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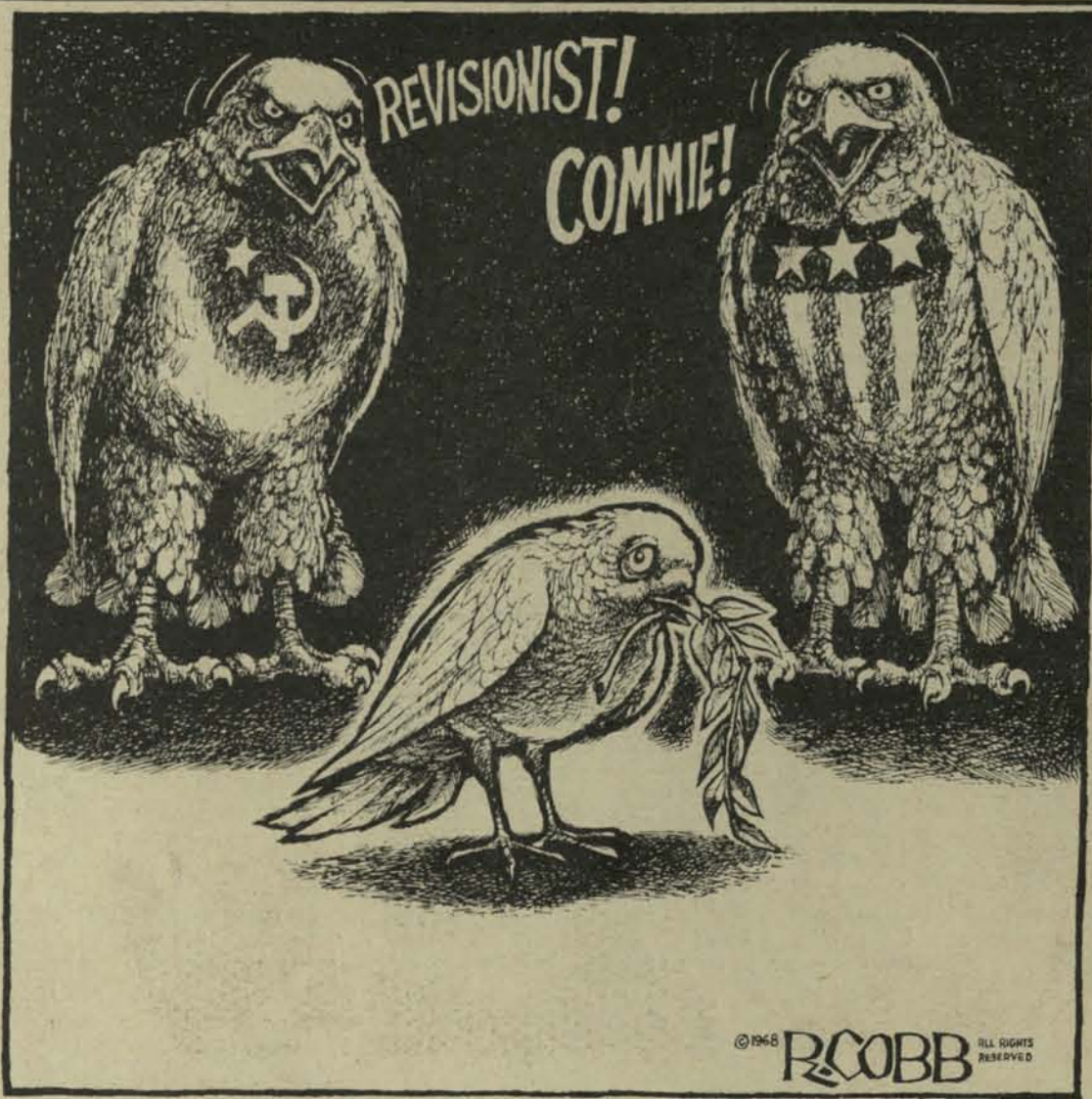
outside Atlanta

Volume One, Number Fourteen

A Publication of the Atlanta Cooperative News Project

September 13 - September 19





Anti-Draft, War Tone Down

Some rather interesting, though not unexpected, things are happening with the draft in this presidential election year. The government apparently wants to tone down anti-draft and anti-war sentiment before the election. Smart politics.

According to the usually well-informed *Wall Street Journal*, "military planners figure they need to induct an average of 20,000 draftees a month in the fiscal year begun in July. But the average for the first four months [July-October] has been only 15,000 [actually, 14,825]." September's draft call of 12,000 was the lowest in seventeen months. November's call of 10,000 men is the lowest since March, 1965.

In addition, the Selective Service System scheduled no pre-induction physicals for August or September. So students who lost their deferments in June will not be called

for their physicals at least until October or later, probably later. And the SSS has recently asked local draft boards to give "favorable consideration, whenever possible," to requests from Jewish registrants to postpone their physical or induction during Rosh Hashana (Sept. 23-24), Yom Kippur (Oct 2), and Sukkoth (Oct. 7-15).

SSS officials claim the low draft calls and the postponements of physicals result from the need to save money because of budget cuts, and a high re-enlistment rate. The defense budget, however, is at an all-time high, and the re-enlistment rate is only one-half that of last year.

So it seems likely that the government is scared of the effect that large numbers of draft refusals would have upon the election. Look for an increase in the draft calls for December and the new year.

—steve wise

Strip Mining Kills

The Southern Patriot

Frankfort, Ky. (LNS)—Small landowners in Eastern Kentucky lost what may be the last round in the anti-strip mine court battle. On June 21, the state Court of Appeals ruled that the traditional broad-form deed allows strip mining and destruction of the surface. Attorney Harry Caudill, who fought the suit, says there can be no further appeals.

The majority opinion stated that if a coal operator "bought and paid for the right to destroy the surface . . . then there is no basis upon which there could rest an obligation to pay damages for exercising this right."

Judge Edward P. Hill (the only Eastern Kentuckian) dissented, saying, "I am shocked and appalled that the Court of the last resort in the beautiful state of Kentucky would . . . lend its approval and encouragement to the diabolical devastation and destruction of a large part of the surface of this state without compensation to the owners."

If, of course, the cost of "damages" had to be paid—had Caudill won—the high cost would have made much of the strip mining prohibitive and thus preserved Kentucky's beauty.

from *Southern Patriot*

Army Loses Nerve • GAS

Washington (LNS)—The Army bowing to local pressures decided yesterday to move large quantities of lethal nerve gas out of its arsenal in the heavily populated area near Denver.

The Army would not say where it would relocate the chemicals.

A group of scientists and teachers protested the presence of what they estimated to be 100 billion lethal doses of

gas manufactured and stored at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal.

They said an accident such as a plane crash, or an earthquake, could loose the chemicals and they should be moved.

The protesters maintained that 3 percent of the gas stored at the arsenal was enough to kill the world's population.

Feminine Speciality Preserved

Baton Rouge, La. (LNS)—A constitutional amendment designed to increase the number of women jurors in Louisiana was recently defeated. Under the present system a woman is not automatically barred from jury participation, but she must file an affidavit if she wants to serve. Of course, no such procedure is required for males.

Legislators made pleas to protect the innocence of women. One said that "a woman shouldn't be embarrassed by the sordid details of crime."

"A lady is something special and she should be kept special," said Rep. Ford Stinson of Benton, adding that the bill would increase the divorce rate and accelerate juvenile delinquency.

"This wish . . . to protect women from the sordid details comes a few decades too late," commented Rep. Lillian Walker, only female member of the legislature. "Women read all those details in the newspapers," she patiently explained.

from *Southern Patriot*

Fulton County Racism Explodes In Firing Of Westergaard

"The only good nigger is one who says, 'Yassuh, Boss,'" a Fulton County Commissioner once (privately) told Lynn Westergaard, who last month was fired as county information officer because he had the temerity to state (publicly) that Fulton County was racially discriminatory in its hiring and employment practices.

County Manager Carl Johnson said he fired Mr. Westergaard because he failed to "go through channels" in making his statements. About two months ago Mr. Westergaard sent a letter to the county commissioners in which he discussed racial bias in hiring, recruitment, and advancement of county employees, and recommended steps to eliminate that bias. An *Atlanta Journal* reporter heard about the letter and reported its contents. After it became public knowledge, Mr. Johnson decided that Mr. Westergaard's neglect to send the letter to him (instead of to the commissioners) was sufficient reason for dismissal. WAGA-TV said the commissioners sanctioned the firing. Mr. Westergaard said they "probably instigated" it. Left unanswered was the question of what would have happened to the letter had Mr. Westergaard gone through channels.

Protest! The Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress, an integrated civil rights group, declared that Mr. Johnson should be fired and that Mr. Westergaard should be reinstated. MASLC asked the commissioners to "earnestly face these demands so that the need for direct action will be averted." Avert direct action? Protest?

Action! MASLC sent out a circular to "all civil and human rights organizations and fair minded citizens of Fulton County: . . . Let us join ranks and stand up for this courageous man who dared expose the racist County bosses. Let us turn out in mass before the County Commission at their next meeting Wednesday, Sept. 4th. . . . Please start the presses rolling and the phones ringing to assure a loud protest voice before the racist commissioners."

And, lo, on that cloudy morn of September 4th, the grand total of three people, all of MASLC, made an appearance in the chambers of the County Commission to protest Mr. Westergaard's firing. What was that about averting direct action? Action!?!?

The meagre three voices of protest:

The Reverend Tom Patterson said that the firing was "a slap in the face of the black community." He appealed to the commissioners "to face up to the problem. . . . If the black community has no faith in the system, there will be no way either you or I can deal with them."

John Boone charged that the firing was a "promiscuous way of handling a problem." He said the incident indicated Mr. Johnson "may be a racist." He further declared that "the day is over when you can win elections by holler-

continued on page 14

Heroic Bird Staff Gropes Weekly

Challenging schizophrenia or advanced catatonia, the heroic staff of the *Great Speckled Bird* has tentatively decided to attempt publishing on a weekly basis.

As a test of our endurance (and efficiency), we will begin by publishing two special issues on alternate weeks. The first of these, the High School Issue, will be out next Friday, September 20. (Students are urged to submit articles, poetry, cartoons, drawings, etc. for this issue. Deadline is 7 p.m. Tuesday, September 17. Hurry.) The special College Issue will follow two weeks hence, on October 4. (Copy deadline 7 p.m. Monday, September 30.) In between will be, of course, a Regular, High Quality, *Great Speckled Bird*. Watch for them. Buy them. Give copies to friends, parents, children, students, teachers. Send them to the FBI. Spread the word.

We also need help . . . especially, immediately, on circulation. We have an opening (hard work, low, very low, pay) for a full-time circulation director. Drop by 187 14th St. N.E. and talk to Gene Guerrero. Or if you are free Fridays & have a car, we could use volunteers to make deliveries . . . And we need, always need, street salespeople throughout the city and environs. Earn a nickel minimum per paper sold. Just drop by the Birdhouse and pick up papers to sell. (We give credit in exchange for I.D. or collateral.)

Experienced, or at least good, writers (& thinkers) are also needed. No pay, not at first, but the staff will expand as money comes in. Same is true of artists and graphics people. Lots of shitwork to be done—headlines, ads, etc.—but also center spreads and front and back covers, in color.

Revolutionary SCABS

Last week they told me they were revolutionaries. They rapped about freedom and love. They told me the world would be better when people stopped hassling each other, when a man would take the time to get inside the other man's head and find out how he felt.

This week they're scabbing.

They tried to convince me that they aren't really scabbing. The argument goes like this: We're not working for the city. We're robbing the merchants, charging them an exorbitant amount to get rid of their trash. We're making \$50 a day. The merchants don't want to put out that much money, and so they'll push the city to get the strike settled and give the garbage workers what they want.

They almost convinced me because they're my friends. They are kind people who help each other and don't take advantage of each other. They know how it feels to be hassled and harassed by the police, by the city, by the landowners. They know how hard it is to find a job if you've got long hair or unusual ideas, and so they know how hard it must be to find a job with a decent wage, if your skin is black. How can people like them be scabs?

But their argument doesn't make sense, and they know it. The garbage men aren't going to win their strike until there is so much garbage piled in front of the restaurants that nobody's going to go inside to eat and until it smells so bad downtown that nobody is going to want to shop. The city and the merchants can hold out as long as they can get rid of the garbage. The merchants don't mind paying \$25 or even \$50 in order to keep \$1000 worth of business. They don't mind paying \$25 this week and next week if they won't have to pay higher taxes all year. They don't mind paying \$25 if it will break the strike and if they don't have to pay it again for a long time.

A scab is a scab is a scab. And that which I called a rose is beginning to smell pretty rotten.

Brothers, stop playing into the hands of the merchants and the mayor. Stop helping them break the strike. STOP SCABBING: you've made enough dirty money. Throw the garbage out of your trucks and buses and give it back to the merchants it belongs to. And if you have trouble getting the stink off your hands, then give some of that money to the garbage men who are fighting now in Atlanta for dignity and the right to be human beings. It's the same fight you were telling me you've been fighting.

