

Message to Attica  
and others

Attica, Attica, why was there blood streaming from your walls?  
The blood of Black prisoners, Black men. Men who committed  
crimes no greater than others, but who for the sake of change  
were murdered in the name of the enemy's justice.

Attica, Attica, yours is not the first. Our people are still being  
murdered at the hands of our enemy. Sisters are being killed  
while participating in causes for us. Brothers are being  
murdered everywhere, because (as the enemy says), they are trying to  
escape.

But Attica, yours is a strange story, to be told for many years  
hence. There are so many versions of your truth that it  
would seem difficult for people of other races to decide upon  
the right one. But, being Black, we know what really happened.  
We know that Black men were murdered by guards who came in  
shooting to kill, not caring who got in their way. They are  
even saying that the hostages, which you held, were shot in  
cross fire. Yes, I'll bet they were. You, who first cut their  
throats, but then decided it better to shoot them. Now  
which was it? One can never be sure, the enemies version  
changes everyday.

Attica, Attica, what will our people learn from this? That it is  
better to die for a cause than live and suffer unmercifully.  
But more Attica's will occur before it's all over. More of our  
people will be killed at the hands of so-called justice.  
Not our justice but theirs (the enemies). And what will we  
do? Sit back and get angry, or will we get out and try to  
stop it? If we don't, no one else will. And please, my Black  
brothers and sisters, do not solicit the help of our enemy in  
fighting our battles. We can fight our own battles. The  
mere fact of an Attica should make us realize this!!!

Everna Gwynn

"How Can I Forget"

by  
Willie Chancey

How can I forget the sweet days of yesterday,  
My last sensation of adolescent joys  
The inner confinement in my soul  
The confinement of being a boy.

How can I forget the "good old times", of tramping, exploring and  
going  
Ah, a broader feeling of growing up and experimenting for the sake  
of knowing.

And how can I forget the worldly pleasures, so vibrant, free, and  
vain;  
Their time will naturally fade away,  
'Cause they aren't difficult to attain.

How can I forget the first date,  
Something new, natural and worthwhile;  
The mere infatuation of puppy love  
Like that of a sweet budding child.

How can I forget my youth of a short overlapping of time  
The new feeling of being grown-up,  
That seems to ring my chimes!!!

Black Beauty

Many of my sisters and  
brothers think that wearing an  
"afro" is just a fad, just like  
white folks with the mini and  
midi skirts. We are not white and  
being Black is not a fad. It is a  
way of life, a beautiful way of  
life. Don't suppress the Africa  
that's in you. We call it suicide.

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By Afua Entiou

I am told freedom lies soaring in the wind. I will hence  
cast myself and flow with yonder breeze.  
Yesterday is gone only to return again. I must count on  
tomorrow, it is surely the only hope for me and mine.  
I don't know the answers; therefore I reason not with useless  
thoughts, but contemplate on the basis of my nature.  
We will gather together all which we have done and put it  
to the test. We do not pray on wins for we they are  
only chance gains. We shall only think of our people  
now and of our future together.

Everna Gwynn

A Woman

A woman is easily tempted and spurred  
A man can overcome her by saying one word  
He says the word, and the woman is led  
To live her life on the things that he said.

Man is the same; he shall always be,  
As for woman, her grace, the man shall always see  
From high up in the heavens our gift was sent  
With this gift, the man, we try to tempt.

But we have earned our body to tame  
We have learned to put out that ever growing flame  
The woman is important in every kind of way  
She's changing her way each and every day.

We show love and yet we live without a care  
But still we are weak, these things we cannot bare  
We are not quiet, we're clearly understood  
Some of us are devils, some of us are good.

It doesn't matter if the man is rich or poor  
But it would be nice if he were rich, that's for sure  
But a poor man's love is just as great  
And a woman needs love for her own foolish sake.

We women are priceless, it'll be known in the end  
We are their listeners, their pardoning friends  
In marriage we are the perfect wife  
We'll wear for pleasure a beautiful life  
We'll curb our tongue, we'll never fuss or fight  
We'll suffer in silence, although we are right.

I write to the man who knows I speak the truth  
He knows that we are the living proof  
Without women, men would have no friends  
There's much to be said, but too long to be penned.  
Amen.  
Colleen Henry

By Otis Curry

Long before I ever heard of  
STokely Carmichael or H. Rap  
Brown, I was aware that I was a  
Black man. And long before  
people started clinching their fist  
and wearing dashikis and afro  
hair styles, I had a sense of Black  
pride. But only after my  
separation from a  
military-oriented society, where  
I spent a large part of my life,  
and my exposure to higher  
education did I get a true feeling  
of Blackness.

This new exposure to facts,  
people, and the history of Black  
people has brought about a new  
feeling of Black consciousness. I  
would like for others to get the  
feeling I have by making a few  
statements.

Many Blacks talk Black, act  
Black, but are actually playing a  
role. They are only going along  
with what to them is the current  
fad. They must be enlightened  
that this current Black "Thing"  
is here to stay.

Young black need to spread  
the word to older Blacks by  
showing them facts to discount  
some of the myths and folk tales  
that they still believe. In other  
words the old dogs need to be  
taught a new trick, not  
forgetting that they are never  
too old to learn.

Black awareness, Black  
attitude, Black experience

should be such a powerful thing  
within us, that it would motivate  
our thinking as to "What can I  
do to bring about progress?" If  
each Black man and Black  
Woman in their climb to social  
status and success would  
dedicate themselves to do one  
thing for the Black race, it might  
would be a start of something  
good.

But before anything can be  
done, first you must "check out  
your mind." Make sure that that  
bag you're wrapped in doesn't  
have holes in it. This culture that  
we've been brought up in and  
exposed to has its advantages.  
We must learn to use these  
advantages to bring about

changes withing our own  
culture. We must not allow the  
blind to lead the blind.  
Therefore, we must not be  
blinded ourselves. We must take  
into consideration all points of  
view and rationalize our own  
solutions. Pity those who are not  
educated enough to do this.  
Those of us who are exposed to  
this education of the mind must  
educate others.

Finally I would like to quote  
the late Malcolm X from one of  
this speeches when he said, and I  
quote "once you change your  
philosophy, you change your  
thought change your attitude, it  
changes your behavior pattern  
and then you go into some  
action.