

# 15¢ GREAT speckled The BIRD

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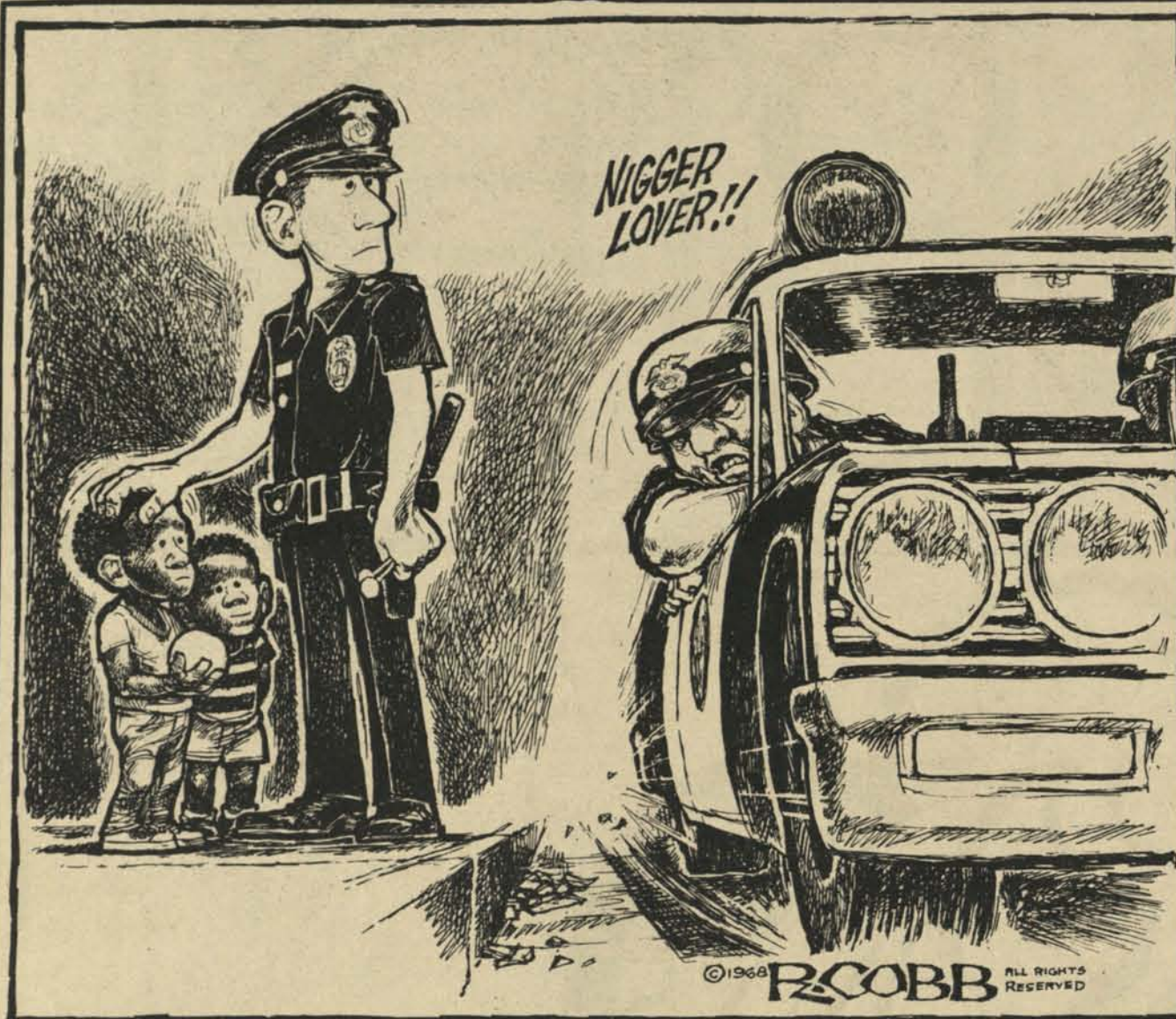
outside Atlanta

Volume One, Number Eighteen

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October 14, 1968





## CORRUPTION AT LBJ U.

S.F. Express-Times/LNS

A doctoral dissertation by Dr. James H. McCrocklin, Southwest Texas State College president, was revealed to be strikingly similar to his wife's master's thesis which preceded his by 13 months, according to the Texas Observer.

McCrocklin, who is seen as a "man on the rise" in Texas politics, was recently appointed undersecretary of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare by Pres. Johnson, whose alma mater is Southwest Texas State College. The Observer says there are rumors that he might

become president of the University of Texas at Austin when LBJ returns to join the faculty.

Of 50 random paragraphs selected in the dissertation, 70 percent were nearly word for word identical with Mrs. McCrocklin's paper. The organization of the papers was similar. The same sources were cited, two of the three indices were identical, and contrary to academic rules against plagiarism, the newly approved doctor did not once cite his wife's thesis.

## FREE WORLD IN PERU

LNS—After being hunted down for three years, Elio Portocarrero Rios, one of the leaders of the Peruvian liberation movement in 1965-6, was jailed on August 22 there. Friends, relatives and supporters fear that he will be assassinated, as has happened to other leaders in the liberation movement. An appeal for support of Portocarrero has been launched by MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left) of which Portocarrero is a national leader.

The U.S. Committee for Justice to Latin American Political Prisoners, whose chairmen are Dave Dellinger, Paul Sweezy and John Gerassi, urges that letters of protest be sent to President Fernando Belaunde Terry, Lima, Peru, and to the Peruvian Mission to the U.N., 301 E. 47th St., NYC, demanding a trial for Elio Portocarrero Rios before a civilian court.

"When Peru is mentioned in the U.S. press," the

committee explains, "it is usually portrayed as a democratic republic. But political opposition to the Peruvian regime has usually meant jail or assassination by the military or police who are the real power in the country. The well-known Peruvian peasant leader Hugo Blanco has stated on several occasions that he believes he owes his life and the lives of his companions to the mass protest mounted around the world at the time of their capture and in the years since."

Another Peruvian liberation leader, Enrique Amaya Quintana, "disappeared" shortly after his arrest several years ago. MIR is convinced that such a fate is possible for Portocarrero.

Friends: Further information can be obtained from the committee, abbreviated USLA, at PO Box 2303, NYC 10001.

## DOUBLE VISION: CHICAGO

"Double vision? A front-page editorial in the Kentucky Labor News, an AFL-CIO organ, praises Chicago police for their handling of the 'vermin battalion' at the Democratic convention. A news story on the same page

complains that Louisville police were 'unfair' to striking machinists in sending out a 'riot squad' to keep peace on picket lines"

From *The Wall Street Journal*, Sept. 17.

## PENTAGON SUPPORTS 'BIRD'

Well, damned if the Pentagon ain't tryin' to make the *Bird* look good, or sumpin'. I mean, *Bird* No 14 (that's the one with yellow garbage on the cover) predicted "an increase in the draft calls for December and the new year." So, last Thursday the Pentagon ordered 17,500 men to be drafted in December—an increase of 7,500 over November's call of 10,000, which was the lowest since March, 1965.

Now, *Bird* No 14 speculated that the government was issuing low draft calls before the election (average call

was 13,860, July-November) in order to try quieting down them dirty hippie commies agitating against the war and the draft. December's larger call, coming after the election, leads me to suspect *Bird* No 14 might be on the right track.

Interesting thing about that Dec. call. The Marine Corps is drafting 2,500 of the 17,500. Third time this year the Marines have had to draft men. Not enough volunteers. Looks like not too many guys are diggin' Parris Island and 'Nam this year.

—steve wise

## FORTH, PARTY?

A juggernaut rolls across the land, plowing things under, chewing things up, growing, rich and fat. The American Independent Democratic Republican Party, three-headed beast. Its goals are clear and of a mind: American Supremacy abroad, Policed Order at home, and No Fooling Around.

But not all are happy, few kooks in every crowd. A splinter is lodged in the Democratic head of the beast. Calling themselves Liberals, they find themselves on a beast out of control, of irresistible force. Knowing they can't change the thing, they desperately seek to at least change its direction. Like steering a tank by pulling on the muzzle.

Just lately, some of these Liberals got the idea that maybe they could better force the muzzle if they abandoned the machine, holding tight to a rope on which they could really pull. They call themselves the New Party. Ultimately, their plan is to replace the Democratic Hydra-head of the juggernaut, turning it round by force of the Will and the Right.

Recently this New Party formed in Georgia, under the ostensible leadership of 26-year old Jim Sundberg. The Party had a meeting last Wednesday in Atlanta, attracting about 40 people, primarily young McCarthy supporters, post-Chicago turnoffs. Sundberg spoke first, explaining the program and objectives of the New Party, as formulated by Marcus Raskin and a few others of the tight national coordinating body of the Party. Short-range plans are to mount a drive for a write-in protest vote for McCarthy, aimed at getting people to the polls to vote for other Liberals on the state and national level. "I hope you all go to the polls and vote for the candidate of your choice," Sundberg. "We need Something New: The New Party." Sundberg.

Longer range, the Party expects to construct a solid political front with power to elect City Aldermen and members of the School Board by 1969, State and National Representatives by 1970. And tomorrow, the world.

But dissident elements, spoilers and outside agitators, were present to pooh-pooh and pinprick the dream. Attorney Al Horn, a "lesser of three evils" man, was there, wearing a two-inch wide Hump Muskie button. He talked at length about "filling the power vacuum" by "picking up the pieces" of the post-Chicago Georgia Democratic Party. Teeth-gnashing amongst the True Believers. "Compromise with Evil?"

Then there was Bible-toting, Bible-quoting New Left Baptist Charlie Webster, who causes more trouble in more places in less time than any ten men around. "Most specious piece of elitism I've read in a long, long time," he says of the five-page statement of purpose of the New Party. There is little response, rigidity being its own justification. There is work to be done, join us, no time to talk, we have the program. Elitist? Impossible.

But I had to leave the meeting early: perhaps things were finally discussed and decided. But no matter. The New Party, at least in Georgia, will die aborning. The Beast need not even shrug.

—tom coffin

## T.A. EVICTED

Theatre Atlanta is being evicted. Didn't pay the rent, says landlady Frania T. Lee. Legally within her rights, though we dispute her figure, says Theatre Atlanta Chairman of the Board Robert L. Marchman. Oh no, nothing political involved, says everybody. Heaven Forbid. This is Art.

But things don't just happen that way. Last year, with much show of Artistic Integrity (and not a few apologies about Freedom of Expression), Theatre Atlanta presented *MzcBird*. No doubt the production lost them not a few Conservative Patrons. And no doubt the production increased theatre attendance by 96 per cent and box office revenue by 99 per cent, TA figures.

Having learned where the money is these days, in "Protest Comedy," Theatre Atlanta for this season scheduled Bruce Galphin's *The Riddle of Lester Maddox*, then wrote their own *Red, White and Maddox* musical comedy when Galphin backed out. *Maddox* too would probably blow the tiny minds of many monied minions in Atlanta. And *Maddox* too would make piles of money, perhaps even be booked for nationwide tour. It looked like a fine season.

Then Mrs. Lee got uptight about the rent real sudden, serving Theatre Atlanta with an eviction notice for two days hence. And rumor (from our anonymous but usually reliable informant) has it that Mrs. Frania T. Lee is a close personal friend of Texas multi-billionaire H. L. Hunt. And Mr. Hunt is a political and financial backer of Presidential Candidate George C. Wallace. Who in all likelihood is none too happy about *Red, White and Maddox* this election year.

The squeeze on artistic balls?

## J/C Sanctified Profit

A postscript to our story of two weeks ago on the *Journal/Constitution* subscription rate hike. The "overwhelming portion" of which was to go to carriers and distributors. Remember?

Talked to a friend of ours who has a motor route delivering one of said rags. He gave us the following info:

Before the rate hike he bought his papers from the publisher at the rate of 4.5 cents daily and 15.3 cents Sunday—a monthly cost of \$1.78 for each subscription. The customer paid \$2.82, leaving the carrier a profit of \$1.04 per customer per month.

In addition, he received a gasoline allowance of \$8 weekly or about \$35 monthly. For his route of about 295 customers, this averaged out to another 12 cents profit per customer per month.

In other words, said friend-informer made \$1.16 per customer per month, from subscription price and gas allowance combined, under the old dispensation.

Comes the rate hike. The carrier now buys his papers at the rate of 5 cents daily, 15 cents Sunday—a monthly cost of \$1.90 for each subscription. The customer is now paying \$3.35, leaving the carrier \$1.45 profit per customer per month.

On the face of it, this looks as if the "overwhelming portion" of the 53 cent-hike to the subscriber is indeed going to the carrier. What the *Journal/Constitution* neglected to mention was that, simultaneously with the rate increase, the gas allowance was eliminated. So while friend carrier is indeed making 41 cents more per customer from the subscription hike, he lost the 12 cent gas allowance per customer.

Taking this sleight-of-hand into account, the carrier will be making 29 cents more per customer per month. A welcome raise, no doubt, but hardly the "overwhelming portion" of the additional 53 cents per month the subscriber will be paying. Barely more than half, in fact. Wonder where the rest is going? . . .

Our friend emphasized that he had concrete information only about his own situation, and didn't know how generally applicable it was to other carriers; but we suspect he is not unique. Except for his occasional association with *Birdpeople* and other weirdos, he seems like an average sort of guy who wouldn't get singled out for cruel and unusual punishment.

Well the *Journal* giveth and the almighty *Journal* taketh away, like the Lord used to do before he died. Guess you sort of expect that in a monopoly town.

