



HARAMBEE!! UMOJA!! UHURU!!

104

ERNIE ALLEN DEMANDS SUPPORT FOR HUEY NEWTON

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

In the early morning hours of October 28, 1967, Brother Huey P. Newton, Defense Minister of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, was shot and wounded while defending himself against two white pig-cops from the Oakland Police Department.

Usually, incidents of this type involving Black People and cops end in the shooting to death of Black People and the white-washing of the cops by the racist mass media. This time, however, it was one of the punk cops who got himself killed, and now the Black Man, Huey Newton, is being charged with "murder" by the same honkies who send the cops to get us in the first place.

Brothers and Sisters: Brother Huey needs our support! Black People cannot allow a kangaroo court run by our oppressors to set itself up as our judge. The only thing of which Brother Huey can be found guilty is that of being a Black Man enslaved by a white racist society, of being a Black Man who defended himself against the white oppressor who daily shoots our people down in the filthy streets of racist North America, of being a Black Man who refused to allow himself to be harassed any longer by the Beast. No, Brother Huey is not guilty! It is racist white America which must take the blame for the loss of its pig-cops, for it is this same punk-nation which sent them to oppress us. No, not Brother Huey, but Lynchon Beast Johnson and his cowboy government are responsible.

Brothers and Sisters: GET IT TOGETHA! Tomorrow, the next day, or even next week, IT COULD BE YOU. The date of Brother Huey's "trial" is January 11, 1968. More information on the place will be given later. Plan to be there to support Brother Huey in our fight for Justice and National Liberation. UMOJA UMOJA UMOJA UMOJA

Unity Means UNITY WITH BLACK PEOPLE

Ernie Allen, Co-Chairman of
Black Panther Party of Northern California

BLACK MARKETER

BROTHER STRUGGLES AGAINST U. S. NAVAL RACISM

It is not a big secret that Jim Crow also wears a uniform - especially in the U. S. Navy. This time, though, a brother put the finger on him, and the guilty beast is striking back. But brothers and sisters are helping win his fight.

He is Edward Lynn, a corpsman at the Naval Hospital in San Diego, California. Brother Lynn had the guts to protest discrimination against Afro-Americans, and Mexican-Americans working at the hospital.

On August 7, 1967, Lynn and thirty-six other brothers filed an official protest. Each of these brothers had suffered injustices--they were denied promotions assigned inferior housing, had their leaves cancelled, etc., etc.

Now, what did the Navy brass do about this official protest? Did they investigate the charges like reasonable men and try to remedy the situation? No. - Instead, they threatened some of the brothers. They said if these brothers did not take their names off the complaint they would either court-martial them or send them to Vietnam-- 22% of the dead and wounded on the U.S. side are black. The "brass" asked Lynn to submit a special request for release from active duty. He did so, writing a statement that gave his reasons for wanting a release.

Did the "brass" give Lynn his release? No. Because he was telling it like it is in his statement, they charged him under military law with being disrespectful to the commanding officer and to the President. Then, when Lynn passed out copies of a newspaper article describing his case they charged him further with spreading disloyalty among the troops.

These are the charges Brother Lynn now faces. Furthermore, he has received orders to go to Vietnam. It's clear the Navy wants to destroy Brother Lynn. But the brothers and sisters in San Diego have served notice that they want to save the Brother so the Black Student's Council of the University of California in San Diego and the San Diego Black Conference have been having a series of demonstrations in San Diego to support the brother and they have been well attended by the Black Nation in San Diego.

MERRIT FIRST J. C. TO OFFER AFRO-AMERICAN AA DEGREE

Merritt is the first junior college to offer an Associated Arts degree in Afro-American studies according to an announcement made by Dr. Doris A. Meek, Dean of Instruction at Merritt.

To be initiated this winter quarter, the new program will include courses in African Civilization, The Negro in America, and Afro-American History, all offered under the head of the History Department. The English Department will have a course in Afro-American writers, and the Art Department will teach the Survey of Afro-American Art.

