

BLACK POWER SUPPLEMENT
OAKLAND FREEDOM SCHOOLS
MISSION REDEVELOPMENT FIGHT

THE



MOVEMENT

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ARVIN WORKERS WIN RIGHT TO DI GIORGIO ELECTION

FARM WORKERS,
LABOR OFFICIALS,
SNCC EDITOR ARRESTED

SAN FRANCISCO —

Workers at the Di Giorgio ranch in Arvin, California won a major victory here—the right to an election—by picketing the main offices of the Di Giorgio Corporation. Di Giorgio gave in and are permitting an election to be held. They had refused up to now.

by Terence Cannon

Six farm workers from the Arvin, California ranch of the Di Giorgio Corporation, six labor officials, and the editor of THE MOVEMENT were arrested here October 20 and 21.

The workers delegation, led by Mack Lyons from Bakersfield, had driven up from Kern County to meet with Robert Di Giorgio, President of the corporation. They were demanding a union-representation election at the Arvin ranch.

They arrived at noon on Wednesday and went up to the 6th floor lobby of Di Giorgio. Lyons spoke with Di Giorgio's secretary. She offered to let a small delegation of three meet with Di Giorgio the next morning at 10.

"We're going to wait right here," said Lyons, "until Mr. Di Giorgio meets with us. We've got all day. We left Arvin at 4 this morning."

The 15 workers sat there in the lobby, under the lights of the TV cameras and the stares of Di Giorgio employees. The police, under Captain Charles Barker, conferred with Di Giorgio and decided to pull a trick. They announced to the workers

that they were being arrested, ordered them to get in the elevators, led them into the street, and then released them. When the workers found they had been tricked, they went back up. They were ejected again, and this time the elevator operators would not let them return to the 6th floor.

A picket line of over 200 sympathetic union members, students and supporters of the strike, marched outside the building.

The Teatro Campesino sang strike songs from a flatbed truck parked in front of the building. During the demonstration a 62' banner reading "DI GIORGIO - ONE MAN ONE VOTE - ARVIN WORKERS DEMAND ELECTIONS" was lowered from the roof of the building. A building employee rushed to the roof, tore it loose and let it fall to the street.

At 10, Thursday morning, three Arvin farm workers: Mack Lyons, Luis Chavez (no relation to Cesar) and Arthur Kemplin went up to the Di Giorgio office for the appointment. With them were Tony Men-

dez, UFWOC organizer, who acted as interpreter, and Stuart Weinberg, their lawyer.

The building was being run like a stockade: the elevators were guarded. Anyone who looked like a farmworker or demonstrator was not even allowed in the elevator. The elevator operators enjoyed playing cop, questioning all people they didn't recognize.

The delegation of workers was told to go into a small office right off the Di Giorgio waiting room: it was not Robert Di Giorgio's office.

After the workers went into the office and were joined by Robert Di Giorgio and Mr. Brotherton, Vice President in charge of Public Relations, the door was closed. A few minutes later, four labor officials from the AFL-CIO came into the waiting room: Tim Twomey, Vice-President of the San Francisco Labor Council and Secretary-Treasurer of the Hospital Workers Local #250; Rod Larson, International Representative of the American Federation of State County and Municipal Employees; Richard Groulx, Executive Assistant Secretary of the Alameda County Central Labor Council; and Wray Jacobs, Assistant Secretary of the Alameda Central Labor Council.

The labor men came in support of the farm worker delegation.

The meeting behind the door went on for an hour. "What's there to talk about so long?" asked one of the picketers, "There's only one question for Di Giorgio to answer - will you agree to elections within two weeks?"

At noon, Brotherton and Di Giorgio came out. The farm workers stayed in the office. Much of the discussion had been about grievances at the Arvin Ranch. Di Giorgio tried to keep the conversation off the elections and on specific, irrelevant grievances. He signed a letter saying that certain workers who had been fired would be given back their jobs.

At first smiling and friendly, Di Giorgio burst into anger when Luis Chavez told him he had been fired by Jesse Marcus,



OUTSIDE DI GIORGIO OFFICE, Luis Valdez of UFWOC addresses picket line.

Photo: Lynn Phipps



INSIDE OFFICE, Arvin workers wait to meet with Di Giorgio.

Photo: Lynn Phipps



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EDITORIALS

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE BLACK POWER CONFERENCE

Stokely Carmichael will speak on the University of California Berkeley campus on Black Power—Black Nationalist organizations threaten to picket the conference. Here is Stokely Carmichael's schedule in the Bay Area for his short trip to California this month. 1: Meeting with community people from around the Bay Area (Black cats who know what's happening already). 2: Press conference. 3: Speaks at Black Power conference at Stanford University (primarily white group). 4: Radio interview. 5: Meeting with staff of Haight-Ashbury project (small group of organizers). 6: Meeting with San Francisco Friends of SNCC (primarily white group). 7: Bay Area SNCC Council Meeting (primarily white group). 8: Meeting with San Francisco State College Black Student Union (the Black intellectuals who do nothing but talk). 10: Finally, at the Berkeley campus (primarily all white group).

Now the question I'm asking here is when does Stokely Carmichael really speak to the masses of Black people in Hunter's Point, East 14th Street in Oakland, East Palo Alto, and

other ghettos around the Bay Area? And how do Black Nationalist groups help the masses of Black people by picketing the Black Power Conference at Berkeley because it might hurt Governor Brown? And the great Black intellectuals at San Francisco State College who go around bad-mouthing white people and making statements for the masses of Black people, but are business majors in college. (Where are they going to work when they finish college—in the Black community or white?) Why aren't these Black groups organizing to bring Stokely Carmichael to speak to the Black community instead of now criticizing whites who are trying to raise the issue of Black Power in their community?

We feel that the rally should be held on East 14th Street in Oakland or in Hunter's Point where the masses of people live who are caught in the bind between Black Power and integrationism. Another question that I find myself raising is why should the masses of Negro people who have been asked to respond to "Black Power" and who are now responding, be put in a box

by Black Power advocates, white radicals and Black intellectuals?

I feel that if the Black Power Conference had been held in Hunter's Point or East Oakland, probably the overwhelming majority of the group would have been white. But at least Mr. Stokely Carmichael would be available for questioning by the masses of Black people who aren't going to the University of California campus for any conference. It should have been remembered by the Students for a Democratic Society that when the Vietnam Day Committee held their rally it was in West Oakland—right in the middle of the Black ghetto, but yet when they hold a Black Power rally, it is held far away from the people concerned.

If the Black Nationalist groups picket the conference, this will again confuse the masses of Black people and when the masses of Black people become confused, they end up being put down by the police forces of our cities. Where are the intellectuals, both Black and white, when the clubs are being swung against the heads of

Black people? (Somewhere scaring white groups, I guess.)

We feel that it is time to start explaining Black Power to the masses of people whose lives are most affected by the Black Power movement first and to all intellectual groups—Black and white—second. And that the Black Power advocates and Black intellectuals should spend more of their time in the poor community trying to show poor people how to organize politically and economically—so that they might get the Man off their necks.

We don't feel that the originators of "Black Power" should ask the Negro community around the Bay area to accept their program and then when they come out to speak, address themselves primarily to white radicals and Black intellectuals.

It is felt by this editorial staff that Mr. Carmichael had the responsibility to review his schedule in California before he came out and to make sure that he was speaking to the masses of Black people as well as to whites while on this trip to Northern California.

— HARDY FRYE

WHAT IS A REVOLUTIONARY NEWSPAPER?

Our regular readers will notice that the Editorial Group has a lot more names this month: We are trying to make THE MOVEMENT what it should be, and what is needed now—an independent-thinking "revolutionary" newspaper.

We put the word "revolutionary" in quotes, because that word means a lot of different things to different people—like "Black Power." In these notes we would like to try to define what we mean by a revolutionary newspaper:

Newspapers don't create revolutions or movements; they follow and strengthen them. This is important; a movement newspaper must always be responsible to the movements with which it deals.

In long range terms we're talking about the overthrow of a political system that keeps the vast majority of its citizens voiceless and powerless.

Control over the politics in America must come from the bottom, not the top. This means that the power now concentrated at the top must be taken away by the people and controlled by the people. The process of taking this power must be in the people's own terms and in their own time, and by whatever means they decide on.

THE CONTENTS (INFORMATION) OF A REVOLUTIONARY NEWSPAPER shall:

1) Be useful to people's struggles. It shall discuss radical tactics and the reasons for using them. These tactics must be practically possible.

2) Tell what really happened in a significant event. Correct the distortions of the national press and describe important events not reported by the national press.

3) Relate one local struggle to another. Overcome the Establishment's attempt to make local issues unique and to isolate them into seeking local solutions. There are obviously no purely local solutions that are radical or sufficient. Struggles cannot be successful in Chicago or Mississippi or Watts alone.

4) Put struggles—local and national—in a wider revolutionary context. There is much to be learned practically from the experience of people in Africa, Latin America and Asia. The American government cannot be allowed to isolate struggle inside its borders from the solutions being worked out by poor people in the rest of the world. On the other hand, we can't be romantic about freedom struggles in other areas of the globe. We must know what is happening.

THE AUDIENCE OF A REVOLUTIONARY NEWSPAPER

40% of the American people live in poverty and deprivation—at a minimum. We must speak to all these people, as

well as to those who may get more of the loot from this unjust system but who see through it all and are discontent—the students, radicals and organizers.

A revolutionary newspaper must waste no time in explaining or defending the desires or tactics of the powerless to those in power. We ask for no favors. The paper must be circulated down here among us, not mailed to the filing cabinets of those in power.

THE LANGUAGE OF A REVOLUTIONARY NEWSPAPER

It does no good to speak of the "ruling class" without demonstrating practically who rules and how they rule. It is useless to speak of "imperialism" without making clear what imperialism means to the lives of people. When you speak of the "working class" do you mean just those who are in unions, or those who are not? Words like these are used like swear words to relieve people from the burden of explaining themselves.

Cut out jargon, new left or old left, say what you mean.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3, COL. 1

ELECTIONS AND NEW POLITICS

We address this editorial to people's groups: welfare rights, anti-poverty, farm workers, civil rights, student groups:

There's been a lot of talk about politics and New Politics, about elections and voting.

Maybe there are some favors you can get out of the politicians of California. They don't give out much, and then there are a lot of strings attached, but now and then they'll give a little something: an election at DiGiorgio, some money to organize with, that sort of thing.

If a group really thinks it can get something it needs right now from these politicians, we won't criticize its decision to vote for those politicians.

That is, until there is a real chance of kicking the politicians out and putting in something better: politicians we can control.

The question we ask is: Is there a real chance now to kick them out and get control? When people talk to us about New Politics, we wonder if we are strong enough to do the things they talk about.

If we don't have strong, powerful, active local movements, how can we have a strong political movement for the whole state of California?

Are the groups we belong to and support, strong enough to enforce the demands we make? Is it enough just to attack Mr. Pat Brown, if we can't control the office of the Governor?

Let's be realistic. Are we strong enough to use our votes to change the state of California? We think that we're not strong enough yet. There's a lot of local organizing that has to be done before we can talk about all getting together politically.

Is the Farm Workers Union strong enough to tell the Governor what to do? Are the Welfare Rights groups strong enough?

Is the Berkeley campus strong enough? Are all of them together strong enough?

It may be possible to use a political campaign to organize people. Most campaigns get into the bag of trying to win at all costs.

Let's do a lot more working, organizing and struggling before we spend our energy building a state-wide political thing. When the day comes that we take on the Democratic Party in this state, we better be tough enough to beat them, or give them a run for their money. We have a lot of hope—hope is what keeps us going. But hope can fool us into jumping out of our holes and getting shot down.

As Chester Wright of Los Angeles said about riots, "Us niggers is going to have our riots when we want to, not when someone else tells us to."

Let's apply the same philosophy to politics. —



PREMIER KY COMING TO SAN DIEGO: PROTESTS PLANNED

SAN DIEGO -- South Vietnamese Premier Ky will be in San Diego on November 16th, his only formal appearance in the U.S. The United Organizations to End the War in Viet Nam of San Diego, and the Students for a Democratic Society are planning the following activities:

1) On Tuesday night, November 15, before Ky's arrival, a rally featuring prominent speakers opposed to the war. (Before the rally there will be anti-war programs on the various college cam-

pus in the area)

2) On the day of Ky's visit, November 16, a massive demonstration on Coronado Island at the Hotel del Coronado where Ky has been invited to speak by the Associated Press managing editors convention (otherwise known as the Managed Press associated editors convention).

If you want to offer help or financial aid, or for more information, contact The San Diego Committee to End the War in Viet Nam, P.O. Box 15193, San Diego, California.

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(A leaflet printed by the Philadelphia Freedom Organization)

If you were president
and if you were white
and if there were riots
in your cities
and if the people rioting
were black

Well, you would probably love
all
those responsible Negro lead-
ers. The
so called leaders who always
blame rioting on the black
people who are
forced to riot.

And of course . . .
If you were president
and if you were white
and if there were riots in
your cities
and if the people rioting were
were black

Well, you would probably try
to destroy those black power
people; the ones who keep
saying that
black people riot
because they are the
last hired and the first
fired;
The ones who keep saying
that . . .
black people riot
because they are fight-
ing for their lives
against this white racist
society.

But then . . .
if you were president
and if you were white
and if there were riots
in your cities
and if the people rioting
were black
You might . . .
increase the draft call in
the cities
where most of the black
people live.

Because you would know
that . . .
thousands of those newly
enslaved
(drafted) men would never
come back alive
to bother you with their
protesting
marching, or rioting.
Now if you were president
you might do things
differently,
But then again, being black
you never have to worry about
becoming president. !!