## Universities' Poor

The city of Atlanta is not alone in the poverty level wages it pays its unskilled help. Emory University and Georgia State College pass out payroll checks which force their employees to live in poverty, while their social science departments examine, measure and analyse the poor.

At Georgia State the minimum wage is \$1.75 per hour or about \$3,600 per year. Emory, the fifth largest private employer in metro Atlanta, pays a minimum of \$1.16, one cent above the minimum wage requirements. A dollar sixteen per hour comes to about \$2,400 per year. According to government figures, a man with two children needs at least \$3,335 if he is to live above the poverty level and \$4,355 if he is to raise his family above substandard living conditions. Although these figures are only the minimum these schools pay, and although Emory plans a pay increase in January, the wages are low throughout the various pay grades.

Students and some faculty members from both colleges have formed a committee to begin an effort to organize campus employees into a labor union. The co-chairmen are: Emory, Ted Brodek, 373-3864; Ga. State, David Govus, 872-7019 & 255-6084. The committee has met with Union representatives who have assured them that, if the workers want a Union, they will give the drive their full support. Last weekend a representative from the AFL-CIO met with the students to give them pointers on beginning an organizing drive.

In 1965 some Emory students tried the same thing but because of a lack of coordination among the students, workers, and Union representatives the drive died out. The effort, however, did result in a small wage increase. The Emory students report that many workers are fed up with what they consider false promises on the part of the university; they feel that resentment and the successful garbage strike there is a much greater chance for success this time.

—gene guerrero, jr.

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LNS-NY

The HUAC circus came to Washington last week complete with a dour old ringmaster, a couple of clowns from the Youth International Party (Yippies), several witches and some straight anti-war leaders.

Mixed well together they proved HUAC again to be what it always was: a put-on, a front, an evil circus.

The ringmaster, Congressman Richard Ichord of Missouri, intoned solemnly in his opening statement that HUAC had received evidence that Communist or pro-Communist elements were heavily involved in the Chicago battles.

He didn't even need his bland and overworked evidence to prove his point however, as Yippie leader Jerry Rubin arrived in Viet Cong pajama bottoms, ankle bells, layers of beads, day-glo war paint, a Black Panther beret and one gold earring. He carried a lifesize toy M-14 and had a bandolera full of 30-06 shells strapped across his chest. The guards booted him out until he got rid of the live shells.

Another ringleader in the "commie conspiracy," Abbie Hoffman, appeared in conservative pheasant feathers, fringe buckskin jacket, dirty T-shirt, and an electric yo-yo. Accompanying them were three women dressed as witches representing W.I.T.C.H., the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell.

Clearly a bunch of communists all!

Also subpoenaed, but more conventionally attired, were anti-war leaders Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger and Robert Greenblatt.

The Yippee strategy was to dramatize the committee as the laughingstock which it is.

But more interesting than the people whom HUAC has singled out to credit / blame for Chicago is the HUAC vehicle itself.

Since its formation in 1938, HUAC has been used mainly as a tool for Southern racists to red-bait the civil rights movement.

The best exposition is a glance at some of the men who have spearheaded it:

††Martin Dies, chairman from 1938 to 1945, was a racist from Texas. Under Dies, HUAC declared that "Communism is a world-wide political organization advocating (among other things) absolute social and racial equality."

††John Rankin, representative from Mississippi, was the man responsible for making HUAC a permanent body

and was the power behind it for many years. He once called Walter Winchell a "communistic little kike."

††John Wood, representative from Georgia, an ardent segregationist, was chairman in the 1940s and early 1950s. He once said of the Ku Klux Klan, "The Klan is an old American tradition, like illegal whiskey selling."

††Edwin Willis, representative from Louisiana, chairman since 1963, led the Southern opposition to the civil rights bill in Congress in 1964.

††Joe Pool, recently deceased, representative from Texas, recently served as temporary chairman. He is remembered for many jewels of bigotry, including a vitriolic attack on the underground press.

††Two northern chairmen included Rep. J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, who served two years in jail for conspiracy to defraud the government, and Rep. Harold Velde of Illinois, who opposed mobile library service in rural areas because "the basis of communism and socialistic influence is education of the people."

††Another HUAC chairman, Rep. Francis Walter, was involved in a project designed to show that black people are genetically inferior.

Despite the fact that the function of a Congressional committee is to produce legislation, HUAC has been responsible for only one law during its 30 years of existence. Its single piece of legislation was the McCarran Act, which established a mechanism for labeling organizations subversive. HUAC has been used primarily as an instrument of intimidation, as an informal black-listing set-up, particularly during the McCarthy era in the 1950s.

Two years ago, in August, 1966, Rubin and others appeared before a HUAC subcommittee, led by Joe Pool, which was "investigating" the giving of aid to the Viet Cong by the New Left. Rubin, dressed then in the uniform of an American Revolutionary soldier, was instrumental in the disruption of four days of hearings. In the past, those subpoenaed pleaded the Fifth Amendment with their heads bowed, and consequently were easily bullied by HUAC racists. By refusing to take HUAC seriously, however, Rubin and his friends made it into a laughingstock. Said Everett McKinley Dirksen, "This spectacle can do Congress no good."

compiled from news reports: *The New York Times* & LNS-NY

# LETTERS:

## VULTURES

"where the carcass is, there the vultures will be gathered." these words of Jesus have prophetic application to birdtown. last friday night the story was the same from 8th to 14th streets. the capitalistic vultures were exploiting the bird nests. fair price, brotherly concern, human values had flown the coop. bread was god.

specific examples were everywhere. on eighth street the complaint was loud. what had been a nest with a coke machine has become a capitalistic establishment with the amplifiers turned up. other than being a place to be, it's dead. a bird really couldn't do more or less if he had bread.

peachtree doesn't offer much more. the merry-go-round only goes round at the sound of the cash register. it is strictly the establishment. the owner will soon have ulcers for fear that someone will steal a trinket or be offended that his advertisement mentioned pot. and the prices are something else. a poor bird can't fly here. he may stay warm a while and chat a while, but otherwise he's dead. again, he couldn't do more or less if he had bread.

the art theatre is more of the same. underground movies are a buck and a half. some of the poor birds had to miss the opening night. no bread no movies. the straights and week-end invaders brought in their bread to spend on themselves.

catacombs was alive and rocking until five a.m.—if a bird had two bucks to get in. lots of birds didn't have it. the fun had to rock without them. that poor birds are still people who need more to do than to walk from capitalistic establishment to capitalistic establishment couldn't bother the capitalists less. the bird who leaves a comfortable, materialistic home for uncomfortable, materialistic birdtown is suffering from delusions.

of course, most of the capitalistic vultures advertise in the *Bird*, which is fast becoming an establishment-like organ. fortunately, good reporting of the fragmented radical movement continues, but avant garde culture and philosophy are wanting. secondary issues abound. actions are advocated with no more rationale than this is what we like or dislike. at core it's the romanticism of the establishment. in fact, the content of the *Bird* is about as controlled as that of the establishment papers. this article probably won't get printed because it will offend the other capitalistic vultures who support this capitalistic enterprise. finally, what does a poor bird do if he doesn't have fifteen cents for the *Bird*?

—jim mcfarland

## on the riff

Dear Bird—Great Speckled—

While passing through Atlanta, I purchased your little newspaper and found it very interesting. I really enjoyed comments on "Atlanta Rock Riff" written by very old friend and neighbor, David Baker and his associates David and Bill. Hope for more of the same.

Barbara Havdeu



Hans-Joachim Zeidler from *Fabellieren* LNS/NY

## UNITE & AWAKE

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter to you, to make my position known, and with hopes that you will find room to print it in your "respected" paper.

I wish to make it known that I am in full sympathy, and support of your movement and fight against the present society.

In the past, I did not fully understand, or agree with what you are fighting for. I also did not agree with the Negro.

But as a result of a few bad, and extremely "unjust" experiences I have witnessed, and also experienced, I can now "go along" with you wholeheartedly.

It is clear to me now, that our "Nation", is run by what I term as, "Political Gangsters," who are money and power hungry. Our present form of government has no real interest or compassion for the welfare of its people.

It is only interested in power, and exploiting the common people. It would exploit the whole world if it were possible. It is sad that most citizens do not realize this. I only hope and pray, that it will not take a disaster to wake up the American people.

We are being drained by high and outrageous taxes, the cost of living is very much like robbery, and wages, especially in the South, are equal to Slave Labor.

So, I ask, how can we speak of other Nations, when we, keep our own people in a state of poverty?

How can we speak of the Viet Cong, when our Police are nothing more, than a group of bloodthirsty "BARBARIANS"?!!!

If Americans do not wake up soon, then I can only see tragedy in the future.

Its time we all united as one people. Black and white alike, and make a big change in our nation.

For if we don't, than there will never be peace here. Our races will never live in harmony, and thousands, even millions will remain in ignorance.

Its only when we get rid of these POLITICAL GANGSTERS, that our country can gain its "Sanity".

AMERICA WAKE UP!

Respectfully

Alexander Brothman

## georgia tech free you

Over one hundred students attended the first session of the Georgia Tech Free University in the Architecture auditorium, Monday night, October 7th. The almost all-white group listened to William Peace, black head of the Southern Rural Project, deliver a lively, animated talk on "The Negro in America: Why We Are Where We Are."

Peace devoted the major portion of his talk to a necessarily sketchy history of black folk in America. He laid particular stress on Marcus Garvey's back-to-Africa movement in the 1920's, the nonviolent movement for integration in the early 1960's, and the discrediting of nonviolence in the wake of the Birmingham church bombing which killed four little black girls on September 15, 1963.

He ended with a discussion of the controversies over strategies—"tools"—to attain black freedom. Integration is a dead issue because it did not succeed, he asserted, while separatism is now coming more and more to be discussed. Peace did not think it possible to establish a separate black nation in America, but he did think "cultural and psychological" separatism possible.

The audience, quiet throughout most of Peace's lecture, though laughing at his frequent jokes, ("Some of my best friends are whites"), was visibly stirred by a question from an Indian student: "Why is there no guerrilla movement among blacks for liberation in America?" Peace's answer that the minority position of blacks in America prevented the formation and success of a classical guerrilla movement settled the students back into their seats. Most of the discussion period dealt with the usual questions about integration, black power, separatism, etc.

Next Monday's session (Oct. 14) will try to answer the question, "Are Vietnams Necessary?"

—steve wise

College students interested in establishing a Georgia and Southwide news clearinghouse, in establishing underground newspapers, or in attending a conference on radical media, please write Jim Gwin, c/o *Great Speckled Bird*, 187 14th Street, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

## THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD



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Credit: Sister Barbara Brozik, centerfold, Bird No. 17.



# A LITTLE PEACE

On September 26, the Atlantans for Peace, an organization composed primarily of middle-aged persons unrelated to the university communities, sponsored a pot-luck supper at Quaker House to discuss conscientious objection to war and resistance to the draft. The meeting grew from discussions between George Blau, chairman of the Atlantans for Peace and Henry Bass, former director of the Atlanta Workshop in Non-violence. Both felt the gulf between younger peace activists and the older generation, which prefers educational programs on peace. Many have felt that the lack of communication and coordination between the groups has hindered peace activity in the Atlanta area. The meeting was seen as a first step toward closer cooperation.

Fifty people heard local young men describe their experiences with the draft and Igal Roodenko, new chairman of the War Resister's League, tell of his experience during WWII and the work of the League. One Atlanta man who refused to cooperate with the draft in any way during the Korean War told of his experiences in the Federal Reformatory in Petersburg, Virginia. Other non-cooperators who are currently awaiting arrest and trial explained why they could not participate in the selective service process. A high school student described his successful fight for exemption from high school ROTC on the grounds of conscientious objection, and of his plans to become a non-cooperator on his eighteenth birthday. A couple of men doing their alternative service (instead of military duty) told how they obtained recognition as conscientious objectors and why they chose to accept alternative service rather than resist the draft.

The basic question which floated throughout the meeting was, "what is the honest and effective way to face the draft?" Although he stressed the importance of the individual working out his own position, Roodenko felt that non-cooperation and resistance were most important. Working to change the hearts of 51% of the people is not the answer, he said. If two percent or five percent of draft age men resisted, the draft could be stopped—not physically, but because the moral and political effects would be so strong that they would immobilize it. In fact, he felt that this was what was happening in regard to Viet Nam.

—gene guerrero

# EAT-IN

May it forever be known that an "Eat-In" was experienced at the 14th and P\*tree Pennant Restaurant at 2 o'clock Monday morning.

Causes for the happening ranged from refusal of the use of public facilities to customers to a supreme judgment by a waitress that all so-called hippies and other common scapegoats of society are too immoral to eat in the Pennant. Chief complaints of the restaurant were that hippies were "hard-rocked communists" in disguise, infiltrating the area, and that elderly ladies no longer patronize the Pennant for fear that one of the disgusting young hippies might molest them. (What can I say?)

The Eat-In was attended by neighborhood residents and other hip people eating breakfast from 2 until 9 a.m. Funds were furnished by Daddy Doug of the Catacombs. "Barney Fife" and his fellow officers bravely patrolled the area during the incident, until they became paranoid of themselves and evacuated. Pennant employees, convinced that the whole world was plotting against them, recalled the brave "Saint Christophers" to further investigate the conspiracy.

Settlement was reached finally, in essence qualifying customers of the Pennant as customers of the Pennant. This done in front of media photographers and cameramen after everyone else had gone home for fear that Mayor Daley was waiting in the wings.

