

THE BLACK PANTHER

25
cents

Black Community News Service

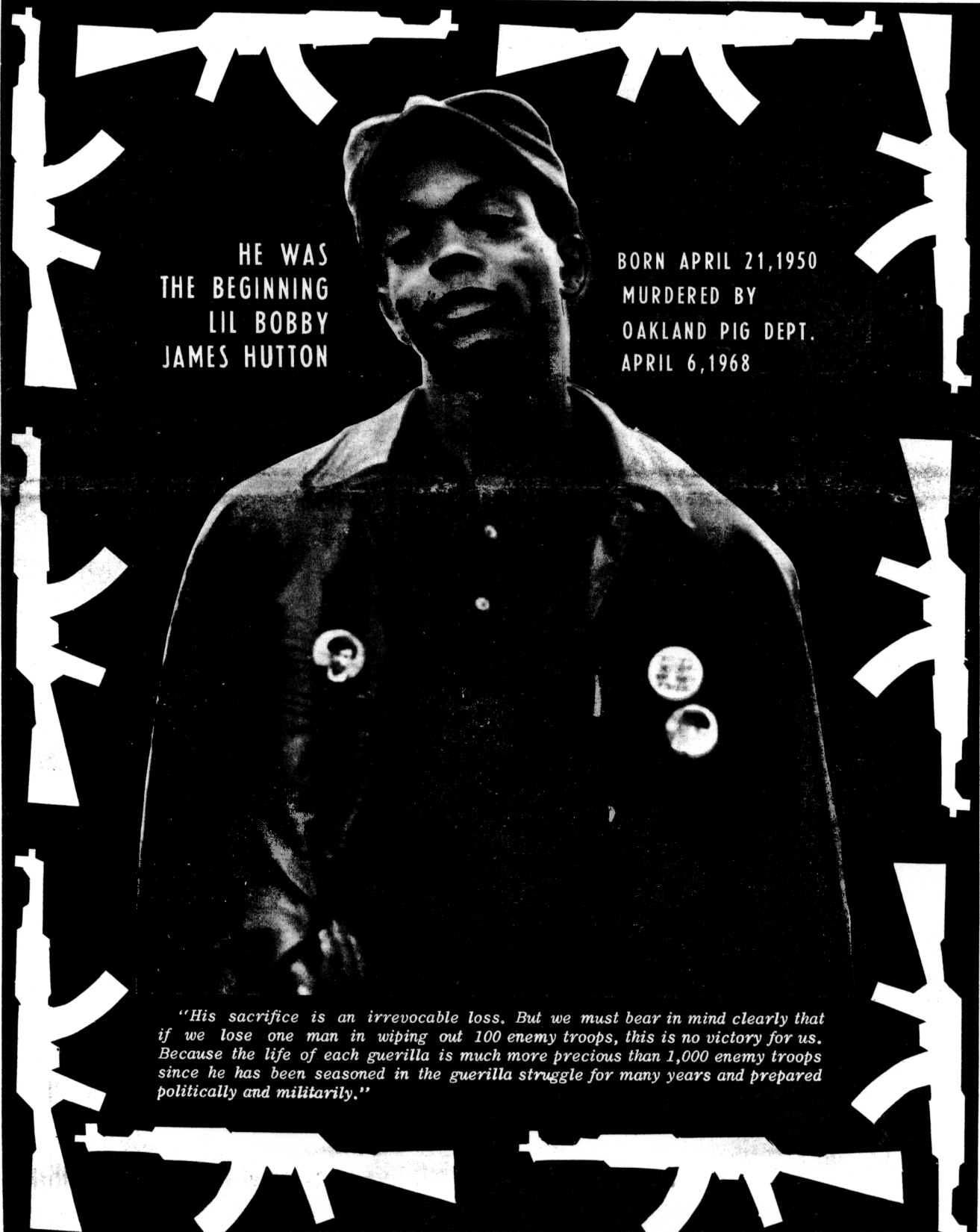
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THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY

MINISTRY OF INFORMATION
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HE WAS
THE BEGINNING
LIL BOBBY
JAMES HUTTON

BORN APRIL 21, 1950
MURDERED BY
OAKLAND PIG DEPT.
APRIL 6, 1968

"His sacrifice is an irrevocable loss. But we must bear in mind clearly that if we lose one man in wiping out 100 enemy troops, this is no victory for us. Because the life of each guerilla is much more precious than 1,000 enemy troops since he has been seasoned in the guerilla struggle for many years and prepared politically and militarily."

IN TRIBUTE TO LIL BOBBY



A new day has dawned upon us. We are no longer suspended in mid-air, not knowing what to do. We are here, here with racist pigs, fascist pigs who are murdering us, torturing us and oppressing us to a point of no return. A new day has dawned upon us, and things have changed. We are down here now and our feet are flat on the ground. We are standing here hearing the cries of the people, cries that come from a mother begging the pigs not to murder her son in cold blood, pleading with the greedy landlords not to evict her because she has no money to pay the rent on a roach infested hovel. Things have changed and we are no longer only hearing these cries, but we are adhering to them.

On October of 1966, a courageous brother heard these cries and he came down from being suspended in mid-air. This brother, Li'l Bobby James Hutton came down and he placed his feet flat on the ground and he stood up in the midst of fascist America and vowed to all Black people-- I am here now and I have heard your cries and I will pick up the gun to defend your rights and your lives from these racist pigs that occupy our communities, that terrorize and murder our people.

Li'l Bobby Hutton was the very first member of the Black Panther Party. After Huey and Bobby got together, they went around in the communities and talked to the people and from this learned of their needs and desires; from this our ten point platform and program was drawn up. Li'l Bobby saw these as needs that had to be fulfilled, and when he joined the Party, he said, this is what my people want what they need and only by picking up the gun, as Huey and Bobby have done, can the people's ten point platform and program be implemented.

He was young, just 17 years old, and he began to see more clearly just what had to be done. He loved his people and he was constantly out in the communities working with the people, talking with the people, serving them when their needs called for his help. He followed the examples laid down by our Minister of Defense and our Chairman and worked with an arduous determination to do all he could to educate the people, to unite them against the fascist oppressor that lurks in the shadows like vultures waiting to drain them of what little money they had, what manhood they had and what little life was left in them after going through all they had suffered for 400 years. Li'l Bobby set out to deal with the task of educating his people. He knew it would be hard but it had

to be done, in the interest of the people.

The following, a quote by Comrade Kim Il Sung, relates very much to what Li'l Bobby did in working with the people of the communities:

"Comrade, educating and remoulding people is really a difficult task, isn't it? But we must educate and remould all people and go together to a better society. Man is most precious in the world. A Comrade must therefore love his people. We are going to build a society based on co-operation in the interest of the masses, for the welfare of all the people.... To educate and remould people, you should, first of all, sincerely trust them and sincerely love them and must know about them well. To know about them well, you must work and live among the masses, breathe the same air with them and share the sweets and bitter with them."

On April 6, 1968, his life was snatched away by racist pigs. After hounding him and our Minister of Information up in the basement of a house for more than 90 minutes, the pigs murdered him in cold blood. Li'l Bobby came out of the house with his hands up and after a volley of gunfire blazed through the air and the bullets ripping into his flesh, he lay dead, and his, just like all the other brothers that have been murdered by the fascist gestapo, death was termed "justifiable homicide".

He died for the people, serving the people. The pigs killed him because of this. Because they don't want people like Li'l Bobby exposing their demagoguery, he had to be silenced. Li'l Bobby was indeed one of the most revolutionary men that ever walked the face of the earth and he still lives within our hearts. And we, the members of the Black Panther Party, say, "Li'l Bobby's death will be avenged, and to the racist pig cops of America, we will fight and we will gain our freedom by any means necessary."

LI'L BOBBY JAMES HUTTON, HE WAS THE BEGINNING.

What do you think while reading this? What did you think after reading it? Are your eyes open, or will it take a bullet lodged in the brain of one of your children to wake you, to bring you back to reality.

"The racist pig cops must withdraw from our communities, cease their wanton murder and brutality and torture of Black people or face the wrath of the armed people."

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
REVOLUTION IN OUR LIFETIME



"LIL" BOBBY TREASURER AND CHAIRMAN BOBBY IN SACRAMENTO

EXECUTIVE MANDATE # 1

Below is the statement prepared by Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense, and delivered by Bobby Seale, Chairman, of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, May 2, 1967, at the state capitol in Sacramento, California. When this statement is read carefully, it becomes obvious that all that is here is TRUTH. Knowing full well they were legally exercising their constitutional rights, the Panthers made fools of the cops who tried to take the guns away from them, and suffered the humiliation of having to give them right back. The dumb Capitol cops didn't even know their own gun laws.

Three blocks away from the capitol, the scurvy cops of Sacramento moved in and made the false arrest. This is what happens to Black men when they have not broken a law.

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 NON-WHITE 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 STRUCTURE 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 SIGHTS 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 AIM THEMSELVES AGAINST THIS TERROR BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. THE PENDING MULLFORD 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 TEND THAT LEADS INEVITABLY TO THEIR TOTAL DESTRUCTION.