-barbara hendrickson

HUNDREDS HUNGRY

Because of the Sanitation Workers Strike there will be no pay checks this week for 1,200 families. Please help us to keep them from going hungry.

In your home there are canned soups, canned vegetables and canned meats. Could you share some of this food with the families of our Sanitation Workers?

FOOD MAY BE BROUGHT TO THE AUDITORIUM OF ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL IN DOWNTOWN ATLANTA ON COURTLAND STREET ONE BLOCK FROM THE REGENCY; THE AUDITORIUM IS AT THE COURTLAND STREET EXIT OF THE EXPRESSWAY GOING SOUTH; AND A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE CAIN STREET EXIT GOING NORTH. IT IS LOCATED NEXT TO ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Please help, and please tell your friends. Even if they are not in sympathy with the strike ask them to join you in our common responsibility to feed the poor.

THERE ARE HUNGRY FAMILIES IN OUR CITY; AND YOU AND I ARE INVOLVED!

Concerned Clergymen of Atlanta

support STRIKE



photo by tom coffin

No Money, No Work

"Mayor Allen is just a symbol of the Establishment power structure - Rich's, C&S Bank, Greenbriar and all that. When they decide it's time to end the strike, it'll be ended," said Rev. Andrew Young of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. He was speaking before a mass meeting of garbage strikers and supporters on Sunday, September 8, at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church. The strike is now nearly two weeks old and has spread to the city construction, street and sewer departments, but the Establishment power structure has not yet decided to end it.

The strike began in confusion on September 3 at the Lidell substation off Cheshire Bridge Road. Reacting to discontent that had been building all summer, the Negro trash and garbage collectors and their white drivers struck on Tuesday. By Thursday the strike had spread to all three substations with about 95 per cent effectiveness. The workers knew what they were doing; the confusion arose only because until that Thursday the strike was not supported by any of the Union officials.

The Union concerned is the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO (AFSCME), which has been recognized by the city as the bargaining agent for all city employees, except police and firemen, for several years. (Although there has not been any contractual written agreement between the city and the Union, the city has granted the Union voluntary check-off of union dues - meaning that the city will deduct dues to the Union at the worker's request.)

Various groups of city employees - garbage men, Grady Hospital employees, County Courthouse employees, etc. - have Union Locals which are part of the Atlanta Public Employees District Council. Since the establishment of the Union in Atlanta, the District Council has been controlled by white city employees. (Council Director J.W. Giles was described by a representative of another Union who said, "He ought to be wearing a bedsheet.")

The Council refused to support the workers' strike. Giles tried both trickery at the substations (telling the men that their fellows at other stations had returned to work), and appeared in public with the city sanitation director to denounce the strike. The most polite thing to say is that the District Council under Giles is unresponsive to the needs of the garbage workers; a more accurate description is to say that the workers are being and have been sold out by their local "leadership" on the Council.

Many observers of the Labor Movement feel, however, that the AFSCME is the most progressive Union in the AFL-CIO. Younger leadership replaced the older, more conservative forces in the Union several years ago, and since that time the AFSCME has become the fastest growing Union in the AFL-CIO. When the strike in Atlanta be-

gan, the AFSCME president instructed Morton Shapiro, new director of the Union in the southeast, to investigate. On Thursday, September 5, the International Union announced their full support. Over the weekend the strikers also received the important support of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress. SCLC has assigned a 12-15 member field staff led by the Reverends Ralph Abernathy, Andrew Young and Hosea Williams to the strike. SCLC has conducted the Union's mass meetings and has helped plan demonstrations and civil disobedience.

The workers' demands include better pay, better working conditions and an end to racial job discrimination. The *Bird* spoke with one worker who has worked for the sanitation department for 30 years; his take-home pay is \$40 per week. Another man stated that he has worked for the city since 1949, and is trying to feed his wife and four children on \$67.50 per week.

According to HEW figures, almost all sanitation, sewer and city construction workers either live in poverty or fall on the borderline. The Atlanta press has been making much of the fact that Memphis sanitation workers earn less than Atlanta's - but the reality of the situation is that Southern cities can, and some do, afford to pay better salaries. Charlotte, North Carolina, for example, a city of 200,000, pays their workers a minimum of \$84 per week. This is \$12 more than Atlanta's current minimum wage, and \$2.50 more than the city proposes.

The workers are demanding an end to working conditions such as segregated toilet facilities at one of the substations and only two showers and two toilets (only one of which works) available for 250 men. They demand the establishment of a working grievance procedure to settle day-to-day on-the-job disputes between workers and supervisors.

Further, according to the strikers, truck driving and supervisory jobs are open to Negroes only on a token basis. The city has tests for these jobs, but if a Negro passes the test he is told that he will be placed on the waiting list. He remains on the list while whites pass him by.

The strikers are remarkably militant and committed

continued on page 11

STRIKE

Money is desperately needed to help buy food and pay rent for the 1200 striking sanitary, construction and sewage department workers. Send your check to the CITY STRIKERS EMERGENCY FUND, c/o Citizens Trust Co. Bank, 212 Auburn Ave., Atlanta, Georgia.

CORRESPONDENCES

Praise · Prosecution · Prediction

Dear Editors:

Have just finished reading this issue of the BIRD and wanted to congratulate you and the staff for creating a very unique and controversial paper. I have become bored reading the BRAND X publication. While I do not agree with everything the paper supports, I find it extremely enjoyable to hear what the other guy has to say.

Four letter words such as fuck, shit, and piss are definitely here to stay. There is no use ignoring them. At times they are useable to express a wide variety of feelings. Dave Govus reported that the multitude of people around the Hilton Hotel at the Dem. Convention in Chicago were chanting, "Fuck LBJ." Well, quite possibly if I was a policeman, and helping to control the mob, I might have lost my temper and bashed in someone's bean. I love the USA. I don't love paying for the war in Vietnam. I don't like paying taxes. I don't like a lot of things. One of them is for someone to be disrespectful to the President. I don't like the way the Administration has handled the affairs of the country for the past four years either, but if I were to meet LBJ on the street, I would greet him as Mr. President. To do otherwise would indicate that I did not respect my country's President, and indirectly my Country. If you don't respect your country, you're a fool.

If you don't like the way things are being done, change them. When you do change them, you will have to do it legally, either by getting elected officials to be sympathetic to your cause, or by electing your own officials to appropriate offices. To do this will mean organizing. Someone will have to speak for the organization. That means work. So I guess that you'll never get around to organizing, or will you?

James G. Sanders

Dear Mr. Toich:

Enclosed is a Notice of Levy which was forwarded to me. . . This Notice states that I have not paid the Telephone Excise Tax for 1967. It does not state why and I should therefore like to make it clear that this is not a careless omission on my part but rather a deliberate refusal based on conscientious religious principles.

The Telephone Excise Tax is necessary only because of the Vietnam war. This war is a crime against humanity and God. To support this war in any way (financially or otherwise) is to participate in that crime. Unfortunately, if one works "in the world," it is well-nigh impossible to refuse to pay income Tax as this has been pre-stolen by one's employer. On the other hand, one can refuse the Telephone Excise Tax and I am therefore conscientiously bound (or freed) to do so. This \$10.78 which you now demand from me could have gone to purchase bullets for an M-16 rifle, napalm to drop on Vietnamese villagers, or rubberized body bags in which to ship American corpses home. It has instead gone to support groups working for peace, freedom, and nonviolent social change - - - the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, War Resister's League, and the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence, among others.

Let me also make it clear that I would not refuse tax-

es if these taxes were used to better man's condition on this earth. This money could improve cultural and educational facilities and end unemployment, poverty, and starvation not only here but everywhere in the world. As it is, however, more than seventy-five per cent (75%) of all taxed now go for the military and "defense" spending - - - in other words, for killing people.

In view of this grim fact, please consider your own position as Revenue Officer for the United States Government. You are at present an accomplice in a system of murder. Consider that. But consider also that that can change. When we really realize that all men are brothers and we do not have to participate IN ANY WAY in killing them, we are freed from our fear and then can change our minds, our lives, our work. You too can refuse to help this murder process. I pray that you will soon do so.

For Peace and Freedom
Steven Bush

My Fellow Americans:

Since the election of Richard (Tricky Dick) Nixon seems almost inevitable, we must consider the impact of his inauguration on the country as the culmination of the events in this dastardly, reprehensible, undemocratic year. (I realize that our Loyal Republican friends may object to my references to Richard Milhous Nixon; in order to ease their minds, I request their indulgence and ask them to insert the names George C. Wallace, GCW, or Hubert H. Humphrey, HHH, in the desired slots.)

First, let us consider the manner in which Our Leader will probably be elected:

Due to the large number of presidential contenders, it appears to be safe to assume that after everyone who plans to cast a ballot performs that symbolic (but meaningless) act, and after the electors have met to decide on THE CHOSEN ONE, it will be determined that no individual has received a majority and the Real Race will be on.

It seems safe to assume that, although Nixon will lose votes in the November "run-off" to G. Wallace, Conservative, this loss to the Republicans will be off-set by the pissed-off and disenfranchised voters (ostensibly Democrats) who will indicate their negative endorsement of "their" party at the appropriate time through such techniques as staying home, voting for the Hon. Eldridge Cleaver, and/or writing in the name of E. McCarthy, Liberal.

All of which means that Nixon will have the advantage when the House of Representatives meet to consider THE CANDIDATES; since Mr. Wallace will have received some of the "Nixon vote" Mr. Dick will have a prima facie case for negotiating with Mr. Wallace, in order to regain this lost support which rightfully belongs to Nixon. This switch of Wallace votes will probably be gained by Mr. Dick's promise to eliminate that "communist Earl Warren" and to replace him with "an American like Strom Thurmond," and by making additional promises to prostitute himself and the United States to the Wallace line, as required.

Next, let us consider what will happen after Black Monday, Inauguration Day 1969: continued on page 14

GA. POWER

Just to "keep the issue alive" as they (we) say in the newspaper trade, thought to jot down a bit more relevant information concerning Georgia Power Company's requested rate increase, reported in *Bird* No. 13. The hearing on the request unfortunately falls after our press time, so we have no chance to report the results this week.

It seems that Georgia Power is but one of a family of investor-owned electric utilities hesitant to pay their surtax this year: according to *Electrical World* of August 12, 1968, "a small wave of rate-hike requests . . . is gathering momentum within the investor-owned electric utility industry." This wave is "strong enough to elicit a warning from Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler," urging regulatory commissioners to refuse rate increases based on the 10% income tax surcharge.

Quoting further from *Electrical World*, "In presenting his case for rate stability, Fowler said that the tax surcharge amounts to 0.8% or 0.9% of revenues for the average utility, and they should be able to absorb the surtax for at least a limited period. If the surtax is passed along to customers, he claimed, it would mean an average increase of approximately 1.8% in rates, as revenue is taxed at approximately 50%. Such an increase also would mean, declared Fowler, that the 'most profitable utilities with the most taxable income would increase revenues as much as 3.4%.'"

To date, according to *Electrical World*, most of the requested rate hikes have been turned down by state regulatory agencies. I have a hunch that this will not be the case with Georgia Power Company and the Georgia Public Services Commission, but I am certainly willing to be proven wrong. We'll see.

--tom coffin

'BIRD' STATIONS

DOWNTOWN AREA

BOOKWORM-92 Forsyth
BOOKMART-175 Peachtree
JOHNNY REB'S-108 Forsyth, 258 Peachtree,
30 Marietta
PLAZA NEWS-66 Pryor

HUNTER ST. AREA

PASCHALL'S-830 Hunter
JT'S RECORD SHOP-875 Hunter
UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE-130 Chestnut

NORTHEAST

HORTON'S SUNDRIES-Emory Village
ALEXANDER-STINSON-Emory Village
PLAZA BOOKSTORE-Hilan and Ponce de Leon

14TH ST. AREA

MERRY-GO-ROUND-1007 Peachtree
MIDDLE EARTH-67 8th St.
12TH GATE-36 10th St.
DRAMA ARTS BOOKSTORE-24 17th St.

bird

howard romaine	eric bonner
gene guerrero	dottie bonner
nan guerrero	jim skillman
tom coffin	dick barnes
stephanie coffin	barbara engle
jim gwin	ted brodek
pam gwin	bob goodman
steve wise	ernie marris
anne jenkins	linda fibben
don speicher	bill fibben
reggie mitchell	wayne scott, jr.

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BEFORE WE RAISE THE RATE ON OCTOBER 4 TO \$6 SAVE NOW

MOW

THE Racist Pigs MUST FREE Huey Now or THE SKY is THE Limit

Says the Associated Press: "Black Panther Huey Newton, 26, was convicted Sunday night of voluntary manslaughter in the killing of a white policeman. The jury took four days to reach a verdict." Facts. Ah, yes, AP has the facts. Bloodless, passionless.

