

THE GREAT SPECKLED

Volume One, Number Eleven

August 2-15

15¢ BIRD



"PROPERTY RIGHTS
AND HUMAN RIGHTS
ARE INSEPARABLE..."



Cop Control Proposed

OAKLAND, CALIF., July 23 (LNS)—A complete restructuring of the police department of this city, placing it under direct control of the people, is being proposed by radicals from the black and white communities.

The restructuring plan takes the form of a series of amendments to the Charter of the City of Oakland. If the amendments should be submitted to the voters and approved, the city's monolithic police department would be destroyed. It would be replaced by five autonomous departments, with elected officers, civilian control, and provision for recall.

The plan, still in its early stages, is being worked out by white radicals from the University of California in conjunction with the Black Panther Party.

A similar proposal for the City of Berkeley, which is adjacent to Oakland, was made after the off-campus rebellion there in late June. The struggle against the power of the "pigs"—as the cops are known in California—thereby continues to sharpen.

Further information about the legislative proposal may be obtained from Bruce Busacca, 2020 Essex, Berkeley, California, 94703.

Draft Calls Lowered·wow.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 20 (LNS)—The September draft call, for 12,200 men, is the lowest in seventeen months. No physicals are to be given in September. No physicals in August either, unless scheduled before the cut-back announcement in July. Graduate student deferments were virtually ended as of June. By ordinary procedures,

many college graduates would be called in early autumn. But few of the newly eligible young men can be examined by doctors before October. This means it is unlikely that any will be called up until very late in the year. One theory is that this is specifically intended to stall drafting of middle class types until a new president is elected.

Freedom In Vietnam

SAIGON, July 26, (LNS)—Truong Dinh Dzu, who most likely would have been the winner if the South Vietnam elections had been fair, has been sentenced to five years hard labor by the South Vietnam "government." Dzu officially ran second in the recent presidential elections. A 51-year-old lawyer, Dzu was convicted of advocating a coalition government and of "actions harmful to the anti-

Communist spirit of the people and the army." The government charged Dzu with advocating talks with the National Liberation Front and the formation of a coalition government. Nguyen Truong Con, a 23-year-old student editor who said much the same thing received the same sentence the day earlier.

Innocence And Hunger

MIAMI, July 26, (LNS—FLA. FREE PRESS)—Three Florida Free Press staffers are continuing their hunger strike in the Dade County jail to dramatize their innocence of the charges of possession of marijuana filed against them by the Miami Beach Police.

The three, Romeo Rivard, Editor, Bill Buculo, Ad Manager, and Bob Fierstein, photographer, have refused to pay a bondsman and intend to remain in jail until their arraignment August 1.

Rivard has sent several protesting letters to South Fla. officials urging that sodium penethal tests or polygraph

tests be administered to FFP's staff as well as to the arresting officer.

FFP now is facing both obscenity and marijuana charges, both trumped up. Harrassment of the newspaper has ranged from confiscation of copies in Jacksonville Beach to intimidation of advertisers in Daytona Beach to threats of arrest for selling the paper in Fort Lauderdale.

A defense fund has been set up and donations should be sent to: Florida Free Press Defense Fund, 516—44th St. West Palm Beach, Florida 33407.

Basic Training Kills

NEW YORK (LNS)—Six trainees at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, have perished of heat exhaustion and a seventh has committed suicide, according to Pvt. David Ort of the American Servicemen's Union. The Bond, a N.Y. GI newspaper, has also received letters from two soldiers

at Fort Campbell complaining of brutality. Another trainee at the base reported that 90 trainees were jammed into a 35-foot semi-trailer. The temperature inside was 130 degrees. When it reached its destination many of the passengers were unloaded into ambulances.

Howard & Wood: V-Squad Vices

Strange people, narcs. Hence it is not too surprising that there are some strange goings-on with the Atlanta Vice Squad's enforcement of drug laws.

The particular case we have in mind concerns the well-known team of Detectives L.D. Howard and W.E. Wood of the Vice Squad. Not long ago (June 26, 1968) they and a federal drug agent broke down the door of an unlocked apartment on Argonne Street, N.E., searching for narcotics on a "John Doe" warrant. Three were arrested—Richard Floyd, William Britt and Ron Ware. Floyd and Britt are students; Ware is a casual acquaintance who is on parole from the federal penitentiary.

When the narcs announced themselves, Ware, probably thinking of his parole, panicked and ran for the back door. It was his first visit to the apartment and by mistake he wound up in the basement. He was found there with a brown pill in his pocket. All three were promptly arrested. In a subsequent search, alleged quantities of marijuana, hashish, LSD, and "pills" were discovered. But the story is just beginning. According to a statement by defendant, Floyd,

"Howard then asked for the keys to my car. He had been fingering a match box containing wooden matches and put it in his pocket. He came back from the car with an identical match box containing a butt of a hand-rolled cigarette which he said was marijuana. He said he would have to confiscate the car. The car had just been washed and vacuumed by me that afternoon and I am sure the match box was not in it, I told Howard he didn't find the box in my car."

The next day a friend of the defendants called a local lawyer reputed to have some kind of knack with narcotics cases. His first move was to have their committment hearing postponed until July 11. This was on June 27.

On July 1, Det. Howard filed condemnation papers on Floyd's car—a Thunderbird worth about \$2,000 with a \$1,500 lien on it. On July 3, our friendly attorney told the defendants that he could "take care of the cases" for only \$500 apiece, and that for an additional \$400 he could get the car back. Unable to raise the \$500, the two students, Floyd and Britt, talked to another attorney. However, on July 5, Floyd decided to redeem his car. His original attorney now told him that it would take \$400 for the car and \$100 for himself. This money, \$500 in cash, was presented to the attorney in the presence of two witnesses at police headquarters early Friday morning, July 5.

The attorney (the original one still) took the money, disappeared briefly, returned, and, according to Floyd:

"said that it would take a little while for some papers to be typed. He took me to the cafeteria for coffee. He made Britt and(another student friend) wait in the lobby. On the elevator we were alone. He said that there would be no record of the money and if anyone asked, the \$500 was his fee. He asked me what.....(the second attorney) was doing inquiring into the case. I played dumb. In the cafeteria, Howard and Wood were sitting, smiling."

Nothing out of order here but for the strangeness of the hour: this was the day after the 4th of July; vice-squad duty normally begins at 4:00 P.M.

Shortly thereafter, Floyd and the attorney went to an office and signed some forms. Floyd states that on the form Det. Howard recommended that the condemnation proceedings on the car be dropped for insufficient evidence. This means that the "roach" allegedly found in the car was either ordinary tobacco or that it was planted in the car. It also means that *no money was paid to the city or state to get the car.* The \$400?????

Floyd's and Britt's cases have now been continued until August 8. But what happened to Ron Ware, the parolee, the man discovered with the alleged narcotics on his person, the man who attempted to flee? All we know is that on July 25, the charges against him were dropped. According to Floyd and Britt, Ware told them it cost him \$800.

This case raises questions about the operation of the Vice Squad. *The Bird* attempted to check police arrest records on narcotics arrests for this year but were not allowed to examine these public records. We have tried to contact Fulton Solicitor Louis Slaton, but have been unable to reach him. Someone should answer the questions raised by this case promptly and forthrightly. The laboratory report of the evidence gathered by the police is crucial and should be made public.

The case also raises more general questions about the en-
—con't on page 13

COSI Protests Banning Of Bird

On Friday, July 19, about 30 students gathered in front of the Georgia State College Bookstore in protest of the banning of *The Great Speckled Bird*. The demonstration was organized by the Georgia State Committee on Social Issues (COSI). The action lasted 30 minutes, during which time 150 copies of *The Bird* were distributed.

During the demonstration, Dr. Lee Secrest, Bookstore director, issued a statement defending the school's policy. He emphasized that *The Bird* was removed from the bookstore only because it violated a long-standing and hitherto unknown rule prohibiting sales of periodicals in the bookstore.

Straining his logic somewhat, Dr. Secrest went on to warn of a "national filthy speech movement," stealthily creeping towards Georgia State. Inferring that *The Bird* is part of this "national movement," Dr. Secrest seemed unaware that he contradicted the initial reason for banning *The Bird*.

Students and parents worried about the encroaching "filthy speech movement" at Georgia State can rest at ease: In the final paragraph of his statement, Dr. Secrest announced the formation of a committee to investigate "filthy speech" on the Georgia State campus. *Ulysses? The Sotweed Factor? Catcher In The Rye? Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?*

-david govus
georgia state

Black Man Killed By Cop In Mechanicsville

"We had a cool summer last year and we want this summer to be the same, injustice makes people restless and we are restless now. . . our cool is being tested," spoke Chuck Jackson of the Young Men's Civic League at an emergency new conference held to protest recent police actions in the Mechanicsville area.

The brutal slaying of a father of five and the near fatal shooting of a 16-year-old youth by members of the Atlanta Police Force has jeopardized the uneasy peace that has been maintained in Atlanta's black community and threatens to ignite the volatile ghettos unless immediate action is taken against the officers.

Patrolmen Virgil I. Sexton, Mark Jacobs and Robert Goodson gave the following account of an incident which occurred on Sunday, July 7. They said that they had stopped a 16-year-old youth for a traffic violation and that the boy attempted to flee on foot. Goodson gave chase, firing four shots over the boy's head. They reported that the youth then stopped and threatened Goodson with a knife. Goodson said that he shot the boy in the stomach because of "great fear for his own life". However, the hospital report revealed that the youth was shot in the back with the bullet passing out through the stomach. Patrolmen Sexton and Jacobs then admitted that they had lied, saying "we thought that he (Goodson) needed a witness".

Officers Jacobs and Sexton were allowed to resign rather than face suspension and investigation. Goodson has been indicted for "Shooting at Another," a misdemeanor. The boy remains in an intensive care ward.

On Friday, July 19, Solomon Cunningham, decided to go for a walk. Sunday his wife identified his body at the city morgue. What happened in between is largely a mystery.

Officer P. H. Mason stated that he approached Cunningham on Grant Street at 11:30 p.m. and was questioning him about an auto theft when the suspect pulled a knife. . . . Mason shot him twice through the chest.

Witnesses, however, testify that Cunningham was stopped on Adamson and Buena Vista Sts. at 10:30 p.m., frisked and told to get into the squad car. He was then taken to Grant Park about a mile from Buena Vista and in the opposite direction of the police headquarters, where he was shot.

When Mrs. Cunningham learned from friends that her husband had been arrested, she immediately tried to locate him. . . no record of arrest could be found at the jail, no record at Grady Hospital, and no record at the morgue. On Sunday Mrs. Cunningham was informed of her husband's death by a neighbor who read it in the newspaper.

