

# UNI RUM

VOL. I NO. 4

MARCH 24, 1941

UNROYAL REVOLUTIONARY UNION MOVEMENT

## SALUTE TO A BLACK PATRIOT

HAIL: JAMES JOHNSON JR.; Black Man; Black Worker; Black Hero; Black Patriot. Add the name of Bro. James Johnson to the illustrious list of Black workers who have, in one form or another, sacrificed beyond call to advance the principle of Black autonomy towards gaining enough leverage so as to eradicate the pernicious placement of Blacks within the entire labor family. The names ring out like golden coins: Bro. Rushie Forge, Bro. Chuck Wooten, Bro. Sid Lewis, Bro. Ike Jernigan — and now (in unyielding collision with industrial harrassment strides Bro. James Johnson Jr.). These heroic Black Brothers epitomize the infinite frustrations in which all Black and Colonized workers are daily drowned as they attempt to earn the meager substances that serve merely to keep families off the welfare rolls. These brothers are united by one common distortion, a variation common to all Third World and poor workers; they are powerless to deal directly with the authors, the initial sources of industrial atrocities — the industrialists. For standing between them and justice are the sell out Trade Unions. But these Brothers dared to act, to lash out at oppressive conditions, to express dis-satisfaction with unresponsive union postures, to eliminate, in some fashion, the proxies of the industrialist exploiter.

On April 26, James Johnson will stand before the bars of justice (?) to determine whether he will be allowed to be a freed man (freedom came for Bro. James when he dared to act) or whether he will be further incarcerated by the guilty, blood stained captains of industry — the present rulers of the universe. Bro. James is charged with murder and perhaps it is true that he eradicated obnoxious perpetrators of industrialist barbarisms. But the tale is much deeper than that, the story spans far beyond the death of three people, far beyond a merger of state punitive forces directed at one who had stood his fill of fascist conducted genocide. The story is as old as Black/white relations. The plight of Bro. James characterizes the similar plight of all Blacks residing within the racist fascist confines of the empire building western hemisphere. For it is a historical fact that present day Blacks residing on this continent are the sons of Blacks who were the "wards" of an older and not less cruel set of masters — the planters. And it is also a historical fact that because of the blood bath that took place between the sons of Europe, who were in direct economic opposition, "economic opposition" that led to horrendous struggle (planters versus industrialists) Blacks in America who had participated in this the 2nd struggle for liberation to take place on these shores — the fight against British Imperialism in which Blacks had been the first to participate — merely traded off one set of masters for another. And it was for the latter that Bro. James had toiled in the 20th century slavery; that set of depraved abusers of humanity who pay homage to Capital and Capital alone.

Bro. James after having toiled in contemporary slavery for the Chrysler Corporation (a recipient of major defense contracts to assist in the genocide of the Vietnamese people) some three years, finally, after months of personal heckling, arrived at his saturation point and found it necessary to resolve matters in a very revolutionary way. After surviving an especially appalling period of management desecrations — layoffs, speedups, a worsening of already dangerous safety conditions, and various other forms of intimidations — and after enduring a personal vendetta from mercenary agents of corrupt higher-ups, and after barely escaping with his life from an automobile accident, and after being ordered back to work before complete recovery by venal medical authorities in the employ of Chrysler Corporation . . . (Bro. James had taken a vacation that was previously granted him and upon his return to work after this two week holiday (recuperation)

found himself discharged; the dismissal was such a flagrant violation of existing policies that even without union representation the company was "forced" to reinstate Brother James; it was at this point that the personal harassment to Bro. James speeded up to the extent that the only comparable basis for establishing a parallel was the speedup of the conveyor on which he toiled at breakneck speed); and after being removed from this job to one of an even greater physical liability (and discomfort), removed only to be replaced by a new hire-in, Bro. James shrieked his displeasure for which he was suspended with union representation in attendance; So, on July 15, 1970 Bro. James left the plant a suspended worker and returned — an armed guerilla; the final result was — THREE DEAD MEN.

