

The BIRD

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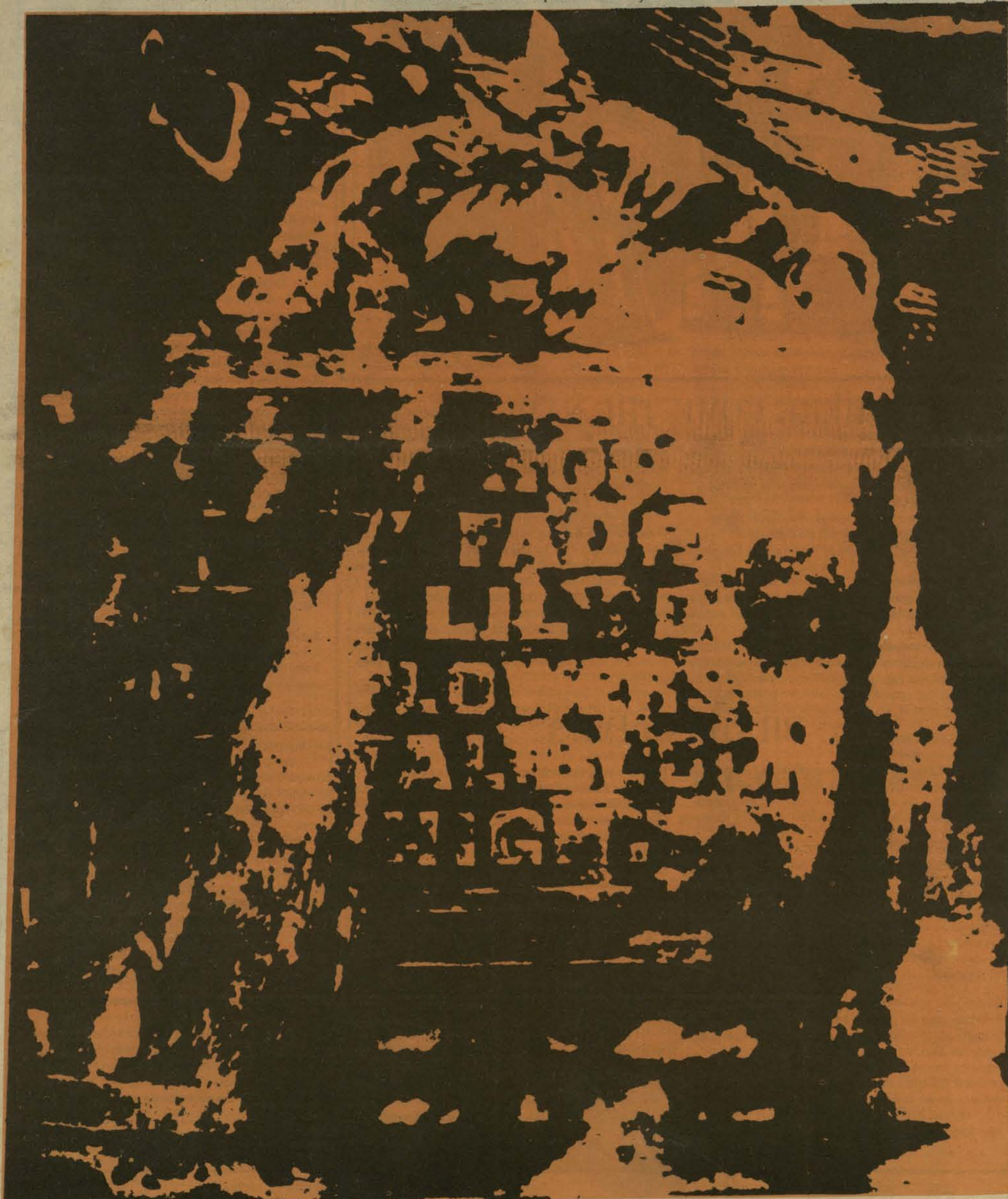
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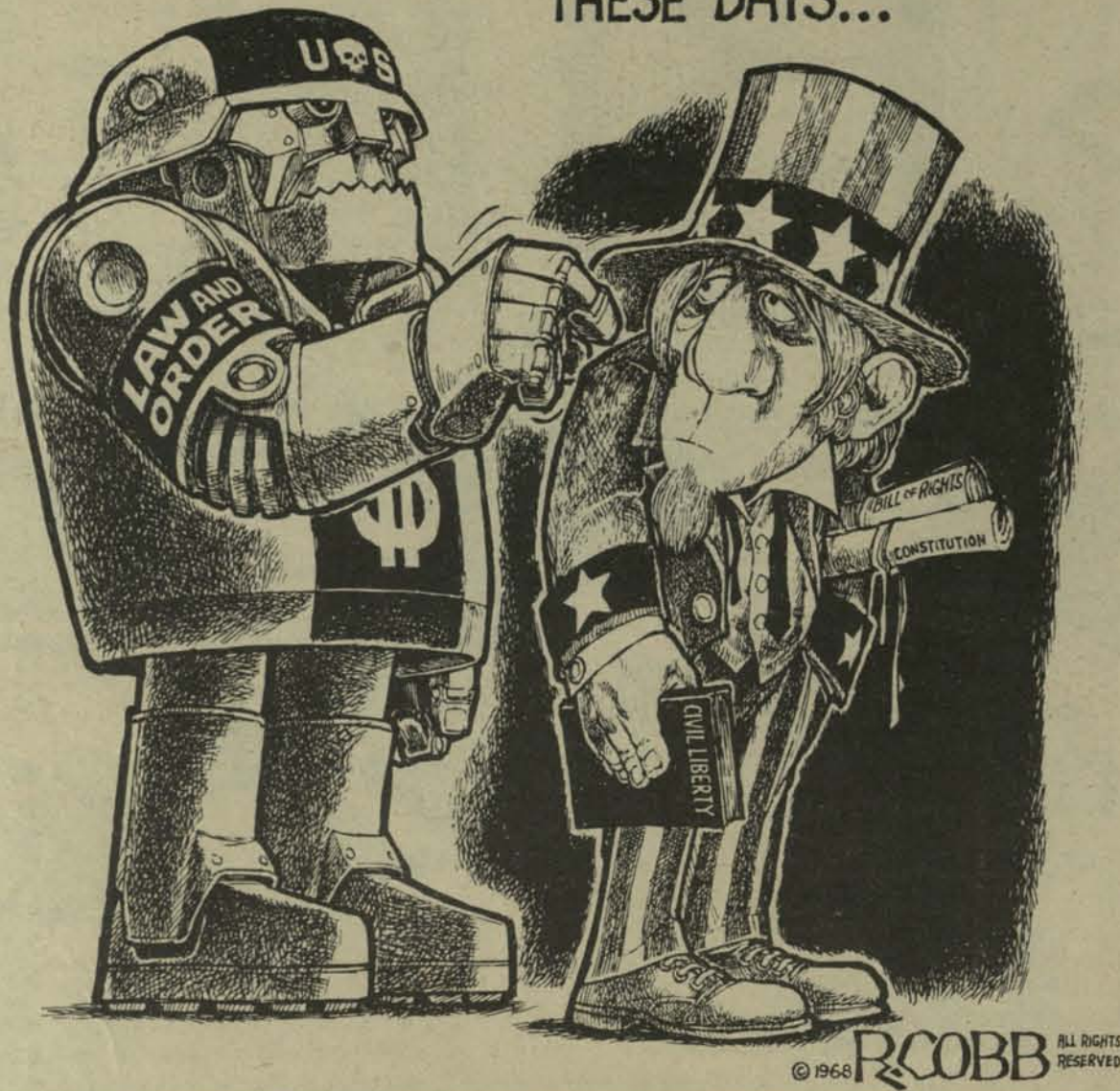
Volume One, Number Nineteen

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October 21, 1968



THERE'S A LOT OF JOBS BEING LOST TO AUTOMATION THESE DAYS...



HERE COME THE NARCS

Washington(LNS/NY)—The Justice Department is getting ready for a crackdown on the "illegal sale and use of drugs," according to an announcement by Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

The nation's top cop recently announced the appointment of 30 key officials and the creation of 17 regional offices by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

This new bureau is part of a government streamlining move which entails the combining of two former agencies to undertake "massive efforts in enforcement, education, and research."

The two men chosen as Associate Directors for the new bureau are Henry L. Giordano, former Commissioner of Narcotics, and John Finlator, former director of the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control.

Giordano, whose crusade against pot began three decades ago, will head enforcement, while Finlator will supervise "other bureau functions."

It looks as if the Bureau means business. The top narc to watch out for is Edward J. Anderson, who will work out of the Bureau's Washington headquarters with the title of Assistant Director for Intelligence and Foreign Operations.

In fact, three of the seventeen regional offices are located abroad—in Mexico City, Rome and Bangkok. This is not a new development; the Federal government has had narcs in these capitals for some time.

The supervisor for Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina area with offices in Miami is William B. Logan, former director of the Atlanta office of the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control.

—allen young

BRADEN LIVES

David Braden, set up by local media as "hippy leader" and chopped down by north side witch hunters as "dope dealer," remains in Fulton County jail six months after being sentenced to seven years on charges of marijuana possession.

In the latest court action the Georgia State Supreme Court held against Attorney Walter Henritze's *habeas corpus* petition.

Henritze contends that trial Judge Boykin "abused

his discretion" in accepting Braden's plea of guilty after his lawyer Richard Korem had already testified under oath that Braden was mentally incompetent.

Henritze plans to file for a rehearing before the State Supreme Court and, pending failure, to file *habeas corpus* in the Federal district court.

The *habeas corpus* would set aside Braden's guilty plea and renew his case in the State courts, where bail would be set probably exceeding \$10,000.

—jim gwin

GOVT. CONDEMNS NAPALMING

The Catonsville Nine, a group of Catholic priests and laymen who napalmed draft files in May, were convicted in federal court last week of wilful injury to government property and interference with the Selective Service System.

The Nine had conceded the facts of the case, but urged the jury to consider their motives. They sought to introduce the larger issues of the immorality, illegality and injustice of the war.

Defense Attorney William Kunstler told the jury the Nine were making the kind of protest "good" Germans

should have made in the early 1930's. The twelve good Americans were unmoved; they took only one hour to find the Nine guilty.

In a rare admission, Federal Judge Roszel Thompsen admitted that "as a man" he was moved by the antiwar views of the Nine. Equally rare was the government prosecutor's concession that a "reasonable man" could hold the view that the war is unconstitutional. Whether such human considerations will affect the sentencing remains to be seen.

—bob goodman

Oath Is A Four Letter Word

ROTC departments at the University of Georgia, Athens, have added another repressive practice to their ever growing list of unpopular requirements. The new regulation requires all "basic cadets" to sign a loyalty oath that they "will defend the Constitution of the United States from all enemies, foreign and domestic."

The threat to civil liberties implicit in loyalty oaths is the assumption that a person is guilty until proven innocent. That is, if one does not sign the loyalty oath, he must necessarily be disloyal. This has been vividly illustrated here by Colonel Short, commander of ROTC at Athens: "Either you sign it, or you don't!" he said to one cadet. "It's black and white. Either you're loyal or you're not."

Several students in ROTC have resisted the intimidation of the ROTC personnel and have refused to sign the oath. These students by no means consider themselves disloyal. They are merely refusing to legitimize the concept that only the guilty have any reason to exercise their rights.

Students have been told by their ROTC instructors that because they did not sign the oath, the instructors cannot teach them, "FOR THAT WOULD BE AIDING AND ABETTING THE ENEMY!" One cadet was told that his father's construction company would never be able to receive another government contract. And all have been assured that if they do not sign the oath, then files would be sent to Washington, and the FBI would investigate each one. True to their threat, ROTC personnel have barred cadets from class and drill and have counted them absent. Each student then will fail and have an F averaged with his academic subjects.

