



# GREAT SPECKLED BIRD



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## What's It All

### About, Ralphie?

-- don speicher

Died, Ralph McGill, editor, publisher, early civil rights advocate, pragmatic realist, manipulator and leading exponent of U.S. Imperialism and deception; of pronounced self-righteousness and senility, compounded by both the Red and Yellow perils; in Atlanta, Washington, Saigon; Newark, Hanoi, Detroit.

Born in Tennessee around the turn of the century, McGill soon learned the ways of gun totin' (he called it his spare pencil) and corrupt political machines. Although a onetime supporter of progressive civil rights causes, albeit not unflinching, McGill later denounced these ties and began to red-bait the progressive camp himself.

More recently when his sense of southern guilt, sentimentality and maudlin self-preoccupation along with his credo of "objectivity" proved unable to cope with contemporary political realities, McGill withdrew to the nuclear powered, riot controlled tower of liberal reason and rationality, from whence he never returned.

He is survived by his daily column, nationally, but most certainly, syndicated.

Thus the Great Liberal passes from us. Who will forget his courage, his leadership and his clear wisdom?

"We are in Hanoi for many reasons--including a treaty. But we are also there because the security of the future demands we be there. We are there, too, because we are the only world power able to do what must be done."

And: "We are very close to the necessity to use the small strategic nuclear weapons. We cannot put massive armies to the task if the task comes."

And: "Unless reason and realism come to North Korea and Hanoi, those who advance the squalid theory that only their country is to blame will be able to choose the moral war of their choice--a grisly choice, to be sure, but a possibility, unless reason and reality can be invoked."

Here lies the crux of the Liberal method of argument, McGill's method, that of the Pragmatic Realist, the "Objectivist." The invocation calls for reason, reality and rationality, and presumes those qualities to be possessed by only one side, his side. With this method such blatant evils as the Ku Klux Klan may be condemned. But so also may the insane use of nuclear weapons against a peasant people be suggested--with, of course, reason and rationality.

The liberal's insistence on Reason is the source of his power and the center of his deception. He says, "Let us put aside moral stands and emotional outcries and consider the situation objectively by carefully examining all the facts. Let us reason together." This guise is used to make his conclusions appear to be the only rational ones, thereby making all objections and dissent irrational. This is the big lie.

As practiced by McGill and other liberals born of the Cold War, the approach assumes that they alone have a monopoly on reason. cont p. 7



## CHIRP



Greetings. We're here. Part and parcel of the Great American Scene. The Great Speckled Bird. Hear, hear.

"So how come?" you ask (or maybe you don't, and maybe you don't care. In which case we may well ask the same of you.) But we're here, as they say, to do our thing. Which being: to bitch and badger, carp and cry, and perhaps give Atlanta (and environs, 'cause we're growing, baby) a bit of honest and interesting and, we trust, even readable journalism. A rare thing, you must admit, in America today.

But above and beyond, we are also trying to offer some alternatives to what some call "The American Way of Life." Enervating plasticity. A depressing lack of meaning. And the fear is frightening. Ah, we say, systems are not sacred. People are sacred. And if a system is dehumanizing, destroy the system, not the people. For somehow we must learn to live with one another, or die. We

must discover new ways to solve our problems, or die. We must acknowledge that change is inevitable, or die.

But: To criticize in America today is "unobjective." To protest is "irresponsible." To dare suggest the need for basic change, radical reform, is blasphemous. And the labels are ready: Nigger, Hippie, Commie, Peacenik. The whole bit. On one day peace demonstrators may be attacked by such men as Ralph McGill, publisher of the Atlanta Constitution, who next day very rationally determines that the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam may well become the only "reasonable" and "responsible" course for us to pursue! Insane? Obscene? And American.

So we live in this nation of steel and concrete, plastic and glass, bombs and bullshit. We are led by men who wish to control but who are themselves controlled, for they live in an age long past. We are talked at by media which explains everything, understands no-

thing. We eat our tranquilizers, drink our alcohol, and curse those dirty Commies (or niggers or hippies) who so threaten "Our Way of Life." We are a nation not of sheep but of puppets, repeating the old slogans, using the old formulas, knee-jerking through life, afraid of tomorrow, afraid of today.

But men are intelligent when they try to think and understand, honest when they can be, courageous on principle. And people, especially the young, are now tired of the pap-feeding, the absurd sloganeering, the lies, the bullshit. With the discovery that our plastic civilization is hollow and void, these the "turned on" seek meaning. Through involvement. Political activism. Art. Drugs. Involvement.

So that's how come. That's where we are. Learning to live despite America. And to the gentlemen of HUAC, we are indeed subversive.

Tom Coffin



# Resistance To The Draft: Southern Cross Section

On March 5, 1967, eleven men in Atlanta were indicted for violation of the draft law. Of the eleven, four are known to our staff. Of these four, presumably one has left the country. The other three we have interviewed, and attempted to gain some insights into the resistance movement. As for the others--we'd like to hear from them.

The three--Arthur Burghardt, Gene Guerrero, Jr., and Stephen Abbott--are a good cross section of the Southern Resistance. Art is an actor recently seen in the Theatre Atlanta production of MACBIRD! Gene is a staff member of THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD; Steve is a graduate student at



Emory and a splendid cartoonist for the movement.

Art is black and hip. He speaks of creating black men who respect themselves, and of "grooving and let groove." He refused induction after a series of debasing incidents with his draft board. The board seemed to him to be "a bastion of infallibility... all might and right and paternalistic conservatism. Instead of a hearing and counselling about rights and alternatives, the board talked to my hawkish father about me. He is an educator who, like most, has no conscience, no moral stamina against the system."

Art was born in Baltimore where he attended ghetto parochial schools. He went to New York and turned on to acting and drama, and moved to Atlanta with his family in 1956. He decided to become an actor after a spat with his father.

He is not a pacifist, although he views violence as evil. "I will not be forced into a position where I have to kill other human beings," he said. "And while violence is evil, it may be necessary for my people to partake of it..."

He quoted from e. e. cummings, "there is some shit I will not eat." "I just got fed up with the way power has pushed me around. White made right in prep school and college. The power of the black bourgeoisie. The power of this democratic-fascistic nation. I'm just going to take this dish and feed it right back to them."

Gene is a conscientious objector who failed to convince his draft board of his views, despite letters from teachers and clergy, and despite a year and a half of investigation by the FBI which turned up no flaws. He is a conscientious objector, he says, in the same sense as Dick Gregory. "In this world, in which power and raw violence abound, I will not push non-violence. But the national concept of violence is absurd. Most Americans deplore ghetto 'violence' without ever

looking at its causes, while going along with the violence in Vietnam."

"The draft," he says, "is a sign of the society's sickness. It is sick when a Negro looks to being drafted and serving in the army as a way out of the ghetto." Gene does not favor any kind of draft, nor any form of coercion toward national service. "As ridiculous as it may sound, I am in favor of a nice little ceremonial army with defense as its main purpose." And that army, ought to be a volunteer one in his view.

