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ATLANTA
COOP NEWS
PROJECT

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20 OUT OF TOWN



NEW PORK IN THE
WHITE HOUSE

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by tom coffin

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Election eve, 1968, on the Georgia Capitol Lawn: 50 young people, arms outstretched, fingers in the V-sign; separated (and protected) from 6000 Confederate and United States flag-waving Wallace supporters by a double blue line of Georgia State Patrolmen. A meaningful tableau.

On the outside of the police frame, surrounding the speaker's platform, are the "rednecks": Wallace supporters. Some, a few, are stereotypes—mean-eyed, fist-shaking nigger-and-commie haters, whose lives are defined by racism and anti-communism. The Wallace appeal to them is a given, and they smile knowingly to themselves when Wallace mutes slightly his racism, softens a bit his anti-communist militarism: They Know, Politics.

And also, of course, the Working Class: hardhat construction workers, department store clerks, secretaries, grade and high school teachers—taking their lunch hour to cheer the man who speaks for them. Hardworking people, 8 to 5 five days a week, to whom overtime is an economic blessing. Racist probably, and anti-communist certainly, for that is what they have been taught. Racism is ingrained in the white American psyche, it is an integral part of the white American system, taught in the schools and in the streets. And com-

the police frame. High school jock types, future Marines, proud patriots. And college people, many college people: students of chemistry, engineering, economics—the technocrats and businessmen of tomorrow. Pragmatic, practical, not given to emotion whether in politics or love. Wallace is tough; he has their vote.



by bill fibben

Facing them, inside the police frame, are militant blacks, white students, bearded peacemiks: they are educated and hip. They recognize the intellectual vacuity of the threats either of Communism or Black Power, fearing rather the aggressive militarism and the destructive racism increasingly out of control in this nation. They see, that is, the other side of the coin.

But theirs is now the Politics of Alienation, of Isolation. They stand incommunicado in this group, scorned and scorning, surrounded by a police force they neither respect nor trust—but on whom has fallen the duty to preserve the peace in a potentially explosive situation, which duty they performed, for the most part, with efficiency, restraint, honor. And they were called pigs, indiscriminately.

Consider this police line, the blue frame. Wallace supporters? Individually perhaps—probably—for the same reasons as others of the working class are Wallace supporters. But they are also trained professionals, proud, competent takers of orders. Potential storm troopers certainly, but also potential servants of a just system. How are these men to be reached, and if not convinced at least partially neutralized? Wallace offers them respectability as brutes within a brutal system. We offer them cries of "Pig." Which alternative would you choose? And whose head would you bust open?

Or consider the pragmatic, anti-romantic (and we are nothing if not romantic) high school and college students, proud of their patriotism, assured of their economic future. Can we convince them that the war system is ultimately not in their favor by mocking chants of Fascist, Fascist, Fascist? Or the 8-to-5 working people, from

whose families most of us came: does our long hair and liberal profanity convince them of our Freedom, does it make our Alternative attractive, does it question their beliefs or merely mock them? If we are serious about revolution, these questions we must ask ourselves. For we need allies in revolution, active and supportive, and we need neutrals, especially the police and the army. Now we must find these allies, create these neutrals. We have taken the first step in a 40-year war; that first step must not be the last.

The movement in Atlanta, never strong, is now at a low ebb which need not be. Militant blacks have learned to distrust their white partial-allies, the college students, the Liberals, the anti-war radicals. The anti-war people have grown tired of repeating and repeating the obvious, destroying body and soul in fruitless action. And yet now, because of militant black people and militant anti-war people, many of the lies and contradictions of this system have been laid bare, and vast schisms have opened which cut across both age and racial barriers. These are potential gains for a long-term movement. If they are consolidated we will be strong; if not we face destruction.

In Atlanta now there is unprecedented interest in what the movement has to say, especially among high school and college students and perhaps also among liberal post-Chicago turnoffs, professors and professionals. The greatest mistake which we could now make would be to continue with the current evident Politics of Alienation, the sloganeering of despair. Let's once again Talk To People, find out what's going on, what people are



by bill fibben

thinking. Leave the pig-baiting and fascist-calling to New York and Berkeley for awhile; let them decide their own tactics; let us live and work in Atlanta, Georgia, post-"election" '68. We've got a long, long way to go.

—tom coffin

(I invite serious responses to this article, with the idea that they will be run possibly with a concurrent answer, hopefully creating a serious dialogue. t.c.)



by bill fibben

munism, the International Communist Conspiracy, has for 20 years been the Official Cause of every problem in America, from Civil Rights to Labor: Everything was all right until the Commies, the Outside Agitators—and now the Anarchists—got involved. So who is to blame them when they cheer Wallace, the man who promises not to send their sons to fight the Communists while we trade with the Communists, the man who promises not to bus their children to black schools, the man who promises not to take more money from their pockets to feed shiftless foreigners who don't even appreciate our aid?

And the young were also there, on the outside of

Emory Waiting For Lefty

Emory University, infamous Hotbed of Moderation, was (wonder of wonders) struck Tuesday by students and faculty protesting the Elections '68. Organized by the newly formed Emory Chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (fearful SDS!, Lester), the strike succeeded in attracting 250-300 students to the Quadrangle for speeches and songs: significant motion on the quiet Emory campus. Many professors, disaffected with the elections, dismissed their classes for the rally and were present themselves on the Quad, engaging groups of students in discussions on university reform, the elections, the war and other topic of (presumably) mutual interest.

Advance publicity for the rally billed it as a "Time Out" from 10-12 am on election day, tying the action into the National Student Strike called for this day by the Student Mobilization Committee. The event was also billed as a "Free University on the Quadrangle" featuring "Open Discussion with Your Favorite Faculty Members," including Mr. Ipolito (Political Science), Mr. Lyman (History of Art), Mr. Hunter (English), Mr. Gianetti (English), Mr. Shropshire (Economics), and Mr. Brodek (History). Also promised on the Quad were Steve Abbott, radical draft resisting student body president at Emory and draft counselor Denis Adelsberger of the Atlanta Workshop in Non-violence (who was in Birmingham, Alabama for the day).

The strike was slow in starting: people were milling around, drinking coffee, talking in small groups when my wife and I arrived shortly before 10. It was not until 10:15 or so that the sound system was functioning. Deservedly assuming the leadership role, senior Jack White announced that I would first speak on the elections: I stumbled through a rambling discourse on the State of the Nation, heavy on the spectre of police power. When I quit a fellow walked to the microphone, urbanely commented that "Hippies are disgusting," and calmly walked away. I did not debate the point.

Then Jack White took the horn, rapping on student power and the paternalistic university. Following him was a New York representative of the Socialist Worker's Party, rapping on the SWP and its candidates Fred Halstead and Paul Boutelle. And then the excitement of the day: Jack White announces that he has broken his promise to the administration that amplification would not be used during class time! "Ah'm soory," says Jack, biting his lip. "Vote on it!" yells an unidentified voice from the crowd. "Yeah," says President Abbott. "How in the hell come you people don't get mad sometimes!" Appreciative chuckles from the aroused crowd.

But all ends happily, with the compromise—by majority vote—that the volume be turned down, that Luis Melendrez, grape boycott coordinator from Delano, California, may speak without straining his already raw throat. He receives a round of applause from the crowd, and three folk singers come to the fore to sing a song of the Grateful Dead. They do a nice job, but we are rushed for time and leave.

So the movement at Emory University snowballs: watch Jack White, this year's radical-in-residence. Things could start happening perhaps. At least the campus has a better look than last year, what with the heads running around.

—tom coffin

Catacombs Folds

The Catacombs, Mecca of 14th Street, has closed, taking with it the 14th Gate. Straights have long regarded the Catacombs the main attraction for Atlanta's hippie community primarily because the only hippies straights saw *en masse* were congregated on the sidewalk in front of the Catacombs.

Doug Merrill, manager of the Catacombs, lessee of the building, had allowed Bruce Donnelly of the church-related 12th Gate to set up the 14th Gate as a place hippies could get off the street for a while and participate in various programs.

Although the *Bird* has not been able to contact Merrill, apparently Merrill simply lost his lease on the building. When he left the 14th Gate had to go.

The 14th Gate will be reopened shortly in another building in the area. The fate of the Catacombs at this time is unknown.

—gene guerrero



by jim gwin

POLITICS OF LIBERATION

Tuesday, November 5, holy day of election—ritual of rationalization. Down to the Georgia State campus in the heart of the asphalt monster. A training school born to serve the needs of the banks, businesses, and bureaucracies whose faceless mausoleums yawn over the Georgia State non-campus. Run by grocery store manager and banker Noah Langdale, the school is now, by antithesis, creating the children who will paint its drab endless caves, its American modern bathroom facade, the hues of freedom and imagination.

A student rally to hash out, create, pose real means through which people can begin to make decisions affecting their lives in this steel-framed Octopus, American democracy, American electoral politics.

I follow a contingent of COSI (Committee on Social Issues) provos, charging through the labyrinth of Georgia State, leafleting, provoking, declaiming. "Remember, remember, the 5th of November. Vote for the war of your choice." Music blares as they go, the Star Spangled Banner, a siren, Sgt. Pepper's, a scream. They are decked out in the costumes and colors of the favorite candidate of their non-choice. David Govus, COSI chairman, an Uncle Sam pinned with dollars and campaign paraphernalia, uses his soldier lackey to herd a beautiful, black-pajamaed Americong through the concrete mosaic. Behind follow a faceless Nixon, a helmet-dorned, clownish Humphrey, a Klan-robbed Wallace, holding V-signs high, smiling, pleased with the irony.

Leafleters trail. The leaflet: ONE NON BALLOT,

'This ballot is as phoney as the ones millions of Americans are casting today all over the country. Do any of the candidates really want to end the Vietnam war? NO! Do any of the candidates really mean to do anything about America's urban problem? NO!"

Response: amusement, scorn, mild applause. Most students are barely moved before they begin to sink back into the books, gossip, hallways, desks, and concrete.

Some seventy gather in Hurt Park. Some to sport their right-wing dogma, some to test their liberal faith, some to challenge electoral politics, some to escape the suffocating boredom.

Govus opens, charging that American political parties and the electoral process merely serve the purpose of the elite. Vietnam is not a mistake, he says, but the logical extension of rational policies laid down by the bureaucracies of power. More Vietnams threaten.

"But," a cynical chick objects, "What about the Majority who in America Rule?"

Philosophy instructor George Kunkle follows. Wallace, he says, at least knows the problem: The Have-nots want the goodies of the Haves. However, Kunkle admits, The Stomp 'Em Down for Wallace platform seems to lack somewhat in humanitarian appeal.

As I make my feeble plea for alternative politics—for the liberation of the student experience from manipulation and powerlessness, students trail off, back into the glass and asphalt.

—jim gwin

DOW BURNS BABIES

SDS at Emory met the deans in a five hour stall Monday. The occasion was Dow Chemical Company's tenth annual recruiting junket on the Emory campus.

SDS had carefully followed "protest procedures" manfully established by Emory's Student Government Association. A petition "requesting that proper administrative officials" please inform Dow of students' desires to speak openly with Dow representatives was submitted ten days before Monday's action. The fact that no response was received from either the University or Dow was hardly surprising; an earlier petition regarding the CIA was forwarded to "proper officials" four days after CIA interviewing had taken place.

On Monday the group first met at 1 pm and burned a brazier full of Dow baby-dolls. Then about twenty-five students marched to Trimble Hall, where the interviews were being held. At 1:30 the Dow interviewer came out of his room and questioning took place in the hallway. For forty-five minutes the gray-haired Dowist hedged, backed off, and pleaded ignorance. The few explanations he tentatively extended (we only make it, we don't drop it—someone else would if we didn't) were acknowledged by him as "possibly insufficient." In general, he said he wasn't qualified to judge the morality of Dow Chemical. He did seem a bit upset at the suggestion that the ability to make such decisions was the essence of human existence. He

finally lapsed into a nervous silence.

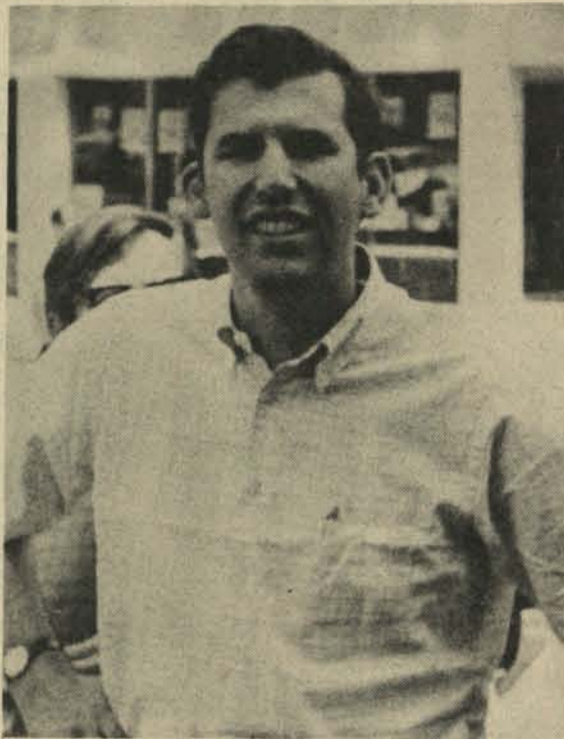
At this point (about 2:30), Robert Bowen, Emory's placement officer, intervened and stated that due to "paper work" the Dow interviewer would have to cease talking. This began an hour's discussion with Bowen, who denied ever having seen the Dow petition and refused to suspend the remaining interviews pending resolution of the petition's demands. He finally agreed to call his superior, John Outlar. After a ten-minute phone conversation Outlar agreed to come to Trimble Hall.

