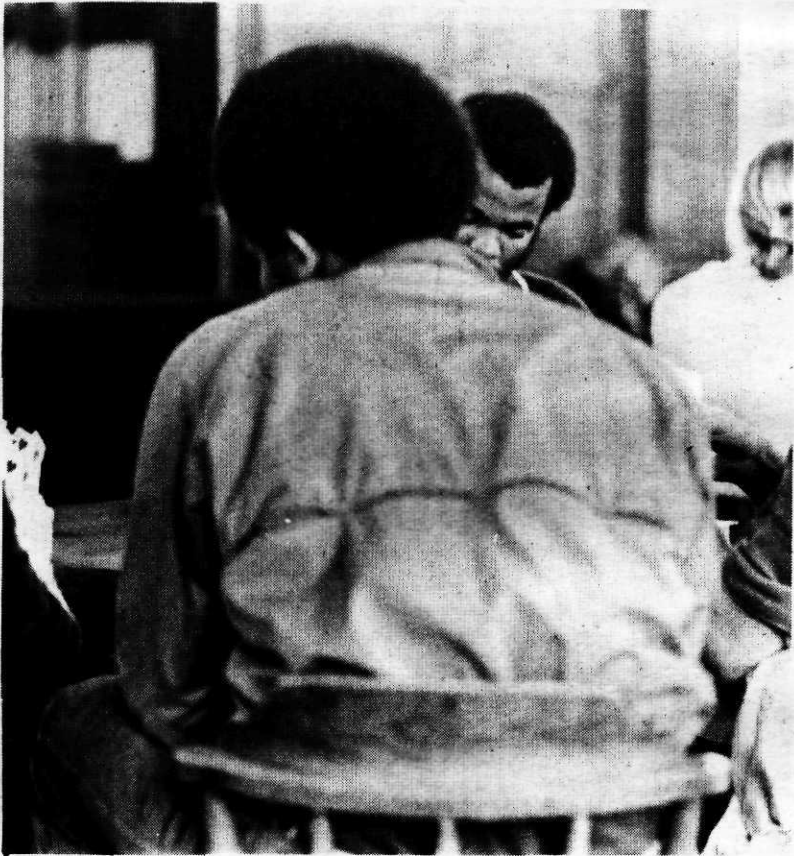


# INSPIRATIONS



## Procrastinating

I saw you standing there;  
Watching<sup>wa-i-ting</sup>PROCRASTINATING.

You know the rent is due  
and there are bills to pay,  
But you keep on telling yorself  
Tomorrow is o n e - - more- d a y.

Yeah- that's right-  
Tomorrow's the day I'll pay my dues.  
But remember ...  
Your time is limited-  
Tomorrow you may never use.

Today belongs to you  
YES!  
It is yours.  
Don't let it slip away  
While you are so-o-o-o busy  
PROCRASTINATING!

by: Glora Taylor

## Remember Me?

I Cain't

Do I, (me of all the folks in view), Dare wait, wait, and  
Wait for Everlasting (but oh for sure a bitch for devastating  
Sister Timelessness to sneak away from Her Big Razing  
World of Conception all draped in Black to Engulf Me,  
(me of all the Folks in view), in Her Funky Arms  
and carry Me, (me of all the people in view), to that  
Sickening Place of Hers located in some Eerie  
Spot next door to Every Man's Place to dwell  
PAINFULLY beside Her in absolute absurdity  
awaiting the Ultimate Duration of NOTHINGNESS?

Do I, (me of all the People in view), Dare  
Wait to Greet Her -- the Bitch?

If I had a choice, of course I wouldn't  
But that Bitch is a smart one \_ Yes!

Her Brother Time drops by pushing with a Damn  
Pitch Fork daily, hourly, Minutely, Secondly  
How can I, (me of all the black people in view),  
not rest and Wait?

For Sure, the Pair Form a Gang Comparable To Little  
Imaginable In a Lifetime!

do i dare wait, (me of all the BLACK PEOPLE in view?)!?

Can (I) wait to see, hear, smell, taste once more but FOREVER  
Sister Timelessness' Foul Scorn in this Heap of Eloquent Madness?:  
Resist Brother Time's Milieu of DESTRUCTION!?: Will I,  
(ME OF ALL THE BLACK PEOPLE IN VIEW),

BE... Well, Be caught up in it?

i can't...

I am the great grandson of the  
nigger you hung from the tree.

But you're a lie if you think  
you're going to hang me.

Mr. Charlie, you thought you  
were bold in the days of the old.

I'm going to show you I can  
be super-cold.

If me and my revolutionary  
brothers you should chance to  
see, don't grip cause you  
can't cop a plea.

You can press your buttons in  
fear and fright, but we ain't  
going nowhere cause we came to  
fight.

When the battle is over and  
people are one, I will say to  
my blackest brothers WE have  
won.

Though my body be broken, my  
spirit runs free. Hey, Mr.  
Charley remember ME.

Earnest Tony Miller





# SISTER HELEN ROBINSON GETS DOWN!

The latest and new-ist built concentration  
camp is named ....

Super Fly.....

The wardens' name is .....

Cocaine.....

The guards are hired by

MGM.....

