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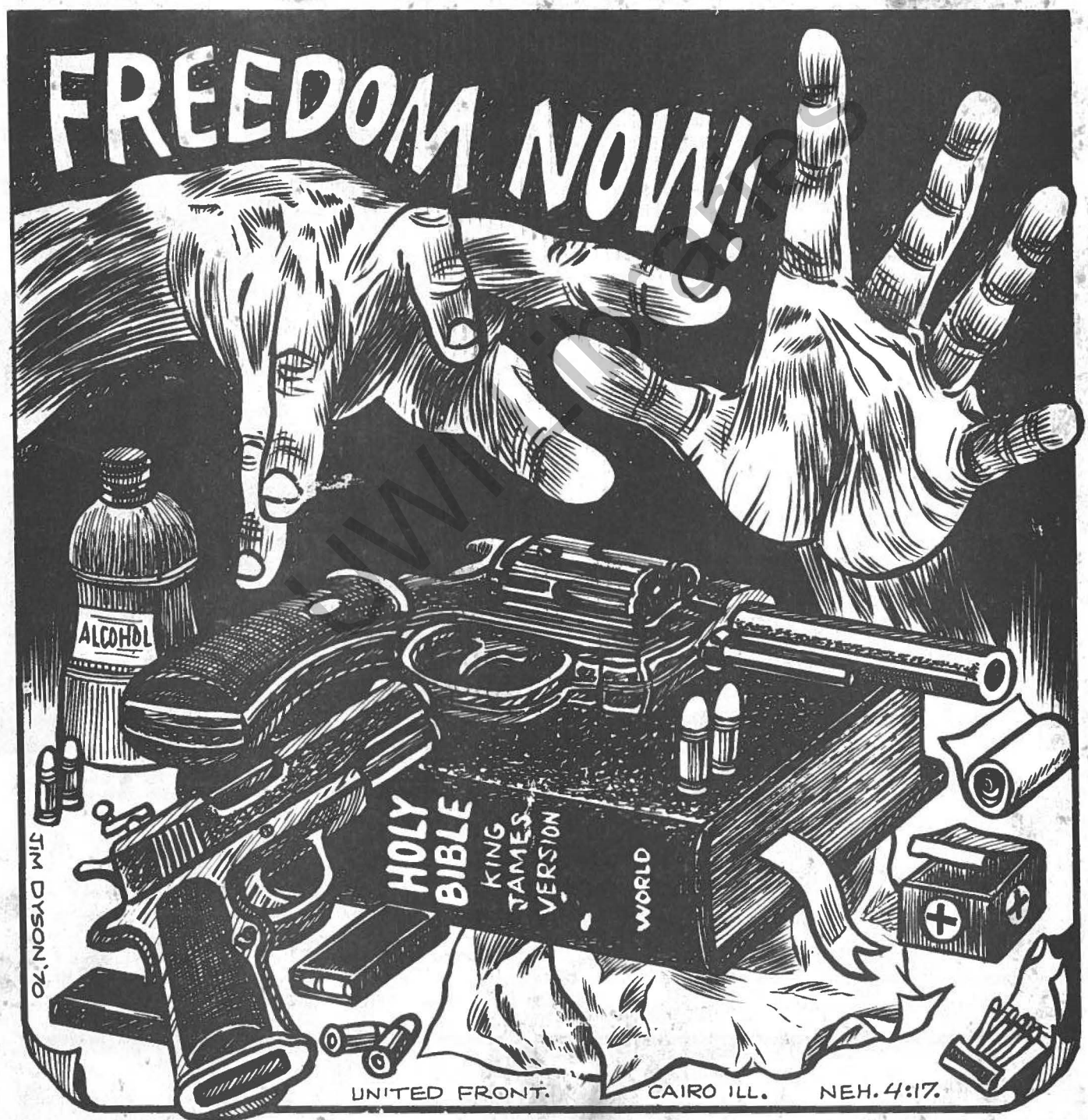
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# BLACK PANTHERS

10¢

AGITATE · EDUCATE · ORGANIZE

NOV 3, 1970 NO. 23



JIM DYSON '70

UNITED FRONT. CAIRO ILL. NEH. 4:17.

# CAIRO

Cairo Illinois is an armed camp. White Hats, Nazis and the city's police dept. battle against the Blacks. The Blacks are holding their own and trade bullets for bullets with the pigs and their red-necked flunkies. Pyramid Courts should be signalled out for its gallant resistance to white oppression. Pyramid Courts is a Black project which has had its water, gas and electricity turned off in a pig's attempt to still this gallant community. Now the pigs want to search all the homes in Pyramid for weapons - but the people continue to resist.

This situation of no gas, lights, food, etc., has existed for a long time. How long it will continue is anyone's guess. Meanwhile our people must be supported, this is why: We are making a plea to all citizens to hear the cry of thousands of men, women and children in the Black Community in Cairo, Illinois.

The now eighteen (18) month old effective boycott of Cairo merchants has brought the wrath of all levels of government on our brothers and sisters. To make it plain, the Black Community is under seige.

They, the Black Community are desperately in need of our help NOW. WHAT is your answer?? Will you be guilty of the crime of silence??

Just one item of anything you wish to donate will be appreciated by the people fighting to survive in Cairo, Illinois. ●

|                           |                  |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| <b>Suggestions</b>        |                  |
| Canned Goods              | Bottled Water    |
| Cleaned Clothing          | Face Soap        |
| Baby Lotion; Oil; Diapers | Soap Powder      |
| Vitamins                  | Medical Supplies |
| Boots                     | Cotton           |
| Shoes                     | Mittens, Gloves  |

### Drop Off Stations:

|            |   |
|------------|---|
| Queens:    | Coalition for Political Representation<br>199-02 111th Avenue, Hollis             |
| Brooklyn:  | The East<br>10 Claver Place, Brooklyn   |
| Manhattan: | Federation of Black community<br>Organizations<br>2315 Seventh Ave. New York City |
| Manhattan: | St. Marks in the Bowery Church<br>East 10th St. & 2nd Ave. N.Y.C.                 |

## THE BEGINNING

### FINE ART STUDIO

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## THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND THE WISDOM OF AGE

Everytime Black News comes out Sister Hattie Erwin is on the scene picking up her papers. You might find sister Hattie Erwin out on Bedford Avenue selling Black News or just trying to rap some blackness and righteousness to a brother or sister. Sister Hattie is often seen attending community meetings or maybe just sitting out in front of her apartment at 1226 Bedford Avenue watching the young brothers and sisters playing in the P.S. 3 playground across from her place. For a woman of 80 years, Sister Hattie manages to do just what she pleases.

Retired from work after an on-the-job injury Sister Hattie who has been a nurse and a subway clerk states proudly, she has never drank nor smoked.

