

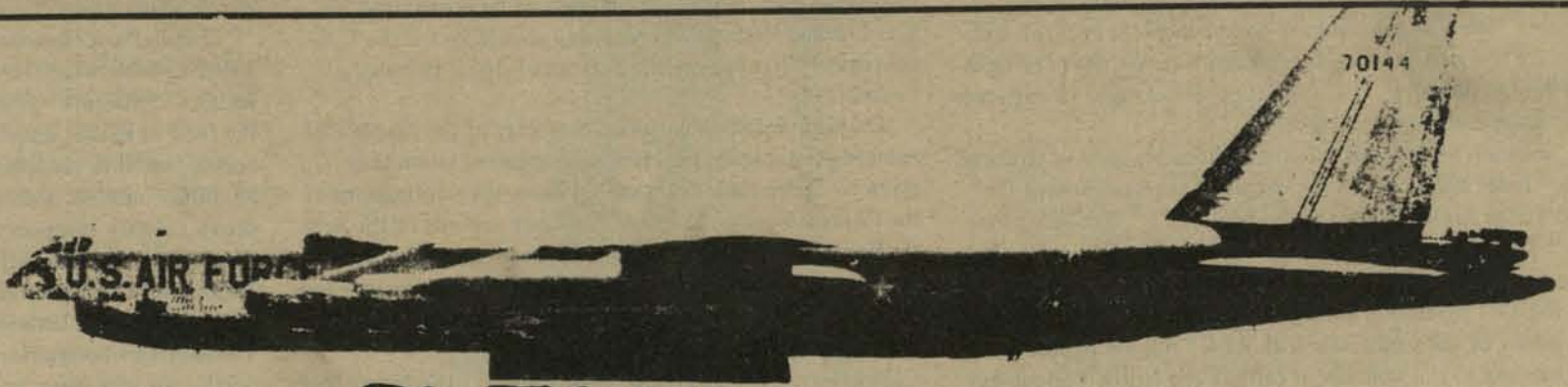
GREAT SPECKLED The Bitch

15 CENTS

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ĐÂY PHÔNG PHÁO CƠ KHỔNG LỒ B.52

Các bạn đã trải qua những trận mưa bom khủng khiếp gieo chết chóc và tàn phá. Vùng các bạn ở còn bị oanh tạc nữa, nhưng các bạn sẽ không bao giờ được biết là vào lúc nào. Các phi cơ sẽ bay thật cao, không thể nghe thấy và trông thấy được. Nó sẽ còn gieo chết chóc cho các bạn mà không báo trước. Hãy rời bỏ ngay khu vực này để tự cứu lấy tính mạng. Hãy sử dụng truyền đơn này hay Giấy Thông Hành của Chính Phủ quốc gia để đến tiền đồn gần nhất của Chính Phủ. Đồng bào và quan nhân của Chính Phủ Việt Nam Cộng Hòa sẽ hân hoan đón tiếp các bạn.

SAFE CONDUCT PASS TO BE ISSUED BY ALL UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AGENCIES AND ALLIED FORCES

MANG TÂM GIẤY THÔNG HÀNH này về công tác với Chính Phủ Quốc Gia các bạn sẽ được:

- Đơn tiếp tế lương thực
- Bảo đảm an ninh
- Đãi ngộ tương xứng



TÊN MỘT "MỘT" NHẬN MỘT SỐ QUÀ TẶNG VỚI TÀI CẢ CỘNG QUÂN MỘT SỐ QUÀ TẶNG NHỎ NHỎ VÀ LỢI LỢI NHỎ NHỎ.

146-66-R

Printed above is a copy of the front (print) and back (B-52) of a "safe-conduct" pass dropped in areas which the United States is "liberating" in South Vietnam. The following is a translation:

You have suffered from the terrible destructive bombardment. Your area will be bombed again, but you cannot know when it will happen. The airplanes will fly very high and for that reason they cannot see or hear anything. They will kill you without previous announcement. Please leave this region in order to save yourselves. Please use this paper or your passport issued by the National Republic Government to come to the nearest military post of the government. Your friends and the South Vietnamese troops will welcome you.

Bring this paper and come to the government (National South Vietnamese Government). You will have:

- a warm welcome
- guaranteed safety

This paper is valuable to all of Republic Vietnamese Administrative offices and Military offices.

- The Alliance Forces

PR

Paris Peace Bog

Handshakes aside, the negotiations in Paris have bogged down. The reason is simple: Johnson has been unwilling to make the single gesture which might establish his negotiating credibility. The issue in question is the total, unconditional cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam, demanded by the North Vietnamese as the basis for further discussion. The demand of the U.S. government for "mutual de-escalation" is rejected by North Vietnamese negotiator Xuan Thuy: "We Vietnamese have always lived on our own soil. We are the victims of aggression and war. We have the right to defend ourselves. It is a question of our right to existence, our independence and freedom. . ."

Johnson's obstinacy is comprehensible only in terms of his desire not to admit the defeat of the omnipotent United States Armed Forces at the hands of a "fifth-rate power." The crux of the bombing issue is, after all, simple: If the near-saturation bombing of all of Vietnam culminated in the TET offensive, what possible good can the continued bombing of the panhandle with its 4.5 million people do? According to the military, it can tax the North Vietnamese effort to the extent of 15%! Seemingly, if they are so afraid of an added 15% effort, the U. S. is indeed in as bad a situation as the North Vietnamese "propagandists" would lead us to believe.

But W. Averell Harriman, chief American delegate to the Paris preliminary talks, seems little daunted. He can (and must) bluff to the hilt. Face must be saved at all costs—including, we assume, megalives. Lacking substantive grounds for effective retort to North Vietnamese accusations of U.S. aggression, Harriman labels them unprincipled propagandists: "I regret that you felt it necessary to begin these

talks with a lengthy and distorted rendition of history. . . Nevertheless, since you have raised the issue, I must. . . reject your interpretation of history." With characteristic Yankee modesty, he then proceeds to inform the Vietnamese THE TRUTH about their country: North Vietnam, he says, is a power-mad totalitarian aggressor on its own soil, unworthy of standing in an international tribunal. Were the U.S. to have its way, North Vietnam would be prosecuted for War Crimes. Perhaps the next step should be for the U.S. government to appraise the Bertrand Russell Tribunal of its findings.

The unprincipled, malicious character of the North Vietnamese propagandists is especially apparent when they claim to derive their evidence not from the publications of the Chinese Foreign Ministry, but from records of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee! Were the American public not wary, it might easily fall into this ingenious trap and begin believing some of the statements of its watchdog committees.

But Harriman has a trump card waiting: The North Vietnamese won't even admit to the presence of 85,000 hardened veterans on virgin southern soil. That's innocent enough. Why not admit an obvious truth? Ah, yes, Mr. Harriman: Such an admission would, in your words, provide the grounds "from which we can properly consider your demand for cessation of our bombing of North Vietnam." Rather than being forced to announce a unilateral halt to the bombing, the U. S. would begin insisting upon some sort of reciprocity, however minimal.

Harriman is, of course, after bigger game. According to

Harriman, it is the presence of these 85,000 North Vietnamese (and not, certainly, 500,000-plus peace-loving North Americans) which "constitutes a primary obstacle to peace in Vietnam." The North Vietnamese admission would be the first phase of a long-range strategy to force total evacuation of Northern troops followed, Harriman implies, by the eventual withdrawal of American troops, as a preliminary to establishing peace.

Thus in Paris Harriman is endeavouring to win at the negotiating table what the army, air force, navy and marines, facing a "fifth-rate" power, has been unable to achieve in the field of battle, despite its air power, fire power, megabombs, napalm, phosphorus, poison gases, 23,000 dead, 140,000 wounded, and 1,000 planes lost. The U. S. still desires a military solution to the war: if not total victory, then at least mutual withdrawal. Of course, what the United States continues to blithely ignore is the overwhelming fact of the National Liberation Front, the "Viet Cong," South Vietnamese who are being aided by their brothers to the north—not vice-versa, as the official American myth declares.

But time is not on the American side. The gold balance still threatens; the two-price moratorium has but a limited life-span. The U.S. budget must be reformed, impossible without peace in Vietnam. It is now a question of how many more lives must be lost before the United States finally surrenders, overtly or covertly. And then the fun will start here. Stabbed in the back! Look for the villain! . . . long hair, sandals, pot, sex. . . back to Maddox, God lead the way. Cotton Mather, I love you. . .

—ted brodek

BROWN GETS FIVE YEARS

Armed guards surrounded the federal courthouse at 400 Royal Street in the heart of New Orleans' French Quarter on Wednesday, May 22 -- presumably to protect the jury which, after eight hours of deliberation, found SNCC militant Rap Brown guilty of carrying a gun in interstate commerce while under inditement; or the judge, Lansing Mitchell, who sentenced Brown to the maximum five years and \$2000 fine.

Brown was found guilty of one of the original two inditements brought against him. The first inditement was based on the allegation that Brown had illegally carried a gun, an M-1 carbine, from New York to New Orleans last August 16. The second inditement was based on the allegation that he had carried the same gun back to New York from New Orleans. Brown was convicted of the second charge but not the first because the judge agreed that the prosecution would have to prove that Brown was aware of the inditement against him at the time he crossed state lines with the weapon. Brown did not find out about the inditement until he was in New Orleans.

The gun charge is but one of several "crimes" of which Brown is accused. All of the charges grow out of his arrest for "counselling to arson" and "inciting to riot" after he gave a speech in Cambridge, Maryland, last July. According to the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), a Louisville, Kentucky based civil rights organization, "a suppressed section of the government's own Kerner Commission report has completely exonerated Brown from any guilt whatsoever of the arson and riot charges." However Brown must still stand trial on these charges and others stemming from the basic inditement.

According to SCEF, the gun statute on which Brown was convicted "stands in clear violation of our Bill of Rights which guarantees the right to bear arms to every citizen. It also violates the basic right of a person accused of a crime to be presumed innocent until proven guilty." The law under which Brown was convicted is so obscure that neither he nor his attorneys had ever heard of it before he was accused of breaking it. SCEF adds that "it is the only statute on the books which makes a crime of an innocent act performed by a man alleged to have broken a law."

Many observers feel that Brown has been systematically persecuted by the government since he became Chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee last year. The government harrassment is aimed at keeping Brown from speaking by keeping him in jail.



clean gene's guts

Atlanta, May 16. At the State Capitol Tom Watson's statue rears high in defiance over forty Emory and Tech McCarthyphiles marching oblivious to his concrete epitaph. "Peace with Gene," "Test the System" their posters proclaim.

It's a nice day. The capitol lawn flowers, the secretaries scurrying about, and the demonstrators parading around lend an unreal carnival air to the whole scene. The McCarthy people in a "symbolic gesture" are petitioning the state democratic executive committee to recognize their growing strength.

Only the bronzed visage of Tom Watson brings home the reality of the complete urgency of the American situation. Watson, Georgia's last significant white radical, knew in his guts in 1890 that he lived in a time of crisis; he knew in his guts that people were exploited and powerless to fight their oppression alone.

His fist raised, his mouth strained, Watson seems to plead with us as he had with Georgia farmers of the 1890's: "Why this strange apathy of spirit when you are 'like victims of some horrid nightmare...powerless -- oppressed -- shackled?'"

During the severe depression of the 1890's, Watson forged a political alliance of black and white farmers into a powerful third party. Crudely Watson knew that politics is not a symbolic gesture, but a building of a movement from the base to challenge and change those who hold economic power. He knew that to do that one has to show individuals that the roots of their personal oppression are common -- in the case of the farmer's populist movement, the oppression of finance, usurious interest rates, and in general control of money and finance.

Similarly, when middle class whites perceive their own personal manipulation as a common problem, when they see that politics go beyond the ending of specific problems like the Vietnam war and the draft and really mean the changing of the institutions which coerce their personal lives, then there may be a real sense of politics today. Berkeley, Columbia, Paris have been a beginning.

The overwhelming problems facing most white middle class youth today are a suffocating affluence, a society which manipulates minds and bodies to fight its wars and

make its bombs, and an educational system which stultifies the senses and rationalizes an insane society.

So here we are in 1968 -- our minds so accustomed to the horrid nightmare of the American twentieth century that we automatically repress the daily facts of human brutality and coercion and pretend that we can solve the deep structural sickness with the good old business-as-usual methods of traditional electoral politics -- "Neat and Clean with Gene."



But what alternative to electoral politics is posed to the white middle class students (and professors) who every four years flock to the Stevenson's, Kennedy's and McCarthy's? That alternative is becoming ever more clear: build a movement based on the personal exploitation of middle class students (and professors) and from that base attempt to relate to the needs of the black movement, the chicano movement and the labor movement. A challenge with meaning.

-- J. G.

R.O.T.C. s.u.c.k.s.

(Before this article is published, the Georgia State College faculty will have voted on whether or not to abolish compulsory ROTC at the college. Despite overwhelming student opposition to compulsory ROTC, no one is taking bets on the outcome of the vote.)

