day!" Brother Malik takes this question. "We ain't goin' for it no more!"

"We've got grievances here for Lindsay and McGrath!" Brother Stan shouts through the gate. "They're treatin' us like animals in here!"

"He wants to know how long we intend to hold out!" A brother who has moved within hearing distance of the gate relates this bit of information back to us.

"We hold out for as long as it takes to get the Mayor and the Commissioner up here to hear what we got to say," Brother Stan shouts to the reporter.

"Hey, Brother Malik! Tell him to get Zapata down here to protect our rights! He's a Puerto Rican lawyer. He's a good man," a latin brother yells over to Brother Malik.

Brother Malik shouts that request over to the reporter.

"What's his address?" Brother Malik wants to know.

"Man, that chump Zapata ain't nothin'!" another latin

brother vehemently announces his displeasure with the suggestion of getting Zapata to protect our rights.

"Yeah, that's right. He ain't shit!" another latin brother seconds the objection.

It's a verbal free-for-all now. Lawyers' names are proposed. Pros and cons of their ability to take care of business are debated. Proposed! Rejected! Proposed! Rejected!

"Fuck it! We'll protect our own rights with these sticks!" someone shouts a war-like rejection of all the proposed lawyers.

"Yeah!?"

"Goddamn right!"

"Ain't none of-um worth shit noway!"

Brother Heavy picks up the mike angrily. "Listen up! Listen up! We ain't out here jivin'! This is serious business! I'm not gonna put your life in jeopardy and I'm not gonna let you jeopardize mine with no petty nonsense. You got them brothers over there tryin' to take care of business and you out there arguing. I'm tellin' you right now, if you jivin' go to your cell and lock on in!"

The offenders of tranquility quiet down. Their heads lowered in guilt they stare at the floor ashamedly. The conversations with the reporter across the street continue.

"No! You can't see the hostages!" Brother Malik.

"We don't have anything else to say!" Brother Stan.

"No comment!" Brother Malik evades a question.

"That's it! We don't have anything else to say until we see the Mayor and the Commissioner! Brother Stan closes the interview.

"Keep this door closed. Don't nobody open this door!" Brother Malik orders. Two brothers are assigned to and position themselves by the door to give life to Brother Malik's edict.

"Say, Brother Malik! There oughta be some news on T. V. about us now. Should we turn it on?" A brother asks.

"Check it out, brother," Brother Malik replies. coming back onto the officer's bridge.

We all focus our attention on the T. V. set. In my mind I count the clicks of the channel changes. White shapes doing and saying their tired, sad white things. 2 - 4 - 5 - 7 - 9 - 11 - 13. Nothing. No news. We're cheated out of our moment of truth. The Black people out there have been cheated out of sharing the beauty of this truth. We've all been cheated!

We wait.

I mightas well get a cup of coffee. Brother Amar replaces me on post and I go over to the "A" side where the remainder of the breakfast meal is being rationed out. The coffee's cold and weak.

One of the brothers tanding guard outside the cell where three of the officers are kept has improvined a make-shift table, consisting of a pail topped by a wooden board and covered with a blanket. The cell is open and he sits across the wobbly table playing cards with the white officer who is furiously chain smoking while trying to look relaxed. His smile looks as if it had been printed on his face by a madly thinking artist. The two black officers standing inside the cell seem to be seeing nothing, hearing nothing, knowing nothing. They're not smiling. They appear catatonic.

The white officer idly shuffles the deck of cards. I guess that I'll be the first one to get it if they try to beat



in to rescue us, huh?" He asks the brother; the printed smile still there.

"That's right, whitey. You'll be number one to go," the brother answers matter-of-factly. "Come on, deal the cards! Let me beat you some more."

The white officer deals the cards smiling the while. I put down my half empty cup and go back on the officer's bridge. Things are still quiet. Conversations among the brothers is hushed. I wonder what time it is? Somebody broke the clock in the officer's washroom. Might as well try to get some news on the radio.

Static. Music. Static. Some other nonsense. News!

"Vietnam!" "Cambodia!" "Laos!" "Egypt!" "Jordan!" "Israel!" "U. S. Politics!" "Commercials!" "National News!" --- Absolute silence. We listen expectantly. Nothing about us! I turn it off. It's after 10 now. We wait.

A brother comes out on the bridge and informs us that one of the officers is claiming that someone took his watch. Brother Malik tunes the mike up.