Gene, like most Southerners, never raised these questions until he got involved in civil rights work. He was raised a good Baptist, attended high school and college in Atlanta. Gene was the first chairman of the Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC), and with his wife Nan he was recently off organizing textile workers in North Carolina.

Based upon his activism, Gene formed his views about the draft, the cold war, and America's place in the world. He feels that the United States is the greatest threat to peace in the world. "We share as much--if not more--blame for the cold war than does the Soviet Union or China. The simplest test is where the troops are. They have no armies outside their borders, while ours are all over the place."

Steve is a good expression of the Yankee who comes to the South--and concealed in his intellectual luggage are strong convictions about killing and injustice. He is a Christian pacifist who views his actions in the light of his convictions. "The basic question I must ask is, how can I live in a Christian perspective?" Steve formed his pacifist views in a Benedictine seminary in Nebraska. For two years he studied there before exchanging the ideal of becoming a monk for that of moving Christianity into the real world.

In the seminary he read the classic pacifist literature of Ghandi and the church fathers. His views reflect his training, but they are uniquely his own. Steve is not against all war, just against violence that is out of control. "Pope John said no one could have a concept of a just war with modern technology. Now we may doubt there is ever such a thing as a just war. But conventional warfare did not preclude confrontation between human beings. And modern warfare does."

But Steve feels that one's philosophy must be more than just the exception which society will permit to prove it is permissive. And he grounds many of his views in social and political issues. He believes in the necessity of struggle against colonial powers, but he would hope the violence could be minimized. "I would probably fight to defend this country," he said, "depending on the circumstances. The end in view always has much to do with the strategies, whether violent or non-violent."

Steve opposes the draft, because "it is full of inequities, it is totalitarian and unjust. General Hershey (head of Selective Service) in an unguarded moment let the real purpose of the draft slip out. He wants to 'channel' people into his idea of creative occupations. But in a democracy presumably people do not need to be coerced into finding meaning for their lives."

Of the eleven indictments, the grand jury has determined that there is enough evidence for trial on the charges. They are now awaiting arraignment before the U.S. District Court.



## Peace Games In Birmingham

--jessie fleury

--Are you by any chance from a newspaper?

--Yeah, I'm from an Atlanta paper.

--Y'all having any trouble with 'em over there?

--We got some.

--You know any of them by name?

--No.

--You know any of 'em from here?

--No.

--You going to follow them to Anniston?

--Are they going to Anniston?

--Yeah, I hear if they don't accomplish what they want here they're going to Anniston.

I Didn't Read It In The News Today...

Cops as usual. Curious and hostile. Demonstrators as usual. Southern students, a few Negroes, Unitarians, Quakers, non-students, ex-students,

professional radicals. Some were conspicuously straight for the public image. Others came freaky for the same reason.

A crowd gathered in Woodrow Wilson Park on Saturday, march 2, for the benefit of Mr. Jones. In Birmingham, Alabama, Mr. Jones is a redneck, on-again-off-again steelworker, coal miner, railroad worker who tolerates 100 cubic miles of the foulest atmosphere in the nation, who is exploited by his government and his employers yet who is Proud To Be An American. On March 2, however, Mr. Jones was not there to look. A few of his sons were there. The Young Americans for Freedom were there. The National Beta Club was there, and the Youth for Christ were there ("Get with it, man. You don't have a chance without Christ.") But Mr. Jones himself was conspicuously absent.

The others were there at 10 a.m. when the handbills said the march was to begin. The parade permit said 2 p.m. From 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. the people intermingled, formed small groups, laughed, looked nervous, and posed for pictures. Some sat on the ground with the inevitable guitar and sang vintage protest songs. Others debated the finer points of the war with fat-cheeked future inductees. There was no hint of violence, yet the hecklers flushed and pursed their lips.

Around 11:30 the Beta Clubbers began to file through the park in endless streams that issued from the Municipal Auditorium across the street where they were having a convention.

(For the benefit of drop-outs, the Beta Club is a high school honorary that caters to those judged unworthy of the National Honor Society.) They walked by the demonstrators like they had ice cubes up their asses.

At 2 p.m. someone said the word that the parade was to begin. The people assembled two abreast, photographers scrambled for position, and the five-block hike to Ingram Park began.

Ingram Park lies at the edge of the Negro ghetto which in Birmingham almost touches city hall. It was here that in 1964 one of the most flagrant acts of police brutality in the history of this nation occurred as for three days police unleashed dogs, billy clubs, and pressure hoses on a Black neighborhood. On the northern edge of the Park stands the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church where a bomb blast killed four young girls as they attended church one Sunday morning.

Here the demonstrators sat, heard the speeches, applauded appropriately ignored the hecklers, and listened as Hosea Williams of SCLC told it like it is. Then they left.

QUESTIONS:

Does Birmingham really exist or is it the Birchtree heaven?

Is that smell really sulphur burning or do all those steelworkers fart simultaneously?

Did Atlanta really think it could overthrow Lockheed?

Where does Birmingham go from here?

Is this article CIA approved?

## Police Attack With Tear Gas In Social Circle

SOCIAL CIRCLE, Ga. --About 200 Black marchers were attacked here last Wednesday night (Mar. 6) by white police using tear gas and patrol cars as weapons.

The march was part of an ongoing protest against Walton County's segregated schools and the dismissal of three teachers for complaining about conditions at Social Circle Training School, an all Negro elementary school. The marchers were near the main intersection (there's only one traffic light) of Social Circle, a small town in a county with a history of Ku Klux Klan brutalities, when city and county police made their unprovoked attack.

Four police cars repeatedly tried to run down marchers, according to the protesters, especially Miss Ann Nesbit, a white teacher whose reinstatement is one of the protesters' demands. George Shinhoster at one point ended up on the hood of a patrol car which almost hit him.

After scattering, marchers regrouped on a nearby corner, where they were again attacked by police, who threw five canisters of tear gas directly into the crowd. No warning to move on or to disperse was ever given, say the marchers.

According to Willie Bolden, field organizer for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the people were extremely angered by the assault, but responded in a nonviolent way.

The next evening a group again 200 strong marched into Social Circle. There were no incidents, however, due to presence of FBI and GBI agents with cameras. There is no known press coverage of the marches or police violence.

Next issue we will present an in-depth analysis of the school struggle in Social Circle.



# Relations Commission Ousts Eliza Paschall; Underhanded Move To Sustain Racism

-- Gary Chase

Outspoken Atlanta liberal Mrs. Eliza Paschall recently paid the price for her activism as Executive Director of the Community Relations Commission, when she was ousted from her job by Commission members.

The CRC was created in reaction to riots in Summerhill and Boulevard, two vast ghetto areas, in summer of 1966. After one frustrating year with the Commission, Mrs. Paschall implied the city could expect more disrespect for constituted order and authority if the government and Commission continue in their set course.

She said, "The choice is not whether or not racial discrimination is going to be dealt with, but whether it will be dealt with inside or outside the halls of government and at whose initiative."

