

# blue-tail fly 20 cents


February, 1970

**TEMPERANCE**



**FAMILY PLEDGE**

**GOD BLESS OUR HOME**



**WHY SIGN THE PLEDGE BECAUSE**

1. Marijuana inevitably leads to harder stuff like grass—or even pot.
2. Dope leads to suicides, murders and sex crimes (not necessarily in that order.)
3. He who uses dope shall never enter Heaven.
4. Dope leads to a profusion of unsightly scalp and facial hair.

**WHY SIGN THE PLEDGE BECAUSE**

5. Dope causes instability and insanity—not to mention untidiness.
6. Dope causes the eyes to swell shut and skin to become like that of an elephant (see page 2).
7. Dope makes you stoned.
8. Dope is legally unhealthy.

**WE THE UNDERSIGNED SOLEMNLY PROMISE**

**BY THE HELP OF GOD**

**TO ABSTAIN FROM THE USE OF ALL**

**INTOXICATING DOPE AS A BEVERAGE**

**& NAMES**

**HE WILL BLESS ALL WHO WALK BEFORE HIM IN A PERFECT WAY**

## Dope temperance anyone?

contents

A Nice Place to Put a University, page 5  
Gene Mason

Interview: Marlene Dixon, page 7  
Sue Anne Salmon and Gretchen Marcum

"Pollution," a drawing, pages 8 and 9  
by Norman Adams, a student at the Louisville School of Art

looking back--on Robert Kennedy's 1968 Appalachian tour, page 11  
Rick Bell and David Holwerk

James Baldwin on the Black Panthers, page 13

verse: Jonathan Greene, Thomas Baker, Tom Lewis, page 14

music: Fathers and Sons, page 14  
Dan Fisher

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# blue-tail fly

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## tidings

### Dope dope

Though our cover question was not entirely serious, the thought was no doubt present following mid-month drug raids here which netted 31 people.

Lexington's not-so-mod-squad raided the Operation Deep Freeze coffeehouse where they arrested three people on drug charges (the coffeehouse manager and his wife and a girl who allegedly had a Dex of some sort in her possession), and 18 others—including 11 minors—on a variety of charges such as disorderly conduct, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and loitering.

And within the next 24 hours the cops (with the help of student narcs) busted four residences and nine more people on dope charges. Another arrest for disorderly conduct (made at the police station when a friend of one of those being incarcerated hollered after him "Don't tell them anything.") brought the total to 31.

It was the first large scale bust to hit the local head community since last spring and it loosed the usual tremors of paranoia, rumors and weak jokes about going back to Bud. The local narcs revelled in their victory, declaring—Viet-cong-body-count-style—that they'd seized about \$5,000 worth of grass and acid.

Louisville's dope scene has been similarly hassled. Frank Burke, newly elected mayor of the city, campaigned on a promise to fight the "growing drug menace" (among other things) and seems bent on keeping his word. In December, 15 people were indicted on drug charges after a couple of mass raids. Seven more were arrested this month.

And if University of Louisville students seem even more paranoid lately it might be because over 60 narcs have taken up temporary residence on the campus from February 16 to 27. The Southern Police Institute, now a part of UI's newly created School of Police Administration, sponsored its 16th Annual

Mid-Winter Seminar on "Narcotics and Drug Abuse: Enforcement and Case Development." SPI has been training police officers and chiefs primarily from the Dixie states, for over 20 years, and has been the primary—often solitary—education that many policemen receive beyond the high school level.

An SPI brochure declares, "Far too many narcotics cases are being dismissed or not prosecuted due to improper and inadequate police knowledge and investigative procedures." The seminar is an effort to help narcs and other cops bust dopesters with greater skill and accuracy.

Meanwhile, out in Colorado the University of Denver suffered the largest single drug bust to hit a college campus. On January 21, 37 Denver cops conducted a nighttime raid on four campus dormitories and eight off campus housing units busting a total of 42 students. That total easily surpassed the 28 arrested at the State University of New York at Stony Brook in the much-publicized 1968 bust. The University of Denver student senate allocated \$4,000 in student funds to help meet the bail costs of those arrested.

And the U.S. Senate passed the "no-knock" drug bill by a vote of 70-15; approval is expected in the House.

But there is good news on other fronts. Martha Mitchell to the contrary, the killer weed may well have definite medicinal uses—according to long-secret medical research just made public in *The Washington Post*.

The Attorney General's missus, who is well on her way to becoming a high camp folk hero, recently asked the chief medical officer of the Narcotics Bureau in Washington to burn some grass for her so she could take a wiff and be able to identify it if need be. "The next morning I woke up with the most horrible reaction you can imagine," she said. "My eyes were completely closed, my face was

swollen and I had the skin of an elephant."

The medical research, done ten years ago at the Army chemical warfare laboratory at the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, was disclosed when the proceedings of a 1969 National Institute of Mental Health conference were published. According to Dr. Van Sim of the Edgewood Arsenal, marijuana may be effective in treating tetanus, migraine, high blood pressure and sunstroke.

Marijuana, the scientist noted, lowers blood pressure for as long as 36 hours—an effect that may be helpful in treating patients with high blood pressure. Pot also quickly lowers the body temperature of experimental subjects by as much as three degrees—a possible cure for extreme cases of sunstroke. Sunstroke currently kills a large number of its victims when it is severe enough to render them unconscious. An injection of marijuana serum might save those lives.

Sim also cited the work done in the 1940's by the late Dr. Walter Siegfried Loewe of the University of Utah, who found a tetrahydrocannabinol (THC, or synthetic marijuana), "very effective" in preventing epileptic seizures when given in small doses.

Loewe's studies, Sim lamented, were stopped because of political pressure and fear of possible addiction. At that time, medical researchers had not proved beyond doubt, the impossibility of physical addiction to marijuana.

The research disclosed in the newly published proceedings of the 1969 meeting join the overwhelming body of past work in substantiating the claim that marijuana is far superior to alcohol. No solid research has documented claims that marijuana hurts people. And there is evidence to the contrary: for example, unfinished work in Boston reportedly indicates that motor control of experienced users improves when they smoke.

On the legal front, an organization

named Right A Wrong has formed to act as a marijuana lobbying group. Made up of straight business types, Right A Wrong's main purpose is keeping lines open to politicians; its founders believe grass may be legalized before the end of the Nixon administration. "They may throw this one to us as a bone," one of the organizers said, "so we won't bug them on the race problem, the war and poverty. The government works in ways like that."

The organization's main worry is fear of a takeover by left-wing radicals, which, in a sense, is already happening. Right A Wrong had originally proposed a huge July 4 smoke-in in Washington D.C. this summer. But after radicals (namely the Youth International Party) expressed interest in the event, Right A Wrong decided it was a bad idea and backed out.

Another fledgling group, Amorphia, Inc., seems to have its corporate head in a better place. Still mostly on paper at this point, the group hopes to involve 300 leaders in arts and letters, sciences and medicine who will push for the legalization of marijuana while cooperating on the fight against abuse of the true "hard" drugs. It will be a profit corporation (\$5 a share) that would seek to become the major grass manufacturer and distributor. Revenue—figured to be about \$2 billion a year—would create an economic foundation for development of what Amorphia calls "revolutionary life styles—support of over 100,000 people in prototype integrated communities." Right A Wrong hopes to involve people like Margaret Mead, Buckminster Fuller, Tom Wolfe and Marshall McLuhan. Their job would be to sway the 85 percent of the Gallup Poll public now opposed to legalization.

If, between now and 1977 when dope is legalized, you should find the police knock, knock knocking on your front door, there are a number of things you should remember:

February, 1970

\* First of all, you don't have to let any policeman into your house—unless he has a search warrant. The same thing goes for your car or garage. And in your absence, no one (landlords etc.) has the right to let the police search your home.

\* You have a right to ask for a copy of the warrant; exercise that right and make sure the warrant pertains to you and has your address on it. If the policeman only has a warrant for arrest, he cannot search your entire home, but only the immediate surroundings.

\* If police take anything from your home (files, subversive books, etc.) you should get a receipt.

\* If you're driving a car, a cop has the right to see your driver's license and registration papers, but he cannot search the car without a warrant.

\* If a policeman is arresting you he must say that you are under arrest and he must tell you the charge.

\* If a policeman asks you any questions, you have the right to remain silent.

\* Get the badge numbers and names of the cops involved in case there is any harassment.

\* The cops have to let you talk to a member of your family, a friend or a lawyer (it is best to call the most reliable). If you don't have the change for the call, the police are supposed to provide it, along with a phone book. (When a lot of people get busted together, the phone calls can be pooled and shared over a period of time. This is important from the standpoint of keeping in touch with the outside world.)

\* Don't sign anything or say anything until you've talked with your lawyer—whom you have the right to meet with privately.

\* If the cops want to give you a drunken driving test, you have to take it or they can revoke your license.

\* If you're a UK student and you're charged with a misdemeanor, you can call the University and you will be sprung on the University's recognizance.

Most of these tips come from a booklet entitled "Know Your Rights" put out by the Kentucky Civil Liberties Union. We have a few at the fly office or you can write the KCLU office—Room 405, 205 S. Fourth St., Louisville 40202. It's free if you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

## Changes on Olympus

By Liberation News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—If Americans ever believed there was an Olympus within their borders, the location had to be the chambers of the United States Supreme Court. "I'll take it all the way to the Supreme Court" has long been the sputtered refrain of the miffed and abused. Changes in personnel at the Supreme Court amount to a changing of the gods for Middle America.

The Court is like a slowly turning 12-compartment revolving door. One man gets old and leaves. A younger old man takes his place. The new man stays for a long time.

G. Harrold Carswell, 50 years old, will probably be around for a long time. The whole country knows about his 1948 pledge never to abandon the cause of white supremacy. Fewer people know the details of his part in the incorporation of a segregated private golf club, his record of rulings against black civil rights activists. Fewer still know what he did to women by ruling that an employer could summarily deny a job to women with pre-school children. But as Carswell's ascent to the Supreme Court begins to look like a fait accompli, a 71-year-old man, appointed to the Court over 30 years ago by Franklin D. Roosevelt, is beginning to sound really interesting.

