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In the furrows  
of the world  
the paths  
of planting  
the hoe-trails  
of our people  
WE  
can only be  
do  
from what we are . . .

by  
charlie  
cobb

Our hands have  
clenched hammers  
hoes and hope

our backs have broken  
ground

around  
the world

our cries have crashed  
through

terror torn nights

our bodies burnt  
the  
earth

a bitter black

to rise in anger.

And i suppose  
it will come  
someday,

this thing  
this black i am  
that has to battle new

to  
be

We, will not have to say  
someday

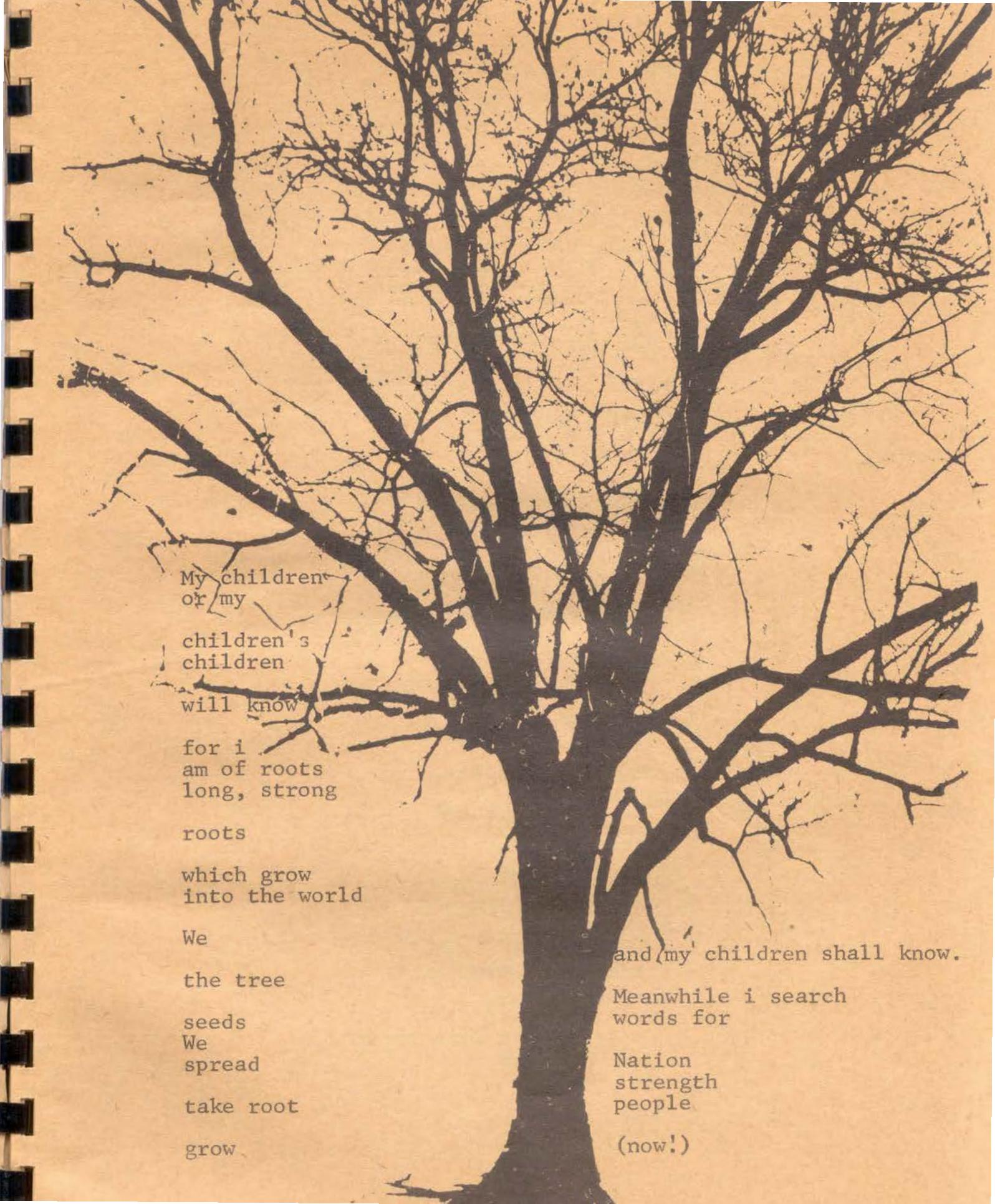
nor fight  
for

what we are

We Will Be

simply  
be

We.



My children  
or my

children's  
children

will know

for i  
am of roots  
long, strong

roots

which grow  
into the world

We

the tree

seeds  
We  
spread

take root

grow

and my children shall know.

Meanwhile i search  
words for

Nation  
strength  
people

(now!)