HUEY P. NEWTON
MINISTER OF DEFENSE

(*See "Concentration Camps U.S.A." by Charles H. Allen, Jr. and "American Concentration Camps" by Dorewell.)

"LIL" BOBBY WITH PANTHERS AT OAKLAND COURT HOUSE FOR FREE HUEY RALLY



ELDRIDGE "LIL" BOBBY AND CHAIRMAN BOBBY JANUARY 1968



HE LOVED HUEY



PANTHER CHIEF OF STAFF AND "LIL" BOBBY CONFER IN FRONT OF U.C. BERKELEY



LIL BOBBY AND MINISTER OF CULTURE EMORY TALK ABOUT HUEY — BOTH MARCHED ON SACRAMENTO ON MAY 2, 1967

1218 28TH ST. OAKLAND CALIF.



THE COMMUNITY BECOMES POLITICALLY EDUCATED



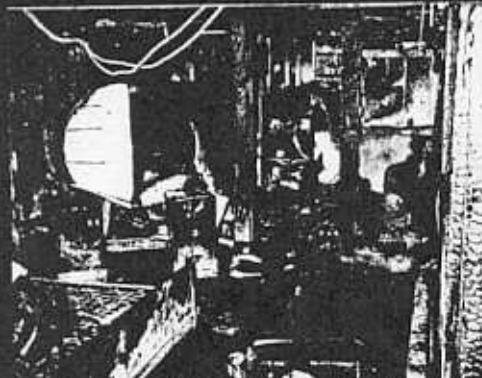
OAKLAND PIGS DESTROY EVERYTHING.



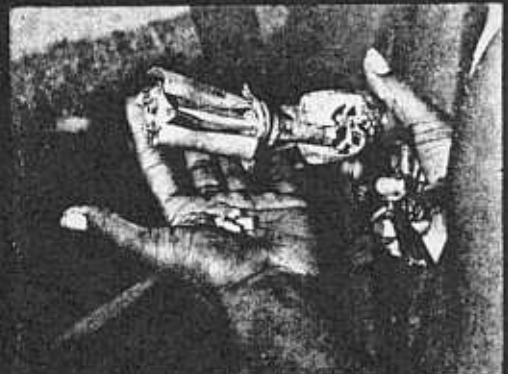
A NEIGHBOR INSPECTS HER CAR WHICH PIGS SHOT UP



CHILDREN OF THE COMMUNITY LOOK AT DESTRUCTION OF THEIR HOME AND CAR BY OAKLAND PIG DEPT.



PANTHERS NEVER ATTACK ANYONE, BUT WHEN PUSHED INTO A CORNER, WE MUST DEFEND OURSELVES.



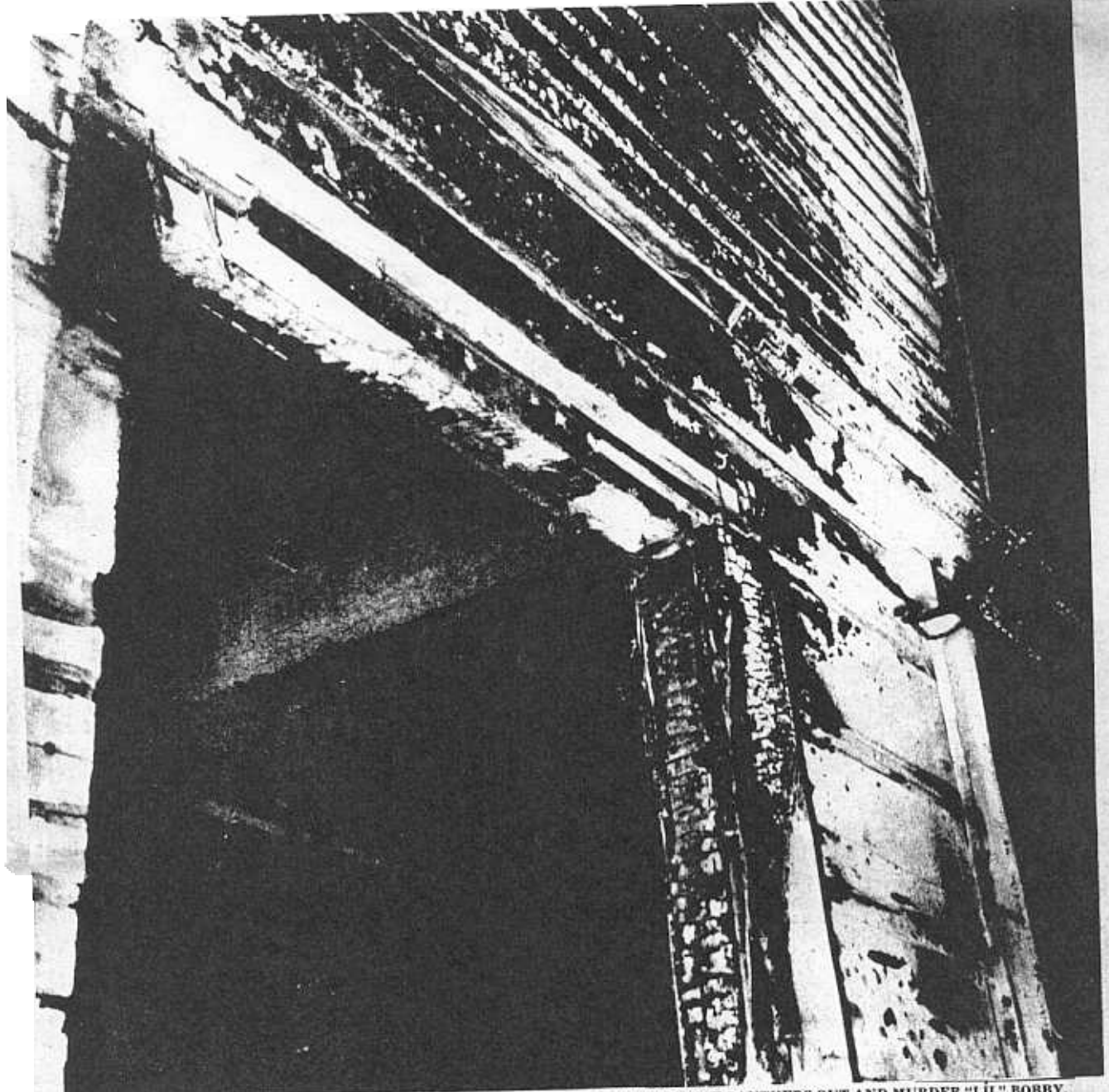
GAS AND AMMUNITION CARTRIDGES USED BY OAKLAND PIGS.



COMMUNITY PEOPLE LOOK OVER TYPICAL PIG ACTION IN THE BLACK COMMUNITY.



THE END RESULT OF THE BARBAROUS ATTACK AGAINST THE BLACK COMMUNITY



90-MINUTE GUNFIRE DID NOT KILL PANTHERS, PIGS SET HOUSE ON FIRE TO FORCE PANTHERS OUT AND MURDER "LIL" BOBBY.



"...To close the doors to the hospital is equal to PREMEDITATED MURDER..."

On March 23rd, 1970, at 5:45 p.m. at the intersection of 24th and Columbia Avenue, a six-year-old child named Phillip Green was struck by a police car driven at an excessively high rate of speed (40 to 50 miles per hour), police disclosed to the community. This little-blood was struck so hard that after the car was brought to a stop, the pig driver had to reverse it to free the child from the front bumper.

The pig's excuse for driving in such a wreckless manner was that he was on an emergency and didn't see the child crossing at the intersection. It seemed that the application of common sense by this pig would have prevented the misfortune for the parents. The facts of the time of day (rush hour for both pedestrians and cars), the conditions of the street (one lane of traffic for each direction and parking on both sides of the street) and the congestion of children in the area are all factors which would stress the need for cautious driving by anyone concerned with the lives and welfare of the inhabitants who populate the area.

As if this one incident wasn't enough, after the pigs put in an emergency call for assistance, approximately eight more pig cars charged into the area like a bunch of bulls, creating the potential for another incident with the crowd of people who were gathered at the scene.

Being at the scene of the incident, the pigs were overheard to say they were taking the little brother to St. Joseph's Hospital, which was the closest, at 18th and Gerard Avenue. However, upon arrival at the hospital, we found that the emergency ward was closed to the public due to some type of so-called "financial problem".

We charge genocide! Due to the fact that this particular emergency ward and this particular hospital are used mainly by members of the Black community. The decision by the pig hospital administrators and the pig power structure to close the doors to the people is equal to PREMEDITATED MURDER of those people whose lives depend upon immediate medical attention by a qualified medical staff. The nurses on duty at St. Joseph's Hospital informed us that the child even though he was in a semi-conscious condition and unresponsive to stimulus (smelling salts, etc.), was being taken to St. Luke's Hospital at 8th and Thompson St., approximately 15 blocks away. Everyone knows that traveling 15 blocks through rush hour traffic is a stone trip!

