

THE BIRD

GREAT SPECKLED 15

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May 10 - 23



ATLANTA ON THE MARCH



-- howard romaine

Atlanta, Ga., April 27 - In New York City the Spring Mobilization peace marchers, 90,000 in number, were addressed by Mayor Lindsay who expressed his dissent from America's war policy. In Atlanta, the South's "little new york", Mayor Ivan Allen didn't even have his Sunday chicken dinner disturbed reading about his city's peace marchers in the papers.

The *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* found the peace movement's meagre attempt to civilize symbolically the white community of Atlanta, **NOT NEWSWORTHY**. Perhaps the editorial board was too lost in chagrin over America's failure to civilize the Vietnamese (like we civilized the Indians) to pay attention to a different breed of civilizers right here at home.

But *The Bird* was there!

The Peace Parade started slowly on that sunny Saturday. People gradually fell into the line of picketeers and marchers in front of the Federal building at the corner of Peachtree and 8th. Henry Bass of the Workshop in Nonviolence ran up and down the line like some sawed-off Ichabod Crane herding hippies, professors, radicals, students, Bird-people, Vets- Against-the-War, nuns, priests and assorted straights into a thick line that stretched the whole block.

Immediately, people popped out of their half dozen little shops to gape and guffaw. Across the way in front of Robbee's Roast Beef a cop's ass caressed the black



naughahyde seat of his Harley Hog as he grumbled over his walkie-talkie to his fellows, circling, standing, leering and photographing for future reference every single soul on the line.

The Atlanta Alliance for Peace, a coalition of peace and civil rights groups, organized the march to protest the war in Vietnam, the draft, and racism. A heavy influx of hippies and collegians boosted the normal peace ranks. Over 250 people marched.

2-the great speckled bird

At 2:05 p.m. the picketers peeled off the sidewalk and into Peachtree, heading North. Banners and posters marked the ideals and quoted the heroes of the marchers: "I have a dream," "we shall overcome," "end the war now now," and, suddenly, "LBJ is a Murderer."

Near the front were a priest, a seminarian and a number of students carrying a large banner. Others followed: Thomas Altizer, theologian from Emory, Gary Chuse from from the Southern Student Organizing Committee, an Emory hippie and a 14th street hippie, Gerry Sullivan from Georgia State's COSI, mock guerilla soldiers, death players dressed in black with white faces.

Bystanders often didn't understand what it was all about. The newspapers hadn't explained, and the marchers handed out no leaflets. But they were intrigued, and disarmed, by a leathershirted young man with long red hair who followed the parade handing out flowers.

"You from here," I asked.

"No, just came in today from Florida, thought I'd join."

So the little ladies at the "Thrift shop" and coming out of the "A&P" grinned as bright yellow and blue daisies popped into their hands.

One man shook his head: "They're not ignorant, just crazy."

But none could resist "daisy power."

The marchers turned at 14th St. and headed for the cement gates of Piedmont Park. They poured through them and down the steps into the grassy flat below. Then across the Park to the far side where the speaking, singing and guerilla theatre was to be staged. Many who didn't know what the parade was all about followed; others, arriving late, swelled the numbers at the rally to 400.

At the rally the ubiquitous Young Socialist Alliance quickly set up their ever present literature table, a large number of people wandered over to get refreshments from two young entrepreneurs in a red VW, and one gray haired girl (dyed) turned to another and said, "Who got busted last night?"

"Linda, I think."

"Oh, well, we'll have to go down and see her!"

Finally, when the organizers gave up trying to get their mobil generator and loud speaker system to work actor Steve Bush grabbed a megaphone and introduced the first play, "The Siege of Saigon," by Steve Feld.

The play centered on a dialogue between Ho Chi Minh and an American soldier, presumably General Westmoreland. Ho, played by Dan Akron, sat on the cement pillar at one side of the steps and lisped his lines in a high reedy voice.

Westmoreland, played by Steve Tanner, stood opposite him dressed in American Army green. He roared his demands at raggedy, reedy old Ho, and snarled his commands at his black lieutenant, played by Lendon Sadler.

With each call for another black bag to buttress the tide of his failing efforts the General shouted an epitaph at Ho:

"You're finished.

"You're through.

"You're going to pay for your stubbornness.

"The Oriental mind is for crap!

Ho continued to plead for negotiations as the soldier kept piling on bags, symbolizing the countless corpses sunk into the Vietnam mire.

Finally, Ho said: "I won't negotiate with you now."

More sandbags, now people dressed in black with whiteface were piled on.



Ho: "Surrender."

Suddenly, Westmoreland was out of black bags, he was out of black bodies, he grabbed a member of the audience and threw him onto the pile, then another, and another..... Encircled by cooley-hatted black and white Vietnamese, he screamed: "If I only had one more B-52."

Too late. The tolid faced coolies grabbed his arms, his face contorted in sudden terror of the Vietnamese he thought were on his side, (they all look alike), as they toppled him onto the pile of bags and bodies. The audience broke into spontaneous cheers and applause.

After the plays, and a protest song or two, the main speaker, Carl Oglesby, former President of Students for a Democratic Society mounted the cement steps. He noted that this was his first time in the South; he was making a speaking tour for the Southern Student Organizing Committee. Like a politician he traced his roots for the audience: "his father had left a red dirt farm in South Carolina 35 years ago. He sounded like one of the romantic Southern Agarians as he spoke harshly of the "bulldozer and Yankee Progress," of little people squeezed

cont. on page 15

sncc^{SN}sncc SELLERS DENIED SELLERS DENIED BOND

Cleve Sellers, field secretary for the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (Snick), was denied appeal bond Monday, April 29, at a hearing before U.S. District Judge Newell Edenfield. Edenfield sentenced Sellers to five years in jail on March 28, 1968. At that time he refused to set bond, forcing Sellers' attorneys to apply specifically for bond.

Sellers had been free on bond since his initial arrest for induction refusal. He appeared in court every time he was scheduled to appear, and once cut short a trip to Japan to appear. His lawyer, Howard Moore, is appealing to the Fifth Circuit Court for bond.

At his trial attorney Moore argued against conviction on the grounds that the war in Vietnam is illegal; that Sellers was called for induction out of turn by his South Carolina board, and that his draft board and the Fulton County jury system are segregated. In their appeal of his conviction the attorneys argue that Sellers was denied due process of law by not being allowed to confront in court the Selective Service officials involved in the case.

After he was sentenced Sellers, a federal prisoner, was turned over to the state prison system by the U.S. Attorney. Since that time he has been moved from the Fulton County Jail to the Coweet County Jail and back to Fulton County, all without notification of his lawyers. Although other prisoners have been allowed visitors in these jails, Sellers has been systematically denied visiting privileges.



GUERRILLA THEATRE

The guerrilla theater is open. It opened in Piedmont Park at the April 27 demonstration with the Siege of Saigon and will not close until the rest of the city has become a stage.

The reasoning behind the formation of a permanent guerrilla theater troupe is simple: if handled correctly it can be a politically effective action capable of involving and influencing people in a way that most political demonstrations can no longer do.

Atlanta being what it is, material to build theater skits on will never be scarce. Nor will be the presence of an uninformed and uninvolved audience.

Anyone interested in writing or acting for the theater should call 872-0543. Anyone interested in seeing it should keep his eyes open. The price is right; the cost of one admission is your mind.

BRADEN'S conviction APPEALED

According to attorney Walter Henritze, Jr., a writ of habeas corpus has been filed on behalf of David Braden. The writ contests Braden's pleas of guilty and if it is successful, will reopen the case to be tried. The case will be heard May 27 by Judge Claude D. Shaw, Fulton Superior Court.

Braden, who was tried on April 25 and 26 on charges of selling "narcotics" to a minor, pleaded guilty after the jury returned against Braden's special plea of insanity. The charges subsequently were reduced to "possession of narcotics" and Braden was sentenced to seven years. Braden is now being held in Fulton County jail under court order.

Attorney Henritze is contesting the plea of guilty on three grounds. First that Braden, according to expert testimony, was insane and incapable of determining guilt or innocence. Second, Braden was denied proper counsel. After testifying on the stand that Braden was mentally unable to aid in the case, Braden's lawyer entered the plea of guilty.

Finally, Mr. Henritze plans to contest the constitutionality of the state law which classifies marijuana as a narcotic. Classifying dissimilar entities, such as nonaddictive marijuana, with "addictive narcotics" such as heroin, opium and other opiates denies due process and is unconstitutional.

columbia! hail

Tom Hamilton and Allen Young
LIBERATION News Service

Columbia University students remain on the offensive even though police action on April 30 brutally removed them from occupied territory. A student strike, supported by hundreds of faculty members and university employees, has all but paralyzed the major divisions of the 27,000 student university. In Columbia College (enrollment 2700) of the men's undergraduate division and heart of the university, classes were cancelled for the rest of the academic year. The University asked faculty members to meet for discussions with students inside classroom buildings, but the strike committee denounced such meetings as "scab classes." At least 200 faculty members refused to follow administration edicts and signed a pledge to respect the strike. Other faculty members sought to co-opt the strike by promoting the official talk sessions.

Liberation classes on a variety of subjects, including University Reform, were held outdoors, in private apartments and in Ferris Booth Hall, the student center, which is also serving as headquarters for the strike committee. The committee issued a call for contributions "for university employees who support the strike, for printing, for sound equipment, for food and for countless bills." Checks should be made payable to Ted Kattchuk and should be mailed to Strike Committee, 316 Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027. The committee now represents not only the original 1000 residents of the liberated buildings, or communes, but also some 4000 sympathizers who have supported the strikers' original demands, including amnesty for all.

Political education proceeds apace. Students were learning something about the media and the board of trustees. A group of 80 students, many of them from the Columbia affiliated Union Theological Seminary, picketed the home of Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times* and a Columbia trustee, to protest the *Times*' biased coverage of the Columbia events. Earlier students had burned copies of the *Times* which had referred to the protesters as hoodlums and which had given most

of its news space to the administration's side of the controversy. Another contingent picketed the home of William Paley, president of CBS and also a trustee, after CBS broadcast editorials attacking the students and congratulating the cops and the university for their firm action. The students also charged CBS with violating the fairness



doctrine after it gave Kirk a half-hour of network time on its *Face the Nation* program.

Residents of the communes, as well as students from all divisions and departments, held frequent meetings to discuss the strike and the issues, which include Columbia's racism and paternalism in the neighborhood and its ties

to the military-industrial complex and the pentagon. Support for the strike came from a majority in most departments. Picket lines were set up around nearly all university classrooms and library buildings. A number of employees, especially from the library, respected the lines. Opinion on the campus polarized, with significant numbers in support of the strikers. Someone set up a sign on the door of the *Columbia Daily Spectator* warning off the "prostitutes of the national press" -- a reaction against the distorted coverage of the mass media. Parents and independent alumni met separately to organize support for the strike and to demand the resignation of Kirk and Vice-president David B. Truman. Earlier the official association of the Alumni of Columbia College had supported the university action. The official strike committee, however, did not insist on the demand for the resignations, arguing that the issue was not individual personalities but institutional responsibility and the need for sweeping changes in the structure of the school.

Hundreds of police continue to occupy the campus and the vicinity despite well publicized reports about their withdrawal. One student approached a policeman and said, "The *Times* said the police were withdrawn. Either you are impersonating an officer, or you are an optical illusion." The cop answered, "Scram, faggot!"

Meanwhile, Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) who started the whole thing April 23, held additional sessions in the C. Wright Mills Memorial Hearings, publicizing documents liberated from Kirk's office linking the university to large corporations and the government. While most of these documents are not earth-shaking, they provide nitty-gritty evidence of how Kirk's day-to-day contacts and concerns are far removed from the humanistic considerations upon which the university is theoretically based. Some of the letters and documents have already been published in *The Rat*, a New York underground paper, and others are set for publication in a forthcoming issue of *Ramparts*. All over the campus there was political debate, serious reflection, music and dance. Students from the School of Arts put on a guerrilla theatre presentation based on the old game of Monopoly satirizing Kirk, the cops, and the Board of Trustees. Columbia is unpacified.

"NIGGER, don't let the sun set on your head" -- FORSYTH COUNTY

Subtitle: Strict enforcement of apartheid in Forsyth County by local vigilantes under eyes of law officers at Lake Lanier.

"You've got 'til dark to get out. We could get two or three hundred men to return at nightfall if you don't get out."

"You've got fifteen minutes to get out of here or you'll be drug out by your feet."

"Get your black asses out of the water."

"Lady, do you want to die?"

On Saturday, May 4, 1968, one month to the day after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, the white citizens of Forsyth county were moved by that shocking event to de-escalate to greater depths their in-bred malice and violence against black people.

Their target this day was black children on a week-end swimming, boating and camping expedition to Lake Sidney Lanier. Ten 11 to 15-year-old boys and their three adult counsellors, Mr. Don Bender, Mrs. Mary Yoder and Mr. Bobby King, a Morehouse student, all of Mennonite House in Atlanta, were harrassed, cursed, threatened and finally run out of the county by white racists. They were forced to abandon one of their cars and a small dinghy in neighboring Gwinnett County, both of which were gone when they returned for them.

Following is an account of the incidents by one of the adult counsellors. It was written hastily on Sunday, May 5, for the purpose of publicizing the event, in Monday's papers.

"Go home black bastards. If you niggers ain't out of there in fifteen minutes, we're draggin you out by your feet." This was the sort of welcome our integrated camping party received at Bufford Dam on May 4, 1968. The group consisted of ten children and three counsellors.