WORDS YOU WANT?  
speak my poetry,  
where

Words  
O.K.  
listen baby

a scream  
maybe

or  
fitful war

cries  
from this  
black  
body

feeling a knee in the nuts  
flung to battle

Speak,  
how!  
with all the shit  
shoveled  
into my mouth  
I  
got spit  
(a bit off tongue

ragged  
red  
it bleeds

inside)

that waits  
to wet  
and wash

a stink-holed mama's  
mothafuckin  
cracker son  
in piss from my mouth  
drowned

and  
flush,

Words,  
in rational rhymes  
constructed imagery  
cannot come

with my mouth  
worthless  
in agony

raging  
rampant

on fire

ON FIRE!

rather tom tom rhythms of words  
thundering through

searches for substance,  
sight,

to see  
my people clearly

substantiate

what represents the reality  
of

We,

I,

turn toward

today.

BLOCK SOUNDS

Pound . . .

hangin

    on the corner  
diggin it all  
tryin to get ready  
to

    make it  
anyway i can  
just movin  
and makin  
    my  
    scene

looking for somethin to get into

Block (just out chere  
on it)

Splibs

    taps

All out chere  
on the corner  
movin  
    in our own  
sounds and grooves

Pool hall

balls clippin, clickin  
hustlin a turkey caught  
in the middle  
of nine ball  
for three fives  
talking bout a  
fay chick  
i'm makin it with  
who loves what i got  
that's long and black (but  
she ain't got  
    no ass)

Gonna get strung out tonight

just out there  
blowin this whole scene  
on my own groovey gig  
floatin

out there  
    so far

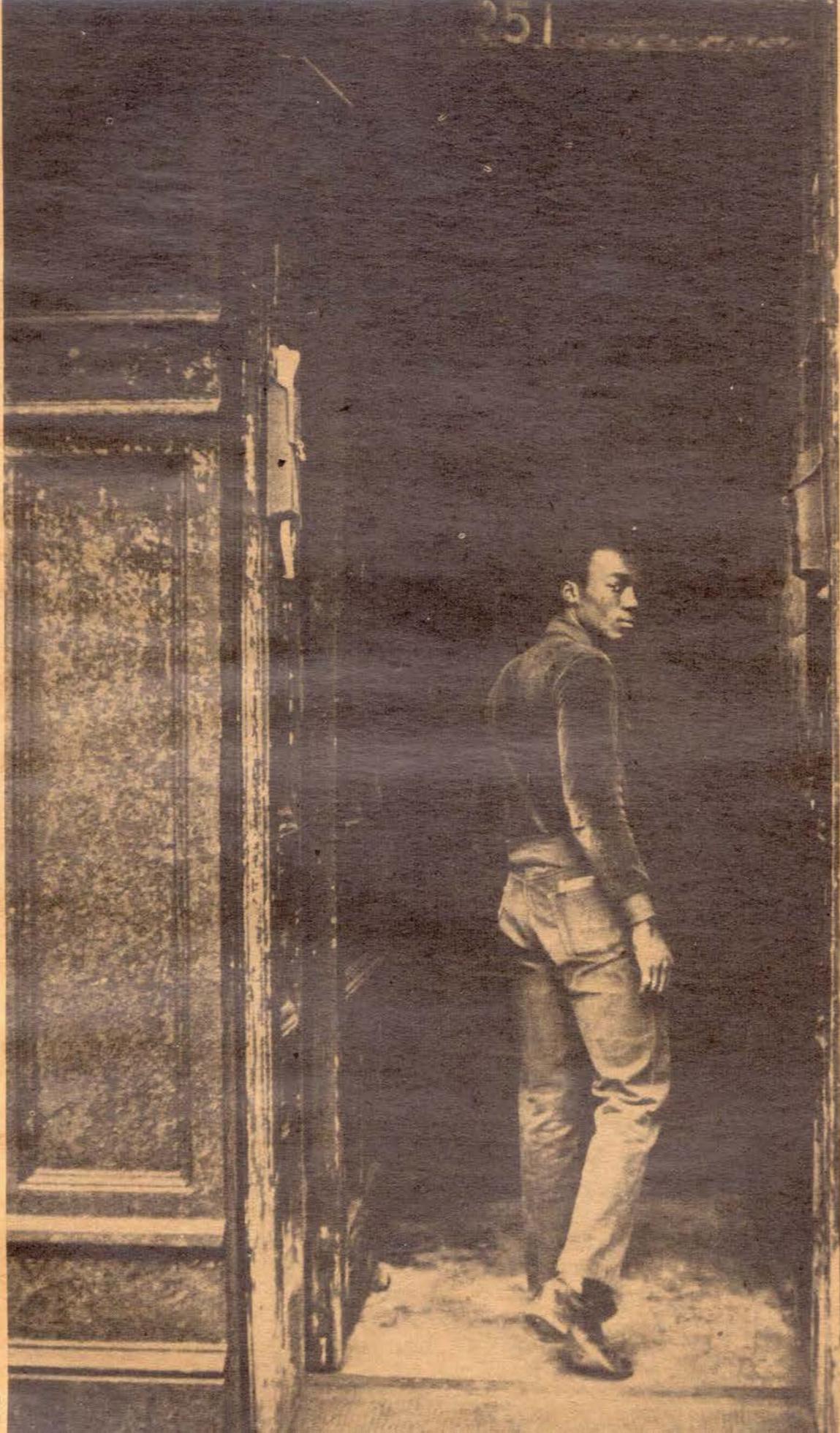
    i  
can't get back in

if we was ready  
i'd be the first  
to blow  
charlie  
and his whole godamn scene  
away.

got to split  
to this down set  
really get into a thing  
might not know where  
but i'll be out there

black sounds  
pound. . . and POUND.