In a book scheduled for publication Feb. 19, Justice William O. Douglas says he's about ready to opt for revolution. In *Points of Rebellion*, the new book, Douglas attacks the Pentagon, the FBI, the CIA, former Presidents Truman and Johnson, government and corporate bureaucracy and the racism of police, entrepreneurs, and educators.

"Where grievances pile up high," he writes, "and most of the elected spokesmen represent the Establishment, violence may be the only effective response."

"George III was the symbol against which our Founders made a revolution now considered bright and glorious . . .

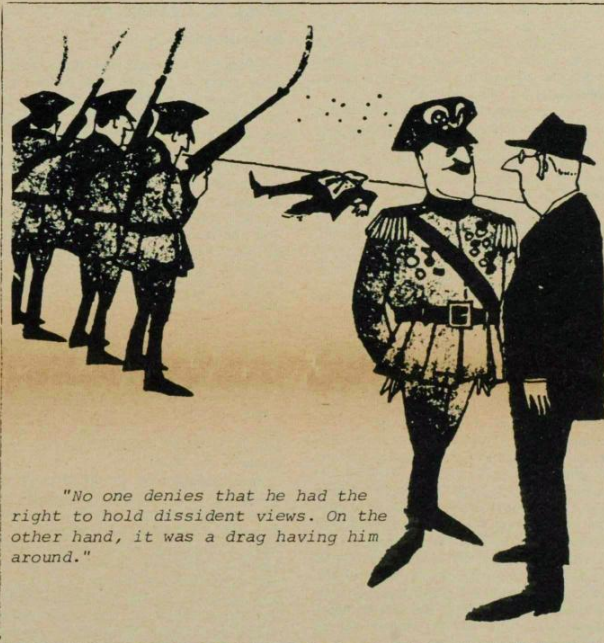
We must realize that today's Establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution."

Inveighing against elaborate anti-communist security procedures regulating employment, and promising that dissent against American militarism will not be stilled, he charges that "The Pentagon has a fantastic budget that enables it to dream of putting down the much-needed revolution which will arise in Peru, in the Philippines, and in other benighted countries."

"At the international level," writes Douglas, "we have become virtually paranoid. Indeed a black silence of fear possesses the nation. . . . Truman nurtured that fear, Johnson promoted it, preaching the doctrine that the people of the world want what we have had, unless suppressed, will take it from us."

And domestically, he is horrified by "the upside down welfare state" where "railroads, airlines, shipping—these are all subsidized; and those companies' doors are not kicked down by the police at night." Meanwhile, he sees no way of robbing from the state the ability "to conduct midnight raids without the search warrants needed before even a poor man's home may be entered by the police."

He hears the "powers-that-be faintly echo Adolf Hitler," who said (1932):



"No one denies that he had the right to hold dissident views. On the other hand, it was a drag having him around."

"The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. . . . We need law and order." And Justice Douglas can't help but grant that the political opponents of the state have the right to defend themselves and to resist any attempts to crush them:

"American protestors need not be submissive. A speaker who resists arrest is acting as a free man. The police do not have carte blanche to interfere with his freedom."

Douglas is a real fluke, a liberal revolutionary in 1970 America. His book says nothing about how he intends to deal with the reality of Carswell. But Douglas is 71. And Carswell is only 50.

## SMC plans Frankfort march

Plans are being made for a statewide antiwar demonstration to be held in Frankfort on Saturday, March 7.

The UK chapter of the Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, organized on the UK campus last month, is organizing the protest, which will begin with a parade through Frankfort starting at 1 p.m. and will end with a rally on the steps of the Capitol.

The UKSMC has sent teams of informational organizers out across the state in an effort to involve as many students and as many campuses as possible.

The SMC will request that the state

Legislature pass a resolution declaring that the citizens of Kentucky are opposed to the war and are in favor of an immediate withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Southeast Asia.

## Freedom of press: a heinous crime?

By Bucky Young

Martha Allen and Mike Honey came to Kentucky from Michigan to fight repression and guess what happened—they got repressed.

Mike and Martha (who are husband and wife) are coordinators for the Southern Committee Against Repression (SCAR) and also are on the staff of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF). They were arrested for protesting the Black Six trial that was to have been held in rural, predominantly white Munfordville.

The Black Six are six blacks charged with conspiring to dynamite oil refineries in connection with Louisville's civil disorders in the summer of 1968. The trial was moved to Munfordville at the request of Commonwealth's Attorney Edwin Schroering Jr. because he said pre-trial publicity would make a fair trial in Louisville impossible. Moving the trial to Munfordville was supposed to solve all that.

culty with the other prisoners "because there is a common feeling in jail that you're all being fucked over." After that, he was placed in solitary confinement in a four-by-seven-foot cell for the 19 days he was jailed.

He refused to make the \$2,000 bond because he didn't want to concede any legitimacy to the charges against him. Realizing he was raising a political issue by doing so, the authorities constantly attempted to intimidate him into leaving. Besides the solitary confinement, there was one occasion on which a state trooper appeared outside his cell with black jack in hand. The trooper told the jailer he would give him ten dollars to let Mike out so he could get at him. (Mike doesn't even have long hair.)

Martha was arrested a week later when she returned and also placed in solitary confinement—for 12 days. In the meantime, a group of 79 persons from Louisville signed a "complicity letter" about Mike and Martha's case and sent it out to Munfordville residents. The letter read, in part:

"If sending that letter (Mike and Martha's) to you was a crime, so is publishing a newspaper . . . so is talking to your neighbor on the street. The Hart County Court has said that it is a crime for American citizens to communicate with each other. We say it is not! If sending that letter was a crime, then sending this one is too. The signers of this letter are equally guilty."

None were arrested. Neither was the editorial staff of *The Courier-Journal* which wrote an editorial raising some of the same points Mike and Martha had made in their letter.

They were released when a Louisville group decided they had been in jail too long and posted the bond for them. Their trial has been set for April 7. Now that they are out, both are as determined as ever to continue their struggle.

Martha feels the issue of a free press is crucial to the case: "The main reason the situation exists is because of a lack of a media."

In a statement she issued earlier, she said, "Most people don't own big newspapers, and the newspapers often don't print what we say. Our only recourse is to do what we did—print our views ourselves and distribute them. If we are to be jailed for that, there is no freedom of the press for us, or for most citizens."

"If they can find a means to make us be quiet about political trials," she said in a later interview, "then they'll have us all locked up."

## Fidel cuts cane with Venceremos

By Gene Cluster

HAVANA (LNS)—Fidel Castro spent all of Christmas Day with the Venceremos Brigade. Most of the day, Fidel and the North American volunteer can-cutters were in the fields together, unceremoniously wielding their machetes, cutting cane, sweating.

Like everyone else in the Brigade, I had come to Cuba with a number of different preconceptions, not all of them conscious. I had real difficulties imagining Castro coming to the camp. My experiences with political leaders were few and formal. They gave speeches, press conferences; they set up an intentional distance between themselves and people.

My ideas about Castro were more vague. I thought of him as the Castro that most Cubans always referred to as Fidel. I didn't realize how much I had been brainwashed by the American press. Even though I respected him as a revolutionary leader, I reacted to the hatred in the newscasters voice as he talked about the "danger of Latin American countries becoming like Castro's Cuba." Nothing in my experience helped me imagine what a visit from a revolutionary leader would be like.

The night before he came, Christmas eve (for those of you celebrating it in the usual way), an official meeting was called, and the head of the camp announced that Fidel was coming. That speech was the first clue to the nature of Fidel's visit. Other than increased security and some publicity, we were told that we would have a normal day of cutting cane. Fidel had come to cut his daily quota of cane, for everyone in Cuba is now mobilized for the harvest. We were not to disturb him in his task, nor was he to interrupt

ours. The next morning all of us, Cubans and Americans, had breakfast early, earlier than usual, before heading for the fields. We all left for the fields with cameras slung over our shoulders next to the machetes. Four hours later, after a hard morning of cutting cane with no sign of Fidel, we realized that the first group of cane cutters, including representatives of the North American Brigade, a group we had passed by, had included Fidel. We certainly had not distributed his cutting, which totaled 560 "arrobas." The Venceremos Brigade members' average on a good day is 180 arrobas.

At dinner, I was lucky enough to sit near Fidel. But not near enough—I couldn't hear him talk, only see him. He was in no way formal. We all ate from the same tin trays, the same rice and beans and meat and tomatoes. When he listened, he tilted his head from one side to the other. He seemed to be often joking, and I felt as if I could see his eyes twinkling. When some of us got brave enough to come up and start taking pictures, he joked and laughed. Then an American with a cowboy hat with fists on the side walked up and gave Fidel the hat. In exchange, Fidel gave him his army hat. When people rushed up to see him, he started talking with us. "Where are you from? What do you do?"...asking questions, and only half waiting to hear the complete translation.

By this time, I understood why he was Fidel and not Castro. He did not come across as a distant figure, he came across to everyone as a close human being. I began to understand that a political leader can be a real person. Suddenly, many people began asking him to our recreation room where I had been seated waiting, and Fidel followed.

Ignoring the set-up of the speaker's platform, he walked into an open space in front of our benches and asked, "Who's in charge here? Who's running this thing?" When it appeared that he was, he began to converse. And then he just started talking, offering to answer our questions and starting off by giving a half-hour running commentary on everything.

"We have no interest in dealing with the government of the United States as long as it continues to commit genocide in Vietnam. The kind of relations we want to build are between us and the people such as you of the Venceremos Brigade."

He talked to us about the blockade, and about Cuban economic development, but not in a way we had heard it before. Fidel does not use rhetoric; he does not thunderously denounce U.S. imperialism, or try to bring us to our feet chanting in a heavy way about world-wide solidarity.

For the first time since the brigade has been in Cuba, we sat and listened and were charmed and understood without ostentatious displays of our feelings for his work.

He began to talk about the "new man," someone asked him to elaborate on what that meant in Cuba, and how specific developments were helping to build a socialist man. It was like asking him to describe the revolution, which he did.

"The revolution is like a book," he said, and then began to read it to us.

We spend all our days cutting sugar cane, terrible, hard, dreary, boring work, the worst kind there is or was in Cuba (fifty cents a day before the revolution). "I cut cane for the first time after the revolution," Fidel said, and we knew what he meant.