When he arrived, he was accompanied by Dean Jones of Emory College and an unnamed bureaucrat. Outlar then refused to meet with the entire group, saying that he would only speak with two at the time. It was voted to ignore Outlar.

By this time Dean Zeller of Emory College and SGA President Steve Abbott had arrived. All had been spirited from a "vital" college budget meeting to quell the growing unrest. Another thirty minutes' tortured reasoning with Dean Zeller prompted him to call Univ. Vice Pres. Orin Meyers, who, Dean Zeller felt, had the real responsibility in this area. Meyers was in the budget meeting but said he would depart *posthaste* to meet the group in the AMB. At 4:30 it was decided to leave Trimble Hall. The interviews had, of course, continued the entire afternoon.

—continued on page 14

up against the judge



by wayne scott

On Wednesday, October 30, *Bird* staff member Gene Guerrero was convicted of willfully refusing induction into the armed forces by U.S. District Court Judge Newell Edenfield. On Friday, November 1, Arthur Chester Banks III—the actor Arthur Burghardt—was sentenced to five (5) years in federal prison on the same charge by the same (hanging) judge. Date of Guerrero's sentencing has not as yet been set: the maximum five years is expected. Both convictions are pending appeal.

The individual stories of Banks and Guerrero may be found respectively in *Bird* No. 17 (Oct. 17) and *Bird* No. 20 (Oct. 28). Both men are conscientious objectors to war, denied recognition as such by the Selective Service

System—a system composed of men instructed to induct increasing numbers of men, a system hostile to the idea of conscientious objection and hostile to men claiming conscientious objection. Further, Guerrero's history of civil rights activity and union organizing work would likely be considered "suspect" or "subversive" by virtually any draft board in the country and downright "communistic" if not satanic by any board in the South. Banks, of course, is a black man, and who, sitting on a Southern draft board—or any draft board in the U.S. today—has ever heard of a black conscientious objector?

Five years. Maybe the current war will be over by then . . .

—tom coffin

ATHENS: rotc

Despite threats and continuing pressures eight freshman ROTC cadets at the University of Georgia in Athens are still refusing to sign a mandatory loyalty oath. At the beginning of the semester twenty-five refused to sign. Most have since succumbed to parental pressures and ROTC department threats. Though risking the loss of academic standing—they are being given F's in their compulsory ROTC courses—the eight remain determined.

An example of the kind of pressure being exerted was reported by Dave Compe, one of the eight still refusing to sign. Compe was called into the office of ROTC officer, Col. Crow, alone. He was told that his father's company would get no more government contracts, that he wouldn't be able to get a job when he left school, and that he would be investigated by the FBI.

Despite this, Army and Air Force ROTC commanders denied using threats in a meeting with administration officials last week.

At the meeting, the administration decided that the conflict was not disciplinary but academic. Therefore it was a matter solely between instructor and student.

The military's "academic" method of discipline consists of ordering the eight students not to come to class, calling their names and counting them absent. The Dean of Men's office in turn notifies the parents of the student's decline academically.

Two consecutive years of ROTC are required for graduation at Georgia.

SSOC/SDS has formed a ROTC committee which is organizing students to fight compulsory ROTC. It is circulating anti-ROTC petitions, printing articles in its newsletter *Sabot* attacking ROTC and the loyalty oath, and trying to get the student newspaper and student senate to back its fight.

—bill cozzens

ym & ywca

Racist policies of the Athens YMCA and YWCA, and University complicity with these policies, were the objects of student demonstrations in that city on October 16 and 17. On the 16th about forty people picketed the completely segregated YMCA from 3 pm until 6. The next day, at noon, a group of thirty-five students and faculty marched across campus to President Davison's office. Here, they demonstrated for several hours while representatives talked with Davison concerning his decision to offer university help to the Community Chest which supports the Y's, a decision made over faculty and student protests.

For over a year efforts by University faculty, clergy, and other civic leaders have failed to change the Y's segregation policies. Complaints filed by professors with the U.S. District Attorney and the Internal Revenue Service have also failed to block Community Chest support of the Y's.

The protesters feel that by aiding the Community Chest fund drive, the University is permitting its resources to be used for racist purposes. The University provides payroll deduction for soliciting Community Chest funds and allows the Community Chest to use the free campus mail.

Instead of the resources and knowledge of the University being used to help solve the problem of white racism, the students say they are being used to intensify and prolong it by perpetuating one of the uglier manifestations of white racism in the state.

This arbitrary decision by Davison, students felt, also pointed out the greater problem that all power within the University ultimately rests with the president and the Board of Regents. They feel that the entire academic community—students, faculty, and non-academic employees—should participate in basic decisions of this kind. Davison ignored the expressed wishes of the faculty, they say, and didn't even bother to wait for the student opinion of the impotent Student Senate. Davison responded instead to the same interests on the local level that he responds to on the state level—the business and political elite who sit on the boards of the Y's and Community Chest.

—bill cozzens

Sunday, November 3, 1968

Dear Mr. Editor:

LETTERS

(The above is the experience and suitability of Spiro T. Agnew for the highest office in the world. Thanks from the very bottom of my heart for helping to elect him.)

Rosemary's Husband

wgka

Dear Mr. Goodman,

Your article "WGKA Swingled" in *G.S.B.* No. 20 is most interesting and informative. The controversy has at various times made the pages of *Broadcasting* and *Variety* as well as Dick Gray's column in *The Atlanta Journal* (he alerted people to the danger). The station's format of classical music and low-key, soft-sell commercials made it a delight to listen to. Now all this is gone on AM and may be going from FM.

The FCC could be more powerful than it is if the Congress (which is composed of Congressmen who need the broadcasters votes and, in some cases, have interests in the communications industry) would stop meddling with the FCC and continually cutting its budget.

Hopefully the BGMIC will succeed, but if they don't, another avenue of action is suggested: support WABE-FM and all other efforts to launch non-commercial radio in Georgia.

Mozart and his friends may not sell as many razor blades, automobiles, etc. as Mantovani but Mozart is more satisfying.

—w.r. garrett

P.S. Augusta College has received permission from the Board of Regents to build and operate a non-commercial FM radio station (hopefully in stereo) which will operate with a format of classical music, folk music, and jazz. If the classical music lovers get desperate, they can move down here!

GRAPES SOUR GRAPES

There are lots of things to watch during a picket, among which are the innocent and uninvolved spectators who walk on the other side of the street just watching, the picketer who passes out leaflets to those who come close enough, the picketed who hope the reputation of their establishments will not be damaged, and the consumer who gets handed the information, faced with the appeal, or burdened with the request. During the 3 weeks that the informational picketing has been carried on as part of the local grape boycott, I roved as a coordinator at large. I saw the whole American week-end phenomenon of grocery buying in a new light.

There is a pimple on the chin of this good old consumer cult. It is an unexpected breed of young, neat, intelligent men and women who politely requested the in-goers and outcomers not to purchase table grapes. It wasn't their presence that was striking; it was their purpose: they were sincere and they've come back three weeks in a row. They were articulate: they've discussed the issues involved with both concerned citizens and rabid Birchites. They were careful: they've politely challenged local store managers' complaints, picked up discarded leaflets, and disregarded the barbs of carry-out boys and the antagonists who munched grapes as they exited the store.

They were all of these things at each store, on each week-end, whether late at night or early in the morning, whether in sunny or chilly and rainy weather. The effectiveness of their presence in the boycott effort cannot be pinned down to statistics as yet, but that same presence has been impressive, especially on the floods of people who pass in and out of grocery chains.

The prognosis on this new wrinkle to local week-end shopping is that the number of picketing students will increase, their impact will be heightened, and their effectiveness will be intensified. The only disadvantage is the extra gallons of gas it will take to get around to all the stores and watch the pickets in action. But I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Oh yes, the rest of the picket phenomenon is as usual: people still stand aside and just look on, others still look bewildered at the leaflets, store managers still worry about reputation damages. Only the young are interestingly new on the week-ends and of course the boycott itself.

—father bob kinast



WOMEN'S liberation

The "Woman Question" has always been with women, but only recently has it come to the serious attention of the American Movement. Earlier, the woman's sense of her oppression and her outrage were skillfully focused into the single-issued agitation for suffrage, effectively nullifying what had been a radical movement.

More recently, the woman question was called by Betty Friedan, "the problem that has no name."

It is a problem that had no name because we are a people loath to recognize the crimes we make; as with the words "racist," "murderer of the Vietnamese," "conspirator against humanity"—all the things we are—we did not want to utter what we do to women. It is almost unspeakable: the personal, physical, and political devastation of an entire sex.

The problem that has no name was diffusely addressed in a hundred women's journals in the past 20 years. The skirmishes were called: Inadequacy of sexual response and technique, Appearance, Improved home economic courses, or Adjustment to the technological redefinition of the feminine role.

But even then, women found that being an excellent housewife was no solution, and that Beautification is only Pacification. So there was a new attempt to again confine woman's indignation by exhorting her to get out of the home, into the work force. But the work force has been a haven for nobody.

For a while, the movement itself was also insensible to the oppression of women. We were preoccupied, in the civil rights days, with the real problems of blacks and whites working closely together under tremendous pressures; and in those days, most whites thought they needed only to fight another's battle. Black Power cleared the white male's head. He began to see his own oppression and to do something about it.

But for a while longer, the movement woman remained preoccupied with issues defined for her by white and black men. She made second-rate resistance to the draft, learned first aid, went to jail in the universities; and, if she were black, she was further confused by rhetoric about the emerging "dominant" black man, and by the implications for her of the belief in a genocidal birth control plot.

No one was greatly disturbed when Stokely Carmichael said in 1964 that the "only position for women in SNCC is prone." In the 1965-68 national conventions of SDS, demands by women for more participation in decision-making were met with "cat-calls, hoots, and the feeling was, well, those women have done their silly little thing again." A local militant is brief: "women have shit for brains."

We women learned in the movement that the same critiques we applied to other facets of the society hold for our own condition. At first we were merely impressed with the weight of scholarly evidence of the historical oppression of women. We were shocked by Pop data too: 10,000 women are murdered each year in the United States by illegal abortion.

But, we were strong and self-critical—those few of us who stayed with the movement—and we thought our second-class role in it, our problems in living with men, were somehow reflective of purely "personal" deficiencies.

It was when we began talking to each other, rather shyly for "radicals," that we realized that our feelings of oppression as women were no eccentric, private burden. That, in fact, we shared these feelings with our non-movement sisters as well. And, that the movement offered us no model to struggle for, or in which we might live, that differed significantly from the present sexual model in the larger society.

We began to understand that sexual privilege carries with it an unwarranted domination by the man, of the woman, which injures both. While men labor in anti-human jobs, those many women who also work are concentrated in the lowest strata of the force. Others serve a life sentence in the home as maids and janitors.

The consensus about the black still holds for the woman: (1) she is of inherently inferior and alien mentality, her mind being vague, bound by personal experience (scatterbrained or just plain dumb); (2) she is a happy person, and all she asks of life is a little attention, a regular sex life, new hats, dresses, and second-hand cadillacs; (3) she does not join "mixed" groups for the stated purposes but to be with men.

She must, as one man put it in the SDS newspaper last December, educate herself and develop her capabilities before she is a good risk for leadership in the movement.

When we considered the consensus of the larger social order, saw it reflected in the movement, and agreed among ourselves that our own liberation is a compelling and legitimate goal, we combined to make adversary political motion: the Women's Liberation Movement.

We made common cause with the more visible casualties of our oppression: prostitutes, Miss America contestants, neurotic women, co-eds, female "criminals," candidates' wives, unwanted mothers, models, women laborers and professionals, and with all their spokeswomen in the female ghetto of the mind—from Coretta King to Valerie Solanas.

What do we want? The general theme sounds familiar: freedom; we shall not be used; jobs; a moneyless economy in which work is socially meaningful and personally ennobling; sorority; the restoration of affection among women no longer artificially divided by privilege and competition

for the big prize; power; control of our sexuality; identity; an end to exploitation of our sex to advertising, war, and racism; peace; Liberation.

And how do we intend to get it? By identifying, among ourselves, the machinery of our oppression. By tuning in to the anti-woman enemy who also lives within us. By developing our analysis which now understands the subjugation of women as intrinsic to the Savage Society. By going among women and raising female consciousness to make a mass movement.

