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November 4, 1968



GENERAL HUGH B. HESTER



by wayne scott, jr.

GIS MARCH FOR PEACE

Sunday morning. A beautiful day—clear, blue sky, warm, bright sun. While the *bourgeois* dressed themselves Fit To Kill, hopped into their low, sleek chrome-machines, Going To The Church Of Their Choice (zooming down West Peachtree), a couple hundred of Atlanta's more pacifically-inclined *anti-bourgeois* began to congregate around 8th and W. P'tree, site of the Georgia State Headquarters, Selective Service System.

Peace march. GI Day. Longhairs and shorthairs, marching *together*, For Peace, against death, insanity, Hershey, Brass, against that Damn War. For Life.

At 11:30 am picketing of the SSS HQ began, and it continued for about an hour, all the while gathering more and more picketers. I had come over to SSS HQ shortly after eleven o'clock. Sat down on the steps of the nearby (and closed) Miss Peachtree Restaurant, Breakfast Anytime. Waiting, looking. Curious scene: two camera jocks, about as straight as it is possible to be and still retain that Good Groomed Vitalis Look, walked by me, stopped, shot some pix of the For Sale Adair Realty and Loan Co. sign across the street; looked both ways, crossed the street, shot more pix: the SSS HQ, then a group of hippies sitting on the grass in the warm sun. Later I learned that one of them was the Atlanta Police Department's "Red Squad" photographer—he wore a big badge on his coat-pocket: PRESS,

UNIVERSAL NEWS, PHOTOGRAPHER. I saw him during the march riding in a fuzzmobile.

Hell, cops all over. Plainclothes and blue clothes. Even MP clothes. Uptight US Army. MPs in uniform, riding shotgun in APD cars. Military intelligence, craning their rubber necks, looking for "subversives." APD car zooming down W. P'tree, SCREECHED to a halt, big Fishing Pole on the rear went ZOOP, ZOOP, ZOOP.

The Americong all over too. Picketing, carrying signs: "Free Speech for GIs," "I Have a Dream," "Celebrate Life," "War Kills," "Stop the Racist War in Vietnam," "SSOC Against the War," "Zap Them With Flowers Not Fire," "If God Wanted You to Have a Uniform, He Would Have Issued You One," and "Tarzan Is a Dropout." Colorful: yellow, purple, green, blue, red. Handlettered.

Some a bit drab. Young Socialist Alliance members passed out plain, printed signs: "Support Our Boys In Vietnam, Bring Them Home Now"—blue on white, or red and black on white. (Black?! What did Trotsky say about Bakunin?)

Half past twelve. Denis Adelsberger of the Atlanta Workshop in Non-violence speaking into a small mike, asking GIs and vets to go into the street to head the march. A few did so. "Vets For Peace" caps prominent. GIs without identification (except haircuts)—no white "GIs for Peace"

caps as in SF, Oct. 12. Everyone else followed, surging across the concrete. Crowd mostly young, mostly looking on, even GIs despite best efforts of Army barbers. Marched down W. P'tree to 5th to P'tree to 14th to Piedmont Park. Five (more or less) abreast.

Lots of bystanders. Some incredulous. Many just leaving church. But, amazingly, no catcalls. Black cab driver passed by, flashed V-sign; marchers flashed back.

Chants. Peace! Now! Two-Four-Six-Eight, We Don't Want a Fascist State! Hell, No! We Won't Go! Peace! Now!

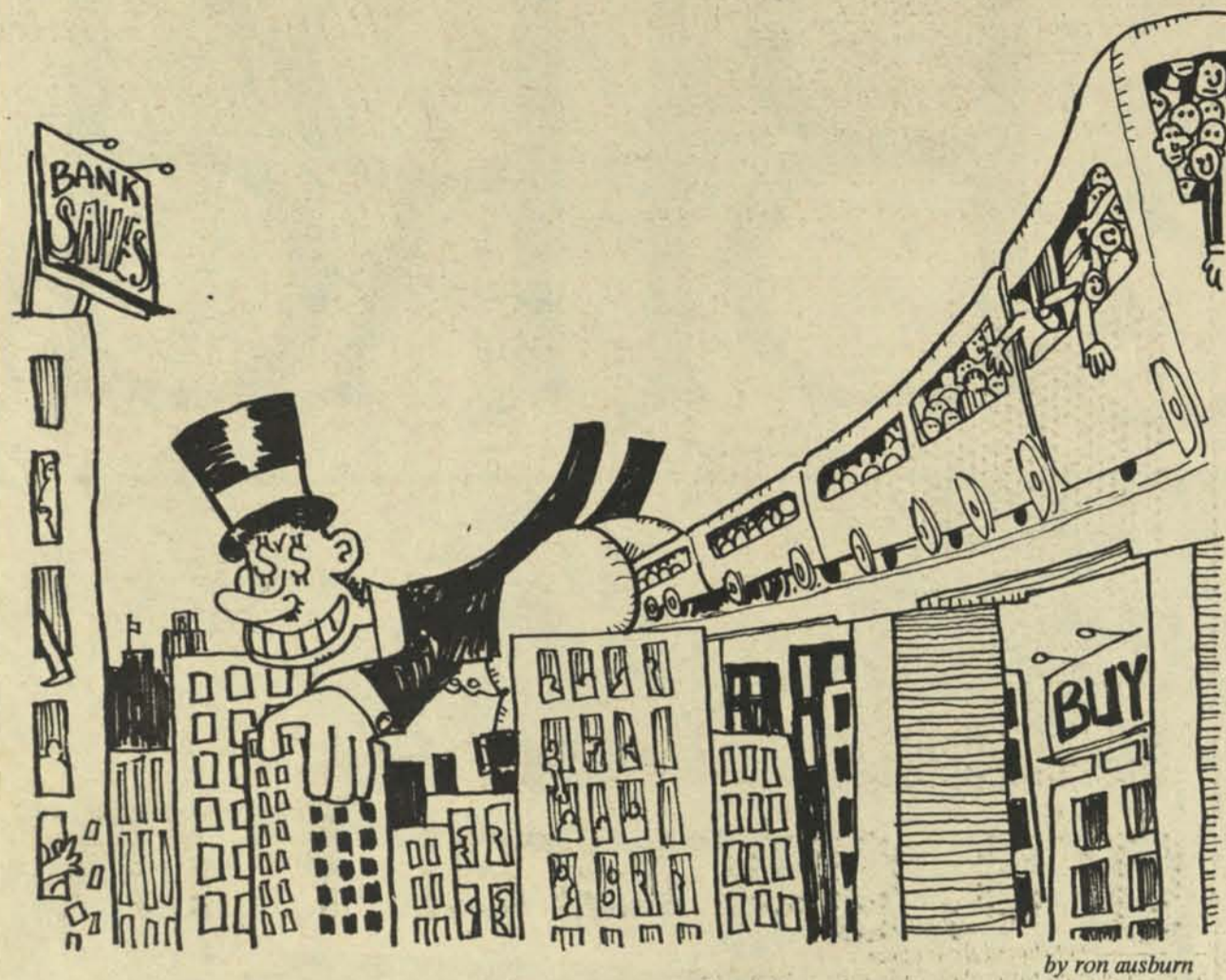
Spirit was high. Everyone feeling good. Laughing, joking. Talking to friends. Chanting. Cops passing, silence, someone went "oink-oink," laughter. Peace! Now!

As the march progressed down 14th Street, I peeled off, into the Birdhouse. Gotta get me some *Birds* to sell. Rampant commercialism.

I caught up to the march as it entered the park, went through the cement gates, down the steps, across the grassy flat where Ga. Tech frats, engaged in their weekly football rites, stared with blank faces.

Rally started soon. About another hundred and fifty people joined the two hundred marchers there. Steve Abbott, draft resister and student body president at Emory University, emceed. I was going around selling *Birds*, not paying much attention to what he was saying. Arthur Burg-

—continued on page 3



by ron ausburn

what's good for Rich's is good for Atlanta

phooey

Rapid transit figures prominently in the Atlanta Business Establishment's vision of the city of the future. In a nutshell, that vision seems to be of a city much like the present one, only bigger, more prosperous, more efficient. More and bigger. No basic change in direction; but just a quickening of the pace at which present trends are working themselves out, with perhaps a bit more advance planning to smooth out the kinks inevitable in quick growth.

Rapid transit fits neatly into this vision in several ways:

1. The pre-eminence of the downtown shopping area over suburban shopping centers will be perpetuated. Suburbanites now discouraged by expressway traffic tie-ups could get to Rich's and back home much easier than now, and this consideration undoubtedly has not been lost on Chairman Richard H. Rich and his business colleagues who dominate the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority.
2. Salespeople, clerks and other white-collar types could get to and from their downtown jobs faster.
3. The movement of black domestics to their jobs in white suburbia and back again to the ghetto would be facilitated.

In short, all the daily massive population movements necessary to keep the Metropolitan Monster moving ahead in the same old direction would be streamlined by rapid transit. "Orderly growth" and "progress," the patron deities of the Business Establishment, would be duly served.

Most of the opposition to rapid transit has come from those who, for various reasons, do not share the two basic premises of the Business Establishment: 1. That "growth" and "progress," measured in purely quantitative terms, are inevitably good *per se*, and 2. That what is good for "Rich's is good for all of us.

Like the gov'nor, for instance. Usually hopelessly anachronistic in this age of progress and therefore a constant source of embarrassment to the progressive Business Establishment, Lester has managed to outprogress them on this one. He thinks rapid transit will soon be obsolete because each of us will have his own shoulder airplane to get around. A visit to Los Angeles confirmed him in his opinion that what Atlanta needs in the meantime are more expressways.

Rightwing groups have sporadically opposed rapid transit on the grounds that MARTA threatens to become a super-government which could override existing municipal and county bodies. Anything with "Metropolitan" in the title seems to bring that special gleam to the John Bircher's eye.

Groups representing the black poor, while not opposing rapid transit in principle, have been critical of the present plans on several grounds: discrimination against

black neighborhoods in proposed transit routing, MARTA's failure to give assurances that blacks will be employed on a nondiscriminatory basis in the construction and operation of the system, and the token representation of blacks on MARTA's board, which has effectually excluded them from the planning stages.

Basically, it seems to be the same old story of things being done for the poor, especially the black poor, by middle-class whites who assume they know what's best for everybody, without giving the poor themselves a say-so in the planning.

But perhaps most revealing in the whole desultory debate are the questions which have *not* been raised; the assumptions which, precisely because they are shared by virtually everybody involved, have not been made explicit. For the record, we raise them here:

1. Is "growth" really good if it just means more of the same? Are we all going to be any happier as Atlanta approaches the size of Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and our problems approach the scope of theirs? Or is it possible to grow too big, to progress too much? If so, shouldn't we start giving as much thought to ways of reducing rural migration to Atlanta as we give to coping with it after it gets here?
2. If growth is inevitable, would decentralization and de-emphasis of the downtown area necessarily be bad? Instead of devising ways to get more and more people downtown faster, should we start thinking about how to reduce the concentration of business in the downtown area, so that more of us can work and shop in our own neighborhoods?
3. Instead of worrying about how to get more people to dehumanizing jobs faster, shouldn't we be thinking about ways to abolish those jobs, without hurting the people who hold them now?

You won't find these questions on your ballot next Tuesday; the important ones aren't decided that way. These decisions will be made by Mr. Rich and his friends, and their counterparts in the national economy—most of whom have no reason to be fundamentally displeased with existing arrangements and too little vision to imagine that different ones could be made.

So however you vote on Mr Rich's transit—if you plan to vote—don't expect too much. Don't be surprised if, after 10 years of rapid transit, Mr. Rich is twice as rich, the black poor are still shuttling from suburb to ghetto, and the white collars are still appendages of their typewriters, cash registers and adding machines. Rapid transit get us there faster, but the destination remains unchanged.

