

UHURU, and Revolutionary Greetings Brothers and Sisters,

Many of you know who I am and are familiar with my past. For those of you who are not, my name is Malika Majid (slave name, Frankye Adams). Aside from being one of the 25-30 million Afrikans here in this country, I am a revolutionary woman and mother. I am struggling for my freedom and the total liberation of my people.

Some seventeen years ago in a small Mississippi town, I along with thousands of other Black freedom fighters began the fight for freedom, justice and equality. Our objective at that time was the total liberation from the slave masters. Such organizations as SNCC had their ranks swell as many young Black people saw the need to participate in the historic protests of this civil rights era. From 1964 to 1967, I was involved with SNCC; the marches, demonstrations, and sit-ins as part of a concerted effort by Black people to gain their freedom.

As our movement developed, other organizations began to focus on the human rights attacks occurring in our communities. Therefore, in 1968, I joined the Black Panther Party, remaining involved in the community after the FBI instigated split in the Party in 1971.

In 1973, the house in which I lived with my family was attacked by the police, allegedly in pursuit of a bank robber. As a result of this fabrication I spent 3 months in jail on an 18 count indictment of possession of firearms. The entire indictment was eventually dismissed for insufficient evidence.

Since that time, like many others who spoke out for human rights, I have been the target of police harrassment, police brutality, imprisonment, police surveillance and countless other illegal "dirty tricks". For years my mother, brothers, sisters and other family members have been victims of these attacks and tactics used by the federal, state, and local authorities to discourage peaceful protest.

Here, in this decade, 1980, I am still struggling for my

right to live, to be a mother and raise my three children. I am still fighting a court case that is now six years old.

For those of you that are not familiar with my case, the incident allegedly occurred on April 17, 1974. I was watching the 11:00 evening news when my picture was flashed over the T.V. screen. The newscaster reported that I was being sought by the N.Y.C. authorities in an alleged attempt to free three supposedly Black Liberation Army members from the tombs (formerly Manhattan House of Detention). At that time I was five months pregnant with my third and youngest child. Having previous knowledge and experiences with the tactics of the N.Y. police, I naturally feared for my life, the life of my unborn child and the life of my two young sons. As a result of that fear, I went underground with my two children and unborn baby.

For four years I lived and struggled with my three children ( the baby being born during this struggle) underground. For four years with very little support, I struggled for the safety and survival of my family.

After having endured many pains and hardships, in August of 1978, I surfaced from the underground. I was arrested and arraigned on a 22 count indictment, ranging from kidnapping, first degree robbery and burglary. These charges all stemmed from the supposed incident that took place April 17, 1974.

What is apparant from the brief pre-trial court appearances so far, is that the state has no evidence to substantiate these trumped-up charges. The only "crime" I committed, to which I am now compelled to defend myself, is having visited a brother at the time this alleged incident took place. In light of these facts, it is clear that the State's insistance to prosecute lies with their historic approach towards neutralizing community activists and organizers.

A trial date has been set for June 9, 1980, in the Manhattan Criminal Court, 100 Centre Street, 11th floor, part 50. My attorney is Evelyn Williams. I am appealing to all brothers and sisters to support me and help me stay free to be with my children.

FREEDOM FOR ONE IS  
FREEDOM FOR ALL!!

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