

15¢ The GREAT speckled The BIRD

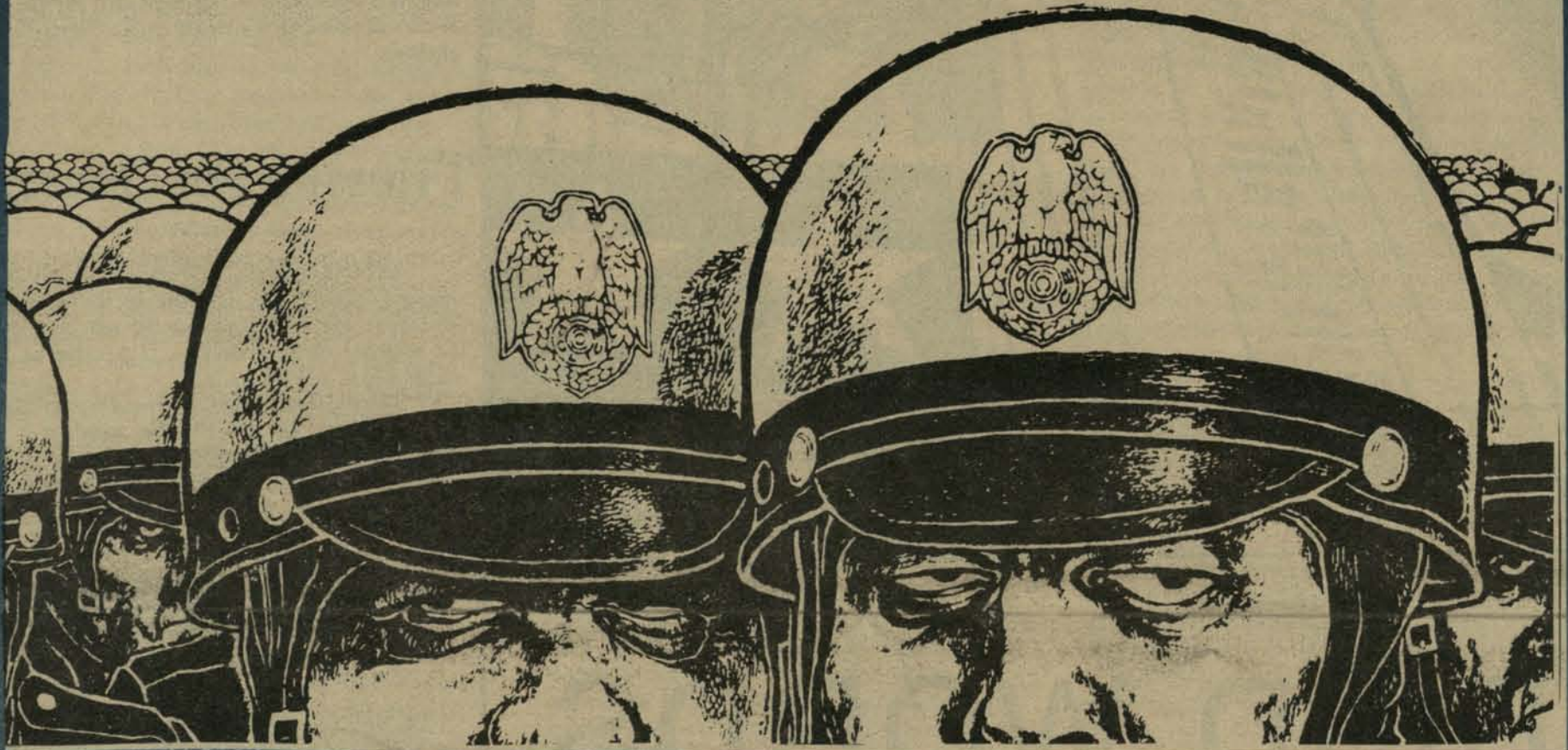
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outside Atlanta

Volume One, Number Thirteen

A Publication of the Atlanta Cooperative News Project

August 30—September 12



America has turned its Convention City into an armed camp against her own people. The "democratic process" is dead. Tanks are rolling through Czechoslovakia; they are rolling through Chicago too.

We, the youth of America, in the tens of thousands, come here in our justified anger and are met at gunpoint. The pigs on the streets are talking about power, finally, because we've forced them to make that clear. Chicago has made that come down, and if we are "outside" here, it is because we have always been outside.

It is no accident that we have been excluded from playing a role in this election. We are excluded because we object to the war in Vietnam; a war in which our brothers die while the oil and construction companies, the military and napalm industries are getting rich.

We are excluded because we know that Nixon's and Humphrey's and even McCarthy's talk of "law and order" is a thin veil for genocide in the black community and suppression of dissent throughout the country.

We are excluded because we can not be against the Vietnamese struggle for liberation, while we are struggling for our own.

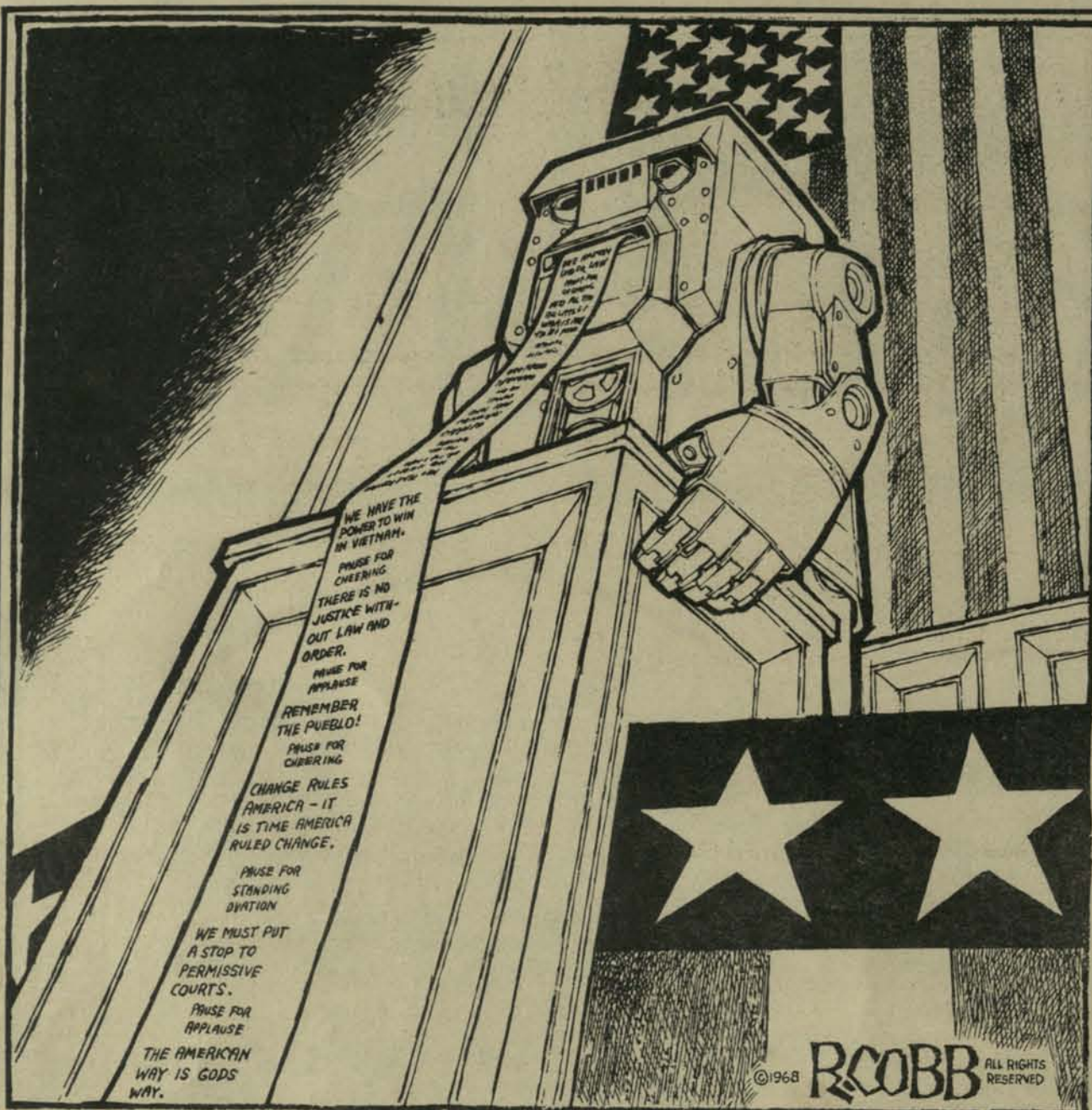
We are excluded because we have refused to be good Germans; we face the pigs now because we have refused to let ourselves be used, and a society that can not use its youth must imprison it.

They imprisoned us at Columbia, and they will imprison us in Chicago. Thousands and thousands of other young people are joining us as they find the blue and white collar jobs they are offered stupid, lifeless and with no human future. What prisons will they construct to contain and regiment the thousands of steelworkers and autoworkers who are being laid off this year because profit was more important than humanity? There are more people than pigs; they will have to build prisons to hold us all.

We are youth and we want to be free. In our music, our ideas, our violence, and our love, we refuse to be regimented into their deadly games. We are not interested in becoming capitalists who control and exploit people's lives. We don't wanna live on Maggie's farm no more. America is our country, and we will not give it up without a fight.

JOIN US

—from *Handwriting on the Wall*
Students for a Democratic Society



Hershey Legalizes C.O.

New York, Aug. 22, (LNS)—Gen. Lewis Hershey announced today that all C.O. applicants should be fully considered by their draft boards and granted all the necessary personal appearances and appeal rights. These "rights" have long been legally guaranteed by the Selective Service Laws; but by making the announcement, Gen. Hershey tacitly admitted that the draft boards across the country had frequently violated the laws. Moreover, the Defense Department announced recently that all soldiers who applied for C.O. status while in the armed forces should be given "all procedural rights." Thus, the government is pursuing today's well-educated, respectable, middle-class would be C.O. with a slow and deliberate style. Such tactics might even put off a lot of the real action until after the coming November elections.

Tijerina For Governor

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, July 27 (LNS) —Reies Lopez Tijerina, president of the Alianza de Pueblos Libres, has announced that he will be a candidate for governor of New Mexico. It is expected that his running-mate will be Indian.

Tijerina leads a militant Indo-Hispano group in the Southwest. He and 19 other members of the Alianza are under indictment for attempted citizens' arrests of government officials at the Echo Amphitheater and the Tierra Amilla Court House.

CIA In Bolivia

The New York Times has once again buried an explosive story in an "objective" news article. "ARGUILLAS RETURN CAUSES DISPUTE IN BOLIVIA." was the article's innocuous title. But the real story was Arguillas' claim that the CIA both directly and indirectly controlled the Bolivian government.

Arguillas was the Bolivian minister who sold a copy of Che Guevara's diary to Castro. When his role in the transaction was discovered, he fled to Chile and vowed never to return to Bolivia. Just as suddenly as he had left he appeared again in La Paz, Bolivia, this time at a press Conference carried live over Bolivian national television. There he was, Che's ally, a friend of the Cubans, claiming that he had been a CIA agent for three years!

But he didn't stop there. Arguillas not only named a number of CIA agents in Bolivia, he also claimed that the CIA ran the Bolivian government.

Quite a story, but where was the New York Times? The Times dutifully printed some of the facts, at the end of the article, including the names of four suspected CIA agents. Some reporter did check the Foreign Service Registry only to discover that the Americans fingered by Arguillas were actually on the embassy staff in Bolivia. Except for this bit of token reporting, the story has not been followed up.

Al Dickinson (LNS)

BIRD WORDS

This, friends, is a Bird Editorial, the first of its kind. This machinery will henceforth be cranked out periodically to give views which might be interpreted (loosely) as the "editorial position" of the *Great Speckled Bird*.

As most Atlantans, even those who read *only* the establishment press, must know by now, the "hippies" of the 14th Street area are (and have been) subject to undue hassle and harassment by the Atlanta Police Department—increasingly so since the Police Aldermanic Committee demanded a "crackdown" a few weeks ago.

Response to the police actions — by the local press, by local community relations groups and by a significant number of individual lawyers — has been encouraging. Dick Hebert's Task Force Report in the *Constitution* was fair, informative, sympathetic. Unsigned editorials in the *Journal* have been strong in the demand that police end the harassment. We tip our collective hat to those responsible for these articles and editorials. We thank the Community Relations Commission for their interest, and reserve special thanks for the several lawyers donating time for both individual court cases and group action.