But as adverse as the described conditions were, Bro. James' case cannot, must not, be accurately portrayed from this limited scope. For Bro. James is a Black man residing in racist white America — within the Black colony. And this runaway slave has traveled the entire circuit: born in the south, servant for the Armed Forces, and escaped to — THE GHETTO. A victim of the usual inferior educational system, inadequate housing, poor medical facilities, a victim of, in a word, RACISM, American style. Attempting to support an aunt and a sister, Bro. James' employment was more than important to him — it was essential for the very survival of he and his family. And, perhaps all the manifestations of Racism, the emasculation of minority males, along with the special brand of cruelty being meted out to him in particular, temporarily drove him past the point of sanity . . . .

But faced with the hideous conditions of the Wayne County Jail, of which James has been a resident since that ill-fated day, soon turned him away from the twilight zone back into the realm of normalcy. Residing in that pig sty of a jail along with some one thousand (1,000) other inmates, mostly kidnapped from the streets of the Black colony, and various other uninvited guests (rats, roaches, bedbugs, etc.) Bro. James soon revealed his true revolutionary spirit. Bro. James, just for the record, has of yet to be "convicted" of **anything** but because of his lack of status in this racist society he has had to assume the role of "CONVICT" for over eight months. No bail. But the newly born revolutionary spirit that has laid claim to him would not let him alone, would not permit him to sit idly by to be further victimized without putting up a fight, and so in conjunction with six other persecuted persons (Michael Harris, Lawrence R. Plamondon, Norman Richardson, Carolyn Traylor, and Nora Ware) James has filed suit against the Wayne County Board of Commissioners, Sherrif Lucas, and various other and sundry functionaries challenging the right of the county to inhabit with people that crummy hovel that right from the top

violates nine (9) State Housing & Health Codes. This hideous monstrosity of a shack erected in the roaring twenties where persons are placed in 6 X 8 cages in sometimes tandems of three (two to sleep on hard cots and the other on the urine saturated floors)

So a free man goes to trial to see if his new founded freedom will be exercised in the midst of this explosive, racist society or at the lowest hub, the very nadir of a civilization subterranean in context. While, at one and the same time, the true criminals, those persons who must accept the responsibility for (And thank God for fighting Black men) the continuous development of James Johnsons throughout the length and breadth of this foul land lie back, far removed from the sordidness of the whole messy affair, lie back, and insist on the full forces of the law (their law) being brought to bear. But let them sleep on in their complacency if they will. For that list, that illustrious list of heroic Black workers shall continue to grow, and in a minute, in a minute we shall all be James Johnsons, we shall all arrive at where reality is. Long Live Brother James Johnson; Long Live Black Workers In This Racist Land. And, in all honesty, how many of us have had that urge, have had to repress that urge, that urge to strike out, to fight back against the inhumane system that annually kills some thousands of Black workers, that breaks the spirits of some hundreds of thousands, and that, finally, mentally enslaves the entire population to a rotten decadent reality of a nightmare? Hail Brother James Johnson — REVOLUTIONIST. He dared to struggle; He "dares" to win.

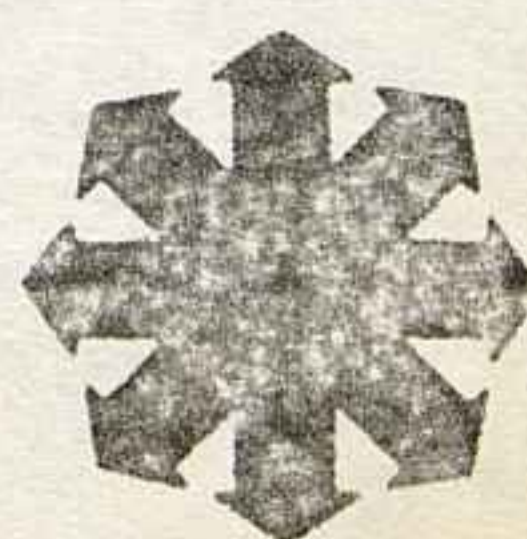
# INDEPENDENT VOICE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LEAGUE OF REVOLUTIONARY BLACK WORKERS

**READ DETROIT'S  
ONLY**

**BLACK REVOLUTIONARY  
NEWSPAPER**

March 26, 1971  
Volume 11 No. 1



Bro. James after having toiled in

# black workers power



DARE TO FIGHT .....DARE TO WIN .....

SUPPORT THE

## *International Black Appeal*

I.B.A. PRESENTS A SKATING PARTY

ARENA ROLLER RINK

14527 Greenfield

Monday, April 5, 1971

Donation \$1.00

8:00 p.m. — 11:00 p.m.