Georgia State College requires its male freshmen and sophomores to complete six quarters of basic ROTC in order to graduate. Students must spend \$84 and 216 hours fulfilling this requirement, but they receive no academic credit for it. Until the beginning of this school year, however, there had been no organized opposition to compulsory ROTC--perhaps because the program affected only male freshmen and sophomores, on the whole a timid lot. It didn't make sense, they reasoned, to cause The Man trouble and risk losing their I-S deferment, trading sandbox militarism for the real thing.

Last fall, however, the Georgia State Committee on Social Issues (COSI), an anti-war group on campus, began to question the nature and necessity of compulsory ROTC. The campaign began with a three-article series by Rick Brown entitled "The Nature of Compulsory ROTC." These articles were published in *Altus*, COSI's weekly news bulletin. Brown pointed out, among other things, that compulsory ROTC was neither required by law nor even encouraged by the Defense Department. The decision is a purely local one, decided on by the individual college. These articles both corrected much misinformation that had previously been taken for granted and prompted further discussion of the issue on campus and in the school newspaper, the Georgia State *Signal*. On several occasions *Signal* editor John Allgood, ROTC brigade captain and former member of the Pershing Rifles, attacked COSI and sympathetic faculty members for being "opportunists" who were using ROTC as a mask for anti-war activities.

At the start of winter quarter, COSI circulated a "Freedom of Choice" petition calling for an end to compulsory

ROTC. Despite criticism that the petition was too strongly worded, 750 signed it during the three days it was actively circulated. Of these 750, over 25 were faculty members. ROTC had become a major issue to many students. The Young Democrats declared themselves in favor of a voluntary program. The *Signal* was giving the issue front-page coverage. Even freshmen cadets were beginning to wonder why the hell they had to rise at 6 a.m. twice weekly to report for drill.

Meanwhile Dr. Gerald Davis of the history department and several colleagues began circulating a petition of their own that would place ROTC on a voluntary basis. After collecting over 75 signatures, Dr. Davis' group intended to introduce a resolution to do away with compulsory ROTC at the April 26 General Faculty meeting. This resolution would serve to implement an earlier Work Study Report making a similar recommendation. The signers of the petition were optimistic of the vote.

But on April 23, three days before the scheduled faculty meeting, SGA President Mike Evenson, an ROTC captain, announced that student "hearings" would be held on compulsory ROTC. Evenson stated that he hoped the faculty would not vote on the matter until the conclusion of the hearings. In a letter sent to the faculty and to organizational presidents requesting their testimony at the hearings, Evenson stated: "We believe this is the course of action responsible students must take in this controversy in order to prevent the ascendancy of the *more radical and irresponsible factions into a position of leadership*" (emphasis added), a dig obviously aimed at COSI, whose efforts had sparked the controversy.

But to digress briefly: Earlier in the quarter the ROTC department had made an awkward attempt to win friends and influence people by organizing a Saturday Morning Faculty Shoot-In. The Military people provided instruction and ammo at discount prices in exchange, they hoped, for

athens three prosecuted

Wednesday, May 22 - Three students allegedly involved in the sit-in at the University of Georgia on April 10-12 have been singled out by the University and brought before a prosecuting "tribunal". The three are Bill Bell, a 19-year-old business major, George Limewood, 23-year-old philosophy major, and David Simpson, Jr., a 23-year-old political science major and a member of the UG chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). They have been charged with "conduct detrimental to the interest of the University". Specific allegations against the three are sitting-in, refusing to obey the directives of the President of the University and the Dean of Students, and displaying a banner stating "The Emperor Has No Clothes" at the inauguration of President Davis on May 11. Simpson is additionally charged with using a bullhorn inside a building and "extorting, urging and otherwise inciting" 200-400 students to participate in the demonstration.

First witnesses in the hearing were heard on Tuesday, May 21, after the meeting room was moved twice in order to accommodate the 125-plus students and faculty who came to observe the action of University justice. The "tribunal" is a significant educational device. Judging the proceedings is the Dean of Men, who is also a principal witness for the prosecution. The students' first level of appeal is to the Dean of Students, another key witness for the prosecution. Evidence illegitimate in a court of law, such as edited transcripts of tape recordings made during the demonstration, have been as admitted evidence for the prosecution.

The University is being represented by Senator Callen of the Attorney General's office. In the University's first intelligent move in recent weeks, the Senator dropped the two charges concerned with the displaying of the offensive banner. Witnesses were then produced claiming that the demonstration reduced efficiency at the University to the tune of \$10,000. Documentation offered consisted of one secretary who allegedly had an attack of (demonstration-induced?) hives.

The city Fire Marshall further testified that the presence of the students in the academic building had constituted a fire hazard. Under cross-examination by Atlanta attorney, Walter Herritzi, representing the students, the Fire Marshall testified that an even more serious fire hazard had existed in the same building when it was used for registration purposes.

Further evidence will be presented on Thursday and possibly on Friday. The decision of the Deans will be rendered the day following the completion of the hearings.

good P.R. *Altus* editorially criticized the administration for bestowing its blessings on the shoot-in. In one issue a mock ad recruited faculty members for the shoot-in, stating, "You too may become a Lee Harvey Oswald."

This proved too much for the weekend warriors. When the April 26 faculty meeting began, the ROTC question was shoved aside as 21 outraged faculty gun buffs, mostly from the Business School, demanded that the school censor *Altus*, COSI and COSI's faculty advisor. The ROTC question was not raised until the laughter subsided and the faculty voted not to so censor. It was decided to delay decision until after the SGA hearings.

These hearings lasted three days, with Evenson and his hand-picked panel hearing testimony from the administration and the Military Department as well as from students. Evenson was finally forced to admit that student opinion was overwhelmingly opposed to compulsory ROTC. The matter is now up to the faculty to decide.

Regardless of the outcome of the faculty vote, the battle to end compulsory ROTC at Georgia State will have produced positive results. Students are learning not to count on Big Daddy to correct the injustices in the educational system. They are learning that constructive change will require the efforts of those unafraid to oppose the administration.

--james d. skillman

GRAND CENTRAL STATION

"A Movement Against the Chaos"

OPENS SOON/WATCH FOR DETAILS

FRENCH: FREEDOM :CZECH

Daniel Klenbort

FRANCE
May 18, 1968

In the last week President DeGaulle has cut short his trip to Rumania, Premier Georges Pompidou has said that not only the government of France but civilization itself is in danger, and millions of Frenchmen have become convinced that they are in the midst of a revolution

This revolution, started as a rebellion by a relative handful of New Left students at the University of Nanterre near Paris, has been joined by millions of students, teachers and workers all over France. As I write, all French universities, many high schools and a growing number of industries are on strike; in many cases students and workers have occupied schools and factories, "liberating" them and flying red flags over them. So far, the movement has been almost totally spontaneous, although in the last week the Communist Party has begun to try to take it over and to give it direction; so far, the Communist Party has followed rather than lead.

This is very much in the tradition of European urban revolutions, which have almost always begun spontaneously in the streets, led by no one, or rather by leaders thrown up by the streets. Once the revolution begins, the politicians try, and often succeed, in taking over the revolution. The older leaders, because of their superior organization and clearly worked programs, frequently succeed in diverting revolutions from their original courses. At this moment the revolutionary situation in France is still fluid and who will take it over is impossible to tell.

It all began at Nanterre where a movement begun on March 22 by a group of New Left students, or *enrages*, finally succeeded in goading the government into closing the University on May 2. These *enrages* -- the original *enrages* were extremely radical street orators in the great French Revolution, and this echo of earlier revolution is only one of many -- these *enrages* are a loosely organized group of radicals. All are to the left of the French Communist Party; admirers of Mao, Trotsky, Guevara; and out-and-out anarchists (heirs to an honorable old French revolutionary tradition).

The main issue in the beginning was the French educational system, a system which is on the whole harsh and elitist. In order to go to university (all French universities are national) one must graduate from an academic high school, or *lycee*. Only a minority of French children go to *lycee*, and of those who take the final school exam less than half pass on the first try. One of the results is that only a small percentage of university students come from working-class homes. Once at university, a student is largely on his own, with twelve hours per week of lectures (which are often impossible to attend, as ten times as many students are enrolled there are seats in the lecture hall), and three hours per week in a class of fifty under a junior faculty member. With this preparation, one is expected to pass stiff exams at the end of each year. It is no surprise that university reform is a popular issue among students, many of whom are also against the capitalist system.

After Nanterre closed on May 2, the action moved to Paris. The police moved on the Sorbonne (the University of Paris) and there followed pitched battles between students and police. In fine revolutionary style, students tore up cobblestones from the street for barricades as well as missiles, while the police fought with billy clubs and water hoses. More than 1500 were injured. Students all over France joined the campaign and workers went on a one-day strike in support of the students. On Monday, May 13, half a million students, teachers and workers marched through Paris. In the days that followed, the workers began to go out on strike, sometimes imitating the students and occupying the factories (again, not a new tactic) and raising the red flag in a series of spontaneous wildcat strikes that have spread all over France.

Meanwhile, the students who were in control of the Sorbonne and had succeeded beyond their dreams, began to discuss their aims. The *enrages*, led by Daniel Cohn-Bendit (Daniel the Red), wanted to bypass the Communist Party apparatus ("Stalinist creeps" he called the Communists) and go directly to the workers. So far, the students have not succeeded and the Party is doing its best to keep the students away from the workers, so that the Party can regain the leadership of the workers and use it as a lever to create a coalition government of

4 -- the great speckled bird

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END
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the left (Popular Front)-- a coalition which would not make any radical changes in France. The French working class has been ready to join the revolution because over the years, it has been radicalized by the rhetoric of the Communist Party; ironically, it is that same Party that is now trying to put the brakes on the revolution and to prevent a link-up between the *enrages*-led student movement and the workers movement.

The French Communist Party is in the peculiar position of still having revolutionary slogans at a time when it no longer wants revolution; on the contrary, it wants nothing more than to become part of an ordinary left-of-center parliamentary coalition. If the Communists capture the worker's movement, the revolution will probably be over, the Fifth Republic will continue, and possibly a new election will be held in which the Popular Front will gain a majority and the Communists will at last be part of a respectable, essentially left-liberal government. If the Communists do not manage to control their workers, the revolution may continue along radical though unpredictable paths. This could lead to a civil war and even a victory for the counter-revolution, as it seems unlikely that the right will give up without a fight. But, if the radical revolution succeeds, France may embark on an entirely new course and create a new kind of society.

France is not an isolated country and revolutions in France have touched off revolutions elsewhere. Italy's situation is similar to France's and Italy could easily blow soon, as could the Netherlands and Belgium. Germany and the U.S. have radical students (though not as many), but their working classes are conservative; therefore those countries are much less likely to see a true mass uprising. However, even here and in Germany a successful revolution in France could have its impact. At the very least, it would radicalize the students and stir up the fears of the right.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

In contrast to the current French revolution which is taking place in the streets, universities and factories, the Czech revolution is a revolution from above. Since the beginning of the year when Novotny, one of the last remnants of Stalinism in Eastern Europe, was replaced by Dubcek, there has been a radical transformation of like in Czechoslovakia. Novotny was overthrown when the Slovaks and Czech progressives in the Central Committee of the Communist Party combined against him. The

change which followed has been great enough to worry the Soviet Union -- which is no longer eager to use tanks against people as it did in Hungary in 1956 -- into attacking some of the Czech reforms and putting pressure on the Czech government. The Czech leadership has gone to Russia for "consultations" and a constant stream of Soviet officials have turned up in Prague for one reason or another. Whether and to what extent the Soviet pressure may succeed in changing the Czech leadership's direction is difficult to tell.

For the moment, however, Czechoslovakia is the freest country in Eastern Europe. The censors recently asked to be allowed to stop censoring. The request was granted and now they spend their working day drinking coffee and playing cards with the reporters. The press, radio and television are now full of honest programs questioning the past and proposing new ideas for the future.

It is not that the country has turned anti-Communist; the Communist Party still rules, but the Czechs are trying to transform a Communist autocracy into a Communist democracy. What is a Communist democracy? Even the Czechs don't know the answer. However, so far it has meant certain changes. The police (civil and secret) have been weakened. Purged Communists have been reinstated, those who were killed have been cleared. The hero of the bourgeois Czech republic Thomas Masaryk is again a hero and his picture is everywhere. The death of Jan Masaryk in 1948 is being investigated with a view to finding out if the Russian secret police were implicated. The Russian secret police have been accused of various crimes and Czech police have admitted mistakes and criminal acts. The economy is becoming more profit-oriented, attempting to increase its trade with the West and decrease dependence on the USSR, and even work out deals with Western companies to bring in Western capital. The government is trying to work out ways of becoming more responsible to the public. It allows free criticism by the press and prints questionnaires in the newspapers asking people to express their opinions on various government policies. Finally, the government has promised to draft a new election law. If, as now seems possible, this election law gives the voters a chance to make real choices, then it will be of great importance. A genuinely elected Communist government answerable to the people would be a radical departure and would be more significant than other acts of Dubcek's regime. For Communist democracy to work, freedom and choice must be rights, not government concessions. After all, what Caesar gives he can also take away.