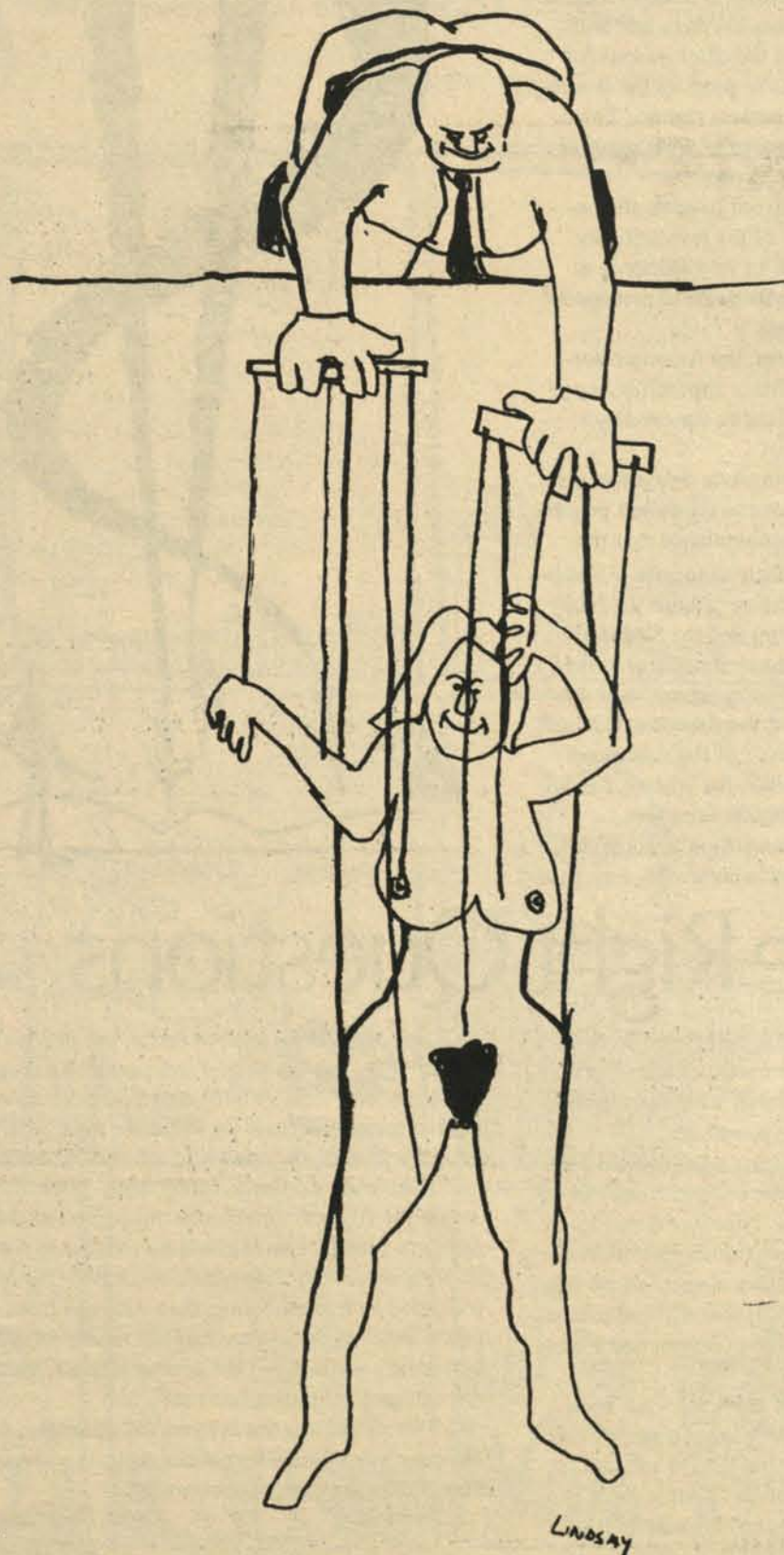
By confronting the "Man" with our minds, our wit, our art, our earthiness, our politics, our attention to humane data, and our lives. By fighting for our liberation, partly in the old style, but, we suspect, more in a new style.

Finally, how do we relate to our derivative movements? We cannot speak in good faith to other women while continuing to work for movement men under a male-fashioned ideology. And radicals who are not attempting to preserve their prerogative as males will see that without our struggle, none of the other dreams are possible.

We will fight our own battle. We will work with women for a humane society, on behalf of all women. In that struggle is our only hope for liberation.

— Judith Brown, reprinted from *The Southern Patriot*

(An extensive development of the assumptions of this article appear in *Toward a Female Liberation Movement*, by Beverly Jones and Judith Brown, available for \$.25 from SSOC, Box 6403, Nashville, Tennessee 37212.)



LNS-NY

U.S. UNMASKED

The United States "is unmasking itself as a true and dirty colonialist power," Vice President Ky of South Vietnam said on Nov. 2.

Ky's belated recognition of what has been for some time an obvious fact was caused by the conversion of the "partial bombing halt" of March 31 into the cessation of all bombing of North Vietnam on November 1.

President Thieu was not quite so candid about his "country's" relationship to the U.S., but he also condemned the bombing halt as a "unilateral" step, taken without the prior agreement of Saigon. In his view North Vietnam had not gone far enough in guaranteeing reciprocal de-escalation, either by pledge or by action. To underline his displeasure, Thieu threatens to boycott the expanded Paris peace talks where the National Liberation Front will be represented alongside North Vietnam, and where the Saigon regime was to accompany the U.S.

North Vietnam and the NLF have, in short, forced a sharp split between the blood-brothers of the "Great Adventure." Despite Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker's valiant efforts in closed sessions with General Thieu, the breach of confidence among the two key "allies" could no longer be suppressed from public view. In fact, Bunker himself has been threatened with kidnapping by a South Vietnamese legislator who proposed to hold him in custody until the bombing of the North was resumed!

As this undoubtedly idle threat indicates, the differences among the allies can no longer be papered over by verbose but essentially meaningless Manila declarations of war aims. Political necessity, not to mention fiscal stringency and moral and political disintegration is forcing America to withdraw from an untenable overseas commitment.

Similar domestic considerations in South Vietnam dictate opposition to the American bombing halt and entering into peace talks. One of the chief reasons for starting the bombing in 1965 was to prop up the crumbling and demoralized South Vietnamese regime. Thieu and Ky rightfully fear that the ending of what propped them up may bring them tumbling down.

Moreover, Saigon cannot afford to enter the expanded talks as merely the equal of the revolutionary NLF without some public display of its displeasure at this serious if not mortal blow to its political pretension to sole authority in South Vietnam.

So as was the case with Diem, the American sorcerer cannot fully control his military apprentice, especially not when the demand may lead to the prodigy's political suicide.

Xuan Thuy, the North Vietnamese delegation chief, is naturally using the overt divisions to the fullest possible extent. He emphasized in a press conference that the accords reached with the increasingly desperate U.S. diplomats require the equal participation of both the NLF (which the U.S. does not recognize) and the Saigon regime (which North Vietnam does not recognize) in the Paris talks. The absence of the Saigon regime "will mean that they do not desire peace, and the American side will have to bear the full responsibility." If the Americans cannot convince Saigon to negotiate, the NLF and Hanoi can just wait, until the military regime crumbles.

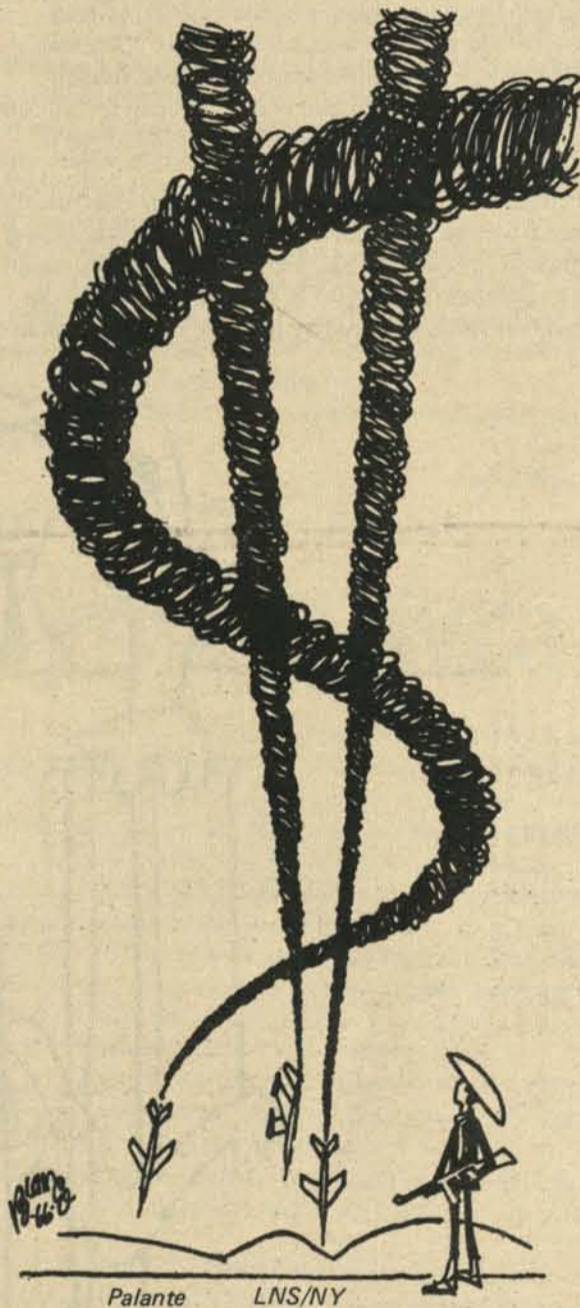
Even a short-range American failure to force the participation of Saigon in the new talks would serve to

paralyze the American bombing threat and discredit the American negotiating position. The U.S. couldn't threaten to resume bombing, since not North Vietnam but Saigon is obstructing rapid, "substantive" peace negotiations. The longer the delay, the lesser the likelihood that the bombing will ever be resumed. Similarly, the failure of Saigon to participate totally discredits the American propagandist contention that only the "enemy" is averse to serious negotiations.

These events have served to reveal what has been the true hindrance to a full-fledged bombing halt: the instability of the Saigon regime. Johnson had waited as long as he could before bowing to the inevitable. Given the domestic political scene, he was forced to act before the elections. Johnson realized that only a total bombing halt could significantly boost the chances of his "boy" Humphrey at the polls.

The irony is that in attempting to save his party's domestic empire he may have dealt a death blow to his Asian satrapy.

—ted brodek



The Right Questions

To write on Sunday words to be printed after Tuesday that will sound as if they were written after Tuesday and that will make sense regardless of what *does* happen on Tuesday is a journalistic feat beyond me.

I believe it is terribly important what happens on Tuesday, important who is elected, and yet it can't be so important that we will give up if our side doesn't win. Does it really matter? Will the individuals elected make all that much difference, or is history already set on its course? It is the eternal dilemma of free will and predestination, the balance between sense of humor and a sense of responsibility.

The major question the last eight years has been "is every person equal, as a human being, to every other person," and the answer, though not always adhered to, has been "yes." The question now is "what is every person entitled to, as a human being, not because he is in-

dustrious or smart or good or lucky, but just because he is alive?" The answer to that will phrase the economic problems for which we must seek economic solutions, the economic questions for which we must seek economic answers—but the trick is to ask the right questions.

There are some interesting ones. If everyone is entitled to free air—and no one has suggested charging for air to breathe, then is everyone entitled to free water to drink which city dwellers do not have? If everyone is entitled to free schooling, then why not free care if you're sick? If emergency medical treatment is for the individual's welfare and the general welfare, then why not emergency housing facilities?

We must keep our eyes on the questions, for if the questions themselves are not right, the answers, even if they are right, will be wrong.

—eliza paschall

DE LAWD GIVETH

Washington, D.C. (LNS-NY)—When you're up against the monster of American legal justice, you're in for a hard time. But servicemen have it even worse in the military courts.

Congress, however, has seen fit to make it a little easier for men facing "military justice."

Lyndon Johnson recently signed the Military Justice Act of 1968, which came through Congress in a diluted form after seven years of congressional hassling and with major opposition from the Pentagon.

The new law extends some Bill of Rights coverage to the military courts, with these reforms:

- *The right of legal counsel is extended to men on trial before special courts-martial.

- *An independent "field judiciary" will be established with senior legal officers acting as military judges.

- *Low efficiency ratings cannot be given by commanders to court members and defense lawyers if they don't have the right line in military trials.

The new law has been heralded as evidence of "revolutionary" progress in military justice.

Johnson is beaming over "the last bill I will sign on [the soldier's] behalf." In signing the bill, he noted all the good things the military man already has—"excellent medical service, [to cure spinal meningitis, contracted free-of-charge, Ft. Jackson] superb training, the best equipment money can buy. . . . Now, with this bill, we believe we are going to give them first-class legal services as well."