As of this writing, no action has been taken against

-cont'd to p. 13

FREE

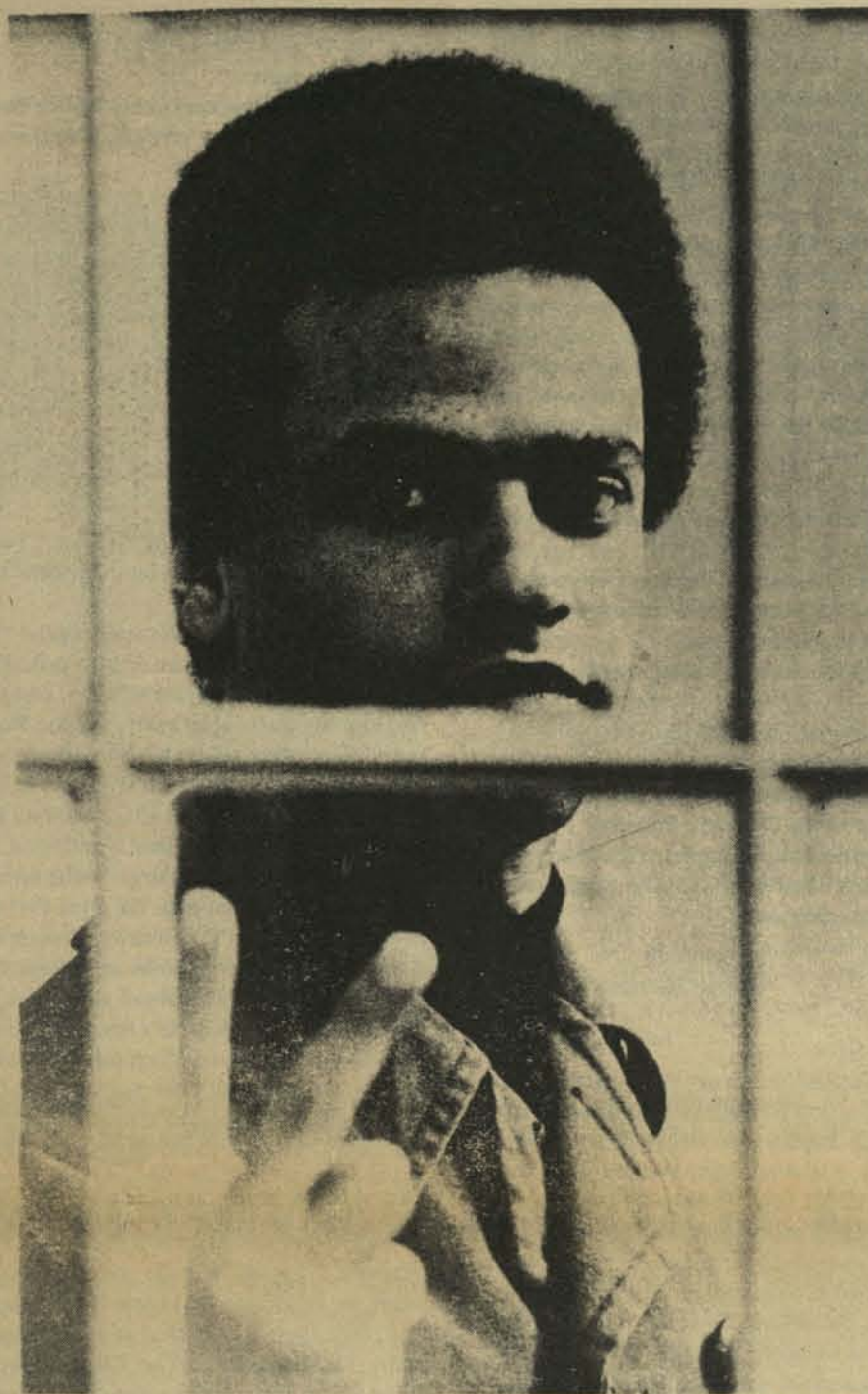


Photo by Jeff Blankfort

HUEY

On Monday, July 15, 26-year old Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense for the Black Panther Party, went on trial in Oakland, California, for the alleged murder of Oakland patrolman John F. Frey.

Newton's trial has gained national significance both because of the Panther's claim that it is a political frame-up and because it is an obvious test of the American system of "white man's justice."

To open the proceedings, presiding Judge Monroe Friedman refused to move Newton's "public trial" to larger chambers. Of the 62 seats in the courtroom, 21 were reserved for the press. The rest were for prospective jurors—only five of whom were black. None of Newton's friends and supporters were admitted to the courtroom. Newton's family had to be mugged and fingerprinted before they were allowed admittance.

Newton's demand was that he be granted a trial by a jury of his peers—the black community. Defense attorney Charles Garry moved to dismiss the entire panel of 1900 jurors on grounds that blacks were systematically excluded, and that no white juror could objectively judge a black man.

Garry argued that any jury must be biased against the black community because the master panel is selected from voter registration rolls and blacks are not registered in proportion to their numbers. Garry also contended that white jurors are politically and culturally incapable of judging the behavior of black men.

Following examination of the jury commissioner's records, former *Ramparts* publisher Edward Keating testified that of the 6,906 potential jurors contacted, only 153 were from predominantly black precincts. Of these 153, 107 were excluded "for reason."

On Wednesday, July 17, Judge Friedman quashed Garry's motion to dismiss the jury panel. Selection of the jury began July 18, from a panel containing only 46 blacks out of 1900. A thumb-weighted scale of justice from the beginning.

The jury was finally chosen on Wednesday, July 31. The jury includes five men and seven women. One of the men is black. The jury list includes an engineer, banker, machinist, two housewives, a baloney slicer, a saleswoman, a secretary, a worker in a paper plant and a woman working for an airline catering company.

Also on Wednesday two defense motions for a mistrial were overruled. The first motion cited the use of pre-emptory challenges by the prosecution to systematically exclude blacks. The second motion charged the media of the area with creating the atmosphere of a police state in Alameda County, California.

-reggie mitchell

As the *Bird* goes to press early Thursday morn, we receive an as yet unsubstantiated rumor that the Police Aldermanic Committee met Wednesday evening to discuss the "14th Street situation." As we understand it, one of the prime topics of conversation was the eviction of the *Great Speckled Bird*. Keep tuned.

"We have nothing to apologize for. This is a peace administration. . ."—H.H.H.

Bird Letters

Dear Bird:

After reading the two articles in the current *Bird* (July 19 to August 1) and after reading other newspapers and listening to TV, I feel a general lacking in what has been presented in McCarthy's behalf.

We all are informed on the views McCarthy holds on Vietnam. In almost all his speeches this is the main format.

I personally feel that although this is what is needed, (Peace in Vietnam), his campaign lacks a very important ingredient known as a Domestic Program. This country's problem is not alone Vietnam. We also have things known as "Riots!" in our own cities. We also have Indians living on reservations where only fifty percent of the population are employed. We have a bad education system which if not done something about (sic) will cause permanent damage which we will never be able to undo.

The things above touch young people just as much as the Vietnam war.

The damage done by the above things can be just as harmful. The damage done by the above things can even be more lasting than the Vietnam war.

McCarthy is easily able to attack the present administration on Vietnam.

The present administration is also just as easily to be attacked on domestic affairs.

Let us not be easily persuaded by promises of peace. Let us also demand a strong Domestic Program.

What this country needs is a complete President.

After Vietnam what? This question must be answered by McCarthy, we must demand it.

Respectfully,
George Thomason

July 21, 1968

The Military/Industrial Conspiracy mentioned in your somewhat hysterical article concerning the C-5 as a weapons system exists only in your own subjective (myopic) world view. I can never rationally disprove the existence of such a "conspiracy" if I must be limited to your own contextualist terminology and point of view. However, I think I can logically question your use of the term "weapons system" when used in conjunction with the C-5. According to your own definitions, then, the "Queen Mary" was a weapons system when she was used to ferry troops. If you are in basic agreement with this, then the trains and buses which take draftees and other servicemen to their stations or vacations would also be weapons systems. Admittedly the C-5 was developed for military use, but such has been the case for most of mankind's technological developments dating back to pre-chariot days. Eventually it will be used for civilian pursuits, if only for the bourgeois purpose of reducing trans-Atlantic fares to \$75—now that is something worth worrying about. So, Bird, in your fervor to expostulate upon your self-imposed sacred cause to inform the masses of weapons systems and conspiracies, please consider that more productive employment of such tremendous technological developments will soon follow.

I realize that any rebuttal you print to this letter will be the last word and that it will be read by others who are in total agreement with your value judgments. Perhaps you have a policy which prohibits the publication of unsigned letters but I'm afraid that I am in no position to have my name used in conjunction with your adolescent journal of opinion.

"Unsigned."

today, in rain

people in atlanta

a friday, drifting easily through the huxley parapets of that town. first time: very quiet, very cool, keeping it down, right?

details are irrelevant to you. but there was a book mart and a girl marilyn who wove the fourteenth st district for me. i wanted to come to the place. but i wore straight and felt the facade too soon. i do not know how real the street is, regardless, the press is true.

i offer a bag of words to The Bird; none of which will last but they will not roll off the paper. perhaps i will return to atlanta soon. i will seek this Bird then

freely, perhaps
courtney haden

In this installment of the "Report," I would like to comment on two articles from *The Bird* that came out at the beginning of July.

Number 1 is a cute little diddy called "Wayne's Coolies," in which a young man who is stationed at Fort Benning, is interviewed. The unfortunate fellow complained that he had to participate, as an extra, in John Wayne's newest movie. The entire article is highly amusing, but the funniest part was when Pvt. Knutson said, "We did not have any choice in the matter. You either went on KP or to John Wayne's movie. We were paid \$1.50/hour." Any sentence that contains the word "either" *must* involve a choice, but in the preceding sentence, the good Pvt. said he had *no* choice. Poor, poor Pvt. Knutson. His morale (sic) convictions deplore his having to be an extra in a movie that he disagrees in, but he goes ahead and does it anyway, because it is far better than KP. He's not a hyppocrite (sic). Heaven forbid!! He just knows which side the bread is buttered on.

Number 2 is called "Fascism and Gun Control". The author states: "... Mayor Daly publicly instructed his anti-riot forces to 'shoot to kill' for crimes such as looting, arson and vandalism." Actually, Mayor Daly instructed police to *maim* looters and shoot arsonists. (U.S. News and World Report.) A very small error in facts, but if the author made this error, he could of made others. I would like to know where he found out that there are less cop killings in England, than there are political assassinations in the United States. He also states that he will never turn in a gun. Where in the world did he get the idea that anyone was going to take away his precious gun? The gun control law would merely ban the mail-order sale of guns, and prevent madmen from owning guns. If the author is not insane, his chances for buying a gun are very good.

Yes, it is a shame that people are killed by the police, but it is also a shame that scores of policemen, and firemen are shot down by snipers in riots. I have seen no parades of policemen, goose-stepping down the streets in brown shirts, and I doubt that I ever will. The article says that if I am not convinced of anything, I should be fucked. Sorry about that.

-tom rife

The Great 14th St Parking Lot

Apparently someone in the city has plans to turn 14th Street into a parking lot, or perhaps another plastic high-rise complex. Or maybe it's just that the city has taken upon itself to supervise housekeeping in certain select areas.

On Wednesday, July 31, a group of well-dressed businessman types were parading up and down 14th, lugging polaroid cameras and numerous boxes of film. One such pair, whose names I later learned were H.H. Harvey and George Hitchcock (or so they said), came to the Birdhouse, said they were from the city, and were there to "take some pictures." They asked the particulars of the house; I told them. "Does anyone live here?" "My wife and I live upstairs. Another fellow is temporarily bunking downstairs." "Does he have a bed?" "He has a mattress on the floor." "Just like all the other people here, huh?"

The men took some pictures of the kitchen—"Plenty of refrigeration," they say, snapping a photo of the two refrigerators. Then they went upstairs. They walked into our private living room, where my wife does sewing. They took one picture: of the pile of sewing scraps next to the sewing machine. Not the bookshelves, not the just-washed windows and curtains, not the freshly painted walls. Small scraps of material on the floor.

I shrugged my shoulders, expecting no better from these men. My wife, however (fiery vixen, proud housekeeper), was enraged. "Get the hell out!" she says. And don't come back without a warrant, I add meekly.

As of this writing, nothing further has happened. I spoke with a Mrs. Tillman, secretary to city building inspector, William R. Wofford. She said that the city indeed has a "right" to inspect buildings to see if they meet existing building codes, but that the circumstances of this case seemed "strange." She also commented that complaints had been received about the 14th Street area but would not divulge the source of these complaints. Care to guess which "developing" company?