It is disturbing, however, that all these Big Guns are being focussed on a relatively minor situation in Atlanta. Black people have been subject to much worse harassment, including blatant police murder, for a century of "freedom." Police guns have not yet been drawn against the white middle class dropouts of the 14th Street area. We call on the press and the lawyers interested in the rights of hippies to expand their concern to the myriads of black people in court daily on equally absurd and more blatantly racist charges. This is really "where it's at" in America.

Another group of individuals facing far more serious legal action than hippies arrested for loitering are largely castigated by the press and ignored by lawyers. These are the men who are on grounds of conscience fighting

the military draft and/or the Armed Forces, placing their very lives and freedom on the line. These men refuse to aid the U.S. government wage an illegal, immoral and racist war in Vietnam, at great personal expense. Legal aid is desperately needed by many of these men, and a press which even attempted to be honest about the war and about the anti-war, anti-draft struggle would be immensely helpful in educating the public.

Our feeling is that whereas unconventional looks or life styles are perfectly legitimate and must be defended against illegitimate police practices, the wearing of long hair or the adoption of a less structured life style is seldom a moral decision of the magnitude of that made by men determined to fight the draft and the army at this time. We call on lawyers, human relations agencies and the press to come to the aid of these men, faced not just with the Atlanta Police Department but the might of the United States Government massed against them. Theirs is a moral decision of a magnitude faced by few in a lifetime.

The Bird also has words to this "community" of which we are so often considered an integral part. It is disgusting to watch nearly everyone of the "community" remain on his soft ass while others do his work for him. Our considered opinion is that despite the best efforts of lawyers, the press or community relations groups, any advances made by them will be at best temporary without a concerted effort of the residents of this area to organize as a community and to fight as a group for the rights being arbitrarily denied them in this area — including the very right to walk on the sidewalk or stand in public conversing with friends without police harassment. Much blame must be placed on the older residents of the area, who have largely ignored or denied any community responsibility. Our feeling is that any "movement" in the area must initiate with this rather amorphous and somewhat invisible group. Stop by the Birdhouse & let's talk about it. . . .

I ASKED THE CUBAN ART STUDENT by Todd Gitlin

How do you explain
the quality of Cuban art?

"When people take over," he said,
"There are many things
they want to do."

HARRASSMENT

In a memorandum to the City Aldermen, dated August 7, Chief of Police Herbert Jenkins states, "The records show that there have been about 50 arrests made in this neighborhood in recent weeks, and included were cases of failing to move on, failing to obey an officer and jaywalking." Since that time there have been at least 15 more arrests in this area for various harassment-type charges.

On August 26, Police Superintendent Royal was quoted in the Atlanta *Constitution* Task Force Report as saying that city loitering laws are used only when youths block pedestrian traffic: "If they just stayed off two or three to the side, they're not going to be bothered." Perhaps Supt. Royal should follow some of his officers, like Dingee and Baird, around for a few days.

On August 26, Jan Walkup and Derrill Stack appeared before Municipal Court Judge Jones on loitering charges. Walkup testified that Officer Dingee had warned him twice on August 23 about "loitering" - Walkup states that he was walking both times from the Bird office to the 14th Gate. Finally that day Dingee arrested Walkup for loitering - Walkup claims that he was merely waiting for a traffic light to change so he could cross the street. He stated that he was on his way to the store to buy hot dogs for the 14th Gate. This story was corroborated by the manager of the 14th Gate.

Derrill Stack, meanwhile, testified that he had been leaning against his car, waiting for a friend to bring him his keys. Dingee and Baird arrested him for loitering. Both officers testified that they did not ask Stack to move on, but arrested him because he had "been warned before" to stay away from the area.

Both of these cases were left open, to be dismissed if the men do not show up again in court in the next three months. But listen to Judge Jones:

"Counsellor, I may as well lay it on top of the table. I've never tried one of these cases before, but we've received complaint after complaint from businesses about the people hanging around and taking over the area. Now these officers have their instructions (!) and if you're brought to this courtroom on charges of loitering, the Court is going to find you guilty."

This is truly the Court being handmaiden to the police department. You are guilty until proven, or not, guilty. Jones further interpreted the loitering laws to mean that if you have been warned to leave an area, for whatever reason or lack of reason, and then later are seen in that area, at any time, you can be arrested for "loitering."

Continuing with Chief Jenkins' policy of "Selective Enforcement," next day (August 27) Dingee arrested no fewer than six persons at the corner of 14th and Peachtree - five for loitering, one for "Sleeping in a Public Place." All six cases were tried in Judge Little's Court on August 28.

The case of Brian Williamson, arrested for the sleeping charge, was dismissed when Williamson's lawyer read the City Ordinance to the Court. A Public Place is defined by Section 20-27, Subsection D of the Atlanta Code as being the steps of the outside of a public building or public grounds. Sleeping on the premises of a private business without the consent of the owner might also qualify under the law. However, the manager of the 14th Gate, where Williamson was "apprehended," had made no complaint to the arresting officer.

On the loitering charges, Tommy Henson testified that he was coming home from work and had been on the streets less than five minutes when arrested by Dingee. He stated that he stopped on the street to give a cigarette to a friend. Dingee approached and told the friend to "Come over here." Henson walked into the 14th Gate. Five minutes later Dingee walked in and asked him to "Come outside." He was then arrested for loitering. The case was dismissed.

Leonard Stewart testified that he was depressed and had jumped in front of a car in an abortive suicide attempt. Dingee arrested him for loitering. He was found guilty but given a suspended sentence.

Don Blumkall and Steven Briggs, however, got off not so easy. Unlike in the case of Tommy Henson, Dingee testified that he had warned both men that day about loitering. They testified that they had just left the 14th Gate together and were walking down the street when Dingee stopped them and arrested them for loitering.

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Black Soldiers Rebel

More than 160 black soldiers from Fort Hood refused to take part in riot control operations in Chicago.

The rebellion - the largest in recent U.S. military history - began Friday night at the Texas base. Approximately 100 black GIs from the 1st Battalion, 41st Infantry Brigade, First Armored Division, staged a sitdown demonstration to protest their orders to fly to Chicago the next day. At 3 a.m. Saturday the Division Commander, Major General Bowles, ordered them to disperse. He was met with cries of "Fuck you!" from the men. The Provost Marshall was similarly received when he issued a direct order for them to board a plane to Chicago.

By 6 a.m. some 60 troops were still demonstrating non-violently near their barracks on Battalion Avenue. They were taken by military police to the Post Stockade.

A command decision was then made to segregate the insurgents from the other prisoners, and they were marched to an annex of the stockade. On this march they were clubbed by stockade guards wearing gas masks. They fought back.

Saturday afternoon, Fort Hood GIs informed *The Wallposter*, two ambulances and a large bus were parked in front of the stockade annex, and that high ranking officers kept coming and going. A rumor swept the post that black troops would be given the option of refusing duty in Chicago this week. Some 60 soldiers marched to the stockade annex last night to protest the treatment of their buddies.

-from *The Ramparts Wall Poster*, Chicago

WILSON CONVICTED

Fort Benning - John Wilson was tried at a general court-martial for refusing to wear his uniform and being AWOL on August 23. (See *GSB* Vol. 1 No. 10)

The defense contended that since he was a conscientious objector, he was legally justified in refusing to wear his uniform. The board of five officers and five enlisted lifers concluded he was not a conscientious objector.

Before sentencing, John stated, "I'm not asking for mercy. I've depended on the mercy of the Army for the past 22 months. I guess I'm tired of it."

After deliberating 30 minutes, the board sentenced Wilson to three years of hard labor, a dishonorable discharge and total forfeiture of pay.

Wilson has been in solitary confinement for the past 28 days.

Wilson's case is now under appeal.

The *Bird* is trying to create a revolving bail fund for people arrested as the result of current police harassment in the 14th Street area. We need \$300. We have \$0.00. Donations gratefully accepted. Send them to:

Bust Fund
c/o THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD
P.O. Box 7946 Station C
Atlanta, Georgia 30309

CHICAGO POLICE RIOT

(As the Bird was going to press early Thursday morning we received the following phone call from Chicago. The caller is Dave Govus, chairman of the Committee On Social Issues, Georgia State College.)

Quickly. The rally was in the park. There were 10,000 there. We heard Ginzberg, Mailer, Phil Ochs, Dick Gregory. David Dellinger wanted the people to march to the Amphitheatre.

O.K. Dellinger called for his march over by the statue. Nearly everyone went over there. We marched about half a mile out of the park. . . this is down by the Loop from the park. The cops wouldn't let us move, wouldn't let us move, wouldn't let us move. They kept us there about two hours, then told us it was an arrest situation and they were going to move in. Everybody scattered. At this point the National Guard was deploying around. The kids scattered north and gathered in the street up from the Hilton Hotel. We followed the Mule Train - the Resurrection City mule train - followed it down to the front of the Hilton Hotel.

At this point there were 20,000 people in front of the Hilton Hotel, with 5,000 in the street. In front of the Hilton Hotel the cops formed a barricade. They let the mule train go through and proceed toward the amphitheatre and then blocked everyone off. At that point everyone sat down in the streets.

People began repeating the chant "Dump the Hump" real loudly and "Fuck LBJ" real loudly. Then they brought in police behind the demonstrators. Everyone was sitting quietly. There was no violence of any kind. The police then moved into the crowd, clubbing everybody, clubbing very badly. Everyone was moved off, out of the area.

Somewhere during the process, plainclothesmen. . . there were five portable bullhorns. Plainclothesmen were surrounding the people with the bullhorns, destroying the bullhorns, so the group would have no leadership at all. I was trying to guard one bullhorn and about ten plainclothesmen wedged in. They destroyed the bullhorn.

The cops chased everyone they thought was a demonstrator all over Michigan Avenue, beating them up. At this state the National Guard moved into the middle of the street and ordered the press to turn off their lights and get out of the area. Then the National Guard went into the lobbies of the hotels to get those they thought were demonstrators out.

Each night there have been like 50 people hurt, but this night there will be more, because the cops - usually they chase you and try to get you, but tonight they chase you until they're sure to get you. That's about all I can say. It's not much help. . .

Meanwhile we're back at the Bird, watching the tube, fascinated, sickened by the police riot. Fatuous female on NBC says "We will never know what made this demonstration become violent." Chet Huntley comes on: "Well David, I think this needs no comment. It's just unpleasant." NBC signs off the air with the Star Spangled Banner - and graphic film of American planes shooting rockets and dropping bombs.

Get all the news on NBC.

The next issue of *The Great Speckled Bird*, aborning September 13, will (hopefully) be a special High School issue. High School writers, artists, photographers, graphics people are urged to submit material on or before Monday, September 9, for inclusion in this issue. Wide variance of topics, centered as much as possible around High School education in the United States today. Ideas? Send to *The Great Speckled Bird*, P.O. Box 7946 Station C, Atlanta, Georgia 30309. Or drop by the office, 187 14th St. N.E. sometime before about 7 p.m. See Jim Gwin.

Today the fight for life, the fight for Eros, is the political fight.

--Herbert Marcuse

"What do the dangers or the sacrifices of a man or of a nation matter when the destiny of humanity is at stake?"

--Fidel Castro

Bird Letters

Dear Editors:

I stayed in Atlanta recently with some friends of mine who are on the *Bird* staff. A lot of what I saw both bothered me, and as time went on, my feelings became stronger. Perhaps this letter will raise some questions among the staff members.

The *Bird's* immediate goal, as I understand it, is educational: to inform a potentially radical community of students and hippies what is happening politically. When a political awareness is reached, people will start to react against the bullshit of capitalism. So far, so good. But how are they going to react? By organizing students in sharp clashes against university administrations and allying themselves with the great numbers of Atlanta's workers in struggles leading towards a socialist revolution? No. Instead there will be an "alternative society" modelled, in Atlanta's case, on the embryonic community around 14th St. and centered at the *Bird* office. In the years to come, the community will expand and, with the participation of the next generation-or-so's youth, will completely push the corrupt society out of existence. When asked how working people are going to fit into this "new society" the answer I got was that "if they get hip to what we're doing, they'll join our thing." Otherwise, it's tough shit.