At St. Luke's Hospital, we found that the blood had been admitted to the emergency ward but the pig who had run him down was nowhere to be found. Two hours later, he still had not arrived! We say again that the pig police force in the Black community is like a foreign troop in occupied territory, showing concern only for the interests of avaricious businessmen and having no regard for the lives and well-being of the citizens of the community.

We all remember the Harold Brown incident of West Philadelphia in which another resident of the Black community was beaten, stomped, and shot to death. Also, we cannot forget James Hamilton of South Philadelphia who fell victim to the brutalization and murderous tactics of these racist dog pigs. Now we have little Phillip Green, another name added to the ever-growing list of abuses and mistreatment being waged against the people.

At the reception desk of St. Luke's Hospital, we confronted the hospital's representative and, of course, a "couple of Nigger lackeys" who when we inquired about the brother's condition and other pieces of information important to our investigation, simply oinked that what we were asking was that



"The parents of Everett Junior High School students demand: No more pigs brutalizing our youth."

I am sure that Black people in the Black communities of S.F. remember the fascist police brutality that was unleashed upon our young Black brothers and sisters at Everett Junior High School on Friday March 13, 1970.

After careful investigation and study it appears that on that Friday March 13th, after school some students of Mission High School (which is around the corner from Everett) were walking home with their brothers and sisters from Everett when the students were brutally attacked and beaten by S.F. tactical squad. Three Black students of Everett Junior High were seriously injured, one of whom, Brenda Bringham, suffered a brain concussion. Brenda is twelve years old and weighs about sixty pounds.

On Monday, March 23, 1970, the parents of the students of Everett Junior High went before the police commission of S.F. to protest police brutality upon their children and to introduce a program that in essence said "No more pigs on or near school grounds." John Bowman (my comrade) and I were at that meeting and as we sat there we saw Black mother after Black mother stand up before those racist dogs and tell them that they as parents (Black parents) would no longer tolerate this type of abuse of their children. The people were outraged.

The pig chief of S.F. got up and oinked in the faces of the people that he is against violence and that he would like to develop better relations between the parents, students, teachers and the S.F. Pig Department. You tell me how can a (pig) police chief be non-violent?

After this foul pig (Pig Chief, Al Neider) was all but told by the

people to cease his oinking and sit his hocks down, it was the hour of the endorsed spokesman (Uncle Tom, Bootlickers). Incidentally all of S.F.'s bootlickers were there ranging from Rip Ridley to Nasser Shabazz. The star performer (puppet) was Rip Ridley who oinked about better Community - Police Relations. The intentions and plans of the endorsed spokesman are to replace the pigs who are presently patrolling our schools daily with Black security Guards from the bootlicking organizations

of Youth for Service and the Black Guards headed by Nasser Shabazz. But the people must understand that if these schemes are implemented that only the faces will change. The mission will be the same—heavy patrolling of Black and Third World Schools, intimidation of students and faculty. That those Black pigs will only be there, receiving orders from the mayor's office, to fink, grin, intimidate and brutalize Black students in particular and Third World students in general. What the Black

community needs to avert future acts of pig brutality similar to the unprovoked attack by Mayor Mafioso Mussolini Alloto's Tac Squad is the implementation of the Black Panther Party's Program: Community Control of the Police, the Community Control (Decentralization) of Police Patrons are presently being circulated in the Black communities of many cities and states across this country. This program truly implements "ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE" in that the people have the power to set policy and manners of conduct of police officers, as well as discipline of police officers for acts of pig brutality and violations of the people's constitutional rights. The realization of this most revolutionary program should bring to mind that we must run all our energies inward, to our community and start cleaning house of all foul and counter-revolutionary elements.

First we must start with the "endorsed spokesman", those chosen by the pig power structure to represent the Black community. And all I have to say to these national and local bootlicking, Uncle Tom scurvy niggers is that you've been wrong for too long; you had better crawl back to your people and earn the people's pardon or face your executioners who are bent on having some pork chops. Rip Ridley and Nasser Shabazz, you have been and are still acting like enemies of the people. The charge you face and most certainly are guilty of is treason. The world-wide penalty of oppressed peoples for treason is DEATH. BOOTLICKERS, MAKE YOUR CHOICE! PICK UP THE GUN SEIZE THE TIME

Wilbur Power

USE WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO GET WHAT YOU NEED



realized that this had no effect on us because we believed "the oppressor has no rights which the oppressed are bound to respect", they became reactionary and got uptight. They prevented us from talking to Phillip Green's mother when she arrived and advised her against speaking with us or having her picture taken or that of her son. All this was done in an attempt to keep the entire incident hushed up but we know that "the

no matter what measures they take, the truth will be known.

The matter is not closed and we will not rest until the pig with badge number 3580, driving pig car number 2216, is removed from the Black community! This will be done or he will face the wrath of the armed people.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE SEIZE THE TIME

BLACK PANTHER PARTY



BUFFOONS IN EAST OAKLAND

"We Want Decent Housing Fit For Shelter of Human Beings"



MRS. THOMAS

Everybody knows the low mentality of the (O.P.D.) Oakland Pig Department, and here in East Oakland, which seems like a colony, an isolated part of Oakland with its own characteristics, this is reflected in the actions of the pigs. They are very repressive and overt in their brutality against Black people.

The pigs in East Oakland are different from the other pigs. That's based on the conditions and the level of resistance by the people against the power structure. Eldridge says that "the pigs repress the people at their level of resistance." The pigs here use many means and pretexes to gain entry to peoples' homes to brutalize, harass and intimidate the people, thus violating the constitution of the U.S. of illegal search and seizure.

One of the most recent blatant cases that happened was on March 10, 1970, at 1345 92nd Ave., when the pigs used an unsigned search warrant to gain entry to Mrs. Thomas' house and by doing so showed the people that they have no rights that the oppressor is bound to respect. The pigs, the foul, depraved, deranged traducers that they are, harassed this brother by moving a sick man from his bed to look for an eight foot long hi-fi set and T.V., etc. Everybody knows you can't hide an eight foot hi-fi under a bed, a T.V. or a record player; this was a clear case of harassment.

There were four pigs in plain clothes that snaked in the face of the people. Four criminals that used an unsigned warrant to further violate the people's rights, and this is a historical truth that Black people have been subjected to for

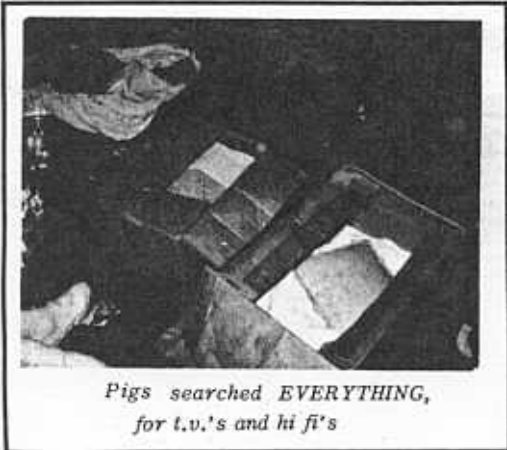
four hundred years. Black people have suffered at the hands of this type of madness too long and the only way to end this type of inhumane treatment is for the people to raise their level of resistance to equal the level of oppression and keep on pushing till we drive these creatures from our communities using the only tool that will do the job, and that's the gun. Yes, I am advocating the employment of the gun because in order to get rid of the gun it is necessary to take up the gun. So we must take up the gun in defense against these infested traducers, these low-natured beasts.

The only way the people can rid themselves of this scum is to kill them. We say that the people deserve the best that technology, human knowledge, and wisdom is able to produce. We say that human life is the most precious thing on the face of the earth and we will kill if necessary to preserve it, because that's all that we have.

The basis of all this madness came about at the beginning of private property and classes which grew into capitalism - a disease against mankind, a disease that impedes creativity and socialist progress. If this disease is stopping the development of peaceful co-existence of man with man, if that's the case there should be nothing to talk about, but to deal with that disease and become the doctors of freedom. The doctors of the peoples' liberation and since we as revolutionaries know that mankind is supreme we will do whatever is necessary to put an end to this corrupt, perverter of man.

To the people of East Oakland: when a pig, a reprobate, comes to your pad with a warrant, tell this repugnant creature to show you the search warrant and if it is not signed by a judge then that warrant is meaningless, and you have the right to deal with that criminal that stands before you - you have the right to spit in his face with any weapon you choose.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
East Oakland Branch
Black Panther Party



Pigs searched EVERYTHING,
for t.v.'s and hi fi's

My name is Cathi Beavers. My son, Ebon, and I and my friend Deborah Kelley, moved into a flat located at 2240 13th Ave., East Oakland, on the first of this year.

The place was in terrible shape when we rented it, but at that time the landlord, Mr. Luther Couch of 6646 Outlook seemed very willing to help us fix the place up. But when we had been here two full months and nothing had been done, we realized we had been conned. So we decided to take some action.

First, I wrote Couch a very polite letter listing just the major repairs--badly leaking sink, roaches, broken window, door knobs falling off, rotten-filthynoleum impossible to keep clean. Still, nothing happened.