AGIT-PROP POP OPERA

Agit-prop theatre is an old art form long out of use in this country. Lately it has been put back into use by the Haight-Ashbury Vietnam Committee, a group of political activists, some of whom recently have turned theatrical. Disguised as a theatrical group, they are getting their anti-war sentiments to more people than they ever reached before. Their performance includes lively music, a simple story line, and a message - Stop the War Machine. The two current shows are called "Romeo and Pagliaccia," and "Li'l Red, White and Blue." They were written by the group and have been performed from the back of a pickup truck in all parts of the city. The borrowed pickup had to be returned but they are finding the pop-opera's spirit serves a useful purpose at rallies and public events, as well as on the streets.

It takes about eight people to put on the two current pop-operas. The cast changes quite frequently because they are mostly working people and students who can't always find time. The style of the theatre allows for fairly easy replacements since all of the songs, music, and dialogue are on tape, and are amplified over the movements of the actors. Also the popular tunes, the rock and roll tempo and the colorful presentation are easy to adapt to.

It's a unique trend in political activity and some of the activist groups seem to view it simply as show business and fail to give it much support.

Following a performance, the group was reminded of the long tradition of agit-prop political activity by an enthused, middle-aged German lady who remarked, "I

haven't seen anything like this on the street since Berlin in the early 1930's. We had some wonderful friends who used to do just what you are doing . . . Hitler had them all executed . . ."

The shows alone won't prevent another Hitler, but they do capture a spirit of straight-forwardness and directness that is the fundamental quality of the pop-operas. A student commented, "They are a lively group - exuberant - they stop along the street like they own that part of the street - they're sassy. There's enough entertainment to make people stop. They pack up and go and leave you with something to think about . . ."



Photo: Lynn Phipps

L.B. McNamara spurns plea from father of drafted Romeo.

PEOPLE AND POWER JACK MINNIS

INVESTIGATE YOUR LOCAL CIA

The evidence mounts daily that the U.S. is far along the road to fascism. If there was a point of no return in the post-World-War-II era, it probably was passed on November 22, 1963. Three recent books, Lane's Rush to Judgment, Epstein's Inquest and Sauvage's The Oswald Affair, pretty well nail down the fact that the members of the Warren Commission were, at best, afraid of what they would find if they looked too closely into the assassination of John



Photo: Frank Cieciorka

F. Kennedy. This conclusion is, on the evidence of these books, a very conservative one. It is more reasonable to suppose, from this evidence, that two or more members of the Commission consciously conspired to exclude some facts, distort, misinterpret and misrepresent others, and, in general, to ensure that the staff of the Commission would function ineffectively.

It is useless to conjecture about who

was responsible for the killing and why it was done. It is not useless to observe the changes which took place in a number of policy areas when the new Johnson administration took over. There is no space here for a detailed examination of these policy changes, but, for example, the change in U.S. policy toward Latin America was immediate and could hardly have been more complete had the assassination been publicly acknowledged a coup d'etat by its perpetrators.

Several commentators have remarked that the assassination must have been the act of one demented killer because it was not followed by a right-wing takeover. This explanation overlooks the fact that, in some policy areas, Johnson's accession to the presidency constituted a right-wing takeover. This reality is difficult if not impossible for most Americans to accept, so they either dismiss the matter from their minds, or they scoff at the idea as the product of political demonology. One begins to understand how the German people could have permitted the excesses of the Nazi period.

It is true that the facts of the assassination are in dispute and, given the great weight of respectability of those who support the Warren Commission and its report, it is probably inevitable that most people in the society will continue to take the comfortable view that all is still well.

However, for those who feel uneasy about trends in the U.S., and want more evidence, an interesting line of investigation is suggested by recent events.

Last month Robert Kennedy's brother-in-law was killed in the crash of a private plane in Idaho. Killed with him was Louis Werner, II, a St. Louis investment banker. The AP dispatch on the crash identified him as an employee of the CIA. The New

York Times story said he had been for 15 years the chief of the St. Louis CIA office, and that his principal job was the recruitment of personnel for the spy agency.

I had recently been reading Raul Hilberg's The Destruction of the European Jews, which details the intimate cooperation of Hitler's political police and the German industrialists in various forms of domestic and international criminality.

Shortly after the crash story appeared I read Schlesinger's Thousand Days. His account of the CIA role in the Bay of Pigs invasion is consistent with the hypothesis that CIA may have been acting in the interest of U.S. banks and corporations trying to reclaim what Castro took away from them, figuring if they sucked Kennedy into beginning that ill-fated operation, he'd feel compelled to finish it off with U.S. troops, and Castro would be gone.

Fantastic? Unbelievable? Crackpot? Maybe.

On the other hand the skeptic might enquire: in how many other offices of the CIA do bankers and businessmen screen possible recruits? Why would one of the most powerful bankers in the middle west (whose bank has ties with, incidentally, some of the larger international corporations) be so interested in who gets recruited to do the dirty work of the CIA?

The questions may be crackpot, but the answers would be facts which, one suspects, would lead to some rather startling conclusions about how far down that road we've already gotten. ☐

(Editor's Note: Jack sent in this column along with a note which said in part, "Since you originally suggested using this column as a stimulus for research, I thought this might get someone interested in doing a real story on the CIA. I'm told they have regional offices in both San Francisco and LA. Who runs these offices? Is there an advisory council of fat cats?")

REVOLUTIONARY NEWSPAPER Continued from Page 2

HOW WE TREAT OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

Most left-wing newspapers do two things:

- 1) They uncritically praise every half-way independent or peoples' organization, except . . .
- 2) . . . every other left-wing organiza-

tion. These they constantly knock, claiming that their own group is the only one that sees things "correctly."

A revolutionary newspaper at this time should try to strengthen all independent and people's organizations by being realistic. If groups are weak, we should admit it and suggest ways to make them stronger.

We should criticize constructively all groups that challenge the status quo.

If we disapprove of the actions of a peoples' group we should try to find out why it happened and learn from the experience, not attack it out of hand.

Being serious about revolution means holding nothing sacred, including ourselves. ☐

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SNCC CHAIRMAN TALKS ABOUT BLACK POWER

WHAT WE WANT

By Stokely Carmichael

—from the *New York Review of Books*,
Sept. 22, 1966

One of the tragedies of the struggle against racism is that up to now there has been no national organization which could speak to the growing militancy of young black people in the urban ghetto. There has been only a civil rights movement, whose tone of voice was adapted to an audience of liberal whites. It served as a sort of buffer zone between them and angry young blacks. None of its so-called leaders could go into a rioting community and be listened to. In a sense, I blame ourselves—together with the mass media—for what has happened in Watts, Harlem, Chicago, Cleveland, Omaha. Each time the people in those cities saw Martin Luther King get slapped, they became angry; when they saw four little black girls bombed to death, they were angrier; and when nothing happened, they were steaming. We had nothing to offer that they could see, except to go out and be beaten again. We helped to build their frustration.

For too many years, black Americans marched and had their heads broken and got shot. They were saying to the country, "Look, you guys are supposed to be nice guys and we are only going to do what we are supposed to

about it. We should begin with the basic fact that black Americans have two problems: they are poor and they are black. All other problems arise from this two-sided reality: lack of education, the so-called apathy of black men. Any program to end racism must address itself to that double reality.

Almost from its beginning, SNCC sought to address itself to both conditions with a program aimed at winning political power for impoverished Southern blacks. We had to begin with politics because black Americans are a propertyless people in a country where property is valued above all. We had to work for power, because this country does not function by morality, love, and nonviolence, but by power. Thus we determined to win political power, with the idea of moving on from there into activity that would have economic effects. With power, the masses could make or participate in making the decisions which govern their destinies, and thus create basic change in their day-to-day lives.

But if political power seemed to be the key to self-determination, it was also obvious that the key had been thrown down a deep well many years earlier. Disenfranchisement, maintained by racist terror, makes it impossible

a number of committees, they never gained the majorities needed to control them.

ALL OF THE EFFORTS were attempts to win black power. Then, in Alabama, the opportunity came to see how blacks could be organized on an independent party basis. An unusual Alabama law provides that any group of citizens can nominate candidates for county office and, if they win 20 per cent of the vote, may be recognized as a county political party. The same then applies on a state level. SNCC went to organize in several counties such as Lowndes, where black people—who form 80 per cent of the population and have an average annual income of \$943—felt they could accomplish nothing within the framework of the Alabama Democratic Party because of its racism and because the qualifying fee for this year's elections was raised from \$50 to \$500 in order to prevent most Negroes from becoming candidates. On May 3, five new county "freedom organizations" convened and nominated candidates for the offices of sheriff, tax assessor, members of the school boards. These men and women are up for election in November—if they live until then. Their ballot symbol is the black pan-

If a black man is elected tax assessor, he can collect and channel funds for the building of better roads and schools serving black people—thus advancing the move from political power into the economic arena. In such areas as Lowndes, where black men have a majority, they will attempt to use it to exercise control. This is what they seek: control. Where Negroes lack a majority, black power means proper representation and sharing of control. It means the creation of power bases from which black people can work to change statewide or nationwide patterns of oppression through pressure from strength—instead of weakness. Politically, black power means what it has always meant to SNCC: the coming-together of black people to elect representatives and to force those representatives to speak to their needs. It does not mean merely putting black faces into office. A man or woman who is black and from the slums cannot be automatically expected to speak to the needs of black people. Most of the black politicians we see around the country today are not what SNCC means by black power. The power must be that of a community, and emanate from there.

SNCC today is working in both North and South on programs of voter registration and independent political organizing. In some places, such as Alabama, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, and New Jersey, independent organizing under the black panther symbol is in progress. The creation of a national "black panther party" must come about; it will take time to build, and it is much too early to predict its success. We have no infallible master plan and we make no claim to exclusive knowledge of how to end racism; different groups will work in their own different ways. SNCC cannot spell out the full logistics of self-determination but it can address itself to the problem by helping black communities define their needs, realize their strength, and go into action along a variety of lines which they must choose for themselves. Without knowing all the answers, it can address itself to the basic problem of poverty; to the fact that in Lowndes County, 86 white families own 90 per cent of the land. What are black people in that county going to do for jobs, where are they going to get money? There must be reallocation of land, of money.

ULTIMATELY, the economic foundations of this country must be shaken if black people are to control their lives.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6, COL. 2



Meridith March in Mississippi. King, McKissick and Carmichael march together. King has since repudiated Black Power.

do—why do you beat us up, why don't you give us what we ask, why don't you straighten yourselves out?" After years of this, we are at almost the same point—because we demonstrated from a position of weakness. We cannot be expected any longer to march and have our heads broken in order to say to whites: come on, you're nice guys. For you are not nice guys. We have found you out.

An organization which claims to speak for the needs of a community—as does the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee—must speak in the tone of that community, not as somebody else's buffer zone. This is the significance of black power as a slogan. For once, black people are going to use the words they want to use—not just the words whites want to hear. And they will do this no matter how often the press tries to stop the use of the slogan by equating it with racism or separatism.

An organization which claims to be working for the needs of a community—as SNCC does—must work to provide that community with a position of strength from which to make its voice heard. This is the significance of black power beyond the slogan.

BLACK POWER can be clearly defined for those who do not attach the fears of white America to their questions

to talk about organizing for political power in 1960. The right to vote had to be won, and SNCC workers devoted their energies to this from 1961 to 1965. They set up voter registration drives in the Deep South. They created pressure for the vote by holding mock elections in Mississippi in 1963 and by helping to establish the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP) in 1964. That struggle was eased, though not won, with the passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act. SNCC workers could then address themselves to the question: "Who can we vote for, to have our needs met—how do we make our vote meaningful?"

SNCC had already gone to Atlantic City for recognition of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party by the Democratic convention and been rejected; it had gone with the MFDP to Washington for recognition by Congress and been rejected. In Arkansas, SNCC helped thirty Negroes to run for School Board elections; all but one were defeated, and there was evidence of fraud and intimidation sufficient to cause their defeat. In Atlanta, Julian Bond ran for the state legislature and was elected—twice—and unseated—twice. In several states, black farmers ran in elections for agricultural committees which make crucial decisions concerning land use, loans, etc. Although they won places on

ther: a bold, beautiful animal, representing the strength and dignity of black demands today. A man needs a black panther on his side when he and his family must endure—as hundreds of Alabamians have endured—loss of job, eviction, starvation, and sometimes death, for political activity. He may also need a gun and SNCC reaffirms the right of black men everywhere to defend themselves when threatened or attacked. As for initiating the use of violence, we hope that such programs as ours will make that unnecessary; but it is not for us to tell black communities whether they can or cannot use any particular form of action to resolve their problems. Responsibility for the use of violence by black men, whether in self defense or initiated by them, lies with the white community.

This is the specific historical experience from which SNCC's call for "black power" emerged on the Mississippi march last July. But the concept of "black power" is not a recent or isolated phenomenon: It has grown out of the ferment of agitation and activity by different people and organizations in many black communities over the years. Our last year of work in Alabama added a new concrete possibility. In Lowndes county, for example, black power will mean that if a Negro is elected sheriff, he can end police brutality,



Carmichael talks with local resident in Lowndes County.

MALCOLM X ON POWER, POLITICS & ORGANIZING

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BLACK NATIONALISM

The political philosophy of black nationalism means that the black man should control the politics and the politicians in his own community; no more. The black man in the black community has to be re-educated into the science of politics so he will know what politics is supposed to bring him in return. Don't be throwing out any ballots. A ballot is like a bullet. You don't throw your ballots till you see a target, and if that target is not within your reach, keep your ballot in your pocket. . .