At best you'll have an impotent clique of drop-outs "doing their thing"; at worst, an easily manipulated reactionary bunch pushing Eugene McCarthy on a 3rd or 4th party ticket. (Note: the above was written prior to your Vol. 1, No. 10 de facto endorsement of McCarthy).

Now, with Howard Romaine pushing McCarthy for "a new dynamism in Southern politics" and Romaine's incredible assertion that if we vote for McCarthy, we will end racism, we start to wonder what the *Bird's* immediate objectives really are. The proposal at a *Bird* meeting that Julian Bond (who, after Kennedy's death, switched his support to Humphrey and/or McCarthy) write a political analysis column for the *Bird* reinforces our doubts.

Not long ago, Romaine's mentor noted: "There is an anxiety in the country that our political processes do not work, that candidates do not listen to the views of the people. This feeling has led many of our young people outside the framework of normal political processes."

Shortly later, he said he hoped his candidacy "may counter the growing sense of alienation from electoral politics . . . on college campuses especially, but also among among other thoughtful Americans" - notably Howard Romaine. Most of us recognize McCarthy for what he is: just another liberal facade pasted over American imperialism. Vietnam is a mistake, says McCarthy, we've got to be more subtle about oppressing the world's masses. Black power is great, he says, let's help industry by moving their giant plants right into the ghetto; slave labor will be more easily accessible.

With the "alternate society" idea plus Romaine's conservative SSOC-NSA style politics, the *Bird* is heading down the road of reaction. Let's not forget that it was students and workers together who created the May-June near-revolution in France, and it will be students and workers who make the revolution in the United States. The fight for socialism is also the fight against left-liberal politics. Let's get organized and get on with it.

Yours in struggle,
Tom Natkin
New Orleans Movement for
a Democratic Society

'atlanta sucks'

Dear Fellow Americans,

Now that I have left your beautiful city I can tell of my experiences Friday (August 16) night. I got busted while I was walking toward your establishment for loitering on the streets of Atlanta. I was looking for some people who were going to take me to Charlotte, N.C. I had \$14 in my pocket which was to go for gas.

I was busted by DINGEE (1866) and BAIRD (1184). Dingee said that he was going to make an example of me and a few more before the night was over. While I was in the paddywagon a girl was busted for asking the cops why they were harrassing us. It took at least four cops to apprehend her but I think there were a few more.

When I got to the jail I was put on the 4th floor where I saw a few more heads. I was determined to stick it out at any cost, but later my fine was paid when I posted my gas money with a friend. I spent most of my time turning on faucets and flushing toilets for the hell of it.

I was called out to go downstairs when the fuzz started some shit. A drunk spade prisoner said something to one of the guards and three went in and beat the hell out of him. I then sat down but soon another clash started. The fuzz brought a young white boy out and proceeded in beating him to his knees, there was no resistance, then they took him in a back room and beat him again for what seemed like eternity.

All this time I had been taking down badge numbers every time their backs were turned. I can imagine what would have happened if they would have seen me. Their numbers were 1922, 1961, and BARNES 1965. The others did not have name plates. Number 1922 spent his time telling me that what he helped do to the two was fun. Finally I left the jail and town. So here I am in Charlotte. Only one other thing I have to say is "Atlanta Sucks."

Revolution,
James Marion Lyles (Flame)

Dear Editor:

Military statistics today show that sixty-one per cent of all servicemen go AWOL at one time or another. This is an increase of forty per cent over the last six years. The stockades around America are overflowing. Fort Riley, a special training camp for non-cooperative personnel, can accept no more prisoners. Fort Leavenworth prison is so full, men with one to five year sentences are free after three months. Orders come to the Fort McPherson stockade authorizing them to have a complete turnover at least once a month. This is approximately one hundred and forty different prisoners passing through the Fort McPherson stockade each month. All this information I secured while I was in the Fort McPherson stockade. The Army is not a very bright organization, they put me to work in the prisoner processing department with access to all files. Many prisoners were Vietnam veterans as well as men who never finished basic training. All with one common bond, hatred for the Army and everything it stands for. The cadre try to break the prisoner's moral, but prisoners seem to have a better moral than anyone else in the service. They know what they want and they intend to get it one way or another. After all, they are already in confinement and have nothing else to lose. They do not care what kind of discharge they get, just as long as they get one. Even the compound guards hate the Army and want out. They let prisoners get away with murder because they can understand the situation. Servicemen appreciate everything people on the outside do to help them, but the strongest force fighting the Army is the Army.

K.K. Martin

Dear *Bird*,

In his otherwise excellent article on the Macon convention of the "Loyal National Democrats of Georgia," Howard Romaine quoted Al Horn as saying: "Mississippi will be seceded this year. Rauh laid the groundwork for that in '64."

Surely that is perverse, for in 1964 it was precisely Joseph Rauh, along with Hubert Horatio Humphrey and other grand-and-glorious, always-willing-to-compromise liberals, who, acting on orders from the Chief Balls-Scratcher in the White House, arranged a "compromise" whereby the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party would be given two token seats and the regular Goldwaterite segregationist delegates would be given all of their original seats. Since Joe Rauh was a principal figure in the '64 sell-out of the MFDP, it is hard for me to see in what way he laid the groundwork for the successful challenge of the liberal Mississippians this year.

Sincerely,
Steve Wise

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Need Bread? The *Bird* needs you! Sell the *Bird*, earn one nickel per copy sold. Everybody Welcome! Pick up papers at the Birdhouse, 187 14th St. N.E. A fine source of revenue for your church or scout group too!

bird

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gene guerrero	reggie mitchell
nan guerrero	ted brodek
tom coffin	bob goodman
stephanie coffin	ernie marrs
jim gwin	linda fibben
pam gwin	wayne scott jr.
steve wise	eric bonner
anne jenkins	dottie bonner

staff

The Great Speckled Bird is a cooperative family open to the community for participation. We envision the creation of other cooperatives around radio, film, crafts and living. 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 of producing a newspaper.

S U B S C R I B E

Atlanta Cooperative News Project
P. O. Box 7946, Station C
Atlanta, Georgia 30309
(office at 187-14th Street
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SOMEHOWSOMEDAY
SOONWEGOWEEKLY!!
WOW

WATTS

by Fred Hoffman

Los Angeles, Aug. 11 (LNS)—Last Sunday night the Watts Festival was swept away in a sudden storm of violence. A little before 11 p.m. officers of the LAPD arrested a woman on Central Avenue for alleged drunkenness and threw her roughly into a police car. Thousands of black people watched white policemen seize a woman who was not really big enough to cause anybody much harm, and using "adequate force" toss her bodily into the police car.

Young people witnessing the arrest from the park began throwing rocks and bottles at the police who were stationed along Central Avenue and at the many police vehicles patrolling the area.

About 11 p.m. police officers on Central radioed the Sheriff's Department that they were targets of missiles thrown from the sheltered terrain inside the park.

Officers of the LAPD raised their shotguns in the air and shot out all the street lights. It was a show of force and a signal for the new riot plan to go into effect. About 100 cops formed a line and, clubs swinging, proceeded to sweep the area.

The cops scattered the people, clubbing women and children. During the screaming and confusion, gunfire rang out in the night. At first the cops fired over the heads of the crowd. Then some of Reddin's police lowered their guns and fired straight at the backs of the fleeing crowd. Chief Reddin declared a tactical alert for the riot zone and a cordon was put around the area.

1800 officers in scores of patrol cars converged on the scene. 100 county sheriff's deputies joined the force.

Eye witnesses told this reporter that "police used riot guns and fired indiscriminately into the crowd."

At 5:30 a.m. Chief Reddin called off the tactical alert. The Chief told reporters "We did not overreact." Three men had just died from police bullets. Reddin explained that there is no limit to violence if it is used to keep things from getting out of control.

Since the Watts uprisings of August 11, 1965, senior officials in the LAPD have had three years to consult, train their men, and acquire whatever equipment might be useful to them. This time the LAPD had metal shields with them to cover squad car windows from flying rocks and bottles. For night warfare they wore camouflaged cloths over their shiny white helmets.

The Festival Director bitterly denounced the police: "We realize that some of the activity of the community might have been different, but we also feel that no activity on the part of any segment of our community justified the massacre that occurred."

Tijerina

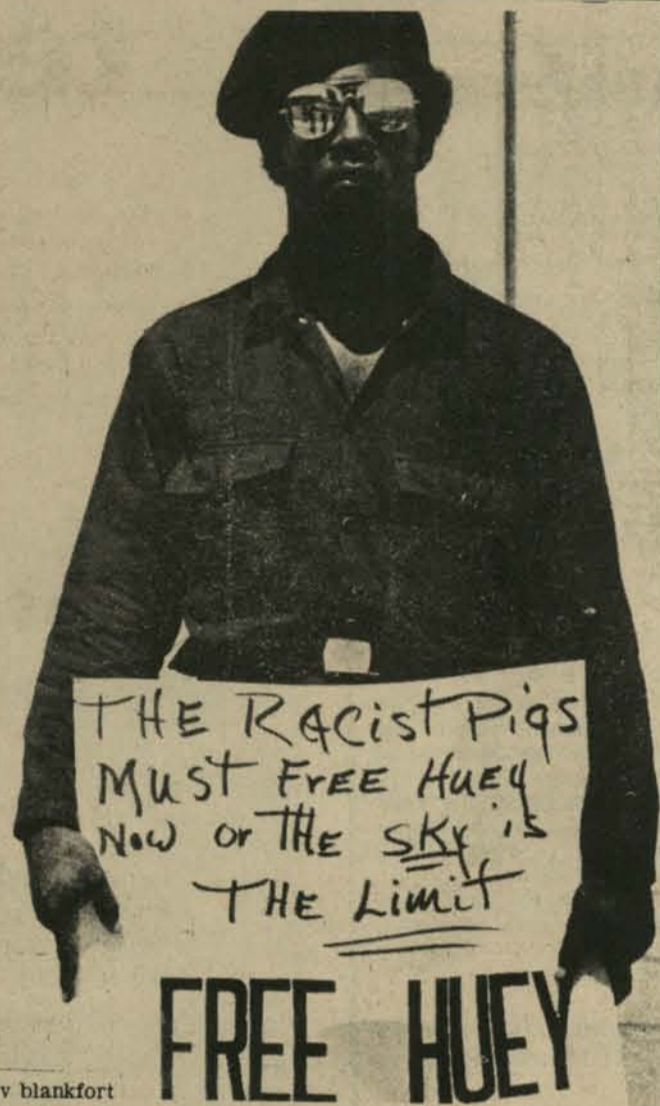
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, Aug. 2 (LNS)—Reies Lopez Tijerina, president of the Alianza de Pueblos Libres, an Indo-Hispano group in the Southwest, has filed a formal complaint with the U.S. Attorney General demanding anti-trust action "to split up the newspaper conspiracy in Albuquerque, New Mexico."

Tijerina charged that "This criminal conspiracy against the citizens and people of Albuquerque and New Mexico was created by secret agreement and corporate arrangements between the *Albuquerque Journal*, a morning newspaper of over sixty thousand circulation, and the *Albuquerque Tribune*, an evening newspaper of about forty-thousand circulation. . . . This criminal conspiracy was first decided upon and entered into in the 1930's. It has resulted in advertising and news sale price fixing, market allocation and a purposive and elaborate conspiracy to suppress the creation or existence of other newspapers throughout the major part of the state of New Mexico."

The effect of the conspiracy, Tijerina says, has been to distort coverage of events relating to the Spanish speaking community: "The news coverage and editorial policy of the concerted operation is intentionally and purposively opposed to the rights and welfare of the Indo-Hispano population of Albuquerque and New Mexico. This population constitutes approximately fifty percent or more of the readership territory of these papers. Specifically, these newspapers

cont. on p. 14

justice



Jeffrey Blankfort

strikes

Well, sports fans, here we are again in the crime arena. Today's event features a heavyweight bout between Huey Newton, in (and for) black, and Assistant District Attorney Lowell Jensen, in natural white. Referee for the match is "Judge'm Straight" Monroe Friedman. Acting as Newton's "Minister of Defense" is Charles "Never Lost A Fight" Garry. Taking place in the Alameda County, California, Courthouse.

For fans tuning in late, let's take a look at the scorecard:

Round One: Decisive victory for the D.A. Out of a panel of 1900, there were only 46 prospective black jurors. Of the 12 finally chosen, only one is black.

Round Two: This round, at the decision of the referee, also goes to the D.A. Newton's Public Trial is not moved to larger chambers. Newton's family is "mugged" and fingerprinted before being allowed admittance to the courtroom.