—rex t. barnes



—from student paper, Reed College

The son of a white one-time Georgia dirt farmer is now the bane of the Pentagon, as the telegram below indicates. Air Force 2nd Lt. Hugh F. Smith is the key organizer of a GI march against the war in San Francisco on Saturday, October 12. And the Army brass wants his ass—having failed to "persuade" him to leave the Air Force, they are now trying to transfer him to Taiwan.

Too late. GI sentiment against the war is escalating. The west coast has seen a number of anti-war actions by GIs. Fifty GIs led the April 27th march in SF; on August 10th an open mike in SF's Provo Park attracted hundreds of GIs to gripe about the war and the services in general. And there are now four anti-war GI newspapers.

Atlanta's Piedmont Park is now being planned as the scene for the South's first GI march. The Atlanta Alliance for Peace plans to have a march to, and a rally in, the Park on Sunday, October 27, starting about noon, with rock bands, an open mike for GIs, and much loving. Spokesmen for the Alliance say that GIs will be coming from Forts Benning, Jackson, McClellan, and others. Hot damn. —steve wise

## SOJERS TO MARCH

The Movement/SCN

Following is a reprint of the original text, unclassified message received August 28, 1968, at headquarters, USAF communications center. All details of the text are exactly as originally transmitted.

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PERSONAL FOR: GENERAL McCONNELL (USAF CHIEF OF STAFF) FROM GENERAL ESTES (CHIEF OF USAF MILITARY AIR COMMAND "MAC")  
 SUBJ: 2ND LIEUTENANT HUGH F. SMITH, FV3179560  
 I AM INFORMED THAT FACTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF THIS MATTER HAVE BEEN DISCUSSED WITH YOU BY GENERAL MANSS AND CAPPUCCI AND THAT THERE IS SECRETARIAL INTEREST. SMITH IS ORGANIZING A 'PEACE IN VIET-NAM' DEMONSTRATION FOR MEN IN UNIFORM TO TAKE PLACE IN SAN FRANCISCO. HE APPLIED FOR AND RECEIVED A PERMIT FOR A DEMONSTRATION TO BE HELD ON 21 SEPTEMBER. SUBSEQUENTLY, PERMIT CHANGED TO 12 OCTOBER, STRONGLY BELIEVE THIS DEMONSTRATION SHOULD BE QUASHED IF POSSIBLE BECAUSE OF POSSIBLE SEVERE IMPACT ON MILITARY DISCIPLINE THROUGHOUT THE SERVICES. THERE IS NO AFR SPECIFICALLY PROSCRIBING THIS TYPE OF ACTIVITY. AFR 35-78 IS POINTED SOLELY TO CIVIL RIGHTS DEMONSTRATIONS. SINCE THERE ARE NATIONAL POLICY CONSIDERATIONS IN SUCH AN ORDER IT SHOULD EMANATE FROM DOD OR AT LEAST AIR FORCE LEVEL. I RECOMMEND THIS BE DONE AT ONCE SO THAT SMITH WILL REALIZE THAT IF HE PROCEEDS HE SUBJECTS HIMSELF WITH CERTAINTY TO CRIMINAL PUNITIVE ACTION. IN THE ABSENCE OF A REGULATION OR ORDER SPECIFICALLY PROHIBITING SUCH ACTIVITY BELIEVE ANY CRIMINAL PROSECUTION WOULD BE TENUOUS TO SAY THE LEAST. PARTICULARLY IN VIEW OF THE POLITICAL CLIMATE OF THE DAY. IF THE FOREGOING IS UNATTAINABLE I RELUCTANTLY RECOMMEND THAT WE BE GIVEN AUTHORITY TO PROCEED WITH DISPATCH WITH THE AFR 36-3 ACTION WHICH HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED BY THE COMMANDER 349th MAW AND CONCURRED IN BY GENERAL SHERILL, COMMANDER 22AF. I REALIZE THIS WOULD RESULT IN A DISCHARGE UNDER HONORABLE CONDITIONS, BUT THE DISPOSITION OF SMITH IS RELATIVELY UNIMPORTANT AS COMPARED TO THE HIGHLY UNDESIRABLE IMPACT ON MILITARY DISCIPLINE IF ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL ARE PERMITTED TO DEMONSTRATE IN UNIFORM AGAINST NATIONAL DEFENSE POLICIES WITH IMPUNITY — THE PENTAGON, WASHINGTON, D.C., 29 AUGUST 1968.

# the Catonsville Nine

Nine Catholic priests and laymen who burned draft files with homemade napalm in May went on trial in Baltimore this week.

The government is charging them with hindering Selective Service procedures, damaging government records and removing records from a draft board office. The Catonsville Nine (so named for the liberated draft board, which is in Catonsville, a suburb of Baltimore) conceded these charges at the outset but asked the jury to decide the case on the basis of the larger issues involved: the justice, morality and legality of the war. Defense attorney William M. Kunstler compared the trial to the trials of Socrates and Jesus.

Two of the Nine, Father Philip Berrigan and Thomas Lewis, an artist, have already begun serving a jail term for pouring blood on draft files in an earlier incident.

Two Atlanta priests, Father John Mulroy of Sacred Heart Church and Father Robert Kinast of Blessed Sacrament Church, were among hundreds of persons from many parts of the U.S. who went to Baltimore for the opening of the trial to show solidarity with the Nine.

Father Mulroy said there were "hundreds of Roman collars" in the supporting demonstration, but most were worn by seminarians, not priests. "It was very definitely a young group," he said.

Many eminent antiwar spokesmen have come to Baltimore to give testimony for the defense on the "larger issues," but Father Mulroy said he did not know whether their testimony would be admitted by the court. Bishop James Pike, Noam Chomsky of MIT, Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker and Harvey Cox of Harvard Divinity School are among them.

The Rev. Daniel Berrigan, a Jesuit, said the Nine had acted "to make it more difficult for men to kill one another." Napalm was used, the group said in a statement, "because it has burned people to death in Vietnam, Guatemala, and Peru and because it may be used in America's ghettos."

The Nine state that they have worked with the poor in American ghettos and abroad, and "In the course of our Christian ministry we have watched our country produce more victims than an army of us could console or re-restore." They destroyed draft records "because they exploit our young men and represent misplaced power concentrated in the ruling class of America."

"Finally," they state, "we are appalled by the ruse of the American ruling class invoking the cry for 'Law and Order' to mask and perpetuate injustice. Let our President and the pillars of society speak of 'Law and Justice,' and back up their words with deeds and there will be 'Order.' We have pleaded, spoken, marched; and nursed the victims of their injustice. Now this injustice must be faced, and this we intend to do, with whatever strength of mind, body and grace that God will give us. May God have mercy on our nation."

A verdict in the case was not in sight as the *Bird* went to press. In view, however, of the American judiciary's craven toadying to the demands of the government's imperialistic foreign policies and to the domestic repression necessary to implement those policies, it is likely that the Catonsville Nine will be found guilty.

From the Supreme Court on down, the American judiciary has consistently refused to rule on, or has ruled for the government on all questions which would substantially interfere with the American aggression in Vietnam or the military discipline which is the vital engine of that aggression. These include such fundamental questions as the constitutionality of the war, the constitutionality of the draft, the rights of servicemen, selective conscientious objection, and the applicability of the Nuremberg decisions to American law.

The increasing repression has so far failed to intimidate antiwar and antidraft actions, however. In the latest incident, 14 Milwaukeeans, including five Catholic priests, a Protestant minister, and a Christian Brother, seized and napalmed the 1-A draft files of three Milwaukee Selective Service boards on September 24. An estimated 20,000 vital draft files were destroyed.

Meanwhile, as the full weight of government repression grinds into operation against the napalmers of draft files, the respectable napalmers of people continue their lawless operations from their comfortable offices in the White House, Pentagon and Dow Chemical.

Just following orders, of course.

—bob goodman

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# Voluntary Servitude

**Voluntary Servitude: Whites in the Negro Movement**  
by Charles L. Levy  
Appleton-Century Crofts, 225 pp., \$1.95 (paper)

*Voluntary Servitude* is the only full-length study of why relationships between whites and blacks in the civil rights movement developed from what looked like the new brotherhood of man to what now looks to some like its very opposite: the separatism of black power. It is both an important analysis of that period in our history and a guidebook for any future times when "members of a dominant group seek membership in a dominated group" as Levy puts it in his preface. This seeking of honorary membership is implied in any community organizing by "outsiders", in any work which seems like "doing good" for others (such as the white teacher's role in a black school); and even in social contracts, especially if these are started by members of the dominant group.

"Warning" might be a better word than "guidebook." Levy shows that whites in the early movement were motivated by a tragic illusion: that they could attain a new identity through a mutually trustful relationship with black people. Their inability to understand why blacks could not afford to accept good will as a substitute for power only served to reinforce the black's mistrust. Levy's title expresses the double nature of this stalemate: the whites took pride in offering their services voluntarily, while the blacks could not afford to trust anyone whose oppressed condition could be put on and off as easily as a mask.

According to Levy, as whites became aware of the blacks' attitude they refined their attempts to avoid being seen as just another group of white oppressors. They attempted to "think black." But the blacks' only real strength lay in their blackness, so as whites attempted to absorb this strength the blacks withdrew it further from their grasp. In this way, Levy proposes that contemporary black nationalism was produced, at least in part, by the presence of whites.

Levy's message to whites who want trustful responses from blacks is basically: "You can't win." Until the imbalance of power between black and white Americans has been adjusted, blacks can interpret any action by whites as self-seeking. Levy points out that blacks have always worn masks before the white world, so they feel justified in looking for hidden motives behind any white role.

Levy learned these lessons while working in the movement and teaching at a black college. He found that on campus a white's informal dress and manner implies contempt; another white's formality shows that he must feel superior. A white instructor who teaches from a purely "white" point of view is denying his students their heritage and making the course irrelevant to them. But if he uses racial material and asks for discussion the students may resent this as an invasion of their privacy. Black faculty, as well as students, mistrust the white who insists on a militant line in class, seeks "soul food" and expresses a preference for blues.

Levy shows how the white instructor, often fresh out of a Northern graduate school, feels acutely uncomfortable when his colleagues expect him to assume strict authority over the students. In order to keep from becoming the oppressor all over again, he seeks allies among the students, who may (like the black faculty) consider his flaunting of school rules a sign of contempt or weakness.

After all, the blacks know that the white can always go home again, and usually does, within a few years. Levy finds that blacks view white teachers as either missionaries, radicals seeking allies, or misfits unwanted on white faculties—not as true members of the black intellectual community.

The white who attempts to overcome this distrust

Julian Bond will comment following a special Theatre Atlanta production of *Red White & Maddox* on Sunday October 13. Mr. Bond's commentary and the special performance will be sponsored by the Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress.

There will be no box office at the theater before the performance. Tickets may be secured now at the MASLC offices (201 Ashby N.W.); A.M.B. at Emory, from Allan Brockman of the English Department at Georgia Tech; from Paul Bellino in the Counselling Office at Clark College; C. Kaing at Spelman; Paschal's; Fraziers; Bird Cage; Beamon's; and *The Great Speckled Bird*.

For further information call MASLC at 525-2761.

by increasing his "dedication" only makes matters worse. For example, a white girl demoralized the blacks on her voter registration project by buying them a car with her father's money. The girl's very ability to make such gestures only emphasized her power in contrast to the blacks' powerlessness. "Paternalism usually arises when the White does what the Negro does not want to be compelled to accept, but would like done if he could compel the White to do it" (emphasis mine). Thus the irony that the black's "best friend," the white liberal, is psychologically his most dangerous enemy as well as his most convenient target.

The black's response forced the white to reevaluate his image of himself and his actions to a degree that soon became intolerable. Most of Levy's book examines the various defense mechanisms employed by whites, which came to a climax when the whites assumed the role of "nigger," the only form of blackness which the blacks themselves made available.

As a white volunteer told Levy, "We've sort of laid down and let them run over us." This, of course, left the



JOHN AUSTEN. 'Scheherazade'. Pen Drawing

whites just as far away from their black brothers as when they were dominant. Furthermore, the whites ended up in the same kinds of tension, ambivalence, and self-consciousness that have always been the lot of the black trying to survive in a hostile world of whites. The whites in the movement "are, at last, able to 'think black.'" When they justify the blacks' original belief in the shallowness of their commitment.

Unfortunately, these powerful insights come to the reader blurred by Levy's tortuous, overly academic style. Because he wants to generalize about a recurring situation, not just tell anecdotes, he conceals the names of the organizations and schools which supply his material. This can be frustrating. Anyone with movement experience can read the book as a sort of *roman a clef*; others should not be discouraged. The material transcends particular persons and incidents just as it transcends the difficulties of style. The story Levy tells may prove to have been one of the most significant dramas of the 1960's.

—barbara joye

## The bookworm

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## Campus Sexual Repressions

One of the best things about the movement towards Black Consciousness by young blacks is that it makes them more capable of recognizing the authoritarian bullshit that this society uses to control people. For when one acquires Black Consciousness, he also acquires the capacity to evaluate many aspects of his environment which he previously neither noticed nor understood.

A growing number of students in the Atlanta University Center are acquiring Black Consciousness and becoming aware of the negative character of many of the rules that are imposed on them. The students are concentrating on the matters of curricula, compulsory dress, and the Board of Trustees. Their grievances in these areas, however, are fairly obvious and easily understood. But the relationship between the low level of political consciousness in the Center and the control which the various administrations exercise over student sexual-social affairs has almost completely escaped their notice.

The administrations exercise their control in two major ways. They decide when and how long the fellas can visit the girls in their dorms, and they decide where the girls can and can not go, when they leave the dorms and when they must return. The students are expected to act like eunuchs, and to insure that their social functions on the campuses are chaperoned. Girls are not allowed to attend private off-campus gatherings unless there is a chaperone approved by the administrations.