—bob goodman

KUDZU ZAPPED

On October 7, in Justice of the Peace court, the closed society brought its Kangaroo justice down on Mississippi's free press, *The Kudzu*. J.P. Patterson found editor David Doggett guilty of assaulting an officer (a charge entered the day after arrest) and sentenced him to 6 months in jail and fined him \$500. Chuck Fitzhugh and Jimmy Capriotti were found guilty of obstructing traffic and resisting arrest on Monday the 7th, and assaulting an officer on Tuesday the 8th. They were each sentenced to 9 months in jail and fined \$750. Bill Peltz and Everett Long were found innocent of vagrancy. The three "guilty" are free on bond pending appeal to the county court.

The charges stemmed from arrests on October 7 and 8 when the *Kudzu* people attempted to sell newspapers across from Callaway High School in Jackson. Police beat one salesman and exposed film of the beating taken by Bill Peltz. Police arrested 12 in all, charging them randomly with vagrancy, resisting arrest, obstructing traffic, and assaulting an officer. Charges against Millsaps students were dropped at the request of the college.

In court, police testified that 5 feet 3 inch 120 pounds Chuck Fitzhugh assaulted a fully armed officer. Doggett was accused of walking up to 5 armed deputies and assaulting one of them. In the most astonishing contradiction of the entire proceedings, all three officers on the scene of the "crime" denied, under oath, that they had arrested David. At this point the judge called for five minute recess and the State went into a caucus to get its story straight.

Word is, that since Justice failed to eradicate the subversives, government (Jackson City Council) plans a crusade against the obscene creeping vine, *Kudzu*.

—compiled from *The Kudzu*

(Ed. note: To end the Old South of police repression and racism it is vital that papers like *The Kudzu* continue. Send your weekly contributions to the Bird and then send what's left to *The Kudzu*, Box 22502, Jackson Miss. 39205. Subscriptions are \$2.50 for 18 issues.)

BAMA MARCH

On Monday, Oct. 21, more than 50 University of Alabama students took the day off from school to stage a protest against the war in Vietnam and against the repressive policies of the University.

The students were protesting university President Frank Rose's refusal to allow four controversial speakers on campus—Jerry Rubin of the Youth International Party, Marxist scholar Herbert Aptheker, Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver, and Tom Hayden of the Student Mobilization Committee.

The speakers were invited to Alabama by the Democratic Student Organization.

Since the university had refused permission for a rally on campus last Monday, the protesters marched from the student union to the Canterbury Chapel, an off-campus Episcopal center. As they marched, the students wore tape over their mouths as a symbol of "denial of basic rights."

—from *The Southern Courier*

FREE SPEECH...

Charles Evers, head of the NAACP in Mississippi, spoke at Ole Miss Oct. 2, under the protection of a Federal Court injunction. He had been invited to speak by the Ole Miss chapters of the Young Democrats and Youth for Humphrey/Muskie, and the Ole Miss administration had given its approval. However, on Oct. 1, Chancellor Fortune told the two groups that the Board of Trustees had refused Evers permission to speak because "he was a political figure."

On Oct. 2, the Young Democrats filed a request for an injunction to permit Evers to speak at Ole Miss. Judge Keady of the U.S. District Court at Greenville handed down the injunction at 3 pm on Oct. 2. Federal Marshals served it on Chancellor Fortune at 7 pm, and Evers spoke at 8:30 pm. Because of the large crowd the proceedings had to be moved from the Moot Court Room of the Law School to the larger Education auditorium.

—from *The Kudzu*

... FOR EVER[S]

About 1,000 students at Mississippi State University held a rally on Thursday, Oct. 24, to protest the ruling of the state college board that Charles Evers may not make a political speech on the campus.

Evers has called on Mississippi's Congressmen to say who they favor for president. They have not spoken out yet because they could lose their privileges in Congress if they don't support the Democratic candidate.

—from the *Mississippi Newsletter*

BERKELEY si!

"Who in the fuck do you think you are, telling me that I can't talk, telling the students and faculty members at U.C. Berkeley that they cannot have me deliver ten lectures? I'm going to do it whether you like it or not. In fact, my desire now is to deliver "twenty" lectures. You, Donald Duck Rafferty, Big Mama Unruh . . . all and each of you can kiss my black nigger ass, because I recognize you for what you are, racist demagogues . . ." — [Eldridge Cleaver, "An Aside to Ronald Reagan," *Ramparts*, Oct. 26, 1968.]

During the week of October 18-25, nearly 200 students, non-students and faculty of the Berkeley community were arrested by the police for having staged two sit-ins at Sproul Hall and Moses Hall. The 200, plus the several hundred others who surrounded the liberated buildings in a show of support and in order to obstruct the police, were protesting the infringement of the academic freedom of the university perpetrated by the Board of Regents of the State of California. The Regents had effectively prohibited Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party, from offering a series of ten lectures as part of a faculty-approved, student-proposed course on Racism in America.

Bowing to the extreme pressure of the Board, Chancellor Roger Heyns changed the status of Cleaver's course from a credit to a non-credit offering, subject to further deliberation. [Even conservative faculty such as Noble Prize-winning physicist Owen Chamberlain sided with the students on their demands for the reinstatement of credit for Cleaver's course.] Yet Cleaver has already offered three of his proposed ten lectures and none of these "deliberations" have taken place or produced any positive result.

Consequently, the students, left in a lurch by the faculty, have had to escalate the situation. The first step has been the sit-ins following massive campus rallies of 4-5000 students. Now the students, supported by the American Federation of Teachers, is planning a total student strike to paralyze the university.

The situation, in short, is bizarre. In 1964, students generated the Free Speech Movement to allow non-university people to speak on campus and distribute political literature; in 1968, after 4 years of soul-searching by American universities and grandiose promises to increase the flexibility of the university power structure, the students have to defend the simple, fundamental canon of academic freedom. Clearly this should have been the basis for rallying the faculty to action. After all, their independence is directly threatened by the Regents' action. But their protests have proven feeble. In fact, when the police battered down the door of Moses Hall, the faculty warned the students, not the police, to remain non-violent.

—ted brodek



Picketing of five Kroger grocery chains continued last weekend. Response of shoppers was significantly better. Luis Melendrez, who has been with the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO, since its inception in 1965, has arrived in Atlanta from Cincinnati where he coordinated boycott efforts. Melendrez will address any interested groups and coordinate the day to day efforts of the boycott. He says, "They have grapes in refrigeration which they can sell until next May. If they're still grapes in Atlanta, I'll be in Atlanta till May." For further information on the boycott call: 766-5033.

HELP PASS OUT LEAFLETS AT THESE KROGER STORES FRIDAY NIGHT 5:30-8:30, Saturday 10:00-6:00.

1. 529 Church St., (Decatur)
2. 1554 N. Decatur Rd., (Emory)
3. 2831 Lakewood Ave., S.W.
4. 1300 Moreland Ave., S.W.
5. 1550 Piedmont Ave., (Ansley Mall)



gi's, general FTA

—continued from cover

hardt, convicted thirty days earlier of "willfully and knowingly refusing to accept induction into the armed forces" (see *Bird* No. 17), read a message from Pvt. Donald Pyle, Ft. Benning: "I will not go to Vietnam." Loud cheers. (Pyle and Ed Glover, also at Benning, had their passes revoked, and were given *direct* orders not to participate at GI Day.)

Then Poetry. Burghardt read several poems:

Kenneth Fearing, "Ad"

WANTED: Men;

Millions of men are WANTED AT ONCE in a big new field;

NEW, TREMENDOUS, THRILLING, GREAT.

If you've ever been a figure in the chamber of horrors,
If you've ever escaped from a psychiatric ward,
If you thrill at the thought of throwing poison into wells, have heavenly visions of people, by the thousands, dying in flames—

YOU ARE THE VERY MAN WE WANT

We mean business and our business is YOU

WANTED: A race of brand new men.

Apply: Vietnam, Southeast Asia;

No skill needed;

No ambition required; no brains wanted and no character allowed;

TAKE A PERMANENT JOB IN THE COMING PROFESSION

Wages: DEATH.

Randall Jarrell, "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner"

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

e e cummings

i sing of Olaf glad and big
whose warmest heart recoiled at war:
a conscientious object-or

his wellbeloved colonel (trig
westpointer most succinctly bred)
took erring Olaf soon in hand;
but—though an host of overjoyed
noncoms (first knocking on the head
him) do through icy waters roll
that helplessness which others stroke
with brushes recently employed
anent this muddy toiletbowl,
while kindred intellects evoke
allegiance per blunt instruments—

Olaf (being to all intents a corpse
and wanting any rag
upon what God unto him gave)
responds, without getting annoyed
"I will not kiss your frigging flag"

straightway the silver bird looked grave
(departing hurriedly to shave)

but—though all kinds of officers
(a yearning nation's blueeyed pride)
their passive prey did kick and curse
until for wear their clarion
voices and boots were much the worse,
and egged the firstclassprivates on
his rectum wickedly to tease
by means of skilfully applied
bayonets roasted hot with heat—
Olaf (upon what were once knees)
does almost ceaselessly repeat
"there is some shit I will not eat
there is some shit I will not eat"

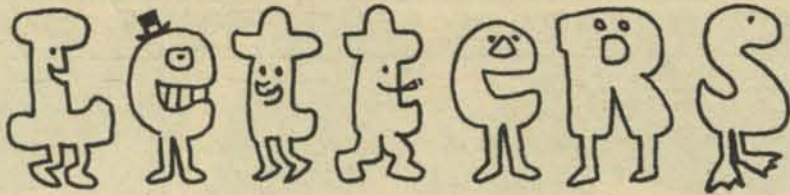
While Burghardt read beautiful words, two super-straight stood erect holding sign "You Are Making Me Sick." Crowd, sitting on grass/ground, paid them no attention, and they soon went away. ("There were no reported incidents," said Monday's *Constipation*.)

Cliff Conner, write-in candidate of the Socialist Workers Party for Herman Talmadge's Senate seat, and a principal organizer of GI Day, read a telegram from the GI Association: "We active duty GIs who stood together in San Francisco on Oct. 12th and voiced opposition to our nation's policy in Vietnam send greetings on this day of national unity against the war." Applause. Telegram from Fort Benning: "We the GIs restricted to post today send our support. We represent seven major troop commands. We who were planning to go have been put on details. Keep up the good work, and bring the boys home now." Loud cheers.

Conner also read messages from soldiers at Forts Jackson, S.C., and McClellan, Ala., who phoned to say they were being prevented by Brass from coming to Atlanta. Despite harassment and obstacles, however, a good number of GIs (estimates vary from 30 to 50) came to the rally. I later talked to a GI from Benning who was unaware of the anti-war agitation that has gone on for several months there. He said guys were isolated from one another—Benning is a huge place—and only learned about things haphazardly, by word of mouth. He had come to Atlanta for the Cream concert and had first learned about GI Day in Friday's *Constipation*.

—continued on page 14

HEADS & DEALERS: Phone tip that there will be for sure at least one high school boy in the area this weekend looking to score who has turned police informer in order to save himself from a possession rap. . . Be Careful. Keep Clean.



But.

Atlanta wasn't San Francisco. No hundreds of GI's. Only a handful of GI's at all. But. But the real effect, the real value-to-be-gained of this GI Day was not to be found in Piedmont Park, but rather in Forts Benning, Gordon, Jackson, McClellan, McPherson, etc. It's a negative lesson.

For all those stuck in uniform who, thinking for themselves, oppose this war, Frisco Oct. 12 was their day. Atlanta Oct. 27 was their day also. In a negative way.

In BenningGordonJacksonMcEtc. now they know. They know not only that there are servicemen who are going to oppose this war in actions, they know that the people up there running the thing give such credence, such credit to this anti-war mood among the warriors that all efforts are made to keep it from outlets and expression. The brass is uptight.