Soon after arriving, our group pitched tents and ate lunch. Afterwards, we ventured down to the lake with our small boat for some "fun and frolic." Everyone was having a grand time being stared at, harrassed, and humiliated. Our fun didn't last long though (with much regret) for we were told to evacuate the premises within fifteen minutes, or be "drug out by our feet." After some deliberation, we decided to cook dinner and phone the authorities.

The authorities proved to be very helpful. The sheriff told our leader, Mr. Don Bender, that it would be advisable under the circumstances to leave, for he could not assure our safety. Furthermore, he gave us some history of Forsyth County which proved to be very helpful in making our decision of whether to go or stay. He informed us there had not been a single Negro living in that county since 1911, and that no "blacks" were allowed in town after dark. Moreover, Negroes have been so afraid of Forsyth and her law-abiding citizens, that whenever delivery services (which employ Negroes), such as Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company, reached the county line, they immediately got out of their vehicles and waited on the side of the road for the return of their white drivers.

After careful consideration and extensive contemplation, we decided to do as we had been told, to "haul ass."

Our journey back was delayed somewhat, for one of our cars was unable to start. We pushed it out of the park -- which is a federal park incidently -- and across the county line. We stopped at a nearby liquor store and bar to phone for help. We did not find this environment to be very congenial or healthy however. Our "chief cook and bottle washer," Mrs. Mary Yoder, had her life threatened by some very "nice" gentlemen. "Lady, do you want to die?" said one bystander. "Get those damn niggers out of here," went another. With an air of perplexity and bewilderment surrounding us, we began to shiver. Our leader, Don Bender, who stood alert, ready, and steady, flagged down a state patrol, who fortunately 4-the great speckled bird

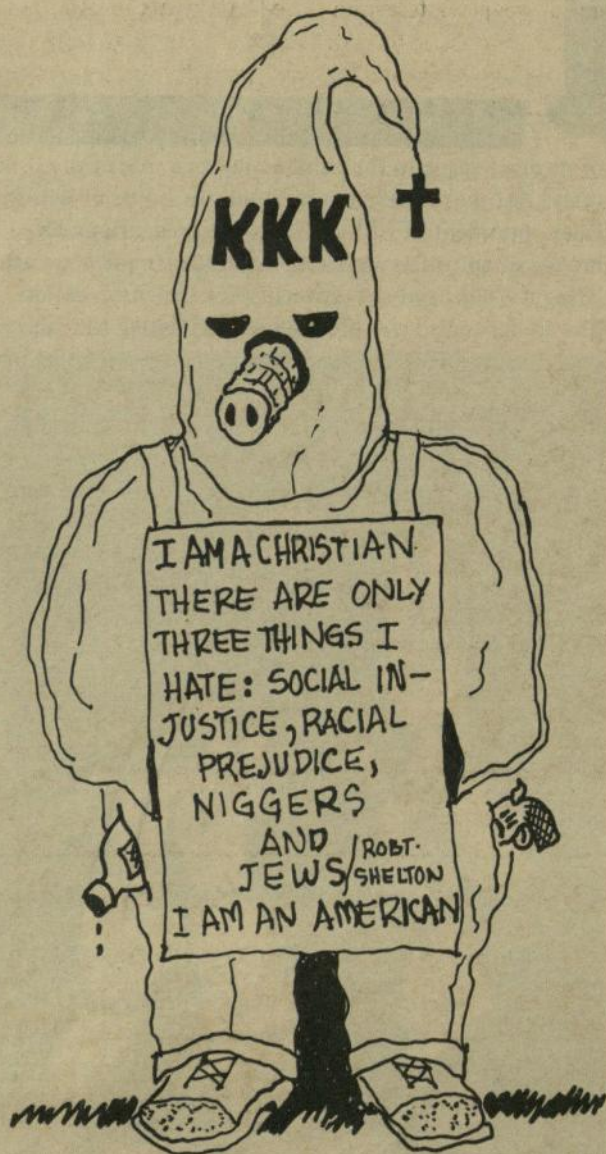
drove by. He gave what assistance he could, and informed us further of the dangerous surroundings. We had to leave the car, unfortunately, and proceed back to Atlanta with only a song and a prayer in our hearts -- "We shall overcome."

Later that night, Don, Mary and her husband Tim Yoder, bravely went back to Forsyth in search of their car. The search was in vain however, for as the state patrol had warned us, the car was gone. In questioning the police, they learned that chances were slim of ever finding the car, for it was probably at the bottom of the lake. They were told again how lucky we all were in getting out alive.

So black brothers and sisters alike, take heed. "See Atlanta First." You may even begin by camping at Bufford Dam in Forsyth County, Georgie. But first, before you go, remember the words of Stokely Carmichael, "Get you guns, get your guns."

From the foregoing sketch one gets the general ugly shape of things in Forsyth County. In addition, Mr. Don Bender states that when he called the County sheriff he was told not only that their safety could not be assured, but that he "would suggest that you go across the county line and camp on the other side of the lake" -- thus passing the buck to Gwinnett County, where presumably the campers would be able to exercise their civil rights unmolested. When Mr. Bender called the State Police for protection, he was informed that they could do nothing without a request from the county sheriff.

Don Bender recounted these experiences before the Georgia Human Relations Council on Monday, May 6. At this meeting it was suggested that an integrated group



return to Lake Lanier, which is a Federal park under the jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and demand protection from the FBI and other law enforcement agencies. It is a federal crime under Title 18, Section 241 of the 1964 Civil Rights Bill to conspire to deprive any citizen of his lawful rights for reasons of race. Judging from their past performance however, the Bird is skeptical of the competence of J. Edgar's minions in this area. But we shall see.

MOLASSES AND QUININE

"Do you live around here somewhere?"

The street was nearly deserted. It was nine p.m. on a Sunday night in a neighborhood of poor people, predominantly white. A woman with a baby in her lap sat on the passenger's side of a van at the curb, its door open. The man who asked the question stood in the middle of the sidewalk—a stocky man in his early thirties, white, tanned, about five feet eight inches tall, a hundred and sixty-five pounds, brown hair thinning at the temples, coatless, the collar of his white short-sleeved shirt unbuttoned, rural accent. The handle of a flat pistol (probably a .32 or .38 automatic) peeps out of his right hip pocket.

"Yes, about half a block up that street."

"I just opened this place last week," he said, indicating the door he had been locking as I had approached. "It's been a little slow to start with, but I've had quite a few customers. I wondered if you would tell your friends about the place."

Signs in the window, hand-lettered on inexpensive poster cards: Eggs, five dozen for one dollar. Potatoes, eight cents a pound. Onions, nine cents a pound. Tomatoes, twenty-six cents a pound. No furniture or counters were visible in the tiny room behind the window. Here was the independent vegetable peddler, part of the history of every nation, forced by progress into buying a truck and renting a room instead of pushing a cart down the street.

"A friend of mine had an idea the other day," I replied. "He thought we ought to get groups of families together, maybe six or ten families to a group, sending one man to the farmer's market each week to buy vegetables straight from the farmers. Then the others could pick up their vegetables for the week at that man's house, and save some money over regular store prices. The trouble is that this would knock one man out of a day's work, so this store of yours might be a better deal."

"You can tell them that I'm guaranteeing everything I sell, and it'll be fresh. I'm staying open for a while after these supermarkets close, too. I'm only making about two cents a pound."

"It's going to take a lot of pounds to pay for the rent and gas."

"That's right. I'd sure appreciate it if you would tell your friends about my place."

Next evening, I took a closer look. No furniture yet, aside from a chair for his wife, a bassinette for the baby—a girl named Rhonda, between six and nine months old—and an obsolete set of scales which he will soon have to replace for legal reasons. (When I bought a trial batch of vegetables, he did not include his thumb while weighing. They were far superior to the usual picked-green-and-shipped-across-country chain store stuff, and it was startling to rediscover what a vine-ripened tomato tasted like.)

He thanked me for my business, and said that he would have poultry as soon as he could afford to put freezers in the store.

Directly across a parking lot's driveway is an A & P supermarket, and just beyond that another large one, of the Colonial Stores chain. Those hand-lettered cards are now missing from the window where they were, and there are no more vegetables in that former beauty shop near Little Five Points.

What became of the man who was paying the farmers a little more, and selling produce to poor people for less than they had to pay elsewhere? Although his arithmetic was not up to an IBM computer's speed, his heart was in the right place. Is it impossible for the small farmer and the small businessman to survive in this country today? Where is he?

He's about five doors on down the street, in space which a revival hall was not using, and he's still trying.

—ernie marris

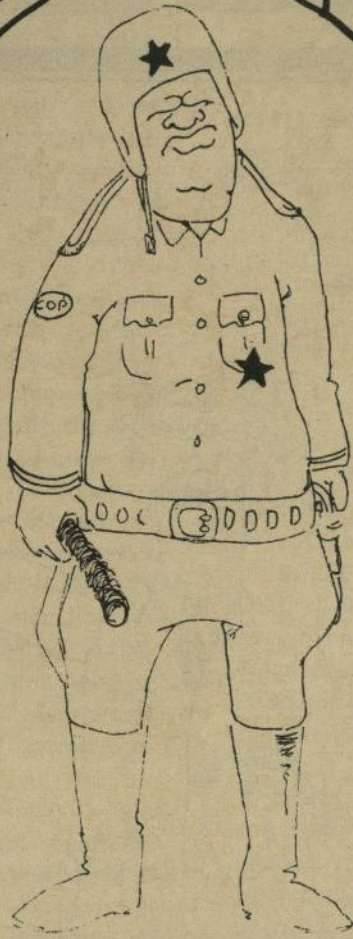
Atlanta Police Court, Monday, April 29 -- A sullen audience leaves the courtroom of the Honorable ("They are all Honorable Men") T. C. Little following another quasi-trial of young kids charged with Possession of marihuana, bound over to the State on \$500 bond. Georgia Justice. The protestation of the judge, "I have to uphold The Law" rings hollow -- except to one tight-lipped woman who raps out, "You did just right, Judge. They all deserve to go to jail."

The details of the case are simple. On Saturday, April 27, at 1:30 a.m., city detectives L. D. Howard and W. E. Wood, accompanied by four (4) state and city narcotics or vice squad agents, went to 33 15th St., N.E. to "investigate" alleged "trespassing" -- their pretext for search without a search warrant. According to Detective Howard, he entered the building to find Kerry Lee, Gloria Toney, Buddy Wild, Linda Stokely and her 15-year-old brother in the building. He asked them what they were doing there, informed them they had no right to be there, and conducted the search of the building in order to discover what had caused the 15-year-old Stokely boy to "pass out." Police claim that in the course of the search several caches of marihuana were discovered.

According to the defendants, however, Detective Howard & company came in the front door and brusquely told Lee, Wild and Miss Stokely to "Sit Down!" Then he went directly to a desk-cabinet in the room, opened it, and, lo and behold, discovered a small cellophane bag containing, of all things, marihuana. There followed a thorough search of the building which included such dramatic TV cop scenes as breaking down padlocked doors, waking a sleeping girl and her 3-year-old baby and in general Asserting Authority. All the defendants emphasize the fact that they were never informed of their rights nor of the charges against them including the charge of trespassing.

The search of the building lasted until about 3 a.m. Other occupants of and visitors to the house arrived in that hour and a half, and they too were told only to Sit Down. Fourteen persons, including two juveniles, were arrested -- all of them for trespassing, some also for Occupying a Dive, some for State narcotics violations, some for all three. The most serious charge, possession of mari-

15TH STREET BUST



THIS IS A COP. HE HAS A BADGE AND A CLUB AND A GUN! THAT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS HAVING SOME BALLS. THE COP IS YOUR FRIEND -- UNLESS YOU HAVE: LONG HAIR OR BLACK SKIN OR SOME DOPE OR DIFFERENT IDEAS...

huana, was based in all but two of the cases simply on the fact that everyone arrested had access to the front room in which the marihuana was discovered. Ed Stevens, who entered the house after the police had completed their search, was charged with Possession when he said he lived in a room in which marihuana had allegedly been found. Gloria Toney, a visitor in the house and asleep upstairs at the time of arrest, was charged with possession on the basis of a small vial of marihuana allegedly found in a bureau drawer in the room in which she was sleeping, though neither room nor bureau were hers and no witness present when the detective allegedly discovered the vial.

The city's case, its right of search and seizure, was based entirely on the charge of "trespassing." Trespassing is defined in Title 26-3005 of the Georgia Code as the refusal "to leave said premises when requested to do so by the owner or any person in charge of said premises, or the agent or employee of such owner or such person in charge. The law is explicit: Prior notification must be given a person that he is trespassing and that he is requested to leave. In this case, according to the police, the person who was renting the house (listed in the phone directory as "Larkins Rooming House") was not the owner of the property, hence the people renting rooms in the building were "trespassing."

The importance of this case, beyond the fact that 12 people were arrested and harassed for fraudulent reasons by the police, is that if we are to assume that law is requisite in a society, we must also assume that this law be applied without regard to caste, color, political belief, length of hair or whatever. It must even be applied to those who are entrusted with upholding and enforcing the law, the police and the courts. Detectives Howard and Woods et al, in their illegal actions "in the course of duty," and Judge Little, in upholding in the face of all evidence these actions, make a mockery of the law they attempt to call to their own defense.