The prisoners are you,

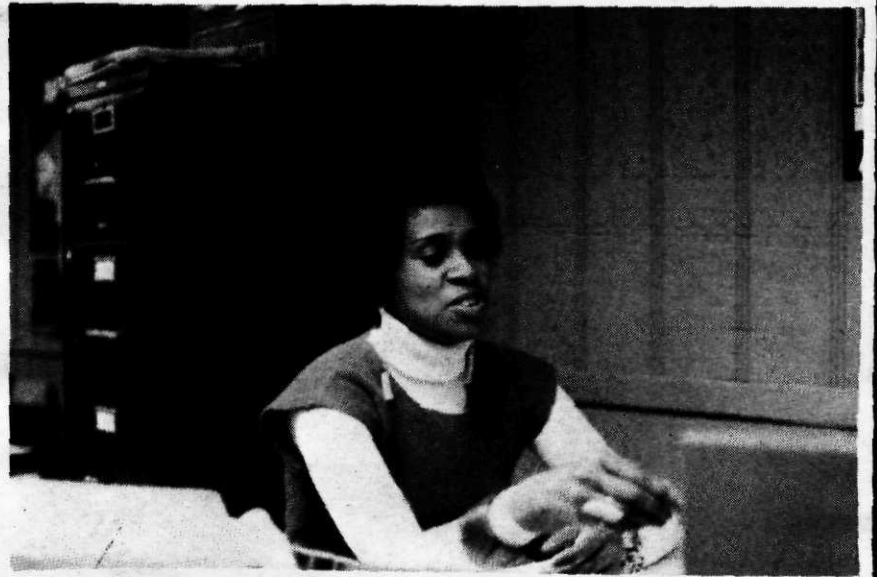
My Black Brother.....

It's time for a Jail Break!!!

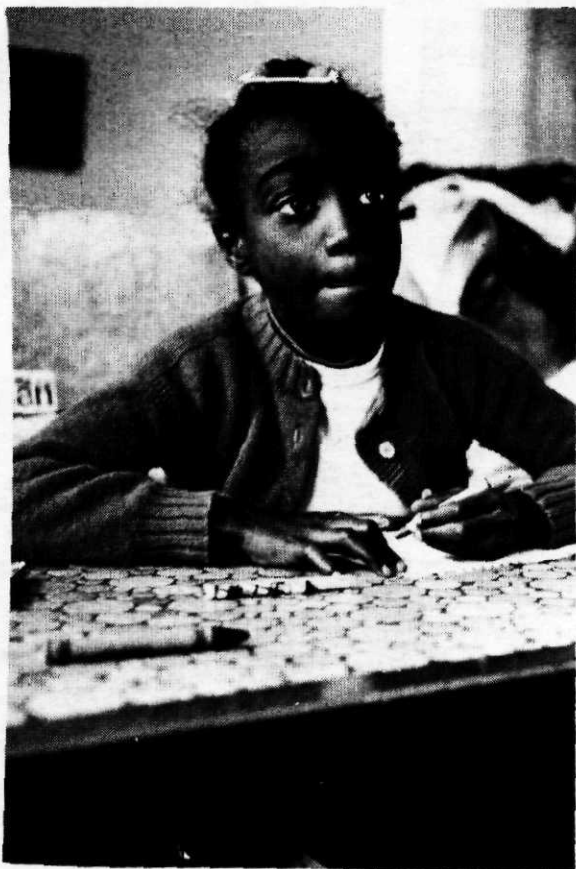
Revolt Black Brother!!

Revolt!

HRC  
December, 1972



HRC



Freedom is a state of Mind — Shit....

Whose mind? Mine — ? Yours — ?

Theirs?.....

And, if freedom is truly that....  
(a state of mind)

Is that Cool? — if most  
minds are in Jail —

for Life?!?



Hope is on the downfall —.....  
 Despair is on the rise —....  
 People never show their true selves —.....  
 We are all wearing the disguise —.....

HER

June 1972



Black Children..... running ..... playing.....  
 Feeling free..... (for the moment)

Clear sky ..... bright sun..... warm  
 breeze..... (for the moment)

Children reaching out ..... crying for  
 help..... desperate ..... (for a life-  
 time ....?)



Fog rolls in..... Sky is gray.....  
 Warm breeze, becomes — Cold.....

May, 1972  
 HER



## Where Do We Find Our Blackness Black People?

Should we look for our blackness on the channel 5 news (which only showed the Negro actively actively participating in the Chicago riots of '68).

Or should we look for our blackness in one of Mr. Charley's favorite bedtime stories (which really didn't apply to us in the begin).

Or should we nod our heads to one of WCFL's honkie tonk beats (instead of Sista Flack) to search for our blackness.

Or should we gather as black people and chant in unison, "We shall overcome!" Overcome what, black people? over what?

Black people, if you are seeking to find your blackness, don't ask me my brother, because I've found mine, and...isn't that what he calls survival.

bea



## Black Woman

I am a Black woman. Mother of civilization. Queen of the universe. I am the grandmother of *our new nation*! I have produced and taught our present leaders. I fed, clothed, loved and protected our warriors. It is I who taught you our culture and the great heritage which are our roots. It is I who suffered when you first came across the cruelties of life and the consequences of being Black, in this white world. My heart bled when they tried to kill your soul and snatch your masculinity. But, my children, be not angry with this old, black, wrinkled frame. My fear of the white world was not for myself but for you. You, my flesh and blood. I had to protect you with all the resources at my hand. I had to prepare you for our new world which I will not see. I still fear for you, my children. Seeing what they did to my father and my father's father, fear and weakness have been instilled in me. But for you, my children, I will try to be strong. Yes, my heart rejoiced

when I saw you accept and take pride in your heritage. It warmed this feeble soul to hear you preach the "gospel of the Black Nation." Yes, take your rightful place as the head of our nation, my young warrior. "I" am your mother, queen of the universe, mother of civilization, and grandmother of *our new nation*!

