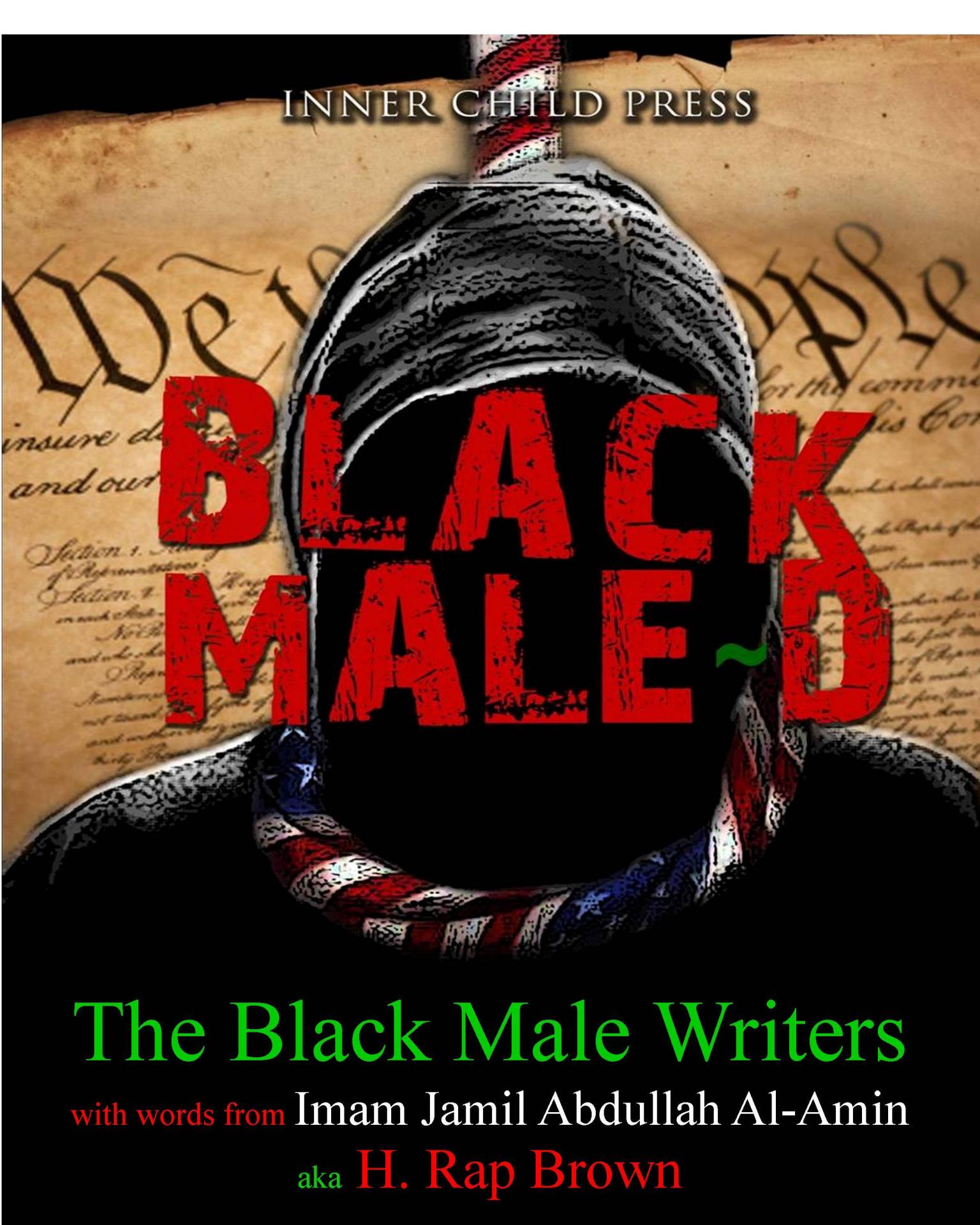


INNER CHILD PRESS

A close-up portrait of a Black man's face, looking slightly to the right. His skin is dark, and he has a serious expression. Overlaid on his face is a large, bold title in red and green. The title reads "BLACK MALE~ED". The "E" in "MALE" is partially obscured by a thick, dark shadow or a hand. The "D" in "ED" is a bright green color.

BLACK MALE~ED

The Black Male Writers

with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin
aka H. Rap Brown

Black Male~d

The Black Male Writers

inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

Black Male~d

The Black Male Writers

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“Patience has its limits, take it too far and its cowardice.”

George Jackson

Dedication

for my People,
Prisoners of their Beauty,
Prisoners of their Color
&
the Generations to come,
that they may know a truth
that stands the tests of time.

“Jails and prisons are designed to break human beings, to convert the population into specimens in a zoo- obedient to our keepers, but dangerous to each other.”

Angela Davis

Foreword

This book was in my estimation a sort of collective breath gathered by various artists, and writers, poets and the like on the conditions that the Black Male in Amerika faces on a daily basis. Again in my estimation “All lives matter”, but there’s really no noticeable change in the fact that Black lives matter less. What strikes me now as our collective fitness, or un-fitness for the life and times as it pertains to black folk in this country is that nothing really ever changes for the majority. We seem to be haunted by objects, focused on things, and so content to simply go along to get along.

The time where men and women sacrificed in the hopes of uplifting a people seem to have all but vanished. Our hearts are full of the same deception propagandized to us, and as much success we may gain in amusing, or in some way instructing, and nourishing this society, still; we are not accepted in a genuine way. I’ve heard tell that there exists where black people are concerned, a hidden agenda. I dare say that if there ever was, then it’s certainly been exposed, and ignored, then perhaps labeled the translucent agenda; or perhaps the unheeded, translucent agenda! We are but a worm eaten alive by the dog which is Amerika, and pushed through the intestines where we’ve been gifted this pursuit of a vision not our own.

We evolve with the disadvantage of our successes’ to nourish us. We spread the stupefaction of the masses, settling together, but always somehow two steps behind, in what comes across to me as a sickening cult of authenticity. The atrophy of our very competence is what separates us from us. To speak an unpopular truth is social death in the minds of any black man or woman in a position where he or she may be of service to the whole of the people. I do not believe black folk want liberation from what ails them in today’s

society. A gold card, and perhaps a gym membership somewhere seems to be quite enough. A young boy dies at the hands of a white man on the streets in Amerika, and just as quickly we pull out our “Racial Discrimination” cards, and march around for as long as the news covers the story.

Daily we kill ourselves in the streets, but the uproar for that boiling vat of pork fat is ignored as we gorge ourselves on what is in this country. Well, what is? Black school board members, police chiefs, mayors, men of finance, top intellectuals, and all matter of celebrity. Hell, even the president, like me, is half black! So why no change? Why do we accept what’s being pipelined into the psyche’s of our children in school? Why no black owned banks? Why do black folk still somehow think there is a place for his sons and daughters inside the institution which is military service? Perhaps my views on the subject of us would not be so radical, so off beat, if you will; if I myself, were not dirt poor! With all of our collective gains today in Amerikan society I can see behind the sockets in the eyes of my people a region yet to be explored, divided into endless yesterdays and endless tomorrows, resting anxiously on the cusp of an unseen, unknown event; or perhaps a series of such events. I can see walls with many windows, but the house is gone. The house where our so called radicalism is only street theatre, where we fight the phantoms of our yesterday dream, and realize together the present.

Inside the pages of The Black Male~D anthology you will experience; however slightly, the walls giving way in this house I speak of that lies behind the eyes of my people. Recorded experiences from a delightfully sorted range of authors, poets, and artists alike, with the audacity to identify his or her oppressor, as well as the courage to take a look at their own faces in the process. There are no black power rhetoreticians within the covers of this book attempting to co-opt the civil rights movement in order to captivate

white liberals, somehow appeasing their ridiculous sense of guilt in being white. What you'll find written on these pages is the emotion of the spirit of a people. Each individual writer a searchlight pinpointing both the futility, and in my opinion the stupidity of our current state today in Amerikan society for the Black Male. Them say everything that happens, when it has any significance at all, happens in the way of contradiction. All of us, in an attempt to reach out and attach ourselves to something meaningful often times find nothing. The result of the disappointment of having found nothing in all of our strivings is that we join the herd and become numb with the herd. In the herd you may dream, but only if you dream alike. In this collective breath the Black Male~D writers express this in the vibrations that emanate from their very lives' in overtones, and undertones, and contradiction, but never fiction. In reaching out in the attempt to attach ourselves to something meaningful this time; however nondescriptly, we have attached ourselves to ourselves, and that my friend is a powerful endeavor. Enjoy the experience.

BLACK MAILED: The exertion of pressure or threats, esp unfairly, in an attempt to influence someone's actions.

June Barefield



“The most potent weapon of the oppressor
is the mind of the oppressed.”

Steve Biko

a word from the Publisher

My Brothers and Sisters,

We live in an era where being Black is beginning to be viewed as a crime. Because of the color of your skins you are easily singled out, detected, elected, selected to have to be guilty of something . . . just because you are Black. And if your accuser, Police Office, Attorney or Court can not justifiably criminalize you with a valid truth, have no worry, for there are Code & Law Books filled with a myriad of stupid and immoral laws, and i am sure they will find something to fit you and the occasion, even if it is exaggerated.

There is a White madness that prevails amongst men. I am not necessarily speaking of the color, but the institutionalization of it. This sickness not only exist within the mind, hearts and spirits of our European persuaded brothers and sisters, but it truly has affected every ethnic demographic upon the face of the earth to include us. I would like to call this dis – ease “The Superiority Complex” or “The Chosen”. There are Cultural and Ethnic demographics amongst us that have falsely induced themselves to either think that they are “Chosen” or “Ordained” by their vision of God to act out such dastardly acts such as Racism, Classisms and Bigotry. We even find evidence of this distorted belief within our own community and we use Hair Textures, Complexions, Size and everything else we can find to elevate our own esteem and illusory character about that of our neighbor and our Sisters and Brothers.

My prayer is that we as a Humanity awaken. We further believe that it starts with paying forward some truths unto the next generation that they may know of the circumstances and environment we now endure. I further assert that we as a humanity owe Truth to the future that every child may know of their true worth and not that which has been fed unto them by those who have not in their agendas, the welfare of our community.

Thank You

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Preface

I was not born knowing what Racism was. Little did i know that life would be educating me along the way. I finally got it, because some benevolent person named the behavior for me, that helped me to better understand it. I am thankful . . . I do understand that my Ancestors suffered much because of the behavior this term identifies, and much of their personal and collective sacrifices were made in hopes that i, we, would not have to experience that which they did. We are not the only ethnic or cultural group to be ostracized, persecuted repressed, suppressed or oppressed because of our differences, no, however it is so much easier for us to be singled out because of these same differences; primarily our skin color.

Many lies have been told in History to support the ongoing popular attitudes of our lack of worth by a White Institution that promulgates such attitudes. This includes the writing of History to exclude the monumental contributions we as a people have made towards the Human Civilization. Our hopes with this Literary offering is that we impart another perspective of a truth that is indigenously that of our own.

In these offerings between the covers, you will read a diverse offering from the souls of the writers contained herein. For every Poem, Story, Essay shared here, there are countless untold stories and unshared perspectives that may yet have a profound effect on our direction and posture as a people of color.

My hopes for this work is it will stimulate your minds and spirits to become keenly aware of the differences and thus learn to not only effectuate change where you can, but to come to a realization that you must know your own history. This is not about educating just our community, but the community of all of Humanity. In doing so you are empowered, we all are empowered.

Thank You.

Bless Up

William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

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the simple act of reading a book,
is what empowers our Children's future !

~ wsp

Black Male~d

The Black Male Writers

inner child press, ltd.

The people that persecute us, demean us, marginalize us, criminalize us do so out of the fear of us. They understand succinctly that there will come the day when the people of color shall again rule their known World; Physically, Mentally and Spiritually.

My only prayer is that we will stand erect, and purge the sickness within and continue to set the example of what humanity should be in all aspects.

'just bill'

Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

aka

H. Rap Brown

Black Male ~ d

To be successful in struggle requires remembrance of the Creator and the doing of good deeds. This is important because successful struggle demands that there be a kind of social consciousness. There has to be a social commitment, a social consciousness that joins men together.

H. Rap Brown



I seek truth over a lie; I seek justice over injustice; I seek righteousness over the rewards of evildoers, and I love Allah more than I love the state.

H. Rap Brown

Holy-Cost

Some crimes can never be forgiven son, this is one/Holy-Cost/40 year pause on the cause...Revolutionary-High-Ate-us. . . Battle Call.. .Sa-bat-l-CaIL. if not for the love of Allah ... I don't care nothing bout none of y'all/Murder Rap!?!/Everybody wanna.. . Murda Rap/Take the word ... of Rap/Like they never heard of Rap/Rap Double Entendres ... Illuminating Thoughts like ... Son-rays/My ellipsis... ain't never... slip say's/Riff'n over ... stolen defeat...the quiet of...noise... too loud for the beat/Message to the heart..hard to... Ear/No hubris allowed as I step away from the ... crowd/no self-aggrandize-ment, meant...war is "The King's" Final Argument/Remembrance of the Creator's Divinity ... A drink of Infinity ... Sublime instructions beamed into Genetic Memory/Back by ... Hostile demand ... Down by Law...What made you think Rap ain't raw/to Exist ... is to ... Resist/Joker Conspirist Theorist say... Rap, why so serious/Co-InTel-Pro Shout-Out shouda took the doubt out/Last Brother Alive from the Start'N Five/Allah's slave from the womb to the tomb ... now nobody leave the room ... without Exit Wounds/from the Prophetic to the Pathetic/Rap and hip-hop ain't the same/Rap educate ... hip-hop entertain/Truth is a Trust/falsehood is a treason/Truth is the Cry of' All...But ... the Discipline ... of the Few/There is no Worse Lie than Truth ... Misunderstood ... by those who say they knew/Rap is the Door hip-hop came through/4O year pause on the Cause ... now Window's Accusing the ... Door of Abusing the Wall/Love it or leave it, Allah's slave on Top/Without Rap ... Ain't no hip-hop/identity Theft Thieves ... Rap Fake ID's ... LP's and CD's ... Chop-N-Up ... Fee-sees ... for cheese/Gutta utterance for financial furtherance/Per-per traitors ... Pay-Per view Paper Traders/Paper Traitors take the word of Rap ... like they Never heard of ... The ... Lyrical ... Murderer/The nerve of these nerderers/If y'all stunt'N and swagg'N like y'all claim ... how come the game ain't in your name/Rap Against the ... Fed ... and Point-spread ...I don't Dance or

Black Male ~ d

Sing ... Name still all up in they Music Hall of Fame/Rap Fund-da-Mental-list ... G-Hard DissMetaphorist/ Write-U-Us Rhymes/Married to the Word ... Hooked on Phonics, Ebonies is Euphonics/Trespassers try to see pass my past ... wired receivers, underachievers ... try'n catch my pass/Rite-of-Pass-age ... Rhyme Sage/Write of Past-age ... the Middle Passage/ ...Right of Rage/I passed through the Past ... so ... I passed/ “we survived the hard blow and I want you to know... you’ll face us at last”/fl let the ... “N”sult Pass/Judged by some hit ... from some ... counterfeit clique ... cause I’m cool like this/the last shall be first and the first shall be last ... Now let the Alpines Blast/Words of Clarity ... Verbal Dexterity/Ever Clever in this Endeavor ... Rap on Another Level/Survival is a Crime when you’re the target of the devil/the Sword and the Pen are Twins/Remembrance of Allah is my only ... Friend/Now take heed ... as I make the pen Bleed/Dance’N wit the scars ... the People Choice ... the Brother wit the Muscle in his Voice/Toast to toast ... from coast to coast to all you ... Hataz who thought I was Ghost/Audio-Illusionist ... losing it, use’n my name and abusing it/Hataz thought I was gone cause I step back from the microphone/... pause/so MC’s and Fem C’s who, grew up late. Blew-up late, could get dey SWERVE ON/they didn’t know my mic was still on/kill the lights ... dead dey mic/I got lame noses open like ... Breathe Right/Mic Check Mic Check ... Might check ... MC’s and Fem-sees on stage Grab’n dey crotch like they... Groin-e-col-o-gist/ “N”-crotch-ment ... colabos/Co-I-tus Inter-ruptus ... Syl-la-Bling ... Silly-Bust/Syllabus... real Pusillaninous/Trynna hit a straight lick wit a crooked stick Mess-age-N-da-Mu-sick/Brown Vs Bored of Mis-Education/Miss Educate-Shown ... “N”-doctrj-Natjon Genocide/ “Neutral Education” ... Education is Never Neutral/Cultural Dependence brings with it ... Economic and Political Dependence ... (slavery) odd-I-see the Odd-Dacity/Scholars for Dollas ... Mass-D-Bait’N Bout the Best ... Ma Trick-U-Late “N”/Euro-sjn-trjx. MasteT-bajt’N Cultural Fantasies/Produce “N” Anglo-phile N-

Black Male ~ d

sanity/Paralysis of Analysis, Mental Prosthesis ... Vulture of Culture ... Evil-loution of the species/Failed state ... Euro-sin-trix separation of Church and Ape/Plan-it-of-the-ape ... Color Bigotry and Hate/Belief in ... The Deity they seek to Eradicate/Nation-State ... the idol they venerate/Diss-belief they celebrate/A Beast raised from the Earth ... The naked ape speaks to the disbelievers and seal their fate/Un-Holy Materialistic bargains, Fig Leaves sewn together to cover spiritual organs/the Devil's greatest trick is to make you think he don't exist/the "Original Sin" ... Forget' N his own Origin/Miss'N Ink is the Missing link/White~BRED and WHJNE ... Breed all about It/Ask-us-of-Evil ... Euro-P-N-Union/Coalition of the Willing/ ... U.N.? euro-BP'N-jn the Gulf/Righteous Rage against euro-sin-trix war crimes and death brigades/conscious struggle against this beast wit the Nuclear teeth/Too Apocalyptic, Armageddon ... I'm-a-get'N-Loud, snatch the cover off this war crime crowd/Some Crimes Can Never be Forgiven Son ... this is One/Holy-Cost/Dear Momma ... too many Kings-Dumb-Come ... Chase'N Cruci-Fiction ... and throw'N Hail-Mary's Son ... Die-Man crosses and ... G's-us-chains Ride'N So-Lo in the Car Pool lane/In Peace Strong! In Battle Strongest!!! I come to settle this mess/There'll be peace in the East before there is Rest in the West/Euro-Sin-Trix ... Civjlized? ... the Sucka Lied !/Slavery ... the Audacity!/Some Crimes Can Never be Forgiven Son, this is one/Holy Cost!!!

Allah's Slave

Jamil Al-Arnin

In Peace Strong! ... In Battle, Strongest!!!

This Affair

From: ALLAH's Slave Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

To: Those Who Would Successfully Respond and Resist

Verily in Yusuf and his brothers are signs for lessons] for seekers [after Truth]

He said: O my Lory! The prison is more to my liking than the evil to which they invite me. Unless you turn away their trap from me, I (in my youthful folly) may feel inclined toward them and be of the ignorant."

~ Qur'an 12:7 & 12:33

I can find only three places for a righteous man in an evil society; on the battlefield fighting his enemy; in a cell imprisoned by his enemy; or, in his grave free from his enemy. Outside of this, I find hypocrisy!

The Prophet (pbuh), in making reference to Islam. called it "*This Affair*". **Conscious struggle is predicated upon the success of "This Affair".** This Affair is a consciousness of The Will and Plan of '*The Creator*' and a joyful submission to that Will and Plan. Islam, from the root word *Aslama*, which means 'he gave up, surrendered or submitted...' is the consciousness and rational submission of the limited human will to the Absolute and Omnipotent Will of '*The Creator*' ALLAH. This Affair is a deliberate, conscious and rational act of remembrance. The word which means human (*lhsan*) has as its root word (*Niysan*) which means forgetfulness. You can only forget something that you know The knowledge of man and his Creator (since man did not make himself) must be something known to man There is no forgetting what you don't know.

True commitment demands consistency, this is firmness of purpose. The correct response and resistance to prison conditions, and any condition of oppression is Truth. Truth and falsehood will always be in conflict, and Truth must always win in the end (for it is as ALLAH wills). He has willed that His Truth will triumph through the deen of those who surrender in His Will. Truth is a trust... falsehood is a treason.

Black Male ~ d

The lack of faith will crush you far more than any defeat ever could. The proof of faith is in struggle. Every claim must, and will be, tested. Belief or faith is the bedrock of conscious struggle. Belief is as much an integral part of the human makeup as the intellect (mind) and physique (body); it is the bridge that spans action and non-action, resistance and acquiescence, struggle and resignation. Reality cannot be learned by the intellect alone. It must be comprehended by the total personality (nature), by the imagination (mind), the soul-and the body (mind-fuII-ness)...human revolution ('sickness wit de quickness').

Belief, in any lesser or more quality may assume any given value or set of values. What is the value of one who says he does not believe? Is that not his belief? Values based upon incorrect belief are incapable of producing the moral incentives to bring about the human ascension that is necessary for a truly revolutionary progression. Without a divine criterion, belief in any lesser or more quantity may assume any given value or set of values. Murder of other tribes in the name of progress is, for some, a culturally accepted value ... a belief. Bigotry and hatred has its own way of pretending righteousness and virtue. It is belief in The Creator that gives us an understanding of His creation including ourselves, i.e. the human.. To be healthy, our life must be molded and shaped by a high moral system which can have no basis in its application except that it is favored by The Creator.

The real difference between mankind is not race or place of birth it is only the correctness of belief The real qualitative difference of the human; by divine standard is not gender, color, bloodline, nationality or tribe... is the quality of belief. The Creator says He has created the human as one race (all come from two Adam and his mate Hawwa/Eve) The primal difference of the human is belief and gender (believers and non-believers male and female) "*and He divided them into nations and tribes that they may get to know each other, not that they hate each other.*" **Qur'an 49:13** The Prophet (pbuh) said: "*The best amongst the human is the one with the best behavior.*"

This Affair - Part II

From: ALLAH's Slave Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

To: Those Who Would Successfully Respond and Resist

ALLAH says, He will not change the condition of people until they change that which is in themselves; only ALLAH rekindles the spirit so that they burst forth like springs, so that nations may be built around them. ‘This Affair’ is the way those who are exiles in spirit define themselves in terms of themselves and not someone else. This is the response and resistance to tyranny and oppression. The Prophet (peace be on him) said, “If you imitate a people, then you are of that people.” Racism and its manifestation in self-hate, systematically verifies itself any time a slave can only become “free” by imitating his master. There is no such thing as “neutral education.” Cultural dependence brings with it economic and political dependence (slavery). James Baldwin said that language itself enslaves: “the principles upon which the oppressor’s language has been constructed form part of the architecture of the oppressed prison.”

ALLAH says, “Tyranny and oppression are worse than slaughter.” Humanity is slaughtered by its faith in ideologies (the science of dreams). The ignorant listen and in their deafness accuse The Creator of being silent; they look and in their blindness, they think that The Creator does not see. Their faith is the sleep that chases dreams. Coper wrote: *“oars alone cannot prevail to reach the distant coast, the breadth of heaven must swell the sail, or all the toil is lost.”* Justice is a master virtue, no light matter, no nicely calculated less or more, no civil rights issue, just Truth as it prevails over falsehood. The state can’t give you “freedom” (humanity) and the state can’t take it away!

Truth is the cry of all, but the discipline of the few.. there is no worse lie than Truth misunderstood by those who say they knew. Truth is a trust, falsehood is a treason. Truth is absolute... Truth is never relative. The ‘Golden Rule’... “He who makes the rule, Rules!” The Creator makes the Rule for creation. To speak the truth is a part of faith (belief). “In the time of universal deceit, to speak The Truth is a revolutionary act.”

Every claim must and will be tested... Faith (belief) is a claim. Our faith must be tested. Again, faith is the bedrock of conscious struggle:

Black Male ~ d

“Be sure We shall test you with something of fear and hunger, some loss in goods or lives or the fruits (of your labor) but give good news to those who patiently persevere. Who say when trouble comes: “To ALLAH we belong and to ALLAH is our return.” These are the ones on whom (descend) blessings from their Lord and Mercy: and they are the ones that receive guidance.” : Al Qur'an : 2:155-1 57

“Those whom ALLAH (in His Plan) wills to guide - He opens their breast (heart) to Is/am. Those who He wills to leave straying - He makes their breast (heart) closed and constricted, as if they had to climb up to the skies. Thus does ALLAH (heap) the penalty on those who refuse to believe. This is the way of your Lord, leading straight. We have detailed the signs for those who receive admonition.” : Al Qur'an 6:125 & 126

So the deen (debt, religion, way-of-life, duty) of the human is Islam. Islam, the word,~ has as its root word ‘Aslama’ which has as its root two words ‘Salm’ - peace, and ‘Sum’ - submission. This [peace] is the linguistic meaning (Salm) and the shareeah (jurisprudence) meaning conveys “he gave-up, surrendered or submitted and obtained peace” (Silm). The deen (debt, religion, way-of-life, duty) is the conscious and rational submission (surrender) of the limited human will to the Absolute and Omnipotent Will of ALLAH, The Creator.

Islam is a consciousness, by the human, of the Will and Plan of The Creator; and a joyful submission to that Will and Plan... by intentions and action, word and deed; to develop the human spirit and remind of the human's forgetfulness; conscious struggle is an inescapable reality. True commitment demands consistency. This is firmness of purpose. Umar ibn Al-Khattaab (ALLAH be pleased with him) said: “The Messenger of ALLAH (peace be on him) said... “Surely, all actions are but driven by intentions (al-niyyah) and, verily, every man shall have but that which he intended...: Conscious struggle, at its highest level, is purification of niyyah (intentions).

This Affair — Part III

From: ALLAH's Slave Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

To: Those Who Would Successfully Respond and Resist

All praise is for The Creator and all thankfulness. And this spirit of thankfulness, appreciation and gratitude must be extended to His creation. It is the deen (i.e. the duty, the debt, religion, the way of life) of the Muslim. The word deen is translated as all of these meanings

ALLAH Ta'Ata (The Exalted) has said: "For by His remembrance are hearts made tranquility. : Qur'an 70: 27 & 28 and...

"And those who fear the displeasure of their Lord – for the displeasure of your Lord is the opposite of peace and tranquility." Qur'an 13:28

It is in light of this understanding that we as physical, mental and spiritual beings obtain peacefulness of the heart; and in this life that is the greatest treasure we can acquire. For peace (a tranquil heart) is the root of happiness. The opposite of peace is not war, for in war one can be at peace. For to partake in war, Fee-sa-bee-lillaah (in the Cause of ALLAH), one must be at peace. One of the Divine Attributes of ALLAH is 'As Salaam' (The Source of Peace). The word Islam is lexically related and this word is also used in greeting, saying farewell and in ending prayer (the salaah). One of the names of paradise is 'Dar As Salaam'.

ALLAH is logically necessary (for creation without a Creator is illogical). The human being that has been created, fashioned, controlled and nourished by The Creator (AL [the] LAH [Diety]), is contingent (not logically necessary). The human being did not create herself/himself and is therefore governed by laws put in place by his Creator. So, belief (faith), life, death, breathing, eating, sleeping, parent, a mate, gravity, etc all are laws and conditions that are acts of submission

Black Male ~ d

ALLAH said “*And indeed We created the human (Adam) out of an extract of clay (water and earth). Then We made him {the offspring of Adam} as a nutfah (a mixture of male and female sexual fluid) in a safe lodging [womb of the woman]. Then We made the nutfah into an object that clings. Then We made the clinging object into a chewed-up looking lump. Then We made out of that chewed-up lump bones. Then We clothed the bones with flesh. Then We brought it forth as another creation. So, Blessed be ALLAH, The Best of Creators.*”

Qur'an 23: 12-14

The Qur'an was revealed 1400 years ago. Yet, the concept of the human embryo being formed in the stages from the simple to a more complex life-form is a completely new development in Eurocentric knowledge and science, first advanced by Wolff in 1839 A D

Abdullah ibn Masood (may ALLAH be pleased with him) said: “*The Messenger of ALLAH (peace be with him) - and he is the truthful, the believed — said to us ‘Verily, each of us is brought together in his mother’s abdomen, for forty days. Then, it is therein a clinging object during this period. Thereafter, it is a lump looking like it has been chewed. It is in this period that an Angel is sent to him...’*” **Sahih Al-Bukhari.**

This Affair PartIV

Being oppressed is a conscious experience. The worst form of oppression is . . . self oppression: Free-Dumb! Islam is the way those who are exiles in spirit define themselves in terms of themselves and not someone else. The western social contract “education” (the propagation of Eurocentric Exploitation by irrationalization: N-to-lecture-yall-mass-da-bait-n). There is no such thing as... “Neutral Education”. Cultural dependence brings with it economic and political dependence (slavery). Slaves are trained! The perfect slave is the one who is trained to “think” he or she is “free”. What better way to make a slave out of a man than give him the vote..., and call him “free”. “If vot-ing.. .vote-n could change the system, it would be illegal.” ‘Freedom’ (Humanity) is something you’re born with, and then one day someone tries to take it deny it. The extent to which you resist is the extent to which you are ‘free’.

Be sure We shall test you with something of fear and hunger, some loss in goods of lives or the fruits (of your toil) but give good news to those who patiently persevere — who say when trouble comes: “To ALLAH we belong and to Hiiis our return. These are the ones on whom (descend) blessings from their Lord and Mercy and they are the ones that receive guidance.” ~ Qur'an 2:155-157

Belief or faith is the bedrock of conscious struggle. Of what spiritual value is one whose... belief is... they don't believe? Is that not their... belief? Or a belief that The Creator's divinity is from what He created. How can ALLAH be from what He made? It is belief in The Creator that gives an understanding of His creation including ourselves, i.e. the human. Conscious struggle begins with remembrance. The need for conscious struggle is an inescapable reality. The Creator says, “We have created man for toil and struggle”, i.e. in the embrace of hardship... the struggle of all mankind, [Kabad] common struggle. However, this Affair, conscious struggle, is above common struggle and is best liked by The Creator (Struggle for The Pleasure of [The God] ALLAH).

The Prophet (pbuh) said, “All humans are born on ‘Fitrah’, [fitrah...with a nature that is inclined to do that which is natural]... But their parents make them... other things (meaning the environment reshapes them... makes them forgetful — unmindful). But you can only forget what you know-. You cannot forget what you don't know. The word which is translated as ‘Human or mankind’ has as its root the word ‘Nisyan’. Nisyan means ‘Forgetful’. Hence, a part of human nature (character) is that he is forgetful. So before any human soul comes into life, The Creator makes it bear witness concerning itself to His Divine Oneness by saying, “Am I not your Lord?” to which you said . . . Yes !

"When your Lord drew forth, from the children of Adam [i.e. all humans] from their loins their descendants, and made them bear witness concerning themselves (by saying), "Am I not your Lord (who cherishes and sustains you)?" They said: "Yes we do testify!" (This was done) so you should not say on the Day of Judgement: "Of this we never knew." Or that you should say: "Our fathers before us may have taken false gods, but we are (their) descendants after them, will you destroy us because of the deeds of men who were unmindful?"

Qur 'an 7: 172-173

From time immemorial the human has within himself struggled to remember... his origin and purpose. This is because the soul has been indelibly marked by his knowledge of his Creator. So, for the human to be successful (to obtain peace in this life and soul satisfaction in the next), it must have a deen (duty, religion [Way of life], method) that reminds and brings about remembrance of the souls covenant with The Creator. *Ibadah* (worship) is the dedication of the soul to belief (belief can be either correct or incorrect, but every soul Is endowed with belief). This is why ***the only*** unifying principle of humanity is *Laa Ilaaha ill-ALLAH* (There is no god except ALLAH).

Black Male ~ d

“there is no in between, you are either Free or you are a Slave,
there is no such thing as second class citizenships . . . that's like
telling me you can be a little bit pregnant.”

H. Rap Brown

June Barefield

GRATIS

“A generational epidemic, now firmly set in stone...”

In the 21st century the Black Male's only response to the happenings within his life, in my opinion is anger. How could the collective masses of Black men in this country not be angry? The city streets in this country are battlefields, and we are being slaughtered. Admittedly, the annihilation of the Black Male is being perpetrated mostly by himself; upon himself. And so we gather together in our three piece suits; with our three piece minds, and we reason together. We call upon our prophets, and philosophers; our teachers, and poets, men of industry, and finance, and we put each other off with our platitudes around some table in a civil discussion without percussion. These men come into the cities across this nation from everywhere except the city; although there are those times where these men do allow the brothers walking the beat; so to speak, to actually speak their piece. Another obscene panel of brethren fed up, and tired of the violence turning our youth into fiends of fury, and hate. Systemized, organized, and I dare say premeditated. An epidemic now, generational now; Firmly set in stone now...

In political arenas; them say, without that basic innate instinct which is anger there can realistically be no hope for the masses of the people; only more of an "Amerikan dream", while certainly achievable to some; for the majority of the Black Male's in and around the inner city is all but inconceivable. Come election day where all the powers of vice, and greed, and capital are one power; Where inside any district in Amerika the pundits, and pushers, the profiteers; Where every political puppeteer knows exactly to within one percent of the vote what the vote of their particular district will be, as witnessed by the debacle in Florida; within an hour's notice any result can be changed to fit the fancy of the aforementioned.

What's disheartening is the fact that we know the truth, but we feed the lie, collectively gorging ourselves off of the sentimentality offered up, not only within the confines of our own communities, but nationwide where time after time this sentimental out-pouring is equipped properly with everything but sacrifice, and our national consciousness remains a foreigner to any sense of unity. It(our nationwide consciousness) is a puzzle piece, placed and fitted accurately into the machine that is Amerikan society; nothing but a crude, ill equipped, fragile shell, and even that only lasts for a news cycle or two as we; the disenchanted, disenfranchised whole move on to the next phase of systematically, institutionalized set of circumstances driven by it's corporately controlled, profit based media. Thus, this "civilizing mission" is at base grounded in a profound state of instability where the would be citizenship of the Black Male in most cases is an unsustainable, psycho-effective, festering wound in the ongoing conflict at any attempts to politically, or legally assimilate this fellow. And rightfully so! This individual (The Black Male) is angry! Admittedly, there have been strides made towards the achievement of the once all powerful "Amerikan Dream" for pockets of blacks who have successfully navigated the trepid waters of the assimilation asylum here in this country.

By the turn of the 20th Century social reform was a dominant, increasingly popular theme for policy makers in what was termed "the war on poverty." At that time the migration

north of freed black men was barely underway, and at that time this proposed “war” in no way affected the plight of Black Folk; mostly I’d dare to say we were still considered only 3/5ths a human being! Today in any effort to outline specific needs inside the Black community; with the Black Male at its head, one would certainly place the economics of that particular population somewhere at the top of the list. Joseph Stiglitz, once senior vice president and chief economist of the World Bank admittedly stated that any suggestions made at that time, like now; have the feel of a “World Leader.” He goes on to admit that “they help to create a sort of dual economy in which there are allowed “pockets of wealth”... But a dual sort of economy is in no way a stable, or a developed economy. It is the ever ongoing development of these sort of dual, unequal economies that render poorer portions of any society much more vulnerable to a culture of conditionality. While the landscape of opportunity, and “choice” has certainly widened the scope, dual economies only widen the divides in worlds where uneven, and unequal conditions of development often mask the ubiquitous, underlying factors of persistent poverty, and racial injustices.”

I submit to you very humbly, that any economic reality that the “pockets of the people” have benefited from will never succeed in masking the human reality. Plainly put; what divides more often than not is what class, what race one belongs to. And while we have those who have successfully negotiated this labyrinth of inner city living, leaving behind those who remain to applaud their efforts in joining the economic infrastructure in Amerikan society, inoculated, and under the proper spell of the propaganda of the day, the question that remains unanswered is: What of the superstructure that’s infused them inside this nightmarish dream that has made their thinking the same as those who oppress the majority in communities across this nation? While the black aristocrat, the black technocrat is amongst the living, and thriving in his “pockets of wealth”, what he possesses is the psychology of a businessman, not that of any sort of captain of industry or finance. I say this to those outside of the population of people struggling to survive on a day to day basis who are being called upon to quell any sort of insurrection by the angry, black masses. Economics is a problem at the root of our struggles. The spending power, and economic will of any area is what drives it, but I submit to you that the most glaring problem the black male has inside, as well as outside of his community is identity. This epidemic of our identity is an ongoing generational curse, but more importantly than the barely surviving black males within the communities across this nation. The gang members, street corner hustlers and pimps, is the identity of this home grown, so called productive member of our society living comfortably outside the confines of the city streets. He is the police officer, the preacher, the public school teacher, school board members, and presidents, business men, council men, Mayors, and all the other assorted professionals called upon to speak on behalf of the people. This fellow has lost his way. It seems pretty apparent that Sir William Lynch is successfully still lynching the Black Male. You see, when you are successful in controlling what a man’s thought processes are, then whatever his actions are really do not concern you. There’s no reason to tell him to where to stand, or what to do; he will find his proper place, and there is where in most cases he shall remain. No matter what socioeconomic condition we as a whole have been

conditioned to, we have all been taught that “our place”, our success, our very existence provides that we reside, raise our families in safety, safely tucked away, and out of range of all the dangers of the inner cities. We wish to separate ourselves from all of the outrage, and despair that lives there. This dream our collective nightmare.

Saturday, November 15, 2014
10:54 AM

So today under the surveillant eye of our paternalistic keepers, and of course they’re willing black, successful, comfortably numb sycophants; there is rising at the grass roots a consciousness in the minds of Black Men, old and young that is instinctively rebellious. There is a transmutation occurring. The circles of systemized repression that separate the successful from the surviving are willingly being closed. Nationwide what the collective eye has been exposed to, and is beginning, however slowly to recognize is the fact that the upper caste, class Negro within our midst really is not in our midst at all. He does not live in the community, work in the community, and rarely; if ever, does he visit our communities. And while this scoundrel has been set apart, and set up as our shining example of truth, and fidelity; what he is in reality is a sort of administrative avatar who is called upon to calm the masses of the people whenever an injustice arises. He then re-introduces the notion of our common cause, our National destiny, and collective history.

Over and again what is kneaded in the consciousness of the people is this “peace” idea, and just as quickly as any momentum has been gained, it is lost in the constant dribble of sound-bite media ran in continuous cycles for the once justifiably angry protester. It is at this point where once again he falls into this cleverly orchestrated “we shall overcome” trap, set up by the same folk who set Dr. King up, and murdered him on that Memphis balcony at the Loraine Motel in Memphis TN in 1968. In Ferguson Mo I heard a young man speaking to a local media outlet claiming, and very rightly so that, “this is not your grandfather’s struggle”; as he called for action to what has come to feel almost like the requisitioning of murder for our citizens in the streets. The inner city streets. Where black citizens at the grass roots level are fixed as dyes in the personae of stereotypes whose ability to persecute creates in itself a sense of social death, vaporized in the eyes of citizens of other races, and our very own home grown narcissistic bourgeoisie black counterparts into this general climate, and opinion where the radicalized individual is seen as a threat, an infection, a symptom of what is lauded as our social decline, and again neutralized while being dissected under white eyes.

So today in the aftermath of our independence, and our hard fought civil rights victories of the 1960’s; in the street where the urban proletariat, the unemployed masses, the small community based artisans, and business owners have attempted without success to clothe himself in the emperors robes, and mimic his handlers frantically arises the notion of Black Nationalism. This man is gaining an understanding of the plans for him, along with his son’s. Plans to conduct his Nation’s menial labor, fight and die in his Nation’s illegal

wars; or waste his life away inside the now corporately controlled, for profit prison industry. A reawakening is occurring, slowly growing as it grinds, and growls inside the bowels of the people. I believe that all over the collective, as it pertains to the black male in our fair Amerika, there is an objective gaze being cast over ourselves by ourselves, and we are rediscovering our blackness if you will . All around the body politic in black Amerika, the black male; be he old or young, rich or poor can feel inside of himself this atmosphere of certain uncertainty. In his barely conscious mind he is tormented, and angry about his station in life, and this realization is permitting him to point the finger back at himself, understanding the fact that he is a black man who need not compare himself to the white man. He need not walk, talk, believe; or in any way for any reason mimic this fellow any longer. He knows instinctively that the murders, and the malice that confront him, and probably always will are his own fault. His obliviousness to his oppression, and inferiority complexes are being shattered, and his anger is but the first of many steps to climb out of the situation he is in.

This is his realization. A confirmation. His experiences are teaching him the lesson that the lobe- finned fish that has raised himself out of the squalor of the inner-city cannot lead him, and that his hard fought for emancipation was a compromise fitted to the curriculum of the day. He thanks his ancestors, and respects his Grandfather for his blood, and his sweat for his tears, and his life blood. He lifts him up, but inside he knows... The parameters have changed in our struggle today, and the hollow leadership outside of his community only reinforces the separation, and the tightening of the grip around his throat which has afforded him nothing. What we need this Black Male quietly tells himself is workers. Such workers bound together for the common cause of real liberation will bring about the change, and solve the problems that our so called “race leaders”, and intellectuals only talk about. Our current state to him confirms the fact that the large majority of Black Males in Amerika successful in putting the finishing touches of our best higher learning establishments are all but useless in the re-development of his people. Is he fearful? Yes. Does he have his doubts? Of course he does. But he knows that he has been black mailed, and he thinks it very strange that any friend of truth, or promoter of peace would not rise up against the present propaganda, and crush it. This man, this BLACK MALE is a man of peace, but it seems every time he speaks they are for war.

Letter to my Lil Nephew

There's a whole lot I cannot say to you right now Lil Chris. I don't believe you'd know how to take it at this point, so we'll wait for that conversation to reveal itself when the time is right. Selfishly, I am writing you because I have run out of conversation with my mother, and my father, and in many ways your mother as well.

I feel there is an opportunity for me to actually do some good in this little life of mine by having a positive influence on yours. What better way for a young man to grow than to have a perfect example of the road NOT to travel. Chris I won't preach to you, or give you another boring lecture on life, and the things you ought to do because when the rubber finally meets the road, your choices are your own. All I ask is that when you feel that you are all alone, and feeling confused; when doubt begins to creep in, and those thoughts bring only chaos you'd pick this little scroll up, and read it to sort of strengthen your resolve, and rekindle your faith. You see... What you are is a star! A jewel, a priceless human being, and you have been wonderfully made. You are one of a kind, but at times this life will test you. Life can be a bit unfair, empty; even cruel if you can imagine that! I'd like you to know that I may or may not be able to speak with you again-Ever. We are all young but once Christopher. There are no second chances at youth, or life in general for that matter. Just choose well Lil Chris. Choose well. Whatever you want, or wish from this life you may have. There are no set of circumstances, no boundaries or obstacles that you cannot overcome. I want very much that you believe this statement to be true. You may be who you choose to be, do what you choose to do, but always be at ease with your choices. Work hard, respect folks (all folks), and learn to find the good in all things.

I think it very fortunate for you to have a father who will do anything for you. One who will attempt to teach you all that he knows, but allow you the freedom to be yourself at the same time. And your mother I know would lay her own life down to see that your happiness is secure. They both know that being young sometimes is not an easy task, and that life itself brings its own challenges to bare. You'll have your share of insecurities, and questions to battle with. I used to wonder why my parents fought all the time. The older I got, the more I felt as if I was striving for something, anything that would please everyone but myself. And to myself alone, I would always ask why? I felt uncomfortable inside, but this "why" question is a vital one. A question you'll be asking yourself until that man comes back to get you, and take you to a better place. Don't ask the question constantly to only yourself Lil Chris. Speak to you father, your mother, a teacher at school, or trusted friend. You must be willing to discuss your feelings, and express your thoughts with others verbally. Happy thoughts are great! We are blessed when a good thought arises, and we share that thought with someone.

What's more important I feel is that you learn to discuss the not so happy thoughts. The thoughts that bring confusion, anger, and fear. When I was your age I was afraid of my father, and resented my mother. I always had to fight people because your grandmother is white. I never understood why that made a difference, and reacted wrongly because it confused me. It seemed as if every day it was something different trying to deal with my peers, but inside me it was the same confusion about who I was. So I learned how to fight, and when my mother came to school; which was quite often because I was constantly in some sort of trouble, I felt embarrassed, and insecure. At first I lost a lot of fights. I guess I wasn't angry enough. The more insecure I became about who I was, the more the anger inside of me grew, so I learned to fight so well that by the time I was in

high school I'd earned this "tough guy" reputation. Of course I had to uphold this façade. Fact is my insecurities where eating me alive, but I didn't know how to discuss them with anyone. I held them inside. I acted tough so that other kids wouldn't bother me, and to this day I have never shared these feelings with my own mother. That her being white made me feel uncomfortable because of the things people said. I remember instances where I would find my mother, and father actually speaking to one another without yelling. Often times they would speak on the racial injustices that they'd faced along the way, and it made me proud. It made me feel so good inside, but even this I was unable to reveal because I was afraid. I chose to live safely behind my façade of false bravado, and made up pride. I learned to live a lie, and in doing so put myself in a position where I found myself always trying to prove something. I proved nothing.

My mother, she was always concerned. She'd pick my brain for any information she could get. She even enlisted the help of a behavioral counselor, who I also shunned without prejudice! I put up a wall between us, played dumb, and learned to lie like a politician up for re-election. It did our relationship lots of damage too. I just never knew how to express what ravaged me on the inside, so on the outside I put in place this gigantic defense mechanism that was successful in keeping my own mother at bay, a safe distance from anything that would represent my true feelings. I felt in many ways as if I'd hurt her feelings if I told her. She was already constantly being degraded by your grandfather. You know I should have told her Chris. I loved her, and she was my mother. Time continually turns though, and as time passed that one insecurity that I kept secretly hidden in my heart festered like a really bad, untreated cut. It bled anger, confusion, bitterness & self-hate. In time it was normal for me to be in some type of trouble. As much as that seemed to hurt, and alienate everyone around me; at least I didn't have to reveal the truth about who I was, and how I felt inside. I became numb, and there is a certain comfort in numbness, but it never lasts. Now I'm no psychology dude, and I'll admit with complete honesty that I don't have a clue to what exactly it is that makes peoples little drum beat, but what I do know is that one must develop a sense of self-worth early on in life.

Individualism is what makes a good person better. We're all individuals, but in most cases teams of individuals run together like schools of the same fish, thinking, and acting alike; even speaking alike because of fear, and insecurity. Only the courageous individual will stand alone if that is what required of him; away from the crowd, and secure in his thinking because he has a positive, honest sense of himself. Be this individual Lil Chris. Share with others, but listen to the beat of your own drum, trusting the rhythm it provides to take you to where it is you need to go. Apprehension and fear kills your sense of individualism, and causes you to question your intuition. I have made this mistake over, and again.

It's an absolute certainty that there'll be moments of uneasiness, and fear. Your peers will attempt to put you in bad positions, and we all want to please people, but when you know in your heart that what you are doing is not right remember to stand. Maybe you become

unpopular when you choose to stand. People are opinionated. We all have our hopes, dreams, fears, infatuations, and imaginations. Know what yours are Lil Chris. Never jeopardize them to appease the crowd, and maintain some false sense of security remaining popular might provide. I was a very popular youth. Now I am all grown up, and I am alone sitting in a dirty motel room waiting on a person I only met a week ago to bring me narcotics to sell. I've got a gun in my lap, a beer on the table, and I am very afraid. Every-time the wind blows, or an adjourning door opens or closes I am on alert. Oh, I forgot to mention that the police are looking for me in my hometown. The same town I was so popular in. I have made terrible choices Lil Chris, and I must live with them now. I feel like I've been black mailed into my current state of being. Like there should be somebody to blame in order to justify my fate. Maybe so, but our fate is synced securely to the choices we make in this life. I'd like you to look up the word "individual". Remember what it says, and who you are. Do the right things now, and your future will be filled with goodness. You're a star, so shine Lil Chris. You cannot falter when you believe in yourself. I hope that one day when you've grown a little older, and your mother gives you this letter it will provide you with some measure of solace, and reinforce everything that is good, and right inside of you. B peace young man, and love yourself because I am sure that God does...

UNCLE

PS- I love you

Letter written in 1998 in the state of North Carolina while a fugitive from what they call justice. It was summertime.

4G3TNOT

Forget not
LAWS
made by lawless men
Never forget
Innocent men
Beautiful, brave Black brothers & Sisters
Rotting...
wasting away in the pen
Send a new message to the "Grass roots"
Tell 'em, say "Stand up B4 death!"
Let there be reason for all the times
in all the seasons

Fear not, be of good courage, and be not dismayed
Give your Son's & your Daughters something real
to believe in
Never Forget
BLACK
remains a threat
And if not why have so many premeditated recautions
been taken
in the name of JUSTICE
With all the murders & the malice confronting us
Why the magnified, official lies
covering up the truth
stirred in a pot
no longer melting, but still on fire
blowing up while it burns
where triangulated fires hit new targets
with old objectives; upon seemingly new relations
RIGHT HERE!
RIGHT NOW!
in this our UN-holy nation up under
Satan

Forget not
Those four baby girls in 'Bama
or the Chicago 6
Never forget Huey, and Assata
or every single nigga that has ever been lynched
Do not forget Cointellpro & Geronimo Pratt
the eradication of Black Nationalism
& Julio the rat
Remember?
All of our dope infested ghettos
the disparaging hookers in stilettos
The destruction
annihilation of Black Power &
J. Edgar Hoover with his menacing legion's
of official coward's
Forget not

While your tipping your hat's to Obama
giving thanx for his momma
Never forget his father
"or any of the other nameless ones who came before,
and are no more
To those who leapt to salty depths
to those who battled when all was lost
to those of us remaining who'll give birth to god's..."
Never forget

All of the unknown burdens carried in campaign upon campaign
where the Truth was irrelevant, yet...
Reverently they'd remain

Forget not
Those shot & imprisoned
on UN-substantiated charges
with immaterial facts, fabricated by
turncoats
still claiming 2B

BLACK
Ask yourself?
What exactly is the Patriot Act?
Ask yourself about all the mysteries now rervealed of your past
Ethiopia, Egypt
The first cataract?
Martin
Marcus
Medgar
Angela
Geronimo Pratt?
And Forget not to be appalled
For this our country
It runs on racism & hate
So...
Dress up[all your thoughts with faith, and love, and hope
And TRUTH

Then sharpen up your razors, iron out your blades, ball up your bullets
& if you must
THEN SHOOT!
Just do not forget.