The economic philosophy of black nationalism is pure and simple. It only means that we should control the economy of our community. Why should white people be running all the stores in our community? Why should white people be running the banks in our community? Why should the economy of our community be in the hands of the white man? Why? If a black man can't move his store into a white community, you tell me why a white man should move his store into a black community.

The philosophy of black nationalism involves a re-education program in the black community in regards to economics. Our people have to be made to see that any time you take your dollar out of your community and spend it in a community where you don't live, the community where you live will get poorer and poorer, and the community where you spend your money will get richer and richer. Then you wonder why where you live is always

a ghetto or a slum area. And where you and I are concerned, not only do we lose it when we spend it out of the community, but the white man has got the stores in the community tied up; so that though we spend it in the community at sundown the man who runs the store takes it over across town somewhere. He's got us in a vise.

So the economic philosophy of black nationalism means in every church, in every civic organization, in every fraternal order, it's time now for our people to become conscious of controlling the economy of our community. If we own the stores, if we operate the businesses, if we try and establish some industry in our own community, then we're developing to the position where we are creating employment for our own kind. Once you gain control of the economy of your own community, then you don't have to picket and boycott and beg some cracker downtown for a job in his business.

The social philosophy of black nationalism only means that we have to get together and remove the evils, the vices, alcoholism, drug addiction, and other evils that are destroying the moral fibre of our community. We ourselves have to lift the level of our community . . . make our own society beautiful so that we will be satisfied in our own social circles and won't be running around here trying to knock our way into a social circle where we're not wanted. ☐

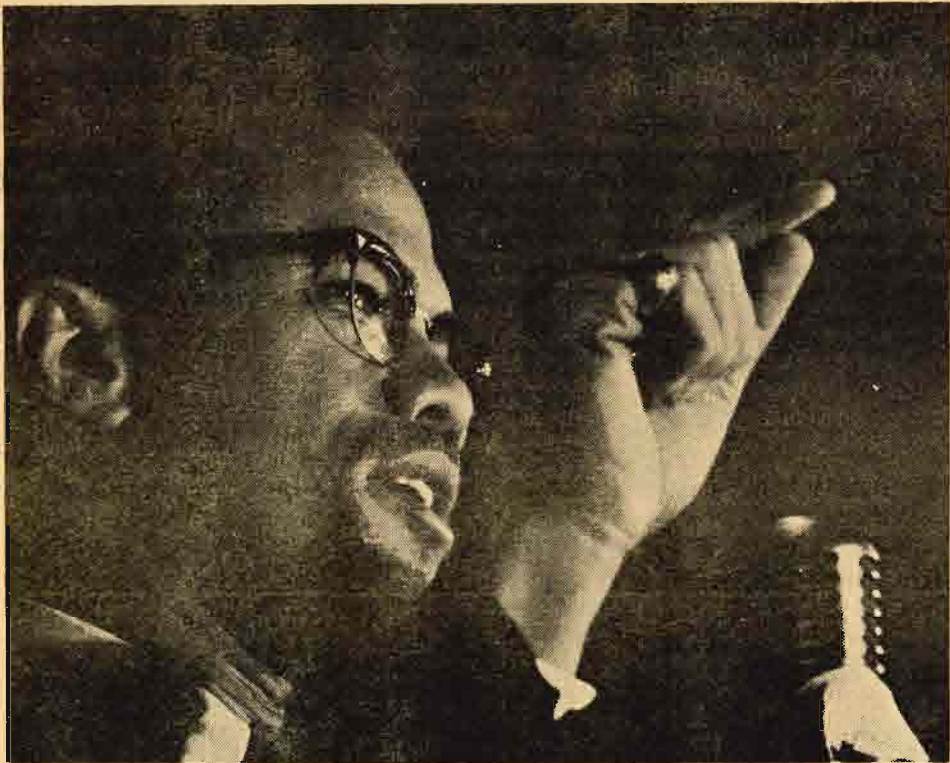


Photo: Rufina Hinton

Malcolm X

WHAT WE HAVE TO DO

I for one, believe that if you give people a thorough understanding of what it is that confronts them, and the basic causes that produce it, they'll create their own program; and when the people create a program, you get action. When these "leaders" create programs, you get no action. The only time you see them is when the people are exploding. Then the leaders are shot into the situation and told to control things. You can't show me a leader that has set off an explosion. No, they come and contain the explosion. They say, "Don't get rough, you know, do the smart thing." This is their role--They're just there to restrain you and me, to restrain the struggle, to keep it in a certain groove, and not let it get out of control. Whereas you and I don't want anybody to keep us from getting out of control. We want to get out of control. We want to smash anything that gets in our way that doesn't belong there.

Listen to the last part of what I said: I didn't just say we want to smash anything that gets in our way. I said we want to smash anything that gets in our way that doesn't belong there. You see, I had to give you the whole thing, because when you read it, you'll hear we're going to

smash everybody. No, I didn't say that. I said we'll smash up anything that gets in our way that doesn't belong there. I mean that. If it doesn't belong there, it's worthy to be smashed. This country practises that--power. This country smashes anything that gets in its way. It crushes anything that gets in its way. And since we're Americans, they tell us, well, we'll do it the American way. We'll smash anything that gets in our way . . .

Almost every one of the African and Asian countries that has gotten independence has devised some kind of socialistic system, and this is no accident. This is another reason why I say that you and I here in America--who are looking for a job, who are looking for better housing, looking for a better education--before you start trying to be incorporated or integrated, or disintegrated into this capitalistic system, should look over there and find out what are the people who have gotten their freedom are adopting to provide themselves with better housing and better education and better food and better clothing.

None of them are adopting the capitalistic system because they realize they can't.

THE BALLOT OR THE BULLET

No, I'm not an American. I'm one of the 22 million black people who are victims of Americanism. One of the 22 million black people who are the victims of democracy, nothing but disguised hypocrisy. So I'm not standing here speaking to you as an American patriot, or a flag saluter, or a flag waver--not I. I'm speaking as a victim of this American system. And I see America through the eyes of the victim. I don't see any American dream; I see an American nightmare.

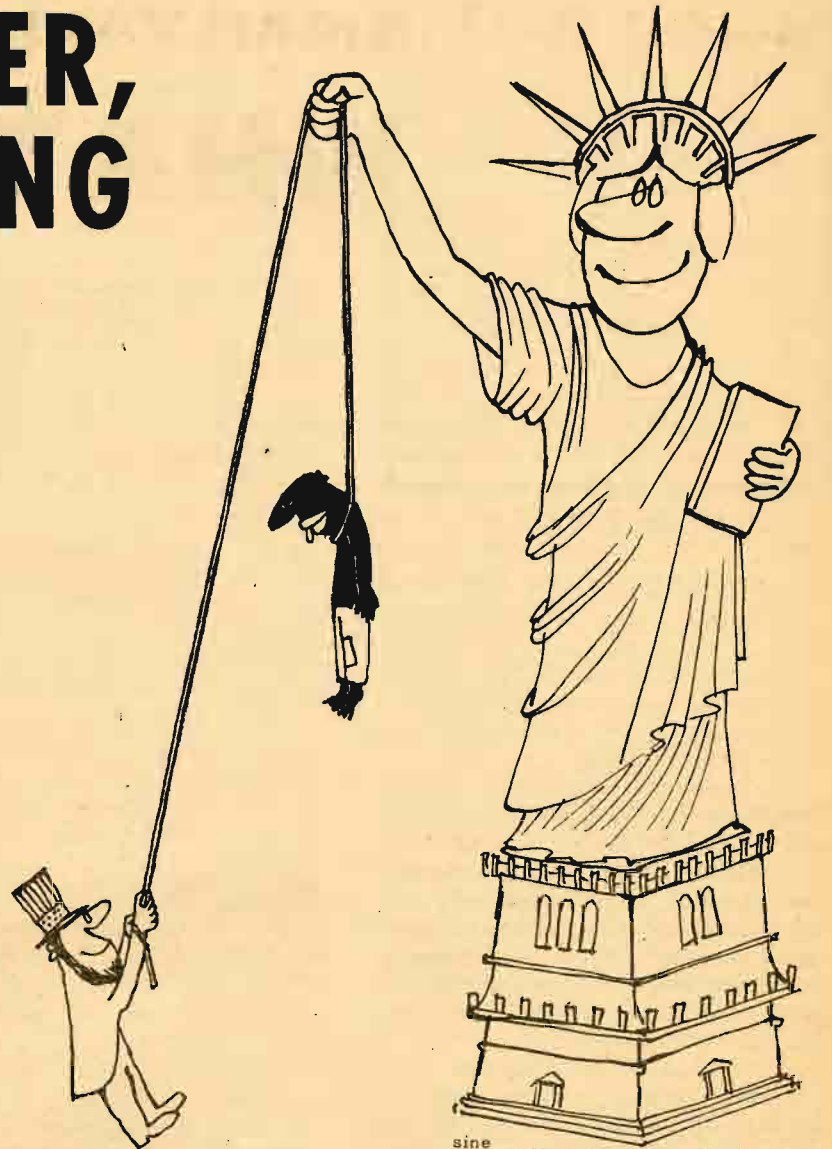
These 22 million victims are waking up. Their eyes are coming open. They're beginning to see what they used only to look at. They're beginning to politically mature. They realize that when white people are evenly divided, and black people have a bloc of votes of their own, it is left up to them to determine who's going to sit in the White House and who's going to be in the dog house. It was the black man's vote that put the present administration in Washington, D.C., that has seen fit to pass every kind of legislation imaginable, saving you until last, then filibustering on top of that.

And you and my leaders have the audacity to run around clapping their hands and talk about how much progress we're making. And what a good President we have. If he wasn't good in Texas, he sure can't be good in Washington, D.C. Because Texas is a lynch state. It is in the same breath as Mississippi, no different;

You can't operate a capitalistic system unless you are vulturistic; you have to have someone else's blood to suck to be a capitalist. You show me a capitalist, I'll show you a bloodsucker. He cannot be anything but a bloodsucker if he's going to be a capitalist. He's got to get it from somewhere other than himself, and that's where he gets it--from somewhere or someone other than himself. So, when we look at the African continent, when we look at the trouble that's going on between East and West, we find that the nations in Africa are developing socialistic systems to solve their problems.

There's one thing that Martin Luther King mentioned the other night at the Armory that I thought was significant. I hope he really understood what he was saying. He mentioned that while he was in some of those Scandinavian countries he saw no poverty. There was no unemployment, no poverty. Everyone was getting education, everyone had decent housing, decent whatever they needed to exist. But why did he mention those countries on his list as different?

This is the richest country on earth and there's poverty, there's bad housing,



sine from El Verdadero Cuento Del Tio Sam

only they lynch you in Texas with a Texas accent and lynch you in Mississippi with a Mississippi accent.

And these Negro leaders have the audacity to go and have some coffee in the White House with a Texan, a Southern cracker--that's all he is--and then come out and tell you and me that he's going to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6, COL. 1

MALCOLM ON GUERRILLA WARFARE

...The dark people are waking up. They're losing their fear of the white man. No place where he's fighting right now is he winning. Everywhere he's fighting, he's fighting your and my complexion. And they're beat-him. . .

It takes heart to be a guerrilla warrior because you're on your own. In conventional warfare you have tanks and a whole lot of other people with you to back you up, planes over your head and all that kind of stuff. But a guerrilla is on his own. All you have is a rifle, some sneakers and a bowl of rice, and that's all you need--and a lot heart.

there's slums, there's inferior education. And this is the richest country on earth. Now, you know, if those countries that are poor can come up with a solution to their problems so that there's no unemployment, then instead of running downtown picketing city hall, you should stop and find out what they do over there to solve their problems.

This is why the man doesn't want you and me to look beyond Harlem or beyond the shores of America. As long as you don't know what's happening on the outside, you'll be all messed up dealing with this man on the inside. I mean what they use to solve the problem is not capitalism. What they are using to solve the problem in Africa and Asia is not capitalism. So what you and I should do is find out what they are using to get rid of poverty and all the other characteristics of a rundown society. ☐

Subscribe to THE MOVEMENT

MALCOLM X— "OUR GOVERNMENT?"

You've got field Negroes in America today. I'm a field Negro. The masses are the field Negroes. When they see this man's house on fire, you don't hear the little Negroes talking about "our government is in trouble." They say "The government is in trouble." Imagine a Negro: "Our government!" I even heard one say, "our astronauts!" They won't even let him near the plant—"our astronauts!" "Our Navy"—that's a Negro that is out of his mind.

MALCOLM X

Continued from Page 5

be better for us because, since he's from the South, he knows how to deal with the Southerners. What kind of logic is that? Let Eastland be President, he's from the South too. He should be better able to deal with them than Johnson.

The Democrats have got the government sewed up, and you're the one who sewed it up for them. And what have they given you for it? Four years in office, and just now getting around to some civil rights legislation. Just now, after everything else is gone, out of the way, they're going to sit down with you and play with you all summer long—the same old giant con game that they call filibuster.

All those are in cahoots together. Don't you ever think they're not in cahoots together, for the man that is heading the civil rights filibuster is a man from Georgia named Richard Russell. When Johnson became President, the first man he asked for when he got back to Washington, D.C. was "Dicky"—that's how tight they are. That's his boy, that's his pal, that's his buddy. But they're playing the old con game. One of them makes believe he's for you, and he's got it fixed where the other one is so tight against you, he never has to keep his promise.

So it's time to wake up. And when you see them coming up with that kind of conspiracy, let them know your eyes are open. And let them know you got something else that's wide open too. It's got to be the ballot or the bullet. The ballot or the bullet. If you're afraid to use an expression like that, you should get back in the cotton patch, you should get back in the alley.