Round Three: A draw. Dill Ross, alleged kidnap victim, is called to the stand. He effectively blocks a barrage of questions, ducking deftly behind the Fifth Amendment. "Judge'm Straight" Friedman threatens Contempt of Court and Perjury charges. Ross — at the suggestion of the referee — says, "I don't remember what happened." This fancy footwork paves the way for the reading of Ross' Grand Jury testimony.

Minister of Defense Garry counters with a taped conversation between he and Ross in which Ross stated that

he had lied to the Grand Jury because of fear of the police.

Round Four: This one goes decisively to Newton. The only evidence that Newton had a gun of his own is circumstantial. Two expended 9 mm bullets were found, but no wounds were inflicted with the type bullets that would be used by the 9 mm automatic weapon Officer Jensen claims Newton had.

Bus driver Henry Grier was the only witness who testified that he saw Newton with a gun. Grier's testimony is self-contradictory on several points and contradicts Officer Heane's scenario as well. Perhaps most important, on the morning of the shooting Grier was unable to make a positive identification of Newton from a photograph, and said that the man who killed Officer Frey was under five feet tall. Newton is five feet, ten inches tall.

In Depth Analysis: It is blatantly obvious that Judge Monroe Friedman is not acting in the objective manner of impartial judges. Since the onset of the trial he has repeatedly ruled in favor of the prosecution and has manipulated the proceedings of "his" court to the advantage of the Assistant District Attorney.

As the evidence (or lack thereof) to date stands, there is nothing to convict Newton of murder. The kidnapping charge has already been dropped for lack of evidence.

Prediction: Newton should win by a Technical Knock-out.

--reggie mitchell

SOUTH^{of} the BORDER

New York (Aug. 9, LNS)—The bloody revolt of the students of Mexico City has gathered the largest demonstration this city has ever seen. On Thursday August 1st, nearly 100,000 students left the University of Mexico to march to the Zocalo, the downtown scene of heavy fighting and several students' deaths the week before.

But the march was under the control of the University's politically appointed leadership and was turned back toward the University before any confrontation with the Mexican troops and tanks massed near the government center. Still, over 80 students and 11 foreigners were arrested that night for alleged conspiracy in planning the march and other student activities.

During the week support for the students had broadened after the army used bazookas and bayonets to retake two preparatory schools occupied by students Monday. That invasion in which over 400 students were injured brought the situation to a crisis. All the schools at the University of Mexico voted Tuesday to join the prep schools and the Polytechnic University to form a united organization in the

struggle.

On Wednesday, the faculty announced that all of its members would resign if the Army occupied the University. Downtown, fighting continued with the army and special police units. Local newspapers printed photographs of emptied machine gun belts and witnesses reported that more students and onlookers were killed.

The general level of oppression is so great in Mexico that the students were afraid of losing the anonymity afforded by massive street demonstration. Still, they had always been heavily infiltrated here. Paranoia is intense and credentials are frequently demanded at semi-public meetings.

One of the most remarkable things one notes in the midst of the chaos of the mass meetings is a kind of spirit and sense of unity that would be ridiculed in the U.S. as team spirit or fraternity chauvinism. Yet it maintains a sense of community without the alienation found everywhere in the U.S. One senses a spirit without which revolution cannot be born. It is not around the corner in Mexico, but it is a real possibility.

Facts and fables about rats and mice

FABLE:

RATS AND MICE IN COUNCIL.

This ancient fable tells of the harassment of mice and rats by a cat. After much talk they devised a plan calling for a bell to be hung around the cat's neck. An older experienced mouse jumped up and announced he considered the idea excellent, but he had one question. WHO was going to bell the cat?

A fable...? Yes, but its moral is fact... "It is easier to talk than produce."



FACT:

Talmadge talks a lot, but he will not debate Maynard Jackson. He says now that his opponent has no record of public office (but what office did Talmadge hold when he seized the Georgia Governorship in 1947). Reece Cleghorn, Associate Editor of The Atlanta Journal said in Atlanta magazine in 1964, that Talmadge said he would never debate a Negro.

Perhaps Talmadge only told the truth then. One thing is certain: Maynard Jackson needs your help.

Send your change and dollars to: Georgians for Jackson, 5 Forsyth Street, N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30303

Maynard Jackson needs your energies. Call: 523-6693 and volunteer your services.

Maynard Jackson is belling a vicious and diabolical cat, but he cannot do it alone. Let's go Georgia.

**georgians
for
jackson
5 Forsyth St.
ATLANTA**

An "Artists and Performers for Jackson" rally and fund raising program will be held Saturday, August 31, on Gilmer Street in front of Georgia State College. The rally will be held between 6 and 11 p.m.

Artists whose work will be shown and auctioned off during the evening include Paul Chelko, Roman and Constatine Chatov, Jim McRae, Pat Harrington, Jack Adams, Ben Smith, Sam Hutto and Al Durham.

Music and entertainment will be provided by such outstanding groups and individuals as Cortez Greer and the Billy Mitchell Trio, the Mangums, Nicas Foster and the Vanguards.

Maynard Jackson is vigorously challenging the seat of incumbent Senator Herman Talmadge. The Democratic Primary will be held on September 11.

The bookworm
92 Forsyth St. NW
ATLANTA'S MOST COMPLETE SELECTION OF PERIODICALS

- | | |
|-------------|------------------|
| Evergreen | Foreign Language |
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| Viet Report | German |
| Ramparts | Italian |
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GEORGIA POWER COMPANY

*Electricity keeps the Polaris in orbit.
And its passengers in comfort.*

When a design problem has you going around in circles, electricity provides the solution. It's the world's most flexible energy. The revolving Polaris dining atop The Regency Hyatt House, is all-electric. Electricity will solve the energy problems of any building you can build. For some concrete proof, take a look at Atlanta's skyline. You'll see more all-electric buildings here than in any other city in the world.



Concerning a little "Legal Notice" you may have missed. I would have were it not for a phone call from a friend of the Bird. This notice, in the Constitution, August 22, p. 37 (right next to the obituaries) states that the Georgia Power Company "has filed application with the Georgia Public Service Commission for permission to include an income tax adjustment clause in its rate schedules for electric service." Reading further we find that this "income tax adjustment clause" is aimed at offsetting the 10 per cent surcharge passed by Congress this year. To pay for the rising costs of the war in Vietnam, remember?

So, I thought: You and I have to pay a 10 per cent surcharge on our earnings. Why should we also have to pay Georgia Power's 10 per cent surcharge? I mean, after all, a citizen does have some duties, and Georgia Power proclaims itself "A Citizen Wherever We Serve" right on the cover of their 1967 Annual Report.

But perhaps Georgia Power Company is having difficulty making ends meet, I think. Sure enough: "The application further represents Georgia Power Company's rate of return and earnings on its common stock equity are insufficient to enable it to absorb this substantial surtax levy." Chagrined by this sad state of affairs and wishing to commiserate, I call Georgia Power to ask them how their "rate of return and earnings" is doing. A gesture of pity.

But—Lord Almighty!—I am confronted with a glowing report: Last year, for example, Georgia Power Company's total revenue amounted to \$260,484,000—up 7.2 per cent over 1966. And their net profit for 1967 was \$39,609,000—again a healthy 6.5 per cent rise from 1966. A fluke perhaps, I think. But no, checking back I find that Georgia Power has been blessed with at least this great a percentage jump every year since 1961. In fact, since 1961 Georgia Power Company's total revenue has increased by over \$100 million; their net profit has nearly doubled, an increase of almost \$19 million.

So assuming about the same rate of increase for this year, I figure that Georgia Power Company's total revenue for 1968 should be somewhere around \$279,239,000 their net profit about \$42,404,000—this of course before both surtax and their requested 2 per cent rate hike. So to consider these subjects.

In 1967 Georgia Power paid \$18,689,000 in Federal income tax. This figure represents roughly 7.2 per cent of Georgia Power's total income. (Checking my last year's 1040 form, I find that a couple with two children, earning \$5000 per year, would pay about 5.7 per cent of their total income in Federal income tax. A couple alone earning \$5000 would pay 10 per cent. But that's

our system: Each according to his ability to pay. Obviously.)

Given Georgia Power's expected earnings for 1968, we might assume them to pay \$20,105,000 in Federal income tax this year—before surcharge! (Add the 10 per cent surtax and their Federal tax for 1968 is about \$22,115,000, or about 7.9 per cent of their total income. The couple with two children will pay 6.5 per cent; the couple alone will pay 11 per cent. Before, that is, Georgia Power Company asks them to pay its share too.

But what will this 2 per cent rate increase do? Remember, this revenue goes on the top, before taxes. Given the four months remaining in 1968, Georgia Power will collect estimated minimum of about \$1,849,000 extra from the rate increase. This increases their total revenue to about \$281,088,000 and their tax, with the surcharge, to something like \$22,262,000—or 7.8 per cent of the total revenue. Thus Georgia Power comes out ahead, it seems, by only about .1 of 1 per cent. But talking in terms of their money, this represents about \$281,000—which somehow translates to me as a quarter of a million dollars profit, out of your pocket.

But perhaps we should not begrudge them their money. After all, they work for it, don't they? What is irksome to me, however, is the recurring thought that somehow Georgia Power Company is not holding its own, is not backing our boys in Vietnam like you and I have to—gladly, of course. After all, Georgia Power receives over 25 per cent of its revenue from industry, and industries like Lockheed, Marietta and textile mills and others are working overtime because of the war, using up power and things. Seems somehow, and I'll ask Piney Woods Pete about it tomorrow for sure, that Georgia Power Company ought to tighten its belt a bit too, just like us common folk, and pay their due 10 per cent that Our President asked for to pay for His War. As I said, Good Citizenship implies certain obligations and responsibilities, and civic leaders like Georgia Power Company should at least try to provide a good example for the young, shouldn't they?

So tell you what we should do: A public hearing, required by law, will be held on this proposed rate increase on Thursday, September 12, at 10 a.m. in the Hearing Room of the Georgia Public Service Commission, 244 Washington St., S.W., Atlanta. Even those of us in sympathy with Georgia Power's grievous money problems should perhaps go down and question their apparent lack of patriotism in this time of stress and turmoil. See you there.

—tom coffin



Greek legs bare (hard) in the water
 Ramon dealer (sundry)

ramon is a filthy mcnasty type cat straight out of the mexican border movie starring Leo Carrillo, and he hang his head into a nod deeper than the last prick on a syphilis hunt, like his ole lady had caught him with his hand on his own rod or sumthin, and his teeth are junk rotten yellow and green and slimey and he talk like the noise is come from somewhere funny, like he aint to blame for this rumblin sound come easin out of his bowels thru the tee shirt, right thru the cigarette hole dislocated from the burned skin, and out into the air just barely mumbled and mostly not even heard. "so you wannnnnna niki nnnnnna yehnnnna niki!" Ramon is always stoned being the dealer type noted for finer wares, what with samples and demonstrations, merely a business man digging and taking care of business "nnnnna lika down headnna? see me tuesday nnnnna yeh." and i catch im at the subway, 149 and prospect, which is really an elevated line and the spanish people are buying *el diario* as they come down the stairs into the street, the jewish people stay on the train to park chester and just look out at 149 and the hookers and coconut soda man. The junkies are working the downtown side hustlin dimes, "i need a dime man to make it home, ya gotta dime? so i can get home?" and they hungry cause its august and the summer panic has hit and a trey bag cost seven dollars and the heat is on super market boosters, its like the whole city, the apple is thin. and ramon comes down the stairs and dont look at nothin or nobody and you know that he is holdin just by the way he act, and i been to his crib where his fat ole lady told me that he went downtown and i know that he is never in the street unless he is picking up, so when he disappear around the corner i know he is straight, and he on his way to stash and bag up. so i make it too the park and lay dead for him to make his tour. He come walking down the block half hour later, advertising. He makes the walk around the block, not sayin nothin but just walking and everbody know that he is ready to do business. back to his crib, across from the eagle lounge, and the greek is there, ramons main man the greek. ramon let him get high in the bathtub allatime. the greek never smoke or shoot or snort or nothin, say its bad for the body, not pure, mess up your viens, sinus and lungs, so he get high by osmosis, dump a nickel inna tub and hot water and lay in for an hour and get nice. once he dump a spoon of coke on ramons ole lady while she inna tub and she grab the greek and make him put the feelin back in her body, yeah ramon really some weird people, keep his fat ole bitch aroun just so the greek can freak awf with her with his osmosis. The greek is a fag hustler, and take pride in his self, dress like some Hunter college paddy, but ramon dig him cause he heavy in the head and usually got bread, or access. like the greek once give ramon a deck cause ramon was sick and was talkin about going to the hospital, and the greek need this tub, and beside he dig ramon. so i am in the crib and the greek is talking about this flick he dug on 42nd while hustlin and he say it was so good that the lovely fellah he was with gets pissed off cause greek aint paying him no attention and he pour the greek all over with this cheap wine so can the greek please use ramons tub to get clean?

so ramon nod and say later for it and take care of our business, bagging up my shit from this pound and he roll us a coupla joints and fill a bag with a shot glass, and begin making packages for his steady people, while we smoke and listen to sid on the radio and the greek is running the water and i am stoned at this point. "ramon, i am stoned at this point."

