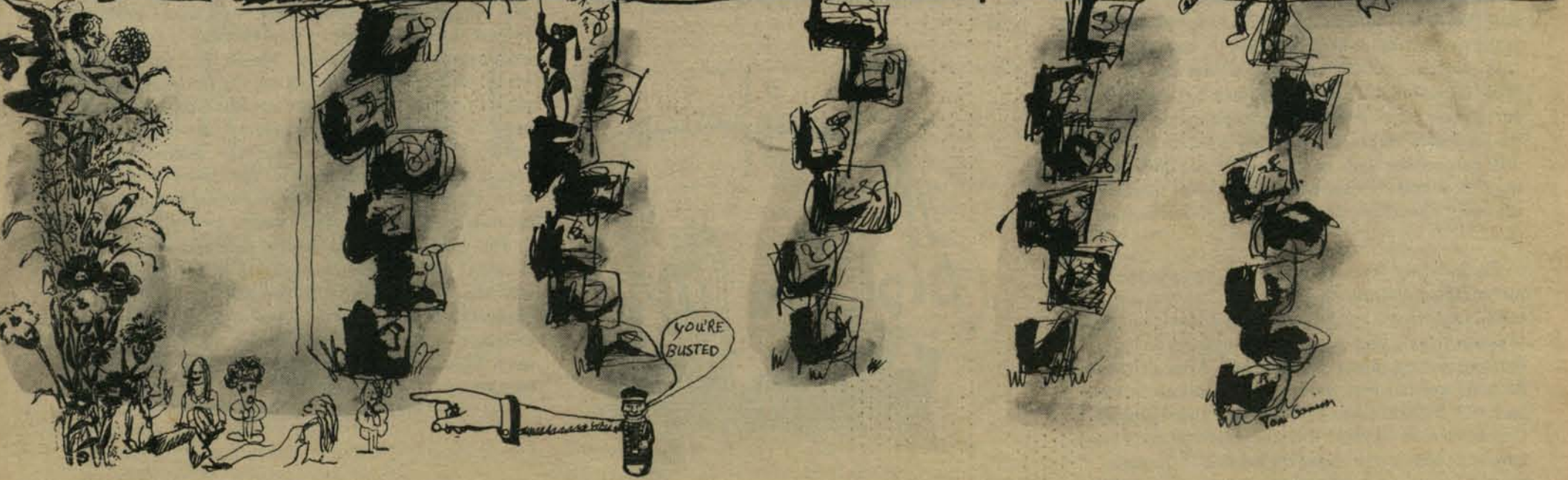


THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD 15¢

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JUNE'S BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER



W. Tom Green

JUST LIKE WALLACE

When Spelman College President Albert Manley welcomed Nelson Rockefeller to "one of his homes" recently, he wasn't kidding.

Since its founding, the black women's college has depended heavily on Rockefeller money. The college was named for Laura Spelman, wife of John D. Rockefeller Sr. (Nelson's grandfather), and several buildings on campus are named for various members of the family. The United Negro College Fund, another financial mainstay, "got its main financial thrust," in Manley's words, from John D. Rockefeller Jr. It's understandable that Manley was "particularly glad to see" the New York governor and Republican presidential candidate.

Rockefeller's open-air talk May 23 on the Spelman Quadrangle was the first stop of his "Southern campaign." It was soon clear that Manley didn't speak for everybody in the small crowd of about 100, mostly students and faculty from Spelman and the other Atlanta University Center Colleges. Black militants carried signs calling Rockefeller the "great white colonialist," "just like Wallace," and passed out leaflets documenting the Rockefeller family's increasing support of the apartheid regime of South Africa.

The militants were not pacified by the balloons, buttons, band and bombast. They repeatedly interrupted Rockefeller's platitudes with hard racial views. At several points, the exchange turned into a shouting match between the candidate and the militants, and the meeting seemed on the verge of disruption. In an obvious attempt at intimidation, Atlanta University cops began edging into the militants' circle, but no force was used.

Rockefeller parried most of the questions with long canned non-answers which obfuscated the point with irrelevant technicalities and involved historical background. On questions for which he had memorized no canned answers, he selected the one which nearly fit the question.

But he was prepared for the big ones. Vietnam was an "unfortunate situation," the Israeli-Arab war a "tragic conflict" and the dispute between Columbia University and Harlem residents over the proposed gymnasium was "very complicated." As for Chase Manhattan Bank's investments in South Africa, Rockefeller replied evasively that the bank did business "around the world."

Rockefeller's eleventh-hour decision to visit Spelman; after not replying to a previous invitation to visit at a later date, sparked controversy even before his arrival. The campus first learned of the impending visit only two days before when four white Rockefeller aides appeared to organize a "Students for Rockefeller committee."

"They told us that since Rockefeller has given the school \$25 million over the last ten years, it would look very bad if he came here and got no cooperation," recalled Betty June Johnson, a Spelman coed.

When it was discovered that Rockefeller's visit would conflict with final exams, the aides unsuccessfully tried to get the final schedule changed.



"Apparently he felt he could just come in any-time he wanted to since he had given so much to the school," Miss Johnson said.

Miss Johnson, who lives in Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Hall, first agreed to serve as chairman of "Students for Rockefeller." Although she said she is not a Rockefeller supporter, she thought the occasion would give Spelman students a good chance to express their concerns publicly. She resigned the next day, however, after thinking about some of the circumstances.

"I realized that they were just using us for what they could get out of us," she said. "They came in here so fast it seemed they didn't want to give us a chance to even think about what we were doing."

After her resignation, she was visited by a local Negro Republican, "Mr. Benjamin." "He said I shouldn't even be at Spelman if I was so against Rockefeller, and the same went for any other girl here," she said.

—bob goodman

defacto

CLOSED HOUSING

"I always thought if you needed protection you called the police," she said. "I guess that's pretty naive, isn't it?"

This is what a young white divorcee, living in segregated Clark Howell Homes (Federal Housing Project), just learned about how the fuzz "protect" nigger lovers.

Well, guess who came to dinner? Or rather guess who came to a little birthday celebration this woman and her two children gave for a friend? And guess how the local Christian rednecks responded? The apartment was stoned and one man tried to get the woman's ex- to get his wife and kids out of the apartment so that "we can get the nigger." This man had a rifle and a friend had a firebomb, and, by god, vengeance was gonna be theirs.

A cop arrived in just no time at all but -- guess again -- who called him? He told the woman "I don't blame whoever called. I would've too." And it seems a cop's duty is to whoever calls, NOT to whoever might be about to get killed. So this woman decided to call her OWN cops. And if you'll guess just one more time -- guess just what that got her? Well it *did* get her a cop (after nearly an hour of calls to the police pleading that they were really, please, in danger). But the cop made no attempt to disperse the crowd -- in fact he refused to -- and, no, he'd never heard of a riot squad. (I've never heard of one being used against white people either.)

As they left the apartment for the car, the mob threw lit cigarettes at them, making no attempt to spare the kids. All this time the cop just stood back out of the way.

But when she decided to move out of the housing project, the police sent two (thoroughly integrated) men to protect her. There was no trouble this time, although one lady was very interested in finding out just where she had moved to. And so your friendly *Bird* reporter (who helped with the moving), he ain't telling NObody -- except to say she moved into a predominately black neighborhood. Not only were the people there friendly, but one woman sent her little boy to help us unload the truck. And we didn't even need the police. Even.

—joe nickell

athens the emperor ^{has} no clothes

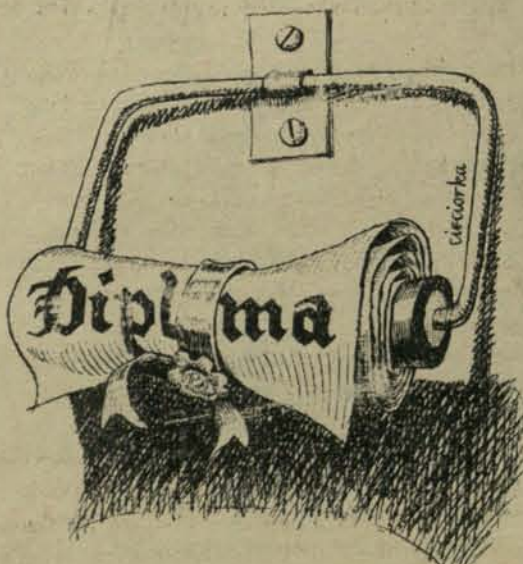
Upcountry at the University of Georgia plantation system, wandering through the oak-lined groves of Athens academe. The slavocracy's architecture induces a historical trance, snapping my mind into an old forgotten Southern gear, (hell awaits those who defy the authority of God, the Father Jehovah) making it as impossible for me to think David Simpson's suspension unjust as it would be impossible for the master's son to think it unjust to slap the slaves pilfering hand.

In their latest action suspending David Simpson and George Langworth and placing on probation William Bell, Phil Evans and William Daniels, Jr. for participation in the women's rights demonstration, the masters of the University have exhibited once again their own modern brand of Southern feudal paternalism *a la* educational bureaucracy. Even in meting out its plantation justice, the Big Daddy bureaucrats ironically confirmed their male paternalism: only the males were sent down the river, the females of course being good house niggers who were mislead and don't have sense to act on their own.

The University's overseers, it seems, have congenital master mentalities, assuming that their "peculiar institutions" are both just and benevolent to students and that of course there is no need to consult students on the ordering of the students' personal lives. After all, the students are well-fed, have good quarters, fornicate in the back seat, and some even have rhythm. They're happy. Course, there are always a few renegades who don't know how lucky they are to escape the hazards of freedom.

2—the great speckled bird

The educational philosophy of the University hasn't changed much since 1785 when the University plantation system was started on 40,000 acres "acquired" from the Indians. President Fred Davison in his inaugural proclamation invoked the authority of the 1785 charter as a basis for his view of college education--to *form* "the minds and morals of their citizens"... "It should therefore be among the first objects of those who wish well to the national prosperity... early to place the youth under the forming hand of society, that by instruction they may be moulded (sic) to love of virtue and good order."



There is no reason to think that under such firm paternal tutelage, Georgia's sons learned to think independently about their inhumane "peculiar institutions" of slavery and feudal landholding system. And today despite the liberal rhetoric about free inquiry and independent thought, there is still very little indication that Georgia's educational system fosters critical, independent thought about our "peculiar institutions" of manipulative coercion, racism and military industrialism.

Actually few leading educators (that is, administrators who can best wangle money from business and government) pretend that the purpose of the University is free inquiry into the values of the society. Rather they accept the values of the society as given and see the University as a glorified service station for the needs of corporate business, the government and the military. Davison's speeches and his language betray that definition--students are "resources" which must become "investments with interest compounded so that the outflowing production becomes of infinitely greater value to society."

This new educational-industrial paternalism apparently cannot and will not tolerate those students and faculty who refuse to have their personal lives and minds manipulated, who refuse to accept corporate businesses' definition of society and who declare that they will freely inquire into and independently define a more humane basis for our society.

Yes, the Emperor has no clothes.

—j.g.

SIX YEARS for O'BRIEN

No. 232-October Term, 1937
Isaac Cohen

v.
Deutsches Reich

May 27, 1938

Herr Doktor Professor Chief
Justice Krieger delivered the opinion
of the Court.

On the morning of March 31, 1936, Isaac Cohen (now undergoing correction at the Buchenwald facility) and three companions burned their yellow stars on the steps of the Frankfurt a/M Courthouse. A sizeable crowd, including several agents of the Geheime Stats Polizei, witnessed the event. Immediately after the burning, members of the crowd began attacking Cohen and his companions. A Gestapo agent ushered Cohen to safety. After he was advised of his rights.....

David Paul O'Brien must submit to six years' "supervision and treatment" by the Attorney General for burning his draft cards at the South Boston Courthouse two years ago. The reasons:

(1) His draft cards were an easy way for him, like other young men, to prove that he had registered for the draft.

(2) His draft cards made it easy for him to write to his draft board and tell them where he was and what he was doing.

(3) His draft cards bore a handy reminder to him to do number (2) above.

(4) Draft cards must not be altered or misused, and after he burned them they could not be altered or misused. (Thus, presumably, depriving him of a valuable existential experience.)

Our government has no other means of keeping tabs on young men than by having them all keep two pieces of cardboard at home with their socks or, preferably, in their back pockets. As the United States Supreme Court found on May 27 in O'Brien's case, the purpose of Congress was not to suppress freedom of speech, but to sustain the "smooth functioning of the Selective Service System." Or, as the House Committee on Armed Services put it, "the acts of destroying or mutilating these cards are offenses which pose such a grave threat to the security of the nation that no question whatsoever should be left as to the intention of the Congress that such wanton and irresponsible acts should be punished."

Therefore, it is all right, and no restriction of free speech, if such criminals are sentenced to up to five years and fined up to \$10,000 for each piece of cardboard wantonly destroyed.

Why can't these "dissident persons" give up their "contumacious conduct" (as the Senate Committee

put it), and accept the law-abiding life which their betters in the Air Force, at Dow Chemical, and elsewhere in the Great Society, have accepted and are trying to bring to our little yellow friends in American Indo-China?



