

MOTOBU: 'We shall not be moved'



Maurice Holtz
Over - 30 apathy

By Ray Brack
TENT CITY—J. D. Smith, 27 ... Emerson Reed, 20 ... Lee Myers, 33 ... Jim Whiteside, 25 ... Wayne Harper, 20 ... Andy Robinson, 31 ... Larry Bayes, 18 ... Carol Bayes, 19 ... Paula Bayes, 16 ... Maurice Holtz, 20 ... Barbara Womack, 20 ...

You're reading the names of some of the "city fathers" of Tent City. They are among the founders and leaders of the Mobilization of Total Black Unity (MOTOBU), a youth coalition formed six weeks ago to help prevent what they believe to be calculated and illegal black removal from the Triangle District under the guise of urban renewal.

With recent setbacks in the 15-year-old struggle between indigenous blacks and the Charleston civic elite over the Triangle's prime real estate, MOTOBU initiated its first strategy move, the erection of this tent encampment in eloquent testimony to the organization's collective vow: "Hell no, we won't go."

MOTOBU shows indications of becoming

one of the most viable youth activist organizations in the state. While the group's full energies are now mobilized to win the Triangle battle, their strategists are looking beyond what they are convinced will be their first victory to future efforts at redressing social and economic grievances.

"After this battle is won there will be something else to attack in the rotten system," says Emerson Reed, a 20-year-old ex-WVU student who is a member of MOTOBU's 15-member steering committee.

J. D. Smith, who represents a less militant view on the committee, agrees that MOTOBU is here to stay. "Yes, we're going to direct our attention to other issues after we get this one cleared up. But it's too early to say what those will be. We're still getting organized here."

Reed, Smith and the other planners who are molding MOTOBU into a potent social-action instrument are not thrusting themselves forward as leaders in a local movement. They are aware of the potential pitfalls in being singled out by the press as spokesmen. Reed, for example,

speaks of his disillusionment with Stokely Carmichael in this respect.

"In his book Stokely said saying he wasn't laying down guidelines for the movement, but you could see that was exactly what he was doing. It was an ego thing."

MOTOBU is not optimistic about receiving extensive support from older, more conservative organizations like the NAACP, though they would welcome such backing. The group is, however, actively seeking the aid of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and some of the youth-oriented national civil rights groups.

"We're hoping to have the Rev. Ralph Abernathy of SCLC or one of his aides here on August 5 or 10," Smith reported. "Perhaps both Mr. Abernathy and the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who heads the SCLC's 'Operation Breadbasket' in Chicago, can come. And we'd love to have James Brown here to do a benefit. If he came lots of the people we can't get to respond would become interested in Tent City."

Maurice Holtz, a Marshall University



The Charleston Gazette
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student who is one of MOTOBU's community recruiters and organizers, reports considerable apathy among "the middle-aged, middle-class" black community.

"We are getting great moral support from Shiloh Baptist Church and the First Baptist Church," Smith said.

Unlike many young black organizations, MOTOBU is not arbitrarily alienating itself from white supporters.

"Our prime goal is communication," Reed says. "When we march with signs and slogans attacking Whitey, we're not attacking people. We're denouncing the system."

LIKE MOST of the MOTOBU group, Reed is a native of the Kanawha Valley. He attended Valley schools and enrolled at West Virginia University. There he became a recognized militant student leader. He left the university last year and went to New York City "to get the feel of what was happening." While in New York he made contact with many of the young leaders and organizations in the mainstream of the black movement.

"I just about decided to forget Charleston," Reed admits. "But I found that was impossible, so I came back home. Charleston has been out of touch with the movement, and we want to change that."

Like the other young leaders of motobu, Reed has shelved personal career plans in order to devote full time and talent to the Triangle struggle.

"I doubt now that I'll ever get my degree," Reed says, "and I'm not sure I even want to anymore. A lot of cats are getting degrees and when they return home they can't communicate with anybody anymore. All they're good for is plug-in components in the electronic society."

"Our only ambition now is to win this battle. You can tell the popcorn politicians of this town that we shall not be moved."

Not all young Whiteys at Tent City 'curious'

TENT CITY — The young black's eyes flashed in the firelight as he asked the young white, "What are you doing here? This is a black battle."