The girls are also required to cite a destination each time they leave the campus during the day and when they leave their dormitories after 6 pm. Those unfamiliar with the system might think that the students have a great deal of time during the day to satisfy their sexual and social needs, but such is not the case.

Every school in the Center has compulsory class attendance regulations, and one of the primary functions of each Dean is to keep up with attendance figures and deduct course credits from those students who cut classes! It's true that the fellas have a great deal more freedom than the girls as far as curfews and signing out are concerned but the administrators haven't forgotten them. "We don't have to set up dormitory or sign out regulations for the fellas because we know that they'll come tagging in soon after the girls have to be in their dorms," said a Morehouse dorm counselor.

In order to keep the men from forming relationships with other women, the administrations restrict all campus social functions to students. Young people from the surrounding community are not allowed, for example, to attend any of the dances held on the campuses. And one of the primary functions of the Atlanta University Security Patrol Force is to keep all non-students from congregating on the campuses where they might "contaminate" the student robots.

One of the primary things to be understood about this kind of authoritarian control is that it facilitates the manipulation of the students to the extent that a large majority of them are constantly preoccupied with sexual and social matters. This is one of the reasons that so few students from the Center participate in radical political activities during their spare hours. They are too busy trying to stem their frustrations and to scheme some kind of coherent pattern for their social affairs.

This situation is not unique to the Atlanta University Center. Most colleges and most institutions that come into contact with large numbers of young people exercise similar kinds of corrosive authority. The late Wilhelm Reich, who was imprisoned here in America because of his anti-authoritarian views, made some very important observations into the nature of sexual repression and authoritarianism.

In his book, *The Sexual Revolution*, Reich said, "The repression of sexual needs creates a general weakening of intellectual and emotional functioning; in particular, it makes people lack independence, will-power and critical faculties."

The students in the Center are told that the rules and regulations restricting their sexual-social activities are for their own benefit. And it is not unusual to find an exasperated "housemother" explaining to one of her more inquisitive charges that the rules exist for her own good and that the college is only trying to help her or him to develop a strong moral character.

The administrations, of course, retain the right to

continued on page 15

## SOUTHERN INSURGENT DEMOCRATS

The Mississippi Challenge delegation at the Democratic National Convention won all the seats and, thereby, control of the state party machinery, rather than just shaking it up as in Georgia. The "Coalition of Loyal National Democrats" which was seated at the convention included the NAACP, the Young Democrats, and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Now this coalition, always shaky, is running the Humphrey-Muskie campaign there.

According to *The Kudzu*, a new Mississippi underground paper, an independent group of moderate, liberal, and radical whites is emerging within the coalition. Unaffiliated with the original groups making up the coalition and exasperated by their treatment as delegates to the national convention, they want to organize within the state an alternative to the old-line "civil-rights"-labor-Administration-dominated group that they contend controls the present coalition in a very heavy-handed way.

Most of the independent whites became involved in the Loyalist challenge because of their support of McCarthy's candidacy and their opposition to the Vietnam war. There was no possibility of attaining a voice in the regular Democratic Party in Mississippi. But, then, when they came to the Loyalists, they again found themselves in a subordinate, powerless position. The hierarchy of the coalition, by its own statements, was more interested in patronage than in program or principle, and thus was hostile to McCarthy and opposed to rocking the boat. Oddly enough, the "good guys," the old civil rights leaders of the NAACP that white liberals had always been aligned with, were now the opponents. The only allies that these whites had were the "Irresponsibles," the "extremists" of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. They were the ones who were for McCarthy, were concerned about presenting issues to the public, and were also relatively without power in the coalition.

Out of this consensus on issues came the possibility of an extensive realignment of white liberals and poor blacks in Mississippi opposed to both the regular Mississippi conservatives and the "old liberal" white-Negro coalition.

In a more recent development, noted in the Oct. 3 issue of *The Kudzu*, the Rev. Jimmy Jones, Methodist chaplain at Ole Miss, a staunch McCarthy backer and independent, has accepted the offer of Dr. Aaron Henry, NAACP leader and Democratic Party head, to become state chairman of Citizens for Humphrey-Muskie.

Jones says that Humphrey's record compares well with Nixon's or Wallace's. But what is more important, he feels, is the logic of working for Humphrey in Mississippi at this time. In a state which Wallace will surely sweep, it is important to encourage a large Humphrey vote as a protest, and, at the same time, to build a new constituency among moderate to liberal whites.

According to this line of thought what radicals in the North do about the campaign has no relevance to what radical Southerners do in adapting to local changes and new opportunities.

Jones has had strong support for his new stand. At the same time the new Democratic Party leaders are also soliciting more support from the MFDP. In most cases the MFDP is going along and supporting the Humphrey-Muskie ticket, which it had done only weakly up to now.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Alabama, the insurgent liberal-left white and black forces this spring set up the National Democratic Party of Alabama, which, like the MFDP in 1964, claims to be the loyal Democratic Party of Alabama. It also challenged the seating of the regulars at the Democratic National Convention.

Despite the fact that the electors of the regular Democratic Party in Alabama, including representatives of most top Democratic Party leaders running for office, are pledged to vote for Wallace, the regular party delegation was seated at the Democratic National Convention with the exception of a few delegates.

Though the NDP has a full slate of candidates running for local and state offices, including one congressional candidate with a fair chance of winning, the state officialdom has managed to keep most of them off the ballot through thinly veiled skullduggery. The American Civil Liberties Union is contesting the action of state officials in a suit filed against the Governor, Attorney General, and Secretary of State which is now pending before a three-judge federal court in Montgomery. A favorable ruling would result in the appearance of the NDPA candidates on the ballot across the state in the November election.

continued on page 15

# Teacher as Foreman

*I am enclosing an article which you may or may not use, that I wrote in response to your excellent article, "The Student As Nigger." Having given honest and well-deserved attention to the plight of the student, I think you should follow it up with the equally embarrassing plight of the teacher.*

*I am sure you know that possession of The Great Speckled Bird is grounds for expulsion in many schools. Thus ensuring you an audience, the policy may be the best thing to happen since the D.A.R. banned Marian Anderson.*

*That being the case, a teacher writing in your paper would probably be a pretext (or some other pretext would rapidly be found) for dismissal. Since I see no reason for the Atlanta area to lose one more good teacher, I must, regrettably, remain anonymous.*

*Thank you for the article on the textbooks, however, you have only scratched the surface, but, like Kafka, it is enlightening to hear the sound of burrowing.*

As a high school teacher, I re-read that recent article, "The Student As Nigger," that I first read in paperback



among the hippie papers, and the charge is largely true. The student is a nigger but the habit of the un-examining mind is to blame that on the immediate, visible superior, which is the teacher. And the article implies that, if the student is a nigger, the teacher colored him black, primarily because the teacher is timid and impotent (lacks balls).

One of Shakespeare's heroes asks God to stand up for bastards. Similarly, I would like to stand up for teachers. The fault is not in the temperament of the teacher, but in the system, as a newspaper of your sophistication should know.

The student may be a nigger, but the teacher is merely a factory foreman. That is the long and short of it.

The school is largely a reflection of an industrial society in which the position of the teacher in the school industry parallels that of the factory foreman on the General Motors assembly line.

Has anyone looked, for one example, at the course guides which tell the teacher-foreman how much assembly line mental development he is to put out in one semester or quarter? The kid may not be able to read the four-letter word on a stop sign (the one printed, not the ones scrawled), but the teacher is to cover the material in the blueprint, or answer to an irate administration.

On the other hand, the teacher may have Bill Shakespeare in English Lit., but the teacher will be held to account if he departs from the prescribed textbook, which has the imprimatur of the Board, and will be asked questions by a supervisor, like "Why aren't you using the city-county approved blueprint?" (Because I am dealing with the human mind, not Mickey Mouse.)

The idea behind all this is that education, like a car, can be put together from specified course guides and bad texts, and that a course can be added like a missing fender, and that education, like a car, can be assembled in bits and pieces, and that your course is on the same level as a bumper. (Check the fender room, Joe, there's a hang-up on the assembly line.)

The assumption behind all this is that at graduation, whether high school or college, a student is supposed to get in this assemblage of academic nuts and bolts and drive off singing, if at all possible, the Alma Mater.

Following this industrial parallel, it is evident the entire school plant (they are even called this) consists of the

workers (the students), the foremen (the teachers), the plant executive (the principal), with a few personnel (counselors) thrown in as that humanitarian sop that we all know is good business in the long run. The entire chain is run by a mechanized bureaucracy answerable to the Board of Directors, who are usually engaged in some sort of political football. Or, if honest, and not politically inclined, the Board of Directors are usually appropriately representative Babbitts.

The student is at the bottom of all this, but there are worse places to be than at the bottom, which is to be caught between the bottom and the top. And, if you will excuse the word, the teacher is appropriately alienated, caught in a no-man's land: with sympathies for the students on the bottom, harassed by assembly line pressures on top, and with, hopefully, a devotion to the subject on the side.

The student is a nigger. Nobody debates that. Color him black. But the teacher is a factory foreman, college education notwithstanding. And for saying this homely fact aloud too long, any teacher may be fired. (You know these troublemakers.) He may be fired because this is telling it like it is, not like a schizophrenic educational establishment wants to pretend. So color teacher helpless to do anything about the ones who color students black.

## HUMPING IN CHARLOTTE

Hubert the Hump made his Carolina debut last Wednesday, Oct. 2, in Charlotte, N.C., thrilling many, mostly the plastic people, holdout Southern Democrats, and Charlotte's own special brand of cops. As usual with campaign speeches, he had his local yes-men speak before him, building him up as the Blessed Crusader out to slay the dragon of Lawlessness and Disorder. The Hump left much to be desired. His speech was filled with such profound statements as "... disorder is the enemy of dissent," and "... the world needs our products ..." blah, blah.

The real thrill of the evening was his statement that he will bring the war in Vietnam to a "conclusion." This might mean he'll end the war peacefully or keep us fighting until there is no one left under thirty to slaughter. Judging from the establishment's previous action, the last choice is the most likely. After all, kill everyone who is a "dirty hippie," "commie," "college revolutionary" or "radical," and there will be no one left to oppose the system. Kind of a legal genocide.

Hip-type activity was centered around the section directly across from Hubert. We formed ranks just over the entrance, marched around the area, and generally freaked for the shocked populace. The Mind-Squad—Thought-Police watched with the "we'll-get-you-like-they-did-in-Chicago" look, but remained calm, hardly uttering one oink. After we were seated some Young Gestapo for Humphrey volunteers tried to dislodge us, unsuccessfully. The speech began, the Black Power boys did their thing, we chanted "Peace" and "Stop War." Hubert ignored us and will most likely ignore the advice too. The press came up and asked some questions, (never to be heard again, truth doesn't sell newspapers).

Final action occurred in a small park just outside the auditorium. A cop lunged for a demonstrator, missed, and returned to wallow with his friends, obviously exhausted from his battle for Democracy, Justice, and the American way.

—james m albanese

# THE QUEEN



## SOME DAYS IN THE LIFE

*The Queen*, currently packing us in at the Ansley Mall Mini Cinema, ranks with *A Hard Day's Night* and *The War Game* as one of the best of the genre of film-making which combines *cinema verite* techniques with those of British and American television documentaries. Unlike many "documentary" type films, *The Queen* is beautifully edited—it doesn't suffer from the sprawling inconclusiveness, and thus the structural sloppiness, of many such films. The camera maintains a perfect balance between realism and fantasy. It presents its controversial subject-matter honestly and at the same time sympathetically, without, however, falling prey to the *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* kind of phony liberalism. But as much as I admire this film's technical virtuosity, "movie images are rarely abstract or geometric designs, and . . . when they include people and places and actions, they have implications and associations" (Pauline Kael.) It is the implications and associations of the images in *The Queen* to which I would like to devote some space, for this film has more to say about America than most political tracts about life in the best (affluence, technology) and worst (moral pollution, imperialism, violence) civilization ever to exist on this planet.

*The Queen* goes "behind the scenes" at a beauty contest. But this contest is different . . . and *vive la difference!* The film opens with the arrival in New York City of contestants for the title of Miss All-America, each of them a former regional contest winner, all of them men. We see them learning the rules of the contest from "Sabrina," promoter of the contest and sometimes-narrator of the film. We see them in their hotel rooms, practicing their acts, renewing old acquaintances, and discussing homosexuality. We go with them to try on evening gowns and wigs, and we are there when they are making up. And at last we see the contest itself, the crowning of Queen, the stunning "harlow" (Richard Finnochio), the angry protest of a bad loser and finally, we see the winner, equally beautiful out of drag, waiting at the bus station to leave the city, his suitcase in one hand, a sparkling crown in the other.

Throughout this exploration of a world normally

hidden, or invisible, to most American emotion or *tone* that emerges as *depression*, a freshness, a freedom, the *gaiety*. You may ask why, since this territory which is marked on all of degraded, or, most euphemistically indoctrinated with the belief that nature is termed "gay" *ironically*, the laughing on the outside, crying on reverse is true. Homosexuals, *outcasts*, the gay bar, the drag ball, etc., totalitarian world, one which is not al but anti-sexual. The word "gay" the mood which reigns wherever freely and enjoy each other's *compensation*, that of pretense. The billy club (not to mention universal censure) are never far away.