"Alright. Listen up!" He tries to control his anger. "Now, somebody's got a watch belonging to one of the officers. I want that watch. Now! Ain't gonna be no petty larceny goin' on on this floor. Whoever took that watch had better got it up. You got five minutes to get it together. But I want that watch returned." He finishes slamming the mike down.

"What the hell does somebody want with a watch?" a brother asks no one in particular.

"Whoever's got it better give it up!" another brother adds in frustration.

"Man, all this dumb shit's gotta stop!" an emphatic voice adds.

Brother Heavy picks up the mike. "If that watch is found on somebody, you know what you got comin' to you! Whoever's got it just put it down and we forget about

it."

Several brothers break the circle to try to locate the watch.

"Alright, who's got the watch?" anonymous angry question.

"Where's that goddamn watch!" another voice.

The shouting search is on in earnest now. The officers on the other side of the barricaded gate try to peer over through the small opening of the tightly packed mattresses to find out what the activity is about. They all look defeated, tired, confused.

"What's goin' on in there?" one of the captains asks in a panic-stricken voice. No one answers him.

"We got it!" a brother shouts. "Everything's alright. We got it."

"Who had it?" someone asks.

"No one had it," Brother Malik answers the general question. "One of them pigs was tryin' to cause confusion among us. That's their thing. Confusion. None of them are missin' a watch."

Calm is restored. Brother Malik picks up the mike again. "Listen brothers, we might be standin' a long time so what we're gonna do is have oome of you brothers take a break in the circle. We'll set up a system where we relieve each other from time to time. Now dig this! While you're restin' your body, don't rest your mind for one second. Keep in mind what you're out here for. And when you see a brother that's been standin' a while get on up and relieve him. We're dealin' in equality up here. You want for your brother what you want for yourself. Just stay ready!"

The brothers in the circle work it out quickly. About twenty-five rest, weapons nearby, while the others stand. We wait.

"Try that radio again, brother," I call down to Brother Malik from my post on the staircase.

THE TOMBS

He runs the dial across the static-filled frequencies. "What time is it now?"

"Should be about eleven now."

Brother Malik settles for a station playing rock music. We don't want to hear music. Come on with that news, man! It's that time.

A real dumb commercial. World News. National News. State News. Local News. This is us now!

"Hey, the news is comin' on!"

"On the noise, brothers! News comin' on."

"... about 200 inmates on the 9th floor in the Manhattan House of Detention overpowered five guards and are holding them as hostages."

There's a deep silence among us as we strain to listen to the unembodied voice giving our story to the world.

"The inmates overpowered five officers this morning at 6:30 while the guards were supervising the breakfast meal. They have demanded to see Mayor Lindsay and Correction Commissioner McGrath to present their lists of grievances.

"Several hundred members of the Tactical Patrol Force were called to the scene of the disturbances at 8 A. M. this morning. Corrections Commissioner, McGrath, is reported to be at the scene now..."

The radio hisses and squawks crazily. Brother Malik slaps the side of the radio. Nothing happening. We've had our news for a while.

"Ooo-wee! That was us they were talkin' about."

"Let's give-um some power, brothers!"

Brother Stan picks up the microphone. "Beautiful Black Brothers, that was you that they were talkin' about on the news. Do you know what that means? It means that you have gotten through to them. It means that you are making history. It means that that this morning you took your fate into your hands and it also means that you no longer accept whitey's version of *FREEDOM, JUSTICE and EQUALITY*. But it means more than that, too. It means that you stood shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand and heart to heart and gave each other life. It means that you are men.

"Power!" The lion roars, first upthrust.

"Power!" We're in time and on time with the brother.

"Power!" Speak on it, beautiful brother. Speak on it.

"Power!" We've got the feel of it now, good brother.

"Power!" Don't stop now. You've got the walls trembling brother-man.

"Power!" We're fortified, renewed, made whole.

"Right On!" Unison.

The elevator stops and a dep steps out followed by a short, slightly rotund white wearing a gray suit. His arrogance and the way in which the officers suck in their pot bellies and brace their shoulders (they look like commanders with nothing to command) makes me almost certain that this is McGrath.

"Brother Amar," I nudge the brother next to me. "That must be him."

"Who?" He asks.

"Plg McGrath."

"That's him," Brother Heavy says. "Chief devil in the flesh.

So this is McGrath, huh? Short, grayish-black hair; jowly and red. I can almost hear his mind behind the opaque malevolence of his eyes. The eyes. Watchful, cunning, brutal. He's been briefed; he knows the situation is not favorable for him. He decides to play the old hand to its furthest limit. He's an image man. Play the image all the way.