A few days later the sisters across the hall, who had been having similar problems, reported Couch to the Housing Department and suggested that we do the same. We did that, and at the same time we decided to refuse to pay any rent until Couch fixed up the flat.

On Monday, the 16th, when my welfare check came, Couch was up banging on the door demanding the rent. I told him he wasn't getting any rent till the repairs were done and he started freaking out about how he wasn't going to let us stay there for nothing and we would either pay or get out by the next morning.

I told him that wasn't legal and that I was going to a lawyer about it right away. He said he didn't care about the law, and I started telling him everything that was wrong with the place. When I hit on the thing about the doorknobs falling off, he said that wasn't happening before we moved in (he had run the exact same game on the sisters across the hall), and I said "that's a lie!" When I said



that he really freaked. Couch is big, over six feet--and here I am about 110 lbs., standing there with my five months old son in my arms, he started in with, "you calling me a liar? Don't you call me a liar or I'll slap your face. I ought to knock your eyes out of your head," and he starts ripping off his glasses like he's getting ready to come to blows with a full grown man, ranting and raving and threatening to slap me down and the baby, too. After intimidating me to his satisfaction, he finally left and I got the baby together and went out to the East Oakland Legal Aid Society.

Mr. Dorame, one of their lawyers, informed me of our rights and said that if Couch locked us out or put us out, we could file charges against him, that the only way we could be put out was through the courts. Mr. Dorame said to keep him informed and that they would back us all the way.

I ran it down to Debby when she got home from her job as a telephone operator and she started calling people, to be at our place with me the next morning when Couch came by.

But Couch turned out to be as smart as he is vicious: about eight o'clock that night he comes beating on our door again. We were scared by that time, not having any means of protection in the house, so Debby got on the phone and called Panther headquarters in East Oakland. Then we called a friend of ours who came and waited with us until the Panthers came. By the time our friend had arrived, Couch had gone back down stairs and shut off all our electricity, so we got out some candles and took a piece of pipe off our borrowed vacuum cleaner to use in case Couch busted in.

When the brothers arrived, sent by the Black Panther Party, Bill Jennings and Dennis Bridges, they wanted to go down and talk to Couch and his son who were

still prowling around the premises. They talked to Couch and his son for about 15 minutes and then came back up to tell us what had gone down.

Couch had just out and out lied to them, saying he had not threatened me and the baby at all, saying I had cursed him out and called him foul names, saying we were way behind in our rent, when all we owed him for the time lived here is \$55. Then we went over the apartment showing the brothers how bad it really was--as best we could with nothing but a candle for light. By then we figured they'd be out for that night at least and the brothers left, though Couch prowled around for a couple hours more before he finally left.

Next day, the 17th--I called Mr. Dorame at Legal Aid again and told him what had happened. Mr. Dorame said to file a complaint with the Housing Department, write a letter of complaint to Couch and keep a carbon of it, and that at the same time he would investigate the legal aspects of bringing suit against Couch for shutting off the electricity.

When I called the Housing Department, the woman said, "Oh, you complained before. Mr. Couch says he can't do any of your repairs until you move out of the premises." That's the biggest lie yet, because my father was a carpenter and I know how that type of thing is handled. You don't have to vacate a house in order to replace a window or replace leaking pipes. For that matter Debby and myself had volunteered to lay tile or linoleum in the kitchen if he could buy the materials.

That is the situation so far. Some of the facts behind it are: Couch owns 30 rental units and at the rate we pay here, that puts his income at \$38,000 a year. But he runs around in raggedy clothes in order to "fool people", like the sisters next door. He also told her about how he locked an old lady out of her place for being behind on rent. He told her all these things probably figuring that we would never even get to know each other because these two sisters are Black and Deb and I are White.

Also, Couch must have figured it would be easy to push around two women and a baby. Every time he saw a Black brother around here he would ask "Are you that baby's father?", trying to see if the baby's daddy would be around to back us up. When he never saw Ebon's father he probably figured it was safe to vamp on us.

I don't know if Couch is what you call a "Black Capitalist" or not; I do know that the only color he's conscious of is green, cause he said he didn't care what happened to any of us here, including this little boy.

So we are going to fight it right down the line. Because the Oklahoma coal mines killed my grandfather, and a California glass company crippled my father for the rest of his life. Now the blood-sucking landlord system in trying to throw me and my baby and my friend out.

We would just like to say to anybody who is being messed over, call on the Black Panther Party because they will be there for you when the deal goes down. They are for - real revolutionary brothers and sisters who are in fact, not just in words, serving the people as Mao says, "heart and soul". More power to the Black Panther Party.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

OF PEOPLE AND PIGS

In less than a year, there have been numerous incidents involving the Philadelphia armed racist pig cops and the unarmed colonial subjects.

There have been thousands of attacks on the peace-loving people by stick and blackjack wielding brutes who, are specially trained in inflicting pain and murdering unarmed people in the name of 'law and order'

We are urging the people to arm themselves and resist the intimidation and repression being enforced upon them. The slaves must realize that neither the slave-master nor his bootlicking overseers have any rights that they are bound to respect. We are the ones who oppose the vicious Vietnam War. We are the ones who want peace and sanity returned to the country! We are the ones who oppose the dope pushing mafia and organized crime and the brutality against people and the violation of the people's constitutional rights. We are the ones who believe that people have a right to live, and therefore they have a right to dissent against the evils that they are subjected to. We

condemn the slum housing and slumlords. We condemn the exploiting greedy businessmen who suck away the substance of the masses of people. We condemn the vast industrial complexes that monopolize the production in the country and who halt the people's creative production. We condemn lying politicians who lie and exploit the people's misery and suffer for their own gains and to further the illegitimate authority in the country.

In short we oppose and condemn all that stands in the way of the well-being and progress of the people. We are the people, we are the ones who will bring an end to the evils of our society--by whatever force the pigs dictate. We say ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

Now lets dig the pig set. First of all, a pig is one who has no respect for the rights of others. He's a foul depraved traducer who's always masquerading as a victim of an unprovoked attack. Pig actions are always against the welfare of the people, first through lying politicians, then backed up by the armed terrorist trained sadistic animals. Mayor Tate, like Meally-mouth Nixon and "Brain-

less wonder" Agnew are the demagogic (lying) politicians who wormed their way into office by bootlicking the ruling class, forming coalitions with ruling class owned news media, and finally by playing on the fears created by the mass news media and racial hatred of the people and lying to the people on the new-day promises. Here in Philadelphia, it was bootlicker Tate who said that he would end brutality of the Black subjects by the racist dog cops. It was fool Foglietta who tried to inflame the race prejudice of some of his White constituents by falsely saying that we exclude White children at our Free Breakfast Program. We say that through education, people can see through all this as they are being lied to here in the city. They have no intention of alleviating the problems because they are the problems. To clean up society, to make it beneficial to the needs of the people, would mean suicide to them. So, as the people begin to see through their veil of evil, they will have to turn to their masters of terror, the armed gesta-

CONTINUED ON
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Soledad 3 On Trial

"Momma, if they kill me, I'll just be dead, but I'll never kiss their feet." These are the words of George Jackson, one of three black men being railroaded for the death of a guard at Soledad State Prison in Salinas. Jackson told his mother "not to worry," but she's a mother and she does. "That's the way I raised him. . . They might kill my boy but he'll never be any man's slave."

Jackson, 28, is one of three prisoners accused of first degree murder in the death of the guard. His co-defendants are Fleeta Drumgo, 24, and George Cluchette, 23. Each of the men could receive the death penalty, but in Jackson's case it is mandatory if convicted, having served ten years of a one year to life term for alleged armed robbery. At age eighteen he was convicted without an opportunity for legal counsel.

The city of Salinas is heavy with the stench of exploitation, ringed with labor camps, some of them fenced and guarded against "outside agitators." Thousands of men with nothing but a bedroll to their names wait for a chance to break their backs in the fields for \$.65 an hour. They sleep in the weeds, the contractors buses are filled and they go back to the weeds.

This fertile and rich valley 70 miles south of San Jose was once the home of California fascism. In the thirties when the men and women in the packing-

sheds tried to organize, the pillars of Salinas society unleashed a bloody campaign of death and terror. Martial law was the rule, and murder in the streets the fate of strikers and organizers.

That heritage is not dead. It lives on in the kangaroo courtroom of Judge Gordon Campbell. Serving as judge he doubles as advocate for the prosecution, making it unnecessary for the D.A. to even enter into the courtroom dialogue. The Judge has denied every defense motion in an open effort to run the case through the mill without any chance to get at the facts.

Richard Silver, lawyer for Fleeta Drumgo rose in the courtroom March 16 to state "I allege there is a conspiracy." Neither the judge nor the D.A. denied the charge. There is no way that a conspiracy can be denied.

When the three men were first accused, their mothers were told that they were just among many being questioned. Prison officials told Doris Maxwell, mother of Cluchette that "he doesn't need a lawyer." Letters from the defendants were withheld from the mails for up to two weeks. It was by sheer luck and reading between the lines that the mothers were able to get the case continued long enough to get lawyers. At the early court appearances the three men were barred from hearing one another's court testimony

even though they were charged jointly. The men are held in solitary confinement and are unable to visit with either their mothers or the lawyers without being shackled and watched by two armed guards.