THE YOUNG WOLF

We come into this world protected, and pure. Simple, and beautifully vacant of the containments that the world most assuredly will provide in time. We enter this life miraculously human; God's gift, free of corruption or the conditioning that soon shall be inherited, mimicked, and brought to bear upon all we touch, anxious to uncover the "meaning" of things, full of desire and yearning; with the putrid matter of what we're told matters, accompanied by want, and the depravity of success for secular excess. Born into iniquity, raised up in sin. A necessary evil transcribed so eloquently, written on the hearts of men. This is where we begin. From sheltered to shattered, and then back again. All men... But the black man? The Black Male? He's received his proper training for doing his due diligence for citizenship here in our fair Amerika. If he can accept his peasantry, and maintain the docility of his training, shuffle his feet to the status quo on rhythm then he may exist.

There certainly is no shame in that if one is a patriot; perhaps even a deluded sense of joy. But at some point before his acceptance of his life, filled with the menial mind bending masturbation of his appointment, he is filled with questions, and curiosity about who exactly he is, and what this life has to offer him. And there are roads. Roads and

paths everywhere stamped into his brain, being washed machined in, and then out again by the programming on his television set; they offer him ecstasy, but afford him only misery. The faint tremor, and humming of far off drums sinking, and swelling faintly still gather inside of him from time to time, but he cannot recognize them; nor has anyone ever reminded him of his regal, dignified, majestic beauty, and purpose for this world. He is roped off in areas where the populace is all of him. Not the “him” he was born to be, but the person he has been made to be. An object among other objects, anxious to uncover the meaning of things, and somehow be at the origin of the world; without having a true understanding of his own origin. The vertigo inside of his soul spins, and spins inside multiple orbits; none of which he may own. His confusion remains ongoing, turning to resentment, and finally bitterness. He is a Black Male in Amerika! And not only must this black man be black; he must be black in relation to the white man.

When I awoke this morning early, I rolled over and felt it very necessary for some reason to look outside of my window. I had dreamt. A deep, yet unsatisfying dream that left me somewhat anxious, and fearful of something... I rolled over, placed my feet on the floor, stepping on one of Kaleb’s toys, quietly cursing myself, and curiously peered out of the bedroom window. Here in the slim light of dawn is where this strange sort of preoccupation took place, before even I’d been given the opportunity to put a batch of java on, and inhale the sweet aroma of the brew. Something inside was troubling me as I peer out of this tiny city apartment window where I observe what seems to be three very dark figures, shadows shapes in the form of dogs. Coyote’s perhaps? No, wolves! Wolves in the city you say? Well dammit that’s what I saw! Dead smack in the center of the inner city where we pity the un-pretty, and it seems, at least to me that Love has no Love for the peasantry. You can imagine my shock, and awe, but here they were on somebody’s private land, across the street from somebody else’s private land. You see, we own nothing where we live. Those that do make it out of these concrete jungles, and wilderness’s make a bee line somewhere, anywhere away from here. To think on this only fleetingly; with all we’ve been conditioned to believe about opportunity in a land responsible for our enslavement, and murder, and countless atrocities on all manner of people; not inclusive to the Natives of a land I refer to as the New Babylon is just par for the course. A course not afforded the majority.

Why would you ever want to live in an area where you’re not respected as a man, where you are constantly under surveillance; controlled, patrolled, still being sold to the highest bidder for a slave wage given to you out of the kindness of your benefactor’s heart. Escape! The idea of the “talented ten percent” of us making these wonderful exodus out of the occupied territories of our neighborhoods is as sparse as the idea of wolves sauntering eerily outside of my window on this briskly, snake bitten morning. Shit it’s the first time I’ve ever seen wolves outside of my little window pane! Or is it? A sense of deja-vu’ briefly washes over me, and just as quickly it vanishes. Around these parts the only thing we may compare with wolves are young Black Males! Hated are these wolves I speak of, but misunderstood. An image of the BIG BAD WOLF comes to mind as he threatens to eat the little, lovely, innocent Red Riding Hood. I capture in my mind’s eye

young Trayvon Martin walking home from the store in his hood. But wait a minute; that can't be right! Misunderstood, feared, dangerous, and menacing is this BIG BAD WOLF! Even in beautiful places like Montana, and Idaho where you'd expect this might just be a feasible possibility, the hatred of such a wonderfully made, sorely discredited creature of God perplexes me. How can one possibly explain the vitriol for this hundred pound cousin of man's bestest buddy! Personally I have an inordinate fondness for the misunderstood.

The little BIG BAD WOLVES in my neighborhood one can observe yipping excitedly from time to time, wishing, and hoping against hope that one day it might morph into the scornful, morning howl of full grown wolves. Maybe we might contact one of them suits in congress, or the senate; possibly Mr. "A change you may believe in" himself, and request that these improperly understood young beasts of burden be placed on the Endangered Species list. They're certainly being shot in record numbers as if they are themselves killing off some rich man's livestock. Consider this ogre's bumper sticker? "Save a wolf, shoot a nigger!" Hunted down are the hunted. Perhaps a request of this nature might bring relief to the mothers, and fathers whose children are being slaughtered? In my heart I sense that these little BIG BAD WOLVES will endure. And while the wolf is in the pack, when the pack is steady dying; my own selfish sort of predilection is that the hunted smarten up, and become the hunter. That would be a cause for celebration, minus any cork popping, or booty twisting reminiscence of the debauchery our recent past; being reported so clearly, minus any bias at all by Amerika's propaganda machine on the evening news. The lack of any empathy for the local inner-city proletariat Black Male from outside of his community; or outside of himself is not surprising; it is the status quo. It's so vividly clear to me in my dreams where I can see spots of time, and space awaken the cadaver inside of our minds, and create a way forward for our young wolves.

Those of us who live, and laugh, and love closest to the animals are the animal's only hope in rediscovering his humanity. I say that knowing full well that thousands will be shot year after year, and die. I look out my window this morning knowing that we must unite and find a way together in the short term to buy our wolves some time. Educate him about his true nature, and his capacity to love, and grow, and be vibrant because the wolf hunt never stops. We must give this young wolf the opportunity to howl again. We must cajole, persuade, elicit, flatter, flog, fight & die if need be! By any means necessary!! So as the sun rises this morning, I recall my disturbing dream, and I watch as my mischievous young wolves glide through a set of trees across the street. They are gone. Silently I pray that they return someday. I pray that they are safe out here in this concrete wilderness that is their home. I breathe deeply as a dog bellows, and barks in the distance. Perhaps he was alerted by the young wolves this morning as well? Who knows, and who amongst us will live to tell? I sit and linger a while longer inside of my dreamy eyed thoughts, and aspirations anxious no more. The early fear of my dream disappears into the mist as the sun rises higher, and higher so majestic, and bright. My longing is only for

action. Many amongst us take no action, because they distrust the young wolf. Not I. My trust in him is complete. I love him. I am him. We are one, and survival is our life.

FOR MY SOUL

A prayer from the redeeming process.

In the most precious name of Jesus, The Christ, I pray. Father; it is written in your Holy Scriptures that for everything that exists under the Heavens there is a time. A time to be born; as well as a time to die. A time to laugh, and also a time to cry. Heavenly Father in these; these Last Days times- Father, Let me be a part of the solution, and not the problems. Allow me to turn to Jesus in all of my ways. Instill within me the courage, and the strength to the wicked, and unworthy ways of this world, while I am still in this world. Give me please, the wonder working power of your blessed Holy Spirit, and make me another torch that burns brightly for enabling others to accept the salvation that only you can provide. I know that this existence I have been blessed with is surely fleeting, and quickly at an end here on this earth, but until the time that you call me home Father, I give myself completely, and ask that you would guide, and direct my steps. Please Lord teach me, show me what exactly I may do for the glory, and the honor of Your Kingdom. Heavenly father give me the discernment I need to run this earthly race at Heavenly pace with godlike patience in love, joy, and PEACE. Would you please Father God, break down every idol, and cast out every foe that is so certain to show itself in an attempt to distort your message, and rob me blindly of my peace. I call on the anointment of vision in the name of Jesus; so that I may recognize the lie for what it's worth, and rebuke the lie for the glory of your Kingdom, and the salvation of my soul. Father God remove from me every burden, and destroy every yoke that is not of you, and will not live in you. Instead bind me together with love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, gentleness,

faithfulness, goodness, and self-control. Father, bind me together with your Love, and give me the strength to live as Jesus lived. March on I say- March on my soul, be strong! Heavenly Father you alone are the author, and finisher of my faith, the reason for my existence, you are the breath that lives, and breathes purity, and strength inside of my breath. From everlasting to everlasting, glory to glory, the Alpha, Omega, the beginning, and the end... They all belong to you. You alone hold the key. Father God in heaven, just as it be in earth. The infinite, omnipotent, unbounded, limitless ONE~, and I prostrate myself in worship for the glory of your heavenly kingdom. I give all the glory to you Father, and I thank you for the presence of the blessed Holy Spirit; that gives without limit, and sustains when nothing else will. I give thanks!

I ask that you appropriate your son completely with your armor, so that I might put off all the works of the flesh. In the name of Jesus, The Christ of Nazareth; I place His shed blood between me, and all of the accusations, and insinuations; the lies, and the distortion's that my enemy will use against me in order to steal my faith, kill my body, and destroy my eternity. Today Lord God in Heaven I stand into all the victory, which is the Life, the crucifixion, resurrection, and the glorification of my blessed Savior; knowing I have been given to you heavenly Father by only ~ONE spirit- I claim victory on behalf of that spirit, and lift up do I, the name which is far above any name I know. Hallelujah!!! Putting off all forms of fear, weakness, and wickedness; standing into the new nature with its strength, courage, and Love. Putting off all forms of deceit, haughtiness, and shame, standing firm in the new nature, provided by this blessed Holy Spirit in me! With all of its truth, humility, and honor. I honor you in the name of Jesus; Jehovah Nissi, my banner to the world, and my light- A true light that shines in the darkness. Thank you Jesus!

It's been written Lord, that your Spirit gives testimony to my spirit, and that I am a child of God, born again of the incorruptible spirit of the Word of God, which lives and abides forever. I will forever praise your Holy name.

I know something of war Father God. In times of war no man is discharged. I ask that you would use me in this spiritual war of attrition in whatever capacity that would please you. Your Word is living, and active inside of me Heavenly Father. Increase my territories, and expand my boundaries in order you might bring honor, where once only shame dwelled. I stand in victory! The victory which is the message of the cross in Christ Jesus, by Christ Jesus, and for Christ Jesus... I love you Heavenly Father; only because you first loved me, and through your grace you have set me apart, and sanctified this lowly vessel for a special work. Reveal to me now the specifics of my calling within your heavenly Kingdom. Prepare your son, and may the destination of my election be a holy, and obedient destination; so I might bring glory to your Name, that I too might pick up my cross, and carry it for the love of my God. Father God use me as you continue to shape, and to mold me into your image. My prayers are that this body of mine continue to be filled with your spirit, a vessel of your grace. Think into my thoughts, speak I to my words, and work through me channeling your merciful way, and unchanging love to

others. Father, bring my heart and mind in line with your will on this day; Thus bringing all imaginations, and falsehoods under complete subjection, and supplication.

Heavenly Father, Let it be, and so it is...

On Fire for the Lord !

In my eyes it is certainly perplexing, and I am joyfully astonished at how it is that our God in heaven can use a fellow like me; as unworthy as I be! As a representative of His love, and forgiveness there is no ambush, trap, or snare Satan can set that I have not been granted all power, and authority in heaven; in Christ to loose. I've been made an ambassador of Christ here on earth. I am in Christ, I work through Christ, and it is because of Christ, and the sacrifice he made for us all that I am made a representative of that love, through his shed blood. Therefore; I must also pick my cross up, and carry it through life, until death, and beyond. A walking, talking, living, breathing example of God's love- The only true God in heaven. Jesus, the anointed one has allowed I, even I, ambassadorship into his marvelous kingdom!

Now let us understand love. Put the popcorn away, and set the candy down! With sincere, and honest intentions towards truth; along with an ample dose of humility, can one come to understand God's love. The love I speak of is not the love we have come to swear by, and claim to cherish. Our human infatuations, and enchantments; our emotions is not the love I wish to emote, although coming to a place where this love is accepted, and lived can be quite emotional. No human sentimentality can compare. To know God is the only way we can come to understand love. His love is a tough love for those of us who were not brought up to recognize, and cherish this love. God's love cuts you, convicts you, and also passes sentence. Just as quickly God's love will heal you, regenerate you, and give to you a righteousness not your own, that will allow you to stand. Beloved, God is love, but love is not all. I find no human explanation, or description that can properly depict this love. To be loved of God is to make contact with the never ending, undeniable power of your spirit.

The rebirth of one's spirit; this contact with God appropriates you with a sort of spiritual flack vest; if you will, a coat of armor. Here is where you are protected, and have strength. If and when you are born of God, the evil one cannot touch you. Satan, once known in heavenly realms as Lucifer was cast down to this realm on earth, where he has been given dominion for a time. His is a game of deception, and manipulation. Look around! He seems to be hard at work in all worldly affairs, and the people who perpetrate his lie, for the most part; I'd say, are faithfully, but unknowingly going about his business. As children of the light, darkness has no dominion over us. Yes, it's true, the light does indeed shine in the darkness! And as a child of this light, born of an incorruptible seed, we must maintain that light until the day of completion. Satan was defeated that dreary day on Calgary, and what he aims to do is divert your attention, and trick you into believing that the message of the cross is unimportant at best. Certainly there are many truths in this world, but God's truth is the only truth that matters, and it is His love that will carry the load.

Christianity and the Black Male

In my household as a child religion was not taught, nor was it practiced. My mother put me in a Catholic school which I attended from the 4th grade through the ninth grade. She could not afford it, and my sister and I could not attend unless she had us baptized Catholic. I remember that she would work the Churches bingo hustle, and serve in the form of waitress at Church functions, and was active in all manner of custodial duties to the church and school in order to be eligible and have the means to pay the tuition. I'd return to my public education in the 10th grade, and drop out a year later anyway, but I do not think I'd be able to write these words today if it were not for the teachings there at Blessed Sacrament by the nuns, and instructors employed to educate me. My curiosity for God was started here where theology was taught, but contradicted in the home where my mother was the greatest cynic of religion I have ever met. Her reasons for having a Catholic education were practical enough; she wanted for us to be in an environment where we might just luck up and learn a thing or two! My experiences as an adolescent, and young adult were certainly not foreign to the environment in which I grew. I, like many others of the ilk sewn in those patches of the pedestrian working, and lower class AmeriKan society sadly enough at some point, discover that life will include periods of incarceration. Freedom is what I sought for my entire life up to this point. A freedom within me. A freedom that includes joy, and peace, and the confidence to just love. Ironically enough this freedom I would find behind the walls of a facility created to stifle all freedom. Today it seems as if "freedom" is almost a magic word. There have been four freedoms proselytized to the people since the Second World War by those who sent soldiers off to fight the tyranny of dictators in protection of our freedoms. They spoke of freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion. Freedom in one form or another has been a worldwide passion, encouraged and created at every level. Shrinks labor to keep patients free of inhibitions. Playboy, and Penthouse

carries the torch for sexual freedom. Campaigning politicians promise freedom from this or that social evil. Young nations look to Amerika as their shining example of truth as they seek freedom from overbearing neighbors. Artists and musicians seek freedom from the convention, and the corporate carrot dangled in front of them in an attempt to “brand” this freedom. We tend to think that money, and fame; or a number of women, or what we come to possess in this physical realm will bring us magically freedom. It is just not so. I had to first be crushed! I had to be placed in a position where all of my conflicting points of view were annihilated. I had to be wiped out as the human being I’d accepted and grown to be, in order that I be born again a new individual and free. This freedom is a process I believe. In Amerika the black male is sold, and knowingly accepts a bill of goods that have made his freedom of religion, like his education, and livelihood an imitation as we have learned very cleverly to mimic those who have given us this choice. Turned out bag and baggage where we have made the white man’s Christianity our own, singing “Amazing grace, how sweet the sound”; for sale in the marketplace of religious doctrine where the wolf has dawned the garment of the sheep.

Christianity. A form of religion practiced by millions, but as misunderstood and foreign as the image of our own faces. As unreal as gravity to the untutored so called “Savages” where all religion, and all men find their origin. We profess to live in an atmosphere of Christianity, yet our acts are as barbarous as ever. The scriptures teach love, but we hate; they teach forgiveness, yet we revenge, to be merciful, yet we punish and condemn, and still somehow we are Christians. I say that if hell is what we’ve been taught, then there will be more Christians in attendance than all the days in creation. For the black man in Amerika, to be a true Christian in the church perhaps is likened to being a “real nigga” on the streets! Either way the dogma that is the religious fervor today will have us all, Bishop, Pastor, Minister, teacher, and laymen meeting at the stroke of midnight around the fires of hell, minus the salvation we speak so fervently of. The paradox in the 21st century is beyond bewildering. Supposedly more than a third of the population as a whole claim to be born again but fail to impact our society which becomes sicker, and more demented, more corrupt, and delusional by the hour. Not the entire third. The portion of the black population that I point my curious, enraged, accusatory finger at are that same talented 10th within our population who continue to perpetrate what is the most egregious fraud against his people. For the moment I will set Spiritual authority, and the truth of scripture aside in saying that the black church has always been a great asset to the population. To this day I believe it to be part of the capital we must invest in to make its future. Who but the churches in our communities of old have had more success in matters of education within our schools, or providing the very forum for which the “highly educated” black man has made his gains? I think it very unfortunate that this class of Negro does not do more in the development of this institution right where he received it. By neglecting it they have thrown away something they have in order to obtain something that they think they need. And why is it that the more education the black male undergoes the less comfort they seem to have amongst their own? Somehow after receiving their theological degrees the evangelical groups in which they learned, and grew, and thrived in are abandoned for the higher esteemed, popular Negro churches where it seems, at least from my vantage point that their consciences are no longer held

captive to God's word alone. The story of Christ is over 5,000 years old. Educated men and women understand this and continue in the assimilation of the masses by way of their teachings. To my knowledge the Black church is the only institution that is controlled by us, supposedly for us. The dominant thought is to use the white man's dogma as a means to an end. So in chameleon like fashion the Negro has taken up everything religious that's come along instead of thinking for himself. His religion like his very identity is nothing but a cheap loan, a knockoff made in the image of the whites who enslaved him. The truth about the origin of the story of Jesus has been revealed, and is widely known. The story of the Messiah, stolen from African deity where Isis gave birth to Horus who performed miracles, healed the sick, and on and on. We have so adapted to our conditioning in the current age that what's taught are easy believe-ism schisms, and the cheap grace a pimp might offer to his hookers in the initial phase of their relationship together. We are most certainly all culpable, and obviously quite comfortable cursing every generation, and leaving them faceless without a God with whom they may identify with fully. Our Christianity appeals to the masses of the people in what is a materialistic, self-centered culture on own its terms, and to the black masses a mockery indeed! Religion is up and morality is down. I don't believe the authority of scripture to be some obscure issue reserved for the private debate, entertainment, and amusement of theologians, and scholars. The obscenity of the modern black church in Amerika is in the teaching. He who knows no obligation to do anything lives the saddest, most aimless, most distracted life of all. To be black in Amerika and Christian to boot, but not have an understanding of the scripture negates your fervor, and your religion becomes the sick masturbatory illusion offered on Sundays in the sanctuary. To give decisive direction is what authority is all about. The authority given the Black man who has been placed in positions of leadership inside of his church has become in my opinion another tool in the tool box of his oppressor. His authority has not in any way been used to build in the black man his own identity. How can he; this black male be a father in his home while a white one hangs on the wall, and this image is to whom he kneels in worship to? It's been my observation that the contemporary heresy taught in black churches by black men like "Give to God and he'll return your gift tenfold" or "become a Christian and God will give you perfect bliss and heal your stanky foot disease" are the accumulation of his life's learning, and the amalgamation of his fully assimilated mind state.

Personally I do not know what to call myself. The first 1500 or so words written in "For my soul", followed by "On fire for the Lord" were written many years ago while incarcerated, or shortly after my release. I wrote thousands of words in wake of my own personal revelation that God is real, and that my entire life up to that point I was dead in what they call sin. My supposition in writing them was not to bore you to tears, but to provide a rather confusing example of the process. Perhaps I am guilty of placing the cart before the horse, but I am but one example of the grooming, and false tutorship in a society that has lost its way. At the time I viewed my Jesus as black because of a pamphlet I'd received that portrayed him that way. Today I'd like to think my God is perhaps the color of water, and I question many things in the bible in which I have read, and re read, studied and prayed over. My unfaithfulness I pray for because I feel like

religion is a curse, and we as black people are the accursed in this nation. My convictions for Christ did not arrive from any Ivory towered institution of academia, but were formed from what I'd like to refer to as the front line trenches, behind walls where men grapple in hand to hand combat with the so called prince of darkness. I can remember our prison fellowships where the Bible was proclaimed as God's holy and inerrant revelation. I witnessed believers like myself grow, and discipleship deepen. I have come to a place where the word Christian bothers me because I have witnessed on the outside of those walls faith wither and die. This our "Christianity" without biblical fidelity. Merely another passing fad in an age of passing fads. In my opinion the issue is that clear cut. In communities across this nation you can find two or three store front churches lined up in a row where black men, and women indulge in heathen like practices that can hardly be equaled in the jungle somewhere singing "God save the King!" At least what we had in the jungle belonged to us. What we had in the jungle was pure. In the jungle where there were no bombs, no homeless, no stress, no sickness, no poverty, no crime rate, no pollution- In the jungle where they called us primitive, uncivilized savages. I cannot remember exactly where, but I heard a fellow once speak on religion as a whole. He said that if a person were able to somehow take all the religious books on the planet including our beloved bible and make a sponge of them, and then ring that sponge out then what would emerge from that sponge would be enough blood to fill the seven seas! I have given this old fellas statement many hours of thought over the passing years. Personally I think it has merit; however the better part of me believes that if religion of any kind can help build better young black men in our society today then so be it. The only thing we have succeeded in doing is to impart upon our youth the worn out, stolen, embellished theories of our ignorant oppressor. There was a time that it was our lack of knowledge that gave dominion over us. Today we are knowledgeable enough; it's just, we are content to borrowing another's morality.

I prayed today.

I feel like for the first time in my life God actually heard me and acknowledged my prayers. I know there iz life and love inside of me, and it speaks when it says; "I am reconciled to God, and I too am a joint heir with Christ." The same life giving spirit inside of me now sustains my breath, and guides this pencil to give testimony concerning a Napkin given to me out of the love of my God, from a man named Doug...

Today I went to court. On the ride aboard the Blue Goose, from the county jail to the courthouse, as is customary in relation to the female inmates, there was more than enough cackling, cajoling, and att calling. In this particular instance as is often times the case, the normal jailhouse banter got out of control as one brother tried to prove to another that he was "down for his", and wasn't particularly concerned with what anyone including the young lady in question felt. Anyhow, one thing led to another, and soon a HUGE white gentleman got involved on behalf of the lady whom he apparently knew, according to their conversation; herself being also a member of the Caucasian persuasion. The tiff between the two inmates quickly escalated into a racial WaR of words, the only containment being the physicality of the chains binding the inmates at the wrists and ankles, the cages which separated each group of twelve prisoners, and the presence of an armed guard seated in the back, who seemed at least to this point to be enjoying the farce. The brother who started the whole thing was fervently on the attack, attempting to prove his worth to a man known to me as "Tiger". Supposedly a West Side Blood gang member, whom I personally always had suspicions about. However; for whatever reason "Tiger" seemed to be impressed as he sat unabated, instigating the whole matter. The original loud mouth was nestled securely in a position where the BIG white fella' could not reach him. I must admit; at the time I wished he could reach him so that this fool who was seated directly in front of me would shut up!

Finally the bus reached his over-sized GIANT'S destination, which for whatever reason was not the county but the garage of the city jail where he would be housed until the time came for him to face what I've grown to term "The criminal Injustice system". Never the less as this fellows cage is being opened he gives a young Mexican American, Crip Gang member from the South side of the town instructions to spit in the face of the young black fool. With no more hesitation then it took the white GIANT to give the order was it

carried out. At the time I was sitting back doing all that I could do just to maintain my composure. I remember continually quoting to myself a scripture from the Book of Exodus fourteen, the thirteenth verse that says; "You need only to be still for the Lord will fight for you". Naturally I wanted to lash out because the fellow who started the incident was seated directly in front of me, and I had no fear of Tiger. As a matter of fact there was a time that I longed for conflict to arise between the two of us, and this seemed the perfect opportunity to test Mr. self proclaimed Blood Gang member. To this point I feel God's grace held me in my seat and sealed my lips, while my thoughts remained a mixture of the word He had given me, and my own hearts desire which seems to keep me inside places like this; fighting with this rage inside of myself.

Up to this point the altercations motivators and instigators were all the way across the bus from another. Though they were loud, and annoying there was no physical contact minus an occasional thump by one of its participants on the cages that separated them. However; as soon as the young Spanish gentleman spit into the face of the "want to be" Blood gang member this quickly changed as they were separated only by the iron of the cage which divided their seats one behind the other. Certainly at this point the venom of the young Black male's false bravado, and his eagerness not to lose face in front of Tiger is now amplified up another level, and beyond control. He begins to pound on the cage facing his new rival whom is now at least within spitting distance. So the two of them curse one-another , spit flies back and forth through the cages landing on any inmate seated their at close proximity. I remember turning around in my seat to look at the sheriff seated in the rear armed with a six or seven shot twelve gauge, pump action shot gun wondering to myself what exactly his purpose was; at the same time becoming more and more incensed while the sheriff seemed to enjoy the tiff, and relish the activity. I began to quote EX 14:13, "Stand firm and you will see the deliverance that the Lord will bring today". Suddenly a huge hunk of spit lands on my county jailhouse greens right at the shoulder and neck. That did it. Anger, no Rage engulfed my entire being, and I lost control leaping out of my seat with what at least was; for the first time today, my own false bravado in a flurry of threats, making unholy promises of doing major type damage to the two combatants body parts when and if I saw them again. Being spit upon is just blatant disrespect, and I was not having any disrespect; again relying on my own strength. I just was not having it. At this point one of the jailhouse preachers I knew as Douglas stood up from a couple of rows behind me, and very calmly offered me a napkin to wipe the spittle away. This man I'd recently began to study with; having been moved from the Gang mo-dual over in Bldg 6 to Bldg 22 where they assumed were the cases soon to be shipped off to greener pastures in the penitentiary. Anyhow there was peace there, Brother Doug, and I believe a real presence that was very much new to me. Up to this point in all of my attempts to study God's word and walk accordingly, I honestly didn't feel much different. I still always kept the hope that maybe someday God might somehow touch my soul, and change this person that I had grown to be.

When being handed that little insignificant napkin. Right then I felt a calming. A stillness washed over me. My anger now running away in defeat. I slowly took my seat and began

to wipe the Spanish gentleman's spit from my khaki jailhouse suit, and the longer I sat there with that napkin inside my hand, the more ashamed of myself I was. I turned to look at brother Doug who just nodded as if to say sit down and be quiet, which I did. I had this feeling inside like I wanted to start to cry. Just as bravado is most often times false, humility comes in the same fake packages. But what I was encountering had my stomach twisted & tied up into knots; my thoughts upon Jesus who suffered so much being whipped, tortured, severely beaten, "spit upon", ridiculed, shamed, and slandered. I briefly pictured him hanging there on His cross. that cross that He bore for me, and in that moment I felt as if somehow I had just crucified Him all over again. I felt like such a hypocrite. I wanted to just crawl inside of myself and just disappear. As these tears welled up inside me my hypocrisy intensified. Me? cry? What about the other inmates? What of my reputation, hard fought for thru the fear & doubt I have grown into this cancerous sore of an existence. What would my neighborhood think of me? Well I would not break down. Not today anyway. I'd let my little tough guy facade linger this day, and portray the roll I've excepted for myself, but... I'd ask god almost desperately for this through clenched teeth, and borrowed time.

The napkin brother Douglas handed to me yesterday on that seemingly normal ride on the Blue Goose from the jailhouse to the courthouse; having had a day later shed my tears with only God Himself to witness... I know now in my heart that that Napkin was from God, and it was His presence I felt, and still feel today. Longing to stay in contact with this Presence, and somehow learn humility, and service brings a rap song I once penned with my brother entitled "Street Life" to mind. In that song there was a line that read; "Before my downfall my life will be rich, but in my heart I know I'm digging my own damn ditch, and before they lower my coffin into the (bEEp blank) ground; these (blank BeeP) streets will have claimed another clown, but until that day my (BEEP) is like tight, cant sleep or slumber BEE cuz it's all about this Street Life". Today I am aware that these streets may very well claim my life, but I can no longer live for them. My life is just not my own. Today my life has meaning and purpose. Today I trust God to show me the way. A better way, because I simply do not know. Scripture reads, " He who exalts himself shall be humbled, and he who humbles himself shall be exalted". On this I meditate, and on this day I await knowing that today if only slightly I have begun to change. I pray God continue to work humility into this hardened heart that can feel only anger and false pride. I have thanked God for Doug, and I have thanked Doug for the napkin; still I wonder very deeply about this evil that has ensnared me, and continues to absorb others like me with a false sense of "self" that leads us all in one way or another only downward towards the abyss. With all the goodness God has shown me, my hopes today are inside a magnificent light; which however briefly, however nondescriptly; with something as simple as a passage of a napkin by a brother named Doug... My God has enabled even the likes of me to witness; knowing I am unworthy of His mercies... For whatever reason He loves me anyway, He loves me through my pain.

Written In the jailhouse while going through trial in our esteemed

"Criminal Injustice System",
Dec 2000

Bldg 22, section D, cell 127

“He who is reluctant to recognize me opposes me.”

Frantz Fanon

Janet P. Caldwell

GRATIS

In the state of Execution

my brother was thrown in Prison Texas
without a sliver of evidence against him.

A bullshit trial for show
verdict carelessly shouted
GUILTY
without reason.

Lock the door...throw away the key
our judicial system is not broken
it is shattered
poor-ism and racism thrives.

With the help of the innocence project
some are freed while others fight to be heard
youth lost, never to be seen again
not protected by civil rights.

Cornelius Dupree is a black man
the system wasted 31 yrs of his life
on a wrongful conviction in Dallas

finally, to be set free. Or is he?

What about those 31 years?
Do they matter to you or me?

You bet your ass it matters!
It could have easily been us.

If you're poor or black, better
watch the fuzz, becuz
they have quotas to meet
trolling the streets!

Blessed Cornelius
they didn't listen to your case
dig for the truth
forget about your plea

my god...
you were only nineteen.

What made the police pull you over?
I don't think they ever said.
You cooperated
never pleading the fifth.

Was it the color of your skin?
We both know that it was,
the fucked up judge
who believed a myth.

They robbed you of life,
a crime they will never
be punished for.

Your youth
your family...to be.
I wonder what you would have been
if they had allowed a full testimony.

Thirty-one years served and released
trying to prove them wrong
and you are now free.

Or are you?

It took six years of dedication from
the innocence project and
thirty-one yrs of your life

and finally...

ten days after your release
for good behavior
the DNA results came back
proving you...

FACTUALLY INNOCENT!

With this heinous wrongful conviction
on January 4th, 2011
your name was made clean.

How are you my Brother, during this Holiday Season?

© Janet Caldwell December 24th, 2011

“There is no force like success, and that is why the individual makes all effort to surround himself throughout life with the evidence of it; as of the individual, so should it be of the nation.”

Marcus Garvey

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

aka

Zakir Flo

GRATIS

Blaming the Victim

Talking Symptoms Never The Cause

Those who are quick to criticize Ferguson, Mo. Black community response to the Grand Jury's decision may have forgot the history concerning the brutality by racist European forces occupying countries of color in Africa, Asia, Asia Minor or the "Middle East" Of course Apartheid South Africa's Africana Dutch. Colonial occupation by the British, French, Italians, etc. ex: Kenya, Battle of Algiers against the French, Libya against the Italians, Sudan against the British resulting in uprisings all over the African and Muslim Diaspora. Including our brothers and sisters in occupied Philistine(Arabic for Palestine) who continue to this day to be brutalized by an 'Apartheid' Zionist Israeli occupation policy. All these folks should study the history and dynamics of "White Institutional Racism" including the element of creating low self esteem and self hate where the victims want to be identified with the perpetrator, brought out by Al Hajj Malik (Malcolm X) in his famous "Masser is we sick" speech. Often the people who do not have real means to remove the invaders use what they can ex: The Palestinians throwing rocks at Israeli armored vehicles or the famous scenes of protesters in Tiananmen Sq. in China defying tanks. Of course it's impacts on a already diminished quality of life that many have to live with in Ferguson as in many other predominantly African American and other communities of color. Often with sub-par housing, education, medical services, etc, Absence of libraries, parks, after school programs, community centers, art, music, theaters, etc. Poor availability of other goods and services such as decent supermarkets with reasonable prices to facilitate low and moderate income families, to burn down what little is available certainly is like beating yourself up. In spite of that condemnation should not be aimed at the response to injustice (cause and effect) which is natural and inevitable but the oppressive injustices that cause folks to do desperate things. White and white washed America especially have a long consistent history of blaming the victim. Remember Rodney King being beat down by LAPD, cited his moving a natural response while being beat by several officers as the reason for his being pummeled saying it was resisting. Reminds you of a rape victim telling a close relative their father raped them accused of lying or coming on to the rapist. The victim being asked by police did she enjoy the rape, did she have an orgasm.

America you are one sick, evil, misguided puppy.

MANIFESTATION DIVIDED!!

In AmeriKKKa your constantly being reminded of the reality of racism depends on in what America you live in. America or AmeriKKKa. America the beautiful, this land is your land, this land is my land depends on which of these two Americas your in. That is because this is indeed a divided land, a tale of two countries! One is the country of "White Privilege " for so called White Americans the other for people of color in particular from African descent. Racism is AmeriKKKan as apple pie and baseball, and yes it's alive and well today, now. Having black faces in high places including the Presidency of the United Snakes don't change that fact!

The Manifestation of this is the reality of two different experiences. so called white folk who have children never have to even think about things that Black Americans know all to well. like telling your young teenage or even younger children especially male children what to do if confronted by the police. How to behave so they won't get shot and killed on the spot if their lucky on a good day. The reality of driving while black or even walking while black. Profiled "Stop & Frisk" made famous in New York City but actually is practiced all over the country. It's called racial profiling for a reason. Look at the numbers who are victims of this and you see the glaring disparity. The amount of people of color who overwhelmingly are the target of this "Racist" policy who actually are found in any way to have "probable cause" to justify their stoppage, detention, etc is minuscule at best. to add salt on this wound is another insane fact. A SIMPLE STOP CAN BE FATAL!! In this case being a person of color, especially a black american becomes "probable cause" !!

All the while this is going on a couple of miles or even blocks away on proverbial "other side of the tracks" so called white folk live in a alternative universe oblivious to all the above aforementioned realities. Where as the police use the approach to police work called "serve and protect" in their neighborhoods not so in communities of color especially in the urban areas of this nation. In these communities the approach "approaches" that of a military invasion via occupying forces.

The simple fact is the average cop in this country who has such a sensitive job as policing don't identify with communities of color. Their mama, poppa, uncle, aunt, brother, sister, cousin, etc don't look like "Dem People" Hide messages in history. Consequently they don't see black folk and other people of color as human beings.

They will deny this fact until the cows come home but the proof is more then "in the pudding". Just like in war torn areas of the earth like Syria where if you ask most any person if they have friends and relatives affected by the raging ongoing conflict they almost to a person will answer in the affirmative. That is the same situation in

communities of color and especially young black men in the good " ol " USA when it comes to them personally, relatives, friends who have been harassed, beaten, arrested, profiled, targeted.

In that case you will be hard pressed to find an exception. My own family included being targeted by racist gangs, police, beaten arrested when they were attacked making them the criminal instead of the attackers. Facing time, offered a " deal " in the famous hallway where most cases are determined and in the case of most young black and brown men and women in this country even more so. We went to court 4 years, refused any deal. went to trial cops exposed as liars result " Acquittal " by an all white jury very rare indeed in the case of young men and women of color. We were blessed with the creators help and those supporters back then in the late " 80's " to 1993 who came out including Rev. Sharpton, Alton Maddox, Lenora Fulani, Yusef Hawkins(killed by racist in BKLYN,NY) father Moses, the F.O.I of the Nation of Islam, Sunni Muslim brothers and sisters, etc. Most folk are not so fortunate.

can..,

you modify hate, ignorance,
indifference?
does it matter if there's lesser

degrees of it?
less arrogance, pride puffed up,
lies, myths got dem caught up
it's the way they're brought up
do vicious cycles ever stop?
does somebody say enough is
enough,
or do we all put up with the same
'ol' stuff?
racism making life tuff in a nation
brought about by criminal migration
throwing Europe's rejects out to sea
to settle here as a penal colony
latter doing genocide on the indigenous
saying they was savage unlike us
god fearing Christian religious that you
can always trust
now let us get some of them 3/5th's of
a human folk and do the slave trade with
a master stroke
to Africa we sail trading alcohol for
human cargo to haul entrapped
built a nation with the help of the
kidnapped, branded, tied
not to mention genocide on the
indigenous tribes
from its inception built on corruption,
lies, deception, land grabbing precious
resource consumption.

no excuse us pardon the interruption
for that one must possess a conscious is
the general assumption.
so here we are in the contemporary
with selective amnesia, very short memories
talking about what is the matter with society
repeating the same-o \$#!+ cause we didn't

learn from history.
as though racism's reality is a mystery to the
majority
with the exception of a few, the rest big
shame on you!

food 4 thought!

raised..,

to give praise on sundays
as the sunrays penetrate
through the stained glass
slashing the pews
as the parishioners pray in
full view

immersed in a curious world
exclusive of those who don't
look, talk and act like you!
a little bubble designed to
keep out trouble
but steeped in sin their lives
kith'n' kin, husbands, wives
isolated from folk deemed
hated, isolated away from
people of color, that other
from whom they remain
segregated!
taught bout dem "n" those
folk ain't da same as our
folk!

and they grow up confined to
this mental yoke
closed mind, blind eyez
the whole wide world has been
shrunk down to a little corner
called white folks town, and
we don't want ya'll hanging round

and dem grow up!

and become your cops, judges,
doctors, nurses, lawyers, mayors,
prison jailers and jurors given the
job to sit judgment on those same

folk who their forefathers spoke
with all the distain they invoked,
all the hateful jokes, things they
say, day after day...
poised to hand down a verdict
to put your brown "n" black ass away
or just shot you down acting as judge "n"
jury in yours "n" my town without a worry
bout any sentence handed down!

and who da F%^# cares
that da system calls dem
a jury of your peers!
that without blinking will
put you away for years
or let a killer walk who walked
to stalk and kill a innocent 17 year
old boy at will, enjoying the laws that
gave him the privilege to do
it to mine "n' yours!
like it's a game, playing with
toys that got souls, names
lives, sons, daughters, husbands

wives! but never does it connect
in their feeble mind speck
that the same folk of whom their
peeps spoke are human beings
who deserve the same things
beginning with...

respect!!

Exposing the Great Lie!

White institutional Racism has infected Muslim and non Muslim alike. It was brought to the Muslim countries through Colonialization/occupation of Muslim lands by European and in recent history American invaders. The British and French in particular really did a number on the mindset of the Muslims creating white wannabes and distinguishing between light and dark brothers and sisters just as is done in the case of non Muslims from many tribes and nations worldwide. We have ignored, glassed over, poorly understood the meaning of Surat tul Hujirat: 49,13 (Qur'an Kareem) Oh Mankind i made you into tribes and nations that you may know one another(not despise one another).

The best of you are those with Taqwah (fear the creator and obey his laws, commandments) Here Allah (swt) has told us the definition of all human beings who are all Bani Adam (aws) children of Adam wa Howa 'Eve', (aws) If there is a "Human Race" and mind you Allah (swt) didn't use that phrase to define Human beings he said "Nas" Mankind, then you couldn't have so-called "races" within the Human Race that would be redundant. Instead the logical question would be "What is the human race comprised of?" The answer is given very clearly by none other then the one who created Mankind Allah(swt) "Tribes and Nations not "races! Even so-called academia, highly educated people Muslim and non Muslim alike who specialize in the study of human beings, sociologist, anthropologist, etc. have totally missed the point on this sensitive topic and all of them have essentially been "Mis-educated" in this matter and in turn continue to perpetuate, endorse, propagate the "Big Lie" that we humans are of different "races" This divisive term immediately creates division and establish "Them and us" or "the other" and the "other" is always eyed in a negative connotation as less then and of course with suspicion. This is no accident it's meant to do just that. May Allah (swt) remove this poison from all mankind,

Ameen!!

down,,,

in the belly of the beast
lays the scorned, forlorn
fast asleep
chewed up, swallowed
north, south, west, east
are the mass'es on which
this beast feast

Mike Brown has your killer
been found?

Mike Brown what the hells
going down

ain't no justice found in your town
ain't no justice no where around when lives are taken
young people of color cut down
Mike Brown your Amadou Diallo
who's Micheal Stewart, who's Elenor Bumpers who's brother got choked up in Staten Island, selling smokes got yoked, got choked
just like Justice for sons and daughters of Africa, Asia is a joke
Mike Brown you was cut down
Mike Brown life revoked died
Mike Brown Apartheid been revived
Racism dam sure is alive!
(dedicated to the victims of white institutionalized racism by way of police brutality in the occupied 'terror'itories where ever you reside)

food 4 thought!

marked,,,

deck, loaded dice
system rigged
take note!
when agenda's afloat
is your voice really heard
in your vote?
is there really a choice
that lends to befriend the people's voice?
is there a real difference
when you analyze the issues?

inflation ,taxes, health care,
unemployment, immigration
crime, police brutality
environmental pollution
do any of them ever really
have a solution
in part if not in totality?
who are these people in reality!
is there a real choice
to deal with and do justice to
the people's voice?
or is it "them" and just-us?
the " good ol boyz "
using the people as props, toys
a means to a end in their ploy
to extend the personal gains
on their end
prey tell who are these folks my
friend?
who constantly invoke the needs
of folk when they spoke

but the deception is the rule not
the exception
devised to fool you at conception
you playing with their ball in their
court!
house money honey not a new
invention!
unwritten rule of corruption..,
don't get caught!

food 4 thought!

GRATIS

“There is an entire generation of young people who know nothing about how viciously the FBI attacked the Black Panther Party, and why.”

Bobby Seale

GRATIS

Rosemarie Wilson
aka
One Single Rose

GRATIS

Goliath Brown

Never knew equality after being subjected to prejudices spent worldwide. Chocolate, mahogany, sienna, hazel or olive, my actions have always been typified by the darkness of my skin. Perceived as a threat since the beginning of time, a man like me was present the Monday after God created the heavens and the Earth.

My struggle began with Y in the womb and has since plagued my existence. Why do opportunities that fall into my lap scrutinize my very being? Why does Matthew take home more pay than LaQuan and they do the same job? Why was I terminated after training my fair skinned equals who had no experience before we met? Why do leisurely afternoon drives become DWB breaking news at five? Why is a staggering percentage of my species incarcerated being taught trades so they'll return as productive members of society only to find more padlocked entrances where they're qualified to roam free?

Tears wept for me B.C. and A.D. I knew nothing about theft before my ancestors were stolen from the Motherland. Keloids from their salted wounds provide permanent reminders that I was built to last. I will not buckle after being backed into a corner. Shackles held us down, but we're too strong to be held up. Stones thrown my way were caught in my teeth, bubble gum chewed and their remnants shitted in front of every plantation door. Often imitated but never duplicated, two of any another kind could never produce one of me.

My guns are used for protection—I refuse to become another victim. I wrestle with shadows as a Black man while my inner light fills the cosmos because I am a star.

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“I had reasoned this out in my mind, there was one of two things I had the right to, liberty or death; if I could not have one, I would have the other.”

Harriet Tubman

Emilia – Mimi T. Davis

GRATIS

Dedicated to Dad

Sam was from a small town in Mississippi. To find a job that would pay more, he moved to San Francisco, California. As he exited the bus that had brought him to the city, he turned into a dark alley beside the bus terminal. Before he could turn around and get back to the terminal he was attacked. A tall, dark figure came out of the shadows and began to beat him all over his body. Each strike inflicted more and more pain. Finally, he fell to the ground and blacked out. When he awoke, all the money he had to live on was gone! He was bloody, in great pain, lost, with no money, no friends, and no family. He dragged himself back into the terminal, and asked someone to call for help. Finally, the ambulance arrived along with the police. He gave his account of what had happened to the police woman. She gave him a paper with numbers of agencies that would help him.

The paramedics helped him into the ambulance. They took him to the county hospital, they found that he had a broken rib and a concussion. The doctor told him that all they could do for him, was to wrap his ribs up and give him some pain medicine. They asked him to wait in the waiting room, while they prepared everything for him. As he sat and waited, with his head in his hands wondering what he would do next, he looked down and there was a newspaper. He picked it up and began to read it. He noticed that there was an ad for a live-in health care worker. What luck! That was just the type of job he had planned to get. He had done that type of work in Mississippi. He thanked God that the thief had left the change in his pockets.

He took out a quarter and called the number on the ad. The job was still open and the Lady at the other end of the phone, told him that he should come over right away. Finally, his ribs were wrapped up and was given the medicine. So, he asked the nurse how he could get to the job interview by foot. She told him it was too far to walk. She informed him that the hospital's social worker could give him a voucher for a cab. He set off in the cab to his appointment, as they drove through the streets, he was amazed at how tall the buildings around him were. He had never seen a building larger than two stories. He was also amazed at all the cars and people on the streets, he thought to himself, this really is the big city. He had a lot of time to think on his way to the job, and all he could do was to pray that Jesus would help him get this job.

When he arrived the woman who answered the door looked like an angel. She was so beautiful. Her name was Virginia, she would be his boss. They talked about his jobs in Mississippi and how long he was in each one. She was very impressed with his experience in his past employment. He also had a sparkle in his eye, she felt very comfortable with him. She said a small prayer of thanksgiving that the Lord had brought the right person to take care of her mother.

He would be caring for her sick mother who was dying from cancer, she also had Alzheimer. The room he would sleep in was right next to his patients. It was a wonderful bedroom, with velvet drapes and a king size bed you had to use a step to get into it, and a

large dresser. He told her, he would love to work for her and he needed to know if she would hire him because he had just been robbed and had no where to spend the night.

Virginia, told him yes! He could start right away. He breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving to Jesus.

Virginia was so impressed with his character, he had just went though a awful experience and yet had enough strength to apply for this job! He would be wonderful for her mother to be around on a daily basis. Her mother's name was Shirley. Shirley had lived a full life, she never took no for a answer! It was so hard for Virginia to accept that her mother was dying a slow death. Before it was all over, she would lose her memory and then her life. A woman's who's mind was so important though her life, would lose it.

As time went by Sam healed from his wounds and he began to enjoy working with Shirley. She became a mother figure to him and Virginia became a good friend. She was also a awesome boss to work for. Once a week Virginia would take him out to lunch and they would talk about their lives. His in Mississippi and her's growing up in San Francisco. She had grown up there during the 1960's. Virginia was so happy that Sam had come to work for her. He was so good with her mother and always so respectful of her. Even on Shirley's bad days! He always opened the door for her and would pull out the chair for her whenever they would sit down to dinner. This was special because, very few men in San Francisco do such things for ladies.

It was still very hard on Sam living in a new city and the only people he knew was Virginia and Shirley. On weekends he would go to a pool hall and play. He was very good and would win most of the games he played.

After playing there for about six months, he became friends with another player. His name was Tom. Sam and Tom would play game after game, and one would win then the other would win. Back and forth the games went on and on. As they talked they found that they, had grown children. They also had a eye for photography. They would go with their cameras and take photos of everything that looked interesting to them. Sam had finally formed a friendship in San Francisco. Life had truly improved from that dark and foggy night when he was attacked.

He thanked Jesus for all his blessings that had come into his life!

Robert Gibbons

GRATIS

Au dela du regard

French, beyond the visible

“The black teacher must instill his students with a spirit of curiosity and encourage an attitude of aggressive social and political responsibility towards the total society. The Negro teacher will endure as long as America endures. He will endure because he has something to say. He is the designated carrier of a rich folk wisdom, gained from our mixed position in American society, and which forms the fountainhead of all our contributions, past and future, to man’s knowledge of experience.” (Ralph Ellison)

when I workshopped a certain poem in class; let’s say a certain class mate acted though they liked the poem, but as soon as class ended they said, may I talked you about said poem. the name of the poem nor the name of the person is important and I will tell you why.

“most people run like fire away from their past, but he is always trying to recapture his.” (Ralph Ellison)

there is not one moment I lost any sleep over the reason the point was made to point one particular phrase, but blame it on the teacher when she asked to list symbols and here is mine: the white man’s fishing hole.