During the week previous to her January 26 dismissal there had been rumors in the Atlanta CONSTITUTION that she would be kicked out; all along she had been known to be less than a unanimous favorite of the power structure, as reported by Alex Coffin:

"It's no secret that the Commission and its executive director, Mrs. Eliza Paschall, are not popular with certain members of the Board of Aldermen, City Hall department heads and Board of Education and Atlanta Housing Authority members.... you can easily find people who'll talk about unwarranted and unnecessary intervention and argue the Commission has exceeded its authority." (CONSTITUTION, 10-30-67)

The Community Relations Commission was created by ordinance on November 8, 1966, and was directed to work in the field of human relations, to foster understanding and education among different economic, social and racial groups in the city. It was also directed to help conciliate in controversies, and to seek to prevent discriminatory practices. 20 members were appointed by Mayor Ivan Allen to serve without pay; only five were Negroes.

It was clear to those who attended the January 26 dismissal meeting that procedures were underhanded and bespoke a predetermined decision to oust the director.

An Atlanta VOICE editorial (2-11-68) criticized: "... it seemed distressingly obvious that the decision not to rehire Mrs. Paschall had been made by the executive committee and not by the Commission itself. At the Friday (26th) meeting some commissioners expressed ignorance of any official action and stated that the matter had not been discussed at any regular meeting." Executive Committee members were Irving Kahler (chairman), Rev. Samuel Williams, Miss Helen Bullard and Mrs. Fred Patterson.

Why were they out to eliminate Mrs. Paschall? It's obvious there were differences in approach. JOURNAL columnist Reese Cleghorn explains it this way (1-31-68): "One view

was that the Commission should be mainly a fact-finding agency... Another view was that the Commission should serve as chief advocate for the disadvantaged, pressing their needs in appropriate quarters and working to change official policies in their interest... Mrs. Paschall was guided mainly by the second of these two views and the Commission majority held mainly to the first."

Cleghorn went on to note another factor in Mrs. Paschall's superior grasp of the problems and matters at hand which made it difficult to wait for the Commission to make up its mind (which it almost never could do) as to what should be done. While this is all true, it only implies more fundamental reasons for the action.

"The basic reason for my dismissal is that people felt that in order to solve these problems you must have the voluntary cooperation of the white business community. They felt they could never get it with me there, like my position in favor of racial integration," she stated. "I don't think there was ever a majority of the white people on the Commission who really wanted to challenge anything, to just say it like it is."

In short, they hoped if they investigated into matters and aired difficulties, things would sort of magically work out. As a result of this naive nothing was accomplished, nothing changed, and in Mrs. Paschall's view, "The Commission was never really taken seriously."

The Wren's Nest Issue showed what the Commission really was: internally disorganized, manipulated by a few, afraid to follow its principles (e.g. desegregation) and exemplification of Atlanta's spurious claim to progress.

Home of the late author Joel Chandler Harris, the Wren's Nest is a tourist attraction--for whites only. It is operated by the Joel Chandler Harris Memorial Association. When a Negro was refused admittance several months ago the issue made the establishment press. A CRC committee was formed to deal with the matter.

The committee has never made a report; the Wren's Nest is still segregated. A communication was sent to the people in charge, and their attorney rudely replied, "We're never going to change our policy."

A motion was then made that the city attorney draft legislation to make it illegal for such places to operate on a segregated basis. Miss Helen Bullard, chairman of the committee and part of the in-crowd that dominated the Commission's activities, effectively vetoed the idea, according to Mrs. Paschall. The others went along, perhaps assuming this was the mayor's word on the matter (Miss Bullard has been quite close to City Hall, serving as an advisor to Mayor Hartsfield and director of Ivan Allen's election campaign).

It seems hard to believe that Atlanta, "the city too busy to hate," could support such blatant racial hatred. Hard to believe until you change your image of the city to a more realistic focus: a city with a basically racist social-economic and political structure, where the powerful few sit on the rest of the people. It is good to remember that although everyone has publicly said the Commission is necessary, no one in power ever really showed any evidence of supporting it.

The Commission originally came from people living in and near riot

and slum areas, members of the Grass Roots Council, who pressured City Hall for such a commission. In the wake of that summer's rioting, it would have been hard for the government to refuse, and that's how Mrs. Paschall got in, as more or less the choice of those who initiated the whole idea--not because the mayor or aldermen wanted an outstanding liberal to investigate education, housing and city services in slum areas, but because rioting in those areas hurt the city's image and the power structure's security.

The Commission held ten community meetings in Atlanta's major black and white slum areas, where residents were invited to speak out on community problems. Mrs. Paschall attempted to write down all names and complaints, check into the matter, and at least report back to the individual why things were the way they were.

The whole thing was educational for the Commission members, and for the white middle class... but the incongruity was that people who came for help didn't come to help educate the white middle class, they came for relief," she said.

Special meetings were also set up, including a public meeting (with TV and press) with the Atlanta Housing Authority. All complaints about public housing were confirmed--unfair

and slum areas, members of the Grass Roots Council, who pressured City Hall for such a commission. In the wake of that summer's rioting, it would have been hard for the government to refuse, and that's how Mrs. Paschall got in, as more or less the choice of those who initiated the whole idea--not because the mayor or aldermen wanted an outstanding liberal to investigate education, housing and city services in slum areas, but because rioting in those areas hurt the city's image and the power structure's security.

According to Mrs. Paschall, everyone just naturally agreed at first that they all agreed on things, so no procedures were set up to deal with problems. All the Commission whites were known 'liberals' or 'moderates', but they rarely could agree on matters. Mrs. Paschall feels, "Everyone was waiting so as not to offend someone else." Probably they realized some toes would have to be tread upon. Men are rich and powerful only at the expense of the poor and powerless. (As a famous anarchist put it, "property is theft.")

One of the most disillusioning experiences Mrs. Paschall had was trying to work effectively in City Hall, where the CRC office was. As she put it, "There was absolutely no coordination in City Hall of anything. The departments are running off in all directions." She places a good deal of the blame on Mayor Allen, whom she says is probably the only person who could get people working together on common problems.

The only time the Mayor seemed at all pleased with the CRC is when they held a meeting in Dixie Hills, af-

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## Festival Portrays Dubois Life

For three days last month, Feb. 23-25, anyone who could produce a penny and make it to the Magnolia Ballroom in Vine City was given the privilege of viewing "The Black Flame," the 1968 production of the Penny Festival.

Written by A. B. Spellman and

produced by Bernice Reagon, the Festival recreated, through drama, dance and song, the life and achievement of W. E. B. DuBois. Dealing with one man from childhood to final exile in Africa, the Festival dramatically portrayed the experience of the Black Man in America.