The defense was denied the right to question any witnesses but those selected by the D.A., while many of the key defense witnesses were hustled off to prisons in southern California to make them unavailable.

Judge Campbell, and the prison authorities denied the defense the right to even examine or photograph the stairwell where the guard was killed. During the time lapse the area has been altered and reconstructed beyond recognition. The court refuses to halt the construction work, let alone order the prison to rebuild it back to the original state.

The Judge, in the interest of "fairness" had gagged the lawyers and defendants, forbidding any discussion of the case with the press. He stated openly "The prosecution is guaranteed the right of a fair trial."

In spite of his own gag rule, Campbell ruled on Marcy 16 to give the Grand Jury transcript to the press. Not even the D.A. had the gall to ask for such a prejudicial break in the press gag. The defense was not allowed to offer proof that the Grand Jury testimony was taken under "psychological coercion" and without any cross



SOLEDAD TRIAL -- Three Black men accused of first degree murder in the death of a guard at the Soledad State Prison in a violent incident with heavy racial overtones, are being tried in Salinas. Seen in the picture are (foreground) George Jackson, 28, smoking and 'cool', and behind him, also in chains, is Fleeta Drumgo, 24. George Cluchette, 23, the third man being tried, is not in the picture.

examination. The judge made the motion for the D.A. and over ruled all defense objections.

Jackson's counsel, Fay Stender and San Jose lawyer, John Thorne, moved to dismiss the indictment on the grounds that the Grand Jury is unconstitutionally a "blue ribbon committee which is wholly unrepresentative of the black, Chicano and working class portions of the community," they were overruled. Campbell refused to allow any hearing on the matter on the basis that the Grand Jury "has two

Americans of Nigra ancestry" and the panel from which it was chosen "had the name of a Spanish or Mexican-Rodriguez or something like that." He wouldn't discuss the token use of blacks, or the fact that the county had never had a Mexican-American on the Grand Jury or its complete upper class orientation.

The courtroom on 3/16 was filled with more than a hundred spectators supporting the defense. One of the nine armed sheriff deputies in the room said "I ain't never seen a crowd like this in a Salinas court before." After a morning of defense motions denied and the court's attack on justice the spectators refused to rise for the entrance of the judge. They remained silent and seated, rising only when the defendants were led into the room their wrists shackled to chains around their waists, and under the crotch, their legs in irons, despite all

Reprinted from Sun Reporter

SILENT MAJORITY

I want to express a most profound disgust at your actions in regard to the Black colonized people in this country and all poor people of color in the world.

There are a lot of White people in America and there seems to be no direct road to the majority's heart. We have made many attempts as a people to seek out your sense of morality and in each attempt we have paid in our blood.

For most of my life I really believed that people were basically good and that Christianity was the leading force in America. But after being both a victim and a witness to so much oppression, brutality, and outright murder by this country I know now that Christianity in this country is but a myth, as is the Constitution of the United States.

How can you, the so-called 'majority' lick the apple pie off your lips and fall upon your knees with hands folded trying to play human and then pay with your taxes for napalm that is used to burn the flesh off of the poor people of Africa, South America, and Vietnam? We have to look deeply into the morality of a people that accept the outright murder of other people as a natural phenomena.

The programming of American White people started at this country's birth. In order for the greedy avaricious businessmen to propagate his madness, to make his millions, to make an empire, it was necessary that he manipulate the people. In order to do that, they (the people) had to be fed lies from the highest level, and they were. In order to wage genocide on the Red man, he had to make you believe that the Indian was a savage, a beast, and that it was right and necessary that you kill this menace--and you did. Now some say "I had no part in this" and go on to say how they would not "stoop to genocide or support the enslavement of other human

dog". But then why do you allow this government to gyp the Indian nations that did survive to be kept in concentration camps and subjected to the most inhuman treatment? Why not show good faith, why not demand that they have equal rights, you, the "silent majority"? I won't bite my tongue--it's because YOU DON'T CARE and we both know it!

Fred Hampton was shot to death in his sleep by the Chicago Law and Order Movement and you said nothing. People are constantly getting beaten unmercifully at the hands of the American policeman, and you say nothing. Just as you said nothing about the Red man, about slavery in South Africa, and about Vietnam, you'll say nothing about it when the beastly McCarran Act is implemented in the Black Community.

So with each stage in the process of genocide, we see you more and more programmed to accept our death and imprisonment.

In a functional definition of people, I don't see anywhere that the "silent majority" fits in; what I do see is not people, but machinery, an ultra-patriotic piece of machinery that is being molded into that which pays for and puts together and morally supports a war-monger. It doesn't seem that there is much logic or sanity left for the silent majority. That's why "muddle Head Adolph" Nixon depends on you.

The American flag has turned into a swastika and the eagle a buzzard that preys upon anything that will ensure its beastly survival.

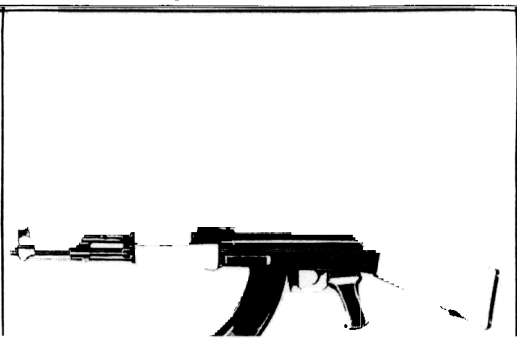
The Black Panther Party is in direct opposition to this system because it has enslaved, oppressed, and is planning mass murder of our people. For this we have been designated to die by the 'protectors of that which oppresses us'--the power of the

try, mainly the CIA, FBI, and trained gestapo type police have put together machinery that is designed to ultimately destroy all progressive people. The reason is simply that we, by exposing the true nature of this decadent American society, have shaken its already weak foundation. We have shown this country to be a haven for every unclean thing and that it is sinking deeper and deeper into the muck of the misery and blood of the poor peoples of the earth.

We must all understand so that we can make up our minds as to what direction we will take; Babylon is falling, it is dying and it is taking as many with it as possible. We must know just who is the real criminal--is it those who are trying to have their constitutional rights respected or is it those who disrespect those rights?

We are telling the people the same as a bible would tell you: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be no partakers of her sins, and that ye receive none of her plagues, for her sins have reached the heavens. Reward her as she has rewarded you, render to her as she herself has rendered, and double to her according to her works." We must become dislocated now from this disgusting system of misery and barbarism, of exploitation and murder. We must stop supporting, aiding and abetting in her crimes against the people. We must have too much respect for ourselves and too much love for humanity to allow these buffoon pigs to do what they want to do in our name. **BABYLON IS FALLING, THIS IS THE YEAR FOR ARMED STRUGGLE.** Fire and brimstone is the destiny of this monster, America.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
BLACK PANTHER PARTY



Indomitable Servant Of The People



Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party is being held at Montville Correction Center in complete isolation. He is not allowed to have any friends to see him--not even his son. They are treating him just as the Romans treated Jesus Christ before they nailed him to the cross. Bobby Seale, co-founder of the Black Panther Party, has put forth everything for the people -- Everything Along with our Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton; they both sacrificed beyond all imagination to prevent a race war between Black and White people which the American government has long perpetrated.

Bobby is the "Father" of the Free Breakfast for Children Program which is feeding thousands of hungry children everyday in racist America. It was Bobby's idea to put forth free breakfast centers because he saw the great need for food in the Black communities in every state. He saw little boys and girls being literally starved by irresponsible lying politicians and money-hungry businessmen, draining the Black communities like pirates rob on the high sea.

Bobby saw the need for Liberation Schools to teach education relevant for our survival here in Babylon--just like we want and believe in the 10 - point Platform and Program. "We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present day society. - We believe in actions for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present - day society. - We believe in an educational system that will give to our people a knowledge of self. If a man does not have knowledge of himself and his position in society and the world, then he has little chance to relate to anything else."

Bobby saw the urgency for Free Medical and Medicine treatment. Thus he directed and we put forth Free Medical Centers all over the Black communities to treat the many diseases that Black people have received because of the genocidal program that the rich ruling class have been waging for over 400 years.

These are some of the things Chairman Bobby Seale has directed the Black Panther Party to organize for the people. There are few men like Bobby. A man who has no selfish tendencies, a man who thinks of his people first before anything, a man who is so full of love for humanity, yet he is about to be sentenced to the electric chair by the Nixon, Agnew, and Mitchell regime for a crime they plotted against our Party with local agents of Connecticut and New York.

No 'conscious' human being can stand by, sit around or be silent and let such a beautiful and true servant of the people be murdered by the so-called "law and order" bandits who lynch through the court system in this dying society. No one should sleep until Bobby Seale, Ericka, Lonnle and all political prisoners are free. If you can understand what I have written, you must join with us and let's go see 'bout Bobby, because Bobby came to see 'bout us. If necessary we must go with arms in hand, because he came to see 'bout us with arms in hand!!!