Most non-homosexuals, however "pathetic" or "liberal," view the *gay* masquerade, of illusion and deception. Donald Webster Cory (a homosexual on the contrary, a place where *homosexuals* lay aside their masks . . . here there that is seldom seen in the other *clubs*, bars and inns. . . . Music comes. The audience talks to the rhythm, hums and breathes the air of the *masquerade* as the door opens to see who has *been*.

More pertinent to *The Queen* *Homosexual in America* entitled, *Glitters Is Not Guilt*, Mr. Cory de "a masquerade, ironically enough, card the mask." Here is one of the where there is a sharply defined *deception* and illusion, between role and act. *pare The Queen* with any television America contest to appreciate this the existence of the Miss America *mate*, thus normal) and those of, *All-America* contest (gay, illegitimate the ostensible equation so that *struggle* real. There is no more fantastic *crisis*.

## AGAINST CONCRETE

dear bird,  
in bird no. 16 d.b. and s.b. presented a brief history of concrete music. they are beautiful. they are hopeful. what i have written is not in answer to what they have written. it is simply an understanding of concrete music. it is a plea for the preservation of hope when there seems to be no hope. will you print it soon—before the man with the steel helmet comes to your door?

yours for hope,  
j.m.

to d.b. and s.b. you are right. more and more our generation is accepting concrete music. we are tired of the lie that many musicians have told us. we are tired of being lulled to sleep with harmony and melody that give us the "all is well" feeling. we are tired of empty optimism and expressions of the good life. we are realists. we can face things as they are. if we don't like things as they are, we have the guts to say so. when no one will listen, we shout until they do listen.

but, dear ones, you are wrong. the acceptance of electronic music is not a sign of hope. electronic music is not the music of the hope of the future. it is the music of the hopelessness of the future. the great musical minds were not just seeking musical innovations. they were philosophers who were searching for a medium of expression, who were brave enough to invent new forms to express revolutionary new ideas. and the basic idea they wanted to express is that there is no place in all the universe for personality, for man. so they fractured the human voice and deified concrete, steel, and glass. they told us (and still tell us) that we are mere machines which blend in well with the concrete, steel, and glass of the building we occupy. only our form is different from a punch press, lathe, or grinder. intrinsically we are the same. in short, we are dead men. we want to be persons. we want to be significant. but we are dead.

so you see, we who want so badly to make the scene better than our parents made it are fighting ourselves. we who consider ourselves the hope of the world are accept-

ing the despair. oh, dear ones, beautiful people, we cannot accept despair and hopelessness. but we cannot have the form without the content. we become assimilated by osmosis. we get pushed another step nearer the edge of our world every time we listen. good-bye world. good-bye personality. good-bye. for man despairs a deep despair and remembers he is dust.

compassionately with love,  
jim mcfarland

## CONCRETE MUSIC

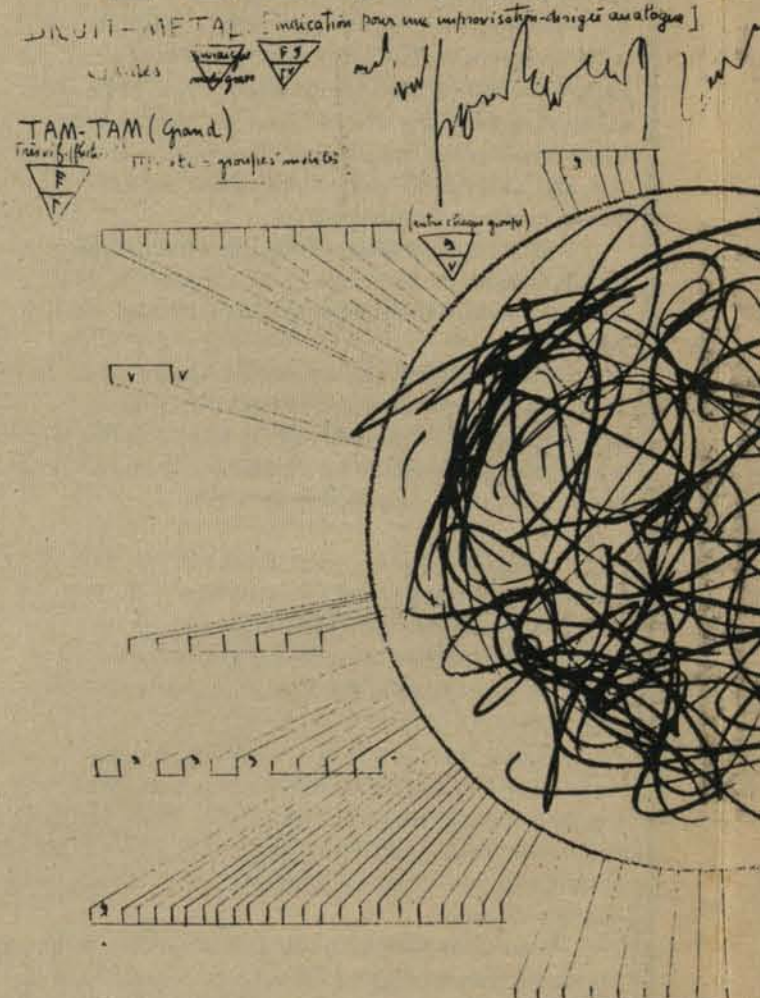
Part One of this series ( see Bird No. 16, Sept. 30) traced the development of electronic music from the 1880's to the present. Part Two, below, will discuss some specific pieces of music.

Is electronic music, the offspring of technology and revolt, now an everyday, accepted occurrence? Not Quite. The Unitarian Church in Atlanta presented a "Happening" earlier this year—a free-form festival of new-theater effects, do-your-thing-with-us, and electronic music. We found some of the "happening" fun—some boring. Mostly, we closed our eyes and listened to the music, created by Richard Robinson, head of the Atlanta Electronic Music Center. Robinson has an excellent background in formal musical training, plays with the Atlanta Symphony, has a tremendous sense of humour, and a love of the bizarre. All this was evident in the music, which was by far the best part of the "Happening." It's unfortunate the public concerts of electronic music are so few and far between.

One particular piece by Robinson deserves exposure to the public, or the public deserves exposure to it. Some people completely freak out while listening to this. They say it arouses some kind of inexplicable, illogical, primitive horror—like a child afraid of non-existent monsters in his closet. Other listeners experience the same fears, but are able to "enjoy" them. It all seems to depend on one's state of mind. Robinson created this tape by essentially feeding a sound signal into the top of a 4 x 8 foot sheet of steel, taking it out at the bottom, and amplifying it 10,000,000 times. The result: a whooping noise, like an electronic Hound of the Baskervilles howling in dark outer space.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ELECTRONIC



Harry Partch, America's long-ignored concrete musician says, ". . . I began to think how unnatural the whole concert system was, all those rich ladies in those big halls listening with hollow reverence to Beethoven. And I started developing the idea of corporeal music, music that appeals to all the senses, music that goes back to the primitive, ritualistic roots." (Quoted in *Newsweek*, 9/23/68.)



Americans, the one mood, as dominant is of a healthy—the best word for which is—since this film travels through all official maps as sordid, ically, “sad.” We’ve all been that the homosexual subcul- y, that its inhabitants are g on the inside. Actually the outside the private gay par-, etc. live in a totally hostile, is not merely anti-homosexu- “gay” accurately describes ver homosexuals can meet company without the real . The paddy wagon and the iversal moral revulsion and

however “tolerant” or “sym- he gay world as a realm of eception and disguise. As (osexual) put it, a gay bar is, re homosexuals may go “to e there is a gaiety, a vivacity, er comparable taverns, night- ic comes forth unceasing. . . . ythm, drinks to the rhythm, the music, and looks around has just entered.”

*Queen*, in a chapter of *The tled*, appropriately, “All That y describes the drag ball as ough, where one goes to dis- of the few places in America ed demarcation between truth d actor. One has only to com- vision broadcast of the Miss e this fact. The reasons for erica contest (straight, legiti- e of, for instance, the Miss egitimate, thus *queer*) reverse at straight=fantasy and gay= tic creature than the young

woman who is crowned in Atlantic City to the tune of Bert Parks’ “There she is . . .” The obscenity of the Miss America pageant could not exist outside a culture whose gods are Mammon and Hymen. Those lily-white smiles exude dollar marks and missiles and chastity belts. Homosexuals have lived intimately with the falseness and cruelty of America, and they have had to contend with their special insight by transforming it, lest it destroy them psychically. Thus, the drag ball or beauty queen contest is in essence a quite serious game, a positive *healing* ritual where the contortions and gestures of a sick, insane society are transformed through the folk art of a troupe of self-sustaining actors into a true guerilla theatre, “caricaturing the caricature” (D.W.C.). These men are not transvestites; they don’t want to be women. They are homosexuals who want to be good drag queens. God only knows, and I shudder to think, what the contestants for the crown of Miss America want to be!

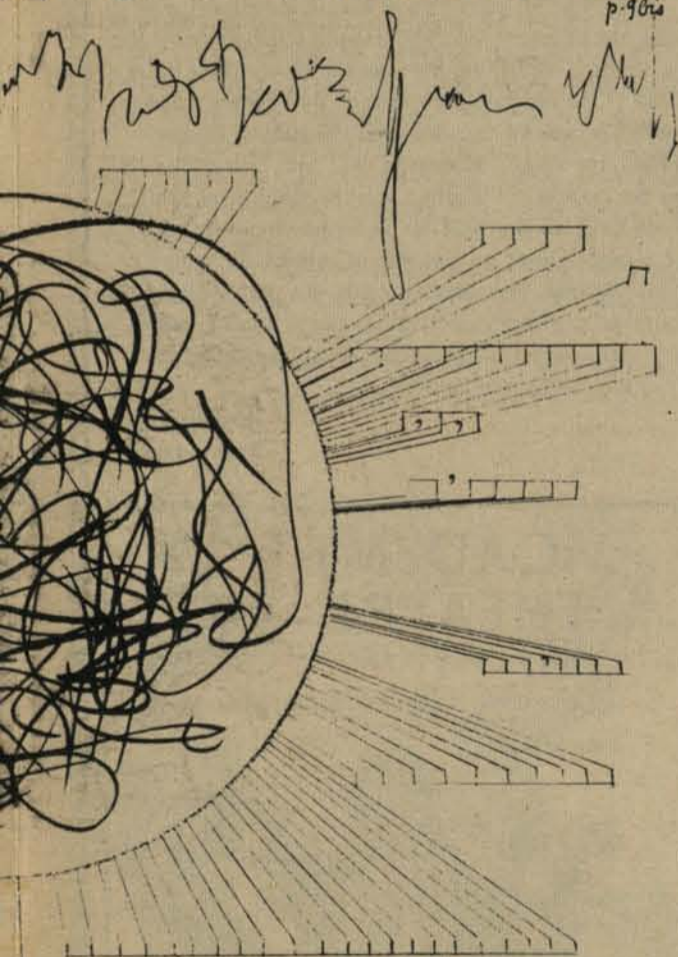
As “Sabrina” says of her contestants, “All [they] want is to be loved.” They obtain this love by learning the in’s and out’s of a nebulous, non-sexual enigma commonly referred to as *style*. That “style” in the gaudy affluent Western world has little to do with sex is demonstrated by *The Queen*: a group of young men, black and white (racial prejudice and discrimination are seldom a part of any gay community), from Fire Island to Mississippi, men who differ in appearance as much as any group of young men could, become, with the aid of clothes, make-up, music, their own ingenuity, and perhaps more than a little magic, real live Cinderellas, radiating sex and charm and majesty. This is the way it should be done—the Miss America contestants cheat (as does “Harlow” and, I might add, her first runner-up who really should have won) because they don’t begin with nothing; the deck is not stacked against them.

If you are not gay and you see *The Queen*, your experience will illuminate some of the darkness of life in America; it will show you things—about yourself and the country in which you live—that you probably never would have seen otherwise. And, after all, isn’t that one of the functions of film and drugs and sex and revolution—to take us where we think we are not able to go, but where we need, desperately, to be.

—miller francis, jr.



# IC MUSIC



Pierre Schaeffer of the *Domain Musicale* in Paris gives, perhaps, the best definition of concrete music, and the best reasons for listening to it: “The concrete experim- discovers that within the ear is a sense having almost no connection with the musical ear—a sort of (audio) eye, sensitive to the forms and colors of sounds . . . Imagine a chord of three tones, each one characterized by . . . bizarre forms and colors . . . Not only are they different, but each

evolves. Finally they are dispersed in time and space where they trace trajectories. . . . The tones, in addition to the chord which they hold, make sonorous forms and colors appear and evolve in time and space. Concrete music is nothing but the conscious grasping of this phenomenon. . . .” (Pierre Schaeffer in *A La Recherche d’Une Musique Concrete*, Paris, 1952.)

\*\*\*\*\*

We kept these two statements in mind as we sat down with a stack of electronic music recently released by Mercury on their Limelight label. “The Total Experience in Sound.” *Song of the Second Moon* (LS 86050) by Tom Dissevelt and Kid Baltan was the first of the collection we listened to. Limelight says, “Never before has electronic music been so melodic, so fully arranged and such pleasant listening.” Our reactions and thoughts: A blend of melodic organ riffs and electronic sounds . . . no challenge . . . “easy” listening . . . nicest when the organ shuts off . . . electronic music for the masses . . . too dependent on convention . . . reject that, please.

Next selection: *The Percussions (of Strasbourg)* (LS 86051), Four Choreographic etudes by Ohana, Eight Inventions by Kabelac. This is not electronic music, but it’s not anything else, either. This group comes closest to John Cage’s early works with percussion groups. It does fit the statements of Partch and Schaeffer. Great feelings of interior and exterior spaces, color-filled, changing, rarely black. This is Oriental, African, meditative, constantly evolving, never completely dependent upon rhythm. It sometimes sounds like the Modern Jazz Quartet gone mad. We enjoyed it even more the second time, listening/drift- ing through mind/space. We believe this one will stand up to many listenings.