*Spring '65*



L.A.-

the order of things

With it's attempt  
at a sanity  
of it's own

W A T T S

was insurgent  
that sultry night  
roaring  
    out  
        in

not fitting  
disorderly abandonment  
of your  
orderly

Criteria For Humanity  
You

have made humanity  
things

Things denied  
are taken  
if desired  
and forbidden  
Things

are smashed  
if they hurt  
and

your whiteness  
is a thing  
that hurts and  
Must be Destroyed  
for it

can never be taken

you have

taught that  
black  
cannot ever be  
your white  
and

will keep away the things of your  
whiteness,

•You

will be destroyed  
in the frustration  
of your denial

for you

cannot

give  
up

the things  
of your narrow humanity.

It is you  
who feels the pain  
for a burning supermarket

and cannot

hear the cry  
of a hungry child

You

who  
cry only

for the sacking of your things

ii

In all the exploding  
of your disorder

You  
still  
can only  
kill

Discomfited  
you remain  
in the insane  
of your glib not seeing

and incited  
within your blighted humanity  
You

wonder why  
your disorder erupts

and  
cry

that the sanity surging

is  
not  
yours

And that your order

of  
disorder

must prevail.

iii

What's happening?  
Watts' happenin'  
and you ain't into it yet

You still talking

that

obey  
ofay  
shit!

Where  
in your pleas  
for peace  
and order  
and quiet  
(so you  
can sleep)  
are your cops  
unarmed

and your armies  
that don't kill?

Where are your wars  
that don't disturb?

oh quiet  
the riot

get a  
cop

to  
stop

the destruction

of The Best Ghetto In the Country  
where

t h e y  
should understand  
lawful expression

and

responsibility  
to oppression

(besides  
we have more guns)

IV.

Says a man  
standing  
in  
his black

with his together black

and in the flickering

fire red  
white bled  
black dead  
night:

You

gave me the bottle  
and taught me  
to

empty

its burning inside my body.

I

gave it back  
Stuffed

with the rags you made me wear

Kerosened  
with my sweat

Lit

with the match  
of your oppression

Burning baby  
burning

i feel the fire  
burn

baby  
burn

feeling froggy  
got  
got

to

leap.

*August '65*

# Memory:

ain't that a real

Gaither Dogan

Gulf coast beaches blue

sun roaring up

morning sky

finding you and i

with waves washing past

us

in splashing sea-sud white

and wet

on an edge of beach

where we lay

searching with careful touch

a heal for hurt

but knowing never

Laughter from somewhere

belonging to others

calling out

to join

a hot day's

play.

And we,

dove deep

into

the

water

*Summer '65*

Lie still unhappiness

hush.

Quick looks

crying for help

sometimes get answered.

Ever danced out on a limb  
it doesn't always break  
and sometimes when it does  
you fall  
into a grassy meadow

spring 65

AND IF

there were no strings at all  
pulling us into times trapsack  
tying

us giftwrapped  
packaged  
carefully

leaving us  
nicely

on the shelf  
looking to christmas?

Motto!

Not that there ain't nothin'  
to do

But

nothin' to do that gets done  
in a hurry

Most people

move on the edges of each  
other.

And cut,  
with these edges.

Most people know  
the hurts of  
these cuts,

and so,

have learned that they must  
fence and  
duel  
with their edges

for

we are gladiators all

Do you cut the way you've been trained?

and  
hope

there will be time  
whenever and wherever the edges are  
sharpened

to explain

and be understood?

Summer '65

AND SOFT SWIFT BREEZES  
for a moment caress.

a touch  
of growing brought

almost held  
in the passing  
but  
too quickly  
goes

in that soft moment  
i am plucked  
to be

continued  
as some fleeting part  
of an almost caught  
breeze passing by

to  
be

reached for again

*spring '65*

# NIGHT STORM

Night falls drumming it's tears  
i tonight  
lie  
in the folds of it's curtain  
and in the dark  
of it's spark flashed sky  
seeming to drown  
in it's splashing wet  
brought sounding and pounding  
with crashing light.

II

Drummers  
it is your tears i am wet with.  
Why do you cry?  
you who drum in the sky  
What can be seen in the sounding light  
that comes with your tears?

III

Drummers, you cry  
yet after, it is clean  
and the smell and feel of growing  
can be seen.  
And i  
too often stand dry  
rooted in another sound  
and blinding light.

IV

You cry  
unable to find my cadence  
and i  
yours

you cry  
to soak the desert i.

V

Drummers  
i wish that i  
could close my eyes  
and be washed to your drums  
to read what you play.