BLACK PANTHER PARTY
Illinois Chapter
Deputy Minister of Information,
Chaka Walls



BIG MAN AT NEW HAVEN INFORMATION CENTER

Open House At The New Haven Community Information Center

On Monday the New Haven Chapter of the Black Panther Party had an open house at the "Free the New Haven Panthers" Community Information Center on the corner of Sylvan Ave. and Ward Street. Over 300 people came through the doors of the center to listen and rap with Big Man Editor of the People's Newspaper The Black Panther Party Community News Service, Chaka Walls, Deputy Minister of Information of the Party in Chicago, and the wife of the imprisoned Chairman of the Black Panther Party, Bobby Seale. In all the open house was a tremendous success. The people who came to the center were interested in the upcoming trial and the Party and asked many questions concerning the future of the Party here in New Haven and the future of the Black Liberation Struggle here in


America. With the large turn out of people, we have proven that with hard work and correct examples you can win over the people, no matter what kind of situation you are confronted with. This great gathering of community people has proven that the people will not be intimidated by the lies and terror tactics of the pigs of New Haven from coming out to dig on the real facts of the phony case the foolish pigs have brought against the Party here in New Haven.

The Black Panther Party in New Haven will continue to serve the people of Connecticut and further the attempts of our Party to change the conditions that our people are forced to live in.

BLACK PANTHER PARTY
New Haven, Connecticut Chapter



NEW HAVEN INFORMATION CENTER



UNION NATIONALE DES ETUDIANTS DU KAMERUN

(NATIONAL UNION OF KAMERUN STUDENTS)

COMITE EXECUTIF

Tel: _____

A. . . Paris, the 14 th March 1970 "

Ref: _____

Objekt: Message of support.

To the Black Panther Party,

Dear friends,

After the recent attempt of the U.S. imperialism to dismember the Black Panther Party,

After the pretence of trial under gone by Bobby Seale and Huey Newton, and which reveals the class nature of the American Justice,

At the time when members of the Black Panther Party are suffering from a bitter repression,

When Eldridge Cleaver is condemned to exile,


The NATIONAL UNION OF KAMERUN STUDENTS (N.U.K.S.)

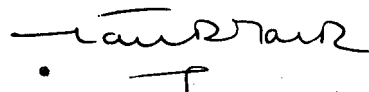
takes the opportunity to express its firm support to the Black Panther Party and thinks that any blow which dealt at the U.S. Imperialism is a great contribution to the struggle of the people of Kamerun which took arms in 1955 to fight against the French Imperialism.

It is on that basis of real struggle against Imperialism, Colonialism and Neo-colonialism, that we want to establish contact between our two organisations.

Our militant greetings.

For the Executive Comitee
Le Vice-Président aux Affaires Internationales
S. MACK-KIT
46 rue de Vaugirard - PARIS 6^e -







2 Affidavit of Eldridge Cleaver

Minister of Information,
Black Panther Party
California State Prison,
Vacaville, California

dictating his "Program for Nonviolence" in the Panamint office in Fresno, Cleaver got a telephone call and drove over to Oakland, California, in the middle of a sentence. A few hours later he returned to the aftermath of the shoot-out with the Oakland police on the 27th and West Street in Oakland. He was arrested and taken to Vacaville Prison. He wrote Affidavit #2 there as his account of the shoot-out.

On the so-called shoot-out on 27th Street was the direct result of a plan by the Oakland Police Department to sabotage the Black Panther Party. The plan was to shoot out the party on April 7th in the Panamint office. The shoot-out occurred on April 7th in the Panamint office. We had been advertising the shoot-out over the radio (WJLB is KSOJ) and we had leaflets distributed very heavily and put up many posters, inviting the community to come out and share in the picnic. Also, members of the Black Panther Party had been driving all over East and West Oakland

to shake my hand or something."

I replied: "In view of the present relationship between your organization and mine, I think that our shaking hands would be out of order." The captain stared into my eyes. His were wild and murder blue, and his face neck, stuffed tight in his shirt and jacket with his tie, turned red, the color creeping all the way up from his chin's apple to his face and I could see that it took an effort, or a sense of a mere transient interest, to keep him from the owing us out of his office. I made a mental note then to stay out of this pig's way because he was not likely either to forgive or forget me.

Two months later, this captain, backed up by a phalanx of Oakland cops with shotguns leveled at the ready, tried to kick down the door to St. Augustine's Church on 27th and West Street in Oakland and tear down one of our meetings. On this raid, the captain brought with him six pigs a White priest and a Black preacher, and he used them to try to cool down the heated anti-white church it was and who would not be cooled down. By the phalanx investigation of the captain's

my trousers somewhat. But this one, instead of speaking, stopped, and a spotlight from it was turned on and beamed my way. I could see it was the cops, two of them. They got out of the car and stood there, not leaving the car, each standing just outside. One of them shouted, "Hey, you, walk out into the middle of the street with your hands up, quick!"

For the second time, I had to deal with a delicate situation and I was so close to the end that I could not resist. I dashed back to the car, "O.K., O.K.," I turned, trying to slip up my fly and get out into the middle of the street. Communist friends told me that I'd been have my hands up by the time I cleared the front of my car. But before I cleared, the cop on the passenger side of his car started shooting and firing his gun, and then the other cop started shooting. I am not sure they were shooting at me because the lights from their car were shining brightly at me, blocking my vision. But the explosion from their guns seemed to light in my face and so, startled, I dove for cover in front of my car. The Panthers in the other two cars were also

because I was also sure that it was only a matter of seconds before one of the bullets found a more vital spot. In my mind, I was actually saying good-bye to the world and I was sure that Little Bobby was doing the same thing. Lying there, I turned down like that, there was nothing else to do. If there was I couldn't think of it. I said goodbye to my wife, and an image of her dancing for me, as I laid my head back, do so many times before. I kissed her with my fingers. Then my mind returned to dwell on crowds of people, masses of people, millions of people, as though the whole human race, all the men and women who had ever lived, of parades, crowd scenes in auditoriums, I remembered the people at the rally in the Oakland Auditorium, the surging, waving sea of people at the Peace and Freedom Party Convention at the Richmond Auditorium, the cops of students at Merritt College, at San Francisco State College, and at UC Berkeley, and the I heard Little Bobby ask me, "what are we going to do?"

I felt an intense racialism myself because all I could tell him was to beat his head down, that beat with his beautiful Black face

Campaign Fund and for the Huey P. Newton Defense Fund. We were fighting for funds for both of these operations. We were running three candidates for public office: Huey P. Newton for Congress in the 7th Congressional District of Alameda County; Bobby Seale for the 17th Assembly District seat in Alameda County; and Kathleen Cleaver for the 18th Assembly District seat in San Francisco. These campaigns were being run on less than a shoestring, and we came up with the idea of the barbecue picnic-hoping to raise a little money. And, of course, there was a constant need of funds for Huey's defense.

We knew that the Oakland Police Department was against the picnic because as first they tried to block clearance when we sought it from the park authorities to hold the picnic at DeFremery Park. They failed in that, but they did succeed in getting the park authorities to impose a lot of ridiculous and crippling rules upon us, such as no speeches at the park, no sound equipment, no passing out of campaign literature, etc. Also, there was constant harassment of the brothers and sisters who were operating the sound truck, and members of the Oakland Police Department had been very active in tearing down the posters we put up to advertise the picnic, just as they had been tearing down the posters we put up to advertise Huey and Bobby's political campaigns. Oakland police were also stopping and harassing Party members whom they observed putting up these posters or passing out leaflets. We had invested about \$300 in the picnic, so we were anxious for it to come off successfully and without incident.

We had noticed that whenever we staged a large fund raising event, the Oakland police would move, first, to try to prevent it from happening; then, failing that, they would arrest a lot of Party members and drain off whatever money was raised because we would then have to bail these Party members out of jail and there were legal fees. We became very aware of this. This became very clear to us when we staged the Huey P. Newton Birthday Benefit Rally at the Oakland Auditorium on February 17. At first the Oakland police tried to refuse us the use of the auditorium on the grounds that such a rally would be a public nuisance and create a dangerous situation. We had to get Attorney John George to go down with us and threaten Mr. Luddekkke, who operates the auditorium for the City of Oakland, with a civil suit, before they backed up and agreed to allow us the use of the facility. Even so, within a week after the rally, the Oakland Police Department arrested a total of sixteen members of our Party, including the notorious incident in which our Chairman, Bobby Seale, and his wife Little were dragged from their bed in the wee hours of the morning and charged with conspiracy to commit murder. There was a lot of public outcry against the police for this blatant harassment and frameup and that charge was quickly dropped. But what a lot of people don't understand is that it was also very expensive to us. Even though the ridiculous charge was dropped, the real purpose of the cops was achieved successfully: to drain away our funds through exorbitant bails and legal fees.

So, in staging the barbecue picnic, we had this experience in mind, and we had cautioned all Party members to be on their best behavior in order to avoid any incidents with the police that would provide a pretext for arrest.