The best piece of recorded electronic music we have heard in a long time in *Le Voyage* (LS 86049), by Pierre Henry, a contemporary of Schaeffer. This piece recounts “the fantastic journey from life to death . . . the Tibetan Book of the Dead.” This is very personal music. It deserves undivided attention—stereo earphones. The fears and horrors of death, the journey through the unknown, the fears and beauty of rebirth are all recreated through electronic noises. Breath/ . . . After Death/ . . . After Death/ . . . Peaceful Deities . . . Wrathful Deities . . . The Coupling . . .

Breath 2. This is a masterpiece of music. It defies verbal criticism. Listen to it.

In closing, we would like to make special mention of John Cage, who has had a great deal of influence on both modern composers and modern audiences. Though often belittled or dismissed as an incompetent or a fraud, Cage is widely recognized as the most controversial composer of our time. He initially used percussion ensembles, then music for radios, then the “prepared piano.” He “pre- pared” a piano by attaching a variety of wooden, rubber and metal objects to the strings at different angles and distances from the damping points. The result? *Dance* (1944) is solely a blending of timbres which are used to emphasize the rhythmic patterns which form the basis of Cage’s early works. Cage has now progressed through his silent period (in ‘33” a performer sat at a piano, in complete silence, for the specified time period) to the use of visual effects and random selection of notes. Whether Cage’s works are music or not, they function as music, and teach us about music.

—d.b. & s.b.

#### FOR LISTENING:

*Whitsun Oratorio*, Ernst Krener (DGG LP16134)  
*Sound Figures*, G.M. Koenig (DGG LP16134)  
*Studie 1, Studie 2, Gesang der Junglinge*, Stockhausen (DGG LP16133)  
*Etude on Sound Mixtures, Five Compositions—Chimes*, Herbert Eimert (DGG 16132)  
*Electronic Music from the University of Illinois*, (Heliodor HS25047)  
*Images Fantastiques*, (Limelight LS86047)  
*Le Voyage*, Pierre Henry (Limelight LS80649)  
*The Percussion of Strasbourg*, (Limelight LS86051)  
*Sounds of New Music*, (Folkways FX 6160)

#### FOR READING:

*Silence*, John Cage, MIT Press (paperback)  
*The New Music*, Aaron Copland, Norton & Co.  
*Genesis of a Music*, Harry Partch, Univ. of Wisc. Press.  
*Contemporary Composers on Contemporary Music*, Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

# Mad Ox on the Boards



*RED, WHITE AND MADDOX, at Theatre Atlanta, featuring Jim Garner as Lester Maddox. Written and staged by Don Tucker and Jay Broad. Costumed by David Chapman and David Charles.*

This production is a triumph for Jim Garner, a credit to the costume designers, and an incident in the lives of everyone else involved.

Garner, who played MacBird last season at Theatre Atlanta, has created an impression of Pickrick which is utterly convincing in appearance, voice and movement—he even dances as Maddox *must* dance—and that is very funny. The only scene in which we disbelieve is near the very end, in the future, when President Maddox saves himself from impeachment by a gut appeal for god-and-war.

My first response to my own disbelief was that this was simply a context in which neither I nor Garner had ever observed Maddox; that it is credible that, but impossible to predict how, Maddox would make the final conversion from Milquetoast to Hitler; but that Garner's perception of it was wrong.

Now I believe instead that this false note in Garner's performance is a reflection of a more basic flaw in the play itself. The play is a musical comedy, beautifully costumed, well paced, adequately acted by a company of twenty other than Garner. It sketches the public high points of Maddox's adult life, past and future, from hot-dog stand to *Goetterdaemmerung*. There are half a dozen lines of timid satire, a couple of funny uses of patrol car lights, and three or four cheap and tricky color-slide shows.

The play is thin. But the real flaw is that the play is classic—so classic that it is primitive. It takes us back to that time when the function of theatre was probably to “put down” a danger felt by the audience, or congregation. Lester Maddox is put down right up to the end and made small. But the reasons he was watered and grew the way he did, choking out more useful plants, are left unexamined. When the moment comes to face up to the universality and the dread importance of Maddox, the audience is not prepared for it, and Garner's performance seems suddenly wrong.

A better play might have been one in which Garner's abilities as an impressionist would have been irrelevant: a play, based on Maddox, delving below the surface oddities of the particular victim of a cruel childhood who is now our governor; or a more universal play (which need not have been “original”). But I feel foolish talking about a better play. This play is going to be a great critical and financial success. This week a snippet was shown on national television. Presumably it will be displayed widely until the ghost seems to have been exorcised.

—morris brown



Jeff  
beck

truth

Truth, Jeff Beck

Epic, BN 26413

Rock 'n' Roll, Folk Rock, Soul, Acid Rock, Psychedelic—the music is “Rock.” With “Rock Around the Clock” as a possible beginning, rock has assimilated, digested, re-created everything in music from Willie Dixon (“Crossroads”) to Arnold Schoenberg's twelve tone roll “Brown Shoes Don't Make It.”

The most obvious example of the evolution of rock music is the development of the virtuoso lead guitarist. The three Kings, Albert, Freddie and B.B., laid the foundation-cornerstone courtesy of Bill Haley. The plumbing was supplied by Chuck Berry and Dick Dale. Now the superstructure is being built by Jeff Beck, Mike Bloomfield, Eric Clapton, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Jerry Garcia (Greatful Dead), James Gurley (Big Brother and the Holding Company), Jim McQuinn (Byrds), Jerry Miller (Moby Grape), Robin Trower (Procol Harum), Henry Vestine (Canned Heat), and Frank Zappa.

Electricity has opened “Pandora's Box” for the rock musician, allowing him to produce sounds that no one has yet been able to put on paper. Lead guitarists now surrounding themselves with hand-picked super-musicians capable of building a frame within which the virtuoso may do his thing. Recording studios offer a multiplicity of techniques and effects which allow a musician to harmonize and play any number of instruments with himself. This then is the basis of *Truth* as seen by Jeff Beck.

This album is heavy. It was recorded at what was perhaps the peak of Beck's career. Beck first gained prominence as lead guitarist for the Yardbirds, replacing Eric Clapton. He demonstrated his potential in such cuts as “Shapes of Things” and “Jeff's Boogie.” *Truth* is his first thing of note since splitting with the Yardbirds.

Beck plays all guitar, some bass, and timpani, and provides the arrangements. His group is highlighted by the drums of Mick Waller and the piano of Nicky Hopkins in addition to the outstanding vocals of Rod Stewart. Some of the better cuts on the album are “Shapes of Things,” “Let Me Love You,” “Morning Dew,” and “Blues de Lux.” An earlier version of “Shapes” was recorded three years ago with Beck playing lead. Its styling is obviously hard, blunt, straight ahead, and extremely powerful; the new “Shapes” exhibits this same strength, but with added poise, articulation, and sophistication. To put it bluntly, Beck has matured musically. This album is an obvious statement of the position of Beck's head.

—stephen cole  
frank hughes

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# folk flowers

Song To A Seagull, Joni Mitchell

(Warner Bros.—Reprise 6293)

Some day I shall be very beautiful and have long, long wisps of blond, blond hair like Joni Mitchell  
I shall wear a coat of flowers and glide through the plaster halls of tenement castles. . . nodding to Donovan as we pass  
I shall walk by the sea and watch the seabirds above

I shall play my guitar and sing soft and sweet  
I shall be Nice on key, Baez with no cause, and write songs with beautiful words  
"There's oil on the puddles in taffeta patterns  
That run down the drain  
In colored arrangements  
That Michael will change with a stick that he found"

"We have a rocking chair  
Someone is always there  
Rocking rhythms while they're waiting"

But when I'm beautiful and tall and have long, long wisps of blond, blond hair like Joni Mitchell  
And when I write those songs with beautiful words I shall sing them not so softly and not so sweetly  
Like Dylan I'll punctuate and enunciate  
You will love every word  
For I shall have the mind of a dark haired woman.

—judy allen



Wildflowers, Judy Collins (Electra, EKS 74012)

Judy Collins' new album, *Wildflowers* is a young album, joyful or so full of joy that it is sadness. She seems to be in love, or to have been in love. Not with just a person, but with the world, through or because of that person.

Judy has always, with folk music or any material she chose to record (I think she must pick her own songs) used words in two ways: first to convey meaning in the finest sense of a singer's phrasing and then to create tuneful poetry. She caresses each word and phrase as if it would stand alone. In *Wildflowers* with the superb help of Joshua Rifkin arranging and conducting and of Leonard Cohen/Joni Mitchell/Judy Collins songs, she is at her best.

In the lovely "Albatross" the flute work is so nice that I would have liked some credits. "Michael of Mountains" she must know personally. How else could she have spoken of him so.

The tunes are a little hard to hum so the effect stands up under chemicals beautifully. It is difficult to say that for most female vocal efforts.

In short, the album is thoughtfully put together, well done by everybody and I hope it will be around a long time.

—s. b.



photo by bill fibben

Another r'n'r concert in Atlanta Saturday night, featuring the Mandrake Memorial from Philadelphia, the Young Rascals and, of course, a QXI jock, Pat Hughes this time. The crowd—mostly white high school and college straights—was polite and calm the entire evening. They came to hear "Groovin'" and "People Got to Be Free," and that's all their being there meant . . .

First the Memorial. The guys seemed nervous. Their first two numbers were somewhat untogether, the vocals slightly off key. But for the rest of the set they were heavy. Their music was richly textured and subtly constructed, somewhat unfunky, but that's no putdown. The harpsichordist had a great sound, with riffs running from Baroque breaks into Jimmy Smith organ licks. The lead guitarist was strange, because you couldn't hear him except on solos. Careful listening, however, revealed that he was "filling in"—not so much with discernable notes as with tonalities. It was great to watch him put down his guitar to sit at a metal box and play live electronic sound, adding textures to the rest of the music as he did with his guitar riffs. The drummer played two bass drums, about 6 tom toms and many, many cymbals, all tuned differently. Instrumentally, the Mandrake Memorial was beautifully together, a nice taste of creative music.

Pat came on between acts and said Sorry, Bird people, but FCC regulations forbid QXI from playing the Mothers because they use "dirty words." Poor QXI. They really want to play all these good people, but, well, the Government you know. Bullshit Pat, bullshit QXI, bullshit

AM radio. We would not ask you to take chances. If you have ever heard the Mothers (as you no doubt do every night at home, radio off), you know that the majority of their lyrics contain no "dirty words" by any man's standards. Where are the "dirty words" in Plastic People, Brown Shoes, Brain Police, Help I'm a Rock, Call Any Vegetable, America Drinks, What's the Ugliest Part of Your Body, etc. . . . ??? Ever heard any of these, QXI boys?

But it's not just the Mothers we want to hear: It's Jimi Hendrix, The Doors, Cream, Country Joe and the Fish, Big Pink—all of which you play, you say, but only one cut from each and all on the Top 40 charts. Soft Shit.

Back to the show and the Young Rascals, in their first Atlanta appearance. Should be a packed house, but it isn't. Maybe word leaked out in advance . . .

The Rascals, four in all, are pretty jive. For 45 minutes we heard all the jive tunes they immortalized. Then for the last 8-10 minutes the boys freaked—in a very structured and melodic manner of course. Not once did we get off on their act.

Later we spoke to their organ player, who laid down some shit about how the underground and the Establishment should get together and how the Rascals were playing what they felt was the TRUTH but they can't play far out like they really want to because of the large black audience (a dozen black people were in this audience) they would lose (and maybe their recording contract too. . .)

So we wait for the Cream and, hopefully, some real music.

—linda & bill fibben

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# molasses and quinine

In Alabama, not many years ago, a campaign song was being sung. Part of it went as follows:

... She was poor but she was honest,  
Victim of a rich man's whim,  
When she met that Christian gentleman, Big Jim  
Folsom,  
And had a child by him.

Now he sits in the Legislature  
Making laws for all mankind;  
While she walks the streets of Cullman, Alabama,  
Selling grapes from her grapevine. . . .

I first heard this song sung by an Alabama man whose Sunday school teacher had been George Corley Wallace, the present Presidential candidate.

A few weeks ago, in one of our north central states, one Miss Ja-Neen Welch is said to have told representatives of the press that she was expecting to go into the White House with the aforementioned Mr. Wallace. His aides immediately issued a denial of any romantic intentions on his part, according to reports, and Governor Maddox of Georgia is said to have commented that this only showed how scarce good men were. One supposes that this might be rather embarrassing to Miss Welch.


Suppose that there were more to their relationship than merely appearing together in a random news photo taken at a campaign rally?

Rudyard Kipling's lines from "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House" come to mind: "When love rejected turns to hate, all ill betide the man. . . ."

What would happen to the Wallace campaign in the Bible Belt if, just before election day, Miss Welch should happen to publicly discover that she was about to add to the world's population? Would there be new campaign songs about another Christian gentleman?

I'd appreciate copies of any of this year's campaign songs.

—ernie marris



RECIPE FOR PORK CHOPS

Well, it all depends on what kind of meat you use which really doesn't matter as long as it's cookable. If it's hamburger, make it into patties with onions in them, but if it's pork chops which is what this recipe is mainly all about, then do the following:

Throw the chops into a Pan with butter or margarine + brown.

Then slice an onion into rings and brown them with the chops.

