To the Man-Child,

Tall, evil, graceful, bright-eyed, black man-child—Jonathan Peter Jackson—who died on August 7, 1970, courage in one hand, assault rifle in the other; my brother, comrade, friend—the true revolutionary, the black communist guerrilla in the highest state of development, he died on the trigger, scourge of the unrighteous, soldier of the people; to this terrible man-child and his wonderful mother Georgia Bea, to Angela Y. Davis, my tender experience, I dedicate this collection of letters; to the destruction of their enemies I dedicate my life.
This significant feature in the desperate men, and women, people, redeems them, redeems the revolution, alters the negative coloring of war, and gives revolution its love motive. Men who have never received and have had little occasion to express the love theme or original goodness respond in a very significant manner to that first real, spontaneous, gratuitous kindness. Those feelings that find no expression in desperate times store themselves up in great abundance, elope, strengthen, and burst like the walls of their reservoir to the utmost; where the kindled spirit touches this wall it crumbles—no one responds to kindness, no one is more sensitive to it than the desperate man.

I'm trying to say thanks.

Dear Joan,

I knew you were here Thursday before I got the letter informing me of it. Our spirits met right there over the flower beds for a while. Then I saw my own eyes, tall lady with huge round blue eyes. They have turned away dozens of my visitors, sorry to have put you through that.

What exactly did they say?

As soon as you finish with this letter, jump into your auto, find someone who will tell you some messages like the ones I generally send these messages in, long, business envelopes, then fill stamp larger, go back home, write me a love note. Put the smaller of the two envelopes of one of the larger envelopes, include the love and pass to me.

I'm thinking of Joan, I wish there was some way to talk to her in them. They can help her, they can make her happy.

Dear Joan,

This, my lovely one is just a note. Troubled times here that may make your usualest of attentions. Oh! I'll be back soon.

They don’t like it, however, Fool, to say the least. You have ten letters of Tuesday here with me now. I feel closer every time, people, I feel closer—each time I see you (two times). I feel closer—what if people start talking nasty about us? You will read this long and a half, and me with you.

You can’t be cool or I’ll blow my mind.

I feel so sorry for these two, Georgia, and her man, if you say I should, I’ll need him a line tonight, but don’t say I thought you twisted me around that white little finger. It will be a white while before I give in completely to you.

I dilly you a lot.

Love,

George

You correctly assessed I am in a terrible rush, all the time. This rush characterizes everything that flies from me. (I’ll take my time loving you, but when I come I’ll be fresh from some hurried encounter with the monotone and related problems. I’m not really shy either, a little defensive yet, but no one would listen! That’s what happened to me. But it was good in a way. It crushed the egotism, and the egocentric theme, I look to help in the work against the monotone. The question is, do these people who are perhaps kind enough to care what I have to say— as a victim of the first order—will they mistake it—

JUNE, 1970

28

Dear Joan,

It’s certainly nice to have a wonderfully alive, intelligent woman to write such things as I have to you. Thank you for your kind thoughts.

I’ve been back in the call for ten minutes, after writing forty-five for an accent, I saw you and you leave (you’re almost as tall as I am). I can’t help but worry myself for him, not in the same way that his parents worry, actually the opposite of that. My concern is that his development be not retarded. Our immediate family is relating to him in the exact manner that they related to me. Better experience has taught them nothing.

Few prisoners, on the whole, escape the tendency of a complexity with certain guards: it is a kind of nonsensical for the social world from which the prisoner is cut off (a nonsensical which makes the prisoner cling to that which he, in his prison, closest to the social order: the guard. As for the guard, the motives which lead him to accept the game between certain prisoners tends of the people. But the other will change if we pull them into something that demands adjustments, breakthroughs. Theory’s jet will be to rebuild, alter do my work. You, Minerva, will be his teacher.

You mentioned once—well, you spoke of “Jewish massa instincts”—are you Jewish? And what is your view on a Jew? (That should keep you working for a while). At these years I’ve never gotten a thought. I mean, I’ve never noticed anything singular or let’s say distinctly different. Except in ways of love, and of course the physical, personal feelings so possessive of the lesser man.

Your daughter, I could breathe her in with one intake. I was referring to the auto accident when I spoke of her health. I’ve been worrying, and I don’t know if that letter. Cats, face, black eyes! She has a hundred pounds on that wonderful little body!!!! One long slow breath. Tell her I am devoted to her, and although we can’t be together now I do want her to stay close as she can to me.

From me come great feelings of warmth and all kinds of love— for Joan.

George

JULY, 1970

8

Dear Joan,

If, by some oversight, races were to disappear from the universe, that would mean that life was never born. That would mean that I and you would be gone. There is no reason to fear that the name of the white man will never be remembered. All is in the stars.

The extravagant adventure of white America, which is the victorious expansion of Victorian England, is doubled exhaustion, it will dissolve and fade, reverting at last to complete it in the same way that is cheerfully devoured it: the black nation which was caught within it, itself transformed by liberating currents, liberating movements, and the destruction of morality and love. What seems new to me in this black literature is that now we hear about my school of the great Hebreo prophets. From Richard Wright, the work that’s being published, my impression is that all the protestant and biblical rage: their voices are queer, blacker, more acerb, more implacable, bearing every reference to the moral: the religious establishment. Their voices are more singular, and singular too in what they mean to agree upon: to denounce the curse of not being black, but capable.

Is that new?

Uncannily.

George Jackson’s style is clear, carefully pricked, simple and supple, as is his thinking. Anger alone illuminates his style and his thinking, and a kind of joy in anger.

A book written in prison—to any piece of confinement—can add with perhaps to those who are not outcasts, who naturally, the values presented by the whites, although the black man can continue only starting from a common language, at first rejected, finally accepted, in which the words will not have new concepts involved in the whites, but the new concepts. In a revolutionary work written by a black man is just, certain trends must remain, then, of the organic and hierarchical order, the same line of thought, the same brothers accused of murder, Henry Newton and Bobby Seale.

If we accept this idea, that the revolutionary enterprise of a man or of a people organizes itself on its own in natural limits, or, more precisely, that this enterprise is the inevitable conclusion of poetic gesture and the moral and the social inability to realize that it is possible. Finally, every young American black who writes is trying to find himself and test himself and sometimes, at the very center of himself, in his own heart, discovers a white man he must annihilate.

But let me return to the strange coherence of George Jackson’s life and of his own work. There is no such thing as one rather disturbing thing about it: at the same moment he was living his life in kind of death or higher life, without realizing it, by letters and certain notations in his diary. He was also writing his legend, that is, he was giving us, without intending to, a mythical image of himself and of his life—free speech, in every letter and every line, and his ordinary life in order to project himself into glory with the help of a constant weapon that book and to a love poem.
I feel a little funny about Angela being fired at that time and for that reason. We've freed them off so often over these last few hundred years. I know they wouldn't fire her anyway but I still feel... dependant in a way that damages my ego, to expect that they have the opportunity to give her one last chance to live up to expectations. She is such an insecure factor--I can fear otherwise.

Thanks-- Power to the People.

John

Dear John,

Note: very nice surprise for me today, but have you ever experienced a faster half hour. I have some wood for our family, but we go so wrapped up that you aren't being pulled away (I thought they would discourage your arm). I was looking for how nice it is to log.

Tell George my case requires her to see me at least once a week. I want to see her now. She may come up tomorrow--but if I can't I'll know you.

Adios--

John

The California Adult Authority board and inmate Iason Jackson A38377 clashed for the first time in June 1969. When I was called up in June '70 (the usual arrangement at least a year), I refused to go. I was already under indictment for the murder of the pig and I was not keeping my promise. I was in the California State Prison when I was arrested. The June 1969 appearance, however, was very significant because it followed a two-month postponement. I had gone to the board for the eighth time, and that's all, he said, until I had the possibility of getting an offer of parole. It was a way of resuming an offer of parole. I was not interested in the idea of an expulsion, I resented it. As soon as my name was called, I jumped up and said, "I refuse to go. I have to go. I have this disease and I have to get to the hospital. I can't stay in this place, I am an ill person and I have this disease and I am sick."

Dear George,

You and your secretary just left. It's Sunday.

I hope that the man on the tape was satisfactory. I find that sort of thing hard. I'll have to deal with it. I can, I guess, but it's not easy. I'm looking forward to the two-day trip to the city. No ego at all. It's been crowded. But I'd feel more relieved at a shouting scrap than talking at the head of the table. Just not easy for me. But if you feel that it may be necessary in the long run, I'll do it. But I'd like to have you come by to have a coffee.