FRANCE AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA: CONNECTION

The two revolutions -- one from the French streets, the other from the Presidium of the Czech Communist Party -- are not directly related. The only connection between them is that they both represent the further breakup of the post-war European order. If either or both of these revolutions succeed, the sharp division of Europe into capitalist-West and Communist-East, a division which has already become much less total, may disappear. NATO, the Warsaw Pact, the Common Market and the Comecon may cease to exist or at least be radically altered. The two Europes may gradually or even suddenly become one again. How the U.S. and the USSR fit in this picture is impossible to tell. Even if these revolutions fail, the very fact that they could take place is an indication of how much has changed. Ten years ago such movements were unthinkable. That they are now occurring is a clear sign that the cold war in Europe is over.

The Soviet Union's fear is understandable. Czechoslovakia is the most industrialized country in Eastern Europe. If it starts on a path that may ultimately lead to a political break with the USSR, this would be a costly loss for Russia, and West-oriented economy would hurt her as well. However, Russia's greatest fear is that the disease will spread. After all, if Czechoslovakia goes democratic, maybe Poland or Hungary will be next; maybe there will even be pressure on the USSR itself. Brezhnev and Kosygin are not ready for that kind of democracy.

**we want the
world-NOW**

DEAR LANDLORD...

Columbia University President Grayson Kirk, in a speech in Charlottesville, Va., April 12, complained that "Our young people, in disturbing numbers, appear to reject all forms of authority, from whatever source derived, and they have taken refuge in a turbulent and inchoate nihilism whose sole objectives are destruction. I know of no time in our history when the gap between the generations has been wider or more potentially dangerous."

Nihilism, "turbulent and inchoate," Mark Rudd, chairman of the Columbia chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and a major organizer of the Columbia rebellion, answered this charge in a letter to Kirk. This letter was published April 22, the day before the rebellion was initiated. Following is Rudd's letter.

Dear Grayson—Your charge of nihilism is indeed ominous; for if it were true, our nihilism would bring the whole civilized world, from Columbia to Rockefeller Center, crashing down upon all our heads. Though it is not true, your charge does represent something: you call it the generation gap. I see it as a real conflict between those who run things now—you, Grayson Kirk—and those who feel oppressed by, and disgusted with, the society you rule—we, the young people.

You might want to know what is wrong with this society, since, after all, you live in a very tight self-created dream world. We can point to the war in Vietnam as an example of the unimaginable wars of aggression you are prepared to fight to maintain your control over your empire (now you've been beaten by the Vietnamese, so you call for a tactical retreat). We can point to your using us as cannon fodder to fight your war. We can point out your mansion window to the ghetto below you've helped to create through your racist university expansion policies, through your unfair labor practices, through your city government and your police. We can point to this university, your university, which trains us to be lawyers and engineers and managers for your IBM, your Socony Mobil, your IDA, your Con Edison (or else to be scholars and teachers in more universities like this one). WE can point, in short, to our own meaningless studies, our identity crises, and our revulsion with being cogs in your corporate machines as a product of and reaction to a basically sick society.

Your cry of "nihilism" represents your inability to understand our positive values. If you were ever to go into a freshman CC class you would see that we are seeking a rational basis for society. We do have a vision of the way things could be: how the tremendous resources of our economy could be used to eliminate want, how people in other countries could be free from your domination, how a university could produce knowledge for progress, not waste consumption and destruction (IDA), how men could be free to keep what they produce, to enjoy peaceful lives, to create. These are positive values—but since they mean the destruction of your order, you call them "nihilism." In the movement we are beginning to call this vision "socialism." It is a fine and honorable name, one which implies absolute opposition to your corporate capitalism and your government; it will soon be caught up by other young people who want to exert control over their own lives and their society.

You are quite right in feeling that the situation is "potentially dangerous." For if we win, we will take control of your world, your corporation, your university and attempt to mold a world in which we and other people can live as human beings. Your power is directly threatened, since we will have to destroy that power before we take over. We begin by fighting you about your support of the war in Vietnam and American imperialism—IDA and the School of International Affairs. We will fight you about your control of black people in Morningside Heights, Harlem and the campus itself. And we will fight you about the type of mis-education you are trying to channel us through. We will have to destroy at times, even violently, in order to end your power and your system—but that is a far cry from nihilism.

Grayson, I doubt if you will understand any of this, since your fantasies have shut out the world as it really is from your thinking. [Columbia] Vice President Truman says the society is basically sound; you say the war in Vietnam was a well-intentioned accident. We, the young people, whom you so rightly fear, say that the society is sick and you and your capitalism are the sickness.

You call for order and respect for authority; we call for justice, freedom, and socialism.

There is only one thing left to say. It may sound nihilistic to you, since it is the opening shot in a war of liberation. I'll use the words of LeRoi Jones, whom I'm sure you don't like a whole lot: "Up against the wall, motherfucker, this is a stick-up."

Yours for freedom, Mark



The Official Phrase-Makers have tried to make us believe that the reason the youth of America are increasingly in open rebellion is because of the "generation gap."

The Phrase-Makers admire the concern for the nation being shown by the young, deplore some of the tactics they use, but rest content in the knowledge that the "generation gap" will close once the youth have to leave college and "earn a living". They are convinced that today's rebel is tomorrow's Hubert Humphrey and Bobby Kennedy. That being the case, America will continue on its merry way, plundering the world for another generation.

The gap that now exists between father and son and mother and daughter is not one of mere generation. This generation does not share the ideals of the older generation and will not dutifully follow its parents when the time comes. They will not sit at the table that has been prepared for them. The sons do not sit in the basement workshops learning how to carpenter from their fathers and the daughters are not in the kitchens learning how to cook from their mothers. The children already know how the parents built their homes and prepared the food and the children know that the architect's plans and the old cookbooks were all wrong. The time has come for new blueprints and new recipes.

There is no gap to be bridged. Only a confrontation to be increasingly joined. And this confrontation is not only taking place in America, but throughout the Western world. This spring, student rebellions have been occurring in Germany, Spain, Italy and France, as



FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

well as the Scandinavian countries, which maintain a high level of steady activity. It is the ideology of the Western world that is being attacked in its own house and student activity here cannot be separated from student activity in Europe. And just as blacks view their struggle in relationship to the third world, white students here should seek a firm alliance with students in Europe. The struggle is national only in terms of what ground your feet are on. Its real character is international, for the enemy is the same everywhere and he must be fought everywhere.

The Columbia Rebellion marks a new level of activity, demonstrating for all to see the kinds of black-white coalitions that are possible. The Columbia Rebellion has also been the most political student uprising to date. This was not an antiwar or an anti-Dow demonstration, but a revolt against the imperialism of a university. White radicals should note also that the Columbia Rebellion proves that it is not necessary to go into the black community to act against racism. Stay at home. The same man who owns the tenements

in the ghetto owns palaces (and builds them) outside the ghetto.

This spring has been the time of emergence for the second college generation of the 60s. The first started the sit-ins, went on Freedom Rides, picketed for civil rights and against the Bomb and went South. The second stayed at home and is now making college administrators afraid to go to their offices in the mornings for fear the doors will be shut behind them and locked. (After locking, clean door carefully and apply cement. Cement adheres better to clean surfaces.) And behind this generation of college students are high school students, who are more aware and more ready to take that necessary next step.

That first generation of college students has gone its way. Most went to the Peace Corps, poverty programs, college classroom desks and the usual places their parents expected them to go. A few, however, have continued deeper into that uncharted stream of doing what they can and what they must to see that the dream will one day be fulfilled. (The dream is only killed when the dreamers stop trying to bring it to the light.) There will be those of this college generation who will kill the dream within themselves and become good Democrats. But there will be those who will continue in the way they have begun.

The numbers are not yet large, but that is how revolutions begin -- a person at a time.

Julius Lester

Guardian, May 11, 1968

jesus is alive and well and wears pointy shoes

- C. Tom Ross

With sweaty shirt, loosened tie and tousled hair, like a Clarence Darrow in a muggy Tennessee courtroom, Dr. Thomas J. J. Altizer of Emory University did his "gospel" thing for a curious group of Clark College students and faculty recently. But unlike the modernism of Darrow, Altizer's message is "unbaptizable"—it can't be assimilated (and thus destroyed) by the established church. Dr. Altizer quoted his fellow death-of-God advocate, William Hamilton: "The 'death of God' is not soluble in holy water."

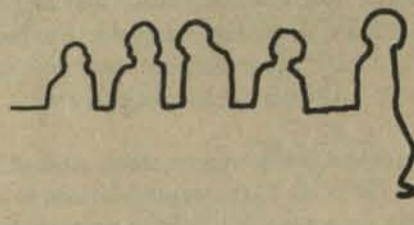
The insoluble message is that only when the death of God is proclaimed can we have a genuine political revolution. Why? Because our society uses belief in God to sanction our laws, our political institutions, and our ethical systems. We've got the crazy idea, says Altizer, that all our "ought's" and "thou shalt's" and "thou shalt not's" have something to do with God. Altizer's word is clear: The sanction has got to go: it cannot be. Laws can be no more sacred than traffic lights.

"How many times have you ever heard Lester Maddox mention Christ?" the speaker asked. Silence. Even when our society was far less pluralistic religiously, the name of Christ appears in presidential inaugurations only a few times. "Christ" is too concrete; but "God," abstract, remote and transcendent, can be invoked from every hustling to cow obedience to the status quo. This is why, says Altizer, he would substitute Christ for God.

"But," a black woman student protests, "you say you want us to be free from oppressive authority, and then you replace God with Christ, who gave us all sorts of 'ought's' and 'thou shalt's' himself."

By Christ, Altizer explains, he does not mean the man Jesus, but "the fullness of life in the here and now." He later castigated the church for preaching that men should "imitate" Jesus. "We can't be first century Hebrews," he said. Traditional Christian theology has taught the "Incarnation": God's becoming flesh. To Altizer, that flesh is not merely the flesh of Jesus, but all flesh. The death of God is God's ceasing to be as a transcendent and remote being and becoming instead fully "in flesh," fully incarnate, fully in the here and now.

Revolutionaries, whether on the Columbia University campus or in the Black Power rallies, are condemned for disrupting the old order without a systematic program for a new one. But the revolutionary, says Altizer, is a prophet, and the true prophet is always "anarchistic" and "utopian."



This is true of both the great Old Testament prophets and of the great prophets of classical Taoism in China. Popular folklore sees the prophet as one who predicts the future, but the Jeremiahs and Hoseas were first of all social critics and spoke of the future only in speculations about the dire consequences which could come if a corrupt status quo went unreformed.

The place of the prophet or revolutionary is in radical disruption; reconstruction of a new order falls to another personality, which Altizer calls the priest. The priest can be a liberal and a true reformer but, unlike the prophet, he works within establishment institutions. Altizer calls SNCC "prophetic" and SCLC "priestly." Society favors the priest with his program of social reform, but both prophet and priest are needed. Once a revolutionary abandons activities of anarchistic disruption in favor of "responsible" programs of reform, he ceases to be a prophet and becomes a priest; he leaves the minority to join the majority, the establishment. This is a great loss, for it takes a prophet to reveal the perversity, the sickness, the emptiness, the depravity of human society. The sheer disruption wrought by the prophet has a profound significance, not only ethically but also politically, even though the prophet never advances concrete programs of reform.

The prophet engages in a radical "no-saying" to the establishment and its laws, liberating his energies for political engagement, Altizer tells us. And Altizer's prophecy says "No!" to the God who supposedly gives the establishment its unchallengeable "divine rights."

(Dr. Thomas J. J. Altizer, one of the three leaders of the "Death of God" movement in theology, has been a professor of religion at Emory University since 1956. Next fall he will begin teaching in the English Department at the University of New York at Stony Brook. Altizer, a native of West Virginia, attended St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, and received his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. Perhaps the best introduction to his theology is the Gospel of Christian Atheism, available in paperback.)



IN SPITE OF

been loving you
a little too long
(to stop now)

holding pants in hand
wading the creek

SOLD MY BERKELEY GRASS
I'M DOWN TO MY NEW YORK GRASS

are you waiting for me?

fish knocking against my naked legs

watch out,
baby

boots above my head
in the other hand

wood & tangled grass
swirl around my belly

up shit creek
(sound of an owl
in the
in the dark woods)
without a paddle

too long
to stop now

in spite of
all this

wading the creek lengthwise

home soon
keep a light

sound of water
& the tip of a lighted cigarette
moving thru the night

back in yr warm arms
before sunup
high & dry.

Dennis Jarrett



underground letters

BRADEN FROM JAIL

Dear Jim:

I would like to thank you for all that you have done. I find it hard at times to believe what has happened but what can you really expect from a petty bourgeois northsider. I get to read the paper when some friend or friends send it to me. I think it is the greatest thing that's happened to this city. It is my dream, for that's what I had in mind but never could seem to get off the ground. The bust fund is out of sight. We've needed one for years and this summer you will know what I'm talking about. You will find that your services to the community will grow. I hope that they won't pull the same shit on you as they did on my coffee house. I could really tell some shit on what happened there. City hall has things in their hands now, I hope that you will loosen their grip.