The brass is uptight. Remember that, and ask yourself why.

The conspicuous absence of men in uniform, that enforced absence, is mute but powerful testimony that the men who are fighting this war are ready and willing to disclaim the phony "cause" in which it is supposedly being fought.

Richard Lee Kelnhofer

yes, adult world

Yes, adult world I can tell you a few things. It takes no literary genius or ecclesiastical maniac, only a broad-minded human being. I will hear no more of your problems earth, no more of carry your own mirth. One can no longer live on poems and fantasies, or at least I can't. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone. For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth, But has trouble enough of its own," is obsolete and out-dated. In fact, it's pure poppycock. After centuries of spinning around world, stop and listen to my proclamations.

Humans are not machines without emotions who can conceal everything in their vacuum packed brains for re-opening at will and expect no mare to blemish their brain, heart, or soul. What's that—Man has no soul, his heart is merely an impractical pump which in a few years may be replaced at regular intervals to insure continuous vigor, and his brain, well, can always be expanded? Who are you, some irrational Hitler? Someone's been feeding you malarkey. You have the devil's sickness, you will lead a devil's life, and die a devil's death! Automation is here to stay, are you?

I've met you before, the joker of rude road. Cut me down if you like. It's been done before and it will be done again. Rip out my soul with eagles clutches; intensely manipulate my brain while you grin your proper grin and retain your lady like stance. Heaven forbid that anyone cross you. Respect of authority you know. Automation is here to stay but blasted if you are!!

—lyn moor

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

ron ausburn
jim sundberg
wayne scott jr.
bill fibben
linda fibben

ted brodek
miller francis jr.
barbara joye
howard romaine
anne romaine

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**You Too Can Be
A Civil Rights Worker**

Where is the Civil Rights Movement today? The South has passed through Birmingham Sunday, Chief Pritchett, Freedom Summer, Bobby Kennedy, and then the barrage of legislation passed by Lyndie and the White Guilt Congress. The wealthy Miami suburbanite says grudgingly, "Well, now they have what they want. They ought to be happy." And "they" continue in pretty much the same patterns they have followed for generations.

Much more is needed than just laws; we also need just law enforcement. Chicago was just a flagrant case of what has gone on quietly in Georgia, Mississippi, oh yes—maybe even YOUR hometown—even since the Civil Rights Laws were passed. Examples from the town I'm working in:

1. The night Martin Luther King was murdered, a group of black leaders were meeting in their community center to discuss emergency tactics to prevent rioting. Suddenly the police burst in. Four or five patrol cars were outside and men surrounded the building. They said they had come to break up this meeting of "agitators," and were going to look for hidden guns. One of the men at the meeting was a lawyer; he asked to see the search warrant and had a paper waved in his face. It turned out later that the warrant was for another place. Then the police said for the meeting to break up and for the people to go home one by one (while the other cops went through the building, pulled books off shelves, and knocked doors off their hinges). They covered the people leaving the meeting with machine guns, to make sure they didn't do anything dangerous. And funny thing about it—no one ever knew who the cops were, because they all had masking tape over their badges, covering up the name and number.

2. "All those niggers look alike to me." But one morning two policemen in a patrol car spotted a kid a block away that they were *positive* was a burglar they were after, so they took off after him. He ran onto a crowded playground where a recreation program was going on. The cop jumped out of the car and fired at him, into the crowd. He missed the boy; instead hit a nine-year-old girl. After an hour or so, an ambulance came. The policeman was waiting at the hospital when it finally arrived; he had a release form for the parents to sign, saying that he was not responsible.

3. One small county has been run by the same sheriff for twelve years. In the primary a few weeks ago, there were five people running against him including his own Brother. (There were also a few black people in the election. They were terrified of running at first; they said the sheriff would come in the night and get them.) Well, this sheriff nearly lost the election for the first time. They sat up late counting the ballots, and somehow it turned out that this sheriff had lost by six votes. He jumped up, grabbed the ballot box, and said that something was wrong; he was going to see the judge—and walked out with the ballots. In a few days we heard that he had won by eight votes; they had received some absentee ballots that hadn't been counted before.

So what good is the Open Housing Act, Welfare Legislation, Federal Food and Commodities...even Universal Suffrage? They are nice-sounding laws in books but they have a lot of cloddy people to administer them, to the extent that they are useless. (And the ironic part is, the biggest clods in this respect are the ones that shriek "Law and Order!" every time we have a little peace vigil.)

The phrase "civil rights" seems *passee* in this year of Black Power and Huey Newton. But that's in California, white friends, and right here in Little Ole Georgia there's a lot of old-fashioned Freedom Summer-type action still going on, very quietly now, but still going on. (Black Power hasn't made you obsolete! In Georgia, they still need white people to infiltrate the ruling class and spy for them.)

So take notice: In Hancock County to the east of Atlanta, the city of Sparta is being governed by a majority of Black people. No need for an exhausting sit-in when you have a black chairman of the county commissioners! Hancock County is the first...but there are many more counties in Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama...and the battle still goes on quietly and unpublicized.

—mobly jordan

**HOPE ^{springs}
ETERNAL**

Election Day is like New Year's—nostalgia for the past, hope for the future; a time of reckoning, a time of promising; disappointment that we don't do better, amazement that we do as well as we do; a tantalizing vision of things as they could be and faith that those things would be, if only we tried a little harder.

Perhaps the most surprising and the most encouraging thing is that we expect it all to work, that we take for granted that on one day, hundreds of millions will go to certain appointed places and make marks on certain pieces of paper, that we trust one another, at least enough to accept the results without fighting, so far; that peacefully and according to the plan, people will move in and people will move out, and enormous amounts of power will change hands.

The cynics may say it doesn't make any difference, the ones who move out and the ones who move in are so much alike, but on Election Day, I cannot be cynical. It is like the sprig of green in J.B., it is a symbol, a reminder that things can change.

A vote may not count for much, but a vote could count for a lot. My brief excursion into politics this summer leads me to believe that the time to start working to make it count is the day after one election, not the summer before or even the year before the next election. It leads me to believe that to the energetic belong the spoils, that victory might come to those who can stay awake the longest, and who can type the most names on mailing lists and can look up the most zip codes.

Particularly intellectuals and particularly liberals like to speculate about what others are going to do or have done. We are prone to take politics as a spectator sport and then fuss when our team doesn't play the way we think we would have. There is one way to remedy that, get on the team ourselves.

It takes money, yes, but it also takes "coolie work", as John Hersey describes it, so that we'll be ready to play when the game starts again... Is there a winter practice season?... Politics, anyone?

—eliza paschall



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CLEAVER FOR PRES.



As you know, the Black Panther Party is organizing black people across this country so that we can put an end to police brutality and murder, gross unemployment, indecent housing, inadequate medical care, brainwashing and whitewashing miseducation and the exploitation of merchants, factory owners, loan sharks, and the other aggressors in our communities.

At the same time, we are very concerned with the development of a strong radical movement in the white community, because we recognize that the total liberation of black people—the power to determine our own destiny—can only be won when the colonial apparatus in the white mother country is destroyed and replaced by a truly human system. We also recognize the Demo/Republican Party as our overt enemy: we aim to pull black people out of that oppressive framework and, working with white radicals, to break this hold this one-party system has over the American people. For these reasons we have formed a working coalition with the Peace and Freedom Party in California and a number of other states. Despite certain predictable difficulties, we are proud of this coalition and we want to



see it broadened and deepened throughout the country. We have already seen that it has dissipated much of the cloud of racial hostility that hung over the heads of people in the political movements in California.

I believe we have two tasks before us in the immediate period. We must pull together the disparate elements of our movements and raise the level of their political understanding, organization and work. And we must present the American people with a truly radical alternative, clearly independent of the power structure. We must give them straight-forward explanations of the crises affecting them and provide solutions that strike at the root of these problems. We must not only demand that all U.S. Forces withdraw immediately from Vietnam; we must go beyond that to show that U.S. aggression in Vietnam is not an isolated atrocity, but part of a policy of imperial domination and exploitation of the peoples of Asia, Africa, Latin America, and even Western Europe and Canada. We must make clear the connection between this international imperialism and the colonial oppression of black people and other people of color in this country. We must raise the fundamental question of whom the land and the means of production rightfully belong to; we must declare that the people have the right to enjoy the wealth created by their own labor.

I think it would be a very serious mistake for Peace and Freedom to get hung up in the illusion of winning power or accomplishing basic change this year or even in the next four years—especially through the electoral process. We should not try to compete with the Demo/Republican Party (or George Wallace's American Fascist Party) for votes. Instead we should use the electoral campaign to lay the foundation for a serious movement; and then build on that foundation after the election. We are fighting to win power for the people.

I ask your support for the Presidency of the United States so that we can move as fast as possible, together, to sweep aside this racist and imperialist capitalist system of exploitation and replace it with institutions that provide security, justice and a decent life for everyone.

Sincerely yours,
Eldridge Cleaver

TERRY FOR V. PRES.



time to fight

LNS/NY

Peggy Terry, an Oklahoma miner's daughter and JOIN organizer in Chicago, knows about poverty: "When I hear Southern womanhood defended by racists like Wallace, I just have to laugh. I am 'Southern womanhood' and I've had to work all my life like an animal. I took in washing and ironing; picked, canned and sold fruit, vegetables and berries to help make our living. I also picked and chopped cotton, worked in the peanut fields and took care of children for women who were lucky enough to get jobs in the cotton mills."

In a speech made in Washington during the Poor Peoples' March, she said: "We, the poor whites of the United States, today demand an end to racism for our own self-interest and well-being as well as for the well-being of black, brown and red Americans, who I repeat, are our NATURAL ALLIES in the struggle for real freedom and real democracy in these—our—United States."



"These bills are in violation of federal law and must be retained by the Treasury Department," said U.S. Attorney Gilbert S. Merritt in Nashville, October 24. Absolutely subversive. No comment from Paul Doster, agent-in-charge of the Nashville area Secret Service office.

Buckwheat! Dick Gregory on "dollar bills." Gregory's presidential campaign literature upset the Secret Service which conducted a raid in Nashville, Monday, Oct. 21, on the home of Baxton Bryant, executive director of the Tennessee Council on Human Relations and also state co-ordinator of Gregory's write-in campaign. The raiders seized 30,000 bills from Bryant and refused to return them.

The Nashville Tennessean printed rumors that Gregory bills had been passed in Memphis as real currency. Apparently a hoax. Memphis police told Bryant they knew nothing of the matter.

Secret Service agents learned of the bills when a package containing some of them broke open in a Railway Express Agency office. REA tipped off Doster who ordered the raid on Bryant's home.

Bryant was incensed about Doster's action. "Is the Police State which many have predicted to be in the offing in America already a reality?" he asked.

Bryant chuckled, however, at the publicity given the seizure. Gregory's campaign had received almost no coverage in the media until the Treasury Dept. got uptight.

Gregory is on the ballot in New York (Freedom and Peace Party), New Jersey (Peace and Freedom Alternative Party), Pennsylvania and Virginia (Peace and Freedom Party), and Colorado, Indiana, and Tennessee (New Party). His running mate in five states is Mark Lane; in New Jersey it is David Frost, in Virginia Benjamin Spock.

The Guardian described his campaign as "essentially humanist and pacifist in tone, style, and content." Gregory's latest book, *Write Me In!* (Bantam, 95 cents), tells "Why I want to be President." Said George Wallace: "I don't think he's funny. Not any more."

—steve wise





Gold and bronze Olympic medals hung around their necks. The two black Americans raised black-gloved clenched fists high and bowed their heads low during playing of the Star Spangled Banner. They also stood in black stocking feet, track shoes in their free hands.