Want more? "The jury of seven women and five men found Newton guilty of shooting patrolman John Frey last Oct. 28 in a West Oakland Negro district. . . . Newton stared expressionless when the verdict was read. As the jury was dismissed, an unidentified person among the spectators shouted, 'Black Power!' " Crazy! A bit of life in AP.

And a bit of life left in Huey, too. That is, he was not found guilty of first degree murder — "premeditated . . . with malice aforethought," charged the DA — a charge which could have brought the death penalty. No, instead he was convicted of manslaughter for which he could serve from two to fifteen years in jail. And the jury found him innocent of a second charge, assault and battery with a deadly weapon.

So what is one to think? AP does not think. Huey was found guilty of a "crime" with which he was not charged. AP makes no comment. Just "the facts."

"The Black Panther Party," declared Eldridge Cleaver, Panther minister of information, "finds the verdict unacceptable because it's clearly a political compromise verdict and an example of the way black people's rights have been abrogated for the expediency of the times. On the one hand, the jury brought in a verdict of innocent; on the other, they brought in a verdict which would pacify the pigs of the power structure thirsty for Huey's blood. So they set themselves up as the balancing agents to keep peace, rather than weighers of evidence."

— steve wise

Bruce: "It's a lunatic decision!"

Me: "I think a lunatic decision is good — better chance for acquittal on appeal."

Steve: "It's NOT a lunatic decision! It's a beautiful affirmation of American democracy and the liberal theory of truth: you take two positions, either of which might be true, and you arrive at a compromise that could not possibly be true."

Rush, in the *SF Examiner*: "Mrs. Gallegos said that in the Frey case, the jurors considered the testimony of the three main witnesses, busdriver Henry Grier, [patrolman Herbert] Heanes, and Newton himself and reached their decision — an averaging of three versions, in effect."

In America, the truth is an average of two diametrically opposed stories about the same event. It's simple.

But what in the world does the verdict mean?

Acknowledging that the sky might be the limit for white racists if there were an acquittal, as well as for Black Panthers if there were a conviction, the jurors tried to pacify both sides.

In the words of Bill Anderson, a poet and the only black writer to attend the entire trial, "It doesn't matter that a verdict consistent with the case be found as long as a verdict consistent with the other pressures be found."

"The jury vindicated [defense attorney Charles R.] Garry's contention that it's a political trial by their verdict," Anderson continued.

But what kind of politics is that? It's we-will-please-everybody politics. It's the politics of Lyndon Johnson's birthday wish: "that the views of the candidates of the two parties will not be too divergent." It's the politics that says, "If there are lies, WE WILL BURY THEM."

That's them. What about us?

Although it's important for American radicals to get one of their essential leaders out of jail and back into action, and although we don't like to see Huey taking personal punishment, the manslaughter conviction may not bode bad in all ways. First, twelve so-called average U.S. citizens have accepted the notion that a pig can aggravate and provoke a black man and the black man can get mad and defend himself without paying with his life. Second, this step forward, though it may not be much of a step, was probably due to a push, to pressure put on the consciousness of whites by the Panthers and other black militants.

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HUEY LGA!



"In the vineyards where the grapes of wrath are stored, the poorest of the poor have begun an epic struggle against the masters of the land."

—United Farmworkers leaflet

For over three years the grape workers of Delano, California have been struggling to have their union recognized by the land baron grape tycoons. These rich growers, who produce ninety percent of the nation's grapes, have used every weapon at their disposal to harass and intimidate the workers. These workers have been jailed, beaten, and in many cases threatened with death, but their will to continue the strike has not been broken.

Since the strike began 36 months ago, the rich growers have been employing mostly green card Mexican nationals. At this time only 15 per cent of the grape pickers are legal workers, and they work only because their families would starve if they didn't.

Through their union, the United Farm Workers, the grape workers are demanding: (1) that their children be allowed to get off the fields and go to school. (2) that sanitation and health laws concerning living and working conditions be enforced. (3) a reduction in working hours. Workers, including children, now work from ten to twelve hours per day. (4) increase in wages and (5) the right to form a union to protect themselves. Needless to say, the grape barons refuse to meet any of these demands of the 80,000 grape workers. The growers have refused to hold elections or even meet with union representatives. They also rejected efforts by the Bishop of Fresno, the California

BOYCOTT GRAPES

State Conciliation Service and the mayor of San Francisco to mediate the strike.

In response to the plight of the California grape workers, union leaders, politicians, religious and civil rights leaders and concerned citizens have organized grape boycotts across the nation and even into Canada. As of late August, at least fifteen congressmen and senators along with eleven mayors have publicly endorsed the strike and boycott. The boycotts have been working well in the North, West and Midwest. In New York the boycott is estimated to be ninety per cent effective.

Union officials say that Atlanta will be a key city to the success of the boycott because, according to U.S. Department of Agriculture figures, it ranks fifteenth in the nation in the reception of grape shipments. This position is rapidly climbing as the boycott takes effect in other cities and table grapes are rerouted to the South.

Cesar Chavez, California labor leader and director of the UFW, has issued an appeal to the Southern public to support the consumer boycott of all California table grapes. Chavez said "Northern and Western consumers have given their wholehearted support to our struggle. I appeal to all of our friends in the South, who share this deep concern for human problems and who know firsthand the plight of the migrant farmworker, to support our cause. We do not want charity or pity; we only want the same right enjoyed by other Americans."

An Atlanta-based boycott committee is now being formed to support the California grape strikers. For information please call Gene Guerrero at the *Bird* office.

—jim skillman

coffin hog in the stream

Will tell you a story, a story told by Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panthers, at the Peace and Freedom Party (yes) convention in Ann Arbor August 26. (The PFP, by the way, nominated Eldridge Cleaver, a man, for President. . .)

Now once upon a time (says Seale) there was a very poor man who was walking along the base of a tall mountain. The man was extremely thirsty, so he was delighted when he came upon a stream. But as he bent down to quench his thirst he noticed that the stream was full of muck and filth. In desperate need of a cool, clean drink, the man tried to get the muck and filth out of the stream, but to no avail.

As he was about to give up, another man appeared and asked him what he was doing. "I am very, very thirsty," the poor man said, "but I can't drink from this stream because it is filthy and I am unable to clean it." The second man smiled and explained that the stream was full of muck and filth because a huge hog was standing in the middle of the stream at the top of the mountain.

"This hog," the man said, "is pissing and shitting in the stream, and that is why it is so dirty. If you want a cool, clean drink, you must get that hog out of the stream." And with that, the two men set out to climb the mountain and to get the hog out of the stream.

The question of this story is simple: How best to get the hog out of the stream—Reform, or Revolution? Attach a filter on the hog, or kick his ass out?

But few people in America, white or black, think in these terms. Most people, excluding the militant (climbing the hill), depend on that stream, however foul, for their life and livelihood. And it must be admitted that the effluvia of the stream gets better as you rise up the hill. It may be all perfume and illusion, but so much better to turn the other way . . . And down at the bottom you may drink out of desperation, trying to climb a bit higher where the stench ain't so bad. The "concerned" above offer their aid, convinced that the "solution" which will dissolve the muck is surely close at hand. Meanwhile the hog keeps gobbling the goodies and pissing in the creek.

But make no mistake: Those cats climbing the hill in search of the hog are with each step showing more people the shit in the river. Already the weak-stomached young are vomiting, purging gut and soul, to join the trek up the mountain. And the poor, long accustomed to eating shit, are now beginning to spit in the stream, to stir up the waters. . .

So think hard, little pigs, for your own sakes: Support the garbage strike and the garbage strikers. For meat on their table is time on your hands. . . Soon the Battle of the Hog begins in earnest. Venceremos! Eggs and Bacon.

—tom coffin

Bond vs humphrey

Undemocratic Convention

The convention hall in Chicago shook with shouts as the new legions of the Democratic Party—legions activated by “peace partisans” Kennedy and McCarthy, spearheaded by the massive New York and California delegations, vocally anointed the only hero to emerge from the Democratic Party’s quadrennial conclave.

The shout was defiant: Its object the old warriors of Southern racism and the tough-hided unionists and mighty machines of the North, Midwest and East, who just defeated the motion to seat the Georgia challengers.

The chant rose primarily from those states which had allowed the people a voice through the primaries; the chant was for a new, non-racist South; a new, non-racist nation; and a change in foreign policy, an end to the war in Vietnam.

These doomed hopes, defeated aspirations, found their focus in the challenge brought by the “Julian Bond delegation” against the delegation of Lester Maddox. The vote to completely unseat the Maddox regulars in favor of the Bond challengers brought the largest anti-Humphrey vote of the closely-controlled convention.

This tremendous outpouring of support was against the majority report of the credentials committee, it was a vote against a compromise, the compromise historically most common in disputes of this kind—seating both delegations and splitting the vote equally between them.

On the contrary, the next night, Wednesday, August 24, when the regulars themselves challenged the compromise, also demanding all the seats, there was not even sufficient support of their position to justify a roll call vote. When the voice vote was nay, most of the regulars went home.

As the red-faced regulars charged off the convention floor, they accused Humphrey of breaking his word to them that they would be seated. They were right. Humphrey evidently had planned to seat the Maddox delegation. He failed to follow through, not from lack of effort, but because he had not foreseen, and could not blunt, the challengers’ strength.

Although Humphrey did not get what he wanted—seating of the regulars—he did manage to avert what he dreaded—being forced to side publicly with the personification of southern racism, Lester Maddox. He thus avoided public identification on national TV with the private source of his convention power—the White Power of the Deep South.

In Georgia the representative of that White Power was James Gray. Chairman of Maddox’s Democratic Party, the Albany newspaper publisher flew up to see Humphrey this spring after Johnson withdrew from the race. Sympathetic to Humphrey’s desire to stop Bobby, he began working to organize southern support for the Vice President’s candidacy.

Not long after, three of the challenge planners — E.T. Kehrler, southern civil rights director, AFL-CIO, Rev. John Morris and Rep. Ben Brown — came to Washington to tell the Democratic Party of their plan to challenge the Maddox delegation and to ask for help from presidential candidate Humphrey.

Unaware of the Vice President’s prior commitment to White Power advocate Gray, the hopeful liberals explained their plans to Humphrey’s southern desk man, John Hoving. He listened politely.

As the Macon convention, approached, the organizers wired, called and entreated Humphrey to send an observer to the gathering. No response.

McCarthy, who had also been contacted, sent as his official observer, Joe Rauh, a well-known expert on credentials battles in the Democratic Party. Rauh volunteered his aid to the challengers.

The McCarthy forces had already realized that their interests and the challengers’ were the same. Humphrey’s strategic reliance on the White Power of the South could best be attacked in Georgia where the structure of the Democratic Party was the most outmoded and undemocratic in the South and where Maddox supplied a target that almost no one could defend.

At least no national politician could defend it in public. Since a private deal had already been made between Humphrey and the Georgia regulars, it was absolutely essential, from Humphrey’s viewpoint, that the challengers not embarrass him by revealing his unholy alliance on the floor of the convention.

Thus a floor fight would be the only weapon the challengers would have in order to insist that their case be taken seriously by the Humphrey-dominated credentials committee.

McCarthy control of the challenge delegation would dictate a strategy of confrontation; Humphrey control, a strategy of accommodation.

It was in this political setting that the Macon convention on Aug. 10 elected a dominantly McCarthy slate, and several Humphrey supporters, led by E.T. Kehrler, walked out. They then opened a vitriolic attack on the challenge delegation as having been “taken-over” by “outsiders.” Several Humphrey supporters remained on the challenge group, however, and the challengers continued to appeal for help from all the presidential candidates.

In Chicago, soon after the executive committee of the challenge delegation arrived to make their case before the credentials committee, approaches were made offering a token number of votes if they would agree to compromise and not resort to a floor fight. They refused. This was the compromise carrot; the stick was E.T. Kehrler.

The challengers found to their utter dismay that the labor-Humphrey dissidents led by Kehrler were also slated to appear before the credentials committee. Kehrler could blunt or even destroy the challenge by revealing disunity and confusion.

Several of the challengers had their worst suspicions about Kehrler’s motivation for coming to Chicago confirmed when, the evening before the Wednesday, August 21, hearings on the Georgia case, he offered to withdraw his separate appearance before the committee and join forces with the Bond delegation. He had one condition—the challengers had to promise to accept the decision of the credentials committee and not bring the issue to the floor.

continued on page 10

“When a country is denied a choice on the most burning issue of the time, the war in Vietnam, then the two-party system has become a one-party rubber stamp. This is the first and essential point to be made in the wake of the Democratic and Republican conventions. The Establishment and the military have locked the ballot boxes. If the results are an intensified alienation among the youth who must fight this war, an increase in resistance to the draft, a rise in street demonstrations and violence, this is the cause and not some occult conspiracy. The real conspiracy was the one which wove together Eisenhower’s last inflammatory message to the Republican convention with the iron control Johnson and Daley exercised over the Democrats. Both parties, both candidates, have been drafted. The Pentagon has won the election even before the votes are cast.” *I.F. Stone’s Weekly*, Sept. 9, 1968

NO REST for the WEARY

Impressions of the week in Chicago, as a delegate of the Georgia “challenge” group, are like distorted pictures in a nightmare. The main impression is one of confusion, temporal and spatial confusion, as a psychiatrist member of our delegation put it. Not knowing quite what you were to do when or where, fearful of being separated from the group and not being able to get either in or out past the barbed wire and the security agents, not being able to hear the speaker, having to vote in the midst of confusion and wondering if you understood the way the question was put, so you don’t vote “yes” when you mean “no”, and being overcome that this is Democracy in Action and you’re taking part in the selection of a President, the most important person in the world . . . then wondering if it matters because you probably aren’t taking part in it, it has probably all been settled before the convention . . . and if it hasn’t, then it is a travesty on democracy to say that this setting can produce reasonable and responsible deliberation . . .