In the meantime add the following to the pork chops in any desired quantity:

oregano, garlic Salt or Powder, but meg for quality + Red pepper. and Salt and pepper of course.

Then the Key to this entire Process — **Curry Powder** — !

Then take either 2 cans of small or 1 can of large tomato sauce — add a little Soy Sauce + Worcestershire Sauce + more garlic + sugar.

Mix well and dump on the Chops. Turn fire to low & cook for 1/2 an hr. or until the sauce gets cooked in with the meat good. SERVE Hot or Cold, but always with bread which is essential to sopping up the leftover sauce which is left in the Pan.

## TECH POET

Last Tuesday morning James Dickey performed his first reading-rap as poet-in-residence at Georgia Tech. His poems and reminiscences about sex, rural Georgia, motor-cycling, football, and sex completely won over the audience of engineering students. Dickey obviously enjoys reading to students, and he didn't seem to give a damn whether they had ever heard any poetry before in their lives.

He paused before each poem to recall and embellish the incident which had inspired it, almost always a piece of his own life, a conversation, a girlfriend, a relative. After the line in "Cherrylog Road" which describes an automobile junkyard as "the parking lot of the dead," he paused, grinned up at the audience, and burst out: "Isn't that good?"

Like many of Dickey's poems, "Cherrylog Road" draws its imagery from the strange Southern countryside, beauty growing among junk, sexuality triumphing over a punishing father. "Hunting Civil-War Relics at Nimblewill Creek" turns Dickey's war-buff brother into a Ulysses in Hades offering blood to the shades of Southern dead, while the "I" of the poem sings (writes?) "like a man who renounces war, / Or one who shall lift up the past." "Chenille" describes two forms of the traditional North Georgia folk craft.

But "Cherrylog Road" is also about everyone's youth, and the real theme of "Chenille" is the holiness of creative madness, surviving amid the products of a modernity "rigid with industry. / They hoard the smell of oil / And hum like looms all night / Into your pores, reweaving / Your body from bobbins."

On one side of the Tech campus a handsome building houses the Department of Textile Engineering. Near it a Polaris missile replica decorates the Naval Research Center. Between them, James Dickey reads "The Sheepchild," about "the oneness of all sentient beings," cracks jokes about farmboys and their sheep, cracks some minds.

Dickey will read two more times this semester: Oct. 29 at 8:00 p.m. and Nov. 12 at 11 a.m., in the auditorium of the Electrical Engineering Building.

The most convenient volume of his poems is the paperback *Poems 1957-1967*, Collier, \$1.95.

—barbara joye

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# FOIBLE: POLITICIAN & WATERMELON

Wunst they Was a White Politician who was Invited to Make some Remarks at a Meeting of a Black Social Club during an Election Year. Reflecting that all Ballots are Colored the Same, and that he was Well Known as a Liberal Thinker, he Cranked up his Tolerance and Went.

No Sooner had he Arrived, all Prepared to Make Approving Noises about George Washington Carver, than a black man ups to him and says Jack Dempsey was Sure a Helluva Fighter and a Credit to Your People.

Yeah, says another Black pusson, and Al Hirt sure can Play Hell out of that Horn and has a Lot of Natural Talent.

What I like, says a Third, is the Humility and Self-Effacement of your Great Scientists like Al Einstein.

Sure, sure, said the Politician, and sat Down. But your People have a Lot to be Proud of, Too, and Began a Eulogium of Joe Louis.

We sure do, Somebody Said, and from then on, Brother, it was all Names flying around the Table like Hiram K. Revel and Joseph H. Rainey and Denmark Vesey and James T. Rapier and Alonzo J. Ransier and all the time the Politician was trying to remember the Name of Louis Armstrong's clarinet Player in the Hot Five while names like Nash and O'Hara and Langston and DeLarge and Smalls and Elliott were Zipping 'round his Ears.

As the Politician took Off his Shirt that night, he Told his Wife I Just don't Understand Niggers.

Moral: Don't do Black homework with a White schoolbook.

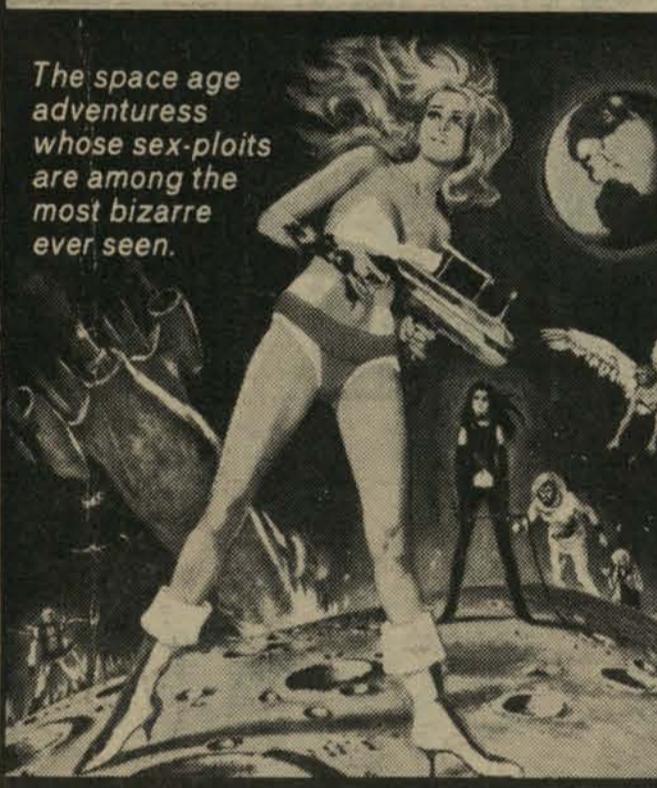
-og, king of bashan

(Going to press we received word that Civil Court Judge James Webb granted Theatre Atlanta a 30-day stay on their eviction notice. This announcement brought a standing ovation from the audience at the theatre. And a telegram from 'A Friend of the Governor' saying "HA-HA. GOV HAS LAST LAUGH.")

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# UNDERGROUND FLICKS

deep

Last Friday at 12 midnight Lotus Films presented its first program of underground cinema at the Peachtree Art Theatre. A potpourri of seven films, all had moments of interest, and some were very good. All were characterized by a crispness and professionalism not always associated with the underground movement.

The possible exception to this rule is Piero Heliczer's *Satisfaction*. At first we took it as a spoof of underground cinema: It had all the earmarks, from random shooting to casual technique to heavy religious symbolism (for example, a frugging nun who removes her habit to reveal a G-string.) The film was enjoyable as satire, but it became apparent that Heliczer's intention was more serious and that he failed in the execution.

Ed Emschwiller's *Thanatopsis* is a beautiful and controlled exposition in black and white of his morbid and unromantic obsession with the body as viscera. The sound track posed a tension between the sound of a heart beat and an ominous buzz saw. The visual track was balanced between extreme close-ups of a man's face and a moving female dancer photographed with an effect which blurred her movement and seemed to liquefy her flesh.

The only narrative film on the program was George Kuchar's *Hold Me While I'm Naked*. It is at once a satire on Hollywood glamour and a poignant exposition of a man's loneliness and absurdity. . . . It is very funny, very sad and very good.

Mekas' *Circus Notebook* was OK, but failed to achieve his stated purpose of recapturing the circus of his childhood. The film consists of fast-motion photography



shower scene from George Kuchar's *Hold Me While I'm Naked*.

of the circus with fast cuts to a campy sound track of "nostalgic" nursery rhymes. Somehow the dream world of our childhood circus, and we suspect also of Mekas' circus, is lost in the camera and moviola.

While Mekas mangled the circus, eight-year-old cinema *Wunderkind* David Wise produced the best argument we have seen for leaving the child's innocent vision to the child. . . . *Short Circuit* is a ball, and David must have had a ball making it. We particularly enjoyed his home-made TV commercials and his recurring trademark—his voice. Fanfare: "Ba Bi Ba Baaa . . . David Wise Productions . . . The End." It is innocent Pop Art. He likes his products, he likes his commercials, he likes his name.

It was a good evening of film, worth the time and the reasonable \$1.50 per head. This week (Oct. 11 & 12), Lotus plans a completely new program, with good possibility that one of them will be by Kuchar. We look forward to it.

diane and arthur pellman

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—Text: Alan Brockway, *The Secular Saint*.

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Tuesday Evenings, October 15 through November 26  
7:30 to 9:30

Discussion of the relevance of Christian faith to political man. Topics of discussion will include: who speaks for the church; church in an affluent society; war and peace; law and order; dissent; relationship of ends and means; extremism of the right and of the left.

—Text: a selection of articles by Paul Tillich, Karl Barth, Pope John XXIII, Roger Shinn, Paul Ramsey, Ralph Lord Roy, Martin Luther King, Reinhold Niebuhr.

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VOODOO CHILE  
LITTLE MISS STRANGE  
LONG HOT SUMMER NIGHT  
COME ON (PART 1)  
GYPSY EYES  
BURNING OF THE MIDNIGHT LAMP  
RAINY DAY, DREAM AWAY  
1983 ... (A MERMAN I SHOULD TURN TO  
MOON, TURN THE TIDES ... gently gently  
STILL RAINING, STILL DREAMING  
HOUSE BURNING DOWN  
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VOODOO CHILD (SLIGHT RETURN)

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# CLASSIFIEDS

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RICHARD Smith, author of "Open Letter to Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta Alliance for Peace, and Atlanta Workshop in Non-Violence," please call Steve Wise at the Bird (892-7891) or at 874-1691. Would like to rap a bit about your "Open Letter," but couldn't figure out which of the 34 Richard Smiths in the phone book was the Richard Smith.

BIRD needs typewriters: portable, upright, standard, electric—anything that can be used to bang out rough draft copy. Please call 892-7891. Will willingly pick up.

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ATTRACTIVE girls to be fashion models and body painting models. Over 18. Apply between 8:00 and 9:00 at The Scene, 114 Ponce de Leon.

continued from page 6

define what strong moral character is and what behavior is consistent with it. Reich made the following comment about the relationship between morality and authoritarianism: "Authoritarian society is not concerned about 'morality' per se. Rather, the anchoring of sexual morality and the changes it brings about in the organism create that specific structure which forms the mass-psychological basis of an authoritarian social order. The vassal-structure is a mixture of sexual impotence, helplessness, a longing for a Fuhrer, fear of authority, fear of life, and mysticism. It is characterized by devout loyalty and simultaneous rebellion. People with such a structure are incapable of democratic living. Their structure (psychic) nullifies all attempts at establishing or maintaining organizations run along truly democratic principles. They form the mass-psychological soil on which the dictatorial or bureaucratic tendencies of their democratically elected leaders can develop."

Most students in the Center still interpret their sexual-social problems in personal terms. They believe that their frustrations are due to personal deficiencies. This is no accident. They are taught to think this way. And they will continue to do so until more of them acquire Black Consciousness.

—robert terrell

# INSURGENTS....

continued from page 7

In Georgia, the new liberal faction in the Democratic Party continues to be snubbed by the national Democrats. This new liberal coalition of blacks and moderate whites, represented in the Julian Bond-led challenge delegation to the Democratic National Convention, has no representation on the working committee backing the Humphrey-Muskie ticket. Recent appointees to the committee were all members of the regular delegation at the national convention.

Despite this obvious snub of a major faction of the party, several members of the challenge delegation are working hard for the ticket. Al Horn, chief counsel for the challenge delegation, has been appointed by the Fulton County Democratic Party to head up the effort to get students from several local colleges behind the Democratic ticket. Says Horn, "We're going to have a turn to the right no matter who's elected, but under Humphrey it won't be quite as bad." Horn thinks that Humphrey is much more likely to end the war than Nixon.

—howard romaine

*Pink Pussycat*  
1237 simpson rd nw

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Featuring Eddie Maxey  
Juanita High  
Mr. Blues

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Coming Monday:

The Decisions

## TWELFTH GATE



Friday, Oct. 11th Kindred Spirit  
Saturday, Oct. 12th Kindred Spirit  
Sunday, Oct. 13th Mike Sullivan

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



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**FRIDAY, OCT. 11**

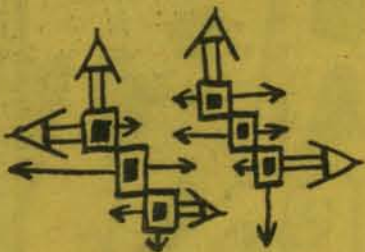
**DANCE RECITAL**, National Ensemble of Mali; Les Danseurs Africains, Clark College, Davage Auditorium, 224 Chestnut St. SW, 8:15 pm, free.  
**PLAY**, "The Glass Menagerie," by Tennessee Williams, performed by the Glenn Players, at Trinity Methodist Church, 8 pm, donation \$1.  
**RADIO**, 7:15 pm: "Musical Memories," real oldies, WABE-FM (90.1)  
**TV**, 7:30 pm. Language in Action—"What Holds People Together," with Dr. S.I. Hayakawa, semanticist, Channel 30.  
 8 pm. The Religions of Man—"Confucianism" with Dr. Huston Smith, Channel 30.  
 10 pm. "Eastern Wisdom," new series. Alan Watts discusses theories of Far Eastern religions, Channel 8.

