

THE GREAT

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15¢

SPECKLED



**KILL
FOR PEACE!!**

young dems: **Civil Disobedience** democrats

It was a small, sad group of Atlanta liberals who met this Monday, July 1, at Paschal's and painfully voted themselves out of existence. "Georgians for Kennedy" had their last meeting.

Although Linda Ray, Emory graduate student, brought back from the Chicago conference of the "Coalition for an Open Convention" a proposal to form a local "Kennedy Action Core," a non-political group dedicated to working for Kennedy's ideals, most of the others present evidently felt they could work for those ideals best through existing channels. A substantial number are already working for McCarthy, a lesser number for local "liberal" candidates Maynard Jackson and Charles Weltner.

But the most interesting part of the meeting was Miss Ray's enthusiastic report on the Chicago Conference. The people there, she said, had really worked from New Hampshire to California to let democracy speak. Everywhere the response had been the same: the people wanted an end to war and a change of priorities from foreign adventures to domestic reform. But the party pols say no.

The consensus of the delegates, said Miss Ray, was that if the professional party pols persisted in ignoring the will of the people, as expressed in the primaries, and nominate Humphrey, then "it's time, in the name of democracy, to wreck that party."

The tone of the conference was anger — at having been

cheated by an assassin's bullet, and at being cheated by ruthless pols — and commitment — to change the Democratic Party or destroy it. The student caucus at the convention resolved: "If the Democratic Party nominates a candidate for President on the basis of delegate votes chosen in an undemocratic manner and unrepresentative of the proven will of the people, then the election and government derived will not be democratic or representative.

"This body, students representing those who worked from New Hampshire to California for political candidates in belief that the democratic process could bring about the change that is so drastically needed, recognizes that millions of young people in this country will feel no obligation to those laws and policies effected by such a government and system regarding the military draft, the war in Vietnam and the social and economic repression of the poor and disenfranchised people in the United States.

"We shall organize, aid, and abet such acts of non-violent civil disobedience taken to correct the policies of an undemocratic government."

Perhaps anticipating shock at such a radical statement, Miss Ray added quickly: "Of course, we adults didn't go that far. . ." Then looking around the room and finding little disapproval she added, "but we felt that way."

-howard romaine

FORSYTH CO.: THE SUN RISES ONST AGIN

Just to keep y'all posted on how black people are making it up Forsyth County way. Not s'damn good? but no one has been killed yet.

You will remember — as a faithful *Bird* reader — that Forsyth County (specifically Lake Lanier, a federal park) has been the site of recent confrontations between outside blacks and local rednecks. Since 1911 (and until May 11, 1968) no Negro had spent the night in Forsyth. (See *G.S.B.* N. 5 for background.) The vigilante slogan "Nigger, don't let the sun set on your head" was confronted the night of May 11 by 25 blacks accompanied by 50 white brothers. (See *G.S.B.* N. 6) They were "protected" by a scant handful of troopers.

On Saturday, June 22, a small group of black militants led by John McCown of the Georgia Council on Human Relations (with 3 white tag-alongs, including yrs. truly) again set up camp on Lake Lanier — unarmed, and with no advance notice to the fuzz. The group decided against using the May 11 campsite (which would have risked establishing a Negro (only) spot — in favor of strategy to "liberate" the entire Lake Lanier campground. So the group moved into a new area among whites who immediately packed up and left. A few rednecks buzzed the camp; two men in a car marked SHERIFF swung by & waved howdy (you know, a sort of "howdy nigras" wave); but this time there were no attempts to break into the camp. Sometime after midnight a group set up camp nearby, not (I think) realizing who their neighbors were. And that was about it; we had a fun time; and no one was hurt.

I think that all this proves is that not many people knew black people were camping there, and those who did know may have assumed the group was armed. I don't know. Care to place bets on a small Negro family's luck camping out there?

-joe nickell

Justice for Nippies & Higgers

Friday morning, June 28, some of the 14th Street kids who were behind Bradshaw's looking for a lost wallet were approached by a man in a red shirt shouting "Look at those dirty hippies." Spotting one kid wearing chains around his neck he said, "What are you doing with those chains? Chains belong to hippy motherfuckers." He grabbed the chains and started swinging them around asking for anyone who wanted trouble to "come and get it." Someone fetched a group of bikers from "The Combs" and the man backed off; but when they started to leave he jumped a young black kid who took off his belt to defend himself. "The little nigger hit me up the side of the head with a belt," our tape-recorder says he said. Then the "hippies" captured him and held him down while other "hippies" called the police.

The "hippies" however did not have the bread to press charges (\$5 required to swear out a warrant), but the man and his two friends did; so two white kids, one black kid, and one black woman (who works at X-place-of-business) — an eye-witness — were hauled off to jail.

Later in court, hippy-hangin' Judge Brock found in favor of the three men — over testimony of the four defendants and three or four other witnesses. The woman who works for X was released since she had a job; but it seems the judge feels selling papers for the *Bird* isn't a legit job. In fact there's a lecture here on selling "that filthy sheet" and a strong warning to never again etc. And, oh yes, one of the witnesses was put in jail for showing up with "hippies" since the judge had him on a suspended sentence — conditional that he avoid "hippy-dom."

Well it's clear that from roving cop to bench they're out to get us/you on phoney charges or whatever kind of "law" they want to "abide" by.

Dear whoever, keep the faith.

-joe nickell

The Great Speckled Bird supports the Phooey-Gram Movement. This shouldn't surprise anyone since we've been giving Lester the Phooey-Bird for sometime. Send a telegram or postcard with the word "Phooey!" to: OCCUPANT, State Capitol Building, Atlanta. Honorable Phooey-San James Moore asks that you sign (please) your name (in English).

Rent Man: \$RACISM IS \$\$ \$\$\$ \$RACISM \$\$\$

What's all this crap about the New South and Fair Housing Laws? On June 4 two girls, federal poverty program workers, were evicted from the Brookside Apartments because they had invited Negro friends to the swimming pool.

The landlord, C. Buck LeCraw, a Big Man in Apartments around Atlanta apparently never expects the humble to challenge his arbitrary ukases, but the girls, Marcy Stine and Yvette Meltzer, weren't about to move out after moving in only two days before.

They found that Georgia law, contrary to that of most other states, is written to "protect" the landlord from the tenant, rather than vice-versa. It cost C. Buck LeCraw five bucks to get a surly officer of the law to serve an eviction notice, but in order to contest that notice in a court hearing, the girls were expected to pop down \$1,680 bond (12 months rent). Needless to say, not too many evictees are able to fight the landlord's whims.

An NAACP lawyer, however, offered his services *gratis*, and he applied for a hearing without bond on the grounds that his clients didn't have much money. So the first round in court had nothing to do with the real issue — it was a hearing to see if they could have a hearing. The judge was unreal. Judge Hooper said that he thought Marcy and Yvette looked like nice young ladies, but that he suspected they were part of an international conspiracy to overload this nation's courts with civil rights cases, thereby leading to a breakdown of the judicial system, thereby leading to Anarchy!

But the girls must have convinced him that, indeed, they were nice young ladies, because he ruled in their favor. The opposition lawyers were visibly blowing their minds, and one threatened that they would continue to order eviction notices, "as many as it takes to get them out." (Each notice would require a separate court hearing.)

The Judge's ruling means only that Yvette and Marcy can now debate the real issue in State Court.

A local ministry called C. Buck LeCraw "to get his side of the story." C. Buck denied being a racist, "But business is business."

Northside (Ansley Park) Racist Association (Interested Citizens)

Light and Dark sides of this city too busy to hate. On May 31, the Ansley Park Civic Association, Inc. sent a statement to all property owners in Ansley Park stating "We will welcome to Ansley Park as a homeowner any responsible person of whatever race, religion, or national origin." A stride forward in this lily-white area.

But inevitably the counter group of frightened "Interested Citizens" formed, declaring "As homeowners in Ansley Park, we . . . pledge our best efforts to keep Negroes out of Ansley Park." Given as reasons were such delightfully brilliant bigotries as:

"The culture of the Negro race is mediocre. This applies to their training, development, and refinement of mind, morals, and taste. They have distorted our language and reduced our music to primitive levels. They are loud and noisy. They would lower the culture in Ansley Park."

"Can you think of a faster way to bring about miscegenation than to have Negroes live next door to you and have your children grow up with and fight and play with their children. If you can think of a faster way, the Communist (sic) would like to hear about it."

"Look what happened to Dean Rusk who allowed his daughter to take riding lessons with her present Negro husband."

The "Interested Citizens" may be reached at P.O. Box 7447, Station C., Atlanta, Ga. 30309.



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poor forever



WASHINGTON, D.C. (June 24) LNS—By 11:00 a.m. today, the streets and homes of Resurrection City were deserted, except for patrolling military jeeps and hundreds of police guards stationed at the fence on the City's perimeter. Flies were beginning to swarm on the fresh, hot bread left out in the haste of evacuation. No troops would touch it though, lest the native food give them dysentery.

The Urban Renewal tactic practiced in evacuating and burning cities in Vietnam was brought back home. In the place of a translated leaflet dropped from an airplane, the Government made this loudspeaker announcement at 9:45 a.m.:

"The permit on this property has expired. You must leave here within the next 56 minutes to avoid arrest and prosecution. For those of you who have no other means of transportation, bus service to your homes will be provided by the Travelers Aid. Shuttle buses are now available at the west side of the Reflecting Pool."

Later this week, the tactic will be carried to fruition; the city will be quietly bulldozed and burned.

But the "facesaving" devices which our military say are crucial to Oriental psyches were not forgotten: Ralph David Abernathy had miraculously led most of the last several hundred residents out of the Camp and toward a demonstration at the Agriculture Department, an hour before the final eviction announcement.

The mass exodus to the Agriculture building and then on to the Capitol for the arrests which were SCLC's announced goal of the day, was carefully synchronized with the government, and was even predicted in the *Washington Post* of that morning. Abernathy's group assembled at 8:30 and was just far enough away not to know what was happening when the bust occurred. Earlier, Abernathy had complained to the press that the trouble with confronting the federal government is that, unlike Selma or Birmingham, there was no obvious enemy. But the Agriculture Demonstration was hatched to avoid the one real confrontation of the Poor People's Campaign.

Abernathy and the government had been working together since the early days of the campaign, the poor people being pawns in both their games of lobbying. Congress-

EPITAPH

The Rev. Ralph David Abernathy is now in jail along with 205 of his Poor People. Resurrection City is now scattered remnants of what used to be a city of hope built of mud and wooden tents.

On June 23, 1500 police surrounded the little tent city, gave less than an hour's warning to vacate, then without warrants went from door to door arresting occupants who refused to leave. The "Good Behavior" permit had expired.

By 9 p.m., Washington, D.C. was under martial law. This was the end of the Poor Peoples' Campaign.

But on June 19, "Solidarity Day", they were all there. Humphrey was there, McCarthy was there, Lindsey was there. And the reporters, the police, the curiosity-seekers, the "middle-class committed"—and The Poor. They converged on Resurrection City. Some were disappointed in what they saw—a city composed of wooden tents and canvas sleeping bags. Others were appalled by the filth and stench. The wet, sloppy mud was a foot deep in places; not even an expert broken field runner could side-step all the pot holes as he walked gingerly on muddy planks or

on its doorstep. The heart-rending village was becoming an unpopular eye-sore.

So SCLC quietly arranged to de-escalate by offering free bus tickets to any remaining residents who wanted to (would) go home. Powerless to prevent the expiration of the good behavior permit, SCLC could not afford an ugly and bloody fight with the government.