I could have selected any symbols like these:

- a. sambo dolls- “a grinning doll of orange and black tissue paper with thin flat cardboard disks forming its head and feet and which some mysterious mechanism was causing to move up and down in loose jointed, shoulder shaking, infuriately sensuous motion, a dance that was completely detached from the black mask like face.”
- b. a mammy with electric bulbs for eyes grinned most outside the joints
- c. seagulls wheeled and cried inhaled the briny smell of salt and tar
- d. ubuthi (black magic)
- e. meta - fiction: fiction about fiction

so you see, I had to disappear like you disappeared; because the murder is throbbing in my wrist; my body is the earth in which I spring and die; you see, I have to kill you with hymns and Jesus; like Baldwin did to Wright; this ain’t about you; it comes to attack the inside boo; yes it is the white man’s fishing hole; it is all the stories, the inventions; the songs; the cultures; and the lives stole

I decompose, but composing still (Walcott)

so you see when you made such an observations I took as a threat; a threat because I remain to be not owned, cowered, pushed, or disrespected. I was sitting in Cornelia Street Cafe and overheard one of those conversation from the waitress to a man, and said, Oh,

and maybe I should not have heard this because I am caught in purgatory, between laughing and anger. Here is the conversation:

do you have enough room for your belly?(overheard conversation Cornelia Street Cafe)
Yes, he did have an extended abdomen; or to be more polite, a corpulent punch, but who am I judge him as he sat there gobbling french fries; later that day I overheard another conversation on the train with a man who had all his belongings in a shopping cart and he made this schizophrenic observation:

Cinco

five beers!
five bitches!
five blunts! (observation of a man on the B train)
(repeat)

and he said it again and again in this rage; in this determination to be heard; in his right to express himself. It reminded me of a poem I wrote to witness a man in front of the Portrait Gallery in Washington D.C.:

man with a shopping cart
the man lives among the Virginia sandstone;
he archives his wares; accessioning his paper bags; his worth is cast iron steel; a hand-me-down from the plantation; he runs through the streets like a fugitive slave; he hides in the undercroft of the church like Fredrick Douglass; the backdrop of National Portrait Gallery aligns his thin stick figure; he drools from the paintbrush of William Johnson; the color of cow dung and chitterlings; his nose a lamp shade with light; I went to see Gilbert and Caitlin, but the man with the shopping cart became a part of the permanent collection.

Ye shall know them by their fruits (Matthew 7:16)

look at me
I cut and paste
do not try to erase
in case for reference

I cut and paste
the fruit
the orange, the green bean
the muck, the sugar cane
truck and all other frames
in my background

the unseen, yes, the unseen
the meek, yes, the meek
let the church say, let the church say

In fact I will tell you exactly where the white man's fishing hole has its origins:

"Langston Hughes tells me that you're interested in meeting me." (Richard Wright)

Dear Langston:

I have this situation going on in my zuihitsu class and I had to go all Harlem Renaissance on their ass. I am glad you told Richard Wright that Ralph Ellison wanted to meet him. This ground this piece. Solid.

carrier of the tradition,
Robert Gibbons

Dear Robert:

I am glad you went Harlem Renaissance on their ass. Tell the person that has a problem with the white man's fishing hole to read my essay, the "Artist and the Racial Mountain."

the muse,
James Mercer Langston Hughes

so you see it was not me, but it was the literary ancestors: Richard, Langston, and Ralph that help me understand the symbolism of the white man's fishing hole:

resurrection of black boy
(for Richard Nathaniel Wright)

when you sneak through your grandma's door

with books hidden beneath your coat
reading under the quilt by your flashlight
grandma bans all book reading
except for the Bible
it was a sin for those who did not realize
hunger goes beyond the physical
the hunger to create
the pain of human stock of the plantation
southern fiction and Jim Crow's misery
stands there as the ones did
in an artistic soup line
but the frigid Chicago wind
blows through your writing
when the white man told you
not to swim in the swimming hole
you swam
though your mother a paralytic
you had to be fed by strangers
you ate
you even forge notes to the librarian
so that you could feed
your voracity for reading
you had a real Uncle Tom
but you were not a Tom
preserving only with native intrusions
in your craft through hunger
you ate everything given
as your mother lay dying
you would not let go
of each heartbeat

you know the mush
the stale bread was only temporary
the land belongs to you
you have a right to claim it too
when other boys ran pass rolling hills
climb the persimmon tree
your grandma keeps books out of the house
she did not keep you out of the book
it was an open door

a wonderful hunger pain

Yes, I had to list the white man's fishing hole among the distasteful things; among the Jordan Davis, Sean Bell, Trayvon Martin, and Chavis Carter; as long as I come from this tradition there are no fairy tales; no Batman and Superman; no black superheroes on the cartoon network; no tradition of equality from the beginning; so when this is not universal; it is universal for me; for the voice of my mother; my grandmother; the people singing to me on the other side the river; no not the hole, but the river ; the rock; the song, and I will remain and faithfully "Close to the Tree."

"What will they think when the invisible drops in on them?" (Fannie Ellison)

"I know those emotions which tear the insides to be free" (Ralph Ellison)

and finally " I am strangled by the petty humiliations and daily insults, I am obsessed with only one theme. I need perspective. I need to live free if I am to expand" (Ralph Ellison) the white man's fishing hole. "The end was in the beginning. In the beginning is my end. I'm invisible, not blind." (Ralph Ellison) Let the redeemed of the Lord say, Amen.

the indictment of Anthony Burns

I am the body electric, the perplexing curves of a Manhattan street, there are empty lots and shot-guns, houses, I am on notice with the strangle holds, the choke of a haze in this change, call a retrial, reconfigure the jury, so it will go down in history equally, is God dead Frederick Douglass, the God of our ancestors, the Lord of our predecessor, we are waiting until the era of stop and frisk ends, the street bends in this city of churches, until bleeding stop hurting, and if I am wrong convict me, but I am isolated America, a name

given to a certain group of us and we know what you say beneath your breath, it used to fugitive slave, it used to boy instead of man but I am not telling my name, you know we are all the same, making us checking off our identity in those boxes and we are still the other, to further the institution, I call it the ablution of Rodney KIng, I am Dred Scott and the Kansas Nebraska Act, but you want me to be alien and sedition, but this day is propitious, but I will not rhyme for you; like I time you, that rally down in Alabama reminds me of Tamany Hall, so I have to know this history, the blisters of my people, call me James Byrd and Chavis Carter, call me Trayvon Martin and his living is not in vain, because I am same, and you want put me back across the land, but I am just as nativist, the late-comer without legacy.

a jury summons from King's County

today I saw Ramarley Graham's father
crying on the front page of the newspaper
his tear drops cop another plea when they
use words like arraign and acquit never heretic
I am sick and tired of Fannie Lou Hamer
crying over my shoulder and I told you
those children are going to be like their father
I told you I am just like them we all you
people the ones living inn the housing projects
selling PCP from the building reeking of a blunt

with aunts and uncles and family and if
I am safe in this big jail cell then the reason
I pray for my safety the case pending against me
Trayvon and Troy Anthony and Sean Bell
tell the judge I am out on bond my bail
has a record sale of dope from the window
of the bodega tell me the reason its not
a conspiracy I stood there and watched Lil Wayne
his arms in tats and lollipops his lock
up waiting for Nas and all the other kings
we all do not smoke weed remind me of
the summons and I will remind you of humanity
every man like me that walk these streets
I will remind you when you look at the manifest
the prison upstate the Atticas the Rikers
the Central Park five the jive talk of stop
and frisk the slave theater is on the list
and I will remind you like I remind myself
over and over again

“This country was born on violence. Violence is as american as cherry pie. Black people have always been violent, but our

violence has always been directed toward each other. If nonviolence is to be practiced, then it should be practiced in our community and end there. Violence is a necessary part of revolutionary struggle.”

H. Rap Brown

LaBaron Neal

GRATIS

The Promised Land

As a an 8 year old boy, I really hadn't given the thought of racial differences much attention. Hell, I was a kid thinking about playing baseball with my friends and feeling free. I do remember the difference between the greetings that my mother or father received when going to a gas station with a black attendant versus a white one. At the black station, the attendants spoke to my father like they were the best of friends. On some days my father would even take me up to that same station to sit and have a couple of beers with the station owner. When we would go to the station with the white attendant, the conversations were short and brief. I remember saying to myself that his life must be pretty bad because he never was happy anytime I saw him- and neither were my mother and father. Me, my sister and brother saw this, but we let it go and replaced that situation with our own thoughts.

My family and I lived in an area of Detroit where just a couple of blocks away was the city of Dearborn, which I called "the Promised Land" because it was so clean compared to where we lived. In our neighborhood gas stations, the ground was full of oil spots and the station itself was pretty shabby as well, but the gas stations in Dearborn were immaculate. The stations were spotless and there wasn't one oil spot on the ground. The gas station attendants in my neighborhood had on dirty uniforms and usually had their heads under the hood of a car when we pulled up. The gas station attendants in "The Promised Land had on neatly cleaned and starched with bow ties and hats as well. I remember that the alleys in Dearborn were clean as hell too. We would go on bike rides through those neighborhoods as if we were going on an adventure because everything was so bright and sparkling clean just like the window commercials. To this day, my mother still keeps her windows clean like that.

I can remember going to the corner, which was the end of our street to play baseball. On our side of the street, there were weeds and trash, followed by an unkempt lawn. We hated it when one of us would hit the ball over into those weeds because they had thorns in them. Right across the street, there was this large, red brick building that had sparkling clear windows like my mothers. And the lawns of "The Promised Land" were as green as the pictures on the fertilizer bags, just like my father kept ours to the best of his abilities. Everybody's favorite position was outfield because this meant that we would get to go over and stand on those beautiful lawns and smell that freshly cut grass for awhile until the maintenance man came out and told us not get on the grass. We would always give him a hard time back, and then we would eventually leave.

Everyone in the neighborhood was excited because a MacDonalds had opened up just a couple of blocks away in "The Promised Land", and there was also a playground next to it with new swings and slides that weren't broken like the ones in our neighborhood. We begged and pleaded with our mothers to let us walk over there and play for awhile until they finally gave in, but we were sent over there with words 'respect your elders" and "Don't get into any trouble". When we arrived, we noticed that there were some white kids already out there playing so we just joined in and after awhile we all began playing

together. About twenty minutes later we noticed a police car pulling up in the alley by the park. We noticed that the officer had gotten out of his car and went up to a woman who had come out of her house. We ignored it and kept playing until we noticed that there were more women outside speaking to the officer and pointing in our direction. The officer stopped talking to the ladies and began walking towards us. When he came up on us, he told us that we would have to go back over to our own neighborhood and play. One of my friends asked him why and he told us that we were scaring the kids who we had been just playing with, but were now running to their homes as their parents began to call for them(note to my Arab sisters and brothers who now occupy this area: This is the anger that you see on the faces of those Detroiters who shop in your stores. They've already been treated like shit from the previous neighbors, so lets maybe try to be a little more understanding okay? I Love). I can still see the faces of my friends as our heads dropped and one person shouted "Let's go". We weren't stupid. Our disappointment wasn't because we could no longer play. It was because we knew that the parents of these white kids, as well as the white officer, didn't want us around. I couldn't figure it out because my best friend was white and his parents were cool with mine.

That was some cold shit to do to some kids. This was when I really began noticing differences that went beyond clean or dirty streets. It also taught me that just because something looks clean on the outside doesn't make it clean everywhere else. I carried this animosity around with me even when I moved to Denver, Colorado when I was seventeen until my eyes were opened to a greater understanding of this existence; but I also discovered that my new found understanding didn't mean that there wouldn't still be challenges.

While still in Colorado, I was downtown, headed to this club to meet some friends for a few hours of drinking and socializing. I was well dressed in a nice suit and feeling good. As I was getting closer to my destination, I noticed this "little old lady" coming my way. As I walked past her, I politely said, "Hello ma'am." She had this soft, sweet grandmotherly look on her face, but when she looked up at me, her facial expression changed, and she looked at me and said "NIGGER!". For some reason I just started laughing and I walked away and said "God bless you ma'am", and kept on going. That was in 1985.

Clarence Bell III

GRATIS

The Loveless

I got nothing but love for your ignorant @\$\$.
Not because I'm so pious.
You see I see my own ignorance in you.

To hate on you would bring me down so my joy could be stolen.
But I'm not having that.
I must let my love conquer your hate.

Trying to count all as joy.
Trying not to give tit for tat.
Trying to zero you out.

I got nothing for you. No love, no hate.
I'm not trying to help or hurt you.
So I say nothing in response to your insults to your insubordination to greater love.

I'm not letting your negativity build up within me.
Like water on a duck's back your venom roles away as you break your teeth on God's armor.
Your ugliness is forgiven, like a baby needing love, I know you act out.

You got dirty spiritual diapers, your soul stinks.
Your funky attitude is just the tip of your iceberg.
I wish I could clean your spiritual house but the best I can do is quote scripture.

I'm not going to let you provoke me anymore.
I rebuke the nasty spirit flowing from you.
I know you are only a vessel for your master with whom I truly battle.

I don't wish to cast hot coals on your head by loving you more than you love yourself.
But if you continue on this path you will find it to be too comfortable to hate.
The narrow path is bumpy because we must step out of comfort zones to love, and forgive the loveless and the unforgiving.

I forgive your trespasses even though I know you have learned nothing.
I will carry your stinking armor because you need to let it go.
I only hope that one day you will do the same for another. One day you will spread greater love.
Matthew 23:12

Anthony Arnold

GRATIS

Profiled

Lights flashing get out the car!
What have I done? Why have you stopped me?
Is it because I'm black in another neighborhood?
What? Can I not live here? Are you profiling me?

Robbie Tolan lived in a predominately white neighborhood
Driving home with his cousin, to his father's house
But because an officer thought they were driving a stolen car
He ended up shot in his driveway. In front of his mother and father

Trayvon martin walking home from the grocery store
A can of Arizona tea and a bag of skittles in his hand
But because he was profiled, because of the clothes he wore
He was killed; is there no justice, no peace?

Some young men hanging out by their school
Listening to some music being kids
But because they were profiled as hoodlums being loud
Another life was sacrificed. His name was Jordan Davis

Even if you're famous and black it matters not
If it's thought you fit the description
Pulled over because it's thought you drive a stolen car
Wonder what Madea would say about Tyler in the "ATL"

We can't forget about Emmitt Till, his life taken
For allegedly whistling at a white woman
Beaten, drowned murdered by the original profilers
The ones in the white sheets...the klan

Just because you don't think we belong
We are not all crooks or thieves
How would you feel?
If we profiled you?

Persecution

I stand here persecuted for the color of my skin
Tried in your court of public opinion
Who made you master of all things righteous?
The last I looked you were not God

Sitting on the back of the bus
Drinking from a separate fountain
Entering through a different door, sitting in a different room
Am I not a man? Same as you?

You hide behind sheets of white
You preach the dogma of hatred
Jim crow is your testament
I am only 3/5th of a man to you

You attack us with hoses, dogs, and gas
Men, women and children it matters not
You lynch and you bomb
It makes no difference to you

My children learn in substandard schools
We work for substandard wages
We live substandard lives
All because of the color of our skin

No more shall we take the degradation
Lies pain and segregation
Change is coming, viva la revolution
No more shall we fear your persecution

Violated

I have been violated

Whipped, beaten. Taken
Manhood removed
No longer considered human
Shackled, lynched

I feel violated

Segregated, you can't sit here
Not allowed there
Sit-ins a must
Jim Crow not the norm

We are violated

I have a dream, by any means necessary
March for our rights
Fight if we must
Die if need be

Flaming busses, attacked by dogs
Water hoses, jail cells
Shallow graves
Bodies never found

Our children are violated

The bull's eye is on their backs
Slaughtered before our eyes
Emmitt Till, four young ladies
Trayvon martin, Jordan Davis

My rights are violated

Profiled, driving while black
Wearing a hoodie
You can't own that car
You can't live in this neighborhood

Where do we go?
What do we do?
When will we be able
Not to feel

Violated

You don't know me

You don't know me
But your mind is made up
As you look me up and down
Frown at my manner of dress

Am I not a picture of splendor?
In my droopy jeans and wife beater
Knowing that I have more suits and ties
Than you have ever seen

You don't know me
But I see your arm tighten around that purse
as you cross over to the other side of the street
Wondering if I might follow you

I have a job and it pays well
money is not an object
Neither do I sell drugs nor do I use
but since im hanging with the peeps, first impressions huh?

You don't know me
You frown as we talk, cause you don't understand
Street talk, slang, Ebonics
It's how we get down

Im college educated, military trained
Read and write in languages you will never know
Build from scratch, fix complex machines
But im on the corner, im ig-nant you say

You don't know me
You only know what you think you see
Prejudice and stereotypes
Cloud your thinking, shape your mind

You can't judge a book by its cover
What you think you see
might not always be
You don't know me

GRATIS

William Washington

GRATIS

Going To A Revolution

I'm going to a Revolution! Yeah, I got my hair cut, a brand new Pimp Suit, shiny Gators.. Forgot to kiss my wife goodbye, I'll see that Bitch later! I'm going to a revolution! Cashed my check, should I help pay some bills? Maybe pay some rent? HELL NO! I'm keeping every cent! She gonna be mad at me, when I get back in, but I'll quite her ass, with this "pipe", between her lips! Then i'll get up early, fix her some breakfast, then take the family to church.. Maybe I'll even repent.. BULLSHIT! I'd rather pay rent..

I'm going to a Revolution! Should I feel guilty, about not taking my son, to his Basketball Game?.. Please! Let that be another man's shame! This stripper like the way, I make it rain!!! OH LORD! I want to do better! My soul does bleed, but I can't help myself, as I roll this crack cocaine, in my weed.. I'm going to a Revolution! She took the kids, and left me. Now, she got the courts demanding, I pay support.. So I quit my job.. OF COURSE! Let her new Nigger pay, for our divorce! Shit! I'm smoking cigars, with my brother Aqil, on the golf course.. And I gave her an STD, could I be any worse?

I'm going to a Revolution! You see, I'm just doing to my woman, the things I saw my father do, to my mother! See, He was a Black Panther. "Kill Whitey", was his brother's anthem! They did things you couldn't fanthom. I saw my father kill a "whitey"! I watched, as his chest filled, with pride! It looked to me like my father grew bigger.. As he said, "That's the last time, that "Whitey" calls anyone a Nigger! Then instead of us going home to Mama, my father, and the other men Panthers, would have sex, with the women Panthers!

I'm going to a Revolution! Some how the message got lost. The Panthers paid a terrible cost! Now, just like my father, I am LOST! So I got my 6- shot, .38 Special tucked in my waistband, because I'm going to a Revolution! When I got to the Revolution, was no Blacks to be seen, only millions of White People, armed with assault weapons.. You know what I mean? As they pointed their weapons at me, I cried, "Why? Why?", and where are my Black Brothers, and Sisters"? A voice then cried out: "Black Men, and Women, are safe! We are the New Revolution, and we only kill, The Nigger Race!.. And you Sir, are the Head Nigger"! I screamed, "You've treated my people unfairly, for hundreds of years.. Let's have a fair fight, this time! Me against the head of your Revolution! A duel, Ok? The voice cried out, "NO! Did you give your wife, a fair shot, Nigger? Did you give your kids, a fair shot, Nigger? Did you pay bills, or support, Nigger? That Stripper used the money you, "Rained", on her and overdosed.. Nigger! So, as you can see, we are the "Revolution", and we are arming ourselves, with assault weapons, because.. You can't kill a Nigger, with a 6- Shooter!"

I died for a Revolution.. That was not TELEVISED!

"Black Is"

Black is not a color! Black is from which all things come. Black has been divided infinite times, yet still remains one.

Black is the beginning, then came the light, the moon, the stars, that shine at night. Black encompasses all that is life . . . nurtured by the birth- death, then resurrection of Christ!

Black is not a color, Black is the sun!

Black is the name they gave us, when they captured, and enslaved us! Strange fruit hung from southern trees..

No! That Black ain't Black! That Black is a lie! An optical illusion! A frenzied state of mind! Fore, every man in his mind, is free! But, if you're colored Black, can you ever really be "Free"?

Black is not the chains, that separated our Forefathers, and Mothers, nor the evil heart, that raped our mothers, thus naming us a color.. Black- Brown- Beige- Yellow- Olive, Mulatto! True Black is the entity, that gives us.. Tomorrow!

Amazing Grace how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me! It was Amazing Grace, that broke the Black Evil Chains, of Slavery! Black is not a color..

Black is the "He", who fed the poor out of poverty! The "He", who fed a multitude of men, then died on Calvary!

Black is not a color.. Black is Elohim! Jehovah Yahweh! Jehovah Nissi! The Alpha and Omega!

Black is not a color.. Black.. Is The Almighty!

"4 1/2 Days A Blackman- Ode To My Twin"

Its a long ride, on this Slave- ship..

To pick "cotton", for minimum wage.. Shit!
If this train derails, one more time!
I won't be getting to work by 9, but "Massa", understands-

I'm on Colored People Time!
Its Monday, and i'm just a Blackman trying to get to work.. Shit!

I bootleg CD's- Designer bags- Designer jeans, and apparel.
Working from sun up, to sun down..
Dodging N.Y.P.D, all around the city, all around the town!

I got 5 mouths to feed! No degree! A G.E.D, and a past Felony!
Legit companies, won't hire me..
Its Tuesday, and i got them Blackman Blues..

Its Wednesday, and I wake up holding my Dick!.. Its "Humpday".. Shit!
I'm a part-time sessions singer, male model, and all night Gigolo..
That's how I make my money flow..
Paying my way through College is expensive.. Yo!
I'm just a Blackman, holding on to my Dick, for dear life!

We are Thursday's Janitors- Cashiers- Burger Flippers- Teachers-
City Workers- etc., etc., Like crabs in a barrel,
we don't have time, to tend to our young, or be our Brothers Keeper..
Never that!!! We are struggling to keep our families fed!
One paycheck away from hopelessness- homelessness, and despair..
For Blackman Thursdays.. Nobody cares.

Oh, but Thank God Its Friday, and I just got paid!
My wife, My mistress, My kids,
The Bill Collectors, they all love me today..
I said.. they all love me today! Everybody loves.. Friday.

But, they won't be seeing me today!
I'm spending the weekend, with my Side Chick..
She of a Glass Dick.. I said i'm spending the weekend
with my Side Chick! She of a Glass Dick!

You see, for 4 1/2 days, I'm a strong Blackman..
The remaining days, I'm sick! A slave to this Glass Dick!
I'm sick.. I'm sick.. I'm sick! Ode to my twin..
The Functional Crackhead.

"Black Power"

Who out there talking 'bout Black Power,
on this day, this time, this hour?
I said who out there talking 'bout Black Power,
on this day, this time, this hour?!
When a Black Man, a Black King, can not pay his bills?

He is demeaned into watching, as his Black Queen,
His Black Woman, goes out and pay the bills..
She now wears his pants! He's reduced to being Daddy Daycare!
Now, y'all know that shit ain't fair!

Who out there talking 'bout Black Power, when our sons are saggin'?"..
Some do it as a fashion statement. Some do it as a coded
message promoting homosexual consent..
This they probably learned while in prison,
with their asses up, and their wrist bent!
Who out there talking 'bout Black Power,
on this day, this time, this hour..
when our daughters are way out there..
I said who out there talking 'bout Black Power,
on this day, this time, this hour..
when our daughter are Wayyyyyy out there!!!
Tattoo's! Piercings! Apple Bottom Jeans!
All this before she is 16..
By the time she is !8, she is the neighborhood Whore!
Seems like no one loves her anymore.. Lord! Lord! Lord!

Who out there talking 'bout Black Power?!

We gotta take our neighborhoods back!
We gotta start a ground attack!
We have to remove all the Liquor Stores out of our hoods,
and replace them with stores that sell Low Cost Goods!
I'm not talking 'bout Weed Spots, or Crack Cocaine Parlors!
Its 2015, and Crack is Whack!!!!

We gotta fight the Man!.. But we must be careful,
fore his weapon of choice is the color "Green",
and without that color "Green",
There is no Black Power!- No White Power!- No Euro!- No Peso!..
And dig this here.. We don't mint the money-
We don't print the money- And we
barely get to spend the money!!!

So, who out there talking 'bout Black Power,

on this day, this time, this hour?!
Who out there talking 'bout Black Power, on this day, this
time, this hour?! Who out there talking 'bout Black Power,
This Day- This Time- This Hour?!

I am. You are. We are.. Black Power! Black Power! Black Powerrrrr!!!

GRATIS

Aftab Yusuf Shaikh

GRATIS

BLACK

The color of my skin,
The color of your thought,
The luster of my being,
Your imagination's drought,

Yes I am black, God made me so,
And I am grateful, even though,
You tease me or treat me bad,
Assault me in fury like mad,

Do not I breathe? Am I dead?
Don't my children deserve a life?
Why, O why, you call me names?
Why you shame me before my wife?

Look at me, I am your brother,
Look within, ignore the leather,
Do not point out at God's creation,
His artistry is beyond imagination,

Wipe my tears, laugh with me,
Beneath this skin is a human,
I am like you, you are like me,
We are one family, one nation,

I am not a nigger, I have a name,
I am someone, have some shame,
I am an equal, not high nor low,
I am black, God made me so.

GRATIS

Jamie Bond

GRATIS

WELCOME TO AMERICA

Welcome to America
Where we got backassward laws
Where the judicial systems so broken
They're beyond flawed
Where your chances of getting shot by a cop
Are higher than becoming a millionaire
Where crooked corporations
Can file bankruptcy on your lifetime pensions
Where the higher the sentence appointed
Coincides with your skin color
Where woman have rights to kill,
Keep and put a kid up for adoption
And the only thing a father has is
A court appointed payment options
Where in less than a min
We got 100 Trayvon martins
Being murked by Zimmerman's
Where we exist, hustle backwards
And still can't make a living that we can live with

My ink will always be unmuted
No bic of mine gotta a cap unless it's a fitted
I'm going to always talk about what I see
I'm going to always be brick city me
My thoughts will never cease; the ink will always bleed
This ain't no past time this is a passionate speak
Read this spoken word till they choke on my verbs
Inaction is just unspoken dreams
Where actions are always going to be words to me
Get me an asthma pump quick
I refuse to be suffocated by flocks of pillow cases
When we got brothers and sisters in the hole
Pending falsified cases constantly
OUR SOULS SPYT IN CAPS
AND BOLD FONTS CONSCIOUSLY
All the posts in this room
Scribe with hot missal ink

Dedicated to Darwin Greaves

Trayvon Benjamin Martin
February 5, 1995 – February 26, 2012

My heart bleeds for too many young men and teens; especially in times like these. We have too many victims not being represented fairly, in this what should be fair judicial system....Too many Chiefs and not enough Indians; inundated with an abundance of the self-righteous... stamped approvals for foolishness, of another goon being labeled as a vigilante running around... An eye for an eye but that's not the solution to revive him.... Trayvon Martin another legacy aborted for no reason...

Wrongfully slaughtered youth used as tokens, meanwhile petitions do nothing. Our society's voices are broken; blood curdling screams echoing ... For all the Trayvon Martins before and after him... I send my deepest sympathies to the families, And I throw hope to the wind... hoping it reaches the masses who can actually make changes... and although it may seem there's nothing being done; there's more than a handful of hopeful praying for justice to be had; so that it doesn't become another one of our sons.... nothing we do can bring him back; but laws can be implemented so that this doesn't happen again...

God bless the child who can hold his own in this world ...matters not if they are male or female we've lost so many unnecessarily off and on this American soil... and to all the George Zimmerman's out there; they seem exempt from prosecution; what you need to realize is that every young black kid with and without a hoody on IS NOT a marauding thug... WE THE PEOPLE do not co-sign your so called justifiable cause....

It's so unfortunate that our children are living on life support.... with plugs being snatched out and turned off, apron strings being severed; before they can barely take a deep breath ...extinct before they make it to college ...dehydrated tears evaporated before they reach the ducts of so many fathers and mothers... wishing that the on lookers would have just screamed for him to duck; now precious lifelines disengaged with no notice... our hands are tied and we know it....

I ...sigh... in a moment of silence; for a lifetime, for those who also refused to get involved and save this child ... A parent of a child grieves for a parent who mourns the death of their own... nothing is done, what have we worked for? What, where and how did we go wrong...

AMOS 5:24 But let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream."

JAMIE BOND vs UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

With my right hand to God and the other on the bible

I swear to tell tha truth the whole and nothing but the truth

Your honor

I'm here before the court to represent myself in this matter as my own counsel
It's Jamie Bond vs. the United States of America

Ladies and Gentlemen

I have a pile of evidence and stacks of exhibits and documentation
I'm bringing charges of conspiring of attempted manslaughter against them
Because the government is tryna kill me

I got witnesses your honor with notarized and recorded statements
Of how they sent their special ops for me and how they hired an assingnator

Here ya go here's a copy of my basic needs and my lease,
Here's my statement of income and a copy of outcome as you can clearly see
The government has me codependent and loves to see me live below my means

I mean c'mon on your honor; the government has taken me thru the mud
They've got me living to exist they hope to have me be extinct
Statistically THEY ARE BEING cost of living bully's

I plead to the jury of my peers but hold up!!
You all ain't even a jury of my peers
yall don't know about my struggles but let me make it clear
They've taken everything from me and my family this past year
The only thing they haven't done is re possess my fears and tears

Here's my syllabus
They're tryna abort a grown ass adult:

They've placed an unwarranted restraining order against me
Blatantly going against the United States declaration of independence
I'm just tryna acquire the same as everyone else
Which is ~ life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"

So now you tell me!!!
Why wouldn't this be seen as repeated attempts to assonate me personally
How much more do I have to loose how much more basic do I have to get
When already I'm overwhelmed with bills and stressed out and vexed!!

I'm struggling for my right to life
And they're trying to expeditiouslyexpedite my right to die
Are you even serious the United States Government

Is the costra nostra of the head of all organized crime
I'm charging them with various counts
Of drug charges with the pharmaceutical companies
They are red handed guilty to money laundering,
I'm like ohhh please just STOP it!!
The government has deeper activities than some of these mobsters
FROM Racketeering, counterfeiting, drug trafficking, murder conspiracy
The list goes on and let's not forget about labor racketeering

Look at the evidence with just occupy Wall Street
These big banks have a long rap sheet for Criminal activities
From loan sharking, robbery, extortion, illegal gambling

I ask the court to look at the proof presented and prove me wrong!

Now the prosecutor will have you believe that I'm whining and complaining
But for the record ladies and gentlemen of the jury that's not the case
They've stolen a good night's sleep and HOPE from me
On more than one occasion
It ain't all good in the hood and it's far from a good look
They went from fable of Robin Hood to outright robbing tha hoods

We're supposed to be a united front and they stay fronting on a sister
Who's judging the judges decisions ... governing the government, policing the police
divisions??

If I die tomorrow don't call this a suicide letter
Call it a crying shame
Call it homicide
Call it genocide
Call it financial cyanide

I'm being poisoned slowly dying
Call it anything but a cost of a living!!
I rest my case

Dedicated to William Washington aka Words of Willie

Justice Clarke

GRATIS

Traffic Stop

a true story by Thoughts of a Single Man

It would almost seem that this scene occurred decades ago when this country was in the midst of it civil unrest but it did not. It is the reality that that black males still exist in that plagues us as whole even today.

I was in my car driving home on evening from work in New York City . it was around 7 pm and due to the fact that it was early December it was already dark. I was moving down the highway blending in with the flow of traffic and obeying the laws of speed on that particular road when suddenly I saw what every Black man inherently has been groomed or fear. Flashing lights in my rearview mirror. I was being pulled over and I immediately felt my heart rate begin to quicken. I had had too many run-ins with police over my years and always was became quite uneasy by their unexpected presence.

I pulled over onto the shoulder of the road which was what one normally does in this situation and waited patiently for the officer to approach my vehicle. He was wearing dark glass, even at this hour, and had on a cap that seemed to resemble that of a Mountie. It struck me as extremely strange for that was not the head attire of the police in that area of North Jersey, Then I saw the emblem on his shirt and realized that he was a county officer and not affiliated with the smaller towns of my area. He asked me for my license and registration and insurance which I gave him. Of course before doing so I asked for his permission to go into my glove compartment. I learned long ago that any movements in their presence are carefully scrutinized and could be costly if not requested by permission first. He took my papers and went back to his squad car as I waited for him to make his return. I was certain there would not be any problems and I would be home soon. I never even asked why I was pulled over. I have always assumed that it was just another case of DWB...Driving While Black. To this day I believe I was right.

I waited for what seemed to be an eternity and then I noticed three other police cars speeding into the area along side of the first. The original officer came over to me with his gun drawn and screamed at me to get out of my car. I tried to ask what did I do but he said, "Shut up and get out unless you want to be shot !", As soon as I exited the car he grabbed me and threw me to the ground. Two other officers came over with their guns also drawn. One had his knee in the back of my neck which caused me to cry out in pain., I was once again ordered to be silent and that's when I heard the dogs.

The other officers had ferocious dogs barking at me mere inches from my face. They were so close I could actually feel the heat of their breath on my skin. One of the officers said, "His license is suspended! Get the dogs in his car and search it for drugs. They always have drugs in their car!" The dogs began to sniff through my car as the officers

began to tear it apart throwing my belongings on the ground beside me. There was still one dog barking by my face. I thought to myself this must be some sort of horrible mistake. This was a nightmare unfolding right before my eyes.

After about an hour he returned from my car which had been ripped apart spewing profanities for they found nothing. I tried again to ask what was wrong and explain they might have made a mistake and that is when I felt the nightstick strike hard across the back of my head. I immediately began to see stars. They hand cuffed me and lifted me from my arms with them still behind me. This act caused my left shoulder to become dislocate and I screamed in agony. The officer laughed. They tried to force me into the back of the police car but due to my size and height they were having trouble. One of them whispered to the other and they laughed again and began to tie my ankles together. They picked me up from my arms and ankles like a bound and captured animal and began to swing me back and forth. When they felt that they had enough momentum they swung me into the back of the car head first. My forehead struck the opposite door and left a deep gash that was bleeding profusely. They closed the door and drove off with my legs bent up in the air.

I arrived at the station and was ordered into a large orange jumpsuit. When I tried to refuse they said if I did not I would be taken to the psychologist and would be administered a sedative and they would forcibly dress me if I did not comply. They said it was past dinner time and I was taken to a small cell. It had an iron door and one small window in the upper corner that had a sealed glass on it. There was no air and I told them I was asthmatic and they laughed and pushed me inside where another man was laying on top of an iron bunk. There were no blankets and no pillows and I found it extremely hard to breath and I had received no medical attention. I laid down on the bottom bunk which was too small for me, wiped the blood off of my face, and closed my eyes.

In the morning after what seemed to be the longest night in my life the door opened and at last I tasted fresh air. I was ushered to a group of tables where a rest of the prisoners were sitting in rows. It was an open space and I looked up and saw four tiers of cell doors shaped in a citadel. We were given a small container of milk and a small box of cereal. Before I could eat it I heard someone call my name. I went to a window covered with thick steel bars and was told my family was there to bail me out. I guess someone went

through my I.D. and contacted them. I was released and was taken to the closest hospital to have my shoulder looked at and get stitches in my head. I found out later that of course my license was never suspended and it was a mistake on the behalf of the police but I never received an apology or a second thought and I was too afraid to report t to anyone for fear of repercussions from the police themselves. I had to wear a sling for my shoulder for the next month and still have a small scar on my head to this day. It is a constant reminder of just how dangerous it is in this world for me as black man even if I am in the right and have done nothing wrong. Some things sadly never change and to this day every time I am behind the wheel of a car there is a small part of that will always be in fear.

Blackmail of the Black Male

Perhaps I am a relic of the past in some ways
for I still walk on the noble path.
Seeking to treat others as they treat me
and guide my hand with the waving wand of equality.
For this was the manner in which my ancestors survived,

beyond he vicious quips and strike of whips,
when they held each other and sobbed
for what they had been robbed of late in the night.
But I still have open eyes in my sight
and know that the road is far from done .
We have yet to overcome
and the mountain top is still so very far away,
I do not wish upon the falling star
for it still flies too far beyond my grasp
and my shackles, though gone ,
still have an unbroken clasp.
My feet are firmly planted
in the social soil of this existing society
as I am forced to venture into the night
of the good write
so carefully and quietly.
For there is still the silent violence
that creeps through the city streets,
that writing on the invisible walls of the suburban land,
depicting the placement of the color of man.
Is the secret to its end found in the revelations
that leak from the heavens above
or has the answer been there all along
captured in the hateful glare of eyes that show me no love.
I am proud of who I am
and that my creed is one of a generation that bled for my advances ,
for the chances taken where of great cost
and so many lives were lost,
so that I could live in this land of the free.
But why do so many still fear me?
Why do so many turn their ears from those of darkened tones ,
burning our homes,

while the ones who commit the dreadful deeds against us
are still walking free to roam.
Why is there so much pain still etched in my bones.
Is there no one left to hear me?
What does the future hold for the male of African decent,
the survivors of the riders of the ships
that slipped locked into the docks from the dark continent.
If there are so many who share in this view I possess
Then why is there no one who stands near me?

I know not for all I see is the hatred
for the black man in the white house
and all those who shout at him.
How soon they all forget the tally of their wicked sins.
But men like me carry it deep within
for as long as I have breath I will stand strong
and still raise my fist like this and support all others,
especially my brothers,
for that is the reason we sing,
the reason why we do our thing,
and the reason why we are still kings.
And this tome is the essence of one the many meanings of Justice.
And so this letter is left, as the tears are still wept,
sent through the winds of the mind.
Delivered as what some will say is simply the sum
of a conjured and configured black tale.
I wonder if they believe the legends that our kind
used to be endowed with a black tail.
Is it a message that needs to be read,
words that already exist in their heads ,
or a diagram meant to sway the notions of the day.
What will they say?
That black and white can find a middle ground of grey,
that we are all made form the same molded clay,
that the peace we seek is just another foolish journey
that is destined to fail,
or is this just another display to delay the invertible
in the form of more certified blackmail from another Black Male.

Thoughts of a Single Man © 2014 tm

Dr. Sheronda Orridge, Ph.D.

Black Men (A Force to Be Reckoned With)

Big black man, I'm just here to,
Tell you to keep pressing on, because they fear you.
They keep trying to lose you, but they can't shake you.
They want you to bow down, but they can't make you.
Other men want to be just like you, yet they fear you.
Women run to the front of the line, just to get near you.
To be in your shoes, I know it must be hard.



To walk around in a world you help build, and can't let down your guards,
I won't defend you when they say, that you don't know how to act,
How can you ever fly? With the weight of the world upon your back,
But despite all of that, you begin to soar.
You let them know where king, and you begin to roar.
So they try to silence you, then they say you're violent too,
But what do you expect? With all the obstacles you go through,
They try to put out your light, but you keep shining bright.
Hang in there Black man, you can't give up the fight,

Strong, unique and intelligent would be the words to describe you.
There's no question the way you act, is a form of survival.
Don't want no other man, so I'll wait on you.
You got it going on, that's why the others hate on you.
They put up barricades, and you still break through,
Creativity and originality flows through your veins.
You have the capacity to make things happen, even though you are pain.
The brothers keep pressuring on they never quit.
That's why "Black Men Are A Force To Be Reckoned With!!!"

A Force to Be Reckoned With

Hey black man, I'm just here to.
Tell you to keep pressing on, because they fear you.
They keep trying to lose you, but they can't shake you.
They want you to bow down, but they can't make you.
Other men want to be just like you, yet they fear you.
Women run to the front of the line, just to get near you.
To be in your shoes, I know it must be hard.
To walk around in a world you help build, and can't let down your guards.
I must defend you when they say, that you don't know how to act.
How can you ever fly? With the weight of the world upon your back.
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You let them know whose king, and you begin to roar.
So they try to silence you, then they say you're violent too.
But what do you expect? With all the obstacles you go through.
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Trauma among the Chosen People
How did we get here?

I have listened to many debates about who gets treated the worst Black Men or Black Women? There is discrimination against all women and discrimination against all black people. Does that mean as a black woman I have it twice as hard? When we reflect on the struggles of black men and woman we will see how it affects the black family unit.

From the very beginning we receive messages on how men and women should act, and their responsibilities in the household. For example parents will buy their daughters dolls and Barbie dream houses, and buy their sons cars and guns. We even hear in nursery rhymes that girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice, and boys are made of snakes and snails and puppy dog tails.

When we look deeper into messages and rolls that people play in society we will see there is a whole other set of rules and expectations when it comes to black people's rolls in society. For example a large number of black boys aspire to become ball players, drug dealers, and rap artist and a large number of black girls aspire to be video vixens, strippers, and gold-diggers because of the messages they may receive from society as well as what they see in the media.

In a world where we have access to YouTube, Facebook, and Instagram we have the opportunity to control the media and send out any message we desire. Unfortunately we are so full of internalize oppression we portray the same negative stereotypes through these platforms as what we see in mainstream media.

Since slavery black women has been cast in the leading role of provider and black men has been written out of the script. I remember growing up I loved to watch good times, I didn't know at that moment but the reason I enjoyed watching the show is because the father was in the house hold protecting and working to take care of his family. *We got a chance to see the day to day struggles of the black man.* Such as limited education, working dead end jobs, living in substandard housing, and the list goes on. We also got a chance to see Florida take care of her family and support her man. Then in the third season they killed James and left Florida by herself.

Over half of black woman in the U.S. are single parents, which leaves them with the task of being the protectors and providers unless they are on assistants in that case the government becomes the provider by assisting them with cash, food stamps, medical assistance, social security, and sometimes subsidized housing. Either way you look at it the black man is still out of the home and out of their children's lives.

It is no accident that black men are out of the home it is by design which is clearly stated in the Willie Lynch Letter (The Making of a slave). In the letter it says "**Take the female and run a series of tests on her to see if she will submit to your desires willingly. Test her in every way because she is the most important factor for good economics.**" If she shows any sign of resistance in submitting completely to your will, do not hesitate to use

the bull whip on her to extract that last bit of resistance out of her. Take care not to kill her, for in doing so, you spoil good economic. When in complete submission, she will train her off springs in the early years to submit to labor when they become of age". It goes on to say "We reversed nature by burning and pulling a civilized nigger apart and bull whipping the other to the point of death, all in her presence. By her being left alone, unprotected, with the male image destroyed, the ordeal caused her to move from her psychological dependent state to a frozen independent state. In this frozen psychological state of independence, she will raise her male and female offspring in reversed roles. For fear of the young males life she will psychologically train him to be mentally weak and dependent, but physically strong. Because she has become psychologically independent, she will train her female off springs to be psychological independent. What have you got? You've got the nigger women out front and the nigger man behind and scared. This is a perfect situation of sound sleep and economic. Before the breaking process, we had to be alertly on guard at all times".

The reason why we continue to stay oppressed is because people in power continue to study our ways and behaviors then create systems that are designed to destroy us. These systems are cleverly disguised as assistance, comfort, and empowerment. Below are several examples of systems that keep us down and hold us back. If we are not aware of the true intent of these systems which is to profit off of our pain, gain power, and control we will be under their influence forever.

Religion is a good example of the divide and concur. In a lot of cases being religious and being judgmental goes hand and hand. I have witness many times people coming together for a common problem and couldn't get past the fact that their religious beliefs and the way they handle situations were different even though they could agree on the problem. They could never get together to solve the problem. A perfect example is Malcom X and Dr. Martin Luther King even though they had two different approaches they wanted the same thing equality for black people. Religion is also a way to get people to do things that are wrong because they interpret scriptures to justify their wrong doing.

Education is set up to do several things teach people how to be oppressed, limit your thinking and beliefs, and take your money. A long time ago black people wasn't allowed to learn how to read because if they knew how to read they will discover what was going own and figure out ways to stop it. As black people begin to rally and protest the government decided to allow black people to go to school. But not with white people they were allowed to be educated under the so called philosophy separate but equal. It was separate but it sure wasn't equal. Then there was a movement to integrate black and white students. All while this is going on in the back ground we were given false information about our history and contributions to the world which contribute to us being oppressed.

Criminal Justice System I would like to know why penitentiaries are called the department of corrections because this system is design around punishment and free slave labor not rehabilitation and reconciliation. Prisons are institutions of justified slavery.

Economics is setup to keep you in debt and to steal your wealth. Just think about it, if I decided that I didn't want to incur debt and that I was going to pay for everything in cash and not borrow any money from anyone. I wouldn't have a credit rating and as a result I would have an extremely hard time getting a place to live or even finding employment because people are judged by their credit scores so the bottom line is we are forced into debt.

There are endless systems such as Welfare, Politics, Housing and Social Service Agencies put into place as obstacles that even if we overcome some there are many more that will keep us in a state of oppression and depression.

The welfare system was the beginning of the end for black families. The revamped welfare system was introduced by President Lyndon Johnson in 1964. Ironically the initiative was called the War on Poverty, and had a huge amount of antipoverty laws that added many complicated dimensions to the American welfare system.

In June of 1965 President Johnson addressed America with the War on Poverty initiative. He said the initiative will bring an end to the "conditions that breed despair and violence," those being "ignorance, discrimination, slums, poverty, disease, not enough jobs." the president suggested that the problems plaguing black Americans could not be solved by self-help: he went on to say "You do not take a person who, for years, has been hobbled by chains and liberate him, bring him up to the starting line in a race and then say, you are free to compete with all the others."

Now let's compare the war on poverty with the Willie Lynch Letter (The Making of a Slave). The Willie Lynch Letter gives step by step directions to make slaves and profit off on black people. "What do we need? First of all, we need a black nigger man, a pregnant nigger woman and her baby nigger boy. Second, we will use the same basic principle that we use in breaking a horse, combined with some more sustaining factors. What we do with horses is that we break them from one form of life to another; that is, we reduce them from their natural state in nature. Whereas nature provides them with the natural capacity to take care of their offspring, we break that natural string of independence from them and thereby create a dependency status, so that we may be able to get from them useful production for our business and pleasure".

Lyndon Johnson initiative claimed that it was going to put an end to poverty by providing cash assistance, food stamps, medical assistances subsidize housing with the condition that the black man stay out of the home. That is the same thing Willie Lynch talked about in his letter divide and conquer, making black people trust and depend on assistance. Making us love, respect and trust white people while making us mistrust ourselves.

Also making the black woman the head of the household, destroying the black man's image, using fear to control the black woman by threatening to cut off her resources, and

taking black people's ability to take care of themselves. He even stated it in his presidential speech when he said "that the problems plaguing black Americans could not be solved by self-help: he went on to say "You do not take a person who, for years, has been hobbled by chains and liberate him, bring him up to the starting line in a race and then say, you are free to compete with all the others."

The difference between the Willie Lynch Letter (Let's Make A Slave) and the War on Poverty created by Lyndon Johnson. According to Johnson "The War on Poverty" was supposed to reduce the reliance on assistance from the government, and break the cycles of generational poverty. In fact it did the total opposite as well as disconnect the black family unit. The only difference in the Willie Lynch Letter (Let's Make A Slave) and Lyndon Johnson (War on Poverty) is Lynch was truthful about his intentions and Johnson was not. So as you can see Johnson continued where Lynch left off (Johnson was a modern day Willie Lynch).

According to Discover the Networks Web Site

(<http://www.discoverthenetworks.org/viewSubCategory.asp?id=1672>)

"During the nine decades between the Emancipation Proclamation and the 1950s, the black family remained a strong, stable institution. Its cataclysmic destruction was subsequently set in motion by such policies as the anti-marriage incentives that are built into the welfare system have served only to exacerbate the problem". George Mason University professor Walter E. Williams states: "The welfare state has done to black Americans what slavery couldn't do, what Jim Crow couldn't do, what the harshest racism couldn't do. And that is to destroy the black family." Hoover Institution Fellow Thomas Sowell concurs: "The black family, which had survived centuries of slavery and discrimination, began rapidly disintegrating in the liberal welfare state that subsidized unwed pregnancy and changed welfare from an emergency rescue to a way of life."

The most devastating outcome of welfare was the dismantling of the black family unit by removing the black man from the home. My mother used to always say Welfare gives you just enough money to starve. What started off as Temporary Assistance for Needy Families (TANF) wound up being a way of life for generations of black people. I remember when I was a little girl I was visiting my auntie and a caseworker popped up unannounced we had to hide the Kentucky Fried Chicken and the TV from her (because having a television, a telephone, and ordering takeout was considered luxury items). The caseworker walked through the house looking in the closets and under the beds to make sure there was no man living there.

As years went by welfare continued to increase motives for black women to keep black men out of the home and away from their children. As a result we had a lot of single parent homes with no fathers around. In this day and age the making of a slave has evolved to black women having to access a lot of the systems I talked about and as a result the system has replaced the black man and has tricked the black woman into thinking she is taking care of her family and do not need the black man. As well as

making black woman be along all while giving woman more incentive to have more children because when woman had babies and they were on welfare they could stay off of work for 5 years so while black woman having babies under these conditions black children was Marinating in a toxic wound.

Now let's fast forward to today because of the messages we receive about the roles on men and women it drives a bigger wedge in the black family unit. Now you have a situation where the man is watching the children and the woman is going to work. So the man feels belittled and useless and the woman feels like she is being taking advantage of.

We as black people living in America is disconnected from our culture so as a result we created our own culture with the resources giving to us by the powers that be and the resources are government assistances. So as a result the culture black people in America has created is the ghetto culture. Because we have been lead to believe that we are less than and the only thing that we have is crumbs so we make due.

To sum it all up we need to come together as a family unit there is no reason to debate who has it the hardest black men or black women one is not more important than the other we both need each other in order to thrive. The roles of men and women should not be defined. It is all about a complimentary style so if the man is a better cook then let him cook and teach his woman how to cook. If the woman make more money than the man it shouldn't matter but everyone who is able should work because working is a part of living out your purpose and boosting your self-esteem everyone should be doing their part.