Everyone in Cuba knows about the ten million tons...the whole country is mobilized for the harvest. The signs near the cane fields say, "Welcome guerrillas who have come to fight our common enemy—the sugar cane." Ten million tons will mechanize the cane industry.

"We never realized that to turn this utopia into a reality we would be cutting cane," Fidel told us. "Cane is an antidote

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO PEDDLE BTF'S IN THE LOUISVILLE AREA, CALL PAUL GENIN AT 636-4940 OR NICK DEMARTINO AT 451-5853. REMEMBER, YOU KEEP A DIME ON EACH PAPER SOLD.



Photo by Lynn Adler; from *People's Park* photo book, copyright Ballantine Books, Inc.

against bourgeois ideas. It is cold and wet in the morning; not even a superman could do this without..." and here he drifted off.

We all understood that we couldn't all be cutting cane without revolution, and that there can't be a revolution without cutting cane.

Later on he said, "I have an allergy against anything which contributes to individualism." The Cubans do want to develop creativity, and to maintain personality differences among people, but they are concerned about eliminating individualistic goals—there is a difference between a people working for themselves, and a people working for a whole people.

A black girl asked him to discuss racism in Cuba, and his opinion of the black movement in the United States.

"While the class system exists in the United States, racism will exist." He told her to ask the Cuban workers in the camps about the elimination of racism in Cuba. He admitted it was a difficult task.

I was impressed by his urging her to ask black workers how they felt, rather than Fidel, a white man, giving a glowing account. I think she felt that he side-stepped the issue, but she could have pressed it—he was letting us ask anything.

Once before that night, after answering a question, he asked back of the questioner, "Was that satisfactory? Or am I being demagogic?" (I tried to imagine Nixon asking me if I thought him demagogic.)

Finally, someone asked him about his own role in the future of Cuba. "We are very happy that our role is decreasing," he said, and began to talk about how the people will develop and reap the benefits of technology, and his role would lessen.

I remembered again the incredible feelings I have here about the possibility of change. No one clings to the past as a sacred value. Fidel, who is young, but not as young as many who are building the revolution, made clear his concept of how fast things could change: "We hope that the people of the future will not even have a remote idea of how their parents lived."

And then it was 10:30 and time for us to sleep so we could get up at 5:45 the next morning and cut another day's worth of sugar cane. Fidel left and said he might come back, and we all walked out as though we were high.

It was not Castro's Cuba; it was Cuba's Cuba, and it was led by Fidel. The man who had led a military revolution in the mountains and marched victorious in Havana, did now not only believe, but put into practice, the idea that man can "build a Communist society—when fraternal feelings will prevail and all needs can be satisfied collectively."

## Peoples Park: deputies indicted

By Mark Gladstone

BERKELEY, Cal. (CPS)—In the wake of a federal grand jury investigation into their actions during last year's People's Park confrontations, 12 Alameda County sheriff's deputies have been accused of violating civil rights by shooting, beating, or intimidating persons.

U.S. District Court Judge William T. Sweigert issued a summons ordering those indicted to appear in federal court Feb. 16.

Two of the men, Deputy Leonard Johnson and former Deputy Lawrence L. Riche, were specifically accused of discharging shot guns against riot victims James Rector, who later died from the wounds, and Alan Blanchard, who was blinded, last May 15.

In Oakland, Alameda County Sheriff Frank I. Madigan, who was in charge of all police operations during the Park crisis, called the charges "the sickest operation that the government has engaged in."

Madigan said he would be the first to contribute to the defense of his deputies and asked from community support.

Meanwhile, the Alameda district attorney's office has no plans to review the case. Senior trial lawyer DeVaga told CPS that the Civil Rights violations are for the federal, not state statute.

He also questioned the whole federal grand jury process, saying, "I always had doubts about systems where a person could say anything." In such procedures, he said, any kind of evidence is admitted, even hearsay.

## ...and the Park lives on

By Karen Wald

BERKELEY, California (LNS)—Suddenly there was a call that a company from ultra-reactionary Orange County had leased the parking lot on the land that had once been People's Park. The lot was about to open and the police were casing the area to see what the young people who built and faced shotguns for that park would do.

The University of California which stole the land of People's Park last year by force of arms has tried to get someone to use it for a long time. But the land is hallowed by the blood of James Rector and the street people and no one would touch it with a ten-foot pole.

The architects for proposed new dormitories refused to submit designs. In October, when part of the land was made into intramural playing fields for the fraternities, the Inter-Fraternity Council voted to boycott the fields for their intramural games, and the fields lay dormant.

In a callous and stupid attempt to divide the black and white communities, the University paved over the park land and offered a parking lot concession to a black community group called NOW, which is financed by the Berkeley Economic Opportunity Council, as a way of making money for the black community. Not easily taken in, the black group angrily denounced the attempt for what it was, and called the 116-stall parking lot the University had erected "a desecration to the memory of a beautiful struggle."

In early December part of the lot was designated as space for dormitory students to park. But no one parked there.

Then the Parking Company of America, a huge Orange-country based firm, became the new "owner" of the lot by offering the highest bid. But when they tried to open it up Dec. 30, they were greeted by more than 100 pickets from the Berkeley community. Signs reading "Resist and Create" were accompanied by others more directly to the point: "Park at Your Own Risk."

The number of picketers grew.

"We agreed to pay the University \$800 a month for the lease," complained company vice-president Francisco (Frank) J. Chaves, as he stood gloomily next to the only car—his own—on the newly paved asphalt. "I tell you, we need the business."

Asked if he knew the history of the Park land and the reason for the picketing, he admitted, "Yeah, I read about the trouble they had here," adding, "but the University told us we wouldn't have to pay them if we couldn't get this thing operating." (So the University was thinking ahead, eh?) "Anyway," he reassured himself out loud, "they're only a few, they'll get tired in a few days. They're not sincere. People need a place to park."

Meanwhile, the University and the City have done all they can to see to it that Chaves does get business by closing down the large City Parking lot nearby for "renovations."

The first day of Orange Country's Parking Company of America enterprise dragged on and no car entered the lot. Chaves stood with his Bay Area manager, Paul Vigil (no fooling, that's his name) and another stooge named John Cramer, three isolated figures on the empty asphalt. A group of street people approached them. The parking lot entrepreneurs looked upright, began fidgeting with the lapels of their expensive business suits.

"Why did you do it?" queried one of the street people.

"The University needs money," replied Chaves with a perfectly straight face.

"We don't like parking lots on cemeteries," someone said. "Don't you know a man dies over this lot? You'll never make any money here. You should get out now. This is heavy property, you'll get ulcers if you decide to stay here."

"The University misrepresented the case to you." Someone else suggested, "We can get you lawyers if you want to sue." Somebody handed Chaves a copy of the People's Park photo book.

"But we didn't build the fence. We aren't responsible," protested John Cramer of Parking Company of America. "This has nothing to do with the Park."

"You'll find other ways to get your kicks off," sarcastically interjected Chaves.

"Kicks!" came back the furious reply. "I was here when the shooting broke out. I gave first aid to three people who were shot up and badly wounded."

A police car which had been cruising around the area approached. All day "community relations officers"—the new euphemism for undercover cops—had been watching and taking photos. Now several cop cars drove into the lot to come to the rescue of Amerika Parking. Harry Brize, Telegraph Avenue's chief cop ("He knows how to get along with hippies") assured the businessmen: "You don't have to be badgered by these people."

"Get out of here," yelled Chaves, as if on signal. "If you don't want to park, LEAVE. We don't have to listen to your loudmouthing. This property doesn't belong to you."

"Look who's talking!" shot back one of the street people. "You're from Orange County. I have a wife and two kids living here."

The street people went back to picketing at the gates. Chaves and his stooges stood uncomfortably next to a big, brightly-lettered sign reading, "Pay Meter. Violators Will Be Towed Away." A half-dozen new bumper stickers plastered over the sign proclaimed, "Park At Your Own Risk."

Chaves declared that anyone who actually blocked a car from entering would be arrested. And one brother did get arrested later in the day for allegedly locking the parking lot gate. The cops had to come with wire cutters to cut Parking Company of Amerika loose.

At night, only the police were there to collect any possible parking fees.

In the next few days a small handful of cars—mostly those of local businessmen—entered the lot. People stayed away. On the third day some unknown person ripped off the antennas, mirrors and other outside ornaments of the few cars that dared to desecrate People's Park land. That land, people say, is determined to be a memorial to James Rector and all those who worked and suffered there.

## Correction

In his article in our January issue on controlling population, Wayne Davis alluded to an article written by Stewart Udall for *Reader's Digest*. The article was written by Arizona Congressman Morris Udall, and not his brother Stewart.

# A NICE PLACE TO PUT A UNIVERSITY OR, A VISIT FROM MAX

By GENE MASON

**M**ax was an awesomely impressive fellow. I met him at age 18 when I was a garrulous sophomore struggling through Kappa Alpha pledgship at North Texas State University. He was older, more mature (a Korean veteran), and seemed to know a lot. He said the Army helped. Max told me I was too smart to be a KA. He was nearly always right, so I quit.

Max had a family and a job. I didn't have either. I thought about it and then got a job. I worked with Max; we were security guards at Texas Instruments in Dallas. That's where Max's study of fascism began. That's also where Max contracted a strange scalp problem but more about that later.

Max and I were chosen to do undercover work because some spy had been stealing secrets from the Central Research Laboratories. We drank a lot of coffee like counter-spies do, but never located an enemy.

Over the years Max had learned lots of words. He really liked to read, and we had races. We read history. Max was a history major, and he hated fascism. Max had opinions on everything. He liked to argue. He once told me that women should be slaves and his wife, Murna, was a slave. Max told me this was a very unpopular view and that I probably wouldn't agree with him. I agreed with him. Murna agreed with him too. She had only one problem. She was once the beauty queen at the Indianapolis 500, and she didn't think queens should be slaves.