These young men are not members of the Army or Air Force, and no classified material is used in the class. They are civilian college students trying to fulfill a requirement for graduation. They are not legally bound by the military in any way. Yet since the University persists in requiring ROTC for graduation, the ROTC instructors feel that they can exert any amount of control. In effect then, male students must sign loyalty oaths and cut their hair to maintain good academic records and to graduate.

At stake, in general, is individuality—the freedom to develop one's own personality and human potential freely. The loyalty oath is a subtle method the military uses to achieve conformity of mind, just as they use haircuts as a means of producing conformity of physical appearance.

Finally, the oath is unacceptable because of its vague wording. The Constitution is interpreted in many ways by many people. Certainly the commander of Air Force ROTC, Col. Crow, interprets it differently than most students. And who decides who our "enemy" is? George Wallace would have us believe that the "enemy" is bearded college professors and activists.

The loyalty oath regulation is merely the latest manifestation of the way that the military through the ROTC has violated students' civil liberties and the universities' commitment to free inquiry. It is deplorable that the university continues to sanction these practices.

—bill cozzens

Loyalty Oaths

Not only should the students be guaranteed freedom to inquire and to express his thoughts while in the school; he should also be assured that he will be free from coercion or improper disclosure which may have ill effects on his career.

Loyalty oaths are, by their inherent nature, a denial of the basic premises of American democracy. Whether imposed by the school itself, or by an external political authority, oaths required as a condition for enrollment, promotion, graduation or for financial aid, violate the basic freedoms guaranteed to every individual by the Bill of Rights.

American Civil Liberties Union
"Academic Freedom in the Secondary Schools." September, 1968

UNLIMITED sums of money may be had, simply by selling *The Great Speckled Bird*. Earn five cents per copy sold, *ad infinitum*. Drop by the friendly Bird house, 187 14th St. N.E., any day 10 to 10 (or thereabouts) to pick up papers..

Cover from original lithograph by Carl M. Hirsch

RACIST TRANSIT

The City fathers have not demonstrated that Atlanta is ready for a rapid transit system. This is not meant to imply that the city does not need a rapid transit system. Over and above all other considerations there is a lack of commitment by the city—public officials and private interest—for a free and open city, involving land use (honest open housing practices), an honest integrated school policy, and equal employment opportunities.

Several months ago the MASLC made specific request of the MARTA Commission concerning proposed lines, additional black representation, and proposals for employment in the system, training, etc. They did not respond to us at all, nor does it appear that they have responded to anyone who is earnestly interested in the people and not possessed with selfish motives.

MARTA carried on hearings and they got the messages clearly in every hearing, but they did not respond, other than to create the false impression that they were going to establish a Perry Homes—Proctor Creek line and try to brainwash some grassroots representatives by giving them a trip to Canada. Now it seems that both Sandy Springs (white) and Perry Homes (black) cannot be financed, so typically it is the white community that will get the line (Sandy Springs). Also, if any property is to be displaced it will be black property, (cheap property in the estimation of the power structure) i.e. Johnson Town near Lenox Square, that must go. It will be just like urban renewal, it will be black removal. In fact the lone line that is purported to serve the black community is reported to end at Lynnhurst Road.

Most importantly, however, it is unfair that the black and white residents of Metropolitan Atlanta will be called upon to assume the burden of financing this service for the rest of their lives in order to get residents of Sandy Springs and other outlying areas to their places of employment. Consequently, we are absolutely against a property tax method of paying for the system, which essentially penalizes small property owners. The system is basically designed to serve business and industry—and to a limited extent their employees—as it is currently planned. The make up of the board (all businessmen except Dr. Sanford Atwood) attest to the heavy business interest. Therefore, they should assume major responsibility for repaying the bonds. A business and salary tax (on salaries of those who come to Metropolitan Atlanta to earn a living) on the surface seems to be a fairer plan. It could be supplemented by revenue from the system that would be appropriate enough to take care of the upkeep and sustenance of the system. Few property owners will have sufficient occasion to ride the system to an extent that should obligate them to pay for it.

NDPA'S FINAL APPEAL

In what may be the shortest time the Supreme Court has handled an appeal in modern times, the National Democratic Party of Alabama will bring its case before the Court on Friday, October 18, meeting in extraordinary session.

This appeal comes exactly one week after the NDPA, a new party of black and white Alabamians challenging the nation's top racist in his home state, lost one battle in their fight to get on the ballot when a three judge federal panel ruled against their appeal October 11.

Alabama's Secretary of State ruled the NDPA off the ballot as a party, and also struck all but two of the NDPA's 130 candidates off on the grounds of improper qualifications.

The NDPA appealed the decision and obtained a temporary restraining order to keep their emblem and candidates on the ballot while the appeal was filed.

Although the District Court ruled against them, Judge Frank Johnson, a member of the three judge panel, dissented from the majority decision on the grounds that some of the state's statutes under which the NDPA was disqualified are unconstitutional and others were used in an unconstitutional manner.

On Monday, October 14, the Supreme Court agreed to meet in special session October 18 to hear the NDPA's final appeal. The thrust of the appeal is that by denying the NDPA a place on the ballot in this election, Alabama is effectively denying the newly enfranchised Negroes of the state the right to vote by denying them a meaningful choice of candidates.

Charles Morgan, Southeastern Regional director of the American Civil Liberties Union, formerly of Birmingham, will argue the case.

—howard romaine



EVERY CALIFORNIA GRAPE YOU BUY HELPS KEEP THIS CHILD HUNGRY

By not buying California table grapes you personally help 331,000 farm workers get decent working conditions. Common conditions on the giant farms include: no toilets in the fields, half-hour lunches and no breaks, 10 hour work days, and wages of \$1600 to \$1800 a year. Farm workers often choose between poor wages or nothing; and going to work sick or being fired. While growers earn millions, farm workers are forced to the welfare roles. To help these people get off the welfare roles and get a just share of profits, don't buy any California table grapes.

The farm workers, led by Cesar Chavez, are trying to help themselves, and they want to work for what they get, but they need your help. Farm workers only want the same things other people take for granted: sanitation facilities, collective bargaining, a minimum wage. Each one of us must pressure

the giant growers into improving conditions. We can do this by not buying any California table grapes.

Help Picket And Pass Out Leaflets At the Following Kroger Stores—Fridays Beginning at 5 p.m. and Saturdays All Day Beginning at 9 a.m.

- 1) 635 Boulevard, N.E.
- 2) 529 Church Street, Decatur
- 3) 1554 North Decatur Road, N.E. (Emory Village)
- 4) 2831 Lakewood Avenue, S.W.
- 5) 1300 Moreland Avenue, S.E.
- 6) 1550 Piedmont Avenue, N.E. (Ansley Mall)

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Atlanta Committee to Support the Farm Workers
P.O. Box 41225

Atlanta, Georgia 30331

Phone 766-5033

GI'S MARCH FOR PEACE

GIs marching. To bring their fellow soldiers home now. That's right, baby! GIs marching against that damn war. In Atlanta, October 27. Coming from Benning, Gordon, Jackson, McClellan, McPherson, and elsewhere. No foolishness. Serious business.

(Serious: two GIs at Fort Ord, California, were sentenced by general courtmartial to four years' hard labor a piece for distributing an anti-war leaflet on the base. But, as the telegram reprinted in last week's *Bird* indicated, "there is no [regulation] specifically proscribing..." off base marches against the war. There is no guarantee, however, that the brass will not harass anti-war GIs.)

The march will be followed by a rally in Piedmont Park. Main speaker: Brigadier General Hugh B. Hester, 73 year-old veteran of World Wars I & II and the Korean War, and outspoken critic of the war in Vietnam. (General Hester served in the Army for thirty-four years, served on Gen. Douglas MacArthur's South West Pacific Command, 1942-1945, and was awarded the Silver Star, the Distinguished Service Medal, and the *Croix de Guerre*. Born in Hester, N.C., he now lives in Asheville.) A few local vets will probably speak. Then the mike will be turned loose to any and all GIs who wish to rap a bit, expressing their feelings about the war, the armed services, etc. To be followed by rock bands, loving, and grooving. A beautiful day.

GI Day, the 27th, is sponsored by the Atlanta Alliance for Peace, a broad coalition of peace groups. Activities begin with picketing of the State Selective Service Headquarters, 8th and West Peachtree Streets, at 11:30 Sunday morn-

ing. March begins at 12:30—8th and W. P'tree to 5th to P'tree to 14th to the park is the route planned. Then the rally in the park, starting at 1 p.m.

Money and energy are needed to help make the march a success. (Send bread to Atlanta Alliance for Peace, PO Box 7477, Atlanta 30309.) Gotta have some people leafletting—getting the word out, in Atlanta and on the bases. Need places for GIs to sleep on the 26th. If YOU can help, call 892-8867.

—denis j. adelsberger
—steve wise

S.F. GI'S HASSLED

Over 500 soldiers and sailors wearing white caps-lettered "GIs for Peace" and some 5,000 civilians flocked to an anti-war rally October 12, in San Francisco that was organized largely by Airmen Hugh F. Smith and Michael Locks, both stationed at Hamilton Air Force Base. Speeches by Don Duncan, Robert Browne, and retired Gen. Hugh B. Hester and songs by Pete Seeger enlivened the rally.

Over 500 soldiers and sailors! As might be expected, the Pentagon is uptight about "such activities... contrary to accepted military standards of good order and discipline." Result: much intimidation and coercion applied to keep GIs out of SF on the 12th. The 91st Army Band, a reserve unit planning to play at the rally, was assigned to riot-training for the day. Many company commanders falsely told men that it was illegal to demonstrate. Etc.

—steve wise

FTA



LETTERS

Dear Bird,

The series on *musique electronique* is most enlightening and the listening guide is useful, but they neglected several interesting discs, to wit: Karl Stockhausen, *Momente* (Nonesuch, H-71157), Morton Subotnick, *Silver Apples of the Moon* (Nonesuch, H-71174) and *The Wild Bull* (Nonesuch, H-7), Andrew Rudin, *Tragoedia* (Nonesuch, 71198), Kenneth Gaburo, *Music for Voices, Instruments and Electronic Sounds* (Nonesuch, H-71199), and Cage-Berio-Mimaroglius, *Electronic Music* (Turnabout, TV34046S).