Actually, while the bill makes it easier for men undergoing routine trials, it provides no due process for those subject to "undesirable administrative discharges," such as Howard Petrick and Andy Stapp, who were thrown out of the Army because of their anti-war organizing work.

Evidently, Sen. Sam J. Ervin (D-N.C.) has been working on the bill for years, trying to incorporate a large number of reforms. Due to tremendous opposition from the Pentagon, the Senate never pushed the issue.

But early this year, a watered-down bill went through the House of Representatives and Ervin bargained with the Pentagon until they gave the okay for the Senate Armed Services Committee to pass the revised bill.

The signing of the new law comes at a time when the media are filled with tales of deserters and dissident GIs. The government is making a bid for increased allegiance from its "men in uniform" by creating a rosy illusion of security.

... AND TAKETH AWAY

More shit on GIs against the war. Three leaders of GI march in San Francisco, Oct. 12, are being threatened presently with reprisals from Brass.

Lt. Susan Schnall of the Oak-Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland faces court-martial for wearing her uniform in the march and for flying a plane over bases and dropping leaflets onto the bases—promoting "disloyalty and disaffection among members of the armed forces."

Airman 1/C Michael Locks has been restricted to Hamilton Air Force Base pending court-martial, presumably for wearing his uniform at the march.

Lt. Hugh F. Smith is catching general hell for his part in organizing the demonstration.

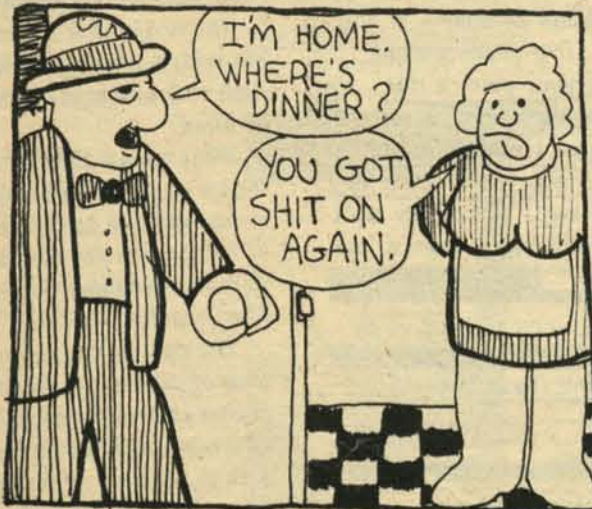
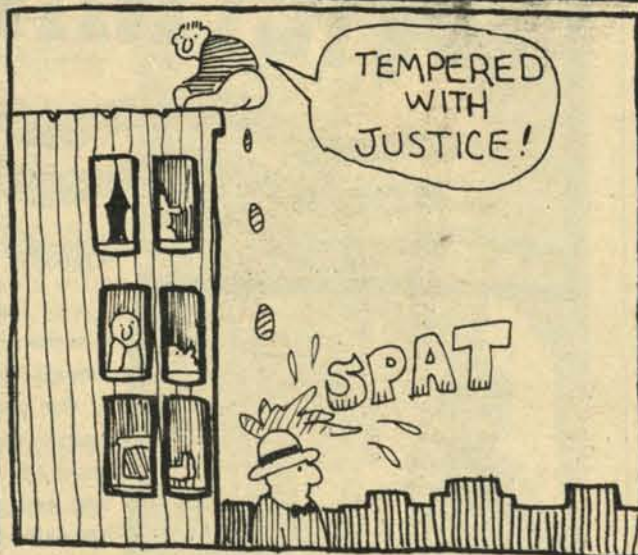
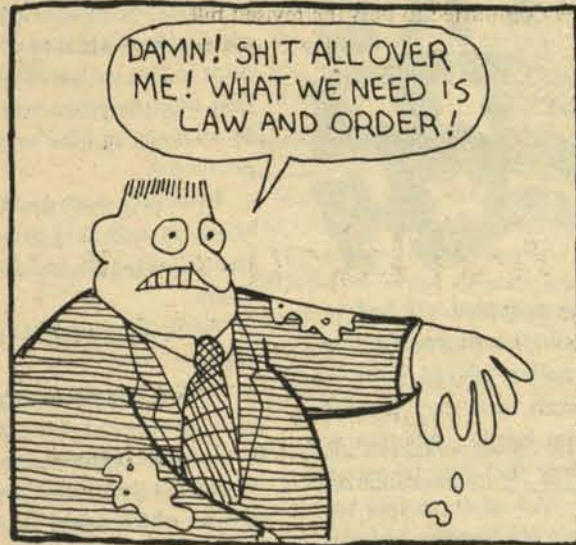
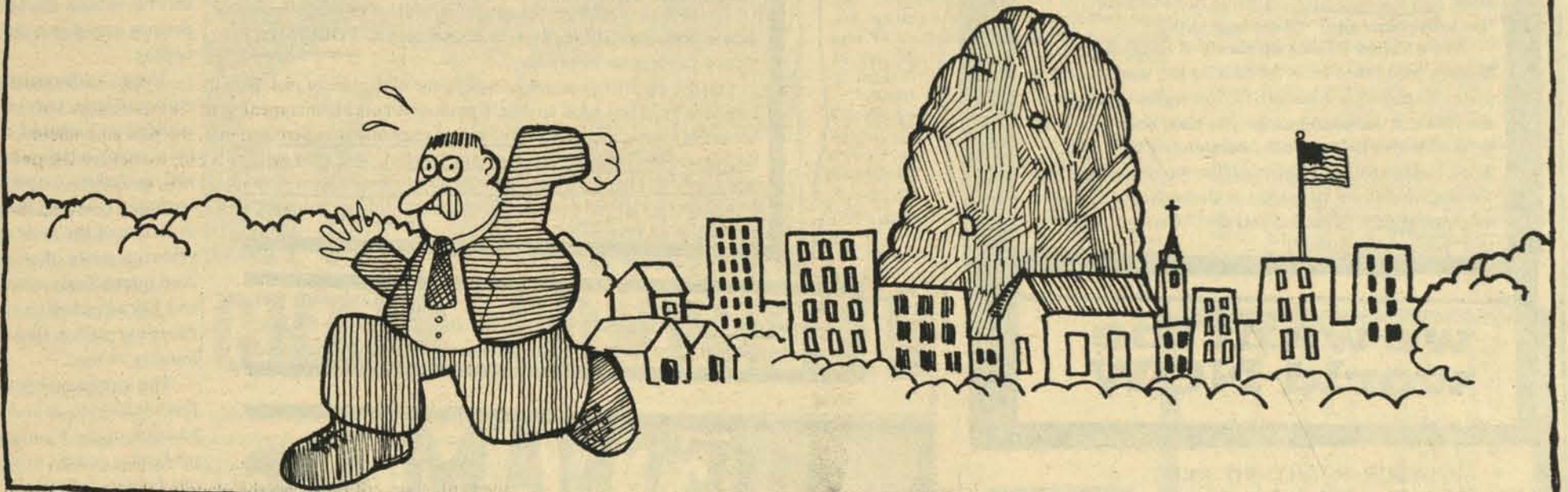
Other shit: At the Presidio Army base, San Francisco, Richard Bunch was shot to death—in the back—by a stockade guard on Oct. 11 when he tried to escape a work detail. Bunch had been in the stockade for having gone AWOL eighteen days to see his pregnant wife. On Oct. 25, twenty-seven prisoners in the stockade conducted a sit-down strike in protest of the murder. They were carried back to their cells by guards. Next day the Army filed mutiny charges against them—possible penalty: death.

Shit at Ft. McPherson, Atlanta: Two companies were put on restriction by uptight Brass the day before the GI march here, Oct. 27. Other individuals, suspected of intentions of joining the march, were also detained.

—steve wise (with a bit of help from *Guardian*)

Personal accounts of experiences of police, courts, or jail, brutality, stupidity, venality are wanted for possible book by Tuli Kupferberg, merry anarchist and Fug. Also any extraordinary examples of good, humane, positive, decent actions by police. Anonymity assured if so desired. Any time, place, or "Offense" OK. Send to Tuli at 381 East 10th St., New York, New York 10009.

LIFE IN ANAS-BAND



BEST OF THE BIRD

BULLSHIT

People started coming out of the Marriott to watch. Many laughed when they read the signs. The police came.

Following the first good-natured observers, hecklers began drifting out from the bars in the hotel to shout clever obscenities. "Motherfuckers!" shouts a Shriner fez on head, drink in hand. His wife laughs at his wit. Stones are tossed down from a parking ramp. Ron Ausburn gets busted when he shouts "Eat it!" at a heckler. He sprawls in the back seat of the police car as I talk to the lieutenant. He is charged with using obscene language.

A witticism is hurled at Charlie Cushing -- "Get a shave, you son-of-a-bitch!" Charlie turns to a cop. "Isn't that obscenity?" "I din hear nuttin'."

As we started walking up the street to catch a bus home, a man called from the parking lot, waving a paper plate. Expecting a donation, George walked back down the street. I turned to watch. The man, about 45, well dressed, with a large paunch, was standing by a cop. When George got close the man (the Republican) tore up the plate and threw the pieces in George's face. "You motherfucker!" "What did you say?" George asked. "I said 'you mother fucker!'"

we want the world-NOW

YOUR RIGHT TO KNOW

EVERY PARENT WHO HAS BEEN APPALLED AND OUTRAGED WHEN THEIR CHILD BROUGHT HOME A COPY OF THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW FROM WHENCE THIS FILTH COMES.

TEACHERS, MINISTERS, JUDGES, POLICE OFFICERS, AND OTHER RESPONSIBLE PERSONS ARE RIGHTLY DISTURBED BY THE SACRILEGE, PORNOGRAPHY, DEPRAVITY, IMMORALITY AND DRAFT DODGING WHICH ARE PREACHED IN THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD.

POSING AS A RESPONSIBLE NEWSPAPER, THE DEKALB NEW ERA IS PRINTING THIS FILTHY PORNOGRAPHIC LITERATURE TO BE HANDED OUT TO THE CHILDREN OF THIS COUNTY BY NARCOTIC USERS KNOWN AS HIPPIES.

MR. BRITT FAYSSOUX, EDITOR OF THE NEW ERA, ANNOUNCED THE PRINTING OF THE BIRD PAPER AS THOUGH THEY WERE PROUD TO BE DOING IT. AS AN AROUSED GROUP OF PARENTS, WE ARE NOT PROUD OF MR. FAYSSOUX OR ANY OF THE OTHER "MEN" AND "WOMEN" ASSOCIATED WITH THE NEW ERA IN ANY CAPACITY AT ALL.

WE DO CONSIDER IT A PAINFUL DUTY AND A NECESSARY ONE TO EXPOSE THE NEW ERA BY PUBLISHING THE ENCLOSED FEW EXCERPTS FROM THEIR FILTHY PAPER SO THAT THE PARENTS OF THIS COUNTY CAN BE AROUSED TO PROTECT THEIR CHILDREN FROM PEOPLE LIKE THE NEW ERA. NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERY PARENT AND EVERY OFFICIAL TO SPEAK UP AGAINST THIS OUTRAGE - BRING PRESSURE - LET'S PUT A STOP TO THIS FLOW OF FILTH BEFORE IT HURTS ANY MORE CHILDREN THAN IT ALREADY HAS.

-DEKALB PARENTS LEAGUE FOR DECENCY

MATERIALS ON NEXT THREE PAGES ACTUALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ISSUES OF THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD AS PRINTED



Complaint Number One seems to be that nobody reads ECHOES. The second most frequent comment which I generally ignore Echoes have great difficulty in understanding it. **TOUGH SHIT** should concern me in any way.

Finally, my friends insist on coating me with puke of this nat Echoes is valid and good writing. I think you have an untapped Echoes is a waste of talent. My Mother once said that I would be a priest, but I told her that I was too horny to make the celibacy now I am too busy violating the universe and the hassle is that I don't know how we all will probably have to learn how to work with before it is all over.

God made feet, not asses and tits. That's really absurd. But the fault isn't in the law, it's in need changing, it's the contemporary community standards that need

VIETNAM RE



I was cornered - I had to it seems, built the runway at Cam himself. Another played poker ev or five generals, and they planned gram between hands. Another was being the very first one to piss in line latrine. All of them had nar had laid, fine Vietnamese patriots million dollars an hour - if you l Otherwise, five bucks a night. Fu really give your peter a ride. "em, 'cause their teeth is rottin'". You can put a rubber on your p and you'll fuck your mouth all t ain't a tit man, 'cause they ain't old lady's got bigger jugs 'n 'em hold on to."

Dear Crucified Good Lay:
God is alive---and his wife is c pills.

The GREAT SPECKLED BIRD needs sellers on high school campuses. 5¢ per paper.