For demonstrating unity with their race before the world, Tommie Smith and John Carlos were expelled from Mexico two days later. The two sprinters from San Jose State University in California had run the 200-meter dash final Oct. 16. Smith won in the world-record time of 19.8 seconds despite an injured leg. Carlos placed third as Australia's Peter Norman threw his chest into the tape inches ahead of him. But both were timed at 20 seconds flat, equaling Smith's listed world record.

"We are black and proud to be black Americans," Smith explained afterwards. "White America only gives us credit when we win things like Olympic championships. Black America understands. When we raised our fists, we

did it so people could understand that black America was with us all the way."

On Oct. 18 the U.S. Olympic Committee suspended Smith and Carlos. They were told to leave Olympic Village and their credentials were taken away, which meant they had 48 hours to get out of Mexico. The committee said its own members were divided on the question of punishment for the two men but that they were pressured into the disciplinary action by the International Olympic Committee. Carlos said Oct. 19 that he planned to sue the U.S. Olympic Committee for defamation of character. "I am going to nail them to the wall," he said. "I have a lawyer in Los Angeles and a lawyer in New York. They have told me that the United States Olympic Committee acted in violation of the constitution. I am going to see to it that they have to pay."

Carlos, 23, was born and raised in New York. Smith, 24, is from Lemoore, Calif.

Both Smith and Carlos were part of the original group of black athletes who had planned to boycott the Olympics, a protest initiated by Harry Edwards, a teacher last year at San Jose State. The boycott did not come off and Carlos' and Smith's protest was the strongest presented at Mexico City's Olympic Games.

In victory ceremonies for the 400-meter run Oct 18, first, second and third place winners Lee Evans, Larry James and Ron Freeman wore black berets and raised their arms in the clenched fist sign. But they removed their berets and stood erect facing the American flag as the U.S. national anthem was played.

They had been read a statement by Douglas F. Roby, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, which said in part: "A repetition of such incidents by other members of the United States team can only be considered a willful disregard of Olympic principles that would warrant the imposition of the severest penalties at the disposal of the United States Olympic Committee."

—from the *Guardian* 10/26/68

COLASSES QUINING

"I wish you'd write more stories," she said, a little shyly. "I've liked the ones about songs, and about miners. They were different from the rest of the paper. . ."

I caught the idea. I'd not want to intrude on the territory of our old friend Og, King of Bashan—Moses did that to his earlier namesake, one of the last giants. (See Joshua 12.) Still, I had said that the paper should try to satisfy readers' needs.

"I had something else in mind this week," I told her. "I was reading in the news that the New Haven Railroad wants to sell out to the Pennsylvania. They've been bankrupt since 1961. They run hundreds of passenger trains twice a day, taking commuters to and from work in New York, and the rest of the day the trains sit idle. There has to be a full crew for each train, and having those men sit around is expensive. Now they're proposing a rapid transit system for Atlanta, and this will no more solve our problem than it did for New York."

"But it's needed here," she said.

I thought of my years of riding Atlanta buses to and from work, mostly on the 23 Skidoo—excuse me, I meant to say "Oglethorpe"—line. I recalled the days when I got on at Tenth Street, having to catch an "Express to 19th" bus, often seeing these play leap-frog past my stop when an "Express to Buckhead" paused, and never able to get a seat during rush hours.

Then came the image of the end of the line where buses begin to load downtown, where the traffic island is so full of shoving people that one is reminded of a shape-up in a farm labor market during times of little available harvest work, or the rush when all I.L.W.U. longshoremen are employed and a call goes out to hire non-union men "off the floor" at a union hall to load or unload some ship. (I.L.W.U. pay is high.) The shoving stops just short of bodily injury, most of the time; and the buses usually fill all seats before they move, centerline passengers be damned—let them stand, if you can crowd them in somehow. I wish I had a nickel for each of these overstuffed tins of canned people which didn't have room for me in the 6 years I rode buses here, before I bought wheels and added one more car to the morning-and-evening traffic jam.

Then came the picture of these new green buses, highly touted for their V-8 engines (which get you there no sooner than a straight 6), air conditioning (which does not reduce that choking ocean of cheap perfume), and "super-soft seats" (an inch of foam rubber on plywood, vinyl-covered, soft to the finger and hard to the tail end, of no use to those who stand). Atlanta public transportation is very obviously inadequate at rush hours; during other times, many buses run almost empty.

"No, a rapid transit system is not what we need, and it's not what New York needs. What we need to do is stagger the working hours."

"Do you mean to have some of the buses and trains running one time, and the others at another time?"

"No, I'm not thinking about the bus drivers or train men. I mean that working hours should be staggered for the passengers, so that they'd not all be trying to use the same road at once."

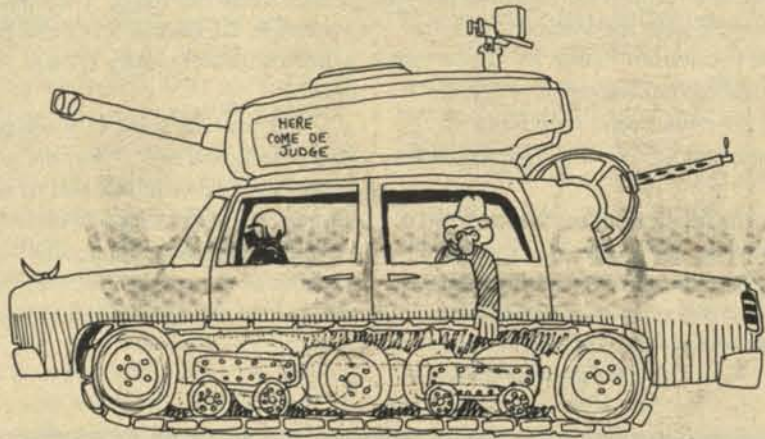
"You couldn't do that. People are used to doing their buying and selling at certain times, and you'd have all kinds of arguments about who would want to work what hours. You'd never get the people together on it."

We were both in a hurry, and decided to talk more about this later. It's not going to be too easy to convince her that my idea will work. I'll have to point out that many businesses—restaurants, factories, filling stations, and such—never do close up, and that they would only need to change the time when they change their working shifts. I'd much rather go to work at ten and get off at six-thirty than to have to slowly inch my way along through our present bumper to bumper traffic, and I think a lot of Atlanta workers would feel the same way if they had a choice. It might even be worth going to work at 6 and getting off at 2:30, much as I hate such early rising. Less empty buses, less overcrowded buses, less traffic jams—why not?

How can I show her that merely changing this "work time" habit will let us use our present roads more effectively right now, if we'll do it, with no tax increase? How can I show her that this is a way of avoiding the problems which the bankrupt New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad faces today? That, not a transit system with built-in obsolescence, is the question.

—ernie marris

PREXY'S



ROD

ron ausburn

by Janes R. Beniger
Staff Reporter of *The Wall Street Journal*
(Ed. note: This article is straight from the front page of the August 26 *The Wall Street Journal*, slightly shortened.)

Chicago, (LNS/Mass.)—It looks like a car. It sounds like a car. It goes like a car.
But, really, it's a tank.

The vehicle in question is a new Lincoln limousine built for President Johnson and his successor. It is unlike any car on the road. First of all, it costs \$500,000, which is about \$497,000 more than most cars go for. And second, it has some optional extras not available from your nearby dealer.

It has, for instance, a fighter plane canopy and more than two tons of armor. This shielding is designed to stop a .30-caliber rifle bullet, a barrage of Molotov cocktails, or both. Once inside the six-ton car, claims a Ford Motor Co. spokesman, the President will be "perfectly safe from a small-scale military attack." The window glass and the plastic bubble top canopy, all bullet-proof, are thicker than the glass and plastic used in Air Force fighter planes.

The limousine runs on four heavy-duty Firestone truck tires. Inside each tire is a large steel disk with a hard-rubber thread, which would allow the limousine to be driven up to 50 miles at top speeds with all four tires flat.

The Government won't say anything about the car—in fact, it doesn't want anybody else to say anything, either. Most persons connected with the construction won't say a thing, and when the Secret Service heard *The Wall Street Journal* was planning a story on the car, agents called editors in Chicago and New York and asked that the paper not print specific details about the armor and equipment.

If the Government were to pay for the vehicle at \$1,000 down and \$100 a month, it could have the principal paid off entirely in 416 years, just in time for the Democratic convention in the year 2384. However, Federal bargainers talked themselves into better terms: they convinced Ford to pick

up the Tab and rent the half-million-dollar machine to the Government for a nominal \$100 a month. In return, Ford will get the publicity of having the President roll about the nation in a car which is basically a Ford product.

Actually, most Presidents have been using Ford products ever since Calvin Coolidge switched from Pierce Arrows because of his friendship with Henry Ford. The only exception since then was Franklin Roosevelt, who occasionally used a partially bullet-proof Cadillac originally built for Chicago gangster Al Capone.

The last three main Presidential limousines—a 1939 Lincoln, a 1950 Lincoln and the car that the new limousine will replace, a 1961 Lincoln—all have been fairly vulnerable to attack. The current car, a \$25,000 job commissioned by President Kennedy in 1961, didn't even contain bullet-proof glass until after his assassination when Ford spent \$300,333 to partially armor it.

Inside, the car is like a communications control room. A back-seat radio-telephone will link the President to an emergency defense hookup. There is also a public address system that the president could use to speak to crowds around the vehicle and—because of Mr. Johnson's penchant for watching all three TV networks at the same time—the car has three television sets.

If the new limousine proves satisfactory, the Secret Service probably will order at least one more like it. On a national tour, the president often leaps from city to city by air—too fast for one car to keep up with him. Two or more cars could be leapfrogged by plane to afford him protection in every city.

But isn't \$1 million a lot of money just for a couple of Presidential cars? It all depends on how you look at it. John Weinberger doesn't think the car is overpriced at all. In fact, he says, "I think it is quite a good buy." Mr. Weinberger is in the armor-plating business.

(Ed. note: According to the U.S. Army, a brand new M43 A1 tank would have been \$370,000 cheaper. But the image . . .)

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CREAM

Cream and the Terry Reid Group, in concert at the Chastain Park Amphitheatre Sunday, October 27: a success.

The Terry Reid Group features Reid on guitar, with organist and drummer. Reid is young, just 18, but is a developed and technically proficient musician. His organist, who has worked with Arthur Brown, plays both organ and piano at once—a handicap he overcame with some flexibility. The drummer, however, is the old and solid man of the group. He works hard at times to hold the guitar and organ together when they tend to loom up. He is not a solo star, just stable and consistent, and the group's best musician.

The Reid Group arrangements were good, but not especially significant. *Bang Bang* (Sonny & Cher) and *Season of the Witch* (Donovan) were their best numbers. The Group must be admired, for staying on stage with Cream. The crowd gave them no sympathy: they worked for their applause. The audience was polite (except to the QXI DJ), but they wanted Cream.

Cream they got: opening with *White Room* and then *The Politician*, their power was obvious, their ability evident, their audience enrapt.

Eric Clapton was powerful on vocals, despite reports of throat trouble. Clapton moves very little while playing. He remains erect and composed, his mouth alone moving to emphasize his music. He devotes total energy to his instrument, and produces the smooth, perfect tones for which he is acclaimed.

After *I'm So Glad*, *Train Time* and *Sunshine of Your Love*, the group pushed the blues classic *Crossroads* (Robert Johnson) for all it is worth: one of the best numbers of the evening. *Crossroads* highlighted the ability of Jack Bruce on bass, who totally improvised on several instances. His playing is seldom smooth, for it has an urgency and texture that is almost painful. He uses force to achieve freedom and sacrifices smoothness for impact.

The finale was also the best number of the show: *Toad*. This one was all Ginger Baker. After a brief opening by the group, Baker took off for 15 minutes of solo work. He must be one of the best rock-pop-blues drummers around. His style, dynamics and timing are almost beyond comprehension. His flexibility is amazing on double bass and tom-toms. He has completely mastered his instrument, and there is no doubt that his is the driving power behind Cream.

