

15¢ ^{GREAT speckled} The BIRD

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"For sweetest things turne sourest by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse than weeds." Sonnet 94



"For I have sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night."
Sonnet 147

parable of \$\$\$ the \$\$\$

Life is a cheap commodity in the skin trade. The darker the skin, the cheaper the life. War is the greatest purveyor of the commodity. But eventually the costs of packaging death become prohibitive despite the greatest possible use of "cost-effectiveness" computations and other labor-saving devices.

The Vietnam War has fallen victim to that same "iron-law" of mass production. By general estimation, the war now costs the American economy \$8 billion a year and is fast rising beyond that level. Recalculated in terms of a bounty-per-scalp, the several thousand dollars per writhing body was seemed wasteful even to the *Wall Street Journal*.

Harriman is adept at figures. With the war costing \$8 billion, he cannot go too far astray by offering a \$1 billion bribe to South East Asia conditional upon the cessation of the war. Johnson had already pledged as much in April 1965 when the victorious peace-candidate of November 1964 was successfully deflecting increasing anti-war sentiments by a display of American generosity.

The American public was (and remains) gullible; a Marxist-trained North Vietnamese representative sees the realities of economic Imperialism and responds accordingly. "This little carrot (\$1 billion) will not hide the black barrel of the cannon." (*New York Times*, July 11, p. 1)

Clearly the Harriman performance at Paris is aimed primarily at the great American mass market. Optimism has to be the pervading tone of Harriman's reports in order to take the sting from the anti-war movement. When the North Vietnamese bluntly reject this rosy view of the developments in two months at Paris, Harriman obstinately maintains that "there are straws in the wind, regardless of what (the North Vietnamese) say." (*Loc. cit*)

Thus, in one respect, the Paris talks have been phenomenally successful for the administration. While accomplishing nothing of substance, they have lifted the pervasive atmosphere of gloom which set in on the heels of the TET offensive. As summed up by an unnamed Pentagon official (cited in *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, June 10), "The purpose of the partial bombing pause and the talks in Paris is to reduce the fighting to a level the American people will tolerate for a long time without giving up our basic aim." According to Humphrey, this "long time" period might readily extend for years and the American people must learn to be patient. Secretary of Defense Clifford has recently admitted at a news conference that earlier broadcast hopes of a partial withdrawal of American troops during 1968 were premature. The long siege is about to set in.

Nor has the partial bombing cessation done much to hamper the American military strategy. As Clifford stated before the House Appropriations Hearings, the seeming restriction has in fact enabled a strategic concentration of strikes in the most critical theater of war, the panhandle, where the rate of sorties flown has more than doubled since March 31. And the overall expenditure of munitions (bombs, Baby) has been considerably increased.

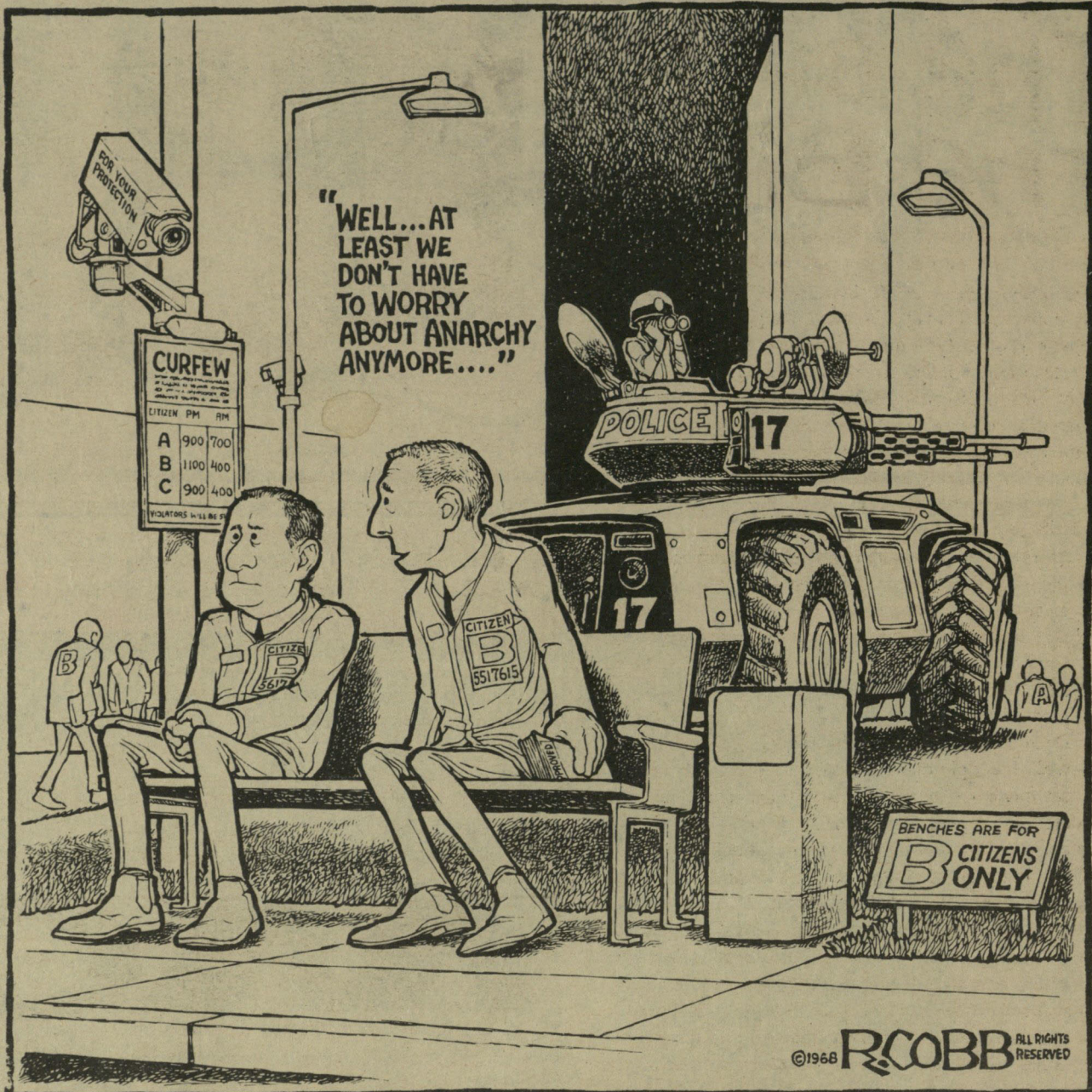
The mere threat of an American slow-down, furthermore, has been sufficient to drive the military clique in Saigon to its most strenuous efforts ever to build up its own military machine. However, "the number of South Vietnamese Army desertions was higher in February 1968, than at any time in 1968 or 1967, and the number was about 30% higher than the monthly average in 1967."

Saigon is just as busy on the propaganda front. Though both Westmoreland and Thieu had loudly proclaimed the TET offensive to be a sign of enemy desperation which resulted in a decimation of the flower of their fighting units, Thieu is now proclaiming the imminence of another major attack on Saigon which will herald the climactic battle with and, Thieu asserts, defeat of the NLF and North Vietnamese. Perhaps he will prove correct, as did Westmoreland regarding the battle of Khe Sanh which was fought to preserve an "irreplaceable Marine bastion".

But as one mirage fades only to be replaced by the next, the hard realities of a cruel, expensive and losing war remain the same. It is already the longest war America has ever fought; American deaths in combat are nearly up to the Korean War figure; the American budget had its greatest deficit in history, with the exception of the last two years of World War II, in 1967. Propaganda may make the American masses quiescent for an extended period; it will not avert increasing international hostility, especially from those governments which are indirectly subsidizing the American war-effort by underwriting the American deficit. The almighty \$ has finally been stalemated and is now on the verge of collapse.

-ted brodek

2—the great speckled bird



australian fourth

AUSTRALIA (July 5) LNS -- July 4 in Australia brought an anti-war parade in Brisbane, an anti-draft demonstration in Sydney and the smashing of every window of the American Consulate in Melbourne.

they hav'em too

WASHINGTON (July 5) LNS -- The straight-world Washington Post has reported "Opposition to the war is growing among South Vietnamese students who now face being drafted. . . . A few days before the general mobilization was declared, the Saigon University students association called for an 'early end to the war,' and urged the government to seek a 'negotiated settlement.'"

According to the Post's Saigon correspondent Hguyen Ngoc Rao, a number of prominent students, including Ho Huu Nhut, a former member of the student association's executive committee, have joined forces with the NLF. Nhut had been drafted because of his role as an organizer in last fall's anti-government demonstrations. Government sources, says the Post, have expressed concern that many more may defect if the draft law is strictly enforced.

shock troops

WASHINGTON, July 12 (LNS)—The Pentagon released this week figures that again revealed a disproportionate number of Negro deaths in combat in the Vietnam War. Negroes account for 55,904 or 9.8% of the troops involved in Vietnam. 2,252 black soldiers, or 14.1% of the total casualties, were killed in action last year.

puzzled

WASHINGTON, July 12 (LNS)—Black re-enlistment in the armed forces, a phenomenon long pointed to with pride by the establishment, dropped well over 50 per cent in 1967. White re-enlistment dropped as well, by a bit more than 40 per cent. The figures are given in a recent Pentagon report on "Negro Participation in the Armed Forces."

Black re-enlistment in 1966 was 66.5%; in 1967 it plummeted to 31.7%. White re-enlistment dropped from 20% to 12.8%. The Marine Corps also showed a drop; re-enlistment from 10.5% to 9.7% for whites and from 19.5% to 15.9%.

Pentagon officials said they found the drops "puzzling."

motion granted

WASHINGTON (LNS)—The Washington Post of July 9 reported, concerning Rap Brown's Maryland trial, that, "... in an unusual move the prosecution has asked for a change of venue in the trial of Brown. . . ."

The story quoted Brown's attorney, William Kuntsler, as saying that, "if the defendant wants to be tried there, he should be. As far as I can find out in research, there has never been a case that was moved over the objection of the defense."

The Post went on, "In Cambridge, Kuntsler said, there would be more likelihood—because of the large Negro population—that Negroes would serve on Brown's jury. Brown would also have the psychological and emotional support of the Negro community during the trial, he argued."

empire building

NEW YORK (July 5) LNS -- The following excerpt is from a letter from a Vietnam veteran to New York radio station WBAI. The soldier wishes to remain anonymous.

"The Vietnamese collected the ballot boxes. We (the soldier and a small detachment of Vietnamese troops) took out all the Dzu votes and replaced them with Thieu-Ky ballots. We then put the boxes back on the trucks and they were taken to Saigon and counted. Our responsibility were the towns of Dau'tieng, Tay Ninh, Ba'ca and Bao Trien.

"The overwhelming amount of the votes were for peace candidate Dzu."

political ads

Congress passed and LBJ signed a bill to permit advertisers in the Democratic and Republican party official convention programs to deduct the cost of their ads as ordinary business expenses. Normally, the pages of these convention program are filled with copy from war contractors and others hoping to do business with the federal government and are thus, in effect, campaign contributions. In 1964, for example, the Democrats took in over \$1.5 million by selling their space at \$15,000 a page, an ad rate that Madison Avenue pros know is absurdly high compared with commercial rates for audiences of such small size. GOP Senate leader Everett Dirksen, who sponsored this institutionalized corruption, originally attached it as a rider to the war tax surcharge, but it was separated and passed in order to speed up the action and sell that space in time for the programs' printing date.

from the *Guardian*

(Stay clean: Advertise in the Bird for 1/100 of the cost.)

GA. STATE GIVES The Bird The Bird

Georgia State College administrators recently banned the sale of the *Great Speckled Bird* in the college bookstore. College Comptroller V.V. Lavroff asked bookstore manager Wendell Baugh to discontinue sale of the *Bird* during the last week of June.

According to Dr. Kenneth England, Dean of Student Affairs, Dean of Men Timothy Singleton had purchased a copy of the *Bird* in the bookstore and became upset at what he considered vulgarity of expression. Mr. Lavroff apparently saw Mr. Singleton with the paper and asked to read it. The next day he asked that its sale be discontinued.

In response to questions from students, Lavroff explained that the purpose of the bookstore is to sell items essential for students in their academic work. He added that the college was short of space and "if we sell one, we have to sell them all." He stated however, that he would discuss the matter further with Dean England.

Dean England stated that though he does not agree with the opinions expressed in the *Bird* nor with the mode of expression sometimes used, he considered the paper "an effort at literary expression." He added that he felt the bookstore should continue selling it, but that the final decision would rest with college President Dr. Noah Langdale.

President Langdale backed up Lavroff's original decision, stating that "It has been a longstanding bookstore policy not to sell any periodicals." Soon the Atlanta *Journal/Constitution* racks, which had been inside the Student Activities Building for at least two years, were moved outside. A puzzled *Journal* carrier was observed lugging the racks back inside. "This is the first time these have ever been outside."

The specific issue of whether or not to sell the *Bird* in the bookstore is minor, but it is indicative of larger issues of administrative suppression and bureaucratic operating procedures. No inquiry was made regarding the wishes of students towards having the *Bird* (which sells an average of 50 copies per issue in the bookstore) sold on campus. The college administration defended its policy without regard for any other viewpoint. Several questions might be asked as a result of this mild crisis:

1) If the "no periodical" policy is so longstanding, why was the *Bird* and other periodicals ever sold there? If discontinuing the sale of the *Bird* is not the case of censorship, why did the enforcement of this policy begin now?

2) Who has the power to overrule the bookstore manager's decisions, and why? Who decides what is essential for students? Are sweat shirts, beer mugs or "Campus Pacs" essential to academics at Georgia State?

3) Is Georgia State really an improvement over North Fulton High?

I hope that interested students and faculty will demand answers to these questions from those in the administration.