Good parts of the nightmare—cheers when people saw the “Georgia Loyal National Democrats” badge, pride in young Julian Bond, who grew before our very eyes into a national hero . . .

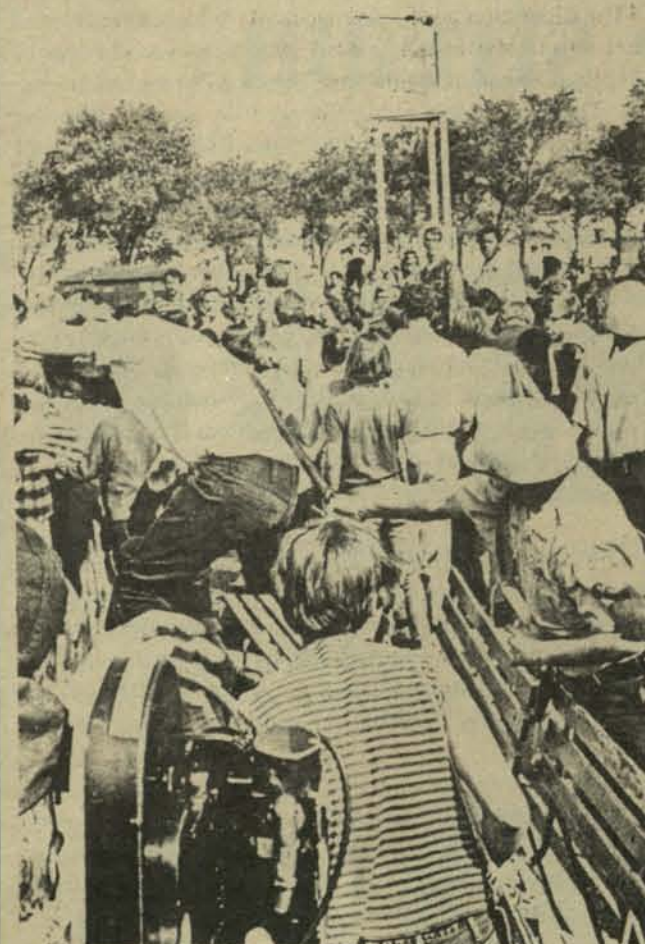
The most frustrating moments were when we learned that the Credentials Committee had put out the word that we had accepted the 21–21 vote compromise, which we never did. But how could you get the word around? What counted was not the reality, not what we had decided after much honest soul-searching, but what someone else wanted our friends to think we had decided (what is reality under those circumstances?).

It was an interesting group of people, the 60-odd delegates and alternates—black and white, young and old, students and teachers, Ph.D.’s and the unlettered, NAACP and SCLC (!), people with very little political experience but armed with honesty and integrity . . .

The march Wednesday night, one mile down to the Park across from the Hilton, to meet with the yuppies, the quiet singing, the candles, all reminded me of another scene—suddenly it came to me—Christmas Eve—the togetherness, the helpfulness, the smell of candles, the sound of the singing. Then we were across from the Hilton and into the picture is a new silhouette, helmets and bayonets outlined against the dawning sky. That too was in another Christmas Eve picture back in my mind—a Christmas in Belgium during World War II, when Red Cross workers, like myself, and American soldiers rode around in an army truck, singing quietly. Then there was the Enemy that might be disturbed by the singing. Here it was the police that might be disturbed. The soldiers, now as then, were American, but this time they were facing me instead of beside me, facing out.

And suddenly it didn’t seem like Christmas Eve any more and all I wanted to do was to sit on the grass and rub my feet and cry and cry and try to figure out what had happened to my country. There was some comfort in recalling McCarthy’s words about other protests—“we should be glad they are protesting and we should worry if they did not”. At least the Democrats had life, enough hope to protest . . .

With the dawn, pink over Lake Michigan, came the conviction that America is on the move, that institutions will no longer be hallowed for their own sakes, that it will never “all be settled”, that this time the liberals hold the balance of power and we must make it count—thru working within existing parties, forming a New Party, however it works out for each of us. One fact remains constant throughout—there is no rest for the weary. —eliza paschall



The bookworm

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CHICAGO CASUALTIES

By Dolph Schifrin

Chicago, August 31 (LNS)—Ann Hayes was unofficial chief of medical operations in Chicago for the week of police violence. She said: "The number of people hurt here was so imposing, the nature of the injuries so monstrous, it's really impossible to tell how many kids were hurt. We didn't even have time to keep a logbook." Miss Hayes is on the Medical Committee for Human Rights and one of her associates, Mrs. Kidd had this to say: "I spoke to a police desk sergeant in one of the local precincts. He finally blew his stack at some of my questions. He said that the order had gone out to the hospitals not to report any of the injuries to the press or to just about anyone."

But gathering together loose strips of paper with hastily scrawled names and addresses, the two women managed to scrape together some count as to the number of people hurt during the five nights of violence.

Their accounts were mostly from the makeshift, livingroom-size hospital on the third floor at 116 South Michigan—the hospital which served the people brought in from Grant Park. "There were all kinds of pocket hospital areas set up all over town," Miss Hayes added.

The figures from South Michigan were as follows: Sunday night: 20 injuries; Monday: 25 injuries; Tuesday: 40 injuries; Wednesday: 68 injuries; Thursday: 10 injuries.

According to both medical coordinators, most injuries were scalp cuts on the back of the head. "There were many broken hands and broken wrist cases, many of the men were hurt in the groin. Our most serious case was a young woman of perhaps 20 who has broken ribs and a suspected ruptured spleen."

Miss Hayes said there were at least one thousand people treated for burns and other complications caused by gassing. "We had ten medical teams here," she said, "each team in the field worked on about 100 people who had more than the superficial affects of gassing."

The Free Theater near Lincoln Park served as the medic station for all violence on the North Side. About 150 people lined the corridors of the theatre—most of them victims of gassing.

The pocket aid stations Miss Hayes talked of were on 13th and Michigan (serving Grant Park), on South Clarke (serving Lincoln Park), at 25 W. Wabash (serving Grant) and 1029 So. Wabash (serving Grant). Their casualty lists add up to about 100 persons.

Taken together well over 1200 people were hurt during the week. The most intangible figures are for people who make it on their own or with friends to hospitals. The coordinators of medical aid agreed that there were "scores of those we just didn't have time to get to."

REPORTER BRUTALITY

"Scores of people under the Palmer House canopy watched in horror as a policeman went animal when a crippled man couldn't get away fast enough. The man hopped with his stick as fast as he could, but the policeman shoved him in the back, then hit him with the nightstick, hit him again, and finally crashed him into a lamp-post. Clergymen, medics, and this cripple were the special pigeons last night. At State and Adams a nightstick cracked open the head of a clergyman who didn't move fast enough. He was lying in a store doorway, bleeding heavily, when I left . . . It sickens me to write this because I am on the police's side, and I went out at 1 o'clock yesterday to write exactly what I saw and I was sure it would bring credit to the police. . . . [Then after describing the arrest of Jerry Rubin, a radical leader, on a quiet street walking with a girl friend] Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks. This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it IS the police state."

—Jack Mabley in the Chicago American Aug. 29.
As quoted in I.F. Stone's Weekly, Sept. 9.

SIRHAN SIRHAN SOCIETY'S CHILD

by Harvey Wasserman

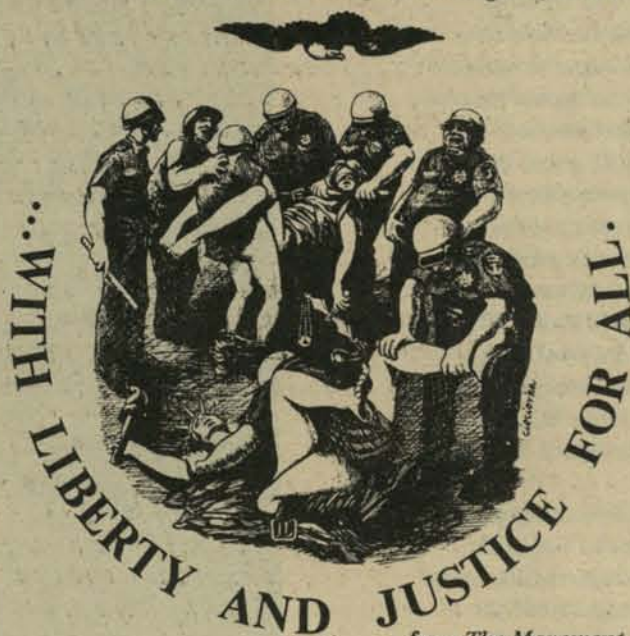
Chicago, August 31 (LNS)—Last April 27 a large number of Chicago residents marched in protest of the Vietnam war. Mayor Daley's police force attacked and beat them.

For veterans of that march, events in the streets during the Democratic Convention look like a week-long rerun.

But this time Chicago was more, much more. The action in the streets involved the usual fights for turf. In Lincoln Park far north of the Loop, in the Old Town area after being pushed out of Lincoln Park, then in Grant Park and in front of the Hilton, and later further downtown, kids met cops and displayed their incredible tenacity. Repeated gas attacks, repeated clubbings, repeated fearsome charges by Chicago's dregs simply could not stop the mixed bag of radicals, clergy, and McCarthy people from oozing back into the crevices of Chicago police city and making visible their claim to a piece of even the worst of America.

There was reason for claiming victory in Chicago. At last the country saw—though it took the beating of nearly 30 newsmen to provoke the media into covering it—that the most lawless and violent element in the society is the police.

If, that is, people chose to see it that way. Like most victories, this aspect of Chicago was a limited one. White Chicago supported Mayor Daley, supported his police in what they did. Huntley, Brinkley, and Cronkite didn't seem to like it, nor did the liberals on the floor of the Convention. But after all, the law was being broken and that, not the beatings and not the Gestapo, is what good, conser-



from *The Movement*

vative America saw. Things like Chicago are polarizing events, not cataclysms. People whose hearts were basically against us heard about police being beaten and provoked and found reason for vigorous defense of what Dick Daley did.

It was the liberals that bothersome group of politicians whom we have spent so much time analyzing these past few years, who decided to make the proper issue of what happened to us in the streets.

It is no mean thing to watch a national party's convention continually interrupted by delegates concerned with the safety of radicals, to hear the nation's biggest mayor accused by a U.S. Senator of practicing Gestapo tactics, and to hear members of the Convention speaking of consciously disrupting their party's show.

To be sure, not all was sweetness and light. The move to postpone the Convention had a strain of plain politics about it as well as protest—stopping the Convention might have increased McCarthy's chances for the nomination. When New Hampshire delegation's chairman Hoeh was beaten and carried out of the Convention by cops, he seemed to think the chief issue was that his faculty identification card had worked in the entrance machine. And McCarthy managed to conclude a statement on the cops busting a party of his workers by demanding the resignation of the National Committeemen who had chosen Chicago as the Convention site.

But the McCarthy kids seemed to know. They knew who and what had screwed them. They knew that the trouble on the floor of the Convention had been caused almost exclusively by delegations of states which had had primaries. And they knew that the most important event of the week occurred when police beat a cripple who could not move out of the Hilton entrance fast enough to suit their Fascist mentality.

So now what do we do about these liberals? We know where Al Lowenstein stands on left radicalism. We know Gene McCarthy liked Joe. We know what the Kennedy name has meant in reality to the people of Latin America and Southeast Asia. And yet there they were. On national television. Literally fucking the New Deal coalition to death.

Ironically the only element that came out of the convention whole was the black element. The South is gone forever—all that remains are the machines without constituencies. Organized labor leaders will support Humphrey, but the rank and file will not. New class intellectuals are divided between those with the guts to stay home from the polls or support McCarthy should he choose to run, and those who are scared enough of Nixon to bother to vote. None of them will support the Hump with much enthusiasm—the strength of McCarthy's candidacy was the ultimate indication of the ascendancy of their power as a class and Gene McCarthy's defeat was their own.

Only the black people, not the young radical blacks, but the average moderates who always have and will continue to look for participation and liberal reform—saw the Mississippi and half the Georgia delegations booted out of the Convention, saw black men nominated for both president and vice president, and may well continue to identify with the party of Roosevelt and Kennedy.