Here's thanking you from my soul for it once seemed as if all I had striven for had been forgotten but things are never really forgotten, they just change faces and as their faces change, so should mine. Peace,

David Braden

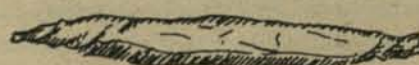
14 ST. INCIDENT

Insomniac wandering of early morning city brings me to laundermat to read literature left by Christians. 4:30 a.m. Noises in the Catacombs' alley send my friend outside to

6—the great speckled bird

investigate. A bloody face in the window cries for help. Three motorcycle types are kicking him on the sidewalk. The victim, a straight man pleads for us to call the police. My friend runs me down the block, then returns to help the man. I scream down the block, "Please don't hurt him, please don't kill him." I recognize the three assailants. My friend asks them why they are beating the man—they do not answer. A car pulls around the corner and stops, seeing me crying for help. A "bike boy" in straight clothes gets out of the car andreaching to comfort me asks what the problem is. "They're killing a man." I say. A police car pulls into view. My would-be comfortor speeds off in his car, the three others stroll down the alley. By the time I reach the bloody man six police cars and two paddy wagons have arrived. "Why were they beating you, what did you do?" I ask. The man, remarkably recovered, gives me a small lecture on the nature of violence. He says his name is — and he works at —. He says if I live in this neighborhood I better get out. He says, "Watch, I'll be the one that goes to jail." The three attackers stand about while the police interview the man and my friend. The man requests an ambulance and walks away. The policeman murmurs "Bastard" under his breath. The man does not press charges. The police forget the whole thing. I can't, there's too much that doesn't make sense.

(No signature given)



ECHOES OF FAINTER ZONE DUST UNTO DUST

"Dirt facilitates cleanliness."

"I din mean to upset you."

why should i be upset? dirt does facilitate cleanliness, or an attempt to clean, or at least a reflexive inhibition not to add more dirt. anyway it is self-evident that this room was or rather should be a proving ground for this theory. but is it worth the hassle of discussion? could i bear the sight of her rising from her corner to pick up the cards or papers or rags? after all i would be obligated to respond in kind and bend to sweep some dust under the door or maybe the red towel, yes i would kick the red towel into the hole in the baseboard. then she would begin stuffing more debris into it and we would be forced to look at each other and listen to the scurrying of the brown feet within the wall and what if later i decided i wanted to contemplate some of the stuff we had relocated, would i stick my hand into the wall and fetch it out? no, it would be lost, off limits. and what about my ruler? the experiment would be lost. the dust would undoubtedly be disturbed by all the movement. i know how these things are, it's a progression, first slowly we might just wave our hands and push some dirt away and then rub the clean floor till it almost shined, then i'd stretch and move a piece of old bread and slowly it would gain momentum til all the dust and dirt and things had been removed and we would be swirling around in a glasseyed dance poking our fingers into the corners and along the walls till we collapsed from fatigue. and i would have to start my measurements all over again. god. she might even lose control and wipe the figures from the wall. yes she might even clean the equations from the wall when i am so close to the final formula!

"Dirt facilitates cleanliness."

"I din mean to upset you."

but then again why should he be upset? i would have thought a small quantity of spittle would appeal to him. i mean it beads up so beautifully, dropping into the dust like that and all the particles racing toward it, motion, automotion, a remarkable interplay, the particles of dust rushing to the center till the drop is a colony, a ball of living brownian motion. if i pushed it along it would roll about the room and gather all the accumulated dust into itself. i must work on that projection. what would the ball look like, what weight what size? well i suppose that reiterates his claim that his formula will be universal. applicable to all problems. i understand that. so i must accept the responsibility of not creating any problems till the solution is found. i said i would and i must. i told him that i would not disturb his problem-free environment and i wont. i can do that much at least. i must think of his instructions. movement is friction. friction is problem. action is problematic. yes i remember how he pierced this density within and struck my understanding

and even acknowledged me, yes, how did it go? yes, i might even be useful. i might even be able to absorb the problems created by the minimal actions he would have to perform in order to stimulate and record the experiment. but the pressure is unbearable. my mind is free, but not an empty instant for my body.

"I am not upset."

"I know. Dust unto Dust."

yes dust to dust, but why did she not say it that way, why did she say UNTO instead of just to? and for that matter she did not have to say i know! three syllables equals base of allotted time plus three hundred sixty degrees minus energy factor one times unit of construction times efficiency variable plus or minus the absorptive capacity of x minus expansion factor to prime of Nth power over the zero energy factor and magnified to comprehension by radial advancement segment 'origin by horizen' times the inverted rate of the shrinking periphery. good. yes, very good. now then. to convert. caloric units .0000033 minus 360(x by origin) (x by progression) (x by O - P / x/Nth) + damn the formula. why must i follow chains to touch the link! she is here to absorb not alter not as a factor of intent. no no no she is here to alleviate not to stimulate.

"All I want is the formula."

all he wants is the formula for the conversion of total positive to total negative. all he wants is the formula for defining presence without quantity absentia. not that i think it cant be done but after all what good will it be. yes i know. he's told me a thousand times. yes to locate the origin of the system one must know the system. all he wants is to find the equation for his life. why cant he go to church like everybody else? why do we have to stay in this room with all this dirt and mess and silence, why do i have to sit here motionless while he measures the dust that settles around us?

"Why."

why indeed, why dust? thats part of it too. i came down that day and all i remember is dust. dust is the key. but that was months ago, and now i just know that i have to find the formula for dust. maybe i should just get high again and find another secret to probe.

"Its a secret."

—eric bonner

FOIBLES MADE PEOPLE TO

The Foible of the Constable and the Rustic

Wunst a Rustic from back in the Mountings cashed in his War Stamps and came to the Metropole to pitch a Wingding. As he Lit Up a Home Run on the Corner of Peachtree and Eleventh he was Observed by a Local Constable.

"You are Wearing Boots," said the Constable.

"Alweez dq" allowed the Rustic.

"You are Wearing Blue Jeans," asserted the Fuzz.

"My best," said the Farmer.

"Your hair and beard are Longer than Prescribed by U.S. Marine Regulations," sputtered the Cop.

"We ain't had a barber in the County since Korea," smiled the Rustic.

"You have on a High-Camp tie which Lights up and says 'Will you Kiss Me in the Dark, Baby?', the Constable pointed out.

"Three-ninety-eight from a travelling Drummer in 1942," Ruben said proudly.

"And you are Smoking Grass on the Street," concluded the Cop.



THE Foible
OF THE
Constable
AND THE
RUSTIC

"Never tried Grass," smiled the Yokel. "Used to use Rabbit Tobacco and Cornsilk as a kid, but these--" and he Extended the Package—"These is store-made, Home Runs."

"Damned if they ain't," said the Constable as he smelled the Pack. "Try some of mine," he said as he took a couple of Homemades out of his Pocket and slipped them into the Pack of Home Runs. When the Rustic had taken the Pack and thanked him and put it in his Pocket, the Cop said, "Now I'm gonna Bust you."

"That's what You Think," said the Rustic, and busted the Cop up Beside the Head and Walked away.

When he had tried the Cop's Homemades, he liked them so much Better than Home Runs that he never Did go back to the Mountings. He decided to Stay in the Metropole; so he shaved his Beard and Cut his Hair Short and bought a City Suit and got a Job with the Police Force where, he Figured, he would have a good Chance of finding some more of those City Homemade Cigarettes.

moral: When in Rome, roam in the Uniform.

—og, king of bashan

the great speckled bird—7

The Arts Festival came complete with puppet shows, an urchin theater, high school band concerts, platinum blonde spray net hairdos, poodles, miniskirted women with varicose veins, pop fashions on the patron's wife and the omnipresent 'DAHLING' banker's spouse with diamond studded cigarette holder. . . The Buckhead 'beautiful people' had come to glean some culture.

The Atlanta Arts Festival: underline 'ARTS' but place a question mark after it. Festival; enjoy it but place numerous exclamation points behind it, one for every minute of rain, every poodle, and every friendly park policeman, and after all those groovy 's also add a question mark. Atlanta: without a doubt the event was staged in gay Atlanta, not glorious Athens or Villa Rica (Spanish for rich town), add finally THE. . . it is true, THE only arts



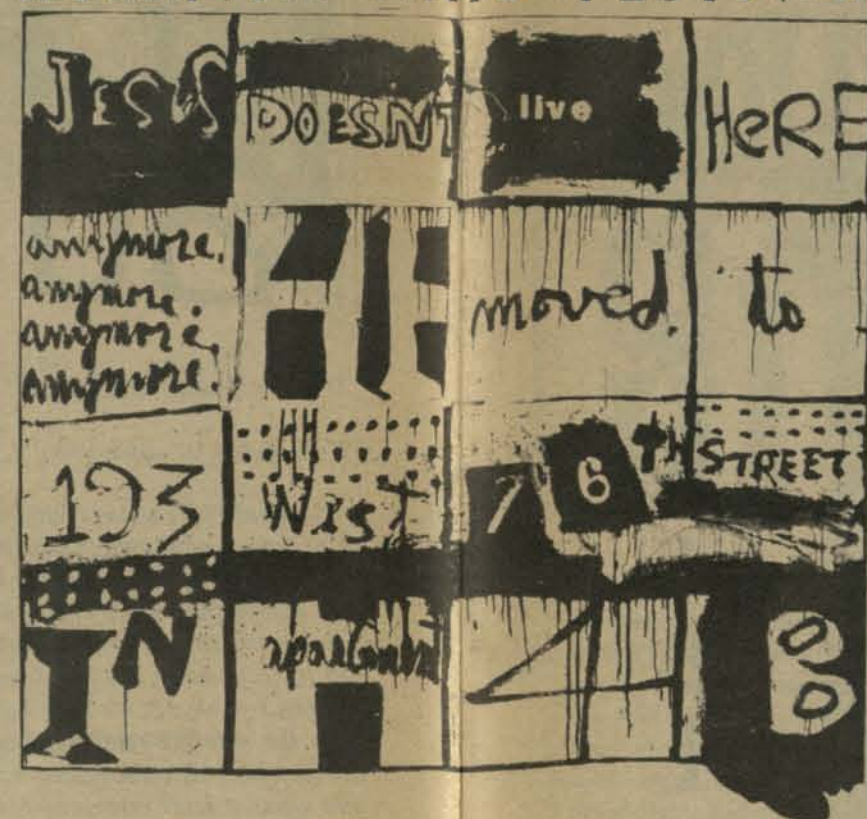
umn to well constructed, sophisticated images.

The judges couldn't have missed the handful of real art amidst the myriad of crap. Lewis Harris' shaped and sensual canvases from Florida, Allan Stecker's bold and witty graphic renderings and Albert Smith's camouflage forms at least gave some hope for the survival of painting in the Southeast. In printing, Jeffery Dunn's 'Man's Fate' and Robert Malone's 'Double Feature' combined a sophisticated imagery with precision printing technique.

Fine Arts photography was well represented by Paige Pinnell, Jan Smith and Joe De Casseres. In fact all of the photographic entries seemed to represent a higher level of accomplishment than did most of the other fields. This is probably due to the elimination of the poorer entries during preliminary judging by Jerry Uelsmann.

In sculpture, Jerry Jones' 'War Wagon', an exciting cast iron assemblage containing a black monitor body astride

ATLANTA ARTS FESTIVAL



We love our Lord.



festival held that week in Atlanta was (and here it is all together),

"THE 'ATLANTA' ARTS? FESTIVAL!!!!!!?"

Just how much was accomplished as far as serious art is concerned is still up in the air. One could find a bazaar of "art" to pick from. Everywhere really bad attempts were displayed next to fine art. In fact, the festival contained so many contrasts between the good and the muck, that the few examples of deserving art shown through their mire like jewels. The works ranged from bad copies of Picasso to fairly decent attempts at an honest personal expression. Sculpture spanned inane attempts—which proved tinkertoys their better—to some excellent innovative forms. Photographs ranged from amateur attempts utilizing Popular Photography's do-it-yourself creative photography col-



four large tricycle wheels, laughed childishly at war and its machines.

These artists, and a few more, comprised the handful of serious exhibitors in the festival. Mairsol, internationally known sculptress-artist and Paul Smith, director of the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, were the judges for this year's festival. It is my feeling that any judge should be proficient and knowledgeable in the field to be judged. Mairsol, who does figurative assemblages, sculptures combining many media and techniques in her pieces, qualifies for judging not only sculpture but also painting, drawing, and printmaking. Mr. Smith's credentials qualify him for judging at least ceramics and textiles, but it seems that he is in no way qualified to judge such fields as photography.