-jim buchanan

Georgia State College Correspondent

BIRD CLEARS Bond

The *New York Times*, a prestigious establishment daily, recently announced that nationally-known radical democrat Julian Bond of Atlanta had endorsed Hubert Humphrey for President . . . without, it seems, checking the rumor.

Shortly thereafter, the *Guardian*, a prestigious anti-establishment weekly, picked up on the story that nationally-known radical democrat Julian Bond had endorsed Hubert Humphrey for President . . . without, it seems, checking the rumor.

The effect of this prestigious collusion has been misunderstanding leading to some vituperative written castigation of Mr. Bond for backing the likes of H. Horatio. But, says Mr. Bond, "It's just not true. And it's irritating as hell to me."

Mr. Bond states that at present he is "not excited about any of the candidates." He has been doing some work for the McCarthy campaign in Atlanta, but states that his participation has been minimal.



Them hippies are at it again, by gosh. At 5:30 p.m. on July 17, nearly 100 of them marched right up to the White Columns of WSB-TV to present the station officials with a "real" petition asking for "equal time for non-violence." WSB-TV had sponsored super-patriot John "Killer" Wayne's appearance in the Fourth of July "Salute to American Militarism" parade in Atlanta, a city-endorsed publicity stunt for Wayne's film *The Green Berets*. The protestors wanted equal time for *The War Game* and *Dr. Strangelove* now playing at Festival Cinema.

When the WSB station manager refused to sign the petition, actor Steve Bush and his followers decided that exorcism was in order. To a chant of "Out Demons Out! Out Demons Out!" the spell was cast.

Following that bit of "warlockery," which caused no visible change in WSB, the demonstrators (or should we call them witchdoctors?) marched down Peachtree to the Fox Theatre to protest the now infamous *Green Berets*.

On the way, Kathy Hilliard managed, all by herself, to Block Traffic—and was arrested by officers ever-watchful for someone to step off the curb. Steve Bush queried the arresting officer, "Could I find out what is going on here? What is she being charged with?" He was arrested for Interfering with an Officer.

But the parade continued undaunted down Peachtree. Police were waiting at the Fox Theatre to make sure the marchers kept moving, and at least 6 feet apart. The marchers complied, flipping the "V" every so often at motorists and police. One pretty miss chirped, "Peace, Officer." He smiled longingly. Right behind her, Mark Wilkins said, "Peace, Officer." He was slammed into a waiting paddy wagon for Creating a Disturbance.

All in all, it was a decent demonstration. The fact that Atlanta can now put 75-100 people on the street on short notice without a major focus for a demonstration is at the very least heartening.

-reggie mitchell

MOBILIZE

"Every domestic worker has the right to receive fair wages, reasonable hours and decent labor standards." This was the focal point of a meeting of domestic workers held July 10, at the Wheat Street Baptist Church.

Although the turnout was scarce, another meeting is planned for Thursday, July 18, in hopes of organizing the workers so that they can present their demands to the AFL-CIO. Charles Gilman of the labor union was present at the meeting on the tenth. He expressed a desire to see the domestic workers merge with the men of building maintenance to form one local union. Mr. Bile Wilson, supervisor of union relations, reportedly has kept a close watch on the domestic workers attempts to organize.

According to a fact sheet circulated at the meeting, the domestic workers "are a permanent and essential part of the nation's economy-making up practically a third of the civilian work force." As such they are entitled to a reasonable minimal wage as well as fair employment practices. Presently they receive neither. According to the 1966-67 JOB FACTS, wages range from \$.50 to \$1.50 per hour. Some workers report that they were never paid after completing as much as four days work, and had no organization to which they could report this unfair treatment.

John L. McCown, Executive director of the Georgia Council on Human Relations, is heading up the movement for fair treatment of domestic workers. He is reportedly running into difficulty because the poor domestic workers are afraid of losing their jobs.

What Mr. McCown is attempting, however, is to have the workers "Stand on their own feet!" He is not refusing aid from middle class white employers, but feels the only way that black maids can make it on their own is to organize themselves with as little outside help as possible.

When Mr. McCown was asked what his aim was in helping the maids he said, "To make domestic work an honorable profession." He went on to say that he wants to stop black women from getting up at five in the morning and working until dark, leaving their young children at home alone, all for two dollars a day.

Mr. McCown recommends that training programs be established by the workers and funded by the labor unions.

Mr. George Stenson of the Urban League, Miss Pat Durham of Georgia Council and Miss Eliza Paschall of the MASLC are also working on the organization of the domestic workers.

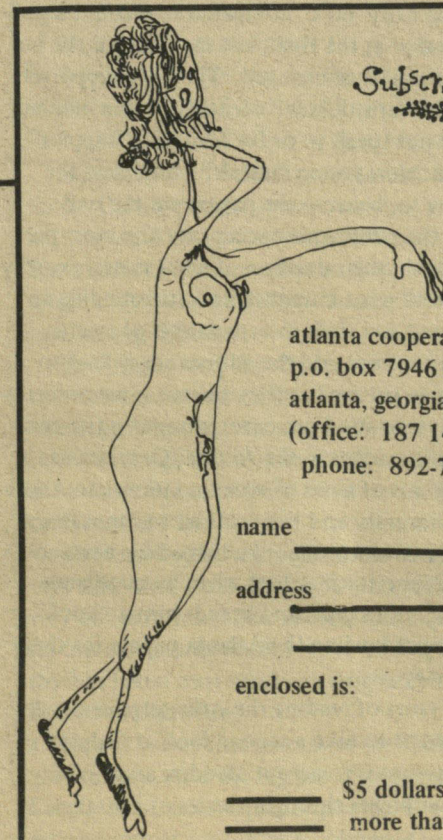
It would seem that a combined effort of all of these organizations under the leadership of Mr. McCown and with the aid of the labor unions could get the job done much faster and much more efficiently than three or four separate organizations with different leaders.

-reggie mitchell



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reggie mitchell	dottie bonner
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the great speckled bird-3

THE RIDDLE OF MADDOX

LESTER

The Riddle of Lester Maddox, by Bruce Galphin. Camclot Publishing Company, Atlanta, Georgia, \$5.95.

A review by Richard L. Stevens.

Lester Maddox is a riddle, says Bruce Galphin, college journalism wonder of the 50's and pre-civil rights liberal, who both defines the term "riddle" and lays claim to its interpretation and its solution in his book. Despite a desire to explain something that puzzles both Galphin and the members of what he calls the "Northside Syndrome," the *Constitution* editorial staff writer presents a journalistic narrative which falls short of a genuine understanding of the man he is writing about.

The Riddle of Lester Maddox was written, as Galphin stated in publicity interviews last week, because "it needed to be written" and because the phenomenon who sits at the helm of the state is "simply baffling." Maddox baffles Galphin because he lacks "experience and charisma," because his value system is "different," and because his approach to politics is not "practical." Interestingly enough, given the same parameters, Maddox could be virtually any Atlanta "hippie." Neither Maddox nor the hippies accept the status quo; they either totally reject it or protest against it; and both are "kooks" to Galphin and most members of the "Northside syndrome."

The Riddle presents a good and interesting commentary on the events of Maddox's life until April of this year when the book was published. The life of a man like Maddox is bound to be interesting. Although the Governor might not agree with the psychological interpretation of his early upbringing, he would probably be forced to admit that Galphin treated most of the events and facts of his life fairly. Galphin borders on a sympathetic approach to Maddox in many instances.

However, Galphin's examinations of Maddox's psyche and his stubborn determination take the form of explanations which dismiss the man as a "kook." It is baffling that the people of Georgia would swallow oddball Lester Maddox. It is so baffling that it becomes a "riddle" which somehow must be explained. If you can't explain it any other way, it must be the result of "kookiness".

Maddox is not an intellectual and has gullibly "swallowed whole" much of the rightest Birchite propaganda. Maddox is a protester who will not accept something he does not agree with. Both characteristics are contrary to what Galphin considers pure and good, and the latter is "rocking the boat". Maddox is also naive about politics and doesn't care to learn about it here or elsewhere. He says what he feels and is not too concerned with what others think. This too is not good according to Galphin.

Galphin's approach to Maddox is in line with that of Atlanta Newspapers, Inc. (the *Constitution* and *Journal*) from whence he comes. The *Journal/Constitution* appeared "progressive" in the early '60's compared to Georgia's political and social opinion at the time; but they harbor the belief that times have not since changed. They are supporters of and voices for the "aristocracy" of Atlanta - the monied interests. They do not speak to or for Maddox, "hippies", black people or the "new young radicals", much less the working man. Even so, because the papers are the only dailies in the area, the public must accept for the most part their selection of news, their decision of what is newsworthy, their determination of what circumstances surrounding an event will be reported and their interpretation of events.

This is private enterprise and the editors are willing to fight for their right to print what they believe is newsworthy without bowing to demands from other groups on the community. This is most evident in the *Journal/Constitution's* long-standing black-out of news of specific interest to Atlanta's large black community and their refusal to report local "controversial" events which might be helped by news coverage. Galphin is hypocritical at best when he condemns Maddox for sticking to his guns and brands him a "kook", while in the same work lauding the Atlanta papers for their role in the community.

Unfortunately, years of reading the Atlanta papers will not have taught readers to take a second look at Galphin's book. The easy way out is to accept Maddox as an oddity who was able to gain power through a series of mistakes

4 - the great speckled bird

and accidents, and most readers of *The Riddle* will accept him as such as they have been taught to do by their papers.

If Galphin's approach is an easy way out, how did a man like Maddox attain the governorship of a state many had fooled themselves into believing was moving into an era of progressivism? Everyone seemed to lose when Maddox was elected - the liberals, the democratic party hacks, the businessmen. Despite a well-heeled campaign on Calloway's part, the population of the state was unwilling to have the "cotton king" pulled across their eyes.

Galphin attributes Maddox's victory primarily to two factors - admiration by the common people of Maddox's stick-to-your-guns-ness, and Calloway's coldness as a campaigner. Perhaps a more accurate explanation of Maddox's victory is that Maddox was the only candidate that articulated the resentments of the little people (white) of the state. He became their protest candidate. Although there are more poor white than black people in this country and in Georgia, it seems to white people that blacks get all the attention. Maddox didn't and doesn't begin to meet the needs of the poor whites in the state, but he does articulate their frustrations in a way that Calloway, who is the child of a vicious anti-union textile company, and Arnal, who repeated his campaign of twenty years ago, were not able to approach. Of course the members of the "northside syndrome" are not about to meet the needs of common white people either. So unless something changes, plain old white folk will keep on electing the Maddoxes and Wallaces and the riddle will remain.



Dear Ralphie:

As a longtime reader, I have come to expect from you a certain amount of reason and insight lacking elsewhere in the *Constitution's* vapid columns. You do not, for example, exhibit the zealous, unyielding commitment of "Pickrick Says." And stylistically, your column is far superior to the turgidity of "Why do the heathen rage." Consequently, I have long argued that yours is, far and away, the best of the three columns. But lately, Ralphie, I'm beginning to wonder.

Take, for example, the column you wrote recently comparing Eugene McCarthy to the Mets. Remember? The one in which you refuted the Humphrey critics by saying that only a dishonorable man, such as the traitorous Aaron Burr, could take the oath as vice-president and then differ with his liege. Well, Ralphie, it seemed to me your usually thoughtful, honest analysis contained several factual oversights. Since I'm sure they derived from ignorance rather than purposeful misrepresentation (heaven forbid), I felt sure you'd welcome a little friendly clarification.

You base your Mets analogy on an assertion that McCarthy lost six of eight primaries. He did, in fact, win five of eleven primaries outright. In direct pairings he beat the late Senator Robert Kennedy in six out of ten contests and knocked off LBJ, HHH, or whoever else happened to be fronting for the administration in seven of eleven contests. And, Ralphie, I'm sure that even you would not count his 42.2% in New Hampshire—a total which brought in RFK, knocked out LBJ, and changed the entire course of politics in 1968—a loss even though it was, admittedly, less than half the total vote cast.

Ahh yes, you say, but McCarthy's victories were built on a rising tide of anti-Kennedy votes. Pardon me, Ralphie, but could you explain how a rising tide of anti-Kennedy sentiment crested in victories in California and South Dakota on the final day of the Senator's life? And if folks were so violently opposed to RFK and so apathetic towards Gene McCarthy, why did the South Dakotans reward their

native son, Hubert Humphrey, with an embarrassing 30% of the vote?

If you're really interested in toting up negative votes, Ralphie, why not try analyzing the total votes cast in all primaries. In case you don't have access to the figures, allow me:

Gene McCarthy	3,124,842	(42%)
Robert Kennedy	2,485,706	(34%)
LBJ, HHH, et al	1,745,870	(24%)
	7,356,418	(100%)

It seems fairly significant, wouldn't you agree, that an incumbent president, his hand-picked successor, and a brace of loyalist favorite sons could milk no more than a mere 24% of the vote from a dozen states. It doesn't take a nationally known columnist like yourself, Ralphie, to recognize this as an overwhelming repudiation of the present administration, including Hubird.

But what could poor Hubird do? Oppose Johnson, say the McCarthy partisans. No, no, you say, reaching back into history to pluck out Aaron Burr as an example of a veep who opposed his boss to the point of treason. "Only a dishonorable man," says the erudite McGill, "could or would, take the oath as vice-president and then proceed to undercut or undermine the President."

Ralphie, the only thing that amazes me more than your great knowledge of history is the selectivity with which you use it. Only a dishonorable man, you say—well, let's see what really dishonorable men this country has had for vice-presidents.

Reflecting the virtual independence which then existed between the president and vice-president, Thomas Jefferson functioned as the acknowledged leader of the opposition during his vice-presidency under John Adams. He used his position to provide leads to his political lieutenants on how to best attack Adams' administration in the coming elections.