**SATURDAY, OCT. 12**

**COUNTRY MUSIC JAM SESSION**, "Music Mart Jamboree," bring instruments, 575 Cherokee Rd., SE, 1-5 pm.  
**PLAY**, "The Glass Menagerie" by Tennessee Williams; see Friday, Oct. 11.  
**CHILDREN'S PLAY**, "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum," opens today at the Academy Children's Theatre, 3213 Roswell Rd., NE, 2 pm. Through November 23.  
**FILM**, "Shenandoah," Alumnae Memorial Bldg. Auditorium, Emory U., 8:15 pm. Free.  
**TV**, 6 pm. "Upbeat," with Jeanne C. Riley, The Vogues, Gene Pitney, The Temptations, Stevie Wonder, Channel 17.

**SUNDAY, OCT. 13**

**FORUM**, "Two Worlds—Black and White," sponsored by MASLC and WAOK. Come as you are, talk and socialize, 3:30-4:30. Broadcast live over WAOK 4-4:30. At the GTEA Bldg., 201 Ashby St., NW.  
**BENEFIT PERFORMANCE**, "Red, White, and Maddox," at Theater Atlanta (see Legit Theater listing), plus Afro-Asian fashion show, art show, and post-performance commentary by Julian Bond. Benefit for Metro Atl. Summit Leadership Conf., \$3.50. Doors open at 2, performance starts 2:30 om. 1374 P'tree at 17th.  
**GALLERY OPENING**, the Junior Gallery at the High Museum: exhibition: "Color—Light—Color," 3-5 pm. Through June. 1280 Peachtree NE, at 15th.  
**ADULT EDUCATION CLASSES**, guitar, art, Afric American workshop, liberal religion, etc., starting this week at the Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, NE. For details call 634-5134 or 633-8385.  
**PLAY**, "The Glass Menagerie," by Tennessee Williams (see Friday, Oct. 11), at Glenn Memorial Church, 8 pm, donation \$1.  
**FILM**, "Fail Safe," followed by discussion, Central Presbyterian Church, 201 Washington St., SW, 7 pm, free.



**FILM**, "A Night at the Opera," Marx Bros., Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 pm. Donation \$1 (members), \$2 (non-members).  
**CONCERT**, the Harambee Singers with lead singer Bernice Reagan, at the West Hunter Baptist Church, Hunter & Fair St, 6 pm.  
**TV**, 7 pm: "J.R. Jamboree," local country music artists, Channel 17.  
 8 pm: "Poetry and Jazz," college students read to jazz, Channel 30.  
 8 pm: "A Tribute to Martin Luther King," Channel 30.  
 8:30 pm: "Poetry and Jazz," college students read to jazz, Channel 30.  
**RADIO**, 5:15 pm: Jim Sundberg, Ga. State Coordinator of the New Party (Nat'l 4th party), on the Bob Collins show, WRNG.

**MONDAY, OCT. 14**

**PLAYS**, "The Maids," by Jean Genet, and "Not Enough Rope," by Elaine May, performed by the Morehouse-Spelman Players at Spelman College, Rockefeller Hall, corner of Greensferry Av. & Chestnut St., SW. Through Oct. 19th. For time and price call 523-1056 or 523-1340.

**DISCUSSION**, "Are Vietnams Necessary?" Ga. Tech Free University, Wilby Rm., Ga. Tech Library, 8 pm.  
**CONCERT**, Soulima Stravinsky, pianist and composer, presented by Atl. Music Teachers Assoc., at Baldwin Piano Co., 425 P'tree NE, 8 pm.  
**SLIDE LECTURE**, "Rodin's Gates of Hell," by John Tancock, acting curator of the Phila. Rodin Museum. High Museum of Art, Hill Auditorium; 8 pm. Free for members; nonmembers, \$1.  
**RADIO**, 7:05 pm: "Curtain Time in Atlanta," theatre announcements, WABE-FM (90.1).  
 8:30 pm: "Jazz of the Past," recordings by Jack Blond, Eddie Connor, Joe Sullivan, Red Allan, Pee-wee Russell, WABE-FM.  
**TV**, 7 pm: History of the Negro People, "The Negro and the South," Channel 30.  
 8:30 pm: special feature: "A King for Atlanta" about Atl. Municipal Theater's "King Arthur," Channel 30.  
 10 pm: "Speaking Freely," Eric Fromm, Channel 30

**TUESDAY, OCT. 15**

**PLAYS**, "The Maids" and "Not Enough Rope," see Mon, Oct. 14.  
**CONCERT**, Guioner Novaes, pianist, Emory University, Glenn Memorial Auditorium.  
**CONCERT**, chamber music, Ga. State College, Assembly Rm., Sparks Hall, 33 Gilmer St., 8 pm. Free.  
**TV**, 7 pm: Here and Now, "The Inner City Art Program," a Youth Opportunity program exhibit, Channel 30.  
 8 pm: NET Journal: "Flowers on a One-Way Street," Toronto Diggers demonstrate, Channel 30.  
 10 pm: "60 Minutes," documentary series. Channel 5.

**WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16**

**PLAYS**, "The Maids" and "Not Enough Rope," see Mon, Oct. 14.  
**FILM**, "The Earrings of Mme de..." Alumnae Memorial Bldg., Emory U., 8:30 Free.  
**RADIO**, 8:45 am: "The Third Voice," criticism of drama in Atlanta, WGKA-AM (1190)  
**TV**, NET Jazz, Joe Williams, Channel 30.  
**MEETING**, Ga. State College Committee on Social Issues (COSI), Rm 100 Kell Hall. 10 am. Call Jim at 872-7018, for further info.

**THURSDAY, OCT. 17**

**PLAYS**, "The Maids" and "Not Enough Rope," see Mon. Oct. 14.  
**RADIO**, 12:15 pm: "The Third Voice," criticism of drama in Atlanta, WGKA-AM (1190)  
**TV**, 7 pm: "University News," Channel 8.  
 9 pm: "Folk Guitar Plus," Channel 8.  
 9 pm: Legacy, studies of forces which have shaped Western Civilization, "The Crystal Year," Channel 30.

**FRIDAY, OCT. 18**

**PLAYS**, "The Maids" and "Not Enough Rope," see Mon, Oct. 14.  
**PLAY**, "Sabrina Fair," Ga. State College, Student Center, 8:30 pm. \$1. (students, \$.50)  
**CONCERT**, Jean Lemonds, soprano, Emory Univ., Glenn Memorial Aud., 8:15 pm.  
**JAZZ FESTIVAL**, "Festival of Music" with Chet Atkins, Pete Fountain, Floyd Crumer, Boots Randolph, Atlanta Civic Center Aud. 8:15 pm. 523-6275 for reservations.  
**RADIO**, 7:15 pm: "Musical Memories," real oldies, WABE-FM (90.1)

**TV**, 7:30 pm: Language in Action, "How to Say What You Mean," with Dr. S.I. Hayakawa, Channel 30.  
 8 pm: The Religions of Man, "Taoism," with Dr. Huston Smith, Channel 30.  
 10 pm: "Eastern Wisdom," with Alan Watts (see Fri. Oct. 11).  
**MEETING**, Emory U. SDS. call Ted Brodek 373-3864, for further info.

**SATURDAY, OCT. 19**

**PLAYS**, "The Maids" and "Not Enough Rope," see Monday Oct. 14  
**PLAY**, "Sabrina Fair," see Friday, Oct. 18.  
**COUNTRY MUSIC JAM SESSION**, see Sat., Oct. 12.  
**JAZZ FESTIVAL**, see Friday, Oct. 18.



# Calendar

**SUNDAY, OCT. 20**

**FORUM**, "Two Worlds—Black and White," see Sunday, Oct. 13.  
**FILM**, "The Virgin Spring," Ingmar Bergman, Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 pm. Donation: \$1 (members), \$2 (non-members).  
**TV**, 7 pm: "J.R. Jamboree," local country music artists, Channel 17.  
 8:30 pm: "Poetry and Jazz," college students read poetry to jazz. Channel 30.

**GALLERIES**

**AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE** Peruvian art, through Oct. 22, Dana Fine Arts Bldg, Agnes Scott Campus.  
**ATLANTA MEMORIAL ARTS CENTER** "The Taste of Paris; from Poussin to Picasso," through Dec. 1. 1280 P'tree NE at 15th St. 12-9 pm.  
**EMORY UNIVERSITY** "Homage to the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center," paintings from the Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota Fla, the High Museum of Art, and private collectors, Alumni Memorial Bldg., lobby floor, 1-9 pm Mon-Fri, 11 am-7 pm Sat, 2-8 pm Sun.  
**GALERIE ILLIEN** paintings and watercolors by Lily Hwa and wood constructions by James Russell, through Oct 24, daily 1-6 pm, 18 P'tree Place NE. 874-7268.  
**GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE** works by Larry Connatser, through mid-Oct. Works by Richard Lindblom, Nov. 1-22. 8 am-8 pm Mon-Fri. Kell Hall, 24 Ivy St., ground floor.  
**HIGH MUSEUM OF ART, JUNIOR GALLERY** "Color—Light—Color," through June. 10 am-5 pm Tues-Sat, 12-5 pm Sun. 1280 P'tree St., NE at 15th. 892-3600.  
**NEW IMAGE GALLERY** paintings by Merton E. Brown, jewelry by Bill Lamm, 10 am-10 pm. 1166 P'tree NE. 892-3427.  
**NEW SALEM COMMUNITY** clothesline art show, pottery, etc., on Lookout Mt. between Trenton & Lafayette off Ga. Route 143.  
**PALINURUS GALLERY** contemporary paintings, sculpture, & collages, 15th St. between W. Peachtree and P'tree.  
**SPELMAN COLLEGE** collages by Sam Middleton, through Oct., Rockefeller Gallery, Fine Arts Bldg., 9am-5 pm Mon-Fri.  
**UNITARIAN-UNIVERSALIST CHURCH** constructions, assemblages, & paintings by C. Kermit Ewing, Head of Dept. of Art, U of Tenn, through Oct. 27, 9 am-5 pm daily except Sun. 1911 Cliff Valley Way, NE.  
**UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY** 3rd annual show and sale of art by inmates, sale price to benefit the artist, McDonough Blvd & Boulevard, 9am-5 pm Oct 19 & 20.  
**UNIV OF GEORGIA** works by faculty of the Art Dept., through Oct., 8 am-5 pm, Mon-Fri. Visual Arts Bldg, U of Ga, Athens Georgia.

**FLICKS**

**FESTIVAL CINEMA**: "The Trial," Oct. 11-13; "Persona," Oct. 14-17.  
**MINI**  
**ANSLEY MALL MINI CINEMA**: "The Queen," Oct 11-17.  
**PEACHTREE BATTLE MINI CINEMA**: "Planet of the Apes," Oct. 11-15; "Barbarella," Oct. 16...  
**PEACHTREE ART THEATRE**: "The Games Men Play," Oct. 11-17.  
 Midnight underground flicks, every friday and saturday nights. New flicks every week.

**NIGHT SPOTS**

**TWELFTH GATE**: Kindred Spirits, Oct 11 & 12; Van Hall, Oct 16; Ron Norris, Oct 17.  
**PLAYROOM**: Jack Green, Oct 11& 12, Bill Goodwin, Oct. 14-17.  
**PINK PUSSYCAT**: Freddie Terrell and the Decisions, Oct. 11-17.  
**BISTRO**: Ray Whitley, Oct. 11 & 12, The Cumberlands, Oct. 14-17.  
**BOTTOM O THE BARREL**: Danny Cox, Oct. 11 & 12; Jeff Espina, Oct. 14-17.

**LEGIT THEATERS**

**ACADEMY THEATER** "Playground," fantasy, "recreates the beauty and terror of childhood dreams," through Oct. 26, 8 pm, Thurs, Fri, & Sat. 3213 Roswell Rd., NE. 233-9481.  
**ACADEMY CHILDREN'S THEATER** "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum," every Sat. at 2 pm. through Nov 23. 3213 Roswell Rd, NE. 233-9481  
**THEATER ATLANTA** "Red, White, and Maddox," an original "musical myth," Oct 11,13, 17, 18, 19, 25. "Beyond the Fringe," satirical revue from London via B'way, Oct 12, 16, 27. "Dark of the Moon," based on the folk song "Barbara Allen," with original folk music, opens Oct 23, also performed Oct. 24 & 26. All shows 8:30pm except Oct 13, when curtain time will be 7 pm. 1374 W. Peachtree at 17th 892-8000.  
**GA STATE COLLEGE PLAYERS** "Sabrina Fair," Ga. State College Student center, Oct 18, 19, 25, 26. 8:30 pm. \$1 (students, \$.50)  
**GLENN PLAYERS** "The Glass Menagerie," by Tennessee Williams, Oct. 11 & 12, at Trinity Methodist Church 8pm. Donation \$1. Oct. 13 at Glenn Memorial Church, 8pm. Donation \$1.  
**MOREHOUSE-SPELMAN PLAYERS** "The Maids," by Jean Genet, and "Not Enough Rope," by Elaine May, Oct. 14-19, at Rockefeller Hall, Fine Arts Bldg., Spelman College. For further info call 523-1056 or 523-1340.



**ATTENTION ARTISTS**: The Unitarian-Universalist Church would like designs for Xmas cards, as soon as possible. Submit designs for a card 8 1/2" x 3 3/4" in a form to be easily photographed for reproduction. 1911 Cliff Valley Way, NE.

**PUBLIC HEARING ON PROPOSED ATL. TRANSIT RATE INCREASE!** at the Public Service Commission, corner of Washington and Mitchell Streets, SW, Oct. 15, 10 am. Rate changes would raise cash fare from \$.25 to \$.30; 3 cents and 10 cents school fare to 15 cents; tokens 4 /\$1. Any opinion? Bring your gripe.

**SDS**: Anyone interested in forming a Sandy Springs area chapter please contact Charlie Buchman, 255-5659, between 4:30 and 9pm.