-- tom coffin

/Credit where it is due: Please see B. J. Phillips' column of Monday, May 6, in the *Atlanta Constitution*. A few more journalists like her and we might (have been) superfluous./

An Emergency Message To Middle-Class America:

WAKE UP! STUPID

Sorry I'm not talking to you in your language, middle-class, middle-aged people, but things can't always be as you would want them. Just like countries aren't always as you would want them to be, like our America. It's really too bad that America isn't a friendly, peaceful, intelligent, cultured country which has a few problems, but none bad enough to get excited about. It's too bad that everyone in America isn't able to eat good meals or live in nice homes. It's also too bad that *your kids* can't grow up ignorant of these things anymore, can't think only of *their* careers, *their* families, *their* pleasures. They can't do these things for several reasons, including the Draft Board and their own humanity.

All of these things are too bad, people, but they are TRUTH. Truth is that it's *your* kids who are being beaten and attacked by the fascist police in this country -- in Oakland, L.A., Columbia University, Washington, D.C., and throughout the rest of this dying country. It's not just the niggers or the hicks anymore, middle class America, it's *your* kids too. And now that all the niggers and hicks are already in Vietnam, the fascists are taking *your* kids too, aren't they? Your middle-class pull is waning, isn't it? *Your* bright boys and girls are growing long hair and running away, aren't they? *Your* future doctors, lawyers, scholars, and Presidents are getting jailed for smoking pot, aren't they? How does it feel, man? Are you ready to face TRUTH yet, or would you rather lose a few more hundred thousand kids and chalk it up to *their* inability to understand? Set your eyes for some harsh statements, people, because it's TRUTH:

The most intelligent, humanitarian young people in this country have either already puked up their environment or are fast on their way. That includes church, school, phony virginity, and the belief that America is in any way connected with morality. Black people, poor whites, Mexicans, and Puerto Ricans were never allowed in your society. Turned-on intellectuals like Leary were kicked out. *Your* kids are *dropping* out. Now don't be asinine and say that dissent has always been this way; we haven't always had

nuclear weapons, television, five-hour flights to San Francisco. You're going to have to face the fact that your kids are more turned-on and knowledgeable than kids have ever before had a chance to be. They can see things for themselves rather than taking the censor's word for it, and that really counts. It counts to the degree that your son can figure out for himself that colleges are obedience schools, not educational institutions. It counts to the degree that your daughter can realize that if (like all virgins) she fucks someone in her head all the time, then she may as well fuck him in body too, since science can assure her non-pregnancy. It counts to the degree that where it concerns hundreds of our warped social sicknesses, *your* kids are refusing to unthinkingly accept things and are radically changing the perverted American Way of Life.

In a nutshell, the times have *really* changed, and your kids are not going to be settling down when they're older like you did. The stakes are too great and their commitments too deep. If the world is lucky *you* people will realize and admit that mankind has gone wrong and that your kids have a somewhat clearer picture of what's happening than you do. If the world is lucky you will realize it, admit it, swallow your stupid maturity, and ask your kids where it's at. They don't really know it all yet, but they can sure as hell give you enough ideas to keep you busy for a while.

-- bo lozoff

HELP STOP POLICE BRUTALITY!

If you should know or hear of anyone who witnessed any arrest or act of brutality on the part of the police or the military, take the following steps immediately?

1. Secure the names of *any* witnesses and where they can be reached.
2. Record descriptions, badge numbers, place of arrest, time of arrest, name of person arrested.
3. Take a *complete* statement *immediately*. Be sure that every detail is recorded. Continue to ask the question, What happened *next*?
4. Ask if the witness knows anyone else who was there.
5. Send the report to: *THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD*, 187 14th St. N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30309. 892-7891
6. The statement should detail the exact conduct of the citizen and the reactions of the law enforcement officers.

BIRDmen Busted

At 7:30 p.m., Sunday, May 5, 1968, two notorious panhandlers, Paul Klein and Rocco Lucci (see photos) were seen walking down Peachtree Street by an officer affectionately known as the "Gomer Pyle" of the paddy wagon squad. Noting that the pair not only looked very suspicious but carried copies of the *GREAT SPECKLED BIRD* as well, the officer quickly brought his vehicle to a halt beside the pair, who had no chance to run. Motioning the two over to his truck, the officer asked if it was the *GREAT SPECKLED BIRD* he had heard so much about that they were carrying. When they replied, "Yes," the two were forthrightly arrested and charged with "panhandling."

Representatives of the *GREAT SPECKLED BIRD*, reluctant to be associated with known panhandlers, bailed the pair out of the drunk tank Sunday night and contacted a lawyer. The next day the two panhandlers, the lawyer, and a representative of the *BIRD* entered Municipal Courtroom No. 1. Although he was unable to find a city law against panhandling, the attorney felt confident that some sort of defense could be made. But



he was not given an opportunity to try. Somebody had told the officer in question that you could not go around arresting newspaper vendors for panhandling, particularly when there are no such laws on the books.

Reliable reports indicate that next week's edition of the *NORTHSIDE NEWS* will carry a dramatic expose of the whole sordid affair and will call upon Governor Maddox to introduce legislation protecting our youth from notorious panhandlers.

the great speckled bird-5

bird letters

North Fulton
April 28, 1968
Hypocrisy

Dear Editor:

I greatly appreciate your article on the attempt of Grady students to win some measure of objectivity in their school by establishing an underground newspaper.

I am a junior at North Fulton, the best of the worst as far as public schools go. As a student, I realize the difficulties in obtaining any academic freedom. Sartre is in a state of de facto banishment in one senior English class. This is not due to any literary demerits but to his frank and realistic treatment of contemporary problems, sex among them.

Hypocrisy reigns supreme. We are constantly reminded of our school's honorable stature. This sounds rather hollow when you consider the cheating and theft of public property which run wild. Don't blame this on the "bad" element that is present in every school either. It is caused by class leaders and officers of service and academic clubs.

Freedom of the press, part of the heritage of which we are continually made aware, is casually thrown aside so that papers like the *Great Speckled Bird* may be suppressed. The word is out that anyone caught with a copy of this paper is to be sent to the principal's office.

The school newspaper, *The Scribbler*, offers the same bland pabulum characteristic of such publications. Every once in a while the staff is able to sneak in a semi-interesting article on something like runaways. Though considered daring by school standards, modern journalism would hardly lift an eyebrow.

Last year the school paper accused WQXI Radio of bad faith in a "principal of the year" contest which North Fulton's William Bryce won. However, when the radio station offered free air time to any representative of the school who was willing to discuss the problem, the school flatly declined. It is general knowledge that *The Scribbler's* editor was ordered not to attend the discussion.

All the social studies teachers that I have had any contact with, direct or indirect, are definite conservatives. There is always time for a right-wing view to be expressed but radical contributions are cut off in the interest of moving along with the textbook material.

I fail to see how we can be expected to become responsible citizens the day after graduation when we are denied intelligent exercise of any of our "inalienable rights."

You may print this letter and my name if you wish.

Sincerely yours,
Alan Coltharp

Open Letter Organize!

An Open Letter—to whom it may concern:

I was a visitor in your city following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Perhaps I was unfortunate enough to find an unpopulated section of your city, and I got my information screwed up, but all I discovered for a hippie community was one police-busted Poster Palace.

A little discouraging, I shall admit. I spoke with some of the inhabitants down in that area and found that they craved places to meet and be able to freak in friendly companionship.

What you cats have now is only a beginning. Very small, a mere scratch, but—a beginning!

At the end of a brief speech I expounded on the steps of the Poster Palace, I swore to the disciples I would return and dedicate myself to building their community and spreading the universal belief.

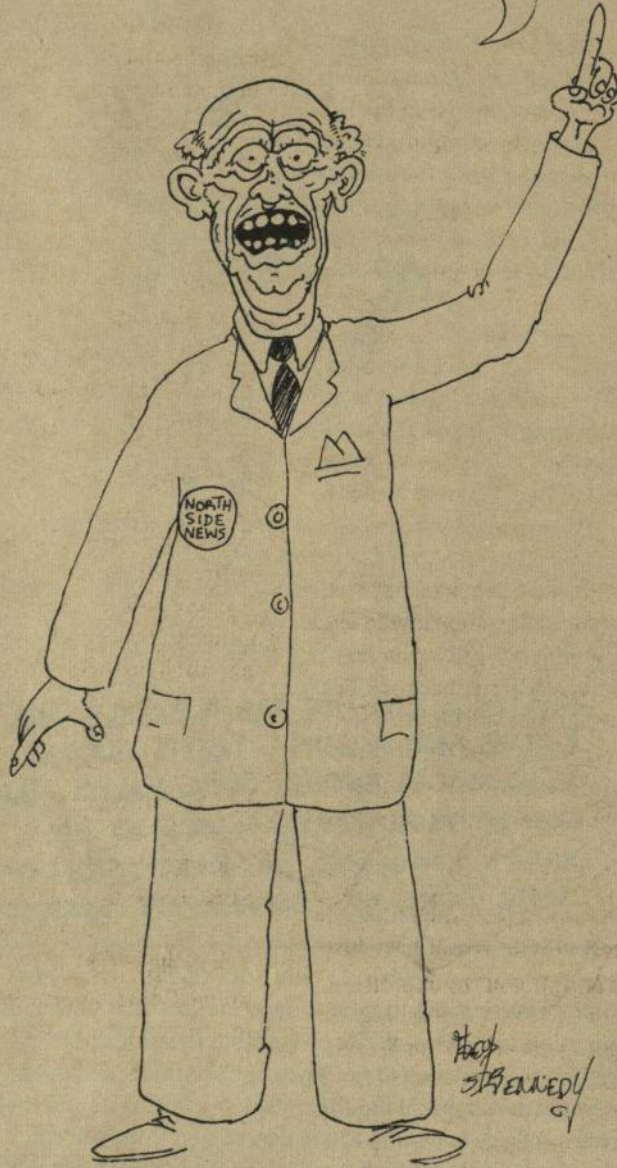
I have been almost entirely all over these United States, but this is the place I feel that I can do the most in. I can be of use there.

We should *organize!* (a key word) As an unaccepted minority group we should shout for equality! We will use our American rights of freedom of speech and expression. As a minority group we must make known to the majority what we stand for, what we believe in, and why,

Good luck!
Carol Madigan

6-the great speckled bird

WE MUST SURROUND THE SCHOOLS WITH
ARMED STATE POLICE TO KEEP OUT
THE IDEAS OF THOSE FILTHY COMMUNIST
SUBVERSIVE HIPPIES!!!



100% AMERICAN!
UPTIGHT
CLEAN
LIVING
GOD-FEARIN'

To the Good, Upright, Clean-living, God-fearing, CHRISTIAN Citizenry of Northside Atlanta—and all other Such—may their hypocritical, double-standardized days be soon reduced to a bad joke, a halitosed vestige of an unsavory past.

God is alive . . . and "lives in the heart of one of the most peaceful residential areas of Atlanta"
God is alive . . . and there are no blacks in his neighborhood.
God is alive . . . and "specializes in screened colored help (call JA 3-2211)"
God is alive . . . and resting on Confederate Memorial Day.
God is alive . . . and saves 25% by subscribing now to *The North Side News*.
God is alive . . . and "enjoying the advantages offered by a reputable school."
God is alive . . . and is learning to handle a gun at the DeKalb County Courthouse every Tuesday and Thursday nights.
God is alive . . . and putting lollipops in the throat of Matt G. Perkins.

"Max"

WQXI:

capitalist

obscenity

News Department
WQXI-TV
1611 W. Peachtree Street, NE
Atlanta, Georgia 30309

Gentlemen:

Listening to your 11:00 news last evening I heard you talking about an obscene publication that was being sold at Atlanta high schools. I understand that the publication in question is *The Great Speckled Bird*.

Glancing through the current issue, I am a little puzzled by the charge of obscenity. I find articles with which I do not agree, and some in what I consider poor taste, but I have not found anything that seems to be obscene.

There are a few words which are not generally used in polite society, but they are words which are well known to children before they enter high school. The source that children learn such from are adults who use the words freely in and out of the presence of children. Some of the words, which I presume are the basis of your charge of obscenity, were used with some frequency in the classroom by my R. O. T. C. instructors when I was a freshman at North Fulton High some 18 years ago.

Using what is apparently your criteria for obscenity or actions harmful to youth, I think you might well investigate the commercials on your mother station, WQXI-AM. When I was in high school, WQXI was the most popular station with high schoolers. I understand its audience among the teens has increased since then. So, using your standards, are beer ads given in a manner especially attractive to teens appropriate in the after-school broadcasting hours? Also, what about the commercials for the bikini fashion shows, at Kittens Kormer or the shortest mini-skirt contests at the Scene? Are you really interested in the welfare of the teens, or only when it does not conflict with your prime purpose in existing, making money?

I personally suspect that the charge of obscenity is phony. My guess is that you do not like the political views expressed, especially those concerning the war and the draft. Why not be honest and attack the paper because you disagree with its politics? That seems to me to be perfectly legitimate in a free society, but charges of obscenity seem to be being used as a means of silencing political expression.

Sincerely,
George Blau

OBNOXIOUS
BIRD

April 24, 1968

To the Editing Staff of the *Great Speckled Bird*:

I have just completed reading the most ridiculous publication I have ever had the nauseating experience of reading and I would now like to take the opportunity to reveal its name—of course, it is the *Great Speckled Bird*!

Every article lacks originality, quality and intelligence. I feel certain you believe they contain depth and I would also like to comment on your endeavor for future purposes. It's sick, there is no depth, it's dead. Is it really such a problem to come up or down to the level of your readers? Don't make it so difficult on yourselves, stop publication—that's your only alternative and naturally, the most sensible thing to do.

Oh, I would like to tell you that I have told everyone to stop reading your paper and will continue to do so for it's simply a waste of time.

Too bad.