ATLANTA  
spring '65

*A slave song:*

YOUNG MAN, young man  
they called to me  
as i was about  
to go  
my way.  
There is  
a place  
for you  
to fit  
when you've been  
shaped  
to fit  
the place.  
We've opened up  
some things for you  
to squeeze  
distort  
yourself a bit.  
If you don't find  
an immediate fit  
don't plant yourself  
just anywhere  
cause you will grow  
just anyway.  
We have a place  
for you  
to be  
clipped  
and trimmed  
and pruned  
you see.  
To make you grow  
and fit  
our way.  
Now what do you say  
about going away?  
Young man, young man  
please say you'll stay.  
We know, we know  
that you must grow  
but stay with us  
who've learned  
and know  
which way  
to make  
the people grow.  
Which is  
to find  
a slot  
that fits.  
Don't move  
don't see  
your slavery.

*May '65*

Birmingham, 1963

The night before you threw the bomb

You

lynched my father  
raped my mother

now with castrated soul

You

watch my children  
as they

Watch

their playmates  
mangled bodies  
dark

in pools of red  
pieces of black  
while through these stained streets

I

cry out  
with  
hate

for you  
and what you are

11 pm News Nightmare

Darks and starks  
of fear

are sown into my nights

while waiting  
for the bleeding day  
to come  
with

sun  
outshone

by fiery blasting  
bombs

i hear  
inside my sheets

the march of screaming children  
and smell their scorching flesh

under skies of air force blue

i see a field  
on fire  
a  
a pyre to modern methods.

Beneath the burning  
a mother  
sifts

and finds

a piece of arm  
and wisps of hair

a well that's dug  
with mortar shell  
the water  
red

the tongue of terror

licking  
faces

in the  
mud.

*winter '66*

FIRST VIEWS OF THE GOING

The time is now for going  
and aparts  
and other starts.  
The ends  
of this time  
have stretched  
expanded taut  
( and taught )  
and touched  
windowing  
the views  
seen looking back  
into an opaque  
of the road ahead.

How far back  
was the discovery of black?  
Maybe a yellow  
bus going  
to a country school  
cause the rule  
in Kentucky  
said  
black  
in the back  
which was  
away from the white  
into three rooms  
and a bull  
( in the yard )  
and a outhouse  
(which was outside)  
where we  
in all eight grades  
were mislaid  
or rather  
were taught if we stayed  
in our place  
a "credit" to our race  
(obviously not human)  
we'd cause no disgrace  
(to the whole human race?)

or was it  
way up?  
in the balcony  
of the one show  
that allowed  
black to go  
on saturday  
to see  
how tarzan  
the jungle man  
tamed the natives  
along with  
the apes  
and snakes  
and crocodiles too  
with his bare white hands  
while we  
rooted for the witch doctor.

Shortly after astounding  
my mother  
with the southern twang  
that sang  
"i wanta bow an' arry".  
We left  
our  
"happy an' satisfied"  
soon after then  
so's I  
could get  
educated right  
An' the school  
I had to go to  
was the tool  
for those  
black like me  
you see  
to get educated right.  
And what I learned  
was  
how many  
black like me  
weren't educated  
right  
cause even north  
black  
still got  
way back.

and had found it  
Permanent  
which finished  
mother's  
"educated right"  
(wern't white  
enough).  
school  
was iced out  
in the findin' of  
chicks (an raincoats)  
hustlin' (an' turkeys)  
and week-end tastes  
and the learnin' of  
a game to run down  
An' a scene to make  
And always  
a fight  
to fight  
knowing my  
up tight  
non-white  
In that learning  
I could almost forget  
except  
for the  
newly bought place  
of a  
"credit to the race"  
stoned  
for daring to be  
out there  
black  
and all alone

Soon I could see  
it was time  
for a going  
alone  
in my own  
And I left  
leaving a wondering  
"where'd he go"  
And they didn't know  
the where  
of my going  
had been built  
in the days  
or years  
or centurys  
of where I was  
taught to be.  
And the where  
(to which I fled)

was being found  
in  
the  
running  
from the  
furious  
carvings  
etching me  
apon their walls.

"BOY, if you feel so sorry for these black sons of bitches, why don't you take them all up north you . . . nigger. If I had your goddamn ass over in Brandon, I'd kill you.

Before you goddamn black communist sons of bitches started coming down here, everything was all right."

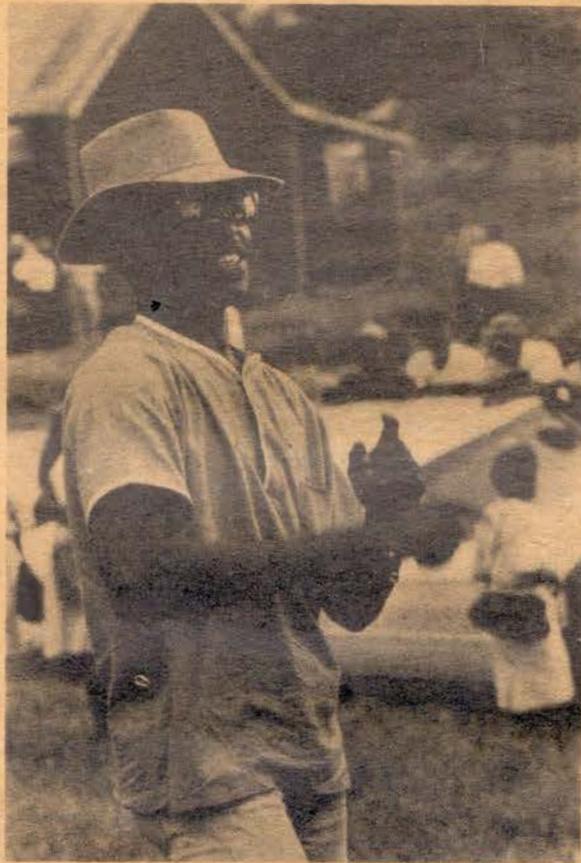
Shivers from cold and shivers from fear, blurred into an uncontrollable convulsion of the body.