"nnnnnnnna Haaannnna yeah nna stonedda"
 "umm but this smoke is syno yeah and wow and doo"
 "nnnnnna yeah dyno, fum aaaannnna H and Tee, 110st nnnna good people H and Tee, nnnna gonna do fie poundsza nes weekaannnait be red, bline the whole neighborhoods greek geta nnnna bath so bad he turn prune nnnhananaa"
 "Yeah and this priss mess up my new suedes with this bottle a swissup and put me threw a thing behind this freaky flick oh wow" the greek say from the bathroom "anita nnnna come and rapp to skinny fore he split, annnna nnnnyeah nna bring the beer." "fuck off ramon anita say cause she busy with the rosary. she dont dig me anyhow cause they call me skinny joint cause i roll them thin and they dont stay lit sometimes, but i dont dig bombs bombs cause they make me feel like a pig when i do a whole thing."
 "nnnnna yeah fie pounds keepnna half for my people nnnna new business getnna the rest, maybe nnnnna dont need nnnna to deal duji nes week." nod. i am into my self when ramon jump into my skull because he is strung out people and no one care to tell him that he dying because he is the dealer. the dealer . . . he got this system, monday he deal smek, tuesday he deal medicine and downs, weekends he throw smoke, but he fuckdup behind monday, he deal maybe two, three eighths and reap an eight for hisself which is a major habit, but business is good and he always straight and never sick so nobody tell him that he is strung and gonna die, so he never think about it.
 "nnnna bring skinny the beer, nita nnnna"
 "fuck off man, wadd i say, im doin the beads"
 so later for it. i'm nice and gonna split. later for dirty oi ramon, i be back on the weekend maybe do a ohzee, and maybe pull ramons coat with a straight rapp and fuck that fat bitch, and maybe kick that prancing mother fucker greek in his absorbing ass . . . so i split back downtown uptown to the parkchester with the lames, and when i try to make it back downtown i find that ramon is busted, cause anita drop the dime on him for the greek when ramon lay foamin on the floor behind a monday overdose.

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The world's wet roof bends/dazzles opacity

Composite nimbus lens blurred signal?

O quasars, O angel—
 How far for Orion? discounting for Doppler
 since piltown floundered

snow meadows. Sun, brooding
 grayflash! land? focus?

(all places that the eye of heaven visits)

I know you, old hangbreast—
 Kerala, and starven
 (of time, a synthesis)
 curven to hammerhead
 Sirhan—his birthplace and how many times have I wept,
 would I gather, but you and your missions for Aquaba, would not

bright horizontals yield
 Tarsus to Cathead
 pockbacked, sullen
 (of history, an intrigue)
 rabbit beridden, silver ribboned for protection against
 infection and the threat of this precious island, other
 Eden where I, westering like to an orbital and paltry star
 over brightsmudge! Hudson?
 and Oswald, his falterings
 (for she is a land that devours her children)

spinning for passage yields

Canaveral. Kennedy? what, all my pretty ones?
 there are
 three that walk in the fiery furnace, as well as the three
 in the dike, Philadelphia

I have known too much of stars,
 as of waters we sent you clear signals
 all systems are go for
 a second orbit
 and Galt apprehended
 established provision
 securities, benefits
 programmed for orbit
 but not for re-entry

landwards,
 diving
 shieldless

burning

—Annis Pratt

exp eri ence

There is a concert—a rock concert with several serious new music groups, and advertising that promoted only the top 40 dribble that some of the groups produce: WQXI control prevails. Five groups play the afternoon show—the Heir Apparent introduce the show; the Soft Machine do a long and powerful riff with drummer stealing the show; the Amboy Dukes really get into it and steal the entire concert; Vanilla Fudge come on as showmen and do some fine music and gain support of many critics; The Jimi Hendrix Experience leaves most of the audience cold, the audience leaves Hendrix cold, he finishes the show.

The evening show is much the same except the Amboy Dukes does not appear, we are told because of time considerations. Rumors fly, Hendrix was out performed earlier in the day so he gets insurance against that for the evening; no Amboy Dukes. Hendrix plays again, and again many people are disappointed, not without cause. He didn't really try; man, it's only Atlanta, Ga.; where's that, what is it? However, he plays his ass off on "Little Red House," a blues thing unlike the head tunes that made him famous. Nothing freaky, just great music. He gets polite Atlanta applause. He does "Purple Haze" and the crowd is pleased; he plays "Wild Thing", the "Star Spangled Banner" etc., smashes his guitar and amp and leaves the stage with the audience getting at least a few minutes of what they seemed to want.

Then there is an interview—Hendrix sits on the 21st floor of the Regency Hyatt House and does not want to be interviewed as he watches Joe Pyne freak on the tube. We begin slowly, phones ring, doors knock, the rest of the band comes in, and they are good, people in a better mood than Hendrix, we stone, we spray aerosol cans, we indeed finish slowly with Hubert Humphrey's red and blue face on the color tube. We leave stepping over four or five Afro kids sitting in the hall by the star's door—strange—the elevators are a gas though. We stop at every floor and freak for Regency guests. What follows is in the past.

Bird: Well, do you have to tour to keep things going?

Hendrix: No man, that's just another hang up, another scene I have to think about. It's great playing but when you come to actual things like this, people coming up saying, "Well, you're supposed to be an entertainer, so you're supposed to be this to us and we're buying your records and we're making you this and we're making you that." They think they have us for the rest of our lives. Who wants to go through all that?

Bird: How was the afternoon performance?

Hendrix: I didn't feel really up to it, you know, because we were pretty tired. Very, very tired as a matter of fact. We just got straight off the plane and came over here; had free time for about an hour and a half. It's just like having recess in school. The first show was a drag, it was a bore. The people were waiting for flames or something, and I was waiting to get through to those people by a music way.

Hendrix: Yeah, right, and that's what we're trying to avoid. That's what makes things uptight. I'd like to see anyone come to a show, but don't forget we're trying to get it across. Who wants to sit in a plane eight days a week and come down and see people's faces saying "Are you going to burn your guitar tonight?" What's that shit about? Just because we did it about three times in three hundred gigs.

Bird: Who are the people you dig now?

Hendrix: I just dig different things, you know. I was digging some of the things Cream was doing and I was



digging some things by this cat E. Power Biggs on the harpichord and I was digging Muddy Waters. I dig anything that holds my interest, you know.

Bird: Do you think all this constant travelling is hurting your music?

Hendrix: Right, it sure is. It's hurting our new LP as a matter of fact. That's the reason it's not released yet. It was supposed to be out on July 21.

Bird: How did you get started? Did you play with B.B. King?

Hendrix: We did some jam sessions and I did some shows and tours with him. I'd like for you all to get into the other cats too. You're not going to be like the rest of them, are you? You ought to be down in Noel's room and Mitch's too. Spread out, like we try to do in our songs.

Bird: How do you feel about having to go to England to get started?

Hendrix: I didn't have to. That's just some other hog-wash you hear. It's just something that happened. I just decided what in the hell was I doing playing behind other people, so I got my own group together in the Village, and almost immediately we got offers from Epic and CBS, and then I just happened to want to go to England. I never been there and I'm glad I went because the group I had here wasn't half as good as the one we have now. So I went to England and we had a jam and Mitch came down. There were about 20 drummers there and like we just had a jam session at this club. Noel came down with a guitar to audition for the new Animals, and someone asked him to play bass and he's been playing bass ever since, and like we got our little group together.

Bird: Do you get much into what's happening with black people?

Hendrix: I don't get a chance, man. I'm not thinking about black people or white people. I'm thinking about the obsolete and the new. Some people weren't made to live together anyway. All that's more personal—type things that comes out in riots and frustrations and so forth. It's so screwed up. Everyone's like sheeps now almost in America.

Bird: What kind of things are going to be on your new record?

Hendrix: Well, let's see. I don't know. It's what they call funk melodies. It's slightly electric funk every once in a while, and it goes into blues and it goes into hard rock and it goes into complete opposites on some songs, complete fantasy, you know, which is the easiest thing to write about. Tell it the way you would like to see something.

Bird: Do you dig doing things like "Red House" more than like head things?

Hendrix: It all depends, man. I like to listen to anything that holds my interest, so therefore we like to play things that hold our interest. Blues just doesn't make it all night long or rock doesn't make it all night long.

Bird: Who did the writing on the new album?

Hendrix: Noel's going to have a couple of songs on it and we're going to do a song by Dylan and the rest are like ones that I wrote.

Bird: What's your Dylan one?

Hendrix: It's "All Along the Watchtower." I think it's going to be a single. It'll be released as soon as possible.

Bird: Do you ever talk with Dylan much or see him?

Hendrix: I only saw him once and we were both stoned out of our mind, so, you know.

Bird: Have you ever jammed with Kooper?

Hendrix: Yeah. He's going to be on one of our songs too. He's going to be on one but his piano is almost drowned out. It just happened that way so the piano is there to be felt and not to be heard.

Bird: Do you dig the covers you've had for your albums?

Hendrix: All that's in the pastis completely in the past.

Bird: What are you going to do for the new one?

Hendrix: Well, we have this one photo of us sitting on Alice in Wonderland, a bronze statue of it in Central Park, and we got some kids and all. First I wanted to get that beautiful woman, about 6 foot 7—Veruschka—she's so sexy you just want to hmmm. Anyway, we wanted to get her and have her leading us across the desert, and we have like these chains on us but we couldn't find a desert 'cause we was working and we couldn't get ahold of her 'cause she was in Rome.

Bird: A lot of people aren't sure about that interview thing on the second album, that spacy interview.

Hendrix: We just felt like saying it. You're really going to be disappointed when you hear our first track on our new LP, because it's like "When the Gods Made Love." and it's, you know, maybe I should play it. Can I play it for you?



**ANTI-COMMUNISTS
&
CZECHS**

Will rap a bit on Bruce Galphin, *Constitution* type, a writer of editorials. Not a bad sort, probably. Off again, on again like most of us. Hot some places, cold others. An Urbane Stylist, Liberal thinker. Come his column of Thursday, August 22. The Russians have occupied Czechoslovakia, yesterday part of the Communist Threat, today a bastion of the Free World. On gallops (sorry about that) Galphin: "It will be interesting to see the New Left's reaction to Russia's crushing of Czechoslovakia's infant democracy."

(Well, we all ducked, said "Oh oh," shitcanned Marx, ignored Marcuse, threw out Dylan, wrote apologetic notes to Johnson, put aside Che, honored Rusk, went looking for a job, took computer training by night, married the boss's daughter, lived happily ever after. The usual.

But why do you ask? Is the New Left somehow proven wrong by Russia's actions, and Liberal anti-communism vindicated? Hardly. The term "New Left" implies just that—a break with Old Left preoccupation with Russian Communism. We feel it unnecessary to consider social change in America in terms of Russian parameters. Nor do we feel it incumbent to justify the actions of Russian bureaucracy. And certainly we are not tempted to vindicate American injustice by looking at Russian injustice.)

But Galphin continues: "There are rational grounds to criticize America's conduct in Vietnam. Certainly we have blundered. Certainly we have put too much faith in the wrong people. Certainly we have relied too much on the just-around-the-corner predictions of the military . . ."

(Well, maybe you have, Bruce. But don't blame all of us with your patriotic we. Some of us didn't like the smell from the beginning. And some of us even go so far as to think there would have been something wrong even if the "just-around-the-corner predictions of the military" had proven correct.)

"But calm discussion is not the hallmark of the New Left. Theirs is a shrill, near-pathological condemnation of their own government."