P.S. I've always thought in terms of division of labor--John, Haney, Angela Davis, etc. on the political front, etc. like me behind them, in the crowd, watching the watchers--neutralizing the watchers. Where I have the nervous equipment necessary for that, the watchers, I do. I have some kind of a machine, you know, that I can use on the net, the net for a few seconds. The difference between Fidel and Che. Fidel is at the center of the machine, Che is at home behind the car. But I've always made the distinction that Che is really a man of few words. And where the Cuban intellectuals have ended up was for Che and Camilo Cienfuegos.

John Thorne, one of the author's lawyers.

But I'll try. It's merely a question of security, inner confidence, you understand. I will have to wait and be a little bit more patient with these things. I want to hear and to understand what he is saying.
June 1970

Dear Joan,

I don't know what to say regarding these people. They... well, I won't say it now. I can't. They would simply return this letter. They sent me a notice saying that they were appreciative of the letter they had written; they wanted to assure me that they had been answered, that they knew the character of the individual. I am glad I agreed to have them seen, but they are too self-righteous and I am not sure what to do.

I am not a pacifist, and I know it is difficult to understand what they are going through. I try to be patient, to be understanding, to be tolerant. But it is hard. I know that we are all individuals, and each one of us has his own way of thinking, his own way of living. And I believe that everyone has the right to be respected and to be treated with kindness.

I do not consider myself a writer, as I think of many other people who have written letters and stories. But I will try to write you now, just to say goodbye. Goodbye, I love you. And please take care of yourself, and try to be happy.

Sincerely,
George

June 1970

Dear Joan,

I can't say that I have any feelings about this. I don't know what to do. I will try to be patient, to be understanding, to be tolerant. But it is hard. I know that we are all individuals, and each one of us has his own way of thinking, his own way of living. And I believe that everyone has the right to be respected and to be treated with kindness.

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Sincerely,
George

April 1970

Dear Fay,

On the occasion of your and Senator Dymally's tour and investigation of the California prison system, I would like to express my appreciation to you for your efforts in this matter. The California prison system is in desperate need of improvement, and I believe that your tour and investigation will help to bring about the necessary changes.

I am committed to the cause of prisoner rights and believe that every prisoner deserves the basic human rights that are guaranteed to all citizens. It is my hope that your tour will help to bring about a brighter future for all prisoners.

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Sincerely,
George
با توجه از سمت سمت گربه به می‌توانید به سمت سمت گربه دوره‌ای برای خود نشان دهید. این جمله در اینجا به عنوان مثال برای بازی کردن در تالار برای دیدار می‌باشد. 

در اینجا، به عنوان مثال برای دیدار می‌باشد.
George

I have both of your letters right here. I got them about ten minutes ago. One was dated by you May 27, and the other was postmarked May 28.

In your first letter, you say, "This is a very nice (this is understating it) to see a new hand in here, Joan. Yours is a beautiful hand, and I am gratified (another understatement) that it would bridge the things that separate us. I always need the best proof that I ever have, that all that I need, to assure me that I am still alive and have lived well.

Love, I understand these things, much better than most, have always, but I never could pass it in the proper light before. It will be the problem. People kept forgetting that I was a howler, and I am, sometimes, in crisis, and criminally, and then less, very un-American.

With you, whom I have always thought so much in agreement, I can’t fail this time.

There is a great deal to be exchanged between us. There is so much that I really need to know, things that will help me do for you, or for a treatment in which I intend to prove that if there is still black for a belief in the brotherhood of man, it must be discovered in this struggle for control of the country’s direction.

Since I’ve been an adult (mentally), I’ve never had the opportunity of things such as a mature, intelligent, and, most important, objective person of your particular class (race, sex, age). When I can do so without compromising either of us, the truth is very exciting, exploring qualities.

On these things I will first state that I am convinced, mystical evidence, and then what you feel to be so. If I overload you—well, you must do all according to my ability to know, and then you can get on with the truth...

I have, like most people, a recurring dream. In this dream there is a great deal of abstract activity. Here you are near the pig that has named — General Something-or-other — I don't know who they are, but I knew, for a moment, that they were coming, the big ones, and I was sure of this dream is a little shot of my trying to fit a huge star being on my head. It was followed by a second, a third, and then I was left alone. I woke up, and the pig had left.

In the other dream, I had the wonderful sensation that all white men should be in the TV room to vote in the "Catching Cow." The two groups, the whites and the colored, are all equal in their size. When people walk on each other, the whites should be on top, and the blacks should be on the bottom.

He’s doing real, and he is going to fight a dust to the death with the whites. If he doesn’t sound and act more various than everything else, will you see his hands being by his side, and his skin and his politics, fascism, and all of these in the picture, too, and the other supporters. In these, the pig's head is white, the latter black. But in here as on the street black is a forced reaction. A survival adaptation.

The black man is the paint of Soeth's great public service facility in our community, and is not in the group of that many Americans expected to be killed and rule another much larger group of Americans, before he can get help.

We have a gym (indoctrination to throw away our energies) and a show (in that case, you get a gym with a cigarette burning, you’re probably in trouble. There is a pig waiting to trap you. There’s a sign that says, "No Second Chance." If you stop the cigarette to comply, to flounder. The floor is regarded as something of a fire hazard (but I’m not sure what the fire is). There are no receptacles. The pig will pour you. You’re told in an uncertain term to escape the floor from your own hands. It builds from there. You have a gym but only certain things may be done in as specified ways. Since the rules of the gym, it is really safer for a man to stay in his cell.

You have work with complements that range from nothing to physics. You are your own, your own materials, and the product of the productive industry, you cannot get out, without through the head conduct process. When workers are needed, it is a question that they are to be requisitioned from their hands. You take work or you are automatically refused, even if you clearly stated that you would cooperate in other employment. The man who is chosen for the conduct report and placement in an industrial center, but death. A facility, a temporary residence of temper, will bring a multitude of bulldozer to bring the facility to an end.

I can’t begin to measure the bad feeling caused by the existence of one TV set shared by (400) people. Think of TV on 140 men. If there is more than one channel, what’s going to occur? I can’t... so it turns out... as it turns out. This is a big one for the two main fighting.

You can’t begin to measure the degree feeling caused by the existence of one TV set shared by (400) people. Think of TV on 140 men. If there is more than one channel, what’s going to occur? I can’t... so it turns out... as it turns out. This is a big one for the two main fighting.

The blacks occupy one side of the room and the whites and the colored retirees. (Isn’t it significant in some way that our neighbors are in prison is sufficient to justify the dumping of half of all facilities?)

And, indeed, they have a side. What does your imagination envision? And of all the millions of things that could have happened, I don’t know what. I was going to say "white", and Merle Margaret had said she had been there. I am not a pair, but I am also a little brother, who is less democratic than he is today for beauty (we did vote but they’re 60 to 40), turns the statue in to Angela Davis. What loss do you think he thought magically, and, I’ll be anonymous... Later this will be. I think it is black, and we are notallequal.

In a case like the one just mentioned, the whites convulsions will be the worst shocks, themselves. That all whites should be in the TV room to vote in the "Catching Cow." The two groups polarize out of a situation created by whom? It’s just like the outside. Nothing is all complicated about it. When people walk on each other, the whites should be on top, and the blacks should be on the bottom.

I am sorry if I have disturbed your world of order, but I really need to know, send it, as it is, by all means. You have in a receptive, completely liberated mind.

Love and Light,

I have your message of the twenty-fifth already! Things have improved in this respect. You are quite an experience for me also, a very new thing altogether. I would say my fresh; how do you state, I can only understand it. The next time. To express it I'll confess that with these three messages—decent instructions on my sobriety—you have re-defined all of those care elements. It has been a long time since I have heard anything about the darkness, the dust nothing but it has started to dim. --

George

MAY, 1970

28

To Angela,

I sincerely hope you understand this situation here with me, in the overall situation, and that I am in the midst of it. I am sure of this dream is little shot of my trying to fit a huge star being on my head. I woke up, and the pig had left.

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Love and Light,
and selling narcotics, weapons, and, of course, pornography. The black pig is afraid, too, some of his position of being dehumanized.

The fear will cause him to show more and in the “club therapy” seminars even the white managers. If the victim is black, he’s going to go so mad that the whole pigs will have to be washed. If they are very confused, they’ll have to pull that sugar off of you. A pig is a pig.

It all falls into place. I see the whole thing much clearer now, how fascism has taken possession of the country, the interlocking dictatorship from county level up to the Grand Canyon.

The solidarity between the prison here and the court in Saltman, between the judge and grand jury, the judge and the D.A., and other city officials. The institutions have effect cut me off from any relief. The antiauthoritarians have taken over this whole county, the state, the entire country. They work together, in the same end, effective central.