A course dealing with the problems of Afro-American education is under consideration for the winter quarter, and

VIET-DAMN!



"President Johnson reviews his troops."
(Nguyen Nghiem)

BAY AREA BLACK ARTIST RENOUNCES
U.S. CITIZENSHIP

additional courses in music, physical education, health education, anthropology, literature, African language, and sociology may be offered in the future.

The new Afro-American degree has been under study for several years, and has been formally requested by a group of Afro-American students on Merritt campus, and supported by some of the Afro-American organizations in the community.

The content of the new curriculum was recommended by a committee of students, faculty, and administration after a study of suggestions from members of the faculty, students and the community. The committee recommended that the A.A. degree be established as soon as possible.

(Toronto, Canada) On December 7, 1967 Muslim poet-playwright Nazzam Al Sudan (Marvin X. Jackmon) renounced his United States citizenship. A member of the Nation of Islam, Brother Nazzam majored in English Literature and creative writing at San Francisco State College until he was drafted in June, 1967. At that time, he dropped out of college and co-founded (along with playwright Ed Bullins and Actor, Hillery X. Broadous) Black Arts West Theater, San Francisco. The theater produced his two one-act plays "Flowers for the Trashman" and "Come Next Summer". Earlier, this year, Brother Nazzam worked with poet-playwright Leroi Jones on a communications project in the Black Community of San Francisco, sponsored by the Black Students Union of San Francisco State College. His writings have appeared in Black Dialogue, SoulBook, Muhammad Speaks, and the Journal of Black Poetry. He is a contributing editor of the Journal of Black Poetry. A collection of his poems appear under the title "Sudan Rajuli Samia or Black Man Listen" and a collection of his thoughts on National Liberation "Black Dialectics", etc.

The following is the full statement Nazzam Al Sudan presented to the U. S. Consul: "I renounce my so-called American citizenship because the United States of America has attempted by action and inaction to deprive me and my brothers and sisters, the 30 to 40 million so-called Negroes, better known as Asiatic Black Peoples, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

----- Please Clip and Mail to: -----

Huey P. Newton Defense Fund

P.O. BOX 8641
Emeryville Branch
Oakland, California

Name _____
address _____ city _____
I Pledge \$ _____
Enclosed You Will Find \$ _____



The News that South African para-military forces were going to the aid of white Rhodesians coincided last month with an announcement from the Organization of African Unity setting up a new military committee to aid African freedom-fighters.

The committee was the outcome of a remarkably effective meeting of the OAU - effective despite grim auguries.

In the 18 months since the last conference in Addis Ababa, fratricide spread through Nigeria, the Arab member states were clobbered by Israel and white racism remained bouyant in the south. And, set against the wretched backdrop of the Congo, the extra vagant hospitality of President Mobuto only added to the gloom.

Yet, against all the odds this fourth assembly of the Organisation of African Unity was sober, workmanlike and effective. Most encouraging of all, perhaps, the delegates decisively reaffirmed their support for the armed struggle against Smith, Vorster and Salazar.

African National Congress representative in London Joe Matthews was a member of the joint ANC-ZAPU delegation to Kinshasa. We asked him for his impressions.

"A most important step forward was the decision to create a committee of military men to co-ordinate aid for the armed struggle in the south", he said. Broadly, the OAU decided to set up a 17-nation commission of military experts as an adjunct to the existing Liberation

Committee. It is expected that senior officers will oversee the supply of arms, funds, and military advisors to the guerillas.

Press reports from Kinshasa also suggest that combat troops may eventually be made available by stronger member states like Ethiopia, Algeria, and Egypt.

News of African guerillas battling with Rhodesia and South African troops hardened support behind the liberation movements. But Joe Matthews, who also visited Zambia on his African trip, denies suggestions that the joint command of ANC-ZAPU sent in "sacrificial" forces to capture the headlines at a crucial moment.



"Our forces have been infiltrating over a long period," said Joe Matthews.