Since she is no longer working for the "City", she spends her time preaching and teaching the truth. Born and raised in Jankin County in the state of Mississippi, the sister is a devout Christian who after finishing her 12th grade education became a teacher in the black one room school houses of Mississippi . . . ●

## GOING TO SEE BRO. WOODY

25 FULTON - ALABAMA



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 LIBERATION FLAGS AND INCENSE WHOLESALE

## AROUND OUR WAY

By BIG BLACK

**The Stage is Set.** The 1st meeting of the Black Political Convention is scheduled to take place Sat. Nov. 7th, 10:00 A.M. at the EAST. The preliminary session meeting on Sunday Oct. 25th issued the following statement:

At a meeting held at the East on Sunday the 25th of October, a cross-section of brothers and sisters of New York City discussed the plight of black people in this country. We are in a sorry condition, black people are killed day after day like flies by a variety of evils, cops, dope, sub-standard housing, contaminated food and a host of other plagues.

To add insult to injury, black people are without representation at any level; it is true there are Negroes whom black people have elected, but they are impotent black coys in a white political machine bent on getting the maximum amount of spoils from the system.

It is because of these events that this meeting issues a call for a convention of all black people to form a new political party made up of black people and only black people. This party will not collaborate with any white group, be it Republican or Democratic party; nor will this party seek or accept money of any kind from contributors; this party will draw all of its strength from black people and will have no obligation to segments of the community other than black people.

This party will reject the intrigue and maneuvering that is typical of the American political system. Our aim is one: to win control for black people over their own lives in every area and to do it in the best way suited to the needs of black people, for we will not be bound to respect any methods of achieving power that are presently practised by politicians in this society.

Come one and all and discuss your destiny at 10:00 A.M. on Saturday November 7, 1970 at the EAST, 10 CLAVEL PLACE, Brooklyn.

We have invited a number of Speakers to keynote the opening session. We have deliberately omitted religious leaders. Since we believe in the principal of separation of Church and politics.

The following have been invited! 1. Paul Boutelle  
2. James Forman 3. Leroi Jones 4. Herman B. Ferguson  
5. H. Rap Brown 6. Merle Stewart 7. Nathan Hare  
8. Stokeley Carmichael 9. Angela Davis  
10. Brother Imari

The following letter was sent to all possible speakers: Dear Brother [Sister],

The Black people of New York have reached the conclusion that the time has come for Black people to move decisively to take control of their lives.

Many of our brothers and sisters see the futility of working within the traditional political structure. We therefore resolve to form a political party made up exclusively of black people, run in the interest of black people and maintained solely by black people.

The black people of New York have therefore called a convention to launch such a party on the 7th of November, 1970 and it is our honor to request you to deliver the

keynote address on the theme "A Black Political Party is a Necessity".

Please notify us of your availability as soon as possible. We realize that many folks on that list will be unable to attend because of their past political activities but in the interest of Unity, brotherhood and respect we have extended an invitation to them.

We want to extend an invitation to all our brothers and sisters to attend. We want to see Muslims from the Nation of Islam, Orthodox Muslims, both Sunni and Akmodia, Israelites, Christians, Coptics, Seventh Day Adventists, Bahai, Pentecostal and otherwise. All religious groups who want to help black people.

Come one and all, let us gather and provide the strength of our combined forces in a meaningful accomplishment for our people.

The East is the setting for this 1st meeting and other meetings will be held elsewhere within our Black community. No Waldorfs, Americanas or Sheratons. No back-room smoke filled sessions. No cocktail party deals. Just honest truth and the spirit of black people trying to put it together after 400 years. We are sending our invitations and I am personally inviting the following brothers and sisters and the readers of Black News to be there. How about you. Will you be on the scene November 7th? Brother I. Stokes and the Universal Temple of Thought, Brother James Morris and the Our Family Protection Assoc., Clifford Barnes, Joe Hayes and Brother Akinshegun from Pace College, Queen Mother Moore and Mother Langley and the Congress of African People, Sonia Sanchez, Brother Job and members of Brothers and Sisters for African Unity, Brothers Jim Dyson, Ron Warwell, Kinrod and all Black Artists who have a contribution to make, Sister Amelia Long and Brother Willie Hicks and the folks from the Queens Area, Sister Connie Hicks and Brother Jeral Williams from the Queens branch of the Republic of New Africa, Brother Albert Vann, Clarence Eastmond and Floyd Sparrow and members of the African-American Teachers Assoc., Sisters Emma Pierce and Emily Taylor from Central Brooklyn, Brothers Larry Neal, Sam Anderson, Bill Strickland and Charlie Russell from Harlem U.S.A., Victor Solomon and the members of Harlem Core, Sister Jul Gilbert and all members of Nat's Women. Brother Isaiah Brunson, Sister Mary Phifer and all the folks working at C.D.A. and H.R.A., Brothers Sonny Carson, all former members of Brooklyn Core and the School of Common Sense, Brother John Moses and folks from O.H.B. CEC Center, Sister Una Malzac and folks from Liberation Book Store, Last Poets, Lenny Burg and all students from N.Y.U.'s Martin Luther King Center, William Kemp, Brother Abu and students of University of the Streets, Sister Janet Cyril and all members of I.S. 201 Complex, Brother John Oj and Brother Rodney X of the Nation of Islam, Sister Ida McCrae and Sadie Jackson and all folks working in the Bushwick Area, Brothers Robert Van Lierop and members of the Black Lawyers Caucus, Brother Carolos Russell and members of Black Solidarity Day Committee, Craig Bill, Lawrence Sparks and Adele Plateau and members of B.L.A.C. at Brooklyn College, Lenny Weir and all Black policemen who realize their plight, members of the Black Liberators Party, Black Panthers and all civic and civil rights groups, Peter Bailey,

## BROTHERS?

Brothers are Junkies  
Sisters are Junkies  
Brothers Stealing  
from  
Brothers  
Brothers stealing  
killing - lying  
Brothers Stealing  
from  
Mother  
and  
Father  
Sisters doing the same  
Brothers and Sisters  
Stealing  
Stealing from themselves  
The Beauty  
that they once possessed  
Brothers and Sisters  
were born with beauty  
Beauty  
taken away by white powder  
Brothers and Sisters  
Can't you see or are you  
too blind to see  
Dope is White!  
taking it into your  
veins  
makes you white also  
White Brother  
White Sister  
who were once  
Black  
For our Beautiful race  
Be Black  
Be yourself, for yourself  
for Blackness,  
Again.  
I woke and found  
around me  
dead bodies - white bodies  
The first thing that came  
to me - was  
did I have anything  
to do with the death of these  
people?  
and if not  
why are they here?  
Then remembering all my history  
remembering all the  
dead bodies  
Black bodies  
And I  
went right back to sleep.

## AROUND OUR WAY CON'T

Charles Hobson and Charles Thomas and members of Black Communication Group, Marlon Kennedy and members of the Coney Island Community, Joseph Francoise and Thelma Hamilton and members of the Brownsville Community, Gloria Oliver and members of the Red Hook Black Community, Rabbi McKethan and members of the Israelite Community of New York City, Maurice Fredericks and members of the Save the Three Homes Committee, Sister Margaret Campbell and members of District 13 School Council, Brother Eddle and members of the African Nationalist Pioneer Movement, Brother Walter Lynch and folks from I.S. 271, Dan Watts and staff of the Liberator, Brothers Curtis Mullens and Ken Bushell and Parents from the Old Victory, Sister Olivia Taylor and members of the East New York Black Community, Brother Maliki and members of the African-American Students Assoc., and all Black students from High Schools and Colleges throughout New York City, Brother Q.J. Simpson and members of the Black Transportation Workers, Robert William, Reggie Workman and Members of the Collective Black Artist, Paul Anthony, Bill Brown and folks working for Ma Bell Telephone Company, Sister Ann Cook, Brother Dave from Staten Island, Brother Chuck Moore of WLIB, Brother Jim Rose, Sister Ruby Rylon and folks from GAP, Brother Simba, Brother Ronald Thompson (Hoshia).