Eliza Paschal
REACTIONS OF A REACTOR

BIRD CLEARLY Bond

The New York Times, a prestigious establishment daily, recently announced that nationally-known radical democrat Julian Bond of Atlanta had endorsed Hubert Humphrey

Last Saturday people all over DeKalb County began receiving brown stamped and sealed manila envelopes containing a newsprint sheet with "obscene" excerpts from the Great Speckled Bird, pointing out that the DeKalb New Era printed the Bird, that the New Era also supported Clark Harrison, and railing that the Bird ought to be suppressed, and those who print it ought to be punished.

No one has yet been found who could or would be identified as the author of the smear sheet, but there is substantial evidence gathered by the Georgia Bureau of Investigation that the sheet was a last minute, illegal political ploy to discredit the New Era and defeat Harrison.

While the publicity created didn't defeat Harrison, it did intimidate New Era enough that they felt that they could no longer print the Bird.

The anonymous and clandestine nature of the smear sheet is witness enough to the character of the person or persons who put it out. But the content is even more revealing.

These "editors of the night" chose, among other things reprinted here, to reprint portions of an article written by a soldier in Vietnam, describing in vivid GI language the dehumanizing relationship which exists between our soldiers and our "allies," especially the women of Vietnam. They reprinted anything they could find with a four-letter word in it, one of the most explicit of which is, ironically, a verbatim quote of a Shriner cursing some demonstrators. And interestingly enough they found the name Julian Bond and Eliza Paschal as vile as some of the language which at times our writers find important to their content and their honesty to use.

This choice makes clear at least that what is profane to them is holy to us and vice-versa. We believe that the destruction of the Vietnamese people is the most degrading of profanity, and no words that we know could really express our feelings fully there. We believe that the racism that pervades our society and destroys and degrades black people is utterly profane. We believe that the condition of the poor in this nation of vast wealth is profane. We believe that the consistent confusion of moralisms with morality by so many of the "religious people" of our society is a profanity.

Evidently some people find it holy - or at least politically expedient - to be for war, against equal rights and treatment for all, and for suppression of views contrary to theirs.

We find holiness in cursing the act which should be cursed.

We feel that these are alarming and terrible times for our country, and if the words of our writers are at times alarming and shocking, we hope thereby to alarm and shock.

But the Bird is not the issue here. Nor the few fetid phrases which might shock a nun raised in a convent, but could not possibly alarm an American high school student.

The real issue is freedom of the press, a much lauded but seldom practised right. For what good is there in the right to freedom of the press if there is no press that can be hired?

What value is this freedom if an individual so spineless as the anonymous "night editor" of this smear sheet can force respectable and powerful businessmen, such as the owners of the DeKalb New Era, to terminate, abruptly and without warning, a profitable and strictly business relationship with The Great Speckled Bird?

The right to free speech and press is supposedly the very basis of this nation. The fact that such people as our former printer can be pushed around so easily by clandestine know-nothings is an ill omen for a much weaker voice of dissent such as the Bird. Is the cold gloom of McCarthyism settling in again so soon, as its dark knight clambers eagerly atop the American political pinnacle?

-Howard Romaine

Marihuana is equated in law with the opiates, but the abuse characteristics of the two have almost nothing in common. The opiates produce physical dependence. Marihuana does not. A withdrawal sickness appears if opiates is discontinued. No such associated with marihuana.

PEOPLE BEWARE!! The Narcs are Among You!! More of these lecherous dogs are turning up at the 'Cat' each day, and too many people are setting up scores for them. Please, don't associate with strangers. (The narcs don't want the users, they want the dealers. Howard and Wood want you.) Don't be paranoid, be careful.
- A Dealer



CHAIR CONVICTED

March 29 (LNS)--Roman authorities, information from a paid informer, have leader of a dissident group of pacifists, of no fixed address, was arrested by Magistrate Pontius Pilate and bound.

He was arrested in the company of convicted homosexuals while loitering in a public square near Jerusalem. The Romans-state that the man was convicted for kissing another man under a tree.

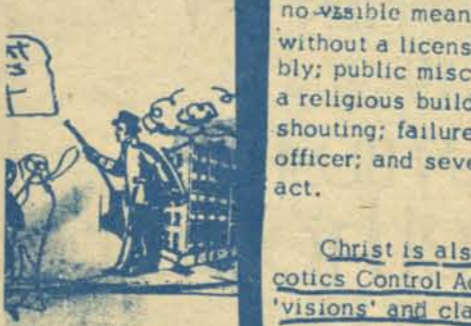
Some feel that with the arrest of Christ, the dissident group will become disorganized.

The former carpenter and magician notley following of malcontents with philosophy of peace and love. While the man's teachings are laudable, they are not to be taken too seriously for draft dodging and the desertion of duty.

In a statement, King Herod said that the man is a social blight on the city. Their lack of normal jobs and lack of decent living conditions is an insult to decent citizens and a disgrace to their children. "Christians are scum, and they rise to the surface," he said, "I hope the hope that the group could be broken up and sent into society."

The charges against Christ include: loitering in an area appurtenant to a public building; having no visible means of support; practicing medicine without a license; conducting an unlawful assembly; public mischief; assault of money changers in a religious building; creating a disturbance by shouting; failure to pay income tax; obstructing an officer; and several counts of advocating an illegal act.

Christ is also held on suspicion under the Narcotics Control Act. He has claimed to have seen "visions" and claims supernatural powers for himself. Authorities feel that this is probably the result of using drugs.



RESIST the DRAFT

REPRINTED FROM THE ATLANTA MAGAZINE

PERSONALITY

Young man on the go: Britt Fayssoux.

Britt Fayssoux, the thirty-seven-year-old editor of the DEKALB NEW ERA in Decatur, is an example of the new breed of small newspaper executives who toil in the sprawling suburbs of the United States, successfully blending editorial skills with business acumen, turning a good profit while producing lively, readable products. Fayssoux, who comes on low-keyed and soft-spoken, took over operating control of the New Era Publishing Company in November, 1963, as general manager and editor of its only newspaper. Today he is in charge of a firm which publishes five papers and does more than 50 per cent of its business in commercial printing. He now is executive vice president and, with vice president and business manager J. R. Boatright, majority stockholder of the firm. He also continues as editor of the NEW ERA.

"When I was approached about this job, I knew what had to happen," he said. He wanted complete freedom to run the operation and "I came in with the understanding I would eventually get at least 51 per cent of the company. And it was going to have to be reorganized completely. We were going to have to run fast, and needed top business management.

"One thing I've learned or observed is that the average weekly is weakest, probably, on the business side." Fayssoux had had little business experience, so "I sought out and found someone I consider a highly competent business manager. I called Boatright (an old college friend), who then was with Bristol Myers and had been on the executive team at Ford." He offered to split his stock acquisition with Boatright, and the two moved in to begin their re-building job.

Within six months they had purchased more than \$100,000 in new equipment, and four years ago completely converted their plant to offset printing, the trend in the weekly and small daily field. They also started their acquisition of other newspapers and plunged heavily into commercial printing. "The NEW ERA had never done much commercial printing," Fayssoux said. But now they print circulars, catalogues, brochures, handbills and many other newspapers, including the MARKET BULLETIN, the West End WEEKLY STAR, the GUN SCHOOL and service papers and even Atlanta's new "underground" newspaper, the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD. They also slowly acquired stock in the firm until they hold about 58 per cent of it.

YOU GOTTA SEE...
The Dutchman, a one-act play by LeRoy Jones, opens at Grand Central Station Peaches Place on Thursday, July 25, at 8:30 p.m.

Actor Arthur Burghardt, playing the lead role of Clay, a 20-year old Negro, describes the Dutchman as "a warning to white America." Burghardt states that in the play Jones depicts the castration of black men by white society. "Each time a Negro succeeds, the ants is raised."
Grace MacEachron portrays Lula in the play. Lula is a 30-year old white woman who delights in tantalizing young Negro males, stalking her victims on the New York subway. She represents Jones' view of the whoreship quality of white America today.
The Dutchman is produced in cooperation with Arthur Fellman, drama instructor at Clark College. Mr. Fellman chose a small theater for the production in order that the audience would feel intimately involved with the proceedings.

Screw the Draft

STATE FUNDS, COUNTY FUNDS USED

AS LEGAL ORGAN OF DEKALB COUNTY, NEW ERA GETS THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FROM PUBLIC TAX MONEY; THEY ALSO PRINT THE MARKET BULLETIN PAID FROM STATE TAX FUNDS AND PUT OUT BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. PHIL CAMPBELL IS THE STATE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE- HE HAS THE POWER TO CUT OFF STATE MONEY FROM THE NEW ERA - BUT HE HASN'T. DON'T YOU THINK THAT HE SHOULD? STATE AND COUNTY MONEY ARE BEING USED TO PRINT THE FILTH YOU SEE ON THESE PAGES AND DISTRIBUTE IT TO CHILDREN! DO YOU CARE?

THANKS OF DEKALB PARENTS LEAGUE FOR DECENCY, ANON.

**REP
REVIEW**



Slow Dance on the Killing Ground, by William Hanley, produced by the Atlanta Repertory Theater at the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center. Directed by Peter Thompson, with William Hansen, Carol Morell and Hannibal L. Penny, Jr.

Last week the "RepStudio" of the Atlanta Repertory Theater presented a well-directed, well-acted, well-set play dealing with the confrontation of three people:

Glas (William Hansen), a German who left his Jewish wife and son to be killed by the Nazis, in order to serve the God that Failed. Now, in 1962, he keeps a cheap soda shop in an industrial area of Brooklyn and occupies his mind making inventory of minutiae.

Randall (Hannibal L. Penny, Jr.), a Black swinger with a self-announced 187 I.Q., bursts into Glas' shop late at night, on the run, having killed his prostitute mother.

Rosie (Carol Morell), a plain girl from the Bronx, got knocked up in her one sexual encounter, and comes into the store lost and exhausted in search of an abortionist.

The confrontation (with each other and themselves) of these people, each one on the run, is presented in what might be called a comic existentialist melodrama; and the chief fault of the play is that each of these factors the comedy, the existential message, and the melodramatic form—is prevented by the other two from going anywhere. But the play is highly theatrical—a grand vehicle for actors—and each actor has used his opportunity.

The most difficult of the roles, and the one which comes off least well, is Randall. Hannibal L. Penny, Jr., has the ungrateful job of sustaining and building a frenetic character who hits the stage hip and already chattering at a rate to break through Glas' armor. The author has provided breathing spaces—when Randall "runs out of gas"—which Mr. Penny does not fully utilize. It is no grave criticism of Mr. Penny that he cannot entirely sustain the role, and that we are, finally, a little bored with the character he plays, for he comes very close to success.

Glas is the character who, with so many doors shut in his soul, and his face, the external door, most tightly shut, is still given most scope for playing. William Hansen, an impressively qualified and experienced craftsman, used his opportunity fully. It is a joy to see him work.

Carol Morell, too, is a fine actress. She seems not to have thought through her part as Mr. Hansen and Mr. Penny did, and had difficulties on opening night, but she is solid and well trained.

The play is one it must be hard to make credible. The director, Peter Thompson, used his actors to sustain the mood of the play very well. He was helped by Gerald Jones, the designer of the convincing set.

This play was presented four times last week in the subterranean crypt of the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center, and it is now gone. It is a pity it is gone, be-

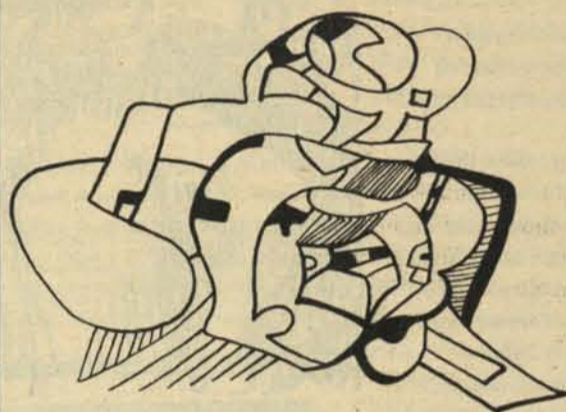
cause this kind of work may justify the existence of the Atlanta Repertory Theater, and it would have been well to have kept it at hand long enough for a larger public to discover it.

Atlanta Repertory Theater promises several other interesting productions this year, including *Endgame*, *Krapp's Last Tape*, and *The Balcony*. If they are rushed in and out like *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground*, it would be well to be on your toes. On present evidence, they are likely to be well done.

I have been scolded for my churlishness in reviewing *King Arthur* last week. I am told that theatre ought to be encouraged, and that manure like *King Arthur* is necessary to make the flowers grow. This may be true, but I prefer to call blossoms blossoms and shit shit.

—morris brown

STAFF



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ernie marris

stephanie coffin

tom coffin

pam gwin

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steve wise

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don speicher

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NOVEMBER 14, 15, 16 &

CURTAIN: 8:00 21, 22, 23

Center for the Arts Alliance

If you weren't already convinced (by last Tuesday) that the three front-running candidates had nothing much to offer, consider for a moment that none even came out for art centers! Maybe they remembered that art salons gave the "little man" his first taste of the Paris he was destined to overthrow. More probably they sensed that a call now for the "qualitative" upgrading of American life might awaken memories of betrayed promises once labeled "The Great Society." The awful truth no doubt is that they all assumed the ungreat society, in crisis, wants bread, not cake.