They get all the Negro vote, and after they get it, the Negro gets nothing in return. All they did when they got to Washington was give a few big Negroes big jobs. These big Negroes didn't need big jobs, they already had jobs. That's camouflage, that's trickery, that's treachery, window-dressing.

I'm not trying to knock out the Democrats for the Republicans, we'll get to them in a minute. But it is true—you put the Democrats first and the Democrats put you last.

Look at it the way it is. What alibis do they use, since they control Congress and the Senate? They blame the Dixiecrats. What is a Dixiecrat? A Democrat. A Dixiecrat is nothing but a Democrat in disguise. The Democrats never kicked the Dixiecrats out of the party. The Dixiecrats bolted themselves once, but the Democrats didn't put them out. Imagine, those lowdown Southern segregationists put the Northern Democrats down. But the Northern Democrats have never put the Dixiecrats down.

No, look at that thing the way it is. They have got a con game going on, a political con game, and you and I are in the middle. It's time for you and me to wake up and start looking at it like it is, and trying to understand it like it is; and then we can deal with it like it is. ☐

JOIN THE ARMY, BABY AND GET DUMPED ON

"The Defense Department is saying nothing about them but there have been a series of race fights in Germany between white and Negro GI's. One of the worst took place this past summer in Harvey Barracks, Kitzingen. Fifteen white GI's from the 66th Heavy Equipment Maintenance Company formed a vigilante group, attempted to terrorize Negro soldiers. Negro GI's admit that civil rights demonstrations Stateside result in unrest, suspicion, and intracompany fights overseas, report that at Harvey Barracks mimeographed cards bearing the KKK legend and anti-Negro propaganda have been distributed."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch, October 2, 1966

WHAT WE WANT

Continued from Page 4

The colonies of the United States—and this includes the black ghettos within its borders, north and south—must be liberated. For a century, this nation has been like an octopus of exploitation, its tentacles stretching from Mississippi and Harlem to South America, the Middle East, southern Africa, and Vietnam; the form of exploitation varies from area to area but the essential result has been the same—a powerful few have been maintained and enriched at the expense of the poor and voiceless colored masses. This pattern must be broken. As its grip loosens here and there around the world, the hopes of black Americans become more realistic. For racism to die, a totally different America must be born.

This is what the white society does not wish to face; this is why that society prefers to talk about integration. But integration speaks not at all to the problem of poverty, only to the problem of blackness. Integration today means the man who "makes it," leaving his black brothers behind in the ghetto as fast as his new sports car will take him. It has no relevance to the Harlem wino or to the cotton-picker making three dollars a day. As a lady I know in Alabama once said, "the food that Ralph Bunche eats doesn't fill my stomach."

Integration, moreover, speaks to the problem of blackness in a despicable way. As a goal, it has been based on complete acceptance of the fact that *in order to have* a decent house or education, blacks must move into a white neighborhood or send their children to a white school. This reinforces, among both black and white, the idea that "white" is automatically better and "black" is by definition inferior. This is why integration is a subterfuge for the maintenance of white supremacy. It allows the nation to focus on a handful of Southern children who get into white schools, at great price, and to ignore the 94 per cent who are left behind in unimproved all-black schools. Such situations will not change until black people have power—to control their own school boards, in this case. Then Negroes become equal in a way that means something, and integration ceases to be a one-way street. Then integration doesn't mean draining skills and energies from the ghetto into white neighborhoods; then it can mean white people moving from Beverly Hills into Watts, white people joining the Lowndes County Freedom Organization. Then integration becomes relevant.

Last April, before the furor over black power, Christopher Jencks wrote in a *New Republic* article on white Mississippi's manipulation of the anti-poverty program:

The war on poverty has been predicated on the notion that there is such a thing as a *community* which can be defined geographically and mobilized for a collective effort to help the poor. This theory has no relationship to reality in the Deep South. In every Mississippi county there are *two* communities. Despite all the pious platitudes of the moderates on both sides, these two communities habitually see their interests in terms of conflict rather than cooperation. Only when the Negro community can muster

enough political, economic and professional strength to compete on somewhat equal terms, will Negroes believe in the possibility of true cooperation and whites accept its necessity. En route to integration, the Negro community needs to develop greater independence—a chance to run its own affairs and not cave in whenever "the man" barks . . . Or so it seems to me, and to most of the knowledgeable people with whom I talked in Mississippi. To OEO, this judgment may sound like black nationalism . . .

MR. JENCKS, a white reporter, perceived the reason why America's anti-poverty program has been a sick farce in both North and South. In the South, it is clearly racism which prevents the poor from running their own programs; in the North, it more often seems to be politicking and bureaucracy. But the results are not so different: In the North, non-whites make up 42 per cent of all families in metropolitan "poverty areas" and only 6 per cent of families in areas classified as not poor. SNCC has been working with local residents in



SNCC officers: Stokely Carmichael, Chairman; Ruby Doris Robinson, Executive Secretary; Cleveland Sellers, Program Secretary; and James Forman, former Executive Secretary.

Arkansas, Alabama, and Mississippi to achieve control by the poor of the program and its funds; it has also been working with groups in the North, and the struggle is no less difficult. Behind it all is a federal government which cares far more about winning the war on the Vietnamese than the war on poverty; which has put the poverty program in the hands of self-serving politicians and bureaucrats rather than the poor themselves; which is unwilling to curb the misuse of white power but quick to condemn black power.

To most whites, black power seems to mean that the Mau Mau are coming to the suburbs at night. The Mau Mau are coming, and whites must stop them. Articles appear about plots to "get Whitey," creating an atmosphere in which "law and order must be maintained." Once again, responsibility is shifted from the oppressor to the oppressed. Other whites chide, "Don't forget—you're only 10 per cent of the population; if you get too smart, we'll wipe you out." If they are liberals, they complain, "what about me?—don't you want my help any more?" These are people supposedly concerned about black Americans, but today they think first of themselves, of their feelings of rejection. Or they admonish, "you can't get anywhere without coalitions," when there is in fact no group at present with whom to form a coalition in which blacks will not be absorbed and betrayed. Or they accuse us of "polarizing the races" by our calls for black unity, when the true responsibility for polarization lies with whites who will not accept their responsibility as the majority power for making the democratic process work.

White America will not face the problem of color, the reality of it. The well-intended say: "We're all human,

everybody is really decent, we must forget color." But color cannot be "forgotten" until its weight is recognized and dealt with. White America will not acknowledge that the ways in which this country sees itself are contradicted by being black—and always have been. Whereas most of the people who settled this country came here for freedom or for economic opportunity, blacks were brought here to be slaves. When the Lowndes County Freedom Organization chose the black panther as its symbol, it was christened by the press "the Black Panther Party"—but the Alabama Democratic Party, whose symbol is a rooster, has never been called the White Cock Party. No one ever talked about "white power" because power in this country is white. All this adds up to more than merely identifying a group phenomenon by some catchy name or adjective. The furor over that black panther reveals the problems that white America has with color and sex; the furor over "black power" reveals how deep racism runs and the great fear which is attached to it.

WHITES WILL NOT SEE that I, for example, as a person oppressed because of my blackness, have common cause

with other blacks who are oppressed because of blackness. This is not to say that there are no white people who see things as I do, but that it is black people I must speak to first. It must be the oppressed to whom SNCC addresses itself primarily, not to friends from the oppressing group.

From birth, black people are told a set of lies about themselves. We are told that we are lazy—yet I drive through the Delta area of Mississippi and watch black people picking cotton in the hot sun for fourteen hours. We are told, "If you work hard, you'll succeed"—but if that were true, black people would own this country. We are oppressed because we are black—not because we are ignorant, not because we are lazy, not because we're stupid (and got good rhythm), but because we're black.

I remember that when I was a boy, I used to go to see Tarzan movies on Saturday. White Tarzan used to beat up the black natives. I would sit there yelling, "Kill the beasts, kill the savages, kill 'em!" I was saying: Kill me. It was as if a Jewish boy watched Nazis taking Jews off to concentration camps and cheered them on. Today, I want the chief to beat hell out of Tarzan and send him back to Europe. But it takes time to become free of the lies and their shaming effect on black minds. It takes time to reject the most important lie: that black people inherently can't do the same things white people can do, unless white people help them.

The need for psychological equality is the reason why SNCC today believes that blacks must organize in the black community. Only black people can convey the revolutionary idea that black people are able to do things themselves. Only they can help create in the community an aroused and continuing black

consciousness that will provide the basis for political strength. In the past, white allies have furthered white supremacy without the whites involved realizing it—or wanting it, I think. Black people must do things for themselves; they must get poverty money they will control and spend themselves, they must conduct tutorial programs themselves so that black children can identify with black people. This is one reason Africa has such importance: The reality of black men ruling their own natives gives blacks elsewhere a sense of possibility, of power, which they do not now have.

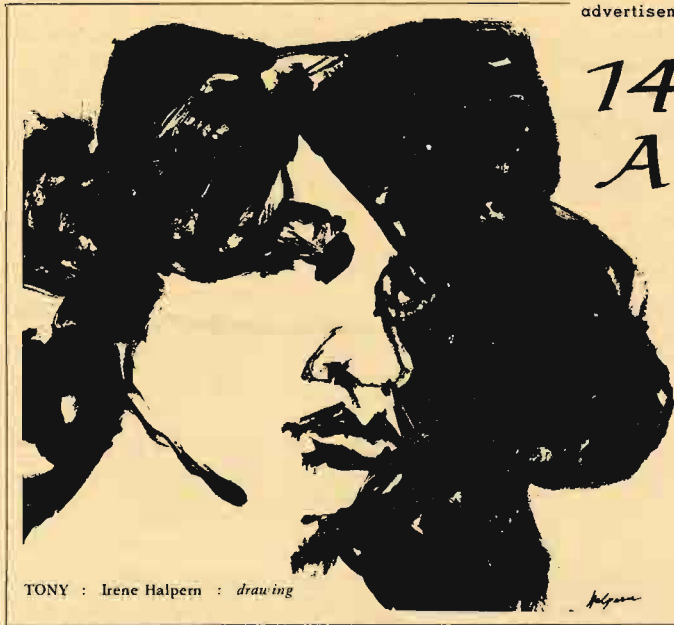
This does not mean we don't welcome help, or friends. But we want the right to decide whether anyone is, in fact, our friend. In the past, black Americans have been almost the only people whom everybody and his momma could jump up and call their friends. We have been tokens, symbols, objects—as I was in high school to many young whites, who liked having "a Negro friend." We want to decide who is our friend, and we will not accept someone who comes to us and says: "If you do X, Y, and Z, then I'll help you." We will not be told whom we should choose as allies. We will not be isolated from any group or nation except by our own choice. We cannot have the oppressors telling the oppressed how to rid themselves of the oppressor.

I HAVE SAID that most liberal whites react to "black power" with the question, What about me?, rather than saying: Tell me what you want me to do and I'll see if I can do it. There are answers to the right question. One of the most disturbing things about almost all white supporters of the movement has been that they are afraid to go into their own communities—which is where the racism exists—and work to get rid of it. They want to run from Berkeley to tell us what to do in Mississippi; let them look instead at Berkeley. They admonish blacks to be nonviolent; let them preach non-violence in the white community. They come to teach me Negro history; let them go to the suburbs and open up freedom schools for whites. Let them work to stop America's racist foreign policy; let them press this government to cease supporting the economy of South Africa.



Carmichael talks in Harlem.

There is a vital job to be done among poor whites. We hope to see, eventually, a coalition between poor blacks and poor whites. That is the only coalition which seems acceptable to us, and we see such a coalition as the major internal instrument of change in American society. SNCC has tried several times to organize poor whites; we are trying again now, with an initial training program in Tennessee. It is purely academic today to talk about bringing poor blacks and whites together, but the job of creating a poor-white power bloc must be attempted. The main responsibility for it falls upon whites. Black and white can work



TONY : Irene Halpern : drawing

together in the white community where possible; it is not possible, however, to go into a poor Southern town and talk about integration. Poor whites everywhere are becoming more hostile—not less—partly because they see the nation's attention focussed on black poverty and nobody coming to them. Too many young middle-class Americans, like some sort of Pepsi generation, have wanted to come alive through the black community; they've wanted to be where the action is—and the action has been in the black community.

Black people do not want to "take over" this country. They don't want to "get white"; they just want to get him off their backs, as the saying goes. It was for example the exploitation by Jewish landlords and merchants which first created black resentment toward Jews—not Judaism. The white man is irrelevant to blacks, except as an oppressive force. Blacks want to be in his place, yes, but not in order to terrorize and lynch and starve him. They want to be in his place because that is where a decent life can be had.

But our vision is not merely of a society in which all black men have

enough to buy the good things of life. When we urge that black money go into black pockets, we mean the communal pocket. We want to see money go back into the community and used to benefit it. We want to see the cooperative concept applied in business and banking. We want to see black ghetto residents demand that an exploiting store keeper sell them, at minimal cost, a building or a shop that they will own and improve cooperatively; they can back their demand with a rent strike, or a boycott, and a community so unified behind them that no one else will move into the building or buy at the store. The society we seek to build among black people, then, is not a capitalist one. It is a society in which the spirit of community and humanistic love prevail. The word love is suspect; black expectations of what it might produce have been betrayed too often. But those were expectations of a response from the white community, which failed us. The love we seek to encourage is within the black community, the only American community where men call each other "brother" when they meet. We can build a community of love only where

we have the ability and power to do so: among blacks.

AS FOR WHITE AMERICA, perhaps it can stop crying out against "black supremacy," "black nationalism," "racism in reverse," and begin facing reality. The reality is that this nation, from top to bottom, is racist; that racism is not primarily a problem of "human relations" but of an exploitation maintained—either actively or through silence—by the society as a whole. Camus and Sartre have asked, can a man condemn himself? Can whites, particularly liberal whites, condemn themselves? Can they stop blaming us, and blame their own system? Are they capable of the shame which might become a revolutionary emotion?