I also agree with the comments concerning teachers as foremen and I say that TOP 40 radio should be destroyed (maybe somebody will found a coop radio project).

w.r. garrett

electronic music

to d.b. and s.b. in *bird* No. 18. definitions and concrete don't fit, do they? music which fits the definitions you must admit "is not electronic music." you are on the right track. concrete aims at that which is beyond form and definition. concrete aims at the creation of an ineffable and inexpressible experience, something beyond verbalization. robinson is also on the right track. of his music you said, "... it arouses some kind of inexplicable, illogical, primitive horror—like a child afraid of some non-existent monsters in his closet. other listeners experience the same fears, but are able to enjoy them." pierre henry's *Le Voyage* captures this experience and captured your approval. dissevelt and baltan failed because their music—"so melodic, so fully arranged and such pleasant listening"—failed to create the experience.

the real philosophers—pierre schaeffer included—communicate in an ESP way (existentialistic and therefore basically religious) the despair of the destruction of man, the destruction of truth and beauty in man's acceptance of the nothingness of life, and the emptiness of an impersonal universe. the complete freak-out occurs when one understands this communication. the enjoyment is possible only when one does not understand this communication. melodic, fully arranged, and pleasant sounds fail because they are incapable of this communication.

john cage fits in here. today his music is un-melodic, un-arranged, and un-pleasant (conventionally speaking). the rhythmic patterns of *Dance* have gone. the "prepared" piano was prophetic. cage determined to tell the world that life has no purpose, that all is chance. so he created "chance" music—music written by random selection of notes (using the flipping of a coin as many as a million times). two conductors then conducted the "chance" music without previous consultation with each other. then came the mechanical conductor with all its eccentric and concentric cams for total (almost) unpredictability. the question with cage is never whether or not his works are music. that question only shows that the person who asks it does not understand cage. the question is whether or not his works communicate their message—just as in concrete. oh, cry, brave new world, cry—if you understand concrete and cage. otherwise, have a blast before you wake up.

you know, i wonder why cage (an expert on mushrooms) doesn't pick mushrooms by chance.

p.s. dead without notice. marcel duchamp, 81, was introduced to his eternity box recently. duchamp championed the philosophy of despair in artistic expression. da,

collage, assemblage, abstract, neon, and other modern art expressions mourn his loss. in fact, if we believe him, we mourn all the time.

jim mcfarland

in spite of every barrier

i really don't see how
the old brown floors
and daily wooden teachers
can hold my mind
like they do.

but yesterday i dreamed
in the numbers i was writing,
in a blink between nothing
and .002.

a sudden still-life picture
of sunlight on a field,
then back to nothingness:

symbolic explanation

of wind and grass and ashes.
arrows point but cannot know
of us and love and life.

and so continuing to sit,
we accidentally are taught
in periodic flashes.

I really don't see how
But yesterday I dreamed
Of sunlight on a field
Of wind and grass and ashes
Of us and love and life
In periodic flashes.

—doug cumming
North Fulton High School

NIGGER

NIGGER! What an eerie ring that word has. What a strange subtle sense of arrogance and power, and a grim kind of amusement, that word gives its user. Yes, even when used in a sense which intends no reflection whatsoever on black people. The Student As Nigger; the white politician not saying nigger in public anymore; white people being all niggers because they are enslaved to their racism. nigger, nigger, nigger—its even more potent than saying fuck you in print. (I bet this piece gets read with uncommon eagerness just because the word nigger strikes the eye so frequently.) Yes, we are all racists, because our culture made us that way; and what a striking manifestation of our culture and our semantics this word nigger is. What would Dr. Hayakawa say about this?

strayt ero

bird

wayne scott jr.
bill fibben
linda fibben
ernie marrs
bob goodman
ted brodek
miller francis jr.
barbara joye
howard romaine
anne romaine
gene guerrero



nan guerrero
reggie mitchell
don speicher
barbara speicher
steve wise
anne jenkins
jim gwin
pam gwin
stephanie coffin
tom coffin
og the king

staff

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PUT DOWN: GTA Fu

The second session of the Georgia Tech Free University has rambled its way—and already they are putting restrictions on. The next session, which will be held in the Library's Wilby Room (the *Bird's* right, if you just give it time) will be limited, theoretically, to the first twenty-five or thirty people who register at the Student Council office.

The subject will be law and order, dissent and the democratic process. And whatever else comes up, for being smaller, it will be more oriented toward discussion than lecture. Which, ideally, is good, which is what a free university should try for: exchange, expression, and formulation, and application of ideas not only at, but from participants. (This has not been the case so far: both sessions featured a main speaker, with "discussion" limited to a "question-and-answer" period.) A number of people, however, seemed kind of upset at the idea of being excluded, at the idea of there being exclusions at all. Which is not so good, and somewhat dims that "Free" in the title. I would like to see more discussion, and it doesn't work when you've got ten people to contribute something at the same time. Yet to arrange confrontation of individual viewpoints by eliminating "surplus" viewpoints. . . .

Perhaps it was a bit optimistic to really believe that word "Free." I have been somewhat edified by both sessions, the more so because I went with misgivings as to what would or could be accomplished. In reading of other free university experiments (like FUG, *Bird* no. 17) I have wondered whether "social consciousness" might not limit the educational content no less than grading and resource-training curriculums. But it seems I need have no fear for the Ga. Tech Free U.—on that score. I agree with much of the current criticism of the university structure in America and would like to see it offer freer dimensions. As the SSOC-SDS said of their Free University of Georgia: "an experiment with alternatives." But, says one of the organizers of the Tech F.U., "This is designed as a supplement to the regular course of study." OK. If you're not trying to correct defects, if you're merely supplementing an option on the educational assembly line, then this registration bit is just peachy dandy.

As for the question of the necessity of Vietnams—well, a lot of things were said Monday, and some things were left unsaid, but curiously there didn't seem to be much

—cont. on page 15

'BIRD' STATIONS

DOWNTOWN AREA

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

HUNTER ST. AREA

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

NORTHEAST

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

14TH ST. AREA

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

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KUDZU COVERS Mississippi

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 10, 1968—At 3:30 in the afternoon on October 7, the youth of white Mississippi confronted the twisted fascist "law and order" that has ruled Mississippi for over two centuries. We confronted the people with the truth, and the deputies of the High Sheriff of Hinds County busted two out of six the first day, twelve out of fifteen the second day, and none out of twenty-five the third day—we won.

The truth was the second issue of *The Kudzu*, Mississippi's new underground newspaper. The first to go were "The Special Forces" of "The Army." "The Army" is a group of five heads who have taken it upon themselves to protect and nourish the small community of Free People in Jackson. "The Army" consists of "The General," "The Major," "The Field Marshal," and "The (2) Special Forces." The titles refer to innate personality characteristics of the individuals rather than hierarchical positions in a bureaucracy.

"The Army" was deployed on the 7th with the purpose of selling copies of *The Kudzu* at Callaway Jr. - Sr. High School on the outskirts of Jackson. The principal of the school came out and ordered a deputy sheriff directing traffic to arrest "The Army." The deputy then seized "The Special Forces" one at a time and erroneously charged them with obstructing traffic and resisting arrest.

The next day fifteen people, "The Army," members of *The Kudzu* staff, students from Millsaps, and a photographer from Southern Media (an affiliate of the Poor Peoples Corporation), returned to Callaway. After most of the high school students had gone home and we were beginning to leave, deputy sheriffs jumped "The Special Forces" and began to beat and kick them. Bill Peltz, the photographer, took pictures of the beating and was immediately seized and his camera was confiscated. The deputies quickly seized everybody they could lay their hands on (three got away) and began to consult with the school principal and the High Sheriff in an effort to discover something they could charge us with.

After we had been held for an hour-and-a-half without being charged with any crime, informed of our rights, allowed to make any phone calls, or consult with a lawyer, we were all booked on charges of vagrancy. In addition "The Special Forces" were charged with assaulting an officer, and I was charged with resisting arrest, mainly because I demanded to be told the charges and in answer was picked up and thrown into a deputy's car. As we were waiting to be booked, the County Attorney, in plain view of three other defendants and myself, took the film out of Bill's camera and exposed it.

We were segregated according to sex (were already segregated according to race by the racist society outside the jail) and the ten males were placed in a four man cell for two hours before being bailed out on bonds of \$250 and \$500. When we left the cell there was an inscription on the wall which said:

On Oct. 8, 1968 *The Kudzu* staff was illegally seized and thrown into this cell. But we are free forever in our minds and our souls. Freedom is a constant struggle—and we are ready, we are together. We want the world and we want it now!

The next morning at a preliminary hearing the charges against all of the Millsaps students were dropped, probably as a result of a vain attempt on the part of the school to keep its name out of the local papers. The rest of the cases were continued until October 17. That afternoon over twenty-five people, mostly Millsaps students, lined up around Callaway, and as many deputies and parents looked on in rage we made a record number of sales in spite of the warnings against us the high school teachers had given their students.

As I write this, *The Kudzu* has just been notified of its eviction from its present office site, where the layout is done on the kitchen table of a student's apartment. We are in great need of office supplies, art and photographic equipment, and greedy-gobble-money for bonds, fines, rent, and stuff. Send contributions to: *The Kudzu*, box 22052, Jackson Miss. 39205 (subs. \$2.50).

A new spirit is rising in the South, the closed society of crackers is cracking.

David Doggett,

The Kudzu staff member;

Mississippi Organizer,

Southern Student Organizing Committee.

Ed. note: David Doggett worked with the Bird staff this summer before returning to Mississippi to start the *Kudzu*. Support media truth in Mississippi.

ATLANTA TRANSIT: POOR SCREWED

A petition for higher city bus fares is now "under advisement" by the Public Service Commission, which is supposed to be the watchdog of the "public interest" in such matters.

Atlanta Transit System, a privately owned monopoly, made its case for the rate hikes at a poorly-attended public hearing Tuesday morning. ATS is asking that the present regular 25-cent cash fare be raised to 30, (although tokens could continue to be bought at the rate of 4 for \$1); and that the cash school bus fare be hiked from 10 to 15 cents (or two tokens for 25 cents).

ATS President William P. Maynard said the increases were necessary because of higher labor costs, higher taxes and the cost of expanding and improving service. He estimated ATS would end the next year of operation with a \$480,700 loss if the increases were not granted.

Maynard was flanked by a platoon of conservatively suited-and-tied underlings and ATS lawyers. They were armed with reports, exhibits, tables, maps, appendices, projections and other ammunition—all paid for ultimately by the dimes and quarters of the poor who will be screwed if they serve their purpose.

The handful of persons who spoke against the increase centered their fire on the school fare hike. Several predict-

*You can't
beat a
Bus*



ed it would cause some poor students to drop out of school altogether and would make it impossible for others to transfer to better schools farther from home.

Maynard found this idea quite amazing. "Are you suggesting that students would drop out of school because of the difference between a 10-cent and a 12½-cent fare?" What a silly idea, his tone of voice said. He felt the hike justified because students are now being "heavily subsidized" by the working people who ride the buses.

The ATS prexy clearly did not feel that whether students stay in school or not was his or ATS' concern. His own Exhibit No. 7 predicted that the number of student passengers—almost 6.9 million over the past 12 months—would drop by 474,000 if the increase went into effect. Maynard euphemistically refers to this as the "shrinkage factor"—those who "find another way to go" when fares are hiked.

The 10-cent student fare has been in effect since 1956. Two previous attempts to increase it, in 1963 and 1967, were vetoed by the commission.

On the other proposal for an increase in regular cash fares, Maynard emphasized that passengers could continue to ride at the present rate by buying tokens at the rate of four for \$1. If past experience is any guide, however, it is probably only a matter of time until ATS also asks for a hike in token prices.

The last simultaneous increase in cash fare and token prices was in 1963. That increase was challenged unsuccessfully in a suit by Atlanta attorney Grace Thomas which alleged, among other things, conflicts of interest on the part of several commission members and employees who had connections with firms which did business with the transit system.

The two hikes sought since 1963, however, indicate that ATS has adopted a strategy of selective, staggered hikes rather than across-the-board increases—similar to the tactics adopted by the steel companies to avoid confrontations with the White House.

Thus in the last increase, in 1967, the price of tokens was raised from 4 for 85 cents to 4 for \$1, but there was no change in cash rates. This time cash rates would be raised

but not token rates. Each hike leaves the impression of continuity with present rates by leaving either the token or cash rate unchanged, thus obscuring the cumulative effect of several successive hikes.

A hint that the next hike in the cash-token spiral might be forthcoming within a year was clearly implied by ATS Treasurer Henry Taylor's testimony that certain anticipated expenses over the next year had not been included in the projected budget for the coming year which ATS presented to justify the increases. These include almost certain wage increases to drivers when current contracts expire in June and increased state sales and gasoline taxes.