At the same time, SCLC could not risk being too obvious in selling out the We-Won't Budge principle of the campaign, lest it lose all control over tent city's residents. Particularly important was maintaining enough trust so that the residents would march downtown with Abernathy the day after the permit had expired. ("If you trust me, Ralph Abernathy, you'll go back to your beds," he had blared over the loudspeaker two nights earlier when an angry group had assembled.)

So, Sunday, June 23, the last legal day, SCLC was busy constructing a huge new wooden edifice, next to City Hall, the most permanent-looking of all the Camp's buildings. But donated wood is cheap and the labor was free. The Registration Booth was still open.

For their part, the residents lived no differently that day than any other, and some of them spent the afternoon painting their shacks.

Why did most of them follow Abernathy out?

Why did many residents carry bundles of clothing to the Agriculture demonstration, even though the marshals insisted they would all be coming back and would never, never abandon the city?

"You see, it's like this. When you have so many internal problems—all those troublemakers and all that negotiating by the leaders when we is not involved—then folks don't care so much. It don't seem worth fighting so hard."

But some refused to leave and 112 were hauled off to jail from their homes at Resurrection City. 1500 cops joined in the raid. Abandoning all pretense of the residents being residents, and of citizens being citizens, no warrants were issued before the police entered the huts and removed people.

The news of the maneuverings which closed the City sent a wave of frustration through Washington's black community today, and angry young men roamed the streets, throwing bricks and bottles, and looking menacing. A few stores were looted. But Washington is Saigon, and since King's death, troops have been stationed just outside the city on the alert.

National Guardsmen were trucked and bussed in. A stretch of 14th Street was systematically tear gassed every half block.

By 9:00 p.m., the City was put under martial law. A blanket of military law and order prevailed; a curfew was declared. The actual incidents of window breaking and looting which had occurred were minor, and require little retelling. But it took military action of this scope and speed to prevent Washington's second major outburst in two months.

The government sees quite correctly that Washington must become a permanently militarized city. For if the troops go too far away, hell will break loose. It is no longer possible for white America to govern Washington by civilian authority.

—marshall law



Photo by Joe Nickell

inside the ruts made by trucks. The stench was like an open sewage canal. Others may have seen only a large group of lower class troublemakers, petitioning for what might mean a rise in taxes.

But the Real People, the people of Resurrection City, saw in the city the hopes and dreams of people like themselves, people struggling to survive in a nation where bare survival depends on Money. They saw in the city a beginning of the end of hungry children and sickly mothers. They had packed their belongings in old shopping bags and come to the promised land.

The promised land welcomed them with open arms. Nearly half the D.C. police force was stationed around the tent city. Children's sleep was broken by the ominous whir of police helicopters hovering overhead. Mud and filth and policemen—this also was Resurrection City.

Yards away, however, was the majestic beauty of the reflection pool. The Washington Monument towered above them; the Lincoln Memorial reminded them that they were in the capitol of the richest nation in the world, a nation which told them that all they need do is work hard and perhaps their black children could grow up to be President. A nation which has denied them even the job necessary to feed and clothe and shelter their children. It was a dream, the pools, the monuments. And now that dream is also gone.

The Poor Peoples' Campaign was just another example of the "little man" speaking in whispers, unheard amid the shouts of the powerful. They left Washington with less than when they came. They proved, once again, that the government of this country is a government of the rich and the powerful. So what do we celebrate on this "Independence Day" 1968? One Nation, with Liberty and Justice for all?

—reggie mitchell



by a new, quaint technique—to cough up poverty funds and stop black alienation from spreading. Yesterday's *Evening Star* revealed how the City Commissioner's office had arranged the provision of lumber, bullhorns and other equipment for the Campaign and had worked closely with SCLC in planning it. Walter Fauntelroy, SCLC's man in D.C., is one of Johnson's appointees to the City Council.

But this cosy relationship went sour as officials begin to realize that Abernathy did not have as much control over "his" poor people as he claimed. Various incidents of violence led to bad publicity. Most threatening, some of the residents were beginning to talk as if they'd never go—and it was becoming clear that Congress wasn't about to be budgeted, especially by a bunch of poor people camped out

while many people starve

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 27 (LNS) — Federal District Court in Washington today denied a motion by the Legal Defense Fund of the NAACP to place a restraining order on the planned return of \$227 million to the U.S. Treasury by the Department of Agriculture. The money is the remainder of the sum allotted by the Department as part of an emergency fund to finance Food Stamp programs and other efforts to aid the poor in the 256 counties of the 600 declared emergency areas by the President's Commission on Malnutrition and Hunger, which the Department chose to aid.

Reason for the refusal to extend the deadline on the utilization of the funds, which expires Monday, June 30, was that "the Poor People's Campaign has not proved that the return of these funds would irreparably harm the poor", an SCLC spokesman quoted the Court as saying.

In the past year while the money was in the hands of local officials some \$2.7 million was definitely utilized. It went to pay all the middle-class clerks who "administered" the programs.

LETTERS

PITY POOR WAYNE

Dear Bird:

If anyone pickets or demonstrates during the Fourth of July Parade and at the opening of John Wayne's new film, his demonstration had best be well planned, or he should demand to be placed on John Wayne's payroll. Reason? The film will be a flop and a financial loss to Wayne and his backers unless demonstrations occur and provoke the same type of reaction that made "A Patch of Blue" and the *Bird* best-sellers.

My guess is that after the reviews (see *N.Y. Times* review enclosed) Wayne will be out trying to hire people to picket if none show up - it's his only hope.

The film might be attended to see as a comedy and laugh at (as the *Times* shows there is inadvertent humor in it) or one could spend his money better by taking in another show show, perhaps "2001" and see the entry in wide-screen psychedelic technicolor.

One can feel pity for Wayne. His burning desire as a youth was to be a naval officer but he missed out on Annapolis and was rejected by the army for World War II. How else is a rejected hero to become a hero if not by being a hero in fantasy, such as the movies?

John Wayne's film will be very pleasing to the Birchers. Let them enjoy themselves - they will provide the best demonstration against the film, and probably see the film's financial flop as a COMMUNIST PLOT to undermine decent wholesome entertainment in the U.S.

Don't demonstrate. The film is its own worst enemy.

Sincerely, George Blau

DeKalb County FUZZ

To The Editor:

I guess it's just human nature for one not to take what one reads as the truth, even though one professes to believe it. I too, took this frame of mind towards the heat's discrimination against those with black skin or long hair, that is, until last night (June 29) when I was accosted by a DeKalb County Police interceptor.

Upon inquiring of the conditions of my capture, I was told that I "looked suspicious". I was treated with the least possible respect, was cussed at, (DeKalb County has an ordinance similar to Fulton's, pertaining to profanity) and was threatened. I was told that everything possible, not necessarily legal, would be done to put me behind bars if I ever set foot in DeKalb County again.

My hair is not long and my skin is not black, but I was wearing a jacket displaying my political and social beliefs which labeled me as "one uh them Hippie fellers". So, "Hippie fellers", watch out...the DeKalb County Fuzz is not your friend.

-jack flash



ATLANTA COOPERATIVE NEWS PROJECT

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(Office: 187 14th St. N.E.)

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ENCLOSED IS:

\$5 dollars for one year
more than \$5 dollars for one year (contributor)

one sunday afternoon

A group gathered across from the Poster Pad Sunday, June 23, to listen to some soul-savers from a Holiness church here in Atlanta. A few others were scattered around across the street in front of the Pad. All in all I'd say there were about thirty-twenty of us and ten of the brethren.

One of the evangelists was really laying it on thick about how Christ had saved him, how he knew the real healing power of the Lord. Yes, he knew the Lord. He really knew the Lord. A real Elmer Gantry he was!

And during the "service," some of the brethren passed out pamphlets. The one I got was called SALVATION OR RELIGION?

Afterward we grouped around one Holiness brother and asked him questions about his beliefs. Somebody said to him that he was trying to force his beliefs on us. He said he was here today because Christ had commanded him to be here. He also said you could be saved only if you believed the Lord Jesus and have accepted Him as your personal Savior; that if you didn't you were automatically doomed to Hell!

Someone else asked him, "What about those who've never had the chance to hear about Christ? Are they doomed to Hell, too?"

His answer, in essence, was, "Yes they are. That's just their tough luck." None of us in our group could accept such a harsh, condemning God. A few minutes later the meeting broke up, and the brethren left.

And then--immediately--the police moved in. One officer about five-feet-eleven, hefty build, close-cropped brown hair, said, "Now break it up! You can't loiter here!" We ambled on across fourteenth street. A few of us walked on down Peachtree. We turned around when we heard an angry voice, "You really do want me to call the paddy wagon, don't you?" We turned around and saw the same officer basing at the few who had remained on the corner. They followed us down the street. The officer roared on down Peachtree. Somebody in our group called to somebody across the street, "Watch the traffic!" The surly officer heard it, slammed on his breaks, whipped his cycle around, and roared back in our direction.

"What'd you say?" he demanded.

We explained we were talking to the two guys across the street. He sat there on that cycle until we had crossed the street.

What makes us mad is the fact the two officers admitted that the Holiness brethren had no permit either to hold a streetcorner gathering.. But as soon as the evangelists left, those two policemen moved right in to break us up. We had just as much right to "loiter" there as the evangelists did. The police said we could loiter on the corner if we were also holding evangelistic religious service.

Keep watching the fourteenth-street corner. We just might hold them to their word.

-dick barnes

high school underground

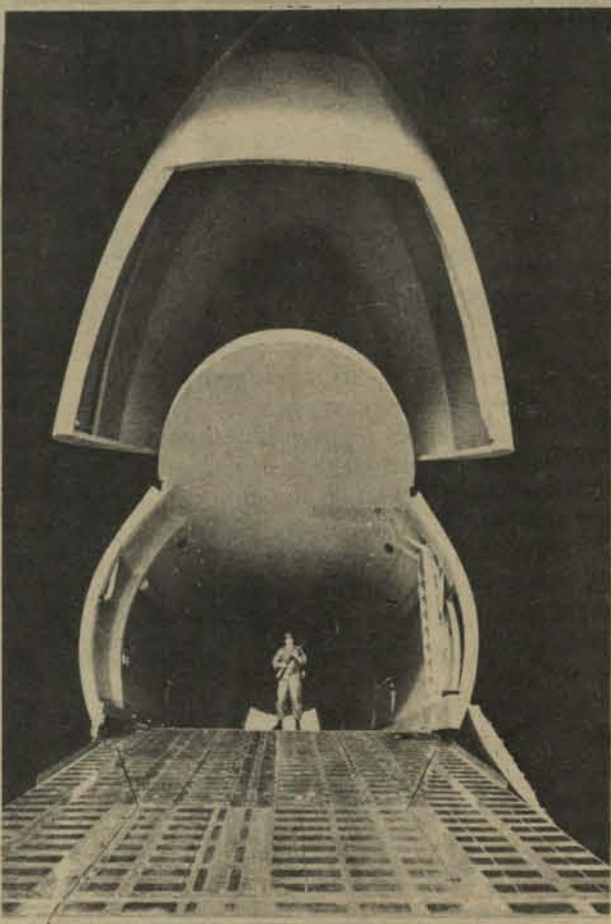
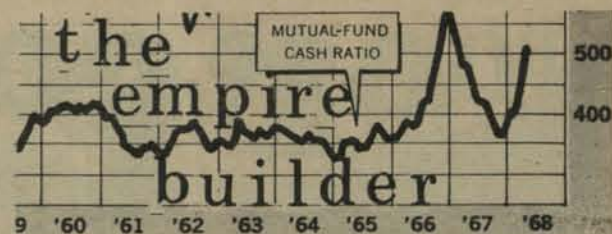
A national conference for high school underground newspapers and other interested students is being organized at Liberation News Service by Lazarus Quan, itinerant editor of the *Americong*, Tim Wise of the Palo Alto *Revelator*, Doug Monica of Palo Alto, Paul Steiner of the N.Y.C. *Sans Culottes*, and Gregg Mills of the Hutchinson, Minnesota *Shaft*.