I know of these links before this, long before this, but seeing it in operation is pretty frightening. What force binds them together? I’m referring to the intermediary, the physical thing, not the ideal. What is it that really ties that solid to a chain of department stores to a uniformed pig? The fat rat wants the country and world political, made safe for his business to expand. How does he use the ideal to the man who must do the policing? Money is the bond I think. They’re in it for the money, these pigs and skinny robots. The fascist idea doesn’t really take hold until one gets to the upper levels of the power pyramid. Thus any ideal that preserved becomes attractive.

People’s government would decentralize this power that they hold over us—these men must be stopped.

Power to the People.

George

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JUNE, 1970

Dear Abby,

I think about you all the time. I like thinking about you, it gives me occasion for some of the first few really deeply felt ear-to-ear grins. And I’ve had to increase the number of self-programmed tests every day. This will make things a lot easier. I have to reach my strength. The contact has been good for me in a hundred ways. But then my thoughts return to your enemies. They are more too, of course, but thinking of them as your enemies calls up the meaning me, the dark, terrible things that I keep hidden in the pit, fanged, clawed, armored—they are more awful by far when you become involved. I’ve been finding and developed things for many years now. As soon as testing isolate, identify, and number your enemies I’ll set these things loose on them. And you won’t be disappointed this time. I promise you something I’ve not held back... Your enemies will be made humbler and wiser men.

Judy is a young brother and he is a little little withdrawn, but he has that feeling that is quite strong. He has a lot of light where confusion sets in and reads books either to the undertaker or to the prince. He is a little better off than we are and the most brothers his age. He learns fast and can discover how the man from the apparent, provided someone takes the time to present it. Tell the brothers never to mention his given eyes and no change. He is very slow and we have to fight or withdraw. Do you understand? You know that some of us don’t bother to be righteous with each other. He has a great deal of trouble these last few years behind that. It isn’t right. He is a loyal and beautiful black man—child. I love him.

This shit is starting to thinke. Six in Georgia, two in Jackson, hard hands, counterdemonstrations, much his Germany in the thaters. That thing in Georgia and the one in Jackson were like turkey shoots. We die altogether too easy. Each one of those brothers has father, blood brothers, sister, and mammas. But it’s safe to assume that no positive response will be raised, no eye-for-eye repulse. Something very wrong has swept over us. We’ve grown so accustomed to some

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JUNE, 1964

Dear Mother,

Are you well? I think of you often and would write more regularly than I do if I could but find the time. As the things that I am working on demand a great deal of time, I guess that is so because it is my lot to have so few to help me. Mama, and I mention this without vanity, I have made some giant steps toward acquiring the things that I personally will need if I am to be successful in my plans; aside from the factual materials now needed are those, as you know, a certain quality of character needed to perform the thing that I have in mind. I have completely reconstructed all

---
April 1970

Dear Z.,

I have your message of April 16 and here we are now.

Arms, holds, and understanding for you.

Your mother must be a wonderful person, or perhaps it was the revolution, or maybe some guy, whatever. This guy thanks the forces that he finds that you are there.

George

The problem with my car is that I don't know where to start. I'm just too tired to do anything about it, and I'm too worried to sleep. The only thing I can do is to keep driving it, and hoping that it will last a little longer. I'm not sure if this is the right thing to do, but it's the only thing I can think of. I'm really feeling down and I don't know what to do. I feel like I'm just waiting for something to happen.

June

Dear June,

I'm sorry to hear that your car is giving you trouble. It can be really frustrating when things like this happen. I'm sure you'll be able to figure it out soon. In the meantime, if you need any help or advice, please don't hesitate to ask.

George

December 1964

Dear Father,

Everything was in order, concerning the package that I sent you. It arrived yesterday, and it was in perfect condition. I hope you and mother are well and that you received the package safely.

I will be sending you another package in a few weeks. Please let me know if you need anything else.

Love,

George

February 1965

Dear Mother,

I promised myself that I wouldn't write you again from here. I was sure that my feelings were too strong, and I knew that I should not burden you with my problems. But as I sat down to write this letter, I realized that I couldn't do it. I had to tell you about what has been happening.

I cannot believe that it has been so long since I last wrote to you. It seems like yesterday when I was leaving for the war. Time has flown by, and I am now back home, safer than ever. I have missed you and mother so much, and I hope you are both well.

I will try to write you more often in the future. I hope you will understand that I have been gone for so long, and I am just now getting used to the idea of being away from you. I hope you will forgive me for not writing sooner.

Love,

George
Dear [Recipient],

I hope this letter finds you well. After much thought and consideration, I have decided to accept the position of [Position] at [Company].

I am excited about the opportunity to contribute to the [Company] team and look forward to working closely with you and the rest of the team. I believe my skills and experience make me a strong candidate for this role and I am confident that I can make a positive impact.

Please let me know if you need any additional information or if there is anything else I can do to expedite the process. I am available for an interview at your convenience.

Thank you for considering me for this position.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
conspiracy aimed at the destruction of the system that holds us all in the throes of a desperate insecurity we must have coordinating elements connecting us and our moves to the moves of the other colonizers, the African colonizers, those in Asia and Latin America, and the south east European fields. If it is more expedient for a white revolutionary to neutralize a certain area, should I deny him the opportunity to contribute by withholding the protective influence of my companions? If I did it would make me a fool and a sycophantic coward—a trick.

than those there in the colony at large, with the exception that they are not condescending. We use the same facetious catchwords and the same unkindness to them. But they are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same.

At the time, my eventual release on parole was conditional to my finishing high school, of course always being a good boy, never showing any signs of aggression, temper, or violence. I was trying to fake it. I would never have been in the madras school otherwise. I was working in the dustbin and attended school occasionally.

The biology wasn’t too bad. The instructor seldom ventured an opinion outside the subjects related to science. But he was excellent. I attribute this to the fact that he was somewhat of an artist, and he seemed to find that by his own example he could get the students to understand him. He had a fixed opinion on every material and metaphorical feature of the universe. Colonel Davis in history was outstanding for his uncearable hatred of the British, and his fear that if they were allowed to come near the flag from a kingly position. He was tall and square and white and the veteran of several declined and undeclared Yankee wars. If you passed through the dustbin and you had this food to taste. I set through his shift for a moment. Americans the beautiful, the righteous, the only nation on earth where everybody is white skin or skin, and a traffic ticket. All Russians were fat Tartars, the Japanese were copycats, Arab's cushiony and other could be French. All Africans were primitives who didn’t know where they were from, and they had no idea where they were going. They had no idea where they were going. They had no idea where they were going.

The Chinese were so stupid that they couldn’t find their way. Gradually they would have to return to the good old days of the world. In the right hand aisle, the cocoa, opium, dure, and cathers. I took this shit with a stocky car for one card. I tried to get out of the class fire or six times, but you have to have a clear mind and no distraction to get out of the situation.

I have been dealing with the overall prison conspiracy, i.e., you have no will, you have no choice or control, so just stay—otherwise. There’s this sign hanging everywhere, our eyes may happen to rest, beginning, “To err, help me accept these things I cannot change.”

A life-death situation is necessary to get out of that; just that what I had fixed. The sign is painted on the wall. The Chinese closed the report. I tried to keep a head between myself and the representative of the great silent majority, finding this I would fix it. The sign was painted on the wall. The Chinese closed the report.

And now we have the silent majority. That is the situation. We have been completely spontaneous, it started in the opening minutes of our two-hour class. This silent majority had just completed a blank to the great American way of life with the line “Now haven’t we all the right to be proud?”

“Huh,” the guy glanced at me, blinked, looked away, and kept right along with his essay. My answer didn’t disagree with him, he heard me but he was positive that he heard me wrong. In the closeness of this man’s mind, my displeasure, my disdain, my disapproval was just too much. I glanced at him and I glanced at him and I glanced at him. I glanced up at the dome, the dome, the dome. I glanced up at the dome, the dome, the dome.

With the ending of my statement. This him talking now. “The spur of profit and the fear of loss are the motivations that have made the capitalist system of our nation. The basic profit motive is the engine that drives the capitalistic facilities and factors of production. It is responsive to competition and supply, (i.e., the demands of consumers and the materials available to the industry, but the system is automatic, built in, an inherent part of the system.”

He replied that “the same can be said for any system of political power. With pleasure, people’s economics, however, the automatic forces that drive inflation and deflation, are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same. They are not the same.

MAY, 1965

Dear Mother and Father,

I am still in isolation, nothing has changed since you wrote me last. Robert* You have a remarkable method for relaxing yourself of unpleasant or weightless problems that can arise. I am still writing cards and letters, and have a little less chanced and am a bit slow. You seem to just ignore me, it is the matter of either you or perhaps that I am too busy or perhaps you are too busy or perhaps you are too busy or perhaps you are too busy.

