

**.U.S.
icon**

**Black
JOE**

**We
Salute
You**

**Black leader targeted & arrested
1968**

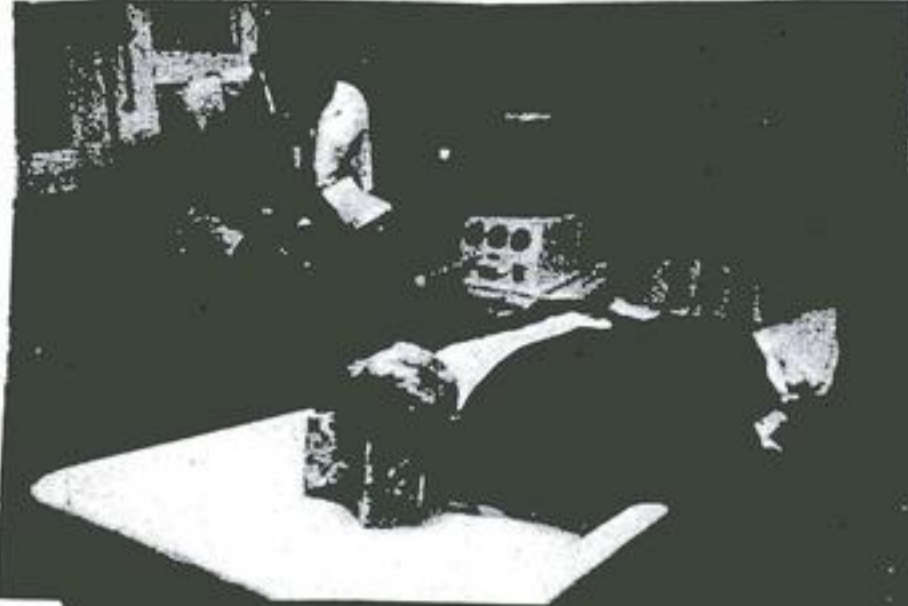
**The Curse of
Black skin**

Punished for life

'WHEN PEOPLE SAW WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MY SON,
MEN STOOD UP WHO HAD NEVER STOOD UP BEFORE.'

—Mamie Till-Mobley

**The
photo
that
proved
a black
life
matters**



GOODBYE BROTHER

from Behind Enemy Lines

SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MINDS ARE IN PRISON

The loss of life is the eventual reality of all living things. We come and we go, all living things perish, change and decay. Yet, still the passing of a human life is ~~still~~ a commanding performance, saddening, sobering and a tragic event to just about every feeling, caring individual. But, imagine if you will the senseless, vile, wanton slaughter of your life by another; to literally watch your murders- ~~murders~~ you and that is exactly what occurs to a black Refugee, a Political Prisoner on ameriKKK's Slave Plantations - condemned to death by long termed incarceration/enslavement for crimes that never even happened; DEAD, a slow agonizing dying. Yet alive walking around in these cages/prisons, cemeteries of the living dead; held hostage in this cold, concrete and steel tomb. O'AMERIKKa, you are such a sick disease creatures. "You People" are truly the enemy of all humanity.

Every day, every decade, every fleeting, helpless second watching your precious life slipping away; watching the insanity of the murder of your life; expenditure of the irreparable, your life's precious energies slipping and fading away at the hands of bestial savages - and as we all know there are no do overs in life - this is a one time event, either you have life or you don't - then GAME OVER!

It is an ongoing grievous anguish, no ordinary dying as would occur from an accident or incurable disease. It is like attending your own funeral and the vulture(~~the~~-SS-PRISON GUARDS) silently waiting for you to lie quietly in the casket. It is murder, civilized savagery; you are being killed by slow agonizing torture.

Day-by-day, year-by-year. A continuous daily herromaging of your life being sucked and darined from you.

It is beyond and above any ~~lynching~~ lynching from a tree, gas chamber or even crucifixion on a cross;

far worst than anything any human being ought to bear or endure.

A bullet between the eyes by the ~~prison~~ prison guards would be the mericiful thing to do.

It is an avoidable dying, an avoidable death, ~~AND~~ AND preventable.

at any moment my diseased murderous, cold bloodied captors could stop killing me, but they can't and they wont because there is no black slave dollarSSSSSSS in that humane act of moral decency.