The organizers of the conference, now scheduled for August 6-9, 1968, seek a good, free location, preferably one convenient to all sections of the country, and the names, addresses and telephone numbers of high school underground editors.

Activities at the conference will include guest speakers, films, workshops and business sessions, with major emphasis on establishing a high school-oriented and high school-written version of LNS.

Anyone interested in aiding or attending the conference, or who can offer helpful information, should contact Lazarus Quan at LNS, 3 Thomas Circle, N.W. Washington, D.C.

HIGH SCHOOL UNDERGROUND EDITORS FROM ATLANTA: *The Bird* would like to get acquainted and get you acquainted with each other. Call *The Bird* office when you have a spare minute...892-7891.



What is the C-5 Galaxy? A bird? A plane? In knowledgeable "aerospace" jargon it is neither bird nor plane—it is a Weapons System. To the Lockheed-Georgia Company (local arm of the Military/Industrial Conspiracy) it is a few billion dollars. To many American soldiers, it will be a large vehicle for the one-way trip to their Third World Waterloo; an airborne mass burial. To the "prisoners of starvation; the wretched of the earth", it will be a big dose of the usual American aid (for which they should be grateful): a kick in the balls and a bullet in the back. To a few fat-headed pilots and fat-ass generals, it will be a new toy. To American taxpayers, it is a few billion dollars down the toilet.

In general, though, it's just another example of the amorality of technology. Under the guidance of a humane intelligence, the C-5 Galaxy could be instrumental in wiping out world poverty and the people's hunger. As it is, however, under the control of America's utterly inhuman—that is, anti-human—military establishment, it represents an increase in the efficiency of international rape and murder.

The role is not unfamiliar to the airplanes of Lockheed: C-130's and C-141's have been invaluable in the rapes of Vietnam, the Congo, and the Dominican Republic; to name a few.

Such being the case, may the C-5 Galaxy go the way of the F-111.

-cliff conner



'ANY LEADER WHO SPEAKS out effectively against the war ...WILL BE ASSASSINATED'

LOS ANGELES (LNS) . . . (Ed. note: Following are excerpts of a transcript of an interview of Jim Garrison by Art Kevin of WHJ radio in Los Angeles)

Kevin: Mr. Garrison, over the recent few days, Mark Lane made a statement in Boston to the effect that a couple of months before Senator Kennedy was shot and killed here in Los Angeles, as he termed them, emissaries had been in touch with you. And, apparently, he had knowledge of it -- to the effect that Senator Kennedy said that he knew there were guns between him and the White House. And that, were he elected President of the United States, he was ready to prosecute these people responsible for his late brother's death. Is that a true statement by Mark Lane?

Garrison: Yes, that's essentially true. The only thing is, I would use different words in a few senses. For example, emissaries. We had mutual friends that came down to visit from time to time and, as a result, I finally came to understand Senator Kennedy's silence. He was silent, it became apparent, because he realized the power that lay behind the forces that killed his brother.

They didn't come at the same time. One of them did, indeed, when I brought up the question of his continued silence, point it out that were these forces still active in America, the same forces that killed his brother, that Bobby Kennedy, as he put it, was very much aware that there were many guns between him and the White House. And the way he put it, I think it was Bobby Kennedy's quotation -- from him . . .

Kevin: Jim, a question now that I guess we can call a \$64 question, but are you prepared to say that the

same elements responsible for the death of John F. Kennedy were responsible for the deaths of Senator Robert F. Kennedy and perhaps even Martin Luther King?

Garrison: Well, you can remove the perhaps. The answer is of course except that in the case of Senator Kennedy, they apparently interposed a cover organization. I doubt if Sirhan Sirhan, since he's younger than the professional shooters they usually use and consider him apparently inexperienced as a professional shooter, which insulates the main organization. But there's no, I don't think there's any question about the fact that the same forces removed everyone. Every one of these men were humanists. They were concerned about the human race. They were not racist in the slightest way, and above all, they were opposed to the evolution of America into an imperialist empire-seeking warfare state. Which it has become, I'm afraid. And now there aren't too many, now there aren't too many leaders left to talk out loud against the war in Vietnam. They're eliminating them, one by one. Always a lone assassin.

Kevin: Jim, in the federal court dialogue that you're having now in the Clay Shaw case in New Orleans . . .

Garrison: It's no dialogue, Art. They just jerked it out of our hands before trial so we couldn't go to trial.

Kevin: Well, the charge now that they've made, as I'm sure you're aware, is one of illegal wiretap.

Garrison: We never do it and we haven't done it with regard to Shaw. When did they say that?

Kevin: Well, this came on a charge in New Orleans which we picked up today. It came from, you know, our contact that is working in your city of New Orleans.

And the quote he gave me from the federal judgement was, "Shaw's attorneys have charged Garrison with illegal wiretap. Rights of Shaw have been violated by the electronic intrusion of his home." In other words, the implication is that you bugged his house or his phone.

Garrison: My staff will not even interview anybody in the office unless, they will not record an interview unless the person being interviewed knows that there is a tape recorder there and sees the wheels moving. And the reason I want him to see the wheel moving is if he wants to say something he doesn't want to go down, he can point to the machine and say, "stop it." I am adamantly against the government using these measures, but this is typical of what they've done from the beginning.

They change white into black and black into white. When a witness volunteered to take truth serum, we said well that's fine. We think it's a good idea. And we lined up doctors and they gave him truth serum and then after that, they called it drugs. Until we used it on a witness to make sure he was telling the truth to give Mr. Shaw the benefit of every possible doubt, it was called truth serum. After we used it, it was called drugging witnesses. This is the same thing. I think what they're doing here, thinking out loud, is that they don't have any real federal jurisdiction, but they charge wiretapping, even though they know it's not true, they will somehow acquire federal jurisdiction. But these lawyers know better. They know that I not only don't wiretap, I'm adamantly against it. And if anybody in my office did it, he wouldn't be on the office staff anymore.

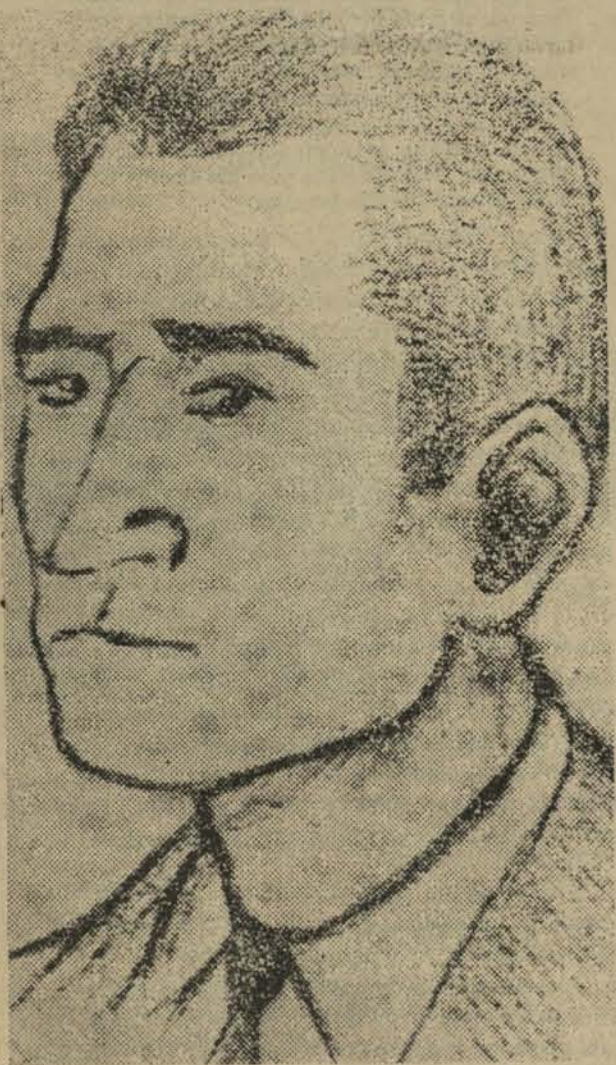
Kevin: Jim, kind of a philosophic thought just as a final question. I know that you have worked for many many months to the point of great exhaustion and I know that it's been a great personal risk through conversations that you and I have had at other times. But is the truth, the truth as you know it to be and as it exists ever going to come out in your case and in these other tragedies that have befallen us as a nation?

Garrison: The truth was not as difficult to come across, for us to find, as it is to communicate. That's a good question. I'm answering kind of elliptically. We know the truth, I think quite precisely, but to communicate it is almost impossible because of the steady brainwashing now from the Administration, from some organs of the press. I don't know. It would be brought out at a trial, but I don't know now if we can ever get him to trial because of the forces arrayed against us and the reasons for postponing the trial, which they bring up continually.

The truth is, to put it simply, that America is -- it's so damn unbelievable unless you're into it that -- it begins with the time that, in a few sentences, the fact that Jack Kennedy was stopping the cold war and getting ready to dismantle the CIA. By then, the CIA was too powerful to dismantle, and it dismantled him, instead. And what I said in the two hours, the war in Vietnam was resumed, the troop buildup was resumed, whereas Jack Kennedy had brought troops back.

Any leader in this country who speaks out effectively against the war in Asia or against the continuation of the cold war machine or against the continued development of power by the military war complex, will be assassinated. And it will be announced that it was by a lone assassin. Many months ago I said even if a President was elected and he tried to stop the cold war and end Vietnam and tried to achieve genuine peace, that he'd be assassinated. And that's still true. And it's just a matter of a professional cover, which is no problem for the CIA because they work on it beforehand and then all you see is the lone assassin.

One final point I might make is -- you see it already coming up to the surface in the case of Ray, the man who is charged with killing Martin Luther King, although it's still not clear that he was the professional shooter for the Central Intelligence Agency. But you can see from this pattern, that the CIA is involved in this too, just as they were with John F. Kennedy. And if you became a successful political leader and you spoke out effectively against the war in Vietnam, they'd kill you, too. But it would be announced that it was a lone assassin and evidence would be produced and most of the people in the country would never be allowed to see any of the details.



COINCIDENCE? HARDLY!!

Photo at right is a detail blow-up of a photograph taken by Black Star photographer, William Allen, in Dealey Plaza (Dallas) shortly after President Kennedy was assassinated. The man was one of three marched by Dallas police from the area of the Grassy Knoll to the Dallas sheriff's department across the plaza. There is no record in the Warren Report or in the Dallas police files as to the identity of the man or his two companions.

At left is an artist's sketch, reportedly prepared in Mexico under FBI supervision, of the suspected King assassin. It bears no resemblance to Ray/Galt, but compare it to photo at right. Note these points of comparison: hairline; eyebrows; long, pointed nose; cleft in upper lip; lip-line; angle and contours of ear; firmly set jaw-line; and both poses are the identical three-quarter left profile. These points suggest the distinct possibility that the sketch was copied from the photograph. (See June 29 issue of Ramparts for full story.)