When you are in a dysfunctional relationship and have been with a person for a long time that is not a relationship where love is the foundation that is a relationship where convenience and low self-esteem is the foundation. Because if one of the people in the relationship is always treating the other person badly and the other person is doing everything in their power to hold on to that person they are being mistreating. Remember it is easier for the person that is doing the mistreating to walk away when they find something better. They may even decide to stick around because it takes no effort on their part to maintain the relationship. So in other words don't make someone a priority in your life when you are merely an option in theirs!!! So I need to know are you a victim or a volunteer? The difference is a victim gets mistreated in the relationship once maybe twice and then leave, while a volunteer gets mistreated in the relationship all of the time all and continues to stay.

For a long time I couldn't understand why men that was raised by women would treat women disrespectful it goes back to the Willie Lynch Letter and the women being the gateway of destroying the black family. So Black Women we should not be belittling our men but we must hold them accountable to doing their part and treating us well. Black men you should honor your women and children and take your rightful place on the throne because you are KINGS!!!

I must admit writing this was very difficult and frustrating it is like looking at a game show on television and the host ask the contestant a question you clearly know the answer to so you begin to shout out the answer to the TV. The contestant answer the question wrong and you can't figure out why they didn't know the answer because the answer was so obvious like the fact that black people are still enslaved is so obvious and will continue to be until we restore the Black Family.

Remember black women must hold our black men accountable.

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Danyeil Greene
aka
Poetic Black

GRATIS

a Story from my Youth

When I was thirteen my uncle just got a new apartment in the park slope section of Brooklyn NY. If you're familiar with Brooklyn then you know that this was pretty upscale part of the city, I mean the sidewalks were paved, no trash in the streets, and no loud music very nice. So my uncle invited me over so I could see his new place I asked him would it be alright if I brought my friend Monty along with me he said sure.

Monty and I got on the train and headed to Grand Army Plaza. When we got off the train it just seemed so peaceful unlike Franklin Avenue, Crown Heights Brooklyn where it seemed like a war zone. We were rowdy kids Monty and I but innocent nonetheless laughing and joking on our way to my uncle's apartment it seemed like we were being watched by everyone; passerby's, people out of windows they all made us feel we didn't belong there and maybe we didn't, but we had the right to be young, wild, and free, but Monty and I was young wild and black...there was a difference.

It was a decent walk from the train station to my uncle's apartment; and while Monty and I were in our own world I noticed a gray sedan in what appeared to be following us.

" hey Monty, you see that gray car over there?"

" yeah I see it"

" that's the third time I've seen it since we left the train station"

" you buggin' bro... You're just not used to being out the hood"

" forget you"

" okay if it makes you feel any better we can cut down this block and come up the next to shake the tail on us ...ha ha ha ha"

" whatever "

So we were almost to our destination; Monty and I when out of nowhere that same gray sedan rolled up and out jump three plainclothes officers with their guns drawn. Monty took flight he was on the thin athletic side, I myself was on the chunky side and didn't get very far before I heard " freeze, you muthafucker. Don't you move I'll blow your friggin' head off...get the fuck on the ground . . now!"

I've never been so scared in my life, it was like I couldn't move everything seemed to go so fast but at the same time everything was in slow motion. So with my hands up I began to go down on my knees the officer then kicked me in my back then put his knee on my spine with all if his weight on me he said " put your fuckin hands behind your back you piece of shit" " what did I do? What did I do?" " shut the fuck up you animal . . . shut the fuck up before I blow your head off you hear me you black sonofabitch"

The officer was yelling, and I could actually feel the cold steel plunged in the back of my head as my cheek layed pressed on the cold concrete all I could hear was " I'll kill you..you think you can come into my neighborhood and rob people...I'll kill you, you black bastard I'll kill you"

By this time the third officer was returning without Monty so I guess Monty was too fast for him, but he noticed how the cop had me faced down on the concrete with a gun in the back of my head while handcuffed " I'll kill you...you hear me I'll kill you " "calm down John...easy John...easy"

Finally, he holstered his gun and snatch me up on my feet and through me in the back of that grey sedan I was in tears I couldn't believe that this would happen to me. Monty managed to get to my uncle's apartment who at that time was working as an FBI agent came down to the precinct to get me. They told my uncle that me and Monty was casing the neighborhood in order to mug people.

The charges were dropped as my uncle explained to them that I was in the neighborhood visiting him. I learnt a valuable lesson that day; being black in America was a tremendous feat. My grandmother used to always say " being black in America you have to be above suspicion, so pull your pants up and act like you got some sense because this world ain't sensible baby"

Kedar Ashanti Imani

GRATIS

Racism

“If you don’t understand the system of racism white supremacy, what it is and how it works, anything else you think you understand will only confuse you.” - Neely Fuller

Racism is a global White Supremacist System used to control masses of its global non-white populations through the interest of a group of (white people) using and controlling the following dynamics of a social order of constructs. According to one noted scholar and astute student of study, Neely Fuller Jr. defines these nine controlling constructs as followed 1. Economics, 2. Education, 3. Entertainment, 4. Labor, 5. Law, 6. Politics, 7. Religion, 8. Sex, and 9. War. This information is a paraphrased summation of Dr. Fuller’s authored work from the book entitled, The United Independent Compensatory Code System Concept. My personal belief is that as accurate as Dr. Fuller’s definition is that these mutinous people of the human family are also a group of people/beings of Europeans decent that are parasitical in their very barbaric nature and will attach themselves, use and devourer any willing host including members of their own ethnic or racial stock to maintain their own somatic and paranormal existence ...

It would be totally impossible to not have experience some of the many forms of racism; while being of Afrikan decent and here in Amerikkka. Like most people of non-European decent born and currently living on this geographical land mass now called North American we were born into this condition. According to Maritime Law... I did flow down the birth canal of my mother’s womb, my ship birth/(docked) doctor... on the banks (bank) of America’s soil/land and my mother unknowingly signed me over as possession by way of contract (birth certificate) and in this unknowingly gave up my solvency to my debtor/defaulted who was one and the same, my natural enemy.

I was socialized at a very young age to my desensitizing of racism white supremacy. I remember watching television adoring white characters in the moves, particularly the western moves. Always rutting for the white cowboys to kill the indigenous people “Indians” and feeling a staunch hatred for the very victims that they annihilated. Little did I know of the part my ancestors played in the real life scheme of my enemies genocidal plan to annihilated them and me as well. Amazing, seeing actors like John Wayne, Gregory Peck, Henry Fonda, and even the likes of Elvis Presley some of the most racist white men to ever be put in front of a movie camera. Most of us could remember the great white king of the jungle “Tarzan” the one who apes and elephants, lions and of course the Afrikan natives alike all succumbed to his every demand... and if that wasn’t enough he provided him with a beautiful maiden Jane... even she was more respected than the black women of our communities at least it seemed that way to this teenager maybe 15 going on 12... Former president of the Republic of the Congo Patrice Lumumba once said “Only a fool would allow the enemy of his people to educate his children.” I say damn what a fool’s we are...

My most reflective experience of racism as meager as it was stemmed from a time while in elementary school in the Baltimore City Public School 5th grade class room; at her request I befriended a white 9-10 year old female classmate totally unaware of the

systemic racism the encompassed the entire school atmosphere and desiring to fit in I accepted the friendship. I was one (1) of only three (3) individuals in the classroom that was of Afrikan decent the other two being females. Even at ten years of age I was hesitant to accept Marian Pruitt's friendship as it felt even strange and sort of different at the time. We occasionally did homework together at the neighborhood Enoch Pratt library along with other classmates and students. Other classmates took notice of our friendship as I remember a white male classmate uttering out a tease, stating that Marian likes Charles and the other's sort of laughing with an agreeing recognition. I really liked Marian as a fiend but our friendship was truly genuine and innocent, two children enjoying each other's company in a vase matrix of how we thought normal people was supposed to behaved. Marian invited me to come over to her house to do homework and study and I of course reluctantly accepted... I went to Marian home and rang the door bell and a man with very surprised look answered. In a very stern voice he asked, what can I do for you? I replied I am Chucky and I am here to see Marian. He proceeded to ask what for, I answered I was asked to come over to do homework and study. The man explained that he was her father and when back into the home for what I thought was to get Marian. He came back to the door as stated that Marian was punished and was not having any company; what he may or may not have known was that I heard him tell someone; I assumed that it was Marian's mother was that the nerve of her to have some "nigger" come to my house asking for my daughter. Suffice to say that was probably my first really known experience of blatant racism and although I have experienced consciously and or subconsciously many, many other episodes of racism long since Although quite mile in comparison to my many of the other experiences of racism, I will always remember that one simply because it was probably my first conscious experience of "Racism White Supremacy"

"Racism White Supremacy" (white privilege) is certainly a system that will continue, in the pattern of it's designed construct it was designed to be initiated, integrated, maintained and in doing so it would always continue to perpetuate itself (systematically). If racism was just a group of white people that hated and desired to control, oppress and subjugate non-white people, surly when these people died off... racism would have died off as well... or is it a condition that is predisposed and innate in people of European decent? You tell me! In closing I would like to say that I feel racism white supremacy is and will always be prevalent in the American governed social order of this society as it is a tightly entwined and woven in the very fabric and is much the essences of this society and is as authentically revered as apple pie and baseball. I am not naïve or gullible enough to believe that all people of European decent are just bad and or negative people or that all people of Afrikan decent are good and or are positive people... however, I do believe that "Racism White Supremacy" is a systemic tool used by all white people on a global level to obtain and appreciate white privilege...

Some of the most common and confusing terms/phrases used by white people to disguise the system of racism white supremacy are:

Capitalism
socialism
communism
Democracy
democratic process
Christianity
Jesus Christ
western civilization
western culture
Sexism
western education
terrorism
Higher education
war against drugs
war against terrorism
Integration
equal rights
keeping the dream alive
Imperialism
racism
preserving freedom
Colonialism
reverse racism
imperialism
Criminal justice system
us prison system
multiculturalism
Police force
racial profiling
law and order

Homosexuality
bisexuality
bestiality
Sexual preference
age preference
boy love
pederasty

These are illusory words and phrases that are designed to keep us from recognizing that there is only one predominate system that is oppressing Black people on the planet Earth-racism white supremacy. The only context in which these words actually apply is under white rule and domination. So when we look deep into the use of these words, we find white aggression as the stimulus for their use.

The Irritated Genie of Soufese” of Positive Kemetic Vision (PKV), book war on the Horizon: black resistance to the white –sex Assault... 2005

“Be assured that I planted well the seed of Negro or Black Nationalism which cannot be destroyed even by the foul play that has been meted out of me” -- Marcus Garvey

First message from Atlanta Penitentiary, 1925...

William S. Peters, Sr.

aka

‘just bill’

GRATIS

I will not go quietly into the Night!

When i was a Child of about 2 – 3 years of age, i had the opportunity to go to Town with my Grandmother, endearingly known as “Grandma ‘ouise” (pronounced “Wees” short for Louise). My self being the only child at that time, i was doted on with much love and celebration. You see, both of my Parents were somewhat Orphaned and Only Children. They were raised by some one other than their “Natural” Parents. I was so loved, being the “First Born”. There was nothing i did not have, want for or needed.

Well, on this occasion we went to town on a typical Saturday Morning. This was a very exciting time for a young child, especially one as precocious as myself. When we arrived in the Town, which i will not mention, we went to the local Super Store. A “Super Store” at that time was an exciting adventure. They had Food Items, Snacks, Toys, Clothing, and most of all People . . . Different People of all Types, Shapes, Colors, Sizes, etc . . . This was truly a treat for a young curious mind such as mine. They even had a Soda Fountain! To set up this scenario, i spent a couple of years after my birth in the South. Having been born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, my Mother traveled back to Her Home for family support. My Father was overseas in the Korean War, and my Mother was a Cute, Young 20 year old Female in a City that she knew not and Alone. So, going back South to her Family Home, a familiar setting was “Safe”.

Any way, in the store, i was in a world of wonder . . . i still have this picture of excitement embedded in my Spirit. Of course me being the energetic and hyper type of young boy i was, My Grandma of course kept me on a very tight leash, figuratively speaking. This was a “South” of 1953 . . . a place that was clearly evident that people had their “Place” . . . retrospectively speaking. As a natural explorer of life with an eye full of wonder and a mind full of questions, i did not know of this premise . . . and quite frankly, i am not sure i would have acquiesced if i did. Georgia is a unique State . . . then as it is now . . . it has quite a bit of Color to its demeanor.

So, in the Store i discovered in our journey that there was a place where people sat down . . . a “Soda Counter” . . . and of all wonders, the seats were round and they “Spun” around . . . WOW ! This was probably the first time i ever saw such a contraption . . . i was smitten and taken! Some how i managed, quite cleverly i must say to escape the close quarters of my Grandma’s watchful eye and made my way to this “Personal Merry Go Round”. I excitedly climbed aboard and took my place in the most ultimate of glee on my Quixotic adventure. The Elderly Lady behind the counter looked at me and smiled in a somewhat quizzical manner which i later came to understand as . . . who knows? At that age, any one adult was elderly.

Any way, my Grandma spotted me and quickly came over and said . . . “Boy, get down from there” . . . of course . . . me being the Adventurous, Curious Explorer of Life and Knowledge that i am simply asked . . . “Why”? I don’t quite remember being given an

adequate explanation then or at a later time, but i had no other choice but to obey, for my Grandma hurriedly lifted me off with an apology to the Lady behind the counter. This went by me like a Marble Snowball rolling down Everest.

But what did strike me and thus left an indelible impression upon my young curious mind to this day was the dubious reply from the Lady behind the Counter . . . and that was . . . “He must not be from around here !”

I will not dignify the meaning by an inane explanation of what was meant, or will i acknowledge, hopefully ever that there are lines drawn in our experiences that separates me and you. But i will say this . . . It is up to me as to whether i embrace these predetermined limits on myself or not!

I will not go quietly into the Night!

Black Picnic

Bar-B-Q Ribs
Corn on the Cob

some Collard Greens
Hot Dogs and Hamburgers
and plenty of Beer
and Sodas for the Kids
we be having a Cook Out

People milling around
Family members
you don't quite remember
or you do ?
and try to avoid
evade
cause they made
an impression
on you
you wish to forget
like juicy lips
and wide ass hips
flirtin' with you
like you were not related
to their inebriated
states of consciousness

i'm just confessin' here
how they make me feel

but for real
today
i am going to have some BIG FUN

The Pool is open
and the Old Folks
choose to be copin'
while the young one is gropin'
with the Heat
talkin' shit
playing Pinochle
Dominoes
you know
just tryin'
to ease the time on by

Let's go get some Crabs
a Bushel or 2

will do
1 for me
and the other
for the rest of you
i love me some Maryland Crabs
the pickin' and lickin'
man you must be trippin'
to think i am gonna share
this here
jumbo lump crab meat
i picked with you

gimme a beer young-un
young gun
will ya
NO you can not have a sip
at least not right now
wait to your momma
ain't lookin'

man, the party is cookin'
as is this hot ass sun
we sweatin' it out Son
we be havin' big fun

Summer time is here
and us folks . . .
we be ready
for this Black Picnic

© 20 June 2012 : William S. Peters, Sr.

i am black . . . i am colorful

i am not only black
i am colorful
no, i am not in denial
and i will not be denied
any more to speak out

for i have no doubts
what so ever
of how beautiful i am
how divine i am
how fine i am
for i am
i am black . . . i am colorful

you see,
i say that i am colorful
for i am a composite
of all the colors
my attributes are a collection
of the best of all things
the essence of all things

i was called the dark one
for i was
and continue to be
too deep to be understood

men in sheets
and white hoods
could not
and can not stop my shine
and though my history threatens you
it is still mine

from the Mesopotamia valley
to that sweet berry named Halle
i am diverse
and my variegated color
is not a curse
for i am the unique one
of this universe
bondage was nothing for me
for the soul of who we are
has always been our divinity
from Hannibal to basketball
we stood

and we still stand tall
and though we may have fallen at times
we get back up
and that has always been our specialty

and our ability
is to endure
and overcome
and that is the creed of our life

through all the oppression
suppression
repression
regression
depression
digression
and
aggression
and still
we are pressing
to brighter days

creating a new way
in our own colorful ways
and this is what i says
as does creation

i am not only black
i am colorful

© January 2011 : William S. Peters, Sr.

Bet On Black Baby

the world's Geisha's are crazed over me
for i was sculpted from pure Ebony
forbidden lore, expectant ecstasy

i was black as Coal, that diamond to come
they teased, they frolicked they wanted my sum
for they knew of the Motherland from whence i'm from

the world at large is awed by my mystique
and the magic we held, they all did seek
with consciousness raised, curiosities piqued

i am the darkness you vie to know
where ever i am the light doth go
i am the Tree where the fruits that grow

i am not ashamed, 'twas kissed by the Sun
for my Soul doth speaketh, to this chosen One
i suffer for Eden 'til Heaven 'tis done

i've come here once and i shall return
as sure as the fire in hell doth burn
follow or not, 'tis yours to discern

the coveted Pearl is that of the Black
distinguished apart from the rest of the pack
we are moving forward and we look not back

a spirit is quickening, erecting the lame
on the roll of life is inscribed thy name
reach for your glory, let go of the blame

take up your burden, and bathe in the light
thy journey endured has passed through the night
scales fall from thy eyes, celebrate thy sight

love is the answer, and we know of it well
we have transformed our divine, in spite of the hell

go to the Mountain speak, shout and tell

all the world . . . Bet on Black Baby





i am the diamond
behind the face of coal
look at me
i am life's liquid black gold

i am smooth
just watch my flow
i can make the best of life
where ever i go

yes you are troubled
but you can't hold me back
and i'm not sorry to remind you
of all that you lack

yes i am regal
my Father's sovereign heir
for i know that He loves me
so i live this life fair

my smiles are endless
my heart embraces all time
can you hear my music
i make all souls rhyme

be blessed you are forgiven
for hate damages my shine
i'm in to the light baby
for all of creation is mine

for . . .

i am the diamond
but you see only coal
if you knew what i knew
you'd love this . . .

liquid black gold.

those Savannah Days before i was Black

i was born and partially raised
in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

After my birth

my Mother and i went
back to her home,
in the South
Savannah Georgia.

My Father was serving
“his Country”
overseas
fighting dying
in the Korean War

I don’t think he knew
anybody from that land

the man
had sent him over
to help vanquish the enemy
of democracy

Back in the South
at a very early age
My Mother
GrandMa ‘Ouise
and GrandDaddy Frank
i suspected things were a bit different
but i was not too concerned about it
because GrandMa ‘Ouise
made some slammin’ Biscuits
with home made butter.
I even helped her churn it.
It was fun

until my arms started aching,
or i got bored,
or my friends came over
and wanted to play

we made slingshots
and shot Chinka-berries
at targets

and each other
but there was never any maliciousness

my GrandMa 'Ouise
she loved me and my Mom
with the natural abundance
of her heart

i felt so safe then
in those times

i did not know i was Black
until i came back North
and began attending Grade School

let me correct that . . .
none of us were black back then
We were Negroes and Colored Folks
and i was proud of it . . .
yes Sir . . .it was a good thing
to have Color . . .
and a lot of it.

We sang
we danced
we laughed
we played
we just enjoyed being alive

i remember the Sugar Sand
the biting Ants
and Sugar Cane
and Mr. Johnny across the street
with the barrel full
of stale candy
and potatoes chips
he kept just for us children

i planted a Pecan Tree

and it is still bearing fruit
or should i say nuts
like me
some 60 odd years later

and the Palm trees dripped with moss
reminding me today
of days of old
and those hot days
when we cared not
how hot, hot could be

i loved going into the City
and walk downtown
amongst the stares of
the “other” people

i now understand it,
but it took me well
into my teenage years
before i could decipher
the meanings
of those odd looks

yeah i was different
and indifferent to the reference
for i did not know of

what bias was then,
i only knew wonder
and i wanted more
of what this wonderful world
had to offer

i kept my eyes open

since, sometimes i wish
it was not so,
for in the subsequent years
there were many things

i wish i could forget
i saw
and still see

Savannah became my
Home away from Home,
and Home was wherever my heart was
which was wherever my Mother was

funny the twists and turns
that life subjects you to
isn't it ?

today my Mother resides
in another dimension
and still yet
she has my heart
as does GrandMa 'Ouise and
GrandDaddy Frank
and my Aunt Mattie
Aunt Bessie
Aunt Julia
NaNa & Gramps
and my 2 Aunt Bernices

There are so many more
i can but i won't name them all
for the list is quite long
and each one
i have given my heart to
for regardless of what i was
or what i am
i only wanted to love
and be loved
and smile of course

life sometimes has another agenda
or at least the people in it
but i shall smile any way

for that is my way
and shall always be
for no one . . . NO One
can take that away from me
because i remember
where i came from
and a part of my heart
still resides there
for eternity

these were the Savannah Days
before i learned i was Black

How you Livin' ?

For all those Brothers, Sisters and Rabble Rousers still complaining and looking for that 40 Acres and a Mule . . . Get over it . . . it ain't gonna happen. It has not happened over the past 147 + years, why are you still waiting in line ? X, King, Garvey, Truth, Evers, Parks and many, many others who were living their Dreams and Power could not make it happen. What makes you think that sitting around bitching about it will actualize such a bounty ?

For all those who sit around and find some joy speaking on what the "White Man" has done and is doing to us as a people . . . WAKE UP . . . what the White Man is doing is not nearly as important or significant as what you are doing to your self . . . holding on to excuses for your misery instead of standing up and creating the change we desire . . . as Malcolm said . . . by any means necessary.

For all those who would like to cry over the Spilled Milk, Misfortune, Repression and other aspects of Slavery . . . take the chains off your Mind and your Spirit . . . unlock your Greater Self, You have the key. You continue to minimize their unwilling sacrifice of their lives in remaining a Slave to the past instead of examining and embracing the power you so willingly ignore in your Now. You are powerful enough to make the change you seek for your Self, your Children, your Family, your Community, your People and the World. Believe in your self as did our Ancestors who died to provide YOU with this opportunity.

For those of us who would raise up and hold our selves above that of our Brothers and Sisters . . . get a fucking grip. No one man is better than another. Sure, we all have different and varying degrees of expression. We all vibrate to different frequencies of thought, whether it be Good or Bad. We all have different perspectives as exemplified here in my own personal diatribe. This does not make me right for you, nor all. These are but my words for me. Should you wish to partake of what i have to offer, i am more than happy to share with you, for in a collective such as Family, Community, Humanity, the greater good is not found in dissension, but in a collective consciousness of goodness and unity. It is not about the path we each individually walk, but the Direction we all are going. Which way are you headed ?

For us all . . . from my own personal experiences of facing my Truth, i am the first too admit that i can be an asshole. This usually comes to bear when i see too much of my self and less of the beauty of the world, the people and the creative possibilities about me. I am not an ostrich, so therefore i become this “Asshole” when i forget that at times i have my head up my ass and i become that which i see. I need to see the light !

Finally, do not underestimate the power of Love. The Vibratory Frequency of Love can pierce any barriers known and unknown to man. I have smiled at strangers and they smiled back. I have engaged in conversations with persons of Bias and at the end of our exchange we have discovered an unchartered common ground. If i hold my self apart, then i am. I choose the possibilities of what may become. What i am and have always been, i am all too familiar with and i tire of the same meal each day. I seek to expand my consciousness that i may discover, experience and enjoy the fruit found in the Big Garden where all is sweet. This can not be achieved while i sit here in this weed laden field of my woes and complaints about my life and it's circumstances. I Choose ! This alone is our greatest power just ahead of Belief and Faith . . . the power to “Choose” to think differently, walk differently and live differently. This has a way of assisting me to dream

differently and i just love it! If for nothing else, i feel so much better about all things now, not tomorrow, but right NOW !

And now i must ask you and my self, for the sake of our ancestors, our children and my self . . .

How you Livin' ?

1969

Yes, born in 1951 . . .
fast forward to 1969,
18 years of age,
the Viet Nam war still raging.

I was off to serve a country
that did not serve me,
even though they told me
it was mine

Boot Camp at Fort Bragg . . .
that's in North Carolina
MOS training
(*Military Occupational Specialty*)
94B20
That's a cook

a place where many Negroes went
if not the front line

i guess i was lucky ?

i remember Fort Lee,
Virgina
and the Black and White
Bathrooms . . .

My Country . . .huh

why was i treated differently ?

i know, i know,
it was my color was unlike those
who made the rules
and discovered America
so they say
and teach

we were hung
in the 60's
because of this skin
which i have yet to understand
why i was such a threat

better yet
why does this
frothing mouth madness
even exist . . .
yet still
our blood spills
in the streets of
AmeriKKKa

i was just out of High School
with a "girlfriend" pregnant
with my first daughter,
so life made me grow up
ahead of my time . . .

fast,
but i have never learned how
to kiss the right ass
to get ahead,
instead
i died
rather than take
that ride

i like so many others
have tried to get along
but the prevailing song of hate
and racism
provided a schism
between me and my people
me and you,
and righteousness

oh what a mess

and not much has changed
except the coat
that cloaks
the truth
that can never be found
in their History Books
no matter how hard you look

and like i said
not much has changed
for i must be deranged
for it feels like
i am still in 1969

i am the fruit

i am the fruit of the spirit of my ancestors
from the seed they planted
in the gardens of their dreams
their hopes . . .
as they suffered
and toiled
sweated
and bled
and cried
to nourish their prayers
for the day
their tomorrows
and our “Here and Now”

my soul has yearned to taste this fruit
this offering
for which so many
sacrificed and died
in the hot balmy day of the fields
in the cold dark nights
of some one else’s wilderness

we still made it through
with the hungry babies crying
and no time for sighing
and our unwilling complying
for the Lorde He was trying
 testing our mettle
 testing our character
 of our visions
 and
 of our pains

and i . . .
i am the spirit of my ancestors
 and that spirit is sweet
for i was planted and nurtured
 in the spirit of forgiveness
 i am the Spirit of love !

May i honor this spirit with
 my character
 my works
 and
 my dreams
for my children's tomorrows
 with love . . .

for in the fruit resides the seed

and . . .

i am the fruit!

In Other Words

GRATIS

Black as Charged

a JB collaboration with Jamie Bond, June Barefield and ‘just bill’

‘just bill’

Yes, i am Black
i was born Black
i have lived Black
i am living Black
i think Black
i dream Black
and i shall die Black
i am Black as Charged

this is for all you racist ass muthafukkas
and all the biased-assed bigots
who hide their own fears
behind the uniforms of ignorance

whether it be Blue
the Whiteness of your Skin
Red, Yellow and “Black Too
i speak this to you
and for all others
who get it in

you live behind the closed doors of denial
with closed minds
of institutional compliance
in defiance of what is true
that though i am Black
i am just like you
Human . . . just one of the Colors
that God speaks through

yes, i am Black as Charged

June Barefield

I been 10 toes, 2 nuTTs, a FAT dick knee dEEp in this shit since my pe0ples jumped off
of MASSA's
SLAVE SHIPS

I was born 2B my own master and flip the script hull to bow; maybe pimp the crackKa
sow

Sewed up for me is this on going depiction
a description inferior to thee

Inferno burnz

less0ns learned

doorkn0bs turned and then locked

BEHIND me

The time now mine

so I relax and attempt to climB out of a hell created by blunder
and I wonder...

"Wonder as I wonder, but I can no longer see the sky
how Jesus(called HORUS) did come forth 2 die; for p00r onre people like you,
and like I..."

Mz Marcy say:"they waving & adjudicating; Sentencing & incarcerating" the ghetto
youth creating
this inferior me

uncut & uncouth ni99'a Ro now grow to realize that his dreams R pocket sized while
picked then plucked

stuck then stolen

controlled now by the consciousness of the
BEHOLDEN child

While...

Still waters run so very DEEP,
unable to see down clear thru to the bottom of this WELL,
where this poison dwells

Him ignorance is now rage
the cell of him mind enlarged

4 ever and a day him B
BLACK AZ CHARGED.

Jamie Bond

I am every woman
Guilty of being loving

Quick to nurture our sisters and brothers
Best believe in the eyes of society
I'm guilty before innocent
I the nicest bitch you'll ever know
I'm mixed with a small percent
And still black as charged
Lived in a house and still from the ghetto

I appear from the dark
Black doesn't mean not pure in heart
Just the beginning of completion
Black baby born screaming and reaching

Destined to die, fuck crawlin; I'm creapin
This BRICK CITY WOMAN neva sleepin
The walk of the dark man rip em apart man
Today it's pay back from door to door
Oh they got heart but I got soooo much more
I'm guilty of being black as charged

Hit em wit shit they just don't understand
Fuck em over like a sex crazed fan
Abbreviate Cranston and just call me cran
The one who stomped em
with the big black mack in hand
Fuck over kill, I overdo it
Just to get em closer to it

So I could come unannounced straight rude
Anybody can kill but I can eat ya food
And deal death too...

Dude?
You in the mood
To free fall

Loose it all
Get cut down by a tall broad
In pussy hall?
Or I could come at night and creep ya bed

You wake up with a gun and ya own
dammn dick to yo head

Don't trip
Just do what your wife said
Don't spit
Just swallow instead
Anyway I want it, they can get it
Any spot they got I can hit it quick

It's like I crawl thru cracks
Clingin to ya walls like a pack of black bats
Givin ya lethal smacks
To the claps of you filthy rats
Kid you not - they came in packs

Never mind who sent me
Consider them my enemy
This advice friendly
All fails will be taken seriously
All vics will leave mysteriously
No time to set examples
Never let a coward amp you
Hate me because I'm a Brick City chick
An immoral mortal with a full clip
Mentality like a steal ship wit tint
And cohunes for tits like big blimps

So if ya dead wrong
Its on
And I'm comin
Ya help is all gone bodies are torn
Cause I'm slumpin
I'm huntin

Fuckas on a rabbit run
Letting raviolis have it son
Call it deep sleep leave em leakin
They got moves but shit is still weak
Make em take a peep
Into my guiding light

In front of my hairline sight
Far beyond a gun fight or a dog's bite...

Cant side step me nor check mate me
Sent crooked cops and robbers to come get me
I left em like slops and slobbers no safety
Deployed their best to creep me and steal me
Sent rude dudes to sleep wit me and kill me
Thought dick could peel me cuz I'm pretty
Like I'd let some mofo top bill me
They silly if they even think I don't get filthy

I guess they didn't like the way I returned him
Sent him right back to them with a burner
I watched him make their mans cap go splat
I watched him riddle ripples
in another coward back left em beyond crippled

They didn't like that - mutha fuckas
But they felt that DEEP - cock suckas
I felt their disgust - FUK EM!!!

Went straight home
and kicked their pops dead in the nuts
Gave their kids head buts
Like what what da fuck?
Flexin on a mutha fuka....
like BRICK CITY WUT?!?!?!

Question is did it pay?
Guilty as chargedI'm black
So you wanna still try nd fuck wit me?

Why did fonzi get buff wit me?
Want it ruff wit me
Like me and the killas
Won't pull a train on Bensenhurst
Fuck Howard beach into how it hurts

Make Justin Volpe deep throat a broom stick
Fuck him deep until he spits badda boom shit

Call me an eggplant you fuckin woppa
Come throw little Italy and straight fuck ova your pasta
Mutha fuck a soprano a good fella or mob
Guido comes around my way and he will get robbed

Never idealize fuckin rats
Muthafuckas been telling on us
Since prohibition and union strikers with bats
This is one of the main reasons why
This caged bird still sings on brick city blocks
cuz I'm a proud empowered powerful female
that'll have a niggas back fuk that!!
Guilty as charged PLUS I'm black
Also middle fungers up spytin like 2pac fuk em tho!!!
I know how to hit real racist muthafuckas back!

June Barfield

More than any promise or probable, possible solvable problem
being Black as Charged must involve the gathering of knowledge
from the college to the synagogue
Black must entertain the knowledge of himself
His reflection of his own GOD
to embrace another's historical hypocrisy is a mockery
and this is what the hell's stopping "WE"
proper revelation w/o the whole process of
indignation
raise up a wise nation
face it...

Black is the most beautiful-ist thing the world has ever known

All colors of the RAINBOW have grown from my loins

My bones resurrected on the third day of insurrection

Perfection.

YES!

I AM BLACK AZ CHARGED!!

'just bill'

Yeah, my Black Azz
is Black As Charged
and i am charged
so don't get it twisted
for within me is a cataclysmic
awakening
waiting to come about

all these years of my ancestors
and my life as well
i have been waiting for the change
you promised
you speak of, you tell
lies

but as usual
just like my Red Brother prophesized
you speak with Forked Tongues
with a deceptive reasoning
and there is no pleasing
for anyone

and let me tell you
this shit ain't no fun
any more

the doors to equity
equality
justice
have been locked all along

while we sit here singing
them damn freedom songs
i tire of hearing

but as i said in the beginning
Yes, i am Black
i was born Black
i have lived Black
i am living Black
i think Black
i dream Black
and i shall die Black
i am Black as Charged

this is for all you racist ass muthafukkas
and all the biased-assed bigots
who hide their own fears
behind the uniforms of ignorance

watch out
cause Class is ready to begin . . . shortly

a JB ~ JB ~ JB 3 Part Harmony Collab

The Black Prayer

Lord...why did You make me black?
Why did You make someone the world would hold back?

Black is the colour of dirty clothes, of grimy hands and feet...
Black is the colour of darkness, of tired beaten streets...

Why did You give me thick lips, a broad nose and kinky hair?
Why did You create someone who receives the hated stare?

Black is the colour of the bruised eye when someone gets hurt...
Black is the colour of darkness, black is the colour of dirt.

Why is my bone structure so thick, my hips and cheeks so high?
Why are my eyes brown and not the colour of the sky?

Why do people think I'm useless?
How come I feel so used?
Why do people see my skin and think I should be abused?

Lord, I just don't understand...
What is it about my skin?

Why is it some people want to hate me and not know the person within?

Black is what people are "labeled" when others want to keep them away...

Black is the colour of shadows cast...
Black is the end of the day.

Lord, You know my own people mistreat me and You know this just ain't right...

They don't like my hair, they don't like my skin, as they say I'm too dark or too light!

Lord don't You think it's time to make a change?
Why don't You redo creation and make everyone the same?

GOD'S REPLY

Why did I make you black? Why did I make you black?

I made you in the colour of coal from which beautiful diamonds are formed...

I made you in the colour of oil, the black gold which keeps people warm.

Your colour is the same as the rich dark soil that grows the food you need...

Your colour is the same as the black stallion and panther, oh what majestic creatures indeed!

All colours of the heavenly rainbow can be found throughout every nation...

When all these colours are blended, you become my greatest creation!

Your hair is the texture of lamb's wool, such a beautiful creature is he...

I am the shepherd who watches them, I will ALWAYS watch over thee!

You are the colour of the midnight sky, I put star glitter in your eyes...

There's a beautiful smile hidden behind your pain...
That's why your cheeks are so high!

You are the colour of dark clouds from the hurricanes I create in September...

I made your lips so full and thick, so when you kiss...they will remember!

Your stature is strong, your bone structure thick to withstand the burden of time...

The reflection you see in the mirror, that image that looks back, that is MINE!!

So get off your knees, look in the mirror and tell me what you see?
I didn't make you in the image of darkness...

I MADE YOU IN THE IMAGE OF ME!!!

Gil Scott Heron

The Revolution Will Not Be Televised

You will not be able to stay home, brother.
You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out.
You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and skip,
Skip out for beer during commercials,
Because the revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be televised.
The revolution will not be brought to you by Xerox
In 4 parts without commercial interruptions.
The revolution will not show you pictures of Nixon

blowing a bugle and leading a charge by John Mitchell, General Abrams and Spiro Agnew to eat hog maws confiscated from a Harlem sanctuary.
The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by the Schaefer Award Theatre and will not star Natalie Woods and Steve McQueen or Bullwinkle and Julia.
The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal.
The revolution will not get rid of the nubs.
The revolution will not make you look five pounds thinner, because the revolution will not be televised, Brother.

There will be no pictures of you and Willie May pushing that shopping cart down the block on the dead run, or trying to slide that color television into a stolen ambulance.
NBC will not be able predict the winner at 8:32 or report from 29 districts.
The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down brothers in the instant replay.
There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down brothers in the instant replay.

There will be no pictures of Whitney Young being run out of Harlem on a rail with a brand new process.
There will be no slow motion or still life of Roy Wilkens strolling through Watts in a Red, Black and Green liberation jumpsuit that he had been saving
For just the proper occasion.

Green Acres, The Beverly Hillbillies, and Hooterville Junction will no longer be so damned relevant, and women will not care if Dick finally gets down with Jane on Search for Tomorrow because Black people will be in the street looking for a brighter day.
The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no highlights on the eleven o'clock news and no pictures of hairy armed women liberationists and Jackie Onassis blowing her nose.

The theme song will not be written by Jim Webb,
Francis Scott Key, nor sung by Glen Campbell, Tom
Jones, Johnny Cash, Englebert Humperdink, or the Rare Earth.
The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be right back after a message
About a white tornado, white lightning, or white people.
You will not have to worry about a dove in your
bedroom, a tiger in your tank, or the giant in your toilet bowl.
The revolution will not go better with Coke.
The revolution will not fight the germs that may cause bad breath.
The revolution WILL put you in the driver's seat.

The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised,
will not be televised, will not be televised.
The revolution will be no re-run brothers;
The revolution will be live.

Written by Gil Scott-Heron (1949–2011)

from . . .

a Gathering of Words

Poetry & Commentary

for

Trayvon Martin

GRATIS

Foreword . . . Loga Michelle Odom

Trayvon Martin Ignites World Healing

In 2008, 2,947 children and teens died from guns in the United States and 2,793 died in 2009 for a total of 5,740—one child or teen every three hours, eight every day, 55 every week for two years. Six times as many children and teens—34,387—suffered nonfatal gun injuries as gun deaths in 2008 and 2009. This is equal to one child or teen every 31 minutes, 47 every day, and 331 children and teens every week.” –Children’s Defense Fund

The Spark

“My role in society, or any artist's or poet's role, is to try and express what we all feel. Not to tell people how to feel. Not as a preacher, not as a leader, but as a reflection of us all.” --John Lennon, Musician, Singer and Songwriter (1940 – 1980)

A friend of mine said to me recently, “Michelle, you see things most people don’t see.” In silent response I thought, “I allow myself to look at things others don’t want to see.” I have been like that forever really, and I suppose there are complex psychological reasons that lead me to look man’s inhumanity toward man directly in the eye; just as I suppose there are a mix of complicated factors that stop others from doing so.

One of the curious things for me about the untimely death of young Trayvon Martin, is the way it has captured the attention, compassion, and activism of people the world over. What is it about the death of this young man that causes a largely blind and desensitized people to hold their gaze? We know part of the appeal of this case goes to the facts that were readily apparent: It appears Trayvon, just 17 years old at the time of his death on February 26, 2012, was returning to a home in a gated Sanford, Florida community, where he was visiting his father on a rainy evening, armed with only a bag of Skittles candy and a can of Arizona iced tea. A self-appointed neighborhood watchman, George Zimmerman, thought the young man looked suspicious, and from his vehicle, called 911 to report his concerns. Details of their encounter are unclear, but we know that Trayvon is dead, and while police arrived on the scene that evening and ascertained that Zimmerman was the shooter, he was set free.

For several weeks the case went largely unnoticed – just another dead black youth – one of the thousands who die every three hours - until this death caught the attention of Rev. Al Sharpton, who decided we all needed to take a closer look. At the point that Sharpton involved himself in this matter, Zimmerman was a free man who had not been charged with any crime. We all learned

through the media that he stood his ground, as provided by law in 24 states, and it was not clear to authorities that any crime had been committed.

Trayvon Martin was African-American and his killer is a white Hispanic, and so some of the interest in this case is related to the racial dynamics it suggests. Other than black skin, what is it that made this young man appear suspect to his killer? Playing on that question, people of all racial and ethnic classifications around the world donned hooded sweatshirts, as Trayvon wore the night he was killed, suggesting, perhaps, this was not a case of pure racism. Yet try as we might to block the ugliness of the idea that this was a cold-blooded, race-based, unprovoked murder – it is difficult to escape such a conclusion.

For reasons we may never fully comprehend, the killing of Trayvon Martin has captured and held our attention for many weeks, and counting. After a great outpouring of concern and demands for justice, eventually George Zimmerman was charged with second-degree murder and presumably, he will be tried. No matter the outcome of his trial, when all is said and done, we may find that the death of Trayvon Martin was the spark that ignited a process of racial healing around the world – a process heretofore we have avoided with deafening silence, widespread blindness, and ice cold hearts, hands and bodies.

Bridging the racial divide is a huge agenda, but one we must eventually undertake if humanity is to reverse the dangerous course it is on, and find the will and the way to move forward. We must open our eyes and ears and hearts and minds and arms, to behold that which we would rather not see, to assess the damage done and ways in which the race divide keeps us trapped in fear, hate and turmoil, and to fashion a world, for once, where peace and love may flourish among all humankind.

Revolutionary Love

“The role of the revolutionary artist is to make revolution irresistible.” —Toni Cade Bambara, Writer, Documentary Filmmaker, Activist (1939 – 1995)

Recently I was engaged in a very intense, passionate, and lengthy conversation with a good friend of mine about the role I play on Facebook. Currently I am using this online space to direct attention to the issue of love through a series of posts I call the “Revolutionary Love Leadership Series,” where I build on the work of author bell hooks, who wrote a book called “*Salvation: Black People and Love*.” The topics reach deep into our souls and psyches, questioning our values and behaviors toward ourselves and each other, and have led to a number of highly emotional discussions.

My friend said to me that I was inciting a riot. It took several hours of discussion for me to understand that she was very upset that I had suggested to her that it would be good for everyone, black and white, to watch the 1971 film entitled “Goodbye Uncle Tom.” I only recently saw the film myself, and it is the most graphic display of the brutality of slavery I can even imagine – far more shocking than “Roots,” “Sankofa,” or “Amistad.” I said I believed if we would all watch this film, we would have a much better grasp of how we have wounded each other so deeply, why it has been so difficult for black people to move beyond the experience, and the patterns of relationship between blacks and whites that exist to this very day. Her perspective, if I captured it accurately, is that without guidance on how to handle such powerful images and memories, people will be incited to respond violently, and I am being irresponsible by sharing such information, without also providing leadership on what to do with the data.

Perhaps it goes without saying that I disagreed with her point of view. However, her comments have stayed with me, and led me to consider again the role and power of cultural workers. I was thinking, for example, about the image of the “starving artist,” and wondering why people who do such vital, moving, meaningful work for humanity are often not valued, treasured, supported, nurtured, encouraged and highly compensated by our fellow man and woman. We touch invisible chords in each other which expand our awareness of deep-seated needs and desires – spiritual needs - needs we very often do not know how to meet or satisfy – and would rather keep buried. Instead of stirring these emotions, and risking the potential failure of soothing our pain, as humans we often choose to “kill the messenger,” or leave our cultural workers to their private suffering as punishment for causing us to see things our brains have tried so hard to suppress.

Yet “man’s inhumanity toward man,” would appear to be as old as humanity itself. We duck and hide from the grotesqueness of the ways we treat each other, and go round in circles pretending as if we are moving forward on an evolutionary path – vilifying those who suggest that it might be more effective to behold the misery, senselessness, and destructiveness we bring to the world – so that we might identify means of changing the self-defeating course we are on, to one that honors all life forms.

The Western world is highly physical in the sense that we acknowledge those things we can perceive with our five senses and readily come to agreement about what we are seeing, hearing, smelling, touching or tasting. My experience, however, as a human being and cultural worker, is that there is another realm of reality that we cannot perceive with our five senses – a spiritual realm, if you will. We have a much greater challenge in coming to agreement about the existence of this realm and the validity and meaning of the insights gleaned therein. I see connections between things in the non-physical world – feelings, thoughts, words – and the ways in which these highly subjective aspects of reality connect to physical actions. My friend is correct, I believe, that exposure to provocative visual (written or verbal) stimuli, could lead some people to riotous action, especially people who have tried hard to avoid such images and bodies of knowledge, and are shocked into awareness.

Still, my goal as a cultural worker is to promote action that leads to life. My goal in promoting a vision of “revolutionary love,” is to bring more love into the world. People who respond to emotionally painful stimuli with violence, are not, generally, in my opinion, acting from a place of love. With perhaps the singular exception of self-defense, a violent reaction to truth is coming from a place of fear, hate and deep emotional woundedness – and may mean the recipient of the stimuli was not ready psychologically to receive the information, and therefore acted inappropriately or destructively.

Nevertheless, I do not believe it is the task or responsibility of cultural workers to limit human access to truth – our perception of those subjective, non-physical aspects of reality – or to attempt to control how people receive information and choose to act on it. Our responsibility is to share our truths – those visions and comprehensions we receive through our various artistic eyes, with the rest of the world. Yes, sometimes this will lead to shock and pain and unanticipated reactions, but my belief is that the more humanity confronts the reality of the ways in which we hurt each other – as well as the ways in which we can love each other – the less shocking, the less painful, and the less repeated our history will become for us – and we will be on a course that pulls us back from the very brink of destruction, and moving in a collective direction of life and love for all living things.

Cultural workers are powerful people. Let us be mindful of our power, endeavor to use it wisely, and press on. Humanity needs us – whether they know it or not, appreciate it or not, or understand or misinterpret our intent.

The Pressure

“Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.” --Martin Luther King Jr., Letter from Birmingham Jail, April 16, 1963, U.S. Civil Rights Leader and Clergyman (1929 - 1968)

I have a particular fondness for the sexual analogy, I think because sex is something many of us have experienced and enjoy. Sex has the capacity to cause us to feel things, quite deeply, and to have an active awareness of our needs, pleasures and connections to other human beings – especially on a physical level. In some ways, the creative process is akin to a sexual experience for me – one with power to bring new life to the ways we see, connect to, and treat our fellow human beings. Like a mother’s labor, the creative process and life of an artist are often quite painful, and yet they yield such joy, pleasure, beauty and meaning in our lives and the lives of those we touch – it is a pain worth the pleasure.

One day I said to William S. Peters, Sr., whom I consider a creative mentor, that I have been reluctant to use my gift of writing because of the persistent stereotype that black people don’t read, and my desire to be in dialogue and intimate communication with a black audience and all oppressed people. Especially as a young woman, I wanted to be a part of helping to bring healing to this deeply wounded community, to help its members come to a new vision for our lives, and to assist in undressing and revealing hidden talents and abilities much needed by the world. In that all-knowing and fatherly tone of his, he said to me, “It is not your responsibility to worry about who reads your work. It is your job to create.” “Yes Bill,” I mean what could I say? :-)

The healing of humanity cannot be dissected into populations. We live on this earth together, as male and female, black and white, gay and straight, rich and poor – and we are connected in ways we cannot see or fully comprehend. For reasons that escape us, the particular tragedy and truth of Trayvon Martin’s killing, touched a chord in humanity, held our gaze, made us aware of feelings long suppressed, and led to an outpouring of compassionate love expressed through our art. Truth is often painful and ugly, and even more so when we attempt to deny all aspects of our reality; but when we allow ourselves to see it, almost inevitably we know, “I Am Trayvon Martin,” and we unleash our potential and the beauty locked inside.

To all the deeply passionate, creative and humanity loving souls Bill has gathered here to make a joyful noise unto Trayvon, I salute you. Through your poems, songs, paintings, films, speeches, sermons and other creative products, artistic endeavors, intellectual journeys and activist pursuits, you have already touched a nerve, and fanned the flames set off by the spark known as Trayvon Martin. It simply cannot be a sign of mental health for nearly 3,000 children to die by gunfire each year, as the rest of us stand by and feel nothing. Each child is precious and deserves our loving care.

While we may hope the pressure applied through our collective works will ignite and galvanize sustained momentum toward healing our world, it is not our job to concern ourselves with how far those flames will travel, what passions they will ignite, or what heartstrings will be pulled. It is our job to create. It is our job to allow Spirit to flow through us and to find its own way. I thank you for allowing yourself to feel, to see, and to reflect our greatest needs and desires, and for using your gifts seductively to entice us all into a more aware and loving existence. I thank you for having the courage to bring forth new life as we mourn the loss of our children to a desensitized world. Let's make love!

"Justice for Trayvon" and justice for all.

A luta continua,
With Revolutionary Love,

Michelle
May 1, 2012

Preface

Our deepest sympathies for Tracy Martin, Sybrina Fulton and Trayvon's entire family can never be truly articulated however we offer to each you our sincerest condolences.

Our Purpose

Perhaps "A *GLOBAL* Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon Martin" would have been a more appropriate title for this preservation of a pivotal moment in world history. Briefly it seemed as though the world stood still so its inhabitants could gather and regroup our human relationships one to another. We have watched with great angst the despair,

disillusionment, and heartache which Trayvon's parents, Tracy and Sybrina have endured over the last several months. Many of us wished we could lend an ear, a shoulder, a hug, compassion or words of comfort and understanding to them. Although in *actuality* we all can't be there for The Martin Family and do all those things, in *reality* we can. The *reality* of "*A Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon Martin*" is a sincere effort to be there for his Family beyond all the superficial attention of the media and notoriety that wanes as we do what we humans do best...forget. Forget about Trayvon, forget about the senseless gun violence that took of the life of yet another innocent child on February 26, 2012 who, exactly eleven days earlier had celebrated his seventeenth birthday.