Young warrior, when you go to look for a queen, do not pass me by. I am a Black woman, mother of civilization, queen of the universe. I will be the mother of *our new nation*. I have in me all the qualities of your mother. It is I who will produce and train our warriors. From me they will receive love, warmth, food, clothing and life. It is I who will instill in them pride of culture and heritage. I will not, cannot, and must not shirk or neglect my duty to our people. These unborn warriors must be and will be our salvation; for time is not on our side. Think of me, young warrior, I am your flesh, we are as one entity. I will be where you



## Relating?

How will i tell my child of the struggle?

Will i tell him i died a long time before the struggle... fighting my sisters?

Or shall i tell him we were so busy fighting each other we missed the r

e  
v  
o  
l  
u  
t  
i  
o  
n  
?

Or shall i say i was crying at the time?

Or shall i relate to him our verbal battles and thing said in the heat of anger?

Or shall i ignore the question?

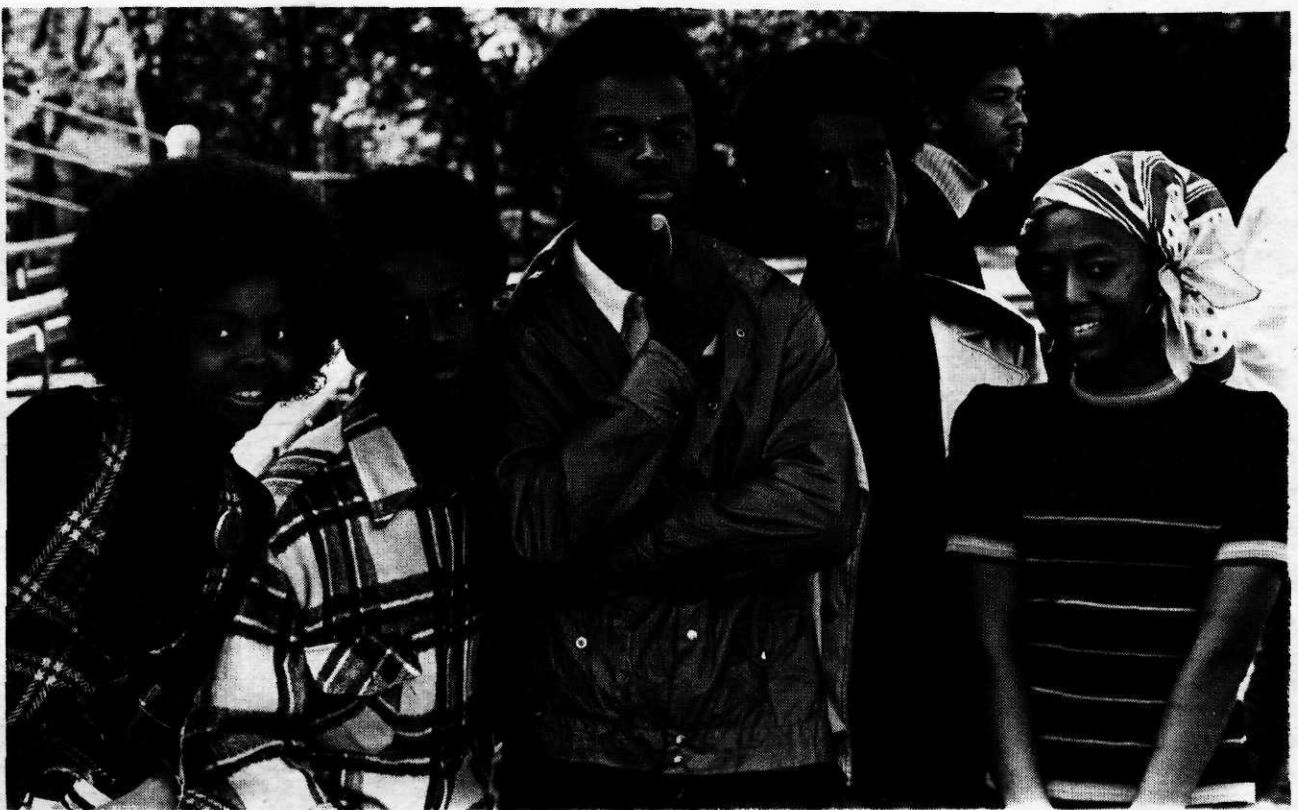
Minrosant

want, when you want. I will serve as your queen, you as my king. Do not forsake me for some white "lady". Will your white "lady" load your gun when the revolution comes? Will she live in constant fear with you? Will she give her life for you or your son? Will she tend your wounds, support you physically, mentally and emotionally? Will she teach you unborn warriors? And, can she give you the love that only a Black woman can possibly give? No, my warrior. You need a woman, a Black woman! Not a "lady." So, young warrior, give to me your love and devotion. Give to me your seed so that I may bring forth thy fruit. Leave me at home, knowing our young

are in good hands and that I am unafraid. Go, take your rightful place among our people. Fight and live. Walk where no one has ever walked before, knowing that I am at your side and our son will come behind us. Let us walk ahead unafraid, knowing our labors and prayers will be answered. And if we die, our cause will still win, for my son will continue and win the battle, and my daughter will be queen of *our new nation*! I am a Black woman, queen of the universe, mother of civilization and mother of *our new nation*! Uhuru



# COMMUNITY HAPPENIN'S



## Blacks Recycled Or Removed?

Either by design or apathy, Chicago is creating a human junk pile which by the year 2000 will have to be recycled into usefulness or eliminated.