"... And so one is brought face to face with the African past--is it faked? Is the chasm indeed too wide, too deep? Is there any relevance, or is it mere pedantry and political make-believe? I do not think so. The festival demonstrated that chasms can be bridged. Ruptures can be healed. Any vestige of doubt disappeared when the folkloric troupe of dancers and singers suddenly jarred the past into the living present with their "African Freedom Song"--ASIKATI. The soul of Africa was there--in the exotic robes, the half remembered harmonies that one still hears in "primitive" churches, in Cuban music, in the Georgia Sea Islands, in West Indian singing, in Methodist churches in South Florida. The African past is not only remembered; in the music, it has never been forgotten. The chasm exists in the minds of the scholars, not the people. It is bridged by Imagination, by the will-to-blackness, by Spiritual possession... At the high points of the performance the African Presence flashed over the centuries in an indisputable electrical synapse--that was Soul."

--Stephen E. Henderson, "The Penny Festival's Black Flame" Atlanta VOICE, March 10, 1968 (By permission.)

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# CHARLES LLOYD RAPS



## Newest Prophet Of

## New Wave Jazz

Interviewer: Do you see your music as being at least partly political? In its effect?

Charles Lloyd: Yeah, it has to be,

... Up until a few years ago I never thought of that like, you know, consciously I wasn't aware of it. But then suddenly I realized that the correlations that I was beginning to make about life and the kind of societies that we have and what music means... like that was the only thing that really... where I could make a world that really was a better world.

One has to be concerned so... I don't know... I think music transcends. I guess maybe that political is a by-product or something... You know, the sheer thing of the music as wonderment, or as life, or evolving and loving, growing, sadness, all the feelings that man has. I guess mine is kind of a romantic notion in that I want to transform it and make it a better world because it's always been so... so weird in terms of references I always had to deal with. I mean even as a kid in Memphis, I mean, it was just utterly insane....

I think that some people have to do something to effect changes. I think that, to sort of answer the political question, the artists have always been the ones throughout all of civilization who... process the creative process, has been the thing that has opened humanity up. The same thing Greg (Dick Gregory) said yesterday. I mean, the history is there.

Int: Now your thing at the Fillmore (Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco)... I was listening to that album. That opened up all sorts of possibilities if you can get the people who have never...

CL: (...) Yeah, OK, well, for the most part, the music has always been relegated to some little funky room somewhere--which is OK too, I mean, like we go all over... Most

That thing of choice. There's no choice with me anymore. I just go on because it's just been too totally weird. The four hundred years here, all of civilization, mankind, all of the solar systems, the possibilities of going some other places--I mean, it's infinite. Sometimes I think maybe a bomb might make America more human or something, I don't know. But sometime, all these people walking around with those blinders on and just totally....

Hopefully, we're just a growing family. We find our tribe or our community, and it's not a racial basis. I mean, I'm happy that black people are beginning to find an identity, find some way of having a kind of pride or whatever. Malcolm X and some of them, they're beautiful. The thing with Stokely and Rap and all. It's all very helpful and beneficial. Consciousness.

Int: I agree with you definitely about the computerized society of America, the plastic society. I wonder about in your travels, did you find your audience different, or like, as Paul Goodman says, young people all over the world are saying the same things, using the same language?

CL: Yeah, I think so. First of all, I don't think that it's any longer geographical. Each country or each locale has its indigenous problems, but I think it's a situation anymore where America or Russia... I think, just vibration... I mean, it's in the air. Everybody can tune now and find out anything they want to know. All the tensions in society can so easily be removed. I guess I think you have to start on the individual level and then societies. We go on, and hopefully we have a better kind of place.

But to answer your question... I think it's just like a small place now, this little earth thing. And I just get drug into all the time... Ok, democracy's so beautiful or whatever... I haven't seen any of these systems work. I was hopeful that the Communist thing in the Soviet Union would really be groovy. On some levels it is, but it's like I haven't seen anything work yet.

I don't know whether it's the greed factor or the industrial society--I mean this whole industrial-military complex we have here--but I think the young people now, they're out of the nowness of the times. I mean the vibrations have been so weird around, and this coun-



try controls most of the wealth of the world anyway that I think it's more urgent and more vital here that effective change is being made, and I sense that young people, such as ourselves, are really beginning to...

I mean, Europe is dead. I mean, that's a monstrosity and this is a super one. Perpetuating the same bullshit... So, in terms of the young people around the world, people, I just think that humanity wants to grow... I mean, plant life, I mean everything wants to live it, I mean really live it, so it's about living. And a lot of people are out of touch with that, that's one of the big problems.

(...) All this shit could have been over yesterday or could have never been perpetuated. The whole thing of the land of the free and all that bullshit. You take someone's country and you bring over a bunch of niggers and the whole shot. OK, well that's totally fucked up. Young people have to do something to effect some change. They'll be getting power.

But the only thing about power, it's always in the hands of such a sick



few. And in this country, the man and whitey, superwhitey, is insane enough just to blow the whole shit up rather than to let us all dance. Se we have to find some way of turning the thing around. I don't want to blow it up. I'm not a... I'm not violent. My thing is music, and that could be unfortunate for me, I don't know. I mean, if someone trespasses or whatever, I'll have to do whatever my life or my truth dictates, but I just don't dig killing....

Int: But like Dick Gregory, you're not going to stop anyone else?

CL: No, I'm not by any means going to stop anyone else. That could be a drag too because I think about... All my life having negatives coming at me you know, and you have to cut through all that....

I mean, I got to think. I'm a religious person. I have to believe in nature, God, life process, all that. I mean, something's happening. We are free beings to do something with it. I think we really have to do something with it and the old people haven't done anything with it and if we don't make a commitment to make some kind of effective change....

So that thing you mentioned about participation. I think it is healthy, man, I really think it's good. I do something. Someone else does something else. I don't put nobody's thing down, whatever a man has to do. And we grow.

There's always change, too. I know something to be absolute. The life thing. Even after we die it goes on. OK, so this life we really got to deal with it, man. I think a lot of it can be done through music. That's my way. There are all kinds of truths. And some ugly one, very ugly ones, in

this society. And I have to take that and turn it into something because I believe in something positive. I think that human beings have the possibility of being beautiful, but I think that a lot of people think they can postpone things.

Int: You talk about vibrations. I think I know what you mean, but I wonder if you could explain what vibrations mean to you in the sense....

CL: Same thing I said, you can say it a million ways. Fabric of life or whatever. It's like... I'm sitting here talking, but there's just one life. That's bullshit if you think that you've got one, he's got one, she's got one. We all live in this life now.

OK, so whatever our actions are, or karma or whatever, each thing you put out, each vibration that goes out to the atmosphere, has an effect, either for the maintenance of the universal harmony or for the destruction. These things come back to us and they're always here and that's part of the cosmic thing--the overall maintenance of the universe. And if somebody's putting out a whole lot of bad shit, it's going to come back to him, that's all. Bad vibes, good vibes, good, bad, evil, good, it weaves itself whole again.

I think about the ghettos, disenfranchised blacks, and you young white kids. I mean, your fathers just

totally fucked it up. We got to say, "Wow, OK, let's stop all this shit." Again, man's actions. Like something bad is going to happen to this place unless we can do something to counteract those vibes, you see. Man, we're just here for a minute. I really think there should be a holiday between the voyage rather than just "Damn, I'm here on earth and it's fucked up." We should really be just bliss, just totally, just really be. It can be a beautiful life, that's what I'm saying.