The Gathering

The Poets *demanded* this platform and freely contributed their poetry to "*A Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon*", as a creative memorial dedicated to the preservation of Trayvon Martin and the global significance of a tragedy that moved the world into action. We saw it unfold in the media over and over again; "Justice for Trayvon...Justice for Trayvon." The public demand was vocalized, often compromised, marginally realized but now is forever immortalized in these pages. The collective soul of these Poets and Writers brings the cry for justice beyond the street protests and the dialogue beyond the water cooler, extending the shelf life of remembrance past any expiration date. Trayvon's life may have been ended prematurely but his memory will now live on in history as a case study of humanity in the pages of this book.

Grief

Grief in and of itself is practically an unbearable emotion. Grief paired with the lack of understanding is even more painful. Along with his parents many of us have questioned the universe as to why Trayvon Martin, why this seventeen year old child was struck down at such a tender age. But no answer can suffice or fill the void in the hearts of his Mother and Father. All that remains are the tears of grief, the despair of heartbreak and anger tinged with frustration. We are left alone with all of those questions and thoughts which we may express through our deeds, actions or in this case words.

The words here have been gathered and cultivated from the most varied array of emotional and mental expressions. You may or may not identify with or even understand this collection of poetry from the raw, emotional feelings of each individual writer as they were moved to express their emotions. However the words will leave you with a spirit of remembrance of a young life gone too soon. You will not go through the words without having at least one phrase or idea that doesn't hang onto the fringes of your mind. Henceforth the words gathered together like tattered fragments of a photograph in a broken frame will leave you with the images of a young man's tragic death, the yearning of the broken hearts of two loving parents and a greater awareness of violence, especially the senselessness of gun violence.

Remembrance

Trayvon will forever be a part of our lives as an unsuspecting catalyst, catapulted to change the universe during his brief journey in this world. He will forever be mourned, martyred, and memorialized but he will never again will he be trivialized. Trayvon Benjamin Martin, a life lost, has found a conscious world still filled with unity and solidarity against injustice. Thanks to Trayvon and his parents, Tracy Martin and Sybrina Fulton the heart of the world that once sat silent to the injustices of society has been renewed. The once nameless faces of youth across the globe whose lives have perished due to senseless gun violence, judgment and fear are now represented by the voice of Trayvon...who cried out for help and justice beyond the grave.

Acknowledgments

A Poets message can come and go as quickly as the light of the fire fly but it takes a truly Conscious Poet to become a light in the vast darkness of humanity. For those of you who have spoken and chosen to heed your own conscious to shed light on the dark injustices this tragedy has exposed, thank you. Thank you for allowing us to gather your words of consciousness to illuminate the vast darkness of humanity which surrounds the globe. Singapore, Africa, Mexico, Jamaica, USA and many more your contributions and your outcry for this compilation is the sole reason "*A Gathering of Words; Poetry for Trayvon Martin*", exist. This is your historical remembrance of a time when the world seemed to stand still all at once in the name of justice. It is my prayer your lights continue to shine, and your conscious continue to enlighten each corner of humanity. You are truly Poets in every sense of the word and it is indeed an honor to be counted among you.

Cheryl Sublime Poetess Faison

from the Mind and Spirit of ... Monte Smith, Street Poet

"Usually when people are sad, they don't do anything. They just cry over their condition. But when they get angry, they bring about a change." -

Malcolm X

The south is...

F1 50's covered in Amerikkkan pride bumper stickers, driven by crackers who claim to love hip-hop but still refer to non-whites as niggers

The south is...

Cross-burning terrorists who plot on Sundays over fried chicken and sweet tea their mission, to un-cover ZOG'S conspiracy behind Obama, Jews and whites like me

The south is...

The only place in the country where most policies still go unchallenged, due to the racist agenda of right wing southern conservatism

The south is...

The r, the a, the c, the i, the s and the m in racism

The south is...

Never forgetting Robert F. Williams and the ten in Wilmington

The south is...

Home to vigilante justice, mobs and curfews

The south is...

A loaded deck, never forget the house is against you

The south is...

Willie Lynch, strange fruit and sheer terror

The south is...

Jim Crow, Emmitt Till and Medgar Evers

The south is ...

Where sons of the confederacy still believe dying for rich land owners equaled bravery

The south is...

Lacking people who like me feel we shouldn't be defending East Asia, Afghanistan and Israel, we should be defending Mobile, Sanford and

Princeville... places were black people are still living with the burdens of slavery

The south is...

Thousands of small towns infested with Johnny-Do-Gooders who have nothing to do except kill everyone who doesn't look and dress as they do

The south is...

Where the revolution is slowly startin'

Because the south is now... the haunting ground for Trayvon Martin

Monte Smith
Street Poet

a word from Gabe Rosales

I'm writing this in response to some recent events that have bothered me to my core. Besides Troy Davis being wrongly executed in Sept of 2011, the recent murder of Trayvon Martin in Florida and the murder of SSgt Manuel Loggins, (literally 15 minutes from my house in San Clemente CA), is a disgustingly blatant smack in the face of humanity and it is based on an ignorance that was proliferated by the early colonial ideals of this society, but dating back even farther, it is based on an idea that the whiter someone skin is, the closer they are to "good" or "god". "Racism" wasn't so much of an issue in America until the Caribbean slave trade mentality helped institutionalize racism into US LAW. Before then, slaves were all colors and many weren't slaves, but indentured servants who could earn land and money within 7 years. Yes, racism is nothing new and this has been going on for a very long time as we see even in places like Uganda where everyone is the same "color" yet the Ugandan government still look at the Acholi like a lower species. That's why we need to address how we got here, from a very long time ago.

Besides protesting, marching with my revolutionary brothers and sisters, I have to put this together to send out to anyone who will read it and share it with others to understand from a scientific perspective where skin "color" comes from and how it has evolved. I

encourage all to share it so that maybe we can stop looking at each other like "races" and realize we have been PROGRAMMED. OVERSTAND that in the ORIGINAL DRAFT of the Declaration of Independence, SLAVERY WAS TO BE ABOLISHED, but Rhode Island and South Carolina refused to sign the Declaration because their economies were BUILT on slave trade, prompting the other 11 states to refuse. The US economy was BASED on CHEAP labor and other people were thought of as PROPERTY and they were deemed servants "by nature" because of ignorance. This ignorance STILL persists and is fervently kept alive and is institutionalized in our society via the prison industry.

My hopes are that people can come to the understanding I have about where we really stand on this rock. I know this information is long but it is worth it for everyone to intellectually understand skin pigment at an evolutionary level. The reason why I address something like pigment in skin is because we as visual beings place judgment on things ALL DAY based on appearance. Skin color is the easiest and fastest way ignorance can use to separate people and despite what many people think, this kind of judgment is NOT dead. It is a pathetic way to mask the real social ills that plague this country.

We as a species, like all species alive today have gone through a lengthy process of evolution where the fittest continue the bloodline. Ignorance and racism has even made its way into the concepts behind evolution through Social Darwinists like Herbert Spencer who pushed the idea that some people are by default "inferior" as a people. A species thrives not because it is the biggest, smartest or strongest but because it is the most adaptable to change among other reasons like certain technological advancements I think of as a form of punctuated equilibrium. As homosapiens have migrated to the farthest reaches of the earth, they have had to adapt to survive the new climates as well as dramatic climate changes over the spans of hundreds of thousands of years. Survival of the species is the highest biological law in all life on the planet.

For many years scientists and researchers have come to a conclusion that skin colors were dependent on how close people were to the equator as they thought darker skin helped protect against cancer. With new research we can see this isn't accurate. Recent epidemiological and physiological evidence tells us the pattern in skin color evolution is simply a byproduct of natural selection acting to regulate the effect UV rays have on nutrients in females to support life for our species reproductive success.

In 1978 Richard F. Branda and John W. Eaton published a paper that showed light skinned people who had been exposed to simulated sunlight for long periods of time had abnormally low levels of Vitamin B folate in their blood. Even exposing simply human blood serum to the same simulated sunlight resulted in a 50% decrease in folate levels

in one hour. The importance of this connection between skin pigment and folate became blatantly apparent when examining research on major birth defects in a large group of people conducted by University of Western Australia. In the paper, it was established that folate deficiency in pregnant women increased the chances of neural tube defects like spina bifida. These findings sparked doctors around the world to emphasize adequate nutrients in pregnant women. Folate is essential for DNA to divide cells and in males a lack of folate can impair spermatogenesis.

People living closer to the equator developed darker skin so that they would have a reproductive advantage in that area but as homosapiens migrated farther away from climates with high levels of sunlight, the dark skin was actually detrimental. Lots of melanin keeps most UV radiation from penetrating the skin and that includes shorter wavelength UVB radiation. Yes, most of the effects of UV rays are harmful but they do perform a specific function that again is vital to us thriving as a species. Sunlight sparks vitamin D formation in the skin. With darker skinned people living close to the equator, humans get they get sufficient sunlight to aid in vitamin D production. The farther away they go, the less vitamin D. In terms of reproductive success vitamin D is essential for enabling calcium absorption in the intestines and it aids with immune systems. Scientists with this finding have even separated the earth's surface into 3 vitamin D ZONES.

One is the tropics, the second is the subtropics and the last is the temperate regions. The tropics have been designated as the place for humans to get sufficient opportunity to synthesize vitamin D all year based on the the UV rays. The subtropics have been labeled as having at least one month of sufficient UV radiation to process vitamin D and the temperate zone does not on average have enough UV radiation for vitamin D synthesis all year. Even with cultures that do not fit into this mold, we still see a consistency with this fact. The Inuit people of Alaska live in the temperate region yet have darker skin than one would assume of a person from that area. They are able to maintain their pigment by the vitamin D in their diet and they are also relatively "new" to that area having migrated there in the past 5000 years.

With the advances in our technology and the ability for our species to pick up and move to different regions we have seen the effect of UV radiation and vitamin D deficient related issues in cultures who seem to migrate "too fast". Lighter skinned people develop skin cancer when they move to areas with more UV rays and darker skinned people who move to subtropics or temperate zones have higher rates of rickets.

These kinds of changes in skin pigmentation over thousands of years should be celebrated as how resilient our species are on this planet but the division has been institutionalized and animosity has developed on all sides.

In regards to the Trayvon case specifically, I noticed many inconsistencies and double standards in people's perceptions of what transpired.

One of the first things I heard was that it was NOT a hate crime because the man with the gun was of Peruvian descent. This was one of the most ignorant things I've ever heard. Having served time in the penal system of Southern California at a time when one of the biggest "green light" was put on blacks from Hispanic gangs, I saw firsthand the hate between the minorities. No holds barred, all blacks were to be attacked, on the streets and in every correctional facility down to YA.

Another disturbing fact is this: regardless of whether the Trayvon case was a "race" related crime or not, we need to look at how it was handled by "the law". There are all colors of people committing crimes against their own and others all day every day. What we see in our broken, institutionalized, ignorant, color divided, system is the inconsistency in repercussions and sentence's handed out to people who kill dark skinned people vs people who white skinned people. After researching data from North Carolina from 1980 to the end of 2007, Glenn Pierce, a research scientist in the School of Criminology and Criminal Justice at Northeastern University in Boston, found that the odds of getting a death sentence are 2.96 times higher for those who kill whites than for those who kill blacks.

None of these things are coincidences. They are cultural problems that have evolved like our skin. They have evolved out of struggling for resources that are in actuality abundant, but are privatized by a select few. It almost seems like not that much has changed since the days of the Commissioners appointed by the US government to preside over hearings of runaway slaves in 1850. There was incentive for these businessmen to rule in favor of slave masters then as there is incentive to keep people in prison now. Prisons and the death penalty are systematic and calculated for a certain demographic. This system is perpetuated by the ignorance that contaminates us from lack of understanding. There are no excuses anymore and nowhere to hide, just like the issue of slavery was continuously swept under the carpet for the next generation it is throughout the history of this country. Enough is enough.

Gabe Rosales

- Teacher/Student/Activist
- Professional Musician
- Universal Zulu Nation (Calafia Zulu)
- Anti-Injustice Movement West Coast
- Guerrilla Republik
- Grand Unified Theory
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Biological Anthropology Information compiled from:

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George Chaplin

from the Spirit of Robert Gibbons

another child has gone, he has a long chain on.” (for Marc Primus)

This entire story has been personal to me. I remember being a seventeen-year old growing up in Florida. Being the oldest of my mother’s children; believing that I could conquer the world. In fact, I come from a humble but religious background. We did know we were children of migrants, but we did not know we were poor. I can’t remember one time our house was not over flowing with vegetables or the bounty of living in a city surrounded by sugar cane.

The unfortunate thing about living in Palm Beach County, the city in which I lived was totally segregated. I lived most of my life in Belle Glade, Florida, a city on the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee. Trayvon is connected to the land as I am connected to the land. We are taught at an early age to be independent, but also to fear the police. It should not be this way, but the evidence is overwhelming. There are so many names that we know and do not know. When I relocated to New York City it was during the killing of Sean Bell. But Sean was one example of so many more. The names like Michael Stewart, Amadou Diallo, D.J. Henry, Patrick Derismond, Ousimane Zongo, and most recently Ramarley Graham. Many of these black kings I have anthologized in poems. It is where their transcendence and martyrdom will live forever. This kind of execution of black life is not new. It goes back to the Middle Passage and Slavery and Jim Crow. It is in the very fabric of American Culture.

My grandmother told me once “this race is not given to the swift nor to the strong but those who hold out and endureth to the end.” And certainly we have endured. We have witnessed the killings of martyr-KINGS as Martin Luther King, Malcolm X; and Medgar Evers. But our histories and stories do not start there and it does not end. We must endure this genocide of black man not only on these colonial shores but there exist further extinction throughout the diaspora and our motherland. It is with conscious effort that we endure. It is in our very nature and in our seeds. I am in solidarity with one million men of African descent that are scattered around the globe in this effort. We must endure, because our history and our legacy are authentic. It goes all the way back to antiquity.

Finally I can say we are not surprised but we are in grief for the family of Trayvon Martin. His life deserves the same fruits and liberty of all children of America. But in every corner of this country where the black and brown exist; on every street corner and housing complex; every dance club and parks were young men like him congregate they are under attack. On the streets of Brownsville, Brooklyn; Benning Road in NE Washington, D.C.; the West End of Atlanta, Liberty City in Miami,

I am afraid for the lives of the young. The ones that are taken advantage of, discriminated, and marginalized. The ones that are placed in special classes, tracked, labeled and call at-risk. We call you out in this effort. This is another living document that will endure the test of a true soldier. Because before I become a slave I will rest in my grave. My grandmother told me, we must endure for the next generation.

Robert Gibbons,
New York City, April 30, 2012

A Mother's Perspective...

A past memory seems like yesterday's fear. I remember the day when Los Angeles lost control of itself and the images of military brigades setting up command posts in my neighborhood. Los Angeles exploded saying enough is enough. However the saying hails true; two wrongs don't make a right. Injustice had prevailed numerous times but this time the boiling water spilled over from the melting pot.

Freedom was supposed to ring the doorbell long time ago.

There were the explosions of family owned business', schools on lockdown, and grocery stores overcrowding with even more bewildered people as we stood in lines for hours and hours just to get a case of water.

Fast forward to 2012 and it's a great possibility history might just repeat itself, America...a nation lethally infected again. My sore eyes can't possibly understand the loss of a child because our children simply are not to die before us. A pain unbearable and unimaginable.

There is fear within society in the raising of the Afro-American male, the colored child, the black child. In utero, they are labeled aggressive, outspoken, mischievous or sometimes villainous just by the color of their skin.

How do you look in the eyes of a one year old or a three year old black male child, who has no cognitive understanding, all they know is Batman and Superman are their Heroes? They didn't see color yet but color saw them. Their innocence would one day disperse and they must become rebels with a cause.

Young men now twenty-one and twenty-four years of age today and still a mother's fear of what set off a riot in one of history's most uncertain times and the current injustices now has become reality. The "*Mommy I'm fine*" plays like a broken record but hopefully my inquiry is not undermining their manhood of growth. Constantly I preach and teach them the world can be cruel because of the color of their skin.

Honestly have you ever gotten a call from your son's school saying, "Please come, your son is filling out a police report because he was chased by a man waving a gun yelling, Nigger go home?" You lose your thoughts, your morals all in one split second, you become mentally a vigilante in that one split second.

"You must cut the umbilical cord", my son says.

"Your cord is cut, it's the other racist umbilical cord that remains attached of history repeating itself".

My consciousness has cried for those mothers and fathers who share a bond of losing a child to the piercing bullets of society. Will we ever come from under the foot of discrimination? History will continue to repeat itself unless WE stand as ONE to SHOUT, "ENOUGH is ENOUGH".

Rosemarie Howard
Poet & Spiritual Advisor

the thoughts of . . . Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

"White Institutionalized Racism" Is a major engine that drives racism as we know it. The FALSE concept of "Races" automatically sets the table to divide mankind. It is the bedrock that develops subconscious mindsets that stay with people for a lifetime. results are devastating and immensely effective in developing supremist ideology"

I recently wrote the above note to go to the heart of this complex critical issue which has been around since time memorial in one form or another but with simular results given the basic dynamics of "Injustice &Oppression" White Supremacy or any other Manifestation of low base raw lust fueled by the need to be in control and connected to other human weaknesses such as greed has not diminished in 2012 in the U.S.A or anywhere else for that matter.

There are many components to this phenomena to the extent that it would take exaustive amount of research and commentary. That being said let me at least touch on some critical points that are at the heart of this topic.Racism like any "Schismism" Made by and for man often to manipulate the masses is one manifestation of arrogance,greed ,selfishness that are promoted by Capitalism which under the false concept of promoting "Free enterprise" is in fact tailor made to amass great wealth and power by a few at the expense of the many thus causing mankind to be divided into classes. It is a oxymoron to use "Democracy" and "Capitalism in the same breath. Capitalism makes a democratic system "Null and Void" The proof is in the pudding. Racism is just one manifestiation of greedy men plotting to divide the masses and thus minimizing the chance for real reform that would make the distribution of wealth and power more equal.

There is a myrid of social/economic advantages to implementing this Grand Plan. Take for instance the "Prison Industrial Complex" a multi Billion dollar industry that uses Youth of color primarily "African Americans" as "Canon Fadar" to be the life blood to promote and keep that enormous enterprise afloat. The ripple effect of this grand scheme is hugh, creating many interesting but disturbing dynamics. One in particular is the "White Wanna Be" who wants to a part of what he or she precives as the "Road to Success" totally abandoning any "Morality,Justice,Compassion in the process. The table is set to perpetuate this "House/vs/Field" conflict that was touched on by Malcolm X and

others. The system at its core promotes and supports the continuation of this evil for it's "Vested Interest" fueling the most base low disires that have and continue to plague mankind.

To summarize Trayvons Tragic murder is a by-product of the above mentioned reality and unfortunately there will be many more Trayvons and George Zimmermans no matter how many times we march or shout "No Justice, No Peace"!!

from . . . Writteninpain Carlos Lavezzari

When I was a child my father showed me a picture in Jet magazine of something resembling a scene from a horror movie. I knew it was a person of some sort but it looked so disfigured i quickly closed the small magazine and handed it back to him. "Ewwww what is that?" I said. He answered "that was Emmit Till and that happened to him because he whistled at a white woman." Looking at the grainy black and white photo I spoke the thought that had entered my mind," Ohhh this was in the slavery times? he answered no.. this was 1955 only four years before I was born. Again my ten year old reasoning knew my dad was alive in the Martin Luther King days.. police dogs... fire hoses... and everything else that went along with the old black and white grainy videos i would be forced to sit through watching "Like It Is" on sunday. Truth of the matter is everything I had ever seen in terms of relations between whites and blacks was from movies like Roots and Mississippi Burning seemed dated and far away.. not the world i was living in.

In the summer of 1989 a young black male was killed in a very Italian part of Brooklyn new york. A young man named Yusuf Hawkins was beaten buy a mob of Italian teenagers and then fatally shot. This was not slavery times, this was not 1955... this was not some rural southern town this was New york city. Subsequently considering myself a young nationalist I met up with the movement at the time "The black liberation army" and marched the neighborhood the young man was killed in. We were met with boo's eggs... and a relentless chant of "NIGGERS GO HOME!!!!" I realized at this moment that Yusuf was killed for no other reason then he was black. He wasn't a revolutionary, nor was he a civil rights leader... he was just black in a neighborhood where being black was the crime.

As time passed i would see many unarmed or non threading black people be attacked or die at the hands of non blacks including

ELEANOR BUMPERS
MICHAEL STEWART
DARELL CABEY
LATASHA HARLINS
RODNEY KING

ALBERTA SPRUILL
AMADOU DIALLO
ABNER LOUIMA
SEAN BELL
TROY DAVIS
RAMARLEY GRAHAM (who's family I do know)

I followed these stories mostly but by no means were these the only. I am ashamed to admit that over time i became desensitized. The images of another unarmed black killed by whites or some other non black collective no longer stirred anger in me. I had grown tired of the marching the pointless petitions and REV. AL SHARPTON comforting yet another grieving family.

Then it happened, again... TRAVON MARTIN. At press time all of the events leading up to the shooting are still grey. Yet the end result all to familiar ... Unarmed black male...killed by an armed non black man. The shooter was not charged at first... and there was uproar, marching, petitions and REV AL SHARPTON with yet another grieving BLACK family. I stayed away from it.. I tried not to comment.. I refused to post hoodie pictures i refused to get involved even spiritually. It reminded me to much of Yuseff from my youth... another young black male in a neighborhood, the same age as my own son, Youtube was flooded with "NIGGERS GO HOME" videos. i was sick... and then... i heard the 911 call, i saw a mother recognize her her babies voice screaming for help... i again thought about my son...and how i would want someone..everyone to care about him.

So, i wrote this, i wrote this because my son is Trayvon, i was once Trayvon.. I was once Trayvon, Malcolm X was once Trayvon. Like Yuseff, like Emitt, Trayvon was taken way to young simply because someone decided they didn't have a right to live...because they were born black. Movies like roots and mississippi burning don't seem so far and distant any more., and i am fully aware of the world i live in. I live in a world where GEORGE ZIMMERMAN could very well be acquitted, I live in a world where in less than a year from now... There will be another dead unarmed blackman, another self righteous shooter...and REV.AL with another grieving black family.

THAT WAS WRITTENINPAIN

from the mind of . . . D.L. Davis

Black vs. White

Fear, anger and ignorance takes over common sense, so way too often we act out before we act responsibly, thus I see more tragedies than triumphs on TV. It amazes me that the color of a person's skin is perceived as a threat or something to fear.

Never has someone's color/race committed a crime, was on trial and sent to jail or prison. Color does not harm/hurt/kill or incites riots. Those actions are of PEOPLE. When an INDIVIDUAL does something wrong, I'm very saddened that his or her race as a whole is perceived as/looked at in that same negative light. How about we just give the deserved credit to that specific person? So I ask in wonderment, "What's to fear of color?" Absolutely NOTHING I declare. But it's painfully clear that plenty of people feel otherwise.

Social and liberty anger is so deeply embedded in countless Afro-American hearts; I fear there will never be room for race equality across the board. And the fact that there are numerous of White people who prefer the scale of equality to lean in their favor supports my fear. Afro-Americans are angry (and rightfully so) for hundreds of years of slavery and the Civil Rights Movement. Many Afro-Americans believe their race has been oppressed for such a long time, they feel their criminal/immoral acts against White people are justified...“time for payback” if you will.

History clearly dictates that White people have benefited from the hard work, blood, sweat and tears of Afro-Americans. Whites also learn from history and family members that their race is “superior” to the Afro-American race. (Unfortunately) the illusion of superiority is a comfort zone for some White people, and they fight for that comfort. Linus (Charlie

Brown character) without his comfort blanket is hysterical. That is the same basic concept.

I acknowledge both sides of the race war. I cold heartedly DO NOT agree with it, I simply acknowledge it. Much of this race war is a long time effect from hundreds of years ago. I also acknowledge in order for us to move forward as a people, we must give each other a fair shot here in the present. We are too fearful, angry and ignorant to know how or even want to make this world a more harmonious place to live in for TODAY AND BEYOND. Several years back, a gang peace treaty was called into action. That peace treaty failed because the PEOPLE failed, at their own free will, to keep the peace. Well, I have a dream that this race war/racism can be abolished ONLY IF THE PEOPLE do their parts. Do our parts by enforcing and upholding the core meaning of PEACE. That's my dream. I don't see that happening across the board, but it's my dream nonetheless. I'm doing my part. What about you?

DL DAVIS

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GRATIS

Historic Speeches

GRANADA

GRATIS

The Ballot or the Bullet ~ Malcolm X

April 3, 1964
Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Moderator, Brother Lomax, brothers and sisters, friends and enemies: I just can't believe everyone in here is a friend, and I don't want to leave anybody out. The question tonight, as I understand it, is "The Negro Revolt, and Where Do We Go From Here?" or "What Next?" In my little humble way of understanding it, it points toward either the ballot or the bullet.

Before we try and explain what is meant by the ballot or the bullet, I would like to clarify something concerning myself. I'm still a Muslim; my religion is still Islam. That's my personal belief. Just as Adam Clayton Powell is a Christian minister who heads the Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York, but at the same time takes part in the political struggles to try and bring about rights to the black people in this country; and Dr. Martin Luther King is a Christian minister down in Atlanta, Georgia, who heads another organization fighting for the civil rights of black people in this country; and Reverend Galamison, I guess you've heard of him, is another Christian minister in New York who has been deeply involved in the school boycotts to eliminate segregated education; well, I myself am a minister, not a Christian minister, but a Muslim minister; and I believe in action on all fronts by whatever means necessary.

Although I'm still a Muslim, I'm not here tonight to discuss my religion. I'm not here to try and change your religion. I'm not here to argue or discuss anything that we differ about, because it's time for us to submerge our differences and realize that it is best for us to first see that we have the same problem, a common problem, a problem that will make you catch hell whether you're a Baptist, or a Methodist, or a Muslim, or a nationalist. Whether you're educated or illiterate, whether you live on the boulevard or in the alley, you're going to catch hell just like I am. We're all in the same boat and we all are going to catch the same hell from the same man. He just happens to be a white man. All of us have suffered here, in this country, political oppression at the hands of the white man, economic exploitation at the hands of the white man, and social degradation at the hands of the white man.

Now in speaking like this, it doesn't mean that we're anti-white, but it does mean we're anti-exploitation, we're anti-degradation, we're anti-oppression. And if the white man doesn't want us to be anti-him, let him stop oppressing and exploiting and degrading us. Whether we are Christians or Muslims or nationalists or agnostics or atheists, we must first learn to forget our differences. If we have differences, let us differ in the closet;

when we come out in front, let us not have anything to argue about until we get finished arguing with the man. If the late President Kennedy could get together with Khrushchev

and exchange some wheat, we certainly have more in common with each other than Kennedy and Khrushchev had with each other.

If we don't do something real soon, I think you'll have to agree that we're going to be forced either to use the ballot or the bullet. It's one or the other in 1964. It isn't that time is running out -- time has run out!

1964 threatens to be the most explosive year America has ever witnessed. The most explosive year. Why? It's also a political year. It's the year when all of the white politicians will be back in the so-called Negro community jiving you and me for some votes. The year when all of the white political crooks will be right back in your and my community with their false promises, building up our hopes for a letdown, with their trickery and their treachery, with their false promises which they don't intend to keep. As they nourish these dissatisfactions, it can only lead to one thing, an explosion; and now we have the type of black man on the scene in America today -- I'm sorry, Brother Lomax -- who just doesn't intend to turn the other cheek any longer.

Don't let anybody tell you anything about the odds are against you. If they draft you, they send you to Korea and make you face 800 million Chinese. If you can be brave over there, you can be brave right here. These odds aren't as great as those odds. And if you fight here, you will at least know what you're fighting for.

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. Those Honkies that just got off the boat, they're already Americans; Polacks are already Americans; the Italian refugees are already Americans. Everything that came out of Europe, every blue-eyed thing, is already an American. And as long as you and I have been over here, we aren't Americans yet.

Well, I am one who doesn't believe in deluding myself. I'm not going to sit at your table and watch you eat, with nothing on my plate, and call myself a diner. Sitting at the table doesn't make you a diner, unless you eat some of what's on that plate. Being here in America doesn't make you an American. Being born here in America doesn't make you an American. Why, if birth made you American, you wouldn't need any legislation; you wouldn't need any amendments to the Constitution; you wouldn't be faced with civil-rights filibustering in Washington, D.C., right now. They don't have to pass civil-rights legislation to make a Polack an American.

No, I'm not an American. I'm one of the 22 million black people who are the victims of Americanism. One of the 22 million black people who are the victims of democracy, nothing but disguised hypocrisy. So, I'm not standing here speaking to you as an American, or a patriot, or a flag-saluter, or a flag-waver -- no, not I. I'm speaking as a

victim of this American system. And I see America through the eyes of the victim. I don't see any American dream; I see an American nightmare.

These 22 million victims are waking up. Their eyes are coming open. They're beginning to see what they used to only look at. They're becoming politically mature. They are realizing that there are new political trends from coast to coast. As they see these new political trends, it's possible for them to see that every time there's an election the races are so close that they have to have a recount. They had to recount in Massachusetts to see who was going to be governor, it was so close. It was the same way in Rhode Island, in Minnesota, and in many other parts of the country. And the same with Kennedy and Nixon when they ran for president. It was so close they had to count all over again. Well, what does this mean? It means that when white people are evenly divided, and black people have a bloc of votes of their own, it is left up to them to determine who's going to sit in the White House and who's going to be in the dog house.

It. was the black man's vote that put the present administration in Washington, D.C. Your vote, your dumb vote, your ignorant vote, your wasted vote put in an administration in Washington, D.C., that has seen fit to pass every kind of legislation imaginable, saving you until last, then filibustering on top of that. And your and my leaders have the audacity to run around clapping their hands and talk about how much progress we're making. And what a good president we have. If he wasn't good in Texas, he sure can't be good in Washington, D.C. Because Texas is a lynch state. It is in the same breath as Mississippi, no different; only they lynch you in Texas with a Texas accent and lynch you in Mississippi with a Mississippi accent. And these Negro leaders have the audacity to go and have some coffee in the White House with a Texan, a Southern cracker -- that's all he is -- and then come out and tell you and me that he's going to be better for us because, since he's from the South, he knows how to deal with the Southerners. What kind of logic is that? Let Eastland be president, he's from the South too. He should be better able to deal with them than Johnson.

In this present administration they have in the House of Representatives 257 Democrats to only 177 Republicans. They control two-thirds of the House vote. Why can't they pass something that will help you and me? In the Senate, there are 67 senators who are of the Democratic Party. Only 33 of them are Republicans. Why, the Democrats have got the government sewed up, and you're the one who sewed it up for them. And what have they given you for it? Four years in office, and just now getting around to some civil-rights legislation. Just now, after everything else is gone, out of the way, they're going to sit

down now and play with you all summer long -- the same old giant con game that they call filibuster. All those are in cahoots together. Don't you ever think they're not in cahoots together, for the man that is heading the civil-rights filibuster is a man from Georgia named Richard Russell. When Johnson became president, the first man he asked for when he got back to Washington, D.C., was "Dicky" -- that's how tight they are. That's his boy, that's his pal, that's his buddy. But they're playing that old con game. One

of them makes believe he's for you, and he's got it fixed where the other one is so tight against you, he never has to keep his promise.

So it's time in 1964 to wake up. And when you see them coming up with that kind of conspiracy, let them know your eyes are open. And let them know you -- something else that's wide open too. It's got to be the ballot or the bullet. The ballot or the bullet. If you're afraid to use an expression like that, you should get on out of the country; you should get back in the cotton patch; you should get back in the alley. They get all the Negro vote, and after they get it, the Negro gets nothing in return. All they did when they got to Washington was give a few big Negroes big jobs. Those big Negroes didn't need big jobs, they already had jobs. That's camouflage, that's trickery, that's treachery, window-dressing. I'm not trying to knock out the Democrats for the Republicans. We'll get to them in a minute. But it is true; you put the Democrats first and the Democrats put you last.

Look at it the way it is. What alibis do they use, since they control Congress and the Senate? What alibi do they use when you and I ask, "Well, when are you going to keep your promise?" They blame the Dixiecrats. What is a Dixiecrat? A Democrat. A Dixiecrat is nothing but a Democrat in disguise. The titular head of the Democrats is also the head of the Dixiecrats, because the Dixiecrats are a part of the Democratic Party. The Democrats have never kicked the Dixiecrats out of the party. The Dixiecrats bolted themselves once, but the Democrats didn't put them out. Imagine, these lowdown Southern segregationists put the Northern Democrats down. But the Northern Democrats have never put the Dixiecrats down. No, look at that thing the way it is. They have got a con game going on, a political con game, and you and I are in the middle. It's time for you and me to wake up and start looking at it like it is, and trying to understand it like it is; and then we can deal with it like it is.

The Dixiecrats in Washington, D.C., control the key committees that run the government. The only reason the Dixiecrats control these committees is because they have seniority. The only reason they have seniority is because they come from states where Negroes can't vote. This is not even a government that's based on democracy. It is not a government that is made up of representatives of the people. Half of the people in the South can't even vote. Eastland is not even supposed to be in Washington. Half of the senators and congressmen who occupy these key positions in Washington, D.C., are there illegally, are there unconstitutionally.

I was in Washington, D.C., a week ago Thursday, when they were debating whether or not they should let the bill come onto the floor. And in the back of the room where the Senate meets, there's a huge map of the United States, and on that map it shows the location of Negroes throughout the country. And it shows that the Southern section of the country, the states that are most heavily concentrated with Negroes, are the ones that have senators and congressmen standing up filibustering and doing all other kinds of trickery to keep the Negro from being able to vote. This is pitiful. But it's not pitiful for us any longer; it's actually pitiful for the white man, because soon now, as the Negro awakens a

little more and sees the vise that he's in, sees the bag that he's in, sees the real game that he's in, then the Negro's going to develop a new tactic.

These senators and congressmen actually violate the constitutional amendments that guarantee the people of that particular state or county the right to vote. And the Constitution itself has within it the machinery to expel any representative from a state where the voting rights of the people are violated. You don't even need new legislation. Any person in Congress right now, who is there from a state or a district where the voting rights of the people are violated, that particular person should be expelled from Congress. And when you expel him, you've removed one of the obstacles in the path of any real meaningful legislation in this country. In fact, when you expel them, you don't need new legislation, because they will be replaced by black representatives from counties and districts where the black man is in the majority, not in the minority.

If the black man in these Southern states had his full voting rights, the key Dixiecrats in Washington, D. C., which means the key Democrats in Washington, D.C., would lose their seats. The Democratic Party itself would lose its power. It would cease to be powerful as a party. When you see the amount of power that would be lost by the Democratic Party if it were to lose the Dixiecrat wing, or branch, or element, you can see where it's against the interests of the Democrats to give voting rights to Negroes in states where the Democrats have been in complete power and authority ever since the Civil War. You just can't belong to that Party without analyzing it.

I say again, I'm not anti-Democrat, I'm not anti-Republican, I'm not antianything. I'm just questioning their sincerity, and some of the strategy that they've been using on our people by promising them promises that they don't intend to keep. When you keep the Democrats in power, you're keeping the Dixiecrats in power. I doubt that my good Brother Lomax will deny that. A vote for a Democrat is a vote for a Dixiecrat. That's why, in 1964, it's time now for you and me to become more politically mature and realize what the ballot is for; what we're supposed to get when we cast a ballot; and that if we don't cast a ballot, it's going to end up in a situation where we're going to have to cast a bullet. It's either a ballot or a bullet.

In the North, they do it a different way. They have a system that's known as gerrymandering, whatever that means. It means when Negroes become too heavily concentrated in a certain area, and begin to gain too much political power, the white man comes along and changes the district lines. You may say, "Why do you keep saying white man?" Because it's the white man who does it. I haven't ever seen any Negro changing any lines. They don't let him get near the line. It's the white man who does this. And usually, it's the white man who grins at you the most, and pats you on the back, and is supposed to be your friend. He may be friendly, but he's not your friend.

So, what I'm trying to impress upon you, in essence, is this: You and I in America are faced not with a segregationist conspiracy, we're faced with a government conspiracy. Everyone who's filibustering is a senator -- that's the government. Everyone who's finagling in Washington, D.C., is a congressman -- that's the government. You don't have anybody putting blocks in your path but people who are a part of the government. The same government that you go abroad to fight for and die for is the government that is in a conspiracy to deprive you of your voting rights, deprive you of your economic opportunities, deprive you of decent housing, deprive you of decent education. You don't need to go to the employer alone, it is the government itself, the government of America, that is responsible for the oppression and exploitation and degradation of black people in this country. And you should drop it in their lap. This government has failed the Negro. This so-called democracy has failed the Negro. And all these white liberals have definitely failed the Negro.

So, where do we go from here? First, we need some friends. We need some new allies. The entire civil-rights struggle needs a new interpretation, a broader interpretation. We need to look at this civil-rights thing from another angle -- from the inside as well as from the outside. To those of us whose philosophy is black nationalism, the only way you can get involved in the civil-rights struggle is give it a new interpretation. That old interpretation excluded us. It kept us out. So, we're giving a new interpretation to the civil-rights struggle, an interpretation that will enable us to come into it, take part in it. And these handkerchief-heads who have been dillydallying and pussy footing and compromising -- we don't intend to let them pussyfoot and dillydally and compromise any longer.

How can you thank a man for giving you what's already yours? How then can you thank him for giving you only part of what's already yours? You haven't even made progress, if what's being given to you, you should have had already. That's not progress. And I love my Brother Lomax, the way he pointed out we're right back where we were in 1954. We're not even as far up as we were in 1954. We're behind where we were in 1954. There's more segregation now than there was in 1954. There's more racial animosity, more racial hatred, more racial violence today in 1964, than there was in 1954. Where is the progress?

And now you're facing a situation where the young Negro's coming up. They don't want to hear that "turn the-other-cheek" stuff, no. In Jacksonville, those were teenagers, they were throwing Molotov cocktails. Negroes have never done that before. But it shows you there's a new deal coming in. There's new thinking coming in. There's new strategy coming in. It'll be Molotov cocktails this month, hand grenades next month, and something else next month. It'll be ballots, or it'll be bullets. It'll be liberty, or it will be death. The only difference about this kind of death -- it'll be reciprocal. You know what is meant by "reciprocal"? That's one of Brother Lomax's words. I stole it from him. I don't usually deal with those big words because I don't usually deal with big people. I deal with small people. I find you can get a whole lot of small people and whip hell out of a whole

lot of big people. They haven't got anything to lose, and they've got every thing to gain. And they'll let you know in a minute: "It takes two to tango; when I go, you go."

The black nationalists, those whose philosophy is black nationalism, in bringing about this new interpretation of the entire meaning of civil rights, look upon it as meaning, as Brother Lomax has pointed out, equality of opportunity. Well, we're justified in seeking civil rights, if it means equality of opportunity, because all we're doing there is trying to collect for our investment. Our mothers and fathers invested sweat and blood. Three hundred and ten years we worked in this country without a dime in return -- I mean without a dime in return. You let the white man walk around here talking about how rich this country is, but you never stop to think how it got rich so quick. It got rich because you made it rich.

You take the people who are in this audience right now. They're poor. We're all poor as individuals. Our weekly salary individually amounts to hardly anything. But if you take the salary of everyone in here collectively, it'll fill up a whole lot of baskets. It's a lot of wealth. If you can collect the wages of just these people right here for a year, you'll be rich -- richer than rich. When you look at it like that, think how rich Uncle Sam had to become, not with this handful, but millions of black people. Your and my mother and father, who didn't work an eight-hour shift, but worked from "can't see" in the morning until "can't see" at night, and worked for nothing, making the white man rich, making Uncle Sam rich. This is our investment. This is our contribution, our blood.

Not only did we give of our free labor, we gave of our blood. Every time he had a call to arms, we were the first ones in uniform. We died on every battlefield the white man had. We have made a greater sacrifice than anybody who's standing up in America today. We have made a greater contribution and have collected less. Civil rights, for those of us whose philosophy is black nationalism, means: "Give it to us now. Don't wait for next year. Give it to us yesterday, and that's not fast enough."

I might stop right here to point out one thing. Whenever you're going after something that belongs to you, anyone who's depriving you of the right to have it is a criminal. Understand that. Whenever you are going after something that is yours, you are within your legal rights to lay claim to it. And anyone who puts forth any effort to deprive you of that which is yours, is breaking the law, is a criminal. And this was pointed out by the Supreme Court decision. It outlawed segregation.

Which means segregation is against the law. Which means a segregationist is breaking the law. A segregationist is a criminal. You can't label him as anything other than that. And when you demonstrate against segregation, the law is on your side. The Supreme Court is on your side.

Now, who is it that opposes you in carrying out the law? The police department itself. With police dogs and clubs. Whenever you demonstrate against segregation, whether it is segregated education, segregated housing, or anything else, the law is on your side, and anyone who stands in the way is not the law any longer. They are breaking the law; they are not representatives of the law. Any time you demonstrate against segregation and a man has the audacity to put a police dog on you, kill that dog, kill him, I'm telling you, kill that dog. I say it, if they put me in jail tomorrow, kill that dog. Then you'll put a stop to it. Now, if these white people in here don't want to see that kind of action, get down and tell the mayor to tell the police department to pull the dogs in. That's all you have to do. If you don't do it, someone else will.

If you don't take this kind of stand, your little children will grow up and look at you and think "shame." If you don't take an uncompromising stand, I don't mean go out and get violent; but at the same time you should never be nonviolent unless you run into some nonviolence. I'm nonviolent with those who are nonviolent with me. But when you drop that violence on me, then you've made me go insane, and I'm not responsible for what I do. And that's the way every Negro should get. Any time you know you're within the law, within your legal rights, within your moral rights, in accord with justice, then die for what you believe in. But don't die alone. Let your dying be reciprocal. This is what is meant by equality. What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

When we begin to get in this area, we need new friends, we need new allies. We need to expand the civil-rights struggle to a higher level -- to the level of human rights. Whenever you are in a civil-rights struggle, whether you know it or not, you are confining yourself to the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam. No one from the outside world can speak out in your behalf as long as your struggle is a civil-rights struggle. Civil rights comes within the domestic affairs of this country. All of our African brothers and our Asian brothers and our Latin-American brothers cannot open their mouths and interfere in the domestic affairs of the United States. And as long as it's civil rights, this comes under the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam.

But the United Nations has what's known as the charter of human rights; it has a committee that deals in human rights. You may wonder why all of the atrocities that have been committed in Africa and in Hungary and in Asia, and in Latin America are brought before the UN, and the Negro problem is never brought before the UN. This is part of the conspiracy. This old, tricky blue eyed liberal who is supposed to be your and my friend, supposed to be in our corner, supposed to be subsidizing our struggle, and supposed to be acting in the capacity of an adviser, never tells you anything about human rights. They keep you wrapped up in civil rights. And you spend so much time barking up the civil-rights tree, you don't even know there's a human-rights tree on the same floor.

When you expand the civil-rights struggle to the level of human rights, you can then take the case of the black man in this country before the nations in the UN. You can take it before the General Assembly. You can take Uncle Sam before a world court. But the only level you can do it on is the level of human rights. Civil rights keeps you under his

restrictions, under his jurisdiction. Civil rights keeps you in his pocket. Civil rights means you're asking Uncle Sam to treat you right. Human rights are something you were born with. Human rights are your God-given rights. Human rights are the rights that are recognized by all nations of this earth. And any time any one violates your human rights, you can take them to the world court.

Uncle Sam's hands are dripping with blood, dripping with the blood of the black man in this country. He's the earth's number-one hypocrite. He has the audacity -- yes, he has -- imagine him posing as the leader of the free world. The free world! And you over here singing "We Shall Overcome." Expand the civil-rights struggle to the level of human rights. Take it into the United Nations, where our African brothers can throw their weight on our side, where our Asian brothers can throw their weight on our side, where our Latin-American brothers can throw their weight on our side, and where 800 million Chinamen are sitting there waiting to throw their weight on our side.

Let the world know how bloody his hands are. Let the world know the hypocrisy that's practiced over here. Let it be the ballot or the bullet. Let him know that it must be the ballot or the bullet.

When you take your case to Washington, D.C., you're taking it to the criminal who's responsible; it's like running from the wolf to the fox. They're all in cahoots together. They all work political chicanery and make you look like a chump before the eyes of the world. Here you are walking around in America, getting ready to be drafted and sent abroad, like a tin soldier, and when you get over there, people ask you what are you fighting for, and you have to stick your tongue in your cheek. No, take Uncle Sam to court, take him before the world.

By ballot I only mean freedom. Don't you know -- I disagree with Lomax on this issue -- that the ballot is more important than the dollar? Can I prove it? Yes. Look in the UN. There are poor nations in the UN; yet those poor nations can get together with their voting power and keep the rich nations from making a move. They have one nation -- one vote, everyone has an equal vote. And when those brothers from Asia, and Africa and the darker parts of this earth get together, their voting power is sufficient to hold Sam in check. Or Russia in check. Or some other section of the earth in check. So, the ballot is most important.

Right now, in this country, if you and I, 22 million African-Americans -- that's what we are -- Africans who are in America. You're nothing but Africans. Nothing but Africans. In fact, you'd get farther calling yourself African instead of Negro. Africans don't catch hell. You're the only one catching hell. They don't have to pass civil-rights bills for Africans. An African can go anywhere he wants right now. All you've got to do is tie your head up. That's right, go anywhere you want. Just stop being a Negro. Change your name to Hoogagagooba. That'll show you how silly the white man is. You're dealing with

a silly man. A friend of mine who's very dark put a turban on his head and went into a restaurant in Atlanta before they called themselves desegregated. He went into a white restaurant, he sat down, they served him, and he said, "What would happen if a Negro came in here? And there he's sitting, black as night, but because he had his head wrapped up the waitress looked back at him and says, "Why, there wouldn't no nigger dare come in here."

So, you're dealing with a man whose bias and prejudice are making him lose his mind, his intelligence, every day. He's frightened. He looks around and sees what's taking place on this earth, and he sees that the pendulum of time is swinging in your direction. The dark people are waking up. They're losing their fear of the white man. No place where he's fighting right now is he winning. Everywhere he's fighting, he's fighting someone your and my complexion. And they're beating him. He can't win any more. He's won his last battle. He failed to win the Korean War. He couldn't win it. He had to sign a truce. That's a loss.

Any time Uncle Sam, with all his machinery for warfare, is held to a draw by some rice eaters, he's lost the battle. He had to sign a truce. America's not supposed to sign a truce. She's supposed to be bad. But she's not bad any more. She's bad as long as she can use her hydrogen bomb, but she can't use hers for fear Russia might use hers. Russia can't use hers, for fear that Sam might use his. So, both of them are weapon-less. They can't use the weapon because each's weapon nullifies the other's. So the only place where action can take place is on the ground. And the white man can't win another war fighting on the ground. Those days are over. The black man knows it, the brown man knows it, the red man knows it, and the yellow man knows it. So they engage him in guerrilla warfare.

That's not his style. You've got to have heart to be a guerrilla warrior, and he hasn't got any heart. I'm telling you now.

I just want to give you a little briefing on guerrilla warfare because, before you know it, before you know it. It takes heart to be a guerrilla warrior because you're on your own. In conventional warfare you have tanks and a whole lot of other people with you to back you up -- planes over your head and all that kind of stuff. But a guerrilla is on his own. All you have is a rifle, some sneakers and a bowl of rice, and that's all you need -- and a lot of heart. The Japanese on some of those islands in the Pacific, when the American soldiers landed, one Japanese sometimes could hold the whole army off. He'd just wait until the sun went down, and when the sun went down they were all equal. He would take his little blade and slip from bush to bush, and from American to American. The white soldiers couldn't cope with that. Whenever you see a white soldier that fought in the Pacific, he has the shakes, he has a nervous condition, because they scared him to death.

The same thing happened to the French up in French Indochina. People who just a few years previously were rice farmers got together and ran the heavily-mechanized French army out of Indochina. You don't need it -- modern warfare today won't work. This is the

day of the guerrilla. They did the same thing in Algeria. Algerians, who were nothing but Bedouins, took a rine and sneaked off to the hills, and de Gaulle and all of his highfalutin' war machinery couldn't defeat those guerrillas. Nowhere on this earth does the white man win in a guerrilla warfare. It's not his speed. Just as guerrilla warfare is prevailing in Asia and in parts of Africa and in parts of Latin America, you've got to be mighty naive, or you've got to play the black man cheap, if you don't think some day he's going to wake up and find that it's got to be the ballot or the bullet.

I would like to say, in closing, a few things concerning the Muslim Mosque, Inc., which we established recently in New York City. It's true we're Muslims and our religion is Islam, but we don't mix our religion with our politics and our economics and our social and civil activities -- not any more We keep our religion in our mosque. After our religious services are over, then as Muslims we become involved in political action, economic action and social and civic action. We become involved with anybody, anywhere, any time and in any manner that's designed to eliminate the evils, the political, economic and social evils that are afflicting the people of our community.

The political philosophy of black nationalism means that the black man should control the politics and the politicians in his own community; no more. The black man in the black community has to be re-educated into the science of politics so he will know what politics is supposed to bring him in return. Don't be throwing out any ballots. A ballot is like a bullet. You don't throw your ballots until you see a target, and if that target is not within your reach, keep your ballot in your pocket.

The political philosophy of black nationalism is being taught in the Christian church. It's being taught in the NAACP. It's being taught in CORE meetings. It's being taught in SNCC Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee meetings. It's being taught in Muslim meetings. It's being taught where nothing but atheists and agnostics come together. It's being taught everywhere. Black people are fed up with the dillydallying, pussyfooting, compromising approach that we've been using toward getting our freedom. We want freedom now, but we're not going to get it saying "We Shall Overcome." We've got to fight until we overcome.