George Clinton differed violently and often as vice-president under both Jefferson and Madison. He attacked Jefferson for his "feeble and corrupt management of our national affairs." Under Madison, he openly attacked the administration's foreign and domestic policy, vocally opposed non-intercourse with England, and cast the decisive vote in the Senate against the United States Bank, leaving Madison without a source of credit to finance the War of 1812.

President Andrew Jackson and Vice-President John C. Calhoun engaged in some monumental battles. Notes one historian, "The president and the vice-president were not merely at loggerheads, for this was commonplace, but in active, vehement, and continuous quarrels."

In 1849, Vice-President Millard Fillmore explained his opposition to President Taylor on the Great Compromise as follows, "I wished him to understand that it was not out of any hostility to him or his administration, but because I deemed it for the best interest of the country." But you, Ralphie, seem to find a higher honor in a man who does whatever is in the best interest of his president.

As John Nance Garner once said, "My loyalties are in this order: first, my country; second, my party; third, my president." You do remember Old Cactus Jack, don't you, Ralphie? These other fellows may be a bit ancient, but Garner was a man of your time. Have you forgotten how he fought Roosevelt over the recognition of Russia? How they differed on Roosevelt's handling of the sit-down strikes in Detroit? Has it slipped your mind that Garner disagreed with Roosevelt over enlarging the Supreme Court? And fought him to the end on the third term? Come now, Ralphie, is your memory fading that badly?

If Humphrey had had the guts to stand up to Johnson, it would hardly have been a precedent. Humphrey may have set a precedent, however, in his utter subservience to LBJ. After his inauguration in 1909, President William Howard Taft called in his Vice-President James Sherman and asked him to handle the president's relations with House Speaker Joe Cannon. "You will have to act on your own account," replied Sherman. "I am to be vice-president and acting as a messenger boy is not part of the duties of the vice-president."

Hubird filled no other function so well as that of messenger boy. When LBJ's credibility became thoroughly discredited, he simply put his words in the mouth of Hubird who played Charlie McCarthy as though his brains were made of balsa. Ebulliently as ever, the veep spread the gospel of war with a fervency and commitment that only he can muster.

No, Ralphie, the dishonorable man is not the vice-president. Rather he is the veep who prostitutes his principles for a shot at his boss' job... and the journalist who perverts history to further that ambition.

--tom o'ware

CAN IT Happen HERE



Is the presidential candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy hopeless? The outpouring of support expected for him here Thursday, plus the continuing disintegration of the Maddox-picked delegation to the Democratic National Convention, are important signs that it is not.

The Fulton County Democratic Party's call for a new delegation to the national convention, coming just prior to the Senator's visit, was the latest, and most forceful repudiation yet, of the Maddox delegation's legitimacy. In preceding days several prominent Democrats have called for a new delegation, and State Labor Commissioner Caldwell has repudiated the delegation and resigned. More resignations are expected to follow.

Since Maddox's delegation is substantially a coalition of Wallacites and Humphrey backers, a new and more democratically chosen delegation could only show a gain in McCarthy strength. In fact, McCarthy's support could rise dramatically in the state as his appearance touches off full-fledged campaign efforts, and the war and peace talks drag on.

Now that the Senator's first major delegate-seeking excursion to the South is over, the less exciting, more arduous task of building a broad base of support in the state will begin in earnest. McCarthy's general strategy is to build as much popular support as possible through mass petition campaigns, meetings with various interest groups such as labor, blacks, students, professionals, businessmen, etc..

Whether or not this will be sufficient to gain a broad base of support in the short time remaining before the convention is unclear. However, according to Hugo Sims, former South Carolina Congressman and Senator McCarthy's southern campaign coordinator, opinion in the South is changing in McCarthy's favor. Sims says, "When McCarthy originally challenged the President he had very little support in the South because southerners tend to support a President's war policy. . . Now many people agree with Senator McCarthy that we should reassess our Vietnam position."

As for McCarthy's prospects of getting any support in the South, Sims says simply, "McCarthy has a chance. It depends on events. If the polls show Hubert Humphrey cannot win, a great many states leaning toward Humphrey will go for McCarthy who has a proven record of attracting pivotal voters. The primaries and polls show he has great pulling power from suburban areas and areas that often vote Republican. Vietnam, inflation, riots, high interest rates are all associated with the administration, and anyone as closely related with policy-making as the Vice President in my opinion would have a difficult time getting elected."

Sims is trying to arrange meetings between McCarthy and the delegates from each of the dozen southern states. Thus the McCarthy tactic seems to be the soft-sell. But most of these delegations, given their unrepresentative

nature, are tokens of the old southern politics — the politics, essentially, of racism, ranging from the moderate racism of Georgia's Carl Sanders to the raging racism of Maddox and Wallace.

There is a new southern politics developing, however, in three of the most backward and racist southern states: Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama. In all three states coalitions are forming of moderate and liberal whites, labor leaders and newly registered black voters. In all three states credentials fights are shaping up. In Mississippi the "Loyal Democrats of Mississippi," a coalition of the Young Democrats, Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, NAACP and AFL-CIO are challenging the white delegation; in Alabama the National Democratic Party is holding its founding convention this weekend; and in Georgia there is the Georgia Democratic Party Forum which will hold a convention in August.

Whether McCarthy aligns himself with the developing new southern politics of these three states or plays along with the old could make a key difference at the convention.

Humphrey now is playing both sides of the fence. He sent a telegram to the chairman of the credentials committee of the Democratic Party recently on behalf of the "Loyal Democrats of Mississippi." At the same time, according to the *Birmingham News* (6/23/68), Humphrey is trying to make a deal with the Wallace delegation in Alabama. Humphrey would see that the Wallace party was seated. In return they would defer their unique position as the first state to be called at the national convention to a delegation pledged to Humphrey, insuring that Humphrey's name is placed in the running early in the convention.

Humphrey doesn't care about their vote, which he knows will go to Wallace. He just wants his name entered early, so he can better stampede delegates from other states into a fast nomination.

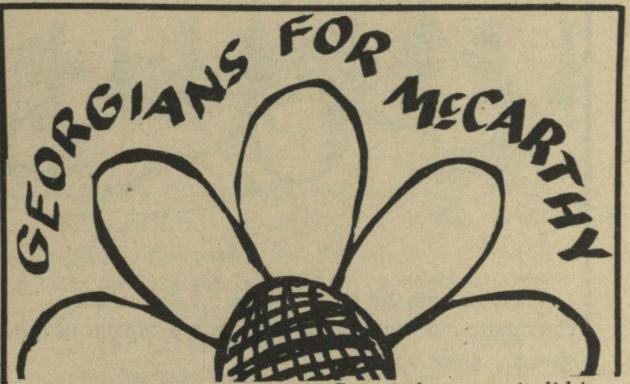
McCarthy has two great strengths in these critical states that Humphrey does not have. Because of his stand on the war and the draft he has the youth, at least the politically active youth. Moreover, he has the freedom to back the challenges in these deep south states which Humphrey cannot do without endangering his support from such massive conservative delegations as Texas or, in the case of Alabama, without losing his deal to be placed on the ballot early.

Thus, to the blacks and moderates concerned with building a new non-racist Democratic Party in the deep South, McCarthy could offer vigorous support plus young, energetic anti-war allies. Humphrey can offer neither.

If McCarthy vigorously challenges the present administration on the war and the draft in the deep South, if he gives strong support to the delegations in these three states, he can perhaps help to build a new dynamism in Southern politics — a release from racism — and at the same time achieve his own immediate objective of splitting the coalition backing Humphrey. If he fades, however, and attempts to moderate his positions on civil rights and peace in order to appease the "old folks" of southern politics, he will lose the youth, he will lose the blacks, and he will lose the nomination.

photos by wayne scott jr

—howard romaine



The McCarthy campaign in Georgia began, as it did in many other states, when a local businessman concerned about the direction of American foreign policy attended the "Convention for Concerned Democrats" last December. Joe Gross returned to Atlanta to try and get a local "Dump Johnson" movement going, but had little success until the New Hampshire primary.

New Hampshire provided the momentum for the local supporters of McCarthy to coalesce. On March 19, a Druid Hills — Emory group formed, headed by Dr. Arthur Evans of Emory. At about the same time a group got together at the Unitarian Church in the Northeast, headed by Dr. Charles Perkins. Soon there were groups of McCarthy supporters at Agnes Scott and Georgia Tech.

Then "Teenagers for McCarthy" sprang up, led by a hard-working student at Druid Hills High School, Mark Brown. Brown went with two other students to the Indiana primary, then a larger group went down for the Florida primary.

McCarthy continued to roll up impressive votes in the primaries and the support for his candidacy continued to mount in Georgia. On April 2, 500 people gathered in the Alumni Memorial Building at Emory to watch the victory celebration after the Wisconsin primary. Emory continued to be a focal point of McCarthy activity locally. McCarthy won the *Time* magazine sponsored presidential poll of college students, "Choice '68," at Emory.

On May 16, when the Democratic Party caucused at the State Capitol to initiate proceedings for the nomination, a delegation of McCarthy supporters presented 1,000 signatures requesting the state Democratic Party to take into consideration the considerable local support for McCarthy in choosing delegates to the National Convention. Also, during the campaigning for the California primary, the local supporters of McCarthy wrote over 500 personal letters to registered Democrats in California asking them to support the Senator. Then came the death of Sen. Kennedy and the "moratorium on politics." The first major political effort after the lifting of the moratorium came with the opening of the local campaign headquarters at 563 Peachtree just prior to the 4th of July parade. Mary Beth McCarthy, the Senator's niece, was invited down to cut the ribbon for the grand opening and was invited to participate in the parade. She cut the ribbon but didn't ride in the parade. According to a spokesman for "Georgians for McCarthy," the parade department of WSB-TV wouldn't let Mary Beth participate because "of the political nature of her visit." When it was pointed out that John Wayne's film and visit had a very political impact, the spokesman for WSB replied that Wayne was not running for office. ("Neither," replied McCarthy's spokesman, "is Mary Beth.")

Logic being no substitute for power, however, Mary Beth sat on the sidelines, so the craggy multi-millionaire hawk from the Hollywood Hills wouldn't be threatened by her dovish and lovely young presence.

Mary Beth and John Wayne had hardly left town when the McCarthy people opened another headquarters in the Southwest at the corner of Cascade and Gordon Road. Then came the announcement that the Senator would speak at the July 18 Fulton County Democratic Party fundraising dinner.

This major coup for the McCarthy forces brought several advancements down from the national staff and the campaign began taking on a professional air. Committees were set up, offices manned from morning till night, and wheels began to grind to get out a large crowd for the Senator's visit.

Charles Negaro, top man on the local McCarthy staff, says that the Fulton County Democratic Party has been very cooperative. Other sources say, however, that several top officials in the Party are boiling because McCarthy has taken over what had originally been planned as a boost for Humphrey.

Now it seems that several of the McCarthy pros are here to stay. And the big job of building a statewide McCarthy movement is just beginning. It might be an interesting summer for Georgia politics.

—howard romaine

VOLUNTEERS: GEORGIANS FOR MCCARTHY ALL HELP NEEDED

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WITCHES OF INTERZONE

There is some shit i will not eat. . .e.e. cummings

The human machine, the biologic unit, is capable of producing nothing other than human wastes. . .eek bommba

better than swift, eat your environment before it eats you. . .hyatt houses, expressways, cars, neon signs, cans, pipes, planes, typewriters, must all be consumed, converted back to organic material before we can be free of the bonds of displaced messiahs. we produce wastes. . .nothing more. . .buildings, screws, bells, bottles, rattraps, guns are all illusion with intent to obscure the wretched truth. . .cheap imitations of the diving sperm and egg. . .we must make more babies and teach them to eat parking meters, or they will be fed to the Great Devourer and become sidewalks in Levittown.

Inman Thyman

*sum men are imen
sum men are thymen
me? aum a neiman*

(and all sing the praises of the bare buttocks)

"Iman Thyman" is an exercise poem, the conflicts are audio/visual, mystical/sexual, empirical/peripheral. . .both as a total verse and as words units. . .it's much nicer inside a toy truck than outside. please disregard these notes, if need be, read McLuhan. . .I go there all the time, it's a fine place and you're welcome. . .

Ereek Bommba

compassionate, bommba, like bhudds, cool bhu, nodding under the gumtree, compassionate, still, but plotting to cut down all those sacks of meat in your butcher's window... bury them in the snow outside of denver, food for the revolutionary forces. . .he ast me if i was innerested. . .he din think i was innerested in his funky ole deal, no i ain't innerested, how could a lump of clay be innerested in living? how could a lumpy breakfast be innerested in who sticks what fingers into what groin or which boots trample whose toes, or what cat jumps off which bridge into when? i should create, mold, mold, mold. play de lawd all you want, i says to em, jus make sure you leave a note for abel, pilate, dilalah and me, so dirty deeds done, while you people are beating your meat to biblical rhythms, we're out there being filthy and rottin, jus carrin on like absolutt unnecessary, superfluous, unscathed or bathed rogues. yeah we lay aroun and talk dirty bout you people and break bread, drink wine and wow what sex and stuff, ats what i tol em. when he ast if i were innerested in his deal. . .

Guinea Redd

i awake with ereek bommba in my left, as usual, and Guinea Redd on my right. they are with discussion of Redd's sellout complex and bommba be at his best in explanation of the fundamentals; ; ;'brighten-it-up-touch mass market sell allatime sold, cut up eons before your criminal birth, no time left, bids received, parceled and sold, all time, all space has been sold, no further bidding required. just sell, barter. . .any, everyone will sell any, everything from atoms to zen if the market can be located. . .who holds the contract, who holds the rights to this parcel of time/space? contracts hand out in/by natura-one plus one yields one plus one yields one and lest you forget, one equals zero, zap...just a matter of locating the market. . .like if you got the gypsy rose commons, well then no sweat, anybody, anywhere will cop from you. . .bods for whatever intent. . .but like if you hold the unused, unusual, unassimilated goods with no P.R. work then you got one helluva hassle cause the market may lie somewhere hidden, off to an extreme, shelved, counta supply and demand or sub-paragraph of same and then you got to be with internal rapp, delusion, on how it is "i who am unscathed, untouched by the merchants, 'yeah, you go there, south they call it, or you freak in the terror touristima' . . ."