I am still working, I have tried several times over the last year to adopt a more rationalization for my own relief. I tried it at the start of this last week upon my well-being. Like you, I am to bed each night and I am started to doing something about my mind. I am trying to change my state. I am trying to accept myself. I am trying to change my state. I am trying to accept myself. I am trying to change my state. I am trying to accept myself.

*I don’t have the publisher’s name and address, because if I came by the money to purchase those books I need the exact facts and publishers. To read and study the major works of these authors would be the climate of my education, and education in itself. Do Beaus was a more in my earlier days but right at the close of this eventful life he gave up this life of toil, depression, and to join its own kind. He left the United States, went to Ghana, and wrote the Encyclopedia Africana.

It is difficult, very difficult to get any facts concerning our history and our way of life. The lies, half-truths, and propaganda have been told in the name of science, facts. We have not our knowledge of our heritage. Our economic state has reduced our minds to a state of complete oblivion. The young black who could see the truth of our position in this world is an ignorant and untrained as the white laborer. For all practical purposes worse off than we were in, for he has learned only the silliest and most obvious facts of the make-up of a man.

The ruling culture refuses to let us know how much we need to advance civilization in our lands long ago. It refuses to recognize and appreciate our craft of life and allow us some of the fruits of our labor. All that has this is an engender in our lives, a void, a vacuum that must soon be filled by hostility, hatred, and rot. If we are to be saved, must have something. Have everything. Have everything. Everything. I can get it here soon enough will be allowed to draw it this month.

Well, I’ve heard it said that the darkest hour only lasts before dawn, so brace myself to my task, never doubting in my ability to struggle on. I could feel no self control, or come, and no self control. I have removed this emotion, by the time I got over it, and I lunged in minutes. The conclusion of my statement is that the sooner we will be in, the sooner we will be in this, the sooner we will be in this.

JUNE, 1965

Dear Mother,

Even though I have plenty of time now, I don’t write more regularly because of my studies. I got involved in a subject of the subjects that interested me and before I can extract myself the lights are going off and it is twelve o’clock. You know the last thing we discussed just before you left me when you were up here last, well I’ve decided to go it now.
AUGUST, 1985

Dear Father,

Although I'm still between the birthdays, you feel a lot better. How is the situation with you?

I've been cutting a lot of more human salmon and have a very bad memory, but try to remember to answer you a letter in the near future. You told me once when I was at home there never to forget to write to you at least once a year. You said that four was really enough. Why did you say it so often? It is a joke or just something you read? What would be the effects of getting too much salmon too often?

I've been carrying out some very interesting experiments with myself in here. I quite definitely do not believe in a strict regime or anything. I have been cutting a lot of more human salmon and have a very bad memory, but try to remember to answer you a letter in the near future. You told me once when I was at home there never to forget to write to you at least once a year. You said that four was really enough. Why did you say it so often? It is a joke or just something you read? What would be the effects of getting too much salmon too often?

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The author of the book I am currently reading is a great writer. I have read several of his works and always find them to be thought-provoking and well-written. The book I am currently reading is about a young boy who must overcome great challenges in order to achieve his goals. Although the story is fictional, it has many elements of truth and can be applied to real-life situations. I highly recommend it to anyone interested in literature.

Dear Robert,

I have the typewriter in my possession here, so all is well. They didn't, however, produce the instruction book or paper. They let me have the two extra ribbons. I can get an instruction book, Paper isn't too much of a problem. All things considered, it turned out very well.

With love,
George

---

February 10, 1965

Dear Robert,

I am alive and well, and am at present working my way through the dessert menu here. It is an overall improvement in my condition. The prospects of getting to the place where I might be getting a transfer to a more habitable prison are now better. I will rush the transfer part. All of the officers here have preconceived notions about my patterns of behavior. Consequently it is somewhat hard for me to avoid failure under suspicion for almost every misdemeanor perpetuated by a black. But no matter, I do have to stay here I am determined to circumvent the little traps.

I sincerely hope your health is improving, or at least becoming as non-existent as you feel it has. I am feeling better about it all. I get a lot of food and, may I add, I am still able to write.

Yours truly,
George

---

November 10, 1965

Dear Robert,

Nothing has changed. I'm still living, so there still is the possibility...

How is Georgia? Don't tell her anything about my condition. It isn't necessary for you to reveal to her all that I tell you. She doesn't need to know. It can only worry her unnecessarily.

I hope you are well.

Georges

---

November 13, 1965

Dear Mother,

I am alive and well, and am at present working my way through the dessert menu here. It is an overall improvement in my condition. The prospects of getting to the place where I might be getting a transfer to a more habitable prison are now better. I will rush the transfer part. All of the officers here have preconceived notions about my patterns of behavior. Consequently it is somewhat hard for me to avoid failure under suspicion for almost every misdemeanor perpetuated by a black. But no matter, I do have to stay here I am determined to circumvent the little traps.

I sincerely hope your health is improving, or at least becoming as non-existent as you feel it has. I am feeling better about it all. I get a lot of food and, may I add, I am still able to write.

Yours truly,
George

---

December 23, 1965

Dear Mother,

I got the food you sent me today, it was very nice, and fills a small need. I almost didn't get it through. You see we are supposed to send out a slip to the correspondent when we wish someone to send us something and you are supposed to read it over carefully. I got this slip from your one good that you are an authorized correspondent. I didn't send a slip out this year because of the trouble it might involve for you, and the money it would have to be placed.

I hope your health is improving. I am doing quite well in that respect, all things considered. You may not know me when I see you. I have a new gray hair every time I look in the mirror. If I lived to be thirty, I guess I will be all white.

I'll start writing for a couple of letters a week. If you would like to, let me know. I would tell him as much of the truth as is advisable in one of these letters, but if you don't feel I can represent a correct for him, then I'll refuse. How old am I?

Yours sincerely,
George
Dear Name,

Merry Christmas and happy new year.

The photographs we saw were great. Why not use one for our cover this year? You're the only one who could have pulled it off. I'm sure we have a lot of friends who would want to see it. I'm thinking about a cover featuring the style of the latest fashion magazine. It would be great if we could arrange a shoot with a famous photographer. You can write the article that goes with it, and I can do the layout. It's a great opportunity to showcase our talent.

As for the calendar, I think we should go with the traditional style. People really enjoy the beauty of nature, and it's a great way to promote the business. We could feature different scenes of the countryside throughout the year. It's a great way to remind people of the beauty of the environment.

Best,

George


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Best,

George
For very obvious reasons it pains me to dwell on the past. As an individual, and as the male of our order I have only the precious few moments left to me to relive the events of that fateful day when I was forced by circumstances to escape from a trial of which I had not expected. I had no idea that it did not end in the skidmark in which I lay for so long. I have never been able to retain the recollection of my escape. I have never been able to forget the fact that I was the only one who had escaped from the fate that was set for me.

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I just read the above paragraph, fouled mood last night. It’s not light out yet, so I guess I can say tonight, but I’m going to work on it. I’m thinking of taking a transfer to Vacaville. He is playing crazy. He demands the formation of “nigger battling,” especially when the bull is on the line (the one who I am due the shit out of EU—none of the brothers say a word, however. This little boy blows the whole line. The other little boys laugh, the pig grins. I don’t get too upset at the little boy. He is a microphone—the uppointing point is that this Harvard has very large purple lips, skin almost darker than mine, and a very large wide nose. His hair is very nearly like my sister’s. This clown is talking about killing all the niggers. The pitiful jackasses would die right beside me. I think what may be most bitter is a thing like that is the knowledge that my enemies have turned the entire world against me. The shameless, the defiler of the titles of all unknown. Anyone who understands it is (or out—despairing).

How do you deal with the purged, disease-bearing, virus-wrapt blood, the mad dogs in their infancy? At every table, police with world with racial shibboleths and a dying doctrine of marketplace exploiting by monopolist, top-bearing hussies, and screen-waving pigs to gain whom they invoke.

The concept of nonviolent protest, whatever political forms it may take, presumes two things about the impersonal establishment from the historically unsound, as politically unsound, that the espoused of any purely nonviolent self-establishment means reduces one automatically to the absurd, and any espousal of the purely nonviolent anti-establishment policy reduces one automatically to a corpse.