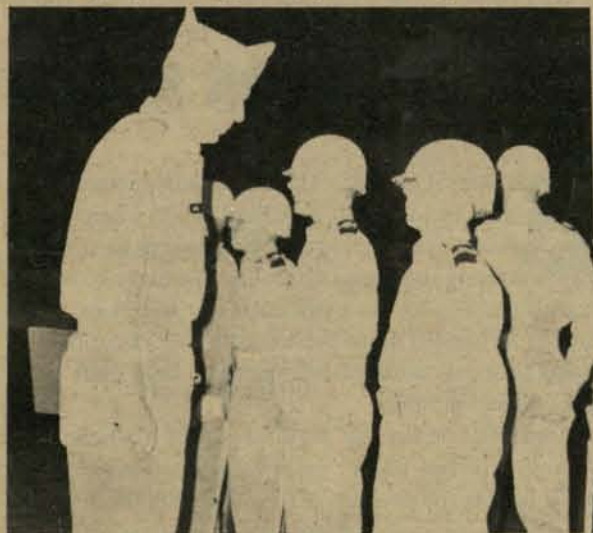
Where, for that matter, does William O. Douglas get off insisting (in this case and two others the same day!) that the Court ought to think about whether the Constitution allows a draft when the country hasn't declared war against anyone? After all, the draft was constitutional in 1918 and 1943, so what's different now? Why does Douglas yelp, in two more cases the same day, that the court ought to look into I-A classifications meted out for turning the cards in? Everybody knows Douglas chases tail, which defiles the robe, so his ideas couldn't be any good...

-D. D. Uberalles

END FORCED ROTC

The faculty of the Georgia State College School of Arts and Sciences and the School of Education have voted to end compulsory ROTC beginning in September. In doing so, the faculty rejected a compromise resolution from the Standards Committee that would have placed ROTC on an either/or basis with Physical Education, which is also compulsory at Georgia State. The faculty of the School of Business Administration has thus far declined to take any action on compulsory ROTC.

The proposal suggested by the Faculty Standards



Committee would have given the student the choice of taking either six quarters of ROTC or six quarters of Physical Education. Many of the faculty were opposed to this resolution on the grounds that it equated Military Science with Physical Education. Others felt that it was an administration attempt to salvage ROTC at the expense of the Physical Education program.

The resolution, as passed by both schools, will apply to old students as well as those who will enter under the new catalogue in September.

The faculty decision to end compulsory ROTC climaxed a year long "Freedom of Choice" campaign began by the Georgia State Committee on Social Issues (COSI) during Fall quarter, 1967.

-jim skillman



Friday, May 31, 6:30 p.m. -- An unusual combination of actor types, hippies and normal people (one heckler called out to a girl -- "You look normal." "I am normal." "Your friends don't look normal!") gathered in front of the Marriott Motor Hotel to commemorate the \$50 per plate fund-raising dinner. Richard Nixon was conducting inside. Some carried signs. "Ask For Seconds," "Eat Your Money, Fascist Pigs," "BURP!," "\$50 is the Average Annual Income of a Vietnamese," "See the Politicians Pay \$50 to Eat It," "\$50 Can Feed 100 People," "Has Your Stomach Ever Growled?," "Richard Nixon Has a Guaranteed Annual Income." Others passed out paper plates, on which was printed an appeal for a \$1.00 contribution to the Poor People's Campaign.

Things started out fine. A hotel detective came out to warn us about trespassing. Former AWIN coordinator Henry Bass asked to see his credentials. There followed an embarrassed pause while the detective fumbled around searching his pockets. Finally another house detective came out with credentials to vouch for the first one. We laughed. People started coming out of the Marriott to watch. Many laughed when they read the signs. The police came.

Following the first good-natured observers, hecklers began drifting out from the bars in the hotel to shout clever obscenities. "Motherfuckers!" shouts a Shriner, fez on head, drink in hand. His wife laughs at his wit. Stones are tossed down from a parking ramp. Ron Ausburn gets busted when he shouts "Eat it!" at a heckler. He sprawls in the back seat of the police car as I talk to the lieutenant. He is charged with using obscene language.

A witticism is hurled at Charlie Cushing -- "Get a shave, you son-of-a-bitch!" Charlie turns to a cop. "Isn't that obscenity?" "I din hear nuthin."

A TV cameraman approaches as a woman begins distributing brand new Shick razors to demonstrators. Everyone seems glad to get the razor, but the point is lost on them ("Why did they give us razors?")

Photographers and reporters come over. A man

with a miniature camera took a picture of each sign. "Why don't you read them?" someone suggested. A WAGA reporter standing near a heckler who was shouting "We'll put you all to work in Siberia!" turned to the man and said, "Why don't you go back inside?" A British reporter remained with the demonstrators the entire time. He seemed not to care for the Nixon crowd any more than they cared for us. He also didn't particularly care to see Nixon as president.

The stream of arrivals tapered off by eight o'clock and we decided to leave. Signs were gathered. The money (\$5.75) we collected from affluent Republicans to aid the Poor Peoples Campaign was turned in. Cars came to pick people up. Finally George Nikas, a 15-year old high school student, and I were the only ones left. The sidewalk was deserted, but the Marriott grounds and balconies were still jammed with people.

As we started walking up the street to catch a bus home, a man called from the parking lot, waving a paper plate. Expecting a donation, George walked back down the street. I turned to watch. The man, about 45, well dressed, with a large paunch, was standing by a cop. When George got close the man (the Republican) tore up the plate and threw the pieces in George's face. "You motherfucker!" "What did you say?" George asked. "I said 'you mother fucker!'"

I walked towards them, wondering how many drinks it took for that man, apparently a success somewhere in someone's terms, to get the courage to face a 15-year old kid with only a cop beside him and 1000 people shouting their approval behind him. I picked up the pieces of paper plate that were lying at the man's feet while he told me I should go to Vietnam. I straightened up, looked at him, and George and I went to get our bus.

-denis j. adelsberger

(Denis Adelsberger was recently discharged from the Army after refusing to wear his uniform at Fort Gordon. (See Bird No. 2 for details.) He is now coordinator of the Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence.)



underground letters

POOR PEOPLES MARCH

Arrived in Washington D.C. May 24th, I carried some confused young people whom I picked up hitchhiking in North Carolina. They were from Atlanta, running away from home, as it were, to find some better life, in Washington -- right! This is what we happened into.

Approximately 3,000 colored and white confused people, who had come to Washington to find a better life. Martin Luther King had told them to come and protest against crummy jobs, crummy living quarters and crummy treatment. They came just the way he had requested, when they arrived they were put (if poor enough or had some special credentials) in plywood A-frame tent-like structures. I guess there are 1,000 of these ill-constructed, badly ventilated and generally unhealthy tents incorporated within a 3-acre compound surrounded by show fence. As I saw it after attending a high-level staff meeting not much was happening in the way of constructive purpose. The meeting was conducted by Al Samson, a guy about my age whom I know and he's not doing anything for his people and he knows it.

As far as facilities basic, this is what was happening.

TRUTH FROM "EDITOR"

My name is Bill Zinkow, and I am the former "editor" of the Sandy Springs High School *Sentinel*. The term "editor" is quoted for a good reason: as "editor" of the *Sentinel* last year, I tried to print the truth. My "truth" paper was destroyed before it reached the student body, and I was forced to resign by indirect action of the school administration.

In the weeks to follow, several responsible people approached me with the idea of an "underground" newspaper. It's a good idea -- but it just doesn't work. Here's why: 1. Material: I don't care how many "real" creative people you've got, you just can't conjure up enough *good* material to make a good newspaper. You've got to print the truth, the price for slander is a high one. Gossip columns are out, unless you think cutty remarks about the faculty is good material. Try locating four pages of worthwhile copy -- It's hard! 2. Money: Unless you want a second-rate paper, you've got to print it: about \$40.00 a page. How long can you last at *those* prices? Be reasonable, who can afford such an endeavor? 3. Distribution: (This is a word of caution) I was told that if *one* copy of my underground newspaper was found on campus, I would be expelled.

These are only three of the most major problems confronted by an "underground" high school newspaper editor. To me, these are mighty high hurdles.

To all future high school editors: remember, when you accept your editor's post, you become a nothing. Do not try to print raw truth, it's got to be cooked by your adviser first. Your paper is a P.T.A. Bulletin -- the school is the publisher, therefore the *school*, not you, decides the paper's editorial policy. Chain of Command: Principal...Adviser...Editor. You are low man. Forget about new Ideas, forget about taking sides, forget about freedom of speech.

Remember; You're in high school, and "when you are in high school you are not old enough to know what is right and what is wrong."

Dear God, Help Me!

Faithfully,
Bill Zinkow

1. No showers.
2. Toilet facilities stunk.
3. No well rounded meals.
4. No creative projects for adults or kids.
5. General CIA bullshit.

What could happen, if somebody said "Hey, there's some human folk in Washington who are brave enough to leave what little they have to seek maybe something less painfull, who are these people?"

I saw children, young married people and old married people. I saw creative people being shoved back, way back by uncreative fuckers who want nothing more than mock representation in a country being run by mean black and white clowns.

To Washington:

1. Get some groovy art supplies for the kids.
2. Instruct the men how to set up industries and factories when they get home.
3. Give the US Government hell for the hardship and sickness they've already caused you.

—charles s. scardino

The following letter is in response to a review of a student dance concert given at Spelman College written by Jane Moore and printed in the last issue of The Bird.

Mrs. Moore severely criticized the motives of choreographer Hildegarde Tornow stating that Tornow was "flourishing in white Atlanta while living off black Atlanta's talent and money. . . ."

Mrs. Moore went on to say that Tornow's part in the production was "too banal and trite to be discussed. . . ."

BULLSHIT

You are perfectly free to dislike and express your dislike for Mrs. Tornow's choreographic talents but you cannot in any way justify your slanderous accusations of her character. In writing a critical revue you cannot confuse the artist's character with his creative ability. The latter is purely a matter of opinion, the first is not. If you need proof that it is not, ask any of her students who so willingly supply her with "black talent and money". Mrs. Tornow was drawn to them not because of the enormous wealth of talent in the Spelman physical education department, but because of their enthusiasm for and her love for the dance. Their money, and I quote the chairman of the physical education department at Spelman who hired Mrs. Tornow, is "not enough to pay one week's rent. If she were living off of the glory and money received from Spelman she would starve to death. Her pay is minimal and a constant source of embarrassment to those who would like to be able to pay her her true worth." Mrs. Tornow, when not "flourishing in white Atlanta", is conducting extensive rehearsals and preparations for productions completely without payment in money. She has worked at Spelman for nine years, longer than most of you conscientious do-gooders have been aware that there is a civil rights cause. She started working there out of her own feeling of service to the community when most of you were still going to segregated junior high schools. Your paper supposedly stands for freedom of press in the United States. If you are free to slander then print this so I will have the freedom to clear a great lady's name.

UNION ARMY??

NEW YORK (LNS-NY) -- The United States Army faces a new, internal enemy. Already 12,000 servicemen, at posts all over the world, in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force, have joined the American Servicemen's Union, founded about a year ago by a radical, Andrew Stapp, whom a draft board made the mistake of calling up. Stapp used some of the usual methods for trying to avoid being drafted, but did not push as hard as he might have, planning to give the Army a hard time from the inside.

Once inducted into the Army, Stapp became something of an Army lawyer as well as an organizer. The brass quickly learned he was suggesting to men various tactics possible under Army regulations to avoid being shipped to Vietnam. At one point Stapp was tried in a summary court martial for leaving his barracks against orders. The army sergeant who was supposed to testify against Stapp was not properly rehearsed, and Stapp became one of the rare soldiers tried in summary courts martial who are found innocent. During the trial everyone on his base, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, was confined to barracks, and MPs from off the base were brought in to maintain order with machine guns.

The reason for Army concern was that Stapp, with friends from his unit, were proselytizing for a union of servicemen. The Army decided to destroy the source of infection by transferring the "agitators" to different locations. They promptly started to work on the new men they were posted with. Morale among enlisted men began to pick up, but not among the officers: they called in Army Intelligence, to search for seditious ties with Cuba, Red China, and Russia.

The Army found nothing to connect Stapp and his buddies with communists, but finally they had to admit Stapp was too effective: his union began putting out a twice-a-month newsletter, *The Bond*, filled with letters from GIs delighted at the idea of a union and with reports of enlisted men finally working together successfully to resist some of the Army's arbitrariness (one of the union's demands was the election of officers). Stapp was thrown out of the Army at the end of March on grounds of doubtful loyalty.

The American Servicemen's Union has collected funds to provide lawyers for men in the armed forces who face courts martial for anti-war activities or for expressing views on officers or conditions which got them into trouble. It has also been active in informing servicemen of their rights. They are still actively recruiting, as only one-half of one percent of servicemen have joined so far. Probably most have not yet heard about the A.S.U., although Stapp is now working from the outside to have persons join as soon as they are drafted. The American Servicemen's Union is located at Room 633, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

Tom Hamilton

church sues state

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS-SCN) -- A group of Roman Catholic priests and students have filed suit in a San Francisco federal court asking that: 1) draft boards be stopped from refusing to exempt Catholics who claim to be conscientious objectors to a particular war and 2) an injunction be handed down preventing the prosecution of young men now declared delinquent by their draft boards on these grounds.

The suit rests on the fact that it is part of Catholic doctrine that certain wars or methods of warfare are sinful while leaving the decision as to which wars fall into these categories up to the individual's conscience. Priests involved argue that, since the Catholic Church puts forth as doctrine that certain wars are sinful and since selective conscientious objection is not recognized by the Selective Service System as legitimate, the priests must counsel resistance to young men whose consciences bring them to object to the Vietnam war and this act makes the priests federal felons for carrying out their religious duties.

At present, the only churches in which doctrine is considered by the Selective Service System to define a member as a conscientious objector are the Quaker, Mennonite, and Brethren Churches.