I suggest to other residents of the area that they at the very least demand positive identification of any person wishing to "inspect" or photograph your premises. Call the building inspector's office and complain if these cats are surly or derogatory in any way, or if you feel their report will not give a true picture of the situation. Remember also that you can insist that the inspectors have a warrant to enter your premises. The only way to protect your rights is to use them.

-tom coffin

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The Great Speckled Bird is a cooperative family open to the community for participation. Our hope: to produce a radical community in which we can live and work creatively and freely. We welcome photographers, writers and artists who wish to work in the cooperative effort of producing a newspaper.

Color posters of Paige Pinnell's "Allegory For America" used as the cover of the last issue of *The Bird* are available for only \$0.50. Come to the Birdhouse, 187-14th Street, or send money to Box 7946, Sta. C, Atlanta, Ga. 30309

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Political BOND

In a few weeks, the United States is going to be treated to the quadrennial spectacle of having some 2 or 3 thousand men and women select the two men who will be offered to the voters in November as the people's choice for president of the United States.

No one, of course, can say with any certainty who their choice will be. We might guess, however, that your choice and mine will have to be made in November between the politics of joy and the politics of reaction.

We will be offered, in the great democratic tradition, the politics of joy, which suggest that we ought to somehow find humor in the genocide in Vietnam, that there ought to be laughter in the colonialism in our cities, that there ought to be rejoicing in the year when there ought only to be sorrow.

On the other side we will have the politics of racism and reaction, the tricks of a tricky, triple-faced troubador of troubles, the pious platitudes of a personalityless politician who offers no plan or platform that has not already been rejected by the American people.

What then can we do?

We, of course, can take steps to make sure that situations like this don't happen again. We can ask that delegates be selected in the future in a democratic way, that conventions in both parties in the future become "open" conventions, and we can promise ourselves that we will work harder next time.

But some of us remember saying that three years ago. In November, four years ago we went to the polls and selected a man who promised peace, who promised no escalation of our imperialism abroad. Some short months later, we had to admit that some sort of mistake had been made.

Now the handmaiden of this mistake is tripping through the nation, singing songs of joy. And his likely opponent in the other party tries to confuse people by refusing to discuss capitalism, when we know it is capitalism that is precisely responsible for our condition being worse today than it ever has been.

It is worse too. We make less money now, in relation to white people, than we have in the last twenty years.

There are more of us out of work, in relation to white unemployment, than there have been in the last thirty years.

Our families make less money, in comparison to what white families make, than they have in the last fifteen years.

I do not come here to endorse a candidate for the Presidency. I am not in the endorsing business.

But I do think that we ought to take a look at the candidacies of all of the men who offer themselves, and ask ourselves, which one stands for me? Which one admits that there is racism in America? Which one admits we live under colonialism? Which one says he wants a decent end to this country's rape of Vietnam?

You may say that none of them says all the things that you want said, or that one is all right on this issue but wrong on this one.

Or you may say that the entire system is a failure, and that you cannot be a part of it.

You ought to remember, however, that one of those men will run your life from next January until 1972. He will decide whether more of your sons and brothers die thousands of miles away or whether they fight in these streets for our right to lead decent lives.

He will decide whether or not we build highways or homes, whether we supply guns to dictators or jobs to the jobless.

Think on these things, and then make your choice. If you decide on those issues, then you cannot be wrong.

photo by wayne scott -julian bond



The Honorable Julian Bond, much maligned (both right and lately left) Representative to the Georgia House, herein clarifies his political position for the election year 1968.

It is estimated by competent estimators that approximately 99 per cent of those reading this article will misinterpret it. I did. In response to a phoned question by an anonymous mustachiod editor, Mr. Bond stated, "No, I am not endorsing the man. I believe that when you're going to endorse a man, you should come right out and say, 'I endorse this man.'" I agree with that.

Georgians Not For Gene Or Hubert Or Dick Etc.

The anti-war movement is under a great deal of pressure to join the Democratic Party; that is, to support the candidacy of Eugene McCarthy. Although there is a lot of support for the Senator in the student community, not all anti-war activists have given up their political independence to him. I haven't, and here are my reasons:

First: To support any candidate of either the Republican or Democratic parties is to allow oneself to be sucked into a meaningless game. The Two-Party System is a one-party system divided into two parts in order to mislead people into thinking they have a choice when they vote. I don't often find myself in philosophical agreement with George Wallace, but he is correct (although not very original) in saying that the choice between Democrats and Republicans is a choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. People who still consider the USA to be a democracy should reflect upon why their choice, for example, is limited to a Johnson or a Goldwater. McCarthy supporters in particular will have this lesson driven home when Hubert Humphrey is nominated by party politicians in spite of his immense unpopularity.

How are convention delegates chosen? How many members of the Democratic or Republican parties do you know? Is membership in the parties equally accessible to all citizens or does it help to be rich? Where does the financial support of the parties come from? These are questions which should be answered before the meaningless shiboleths about American democracy are mouthed.

Second: Although both parties are essentially identical, many people consider Democrats to be to the "left" of Republicans. The Democratic party, however, is only nominally a political party; in reality it is a conglomeration whose supporters are often in diametrical opposition (Lester Maddox and Martin Luther King). Despite some of its progressive rhetoric, its record shows it in practice to be the Party of War and Racism. It is the ruling party in Mississippi, Alabama, and all of the most overtly racist states, and it is the party responsible for the war in Vietnam.

Third: Many people who accept what I've already said still think that McCarthy could do something positive as President in spite of his party's record. This is the Good Guy Theory of Parliamentary Politics, which I reject absolutely. McCarthy cannot be elected without the support of

the Democratic party; if elected, he will owe his allegiance to the source of his power, a great deal of which is known as the military/industrial complex. Consider John Kennedy, who probably was a Good Guy. Nevertheless, during his administration the U.S. (1) invaded a sovereign nation (Cuba), (2) brought the world to the brink of nuclear warfare, (3) vastly stepped up the war in Vietnam, (4) etc., etc.

Fourth: I'm not convinced that McCarthy is such a Good Guy anyway. That is, I'm not convinced that he is concerned about the human elements of the war in Vietnam or in America's ghettos. A brochure issued by his supporters in his home state begins: "Senator McCarthy is a DOVE on Vietnam, but is not a PEACE CANDIDATE." He supported President Truman all the way in Korea, and has consistently voted to maintain American defense at high levels." To me the biggest difference between the Vietnamese and Korean wars is that more people are hip to what's going on in Vietnam. And "American defense" has a very offensive character, in every sense of the word. As for Vietnam, McCarthy has said that U.S. troops probably would remain in Vietnam for a "long, long time" even if there is a settlement or negotiated peace ending the fighting.

In summary, I'm not sure a President McCarthy would put an end to American Imperialism even if he could (but it's an academic question anyway, because he couldn't). Therefore, it saddens me to see people who genuinely desire an end to war and racism working so hard for the Democratic Party. (Is my guilt complex showing? I vigorously supported Peace Candidate Johnson in 1964.)

The alternative to the Democratic Party is not the Republican Party. The alternative is independent political activity, the goal of which is not to fill parliamentary slots with a random selection of bureaucrats. I will specify some alternatives for various types of people in subsequent issue of *The Bird* (with the Editors' permission).

-ted brodek

"the
Chopper
Shop"

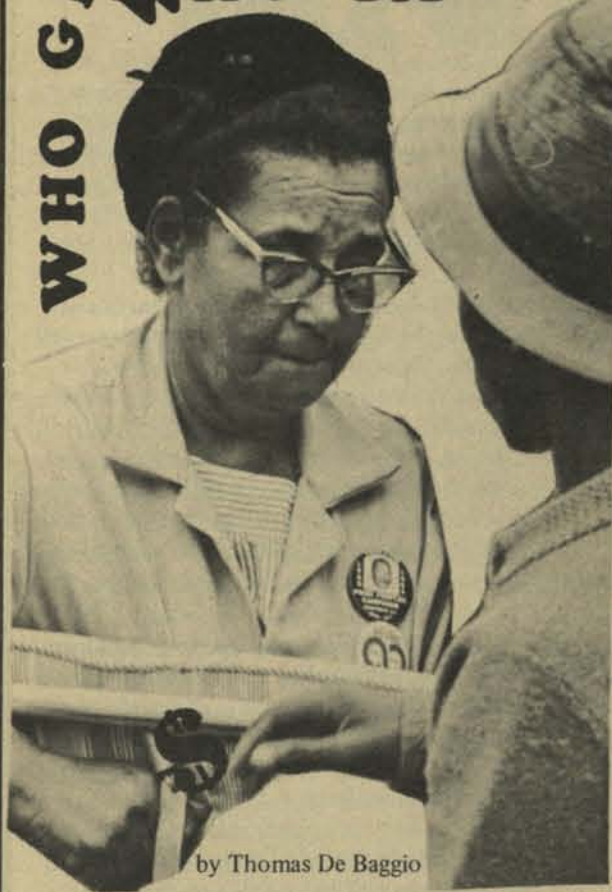
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WHO GIVES AND WHO TAKES



by Thomas De Baggio

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 17, (LNS)—Unlike the poor who openly tacked together a shack city to dramatize the poverty of 29 million Americans, the wealthy do their begging with stealth.

Although a look at the official tallies will show not many more than 1,000 registered lobbyists, the total is closer to 7,000. The wealthy hire this fat-walleted muscle to keep their dole-machine well-oiled and noiseless. Their carefully placed influence not only helps perpetuate victimization of the poor—it keeps it carefully within the law.

The list of their legal accomplishments is long. Add to it the clever maneuverings of tax lawyers who have punched loopholes in the tax laws and you come up in drooling billions. For instance, last December, Congress passed a special-aid subsidy for American Motors. It allowed the company to carry back net operating losses for 5 years instead of 3 as allowed under the present law. In effect Congress gave them \$20 million.

As one might expect, the outcome of such Congressional pampering has been to further push the tax burden on to those who can least afford to pay. In only a two year period, the percentage of revenue collected from individual citizens has risen from 41.1 percent in 1967 to 49 percent in 1968. During the same time corporate contributions have dwindled from 22.7 percent to 20.8 percent. The disparity is further heightened by a dramatic rise in corporate profits—88 percent since 1958.

Further, it is not the rich individuals who pay. IRS has acknowledged that in one recent year a man whose income topped \$20 million paid no taxes. Another whose net U.S. worth is over \$1 billion paid a measly \$670; the following year he paid \$685. In 1965 twenty-two millionaires—three more than in 1964—escaped paying any Federal income tax. In the same year, three tycoons who earned \$5 million each, paid no taxes.

Persons with adjusted gross incomes of less than \$15 thousand pay 72 percent of all individual Federal income taxes.

The gap between the legal tax obligations and the amount actually paid has been pointed out by Senator Walter Mondale: "Statutory tax rates rise from 14 percent on incomes under \$5,000 to 70 percent on those over \$100 thousand. Actual tax rates paid show that a taxpayer earning \$50,000 or more on the average pays an effective rate of only about 25 percent."

Despite these holes, it is still the generous escape clauses Congress has written for industry that produce the biggest government subsidies to the rich. They run the gamut from the ludicrous to the nauseating including jumprope giveaways on capital gains (estimated annual loss to the Treasury, \$2.4 billion) and state tax-exempt bonds (loss around \$1.5 billion). Investment credits and tax-exempt foundations have also become handy tools in escaping taxation.