Only my death and dying in these Tombs of The Living Dead+ - ripping off the stupid taxpayers.

MURDERS, MURDERS ENEMIES OF HUMANITY

I curse you ~~the~~ racist sons-of-a-bitches and damn you to hell; you are ALL your family and friends

BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR ME; MY LIFE IS NO MORE; I AM NO LONG ALIVE.

RIP IN MARTYRDOM THE IMMORTAL LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE ELDER,
MR. OTIS LEE RODGERS, SR., AKA BROTHA ACHIM 18-21

THE LIVING DEAD!

The loss of one's life is the eventual reality of all living creatures. What has a beginning ^{ALSO} has an ending; we come and we go, all living things perish, decay, rot and change forms. Yet the passing of a human life is still a most saddening, sobering and tragic event to any feeling conscious individual; a commanding performance.. But imagine if you will the wanton slaughter, vile senseless taking of your life by another; to literally watch your own murders - murder you and that is exactly what occurs to a black political prisoner - condemned to death by long termed enslavement/incarceration" SLOW TORTURIOUS DYING, YET ALIVE WAITING AROUND IN THESE concrete/steel cages, a cemetery of the dying, the living dead; held hostage in this cold steel tomb. Each day, every fleeting second, helplessly watching your life slip away, watching the insanity of the murder of my life; expenditure of the irreparable, my life's precious energies, slipping and fading away at the hands of bestial savages - and as we all know there are no do overs in life, living life is a one time event then game over, either you have it or you don't.

It is an ongoing grievous-grieving, no ordinary dying and anguish as would occur from an accident or incurable disease. It is like watching your own funeral and the vultures are watching and waiting for you to just lie down silently in the open casket. It is legal murder, civilized savagery, you are being killed by a slow agonizing torture; day by day, year by year. A continuous daily heromorging of your life being sucked and drained from you - it is beyond and above any cruelty, crucification of anything any human should have to bear or endure. It is an avoidable death.dying and preventable at any moment. My diseased murders could stop killing me. But they won't and can't because there is no black slave dollar in that; only in my torturous dying and death in this slave cage - can those racist savages get paid - slavers/my captors are able to rip-off the stupid taxpayers.

BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR ME MY LIFE IS NO MORE AND; IT NO LONGER HAS MEANING, I AM NO LONGER ALIVE. GOODBYE MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

HISTORIC AFRICAN AMERICAN

I AM LIVING BLACK HISTORY

I was born a "Black Nationalist". I was diagnosis at the age of 16 as a "Black Nationalist" by a Kent State University psychologist, MILTON E. Wilson, Jr., Ph D. Albeit, termed as;

"The following report is based upon my study of Otis Rodgers: "This tall, Proud Negro youth... appearance was characterized by a neatness and reflecting favorable self regards... with a strong interest in CIVIL RIGHTS and Pride in being a Negro... with a heightened RACIAL CONSCIOUSNESS."

I am a septuagenarian, a sixties "Black Panther", a Civil and Human Rights Advocate. Not only am I Living Black History; I was an am a force in shaping Black History, I stand 4-squares against American Racism, Discrimination, Bigotry, and Injustice of any and all types..

My parents were atypical, semi-illiterate, southern born, from grossly impoverished, illiterate, poor sharecroppers; Manuel Labors, non-political, devout superstitious and religious; who knew and stayed in their place in racially segregated America. ~~50's + 60's~~ 1956

1). I was first introduced to America's racism during the mid-fifties at the age of 8-eight years of age. In our poor segregated all black ghetto on the east side of Cleveland. In our black ghetto, there was only one poor white family, our next door neighbor Our neighbor had a white daughter about my age. There was a fence separating our property. When Susie's father would leave for work, Susie would come over to the fence near our property and we'd talk and play until she thought it was tome for her father to come home; and then she's either go in the house or go and play by herself in the center of her yard and discontinue all conversation with me. One day Susie's father came home early and caught 'us' talking and playing. He in a very angry voice order her to come inside; and she immediately began to cry and as soon as she got near him, he slap her hard and then swatted her on her behind. That was the end of our relationship.. a). While at that age I didn't understand it; and my mother brushing it off stated that I should not try to play with her since her father didn't want her playing with colors.