Dr. Phillip Hauser, director of Population Reference Bureau and a University of Chicago professor, put it this way: "America has two

choices. It can make the heavy investment in people which will have to be made to transform the underprivileged into responsible citizens or it can suppress its rebellious minorities.

"There are no more minorities left who will settle for anything less than full equality. Thru the superb non-leadership of President Nixon and Mayor Daley concerning integration, blacks are not getting enough skills to train them for citizenship and work." Hauser adds:

"If we are not prepared to make the investment in human resources that is required, we will be forced to increase our investment in the police, national guard and the Army. And possibly it can happen here—we may be forced to resort to concentration camps and even genocide.

"The tragedy is that this is the first nation in the history of man which has the economic muscle to rectify such social ills but which is too stupid to do it."

By 2000, Chicago's estimated 3.3 million population will be two-thirds black. Many of these people, because of substandard health, poor education and low employment skills, will be fixed at the bottom of the human scrap heap, according to noted urbanologist Pierre DeVise.

Of the many authorities CHICAGO TODAY consulted on population growth and futuristic design, DeVise was the most conservative in predicting the plight of the black poor.

However, all experts agreed that the handwriting on the wall is genocide—either slow and indirect, if blacks accept their status, or very fast if they rebel.

"In three decades," DeVise said, "population control will be the law of the land, but it will have its

On September 10, 1972, twenty-nine black freshmen, consisting of fourteen men and fifteen women, came to Lake Forest College with their own expectations of college life. Helped by the persuasion of the faculty, upperclassmen, etc., they came to their own opinion about social life on campus. Because as far as academics is concerned, the size of thy school is great; regulations no complaints, environment ideal, food? But we shall focus on the social life among the black students.

Boredom is in the heart of not only the black freshmen but almost all of the blacks

on campus. Some of the opinions of the freshmen are that there could be more parties, more extra-curricular activities, and better communication among each other. One freshman audaciously said, "I think one of the main problems among the black community is that everyone or almost everyone is so busy trying to be Black that they are overlooking each other's needs." **Black Students At Lake Forest, Wow!** What's the problem, people? Lack of concern for one another? Too much individuality? Well, we have to work *together*, not against each other - as so many are doing. We have

to have better communication within the community and not this strife exists now among everyone! Are we waiting on the other person to make the first move?

Luckily, there are at least some organizations trying (like BSBA) but it is so simple to sit back and do nothing. Maybe that's why nothing is happening. People! We need each other's help and opinions if there is going to be a strong black community. If we as Blacks are so blind we cannot see what is happening to the black community then we might as well not have one.

Jerome A Nelson

greatest effect on blacks because here will be an emphasis on qualitative, as well as quantitative control."

DeVise was not talking strictly about the Pill, however, "I am afraid that something stronger than contraceptives will be used."

The urbanologist said that in plotting the future one must survey today's declining health and educational institutions. Both will continue to deteriorate without far reaching programs to improve them, he said.

For example, instead of the black infant mortality rate declining because of medical sophistication, it is soaring in comparison to the white population.

Between 1950 and 1955, the rate of deaths for infants from zero to one was 30 per 1,000 in North Lawndale. Between 1965 and 1970, it was 45 per 1,000.

If blacks are becoming obsolete, if they are not already, as Yette contends, then what will be the outcome?

**When the City turns black**, DeVise said, municipal services will collapse under the burden of people who have been rendered worthless to the economy because of its increasing sophistication and their deteriorating health, employment and educational levels.

Will the human scrap heap be recycled?

Hauser says yes—if radical changes are made. He feels that implementation of the Kerner Commission's rec-

ommendations on integrated housing, schooling and a guaranteed annual wage would be a start in solving the problems.

"Until we give the blacks an opportunity to be equal, the outlook will be grim indeed. But before we completely collapse, we may come to our senses.

"I have confidence that the American people, when they have no place to run, will finally do what has to be done out of a basic goodness.

"We may see a great swing of the political pendulum. For example, the Supreme Court might integrate the suburbs by making it illegal to discriminate for economic reasons. Just as they now say a man can't refuse to sell a home to a person on the basis of his skin color, there might come a day when a person can't be barred because of his income level."

Do black poor face genocide?

"No," is Wilhelm's response. "not unless they break out of the ghetto, which is comparable to the Indian reservations of the past.

"Should the black man do that and begin to burn and loot in central business districts as he has done occasionally within the ghetto, he will be destroyed as ruthlessly as the Indian for his 'aggression.'"

**DESPITE** the brutal frankness of that statement, a survey published in the magazine "Psychology Today" reveals even more

startling revelations.

"The overwhelming majority of white Americans would apparently be 'good Germans' if the government turned to massive racial repression; 18 per cent would protest non-violently and nine per cent would turn to violence.