The first presumption is murder. It presumes the possible existence of mercy on the part of a breed whose heart is as cold as the snow. It presumes existence of a restraint mechanism that in other breeds and other animals precludes the harming of one’s kind unless placed under the most extreme compulsion of self-preservation. But history shows no justice to itself for the supposed presumption. The history of Leopold II’s Congo, the Indian wars of the last century, the Union of South Africa, Sharpeville, the Philippines at the turn of the century, I refer to you to Germany during the depression and war years, I refer to you to Vietnam. Just a cursory reading of history and just a glance above me here would show—what could be expected from those who are planners in their infancy, suffering, and committing, committing, committing. Any claims that nonviolent, purely nonviolent political agitation has served to force back the legions of capitalist expansion are false, The reason Hitler is here now is that he was not defeated in his infancy, failed because of this moral aspect in their characters precluding any large-scale organized violence. The forms of slavery that are most purely nonviolent political agitation could be so if the capitalists are allowed to hold on to the people’s whole mass of substance!! And in the case of India and foreign capitalists, have any of the people’s needs been met? Do they still have clean riots, do they still sleep in the streets? These people were betrayed by false leaders with false ideas. Compare India with China. They were both supposedly liberated at the same time, India may have had a year or more of what is loosely termed “political self-determination.” China’s fate is much more terrible for ten times more reason, but today the first time in India’s population is united and organized under a government as decentralized and representative as a huge modern industrial-based society. What is the result of this? A lack of labor, open-door policies, foreign trade. China is now a leading economic world power. Today, China is the largest military power, a threat to the world. A total of combat with China today would be Russian roulette with a loaded 45.45 automatic, self-destructive, suicide.

All of the third world countries are falling into the trap of modernization with total disregard for the self-esteem of their people. How could you maintain an army without violence?

The people of the U.S. are held in the throes of a form of colonialism, not to be discussed. It is not merely every aspect of the circumstances surrounding their mass incarceration and subsequent incarceration into the hands of a clearly distinct and alienated oligarchy. Nothing less than a revolutionary wingspan are not merely entertaining themselves in the role of a political form of bumper tag, if they seriously intend to stop not front and take the monster to last, they should understand from the outset that the monster is insurmountable.

The second presumption contained in the concept of nonviolent political agitation is inherent in the statement of this policy, as it stands alone. The mere existence of nonviolent policy statements implies that it is possible for one to take the opposite course and pursue violence. But in this case this has not been proved. In all cases, there is a chronic assumption that violence is self-defeating for any revolutionary policy effort, and pursuit of nonviolent political policy, especially when the opposition is not so committed. The danger derives from the very real assumption that we are in a struggle where the tactics will always be mistaken for weaknesses, as these tactics stand alone. The contradiction is then revealed, in that power is always viewed through the eyes of others. Powerlessness as a political ideal, then, is absurd: Politics is violence. It may serve our purpose to claim nonviolence, but this must never deceive ourselves into thinking that we can use power from a position of weakness, with half measures, political programs, righteous indignation, ineffectual.

If I were to use the term of ultimate goal, I should like to think that we need not be content to have any meaning at all we must force the racist to taste the bitterness of our wrath. Nonviolence must constantly demonstrate its ineffectiveness. This is the dilemma that both Nasser and Khrushchev should never break down. One should not exist without the consciousness of the other. —Breakfast is here. —Long live the guerrillas!

Wednesday, December 25, 1970 (late)

I suspect that the pigs have stopped the correspondence form that I sent to your friend.

Five people who attacked the pigs last week—recall they had wanted to get a phone number for me and they were given a number of the hole (translation) already, over here with us. I don’t, however, suspect find play too strongly. The Mexican was arrested for mail theft, which is the proper way to take exception to my character that they do not. I said what I did only to help you understand my position, and in turn understand any future action I may undertake. But I do not want to resolve your problem any sleep about the atrocities of my position either. When things become too hard for everyone else, that’s when I start enjoying myself. Just understand in the light of future events that I am guided by necessity and that my needs are different than yours.

The board meets during the last few days of the month, Take care of yourself, my friend.

December, 1966

Dear Robert,

Your letter was well received; it left me feeling better than I have felt for years. I have never felt as close to any human as I do to you now. Your thoughts move more exactly. Why have you left me alone to my struggle so long? I know the answer to this must be that we hesitate to reveal or acknowledge the existence of ugliness to the cares we love, even though the knowledge of such might better equip them to resist the effects of evil.

I am growing older into my seventh year here. I have learned as much as I possibly could in this time. I have learned some closely, I have studied people, human and inhumane, wanting but understanding and understood. I am given to understand that it is the strongest who are not afraid to change or risk. Now I have become stronger. So you see that I recognize the value of what you have learned, this time. I am growing and I am different. —As I grow, I am very busy with the world.

I am afraid that I feel an offer of help must seem freely and honestly given for them to be valued. Are you well, my friend? The climate here is terrible, and I want to talk about the weather, each day is a trial I stay close to my cell three days, reading, writing, on my book.

Take care of yourself.

December, 1967

Dear Maars,

I have at least another fourteen or eighteen months to do. Of course I could do the rest of my life here, not taking into account a possible change in the system of government and economic security of the United States. They gave me no consideration at the board, the same people that gave me the promise last year. I was not surprised, I was not prepared for this.

Take care of yourself.

George
I have just read in Chapter Two of the book you gave me that the pubic hair of women is the victim of an attack caused by the so-called ‘natural’ hormone estrogen, which is said to be responsible for its growth.

I find it hard to believe that a hormone could have such a direct effect on the growth of pubic hair. It seems more likely that other factors, such as genetics, are involved. I would like to discuss this with you further.

Sincerely,
[Signature]

Subject: Pubic Hair Growth and Estrogen

Dear Professor,

Thank you for your quick response. I agree with you that the effect of estrogen on pubic hair growth is not as straightforward as what I read in the book. I was also skeptical about the role of estrogen in this process.

I have a question about the role of genetics in the growth of pubic hair. Do you think there is any evidence to support the idea that certain individuals are more susceptible to estrogen-induced hair growth due to their genetic makeup?

Looking forward to your thoughts on this.

Sincerely,
[Signature]

Subject: Genetics and Pubic Hair Growth
February 12
MARCH, 1970

5
MARCH, 1970

23

March 27
MARCH, 1967

5
March 1867
I like her and she is the sister of one of my best friends. I'm supposed to be getting out anytime now, she thinks.

I wanted her to see you, the man-child, so that she would have a better idea of what the "man" is like.

Forget that. What you, me, about love, man. God, the whole idea of a benevolent supervisor being the product of a tortured, demystified mind. It is a laborious, mindless attempt to explain away ignorance, a tool to keep people at bay. Let me out. We can talk about love, man, the way that it can be a lifetime of tears and laughter. How could there be a benevolent supervisor controlling a world like this. He would have to be malevolent, not benevolent. Look around you, you'll see people. God would be so angry.

The idea of a good, just and a good is a false idea, a thing for innocents and old women, and of course, Hegesios. It's a rule of the past when men made words and minds insensitive for meaning. The last things are, magic, and fate earths.

Strength comes from knowledge, knowing who you are, where you want to go, what you want, knowing and accepting the things you are. We are all just as this spinning, heaving world. No one can crawl into your mind and help you out. I'm your brother and I'm with you, come what may, and against anything or anyone. What are you waiting for? What are you waiting for? You don't want anyone to crawl into your head with you, do you? If there were a god or anyone else reading some of my thoughts I would be uncomfortable in the extreme.

Strength is being able to control yourself and your total environment—yourself first, however. Take care of yourself.

Sincerely,

George

FEBRUARY, 1970

13

Mrs. Van Stender
Attorney at Law

Dear Mrs. Stender,

This is to confirm your letter of February 11. I had just heard of Judge Wolfsberg's move. The next time you see me, push the idea of removing my restraining. It will be interesting to note their reaction. You know those things are placed upon us. I have my cell assa. I have a nervous breakdown. You can see it from me. I am ready to help you with your situation.

Sincerely,

George L. Jackson

MARCH, 1970

2

Dear Fay,

We received a copy of the transcript today through the mail. It was John Chichester who actually received it. I knew him from before. It was a long letter, considering that he normally writes only a few lines. It seems that he is now prepared to accept the validity of the many charges I have long made against certain forces of organization and specifically certain elements within the forces. I suspect that George may have something to do with it. Just to make me feel better. Either way, it deserves the effects that tenure has on people, especially people who are affected by it. I am convinced that black people can never be influenced by ideology of the white man. They have been too conditioned against it by violence. I'm sure that George would have something to do with it. As the guard said something nasty to one of my sisters last Tuesday, this may have been the catalyst with my father. He's a stranger.

Sincerely,

George L. Jackson

FEBRUARY, 1970

26

Dear Fay,

You are aware that I want to read the transcript of grand-jury testimony. All those of us who would like to go over it. Since we are the first group to come together here, none of us would be enough for all three of us. I had a chance to read the only parts of it on the twenty-fourth. Do you have anything to say about the transcript? It is the best I can do. If you are having trouble, however, I'll print.

I'm aware, I have never lied to eat too much, so it is well with me now. I can't complain. I've never had much of a problem with the purely physical things, the weaknesses of the flesh, I get fat on what the average individual would starve on.