But in Georgia, where Lester's in and George runs well ahead, lives a sanguine tribe of garden dwellers hell-bent on doing what their richer neighbors to the north tried almost to do when "culture booming" was the thing. Ringed by aircraft plants and military bases, their watchword is "Alliance!" The allies here are fiddlers, carvers, singers, dancers, impresarios, actors, stage-hands, daubers, dillettantes and other decent citizens crazed by the divine madness Plato said was a threat to the state.

How marvelous then that the only note of cynicism—apart from the inevitable quibbling about \$14,000,000 being sunk into a goddam colonial temple up on the tenderloin—sounds from Manhattan. Misguided provincials are showing off again and in bad taste, we hear. *New York Times* critic Ada Huxtable, in the shadow of a faltering Lincoln Center, chides the idealistic misunderstanding of Atlantans whose mayor says Art is a basic fundamental of urban life; whose art school dean, Joel Reeves, says artists should learn to be human beings before they learn the In Thing; whose musical director, Blanche Thebom, says artists should be members of a team before they star; whose musical directors believe life without beauty is death; whose artists and patrons like each other well enough to want to be underfoot and uptight rubbing shoulders the length and breadth of the new Atlanta Memorial Arts Center.

Misunderstanding or not, our colossal "alliance" is as vulnerable to current meanness as Hubert Humphrey at a hate-in. Who needs long concert seasons, long operas, ballet dancers and yet more actors encased in marble? (Hard-headed Huxtable allowed that maybe an art school served some purpose; even Nixon is for education nowadays.) Worse yet, who needs more columns in Georgia? This is the misunderstanding that amuses me most. It's said the "columns" were imposed by a benighted donor who mistook Atlanta Stadium for a Greek temple and, like Charlemagne, said "make us one like that one yonder." How crass—and yet, as it turns out, the "columns" are not

columns at all but piers supporting corbelled beams that recall the timber architecture of some Asiatic phoenix hall enlarged and petrified before they do the Parthenon. Even Ada grants the Promenade is pleasing; ironically, it affords more visual delight than any other space within—and sheds more radiance into the studios of the school above than it hides trees. In Atlanta, who needs trees?

Everybody is his own dream-architect; we all have visions of what should be towering, sprawling, rambling or hanging at Peachtree and 15th—and which art activity should have priority. Since the concert hall and theater have been proclaimed ideal in their class we can assume that they together determined the distribution of all remaining space not already occupied by the High Museum. Unfair? No, thoroughly democratic in as much as Atlantans revere classical music, delight in popular theater, but are put off by the spiritual economics of anything visual besides pictures, statues, cars and gardens. The Art School lost some space it would have liked, but gained in sheer comfort and flexibility. The art collection—for what it's worth as testimony to the modest mania of a few souls living in an iconophobic Saxon South—will serve well enough for student study and public edification; when funds are few and prices soar, a lack of expansion space is a pretty academic issue.

Yes the Peachtree fortress is really wide-open, but carpers harping on such bourgeois extravagance in racist Georgia of the sub-subsistence salary will find no solace in that fact; or that the hungry citizen is welcome to a modest automatic lunch with art students anytime at popular prices just like downtown; or that good-hearted teachers and musicians long to reach as far abroad as funds permit with color-light-color and concerts galore.

Who's got the scratch to join bejeweled throngs of champagne-quaffers in their righteous merriment; or an appetite for the Taste of Paris and King Arthur's court?

You'd be surprised! A day's bombing in Vietnam would pay to fill the halls year round and then some; and everyone digs quality (witness the Olympics) or wants to secretly. Good art's good art; when you've known it only slightly, a little goes a long way, especially where mediocre art abounds. But there has to be a place to find it.

There is a touching irony in seeing nice folks contemplating paintings (loaned by Parisian museums to honor dead Atlantans who loved art) that testify to Western history from monarchy to revolution as if style changed by God's whim working in some bohemian souls. Few visitors feel threatened by radically revised aesthetic standards or fail to be as cheered by Picasso's "Head" as by Poussin's "Little Orgy" (although I did overhear mild outrage at the

(whatever that is)

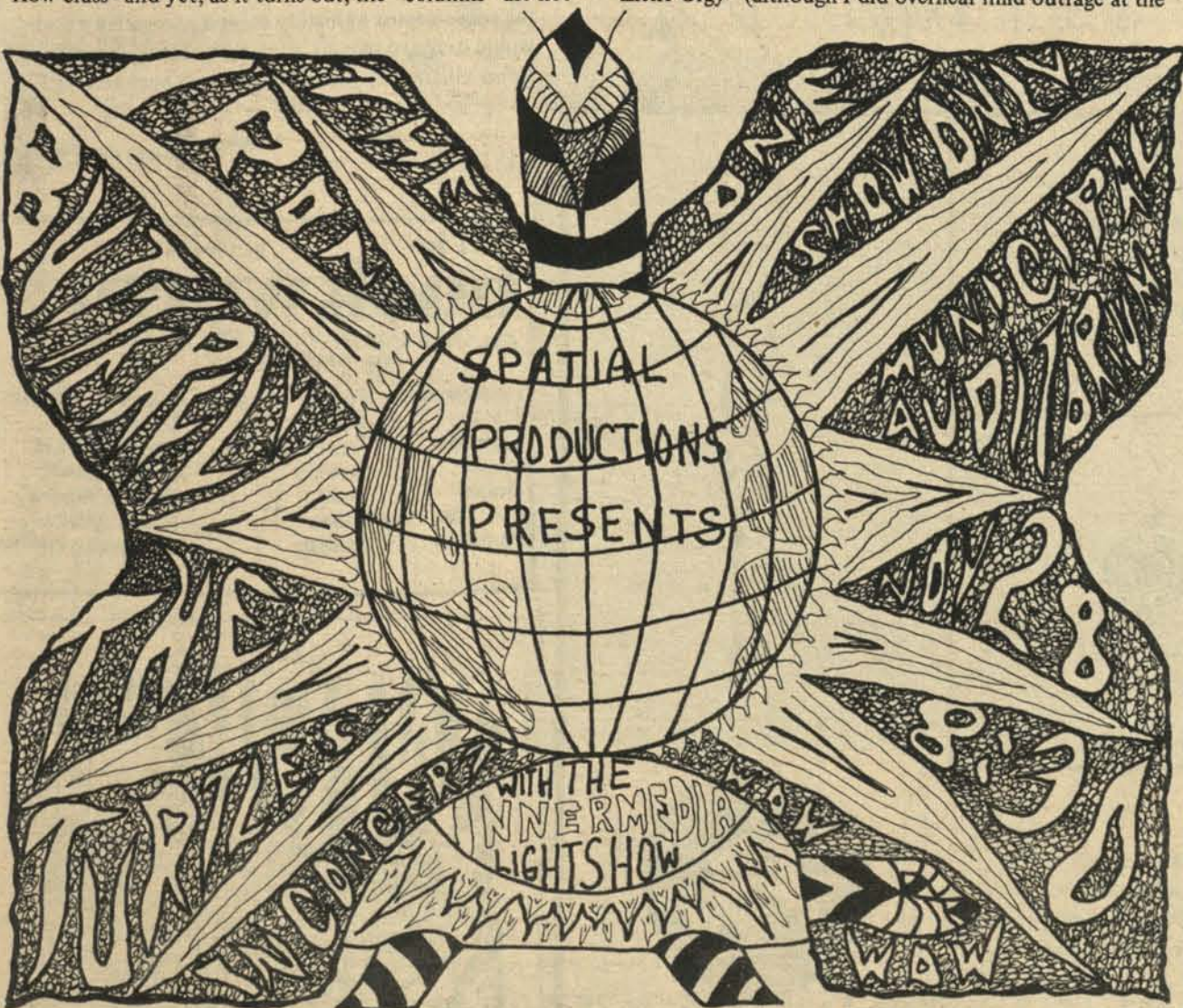
sight of the old master's "topless" revelers; one wonders what unspoken fear is aroused in the hearts of seekers after Law-n-Order at the sight of Boilly's "Distribution of Free Wine to the Mob on the Champs-Elysees!" So goes the revolution Stateside. Rodin's "Shade" is a fitting tribute to more than one modern tragedy: while succumbing to the charming myth about some phoenix reborn from the ashes we ought not to forget that Rodin's unfinished "Gate of Hell," which this ghostly figure guarded, ushered in an age when Hell was no longer an absence of Grace but a shortage of money. Rodin's career, from the time he was commissioned to decorate a stock exchange in Brussels, was plagued by bourgeois interference in his work until he saw the light and began to characterize man in fragments: a limb here and a torso there and no hope for reconciliation. Since we all know that Grace is really "Soul" and that dismembered bodies die, why not applaud the good intentions of community with soul enough to think it can put our modern social body back together through an "alliance" of madmen dedicated to feeling.

—tom lyman

Another Side

If it is true that a good artist is always a revolutionary then their worst enemies today are the reactionary counter-revolutionaries that operate the big museums. So many of our major artists have been only too willing to sell their souls for approval by the handful of culture vultures who manipulate the art tastes of the mindless public. Rauschenberg is a classic example, a talented artist who lives today off the bloodstained dollars of the big corporations who approve (and finance) America's colonial wars. And now the poetic Robert Whitman whose enlarged chromium hubcaps were entertaining little baubles for the plush crowd that thronged the Jewish Museum last week. What have the museums got to do with art? They are well-guarded warehouses stuffed with useless trinkets (whose values have been inflated by the complacency and complicity of docile art "critics") and patrolled night and day by some of the toughest, rudest, uncouth rentacops that can be found anywhere. Make no mistake, the museums do not stand for art, only property. And it is the property of a privileged few, most of whom can be unmistakably identified as the enemies of all who seek social change. When will the artists recognise fascism in their midst?

—john wilcock, *Other Scenes*



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MANOS' FOLLIES

Well Birdmen—First of all “King Arthur” is not—I repeat *not* an opera. It is, as advertised, a happening. With music, song, flying nymphs, floating dragoncarts right out of Pogo and one of the funniest falsetto parts I’ve seen. The falsetto part is occasioned by an aging royal patron of the arts who insists on getting into the act—it is a play within a play—at every opportunity. His Grace, played by John Ferrante, is only topped in comedy by Her Grace (Elaine Kerr) who portrays the royal slattern to a tee. But I wanted them to sing!

My first impression was “charming.” My second, when the curtain on the play within the play is opened was, Ahhhh! The scenery throughout is wonderful and a head’s dream. Granted, some of it comes off like a cross between Zeigfield Follies and a very expensive high school production of a Grimm Fairy Tale. But a great big E for effort. It was beautiful. The orchestra plays Purcell’s music with just the right baroque touch and is to be applauded. John Dryden’s words would have been much better if the enunciation of most of the cast or maybe the volume had been as carefully thought out as the scenery and stage production.

Almost without exception each scene was a little long and each point belabored a bit much. But Jan Saxon, the nymph, managed to perk up the audience every time she floated in on guy wires. She was fine and sang well and kept it “happening.”

Arthur, played by Edward Lally, looks more like Li’l Abner in a funny suit than a hero but his careful slow motion battle scene was beautifully done.

The production is a fairly lavish and ambitious one for Atlanta and for all its faults it is a stone goof. Maybe next year they will include Holiday on Ice and really do it up big.

—s.b.

JAMES BROWN FULL GROWN

John W. Anderson Presents: *KaSandra* (Capitol, ST 2957)
Arranged and conducted by Shorty Rogers.

John W. Anderson is a Florida field hand part-time barber and interior man of “a reconcilable dichotomy;” *KaSandra* is the exterior man, trusted soulmate, and public presentation of a reflective, troubled teacher. Together they produce “insights set to music”. Both are black. Proud and black. Rowdy, hot and black!! “Ahh, how you like where I was born? You like it, you stay, cause I’m on my way, so help me! Today I’m gone.”

KaSandra speaks, sings, moans and shouts Anderson’s lessons on behalf of every blackman who has had to live double, one life for the Man and one for his kids. . . a down-town life and an uptown dream. For the greys there are undercurrent parables about who’s the slave and who’s the master in this country; “if you wanna see this land, just look in my face.” *KaSandra* speaks of the only blackmen that whites ever know; the hustlers and the preachers.

