IN WHITE AMERICA TODAY

by Evette Pearson

the descendants of the god-fearing racists who committed genocide against a race of red men (so they can have a place to worship god freely) are trying to commit genocide against you, black man. Your wife is jacked up on birth control pills. Your daughter is being eaten away syphills. Your son is in Viet Nam, black man.

In white america today, god-fearing racists are buying guns, black man. The guns are to blow you brains out after they pray to the god that ordered black Adam out of the garden of eden. He'll whisper a prayer, give your wife apill; deny your daughter medication, put your son on the front lines, and piously blow your brains out. Dig it, black

man. He has the grace of god on his side:

Our father, (says white america) which art in heaven how I love this game. Of all the blessings vou've given methis game of pain is closest to my heart. I said I'd pray and pray you gave me the U.S.A. I joined the Trustee Board You let me kill the Injuns, lord. You blessed me with slaves You blessed me with fools-Then the niggers started going to schools. Integration! Freedom! Now it's revolution! But I know the lord is good You grace is sufficient to silence niggers -

for good.

AMEN!

Dig it. They left their mother country to worship their god. They crossed the wicked seas with their hands cupped in prayer. They wiped out your red brothers and took over the land, black man. They brought you here to build their nation. Machines have now taken over the work your black hands have done.

Shrewdly, cumningly, he starts to do you in. Genocide.

Planned Parenthood

Birth Control

Vietname se War Prostitution

Venereal disease

Pigs, punks and

Tricky Dicky Nixon

Genocide. Dig it, black man.

It is time to deal with the situation. Educate your woman to stop taking those pills. You and your woman - replenish the earth with healthy black warriors. You and your woman can build the black Liberation Army to end the god-fearing, god loving racist white dog monster who is piously praying to his scurvy god to WIPE YOU OUT!! Panther Power . . .

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