A former reader of that obnoxious paper—*The Great Downfall of the Little Poka-Dot Flea*.

ECHOES OF AIN'TERZONE THE OB SCENE

Unlike some Atlantans, the Supreme Court is not at all confused about what is obscene and what is not. In one of its most comprehensive and most definitive rulings, the Court held that three elements must coalesce in order to justify a holding of obscenity: Obscene means to the **Average Man** (1) the **predominant theme** of the material, when considered as a **whole** appeals to a **prurient interest** in sex; (2) the material is patently offensive because it affronts **contemporary community standards**, and (3) the material is **utterly without redeeming social value**.

Average man: This phrase threw out the Hickland test which judged works according to the most corruptible member of the society (like the faggot who gets hot because of the phallic symbolism of the Washington Monument) but here the Court said No, you judge not by the deviates of the society but by the average member of the community, because the law, in this instance, the First Amendment, is always concerned with the **AVE-ERAGE** man, protecting the average individual. Freedom of Speech or Press is not concerned with four-letter words, preventing the use of four-letter words, no, it is concerned with protecting the community, with insuring that there are no bars to the communication system, that the flow of information between the governed and the government, between individuals, be as unrestricted as possible. That's what screwed up Lyndon. Nobody close to the cat is straight with him, fear of losing their gig or whatever.... "Hey man, how am I doing on this Vietnam thing?"... "Oh, yeah, Chief, just great, the people love it...." "No, come on, don't gimme that crap, what about all them protestors?"... "Ah, don't pay no attention to them, Chief, just a handful of kooks, you're doing great.".... And he believes it. Bars to the communication system. Information is the only difference between democracy and tyranny.

The predominant theme: PREDominant, right there out in front, you can just see it coming, on its face, the material is making you fight to stay cool. When considered as a **whole**: not an isolated word or statement, not anything out of context, but when considered within the direction of the theme, within the material surrounding it because ideas are communicated not by the definition of words alone but by their usage. This is particularly true with the four-letter "filth" variety. Like "Fuck you," a phrase most often used to denote anger. No one means anything like what the term means, we don't mean "I want to make love to you"....No, we mean "I hate you"....Thus Lenny Bruce suggested "Unfuck you...."

Appeals to Prurient Interest in Sex: The Court here (because it is still dealing with the Average American) recognizes that we all have a prurient interest in sex. We all have lustful wishes or thoughts, but if a work specifically is designed to entrap you, to exploit you, by appealing to that lust then it may be obscene. (If they had built the Washington Monument in an attempt to get the Matachine people, the faggot convention for Washington, then the monument would be obscene, whether it was successful or not.) This is the point that really messes people up. This is where society is really screwed up, because most people will tell you "Yeah, I bought a *Cavalier*, I wanted to read Terry Southern's column." Right? Well, it's usually a lie. If I bought *Cavalier* it would be to look at some naked chick, because there just isn't anything dirty about a beautiful body. God doesn't make dirty bodies, people do. And then He calls them back like General Motors. That's the hassle. We know about this healthy, normal interest in sex and then we go and call it "prurient" ... as if it were abnormal and unhealthy. God made feet, knees, necks, but not asses and tits. That's really absurd. But the fault isn't in the law, no, the law doesn't need changing, it's the **contemporary community standards** that need adjusting. That's the beautiful thing about our Constitution. It is self-adjusting. It's like the people think that the Supreme Court is opening up new areas in housing, in Federal Power, in the obscenity laws. Well, it isn't, the Court is just the Constitution's voice saying, "Dig, I am adjusting to changing social standards." That's what is beautiful about this country, that ability to change. The hassle arises, and it has never been more of a hassle, more danger-

ous than now, when because of bureaucracy the process of adjustment is slower than the demands of the membership.

However, sooner or later, we will apply all this computer technology and get back to a more efficient, more direct democracy. That's why I choose to hang out. Meanwhile, I just do my bit to see that the information that exemplifies the change in our society gets through to the people I elect to interpret my wishes for me.

Meanwhile, back at the Ob Scene, the material is **patently offensive**: Here the Court thought it necessary to repeat itself, to stress the point that the material must be explicitly designed to entice and entrap...when applied to **contemporary community standards** -- not Mid-Victorian standards, or Roman standards, or even Biblical standards, but the standards of here and now, in this city. Atlanta, for instance, which has to pless entertainment as a **standard**, Tits cannot be considered obscene on the street, or playing tennis, or even in church...Distasteful maybe, "obscene" no. There is the difference. When dealing with the spoken or written word, it must be remembered that a great many things in our society are distasteful but it must not be called obscene to talk about them. An example of what happens when distaste creates a taboo is syphilis. We could wipe out this disease in six months, Dr. Ehrlich straightened that whole scene out nearly a hundred years ago. But it is still around because "nice guys" (in addition to finishing last) never, ever expose themselves to the possibility of contracting syphilis unless they use public toilets. Right? By suppressing information about it we actually decrease it's vulnerability. This applies to words also. They develop an impact force, a prurient appeal only because they are suppressed.

Finally, **utterly without redeeming social value**: This is perhaps the only phrase in the entire opinion that is vague. REDEEMING.... redeeming social value. Necessarily vague because neither the Court nor the Constitution wants to define what areas of society are in need of redemption and what areas are not. They leave that to us...again we can see the potential of the document and the faith the framers of it had in human nature. At this point the Courts are forced to look to the people for information. How are they reacting to the material? Is it generating a growing force? Is it causing a changing attitude? They look to precedent in past, related, decisions and look to us. Not necessarily the majority of us because the material might not have reached all of us, but to those of us most affected by the change. The hassle around this point, the polarization is this; some are sure that all attempts to change are regressive. The Court and Constitution believe that all **SUCCESSFUL** changes WERE necessary, progressive and good. All **UNSUCCESSFUL** attempts were unnecessary, regressive and evil. Here clearly the decision is ours. The sick thing is this, if I get busted for obscenity, it is your fault, not the fuzz, not the Supreme Court, yours...because you, some of you, are not demonstrating what your community standards really are. You're still suppressing and hiding and euphemizing what you do in bed, in the toilet, in the streets.

The ruling discussed above has been around since the fifties. Since that time a further protection for the public was added in a later ruling. In essence it said that to commercially exploit any material for the sake of prurient interest (to entice by advertising those parts of the material that may have prurient appeal) to the exclusion of the other values the work may have, may result in loss of the privilege guaranteed under the First Amendment. That WQXI, *The North Side News*, Mr. William Bryce of North Fulton High, Judge Woffard and legislator Slaton saw fit to disregard the tenets of the Supreme Court ruling by not treating the material as a **whole**, by not applying the Average Man test, or the prurient interest test, is a perfect illustration of the mechanics of misuse of a communication media. It is precisely this kind of restriction of limiting of information to which the First Amendment addresses itself. By publicizing "those parts of the material for the sake of prurient interest, to the exclusion of all other values the work may have," these self-styled censors have further violated the rights of the community as embodied in our Constitution.

- eric bonner



SECTIONAL TOUCHSTONE

And so they came. Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of them marching and marching, Mourning as they moved, mourning as they came.

And a threaded, shrill wove the air
"Oh mercy, mercy, take me in the stead," and they kept marching, marching, and mourning as they came.

Fearful thoughts, gruesome thoughts, thoughts of Purgation, desperation, and termination, choked them as they kept marching, marching, Marching and mourning as they came.

Some fell down, some died, some stopped to be carried on, But they kept marching, they kept marching and mourning as they came.

As the site drew near, the pace stunted, but they kept Marching and mourning as they came. Children were wailing, mother were marching And mourning as they came.

Stop, children, your oral fear! Knead yourself see and feel This dirge that is to carry sterile to your Offspring. Mourning as they came.

Fabricate those men to staunch the flame and bleach their Bones in the savour of dead Mothers and children, strap them down To drink the smoke and march and mourn, march and mourn as you come, march and mourn as you come.

Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds, Prosper my door with your entrails, Open up, puke every single instance of Your functions into the smolder of one man, men, one woman, women, one child, children.

Demurring mother, cribbed her baby in her arms and choked it, bemoaning, "This death, you will not give.

Lamenting woman, cut her baby into pieces and ate it, Wailing, "It sucked my body until it swelled me with writhing and burst forth from a vacuum as A rain drop pierces the surface of a spewing sea. Since that day . . . (cries out) I have been Hungry, hungry to this day of marching, mourning, marching and mourning, and mourning, as they came.

Oh God, oh dear God, can not some mirage pluck out the Eyes and devour the shade of blindness to Save this marching and mourning, marching and mourning, and, mourning as they came. Can not one more thread of mercy be slithered away to yoke this mourning, marching kindling to a nemesis due to this piteous marching and mourning, marching and mourning, and mourning as they came.

Men, man, women, woman, children, child, Move into my open flame, Bask in its giant heat, and quickened singe!!

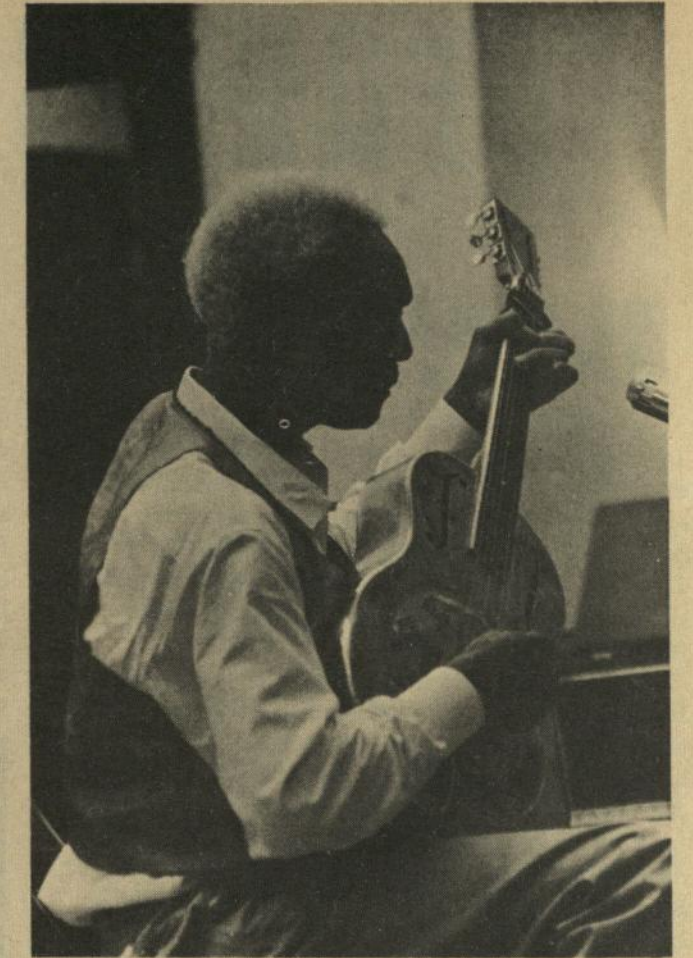
Lillie Kate Walker
Spelman College



BUDDY MOSS



BERNICE REAGON



BABE STOVALL photo by fletcher

the power of soul roots: Black catharsis

The Second Annual Soul Roots Festival was held on April 26 and 27, 1968, at Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia. From the depth of their black experiences, the "soul roots" singers performed before full houses on both nights -- and clearly indicated that the Black Soul Roots Festival is destined to become a worthy part of Morehouse's tradition of excellence.

The black experience is a strange phenomenon. It embodies three centuries of agonizing torment with which the black American has been forced to wrestle; it encompasses his endless struggles to obtain self-hood and dignity. Yet the black experience goes beyond "trials and tribulations." It is, as well, a story of survival -- regardless of the merciless lynchings, beatings, rapes, and castrations that have been inflicted upon black people. The black man has managed to survive because he has cleansed his spirit with a type of purifying balm, abundantly found in his music. Call it "Black Catharsis." The black experience is a burning feeling and is best expressed by music, the art which best lends itself to intensified emotions. This is why the slave shanties behind Ole Massa's Great House were alive with vibrant chords, with a magic that emanated from the joy and sadness of their themes; they were acts of survival, songs to sustain an unbroken and unfettered spirit in light of the crushing odds.

THE POWER OF BLACK CATHARSIS!

Bernice Reagon -- in a voice as smooth as silk and with a determination as iron as a Prometheus -- told her audience, "This is a lesson in survival, a lesson to let you know how WE made it. We have to educate you, an education which has too long been denied you." And as if she were evoking the black Muses, she began to wail her opening notes -- so simple in their gravelly pleas, yet so intricately varied beneath the surface:

Cumb by ya, mah Lawd, cumb by ya!
Cumb by ya, mah Lawd, cumb by ya!
Cumb by ya, mah Lawd, cumb by ya!
Ow-w-w-w! Lawd, cumb by ya!

A spell fell upon the audience, which was lost in a paroxysm of shrieks and jerks, cries and whoops. Sweat swept from the chapel's very walls, washing the people in magic waters that seemed to cleanse their pent-up emotions. One old woman, so deeply drenched by the flood of emotional sincerity in every beat, fell into a frenzy that was picked up by all those who were near her.

THE POWER OF BLACK CATHARSIS!

