



drum

Vol. 1 No. 2 DODGE REVOLUTIONARY UNION MOVEMENT

RACISM IN DODGE TRUCK

Brother Dan Baker was consternated the other day by the Klansmen Carl (the supersonic honky) Davis, Joe, Hopping Nick, flaky Eddie and God knows how many other honkys. All converging on ONE, not four or five but one Black man, You know, like the lynch mobs of the South. The Brother was offed so swift he didn't realize what was happening until the honky requested his badge. The whole incident was a frame-up. Management knew this and so does the union and Labor relations, but the power structure had to flex it's muscles, knowing election time is nearing so the less Black votes, the better. The chances they have of placing the same old s...less union officials back in Racist Pollack and bull-shitting TOMS, (callow UNCLE Harvey), BoB you and a better

chance of winning office if you pull away from the rat pack. We know you remember the old saying: "When you lay down with dogs, you get up with fleas".

There's a certain chief steward in the trim shop who stays so drunk he cannot be found to defend anyone. Where was he when that sissy Foreman named Stoner (you know like the Racist's weapon against the BLACK REVOLUTION) fired Brother John Ireland on trumped up charges of insubordination. He should have claimed he's firing him for being Black, everyone knows Stoner doesn't dig Blacks. We were led to believe that a man couldn't get discharged without union representation (although it would not have made any difference whether they were there



any, but it would have been more formal) everyone around the gas tank's area knows this Brother is innocent. Mr. Stoner has put so much fear in the Brother's that no one dare's to speak up in his defense, and those honky's in his area say's another nigger gone.'

As for you Brother's in the Metal shop how much longer are you going to tolerate this that SUPPER NIGGER TOM CUNNINGHAM (Hambone)? He forgot that he use to be Black before the honky's patted him on his ass and threw a white shirt on his ass. He said, "He better not catch anyone passing out this paper." You just don't know Hambone, you really better not catch anyone passing out this paper, because you really will catch something, like all the other Tom's are. That is not a threat, that is a promise. Death to the counter-revolutionary Tom's. Either help your Brothers organize or get the Fuck out of the way, move over or we'll move you over.'

The Brother's in compat bldg are all crying. We wonder if it's because buckdancing jeffing Charles Harrel is leaving for a better Tomism job, or because they are worrying about who's going to replace him. The Tom, or the racist honky? The other Brothers don't stand a chance, because Dodge Truck does not like Black men, because they have the capacity of thinking.' and a thinking Black man is very dangerous to the company because it might spread and baby

look out, so they would prefer a knee-grow. Oh yea, Jeff on your way out stop by the main bldg. we'll have some more Toms to go with you. We're getting the names together for you watch this paper everyone will know who's who in the Tom pack. hey fellow's how in the Hell did you allow that meally mouth so called chief steward Mack the Pollack get elected? We're sure you're not going to let this happen again, keep your eye's open and select your own candidate's, this bullshit about "my hands are tied" when it comes to defending Black workers has got to come to a dead halt.

Local 140 is over due for changes, the local is infiltrated with racist, nigger hating Pollock's clown's, puppet's, and feet shuffling Tom's, Plus the best rent a Nigger service in town. The rented Nigger is the Tom's who come to the aid of the company of local when the Field Nigger's start raising hell and the spineless Honky's put their tail's between their leg's and take flight, so the Honky calls on the House Niggers to sooth the brothers down, when he's soothed down the Honky slide's back in and off's the brother, so brothers if this is the type of unionism you want just keep sitting on your ass.

JOIN DRUMSUPPORT DRUM

Garbage Vendors

Why Gladeux does not have any brothers employed with them? We all know the answer, although the brothers have been spending plenty money with these Racist they still do not recognize us as employable. They don't even have a boy to do their menial work. Also check out those vending machines, that are concentrated in the areas where the Black workers are in the majority. Someone should report them to the Board of Health, we bet they would be Quarantined. If all the vending machines were boycotted then we'll see some action. Why does the company allow this condition to prevail, seeing they are constantly hollering about their policies of fairness, (DOWN WITH HIPOCRACY)

WE
WILL
WIN

Brothers and Sisters we must bring to your attention the up coming Election in May, everyones been bitching about our present local regime. So now's the time to act, put up or shut up, there will be some Black candidates running for office we're going to need support.