A FOIBLE OF THE Senator and the CONSTITUENT

Wunst they was a senator Who was Intently Listening to the importuning of a Constituent who was Trying for Stricter gun legislation.

The senator Was Not listening as hard as He might Be, since he had been a Major expense of the American Rifle Association for some fifteen Years.

"Listen," the Constituent said, "we oughta Regulate guns more stricter."

The Senator sighed and Puffed his twenty-seven-and-a-half Cent cigar. "Every dictatorship," he said, "has begun With gun regulation."

"Listen," the Constituent said, "they Used a gun to Kill Martin Luther King."

The senator Sighed again. "He coulda leaned out of that Shithouse window and Got him with a Icepick."

"Listen," the Constituent said, "folks Keep shootin their Wives in a Fit of Passion."

"If they don't Have guns," the Senator said, "husbands'll beat Their Wives to death with Their two-week-old Socks." And he Thoughtabout the Ways he could Avoid REporting the retainer the ARA would shortly send him.

"Listen," the Hapless Voter pleaded, "every Other semi-Civilized State in the world Regulates firearms."

"Regulation of firearms," the Senator said, "will Prevent Our shooting the Government, in Case somebody is Elected we Don't Approve of."

"Listen," said the Constituent, "regulation Of Firearms will keep Guns out of the Hands of the Niggers."

The Senator said "My God!" and jumped up and Ran Down Pennsylvania Avenue and Turned in His resignation and Told the Rifle People to go Get themselves Another Boy.

Moral: Some People have Principles which outweigh Even Money. -og, king of boshan

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Eliza Paschal...

PROGRAMMED LESSONS IN THE ECONOMICS OF POVERTY

Lesson I

These lessons are designed with simple and non-technical concepts. The self-tests enable the student to make sure that he has understood the preceding statements and to reinforce in his mind the concepts which follow logically from beginning to end.

DO NOT SKIP . . . DO NOT BEGIN AT THE END . . . WORK STEADILY BUT DO NOT RUSH . . . REMEMBER THAT THOUGH THE WORDS LOOK FAMILIAR, YOU ARE DEALING WITH NEW IDEAS.

At the end of Lesson I, you will be ready to go on to Lesson II. The programmed series will be presented in installments to prevent the student from looking ahead and jumping, instead of walking steadily, to conclusions.

1. When we talk about people in poverty today, we mean people who do not have enough money to pay for necessary goods and services. We do not mean poverty like poverty from having your father killed. Right? (Answer: Right.)

2. The many-initialed programs spawned to Fight Poverty have as their stated purpose to "put people into the mainstream of the economy." Right? (Answer: Right.)

3. These programs do not put money into the pockets of poor people. Right? (Answer: Right.)

4. These programs put more money into the pockets of those already trained to and doing professional and technical jobs. Right? (Answer: Right.)

5. These non-poor people stand to lose most if the programs are altered drastically. Right? (Answer: Right.)

6. The only ways of getting into the Mainstream are to work for someone else for pay or to own property which will pay you. (Sounds nicer than "work someone for pay.") Right? (Answer: Right.)

7. If you work for someone else for pay, you are depen-

dent upon them, unless everybody who works for them teams together for a fair share. Right? (Answer: Right.)

8. If you are poor, you do not have property that will pay you. Right? (Answer: Right.)

9. If you are poor, you do not have the money to buy property that will pay you. Right? (Answer: Right.)

10. If you are poor, you do not have the credit to borrow money to buy property that will pay you. Right? (Answer: Right.)

11. Many many Poor People together do not have the money to buy property that will pay them, because many zeroes are still zero. Right? (Answer: Right.)

12. The only ways for the Poor to acquire property are for someone to give it, for Somebody or Something (like the U.S. Government) to buy it for them or guarantee a risk for them, or to take it. Right? (Answer: Right.)

13. In some countries, like Mexico, the Poor decided to take the property and told the foreigners who had owned it that it was theirs now and the foreigners should go home.

14. Poor Americans would have to take the property from other Americans and they are all already home, and this would make for an awkward situation. Right? (Answer: Right.)

15. There is little evidence that those who own property are going to give it to poor people . . . they are more likely to give it to some other Non-Poor to explain to the Poor why they are poor. Right? (Answer: Right.)

16. Property-sharing is Power-sharing. Right? (Answer: Right.)

17. There is little evidence that those who have power intend to share it. Right? (Answer: Right.)

18. Power, even though used benevolently, is still power. Right? (Answer: Right.)

19. The best protection against somebody else's power is to have some of your own. Right? (Answer: Right.)

20. The present American economic formula is not the right formula for property- and power-sharing. Right? (Answer: Right.)

Lesson II in next issue.

-eliza paschal



film LIBERATION

After a brief, whirlwind history of some sixty years, a new dawn exploded over the world of movies, transforming them into the realm of pure cinema—a manipulatable, go-for-broke, land of Oz. In the years that were to follow, film-makers such as Antonioni, Truffaut, Clarke, Warhol, Renais, Godard, Bergman and Polanski (including about everyone in the post-Wellesian era and some, like Bunuel, from before) 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.

Italian neo-realism was the major breakthrough of the postwar movement toward pure filmic art. Roberto Rossellini (*Open City*) and Vittorio de Sica (*Shoe Shine, Bicycle Thieves*) led the charge which liberated the camera from its studio confines and discovered the street and the people of the street. Cesare Zavattini, de Sica's scriptwriter, wrote: "The reality buried under the myths slowly re-flowered."

The second major step toward the reorientation of film and its audience had been taken and universally accepted. Quality films were being made by and about people. Such films, needless to say, influenced the perception, awareness and appreciation of their audience, who the films were about—not for. Ironically, in the not so distant future, the aristocracy of Italy that would have no part of "the movies" was begging for bit roles in the films of Fellini and Antonioni.

The third and decisive step toward the total liberation of film and the creation of a devoted cult audience influenced by film materialized in France by the gang at *Cahiers du Cinema*. Francois Truffaut, a critic turned film-maker, obviously versed in Antonin Artaud and *mise en scene*, hit whatever complacency remained with his now famous *politique des auteurs*, the theory and practice of the complete film-maker — the filmic author and what Bresson would call *l'écriture* — the written film. Alexandre astruc, a French critic, spoke of pure film and a new language as early as 1948 in an article in *Le Camera Stylo*:

The cinema...becomes bit by bit a language. By a language I mean the form in which and through which an artist can express his thoughts, however abstract they may be, or translate his obsessions, just as in an essay or a novel....the film will gradually free itself from the tyranny of the visual, of the image for its own sake, of the immediate and concrete anecdote, to become a means of writing as supple and subtle as the written word....What interests us in the cinema today is the creation of this language.

Michelangelo Antonioni, for instance, has a novelist's mind and has evolved, through trial and error, a cinematic style infused with involved and complex sentences, constructed with cameras, that hold together as solidly as words on the page. Norman Mailer, on the other hand, wrote *Wild 90* with the cameras, but with the looseness of style and plan in keeping with his latest novels. Fellini improvises; Godard's insanity breaks and creates cinematic conventions daily while a sadistic audience bows reverently; Alain Renais creates intellectual parlour games; Louis Bunuel and Alfred Hitchcock pervert other works as their own; Kubrick and Lelovch live in the lab; Carne and Prevert marry each others' minds; Polanski re-educates the cities of the world; Bergman finds God in his pocket; Mekas blasts Godard for not running his own camera; Jersey calls Mekas a "hair shirt" for using 8 mm.; Brakhage revolutionizes Super 8; The Underground Surfaces; and some of the greatest films ever made are being turned out everyday. These are but a few of the artists refining the language of "Film is Film is Film."

What about the audience? Is there an audience masochistically inclined enough to withstand the tortures of love imposed by the film-makers? Fortunately there is. A small but growing segment of the population is tired of the commercial theatre mis-using its special language and imitating the conventions of a tired Hollywood movie. TV and radio are no help. Concerts have the lulling effect of a best seller. So, whether from love or from the fact that insurance companies won't pay off on suicides, the so called "art film" has been the discovery of the decade. *La Dolce Vita* broke through to the mass public. *Blow up* became a prestigious commercial success. The hangers-on fall in and out, but the real buffs not only remain faithful but are influenced to the extreme of making films themselves. Full cycle has been achieved at the betterment of film, for as this audience has been influenced by film, they now influence film.

-doc field

2 VIEWS: 2001 SUPREME COURTING?

As a long-time science fiction fan and an admirer of Kubrick and Clarke, I went to *2001* expecting a good film. I saw a masterpiece, a blending of technical artistry and profound vision. *2001* ranks with Ed Emshwiller's *Relativity* in its statement of man and his relationship to the universe, and couples this vision with the beauty of technique in the best of the Underground.

This is Expanded Cinema, the "total environment film" that has not been seen before. Kubrick's use of camera technique and his unique use of perspective are developed to destroy all relation of direction. Characters come into view, walk up a wall and reappear right-side-up in the next frame. Color is virtually absent until the incredibly beautiful final scene. The slight curve of the Cinerama screen is used to give dimension to the curvature of the spaceship. These effects tend to destroy the viewer's orientation, giving him the feeling of the weightlessness and vastness of space.

Yet in *2001* the technical tricks are subservient to the story. Arthur C. Clarke has always been a dreamer with an ultimate faith in man's destiny. His finest book, *Childhood's End*, tells the story of the rebirth of man from a mechanized civilization. This is the essential story of *2001*. Only Stanley Kubrick, who in *Dr. Strangelove* produced a vision of man dehumanized by his machines, could have made the transformation to film.

2001 opens with a prologue called "The Dawn of Man." The camera focuses on a band of ape-men existing in a rocky wasteland. This is probably the most vivid portrayal of primitive man ever filmed. He is dirty, hairy, vermin-ridden and stupid. All the Baptists and anti-evolutionists make a hurried exit during this portion of the film.

As this group of ape-men are clustered together one night, a metal slab appears in their midst. As they gather about this slab there is a first feeling of social cooperation and intelligence, with overtones of a religious experience. This intelligence is promptly used to discover a club of bone. The club is first used to kill animals the apemen compete with for survival—and then to kill a member of a rival group of apemen. The killer triumphantly throws his club spinning into the air and in beautiful allegory it becomes a space station spinning in orbit.

This scene opens a barrage of technical genius as space craft and planets pass by and become commonplace. The harsh, actinic light, sharp shadows and washed out colors, coupled with Kubrick's cutting and camera work, give an overwhelming feeling of mechanical mastery in a supremely hostile environment. This sequence, alone worth the price

of admission, culminates in the mating dance of the space station and Pan-Am space ship. This dance of machines introduces Kubrick's prime theme of the dehumanization, the submission to machines that man has made to achieve his strides. As we go on to the moon, this idea is repeated. Man must eat liquid food, undergo toilet training, be strapped down, become a useless supercargo. Yet this never becomes overt. This is a measure of the success of the movie. The gadgetry is treated so casually that it simply is accepted.

On the moon we learn that a slab, identical to that of the Dawn-men, has been discovered after being buried for four million years. When light strikes the slab, it emits a signal to Jupiter. Thus is launched the *Odyssey*.

This is the part of the film I enjoyed the least. With the introduction of the super-computer, HAL 9000, the man and machine statement becomes blatant. HAL 9000 has all the attributes of a man while the crew members (Gary Lockwood and Kier Dullea) are so reduced to mechanical reactions as to be at best pretentious. Yet even here the overwhelming beauty and technical virtuosity of the sets keep the interest.

The final victory of man and the death of the computer set the stage for the last sequence. This is one of the most beautiful and profound pieces of abstract cinema, of poetic vision, ever put on film.