Bright Slop

so brighten up the slop you screech to reach the giant communicants. . .cum on slo, it be pure cornfields of glori, to be sure, the rapids endanger the copout, the safety valve of the hithertofore "unscathed". . .untouched my dingus, jack, the contract has been out on you since essence immoveable. . .momento, compadre, aspetta, jack, what is thy numeral? zero, zap, zero. . .sold at once twice, into the ice unfrozen for future use, if only to call out some others but the contract is. . .and will be executed. . .protest defiant innocence. . .withhold what you deem precious. . .til he, she, it, they comes for your presence waving the scroll in your face. . ."by preconception, prejudice, inclination, intellect, natural structure and conscious conditioning you are hereby termed necessary for the good of wombsoever and are summoned to the blank tableau whereupon you shall suffer the extraction of that which you prize most dearly, at the hands of the executors of this contract, namely that which is demanded by your own being and our function, nondimensional puzzle piece. . ." so later for the delusion, suck that crystal ball, my friend, the numbered contract awaits on some historical scanner watching for your loose end. . .do not seek it and it is found to read in fine print, "blindness required", search and it reads, "eyes needed whenever". . .nobody sells out, you either got the commons or you don't, so exchange contracts dammit. . .like bommba, hold perhaps forty assorted contracts which create subjectivity in the nameless beings. . .waived the options did i, exchanged, bartered for my own, that were in the holdings of a divinity known as Sifr, the Noughtless. . .so release whatever contracts you have, straight up on the counter, no. . .no secret deals, cause the cat with your number is inevitably hipper than you, so you got to stay clean or consider yourself beat, beat. . .again. . .still. . .deal for your contract, swap, barter, exchange one for one and it be a willing swap and you can make THE DEAL.

-ereek bommba

YOU GOTTA SEEEE...



"Ain't it hard to be a nigger in Georgia," sings Mable Hillery, appearing at the Grand Central Station July 19-20. This song is also the title of Miss Hillery's new album, appearing on a British label, Topic, soon to be released in the U.S.

Mable Hillery is a blues singer of the finest style. She recalls the sounds of Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith, communicating from the stage the rich Afro-American traditions handed down through her family.

The daughter of a South Georgia farmer, Miss Hillery grew up on the worksongs, blues, and religious songs of the Georgia blackbelt. She later moved to St. Simon's Island, Georgia, where she became a member of the famous Georgia Sea Island Singers, a group widely known for preserving much of the antebellum Negro music of the Deep South.

A writer of many songs herself, including songs about war and about "hard times" and even about the famous engineer Casey Jones, oletime blues is still Mable's first love. She maintains that "blues have always played a special part in my life, since they have given me a lift in so many ways. Even though I found most blues come from church music. I've lived some years a happy life and some years a sad life. And that's the way it is with the blues: in order to sing the blues, you got to live it, and you definitely have to feel it. . . I was always told by my grandparents that the blues were the devil's songs, that they were bad songs, and that if you sung the blues that you would die and go to hell; but still I continued to sing them and to dance, because I had a feeling for it. It is part of me."

Mable Hillery has appeared on concert stage and in coffee houses throughout the South, the northeast, and on the West Coast. She has sung at the Newport Folk Festival and in Carnegie Hall. In Atlanta she has appeared with the Soul Roots Festival at Morehouse College, in the Southern Folk Festival, and at the Bottom of the Barrel and the Crucible Coffeehouse. She recently completed a six-month singing tour of England and will return to England this fall for a second tour.

-anne romaine

David Houston

Grammy award winner David Houston from Bossier City, Louisiana, is making some mighty smooth music down at the Playroom this week. His version of "Almost Persuaded" and "My Elusive Dreams" were two of the most widely acclaimed country music songs of the past two years. His varied program includes such songs as "Long Tall Texan," "Green, Green Grass of Home," "White Lightnin'," and Eddie Arnold's famous yodeling "Cattle Call," all done with ease and imagination.

Houston's backup men, The Persuaders, add spice to the evening. One of the performers broke a guitar string; as he was leaving stage to get another, the bass man stepped up to the mike and said, "Well, Luther just broke his G-string. He's going in there to get some-thin' to hold up his pants." (chuckle)

27-year old David Houston, who calls himself a "north Louisiana boy" grew up under the musical guidance of his father's best friend, Gene Austin. Austin was one of the earliest country music recording artists, a contemporary of Jimmie Rodgers and one who helped set the pace for modern country music. Houston has been playing professionally only five years and has appeared on the Louisiana Hayride, the Deep South version of the Grand Ole Opry, and on concert stages all over the country.

-anne romaine

The Dutchman, a one-act play by LeRoi Jones, opens at Grand Central Station (14 Peachtree Place) on Thursday, July 25, at 8:30 p.m. Subsequent performances will be at 8 and 10 p.m. Friday, July 26 and Saturday, July 27; and at 6 p.m. on Sunday, July 28.

Actor Arthur Burghardt, playing the lead role of Clay, a 20-year old Negro, describes *The Dutchman* as "a warning to white America." Burghardt states that in the play Jones depicts the castration of black men by white society. "Each time a Negro succeeds, the ante is raised."

Grace MacEachron portrays Lula in the play. Lula is a 30-year old white woman who delights in tantalizing young Negro males, stalking her victims on the New York subways. She represents Jones' view of the whorish quality of white America today.

The Dutchman is produced in cooperation with Arthur Pellman, drama instructor at Clark College. Mr. Pellman chose a small theater for the production in order that the audience would feel intimately involved with the proceedings.

Tickets for *The Dutchman* are \$1.50. For advance reservations call: 892-1438 or 872-6763.

-reggie mitchell



RESISTANCE



PRIVATE JOHN WILSON has been in the Army since October, 1966. After basic, he decided to enlist for another year and go to OCS, since they promised him a job with a legal office stateside. After being in OCS for eight weeks, he discovered that he wouldn't be eligible for the job they had promised him. He dropped OCS and was trained as an infantryman. He was at Fort Benning awaiting orders for Vietnam when he went AWOL in January, 1968. He came to Atlanta and found Henry Bass of the Atlanta Workshop in Non-violence. Henry informed him about discharges for conscientious objectors.

Wilson returned to Fort Benning and submitted an application for discharge. He was court-martialed for his AWOL, and received a suspended sentence. From February until July he was the mail clerk in his unit, while his application for discharge was being processed. On July third, his application was denied. He was told that orders for Vietnam were coming down.

On July 5th, John reportedly went AWOL and decided he would have to refuse further cooperation with the Army. On July 11, he celebrated his 21st birthday. On July 13 he returned to his unit on Fort Benning. He presented a statement to his commander, which stated in part:

"I have never felt within me the urge to kill another—I could never understand how a rational and thoughtful individual could accept involvement in an immoral and inhuman act at the command of another man. I hold that if man were left with a clear choice, in response to the dictates of his conscience, he would also recognize the commitment involved in the occupation of a soldier and would refuse to commit such acts.

"This is my decision. I have applied for status as a con-

scientious objector and have been refused—now I am called upon to deny my beliefs because my questionnaire somehow didn't convince the Department of the Army of my 'sincere religious training and belief'. So what am I to do? As I see it, I can no longer just *claim* to be a conscientious objector; I must also begin to act like one. Consequently, I will no longer continue to give my cooperation to military authority. I will refuse to wear the uniform of a soldier ever again. I am doing this out of my deeply felt convictions concerning the use of war as a political instrument, and because the Army has given me no other alternative."

On Saturday, July 13, John sat in the orderly room reading *Win Magazine* while the brass conferred. At noon, the guards came for him. At that time, his only comment was, "It was easier than I thought it would be. I feel pretty good." John Wilson faces up to five years at Fort Leavenworth.

PRIVATE LEONARD ROSELLI was drafted in May, 1967. After basic training, Roselli went to G-2 (Military Intelligence) and told them he was a member of the DuBois Club, then under investigation by the Subversive Activities Control Board. He also informed them that if he were ordered to Vietnam, he wouldn't go.

G-2 responded by initiating "flagging action." When a GI is flagged, he can take no further training, he cannot be promoted, he cannot study at a service-connected college. Roselli stayed that way for ten months. When he asked about a discharge on the grounds of conscientious objection, he was told he would have to believe in God (he didn't).

In June, Roselli had to pull guard duty. Roselli said, "I figured if they're going to deny me every privilege and right a soldier usually has, why should I guard them?" He told the Sergeant of the Guard he would not draw a weapon for guard duty. The sergeant went to tell Roselli's CO. The CO called him in, chewed him out and sent him to the barracks. Later, he was called down again and told that he was being charged with "willfully disobeying the lawful order of a superior officer." It didn't bother anyone that the officer had never given him an order.

Under military law, Roselli had the right to military legal counsel at the Army's expense. They gave it to him—they took a second lieutenant out of another basic training unit and made him Roselli's military counsel. The second looney was not a lawyer by any stretch of the imagination. The special court-martial was set for June 26. As of June 25 he had seen his military counsel once.

On June 25, Roselli got in touch with the Atlanta Workshop in Non-violence and SLAP (Southern Legal Assistance Project). Attorney Peter Rindskopf agreed to defend him and the court-martial was postponed until Roselli could see Rindskopf.

At the court-martial, held on July 9, Captain Kerner testified that he had ordered Roselli to pull guard duty. The charges stated that Captain Kerner had ordered Roselli to draw a weapon. The captain wasn't bright enough to remember what lie he was supposed to tell. Roselli was acquitted. There is no use wondering what he would have gotten with the second looney defending him, or if the captain had had the intelligence to stick to one lie—as any ten-year-old can do. Ask any soldier—if officers had brains, they'd be dangerous. —denis j. adelsberger

JUSTICE WASHINGTON (AP)—Justice Abe Fortas publicly acknowledged Tuesday that while serving on the Supreme Court he assisted President Johnson in White House conferences on Vietnam and civil disorders in the United States. The government reported that But he also told the Senate Judiciary Committee his role was simply that of summarizing for the President what others had said.

TWICE SAIGON (AP)—Retelling a U.S. Air Force general's claim that enemy airmen at several activities, civilians were reported to have been killed by terrorists last week in the area the government reported today in northwest of

ters by the Justice Department has hit hardest those men who received light punishment for first violations. The burden also falls on men who were imprisoned at an early age. A man imprisoned at 20 would have a good chance of getting out and still being within the prime draft age.

Length of the Vietnam war has also been a determining factor in this type of case, say Justice Department officials, because it has swollen draft quotas. One official said: "The possibility does exist that there could be repetitive convictions only because the conflict continues for so many years."

The Vietnam war is now the longest war in American history.

The long, brutal war is also responsible for the near-record number of men behind bars for refusing military service. Government statistics show 756 men imprisoned for draft law violations. There haven't been more since 1947 when the figures reflected ballooned World War Two draft calls. Nearly four times as many men were in prison last year for refusing military service as in 1964.

The sentence length is also nudging the World War Two record average of 33.4 months. In 1967 the average sentence had jumped to 32.1 months from 25.4 months the previous year. Maximum sentence under the law is 5 years and a \$10,000 fine. Sentences increase in times of war and stress.

Men convicted of Selective Service law violations are scattered throughout the federal prison system. A majority of them are apparently being kept in minimum security prisons. Determination of where a prisoner serves his time is made by a complex rating system used by the Government which takes into consideration, among other things, age, education, offense and the area of the country the individual is from.

The Bureau of Prisons denied reports that there are special plans for liberal treatment for the near-record number of draft law violators. A Bureau spokesman said that their best estimates did not indicate there would be a dramatic jump in draft law violators thus over-burdening present facilities which would necessitate any special procedures.

In a related development, the Pentagon announced that they have rejected a plan to draft prisoners—other than than draft law violators—into the Armed Forces. Such a plan was in effect during World War Two. Approximately 2,000 prisoners were inducted into the Army during a three-year period beginning in 1942.

Army Post Found Inside No. Vietnam

NEW YORK, July 9 (LNS)—The United States Army now has a post in North Vietnam. According to information gathered by radio station WBAI in New York, U.S. forces are now manning an observation post north of the DMZ. It is presumably used to guide U.S. planes and provide information on North Vietnamese troop movement.

WBAI was first told of the report by a listener, who sent a page 2 clipping from the July 3, *Philadelphia Inquirer*. The nine-paragraph obituary mentioned the North Vietnam aspect only in the opening sentence: "A Ridley Township soldier who spent a month living in an underground bunker NORTH of the Demilitarized Zone has died of pneumonia, the Defense Department reported Tuesday."

WBAI's Larry Sutter spoke to the soldier's mother and filed this report:

A 20-year-old Philadelphia draftee was stationed in North Vietnam, six miles north of the Demilitarized Zone for 30 days. He was Army Pfc. William E. McGuigon of suburban Woodlyn, Pa., who died of pneumonia at the Dong Ha Hospital, June 25.