Int: You were really big first in Europe... Why did it have to happen over there?

CL: Because America has never accepted my presence on these shores other than as a nigger cleaning up the toilet, that's why. So they can't accept my art.

Int: OK, well then you come back over here after making it big there and you make it big here. Is there... do you see some dishonesty in that maybe?

CL: Dishonesty? Oh, bullshit in that part of it on that level. But I don't see dishonesty in terms of you, the people who come to hear me. I don't think that I play to the quote, "Establishment" audience, because they don't want to hear me. They don't even know where I am or even care or even give five seconds to it.

Int: How long have you been playing saxophone? Did you play saxophone...?

CL: Twenty years... I believe in basics. Now that's something that's kind of fucked up. A lot of guys playing so-called avant-garde, new jazz or something. Like Trane (John Coltrane) he went through it all to get to his thing, and I believe in that kind of thing. I believe in evolution and process. I don't believe you should say, "Well, the world's fucked up, so I'm gonna get my horn and just scream about it." I think that something goes before. I think the past and the future make the now. That could be an old-fashioned notion. I might be getting over the hill, but that's where my head's at. I think that it's not about the instrument, but you really got to learn to get the instrument out of the way and then it's about music. And, music, life is just one big composition.

Once we tune in and find out that it's cool, that it's all right, that it's simple. People, because it's so simple, it's so hard for them to get

to, because they get programmed in to really running out there, doing a number, or making some bread... But they're not making any bread, man... I mean, the people with all the bread they always had it, so I don't know....

Int: Why do you think that you are the jazz musician that has really made it with the younger generation?

CL: Because I believe in sensitivity. When you say "mass" I don't know what that's about but I think that there are more sensitive people than it's let on to be.

I think each artist, no matter what his thing is, reflects his generation and it might take a while. It's taken me ten years to finally get to my audience, for it to be direct. That's why I want to remove all the physical things like playing in night clubs in terms of the bad acoustics and the piano and the sound and the waitresses and all that. I want the music to be as direct as possible because it's so important to me.

I believe tremendously in young people. Again, it goes back to hope. I have to think that we will make some kind of effective change because it's been too totally insane up to now. I don't believe in history, I know history. I believe in now, and that we work ourselves up through that, but once you get that out of the way, it's time to really deal with it because no one else really did or you know somebody who tried....

I mean, a lot of things I'd like to do but can't be done because of money and all kinds of things like that, whereas Leonard Bernstein might be able to do anything he wants to do, out of the tradition of European things being accepted or something. Again it goes back to the problem of black men not being accepted on these shores other than as free labor and you can't accept the music because primitive things aren't exactly right and then Europe has to tell America that primitive things are beautiful. And then you have to say, oh well, we'll put a value on that and file it.

So you know it's all turned around so since everybody can know about that now if they're big enough to, I just hope we'll make a better world. I don't care for the plastic one that's happening so I'll try to take music and make a harmonious universe and one that's dancing where everybody can, despite of whatever, they're big enough to do it.

# "THE AWFULLY SAD STORY OF NEGAL"



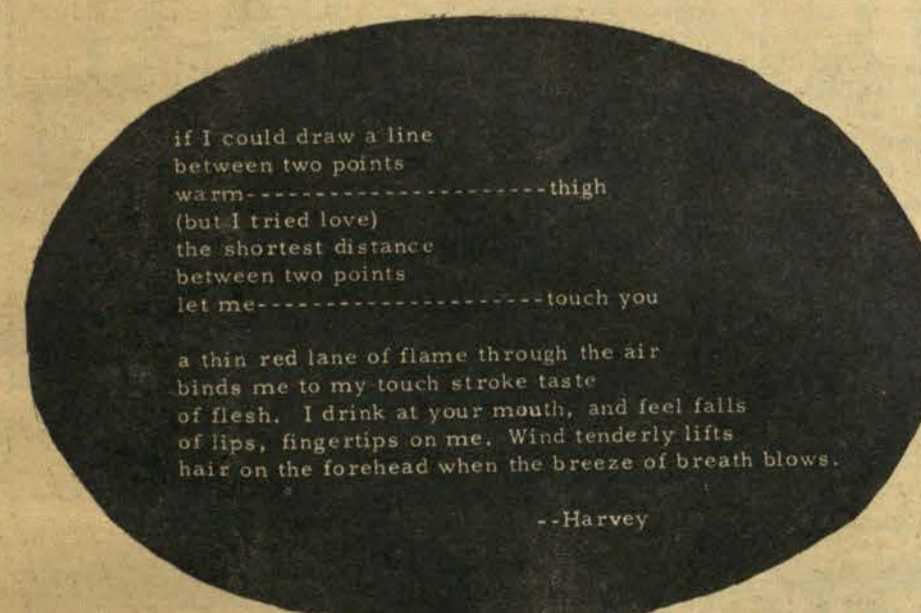
NEGAL was a DOG. BUT not only was NEGAL a DOG, he was also a pure-breed POLISH mini-WolfHound.

NEGAL: AGE 8 Even as a small dog, (SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH) NEGAL had always wanted to be FAMOUS. It wasn't time yet for a POLISH PRESIDENT, much less a POLISH DOG PRESIDENT, so NEGAL certainly decided he could easily settle for being in the funny papers. He knew he could do a lot better job as Lassie (he had just seen Lassie's newest and greatest hit, "Lassie Gets DISTEMPER"), and that stupid silly other dog in the funnies, NEGAL mused. But right after college, before NEGAL was able to start on his career, NEGAL got DRAFTED. confronted by this "choice", NEGAL decided to join the SPECIAL FORCES. Wow, NEGAL, the POLISH mini-WolfHound, who had once held visions of Grandeur of being a great funny papers personage, became a KILLED!

Sgt. NEGAL P.M.W. HOUND, S.F. KILLER, # 449 823-341-A 534-Q-22



NEGAL really got into the Special Forces Bag, and he began yelling the word KILL (KILL!) when ever he got a chance. It really had a ring to it NEGAL thought. He got to the point he'd yell the word KILL until he got tired, and then he'd kill somebody. He even started killing other dogs on sight, even including POLISH mini-Wolfhounds (his own "Flesh and blood" his mother said sadly). NEGAL killed EVERYTHING, he killed and killed, and killed, and killed and killed and killed and killed until one day, he got KILLED TOO. (HOW TRULY POETIC)



if I could draw a line between two points warm-----thigh (but I tried love) the shortest distance between two points let me-----touch you

a thin red lane of flame through the air binds me to my touch stroke taste of flesh. I drink at your mouth, and feel falls of lips, fingertips on me. Wind tenderly lifts hair on the forehead when the breeze of breath blows.

--Harvey





## Echoes Of Interzone

--eric bonner

But There Just Wasn Time...