"To them, our policy is not just wrong, It is evil. It is conceived in malice. It is designed to crush the popular will."

(Yes, certainly looks that way from here, irrational and pathological as it may seem. Those "wrong people" we're backing aren't just a little wrong, a little corrupt. And I hope you're not confused about the "popular will" in Vietnam after all these years, are you Bruce?)

But, says Galphin, "There could be no more blatant outside interference with a nation's domestic affairs than the Russian bloc's invasion of Czechoslovakia . . ."

(I seem to recall recent actions in both Cuba and the Dominican Republic . . . but consider them no worse than Russia's action certainly. Looking at Vietnam again, however, which Galphin obviously wishes to compare, it might be argued that whereas the Geneva Accords of 1954 created *one nation* of Vietnam in the eyes of the world, since WW II Czechoslovakia has been recognized as a Soviet "satellite" under the same "protectorate" agreements the U.S. until recently had with West Germany and still has with West Berlin. So ask yourself, Bruce, just briefly, what the U.S. would do today if West Germany threatened to elect a communist or anti-American government. If you can imagine *our* allowing *that* to happen, y you're a damn fool. But which, of course, in no way excuses the parallel action of Russia in Czechoslovakia.)

To continue: "Are the New Left idealists capable of directing their indignation against naked Communist destruction of liberty in Czechoslovakia? Or are their hatred and vehemence reserved only for American leaders?"

(Actually, it's kind of nice to sit back and hear *your* shrill voices again. Can you imagine the din were we, with all our practice, to join in? Staggers the mind.

But to the question: I'll have to plead a sort of cultural myopia. Some of us see so much wrong in our *own* country (and our own "leaders") that we feel we have a fulltime job right here. One sewer at a time is enough to try to clean. And the shit's about the same both here and there, I suppose.)

Now, says Galphin, "Will they remove the blindfold of preconception enough to see that there might be just something to the proposition that communism will use any means within its grasp to enhance its power? Can they now admit there might be something to the proposition that Communist aggression is insatiable, and will not be stopped unless resisted?"

(Whew, that Big Leap again, from Russia to *Communism*. I'm confused: As far as I know, Czechoslovakia itself is still a *communist* country; I have read nothing, even by Dubeek, intimating a shift away from Socialism in Czechoslovakia. But Galphin is right back to the Cold War. Acheson. Dulles. Rusk. The Communist Menace, backbone of American foreign policy for twenty frightened years. Excusing American support of some of the most corrupt, reactionary men and governments in the world; necessitating deployment of a world-wide occupying force of millions; justifying invasions of Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Vietnam; placing unbelievable power in the unsupervised hands of the CIA; costing untold billions; destroying America.)

So bullshit, Galphin: When you can stand there with blood on your American hands and talk about "Communist aggression" and "American resistance"—that same shit Johnson and Rusk (and Patterson and McGill) pass daily—I wonder just worthy are you of asking:

"Or is morality one way?"

—tom coffin

Have this tiny bit of free space here as you see, so that perhaps to wonder out loud: It will be interesting to see the Liberal Anti-commie's reaction to Daley's Pigs' crushing of America's non-violent dissent. I mean, certainly there must be Rational Grounds. . . .

**molasses
&
quinine**

This harassment of minority groups has gone too far.

The Atlanta Police Department is a definite minority group, and has recently been under criticism from both public officials and private citizens for (of all things) its treatment of minority groups.

A blanket condemnation of the entire force because of the actions of some few of its members is absolutely unfair, just as it's unfair for a seaport to go sour on the Navy because of one sailor's misdeeds. This city has some of the fairest, most dedicated and conscientious policemen in the entire nation, in my opinion.

I had the opportunity to watch one policeman closely here in 1961 and 1962, day after day, month after month, as he performed his duties. His manner toward all transients was friendly, and he treated them with the same respect he showed toward other citizens. Many times I've heard him tell these so-called "bums" where they could find a place to stay, and where they might be able to find a job. Those encouraging words he said to hard-hit and near-desperate men may well have resulted in a lot of crime prevention.

His name was Thomas Simpson Townsend.

I can not with a clear conscience let this current storm of criticism of the Atlanta Police continue without paying tribute to this man and others like him. Theirs is perhaps the hardest and most dangerous job in the city. Without the honest efforts of such men, I'd hardly feel that it was safe for me to walk down any street in town unarmed, or to freely state any unpopular beliefs which I might happen to have.

Just as we now have "selective enforcement", we should have selective criticism; but let us not fail to commend good work done by good men.

(Memo to T.S. Townsend: Don't mention it. Us minority groups have to stick together sometimes.)

—ernie marris

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draft panel

Over 10,000 young men are presently in prison or being prosecuted by the government for resistance to the United States Armed Services, and according to U.S. Government records, by no means up-to-date, there are now about 1500 men in prison for Selective Service violations. Another 3,800 men have been convicted and are free on appeal bonds. During 1968, about 5,000 more will face criminal prosecution for draft law violations. Of these, about 1000 cases will be dismissed. Of the remaining 4000, 95 per cent will either have no lawyer or will be represented by court appointed attorneys incompetent to handle draft cases. Two-thirds of the 4000 will plead guilty; 97 per cent will be sentenced to an average three years in federal prison. These men will all be between the ages of 18 and 26.

"When or where in the history of the world have you seen people fighting against their own government in such large numbers—all under age 26?" asks Aubrey Grossman, a San Francisco attorney. Alarmed by the numbers of young men—and impressed by their integrity—Mr. Grossman several months ago founded a panel of 118 attorneys in the San Francisco area to represent Selective Service cases. Encouraged by the success of this panel, Mr. Grossman is now touring the country speaking to interested groups and helping to form similar panels in other cities. He spoke in Atlanta on August 20 before a meeting arranged by the Southern Legal Assistance Project, headed by attorney Howard Moore, which also is interested in involving more attorneys in draft cases in the Atlanta area.

Mr. Grossman, is convinced that moral and non-legal questions are extremely important in legal cases. One of the primary functions of the lawyer's panel he created is to bring out the social and moral aspects of legal questions on the draft and the Vietnamese war. Using the example of Martin Luther King, Jr., now a hero of the American government, he asks, "Would he go? No." But the young men who accept the guidance of men like King are prosecuted and go to jail for refusing. "These men should rather be honored," says Mr. Grossman.

An interesting fact cited by Mr. Grossman is that, except for a brief period during the Korean War, the war in Vietnam is the first war in history to be fought by draftees entirely under age 26. Mr. Grossman feels that the decision to fight in Vietnam with draftees and limit their age to 26 was a very deliberate political choice. Anticipating some of the unpopularity of the war, government officials attempted to involve as many families as possible directly in the war by the exclusive drafting of young men.

Parties interested in the formation of a lawyer's panel to handle draft cases in Atlanta should contact the Southern Legal Assistance Project, 859½ Hunter St. S.W., or the Georgia American Civil Liberties Union, 5 Forsyth St. N.W.

—tom coffin



Life IN THE STOCKADE AT CAMP PRESIDIO

LIBERATION News Service/The Ally

As of early July, there were 106 prisoners inside the Presidio, a stockade built for 47. Physical conditions were at best filthy, as a backed-up latrine had been strewing filth on the floor for more than a week. On July 5, a GI prisoner was dragged down the stairs in such a manner as to have his head hit every step, just because he didn't get out of bed quickly enough. The next day, three other prisoners were treated in a similar way. A sick GI was forced to stand at the position of attention in the cold despite his pleas that he was very ill. Being an epileptic, he suffered a seizure while undergoing this harrassment.

Three GIs slashed their wrists in protest against the unbearable conditions mentioned earlier. They were left to bleed for a time without any medical attention. A fourth, who was on his way to the stockade, slashed his throat while packing his gear. At least the brass sent him to the S-1 psycho ward at Letterman Hospital.

One prisoner, Michael Senyard, has refused all food and water since the first of July to protest the Presidio stockade conditions. He has been given the usual punishment of being placed into a 4 x 6 x 8 foot box cell without mattress or blanket.

It is rumored that a riot took place in the stockade sometime during the middle of July. An Ally Presidio contact told us that he overheard some guards discussing it one evening. The struggle was started by some guys who were about to be sent off to Fort Leavenworth. Other prisoners joined them in battling guards and smashing stockade equipment. Reportedly the ringleaders were caught and pistol-whipped before the other prisoners as a sort of grim example of "military justice and authority."

George Dounis of Atlanta is one of the men incarcerated in the Presidio stockade. Dounis was placed in the box for 3 days for refusing to work on grounds that he had resigned from the army.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NUMBER FIVE

at some point you may be called upon to keep going for several days without sleep: keep some ups around. to be clearheaded, avoid "comedown" as much as possible, take vitamin B along with amphetamines, try powdered guarana root, available at herb drugstores, it is an up used by Peruvian mountainfolk, tastes like mocha (bitter), can be put in tea

—Diane di Prima

Pigs Busted

Chicago, Aug. 24 (LNS)—The Chicago cops have arrested and jailed the Youth International Party candidate for president of the United States.

The cops busted the candidate, a pig, at the pig's first press conference held at Chicago's Civic Center. The pig was seized and then thrown into the city jail. She was later transferred to a cell at Chicago's Animal Cruelty Society. Busted along with the pig were the candidate's managers and campaign chairman, YIPpies Abby Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, and Phil Ochs. They have not yet been transferred from the city jail to the Animal Cruelty Center.

The pig's candidacy represents a small first: she is the first woman to run for the presidency of the United States. Charges against the sow and the YIPpies are still vague, but they seem to center around Mayor Daley's belief that it is illegal for a pig to hold a press conference. The pig has already attracted a wide following. A fat McCarthy supporter at the press conference said he was unable to decide, that he was now wavering between his candidate and the pig.

After spending a few hours in jail, the pig was bailed out for \$25. The Chicago Peace Council posted bail. Abbie, however, and the others, are still in jail.

Later, the cops busted the temporary home of many of the YIPpies, Lincoln Park. During the bust they arrested the sow's son who was protesting the incarceration of his mother. The cops will release no information in the city on the young pig's whereabouts. Our informant in the jail says that the pig is locked in a maximum security cell-sty on the top floor of the Cook County Jail.

The candidate's arrest has thrown the YIPpies into consternation. They are left with an empty platform, an outworn slogan, and a lot of old buttons. Although in no worse shape than any of the other American political parties, the YIPpies have now been forced to cancel their original plan to kill, and eat the pig. Their slogan, "The candidate you eat may be your own," and their "BACON POWER" buttons must now be forgotten along with their old, slab-like platform.

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AUGUST 29, 30, 31

Belle de Jour

Luis Bunuel is the most bizarre film-maker of our time. Born in Spain 68 years ago, he began his movie career in 1928, collaborating on a short film, *Un Chien Andalou*, with the surrealist painter, Salvador Dali. The film was meant to shock, and even today its irrational violence is jarring. The movie is plotless, consisting of a series of grotesque images and sequences: a woman's hairy armpit, severed limbs, a twisting hand covered with crawling insects, a mouth covered with pubic hair, a matter-of-fact close-up of a woman's eye being slashed with a straight razor. Deservedly, the work has become a classic surrealist film.

Except for a number of potboilers Bunuel made in Mexico (mostly in the 40s and 50s), his philosophical point of view has not altered much over the years. The desire to shock the bourgeoisie, inherited from his surrealist period, has remained in most of his films. For Bunuel, bourgeois morality is the only immorality. Optimism, complacency, and sentimentality are the "obscenities" he repeatedly attacks and exposes. Yet not with the zeal of the social reformer (to the dismay of his Marxist admirers), but the emotional detachment of the clinical social scientist. Dispassionate and matter-of-fact, his best films are excursions into futility, where liberal clichés about the Essential-Dignity-of-Man are cruelly exposed as shallow sentimentalities.

Despite his vaguely Marxist personal attitudes, Bunuel is essentially a Freudian-anarchist who insists that the "perverse" and "horrible" are everyday aspects of existence. Hence, the cynical and derisory tone that mocks Everything-That's-Sacred. Banned in Fascist Spain, Bunuel also arouses anxiety among many Leftists for his proletarian characters are far from the heroic mold. Marxist idealism has incorporated many Victorian attitudes—particularly the notions of "progress" and the perfectability of man—and has become, indeed, the dominant form of optimism in the mid-century.