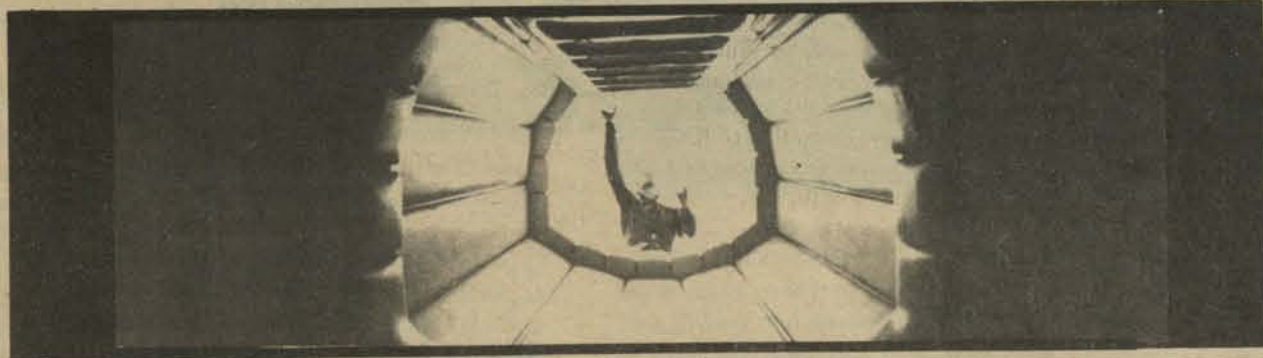
As the space ship approaches Jupiter and the end of the *Odyssey*, another slab (or the same one?) is sighted. As Dullea, the only survivor, moves out to intercept it, he is plunged into a journey to the end of the universe. He sweeps through seas of stars and dust, is torn apart, scattered through space and resurrected. The impact, the beauty and power of this voyage surpasses any light show or psychedelic environment that I have ever seen. It is cinema as it should be, visionary, involving and hauntingly beautiful.

In the final sequence Dullea, suddenly old, appears in a luxurious bedroom, strangely glowing with light. As he looks toward a table, he is there, even older. He turns to the bed and there he appears again, so old that he resembles the apemen of the Dawn sequence. He looks toward the foot of the bed and there is the slab. In a burst of the light the final scene flashes on.

Over the moon and the earth burst the first light of the sun. In the light there drifts a foetus with strangely large eyes. Man reborn returns to his world.

No words can describe the vision of beauty and hope that is *2001: A Space Odyssey*. As my friend says, "Schmuck, go see the film."

—wayne scott



Ha! schmuck go see the film,
and tell me nothing about graphics, technique, lighting,
sets, optics, etc., etc.,
schmuck, go see the film.

"we smoked half a joint of gold soma and went
to the feelies"
absolutely pneumatic...

huxley were more of a freak
than even he guessed,
you too, kubrick.

bath
shue
softer by far than the lead sheet of your mind.
save the analysis for the various futures, after the fact.
schmuck go see the film.

Part One

".....actually it's closer to the intention, or at least
the experience of the director to view it from the
future looking into the past, than to see it from the
present to the future....reverse your projection.....
(remember the Jules Verne series when you looked
back and saw how close he were to 'the reality'
in his fantasy, well forget it cause kubrick won't
accept those terms, he'll by god play World without
end. Amen)
blah, blah, blah.

Intermission

Hmmm. schmuck go see the film. spare me the con
continuanace.
continuum.

THE INFINITY AND BEYOND

prelate. relate pow. 9000 you're a dead daisy.
light, speed, bending over my acceleration.
warping thru dimensional to spiritual.....
i feel myself growing old at mere mention of myself.
lead
shield

look beyond
no? i'll take you
we'll go together.

birth by explosion
expanding galaxy
infinity falling back
on itself.

old gold.
the bubble.

schmuck go
see
the film.

the dirt is scraped off in part one.
so rock back and enjoy the soak.

ereek bommba

Homer Thornberry? Who the hell is he?

Well, he's listed in *Who's Who*. That's something. There we find that his most impressive achievements (not necessarily in order of importance) are an honorary degree from "Gallandet College" and "Awarded Silver Beaver by Boy Scouts Am." In addition, he is a member of the American Legion, Kiwanis Club, a Mason, Shriner, husband, father, Methodist and Democrat. Since his graduation from the University of Texas Law School in 1936, he has been either a district attorney, alderman, congressman, state legislator, naval officer or (since quite recently) federal judge. His record seems unsullied by scholarly pursuit or academic excellence—or perhaps these were considered too insignificant to mention in the same paragraph as a Silver Beaver award. It may, however, be of minor numerological interest that he was born on that one day in 1909 when the shorthand for the date is the same as the year—January 9, 1/9/09.

Add to these accomplishments his life-long residence in Austin, Texas, and you have Lyndon Johnson's latest appointment to the Supreme Court. When Lester Maddox does it, the *Atlanta Constitution* calls it cronyism.

Given the necessity for mediocrity to reach the great society's great consensus, the appointment could have come from a computer. The only unpredictable element was Johnson's penchant for being the first to appoint ostensible members of oppressed groups to high office. His predecessors have established Catholic and Jewish seats on the Court, and he created the Negro seat. Perhaps this time he just couldn't find a lesbian for the job.

That the opposition to William Homer Thornberry's confirmation is coming from the right and from Southern senators at first appears encouraging. That there is going to be a fight at all, though, is cause for uneasiness—who knows what evil compromises lurk in the heart of Our President—and faithful old Ev Dirksen has yet to commit himself.

A fight is inevitable anyway. The Republicans are naturally piqued at Warren's defection, possibly causing his own party's loss of a chance to fill the Chief Justiceship. Doesn't the ungrateful wretch remember that his own appointment was bought and paid for with his delegates to the 1952 Republican convention? Southern opposition to any appointment is, moreover, automatic—one of the unofficial qualifications for the job is that the appointee have at least a conventionally liberal position on race; Thornberry's record on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals has been unexceptional in this regard.

Even were Thornberry's predilections better known, predictions as to the effect of his appointment would be hazardous. Predictions as to how a new Justice will perform are notoriously inaccurate. Thornberry's life has been spent in electoral politics. As a Supreme Court Justice, then, will he be sensitive to the political mood of the country, for example the outcry for "law-and-order" that produced the recent anti-nigger laws? Or might his new insulation and security bring out latent desire to do good works, unfettered by considerations of political expediency? Probably not. He wrote a recent Court of Appeals opinion which has been most useful to government prosecutors in convicting defendants who may have gotten lost in the maze of Selective Service System procedures. Even this, however, may have been merely a part of his campaign to reach the Court—one does not curry favor with our president by being nice to draft dodgers. And certainly nothing in this area could be worse than Chief Justice Warren's polemic authorizing six year's "supervision and treatment" (i.e., jail) for burning a draft card, as reported in "Six Years for O'Brien" in the *June 7 Bird*.

And remember, two more of the Justices are even older than Warren, who says he retired because of age. The best of these even has some kind of artificial gadget in his chest to keep his heart going. And Johnson has at least six more months in office. He may yet have a chance to raise the Court to even greater heights of mediocrity.

—running bare

CELEBRATION OF 192nd ANNIVERSARY OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: Thursday,
July 4, 8:00 P.M., Piedmont Park.

Eric Bonner's *Echoes of Interzone* and Ernie Marrs'
Molasses and Quinine will be back next issue. Ran
out of room. . .

the great speckled bird—7



Self Marjorie Jordan

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS (NO. 1)

--Diane Di Prima

I have just realized that the stakes are myself
 I have no other
 ransom money, nothing to break or barter but my life
 my spirit measured out, in bits, spread over
 the roulette table, I recoup what I can
 nothing else to shove under the nose of the maitre de jeu
 nothing to thrust out the window, no white flag
 this flesh all I have to offer, to make the play with
 this immediate head, what it comes up with, my move
 as we slither over this board, stepping always
 (we hope) between the lines

--april/68

THE MUSE AND THE SHEAVES
 WREATHS

The goddess in the wheatfield
 walking in the goldenrod near the river
 struck by the sun-flint.
 I watch from the windows facing west
 that turned to brass.

She brings rain, she disturbs the birds,
 She carries strange seeds in her pocket
 that fall on the ground, and flourish and finally nourish us.

Never there when you want her, but she's always around
 climbing the hill, in the hallway
 shaking water off her umbrella
 or when the lab-assistant's wife smiles:

"Will she return in a shower of gold?"
 "Or a science of 20 pound tomatoes take her place?"

No shrine, but she's near the oranges and the tangerines
 the herbs and the pumpkins, the squash flower
 the onions the tomatoes the mushrooms.

by harvey

atlanta ⁶⁸ JAZZ

Dream of the land my soul is from, I hear the soft stroke on a drum, shades of delight, cocoa hue, rich as the night, Afro-Blue. . .

Mongo Santamaria opens the event at Atlanta Stadium setting the proud black tempo that becomes the theme for this two-night concert. . . Bobby Capers on baritone sax ambles thru the jazz idiom from blues to Latin to funk in his haunting solo on "Afro-Blue", the Oscar Brown classic.

Thelonious Monk working with his quartet, the most perfectly balanced unit in the business today, is next. . . Monk bending low, grunting, attacking the keyboard, wrenching from it all the uncommon truths that symbolize the New Wave in Jazz that is a reflection of the New Wave in Life styles found outside the idiom. . . Charlie Rouse on tenor, Ben Riley, drums and Larry Gales, bass, overcome the nonsense of working to an audience and reach, surround each individual listener with a personal message. . .

There's a place for us, somewhere a place for us. . . dedicated to the late Wes Montgomery and played by his close friend, Cannonball Adderley on varitone sax, an amplified alto. Cannonball with brother, Nat, on coronet and Joe Zawinul, the chief piano freak, blast their way along with a screaming blues called, "Oh Babe," sung and howled by Nat and Joe. Together with the most successful aggregation of his career, Cannonball demonstrates the use of rock electronics in jazz. . . amplified sax and coronet, console electric piano, Fender bass combine on "Styx" and the lesson of "All Meat, One Bone" is clear.

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme. . . Herbie Mann mounts the stage with his new group, a rock group, Warren Sharrock, guitar, Mirislov Vitrous, bass and old stanbys, Roy Ayers on vibes and Bruno Carr on drums. . . Herbie, the innovator of the flute in jazz and a leader of Latino in Jazz, now experiments with psychedelics. . . numbers like, "Scarborough Fair" and Donovan's, "There Is a Mountain" are assimilated into the idiom by Herbie's mellow flute while retaining their simple rock flavors. . . the interplay of Roy Ayers classic vibe style, Warren Sharrocks freaked out rock and Herbie's hybrid flute provide the most intriguing set of the night.

In the first draft of these afterthoughts, I had mentioned a couple of things about this year's festival that made it less than perfect, things like M.C. Lee Nance, rotten seats, lousy acoustics, but upon hearing NINA on the 30th, I decided to omit these minor bitches because The High Priestess overshadows any of the slight hassles with her genius sensitivity. . . the vibrations in the air around the stadium are different from the more casual pattern of the 29th. . . it is nearly a religious procession. . . "I'll bet a lot of you didn't go to church anywhere today—well, if you won't go to church, the church will come to you", Nina says after preaching the sermon "You Can Go To Hell". . .

The other musicians on the bill seem to be infected with her vitality, Diz opens the evening in rare form, and tenorman, James Moody, reaches back to his King Pleasure days to come up with a great weaving solo on "Think of Me". . . Earl Hines, nearing 70, does a six-minute solo on "Satin Doll" that rivals the original cut some 25 years ago. . .