These expenses were not included, Taylor said, because the exact amounts were not yet known; but he said they might necessitate further adjustments. Since the projected budget shows ATS closing only \$8,300 in the black, if the present increases are granted, these additional expenses would almost certainly throw the company into the red again. It does not take much imagination to anticipate a ATS petition to eliminate the "discount" on tokens.

Maynard's exhibit No. 4 showed that, if the increase were granted, Atlanta's bus fares would still be comparable to those of privately owned, non-subsidized systems in other American cities of over 500,000 population.

Robert Dobbs, representing the Atlanta Summit and the Northwest Coordinating Council, asked if the table wouldn't be more meaningful if the average income levels of the cities used in the comparison were taken into account. Not surprisingly, Maynard did not have that information. Another opponent of the increase pointed out that most of the cities on the table had air-conditioned buses. The table also showed bus fares in several cities with publicly-owned and subsidized systems are lower than Atlanta's—e.g., Boston, 10 cents.

Delmar Yoder charged that most of the new bus lines added recently by ATS are in middle- and upper-class white neighborhoods where patronage is low. Maynard admitted this was true, but said many of the new lines into affluent white neighborhoods had been added to provide additional job opportunities for domestics.

Yoder said an already inequitable fare system would be made more inequitable by the fare increases, since no hikes were being asked for suburban rates. One commissioner said an attempt to work out such a zone fare in the past had been dropped because it met with stiff resistance; and another said hikes in suburban fares would bear most heavily on commuting domestics.

State Rep. John Hood, 124th District, presented a resolution opposing the increases adopted at a public meeting Sunday at the Wheat Street Baptist Church by about 200 people from various Atlanta neighborhoods. As an alternative, he suggested that ATS raise fares on shoppers' buses and on special buses to the Civic Center and other amusement places.

Mrs. Mary Sandford, president of Perry Homes Tenant Association, suggested that increases fall on adults rather than school children, so that not more than two persons per family would be affected. The difference could be considerable for large families with low incomes, she said.

Yoder suggested raising suburban fares, eliminating the sales tax on transit fares, and letting the public school system pay part of the cost of getting students to school.

No one explicitly called for what would seem to be the most equitable system: free buses financed by a genuinely progressive income tax, which would put the greatest burden on those with the greatest ability to pay. Exactly the opposite is now true, since bus passengers are often those who are too poor to operate private cars.

The small attendance at the hearing was not surprising, since those most affected by the hike are working people who would find it difficult to attend a mid-morning hearing.

This basic fact of life was compounded by an almost total blackout in newspaper publicity. Except for the required legal notices, both the *Constitution* and the *Journal* carried only one advance story on the hearing—and these were nearly a month in advance of it, when ATS filed its petition.

So we await the decision of the commissioners, who will doubtless rule in the public interest. The only question is: Which public? The respectably affluent public, with its two cars per family, to which the ATS bigwigs and commissioners alike obviously belong? Or the black and white poor, for whom the buses are vital for both employment and mobility?

—bob goodman

If one were to judge from the actions and words of the left, the war in Vietnam and George Wallace are the overriding issues of the 1968 election campaign. Humphrey has become the whipping boy for all frustrations and cannot open his mouth without someone protesting the act. Wallace is always greeted by small groups of white and black demonstrators whose jeers and yells he turns to his own advantage in rallying his followers. Nixon and Agnew aren't even taken seriously, so bland they seem.

Because the movement remains hung up on getting the troops out of Vietnam, what is actually happening in the 1968 campaign remains blurred. While there is a growing minority who see the interrelationship of issues—e.g. Vietnam and increasing labor strikes—this minority has not been able to articulate or dramatize its point of view sufficiently to change the dominant Bring The Boys Home tenor of the movement.

Even more startling than the confusion presently rampant in the movement has been the total disintegration of the liberal establishment. So quiet is it that one wonders if perhaps it has gone underground, or merely thrust its head into the sand, from which it never totally emerged. Bobby Kennedy was killed and Gene McCarthy went off to the Riviera and Ted Sorenson, Richard Goodwin, et al., having no one to write speeches for, sat down beside the river, hung their heads and cried.

With the liberal establishment neutralized, the left awoke one morning to find the right peering in its window and was so frightened that it hastily pulled the covers over its head and held a long discussion over whether it would be more political to get up, open the window, and punch the right in the mouth, or if it should get up and pull down the shade, or whether it just wouldn't be better to stay in bed. And at last report the discussion was still continuing.

The issue of the 1968 election campaign is very clearly the rise of fascism. While the left and the liberals peer across the world at Vietnam, the Presidential candidates have recognized that the stability of the state and its ability to

FROM THE OTHER SIDE



OF THE TRACKS

survive are the preeminent concerns of most Americans. And each is devoting the major portion of his attention to this. Wallace, of course, called the shot first. But Nixon and Humphrey, not wanting to be left out of a good thing, quickly stepped to the firing range, weapons in hand. The only difference among the three is the degree to which each is willing to expose his own fascist attitudes and that degree is only slight.

Yet, Wallace is the only one nobody has trouble identifying, because Wallace wants it that way. Nixon and Agnew are just as dangerous and almost as blatant, but Nixon is able to travel around the country like a king, with his daughter and David looking like Miss and Mr. Spearmint Gum, imploring the nation to chew its little troubles away.

This campaign has made one thing very clear: white people hate black people. In the Oct. 7 issue of *New York* magazine, an article on Wallace brings this out in the open. "It is as if somewhere, sometime awhile back, George Wallace had been awakened by a white, blinding vision: they all hate black people, all of them. They're all afraid, all of

them. Great God! That's it! They're all Southern! The whole United States is Southern!" (Malcolm had said it more than three years ago: "Everything south of Canada is South.") The writer of the *New York* magazine article concludes, "It is hard to resist arriving at the conclusion that an awful lot of people in this republic, from sea to shining sea, truly hate Negroes."

Most in the movement want to avoid facing this clear fact about the '68 campaign. Rap Brown put his life on the line to tell black people about concentration camps, and most dismissed him as being a little too paranoid. The black movement seems as oblivious of what the autumn of 1968 is about as anybody else. Rap has said, "If America wants to play Nazi, black people aren't gon' play Jew." That is not certain. It is not difficult to imagine black people boogalooing to the camps, yelling "pig" at the guards all the while. It would seem that the rise of fascism would be an issue on which blacks, the left, and liberals could join together. Each have their own reasons for doing so and no one would lose by such a coalition. It should be clear that whoever gets in the White House is going to do the same thing. Either way the issue is simple and it must be confronted, not ignored or run from. It is clear that we do not have a movement which can effectively combat fascism at this time. Therefore, we cannot allow the liberal to be neutralized, no matter how his ideology of reform conflicts with our impulses toward total change.

Tomorrow the liberal may be our number-one enemy. Today he is not. Tomorrow the white man may be the number one enemy for the black (although it is by no means certain that he ever was, no matter who said so). Today, however, the enemy is an attitude, which, if it grows to its full strength, will make Nazi Germany look primitive in its scope and techniques. As hard as it may be for many to face that fact about their own country, that fact must be faced. It should've been faced yesterday.

by Julius Lester

(Reprinted with permission of *The Guardian*, independent radical weekly, N.Y.)

BETTER SCHOOLS / LOOK AGAIN

On Monday, October 14, Better Schools—Atlanta presented to the Atlanta School Board a report documenting the failure of the school system to provide facilities for black schools comparable to those provided for white schools and a news release asking the school system to provide adequate teacher retraining and relevant educational material to black children. Better Schools demanded that these deficiencies be corrected.

The Better Schools' report had the support of the major black and liberal organizations in the city, including the Atlanta newspapers, the Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress, Concerned Citizens, and the churches.

The Board received the report with condescending impatience and seeming lack of interest, with a few weak apologies and criticisms by Supt. Dr. Letson and Chairman Woodward. The Board accepted unenthusiastically the suggestion by Board member Sara Mitchell that they meet in special session to answer the delegation.

According to members of the group, the Better Schools report is a preliminary to further study into more substantive problems of education. As Anne Jenkins suggests in the following article, the report, while focusing on very serious problems, makes some narrow assumptions about the quality of white education and the value of merely quantitative improvements. We hope that the Better Schools report was indeed a preliminary to more creative approaches and that the Better Schools people will continue to challenge the rigidity of the school system, while at the same time taking hard looks at their own conceptions of white education.

Better Schools—Atlanta is a group including one part-time sociologist and one person obsessed with the making of charts and graphs. At least that's what you'd think if you read their report. Unfortunately, it does not include anyone with a keen inquiring mind who has an idea about what quality education is. If it does, it's doing a good job of hiding him/her.

Better Schools' report became public October 9, and was presented to the Board of Education on Monday night, October 14. The group has made an objective study of Atlanta schools compiled from school board reports and census data. It compares black schools to integrated schools (more than 5% of the minority race) to white schools.

The results reflect what is going on in every school system in the country. But they are just quantitative re-

sults. Better Schools—Atlanta doesn't ask any searching questions about education, doesn't show an insight into the real problems of education. The report says the problem is fundamentally racial. However, the problem fundamentally is educating people to live in this society and not to be completely screwed by their years in the educational institutions. Only one aspect of that problem is racial. To look at it this way, all the kids are in the same boat, whether black or white. Admittedly black schools are known to be physically poor and understaffed. More kids are crammed into less space. The classes are bigger. Black schools get second-hand books, not new ones, or they get less of them and less often. Achievement measured by reading ability tests show that kids in black schools learn to read later and at a slower rate than kids in integrated schools who, in turn, are behind kids in white schools. The report shows that this is true of Atlanta. It is also true of Boston and Chicago and San Francisco.

What conclusions does Better Schools—Atlanta draw in its report? None. What searching questions does it ask? None.

The report gives us 40 pages of graphs and charts along with 15 pages explaining these. That's nice. The School Board will say it's "concerned" and file the report for posterity. The kids are the losers as usual.

A question comes to mind: what difference would it make if the median number of pupils per teacher (not including substitutes who often teach in black schools for extended periods of time) in black schools was 26, as it is in white schools, instead of 28? What difference would it make if black kids had enough of the present texts to go around? Admittedly it would make some difference if black schools were more valuable, i.e., better kept up and had equipment that was in good shape. But that wouldn't necessarily make those schools more valuable to the kids.

This report is a quantitative report. It doesn't ask any questions about the quality of education or the quality of the lives kids will lead after they leave the educational system in this city (or any other). And those are the crucial questions.

In other cities, one response to information such as is presented here is that there should be full integration, bussing, etc. That will solve the problems. Because, goes this line of reasoning, white parents will demand (and the school board will pay attention to their demands) that their schools are kept up, that there are enough textbooks,

that their kids aren't in overcrowded classrooms. (Thus perpetuating white dominance and leaving blacks relatively powerless.) But seldom does anyone talk about the quality of the education. One seldom hears the argument that schools ought to be fully integrated because children who grow up learning to live with children who have different colored skins will have richer personalities and exposure to different styles of life. And exposure to the way society treats people who differ in such a small matter as skin color.

Perhaps Better Schools—Atlanta has some further ideas. Maybe they do have some thoughts about what it would mean to have a good education. Let's have another report that tells us about teachers who are too old to cope with active kids. About teachers who are literally incapable of teaching black children because they have no understanding of or respect for them or their way of life in the ghetto. Or others who have no respect whatsoever for any children. (Most of us can recall being treated like 5-year-olds in our senior year of high school.) How about a report that shows that teachers don't even try because they believe that black kids are incapable of learning?