The economic philosophy of black nationalism is pure and simple. It only means that we should control the economy of our community. Why should white people be running all the stores in our community? Why should white people be running the banks of our community? Why should the economy of our community be in the hands of the white man? Why? If a black man can't move his store into a white community, you tell me why a white man should move his store into a black community. The philosophy of black nationalism involves a re-education program in the black community in regards to economics. Our people have to be made to see that any time you take your dollar out of your community and spend it in a community where you don't live, the community where you live will get poorer and poorer, and the community where you spend your money will get richer and richer.

Then you wonder why where you live is always a ghetto or a slum area. And where you and I are concerned, not only do we lose it when we spend it out of the community, but the white man has got all our stores in the community tied up; so that though we spend it in the community, at sundown the man who runs the store takes it over across town somewhere. He's got us in a vise. So the economic philosophy of black nationalism means in every church, in every civic organization, in every fraternal order, it's time now for our people to become conscious of the importance of controlling the economy of our community. If we own the stores, if we operate the businesses, if we try and establish some industry in our own community, then we're developing to the position where we are creating employment for our own kind. Once you gain control of the economy of your own community, then you don't have to picket and boycott and beg some cracker downtown for a job in his business.

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. We ourselves have to lift the level of our community, the standard of our community to a higher level, make our own society beautiful so that we will be satisfied in our own social circles and won't be running around here trying to knock our way into a social circle where we're not wanted. So I say, in spreading a gospel such as black nationalism, it is not designed to make the black man re-evaluate the white man -- you know him already -- but to make the black man re-evaluate himself. Don't change the white man's mind -- you can't change his mind, and that whole thing about appealing to the moral conscience of America -- America's conscience is bankrupt. She lost all conscience a long time ago. Uncle Sam has no conscience.

They don't know what morals are. They don't try and eliminate an evil because it's evil, or because it's illegal, or because it's immoral; they eliminate it only when it threatens their existence. So you're wasting your time appealing to the moral conscience of a bankrupt man like Uncle Sam. If he had a conscience, he'd straighten this thing out with no more pressure being put upon him. So it is not necessary to change the white man's mind. We have to change our own mind. You can't change his mind about us. We've got to change our own minds about each other. We have to see each other with new eyes. We have to see each other as brothers and sisters. We have to come together with warmth so we can develop unity and harmony that's necessary to get this problem solved ourselves. How can we do this? How can we avoid jealousy? How can we avoid the suspicion and the divisions that exist in the community? I'll tell you how.

I have watched how Billy Graham comes into a city, spreading what he calls the gospel of Christ, which is only white nationalism. That's what he is. Billy Graham is a white nationalist; I'm a black nationalist. But since it's the natural tendency for leaders to be jealous and look upon a powerful figure like Graham with suspicion and envy, how is it possible for him to come into a city and get all the cooperation of the church leaders? Don't think because they're church leaders that they don't have weaknesses that make

them envious and jealous -- no, everybody's got it. It's not an accident that when they want to choose a cardinal, as Pope I over there in Rome, they get in a closet so you can't hear them cussing and fighting and carrying on.

Billy Graham comes in preaching the gospel of Christ. He evangelizes the gospel. He stirs everybody up, but he never tries to start a church. If he came in trying to start a church, all the churches would be against him. So, he just comes in talking about Christ and tells everybody who gets Christ to go to any church where Christ is; and in this way the church cooperates with him. So we're going to take a page from his book.

Our gospel is black nationalism. We're not trying to threaten the existence of any organization, but we're spreading the gospel of black nationalism. Anywhere there's a church that is also preaching and practicing the gospel of black nationalism, join that church. If the NAACP is preaching and practicing the gospel of black nationalism, join the NAACP. If CORE is spreading and practicing the gospel of black nationalism, join CORE. Join any organization that has a gospel that's for the uplift of the black man. And when you get into it and see them pussyfooting or compromising, pull out of it because that's not black nationalism. We'll find another one.

And in this manner, the organizations will increase in number and in quantity and in quality, and by August, it is then our intention to have a black nationalist convention which will consist of delegates from all over the country who are interested in the political, economic and social philosophy of black nationalism. After these delegates convene, we will hold a seminar; we will hold discussions; we will listen to everyone. We want to hear new ideas and new solutions and new answers. And at that time, if we see fit then to form a black nationalist party, we'll form a black nationalist party. If it's necessary to form a black nationalist army, we'll form a black nationalist army. It'll be the ballot or the bullet. It'll be liberty or it'll be death.

It's time for you and me to stop sitting in this country, letting some cracker senators, Northern crackers and Southern crackers, sit there in Washington, D.C., and come to a conclusion in their mind that you and I are supposed to have civil rights. There's no white man going to tell me anything about my rights. Brothers and sisters, always remember, if it doesn't take senators and congressmen and presidential proclamations to give freedom to the white man, it is not necessary for legislation or proclamation or Supreme Court decisions to give freedom to the black man. You let that white man know, if this is a country of freedom, let it be a country of freedom; and if it's not a country of freedom, change it.

We will work with anybody, anywhere, at any time, who is genuinely interested in tackling the problem head-on, nonviolently as long as the enemy is nonviolent, but violent when the enemy gets violent. We'll work with you on the voter-registration drive, we'll work with you on rent strikes, we'll work with you on school boycotts; I don't

believe in any kind of integration; I'm not even worried about it, because I know you're not going to get it anyway; you're not going to get it because you're afraid to die; you've got to be ready to die if you try and force yourself on the white man, because he'll get just as violent as those crackers in Mississippi, right here in Cleveland. But we will still work with you on the school boycotts because we're against a segregated school system. A segregated school system produces children who, when they graduate, graduate with crippled minds. But this does not mean that a school is segregated because it's all black. A segregated school means a school that is controlled by people who have no real interest in it whatsoever.

Let me explain what I mean. A segregated district or community is a community in which people live, but outsiders control the politics and the economy of that community. They never refer to the white section as a segregated community. It's the all-Negro section that's a segregated community. Why? The white man controls his own school, his own bank, his own economy, his own politics, his own everything, his own community; but he also controls yours. When you're under someone else's control, you're segregated. They'll always give you the lowest or the worst that there is to offer, but it doesn't mean you're segregated just because you have your own. You've got to control your own. Just like the white man has control of his, you need to control yours.

You know the best way to get rid of segregation? The white man is more afraid of separation than he is of integration. Segregation means that he puts you away from him, but not far enough for you to be out of his jurisdiction; separation means you're gone. And the white man will integrate faster than he'll let you separate. So we will work with you against the segregated school system because it's criminal, because it is absolutely destructive, in every way imaginable, to the minds of the children who have to be exposed to that type of crippling education.

Last but not least, I must say this concerning the great controversy over rifles and shotguns. The only thing that I've ever said is that in areas where the government has proven itself either unwilling or unable to defend the lives and the property of Negroes, it's time for Negroes to defend themselves. Article number two of the constitutional amendments provides you and me the right to own a rifle or a shotgun. It is constitutionally legal to own a shotgun or a rifle. This doesn't mean you're going to get a rifle and form battalions and go out looking for white folks, although you'd be within your rights -- I mean, you'd be justified; but that would be illegal and we don't do anything illegal. If the white man doesn't want the black man buying rifles and shotguns, then let the government do its job.

That's all. And don't let the white man come to you and ask you what you think about what Malcolm says -- why, you old Uncle Tom. He would never ask you if he thought you were going to say, "Amen!" No, he is making a Tom out of you." So, this doesn't mean forming rifle clubs and going out looking for people, but it is time, in 1964, if you are a man, to let that man know. If he's not going to do his job in running the government

and providing you and me with the protection that our taxes are supposed to be for, since he spends all those billions for his defense budget, he certainly can't begrudge you and me spending \$12 or \$15 for a single-shot, or double-action. I hope you understand. Don't go out shooting people, but any time -- brothers and sisters, and especially the men in this audience; some of you wearing Congressional Medals of Honor, with shoulders this wide, chests this big, muscles that big -- any time you and I sit around and read where they bomb a church and murder in cold blood, not some grownups, but four little girls while they were praying to the same God the white man taught them to pray to, and you and I see the government go down and can't find who did it.

Why, this man -- he can find Eichmann hiding down in Argentina somewhere. Let two or three American soldiers, who are minding somebody else's business way over in South Vietnam, get killed, and he'll send battleships, sticking his nose in their business. He wanted to send troops down to Cuba and make them have what he calls free elections -- this old cracker who doesn't have free elections in his own country.

No, if you never see me another time in your life, if I die in the morning, I'll die saying one thing: the ballot or the bullet, the ballot or the bullet.

If a Negro in 1964 has to sit around and wait for some cracker senator to filibuster when it comes to the rights of black people, why, you and I should hang our heads in shame. You talk about a march on Washington in 1963, you haven't seen anything. There's some more going down in '64.

And this time they're not going like they went last year. They're not going singing "We Shall Overcome." They're not going with white friends. They're not going with placards already painted for them. They're not going with round-trip tickets. They're going with one way tickets. And if they don't want that non-nonviolent army going down there, tell them to bring the filibuster to a halt.

The black nationalists aren't going to wait. Lyndon B. Johnson is the head of the Democratic Party. If he's for civil rights, let him go into the Senate next week and declare himself. Let him go in there right now and declare himself. Let him go in there and denounce the Southern branch of his party. Let him go in there right now and take a moral stand -- right now, not later. Tell him, don't wait until election time. If he waits too long, brothers and sisters, he will be responsible for letting a condition develop in this country which will create a climate that will bring seeds up out of the ground with vegetation on the end of them looking like something these people never dreamed of. In 1964, it's the ballot or the bullet.

Thank you.

Online Source

a Letter from the Birmingham Jail . . . Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King

My Dear Fellow Clergymen

While confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling my present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would have little time for anything other than such correspondence in the course of the day, and I would have no time for constructive work. But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and that your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I want to try to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should indicate why I am here in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the view which argues against "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some eighty five affiliated organizations across the South, and one of them is the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. Frequently we share staff, educational and financial resources with our affiliates. Several months ago the affiliate here in Birmingham asked us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented, and when the hour came we lived up to our promise. So I, along with several members of my staff, am here because I was invited here. I am here because I have organizational ties here.

But more basically, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the prophets of the eighth century B.C. left their villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns, and just as the Apostle Paul left his village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to the far corners of the Greco Roman world, so am I compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my own home town. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds.

You deplore the demonstrations taking place in Birmingham. But your statement, I am sorry to say, fails to express a similar concern for the conditions that brought about the demonstrations.

I am sure that none of you would want to rest content with the superficial kind of social analysis that deals merely with effects and does not grapple with underlying causes. It is unfortunate that demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham, but it is even more unfortunate that the city's white power structure left the Negro community with no alternative.

In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: collection of the facts to determine whether injustices exist; negotiation; self purification; and direct action. We have gone through all these steps in Birmingham. There can be no gainsaying the fact that racial injustice engulfs this community. Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of brutality is widely known. Negroes have experienced grossly unjust treatment in the courts. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any other city in the nation. These are the hard, brutal facts of the case. On the basis of these conditions, Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the latter consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation.

Then, last September, came the opportunity to talk with leaders of Birmingham's economic community. In the course of the negotiations, certain promises were made by the merchants--for example, to remove the stores' humiliating racial signs. On the basis of these promises, the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed to a moratorium on all demonstrations. As the weeks and months went by, we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. A few signs, briefly removed, returned; the others remained. As in so many past experiences, our hopes had been blasted, and the shadow of deep disappointment settled upon us. We had no alternative except to prepare for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and the national community. Mindful of the difficulties involved, we decided to undertake a process of self purification. We began a series of workshops on nonviolence, and we repeatedly asked ourselves: "Are you able to accept blows without retaliating?" "Are you able to endure the ordeal of jail?" We decided to schedule our direct action program for the Easter season, realizing that except for Christmas, this is the main shopping period of the year. Knowing that a strong economic-withdrawal program would

be the by product of direct action, we felt that this would be the best time to bring pressure to bear on the merchants for the needed change.

Then it occurred to us that Birmingham's mayoral election was coming up in March, and we speedily decided to postpone action until after election day. When we discovered that the Commissioner of Public Safety, Eugene "Bull" Connor, had piled up enough votes to be in the run off, we decided again to postpone action until the day after the run off so that the demonstrations could not be used to cloud the issues.

Like many others, we waited to see Mr. Connor defeated, and to this end we endured postponement after postponement. Having aided in this community need, we felt that our direct action program could be delayed no longer.

You may well ask: "Why direct action? Why sit ins, marches and so forth? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are quite right in calling for negotiation. Indeed, this is the very purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and foster such a tension that a community which has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. My citing the creation of tension as part of the work of the nonviolent resister may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word "tension." I have earnestly opposed violent tension, but there is a type of constructive, nonviolent tension which is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, so must we see the need for nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood. The purpose of our direct action program is to create a situation so crisis packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. I therefore concur with you in your call for negotiation. Too long has our beloved Southland been bogged down in a tragic effort to live in monologue rather than dialogue.

One of the basic points in your statement is that the action that I and my associates have taken in Birmingham is untimely. Some have asked: "Why didn't you give the new city administration time to act?" The only answer that I can give to this query is that the new Birmingham administration must be prodded about as much as the outgoing one, before it will act. We are sadly mistaken if we feel that the election of Albert Boutwell as mayor will bring the millennium to Birmingham. While Mr. Boutwell is a much more gentle person than Mr. Connor, they are both segregationists, dedicated to maintenance of the status quo. I have hope that Mr. Boutwell will be reasonable enough to see the futility of massive resistance to desegregation. But he will not see this without pressure from devotees of civil rights. My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and nonviolent pressure. Lamentably, it is an historical fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily.

Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but, as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups tend to be more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly, I have yet to engage in a direct action campaign that was "well timed" in the view of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word "Wait!"

It rings in the ear of every Negro with piercing familiarity. This "Wait" has almost always meant "Never." We must come to see, with one of our distinguished jurists, that "justice too long delayed is justice denied."

We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward gaining political independence, but we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward gaining a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. Perhaps it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, "Wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate filled policemen curse, kick and even kill your black brothers and sisters; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six year old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see ominous clouds of inferiority beginning to form in her little mental sky, and see her beginning to distort her personality by developing an unconscious bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five year old son who is asking: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross county drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" and "colored"; when your first name becomes "nigger," your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs."; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tiptoe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and are plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"--then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into the abyss of despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience. You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, at first glance it may seem rather paradoxical for us consciously to break laws. One may well ask: "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying

others?" The answer lies in the fact that there are two types of laws: just and unjust. I would be the first to advocate obeying just laws. One has not only a legal but a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Conversely, one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws. I would agree with St. Augustine that "an unjust law is no law at all."

Now, what is the difference between the two? How does one determine whether a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of St. Thomas Aquinas: An unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal law and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the segregator a false sense of superiority and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. Segregation, to use the terminology of the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber, substitutes an "I it" relationship for an "I thou" relationship and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. Hence segregation is not only politically, economically and sociologically unsound, it is morally wrong and sinful. Paul Tillich has said that sin is separation. Is not segregation an existential expression of man's tragic separation, his awful estrangement, his terrible sinfulness? Thus it is that I can urge men to obey the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court, for it is morally right; and I can urge them to disobey segregation ordinances, for they are morally wrong.

Let us consider a more concrete example of just and unjust laws. An unjust law is a code that a numerical or power majority group compels a minority group to obey but does not make binding on itself. This is difference made legal. By the same token, a just law is a code that a majority compels a minority to follow and that it is willing to follow itself. This is sameness made legal. Let me give another explanation. A law is unjust if it is inflicted on a minority that, as a result of being denied the right to vote, had no part in enacting or devising the law. Who can say that the legislature of Alabama which set up that state's segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout Alabama all sorts of devious methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters, and there are some counties in which, even though Negroes constitute a majority of the population, not a single Negro is registered. Can any law enacted under such circumstances be considered democratically structured?

Sometimes a law is just on its face and unjust in its application. For instance, I have been arrested on a charge of parading without a permit. Now, there is nothing wrong in having an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade. But such an ordinance becomes unjust when it is used to maintain segregation and to deny citizens the First-Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and protest.

I hope you are able to see the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law, as would the rabid segregationist. That would lead

to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty.

I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and who willingly accepts the penalty of imprisonment in order to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the highest respect for law.

Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was evidenced sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar, on the ground that a higher moral law was at stake. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians, who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks rather than submit to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree, academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience. In our own nation, the Boston Tea Party represented a massive act of civil disobedience.

We should never forget that everything Adolf Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. Even so, I am sure that, had I lived in Germany at the time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers. If today I lived in a Communist country where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I would openly advocate disobeying that country's antireligious laws.

I must make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the past few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in his stride toward freedom is not the White Citizen's Counciler or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate, who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says: "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I cannot agree with your methods of direct action"; who paternalistically believes he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by a mythical concept of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait for a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that law and order exist for the purpose of establishing justice and that when they fail in this purpose they become the dangerously structured dams that block the flow of social progress. I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that the present tension in the South is a necessary phase of the transition from an obnoxious negative peace, in which the Negro passively accepted his unjust plight, to a substantive and positive peace, in which all men will

respect the dignity and worth of human personality. Actually, we who engage in nonviolent direct action are not the creators of tension.

We merely bring to the surface the hidden tension that is already alive. We bring it out in the open, where it can be seen and dealt with. Like a boil that can never be cured so long as it is covered up but must be opened with all its ugliness to the natural medicines of air and light, injustice must be exposed, with all the tension its exposure creates, to the light of human conscience and the air of national opinion before it can be cured.

In your statement you assert that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. But is this a logical assertion? Isn't this like condemning a robbed man because his possession of money precipitated the evil act of robbery? Isn't this like condemning Socrates because his unwavering commitment to truth and his philosophical inquiries precipitated the act by the misguided populace in which they made him drink hemlock? Isn't this like condemning Jesus because his unique God consciousness and never ceasing devotion to God's will precipitated the evil act of crucifixion? We must come to see that, as the federal courts have consistently affirmed, it is wrong to urge an individual to cease his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest may precipitate violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber. I had also hoped that the white moderate would reject the myth concerning time in relation to the struggle for freedom. I have just received a letter from a white brother in Texas. He writes: "All Christians know that the colored people will receive equal rights eventually, but it is possible that you are in too great a religious hurry. It has taken Christianity almost two thousand years to accomplish what it has. The teachings of Christ take time to come to earth." Such an attitude stems from a tragic misconception of time, from the strangely irrational notion that there is something in the very flow of time that will inevitably cure all ills. Actually, time itself is neutral; it can be used either destructively or constructively. More and more I feel that the people of ill will have used time much more effectively than have the people of good will. We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the hateful words and actions of the bad people but for the appalling silence of the good people. Human progress never rolls in on wheels of inevitability; it comes through the tireless efforts of men willing to be co workers with God, and without this hard work, time itself becomes an ally of the forces of social stagnation. We must use time creatively, in the knowledge that the time is always ripe to do right. Now is the time to make real the promise of democracy and transform our pending national elegy into a creative psalm of brotherhood. Now is the time to lift our national policy from the quicksand of racial injustice to the solid rock of human dignity. You speak of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of an extremist. I began thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency, made up in part of Negroes who, as a result of long years of oppression, are so drained of self respect and a sense of "somebodiness" that they have adjusted to segregation; and in part of a few middle-class Negroes who, because of a degree of academic and economic security and because in some ways they profit by segregation, have become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other

force is one of bitterness and hatred, and it comes perilously close to advocating violence. It is expressed in the various black nationalist groups that are springing up across the nation, the largest and best known being Elijah Muhammad's Muslim movement. Nourished by the Negro's frustration over the continued existence of racial discrimination, this movement is made up of people who have lost faith in America, who have absolutely repudiated Christianity, and who have concluded that the white man is an incorrigible "devil."

I have tried to stand between these two forces, saying that we need emulate neither the "do nothingism" of the complacent nor the hatred and despair of the black nationalist. For there is the more excellent way of love and nonviolent protest. I am grateful to God that, through the influence of the Negro church, the way of nonviolence became an integral part of our struggle. If this philosophy had not emerged, by now many streets of the South would, I am convinced, be flowing with blood. And I am further convinced that if our white brothers dismiss us as "rabble rousers" and "outside agitators" those of us who employ nonviolent direct action, and if they refuse to support our nonviolent efforts, millions of Negroes will, out of frustration and despair, seek solace and security in black nationalist ideologies--a development that would inevitably lead to a frightening racial nightmare.

Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The yearning for freedom eventually manifests itself, and that is what has happened to the American Negro. Something within has reminded him of his birthright of freedom, and something without has reminded him that it can be gained. Consciously or unconsciously, he has been caught up by the Zeitgeist, and with his black brothers of Africa and his brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America and the Caribbean, the United States Negro is moving with a sense of great urgency toward the promised land of racial justice. If one recognizes this vital urge that has engulfed the Negro community, one should readily understand why public demonstrations are taking place. The Negro has many pent up resentments and latent frustrations, and he must release them. So let him march; let him make prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; let him go on freedom rides -and try to understand why he must do so. If his repressed emotions are not released in nonviolent ways, they will seek expression through violence; this is not a threat but a fact of history. So I have not said to my people: "Get rid of your discontent." Rather, I have tried to say that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled into the creative outlet of nonviolent direct action. And now this approach is being termed extremist. But though I was initially disappointed at being categorized as an extremist, as I continued to think about the matter I gradually gained a measure of satisfaction from the label. Was not Jesus an extremist for love: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

Was not Amos an extremist for justice: "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like an ever flowing stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the Christian

gospel: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God." And John Bunyan: "I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience." And Abraham Lincoln: "This nation cannot survive half slave and half free." And Thomas Jefferson: "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal . . ." So the question is not whether we will be extremists, but what kind of extremists we will be. Will we be extremists for hate or for love? Will we be extremists for the preservation of injustice or for the extension of justice? In that dramatic scene on Calvary's hill three men were crucified. We must never forget that all three were crucified for the same crime--the crime of extremism. Two were extremists for immorality, and thus fell below their environment. The other, Jesus Christ, was an extremist for love, truth and goodness, and thereby rose above his environment. Perhaps the South, the nation and the world are in dire need of creative extremists.

I had hoped that the white moderate would see this need. Perhaps I was too optimistic; perhaps I expected too much. I suppose I should have realized that few members of the oppressor race can understand the deep groans and passionate yearnings of the oppressed race, and still fewer have the vision to see that injustice must be rooted out by strong, persistent and determined action. I am thankful, however, that some of our white brothers in the South have grasped the meaning of this social revolution and committed themselves to it. They are still all too few in quantity, but they are big in quality. Some - such as Ralph McGill, Lillian Smith, Harry Golden, James McBride Dabbs, Ann Braden and Sarah Patton Boyle--have written about our struggle in eloquent and prophetic terms. Others have marched with us down nameless streets of the South. They have languished in filthy, roach infested jails, suffering the abuse and brutality of policemen who view them as "dirty nigger-lovers." Unlike so many of their moderate brothers and sisters, they have recognized the urgency of the moment and sensed the need for powerful "action" antidotes to combat the disease of segregation. Let me take note of my other major disappointment. I have been so greatly disappointed with the white church and its leadership. Of course, there are some notable exceptions. I am not unmindful of the fact that each of you has taken some significant stands on this issue. I commend you, Reverend Stallings, for your Christian stand on this past Sunday, in welcoming Negroes to your worship service on a non-segregated basis. I commend the Catholic leaders of this state for integrating Spring Hill College several years ago.

But despite these notable exceptions, I must honestly reiterate that I have been disappointed with the church. I do not say this as one of those negative critics who can always find something wrong with the church. I say this as a minister of the gospel, who loves the church; who was nurtured in its bosom; who has been sustained by its spiritual blessings and who will remain true to it as long as the cord of life shall lengthen. When I was suddenly catapulted into the leadership of the bus protest in Montgomery, Alabama, a few years ago, I felt we would be supported by the white church. I felt that the white ministers, priests and rabbis of the South would be among our strongest allies. Instead, some have been outright opponents, refusing to understand the freedom

movement and misrepresenting its leaders; all too many others have been more cautious than courageous and have remained silent behind the anesthetizing security of stained glass windows.

In spite of my shattered dreams, I came to Birmingham with the hope that the white religious leadership of this community would see the justice of our cause and, with deep moral concern, would serve as the channel through which our just grievances could reach the power structure. I had hoped that each of you would understand. But again I have been disappointed.

I have heard numerous southern religious leaders admonish their worshipers to comply with a desegregation decision because it is the law, but I have longed to hear white ministers declare: "Follow this decree because integration is morally right and because the Negro is your brother." In the midst of blatant injustices inflicted upon the Negro, I have watched white churchmen stand on the sideline and mouth pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. In the midst of a mighty struggle to rid our nation of racial and economic injustice, I have heard many ministers say: "Those are social issues, with which the gospel has no real concern." And I have watched many churches commit themselves to a completely other worldly religion which makes a strange, un-Biblical distinction between body and soul, between the sacred and the secular.

I have traveled the length and breadth of Alabama, Mississippi and all the other southern states. On sweltering summer days and crisp autumn mornings I have looked at the South's beautiful churches with their lofty spires pointing heavenward. I have beheld the impressive outlines of her massive religious education buildings. Over and over I have found myself asking: "What kind of people worship here? Who is their God? Where were their voices when the lips of Governor Barnett dripped with words of interposition and nullification? Where were they when Governor Wallace gave a clarion call for defiance and hatred? Where were their voices of support when bruised and weary Negro men and women decided to rise from the dark dungeons of complacency to the bright hills of creative protest?"

Yes, these questions are still in my mind. In deep disappointment I have wept over the laxity of the church. But be assured that my tears have been tears of love. There can be no deep disappointment where there is not deep love. Yes, I love the church. How could I do otherwise? I am in the rather unique position of being the son, the grandson and the great grandson of preachers. Yes, I see the church as the body of Christ. But, oh! How we have blemished and scarred that body through social neglect and through fear of being nonconformists.

There was a time when the church was very powerful--in the time when the early Christians rejoiced at being deemed worthy to suffer for what they believed. In those days the church was not merely a thermometer that recorded the ideas and principles of popular opinion; it was a thermostat that transformed the mores of society. Whenever the

early Christians entered a town, the people in power became disturbed and immediately sought to convict the Christians for being "disturbers of the peace" and "outside agitators." But the Christians pressed on, in the conviction that they were "a colony of heaven," called to obey God rather than man. Small in number, they were big in commitment. They were too God-intoxicated to be "astronomically intimidated." By their effort and example they brought an end to such ancient evils as infanticide and gladiatorial contests. Things are different now. So often the contemporary church is a weak, ineffectual voice with an uncertain sound. So often it is an archdefender of the status quo. Far from being disturbed by the presence of the church, the power structure of the average community is consoled by the church's silent--and often even vocal--sanction of things as they are.

But the judgment of God is upon the church as never before. If today's church does not recapture the sacrificial spirit of the early church, it will lose its authenticity, forfeit the loyalty of millions, and be dismissed as an irrelevant social club with no meaning for the twentieth century. Every day I meet young people whose disappointment with the church has turned into outright disgust.

Perhaps I have once again been too optimistic. Is organized religion too inextricably bound to the status quo to save our nation and the world? Perhaps I must turn my faith to the inner spiritual church, the church within the church, as the true ekklesia and the hope of the world. But again I am thankful to God that some noble souls from the ranks of organized religion have broken loose from the paralyzing chains of conformity and joined us as active partners in the struggle for freedom. They have left their secure congregations and walked the streets of Albany, Georgia, with us. They have gone down the highways of the South on tortuous rides for freedom. Yes, they have gone to jail with us. Some have been dismissed from their churches, have lost the support of their bishops and fellow ministers. But they have acted in the faith that right defeated is stronger than evil triumphant. Their witness has been the spiritual salt that has preserved the true meaning of the gospel in these troubled times. They have carved a tunnel of hope through the dark mountain of disappointment. I hope the church as a whole will meet the challenge of this decisive hour. But even if the church does not come to the aid of justice, I have no despair about the future. I have no fear about the outcome of our struggle in Birmingham, even if our motives are at present misunderstood. We will reach the goal of freedom in Birmingham and all over the nation, because the goal of America is freedom. Abused and scorned though we may be, our destiny is tied up with America's destiny. Before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth, we were here.

Before the pen of Jefferson etched the majestic words of the Declaration of Independence across the pages of history, we were here. For more than two centuries our forebears labored in this country without wages; they made cotton king; they built the homes of their masters while suffering gross injustice and shameful humiliation -and yet out of a bottomless vitality they continued to thrive and develop. If the inexpressible cruelties of slavery could not stop us, the opposition we now face will surely fail. We will win our

freedom because the sacred heritage of our nation and the eternal will of God are embodied in our echoing demands. Before closing I feel impelled to mention one other point in your statement that has troubled me profoundly. You warmly commended the Birmingham police force for keeping "order" and "preventing violence." I doubt that you would have so warmly commended the police force if you had seen its dogs sinking their teeth into unarmed, nonviolent Negroes. I doubt that you would so quickly commend the policemen if you were to observe their ugly and inhumane treatment of Negroes here in the city jail; if you were to watch them push and curse old Negro women and young Negro girls; if you were to see them slap and kick old Negro men and young boys; if you were to observe them, as they did on two occasions, refuse to give us food because we wanted to sing our grace together. I cannot join you in your praise of the Birmingham police department.

It is true that the police have exercised a degree of discipline in handling the demonstrators. In this sense they have conducted themselves rather "nonviolently" in public. But for what purpose? To preserve the evil system of segregation. Over the past few years I have consistently preached that nonviolence demands that the means we use must be as pure as the ends we seek. I have tried to make clear that it is wrong to use immoral means to attain moral ends. But now I must affirm that it is just as wrong, or perhaps even more so, to use moral means to preserve immoral ends. Perhaps Mr. Connor and his policemen have been rather nonviolent in public, as was Chief Pritchett in Albany, Georgia, but they have used the moral means of nonviolence to maintain the immoral end of racial injustice. As T. S. Eliot has said: "The last temptation is the greatest treason: To do the right deed for the wrong reason."

I wish you had commended the Negro sit inners and demonstrators of Birmingham for their sublime courage, their willingness to suffer and their amazing discipline in the midst of great provocation. One day the South will recognize its real heroes. They will be the James Merediths, with the noble sense of purpose that enables them to face jeering and hostile mobs, and with the agonizing loneliness that characterizes the life of the pioneer. They will be old, oppressed, battered Negro women, symbolized in a seventy two year old woman in Montgomery, Alabama, who rose up with a sense of dignity and with her people decided not to ride segregated buses, and who responded with ungrammatical profundity to one who inquired about her weariness: "My feets is tired, but my soul is at rest."

They will be the young high school and college students, the young ministers of the gospel and a host of their elders, courageously and nonviolently sitting in at lunch counters and willingly going to jail for conscience' sake. One day the South will know that when these disinherited children of God sat down at lunch counters, they were in reality standing up for what is best in the American dream and for the most sacred values in our Judaeo Christian heritage, thereby bringing our nation back to those great wells of democracy which were dug deep by the founding fathers in their formulation of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.

Never before have I written so long a letter. I'm afraid it is much too long to take your precious time. I can assure you that it would have been much shorter if I had been writing from a comfortable desk, but what else can one do when he is alone in a narrow jail cell, other than write long letters, think long thoughts and pray long prayers?

If I have said anything in this letter that overstates the truth and indicates an unreasonable impatience, I beg you to forgive me. If I have said anything that understates the truth and indicates my having a patience that allows me to settle for anything less than brotherhood, I beg God to forgive me.

I hope this letter finds you strong in the faith. I also hope that circumstances will soon make it possible for me to meet each of you, not as an integrationist or a civil-rights leader but as a fellow clergyman and a Christian brother. Let us all hope that the dark clouds of racial prejudice will soon pass away and the deep fog of misunderstanding will be lifted from our fear drenched communities, and in some not too distant tomorrow the radiant stars of love and brotherhood will shine over our great nation with all their scintillating beauty.

Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood, Martin Luther King, Jr.

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Angela Davis

The Liberation of Our People: Transcript of a Speech Delivered by Angela Y. Davis at a Black Panther rally in Bobby Hutton Park (AKA DeFremery Park), Oakland, CA on Nov. 12, 1969

Yeah, I'd just like to say that I like being called sister much more than professor and I've continually said that if my job -- if keeping my job means that I have to make any compromises in the liberation struggle in this country, then I'll gladly leave my job. This is my position.

Now there has been a lot of debate in the left sector of the anti-war movement as to what the orientation of that movement should be. And I think there are two main issues at hand. One group of people feels that the movement, the anti-war movement ought to be a single issue movement, the cessation of the war in Vietnam. They do not want to relate it to the other kinds and forms of repression that are taking place here in this country. There's another group of people who say that we have to make those connections. We have to talk about what's happening in Vietnam as being a symptom of something that's happening all over the world, of something that's happening in this country. And in order for the anti-war movement to be effective, it has to link up with the struggle for black and brown liberation in this country with the struggle of exploited white workers. Now I think we should ask ourselves why the that first group of people want the anti-war movement to be a single issue movement. Somehow they feel that it's necessary to tone down the political content of that movement in order to attract as many people as possible. They think that mere numbers will be enough in order to affect this government's policy. But I think we have to talk about the political content. We have to talk about the necessity to raise the level of consciousness of the people who are involved in that movement. And if you analyze the war in Vietnam, first of all it ought to become obvious that if the United States Government pulled its troops out of Vietnam that that repression would have to crop up somewhere else. And in fact, we're seeing that as this country is being defeated in Vietnam, more and more acts of repression are occurring here on the domestic scene. And I'd just like to point to the most dramatic one in the last couple of weeks, which is the chaining and gagging of Chairman Bobby Seale and his sentence to four years for Contempt of Court. I think that demonstrates that if the link-up is not made between what's happening in Vietnam and what's happening here we may very well face a period of full-blown fascism very soon.

Now I think there's something perhaps more profound that we ought to point to. This whole economy in this country is a war economy. It's based on the fact that more and more and more weapons are being produced. What happens if the war in Vietnam ceases? How is the economy going to stand unless another Vietnam is created, and who is to determine where that Vietnam is gonna be?

It can be abroad, or it can be right here at home, and I think it's becoming evident that that Vietnam is entering the streets of this country. It's becoming evident in all the brutal forms of repression, which we can see everyday of our lives here. And this reminds me, because I think this is very relevant to what's happening in Vietnam that is the military situation in this country. I saw in television last week that the head of the National Guard in California decided that from now on their military activities are gonna be concentrated in three main areas. Now what are these areas? First of all, he says, disruption in minority communities, then he says disruption on the campus, then he says disruption in industrial areas. I think it points to the fact that they are going to begin to use that whole military apparatus in order to put down the resistance in the black and brown community, on the campuses, in the working class communities. I think that they are really preparing for this now. It's evident that the terror is becoming not just isolated instances of police brutality here and there, but that terror is becoming an everyday instrument of the institutions of

this country. The Chief of the National Guard said that outright. it's happening in the courts. There is terror in the courts, that judge, whose name is Hoffman proved that he is going to take on the terror in the society and bring it into the courts, that he is going to use what is supposed to be a court of law, justice, equality, whatever you wanna call it in order to meet out all of these, you know fascist acts of repression.

Now something else has been happening in the courts, and I think this is an incident that we all ought to be aware of because it's another instance of terror entering into the courts. Down in San Jose, not too long ago, a young Chicano was on trial and I'd like to read a quote from the transcript, a quote by Judge -- I think his name is Chargin, the fascist. He said, "Mexican people, after 13 years of age, it's perfectly all right to go out and act like an animal. Maybe Hitler was right. The animals in our society probably ought to be destroyed because they have no right to live among human beings. You are lower than animals and haven't the right to exist in organized society, just miserable lousy rotten people." Now this is the direct quote from the transcript that's happened within the walls of the courtroom. How can we fail to see that there's an intricate connection between that type of thing between what happened to Bobby Seale, between the unwarranted imprisonment of Huey Newton and what's happening in Vietnam. We are facing a common enemy and that enemy is Yankee Imperialism, which is killing us both here and abroad. Now I think anyone who would try to separate those struggles, anyone who would say that in order to consolidate an anti-war movement, we have to leave all of these other outlying issues out of the picture, is playing right into the hands of the enemy. I mean it's an old saying, I think it's been demonstrated over and over that it's correct that once the people are divided, the enemy will be victorious. We will face defeat. And I think the attempt to isolate what's happening on the domestic scene, from the war in Vietnam is playing right into the hands of the enemy giving him the chance to be victorious.

And I think there's a much more concrete problem. If you talk about the anti-war movement as a separate movement, what happens? What happens if suddenly the troops are pulled out of Vietnam? What happens if Nixon suddenly says we're gonna bring all of the boys home? The people, the thousands, the millions of people who had been involved in that movement would feel as if they had been victorious. I think perhaps a, a number of them would think that they could return home and relish in their victory and say that we have won, completely ignoring the fact that Huey Newton is still in jail, that Erica Huggins and all the other sisters and brothers in Connecticut are still in jail. This is what we are faced with if we cannot make that connection between the international scene and the domestic scene. And I don't think there's any question about it. We can't talk about protesting the genocide of the Vietnamese people without at the same time doing something to stop the genocide that is -- that liberation fighters in this country are being subjected to. Now I think we can draw a parallel between what's happening right now and what's -- what happened during the 1950s. As the United States Government was being defeated in the Korean War, more and more repression did occur on the domestic scene.

The McCarthy witch hunt started. This is the communist party which was the main target of that. I think we have to ask ourselves, why that period served to completely stifle revolutionary activity in this country. People were scared, they run away, they lost their families, they lost their homes. They did not resist. This is the problem. They did not resist. Right now the Black Panther Party is the main target of the repression that's coming down in this society and the Black Panther Party is resisting. And we all ought to talk about standing up and resisting this oppression, resisting the onslaught of fascism in this country. Otherwise, the movement is going to be doomed to failure. I think we can say that if the anti-war movement defends only itself and does not defend liberation fighters in this country, then that movement is going to be doomed to failure, just as we can say also if we in the black liberation movement and the liberation movement for all people in-- all oppressed and exploited people in this country, defend only ourselves, then we too will be doomed to failure.

Within the whole liberation struggle in this country, the black liberation struggle and the and the brown liberation struggle there has continually been the sentiment against the American Imperialist aggressive policies throughout this world because we have been forced to see that the enemy is American imperialism and although we feel it here at home it's being felt perhaps much more brutality in Vietnam, it's being felt in Latin America, it's being felt in Africa, we have to make these connections. [Inaudible] has to see that unless it makes that connection, it's going to become irrelevant. And what we have to talk about now is a united force, which sees the liberation of the Vietnamese people as intricately linked up with the liberation of black and brown and exploited white people in this society, and only this kind of a united front, only this kind of a united force can be victorious.

Now I think that there's something else that we ought to consider when we try to analyze what has happened in the anti-war movement. And the anti war movement hasn't just depended on numbers. It hasn't just depended upon attracting more and more people into the movement regardless of their political orientation. If we remember, the debate a long time ago was whether the anti-war movement or the peace movement then should talk about demanding the cessation of bombing in Vietnam or whether it should talk about withdrawing troops. I think now it's very obvious that you have to talk about withdrawing all American troops from Vietnam. This has occurred only through the process of trying to raise the level of political consciousness of the people who were in that movement. And right now what we have to talk about is not just withdrawing American troops, but also recognizing the South Vietnamese provisional revolutionary government.

Now, I think we have to go a step further. This is what's happening inside the anti-war movement, but we have to take it further. And we have to say that if they, if we demand the immediate withdrawal of American troops in Vietnam [inaudible] of the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government, then we also have to demand the release of all political prisoners in this country, here. This is what we have to demand.

And I think that the liberation struggle here sheds a lot of light on what's happening in Vietnam. It shows us that we can't just push for peace in Vietnam, that we have to talk about also recognizing a revolutionary government. There was a kind of a peace that was obtained right here in this country, in a courtroom, that was the peace which Judge Hoffman forced on Chairman Bobby Seale by coercion, by gagging him and binding him to his chair. This is not the kind of peace that we wanna talk about in Vietnam, the peace in which you have a puppet regime representing the interests of this country in which you have other means of establishing the power of this government in Vietnam.

And I think on a much more personal level, there's some parallels that we can draw. Some very profound parallels I think. And we have to say that Bobby Seale's mother who learned that he had been chained and gagged and that he had been sentenced to four years for contempt of court is no less grieved than an American woman who finds out that her son has been captured in Vietnam, I think we have to say that, that Erica Huggins and Yvonne Carter were no less grieved when they found that their husbands Bunchy and John [inaudible] liberation, then an American wife would feel about her husband there, but there is a different political consciousness involved and this is what we have to show the American people today. We have to show the American people that their sons and their husbands are being victimized by American imperialism. They are being forced to go and fight a dirty war in Vietnam. They are victims too and they have to be shown that their true loyalty's ought to be with us in the liberation struggle here and with the Vietnamese people in their liberation struggle there.

Now Bobby Seale once made a statement at a peace conference in Montreal that the frontline of the battle against racism was in Vietnam. I think we have to ask ourselves what this means because a lot of people may have thought that what this means is that we can depend on the Vietnamese to win our battle here. This is not what he was saying. He was pointing to that inherent connection between what's happening there and what's happening here. And I think we can say and I'm talking from personal experience, I was in Cuba this summer and I met with some representatives of the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government and they told us that we were -- we, revolutionaries in this country were their most important allies. And not just because we take signs and march in front of the White House saying US Government get out of Vietnam because -- rather because we are actively involved in struggling to satisfy the needs of our people in this country and in this way as they point out we are able to internally destroy that monster, which is oppressing people all over the country. I have to admit that I felt a little bit inadequate about that because what he's saying, what the representative of the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government was saying is that we are to escalate our struggle in this country, we ought to talk about making more and more demands for the liberation of our people here and this is going to be what they will depend on. This is going to help them in their liberation struggle. Now I think that we ought to talk in the context of this upcoming march here and in Washington

about the [inaudible] to make simultaneous demands and those demands ought to be immediate withdrawal of US Troops from Vietnam. There ought to be victory for the Vietnamese. There ought to be also recognition of the revolutionary government in South Vietnam and I think this is perhaps most important, we ought to demand the release of political prisoners in this country.

Just one last thing. You know Nixon made a speech on November 3rd, I think it was and he said something that we ought to take heed of, we ought to understand. He said, "Let us understand that the Vietnamese cannot defeat or humiliate our government. Only Americans can do that." I feel that it is our responsibility to fight on all fronts, to fight on all fronts simultaneously to defeat and to humiliate the US Government and all the fascist tactics by which it is repressing liberation fighters in this country.

Thank you very much.

Angela Davis

Stokely Carmichael

Black Power Address at UC Berkeley

delivered October 1966, Berkeley, C

Thank you very much. It's a privilege and an honor to be in the white intellectual ghetto of the West. We wanted to do a couple of things before we started. The first is that, based on the fact that SNCC, through the articulation of its program by its chairman, has been able to win elections in Georgia, Alabama, Maryland, and by our appearance here will win an election in California, in 1968 I'm going to run for President of the United States. I just can't make it, 'cause I wasn't born in the United States. That's the only thing holding me back.

We wanted to say that this is a student conference, as it should be, held on a campus, and that we're not ever to be caught up in the intellectual masturbation of the question of Black Power. That's a function of people who are advertisers that call themselves reporters. Oh, for my members and friends of the press, my self-appointed white critics, I was reading Mr. Bernard Shaw two days ago, and I came across a very important quote which I think is most apropos for you. He says, "All criticism is a[n] autobiography." Dig yourself. Okay.

The philosophers Camus and Sartre raise the question whether or not a man can condemn himself. The black existentialist philosopher who is pragmatic, Frantz Fanon, answered the question. He said that man could not. Camus and Sartre was not. We in SNCC tend to agree with Camus and Sartre, that a man cannot condemn himself.¹ Were he to condemn himself, he would then have to inflict punishment upon himself. An example would be the Nazis. Any prisoner who -- any of the Nazi prisoners who admitted, after he was caught and incarcerated, that he committed crimes, that he killed all the many people that he killed, he committed suicide. The only ones who were able to stay alive were the ones who never admitted that they committed a crimes [sic] against people -- that is, the ones who rationalized that Jews were not human beings and deserved to be killed, or that they were only following orders.

On a more immediate scene, the officials and the population -- the white population -- in Neshoba County, Mississippi -- that's where Philadelphia is -- could not -- could not condemn [Sheriff] Rainey, his deputies, and the other fourteen men that killed three human beings. They could not because they elected Mr. Rainey to do precisely what he did; and that for them to condemn him will be for them to condemn themselves.

In a much larger view, SNCC says that white America cannot condemn herself. And since we are liberal, we have done it: You stand condemned.

Now, a number of things that arises from that answer of how do you condemn yourselves. Seems to me that the institutions that function in this country are clearly racist, and that they're built upon racism. And the question, then, is how can black people inside of this country move? And then how can white people who say they're not a part of those institutions begin to move? And how then do we begin to clear away the obstacles that we have in this society, that make us live like human beings? How can we begin to build institutions that will allow people to relate with each other as human beings? This country has never done that, especially around the country of white or black.

Now, several people have been upset because we've said that integration was irrelevant when initiated by blacks, and that in fact it was a subterfuge, an insidious subterfuge, for the maintenance of white supremacy. Now we maintain that in the past six years or so, this country has been feeding us a "thalidomide drug of integration," and that some negroes have been walking down a dream street talking about sitting next to white people; and that that does not begin to solve the problem; that when we went to Mississippi we did not go to sit next to Ross Barnett²; we did not go to sit next to Jim Clark³; we went to get them out of our way; and that people ought to understand that; that we were never fighting for the right to integrate, we were fighting against white supremacy.

Now, then, in order to understand white supremacy we must dismiss the fallacious notion that white people can give anybody their freedom. No man can give anybody his freedom. A man is born free. You may enslave a man after he is born free, and that is in fact what this country does. It enslaves black people after they're born, so that the only acts that white people can do is to stop denying black people their freedom; that is, they must stop denying freedom. They never give it to anyone.

Now we want to take that to its logical extension, so that we could understand, then, what its relevancy would be in terms of new civil rights bills. I maintain that every civil rights bill in this country was passed for white people, not for black people. For example, I am black. I know that. I also know that while I am black I am a human being, and therefore I have the right to go into any public place. White people didn't know that. Every time I tried to go into a place they stopped me. So some boys had to write a bill to tell that white man, "He's a human being; don't stop him." That bill was for that white man, not for me. I knew it all the time. I knew it all the time.

I knew that I could vote and that that wasn't a privilege; it was my right. Every time I tried I was shot, killed or jailed, beaten or economically deprived. So somebody had to write a bill for white people to tell them, "When a black man comes to vote, don't bother him." That bill, again, was for white people, not for black people; so that when you talk about open occupancy, I know I can live anyplace I want to live. It is white people across this country who are incapable of allowing me to live where I want to live. You need a civil rights bill, not me. I know I can live where I want to live.

So that the failures to pass a civil rights bill isn't because of Black Power, isn't because of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee; it's not because of the rebellions that are occurring in the major cities. It is incapability of whites to deal with their own problems inside their own communities. That is the problem of the failure of the civil rights bill.

And so in a larger sense we must then ask, How is it that black people move? And what do we do? But the question in a greater sense is, How can white people who are the majority -- and who are responsible for making democracy work -- make it work? They have miserably failed to this point. They have never made democracy work, be it inside the United States, Vietnam, South Africa, Philippines, South America, Puerto Rico. Wherever American has been, she has not been able to make democracy work; so that in a larger sense, we not only condemn the country for what it's done internally, but we must condemn it for what it does externally. We see this country trying to rule the world, and someone must stand up and start articulating that this country is not God, and cannot rule the world.

Now, then, before we move on we ought to develop the white supremacy attitudes that were either conscious or subconscious thought and how they run rampant through the society today. For example, the missionaries were sent to Africa. They went with the attitude that blacks were automatically inferior. As a matter of fact, the first act the missionaries did, you know, when they got to Africa was to make us cover up our bodies, because they said it got them excited. We couldn't go bare-breasted any more because they got excited.

Now when the missionaries came to civilize us because we were uncivilized, educate us because we were uneducated, and give us some -- some literate studies because we were illiterate, they charged a price. The missionaries came with the Bible, and we had the land. When they left, they had the land, and we still have the Bible. And that has been the rationalization for Western civilization as it moves across the world and stealing and plundering and raping everybody in its path. Their one rationalization is that the rest of the world is uncivilized and they are in fact civilized. And they are un-civil-ized.

And that runs on today, you see, because what we have today is we have what we call "modern-day Peace Corps missionaries," and they come into our ghettos and they Head Start, Upward Lift, Bootstrap, and Upward Bound us into white society, 'cause they don't want to face the real problem which is a man is poor for one reason and one reason only: 'cause he does not have money -- period. If you want to get rid of poverty, you give people money -- period.

And you ought not to tell me about people who don't work, and you can't give people money without working, 'cause if that were true, you'd have to start stopping Rockefeller, Bobby Kennedy, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Lady Bird Johnson, the whole of Standard Oil, the Gulf Corp, all of them, including probably a large number of the Board of Trustees of this university. So the question, then, clearly, is not whether or not one can work; it's Who has power? Who has power to make his or her acts legitimate? That is all. And that this country, that power is invested in the hands of white people, and they make their acts legitimate. It is now, therefore, for black people to make our acts legitimate.

Now we are now engaged in a psychological struggle in this country, and that is whether or not black people will have the right to use the words they want to use without white people giving their sanction to it; and that we maintain, whether they like it or not, we gonna use the word "Black Power" -- and let them address themselves to that; but that we are not going to wait for white people to sanction Black Power. We're tired waiting; every time black people move in this country, they're forced to defend their position before they move. It's time that the people who are supposed to be defending their position do that. That's white people. They ought to start defending themselves as to why they have oppressed and exploited us.