If you missed Cream, you missed an experience. You better try to catch them in the next month, for after November they are breaking up: the end of a great group, Cream.

—frank hughes



REVIEWS



Dark of the Moon, at Theatre Atlanta. By Howard Richardson and William Berney. Directed by Gary Gage.

Dark of the Moon is *Rosemary's Baby* as conceived and executed by Li'l Abner. It tells the story of a young male witch (Fred Chappell) who falls in love with a mountain strumpet (Arlene Nadel) and has himself made human, to remain so if the girl stay true to him for one year. Their child, begot by the warlock before wedlock, is an awful black devilish thing and is destroyed by the outraged midwife. The townsfolk, who have been suspicious of the outlander all the time, learn that he will be restored to wizardry and go away if his wife is untrue; and she is therefore raped in church, the whole congregation rooting for the rutting, by her most bereaved former lover (Clarence Felder). By reason of the witch's pact with his conjuror, the girl dies, and the boy, forgetting her, returns to his own kind, and especially to a pair of witches who have been suffering agonies of vaginal deprivation in his absence.

The lessons to be learned from this production are:

1. Everyone should stay with his own kind, and white girls should not get caught having black babies;
2. Paleoprotestant church music is fun;
3. It takes rare talents—all too rare—to write and to speak authentic hillbilly dialogue;
4. Theatre Atlanta audiences will mostly stay away when they smell death, but those who come will give a standing ovation to a nose-picking;
5. Now that the vultures circle and await the death of Theatre Atlanta, its scenic designers and a few of its actors should be, somehow, preserved;
6. Everyone else should be pickled.

Let us turn now from *hubris* to *chutzpah*: *King Arthur*, at the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center. By John Dryden and Henry Purcell. Directed by Michael Howard. John Doe

and Richard Roe, stage hands.

This masque (produced eight times—seven times too many—in 275 years) is the product of our artistic "Establishment" (rather, "artistic" Establishment), the first of the combined efforts of some two hundred people, the big splash made by dropping a quarter of a million dollars.

It tells the tender story of how a young king with a hat full of chicken feathers, named Arthur, fights and subdues an evil black king and all the wizardry of his court, to win a fair white maiden, untold riches and unassailable power. All his efforts are on a terrain pockmarked with restless trap doors cluttered with ballet dancers trying to mime passion while scenery hurtles at them from every direction and an angel spins in like a celestial yoyo from above.

It is crashingly funny. It is produced in the middle camp style so that we, and those who have got themselves involved, can think we are laughing with the production and not at it. Don't you believe it.

The stars of the show, Messrs. Doe and Roe, have behind them Atlanta Municipal Theatre, which is the conglomerate made up of Atlanta Ballet, Atlanta Opera, and Atlanta Repertory Theatre, all of which have cooperated in this joint production so that each could be seen at its worst.

This conglomerate was put together by Christopher B. Manos (infamous for *Theatre Under the Rock*) and sold as a package to the girde merchants who are in charge of the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center. These gentlemen really believe, on the basis that certified grade-A fine art is mostly imported and costs money, that imported people and money will create art.

It takes something like Atlanta Municipal Theatre to make Theatre Atlanta look good.

—morris brown

PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUR

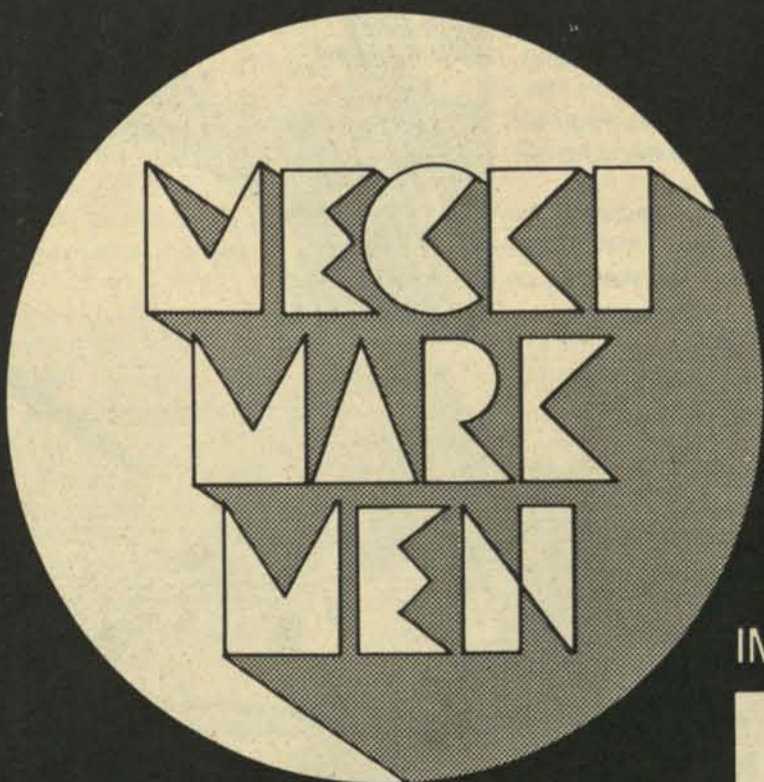
Pithecanthropus Erectus, a short one act by Robert Manns, opened at the Twelfth Gate last Saturday night. Let's just say that its premiere was not overwhelming. The play itself concerns two derelicts, male and female, married to each other; who ruminate on life and live as they find good fortune and then lose it on some obscure street. Ah, you say, you've heard it before! And you are right. You've heard it before and you've heard it better.

The play was a mixed bag of stale leftovers from Albee, Beckett, Williams, etc. Just as they seem a bit quaint and old-fashioned now; so too did P.E. smell of mold and mothballs. Mann's interest in his people was limited to his use of them as mouthpieces for his swinish snortings about lust between the sexes. The dialogue itself was completely out of character—the kind of writing that looks good on paper but is completely irrelevant to the humanity of the players.

Mr. Manns also directed his play. His direction was on the same level as his playwriting. Given the unpromising script, there was still possibility of making the play live. This was not done.

The one good note of the evening was the acting of Jim Loring. Here was a good actor trying to break out of a bad part. At some points he almost succeeded.

—diane pellman



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La Plaza, Mexico Massacre

(LNS-NY/*The Rag*) MEXICO CITY—The fact that something happened at the Plaza de las Tres Culturas in Mexico City on October 2 seems to have filtered through to news sources in the United States, but the extent of the massacre seems to have been covered up in the U.S. as well as in Mexico.

The crowd started to gather in the Plaza about 5 pm; by around 6, it had grown tremendously. Speakers were addressing the crowd from the first balcony of the Chihuahua Apartment building.

Fairly early during the demonstration, it had been announced that government provocation and repression were planned en route to Santo Tomas and that the demonstration would therefore disband at the Plaza without marching anywhere.

About 6 or 6:30 I went up to the first balcony to look out over the immense crowd. Representation of the general population was high—lots of workers, couples, families, children.

We were starting down the stairs again when it happened—people were suddenly yelling, running. It was all pretty incoherent, but it was clear that the granaderos (Mexican anti-riot police) or someone had arrived.

We hoped to make it through the outside streets and to get away, but at about the second floor we saw two men in civilian clothes coming up with revolvers. We turned, climbed maybe two floors, saw an apartment door closing and ducked inside. Everyone in the apartment was already on the floor. By that time the shooting had started, so we crawled to the kitchen window to look out. The crowd was running, while soldiers—firing at the people—were coming in from the rear.

Although it couldn't have been going on for more than half a minute, there were already many bodies on the ground. Whether they were dead, wounded or simply getting out of the path of bullets was impossible to tell.

After a couple of bullets came through the windows, we left the kitchen and hid first behind chairs in the living room and then behind a section of hallway leading to the bedroom, the only part of the apartment where bullets were not flying around.

(The official account, presented in *La Prensa*, and smuggled into the jail later, conflicts with my experience on at least two points. According to the paper, the police were supposed to have come in first, to clean up the demonstration—and only when they were fired on were military reinforcements called up. But actually for at least two minutes after the first alarm, there were no policemen visible; only soldiers, advancing in attack formation and firing into the crowd and through the windows of apartments. Moreover, not enough time elapsed for the soldiers to become aware that they were being "fired against" before they began to shoot down everything in sight.)

After that first hour of steady fire, occasional lulls alternated with scattered shots and bursts. We could hear small-arms fire in the building and soldiers—or someone—yelling back and forth about walkie-talkies and things. Twice we heard people laughing, but then the outside firing would start up again for maybe ten or twenty minutes of that mindless roar.

Once during a lull, I got my nerve up and went to the picture window (or window frame, by that time). The Plaza was littered with bodies, like leaves, the soldiers stationed among them with guns on tripods and tanks. And then it started again.

Water started pouring in; the boy thought it came from the kitchen. He went out to investigate and came back shot in the leg. We made a tourniquet of his belt and tried to remember that it should be loosened periodically. But soon the water was three or four inches deep. The boy was lying in it, going into shock, I guess. There was nothing we could do.

About two hours later, after the firing died down and it became dark, two men in civilian clothes wearing white gloves on the left hands, came into the room.

"There's one. Come here."

"There's a boy wounded," I said.

They said, "Come here."

I started to crawl across the room toward them. They told me to stand up. I stood up. They threw me out of the room onto the landing, threw me at the stairs and told me to go on up. I was passed up the stairs like that, from person to person on each landing.

Somewhere along the line, my Spanish-English dictionary and my tourist card were taken. Sometimes they hit me, but only to keep me moving. "Another blanco," they kept saying. I didn't know whether they meant a gringo or a target. The word can mean either.

I assumed I was going to be killed, since there was still an occasional shot from upstairs.

Upstairs I was searched, beaten a bit and thrown into a room with 20 or 25 others lining the walls. Water was pouring down the stairs. Everyone was drenched. The lights had been shot out. The only illumination was from flashlights. I imagine it was very much like hell.

Eventually, we were lined up by twos and told to put our hands behind our necks. They then passed us down from landing to landing as we'd been passed up, with intervals of time between each pair. At some landings they hit us, at some searched us, at some both. At one landing, one of the guantes blancos asked me for a cigarette, but I was shaking so much from being soaked and terrified that I fumbled with the package until the guard on the next landing yelled, "What the fuck's happening?" I was kicked the rest of the way down.

After much waiting around, the guards finally took us off to Military Camp No. 1. From then on it was just basic training, except that at Fort Dix you figure that if they kill you on the grenade range or the infiltration course, it will be by accident. We had seven days of inefficiency and harassment. More joined us during the week. The city jails were standing-room-only.

II.

The papers say 20-30 were killed. I doubt that anyone who heard those two hours of continuous firing could believe that—certainly no one who saw the soldiers wading from a 13 year old boy. He told me: "The two of us were thrown in the tank; then they bolted down the top and made us take our clothes off. Then they tied our hands behind our backs. Five soldiers got in and pointed their rifles at us and said: 'Make one move to escape and we'll kill you.'"



We were kept standing for a while and then were started off once more. While we were crossing a more or less empty space an odd thing happened; I still haven't figured it out. Suddenly there was more firing. I couldn't tell where it was coming from, but you could hear the bullets whining through the air and ricocheting off the concrete buildings. When the firing started, guards ran us until we were between two buildings.

The firing went on. Our guards—we were in a line of about twenty—seemed to be scared shitless. I was almost amused. I'd never been on the other side of being afraid of death before. And it seemed funny that they were still over there. They talked a good deal among themselves. First the prisoners squatted down; however, we were soon made to stand up—I suppose to draw fire—while the guards squatted. Finally, some soldiers came along and smashed the glass door on a building, and we all were taken inside and made to lie down on the floor. My billfold and loose change were stolen.