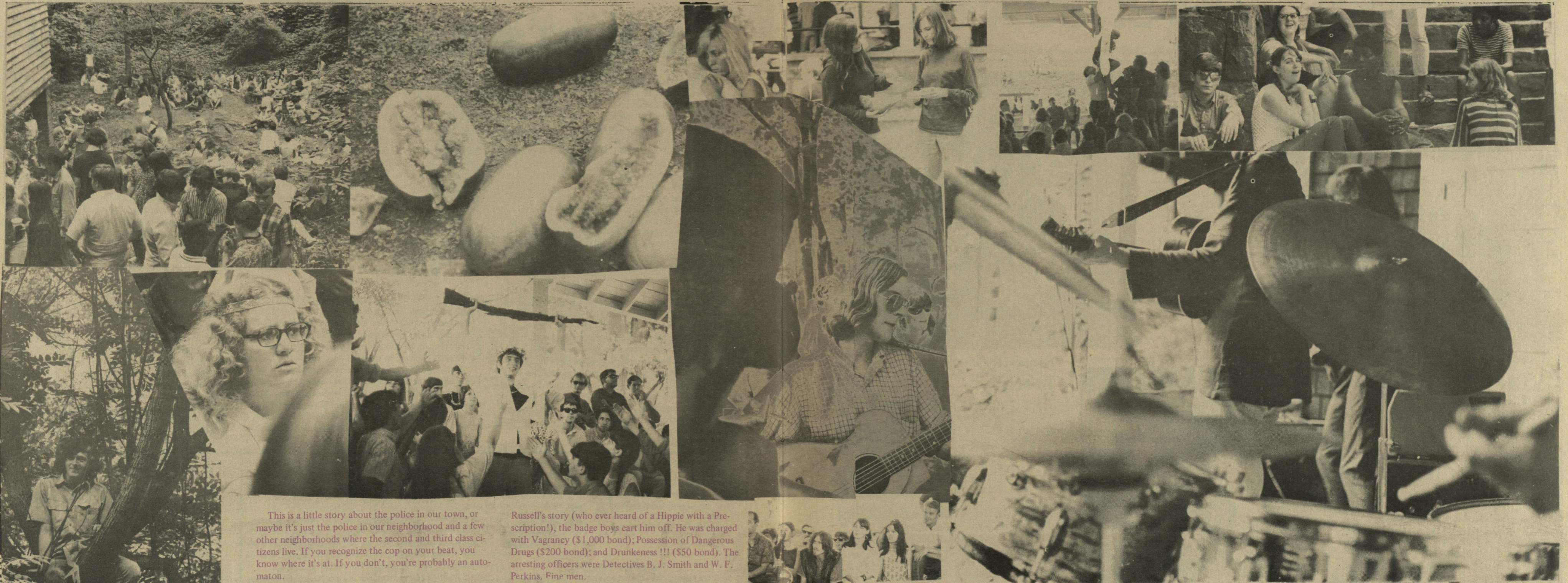
Mrs. McGuigon confirmed that she had "in black and white" her son's reports, by letter, of his living conditions and his station of assignment. She said he wrote that he was being sent across the Demilitarized Zone, six miles into North Vietnam. Letters also indicated that the men were rotated at this outpost every 30 days and that his 30 days were up a day before he died.

The soldier wrote that living in his underground bunker was like living in a damp cellar. The men had only one hot meal a day. The other two meals were C-rations. The temperature was often 115 degrees. Water was in such short supply that the men were limited to one canteen every two days. To supplement this supply, the men used water from the local rice paddies, decontaminated with a purification tablet. McGuigon wrote about this water, "A lot of the men are sick, and we believe the gooks (sic) contaminated it."

The outpost was under constant bombardment. McGuigon wrote, "We've been hit every 10 minutes since we got here," and said his unit was the first spot the Russian-built helicopters reported in action a few weeks ago.

McGuigon's mother indicated that from her son's letters it seemed the North Vietnamese assignment was not out of the ordinary.

the great speckled bird—7



This is a little story about the police in our town, or maybe it's just the police in our neighborhood and a few other neighborhoods where the second and third class citizens live. If you recognize the cop on your beat, you know where it's at. If you don't, you're probably an automaton.

Russell's story (who ever heard of a Hippie with a Prescription!), the badge boys cart him off. He was charged with Vagrancy (\$1,000 bond); Possession of Dangerous Drugs (\$200 bond); and Drunkenness !!! (\$50 bond). The arresting officers were Detectives B. J. Smith and W. F. Perkins. Fine men.

BE-IN hippies VS cops

Consider one Dave Farrell, traveling with a companion from Alabama through the state. Stopped in Atlanta to pick up some change. Having heard of the magnanimous Bird, Farrell dropped in and picked up some papers to sell on the corner. That's the rub.

Farrell apparently stepped into the street to sell a paper to a man who had stopped. The car left, Farrell went back to the sidewalk. Along come motorcycle officers R. S. King and D. R. Arnold. "What are you doing, boy?" "Selling papers to get some money." "Where are you staying?" "Same place I stayed last night." "What do you think we can get him for?" Vagrancy.

So Mr. Farrell went to jail, on \$1,000 bond, for vagrancy. At this writing he is still in jail, with trial set for Monday, July 16. His lawyer, Richard Roedel, is considering suit for False Arrest, False Imprisonment and Violation of Constitutional Rights. You figure the odds in Atlanta courts.

Or consider the case of 19-year old Russell Hughes, caught Violating the Law by laying down on the front porch of the 14th Gate at 14th and Peachtree. Dangerous criminal, Mr. Hughes. Took up the better part of two hours for four Atlanta city patrolmen and detectives, to say nothing of jail and court costs.

Now Mr. Hughes is an epileptic; on Sunday night, July 14, he had an epileptic seizure and was taken to Grady Hospital by his employer Dean Brooking, manager of the 14th Gate. He was treated by Dr. George Abernathy and a Dr. Smith, who prescribed Phenol Barbitol and Delantin for the seizure and released him.

Next morning Mr. Hughes, still drugged from the Phenol Barbitol, sat, then lay down on the porch of the 14th Gate to await his employer. Along come Atlanta's Finest, as they say, who hassle him to his feet. They search him and, lo and behold, find a bottle, prescription intact, of phenol barbitol and Delantin pills. Not bothering to check

Hughes, however, is a known troublemaker. Why just about a week before the above incident, he was walking through Piedmont Park with some friends and was suddenly accosted by a couple brawny joe college types in a bright red Corvair: "My buddy says to go fuck yourself!" "Tell your buddy to do the same." The two jumped out of the car. One began swinging at Hughes while the other attacked his friends with a belt. Hughes was struck in the face and cut around the mouth and eyes; his glasses were knocked off and intentionally crushed under the heel of Our Hero.

So Mr. Hughes and his friends decided to report the incident to the police. Seeing a patrol car at the park recreation building, they walked over. The patrolmen were playing checkers and didn't want to be bothered. One said, "Well, some people are just like that. Maybe they thought you were gay. We can't do anything . . ."

But then Piedmont Park is not a place for "hippies . . ." On July 6, at about 11:45 p.m., a group of about 10 hip-looking people of age 15-21 were walking through the park. Along comes Paddy Wagon No. 591, telling the people to get out of the park. "There has been a law for four months that hippies aren't allowed in the park." "Why not?" "Because you're not decent people. You don't have enough moral standards to walk in a public place." The officer refused to give his name or badge number when it was requested. "What do you want to know for?" "It's part of my legal rights." "Yeah? Well, what would it be if you tried to beat my ass and I had to stop you?" "That would be illegal too." The people left the park, the cop had a story to tell his wife. But probably not his lieutenant.

This is the day-to-day situation in the 14th street area it is probably worse in other, less visible, sections of town. But it's all right. We're learning, we're learning . . .

-tom coffin

THE NON-BEING BEING-IN, wherein follows a lengthy description of the actions and non-actions in the environs of Piedmont Park, Atlanta, Georgia, during (and after) the First Atlanta-style Be-In this side of the Chattahoochee.

Background: Handlebar mustachioed Don Brown placed himself in charge of Securing the Pavilion. He wrote to Parks Committee Chairman Jack Delius, who informed him that the pavilion could be used only by families. Don, of the Family of Man, reserved the pavilion for a family picnic July 13. Permit and all.

Eight hundred or so, by media count, of Atlanta's (and, we hear, the South's) more hirsute denizens thus crowded into the pavilion in Piedmont Park at the allotted time, 12 noon on the 13th. "Gadzooks!" whispered an incredulous park employee - and cut off the electricity. Screams and shouts. "How come you do this thing?" asks Steve Cole, entrepreneur. "Cause when we found out what kinda people y'all were, we didn't want y'all here anyway."

Not to be daunted, the band fired up their porta-power gas-driven generator. "Fantastic foresight!" we giggle. "But," says handy-dandy Johnny Law, driving up in his black Hippie Carry-all, "I say with dismay that if you play I shall lay the Long Arm on you."

As clouds of undirected gloom and anger gather, gallant knight Al Horne, ACLU worthy, wheels his iron steed to the curb. "Cease and Desist, I Insist!" he cries, fearlessly confronting les gendarmes with but a small, sometimes lethal, weapon: the city ordinances.

Cap'n Little rose to the challenge. Swagger, grin and sneer. "Who you?" he asks.

Horne, looking mean, says: "I'm an attorney. What's he law here?" Or he might have said, "I'm an attorney. What's the law, hear?"

Little is clever. He is sly. "You're an attorney. You tell me what the law is."

The two men face each other. Tension mounts, pulses in nearly visible electric ribbons. The crowd draws back. Out of the line of fire.

Suddenly Horne, with steel courage and God on his side, stroked his law book: "O.K. Crank it up."

Little gasped, shuttered, turned . . . and walked away.

Atlanta TAITAS, a guerrilla theatre group, took the pavilion, blasphemously mocking God, Motha and Custard Pie. Motha got angry: Les Fuzz return.

Little beams, pointing to Sections 22-1 and 22-40 of the Atlanta Code, the import of which is above our heads, but devastating. Horne concedes the point like a lawyer and a man: "We could win in court, but bond is expensive."

With these words the Piedmont Park Be-In attains its apotheosis: Non-Being. Muddled and milling. People go home, or wherever.

Meanwhile, back at the Birdhouse, importuning staff members are screaming: "Now. NOW! is the time to organize, to become leaders, to give form and direction. Hippies arise! You have nothing to lose, but nothing!"

Bowing under Popular Pressure (and bonner's open mouth invitation to all and sundry), the Bird Backyard becomes a happening, the Bird Backporch a Pavilion. Until, that is, 9 p.m. or so when you fuzzi appear in cattle trucks and coffin calls a halt, saying "play it by ear, gentlemen. it's a beautiful night."

But it was good, The Bag was very good, the next one will be better. . . If hippies become boy scouts and take the pledge, Be Prepared.

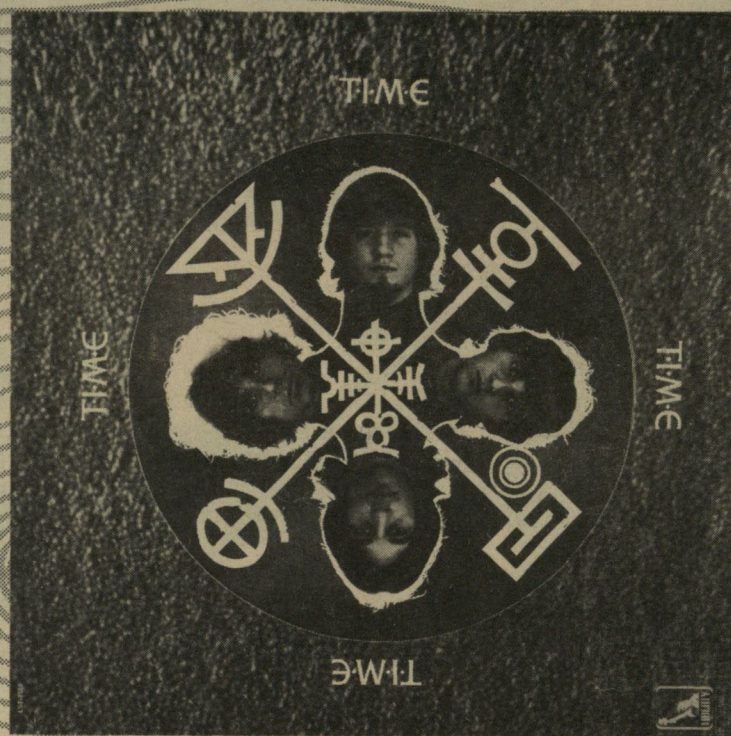
-coffin & romaine
(on harp & organ)

photos by scott & schuler collage by scott





Big On West Coast
CANNED HEAT
 LST 7526
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Fantastic New Group
T-I-M-E
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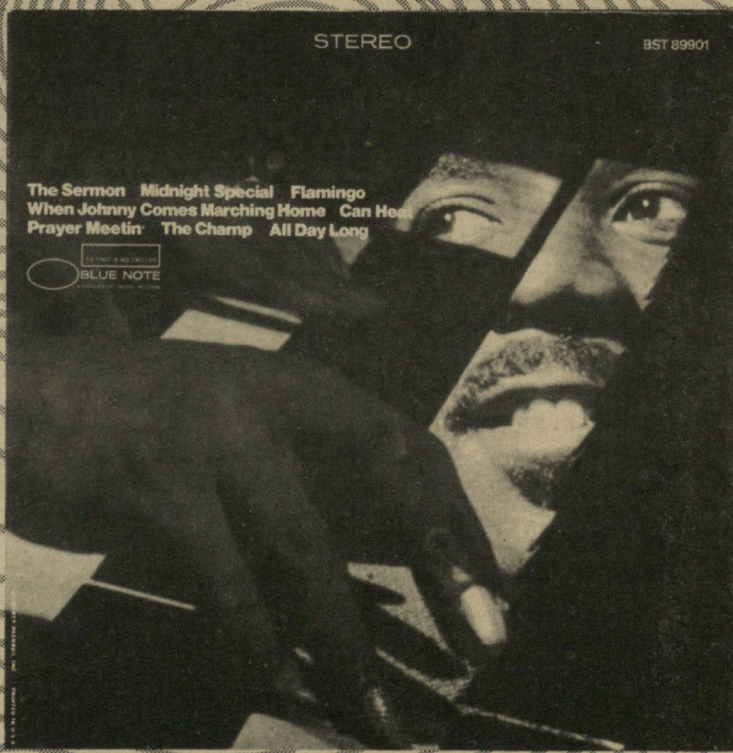
Contains
 On The
 Road Again