2). AGAIN, during 1957 at the age of nine, while traveling with my handicapped, polio ridden, college degree(Tuskegee) Uncle through Nashville Tennessee. We were pulled over by a local white Police Officer. The Officer inquired of my Uncle "how much money did he have?" My uncle gave the white man his billfold, the officer took half; instructing my uncle to drive safety and have a nice trip. a). Now knowing that this was a shakedown, strong-arm robbery and of course my southern born uncle was too afraid to say or complain; knowing full well the Rules of the JIM CROW south; and the risk of complaining against a white man and definitely against a white police man, that would have been a kiss of death. The robber was a cheap price to pay for his

**LEGALIZE
BLACK**

YEARS OF HOPE DAYS OF RAGE

safety to continue on unscathed.

3). AGAIN, at the age of ten in 1958, while traveling with my parents to visit my grandparents in Troy, Alabama. Whenever, we'd crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky, my mother would start praying, saying 'we done cross the Mason-Dixie line, our hearts are in our hands(whatever that was suppose to mean).' My mother would cook a bunch of food like box dinners, we were told that we couldn't stop at any restaurant to purchase food. So, my brother and I sat in the back seat with the smell of chicken, pies, etc. For a long time my parents were frightfully whispering to each other 'where can we buy gas? As we were passing dozens upon dozens of gas station.

Finally my father pulled into a service station in Montgomery; ALA., got out speaking to the station attendant sitting on a chair 'I'd like a fill-up.' The white station attendant responded "Don't got no gas, waiting for the gas truck". I could see the confusion and then anger in my father's face; as he glared at the white man sitting on the chair; totally unconcern. My mother than began to plea and entreat my father "let's go, let's go." My father was hesitating walking back to the car door when a white customer sped in and the white attendant jumped up and began to put gas in that car. By this time my mother was near tears, begging "let's go, let's go." My father slowly drove off, visibly angry not saying a word as my mother was rubbing and touching him. We drove around and my father saw this Black Man, he hollered out the window, "Sir, Sir.!" The black Man hearing my father immediately ran over to the stopped car and my father then said "where can we buy some gas?" The man spoke keep going and over the tracks Mr. Johnson sell gas to colors. My father thanked him and drove off and we were able to buy gas to continue on on our trip. a). I learned and was told it was an unwritten rules that one black seeing another black from out of town, they would immediately help them in the JIM CROW SOUTH.

4). AGAIN, at the age of 11 in 1959, while in the rural town of Troy, Alabama; I was near fatally assaulted by racist white men. Having ridden to town with my grandfather on a mule driven wagon to town. My grandfather pulled in back of a small general store; before leaving sternly instructing my brother and I not to get out or leave the wagon. It was a hot balmy summer day. I looked across ed the street and saw a drinking fountain in the park. Disobeying my grandfather, I jumped out of the wagon, ran across the street and began to drink out of the fountain. I then hear a loud voice, "NIGGER CAN'T YOU READ?" While I didn't know who nigger was, I turned around a faced the voice. I saw three angry looking white men. I stood there pondering as to what they wanted. And in that split second a beer bottle and a tine beer can sipped past my head grazing me and then I took off running back across the street to the wagon. The white men didn't case me, but I could hear them cracking up laughing. I got back to the wagon, scared to death and out of breathe. I made the mistake of telling my father what those white men did to me and he was so angry that he

SHAME OF AMERICA
America's Shameful History

Dark Days for Dark Men

"A DEEP AND CRUEL PREJUDICE"

I have never seen my father that angry. It took my mother and grand mother's intervention, pleading with him saying that I didn't know any better, that I wasn't raised in the south. a). As I got older and became a member of the "Black Panther" Party, I fully understand my father's misplaced cowardly anger; his anger was cowardly Shame, that he wasn't able to protect his own children from ignorant racist white men.

Moreover, about four years prior to in Mississippi, three white men had kidnapped, beat, tortured and killed a fifteen-year old black child named Emmett Tillman..