The firing died down. Once again we were taken outside and walked through more lines of troops. These soldiers were nastier, going mostly for the balls and the pit of the stomach. I could feel the blood on my face; thought they might decide I'd had enough, but it didn't work like that. I was thrown into a sort of pickup truck with a canvas top, where four soldiers again hit me with rifles while telling me to take off my clothes. They tied my hands behind my back. (Later I heard the same story

into the crowd while shooting from the hip would. But accurate statistics are impossible to find: reporters and photographers were arrested and held incommunicado along with everyone else. Apparently no one was permitted to see the Plaza after the action, so I have only a few points on which to base any conclusion:

*One of the soldiers who was guarding me in the truck said: "You bastards killed my buddies. I saw thirty of my buddies dead."

*Later, a lieutenant-colonel told me in jail: "We went in with orders to fire at discretion. Later we were ordered to take ten for one and we did it."

Putting these two statements together would make it roughly 330 dead.

*Also in jail, a first lieutenant gave me a figure of "about 500 of you communists."

The question of snipers is at least as difficult to determine. As I said before, there hardly seemed time for the soldiers to recognize the existence of snipers. The fire certainly seemed to be directed less at "snipers" than at the crowd. There was saturation firing at the entire apartment building. The soldiers I initially saw were advancing across the Plaza, not taking cover. And those I later saw were stationed, again, in the open.

We talked about it a lot in jail. One idea kept coming up over and over again: there had been so many units

—continued on page 14

coming from the mountains



Up early, cold, cold outside. Fall in the air, frost on the ground, but the sun shines! and blue sky! We head north on U.S. 23, nursing bonnie-and-clyde car along, bad clutch and overheating. Stop and pull the thermostat and — running fine, 50 per through north Georgia, feeling good, no hurry, naturally stoned. . . .

Heading for Montreat College near Black Mountain, North Carolina, for the opening concert of the second annual Appalachian Mountain Festival, having been promised free tickets and a night's lodging by Anne Romaine, part-time *Bird* staffer and coordinator of the Festival tour, folksinger, zither-plucker.

Pull into Montreat about 6 p.m., feels like it's freezin'. Walk around a bit, marveling on the beauty of the buildings, trees, mountains, lake (few people around.) Find Anne and husband Howard with Dock Boggs,



States, commercialism barred, road signs of carved wood, curving naturally through one of the most beautiful stretches of land in the nation. Waves of russet and gold melting into azure sky: haze at the juncture, the Blue Ridge.

Get out and climb, climb through birch and maple, lie on blankets of crackling leaves. Green ferns, green rhododendrons glossy dark against the browngreysilver of skyline autumn. And below, green farms nestled in the valleys, homes of the Mountain People, living myths of the American past, the American dawn.

But down then, necessarily, into Asheville, smalltown city with crumbling center, on out U.S. 23 south, connect hours later with I-85 to return to Atlanta in the late night pitchblack, re-entering today.

—tom coffin



70-year old banjo player and blues singer from Norton, Virginia. Dock Boggs, a large man, ex-coal miner, is sick and wants to sleep before the concert.

The festival/concert: 200 people, about half from the college, quiet, unobtrusive—but appreciative with applause. Dock Boggs, still sick, sings and plays two numbers before

excusing himself for bed. His style is "old timey" blues, with articulation reminiscent of Rev. Pearly Brown. Extremely interesting music, wish he were not sick this evening.

The Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers on, a clog dance team from western North Carolina. Intricate, wild, foot-stomping dance, performed to the shouted command of leader James Kesterson. Precision and power. They make it their business to be the best in the country.

Then Bill McElreath, Red Parham and Edsel Martin from Black Mountain, local men. McElreath is the North Carolina champion buck dancer for several years running—buck dancing being more or less the one-man (buck) equivalent to clog dancing. McElreath also accompanies Red Parham on the guitar.

Parham provides humor with good music, rapping about life with his wife and the bears in the hills. He plays banjo and harmonica, sometimes singing at the same time, looking comic and enjoying it as much as the audience.

Edsel Martin is a quiet man, a dulcimer maker and player, plying a trade, an art, handed down father-to-son for generations.

Hedy West, a powerful personality from the mountains of north Georgia, just married in England. Ballads out of the 30's labor movement, English ballads, and a German song about WW I, strong relevancy for contemporary America—but it is impossible to tell who understands in the silent crowd. A professional, Hedy West, with beautiful articulation, a strong stage presence.

And Anne Romaine, singing and playing in the second half of the program. She elicited the strongest audience response, singing such classics as "The Great Speckled Bird," "What a beautiful thought I am thinking. . . ."

The Festival is good: strong, ethnic, professional. The only weak point that night was the lack of relevant, current songs of, for and about the movement today. These were songs which once moved people to action, but which today are greeted with applause as mere "entertainment." Yet are the problems remain, intensified.

Next morning (near noon) we are off again, Howard & Anne, Tom & Stephanie, vintage car. Onto the Blue Ridge Parkway, into the Blue Ridge Mountains. The Parkway is the most tasteful 500 miles of highway in the United



(The Appalachian Mountain Festival, featuring Mike Seeger, Bernice Reagon, the Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers, Esther Lefever, Anne Romaine and Dock Boggs, will be at Georgia State College, Sparks Hall, on Friday, November 1, 8:00 p.m. Tickets \$1.50 at the door. And you oughta go.)



by tom coffin, jr. photographer

THE Lovers of Teruel



EAT MEET

A group interested in fostering cooperation between artists and scientists has formed in Atlanta. The group, called EAT (for Experiments in Art and Technology) is part of a national New York-based organization. The purpose of EAT is to encourage discussion and joint projects between business and scientific communities and local artists. Membership at present is about 25.

Subjects currently under discussion range from electronic music to soft sculpture. At the last meeting David Baker presented an outstanding program of original electronic music. Present plans include a total environment show at Palinurus gallery in December.

EAT meetings are held on Wednesdays at 8:30 pm at Galerie Illien, 18 Peachtree Place N.E., everyone invited—especially scientists and engineers. EAT also needs a 60 watt P.A. amplifier, plastic, foam rubber, old T.V.'s, radios, electronic components, and someone experienced in neon tube marking. Call Wayne Scott at the Birdhouse, 892-7891, if you can donate any of these things.

What about all that "technique"—Rouleau tried to exhibit all the tools of his trade, it seems. Throughout it all, even after an especially well executed effect, I kept thinking: that's a really nice trick—I wonder what it can express. Cocteau's *Orphee*, Bunuel's collaborations with Dali, and not a few others, gave an answer many years ago.

I am especially confused as to why Lotus Films chose to present *The Lovers of Teruel*—a more expensive, pretentious, self-consciously "arty" film couldn't be imagined. It even won the grand prize at Cannes! It's just this sort of thing I look to "underground" films to get away from. The Lotus film series has been almost consistently excellent; let's hope *The Lovers of Teruel* was a regrettable mistake, or simply included as a special visual treat for all those dilated pupils and smiley smiles in the audience.

—miller francis jr.

The Lovers of Teruel is great fun to watch if you're stoned. But as film it's an abomination. All I remember now that the trippy effects have been forgotten is the cold beauty of Ludmila Tcherina, the hideous color of the cinematography, and the "juvenile-Delinquent symbol-banging style of surrealism" (*Time* magazine).

Actually how could *Teruel* have been a success? It tries too hard to do too much. It's difficult enough to make a good film, much less a successful hybrid of drama, dance and cinema. I guess the assumption of those responsible for *Teruel* is that if you combine three art forms, what you come out with will be thrice blessed. In fact, the opposite is true: a movie which attempts to combine three art forms usually ends up being a third-rate movie (just as jazz plus "serious" music equals high class Muzak). It's often a reliable rule to beware of films, like *Teruel*, which make great, noble-sounding claims for themselves—"In this film, we have attempted to _____ (fill in the blank: "expand the frontiers of the film art," "create a new language of the cinema," etc.). As if the old frontiers were inadequate and the old language exhausted. This is the kind of movie that is described as "great" but "not for everyone", meaning it is for a small, supersensitive elite refined enough to appreciate it—I'll take *The African Queen* any day!

As much as I loathe resorting to such a wretched term, nevertheless I must say that the great failure of *The Lovers of Teruel* is that it is not "cinematic." Without getting lost in the Kracauerland of Film Theory, let me say simply that it is not merely *how* a film is photographed that makes it successful cinema, but also *what* is being photographed (can you imagine *Hamlet* done *Teruel*-style, with all its lines intact?). A film version of a play can be a great experience if the play is great and the film-maker competent, but whatever such a thing is, it is not and never can be cinema, i.e. give an experience related to that given by a work designed solely for the movie screen. By these standards *Psycho* is a far greater film achievement than Lumet's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* and Olivier's film version of *Henry V*, because the latter must necessarily rely on words and theatrical acting just as *Teruel* relies on theatricality and ballet.

One of the ways, the main one I believe, that film differs from staged drama and dance is that in film, time ceases to exist. Any theatrical art is based on *presence*, especially that of its words and its actors or dancers. In a film, words and actors and dancers are much less significant; they serve merely as subjects for images projected onto a screen, and these images can be of the past, present, future, cast in physical, psychological, or dramatic time, memory, dream or vision, in just about any order or combination. But that's just what makes *The Lovers of Teruel* great, you say. Well, I'll admit that *Teruel* jiggles time a lot, but no matter where its camera travels in time, all it records is theater, i.e. the present. It is handicapped before it begins because even its "real" (cinematic) material is stage drama. I felt claustrophobic and kept wishing all those sweating dancers and green-faced ghouls and especially the melancholic Miss Tcherina would run outside into the fresh air for a smoke.

