

Blacks Won't Restrain in Movement

By Joyce Tarbert

Two weeks before George Jackson was shot down at San Quentin, in what prison officials termed as an escape attempt, his father, Lester Jackson purchased a grave for George and himself after a visit to the grave of his younger brother, Johnathan, killed Aug. 7, 1970 during an escape attempt at the Marion County Courthouse at San Rafael.

Lester Jackson quoted his son, George, as saying he thought prison officials were trying to find an excuse to murder him. Both men knew it would be just a matter of time before they would find that excuse.

According to the warden, George Jackson, a well read and extremely intelligent man, was visited by a man on Saturday, Aug. 21, and afterwards the violence began.

About one hour after the visitor had left, George was searched. When the gun was discovered, Jackson overcame the guard and grabbed the gun. He then ordered that one of the officers throw the switch and unlock the cells of 27 other prisoners. A guard escorting another prisoner entered the area and was fired at and wounded by Jackson. He then ran to sound an alarm which brought other heavily armed guards to the scene. Jackson fired a single shot into Jere Graham's forehead and ran into the courtyard where he himself was shot and killed.

There seems to be some doubt as to what really hap-

pened that Aug. 21. George Jackson had too much to lose to risk this spontaneous escape attempt just a few weeks before his trial. For eleven years Jackson had been imprisoned and he well knew that one man could not escape a maximum security division of a prison.

It is unlikely Jackson would give up the struggle just before he had a chance to focus nationwide attention to the plight of Black prisoners in America's racist prisons.

Jackson was committed to gaining freedom for himself, his comrades, and all Black political prisoners.

Georgiana Jackson, his Mother, has charged that her son was shot and his body dragged into the courtyard to make it look like an escape attempt.

Jackson's comrades believed he was trapped into the suicidal attempt. No one really knows what happened but prison officials could very easily have colored the facts a bit.

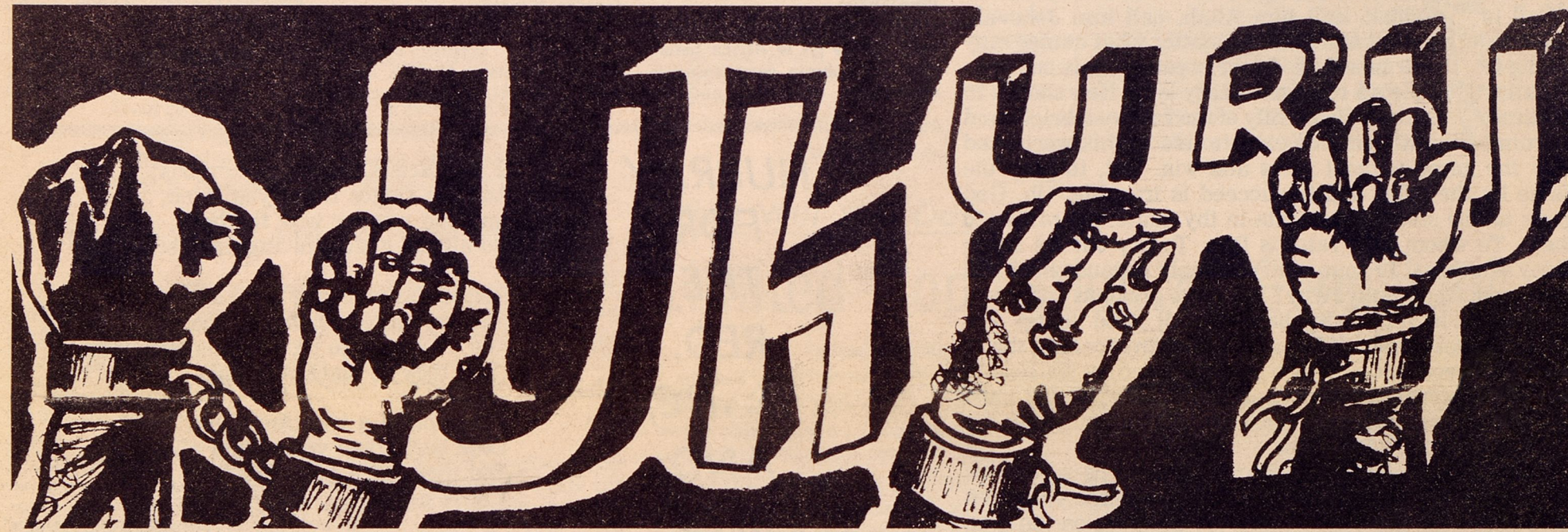
What is clear, however, is that no matter how it happened that Jackson is dead, the beliefs he had are still alive. One proof of this, was the Attica prison revolt in which over a thousand men banded together to rebel against oppressive prison treatment. And what is more, there are hundreds of "Atticas" that are still to be heard.