Lights from passing cars, somewhere to our left. Lights that outlined for those who would see, four black boys with hands up at gunpoint on a near deserted Mississippi highway.

Mississippi law:           Up tight  
                                  all white  
                                  and outta sight

and us niggers.

Brandon, Miss  
WINTER, 1963



j

Bob Mantz  
(he's built on what they see in him  
and what  
he sees in them)  
teaches that  
being country black  
is  
a  
proud  
thing

ii

C. Cox  
(black Zapata)

racing on the train  
tracks of his  
thinking

deep  
beyond  
what is said

brows furrowed  
Here  
(he stands)

before the door  
pausing

Eyes growl glad

people pour in

We  
(some  
bad

niggers)

iii

Stokely  
hipster hero  
all in his grin  
says:

my day  
baby  
tomorrow.

And leans back  
on his boots

into his  
stationary  
strut

hand jives out  
(give me five on that)

Ten  
(he grins)

If we come back alive

Tomorrow

my day  
baby.

May 3, 1966

for Sammy Young

Our roads are ridden  
moonlight flights  
alone,  
    along the nights  
where we run hidden  
from fingers gripping  
finding triggers  
    finding  
niggers  
    out of place  
to put  
us back  
in  
    bleeding black

for we the fools  
    who want  
    a place  
    to piss in peace  
Can only find the alley

winter, '66



I

Haikua for Sammy

On nightdark roads

keep watch

creep cautiously through

for the stars expose you

# 80 Haiku

•

the dangerroad dark  
the slip through night  
is ready  
for  
the gas pedal flight

*tougaloo '66*

Mobile, 1964

Mobile , I saw  
it  
back away from the  
    green tree'd  
    white pillar'd houses

My part of Mobile I saw  
off the road  
on the Avenue  
called Davis  
    twisting  
into the  
"heart of  
    dixie"

and us on "the avenue"  
where we  
hang out  
    and shout  
out  
and cry out  
cut and bleeding

STARRED-DARK NIGHT  
whispered words  
meeting

together in  
the pain

of black

Mississippi  
sharecropper shack  
cornered  
in

poor  
in need

crouched  
in open acres  
where machines  
feed  
fields



Reuber

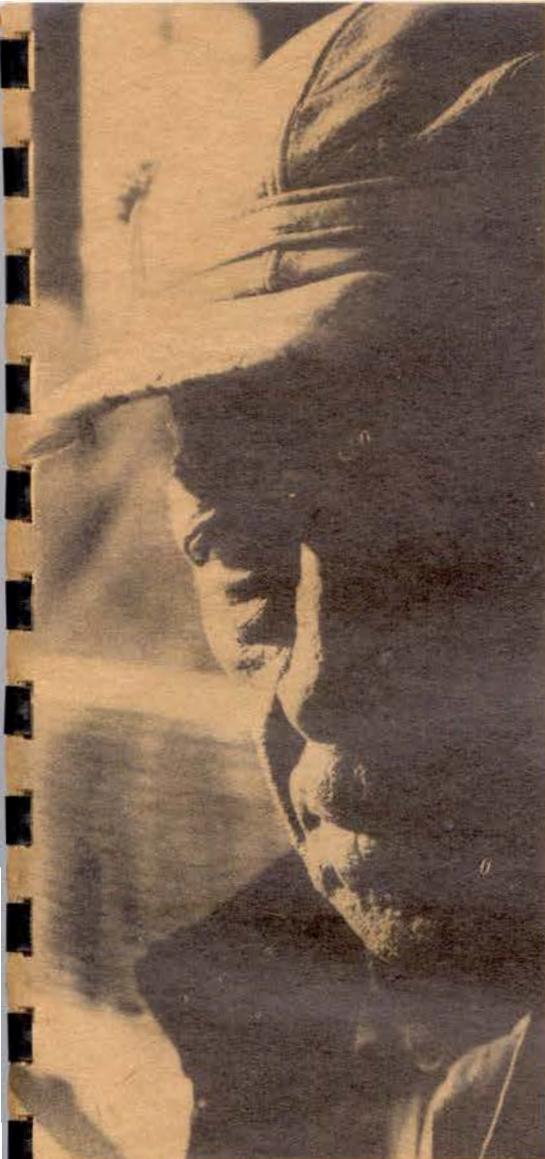
where backs  
bend  
down

where childrens play  
seeds the mud  
between the  
weeds

waiting the winter cold  
for summer's  
cotton white

Nightwords hushed low  
while children slept  
towards the empty coming day  
six abreast

across the pallet on the floor  
clothes stuffed in the shanty's pores  
to stop the whistling winter wind.