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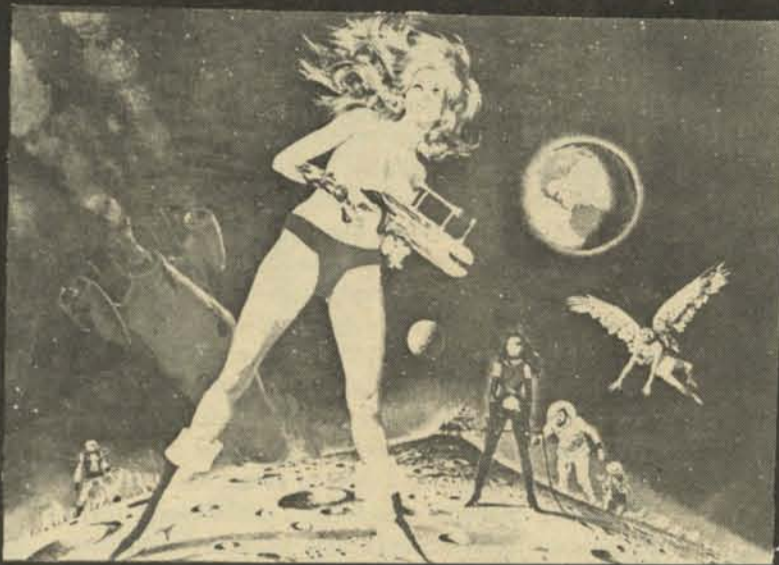
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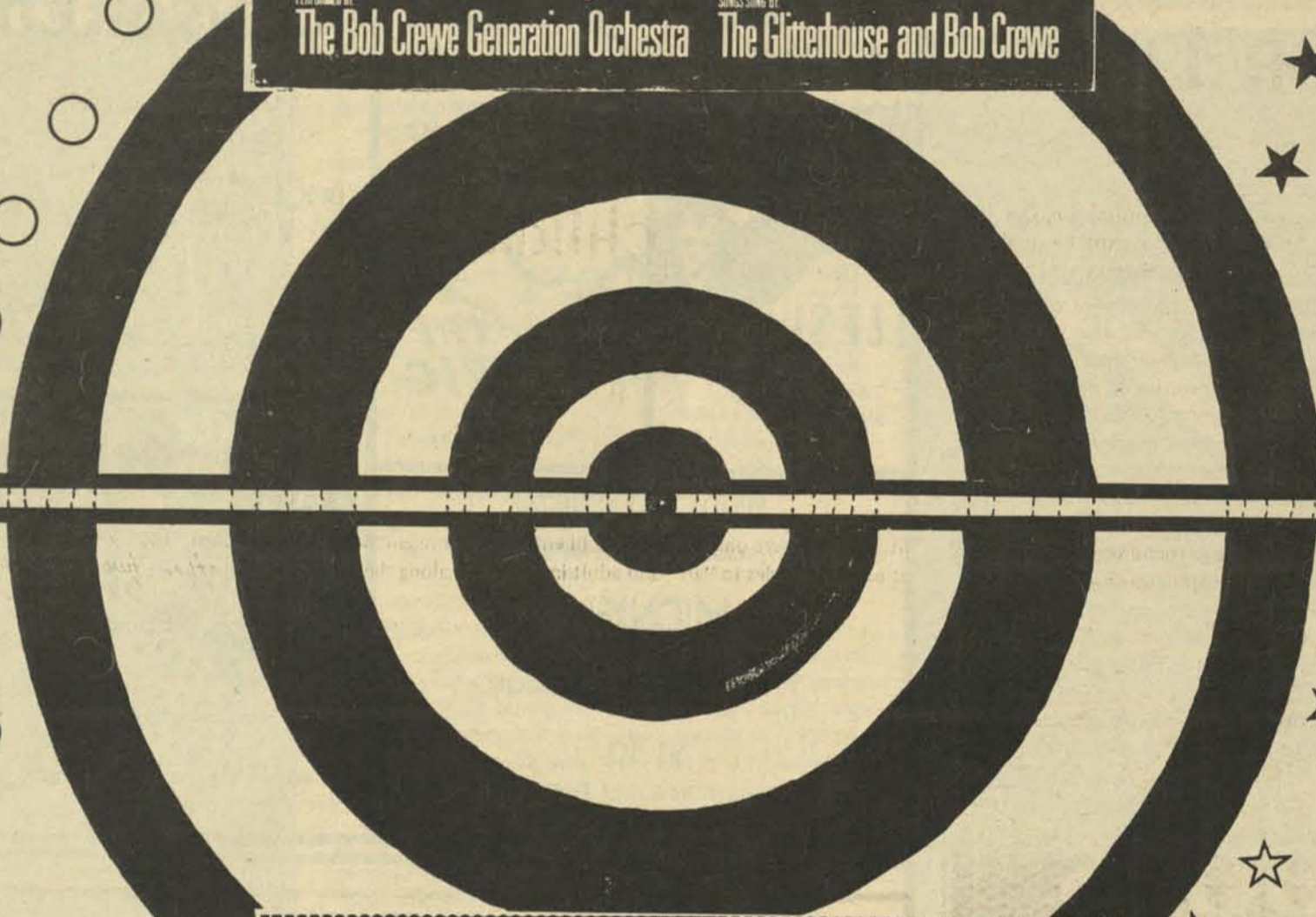


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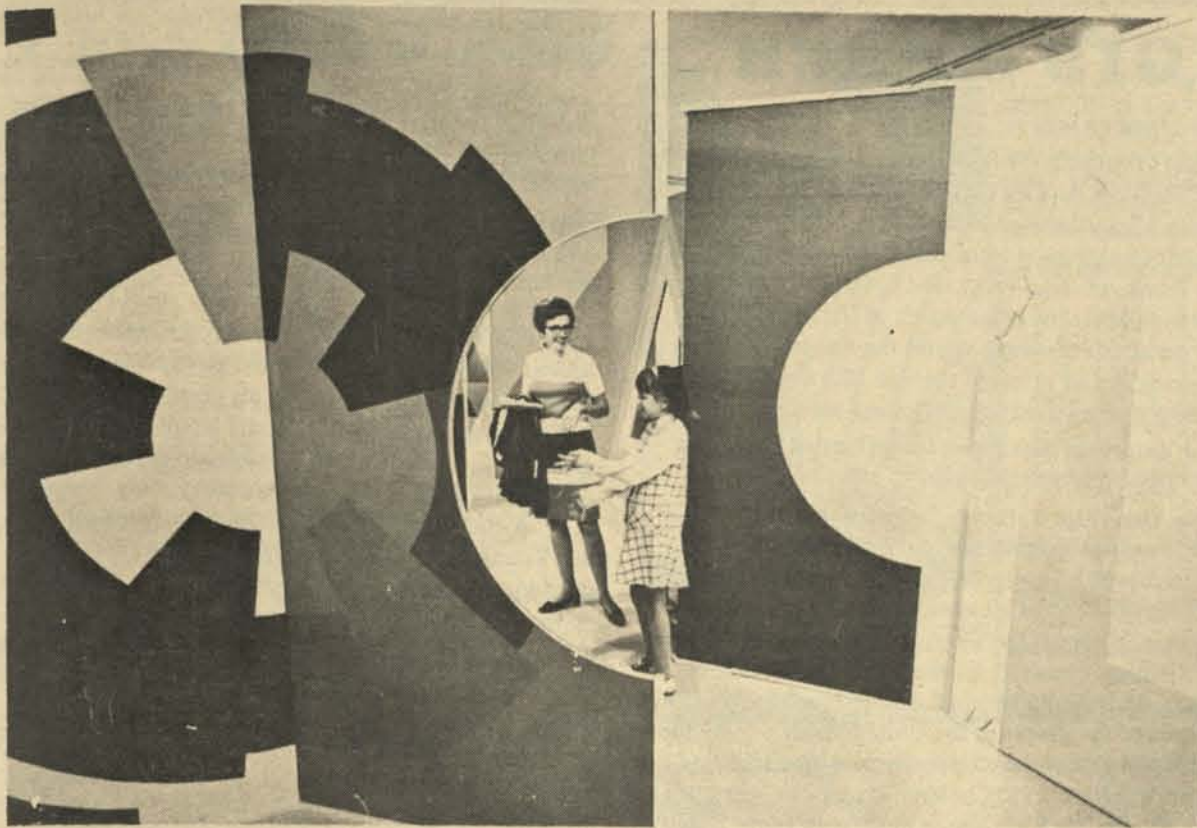
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COLOR LIGHT COLOR

by bill fibben

AN EXHIBIT FOR CHILDREN

I'm glad I'm not the children this show was designed to stimulate, tempt, educate, delight or whatever. Because it does none of these things.

Unlike Ann Carter, (*Journal-Constitution*, Oct. 27, "Color Happenings Shown") I did not expect a total environment. I did have hopes for an environment (random, not structured, as total environments tend to be) that would be free—and open for touch, sound, movement or whatever kids react to or involve themselves with.

The reality of the show is a cold, intellectual, even commercial type of artwork, which takes about three minutes to experience. Briefly, the show consisted of a number of panels with various color arrangements, i.e., shades of red in tight, jagged lines; blues and greens in big loose shapes. Some of the panels had small holes for viewing interior color and light; others had large round or triangular holes. There were also a couple of static colored neon lights and some moving wheels.

After my second time through the panels, I understood what I was supposed to feel, rather than feeling it

and then understanding. The changes from cool blues to warm reds to turning wheels to holes, were too fast for any feeling save haste.

My fantasy of a children's show would include kinetic and soft sculpture, moving neon sculpture, overhead and slide projections, strobe lights, color wheels and just anything to play with, touch, examine . . . Also, I would build little areas where only the kids could enter, therefore eliminating adult guides to "art" and adult intervention along the lines of "Don't touch, Don't go too near, Don't just stand there, Don't don't don't . . ." The little areas could have lots of color and movement or maybe wall-to-wall, ceiling-to-floor mirrors. Infinite images for kids to laugh at and wonder about.

Ann Carter says that the museum realizes the limitations of the show and plans to elaborate on it with written guides to follow and maybe added artwork. I think my fantasy is more fun . . .

-linda fibben

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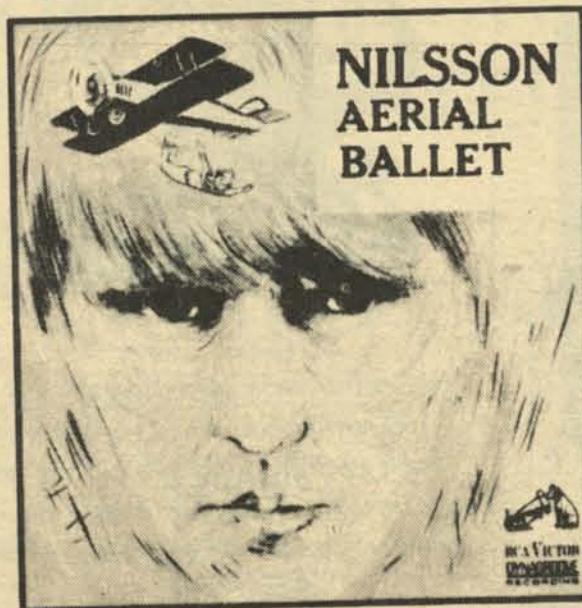
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Beat together 2 eggs, 2 Tbsp oil, 1 cup milk. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt. Beat til smooth; batter is thin. Chill at least 30 minutes. Melt 1 tsp butter in small (7") skillet—flat bottomed one works best; experts would insist on enamel. Pour in barely enough batter to cover bottom of pan (2 Tbsp). Cook over medium heat til browned on underside. Remove from pan. Continue til batter is all gone, adding butter to pan as needed. Stack browned side up.

Make apple filling: Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter; add 3 apples which have been peeled, cored & cut into little tiny pieces; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp cinnamon. Cook about 10 minutes or until apples are soft, stirring often. Cool.

[Make cheese filling: Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cream cheese, 2 beaten egg yolks, a little sugar & vanilla or almond flavoring.]

Place a ribbon of filling along center of each blintz on the browned side. Turn in the edges to cover the very ends of the ribbon (1). Then fold over the other two edges, overlapping the filling (2) & (3).

Fry in butter til lightly browned on both sides.

Serve hot with sour cream.

[Makes 12-14 blintzes.]

...MEXICO

—continued from page 7

involved—granaderos, police, traffic police, soldiers, secret service, guantes blancos. Within a few seconds of the initial warning, a number of us, myself included, had seen either guantes blancos or secret service people heading up the stairs for the balcony from which people were delivering speeches.

These government agents had been firing guns—the testimony on this was unanimous. Thus, although it was fairly evident that the whole thing worked according to a rigid timetable—the assumption being that at the heart of it was an attempt to cut off and capture the leaders of the student movement on the balcony—there was a good possibility that the various groups of government agents had been shooting at each other. At least one student saw a guante blanco on the balcony emptying his revolver into the crowd. He might easily have been taken for a “sniper.”

Whether the slaughter was planned (and it would make sense to a Diaz Ordaz to attempt to insure that no one ever, would go near another demonstration) or whether it was a result of tension or an accident, I suppose no one will ever be able to say. I myself am very much afraid it was planned to happen as it happened.

—tim reynolds

...GI'S MARCH

—continued on page 3

The *Constipation's* first-page headline read: “Mao-Tinged Socialists Backing GI Day March.” For 101 Years the South's Standard Red-Baiter. Upholding Tradition. Saturday's *Constipation* retracted the Maoist slur on Atlanta's Trotskyists (the YSA). The *Urinal-Constipation* did not even cover the peace march of last April 27. This time, I guess, GIs marching against the war and Gen. Hester speaking against it forced them to take a little notice. Some notice! Both emphasized Hester's speech. *Constipation* ran a story on page three; *Urinal* buried it on page fifteen among the nightclub ads.