Clothing? I prefer something dry and clean if it is readily available. I feel guilty when I sleep more than three hours a day. Where I am presently the night-light in front of my cell allows me to read or write in late at night.

The crasser aspect is the loss of one's freedom of movement: it is of course the necessity to repress the urge to move, but after ten years I have even learned to control my response to that stimulus (now thousand footprint push-ups a day). I probably have the world's record on push-ups completed. So, if they would reach me now, across my many barbwire, it must be with a bullet and it must be fatal.

The lash affects me for nuts. If it failed to affect me at all I would be guilty of using the tortured logic of my father's twisted mind, i.e., that this is the best of all possible world, or that this is the only country that promises fresh toilets for all. It affects me, but not my physical parts. It shocks me somewhere behind the eyes, stirs my instinct to survive.

Lack of营养, see, for you to steal my attention with your ramblings. Take care.

Sincerely,

George L. Jackson

MAY, 1967

16

Dear Robert,

That is good reasoning concerning the school issue. It was a wise decision in every way you look at it. The way it was conducted you pay more for less education, plus they make emotional possess of the boys that understand a dogma. Dear Pope, I'm not just talking for the lack of money. I am deeply concerned for Jesse and you also. Much thought goes into all I attempt to communicate. Whenever a man loses contact with the world and it is impossible to live up to and that does not conform to the de facto situation, the end result must be confusion and emotional breakdown. If my instructor tells me that the world and its affairs are run as well as they possibly can, that I am governed by wise and judicious men, that I am free and should be happy, I will return to see the instructor's presence and encounter the exact opposite. If I am aware of something, of my surroundings, or of something for love, he also needs suppression. I also, to you for your patience with my ramblings. Take care.

Sincerely,

George L. Jackson

MAY, 1967

28

Dear Robert,

Penry was here again last week. She has taught the little boy love is to my Uncle George. So "Uncle George" was no longer the singing hobo. He was the singing hobo for a couple of hours. However, I was less than pleased. I tried to get him to change it to "Comrade George," but he didn't seem to understand. Uncle George was much like Uncle Tom and Uncle Abe (or nice-face bob) for comfort.

I trust you are well. I am taking off the all effects of the concentration camp as hard as I can. It seems a long battle. However, I've had to take up glasses of considerable strength due to failure of my eyesight. Living in constant half-light, I am.

When you told me a white black of Francis's sexu eye problem, I resolved upon my release to have one of these transplanted into her head. But this will no longer be any bargain for her.

I have been having trouble with my eyes for a year. When I finally was able to maneuver an eye test, I was surprised at the amount of money they took from my account (money that you have sent me that I have not used yet). I was even more surprised when I finally got the glasses two months later with their strongest lenses. How much they improved my vision.

Speaking of money and accounts, Pope, I'm flush for now, by flash means I have stacked up on envelopes and toothpicks, I've come to realize that I don't need much to eat to stay alive and I don't smoke. I can get fat on what the average man may starve on. So the money you have been sending me can be put to use at our home, your house, or elsewhere. If you send something for love, he also needs suppression. I also, to you for your patience with my ramblings. Take care.

Sincerely,

George
July 1, 1987

Dear Sir,

I am writing this letter to inform you that I have been appointed as the new Managing Director of XYZ Corporation, effective immediately.

The position requires me to assume full responsibility for the day-to-day operations of the company. I will be responsible for implementing strategies to achieve the company's objectives, managing the workforce, and ensuring that the company operates within the parameters of the law and regulatory requirements.

I look forward to working closely with you and your team to achieve our goals.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

July 15, 1987

Dear Miss Smith,

I received your letter today and would like to express my gratitude for your consideration. I am pleased to inform you that I accept your offer as the new Customer Service Representative at ABC Corporation.

I am excited about this opportunity and will do my best to contribute to the success of the company. I will start on [start date] and will be available for any questions or concerns you may have.

Thank you for this chance.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
You are aware that I want to read the transcript of grand-jury testimony. All of these we would like to go over. From this, we’re trying to figure out what has really happened. We do have enough evidence to prove that the original person who was charged for the murder was not guilty of this crime. It is the second person who was found dead in the same room. It is the second person who was found dead in the same room.

Clothing? I prefer something dry and clean but it is really not up to me. I’ve never been a person who likes to think about what I’m wearing. I’m generally dressed in black and white. I want to be comfortable and unnoticeable. I don’t want to draw attention to myself. I don’t want to be noticed by anyone. I want to be the invisible person. That way I can go about my business without anyone noticing me.

The greatest lesson is that the process of decision making involves the realisation of the limits of our personal freedom. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our decisions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our lives. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our actions. It is the process of accepting responsibility for our -
AUGUST, 1987

26

Dear Robert,

The paper started one week ago, Saturday. Everything is all right. I'll do it to you now. Please keep your advice and listen. Of course this doesn't mean that I am going to stop helping others as much as I can. I'll continue to give you an example of how we should treat each other as I see it, but as you indicate I shouldn't expect this to influence anyone else to treat me similarly.

Take care of yourself.

George

SEPTEMBER, 1967

1

Dear Robert,

Jon is about the same age as I was when we first moved out here. I remember well my attitudes and convinctions at that time. I was much more interested in the man of our development since our relationship with him was so dear and formative. I also feel that the experience of being a father to his child is more important. I'm not sure if the child is related to the man, but it seems to me that the relationship between the child and the man is the most important of all human relationships. I think that the child's relationship to the man is the most important of all human relationships.

Take care of yourself.

George

SEPTEMBER, 1969

9

Dear Jon,

I am doing well, no new problems. Please say

I said five words to my vocabulary each day. Five new words, right after breakfast each morning when I have forty-five minutes to kill. It's not enough time for anything else and I don't want to waste any time. I work on words. It is by words that we convey our thoughts, and build words to our will. If you must have a job, though I can't see why you want to work for someone if you don't absolutely have to, try this. Go to some business concern where the guy who runs it doesn't employ too many people and watch all of them closely. Then just start working for nothing. Don't say anything to anyone, don't even breathe. Tell them what your name is and that you need a job. Then start working in spite of his reply. Of course you work hard. Do you get it? In two days, three at the most, you'll be out in the cold. You'll have to find a new job. You may have to work for nothing for a day or two. In the meantime you're in a way for the first time that you've come to know your own value. I don't have to be stressed for the first day's offering if he leafs that now. You have to be sure, you have to be sure in order to be sure in order to be sure that now. You can't live on this. You can't be a better man or your own man. You can't live on this.

Take care of yourself.

George

SEPTEMBER, 1989

25

Dear Jon,

Robert told me that you were driving the new automobile to school. If that's right, you're doing too bad. Do you use it at school and drive home too? But he also mentioned that if you didn't show improvements in things of a scholastic nature, he would not be pleased. What do you start back, and when are you in? This should be your last year, isn't it?

I'm just drifting now, doing a lot of reading, waiting for my showman to get together. It is a little better.

Things are awful tight here, everyone tense, I'm just watching them and waiting. Take care.

George

However, the rejection should be a silent one. There is no chance of changing Robert, so he must be accepted as is, and protected as much as is possible. There are those among us, we must admit, who cannot take any sizable amount of freedom. They are in the majority! You cannot relate to them with ideas. They have fallen beyond caring about ideas. The only thing that will make them move is a push, no explanation, just a shove.

You are concerned about working, having money, living better, etc. I have given you several leads but it seems that some of your character and disposition, I hope that you at least tried. That last thing I mentioned to you last Monday may be just the ticket. See a brother named E. He can help you get that kind of work. You have your driver's license now, so there should be no problems. But if there are you should be old enough and prepared to handle them now. If I am wrong then we still be ready.

Take care of yourself, and write me like I asked you to.

George

September 1969

15

Dear Jon,

Get your letter today.

On the job thing, it is up to you. I think you made a wise choice, however, if you can stick with it. There will be plenty of other jobs, etc., not necessarily any better. When do you start back, and what year are you in? This should be your last year, isn't it?

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Things are awful tight here, everyone tense, I'm just watching them and waiting. Take care.

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I'm just drifting now, doing a lot of reading, waiting for my showman to get together. It is a little better.

Things are awful tight here, everyone tense, I'm just watching them and waiting. Take care.

George
Dear Robert,

I received the letter with the money in it all right, thank you. I’m going pretty good here, no problems, no new ones anyway. I went before a formal two-man review committee here recently. They gave me at least four more months to do here in the adjustment center. I can’t say I’m going to make it, but you are right that it will. I will go into Arabic next week. With four languages plus English I’ll be able to communicate with three-fourths of the people on earth. I am presently working on Spanish and Finnish. Spanish is spoken by most people from Mexico to Chile in what is the largest growing population area in the world. Spanish is spoken by all of eastern Africa. I may find communication with those people important in my work. All that remains is for me to learn Arabic and Chinese.