This is a partial list and if your name has been omitted, don't become offended, just show up and make your contribution.

If you need additional information call us at  
941-6150 or 789-3700

PEACE

## THE BRILLIANCE OF BLACK FOLKS

As the reader probably can tell Black News is not made up of an elite corp of professional writers. 99% of our writers are not professionals. We only have several staff writers and the rest come from the Black communities in Babylon, South America, the West Indies and Africa. Most of our writers we don't know and we dare say that most of them have never had the urge to write until Black News came along.

But all we know is that a great phenomenon is growing right in front of our very eyes. We knew that there was talent in our community but seeing it up close, and it really becomes awe inspiring. The greatest phenomenon though is that this talent spans the generations -- from the youthful brilliance of our young 13½ year old poetess Alithia C., to the ones in their 20's, 30's 40's 50's and 60's. Certainly we can say that Black News is truly a product of the Black community. DID YOU SEND YOUR DOLLAR YET?

## SAVE THE CHILDREN SAVE THE HOUSES

Mail check or money orders made out to:  
The Defense Committee  
c/o Maurice Fredericks  
317 Midwood Street Brooklyn, New York

# NOTICE!

Sat. Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> 1970 Marks  
The First Important Meeting  
of the

## BLACK POLITICAL CONVENTION

We will attempt to structure a Party to  
work for the UPLIFTING of Black people...  
Short Range and Long Range...

We must submerge our differences  
and come together as one for the Good  
of our people... SAT. NOV. 7<sup>th</sup> at 10 A.M.

Remember: AT THE

### EAST

10 CLAVER PL.  
BROOKLYN N.Y. 11238

FOR INFORMATION

## UMOJA

It was a Friday night. A group of six friends had planned to get together to see a movie -- a documentary by Eldridge Cleaver -- to have dinner, and then perhaps a little light celebration in honor of one of the sisters who had a birthday that day. In the process of trying to get together, one of the brothers who has a long, white, convertible Cadillac and who lives in Jamaica was coming down Kingston Avenue with the three sisters in his car. When he got to the vicinity of Kingston Avenue and Union Street, he noticed a younger brother being chased into an alley by six or seven orthodox Jews; that is, the Jews with the long black coats, big round hats, beards and stuff. The brother stopped his car and ran into the alley to see what was happening, and there he found these six or seven Jews beating and kicking the young brother. It is as a result of his intervention and later that of another brother who happened to stop and inquire as to what was going on that a young brother was probably saved from being whipped to death or near death.

Immediately following the incident the young dashiki-wearing, Cadillac-driving brother went to pick up his two friends whose wives he had in the car. After relating the incident, he felt obligated to return to the "scene of the crime" and to pursue the incident to the extent that the person whom he recognized as being the major protagonist in attacking the young brother would, therefore, be held responsible for his actions. He felt that it was his responsibility, as an eye witness to what he had seen.

Now, let's think about it. How many people do you know who will come to the aid of another brother when he is in difficulty? How many people do you know who will sacrifice their time, their priority to help another brother in distress. I'm not talking about brothers who rap about it, I'm talking about brothers who will ACT -- who will do something on behalf of another. How often do we verbalize and create barriers within ourselves by popularizing the myth that the brother who lives in the suburbs is not a brother, or that the brother who drives a Cadillac is not a brother? The final determination is not how you look, where you live, or how you travel, but how you think and, secondly, how you act as a result of your thinking.

Back to Kingston and Union. When the three brothers and their wives returned to the scene, the Jews had put out the alarm and they were coming out of every nook and cranny. There were organized groups -- Maccabees, if you will; orthodox Jews, if you will, but Jews -- coming out ready to do battle if necessary, and feeling very secure within the Black community because they seemed very chummy and familiar with the cops who had already arrived on the scene. The young, dashiki-clad brother with the Cadillac was persistent in demanding that the Jew whom he recognized as being the leader (in terms of physical abuse of the younger brother) be taken down to the police station. At that time there were not many brothers or sisters on the scene, but they were beginning to sense the situation, sensing the danger, sensing the need for brothers and sisters to be there to protect one

another. During this time another young brother, about fourteen, arrived on the scene. He lived in that immediate vicinity. He happened, also, to be a brother who had been enrolled in JHS 271 during the crisis-filled year in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, so violence was no stranger to him nor was confrontation between police and community. Racial confrontation, if you will, was not a new experience to him. He related that this kind of incident, in which the Jews beat up a brother or a sister, happened a number of times before and that the people only reacted on the evening of the particular incident. After that things would cool down and there would be no retaliation; therefore, this kind of thing continued. He said that he had seen many of these Jews carrying weapons under their long coats, that they always moved out in groups, and that they were very well organized. He said that most of them were "chicken" individually, but that they felt a little more secure as they came together in groups of ten and twenty. The brother's final thought was that if the Blacks in the community did not rise to meet this challenge and deal with the situation, the assaults, harassment, and possibly death would continue in the area because the Jews there had no respect nor any concern for the Blacks.

At this time, large numbers of Jews were pouring out of the synagogues. They obviously had been trained or were, at the least, prepared for this kind of possible confrontation situation. Among the crowd of police there were two brothers, also policemen, who, after noticing that the white cops were very hesitant to deal with this explosive situation, moved in. As a result of the identification and accusation made by the father of the boy who had been beaten and by the "bougie" brother whom I mentioned earlier, the two policemen began to escort the assailant to the squad car to take him to the precinct -- the openly racist precinct -- at New York Avenue and Empire Boulevard. At this time the Jews declared that it was against their religion to ride in a car (but, obviously, it was not against their religion to commit murder, right?). Now, I don't know whether it was against their religion in general or because it was the Rosh Hashanah holiday; but, anyway, the cops agreed that they would walk this attacker to the station rather than ride him in the car. When we arrived at the precinct another brother whom we recognized as having been on the scene had been arrested. (On what charge we have not yet found out.) Eventually, they brought in the Jew who had led the attack on the brother; statements were taken and a date was set for a hearing. In spite of the proceedings, we all were aware enough to realize that no justice would be served here. We were not naive enough to think that the Jew was really going to be held responsible for what he did. The brother who persisted in following-up the incident was not taken in by thinking that justice would be served; he felt the need not to let this thing go without some kind of response, some kind of retaliation. Even if it appeared to be inadequate.

The lessons inherent in this true story are very important. Firstly: This is an example of what African people in this country, in this city, in every community must begin to do. That is, to feel responsible and accountable for each other. To feel that whatever happens to one is, in fact, happening to another, and not to allow

## UMOJA

anyone to divide us on any basis. Our livelihood, our lives, our survival depend upon our ability to be concerned for and to act in concert with and for each other. Who would have thought that a "bourgie"-appearing bunch of people, brothers AND sisters, would be unconcerned with PERSONAL danger -- danger that was imminent to them personally -- because of their concern for another brother.