Perhaps it was fitting that both the streets and stockyards of Chicago should witness the first coordinated attack of the new age on the old. The city is a hell hole; it is run on a day to day basis precisely as was the Democratic Convention. It is the last of the big city machines.

But last week it became the first to have Allen Ginsberg, Jean Genet, William Burroughs, and Terry Southern attest collectively to its brutality. This was a part of the street assault. It occurred Tuesday night at LBJ's anti-birthday party when those four appeared on the Coliseum stage with Ed Sanders to read their statements on the happenings in Lincoln Park on the previous night. Dick Gregory spoke, as did Abbie Hoffman and Paul Krassner, who was in effect the keynote speaker.

Krassner earned the title with two remarks. First, he announced that Humphrey would choose as his running mate the man most responsible for his nomination—Sirhan Sirhan. The audience hissed. Sirhan has become an almost obscene figure, interpreted by some as a symbol of anti-establishment revolt when in fact he mirrors so many of the sicknesses of American life, murdering a man in whom many many Americans of good faith and will saw a hope, and whom many more simply knew and liked.

But the Convention itself confirmed Krassner's statement on its last night, when after the film documentary of Bobby's life, it remained standing as a body for five, ten, fifteen minutes, spontaneously disrupting the Convention in its refusal to abide by the Chair's demand to quiet down. (The Chair later got its revenge by devoting a bare ten seconds to Martin King.) But Krassner had been proved right—without Sirhan, it would have been a different ball game.

Then Krassner in effect climaxed the week. He finished his speech by relating a story a newsmen had told him. Finishing an interview with LBJ, the newsmen noted that they had not talked of Vietnam and asked the President for a quick statement. Lyndon told the newsmen "It's like this: those guys are trying to say 'Fuck you Lyndon Johnson,' and nobody says that and gets away with it." To which Krassner followed "We are now going to say 'Fuck you Lyndon Johnson' and get away with it." The audience response was the loudest I have ever heard. Previously, Phil Ochs' mere singing of "I Ain't Marching Anymore" had provoked a ten-minute standing ovation complete with draft card and money burning.

The energy was too strong to avoid anywhere. You walked down the streets of Chicago and felt it crackle through your system. We said "Fuck you Lyndon Johnson" so loud and had to call the cops even in front of the cameras. We said "Fuck you Lyndon Johnson" and the Democratic party trembled and fell so hard some of the right people will be picking up some of the peices for the show in '72.

But the price for saying "Fuck you Lyndon Johnson" gets higher each time we do it. And the convention proved the value of having friends. The post-Convention reaction and the ensuing busts seemed to prove we are going to need all the friend we can get these next few years. Maybe Chicago showed that when the shoving starts there are many good hearts we had discounted that will be with us when things get toughest.

YR WE IN?

by R.M. Alter

Okay, Norman baby, don't panic, keep a cool nookie, because with all the things known and unknown that I might be doing, one thing I'm not doing is taking issue with your book. No sir. Farthest from my mind, a healthy kilometer. Because lecher, your answer ain't bad, no sir, not bad at all; it's just that old D.J. (did Shago Martin cut his way out of death with that shiv?) never been in Cape Cod, or never thought it important enough to say so. So, since I ain't never been in Alaska, and since I just came back from the Cape, Yarmouth to be precisely, anally exact, and since I found out down there why we're in Vietnam (that we is a strange one, neither editorial nor royal, must be the patriotic we; wheel), or at least one possible reason, well . . . just listen, baby, and let that nice Jewish boy (not from Brooklyn but from Brookline) you been running from all these years, let him throw his sweat-stained skull-cap into the ring, 'cause man, he got himself one hell of an answer here. Yes sir.

Let's set the scene, deviates. There I am sitting sandy-assed on the beach, cursing the sun 'cause it's too hot and the water 'cause it's too cold and my girl 'cause she won't let me hop-hop on top of her, and there I am, watching. Watching what? Look kiddies, don't push me, I'll tell you. I was watching everything. Delusions of omniscience. Everything. Omnia. The soggy bosoms of a thousand elephantine women (a veritable herd), the puckered little bottoms of hot little females out for a cock-teasing (verified!) stroll, sleeping daddies, sugar daddies perspiring over tanned little chicks with navels suggesting more functional orifices, teen-aged kids trying their damdest to look nonchalant while letting fly with a good pint of urine in the sea, well, you know the scene. Man, it was the average beach scene, hot day, clean American frolic, need I elaborate.

Let's take a time out: if it's true that America's mad, then American beaches are the absolute, geometric center of that insanity. You know what America's real problem is, baby? Flesh. Yeah, that's right, you hear me, flesh. It hangs out like uncooked chicken fat over three-quarters of the bathing suits in the country, wrinkled, sweating, all aquiver. Flesh, just too much of it. Is it possible that the national schizophrenia has progressed to the point where war is an ersatz diet?

Since it was too damn hot up above, our blanket was near the edge of the water. The tide was coming in fast, but gently, like some pulsing, slowly advancing, cosmic erection. (One sudden explosion of the lunar testicle and, whap! ocean spills its great seed and impregnates human race with twins, Bloat and Death. Beautiful.) Hardly any surf, sneaky sea advancing unannounced, a cautious lover, no groans from mother earth, hot bitch today. A woman, fat as a two-car garage, ran squeaking into the water, bosoms all aflutter. Then these four kids, three boys and a girl, all of them probably no more than eight, appeared at the edge of the water.

Brief description of four kiddies. The girl was short, fat, and ugly, a squashed cylinder of a girl. Wet, brown, stringy hair. She wore a bathing suit for eight year old girls, that is to say, her nipples showed. (Lucky for you Pakistani polo players, Norman ain't writing this: bet your ass, you'd get those nipples described for you, in detail, at least a paragraph.) The boys might have been brothers, or they might not have, who cares. All blond, all tanned, all build like miniature Marines with tight little limbs and rounded tummies. Obviously wasps, but maybe not, who cares. One had a firm grip, a real man's handshake, on his cock. Another had some green and brown matter, quite colorful really, swinging happily from his nose. The third looked vaguely intelligent, modestly so. He obviously had reservations about fun and frolic at the beach, a thinking man, clear blue eyes, might write an unimportant novel someday. He stood watching the others squat down in the sand to build something at the very edge of the water.

I have no idea what their names were. So, Hindus, I'm going to claim poetic licentiousness and call them Nipples, Nostrils, Nookies, and Ted, the last being who else, the one with a working brain, my boy, overflowing with cerebral matter, the only one who wasn't going to be a Boy Scout, the one who would learn at age eleven, no later, to clamp the sphincter and kill a fart. My boy, Ted, the last one in line when Nipples got old enough, brave enough, bored enough, to go down for the neighborhood.

(Don't put this down yet, Americans. It's just starting to pick up.)

So, there are these three kids fucking around in the wet sand, and old Ted, Marlboro man, standing above them with crossed arms. Dig? Read on. Let's tune our phlebotomized ears to a little kiddie conversation.

Nipples: What'll we build, Nookies?! (Disabuse yourself at once of the notion that these kids subscribed to the names I have given them; they didn't. Not for a moment. They probably used the kinds of names that remind one of antiseptic dildoes, you know, Johnny, Kathy, Bobby, Tommy. But that just won't do here. In fact, let's change Ted's name to Oscarus, not Oscar, Oscarus.)

Nookies: A sand castle, whaddaya think!

Nostrils: Hey, lemme in there! Come on, Nipples, move over, will ya!

Nipples: Oh, shut up, ya mudder said not to yell at me, and I'll tell!

Nostrils: Go ahead. See if I care, ya dumb girl!

Nipples: Yeah?! Oh yeah?! I will tell ya mudder. (Italics hers.)

Nostrils: Push over! (He gave her a good shove, she moved over, but grudgingly, an ugly expression on her rubber face, no doubt learned from her mother.) Hey, What're we buildin'!



photo by bill fibben

VIETNAM'S VIET NAM'S VIETNAM

Nookies: A sand castle! Grab some dirt and throw in on, like this! See?! Yeah, that's it, and do it right, and then later we'll do the really hard work!

Nostrils: What's the really hard work?! (Old Nostrils had one of the most fatuous faces ever seen on the Cape. He was famous for it.)

Nookies: Stupid! Makin the castle and, you know, smoothin it out and, you know, packin it down and . . . and things like that! Ain't ya never made one before?!

Nostrils: Sure I have! Whaddaya think!

Nipples: Yeah, I bet! Ya can't even swim! (A bitch's indomitable logic.)

Nostrils: I have! (No reply.) I have! Last year!

Nookies: Shut up and help me, will ya! (Imagine, if you can, an eight year old boy with marked qualities of leadership working at a furious pace on a sand castle, one hand expertly digging, the other religiously clutched around his cock. Amazing. Presidential stuff.)

Nostrils: (to Nipples.) See?! I told ya!

Oscarus still standing above them during this conversation, arms crossed, looking slightly contemptuous, snobby. He was shuffling around nervously, obviously wanting to say something shattering, working up the courage to speak. The three morons in the sand had forgotten his presence. They worked with that solemn kind of earnestness peculiar to half-witted kids and Republican congressmen. Something that looked like a mutilated tit was rising slowly from the ground.

Oscarus: (Taking a deep breath, entering what he did not know was a *rite-de-passage*, first of many for the lad.) Hey, Nookies!

Nookies: (Not looking up, face smeared with sand.) What?!

Oscarus: Why don't we start it higher up on the beach?!

Nostrils: Why should we?! (Finally he had found something he could do, shovel sand, he did it well in fact, but it required all the concentration he could muster out of his depopulated brain, and interruptions could be fatal.)

Oscarus: Cause the tide's comin in and the sand's just gonna get wetter and wetter and . . . it'll fall down when the water gets high enough and . . . and you don't have time to build a good one.

None of them was listening. They had created a spell of visible achievement around them, didn't want it broken. They were one now, and had no time, no patience, for bad-mouthers.

Nipples: What do you know?!

Oscarus: I know the tide's comin in!

Nostrils: What's a tide?! (Man, this was a stupid one, maybe not, maybe he knew, but his pants were on fire with the job now, couldn't do two things at once, either you remembered what a tide was or you worked on a sand castle, one or the other.)

Oscarus: Don't ya even know what a tide is?!

Nipples: It's when the water comes in! (Smart bitch, she'll be with child before she's in high school.)

Nookies: (Still holding his nookie.) Yeah! (Period.)

Nostrils: (Licking that ever-flowing abundant rivulet of snot.) Yeah! (Amazing recovery. Sneaky lad. Presidential stuff.)

Oscarus: So why don't ya move it farther up?!

Nookies: (The only one bright enough to cope with the difficulties presented by this question.) Cause we don't want to!

Oscarus: Stupid!

Nostrils: You're stupid!

Oscarus: You're stupid!

Nostrils: You don't know how t'have any fun! Get outa here or . . . I'll beat ya up! Ya stupid! Geez!

Nipples: Go home to ya mudder! If ya don't wanna play, go away!

Keep in mind, slummers, that not a one of them has looked at our boy yet. He was on the verge of tears, but couldn't quit now. A righteous flame lit his eye.

Oscarus: I do wanna play! Why don't we just move it up a couple feet?!

Nostrils: Scram, ya fink, or I'll tell my mudder on ya!

Oscarus: Ya mean ya won't move it up?!

Ya just gonna make it there?!

Nookies: What's wrong with that, huh?! (Nookies, bless his American ass, had already forgotten about the tide. But he was brighter than Nostrils: he could handle two jobs at once, scooping the sand, and holding his cock; a born leader of men.)

Oscarus: I told ya, the tide!

Nipples: Go home to ya mudder!

Oscarus: Oh yeah?!

Nostrils, Nipples, Nookies: Yeah!!

Oscarus looked at them in disbelief and then walked off, his face pinched with the effort not to cry. The three didn't look up as he left, sunk back into the oblivion of machine, doing the job that had to be done simply because they had started doing it. They did not understand, not one of them, not one of those little motherfuckers, why the sand kept getting wetter, the water deeper, and the castle (that abused tit) shorter. When it finally collapsed and they were ankle deep in water, they each did their thing—Nookies got a stranglehold on his cock, Nostrils gnawed at that multicolored pendulum swinging from his nose, Nipples scratched her ass—and moved one foot, no more, up the beach, and started another one.

undemocratic con. . . .

continued from page 6

But the threat of bringing the challenge to the floor was the heaviest artillery the challengers had. And what the Humphrey forces feared most. This was the final evidence for some that Kehrer was willing to destroy the challenge he had helped to create in order to further Humphrey's partisan interests.

The challenge delegation would not be pressured into such a compromise, but they were afraid that Kehrer's expected attack would confuse the committee and weaken their case.

So Bond called Humphrey that night and asked him, in the interest of fair play and in light of his commitment to civil rights, to stop Kehrer from sabotaging the challenge. Humphrey said he would call Kehrer and see what he could do.

But the next day Kehrer appeared. His counsel, Joe Jacobs, a labor lawyer, devoted most of his time allotted before the committee to an attack on the challenge as a partisan endeavor. Moreover, according to several members of the challenge delegation, Kehrer actively cooperated with the regulars in furnishing information to discredit the challenge.