More qualified judges should be attracted to these festivals. If money is a problem, Georgia State, the High Museum and the Atlanta Art School should be allowed to share the financial burden in return for which their stu-



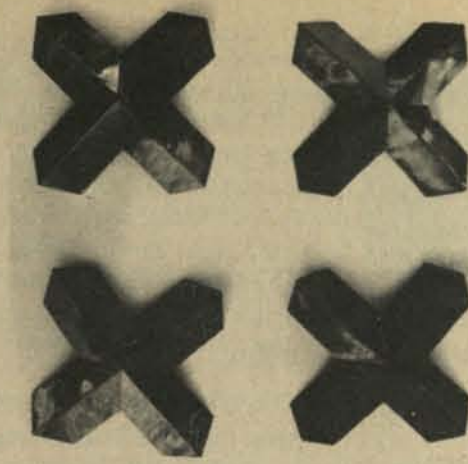
dents might have the benefit of talking with and gaining the criticism of noted judging artists.

There is a terrible need for some sort of definition of purpose, some sort of responsible direction provided by these 'art festivals.' I am sure that few of the directors of the Atlanta Arts Festival know what they are doing. Few of them even understand the festival's very real role of providing a take-off platform for as-yet-unknown artists.

Several infinite questions struck my rain-soaked head as I played the dual role of amused spectator and disgruntled participant, questions growing with the rain clouds until they were finally drenched in the overflow of Carlings Black Label and monetary rewards that marked the Saturday evening party after the judging:

Does—should—the Atlanta Arts Festival:

- a) make money?
- b) expose new artists?
- c) piss-off the municipal and park authorities?
- d) try to make people enjoy rain?
- e) make a good reason for a party?



f) provide a good reason to get Marisol to come to Atlanta?

g) give parks personnel something to clean up after?

h) attract perverts???

Someone should know.

I received this answer in a dialogue overheard as I put up my prints next to someone whose only care for photography was his new super-duper wide-angle mini-telephoto zoom-buzz-chrome-coated black-faced case and lens included given to him by his wife last christmas, or for reading his name in the list of Honorable? Merit!!!!!! Awards? \$\$\$@†+&!!!! in the paper.

First Artist: I got left out this year.

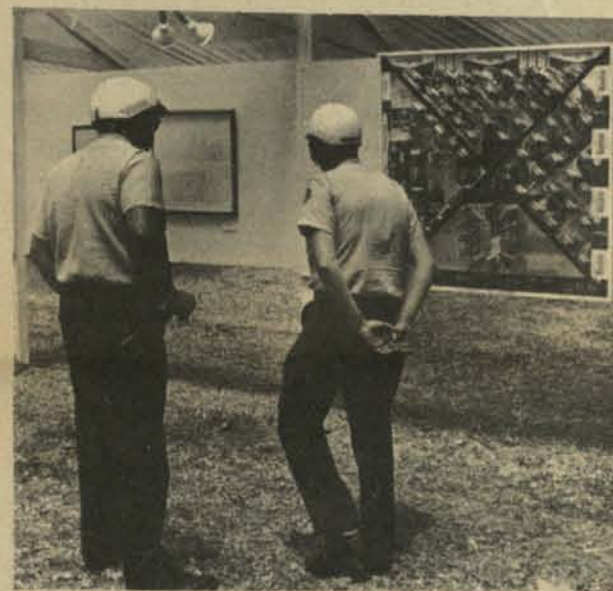
Second Artist: Me too.

First Artist: Let's go cry together.

Second Artist: I dunno, I'm kinda glad.

Together: Let's go get a beer.

P.P.



guerilla

The theater needs new content. The radical peace/freedom movement needs new form. Atlanta needs liberation from ancient fears and evil spirits. We all need more peace, joy, freedom, food, justice, flowers, equity, grass, time, love, life, god.

We propose this summer to create theatrical disturbances daily, throughout the city, following the example of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the Paper Bag Players and the Bread and Puppet Theater of New York, the Anyplace Theater of Minneapolis. . . guerrilla theater in Atlanta!

This theater will be:

Informational—a teller of tales—a living newspaper—COMMUNICATION.

Coherent—in relation to the evil in which we exist, we must do as Albert Camus bade Christians do: "Utter our condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never a single doubt can arise in the heart of even the simplest man. We must get out of our abstractions and stand face to face with the bloody mess that is our history today. . . We need today men who are resolved to speak out clearly and pay with their own persons."

Revolutionary—actively for change, peace, freedom—manifest—unambiguous—joyously for love—against fear and despair—RESISTANCE—"Operative paranoia is our appropriate state of being." (R. G. Davis.)

Anti-theatrical—bare—direct—the actor will cease calling attention to himself or his craft as methods—he will become a vessel, tool, medium—subject over method—content over form—the great speckled bird



theatre

form—talking to people WHERE THEY ARE. . .

Surprising—catching people with their aesthetic distance down—ball parks, schools, pools, parks, markets—personal contact—opening doors—trigger for dialogue—COMMUNION.

Confronting—the racist-militarist power structure with itself and its own hypocrisy. Visitations by Jesus in sacred Sunday hours, interrupting Vietnam victory/White Power prayers. Haunt the seats of government: ghosts of Lincoln, Turner, Brown, Malcolm, King bothering Lester.

And, confronting ourselves constantly with honest eyes, insuring our integrity and love and information is fresh and true.

VOLUNTEERS?

WE NEED:

—a house for ten, with a large room for rehearsal.

—a bus, truck, or personnel carrier to make our raids.

We will hit three, four, more spots a day. How about an old Army tank?

—money for food and production costs. Food itself would be a blessed gift.

—churches, youth groups, coffee houses, colleges that are interested in recitals, readings, happenings, special performances. We are eager to hear from you.

—ideas, scripts, actors. We need your help, support, interest. Plenty to do by June.

Call Steve Bush at 237-9492, Denis Adelsberger at 892-8867, or Henry Bass at 876-2159.

—steve bush



sideshow

The Sideshow, by Fred Gaines

At the Academy Theatre, directed by Frank Wittow

Simon, a Siamese twin
Lujack, a Siamese twin
Lottie, a Fat Lady
Caesar, a Sideshow owner

Steven Bush
Chris Curran
Page Lee
Tony Sciabona

The pained, obscured bodies writhing and shrieking on the filthy floor

The Wittovian love scene: fast, explicit, and initiated from a standing broad jump.

The clichés of Academy production are there. But the best is there as well—the sensitivity to people's complex needs of each other; the calling forth of the audience's recognition of the universality of their emotions; the interplay of the director and his best actors to keep in what is discovered and true.

These are Frank Wittow's best actors, and it is good that, this time, the casting did not have to be done in part off the sidewalk outside. Frank Wittow, as able as he is in eliciting theatrical truth from some amateurs, cannot afford to operate on the warm-body theory of casting which Theatre Atlanta, with its far more limited objectives, can get away with. Because the number of real actors willing to starve for the theatre is always limited, the Academy's best productions will generally have to be its small cast plays.

Here we see the power of Chris Curran, the wit of Page Lee, the versatility of Steven Bush, and the solid ability of Tony Sciabona (the last somewhat attenuated

by the consciousness of how Wittow would have played the part—a consciousness in the mind of the audience, but more important, in the mind of the director) displayed without the distraction of any species of dwarf.

The play has not any plot, nor any clear "message" easily discernible at first view, other than the message of humanity. Its high points are its vignettes, to which we are carried by these actors with an enthusiastic suspension of disbelief. These vignettes, without more explanation, are the broodingly evocative Cain and Abel scene and the terrifyingly funny Jack the Ripper scene, both by Bush and Curran; and a Martin Luther King scene, by the whole group, which will affect you as you deserve.

The play cannot and should not be described, because you must experience it; but this last mentioned scene, in which Sciabona is King, Curran a Rap Brown figure, Bush a southern mayor of a town too busy to feel, and Page Lee the quintessential Lady Bountiful, is to some funny to the point of pain, and to others painful to the point of walking out.

Fred Gaines created this play in a workshop situation, in symbiosis with actors, and its high theatricality speaks this. The roles are all ones that actors can have fun with, and in joy create. If the money were there, a playwright such as Gaines in residence at the Academy, and working with its director and core of actors, could produce major work of permanent importance. But the money, administered by merchants, goes elsewhere, to buy manufactured goods off the shelf. All in pursuit of the *summum bonum*: that Atlanta be just like Kansas City.

Morris Brown

the great speckled bird—9



Sergei Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* is certainly one of the *strangest* films ever made. My first impression was of a filmed opera without song, based on an historical novel by Karl Marx with a scenario by Josef Stalin, performed by the Japanese Kabuki Theatre players and directed by Sigmund Freud. A brief look at some of the elements which went into the making of *Ivan* will show that this description is not far from the truth.

After the Russian Revolution, there was little official interest in any of the great figures of Tsarist Russia. But in the years preceding World War II, as part of an effort to use every material and psychological weapon to combat the enemy, the Soviet Union tended toward a revival of national consciousness. Mosfilm, a Soviet film trust, decided to produce a film based on the life of Russia's first tsar, Ivan the Terrible; the director they chose was Sergei Mikhailovitch Eisenstein. The film that was finally produced was in two parts. *Ivan the Terrible* presents the past interpreted reciprocally by the present. It encompasses elements drawn from the life of Tsar Ivan placed on the framework of Eisenstein's contemporary Russia after the Revolution. The historical role of Ivan is presented with parallels to the role of Josef Stalin. In addition, Eisenstein interweaves into his tapestry of Russia past and present threads of his won mysterious personal life. The result is a *tour de force* which perplexed its first audience as much as it does its current one.

In its simplest form *Ivan the Terrible* tells the story of Ivan Grosny Stavrogin, Prince of Moscow, a puppet ruler who vows to rule his country in title and in fact. Against the wishes of the powerful Boyar aristocracy he is crowned tsar at the age of 19. His passion is to unify his nation by destroying the power of the Boyars so that Russia might confront her foreign enemies with greater strength and solidarity. Parallels to Stalin's role occur explicitly throughout this story.

But the larger story of *Ivan the Terrible* is what happens to the man himself as he obtains the power he seeks. "It is Art's task to make manifest the contradictions of Being," Eisenstein stated. The real tension in the film is caused by the collision of pains of obsessions: Ivan's love for an idea -- the strength of his country -- and his love of power for its own sake; Ivan the religious mystic versus Ivan the enemy of the church; and the struggle between strength and weakness within one individual, represented symbolically by the Tsar Ivan and his "alter ego" Prince Vladimir, pretender to the throne. The struggles in *Ivan* are both public and private, between the hero and his enemies and within the hero himself. Unlike most historical films, *Ivan*

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depicts these struggles through analogy and symbolism, making them various aspects of one great struggle.

Two controversies influenced the form of *Ivan the Terrible*. Here again one was public and one was private. The first concerned the interpretation to be given the character of Iva. The second concerned Sergei Eisenstein's own inner conflict. According to his biographer, Marie Seton, Eisenstein was an admitted homosexual; his study of Freud confirmed this analysis and gave it form. But Eisenstein greatly feared his homosexuality becoming overt -- he felt it led to the death of creativity. He hated his mother for keeping alive within him what he considered to be a dangerous, weaker self. In *Ivan* Prince Vladimir, "the most dangerous enemy of the Tsar" is portrayed as a feeble-minded faggot, a mere pawn controlled by his evil mother, Euphrosinia, representative of the Boyar interests. In Part II, in one of the weirdest scenes ever put on film, Tsar Ivan dressed Vladimir in his own royal robes and as a result transfers the death Euphrosinia had planned for him to her own son. There is no historical foundation for this scene.

Technically, *Ivan the Terrible* is a maverick. It does exemplify some of the theories of film art for which the Russian director has become famous, but more often it suggests the areas in which he was beginning to experiment. One of the most immediately striking features of *Ivan* is its incredible slow pace -- almost, as James Agee described it, "as if a corpse moved." This and every other technique employed -- theatrical lighting, stylized movements, formal make-up, and superhuman gestures -- contribute to the effect of anti-naturalism. The audience is always aware that the men and women and events they are viewing are of a greater dimension than themselves and the events in their own lives, "like frescoes come to life." Many of *Ivan's* early and more of the present viewers are put off by the exorbitance in gesture and facial expression. Of them Agee wrote: "I would like to make a particularly unprintable gesture toward those who feel that in his use of these, one of most sophisticated artists of the twentieth

century has been naive." Eisenstein utilized Meyerhold's biomechanics theory of acting: his actors are guided by the dynamics of plastic design as well as human emotion -- the direct opposite of the Stanislavski method and akin to characteristics in the Kabuki Theatre.

It is no accident that *Ivan the Terrible* contains oriental qualities. It was through Eisenstein's study of Japanese hieroglyphics and his tracing them back to their Chinese origins that he discovered the essential character of the Kabuki Theatre and its corresponding technique of building effects. From these effects he developed his famous film theory of "montage," according to which the juxtaposition of two independent images produces, through participation of the viewer in comprehending and completing, a new meaning which neither of the images possesses alone. By analogy, the juxtaposed hieroglyphics for "knife" and for "heart" produce "sorrow".

