

# together

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UH NEWS

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## INTRO...

### "The Renegades Are Coming"

The issues are at hand. They are crystal clear to many of us. They are real to many of us. We are ever-aware of the decadence of electric America. The poison of its racism. The paranoid nature of its imperialism. The entire gist of its police-state neurosis. We are prepared to deal with these truths.

People are being killed, maimed and jailed. In Vietnam, innocents become victims of napalm. Civilians become objects of Green Beret terror.

In America, the "freedom" exemplified in the roots of its tradition remains, sadly, to be seen. Call it "pig power." The same "pig power" that murdered Bobby Hutton on the streets of California. The same "pig power" that systematically kills, jails and suppresses members of the Black Panther Party. The same "pig power" that killed and injured at People's Park in Berkeley. WE ARE TIRED OF THESE INSULTS.

And we are here to make revolution. Being no longer able to remain silent. Being no longer able to watch our brother's and sisters be messed around.

It is your crusade. Your revolution. We

must be conscious of our peoplehood, our destiny and our potential. For we are the children of a new dawn. Where justice flows as running water. And love moves at the main stream.

We must come together. For in unity there is strength. In strength there is revolution. We must lift our voices into song. For this is the jewel of our destiny. The flowers of our wisdom. This is our purpose on the planet.

Come together. Be righteous. Be beautiful. For the age of aquarius is the time of the tiger. Of the renegade. Resting in the jungle of our dreams.

We must no longer be content to express a mere "NO". As a rebel lost in a hopeless cause. We must be prepared to act. Against the decadent oppressive society of which we are all a part. We are the renegades. The people's people. We shall mix our words with action.

Come together. Move with us. Dare to fight; will to win. For the renegades are everywhere amongst us. And it must happen now . . . . . NOW

Angelo

### Onto The Pudding: Eyes

Sitting on the tail of the summer, remember the eyes you haven't used quite yet. Somehow young. Some stare, some pulse large and small, others swim serenely like seals sliding through the surface of a pool. On getting down with these eyes: dig how many are shining today. Make them keener.

Use them to know The Enemy, the best way of doing being to know your friends. At Woodstock we all had eyes. Loved to use them to beam on 400,000 friends, pass the joint please, this is all very good. Four hundred thousand friends and this just the beginning of the life of the Eye; believe what you see, not what you hear.

If you've ever been in jail then you probably know all about eyes.

"Don't you follow leaders, watch the parking meters." This from Dylan. Spent the time after Woodstock just digging the signs. All of a sudden easier to hitch rides in town now lots of passing smiles on the

street and the sweet smell of reefer again graces the air after the long dry summer. People starting to wear their eyes like the sunshine people we are: wail with them.

Dig the media these days, and watch for the energy this tell-tale heart releases. Stoned commercials on T.V., "KIDS vs. PIGS" on the cover of Esquire magazine. Can you dig the way even the A.M. radio sounds at night? Add it up, watch for what it's going to do. But don't be satisfied with these nickel and dime evolutionary effects. Right on with it.

The Pudding callin it out, gettin very large now, this country quite pregnant with something-call it what you will, America's so round now even the old Time Magazines can dig it, did you see their Woodstock essay? It all takes a little faith to see, that's all, Faith in the power of a generation of new people, of the power of new eyes. Leave some skin on your brother and feel how warm it is. Eyes shine on.

James

### Words For White Ones

Autumn casts leaves upon the ground and once again the season changes. You have come here with great expectations, faces falling together as children at a carnival unfolding. And yet you claim you are ready. You. The white ones.

There is much here you do not understand. The silent angers on black faces. The rhetoric of revolution. The timeless struggle between justice and oppression. So many truths to fill your voids.

Further, there is much work to be done. Many changes to be made. We can but ask you to dance with our music. To move with our motion. Dance, groove, and frenzy to the savage intensity of Nixon's land. Yes, there is much work to be done.

But within many of you lies a beast. It has kept black people in chains for many centuries. Denied us of dignity, peoplehood, and pride. Robbed us of richness and slaughtered our dreams. It is

a mind-beast of a thousand forms. See its colours blazing on flags. See it show its teeth. Call the beast racism. It is our sworn enemy. Murderer of our children. Seducer of our women. We live to see it destroyed. This is our mission. This is our destiny. We the colonized black people of the United States of America.

Whose side are you on? This is the question that we ask of you. Be you beast or angel? Enemy of friend? Sage or fool? On what paths do your conceptions lie?

It is yours to prove your merit. Yours to cast aside your mask and be one with the revolution. For we realize that you, too, have your chains. Instruments of deception to bring you down.

Look, look again in that mirror. What sort of person do you see? Will you stand at the wayside or move at the mainstream? That is what we'd like to know. That. Is what we'd like to know.

angelo