Black people will not be restrained in their movement for prison reform. If one of the fighters is shot down, there will be another to take over the struggle. The cause cannot be lost.

GEORGE JACKSON



LIVES!



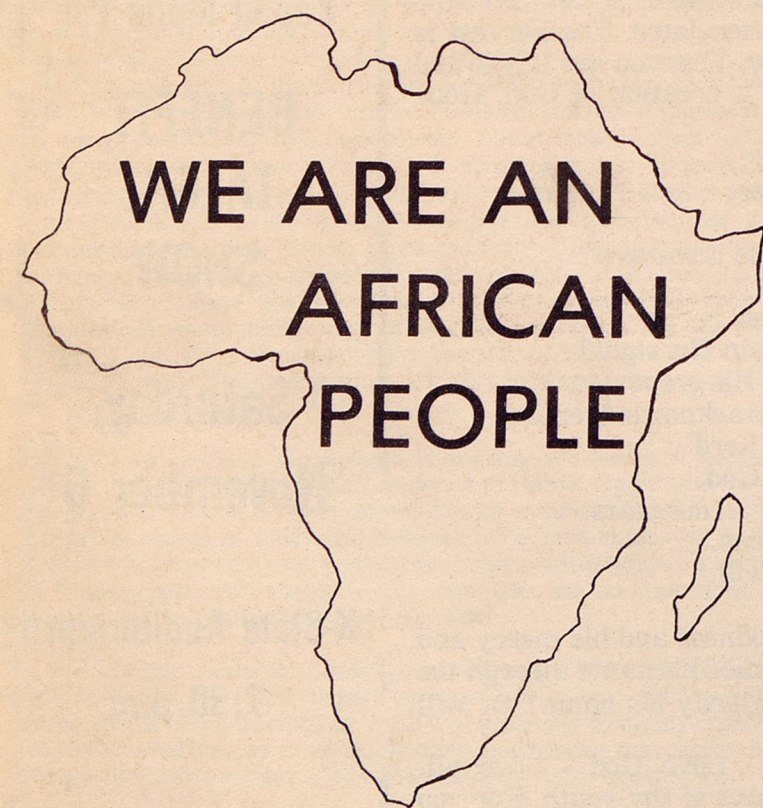
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An African's View

"What I Observe From My Spying Spot"



BLACK ON!

BE FREE!

As a foreign student I have been trying to make some realistic assessment of the K. S. U. students' population and relationship and I should express a few of my interim conclusions.

I am basing most of these on my observations and personal cross sectional findings and by interviews. You would also find out that I am writing not only as an African but also as a K.S.U. student, and as an entity who should be able to make independent and unbiased conclusions.

Because Kansas State University has been unique, for ages, in the fields of agriculture, the campus has more foreign countries represented than is the case in any other U.S. college. By the end of last week, there were over 469 non-permanent resident foreign students representing at least 46 countries excluding the U.S. No wonder one meets black, white, yellow, red, and brown complexioned individuals, all bustling from one end of the campus to the other throughout each day. This makes life interesting as no one finds oneself a unique minority but rather a conglomerate group. That does not mean to say that much effort is made by any one group to

familiarize herself with another foreign group as everyone tends to mutter, "fry your own fish while I do my own thing the way I like it".