Other successes of *Ivan the Terrible* lie in the realm of sound. The score is by Prokofiev, a close friend of Eisenstein; it was worked out simultaneously and in cooperation with the director's work of filming the image. The dialogue cutting is especially noteworthy: sound works as a rhythmic counterpoint link to the jump-rhythm of the successive images and thus contributes to the slow, majestic progress of the film. A single speech is begun on one shot, continued on another, and completed on a third. Sound and image overlap intricately to bind the spectator to what he hears and sees.

Part I of *Ivan the Terrible* was received with acclaim in Russia and won the *Stalin Prize First Class* in 1945. After Eisenstein had completed editing Part II, he was the victim of a serious heart attack. Soon after, the Central Committee of the Communist Party made a resolution condemning Part II. The statement specified the two most offensive errors of the film: "(Eisenstein) betrayed his ignorance of historical fact by showing the progressive bodyguard of *Ivan the Terrible* as a degenerate band rather like the Ku Klux Klan, and *Ivan the Terrible* himself, who was a man of strong will and character, as weak and indecisive, somewhat like Hamlet..." Eisenstein recanted in a formal statement: "The sense of historical truth was betrayed by me in the second part of *Ivan*."

Eisenstein was to have reedited Part II in accordance with the official criticism of its contents, but all he did was reshoot the final sequence in color. What we have today is very much what he originally intended. A planned third and final section was never produced. In 1948, Sergei Eisenstein died. He remains one of the most important theorists and practitioners of what Lenin called "The most important of all the arts."

Miller Francis, Jr.

(*Ivan the Terrible Part II* will be playing June 2-8 at Festival Cinema.)

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ART FORUM EVERGREEN RAMPARTS

MOLASSES AND QUININE

On May 15, two *Atlanta Constitution* items were reminiscent of the nineteen thirties. The little man's friend, Governor Lester Maddox, suggested building a wall around Washington to fence in politicians and the poor people who have gathered there, and Jim Rankin, a columnist contrasted the Salvation Army's swift unquestioning help to the unfortunate with the petty details and paper work of other organizations.

Veterans of World War One made a similar march on Washington in the early depression years, seeking a bonus for their pitifully inadequate pensions. They set up a makeshift camp, using whatever materials they could find to make some sort of shelter, and were called "the Bonus Army" by the press. They were ignored for a while, then driven out of the city by U.S. Army troops led by Douglas MacArthur, using tear gas and other modern expressions of our appreciation for their wartime sacrifice. Will history repeat itself?

Paul Ryan, a reporter who used the pen name "Mike Quin", wrote this poem in 1935:

INVESTIGATION

We know the investigation men
Who call and never come back again.
It must be holy; it must be nice
To enter homes and count the lice.

They are so kind in considerations,
They've made so many investigations.
They look at the stove and the sagging beds,
And count the children, and shake their heads.

Where were we born? How much do we weigh?
Where do we work? How much does it pay?
They write it down on a paper sheet;
Their writing is so clean and neat.

I am told they file it in fireproof files
In buildings of glistening, colored tiles,
And our empty stomachs and broken hearts
Are traced on new statistical charts.

Ah, the men with dollars so many times
Have peeped in our dreary world of dimes,
And I hear that people in brand new clothes
Meet in the cities to speak of our woes.

And one of them said that my child was weak,
That its twisted bones and its pale white cheek
Could be cured with food and warmth and sun,
And that something drastic must be done,

That our social system had gone amiss,
And things could never go on like this;
And I know it is true, what the gentleman said,
For he never came back—and my child is dead.

—ernie marrs

U.S. IMPERIALISM

summer reading list

William A. Williams, *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy* (Delta pb)

Gar Alperovitz, *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam* (Vintage pb)

David Horowitz, *The Free World Colossus* (Hill & Wang)

John Gerassi, *The Great Fear in Latin America* (Collier)

Paul Baran, *The Political Economy of Growth* (Marzani & Munsell)

J. William Fulbright, *The Arrogance of Power* (Vintage)

In American history textbooks "imperialism" was a brief turn-of-the-century aberration from the normally benign and disinterested course of American history. The Spanish-American War, suppression of Aguinaldo, Teddy Roosevelt's big stick and Woodrow Wilson's gunboat diplomacy are collectively put down as one of the few strains on an otherwise unblemished national experience.

This textbook orthodoxy is increasingly untenable as a result of the work of a small but growing group of radical scholars. At the most fundamental level, these scholars say, the textbook version confuses imperialism with colonialism; there are many forms of control besides outright colonial government by the "mother country". Furthermore, it rests squarely on the widely accepted but naive myth of American uniqueness which holds that Americans have somehow escaped the sins of their European fathers. These scholars doubt that American imperialism was that different from the imperialism of other capitalist countries. Some, in fact, see it as the culmination of western imperialism.

Perhaps most important, the radical school says, American imperialism was *not* temporary. It is alive and kicking—right now. The classical period of imperialism between the Spanish-American War and World War I, far from being an aberration, laid the foundation for American foreign relations ever since. Containment of Communism, touted as the be-all and end-all of American foreign policy for the past 20 years, is merely the updated version of imperialism: a Pax Americana designed to protect a world capitalist (and pro-American) *status quo* against socialism, revolution, self-determination and economic development.

Gaps remain in our understanding. Much research is still needed. But the outlines of the radical interpretation emerge clearly from the substantial body of work already done. The following capsule descriptions are designed to introduce the layman to some of the most important books (all paperbacks) of the new school, with emphasis on the years since World War II.

Start with *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy* by Wisconsin historian William Appleton Williams, which puts the present Pax Americana in 70-year perspective. Williams feels that American foreign policy since the turn of the century has been predicated on the belief that American prosperity and stability are dependent upon continuous American economic expansion into the rest of the world. A persistent goal of American foreign policy in the 20th century has been to encourage, facilitate, protect and make the world safe for such expansion. Thus America's counter-revolutionary Cold War policies are an escalated version -- escalated because the revolutionary challenges have escalated -- of a decades-old policy of perpetuating a world capitalist *status quo*.

In contrast to Williams' far-reaching generalizations, Gar Alperovitz subjects the opening round of the Cold War to microscopic scrutiny in *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam*. He finds a dramatic change in American policy toward the Soviet Union in the early months of the Truman administration, which substituted a hard line for Roosevelt's wartime policy of conciliation and compromise. He traces this change primarily to the postwar American atomic monopoly, which (disastrously) led Washington to try to unilaterally dictate the terms of the new world order, even in Eastern Europe, which the Russians considered their sphere of influence. Shocked liberals who consider the Vietnam bloodbath an aberration from a basically sound policy of containment *might* be interested in Alperovitz's well-documented conclusion about the A-bombing of Japan, with its 60,000 casualties. Hiroshima was not a military necessity, but had the dual purpose of impressing the Russians with American power and ending the Japanese war before the Soviet Union could get into it.

The best general interpretation of Pax Americana (to

1965) is David Horowitz's *Free World Colossus*. Horowitz's take-off point is historian Arnold Toynbee's 1961 statement that "America is today the leader of a world-wide anti-revolutionary movement in defence of vested interests." Although episodic, unchronological and uneven in emphasis, *Colossus* confronts head-on the prevailing view (in America) that American Cold War policy has been a disinterested response to Communist aggression against the "Free World." The most enlightening sections are the case studies of particular countries where the US has aided reactionary groups against revolutionaries, reformers and nationalists. Included in these studies are Vietnam, Guatemala, Iran, Greece, Turkey and Cuba. The analysis of nuclear and military strategies may prove too technical for most readers, as it was for me.

An area study which supports Horowitz is John Gerassi's *The Great Fear in Latin America*. Combining a country-by-country survey (excluding Cuba) with a more general discussion, Gerassi copiously documents American economic exploitation of Latin America, coupled with political and military support of its most feudal, reactionary elements.

A Marxist study of the impact of imperialism on economic growth is *The Political Economy of Growth*, by Paul Baran. A main theme is "the unreformed nature of contemporary imperialism and its inherent animosity towards all genuine initiative at economic development on the part of the underdeveloped countries." This book might be hard going for readers innocent of Marxist economics and dialectics, but it is indispensable for getting down to the nitty-gritty of exactly how imperialism distorts and retards economic development in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Baran doesn't have all the answers but (and this is the virtue of a Marxist analysis at its best) he asks most of the right questions -- no small achievement.

Although it might seem out of place here, Senator Fulbright's *The Arrogance of Power* is worth reading. Combining the classical liberal's distrust of unchecked power with a conservative fear that American might has given birth to an overweening arrogance which threatens to become self-destructive, Fulbright emerges in this book as a thoughtful humanist. His sympathy for nationalist revolution, belief in self-determination and distaste for fanatical anti-communism intersect the radical critique at several points. Worth reading to find out what the most enlightened section of the Establishment has learned from Vietnam -- and how far they still have to go.

-- Bob Goodman

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the great speckled bird-11

student liberation dinner
Saturday, June 1. Speaker, Peter Seidman, Committee on Vietnam, Young Socialist Alliance, Columbia University, on "Columbia Strike and International Student Radicalization." 635 Myrtle St., Apt. 4. Dinner at 7, speaker at 8:30. Sponsored by Atlanta Young Socialist Alliance. \$2.00. For information, call 872-1612.

April 23: David Braden sentenced to seven years for possession of grass. April 23: Morning Glory Seed shop busted for alleged narcotics, two employees unlawfully arrested without arrest warrants. April 23: Apartment on Twelfth Street busted for alleged narcotics; all occupants and visitors arrested.

We at Middle Earth quickly develop strong feelings of insecurity, especially since "searches" are always conducted by the detectives *in private*, and they *never fail* to find some kind of dope. So we bite our nails and keep an eye on everybody, especially cops, just in case a joint should happen to fall from someone's hand to our floor at the moment the narcs arrived. We keep such a good watch that they can't bust us for dope. So they don't.

April 25: Officer G. H. Ott, No. 1844, knocks on our door and orders me to open up (we aren't open yet). He briefly hassles me about runaways and then brushes me aside to trespass into the shop. I tell him we are closed and to leave? He tells me that the police department regulates all businesses and that he can come in anytime. We have a brief nasty confrontation which I win, and Ott leaves with the statement, "We'll be back to check you out, buddy." I tell him that the fuzz had been 'checking me out' for six damn months, to which he says, "Well, we're going to check you out again—today."

At 11:45 that night, detectives A. Ellenbee and W. P. King of the Vice Squad walk in, briefly look around, and advise me that I am guilty of selling pornographic posters. They tell me that they are calling the Lieutenant to come down and help judge whether I am a pornographer. They call in, but apparently the lieutenant doesn't feel like making it down, so they stand around, whisper to each other, hem and haw, and finally raise their courage enough to do it on their own. They write a summons for "PORNOGRAPHY." I later find there's no such statute as "pornography," so we have to guess what the correct charge will be. There is a city and a state code for "Obscenity," but I don't know which violation I could be charged with. Since the state code is a felony punishable by one-to-five years, I have a pretty good guess which it will be.

HEARING in the court of Judge Brock, renowned anti-hip judge, 3:30 p.m., May 9th:

Judge Brock: Bernard Samuel Lozoff. (I step forward.) You are charged with pornography: How do you plead?

Attorney Al Horn: Your Honor, we'd like to know what statute my client is charged with.

Judge Brock: Detective King?

King: City Code . . .

Judge Brock: STATE Code.

King: Uh, State Code 6103, Your Honor.

obscene but not heard



Horn: (finding the statute) Your Honor, this is "Aiding Prostitution!"

Judge: Mister King!

King: (busily leafing through pages and pages of statutes) Uh. . .

Judge: While you find that, I'll continue with my calendar, Mr. King.

King: I have it, Your Honor, it's State Code 6301.1. (This code section pertains to selling or distributing obscene matter to persons under 18 years of age.)

Horn: 6301.1? Your Honor, 6301.2 states that no one can be prosecuted for violation of 6301.1 unless the material is *first* declared obscene by a court of competent jurisdiction or by the State Literature Board.

Judge: Mr. King, were you aware of this clause?

King: No sir, I hadn't read the statute. We didn't have time.

Horn: We have several defenses, Your Honor, but it seems that my client is charged with a violation that just does not meet the requirements of its own definition. I move the case be dropped.

Judge: (takes a full six minutes poring over the State Codes book) Detective King, did you say 6301.1 or did you say 6301? 6301.2 applies only to 6301.1, which is *possession* of obscene material.

King: If I said 6301.1, Your Honor, it was my mistake? I meant to say 6301.

Judge: Counsel, I overrule your motion (for dismissal). Have you anything else to say?

Horn: Now are you sure, Mr. King, that you now know what he's charged with?

King: Yes, Code 6301. If I said anything else it was a mistake on my part.

Horn: Your Honor, 6301 involves as a basis "contemporary community standards"; I would like to point out to the court that, whether good or bad, the community standards of Atlanta and of this area have drastically changed over the past several years. . .