Burroughsian scull tap and I am found in conjugation with two ebony messengers fresh from a two-hundred year gig amongst the outsane... they tote the Word in and lay it upon my excreting eyes (not a moment too... as the freak parade has glomed my drum)... The bidding is mere form... your agent cops... and we proceed to erect the Interzone... we are an unfathomable trio... The Fox, Hunter and subliminal security... ministers to the immobile...

Our sanctuary is replete with naked epistles and Hawaiian hosts served to the pedestrians by my lady in escrow. Perform, inform, reform is our make... and mind you, we are nothing but the latest of intent... satanic satori, vishnu freakout, a funky reverse, already. But a&a, we are spurt upon, splattered with the midday come of

### Lysistrata

## Suburban Skin Skit

LYSISTRATA, by Aristophanes. As adapted for the capacities of Theatre Atlanta by John Lewin. Directed by Jay Broad. Technical advisor on stripping, Sharon West.

--A review, by Morris Brown

Early in his career, Aristophanes was prosecuted by the Athenian politician Cleon for having ridiculed the state and its policies during a great war. The creative lights of Theatre Atlanta are certainly not in similar danger.

It is doubtful whether any Greek comedy can speak directly to an audience of today, so adaptation to that end is probably necessary. And where the audience is businessmen and their brocated ladies who have come and must be encouraged to come again, and where the play is against war and the yahoo spirit, the adaptation certainly must, if anything, avoid the danger of speaking to the audience.

This end has been achieved by John Lewin, with the connivance of Jay Broad and the obedience of the Theatre Atlanta company. They have done it

some obscure social hardon which ejaculates by default after unsuccessful attempts at coagulation.

The Hunter is deactivated. Busted. The Foxx is a fashionable freak. Total. And I am with leave to settle overt accounts, withdraw my images and flake off. Split.

Me and the lady confiscate the needs. Wheels, reels, a fresh o. z. and a taste of several... we are heads for Atlanta (El Pito, not withstanding) I list my expectations overtly, in the noteless song which follows:

### THE OLD SHUTTLE BUST

The omens talk to taea, "Georgia's where you'll hide," And me, I cleaned my room and went along for the ride. We cut into the mayor, who shakes my plastic hand,

by putting the play under such a load of garbage that there is no danger of the audience seeing the vehicle. The garbage is a travesty of burlesque; on the theory that that is what will amuse the adolescents.

So Muriel Moore as Lysistrata is trucked out to the beat of a nacreous drum, followed by the bumping and grimacing of a chorus of suburban housewives. These hold discourse with a Keystone Kop magistrate, a senile male chorus, and soldiers with pop-art erections. Together they contrive to festoon Aristophanes with garlands of wilted Minsky.

The play would have us believe for an hour that men will actually give up a war they really want to fight because they have been frustrated by their women; but how are we to suspend disbelief? The Theatre Atlanta production is so culturally onanistic as to remind us constantly that we need not believe in that frustration.

Theatre Atlanta is still, after ten years, giving us substitutes for theater. That is more comfortable for some than ridiculing the state and its policies during a great war.

and asks, "Hey, where's the party, how come you got no land?" Now we don't answer questions, we just hand him a note, "If you promise me a pencil, I promise you my vote." "Ah, you know that's illegal," He throws us in a jail, Where the bed is made of china and the fleas all have things for sale. And the judge, he knows we're guilty, He sentences us to life, but the clerk says, "You're mistaken," and hands me his knife. We take a dozen captives, But something we've forgotten, All escapes are useless, 'cause the planet's made of cotton. My old and greying lawyer then mumbles to his feet, "The lad's eyes are filled with jelly and his brain is made of heat." "But who will pay the damage to this ladder's social rung?" I say, "Why not the jury?" And it was them got hung. We parade back down Peachtree and mingle with the crowd, which lands us back in jail for complaining right out loud, Thirty days at labor,

I thought it would be tough, But the water's made from tea leaves And the guards are dealing stuff. So we do our time, And make it out with ease, But the sidewalk's lined with doctors, 'All waiting for their fees.' They cut my stomach open, Looking for the pain, While the nurses slice my hair off, And wash it in the rain. And we feel a little bitter, About losing all that time, When they hand us a road map, And take away our wine...

### PENDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION

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THE BIRD'S THE WORD!



# The Logic Of Howard Zinn

On March 9, Dr. Howard Zinn returned to Atlanta for an all-day seminar on Vietnam sponsored by several Atlanta peace groups at Georgia State College. Approximately two hundred persons, half of whom were students, attended.

Zinn taught in Atlanta from 1956 to 1963 at Spelman College. During his years in the South he served as one of two advisors to the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). Since returning to the Boston area, Zinn has been active in the peace movement generated by the war in Vietnam. In early February he made a trip to North Vietnam with Father Daniel Berrigan and returned with three American airmen released by the North Vietnamese in commemoration of the New Year.

Last year Zinn wrote *Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal*, in which he argued that the United States should simply withdraw from Vietnam, no bones about it. In so contending, he covered most of the arguments which have been used to justify American involvement in Vietnam and dispelled many of the myths contained in them.

An important emphasis of most of Zinn's remarks was the crisis facing the country in regard to the war. He described it as a race between the self-sustaining and self-escalating policies of the Administration and those persons who want to see the war ended. In the race many persons in the peace movement are becoming despondent because the peace movement has not seemingly altered America or even ended the war yet.

As he sees it, the role of the peace movement is to state flatly the realities of our involvement in Vietnam. This is why he argues for American withdrawal from Vietnam. The peace movement must see its role and work to find ways of translating the increasing sense of opposition to the war shared by many groups in this country into effective decisions on the part of the government. As Zinn notes, this is increasingly difficult with a government that is becoming more immune to popular pressure and a president who listens exclusively to the advice of the Pentagon chiefs. Even the vaunted two-party system merely offers the voters two poor choices and no significantly different policies.

In reviewing the history of our involvement in Vietnam, Zinn pointed out that although he was aware of the historical record of Vietnamese struggle against the Chinese, the Mongols,

and the French, he was not really aware of the acute sense of history they feel until he actually went to Vietnam. "... the dominant impression that I got from my brief stay with the North Vietnamese was that they have such a ferocious sense of independence of everyone in the world... they're their own people.

Zinn went on to document his surprise at finding the North Vietnamese having even a little faith in negotiations, given the bad experiences they have had with international agreements. A good example of this, according to Zinn, was their experience at the end of World War II. During the war Churchill and Roosevelt made many lofty statements and declarations about the self-determination of peoples which would follow the end of the war. In the summer of 1945 the Potsdam Agreements were made which held in theory to the principle of self-determination even though Roosevelt was dead. However, they provided for temporary occupation of Vietnam by the Chinese (Nationalist) in the northern part of Vietnam and the English in the southern section. This was to be a temporary measure until the transition to the independence of Vietnam could be made.

Something different, however, actually happened. In the North the Chinese who were supposed to be there to disarm the Japanese busied themselves carrying away all the "stuff" they could find. In the South the English promptly turned power back over to the French.