"I wish I could be like a bird in the sky, I wish I knew how it would feel to fly, I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea, and I'd sing cause I'd know how it felt to be free. . ."

Nina, Nina, Nina. *"I got my Afro, I got my soul, I even got my boobies. . .* she breaks into "Go to Hell" and the stadium is launched. . . behind her are Buck Clark, drums, Henry Young, a fabulous new guitarist from Vancouver, Gene Taylor, bassist, formally with the great Horace Silver sextet, and Sam Weyman on organ. The audience for the first time is silent as The Princess does Gene Taylor's tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and "Ain't Got No Home". She closes the set with "Four Women" the ballad of black womanhood. . . *here comes Aunt Sarah movin real slo, she's so tired, my skin is black. . . My skin is yellow, Saffronia, . . . my skin is tan, my name is Sweet Thing. . . my skin is black, my name is Peaches. . .* standing ovation, twenty thousand people needing to embrace and kiss and change the world for this woman. . . *the whole world is upside down now, we must work as one. . .* ENCORE. . . "I'll leave you with the blues," . . . standing ovation again and the energy is crystals of love. . .



ENCORE. . . Billy Taylor's blue plea, "I Wish I Knew How It Feels To Be Free". This is jazz music, any music, any art at its most forceful, and no one having experienced Nina and her soul can ever deny the beauty of black. . .

Ramsey Lewis with his latest trio, Cleve Eaton and Maurice White, bass and drums prove to be at least as effective as the original Lewis-Holt-Young combo. . . and Ramsey forsakes his LP image and delves into the experimental bag, expanding his technique into the realm of Freedom Jazz. . . inside the piano, diminishing stops, dissonance, a surprising and gratifying performance that maintained the atmosphere established by Nina Simone. . .

Jimmy Smith wraps up the concert with an ingenious rendition of "Billy Joe". . . Jimmy working with guitarist, Nathan Page, who picks in the thumb style of the late Wes Montgomery, and perhaps the most underrated drummer around, Donald Bailey, who drives a group in the Blakey-Hamilton, tradition without the overt nauseating showmanship of Buddy Rich or Krupa types. . . The last tune of the evening is a performance by Atlanta's Candy Finch on drums and IN DRUMS. . . Candy reaching inside a skin-lined tomtom, squeezes from it unheard of screechings and moanings that become lovers' conversations, agonies, laughter, and finally orgasmic ecstasies. . .

There was no finer music anywhere on this planet than that made by some fifty heavyweight musicians and some thirty-five thousand appreciative fans at the Atlanta Stadium. . . jazz music is life, time and prayer.

-eric bonner

Photo by Wayne Scott

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10—the great speckled bird



REVIEW PLAYGROUND REVIEW

at the Academy Theatre, directed by Frank Wittow, and written by him and Barbara Halpern. With Chris Curran, Josephine Demmond, Maggi Ewing, Robin Guy, Page Lee, Flora Levin, Zack Russ, and Anthony Sciabona.

I have made the mistake of sitting down to write my review of this play, the Academy's current offering, fourteen hours after seeing it, and after a good night's sleep. This is unfortunate, because the play is almost perfectly unmemorable.

The production is billed as being for adults and children - the family entertainment of the cognoscenti - but, like a Walt Disney movie, the kicks are mostly for the kids. It

is possible they had a little shock of recognition that their discussions of the mysteries of birth, sex, death, and so on are universal and part of the background of adults; but all the adults got out of it was a grandfatherly chuckle here and there.

So there we all sat as the actors of the Academy, good and bad, but with such slight demand on them as to be indistinguishable for competency, played at being children sometimes playing at being adults; and occasionally had a hearty grandfatherly chuckle. With luck, and steering clear of theatre party matinees, I shall not (until I am a grandfather) have this experience again.

-morris brown

BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS REVIEW

Blood, Sweat, and Tears, pop music's classic climax for 1968. Al Kooper's music child, *B, S & T* is totally a musical high! Kooper's genius (Kooper was Dylan's organ player and arranger for *Blonde On Blonde*) comes not only through his vocals and his organ mastery, but in his fantastic ability to assimilate—not copy—other musical styles into his own personal musical statement. *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* assimilates jazz, straight blues, R&B, classical music and the big band sound and makes it blood, sweat, and tears. The jazz comes out of Coltrane and early Miles Davis, the blues and R&B from James Brown, Otis Redding, and Ray Charles, the classical from everywhere, and the big band probably from Maynard Ferguson—but it all happens in *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*.

Eight dedicated, well trained musicians make up the two major sections of *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*: four men, Al Kooper, Steve Katz, Bobby Columby, and Jim Fielder make up the rock rhythm section (organ, guitar, drums, and Fender bass respectively); and four men in the tight, brassy horn section, Fred Lipsius, Randy Brecker, Dick Halligan, and Jerry Weiss. Backing up these two sections the *B, S & T* Soul Chorus and the *B, S & T* String Ensemble round out the background with the particular fullness found in both forms.

Kooper, besides working with Dylan, played with Steve Katz in the Blues Project. Bobby Columby, who plays the best pop-jazz drums this side of Ginger Baker, played with the Mothers of Invention, while Jim Fielder played his lyrical fullbass with the Buffalo Springfield. The horn group all come from various musical conservatories ranging from Berklee School of Music in Boston to Julliard.

Every cut on the album is a complete musical entity,

rich, full, and new. Many of the cuts including "Love You More than You'll Ever Know," "Just One Smile," "I can't Quit Her," and "So Much Love" are pop music classics, while other cuts, though not quite classics (making *B, S & T* just half a miracle) are still head and shoulders above most other contemporary groups.

The tight interaction of the *B, S & T* musicians, playing and feeling through the music together instead of fighting each other's musical role (which seems to be the case with other groups like Bloomfield's Electric Flag and Butterfield's Blues Band which have tried to combine horns with pop rock rhythms) is beautiful artistry. The horns weave in and out of the organ and guitar riffs, while the fender bass does poetry under and around everything. The beauty is that everyone is playing solo and playing together while at the same time achieving a musical wholeness and density and maintaining the integrity of instrumental harmony.

Though *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* is a musical composite of so many otherwise unrelated musical forms, the most pronounced directions are R&B and the 40's-50's Big Band sounds. From R&B, Kooper fills his lyrics with deep soul feeling poetry that fills the room with solid mountains of feeling. But, more important, at least as far as actual sound is concerned, the "swing" style inherited from Maynard Ferguson's big band sound drives you right on through the walls. The "swing" sound moves you, gets you up, dances you through, drives hard and soft, even pushes you—but you are always dancing, moving. The new music never has explored the fullness of swing until *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*.

Historically and musically, Kooper's *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* is fantastic and significant. It's a musical climax!
Wow!

-pp

The Cowboy In Asia

JOHN WAYNE'S
"GREEN BERETS"

The irony of this movie is not that it is so predictable, so laughable, and so awkward. It is not that it is so badly written, directed and acted that it goes "beyond being bad and beyond being funny, beyond camp," as Renata Adler of the *New York Times* puts it. No, the irony is that despite all the cover-up and clean-up for home consumption, despite all the horseshit and bullshit, layers and layers thick and oozing from the screen, the thing that hits you is that Wayne has still come up with a monster—and he's so into the bag of sentimental chauvinism that he's proud of it. And he's confident, the American moneyed masses will be too.

What Wayne is all about is right there on the screen: Wayne, the Indian killer and Mexican creamer, Wayne, the tough guy, the shooter, the first and last American, the Jap killer and Cong killer, the conqueror of all gooks and un-Americans. And what he digs about Vietnam is there, too: Green Berets who come on speaking German to demonstrate their intelligence (modeled undoubtedly on the Green Beret squad leader hero of the novel, an ex-German "freedom fighter" for Hitler who fashions himself an all-Aryan fighting A-squad to zap the gooks) Vietnamese allies who come off as Asian "step-in-fetch-its" doing everything except saying "yassuh boss" in Vietnamese; and a notion of gallantry that finds heroism in calling in an air strike to completely liquidate an enemy which has just overrun the American's well-fortified camp with maximum skill and minimum weapons.

So what do you say to someone who gets his racist chucks at the expense of his cowardly colored cohort, Col. Cai, (Jack Soo), who seems to find divine sanctification in a superior technology of devastation, who thrills at burping machine guns and searing napalm bombs zapping and burning men equipped with handguns, and, finally, who identifies with and romanticizes the Aryan cum American credo of mass violence in defense of the National Will? You say,

WELCOME TO THE SOUTH AND TO ATLANTA, JOHN WAYNE' YOU'LL LOVE IT HERE!!

Yes, John "the Duke" Wayne should feel right at home here in Atlanta where the freedom-loving Georgia legislature denied Julian Bond his seat for speaking out

against the Vietnam war, and where there's a substantial sentiment among leaders like Maddox and Callaway, that dissent against war is treason. Wayne goes so far as to say that protestors should be shot. He says, "As far as I'm concerned, it wouldn't bother me a bit to pull the trigger on one of 'em."

Wayne also has no use for the criticism he has received for making the movie, nor is he worried about the bad reviews it is getting. He says, "this stuff about an unpopular war—well, hell, what war was popular? I don't think there's any doubt about this picture making money; my record's pretty good. An awful lot of these fellas know how to talk motion pictures, but goddam few of 'em—pardon my English—know how to make them."

Money, however, is not Wayne's only motive. He says, "I'm making it to let the American people know what's going on over there." As far back as the 1940's, Wayne was in the vanguard of rightist anti-communism, heading up the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, a group formed to combat "a tight group of Communist conspirators in our midst." Wayne wants to give the complete picture. Says co-director, Mervyn Le Rony, seriously, "It shows both sides: how cruel they are and what fighters we are."

Perhaps his predictable chauvinism and his renown for glamorizing violence and war was the basis for Wayne getting Defense Department help in producing the movie. Says co-director, Le Rony, "You wouldn't get these planes and these choppers and these soldiers and everything around here unless they wanted this picture made." The Defense Department also furnished weapons: M-16 rifles, 81-mm mortars, M-60 machine guns, M-79 grenade launchers. Not to mention the many, many soldiers who were detailed to the movie set and the tab picked up by the taxpayer. If Wayne doesn't make money on the film, it won't be Uncle Sam's fault.

It seems that Wayne also had government help in getting the rights to the movie. Perhaps the Defense Dept. wanted to rectify the mistake they feel they made in helping Robin Moore write the novel, *The Green Berets*. Although Moore had official backing in doing the research required for his book, the Defense Dept. didn't like the

results. Says Moore, "Arthur Sylvester of the Defense Dept. hated my guts from top to bottom. He thought I'd let them down by spilling a lot of secrets. For instance, the fact that we were in Laos even though we had signed a treaty not to be there. And they objected to the fact that I was the first to talk about Thailand being the center of our own clandestine operations against Vietnam, and I described the CIA apparatus. But the Communists knew all this, and I thought, 'Why can't Americans know?'"

Moore claims that several other producers wanted to do the film but the Defense Dept. persuaded them to withdraw so that Wayne could have it. Other producers may have been more critical but the John Wayne touch was something the Dept. could depend upon to maintain their image.

If the Defense Dept. wanted someone to take the rough edges off Moore's realistic, yet romantically pro-Green Beret novel, they found the right man in Wayne who has made several fortunes glamorizing the successive slaughter of Indians, Mexicans, Japanese and other resisters of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In order to make the movie safe for home consumption, Wayne, simply deletes all those parts that might be politically embarrassing: he eliminates the forays into Cambodia, Laos, and North Vietnam by the Green Berets and/or their mercenaries in violation of treaties, conventions and even the orders of their political superiors.