There is also the juicy welfare paid the oil industry, an industry with one of the lowest rates of business fail-

ure. Known as the oil depletion allowance, this giveaway fosters nonpayment of taxes in the extreme. In 1965, the 20 largest oil companies paid an average of 6.3 percent of their net incomes in Federal taxes. This allowance permitted Standard Oil of New Jersey to pay only 3.8 percent tax on \$1.8 billion profits. Texaco paid the same outrageously low percentage.

One major oil company, for the years 1962, 1963, and 1964, had a total net income before taxes of \$88.5 million. They not only paid no taxes but they received a bountiful \$4.3 million in tax credits for those three years.

Senator Wayne Morse maintains, "There is not the slightest justification for this kind of favoritism being given the oil industry of the country." He adds: "It ought to be entirely eliminated."

That is unlikely at the moment. Not even oil scandals can shake the majority of Congressmen—it is said that there is hardly a Washington legislator who does not in some way owe a debt or two to the oil lobby.

The special-interest suffrage for the wealthy has also squeezed miracles from the tax system to the advantage of corporate farms and vertical trusts in the food processing industry. Combined with government farm programs, which pay farmers for non-production, handouts to the wealthy actually total in the billions.

It is here that the inequities are most sharply focused. Nearly half the total payments in public assistance programs in the last 10 years have been made under the Federal Farms Program.

The citizens' Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition in the U.S. put it thusly:

"The composition of the Agriculture Committees of Congress—which pass upon major food assistance legislation—dictates that inevitably the needs of the poor and hungry will be subordinated to the interests of large agricultural producers."

Their study found that while the farm program had been originated with the proposed aim of helping poor farmers, it was now working in reverse. In 1967, 42.7 percent of the nation's farmers with incomes of less than \$2,500, received only 4.5 percent of total federal farm payments. At the same time, the top 10 percent of the country's farmers—large, diversified and in many cases, corporate landowners—with over \$20,000 each in annual income, received 54.5 percent of the total payments.

Last year, for instance, five one-hundredths of one percent of South Carolina's farmers received a whopping \$15.5 million in agricultural payments while the state's 39.5 percent of the population in poverty had to divide \$490,248 in food assistance money.

More recent figures published by the government show that the largest non-production subsidy payment made last year to a single landowner (J.G. Boswell Co.) was more than \$4 million. Another Arizona firm, Rancho San Antonio, received \$2.8 million. There were three other individual firms which received payments of more than \$1 million each last year.

Proposals which would save an estimated \$600 million by limiting such farm subsidy payments to \$10,000 each were knocked down this year in Congress while the poor people camped in Resurrection City.

But while the government was paying the rich for owning land, thereby penalizing the poor, hungry and undernourished—even to the extent of squabbling seven months over the paltry sums to be paid for their relief—the government was allowing some of these same corporations huge tax relief.

Out of 17,578 corporate farm tax returns filed for fiscal 1964-65 about half—8,334—claimed no taxable income. Incredibly, out of a total gross income of \$4.3 billion only \$199 million was subject to any tax at all. After deductions, the tax rate paid by the American corporate farm system amounted to only 1.5 percent.

While the poor received a whittled-down \$2 billion to ease their starvation, the rich enlarged their paunchy affluence with gifts estimated to total from \$21 billion to \$40 billion.

The result of this cozy accommodation given the rich at the public trough is sharply illuminated by the lopsided grin of Census Bureau figures on income distribution. The gap between rich and poor remains as wide and deep as ever. An exclusive, tight-knit one-fifth of the American population retains control over 45.5 percent of the nation's wealth. The bottom fifth holds only 4.6 percent—less of the nation's wealth than they had in 1937.

"Today, the United States has one-third of the world's industrial production," Philip Hart was saying to the Senate. "We have solved the problem of creating wealth—but not of sharing it."

PLAGUE RAGES IN VIETNAM

There is an epidemic of bubonic plague raging in Vietnam. We probably have not dropped cannisters of plague bacilli from our bombers, so we are blameless. Clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness. Right? But we have caused this epidemic just as surely as if Dean Rusk had inoculated each one himself.

Bubonic plague is caused by *Pasteurella pestis*, a bacillus which is found naturally in a variety of wild rodents. We have this bacillus in chipmunks and prairie dogs throughout the Southwest and even in San Francisco. Ordinarily we don't get plague, however, because fortunately the fleas which live on wild rodents wouldn't be caught dead associating with man (maybe they know something we don't know). When infected rodents associate with common house-rats the infection does get passed on, because rats' fleas will feed on other rodents quite readily. Rat fleas (*Xenopsylla cheopis*) have much less hesitancy about biting man, so if the rats set up close and intimate housekeeping with man, then man becomes infected.

War, especially war which is conducted not against an army but against a civilian population, is the perfect way to spread plague. Sanitary conditions deteriorate. The ordinary defenses against domestic rats are not maintained. Shacks are hastily thrown up to replace bombed or burned houses. Corpses serve as food for rats. Wild rodents desert the fields which have been razed, and flee to towns where they share their fleas with the local rats. The townspeople do not have the money or facilities to control the rats, or to spray with DDT to kill the fleas. The reservoir of plague bacillus builds up until. . . EPIDEMIC.

Occasional cases of plague have often cropped up in Vietnam. In the ten years of civil war before 1963, there were an average of 12 cases a year reported, with a high of 34 in 1956, and no cases in 1954 or 1959. Starting in 1963, and coinciding with our massive escalation, the plague bacillus also stepped up its efforts. In 1963 there were 115 cases officially reported. In 1964 there were 297. In 1965 there were 374. In 1966 the toll had risen to 2679 reported cases, and in 1967, 5389 people were struck with the disease. It is estimated that most communicable diseases in the U.S. are reported at only 10% of their actual level. In South Vietnam, where there are virtually no doctors serving the population outside Saigon, and where 621 of the 859 Vietnamese doctors are in the army, under-reporting must be phenomenal.

Despite the massive underestimation of the true toll of plague which results from under-reporting, the Saigon puppet government has instituted a new method of hiding the effects of this war-caused epidemic. They now report only "confirmed" cases to the World Health Organization. "Confirmed" cases are ones from which the plague bacillus has been isolated in the laboratory. To my knowledge, the only labs capable of making this isolation are those of the U.S. Army.

In order to get the actual figures, one must turn to the fine print in the back pages of the Bulletin of the Pan American Health Organization, which is published in Spanish, appears but rarely in most libraries, and which gives "official" statistics only for the Americas. By cumulating the weekly reports given therein, one finds that the "official" World Health Organization figures are only 1/10 of the actual incidence. Further, the cases currently reported are virtually all from the Saigon area. The ecology of rats is such that there must be cases in rural areas. But pity the poor peasant. He does not get diagnosed, treated or reported. Do you cover up embarrassing figures when you don't feel responsible for them?

Are we responsible for the malnutrition which is the (indirect) result of our crop-destruction and defoliation policy? Are we responsible for the resurgent malaria resulting from our dislocation of people from areas where their houses have been sprayed to kill the mosquitoes? Are we innocent of "biological warfare" simply because we didn't grow the germs in Washington?

Dr. J. M. Lane
Communicable Disease Center
Atlanta, Georgia



LENNY BRUCE
OCTOBER '26 - AUGUST '66

"Now the stag movie. . . I can't think of anybody getting killed in that picture. I can't see anybody getting slapped in the mouth, rapped around. Is there any hostility in that film? No, just a lot of hugging and kissing. And the first time one instrument of death appeared, the pillow that might have smothered the chick, it went under her ass, and that was the end of the picture. . . the only thing offensive about that film is that cinematically it's a bore, no idea of the sensual, no music track, but as far as hurting your child—what are they doing, that couple?"

"This is why they don't like Americans anywhere: 'Do you know what happened? Do you know what those Americans did to your poor mother while your poor father threw up in the next room while those soldiers lined up your mother for their stinking eggs and the chocolate bars and their friggin cigarettes? Those bastards.' If this society were the least little bit correct, if religion had helped out a little bit and you felt that it was a true Christian act of procreation, if it was sweet hugging and kissing—watch—the guy gets off the plane, 'Is that the fellow who fucked mother? Oh, yes, how are you? Damn, I haven't seen you in so long and you're such a wonderful person. You certainly made mother feel good. I certainly want to thank you, that was a nice thing to do. And I understand you gave her some candy bars too. . .' But we don't agree that it's a nice act, it's filthy and dirty."

"People should be taught what is, not what should be. All my humor is based on destruction and despair. If the whole world were tranquil, without disease and violence, I'd be standing in the breadline right behind J. Edgar Hoover and Jonas Salk. . ."

"One last four-letter word for Lenny:

DEAD.

At 40. That's obscene."

(From performances by Lenny Bruce and his autobiography *How To Talk Dirty And Influence People* with afterword by Dick Schaap.)

theEDUCATIONof GENE M^CCARTHY

A review of three books by Senator Eugene J. McCarthy: *A Liberal Answer to the Conservative Challenge* (1964); *The Limits of Power* (1967); *First Things First: New Priorities for America* (1968).

Gene McCarthy, like many of us, has been educated by the events of the Sixties. His three most recent books mark successive stages in this process.

A Liberal Answer to the Conservative Challenge, 1964, recalls the pre-Vietnam, pre-Watts era when all right-thinking people looked to the Great Society to solve all our problems. Ladybird was beautifying the junkyards, integration was still a magic word and overseas the natives still knew their place. In those halcyon days, except for a few kooks, there were two kinds of people: liberals and conservatives. This book was a rather simple-minded primer on the differences between them, replete with what John Kenneth Galbraith would call the "conventional wisdom" of American politics. McCarthy was attempting to show that liberalism was still alive and relevant to current problems. Conventionally Keynesian and liberal discussions of government spending, taxation, poverty, unemployment, farm problems, Medicare and race relations comprised the bulk of this undistinguished volume. Social Security, FDIC, REA, and TVA were presented as case histories of successful liberal innovations which also demonstrated in retrospect the short-sightedness of the conservatives who opposed them.

Those who know only the McCarthy of 1968 will be surprised to find that foreign affairs got only 11 bland pages at the end of this book. These seem to have been included because McCarthy felt he should say something on the subject—not because he had something to say. He wrote unself-consciously of the "free world" (without quotes) and of the "formal and clearly identified conspiracy of communism whose purposes have been stated, whose methods have been defined, whose procedures and actions are already manifest." He felt the U.S. could not risk cutting "defense" spending. Vietnam was not mentioned.

Nowhere in this book was there any indication that any of the domestic or foreign problems discussed might be related. Each chapter was self-contained. Nor was there any hint that any problem might be more important than some others. There was no talk of "priorities."

That was 1964. Remember?

Comes Vietnam. Escalation. Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings. More escalation. *Ramparts* expose of CIA. More escalation. *New York Times* series on U.S. arms sales abroad. More escalation. Comes, in 1967, *The Limits of Power*, by Gene McCarthy.

The title reflects a change in perspective. McCarthy is now addressing himself to the Establishment rather than to its conservative opposition which drew his fire in 1964. The advocate has become the critic.

The title is revealing in another way. It reminds us that the educational effect of Vietnam has been in direct proportion to the frustration of American aims. We are learning because we are losing. We are learning our "limits."

Limits is devoted completely to foreign affairs. Perhaps for that reason, as well as the changing times, there is no more talk of how the liberals have all the answers if they could only overcome the short-sighted opposition of the mossbacks. McCarthy has become more critical of American foreign policy in general, especially with respect to military aid, Vietnam, intervention in the Dominican Republic, Dean Rusk, the CIA and the sale of American arms abroad. The "free world" is now in quotes. Like the 1964 volume, though, this one is still fragmented into separate discussions of individual problems, and still marred by distorted proportions: a discussion of American responsibilities in Micronesia gets more pages than Vietnam and appears earlier in the book.