Brig. Gen Hugh B. Hester, retired veteran of World Wars I & II and the Korean War, did give a fine speech. Often interrupted by applause, he was greeted with a standing ovation at the end of his speech. “I am supporting men in uniform who oppose the war. . . . I am not opposing the boys in Vietnam; I want to see them brought home alive. . . . [This war] is illegal, immoral, and genocidal, and against the interests of the people of the United States. . . . We have to end this war and . . . quickly; otherwise it will develop into World War III. . . . Ho Chi Minh is a patriot, not an aggressor. Ho Chi Minh has just as much right to try to reunite his country as Abraham Lincoln had to try to reunite

our country, indeed much more right. . . . The most violent criminal acts today are being conducted at the highest level of the U.S. government.”

Gen. Hester went on to urge an end to conscription and the granting of amnesty to all who refuse induction or who refuse to obey orders to go to Vietnam. He called for the formation of a “people's party, not a party of special interests. . . . We have no responsible party in the U.S. The three major presidential candidates, he asserted, are all “Cold War warriors and warhawks. . . . I have a negative suggestion to make. If you have to vote—I'm not going to vote, it's a waste of time—but if you have to vote, vote against every man in office who has supported this war.” The general tried to distinguish his position from that of voting for the “lesser evil.” He said Nixon may be an even greater evil, but that it was necessary to defeat Humphrey, and then work to form a people's party.

A couple of Vietnam vets spoke before Gen Hester, and a couple of GIs from Ft. Jackson spoke afterwards. All damned the war. Much applause. Crowd was in good spirits. But no rock bands showed up. (A spokesman for the rally's sponsor, the Atlanta Alliance for Peace, said the Spearmint and the Hampton Grease Band had said they were coming. But no show.) Sad. People slowly drifted away. I went back to selling *Birds*.

—steve wise

Dark of the Moon

BEYOND THE FRINGE

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Charging that a Harrison victory for the post of DeKalb County Commission Chairman would result in “hippies running wild in the streets,” Commissioner Brince Manning urged citizens to vote for Harrison in order to have “narcotics sold to . . . children.”

Under the Humphrey-Harrison banner, Manning argued, a colony of hippies and yuppies has infiltrated DeKalb. “These degenerates take narcotics regularly . . . these yuppies advocate obscenity . . . their whole way of life is a stench in the nostrils of all decent men.”

Praising DeKalb's sanitation department for its valiant efforts to preserve the purity of the county's air, Manning vowed to prevent the contamination of fluoridation from destroying the county's pure water.

As for mad dogs, Manning endorses increased sociological training for dog catchers.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

***FOLK FESTIVAL.** Appalachia Mountain Festival, with Bernice Reagon, Mike Seeger, Hedy West, The Blue Ridge Mt. Dancers, Doc Boggs, Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick. Sparks Hall, Ga. State College, 33 Gilmer St., 8:00 pm, \$1.50

***NATIONAL GI WEEK,** November 1-5.
***SENTENCING.** Arthur Banks, for "willful refusal of induction." Federal District Court, Judge Newell Edenfield, Old Post Office Bldg., Forsyth St. 9:30 am.

***PLAY.** "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," Atl. Mem. Arts Center REP Studio, Downstairs Aud. at the Center, 8:30 pm, \$1.25 (students), \$4

***CONCERT.** Stevie Wonder and Pat & Barbara, Gym, Emory U., 8:30 pm.

***FILM.** "How to Steal a Million," Elec. Engin. Bldg. Aud., Ga. Tech, 7 & 9 pm. Free.

***FILM.** "Morgan," Assembly Rms 1 & 2, Ga. State College, 2:30 & 7 pm. Free.

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

***TV.** "The Religions of Man - Judaism I: The Chosen People," 8 pm, Channel 30.

***TV.** "Eastern Wisdom" with Alan Watts, Channel 8, 10 pm.

***CRAFT FAIR.** Sponsored by the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, in Gatlinburg, N. Car. through Nov. 2, 10 am-10 pm, Music at frequent intervals.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

***PARTY.** In honor of Cliff Connor for Senator 222 13th St. NE, 8:30 pm, Refreshments, entertainment.

***RETREAT.** The Episcopal Church on Campus, "to try to (sacrilegiously) unravel the 'meaning' of life, as interpreted by Emory Prof. David Hesla, Kack Calhoun, LL.D and you. \$5 covers meals, transportation, and lodging. For info. call Wayne Huff, 874-7130 or 876-6414.

***PLAY.** "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," (see Fri. Nov. 1). 3 pm and 8:30 pm.

***COUNTRY MUSIC JAM SESSION.** "Music Mart Jamboree," bring instruments, 575 Cherokee Rd. SE, 1-5 pm. Free.

***TV.** "Upbeat," Bobby Vee, Blue Cheer, Johnny Nash, the Staple Singers, Joe Harnell, 6 pm, Channel 17.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3

***MEETING.** Atlanta Workshop in Non-violence, 17 Peachtree Way, 8 pm.

***TALK.** Dan Rosenshein, Nat'l Field Sec. of the Young Socialist Alliance, on "From Student Rebellion to Socialist Revolution," at YSA Headquarters, 187 14th St. (downstairs rear), 8 pm. Free.

***PLAY.** "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," (see Fri. Nov. 1), 3 & 7:30 pm.

***FORUM.** "Two Worlds-Black and White," open discussion 3:30-4:30 pm, broadcast live over WAOK 4-4:30 pm. Sponsored by MASLC and WAOK. GTEA Bldg., 201 Ashby St. SW.

THIS WEEK IN THE BIG CITY

***CONCERT.** Emory String Quartet, Alumni Memorial Bldg. Aud., Emory U., 3:15 pm.

***FILM.** "The Antkeeper," by Rolf Forsberg, sponsored by The Episcopal Church on Campus, at the College Center, 3rd Floor, Parish House, All Saint's Epis. Church, West Peachtree and North Ave. 7 pm.

***FILM.** "The Informer," Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 pm, \$1.50 (members), \$2.00 (non-members).

***TV.** "J.R. Jamboree," local country music artists. 7 pm. Channel 17.

***TV.** "The Sound of Youth-South African and U.S. Racism," with Dr. Gladstone Nlaboti, 7 pm. Channel 30.

***TV.** "The Cathode Colors them Human," impact of TV on national politics. 8 pm, Channel 30.

***TV.** Special Feature-"LSD" 9:30 pm. Channel 30.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6

***MEETING.** Georgia State Committee on Social Action (COSI), during 10 am break, 100 Kell Hall, Ga. State College.

***OPEN MEETING,** Experiment in Art and Technology (EAT), Galerie Ilien, 18 Peachtree Place NE, 8:30 pm. "A non-profit organization, . . . founded by artists and engineers in 1966 to make it possible for artists and engineers to work effectively together with industrial sponsorship."

***FILM.** "Alexander Nevsky," Eisenstein, Alumni Memorial Bldg. Aud., Emory U., 8:30 pm, Free.

***TV.** Conversations 1968-"Ellen Stewart," founder of Cafe LaMama, off B'way coffeehouse theater. 8 pm, Channel 30.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7

***CONCERT.** Atl. Symphony Orchestra, Benjamin Britten program, at Atl. Mem. Art Center, 8:30 pm.

***TV.** "Olympiad 1936-Part I," classic film, 1st part of a 4-part series. 9:30 pm. Channel 30.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

***SCHUBERT FESTIVAL.** Emory U., Nov. 8-10, Call 377-2411 Ext. 7470 for further information.

***DANCE RECITAL.** The Ruth Mitchell Dance Co., Community Playhouse, 8:30 pm.

***FILM.** "Fahrenheit 451," Alumni Memorial Bldg. Aud., Emory U., 8:15 pm, Free (students)

***FILM.** "Zorba the Greek," Elec. Engineering Bldg. Aud., Ga. Tech. 7 & 9 pm. Free.

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

***TV.** "The Religions of Man- Judaism: The Law" 8:00 pm, Channel 30.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

***CONCERT.** Theodore Bikel, Glenn Memorial Church, Emory U. See next issue of GSB for more information.

***DANCE RECITAL.** The Ruth Mitchell Dance Co. (See Fri. Nov. 8).

***FILM.** "Fahrenheit 451," (see Fri. Nov. 8).

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10

***CONCERT.** Eddie Arnold and the Baja Marimba Band, Atl. Civic Center, 3 pm, \$4-6.

***FILM.** "Divorce Italian Style," Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 pm, \$1.50 (members), \$2 (non-members).

***FORUM.** (see Sun. Nov. 3).

***TV.** "J.R. Jamboree," Local country music artists. 7 pm, Channel 17.

FLICKS

PEACHTREE BATTLE MINI-CINEMA: "Barbarella"

FESTIVAL CINEMA: "Hour of the Wolf" thru Nov. 2; "Battle of Algiers" starting Nov. 3.

PEACHTREE ART: "The Brig." Jonas Mekas' film of the Living Theater's award-winning play. Midnight, Nov. 1 & 2.

SPOTS

BISTRO: Jim Connor and Ray Whitley, thru Nov. 2; Ray Whitley Nov. 4-7; The Kingston Trio and Ray Whitley, Nov. 8 & 9.

BOTTOM OF THE BARREL: Billy Mitchell Trio Friday, Nov. 1 thru Nov. 7; Jeff Espina, Friday, Nov. 8 thru Nov. 14.

DOUGLASVILLE NAT'L GUARD ARMORY: Radar, Nov. 2, Douglasville, GA.

FOREST PARK ROLLER RINK: The Celestial Voluptuous Banana, Nov. 1.

PINK PUSSYCAT: The Decisions, Freddy Terrel and the Blue Rhythm Band, featuring Eddie Maxie, Nov. 1 & 2; Freddie Terrel and Eddie Maxie, Nov. 4, 6, & 7.

PLAYROOM: Charlie Rich, Nov. 1 & 2; Wes Buchanan and Sammy Smith thru Nov. 9.

THIRD STONE: (coffee shop in basement of Church School Bldg. behind Glenn Memorial Church, Emory U., Fri & Sat., 8 pm - 1 am.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4: SDS against Dow Chemical Co. recruiters, Trimble Hall, Emory U., 10 am.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5: General Student Strike

CONCERT CONCERT CONCERT
The Iron Butterfly and The Turtles, Municipal Auditorium, 8:30 pm. \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50. November 28.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4

***DISCUSSION.** Ga. Tech Free University, "The New Morality-Paradoxes in Education," Wilby Room, Library, Ga. Tech, 8 pm, Free.

***OPERA.** "The Bible Salesman," by J. Thompson, presented by the Lyric Theatre Workshop, at the Fine Arts Bldg. Aud., Spelman College, thru Nov. 9, 8 pm. Free.

***FILMS.** "Pirates," by Eugene Atget, "The Days of Dylan Thomas," "And Away we Go." Atlanta Public Library, main branch, 7:30 pm. Free.

***HLM.** "All About Eve," Elec. Engineering Bldg. Aud., Ga. Tech, 6:30 pm. Free.

***RADIO.** "Curtain Time in Atlanta" theatre announcements, WABE-FM (90.1) 7:05 pm.

***TV.** History of the Negro People-"Free at Last" emancipation to the end of WW II, 7 pm, Channel 30.

***TV.** The Population Problem-"The Gift of Choice," family planning, 7:30 pm, Channel 30.

***TV.** Paul Boutelle, Socialist Worker's Party Candidate for Vice-President gets equal time on the Joey Bishop Show, 11 pm. Channel 11.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5

ALL FOOL'S DAY- BARS AND LIQUOR STORES CLOSED. TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

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SOUTHERN FOLK CULTURAL REVIVAL PROJECT, INC.

APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN FESTIVAL performers:

- MIKE SEEGER
- BERNICE REAGON
- BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN DANCERS
- ESTHER LEFEVER
- ANNE ROMAINE
- DOCK BOGGS

Tickets: \$1.50 at the door

Time: 8:00 pm

Place: Sparks Assembly Hall, Georgia State College

Date: Friday, Nov. 1