But the well-argued brief and presentation by Al Horn, Julian Bond, John Morris and other witnesses made a powerful impact on the committee. Also, the well-briefed McCarthy-McGovern members of the credentials committee consistently made the regulars look foolish with their relentless questioning.

Willie Brown of California tore into Lamar Sizemore who seemed unable to differentiate the structure of the Democratic Party outside of Fulton County from a club - for whites only.

The two Negro witnesses for the regulars had to admit that Negroes were both discriminated against and under-represented in the regular party.

And the committee was unanimously dismayed when it was made clear that the Governor and the Chairman of the Democratic Party handpicked all the delegates to the national convention.

By this time the Humphrey forces were running scared. They knew that the challengers couldn't be buffaloed or bought off. Also they knew if they backed Maddox against Bond on the convention floor before national TV many of their delegates would have to go for Bond. A loss on this issue could set off a bad trend, perhaps even losing the nomination for Humphrey.

And so the White Power boys from Georgia headed by Gray had to go.

Humphrey's man running the credentials committee, Gov. Richard Hughes of New Jersey, knew very well who had forced Hubert into this uncomfortable position of having to dump his White Power buddies. He opened the executive session of the credentials committee with a vitriolic attack on Rauh, top McCarthy strategist and advisor to the Georgia challengers, and what he alleged was the partisan character of the challenge.

But the only thing partisan about it was that McCarthy and McGovern had energetically supported it, while Humphrey had ignored it and tried to kill it.

Dreading the impending Maddox-Bond floor fight, Hughes began fishing madly for a compromise which would avert it. Finally, at 1:30 a.m. Friday, Aug. 23, after grueling hours of debate in the closed executive session, Hughes announced his compromise proposal to unseat the regular Maddox delegation from Georgia and, instead, split the 41 delegate votes between the loyal Democrats in the Maddox delegation and the Bond delegation.

Maddox and the regulars rejected the compromise outright. The loyalists, headed by Bond, accepted it tentatively.

But this compromise which was supposed to head off a Maddox-Bond floor fight, infuriated the Georgia regulars.

By Monday, Hughes was under so much pressure from Humphrey's southern supporters that he substantially modified his earlier decision. He proposed to the closed credentials committee meeting a new compromise, in which the full membership of both delegations would be seated - except for Lester Maddox who had resigned on Sunday night with the vote still split equally between the two. This was an attempt to reconcile the enraged regulars who had insisted that all their number must be seated. The committee was told that the new compromise was acceptable to the Bond delegation.

This was false. When one of his supporters on the committee called to check the truth of this report, Bond rushed in a car to the hotel to deny it.

While Bond was waiting in a hotel room to talk to Hughes, the Governor had already pushed his "compromise" through and was announcing it in a news conference.

Infuriated at Hughes trickery, the challengers refused the compromise and brought their demand that the whole Maddox delegation be unseated to the floor of the convention. Their defeat on the floor was the high water mark of the resistance to the Humphrey juggernaut.

-- howard romaine

HUEY

continued from page 5

And just maybe, after listening to Newton, Garry, and numerous defense witnesses, some of the jurors realized that the idea of a black colony which must be liberated from police oppression is not a fantasy but a reality. Yet - ostensibly in the interests of domestic peace - they agreed on a compromise that is a lie. Unfortunately, they do not understand that burying lies - in a psyche or in a society - is like burying volcanoes. However many Foster Cities are built on the fill, they will perish in the eruption.

This lie, like all lies, ladies and gentlemen, will PREVENT peace.

- marlene charyn, Mid Peninsula Observer

Cows Eat It!

(The Constitution)

Baer's Agricultural Almanac for the Year 1969 And the last Four Months of 1968

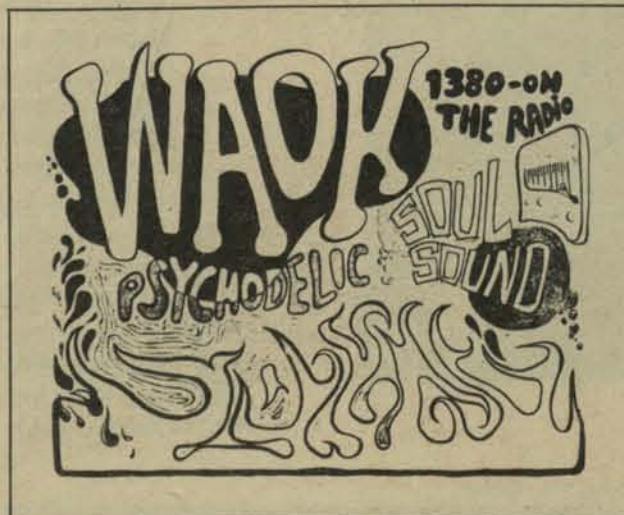
(LNS)--A dairy scientist at Pennsylvania State University made farm news when he announced that newspapers make top quality feed for cattle, if mixed suitably with molasses.

Dr. Earl M. Kesler told about it in the *Journal of Dairy Sciences*--and maintained that cattle in a test actually preferred newspapers with sorghum to more traditional feed. Sorghum, in case you are not farm-oriented, is the old fashioned kind of sticky, gooey molasses.

This may open a whole new field for the newspapers. It means the farmer will be able to read all the day's happenings, the sports pages, the stock market reports and the comics, and still be able to get a dividend from the newspaper by feeding it to the cattle. Whether this will make the cattle better informed remains to be seen.

If the Penn State research influences farmers to use more and more newsprint for cattle feed, we may see some strategic wooing to gain the cattleman's market. Will the *New York Times* or the *Chicago Tribune* be more palatable for cows or calves? Will the *Baltimore Sun*, the *National Observer* and the *Wall Street Journal* vie to prove each is the tastiest for 4-H baby beeves? Will flavor or nutrition make the difference between the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Kansas City Star*?

Who knows? *Baer's Agricultural Almanac* may become treasured on the farm even beyond the high value already placed on it. Perhaps the farmer of tomorrow will be a multiple Almanac buyer--one copy of *Baer's* for every member of the family, and a ton of Almanacs for every steer in the herd!



On the Mountain

Where the middle class Ohio Chicago suburb rockefeller/reagan delegates to life stare and caress the backs of their heads and press their palms in amazement:

What a thing
What a thing this is,
this woodtent city that
Certainly doesn't belong
In Our Nation's Capitalism;
dirt and unpainted wood
A-frame mockeries of
split-level McLean.
Kennedy went past,
Lincoln watches over,
two noble souls two see
the mud and starvation poverty
in the fountain swimming
fish scatter, spirits high
food rations in paper containers
low and brown.

Mex and Nigger,
gazes child over Father's shoulder,
security of his folded arm
front row seat,
what does she feel?
will she hunger one day?
Met with disgust
beautifications programs
mistrust; once grassy a
World War monument
fenced inches away from
the mute poor war bunkers.
City Hall Hunger Wall
paint it to tell it like it is:

I been on that mountain
No guards; tourists within,
fences to keep the poverty
in its place . . .
abandoned Martin Luther King plaza,
Tierra O Muerte
this land is free are you?
gospel songs, preachers
tambourines, two shoes
stuck abandoned in mud truck tracks,
church busses carrying Poor
People home to God
blessed but unrecognized
permitted to exist by law
in Washington
and at home

Tim Thomas





photo by tom coffin

Strike...

continued from page 3

to the strike. Except for negotiations, it wasn't until the middle of this week that the strikers received any real help from the Union, SCLC, or members of the support committee formed over the weekend in the day-to-day running of the strike. On Monday, for example, while the support committee, SCLC, and the Union were having their first real meeting, word came from the news media that the strikers had marched on City Hall. They argued with Mayor Allen, conducted a rally and maintained a picket line while the support committee and others continued their meeting. Later, on Wednesday, 80 per cent of those arrested for blocking the garbage trucks were strikers.

This strike is important for a number of reasons. It begins to explode one of the myths of Atlanta, which expends much effort and expense in publicizing its "poverty programs," while forcing its own employees to live in poverty. In a similar manner, touted "liberal" Emory University researches and researches poverty, while paying its Negro employees very low wages. If this strike is successful it may mean better wages for these and other public service employees.

Another potential result of a successful strike is the end of conservative White control of the public employees' union in Atlanta. This union has vast potential in the city, and could become a significant force for progressive change if it is freed from its conservative bonds.

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10. D	16.40	164.00	10.91	.48	9.84	07-24-68		
BONDS	1967 BACK PENSION	BACK PENSION	HOSPITALIZATION	FRIENDSHIP CLUB	CREDIT UNION	LIFE INSURANCE	UNION DUES	OTHER DUES
					25.00	5.60	3.00	16
CHECK NO.	EMPLOYEE NO.	YEAR TO DATE				NET PAY		DEPT NO.
		GROSS	FEDERAL TAX	STATE TAX	PENSION			
		2687.72	184.12	8.86	161.26		109.17	11H

This is the pay stub from a man who has worked in the sewer department of the City of Atlanta for 10 years. He has four children. As you see, his take home pay is \$54.58 per week.

STATEMENT OF EMPLOYEE'S EARNINGS AND PAYROLL DEDUCTIONS

CITY OF ATLANTA
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER
FORM 9-200

Black Control of Black Schools

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE/Home Town News Ltd.
NEW YORK--The new National Association of Afro-American Educators (NAAE) has set black control of black schools as its goal. A first priority will be to attract Negro members away from national teacher groups like the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers.

The NAAE was formed in closed sessions this month in Chicago by some 800 Negro teachers and professors from 37 states.

Although newsmen were barred from all sessions of the four-day conference, an NAAE spokesman informed *Education News* of major developments.

Delegates came both from public schools and from higher education. One of the speakers at the general sessions: Muhammad Ali. Conference workshops treated such topics as: "Blackening" the curriculum, schools in a black community, materials of instruction, the black student, the black educator and higher education.

According to the magazine, the NAAE operations are now divided among five regional centers: Chicago, general coordination of activities; New York, communications; student relations, Fisk University, Nashville; Philadelphia, curriculum studies; and a fifth city unknown to the spokesman.

NAAE will seek to win full community control over staff and curriculum for residents of the Ocean Hills-Brownsville district in New York City, where an experiment in decentralized, local control has recently run into trouble. This is in line with a strong resolution adopted by the delegates in favor of community control of all-black schools in all-black neighborhoods.

SCABS

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad, the vampire, He had some awful substance left with which He made a scab.

A scab is a two-legged animal with a cork-screw soul, a water-logged brain, a combination backbone of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles.

When a scab comes down the street, men turn their backs and angels weep in heaven, and the Devil shuts the gates of hell to keep him out.

No man has a right to scab so long as there is a pool of water to drown his carcass in, or a rope long enough to hang his body with.

Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab. For betraying his Master, he had character enough to hang himself. A scab has not.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British Army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his children and his fellow men for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust, or corporation.

Esau was a traitor to himself; Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God; Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country; a strikebreaker is a traitor to his God, his country, his wife, his family, and his class.

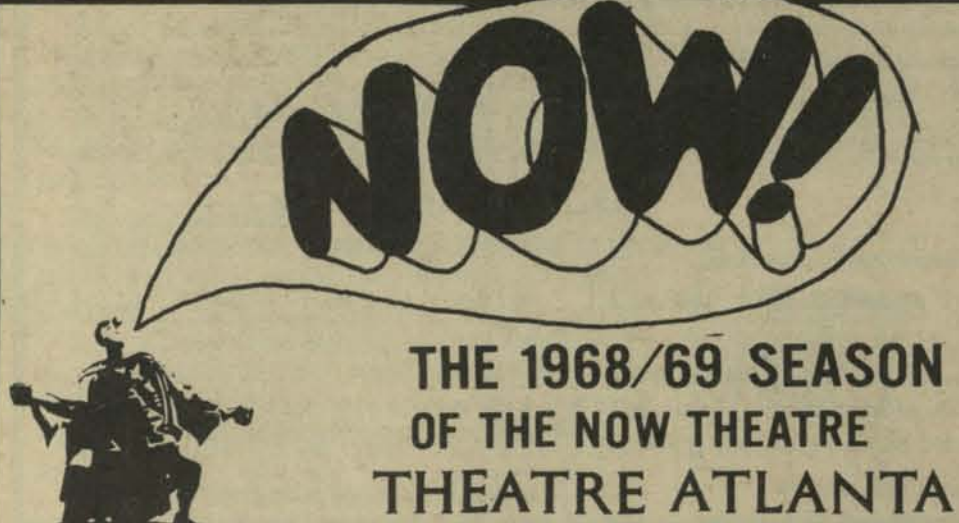
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DYLANCOUNTRY & FRIENDS in the Y

John Wesley Harding - Bob Dylan - Columbia CS9604
Sweetheart of the Rodeo - the Byrds - Columbia CS9670
Nashville - Ian and Sylvia - Vanguard VSD 79284

"Bob Dylan could come on stage playing an electric jock strap and the next week every folk singer in the country would be doing the same thing."

