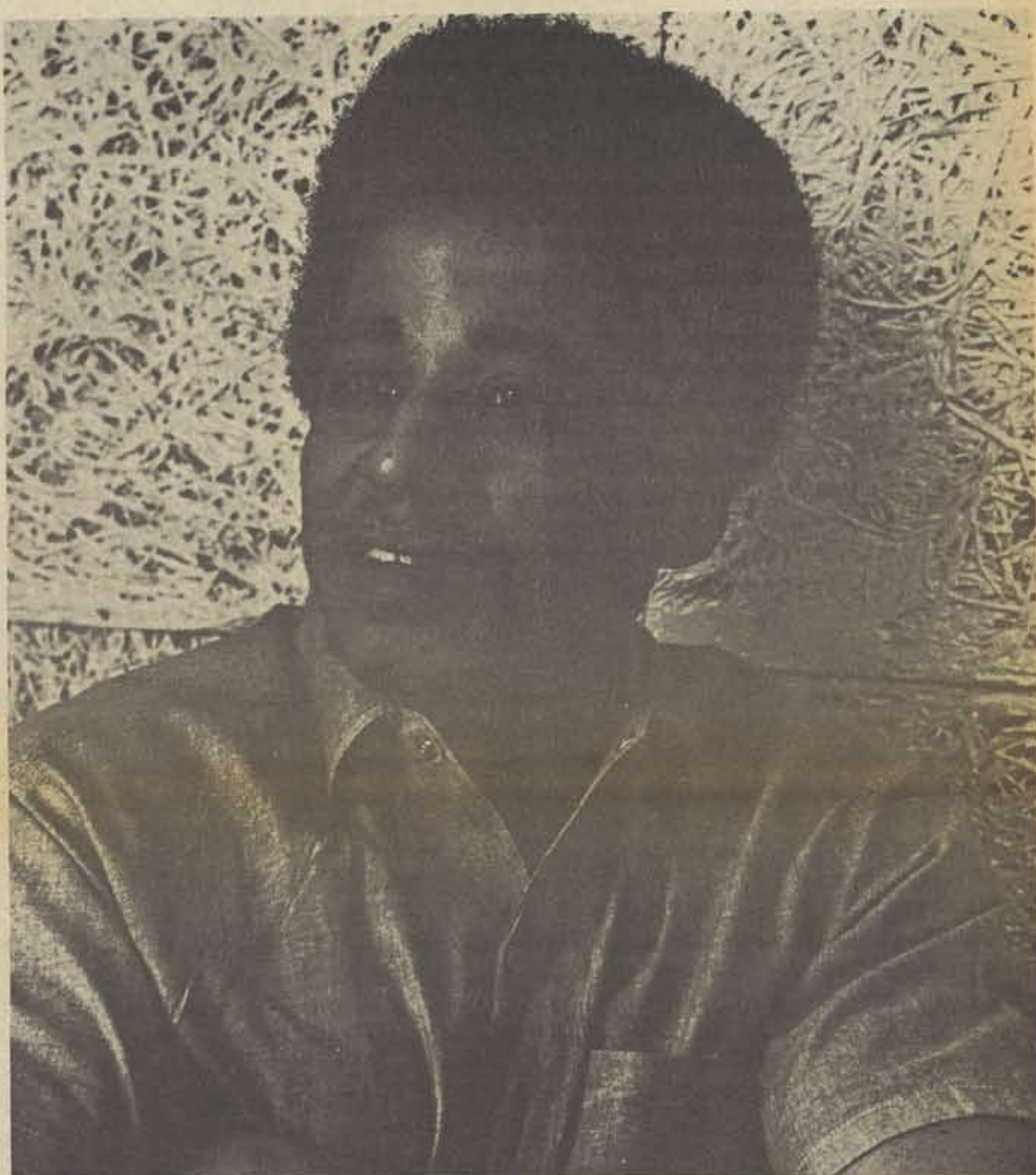


# GEORGE JACKSON: P.S. ON ULYSSES

Comrade Ulysses McDaniel, prison camp number A-64486, was captured at about the same time that they captured me. He was thrown into the State's prison a bare two months after my own imprisonment. My number is A-63837. In other words, 649 other numbers, representing people, passed between us. Most of them were Black; all were working or lumpen class. I was counting and asking questions then also. Our numbers were stamped on us in the early months of 1960, eleven years ago. Like myself, he has never seen the night sky since.