"Who are the spokesmen?" he asks.

Brothers Stan, Malik, Heavy, Fitzroy and Dave array themselves across the barricades facing McGrath. None of the brothers say anything for a while.

"Mr. McGrath we want to speak to the Mayor." Brother Stan comes on loud and strong.

"Listen, the Mayor can't come. He's attending a conference out of town."

"You better get him on the phone then and tell him to get down here."

All the brothers in the circle move in close to get a better look at the evil genius of the tactics used against us in this nightmare world. They listen for his words, half expecting him to breathe sulphuric gases.

"Let me see the hostages," McGrath demands.

"You can't see-um," Brother Heavy tells him.

"How do I know that they're O. K.?" McGrath is getting impossibly redder.

"You don't know it. The only thing you need to know is that they're in here." Brother Fitzroy coldly adds.

"Listen, I can't guarantee you that he's coming down here. I can't guarantee you..." He can't finish.

"McGrath, I got something to say about this whole thing..." It's Watusi again. He's got on a pair of black, skintight, leather gloves. "Now its my opinion..."

"How the hell did he get in there?"

"He ain't no spokesman. Who the fuck asked him for his opinion?"

"Get out of there, sucker!"

"Shut on up!"

We all eye him. It's a weighty look. He can't carry it so he struggles with it into silence.

"McGrath! We're not asking you anything; we are not here begging, we are demanding -- do you understand -- demanding to see the Mayor; demanding to see the Press, demanding, not asking and you'd better be listening to what's being said." The lion roars.

"We want representatives from the Spanish press and the Black press to be present. We don't just want all the white press here." Brother Fitzroy adds sharply.

"I won't be able to bring all the reporters that you want up here," McGrath declares defensively.

"We don't care how you do it, just bring the reporters."

Brother Stan finalizes sarcastically.

McGrath, faced with everyone's back, hastily confers with his captains and dep and leaves in angry silence.

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NATURAL FOOD COLUMN

Peace!

Brothers and Sisters the time has come for Revolution of everything: Spirit, Soul, Nature, our Mind, the Whole Mental and Physical change of the Black Man and his Woman.

The Revolution of our intake of food is vitally important. We have to be aware of the kind of food we eat. Not only should we watch out for products consisting of pork (For most of us who have decided that you are what you eat and have cut the Pig loose), we must also watch for the other killers - Chemical poisons in the food we eat.

Our enemy does not watch out for our health. He knows what's coming. So he'll invent a new toast-em-pop-em-up-cereal, send it to our precious A & P Ghetto Stores, and then finds out a year later the stuff causes cancer, heart disease, high blood pressure, diabetes or something that will wipe a few of us out by the time they find out its poison. No problem. Right.

To look out for our nation and our future nation, we must begin to protect our own health, now, and our children, and our children to come.

Bro. & Sis. getting back our natural and original self is just what we do when we vibrate. When we vibrate on anything, cooking, sewing, drumming, photography, building - anything - we can do it. Anything cause Black people when they Black, is just so bad.

Cooking is such a beautiful art. When we cook with our natural vibes and is cooking our natural foods. I don't believe a sister when she says "I can't cook." I believe we can do anything. A little butter or oil (no meat fat) and salt and pepper will cook any vegetable along with water if necessary. In the future we plan to print some natural food recipes for those who would like them. Here are a couple that will work easily with some natural vibes:

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

2 tablespoons of loose yeast
or one yeast cake or
1 package of dry yeast
7 cups of whole wheat flour or
3½ cups of unbleached
white flour

1 tablespoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar (brown)
3 cups lukewarm water

Soak yeast in a little lukewarm water while mixing dry ingredients, then add yeast, then 3 cups of water. Stir up; your hands is a good spoon at this point. Stir until well mixed. Cover (air tight) in a warm place. (Warm stove, maybe). And do what you gotta do for about 2 hours or more and let it rise. Come back, beat it down. Cover and let it rise about 2 more hours or at least 1½ hours in a greased bowl or pot. Then break in two; shape in loaves, put in bread pans and bake for about 45 minutes or more if necessary-oven temperature 350 degrees.

Sounds like it takes all day, right? But when you're doing house cleaning, or sewing or etc., you start your bread, go, come back, vibrate a little and --- Good Bread!

WHOLE WHEAT POUND CAKE

1 pound butter
2 cups sugar
8 eggs
1 tablespoon vanilla flavoring
or lemon flavoring
4 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder

Cream the butter.