"The band engaged in heavy fighting had in fact, been active in the area for many weeks before Smith heard of them. This contradicts Smith's claims of an all-seeing security service."

GLOBAL VIEWS

digging in for a long and merciless struggle.

"We have embarked on the armed struggle, not out of choice", Mathews said, "but through force of circumstances. Now that it is under way, we will pursue it right through."

Mathews stresses that developments will not be dramatic that the guerillas will not be seeking out pitched battles. Influenced, perhaps by their discussions with Che Guevara in Dar-Es Salaam in 1965, the infiltrators are at present seen as "armed propagandists" in the Cuban mold.



Black warriors move into position to ambush Rhodesian and South African honky troops. The action took place in "Rhodesia" which when it is retaken by the Black man will be called Zimbabwe, as our ancestors called it.

BURNING SPEAR

BLACK EGYPT

By Weusi

The ancient civilization of Egypt was started, developed, and spread by black people or Africans. Almost all Egyptologists are forced to admit that Egypt was a product of the African soil, and that although outsiders had some influence, the influences were nothing that could be considered basic.

The dynastic Egyptians came from the south which was called Nubia and Cush in ancient days. The general concensus is that the dynastic pharaohs came from what is now called Somalia or Ethiopia. Ethiopia herself stated that she gave Egypt its laws, customs, and culture and that Egypt was but a colony of Ethiopia.

The first dynasty of Egypt was formed when Nomer of the south conquered the northern sector, thus uniting the two Egypts Upper (South) and Lower (North).

Ethiopian influence came into Egypt in the second dynasty and thus began the era of superb art and architecture. By the fourth dynasty the prolific black architect, scientist, doctor and philosopher Imhotep had perfected the pyramids and Egyptian architecture in general.

The first six dynasty produced almost all basic structure of Egyptian civilization. After that, Egyptian culture showed the greatest resurgence when a new influx of black blood reentered the borders and bodies of Egypt. It can easily be shown that Egyptian culture suffered most when foreign influences gained any ground.

So verile was black Egypt that when, at times of weakness she was conquered by foreign powers, the "conquerers" were in turn conquered by Egyptian culture; and, at best, fitted their own ideas to suit those of Egypt.

Egypt in its three hundred years of development produced the fundamentals of architecture, medicine, geometry, mathematics and chemistry. She produced the

system of gods later made famous by Greece (actually, these ideas came from Ethiopia and reached the world through Egypt.). The other contribution of this verile black civilization are too numerous to attempt to enumerate. In a word, Black Egypt produced all of the essentials of what is now called civilization.

Ndugu zangu wamekufaa waishi!

(long live our ancestors!)

Black Dialogue

BLACK MAGAZINE for BLACK PEOPLE

Essays
Poetry
Plays

Black Art
Articles
Reviews

50¢ per copy
\$1.75 per year



BLACK DIALOGUE
642 Laguna St.
San Francisco, Calif.

Black Dialogue

EDITORIAL

We take this time to pay our respects to Che Guevara and his untimely death. May he now transcend the transitory.

The exploits of "Che" are generally well known amongst Black militants in the U. S.; however, it is rare that we look at his shortcomings and to pay due respect to this implacable enemy of American beast-imperialism. We must at all costs bestow our honesty upon his image. One thing is for sure, the events in Bolivia are shrouded with great mystery and serious error in the part of so-called revolutionaries (i. e. Regis Debray).

We can't help from recalling the editorial in SOULBOOK 6 which stated frankly that "revolutionaries in the West Indies, South and Central America, should stop their reliance on Fidel's speeches and start reading Fanon's books!"

Robert Williams put forth months ago, an even more ominous warning that we feel should be taken into consideration when analyzing why Che was assassinated:

"If the Western press is correct in reporting that "Che" Guevara is in Bolivia.....he had better get the hell out of there as fast as possible. If the Cuban intelligence knows where he is, so does the C.I.A.....Cuba's contribution to world revolution will be grossly restricted until its G-2 (Cuban intelligence is purged of its C.I.A. Trojan Horses."