Here I have to bring up the name of Captain McCarthy of the Oakland Police Department, because he is one of the chief instigators within the OPD against the Black Panther Party and he has a special grudge against me. When we were making the preliminary arrangements for the rally at the Oakland Auditorium, Mr. Luddekkke kept urging us to get in touch with a Sergeant White of the OPD to discuss matters of security with him. Such a discussion seemed disgusting to us at first so we avoided it, but as the date of the rally drew nearer it was clear that it would be best if the matter were dealt with, so on either February 16th, or 17th, I can't remember which, I called the number given me by Mr. Luddekkke, talked to Sergeant White, and made an appointment to meet with him to discuss the subject of security at the auditorium during the rally.

Another member of the Black Panther Party, Mr. Emory Douglas, who is our Revolutionary Artist, accompanied me to this meeting, which was held at the headquarters of the Oakland Police Department. When we arrived there, we were met in the lobby by Sergeant White, who took us in to talk to a Captain McCarthy. Entering the room where Captain McCarthy was waiting, Sergeant White introduced us. Captain McCarthy stuck out his big ham of a hand to shake mine. I declined, to which the captain responded: "What's the matter, you too good

dearse attack upon members of the Black Panther Party in what our Party member, Bobby Hutton, was viciously and wantonly shot to death by racist pigs who had long lain in wait for a chance to shed the blood of the Black Panthers.

On the night the pigs murdered Little Bobby, we had all been very busy making last minute arrangements for the barbecue picnic scheduled for the next day. The Brother who owns the Soul Food restaurant next to our office at 41st and Grove Street in Oakland was cooking the meat for us and we were running sisters back and forth between the restaurant, the stores, and David Hilliard's house at 34th and Magnolia Street where we were assembling the supplies for the next day.

The cops had been following our cars around all day long. During the day, several different cop cars, at different times, had parked directly across the street from our office and made no secret of the fact that they were watching us, with ugly pig scowls on their faces, that look that says to a Black man, "I don't like you, nigger, and I'm watching you, just waiting for one false move." Increasingly, the cops had been following me around so much that I had learned to ignore them and to go on about my business as though they did not even exist. A white man in Berkeley, who sympathized with the work that our Party was doing and who wanted to help us out, called us up one day and said that he had read in our paper that we needed transportation badly and offered to give us two cars. I know that we got one of the promised cars, a white Ford several years old but in good shape, but I do not know if we ever got the other. This was a big help to us but also a headache, because the car had a Florida license plate and none of the brothers liked to drive it because you would invariably be stopped by the cops, particularly when driving through Oakland, and they would use the Florida license plate as a pretext for stopping the car. It took only a few days for the word to get around amongst the Oakland cops that the Panthers had a white Ford with a Florida license plate, and from then on the car was marked. For this reason, I took the responsibility of using the car most of the time because I had what is considered good L.D., driver's license, draft card, Social Security card, and a variety of press cards from my job at Ramparts magazine. I even had one press card issued to me by the United Nations, guaranteed to slow down the already sluggish mental processes of a pig cop, especially a dumb Oakland pig. Several brothers had been stopped driving this car and the cops put them through all kinds of changes: "Are you from Florida? How long have you been in California?" Once an Oakland cop stopped me in this car, and when he asked me whose car it was I told him that a white man from Florida had given it to the Black Panther Party. This seemed to make him very mad, and he said: "You expect me to believe that story? No white man in his right mind would give the Black Panthers a car." "Maybe this white man is crazy," I said to him.

Anyway, that's why I started using this car more frequently than any of the others we had available to the Party.

It is a rule of our Party that no well known member of the Party is to be out on the Oakland streets at night unless accompanied by two or more other people, because we felt that if the Oakland cops ever caught one of us alone like that there was a chance that such a one might be killed and there would be only racist pig cops for witnesses; Verdict of the Coroner's inquest, "Justifiable Homicide." Period. After the way they tried to murder our leader, Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton, we were not taking any chances. So on the night of April 6, the car I was driving was being followed by two carloads of Panthers and I was on my way to David Hilliard's house at 34th and Magnolia. In the car with me were David Hilliard, Wendell Wade, and John Scott, all members of the Black Panther Party.

We were only a few blocks away from David's home when, all of a sudden, I was overcome by an irresistible urge, a necessity, to urinate, and so I turned off the brightly lighted street we were on (I think it was 30th Street, but I'm not sure, not being overly familiar with the area), pulled to the curb, stopped the car, got out and started relieving myself. The two Panther cars following us pulled up behind to wait. While I was in the middle of this call of nature, a car came around the corner from the direction that we ourselves had come, and I found myself in danger of being embarrassed, I thought, by a passing car. So I cut off the flow, then, and awkwardly hurried around to the other side of the car, to the sidewalk, to finish what had already been started and what was most difficult to stop—I recall that I did soil

Above my head, the windshield of my car shattered and I looked behind me. There was another cop car at the other end of the street, from which shots were also being fired at us. In fact, shots seemed to be coming from everywhere; it sounded like the entire block had erupted with gunfire. It took only a split second to see that they had us in a cross fire, so I shouted to the brothers, "Scatter! Let's get out of here!" Our best bet, it was clear, was to make it across the street and that's where we headed. As we started across, one of the Panthers, Warren Wells, got hit and let out an agonized yelp of pain as he fell to the ground. I dove for the pavement, in about the middle of the street, with bullets ricocheting off the pavement all around me and whizzing past my head. I was being fired at from several different directions and for the second time within the space of a few minutes I could taste death on my tongue. But I kept crawling across the street as fast as I could and I truthfully didn't know whether I had been hit or not, whether I was dead or dying. I was hurting all over from scraping against the pavement and I was still being shot at. I saw a couple of Panthers run between two houses and got to my feet and followed them. A cop with a shotgun was running after me, shooting. I didn't have a gun but I wished that I had (O, how I wish that I had!!)

As I ran between those two houses, I saw a Panther climbing over what looked like a fence. I hit it just as soon as he was over, only to find out, as I climbed up, that it was some sort of a shed and I was on top of it and the cop behind me was still shooting at me with the shotgun. I dove off and onto the ground on the other side, landing on top of Bobby Hutton. Before I had recovered from the jolt of my leap, I was wishing that I had never come over the top of that shed, that I had stayed there to face that cop with that blazing shotgun, because Little Bobby and I were boxed in. The shed at our backs spanned the space between the houses on either side of us, and although the area in front of us was clear all the way out to the street, we could not budge from the little nook because the street was filled with cops and they were pumping shots at us as though shooting was about to go out of style. In the dark, I could not see that Little Bobby had a rifle, until it started to bark, producing a miraculous effect: the cops, cowardly pigs from their flat feet to their thick heads all ran for cover. The seconds that this gave us allowed us to find a door into the basement of the house to our right, and we dove inside. We were just in time to escape a murderous fusillade of shots that scoured the tiny area we had just abandoned.

But if jumping over the shed had been like going from the frying pan into the fire, entering that house defies description. The walls were like tissue paper and pigs were shooting through them from all four sides at once. It was like being the Indians in all the cowboy movies I had ever seen. What saved us for the moment was an eighteen-inch-high cement foundation running around the cellar at the base of the wall. We lay down flat against the floor while the bullets ripped through the walls. This unrelenting fire went on for about half an hour, and then it stopped and the pigs started lobbing tear gas. While the gas was being pumped in through the windows, Little Bobby and I took the opportunity to fortify the walls with whatever we could lay our hands on: furniture, tin cans, cardboard boxes—it was hopeless but we tried it anyway. While I was standing up trying to move a thick board over against the wall, I was struck in the chest by a tear gas canister fired through a window. It knocked me down and almost out. Little Bobby, weak from the gas, was coughing and choking, but he took all my clothes off in an effort to locate a wound in the dark, patting me down for the moist feel of blood.

The pigs started shooting again and we had to hit the deck. The material we had stacked along the wall was blown away by what sounded like machine gun fire. We decided to stay in there and choke to death if necessary rather than walk out into a hail of bullets. Above the din of gunfire, we could hear the voices of people yelling at the cops to stop shooting calling them murderers and all kinds of names, and this gave us the strength and the hope to hang on. The tear gas was not as hard to endure as I had imagined it to be. My lungs were on fire, nose and eyes burning, but after a while I couldn't feel anything. Once Little Bobby told me he was about to pass out. He did, but he came to before long, and the two of us lay there counting the minutes and ducking the bullets that were too numerous to count. One of the shots found my leg and my foot with an impact so painful and heavy that I was sure I no longer had two legs. But it didn't seem to matter

of blood. It was murder. MURDER! And that must never be forgotten. Oakland Police Department MURDERED Little Bobby, and they do not have that as a victory. Every pig on that murderous police force is guilty of murdering Little Bobby; and lying, hypocritical Chief Gaines in Murderer No. 1. And we must all swear by Little Bobby's blood that we will not rest until Chief Gaines is brought to justice either in the courts or in the streets; and until the bloodthirsty troops of the Oakland Police Department no longer exist in the role of occupying army with its boots on the neck of the Black community with its guns aimed at the Black community's head, an evil to which its sword of terror thrust into the heart of the Black community. That's what Little Bobby would ask you to do, Brothers and Sisters: put an end to the terror—by any means necessary. All he asks, Huey asks, all I ask, is what Che Guevara asked:

Wherever Death may surprise us
It will be welcome, provided that
This, our battle cry, reach some
Receptive ear; that another hand
Reach out to pick up the gun, that
Other fighting men come forward
To intone our funeral dirge
To the staccato of machine gun fire
And new cries of battle and victory.