"Blacks, understandably would be more willing to act; but even so activists are a minority. Only one-fourth would attempt counterviolence. This [apathy of blacks] may well reflect a pragmatic judgment that if such things come to pass, they would be wiped out if they rebelled."

**OVER THE SAME 20-year period, the citywide white infant death rate rose one point; from 26 to 27 deaths per thousand.**

DeVise attributes the high black infant mortality rate, which includes "500 babies killed unnecessarily each year because of the absence of prenatal services for first-time mothers" to an erosion of health services in black areas and malnutrition of mother and child.

"Malnutrition is increasing and infant death is increasing," he said. "The babies who survive it will continue to be plagued by mental retardation and mental illness. Perhaps something will happen to change this, but I don't see it in the cards."

According to Prof. Sidney Wilhelm, a cycle of worsening circumstance ensnares the black caught within the ghetto so that, altho formal-

ly educated, he receives less education—a fact often documented in most Chicago schools.

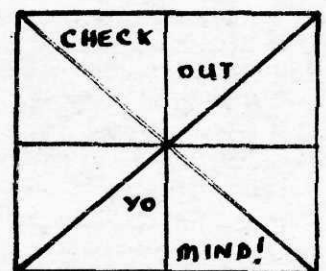
"The quality of education recedes in spite of increased number of years within the public educational system," he said. "Negroes actually receive less education the longer they stay in school, compared to whites in better schools.

Willhelm's premise of blacks being reduced to worthless rubble is further validated by black author Sam Yette, in his controversial book entitled, "The Choice."

"Blacks are an obsolete people. In the '70's and beyond, the dilemma of blacks is clearly one of survival.

"Once an economic asset, they are now considered an economic drag. The wood is all hewn, the water all drawn, the cotton all picked, the ditches all dug and only a few shoes remain to be shined," Yette said.

Barbara Reynold  
Chicago Today





# MALCOLM X







**"Power never takes a back step -  
only in the face of more power.  
Power doesn't back up in the face  
of a smile, or in the face of a  
threat, or in the face of some kind  
of nonviolent loving action. "**



## WAKE-UP!

Just what does it take to make black people and all minorities realize that their survival on this earth is much less secure than anything that most, including the oppressed, would suspect.

An attempt to refute this statement could be made by saying that no man is totally secure in his life's destiny, that anything could befall him. What is true is that in reality annihilation of blacks as well as other minorities can serve as a genuine and fact substantiated prediction. By no means am I one to simply say that all white men are racist, that Chuck is out to get you and you are going to die! Neither am I trying to say that next week they are going to haul all of us off to concentration camps. These things are not at all far-fetched but at least for now our caucasoid relatives will be subtle in their attempts to wipe us off the map.

How have I, a black girl from a middle-class home in the South, become aware of these semi-hidden atrocious acts? From what sources have I drawn my conclusions? Was I so totally encompassed by the rhetoric presented at the .... Center in Chicago and other such gatherings of black people?

First of all, with the knowledge that I've gained though whatever means (the intelligence that was inherited or that which was learned through environmental exposure) I have not been blinded by the facade that veils America. I am not deceived by integration, welfare, economic opportunity, or other such liberal acts. I am perceptive and am using the knowledge that I have acquired through integrationist affiliation. Furthermore, I am not one to become prematurely overwhelmed by the rhetoric of others, but I give all thoughts and ideas deep and unadulterated consideration.

The urgency of this problem, I must confess, was not clearly brought to my attention until this year. I had heard all the talk of genocide and other atrocities, but they were somehow inconceivable to me. I rationalized the thought by saying that by the time our lives, as a race, were truly threatened, I would be dead. It was not until I heard a student in psychology class give his theory for the survival of man in terms of the population explosion that I realized that something was going to happen in my lifetime - that it is happening now. He spouted off some seemingly ridiculous ideas about manda-

tory birth control for those who had I.Q.'s of 90 or less, about filtering out of all mental and some physical defectives and thus perpetuating the growth of a perfect form of a highly, technical society. It must be cautioned that this student did by no means bluntly state that all Blacks, Chicanos, all Orientals, and all Indians must go, but what else could he have implied? With relation to the terms for filtering out undesirables, what race would prevail? It would be the White race! Who, not because of some genetic factor but mostly because of environmental factors, would score highest on the white man's standard I.Q. test? The white man would. After this procedure, who would most likely be given mandatory birth control pills or sterilization? It would be the Black man, the Indian, the Oriental, the Chicano, the one who has for centuries been exposed to less, most oppressed, and who needs and deserves the most. In the long run, who would comprise the members of this highly, highly, technical society which is desired? This too would be the white man.

This has only been an example of the thought of some of the people in this world of ours, but with ideas like this floating around, ideas from young people as well as old, we, as the oppressed, should worry as well as do something-if we want to survive!

## SCOTT LANDLORD . . .

the landlords on the sanctions list. Sailors and their families are forbidden to enter into new leases or rental agreements with the persons named on the list.

The Zion Citizen's Advisory Commission for Human Relations meets once a month. A commission spokesman said there were one or two complaints of discrimination last year, but they were "little misunderstandings" that needed straightening out and eventually "faded away."

In North Chicago, the closest neighboring city to the base, there is no committee to deal with discrimination complaints. If there are any complaints, the mayor deals with them directly.