The question is one that most of the handful of white Charleston young people who have joined this protest encampment have been forced to answer.

"I'm here because I feel every thinking and feeling person has an obligation to his fellow man," explained Dave Moorhead, who is 19. "Black people in Charleston are being persecuted—in the manner 'hippie' types are persecuted—because of lack of understanding, ignorance of circumstances and conditions, and general apathy in the white middle class. If we can get people to listen, the

white kids here can symbolize brotherhood and unity and promote understanding between white and black."

INVOLVEMENT is old hat to Moorhead, but for some white youths who have taken up even temporary residence at Tent City, the act was a major life decision.

Pat Arnold, 18, a graduate of George Washington High School, at first declined to be identified with Tent City. "If my parents knew I were here they'd..." But after spending a day or so at the encampment Arnold looked up a reporter and volunteered to rap for the record, regardless of the effect on his parents and educational plans. (He is a student at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.)

"There is some black backlash to our being here," Arnold said, "but I still feel that blacks and whites can relate under these circumstances. It is a matter of developing trust—pure trust."

Arnold and Moorhead acknowledged that some white liberal youths were showing up at Tent City out of curiosity, boredom, the need to be where the action is, and other undesirable motives.

"THE RELATIONSHIP between white liberals and soul brothers," offered Moorhead, "is like the movie, 'Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.' The white kids come down from South Hills in their



Emerson Reed
We shall not be moved.



TENT CITY soul music concert last week featured the King Curtis band. A crowd of 600 turned out to hear the young group. Tent City planners hope

to interest big-name entertainers such as James Brown in coming to Charleston to support their cause. (Staff Photo By Ferrell Friend.)

Top records of the week

- Singles
1. In The Year 2525 (Zapp & Evans)
 2. Spinning Wheel (Blood, Sweat & Tears)
 3. Good Morning Starshine (Oliver)
 4. Crystal Blue Persuasion (Tommy James & The Shondells)
 5. What Does It Take To Win Your Love (Jr. Walker & The A&M Stars)
 6. One (Three Dog Night)
 7. Color Him Father (Winstons)
 8. The Ballad of John and Mary (The Beatles)
 9. My Elusive Amour (Steve Wonder)
 10. Love Train (The O'Jays)
 11. Love Train (The O'Jays)
 12. Love Train (The O'Jays)
 13. Love Train (The O'Jays)
 14. Love Train (The O'Jays)
 15. Love Train (The O'Jays)
- Albums
1. In The Year 2525 (Zapp & Evans)
 2. Spinning Wheel (Blood, Sweat & Tears)
 3. Good Morning Starshine (Oliver)
 4. Crystal Blue Persuasion (Tommy James & The Shondells)
 5. What Does It Take To Win Your Love (Jr. Walker & The A&M Stars)
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 15. Love Train (The O'Jays)

Four Seasons Playing Tonight

The Four Seasons, featuring singer Frankie Valli, will return to the Civic Center tonight. Curtain time is 8:30 p.m. Tickets to the show, booked by Oxford Inn Productions, Inc., are being sold at Galperin's, Gorb's and the Civic Center.



BLUES GREAT Bo Diddley is greeted at the Checkmate by Azie Mortimer, who is currently appearing at the Top of the Inn. (Staff photo by Lewis Baines)

In the beginning...

'Hey, Bo Diddley, where you been?'

If it's ever written, the definitive treatise tracing the roots of rock might well open with this simple assertion:

"In the beginning was Bo Diddley."

Diddley, whose true blues roots reach back to the Mississippi Delta, ranks indisputably with Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf and B. B. King as a primary influence on the host of young white artists who have processed raw blues into a highly marketable musical commodity.

And while the Diddley imitators and plagiarists collect gold records and monopolize the television guest lists on the strength of meteoric flashes to stardom, the master himself grows old and admittedly bitter as he continues — to use the argot of the music business — "paying his dues."

Bo Diddley came to Charleston Thursday night to gig for Phil and Mike Corey at the Checkmate. He arrived a little late, his road-worn Cadillac limping in off the turnpike with a blown transmission. But the Checkmate crowd had come to honor a legend. They waited.