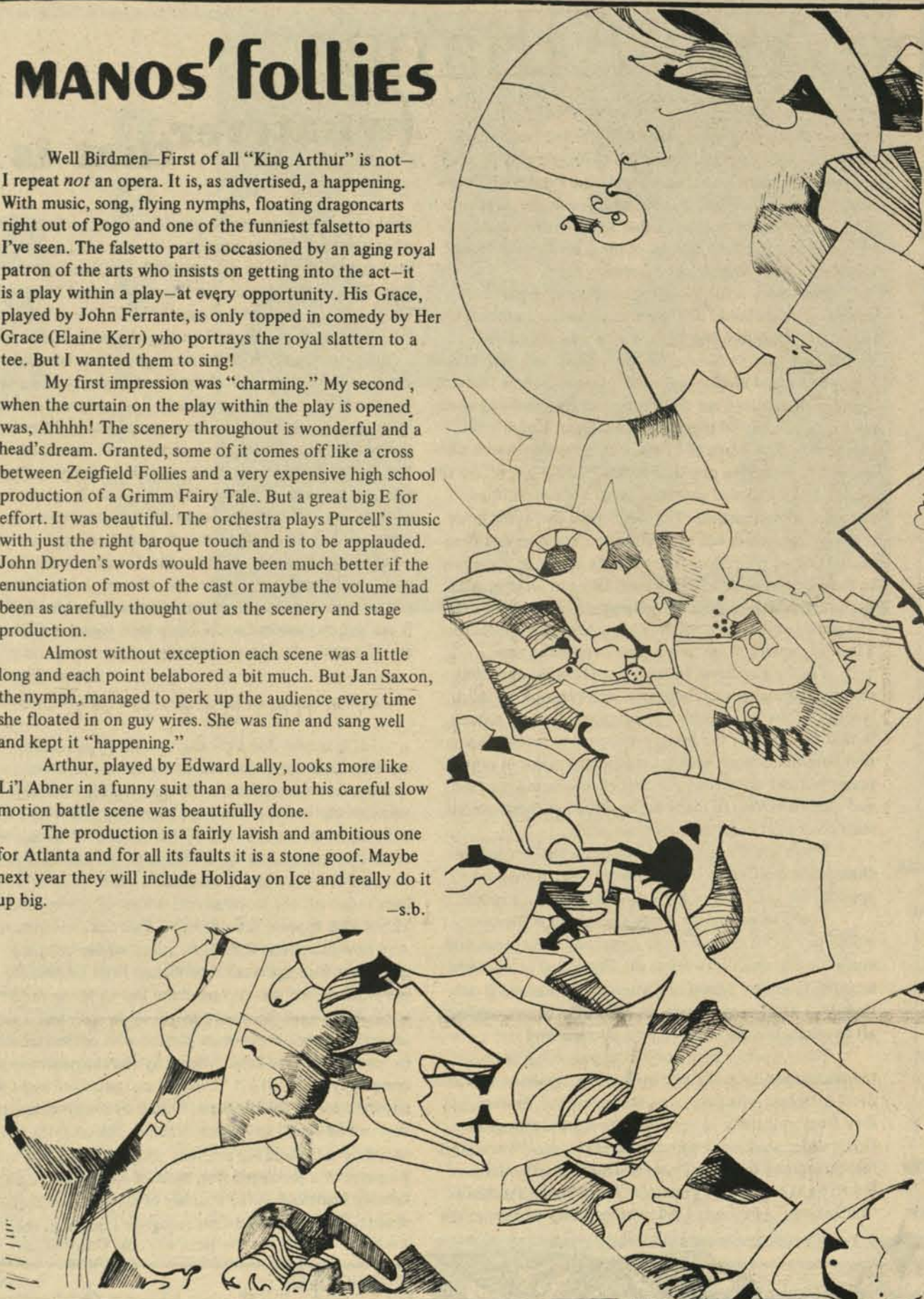
“Remember my daddy ain’t your daddy and my mama ain’t your mama, so don’t be patten me on the back tryin to put your hand in my pocket by callin me your cottin-pickin brother!” and to the aloof self-anointed “preacherman keep tellin the poor man ‘stay on your knees and live in fear’ preacherman get rich and the poor man get his kicks cause he’s hearin what he wants to hear.”

“You lead a poor man wrong, you oughta leave him alone till he see what a fix he’s in.” The need for black autonomy minus the intellectual theorizing of the black power cabals. “Maybe we ought to build on what our forefathers left, which wasn’t much, their biggest business has always been a hallelujah church.”

The most important cut on this first album by Anderson, *KaSandra* is a thing called “Mose”, a psychohistorical analysis of black myth. You’ve seen Mose a thousand times and when he speaks of his life you’ll recognize him though he never spoke before. . . Mose, Mister Mose is no superspade or boutique Afro. His glory lies in the fact that he can “smile carrying burdens that would have you crying”, he’s Mose is all. . . his revelations touch white hypocrisy, black stupidity, the matriarchy, leaders and followers, they touch but do not judge, Mose knows too much. . . how “to survive you’ve made me have a radar mind, an from lookin in your eyes I can tell when you’re lyin.”

Anderson/*KaSandra*/Mose, a reality composite of blackness, the wisdom of emotional examination parading from the tragic depths of history stopping to gather all who would hear and moving on to the sanctity of a promise, a father chiding his young, “where you been so long?”

—young dan hunter




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WAOX 1380-AM THE RADIO
PSYCHEDELIC SOUL SOUND

Soft Sculpture

"The times they are a'changing. . ."

Two years ago you could go to the Georgia Museum in Athens and catch the latest in moustache cups. Actually slightly interesting. Someone should be busy about now instigating a moustache cup revival. But the cups were something I could never really get into. . . you've-seen-one-you've-seen-them-all sort of thing.

But then there was always the exceptionally nice Henri with a pair of blue eyes that won't wait; or there was the Milton Avery that was encouragingly flat.

But that was then and such was the feeling of the Georgia Museum. . .

THEN

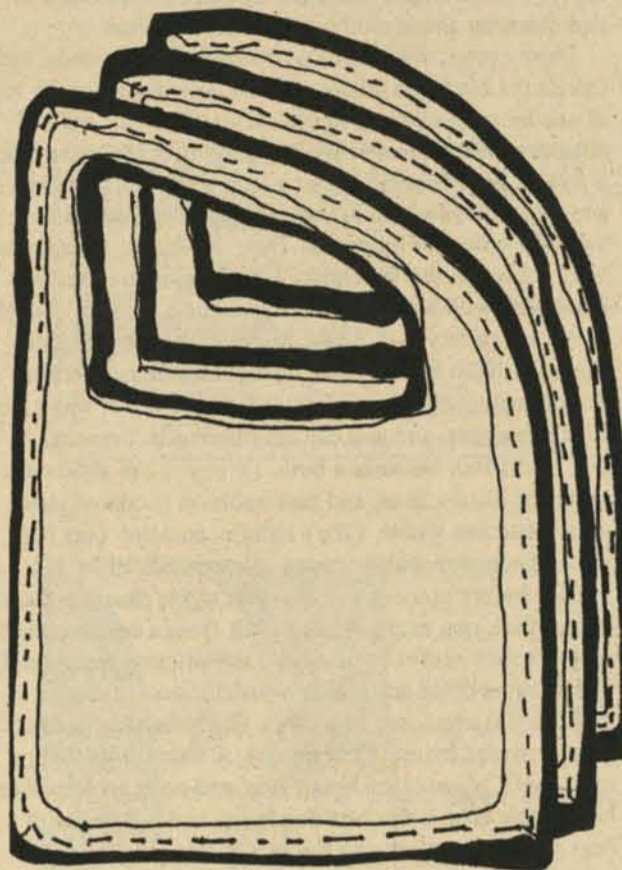
NOW. . .NOW. . .NOW. . .That is the feeling of the Georgia Museum.

EXHIBIT OF SOFT SCULPTURE

Important. . .Revealing. . .Vital. . .

Like any exhibit there are bummers among the soft pieces. Two or three are just plain dull . . . a bad idea. . .for this is idea art at its height. Or just a cliché of a popular idea. But the high points well outnumber the low.

Claes Oldenburg is the genius. . .the original genius of this form. His Three Doors is certainly one of the two best pieces in the show. He has been doing this a long time and he does it fantastically well, and simply. The doors produce an acute longing to see much more of his work. Something really big like his Soft Chrysler Airflow, Model 111. And believe it or not. . .next month at the Georgia Museum!!



An equally exciting piece is Pillow by Stephen Antonakas. A real ticking pillow, puffed and soft, spitting fur and sprouting nails.

Piero Gilardi's Rock Rug seductively tempts you to come roll around. Rug Piece by Robert Buer wanders about the floor rearranging itself until its life force, its batteries, give out. The replacement of which is only one of the rather unusual problems confronting the museum staff. There's helium to be kept on hand for Vera Simons' Levitation Cubed, and two pieces, Untitled-ray-on felt, and Untitled-felt by Robert Morris and Steve Kaltenback need arranging every day. . .forming. I was delighted in being allowed to do that chore myself, and created two magnificent pieces. Unfortunately someone else would destroy them the following day.

There was much more good work to see. A very pleasant intellectual experience, and a sensual delight! I am sorry that you have probably missed this exhibit. But the *Bird* thought you would want to know that such a today and now show has been just sixty-five miles down the road. The man responsible, the curator William Paul, promises there will be more. I think he has already kept his promise.

—judy allen

Washington, D.C. (LNS-NY)—President Johnson signed a bill Oct. 25 to make a felony of conviction for the manufacture, sale, or distribution of LSD and other psychedelics.
The maximum penalty is five years or \$10,000 fine.

★ Mt. Rushmore:
★ Set The Fire
★ Heard Round
★ The World ★

DOT RECORDS

MOLASSES & QUININE

As we age and grow weary of business or political combat, and when the glitter and noise of a city's social life grate harshly on both eye and ear, we are apt to spend more of our leisure time in some quiet way. One man takes up wood carving, another religion, a woman learns to knit, someone else raises a garden. Others of us find peace of mind outdoors, getting our feet back on undisturbed natural ground instead of landfills and concrete. Our physical endurance may wane, but appreciation of life's simpler joys is sharpened by time.

Nature is always new, with all the wonder it held for us in childhood, waiting for each of us to rediscover it. Small children sometimes aid this, as when Pete Seeger's youngest daughter pointed to an ordinary cactus and said, "Look, Daddy! It's got stickers!" Little bits of knowledge, long-unused, surprise us as they leap from some cobwebbed and dusty corner of memory; and some skills (such as swimming or riding a bicycle) are never forgotten after they're once learned.

In the earliest and darkest hours of deer season's opening day, I parked my car at Jack's Gap and started up into the timber, intending to be well away from the road by sunrise. Ten years had passed since I'd last carried a rifle into the woods, and it was a strange homecoming. The smallest things were most important.

My night vision's exceptionally good, but there's a little trick to walking in the woods in the starlit after-moonset darkness. Bend over, and hold your head low. This gets you under a lot of limbs, skylines the trees to some extent, and gets your eyes closer to rocks and logs you'd not see so easily if you stood up. For silence, wear light shoes, and walk with a rocking step — set your foot down gradually, and when you feel a dry twig underfoot, hold your weight at that point. The rustle of leaves doesn't carry like the sharp crack of a twig. Bathe with some unperfumed soap before you go hunting; the scent of today's ordinary kinds smells just as strongly in a deer's nose as the stink of a human. Little things. . . .

When I stopped, I was startled. There was a loud noise to my right, another to my left, then one ahead. Noises were all around me. Was I in the middle of a bunch of wild animals? I knew how much damage a deer's hooves could do. True, I'd not heard any snorts. But if this was the case, my odor might well spook them into stampeding over me. So out came my old Colt, and my trusty flame-thrower of a Zippo lighter for the left hand overhead. Picture me there, in the dark on this strange mountain, facing the unknown after such a long absence from the woods. What peril was this?

Nothing in the world but falling oak leaves. In that silence, broken mostly by the occasional sound of a car many miles away, the noise of those leaves seemed thunderous. I'm too used to trying to hear things above the constant din of the city, and my ears simply weren't tuned to that low noise level. I had a good laugh at myself, and settled down by an old stump to wait for daybreak.

Dawn comes slowly on a north slope in the woods. First there's the blackness where you can only make out the tops of nearby trees silhouetted against stars, and the bulk of objects within six feet or so. The graying of the eastern sky is almost imperceptible. After a long while you can distinguish your fingers held in front of your face; you can see a bandage, but not a fingernail. Then the tops of trees farther away show up, and the trunks of those close to you. A small bush with light leaves fools you into thinking it might be a rock, twenty feet away. A luminous compass glares like a spotlight. Smoke three or four cigarettes, checking wind direction by the smoke's drift to see which way your stink is blowing, and you can see fingernails. Eventually that light patch becomes a bush. Later you can almost see trunks of distant trees, and dark spots on trunks of those nearby become visible. Like a child's education over the years, the known world around you expands bit by bit. Stirring before you can see your rifle sights clearly is foolish. Before that, you couldn't tell a buck from a doe, nor make a good shot except by accident, and to move semi-blindly in dry leaves could scare away your chances.