Early one morning at work, when we were guarding the Central Research Laboratories, Max stopped on his clock round to read some books in the president's office. Max leaned back on the couch and began to read. (There was no desk in his office, which Max later learned was because of the president's disease--tabulophobia privata. Dr. Peter, with whom Max studied later said the disease manifested itself by the complete exclusion of desks from one's office, and that it is seldom observed at any but the very highest ranks in a hierarchy.) Max found the president's books in bad taste--one book was about how John Kenneth Galbraith visited whore houses in Poland and then spread all the ideas he would get there to his students. There were also unkind things about Lord Keynes. Max began to suspect that the president was on the wrong side, and decided to search his office

for more incriminating information. Max was gone on his clock round a long time, so I decided to leave the desk and look for him. I found him, right there in the middle of the floor of the president's office, with filing cabinets open and papers everywhere. I said, "Max, what in the world are you doing?" Max said, "Look at this." Although scared to death, I sat down on the floor too. Max had found a very interesting plan about what TI (everyone called it that more for the sake of intimacy than abbreviation) would do when the unions came. It talked about an elaborate procedure for gates, wire, extensive patrols, and so forth. It had a lot of material for a propaganda campaign to the workers on all their fringe benefits (e.g., how much money was spent on coffee and donuts each year) and a plan about how to make the vice-president appear more masculine (most of the workers were women).

I told Max we had better put the stuff away. He asked me which side I was on. "What do you mean what side?" Max gave his usual look of over-bearing condescension and said, "When the unions come, are you going to be with women or the wheels?" ("The Man" and "The Pig" weren't in yet.) I said, "God, Max, let's talk about it later." Max said definitely not, that we were the guards and we were either going to be keeping the unions out or helping them get in, and we had to decide. Max kept pressing me for a decision, and I knew that people would be arriving soon for the day shift. I told Max that I grew up on a farm in West Texas and there wasn't a union within 300 miles in any direction. Max said he was from Ft. Worth, that he knew about unions and that I should be with the workers. In desperation, I agreed.

**L**ittle did I know what a subversive that decision would make me. Soon they came, standing at the gate entrances as the 9,000 member day shift arrived, handing out handbills and encouraging the workers to vote for a union election. Max and I and the other guards were supposed to keep them off the premises and generally make things difficult for them. Max and I had to be careful. We were afraid to tell anyone of our intentions. We wouldn't even discuss it over the telephone. Max worked out the plan, and based it around the one job that all guards disliked: the patrol car. No one can study and drive a car, especially when looking for illicit

sex in the giant parking lot. Only one guard liked the job, and he was generally thought to be perverted. But Max and I knew we must get on patrol so we could handbill the cars with union literature. His plan worked. For weeks while we were supposed to be detecting the union organizers in the patrol car we were dropping handbills from our brief cases onto the seats of parked cars. The union never did get the election they wanted, but Max and I felt we had done the right thing.

**M**ax and I worked and argued for three years, and then we got tired and quit working. We both wrote letters of resignation to the company president extolling the virtues of TI and thanking them for allowing us to get a good first hand look at an industrial empire. Max thanked the president for allowing him to study fascism.

Max went to Tulane for graduate school, and I went to the University of Kansas. When I became a professor I moved to Kentucky. I wanted to teach and write about judges and help build a graduate school. My chairman said I came to the right place. Max didn't like science and usually influenced me a great deal, but I wanted to be as scientific as possible. I had learned in graduate school that someday scientific studies of voting behavior could be made into a very important theory. Somehow it never occurred to me or my peers that I should perhaps learn how to teach if I was going to be a teacher.

I was real worried about not knowing how to teach until I learned that no one except my students would ever know if I was not a good teacher. Even if I was a flop it didn't matter, because the important thing was to get a big theory about votes and write parts of it in a journal for 50 or 100 readers doing the same thing in other universities. Somehow I never did learn why this was important--but it was as clear in graduate school as it is now that all my peers were busy at the task.

I never did forget Max, but didn't think I would ever see him again. I couldn't believe it when Max and Murna knocked on the door. Max was a professor in Florida, and Murna was still a slave. She drank a lot and talked about sex. Max talked about fascism.

Max had read a lot more books, and following the customary practice, his students were made to read so much they cheated. We talked a lot. I told Max I loved Kentucky. He asked

Gene Mason is a political science professor at UK.

blue-tail fly

# MAX

me who my peers were and what they did. I told him, and he looked sorta funny, like when I told him I was a KA.

Max doesn't have much hair any more and when he gets worried these wrinkles appear on top of his head. This strange process began when we were studying industrial empires in Texas. It had been diagnosed as a psycho-somatic reaction to misplaced human values, especially fascism.

As you know, Max is a scholar. He always carries his props with him -- typewriter, paper, notes, fascist documents written in script, etc. Max said he would like to go to my office and work for two hours. That was good because on the way I could tell Max about the University of Kentucky and about how important the graduate school was. Max saw some tall buildings and asked what they were. I said, "Those are dormitories and that one is an office building." Max said dormitories like that were good places to keep people, except that they promoted bad feelings and sometimes suicide. Max liked the office building, even though he thought it needed to be painted. He said it was good for research, that peddlers and other people wouldn't go to the trouble of finding one's office when it was in that building. I knew that was right because most of my students never came around anymore like they did in the old building.

**A**s we waited for the elevator, I introduced Max to some of the scientists in the building. Many had beards or smoked pipes. Max knew that these traits were important for scientists. Max asked one of my colleagues what color he thought the new building should be painted. "That's the King's decision, not mine," he said politely. "The King? Who is the King?" Max asked. My colleague told Max it was the man who made the decisions about the building. Max pulled me aside and told me that he thought my colleague was alienated, maybe anomic. "You know," he said, "this is a serious disease among academics. It prevents commitment."

Max didn't like to get wrinkles in front of people since he was cool, but I noticed a couple. Max said he would like to meet the King, but my colleague and I didn't know for sure who he was or where he stayed -- just that he made a lot of decisions.

Max thought the offices were neat. He saw a lot of empty offices and said it showed foresight to allow for expansion. I told Max that if all the instructors had offices there probably wouldn't be as many vacancies that some of the instructors had no office and others had to share. "Then why do you have all the vacant offices?" he asked. I told him I wasn't sure, but "maybe it is the hope of expansion you mentioned."

I noticed Max had three or four wrinkles. When Max is really worried, as he gets quite often, it is usually about fascism. I didn't want to ask him in front of my colleague if there was anything wrong.

Max liked coffee, so I took him to the seminar room where it was.

First, I checked my mail. No letters, only one note. It read, "Dear Dr. Mason, the first time I came to see you, you were busy--so I walked down 16 floors; I was boycotting the elevators. But I pulled a muscle in my leg and am now using them again. Today I came to see you. You looked at me as the doors of your down-elevator were closing." I showed Max the note and he mumbled something about the office tower and an architect with a phallic-ediface complex. We went for coffee.

Afterwards, I wanted to let Max see the view of Lexington from the top floor of the building before he started working. It was a lovely place and I knew it would make Max happy. The carpet is as thick as the winter's snow and the walls are made of solid walnut--two inches thick. The Board of Trustees meets there once a month. They have offices there also, in case they ever need them. There is a kitchen, a carpeted ladies room and, of course, a lovely view. Max was really enjoying it.

Max always helped me think when he was around, but at that moment we just sat in the chairs and rested. Max closed his eyes, I guess because of the long drive the previous day. Then it happened. I could see wrinkles forming on the top of his head. I closed my eyes, but to no avail. Max shook me and said, "Why do you have these walnut walls--and those walnut conference tables?" I said I didn't know, they just came with the building. "Do you know what this stuff costs?" Max asked. I said I'd heard the King got a good deal. The tables usually cost \$1600 each, but since he bought one for each floor, he got them for \$1100 each. Max said it was the worst case of structurophilia he'd ever seen. "What kind of philia?" I asked. "Structurophilia, one of many diseases discovered by my mentor, Dr. Peter of the Peter Principle fame," Max explained, still angry. I had no idea what he was talking about and was too embarrassed to ask. Max unknowingly let me off the hook. "This is an extreme pathological manifestation of structurophilia, known as Gargantuan Monumentalis. It's the one most likely to affect university administrators. The tragic fact of all this planning, construction, maintenance and reconstruction is that there is an almost total unconcern for the work that is supposed to go on here. And to top it off, this expensive walnut." Max's head looked like a slightly weather-worn, peeled orange. As he was turning various colors, he asked, "How poor is the poorest county in the state?" I was quick to respond because I loved Kentucky and had been studying it. "Wolfe county,

median family income, \$853." Max started to cry, and then I wanted to also.

"Let's go to your office," he said. On the way down the stairs Max asked if the rest of the counties were very poor. I told him we were 45th in per capita income, but I could tell from the shape of his head that there was nothing therapeutic about my response. When we got to my office, Max went to work. An hour later, Max said, "I can't study." He said he had to go to Appalachia and look at it. I told him a lot of people do that--Canadian and Japanese film companies, NBC, CBS, ABC and lots of politicians. I told him I would show him how to do it.

**W**e were gone two days. I showed Max lots of machinery. Max liked big machinery because he used to work in the oil fields. I told Max Bethlehem Steel owned the machinery and that they bought it in Pennsylvania, mined coal with it in Kentucky and sold it in Tennessee. I could tell Max was getting some more wrinkles. On the way back to Lexington, we saw a lot of one-room school houses and I told Max we led the nation in this field. He wanted to know if we led in any other fields and I said we were third in TB. More wrinkles, big ones. Max asked where the teachers came from. I told him a lot came from UK. Max said we must need a lot of teachers because there were so many schoolhouses. We both knew every state needed a lot, but Max didn't know that about half those trained at UK left Kentucky. When I told him he said it was probably illegal.

Max wanted to know how many graduate students we had at UK, and I told him there were about 2,000. "What happens to them?" he wanted to know. I said most of them leave the state. Max got more wrinkles; I didn't want to have him get sick so I told him all I knew about how Kentucky was going to build a first-rate university in Lexington.

Max wondered if the teachers made any money. I told him no, they couldn't even get cost-of-living increases, but that professors did better. When I thought about it I couldn't understand why we pay people a lot of money to train people to go someplace else. Then I realized we weren't paying for teaching at all, that in fact, the University faculty made more if they didn't teach. You can walk right up the hierarchy and the higher you get, the fewer students you teach. Publication is more important.