When I left Chino Reception Center for Soledad, Ulysses was leaving for San Quentin. He entered San Quentin on the tail end of one of the largest administration-provoked race wars of the decade. Eleven men died in eleven days. Shortly after the man-hunt, attrition-type war that goes on "all the time" inside these places, there was an uneasy period of calm in which all sides carefully mobilized a mass basis for defensive and retaliatory violence: the Blacks against the white cons; the Black and white guards; the Mexicans, who then identified with the white cons, because they out-numbered us and made regular canteen draws. The flash-point was reached in early 1961. Several dozen right-wing shock troops moved against the ten or twelve Blacks who dared to come out of their cells after the word was passed that no niggers would be allowed on the prison yard that day.

The opposing forces met on the lower yard, where the guards would have to take longer shots and risk hitting a white inmate. The brothers knew who the guards would be shooting at and they reasoned that if they closed fast, stayed in the middle of things, the most they had to worry about was being outnumbered on the ground. The Blacks went immediately to the lower yard and made preparations. If the fascists wanted to carry out their threat, they had to go to the lower yard. In other words the guerrillas drew them to grounds favorable to neither side. The unrighteous came with knives and pieces of plumbing pipe; the guards pretended not to be aware of what was going on, but casually cleared out of range of any fire that would come from the gun walks and towers. Each Black had secretly checked out a baseball bat and concealed it nearby. When the



fight ended, one "Hitler's Helper" was goose-stepping in that big pig-pen in the sky and a couple of dozen others were in desperate need of extensive medical treatment. "Patches" of hair were found all over the baseball diamond.

Comrade Ulysses and several other brothers were put in the hole. That was ten years ago. Since then, Comrade Ulysses has spent only several months out of the hole, or maximum security wings of the prison system.

Ironic in the case of Ulysses McDaniel is that he entered prison with a term of from one year to five years. In fact, he was doing no more than a 5-year term. Ordinarily a prisoner with such a term does 18 months in, and three and a half years on parole. But...

to San Quentin from Soledad as a result of another battle in protracted war), Captain Hacker and the prison's staff of Right Wing Lieutenants set up and assassinated a brother named Booker, with three accidental rifle shot wounds in the back. The rifle that killed Booker was a lever action deer rifle, so I don't think anyone believed that all three of the holes through his heart were accidental. Two of the men in on the set-up were attacked by a Black partisan, beaten and left for dead. Comrade Ulysses was tried in Marin and convicted on convict testimony and given a new life-top sentence.

You comrades would get battle fatigue if I related all of the occasions that the prison system forced this brother into a defense of his person or others victimized as all here are.

In 1963 (the year after I was rushed

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



# GEORGE JACKSON: P.S. ON ULYSSES

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In 1964, he was sent to Folsom. The guards there poisoned him, shot at him each time the circumstances allowed, gassed him, beat him and denied him all medical attention, until finally his health broke. He contracted terminal disease in his intestines, fell from 200 pounds to 120 pounds and was transferred back to San Quentin's hospital to die. Actually the doctors offered him an operation, with a 75% chance of recovery - as an invalid, or a quiet year in the hospital maximum ward - and death. He refused the operation, started doing special ancient Eastern exercises, ate only the foods that other Black partisans could steal for him.

From his situation, he wrote me (then locked in a cell with an extra lock welded above the two original locks) these lines that we still use on new partisans:

*If ever I should break my stride,  
Or falter at my comrade's side,  
This oath will kill me!*

*If ever my word should prove untrue,  
Should I betray the many or you few,  
This oath will kill me!  
Should I be slow to make a stand,  
Or show fear before the hangman,  
This oath will kill me!  
Should I misuse the people's trust,  
Should I submit ever to greed or lust,  
This oath will kill me!  
Should I grow lax in discipline,  
In times of strife, refuse my hand,  
This oath will surely kill me!*  
U.

When the year was half gone, the brother had gained 25 pounds, without eating (they thought). The doctors and the rest of the prison administration was so incensed that they asked Sacramento to return him to Folsom lock-up. They did. He's lived on borrowed moments for six years. Last March he was again told by the prison's medical staff that he could live no longer than a year without their operation; the parole board has out-right told him to accept the operation or forget parole. They want to kill him under the knife. Or render him useless to the people.

Over the six years that he's lived with death, the symptoms coming and going in alternate periods, marked by rapid loss of weight and slow partial recovery, the brother's mind and determination to stay in the fight have never once weakened. A brother who refuses to stop his resistance, refuses to stop learning, refuses to die!

The last irony in his case is that now he lives right next to me in a cell unfit for the healthy. He'll probably die this time; I can smell death on him and hear it in his voice. The Soledad Defense Committee or the Black Panther Party will pay all fees to any combination of lawyer and doctor who can get into San Quentin to give this comrade the benefit of knowing at least what it is that's killing him - outside of over-oppression, that is. Men who contract terminal diseases in prison are generally released shortly before they are expected to die. They will not release this brother, because he still has possession of his mind and is pledged to use it in our struggle.

George Jackson  
San Quentin Prison

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