Secondly, it became very clear and very obvious that the Jews who inhabit that Eastern Parkway corridor are entrenched. They are well trained and organized, and they seem to be in very tight control of the police precinct in that area. This is another situation that we Black people had better deal with. Another point that Black people had better become aware of is that having a police precinct in their community is not to their advantage, necessarily, but to their disadvantage when you consider that we neither control the policies of those cops nor do those who make up this force look like us. It's clear that every Black community should, at this point, demand a community board that will control policies of the police in that community, and demand that the police reflect the ethnic population of the community. Beyond that, because no police can really control a community like Bedford-Stuyvesant or any other similar Black community, it is urgently necessary that our communities begin to develop the kind of defense system that will tend not to rely on any one agency or group for their protection, but will be based on self-protection. The only way that this will be possible is that we begin to know who we are, who lives on the block, who lives in our apartment building, and come together to realistically confront the problems that face the communities. In the particular community around Eastern Parkway there is the menace and threat of the Jews. In one breath they are hollering anti-semitism, but the undercover action is to kick the nigger in the ass or exploit some poor Black folks. Anything to add to the foothold that has been gained in New York City and which is similar to the foothold that has been taken in the Arab world.

To the dashiki-wearing, Cadillac-driving, livin'-in-the-suburbs-of-Bedford Stuyvesant brother, right on! YOU are destroying the myths and barriers that we create amongst ourselves. YOU, brother, showed courage, determination, and concern for another brother, and this is the attitude that will make us free.

Right on! to the brothers and sisters who sensed danger and remained on the scene to confront whatever had to be confronted in order to protect our dignity and each other. Right on! brothers and sisters, right on!

To the Black community as a whole and to all the readers of this article, what would you have done if you had been passing the scene at that time? What would have been your reaction? How do you feel, really feel, about your neighbor? About the brother and sister who live down the block? Do you even know that they are there? Would you go to their aid? If you heard that some brothers and the Jews were rumbling on Eastern Parkway, would you run to it or from it?

African-Americans, let's get down! Let's face reality! The goal of building a nation seems unattainable unless we can build and secure our community. In order to stabilize our community, we must develop and hold positive attitudes toward each other. Maybe this is where we start -- to organize, where necessary, and to redirect the organizational structure which already exists. There is no reason why block associations, whose function heretofore has been to keep your block clean, could not develop their energies to keeping your block safe -- by creating a system of alarm and for defense, whereby every able-bodied man and woman would be out on the block at the appropriate signal ready to confront "whatever" for the protection of each other.

Brothers and sisters, all of us who are trapped in this America, let us be "for real". Let us acknowledge that among our people there are strong, there are weak, there are good, there are bad, but they are still our people. Let us acknowledge that our PRIMARY function must be to preserve our own. If we do not operate from this concept, then the Jews will run US out of Bedford-Stuyvesant. There is nothing you can build that you cannot protect. In order to develop, you must be able to protect. ●

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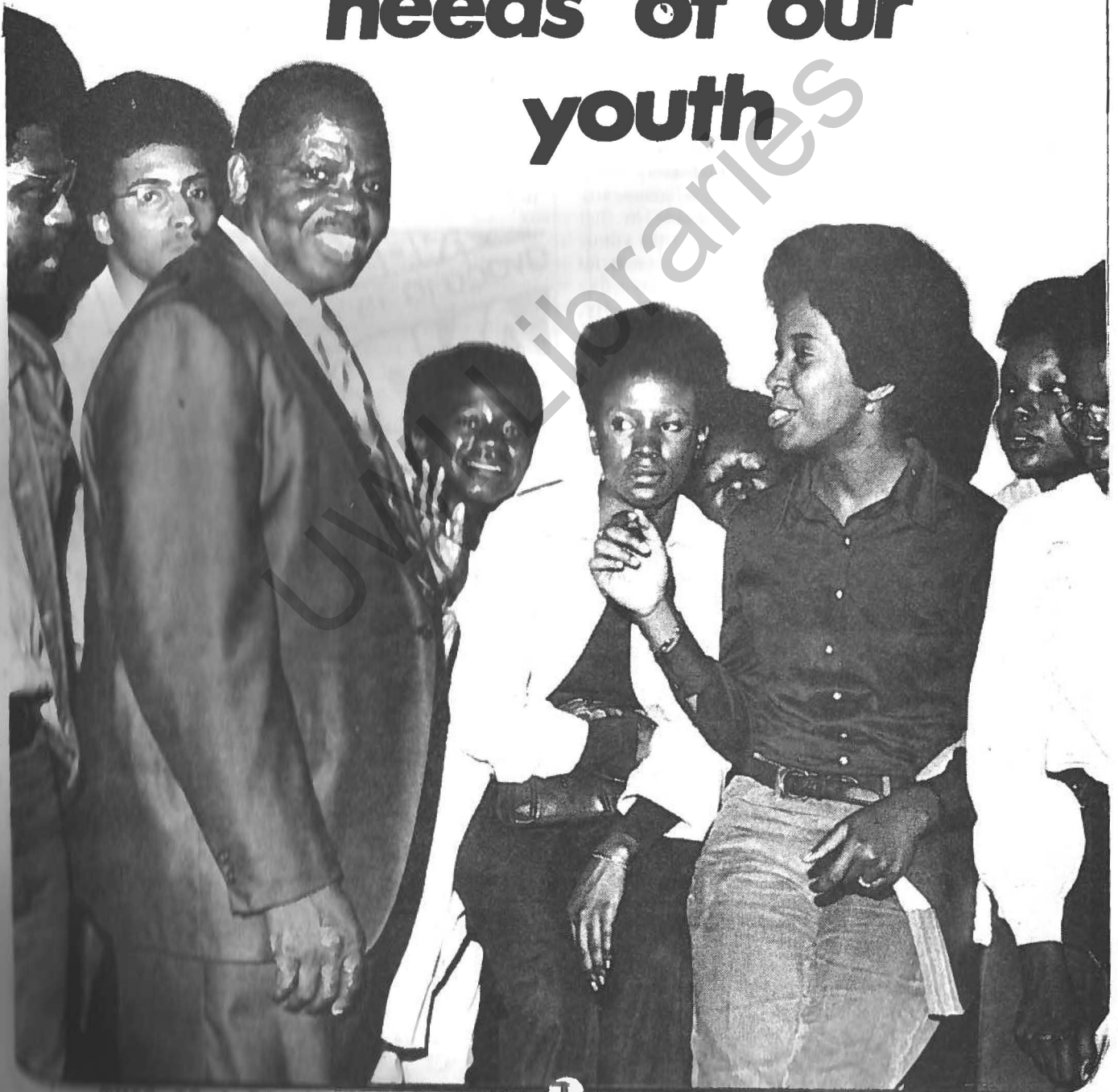
Community Savings Organization's  
 dance will be held on Tuesday,  
 November 10th. The next day is  
 a holiday - Veteran's Day.

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**he understands the**  
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THIS IS A PAID POLITICAL AD



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM THE TOMBS ET AL.