Mix sugar and butter until creamy. Separate egg yolks from whites and put yolks in creamed sugar. Stir. Beat egg whites with egg beater until stiff. Add 4 cups of flour to creamed sugar. Add flavoring and baking powder. Stir until mixed well. Add egg whites with butter - do not stir egg whites in batter but fold them in. Stir in until creamy smooth batter is there. Grease pans and flour pans also. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. ●

Pence & Love
Sis. Snedeka



GOING TO SEE BRO. WOODY

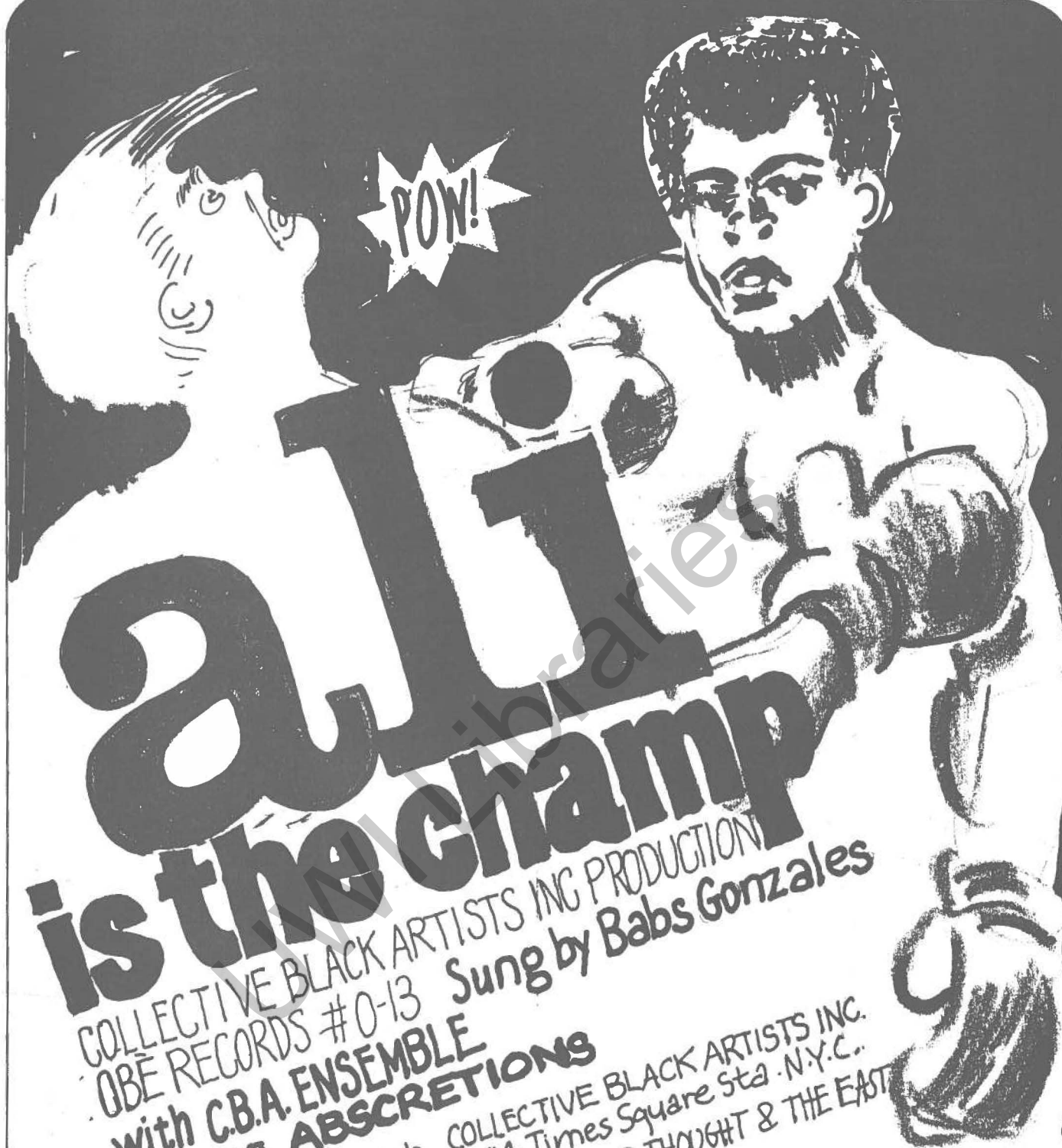


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**APPEAL
SUPPORT THE HAITIAN RESISTANCE!!!**

Once again Duvalier is trampling on the most sacred rights of the Haitian people while cynically showing his total contempt for world democratic opinion. In 1964 he imposed himself upon the Haitian people as President for life. Today, with the complicity of his gang of Tontons Macoutes, his puppet Army officers, ministers and Parliament members, his lackey journalists, he took it upon himself to name his successor. He has just proclaimed Jean-Claude Duvalier President of Haiti. But Jean-Claude will take up his duties when Duvalier so decides.