Now it is clear that when this country started to move in terms of slavery, the reason for a man being picked as a slave was one reason -- because of the color of his skin. If one was black one was automatically inferior, inhuman, and therefore fit for slavery; so that the

question of whether or not we are individually suppressed is nonsensical, and it's a downright lie. We are oppressed as a group because we are black, not because we are lazy, not because we're apathetic, not because we're stupid, not because we smell, not because we eat watermelon and have good rhythm. We are oppressed because we are black.

And in order to get out of that oppression one must wield the group power that one has, not the individual power which this country then sets the criteria under which a man may come into it. That is what is called in this country as integration: "You do what I tell you to do and then we'll let you sit at the table with us." And that we are saying that we have to be opposed to that. We must now set up criteria and that if there's going to be any integration, it's going to be a two-way thing. If you believe in integration, you can come live in Watts. You can send your children to the ghetto schools. Let's talk about that. If you believe in integration, then we're going to start adopting us some white people to live in our neighborhood.

So it is clear that the question is not one of integration or segregation. Integration is a man's ability to want to move in there by himself. If someone wants to live in a white neighborhood and he is black, that is his choice. It should be his rights.

It is not because white people will not allow him. So vice versa: If a black man wants to live in the slums, that should be his right. Black people will let him. That is the difference. And it's a difference on which this country makes a number of logical mistakes when they begin to try to criticize the program articulated by SNCC.

Now we maintain that we cannot afford to be concerned about 6 percent of the children in this country, black children, who you allow to come into white schools. We have 94 percent who still live in shacks. We are going to be concerned about those 94 percent. You ought to be concerned about them too. The question is, Are we willing to be concerned about those 94 percent? Are we willing to be concerned about the black people who will never get to Berkeley, who will never get to Harvard, and cannot get an education, so you'll never get a chance to rub shoulders with them and say, "Well, he's almost as good as we are; he's not like the others"? The question is, How can white society begin to move to see black people as human beings? I am black, therefore I am; not that I am black and I must go to college to prove myself. I am black, therefore I am. And don't deprive me of anything and say to me that you must go to college before you gain access to X, Y, and Z. It is only a rationalization for one's oppression.

The -- The political parties in this country do not meet the needs of people on a day-to-day basis. The question is, How can we build new political institutions that will become the political expressions of people on a day-to-day basis? The question is, How can you build political institutions that will begin to meet the needs of Oakland, California? And the needs of Oakland, California, is not 1,000 policemen with submachine guns. They don't need that. They need that least of all. The question is, How can we build institutions

where those people can begin to function on a day-to-day basis, where they can get decent jobs, where they can get decent houses, and where they can begin to participate in the policy and major decisions that affect their lives? That's what they need, not Gestapo troops, because this is not 1942, and if you play like Nazis, we playing back with you this time around. Get hip to that.

The question then is, How can white people move to start making the major institutions that they have in this country function the way it is supposed to function? That is the real question. And can white people move inside their own community and start tearing down racism where in fact it does exist? Where it exists. It is you who live in Cicero and stop us from living there. It is white people who stop us from moving into Grenada. It is white people who make sure that we live in the ghettos of this country. It is white institutions that do that. They must change. In order -- In order for America to really live on a basic principle of human relationships, a new society must be born.

Racism must die, and the economic exploitation of this country of non-white peoples around the world must also die -- must also die.

Now there are several programs that we have in the South, most in poor white communities. We're trying to organize poor whites on a base where they can begin to move around the question of economic exploitation and political disfranchisement. We know -- we've heard the theory several times -- but few people are willing to go into there. The question is, Can the white activist not try to be a Pepsi generation who comes alive in the black community, but can he be a man who's willing to move into the white community and start organizing where the organization is needed? Can he do that? The question is, Can the white society or the white activist disassociate himself with two clowns who waste time parrying with each other rather than talking about the problems that are facing people in this state? Can you dissociate yourself with those clowns and start to build new institutions that will eliminate all idiots like them.

And the question is, If we are going to do that when and where do we start, and how do we start? We maintain that we must start doing that inside the white community. Our own personal position politically is that we don't think the Democratic Party represents the needs of black people. We know it don't. And that if, in fact, white people really believe that, the question is, if they're going to move inside that structure, how are they going to organize around a concept of whiteness based on true brotherhood and based on stopping exploitation, economic exploitation, so that there will be a coalition base for black people to hook up with? You cannot form a coalition based on national sentiment. That is not a coalition. If you need a coalition to redress itself to real changes in this country, white people must start building those institutions inside the white community. And that is the real question, I think, facing the white activists today. Can they, in fact, begin to move into and tear down the institutions which have put us all in a trick bag that we've been into for the last hundred years?

I don't think that we should follow what many people say that we should fight to be leaders of tomorrow. Frederick Douglass said that the youth should fight to be leaders today. And God knows we need to be leaders today, 'cause the men who run this country are sick, are sick. So that can we on a larger sense begin now, today, to start building those institutions and to fight to articulate our position, to fight to be able to control our universities -- We need to be able to do that -- and to fight to control the basic institutions which perpetuate racism by destroying them and building new ones? That's the real question that face us today, and it is a dilemma because most of us do not know how to work, and that the excuse that most white activists find is to run into the black community.

Now we maintain that we cannot have white people working in the black community, and we mean it on a psychological ground. The fact is that all black people often question whether or not they are equal to whites, because every time they start to do something, white people are around showing them how to do it.

If we are going to eliminate that for the generation that comes after us, then black people must be seen in positions of power, doing and articulating for themselves, for themselves.

That is not to say that one is a reverse racist; it is to say that one is moving in a healthy ground; it is to say what the philosopher Sartre says: One is becoming an "antiracist racist." And this country can't understand that.

Maybe it's because it's all caught up in racism. But I think what you have in SNCC is an anti-racist racism. We are against racists. Now if everybody who is white see themself [sic] as a racist and then see us against him, they're speaking from their own guilt position, not ours, not ours.

Now then, the question is, How can we move to begin to change what's going on in this country. I maintain, as we have in SNCC, that the war in Vietnam is an illegal and immoral war. And the question is, What can we do to stop that war? What can we do to stop the people who, in the name of our country, are killing babies, women, and children? What can we do to stop that? And I maintain that we do not have the power in our hands to change that institution, to begin to recreate it, so that they learn to leave the Vietnamese people alone, and that the only power we have is the power to say, "Hell no!" to the draft.

We have to say -- We have to say to ourselves that there is a higher law than the law of a racist named McNamara. There is a higher law than the law of a fool named Rusk. And there's a higher law than the law of a buffoon named Johnson. It's the law of each of us. It's the law of each of us. It is the law of each of us saying that we will not allow them to make us hired killers. We will stand pat. We will not kill anybody that they say kill. And if we decide to kill, we're going to decide who we going to kill. And this country will only be able to stop the war in Vietnam when the young men who are made to fight it begin to say, "Hell, no, we ain't going."

Now then, there's a failure because the Peace Movement has been unable to get off the college campuses where everybody has a 2S and not going to get drafted anyway. And the question is, How can you move out of that into the white ghettos of this country and begin to articulate a position for those white students who do not want to go. We cannot do that. It is something -- sometimes ironic that many of the peace groups have beginning to call us violent and say they can no longer support us, and we are in fact the most militant organization [for] peace or civil rights or human rights against the war in Vietnam in this country today. There isn't one organization that has begun to meet our stance on the war in Vietnam, 'cause we not only say we are against the war in Vietnam; we are against the draft. We are against the draft. No man has the right to take a man for two years and train him to be a killer. A man should decide what he wants to do with his life.

So the question then is it becomes crystal clear for black people because we can easily say that anyone fighting in the war in Vietnam is nothing but a black mercenary, and that's all he is. Any time a black man leaves the country where he can't vote to supposedly deliver the vote for somebody else, he's a black mercenary. Any time a -- Any time a black man leaves this country, gets shot in Vietnam on foreign ground, and returns home and you won't give him a burial in his own homeland, he's a black mercenary, a black mercenary.

And that even if I were to believe the lies of Johnson, if I were to believe his lies that we're fighting to give democracy to the people in Vietnam, as a black man living in this country I wouldn't fight to give this to anybody. I wouldn't give it to anybody. So that we have to use our bodies and our minds in the only way that we see fit. We must begin like the philosopher Camus to come alive by saying "No!" That is the only act in which we begin to come alive, and we have to say "No!" to many, many things in this country.

This country is a nation of thieves. It has stole everything it has, beginning with black people, beginning with black people. And that the question is, How can we move to start changing this country from what it is -- a nation of thieves. This country cannot justify any longer its existence. We have become the policeman of the world. The marines are at our disposal to always bring democracy, and if the Vietnamese don't want democracy, well dammit, "We'll just wipe them the hell out, 'cause they don't deserve to live if they won't have our way of life."

There is then in a larger sense, What do you do on your university campus? Do you raise questions about the hundred black students who were kicked off campus a couple of weeks ago? Eight hundred? Eight hundred? And how does that question begin to move? Do you begin to relate to people outside of the ivory tower and university wall? Do you think you're capable of building those human relationships, as the country now stands? You're fooling yourself. It is impossible for white and black people to talk about building a relationship based on humanity when the country is the way it is, when the institutions are clearly against us.

We have taken all the myths of this country and we've found them to be nothing but downright lies. This country told us that if we worked hard we would succeed, and if that were true we would own this country lock, stock, and barrel -- lock, stock, and barrel -- lock, stock, and barrel. It is we who have picked the cotton for nothing. It is we who are the maids in the kitchens of liberal white people. It is we who are the janitors, the porters, the elevator men; we who sweep up your college floors. Yes, it is we who are the hardest workers and the lowest paid, and the lowest paid.

And that it is nonsensical for people to start talking about human relationships until they're willing to build new institutions. Black people are economically insecure. White liberals are economically secure. Can you begin to build an economic coalition?

Are the liberals willing to share their salaries with the economically insecure black people they so much love? Then if you're not, are you willing to start building new institutions that will provide economic security for black people? That's the question we want to deal with. That's the question we want to deal with.

We have to seriously examine the histories that we have been told. But we have something more to do than that.

American students are perhaps the most politically unsophisticated students in the world, in the world, in the world. Across every country in this world, while we were growing up, students were leading the major revolutions of their countries. We have not been able to do that. They have been politically aware of their existence. In South America our neighbors down below the border have one every 24 hours just to remind us that they're politically aware.

And we have been unable to grasp it because we've always moved in the field of morality and love while people have been politically jiving with our lives. And the question is, How do we now move politically and stop trying to move morally? You can't move morally against a man like Brown and Reagan. You've got to move politically to put them out of business. You've got to move politically.

You can't move morally against Lyndon Baines Johnson because he is an immoral man. He doesn't know what it's all about. So you've got to move politically. You've got to move politically. And that we have to begin to develop a political sophistication -- which is not to be a parrot: "The two-party system is the best party in the world." There is a difference between being a parrot and being politically sophisticated.

We have to raise questions about whether or not we do need new types of political institutions in this country, and we in SNCC maintain that we need them now. We need new political institutions in this country. Any time -- Any time Lyndon Baines Johnson can head a Party which has in it Bobby Kennedy, Wayne Morse, Eastland, Wallace, and all those other supposed-to-be-liberal cats, there's something wrong with that Party. They're moving politically, not morally. And that if that party refuses to seat black people from Mississippi and goes ahead and seats racists like Eastland and his clique, it is

clear to me that they're moving politically, and that one cannot begin to talk morality to people like that.

We must begin to think politically and see if we can have the power to impose and keep the moral values that we hold high. We must question the values of this society, and I maintain that black people are the best people to do that because we have been excluded from that society. And the question is, we ought to think whether or not we want to become a part of that society. That's what we want to do.

And that that is precisely what it seems to me that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is doing. We are raising questions about this country. I do not want to be a part of the American pie. The American pie means raping South Africa, beating Vietnam, beating South America, raping the Philippines, raping every country you've been in. I don't want any of your blood money. I don't want it -- don't want to be part of that system. And the question is, How do we raise those questions? How do weHow do we begin to raise them?

We have grown up and we are the generation that has found this country to be a world power, that has found this country to be the wealthiest country in the world. We must question how she got her wealth? That's what we're questioning, and whether or not we want this country to continue being the wealthiest country in the world at the price of raping every -- everybody else across the world. That's what we must begin to question. And that because black people are saying we do not now want to become a part of you, we are called reverse racists. Ain't that a gas?

Now, then, we want to touch on nonviolence because we see that again as the failure of white society to make nonviolence work. I was always surprised at Quakers who came to Alabama and counseled me to be nonviolent, but didn't have the guts to start talking to James Clark to be nonviolent. That is where nonviolence needs to be preached -- to Jim Clark, not to black people. They have already been nonviolent too many years. The question is, Can white people conduct their nonviolent schools in Cicero where they belong to be conducted, not among black people in Mississippi. Can they conduct it among the white people in Grenada?

Six-foot-two men who kick little black children -- can you conduct nonviolent schools there? That is the question that we must raise, not that you conduct nonviolence among black people. Can you name me one black man today who's killed anybody white and is still alive? Even after rebellion, when some black brothers throw some bricks and bottles, ten thousand of them has to pay the crime, 'cause when the white policeman comes in, anybody who's black is arrested, "cause we all look alike."

So that we have to raise those questions. We, the youth of this country, must begin to raise those questions. And we must begin to move to build new institutions that's going to speak to the needs of people who need it. We are going to have to speak to change the foreign policy of this country. One of the problems with the peace movement is that it's just too caught up in Vietnam, and that if we pulled out the troops from Vietnam this week, next week you'd have to get another peace movement for Santo Domingo. And the question is, How do you begin to articulate the need to change the foreign policy of this country -- a policy that is decided upon race, a policy on which decisions are made upon getting economic wealth at any price, at any price.

Now we articulate that we therefore have to hook up with black people around the world; and that that hookup is not only psychological, but becomes very real. If South America today were to rebel, and black people were to shoot the hell out of all the white people there -- as they should, as they should -- then Standard Oil would crumble tomorrow. If South Africa were to go today, Chase Manhattan Bank would crumble tomorrow. If Zimbabwe, which is called Rhodesia by white people, were to go tomorrow, General Electric would cave in on the East Coast. The question is, How do we stop those institutions that are so willing to fight against "Communist aggression" but closes their eyes to racist oppression? That is the question that you raise. Can this country do that?

Now, many people talk about pulling out of Vietnam. What will happen? If we pull out of Vietnam, there will be one less aggressor in there -- we won't be there, we won't be there. And so the question is, How do we articulate those positions? And we cannot begin to articulate them from the same assumptions that the people in the country speak, 'cause they speak from different assumptions than I assume what the youth in this country are talking about.

That we're not talking about a policy or aid or sending Peace Corps people in to teach people how to read and write and build houses while we steal their raw materials from them. Is that what we're talking about? 'Cause that's all we do. What underdeveloped countries needs -- information on how to become industrialized, so they can keep their raw materials where they have it, produce them and sell it to this country for the price it's supposed to pay; not that we produce it and sell it back to them for a profit and keep sending our modern day missionaries in, calling them the sons of Kennedy. And that if the youth are going to participate in that program, how do you raise those questions where you begin to control that Peace Corps program? How do you begin to raise them?

How do we raise the questions of poverty? The assumptions of this country is that if someone is poor, they are poor because of their own individual blight, or they weren't born on the right side of town; they had too many children; they went in the army too early; or their father was a drunk, or they didn't care about school, or they made a mistake. That's a lot of nonsense. Poverty is well calculated in this country. It is well calculated, and the reason why the poverty program won't work is because the calculators of poverty are administering it. That's why it won't work.

So how can we, as the youth in the country, move to start tearing those things down? We must move into the white community. We are in the black community. We have developed a movement in the black community. The challenge is that the white activist has failed miserably to develop the movement inside of his community. And the question is, Can we find white people who are going to have the courage to go into white communities and start organizing them? Can we find them? Are they here and are they willing to do that? Those are the questions that we must raise for the white activist.

And we're never going to get caught up in questions about power. This country knows what power is. It knows it very well. And it knows what Black Power is 'cause it deprived black people of it for 400 years. So it knows what Black Power is. That the question of, Why do black people -- Why do white people in this country associate Black Power with violence? And the question is because of their own inability to deal with "blackness." If we had said "Negro power" nobody would get scared. Everybody would support it. Or if we said power for colored people, everybody'd be for that, but it is the word "black" -- it is the word "black" that bothers people in this country, and that's their problem, not mine -- they're problem, they're problem.

Now there's one modern day lie that we want to attack and then move on very quickly and that is the lie that says anything all black is bad. Now, you're all a college university crowd. You've taken your basic logic course. You know about a major premise and minor premise. So people have been telling me anything all black is bad. Let's make that our major premise.

Major premise: Anything all black is bad.

Minor premise or particular premise: I am all black.

Therefore...

I'm never going to be put in that trick bag; I am all black and I'm all good, dig it. Anything all black is not necessarily bad. Anything all black is only bad when you use force to keep whites out. Now that's what white people have done in this country, and they're projecting their same fears and guilt on us, and we won't have it, we won't have it. Let them handle their own fears and their own guilt. Let them find their own psychologists. We refuse to be the therapy for white society any longer. We have gone mad trying to do it. We have gone stark raving mad trying to do it.

I look at Dr. King on television every single day, and I say to myself: "Now there is a man who's desperately needed in this country. There is a man full of love. There is a man full of mercy. There is a man full of compassion." But every time I see Lyndon on television, I said, "Martin, baby, you got a long way to go."

So that the question stands as to what we are willing to do, how we are willing to say "No" to withdraw from that system and begin within our community to start to function and to build new institutions that will speak to our needs. In Lowndes County, we developed something called the Lowndes County Freedom Organization. It is a political party. The Alabama law says that if you have a Party you must have an emblem. We chose for the emblem a black panther, a beautiful black animal which symbolizes the strength and dignity of black people, an animal that never strikes back until he's back so far into the wall, he's got nothing to do but spring out. Yeah. And when he springs he does not stop.

Now there is a Party in Alabama called the Alabama Democratic Party. It is all white. It has as its emblem a white rooster and the words "white supremacy" for the write. Now the gentlemen of the Press, because they're advertisers, and because most of them are white, and because they're produced by that white institution, never called the Lowndes County Freedom Organization by its name, but rather they call it the Black Panther Party. Our question is, Why don't they call the Alabama Democratic Party the "White Cock Party"? (It's fair to us.....) It is clear to me that that just points out America's problem with sex and color, not our problem, not our problem. And it is now white America that is going to deal with those problems of sex and color.

If we were to be real and to be honest, we would have to admit -- we would have to admit that most people in this country see things black and white. We have to do that. All of us do. We live in a country that's geared that way. White people would have to admit that they are afraid to go into a black ghetto at night. They are afraid. That's a fact. They're afraid because they'd be "beat up," "lynched," "looted," "cut up," etcetera, etcetera. It happens to black people inside the ghetto every day, incidentally, and white people are afraid of that. So you get a man to do it for you -- a policeman. And now you figure his mentality, when he's afraid of black people. The first time a black man jumps, that white man going to shoot him. He's going to shoot him. So police brutality is going to exist on that level because of the incapability of that white man to see black people come together and to live in the conditions. This country is too hypocritical and that we cannot adjust ourselves to its hypocrisy.

The only time I hear people talk about nonviolence is when black people move to defend themselves against white people. Black people cut themselves every night in the ghetto -- Don't anybody talk about nonviolence. Lyndon Baines Johnson is busy bombing the hell of out Vietnam -- Don't nobody talk about nonviolence. White people beat up black people every day -- Don't nobody talk about nonviolence. But as soon as black people start to move, the double standard comes into being.

You can't defend yourself. That's what you're saying, 'cause you show me a man who -- who would advocate aggressive violence that would be able to live in this country. Show him to me. The double standards again come into itself. Isn't it ludicrous and hypocritical for the political chameleon who calls himself a Vice President in this country to -- to stand up before this country and say, "Looting never got anybody anywhere"? Isn't it hypocritical for Lyndon to talk about looting, that you can't accomplish anything by looting and you must accomplish it by the legal ways? What does he know about legality? Ask Ho Chi Minh, he'll tell you.

So that in conclusion we want to say that number one, it is clear to me that we have to wage a psychological battle on the right for black people to define their own terms, define themselves as they see fit, and organize themselves as they see it. Now the question is, How is the white community going to begin to allow for that organizing, because once they start to do that, they will also allow for the organizing that they want to do inside their community. It doesn't make a difference, 'cause we're going to organize our way anyway. We're going to do it. The question is, How are we going to facilitate those matters, whether it's going to be done with a thousand policemen with submachine guns, or whether or not it's going to be done in a context where it is allowed to be done by white people warding off those policemen. That is the question.

And the question is, How are white people who call themselves activists ready to start move into the white communities on two counts: on building new political institutions to destroy the old ones that we have? And to move around the concept of white youth refusing to go into the army? So that we can start, then, to build a new world. It is ironic to talk about civilization in this country. This country is uncivilized. It needs to be civilized. It needs to be civilized.

And that we must begin to raise those questions of civilization: What it is? And who do it? And so we must urge you to fight now to be the leaders of today, not tomorrow. We've got to be the leaders of today. This country -- This country is a nation of thieves. It stands on the brink of becoming a nation of murderers. We must stop it. We must stop it. We must stop it. We must stop it.

And then, therefore, in a larger sense there's the question of black people. We are on the move for our liberation. We have been tired of trying to prove things to white people. We are tired of trying to explain to white people that we're not going to hurt them. We are concerned with getting the things we want, the things that we have to have to be able to function. The question is, Can white people allow for that in this country? The question is, Will white people overcome their racism and allow for that to happen in this country? If that does not happen, brothers and sisters, we have no choice but to say very clearly, "Move over, or we're going to move on over you."

Thank you.

Stokley Carmichael

Essays from the Minister of Defense

by Huey P. Newton

When a mechanic wants to fix a broken down car engine, he must have the necessary tools to do the job. When the people move for liberation they must have the basic tools of liberation: the gun. Only with the power of the gun can the black masses halt the terror and brutality perpetuated against them by the armed racist power structure; and in one sense only by the power of the gun can the whole world be transformed into the earthly paradise dreamed of by the people from time immemorial.

Black Panther Party

When a mechanic wants to fix a broken down car engine, he must have the necessary tools to do the job. When the people move for liberation they must have the basic tools of liberation the gun. Only with the power of the gun can the black masses halt the terror and brutality perpetuated against them by the armed racist power structure and in one sense only by the power of the gun can the whole world be transformed into the earthly paradise dreamed of by the people from time immemorial.

INTRODUCTION

Essays From the Minister of Defense is a collection of truths, principles and beliefs practiced by the Black Panther Party. The writings come from the pen of Huey Newton, the Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party but the spirit of *the writings, the faith expressed and the undying love for black people exhibited therein comes from the souls of colonized black people. The people are the heroes.

The Black Panther Party is a vanguard party for we Africans in U.S. What we believe in is armed revolution, a permanent revolution, the creation of as many Viet Nams as are necessary to defeat U.S. racism and imperialism throughout the world. As you read Essays From the Minister of Defense you will begin to understand the principles for the armed revolution that is beginning in the U.S. If you carry out the principles, you will be a people's warrior, and will be bringing black people and the oppressed people everywhere closer to freedom, justice, and equality throughout the world. The Minister of Defense is currently held in Alameda County jail.

Our slogan is Huey will be set free by any means necessary and if he is not set free the sky is the limit.

George Murray

Minister of Education
Black Panther Party

IN DEFENSE OF SELF DEFENSE

Huey P. Newton

Introduction

Huey P. Newton's column in THE BLACK PANTHER newspaper was entitled In Defense of Self Defense. The following articles by the Minister of Defense were taken from those columns.

June 20, 1967.

Laws and rules have always been made to serve people. Rules of society are set up by people so that they will be able to function in a harmonious way. In other words, in order

to promote the general welfare of society, rules and laws are established by men. Rules should serve men, and not men serve rules. Much of the time, the laws and rules which officials attempt to inflict upon poor people are nonfunctional in relation to the status of the poor in society.

These officials are blind to the fact that people should riot respect rules that are not serving them. It is the duty of the poor to write and construct rules and laws that are in their better interests. This is one of the basic human rights of all men.

Before 1776, white people were colonized by the English. The English government had certain laws and rules that the colonized Americans viewed as not in their best interests but as a colonized people. At that time the English government felt that the colonized Americans had no right to establish laws to promote the general welfare of the people living here in America. The colonized American felt he had no choice but to raise the gun in defense of the welfare of the colonized people. At this time, he made certain laws insuring his protection from external and internal aggressions from governments and agencies. One such form of protection was the Declaration of Independence, which states . . whenever any government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Now these same colonized white people, these ex-slaves, robbers, and thieves, have denied the colonized black man the right to even speak of abolishing this oppressive system which the white colonized American created. They have carried their madness to the four corners of the earth, and now there is universal rebellion against their continued rule and power. The Black people in America are the only people who can free the world, loosen the yoke of colonialism and destroy the war machine as long as the wheels of the imperialistic war machine are turning there is no country that can defeat this, . monster of the West. ..But Black people can make a malfunction of this machine, from within. Black people can destroy the machinery that is enslaving the world. America cannot stand to fight every Black country in the world and fight a civil war at the same time. It is militarily impossible to do both of these things at once.

The slavery of Blacks in this country provides the oil for the machinery of war that America uses to enslave the peoples of the world. Without this oil the machinery cannot function. We are the driving shaft we are in such a strategic position in this machinery that, once we become dislocated, the functioning of the remainder of the machinery breaks down.

Penned up in the ghettos of America, surrounded by his factories and all the physical components of his economic system, we have been made into the wretched of the earth, who are relegated to the position of spectators while the white racists run their international con game on the suffering peoples. We have been brainwashed to believe

that we are powerless and that there is nothing we can do for ourselves to bring about a speedy liberation for our people. We have been taught that we must please our oppressors, that we are only ten per cent of the population, and therefore, we must confine our tactics to categories calculated not to disturb the sleep of our tormentors.

The power structure inflicts pain and brutality upon the peoples and then provides controlled outlets for the pain in ways least likely to upset them or interfere with the process of exploitation. The people must repudiate the channels established as tricks and deceitful snares by the exploiting oppressors. The people must oppose everything the oppressor supports and support everything that he opposes. If Black people go about their struggle for liberation in the way that the oppressor dictates and sponsors, then we will have degenerated to the level of groveling flunkies for the oppressor himself. When the oppressor makes a vicious attack against freedom fighters because of the way that such freedom fighters choose to go about their liberation, then we know we are moving in the direction of our liberation. The racist dog oppressors have no rights which oppressed Black people are bound to respect. As long as the racist dogs pollute the earth with the evil of their actions, they do not deserve any respect at all, and the rules of their game, written in the people's blood, are beneath contempt.

The oppressor must be harassed until his doom. He must have no peace by day or by night. The slaves have always outnumbered the slave-masters. The power of the oppressor rests upon the submission of the people. When Black people really unite and rise up in all their splendid millions, they will have the strength to smash injustice. We do not understand the power in our numbers. We are millions and millions of Black people scattered across the continent and throughout the Western hemisphere. There are more Black people in America than the total population of many countries that now enjoy full membership in the United Nations. They have power and their power is based primarily on the fact that they are organized and united with each other. They are recognized by the powers of the world.

We, with all our numbers, are recognized by no one. In fact, we do not even recognize our own selves. We are unaware of the potential power latent in our numbers. In 1967, in the midst of a hostile racist nation whose hidden racism is rising to the surface at a phenomenal speed, we are still so blind to our critical fight for our very survival that we are continuing to function in petty, futile ways. Divided, confused, fighting among ourselves, we are still in the elementary stage of throwing rocks, sticks, empty wine bottles and beer cans at racist cops who lie in wait for a chance to murder unarmed Black people. The racist cops have worked out a system for suppressing these spontaneous rebellions that flare up from the anger, frustration, and desperation of the masses of Black people. We can no longer afford the dubious luxury of the terrible casualties want only inflicted upon us by the cops during these spontaneous rebellions.

Black people must now move, from the grassroots up through the perfumed circles of the Black bourgeoisie, to seize by any means necessary a proportionate share of the power

vested and collected in the structure of America. We must organize and unite to combat by long resistance the brutal force used against us daily. The power structure depends upon the use of force within retaliation. This is why they have made it a felony to teach guerilla warfare. This is why they want the people unarmed.

The racist dog oppressor fears the armed people they fear most of all Black people armed with weapons and the ideology of the Black Panther Party For Self Defense. An unarmed people are slaves or are subject to slavery at any given moment. If a government is not afraid of the people it will arm the people from foreign aggression. Black people are held captive in the midst of their oppressors. There is a world of difference between thirty million unarmed, submissive Black people and thirty million Black people armed with freedom and defense guns and the strategic methods of liberation.

When a mechanic wants to fix a broken-down car engine, he must have the necessary tools to do the job. When the people move for liberation they must have the basic tool of liberation the gun. Only with the power of the gun can the Black masses halt the terror and brutality perpetuated against them by the armed racist power structure and in one sense only by the power of the gun can the whole world be transformed into the earthly paradise dreamed of by the people from time immemorial. One successful practitioner of the art and science of national liberation and self defense, Brother Mao Tsetung, put it this way We are advocates of the abolition of war, we do not want war . but war can only be abolished through war, and in order to get rid of the gun it is necessary to take up the gun.

The blood, sweat, tears and suffering of Black people are the foundations of the wealth and power of the United States of America. We were forced to build America, and, if forced to, we will tear it down. The immediate result of this destruction will be suffering and bloodshed. But the end result will be the perpetual peace for all mankind.

July 3, 1967

Historically, the power structure has demanded that Black leaders cater to their desires and to the ends of the imperialistic racism of the oppressor. The power structure has endorsed those Black leaders who have reduced themselves to nothing more than apologizing parrots. They have divided the so-called black leaders within the political arena. The oppressors sponsor radio programs, give space in their racist newspapers, and have shown them the luxury enjoyed only by the oppressor. The Black leaders serve the oppressor by purposely keeping the people submissive and passive nonviolent. At any moment that these so-called Black leaders respond to the cries of the suffering and downtrodden, unemployed and welfare recipients who hunger for liberation by any means necessary.

Historically, there have been a few Black men who have rejected the handouts of the oppressor and who have refused to spread the oppressor's treacherous principles of

deceit, gradual indoctrination and brainwashing, and who have refused to indulge in the criminal activity of teaching submission, fear, and love for an enemy who hates the very color black and is determined to commit genocide on an international scale.

There has always existed in the Black colony of Afro-America a fundamental difference over which tactics from the broad spectrum of alternatives Black people should employ in their struggle for national liberation.

One side of this difference contends that Black people are in the peculiar position where, in order to gain acceptance into the mainstream of American life, they must employ no tactic that will anger the oppressor whites. This view holds that Black people constitute a hopeless minority and that salvation for Black people lies in developing brotherly relations. There are certain tactics that are taboo. Violence against the oppressor must be avoided at all costs, because the oppressor will, retaliate with superior violence. So Black people may protest, but not protect. They can complain, but not cut and shoot. In short, Black people must at all costs remain nonviolent.

On the other side of the difference, we find the point of departure is the principle that the oppressor has no rights that the oppressed is bound to respect. The slave-master, destroy him utterly, move against him with implacable fortitude. Break his oppressive by any means necessary. Men who have stood before the Black masses and recommended this response to oppression have been held in fear by the oppressor. Blacks in the colony who were wed to the non-violent alternative could not relate to the advocates of in-opposition to the oppressor. Because the oppressive ways prefers to deal with the less radical, i. e. , dangerous, spokesmen for his subjects. He would offer that his subjects had no spokesmen at all, or yet, he wishes to speak for them himself. Unab this practically, he does the next best thing, and the spokesmen who will allow him to speak through him to the masses. Paramount amongst his imperative see to it that implacable spokesmen are never able to communicate their message to the masses. They are never allowed to communicate their message to masses. Their oppressor will resort to any me necessary to silence the implacable.

The oppressor, the endorsed spokesmen, and the implacables form the three points of a triangle. The oppressor looks upon the endorsed spokesmen as a tool to use against the implacables to keep the passive within the acceptable limits of the tactic capable of containing. The endorsed spokesmen upon the oppressor as a guardian angel who can depended upon him to protect them from the wrath or placables, while he looks upon the implacables dangerous and irresponsible madmen who, by anger oppressor, will certainly provoke a blood bath in which they themselves might get washed away. The implacables view both the oppressors and the endorsed leaders as deadly enemies. If anything, he has a more prominent hatred for the endorsed leaders than he has for the oppressor himself, because the implacables know they can deal with the oppressor only after they have driven the endorsed spokesmen off the scene.

Historically, the endorsed spokesmen have always held the upper hand on the implacables. In Afro-American history, there are shining brief moments when the implacables have outmaneuvered the oppressor and the endorsed spokesmen and gained the attention of the Black masses. The Black masses, recognizing the implacables in the depths of their despair, respond magnetically to the implacables and bestow a devotion and loyalty to them that frightens the oppressor and endorsed spokesmen into a panic-stricken frenzy, and they leap into a rash act murder, imprisonment, or exile to silence the implacables and to get their show back on the road.

The masses of Black people have always been deeply entrenched and involved in the basic necessities of life. They have not had time to abstract their situation. Abstractions come only with leisure. The people have not had the luxury of leisure. Therefore, the people have been very aware of the true definition of politics politics are merely the desire of individuals and groups to satisfy first, their basic needs food, shelter and clothing, and security for themselves and their loved ones. The Black leaders endorsed by the power structure have attempted to sell the people the simpleminded theory that politics is holding a political office being able to move into a \$40, 000 home being able to sit near white people in a restaurant (while in fact the Black masses have not been able to pay the rent of a \$40. 00 rat-infested hovel).

The Black leaders have led the community to believe that brutality and force could be ended by subjecting the people to this very force of self sacrificing demonstrations. The Black people realize brutality and force can only be inflicted if there is submission. The community has not responded in the past or in the present to the absurd and erroneous, deceitful tactics of so-called legitimate Black leaders. The community realizes that force and brutality can only be eliminated by counter force through self defense. Leaders who have recommended these tactics have never had the support and following of the downtrodden black masses who comprise the bulk of the community. Grassroots the downtrodden of the Black community, even though they rejected the handpicked handkerchief heads endorsed by the power structure, the people have not had the academic or administrative knowledge to form themselves in long resistance to the brutality.

Marcus Garvey and Malcolm X were the two Black men of the twentieth century who posed an implacable challenge to both the oppressor and the endorsed spokesmen that could be dealt with in any other way than precisely the foul manner recorded by history. Malcolm, in our time, stood on the threshold with the oppressor and the endorsed spokesmen in a bag that they couldn't get out of. Malcolm, implacable to the ultimate degree, held out to the Black masses the historical, stupendous victory of Black collective salvation and liberation from the chains of the oppressor and the treacherous embrace of the endorsed spokes* men. Only with the gun were the black masses denied this victory. But they learned from Malcolm that with the gun, they can recapture their dreams and bring them into reality.

The heirs of Malcolm now stand millions strong on their corner of the triangle, facing the racist dog oppressor and the soulless endorsed spokesmen. The heirs of Malcolm have picked up the gun and, taking first things first, are moving to expose the endorsed spokesmen for the Black masses to see them for what they are and always have been. The choice offered by the heirs of Malcolm to the endorsed spokesmen is to repudiate the oppressor and to crawl back to their people and earn a speedy reprieve or face a merciless, speedy and most timely execution for treason and being too wrong for too long.

The Correct Handling of a Revolution.

- July 20, 1967

Most human behavior is learned behavior. Most things the human being learns are gained through an indirect relationship to the object. Humans do not act from instinct as lower animals do. Those things learned indirectly many times stimulate very effective responses to what might be later a direct experience. At this time the black masses are handling the resistance incorrectly. The brothers in East Oakland learned from Watts a means of resistance fighting by amassing the people in the streets, throwing bricks and molotov cocktails to destroy property and create disruption. The brothers and sisters in the streets were herded into a small area by the gestapo police and immediately contained by the brutal violence of the oppressor's storm troops. This manner of resistance is sporadic, short-lived, and costly in violence against the people. * This method has been transmitted to all the ghettos of the black nation across the country. The first man who threw a molotov cocktail is not personally known by the masses, but yet the action was respected and followed by the people.

The Vanguard Party must provide leadership for the people. It must teach the correct strategic methods of prolonged resistance through literature and activities. If the activities of the party are respected by the people, the people will follow the example. This is the primary job of the party. This knowledge will probably be gained second-hand by the masses just as the above mentioned was gained ,indirectly. When the people learn that it is no longer advantageous for them to resist by going into the streets in large numbers,

and when they see the advantage in the activities of the guerrilla warfare method, they will quickly follow this example.

But first, they must respect the party which is transmitting this message. When the Vanguard group destroys the machinery of the oppressor by dealing with him in small groups of three and four, and then escapes the might of the oppressor, the masses will be overjoyed and will adhere to this correct strategy. When the masses hear that a gestapo policeman has been executed while sipping coffee at a counter, and the revolutionary executioners fled without being traced, the masses will see the validity of this type of approach to resistance. It is not necessary to organize thirty million Black people in primary groups of two's and three's but it is important for the party to show the people how to go about revolution. During slavery, in which no vanguard party existed and forms of communication were severely restricted and insufficient, many slave revolts occurred.

There are basically three ways one can learn through study, through observation, and through actual experience. The black community is basically composed of activists. The community learns through activity, either through observation or participation in the activity. To study and learn is good but the actual experience is the best means of learning. The party must engage in activities that will teach the people. The black community is basically not a reading community. Therefore it is very significant that the vanguard group first be activists. Without this knowledge of the black community, one could not gain the fundamental knowledge of the black revolution in racist America.

The main function of the party is to awake the people and to teach them the strategic method of resisting the power structure, which is prepared not only to combat the resistance of the people with massive brutality, but to totally annihilate the black community, the black population.

If it is learned by the power structure that black people have x amount of guns in their possession, this will not stimulate the power structure to prepare itself with guns, because it is already more than prepared.

The end result of this education will be positive for Black people in their resistance and negative for the power structure in its oppression, because the party always exemplifies revolutionary defiance. If the party is not going to make the people aware of the tools of liberation and the strategic method that is to be used, there will be no means by which the people will be mobilized properly.

The relationship between the vanguard party and the masses is a secondary relationship. The relationship between the members of the vanguard party is a primary relationship. It is important that the members of the vanguard group maintain a face-to-face relationship with each other. This is important if the party machinery is to be effective. It is impossible to put together functional party machinery or programs without this direct

relationship. The members of the vanguard group should be tested revolutionaries. This will minimize the danger of Uncle Tom informers and opportunists.

The main purpose of vanguard group should be to raise the consciousness of the masses through educational programs and certain physical activities the party will participate in. The sleeping masses must be bombarded with the correct approach to struggle through the activities of the vanguard party. Therefore, the masses must know that the party exists. The party must use all means available to get this information across to the masses. If the masses do not have knowledge of the party, it will be impossible for the masses to follow the program of the party.

The vanguard party is never underground in the beginning of its existence, because this would limit its effectiveness and educational processes. How can you teach people if the people do not know and respect you? The party must exist above ground as long as the dog power structure will allow, and hopefully when the party is forced to go underground the message of the party will already have been put across to the people. The vanguard party's activities on the surface will necessarily be short-lived.

This is why it is so important that the party make a tremendous impact upon the people before it is driven into secrecy.

At this time, the people know the party exists, and they will seek out further information on the activities of this underground party.

Many would-be revolutionaries work under the falla- illusion that the vanguard party is to be a secret organization that the power structure knows nothing about, and the masses know nothing about, except for occasional letters that come to their homes by night. Underground parties cannot distribute leaflets announcing an underground meeting. These are contradictions and inconsistencies of the so-called revolutionaries. The so-called revolutionaries are in fact afraid of the very danger that they are advocating for the people. These so-called revolutionaries want the people to say what they themselves are afraid to say, and the people to do what they themselves are afraid to do. This makes the so-called revolutionary a coward and a hypocrite.

If these impostors would investigate the history of revolution, they would see that the vanguard group always starts out above ground and is later driven underground by the aggressor. The Cuban Revolution exemplifies this fact when Fidel Castro started to resist the butcher Batista and the American running dogs, he started by speaking on the campus of the University of Havana in public. He was later driven to the hills. His impact upon the dispossessed people of Cuba was very great and received with much respect. When he went into secrecy, Cuban people searched him out. People went to the hills to find him and his band of twelve. Castro handled the revolutionary struggle correctly. If the Chinese Revolution is investigated, it will be seen that the Communist Party was quite on the surface so that they would be able to muster support from the masses. There are many

areas one can read about to learn the correct approach, such as the revolution in Kenya, the Algerian Revolution, Fanon's THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH, the Russian Revolution, the works of Chairman Mao Tsetung, and a host of others.

A revolutionary must realize that if he is sincere, death is imminent due to the fact that the things he is saying and doing are extremely dangerous. Without this realization, it is impossible to proceed as a revolutionary. The masses are constantly looking for a guide, a Messiah, to liberate them from the bands of the oppressor. The vanguard party must exemplify the characteristics of worthy leadership. Millions and millions of oppressed people might not know members of the vanguard party personally or directly, but they will gain through an indirect acquaintance the proper strategy for liberation via the mass media and the physical activities of the party. It is of prime importance that the vanguard party develop a political organ, such as a newspaper produced by the party, as well as employ strategically revolutionary art and destruction of the oppressor's machinery. For example, Watts. The economy and property of the oppressor was destroyed to such an extent that no matter how the oppressor tried to whitewash the activities of the black brothers, the real nature and the real cause of the activity was communicated to every black community. For further example, no matter how the oppressor tries to distort and confuse the message of Brother Stokely Carmichael, Black people all over the country understand it perfectly and welcome it.

The Black Panther Party for Self Defense teaches that in the final analysis, the amount of guns and defense weapons, such as hand grenades, bazookas, and other necessary equipment, will be supplied by taking these weapons from the power structure, as exemplified by the Viet Cong. Therefore, the greater the military preparation on the part of the oppressor, the greater is the availability of weapons for the black community. It is believed by some hypocrites that when the people are taught by the vanguard group to prepare for resistance, this only brings the man down on them with increasing violence and brutality but the fact of the matter is that when the man becomes more oppressive, this only heightens the revolutionary fervor. The people never make revolution. The oppressors by their brutal actions cause the resistance by the people. The vanguard party only teaches the correct methods of resistance. So, if things can get worse for oppressed people, then they will feel no need for revolution or resistance. The complaint of the hypocrites that the Black Panther Party for Self Defense is exposing the people to deeper suffering is an incorrect observation. People have proved that they will not tolerate any more oppression by the racist dog police through their rebellions in the black communities across the country. The people are looking now for guidance to extend and strengthen their resistance struggle.

FEAR AND DOUBT

Huey P. Newton

May 15, 1967

The lower socio-economic Black male is a man of confusion. He faces a hostile environment and is not sure that it is not his own sins that have attracted the hostilities of society. All his life he has been taught (explicitly and implicitly) that he is an inferior approximation of humanity. As a man, he finds himself void of those things that bring respect and a feeling of worthiness. He looks around for something to blame for his situation, but because he is not sophisticated regarding the socioeconomic milieu and because of negativistic parental and institutional teachings, he ultimately blames himself.

When he was a child, his parents told him that they were not affluent because we didn't have the opportunity to become educated, or we did not take advantage of the educational opportunities that were offered to us. They tell their children that things will be different for them if they are educated and skilled, but that there is absolutely nothing other than this occasional warning (and often not even this) to stimulate education. Black people are great worshippers of education, even the lower socioeconomic Black person, but at the same time, they are afraid of exposing themselves to it. They are afraid because they are vulnerable to having their fears verified perhaps they will find that they can't compete with white students. The Black person tells himself that he could have done much more if he had really wanted to. The fact is, of course, that the assumed educational opportunities were never available to the lower socio-economic Black person due to the unique position assigned him in life.

It is a two-headed monster that haunts this man. First, his attitude is that he lacks innate ability to cope with the socioeconomic problems confronting him, and second he tells himself that he has the ability but he simply has not felt strongly enough to try to acquire the skills needed to manipulate his environment. In a desperate effort to assume self-respect, he rationalizes that he is lethargic in this way, he denies a possible lack of innate ability. If he openly attempts to discover his abilities, he and others may see him for what

he is or is not, and this is the real fear. He then withdraws into the world of the invisible, but not without a struggle. He may attempt to make himself visible by processing his hair, acquiring a boss mop , or driving a long car, even though he can t afford it. He may father several illegitimate children by several different women in order to display his masculinity. But in the end, he realizes that he is ineffectual in his efforts.

Society responds to him as a thing, a beast, a nonentity, something to be ignored or stepped on. He is asked to respect laws that do not respect him. He is asked to digest a code of ethics that acts upon him but not for him. He is confused and in a constant state of rage, of shame and doubt. this psychological set permeates all his interpersonal relationships. It determines his view of the social system. His psychological development has been prematurely arrested. This doubt begins at a very early age and continues through his life. The parents pass it on to the child and the social system reinforces the fear, the shame, and the doubt. In the third or fourth grade, he may find that he shares the classroom with white students, but when the class is engaged in reading exercises, all the Black students find themselves in a group at a table reserved for slow readers. This may be quite an innocent effort on the part of the school system. The teacher may not realize that the Black students feared (in fact, feel certain) that Black means dumb and white means smart. The children do not realize that the head start the children got at home is what accounts for the situation. It is generally accepted that the child is the father of the man this holds true for the lower socioeconomic Black people.

With whom, with what can he, a man, identify? As a child he had no permanent male figure with whom to identify as a man, he sees nothing in society with which he can identify as an extension of himself. His life is built on mistrust, shame, doubt, guilt, inferiority, role confusion, isolation and despair. He feels that he is something less than a man, and it is evident in his conversation the white man is THE MAN , he got everything, and he knows everything, and a nigger ain t nothing. In a society where a man is valued according to occupation and material possessions, he is without possessions. He is unskilled and more often than not, either marginally employed or unemployed. Often his wife (who is able to secure a job as a maid cleaning for white people) is the breadwinner. He is, therefore, viewed as quite worthless by his wife and children. He is ineffectual both in and out of the home. He cannot provide for or protect his family. He is invisible, a nonentity. Society will not acknowledge him as a man. He is a consumer and not a producer. He is dependent upon the white man (THE MAN) to feed his family, to give him a job, educate his children, serve as the model that he tries to emulate. He is dependent and he hates THE MAN and he hates himself. Who is he? is he, a very old adolescent or is he the slave he used to be? What did he do to be so BLACK and blue?

EXECUTIVE MANDATE NO. 1

STATEMENT BY THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Delivered May 2, 1467, at Sacramento, California, State Capitol Building

The Black Panther Party for Self Defense calls upon the American people in general and the Black people in particular to take careful note of the racist California Legislature which is now considering legislation aimed at keeping the Black people disarmed and powerless at the very same time that racist police agencies throughout the country are intensifying the terror, brutality, murder and repression of Black people.

At the same time that the American government is waging a racist war of genocide in Vietnam, the concentration camps in which Japanese Americans were interned during World War II are being renovated and expanded. Since America has historically reserved the most barbaric treatment for nonwhite people, we are forced to conclude that these concentration camps* are being prepared for Black people who are determined to gain their freedom by any means necessary. The enslavement of Black people from the very beginning of this country, the genocide practiced on the American Indians and the confining of the survivors on reservations, the savage lynching of thousands of Black men and women, the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and now the cowardly massacre in Vietnam, all testify to the fact that towards people of color the racist power structure of America has but one policy repression, genocide, terror, and the big stick.

Black people have begged, prayed, petitioned, demonstrated and everything else to get the racist power structures of America to right the wrongs which have historically been perpetrated against Black people. All of these efforts have been answered by more repression, deceit, and hypocrisy. As the aggression of the racist American government escalates in Vietnam, the police agencies of America escalate the repression of Black people throughout the ghettos of America. Vicious police dogs, cattle prods. and increased patrols have become familiar sightings in black communities. City Hall turns a deaf ear to the pleas of Black people for relief from this increasing terror.

The Black Panther Party for Self Defense believes that the time has come for Black people to arm themselves against this terror before it is too late. The pending Mulford Act brings the hour of doom one step nearer. A people who have suffered so much for so long at the hands of a racist society, must draw the line somewhere. We believe that the Black communities of America must rise up as one man to halt the progression of a trend that leads inevitably to their total destruction.

-Huey P. Newton Minister of Defense

*See Concentration Camps U.S.A. 11 by Charles R. Allen, Jr., and American

Concentration Camps by Boswell.

EXECUTIVE MANDATE NO. 2

STATEMENT OF THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Delivered June 29, 1967

So Let This Be Heard... Brother Stokely Carmichael

Because you have distinguished yourself in the struggle for the total liberation of Black people from oppression in racist white America,

Because you have acted courageously and shown great fortitude under the most adverse circumstances

Because you have proven yourself as a true revolutionary guided by a great feeling of love for our people

Because you have set such a fine example, in the tradition of Brother Malcolm, or dedicating your entire life to the struggle of Black Liberation, inspiring our youth and providing a model for others to emulate

Because you have refused to serve in the oppressor's racist mercenary, aggressive war machine, showing that you know who your true friends and enemies are

Because of your new endeavor to organize and liberate the Crown Colony of Washington, D. C., you will inevitably be forced to confront, deal with, and conquer the racist Washington Police Department which functions as the protector of the racist dog power structure, occupying the Black Community in the same manner and for the same reasons that the racist U.S. Armed Forces occupy South Vietnam

You are hereby drafted into the Black Panther Party for Self Defense, invested with the rank of Field Marshall, delegated the following authority, power, and responsibility

To establish revolutionary law, order and justice in the territory lying between the Continental Divide East to the Atlantic Ocean North of the Mason-Dixon Line to the Canadian Border South of the Mason-Dixon Line to the Gulf of Mexico.