As mature students, one would expect a mix-freely attitude among students rather than the Chinese or the Africans go it alone as a bulk. Yet, school life is the best and the most interesting period of a man's life regardless of his age.

I must not forget to mention my observation of a few groups of American chicks. It is an undisputable fact that college is a fertile venue for a boy or a girl to meet and decide on his or her life partner. That a girl's foremost prayer is to procure a husband is surer than deity is to every mortal. But some chicks do this to certain extremes. They often feel (and my interviews confirmed this) that by moving with or dating unmarried foreign students they would jeopardise their chances of securing American boys. That is a cheap excuse. Not many foreigners would expect such behavior among civilized and mature elites let alone among the academicians!! We should appreciate the fact that there is no difference whatsoever in a normal cerebrum both between and within nationalities except that some people have more opportunities than others to make adequate and efficient use of theirs. What differentiates one

race from the other is a skin pigment which is deficient in any white fellow.

On the whole, I should admit with no reservation that I am much impressed by majority of the American students for their friendliness and cooperation with foreign students. I am sure the foreign students are appreciative of that gesture.

Having had almost a year observation on K.S.U.'s Student Governing Body I found that majority of the students have amazingly cold attitude towards the Students Union. It is only an infinitesimally fraction of the students population that cares to know or been involved in what is going on in the student organizations. We should remember that education is not only an acquisition of high grades but also to learn how to govern, be governed, and how to live happily and friendly with our roommates and neighbors.

This leads me to the most important aspect of my article. If I am to be brutally realistic to my conscience and to express the minds of other fellow African students on the K.S.U. campus, I should not hesitate to state the group of students who has disappointed me most is that of Black Americans students embraced by "Black Student Union". As fellow brothers, I think they

(Continued on page 2.)

Buff Raps . . .

Remember Thy Creator
The Maker and Creator of all mankind
Is He dead?
Is our creator dead? Do we have
a creator, do we have a God?

God and religion is a subject that everyone tries always to avoid and cover-up. Why? Is it that God is a big secret? No - No! I feel we must talk about this Supreme being, or we will live in confusion forever. Confusion - confusion of self and Nature, confusion of life and death. A mind - a mind - a mind, amid that central itself. A mind that tells you there is no end - there is no self and there is no creator. A mind that is lost. If your mind functions in this order, then you are caught in the space of time. You are traveling on a journey without an end. The ship you see is on a merciless voyage, traveling to nowhere.

Look around you, and ask your mind, "Is there a creator?" From the beginning of time life has existed and life has created life. How can this be so if there is not a Supreme being somewhere, who stays on his job? The world is the world, the condition is caused by man - the solution is with God. How wise must you get to realize this. You may become so wise that you become foolish and believe that there is no God. How old must you get before you become Human? To live without him is not to live at all. No God is no life - no hope - no will. The way is the truth and the truth is the light.

Call him Buddah, call him Allah, call him Jehovah, call him Savior, but call him. No matter what names may spring from your mouth, he is our creator. He is our life - our all and all. He's a rock in a weary land. He's shelter in the times of a storm. He's a lilly of the valley - a bright and morning star. It would be easy to live in this world and play the game without rules and win. But, to play the game by the rules and to succeed is true life. Oh, God gives us the strength to write in thy name. All praise to thee - To whom all Praise is Due. To cry out his name today is a threat to your sanity - simply because man will not except God openly. Why? If he is so gracious and if you do believe in him, why hide it? All good things are displayed not hidden. If I must be alone to love him, then I need not love him. If I must be high to enjoy his beauty and his masterpiece, then I need not have eyes. If I must cry the cry of a thousand years of pain for you to see his glory - then I must do it - now!

A Savior is he not - a blessing. Your eyes have seen his glory, your lips have tasted his sweetness, and your ears have heard his message - and your life goes on - and on and on. No thoughts of time and not time to think. No cry is heard - not a whisper is spoken. You witness his blessings and your life still goes on - and on and on. You cry for his death, you cheer for his birth, you call upon his name and he answers you - even when your cries were in vain, but your life still goes on - and on and on.