Five of the Catholics filing suit are draft resisters.

Fight Fascism: RESIST the DRAFT

This is a time of year that millions of students lose their II-S deferment. Many will suddenly realize that the war is not over after all, when they're confronted with an induction notice. The saddest part is that most people register with the draft board, and go through their entire school career aware only of II-S, I-A and the induction center. Since many students and graduates, and drop-outs, may be sitting around the house waiting for that induction notice, here are a few facts they can turn over in their minds.

The first fact is that you can go into the Armed Services. Your father probably did, and you're no better than he, are you? What's two years? Show them you're not a coward.

But if you really start to think about what you are and have some ideas about what you want, you may want to know a little more than you do about alternatives to the draft. When you look at it, why should you go into the Army? The most significant aspect of this generation is that it questions the values (or lack of values) of the older generation. For thousands of years the older generation has sent the younger to fight wars. The wars have never gotten anyone anywhere. No one has to tell you about the war in Vietnam or about the draft. You have eyes and ears and access to enough information to decide for yourself. If you believe in the draft, if you think the Vietnamese war is moral, that killing is justified, you don't have to wait to be drafted. You can see your Army recruiter today.

Some people graduate, get their I-A, and start wondering if they can 'beat' the system. They all hear stories about a guy who told the doctor he was queer, and got a IV-F. Or the guy who acted crazy enough to be deferred. Or the one who got a doctor to write a letter stating he had asthma. You've heard of them. You may be thinking of trying one or the other. Before you do, talk to the guys in the Army who tried the same things at the induction center. All it did for them was put something on their permanent file that they may not want there. There is no 'sure' way of beating it. It may work or it may not. You are one who has to decide how you feel about the whole matter. If you get the IV-F, you may feel a little foolish when all your buddies are in the Army, or doing alternate service, or in jail for refusing induction. If you are against the system enough to try beating it, you may want to look into other alternatives.

Conscientious objection is probably the most misunderstood part of the Selective Service System. Many people believe that Quakers get this deferment automatically, while no one else should even consider

applying for it. The fact is that anyone who is conscientiously opposed to *all* wars (or at least all wars that we are presently fighting, or that you could reasonably expect to fight) may at least apply for a I-O (alternate service) or a I-A-O (noncombatant duty). Alternate service means that instead of going into the Army for two years, you will do two years of other work, which will be in the national interest. You could wind up working in a hospital, working with VISTA or doing some social work. Noncombatant duty means that you would still be drafted, but you would never have to handle weapons. Technically, if you are only opposed to the Vietnam war, or if you don't believe in God, you are not a conscientious objector. This discourages many people from even trying for the deferment. You should speak with a competent draft counsellor before you decide against any particular course of action.

If you decide that you are a conscientious objector, the government may not agree, for one reason or another. Then you are faced with going to Canada, refusing induction or going into the Army.

Many people never even wonder if they are opposed to war. It's hard to question something you've

(The Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, 1036 Peachtree N.E., 892-8867, provides free draft counselling to anyone seeking advice or information.)

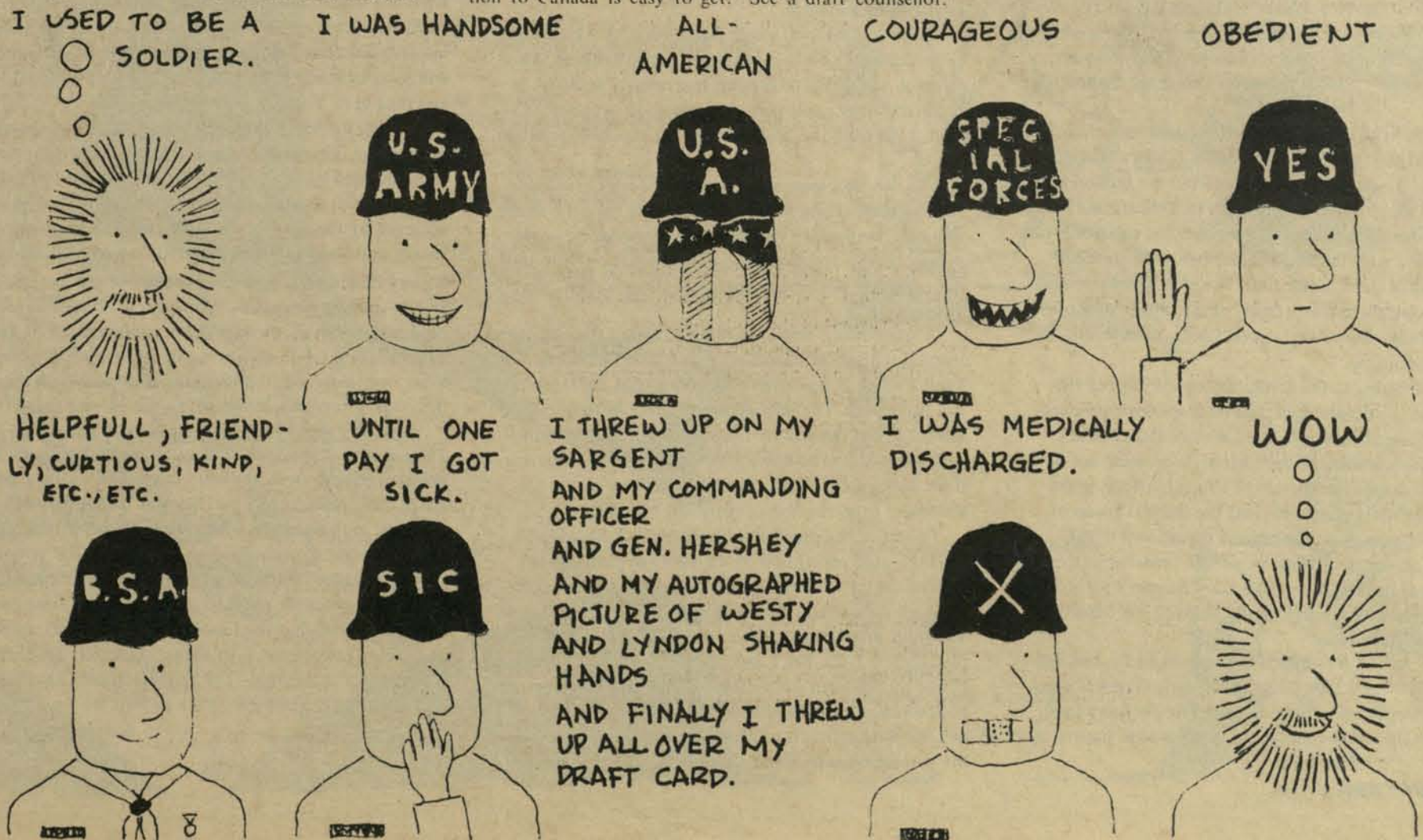
grown up with. If you're graduating from high school now, you've been hearing about Vietnam and Laos since sixth grade, and war is part of your life. If you're going to think about war, and the justifications thereof, do it now, before you have to go fight one.

Other people wonder about leaving the country. In Canada there are about 13,000 draft age American males. They have gone there for various reasons - some feel that they don't owe their country two years of their lives, especially two years of their youth. Maybe some went to Canada because they like that country. Some are opposed to fighting these wars we always seem to be mixed up in. Whatever the reason, they are in Canada. If an induction notice is sent to them, and they don't return to the United States to be drafted, they can't come back at all, even if they change their citizenship or are too old to be drafted. If they do return, they could spend up to five years in jail. It is a very serious step to take, and many people feel justified in taking it. There are many who are in Canada expecting some sort of amnesty to be declared after the war dies down. After looking at the presidential candidates, it doesn't seem wise to count on an amnesty. Information about immigration to Canada is easy to get. See a draft counsellor.

If you really think about the entire matter of the draft, and the wars we fight, and if you've noticed that every war we've fought has been to avoid all future wars, you may decide that although you can't condone the system, running away from it or 'beating' it doesn't seem to be the way to do it. Many I-O's feel very uncomfortable doing their alternate service, because they realize that although they have been excused from doing the killing, they are cooperating with the system that is doing the killing. This is where non-cooperation comes in. Refusal to cooperate anywhere along the draft process - refusal to submit to induction, refusal to continue your alternate service - has a possible five year penalty. Five years is a long time. You may realize now that refusal to cooperate is not what a coward does. We're not saying that those who go to Canada, or those who beat the system by lies, or those who go into the Army are cowards. Everyone has to decide what he believes, and he must decide how much he can take. Noncooperation takes a certain kind of courage. The guy who goes to prison for his beliefs has to know what he is doing. He must be convinced that going to prison for his beliefs is not the end of the world, and he must believe that he can be more effective in prison than in Canada.

Going into the Army isn't easy. It's two years of your life. You may never return. Your girl friend will have someone else by then. Your mind will be changed. You'll never be the same but seeking alternatives is much more difficult. You are resisting the Establishment, no matter how slightly. To apply for conscientious objector status, although it may seem easier than refusing induction, requires a person to have a clearly defined philosophy which most 18 or 19 year old people don't have. (Many graduate students don't have one.) People can give you all the information you need, whatever your decision. But the decision is yours, and it's a lonely game, of solitaire. You may get to the point of saying "Why me? Why should I have to make these decisions?" Life is like that. You can spend your entire life avoiding these important decisions, or floating along with everyone else. You can die without ever having lived, because to really live, you have to stand up to the crises, you have to make the decisions. Right now you have to make a decision about the draft. Whatever you do, thousands have done it already. You'll find people who are interested in your problem. If you are opposed to the draft to one degree or another, there are counsellors, lawyers and organizations willing to help. We're against the whole bloody mess, and we support those who also oppose it.

It's a crucial decision. You'll live with it for years.





"God, they say, is love
and someone's got to pass the word"
—Grossos Pappadopoulos

The first time I heard Allen Ginsberg read his poems, around 1960 in San Francisco, he was beat and so was the audience. Alienation from the American way of life motivated both Ginsberg and his listeners, and a great deal of the pleasure of this reading was in a shared sense of having rejected the country, from sea to shining sea: "America, go fuck yourself with your atom bomb. Don't bother me, I'm sick."

There was also a certain pleasure in the sickness. I'm old enough to remember sitting in the dark talking about the pathogenic garbage heap we all called home, speaking not as an incipient political activist and not from the point of view of someone who'd found another, better environment, but simply as a wounded critic. Beat. Ginsberg, with poems such as *Howl* and *America* ("Did I ever tell you what you did to Uncle Max?") was the focus of this movement.

Today, a Ginsberg reading is something else. The audience is dressed in bells, bright clothes, feather boas; children are slung, papoose style, across their mothers' backs. Self-confident revolutionary murrers. Ginsberg, no longer a beat novice, but a self-made Guru, begins with the singing of a *mantra*, a highly charged collection of religious nonsense syllables, to put the audience at peace, to generate and cement the feeling of community. The alternative to continually experiencing yourself as being outside the structure is to avoid the existential dilemma by creating your own structure. The new emphasis is on community, on a reinstitution of the tribal model. Though it only took ten years or so, there's a profound difference between "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness. . ." and the simple intonation: *Hare Om Namoh Shiva*.

Allen Ginsberg is intent on bringing revolutionary fronts together. An advocate of the new tribal structure (and all its ethical, religious and sartorial manifestations), Ginsberg retains his political vision, and does not see the two as mutually exclusive. He's no upper-middle-class weekend hippie teeniebopper, and he's not the Beatles' Old Man. You might start with the widely printed *Wichita Vortex Sutra*.

Remember, like rock lyrics, this stuff is meant to be heard, not seen. Ginsberg is about due for a new book. Until then, what he has published is available through City Lights Bookstore, San Francisco. The best all-around anthology of the New Poetry is Donald Allen's *The New American Poetry*, published by *Evergreen*. Poets who best define the movement are Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Paul Blackburn, Ed Dorn, Charles Olson and Robert Creeley.

Andrew Kopkind, writing in *Ramparts*, says that the quality of life in America is suddenly taking a new direction, that "Sergeant Pepper blares from ten million phonographs, they're feeding the bears in Yellowstone Park, and the odor of barbecue wafting over the suburbs is suddenly mixed with the fragrance of pot. Hear it, see it, smell it while there is still time. For although there will be no revolution in the ordinary sense, the quality of life in the society—the values, expectations, perceptions—is radically changing."

He is referring to the revolutionary stirrings of the young and the disinherited, and he is speaking primarily in a political context. But there is more than politics; there is, for instance, a whole life-style growing out of the Haight-Ashbury experiment which is affecting the lives of countless people beyond the original group of "hippies" (by now pretty much a derogatory term). The best chronicle of this way of life, centered in the establishment of communities, is Gary Snyder's piece "Passage to More Than India," in the March 1968 issue of the *Evergreen Review*.

Snyder is a bit less critical than he might be, but self-criticism is not a strong point in the early stages of revolution, political, cultural or artistic. *The Berkeley Barb*, one of the first of the successful underground papers, is

notable for the same kind of unrelenting optimism (three bearded kids standing naked in a San Francisco public fountain constitutes a major blow to the system, etc.) but it's the kind of optimism that keeps things going.

Snyder discusses very aptly, as he should be able to do after having spent almost ten years in the formal Zen training in Japan, the intense awakening of interest in Eastern thought and religion, and its beginning in the now moribund drug culture.