LST 7541
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BOOGIE WITH CANNED HEAT



Great New Flick-**REVOLUTION** -UAS



SMITH-BST 89901 - Blue Note

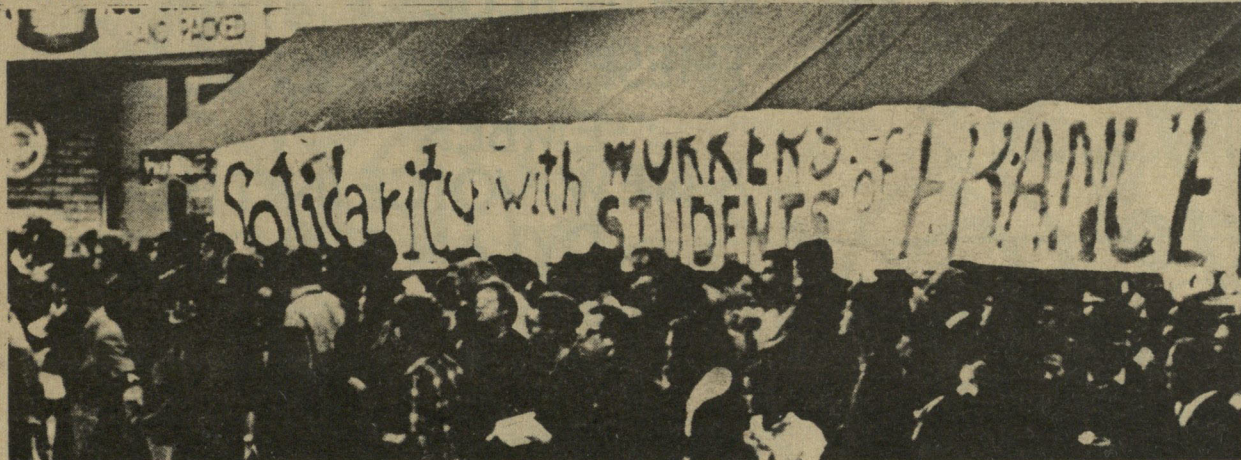
AVAILABLE AT MELODY MUSIC STORES: 142 PEACHTREE ST. N.W. ATLANTA;
 NORTHDEKALB SHOPPING CENTER, DECATUR; COLUMBIA MALL SHOPPING
 CENTER DECATUR. ALSO AT ALL LOCAL K-MART STORES.

the west is left

A spectre is haunting the world—the spectre of Student Power. The de facto existence of a Youth International is vividly displayed by the barricades which sprung up in Germany after the shooting of Rudi Dutschke, the barricades in the Sorbonne, and now—the barricades of Berkeley.

An unprovoked police attack on an otherwise peaceful demonstration led to three nights of rioting in a mile-square area around the University of California's Berkeley campus. The city declared a state of emergency and ordered a dusk-to-dawn curfew after the second night, but the rebellion continued. Hundreds of students openly defied the illegal show of force by police and, when the cops refused to withdraw, defended themselves with rocks, Molotov cocktails and flaming barricades. In the end, the city fathers backed down in the face of student determination to defend their rights "...by any means necessary."

The triggering incident occurred on June 28th, during a demonstration organized by the Young Socialist Alliance, a Trotskyist youth group, which was to express solidarity with the French workers and students against DeGaulle's attempt to smash their movement. The YSA had applied for, but had been denied a permit to block off a segment of Telegraph Avenue for the demonstration. Parade monitors attempted to keep the demonstration on the sidewalks, but as the crowd grew to an estimated 3,000 people began to spill over into the streets. Some intentionally sat down in the street.



The police opened up with tear gas for the first time ever in Berkeley, and the battle was on. Barricades went up, made from materials liberated from nearby construction sites. Cops sped down the streets launching tear gas grenades from their moving cars at small clusters of youths. About 500 students fought in small groups for hours, hurling homemade firebombs, bricks and rocks. Although the *Atlanta Journal* (June 29) blandly stated that "There were no reports of police having to resort to using their nightsticks", cops were whipping any head they could grab.

The next day, June 29, about 500 people met at the entrance of the university to plan a protest against the preceding evening's attack. YSA leader, Peter Camejo, pointed out that in every city in California streets have been closed for rallies held by the Republican and Democratic parties. Ted Kennedy had spoken in Berkeley, clogged up two major streets at rush hour and even stopped a train. Kennedy had no permit at all and he had been neither arrested nor tear-gassed. Obviously, then, the police attack on the French Solidarity rally represented an attempt to squelch the views which were being expressed. And in the U.S.A., as the story goes, we are supposed to have Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Assembly.

At about 11:30 p.m., without advance warning, the police charged down streets and hurled tear gas bombs. Before the police charge there was no rock-throwing, looting, or burning. After the demonstrators were driven from the rally site by tear gas, though, apartment buildings under construction were set ablaze, and scores of businesses, including the symbolic Bank of America, had their windows knocked out. Police vengeance was indiscriminate—curious onlookers, little kids, people walking down the street, people standing outside their homes—anyone within reach was vulnerable. The effect of this indiscriminate brutality was to unite the community behind the demonstrators.

The following day, June 30th, the city declared a state of emergency and a 7 p.m.-to-6 a.m. curfew was placed on the area around the campus. The local press had tried to whip up community sentiment against the students by red-baiting headlines (printed in red ink): TROTSKYITES ASK FOR TROUBLE!

Meanwhile, back near the campus, 800 demonstrators were holding a mass meeting to decide on tactics for continuing the struggle. Some of the demonstration leaders had met for two hours that afternoon with the mayor, the vice-mayor, and the city manager, but the meeting ended in a deadlock.

Fifteen hundred people showed up the next day for the City Council meeting, which lasted eight hours (including six hours of impromptu police brutality complaints from all segments of the population). The City Council lifted the curfew, but voted five to four against issuing a permit for a Fourth of July demonstration.

That evening, in the same building used by the City Council, 2,000 students and their supporters met and decided to demonstrate on July 4 in defiance of the city government. The next morning the City Council reversed its decision and granted a permit to block Telegraph Avenue for the demonstration.

--cliff conner

Peter Camejo of the Berkeley YSA will be speaking in Atlanta on July 24 & 25 at the Workshop in Non-violence's office (1036 Peachtree, Room 104). Call 873-1368 for information.

the power of **TIME**

By Harvey Wasserman (LNS)

You don't have to be (or even read) Marshall McLuhan to realize that without an iron grip on the media—and most importantly on television—the rulers of this country could hold power approximately one month. The average person here is not so happy that given an easy and acceptable access to honest explanations of what goes on here he would not take action as we have.

Indeed, given the incredibly well-controlled and sophisticated manipulation of the "free" press in this country, it is a wonder anybody gets liberated at all.

The press, like the rest of the corporate-liberal system, does not make its manipulations blatant. Obfuscation and half-truth are much more important and in the long run more effective than the Big Lie, though there is no hesitation to employ the latter should all else fail.

The actual financial-editorial control is also indirect—the government only regulates television and radio licensing, limiting access to the corporate rich. While we are free to publish our undergrounds (within limits), we are certainly not "free" to establish a publication with the circulation and power of a *Time* or *Newspeak*.

Again, the issue is not so clearcut; the national magazines can exist because they have wide popular appeal, but this is as much a part of their snowballing power to shape that appeal as it is real consumer demand. And it is not the subscribers who support the mammoth media trusts, it is advertisers. Why else would monopolist airlines and communications systems and raw material suppliers buy ads? Leaf through a magazine and see whose ads are there and you will know who is paying to have what said.

KEEPING THE GAP UNBRIDGED

Talk as you will about faction-fighting, tactics, alienation, the ultimate reason the left is isolated from

the rest of the country is that there is simply no physical means to hold a dialogue on our own terms. When we are on the air it is Huntley talking about us, Johnny Carson asking us his questions, Eric Sevareid patiently explaining that Stokely is a black Hitler, or the *New York Times* documenting vicious student attacks against the NYCPD.

Even the music, which perhaps has proved to be our most effective weapon, is quite rightly controlled. There is WBAI, an FM in New York, and Pacifica on the coast, and in between, what? From WABC to WKNR to WCFL to WOMB, the stations are syndicate-controlled, very carefully keeping the subversive stuff off, very carefully walking the payola line with manufactured "hits" that almost make sense but never quite reach libido, real life or beyond the rhetoric of love.

It was thus that Sgt. Pepper, the most important piece of music since Elvis Presley, a work that sold 4,000,000 *albums* to the youth market, never hit the top forty. Or the Mothers, or Country Joe, or The Doors, beyond carefully selected pieces, or the Fugs, etc. (Interestingly, the silence has been cracked by *Life* magazine, a recent issue of which carried an excellent article by Frank Zappa on music and the fifties. I attribute the printing of this article to the same strain as Johnson's pushing the 18-year-old vote—we are too big to ignore now so better jump in and reserve a spot at the head. In the case of Zappa's article, however, I think they made a mistake—it's downright subversive.)

Thus our struggle just to communicate with the rest of our countrymen is met by a well-engineered and total (if not always obvious) quarantine. At this moment a full-scale rebellion raging in Berkeley has yet to be reported on the front page of the *New York Times*; a confrontation between straight youth and police in Boston can be found nowhere in print outside Beantown; the on-going struggle of the Black Panthers receives mention only when an Oakland cop stubs his toe.

This should surprise none of us. The students at Columbia who expressed dismay at the *Times*' coverage of the rebellion and blamed it on the publisher's position as a Columbia trustee were alarmingly naive—the *Times* is never honest, has never printed the real news from Latin America, Vietnam or anywhere else for that matter, and Sulzberger's position in no way affected *Times*' coverage. The function of the *Times* is to serve those who pay for it by (mis-)leading those who read it, no more or less at Columbia than Berkeley, Harlem, or the Bay of Pigs. (Businessmen who want to know what is really going on, by the way, read trade magazines and the *Wall Street Journal*.)

ALL MEDIA TO THE PEOPLE!

It is clear that our demonstrations, our head-bustings, our resistance, will all come to naught unless we can impress on more people the legitimacy and worth of our alternatives. People in this society are searching for answers and the media is geared specifically to insure that they do not find them.

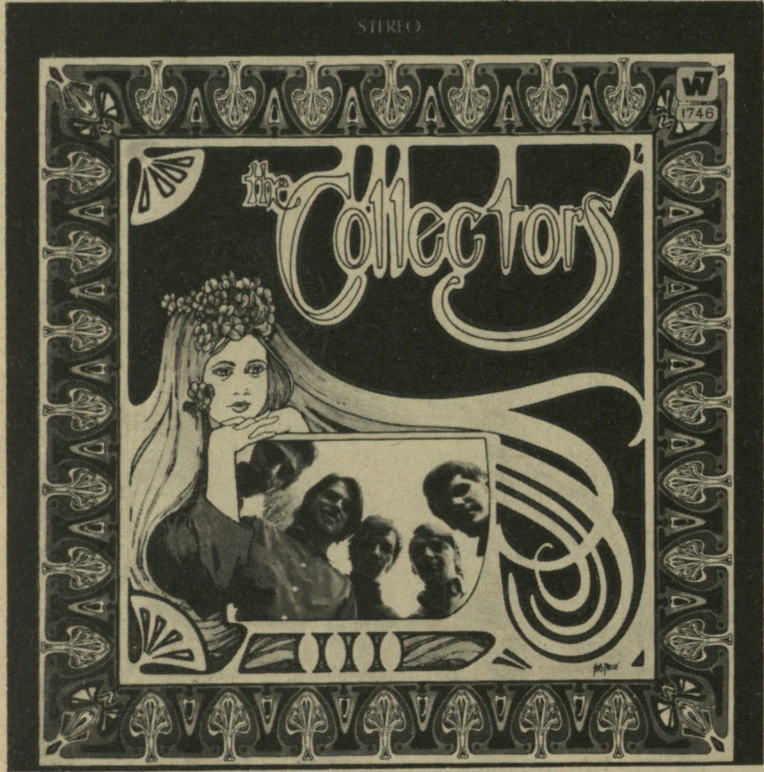
This illegitimate force must be exposed. The means of mass communication belong to the masses.

Perhaps the most important event of the year occurred last week in New York, when forty free people walked into a live television show and began talking like real people about real things. The total flip-out of the straight press indicates the gravity of the event. It could serve as a prototype.

Similarly, high schools and junior high schools should be extensively leafleted on the true nature of perhaps the most powerful force over their lives—the local radio station. How do songs get to be "hits"? Who owns it? Which out-of-town stations are affiliated with it and why are songs so conveniently popular in so many towns at once? Where do survey charts come from and who puts the music in the local juke boxes? Why is it the hourly news never carries the real stuff about Vietnam, and why is it so impossible to start a station owned by the kids themselves?