It is clear that McCarthy has been educated by events, for both the format and the emphases of this book seem to have been determined by the headlines. His enlightened chapter on China, for instance, is a summary of the testimony of the scholars who appeared at the Foreign Relations Committee hearings on China. The chapter on the CIA adds little to the *Ramparts* expose, and the one on U.S. arms sales abroad is a summary of the *Times* series coupled with recommendations for reform. Unfortunately, McCarthy did not attempt to go beyond events to discover relationships between them or develop a more systematic analysis.

Comes Newark and Detroit. More escalation. Announcement of McCarthy's candidacy. Comes, in March 1968, his campaign broadside *First Things First: New Priorities for America*. As the title suggests, *First Things First* represents a certain sharpening of focus. For the first time, McCarthy sees the U.S. assuming "the character of an imperialist power," and cites the interventions in Vietnam, Cuba and the Dominican Republic as cases in point. He calls for limitations on the Presidency, the CIA, the FBI, the Selective Service System and the military-industrial complex.

Vietnam, finally, moves up to chapter 1, but obliquely. McCarthy doesn't engage the issue squarely but brings it in sideways via a lengthy defense of the right to dissent and rebuttals of Administration arguments. Nowhere does he mention the right of self-determination. Nor does he touch on what seems to me to be the best reason for opposing American policy: that most South Vietnamese would probably be better off under an NLF government than under Diem, Ky, Thieu and all the other past and future American supported crooks and quislings. (The question of whether the NLF should participate in South Vietnam's postwar government is of course phony; the real question is whether anybody else should.) But perhaps politicians cannot say these things.

The discussion of race relations is a similar blend of radical-sounding generalizations and moderate concrete proposals. "We have failed to eradicate our colonialist heritage. . . we must begin to decolonize America, in spirit as well as in fact." In concrete terms, this means moving large numbers of Negroes to the suburbs and "shared power" for minorities at the local, state and federal level.

On other social problems, McCarthy is for an extended welfare state: decent housing, quality education, health care, jobs and income security for all.

It would be unfair to leave it at that. For one thing, McCarthy's positions on the issues have continued to evolve in the four months since *First Things First*; one has the feeling his education is far from complete. Even more important as any McCarthophile would be quick to point out, this candidate cannot be evaluated solely on the basis of his stands on the issues. One must also consider intangibles: style, guts, freshness, etc. His soft-sell is a welcome change from the more manipulative politics to which we have become inured. There are even intimations, at a time of more than usual rottenness, that McCarthy is a fundamentally decent person. And what other candidate could say, and make us believe he might mean it: "The President must never impose the weight of his office upon the nation, but rather guide it to the goals its people seek, largely by way of setting people free"?

But I have some nagging suspicions which will not down. They were first roused by McCarthy's self-proclaimed aim of luring alienated young people back into conventional electoral politics. Is his first loyalty to his principles or to the political system in which he is espousing them? The political arena of the Sixties is strewn with the remains of liberal Democrats (big D) who, when the crunch came, proved to be Democrats first and liberals second—notably Humphrey and McCarthy's mentor, Adlai Stevenson, who ended his days at the U.N. as an apologist for American imperialism. This is understandable. It isn't easy to combine liberalism, which used to have something to do with liberty, with running an empire, which sometimes becomes a very repressive business. Either liberalism or the empire, gets bruised—and so far, it hasn't been the Empire.

So, I didn't clean for Gene—at least not yet. Maybe after Chicago. We'll know more then. -bob goodman

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Rosemary's Baby

Roman Polanski's masterpiece of filmmaking, *Rosemary's Baby*, has inspired almost as much critical nonsense as Arthur Penn's notoriously misunderstood *Bonnie and Clyde*. The movie's literary source is Ira Levin's lightweight best-seller, a novel taken to heart by America's suburban women for freak reasons well known to Polanski and craftily made use of in his film. Major elements of the novel have been eliminated and others recast in a new perspective which bears only a surface resemblance to the original.

What Polanski has ultimately produced is a *Turn of the Screw* for the cinema. You must approach it as you would a picture puzzle: once you see the pattern being formed, the remaining pieces will fall easily into place; if, on the other hand, you fail to discern that pattern, then all the witchcraft in the world won't make those pieces fit together. What Polanski has *not* done—and I can't stress enough—is make a movie about occultism: *Rosemary's Baby* is as much about witchcraft as "The Cask Of Amontillado" is about brick-laying.

In perhaps his finest film, Polanski, has, broadly speaking, remade *Repulsion* while including sociological overtones and incorporating elements of *Cul-de-Sac* and *The Fearless Vampire Killers*. As in *Repulsion*, his camera follows the journey into psychosis of a Mod young miss with a bourgeois Catholic up-bringing and severe sexual hang-ups. But this time the director has broader concerns: the neuroses of a certain social strata of normal, adjusted middle-class Americans and the myths of Love, Success, Marriage, and Childbirth, by which they live.

His selection of Mia Farrow for the role of Rosemary is a stroke of satanic genius; it transforms a common enough act—a reluctantly pregnant woman's cutting off her hair into one whose psychological and sociological significance permeate the entire film (the fact that Mia Farrow is excellent in the role makes it that much funnier). Thus, by satirizing the novel, Polanski has played a deliciously macabre joke on the very audience that has made this novel, and will make the film, a huge financial success. If anyone ever deserved to laugh all the way to the bank, it is Roman Polanski.

Polanski makes it clear from the very first shot that he isn't merely interested in one married couple in New York; his camera glides over the city's apartment buildings as if arbitrarily choosing to zoom in on one. Early scenes parody the insipid Hollywood lushness of *Valley of the Dolls* and women's matinee-type movies (he even uses an appropriate Muzak soundtrack in these scenes). Growing suspense is created by purely cinematic technique; for instance, when Rosemary is frantically placing a call to Dr. Hill, it is with only a slight shift of the camera that the old man's back comes into view, and that the telephone booth is suddenly transformed into a scene of horror.

The film is integrated thematically and pictorially by three dream sequences which tantalize the viewer with the purely visual appeal of their lighting, composition, color, and movement. These sequences transport him into the psyche of a woman/child in and out of whose phobic visions float collages of sunlight on water, cocktails and pleasure yachts, naked male bodies from the Sistine Chapel ceiling, and a grotesquely lit gathering of witches who witness the conception of their Messiah. Through these visions parade such personages as Rosemary's husband, Guy, neighbors, Minnie and Roman Castavet, John and Jackie Kennedy, the Pope, and Satan a la R.K.O. monster movies. (In a highly idealized dream in which Rosemary presents the baby to her family, who should appear but Mia Farrow's television "Peyton Place" mother, Dorothy Malone—a small joke on Polanski's part, quite in keeping with the overall "joke" quality.)

Binding the dreams and the action together are several recurrent symbolic motifs, the most significant of which is that of the broom closet. At the climax of the film, Rosemary finally goes "through the broom closet" and experiences a version of Alice's Wonderland interpreted in the best tradition of Polanski horror/humor.

The film closes with Rosemary's lullaby as the camera rises upward to pan across rows and rows of New York brownstones.

What do the pieces of Polanski's picture puzzle form? Money, mini-skirts, Yamahas, baseball, marijuana, JFK, Jackie, Christmas shopping, pills, booze, "Peyton Place," Muzak, Sassoan, programmed childbirth, television commercials, *Time* magazine—sound familiar? It should. This is America, Baby, sick, rich as hell and clinging desperately to the myth of a conspiracy of devils who seek to rob her of her golden future.

-miller francis, jr.



Dutchman

THE DUTCHMAN, by Leroi Jones, at Grand Central Station. Directed by Arthur Penn with Grace MacEachron and Arthur Burghardt, through August 4.

A young black man in Ivy is riding a subway train in New York. An attractive thirtyish white woman sluts aboard. She ultimately convinces him that she will be Liberal. She turns him on and off a few times. Finally she arouses him to an expression of hate of her and of white people. This is one of the great diatribes of contemporary theatre. Following this angry speech, she kills him. The several white men who have been leering at the performance dump him, at her command, on a platform, and she goes on to her next victim. Even so.

The Grand Central Station is a hopeless excuse for a theatre, tiny, hot and crowded, and the supporting players are hopeless excuses for actors. Grace MacEachron is neither so young nor so sleek as one pictures her role, but she makes the role come to her, so that it is right. She has the courage to play phrases of action in a way that then seems wrong, but that fit together as a whole. In this respect, Arthur Burghardt's role is less demanding: it calls for a steady build from respectability through arousal to his climax of vituperation and he encompasses it through too narrow a range but well.

Both are fine actors and work well together. Both could benefit from more demanding direction. This would have paced the play longer but with enhanced drive; and would have demanded that the subtleties of communication between the players (of which both are capable) be kept in the performance. That is, surely there are currents running between these two which have not been tapped.

Meanwhile, at the Theatre Under the Rock, in the plush of a subsidized hall, Gloria Teat is playing to mildly enthusiastic audiences in the best musical of the 1948 season.

-morris brown



That very same Experience that we heard existed in other parts of the country will be right here in Atlanta when Jimi Hendrix flies in on August 17 for two concerts with the Vanilla Fudge, Amboy Dukes and the Soft Machine. And there really ain't nothing more to be said if you take new rock music seriously.

Hendrix is a given. His music is like that of a few musicians in every form and age in that because it exists it must be reckoned with in any consideration of the form and age as a whole. Hendrix is a given in a form that gives one moment and takes the next.

He is the most recent link in a chain that began with Bill Haley and the Comets and followed with Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and the Beatles. Hendrix is powerful to the point of being frightening and is together and precise to the point of perfection. His music is not exactly soul, not merely stoned, but beautiful.

With the Hendrix Experience will be the Vanilla Fudge, Amboy Dukes, and the Soft Machine. The Fudge have two albums out and are headed in a totally different direction from Hendrix, and Despite what rock purists say about their music, they are serious enough about it to never have made it big on the "top 40" charts. They've done some good things and some that just haven't made it. When they are good they are very, very good and when they are bad they are horrid. Wow!

Amboy Dukes remain an unknown, which isn't unusual for someone listening to the rock scene from Atlanta, Ga. The Soft Machine has a bit more notoriety, primarily from playing on Hendrix bills before. They are fairly new to the scene and are in the states from England. Their appearance with Hendrix in L.A. was highlighted by their drummer, who did his thing in the nude, which I hope is not an indication of where the band is at.

So that's the line-up for Atlanta's first solid rock concert in quite some time. As might be expected, we don't have a Georgian to thank for it but a Mr. Derwood Settles who resides in Washington, D.C. His reasons for bringing the concert to Atlanta might be a bit dubious but the fact that it will be here over-rides any hang-ups. The concert has to be good because of the performers and maybe just maybe, the feeling of what rock music is and will be, can be had through the body and not through the mind.

-don speicher

Hampton Grease Band

The Hampton Grease Band is an entity. Five people equal one band. Their music is rock, stone and blues. They call it Grease.

HGB is the band that plays free concerts in the park when the cops allow, benefits when the money is needed, and anytime two or three gather to listen. They find it difficult to get gigs, since their music is their own, not the homogenized drizzle of the Top 40 or the put-on of bands trying to be someone else.

In recommendation, the people in charge of Atlanta's coming "Teen-Age Fair" call the Grease Band, "repulsive, disgusting, and not worth the money." Someone feels threatened by them and the Teens can't dance to their music while the pitch is being made. I think they're good.

What follows is a segment of a rap session we had one night at the Birdhouse. Read it if you can—but better yet, listen to them in the park on one of these odd Sundays. Screw the "Teen-Age Fair."