In September, 1945, an American mission is located in Hanoi. The mission gets correspondence from the American High Command in the Far East saying that there has been a policy change in contravention of the Potsdam principles and the mission should persuade the Chinese that they should leave and let the French take over. The Chinese are reluctant, but the correspondence shows that finally they were persuaded. The Chinese leave and the French come back in.

In the meantime the Republic of North Vietnam has been created by the Viet Minh, who fought against the French and the Japanese and emerged as the most powerful indigenous force in Vietnam. In the beginning of 1946 the Viet Minh hold the first mass elections in Vietnam.

At this time there is a tussle for power between the returning French and the newly created republic. To avoid a war an agreement is made in the spring of 1946. According to the agreement the French agreed to withdraw their troops at the rate of 5,000 per year so that by 1951 all would be gone. The French also agreed that in the southern part, there would be some sort of general election so that there would be unity between the two sections of Vietnam. Instead of abiding by the agreement the French set up their own government in the South and in the fall of 1946 attacked Haiphong harbor, killing 6,000 people. This act begins the long war which lasts until 1954.

As you have realized by now, and as Dr. Zinn pointed out, this is almost exactly the same role the United States has played during and after 1954. The U.S. role in Hanoi in 1945 has only recently been documented with the discovery of the correspondence mentioned in the files of the American in charge of the mission.

Ralphie ...

from p. 1

The liberal accepts the basic foundations and values of the society and moves on from there unquestioningly. He co-opts reason because he owns power. He can spread his "reasonable" deceit through media which he also owns. His arguments sound rational because he has already told us what is rational and what is not.

So it is that McGill can say that a great power must become involved in conflicts of power, without ever questioning the possibility that the great power may have initiated the conflict. He can demand that North Korea and Hanoi must find reason and reality, but not the U.S., for he is convinced that the reason which must be found is that which the U.S. possesses.

Similarly, he can make the use of nuclear weapons seem reasonable, because after all, Vietnam is clearly a case of Chinese aggression and it's a guerrilla war and many soldiers are dying and large armies in that kind of war are not feasible and to make the world safe and rational again we might just have to drop a bomb or two or three or maybe more. Indeed, he believes it is our destiny, our American burden, that we are the only world power able to do what must be done, able to win what must be won. We are the cops of the world.

These are the basic assumptions, but they are not without a superstructure of other, equally self-righteous assumptions and deductions. Counter-revolution as a policy is definitely a part of McGill's credo. He sees the future as one of extensive guerrilla fighting, of many dangerous traumas of "underdeveloped nations struggling out of a colonial past" and of the necessity to use nuclear bombs or else allow the world to be "confronted with al-

most continual 'wars of liberation' or 'brushfires.'" He refuses to see these same wars as the beginning of the end of the present American foreign policy, but instead views them as reason for a more strictly and brutally enforced Pax Americana.

Occasionally, his arguments become less subtly deceptive. In his commentary on the October 21 march on the Pentagon, for example, he chose to avoid the issues of the war entirely and instead dealt with superficial rantings about the "obscenities" and foulness of the demonstrators--if indeed lovemaking can be considered obscene. He used his column to praise the actions of the soldiers and marshalls guarding the building; to red-bait the organizers of the march; and to try to make the anti-war movement appear to consist of either perverts and "fascisti," or sheep who were deceived and led astray by the perverts and "fascisti."

When seen in the context of contemporary politics and with knowledge of how such statements would be interpreted, how else can his column be taken but as another attempt to silence the peace movement and break the back of dissent?

So here indeed is the liberal, a man claiming to view things with objectivity, without the external imposition of an ideology. And yet what he has done and continues to do and support is exactly that which he purports to oppose. The rigid ideological and moral framework of cold war thought and power politics shapes the content of his writing. He has withdrawn to that high white tower.

But have no fear, Mr. McGill; the cries of "We love you, you're a liberal" are roaring up from down below. We will not forget.

## Fort Jackson Soldiers Arrested At Pray-In

Fort Jackson has seen what may be the most significant expression of anti-Vietnam sentiments among GI's since the beginning of the war. For the third consecutive Tuesday, GI's at Fort Jackson have been turned away in their attempts to enter the base chapel to express their feelings about the war.

Army regulations state that the interfaith chapel must be available for use twenty-four hours a day. However, all entrances to the post have been sealed off and the chapel surrounded with MP's armed with riot equipment.

The present developments date back to early February when a group of soldiers decided to use the chapel to hold a "meditation" for those soldiers wishing to make known their doubts about the war. They delegated Sp4 Martin Blumsack to request official permission to use the chapel and were informed that no permission was required.

After the GI's distributed leaflets and word of the meeting spread over the base, post authorities announced that the meeting was cancelled.

Despite the announcement, however, about twenty-five soldiers showed up at the scheduled time to find the chapel locked and the area filled with MP's. Sp4 Blumsack came forward flanked by MP's and announced "Permission to use the chapel or any other building on post has been denied."

When two basic trainees, known only as Rosenberg and Rivera, stepped forward and began to protest, they were taken into custody. At that point two other soldiers, PFC. Robert Tatar and PFC. Stephen Kline, knelt in

front of the chapel and began their meditation. When ordered to leave the area, they refused and were also taken into custody.

Within the next two days, charges were filed against four of the soldiers. Tatar and Kline were charged with disorderly conduct and failure to obey a direct order. Stanley was charged with "action tending to discredit the armed forces of the United States," a charge which carries severe penalties. Rivera was given an Article 15 (non-judicial punishment) and received 45 days restriction and \$90.00 reduction in pay.

After Tatar, Kline, and Stanley secured the services of ACLU lawyer Charles Morgan, however, all charges against them were dropped without explanation.

The total number of GI's involved in the "meditation" would be difficult to determine. It is significant however that even after official denial of permission to use the chapel, twenty-five soldiers showed up in defiance of the order. Most of the soldiers involved in the original conception of the idea, report that most of the response they received when they began leafletting was favorable. They are convinced that a large percentage of the men on post are of the opinion that the war is not in their interests.

The actions of the soldiers at Fort Jackson have placed the Army on the defensive. The demand to use the chapel is legal and the Army's refusal of its use is clearly a violation of the GI's constitutional rights of freedom of speech and religion. The Fort Jackson developments may be a preview of bigger things to come.

the great speckled bird - 1

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# COMING



## Paschall ...

ter the embarrassing disturbances there (residents had been requesting city help and improvement in services for months previous to the riots, with no response). When Mrs. Paschall was ousted, his comment was that he would not intercede, because he felt the Commission should make its own decisions. (Is it possible he already used his influence in the opposite direction?)

When asked if she had been "used" she replied, "I think so... I think it comes down to whether the establishment is stupid or malicious; either one is frightening." Then, "I'm not so sure they're stupid."

Larger issues - than one person un fairly treated, or incompetence and confusion in government become clear in this situation:

1--Basic democratic values were violated by the executive committee of the city agency set up to deal with racial problems, thereby causing a racial split and lack of communication within the Commission itself.