hinton

A father  
straining  
chains  
wanting his man back  
unbent  
a way to stand  
unstooped  
providing

Softly across the night's empty

a mother wiping tears:  
looking for mornings of eggs  
and kitchen warm  
with children fed

The tremble of ready  
began to put the night in motion

And  
day

became a time to begin

"We got to get together"

get a plan  
find a way  
find some others  
find a brother  
gather strong

it's takin  
we're talkin  
bout doin  
an you  
an me  
we

got to be  
ready

cause everything  
that is

is  
his

already.

hinton



And the sun  
became

a way to see  
what wasn't  
that oughta

be  
free:

the land - forever fertile  
the man - owning his work  
both to grow  
to build  
to stand

tall  
head high  
to the sky.

From the needing night  
from our bleeding nights  
this demand of morning  
The creed of this new day come

Who dare defy  
my white  
my might  
my right

cries capt'n mister boss mansir  
and stir my people up  
into wanting what  
god give  
to me

the land is mine  
I'll keep it cotton white  
to line  
my pockets dollar green

get back black  
I'll get my gun  
the kkk  
and lbj

preserve our way  
reserve our way  
go all the way

if you say  
you want to live

we'll  
give  
you that  
just stay in place.



varola



NO

came from the  
shack dotted spaces  
called places  
to  
live

NO

as backs unbent

NO

as the "good-uns" began to disappear

NO

as men began to reappear

NO

the yoke  
is broke

Empty the shacks  
we'll take the streets

*march, '66*



IN THE FURROWS OF THE WORLD  
in the paths of planting  
the hoe-trails of our people

among the cotton white  
between the stalks of sticky cane  
deep in sweltering diamond holes  
in the wash of salty sweat

Inside:

tobacco roads  
and shanty towns  
packed in  
ghettoes stacked

in jungle bush  
and whiteyes kitchens

backs unbend  
and bodies stretch

muscles that made the world  
begin to flex

a  
people!

rise

black yellow brown  
around the world  
around the golden sun

WE!

can only be

do  
from what we are  
and what we see



varela

I

Jimmy Lee Jackson shot  
by a cop  
protecting Alabama  
as he'd been taught

And as he'd always seen  
the country protect itself

Just the uniform  
was different  
but wars  
are all fought alike  
on battlefields

You try and kill  
the enemy

to have the best killers  
and win the war  
you teach  
the Morality of the cause

And give uniforms  
and sanction and  
law and order to preserve  
interests to protect

that's just Standard  
Procedure

we do it in boot camps  
around the country

Also the same song's sung  
in Saigon

Nothing strange at all about  
that

II

the cop  
in Selma  
pulls the trigger  
that kills for alabama  
for god and alabama  
as he's been taught  
just like his brother  
who fought  
    or bombed  
    or gassed  
in south viet nam last week

and all the people  
who don't make wars  
but just kill  
and get killed in them

kill some more

or bury the dead

wishing mostly  
that it  
all would end

so they could go home

the cops  
that have shot  
all the people  
white and black  
that  
they have shot

have shot because  
they were given guns  
and told  
it's alright to shoot  
people sometimes  
and kill them  
to preserve  
Law and Order  
and Our Way of Life

We have been taught  
it's alright for people  
to be killed by the cops  
and the u.s. army

III

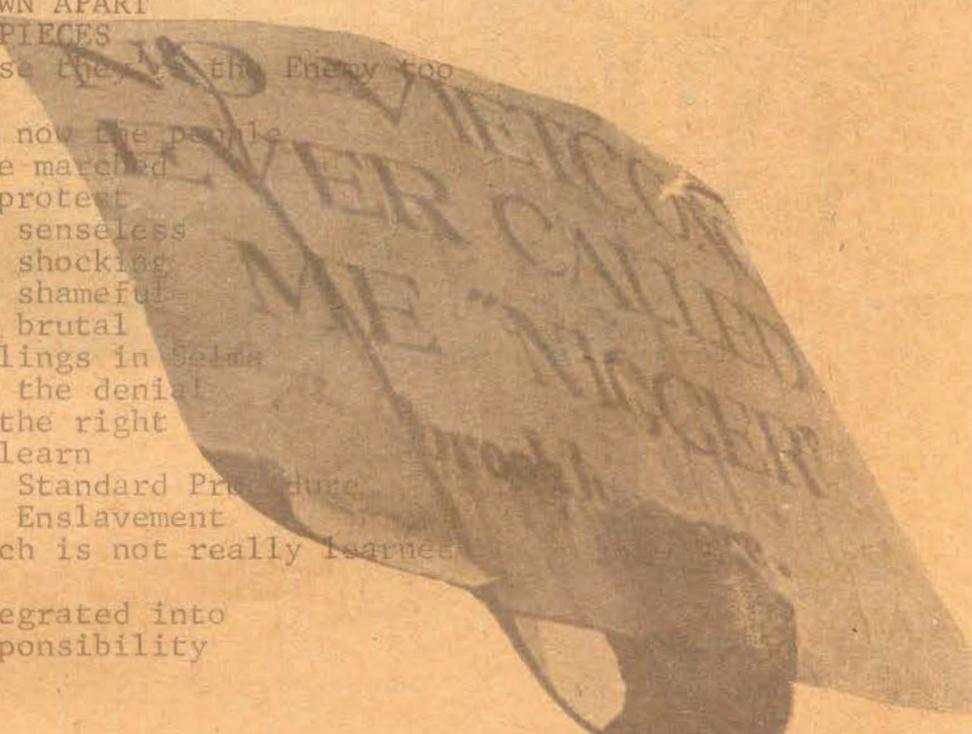
Like in viet nam  
where our interests  
are being threatened  
by the DISORDER  
of the people of viet nam  
who think they can run  
their own country