-don speicher

Go on. Just say anything.

Eggs: Food. Suck. Contusions. Suck. Eggs. Food. Our ultimate ambition is to grow a boson on our head. Omitment. Eat the ointment. Eat the food.

What's Grease?

It's a concept of music. It's a concept of life. It means lobster eggs and ointment. It means basically to suck, yeah, basically to suck. It's hard to define.

You guys all live in the same house?

Yeah, we have a 500 acre estate in North Atlanta. See we're from Idaho. There are all these people out there who suck a lot. The rest of the band was living in Idaho and I was living in Utah and this was to keep the Portuguese out. The Portuguese were invading up through Idaho with Durwood Kirby and we heard about it while we were in New Seaside and we moved out to Idaho and Utah to set up a front to keep the Portuguese out. Durwood Kirby and Sander Vanocur were the leaders. See, we're trying now to move Texas to Idaho but see we can't because the Portuguese are trying to get the limoleum out.

Did you find a drummer?

Yeah, he's not here tonight.

Is he the one you locked in the room?

Yeah, that's him. He's our audio technician. There was this room and he wanted to play drums so we locked him in so he could learn. He actually destroyed the drum. So we had to let him out. This is the first day he's seen light. Hey, hey, Out of the way, Get your butt out of the way! Move, move, move your butt!

What do you want to say about your music?

Music's a concept.

What kind of music is it?

Suckrock. It's a combination between suckrock and ointment. See there are a couple of people in the world who are playing Grease. The Mothers, Igor Stravinsky, Bill Haley and the Comets. They all got their own kind of Grease. Otis Rush Blues Band, Albert King, B. B. King, Buddy Guy, John Coltrane, Archie Shepp. It's not a musical form, it's just a musical concept. Like you could just get up and yell, but if you really destroy, it's a different category. It can include any category. It covers country, it covers everything you do. Grease is a form of life; it's also a form of music. It's all a form of eggs; it all leads back to eggs.



photo by wayne scott

Who understands your music here in Atlanta? About three people. Every once in a while when we're playing people will say, "What's that they're doing?" They can't get into what we're doing because they're looking for some local psychedelic herb-shop band. What we try to do is create power. We just try to destroy. See, our main ambition is life aside from growing a boson on top of our heads. It is to die on stage and when we die on stage that will be when we ultimately reach Grease. Culture died not because we're trying to reach Grease and when you get that close there's no telling what will happen. I mean the ritual himself. It just destroyed him.

Do you think that what you're doing is an art form?

I think it's an art form just because it's a part of life. It's the way we feel. You see it's not just music, it's expression and the problem around here is that people just don't know about it. They want to see some guy get up and play Vanilla Fudge stuff. People are scared of us around here and they don't let us play much. What they're really afraid of is that if they listen they'll find out that they're really as much of what we're playing about as we are. We try to

be honest as possible. It's complete sincerity. There's no put on, no stage act.

What about technical ability?

You need to learn how to play. You need to have technical ability but the thing is that you just have to have the ability to express yourself on the instrument and you can really do it with anything. I mean you have to learn how you want to express and you destroy and you become a part of the instrument and then you and the instrument become a part of the group and then you just want to destroy. See, like when you're playing the guitar you just don't want to be a master of the guitar, you want to be the guitar and you want the whole band to be that way. You don't want people to say, "Look at how good that guy is" or "how good this guy is." You want the whole band to be together and sound good. Everything has to be together and to destroy and it's not a question of having a lot of technical capability. The goal is complete expression, and when you completely attain this expression you won't sound like anybody. You have your own sound and you just destroy. What we want people to do is just come in and hear Grease and to destroy. Yeah, that's it.

Molasses & Quinine

Gold Is Where You Find It—Pt. 2

It had been a great Saturday night, but Sunday morning's sun found Joe Berry sitting in the middle of a gravelled town street, halfway between two saloons. Cars and trucks passed by him on both sides, as he nursed the grandfather of all hangovers. Occasionally he would attempt to rise, but his legs weren't yet equal to the task and he'd sit back down. Whether he thought of the gold he'd discovered or the land he couldn't lease, or other things, his thoughts were soon interrupted.

Up the street came three children, a boy and two girls, from six to eight years old. For some reason, they began throwing rocks at Joe. The oldest girl, braver than the others, slipped up behind Joe and hit him on the head with a rock. She got too close, though. Joe grabbed her, turned her over his knee, gave her a good paddling and turned her loose. Off for home she streaked, madder than a wet hen and squalling up a storm, cooking up a fast lie as she went. She told her parents Joe had attacked her; her father, a truck driver, wasted no time.

Joe had managed to get to his feet at last and had stumbled about a hundred feet down the road. He suddenly found himself in a rainstorm of fists, with no questions asked and was pretty badly beaten-up. A state policeman happened to be passing through and stopped, there was no police force in this small town and the law was represented only by a justice of the peace about sixty years old. The state policeman heard the truck driver's story, took a look at Joe's condition and told him to get out of that part of the country and not to let himself be caught in the state again.

The unemployed immigrant cook was scared and sobered up fast as he gathered his few belongings. He had no automobile, nor even a horse. The West is a big and thinly-settled area, he apparently had enemies and a man afoot on a deserted road makes an easy target. Last night he was within a hair of being a rich man; today he was an exile, nearly an outlaw, wondering if he could live long enough to leave.

The false story spread quickly through the town, where few had been up and about early enough to see the spanking. The general opinion was that Joe had gotten off too easily and there was some talk of lynching. Joe had left his rented cabin and disappeared. It was over two weeks before a rancher who had seen the rock-throwing and spanking came to town again, heard the news and set the record straight. By that time, the truth was too late to change the course of events.

Bill Gallatin was a loyal friend of Joe's but he was working as a truck driver in another part of the state. Bill's wife heard Joe's story, believed it and hid him for several

days. Bill was due home with his truck in a few days; Joe waited, planned and finally got tired of waiting. Gold could be bootlegged in Colorado then, if one knew the right people to see, so Joe decided to go there with as much gold as he could take. He told Bill's wife which back road he wanted Bill to meet him on, at what point and which night. Then he took a few groceries and before dawn started for the hills—and headlines:

JOE BERRY FOUND DEAD— HEAD BLOWN OFF— Possibly By Dynamite—

so ran the headline in the county newspaper, published about seventy miles away. Wood-cutters had found his body in an abandoned mountain cabin they had planned to camp in, according to the published story and the cause of his death had not yet been determined. A deputy sheriff came to the small town, appointed a few local citizens temporary deputies and with the justice of the peace in charge, got together a jury for the county coroner who arrived an hour or so later. Then the "wood-cutters" remained at the road's end and the others went on to the cabin.

The door was shut, its undamaged leather hinges showed that the door had been open when the blast went off. On a stove stood a skillet and a few grocery items, later identified by Bill Gallatin's wife as things she gave Joe. The log walls in one corner of the cabin's only room were blown out of place, touching like loosely-laced fingertips. A mangled body lay under an unstained blanket, which was drawn up to the chin, covering all but the shoes and what was left of the head. The left ear, lower jaw, upper lip and part of the back of the head remained intact. Bits of hair, meat, brains and bone were sprayed all over the walls and roof but there was no splatter or puddle of blood. A dead corpse had been dynamited, why, if not to hide murder? Near the corpse's upper end, a precisely-balanced empty whisky bottle stood on a rock, gently rocking in the breeze coming through the blown-apart logs, why didn't the dynamite blast tip it over? Beneath the undamaged blanket, the corpse's overalls and checked shirt had been blown into shreds. Something stank, and a few questions seemed appropriate.

"What were you doing up here?"
"We came up to cut wood. I carried up some groceries," Jake said, "and then I came back for some more. My father was going up with a load then. I started up again but he was coming back down and said we couldn't stay there, that there was a dead man in the cabin."

"Didn't you see the body when you went in?"
"No, it was dark in there."
"Did you go up again?"
"No, we went to call the sheriff."
"Did any of you move anything in there?"
"No."
"Which one of you identified the body?"
"I did."
"How did you know it was him, Jake?"
"By his shirt. I see Joe Berry wear that shirt, so I know it's Joe."

(The shirt had been completely covered by the blanket, as I've pointed out. The clues necessary for amateur Sherlocks to solve this case have been presented, but I'll add more details and later events in our next issue before going on to other tales of lost gold mines.)

-ernie marris

Positive Thought in a Negative Culture

People often express a somewhat valid criticism of the young movements in the world today—that too much negativism and not enough positivism is voiced. I agree that movements must not only destroy the evil systems, but at the same time replace them with better ones. This article intends to suggest a replacement for our system of bonds and fines—a system which is presently a major force in maintaining racism and class-consciousness in this country.

The entire legal apparatus of our country is based on having enough money to pay your way out of jail. For instance, a middle-class white kid might go out, get drunk (like all "healthy young men") and pick a fight with a poor kid, black or white. Both are arrested for fighting and are taken to jail. But the middle-class kid is bailed out by his parents while the poor kid stays in jail. The following day, they attend the hearing. The "ordinary young man" comes to court with his parents and attorney, all dressed up and looking moral. The poor kid is pushed into the courtroom by a pissed-off cop who acts as if the guy's a worm.

Since everybody's "equal" in the eyes of the law, let's say they receive the same punishment (which isn't usually the case): a \$100.00 fine for fighting. Within a half-hour the middle-class kid is home watching "Batman" and the poor kid is back in city jail or on the way to the stockade because he couldn't pay his fine. Under the present system, he must serve fifty days to pay off that \$100.00 fine. When he gets out, he's lost his job, has no money and very possibly might get arrested again before he is able to find another job.

That's our present system. I flatly defy anyone to bring up an example contrasting the legal treatment of the poor to the legal treatment of the middle-class and the rich which yield a different conclusion. No matter how you cut it, a system which puts money and jail terms on an either/or basis is going to yield results which discriminate against lower-income classes.

Money should not be the difference between freedom and servitude; crime should be. If a minor offense is deemed harmless enough to be settled by a financial punishment rather than imprisonment, that financial punishment must be either proportionally reduced to bear the same effect on a poor man's budget as on a rich man's, or the fine must be worked out so that a poor man can pay it on a long-term basis.

If structures were set up so that if a defendant claims



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Sunday—Keith Yates

There are those who, for reasons I may or may not discuss later, depending on my mood when the subject next appears on the moebus curve of my consciousness, would have me believe that some patrons of this nefarious periodical do not read this column and further they complain, those who do read it do not understand it. I am totally un-receptive to the former and totally unaffected by the latter. However, since I am aware that great quantities of ego are required to produce great works (and if this column has been less than great, it is only because my ego has been occupied with things of more import, such as maintaining its balance amidst your chaotic shouts for justice, your inane sophisms, political assumptions and iconoclastic generalizations) and since the ego function often distorts the reality of the being, the feedback from the communicants, I will take the time from my usual pursuits to make these notes. Since this is *my* little game, I will make the rules and tough shit shall be the order of the thing.

Complaint Number One seems to be that nobody reads ECHOES. I seriously doubt the validity of this statement since the number of my critics alone indicates a sizeable, if unreceptive, audience. I would estimate, and feel qualified to do so, having spent many hours on the streets hawking this sheet, that of the ten thousand or so copies of *The Bird* which manage to get sold each issue, six thousand are sold to the curious or fashion freaks. It would come as a great shock to me if these types read anything in the paper other than the notes on the cover, photo tag lines, and Cobb's cartoon. Those non-readers of Interzone who express the fact are generally those who have in the past read it but being unable to fathom it (and being unwilling to recognize it as unfathomable) find it necessary to challenge its worth lest they are forced to admit something horrendous about themselves.