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I have been corresponding with a beautiful brother in Auburn Prison. I met him through the Black News. He had read one of my articles. His name is Brother Louis Commack. He has no family in New York State. He is interested in meeting young single sisters first of all, and any of our other brothers and sisters that would be so kind as to write to him.

While in prison he has become a Dental Engineer, taught High School English and Math. He has organized the first Black Studies Class and the first Cultural Society in any state penal institution and is presently the Minister of Education in the Institutional Party.

Following is a poem he wrote replying to Julian Bond's "America Singing". It was dedicated to me, Sister G. P.

Can I hear America Singing?

Sho!

But dig!

From where I stand

I can only hear Aretha Franklin

and "Sweets" Green

But sometimes

I hear Ray Charles

drowning in his own tears

Or Joe Gaines playing deep

vibrations on canvas or

Sister A.P. reciting

passages from her Black articles

About the Red, Black and Green Colors

of our Liberation Flag.

Then I don't mind standing a little longer...

So brothers and sisters please write him. He is one of our beautiful brothers entrapped and enslaved here in Babylon. We Black people will know one day, that most of our heroes will be found in those hell holes called prisons! His address is:

Brother Louis Commack

No. 58425

135 State Street

Auburn, New York 13022



Sister Fujii,

I read your letter to Brother Scotty (Deane) and found it very stimulating. I started to write you then.

I've just read your letter to Brother Kahlil (John X. Griffin), and can no longer hold my praise.

The welcomed feelings your letters have generated are "Something Else". You see, your letters are read by everyone on the floor, in an effort to show the type of support we have. And might I add, (and I'm sure my Brothers are in full accord), that it is well appreciated support.

As brief as it is, that is the essence of my message. Your awareness is delightful, and encouragement in itself.

Thank you for your thoughts (in writing). Thank you for the encouragement, thank you for being just what you are, Mwanamke weusi wazuri (a beautiful black sister.)

Uhuru, Umoja na Undugu, dayima

Sincerely,

Mwazi (The Rebel)

Mr. Willie Williams 9LC6

125 White Street, N.Y., N.Y.

P.S. A letter I wrote to Black Journal will be read on their show (the last Monday evening in October, Channel 13). If you have a chance to watch (and if you do so), please comment on same. Unfortunately we are locked in with *very* limited privileges and will miss the show.

P.P.S. I am a student of Basic Kijomba, (Swahili, Kiswahili) but our teacher here does not know the meaning of Fujii - please advise. ●



### ELEVATION OF A THOUGHT

Seeking the ultimate knowledge

Fluidly I flow

Far beyond the spectrum,

Infinity and I.

And of a sudden

The thought confronts me that

Black is not only Beautiful,

IT IS NECESSARY!

Kahlil John X.

Though the construction of the thoughts expressed above are mine the inspiration has been, and will continue to be, the Beautiful Brothers and Sisters such as yourself and everyone at the EAST and elsewhere who are committed to the struggle for liberation. It is to you *all* that I am indebted to for awakening in me, by your positive and progressive actions, the long dormant strength of the me that I am today.

I am in accord with what you said about the hardships which are to come being greater than those of the past but we've got so many big things going for us now, i.e., awareness of self, purpose, direction and the embryo of unity. With these essentials we will be able to elevate each other in preparation for that day which is to come and there is no doubt in my mind as to the outcome. We *will* make it because we have to make it.

At this point I would like to inquire if there might be a Brother or Sister there at EAST who would be receptive to the idea of sending a KiSwahili Grammar Book with which we Brothers here could begin getting themselves (myself inclusive) culturally together. It would be gratefully appreciated.

Again, a tremendous thank you for your efforts and inspiration. I hope that I shall hear from you again. ●

Peace and love,  
Kahlil John X.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR CONT'D

Sister Fujii (B.N. Corresponding Sect'y.)

I thank you for your very prompt reply to my letter and this expression of gratitude is extended to include all the Brothers here.

I am admittedly in orbit over the encouragement and lift that your letter gave me and I am pleased to know that the content of my thoughts were well received, and upon my release from the strictures of confinement I shall, without a doubt, come to the EAST to get right on down with what's happening.

In keeping with my desire to communicate with you Beautiful Black Brothers and Sisters, I am submitting three original and hitherto unpublished prose poems for your consideration and, I hope, enjoyment. So, without further ado I entreat your eyes and mind:

U 'n Me

\$2 down a dollar a week. Korvette, davega,  
A&S, michael's, stereos, t.v.'s, furniture, knits,  
mohair this, that and the other.

One - twenty five a month  
2 room , share kitchen and bath; complete  
with a bonus menagerie of  
crawling, flying, biting, leaping things.

Mother's day! greedy jewish hands  
john's bargains (?)  
mark-ups, let downs,  
wilted collards,  
rotten meat  
stale bread  
sour milk.

Meanwhile in video-land  
a foul pink bitch uses her crotch  
trying to seduce U 'n me into  
buying cadillac ford lincoln (and things)  
While the Hawk finds the cracks  
in the wall and creeps into bed with our children.

madison avenue, pentagon,  
bedloe's island, apple pie.  
manifestations of distorted psyches.  
Vomit it all up and feed your mind  
**BLACK THINK, DRINK, EAT, SLEEP,  
WALK, TALK.**

Hold on that!  
The only real things left are  
U 'n me, Soul.

Kahlil John X.

Dear Sister Fujii,

It's with great hope that I wish to form some means of contact with you. It's clear by now to you what the state of affairs was and is at City Prison Tombs.

I am a member of the Movement from the 9th floor  
before August 19th.

It's quite possible that I shall soon be able to beat this lie up off my back which has been holding me here in this once forgotten Pit of Darkness of forgotten men. Until People inside and outside stand up and make it clear once and for all that we the oppressed People were not going to accept any more abuse or injustice from the system controllers. Our People have suffered long enough and such shall end now.

By the way Sis. Fujii, Bro. Jack wishes to know does your name mean, also some of the other bros.

Sister Fujii it's with pride that I can tell you that I am a descendent from the Island of Puerto Rico and I identify myself with the Black and Puerto Rican Bro., and at this moment am studying the teachings of our most Hon. Elijah Mohammed and recognize only one God Allah. I am indeed fortunate to be a follower of the lamb because I now know that I am not a Spanaird or West Indian or even Puerto Rican. I am a Black man and relate to Black Pan African problems. I trust and pray that all my so-called Puerto Rican Brothers wake up to their true history and self.

As I've stated I wish to hear from you and I sincerely wish that in some small way that I should be able to go on helping our People defend themselves.

Thank you for any form of contact.

Respectfully yours,  
Bro. A. S.  
125 White Street  
9L-F-3

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I wanted to find some way of expressing my appreciation of Black News and the job you are doing. It's the most together and immediately relevant paper anywhere.

Enclosed you will find a check to be used to send the paper to the University of Zambia. I'm also sending a check to Freddie, and am planning to raise some money for the three families.

Good luck! Thanks for helping me in getting myself together.

Sincerely,  
Rose C.

Brothers and Sisters.