5). AGAIN: at the age of 16 in 1965, while my mother and great unnt to visit my grandmother in Troy, Alabama. I stated that I was hungry and told my mother that I wanted to stop at the up coming car-hop restaurant. My mother said no, a fearful no. My mother much older aunt, counter, no let that boy stop if he is hungry and; so I did. I flashed my lights to get the car-hops attention, and one started to skate over and as soon as she was close enough to recognize who we were, she made a haste retreat. I commented on it and my mother began with 'let's go'. I ignored my mother tooted my horn and flashed my headlights. Another car-hop began to skate over and she got close enough, her facial expression changed and she made a sharp u-turn.

By this time I was perturbed and announced that I was going in opening the door and my mother stopped my saying "NO, let's go." Again, my mother's aunt countermanded her and said leave that boy along he was raised like that.; so I go out walked into the car-hop kitchen looked at the greasy cook and gave him my order and told him to take it out to the car with the Ohio plates. I walked back to the car and got in, somewhat tense, wonder if he would do as I commanded him to do. In about five minute the white cook with apron walked out with our food and we paid for it and pulled off. a). later i found out that white restaurant didn't served black on that side of Birmingham. Alabama.

6). AGAIN: at the age of 16, while working at a service station pumping gas. I had brought my white classmate girlfriend with me to work, it was a small booth with a high chair, so she was highly visible from the streets. I receive a phone call from a grumpy sounding white man who said. "Nigger, I know you got that white gal there with you and if, but I called my bother to come and pick her up and he did.

7). AGAIN, at the age of 16, while attending R.B. Chamberlin High School in Twinsburg, My girlfriend Andra and I had stayed after school and went upstairs of which was empty of student, to talk, kiss and make out. My girlfriend's friend spied us kissing and as the story goes went home and told her mother who called Andra's mother who called the principal; who inquired as to the kissing, I proudly admitted and so what; many of the white kids do it all of the time, so was the big deal I was expelled from school by the white principal. On charged of displaying affection towards another student. Plainly put after school, my white girl. I was sent to examine by a white psychologist who recommend that I receive therapy; who diagnose me as an expansive individual who was unconcern about the feelings and values of others. As a young Black Nationalist, I request a SECOND opinion.

I was reprovved by a Black Kent State University Psychologist, Miltin. E. Wilson, Jr., Ph. D. Who countered with a scathing criticism of the school intern psychologist who diagnose me as a danger and threat to other simply because I had a white girlfriend who diagnose me as a tall, Proud, Negro youth with a strong interest in Civil Rights and a Heighten Racial Consciousness Based on Dr. Wilson report per our agreement I was allowed to return to school without receive psy. therapy. My girlfriend's parent took her out of school and they moved out of the school district.

8). *AGAIN, at 16-years of age, during 1965, as a member of the Cleveland "Black Nationalist" Party, I participated as a soldier, the peoples' soldier in boycotting ALL five brand new McDonald's restaurants built in our ghetto east side of Cleveland.*

We stood ever so proud and dignified in front of McDonald's in our black uniforms with beret on our heads. Our complaint against McDonald's at that time was McDonald's would hire blacks, but only as labors and not Mangers, Asst. Manages or allowed to participate in McDonald's Management Trainee Program.

*We were the people's Soldiers **POWER TO THE PEOPLE.***

The boycott of McDonald's last^{ed} about three weeks before McDonald's capitulated and wisely agreed to all of our demands(e.g., hire black managers, etc.). McDonald's business was down to ZERO.

**DOWN
TO
THE
PEOPLE**

**Black
JOE**

**.U.S.
icon**



**The fight for civil rights,
told by those who lived it.**

END THE "BLACK AMERICAN HOLOCAUST"

"WE" demand an immediate and unconditional end to this unconstitutional centuries old, uncivilized, unprovoked, shameful barbaric insidious, murderous WAR against the Black Man. We demand an end to this vile, senseless savagery and sacrifice of precious human life. BLACK LIVES DO MATTER. We demand an end to this "Domestic War Crimes". Since this stolen Land inception; this Proud, Noble, Honorable, Courageous Black Americans; even while being himself held in savage white slavers; the Black Man Nobly fought and died in every war since the Revolutionary War to defend, Protect the Rights and Privileges of white Americans; to his detriment and extreme disadvantaged - empowering enabling whites to further oppressed, repressed, Murder, Kill, Rape, Rob and Steal the labor-wealth, resources, property, Pride and Dignity of the defeated.