That's how Julius Lester, folksinger, writer and former SNCC staffer summed up Dylan's influence on white city folk music about two years ago. Around that time Dylan pulled together the folk style of lyric making and the rock sound to come up with a new pop creation called folkrock.

Dylan went through another one of his periodic changes this spring when he came out with *John Wesley Harding*. This record reveals that you can take the boy out of the country, but, at least for a boy like Dylan who's seen other visions than the pastoral one, you can't put the country back in him.

Dylan can use the country medium to do his own thing, but the medium becomes entirely moulded to his own purposes: telling a Dylanesque tale. Dylan is a poet, a prophet and a master musician, but he is first a storyteller.

His words flash by, phrases bump or balance one another like pieces of a perfect vocal jigsaw puzzle falling magically into place, but Dylan ensnares one's ears with his poetic ingenuity only to entrance the mind with his narrative skill.

It doesn't matter that the stories aren't so clear and simple as their forerunners - the old English and American frontier ballads. It doesn't even matter that often two listeners will get two stories from the same narrative: Dylan's thoughts now are more complex, darker, harder to decipher. But each song is a narrative happening for Dylan to philosophize his way through.

In *John Wesley Harding* there is a story of a perfect Robin Hood, John Wesley Harding, and a morality tale involving Tom Paine, Dylan and the "fairest damsel that ever did walk in chains" - a symbol, perhaps, of Dylan's America. Paine prevents Dylan from running off with the girl saying, "I'm sorry for what she's done."

Besides Tom Paine, this disc features such figures as St. Augustine, Frankie Lee and Judas Priest. The juxtaposition of famous historical and religious figures with contemporary character prototypes to make a point has become one of Dylan's favorite techniques.

Another favorite subject of Dylan's morality tales is the eternal outsider, the outcast, the bum, the down-and-outer. On this record are songs about a drifter, a hobo, an immigrant and the victim of an overbearing landlord.

This sounds like a wailing wall on record, but Dylan's victims serve less as objects of pity than as tokens for his ironic moralisms. Dylan is one of the few artists around who can make a moral without being moralistic.

The sound of all this tale-telling and philosophizing is more Hank Williams than Ernest Tubb. It's a quiet old country blues sound and Dylan's mournful harp preludes and interludes soften the Anglo tones down almost to a black Mississippi blues moan.

Dylan is not all prophecy and morality, of course. His "Down Along the Cove" is a happy, upbeat, bluesy, honky-tonk number; while he closes with one of the most sensual love songs he's written, "I'll Be Your Baby To-

night." The new trend Dylan has started with this record is only now coming to full bloom with a couple of new releases: the Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* and Ian and Sylvia's *Nashville*.

Since perhaps the best known popularizers of Dylan's folkrock sound were the Byrds, it is not surprising they have followed his lead into country music. Their *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* features a very pronounced modern country sound with electric guitars, steel guitars, snare drums and banjo.

The first song on the album warns the listener "You Ain't Going Nowhere" and the final one announces "No-



thing Was Delivered."

Well it's not true.

Between these two tunes - both Dylan compositions - are sandwiched white spirituals, modern country love tunes, Woodie Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd," a mountain song about the Rockies and, of course, a prison song.

One of the spirituals is a funky honest one, the other's a put-on. The love tunes are done with a barely honky-tonk piano sound, the mountain song's a mountain song, and the prison song is the same. Since Woodie Guthrie had almost nothing nice to say about the Nashville sound which was just gaining prominence when he was writing most of his songs, some of the purists will surely complain about the Byrds' upbeat country version of "Pretty Boy Floyd."

But, like all the other music on this album, it's done with the Byrds' typical musical finesse. In fact, it is just this musical finesse that separates the Byrds from Dylan. While they take an existing form, in this case the Nashville sound, and reproduce it in slicked-up city perfection through innumerable variations, Dylan takes a given form and it comes out Dylan.

In another new album in the country trend, folk duo Ian and Sylvia concede their debt to Dylan as the Byrds did by opening their album with his song, "The Mighty Quinn." I'm not sure that this song makes sense, but it jumps and crackles and sounds different from anything anyone else could possibly write.

When Dylan writes an upbeat song and two such together upbeat singers as Ian and Sylvia take it over, it can't help but come out with a jump.

Except for one other Dylan song the rest of the album is pretty much the Ian and Sylvia we've been getting for some time - great harmonies and trade-offs, always several sharp up-tempo numbers, and some nice ballads. The Nashville influence is not that striking except for some steel guitar backup, but this Canadian folksinging pair have always been quite close to a country sound anyway.

- howard romaine

KING KONG

The Scene:

A Mysterious Uncharted Island or New York or Chicago

The Time:

1928 or 1968

The Story:

Rich and Powerful White Businessmen, With Enough Firepower To Destroy Cleveland, Invade Black Community In Search Of Longhaired Anti-Establishment Forces. After Subduing Blacks By Force The Longhair Is Attacked With Rifles, Bayonets, Gas Etc, Taken Away In Chains, Ridiculed and Taunted, Forced To Work For The Capitalists As The Clown Of A Decadent and Dying Society. Longhair Gets Himself Together, Breaks The Chains That Hold Him Down, Runs In Search Of Beauty, Destroying The Ugliness Of Industrial Society In His Way. Capitalist Forces Respond In Predictable Fashion, The Airforce Is Called And Longhair Is Murdered In The Streets Of New York. Establishment Is Assuaged, Status Quo Maintained. All Is Well, Longhair And Blacks Quieted. Imperialism Prevails.

The Characters:

Carl Denim, producer, director and oppressor; Richard Daley, mayor, murderer and madman; Charlie the Cook, oriental nigger; Citizens of Detroit, Newark, Watts etc, American niggers; Anne, confused youth and beauty, deceived and used by establishment forces; A Few Million Vietnamese Peasants, victims; King Kong, seeker of beauty, radical, anti-imperialist; Hippies, Yuppies and Activists; seekers of beauty, radicals, anti-imperialists etc.

Title:

Up Against The Wall, Motherfucker.

- don speicher

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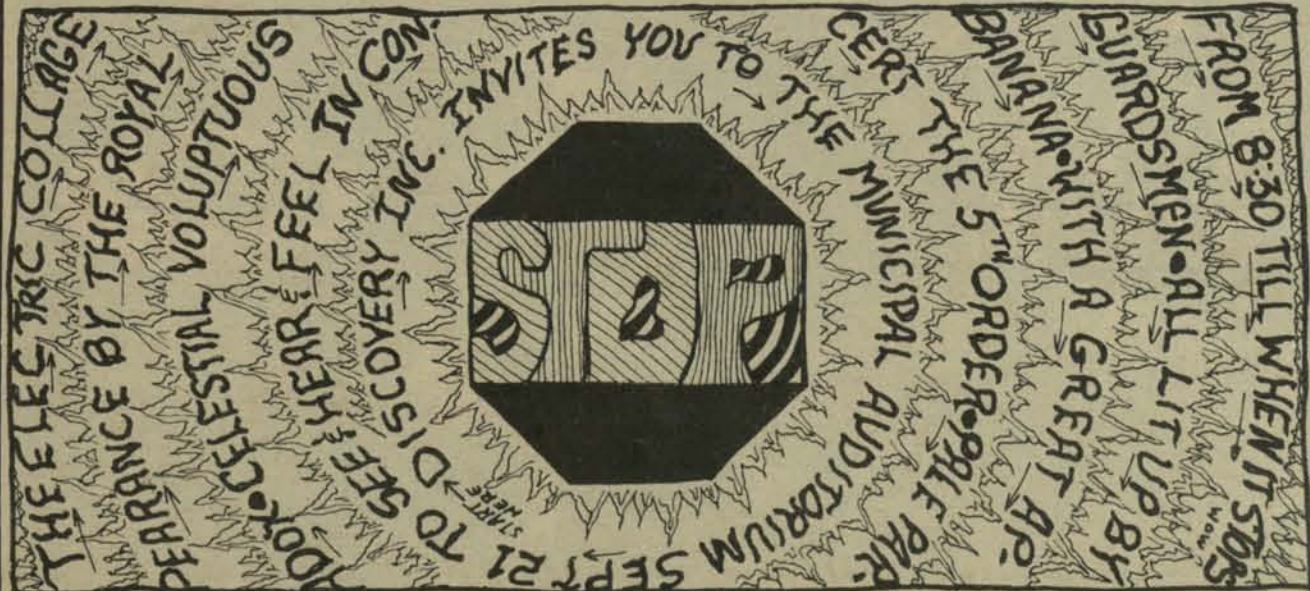
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Flo Warner

September 15
Denais Hearn

SUN.-THURS.: 9PM-1AM
FRI. & SAT.: 9PM-2AM



36 10TH ST.



WESTERGAARD

continued from page 2

ing 'nigger' or 'black power' " (So when did anyone hollering "black power" get elected as county commissioner in Fulton County?) Mr. Boone also requested figures on county employment in order to make a thorough study of discrimination; the commissioners promised to give them to him.

Mrs. Eliza Paschall, executive director of MASLC, protested "the reinforcement of the segregationist position." She also said that county employees thought Mr. Westergaard had been fired because he had said too much. Later, after the Commission meeting, she said that the county probably thought it easier politically to fire whites rather than blacks. Mrs. Paschall had been fired last spring as executive director of the Community Relations Council when she criticised discrimination in government.

In reply to the three voices of protest, Commission chairman Charlie Brown (yes, really and truly, that's his name) had soothing words: "We won't debate the merits of the dismissal of Mr. Westergaard. . . . We have no direct working with employment in the county, [yet the commissioners do hire and fire the county manager] . . . Figures don't mean anything sometimes." Then he went into a long explanation of taxes and spending in Fulton County, the gist of which was that "people don't realize what this county's doing to take care of indigent people. . . . We think we're doing a good job taking care of indigent people in metropolitan Atlanta. . . . We don't feel there's any discrimination in hiring and employment. . . . This matter of working with the races - we think we're doing a good job." (Uh-huh! We always done took care of our niggers!)

Commissioner Walter Mitchell broke in, "Mr. Patterson, your premise is wrong in saying it was a slap at the black community." The firing was merely an "unfortunate coincidence," but he did not say with what it coincided. He continued, "I know Mr. Johnson is not a racist. He's from Idaho, and I'm from South Georgia, and we have differences. . . . We hired a Negro in Civil Service" just a few days ago. (The Civil Service Board, headed by three elderly whites, has ten employees, none of them black. The Negro to whom Mr. Mitchell referred is a trainee who does not work inside the Civil Service office and who is paid only \$292 per month - janitorial pay.)

Mr. Boone interjected to say that "some of the biggest racists I've seen are from the North and the East."

Mr. Johnson replied that the commissioners had decreed that there shall be no discrimination, and that even if they had not so decreed, "as a professional administrator, I'm dedicated to the advancement of all on merit and fitness." He did not say, "And all niggers are unfit," at least

not publicly.

Lost amidst all this glorious folderol was the serious content of Mr. Westergaard's letter, the merits of which have yet to be debated. Fulton County's population is 36% black, yet only 18% of its employees are black; and most of that 18% have low-paying custodial jobs. No department head in the county is black. Mr. Westergaard proposed three ways to remedy the situation: a) continuing discussions about race relations among department heads and employees, black and white; b) an active recruitment program of both black and white (he said the present trend is to "screen out," rather than "screen in" certain groups of persons); and c) a vigorous training program with ample funds to train employees at all levels. Mr. Westergaard, who was public information officer for four years, later stated that "racism pervades the entire realm of county services," and that his letter only touched on one facet of this.

- steve wise

LETTERS

continued from page 4

1. Nixon will cancel the temporary bombing halt of selected areas of North Vietnam, established by LBJ, giving the USAF Freedom Fighters ample opportunity to "do their thing."

2. Through some contrived enemy "act of aggression," the administration will find an excuse to break off the Paris Peace Talks, even if Xuan Thuy doesn't tell the Nixon regime to "get fucked" immediately after cessation of our bombing halt. (If the North Vietnamese break off the talks simply because we returned to Hanoi to destroy the place, Nixon will claim that they did so "because obviously they didn't want peace.")

3. Increased draft calls for April, May, and June will be announced.

4. The Army Reserve-National Guard complex will be placed on notice for immediate call-up of "selected units" which will rapidly lead to total call-up.

5. On Washington's Birthday Nixon will announce to the world and to Ho Chi Minh that "we aren't fooling this time, boy. We really mean it."

6. The authorized level of US Forces in South Vietnam will be raised from the present level of @ 560,000 to 750,000 (or a million?).

7. Nixon will continue to press for peace through all available channels, including the CIA, US Special Forces, and B-52 strikes.

8. The nation will continue to accelerate its turn to the political right of Daley/Wallace/Goldwater. Realizing he is in danger of becoming a relative moderate, Nixon will propose legislation with sweeping provisions to revoke draft exemptions and deferments of "communists who dissent" from his position on Vietnam.