Max said he had seen this cycle in other places. The research makes the professor more important in the academic marketplace, but less useful in educating Kentucky's students. They are rewarded significantly for this effort. "Why do the administrators put up with this?" I asked. "They don't put up with it," said Max, "they're part of it." He explained that there

continued on page 14

# interview



Alex Soterieou

## Marlene Dixon

By Sue Anne Salmon  
and Gretchen Marcum

It was just about this time last year when the University of Chicago was in a state of seige. Some 500 students took over the school's administration building and demanded the rehiring of one Marlene Dixon, a very radical and very popular assistant professor of sociology and human development. The tenured sociology faculty had decided not to rehire her because "the intellectual quality of her work did not meet the standards required for reappointment in her department"---shown by the fact that she had done little scholarly publication. The younger faculty members of the committee on human development recommended that she be rehired.

The students protested that she was not retained because of her Marxist views, because her emphasis on teaching conflicted with her colleagues' research-oriented priorities---and also because she was a woman.

The struggle, which lasted several weeks, was ultimately lost and Marlene moved to McGill University in Montreal, Canada, where she now teaches.

Long a leader in the Women's Liberation Movement, Marlene was the featured speaker at the Midwestern Regional Women's Liberation Conference held the weekend of January 23 at the University of Kentucky.

The following interview was conducted after her speech to approximately 250 people.

btf: Aren't there a number of groups that people tend to lump under the term 'women's liberation?' And don't some of these, like Betty Friedan's National Organization of Women (NOW), have different purposes?

Dixon: The National Organization of Women we think is a reformist, middle class, very liberal organization. They're working on the courts and they're working at that level and they can do that---we don't mind. But what we don't want to do is work with them. Right? Because if we work with them, they'll use our energy, our enthusiasm and our army to go out and knock on the doors, march on the streets, go to jail and all those kinds of things to legalize abortion or something. And we want not only legalized abortion, we want

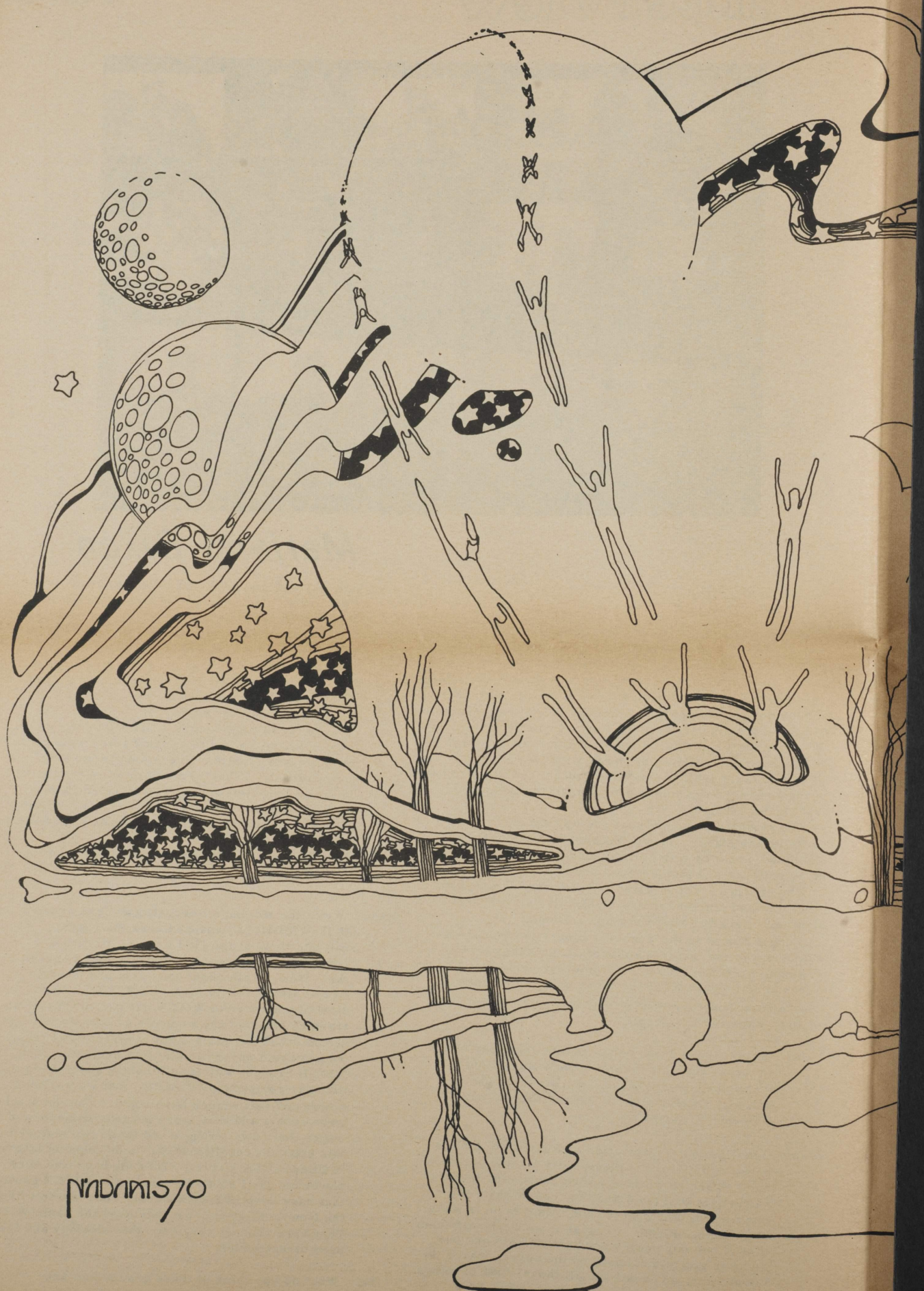
nationalized medicine. We don't want to stop at their level. We could go out and work with them, but when it was time for them to be on our barricades, they wouldn't be there. They would be condemning us and saying, "Oh yes. Those terrible revolutionaries; the army should be out against them. So we can't work with those groups. We don't want to work with them. They can do their things and that's fine.

As for the total women's liberation movement, we don't have a definite national leadership because we don't like elitism. Everything is growing autonomously. They're a few of us who've been around a long time and we travel around and do a lot of talking. We have our own thing. Myself, I want to build a revolutionary women's movement.

btf: How do you deal with organizations such as WITCH?

Dixon: Well, the Women's International Conspiracy for Hell (WITCH) has changed over the years. I first ran into them at the 1968 Chicago Women's Liberation Conference. And they were spectacular. Wow. Talk about charisma and power. At that time I fell in love with WITCH. And I started a number of WITCH groups. In my early travels I saw that the women's groups were not in action. WITCH was a form of direct action that women could engage in that was original. And WITCH brought with it an ideology about women that was completely different: that women have power and that women have roots. The old witches were rebels and they were purged; women could relate their own struggle and their own history to this constant rebelliousness, this constant attempt to liberate themselves. This ideology was very powerful. So I started a number of WITCH groups that have been into wickedness. They weren't like the New York group, but they used the name WITCH. They used chance, they use this ideology and they used direct action.

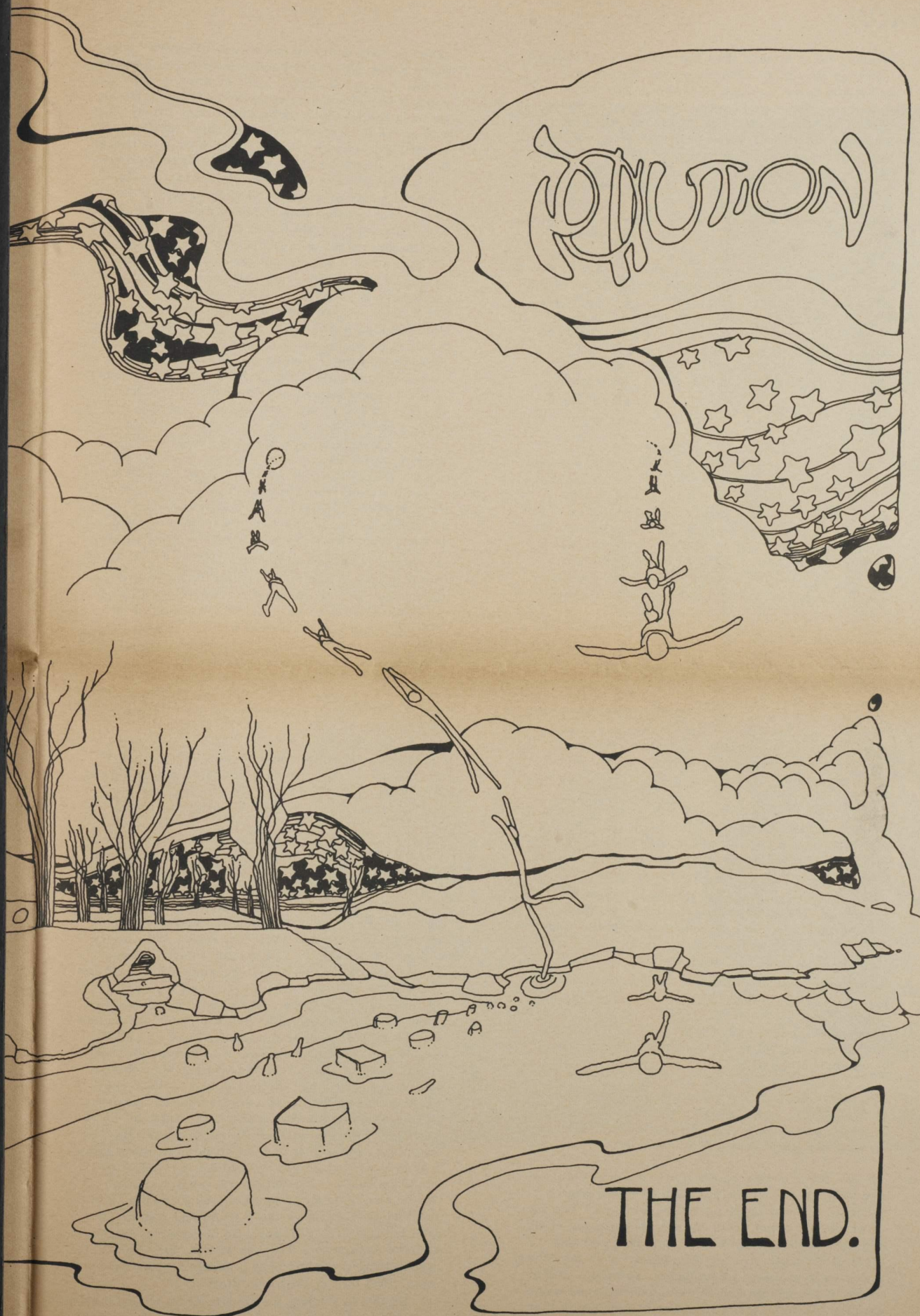
btf: What do you think of those groups that are anti-male?