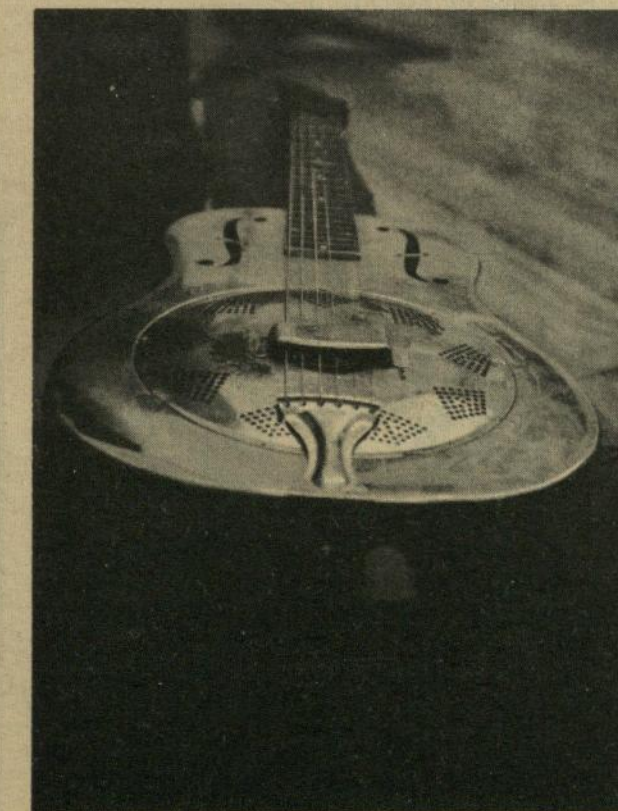
James Weldon Johnson's "black and unknown bards of long ago" were undoubtedly resurrected during that Friday

and Saturday of "soulful" learning. Bessie Smith -- whose enormous stock of talent was not destroyed by her tragic death -- could sincerely applaud the merits of Mable Hillary, a highly special sort of singer. Dressed in black and radiating the intense heat of a Mother Earth, Mable "stung" her listeners with the teasing-shifting rhythms of her blues, leaving them breathless and awed. "When the color comes back to yo cheeks, honey, I'm gon sting you some mo," she said -- and once more began a powerful and soulful delivery that will not be soon forgotten.

THE POWER OF BLACK CATHARSIS!

Babe Stovall, with his wisp of white hair and peppery baritone, plucked his guitar strings with a skill and a perfection that only years of experience could have produced. Years -- and plenty of soulful love for his art! It was not only a "soul" session, but a "love" session in which a beautiful black man gave freely of himself and asked only that "you stay wif me til I tune my guitar, will ya, please?" The wait was worthwhile. Babe Stovall, the product of the Louisiana experience, gave his message a simple nobility that undoubtedly was formed in his personal black experience. He is the exquisite black pearl produced from the gritty bowels of the oyster's guts.

Rev. Pearlie Brown, armored in Christian love and in



the wisdom that only the black experience could stimulate, presented the perfect picture of Negro survival. In his total blindness, he is the epitome of black endurance. He is the incarnation of black stoicism impervious to perturbations -- but, just the same, filled with the fiery liquors of activism and spiritual freedom. This is the Christian stoicism which enflamed the hearts of the black slaves during their "revival meetin's down by the Ribber Jerdin." This is the lesson that Rev. Brown's songs say that he has learned. His gospels do not speak of Stoic apathy; instead they are spiced with the ginger of "soulful" feeling. His art undoubtedly recreates him by literally "re-making" him so that when he has "seen" and "felt" with his "soul," he is renewed and is given an internal peace, a personal motivation to face a greatly enlarged and precarious world. If only others could have such sight -- and experience the power of such catharsis!

The black man, they say, is synonymous with emotionalism and rhythm -- and that no white man, no matter how intelligent he may be, can ever understand the cries of the Liz Spraggins and the gospel choirs or the black quartets or the Afro-Cuban flavor of the Key West Junkanos. Perhaps he can; perhaps he cannot. At any rate, there were many who were sprawled in their seats when the banjos bumped out their pounding beats. There were many who swooned when the gusty harmonies of the gospel choirs thundered like mighty trumpet calls resounding from heaven's airy loft.

The power of Black Catharsis!
The miracle!
The ecstasy!

The Black Soul Roots Festival -- in its black grandeur and noble teachings -- was a lesson in endurance. It took a bit of sweat to stay the course, but once the lesson began there was no wanted recess. There was too much to learn, too much to hear and see. Only those who have been purified by the Festival's intended catharsis can really appreciate the originality of the black contribution to music. To life. To survival. At the very moment of purification, the ordinary world fractures; beauty and freshness are let in like sunlight -- and one remembers the words of Jacques Romain's prelude:

Africa I have kept your memory Africa
you are inside me
Like the splinter in the wound
like a guardian fetish in the center
of the village
make me the stone in your sling
make my mouth the lips of your wound . . .

What words cannot describe, memory must not forget. So sing me a song, you black bards of memory, songs of delight and sorrow, of love and hate, of life and death, the rapture that blackness produces -- and you have sung "soul" itself.

Philip Erskine Brown
Morehouse College
Atlanta, Georgia

FREE SPEECH SSOC BANNED RUSK INVITED

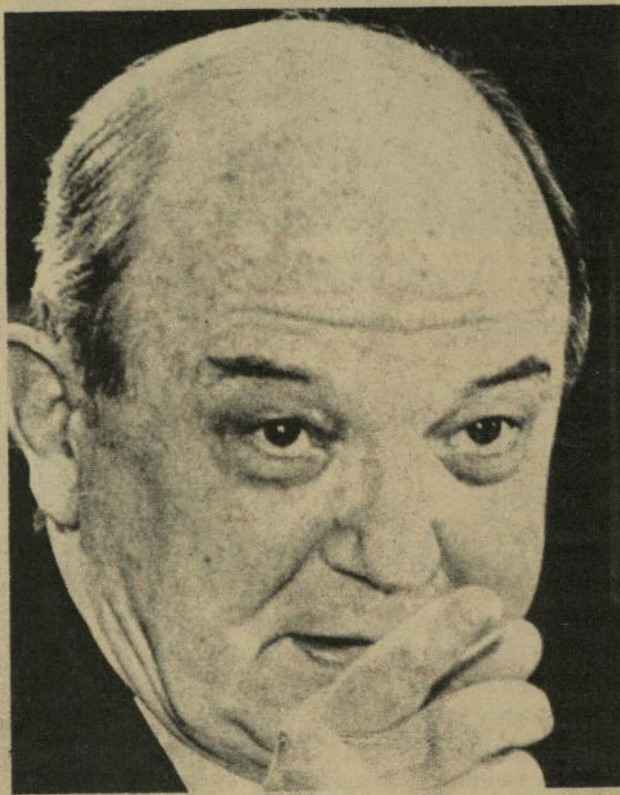
At 2:15 p.m. on the afternoon of Friday, May 3, the university recognized SDS/SSOC chapter at the University of Georgia had use of two auditoriums and five classrooms to host the annual Spring Conference of the Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC). At 2:30 p.m., 15 minutes before scheduled registration, the chapter was notified that permission to use university facilities had been revoked.

Apparently the university had buckled to pressure from the state or national level to disallow the meeting of the radical students. The Athens SDS/SSOC chapter had given prior announcement that a break in the conference was scheduled to allow representatives from other southern campuses to join them in an anti-Vietnam war demonstration protesting the appearance on campus of Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Rusk was scheduled to speak on Saturday at annual Law Day ceremonies at the university. Ironically, his remarks were to follow the theme of National Law Day, "Only a Lawful Society Can Build a Better Society."

In a letter to the SDS/SSOC chapter cancelling the use of an auditorium, Dean of the Law School Lindsey Cowen stated that he considered it inappropriate to make space available to SSOC on the same day as Law Day activities were being carried on. The chapter responded in a leaflet stating in part, "Given the actions of the University and the theme of Law Day, participants in Law Day activities would do well to ask, What happened to the 'Better Society' when those in control of the 'Lawful Society' use their laws to stifle free speech and assembly? And since this institution lays claim to being a university, students ought to be asking, What kind of a university is it that uses its 'duly constituted authority' to prevent the free exchange of all ideas?"

Following discussion running late into Friday night and

spilling over into Saturday morning, delegates to the SSOC conference and members of the local SDS/SSOC chapter decided to use university facilities for the conference in spite of the ban by the university administration. The first working session of the conference was held in the main lounge of the University Student Center following a picket line and some direct action protesting Rusk's visit. Later workshops were held in one of the classroom buildings originally scheduled for use by the conference. No action was taken by the university.



WHITE SUPPORT

A national committee has been formed to attempt to develop a role for white American radicals in the Black Power movement. Its Director, Abe Weisburd, says it will be called White Americans to Support Black Liberation. Its tentative program includes these points:

To give aid and comfort to the Black Community by supplying food, medications, etc. for storage, to be available during and after attacks are made upon these committees.

To support and defend Black Liberation organizations and Black militants financially, morally, and legally.

To circulate, in the white communities, educational materials dealing with the historic struggle of Black Americans to achieve self-determination and their human rights.

James Forman, Director of the New York office of SNCC, wrote an open letter which says, "... I have asked Abe Weisburd to head a committee called: White Americans to Support Black Liberation. Many whites have come to me asking what they can do about the Queens Seventeen, LeRoi Jones, Eddie Oquendo, Cleveland Sellers, Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, and the upsurge of black resistance and revolts.

"Since I know something about the inner workings of this committee, and the consistent support given to black power and SNCC by Abe Weisburd, let me say that Abe has the respect of the leadership of SNCC. So Abe is the best man to head this committee, and I urge you to work with him."

In Atlanta, plans are being made to form a local group along similar lines. Anyone interested in attending preliminary planning meetings or in submitting suggestions as to lines of action or forms which such an organization might take, should write: White Support for Black Liberation, Box 7477, Atlanta, Georgia.

Cliff Conner

BLOODY MONEY

IOWA CITY, Iowa, April 10 (LNS)—Thirty-four graduate students at the University of Iowa, all holding federal grants, are donating \$1,806.50 from their government allowances to war-relief and war-protest organizations, it was announced on April 4.

The protest by federally-financed students is now beginning to spread to other campuses as well, according to Dave Miller of *Middle Earth*, the campus underground newspaper.

The money, which will be supplemented by a voluntary tithing on federal checks in the future, will go to: American Friends Service Committee, Resist, Caritas International, Students for a Democratic Society, the Committee of Responsibility, McCarthy for President campaign, Student Bail Fund, Southern Student Organizing Committee, and The Week of Compassion for Christian Churches.

CAMP-IN

NON-VIOLENT INTEGRATED CAMP-IN THIS WEEKEND, MAY 11 - 12 AT LAKE LANIER INDEFIANCE OF FORSYTH COUNTY VIGILANTES.

Meet at 11 a.m. Saturday at the Wheat St. Baptist Church. Leave 12 noon for Lake Lanier. All law enforcement agencies have been contacted for protection. Minors are welcome, but not encouraged to attend. Statements relinquishing responsibility must be signed by parents. Forms will be available at the Wheat St. Church.

NO BOOZE NO WEAPONS NO VIOLENCE

(For further information call the Georgia Council on Human Relations, 525-6468.)

MABLE HILLARY
MAY 10/11
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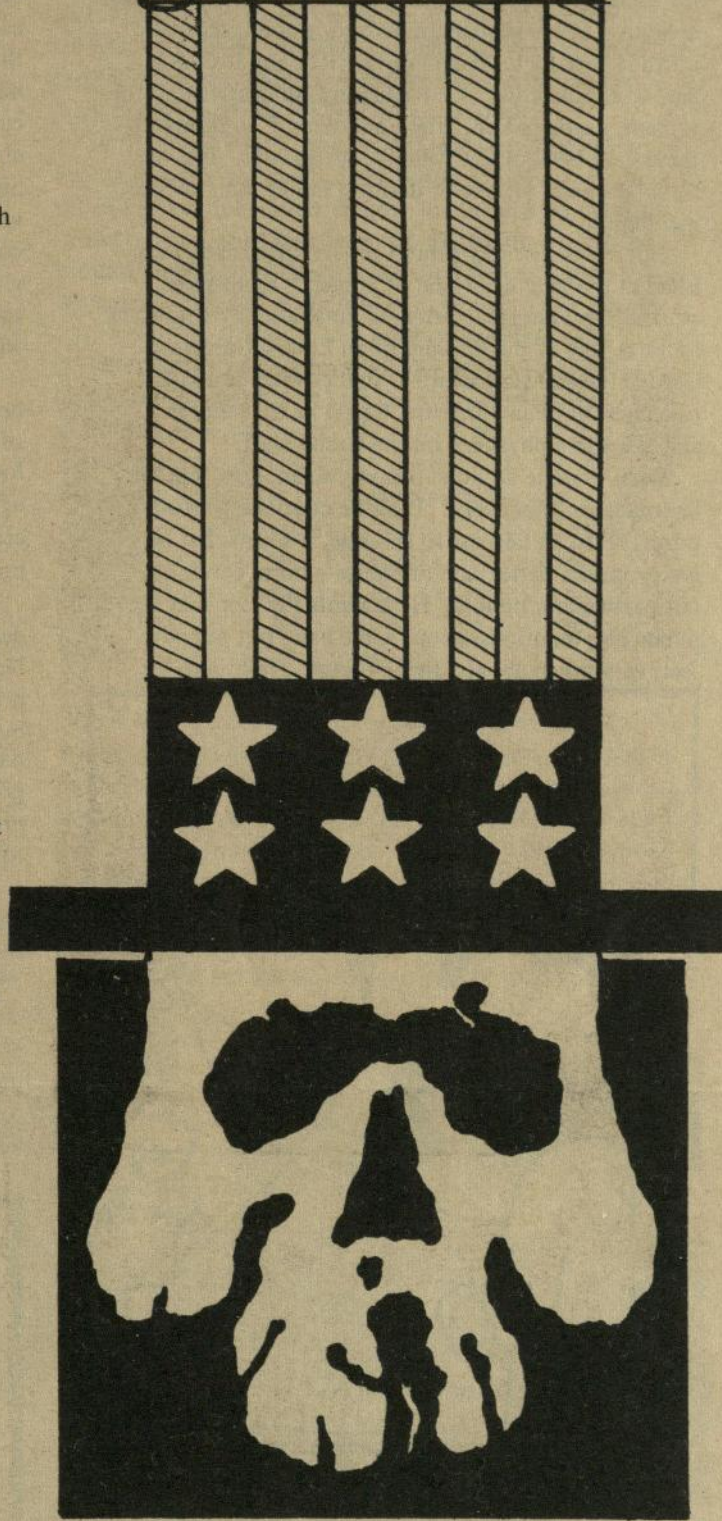
Mr. Dick Barnett, former member of the State Department and currently co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington D.C., last week warned a Georgia State College audience that the involvement of the United States in Vietnam resulted from a rational policy which if allowed to continue will involve the U.S. in similar actions in underdeveloped nations for generations to come. Barnett further suggested in his speech, entitled *Dean Rusk and Che Guevara: Two Worlds in Collision*, that the bureaucracy which maintains current U.S. policy is seemingly incapable of reforming itself, and will be changed only through the pressure of the student movement, the black movement and the business community.