The figure behind all of it, of course, is the guy who's been on to these things for the past thirty years, Alan Watts. Since most of his books are variations on a theme, almost any of them will serve as an introduction to Eastern "religious" perception and life. Perhaps the best of them are *The Spirit of Zen*, *The Book* and *This Is It*. Watts is a better introduction, clearer and more honest than the San Francisco paper, *The Oracle*, which tends sometimes to be pretentious and pontifical, though it is always graphically beautiful and generally worth reading.

To my mind, the most interesting thing *The Oracle* has printed is a four-way discussion among Gary Snyder, Alan Watts, Allen Ginsberg and Tim Leary. Snyder, Watts and Ginsberg are brilliant, though sometimes too brief in their justifications of pretty far-out predictions, and Leary is at least entertaining (still in the tune in, turn on, drop out stage). The conversation, a very long one, appears in the Vol. 1, No. 7 issue of *The Oracle*. Copies should still be available. You can write the paper at 1371 Haight Street. *The Oracle* is unique among underground papers in that it consciously avoids politics and the usual reportage on police brutality and those tired six seconds in Dallas.

Since rock music is the most widely disseminated of the new art forms, and since even in the South one can get with it, there's not much point in going into a long analysis of Dylan, the Beatles &c. San Francisco (and increasingly New York) is still the center of experimental rock music and it's worth a trip across the country to hear *Big Brother and the Holding Company* in the Avalon Ballroom.

The San Francisco sound has been vitally influenced by Indian music, and musicians with solid training in Western modes are now learning some of the intricacies and possibilities of improvisation without a key center and of the changing rhythms of the tabla-oriented drum. In spite of the deadening effect of commercialization, the experimental mood is still flourishing. That's undoubtedly because the new sounds, surprisingly, have a large paying audience.

Influences on rock music range from Ali Akbar Kahn (Ravi Shankar's brother-in-law) to Hank Williams. Also relevant, and likely to become increasingly more so, is the black avant garde jazz as represented in Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, and Sun Ra (the psychedelic original.)

The two best journals of rock music are *Crawdaddy* and the more recent *Rolling Stone*. Both take the music seriously, neither is a fan magazine. *Crawdaddy*, sometimes a little pretentious, has done a series on "the aesthetics of rock." Both magazines push the so-called "psychedelic sound."

"Psychedelic," while we're on it, makes the obvious relation with those chemicals which gave the whole movement a shove in its current direction, LSD 25, Mescaline, and psilocybin. The importance of these drugs is clearly lessening, but the vision of beauty-in-complexity which acid stimulates is behind a great deal, from the labyrinthine guitar solos of Jim Gurley to the new poster art, stemming from the 19th century Art Nouveau.

The art of the psychedelic generation is based in an LSD-oriented perception of the *world as design*, what Leary calls the "cellular" vision, emphasizing the extraordinary complexity and interest of the smallest objects. The most interesting book on the chemicals and their implications is *LSD: The Consciousness Expanding Drug*, edited by Solomon and Leary. It includes a piece by the philosopher Huston Smith on the religious significance of LSD. This article is of some interest, since many of the communities formed as "tribes" in the past five years

would describe themselves as "religious." Obviously, in spite of the peyote-centered Native American Church, this kind of thing was not going on in the 1950's. In the beat era, describing yourself as "religious" meant that you had a hang-up with the Catholic Church.

As you have probably noticed, this is hardly a bibliographical essay in the usual sense of the word. That's no accident. As John Densmore of *The Doors* says, "see, we're not a reading generation." He goes on to say that the kids dig what is happening because "they just take it, like McLuhan says—the total thing."

That means two things: 1) that we're not a reading generation, and 2) that we accept irrationality in language without fussing around for hidden meaning. In this regard, Densmore points out that when Jim Morrison sings "meet me at the back of the blue bus," he doesn't know, literally, any more about the blue bus than you do. Yet the blue bus functions as an image. This is almost impossible for anyone of the Brooks & Warren generation (you know who you are) to understand.

Bob Dylan's line "you know something's happening but you don't know what it is," applies in a funny way not only to Mr. Jones but to the people who are making it happen. The situation has a karma of its own, and those who dig it, follow it, help it along, without irritably seeking to analyze.

It is proper that Densmore, a non-reader, should cite McLuhan, the little old English professor from Toronto who, with Buckminster Fuller (creator of the geodesic dome) remains about fifth years ahead of everyone else.

McLuhan, in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, *The Mechanical Bride* and *Understanding Media* discusses, if that's the right word, exactly the kind of statement John Densmore made. Why are we getting away from the printed word? Why are we forming tribes? Why are we open to the irrational?

McLuhan's primary insight is that our minds have been rigidly formed not by the content of messages we have heard all our lives, but by the *ways* in which these messages came to us; e.g., television, radio and print. The message of television is television. We can never really see the environment in which we live. We can only see the environment we've just left behind. Thus we now watch Humphrey Bogart movies not for what happens, but for the total image of the "movie" itself, as an art form. Bogart, not his actions, is what comes across. Putting it in historical perspective, as McLuhan says, the Middle Ages was the late show for the renaissance. The art-material of one generation is always the generation that has just been left behind. But now, in the revolutionary 1960's, with such phenomena as pop art, we seem to be catching up with ourselves. Perhaps our own, living environment will soon be made visible. Pick up anything by McLuhan and read *in* it. You can start anywhere.

Though I'll be dealing with such forms as the happening and the film in later essays, it seems important to mention one final book: *The Theater and Its Double*, by Antonin Artaud. Artaud, a French actor and playwright, had achieved by the time he wrote this work, a mixture of lunacy and lucidity which make for incredible originality and insight. The so-called "theater of cruelty" is based on Artaud's ideas as is, indirectly, the happening. Artaud makes important statements on the nature of the irrational in art, and on the nature of theater to come. Since both poetry and rock music now qualify as theater, the book is very much relevant to the current scene.

Words, by themselves on the page, can't really do it. The content of whatever it is we're into demands an expression equally new. Ordinary discursive, analytic language can't make it very far. Many of us are between generations, in the twilight zone: over 30 (a spiritual rather than a temporal measure). The danger sign is if you think "Eleanor Rigby" (alienation!) is the Beatles' best song. It's a viewpoint that tends to come from the same people who believe that the function of modern art, rather than being integrative, is to shout: *YOU'RE TRAPPED. NOTHING CAN HELP. IT'S THE HUMAN CONDITION. SHUT UP AND SUFFER.* Pray to Walt Whitman.

—dennis jarrett

Time & Place, and a Face

1
 As a puppet
 clock pronounces
 take,
 take,
 I ask
 you only where
 you go & what name you wear,
 your eyes dark-
 ening lightly like
 dusk
 on the centers of blue flowers.

Your face
 is a quiet place.

2
 But to ask
 simply, or say, is to take
 a long way back
 to a place before,

 and not know who anyone is anymore.

3
 What
 will we
 say to each other.
 Say &
 say.
 If I gave you my voice would you

 say my name.
 I think it may soon be half-past
 time,
 the straw clock
 bursting at its seams.

Yet, that is not all that seems.
 And as you start to move,
 a rag hand reaches out, like love.

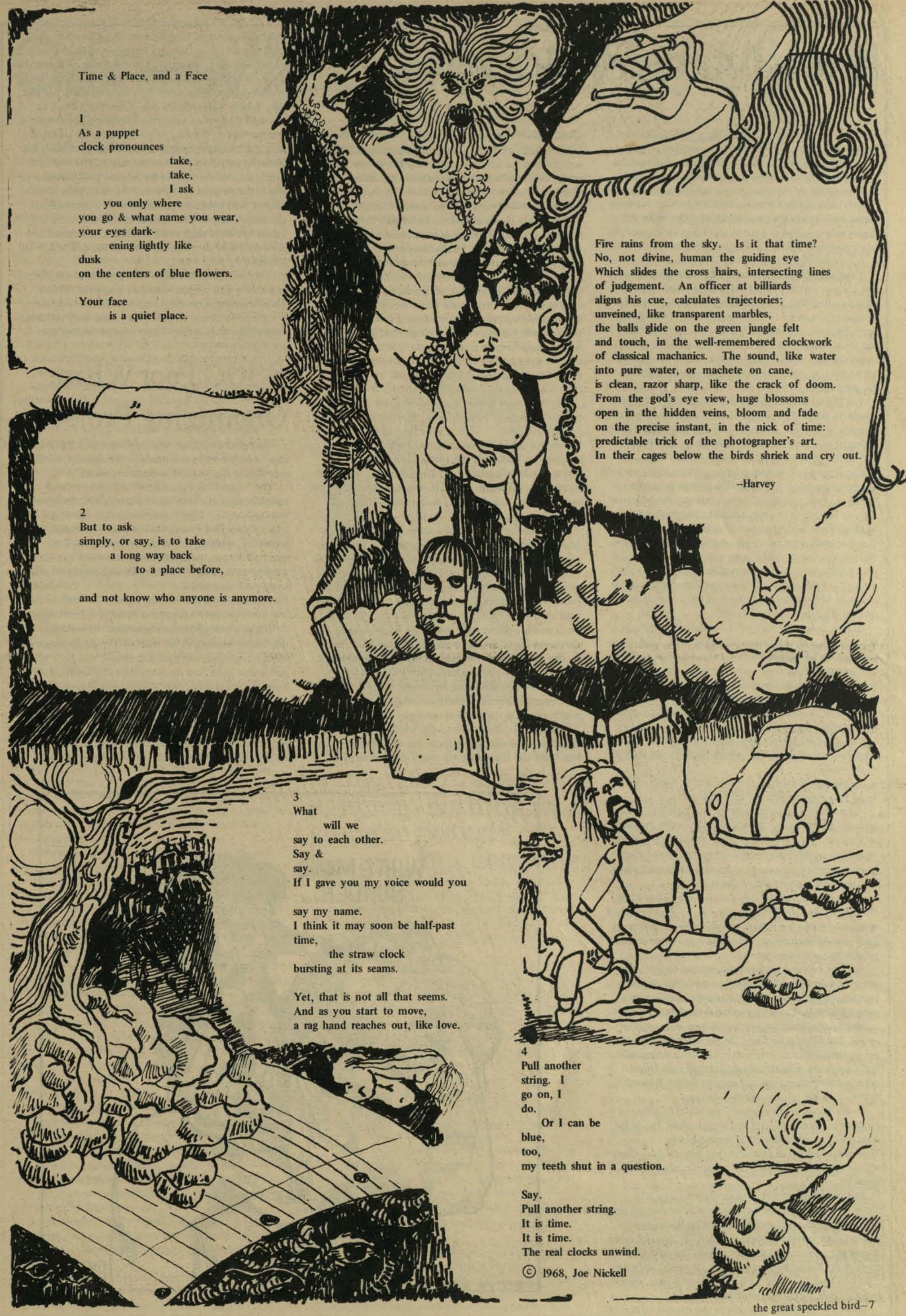
4
 Pull another
 string. I
 go on, I
 do.
 Or I can be
 blue,
 too,
 my teeth shut in a question.

Say.
 Pull another string.
 It is time.
 It is time.
 The real clocks unwind.

Fire rains from the sky. Is it that time?
 No, not divine, human the guiding eye
 Which slides the cross hairs, intersecting lines
 of judgement. An officer at billiards
 aligns his cue, calculates trajectories;
 unveined, like transparent marbles,
 the balls glide on the green jungle felt
 and touch, in the well-remembered clockwork
 of classical mechanics. The sound, like water
 into pure water, or machete on cane,
 is clean, razor sharp, like the crack of doom.
 From the god's eye view, huge blossoms
 open in the hidden veins, bloom and fade
 on the precise instant, in the nick of time:
 predictable trick of the photographer's art.
 In their cages below the birds shriek and cry out.

--Harvey

© 1968, Joe Nickell



Race, Mace & Money

[Carl Oglesby, radical scholar and prolific author of articles and essays dealing with the contemporary American political and social scene, spoke at the Southern Student Organizing Committee's National Convention held in Athens May 3-5. The article on "White Racism" which follows was compiled from notes taken by Nan Guerrero during a workshop session at which Oglesby spoke. His remarks are essential to anyone seeking to understand the coming summer's genocide in American cities.]

The Kerner Report [Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders] is a masterful piece of liberal spellbinding. It tells the cops to "be wise in crisis, be kind in peacetime." It recognizes that effort should be made to use militant black kids as an arm of the police force, without giving them any real power. It also recommends that cops should establish "better intelligence networks". In other words, infiltrate the militants and the ghettos.

The Kerner Report in fact recommends another New Deal with increased welfare and aid to education. Unfortunately, it does not recognize just who needs more education. It sure ain't the blacks that need more education. The whites need the education—they're the racists.

The Report calls for more housing, ten million new jobs. The programs seem all too familiar. People have taken a superficial look at things. The program recommendations will not happen. The proposals will not come through. Kenneth Clark said when testifying before the Commission that each investigative report made after a racial conflict in this country is like every other report. This holds pretty much true from racial conflicts in the early 1900's through the present day. The Kerner Report commission knows in advance that the proposals will not be implemented. That is the only difficulty.

In fact, there may soon be ten million fewer jobs in this country, rather than any additional jobs. 3.7% unemployment is the official statistic given out. In fact, that's a conservative figure; the unemployment rate is much higher. And officials know that the present unemployment rate will jump up an additional 1% this year. There will have to be cutbacks in the domestic budget because the American dollar is about to fall apart. The economy cannot stand the Kerner Report proposals. Other countries are pressuring the U.S. now to shape up the strength of the dollar.

So the crucial aspect is that the Kerner Report writers know that implementation will not occur.