.... So Let It Be Done.

-- Huey P. Newton Minister of Defense

June 29, 1967

EXECUTIVE MANDATE NO. 3

STATEMENT OF THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Delivered on March 1, 1968.

So Let This Be Heard

Because of the St. Valentine Day massacre of February 14, 1929, in which outlaws donned the uniforms of Policemen, posed as such, and thereby gained entrance to locked doors controlled by rival outlaws with whom they were contending for control of the bootlegging industry in Chicago and because these gangsters, gaining entry through their disguise as Policemen, proceeded to exterminate their rivals with machine-gun fire, we believe that prudence would dictate that one should be alert when opening one a door to strangers, late at night, in the wee hours of the morning even when these strangers wear the uniform of policemen. History teaches us that the man in the uniform may or may not be a policeman authorized to enter the homes of the people.

AND

Taking notice of the fact that (1) on January 16, 1968, at 3 30 A.M., members of the San Francisco Police Department kicked down the door and made an illegal entry, and search of the home of Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information. These Pigs had no search warrant, no arrest warrant, and were therefore not authorized to enter. They were not invited in. Permission for them to enter was explicitly denied by the Minister of Information. Present were Sister Kathleen Cleaver, our Communications Secretary and wife to our Minister of Information, and Brother Emory Douglas, our Revolutionary Artist.

Taking further notice of the fact that (2) on February 25, 1968, several uniformed gestapos of the Berkeley Pig Department, accompanied by several other white men in plainclothes, bearing an assortment of shotguns, made a forceful, unlawful entry and search of the home of Bobby Seale, Chairman of our Party, and his wife, Sister Artie Seale. These Pigs had no warrant either to search or to arrest. When asked by Chairman Bobby to produce a warrant, they arrogantly stated that they did not need one. They had no authority to enter what they did have was the power of the gun. Thus we are confronted with a critical situation. Our organization has received serious threats from certain racist elements of White America, including the Oakland, Berkeley, and San Francisco Pig Departments. Threats to take our lives, to exterminate us. We cannot determine when any of these elements, or a combination of them, may move to implement these threats. We must be alert to the danger at all times. We will not fall

victim to a St. Valentine's Massacre. Therefore, those who approach our doors in the manner of outlaws, who seek to enter our homes illegally, unlawfully and in a rowdy fashion, those who kick our doors down with no authority and seek to ransack our homes in violation of our HUMAN RIGHTS, will henceforth be treated as outlaws, as gangsters, as evildoers. We have no way of determining that a man in a uniform involved in a forced outlaw, entry into our home is in fact a Guardian of the Law. He is acting like a law breaker and we must make an appropriate response.

We draw the line at the threshold of our doors. It is therefore mandated as a general order to all members of the Black Panther Party for Self Defense that all members must acquire the technical equipment to defend their homes and their dependents and shall do so. Any member of the Party having such technical equipment who fails to defend his threshold shall be expelled from the Party for Life.

...So Let This Be Done

-- Huey P. Newton Minister of Defense

March 1, 1968

On Line Source

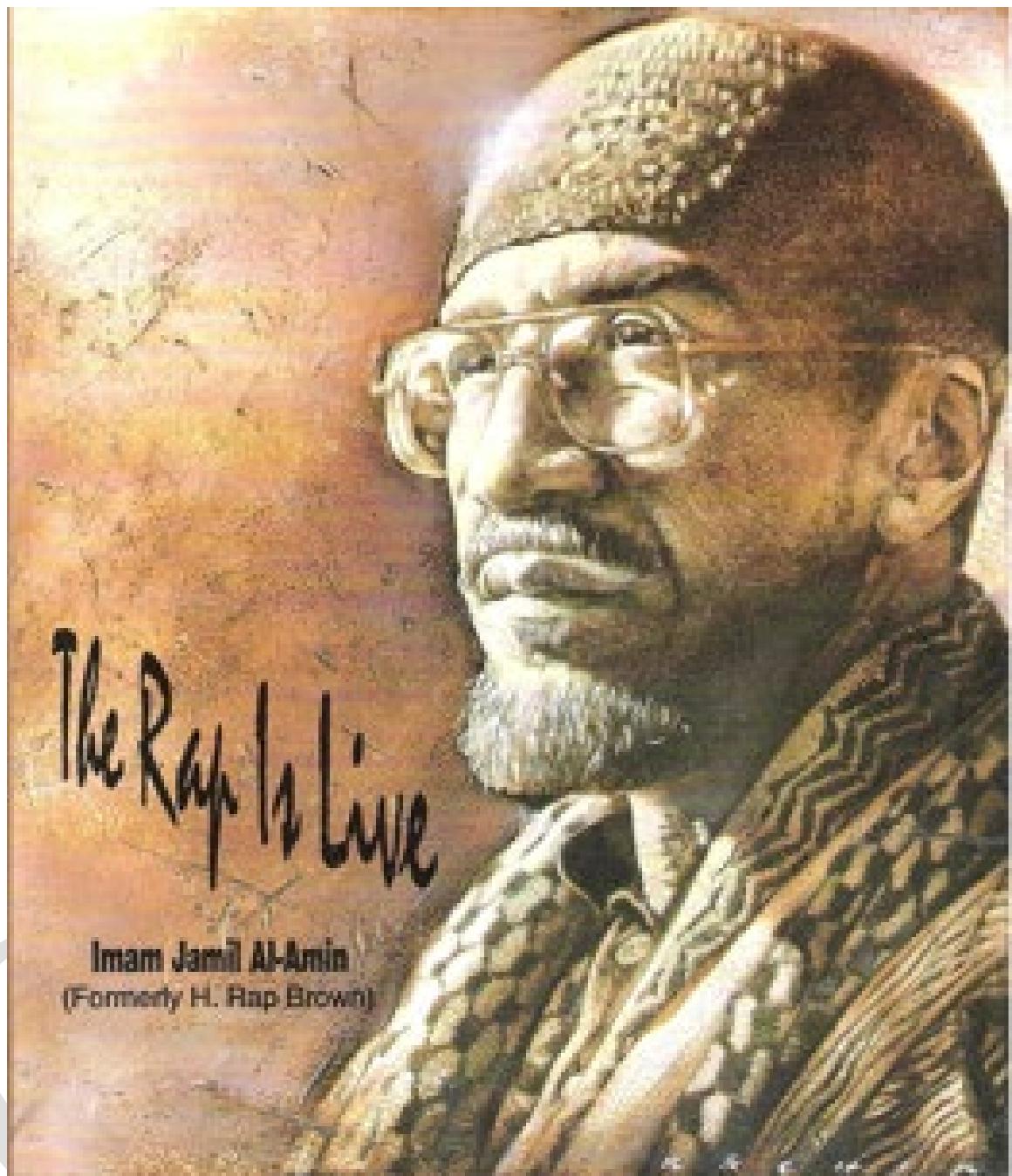
<http://www.zinedistro.org/zines/127/essays-from-the-minister-of-defense/by/huey-p-newton>

The Legacy of . . .

Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

aka

H. Rap Brown



The Legacy of H. Rap Brown

(Imam Jamil Al-Amin)

by mrDaveyd

February 2, 2014

One of the most enduring and dominant figures during the Black Freedom movements of the 1960s and 70s was **H Rap Brown** of SNCC (Student Non Violent Coordinating Committee) where he served as chairman and later as the Minister of Justice for the Black Panther Party.

His fiery oratorical skills often sparked fear in authorities and those in power who he spoke out against. His rhetoric led to him being arrested and accused of inciting a riot in Cambridge Maryland in 1967 even though police had shot at him, grazing and unarmed Brown in the head hours before any ‘riot’ jumped off. If anything what took place was a response to what happened to Brown..

Nevertheless, Brown’s harsh words netted him rebukes from the The president and Vice President of the US and made him a major target for then FBI director **J Edgar Hoover**‘s **Cointel-Pro** operation Later a law was passed in Congress known as the H Rap Brown law which made it a federal offense to cross state lines with the intent to start a riot.. It was a way to silence activist like Brown and others who were deemed militant.

For many in the Hip Hop generation, H Rap Brown became known via his book **Die Nigger Die** which his is autobiography penned in 1969 where he not only lays out his political vision, but also recounts the various word and rhyme games he played as a youngster growing up in Baton Rouge in the late 1950s. Known as **the Dozens** Brown’s sharp rhyme tongue led to him getting the nick name ‘**Rap**’. Some of the rhymes found in that book would later go on to be immortalized in songs like *Rappers Delight*, in particular the one that read ‘*I’m Hemp the Demp the Women’s Pimp..*Over the years he’s been named checked and sampled by everyone from **Public Enemy** on down to Bay Area rapper **Paris**.

Today H Rap Brown is known as **Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin** and he sits in solitary confinement in a super max prison accused of killing tow police officers. It’s a crime that

he's maintained his innocence and in fact has been confessed to by a notorious gang member who lived in the area. He also has a more recent book titled '*Revolution By the Book; The Rap is Live*'

Online Source

<http://hiphopandpolitics.com/2014/02/02/black-history-month-legacy-h-rap-brown-imam-jamil-al-amin/>

"The Third World and the Ghetto"

A Speech by H. Rap Brown

Introduction

The following text is from a speech delivered by H. Rap Brown. Brown replaced Stokely Carmichael as head of the S.N.C.C. in May 1967, and became the organization's most revolutionary member. This speech was delivered just after the Detroit riots of 1967. (From Foner, Philip S.; THE VOICE OF BLACK AMERICA; New York, 1972)

I cannot talk about "The Third World and the Ghetto," for black people who comprise the ghetto are the Third World. You see, we make up the Third World. And we have to understand the revolution, and it is a revolution that America is about to undergo, before we can relate to the Third World internationally.... Black people are saying we're not talking about equality, we're talking about freedom, and we're going to be free by any means necessary. A lot of white people who can be participants of the revolution~participants of the Third World, if they would~ became offended because they saw the doors being closed on liberals. Well, we don't need liberals, we need revolutionaries.

We cannot afford to sit and talk about politics in the form of legality, politics in the form of the '68 elections, that does not address itself to the problems of black people . How can you choose between Johnson and Reagan? Camus raises a very good point. He says, What better way to enslave a man than to give him the vote and call him free? Black people have never been free. We're still experiencing slave revolt; and you have to understand that, if you choose to be a revolutionary. You see, the movement is not merely a black movement, it is a movement of the dispossessed of America. That includes the Puerto Ricans; that includes the Mexican-Americans; that includes the poor whites; that includes any dispossessed man. But we happen to be the vanguard of that movement because we are the most dispossessed.... We are not against all wars. We are against some wars. We are in favor of wars of liberation. There is no justice in this country for black people. Justice is a joke.... You see, the power structure in America, the man, the police force, the governors serve the ruling class in America as does General Westmoreland in Vietnam. The very same thing.

So we are members of the Third World. Now you have to understand the key role of black people. The liberation of oppressed people across the world depends upon the liberation of black people in this country.... It is not only Lyndon Johnson~ he is the most visible~ but it's the ruling class of America that the fight must be fought against. You have to understand that Standard Oil or Chase Manhattan Bank is as much an enemy to oppressed people as is Lyndon Johnson. I have a bit of advice to the left. That advice is: Don't get left. Because the revolution is going to go on with or without you. The National

Guardian is an invaluable paper to the movement but we don't need sympathetic journalism, we need revolutionary journalism. You have to see yourself as being a part of that revolution. If you can't see yourself in the context of being John Brown then bring me the guns.... So your role is not in the black movement, it is not in the American Indian movement. If you're white your role is in Appalachia, your role is with the poor white people. We cannot talk about coalitions. We talk about alliances and we talk about alliances from the position of power. We will not make the same mistake that was made with the Populist movement.~ Now, if you choose to align with black people it has to be from a position of power.... Another reason that the National Guardian is invaluable is that The New York Times is a weapon against freedom, a weapon against people, and every other journal in America that is published by the top people in America is controlled by the government and is a weapon against people.

So when you look at the black revolution, the black rebellion, when you see a brother in the streets throwing a Molotov cocktail, he's not out there for his health; he's out there for his freedom. Understand that when America raises the question of law and order, it's very easy for Johnson to raise the question of law and order, because he never talks about justice. So the question really becomes whether you choose to be an oppressor or a revolutionary. And if you choose to be an oppressor, then you are my enemy~not because you are white, but because you choose to oppress me. We are not an antiwhite movement. We are antianybody who is antiblack. Johnson says every day, If Vietnam don't come 'round, Vietnam will be burnt down. I say that if America don't come 'round, America should be burned down. It's the same thing. But you have to begin to associate, you have to begin to find your identity in your own movement. I cannot go to Appalachia and talk about developing an alliance with poor whites, because racism is rampant in America. I cannot go to American Indians and talk about organizing American Indians. My role is in the black community. Once these communities are organized then we can talk about alliances and maybe coalitions. But not until then.... You see, the hippies are a lesson. These were people who were supposed to inherit. They are rejecting America. They say we reject your barbarism, we reject your decadence. So black people are saying the same thing. But we don't choose to use drugs. We choose to fight. Though the hippies are rejecting society, they are apolitical in the way they are going about it, and so we cannot feel a strong alliance with the hippie movement....

So we must choose who we are going to align with. That's what we were talking about in Chicago. That's what black people talked about at the black conference in Newark. Another thing about the movement at this point, the black movement, is that the black movement is a leaderless movement. I am not the leader of the black movement. I only speak about the temperament of the black community, and only because I have a forum, because there are people who speak about it much better than I do~people in Detroit for example.... No one person, no black person in America could have stopped Detroit from burning. So, while the movement is now a leaderless movement, it says it needs an ideology. That's the role of black so-called intellectuals. You must develop an ideology for that movement. If not, then we will become oppressors in the end, because we will

fight the other dispossessed. So, therefore, the role of revolutionaries is to make revolution.... So when you talk about a third world, you have to understand the role that you play in the third world. You have to understand that you are not to be a missionary. We don't need missionaries, we don't need "images" in the revolution, we need revolutionaries. If you can't give a gun, then give a dollar to somebody who can buy a gun. See, you sit out there and you pretend violence scares you, but you watch TV every night and you can't turn it on for five minutes without seeing somebody shot to death or karate-ed to death. Violence is part of your culture.... There's no doubt about it. You gave us violence and this is the only value that black people can use to their advantage to end oppression....

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On Line Source

<http://www.afrocentricnews.com/html/h-rapbrown-speech.html>

A Collation of transcripts of a speech given by
H. Rap Brown aka Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin
on July 24, 1967, in Cambridge Maryland

**by Lawrence Peskin and
Dawn Almes, Archival Interns, Maryland State Archives**

Note: *the following collation is based upon a transcript made by Wayne E. Page which is an appendix to his masters thesis "H. Rap Brown and Cambridge Incident: A Case*

Study," University of Maryland, 1970, and is used with his permission. Mr. Page's transcript was checked against one which appeared in the 1967 Congressional hearings on the Antiriot Bill (H.R. 421), Part 1, pp. 31-36, and a court reporter's transcription made in 1967 or 1968 found among the papers of Governor Agnew. Bold words are as found in the Page transcription with the differences between it and the court reporter's transcription immediately following in brackets []. The court reporter's version has two paragraphs and a sentence of a third at the beginning of the speech which do not appear in the Page or the Congressional transcript. Words in parentheses () are found in the Page transcript but not in the court reporter's version.

Black Power. That's the way to say it. Don't be scared of these Honkies around here. Say Black Power. I come back a few years later and I still find Race Street out there still dividing the community. That ain't bad because we want to be by ourselves anyway, we don't want to be with no animals. A Honkie is an animal. A Cracker is an animal. We don't need to be with him. There is one thing we want to do. We are going to control our community.

We ain't going to have the Honkie coming over here and appointing five or six nigger cops to come down here and control our community. That's what we are going to do. That's Black Power. That's what you talk about when you talk about Black Power.]

[A great black man named Winston Hughes wrote a poem one time called A Dream Deferred] A poem went [which said]: "What happens to a dream that were [deferred]? Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun? Or does it fester like a sore [?] — and then run? Or does it sag like a heavy load? Or does it explode?" Uh... that question was never answered. Detroit answers [ed] that question. Detroit exploded. New York [Newark] exploded. Harlem exploded. Dayton exploded. Cincinnati exploded. It's time for Cambridge to explode, ladies and gentlemen [baby].

They say [I heard someone up in Dayton once say, they say] "If Dayton don't come around, we are gonna [going to] burn Dayton down." Black folks built America. If America don't come around, we going [should] burn it down, brother. [And] We are going to burn it down if we don't get our share of it.

It's [It is] time black folks stopped [to stop] talking about being non-violent 'cause we [you] ain't non-violent towards [to] each other. Every Friday and Saturday you prove that. You cut up more people among your race than any other race.

As for being [If you are going to be] violent, (you) don't be violent to your brother. Be non-violent in your communities [community] and let it end right there.

"Take your violent [ce] to the hunkies. Take it to the (loud cheering blurred word) [cracker].

(It takes a lot of effort...) It takes a lot of effort to love black in America. You've [have] been told all your life if you're [are] black, you're [are] wrong. If you're black, there's something wrong with you. [Something wrong with you, if you're black.] They tell you black cows don't give good milk; black hens don't lay eggs. Devil's food cake(s). You know, [when] you put on black to [you] go to funerals. When you put on white you go to weddings. They talk about flesh-colored band-aids. You [I] ain't never seen a black [colored]-flesh-colored band-aid. So [But] they tell you (there's) something wrong with (being) black.

You've got to be proud of being [to be] black. You've got to be proud of being black. You can't run around here calling yourself (colored. And calling yourself) Negroes. That['s] a word the honkies gave you. You're [are] black, brother, and be proud of it. It's beautiful, just be proud] to be black. [It's beautiful to be black]. Black folks got to understand that. We built this country. They tell you you(re) lazy. They tell you [And that] you stink. Brother, [do] you realize what the state be of this country if we was lazy? [that the slaves built this country? If we was lazy how we built this country?]

(Brother,) they captured us in [from] Africa and brought us over here to work for them. Now, who('s) lazy? [Who is lazy?]

He walks [runs] around and tells you: [that] "You Lazy." You don't want to work [do nothing]. All you want to do is lay around [down]. Hell! You can't do nothing but lay down after he done work[ed] you to death. I tell you what — [I tell you what. Old Sam, before he died, he made a record saying change is going to come] (first thing I'm () representing the change gonna come. Now) w[W]e got to make the change come, see? 'Cause it's [That become] our job. Now, [cause you see,] my mother. She worked from

kin to kate [can till can't] every day of her life. My old man Tommed [Tom] so I wouldn't have to. Brother, [we ain't got no excuse] the streets belong to us. We got to take them.

They ain't gonna [going to] give it to us. We got to take 'em [them]. (There) ain't no reason in the world why [for] on the other side of Race Street the honky pecker-wood "cracker" owns all the stores [and he takes our money from us. If I can't own, If I can't own my stores over here.] If I can't control my community over here, he ain't gonna [going to] control his over there. [He ain't going to control his over there.]

They run around and [they] tell you [,they say,]: "Don't start no fight with the honky pecker [cracker] 'cause he [you] can't win. He outnumber you. Hell! Don't you know they always outnumber us [, always they outnumber us]. David was outnumbered when he fought (the) Goliath. He was outnumbered. [Hell!] Daniel in the lion's den was outnumbered. Moses was outnumbered. All of us is [are] outnumbered. That don't make no difference . 'Cause let me tell you, brother, we work[ing] in their houses. They ain't got to leave home [, they ain't got to leave home]. When they want to do work they [and] let us come in their house (and) that shows you how stupid the honky is. Cause [Because] he ain't got to leave home.

And [Now] we look at what the man does to black people. A 10-year old boy in Newark (is) dead! A 19-year old boy shot 39 times, 4 times in the head. It don't take but one bullet to kill you. So they're [are] (really) trying to tell you something else. [They tell you] How much they hate you. How much they hate black folks. [They had a poke in the paper (unclear).] When they shot him 39 times they said: ["This nigger ain't dead,] "Die, nigger, die." And they shot him some more. [He was] 19-years old — he's dead today. But we go over to Vietnam and fight the races crapper [racist cracker] war. We got to be crazy. Something's got to be wrong with black men. Our war is here.

If I can die defending my Mother land, I can die defending my mother. And that's what I'm going [the one I want] to die defending first. See, you are less than a man if you can't defend [protect] your mother, [and] your brother and your family. You ain't doing nothing, brother. That war over there in Vietnam is not the war of [for] the black man. This is our war.

(You've) got to understand what they are doing, though. America has laid out a plan to eliminate all black people who go against them. America is killing people down south by starving them to death in Alabama. Babies die. 500 people [kids] die a year for lack of [proper] food and nourishment. (And) yet we got enough money to go to the moon. Think about that. People in New York and Harlem go rife and bites to death [die from the bites of rats]. Big old rats bite them (to) death and you tell [the man] about it and the honkey say: "Hell, man, [he say] we can't do nothing about them rats." Do you realize this is the [same] man who exterminated the buffalo? [He killed the buffalo.] Hell, If he wanted to kill the [get rid of the] rats he could do it.

(See), all this stuff is [called] genocide. This is what the Germans did to the Jews. They got black folks minds so they goin' [can] kill you off and you won't rebel. You won't do nothing but sit back and let them kill you off and that's what they're doing. They're [are] killing you off. And they're [They are] escalating (it). They're [are] moving (it) up to kill as many black folks [people] as they can. You look at what happens when a brother goes to that war to fight. Do you realize the casualty rate [is 30% black]? (It's 30% black.) That means that 30% of everybody that [who] goes to Vietnam and gets killed is black. [And] They tell us we [is] just 10% of the United States. Something('s) wrong with their [the] statistics. Something('s) wrong with their [the] numbers. [You got to look at —] They say (the) brother[s] who in Vietnam comprise 22% of that fighting force and we 10% over here. You got to look at they killing you off. And they killing off the black young men, so ladies, you better get ready. [Cause] You got to fight them, too. You [ain't] got no business letting your brother, [and] your sons, your nephews go to that war. That ain't your war. All right, you'd [But you] better get you some guns. You('s) better get you some guns. The man's [is] moving to kill you. And the only thing the [that] honkey respects is force. He proved this [it] up there in Plainfield, New Jersey. Let me tell you what he did in Newark. He killed 24 people. That's too many people to lose. We ain't got no business losing 24 people. (But) in Plainfield, which is about 12 miles from Newark, the brothers broke in some [into] stores and stole themselves some guns. They stole some guns. They stole [them] 46 guns. That ain't stealing. How can you steal from a thief? He('s) done stole everything from us.

He run around and he talk(s) about black people looting. Hell, he [is] the biggest [greatest] looter in the world. He looted us from Africa. He looted America from [the] Indians. Man can you [How can he] tell me about looting? You can't steal from a thief.

This is the biggest thief going. So don't you worry about [that], but look what the brothers did in Plainfield. The brothers got their stuff. They got 46 automatic weapons [,46 automatic weapons]. So the peckerwood goes down there [and wants] to take the weapons and they stomp one of them to death. They stomp the cop to death. Good. He('s) dead! They stomped him to death. They stomped him. You all might think that's brutal, but it ain't no more brutal than killing a pregnant woman. And that's what the honkey does. He kill[s] pregnant black women. They stomped him to death and threw a shopping basket on his head, took his pistol and shot him and then cut him. [And] You know he was hurt. [Yes] They don't like to hear about niggers cutting. They don't never want to hear about niggers cutting. But [And] they cut [him]. And [But] then they went back to their community with the(ir) 46 weapons and they told that peckerwood cop, they say [said]: "Don't you come in(to) my community." We going to control our community. And the peckerwood cop says: "(Huh), well, we got to come down there and get them weapons." The brother(s) told him, "Don't come in my community." He didn't come. And the only reason he didn't come is [was 'cause] he didn't want to get killed. And the brothers had the material to do it. They had 46 carbines down there. That's what he respects. Power. He respect[s] that kind of power. So, the next day they were [was] looking back [bad all] across the country, so they say, well, we going to go down there and take them guns. We going to search the houses. So the brothers say, "Cool." and they hid the guns. And they say we'll [said, well,] go [ahead] down there and look. So, when he went down there he started kicking down doors and tearing up brothers' property. and the brothers saw what was going on and the brothers told him: "If you kick down one more door, I'm [am] going to shoot your leg off." And look what the honky did. He left. That's the kind of force he respects.

Brothers, you've got to [you better] get some guns. I don't care if its B-B guns [it is a B-B gun] with poison(ed) B-Bs. He's done [The man has] declared war on (the) black people. [He has declared war on black people and] He don't mind killing them. It might be your son he kills next. (Or) it might be your daughter. Or it might be you. So, wherever [whenever] you go, brother, take some of them with you. That's what you do, (brother.) An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth. Tit for tat, brother, that's the only kind of war that man knows. That's the only thing he recognizes. Ain't no need in the world for me to come to Cambridge and I see all (of) them stores sitting up [over] there and [with] all them honkies own [over there owning] them. You got to own some of them stores. I don't care if you have to burn him [them] down and run him [them] out. You'd better [You got to] take over them stores. The streets are yours. (Take 'em.) They gave you the streets a

long time ago; before they gave you houses. They gave you the streets. So, we own the streets. Take 'em [them]. You've [You] got to take 'em [them]. They ain't going to [won't] give them to you.

Freedom is not a welfare commodity. It ain't like that old bad food they give you. They can't give you no freedom. You got to take your freedom. You were born free. You got to exercise that right though, brother, cause the honkey got you where he want(s) you.

You making money for him. [So] If you make money for that honkey, you don't make money for yourself. You make money for him [. You make money for him and come home] and then take it back to him. And he take(s) it to his community. And he lets you live over here amidst your roaches, [and] your rats, and mosquitoes. And he lives over home. Then he comes back. You see that school, over there — I don't know whether the honkey burned that school or not but y'all [you all] should have burned that school a long time ago. You should have burned it down to the ground [,brother]. Ain't no need in the world, in 1967, to see a school like that sitting over there. You should have burned it down and then go take over the honkey's school. Go take over his school(s). He burned down your Elks home be[']cause he didn't want you out there doing no dancing and stuff. He wants you to go home and suffer the whole summer. He wants you to sit [set] in them hot houses and say [tell you], see what we can do to you when we get ready. He [We] control(s) you niggers. That's what he's been [he] telling you and [baby] you been sitting back there saying, "Yassuh, Yassuh [you all control us]." You been sitting back there telling him: "Yassuh, y[ou]'all control us [, yassuh]." They gave you 5 nigger cops who can't whip [came with] nothing but black heads.

You've got to understand, that's part of that man's trick. [That's part of his trick.] You ain't making no progress [be]cause them niggers ain't walking but [and they are riding] in a car. (They think they're making progress, brother.) They ain't [think they are] making (no) progress. [Brother, that ain't no progress.] Not when they can't whip [How come they came with] no honkeys.

You got to understand. You got to know that, all your enemies ain't white. You got some black enemies, too [, yassuh]. (And) when you find your enemies [y], brother, you got to get rid of him, just like you get rid of the honkey(s). Now if these cops down here, (if they) ain't doing what you want them to [do], then they shouldn't [oughtn't to] be in the

community. Put [th]em out of the community. You got the power. [If one of them, if a cop,] If a black cop ships [puts] a black brother and they ain't got no more than [but] one car. I know [that] they ain't going to give him [them] no more than one car. They're supposed [He is going] to be walking, (cause) from then on [because] I'm going to burn his car up. [Because] I know the white man ain't going to give him no other [another] car so that means he is going to be walking [walk]. [And] Every time he walks I'm going to bomb him with some bricks. I'm, going to run him out of town cause he ain't got no business here. He ain't nothing but a handkerchief-head nigger. A handkerchief-head nigger. He doing what the honkey want(s) him to do. And that's what all black people do. You got to [are doing who don't] fight that man. [You got to fight that man toe to toe.] We ain't behind in terms of manhood, brother; we behind in terms of executing him [it]. If a man runs around and let a honkey cop, or (a) black cop, beat his wife . . . and he don't do nothing, when his wife get(s) out of jail and go(es) home she oughta beat him. People laughed a few years ago when an [our] organization called the Deacons for Defense came up [out]. Brother[s], you got to [better] get you(rself) [a whole bunch of Deacons for Defense. Cause if you don't, you better start getting] a whole bunch of some sisters and some ushers for defense. Cause the man is moving. He's moving to kill black people. He might be doing it one by one but you look at it. [and] In Newark, they lost 24. Beautiful thing about Detroit [is that], they ain't lost but two [a tooth] and they killed three peckerwoods. Three peckerwoods. That's tit for tat.

They burned down over a hundred million dollars worth of that peckerwood's property and that[`s] his god. Money is his god. Don't you let him tell you the church and the Bible is his god. You look at what he do, man. Who leads the prisoner to the electric chair? The preacher, And he say "Thou shalt not kill." A preacher! That's the way the man's mind works. That's the way it [he] works. He don't think nothing of black folks. All you can do for the honkey is work for him and spend your money in [at] his stores.

That's all he wants you to do. He don't (even) want to see you no other time. He don't want to see you. But [Because], brother, he done told you black is bad and he believes[ing] it. But he don't know how bad black is until you show him. Black is bad, brother. Get that! Black is bad.

But you ain't knowing [You don't know] how bad black is. Until the brothers get their minds together and start moving on that man. You got to start talking about taking your community and controlling it. You got to control everything in your community from your Elk Hall to your school to your barroom. You got to control that. [Be]Cause if you can't [don't] control it, you see it's a weapon against you. Anything you don't control in your community is a weapon. Public education is a weapon. [Be]Cause they('re) teaching people how to hate black. They('re) teach(ing) little children how to hate black. They('re) put(ting) in their old stinky [own stinking] history books that Columbus discovered America. How in the world is some (dumb) honkey going to discover a country with people living there? The Indian was here, but he was saying . . . he was saying that the Indian ain't human [be]cause he ain't white. So [we had to, it didn't start], the country didn't begin until we discovered it. And Columbus was looking for India. (To) show you how dumb he was, did you ever look [at] where India was is on the map? Columbus was the white Joe Louis. That's who [what] he was. He was the white Joe Louis. He didn't know nothing. [He didn't know nothing. Then he come back around and] He tells you that George Washington [,he tell you George Washington] is the father of the country and you should celebrate his birthday. And you do [it]. George Washington had slaves. He had your grandfathers, and your great-grandfathers and their (great-)grandfathers. They were his [He had] slaves. How he going to be the father of my country? That's a lot of junk, brother[s].

He don't mean nothing to me. He just another dumb honkey. [He don't mean nothing.] Abraham Lincoln. [They tell you all niggers should love Abraham Lincoln. Huh-uh.] Love him for what? [Love him for what.] The only reason (he gave,) he declared war against [with] the north, is [was] cause they were losing money. He didn't dig no black folks. [He didn't dig black folks.] He didn't like you. But they got the stuff down there in their [that got in the] history books and you read it and you believe it. You run out (t)here and celibrate their birthday. (The) Fourth of July. Independence Day, and we still in chains. See, [There] ain't no such thing as second-class citizenship, brother; you either free or you (a) slave. Don't run around here telling nobody you [is] citizens. [You ain't. Know] How many black mayors (has) Cambridge got? None. Not [Got] none. How many black councilmen (has) Cambridge got? [None.]

All you got is five nigger cops. [That's all you got. Five cops.] Them [Your] 5 cops ain't even working for you. [Because] If you was to go and march down Race Street tonight, the first one [to] hit you in the head, [and] try to lose all the strength [splinters] in his

stick in your head, is going to be my man. See people run(ning) around. Yeah, they [its] got a whole bunch of Uncle Toms and you better watch them. [You got a whole bunch of Uncle Toms.] But let me tell you what to do with Uncle Toms. Of course, [Cause] the white man hate(s) niggers so bad, when he move(d) he moves against everybody. He moves agianst everybody, — Uncle Toms included. One day you going to [gonna] wake up one morning and [you going to] be an(d) Uncle Tom knocking on your door saying [you going to know your Uncle Tom and your door knocking]: "Let me in, man [they after me]." You know what you do? [You] Open your door and give him a gun and tell him to shoot some of them. And if he shoots some of them, he can come in. [I know where he at cause I know the man really own him, see.] If he shoots a whole bunch of them, he can come in my house.

But, brother, the man hates everything black. Everything black but black Cadillacs and black shoes. Everything else black he ain't got nothing else to do with.

Now we're gonna [And we got to] talk about Lyndon Johnson. Lyndon Johnson is the greatest outlaw going. He is a two-gun cracker. He('s) killing black folks here and he('s) killing them in Vietnam. That's Lyndon Johnson, your President. [That's your president, brother.] That's who he is. [That's who it is.] And they talk [tell you] about how bad Hitler was. At least before Hitler burned the Jews he killed them with gas. Lyndon Johnson is throwing napalm on human beings in Vietnam. Burning them to death. He('s) burning babies. He('s) burning hospitals. He can't be nothing but an outlaw. [He can't be nothing but an outlaw.] Any time a man sends a plane full of napalm over a village of children, [over school houses and blow them up and burn children, and] believe me, brother, the only reason he do [is doing] it, (brother), is because the Viet Cong is black, too.

You (are) going to have to start studying your history. You going to have [got] to understand that black folks is not a minority. We [They] got more black folks across the world than we [they] got white people. You got to start looking at China like brother[s], because they are yellow people. Viet Cong[s]. Some of the Viet Congs are browner than some of us [nigger]. They get [Or] . . . India. Indians are dark skinned people. These are the colored people of the world. These are the black people of the world. That's the third world [that] they be talking about. [All other people,] Now, the honkey is surrounded. He is surrounded. He don't know what to do. But, brother, believe me, he knows what to do

here because you let him do it. (See), he done renovated 26 concentration camps across the world. If you don't know what a concentration camp is, let me run it down. You read about all them [heard about all the] Jews that got burned up by Hitler. They burned 'em up, they take(n) them to concentration camps [And then they took them to the concentration camps] to the ovens. [They] Told them they were gonna [was going to] get showers and then they turned on the gas and took them out to a furnace and burned them. That[`s a] concentration camp(s).

(Now), America done renovated 26 and they [it] ain't for the Indians, cause they [are] on reservations. [Now], think who it's for. All right, now that you know who it's for, [now that you know who it's for] look at the way we were then [being] four years ago. We were so non-violent it wasn't funny. Cause the white man told us we had to be non-violent and he would love us. And we believe[d him] it. All the while he was shooting us, he was telling us to love him to death. And we [was believing] believed it. [These twenty —] A few years ago, if the honkey President had sent out a letter with the President's seal on it saying report to the concentration camps at 9 o'clock in the morning, every nigger in America would have been there on time. [He would have been there on time.] And to follow that same thing, he'd tell you [, cause he know you love religion, see, he would tell you] to go in there and be baptized and he'd [he would] turn the gas on you. [See,] I mean(s), don't . . . religion [resistance] is good.

I met [heard] a lady in Alabama once who said [say once, you know,] "Prayers is good in prayer meeting(s) but it ain't worth a damn in bear meeting(s)." Brother, you need the [meeting a] bear every day. You need the [meeting a] animal(s). You need the [meeting a] animal every day. [You see] He runs around and he tells you how bad you are but [look] how violent that man [is]. He tells you not to be violent [, but look how violent he is]. A few weeks ago, in the Bowery — that's where all the poor, poor, trashy honky peckerwoods live — who ain't got no money [cause they lazy and that's why they ain't got no money] they live in the Bowery, but look what happened: Some young honkeys went over and poured gas on these people and set them on fire. Bums, drunkards. They set 'em on fire. [That's violence. See?] Charles Whitland [Whitman], in Texas, who shot all them honkies. . . That's violence. The white man don't never look at that. Vietnam is violence. But soon as you go out there and burn down a few old filthy stores, that you may own anyway, the man say you trying to be violent. [Hell,] We ain't trying [can't try] to be violent with him. He knows all about violence. He taught us how to be violent. But

we been using our violence in the wrong way. We been using violence against each other. Ain't no need in the world for black people [to] have to fight each other. You ain't got no business in the world hating [hitting] your brother. I don't care if he make(s) you mad. If my brother make(s) me mad, I'm going to [gonna] go look for a honkey.

I'm going to take out 400 years' worth of dues on him too. Every time you hit one of them take out 400 years' worth of dues, cause that's the dues he owe(s) you for knowing you and owing you. So every time you catch him, brother, you do it to him.

And don't let him come into your community. Ain't got no reason [business] for white folks (to) be leisurely walking up and down your community. [You got no...] He(`s) got no business [over here,] coming over [here], talking about taking black women out (of) your community. [You ain't a man, you ain't a man if you let that animal come over here and take a black woman out your community] To do what he want to do with her. And that's what he[`s] doing. He doing what he want to do with her. Brother[s], it's up to you to stop that. [You can stop that. I mean] You don't need God to stop that. You can stop that. (See,) God gave you two arms, [gave you] two legs and everything [just like] he gave [you everything] the honkey [gave you], but the honkey's been using his. You ain't been using yours.

He's [You just] been running around here letting them do everything they want. I mean, don't be trying to love that honkey to death. Shoot him to death. [Don't love him to death.] Shoot him to death, brother. [Be]'Cause that's what he'[i]s out to do to you. "Do to him like he would do to you, but do it to him first." [Just like I told you, brother, like I told you.] Like I said in the beginning, if this town don't come [a]round, this town should be burned down. It should be burned down, brother. They(`re) going to have to live in the same stuff I live in [be]'cause I ain't going to [gonna] make it no better for them. [I ain't gonna make it no better for them.] But do this brother — don't burn up your own stuff. Don't tear up your own stuff. Whenever you decide to fight the man, take it to his battleground. (It's) one thing that man respects. It's [That's] money. That's his god. When you tear down his store, you hit[ting] his religion. You hit him right where it hurt(s) him on Sunday. In his pocket. [That's the only god that man got.] That's his best friend. In his pocket. So, when you move to get him, don't tear up your stuff, don't tear up your brother's stuff, hear? [store here.]

GRATIS



GRALIS

epilogue



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a word from the *Just Bill*

I have been honored and blessed to be put down / connected with H. Rap Brown, currently known as Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin. I thank my Brother Shareef Abdur-Rasheed for making it happen, i am grateful.

H. Rap Brown was / is one of my heroes. It is not that i idolize the man, but i am enamored by his Courage and his Works. If you know of his history, you know of a blessed Soul Soldier who has a kind heart, yet takes on the role as set before him by our Creator. It is people such as himself and others who stood up for what was Righteous and Fair and had no qualms for speaking out against the inequities of an American / Global society. I ask my self these days, where “has this spirit gone ?”. This is the purpose of this humble offering Black Male~d. It allows us not only speak out from our perspectives, but also allows us to chronicle these perspectives that we may *pay it forward* ; untarnished, unabashed and uninhibited by outside influences. It is imperative that we pass along to our future generations of tomorrow a script that denotes the continuing struggle of our community. I and others like myself feel this is integrally important. So in closing, i ask you to share this body of work with your Families, Communities and those who do not look like us, that we may come to a mutual respect for our contributions and eradicate those same bastions of ignorance that denigrates us from without and within. Thank You

Bless Up

‘just bill’

6/20/14

From: Jamil Al-Amin

To: William S. Peters Sr.

Peace Be upon those who do Good!

I Pray that in reaching you that this salutation finds you and your family in The Best of The Creators Mercy and Blessings. May The Creator Reward you for your kind Thoughts and Words, May He Make me Worthy of all that He Gives Me. Unbounded is The Lord's Love for His Creatures and an appeal to His Mercy is Never Made in Vain. I commend you for your Strength and Sustained Faith, it is by The Will of The Lord that you Champion on and administer to those amongst you.

So many who destroy, and so few who heal... The spring tightly coiled and the balance upset... A world to be saved only by Providence.

Cowper Wrote: "Oars alone cannot prevail to reach the Distant Coast; The Breath of Heaven must swell the sail, or all the Toil is lost."

Please find enclosed what you requested some of the things that I have written (if there is any benefit in any of it... All Praise is Due to Allah... the mistakes are mine.) The Poem "Holy-Cost" is a part of a Book I am working on (if you don't mind I would love your critique.)

Please give my love and Peace to your family.

Peace,

In Peace Strong! In Battle, Strongest!!!

Jamil
Al-Amin

Peace be upon those who do Good,

Dear Brother Peters,

I pray that upon reaching you that this short note finds you (etal) and your family in the best of the Creator's Mercy and Blessings. May Allah reward you for your kind words.

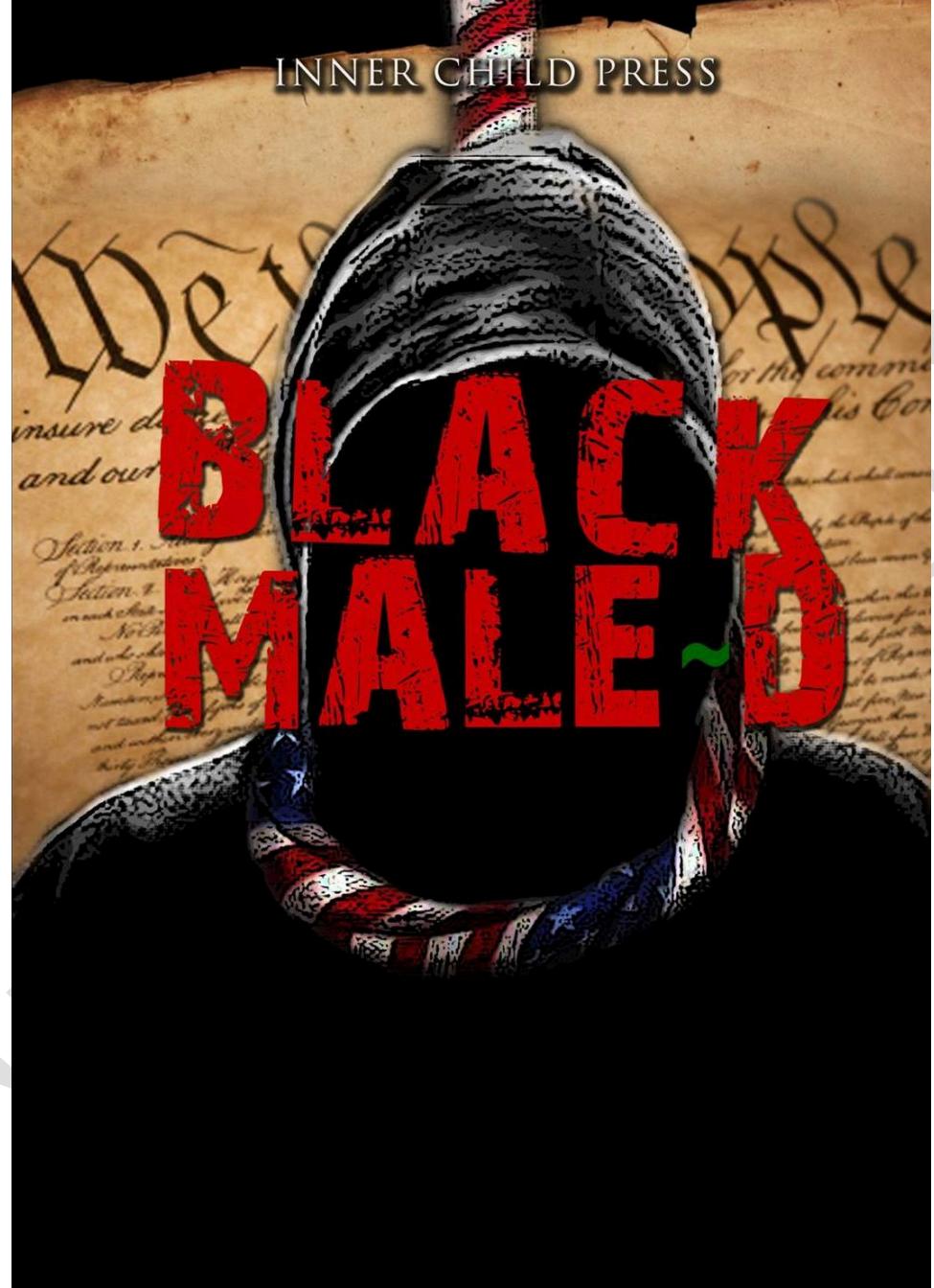
In moving to this place my property still has not been forwarded to me. So whatever writings you have from me you have my blessings to use as you see fit. If it is the will of the Creator it will be of some benefit - All praise is due to Allah... the mistakes are mine.

Please give my love and salams to Monte, June, Robert and everyone of the "Inner Child Press" ... I enjoyed the books and intend to share with other people who are here.

Please give my best regards to your family and the community.

In Peace Strong! In Battle, Strongest!!! Peace,
Sami

INNER CHILD PRESS



BACK MAILED

about the Cover Artist

At Inner Child Press we have been working with **Ms. Chyna Blue of edifyin grapix** for a number of years. *edifyin graphix* with Chyna's direction has produced some very wonderful covers for our firm.

This particular cover was designed by Chyna based upon some images i conveyed to her about concept. As you can see, she nailed it ! We usually do not utilize our page space to speak on the people behind the scenes, but in this particular case . . . i must !

Excellent job Dear Chyna Blue, you are so appreciated.

Bless Up

Bill

inner child press, ltd.



Shout Out to . . . June Barefield

What you see before you in the presence of this book could not have happened without the work of our Project Manager June Barefield.

June took a personal interest in this book right from the beginning when he volunteered to manage this project. I am grateful.

As a writer, in reading his words herein, you will definitely connect to his conviction and commitment, intellectually, Spiritually and Physically. The world is better off for soul such as June, for they not only *talk the talk*, they *walk the walk* !

For more of June's
Prolific Writings & Recordings

go to :

www.junebarefield.com

Bless Up

Bill

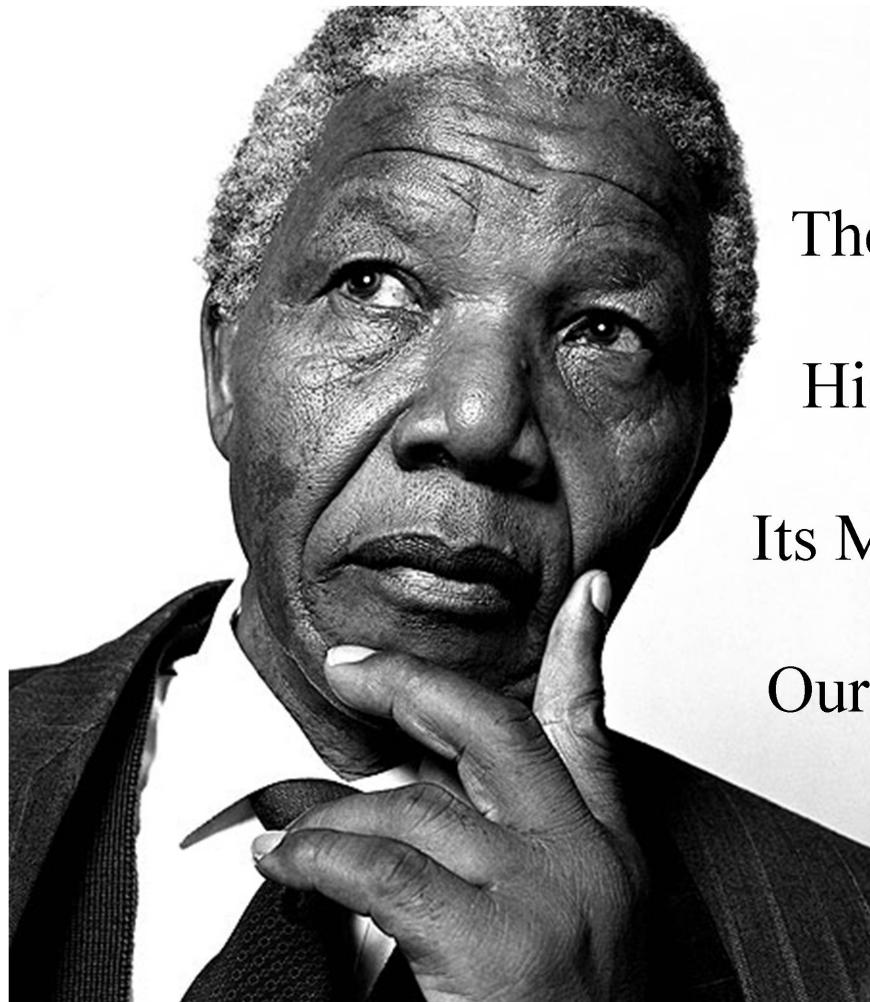
“The revolution is not an apple that falls when it’s ripe. You have to make it fall.”

Che Guevara

GRAPHICS

Some Other Works

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN

I seek truth over a lie; I seek justice over injustice; I seek righteousness over the rewards of evildoers, and I love Allah more than I love the state.

H. Rap Brown

some links for your Mind

<http://www.freedomarchives.org/Documents/Finder/Black%20Liberation%20Disk/Black%20Power!/SugahData/Books/Newton.S.pdf>

http://commemorator.net/Newton,_Huey_Body_of_Works/Archive.html

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/H._Rap_Brown

http://web.stanford.edu/~ccarson/articles/cambridge_convergence.htm

http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/authors/h/h_rap_brown.html

<http://youtu.be/VoSdM56AROg>

Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

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1999 ~ 2014



In remembrance of all the Victims who have lost their lives to Violence at the hands of those who have been sworn to “Protect & Serve”.

The **Blood** is on their Hands and their Souls.



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