Since 1975, Duvalier has turned Haiti into a prison-island. The tourists who return from Haiti and say that it's paradise are either liars on Duvalier's pay or blind, naive and unaware. Today Haiti is a country in which the most humiliating misery and retrograde terror prevail. It is this situation that Duvalier wants to make permanent when he proclaims his son President of Haiti. Duvalier means, in this way, to complete his diabolical undertaking. He wants to perpetuate his regime - Duvalierism - , he wants to make of Haiti an eternal prison-island, he wants to impose upon the Haitian people misery, terror and humiliation forever.

Friends of the Haitian people often wonder how such a backward dictatorship is able to force itself upon the entire Haitian population. But there is one aspect of the Haitian political situation that escapes our friends, namely that the forces of the Haitian resistance movement have never surrendered to Duvalier's dictatorship. For about fourteen years now they have led a difficult but tenacious struggle, in Haiti, under extremely repressive conditions.

However Duvalier's dictatorship enjoys the support of powerful allies. All Haitians, even the traditional politicians, know that without Washington's support Duvalier would have been swept out of power long ago. Panicky in the face of rising progressive forces around the world, American imperialism has never refused political, economic and military support to Duvalier. Only the form of the support has changed: at the beginning of Duvalier's regime, collaboration with Washington was open and direct; since 1963 it has become more discreet and hypocritical, while hiding behind a facade of reprobation.

If today, in the face of Duvalier's latest maneuvers, millions of Haitians don't cry out their revolt and indignation, it is because in our country the people are gagged. That's why Haitian patriots in exile who are linked with the resistance movement inside Haiti are organizing a vast campaign in order to denounce the latest infernal maneuvers of Duvalier.

We are calling upon all democratic organizations, all men and women around the world who believe in liberty and are struggling for democracy to show solidarity with the Haitian resistance movement. Help us in our campaign against the dictatorship of Duvalier and its present attack on the rights of the Haitian people.

We say :

**NO TO THE DICTATORSHIP OF DUVALIER!
NO TO THE PRESIDENCY OF JEAN-CLAUDE DUVALIER!**

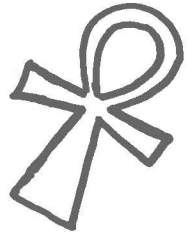
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SWAHILI -BRO. APOINTE 7 P.M. - 9 P.M.	ART WORKSHOP -BRO. DYSON 7:30 - 9:30 P.M.	RNA WORKSHOP -GUN SAFETY -1 ST AID -NATION BUILDING 8 - 10 P.M.	FILM FESTIVAL 7:30 P.M. SPECIAL PROGRAMS	SAT. - 1 P.M. SELF-DEFENSE WE FURNISH ALL EQUIPMENT -BRO. BOWE FEE - 12.50 PER MONTH	LECTURE SERIES INFORMATION 636-9400
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	POLITICAL EDUCATION -BRO. BLACK 5:30 - 7 P.M.	SWAHILI -BRO. APOINTE 7 - 9 P.M.	YORUBA CULTURE & LANGUAGE 8 - 10 PM BRO. UBBA	BLK. DRAMA WORKSHOP SAT. 5:30 P.M. BRO. YUSEF I MAN	
		HIGH SCHOOL EQUIV. WED. 7 P.M.	ART WORKSHOP -BRO. WARWELL 7:30 - 9:30 P.M.		
			SEWING -SIS. VALERIE 7 - 8:30 P.M.		

DIRECTIONS TO CLAVER PLACE: CLAVER PLACE is a small block off Fulton Street between Franklin and Classon Avenues. No. 10 is the RED, BLACK and GREEN building. **BY TRAIN:** Take IND "A" train to Franklin Avenue Station, walk one block North to Claver Place. **10 CLAVER PLACE IS THE HOME OF:** The African-American Students Ass'n - Black News - The Uhuru Sasa School - Home cooked meals & non-alcoholic beverages served. (You can bring your own refreshments.)