2--Most white liberal members of the Commission were uncommitted

and/or afraid to challenge the system which oppresses their fellow citizens.  
3--The Mayor and Board of Aldermen haven't encouraged or supported the Commission, except publicly, and have given no real indication of desire for an end to racism, even within the city government.

From this whole matter we may safely conclude:

(A) The Community Relations Commission is a facade, an intended safety valve for urban disorders, and a sop to concerned liberals.

(B) Official reaction to riots is a key locus of deceit and manipulation from those in power.

(C) An establishment of white businessmen and politicians runs Atlanta, insofar as important decisions affecting the public welfare and image are concerned; it is an elite which avoids challenges to the status quo, which deals with masses of poor Negroes through responsible leaders who have no communication with the ghettos, and which has no facsimile of respect for any true democratic control. As Commission member Clarence Ezard puts it, "Atlanta has always been run by important people--someone is going to have to touch these people and make them change their minds."

## REAL CLASSY, FINE ADS! Wow!

The GREAT SPECKLED BIRD's nest needs furniture. (To speak not at all about cash and a multitude of other goodies.) Donations welcome.

Congratulations! Johnny Cash and June Carter. We hope that they will be very happy.

SLAP--The Southern Legal Assistance Project is designed to give free legal counsel to soldiers, draft resisters, and all persons interested in the cause of... Send contributions to SLAP, 859 1/2 Hunter N. W. Atlanta 30314.

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Larry Haynes, James Kirsch, Walter Latimore, William Mayes, Norris Mayfield, Vernon Miller, Richard Mitchell... Please call Harvey, 892-8867 or 892-7891 for help. Maybe lawyers or bail. AWIN

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EAT IT, THE PENNANT!!

What color is love? Color is something we see with our eyes; but love is something we see with our heart.

VISTA Volunteers Shelar Wilson and Linda Balster need supplies for a girls' club. If you can donate arts & crafts supplies, sewing equipment, athletic equipment or anything else, please contact Shelar or Linda at 524-7769.

College prof looking for flipping pad with woody trees in miscegenated neighborhood. Write Ted Brodek, 2901 Lenox Rd. N.E., Atlanta.

THIS IS A JOINT AD  
from LENDON, KATHY, GRECO  
to the neighborhood.

MRS. DYCHES: We're watching you.

"If the VISTA workers hadn't been wearing their pins, I would have thought that I was in a communist cell; or was I?" NASHVILLE BANNER

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\$0.50/line. Average of 28 letters per line. Caps reduce letters per line. DEADLINE: All ads must be received before 12 noon on the Monday preceding the next edition. No copy changes or cancellations will be accepted following that date.

RULES: Payment in advance on all unclassified ads. No graffiti-type ads accepted with telephone numbers included. Return name and address must accompany each ad. This information will remain confidential.

**SATURDAY March 16**  
\$\$\$PARTY Young Socialist Alliance. 635 Myrtle St. N.E. Apt. 4. 8:30 p.m. Benefit for Halstead-Boutelle campaign. \$1.50  
\$\$\$THEATRE Academy Children's Theatre. Johnnie Moonbeam and the Silver Arrow. 2:30 p.m. \$1.25

**SUNDAY March 17**  
\*\*\*CONCERT Atlanta Music Club Saloon Series presents Ruth McDonald, pianist. High Museum of Art Auditorium. 1280 Peachtree N.W. 3:00 p.m.  
\*\*\*RECITAL Ellen Lee, Soprano. Archer Hall, Morehouse. 4:30 p.m.  
\$\$\$FILMS Bogart Film Series. Walter Hill Auditorium, High Museum. 8:00 p.m. Contact Museum for prices.

\*\*\*SPEAKER Central Unitarian Society presents Johnnie Johnson, Director of the Model Cities Program. Fulton County Medical Society Bldg., 7th & W. Peachtree. 10:30 a.m.

**MONDAY March 18**  
\$\$\$SLIDES Slide lecture on early 19th century American painters. Prof. Robert Westervelt, Agnes Scott College. High Museum of Art Auditorium. 8:00 p.m. \$1.00

**FRIDAY March 22**  
\*\*\*VIGIL Silent vigil. Five Points. 12:30-1:30. AWIN  
\*\*\*ADDRESS Fred Halstead, Socialist Workers Party candidate for President. Sparks Hall Auditorium, Georgia State College. 10:00 a.m.

**SATURDAY March 23**  
\$\$\$THEATRE Academy Children's Theatre. Johnnie Moonbeam and the Silver Arrow. 2:30 p.m. \$1.25

**SUNDAY March 24**  
\*\*\*ART TOUR Exhibition of works of Raphael Soyer. High Museum of Art. 3:00 p.m.

\*\*\*ADDRESS Dagmar Wilson, Women's Strike for Peace. Quaker House, 1384 Fairview Road, N.E. 8:00 p.m.

**MONDAY March 25**  
\$\$\$SLIDES Slide lecture. Landscape and portraiture in 18th Century England. Ross Watson, National Gallery of Artists. High Museum of Art Auditorium. 8:00 p.m. \$1.00

\*\*\*ADDRESS Dagmar Wilson, Women's Strike for Peace, answers questions on WRNG Radio. 3:00 p.m.

**THURSDAY March 28**  
\*\*\*ADDRESS Dagmar Wilson, Women's Strike for Peace. Unitarian Church open meeting, 1911 Cliff Valley Way N.E. 9:00 p.m.

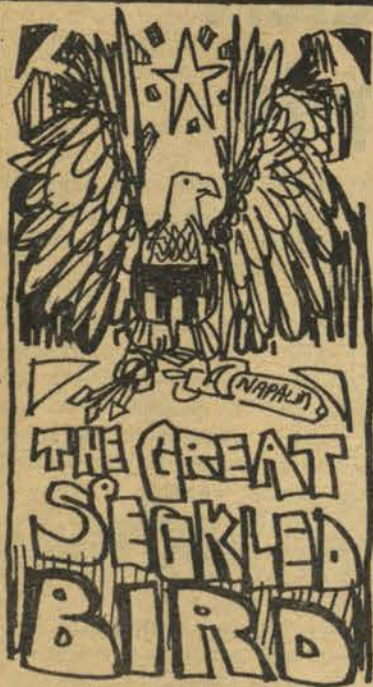
**FRIDAY March 29**  
?@#%&\* THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD About town.

\*\*\*VIGIL Silent vigil for peace. Five Points. 12:30-1:30 p.m.

**SUNDAY March 31**  
\*\*\*ART 27th Annual Art Exhibit of Negro Artists. Art Gallery, Trevor Arnet Library, Atlanta University. Opens 4:00 p.m.

**MONDAY April 1**  
\$\$\$PARTY AWIN anniversary. 12th Gate. 36 10th St. N.W. 4:00-8:00 p.m. Donation

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good lay	don speicher
left historian	stephen urbanski
calendar girl	stephanie coffin
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