9. Before summer, the president will feel out his congressional leaders as to the degree of mental conditioning in Congress for a declaration of war; a declaration may come after Hanoi has once again rejected our offers of

peace (on our terms) and it will be necessary to "unite this country and silence those peaceniks."

10. During the first term of Nixon-Cashew we will probably hear discussion concerning the need to temporarily suspend constitutional rights such as free speech and assembly.

11. The war will continue at its constantly accelerating rate; Nixon will initiate economic sanctions against those foreign countries who are disloyal to the United States and who insist on continuing their trade with the Communist Bloc countries, especially North Korea and North Vietnam.

12. In election year 1972, while mourning the recent assassination of the remaining Kennedy brother, the Nation will look to RMN for continued leadership to "unite the country" and to "get us out of Vietnam." Remembering the Nixon pledge in 1968 to "end the war," and recalling our support for him during his first term, we will again dedicate ourselves to the support of Mr. Nixon.

13. On election day everyone in the country will vote for the one presidential candidate except for a few "dirty hippy communists" and a few "black communists;" these people will be required to undergo a government-sponsored "Patriotism Rejuvenation" course after which they will voluntarily declare themselves for Nixon, sweeping him back into office by unanimous consent, and thereby establishing the precedent for all coming elections.

14. A brilliant flash of light in the vicinity of Washington, DC on the morning of January 21st, 1973 will herald the entry of the People's Republic of China into the Vietnamese conflict. Immediately thereafter, Mao will announce his pledge to "end the war."

With malaise aforethought,
Albert E. Noel



REALLY UNDERGROUND

by Françoise Protent

Paris, Aug. 14 (LNS)-The Paris revolution may literally go underground this fall. Some students are already planning to use the many sewers and tunnels under the streets of Paris for all kinds of disruptive guerrilla actions. Operating in "families" of 3 to 5 people, and using tactics rather tentatively developed in Berkeley early this summer, the students could conceivably stop the machine in Paris and free the city for the people.



Cossack Shirts, Nehru Shirts and Jackets, Wide Ties, Turtlenecks & Mocs, Fashion Shoes & Ugly Shoes, Love Beads & Pendants, Italian Knits, Slack Bar.
Elegantissimo!

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

happenings

Friday, September 13

Art Show, Unitarian Church. Bob Hiers.
 Flo Warner, 12th Gate
 SHOP ON MAIN STREET, Festival Cinema
 BLOW UP, Towne Cinema
 INTERLUDE, P'tree Battle Mini Cinema
 THE GRADUATE, Ansley Mall Mini Cinema
 RADAR at the Beat in Gainesville
 THE NIGHT SHADOW featuring Little Phil at Forrest Park
 Skating Rink
 FIFTH ORDER at The Escape in Newnan
 Wayne Lo Guidice and The Winston Band at the Pink Pussycat

Saturday, September 14

Flo Warner, 12th Gate
 Temptations, Steppenwolf, Iron Butterfly: Channel 17, 6 p.m.
 Country & Western, Municipal Auditorium
 (see Friday listings for the decent flicks)
 PERPETUAL MOTION at Top of the Hill in Winder
 CELESTIAL VOLUPTUOUS BANANA at the Pinetree
 Skate-O-Rama.
 RADAR at The Beat in Gainesville
 Wayne Lo Guidice and The Winston Band at the Pink Pussycat

Sunday, September 15

Negro Gospel Music, Municipal Auditorium.
 Art Show, Unitarian Church. Bob Hiers.
 Dennis Hearn, 12th Gate.
 THE LAST OF THE SHERMANS w/ Boris Karloff.
 Channel 17, 8 p.m.
 LOVES OF A BLONDE, Festival Cinema. Czech flick.
 "Two Worlds" forum. WAOK, 3:30 - 4:30. Broadcast from
 MASLC offices, 201 Ashby St. N.W.

Monday, September 16

Antique Show, Municipal Auditorium. (thru the 21st.)
 "Justice and the Poor," Channel 30, 9 p.m.
 Same old flicks, see Friday & Saturday.
 "Little Joe" Odom and Band through the 21 at the Pink Pussycat

Tuesday, September 17

Classical Guitar concert, Channel 30, 7 p.m.
 CBS reports on "Marijuana" (oh my). 10 p.m., Channel 5.
 (An "objective" survey we trust.)
 Flicks, the same ones.

Wednesday, September 18

"Charles Lloyd," Channel 30, 8 p.m.
 And the usual flicks.

And tis very little else happening in fair Atlanta, makes us sad sad . . .

PALINURUS
27 15th st.
 contemporary group show

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

 Good drummer in search of band. Joe Barron. Call after 6. 289-6413

Drummer available for band. Carl Heyward. 377-4696 after 5.

GUNS: Walther P-38, WW-II Nazi 9MM Automatic, NRA Very Good to Excellent, with matching numbers and extra clip. Browning Model 1922 Cal 32ACP Auto Pistol with Holster and extra clip. NRA Excellent. Astra 600 Cal 9MM WW-II Nazi Pistol, NRA Excellent, with extra clip. Derringer Cal 22LR. Over and Under style, New in Box, one slightly used (a demo.). Colt Tear Gas Kits-Close out-very cheap. Colt Emerg. Flare Kits-Close out-Cheap. I am a licensed Firearms dealer and cannot sell to anyone under 21 years of age, etc. My prices are very low because I do not have an expensive store to pay bills on each month. If you are looking for an item and do not see it listed here contact me for the absolute cheapest price anywhere in town. 436-7774 Evenings.

Charles:

Maybe we can find another world.

Diane 876-6918

Pershing Pt. Area-Live-in Housekeeper at night-One or two meals a day-Looking after 7-month old baby-Over 18-\$40-50 a week-2 days off-please call 876-3879.

SALE: 1968 Triumph Bonneville. Call 875-6567.

WANTED: Old TV's & Radios for an environment. Need only light up or make noise-Will pick up. Call 874-7452 or 634-1576.

STILL LOOKING FOR A HOME: Need (2) small apts., max. rent \$60/month, w. stove & refrigerator; or larger house (2 couples share) max. rent \$120/month. Bird workers, ultra-responsible people. Call Tom, Stephanie, Jim or Pam at Birdhouse, 892-7891. (Prefer near N.E. area.)

WANTED: Pretty girls to model nude for future BIRD covers and layouts. Not much bread, but will supply good pictures and chance for more bread. Ask for Scott at the Birdhouse.

THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD needs a circulation mgr. Business-oriented movement type (any of them around?). Must work for small salary plus possible commission. See Guerrero at the Birdhouse, 187 14th St. Work something out.

Prints of photos appearing in the *Bird* are available at \$3.00 per 8x10 (none smaller). Simply write issue no., page no. and title of article where picture appeared and send to:
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 Great Speckled Bird
 P.O. Box 7946
 Atlanta, Ga. 30309

Back Issues of the BIRD are still (mostly) available. 10 for \$1.00. None left of Issues No. 2 & 9. Write or come by

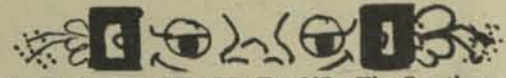
notice

HIGH SCHOOL ISSUE SPECIAL
 Free classifieds next week for high school students-3 lines or less-Call 892-7891 or drop a postcard to Box 7946 Station C. Love? Records? Posters? Parties? Groovies?



HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

The *Bird* is still seeking student's work for our special high school edition. Articles, photos, art work, etc. Bring to the *Bird* before 7 p.m.



ATTENTION PUBLICATIONS: The Southwest Georgia Project, a civil rights group operating out of Albany, Georgia, is setting up a printing shop to provide an economic base for the project. We will be doing some commercial printing, but will do low-cost printing for underground papers and organizations involved with civil rights, peace, and reform movements. For information, write John Chappell, Box 1441, Albany, Georgia, 31701.

crazyworld ART of ARTHUR BROWN



THE CRAZYWORLD
 OF ARTHUR BROWN
 ALBUM 8198
 FIRE 2556



STARBUCKS
GENARASH
REGLV

ONE ACCIDENTAL EVE, WHILE BLINDED BY THE SACRAMENTAL LITE OF SMOKE CHICKEN FAT, GREASEMAN, IN HIS FIRST UNSUCCESSFUL YEAR IN SHOW, BIZZIDRIPS INTO THE CATACOMBS

ALL NEW CATACOMBS

GREASE MAN

HO CHI MING LAUNDRY

THE WHOLE WORLD'S WITEN

THE ALL NEW CATACOMBS

AND NOW HERE'S LIZZ SETZ

Boy Am I STONED

LOTTA PEOPLE THIN IT'S WEIRD TO COMPARE A BERRAN WITH A RUBBER TIRE

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

WE INTERRUPT THIS CARTOON

SIEG HIEL
 SIEG HIEL
 SIEG HIEL

FROM CHICAGO

CAPITOL

WELCOME NINA

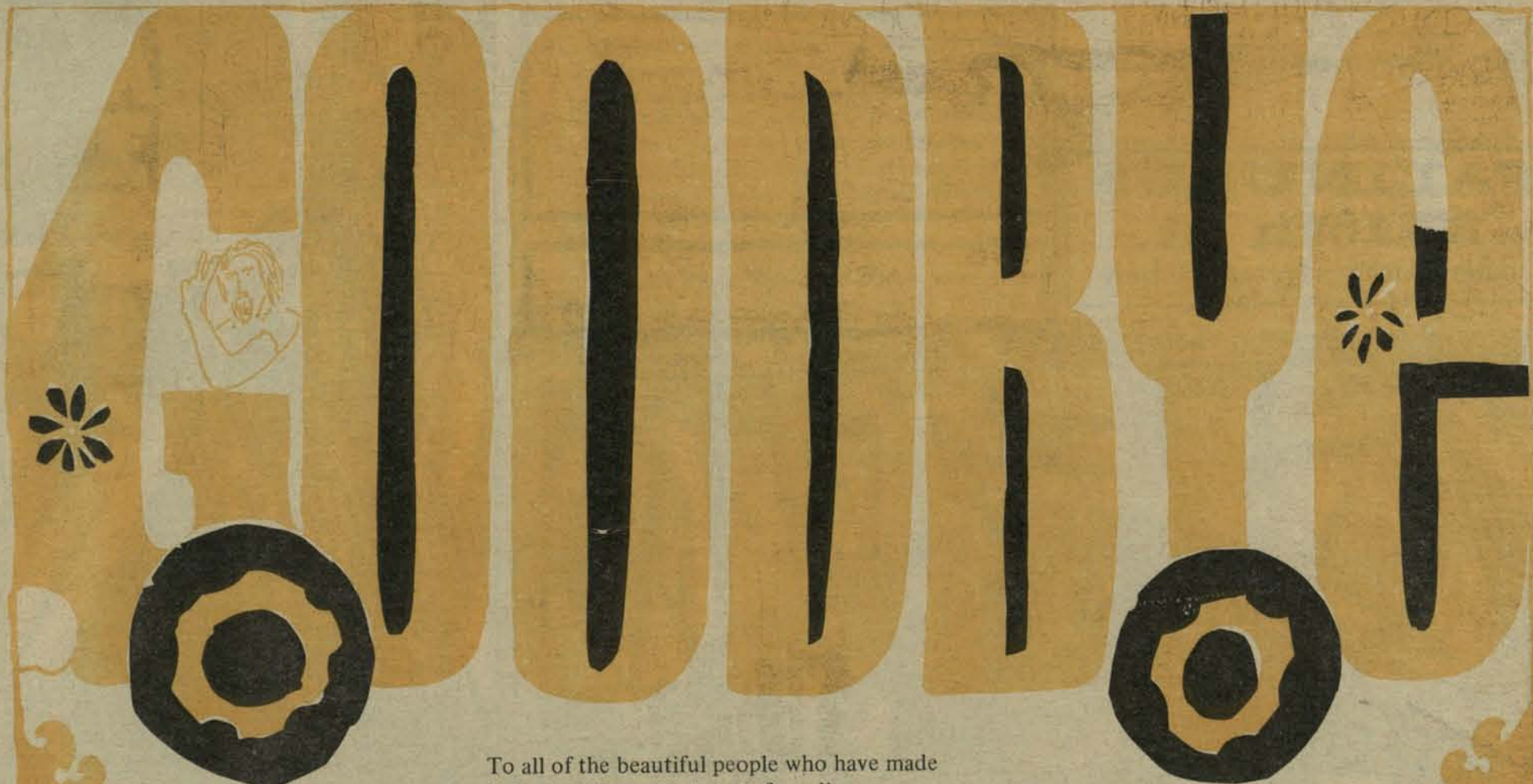
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NOTE: HOME FOR C.W. DOG WANTED. CALL BIRD.

* SEE THE HAMPTON GREASE BAND AT THE CATACOMBS

* DURWOOD KIROV



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 We love.
 Have faith.

Bo, Linda, Napoleon, Raymond, Scott, Robin
 and our combined spirit.

Keep
 the
 Faith

Keep
 the
 Faith

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