All the left-liberal proposals for dealing with the problems of the black ghettos correspond to earlier programs in Vietnam, i.e., to control villages, pacify people, hold back legitimate rebellion. This kind of program failed in Vietnam and is failing in the ghettos of America. Living lies (the welfare state) will not work.

The American ruling class identifies the causes of revolution, sees the structural reasons. So, to keep peace and quiet, the ruling class talks about changing conditions. They cannot because they do not have the economic and political power to do this.

So, they talk and plan about scattering blacks, separating them, watering down their communities, building housing outside the ghetto. This is nothing but reverse gerrymandering, an attempt to break black power. They cannot do that however, because they have no political means. The Democratic Party simply cannot afford to act on those kinds of proposals because the Democratic Party needs the urban machines to re-elect the Democrats and keep them in power and the Kerner Report, if followed, would cut away urban machines.

So the liberal says, "too bad." He wants to solve the problem but is immoderate and irresponsible: the ruling class insists on one thing—they must continue to rule. They will brook no challenge to that basic precept. They will do this either peacefully or militarily, which means genocide.

The real program of American white society is to spend no more appreciable amounts of money on projects but rather to increase spending in arming this country's police forces, equipping them with MACE, anti-riot tanks, Stoner guns that can go through a wall. The only comment in the Kerner Report on this is "it would be better if cops did not buy more guns." That's all it says, no enlargement on that single statement.

So a very immediate prospect in this country is that of

white cops, who are already totally convinced of the sub-human nature of blacks and of their dangerous threat to society—and the cops have eyes; they know they would revolt if they were made to endure the condition of the blacks in America today—armed to the teeth, ready to prevent the rebellion they know should happen.

Whites say blacks should not be allowed their own identity; there must be a great homogenous, single American society. They say blacks cannot have their own identity. This attitude in its entirety is fascism.

It boils down to this: everybody must be like whites; blacks cannot be like whites; so, genocide.

White radicals need to talk about racism and the coming genocide instead of merely isolating and focusing up on the damn War. We must tell people that genocide is what is happening. In demonstrating this, there are lots of interesting supporting facts. The U.S. Senate refused to ratify the U.N. protocol against genocide in 1948 because of a "states' rights" thesis. Things like this are telling.

So, the Kerner Report is no reason to rejoice. What white Western man is saying is "I am powerless to do anything but destroy." The white man was forced to say this same thing in Vietnam at least two years ago. "I am not going to see myself surpassed in history. I will not tolerate the development of Eastern man who will be a competitor to Western man. There must be a single American society and identity all over the world." We must deal with that.

Programs for working with whites: people still imagine black and white together. That's not the thing any more. Blacks working now simply do not have the time to mess around with whites. Their actions must be centered politically and socially in going into the ghettos where whites are doing genocide. Don't think or talk about coalition politics. This is not possible. That does not, however, rule out the possibility of cooperative politics around special programs or a local thing.

The problems of working with whites were brought home to me quite strongly as a result of recent visiting with my South Carolina family. Everything there is stated more or less in fundamentalist religious terms. Racism is seated in that. Anti-communism is seated in that.

Black power enables me to talk with my family simply about racism. I was unable to do this when the integration thing was happening. It's a very delicate thing and

you can easily miss, hit off-center and strike that raw "commie nerve," or that very basic fear of black people.

This calls to mind a play, *The Exception and the Rule*, a one-act play by Bertolt Brecht about a master on trial for the murder of his slave. They were on a trip and had only enough water left for one of them to make it to 'the oasis. They both had guns. The slave made a move and the master, thinking he was going for his gun to kill him, shot the slave. In fact, the slave had been going for his water supply to give it to the master. The trial court finally decided that the master was not guilty because he was in the position to know that the slave, after the lifetime of hard treatment he had received at the hands of the master, should have tried to kill his master. So acting on this knowledge and information, the master had no choice left but to assume that was the case and to kill the slave.

This illustrates how white society looks at the ghettos and knows that the blacks are being screwed. Whites know that they have every reason to deserve whatever the ghetto blacks do to them. They sense they are about to get it and they know, within themselves, that they deserve it.

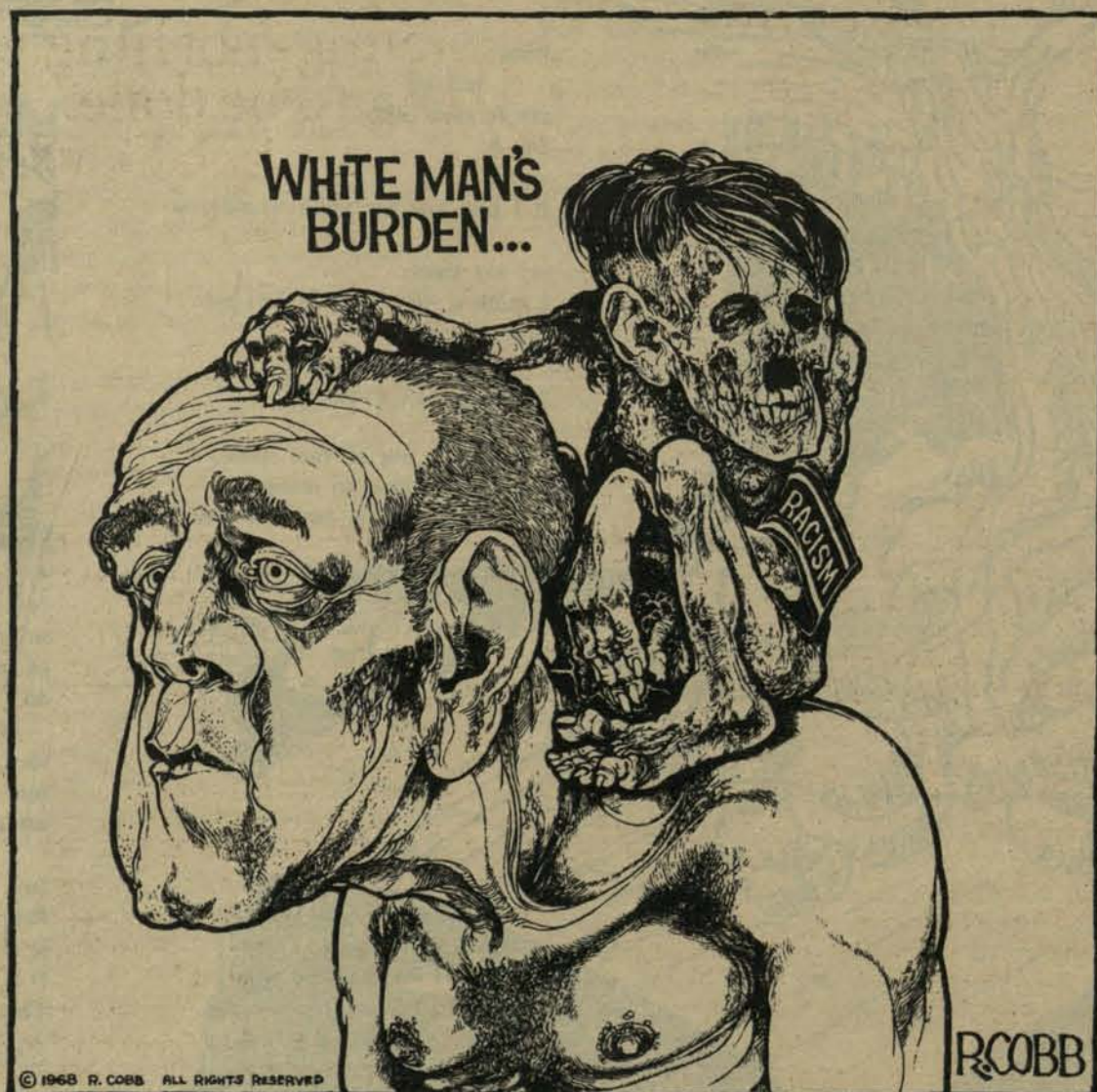
SSOC Poor White Organizing Project

North Carolina SSOC will send organizers into middle class and poor white communities this summer, to educate around the issues of racism and poverty.

The "middle class organizers" will try to explain the causes of riots, the meaning of black power, the problems of poverty. They'll use many of the same techniques as Vietnam Summer did last year — canvassing, leafletting, speaking to church and civic groups, etc. If outbreaks occur, they'll encourage the white community to respond in positive ways, rather than calling for more troops and armaments.

Organizers will also be working in poor white communities — with already-existing local groups in Durham, and setting up a new project in High Point. Poor people don't need students to tell them what their problems are, but the organizers will discuss problems that poor blacks and whites share, and the possibilities for common solutions. In the process, they'll learn more themselves about the problems poor people face.

Both projects will create a pool of skilled organizers who can spark white organizing work throughout the state next year. For more information about these projects, contact SSOC, 1111 West Chapel Hill Street, Durham, N.C.



Gainesville:Dawkins:Freedom

(Southern Patriot News Service)

GAINESVILLE, Fla.—Jack Dawkins, militant leader of the black community, was released from jail on \$7,500 bond June 2, ten weeks after he was arrested.

A series of arrests have kept black leaders behind bars under high bond since January, as the local power structure tries to wipe out the movement. Officials have admitted publicly that some of those arrests were "preventive."

Dawkins has spent four months out of the last six in jail. Others have been held from six to eight weeks—before their cases even came to trial.

The authorities have shown how easy it is to repress a black community without brutality and adverse publicity. Their weapons are strictly "legal."

The repression has been most intense since December—but as long ago as early 1966, authorities were bringing trumped-up charges against anyone who tried to organize the poor.

January, 1966 was the real beginning of a black people's movement in Gainesville. There had been civil-rights activity before, aimed at desegregating public accommodations, voter registration and the poverty program. None of this dealt with the problems of the black poor, and very few poor people became involved.

On Christmas Eve, 1965, four black youths were beaten for trying to eat at the Waffle Shop restaurant, and young people from the ghetto got involved in the seven-week demonstrations that followed.

Police warned them that they would all be arrested within six months—and they were, on a number of pretexts.

Mrs. Carol Thomas, the white wife of a physics professor at the University of Florida, was one of the leaders of the Waffle Shop protest. She was charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, who had violated the curfew by staying overnight at her home. The boy's mother refused to bring charges, so the judge and a member of the city's bi-racial commission swore out the warrant. The jury acquitted her.

The demonstrations were a turning point for Mrs. Thomas too. She had worked in all the successive stages of the movement—and discovered that none of them offered any solutions. She came to realize that the movement would be built by those people who have the least—the unemployed, the drop-outs, people on welfare, and people the power structure calls "criminal elements"—and began working with them. Last June Jack Dawkins, a former migrant worker and organizer for the AFL-CIO, came to work in the ghetto. He and Mrs. Thomas tried to organize the city's garbage workers; they set up a welfare recipients' union.

Dawkins became a sort of folk hero for the ghetto youths. Many began to wear Afro haircuts. Black consciousness and pride grew. Dawkins bolstered this by taking groups down to city commission meetings to press their demands. In these confrontations he showed the militance with which black people should address white officials—in an attempt to break the fear that was keeping the people from moving.

Soon the police were stopping Dawkins every time he turned around. He was charged on a number of pretexts: violating the curfew, disturbing the peace.

In November two young black women told them that white officers at the city jail had made sexual advances toward them—a frequent complaint by black women arrested in Gainesville. Dawkins and Mrs. Thomas helped them to bring charges. The local newspaper called for a grand jury investigation.

Shortly before the hearings, Dawkins wrote an article for their newsletter, *Black Voices*, in which he said:

"They have called for a grand jury to investigate charges made by black people against that racist, klan-infested police department. Well, gather round, let me tell you this; that grand jury is just as racist and klan-infested as the police department is. I told you before that when they got through lying, fixing, framing and denying—nothing was going to be done."

A few copies of *Black Voices* found their way into the jury room, and soon after they finished testifying Dawkins and Mrs. Thomas were arrested for contempt of court.

On December 27 they were tried by Alachua County Judge James C. Adkins and sentenced to six and four month terms (the usual sentence is 10 to 30 days). Be-

cause of their civil rights activities, the judge refused to set bond while they appealed, and he has bragged about this constantly ever since in his successful campaign for the Florida Supreme Court.

(The grand jury stopped its hearings as soon as Dawkins and Mrs. Thomas were arrested and soon, as Dawkins had predicted, they announced that there was no basis to the charges against the police.)

Meanwhile, people began to react to the authorities' actions. Inside the jail, prisoners tore up their cells for three days, after Mrs. Thomas was put in solitary confinement and sprayed repeatedly with MACE.

On January 1 a rash of fire-bombings broke out. Two were aimed at the Judge's home; one at the home of the state's attorney who prosecuted Dawkins and Mrs. Thomas. Other bombs were directed at white-owned ghetto businesses.



i told you before that when they got through lying, framing and denying—nothing was going to be done.

Jack Dawkins

Six weeks after their convictions, the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court set appeal bonds for Dawkins and Mrs. Thomas and they were released. But the bombings continued. By mid-March, there had been 16. The *Gainesville Sun*, a supposedly liberal paper, called for some action—and the police responded.

At 4 a.m. on March 17, Dawkins was arrested by 25 police carrying machine guns. Soon after, four youths were picked up, and a fifth was arrested three days later. All had been active in the movement. They were charged with bombing a neighborhood grocery and bonds were set at \$10,000 for Dawkins, \$7,500 for the others.

With these arrests, most of the black leaders were behind bars—but the bombings continued.