Study your men not boys, and above all vote. There will be many excuses to why you can't wait in line to vote, you got somewhere to go something to do or some other bullshit. When

the Honky Foremen or the Honky cheif steward or TOM steward tells you that he can't help you until next year sometime, or that HIS hand's are tied, then you will not be in such a hurry to go anywhere, matter of fact you will not have any place to go but the unemployment office or the welfare office, then you will have to wait in line. (CAN YOU DIG IT BROTHER?)

Everyone keep an eye on FRANK (The PUNK PULA and the Dynamic duo AL(the Alky) and JOHN the PiG, Oh yea JOE P. we're digging you, do you still miss JIMMY WILLIAMS?

Beware of UNCLE TOMS they are very dangerous to the advancement of Black workers that's why we're catching so much HELL they'll sell out their mama's you know what they will do to, you, all for a pat on the ass or wherever you pat them. Oh yea fellows thanks for the lip service Friday 3-21-69 everyone saw just who the TOMS are, they thought they were hidding but Baby you All I mean All were dug. even the tremblers were dug. The trembler is the next step under a TOM, he don't have no spine he's always rapping BLACK but when it's time to act he's somewhere trembling or up in the toilet cleaningg out his pants, he's to scared to snitch and to scared to be seen, scared to talk,

POETICS

BY Bobby Jean Cummings.

YOU ARE MY JESUS. Yes, you, by defining and assigning my place in the world scheme, created me, shaped me, I am your product, your waste product, your feces, you Frankenstein monster.

Yes Lord.

You brought me to America in chains. I built your America I built bridges and railroads; I COMPOSED POEMS: I sang lamentations I nursed your children at my breasts. All this I gave free of charge it was all yours for the asking. Yes. Lord.

You warned me to strive for the best, to be you. You said that white is the standard, the universal; black, the particular. According to you the particular has no meaning, no significance, no existence of its own it is an imperfect copy of the real, the universal. You told me that the universal is white skin, straight hair, thin lips, sharp nose. Yes Lord.

oh, how I believed you. I tried so hard to be white, to be like you. But you turned your back on me you would not allow me to be one of the chosen ones, one of the gods, a part of the universal. I sucked in my big lips,

but you looked at me and said Poor nigger. I bleached my skin, but you laughed and remind me that I was still a nigger underneath it all. I went to the university to be educated and graduated but you said that this was not enough for a nigger, I learned to keep one hand in my lap while at the dinner table, to dab gently at the food on my mouth with the napkin, but again I was only a nigger to you. I even tried to move next door to you, master, but you sent me back to the nigger jungle. I begged you for a job, but you said there was no place for a dumb nigger in your firm. Yes, Lord.

See I revered you, loved you. I tried to immerse myself in your being. I attempted to merge with the godhead, with you. In the process, I, relinquishing my consciousness, became a program machine, a non-thinking being.

Well, now I have no need for gods; I don't need you because I have discovered myself, my potential. I can become anything that I wish I can attain the greatest heights or sink to the lowest depths the choice is mine. See, I am not a nigger: you think I am.. Black

is not inferior you think it is. Listen, I have discovered my inner self, my being. I have destroyed your creation I have created a new being. I will not allow you to use me as a means to define yourself, to establish your existence. The yardstick which you created to measure your worth, your accomplishments is no more; it was, not is. I don't want to be you. Anyway, I existed before you came to Africa.

You know what Your whole existence is in danger of being annihilated. I am a giant shadow, a shadow lurking in the background and threatening your whole existence: you institutions, your buildings your machines, your society, your civilization, your identity. Sooner or later you will die, for you will ask: 'If I am not the universal, the center of the universe, the standard of all things, who am I?' You will not know the answer; you cannot use me now to define your existence, your identity. As your identity gradually sinks into oblivion, you will be thrust into nothingness. Be assured that I don't know who you are: I only know that I am, that I exist