One man said many people are reluctant to go to municipal human relations commissions, because of their ineffectiveness. A county housing referral office could carry a list of available housing and resolve discrimination complaints.

BY FOLLOWING UP its referrals, the county office would be able to determine where discrimination exists, it has been suggested. The housing referral service would also list landlords who give written assurance of non-discrimination in their rentals.





# CHECK IT OUT!

## Drugs Are Real

Time we stopped playing with ourselves. Playing with ourselves, taking ourselves off, you know, with a lot of jive about the revolution, and the true meaning of Black Art, and the real definition of our distinctive lifestyle, and whatnot.

Time to quit screaming "right on," "nation time," "all power to the people"...

Time to.

Because we are proceeding faster, and better, and more completely with our own destruction than any force outside us could do. Has done.

Time for us to deal with the real... postpone the abstract until we have time and better resources.

Drugs are real.

We walk and talk and look to all those beautiful tomorrows when we will have shaken the oppressor's yoke, and driven the beast to the sea, put whitey in a brand new trick. Yet, when that day comes, when we have put it all together, checked it all out, run it all down, who will take charge of of needle hygiene; who will be commissioner of hepatitis prevention; who will be minister-in-charge of the overdose file?

Drugs, if you can dig it, are very real.

We're going to wage war against the "Man," or so we say. War, you dig? Going to get our own thing going. The Brothers are calling for victories in a major conflict while the battle-by-battle, day-to-day confrontation with the drug traffic is being lost in those fabled streets we talk about so much. (Those streets that "belong to the people.")

Children are dead. Minds have been rendered useless, bodies ravaged... the traffic continues. An eight-year old girl in Harlem is at this moment being treated for heroin addiction. She was buying from a neighborhood junk salesman. He's twelve years old.

A high school basketball star in suburban Englewood, New Jersey, dies in his mother's car; one needle mark is found on his arm. Richard Mason, a brilliant young Black filmmaker, is in his grave at

twenty-four... and the first thing I think when I hear the news is... an O.D., what else?

The rhetoric of the revolution seems to ignore the absence of the necessary troop force. For every spike in every arm, for every nostril poised for a whiff of cocaine, for each nod and every loss of consciousness, there is a related combination of frustrated effort and surrender, that mirrors the level of hopelessness currently attending the struggle.

The death of the spirit is worse than the death of the body. The latter is inevitable, we expect it.

And the spirit is what dies regularly among us now. Giving up is what we do, the hope being to make it all easier. What a hype.

Walk the streets. If drama is what we are seeking, stare into youthful eyes of glass, slack-lipped faces looking off toward last month worried sensibilities convinced the war is already over.

Dialogue? I heard a Brother the other day telling someone his new truth: "It's better for me to sell it to these kids than for them to get it off whitey..."

Are you ready for that? I mean that's logic, right?

Or another dude I know who says he'd stop pushing drugs tomorrow except that.. "Well, uh, you see, man, it is just that the bread is so long, baby. Where else," he tells me, "where else could I make these kinda coins?"

Whitey could, for all intents and purposes, put his guns away. We've always been able to kill ourselves better than he can. Saturday nights in our history, huh? How many cut throats and bullet-riddled eyebrow? Now we send each other death in small bags. Because the bread is so long. Or because whitey will do it if we don't.

What a revolution. What a people we are. Talking about nation time. Yeah.

Rapping into the night about controlling our institutions. Listening to politicians make plans for

better jobs for young Blacks who won't be around to take them. There are no time clocks in a graveyard. Junkies don't really groove on the democratic process, nobody turns on in an election booth.

We are lying to ourselves if we imagine that in 1970 Black America anything is more important than the agony visited upon our people by the drug traffic.

We can tell ourselves that if enough white kids get hooked something will be done.

But as long as this is America, shrine of Our Lady of the Profit Motive, as long as dollar signs look better than freedom symbols, we will be right on our little polluted patches of ground mumbling about getting the revolution off the launching pad--tomorrow.

We are a tomorrow bunch of folks. Do it tomorrow, think about it tomorrow, deal with it some other time.

In the novel The Godfather, author Mario Puzo details for us the notion that the Mafia didn't want to deal with drugs because the public's alarm and outrage would make it unprofitable. But someone was smart enough to suggest pouring drugs into the Black community. There, reasoned the gangsters, the traffic will flow perfectly because the Black man doesn't respect his woman, his children or himself enough to protect against such an invasion.

We have done a excellent job of making that prophecy pay off. We have make the pusher a rich man and the addict a romantic figure.

And in the process, what have we make ourselves? In the middle of death, and big money, and more dying, and more earning, more tombstones and more Eldorados, what have we become?

--Clayton Riley--  
--LIBERATOR--

... " So you have to speak their (the oppressor) language. But, we will never communicate talking one language while he's talking another language."





## Repression

One of the gravest problems facing Black people in Amerika since our arrival on these shores has been repression: the act of keeping down or preventing the natural development or expression of another. It is a way to prevent unconscious ideas and impulses from reaching the level of consciousness. Throughout the years, Blacks have been repressed by laws or legislation allowing for such things as preventive detention, stop and frisk, no-knock, search and seizure and the legal use of wire-tapping. All of these things constitute an invasion of privacy and are in violation of one's rights as guaranteed by the Constitution of these *United States*.

