



GANG MEMBER AT BLACKSTONE CENTER

Chicago: Turning Against the Gangs

THE notion of teen-age gangs evokes memories of the '50s, of leather-jacketed youths sporting zip guns and garrison belts, of the Sharks and the Jets in the urban ballet that was *West Side Story*. To the residents of Chicago's sprawling black ghetto, however, the images are more immediate and far more menacing.

As of June 24 of this year, there have been 38 gang-related homicides and 316 gang shootings with 398 wounded, most in the city's black South Side. Last Friday, at one violence-ridden project, there were more fatalities—two policemen, walking the streets in a program to improve relations with the community, were gunned down by snipers. Among the black community, there is a growing recognition that the gangs are a cancer within their midst, that they must be stamped out and that no matter what the police and courts try to do, it is the blacks themselves who must ultimately solve the problem.

Such awareness has been long in coming. For years, the city's black gangs have been allowed to flourish under a protective umbrella of white-liberal and black community support. Despite the formation of a special police gang intelligence unit, organizations like the Black P. Stone Nation (formerly and more famously known as the Blackstone Rangers), the Black Disciples and the Vice Lords increased their memberships into the thousands and engaged in shooting sprees, beatings, extortion and intimidation. But for all that, adult black leaders did not criticize the gangs, visualizing them instead as an organized and potentially constructive force in the community.

Y.M.C.A. Support. So, too, did some of the white world. In 1967, the Office of Economic Opportunity financed a job-training program for both Blackstone

Rangers and Devil's Disciples. The Kettering Foundation gave \$50,000 for legal expenses for inner-city youths. A chapter of the Vice Lords known as the Conservative Vice Lords received Sears Foundation and Y.M.C.A. support in starting several small businesses in their area. Such prominent black personalities and longtime supporters of the gangs as Chicago Disk Jockey Holmes ("Daddy-O") Daylie and the Rev. Curtis Burrell, director of the Kenwood-Oakland Community Organization (K.O.C.O.), helped provide jobs for gang members. But still the killings continued.

For Blacks Only. Initially, black criticism of the gangs had stemmed mainly from the parents of dead and injured children. Recently, however, even men like Daddy-O Daylie began to blow the whistle on tolerance. He had put black capitalism into action by acquiring two filling stations and part ownership in a bowling alley, then hired young blacks to help staff them. But Stones members approached him last summer and demanded he turn over one of the stations to their gang. When he refused, youths reported to be gang members began vandalizing and harrasing customers at his bowling alley. This year, a security guard at the lanes was shot three times by unidentified youths.

Angered and disillusioned, Daylie approached the Cosmopolitan Chamber of Commerce, a local group chiefly made up of black businessmen, and asked them to take a public position against the gangs. Soon after, he began receiving threats on his life. Since then, he has been using his daily radio show and once-a-week TV program, *For Blacks Only*, to ask blacks to stand up and be counted. "The silent black majority has become the victim of a violent minority," he says. "Once we are honest enough to admit there is a se-

rious gang problem, if we don't do something about it, we are part of the problem."

Even more surprising was the defection of the Rev. Curtis Burrell, formerly one of the gangs' staunchest allies. Burrell ran afoul of the Stones when he decided they were not acting for the good of the community and fired several of them from the K.O.C.O. staff last month. He denounced the gang as a negative element and held a "march against fear" in the Kenwood-Oakland area to muster resident support. Shortly afterward, five bullets were fired through the front window of his home.

Now Burrell, who was put under police protection for a week, is attempting to organize more marches. Like Daylie, he believes the problem is, in the end, one for the black community to solve.

Far Enough. Undoubtedly, leaders like Daylie and Burrell will be able to count increasingly on the support of middle-class blacks in the South Shore area. Normally oblivious to the gangs as long as they were confined to the worst ghetto areas, middle-class South Shore parents recently were shocked when their children came home to tell them of a massive recruiting drive by the Black P. Stone Nation.