We have found that they usually cannot condemn themselves, and so we have done it. But the rebuilding of this society, if at all possible, is basically the responsibility of whites—not blacks. We won't fight to save the present society, in Vietnam or anywhere else. We are just going to work, in the way we see fit, and on goals we define, not for civil rights but for all our human rights. ☐

Role of Whites in Black Power

Far from writing off the Southern white, Carmichael has been giving some thought to organizing him! This makes more sense than most people realize. There are many thousands of poor whites all over the deep South who are nearly as disenfranchised as the Negro, and the types of economic and political gains that the Negro is striving for are exactly the types of gains that could benefit the poor white too. The Negro by himself will probably never be able to dominate Southern politics, but the poor Negro and the poor white together could constitute a formidable force, and as Carmichael says, "The real issues are colorless." It is Carmichael's plan to take the white students who have up to this time been organizing in the Negro community, and after a thorough orientation session send them into the white community, to organize a base of power there which will, hopefully, some day, become the white half of a black-white coalition.

For obvious reasons, white Southerners and Southern blacks must be organized separately; most blacks at this point are not able psychologically to work effectively with whites, and whites in most cases are not willing to work directly with blacks. However, I have seen great enthusiasm for Carmichael's method of organizing the two communities not only from Negroes in Mississippi but from poor whites I have spoken to as well.

In a nutshell then, Carmichael's overall program is to foster greater dignity and cohesiveness among Negroes through increased racial awareness; to develop the poor Negro community into a unified and independent political force using black organizers; to develop the poor-white community into a parallel force using white organizers; and then to form a coalition of all the poor.

It is ironic that the only major civil rights group which has given serious thought to organizing poor whites and helping them to obtain power has been

dubbed by alarmists anti-white. It seems as though some people are using the cry of "black supremacy" in the civil rights movement as indiscriminately as the cry of communism was once used in the labor movement, and if this kind of indiscriminate labeling continues, we could conceivably be in for a kind of latterday McCarthyism, stripping the movement of its militant leadership, and maybe causing certain paranoid whites to see a black supremacist behind every tree. The Democratic establishment and the more conservative rights groups have been subjected to the vituperative attacks of militants for years; now it seems they're out to squash the gadfly.

Suffice to say that what is happening in SNCC should be less cause for alarm than the unwarranted reaction it has evoked. White sympathizers on the picket line should be able to yell "Black Power" just as heartily and unself-consciously as they used to yell "Freedom," for the concept of black power should be no more threatening to them than is the concept of, for

example, Irish power or Democratic power, and besides, black power is in some ways synonymous with poor-white power.

Of course, SNCC like any other group could conceivably become a black supremacist group some day in the future, but this shouldn't affect our allegiances now. It makes no sense to support groups we know are too conservative, for fear that the good groups will some day be too militant. I am more worried about other things. Will SNCC Negroes in their mad scramble for power forget the idyllic vision of SNCC's earlier days? Will they continue to work for participatory democracy on the grass-roots level, or will Negro politics in the South become characterized by the same corruption and bossism that has ruined Negro politics in New York and Philadelphia? These are some of the things which only the future can tell. As for the present, SNCC is one of the most sense-making Negro revolutions around. ☐

—from an article by Bruce Detwiler, *The New Republic*, Sept 17, 1966

I think that black people should not try and change this country; black people should not accept responsibility for this country; black people should aspire to a sense of nation hood.

What that means for white people is: white people have to challenge the basis of this society's existence; they have to understand that this society is built in a schizophrenic way—you set up representative democracy in one town and in the same town you dropped your first slaves who were black and you called the elimination of a whole people, the American Indian the "civilizing of this country;" Those things, which to me are barbaric and inhuman acts, are projected by American institutions as positive.

I think these things have to be challenged, they have to be challenged in the white community.

—Charlie Cobb, SNCC field secretary, at the SDS National Conference, Summer 1966.

AMERICAN PEOPLE'S MOVEMENTS ----- VIRGINIA 1951

THE MARTINSVILLE SEVEN

By William Mandel

The first mass descent of outsiders to fight a civil rights battle in a Southern city occurred in February, 1951 when 517 people from all over the country went to Richmond, Virginia for one day to demonstrate for the lives of seven Martinsville Negroes framed in a standard, old time "rape" case.

It was the first time in twenty years since the Scottsboro Case that a mass death penalty had been sought in the South. But Scottsboro came during a decade-long upsurge of mass movements in this country, with democracy expanding, and the national mood against facism abroad. Martinsville came at the very depth of the cold war. U.S. forces had just been routed at the Yalu River in Korea. McCarthy was riding high. The McCarran Act had just been passed. Smith Act trials were in progress everywhere. Student activity was nil: the U.C. loyalty oath fight had just been lost and campuses nationally were deathly silent. In that atmosphere, the Martinsville Case was lost.

Or was it—

(What follows is straight reporting. It was written at the time, but in the atmosphere of that day, publication was impossible.)

It was three or four o'clock Friday morning. Thirty out of town people had remained in Richmond after the court demonstration on Monday. A dozen of us were in one of the rooms the Negro YMCA had rented to the committee as headquarters. Those who had just come off the Prayer Vigil in front of the Capitol were huddled around the gas heater trying to warm up. Others, for whom there was no bed space, had put chairs together, thrown coats over them, and were sleeping more or less.

Light shone in from the other office. The dial clicked as James Smith, Negro clerk in a local drugstore and chairman of the Virginia Committee, called another number. He had worked at his job all day and was due back in the pharmacy in the morning.

church, was using the phone downstairs. Mrs. Lawson, wife of a railroad shop worker, was calling from her home. So was Mrs. Vaughan, who ran a driving school, and her son, who owned a service station. Mrs. Lawson's niece, and another young woman were phoning from Slaughter's and another hotel around the corner.

The half-dozen white Richmond people had long since finished calling the few friends who might come to the Square. A couple had gone home to tend their babies or catch an hour or two of sleep. Another white man, a worker with a small tobacco farm in the hills he tended after hours, was hauling us to and from the Vigil in his truck. The others, too tired to go home or too far from home to get there and back by six a.m., had stayed at the Y.

It was a moment of pause, and perspective. We New Yorkers were lucky. We had slept Sunday night before starting for Richmond. The Detroit and Chicago people had left home a day earlier. But the four from Deaver, of whom the two Negroes were middle-aged and elderly, had driven three days and nights over frozen roads in a convertible with a torn top, and had lived on candy because none would eat where any were barred. A fifth in their party, a white woman of 73, had fallen and broken her hip as she stalked in rage from a Jim Crow restaurant in Kansas City. She had insisted that the others leave her in a hospital and go on. The Negro clergyman in that group, Rev. McNeil, had frozen his foot so badly on route that for a while we feared gangrene.

As we sat there, staring into the gas flame, someone said:

"Well, this is the story-telling hour."

I said: "I know the story I'd like to hear. Why did we come? Not in general. We all know that. But what moved us individually? What was in the background of each of us that brought us here and then caused us to stay on although we had expected to be in Richmond only a single day?"

"I'll tell you."

The voice, mild, Southern, and with a touch of a lisp, was that of James Goodman. A Negro of about thirty, tall, well-built but not noticeably powerful in appearance, he had been one of the quietest

"When I was fifteen or sixteen I worked in a grocery. One time I made a mistake in an order. The boss, he says:

"'Nigger, don't you know what to do?'

"I said: 'Don't call me nigger, you know my name.'

"He come back: 'We kick dumb niggers around here,' and he kicked me.

"I hit him with a coke bottle. He called the cops, and they came to take me to jail. One cop said:

"'Who did you hit with a bottle?'

"'Robert E. Miller.'

"'Look, nigger, when you talk to white folks you gotta say, Sir. When I get you to the station house, I'll teach you how to talk to white men.'

"At the police station, one of them kicked me in the pants, and the other hit me in the jaw. Then they tossed me in a cell, and said:

"'This one is for niggers and dogs.'

"I would have got two to five years in reform school, but my father paid five hundred graft and got me out.

"I kept on asking him to go North or to Panama. But he wouldn't leave, on account of his railroad job. I was unhappy about the schools. The whites had brick schools and recreation grounds. The Negroes had frame schools, and they were cold. There were two coal heaters in the room, and we sat around them, instead of keeping class the right way. There was no recreation at all.

"Then the cops were very nasty, too. They would stop any Negro walking through the white section, and question him. If they didn't like what he said, he'd get a beating and six months on the rock pile.

"One time I was working as house boy for a white family. I was about 17, but big for my age. The man's daughter, she was 19, she liked me. She told her father: 'When I get to be 21, I'm gonna marry Jim.' He went to my father and made me quit that job.

"My mother took me to Chicago. The living conditions, schools and recreation were better than in Nashville. I wanted to stay, but my mother took me home to Tennessee.

"At 18 I packed my case and went on my own. During the war I was in the Navy. After basic training, I was at Yorktown Navy Mine Depot, not very far from here. I was base electrician. Once there was a wrong circuit in the recreation ball. Civilian white workers were called in, and they couldn't repair it. My C.O. told them

"Then I went on liberty. The bus to Richmond was crowded. There were two seats up front. Another boy and I sat down. The driver refused to move the bus until we got out of the white section. We wouldn't get up. There was a riot, so he started the bus. The fight in the bus kept on all the way from Yorktown to Williamsburg. There I was picked up and brought into camp. They held me for mutiny, I asked for a general court martial. I beat the case."

"How'd you do that?" I asked.

"Well," said Goodman. "I told them the bus driver had no right to give me orders, so how could that be mutiny? They had to agree, and they freed me."

"Then we were shipped to New Guinea, and from there to the Philippines. A couple of our officers were Southerners. One was from Mississippi. One day I was on guard duty. Afterward, I started to cut across the white camp over to the Negro camp. The Mississippi officer stopped me. He said:

"'Niggers got no right to go through the white camp.'

"We had an argument, and it became a fight. I was arrested. The C.O. told me I had no right to argue with an officer or with any white personnel. I was put in the brig again, and then sent to the psychiatrist. He said I had battle fatigue."

I interrupted: "You didn't tell us about any battles?"

"Oh," he said. "I had been at Iwo Jima with the 20th Amphibians. I operated an LPC boat carrying 20 men in to land. I was hit by shrapnel. I've got a plate in my head.

"They put me in the crazy stockade. I was there for ten days. Then outside camp and back to the States. That was in 1945. They sent me to St. Alban's for treatment for battle fatigue."

"They didn't know what kind of battle you were fatigued of, did they?" I said.

"They sure didn't . . . Well, anyhow, I got a medical discharge in 1946."

"What did you do then?"

"I settled in New York. I worked at Bethlehem Steel and Todd Shipyard as an electrician and studied electrical engineering at night under the G.I. Bill. Sometimes I did longshoremen's work. So I joined the Longshore Club. I picketed I.L.A. President Ryan's office when they tried to squeeze Negroes off the waterfront. I picketed Bethlehem in the 1948 strike. Then I worked in the Henry Wal-



Clabon Taylor, Frank Hairston, Joe Henry Hampton and James Hairston.

Booker T. Millner, Francis Grayson and J.L. Hairston.

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He had been phoning for hours.

"Mrs. Jones? . . . This is James Smith . . . No, nothing's happened to me . . . No, my wife's all right . . . Yes, it is very important, or I wouldn't rouse you out of bed. The first four Martinsville men are going to be killed about seven o'clock in the morning. The courts have all refused to act. Maybe the Governor will. We're asking everybody we know to come to the Prayer Vigil at six o'clock this morning . . . Yes, maybe our prayers will move him. And maybe he'll think better when he sees all those people out there . . . That's fine. Will you try to bring someone else? . . . Thanks. I'll see you later."

This was something we could do nothing about. It was in the hands of the Negroes of Richmond, and no outsider could phone anybody at that hour. Elder Warner, unpaid preacher of a poor folks' store-front

members of the group. Early that evening, however, he and a young Jewish boy from New York had gotten the white manager and white woman band leader at the huge city-owned dance hall -- it was Negro night -- to stop the music every half hour and ask the crowd to phone the Governor to stop the executions. Otherwise we knew him only as the man from Brooklyn who had appointed himself guardian of the oil-can fire that kept us from freezing; as we sat with our Bible outside the State House in the four-person shifts the police allowed. By appearance and speech, he was a workingman.

"I was born in Panama. My parents moved to Nashville, Tennessee when I was a boy. But I was old enough to remember Panama. My father was one of the three Negro locomotive engineers in Tennessee. He also had a farm.

he had a man could fix anything that could be fixed, and he sent me over. One of the whites said:

"'Where did a nigger learn that type of work?'

"I said: 'Don't call me no nigger.'

"We had a scrap, and I got thirty days in the brig on bread and water."

I interrupted: "That must have made you pretty weak."

"No," he continued. "I didn't stay there long enough. The brig was a hut with a Cyclone steel fence around it. I pried it apart with my hands until I could get my foot in. Then I worked it open.

"I drew suspended sentence for breaking out of the brig, and the C.O. told me to build a new one that prisoners couldn't get out of so easy. He gave me a detail of twelve men, and I built it of steel and concrete.

lace campaign, and in the Ada Jackson and Hattie Brisbane campaigns in Brooklyn."

He stopped, and we knew he was finished, for he had spoken without interruption except when I broke in. By this time all of us around the heater were wide awake. We looked at each other, and one man turned his palms outward and let them drop again, as if to say: "We know why he's here."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Fern Owens spoke up. Having come to Richmond straight from her daughter's wedding, she must have been in her late thirties, but looked a good deal younger. Or rather, of indeterminate age, with little flesh on her strong face to sag

or wrinkle. There was a set to her mouth that gave some hint of the person within. Her English was clear and clipped, and hard to place geographically.