You laugh - when you're happy, you cry when they did and you even make plans for when you must die. You know there is an end - so you must know there was a beginning. You believe you must die and your life goes on - and on and STOP!

Why do we live like this, why must our life be a never ending cycle that has no goal or no destination. Why? Because life is what you make it. Life is yours - life is ours to touch not to hold on to. Life is precious and it's priceless. Without God, you have no life.

The Power and the Glory! The power to secure our freedom and the Glory of God. Are they one of a kind - can you play with fire and water at the same time? Will one kill the other, or can they be united? They must be - simply because we need our freedom - and we also need our God. How do you combine love, peace, and mercy with a fight for freedom? Just as you apply heat to a pot of water, you apply God to freedom or with freedom. The Power and the Glory. The power must be fire and the Glory of God is water. Why water? Because they both are essential - without water there is no life - without God there is no life. Why fire? Freedom comes by force not by fantasy. Fire is felt - it burns - it makes one more aware and more fearful. To secure our freedom this society must first be aware and fearful. But, can we bring two great forces together and work for the same cause. The cause is freedom and life. God gives us life - Freedom is a fight controlled by man alone. Each and every human being was created equal and free, but man stepped in with control - "control the people with Soul". Our freedom is ours - God gave it to us all, but we must make sure we regain it. In our search for Freedom, we must find God. And in our search for God, we will find freedom. Freedom of man and earth, freedom of fear and death. Where there is life there is our Creator - with him is love and with love is eternity. For love is eternal.

"What I Observe from My Spying Spot"

(Continued from page 1.)

appreciate the fact that they owe some fraternal obligations towards African students. Any black African students who arrived on K.S.U. campus and finds over 200 Black students would surely feel at home, but after a few months they usually find out that their own supposedly brothers don't even care for them.

After my interviews with some of the African students I became even sadder as almost everyone of them has the same feeling and expressed disappointment in our fellow brothers, the Black Americans. Let us assume that there is no B.S.U. on the campus, one wonders why they cannot organize a committee at the beginning of each semester to augment the efforts of the students International Center by helping new foreign and probably helpless students. "A Friend in need is a Friend indeed".

Even if you do not have an immediate help in trying to secure a room for hire, the mere gesture of fraternal concern and awareness is good enough. Africans are unique for their friendliness, hospitality and open mindedness.

The Black American students need not to go to Africa before they may obtain commensurate information on Africa and the

Africans. A good cross section of Africa is represented on the campus. One would have like to see the B.S.U. organize lectures, debates, discussions, and movies on African affairs, the people and development. And then invite African students from different countries to talk on any aspect of their countries. By so doing you would have up-to-date first hand information about Africa rather than falling victims of what some unscrupulous entities wrote about Africans. Many young Americans still have the belief that Africans live on trees, some say Africans live with animals. One is often confronted with such questions as: "Do you have motor vehicles in Africa?" "Do you have cities?" "Do you have languages and religions?" These are just a few of such silly and irritating questions. Of course, I personally don't take an offense at such questions when I know that an average young American does not have an idea of another bordering state even in the U.S. This is poor. And that is why I feel sick when a Black American degenerates to the same level of ignorance. He needs not wait till he has African language or his story in his curriculum before he digs out facts by himself.

It is very exciting to have summer flights to Europe. But I assure you that it is more exciting

in Africa. It is not because of the tigers and elephants that our old friends wrote or talked of, but the people in their natural environments where nature is so kind—no earthquakes, no ocean problems to the fish, no unusual drought, no free bulleting, and of course, no pollution problems. Technologically, African countries are developing much faster than the western countries when the latter were at our stages.

I am sorry if I have sounded too reproachful but I should be disappointing you if I failed to point out to you what your fellow African brothers and sisters feel about you. Truth is usually bitter but is better expressed rather than no ill feelings towards anyone regardless of color and sex. I am merely speaking the minds of many others.

I trust this revelation would generate some impetus, especially, in the guys as majority of us feel that the girls are trying. One has to appreciate their limitation. They are reserved and wish to play ladyship.