The recruiters allegedly went right into the schools, threatening harm to the students or their parents if they failed to align themselves with the Stones. "This gang thing has gone far enough," said one outraged father. Burrell, who is against white intervention, would like to hear similar expressions of black anger more often. "What the police have to do," he says, "is stand out of the way and let black men deal with their sons." If the revulsion against gang violence in the Chicago ghetto continues, this could well happen.

DISK JOCKEY DAYLIE
Blowing the whistle on tolerance.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

The Respectable Rioter

Richard L. Barkley is as straight as they come. An Annapolis graduate who retired as a Navy commander after 15 years of service, Barkley, 56, is president of a small manufacturing company, an active Republican, and has lived in Palo Alto, Calif., for the past 30 years. Unlikely as it seems, Barkley last week was arrested for rioting at a Palo Alto rock festival.

It all began when he accepted a newspaper invitation placed by local merchants to attend the festival at Palo Alto's Lytton Plaza. The week before, a similar event at the plaza had erupt-

The club was lowered, but Barkley was nonetheless barred from departing and pushed back into the crowd. He was about to find out more about "what really happens" than he expected.

Apparently without audible warning, the police blocked all four streets around the plaza and corralled Barkley and 362 others—including at least a dozen other over-30 straights who had also accepted the merchants' invitation—into a compact mass. For four hours they were kept standing there, and then, at 3:30 a.m., the entire crowd was bused off to jail.

There followed a dozen hours of official indifference and indignity—including an apparent slowdown by deputies

TRIALS

The Magic Garden

It was a fine garden that Antonio Carrozzi kept. There were tall, aggressive beanstalks. Jungles of pregnant tomato vines. Ears of corn like golden footballs. And out front, placed there to conceal the tempting vegetables from passersby, 300 spindly marijuana plants.

"I didn't even know it could be smoked," Carrozzi said when North Tarrytown, N.Y., police harvested the offending shoots and planted a drug charge on the 57-year-old Italian immigrant. Indeed, Carrozzi, who speaks little English, did not even know it was marijuana. After a heart attack four years ago, Carrozzi testified at his trial last week, he visited his native village, Camarda in the Abruzzi Mountains and brought back a packet of *canapa* seeds. Camardans, he recalled from his youth, used *canapa* fibers to make thread and cloth. Its seeds are used in soups and candies. "The kids," Carrozzi related, "used to carry them in their pockets and eat them like peanuts." Ironically, only the leaves are thrown away.

Village Justice John B. Whalen gave Carrozzi a conditional discharge, freeing him "on the condition that you no longer grow marijuana." Replied Carrozzi: "No, no, never more in my life!" Mused his wife Ada: "Always I wondered why in America, where they have everything, they did not have *canapa* seeds. I look everywhere for them—even in the birdseed. How come, I wonder, they do not have? Now I know."