Although most bills are not passed with the foremost intention of repressing Blacks, many are used for this purpose. One such bill is the one on gun control passed in California against the Black Panther Party. Party members carried guns to defend both themselves and their community against the brutalities of the Oakland police force. The law made it illegal to carry guns, thus making it illegal for the governed to protect themselves.

Preventive detention has been practiced by the government for a long time. Formerly individuals were arrested for "suspicion" and possibly later released after being jailed for a maximum length of time. Now there are some new dimensions to preventive detention.

Preventive detention is on the same plane as the no-knock and search and seizure provision, which allow police to break into homes without announcement and procure evidence without having a search warrant. This is based on the assumption that there is "probable cause" to believe that needed, incriminating evidence could be destroyed. The article entitled 'She Did Not Die of Old Age' in the October issue of the Black Panther Paper clearly proves my point.

The aforementioned article tells how a 72-year old Black woman in East Point, Georgia, was gunned down by pigs who had broked open her screen door and used a pass key to gain entrance into her house. Supposedly, they had been called in to give Mrs. Houston an eviction notice from the City Housing Authority.

Mrs. Houston had been having occasional lapses of

memory, during which she sometimes forgot to pay her rent or other bills. Once reminded she would pay them promptly. Since East Point is a small community, it seems reasonable to assume that her landlords knew of her condition when they called the pigs in.

In any event, when Mrs. Houston heard someone breaking into her home, she decided to defend herself in the only manner she knew how—with her gun. When she shot one of the two officers present, they both shot her at point-blank range—without hesitation. The injured officer was rushed off to a hospital, while other pigs who had gathered at the scene, refused to allow ambulance attendants to do anything for Mrs. Houston until an hour-and-a-half later—when they were certain that she was dead, ~~asked~~ the family to clean up the blood and rearrange the furniture so as to remove the physical evidence of the crime that had been committed. And this is justice?

### Sisters:

Survival is on our backs and we must react. Yet, we can't unite because our hands are tied and we're seeing through the demons' green glasses. You all must realize that the man is not going to wait for us to get together. He's not going to wait for us - sisters - to check out our minds and come to reality. We have to become vicious. We have gotten so caught up in 'his' system that he's almost controlling our frame of mind. We are so hung up on some shitty bag that we can't give another sister praise for doing something to help the cause that we can't find time to do ourselves. We have become outspoken, domineering and independent. Good - Right-on. But why in the hell tell each other - let's do it to the real enemy - because we know, we too, are Black.

We must begin to realize that the clock is ticking and we don't have time for petty jealousies that hinder action. Some sisters have such a strong childish urge that the vengeance extends not only to the victim, but those associated with the victim, too. Thus destroying the minds of every woman involved with disguised poison. Who can foil the others plans the best?

Sisters, wake-up. While we're wasting time searching for immaterial and irrelevant things, the man is coming down on not only us, but our ment, too. The men who are depending on us to aid them in a long-fought war. Wake-up Sisters! Wake-up! before it's too late and we find that all that wasted time could have been used for downing the oppressor. Pushe the mans' antics to divide us - away and let the strong, Black women we are, emit. Show him that we no longer will be deceived by his people in controlling our minds and actions. Wake-up! The clock is ticking and we have no time.

Throughout this article we've used the pronoun "we" in hope that some sisters will wake-up and join our crusade to end this petty shit we've been forced into. Yet, if some sisters refuse to shine - "we" will become "you" because we're slowly but surely expanding our abilities to increase instead of decrease and we don't have time to wait too long for the rest of the sisters. We sisters are getting together- join our hands and minds and let's unite.

The Quasistas

Denuded of our cultures and denied our history and now they tryin' to kill us!

Black people in Amerikka are more threatened today than ever before since our forced transplantation to the western hemisphere. Each day this threat looms larger - seems more certain. The threat to which I refer is extinction; extinction by the hands of the governing elite which is resorting to new/old means of government.

The mythical foundation of democracy upon which this country is based is crumbling. The political system that evolved is disintegrating and as W. Strickland of The Institute of the Black World contends, "... Nixon is replacing the old system with an anti-democratic political-military force of his own making." Strickland's contention is substantiated, made graphic upon a close scrutiny of what has come about under the Nixon administration.

The most salient manifestation of Nixon's anti-democratic policies is the District of Columbia Court Reform and Criminal Procedures Act of 1970. This bill which was signed into law by Nixon features such Hitlerian concepts as preventive detention and the extreme legal use of wire-tapping. Each of the provisions, though ostensibly limited to Washington, D.C., has been and is used to repress and destroy Black and other oppressed people struggling to survive.

Under, or in conjunction with Nixon corporations have grown more powerful/profitable; inflation along with unemployment has risen. The poor, because we are burdened with more and more taxes, coupled with inflation and wage freezes are getting poorer. The oppressed are becoming more oppressed. This government is becoming more repressive every day and we as Black people are half-stepping.

At this point we have no one to whom we can redress our grievances. Our grievances are against this country. To date this country has systematically tried to denude us of our culture, deny us our history and after having tried and failed-kill us. They use various methods: disproportionate numbers in the armed forces, drugs in our communities, assassinations, medical disservices and birth control pills, (on birth control pills I refer to the Amerikkan medical association which has determined that cancer, blood clots, causing strokes, and other sometimes fatal side-effects result when using "the pill".) The other forms of genocide need no further elaboration. They speak for themselves.