Vietnam is not a blunder, states Barnett. "These 'mistakes' grow out of a world view that our leadership has consistently applied for twenty years -- a world view which is in direct conflict with those who are leading various insurgent movements." United States policy assumes that the U.S. has the "power and right" to define the economic development of third world countries and to intervene both economically and militarily to that end. Revolutionary leaders throughout the underdeveloped world are denying that right and attempting to defeat that power.

Barnett outlined the conflict between the way American "national security managers" and leaders of third world insurgent movements view economic development. "Managers" like Walt Rostow of the State Department Policy Planning Council assume that they possess the *only* model for economic development, and further that they possess the right to enforce that model. They say that third world countries, such as Cuba, El Salvador or Vietnam, can progress only through the development of a professional middle class which will accept the advice and assistance of the West and which will if necessary put down by force those dissident political elements which demand basic structural change in the country. By this model countries will gradually accumulate capital, finally reaching the "take-off" stage of economic independence.

In contrast to this view, revolutionaries see conditions which deny the validity of the U.S. theory. They see that in the last ten years world prices for their exports have declined, their share of international trade has decreased, their tax structures have become even less efficient, and their democratic freedoms fewer. The revolutionaries see the middle class and the army as reactionary forces supported by the United States. Rather than confronting the "crushing problems of housing, sanitation and public health", the emergent middle class tends to work itself into a comfortable position within the society. Similarly, in the U.S. theory of development, the army is supposed to become a stable force for progress, doing "peaceful tasks of civic action, building roads and hospitals", but in practice the Army is used to repress political dissidents and harass those who demand basic change.

dean rusk vs. che guevara



"So the revolutionaries," Barnett says, "see that the problem requires total reshuffling of the class structure, of the political structure, and of the institutions of their country. They see that a theory of development which attempts to build on the groups in power will, in fact, perpetuate those conditions which have created their misery and poverty rather than lead to any kind of basic change. And so they see the United States as a very reactionary force in their country."

Barnett suggests that "American intervention in the third world is beginning to promote a much stronger revolutionary movement. Even where the United States has been temporarily successful in aiding the repression of insurgents, such as in Guatemala, the result is to produce a much stronger radical political movement, particularly among students."

"Unless the United States is prepared to make fundamental changes in its analysis of world economics, then we are going to be locked in conflict for a generation... Yet in order to change, in order to prevent another Vietnam, we will have to clearly say 'No more Vietnams.' Look what's happening in Vietnam, in Thailand, and in Guatemala..."

To change its interventionist policies, says Barnett, the United States must immediately begin to curtail its military missions, its CIA activities, and its foreign aid programs. "In effect, the United States would exert enormous influence if it stopped supplying the police, if it stopped manipulating local politics, and if it stopped trying to design the institutions of these countries... If the foreign influence of the United States is removed, the governments would have to seriously confront the revolutionary situation knowing it will not have the Colossus of the North ready to suppress the insurgents. It will then have to open up its politics and its economy."

Barnett feels that there is little hope that the bureaucracy can reform itself. "The structure of the bureaucracy is designed to suppress the examination of the basic premise of a moral decision." (In the case of Hitler's staff's decision to liquidate the Jews, and in the similar case of President Truman's staff's decision to drop the atomic bomb, the moral question of whether or not it should be done was never raised. The entire discussions were about the best and most economical way in which the action could be done.)

Barnett suggested, however, that certain political pressures might change the bureaucracy. The student movement, the black movement, and business pressures could force a change in international policies. Economists are now beginning to see that the U.S. is dangerously overextended abroad, resulting in a serious strain on the domestic economy. In terms of the human and the economic costs of continued and protracted wars, and in terms of the domestic political repression such wars will require, the United States cannot afford to continue its present policy of unilateral intervention in the third world.

Poor Peoples' CAMPAIGN

(Because of the exigencies of publication, the Bird is unable to provide coverage of the Poor Peoples' Campaign march in Atlanta on Thursday and Friday. But as background to the Atlanta events we present stories from Memphis, Tennessee and Marks, Mississippi. The author is a staff reporter for The Southern Courier.)

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Ever since the death of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., SCLC leaders planned to begin his Poor Peoples' campaign here in Memphis where he died.

They planned it so that from the very spot where he died -- on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel -- a group of blacks and whites together would leave for Washington to present the plight of American poor people to the nation's leaders.

So far, with the campaign now more than a week old, it appears that most of what was planned has come about in spite of delays and minor changes.

The mass rally at the Masonic Temple auditorium May 1 displayed a new spirit that Memphis Negroes attribute to the city's two month long sanitation strike and Dr. King's death.

Again and again the crowd of more than 9,000 people drowned out the speakers with cheers. Young people, some of them decorated with earrings, necklaces and African-style shirts leaped from their seats as they cheered, stabbing the air with outstretched arms and chanting about soul and soul power.

The Rev. Ralph Abernathy sent the enthusiastic crowd home with a long speech about where Dr. King's movement is going.

"He left enough dreams to keep us busy for the next hundred years," said Abernathy, "plus the fact I got a dream or two myself."

Abernathy and Mrs. Coretta Scott King appeared at the motel the next morning to place a plaque commemorating Dr. King on the spot where he was shot down.

The the people who were bound for Mississippi and Washington, most of them young, loaded their baggage on a truck as SCLC's Hosea Williams walked among the marchers leading them in freedom songs.

For nearly an hour the line of about 700 marchers led a police escort and dozens of newsmen over a winding route through Main Street and crowded slums on the way to the buses.

It was late afternoon before buses carrying about 350 of the marchers finally set out on the 70-mile trip to Marks.

At a courthouse rally in Marks, as white men gathered silently in small groups across the street, Abernathy complained about the way demonstrators had been arrested and injured the day before. Then the 800 marchers returned to church for a meal supplied by the people of Marks.

In the days that followed, while Mississippi State Police cars continued a heavy patrol all over the town, the Memphis marchers and the poor people of Marks got down to the business of preparing for the journey to Washington.

Meanwhile, caravans of poor people were heading to the capitol from all over the country. The southern caravan left Jackson, Mississippi on Monday and was in Birmingham, Alabama Wednesday night.

MARKS, MISSISSIPPI

The Poor Peoples' Campaign stayed in Marks this week a lot longer than anyone had planned. Some people -- newsmen, local police and the marchers themselves -- began to get restless.

The reason for the delay, the Rev. Andrew Young said last Monday, was the difficulty in arranging for the Freedom Train to carry about 200 poor people from Marks to Washington. These people will build the city of hope shanty town in the capitol.

But SCLC leaders in Marks seemed to feel that the extra time was being used well.

"We're going to start working together right now," said the Rev. James Bevel, "So that when we get to Washington, we're not going to be a crowd, but a disciplined non-violent army."

The weeks ahead in Washington will not be easy ones, Bevel said, and the people in the campaign will have to learn to go without certain comforts. "I'm gonna teach you to live like lions in the jungle," he said.

cont. on page 15

mrs. king: Ten Commandments On Vietnam in nyc

Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr. addressed an estimated crowd of 90,000 people in New York City April 27 who were protesting the war in Vietnam, the draft and racial oppression.

The rally was dedicated to Dr. King, who had accepted an invitation to be the keynote speaker before he was slain in Memphis. When Mrs. King arrived she was greeted with a roar of acclaim and sustained applause.

Surrounded by dozens of guards, Mrs. King said:

"You who have worked with and loved my husband so much,

"You who have kept alive the burning issue of war in the American conscience,

"You who will not be deluded by talk of peace, but who will press on in the knowledge that the work of peacemaking must continue until the last gun is silent,

"I come to you in my grief because you keep alive the work and dreams for which my husband gave his life. I now come hoping you will keep me strong for the lonely road ahead."

Mrs. King read what she called the "Ten Commandments on Vietnam," which she said were jotted down on a slip of paper found on the body of her assassinated husband. The decalogue, stylistically patterned after the biblical ten commandments, warned against believing in a military or a political victory in Vietnam, suggested that the National Liberation Front has more support than the Saigon government, attacked U.S. casualty figures and the belief that "the generals know best." The Commandments ended with the words, "Thou shalt not kill."

"Never in the history of this nation," she said, "have the people been so forceful in reversing the policy of our government in regard to war. We are indeed on the threshold of a new day for the peacemakers.

"But just as conscientious action has reversed the tide of public opinion and governmental policy, we must now turn our attention and the soul force of this movement of people of good will to the problems of the poor here at home....

"With this determination," she concluded, "with this faith, we will be able to create new homes, new communities, new cities, a new nation -- yes, a new world which we desperately need."

Mrs. King sat down to a standing ovation. Pete Seegar at her request arose and sang *Anger in the Land*, a well known protest song by the famous Georgia poet, writer and educator, Mr. Don West.

(Compiled from news reports.)

Defense Fund

A Defense Committee has been organized and a Defense Fund established in response to a rash of harassment-type arrests in the 14th St. area following the conviction and sentencing of David Braden on April 23. The Defense Committee includes concerned attorneys, churchmen, teachers, merchants, artists, hippies and staff members of the Great Speckled Bird.

The Defense Fund will be used for bail and legal fees of persons having no other resources. Planned is contact with other neighborhood defense committees in an effort to set up a city-wide committee and fund to aid indigent victims of police harassment throughout the city. In addition, a continuing discussion and dialogue is planned to consider means of ending police harassment of minority groups possessing little political power in the city.

Persons wishing to contribute to the Fund or assist the Committee may call 892-1762 or 892-7891.

12-the great speckled bird

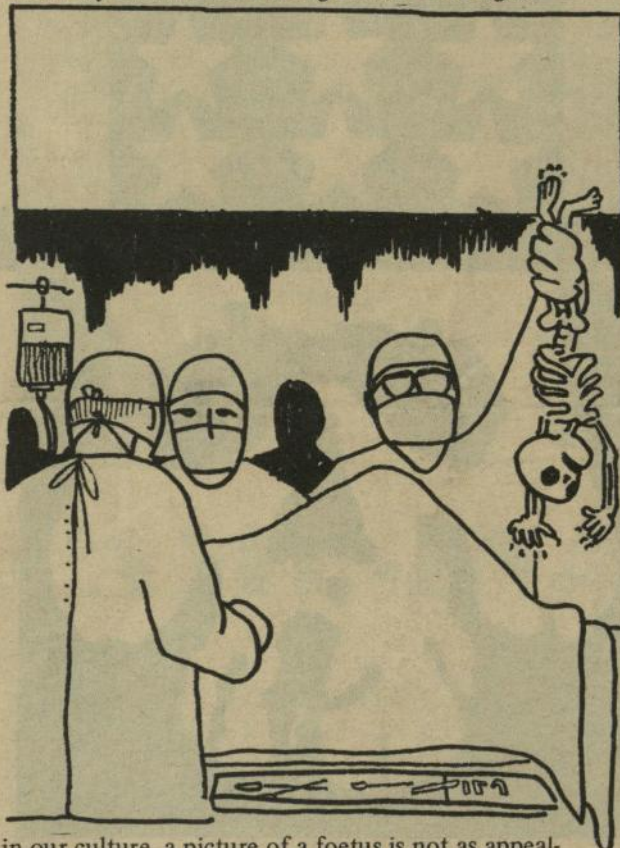
DISEASE

and POVERTY

This was to be a calm, logical, unemotional exposition of the theory that we are devising means of delaying social change in the name of science. The detached, objective, unemotional, uninvolved, amoral, scientific attitude is of high value in our society and it does not lead to social action. Emotionalism, subjectivity, involvement, participation, "right and wrong" judgements--these have been of low value in our society. The very term "do good" is one of derision rather than of commendation.

But my objectivity (about others' objectivity) vanished at the reading of one of Sunday's front-page stories. I am enraged, outraged, unabashedly emotional at the report of the findings of an Emory University Grady Hospital staff member that poverty is a killer of babies, born and unborn. Can it be that *that* is still news to a physician on the Grady staff?!