"My maiden name was Pierce, and the President of that name, a slave-owners' stooge, was an ancestor of mine. But other ancestors were Utopian Socialists in Owen's colony in Indiana, and I heard something about that in childhood from a brother, the only radical in the family.

"My father was a sharecropper outside Oklahoma City. I walked to school in town through the Negro community. The lies about Negroes being shiftless didn't impress me, for I saw their homes through the eyes of a cropper, and not of a white of higher class.

a ham. A cop came up and said:

"'Put that down.'

"She set the ham down carefully at her feet, then seized a can from the counter at which she was standing and bashed the cop over the head. He dropped in his tracks. She calmly picked up the ham and walked home.

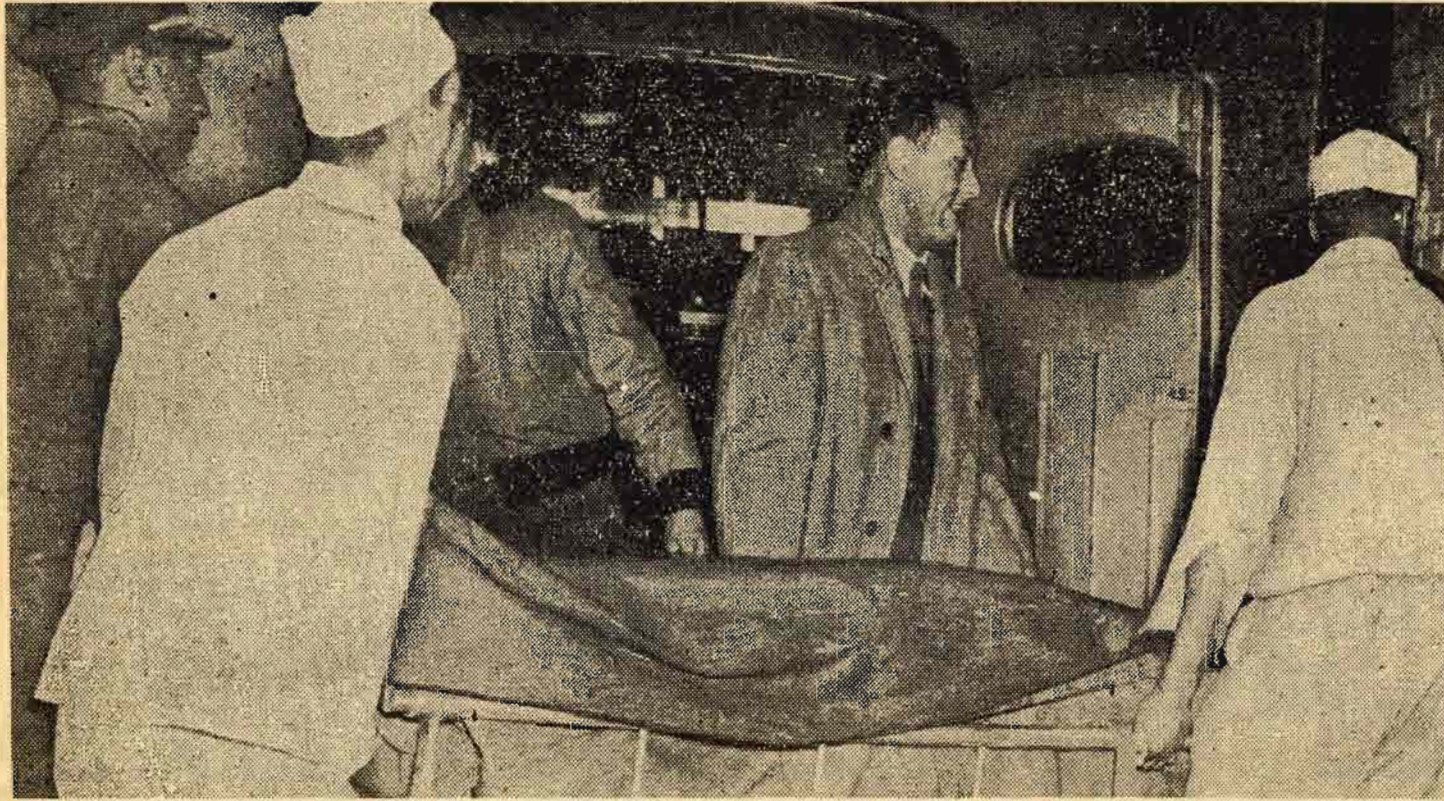
"Afterward, the cops set out a dragnet for my brother, thinking him the ringleader although he was not. He had to hide, and it was a Negro family that offered to take him in, although it would have been hard for them to explain a white man in the house.

"In later years I married a Negro. I don't want my husband or my son to face what these men are facing. I think I can

niggars (we pronounced it to rhyme with cigar). My parents were separated, and I hadn't seen my father since I was four.

"When I was nine, the whole family, with all the children, made a pilgrimage to Macon, Georgia, to visit my great-grandfather Faustina. He had a thirty-room house out of town, with Negro servants. One day, shortly after we arrived, we were playing near the railroad track that ran past one end of the place. We heard a lot of noise, and a group of men came along, dragging a Negro. They took some spare ties, built a pyre, stood one in the ground, tied him to it, drenched him with kerosene, and burned him alive.

"For some reason, I just stood there.



Mortician's aides carrying bodies of the four electric chair victims into morgue at Richmond following mass execution.

"There would be fights. The white boys would stone the Negro girls. That rubbed me the wrong way. One day the white school was surrounded by Negro boys in retaliation. The principal told us to stay in our seats. After a while he and the principal of the Negro school got together, and the Negro boys were called off. But this incident built up my respect for them.

"When I was in sixth grade a girl in my class had an affair with a boy. They were intimate. Her parents found out, and she was terrified. To get out of it, she said she had been raped by a Negro. A lynch atmosphere developed. Only the fact that the truth was well known in school prevented some innocent Negro from losing his life. I could never forget this, and this is one reason I'm trying to save the lives of the Martinsville Seven.

"Later, the Negro neighborhood spread until it completely surrounded the school I had been going to. The white parents didn't want their children to go through a Negro section, and so the school was closed. It was not made into a Negro school because it was considered too good for them, and the authorities felt that if they had one such school they would want more. I was terribly shocked when I heard that, because I had had my schooling in snatches when my father didn't need my help, and I appreciated schooling greatly.

"I heard of the Scottsboro Case when it began in 1931. I was still in Oklahoma City, and I went to open air meetings in a park where they talked about it. I believed what they said because of my own experience in school.

"The Depression got very bad about then. There was much actual starvation. People were evicted and set up a Hooverville under a bridge, Negro and white intermixed. There was an almost spontaneous organization of the unemployed, with both races together. The Unemployed Councils played a role.

"There was no city relief, and one day there was a march on City Hall to demand that something be done. En route we passed a very well-stocked food store. People left the line of march and raided it. The police came with clubs and tear gas.

"A Negro woman near me had taken

understand how Mrs. Grayson feels." (Mrs. Grayson was the wife of the only married man awaiting execution. They had five children.)

Jeri Wynne, Negro and 19, but on her own for two years, took up the thread.

"I was born in Cleveland. My father was one of the few men to study electronic engineering before the war. When Western Electric had an opening in this field, there were only three applicants, and he was the only one who qualified. He didn't get the job, being Negro. This embittered him terribly, and he withdrew into himself.

"My mother's story is similar. Although a graduate of the Cleveland School of Art, she managed only now and then to get some commercial work.

"From the time I was four until I was eleven I lived with my grandfather in Mobile, Alabama. He was of a Cuban Creole family, and enormously rich. He owned much of the city. His money came originally from cigars, but he owned entire streets of real estate, and a whole island.

"He had a twenty-room house, and there were lots of kids around. He knew how to handle kids. He was the stingiest man I have ever seen, but on Saturdays when he lined the kids up to give them a nickel to go to the movies, he had a way of making each of us feel wonderful.

"He bought a new black Packard every year, and the family was outraged when, after his death, his daughter bought a Studebaker instead.

"The five Creole families of Mobile and New Orleans were as aristocratic and snobbish as the Cabots and the Lodges.

"I didn't know that I was a Negro. In color, the family ran from blue-eyed blondes to my color."

In a white family, she would be taken as white, and in a Negro as Negro.

"I found out later that my family had been up in arms when my mother married a dark Negro. But meanwhile I didn't know, for we children went to a Catholic school for Creoles, where the French patois was spoken. And I hated

Great-grandfather had been watching from the window, for when it was over and we went home, he gathered the whole gang of us in the drawing-room. In the presence of our elders, who were stunned at his destruction of what they had worked a generation to build, he said:

"'We are all Negroes here. It could have happened to any one of us.' And he told us the family background.

"I turned and fled to my room, and stayed there for two weeks. When I came out, I was a Negro and no longer a Catholic, for no God of mercy would let things like that burning happen in the world."

Silence. Long, long silence. Then it was a quarter of six, and time to go to the Square for the mass Vigil.

I phoned the owner of the Negro taxi company, and asked him to radio his cabs that we were violating the police limit to four at the Vigil, and would they spread the word. He did.

Then I tested a wild experience. A white mountaineer who made his living as a pool shark had approached us one midnight at the Vigil, said he thought the Martinsville Seven were guilty but should not die because no white man had ever gone to the chair for rape in Virginia. He offered to arrange, through a friendly guard, to cut the power lines in the Penitentiary just before the executions. I believed him, proposed this to the head of the national Pilgrimage to Richmond (a white Bay Area attorney) as a desperate way of accomplishing a stay of execution, and offered to take full responsibility for that action, and any legal consequences. The idea was vetoed.

The pool shark then told me that he had been foreman on a jury in an exactly similar case a few years earlier, except that it had involved seven white men. None had gotten more than four years. One had been acquitted as too drunk to have gone through with the act. He was now an announcer at a major radio station in town. If I wanted any cooperation from the radio announcer, I should give the name of the one-time jury foreman.

I phoned the station, knowing this announcer to be on duty at this early morning hour, told him who had said I should call, and asked him to put a straightforward announcement of the mass vigil on the air with the earliest news. He did so.

A hundred Negroes showed up within an hour. A Negro restaurant owner gave up his early breakfast business, closed up shop, posted on his front door the handbill our people were out distributing, made huge jugs of coffee and trucked them down for free distribution to the people standing outdoors with the temperature at 15 degrees.

The first four men were executed. The other three were scheduled for Monday morning. After the first executions, a Negro taxi driver took a Northern Negro and myself at night the 150 miles to Martinsville to offer our condolences and help to the families. Death by violence at the hands of government and police was not new to them, and they were calm, at least by the time we arrived. Mrs. Hairston asked if there was any hope for the three remaining boys.

On Sunday it was decided to organize, that very afternoon, a mass memorial march from the church services for the four to Thomas Jefferson's austere and beautiful State Capitol building. The police were neither asked nor notified. Nine hundred marched, including forty whites. Half a dozen of these were local: working people and aristocrats. No middle class. Another of the Southern whites, son of a textile worker, was now going to college on an FBI "scholarship." This emerged later when he turned up as government witness in the Junius Scales Smith-Act case.

The parade was headed by two local women, Negro and white, carrying a wreath. The white woman was a carpenter's wife of about thirty, mother of three children. Six clergy followed, one white: Father Clarence Parker, Episcopalian, Chicago, aged 60.

As the parade crossed Broad Street, the city's main thoroughfare, the traffic--white Richmond out for a Sunday drive--stopped to let us pass. That was history.

Two days later there was an interfaith funeral service in a ghetto church. Two

thousand people jammed the streets. A local white workingman known to all for his efforts mounted a soap-box. Police arrived. The crowd would not budge. The police left.

A couple of days later I was riding uptown in a New York subway train. Two Negro Pullman porters were talking to each other. One had just arrived on a run from Richmond, and he was telling a familiar story.

Three years later came the Montgomery bus boycott. One of the top leaders was a Pullman porter, local rank-and-file organizer for their union. ☐

(Postscript 15 years later: I sent this to THE MOVEMENT because I want you who are under 30 to feel the strength that comes of a personal continuity with the past. To you the 1930's are at best a myth you believe. But 1951--most of us can remember back when we were three: you were all at least that old then--it is the beginning of your own time. You are not remaking the world alone. Jeri Wynne, Negro middle-class by background, is only 35 today. Well, James Forman is 38. James Goodman, a working man, isn't over 45.)

There were lots of people that age who made the 50 miles from Selma to Montgomery, among them local Negroes of 50 and 72. They remember the Sharecroppers' Union that had 12,000 members in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and North Carolina in 1936. In 1946, 1000 young people attended the 7th convention of a group with amazingly familiar initials, SNYC (Southern Negro Youth Congress). Its founding convention had been in the city of my story, Richmond, in 1937.

Continuity? I mentioned Mrs. Lawson, wife of a railway worker. She was born during the Wilmington Massacre of 1898, when the Klan destroyed by murder the last Negro-white Populist coalition government of that time. That movement came down to her in careful oral family chronicle.)

FARM WORKERS WIN RIGHT TO DI GIORGIO ELECTION continued from page 1

Di Giorgio kept repeating that he couldn't promise an election unless the Teamsters agreed to one. His argument was that the Teamsters would picket the ranch and keep supplies from being delivered.

At the end of the meeting, Di Giorgio agreed to call Einar Mohn, Teamster chief, and ask him if he would agree to an election. He told the workers to come back at 2, when he would tell them what Mohn said.