Next let's hear something about why kids in black schools are so far behind in reading. Imagine being a black child and being asked to get excited about reading Dick and Jane. I wouldn't have learned to read either. Most reading texts are simply irrelevant to ghetto children's lives. In fact they are often irrelevant to any child's life. Has any first grade teacher in a black Atlanta school ever asked the kids to write their own reading books? Or has any fifth grade teacher offered her/his class Langston Hughes' poetry? You'd be surprised how many kids can read if given a chance to read something relevant to them.

Has anyone in Atlanta ever had a look at assumptions of teachers? An experiment in a California school showed that if teachers thought students would fail, they failed. If teachers were told certain students would soon show improvement, they did.

So, Better Schools—Atlanta, let's have a little more imagination. Giving the school board a bunch of charts that show that Atlanta is just as bad as, or in some ways worse than, every major city in America isn't going to improve the quality of education. To do that requires some very real, very deep changes in the way people are educated in America.

—anne jenkins

porkchops

Doug Merrill, chief guru of the Catacombs, last Saturday crossed a cop, who didn't look like a cop, was busted then given a suspended sentence and no fine in Municipal Court on Monday.

Merrill, hearing a skirmish occurring between cops and hips last Saturday night, sprang up from his dark basement business, well-known throughout hip-land as the "Combs," to see if he could assist in returning peace to the land of 14th and Peachtree.

He approached a parked police car containing a boy in blue at the wheel, a rider in front and two in the rear. Doug cheerfully offered his help and asked what was going on.

The cop at the wheel paid Merrill no attention.

The rider in the rear, dressed casually, if not slovenly, in sport shirt and pants and sporting a cut on the arm told Merrill to "go on get out of here."

Merrill said he paid the comment no mind because he thought the man in the rear was a drunk under arrest.

But the man in the rear claimed Merrill said, "And if I don't Spicer?" the man in the rear being Spicer, a cop, cleverly disguised in his plainclothes hippie-busting outfit.

Whatever the truth, the cop who did not look like a cop, sprang from the car, grabbed Merrill by the arm, arrested him and took him downtown. Charge: interfering with an officer.

On Monday Merrill told the Judge he couldn't have sassed the cop as a cop because he didn't look like a cop, and he couldn't have sassed him by name because he had never seen him before and didn't know his name.

Spicer claimed they'd met in the vice squad office.

The judge suspended sentence and gave no fine.

—howard romaine

and it causes INSANITY, too

Recently a GI who was being courtmartialed for AWOL and refusing RVN training went to a catholic chaplain to obtain advice on what was going to happen to him. The following is the GI's account of the advice the chaplain gave him:

"On return from my AWOL I first went to the chaplain. I went there to have him explain what might possibly happen to me, because at that time I was completely in the dark.

"Instead of giving me advice he gave me a sermon. He told me that it all boils down to abusing (masturbating) oneself. The first thing a young man does, he said, is abuse himself. He's ashamed of it, so he doesn't go to confession. After he decides he doesn't need confession it comes easy to decide that you don't need the church. After you decide you don't need the church it comes easy to decide that you don't need your country. In other words, according to this army priest it's not whether the war is wrong or not that I've taken this position, but because I masturbate.

"In other words, according to his masturbation theory of history, George Washington who dissented against the British, was one of the best masturbators of all time just because he led the dissent against the British."

—from *Last Harass*, A GI underground at Fort Gordon

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WALLACE eats ANARCHISTS

Wallace
by Marshall Frady
The New American Library, 246 pp., \$5.95

George Wallace's Alabama served as Central Casting for the American dilemma. The dark forces of much of our history lay there waiting, growing, in the Cradle of the Confederacy. It was in Montgomery that Movement I was born. Headed by Martin Luther King, it sang and marched in Selma and in Birmingham. Now Movement II, Wallace's own, tramps north from Alabama, following Movement I into the arms of a waiting nation.

With Movement II, Wallace the man and *Wallace*, this beautifully written book, coincide. Frady's Wallace is a human being of narrow gauge propensities and buckshot talent. *Wallace* is not an attack, but it is more than a dispassionate report. It has none of that hysterical flavor of those writers who, having underestimated Wallace in the past, are now overawed in their "discovery" of him.

Wallace reads like a novel about the improbable political creature from the Pandora's box that is Alabama. The combined talent of author and subject merge to provide a book rich in the mood of just-under-the-surface violence on which Wallace feeds, the hatred in others which he uses, and the sound of the little man's little friend stomping up

blem is his opposition—with enemies like his, he needs few friends.

Created in a six-year stand on the television screen, stimulated by violence, George Corley Wallace, the master heckler, stands at the bullet proof podium. In the audience the righteous amateurs, those of better education and less talent, chant and shout to provide the crackling atmosphere of the Alabama-Auburn game at Birmingham's Legion Field. They and he play in their theatre of the living the politics of the street.

The trouble with the politics of the street is that you win no battles without at least the capacity to resort to the instruments of brute strength. The policeman's billy-club is Wallace's mace; the willingness of his followers to kick and slug, at the very least, is his power. His adversaries shout while he conducts them like a guitar-playing Toscanini. They strike his clubs with their heads and demonstrate great losing courage in a struggle that contains the purity of suicide.

Wallace knows this and uses his opposition as he uses the panel show where those who question him must maintain their respectable nonpartisan impartiality, which everyone knows does not exist, while he becomes through them the respectable American underdog, a fearless man of courage bullied by the very men for whom he has contempt and



from *New Left Notes*

the hill of Bourbon aristocracy.

No novelist better captured Willie Stark; no political reporter better wrote of the demonology of our region; no author, including William L. Shirer, had a more likely subject.

Since Wallace's principal supporters are probably less than voracious readers they will not learn of the totality of his being from Frady's work. Of course, they never needed to read of him. They understood him anyway. It's the "pseudo-intellectual-pseudo-liberals" whom George Wallace puzzles. From their bewilderment he rose. In their failure to understand him he gains strength. Wallace knows that "educated," "rational" men who lack emotional understanding, who reject the use of emotion out of hand, are his easy marks.

Wallace knows that tens of millions of Americans do not mind that he exacted a "personal appropriation of Alabama." They simply do not care that "if there is to be found anywhere in the United States today a totalitarian society, it would be the state of Alabama." They desire "a psychological and ideological monolith, more insular and intransigent than even Mississippi. . ."

For most of those who presently support George Wallace want him to appropriate them, absorb them into his own body, mind, soul and spirit. They are willing to suit up in uniforms and, marching to the battle hymn of racism, surrender to him total and totalitarian control of their lives while offering, coincidentally, black Americans as human sacrifice.

Wallace is both the disease and the symptom. As with racism everywhere, he is the same kind of threat as is the frightened youth who, after stealing an automobile, races across the land committing new and more serious crimes until he destroys himself and those around him.

Wallace's campaign has a Bonnie and Clyde quality. So does his life. But the problem is not Wallace. The pro-

blem is his opposition, from whom, in their nonviolence, he has nothing to fear.

"Educated" men have always had difficulty dealing with men of destiny. Clarence Darrow put it well in his John Brown lecture when he said: "His natural instincts were never warped or smothered or marred by learning. His mind was so strong, his sense of justice so keen, and his sympathies so deep, that he might have been able to withstand an education. He believed in Destiny and in God."

George Wallace believes in Destiny, in God and in: nonviolent demonstrators upon whom he thrives; liberals, "pseudo liberals," intellectuals and "pseudo-intellectuals" whose weakness he understands; the forgotten middle-class and poor white man with whom he's in communion; and the "militant" who sees not "a dime's worth of difference" between him and the nominees of other parties and who cannot understand the nickel's worth of train fare that makes the ride to Auschwitz a last trip on the rational road to self-destruction.

On these men and women depend George Wallace's destiny and ours. You can bet your life on that.

This book simply tells Wallace like he is: a fascinating piece of non-, no, un-fiction. Frady puts Wallace into perspective for those who must read to feel and understand. His subject has the destructive power to make Birmingham a Bikini. Contained by those who understand that the stakes are neither nickel or dime limit, the little judge may never emerge from the deep crevice in which he lives.

But if he claws his way out over the bodies of "anarchists in the street," then the crater of world destruction lies yawning for us all.

—charles morgan, jr.

(Mr. Morgan is director of the Southern regional office of the American Civil Liberties Union and is the author of *A Time to Speak*. He has been involved in civil rights and civil liberties litigation in several southern states.)

Jeremy & Satyrs



Jeremy and the Satyrs, Jeremy Steig, Reprise R 6282

"Jeremy and the Satyrs... that group means a lot to me because... well, it's a long way around, but let's take it for a ride. I know this cat, has worked at Wiltwick School for Wayward Boys in up-state New York—a kind of counselor—and in some town nearby a group called Moe, Adrian and the Sculptors played every weekend. He always thought Moe Adrian was one person but turns out it's Moe and Adrian. Anyway, he dug them and put me on to them. Right after that they played live on WBAI and I made some tapes. Still play them. The group kept turning up every once in a while but never cut a record. They played at a Liberal Party dance or something like that at St. Mark's Church on 11th St. One of them played this wierd two-headed guitar, and this was back in like 1965 no one played things like that then. . . I think he had four arms. . . The dance floor was packed with creeps but the sound was beautiful so we stayed and just wandered around. It drove at you from off the walls, all kinds of changes on hard rock. . . Then after that time they just disappeared."

Adrian joined up with Jeremy Steig, who played progressive jazz flute. Their first album, *Jeremy and the Satyrs*, refines the old Sculptors rock sound but keeps its richness and driving beat. The best rock number on the album hits you first thing on Side One with a celebration-warning:

"Vibrations may give you a thrill/But you must understand these things you feel." Good introduction to a deep album. "Superbaby" lifts way up, then eases through some subtle bass work. An atonal flute opening sets you up for a surprise in "(Let's Go to the) Movie Show," which mostly comes on like a 1950's-type teenage song set to super-rock.

Steig and the Satyrs only use rock as a base, however. Their work represents some of the most creative encounters yet going between jazz and rock. The last two numbers on Side Two (one long piece, for all practical purposes) illustrate their range spectacularly. They travel through several

levels of pure modern jazz, starting with a slow, soul-stirring bass solo, soon joined by flute and percussion. They travel to the edges of jazz and back again, ending up with—of all things—that good old rock 'n' roll, behind the words: "Baby, you've been Satyriized!" It works.

A third strand in the Satyr's web reaches back to blues, hard black blues. Here they tread dangerous ground, but they come out safely more often than not. Their rendition of "Mean Old Black Snake" takes an old Blind Lemon Jefferson tune, gives it a John Lee Hooker-style guitar (Adrian again) balanced by jazz flute. Fascinating, until Adrian tries to fake some emotion on the vocal. "There's a mean old black snake sucking my rider's tongue" could stand by itself without the pushing. On "She Didn't Even Say Good-bye" Adrian's attempt at the falsetto blues-wail falls flat on its quivering tonsils. But these are minor flaws in a great album.

The cover deserves attention. On one side Jeremy Steig's own drawing celebrates pagan ecstasy (satyrs with nymphs). The other side identifies the performers only by reproductions of their cabaret cards (required by New York vice—too bad we can't know who was responsible for what instrument, Fuzz.) complete with mug shot and fingerprint. Nearby an anonymous, very realistic painting shows a cop arresting a kid who looks something like Steig's mug shot. Like the jacket, the album combines many moods, in many musical forms, which coexist in a fascinating creative tension. Buy it. If their next album breaks through to complete togetherness, I may not dare to even review it.