Not only is Bunuel a man without a country, but as a truly insurrectionist artist—a man virtually without a following. He is too dangerous to be championed widely. Many of his best films—*Las Hurdes*, *Los Olvidados*, *El Nazarin*—have not been shown in this country. *Viridiana* (1961), something of a *cause celebre*, was banned in Spain and by the Church, but despite this publicity was not widely shown in the U.S. His latest film, *Belle de Jour*, however, has received a considerable amount of publicizing and is being broadly distributed both here and in Europe. And herein lies an unfortunate tale.

The fact that *Belle de Jour* is being shown at the

Capri might serve as a forewarning. A militantly middle-brow theatre, the Capri specializes in "quality" Hollywood fare (the Burtons, fashionable "message" films, etc.). In the lobby, one is astonished at the number of smartly dressed, over-coifed matrons in evidence. Have American movie audiences really become that sophisticated? (After all, they poured in to see *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Graduate*, and *Blow-Up*.) Once the film begins, however, the explanation is clear.

Without going into the tedious and boring business of accusing Bunuel of "selling out to the Establishment," it is difficult nonetheless to understand why Bunuel ever bothered to make *Belle de Jour*. Had it been directed by any other man, it would elicit only passing notice. The film seems to revert to the old Hollywood formula of including a little something for everyone. For the Hitchcock fans, there is the suspense and the slick Freudianism (*Marnie*?). Readers of Genet will perhaps recognize the watered-down "erotic" fantasies in the brothel (*The Balcony*?). For the art-house crowd, there is the sterile intellectuality of Godard, complete with underworld characters and under-played acting styles. For the Marxists, there are all those decadent aristocrats with nothing to do but screw all day. The ladies will enjoy the fashions by St. Laurent. Even the skin-flick boys have a few nudie inserts to tantalize their palates. The youngsters will admire the cool aristocratic beauty of Catherine Deneuve (Grace Kelly? Tippi Hedren?), as well as the wholesome good looks of Jean Sorel (Jeffrey Hunter?). The color is as tasteful as it is unessential (lots of "subtle" browns and greens). Billed as Bunuel's "erotic masterpiece," the film is as sexy as Julie Andrews. One wonders what Joseph Losey (or the old, undomesticated Bunuel) would have done with it.

In case you haven't heard, the story concerns the life of a wealthy and beautiful girl who is frigid with her husband, but a bitch in the brothel, where she spends her afternoons. After a tediously conventional exposition (complete with flashback "explanations"), the film begins to build suspense when a psychotic thug (superbly played by Pierre Clementi) falls in love with her. The scenes involving Clementi are by far the best, and the only truly erotic elements of the film. The conclusion to the heroine's dilemma is confused and "ambiguous" in the arty sense. The audience does not know exactly what happens, though several possibilities are suggested: once again, a little something for everyone.

All of this is tastefully mounted and guaranteed not to give offense. And there's the great shame.

-- louis d. giannetti
Emory University

SUPER BLOOMFIELD KOOPER STILLS SESSION

SUPER SESSION—Mike Bloomfield, Al Kooper, Steve Stills—Columbia CS 9701.

Super Session is an album that goes beyond being the music from a studiofied jam session by three of rock's greatest guitarists. The album is a recorded example of where rock music has come to. Rock musicians have been jamming for a long time, but *Super Session* is one of the first recordings of one of those sessions. And the facts that the musicians are there, that they are serious enough about their music to find it anything, and that someone thought enough to record the product, means that rock music is that much farther from dumping the Elvis Presley, Top 40 image that has been a lead balloon far too long.

Mike Bloomfield, Al Kooper and Steve Stills are the musicians given top billing on the album, which is good enough in itself. But they also happen to be backed by Harvey Brooks on bass, Eddie Hoh on drums and Barry Goldberg on electric piano.

The album is great. Kooper's influence is strong. He is the producer and co-arranger of the horns which make the album sound very much like his recent venture, *Blood, Sweat and Tears*. His piano, organ and on-dioline playing are familiar but fantastic nonetheless. Bloomfield appears on side one only and does beautiful blues guitar riffs, particularly on "Albert's Shuffle." Steve Stills is on side two with Kooper. He does Dylan's "It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry" in a country style, then moves into Donovan's "Season of the Witch" and remakes it in a very nice way. The final cut on the album is "Harvey's Tune," a short, funky thing by Harvey Brooks that is beautifully smooth and relaxed.

So, *Super Session* is here, Kooper is into it again and with fine company. The album is nothing more than what three of the best can do when left alone in a recording studio—beautiful music. You should hear it.

--don speicher



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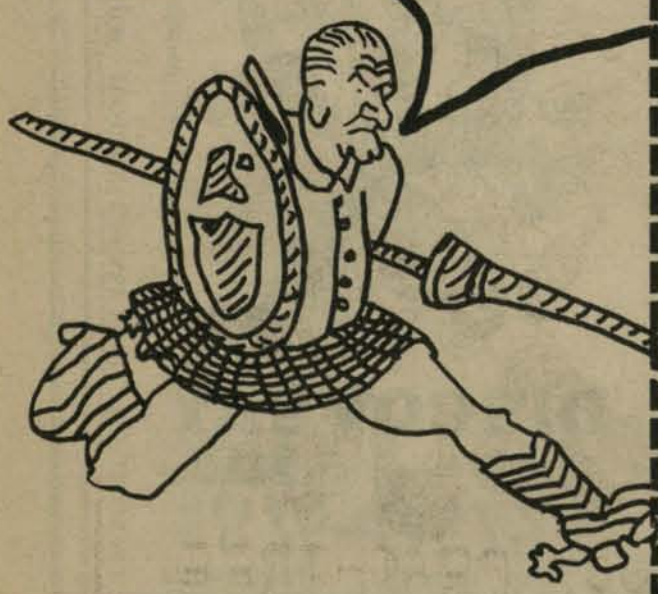
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GUARDS GAS PRISONERS

Liberation News Service/The Phoenix

Fifty five inmates of the Virginia State Penitentiary labelled as "ringleaders" of a work strike have been placed in solitary confinement with bread and water twice a day and no mattresses to sleep on. On July 27 two prisoners who were released after serving their time stated that prison officials had told the inmates to elect their leaders for negotiating the strike. When the prisoners did so, the officials then placed them in solitary confinement. They were gassed by guards on July 25 when they cheered pickets supporting their cause. W.K. Cunningham, director of the division of corrections said that it was about the fifth or sixth time that gas had been used to "quiet prisoners who were yelling obscenities and would not obey orders to be quiet." The inmates were answering the encouragements of the pickets with the 'V' sign and with raised clenched fists. The pickets were organized by the Southern

Student Organizing Committee and the Virginia Peace and Freedom Party.

In latest developments, ACLU attorney Philip J. Hirschkop filed a motion in the U.S. District Court to restrain prison officials from denying inmates "their right to personally consult with counsel and to thereby have access to the courts and from refusing prisoners regular meals and other normal health benefits such as exercise, showers, bedding, dental supplies, etc." Picket lines outside the prison have increased from five SSOC members to over twenty-five people from various groups in the community. Also, the Virginia Council on Human Relations sent messages to its 31 local chapters urging them to have the governor allow third parties to mediate the dispute, and to "make no further reprisals against the prisoners." Prison officials have refused to negotiate. Those offering themselves as 'responsible third parties' are Frank T. Adams of the Concerned Quakers and the Virginia Human Relations Council, Philip Hirschkop of the Virginia ACLU and W. Lester Banks of the Virginia NAACP. The three charged prison officials of "brutalizing inmates." Hirschkop was on the picket line Tuesday, July 23, and yelled at the prisoners to "stay nonviolent." They shouted and applauded and whistled as he and other picketers raised their arms with clenched fists.

The strike began on July 16 when officials refused prisoners' demands for a seventy-five cent increase over the present twenty-five cents a day they are receiving.

On Saturday, July 20, the Southern Student Organizing Committee began picketing the prison in support of striking inmates. They were warned by officials that they would be held responsible for any trouble their appearance caused inside the penitentiary. SSOC members distributed leaflets which said that "the inmates are striking for respect for their labor, for their immediate needs and for the chance to lead a decent life in the future."

Support is growing among clergymen, students and the community. SSOC and the Virginia Peace and Freedom Party, with the help of the Richmond Community Action Program, distributed leaflets in Richmond communities on July 18 calling for support of the prisoners. On Friday, the 19, the members of the North Carolina Justice Committee organized a Virginia Justice Committee for emergency support for the strike. Picketers hope that their presence will prevent prison officials from escalating physical brutalities against the prisoners as the three and one half million dollar prison slave labor industry loses about fifteen thousand dollars a day.

If the prisoners resist their brutal treatment, guards may break the strike as did officials in Raleigh, N.C., where six inmates were murdered and seventy-seven wounded in a shooting spree by the guards. Despite bread and water twice a day, solitary confinement, no mattresses to sleep on, no exercise, cell temperatures of over one hundred degrees, and intermittent gassing, the prisoners have managed to continue the strike and remain nonviolent.

Letter

cont. from p. 4

Dear Bird,

This is in response to the letter "Unsigned" (Bird No. 9):

He say: "The Military/Industrial Conspiracy . . . exists only in your own subjective (myopic) world view."

I say: No, baby, that concept didn't start with me -- I got it from Dwight D. Eisenhower. Check Ike's Going-Out-of-Office speech of January 17, 1961; he coined the phrase "Military-Industrial Complex" and defined it very much as I might. Since then practically every political figure to the left of Lyndon Johnson has warned of its juggernaut tendencies. A few (as I glance through my files) are Hubert Humphrey, Sen. Thruston B. Morton, Sen. Eugene McCarthy, Sen. Geo. D. Aiken, Sen. Joseph S. Clark, and Sen. J. W. Fulbright.

He say: "I think I can logically question your use of the term 'weapons system' when used in conjunction with the C-5."

I say: Direct your bitches to the Lockheed-Georgia Company (Marietta, Georgia) and to the U.S. Air Force (C-5 Systems Program Office, Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio). It's their term; not mine. Actually, I got kind of sick of hearing it during (Oh, Subtle Twist of Fate!) my two years on Lockheeds's C-5A *design team.

He say: "I'm afraid that I am in no position to have my name used in conjunction with your adolescent journal of opinion."

I say: An excellent object lesson for you in American Freedom of Speech! You're afraid to sign your name to a very pro-establishment opinion. Can you imagine what guys like me go through when we try to find a job? If you ever take a strong public anti-establishment stand you will find that speech in America is not free at all; it is very expensive.

Cliff Conner

HARASS

—cont. from p. 3

"You can't arrest a person if he just comes out on the street!" — but, says Dingee, "Now I told that boy," "I just talked to that boy," and so on. The sentence is Guilty, \$27.00. "Of course," smiles Judge Little to the lawyer, "you're going to take out a certiori?"

TIJERINA

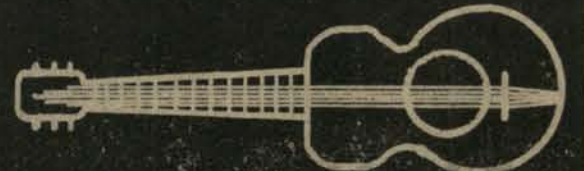
—cont. from p. 5

either do not cover at all, or cover slightly and attack editorially and otherwise the social, political and economic movements and other efforts and activities for the benefit and welfare of the Indo-Hispano population, all on account of their race, color and national origin, and all in violation of their rights under the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution and the Treaty Guadalupe-Hidalgo.

The corporate connections between the *Albuquerque Journal* and the *Albuquerque Tribune* date to 1933 1933, when they "came together under one roof" to operate through a single economic structure and through through single physical facilities. Only the news and editorial staffs claim to have any independence -- a claim which, in practice, is subject to doubt. The economic ties and other arrangements resulted in editorial and news coverage which is virtually identical. The Scripps-Howard Corporation has nearly monopolistic control of the newspaper readership in New Mexico; it owns or dominates the *Denver Post*, the *El Paso Herald Post*, the *El Paso Times*, as well as the *Albuquerque Journal-Tribune* complex.

Tijerina's legal move comes as a Justice Department memorandum detailing interlocking ownership of media in scores of cities has come to public attention.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING!!

Friday, August 30

High Museum, Now California Artists, through September 1
Briggs Gallery, 798 Peachtree, "Children's Art in the Inner City"

The Playroom, Kenny Price, through August 31
Fifth Order at The Electric Eye

Soul Support at The Escape in Newnan

The Night Shadow featuring Little Phil at The Beat in Gainesville

Channel 30, WETV, "Religion in the Hindu View of Life" 8:00 p.m.