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EVOLUTION



THE END.

# Dixon

Dixon: Well, I don't mind if they hate men. I understand why they hate men. The men have hurt them, and the men are the agents of their oppression. But I think that is not a good analysis. Women need to get beyond their gut level response of hatred into an analysis that permits them to understand where the root of their oppression is. Just hating men is a simple form of nationalism. It isn't revolutionary. They can go around ripping off men but that isn't going to stop the operations of the system. We don't reject those sisters by any means; we understand the sisters. But we want them to come along further. We aren't put off by their militancy against men. We are interested in the possibilities of making revolutionary alliances. Men and women hating each other divides them and therefore divides the army of liberation against itself. These women should be hitting THE MAN instead of the men.

btf: What do you think of the argument that women are biologically inferior and therefore mentally inferior?

Dixon: There are studies which show the biological inferiority of women, but their methodology is bad. Remember that sociologists, psychologists and the like spent 25 years proving the inferiority of black people and then spent another 25 years disproving the inferiority of black people. We have no reason based on scientific evidence whatsoever to assume the biological inferiority of women. This is a chauvinist, racist kind of belief about women. And the first task of women's liberation is to purge all of that from her mind.

btf: Would you say that the present women's liberation movement is completely separate from the earlier feminist movement?

Dixon: It's not completely separate because our roots go back to that movement. A lot of groovy things happened in that movement. Women struggled. And there were women terrorists. And women fought the police. And women went to mass marches and to jail.

But we are separate from the feminist movement in a number of ways. The feminists wanted to get even with the society. We want to transform this society. The feminists believed the ideology of women as mothers, tuned into cosmic love.

"Give the vote to women," they said, "and war will disappear off the face of the earth." We don't believe that. In other words, the old feminists took the ideology of the inferiority of women and elevated it to politics. And we don't do that.

Finally, they fought for social reforms and did not relate to the working class, to working women, or to the IWW (International Workers of the World). In other words, it was primarily a bourgeois movement, and we don't want to be primarily a bourgeois movement.

btf: We talked about NOW being for legalized abortion. What specific goals, besides the vague reform of the whole system, can women look forward to in women's liberation? organizations?

Dixon: At one level in this society, it's a very revolutionary struggle. And the goal for a revolutionary struggle is to bring about the revolution. The ways in which you bring about the revolution need study and they need commitment. Now that's at one level of struggle. At another level, it is necessary, if you want to make a revolution, to relate to the needs of the people and to demonstrate your understanding of their needs in order to encourage them to get themselves together and to struggle.

Now I can list a set of goals which I know will

never happen under imperialism. Nevertheless these goals address the immediate needs of women, as the women will know. I'll list a few of them for you: We need not only completely free abortion; we need the free provision of abortion to any woman who needs it or wants it. But people want not only to get rid of babies, they want also to have babies. So there should be clinics with complete prenatal and postnatal care of women and children. The medical needs of women are very great; they are in fact greater than those of men. The needs of third world and black women for medical care are the greatest for they receive the least.

Secondly, we know that education is biased against women. We know that most women can't get a decent education. And this is always the most true for black and third world women, then working women and then middle class women. So we need a system of critical universities which meet the needs of women and the educational requirements of women, universities which do not practice institutionalized discrimination against anyone. That is, we need people's schools with open access to all people.

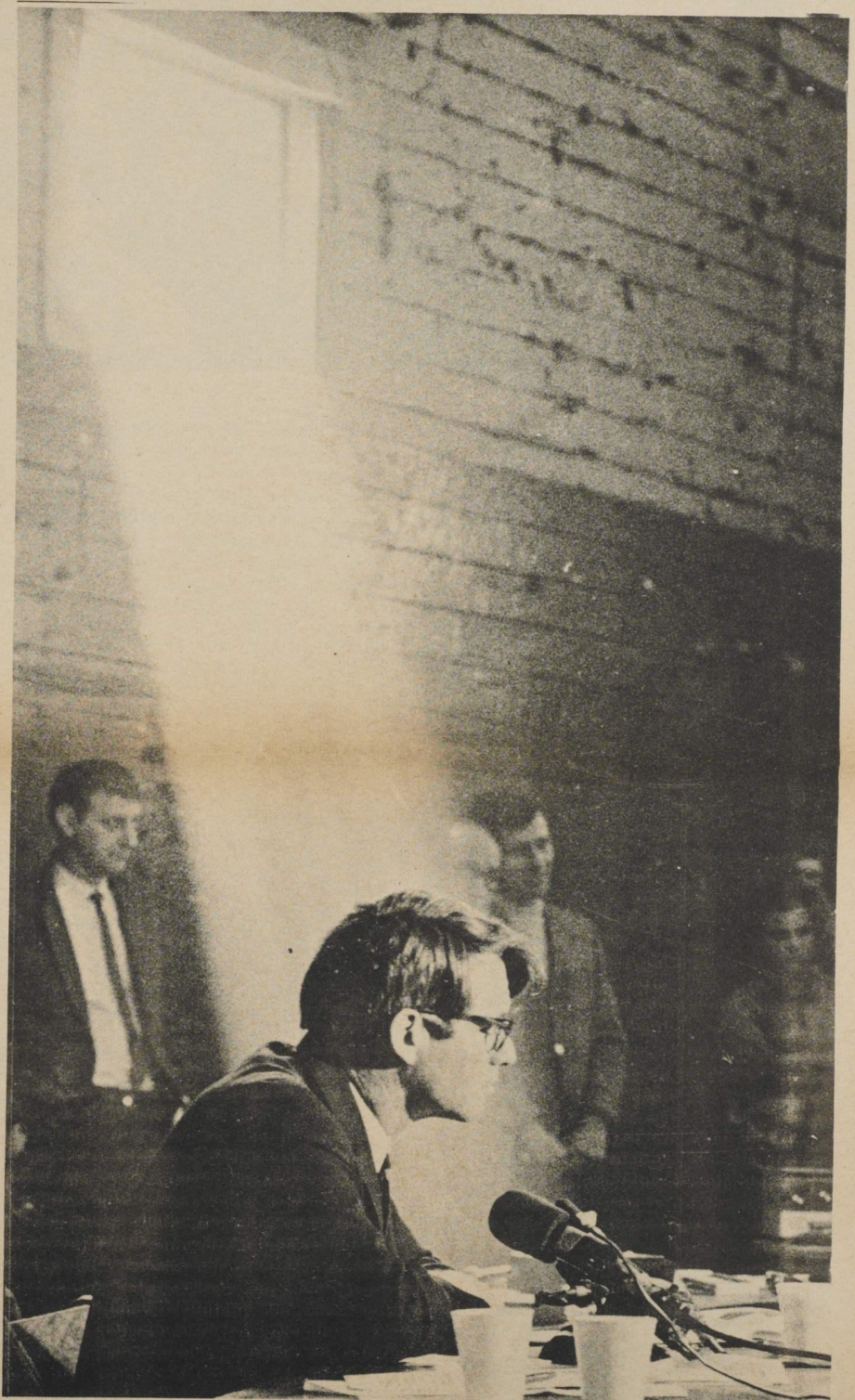
We need, at a somewhat less exalted level, daycare for all children so women are free to pursue their lifestyle without being concerned about the welfare of their children; that is, they know that their children are well cared for. So there should be daycare and infant care available to all women and in which they have a say in how it's run. A kind of democratic collective is needed where children can do their own thing, in which they're neither regimented nor mistreated, where they can develop creatively. Such a system of daycare centers once again illustrates what the real requirements would be. We're not talking about an uptight, ugly, narrow, regimented, ideological daycare center run by some corporation which just wants to produce good little workers. Not the daycare centers run by the OEO. We want lots more than that.

btf: People say that the housekeeping role of the American woman is a time consuming necessity. What do you think of this role which keeps the woman cleaning the house and doing the dishes?

Dixon: Well, it's true that it is an oppression for women to be limited to the housewife role because there are many women who don't like the housewife role. But there's another element: the housewife is thought of as a parasitical person, as a dependent person. People say "housewife" with a sneer in their voice. Women say, "Oh gawd. Who wants to be a housewife?" You wouldn't catch a man wanting to be a housewife. Because a housewife is a second class citizen. A colonized woman. A dependent. A slave. She gets her own back by manipulating and nagging, but that isn't the human way to relate to other persons. What's really important about housewives is to understand that their labor is absolutely essential to the maintenance of everything. Someone has to wash the clothes, clean the house, do the budget, take care of the marketing and shopping and raise the children. No one will admit that the socially necessary labor that women do is legitimate labor. The reason that no one will admit it is because it's not wage labor. It's extremely exploitative. Women work harder than men and longer than men; for that they are give their room and board. It's like being a bond servant. So housewives ought to have a wage too. In other words, the capitalists are getting the labor of two people for the price of one. And that is real exploitation.

So the first thing we have to do is to understand that housewives are exploited in this way and that

continued on page 14



looking back



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICK BELL



When these photographs were taken two years ago, Rick Bell and I felt we were in the midst of a crucial event in American political history. There we were, official representatives of the college press, hot on the heels of the most glamorous political figure in the country, snapping pictures of and talking to poor people in a series of magnificent settings, spending hours surrounded by eager, willing, photogenic, cute kids who didn't understand anything that was going on.

What I expected to see when I looked at these pictures again was a record of that journey, which would reflect the feelings of excitement, fervor, commitment and grandeur which I remembered from that trip and which, subsequently, I had come to attach to Robert Kennedy. What I felt, however, was something quite different.