I have to thank you for inviting me to express my opinion in Uhuru. I trust it serves the purpose that you have in mind, if not, do, pardon me.

Thank you. (Na gode)
Mike 'Dele Olayiwole

HURRAY FOR THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

If the facists make you nervous,
And the Dagos make you think,
And you wonder why the hell
Do all the goddamn Russians stink

Should the punk-ass Japs annoy you,
And the stupid Chinks do too
And you want to kick all niggers butts
Until they're black and blue

Then you're a true American
Your heels then you should click
And then see a psychiatrist;
'Cause goddamn man, YOU'RE SICK
—Sylvester Washington

Brothers, Sisters, remember thy creator. Remember the "Supreme Being" that breathed the breath of life into your soul. Forget not him - For he remembers you. In a world with hate, ignorance and confusion, it is easy to forget that life does not end on earth, but is gained on earth. Your work will be somewhere. Yeah, Ye who forgets him now, will be forgotten later. The harvest is plenty, but, the workers are few. Yes, you are Black and you are beautiful and you are a creation of God. God! God!

As brother John Coltrane writes;

"Glory to God...God is so alive
God is.
God loves.
May I be acceptable in Thy sight?
We are all one in His grace.
The fact that we do exist is acknowledgement
of Thee Oh Lord
Thank you God.
God will wash away all our tears.
He always has...
He always will."

Brother Trane knew of his goodness and his mercy and told of it - and blew of it. He Glorified his name through the sound of a horn. How will you glorify his name? Or will glory be your eternal home?

Love Brother - Love Sister - Love God - Love all. Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth. For you must carry on his name in the Glory that it must exist. To talk about God is not a "deep rap". For your rap should come from your heart - and your heart speaks. It speaks of love so let it speak of God and his Goodness.

I do preceive and have been reinforced of his power, and of our need for, and dependence on Him. I say to you - No matter what - It is God - He is Gracious and Merciful. His way is in Love, through which we all are. It is Truly - A Love Supreme - A Love Supreme - A Supreme Love.

Check Out
the
Kappa Alpha Psi

BENEFIT
TALENT
SHOW

Saturday,
November 6

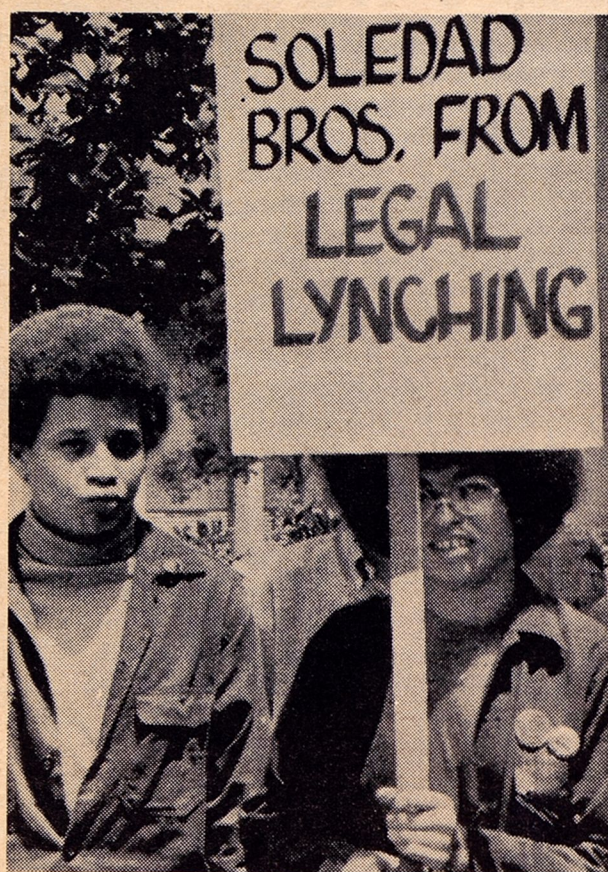
K-State Auditorium

7:30 p.m.