I've only read about 4 issues of BLACK NEWS and al but one I borrowed from somebody. I think it is an extremely informative newspaper and I'm sure the brother and sisters on the staff are doing their best to make our brothers and sisters in New York more aware of what's really going down. Several of my friends here in D.C. have expressed an interest in reading more of BLACK NEWS But I was wondering, is there an already existing outlet for even a limited circulation of current issues of the paper here in D.C.? I have as yet been unable to discover any (in Northwest D.C. anyhow).

I am a member of the Black United Front, here in D.C. and we do keep a small supply of a few Black newspaper from around the country, mostly of other Front's news, also type on the staff of the Washington Liberal, a small Black Newspaper with a limited circulation.

**FROM ROXBURY TO RIO -  
and BACK IN A HURRY!**

One of the greatest myths propagated throughout the world is that representing Brazil as a place of supreme racial harmony - the solution, as it were, to the world's racial crisis. The ancillary mythology in this regard is that slavery under Portuguese rule was somewhat of a lark, while being a slave in Anglo-Saxon territory was more difficult. A slave is a slave is a slave. It makes no difference whether or not a concentration camp has the name of "relocation center" (nomenclature for the American concentration camps for the Japanese-Americans during WWII), reservation, or ghetto. The problems and solutions do not change because of title, location or nationality.

Portugal was the first country to send slavers into Africa and it is still in the homeland, yet many black people in this country have been deluded into thinking that the Portuguese are somewhat more humane than Anglo Saxons in their treatment of black people in this hemisphere. Many of the reasons for this are due to the cloudy perceptions and questionable orientations of blacks who have traveled to Brazil and then passed on their interpretations in the forms of sociological treatises or magazine articles.

This brings me to one of the questions we want to face here. Why do people assume that legalized physical oppression is perforce more damaging than subliminal psychological cultural oppression? In both instances, a people and what they represent as humans are destroyed.

There were no lynchings in Brazil as we know them. Yet in daily life one hears the most demeaning statements made about blackness that can ever be heard anywhere.

To best exemplify this, I should like to share some of my eye-opening experiences upon travel to Brazil.

Every day I received startling inputs that affected me in much the same way as those quasi-blinding strobe light shows mixed with white electronic music do. It took a while to muster up my conscious forces. I already knew that as a Black person leaving this country automatically changed my so-called status, but I wasn't prepared for my looking and seeming so Brazilian that I would be accused of trying to 'pass as a foreigner'. In Brazil, blacks and so-called whites (we'll get to *that* later) both spoke openly of the national desire to "cleanse the blood" (limparao sangue) and "improve the race" (melhorar a raca). This *always* means "lightening" the population. Once at a social gathering, someone was describing another as being tall, blonde, etc. Someone else responded disparagingly "Blonde nothing, she's 'sarara'." "Sarara" is what we would call "mariney" - a black person with light skin, light brown hair, and sometimes blue, green or gray eyes (also Brazilian term for albino). In another instance, I heard someone who looked something like H. Rap Brown with short hair say that he didn't like attending a certain theatre because "a negrida vai la" ("That's a 'nigra. hang-out") --- and this to a group of whites!

Perhaps the most shocking experience came when I learned a rhyme that reminded me of "If you're black, stay back" et al, only worse. "A black woman to work, a white woman to marry and a 'mulata' (meaning brown skinned) to screw." That just about sums up where Brazil is at in



terms of blackness as an operational concept.

Paradoxically, no country has purer pockets of African culture. The state of Bahia, according to even the statistics (which always are "lighter") is about 80 per cent black. Yoruba words drift in and out of everybody's conversation naturally. According to Glauber Rocha, director of the prize-winning film, "Black God, White Devil" the true history and sociology of Brazil are found in the music written by black "samba" composers in Rio de Janeiro.

The religion is also strongly African - so much so that a "babalorixa" from Bahia was able to use Bahian ritual Yoruba to communicate in Nigeria. Brazil's national dish is - get ready for this - "feijoada", or, beans cooked with a pig's foot, pigtail, side of bacon, hamhocks, dried beef and served with rice and collard greens. I wish I could convey to you all the expressions I get from Brazilian "embassy wives" in New York who complain about not being able to get fresh "couve mineira" (collards) and I tell them they have to go to Harlem because that's black food.

Which brings us to the definition of "black" in Brazil. It's confusing - no doubt about it. It is color, with money or lack of it, education and social class as supplementary elements in the definition thereof. But color is still the definitive indicator, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Pele, the world's highest paid athlete, will always be black. His daughter, however, will probably be classified as white (Pele's wife is an Afro-Brazilian especially if she one day marries a white man, which is likely, given that "cleansing the blood" orientation that Pele will no doubt pass on).

Someone at Rio police headquarters once told me that being a foreigner I therefore could not be classified as black. In some areas of Brazil one can change one's changing jobs. For example, a former merchant who along with the Amazon River became white and elected mayor of his town. How? Because he married one of the townpeople. "It's simple, we

a black mayor!"

Now here is where the interpretations of E. Franklin Frazier and Era Bell Thompson go awry. They hear something like the latter story and feel there is more mobility and/or equity for the black man in Brazil as a result. But what is really being touched upon here? Black is negative so Brazilians would prefer to change the mayor's description to the positive -- white. It also means that American blacks traveling to Brazil from a higher standard of living, and who therefore have more clothes, education, and other accouterments of Doris Day-Rock Hudson movies, are afforded better treatment than their Brazilian counterparts. The internalized decadence that permits someone to subsequently interpret this special consideration as being generic to *all* Brazilian blacks is a rationalization for *permitting and enjoying such special treatment, and is European individualism in its most pathological form*. It furthermore suggests that the aforementioned writers felt agreement with the Brazilian goal of eliminating vestiges of blackness.

There are roughly 40 million blacks in Brazil - forty per cent of the population. Most of the forty million look like West Africans. The Portuguese quite cleverly fomented and/or used their sperm to create splinter groups, all with different names to eliminate identification with one another, and expected different behavior from, and extended different justice to each group, so that a large united group would never take power even though non-whites outnumbered whites. Mulattoes do not want to marry blacks unless they represent more money, "cafusos" (a person of black and Amerindian heritage) and Amerindians were used to hunt runaway slaves, a dark person with straight hair has more "market value" than a person who is lighter with kinky hair, etc. To further explain this insidious classification, the following persons would be thusly categorized:

- Kathleen Cleaver ..... white (with hair straightened)
- Malcolm X ..... mulato sarara
- Mrs. Martin L. King ..... mulato
- Dr. Martin Luther King black (or mulato if he wore a suit and tie)
- Harry Belafonte ..... mulato
- Lena Horne ..... white
- Lola Falana ..... cafusa
- Percy Sutton ..... white
- Adam C. Powell ..... white
- Sidney Poitier ..... black
- Huey P. Newton ... white (if he has trappings of the rich)
- Robert Macbeth ..... white

What this "classification" portends to show is the confusing and variable nature of racial categorizing in Brazil. In the large cities of the south, we can see tragic scramblings of "Lola Falana" types using their beauty to get lolo-Brazilian husbands for example, so that their children will be considered white. The difference between the U.S. and Brazil then is this: In Brazil the phenotype (the visible physical characteristics) is the determinant of race, white in the U.S. It is the genotype (the invisible heritage in its entirety).