CHOPPING tirelessly downward across the strings of his custom Gretsch, Diddley immediately nailed down the world-famous rhythm figure — his trademark — which has helped make a fortune for two Polish immigrants named Phil and Leonard Chess, owners of Chess Records, Diddley's record label.

Charleston's most knowledgeable rock fans, like Powerhouse guitarist Randall Wray, crowded around the stage. Beyond this tight circle of aficionados a black-lighted tableau of young people — awed in the presence of acknowledged genius — remained poised until the first harsh chord of the Bo Diddley Beat broke the spell and triggered compulsive physical response.

The Checkmate throbbed to the same beat which, after Diddley's first records on Chess were released 16 years ago, Dot Records picked up on and transmuted and promoted into a million-dollar sound using white artists.

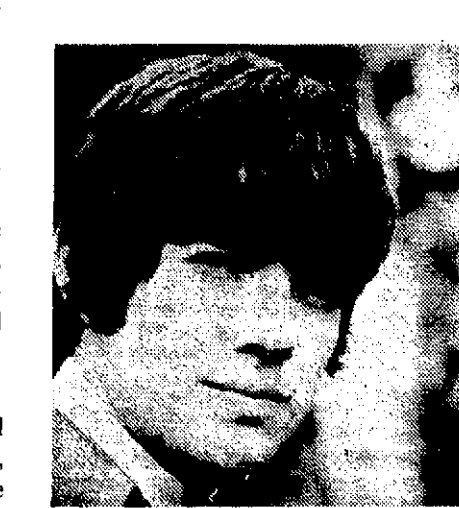
As Bo cooled off after his first set we asked him to comment on the anomaly of a white blues-imitator like Johnny Winter (brilliant as he is) landing a fat \$300,000 contract with Columbia Records while Bo, Muddy, B. B., et al, plug along doing \$300 one-nighters.

"THIS UPSETS me," Diddley admitted. "I have seen my ideas stolen and

copied, my songs swiped and my things popularized until the country is so glutted with my style that I can't make a living myself. But I can't change. I've got to do what I've always done. It's me.

"Part of my problem is my record company. I have recorded a lot of things they just won't release, while all kinds of junk is being released and selling by the millions. During my career I've been forced constantly to borrow money from my record company to keep going."

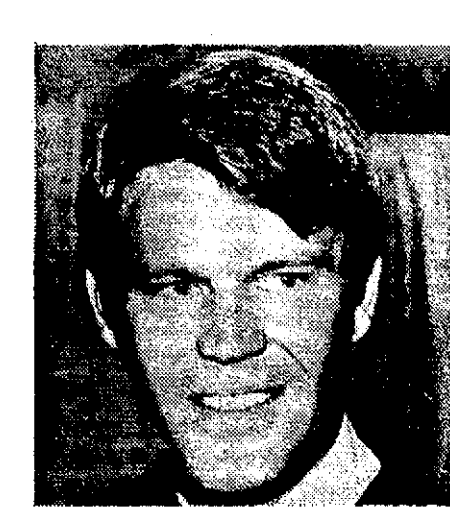
Tune In Where's the Playground, Susie?



Jim Webb (Words and Music)

You think of a pair of singers like Sam and Dave; a pair of writers like Simon and Garfunkel but you have to admit that a writer and a singer make an off beat combination.

However, Glen Campbell and Jim Webb are turning into a team. True, Jim has done songs for other singers and Glen has sung other peoples songs,



Glen Campbell

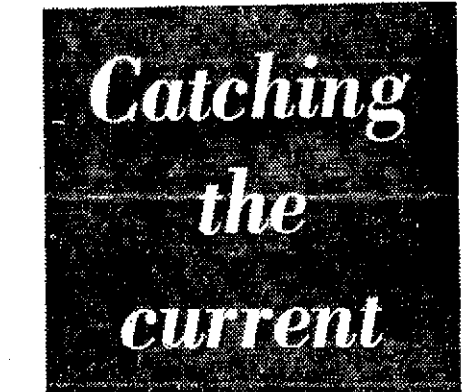
but when they work together it's special and sure to be a hit.

This week's song was requested by Linda Caudill of Charleston and Gloria Rowe of Belle. Send your own requests to T-T-T, the Charleston Gazette, 1001 Virginia St., E., Charleston, W. Va. 25330.