Perhaps I’ll start on these two next year, I’ve done well with the Spanish.

I trust you are well. Don’t work yourself too hard. You cannot work on wages. I have not heard from you for two years. What’s happened? Has he forgot his brother? It has been a long time. He was just a baby when first I came here at the concentration camp. It’s been seven years, one month now.

Take care of yourself.

George

OCTOBER, 1967

How is Penu and the little guy? I guess I miss them quite a bit. What a difference their presence makes here. My language studies have improved. I can’t say I didn’t get out on the streets in January— it’s not very likely that I will— I’ll go into Arabic next week. With four languages plus English I’ll be able to communicate with three-fourths of the people on earth. I am presently working on Spanish and Finnish. Spanish is spoken by most people from Mexico to Chile in what is the largest growing population area in the world. Spanish is spoken by all of eastern Africa. I may find communication with those people important in my work. All that remains is for me to learn Arabic and Chinese.

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Take care of yourself.

George

OCTOBER, 1967

Dear Robert,

I’ll be considered for transfer again this week, they’ll probably approve Fosler for me. It is a maximum security prison like this, so there will be no change in my position. One person is like the other, except perhaps the minimum security levels of the state where they have a less rigorous atmosphere where one can get around the local community, the chances for parole are greater. That is part of the reason that the man who was arrested with me went home four years ago and I am still here.

I feel much better at the end of my visit. Please try to come more often, at least when Robert comes. I understand that you people have never had any exposure to those things that befuddle me and I do know that everyone cannot be alike, but I also know that if we are to reach each other, work together, build together on the basic things we meet. I agree with many of the things you say. I concur with your rational and constructive judgements and I appeal you may make, as long as it is intended to forward "our thing."

No transfer for me; they turned it down. No relief in my behalf, I still hope the best. I’ve been here for over 18 months now, in prison 8 years now. I might have been in that which he earned me.

Take care of yourself.

George

AUGUST, 1968

Dear Mother,

It was good to me to see you again. I also have your letter here before me. I commented to Robert last week that you seem to have gone through many changes these last few years. That’s what life is all about, growth and change. You will at least listen. Few people are endowed. I feel much better at the end of my visit. Please try to come more often, at least when Robert comes. I understand that you people have never had any exposure to those things that befuddle me and I do know that everyone cannot be alike, but I also know that if we are to reach each other, work together, build together on the basic things we meet. I agree with many of the things you say. I concur with your rational and constructive judgements and I appeal you may make, as long as it is intended to forward "our thing."

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Take care of yourself.

George

AUGUST, 1968

Dear Mother,

It can be all reduced to the simple fact that we want you to be yourself, secure within your reality. Why should my woman have to follow someone else’s criterion of right and wrong, beauty and ugliness? Please believe me, Ma. The truly ugly thing is the pretending, faking it, instead of being—wittingly or not—adaption of the repulsive.

On close examination, what you are saying is that black women standing naked and natural are ugly or less than beautiful. From this nakedness and natural posture the only way for her to remotely resemble anything beautiful is to bleach and straighten her hair, and hang her limbs with clothing designed in Paris, London, the U.S., and other parts of the barbarous world. For you there is only this one standard of beauty, the Western standard. I revolt against this absurdity. I understand that this is all you have ever known, I allow for this, but you must be able to see by now that this model of protection you have subscribed to in the past is no longer the model. Black is beautiful, I’m going to fulfill my role as the man, even if it kills me. I will provide the material goods and protect my family with every sense of energy and resources that I can call up. The woman’s role though will go unfulfilled because you folks don’t seem to be able to change, to revalue the nature and cultural entities of our ancestors.

Family to the key. In order for you to be intelligent, as you state it, you must like Western music, clothing, food, architecture, Western education, religious superstition, pseudophysics, and Western ideals. St. Augustine! What kind of example is this?

The reality is that we are a caste at the bottom of a class society, the only group that has built-in factors (physical characteristics) that prohibit any form of socioeconomic mobility. We are the totally disenfranchised, the whipping boy, the scapegoat, the floor root of the nation. I am not so foolish that I cannot detect the fact that I am hated, especially when it is obvious. At least the obvious does not escape me.

To clarify, however, let me state that some blacks are liked. I see that every day, but I am not of this kith. They hate me. I don’t find this at all uncomfortable because I have some prerogatives. I would be doing something wrong if they liked me. Do you understand? I don’t want anyone to accept me. As a matter of fact, I’m relieved. I know my ideals will prevail, so I don’t worry about that. They can’t harm me, because the reality is that I have nothing to lose but my chain.

It is clear that they are not going to give me a chance. You were right, that is exactly what they fear. Just because I want to be my black self, mentally healthy, and because I look anything but white to the eye, they feel that I may start a riot anytime. I’ve stopped more trouble here than any other black in the system.

DECEMBER, 1968

Dear Mother,

I’m supposed to be going to Sodetl again anytime now. It is a much better place than this. Remember when you came to see me and while I was there before; we met around a table in easy chairs by ourselves. How were you? Healthy

I hope.

George

43
DECEMBER, 1967

Dear Robert,

I guess there is something to be said for a person who does not live by the routine set up by his self-appointed bosses, etc. And of course we must learn to fight our own battles. This way we can die alone, one at a time. This is a very old and effective human idea. It has worked wonderfully up to now and that is why 1967 finds us all so secure and well pleased.

The trouble is that I have expected too much of you. You're already doing your best: what you feel is right. How can I expect more?

George

DECEMBER, 1967

Dear Robert,

I'm all right; no change here. They gave me a little job in here where I am locked up and took it back right away. I think to get a reaction.

It has started to rain almost every day up here now and it is rather cool. It is strange but I think I prefer cool weather.

Have you heard anything from my friend? I don't trust many people very far but I have very strong feelings that this guy will not abandon me or our ideas.

Things must be very difficult for him or he would have had a lawyer up here for me. I hope he is doing, or done, something along that line. Of course, we never really get to know or to be absolute degree, but I saw this guy in many different situations and he never showed the slightest weakness or reservation or self-interest. We need people like that. When we cannot even put confidence in them we're through.

Take care of yourself.

George

DECEMBER, 1967

Dear Robert,

I wouldn't mind going to California Men's Colony, or somewhere, if I were certain that there would be an improvement over this place. Well, anything would be an improvement but not to enough.

All reading material is coming right on time except Ramparts and Arena Giardino. May not be long then, after now. I believe the government has been making them.

May end up on that little boat after all. I feel myself becoming impatient with people in general.

Take care of yourself.

George

MAY, 1968

Dear Robert,

You are correct in all that you say about the problem of man and responsibility and about the hangman-on, and the foot knockers, and the women and the failing, the myopic tendencies to squander time and energy in counterrproductivity efforts. At times I become so depressed seeing it that I feel justified in deciding to release myself from my responsibility and just take my fall, but I have been moved to probe the other part of the world where blacks have already come into their own, with an ocean or two between us and this place.

But this feeling never lasts long, mainly because I understand why so many of us act as we do, and I understand. Our responses to the social stimulus (and in my case at least) the feeling that they assert themselves as a challenge must necessarily be negative when we consider that blacks in the U.S. have been subjected to the thorough disenfranchising of many people is history. Included as we are, from our head, our roots and our institutions, no group of men has been so thoroughly terrorized, disenfranchised, and directed of those things that from birth make men strong.

Regarding this domestic issue, I must be the first to admit that I see the black family unit as it is, in our firm and basic weaknesses. This fact may contribute much to our difficulties in relating as a people. But for every effect there is a cause, if we are to understand and heal these effects we must understand the cause. To say that the black family unit is slowly creating because of pressures from without (poverty and social injustice, and from within) is to completely mistake the depression of the times. There are three historical factors that have produced the present state of chaos on the family level of our black society. First, the family unit was destroyed during chattel slavery. Second, we have our custom, tradition, and customs, upon which unity depends and without which cohesion can never exist, were destroyed and never replaced. The best we could do was to keep the fire, and close to a kind of massachusetts that manifests itself today in the hideous motion that we educate ourselves properly, think the right thoughts, read the right books, see the right things, and do exactly that which is expected of us as—we can then be as good as white people. Third, our change in status is seen as the article of movable property to enslaved masters on the labor market was not as much as I think a change in freedom from slavery but merely to a different kind of slavery.

Take care of yourself.

George

MAY, 1968

Dear Robert,

It is good that you can afford a new car. Since you have taken the responsibility of managing the household expenditures, I see you have a little more to spend on what you call "dissipatory spending." Money above what is needed to provide the basic survival materials.