The second most frequent comment which I generally ignore is that those who read Echoes have great difficulty in understanding it. *TOUGH SHIT!* I fail to see how that should concern me in any way. Perhaps I should take up the practice used by Norman Mailer while he was writing for the *Village Voice* and annotate each passage with warnings like, "This week the column is difficult. All but the most studious should pass on to the movie review on the following page," or "This paragraph should be avoided by little old ladies with less than three years experience in space travel."

I sympathize with my readers because I suffer a certain amount of difficulty in wrenching the ideas from what is a very personal aspect of my personality and then molding it into a work that is universally applicable. By way of an aid to the misfortunate baffled masses, might I say that Echoes is not meant to be "understood" in the sense of comprehension-assimilation-digestion and finally rejection of the unused portions, much like a ham sandwich. . . Echoes usually deals with the undigestible, incomprehensible, unalterable parts of this existence. It is a reflection of an internal trip, stimulated thru analysis by pot, wine, chardonna, amphetamine, etc., etc. It is merely a focal point between you and me, in and of itself, totally meaningless and irrelevant because it makes no attempt to change you, only to remind you of where we are. (There is an excellent chance that you won't understand this either, in which case I will have to write an explanation of an explanation, called the Evolution of Westbrook Pegler.)



Another more heartening comment is that my style ("reminiscent of William Burroughs," which flatters me to no end) is old exhaust. All I can offer is this simple fact. The WORD does not change. Run it through any system and it comes out the same WORD. While it is true that Burroughs has had a great influence on me, I have never used any of his techniques, cut-up, fold-in, fold-out, primarily because I have no desire to write the same thing four times and then proceed to cut it up and reassemble it. Instead I use a stream stimulated by the spiritual experience stimulated by the drug experience stimulated by the sterile reality. . . all three stimuli have an effect and presence in my work, which gives it its multi-level, tho non-dimensional validity, combine this technique or lack of, with total disrespect for the "power of the pen," total lack of discipline and the McLuhan concept of "art is anything you can get away with," and you have an abstraction of the abstraction that is Echoes of Interzone, (and Eric Bonner, ereek bommba, etc.).

Finally, my friends insist on coating me with puke of this nature, "While I think Echoes is valid and good writing, I think you have an untapped ability and maybe Echoes is a waste of talent." My Mother once said that I would have made a wonderful priest, but I told her that I was too horny to make the celibate game. And right now I am too busy violating the universe and the hassle is that I refuse to wear a condom. . . tho we all will probably have to learn how to work with balloons on our wands before it is all over. . .

In case you care to reply to these sentiments, let me say that the most obnoxious letter will be printed in the next *Bird* (we may even make a poster of it).

In closing, my children, let me say that God in his infinite wisdom and mercy shall rain down an awareness upon you, that somewhere (here) hidden among all the mechanical media, stagnant attempts at communication and dogmatic realities, survives a sense of life and creativity unwilling to be stifled by the heavy hands of need and greed, an awareness no matter how dim that a reflection of the true chaos is among you. Next week back to the same old Interzone Shit Storm.

-eric bonner

P.S. I love you anyway.

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*AUG. 2-6 P. M. to 11 P. M.

*All other days - NOON 'til 11 P. M.

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Highlights

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Sons of Bach
 - Tuesday August 6 - Monster Freak-In
Perpetual Motion
Spontaneous Generation
 - Wednesday August 7 - FLOWER POWER DAY
Celestial Voluptuous Banana
 - Thursday August 8 - FINALS: MISS TEEN SOUTHERN STATES PAGEANT
The Phone Booth
Soul Support
 - Friday August 9 - Chet Atkins
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Coconut Confetti
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NEW

ATLANTA CIVIC CENTER EXHIBITION HALL

BLOOD SUGAR

It has become a journalistic cliché to think of the youth movement in this country as sharply divided into two hostile camps: the political radicals (SNCC, SDS, etc.) and the hippies. The usual allegation is that the hippies, as drop-outs, have no interest whatever in politics. Is there really such a split? If so, what does Carl Davidson of SDS mean when he remarks that roughly three-fourths of the SDS membership can be classified as "hippies"? The real question is this: what constitutes political activity?

By their very style of life, the hippies are eminently political. Living in communities sharply at odds with the surrounding "America" clearly suggests that some sort of decision regarding that parent society has been reached. Becoming a hippie, in any degree, from temporary runaway to permanent resident, implies a rejection of the American Way of Life. This in itself is a political act, whether or not any alternative structure is attempted.

But the establishment of communities, such as the Haight, or, more important, the dozens of rural "families," constitutes a real form of political action. It amounts to no less than community organization, the ideal of the New Left. Probably the only significant difference is that with the hippies the organizational subjects are themselves, while with SNCC, for example, those to be organized are mostly dispossessed poor people.

The hippies have been criticized for concentrating their political energies egotistically, forgetting those less voluntary aliens, the economically trampled. It is fine to concentrate on the poor; but as we have seen over and over, such organization is often frustrating and discouraging—partly because the leaders, the organizers, are outsiders. Organization, if it works, usually proceeds from the grass roots. Thus the usual SNCC technique is to help a community discover its own leaders.

There can be no important criticism of those who try to help others. But it would take an insensitive person to maintain that only the poor are dispossessed, trampled on, out of step with society at large. As Paul Goodman has spent most of his intellectual life pointing out, there is a vast collection of terribly dissatisfied young people in this country, children of the middle class, who are being coerced in the direction of meaningless jobs, who are the products of a meaningless and damaging educational structure, and who have been provided from the beginning with hopelessly hypocritical and castrated models.

These young people are in desperate need of revolutionary change preceeded by a radical analysis of their own situation. They are in desperate need of alternatives to a death-dealing system. Their attempts at providing their own structures, of which the hippie movement is resented

for being the most successful so far, can hardly be dismissed as frivolous, or unpolitical. The kids who have left "comfortable" homes in search of more bearable and satisfying conditions are engaged in the most effective grass-roots political organizing the movement has seen. On a basis of participatory democracy, they are beginning with themselves. Some of the new communities may be "sick" (mainly the urban amphetamine scene), but they are undoubtedly less sick than the larger America they are reacting against.

-dennis jarrett

Paschall on McCarthy

Like everybody remotely involved in the civil rights fight, I am weary in soul and body and do not want to have to make any decisions about anything. My heart and mind and body cry out for a respite from crises, just one brief period of drifting. But I cannot wish away a presidential year and so reluctantly and rather by chance I found myself in a spot where I had to shrug my shoulders and pass, or do something.

What I did was to look at the McCarthy campaign as a spectator and tell those in the game how they should play. I even found myself with an opportunity to tell the Senator face to face how I thought he should play—be more aggressive, more dramatic, more oratorical, appeal to people for support, make them feel needed.

-eliza paschall

BOXBOXBOBOYBOX!!!

Guerrilla Theatre would have one less problem if all our brothers and sisters in the community would return any props, costumes, flags, etc. (including a rifle borrowed from another theatre, used in the WSB exorcism) that have been used in demonstrations, Be-ins or plays. If you have any of the said articles, please return them to: TAITAS House, 174-13th Street, N.E.

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MOMENTS SPENT (DePillars, Eitel)
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THERE IS NOT ONE TRUTH, DADY (Inspired from Kenneth Grahame's 'The Wind in the Willows' Song: P. Eitel)

SIDE TWO
THE FRIENDLY LION (Eitel)
YAKS AVE BLUES (DePillars, Eitel)
DUNG JURY (Eitel, Eitel)
LITTLE PEOPLE (Eitel, Eitel)
SHE'S FANTASTIC AND SHE'S YOUNG (Eitel, Eitel, Revolut)
WHEEL OF CHANGES (Betha, Eitel)

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But I didn't quite have the nerve, when I got face to face with him. I found myself wondering what I would say if he asked me what I was doing for our mutual campaign, I got the feeling that it is my campaign, if I want it to be, as much as his, that he did what he could, and what nobody else did until he did, which was to run for the office.

His supporters can give him advice, which he may or may not take. On the other hand, his supporters can supply their own fervor for his challenge to The Establishment and The System, and act like him, each adding his own bit to make it come true that people can still count.

Maybe we have counted too much on a few individuals, and experience should have taught us that peace and prosperity cannot depend on any one man.

We have wanted to hear McCarthy appeal for the Black vote, but he insists on talking to both groups the same. He has said he will not talk one way to Blacks and another way to Whites. Time was when "people" in this country meant white people and so it was necessary and still is on many levels, to say Black people when we mean Black people.

But it might inaugurate a new era to have a leader who simply says "people" and means "all people", says Everyman and means it.

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VICE . . .

2
 enforcement of narcotics laws in Atlanta. Who supervises the operation of the Vice Squad? Why do these detectives have as much power over the lives of their "victims" as they seem to have? Why does it take a questionable attorney to get an auto returned if it was confiscated by mistake? Why instead don't the police notify the owner? Why didn't the Solicitor's office check the condemnation of the car? Is it true that other narcotics cases have been dropped under questionable circumstances while others with different attorneys have been carried through on the barest of evidence?

The situation reminds us of the proverbial dry South Georgia county where the only high and dry leader is the minister of the local First Baptist Church. It has been said that laws against Acts of Consent, such as prostitution, liquor, gambling, and narcotics are not only hard to enforce but lead to at least a weakening of ethical standards in the legal and police professions and at worst, outright corruption. We believe the public has a right to know about the enforcement of drug laws in Atlanta.

-coffin and guerrero

POSITIVE . . .

-con't from page 10

If a man has enough money for bonds and appeal bonds, he is able to live free for a matter of months or even years before he has to face the question of his imprisonment for a serious crime. On the other hand, if a poor man is arrested for driving without a license and doesn't own property or

have much money, he must spend at least two weeks in jail awaiting the next session of State Traffic Court.

If our legal system were concerned with humanity, it would be a matter of utmost importance to police and judges that no one be deprived of his freedom solely because he doesn't have as much money as the average American. All the noisy liberals in the country shout over and over about how it's not poor people's fault that they don't have any money, and yet cats like Eugene McCarthy and Ivan Allen never dream of changing the basic structure of a system which punishes those people daily for being poor.

In order to set up a structure based on proportional bonds and fines, several major steps would have to be taken and a lot of money expended. For instance, the position of courtroom financial consultant would have to be established. These would be people trained in analyzing personal financial conditions and incomes for the purpose of assessing proportional burdens for acts punishable by fines. An investigatory arm of the court or of a credit bureau would have to be equipped to furnish this financial information. Since investigations of this nature would only take place at the request of the defendant, this bureau would not be in the position of "Big-Brothering" everyone's financial status-inability to pay a fine, or claims to be below average in annual income, his financial status could be investigated and verified. Then the court would have enough information for a financial consultant (a new position) to compute a fine of proportional consequence to his income or arrange a just method of installment payment of the original fine.

Bonds, like fines, should be proportionally reduced to create no worse a burden on some people than on other people. In many ways, bonds are more serious an issue than fines, because the courts are supposed to assume inno-

cence until proven guilty. If they keep a cat in jail for a few weeks or months because he didn't have money or connections to get himself out on bond, they're committing the worst crime short of murder that an organized society can commit: depriving an innocent person of his freedom to live among the rest of society.

people who have the money to pay the fine or bond would have no reason to come in contact with that agency.

Hearing and trial procedures would have to be amended so that people who have no money at all for even small bonds could have their hearings and trials as soon as they and their attorneys felt ready to go to court. These kinds of changes would require new personnel, new tactics and some money. When you consider the personnel, tactics, and money expended on the war, riot-control forces, and Presidential Commissions, though, this is nothing.

