

REQUIEM TO TWO BLACK REVOLUTIONARIES

Slave Name: Anthony White
Name in Struggle: Kimu Olugbala
Slave Name: Woodie Green
Name in Struggle: Changa Olugbala

**BPP Archival Collection of
Frankye Adams Johnson**

Two Black men lived, two Black men loved. Two Black men fought, two Black men died. They were born into a world of beaten men and women, tired oxens in barren pastures. Born into a world where slaves had learned to love their masters. Born into a world where Black babies and Black minds are systematically exterminated. Detained in schools teaching self hate and obedience. Educated by the scars of pain and reality. They were guided by the teachings of Malcolm X, Marighe-lla, Lumumba and all those who have helped to make revolution. They were young Blacks who once hung out, empty bellied, on the corners of oblivion, who were once possessed by the white witch of death, (heroin.)

They were young Black men who had been kidnapped, tried and convicted of being Black. Black men who had been bound and gagged and caged in white men's zoos. They were Black men who had vowed to never return. They saw truth and recognized it. They saw a way to freedom and were not afraid to take it.

They were field niggas who tried to burn down massa's house, that had refused to adjust. They were not bribed by a penny promotion.

They were not bribed by Cadillacs and cocaine. They were not bribed by cheap promises and programs. They were field niggas who loved other niggas, field niggas who knew that the whole is more important than the part, and that there is no substitute for freedom.

They were tired of the past and anxious for the future. They

were tired of begging, they were anxious to take. They were tired of rhetoric, they were anxious for action. They are the end of the past and the beginning of the future. They are the sparks that will set the prairie fire. They are the seeds of freedom. They are not alone. They are not unsung. Their bravery will be carved on the minds of tomorrow.

Their strength will be felt on the triggers of freedom. Their love will be felt on the hearts of all those that struggle. They were a part of a family that will struggle til freedom. They are a part of a family that will fight until death.

THE OLUCBALA TRIBE
OF THE
BLACK LIBERATION ARMY

WHEREVER DEATH MAY SUPRISE US, IT WILL
BE WELCOME, PROVIDED THAT THIS, OUR BATT-
LE CRY, REACH SOME RECEPTIVE EAR, THAT
ANOTHER HAND STRETCH OUT TO TAKE UP WEA-
PONS AND THAT OTHER MEN COME FORWARD TO
INTONE OUR FUNERALE DIRGE WITH THE STAC-
CATO OF MACHINE GUNS, AND NEW CRIES OF
BATTLE AND VICTORY."
CHE GUEVARA