Judge: Oh, I'll go along with that, counsel, I'm quite sure that these pictures are not above anyone who goes into *that* shop, and certainly not below them. I'm going to let the Grand Jury decide. Bind it over; \$200.00 bond.

Thus I become a pornographer. We sell posters which sometimes depict a tender or loving embrace between two people, and that's obscene. It's not obscene, however, to sell posters of people killing people or shooting defenseless animals or pictures of cops brutalizing blacks and students who dissent from fascism. It's not obscene to sell war toys to children under 18 years of age, but it is obscene to sell them love posters. It's not obscene to teach mandatory war tactics in high school ROTC, but it is to teach love in your own shop.

I am proud that this society deems me a pornographer at the same time that it deems Lyndon Johnson an honorable man.

—bo lozoff



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TOUGALOO, Miss., May 15 (LNS)—The *average income* for each individual in Mississippi in 1967 was \$1,895, as compared to a national average of \$3,237. The 1967 Mississippi average income is \$118 higher than it was in 1966, the national income is up \$174 over 1966.



RETURN TO FORSYTH

For the first time since 1911, a Negro spent the night in Forsyth County, Georgia. In fact, there were 25 Negroes and 50 whites who camped at Lake Lanier Saturday night, May 11, despite the threat that there would be "real trouble." This threat was made and repeated even though the lake is a federal park.

The confrontation came as the result of an attempted outing the previous weekend. (The reader is referred to the last issue of the *Bird*, page 4, for that story.) This first incident was publicized, and yet another camp-in was planned, this with the organizational help of John McGown, a Negro and Executive Director of the Georgia Council on Human Relations. The group left the Wheat Street Baptist Church in Atlanta after noon on Saturday, May 11, loaded with food and camping supplies for the campsite near Buford Dam on Lake Lanier. The first act on arrival was to raise the American flag over the site and "claim Forsyth County for the United States."

Whites appeared as they had the previous weekend and informed us that we would get the "trouble we were looking for." Cars continually circled the camp. Police protection seemed to fade at dark when we decided to defend the camp ourselves. Kim Dreisbach, an Episcopal priest and ex-

Marine, took charge and had the cars and vans drawn into a wagon-train style circle to protect the tents from possible gunfire. He also set up a very thorough guard-duty system of six men taking two-hour shifts, "armed" as it were, with flashlights.

The first attempt to enter our camp was made about midnight by a lone man in a pickup. He was turned away by four state troopers who materialized from out of nowhere, threatening him with arrest. Later a young woman approached the camp accompanied by two men lying down in the back of her car. They turned back when we converged on their car with flashlights, ordering them to leave. Back at the campsite, the guys not on guard duty, the girls and children, and an elderly person or two were singing because we were all afraid, "we are not afraid, we are not afraid to-DAY."

It rained then from one a.m. on constantly, perhaps saving us? our only casualties Sunday morning were from colds. Obviously though, it will still be a long time before a black person can camp at Lake Lanier in real safety, after all, what family can raise a group of fifty or more people to protect them?

-joe nickell

And this poor person stayed home

If you hadn't known, it would have been hard to tell from the daily press who was doing what about the Poor People's Campaign in Atlanta last week. The uncertainty of the press reflected the uncertainty of the middle and upper class community -- not quite with it, but scared to ignore it.

It really doesn't make sense for The Establishment to support what might be described as a revolt against its power, so it should not surprise anyone that the support for the Poor People as they came thru Atlanta came from all segments.

The people who actually did the work were those who took time off from their normal professions and jobs to take over responsibilities which if anyone had had time to think about them would have made us all stop dead in our tracks and say it couldn't be done. There was good humor, and mutual trust and respect throughout. Individuals had to make decisions and have faith that their decisions would be honored by their co-workers. There was no organization chart and very little "selection" of persons to do special jobs. Whoever was on hand at the moment and willing to do a job did it... The law of natural selection seems to work as well in organization as in other situations.

The exciting and inspiring aspect was the numbers who responded, the hundreds who offered beds, the hundreds who offered to drive, the thousands who brought food. There was an air of excitement, of participating in something big and important, an air of "self-help", not of a charity for the Poor but that they were submitting their own desire to go to Washington and desire, that since they couldn't go themselves, they wanted to help those who would go and do their work for them -- the work being to force our Nation to face its own conscience.

The operation in Atlanta was the responsibility of the Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress, and the major worries were on the shoulders of the Co-Chairmen, Rev. J. E. Boone, Rev. Howard Creecy, and Dr. Otis Smith, and the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. John Boone. To name any others would require naming at least 100, so the safest thing is to leave it at that and acknowledge that the whole operation was the combined effort of hundreds of people.

The MASLC is interested in hearing from people who want to go to Washington later this month, to join the Poor People's Campaign. SCLC has urged people to plan to come for May 30, if they cannot come to stay until then.

MASLC stopped its own program to do this job, but exciting as it was to have the caravan come through Atlanta, the important thing is what we will do about our own Poor People in Atlanta. It's all very well to send 500 on to Washington, but our own Poor we have with us still. Let us hope that the presence of those guests in our midst will make us take a look at our own neighbors. If Atlanta will open its homes to the poor of Mississippi and Alabama, why not open its homes to the Poor of Atlanta? We ended up with more beds offered than out-of-town visitors. It was tempting to add some local residents to the list and send them out for a good night's sleep in new parts of town, and feed and clothe them. 'Tis a thought....

-eliza paschall

black dance

"Through the Eyes of the Unfulfilled", the first section of the student dance concert given at Spelman College last weekend, was a moving, living portrait of black life.

Using black music - Aretha, Bernice Reagon, Nina Simone, Dionne Warwick - Mrs. Shirley Rushing, Choreographer, portrayed the powerful rhythms and movements coming out of 400 years of resistance and oppression. The dancers including children from the Spelman College Children's Dance School, put an unusual amount of feeling and competence into their movements.

Starting with a shouting church meeting, Mrs. Rushing based her dance poems of ghetto life on daily occurrences, using black dances and movements along with more conventional dance steps. The funky Broadway, African twist and boogaloo were rightfully shown to be beautifully expressive of a black love, agony, sorrow and strength.

"Bad Dreams", an enactment invasion by machine-like people as imagined by a high young man, seemed a beautiful and prophetic portrayal of black's possible summer (and ultimate) fate. The dances with the child-

ren's groups were outstanding, especially those featuring Linda Spriggs and Karen Wright. They were unstudied, yet gracefully competent - not at all the usually over-rehearsed rigidity of young performers.

Unfortunately the second half, except for another outstanding Rushing dance poem and a Slavic dance was not worth watching.

"Baroque-Rogue", choreographed by Carl Ratcliff, was the only, although bizarre, attempt at originality. If one realizes the latter days of baroque art coincided with the beginnings of black slavery in the United States, a peculiarly degenerate mind might laugh at the contrast of black girls in white wigs dancing quietly to its contorted "classical" forms of music.


Hildegard Tornow's choreography is too banal and trite to be discussed at any length. Flourishing in white Atlanta while living off black Atlanta's talent and money, the shallows of her wasp-ish mind choreographed a so-called dance about gypsies.

The students and Mrs. Rushing, along with the Center Dance Theatre (funded by a Title III grant) should be encouraged.

-jane moore

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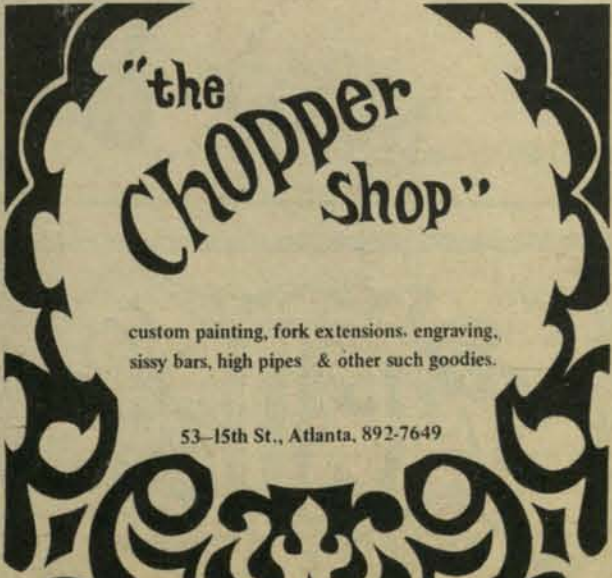
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THE STORY OF CLARENCE THE CLOUD OR HOW A CLOUD BECAME A STONED

FOR ADULTS FROM AGES 3-100.

1.



CLARENCE '58

CLARENCE was born at a very early age just a few short miles outside of MELFORD, MASS., LATER on, his family, THE CLOUDS, moved to west ELEPHANT'S BREATH, NORTH DAKOTA, ZIP CODE 30523.

2. CLARENCE did all the normal things a nice young ALL-CLOUD boy should do. CARS, GIRLS, CARS, BOOZE, GIRLS, sometimes school, CARS and GIRLS and key CLUB and CARS and girls, and finally CLARENCE decided to get an "education" at one of our better state

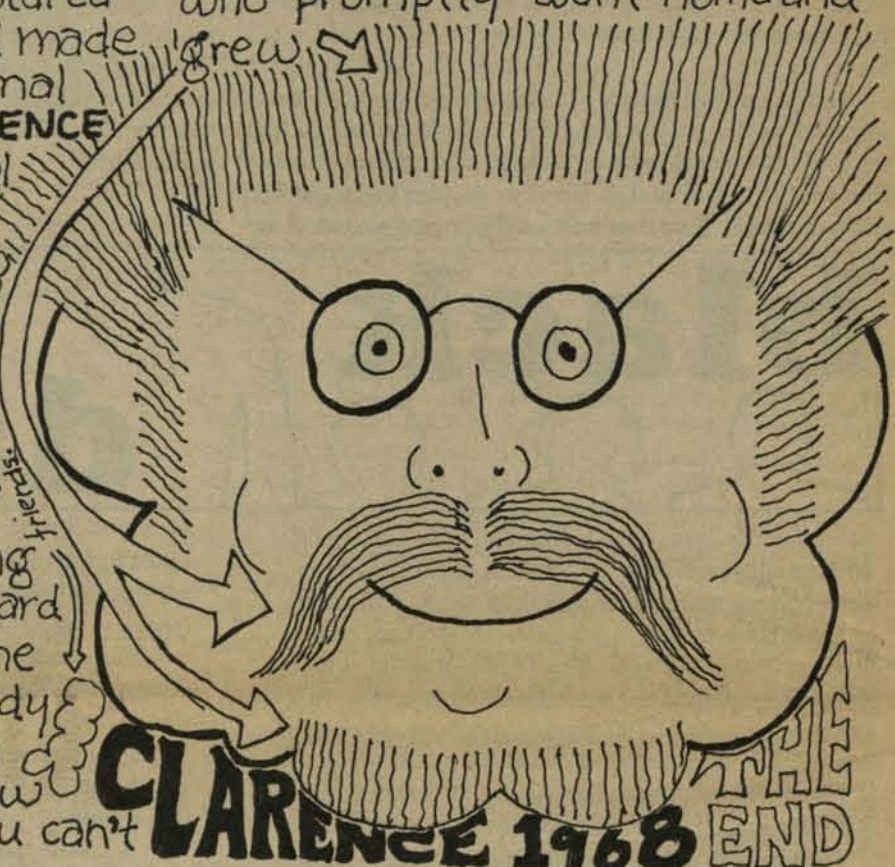
owned UNIVERSITIES majoring in BUSINESS MIST.

3. One day after his degree, (B.M.), CLARENCE decided to go for a walk. wow! He walked to the very local, awfully local 5¢10¢ STORE to buy some animal crackers for himself and some friends.

Everyone turned and stared at poor CLARENCE and made him sign for the animal crackers. LATER CLARENCE got stopped by his local and friendly neighborhood policeman who took away his animal crackers and took his name and address for "later reference". CLARENCE had just begun thinking about things he had heard in school like "land of the free", etc. when a fat lady on the sidewalk began screaming about how "wasn't it awful, you can't

even go shopping these days, not, in fact, even at your local, very local 5¢10¢ STORE without being accosted by some "Naked CLOUD".

4. THIS upset CLARENCE very much (he "hadn't done anything to her", he remarked), so much in fact that CLARENCE threw up on her! "GOOD DAY," said CLARENCE who promptly went home and grew.



CLARENCE 1968 THE END

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review: **TRAFFIC**

Traffic, *Mr. Fantasy* (United Artists)

It's easy to get caught in Traffic. And it doesn't even have to be the rush hour, which only makes it easier to get caught in anything, everything, anyway. Traffic builds up around you and inside you and pretty soon you're surrounded and you just don't care. Traffic can do that to you.

Traffic comes from England - a rock group with a strong rhythm and blues influence, primarily due to Steve Winwood. Winwood is a fine multi-instrumentalist, best on organ and piano but also capable of precise blues guitar riffs.