And after all  
how can they think  
they can run  
their own country  
when they won't even help  
us fight  
their own people  
who don't like us  
and don't want us

and besides

they're not even White  
these people in viet nam  
who want us to stop  
killing in their country  
and blowing it up  
with bombs  
like Birmingham  
also a place where  
LITTLE CHILDREN  
COME DOWN  
BLOWN APART  
IN PIECES  
cause they're the Enemy too

And now the people  
have marched  
to protest  
the senseless  
shocking  
shameful  
brutal  
killings in Selma  
and the denial  
of the right  
to learn  
the Standard Procedure  
for Enslavement  
which is not really learned  
but  
integrated into  
Responsibility





MEKONSIPPI

#1

Yeah,  
the mississippi  
runs into the mekong.  
get the boat at harlem  
sail red rivers  
black seas

or walk  
from cotton to rice  
from cement to silt

Vietnam  
and  
Amsterdam

avenues of whitey's wars  
Mekonsippi

the 17th isn't parallel

doesn't  
divide.

TO VIETNAM:

carpets cover many floors  
      where i come from  
but none kiss the sky.

i have never known before  
fields that filled the hungry.

i have never stood free,  
      to sun, to son.

wind has never sung song  
of nation in my black face.

hanoi-april-1967.



lester

# AIN'T THAT A GROOVE!

Reply to whiteye taken from words of black Atlanta DJ:

It ain't the size of the ship  
that makes the wave  
it's  
the

Just about where we at.

motion on the ocean."

Question: HOW TO SPREAD THE REVOLUTION--or need of one

What, where, how, who to say this to?

We know/accept, that we got to struggle. Understand I hope, that our heart, our life -- our struggle, is of black people. Lou Rawls on Radio: "I'm in a world of trouble. .. playin double." Indeed, we is. It's got to stop. Let every black, packed, on every block; bent in every field, get into his thing. But, make it against the man.

(Understand, that We, are a people!)

Our work and responsibility is meeting the needs of our people. Black People. Know, that in this white man's country, talking as a black and gearing yourself to meeting the needs of black people, is revolutionary in itself.

On the question though: Communications has to reach blacks. It's thrust cannot be within the framework of white America. It's to call for action--to talk of struggle against the white man. To destroy white oppression. The tools for what we say, have to be accessible.

## Some tools:

Our natural forms such as the oral tradition, song, dance, play, rhythm, RACE (maybe we begin by suggesting that we all dig ourselves in the mirror--it's permanent) Other tools are those vehicles that reach us most effectively: Sound, the record, radio. The SNCC Atlanta project often goes to a playground with a sound truck, to play records. While there are some political ends in mind, these ends do not negate the actual record the sound-itself as an integral part of the effort to communicate. The effectiveness of whatever we might have to say, is always dependent on our link to the active tones of the community. And we all got a minute for the latest sound.

Black people got to take their streets. If the brother is gonna hang on the corner, let it be a threat to the man downtown who thinks he owns that corner. Suppose we presented a play. People jam, block, the streets in order to watch or participate. That the play is written for the community, and aimed at their experiences. Suppose this is happening on a number of blocks at the same time, to the point where it forces a confrontation between the community and "white power." Depending on the preparation and understanding of the people, the nature of this confrontation would range from a backing away, to a stand to hold the streets against this "white power".

The streets become a threat to "white power."

Streets and sidewalks can pose threats.

Magnolia Street twists through the heart of one of Atlanta's north-west Ghettos. It's tenement houses swell and sag in the summer heat. Families are crowded in from the roofs to the basements. They are owned by the whiteman, and a few negroes aspiring to "white power."

Lillie Mae Blackchild, age ten, her father somewhere—anywhere but home, mother on welfare supporting her eight children is out to see if she can hire out as a maid. Playspace is the sidewalk cement, as Lillie Mae has been warned of the dangers of the streets. She chalks out hopscotch blocks, and gathers her friends, keeping an eye on her baby sister who it's her responsibility to watch.

ENTER: Organizer who pauses and watches.