Channel 30, WETV, "Tea, Horse and Crime." About narcotics. 8:30 p.m.

Saturday, August 31

Soul Support at Pinetree Skate-O-Rama, 7:30-10:30

Celestial Voluptuous Banana at Playland

Pale Paradox at The Electric Eye

Artist's and Performer's for Maynard Jackson, Georgia State College, Gilmer Street from 6p.m.-11p.m.

music, art exhibit and art auction
Channel 5, "The Prisoner", 7:30p.m.

Sunday, September 1

Peachtree Battle Mini Cinema, "Interlude"

Ansley Mall Mini Cinema, "A Man and A Woman," through September 10th

Channel 8, "The Many Views of Marijuana" 9p.m.

Channel 5, "21st Century," 5:30p.m.

Birthday Wishes to Tom Coffin, gifts and donations

Monday, September 2

Bistro, The Good Earth, through September 7th

Celestial Voluptuous Banana and Electric Collage Light Show at The Escape in Newman

Pink Pussycat, Wayne LoGiudice, Holly Maxwell,

The Ragman, through September 14th

The Playroom, Van Q. Temple, through September 7

Tuesday, September 3

Perpetual Motion and Electric Collage Light Show at Pinetree Skate-O-Rama, 7:30-10:30

P'tree Battle Mini Cinema, "Interlude"

Channel 8, Norman Mailer, guest; William Buckley, Jr. host, 7:30p.m.

Wednesday, September 4

Channel 8, Early Film Comedies, 7:00p.m.

Channel 8, Count Basie and Jazz, 8:00p.m.

Thursday, September 5

Channel 8, "Five Faces of Jazz," 9:30p.m.

Friday, September 6

Fifth Order at Forest Park Roller Rink

Pink Pussycat, Wayne LoGiudice, Holly Maxwell,

The Ragman, through the 14th

P'tree Battle Mini Cinema, "Interlude"

Saturday, September 7

Radar and Electric Collage Light Show at Pinetree Skate-O-Rama, 7:30-10:30

Soul Support at the Electric Eye

The Night Shadow featuring Little Phil at the Escape in Newnan

Saturday, September 7

Radar and Electric Collage Light Show at Pinetree Skate-O-Rama, 7:30-10:30

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The Night Shadow featuring Little Phil at the Escape in Newnan

Pink Pussycat, Wayne LoGiudice, Holly Maxwell, The

Ragman, through the 14th

The Playroom, Van Q. Temple

Sunday, September 8

Channel 5, "21st Century," 5:30p.m.

Monday, September 9

The Playroom, Dell Reeves, through September 14

Tuesday, September 10

Pale Paradox at Pinetree Skate-O-Rama, 7:30-10:30

Wednesday, September 11

Ansley Mall Mini Cinema "The Graduate"

WAGA Channel 5, 9:30 P.M. "From Chekhov, with Love."

Sir John Gielgud stars in play of Chekhov's personal and professional life.

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Pink Pussycat

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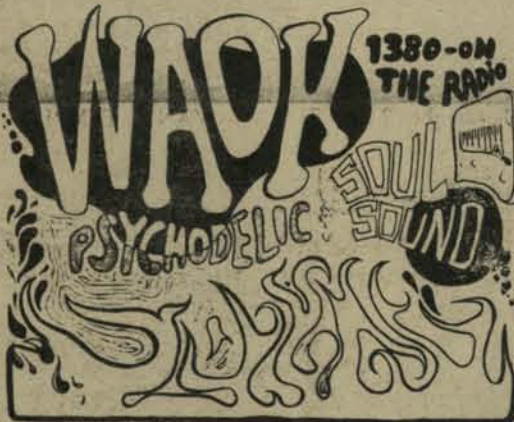
WAG-ON-THE-RADIO



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holly maxwell the ragman



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SELLERS on REPRESSION

In the most recent attempt of the government to restrict the freedom of black militants, Cleveland Sellers was arrested immediately after posting appeal bond on his draft case. After U.S. Supreme Court Justice Black directed District Court Judge Newell Edenfield to set bond not exceeding \$5000 SNCC member Cleve Sellers was released August 22 on \$2500 bond pending appeal of his draft case.

Immediately after his release, Sellers was arrested by the Fulton County sheriff on a Louisiana warrant which charged Sellers with carrying a concealed weapon. These charges were heard in Superior Court, August 23, and Sellers was released on \$5000 bond. Extradition hearings will be 11:00 a.m., September 5, in Superior Court, Judge Luther Alverson presiding.

The Supreme Court ruling came down on appeal after Sellers, who is appealing his conviction of violating the draft law, had spent five months in jail and had been denied bail three times by Judge Edenfield. Edenfield sentenced Sellers to five years in prison for refusing induction into the armed services.

Citing the Eighth Amendment "Excessive bail shall not be required," Justice Black overruled the lower courts' decision under the 1966 Bail Reform Act to deny bail on grounds that Sellers was "dangerous" and "contemptuous of the court." Judge Edenfield in denying bail had cited Seller's court statement, travels, and indictment in Orangeburg, South Carolina as evidence of Seller's "dangerous" and "unreliable" character.

Justice Black argued that in view of Seller's "perfect record" of regular appearance at his hearing and at his trial and in view of his return from as far away as Japan that Sellers' trial statement could not be against him. Sellers had said in part, "The only people who can sentence me are black people, and I see none. Therefore, the only thing I can say is that you be prepared to carry out whatever you are, and I will fight as the rest of the black brothers have for liberation of black people, and till my death I will fight for that..." The court's decision, he said, "had nothing to do with how I act from heretofore."

Black ruled that since draft refusal was not an act of "physical violence" the lower court's contention that Sellers was "dangerous" was not sufficient to withhold bail.

Black further determined that Sellers' appeal on the basis that blacks had been systematically and arbitrarily excluded from Selective Service boards in his state was not "frivolous" and that challenges to such boards would be heard seriously by the Supreme Court.



The move by the Fulton County Authorities in conjunction with Louisiana and the Federal government seems just one more effort in the conspiracy of the local and Federal government to deprive Sellers of his freedom and his political right to organize blacks.

Sellers already faces up to 78 years on charges stemming from the Orangeburg, South Carolina, Massacre. Three students were murdered and 28 wounded when police opened fire on students who had gathered to protest segregation of a bowling alley. Sellers, a resident of Orangeburg, played a minimal role in the three day demonstration. The night of the shooting, he ran out of a dormitory when he heard shouting. Police, according to Sellers, opened fire when he came under a street light. Sellers was wounded in the shoulder, and was arrested when he arrived at the hospital.

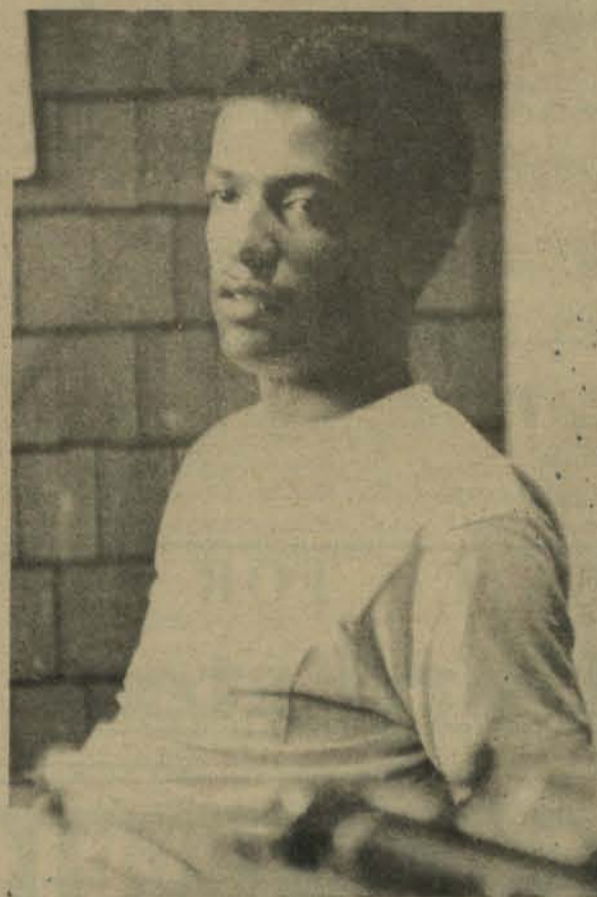
Sellers' experience alone — aside from that of Huey Newton, Rap Brown, Bobby Hutton, Eldridge Cleaver, Fred Brooks and many other blacks — lends an awful credibility to Sellers' trial statement: "I have recognized that there's a conscious attempt on the part of the courts of the country, the Federal Government, and every other agency, to destroy black people inside this country..."

Bird: Could you describe your experiences in Prison?

Sellers: I was mostly in isolation. When I was at the Tallahassee Correction Institute I was mostly in isolation. I was not allowed newspapers and magazines. Eventually, I was moved from Tallahassee to a quarantine area in Atlanta and then to the Federal penitentiary at Terre Haute, Indiana.

Terre Haute is a penitentiary in a transitional state—it will become a breaking institution. Now it consists largely of a lot of racists in the guards and in the administration. They have a habit of using what they call strong arm techniques—practices not uncommon in black penitentiaries.

What they are trying to do is to send people who have been affiliated with the black power movement through



Terre Haute at first so that they get rigid conditioning.

As funny as it sounds, Terre Haute turns out to be the playground of the klan, in the sense that a large proportion of Klan prisoners are sent to Terre Haute. They are allowed a lot of privileges that black prisoners are not. It's rough psychologically as well as physically—you're not allowed to get exercise or to move around.

At Tallahassee, they held the mail going in and out—sometimes 9 days sometimes 7 days. I think that what they were trying is a tactic to break you, to cut you off almost totally from the outside community to isolate you inside, so that you're not able to talk with other prisoners.

When I came to Terre Haute the guards greeted me with, "We hear that you are a black agitator. We do not like that here. We do not care for people who want progress for blacks, and we will beat—that was their attitude—your head in if you get out of step at all." And after I got that introduction I was immediately placed in a detention area in the hospital until I could meet with the administration. And they said that I would be the first one that they would personally make sure did not survive whatever situation occurred. This was the general attitude they had to all the blacks who were transferred to Terre Haute, and I think that that was a general pattern for that particular institution—and that's why I think it is being transformed into a breaking penitentiary. Prisoners have witnessed beatings, detention, and isolation of blacks. All blacks have to wear their hair a certain

length—you cannot wear it too long and you cannot wear it bald. A couple of years ago, there were a lot of black muslims who wore their hair bald. Because of that, they outlawed black's wearing their hair bald. Now the brothers wear their hair long, and they have outlawed hair over three inches. And so everything seems to change in order to control black awareness.

I think the interesting thing is that the situation inside the prisons is paralleling the reactionary racist movement of the society outside

Bird: Would you describe the various actions that the federal and local governments have taken to deprive you of your freedom?



Sellers: The most blatant example of the types of harassment has been around the Orangeburg, S.C. massacre. If one were to examine S.C. and note that Mendel Rivers, and General Westmoreland are from South Carolina, one of the few active atomic bomb plants, is in S.C. one of the largest training centers for the army is in Ft. Jackson, and a large per cent of the income of S.C. is from the Federal government in terms of military contracts, one would begin to understand how if the person who had refused induction begins to raise some of the basic questions in that particular area, he would have to be stopped. And that is what the state of S.C. attempted to do—and they attempted to do it permanent. They were unsuccessful, but they were able to kill three students in the meantime.

I have been charged with a number of charges—inciting a riot, arson, destruction of property, assault and battery—the penalty for which adds up to 78 years. Trial date, I think is September 9,—4 days after the extradition hearings from Louisiana. So after Justice Black ruled on my appeal bond, the Federal government activated cases in two other states to make sure that I do some time somewhere.

After posting bond the Federal government immediately turned me over to the Fulton County sheriff. The only way that the state of Louisiana could know that I would be in Georgia is for the federal government to have notified them. The indictment in Louisiana is on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon.

The whole situation in Louisiana is typical southern traditional justice. As far as I was concerned there was never a case. I was arrested in Louisiana but I was set free. The charge was made, and after I was set free I was informed by some high officials in the police department the charges were dismissed because of evidence that the charges had no basis.