The unpleasant realities he does not delete he modifies so as not to offend the homefolks: Our "allies" torture of the enemy is enacted safely beyond view. Moore's top-level Vietnamese "counterparts" are transformed from the ruthless thieves, grafters and petty gangsters or less dangerous cowardly incompetents which he finds them to be into the somewhat blander and more laughable coward Col. Cai (Jack Soo), a character somewhat more compatible with the quiet racism of the vast movie-going American middle class. The massive distrust the U.S. has of the South Vietnamese, exemplified in the book by a Green Beret setting explosive charges to blow up his own South Vietnamese "strikers", is masked by having a South Vietnamese officer do the job instead.

(con't on page 14)

FASCISM & GUN CONTROL

GUNS *** It's really a shame that Robert Kennedy was assassinated. It's also a shame, however, that a deaf-mute robbery suspect was shot and killed by a policeman's bullet in Maryland last month, that a black motorist in Watts was shot and killed by a traffic cop, that thousands of black and poor white people are killed or maimed by police every year in our peaceful country. The three black kids who were killed in South Carolina by the police recently at a demonstration were shot in the back. Chicago's Mayor Daly publicly instructed his 'anti-riot' forces to "shoot to kill" for crimes such as looting, arson, and vandalism. Scores of riot witnesses have testified to police acts of arbitrary slaughter of black children and other bystanders during riots. The Special Forces Reserve in this area recently attended their mandatory "riot control" school in Alabama, at which they were taught to bayonet black dummies and they were told to "do as the Alabama Troopers do — show the niggers that this is Alabama."

What's the point? The point is that I would love to live in a country without guns and violence, but this ain't the country yet. And it's not going to become that country by taking all the guns away from the people of the country and leaving guns in the brute hands of the police of the country. No, man. I'm willing to give up my gun when the police are willing to give up theirs. England's cops don't carry guns, and cop-killing is rarer than political assassinations are here.

The cops here wouldn't be so uptight about keeping their guns if it weren't for the fact that we live in a repressive society, and police are not protectors of the public, they are monitors of the public for protection of the government. There used to be a time when it was considered important to monitor the government in order to protect the people. What happened? Why is it that a government

must start arresting priests, doctors, lawyers, professors, authors, artists, in order to protect itself?

It's taught in high school that the first step of a dictatorship is to attempt to remove weapons from the access of the citizenry and to concentrate weapons in the hands of the military and police. So now that the police and domestic military have mace, riot-mobiles, napalm, nerve-guns, and normal artillery, we the citizens are being propagandized in the name of peace and Robert Kennedy to turn in all our guns. Not with my life, you don't.

FACISM *** It's time for the bimonthly report on current facism. They've got a new way to keep us in jail now. A bond is no longer really a bond, it's just called a bond. I'll start from the beginning and you'll see what I mean.

I have a motorcycle helmet which is a legal helmet by definition of the law, but it doesn't look like one (the hard part is covered by leather), so I usually get stopped all the time while riding. After showing that it is hard, I usually get off. Usually.

My first court appearance for the helmet was June 24, before Judge Cole in Traffic Court. I very politely told the Judge that I had called the Police Department at the time I bought the helmet, and that according to what they told me, it was in keeping with the law. The Judge snapped back that the "Atlanta Police Dept. don't have nothing to do with State regulations". (How, then, could they give me the ticket?)

I tried another tack: "Judge, could you, then, please read me the legal definition of a helmet?" He replied, "Well, I could, but all these people want to go home, and it'd take time to find the book, so I'm just gonna find you guilty on three counts, and you can either pay the fine or I'll bind you over to the State Court to try it." I figured what the Hell, so I said O.K. At that point I became prisoner of the State, under \$100 bond. I called my wife

and told her to bring \$100 cash to the jail so that I could get out. When she arrived at court (they hadn't transferred the prisoners to jail yet), she presented the State with \$100 CASH MONEY and was told "Oh, we don't accept cash anymore. You must either put up deeds to property in Fulton County, or you must pay a bondsman to get him out."

Since we, like most young people, don't own property, she tried to purchase the services of a bondsman. Since she's a hippy-looking chick, she, of course, was flatly denied by every bonding agency down there. When she asked a lady in court what the hell we were supposed to do, Linda was told that I'd probably have to stay in jail until my hearing on July 15th. For wearing a questionable safety helmet for my own protection.

I got out several hours later because Linda happened to see an attorney we know, and he arranged a bond by guaranteeing the bondsman that he personally would be good for it. Needless to say, not everyone knows a lawyer personally, and not everyone could get out the way I did. How many people are in jail right now, in our own city, for nothing? The "prisoners" who were waiting to be transferred to jail with me were: one black man who was convicted of walking across the expressway (his first ticket) and fined \$27 which he did not have on him; and one black woman who received her first traffic ticket and was fined FOUR dollars which she was unable to pay—hence she was jailed. Two broke hippies who came down with Linda to get me out paid her fine for her and she was released. How many white people do you know who are not given time to arrange for payments of fines, etc. Never mind, the whole thing's just too ridiculous to expound upon. If you're not convinced of anything, fuck you.

— bo lozoff

the great speckled bird—11

HOPING WITH harrington

Toward a Democratic Left. By Michael Harrington. MacMillan.

Michael Harrington has been hoping for a long time. His picture of poverty in *The Other America*, 1962, was a depressing one; but Harrington hoped it would create such a groundswell of outrage that the nation would mobilize to abolish poverty. In *The Accidental Century*, 1965, he was still hoping: that Western man would assert rational control over the revolutionary technological advances of the past two centuries and use them, rather than being used by them, to create a fuller life for all.

Toward a Democratic Left proves, if nothing else, that hope springs eternal. To object that the events of the Sixties have not done much to vindicate Harrington's earlier optimism is beside the point, for his optimism is an act of faith. *Toward a Democratic Left* is only partly a projection of present hopeful trends; it is more an attempt to will such trends into existence.

It is not that Harrington does not know how bad things are. On the contrary the book is a veritable catalog -- although only occasionally an analysis -- of America's problems. They are all there, from bureaucracy to racism to alienated work to air pollution. But Harrington keeps his cool. There is little sense of urgency. He is a man without a party, nailing his theses to the church door and confidently expecting that sooner or later the troops will fall into rank.

Certain concessions are made to reality. Although he calls himself a democratic socialist, Harrington sees no possibility of America's moving from capitalism to socialism in the foreseeable future. So he limits his concrete proposals to things which are possible within a capitalist economy. This includes substantially redressing the current imbalance between the private and social sectors. To Paraphrase Marx, he wants the benefits of socialism without socialism.

Insofar as the book has a thesis, it is the need for democratic planning and control over corporate, governmental and other bureaucratic institutions. In documenting the fundamentally antisocial nature of the corporation, which he does convincingly, Harrington casts considerable doubt on the currently fashionable cop-out of contracting out the nation's social problems to private corporations. This "solution" might turn out to be something like commissioning the fox to guard the chicken-house.

So far so good. But how is such control to be created? What is to be the engine of the numerous reforms, some of them quite creative, which Harrington proposes?

First there must be new and more representative grass-roots institutions, some of which have already seen the light of day -- neighborhood councils, local control of schools, regional and metropolitan wide governing bodies and others yet unenvisioned. The situation is also ripening, Harrington feels, for a new wave of mass labor organizing among the alienated middle classes and the poor, similar to the CIO blitzkrieg of the 1930's among industrial

workers.

These grass-roots groups -- blacks, other racial minorities, the poor, the revived labor movement, the antiwar forces, middle class and religious liberals--will then coalesce within and seize control of the Democratic Party. This inverted Goldwaterism would transform the Democracy into a genuinely progressive vehicle, and give the electorate a clear choice (not an echo) between progressive and reactionary parties.

If one assumes that the politics of the future will not differ substantially from the politics of the past, perhaps this is the most one can hope for. Those who do not share that assumption will probably be disappointed to discover that the engine of Harrington's "politics of hope" turns out to be a warmed-over version of the New Deal-Great Society coalition.

This is hard to square with Harrington's recognition that the policies of the New Deal have become a conservative force in American life, that the Keynesianism of the past 30 years has consistently benefitted the well-to-do at the expense of the poor and the powerless, and that the next reform period must go considerably beyond the New Deal -- all main themes of the book. But in the solvent of hope contradictions disappear, conceivable possibilities become probabilities and the clouds can't be seen for the silver linings.

A considerable part of the book, and one of the most interesting, is devoted to foreign relations. Harrington is at his best in discussing the imperialism not only of obvious cases such as Vietnam but of the "normal" trade relations between rich and poor countries. He considers free-enterprise capitalism and forced industrialization equally undesirable alternatives for the poor countries and, in true social-democratic fashion, calls for a Third Way: the rich countries could voluntarily renounce their trade advantages and redistribute part of their wealth to the poor. The latter could then have planned economic development without totalitarian controls, forced savings,

and reduced consumption. His own analysis makes it clear that he is calling for a complete reversal of imperialist patterns of several hundred years' standing. He knows that American foreign policy, more than any other single factor, has undermined the viability of a Third Way. But he keeps hoping.

Also in true social-democratic fashion, Harrington makes his ritual bows to anticommunism. He is careful to distinguish his humane, thoughtful version from the garden variety unthinking fanatical Right-wing type. This is probably a tactical mistake; the Left should know by now that anticommunism in the U.S. will inevitably be harnessed to reactionary purposes. Why begin the debate by accepting the enemy's major premise? In this regard, Harrington could take some pointers from SDS. One of the main things that makes the New Left new and refreshing is its resolute refusal to get sidetracked from the real issues by anticommunism.

Whatever one's objections to the politics of hope, however, it must be admitted that it has more going for it than the politics of hopelessness. It is not easy to keep one's bearings in a country which sheds crocodile tears about violence while perpetrating genocide. The man who takes pen in hand and calmly charts a course for the future when others are giving way to despair or gleefully awaiting the apocalypse at least deserves a hearing. If much of his chart seems beyond the outer limits of what can reasonably be expected from following his road map, then let us have new maps. Whichever map is chosen, the route will not be a short one. --hob goodman

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KOREA

Washington, D.C. (LNS) -- Joe Alsop, the superhawk columnist, let out some kept-wind which illuminated the Saigon military command thinking with the sharpness of a midnight gas explosion. As Alsop pointed out, the present offensive posture during the Paris "peace talks" by the U.S. military is an American decision of cardinal significance." But it's not the only one. There have been more disturbing reports from the Vietnam out- riggers -- Thailand, Laos, Korea -- while the American public's palpitations were quieted by the Paris confrontations.

In Laos, American action for the present remains in the ever-mobile if not always super-effective hands of the CIA. They are organizing, training and ferrying military and other supplies from U.S. bases in Neighboring Thailand. Rumors of an imminent outbreak of fierce fighting and further American intervention are rampant and continue to be stirred up by journalists friendly to the Pentagon.

Thailand is already teetering on the edge of the abyss, as it were, with 46,000 U.S. troops by official count, defensive rockets and a U.S. Air Force flying bombing runs into North Vietnam. The U.S. Navy is spending heavily in dredging and improving Thai harbor facilities. Road building to connect all these American installations and the huckly-buckly of military colonization is also charging ahead.