Lillie Mae: Hey Nitty Gritty, when you gonna play some Record?

ORGANIZER: Hey there, your mama home?

L.M.: She went to see bout work. She don't like to stay home when it's hot. You hop scotch?

O: Yeah, but different.

L.M.: How do you do it?

O: I'll show you. (He bends down, taking chalk from L.M. scratches out the number in the first square, and writes FREEDOM NOW) That's where we begin.

L.M.: Howcome?

O: FREEDOM NOW's a good place to begin. You know what it means?

L.M.: Freedom ride, right?

O: If you promise to ask your mama what it means, we'll talk about it after that. O.K.?

L.M.: O.K.

(Organizer sticks a few black power, and black panther stickers in the last square of the hop scotch area). Ask her about these too. We always want to try and get here. (he gives her a couple more stickers) Got to go. Give your mama these. I'm Lester.

L.M. My name is Lillie Mae.

(L.M. is now showing stickers and pointing at the hop-scotch area to her friends. "Freedom", "Black Power", "Black Panthercat" is heard aloud)

A simple communications tool: Chalk and playing for awhile with some kids.

We shouldn't be afraid to mark up buildings. Use anything from a paint brush to a magic marker. Folks scrawl "shit" or "fuck" or so-an-so loves/digs/wants to make with

so-an-so. The key thing here, is that there is a natural focus against objects (that need tearing down anyway, or at least need to be taken over.) "Shit" scrawled on a wall gets an idea, a feeling, across. Can we begin to put the words of the struggle on walls. Are our words legitimate enough for folks to keep the words in sight?

I live not too far from a bus stop at Wynnwood Street. About five feet from the ground is a sign. It asks in orange letters against a blue background. "NEED HELP?" The rest of the 5' by 8' is space. I got somethin to say in that space. You have too . . .

## II

4 July. Atlanta Stadium. Energy, Music, Motion. Twenty thousand blacks erupting into a finger-poping of dance and rhythms.

"You don't mind if i do the Boogaloo?"

WELL ALL RIGHT

feels so groovey  
HEY  
Ain't that a groove.

Only James Brown - "the hardest working man in show business." Soulful wrenching, "gonna jerk it out baby." Black motion. A dozen kids spill over onto the top of the dugout.

White cops scramble after them. Their rhythm is "order" Their motion is ugly, brutal, and disjointed. They move in fear of a black voodoo.

"It's just the boogaloo"

feels so groovey  
hey  
Ain't that a groove.

The kids spin off. Up the stadium stairs. Into the shadows. Into a larger motion. O.K., everybody now: Ain't that a groove.

There was the potential for a most happening politics. There was something that we needed. Nothing we've ever said has taken on that kind of collective, yet personal relevancy. We've got to be able to elicit that kind of responsive energy.

### III

HARLEM: (Sweltering summer night. The scene is set on a spot of side walk between Teddy's shanty and 126th Street. 7th Avenue is alive with squeals and rattles of cars. Music blares out from a next door record shop. A couple of black teenagers are hangin-out in front of the Shanty. One holds a small package. a cop comes up)

WHITECOP: What you got there boy?

1st guy: for my mama

"I got you--  
hey! hey!"

WHITECOP: Lets see it.

1st guy: What you wanna mess with me? What I done?

2nd guy: Put the boogaloo on him.

"Neighbor neighbor  
don't worry bout what  
goes on

(Music from the records swell. Street motion begins to take on the rhythms of the music. A young black boy semi-dancing past the scene, bumps into WHITECOP, who turns, hand streaking for his pistol. The other two guys, who had been more and more getting into the rhythms of the music, freeze for an instant).

FROM SOMEWHERE: Split!

(Someone from behind the cop knocks him in the head. He is knocked out. The teens involved are long gone. Heard somewhere: "We all look alike anyway." Laughter. The street life continues as every hot, Harlem night. WHITECOP'S partner -- a negro cop -- returns from his pick-up of a pay off by the local numbersman. He is seen pocketing the money).

"People get ready  
there's a  
train  
a  
commin

Don't need no ticket you just get on board".

(Somewhere, the boogaloo goes on).

WHITECOP jacked up is a real reason for doing the boogaloo. Look at us dance and sing and swing. Watch out now (i'm into my thing.

The form is usable: Music, motion rhythm. Black opera in which everyone is actor or participant. We must explore this it seems.

Nina Simone in her song "Sinner Man", goes into a long chang:

"Power, give me Power"

22 million black people in the united states need to back her up. There is an energy - a power - expressed. MUSIC of twenty-two million black souls.

Play James Brown on a black block anywhere.  
Play it loud. No matter what folks are doing, his sound gets included. People can dig our leaflets, but its not the same. Not the same . . .

Black singers, black music, or co-options thereof, have been used for the most irrelevant of messages. White folks do it with their jive movies: Don't knock the Rock, or Rock Around the Clock; in dipshipt stories about the problems of some white D.J., and his teenage friends, with the Local Mothers Against Rock and Roll.

Let us use it

our sound,  
our beat,

against the problem of the Local White Motha-fuckers.

Atlanta.