What does he do now, this physician, now that he has made this discovery? Does he continue to study poverty? In all fairness to this one, it seems that he has proposed better care of babies -- born, certainly, but particularly unborn. He laments the fact that the public gets emotional about a live baby but nobody feels very much about a living foetus. He's right --



in our culture, a picture of a foetus is not as appealing as a picture of a baby. But in our culture, motherhood is still appealing, so why not make sure that the mother of the foetus (sounds weird, doesn't it?) is well taken care of, that *she* has enough to eat, a decent place to sleep, no undue demands on her physically or emotionally, so that the foetus might have a friendly environment in which to live and grow?

He might start with the mothers and the mothers-to-be who work at Grady and Emory. Now that he has

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lost his scientific detachment about the foetus, will he go so far as to lend his support to the proposition that everybody who works at Grady and at Emory should earn enough to afford adequate care? Will he go before the Hospital Authority and speak for this? Will he ask his associates to join him? Will he offer to take a salary cut if necessary to bring this about? I date him! I challenge him and his scientific associates to speak out, not just in the newspaper, but at the seat of power where the decisions are made, that for the sake of the common good -- if one is not concerned with the individual good -- *all* children, *every* child must be fed, sheltered and given whatever it takes for him to start off with a healthy body, to house a healthy mind.

He and his scientific associates should hang their heads in shame that more babies die at birth in this land of plenty than in many other lands, where much of the food has to be imported, where the sun is gone for much of the year, where there is no food surplus and farmers are not paid to keep lands idle, where many babies are born at home and delivered by midwives.

Any other profession with such a record would be declared incompetent. Poverty may not be their fault, but physicians haven't done much to prevent it. And if it is a condition of bad health, then it is as much their business as anatomy or drugs or pure food. Let those who give their time to treat people after they are sick give their time as citizens to bring about changes that prevent sickness. Let them educate us all to the need for those changes, instead of resisting them.

One reaction to the report was that it was issued to "get a big fat government grant for them to do more studies on."

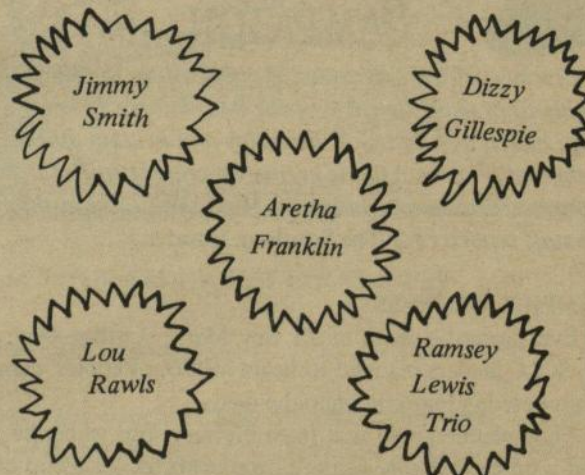
***Hurrahs for the Tech students and faculty for questioning the wages of Tech's lowest echelons. What will they do now with president Harrison's answer that the present rate -- \$1.15 an hour -- is adequate...? For information, President Harrison's salary for this year is \$32,500...

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soul ON ICE

LIBERATION News Service

by Eldridge Cleaver

Eldridge Cleaver is Minister of Information for the Black Panthers of California. He was recently sentenced to three years in prison by the California Adult Authority for parole violation -- a charge arising out of an incident with the Oakland Police Force in which Cleaver was wounded and another Panther, 18-year-old Bobby Hutton, was killed by police gunfire. According to Kathleen Cleaver, wife of Eldridge Cleaver and Secretary of Communications for the Panthers, the swift and arbitrary action by the parole board is unprecedented. The Black Panthers and the Peace and Freedom Party of California agree that Cleaver's imprisonment is another attempt by police to systematically intimidate or destroy the Black Panther party by liquidating or jailing its leadership.

...the pressing social problems which are feeding the conflagration raging in America's soul. . . can no longer be compromised or swept cleverly under the national rug of self-delusion. The possibility of concealment no longer exists, and the only ones deceived are the deceivers themselves. Those who are victimized by these "social problems" -- the Negroes, the aged, unemployed and unemployable, the poor, the miseducated and dissatisfied students, the haters of war and lovers of men -- have flung back the rug in outraged rebellion, refusing to be silenced until their grievances are uncompromisingly redressed. . .

The world capitalist system has come to a decisive fork in the road, and this is at the heart of our national crisis. The road to the left is the way of reconciliation with the exploited people of the world, the liberation of all peoples, the dismantling of all economic relations based upon the

the city, cordon off communities, blockade neighborhoods, invade homes, search for that which is hidden. The armed forces patrol the world, invade countries and continents, cordon off nations, blockade islands and whole peoples; they will overrun villages, neighborhoods, enter homes, huts, caves, searching for that which is hidden. . .

In their rage against the police, against police brutality, the blacks lose sight of the fundamental reality: that the police are only an instrument for the implementation of the policies of those who make the decisions. Police brutality is only one facet of the crystal of terror and oppression. Behind police brutality there is social brutality, economic brutality, and political brutality. . .

What is true on the international level is also true at home; except that the ace up the sleeve is easier to detect in the international arena. Who would maintain that American soldiers are in Vietnam on their own motion? They were conscripted into the armed forces and taught the wisdom of obeying orders. . . They have him wired-up tight with the slogans of TV and the World Series. . . Same for the policeman in Watts. He is not there on his own. They have all been assigned. They have been told what to do and what not to do.

. . . Both police and armed forces follow orders. Orders. Orders flow from the top down. Up there, behind closed doors, in antechambers, in conference rooms, gavels bang on the tables, the tinkling of silver decanters can be heard as icewater is poured by well-fed, conservatively dressed men in horned-rimmed glasses, fashionably dressed American widows with rejuvenated faces and tinted hair, the air permeated with the square humor of Bob Hope jokes. Here all the talking is done, all the thinking, all the deciding. . . The police are the armed guardians of the social order.



exploitation of man by man, universal disarmament, and the establishment of international rule of law with effective means of enforcement.

The road to the right is refusal to submit to the universal demand for national liberation, economic justice, peace, and popular sovereignty. To walk this last path, the decision-makers must be prepared to unleash worldwide genocide, including the extermination of America's Negroes. The people within these countries who try to stand against the will of the overwhelming majority of the human race must be willing to forego the last traces of their own liberty and see their governments turned into totalitarian regimes tolerating no dissent. The rage of the American power structure over the exercise of the constitutional right to dissent, to assemble and peacefully petition against Johnson's war in Vietnam, is only a mild taste of the hemlock the people will be forced to swallow if they allow their country to go down the death-seeking branch of the fork.

. . . The police department and the armed forces are the two arms of the power structure, the muscles of control and enforcement. . . The police do on the domestic level what the armed forces do on the international level: protect the way of life of those in power. The police patrol

The blacks are the chief domestic victims of the American social order. . . An economy consecrated to the succor of the whites. Blacks are incidental. The war on poverty, that monstrous insult to the rippling muscles in a black man's arms, is an index of how men actually sit down and plot each other's deaths, actually sit down with slide rules and calculate how to hide bread from the hungry. And the black bourgeoisie greedily sopping up what crumbs are tossed into their dark corner.

. . . One tactic by which the rulers of America have kept the bemused millions of Negroes in optimum subjugation has been a conscious, systematic emasculation of Negro leadership. Through an elaborate system of sanctions, rewards, penalties, and persecutions -- with, more often than not, members of the black bourgeoisie acting as hatchet men -- any Negro who sought leadership over the black masses and refused to become a tool of the white power structure was either cast into prison, killed, hounded out of the country, or blasted into obscurity and isolation in his own land and among his own people. His isolation was assured by publicity boycotts alternated with character assassination in the mass media, and by the fratricidal power plays of Uncle Toms who control the Negro commu-

nity in behalf of the white power structure. The classic illustrations of this quash-the-black-militant policy are the careers of Marcus Garvey, WEB DuBois, and Paul Robeson. (Editors note: and Huey Newton, H. Rap Brown, Le Roi Jones and others today).

. . . A young white today cannot help but recoil from the base deeds of his people. On every side, on every continent, he sees racial arrogance, savage brutality toward the conquered and subjugated people, genocide; he sees the human cargo of the slave trade; he sees the systematic extermination of the American Indians. . . There seems to be no end to the ghastly deeds of which his people are guilty. GUILTY. The slaughter of the Jews by the Germans, the dropping of the atomic bombs on the Japanese people -- these deeds weigh heavily upon the prostrate souls and tumultuous consciences of the white youth. . . The young whites know that the colored people of the world, Afro-Americans included, do not seek revenge for their suffering. They seek the same things the white rebel wants: an end to war, an end to exploitation. Black and white, the young rebels are free people, free in a way that Americans have never been before in the history of their country. And they are outraged.

There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history. . . respect commands itself and it can neither be given nor withheld when it is due. If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself and other former Muslims can change, if young whites can change, then there is hope for America. It was certainly strange to find myself, while steeped in the doctrine that all whites were devils by nature, commanded by the heart to applaud and acknowledge respect for these young whites -- despite the fact that they are the descendants of the masters and I the descendant of slaves. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the heads of the children, but only if the children continue in the evil deeds of the fathers. . ."

SOUL ON ICE by Eldridge Cleaver, from which the above excerpts were taken, was published in 1968 by McGraw-Hill Book Co.

POETS IN CONCERT

POETS IN CONCERT

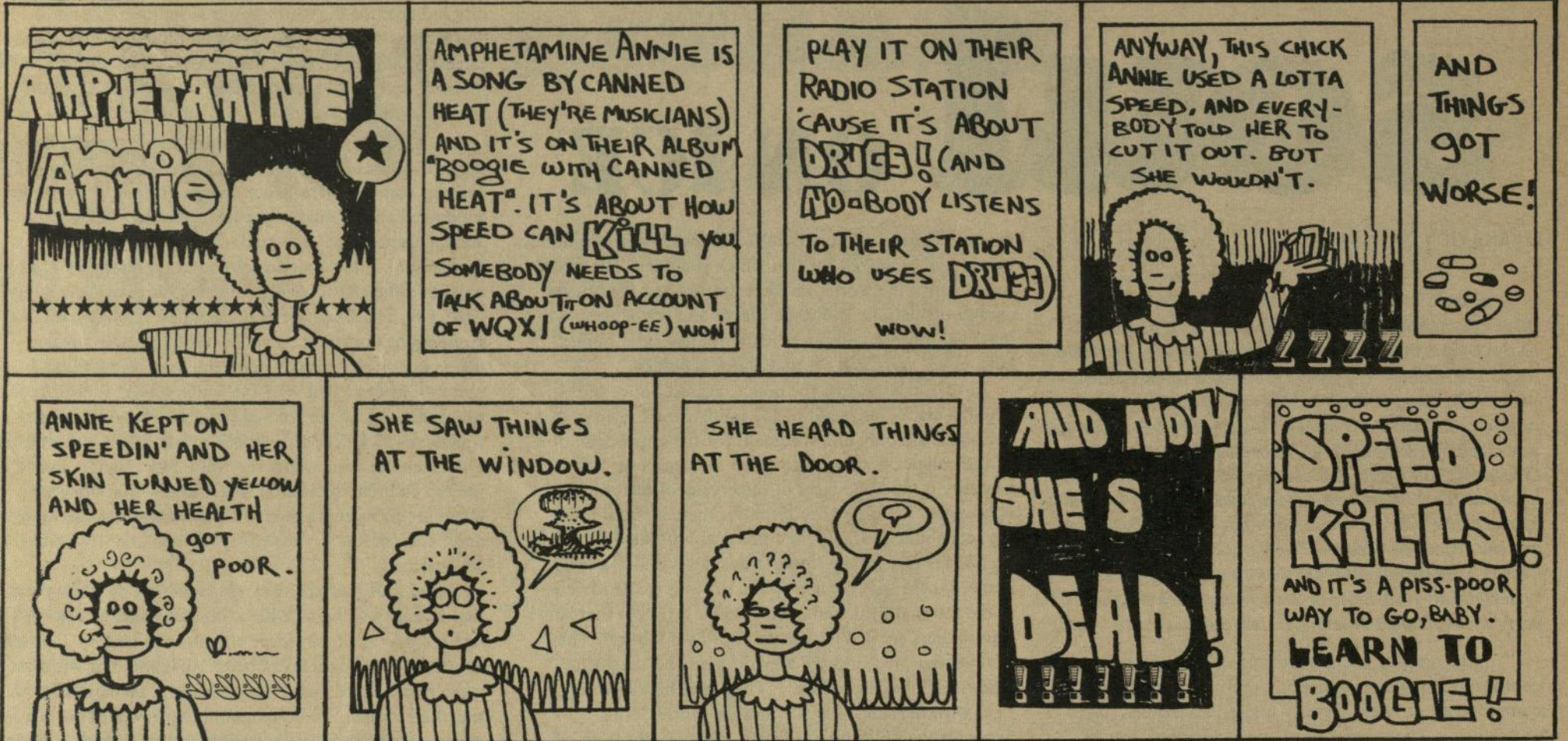
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SCEF

THE FOIBLE OF THE Reputable Citizen AND THE DOGGY GENERATION

ATLANTA, Ga.—Directors of the Louisville-based Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF) have called upon white Americans "to stop the senseless slaying of our leaders, to stop killing at home and abroad, and to practice the nonviolent ways hitherto preached to others."

The interracial SCEF board demanded an investigation of "the 3,000 local and regional police arsenals now being stockpiled with MACE, tanks, and weapons of war, in addition to the cattle prods and police dogs already in use."

"We also demand that authorities demilitarize the police and disarm white gun clubs," said the Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth, president of SCEF.

"We will find ourselves in an 'orderly' society where no one is free of decisions made by guns, police clubs, jails, and curfews," Mr. Shuttlesworth quoted the board as saying in a policy statement.