At 2, Brotherton came back, but Di Giorgio was never seen again. The picket line outside had been called off: Di Giorgio said that he would not come to a meeting if there was picketing. The signs were laid on the sidewalk and the picketers and workers stood waiting for news from the sixth floor.

At 2, Brotherton appeared with Joe Chambers of the State Conciliation Service. Chambers said that he had called Mohn, and that Mohn had told him he had just gotten to his office and couldn't make a decision that day.

The workers told Brotherton that what the Teamsters did was irrelevant. They wanted Di Giorgio to agree to an election. Weinberg said, "Mohn has had two months to decide; he doesn't need until tomorrow."

The atmosphere was getting tense. Di Giorgio officials, UFWOC organizer Fred Ross, the workers, and the labor officials were gathered, standing, out in the lobby. "Do you refuse to sign an agreement?" asked Ross.

"We have called on the Governor, who has called in the Conciliation Service," replied Brotherton. "We will agree when the Teamsters agree."

"You've been saying that for two months," said Mack Lyons.

"That's all I've got to say," said Brotherton, and walked out of the lobby into the Di Giorgio office, leaving the group standing in the lobby.

I asked Lyons what the group was going to do. "We're going to stay here until he agrees," said Lyons.

The farm labor group then moved back into the office in which they had met with Di Giorgio and closed the door. The labor officials tried to contact Bill Kircher, head of organizing for the AFL-CIO, but were unsuccessful. Fred Ross went downstairs to call Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta in Delano.

The group inside agreed that as far as they were concerned, negotiations were still going on. Their demands were not being met. They had been invited into the office and they were staying, ready

to talk if any Di Giorgio officials showed up.

Company executives did show up: they popped in and out of the office, giving last words and ultimatums. They were getting visibly shook. Brotherton opened the door and said, "We have nothing further to discuss. I'm asking you to leave." Trying to be sarcastic, he said, "It's been a pleasure to meet you all - and goodbye."

Then Connors, the Di Giorgio lawyer, came in.

"I've done all I can," he said. "We've been very good to you, but you will have to leave now."

"Thank you, Jesus," said Dick Groulx. Connors turned purple and slammed the door.

Then various police officers came in and said pretty much the same thing. The police were reluctant to make arrests. The Di Giorgio executives were very upset at being talked back to. They were not used to being treated as equals. When they found that giving orders didn't work, they called the cops.

The pickets on the street learned that Di Giorgio had broken off the meeting and started the picket line again. We could hear the bullhorn from the 6th floor office. "This is more like it," said Mack Lyons. "That talking wasn't getting us anywhere."

The arrogance of the Di Giorgio officials was clear to everyone. As soon as they found out that the workers weren't going to be put off, they called the whole thing off. They threatened to break off the contract negotiations at their Delano ranch, where the UFWOC had won the elections. They tried to get the Arvin workers to say that they represented UFWOC, which they didn't. They represented the Arvin farm workers.

Finally Edward Gallagher, the manager of the building, came in with Police Captain Charles Barker. Gallagher told us to get off his property or be arrested. We said as far as we knew negotiations were still going on. Barker then said we were under arrest.

Lyons, Chavez, Kemplin, Twomey, Larson, Groulx and myself were then led out of the building and into a paddy wagon. The picket line was chanting "Let Them Go! Let Them Go!" and swirled around the police as they brought us out.

Bail was set at \$110. The charge was trespassing. The arrests shook up the stodgy AFL-CIO state and city organizations. Though a bondsman had the bail



Mack Lyons, head of farmworker delegation from Arvin.

Photo: Hap Stewart

ready at 4:30 Thursday afternoon, we were not released until 10 P.M. We were told that the bail was not ready; it was an obvious attempt by police to keep us in jail until the picket line was ended and there was less chance of publicity.

Friday morning a delegation of farm workers attended the AFL-CIO convention of the Council on Political Education. Thomas Pitts, Secretary-Treasurer of COPE, tried to keep the farm workers out of the room. He did not succeed. When he had to introduce the two speakers from Arvin, he told the delegates, "I know you're in a hurry to get out, but I've promised these men 2 minutes each to tell about their beef at the DiGiorgio

Corporation." He couldn't care less. The COPE delegates were more enthusiastic: more than 40 of them came with the workers to the picket line at the Corporation.

Twomey, Larson, Groulx, and Jacobs were joined by Bert Donlin, Executive Board members of ILWU Local 10 (International Longshoremen and Warehousemen Union). Together with three farm workers they tried to enter the building (a little note had been pasted on the front doors of the building Friday morning: "The DiGiorgio Corporation is Receiving Visitors By Appointment Only").

The delegation was not allowed into the elevators. When they were ordered to leave the building (a public office building), they refused and were arrested.

Friday afternoon after the arrests, the police rushed the picket line and arrested, for no apparent reason, John Schroyer, an organizer for UFWOC. He was hustled into a police car and driven away. When the prowl car arrived at the jail, Schroyer demanded to know why he was being arrested. One of the cops wrapped his handcuffs around his fist and struck Schroyer on the head, cutting him deeply. He was booked on 6 counts, including assault and battery on a police officer. All arrest cases are still pending.

Over the weekend support for the workers' demands mounted. Dolores Huerta of the NFWA spoke before the SF Central Labor Council. On Monday and Tuesday large picket lines appeared before the DiGiorgio office.

At 9 A.M. Tuesday, the DiGiorgio Corporation agreed to talk with the union. A day-long meeting was attended by DiGiorgio officials, a representative of the State Conciliation Service, Mack Lyons, Dolores Huerta, Bill Kircher, head of organizing of the AFL-CIO, and Fred Ross, head of organizing for the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee.

By the end of the day the Corporation had completely given in to the union's demands. An agreement was signed that calls for:

An election on November 4
A single ballot
Election to be conducted by the State Conciliation Service.

Contract negotiations to begin within 45 days after the election.

(BULLETIN: It looks like the Teamsters have agreed to leave the Arvin area and stop their raiding against the farm workers union and their collusion with the DiGiorgio Corporation).

THE NITTY GRITTY..... CHESTER WRIGHT

WILL L.A. COPS TRIGGER THE NEXT RIOT?



Photo: D. Gortig

After the youth slumped dead on the front seat, officers found a knife with a 5-inch blade in his belt.

The Community Alert Patrol was withdrawn after the Watts Festival in order to create an atmosphere whereby meaningful dialogue with the LAPD could occur. THE PATROL IS BACK ON THE STREETS: The Patrol's aims are the same as after the Deadwyler killing — to prevent the City from exploding. The directors of CAP, by knowledge obtained at a bitter price, know that certain political factions would benefit by another riot. It is felt that the Negro Community will not determine whether it will riot or not in today's Los Angeles, rather, the Community is a CHESS PIECE, that may be moved on the "Giant Checker Board" of political expediency.

The fear generated by general rioting (White People are buying guns at a phenomenal rate, and are saturated with "Scare" literature and programs pushed by right-wing extremists) would insure a victory for that faction in the coming elections. Since Negro youngsters do most of the dying in event of a riot, CAP is determined to prevent the blood of Negroes from being used as a political tool. Our purpose is simple, we seek to allow the Negro to SURVIVE in Los Angeles.

WE DO INTEND TO:

a) See that Negro lives are not used carelessly as Political Currency.

b) See that others do not put us in a 'trick bag' by triggering riots (this was tried last July 4th).

c) Prevent our people from being needlessly killed by police officers for non-capital-punishment crimes.

This writer, or the directors and field commanders of CAP, do not condone, aid or abet lawlessness. Yet we can speak with some authority on the need for surveillance and change in police procedures that cause senseless killings of children and adults for non-capital crimes.

This writer further contends that AUTO THEFT IS NOT A CRIME PUNISHABLE BY DEATH. Further, that suspicion of auto theft by police officers does not give them license to act as JUDGE, JURY AND EXECUTIONER of children. Negroes have traditionally been denied the right to be human. California's local policemen are now denying their children the right to be children.

The tragedy is that California and its decent, well-meaning solid Citizens call this "good, vigorous law enforcement." I call it by its real name — PSYCHOTIC BEHAVIOR.

Where our so-called 'decent citizens' are concerned, it is just as inhuman to stand on a curb and watch one man beat another to death with a stick and not raise your voice in righteous wrath as it is to wield the stick yourself. This writer feels that the spectator is more guilty. The assaulter can claim temporary insanity. You, as a cool spectator, can only claim cowardly and hypocritical rationalization.

Some call us THE GREAT SOCIETY. Being a realist, I have reasons to believe that History will record us along with the NAZIS as a Sick Society.

The body of 16 year old Matthew Johnson, gunned in the back by a San Francisco police officer, was not cold and the ensuing riot was not controlled before Officer Thomas D. Nevin killed 15 year old Elmo Jerry Birkley. We here in Los Angeles can't let Frisco outdo us — no siree. We went them one better: recently a young Pacoima white boy was gunned when caught on a fence.

I contend that these children committed one great crime — that of being children, with a right due to their age level — to PANIC. Join the Armed Forces, fellows, you will be a lot safer — and you can legally shoot back.

At least the Community Alert Patrol will attempt by their presence to act as a deterrent force by observing the police procedures. We are very much INVOLVED and we could not care less whether a child is BLACK, WHITE or GREEN, A Child is a Child. It is shameful, stupid and cruel that the connotation 'adult' does not elect the same innocent ring.

(Editors Note: This is the first in a series of columns by Chester Wright on what is happening in Los Angeles. Chester Wright is a retired Master Chief Petty Officer of the U.S. Navy; he has a B.A. in Social Welfare and is attending the UCLA Graduate School of Social Work).

RESIDENTS FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF REDEVELOPMENT

SAN FRANCISCO — The Mission Council on Redevelopment (MCOR) has been fighting hard for several months against the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency's plan to tear up the Mission District. It may be successful. If it is, it will be one of the few citizens groups in the country to win against the self-appointed experts of our cities who make the plans for tearing down low income housing in order to "beautify" and "improve."

MCOR is an organization made up of representatives from 62 community organizations, ranging from Catholic Churches and homeowners associations to the Mission Tenants Union. The glue that binds these organizations together is not a detailed plan of what they all want done in the Mission District, but one simple demand: that the citizens living in a community have power over any demolition, redevelopment and rehabilitation in their community.

City Hall, the Board of Supervisors, and the redevelopment Agency have a hard time stomaching this demand. As Terry Francois, of the Board of Supervisors said at an MCOR meeting, "It would be a strange thing if the Federal Government would spend two million dollars anywhere and then let a citizens' group decide they didn't want it." The San Francisco CHRONICLE seems to think this is strange also. The newspaper attacked MCOR in a lead editorial. MCOR was a bunch of "idealoguees," it said, for thinking that people in a community should have veto power over a \$2 million grant.

The \$2 million grant in question is a planning grant the Redevelopment Agency has applied for to make a master plan for overhauling the area. The Bay Area's new subway system will go right through the middle of the Mission District. This, claims the Agency, will make redeveloping necessary.

MCOR publishes a newsletter called El Machete. In a recent issue they said, "Justin Herman (Chairman of the Redevelopment Agency) wants to redevelop

the Mission. The Council does not stand against him for this. But what it does stand against him for is his refusal to cooperate with the people who will be affected by his plans. Who really knows best for the Mission? Justin Herman or the people of the neighborhood?"

On October 5, MCOR appeared before the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors. One hundred Council members attended the meeting. As a result, the Committee voted to delay a decision until Supervisor Morrison, a noted liberal, could make a compromise proposal to the entire Mission Council.

October 14, Morrison appeared before several hundred Council members and observers at the St. Charles Church in the Mission.

His proposal is too long to report fully here. It did not give MCOR any real power. He promised that MCOR would have "liaison" with the Agency, that he would "encourage written comment" by MCOR, and that MCOR "may recommend" for or against any plan that came out of the \$2 million study.

Joan Boardman, of the American Indian Center, and a member of the Executive Committee of MCOR, moved that MCOR "reaffirm our position that the Supervisors not consider any plan without review and approval by MCOR. If prior approval is not given, we oppose redevelopment at this time."

Dave Knotts from the Inner City Council of the Presbyterian Church, attacked Morrison's proposal. "Why bring us something weaker than what we have already heard and turned down?" he said. "If there is going to be massive change because of the subway, why are you not willing to give us the strongest possible guarantees?"

Morrison's reply was, "I call prior approval a veto. The motion you would impose on the Supervisors is illegal under California law. The right to approval must lie in the proper government representatives."

Knotts then pointed out that the poverty program in the Mission District is controlled 100% by the residents of the area.

Ricardo Callejo said, "In this country we should have the right to make our own decision. We don't want the veto power misused, but we want veto power. We the people are the people who should decide. Government too often has forgotten that they are in the service of the people."

The meeting then got hung up on the legality question. Catholic Monsignor Murray argued against the Boardman motion, saying that they ought to have a ruling by the Attorney General on the legality of the veto power. Others at the meeting, including Assemblyman Willie Brown, felt that the legality of the motion was not for this group to decide. "I think the courts should decide," said Brown. Brown and Assemblyman John Burton fully supported the demands of MCOR. One MCOR organizer, however, felt that Burton was shakey on the legality question and wondered whether he would work for legislation supporting such veto power.

The Boardman motion in favor of veto power was voted in, 44 in favor; 10 against. Most of the votes against came from Catholic clergy, following Msgr. Murray's lead.