Price: \$1

Express
Yourself

Leaderless Struggle?



REVOLUTIONARY ROLL CALL

George Jackson	Bobby Huton
Marcus Garvey	Nat Turner
Malcolm X	Jonathan Jackson
W.E.B. Dubuiois	Martin L. King, Jr.

ANGELA DAVIS AND GEORGE JACKSON

To unite their minds would lead our struggle to freedom. Together their souls would unite oppressed people of the world. Leading, guiding, shining, and glorifying the revolution. They would give to the struggle what the struggle has given to the people — "a reason to live and a cause to die for".

The world feared their return. Racism knew it could not withstand the pressure of two great leaders. So racism has made sure and is still making sure that they will never add fire to the struggle. But what racism has failed to see is that through its attempts to destroy it has created. It has created fire in the hearts of Black people, this fire will someday be changed into hate, and this hate will soon create images of George's and Angela's all over this country. For where ever there is truth there is light. And the light of these two fearless leaders has sun upon thousands of dark people. People of color, people of oppression, people of people—who will carry on in the way that it was planned to be carried out!

The struggle at this point is without a leader. The struggle is at a standstill. Apathy exists, but why? Because that fire that is needed has been smothered down by buckets full of "integration, tokenism, and collective slogans such as "we love everybody". The Struggle still goes on, but so does racism! Each day that the sun rises, racism erupts with it, but as the sun sets, racism turns into futile attempt by the oppressor to let the oppressed rest from their misery. But at night is when the oppressed feels even more the constant threat of mental slavery. For darkness brings loneliness, and loneliness brings out the true man which is being oppressed. Racism is more than just ideas and practices, it is the invisible nightmare of each oppressed man's dreams. It thrives on the fringes of all oppressed peoples' hopes and aspirations of being free. It's a 24 hour "thing" that never sleeps or rests or takes vacations. It exists at full steam while we at times relax our forces. We allow the struggle to be run at low speed, when racism travels "wide open". We are therefore defeating our purpose. We are defeating ourselves, and not our main enemy which is "Mr. Racism".

What is missing from the struggle at this time is a leader. A fearless, outrageous, supreme sacrificing leader. A grassroot nigger who wants, needs and will settle for nothing else but his complete freedom. A bad nigger! A nigger of today with desires for a new tomorrow. A bad brother who knows the past, and plans to make a better future because of it. A downright crazy nigger with a mind that has no limitations, no bounds, and no realization of pseudo fear.

The Struggle awaits this leader, for he is needed badly. His cries are ringing in the hearts of those who have yet to hear him cry. His movement is being watched by those who anxiously await his eruption. For we all need him, we need that prophet, that disciple, that carrier who carries the "new message". He who shelters our hopes and dreams.

I want to cry out for him, I want to tell the world of his coming, but I myself know him not! He is as strange to me as he is to all of us. I know not where he travels nor where he rests, for if I did I would plead to him to come direct the loads of anger and pain that rest on the shoulder of my people.

Fear not though for he will be here, he shall arrive and will arrive on time. The Struggle will pick up force and it will pick up right on time when we least expect it. They will occur like a thief and robber at night. And no one, I say no one knows the time nor the hour!

— David Hall

If you don't band together you'll die alone. And as a monument to your ignorance perhaps the white boy will treat you as he did the Indian, kill you, and put your head on a nickel.

HIS EYES

His Eyes . . .
The eyes were sincere
and so I believe the heart.
I could tell by the
moves and stretches
of the delicate mirror
is the head of our bodies
I could tell by the
touch of the eye
when I glanced at me.
The touch was soft,
but it was meaningful.
The touch was for me.

— Debera Weaver

Less aggravating for you,
but more for me.
So good for me,
but not for you.
Which is right?
Which is Wrong?

— Debera Weaver

New Fight Against Sickle Cell Anemia

By Joyce Tarbert

Blacks all over America are banding together in another fight— a counterattack on Sickle Cell Anemia. Sickle Cell Anemia is a killer of Black people, that, until recently, could not be controlled. As the disease affected mainly Black people, not much attention was given to it. People who have Sickle Cell Anemia suffer extreme pain, sometimes for months during a "crisis" when many of the elongated sickled, cells clog the vasculature—the blood vessels and veins—causing a lack of oxygen throughout the body.