The rest of the story is madness, pain, and humiliation at the hands of the Pigs. They shot firebombs into the cellar, turning it into a rat inferno, and we could not stand the heat, could not breathe the hot with lungs already raw from the tear gas. We had to get out of there to flee from certain death to face whatever awaited us outside. I called out to the Pigs and told them that we were coming out. They to throw out the guns. I was lying beneath a window, so Little Bobby passed me the rifle and I threw it outside, still lying on my back. Then Little Bobby helped me to my feet and we tumbled through the door. There were pigs in the windows above us in the house, door, with guns pointed at us. They told us not to move, to raise hands. This we did, and an army of pigs ran up from the street. I started kicking and cursing us, but we were already beyond any beyond feeling. The pigs told us to stand up. Little Bobby helped to my feet. The pigs pointed to a squad car parked in the middle of the street and told us to run to it. I told them that I couldn't. Then they snatched Little Bobby away from me and shoved him forward, telling him to run to the car. It was a sickening sight. Little Bobby, coughing and choking on the night air that was burning lungs as my own were burning from the tear gas, stumbled forward as best he could, and after he had traveled about ten yards the force cut loose on him with their guns, and then they turned to me, before they could get into anything, the Black people in the neighborhood who had been drawn to the site by the gunfire and confusion began yelling at them, calling the pigs murderers, telling them to leave me alone. And a face I will never forget, the face of the captain with the murder blue eyes, loomed up.

"Where are you wounded?" he asked me.
I pointed out my wound to him. The Pig of Pigs looked down at my wound, raised his foot and stomped on the wound.
"Get him out of here," he told the other pigs, and they took away.

Why am I alive? While at Highland Hospital, a pig said to me: "You ain't going to be at no barbecue picnic tomorrow. You the barbe now!" Why did Little Bobby die? It was not a miracle, it just happened that way. I know my duty. Having been spared my life, I did what I. I give it back to our struggle. Eldridge Cleaver died in a house on 28th Street, with Little Bobby, and what's left is for fuel for the fire that will rage across the face of this racist coun and either purge it of its evil or turn it into ashes. I say this: Little Bobby, for Eldridge Cleaver who died that night, for every Black man, woman, and child who ever died here in Babylon, as say it to racist America, that if every voice of dissent is silenced your guns, by your courts, by your gas chambers, by your moon you will know, that as long as the ghost of Eldridge Cleaver is alive you have an ENEMY in your midst.

REVOLUTIONARY POETRY

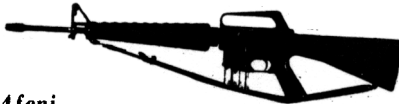


AFENI SHAKUR
N.Y. CHAPTER, B.P.P.

THE LESSON

Malcolm awoke and saw what appeared to be the mountain of liberation-- then he was murdered
 Fred started up that mountain and found there was beauty and lasting peace -- he was murdered
 Huey went all the way up and came down again to speak to the world of the solidarity there -- he was shot & kidnapped
 Eldridge saw my desire to go up and showed me the rugged path-- he was forced into exile
 Bobby took my hand to lead me there and I found the way rough and exhilarating
 and of course he was gagged, beaten and chained
 Fred overheard their directions and took to the hills for a closer look-- what he saw made him go back down to share his happiness
 When he came back in the valley, all I could hear him say was-- I am a Revolutionary.
 But, it made no sense, and so I just sat and listened.
 The next day I heard him repeat this melody as he prepared the morning meal for my child
 I heard the words--and still I was quiet; Fred didn't seem to mind--he just kept doing things and singing his song
 And then one day - the melody of his song was taken up by the evil winds of human destruction
 They heard his message and handed to him, the salary of a people's servant.
 KA BOOM--
 The air that breathed his message to me was alive with urgency.
 The mountain became a reality
 The tools became friends
 The curves became mere objects of jest!
 I could sit still no longer.
 I began to hum his song
 As I climbed, as I fell and got up and fell again - I sang the song of liberation
 I AM A REVOLUTIONARY!
 I AM A REVOLUTIONARY!

Afeni



To Bobby and the 21 and Fred and Mark and all revolutionaries who gave us hope and light

A SMALL STORY

From within the womb of a young and forgotten field hand a tiny voice could be heard as it pushed its way into an unknown land.
 It was a tiny little creature with no distinctive marks - another grain of washed up sand he grew up and found he could make people laugh and became a two bit comedyman
 In the middle of the funniest joke I had ever heard, he found the key that unlocked the door to amerikkka's sea of untalked misery.
 He looked within, and saw there a human being caught in that whirling sea.
 A universe of people, struggling, pleading, and finally dying from his own apathy.
 In the midst of all of this, he met another awakening soul
 Together they set out to reach a long talked about goal
 They taught people! By living their ideas, their story was told!
 They fed the hungry, clothed the needy, and gave warmth to the cold.
 And yet, a vulture a sick, lying kidnapper holds his life in mid-air
 he threatens to kill another man and you say you don't care
 I don't want to be rude, but I've got to be sure you're aware
 Because Babylon will sizzle if
BOBBY SEALE GETS THE CHAIR!

Afeni

FROM THE PIG PEN

What are these bars that intrude upon my sight?
 These shivering lines that test my physical might!
 Do they not know who I am or from where I came?
 I am not to be burded by such barbaric games
 My soul is not mine! I cannot give it away
 My ears are ever watchful of what it will say
 For I have a revolutionary story that I must tell
 and my hands refuse to be beaten by this tormented cell
 There is a force in here a whole new Black community
 a motivating force - ready to make liberation a living reality!
 I can hear their voices clamoring through these forgotten bars
 Freedom Now! Right here on earth
 To hell with Mars!

Afeni

Afeni



PROPOSALS

I have here some proposals
 it concerns you Mr. President,
 because of fantastic savings.

PROPOSAL #1

They tell me in school of a great White father, and a cat name Lincoln who freed us all.
 They say, "They built this country on a word called de-mo-cra-cy."
 But that ain't true it was built by me.
 Now if you don't put my history in all Black and White schools, I'll pull a Nat Turner and a Vesey too!

PROPOSAL #2

There's a place on this earth called Mississippi.
 I have little brothers and sisters there who's bellies look full, but I like to inform you that just ain't true.
 Now Mr. President what I see, is billions and billions of dollars floating across the sea, but those billions and billions of dollars should be floating into Mississippi.
 Now if you don't send that money where it need be, I'll pull a Newark, Watts and Washington, D.C.

PROPOSAL #3

I got this monkey on my back, called the police as a matter of fact.
 I can't turn around for getting hit in the head, and if I look sideways he shoots me dead.
 Now for some ESP reason that club seems to fall, on all Black heads and not White's at all.
 Now if you don't stop your pigs from acting like fools, you won't have no summer to say be cool.

PROPOSAL #4

I wish Mr. President to inform you on unemployment...
 OH! I understand your doing something in that department, well something ain't enough, and please don't pacify when that season comes by.
 Now if you don't Well need I say.

PROPOSAL #5

There's a war going on in a unknown land, soaking billions of dollars out of this land,
 You are killing thousands of Vietnamese off like flies, but the most tragic killings - is my Black GI's -
 Now if you don't put a stop to your insane war, we gonna crush these cities and do plenty more.

Pamela D. Isaacs

IN THE BLACK COLONY

The spirit of the people has been tested against all odds,
 Life has become an oppressive thing
 Welfare, prison, mental jobs
 Dehumanization like only racism can bring
 In the Black colony homes are shared with roaches and rats and the streets are walked by pigs
 The bars, and poolrooms filled with hustling cats and that's what the racists digs
 The people are tired and are making demands
 Not just biting their tongues or being subtle
 Asking just where everyone stands to know who's on which side of the struggle

In the Black colony they say there is a solution
 Because it is just, it can't be no sin
 To stop fascist, racist pigs there must be revolution
 So let's dare to struggle, dare to win!

A MADMAN, A, Washington

WHERE IT'S AT

The knee-grow don't want self-determination
 He's satisfied with this oppressive situation
 He talks of Black capitalism and other jive,
 While people in the ghetto's trying to stay alive
 Marching in the street didn't make things right,
 Some niggas in Oakland said you have to fight
 Getting hit up side the head ain't no fun
 The only way to stop it is to pick up the gun!

The message is there for all to see,
 From the grass roots to the perfumed parlors of the petty bourgeoisie
 From the lowest shack to the highest steeple
 The cry has gone out ALL
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Albert Washington
 Denver County Dungeon