For I see now not the face of a grand dream dissipated, but rather the false structures of a dream that never existed. The excitement which sustained us on that trip was manufactured, and if we believed it it was because we wanted desperately to have it be true.

And now, somehow it is senseless to believe we could have attached so much meaning to that trip, to the caravan of cars speeding down dirt roads in search of flaws in the American Dream. We were led on that search by the American Dream itself, and if I cannot now find meaning in that quest, it is not merely a reflection on those flaws for which we searched in Barwick, Hazard and Neon.

There are those, of course, who will look at these photographs and see a sad commentary on the unfulfilled promise of the Kennedy era and politics. And while I see a sad commentary also, it is not one of unfulfilled promise. For those who would look on the light shining on Robert Kennedy's head as a symbol of the sadly wasted greatness of the Sixties, I can only say that it may also be viewed, by one who was there, as an explication of the spiritual and political crisis which binds us now in a common lot of desparation while at the same time holds apart one from the other, no matter how hard we try to touch.

David Holwerk



# James Baldwin

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## on the Black Panthers

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The following interview with author JAMES BALDWIN (*Another Country*, *The Fire Next Time*, *Go Tell It On The Mountain*) was done soon after his recent visit with Huey Newton, minister of defense of the Black Panther Party, in prison. KAREN WALD did the interview for Liberation News Service.

YOU WERE JUST DOWN AT THE CALIFORNIA MEN'S COLONY IN SAN LUIS OBISPO VISITING HUEY NEWTON. CAN YOU TELL US WHAT THE TRIP WAS ABOUT?

Huey is one of the most important people to have been produced by the American chaos. His fate is very important. And not one person in white America, if they read the mass media, knows anything about Huey, what produced him or what produced the Black Panther Party.

Black people have always played, in this country, a tormented role in the white man's imagination. They prefer to believe him to be King Kong, or whatever it is white Americans take black people to be. It's inconceivable to them, because it says too much about the republic. I think, that the Black Panther Party was originally called the Black Panther Party for Self Defense. And that it was produced as a reaction to, and I'm a witness to this because I was born in the ghetto, to the tremendous irresponsibility of the police force. It didn't come out of nothing, it didn't come about because Huey and his cohorts are some kind of weird, anti-social monsters. It came out of the very real necessity to invest the black community with a certain kind of morale, which cannot be found in any American institution.

HAVE YOU SEEN CHANGES IN HUEY SINCE YOU FIRST MET HIM?

In much the same way that the events of the last two years have caused everybody to re-think the situation, Huey has gone through some changes himself. I think that oppressors always make the same mistake. They think that they're going to break you by the degree and the nature of your punishment. But they always miscalculate, because you may be able to break ten people on whom it doesn't work, who use it to find out something and to become, in a sense, more dangerous than they were before. More dangerous than if you'd left them alone--more dangerous, that is, to the status quo. I think Huey is changing that way.

WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO COMMENT ABOUT SOME OF THE

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CHANGES YOU, YOURSELF, HAVE BEEN GOING THROUGH IN THE LAST TWO YEARS?

I think that no one any longer can be fooled about the intentions of the American government because they've made that perfectly clear. And that may be the most healthy thing that has happened in this time. Nobody, after all, can say anything for the present administration. It represents the American illusion that it's a white country, that it's a white world and that they can make it a white universe--the moon is our first colony.

ELDRIDGE ONCE SAID THAT THERE WERE BASIC DIFFERENCES CONCERNING THE ATTITUDE YOU HAD TOWARD DEALING WITH THE VIOLENCE OF THE WHITE OPPRESSOR--DO YOU SEE ANY CHANGES IN THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS?

My enormous concern has been, and still is, that I don't want to see a generation go out into the streets and die. On the other hand, I was also forced to realize that it wasn't up to me. Nobody can answer for a generation except that generation itself. We don't have the helicopters, we don't have the tanks, the weight against us is tremendous--which demands of the people in the situation that they find a way to respond.

Some very respectable people in this country, respectable in the ordinary sense, are aware of what is happening. This has made very peculiar bedfellows--the position of Justice Douglas is not that different, after all, from the position of Huey Newton. Some of the people are beginning to see what has happened to the civilization, what has happened here, as a result of the fantastic greed of the corporate system.

One of the reasons for the Nixon-Agnew business about the silent majority and the whole claim that people who are against the war are really murdering American boys, is in the hope that somehow they can unite the whole country around a series of really bloody contradictions. Which is not possible.

They cannot put thirty million black people in jail in secret, and in any case there are many more than thirty million--black people aren't the only dissenters here. What this country does not really understand is something very simple. That Huey is right when he says that as long as there are black people, there will be Black Panthers. Malcolm was right when he was asked about the numerical strength of the Black Muslims--anyone who

knows won't tell you and anyone who claims to is a fool. The truth is, any black person in this country at the time when the Muslim movement was at its height, was a Black Muslim. Any black person in this country at this hour is in some way a Black Panther.

And even if he weren't, the fact is that the cop isn't going to ask me my name and address before he shoots me, and the only difference between me and any other black cat in this country is that if they shoot me my name would be in the papers. We all know many people have died, none of us knows how many, but I know that for every one of me there would be twenty people dead, here in my own generation. But they don't understand about the Viet Cong. My brother puts it this way--we are the first Viet Cong.

Shooting people in their apartments in the middle of the night creates exactly what they would like not to happen, this does something to people who ostensibly don't care, wouldn't care--something begins happening to the American consciousness--it's not just happening to black people, it's also happening to me. When society becomes that anarchic, it's not only black people that are menaced, it's everybody. So they create a resistance that wasn't there before.

WHAT ABOUT THE PANTHER 21 CASES IN NEW YORK OR THE SUPPOSED MURDER IN NEW HAVEN, WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THOSE CASES?

I see all those cases as harassment, as intimidation. Even if I were a very different person than the person that I am, there is no way for me to believe what the police or what the government says. Unless I am really in a position to check it out myself. I've seen too much, I don't care what the white press says about the exaggerations of police brutality, I've lived with it all my life. I know, whether the New York Times wants to believe it or not. I was there and the New York Times was not.

DO YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS THAT THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN CASES ARE FRAME-UPS?

Until it is proven beyond a shadow of a doubt, preferably in the halls of the U.N., that it is not a frame-up, I will believe that it is a frame-up, because I am part of a people who have been historically framed-up.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL?

I think that it is simply too obscene to be discussed.

# Baldwin

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY INCLUDED BOBBY SEALE, WHO HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DEMONSTRATIONS, IN THE CONSPIRACY?

Quite apart from all the illegality involved, Bobby is a bad nigger. Same reason Mohammed Ali, formerly Cassius Clay, was stripped of his title. Same reason Malcolm's dead. One of the historical facts about this nation is that you always take a bad nigger and hang him publicly, as an example to all others who would be bad niggers.

WHY IS IT THAT GROUPS LIKE SCLC, NAACP, URBAN LEAGUE, AND GROUPS LIKE THEM ARE JUST BEGINNING TO COME OUT IN SUPPORT OF THE PANTHERS?

The whole black situation in this country from the start has been very complicated. The battle between W. E. B. DuBois and Booker T. Washington was almost the battle in microcosm. There's always been something very closely resembling a hoax, at the very heart of the American dream. And it applied to black people in great force, because for awhile it was very useful to what is called the power structure to have certain niggers in the window. To prove to Americans that they were really what they said they were, and to prove to black people that they were what they said they were. And the nature of the bargain was that the nigger in the window could wrest some concessions from the status quo, in return for the tranquility of the natives.

But the table on which these people operate has vanished. Once Martin

Luther King was shot, though some think it was long before that, it was perfectly clear that there was no way to be a good nigger. And that's not even pejorative because Uncle Tom played a very important role historically. But the role that he played is no longer possible to play. The defenders of the status quo have in effect given as much as they can give. And now even the most respectable black cat is very much, whether or not he likes it or whether or not he wants to admit it, no matter what his age--he is also part of the target, no matter how famous or how rich he is.

We are all the Viet Cong, none of us can really be trusted from the point of view of the defenders of the American power. Not even the most agile Uncle Tom can hope to have any meaningful discussion or dialogue with Attorney General John Mitchell. #

## Dixon

this is wrong. We must stop putting housewives down.

Second, it is wrong not to share housework. Housework is a drag: it's hard, menial, unrewarding labor by and large and it should be shared. As much should be automated as possible. Creative and living human beings should not be limited to doing nothing else for the majority of their lives. It's the kind of labor we want people to be set free from. Most housework is not groovy things like cooking that's fun, or sewing that's fun, or making things for the house that's fun--things that you squeeze in when you're not into all this other stuff. And while cooking can be a really groovy thing do, it gets to be a real drag every day.

This is a very important issue and we've got to make clear what our position is on housewives: that we don't sneer when we say "housewife."

btf: How would you reassure men that women's liberation is not a threat to sexuality of women?

Dixon: Well, I don't want to reassure men about that. I think the men have to deal with their male supremacy and they have to deal with their male chauvinism. If the only thing they can relate to sexually is a "doll" or a passive "kitten" or a "chick" or a "quail" or a "bitch"--shall I go on with all the animal names?--those are cops in the heads of men. Men have got to learn to see women as full human beings in their own fashion. Women are not going to change their shape, you know, just because they've stopped being all of these other things. So I don't want to reassure the men. I want to say, better that you deal with it yourself before we have to deal with you. And if we all deal together then one day we'll all be able to work together and be architects of a decent society.

## MAX

aren't too many positions open to ex-deans and ex-college presidents. They must fight for a limited number of openings. Promotions usually require transfers. To become attractive enough to be sought, an administrator must be visible. He becomes visible by having his faculty publish in journals that people in other universities read, by participating in national professional conferences and by securing large government grants. When the proper level of visibility is reached, a faculty member or an administrator increases his options by seeking job offers. If he wants to stay where he is, he pretends he's leaving. If his superiors want to keep him, they give him more money and ask him to teach less. Those students he does teach are ones being created in his own image, i. e., they will leave the state to do research in another university, in competition for high status positions that require the least amount of teaching.