—barbara joye
with harlon

CHEAP THRILLS

Big Brother and the Holding Co., *Cheap Thrills*, (KCS 9700)

Seeing Big Brother live brought me the same feeling I get when I listen to their new album. I was at the Fillmore East and Ten Years After had just finished a fairly amusing and comical set. Then I saw them: the boys in the band without Janis. The crowd was getting excited and after the band had gone half-way through their first number, she ran on stage with her liquor and started singing.

It was all very dramatic and the crowd literally ate it up, but Janis, you forgot to sing in key, and James, as soon as you stomped on your fuzz-tone you seemed to forget how to play in key.

The band was very together. Janis sang out of key 98% of the time, and the band followed right behind her out of beat.

Their whole concept seemed to be very together. They all wanted to be SUPER STARS (word which should really not even be used), and you can take my word for it that they were. A couple of things that they weren't was a band listening and responding to each other's playing or a group of barely competent musicians.

By this time though, you've probably all run down to your local record shops and bought the new Big Brother album, and you don't even need me to tell you about it. It's a great album to listen to when you're drunk. You can just get bombed on your ass and move and groove with the sounds and not have to pay any attention to the music. Gee, I think it's better than getting stoned and listening to the Fudge.

Ideally what I'm hoping for in terms of a really big Super Session is Janis and Jim Morrison teamed up on vocals backed up by Blue Cheer, working out such numbers as "I Got You Babe" and "Love is Strange." If they put out an album you could get drunk, or you could smoke it or drop it or even shoot it and you'd never have to really listen to anything. It would be so heavy.

—glenn phillips

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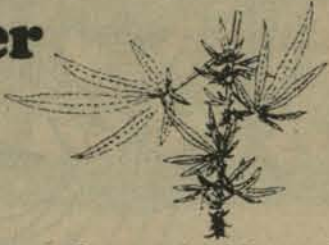
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LNS (from *Humanitas*)

Soaking your seeds in water for a couple of days, and then leaving them between damp blotters for a couple more, aids germination — and saves planting worthless seeds. Plants need not reach their full possible height to have the goodies, but with increased growing time comes increased goodness. For country folk, planting in among corn is wise, both because the same soil is good for both, and because it greatly helps in avoiding the dreaded disease "fuzz".

After harvest, cure the plants by placing the roots in warm-to-hot water, thus causing the active ingredient to rise into the leaves and flowers. Some dealers add sugar while curing, increasing weight (and sale price) of the eventual product, but this does not improve quality or quantity of the real doodie. This is, kindly speaking, a gyp. Hang plants to dry with top down. More rapid drying can be accomplished with an oven, but the temperature should not exceed 140 degrees F.

Above all, remember: Spring is the best planting time; allow four months for full growth; if necessary, leaves can be stripped off long before four months if "necessity" requires — and will be effective, although not as potent as if left to term.

DON'T take any unnecessary chances with "fuzz" — none! 'Tis better to have planted and lost, than never to have planted at all. 'Tis better to have lost a plant than to have lost a Head. Plant everywhere — not only for selfish reasons, but to help Beautify America!"

WASHINGTON (LNS)—The House of Representatives has passed legislation to make trafficking in LSD a federal offense. Users can get one year's imprisonment and a \$1,000 fine for first offense, three years and \$10,000 for repeat performances. Penalty for sale of acid and other hallucinogens, for depressants and other stimulants (such as pep pills) goes to five years and \$10,000 when involved with adults, 10 years and \$15,000 when dealing with minors and 15 years and \$20,000 for repeats. A rider allows judges to give probation and wipe the record clean for first offenders who live out a promise to be good. The bill passed 320-2.

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hours too complicated
to list*



Barbarella, heroine of Jean Frost Arnet's comic strip which appeared in *Evergreen* several years back, is now on film. The cartoon character gained fame for her open sexual attitudes, and the film, to a limited degree, carries on in the same tradition.

Barbarella, considered overall, is very similar to Kubrick's *2001*—not in intent or message, but in its invocation of a society that uses machines, but is not dominated by them. There is a warm, extremely sensual feel in the whole film, accented by Roger Vadim's use of colors and, of course, Jane Fonda.

Fonda is perhaps one of the worst actresses going, but she makes a perfect Barbarella. In addition to her obvious assets she has an air of dewy-eyed innocence and open sensuality which perfectly fits Barbarella. From opening scene where she does a free fall strip from a space suit to the finish where she is regurgitated from a lake of essence of evil because she is too pure, Fonda never falls out of character.

Contributing to her performance is husband Roger Vadim's direction. Vadim has a grasp of camera technique which increases the effect of Fonda's bod to bring about a series of visual climaxes almost unmatched in beauty and sexual effect.

Special effects and gadgets are another plus for the film. While not as stunning as *2001*, the space scenes are much warmer and more human and fit very well with the overall effects.

There are gadgets galore, from Barbarella's fur-lined space ship—complete with sexy-voiced computer, the anti-thesis of Hal—to mechanical vampire dolls. It's fun just to imagine what comes up next.

Story and plot line are virtually nonexistent, and are totally subservient to the mood Vadim builds. Briefly, Barbarella, on a special commission from earth's president to rescue a lost scientist, is wrecked by a "cosmic storm" on the planet Lythion. Completely equipped, with weapons from museums (no weapons, no war on future earth, nothing but love, dig it?) she ventures forth. She is captured by the children of the city of Sogo and attacked by vampire dolls. Rescued by the catcher, she shows her gratitude by indulging in old-fashioned vaginal intercourse (earth people use pills).

On her way again she lands in the labyrinth on the edge of Sogo. Here are imprisoned all the people of Sogo who are not completely evil. Befriended by a blinded angel (played by John Phillip,) she talks him (after balling) into flying her to Sogo.

Once into Sogo Fonda and her angel are captured. Fonda is put in a cage and attacked by thousands of birds. She is rescued from this predicament by one Dildano, played marvellously by David Hemming. This is the funniest part of the movie. Hemming runs around in his headquarters, getting ready for the revolution, and nothing works. Guerrillas arrive, but his transporter won't work and they have to use the door. Barbarella tries to rescue her angel and is captured again. She is placed in a pleasure organ and proceeds to blow its fuses with her capacity. She escapes (again) and flies to safety with the angel.

Barbarella is, with *2001*, a symptom of the fall of Hollywood. With its fulfilled free-wheeling view of sex, it is unlike any other major film.

—wayne scott



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time of the locust

Slaughter in Vietnam

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OCT. 25 & 26

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REVIEWS



Beyond the Fringe

Beyond the Fringe opened—and nearly closed—at Theatre Atlanta last week. There were tears before the performance, tears/laughter during the performance, more tears afterwards. Very dramatic.

BTF is a satirical British revue that was a smash hit on Broadway four or five years ago. Theatre Atlanta's production includes some updated and some new material, written by, one supposes, Hugh Alexander, producer and chief "character." Most of this falls far short of the original show; some of it just falls flat. Add to this Clarence Felder's difficulty with his British accent, poor pacing, misinterpretation of British humour, the gay crowd weeping in the audience, and you have a show that falls far short of the Broadway version.

When I saw this show on Broadway, I literally laughed till my sides ached. I like British humour. I expected a repeat. I didn't get it. I'm not sure I liked the addition of Don Tucker and his music, although both were amusing.

But again, there were some side splitting funny moments: "Have a Pew" with Hugh Alexander made me want to laugh and yell "Tell it like it is Hugh Baby" at the same time.

Sandy McCallum in "One Leg Too Few" is beyond description. Funny like the original show was. Mr. McCallum also smokes a great joint in "Man Bites God," but this sketch depends on that . . . and he didn't pass it.

Hugh Alexander has a bottomless barrel of facial expressions at his command; Christopher Lloyd is the epitome of British humour; Sandy McCallum seems naturally funny; Clarence Felder is, I think, miscast. All of this adds up to a mildly amusing show that doesn't stack up with *Red, White and Maddox*. Perhaps they can iron out the wrinkles; it will be a lot of work, especially with the pacing.

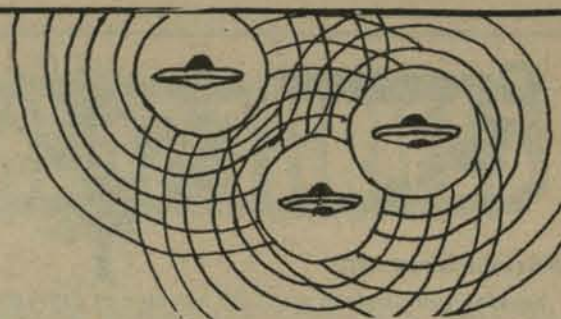
—geets romo

Beyond the Fringe, at Theatre Atlanta. The names of those involved will not be given here in order to protect the innocent.

Here are ten things which will be more fun for you than seeing this show, take the same amount of time, and cost you less:

1. Drink a pint of gin;
2. See a good movie;
3. Roll your own;
4. Take a shower with a friend;
5. Drive to Jonesboro, see the sights, and drive back;
6. Listen to a Lawrence Welk record;
7. Discuss metaphysics with a deputy sheriff;
8. Unstop a clogged toilet;
9. Eat candy bars until you vomit;
10. Lie down in front of an express train.

—morris brown



A Saucerful of Secrets, Pink Floyd (Tower, ST5131)

Another Rock Record.
I am sometimes afraid.
What's that sound?
Sounds.
Saucerful of Secrets
Going somewhere
You might not think.
Stereo earphones.
B29 Superfortress.
Rending wailing telling STOP!
Destruction.
Rebirth.
I am the resurrection
And the light.
I am sometimes afraid.
The Saucer and Beyond.

—geets romo

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ffRAMMEESS

Last week's midnight program at the Peachtree Art was somewhat less impressive than the previous week's. Individually, most of the films were good. But the overall program just seemed to lack meat.

The least successful films on the bill were Jimura's *Onan* and Cowan's *Child*. *Onan* was the archtypical Art film. It's images: a nude young man burning holes in cheese-cake photos; the same young man, nude, "giving birth" to a foetal-like stone; again, the young man, this time wearing underwear, running through the streets—he sees a girl, drops his stone, and falls dead. A sexual fantasy? Asexual fantasy? A sexy fantasy?

As a loving father of two children I found myself really pissed by Cowan's *Child*. I have little sympathy with

Cowan's peculiar form of "child abuse". The children were of course diverting enough in their performance of the ridiculous tasks set for them by our dauntless cinematographer, but the images were so obvious: children, flowers, nature, etc.

One suspects that artists who practice this child exploitation are very insecure about their artistry. They choose children as subjects because they have heard that children are "natural" and "free." Therefore, they believe, they have saved themselves from the difficult task of becoming "natural," "free" themselves.

The few Mekas films I've seen have never turned me on. Again, I remained cool to his *Report From Millbrook*. *Millbrook* is a "documentary" of Sheriff Quinlan's raid on Timothy Leary's country retreat. In fairness to Mekas, part of the problem of the film arose from the fact that the sound track, an interview with the good sheriff, was made some nine months after Mekas had shot the visuals. The sound track is beautiful: It is a lasting monument to the ponderous, bureaucratic cant of law-enforcement. I was particularly charmed by Quinlan's explanation of his decision to send twenty-two men in on his final assault—"Yes, one for each room in the house." The visuals, however, just did not have enough variety to cover the sound track. Furthermore, the shots which seemed to have been taken at sixteen frames per second, had a jerky, nervous quality,

which worked against the idea that Leary's people were patrons of peace and love.

Yalkut's *Turn, Turn, Turn* and Linder's *Skin* were attempts at producing 'pure' visual and auidial experience. They were good, but I have seen better. Little need be said about Vanderbeek's *History of Motion In Motion* and Hill's *Death In The Afternoon*, they were both just fun movies.