Joe Waller of St. Petersburg and Levy Wilcox of Jacksonville gave militant black power speeches at a protest rally April 6. After the speeches, 75 people marched to the jail where Dawkins and the others were being held. Then Waller and Wilcox sent them home.

It was the first black-power rally in Gainesville—the first time that any sizeable group of black men had got together in a militant way. When the authorities saw it, they decided they had to put the leaders away.

Gainesville was quiet that night, but police came to the Thomas' home to arrest Waller for inciting a riot—a riot which had never occurred.

Mrs. Thomas insisted on riding down to the station with him to investigate the charges. The police then charged her with resisting a police officer with violence. Wilcox was stopped by a roadblock on his way home to Jacksonville. And three of the remaining leaders were

in jail, with bond set at \$25,000 for Waller, \$7,500 for the other two. The assistant state's attorney later said, in a radio interview, that the arrests were "preventive measures." He admitted that there had been no riot.

Authorities were afraid Mrs. Thomas would disrupt the jail, so her bond was soon lowered to \$2,500 and she was bailed out. But the other leaders—those arrested for arson March 18, and Waller and Wilcox, arrested April 6—stayed in jail till the end of May, when their bonds were lowered somewhat (Dawkins' to \$7,500, Waller's to \$5,000, the rest to \$2,500) and gradually their supporters bailed them out. Dawkins was the last to be freed, on June 2.

They would probably still be in jail if it were not for support of radical students at the University of Florida, who have given most of their resources to defending the black militants since January. Now there are rumors that some of them will soon be arrested for conspiracy.

It would be inaccurate to say the police have not used brutality. They sprayed so much MACE at Mrs. Thomas and other inmates during the prison outbreak last January that it ran down the walls and lay in pools on the floor. More recently, police sprayed MACE at two women and ten small children while searching a house for moonshine.

But their main weapons have been arrests, high bonds and the threat of long sentences. The maximum sentence for second-degree arson is ten years. Waller, Wilcox and Mrs. Thomas face two-year terms.

Ghetto residents charge that the police are using the prosecutions to keep them from fighting for black freedom. More than 100 individuals and ten organizations asked Atty. William Kunstler of New York to bring suit in federal court to stop them. The suit is based on the *Dombrowski* decision; it charges that officials' actions have a "chilling effect" on the exercise of first amendment freedoms.

In a sociological study taken last month, the surveyors found that *middle-class* blacks consider Dawkins to be the black leader who speaks for them. The survey showed that the majority of them resent the more moderate head of the NAACP, who is traditionally considered their spokesman.

Support for Dawkins is even stronger among the poor. "Every time they put me in jail, it does some good," he said recently. "Every time they arrest me, it makes the people more angry."

Yet the power structure seems to think that if a handful of agitators would go away, things would return to normal. Mrs. Thomas, one of their main targets, has heard the same rumor from four people—that police will not look very hard for a culprit if she is killed.

Judge Adkins said publicly that he thought the fire-bombings were the work of university activists and black-power advocates. The implication was that "it can't be our Negroes."

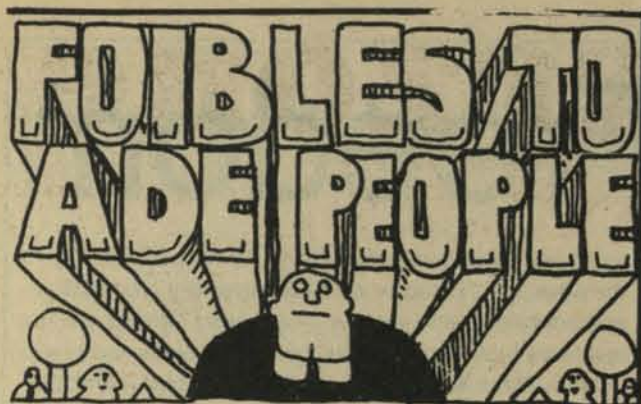
One black woman reacted against this recently by sending in a false fire alarm, then waiting for the police to arrive. "I just wanted you to know, you bastards, who's been turning in these alarms," she said, and walked away.

This article will appear in the June issue of the Southern Patriot, a monthly newspaper reporting on the Southern freedom and peace movement. Subscriptions to the Patriot are \$3.00 a year; the address is 3210 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40211. The Patriot is published by the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF).

You can help to keep the Gainesville movement from being destroyed by sending money for legal defense and appeal bonds. The trials are scheduled to begin June 17 and 24, and the militants will undoubtedly be convicted in local courts. Address checks to Carol Thomas, 902 NW Ninth Avenue, Gainesville, Florida.

Send letters and telegrams protesting the use of these prosecutions to deprive the black community of their constitutional rights, to the following officials: Mayor T. E. (Ted) Williams, States Attorney Ted Duncan, Circuit Court Judge James C. Adkins, Sheriff Joseph Crevasse.

Also, write the Rev. T. A. Wright, 503 NW Fourth Street, Gainesville, Florida, asking the NAACP to take a strong stand in defense of the black militants.



Wunst they was a Judge in a Police court in a city which shall be nameless, and this judge Loved his Work. When he got Gussied up in his Robes and Stalked up behind the Bench and Heard the Clerk say "Everybody Rise" and Heard the folks whisper Hyah come de Judge, he Figured he was Just about Skipper Next to God.

Almost Nothing pleased Him as much as Sitting behind the bench looking Pontifical and handing down Wisdom like Moses on Sinai and advising Young fellows with Long Hair where they could Get cheap hairCuts. The Ability to remove your Fellow Human's hair by fiat has got Clippers beat all to Smash, I tell you.

One day Judge Grandiose was doling Out justice when a Miscreant was Hauled before him and accused of Fondling the Galloping Dominoes. The Miscreant was of Dusky Hue and obvious Impecuniosity, which Only Increased the Judge's Warm Feelings toward him.

As the Police officer Recounted how he raided the Crap Game and scooped up the Money, the Judge began to Breathe Hard; when the Prisoner at the bar admitted Gambling for more than Matchsticks and Testified that it came from Bad Company as a Child and playing Aggies for keeps, the Judge began to Drool quietly; and as the Judge fined the Felon the Best Part of a week's Pay and sent him off to the Goat Farm, a tear could be Seen twinkling in the corner of his Kindly old Eye.

At the Airport that night, he was Interviewed by a reporter. "Why," said the Reporter, "are you Flying to Las Vegas?"

"Because," said the Judge, "I couldn't get up a game at the Capitol City Club."

"But why," the reporter Persisted, "do you sentence Folks to the Bastille for Gambling when you yourself have been known to Take a Flier?"

The judge's Smile was beatific.

"Because," he said, "I can afford it, and they can't."

Moral: And you better believe he means to keep it that way.

—og, king of bashan

FILM: TOWARD THE RE-ORIENTATION OF TWO AUDIENCES

—doc field

The impact and misuse of television has forged as distinct a gap between the two segments of our film-going population as the misused and disregarded potentials of another good thing - the 1954 Supreme Court *Brown vs. the Board of Education* decision - has polarized the races.

The previous challenge to film by a truly creative medium, radio, was successfully met through the advent of sound and color. Television however, along with bedroom cities, asphalt rivers and Harold the Carrot god made huge inroads into what was once a vast, habitual film going public. Film moguls attempted to counter this irreversable trend with DeMilleian gimmickry: wider and wider screens, 3-D (complete with groove glasses), 70mm film stock, Todd-AO, Cinerama and Smell-o-vision. Production continued on familiar paths but the stench remained. Ironically, Madison Avenue chose this time of drought to create one of its most accurate but paradoxical slogans: "The Movies are Better than Ever!"

At that time such comment was pure sham but, inadvertently or otherwise, a valid vision of the near future. The reality that altered the course of cinema was the natural establishment of two film going audiences: one audience influencing film, the other influenced by film.

The first category is the obvious and can be dispensed with quickly. Producers and monies-that-be pander to the lowest common denominator, patent a success formula and forever keep their fingers on the pulse of their segment of the population. Wisely, however, production has been drastically curtailed. At the same time, no budget is too large and no technical resources nor creative talent unattainable.

Coupled with the era of the major independent studios, the "Hollywood type movies" are, by comparison with the now defunct grinding wheel days of Grade F Double Bills, vastly improved. There's still no intellectual meat on the big budget bones but the slick commodity block-busters seldom fail to return their original investment and have raised the technical competence of commercial film-making to new heights. Imagine what could happen if the mass influencing audience ever began to think. Gangbusters!

In the meantime: Long live *Hawaii*, *Mary Poppins*, *The Sound of Music* and *Camelot*. May the lines swell for *Candy* and *Funny Girl*. Their charms may hold no lure for us but should ever we submit we'll find the friendly gloss of the "playmate of the month" rather than the floppy wench at the travelers hotel. Ideally, some of that excess bread will finance more good Hollywood films like Robert Carlisle's *Sofie* and Kubrick's *2001*.

Today there is a small but growing segment of the population that covets film as the most vital, exciting, immediate and personal form of expression and communication in the arts. Perhaps the most misunderstood and unrecognized art form, film has greatly influenced the tastes and life style of its complex, oft-confused cult audience. For the film-maker and his followers, "Film is Film is Film" and there can be no compromise.

It matters not by what fashionable name the movement currently resides: Art Films, New Wave, Cinema Verite or Underground. The essential fact remains that the *avant-garde*, non-commercial quality film has been very much with us since the universal origins of motion picture film. Like any valid language, once the alphabet was memorized it took a while to learn the grammar and its usage. Art films, in fact, were originally just that: visual monographs on famous painters. Underground films referred to the underworld gangster cult "B" flicks of Howard Hawks and Humphrey Bogart. Writers and painters such as Jean Cocteau, Man Ray and others had been experimenting with highly personal forms of expression on film since the late twenties and early thirties. The potential of filmic art was recognized all over the world.

In the years that followed, film-makers such as Antonioni, Bergman, Truffaut, Godard and Renais (including about everyone in the post Wellesian era) grew up in an aura of total film consciousness where the literary origins and past conventions were no longer remembered or followed. A new generation of filmic *auteurs* were born for whom film-making was as accepted and natural as writing or painting had been for past generations of creative artists. (1st of a series—to be continued)



FRIDAY June 7

Lake Spivey, 8 - 12 p.m., \$1.50. *The 5th Order; Electric Collage*.

The Happening, 8 - 12 p.m., \$1.50. *Little Pal and the Night Shadow*.

SATURDAY June 8

Pinetree Skatarama, 10 - 12 p.m., \$1.50. *The 5th Order*.

The Happening, 8 - 12 p.m., \$1.50. *Little Pal and the Night Shadow*.

TUESDAY June 11

Pinetree Skakarama, 9 - 12 p.m., \$1.50. *The Rain*. WPLO-FM (130.3), 8 - 10, MUSIC (Every Tues.)

THURSDAY June 12

WPLO-FM (130.3), 8 - 10 p.m., MUSIC (Every Thurs.)

FRIDAY June 13

Lake Spivey, 8 - 12 p.m., \$1.50. *The Celestial Voluptuous Banana; The Coconut Confetti*.

SATURDAY June 14

Pinetree Skatarama, 10 - 12 p.m., \$1.50. *Radar; The Electric Collage*.

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Echoes of Interzone

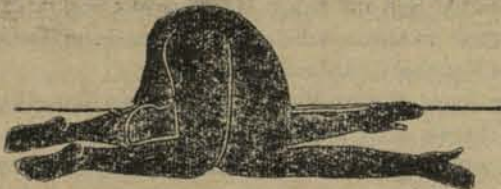
The Authority

Criminal activity, or the disease of Criminosis is defined in Coda Ethica (the agent's manual) as "any overt act which threatens the security, balance, or established position of one or more independent zones." Dimensional zones, time zones, energy zones, sections of the infinity chalked-off by the consciousness of whatever is held within the borders, a four dimensional grid superimposed on a parcel of the universe by beings pushing, evolving outward but nevertheless defining, limiting according to their own perceptions.

This zone, affectionately known as the Present, is constructed and defined by the collectively expressed demands of our limited consciousness. It is the dominion of the Interzone Authorities to maintain an exchange of evolutionary information between zones as well as to prevent criminal interference which may endanger the chaotic harmony of the cosmos. The Interzone Police derive their authority from the extension of the following premise: all entities within the cosmos are in a state of evolution toward the physical awareness of divinity; all entities will reach this state of divinity if the natural order is maintained. It is the nature of the stages below complete awareness to be stimulated toward that divinity by an illusion of separation from this totality. The illusion must be maintained for all zones not yet experiencing the Oneness. . .

Ereek Bommba, Agent of Interzone. . .

"I re-establish contact with Headquarters after several years with the hallucinogenic circus. It seems that I am duplexed, internal division, as if my programming is approaching some long awaited release mechanism. . . essences stimulated to Interzonal trips, whilst the bod remains in totem on the Doubt Circuit. On one such excursion I am given to the following cellular discovery, that this human condition, this separation deception is in fact part and parcel of the agent's gaff kit, serving as an all too effective disguise for a stray energy pattern projected to this current zone as subjective attendant to J. Lee, Inspector Nova Police." . . . (refer reader to *Nova Express* by Wm. Burroughs).



Agents are recruited from the ranks of Interzone travellers, once having experienced the static universe the entity automatically assumes the authority or suffers criminosis by denying the structure and reality expressed in Coda Ethica and attempting to re-establish itself in its native zone. The entire Coda Ethica is assimilated in the instant of total awareness and remains as part of the detailed information stored as cellular information. Criminal types are caused to suppress this data and therefore effect the manufacturing of contradictory information which endangers the established system while agents accept the tenets of the document and seek to act in its behalf.