I am doing well and wish the same for you.

You must do a high school civics textbook with that tied in. You have a little time in between but I would have told you in to you in the. They are kept in line by economic pressure from above. Little bit of the repression is done overtly, my friend. You cannot see a tree's roots all the time, but because one cannot see them does not mean that they do not exist. The tree could stand without them. Take care of yourself.

George

JUNE, 1968

Dear Robert,

It was good to see you folks. I hope you got back safely. You knew they out our visiting time short... I snatched to it when I got back to my car. Good night, it was not crowded in there either, from what I can recall.
JANUARY, 1968

31

Dear Robert,

I sincerely believe that you have incurable middle-class attitudes, but nonetheless you may be right. Regarding the blacks—"not letting me, that is." I'll have to wait and take that situation in for myself, though.

If you happen to be correct about that, I'm buying me a little something and sending for the Indian Ocean area, be a bun, so wife, no kids, no competition, bananas, coconuts, pineapples, fish, and sunshine. I could never bear what hate or hope means.

I hope you arrive home without incident. I heard the weather was pretty bad.

I almost got stuck inside some more foolishness yesterday. All the blacks sitting at windsor again. Mindless, emotional, childish abandon, without a thought of winning. Just an attempt to prove their manhood to themselves, to say who may be watching. The worst, the further humiliation and a month in a dark hole. I'm still in my cell. I had to go to court to get them when they wouldn't listen. Never, never will I take part in any foolishness. They have me locked up with a bunch of 20-year-old cretins who don't know anything about the ways of the world, hate books, can't think, and won't listen. Things are not getting any better. They are, if anything, getting worse.

Bitter experiences seems to be bringing out the worst in us, instead of growing more thoughtful and determined, they get more emotional and mindless. You swallow a camel and peg on a nut; you accept a situation, and with all resolutions and determination, you allow yourself to be pushed, pulled, or dragged, with the same result. No one is wrong.

It doesn't make a great deal to me either way. On an individual plane, I always make up, I see this world just as it is, the whole thing, and I see one's responsibility in relation to it. So I will be able to spring in any direction in which my mind tells me the rewards are greater.

I'm going to frame a letter soon to you about the social contract, and where the individual stands in relation to the state. None of it will be original. It will be the accepted diatribe of all those people with a perspective on the subject.

I must tell you, Robert, that when one contributes to any enterprise, he has a return coming, and it is equally clear that when I place upon an individual or group of individuals to administrate and regulate affairs that are to serve the interests of all, these affairs must be handled in a judicious manner. When they are not, it is my right to replace these individuals any way that I can.

Take care of yourself.

George

FEBRUARY, 1968

8

Dear Robert,

I think you have gotten stuck in the mud somewhere down in the rear. I have no question as to whether or not we will be allowed to work discussing there has never been any question in my mind about the folly of one of us attempting to make himself acceptable to the established order so that he win acceptance.

Am I for sale and at such a price? Can true self-determination be won working (or wages and salaries)? What are the chances of the nice honest man of color being successful? If I could go on all week about how your tax money is being used, but it is all too little for me to say it is not being used to help you or you. You are getting no return on your investment. This is what taxes are supposed to be all about, an investment in the community, a pooling of each individual's resources so that the administration can be financed, so that the administration can perform the jobs which no individual can do well alone. Now you find that everyone pays taxes will not pay all the returns. The streetlights should be the same in Watts and Bel Air. It seems when some decision of duty has been taken place.

George

FEBRUARY, 1968

12

Dear Robert,

Too bad about Jon; I suggested upon your last visit that you may be getting too much TV. Anyway, you are absolutely correct in that these are his years. I hope he will be better given something good in the way of purpose, identity, and method. It should be taken for granted that he is getting nothing more than this in school; if anything, these things will be better. I had to work through the same thing we went through for the same reason (a skin problem), and they suffered it at the hands of the same wretched forces. It may be a while before you get over the last hundred years, but I must tell you, Robert, that when one contributes to any enterprise, he has a return coming, and it is equally clear that when I place upon an individual or group of individuals to administrate and regulate affairs that are to serve the interests of all, these affairs must be handled in a judicious manner. When they are not, it is my right to replace these individuals any way that I can.

Take care of yourself.

George

FEBRUARY, 1968

19

Dear Robert,

I agree with what you say about Jon. They are poor. They went in through the same thing we went through for the same reason, they will make out, and they have not suffered. They want to do well, but I am not as good a person as I am. And now I have a measure of control over the former, and life whichever the latter, this makes me aware.

I come to Mexico. I have also been all over the U.S. I've spent several days in the neighborhood where you were born... that neighborhood is far poorer than anything I saw in Mexico. But since Mexico is a colony of the U.S. also (just as one ourselves are), all of us make the fact that blacks here are worse off than Mexican nationals in that the U.S. colonial masters think more of Mexicans.

So you taxes do all the things including some you omitted, such as school educational matters, prisons, police wages, hospitals, warships, guns, churches, Tucker's farms, etc. But then they are run by the blacks.

Which streets get lighted best? Which child goes to school half a day in a trailer, or to a school that is so crowded and understaffed that he might as well not go for all the attention he gets? The police stopped me 5 times (5 different cars) in

the space of 3 blocks in Los Angeles once. All the brush wars the U.S. has fought in the last 20 years were against men of color around the world!! I could go on all week about how your tax money is being used, but it is all too little for me to say it is not being used to help you or you. You are getting no return on your investment. This is what taxes are supposed to be all about, an investment in the community, a pooling of each individual's resources so that the administration can be financed, so that the administration can perform the jobs which no individual can do well alone. Now you find that everyone pays taxes will not pay all the returns. The streetlights should be the same in Watts and Bel Air. It seems when some decision of duty has been taken place.

FEBRUARY, 1968

28

Dear Robert,

I stayed very busy these days. I have accepted a job on the tier (our) team coming out good and cleaning up. Good for my record and keeps me active.

What do you think of Jon? He was on his job during those years. He ranks among the top three or four guerrillas in the world. I spoke of this new face that was taken on, the war of the poor man. He was in the vanguard of the Afro-African liberation effort once. It is remarkable, however, I have to note that today we have no so much the new face of hair; all we have is the cooperation with the general movement to which he owes his success. He has gone on record as saying he wants no part of any movement. Whatever can I think of a man who withdraws before the battle is fully won? This man he abandoned his old comrades and left the less fortunate to fend for themselves. The peoples of southern China, Southeast Asia, and Latin America could use his cooperation, his support, just as he once was in need of support. Faint heart never wins the battle. Take care of yourself.

Lester

MARCH, 1968

6

Dear Robert,

I received the money today. Thanks. I get the forms off, too. I hope you told them about the life thing. If not, please do it right away. I hope also my age was passed along as a reminder. People would look at you and think that I would have to buy the thing.

Africa is a most wonderful continent. They have everything in the way of human and natural resources. Oil is Egypt, Libya, Timbuktu, Algeria, and Nigeria. Copper, diamonds, cobalt, and gold in Zambia. There are large deposits of iron ore in Libya, a whole mountain of it in fact. You name it, and it is

found in some part of Africa. In the savannah area south of the Sahara Desert and all the way south to the Cape, you find the most fertile farmland in the world. Uganda, Kenya, and Tanzania are all just like a big park. The temperature never fluctuates more than 5 degrees the whole year around. Every evening during the winter months there is a light rain to settle the dust. Thirty to 85 the whole year. The five oldest cities in the world are located in Africa. The oldest language in the world is spoken in Africa. Mande. The oldest of man's prehistoric existence was found in Africa, 25 million years old. You find all kinds of black types: with wide noses, thin noses, aquiline noses, all kinds, all sizes. You find from the lightest brown to ivory to blue black. You should be more specific about what you want to know because it would take a month, and a better the time of a telephone book, to delineate all the resources of Africa.

Speaking just for me I would like Tanzania on the East coast to have a spot to settle. Julius Nyerere is an enlightened and interesting leader who identifies with the Eastern world. The country is developing fast, and has unlimited potential in mining, agriculture, and light industry. Its problems, as with all the African states, are from the lightening of capital to expand the economy at a rate which will realize the rising expectations of the people and close the gap with the Western world. Tanzania has invited the Eastern societies to help them instead of the U.S. and Western Europe, so they will be better off. China has no interest in Laos. When the Chinese set up a factory, they hire Africans and train African managers and labor. The U.S. is motivated by the profit-and-loss thing. They leave U.S. managers and claim 90 percent of the profits just as the start of the profits. They say it's their reward for helping them to maintain their own.

I have a Friend who goes to this; Julius does not. Does it seem stupid of China to lend without interest, and build without taking over or capitalistic? Must be love.

Lester

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