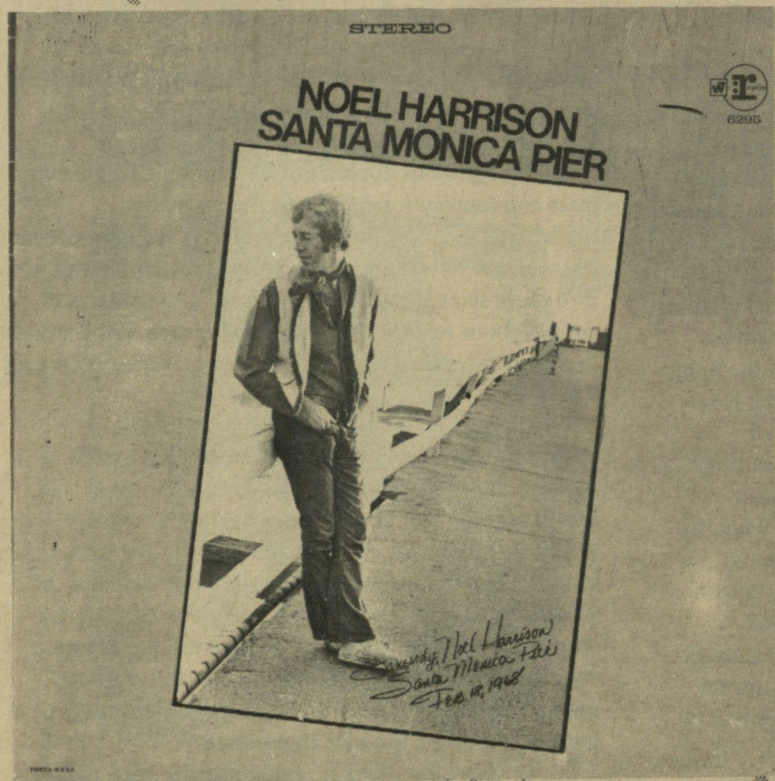
In Germany, the key initial attacks were against ex-Nazi Axel Springer, owner of the *Time-Life* of Germany. Where do we start here? The *Times*? Yes. CBS-NBC? Yes. *Time*? Yes. Not the "extremist" press. Not the press that admits its bias. But the smooth "objective" indirectly-but-firmly controlled fourth branch of government which shaped our early lives and continues to lead this country to hell.

We demand public (not government) ownership of
continued on page 14
the great speckled bird—11



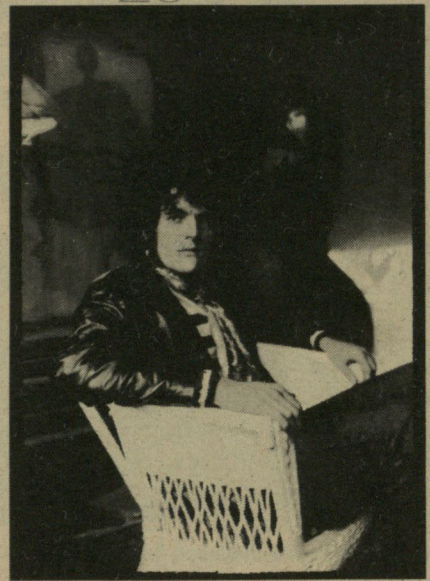
THE COLLECTORS
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CANADA
W 1746

NOEL HARRISON
SANTA MONICA PIER
BALLADS IN THE SPIRIT
OF SUSANNE
WR 6295



MONAURAL
DAVID BLUE

These 23 Days in September



DAVID BLUE
THESE 23 DAYS IN SEPT-
EMBER
A NEW VOICE IN THE
DYLAN TRADITION
WR 6296

JONI MITCHELL
A VOICE OF FIRE AND
SILVER
WR 6293



The foible of THE LITTLE old lady IN TENNIS SHOES

Wunst on a hot and busy Street Corner there stood an Individual whose Hair hung to his Shoulders and whose Face was Hairier than Somewhat. His Boots came up over his Calves and his Shirt was Pink and Ruffled, and in his Left Ear hung a Stone which at Least gave the Appearance of Great Price.

In a Word, he was the Spit and Image of Sir Francis Drake, the noted Freebooter and Navel Hero, Whom from our Earliest Childhood we All have been taught to Respect and Admire as the very Personification of Anglo-Saxon Savagery.

As a Consequence, of Course, he was Despised and Rejected of men, to Say nothing of Women and Small Boys.

If you Present this Appearance and Stand Harmlessly on the Street annoying Nobody, propping Up a building or Bracing a Telegraph pole, the Gendarmerie will Promptly cart you off to the Local Bastille for Littering the pavement.

If, on the Other hand, you Possess yourself or a Newspaper or two and Annoy the passers-By with Importuning them to Purchase, you are at least making Some Concession to the Glorious Ideals of Free Enterprise, and are at least theoretically Immune from Promiscuous Harrassment on the Part of the Fuzz. (Did I hear someone Say, "Up a Rope"?)

In Any Case, the stud in Question had, in One fairly Soggy Armpit, a wad of Newspapers whose Publishers were not affiliated with the Associated Press, and Whose offices were Located in a Dank Underground Cavern occupied by Hordes of Hungry mice.

Down the Street came an Ancient Harridan in Tennis Shoes. This antedeluvian Relic entertained no Ideas post-dating the Protestant Reformation, and used to Taunt her Papish neighbors with their Cruelty in Putting Martin Luther on a Diet of Worms, until those Two names came into Disrepute through having Been Misappropriated by a Crazy Nigger, whereupon she Transferred her Loyalties to John Calvin.

Inexplicable whimsies, However, will Occur in the most Hardened Individuals; wherefore, moved by Sudden Impulse (which might have been the Prompting of the Hoiy Ghost, but which she later Decided was the Pricking --excuse me--Prodding--sorry, too Graphic--Urgings of Satan), she produced Fifteen Indian Head Pennies and bought a Newspaper from the Hairy Vendor.

Still operating out of the Same High, she Sat down on a Nearby Shoeshine boy and began to Read the Paper. It became apparent to her that the Paper was produced by Good Christian Folks; in Fact, it read more like the New Testament than did the *Baptist Sunday School Tagenblaad* or the *Fundamentalist Weekly Meditation*.

The Little Old Lady found herself nodding Happily in Agreement when the Paper came out Foursquare for Love, Honesty and Virtue triumphant; after a little Heavy thinking, she Went Along with the idea that Killing folks by Burn-

ing them Alive in napalm might not be Just Exactly what Jesus Christ had in mind; and Without even Gulping, she Swallowed Whole the Notion that God loves all his Children, even Poor Folks and Niggers and gooks and Comminists and even dirty Fellas with Beards and Earrings.

They were all Old Stuff to Her.

The Only thing that was New was the Idea that anybody Could take that Kinda Stuff seriously.

On and on read the Antique, softly Humming the Alto part from "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy," when all to a Sudden whop up she ran agin a Fourletter word descriptive of one of the More Interesting bodily Functions.

And wowo her ears turned red orange blue green and her cheeks indigo violet magenta and other portions of anatomy that had been long neglected grew trees flowers ferns mushrooms aspidestras and rubber plants until the Little Old Lady looked like the Business End of 2001--*A Space Odyssey*.

When she felt better or At Least more Normal or at least What She was accustomed to Call Normal, off she went, lippity-lippity-lip, in her Tennis Shoes, to the Subterranean newspaper and Beat Imperiously on the Door with her Solid Ivory umbrella Handle, until the Editor, a Young man with a Purple Eyeshade and green Teeth, appeared at the Door.

Your newspaper is Filthy, Shrieked the Little old Lady. I have never Been so Embarrassed in my Life.

Lady, the Editor mumbled softly, I am Sorry for you. You have Led a most Uneventful and Uninteresting life.

I have Never heard those Words Spoken before, Bellowed the L.O.L. Nor have I Seen them in Print. And she became Momentarily incoherent and called for Strenght upon her Household Gods.

In Which case, the Editor softly said, they can have no Possible Bad--or Good--associations for you. Why the ruction?

There is, said the L.O.L., a time and Place for Everything. Shit is for the bathroom and fuck is for the bedroom.

Lady, said the Editor as he closed the door, Do I tell you you where to Read your Newspaper?

Moral: When I makes tea, I makes tea; and when I makes makes water, I makes water.

—og, king of bashar

MOLASSES
AND QUININE
GOLD IS WHERE YOU
find it - part one

Before I tell you of several lost gold mines, holding back only the real names and locations of people and mines because of innocent relatives and human greed, I need to tell you a little about gold.

Gold comes in flakes, dust, nuggets and--very rarely--wires. Traces of tungsten, silver and other minerals identify ores almost as precisely as lines in fingerprints, and experts can often tell where mine ore samples came from by comparing them with known ore specimens. "Fool's gold" is crystalline in structure and will shatter under a knife point; gold will cut cleanly and has no visible reaction to nitric acid. Now, before you take that much knowledge and go out prospecting, let me tell you some mining stories never in print before.

The Comanche Number 4 gold mine was in some thinly-settled mountains, part of an old Spanish land grant which had been bought by a European-owned company. They sent over a new manager in the late nineteen-thirties, and he decided to put on a show of efficiency

by making this mine yield more profit. It produced more gold than any other mine in the area, and was the only place where wire gold had been found in the state. The new manager claimed that some of the men had been "high-grading" (pocketing and stealing chunks of high-grade ore) and to make up for this alleged loss, he reduced the pay of all miners from eight dollars a day down to seven.

The punishment backfired and the vengeance of the miners was devastating. They worked one more month, drew their pay and quit. Examination of the mine revealed that they had honeycombed the mountain with new tunnels going in all sorts of false directions and so effectively covered up the ore vein that it was never found again.

(The reader may insert here a McGill-type moral or not, as he or she chooses.)

With the miners gone and the vein lost, the mine closed and the camp cook lost his job. He was a Central European bachelor immigrant with no known relatives. His name had been Anglicized to "Joe Berry". He seemed in no hurry to find a new job and spent much time drinking in the nearest town's saloons and playing poker and roulette. In sober spells, he sometimes played Santa Claus in July for the well-behaved children of the town--candy costs little and kids like it. Then he'd disappear into the mountains and be gone for days at a time.

One Saturday night, a lively crowd had gathered in the saloon run by a broken-down rodeo rider. Joe ran out of cash there, but wasn't ready to leave the clink of glasses, the whir and clatter of the roulette wheel, the hums and clicks of slot machines, the fluttering rustle of shuffled cards, the rattle of poker chips, the talk, songs, and dancing. Miners, sawmill hands, cattle ranchers, short-season farmers and tourists rubbed elbows under the lamps fashioned from old wagon wheels, passed under the ox-bow over the door to get some air or just drank and gazed at the myriad of old guns, gold pans, and other frontier relics decorating the room.

"What'll you give me for this?" Joe asked the old rodeo rider behind the bar, as he pulled a chunk of rock from his overalls pocket.

The barman picked at some yellow spots with a pocket knife, studied them under a magnifying glass, then dabbed them with nitric acid from a tiny Mercurochrome bottle. He hesitated a moment as if calculating percentages, then weighed the fist-sized piece of ore on a set of old gold scales which he'd happened to buy for a room ornament.

"Fifty dollars, take it or leave it," he replied. Joe took it although the rock contained over twice that value in gold.

Acquaintances immediately started buying Joe drinks, and asking questions. "That's not from the Comanche, is it?" "No, look at it, it's not wire." "So, you found one piece. Is there any more where it came from?" "Plenty." "Is it hard to get out?" "No, I just knock it off with a hammer." At this point, Joe started sobering up and realized that he was talking too much. He bought a bottle, refused to answer any more questions and went home. The news that he'd found gold was all over the bar in five minutes, all over town in an hour, and beat him to people at the county seat two days later.

On Monday, Joe went to the offices of the foreign firm which owned that Spanish land grant and asked about leasing some of their land for prospecting and mining purposes. They had heard of his strike and wanted to know the exact location of the land he wanted to lease. "It's about ten or fifteen miles up in the mountains above *****, and you know what all that land's worth. I'll put an exact location in when we get the papers signed." The company refused to do business that way, Joe went home disappointed.

Rumors shook the grapevine, it was said that the company would pay a hundred dollars to any person who would follow Joe to his mine. Word of this reached Joe and he merely stayed around town a few weeks, at times asking the local freight agent if a package had come for him.

The package finally arrived. Joe had sent his old .30-.30 Winchester rifle back to the factory and it was returned with a new long heavy barrel on it. He riddled a few soup and milk cans on the mud flats south of town, checking its sighting and the next day he was nowhere to be found in town. One man who fancied himself to be a good tracker, did try to follow Joe up into the hills but came back faster than he went and refused to talk about this. A week later, Joe sold another rock to the bartender and began his final binge.

—ernie marrs

(To Be Continued In The Next Issue.)

the great speckled bird—13

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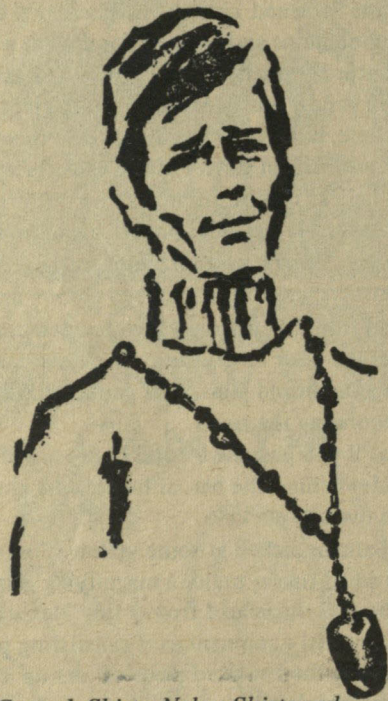
TIME... — con't from page 11
 the media with equal and free access to all. We demand an end to the system which allows government officials to express their views on the air every day while ours are restricted to private conversation. We demand an end to the "freedom" of the press which allows a Rockefeller ten advertisements for every private "letter-to-the-editor" published at the corporation's discretion.

The media as now constituted is a perverse organ of social corporate control.

A free press means free and equal access to all media for all the people.

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 yeah yeah yeah yeaaaaaaah!

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A very important film, *The War Game*, is currently (thru the 27th) being shown at Festival Cinema. Peter Watkins made the film, which depicts very graphically a hypothetical nuclear attack on Great Britain, as a documentary for BBC television. It proved too powerful for home consumption and was never aired on the tube.