"I, Bommba, along with Sleepy John, the thought control addict, am working on a chemical hustle out of the Apple. It seems the price for good additives are are with zoom and my aimlessness has led me to opportunist. . . Sleepy is into localized smuggling and distribution while I make Interzonal flights gathering the



effects of John's products upon his consummating customers . . . I am everpresent and as soon as they score I relieve their tensions and changes with subliminal massages . . . they dissipate and are forced to return to Sleepy for yet another dose . . ."

"I am out gathering and hunting data to be used in the case of a most pronounced Cuban ex-patriate . . . additive induction and I am located somewhere in the Interzone between the Spanish Inquisition and the discovery of the Fourth Venusian moon when I am apprehended by by synthetic revelation."

"High is why, but this be sacreligious!"

"Ah, but you mistake me for a non-bopper."

"Indeed? Then what course brings you out of your zone?"

"Seek the ability to restrain the forces of destruction."

"All well and good but mind you the monitor will not be broken in this manner without dire consequences."

"Enuff this codified crap already, gimme the word and smoke my watch . . . I refer you to Chapter 3 Coda Ethica, 'trust not bust upon the apprehension of a suspected criminal in an area not demarcated by usual mechanics it shall be the custom to detain the circuitry of the unit

only so long as his stated intentions are found in contradiction to this volume."

"Are you claiming the right of subliminal agent?"

"Yes, but till this moment the program was void but approaching this revelation . . . but as we know it is contra-indicated to prosecute for criminosis when those actions are part of a release program . . . criminal before the fact, Agent Bommba, no less than afterthought." This based upon the fact that crime can occur only within a zone while Interzone activity is in suspension.

Safe passage back to local zone is guaranteed but once having invoked the escape clause, I am bound to its operating procedures by the appellate logic contained therein. Dedication too is automatic. The basic M.O. be simplistic . . . agents shall serve to absorb all suspect activity by standing in opposition internally while deflecting energies through use of sympatico external appearances, thereby effecting neutralization until such time as the change be automatic and complete.' Dualism must be maintained in order to allow the agent free passage in either overt or subvert circles. The technique and detailed revelations of this agent shall be forthcoming, suffice for the now to say that in all media contact I am caused to use a reverse exemplified in the following excerpt from Standard Dialogue for Control Agents, Infinite Reverses:

"You are with wretched purpose."

"Because some of the fragmented parts are with same."

"For a district reason?"

"Whatsoever."

I speak not to the wretched lest the glory, the reverie therein be disturbed . . . parasite, vibrant misery, existing on the turmoil and appression of others . . . from either end, form or reform . . . I find you eating . . . I tell this no . . . lest the joy in misery become misery in joy . . . why do you hassle the Messiah in this way?

—eric bonner

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Louisville Rebellion

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AND REPRESSION

Louisville, Ky. -- For several years I have watched public officials try to shift the blame for uprisings in the black communities of this nation.

On May 27, I saw one of these rebellions start and since then I have watched the power structure build up a case for itself.

This time I know who caused the uprising and I know it was the police. I was there.

My wife Anne and I attended a protest rally that night on the corner of 28th and Greenwood, which is in the heart of the black community in Louisville's West End. One fourth of the people in the neighborhood have incomes of less than \$3,000 a year, which the Federal Government calls the poverty level. It is more like a starvation level.

The meeting was held in the center of the intersection. Leaders of the Black Unity League of Kentucky (BULK), the Muslims, and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) spoke from the top of an automobile. Their main topic was the refusal of Mayor Kenneth Schmied to take a stand on the case of Patrolman Michael Clifford, white. Clifford had assaulted a black realtor, Manfred Reid, on May 8.

This was after Clifford and three other policemen stopped another black man, Charles Thomas. The officers claimed that a car driven by Thomas, a school teacher, resembled one involved in a robbery. They acted as though they assumed that Thomas was guilty of some crime.

Reid stopped and protested to the officers. Pretty soon Officer Clifford punched him in the face three times. By this time 150 to 200 people had gathered in the street.

The incident took place at 24th and Broadway, about 8 blocks from the office of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF).

There must have been wide fear in the white community that a rebellion would result from the May 8 incident. A reporter for the *Journal* called me that night and asked if there were signs of trouble in the area.

I told him the West End was quiet but the power structure had better prepare for a protest if police continued to knock citizens around. Two poor white men in the Portland section of the West End had killed a policeman a few months before when he called for fellow officers to come "help me work these guys over". Of course the poor whites were put on trial for murder but they got a hung jury.

Anyhow, the Police Dept. fired Clifford after a hearing. The White Citizens Council and the Fraternal Order of Police protested. So on May 23, the Civil Service Commission held a sneak hearing to which no black people were invited. In fact, none were even told of the hearing except the black member of the commission. He later resigned, then withdrew his resignation.

The Commission recommended that Officer Clifford be put back to work, suspended for 15 days and moved out of the West End. It declared that Reid had assaulted Clifford and the officer was simply defending himself. (The county grand jury later indicted Reid on a charge of assault and battery in order to bolster the case for Clifford).

That was the situation on Sunday, May 26, when the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, head of the Poor People's Campaign, spoke at the church of the Rev. A.D. King, brother of the late Dr. Martin L. King, Jr.

Mr. Abernathy listed the woes of poor people to an overflow audience. After that meeting about 100 people--black and white--stayed behind to discuss the case of Patrolman Clifford. Speakers included Charles X of the Muslims, Sam Hawkins of BULK, James Cortez of SNCC, and officers of NAACP, the Kentucky Christian Leadership Conference, and SCEF.

It was decided to call upon Mayor Schmied the next day and demand that he reject the recommendation to rehire Clifford, which he has the power to do.

The delegation to the mayor demanded that Clifford be fired at once. The mayor said he wanted the director of safety to look into the matter first.

Hawkins and Cortez told about this at the meeting at 28th and Greenwood that night. Charles X also spoke. All of them listed other long-standing grievances of the black community.

After about an hour and a half, Hawkins asked everybody to go home and await further word. Five hundred people were leaving quietly when three police cars roared into the intersection with red lights flashing. They had been hidden in nearby alleys while the rally was going on.

A bottle landed in the middle of the street and broke just as the cars pulled up. Another hit the windshield of the cruiser that stopped in front of Anne and me on the southwest corner.

Two officers in that car and four others in the two other cars leaped out with revolvers in their hands. That brought a hail of bottles, rocks and pieces of metal. One policeman held a microphone in his left hand and a pistol in his right as he called for more cars.

Within three or four minutes there were at least six more cars on the scene. We learned later that they had been waiting on Broadway, about four blocks away.

As the rain of debris continued, police fired into the air. One of them claimed later that police fired only because there was firing by someone in the crowd. The first shots I heard were from police pistols.

I am convinced that if police had stayed away from the scene, or had left within a minute or two after they got there, there would have been no uprising.

Instead, the police kept firing and chasing people. Soon young black people were breaking store windows, tearing up sidewalks to get bricks to throw, overturning police cars and setting them afire.

From 28th and Greenwood, the uprising spread over the city, including main streets downtown. Within four days, two young black men had been killed, at least 20 other black people shot by police and more than 400 people arrested--including whites who joined in the protest.

Almost 100 white activists formed the White Emergency Support (WEST). Their aim is "to act immediately and effectively in support of the black community as a crisis situations develop".

WEST is reaching other white people with the truth about the uprising through television, radio, newspapers, leaflets and picketing in the downtown area.

Fifty of the people who founded it were locked out of the City Hall and Police Headquarters when they went to protest to Mayor Schmied and demand the removal of the National Guard from the city.

On June 1, Cortez, Hawkins and Robert Sims Kuyu were thrown in jail under bonds totalling \$175,000. They were arrested under security warrants, which were issued on a statement by police that the three plotted to dynamite oil refineries in the city's West End.

Cortez was held on the additional charge of being a common nuisance.

Attorneys Neville Tucker and Daniel T. Taylor, III asked the Jefferson County Circuit Court for a writ of habeas corpus to free the three men but this was denied on June 3.

The next day Police Judge William Colson set a hearing for June 28 and the men remained in jail in lieu of bond.

Manfred Reid, already charged with assaulting the policeman who assaulted him, was arrested June 3, on a charge of trying to cash a worthless check. There were reports that he would also be held under the security warrant.

(Carl Braden is Executive Director of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), 5210 W. Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky, 40211.)

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It may have been an annual affair or a result of the "Green" amendments to the OEO Act, providing for more control of and responsibility for local OEO programs than heretofore.

Anyway, last week there was held in the Aldermanic Chamber of the Atlanta City Hall a "public hearing" on whether Economic Opportunity Atlanta, Inc. should continue to be the agency to administer the CAP (Community Action Program) for Atlanta. The hearing was not well publicized - correction. The only word I had of it was from individuals who had been asked by the EOA staff if they were coming.

The press reported that Vice-mayor Massell presided, that one or two Aldermen sat with him and EOA Board members to conduct the hearing, that several other Aldermen sat "in the audience".

I did not attend, so perhaps I should not comment on it . . . but the whole affair struck me like a multiple choice or a completion or even a true-false test, where you know what the "right" answer is and what you are expected to fill in, but you want to write notes in the margin, like "these are not valid choices", or "these are not the only choices", or "the statement when 'completed' is not right". The tests are hardly ever corrected by the person who made them up, so there is not much satisfaction in the margin notes, except that maybe *somebody* read them.

In the first place, if the hearing was for a policy decision by the Atlanta mayor and the Board of Aldermen, it seems that they, all of the, should have conducted the hearings and *they* should have made an effort to have the "whole" public there. Vice-mayor Massell was quoted as saying they heard from a large cross-section. Large compared with what? And what really was the issue - whether this present program now being administered by EOA should be administered by EOA or who? What alternatives are within the realm of possibility, or are there any limits to possible alternatives?

One resident of Mechanicsville, for example, said to me in my office that she thought it would be better to let the people in each community or target area or whatever "code word" you want to use, organize and administer their own programs . . . is that a "viable" alternative?

Would an EOA restructured to conform to the original OEO guidelines be a possible alternative? Those guidelines say that all the various systems of the community should be a part of the EOA (or local CAP agency) policy-making body -- that includes the welfare system, the health system, the employment system, the civil rights system, and the voluntary associations system. None of these is part or parcel of the EOA Board and policy making structure - the private welfare agencies, the public welfare agencies, the public health service, medical services, the employment service, business itself, and the myriad agencies and groups which EOA itself calls on for support.

But most serious to be considered, it seems to me, are the birth defects of the EOA program itself, which

make it hard to answer the question "is it good?" . . . good for whom, compared to what, by whose standards? My experience with the program has been that it is primarily a social service agency, a function it does fairly well, but not necessarily better than other agencies might do with EOA's budget. But it does not like to be called a social service agency . . . it's favorite phrase ("their" favorite phrase - the Board members) is that "we prepare people to become part of the mainstream of American Economy."

The record I have seen and the experience I have had with the program simply do not bear this out.

The most important economic effect of the program I would say has been its own payroll, the money it has brought into Atlanta - \$13 million? \$14 million? It was said a few years ago that poverty was one of Atlanta's biggest businesses, and while EOA admonishes others to take its "clients" into jobs, to train them and upgrade them, it does not demonstrate this thru its own personnel policies. They proudly say that EOA personnel policies are patterned after the U.S. civil service - which is one of the bureaucratic patterns that the whole OEO concept is supposed to be fighting.

EOA might come up with some really new, innovative concepts and patterns if it would take in people from the "target area"(!) and put them on that Up escalator in their own organization, instead of barring the way with the same formal qualifications like a certain number of years in college. Having to advertise for staff, even stenographers, is anomalous and self-defeating.

The most glaring example is the neighborhood aides. Mr. Parham, the Administrator, admits to disappointment that business and agencies have not been able or willing to restructure jobs so that these Aides can get on the Up escalator, and yet there have been few, compared to the numbers of aides and compared to the number of high paying administrative jobs (all dealing with The Poor), integrated into the EOA career service, so to speak.

EOA, OEO, *et. al.* have long enough "called on" business, They have exhorted and admonished to no avail. There appears to be some validity to the theory of teaching by demonstration.

To get back to the hearings . . . Atlanta is being on record as wanting EOA . . . it's not exactly like the proverbial "have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife" question, more like "do-you-want-your-wife" question, more like "do-you-want-your-coffee" . . . now? Later? With cream? With sugar? With brandy? Or might we have anything beside coffee? If so, what are the choices?

-eliza paschall

Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress, Inc. meeting (public, mass, general - by whatever name) Monday, June 10, 8 p.m., Fort St. Memorial Methodist Church, which is on Boulevard, between North & Angier Avenues. Come with your pet projects and match them up with other pet projects.

modern **WOW** DRAMA; dance classes **WOW**

Modern dance classes for teenagers and adults will be taught by Nancy Hager, Katy Shearer and Charlotte Bracey on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings for eight weeks, June 10 to July 31. A morning adult modern dance and an evening ballet will also be offered.

Drama classes for teenagers and adults will be taught by Frank Wittow, Artistic Director of the Academy Theatre, and members of the resident company, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings for five weeks, July 1 to July 31.

Most of the techniques used in these classes have been developed through the years at the Academy. All of the teaching staff have their own variations, but a unique thematic combination of sensitivity training and physical development is inter-woven with all of the creative assignments. The Academy has learned that "normal" acting and dance training do not produce the performers which their work depends upon. Therefore, under the sustaining leadership of Frank Wittow they have developed their own training program. However, the Academy is quick to point out that enthusiastic participants in these classes have included policemen, opera singers, librarians, military chaplains, jazz musicians, painters and poets.