The most serious and audible sounds of a fresh engagement in Asia are coming from Korea, however, which for a number of curious reasons has always been tied to American involvement in Vietnam. (One curiosity of that decade-and-a-half-stale war is the SEATO treaty which the State Department so eagerly trots out to justify American involvement in Vietnam.)

Hardly a day has passed since the Paris talks began that Washington papers have not prominently displayed dire prognostications of violent trouble ahead in Korea. Headlines such as N. KOREA ASSAULT FORESEEN or the more cunning SEOUL RIVETS ITS FATE TO U.S. PARTNERSHIP are hardly likely to have a calming effect.

These stories are spin-off, to a weak extent, from the frothy mouth-cannons which roared over the capture of the electronic spy USS Pueblo and her 83-man crew on January 22 off the N. Korean coast. Careful Washington watchers had been tipped off in early November to expect trouble, but didn't know exactly what to look for -- and still don't. The picture has clarified somewhat, however, in the last few weeks.

Part of this eager Press flap is probably attributable to a White House promise of \$100 million for South Korea in additional military aid which President Johnson is having trouble escorting through Congress. (South Korea is not one to let public opinion in the U.S. sour. They are extremely generous with the sweetening. During the first six months of last year, over \$70,000 was spent for public-relations counseling. It was paid to an old LBJ friend and

biographer, Booth Mooney. The five-man PR department in the South Korean embassy here annually spends an admitted additional \$70,000.)

But these curious news stories, reminiscent of those circulating prior to the 1950 outbreak of Korean hostilities, have a persuasive update which smells highly of preparatory propaganda for all its unbalance. The picture is drawn in simple, lopsided lines: South Korea, the skinny weakling . . . under defended . . . perhaps spurned by its once-gallant protector, Uncle Sam . . . suffering dragon to the north -- North Korea. The exact manner of attack expected by the Seoul experts is not clear. They claim the these possibilities: large-scale attack across the Demilitarized Zone with quick withdrawal, an Israeli-style seize and hold thrust, or a two to three year campaign of "Vietcong-style subversion."

Richard Halloran of the *Washington Post* wrote from Seoul recently that "some South Korean leaders who lived through the days just before North Korea attacked in June, 1950, to start the Korean War say they are reminded today of the atmosphere and situation of 18 years ago."

What is most troubling about such statements is the recurrent skepticism over just what the atmospheric conditions were prior to that North Korean "attack." The doubts go deeper than a simple who-do-you-believe question.

Ernest Gruening, the Alaska senator and long a Vietnam War foe, rekindled this skepticism in his just-published book, *Vietnam Folly*. He seems to follow the skeptical line that South Korea, particularly Syngman Rhee, was successful in goading North Korea to battle. This was the published thesis of I.F. Stone's controversial 1952 book *The Hidden History of the Korean War*. At that time such doubts were plainly heresy.

Sen. Gruening writes:

"It is clear that at the time of the attack, the President of South Korea, Syngman Rhee, had lost the popular elections which the United States had insisted on his having . . . There was always a chance that the new government might make a 'deal' for unification with North Korea, in which event, under the then existing provisions of the United States foreign aid law, aid to South Korea would terminate.

"The facts also fit a theory which has been advanced that the outbreak of hostilities in Korea was a result not of orders to invade, directed to North Korea from Moscow or Peking, but rather an attempt by two of the lesser powers -- South Korea and Nationalist China -- to enter upon a military adventure to bolster or even to save their own positions."

North Korea still maintains the South Koreans and their U.S. advisors launched the first attacks across the 38th parallel dividing north from south.

South Korea is today faced with a simialr economic shock, especially if the Vietnamese War were wound up. It has more to lose than any other Asian country by a cessation of the present conflict.

An end to the Vietnam War would dry up an estimated \$150 million annually which South Korea now receives from the U.S. for its military participation and special purchases. Even without an end to the Vietnam hostilities South Korea is headed for trouble, according to the Bank of Korea. Their report indicates that the years 1970-71 could be the "crunch" period economically. This bleak outlook has been caused, according to the bank, by the failure of South Korea's economy to become self sufficient, causing a large import-export deficit this year and a predicted catastrophe by 1971. As well, interest and principal payments on outstanding loans will nearly triple by 1971 and continue to increase even more rapidly after that.

As always, both sides are willing to concede that military tensions are mounting. The U.S. Press gives ample coverage of the South Korean Government's position, but American reporters are not allowed by the State Dept. to tour North Korea.

Wilfred Burchett, the well-known Asia correspondent, has just published a book on North Korea based on a visit last spring. It gives an enlightening look at the pressure the Pyongyang government sees as poised against it.

Burchett also hits at many of the similarities between the "atmosphere" of 1950 and now. He charges that the "real strategy" of the Republic of Korea backed by the U.S. "seems aimed at building up incidents to a point where the Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea is forced to take counter-measures". According to figures in his book, *Again Korea*, violations of all sorts have been on the increase, contributing to a dangerous increase in tensions. One wrong move by either side could bring on the onslaught. Such alarming increases in treaty violations have also been reported by the U.S. Burchett claims "in the month of April, 1967 alone, more shells and bullets were fired from the U.S. ROK side into the DZ and across the Zone into the territory of the DPRK, than during the more than 13 years since the ceasefire".

The Pentagon has maintained that this has been in retaliation for N. Korean probes.

It is also important to remember that the South Korean Government did not sign the 1953 armistice and would not necessarily feel bound by it--especially, they caution, if they are allowed to feel betrayed by the tough U.S. brother. In fact, there have been a number of unpublicized sweeps by the South Koreans in "retaliation" against North Koreans "attacks".

All this, of course, before the Pueblo was caught snooping.

Against this background the seizure of ship and crew becomes something other than the irrational act of "piracy" the American Press never seems to tire of bloating.

There have also been more subtle incidents which have

(con't. on page 14)

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Also adding to the tense undercurrents is the growing threat of Japanese involvement in new Korean hostilities because of military pacts signed with So. Korea and the U.S.

It is no secret that both governments would like to have it out. Both want control over a reunified nation. The question remains which is willing to pay the price of another costly war.

North Korea is spending 30 per cent of its annual national budget for defense, a figure unmatched in recent history with the exception of the 1950-51 war years. The figure was only 2 per cent in 1963.

The U.S. Seventh Fleet is still standing off the Korean coast in readiness since it was called up during the early days of the Pueblo crisis. More U.S. troops and aircraft have also arrived—some with nuclear weapons are loaded and ready for takeoff, it is reported.

increased tensions in the area—incidents which may prove potentially more dangerous in the long run than mutual sniping and naval and air recon missions. These are the shifts in civilian and military politics, hints of negotiated conspiracies. Japan holds the key here. According to Burchett, North Koreans are alarmed that the Seoul Government has allowed the former colonizers from Japan to again grab a substantial lump of the Korean economy.

The Poison Apple, located at 20 Courtland, across the street from the Good Will Store, is reopening July 8. It will be serving as usual from 8 p.m. until 2 a.m., Monday through Saturday.

The Poison Apple will feature folk music, blues, and jazz, plus hootenannys every night. It will feature the popular folk singers, blues and jazz groups of Atlanta and anyone wishing to perform is perfectly welcome.

Admission is \$0.50 on weekdays and \$1.00 on weekends. This ad, however, when presented at the door is good for one free admission, either on a week night or a weekend.

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July 9-14:
Tues—"Hoot Night" - Free Admission
Wed—Sun—Bryan Bowers

Before it was the men with the repeating rifles versus the men with bows and arrows. Bullets defined civilization, justice and right. Since both the bullets and the justice were the white man's, we won and were justified. Technological superiority plus theological certainty. So Moore and Wayne agree. The issues are the same now. If they are not willing to live on our reservations, they will die. Our strategy in Vietnam is as simple as our formula for winning the old west. We just take it. Only now the natives are bitter; and they have guns too, and a theology: socialism.

The formula justifying the genocide which we euphemistically call our "Westward Expansion", had something to do with women and civilization and the terror of Indian Massacres. It always angered us that the Indians did not walk into the glare of our Colt repeaters unarmed, so we wiped them out. The same formula applies in Vietnam. The chief justification for American self-righteousness and destruction in Vietnam is that the "natives" are fighting back. And their victims are ugly. Our victims are not. They are cremated with jellied gas, clean and neat. (Therefore, we are the good guys.)

But movies about revolutions do not have to be this way. Atlantans who would like to see a film dealing artistically and realistically, with the revolutionary and counter-revolutionary violence of our times should not despair but shag on over to the Ansley Mall Mini-Cinema where "The Battle of Algiers" opens Wednesday, July 3. In this film you won't find simple good guys and bad, but a conflict with basically decent human beings becoming ruthless antagonists on each side.

-howard romaine

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WEDNESDAY July 3

Playroom *Bill Goodman* (thru the 6th)
Catacombs *Radar*
Bottom of the Barrel *Jeff Espina* (thru the 23rd)
THURSDAY July 4

Piedmont Park *Independence Day Anniversary* 8 p.m.
Spelman College *The Enemies*, a play by Urkadj Trokum. Fine Arts Bldg., 8 p.m. (thru the 6th)
Catacombs *Celestial Voluptuous Banana* (thru the 7th)
FRIDAY July 5

14th & P'tree *Hungry Freaks vs. the Blue Heat*, impromptu theatre of the absurd, 8 to 1 (thru ???)
MONDAY July 8

Playroom *Dick Miles* (thru the 13th)
Catacombs *The Daze After* (thru the 11th)
Unitarian Church *Nolan Murrah speaking for Nixon; Robert Royalty for Rockefeller* 8 p.m.
High Museum *American Realist, parts 1 & 2, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns* 8 p.m.

TUESDAY July 9

Clark College *Dr. Mamie J. Jones on Special Education* Davage Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Municipal Theatre *Irma La Douce* (thru the 14th)
WEDNESDAY July 10th

Chastain Park *Championship Swimming Meet*. Time Trials 9 a.m.; finals 2:30 p.m.

SATURDAY July 13

Piedmont Park *BE-IN with Hampton Grease Band, Celestial Voluptuous Banana, Strange Brew, Danny & Jim, Toni Ganim, Guerrilla Theatre, food, frisbies, freaks and love*. 12 noon til 9 p.m.

SUNDAY July 14

Socialist Summer School *George Novacks Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* 635 Myrtle St. N.E. Apt 4 7 p.m.

MONDAY July 15

Playroom *David Houston* (thru the 21st)
Socialist Summer School *George Novacks Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* 8 p.m. (thru the 16th)
Unitarian Church *David Waters speaking for McCarthy; Mae Barber for Humphrey* 8 p.m.

TUESDAY July 16

Clark College Forum: *Dr. Lionel Newsom of the Ford Foundation Special Project for Higher Education* Davage Auditorium, 9:30 a.m.
Municipal Theatre *Little Me* (thru the 21st)

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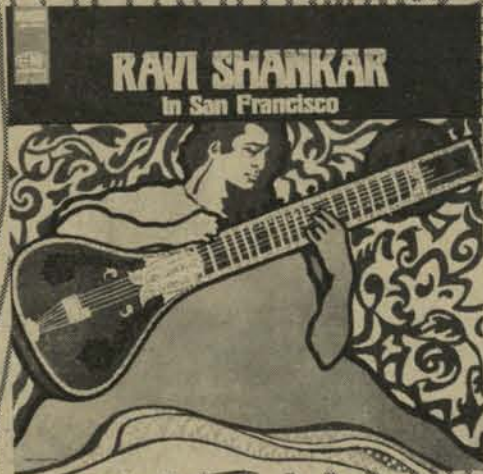
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