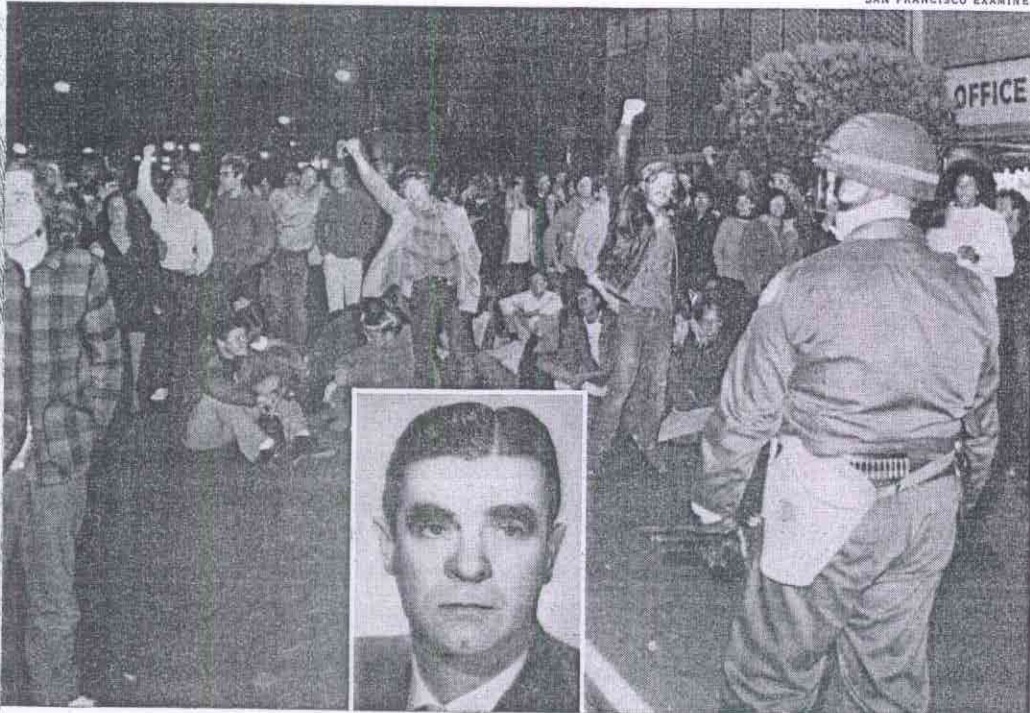
HISTORICAL NOTES

A Matter of Sides

If politics makes strange bedfellows, it also makes some fickle lovers. That, at least, is the suggestion conveyed in a new book on the President's political comeback by Jules Witcover, veteran Washington reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*. In *The Resurrection of Richard Nixon* (G.P. Putnam's Sons), Witcover maintains that former Texas Governor John Connally, a power in the state and Lyndon Johnson's closest political ally, actually worked secretly through most of the campaign to raise money for Nixon while publicly ignoring Hubert Humphrey.

Then, according to Witcover, with less than a week to go before Election Day, Connally apparently came to believe that Humphrey would carry the state. So Connally leaped on the bandwagon and finally bestowed public blessings on his own party's candidate at a huge Houston rally. Johnson too, after immobilizing himself and his entire Cabinet during most of the campaign, appeared at the rally. He also loosened some Texas money that had been withheld from Humphrey. The support and money may have swung the state.

Nixon's *quid pro quo* for Connally's help, the story goes, was a strong, implied promise that he would become Sec-



POLICE SEAL OFF FESTIVAL CROWD; BARKLEY (INSET)

Just enough harassment to make them antagonistic.

ed into a store-window-smashing binge. The merchants now advertised for respectable citizens to come "observe what really happens" and to see just how insufferable the city's plague of "street people" could be.

Barkley showed up late in the evening. "I walked through the plaza," he recalled, "and talked to some of the kids. They were all wiggling with the music and hollering about Ho Chi Minh, and generally acting like perfect asses." Then he overheard an older man giving instructions to a young audience about how to disrupt the proceedings. Citizen Barkley promptly trotted over and told the police, who thanked him warmly.

Raised Truncheon. As he headed for his car to go home, Barkley noticed a crowd beginning to stampede, followed by a surging blue line of helmeted, jump-suited riot police. He tried to leave, but a young cop raised his truncheon to strike him. "Son, if you touch me with that," Barkley warned him, "you've touched the wrongest man in Palo Alto."

in booking the detainees, who were kept 80 to a cell. It was not until late in the afternoon that the wrongest man in Palo Alto was finally mug-shot, fingerprinted and given a summons to appear in court this week on a charge of "rioting." Barkley and a number of fellow straight defendants say they may sue for false arrest. Among them are Namon J. Nichols, a 31-year-old electrical engineer, and Stanford University Professor William R. Kincheloe, 44. They joined Barkley in refusing to appear in heroes' roles at a radicals' press conference, despite being irked at their treatment by police. "I was 100% behind the police," said Nichols. "Now I'm about 80% and trying to analyze what happened to me."

Like many Americans, Barkley is still emphatically on the side of law and order. But, he says, "this is the kind of harassment that the police are obviously stupid in doing. It isn't enough to scare, just enough to make you mad and antagonistic that it happens to the kids."