Rotten stumps, and half-rotten deadfalls. Gray rocks, partly covered by moss and lichens. A distant rock with moss spots, resembling a bear's face, and no open season on bear in this area. Yelps of a dog twice, and hunting with dogs for anything in north Georgia is illegal during deer season. (Sons of bitches, four and two-footed!) Crows and squirrels sounding off, far away, none nearby. No small birds or animals around, not even any ants or bugs — I never saw less animal life in such an area, and the reason is a mystery to me. Old deer sign, few tracks. More car noises. Shots ring out on another mountain. Farther away, a tractor sputters on someone's farm, competing with those deafening oak and maple leaves from a distance of ten miles or more. Sunlight strikes nearby treetops, filtering down through leaves and limbs, slowly dispelling the morning mists in the canyon. The south slopes of the opposite hills, near Brasstown Bald, would have driven Zane Grey into writing twenty or thirty fantastic pages about the yellow ochre gold of the purple violet indigo fading into the lavender chartreuse something-or-other, and still he'd wonder if he'd done justice to the beauty of them. Patches of color scat-

tered here and there, as if an artist had gone mad. If one were to paint this as it really is today, the painting would be considered an unnatural exaggeration, too vivid for reality. Even after seeing this, one is tempted to disbelieve it.

Late afternoon breakfast in Blairsville; good food, cheap, not much to choose from but enough of it. Restaurant talk about taxes, politics, and hunting. In early morning hours no business is open here, nor in nearby Owtown, and the traveler in trouble must awaken someone or wait until morning — it's that kind of place.

There's a gray stone house near the town's center. It doesn't look like a jail or sheriff's office, but it's both, and he lives there too. I found him at the corner drug store — a tall, skinny guy about 50 years old, tanned, white hat, fuzzy brown shirt, gold badge with his name on it, tight-legged breeches, clear eyes, a sense of humor, and no gun on him; a friendly man, his manner commanding immediate respect. No hunting in Union County on Sunday, he said. I estimated that I had about an hour left and that I'd better use it, since it was after four. He allowed as to how it only took three or four seconds to kill a deer. Yes, said I, but there's a catch — you have to find one first, and when you don't know the area well, that takes some time. He grinned.

Back in the woods, not so far uphill. Still only cars, leaves, and distant crows or shots breaking the silence. The sun going down in a sort of reddish-gold haze, twilight deepening, and dark spots on tree trunks becoming invisible again. Atlanta seemed years away; one small bird flew over as I returned to my car. I didn't fire a shot, but that didn't matter.

While hope of change lasts, bad laws should be obeyed until they're changed. The law against Sunday hunting is a dog-in-the-manger thing belonging to religions with walls; my real church will always be the unrestrained outdoors, where I'm most at home.

—ernie marris

—continued from page 3 **DOW cont.**

Meyers did in fact have some responses. In opposing on-campus recruiting, SDS was, it seems, denying the rights of other students to meet with Dow. Emory, Meyers claimed implies no institutional approval of Dow in allowing them to come. Emory was only interested in providing a "service" to its students. SDS' own moral position was a matter of opinion.

Attempts to change Meyers' mind led to the real question of who should/would control the university. Meyers said he didn't care if ninety percent of the student body voted against having Dow on campus, that as long as there were twenty students interested in talking to them, they would come. Major university decisions are not subject to student ratification. At the same time, Meyers reminded us, "student power is growing in an unprecedented manner."

And, thus, we were left exhausted and exasperated, at six o'clock, having accomplished nothing that we had planned and having met a man who found no contradictions between growing student power (zounds, he even "welcomes student responsiveness") and bureaucratic control of university policy. Our collective mind had a bloody nose, but we have for the first time a concrete idea of what we are up against administratively and of what we must require of ourselves to overcome it.

—jack white

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

DANCE & OPERA EVENING. Center Dance Theatre Workshop, Fine Arts Bldg., Spelman College, 8 pm. Coffee will be served.

CONCERT. "War Requiem," by Benjamin Britten, Atl. Symp. Orch., Choral Guild of Atlanta, and Atlanta Boy's Choir, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 pm. \$2 - \$7.

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 (students).

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

TV. "The Religions of Man—Judaism: The Law," 8 pm, Channel 30.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

FOLK CONCERT. Theodore Bikel, Glenn Memorial Church, Emory U., 8:15 pm. \$2 (students); \$3 (non-students).

CONCERT. Symphony de Paris, Chas. Munch conducting.

DANCE & OPERA EVENING. See Fri., Nov. 8.

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

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

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

TV. 6 pm: "Upbeat," Gene Pitney, Sam the Sham, Avant Garde, Brenda Jo Harris, Mary Wells, The Inspirations. Channel 17.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10

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

CONCERT. "War Requiem," by Benjamin Britten. (See Fri., Nov. 8.) 3 pm.

SLIDE LECTURE. "Cave Paintings of India," Mrs. Wm. Turner, Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 3 pm. Free (members), \$1 (non-members).

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.

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

TV. 8 pm: "Albert Herring," comic opera by Benjamin Britten. Channel 8.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11

DISCUSSION. "The New Industrial State (by John K. Galbraith)," Ga. Tech. Free Univ. Wilby Rm., Library (first 25 people to sign up with Ga. Tech. Student Council office), 8 pm. Free.

LECTURE. "Cubism," Daniel Robbins, High Museum of Art, 8 pm.

BALLET. Symphony in C, Balanchine; Les Sylphides; Morpheus' Circuit & Valse Nicodé; Atl. Ballet, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 892-2011, 8 pm, \$7.50 & \$5.50 (students half price Wed. matinee).

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

8:00 pm: "Collector's Corner," seldom-heard recordings. WABE-FM (90.1).

8:30 pm: "Jazz of the Past," Earl Hines, Billy Taylor, Pete Brown, Joe Thomas. WABE-FM (90.1).

TV. 7:00 pm: "History of the Negro People—Omowale: The Child Returns Home," John Williams, novelist, in Africa. Channels 30 and 8.

9:00 pm: (Channel 8) and 11 pm (Channel 30): "Appalachia: Rich Land, Poor People."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12

POETRY READING & DISCUSSION. James Dickey, poet-in-residence at Ga. Tech., Electrical Engineering Bldg., Ga. Tech., 11 am. Free.

BALLET. See Mon. Nov. 11.

CONCERT. Bach, Ives, Hayden; Warren Little, flute, Atl. Chamber Concert Orch., & Fla. State U. Chorus, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 pm.

RADIO. 4:30 pm: "Hard Travelin': The Life & Music of Woody Guthrie." WABE-FM (90.1)

TV. 7:15 pm: "Rural Housing." Channel 8.

8:00 pm: "Appalachia: Rich Land, Poor People," Channel 30.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

PLAY. "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward, Theatre Royal Windsor, Symphony Hall, 8:30 pm, \$3.50 - \$5.50.

OPENING. "King Lear," by Shakespeare, Theatre Atlanta, 1374 W. Peachtree at 17th. 892-8000. 8:30 pm.

MEETING. Experiment in Art and Technology (EAT), Galerie Illien, 18 Peachtree Place, NE, 8:30 pm.

BALLET. See Mon. Nov. 11.

FILMS. "Member of the Wedding," "The High Sign," Buster Keaton, Alumni Mem. Bldg., Emory U., 8:30 pm. Free (students).

RADIO. 3:45 pm: "The Wandering Ballad Singer." WABE-FM (90.1)

4:00 pm: "The Yugoslav Way to Socialism, Part II." WABE-FM (90.1)

TV. 7:00 pm: Early Film Comedies—"The Freeloader," "Lost and Found." Channel 8.

8:00 pm: "Conversations 1968," with Jaques Lipschitz, sculptor, Channels 30 and 8.

9:00 pm: "International Magazine," South African women, scientology, Eskimos, & Summerhill. Channel 30.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14

OPENING. "A Sleep of Prisoners," by Christopher Fry, with Arthur Burghardt, directed by Steve Bush, Trinity Methodist Church, 265 Washington St., SW. Also Nov. 15, 16, 22, 23. Sunday performances to be announced. 8 pm. \$1.50.

OPENING. "A Man's a Man," by Bertold Brecht, Academy Theatre, 3213 Roswell Rd. NE, 233-9481. Thru Dec. 21. 8:30 pm.

PLAY. "The Beau's Stratagem," by Farquhar, Royal Windsor Theatre, Symphony Hall, 8:30 pm. \$3.50 - \$5.50.

RADIO. 2:45 pm: "Music and Memories," real oldies. WABE-FM (90.1)

8:00 pm: "The Negro American: 'The Negro in the American Revolution,'" WABE-FM (90.1)

9:00 pm: Poetry reading and discussion, James Dickey (Library of Congress Lecture). WABE-FM (90.1)

TV. 7:30 pm: "University News." Channel 8.

8:30 pm: "Your Public Servant," interview with Public Servant No. 1, Lester Maddox. Channel 30.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Orchestral and Choral music, Glenn Mem. Aud., Emory U., 8:15 pm. Free.

OPENING. "Don Quixote," Atl. Children's Theatre, Alliance Theater, 4 pm. Thru Nov. 28. \$1.80.

PLAY. "An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, Theatre Royal Windsor, Symphony Hall, 8:30 pm. \$3.50 - \$5.50.

OPENING. "Inherit the Wind," Center for the Performing Arts, Ga. Tech., 8:30 pm.

PLAY. "A Sleep of Prisoners," (see Thurs., Nov. 14).

FILM. "Sunday in New York," Electrical Engineering Bldg., Ga. Tech., 7 & 9 pm. Free (students).

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

TV. 7:30 pm: Religions of Man: "Christianity I - Jesus Anointed." Channel 30.

7:30 pm: "UFO." Channel 8.

10:00 pm: "Eastern Wisdom and Modern Life," with Alan Watts. Channel 8.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Chamber Music, Glenn Mem. Aud., Emory U., 8:15 pm. Free.

PLAY. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by G. B. Shaw, Theatre Royal Windsor, Symphony Hall, 8:30 pm. \$3.50 - \$5.50.

PLAY. "Hay Fever," (see Wed., Nov. 13), 2:30 pm.

PLAY. "Inherit the Wind," (see Fri., Nov. 15).

PLAY. "Don Quixote," (see Fri., Nov. 15), 11 am & 2:30 pm.

PLAY. "A Sleep of Prisoners," (see Thurs., Nov. 14).

WORKSHOP. "Black-White Encounter," with Dr. Henry Harsch, psychologist, and Mrs. Henry Harsch, social worker, Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, NE, 10 am - 3 pm. \$6 (including lunch).

CONCERT. Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, sponsored by Atl. Music Club, Community Playhouse, 8:30 pm.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

CONCERT. Atl. Symp. Orch., Brahms & Stravinsky, Westminster Schools, 1424 West Paces Ferry Rd., NW, 2:30 pm. \$2-students; \$3-non-students.

SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Choral & instrumental music, Glenn Memorial Aud., Emory Univ., 4 pm. Free.

CONCERT. Chamber Ensemble, Ga. Mental Health Institute.

FORUM. See Sun. Nov. 10.

FILM. "King Kong," Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 pm., \$1.50 (members), \$2 (non-members).

GALLERY HIGHLIGHTS

GALERIE ILLIEN. Paintings by Herb Creecy, through Dec. 11, 18 Peachtree Place NE. 874-7268.

GEORGIA MUSEUM. "American Painting of the 1950's" Nov. 8-31. U. of Ga., Athens, Ga.

NEW IMAGE GALLERY. Xmas show of paintings by Chelko. 1166 Peachtree NE. 892-3477.

PALINURUS GALLERY. Student show, through Nov. 27, 15th St., NE, between Peachtree and West Peachtree.

UNITARIAN-UNIVERSALIST CHURCH. Poster art by George Mathieu, through Nov. 24, 1911 Cliff Valley Way NE.

FLICKS

Ansley Mall Mini-Cinema. **THE TWO OF US.** Festival Cinema. **THE HUNT.** Thru Nov. 9. Cherokee. **BONNIE & CLYDE** starts Nov. 13. Fox. **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS.** Peachtree Art. **HAGBARD & SIGNE.** And at midnight, Nov. 8 and 9.

Peachtree Battle. **BARBARELLA.**

SPOTS

BOTTOM OF THE BARREL. Jeff Espina. **ELECTRIC EYE.** Soul Support, Nov. 8 & 9; Radar, Nov. 15.

LION'S BRAU. Deacon Hutcheson, Nov. 9. **PINETREE SKATERAMA.** Perpetual Motion, Nov. 9; Pale Paradox, Nov. 16.

PINK PUSSYCAT. Freddie Terrell and Eddie Maxie.

PLAYROOM. Wes Buchanan & Sammy Smith, thru Nov. 9; Roy Drusky, Nov. 11-16.

ROSE ROOM. Billie Walker.

SPOT. Pale Paradox, Nov. 14 & 15; Radar, Nov. 16.

TWELFTH GATE. Flo Warner, Nov. 8 & 15; Danny Smith, Nov. 10.

THIRD STONE. Coffeehouse in basement of Church School Bldg. behind Glenn Memorial Church, Emory U. 8 pm - 1 am.

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