We, as a people, have to look to ourselves for any type of redress. We cannot afford the luxury of idly sitting by, for Amerika is moving, moving toward a fascist state which doesn't encompass the needs of nor wants the presence of Black people.

We have to arm ourselves. We have to arm ourselves with a knowledge of us, of history, with technical skills, with an ideology of survival and liberation. We must be prepared to defend our ideology by any means necessary and recognize that an unarmed people are subject to genocide at any given time!

All Power to the Aware 'n Dealin'



Although the very people that this article is pointing to probably won't even read it, I hope that its message will penetrate to someone. All of us should ask ourselves the following questions about our positions in this society: What do we ultimately want of life? Is it a bad crib, a nice ride, and possibly a good family life? In pursuing these goals, do we take the well-being of our brothers and sisters into consideration? That is, will we not try to uplift them along with ourselves? Will we be content to have the white middle class symbols of "success" and "happiness" when our brothers are starving to death everyday on the streets because they have no place to stay, and when young children are dying from lead poisoning or rat bites? Just how humane are we? Contentment never breeds dissension—at least not to my knowledge. Anyway, any Black or minority group person who can be content with a few material goods must be ignorant of (or is ignoring) the many other things he does not have access to—What about his rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" and what about his rights to a "speedy and just" trial by his peers? That person is ignoring the fact that to be Black in America is to have no rights whatsoever. Anything you have can be taken away from you. You say that you own your own house? Have

### Small Comments

you heard of the writ of eminent domain which gives the government the right to take your land whenever they deem it necessary—with just retribution of course? Therefore, no matter how long you have been living there, no matter how much love and work you've put into it, they can one day inform you that an expressway or freeway will be built through your property and you will have to move (unless you win your case in court which is possible, but not very probable). So, what do you have then? You see, no material thing is sacred or untouchable; only deeper, spiritual things can be. I say all this to point out the fact that we should forget our selfish wants in an attempt to level the earth until everyone is on an equal plane, until no one is hungry, poor, homeless, or rich. That should be our priority. Another thing, we should not wait until a crisis arrives to prepare for it. We should be ready to deal effectively with any given situation at any given time and by any means necessary. Can you dig it? Therefore, we should ask ourselves what are we doing to prepare for "The Revolution" as some say. Are we just sitting on our rear ends engaging in rhetoric or are we doing something relevant and pertinent to the struggle? Do we realize that the revolution is upon us right now and has been for a

long time? Do some of us (especially college students) even realize that a struggle is going on in our communities? If you think not, then how do you account for the manner in which cops will just stop a brother on the streets, search him "because he looks suspicious," take him to the precinct because he "fits the description of the person who just robbed the corner drugstore," and beat and harass him until he confesses to a crime which he knows nothing about? And what about the prices at that white-man's corner grocery store - after you pay those exorbitant prices, does any of that money come back into the community in the form of more work and better facilities, or does he put every bit of it in his pocket and take it back to his own community? Is that not a struggle? Then, is it not time that you face this fact? One should never be afraid to face reality: one should deal with it realistically and change it if necessary. And, I feel it necessary to change reality as long as "harsh realities" exist for my Black brothers and sisters as well as for myself. But, what about you? Are you, like Fred Hampton willing to drop your middle class values for the sake of your brother or are they your be-all and end-all? Check our your mind!

**CHECK OUT YOUR MIND!!!!!!!**

Black Power

### Pacifists

"Let's learn his

language.



If his language is

with a shotgun,

get a shotgun."

The root of man's destruction of himself is violence. Without violence there is no real conflict; without real conflict there is no destruction.

Deep within the psyche of every man it lies caged, waiting for release. Dark and intangible, yet its effects are unmistakable. Its source is hidden.

These things wander through your mind, as warm, rich, red blood—your blood—flows onto icy cold concrete, and the man smiles as the sweeping motion of that final blow comes crushing down on your skull.

This violence is not only in the streets but on every level of this sick society. It can be seen in the growing stock piles of nuclear weapons, in riot torn streets and on campuses in every corner of the world. From the ghetto to the pretentious elegance of civilized society, violence is the by-word.

There is a degeneration of capabilities when the ordinary man (white) allows violence to become a way of life. He is no longer relying on deception and trickery but on maiming and beating (i.e. Vietnam).

Violence is physical force, violence is the key force in the maintenance of modern American society. Violence is the key weapon through which we are subjugated. And in final analysis it is through violence alone that we can end oppression.

Max Weber, eminent German writer, defines a state as "a human community that ...claims a monopoly of ...physical force (violence)." Amerika like all other racist nations is ultimately defined by violence.

Let us not fail to see violence (Amerikan) with full clarity. Recognizing the need to restrain ourselves in anger and irritation, while controlling our resentments and desires for revenge, let us deal with the man as best we can. As the relentless tide of destruction and devastation sweeps away the Amerikas of this world we must, with the ebbing of that tide, create a society grounded in peace!

WAR WITHOUT TERMS!

Bro. G. Jackson





Like Malcolm X, we dedicate our efforts to the discussion of the issues facing black people. We do not claim to have the answers or the direction for all Black people. We do claim to have the required love and desire to inform our people of what is happening and some reasons why.



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Communication through open dialogue, candid commentary, creative art and, accurate reporting -- such is the purpose of Black Rap as demanded by the times in which we live and the future which we, as a people, must work to create.

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