The Eclipse of the Sun Virgin by George Kuchar was the hit of the program. Kuchar's parodies of Hollywood styles, screen queens, and studs somehow manage to go beyond mere parody. I am always touched by his less than average looking people who want so to participate in the "glamour" they were meant only to observe. One can only hope that George and his plump little starlet will someday make-it with all the "glory" that we normally reserve for the couplings of a Steve McQueen and a Faye Dúnaway.

From what I have been told, the lightness of last week's program should be more than made up for by this week's heavies. Anger's *Scorpio Rising* is to be the main feature. Along with it Dave Moscovitz has confirmed a Vanderbeek, a Brakhage, a film *The Grateful Dead* by Robert Nelson director of *O'Dem Watermelons*, and *Time of the Locust* a respected documentary film on Vietnam by Peter Gessner.

—arthur pellman

Remus' Race Nest

On the afternoon of October 5, 1967, the Rev. Clyde Williams, Registrar at the Interdenominational Theological Center of Atlanta University, rang the front door bell at the Wren's Nest, 1890ish home of Joel Chandler Harris, the Atlanta author of the Uncle Remus stories.

The elderly White Lady who answered the door explained to him softly but firmly, to the point of calling the

police, that he and his children could not come in because the Wren's Nest, though "open to the public" and included in numerous lists of tourist attractions in Atlanta, did not admit "colored."

On the afternoon of October 4, 1968, armed with a U.S. District Court order prohibiting those operating the Wren's Nest from excluding on the basis of race or color, the Rev. Williams again rang the front door bell.

The elderly White Lady this time unbolted the door and invited him and his children to come in. There was no reference to last year's visit. There was no reference to the court order. The White Lady was scrupulously polite, but spoke very carefully, the way one does to someone who may not understand English.

The Rev. Williams was equally polite, and soft-spoken. The children, like all children, were more interested in Uncle Remus and the "critters" than in Joel Chandler Harris.

It was a scene from the Theater of the Absurd, the elderly White Lady explaining to the young Black minister, who grew up in south Georgia, and his "black and beautiful" daughter and son, how "They" lived and why a Mammy doll was there and what the Uncle Remus dialect was all about.

One had the feeling both Uncle Remus and Joel Chandler Harris, smiling down from the wall, were enjoying the scene. Nobody mentioned the large picture of Jefferson Davis occupying the position of prominence on one wall.

Back in June, 1967, the newly established Atlanta Community Relations Commission had written the officers

of the Joel Chandler Harris Memorial Association, asking that they change their policies of segregation. The attorney for the Association had replied that the Association "had no intention of changing its policies." The reason given was that "it is not presently equipped with staff or personnel to handle any other additional traffic on the premises." (On October 4, two other visitors left shortly after Rev. Williams and his children arrived, and as they were leaving, one visitor arrived. Last year, the startled White Lady had told Rev. Williams, by way of explanation for the "no colored" policy, that "you see, we live upstairs." Rev. Williams had gently replied that they didn't want to go upstairs, just to the museum part of the house.)

The general concensus was that only the inevitable aging of the 70 and 80 year old Board members of the Association would bring about any change.

Was it worth bothering with? Many publicly and privately prominent citizens told Rev. Williams "there's really nothing to see," "Why waste time over that?" Rev. Williams felt, however, that the choice should be his, and besides, he he had promised Joyce and Randy that day last year that they would come back and next time, they would go in.

To those who would say that a lawsuit was the proper way to get the matter settled, Rev. Williams would point out a year is a long time to have to put children off, that the lawsuit cost money, that it took up the time of lawyers already overburdened with other cases which should not be necessary, that it is hardly fair to have to buy something which already belongs to you . . . like the right to enter public places without regard to your color. —eliza paschall

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Just a Little Bit of Soul 2:00
Sunny 2:00
Here, There and Everywhere 2:00
The Last Thing on My Mind 2:00

DYNAGROOVE

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FOIBLES

THE FOIBLE OF THE ANTI-SEMANTIC AFRICAN

Wunst upon a Savoury Thyme in a Homey little Hamlet witch shall be Nameless Named Atlanta Georgia, they was a Foreign Exchange student from Darkest Africa who had Come to America's Golden Shores to study the Culture of the Native Tribes.

It did not take him Very Long to Figure out the Racial Superstitions, the Aggression patterns, the Serial Polygomy, or the Warmaking Rituals of the Native Tribes, because he was a Good Student of Cultural Anthropology. What Strung him Up, however, Was neither the CooCoo-Clan nor the Users of John Birchbark; it was in Use of the English Language that he Ran Up on a Snag.

Thus it was That he Appeared, Hat in Hand, as the Rituals Required, outside the Office of a Professor of English who he Thought might Shed Linguistic Luminescence on his Difficulties. O Sir, he cried, I am but a poor Black foreign Exchange student from Darkest Africa, and I am having most Fearsome difficulties with the Intricate Inner-twistings of the American Dialect. Aid! Succor! Assistance, I prithe!

The Professor eyed the Furriner Benignly and Raised his Voice a Few Decibels above Normal. Me professor, he

began: you student.

It is not, the Student intercepted, precisely on That Level of Difficulty that I am Operating. I have Been in your (and he Used the Prescribed Ritual terms witch, he had Learned, often Acted as Talismans against the Warlocks of the Right) in your Great, Noble and Civilized, democratic, peaceful, and prosperous, Allpowerful Anglosaxon Protestant republic now for some Three Years and have managed to Manipulate the Language without overmuch Difficulty (accustomed as I am to the study of Primitive tongues and cultures).

It is rather, he Said, that During an Election Year the twistings and turnings of the American Dialect take on New Convolutions with witch I am Unacquainted.

For Example, the African continued, the Phrase *Crime in the Streets* which is so Often repeated by your Candidates for Paramount Chief; outside of Speeding and Overtime Parking, I have Noted that Most of your Crime takes Place Indoors: Murder, rape, Robbery, embezzlement, Overcharging, Fraud, Misrepresentation and Childbeating seem to be almost Exclusively Indoor sports.

Safe for your Wife to Walk the Streets is another one which Worries me. In the First place, my Wife is not a Streetwalker; and in the Second Place, the only Violence offered my Wife so Far in the Streets was by a Policeman during a Peace March. *Law and Order* seems to be to some Extent a Self-Contradictory Phrase, since in a Supposedly

Free Society, one of the Purposes of Law is to protect the Autonomy of Individual Action, on the Principle that a certain amount of Disorder is Preferable to Regimentation.

Even on the Local Level, Politics seems to do Strange Things to the American Language. *Fletcher Thompson Cares About You*, for instance—

That I can explain, said the Prof. Decoded, it seems to mean, "This candidate has at heart the Interests of White People, as Opposed to all them Leftthinking Bleedingheart Liberal types who are only Interested in Black folks."

Oh, said the Student. Then that also answers my Question about *Voice of the Majority*, which up to this time Had Baffled me; since I had Thought that Who had the Majority was precisely what the Election was Supposed to Settle.




Yes, said the Prof, the Code Meaning, to those Initiated in Modern ways of Yelling nigger, is "voice of the White Majority not the Black minority." I would recommend you read George Orwell's *Politics and the English Language*.

One more Thing, said the Stoont. I had thought that Slavery had Been Abolished by your Great Leader Lincoln. What, then, does *Humphrey is His Own Man* signify? To whom Else could he Belong?

I've been Worried about That myself, said the Professor: Let's go Out and Have a Beer.


Moral: Tell it like it Is unless it's an Election Year.

—og, king of bashan

<p>The Ark Chad Stuart Jeremy Clyde</p> 	<p>A lot 'DEEPER' than you would be led to believe.</p>	<p>CS 9707</p>
<p>CS 9699</p>		<p>lily & maria including: Subway Thoughts / Everybody Knows Melt Me / Fourteen After One There'll Be No Clowns Tonight</p> 
<p>Once upon a time there were two young girls who discovered they had something beautiful and simple to say. They're saying it on this record.</p>		

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FREE U.... cont. from pg.4

of an answer forthcoming. The only hope that the speaker John Johnston could find against a recurrence of Vietnam was that people *tend* to learn from past mistakes. Even though the U.S. seemed to miss the message of the French withdrawal, and though he himself characterized the history of Vietnam involvement as "one mistake compounded by another." Nor, apparently, does Mr. Johnston tend to learn: he said it would be "moral" for the U. S. to intervene militarily in other countries, like Greece, "for democracy." "Isolationism is not a viable alternative." And that is why we are in Vietnam—ask Dean Rusk.

The theme running through the whole session appeared to be one of futility. Mr. Johnston was so sure of the arguments against the war, and so sure of their dissemination, that he did not bother even to marshal them. As Jules Feiffer replied in *Artists and Writers on Vietnam*, "I'm against. Who isn't?" "Who remains," John Johnston asked, "who is uncommitted, one way or the other?" And yet, "The *one* issue that *should* have been an issue is not present in this year's campaign." That is part of the futility. Compounded by the frustration of any group, black in the ghettos or white in the suburbs, to make themselves effective unto the councils of government.

Why end the war? Mr. Johnston spread his hands, "First and most immediate, *lives* would be saved." And there would be a better rice crop. Very well then, rather than asking ourselves, why are we in Vietnam, let's get more to the point and ask, why the hell are we not out?

—richard lee kelnhofer

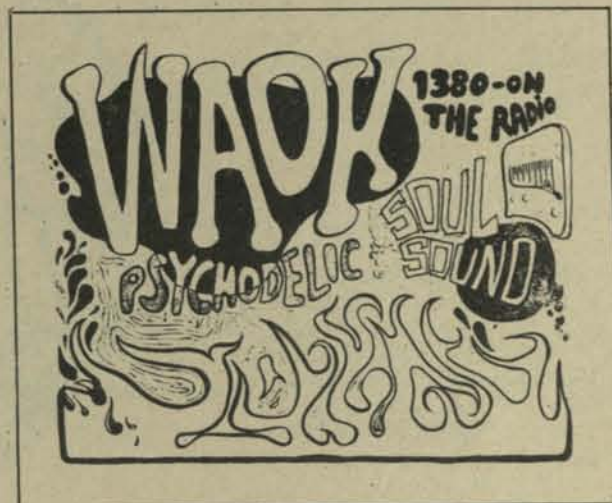
3 ads [sad, sad]

Everybody's talking about now—but what about later???

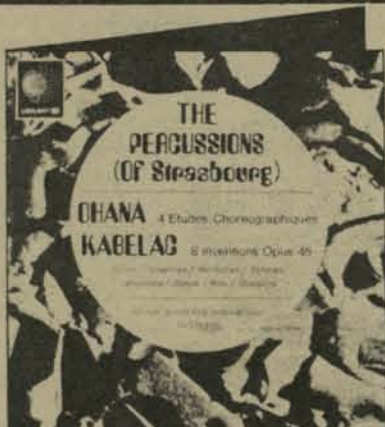
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I am come from a dark province I who am a meandering student. I long for a vixen mistress who is out of the ordinaire neither comely nor yet unfair, mickle melancholie nor debonaire. Almost any woman really.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18

PLAY, "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 Ave. and Chestnut St., 8:00 p.m. \$ 7.5 (students \$ 5.50).

PLAY, "Sabrina Fair," performed by the Georgia State Players at the Student Center, Ga. State College, 8:30 p.m., \$1 (students \$ 5.50)

JAZZ FESTIVAL, "Festival of Music," with Pete Fountain, Floyd Cramer, Boots Randolph, Jerry Reed, Atlanta Civic Center Aud., 8:15 p.m., 523-6275 for reservations.

FILM, "Irma La Douce," Electrical Engineering Bldg. Aud., Ga. Tech., 7 & 9 p.m. Free.