Things now seemed to fit together: new building with no students; the King or someone

saying only one key per office so students can't work with a professor except in his presence; offices numbered out of sequence to promote invisible non-teachers; publish more, teach less; give undergraduates television sets, teach graduate students in classes of four, five or six. Max said we were clearly on our way to being a first class university.

Max said he thought we had a lot of backward things in Kentucky and a lot of things backwards. He said the University was sort of a Robin Hood in reverse, that it took money from the poor and what middle-class there was and gave it to well-to-do professionals and the rich. I told Max I didn't think that was true, because none of my peers would stand for it. Max said he'd seen some of my peers, and they were too busy.

"What your educational system needs," Max said, "is a plan. Do you have a plan?" Max was getting excited and I knew he might get hostile if he didn't get any relief. I didn't know what to do; if only we had a plan. I wondered if the new president had a plan and I decided to call him. I did and I asked him over the phone if he had a new

plan. When I asked hi, he said, "Is this a student or a faculty member?" I said I was on the faculty and heard him sigh. Then he said, "Maybe yes, maybe no." I told him I thought we ought to have a meeting to talk about it and that I had a friend who was very interested. But he said he was very busy with the budget and that he had to have \$17 million from the legislature to stand still. Max overheard the conversation and said that while he didn't know this president, he had never met one who wanted to stand still. I told him not to worry, that I thought the new president was on the move. Max wanted to know where he was moving to. I thought the president should meet Max over lunch, so I set up the appointment through his secretary. I talked with Max afterwards and asked him what he had learned. Not a singletary thing--he still couldn't understand what was going on in Kentucky. I repeated

that we were simply trying to build a first rate university. "You know, like the Big Ten." His bald head looking like he'd spent three days underwater, he said, "This would be a good place to put one since you already have the buildings."

# verse

## First Verse

I ain't no Oakie from Muskogee,  
I'm just a down-home hippie  
from Mystic Mississippi.  
I get high on sorghum, chitlins, beans,  
Coca Cola and nudi-zines.

Thomas Baker

## DENNIS, DEAD IN WAR

Until the newspaper printed my past  
with yours, I had forgotten you  
completely.

Solo trumpet in a high school band  
you led before the rest could read  
the notes. Majorettes learned rhythm  
from your horn.

They never charmed you. They twirled  
the football team. You flew one summer  
beyond all thoughts.

I wonder what you read  
in the jungle webbed beneath you. What  
did you see at last  
abandoning us all, plunging in fantastic arpeggios  
toward the damp steam, screwing your silvery self  
into the darkened earth?

Tom Lewis

## THE RIGHTEOUS NATIVE

there is a green arrow  
there is 'an old hag'  
who doesn't understand  
traffic signals  
she happens to be driving  
the car directly  
in front of me  
she happens to stay  
motionless  
when our line  
of traffic  
could peacefully  
be moving  
each to his  
destination

I interrupt this  
false peace  
this suspended  
animation  
with the meagre  
horn of my  
foreign car

until finally  
she moves  
& we stop  
next to each other  
at the light  
I roll down  
my window  
& signal her  
to do the same  
she does  
I explain  
her stupidity  
to her

before quickly  
closing the window,  
her reply:  
I've lived here all my life

[from Glossary  
of the Everyday]

Jonathan Greene

# music

## By Dan Fisher

"I went down to the crossroads,  
And I tried to flag a ride...  
But nobody seemed to know me;  
Everybody passed me by..."

—"Crossroads Blues"/Robert Johnson

Robert Johnson, "The King of the Delta Guitar," composer of a couple of dozen of the classic blues, and inspiration for an entire school of blues guitarists, took an allegorical journey down to the crossroads, asked for a ride, and was "passed by."

Three decades later, a whole bunch of handsome White British and American boys tramped down to the same crossroads, dragging along with them their P.R. men, hair dressers, and several million dollars worth of electrical equipment. Once assembled there, they stuck out their respective right thumbs and, before you could say, "I smell a hype," were picked up by that Grand Old Patron of Put-On, The American Freak. And guess who's taking whom for a ride.

The esoteric world of the blues and its people has come to represent a sort of El Dorado to young White musicians, and the past few years have seen The Road jammed with Questers. Some, like John Hammond do near-perfect impersonations of the Old Masters in misguided hopes of "finding it" (cute at first, but boring in the long run, and often thoroughly tasteless). Others attempt to create their own blues form and idiom (John Mayall, a prime example of this, gets sillier with each successive album. His latest, "The Turning Point" is simply West Coast jazz with Sonny Boy Williamson II harp grafted into it. He calls it, "... a new direction in blues music."), not realizing that the essence of the blues is its traditional form and idiom. And then we have the Eric Claptons who try for a while, but eventually give up, buy themselves a fuzz box and a wah-wah pedal, and resign themselves to being White money makers (and blessed are these, for they shall be called "Honest"—to a degree. Comparatively speaking.) We have been deluged in recent years with recordings by these people and their imitators, and most of the recordings have been, not surprisingly, pretty lame stuff indeed.

Good news, then, is the recent release by the venerable Chess label of a double album entitled "Fathers and Sons" (You saw it in the record shop a month ago, and figured it was another new Psych group). The album features Muddy Waters backed up by such illustrious sidemen as Sam Lay, Buddy Miles, Otis Spann and Donald Dunn ("The Fathers") and Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield ("The Sons"). This is not another of Chess's "New Cover-New Name-They won't Know Till They Get Home With It" re-issues of old sides, but rather a high quality, well-engineered take of sessions played last April.

blue-tail fly

# Fathers and Sons

Obviously inspired by the success of the recent rash of "Super Session"-type albums (Gather several well-known musical personalities in a studio, have them jam on some standard numbers, edit out any resultant crap, and sell the rest to the Big Name-Buying Public), "Fathers and Sons" succeeds aesthetically where so many albums of this type do not, because its musicians are (forgive me) "Together." And their together-ness is due chiefly to the display of those Long-Forgotten-By-Musicians-Of-Our-Time Qualities known as self-discipline and humility. Bloomfield and Butterfield, Freak idols that they are, step in when they're allowed in. They play their respective solos (short ones, for a welcome change), and step back out to the Main Man's way. It's Muddy's trip, and they've been invited along, and nobody's about to try any back-seat driving. How nice.

The first record of the set is a fine example of very tight studio work. The numbers are mostly Muddy Water's old hits done as he has always done them, with the notable exception of the backing guitar and harp (Bloomfield and Butterfield) being generally superior to that done on earlier recordings of these selections. Otis Spann, Muddy's long-time sideman, comes on with some of the finest blues piano ever recorded—his bass figures fluttering deftly around the King's gravelly, down, down way-down voice—reminding one of Memphis Slim's more controlled playing.

Technically, the first record is nearly perfect, but this very quality makes it seem a little tame. The listener finds himself waiting for these guys to loosen up a little, to get natural. The waiting is gratified upon hearing the second album (recorded live at Chicago's "Super Cosmic Joy Scout Jamboree"). All of the qualities that characterize really good live recordings—spontaneity, intensity, and mutual excitement and pleasure on the part of the audience and the performers—are here in abundance. The songs, again—are Muddy's old songs, but done with more gusto ("SHOUTING THE BLUES," you understand) than any of the previous recordings of them has revealed.

Donald Dunn and Sam Lay do what a rhythm section is supposed to do; they lay down a solid background for the lead men to build on (An old musician's trick, it was frequently practiced in the Pre-"Cream" era.) And on this background, three secondary leads—Butterfield's harp, Bloomfield's guitar, and Spann's piano—build and grow in perfect coordination to surround and ornament Muddy's gut-singing (If God sings the blues, you know he sounds just like Muddy Waters) and slide/lead guitar.

From the bitterly humorous "Long Distance Call" with its jive rap finale—more elaborate than previous versions ("... and there stands my wife; she was jumpin' up and down; she was pattin' her hands, and she was battin' her eyes, and

she was sayin', 'Muddy Waters, there's another mule kickin' in your stall...') through such oldies as "Honey Bee," "Baby Please Don't Go," and that Crotch Classic, "The Same Thing" to the super-charged, no-holds-barred "Got My Mojo Workin'" (They do it harder and faster than one would have thought possible, and as they finish it, Buddy Miles walks on and takes Sam Lay's place at the drums, and, by God, they do it all over again to a crowd gone wild), The Fathers and Sons are as absolutely together as good bluesmen can be, digging their music and each other and old Muddy entirely too much to allow their egos to interfere. And they obviously have one hell of a good time doing so. The proverbial hat is off to all of them, but especially to those apprentice Sons who accepted that easy ride at the crossroads a few years ago, but humbly went back to wait again, this time in the company of some good men who've been down there a long time.

The people speak as to the beauty and purity of the store:

—says student activist and revolution monger "Che" KillapigforChrist: "Although the whole concept of the capitalist economy is rotten to the core, the store somehow captures the essence and spirit of the worker's struggle."

—says Glenna Gotmeth, speed freak: "Like it's too much I mean the posters and the pipes are just and there's this blacklight room and a lit ler oom where you can go hit up and the coconut incense and the six-foot long poster of a joint and the roach clips

—says Don'commie" Rat, known draft dodger and pusher of cheap pornography on innocent children, "It's very nice. I bought a button there once."

—says Mary Jane Lookship, local teenage cretin, "Well personally I like the other place better. They got these posters with psychedelic colors that say popular stuff like 'sock it to me!'"

—says Al Craptree, Vanilla Fudge jammer, bridge-to-the-sky-builder, and all around beautiful person, "It's almost as far out as I am."

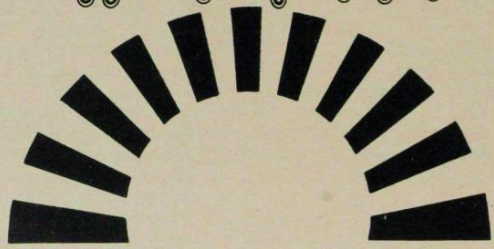
—says Harold Lowrider, construction worker: "It's a big pile of pinko shit."

—says James C. Page, reknown kitten: "Well, it keeps me in cat litter and yum-mies. It's a little weird but I don't complain."

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