Because of the high incidence of malaria in Western and Central Africa, Africans built an immunity to the disease. Their red blood cells become elongated in to a sickle like shape.

When slavery trade invaded Africa and forced people to another environment, the advantageous immunity of Malaria was not needed. And as these blood cells were transferred from generation to generation, black people in the U.S. began to suffer from anemia from these sickled red blood cells.

There is no cure for Sickle Cell Anemia as of yet, but it can be controlled by constant treatment from birth to death to avoid crises and to relieve pain. According to doctors, the only way to end the disease is to "starve it of victims—that is, to make sure no more children are born to carry the trait. People with the Sickle Cell trait are not discouraged from marrying, but are warned of the chances of their children having the disease.

Organizations to help combat the disease are being formed. Last year, the Sickle Cell Society, Inc., in Pittsburgh was established through community efforts. One of the largest groups is the Foundation for Research and Education in Sickle Cell disease in New York City. Many more concerned Blacks, including famous personalities are rising to the call for control of this Black killer.

What Will You Do!

Limited Population or Genocide!

By Danny Fields

Birth Control Pills — IUD — Condom — Vasectomy — Abortion — all of these are terms that typify a movement to limit the population. We are told by ecologists that at the present rate of growth, by the year 2000 the world population will more than double what it is now. And now two-thirds of the world's population is suffering from hunger. They tell us that within our life times even the almighty U.S. because of its own consumption, pollution, and resource exploitation and accompanied by overpopulation will also suffer the agonies of famine — overcrowding — disease — limited life expectancy — and war. The first step, they say, in coping with already inadequate food supplies, dwindling natural resources and a deteriorating environment is to limit the population growth.

But a limited population growth is being called 'genocide' a means by which we will limit our power by killing ourselves. They say that to increase our power we should increase our numbers and that if this is not done we will loose what power we have. But if what ecologists say is true, that overpopulation is an irrevocable world fact, when conditions worsen in America the ones who will feel it the quickest and the hardest will be the poor — blacks — us. Just as we have suffered the most in times of plenty for other Americans, so we will suffer the most when conditions get worse here in America. We will suffer because we are black, because we are poor and because if we continue to have large families as we have had in the past we will have to support the most on the least. Another of the arguments by those who say "genocide" is to argue that it is against nature to control birth or that it has been traditional for blacks to have large families. But is it against nature to let your kids be hungry simply because you were. Or is it traditional to have six children when you can only support three?

It seems more important to ask not, "How many of us are there?", but rather

"What is the quality, nature and direction of our lives?" The direction of our lives should not be wasted on just trying to survive as we have had to do in the past, but channeled into ways that will allow us to enrich and replenish our community. We should not allow those who pollute, consume, and exploit as a way of life, limit the nature of our lives but we should let the nature of our lives reach a fullness of character and ideals for us as individuals and as a people. The quality of our lives should not be limited by our own inadequacy to see the not-too-distant future, but bettered by our efforts to give ourselves and our children a chance at life in as much as we are able to do.

But, brothers and sister, talk is cheap and this is all old rhetoric. In the final analysis what we do as individuals is what counts. Call it what you want birth control — family planning — population limitation — and yes, genocide — it all refers to the same thing. What will you do?

Stroll On

Sitting here; with my sons playing in
The background—
Going over reruns of our life...waiting
For the new season.
Hoping for a new position of importance
In your mind.
Wishing you'd reevaluate my request
For prime time.

Knowing that I love you—you know—
You don't do—what you should—you—
Love of my life, you are my essence,
But like essence: Fleeting, not concrete.

But I need someone concrete. I need
A new unused sidewalk
To take my life for strolls on;
For unlike Disneyland or in the
Great Oz—the yellow brick road is
So hard to find, so hard to find...

So stroll on.

—Debra Turner