FILM, "Knife in the Water," Polish masterpiece, Wesley Foundation Bldg., 189 4th St. N.W., 8:00 p.m., Free.

CONCERT, Jean Lemonds, soprano, Glenn Memorial Hall, Emory Univ., 8:15 p.m.

RADIO, 7:15 p.m. "Musical Memories," real oldies. WABE-FM (90.1), 9:30 p.m. Brahms Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat. WABE-FM (90.1).

TV, 7:30 p.m. Language in Action—"How to Say What you Mean," with Dr. S.I. Hayakawa, semanticist, Channel 30, 8:30 p.m. The religions of Man—"Taoism," with Dr. Huston Smith, Channel 30, 10:00 p.m. "Eastern Wisdom," Alan Watts discusses theories of Far Eastern religion, Channel 8.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19

PLAYS, "The Maids" by Jean Genet and "Not Enough Rope," by Elaine May (see Fri., October 18).

PLAY, "Sabrina Fair" (see Fri. Oct. 18).

JAZZ FESTIVAL, "Festival of Music," with Pete Fountain, Floyd Cramer, Boots Randolph, and Chet Atkins (see Fri. Oct. 18).

COUNTRY MUSIC JAM SESSION, "Music Mart Jamboree," bring instruments, 575 Cherokee Rd. SE, 1-5 p.m.

TV, 6:00 p.m. "Upbeat," with the 5th Dimension, Bobby Goldsboro, O.C. Smith, The Grassroots, Bobby Russell, The Cowsills, Paul Peterson, The Showstoppers, Channel 17.

NATIONAL CO-OP DAY CELEBRATION AT S.W. ALABAMA FARMER'S CO-OP ASSOCIATION IN SELMA, ALABAMA. SUPPORT THE ATLANTA COOPERATIVE NEWS PROJECT (THAT'S US)!

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20

MEETING, Help plan GI Day—Come to Atlanta Alliance for Peace Meeting, at Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, 1036 Peachtree N.E. 8:00 p.m.

FORUM, "Two Worlds—Black and White," come as you are, talk and socialize, 3:30-4:30, be broadcast live 4:00-4:30 over WAOK, Bldg. 201 Ashby St. S.W., sponsored by MA&SLAC and and WAOK.

FILM, "The Virgin Spring," Ingmar Bergman, Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8:00 p.m. Donation \$1.50 (members), \$2 (non-members).

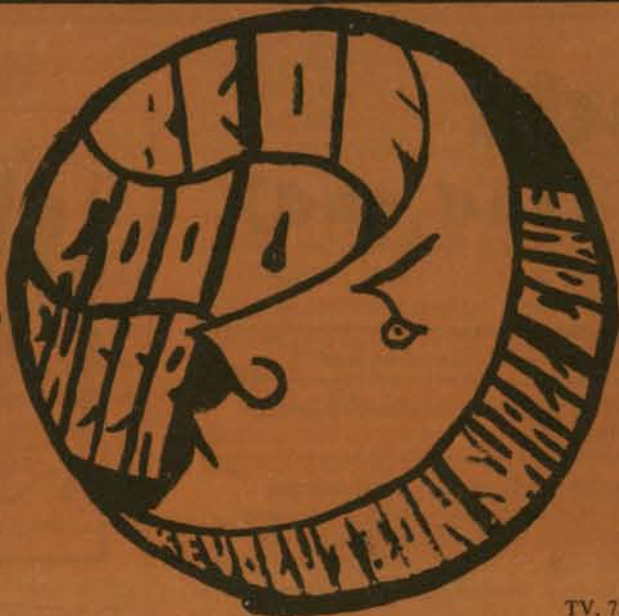
CONCERT, Marietta Community Symphony, Brumby Recreation Center, Polk St., Marietta, 2:30 p.m. & 4:30 p.m., Free.

TV, 9:00 a.m. "Cartoon Cavalcade" Channel 2. 7:00 p.m. "J.R. Jamboree," local country music artists, Channel 17. 8:00 p.m. "La Strega," film with Ursula Andress, Channel 17.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21

DISCUSSION, "Social Obligation, Private Conscience, and the Law: Problems of Dissent and Obedience to Law," Ga. Tech. Free Univ., Wilby Rm., Ga. Tech., 8:00 p.m.

FILM, "Long Day's Journey into Night," from O'Neill's play, Electrical Engineering Bldg., Ga. Tech., 6:30 p.m., Free.



Calendar

RADIO, 7:05 p.m.: "Curtain Time in Atlanta," theater announcements. WABE-FM (90.1).

8:30 p.m.: "Jazz of the Past," recordings by Jimmy Lord, Pops Foster, The Rhythm Makers. WABE-FM (90.1).

10:00 p.m.: "Concert Hall," Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert. WABE-FM (90.1).

TV, 7:00 p.m.: History of the Negro People—"Slavery," Channel 30.

9:00 p.m.: NET Journal—"Asian Prayer, Asian Sword," Channel 30.

10:00 p.m.: "Speaking Freely," with Arthur Miller. Channel 30.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22

CONCERT, chamber music, Assembly R., Sparks Hall, Ga. State College, 8:00 p.m., Free.

RADIO, 4:30 "Hard Travelin'" the life and music of Woody Guthrie (weekly), WABE-FM.

TV, 9:00 p.m. NET Journal—"Asian Prayer, Asian Sword," Channel 30.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23

FILM, "The Red Desert," Antonioni, Alumni Memorial Bldg., Emory U., 8:30. Free.

TV, 7:30 p.m.: What Must Be Done—"Employment," Problems of the Negro in America, with Percy Sutton. Channel 30.

8:00 p.m.: "Conversations 1968" with Bill Cosby. Channel 30.

9:00 p.m.: "Black Journal," Channel 30.

TALK, Gladstone Ntlatati, of the African National Congress (liberation front in South Africa), sponsored by Black Students United. Student Activities Bldg., Ga. State College. 10 am. Open to public.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24

OPENING CONCERT, Symphony Hall opening, with Claude Frank, piano, and Choral Guild of Atlanta. Mozart, Franck, & Poulenc. 8:30 p.m. For further info. call Wm. Denton, 524-6897.

CONCERT, Atlanta Symphony, Atl. Civic Center Aud., 8:30 p.m. \$2 - \$7.

PLAYS, "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Pithecanthropus Erectus," by Robt. Manns (see Fri., Oct. 18).

FILM, "The Endless Summer," Assembly Rms. 1 & 2, Ga. State College, 7 & 9 p.m. Free.

RADIO, 8:00 p.m.: The Negro American—"Why Study Negro History?" WABE-FM (90.1).

TV, 7:00 p.m.: "Sound of Youth," Channel 30.

7:30 p.m.: "It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown," Peanuts cartoon re-run. Channel 5.

9:00 p.m.: Legacy—"Verdun," studies of forces that shaped Western civilization. Channel 30.

9:30 p.m.: NET Festival—Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony analyzed and conducted by Bernard Keefe, with the London Philharmonic. Channel 30.

11:30 p.m.: "The Ox-Bow Incident," film with Henry Fonda, Anthony Quinn. Channel 17.



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25

CONCERT, Atlanta Symphony Orchestra (see Thurs. Oct. 24).

RADIO, 7:15 p.m.: "Musical Memories," real oldies. WABE-FM (90.1).

9:30 p.m.: "Concert Hall," Mendelssohn & Prokofiev. WABE-FM (90.1).

TV, 2:00 p.m.: "Ox-Bow Incident," film (see Thurs. Oct. 24).

8:00 p.m.: The Religions of Man—"Mohammed and His Message," with Dr. Huston Smith. Channel 30.

8:30 p.m.: The Criminal Man—"Sexuality and Crime," with Dr. D. Kelley, U. of Calif. Channel 30.

FILM, "Exodus," Electrical Engineering Bldg. Aud., Ga. Tech. 7 & 9 p.m. Free.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26

COUNTRY MUSIC JAM SESSION, "Music Mart Jamboree," (see Sat., Oct. 19).

FILM, "Night of the Generals," Alumni Memorial Bldg., Emory U. 8:15 p.m. Free (students), 50 cents (non-students).

CONCERT, Atlanta Symphony Orchestra (see Thurs. Oct. 24) 3:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27

BIG DAY: demonstrate in the afternoon and Cream at night.

GI DAY MARCH, assemble 11:30 a.m. at 8th St. and W. Peachtree St., N.E. (Selective Service Headquarters) for march to Piedmont Park, rally starting at 1:00 p.m. Rock bands, open mike for GIs, speaker General Hugh B. Hester (he's agin the war).

CONCERT, The Cream's last Atlanta appearance before breaking up. Chastain Park Amphitheater, 3:00 and 8:00 p.m. \$4 - \$7.50.

FORUM, "Two Worlds—Black and White" (see Sun. Oct. 20).

FILM, "The Lavender Hill Mob," Alec Guinness, Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8:00 p.m. Donation \$1.50 (members), \$2.00 (non-members).

TV, 7:00 p.m.: "J.R. Jamboree," local country music artists, Channel 17.

FILM, "Queen of the Cascades," nature on Mt. Rainier, Hill Auditorium, High Museum of Art, 8:15. \$1.50. For tickets call 237-3521. Sponsored by the Atlanta Bird Club (no relation).

FLICKS

FESTIVAL I, "Cleopatra," Oct. 18 & 19; "Persona," Oct. 20-26.

ANSLEY MALL MINI CINEMA, "Waiting for Caroline," Oct. 18-24.

PEACHTREE BATTLE MINI CINEMA, "Barbarella," Oct. 18-24.

PEACHTREE ART THEATRE: Underground flicks from the N.Y. Film Makers' Coop, Midnight every Fri. & Sat.

FINE ART CINEMA, "The Odd Couple" ad infinitum.

This weekend: "Scorpio Rising"—Kenneth Anger; "Chaos"—Roqert Feldman; "Confessions of a Black Mother Succuba"—Robert Nelson; "Time of the Locust"—Peter Gessner; "Window Water Baby Moving"—Stan Brakhage; "We Shall March Again"—Lenny Lipton; "The Grateful Dead" ("Super Spread")—Robert Nelson.

Next weekend: "The Lovers of Teruel," fantasy feature.

SPOTS

THE BEAT, The Celestial Voluptuous Banana, Oct. 19. Gainesville, Ga.

BISTRO, Dave and Terry, and Ray Whitley, through Oct. 19.

THE DOUGLASVILLE NAT'L GUARD ARMORY, The Licorice Phone-booth, Oct. 19. Douglasville, Ga.

THE ELECTRIC EYE, Radar, Oct. 19.

BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, Jeff Espina, Oct. 18-24.

THE ESCAPE, The Pale Paradox, Oct. 18; The Soul Support, Oct. 19. Newnan, Ga.

THE PINK PUSSYCAT, Freddy Terrell and The Rhythm Band, with Mr. Blues and The Decisions, Oct. 18-24.

THE PLAYROOM, Bill Goodwin, Oct. 18 & 19; Jim Houston, Oct. 21-24.

THE THIRD STONE, The Kindred Spirit (in the basement of the Church School behind Glenn Memorial Church, Emory U.), Oct. 18 & 19, 8 p.m.—1 a.m.

12TH GATE, Robt. Sullivan, classical guitar, Oct. 20; plays, "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Pithecanthropus Erectus," by Robt. Manns, 8:30 p.m. \$1.50, followed by Florence Warner, folk singer. Oct. 18, 19, 24, 25, 26.

THE SPOT, The Fifth Order, Oct. 17-19.

PINETREE SKATERAMA, Pale Paradox, Oct. 19; Radar, Oct. 26.



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