Mr. Shuttlesworth, a close associate of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., said the board action was prompted by the slaying of Dr. King on April 4 and the growing use of violence against demonstrators for peace and civil rights.

The SCEF leadership declared that the memory of Dr. King can only be honored "through the practical fulfillment of the things for which he died—an end to the war in Vietnam and to the war against black Americans at home."

SCEF, a Southwide organization devoted to fighting poverty and racial injustice, declared that the billions now spent for war in Vietnam should be used to rebuild "our wasted countryside and deteriorating cities" and to "eliminate poverty by a guaranteed basic family income."

The board said the federal government should do this in response to the Poor People's Campaign (PPC) now being conducted by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) with the support of SCEF and other organizations. Carl Braden, executive director of SCEF, went to Washington as a member of the PPC Committee of 100 led by the Rev. Ralph Abernathy.

The SCEF directors also declared: "We salute the courage of the young men, black and white, who are standing on their conscience and refusing to fight in what they are convinced is an evil war in Vietnam."

"Many of our young men are going to jail rather than acquiesce in a governmental policy they believe to be evil. Many are the same young men who have fought hardest for democracy here at home, in the civil rights movement, in the war against poverty, etc. We call upon President Johnson to grant amnesty to those in jail or on the way to jail for resisting the war."

Letters of support were sent to Cleveland Sellers, a leader in SNCC, who is in the Fulton County Jail here under a five-year sentence for draft refusal, and to Joe Mulloy and Don Pratt, in the Jefferson County Jail at Louisville under five-year sentences and \$10,000 fines. Mulloy is an organizer for SCEF.

Elected to membership on the SCEF board were Mrs. Jane Moore, wife of an Atlanta attorney and sister of Georgia State Rep. Julian Bond; Tom Bethell, Charleston, West Va., writer and former publicity director for the Appalachian Volunteers (AV's); Mrs. Rhoda Norman, New Orleans, and Mrs. Jan Phillips, Nashville, Tenn. Representative Bond has been a member of the SCEF board of directors for several years.

Wunst a Reputable Citizen whose Belly protruded More than Somewhat found himself Walking down Fourteenth on a Fine May Morning. Observing a group of Longhaired and Gaudy idlers on an Opposite Corner, he Murmured to himself several Platitudes about What the Younger Generation was Coming To.

"They do not Work," he Reflected, "and they Smoke bad stuff and swallow Pills and Cubes." (A half-hour later, the Reputable Citizen would consume, in Rapid Succession, two Martinis, three Aspirins, a Vitamin Pill, a Tranquilizer, two Cups of Coffee, and a Twenty-seven-and-a-half Cent Cigar.)

"They Indulge in Heterosexual Intercourse," shuddered the Reputable Citizen, "and in God knows what other Perversions." This thought caused an Unusual Sensation in his Lower Belly which he Attributed to Incipient Hernia.

"What is worst of all," thought the Reputable Citizen,

"they talk in Public about Things one should Do only in Private." (At this point one of the Longhairs shouted "Motherfucker!")

The Reputable Citizen had concluded that they were All Commies, when he Overheard two of them Talking. "What we Oughta do," said One, is Bomb the Dogshit outvem."

"Kill the Littleyellowbastids," observed the Other.

"If you can't Burn Folks in the Name of Free enterprise and the Americanwayoflife, whatinhell Can you burnem in the nameof?" Said the One.

The Reputable Citizen wandered off Content, Happy that the Younger Generation was not Going to the Dogs after All.

Moral: The Soldiers of Genghis Khan wore Beards.

—og, king of bashan

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POOR PEOPLE

cont. from page 11

off a small farm because it was no longer a feasible economic entity, so declared by people from the North, presumably New Dealers in Washington.

Having idealized the agrarian South and damned "Yankee Progress", Oglesby suggested that the relation between North and South is analogous to that between America and Vietnam. He commended the Vietnamese for fighting off "Yankee Imperialism", but it was never clear whether it should be the frail legions of SSOC, SCLC and SNCC who should fight off the Yankees, or the more traditional heroes of rural southern white civilization such as Wallace, Russell and Eastland.

Having confused many with his appeal to certain rather dubious aspects of the "Southern Tradition", Oglesby then launched into an involved analysis of American Imperialism in India to show that American economic aid does little good for its ill-fated recipients and that our imperialism does not stop in Vietnam.

The necessary difficulties involved in attempting to explain such a complex issue caused Oglesby to depart from his usual lucid and flowing rhetoric, which, up until this point, had held even the hippies mesmerized. The unaccustomed sound of harsh statistics fell heavily on their ears and sent many of them packing to the snowcone man for a short break.

Oglesby concluded that the fundamental and most important decisions affecting all of us -- Vietnamese, Southerners, and Indians -- are made in New York, and he said,

"that Yankee pre-eminence must be defeated."



The only way the campaign could be a success, Bevel said, is "if we got the ability to stick it out with each other and stand up for each other and respect each other. You see the white man has taught us to equate the soul of people with the environment in which they live. But just because a man's house is raggedy, it don't mean he's that way. You don't disrespect folks' property and food either. The bed they give you may be a box and a board, but it's sacred."

The majority of the marchers in Marks were teenagers, including several members of the Invaders, a well-known Memphis gang.

But when you're on the Poor Peoples' Campaign, Rev. Albert Sampson told them, "You're different from when you were in Memphis chasing girls. You're physicians now. You're out to help heal this sick white man's society."

Probably the most important lesson to be learned before going to Washington, the marchers were told, is the lesson of non-violence.

Willie Bolden, SCLC organizer for Marks, said the people must agree to be non-violent or they must not come along. "I'd rather be in Washington with a hundred non-violent folk than with two million crazy folk," Bolden said. "I think we can get more done that way."

But to make sure that everyone agreed, each person going to Washington had to sign a pledge of non-violence. In it, the people agreed not to strike back if they are hit, not to use abusive language, not to resist arrest, and to obey the campaign marshalls. The signers also promised to leave the march immediately if they felt they could no longer abide by their pledge.

--Bob Labaree

COMING EVENTS

FRIDAY May 10

\$\$\$BLUES Mable Hillary, Crucible Coffee House, Emory University. 9 p.m. - 1 a.m. \$1.00

\$\$\$BENEFIT PARTY for Fred Halstead. YSA. 635 Myrtle St. N. E. Apt. 4 8:30 p.m. Contributions

\$\$\$ANTIQUA SHOW Atlanta Municipal Auditorium 1:00 p.m.

SATURDAY May 11

\$\$\$ANTIQUA SHOW Atlanta Municipal Auditorium 1:00 p.m.

\$\$\$BLUES Mable Hillary, Crucible Coffee House, Emory University, 9 p.m. - 1 a.m. \$1.00

\$\$\$FILM Patch of Blue A.M.B. Emory University 8:15 p.m.

SUNDAY May 12

***TOUR - EXHIBITION Photography in the Fine Arts Conducted by Fred Gregory. High Museum of Art 3:00 p.m.

***PIANO RECITAL Sale Hall, Morehouse College 8:00 p.m.

***JAZZ The Jazz Tentet Unitarian Universalist Church, 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY May 13

***POETS IN CONCERT Sale Hall Chapel, Morehouse College 8:00 p.m. Workshop Sessions 3:00 p.m.

***FILM - CONFERENCE Drugs and the Nervous System Giles Hall Room 18, Spelman College. Film 6:30 - 7:30 p.m.; Conference 7:30 - 10:30

\$\$\$SLIDE LECTURE Cezanne's Nature Dr. Thomas Lyman High Museum of Art, 8:00 p.m.

***MEETING McCarthy for President. Unitarian Universalist Church, 8:00 p.m.

TUESDAY May 14

***MUSIC Benjamin Britten's Noye's Fludde Glenn Memorial Church, Emory University 7:30 p.m.

***POETS IN CONCERT Sale Hall Chapel, Morehouse College 8:00 p.m. Workshop Sessions 3:00 p.m.

***RADIO Psychedelic Music WPLO - FM, 8:00 - 10:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY May 15

***FILM Nothing But a Man Biology 106, Emory University 7:00 p.m.

THURSDAY May 16

***RALLY Petition Georgia Delegates to back Eugene McCarthy State Capitol 11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.

***LECTURE Creative Mythology Joseph Campbell. Sparks Assembly Hall, Georgia State College 8:00 p.m.

***RADIO Psychedelic Music WPLO-FM, 8:00 - 10:00 p.m.

SUNDAY May 19

***TOUR Sculpture in Corrugated Board Exhibition by Dorothy Berge. High Museum of Art 3:00 p.m.

\$\$\$FILM Fellini's Juliet of the Spirits Hill Auditorium, High Museum of Art, 8:00 p.m. \$1.75

MONDAY May 20

\$\$\$SLIDE LECTURE Picasso - The First Half Century Dr. John Howett. High Museum of Art 8:00 p.m.

***RECITAL Faculty Chamber Music Recital. Recital Hall of Kelly Hall, Georgia State College 8:30 p.m.

TUESDAY May 21

***FILM Wir Wunderkinder A.M.B. Auditorium, Emory University 8:30 p.m.

***PLAY No Exit Georgia State Players. Student Center A.R. 4. 8:00 p.m.

***RADIO Psychedelic Music WPLO - FM, 8:00 - 10:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY May 22

***MUSIC Haydn's The Creation Glenn Memorial Church, Emory University 8:15 p.m.

THURSDAY May 23

***MUSIC Haydn's The Creation Glenn Memorial Church, Emory University 8:15 p.m.

***RADIO Psychedelic Music WPLO-FM, 8:00 - 10:00 p.m.

FRIDAY May 24

***MUSIC Haydn's The Creation Glenn Memorial Church, Emory University 8:15 p.m.

SATURDAY May 25

\$\$\$FILM Tom Jones A.M.B. Auditorium, Emory University 8:15 p.m.

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CIVIL RIGHTS HOAX

BRIEF ANALYSIS OF "CIVIL RIGHTS" ACT OF 1968 (H.R. 2516)

By William Higgs and Guy Smythe

Authors' Comment: *(Unless the point not be obvious from the dry analysis that follows, it should be clearly stated that (a) the new law's sweeping anti-riot provisions, had they been in effect during the recent "disturbances," would probably have made all those arrested or participating in the "disturbances" guilty of a federal felony two or three times over, carrying penalties varying up to 5 years in prison and \$10,000 fine and (b) the very limited open housing provisions are largely unenforcable (e.g. economic intimidation carries no criminal sanctions at all), by and large do not take effect for two years, and are generally weaker than the 1866 law now before the Supreme Court.*

Moreover, and most importantly, the new law brings almost all civil disturbances within the coverage of federal law. This crucial fact means that under 10 U.S. Code 332 and 333(2) the president now has the power -- under the cover of enforcing federal law -- to directly move into and take over any state or local area with federal troops regardless of the feelings of either the authorities or the people of that state, precisely as the troops were sent to Little Rock, Oxford, Birmingham and -- around the turn of the century -- into Eugene Deb's Chicago)

1. Under the new civil rights protection law the U.S.

can't prosecute for violation of civil rights unless the Attorney-General first certifies that "A prosecution by the U.S. is in the public interest and necessary to secure substantial justice." (Sec. 101 (a))

2. The new civil rights protection law only prohibits acts "by force or threat of force." Economic intimidation is not covered. (Sec. 101 (a))

3. The so-called civil rights protection law (a) includes provisions making it a felony (1 year or \$1000) to interfere with the operation of a store of business during a civil disturbance (Sec. 101 (a)) (b) exempts all law enforcement officials, including toops, from its prohibitions against violating the civil rights of citizens.

4. Apparently, it is a separate felony to use either the phone, radio or TV and then or at the same time be involved in a riot in any way, e.g. looting or even violating curfew. The penalty is \$10,000 and/or 5 years. (Sec. 104 (a)) The Attorney-General is directed to immediately prosecute under this law or explain to the Congress why not. Labor organizing is exempted. A "riot" or "civil disturbance" is defined as a public disturbance involving 3 or more people together with an act of violence or a threat thereof. It's a crime to even publicly state that it is a right to riot.

5. Indian courts are given tribal jurisdiction only for crimes up to 6 months and/or \$500. All usual (for Americans) bill of rights limitations are imposed on the Indian courts. The new law states that it will not interfere with any treaty made by the U.S. with the Indians!

6. Fair housing gradually covers about 80% of all housing by 1970, but large exemptions are left in respect to sale of owners of up to 3 houses. (All housing is now covered by 42 U.S. Code 1982, and 1866 civil rights law now before the Supreme Court. That law simply states: "Sec. 1982. **Property Rights of Citizens.** All citizens of the United States and Territory, as is enjoyed by white citizens thereof to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property.") The enforcement procedure is first to conciliate then to allow local agencies first shot. The Secretary of HUD then can only move if he certifies that his action is necessary. If the Secretary doesn't act, then the aggrieved person can go to the U.S. District Court **if and only if** there is no state or local procedures. Even in federal court, the court can delay the case during conciliation efforts. Relief is limited to injunctions, actual damages, \$1,000 maximum punitive damages and Attorney's fees. Violent intimidation is punished by criminal statute. Economic intimidation is only subject to civil relief without criminal penalties.

7. Teaching someone how to make an explosive or incendiary device (especially a Molotov cocktail) or technique capable of causing injury or death (e.g. Karate) and having reason to know that it might be used in a civil disorder or riot is made a felony carrying a 5 year and/or \$10,000 penalty. Also, interfering with firemen or policemen is put in the same category.

LNS - April 15, 1968



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