Traffic was formed shortly after Winwood left the Spencer Davis Group where he had written most of the material and elevated the organ from trite background noise to a vital lead and solo instrument.

The other members of the group weren't hard to find. Jim Capaldi plays tight drums and Chris Wood plays beautiful flute melodies, blues saxophone and fine bass things. Another musician, Dave Mason, was originally with the group but left amiably shortly after their first album, *Mr. Fantasy*, was released.

Mr. Fantasy is lacking in unity but individual cuts show Traffic's strength. "Paper Sun" is an example of what Traffic can do without Winwood's RandB influence, as is "Hole in My Shoe". Both cuts use sitar, played by Mason, and are controlled and comprehensible psychedelic things. "Dealer" is another one of these, done with Capaldi's dark flute melodies.

"Colored Rain" is one of the album's best cuts: Winwood on organ, Capaldi drums and Wood on sax, Traffic's best lineup. "No Face, No Name and No Number" proves Winwood's vocal talent. He has one of the best blues voices of any white vocalist around.

But the strongest cuts on the album are where Traffic's psychedelic tendencies are combined with Winwood's blues influence. "Heaven is in your mind" and "Mr. Fantasy" are both of this variety, with the title cut the better of the two because of Winwood's keyboard work and a fine guitar lead.

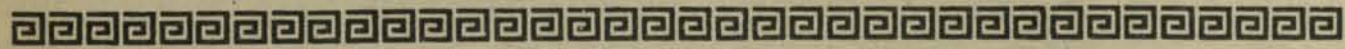
"Smiling Phases" is similar; beautiful words too. "Do yourself a favor / Wake up to your mind / Life is what you make it / You see but still you're blind / Get yourself together; give before you take / You'll find out the hard way / That soon you're gonna break. / Smilin' phases going places / Even when they bust you / Keep on smiling thru / You'll be amazed at the gaze on their faces / As they sentence you." Happy, no?

There are many other interesting things for the mind and body on the album, like the soft little diddies between each track and the voices beginning and ending "Giving To You."

In all, Traffic is a fine trio, with versatility and vocal prowess. Their album proves this but also leaves some things up in the air, like just how serious they are about their music, and how much and what kind of direction they have. Their real forte is in R and B and not in the psychedelic stuff on the album.

Musically I think they are as good as the other fine trios around, Hendrix and Cream, but any more of a comparison would be unfair because they are not doing the same thing. They do lack unity and a real inventiveness that would make them better than good. They are skilled and talented musicians who as yet have to show what they are capable of doing. The ability is there, and if the intent is also, Traffic should begin to grow. When it does you won't mind at all...

--winslow martin



TWELFTH



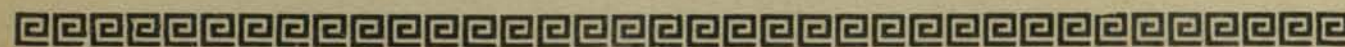
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FRIDAY May 24

- \$\$\$FOLK MUSIC Liz Getz. Unitarian Church, 8 p.m. Donation.
- ***CONCERT Wit's End Players. Georgia State College, Sparks Assembly Hall. 7 p.m. Chief Jesters of the South. 8 p.m.
- \$\$\$PLAY Gaines' *The Sideshow*. Academy Theatre, 8:30 p.m. \$3 - 3.50
- ***SANDBOX Gov. Rockefeller speaks. Emory Athletic Field, 10 a.m.
- ***CONCERT Haydn's *The Creation* Glenn Memorial Church, Emory. 8 p.m.
- ***CONCERT Agnes Scott Spring Concert, 8:15 p.m.

SATURDAY May 25

- \$\$\$FLICK *Tom Sours* A.M.B. Auditorium, Emory. 8:15 p.m. \$.50
- \$\$\$PLAY Gaines' *The Sideshow*. Academy Theatre, 8:30 p.m. \$3 - 3.50

SUNDAY May 26

- ***EXHIBIT *Sculpture in Corrugated Board*, by Dorothy Berge. High Museum of Art.
- ***LECTURE Pat Waters *A White Man's Grasp of Black Power* Central Unitarian Church 8 p.m.
- ***PILGRIMAGE Quaker House to Washington, 8 a.m.

MONDAY May 27

- ***SLIDE LECTURE *Robert Rauschenberg and Things*, Dr. Thomas Lyman. High Museum of Art, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY May 28

- ***EXHIBIT Members Art Show Opening. Unitarian Church.

WEDNESDAY May 29

- ***FLICK *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. A.M.B. Auditorium, Emory. 8:30 p.m.

FRIDAY May 31

- +++MOURNING Memorial Day mourn-in, Decatur St. Anabaptist Church, 2 p.m. Sponsored by the League for Mystic and Holy Rejuvenation.

SUNDAY June 2

- (!!!)SLICK SLIDES *The Lesbian in American Education*, Mourningglory YMCA, 8 p.m.

MONDAY June 3

- &&&EXHIBIT *The Discarded* Majet Shoups' constructions from the trash barrel. Civic Center, 10 a.m. - 8 p.m.

TUESDAY June 4

- +++DEBATE James Goddard & Geoffry Lewis on *Is Public Health Endangered by Triphinol?* CDC Open Operating Room, 8:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY June 5

- %%%%CONCERT *Symphony for 1401* O Yakamuri. IBM Lobby 9-5 p.m.

FRIDAY June 7

- wowPOT PARTY Decatur St. Police Hdqrs. Sponsored by Atlanta YIP!

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I. F. Stone:

Rich March On Washington

No other Western country permits such a large proportion of its people to endure the lives we press on our poor. To make four-fifths of a nation more affluent than any people in history, we have degraded one-fifth mercilessly.

—Report of the Citizens Inquiry Into Hunger

To see the Poor People's March on Washington in perspective, remember that the rich have been marching on Washington ever since the beginning of the Republic. They came in carriages and they come on jets. They don't have to put up in shanties. Their object is the same but few respectable people are untactful enough to call it handouts. Washington owes its very existence as the capital to a deal for the benefit of wealthy speculators. They had bought up the defaulted bonds issued to finance the Revolution, paying as little



(photos by *The Southern Courier*)

as 15 cents on the dollar to the needy original investors. The speculators wanted repayment at full face value. It was only by promising to move the capital from Philadelphia to a new city to be built on the Potomac that Alexander Hamilton could get enough Southern votes to swing the deal.

The Trickle-Down Theory

The fiscal and banking system of the new Republic was thus solidly established on the basis of a \$20 million hand-out to the rich and on the Hamiltonian theory that if the new government would channel enough of the national wealth to the top some of it would eventually trickle down. In the meantime the farmer and the consumer would pay the taxes and the tariffs to keep the investor fat and happy. Ever since then the public treasury and the public lands have been a major source of the great American fortunes down to our own day of never-ending oil depletion allowances. The tax structure and the laws bear the imprint of countless marches on Washington; these have produced billions in hidden grants for those who least need them. Across the facade of the U.S. Treasury should be engraved, "To him who hath shall be given."

One easy and equitable way to finance an end to abject poverty in this country would be to end the many tax privileges the wealthy have acquired. A 12-man committee of industrialists and financiers has just recommended to Governor Rockefeller of New York a form of that guaranteed income the marching poor will demand. The committee proposes a negative income tax to raise 30 million of our neediest above the poverty level. Instead of paying income taxes they would receive enough from the Treasury to bring their incomes up to a minimum of \$3300 a year for a family of four. The additional cost would be about \$11 billion a year. That is what the more obvious tax loopholes for the rich now drain from the U. S. Treasury. (The figure is from a staff study made for Senator Proxmire as chairman of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress.)

Few people realize that our present tax and welfare structure is such as to encourage the wealthy to speculate and the poor to vegetate. If a rich man wants to speculate, he is encouraged by preferential capital gains and loss provisions which give him a 25% cushion against losses and take less than half as much on his speculative gains as on his normal earnings. But if a poor man on relief took a part-time job, he had until very recently to pay a 100% tax on his earnings in the shape of a dollar-for-dollar reduction in his relief allowance. Even now after a belated reform in the welfare

system, a poor man on relief after his first \$30 a month in food allotments for the poor is dramatically displayed in the statistical appendices of the Citizen's Report on Hunger. In the calendar year 1966 a quarter billion dollars in farm subsidies were paid to a lucky landowning two one-hundredths of one percent of the population of Texas while the 28.8% of its population below the poverty line received less than \$8 million in all forms of food assistance. Such grotesque maldistribution of Federal aid is not limited to the South. That same year the U.S. Treasury paid almost \$36 million in farm subsidies to one-third of one percent of the population of Nebraska while only \$957,000 in surplus food allotments went to the 26.1% of its population which is in poverty. One farm company in California, J.G. Boswell, was given \$2,807,633 in handouts by the Treasury that year and the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company got \$1,236,355 in Federal sweetening.

Such are the huge hogs that crowd the public trough. Other even bigger corporations live on the gravy that drips from the military and space programs. We may never reach the moon—or know what to do with it when we get there—but the race for it has already created a new generation of Texas millionaires. The arms race and the space race guarantee the annual incomes of many in the country club set.

Even before the marchers began arriving, the President at his latest press conference was already inviting them to leave. Their demands would be "seriously" considered, he said, "and then we expect to get on with running the government as it should be." For years, "running the government as it should be" has meant financing and planning these programs which are the welfare systems of the American upper classes. Three-quarters of the poor get no help. Two-thirds of our hungry schoolchildren are not reached by the school lunch program. But finding the money to help extra earnings must turn back to the Treasury 70 cents on the dollar while the rich man need pay the Treasury only 25 cents of every dollar he wins on the market even when his normal income tax rate is more than 50 percent. Such is the topsy-turvy morality of the Internal Revenue laws.

Whence Crime in the Streets

A heart-breaking report on hunger by a Citizens Board of Inquiry has just lifted the curtain on why the poor are marching. In the richest country in the world people eat clay to still the pains of an empty belly, children come to school too hungry to learn, and the infants of the poor suffer irreversible brain damage from protein deprivation. Much of the crime in the streets springs from hunger in the home. Much of this hunger is also linked to hand-outs for those who do not need them. Some of its roots may be found in subsidy programs



designed to encourage farmers to make more money by producing less food. The effect has been to push the poor off the land and into the ghettos. A program designed 30 years ago ostensibly to help the desperate family farmer has become a source of huge handouts to big farmers and farm corporations.

In 1967 the 42.7% of our farmers with incomes of less than \$2500 a year received only 4.5% of total farm subsidies paid by the government while the top 10%, many of them farm corporations or vertical trusts in food processing, received 64.5% of these subsidies. The contrast between these



handouts for rich farming interests and the stingy surplus them is not part of "running the government as it should be," i.e. with a budget allocated 80% to the Pentagon and 10% to health, education and welfare.

A Warfare, Not A Welfare, State

Ours is a warfare, not a welfare, state. And unless the better conscience of the country can be mobilized, it will wage war upon the poor, too. Only twice before in our history have the poor marched on Washington — Coxey's Army of the jobless in 1894 and the bonus marchers in 1932. Both times they were easily dispersed by force. The last heartless chapter of the flinty Hoover Administration was the attack of Gen. MacArthur's troops upon the encampment of the bonus marchers on the Anacostia flats. This time the shanties will not be burned down nor the poor scattered so easily. A clash could set off the hottest summer yet of our nascent civil war. The poor may prove an irresistible force. The Congress is certainly an immovable object.

At this dangerous juncture we need a crusade of the progressive well-to-do to supplement the efforts of the poor people's march. We are glad to see that SANE and a group of other organizations is calling for demonstrations of support throughout the country for Saturday, May 25. We need volunteers to stand on street corners and collect money to feed the encampment of the poor in Washington. And we need an army of young white idealists to ring door bells in the suburbs and awaken the middle class to the crisis the poor may precipitate. What lies ahead may be far more important than the election.

We wish the unaware millions of the suburbs could have heard the extraordinary collection of spokesmen for the poor whom the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy brought to Wesley A.M.E. Church for a preliminary rally here last week. The volcanic despair of our Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Indians, Spanish Americans and poor whites has thrown up new and unknown leaders able to present their case with an untaught and unmatched eloquence. The descendants of the enslaved, the conquered and the dispossessed have found voices which makes one realize what human resources lie untapped among them. It was also thrilling in a time of rising separation to join hands again with blacks in singing We Shall Overcome and to feel how truly this movement stems from Martin Luther King's teaching. If this fails, multi-racialism and non-violence will fail with it. Yet fail it must unless the middle class and the suburb can be aroused to pressure Congress for the steps required to wipe out poverty. "There is nothing," Martin Luther King said, "except a tragic death wish, to prevent us from reordering our priorities, so that the pursuit of peace will take precedence over the pursuit of war." Now is the time for the white and the fortunate to organize themselves for this work of solidarity. This — it cannot be said too often — may be our last chance.

I. F. Stone, May 13, 1968

(Subscriptions to I. F. Stone's Weekly are \$5/year.
Write: I. F. Stone's Weekly
5618 Nebraska Ave. N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20015)