Looking at this then in contemporary Pan-African terms, I would contend that American blacks by virtue of the

imposed historical definition of *who* is or is not black, have more advantages. That is, the identifiable (by virtue of color and/or culture) black in this country has potential for family/group unity and common goals far exceeding that which is possible in Brazil. The only possible black movement in Brazil will be due to "outside agitation" which forces the 40 per cent of Brazilian population that does not see itself as black (but is indeed *African* in culture) into a confrontation with the 40 per cent black population as to which direction the "cleansing of the blood" is going to take Africanization or Europeanization. Mind you, all 80 per cent would clearly be black in this country, as native born Americans. The rest of the 20 per cent remaining do not count; the runaway Nazis, Italians, Nisei and Lebanese who make up part of the southern region of Brazil have most of the economic power, but the major battle at this point is *conscious* cultural direction. And most important, a vital heritage of African values and African resistance is part of Brazil.



**THESE NIGGERS ARE A LAUGH...  
HAD NERVE TO TELL ME HE WAS  
WHITE ... AND CAME FROM BRAZIL**

The unconscious African values have remained imbedded in all Brazilians. The heritage of Palmares is what has to be revived consciously. In 1500, the Portuguese arrived in Brazil, in 1530 the first Africans arrived as slaves, in 1600 a major slave rebellion occurred that resulted in the development of a Republic called Palmares. It consisted of a group of towns that related to the land in the African tradition and which was so successful agriculturally that the republic traded goods for guns with neighboring landlords. When this was checked out by the Portuguese, we see the commencement of the triumvirate power that still controls Latin America. The military, church and landlords united to successfully destroy the Republic in 1696 after 27 prior military attempts. And there were other glorious traditions set by black slaves in Brazil. Often they came to Brazil knowing how to read and write, when the Portuguese, who like early Americans, were the ignorant convicts, derelicts and marginals of their parental societies.

The Brazilian black did not get his nominal freedom until 1889; the last country to abolish slavery in this hemisphere was Brazil. Since then, he has been brainwashed by statements affirming that he is just as Brazilian as anyone else and that doors will open as soon as he "cleanses his blood". The Brazilians who consciously glorify in their blackness are few, and they are seen as eccentric. For example, Brother Abdias do Nascimento, black playwright and painter in exile here, has lived somewhat of a lonely life. Most Brazilians however do celebrate Africanness, albeit unconsciously (such as dancing "samba" day in and day out, eating African food as a natural part of life, and using words like dende, bunda, macumba, sarava, capoeira, samba, etc.)

Much of the thrust of conscious Africanization in Brazil must come from the United States. American black people must start to realize that even some of the conceptualizations and solutions towards an African Africa will come from our efforts. The struggle is one.

It is shameful for Brazilian blacks in the southern states to be more exposed to German culture than to Africanness. In Blumenau (dig the name), some blacks learn German before Portuguese!

It is shameful for a country with at least forty per cent of its population black, to have less than one per cent of that segment represented in the universities!

It is shame on Brazil to have to pass a law last year making it illegal to speak out on Brazilian racial discrimination and adjudicating one to three years as the corresponding sentence, plus one half of the original sentence added on if said statements are made before a group of people and/or get into the media!

It is shame on American black people who do not make it their business to find out about and concern themselves with Africans throughout the world; who can travel to another country where experiences are so similar to ours that as Brother Nascimento has said, the play "In the Wine Time" could be called "In Cachaca Time" and no other changes needed to depict urban Brazilian black life; - and yet who gratefully accept temporal admittance into Nescafe Society at the expense of the black people indigenous to that country!

And it is shame on me for not having taken the time to write these thoughts down sooner!

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR CONT'D

In the September 5 issue of BLACK NEWS I noticed you needed volunteer circulation people. I would like to volunteer my services despite any problems distance and mailing might produce. However, if you don't think this is feasible, I'll see what I can do about digging up the \$3.50 for a subscription. Also, where could I get a copy of the Vol. I No. 21 issue with the article on the November 3 convention?

Does the paper endorse Basil Patterson's running for Lieutenant Governor of New York?

Liberation then Peace.  
M.M.

## AMERICAN DOCUMENTARY FILMS, INC.

American Documentary films announces the release of the following films:

**STAGOLEE:** A conversation with Bobby Seale, 60 min., B&W

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**BATTLE OF ALGIERS** Urban guerilla struggle for independence in the city of Algiers. 123 min., B&W

**NO VIETNAMESE EVER CALLED ME NIGGER:** Black Vietnam vets and Harlem residents rap against the war, link it to domestic racial crisis. 65 min., B&W

**CHINA: 1/2 HUMANITY:** Three decades of history, interview with Chairman Mao. 74 min., B&W

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## JUST WHO ARE THE SAVAGES

Not too long ago, all of the news media in this country were calling the Arabs "barbarians", "savages" and "inhuman" for abducting hostages from hi-jacked airlines. Mind you, these Palestinian brothers, having suffered at the hands of Zionist expansionists for the past twenty years, were almost completely ignored by the so-called great powers. Only after being pushed by frustration and desperation did they move the struggle to the level of taking hostages. Then the white world took notice of them - not their plight but the fact that they had taken hostages - almost totally white folk hostages!! Then followed the flood of outrage and cries of "barbarians", etc. However although the Palestinians had hundreds of hostages not a single one was killed or even injured by the brothers. Contrast that with what happened and is happening in Canada! The folks there kidnapped two men and already we know that one has been killed! At this writing, the fate of the "surviving" one is unknown. There hasn't been any great outcry by the media and certainly no suggestion that the Canadian rebels are barbarians. Just another blatant case of racist double standards.

This piece is not meant to take issue with the Canadian rebels who claim to be struggling for a free Quebec. I'd just as soon not worry about how whitey settles his affairs with his whitey brother. The object was to once again show the deliberate way the news media "manages" to show its racism. But then, what else can we expect . . . from whitey's thing? ●

Loquacious Black

### BLACK WRITERS - JAZZ MUSICIANS

*Black Writers* of today are rapidly closing the gap between themselves and the *Black Jazz Musicians*. There is a blend going on between these two forms of black expression which is transcending all boundaries of space and line, which knows no form, fights no structure, and fornicates with all techniques. And it rhymes, Frankenstein! What is really the 'most' about the whole "mind-blowing" writing style of the 'now' black writers is that they don't get all hung-up in the rhyme or the rhythmic sound of the words. They just let it happen when it wants to. They are doing what Langston heard in his Soul, What Baldwin does when he feels like writing. And it is NOT confined to poetry. It is not confined. These black writers tune-in on a subject be-it-what-may (Revolutionary Ideologies Or Pigs-at-bay). They rip 'the mother' to pieces then they ease-off the point jivin' bout cornbread and fried chicken. Waiting for us to relate. Moving like the heavy hands of *THELONIOUS MONK* dipping and then spacing out, jumping funky midway, diving for crescendos. Composition well in hand.

Let's deal with Clayton Riley, black critic. Take the first two paragraphs of his reviews. Don't nobody know what Clayton is talking about but Riley. Clayton pulls a *MILES*

*DAVIS* on the white readers while letting the niggers know that they ain't doing nothing Center Stage but blocking light rays - fornicating upward.

