

Amerika in Action

anon.

1970

I attend night school at Denby High School one evening a week. Last Monday my Social Problems class let out early to enable us to attend the meeting concerning de-centralizing Denby and other city high schools which would involve the bussing of kids to other schools.

I walked into the auditorium with an open mind. I could partially sympathize with parents who did not want their kids being bussed cross-city when there was a school available to them within their area. However, this was not really what the dissension was over. The issue was quite clearly racial and 2,500 parents there assembled very well knew it.

The evening began with a speaker for the "Steering Committee," informing the people that they had assembled over-night, opened a savings and checking account and hired three ace lawyers. These lawyers told the "Steering Committee" it would be a long and costly fight—to the tune of some \$10,000—and would probably end with a Supreme Court decision. The audience was informed this fight could go on for as long as ten years so their motives had to be principled since their kids could very well be graduated by the time the "fight" was over.

A microphone had been set up in a side aisle, allowing anyone from the audience who had a point to make or question to ask two minutes speaking time. However if the crowd didn't like the speaker, as in one case, they were not heard for the shouting. One parent demanded to know who these lawyers were, why they were chosen, were they reputable, etc. Aha! I thought, a clear head in a mass of hysteria.

The speaker informed us that these lawyers were WINNERS, dig it, "Yep, they defend the DPOA—to which the crowd loudly cheered their approval, and furthermore, "they represented the officers involved in the Algiers Motel incident." At that point there was almost a standing ovation.

One man actually took the mike and began reciting his rights from the Declaration of Independence, ending his oration with, "I'm not having my kid going to Kettering and GETTING KILLED." More cheers. As a matter of fact, that statement just about brought the house down on its white racist ass. I even spotted some rat's arm raised in a power fist—SICK, SICK, SICK. One man shouted, "We'll take it to the Supreme Court." Informed that it would cost approximately \$10,000, Apple Pie and Motherhood asked if it could be collected door to door. "Pass the hat," everybody screamed.

My friends and I were freaking right out. Mr. & Mrs. Amerika next to me kept saying, "What's wrong with them?" Oh wow.

So like the whole thing was SUPER SICK. The meeting was all white (of course), middle classed, full of hate and a heavy undercurrent of violence. These people were actually getting off on each other's sickness and hatred. This was the straight world's Woodstock—except Woodstock was for Peace and Togetherness and they replaced it with Hate and Racism. The straight media covered it on TV by showing the most moderate of the speakers and did not expose the ugly mood and angry faces that were present.

Yeah—there's a monster on the loose and all the SUPER PATRIOTS showed up to cheer it on with their Amerikan flags.

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