The Black America, the Wind and Salt of the Earth; the Creme DE La Creme, the Loyalist of the Loyalist of all Americans who has never Betrayed or declared War on America. The Red Man did because he had to; the Brown Man (Mexican War) did; the White Man did (Civil War); the Yellow Man did World War II The beautiful Black Man did not, when he had every justifiable reason to do so. Even after all the Black Man has sacrificed and had to endure, solely at the hands of his fellow Americans, the White Man he still remains Loyal to America: UNITED BLACK AMERICA (U. B. A.).

Even in the 21st century, the Black Man is still the object of ridicule, contempt and disrespect; the absolute most hated, most Demonetized, despised, watched, criminalized, persecuted, brutalized, murdered, killed, ~~and~~ tortured and enslaved without legal or moral justification; disproportionately than any other.

Again, since this stolen Land inception, over four hundred years ago; there have been umpteen, innumerable named and unnamed wars of atrocities of genocide wrongfully committed against the Glorious, Noble Black Man. AKA, the 'BLACK HOLOCAUST'. The worst of the worst of the worst the world has ever known...

DV ✓

" WE " demand an immediate and unconditional end to this centuries old, unprovoked, shameful, barbaric, insidious murderous war on Black Americans. We demand an end to this vile savagery of " DOMESTIC WAR CRIMES " ". Since this stolen Land inception; the Proud, Noble, Honorable, Courageous Black Man; even while being held as a slave himself by slavers, White Americans; the Black Man fought in every war since the Revolutionary War to protect the Rights and Privileges of whites; to his disadvantage - enabling whites to further oppress, repress, rape, rob and steal the labor-wealth, resources and property of the enslaved Black Man.

While the pure blood of the great Black Man bleed ed to help enrich the White Man. The Black Man received naught. Even after all his Noble and Courageous Loyalty, his fellow countryman hated him still; the truest of true Americans. The Black Man after centuries is still the " TARGET " of selective enforcement/prosecution/persecution utilizing race bias laws to wrongfully convict of crimes; to bring back Black Slavery; of excessive, unequal, unfair, Draconian sentences disproportionate in sentencing treatment between Black and White; similarly situated offenders. 1). Two white females sentenced to 65-years sentenced on 6-9-83, granted their Final Release of MANUMISSION PAPERS some 3, 3 1/2 years thereafter on 1987. 2). One Black Man sentenced to 65-years sentence on 6-9-83; currently as of this date still enduring slavery; having endured 14-years; 4-times as long as his two white co defendants. We demand an End to this mass re-enslavement, euphemistically termed Mass Incarceration. We demand an End to this wholesale killing of unarmed Black Men with absolute immunity and impunity. From colonization to Slavery, Defacto Slavery, Jim Crow of limited Access and Opportunity. Albeit, suffering food and decent housing deprivation. The wealth and technological advancements belong to ALL Americans. Therefore, "We" demand an end to institutionalized, systematic Discrimination of oppression in every aspect of society; grievous harms has been achieved for centuries that must be STOPPED and Revise - at all cost, and by any means necessary. To finally after four hundred years to undo the undo able and repair the inestimable, irreparable damage and destruction heaped upon the Black Man, heaped upon United Black America(U. B. A.)

2) ✓

BLACK HISTORY MONTH

americans

SETTLE YOUR QUARRELS, COME TOGETHER, UNDERSTAND THE REALITY OF OUR SITUATION.. THAT PEOPLE ARE ALREADY DYING THAT YOU COULD HAVE SAVED , THAT GENERATIONS MORE WILL DIE OR LIVE POOR BUTCHERED HALF LIVES IF YOU FAIL TO ACT. DO WHAT MUST BE DONE, DISCOVER YOUR HUMANITY AND YOUR LIFE IN THE STRUGGLE. PASS ON THE TORCH. JOIN US. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND HOLD ON.

USA