Tempo - Moderata

Key of Eb major

The end has come and found us here with our toys scat - tered all a - round us here, The
 Eb Eb
 puzzle that we nev - er found an - swer for still asks us Dar - ling just what all
 Ab Eb
 the games were for and here we stand in our box of sand, Where's the Play - ground, Su - sie?
 Eb Eb
 You're the one who's sup - posed to know her way a - round Where's the Play - ground, Ab
 Eb
 Su - sie? If I don't stay a - round If I don't stay a - round The ca - ron - sel has stopped
 Eb Eb
 us here It twirled a time or two and then it dropped us here And still you're not con - tent
 Eb Eb
 with some - thing a - bout me But what mer - ry - go - round can you ride with - out
 Eb Eb
 me to take your hand? How will you stand? Where's the Play - ground Ab Su - sie?
 Eb Eb
 If I de - side to let you go and play a - round Where's the Play - ground Ab Su - sie? If
 Eb Eb
 I don't stay a - round If I don't stay a - round Where's the Play - ground Su - sie?



"Crazie Azie" Mortimer, the queen of sophisticated soul, who is currently appearing to packed houses at the Top Of The Inn, will make a guest appearance at 7 p.m. tonight at Tent City. Miss Mortimer, who is married to a political science professor at the University of Chicago, says she is interested in "checking out local human rights problems wherever I'm appearing."

The our Seasons, who have drawn more fans in Charleston concerts than any other recording group, make their fifth local appearance at the Charleston Civic Center tonight at 8:30 p.m.

Bob Gates of the Charleston Draft Information Center reports that the organization has moved to expanded, more-centralized offices at 1117 Virginia St. E. Counseling hours are from 10 to 12 every Saturday morning.

TOPS TONIGHT: The Dynamic Delegation, featuring Rick Coleman, at the Checkmate. The New Marquis with Bobby Lanham at the Fraternity House. Four Seasons at the Civic Center. Inmen at Meadowbrook Country Club. Esquires at Dreamland Pool in Ceredo-Kenova.

NEXT WEEK: Sunday, Esquires at the Checkmate and the New Marquis at the Fraternity House. Monday, Barons at the Checkmate (open house). Azie Mortimer nightly at the Top of the Inn. Thursday, the Dynamic Delegation at the Checkmate (ladies' night). Friday, Saturday and Sunday, a "super band" from Louisville composed of the Magnificent Seven and the Wellingtons at the Checkmate. Thursday, Reflections of Soul at Windimere Swim Club teen night. Friday, Marquis at Hurricane Town Hall.

'What's Happenin'?

Jack Cook
Galperin Music Co.

I do dig miracles. According to the Bill-board scoop of the NAMM in Chicago, Amps are dying. The giant Goliaths are slowly being slain all over the country, along with their ram-rodding power and mind-bending distortions, and it's all a result of doing their own thing. Like the Inner-Ear will just take so much disturbance—and finally swinging in the same key with Reason—the two see that this time they've been blasting in a No-No. Hang on, Sloopy—take the plugs out of your cars and watch for the return of quality instead of quantity. Welcome, Hallelujah!

S.R.P.L.T.D. It's hard to pronounce—try it—but it stands for Soul, Rock, and Psychedelic Limited—a swingin' group led by drummer Bill Turley, a fine cat who knows the Right way to make it is through private lessons (taken here at the store from Bill Wiant, of course!). Best of luck to the group, Man.

One of Charleston's finest musical ambassadors to outer-states, Bruce McHoul and the "Fascinators," have just returned from a great gig at the "Peppermint Beach Club" on Virginia Beach. They've been asked for a repeat performance August 11-17, this time at the "Peabody's Warehouse," where the fans will be really diggin' in Blood, Sweat, Tears, Chicago-Transit sounds. If you're there, catch the scene.

The Creed Halbert Combo is comin' on strong at "Sam's Gaslight" on the weekends, especially with a unique sound that everybody can dance to. This cat knows what's happenin' when it comes to the eighty-eight, so drop in and dig his set.

Sick Joke: Have you heard about the band director who couldn't be bothered with cue-ins because he was too busy conducting. (No offense)

Like, drop in 'n live with Burch (He just sold a Marshall). Dig ya later!