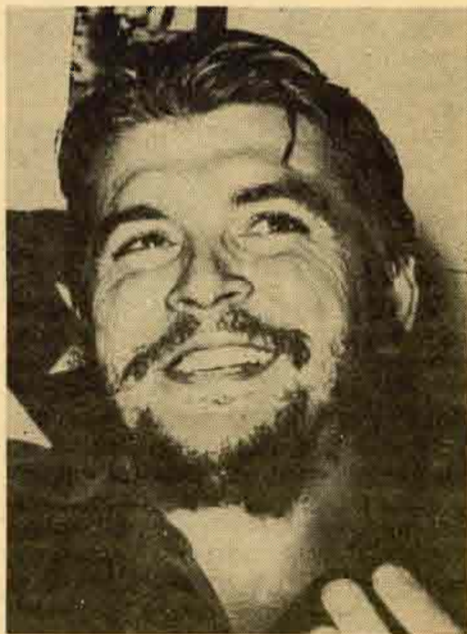
The following Monday, the full Board of Supervisors met at City Hall. Over 100 MCOR members packed the room. The Supervisors agreed to postpone their decision on the grant three weeks, because one of the Supervisors was absent.

One of the problems MCOR faces is the same as the Temporary Alliance of Local Organizations (TALO) in Watts. There are so many organizations, with different political and social views, in the coalition that they may find it hard agreeing on anything except veto power. The most conservative groups, the Catholic Church and the Spanish-Speaking Council, may drop out when stronger action is necessary. The right-wing homeowners are mostly organizing separately from MCOR.

"The test for this will come when we organize the Action Committee," says Dave Knotts. "Then some of the organizations may drop out."

It seems to be a general rule of redevelopment that it always ends up reducing the supply of low cost housing, pushing poor and working-class people out of their homes and community, and making a lot of money for builders and contractors.

This "minority and poor people's removal" system may be stopped in the Mission District. If it is, it will be the power of the citizens groups that brought it to an end. ☐



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"GET BENNY PARRISH OUT OF MODESTO"

MODESTO, CALIFORNIA — Benny Parrish, an organizer for the California Center for Community Development (CCCD), came to this San Joaquin Valley town a year ago. He organized a group called the Community Poverty Council (CPC) at a job retraining school. The CPC demanded that the local War on Poverty elect 50% of its members from the poor. Before this the board had been appointed by the County Supervisors; it represented the major business interests of the community, notably Gallo Wine.

Then last February, Parrish organized a Welfare Rights Organization within the CPC. Two days before the WRO held a sit-in at the Welfare Department, the Stanislaus County Grand Jury began an investigation of Parrish and the CCCD.

Last month, two months before the Grand Jury was supposed to give its reports, and two days before Governor Brown arrived in Modesto on his election campaign, the Jury called for halting the use of tax money to help organizations that "produce social and class conflict."

Parrish reported to THE MOVEMENT, "The Welfare Director himself admitted that, if we hadn't had sit-ins and other 'conflicts' there would be no weekly meetings of recipients like there are now. They had their chance for years and years to do this without conflict."

"All they mean by 'conflict' is asking about what they did and did not do. First you go in and ask for something and they say no. Then you raise a fuss and they say yes. Then they find out that they really had to do something or else you will take direct action to enforce the agreement. Then they accuse you of creating 'conflict' instead of 'community harmony.'"

Congressman Sisk (Dem. Fresno) and Congressman Hagan (Dem. Visalia) held up CCCD funds and have cut back the two year project by six months.

A civil servant who asks that his name

be withheld, told the MOVEMENT that the two Congressmen pressured McFall (Dem. Modesto) to threaten the CCCD with fund stoppage if Benny Parrish wasn't taken out of Stanislaus County before the November election. In October an OEO investigator came to the CCCD training center in Morgan Hill and told the group that they had better get Parrish out of the country.

Parrish has been told by sources inside the Welfare Department that the State Attorney General is going to investigate the county's local OEO Board (controlled by Parrish's CPC).

WHO IS BEHIND THESE ATTACKS ON ORGANIZERS OF THE POOR?

"The great fear in Modesto is that Benny is going to organize farm workers, especially after Chavez's Pilgrimage went through," said the anonymous civil servant. "What they do is send down a few Democrats and liberals into South Modesto at election time to get out the poor vote. This is another reason I think they are afraid of Benny."

The business community in Modesto fears an organized movement of poor people. The two major forces are Gallo Wine, and a businessman and landowner named Beard, who owns the biggest industrial park in the county.

The civil servant says, "They fear a spill-over from the electronics industry of the Bay Area, because it would force the wages up in the country. Gallo, Beard and a few other landowners control the kind of industry that can move into the county."

"Such spill-over would also force the High Schools to offer a real vocational program. Now they give little vocational training for students who can't afford to go to college." This helps to keep the wages down by keeping high school graduates unskilled.

Parrish organized the CPC in the New Hope School, a job retraining adult edu-

cation school. He started here because many poor white adults attend the school.

"I tried to set up a student council separate from the administration. It flopped. They got a little more money than they would have gotten if they stayed on welfare. They didn't want to jeopardize their position."

The school 'retrained' the people to be service station attendants, orderlies, nurses aides — jobs which paid no more than the unskilled work they did before.

"In the beginning there were hardly any Mexican-Americans in the school. We felt there should be more, since the program was supposed to retrain agricultural workers."

"We got Washington to send out an investigator. As a result, the white minority counselor was replaced by a Mexican-American counselor. The employment department which assigns people to the school was ordered to send more Mexican-Americans to the school. Now over 50% of the students are Mexican-American."

CHALLENGE TO THE POVERTY BOARD

The CPC submitted two proposals to the Poverty Program Board (which they now control). One was for a day-care center — which they got. The other was for a community service center and a community worker for South Modesto and Ceres. This was at first rejected. The CPC appealed directly to the regional OEO office. Meanwhile, they got more seats on the Board and reopened the question. It was passed. The county administration is trying to have it overruled.

"The group here feels," Parrish says, "that if we don't get the community center — community worker proposal, then we'll probably try to tear down the whole local poverty board. That doesn't mean there won't be any poverty programs here. It just means you don't have to have an agency screening them." CPC would then negotiate directly with the regional OEO. ☐



Photo: Hop Stewart

"YOU'RE A BUNCH OF SLOBS"

This lieutenant, Badge No. 1644, told THE MOVEMENT editor at the farm worker picket line in front of the Di Giorgio offices, "You're all a bunch of slobs and creeps. I've had a lot of experience handling slobs like you."

Later that day, he showed what his experience was. Picketeer Jeanne Bailey reports that Lieutenant 1644 stepped on her foot, knocked her backward with his elbow and shoved her. She was not in his way. No. 1644 should not be running around armed

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NOTES FROM CHICAGO MICHAEL JAMES

MOVEMENTS IN CHICAGO

Chicago is big, around four million people. A lot of this number are poor; there are large concentrations of poor whites, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and especially, Negroes who make up 25% of the city's population. Organizing goes on in many neighborhoods where these groups are concentrated.

JOIN Community Union (see THE MOVEMENT, Oct. 1966) works in a neighborhood of about 60,000 poor, largely southern, whites. Activity centers around the building of a steward system that may eventually evolve into a working freedom precinct captain structure. JOIN's newest efforts deal with urban renewal in an attempt to involve new people and create an alternative to the plan imposed by the city which could remove poor people from the

neighborhood entirely.

The summer saw a major confrontation between the Puerto Rican community and the police. The "riots," the first by Puerto Ricans in the country, were important, suggesting that the Spanish speaking, like Negroes, are coming to be dissatisfied with the oppressing problems of police brutality, poor housing and high prices. The Spanish Action Committee, the city, Spanish language papers and so-called community leaders attempted to isolate the outbreak, refusing to make connections between the problems of poor Puerto Ricans and those experienced by both poor whites and blacks.

Dissatisfied with the existing leadership (many of whom are destined to gain power and influence as the Daley-machine

begins to recognize and attempt accommodation of the Spanish community), a small group of Puerto Ricans and Mexicans formed the Latin American Defense Organization. LADO holds to a movement oriented community organizing perspective and understands well the problems they face and the need to build an organization of poor people who can speak and act for themselves. Although subjected to a Spanish press black-out, legal harassment of key organizers stemming from the "riot," and attempts by the Industrial Union Department of AFL-CIO to change both the name and direction, LADO has grown. Its first action, a boycott of National Tea Stores for failing to hire Spanish speaking checkers, made LADO's name known in the community and forced National to negotiate. In addition to the boycott, the organization is organizing welfare recipients and building a tenant's union.

King's SCLC has dominated action in the black community and the citywide movement as a whole. SCLC embarked on a program of marches into all white working and lower-middle class neighborhoods over the issue of open occupancy; it was hoped the tactic would create a crisis in housing that liberals could not disagree with, as well as pressure for federal housing legislation. The marches failed to involve poor black people, and ended when liberal church and labor groups, both local and national, brought extreme pressure on King to halt the marches.

The marches did halt, about the same time that federal civil rights legislation was shelved, and ended in an agreement between King and Daley that brought King nothing but a claimed moral victory, a promised investigation of problems by various city agencies, and a promise from the city that public housing would not exceed eight stories (higher than that fought

"WE HAVE NO GOVERNMENT"

I feel that the federal government have proven that it don't care about poor people. Everything that we have asked for through these years has been handed down on paper. It's never been a reality. We the poor people of Mississippi is tired. We're tired of it so we're going to build for ourselves, because we don't have a government that represents us.

—Mrs. Unita Blackwell, Feb. 1, 1966, after Negroes had occupied the Greenville Air Force Base.



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INSIDE AN OAKLAND BOYCOTT FREEDOM SCHOOL

By Dave Wellman

SPECIAL TO THE MOVEMENT

OAKLAND — "The Ad Hoc Committee should have set up a 'Junior Ad Hoc Committee' made up of all high school students in Oakland and let us organize and run the boycott."

"Yeah!" shouted Freedom Schoolers in response to this remark by one member of a West Oakland Freedom School.

The long awaited three-day boycott planned by the Ad Hoc Committee for Quality Education was going on and the young men and woman were attending Freedom Schools.

"Classes" began Wednesday. The "teachers" told the young people that Freedom Schools would be what they wanted them to be.

"We're here because we want to be, not because we have to be. We'll talk about things you're interested in and some of you can even be teachers if you want," said one teacher. As the day wore on, however, it seemed that the teachers had certain things THEY wanted to talk about.

Discussions were on topics like Black Power, Employment Opportunities in Oakland, Negro History, Oakland Schools, Police Brutality, and The War in Vietnam. There was lively talk — some dominated by teachers and others by students and teachers alike. Negro History and the War in Vietnam, about which the students knew little, rapidly became lectures, and the youngsters became restless. Education was still not an exciting experience. The content of the

class room was different, but the form was too much like Oakland public school system.

When the talk was about topics the students were close to, more people talked. The discussions were loud, intense and free-wheeling.

"Let me tell you about McClymonds High School!" shouted one young lady. "They've got this referral system, you understand. But when you get down there, you find that this damn teacher has 'written you up' ten times and never told you. So you find out you got a 'record' and bam! You're out on your ass. Don't even have a chance to explain. And baby, to get back in, you've got to bring the folks. Only my folks work. And my old man ain't about to take off work to get me back in school. So what are you going to do?"

"The food at the school ain't fit to eat. And they've got the nerve to charge you 45 or 50 cents for it! Now, I've got the coins to pay for it cause my old man is working, but what about cats that can't afford it?"

Another freedom schooler added: "Man, do you know they got cops on that campus?"

"I want to talk about those Oakland cops," announced someone.

"You know you can't even walk down the street without having one of those cats stop you for something. Especially at night: I don't care what you're doing, they're going to stop you. They stop you, man, and then have to get nasty. 'Where you going, punk?' Man, I

ain't no punk; why do they have to treat you that way?"

"Yeah," chimed in someone else, "and they take and toss you inside the car if you ask why you being stopped. Take you down to Juvie Hall for 'questioning'. You know, they took me down once and didn't even tell my old lady for a day."

"Beat the shit out of you I bet," added another young man.

Each discussion snagged on the question of what you do about it. "Burn down the schools," said one man glibly; "Blow up the police station," said another. "Naw," was the general response, "that won't do nothing but make things worse." The teachers had little to offer.

"Why not organize against them?" suggested one.

"Why bother?" was one answer. "They've got all the power. Besides, it takes too long."

The teachers, unprepared for this, tried to talk about more comfortable things. They talked about the "Power Structure," the war, the war on poverty, and so on. But students kept getting back to the basic problems. Their needs were different from the teachers.

The boycott was another issue.

"Who organized the boycott?" the students wanted to know; "Why weren't we in on the planning?"

"You know," a young lady said, "if we were asked to organize this thing we could have lots more people here. I know lots of people I could have convinced to come."

"I think we could have run it much bet-

ter," said another.

These remarks are important. The boycott was considered effective; almost one-third of the flatland students stayed home during the three days. The Freedom Schools were attended by young people whose parents were actively in favor of the boycott and by kids looking for a legitimate excuse to cut. The majority were not organized into Freedom Schools. Ad Hoc gave the students no way they could present their demands directly to the school board.

KICKED OFF THE CAMPUS

Many Freedom Schoolers thought they could have run the boycott better than Ad Hoc. The Friday trip to the University of California seemed to prove this. Planned for noon, it was suddenly changed to 9:30. The Graduate Student "hosts" were put off-guard; their program was to begin at 12. There was nothing to do until noon.

At 11:30 the University authorities demanded that the Freedom Schoolers leave immediately and locked the doors to the building where seminars were to have taken place.

This display of "white power" by the University caused confusion and a quick retreat home without an explanation to the young boycotters. Tired, frustrated and confused, they returned to Oakland.

While some were annoyed, all seemed to be wiser about the politics of Oakland and of boycotting.

"Next time there's a boycott, we're going to run it," announced a young man as we bounced home in an old truck.

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