Playing with *The War Game* is Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*, a thoroughly enjoyable flick starring Peter Sellers and Orson Welles.

...One thing you can say about the Establishment-oriented "Paul Hemphill" column, it reads exactly as you expect it to read...

The *Bird* has all back issues available. \$0.15 per at the office; \$0.20 per thru the mail. **SPECIAL OFFER:** All nine (repeat: nine) back issues for only \$1.00. Simply send name, address, cash, check or money order to: *The Great Speckled Bird*, Back Issues Division, P. O. Box 7946 Station "C", Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

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Drummer, Bass and Sax available for good band. 1 or all 3. 377-4696. Ask for Carl.

GOOD organ player looking for band to play in. Have vox continental organ. Call 237-8107. Ask for Dave.

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1962 Tempest convertible. \$270. Needs brake work. Call Noele Tanner, 688-2475; 872-0543.

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All Seats Reserved: \$4, \$5 and \$6

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& THE SOFT MACHINE



Eliza Paschall **ECONOMICS** Lesson II **OF POVERTY Housing**

1. According to the U.S. Census, there are two major kinds of housing: owner-occupied and renter-occupied. Right?

2. To have an owner-occupied house, or in other words to own the house you live in, you would have to be able to save something out of your income along the way to make that down payment. Right?

3. There is no program which will guarantee 100% a loan for a Poor Person to buy his home Right? (If that's wrong, I'd be the first to want to know.)

4. Owner-occupied does not mean the end of all housing costs. Repairs reflect their rising cost of living like any other costs. Right?

5. If present housing codes, which are adopted to make sure nobody lives in conditions injurious not only to his health and safety but that of the community, are enforced, many of these owner-occupied houses will not pass the standards and will have to be abandoned or repaired. Right?

6. The repairs on some run as high as \$1000 and \$2000 on a house which may not have cost more than \$5000. Actually had it met standards of health and safety when built, it would have cost more than that to build. Right?

7. There is no program which will pay for such needed repairs unless the house is in an "urban renewal area" and then certain conditions have to be met. Right?

8. The 221 h program which is cited as a way of rehabilitating such owner-occupied houses requires that the owner "sell" the house to the delegate agency, which will repair it and sell it back at very low interest. This sounds good, but people are scared that there is no way to make the delegate agency sell the house back to the former owner. After all, if it's fixed up, there might be lots of buyers. Right?

9. Another worry is if you sell your house for \$5000 and somebody, with the help of your government, fixes it up to the cost of \$2000, you have to buy it back for \$7000. Even if it is at low interest, and your house is to be better than it was, that's a monthly payment you didn't have to make before and maybe it's a bargain you can't afford. Right?

10. The 221 h success depends on finding banks which will make the loans at the low rate. The government may guarantee the interest but if a bank is in the business of making money, which all American business, including banks, by definition is in - why should banks participate? Social conscience? Very unlikely action for a bank. Right?

11. A renter-occupied house is owned by someone who looks upon it as business for profit or by a public housing agency, which in many respects also looks upon it as a business. Right?

12. The law of supply and demand would dictate that the fewer houses available for the greater number of renters, the higher the rent can be set and the greater the profit to the owner. Right?

13. Those who are in the business of building houses and renting them for profit would be doing themselves out of profit by building more and having more to rent. Right?

14. It doesn't make much sense to appeal to that group to solve the problem of capital and/or credit. Right?

15. Which may be one reason why for example, the 221 h program administered by Morris Brown College, right next to Vine City, hasn't resulted so far in much change on the Vine City scene. Right?

16. Rent in public housing is the income the management (Housing Authority) counts on to pay expenses (that's what they say). Right?

17. Rent for public housing renters goes up with income. Right?

18. This just about makes it impossible to save any for a down payment for a house, so those who have to move out because their income goes up past the maximum limit are usually renters still. Right?

19. Every family in public housing makes a security deposit of a month's rent. Right?

20. This fund is large enough for the interest on it, which is paid to the Tenants Associations, to enable the Tenants a bank balance of over \$1000 - not all but the major portion is from this interest. Sounds as if the security deposits might be a revolving fund which could be used to help would-be home owners instead of being invested in whatever it is invested in now (which may explain why Housing Authorities and banks are so related). Right?

21. If a rich person can "buy" an apartment in something called a town house or a condominium, seems that a poor person could use his rent payments to buy an apartment in a public condominium, whatever the word means. Right?

22. If rent payments went towards a share in ownership of the place, a tenant moving out could sell his share

back to the Housing Authority and that would give something ahead towards new housing. Right?

23. If the tenants became the major owners of the Low Cost Housing and paid themselves to run the place - a resident manager from among the tenants, etc. - expenses would be cut. Right?

24. The opposition to public housing back in the '30s when the U.S. started in it (half-century behind other countries) made it sound like a major change in our economic system. It was a major change in our social system - i.e., acknowledgement of a public responsibility, but we never have changed the economics to fit the social change. Right?

25. Public housing, in any form and by any name, is still Big Business and business is still running it. Right?

26. There is a lot of public housing which is substandard and which is helping slum lords get even richer - the slums where people who get welfare assistance and can't get into public housing for various reasons ranging from their own personal situations to lack of housing space. Right?

27. The excuse for paying public money, through the welfare check, to these slumlords is that there is nowhere else for these people to live. Right?

28. As long as they receive rent for their slums, in many instances more than for standard places because they will "take anybody", it wouldn't be Good Business for slumlords to spend money and decrease their profits fixing up or building more. Right?

29. Which brings us back to the private profit, free enterprise system which is the system under which the problems have developed and to keep on acting as if more of the same system will solve the problems is not very advanced economics. Right?

Answer to all questions: RIGHT.

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DEADLY SPRAY

The Journal Forum, *Atlanta Journal*, July 6, 1968: "Chemical Warfare: In Control?" The answer is predetermined: This is the Responsible Press, analysing issues of world concern. Objectively. (Nothing to worry about, sir. We're fully covered, and besides) Quoth Irving S. Bengelsdorf, science editor of the *Los Angeles Times*: "For the first time in the history of warfare, one nation has committed itself to massive spraying of another country with chemicals that either destroy food crops or damage trees and shrubs." But, counters Morris Greenspan, an "international lawyer", the U.S. government (and they are Honorable Men) "has stated that the chemicals are harmless to human and animal life and do not make the soil sterile for future growth in Vietnam." Patent Bullshit.

Bengelsdorf's article, "Herbicide Defoliant Sprays Risk Escalation in Vietnam," is not too bad. It contains much relevant information. He says, for example, that "The escalation in chemical warfare is intense. The military purchase of herbicides for South Vietnam amounted to \$12.5 million in 1965-66, \$38.8 million in 1966-67 and \$45.9 million in 1967-68. And the Department of Defense announced that as of July 1 it would buy \$70.8 million in herbicides for use in South Vietnam in 1968-69." Now lets translate these figures.

The U.S. uses C-123 transport planes for its crop-killing missions. These planes carry 1000-gallons of chemicals each. The going-rate for 1000 gallons of the primary herbicide (cacodylic acid) used in Vietnam is \$5000. Thus the \$70.8 million purchase is enough for 14,400 plane-loads of chemical. Each of these plane-loads theoretically will blanket 300 acres. If each mission is successful, the U.S. will cover 4,320,000 acres of cropland in South Vietnam in 1968-69. This is *over half* of the available arable land in South Vietnam. And the U.S. has been doing this at least since 1965.

But Bengelsdorf considers only the "herbicides" being used in Vietnam, and even then does not consider their potential effect upon human beings. Cacodylic acid, declared "harmless to human and animal life" by the U.S. government (Honorable Men) is composed of 54.29 per cent arsenic, which builds up in the soil and causes arsenical poison in man by contaminating food. In addition, direct exposure to cacodylic acid causes pulmonary constriction, digestive malfunction and bleeding from the mouth. It especially affects the very young, the very old and the sick. But herbicides are the mild chemicals being used by



the U.S. in Vietnam. "Riot-control gases" were secretly introduced into Vietnam in 1962, causing world-wide protest when their use was publicized. The U.S. reacted to the protest by stopping - for a while - use of gas, but by 1964 its use had become standard in Vietnam. In early 1966 the Army announced that it was using riot control gases in Vietnam "quite routinely and with great success." However, the gas is used not to "control riots," but to prepare the enemy for the kill. One tactic is to drop hundreds of gas grenades on "suspected enemy positions" prior to massive B-52 bombings, then send in gas mask-equipped troops to mop-up after the bombings. After the first such attack, on February 21, 1966, the *New York Times* quoted Administration officials that the tear gas attack "was designed to flush Viet Cong troops out of bunkers and tunnels before the attack by B-52 bombers."

The gases which the U.S. admits to using in Vietnam are CN, CS and DM. CN is standard tear gas, "harmless" according to the government. On January 14, 1966, the *New York Times* reported that six Australian troops were hospitalized with "carbon monoxide poisoning" after exposure to CN. One of these men died. They were all wearing gas masks.

CS is an "irritant gas" similar to but stronger than CN. CS causes tearing, coughing, breathing difficulty and chest tightness. It can temporarily incapacitate men in 20 seconds. CS is lethal at 11-25 mg./liter. The most commonly used CS grenades in Vietnam contain 200 grams each, or 8 to 18 times the median lethal dosage. (*Military Chemistry and Chemical Manual*, U.S. Army handbook.)

The third "tear gas" admittedly used by the U.S. is DM or Adamsite, a gas made infamous in World War I, DM is usually classified as a toxic "nausea gas." It was re-classified as a tear gas in Army manuals after it was introduced into Vietnam. According to a letter from David Hilding, M.D., Yale Medical School, DM causes permanent damage to the digestive system of infants. (*New York Times*, 3/26/65) It is lethal at a concentration of 30 mg/liter.

Other more lethal gases have been reported in use by U.S. troops in Vietnam, but their use has been unconfirmed by the U.S. command. Their existence in the U.S. arsenal is admitted. These gases include CNS, a chloroform and chloropicrin compound which in minute concentrations irritates eyes, blisters the skin and induces nausea, colic and diarrhea. These effects last for weeks. CNS is reportedly similar to the "mustard gases" used in WWI.

A yet stronger gas, BZ, was reported in use on at least one occasion by French correspondent Pierre Darcourt, writing in *L'Express* in March, 1966. The chemical make-up of BZ is unknown outside the military, but from its effects is usually classified as a psychochemical or a strong anesthetic. BZ immediately causes temporary paralysis, blindness and deafness. When the victim awakes he is subject to fever, headaches, disorientation and hallucinations. The lethality of this chemical is unknown. According to Darcourt's account, nearly 300 Vietcong were killed or overcome by BZ in March, 1966, attack in Bongson.

The strongest known gases in the U.S. arsenal are the "V-agents" or "nerve gases" GB and VX. These gases kill in minutes in dosages of 1 milligram, or about 1/50th of a drop. Their use has not been reported in Vietnam, but helicopter pilots were issued new gas masks in 1966 equip-

ped with a hood designed to protect against permeation from "V-type nerve gas," according to a letter from Harvard biologist Dr. John T. Edsall to Army Major-General Michael Davison, March 1, 1966. (*Viet-Report*, June-July, 1966)

The use of chemical or biological warfare has been outlawed -- for good reason -- since World War I. The Geneva Gas Protocol of 1925 prohibits *all* poison gases and "all analogous liquids, materials or devices," including the chemical weapons the U.S. is using in Vietnam. Mr. Greenspan's article in the Journal Forum, "International Law Protects Enemy's Civilian Population," reassures us that everything is on the up-and-up in Vietnam, that the U.S. is guilty of no violation of international law. Other international lawyers disagree.

In a study financed by the Army Chemical Corps in 1962, Professor William V. O'Brien of Georgetown University argues that the U.S. is bound in full by the 1925 Geneva Agreement, despite the Administration's disclaimer that the U.S. is not a party to the Agreement. Greenspan states, "The United States is not a party to this treaty, but in practice has observed its provisions." This is the basis of O'Brien's argument: Nations, even those who haven't ratified an international agreement, are nevertheless legally bound if they consistently operate within the legal framework of that agreement. (Study cited in *Chemical and Biological Warfare: America's Hidden Arsenal*, by Seymour M. Hersch. Bobbs-Merrill, 1968.) O'Brien concludes that the U.S. "would be bound by a rule of customary international law prohibiting the first use of chemical warfare . . ." Interestingly enough, in 1956 the Army Field Manual 27-10, *Law of Land Warfare*, dropped its previous reference to CBW use "against enemy personnel only in retaliation." The CBW arsenal of the United States has become a first-strike weapons system.

But be not alarmed. They are honorable men, Johnson, Rusk, Clifford, Humphrey . . . Be not alarmed.

--tom coffin

U.S. ARMY and the



by Thomas DeBaggio

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—The Army will spend a major portion of this year's research and development construction funds on completion of a huge biological warfare research lab now being built at Fort Detrick, Md.

Congress appropriated \$6.4 million for the project. It is the Army's largest individual research and development construction project this year.

Fort Detrick is the Army's chief biological warfare facility.

The huge new complex of buildings of which the new lab is part, cost over \$15 million and will increase output at Detrick. The project was authorized in 1965. The fort will now be able to increase the number of permanently assigned human guinea pigs to 225.

Congressional debate disclosed that the new buildings, under the command of the Fort Detrick Surgeon General, will be devoted to research and development of "medical defense against biological weapons."

During congressional hearings, Army spokesmen have often alluded to the dangers from possible biological warfare attach in order to scare-up the necessary money for their deadly, secret projects. Not once have they been required to present solid evidence that such dangers exist in actuality.

There is much evidence that in the frightening world of biological warfare there is no difference between research on defensive and offensive measures.

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