At any rate, we feel if the two suggestions had been taken seriously at an earlier state, Che Guevara would still be dealing death blows at imperialism instead of imperialism dealing a death blow at him.

Wherever you are, Che, your untimely loss will be avenged.



ERNESTO "CHE" GUEVARA

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SOUL SISTA'

BLACK WOMAN (GOTTA TELL THE WORLD)

Lawd, Lawd knows I got a black woman
The prettiest woman you'd want to see
With her natural hair that she loves to wear
My black woman means the world to me

Got to tell the world 'bout my black woman
She's sweet as home-cooked yams in any kind of weather
With her African smile that she shows all the while
I can hardly keep myself together

Oh black woman
Yeah, black woman
Your most tender lips that I love to kiss
Who'd think that love could ever be like this? yeah

Lawd, Lawd knows 'bout my black woman
With a love as warm as fresh taffy
Got to tell the world that my heart's in a whirl
I'll never, never forget what she's done for me

Oh black woman
Yeah, black woman

The Journal of Black Poetry
1308 MASONIC AVE. #4
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94117



Sweaty and seamy, spread out in criss-cross concrete patterns as far as the eye could see on all horizons. Forests of swaying red brick and brownstone flung up towards the vacant blue sky from the open, junky plains. Here and there, the quietness of a wild animal split the quietness of the morning air The Jungle. Cold. And cruel. And Untamable.

Little White Rambo stood on the edge of the hill and tightened his hold on his little blue knapsack.

"Oh gee," he said, his voice quivering a little. Every morning it was the same thing. Every morning it looked a little more frightening. Every morning he thought would be his last. Wiping the dust from his sweaty pink brow, he started down the path into the Jungle...

"ROWWWRRRR!!!" Little White Rambo recoiled in horror as a ferocious Black Panther, grey stinky brain cocked to one side of his patent leather do, leaped from behind a concrete tree in front of him. He clutched his little blue knapsack closer to his little pink chest.

"Allright, motherfucker!" the Black Panther growled, kicking the dust at Little White Rambo with his Stacy-Adams shoes. "Dig, man, you trying to run a game on us, ain't you? Every goddamn morning you brings your ass through the jungle, carrying that goddamn blue knapsack with you. Now tell me, motherfucker, what in the hell is in that knapsack?"

Hands shaking, Little White Rambo pushed the little blue knapsack at the Black Panther.

"Oh, sir," he stuttered. "Nothing much. J-j-just a little money I was bringing to my grandmother in the castle at the other end of the J-Jungle..."

"Money?" the Black Panther roared. "Dust?" Greenbacks? Dust? Motherfucker, your granny don't need nothing but grandpa's stinky finger...hand that pluck over here!"

Little White Rambo drew a fat roll of



bills out from his little blue knapsack and handed it to the Black Panther, who snatched it from him and ran off into the Jungle, laughing to himself.

"Hah, hah, hah!" he rumbled. Motherfucker! Now I'm the Blackest Panther in the Jungle!"

Little White Rambo, wiping a couple of tears away from his washy blue eyes, folded his little blue knapsack against his chest and started back down the Jungle path. Presently, he met another creature coming down the path from the opposite direction. It was another Black Panther, but this one was strikingly different. He was dressed very neatly, not like most of the Black Panthers, and his hair was cut short and neatly parted. He stopped when he saw Little White Rambo, walked up to him, and shook his hand.

"Ah, my friend, my friend," he said. "How are you doing?"

"The Jungle"

"Not too well," Little White Rambo said, sniffing badly. "One of those Black Panthers stopped me not too long ago and took all of my money that I was going to take to my grandmother."

"Indeed, indeed," the Black Panther said, shaking his head. "Yes, some of those Black Panthers just aren't fit to walk the streets. They don't contribute a thing to society, just rob and steal. Don't you think so?"