Classes will be designed for both beginning and advanced students. For information and registration, call the Academy Theatre at 233-9481.

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COUNTRY
neckbeards
beads
chains

MOLASSES QUININE

"You are invited to attend....."
The occasion was a \$2-a-head supper on a Saturday evening, with a talk from a Columbia University student leader scheduled. It came too early in my evening.

"You are invited to attend....."
This time it was a covered-dish supper given by and for the staff and friends of this newspaper; a family affair, in a sense. Due to rather peculiar circumstances, I couldn't "R.S.V.P." regarding that Sunday evening.

There have been many days in my life when I had no paying job to work at, and I've learned to appreciate the value of a dollar as well as that of a good employer. There were times, of course, when I was legally entitled to draw unemployment compensation -- I never did submit to the degrading red tape required, though. Too much pride, I suppose. An honest worker should not be treated like a liar and a bum at such a time.

There come times in all businesses -- except, perhaps, that of undertakers -- when trade falls off, and the boss has little to keep his hired hands busy. The employer who keeps his full crew at least partly-fed at such times is rare indeed, but I have such a one.

Then come times when more work is offered than can be immediately done. Everyone in the place is trying to keep up, and unforeseen troubles always slow things down.

As I write these words, my boss can't take on any new jobs for six months -- we're booked solid, and a bit behind schedule. Delays inconvenience our customers, and crowd our calendar. In my opinion, it'd be a bad thing to let down a guy who stuck with you in your hard days when he's in a bind, so it's a seven-day week for me until we're clear.

We often hear of civil liberties these days, but most people who speak of these ignore the other (and inseparable) side of the coin. Without civil responsibilities, there can be no civil liberties -- it's that simple.

Responsibilities are things which measure the worth of a person. This paper depends on me to get my copy in by a certain deadline: in this they trust, as I trust them to get it printed and out at a certain time. The way we meet our responsibilities determines whether or not we can feel that we are a necessary part of our community.

Another friend asked me to go fishing at his place this weekend; I can't yet.

It's great to be wanted, and I thank you all. Carry on, friends.

-ernie marris



Cossack Shirts, Nehru Shirts and Jackets, Turtlenecks, Knits, Slacks and Shoes in hot color, Love Beads, Worry Beads, Pendants and Chains. Elegantissimo!

Bob Gerson
KICKS & LIDS
70 FORSYTH ST. N.W. ATLANTA

panther purge



The White Racist Power Structure has repeatedly tried to destroy any threat to its political policies. Presently this power structure is frantically trying to destroy the leadership of the Black Panther Party for Self Defense in Oakland, California.

The clearly calculated attempt to liquidate the leadership of the Panthers began in October with the attempt to murder Huey P. Newton, Party founder and current Minister of Defense. This attempted assassination was followed by the frame-up of Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Party, in February, the raid of twenty armed policemen on the church in which Bobby held public meetings in March, and culminating in the attempted murder of Eldridge Cleaver and the arrest of six other Panthers in April.

This harassment of the Panthers has intensified as the political power and organizational strength of the Party has grown. This, coupled with the flagrant irregularities in the arrest and charging of Eldridge Cleaver, the generalized harassment of the Black Panther Party, and the recent move to bring a Grand Jury indictment against the Panthers involved in a shoot-out, focusing on Cleaver, reveals a planned and consistent attempt to destroy the Panther Party.

Minister Huey P. Newton was the first to feel the destructive arm of the Oakland Police. Newton and a friend

HELP WANTED: Secretary for attorney in regional office of international union. Typing min. 75 wpm. Short-hand or speedwriting min. 100 wpm. Must be willing to work overtime if necessary. Call Miss Coplan, 872-8161.

Bass player needs job. Would like to get with a band or get a group together. Dennis Collins at 422-6467.

WANTED: Freedom-loving baby sitter, Summerhill oriented. Call 876-4051.

were stopped on Saturday, October 28, 1967 by three policemen. After a short gun battle, Newton's friend escaped and one policeman was killed. Newton was arrested and charged with murder. He has since been held in custody at the Alameda County jail.

Originally scheduled on May 6, the trial was postponed until Saturday, June 15.

Meanwhile the Panthers have busied themselves holding mass rallies in an effort to raise Newton's bail. Their efforts were thwarted by the imprisonment of ten Panthers, including Eldridge and Kathleen Cleaver, Minister of Information and Secretary of Communications respectively. Mrs. Cleaver stated that a black member of a local police force told the Panthers on the day Bobby Hutton was killed that the San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland police were planning to destroy the Panther's leadership.

Although imprisoned, Newton has continued to play a vital role in Party programming. Newton has released various "executive mandates" and political statements from his jail cell.

The Panthers are actively campaigning for both money and public support for their jailed Minister of Defense. Their current cry is "Free Huey" and "Let Huey Go."

-reggie mitchell

Read About Plans of Socialist Party USA for a New America. Free Pamphlets and Leaflets. Write: Bohannon, Box 71, Mulberry, Arkansas 72947

On July 4, 100,000 three-eyed frogs will be parachuted on Atlanta. One touch worth a thousand mic trip. The Friendly Stranger.

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Friday, June 7
The Fifth Order and the Electric Collage Light Show

Friday, June 14
The Celestial Voluptuous Banana and The Coconut Confetti

Friday, June 21
Little Phil and the Night Shadow

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AT THE EDGE OF CHAOS

At the edge of the chaos that lies south of 10th street, caught in the arms of the peachtrees, at 14 peachtree place, the grand central Station has opened its portals. This small unpretentious house, strangely misnamed, offered for its opening night last week a lively mixture of folk and blues guitar in an atmosphere that could only be described as joyous.

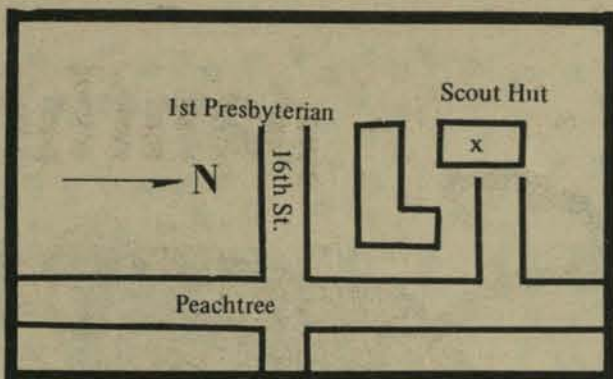
This unusual establishment features a small but excellently prepared selection of sandwiches, deserts, well brewed coffees and delicate teas. All of their prices are far below those at any comparable place in the city. And they intend to offer a very wide spectrum of entertainment to include blues, jazz, bluegrass, folk and classical guitar, plays, poetry readings, silent flicks and experimental movies and experimental music and black soul and more.

This weekend, (and they are open Fridays and Saturdays only -- 9 p.m. till they close) Arthur Burghardt will be reading poetry and drama with guitar accompaniment. He is to be joined by movement guitarists Toni Ganin and Sam Shirah. Mr. Burghardt, the young powerful actor who portrayed the second witch in Theatre Atlanta's "MacBird," intends to present *The Dutchman* by LeRoi Jones at grand central Station next month.

Next weekend (june 14 and 15), blues singer Mable Hillary will be at the Station accompanied by Robin Conant. Future entertainment promises to be of as high a quality. Beginning June 17, grand central Station will open Monday and Tuesday nights with local talent.

The organizers of this quiet house off the peachtree intend to work toward a strong mixture of entertainment and dialogue in an atmosphere charged with life. They wish to facilitate the sort of experience associated with the oriental tea ceremony and with the finer aspects of the marijuana "high". That warmth is well conveyed by their description of the Station as "an oasis of peace amidst the chaos." Yet, they intend to bring together every element and faction in Atlanta -- from ghetto resident to Mayor of Atlanta -- into a fresh dialogue of mutual encounter. Theirs will truly be a "movement against the chaos."

We of the *Bird* wish them well in that endeavor. Theirs is one of the pitifully few organizations in this city working toward a community of joy and love in the face of bitterness and dissention.



FREE CLINIC

A free medical clinic designed to serve the needs of the 10th - 14th Street area opened May 6 in a small building located behind the First Presbyterian Church at 16th and Peachtree. The clinic is open every Monday and Thursday from 9 p.m. until all patients are cared for.

According to Dr. Joseph Hertell, a volunteer physician at the clinic, the facility is operated under the auspices of the Fulton County Medical Society, which has supplied nine volunteer doctors. In addition, June Gray of Grady Hospital is in charge of providing volunteer nurses; pharmacist Jerry Crane is receiving donations of drugs from drug companies; and Dr. John Currie, a clinical psychologist, will attempt to find psychiatric help for those needing it.

Prospective patients at the clinic will be screened first by a young person from the area selected by the Twelfth Gate coffee house. The screening procedure is to insure that the facility is not abused. It is to be emphasized that the clinic has no connection with the police or with city, county or state authorities. Treatment will be strictly confidential.



Atlanta Massey College Chess Club meets every Friday night at 7:30 p.m. Student Lounge, 3rd floor. All Welcome.

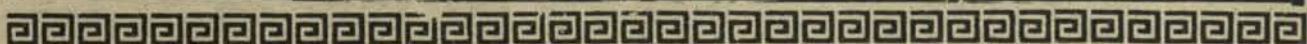


G.S.B... a BIRD to watch this summer...

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ENCLOSED IS:
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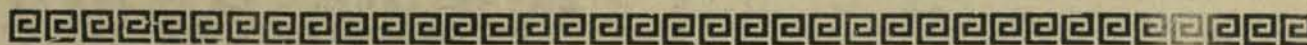
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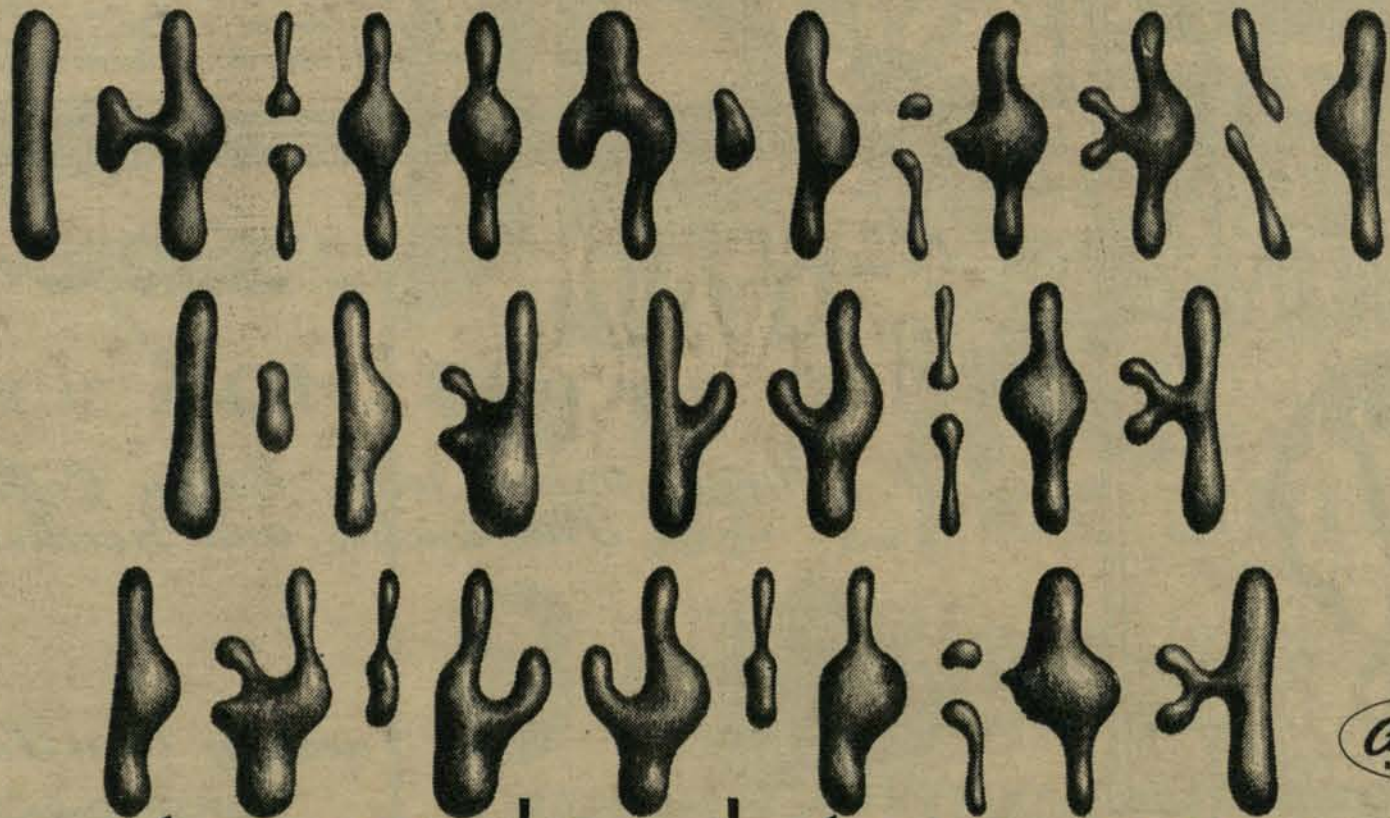
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