It's like *KISWAHILI* spelled backwards with no (i)s or like a regressed process washed with Raveen Au Naturelle. Black Writers are no longer explaining things to the white folks. They are screaming in rhythmic chants - calling in the flock. They are "Free at last, Free at last!"

The *Black Musicians* have never been locked into a structure. Half of them forget to learn how to read music. They just went on and started writing music on the mind. Ignored by just about everybody, the black jazz artists followed the 'call-of-the-wild'. Thus generating the only true Black Art form (culture) in this Country. The only real art form in America. Coltrane walks outdoors on a scale then comes back inside when it starts raining. So it is with McClean, Taylor, Hugh Masekela, Quincy Jones, and Queen Mother, Nina Simone. Nina plays anything and everything on the *KEYS* while her drummers go for themselves - to the Congo - then she starts singing when she feels like it. Talkin' bout "Mekeba made me do it!" The Jazz Musicians never had too much to say to the 'man'. Leroi used to call the music makers *BLUES PEOPLE*. He has since then joined the club.

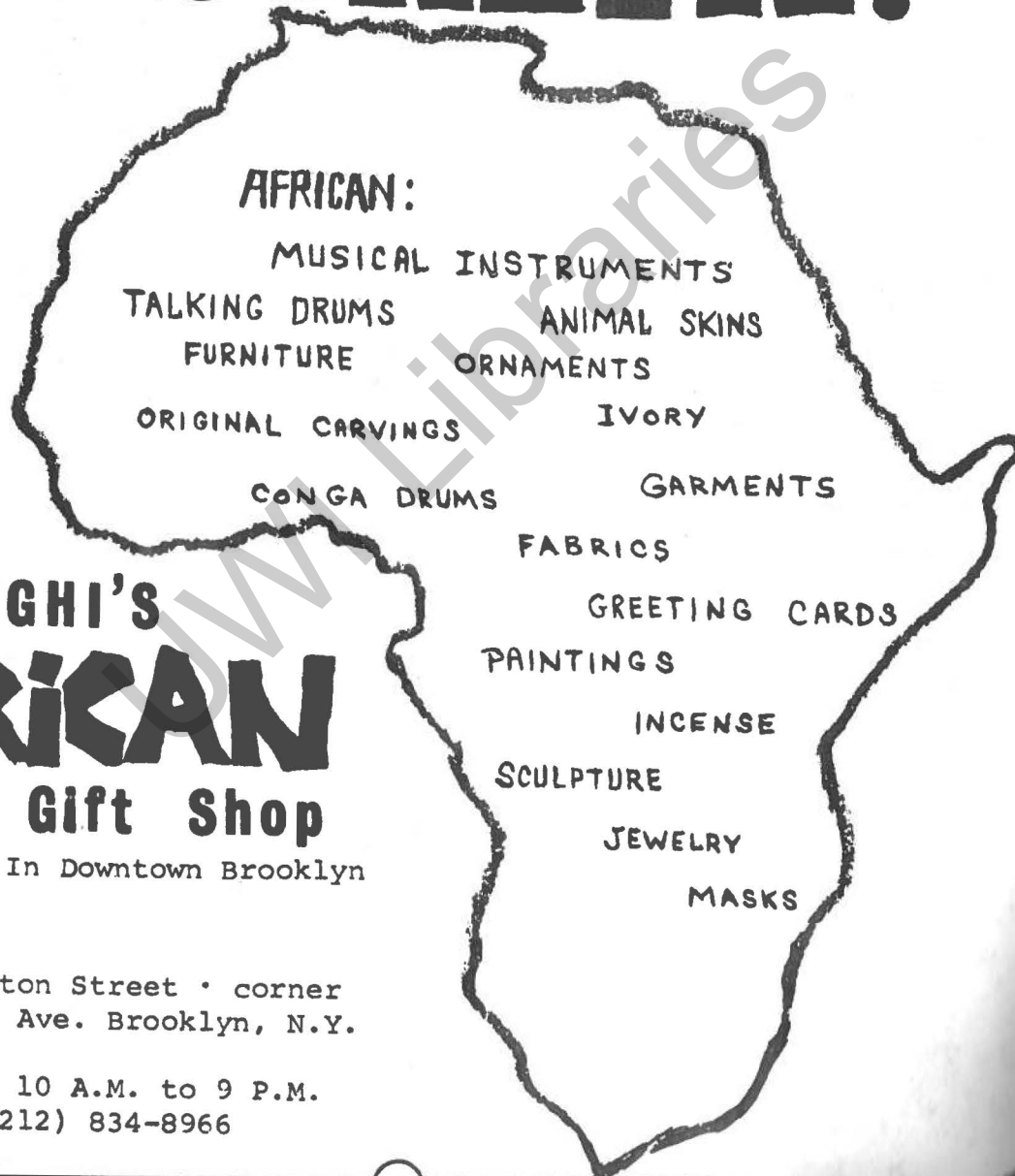
Remember how you sit around half-the-night in smooey joe's cafe, getting drunk, waiting for the *JAZZ MESSENGERS* to get the word and show-up! Well now, check out a few *THIRD WORLD* essays. Black writers are running down some heavy phrases getting to the point when they feel like it - late-colored people's time. Then they jump funky midway. And it rhymes, Frankenstein! When Charles Liberal comes around with the 'bread' (new york times) Black Writers jump into W.E.B. DUBOIS, FRANZ FANON, NKRUMAH, MAO TSE TUNG in the same way that CHARLIE BIRD gets into Bach and MILES gets into electronic ROCK. Like James Brown sings America. They still bees BLACK.

Huey P. Newton, Ameer (Leroi) Baraka, Daniel Watts, Bill Mahoney, Karenga, Larry MacBailey, Henry Dumas, Aime Cesaire, Wanyandey Songha, and Clayton Riley (To mention a few) are in such publications as *RHYTHM*, *LIBERATOR*, *BLACK DIALOGUE*, AND *CONFRONTATION* magazines.

It is in these publications that they let everything out of the bag and sock-it-to-you. Reading these 'now' black writers is like catching a jam-session around three in the morning in an after-hours joint. You get to hear the best. Everybody's cookin'. Charles Whiteman has been blocked-out. Mesmerized. The artists are talking to your Soul. Every solo is an analogy on Black Revolution. You can't just sit there. You have to pat your feet. Pop your fingers. Snap your mind.

One day when "dark theater" catches up with Black Writers and Black Jazz Musicians we are going to be able to go to the theatre and see a show. Imagine something like this happening: Take *DUKE ELLINGTON'S STREET SOUNDS* add *QUINCY JONES/Alvin Ailey's* dance troupe/*Third World Script/ACTORS/Roberta Flack* singers/*black Big-Time* director/*New Lafayette Theatre* . . . hummmmm! It's getting good to me! Some 'fish&chips' at half time in the lobby. Digging on *PAINTINGS* by Third World Artists. Sipping grapes. Relating . . . to what? Black Culture, U.S.A. American Home-Grown. ● rcs

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MONDAY, NOV. 2, 1970



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