Little White Rambo nodded his head.

"Yes, I just don't understand you people," he said, "I try my best to please you, but..."

And before Little White Rambo could get another word out of his mouth, the Black Panther had snatched a rolled-up piece of paper out of his little blue knapsack and was running down the Jungle path, laughing for all he was worth.

"Stupid fool!" the Black Panther cried back. "I tricked you, I tricked you, and now I've got your college degree. Now I'm the Blackest Panther in the Jungle!"

Crying very softly to himself, Little White Rambo picked up his now sadly depleted little blue knapsack, patted it smooth, and continued down the dusty Jungle path towards the now setting sun.

"BLACK POWER!!!"

A Black hand shot out from the side of a tree and caught Little White Rambo fully on the jaw, sending him reeling down the path and headlong into a rattling thicket. Before he could move the Black Panther was on him again, beating and cursing him.

"You Beast, you dog, you devil!" the Black Panther roared, shaking his nappy ange. "You raper of Black Women, you murderer of Black Children! 400 years, Whitey, 400 years!"

"Oh, please don't hit me any more, Little White Rambo wailed.

"Shut up, Whitey!" the Black Panther bellowed, spitting in Little White Rambo's face. "Ain't even any need to talk to you, Beast! Your system's gonna fall anyway, and I'm gonna help give it the last push! White pig!"

"Oh please, sir," Little White Rambo

pleaded. "If you don't hit me anymore, I'll let you have what's left in my little blue knapsack." He held the little blue knapsack up in the air.

The Black Panther snatched the contents of the little blue knapsack from Little White Rambo's hand. He stood for a moment, examining the glittering M-14 in the afternoon light, then with a final kick, went running down the Jungle path laughing for all he was worth.

"Weak dog," he yelled back, "Now I'm the Blackest Panther in the Jungle!"

Poor Little White Rambo, crying very visibly now, and without stopping the little pink tears pouring down his little pink cheeks and the little pink snot running into his little pink mouth, he picked up his now empty blue knapsack and started, once more, down the darkening Jungle path.

Soon, though, he came upon an open clearing, around which a large crowd had gathered. Straining to see, Little White Rambo pushed his way through the crowd until he came upon the center of the loud commotion.

The three Black Panthers, each waving the article he had liberated from Little White Rambo, were standing around a tall metal tree, arguing very hotly.

"I'm the Blackest Panther in the Jungle!" one roared. "I got that Mother-fucker's money!"

"No, no," the other joined in. "I'm the Blackest Panther in the Jungle because I've got the Man's education!"

"You're both Toms!" the third bellowed. "I'm the Blackest Panther in the Jungle, cause I got the devil's guns! So fuck all y'all!"

And soon they began chasing each other around the metal tree, arguing and waving their prizes, until they chased each other so long that they began to melt, and soon they were whizzing around at a delirious speed and they melted even more from the heat and friction, and finally, they chased each other around that tree for so long and they melted so much that they turned into one funky brown pile of shit...

RATS, ROACHES, AND RUFUS (continued)

And quickly, before anybody else could move, Little White Rambo raced up to the pungent pile and carefully withdrew a shining Black object from each mound, and deposited them in his little blue knapsack.

"Black niggers." he muttered to himself. "Don't they know there isn't a thing more precious than their Black Soul?"

And the crowd parted in awe as he walked down the now dark Jungle path, whistling, little blue knapsack hung over his shoulder, slowly moving into the night toward the castle at the other end of the Jungle.



L. B. Johnson : Well, if you please us de-escalate!"
by VAN TH



SWAHILI LESSON (IMPORTANT PHRASES)

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| hujambo | good morning |
| mbari za usiku | good evening, brother |
| twende ku vuta | let's go smoke |
| mtu mweusi | Black man |
| mama nisemehe | you're lookin good, baby |
| sasahivi | immediately |
| chui cheusi | Black Panther |

note : in Swahili the accent always falls on the next to last syllable