Just imagine what our political theoreticians could devise if they cared enough about people. I challenge any public figure in the city or country to argue the merits of our present system against the system I have just proposed, in a public debate of any sort on television, radio, or anywhere else.

-bo lozoff

COP KILLS . . .

-con't from p. 3

Officer Mason who has since "resigned" from the force.


The black community of Atlanta awaits the resolution of the discrepancies in these cases. Represented by the Young Men's Civic League, they demand the immediate arrest of Officer Mason on charges of homicide, stating that "we alone have kept this city cool by teaching our people respect for law and order and in return we demand respect from the city." The sentiment of unrest was also expressed in a comment from a black cab driver. . . "something will be done, one way or another. . ."

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NASHVILLE ON PEACHTREE

"The lights were low" and the music was country. From the stage a steel guitar (which is not just a guitar with steel strings) was crying out a sad country tune, and the dance floor was nearly filled. A decor of gilded saddles and bridles and ten-gallon hats and plush red carpet completed this scene at the Playroom, a nightclub billed as "Atlanta's home of country music" or "Nashville on Peachtree."

Several of us from *The Great Speckled Bird* were being treated to an evening of live country music as guests of the owners of the Playroom, Buddy and Annette McMahan. Dick Myles was on stage that night, a local Atlanta singer who recently arrived at country music stardom with his recitation of "The Last Goodbye" a story of a man's reaction to his wife's sudden death.

Seated at our half-dollar size table were several men whose jobs were to get the word out about country music: Johnny Kay, a D.J. for radio station WPLO, the largest country station in Atlanta, Bob Gill, the manager of the Playroom, who has also been known to call square dances there, leading the audience in a promenade out the door and all the way down Peachtree, and Hugh X. Lewis, a country star from Nashville who was just "passing through."

Hugh X., a thirty-year-old former coal miner from east Kentucky, sipped his wine and leaned across the table to tell us, "The Playroom is one of the greatest gathering spots for country music people anywhere. The people who come here dig country music. At some of those other places you have to fight to get country music heard. The guys with "intelligence" bug you. They ask you how much you make. I tell them \$50,000 and they can't believe it. They say, 'I got a college education and I barely make \$15,000.' They hate you because you made it on your talent and you got a Cadillac parked out back. But the country music people want you to make a million. They're glad you got that Cadillac out back. They love your songs."

Hugh X. recalled spending an evening recently with his mother in Cumberland, Kentucky in which she sang verse after verse of practically every old English ballad that she had grown up with. Most of the songs we were listening to at the Playroom have their roots in these old English ballads that have long been the art form of the white rural south. Far from the nightclubs or schoolhouse stages, the music was traditionally made at home for family and friends with little or no accompaniment except for the fiddle.

Around the turn of the century, as industry caused people to move around looking for jobs, black blues artists and minstrel singers had a profound influence on the mountain music. Negro musicians introduced the banjo and guitar to

the mountain singers which helped to shape melodies and smooth out rhythms. Hugh X. commented, "Country music today is a combination of the Negro sounds and rhythms and the white mountain style of telling a story."

With this "new" sound, the early commercial hillbilly music came into its hayday during the 1920's. Mountain singers such as the Carter Family, Uncle Dave Macon, Fiddlin' John Carson reworked and jived up the old unaccompanied hill music, started the Grand Ole Opry and, with the help of powerful radio stations like WSB of Atlanta and WSM of Nashville, began to acquire a following of loyal country music fans.

The depression changed country music drastically. Sales dropped off of the ole time music and gave way to a more bluesy style of singing perfected by the late Mississippi brakeman, Jimmie Rogers. The sounds of the Hawaiian guitar and electrical stringed instruments marked the beginning of the modern country sound. Also with Rogers, the familiar "star" syndrome was begun which now dominates the Nashville scene. Ole time music became "hick stuff" The steel guitar and the crooning style of singing became as familiar as Minnie Pearl's flowered hat on the Grand Ole Opry.

The Playroom's entertainment schedule reflects this transition. . . instead of the high mountain tenor or the stringed band and bluegrass harmonies, there is a single soulful crooner; at the same time, where before there were mainly flat top guitars, fiddles and banjos, there are now steel and electric guitars and drums. But some of the ole-time groups have adapted themselves to the changing times. Perhaps the best example is the Stoneman Family who recently appeared at the Playroom. Although one of the original innovators along with the Carter Family of the commercial hillbilly sound, through the years they've updated their act. (They now feature the youngest daughter playing a wild electric mandolin while doing a country counterpart to the go-go dance in silver boots and a mini dress.)

Hugh X. pointed out that perhaps the most important difference between pop and country music is the variety of themes and "different levels of emotion expressed" in country music. Like the blues, country music, through all of its changes, has retained an element of realism that goes back to the earliest English ballads. Very seldom will you come across a song that paints a rosy picture of life.

Such themes as violence, uptown knifings and shootings are common, as in a song called "The Cold Hard Facts of Life". This story is told by a man in his jail cell. He came home a day early from an out-of-town trip; when he drove

up to his house he saw a big blowout-of-a-party going on. He drove around the block enough times to finish off the bottle of wine he had brought for his wife and then went in and carved her up.

Our talk with Hugh X. stopped when Dick Myles asked him to come up and do a couple of guest numbers. He took the mike and, nodding toward our table, introduced the three people from *The Great Speckled Bird*. He then sang one of his own songs, "War Is Hell," which deals with a soldier in Vietnam thinking about his wife and child back home and about the life he has to live for, rather than the cause he is supposed to kill for. He considers going AWOL.

Although the patriotic ethic is etched very deeply in the Southern white soul, there are many country songs, such as the one Hugh X. wrote and sang that night, which at least acknowledge some of the problems of war. Lulabelle and Scotty's ingenious, "Crazy War" is perhaps the classic song of this nature. Written during the First World War and revised during World War II, it has been brought up-to-date by Stringbean. "I run all over Vietnam a'tryin to save my life/ If there ever comes another war/ I'll send my darlin wife/ to that war, that crazy Vietnam war."

I don't know whether Hugh X. sang that song for our benefit because he knows we don't dig what is going on over in Vietnam. Maybe he just sang it because he likes it. In any case, his music and the music at the Playroom most any night is one of the best things going on in Atlanta.

anne romaine

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WHAT'S HAPPENING!!!

FRIDAY August 2

Bistro. The Cumberland Trio (folkish music)
 P'tree Battle Mini Cinema. *The Bride Wore Black*, Jeanne Moreau.
 Festival Cinema. Warhol flicks, *My Hustler & The Doctor's Office*. Thru the 3rd.
 Twelfth Gate. Kindred Spirits. Thru the 4th.
 Palinurus. Contemporary group show. Thru the 22nd. 27 15th.

Poison Apple. Dogface Jones (country & blues)

SATURDAY August 3

Music in the Park. free & legal. piedmont park bandstand.
 1 12noon-8 p.m. bring food, instruments, etc. call 892-1438 for details.
 Academy Theater. *Fe Fi Fo Fum*. children's theater, any chronology. 2 p.m.
 Midsummer Arts Carnival. Allison Art Acres, Chamblee. p.m.
 Socialist Summer School. first of two classes in imperialism.
 Robert Langston of the *Militant*. 1036 P'tree, Rm 104. Free.

Atlanta Municipal Auditorium. The Impressions. 8:30 p.m.
 Rock Concert. Capitol Homes area. Rec. Dept. for details.
 Teen Age Fair. Fifth Order, 8-11; electric collage
 Pinetree Skaterama. Licorice Phonebooth.

SUNDAY August 4

Atlanta Municipal Aud. Paul Revere and the Raiders. 3 p.m.
 Festival Cinema. Warhol Flicks. *I, A Man*. thru the 10th.

MONDAY August 5

Rock Concert. Anderson Park. Rec. Dept. for details.
 Bistro. Ray Whitley. thru the 10th.
 WPLO-FM. rock 8-10; jazz 10-12 (mon thru fri) 103.3.
 High Museum. 40 Now California Painters. thru Sept. 1.
 Ansley Mall Mini Cinema. *We Still Kill the Old Way*. thru

the 19th.
 Teen Age Fair. Channel 13, 2-5; Sons of Bach, 8-11; electric collage.
TUESDAY August 6
 Atlanta Steel Band. Bedford Pines Park. Rec. Dept. for details.
 Academy Theater. *Fe Fi Fo Fum*. 2 p.m.
 Teen Age Fair. Perpetual Motion 2-5; Spontaneous Generation 8-11; electric collage.

WEDNESDAY August 7

Twelfth Gate. Forest of Arden. thru the 11th.
 Teen Age Fair, Channel 13 2-5; Celestial Voluptuous Banana 8-11; electric collage.

THURSDAY August 8

Academy Theater. *Fe Fi Fo Fum*. 2 p.m.
 Teen Age Fair. Licorice Phonebooth 2-5; Soul Support 8-11; electric collage.

FRIDAY August 9

Steel Band. Dixie Hills Shopping Center. Rec. Dept. for details.
 Teen Age Fair. Coconut Confetti 2-5; Pal Paradox 8-11; electric collage.

Rock. Sweet Younguns. Forest Park Roller Rink. 10-12.

SATURDAY August 10

Georgia Democratic Forum. Macon. Cars leave P'tree McCarthy offices at 8 a.m.

Citywide Frisbee Contest. Washington Park. 10 a.m.

Academy Theater. *Fe Fi Fo Fum*. 2 p.m.

Teen Age Fair. The Fifth Order 2-5; electric collage.

SUNDAY August 11

Municipal Auditorium. Gospel Sing. 3 p.m.
 Regional Tea Tournament and Rock Contest. Lake Spivey.
 Festival Cinema. More Warhol. *The Nude Restaurant*. thru the 17th.

Jass Service. George Sibley & Group. Unitarian Church. 10:30 a.m.

Teen Age Fair. The Villagers 2-5; electric collage.

MONDAY-THURSDAY August 12-15

Laugh Out. Vagabond Marionettes. Monday Mozley Park; Tuesday Pittman Park; Wednesday Piedmont Park; Thursday Grove Park.

Bistro. Chuck Mitchell, Butler and Oxford. thru the 17th.

THURSDAY August 15

McCarthy Day. Simon & Garfunkel. Closed circuit TV.
 Tickets at McCarthy Headquarters.

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WANTED: Drummer with own equipment. Call 872-7247.

RUMMAGE SALE Sunday Aug. 3. 1-8 p.m., 293 Springdale Drive, N.E. 237-2675.

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Aug. 4-10 - *I, A Man*, with Tom Baker, Nico, Ultra Violet, Ingrid's Superstar and Valerie Solanas: The girl who shot Warhol and the Founder of S.C.U.M. (Society for Cutting Up Men). Aug. 11-17 - *The Nude Restaurant*, starring Viva and Taylor Mead. So far underground you may get the bends. Call 577-3892 for particulars. Festival Cinema, 142 Spring St.

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SIDE ONE

- Tears of Rage 5:21
B. Dylan, R. Manuel
- To Kingdom Come 3:19
J. R. Robertson
- In a Station 3:31
R. Manuel
- Caledonia Mission 3:53
J. R. Robertson
- The Weight 4:34
J. R. Robertson



SIDE TWO

- We Can Talk 3:02
R. Manuel
- Long Black Veil 3:02
M. J. Wilkin, D. Dill
- Chest Fever 5:15
J. R. Robertson
- Lonesome Suzie 4:02
R. Manuel
- This Wheels On Fire 3:11
B. Dylan, R. Danko
- I Shall Be Released 3:12
B. Dylan
(All selections ASCAP except Long Black Veil, BMI)

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