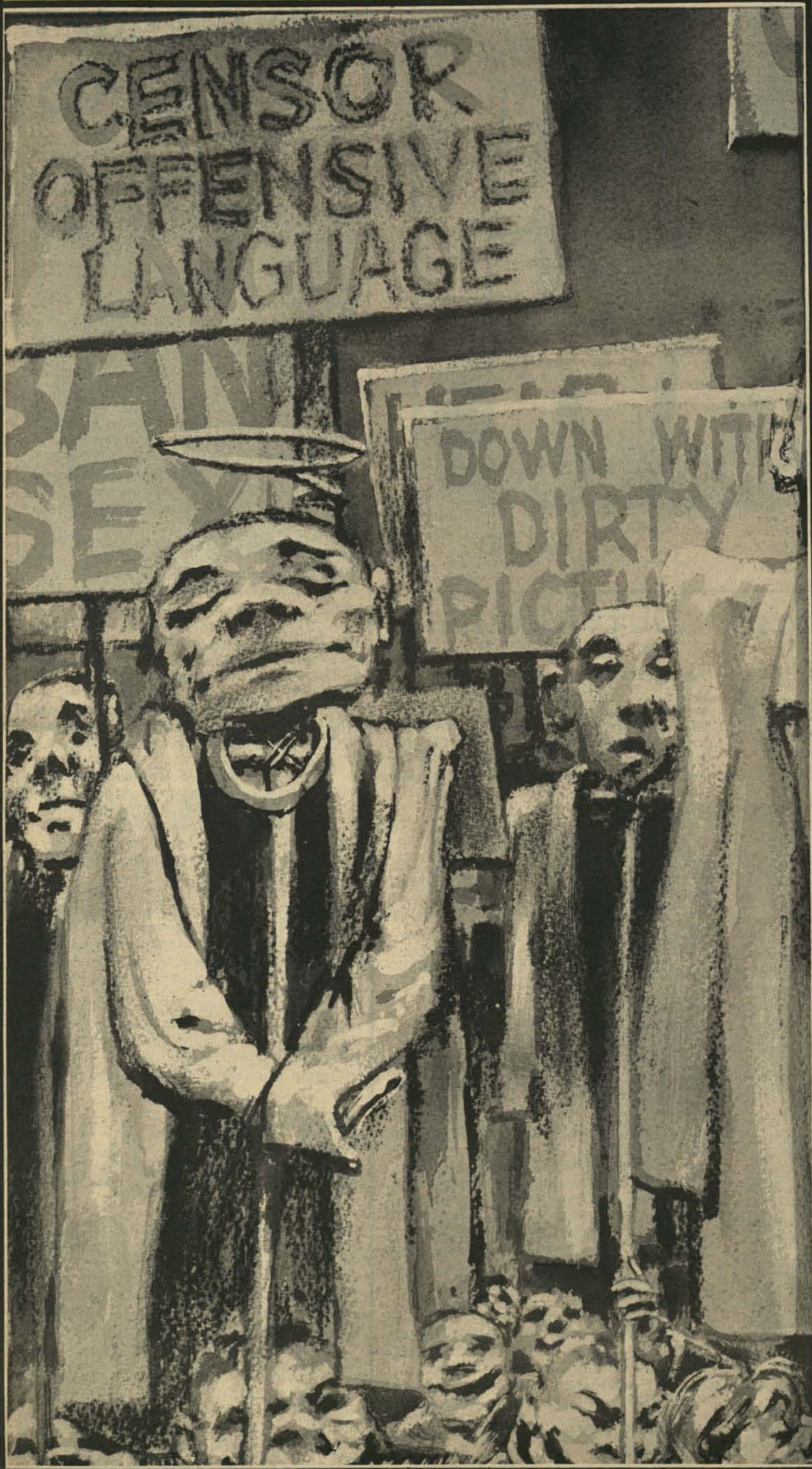


the great speckled

Volume One, Number Twenty-three

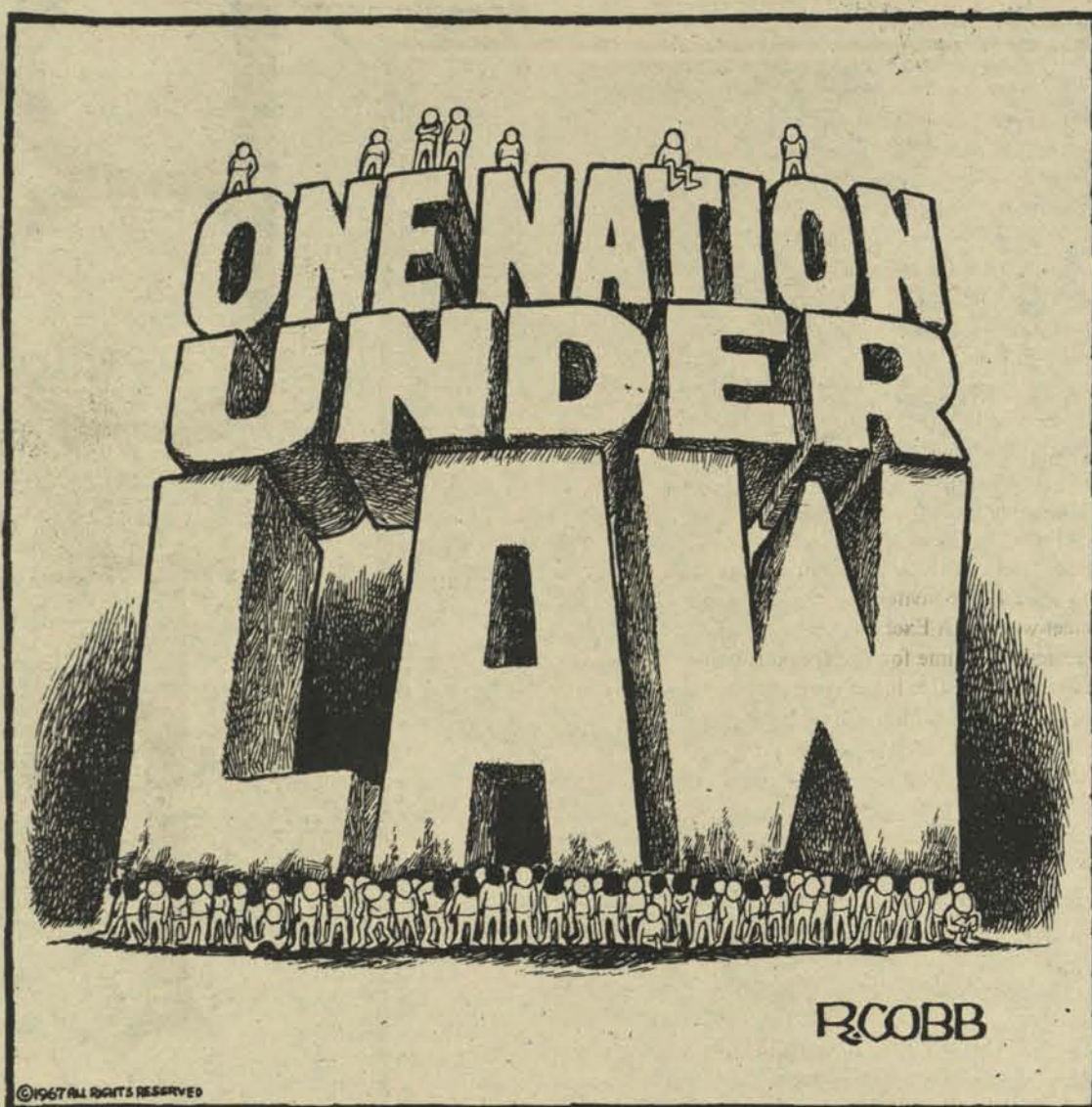
A Publication of the Atlanta Cooperative News Project

November 18, 1968



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## “Boy, have You got a Dirty Mouth”

Wunst they was a Metropole Rapidly creeping up out of the Dark Ages. (Just to Show You: five-six Years Back, some of the City Fathers had Heard that in Some of the Massage Parlors scattered through the Town, some of the Massage Ladies were rubbing the Poor Fat Tired Customers *all over*. Wuey. So in a Typical Burst of Puritan Craft, they Put the Massage Places mostly out of Business by Making it Necessary to have a Doctor's Prescription to get a Rubdown. Just like Getting a Snort in a Drugstore During prohibition. Doc, gimmie a Prescription for Two Martinis and a hand job, willya? If it's fun, you Can't do it Unless you can Prove it's Good for You.) But things were Getting Better all the Time. Take for an Instance the Great Tittibone Controversy:

Up to a Relatively Few Years before, the Official Oldtime Gospel had been that Ladies possessed one Single organ Distributed across the Front of the Chest and Known as the Bazoom. But now, at the Time under Discussion, Science and Knowledge and Taste had so far Progressed that Almost Everybody was Willing to Grant the Existence of Two Jugs per Lady, your Momma and Mine Excepted, of Course. Indeed, you Could buy Magazines Showing the Female Bumpers At your Neighborhood Newsstand, and any Afternoon you could find a Bunch of two-Year-olds Standing around Sucking Formula out of Plastic Bottles and Looking Wistfully at the Pictures of All the Boobies.

This Newtime Gospel went by the name of the Playboy Philosophy, and in Justice we hafta Point Out that they was Still some Second Thoughts About it All. Like some of the Magazines pretended to be Sunbathers' Guides, and some of them on the Other Hand dressed a bunch of Tired and Uninterested Looking ladies up in Leather and gave them Dogwhips, the Assumption Being that if You wanna look at naked women, you're Either a Health Freak or a Diseased Prevert. And you Still couldn't have your Dinner Served by a Lady whose Jugs were Dangling into the Minestrone, and the City Fathers, though they might Buy the Magazines showing bare tiddy, still Looked Askance at Ladies who Hung them Out to Dry in the Public Thoroughfare.

(The Returns were still not In on the Related Matter of the Male and the Female Crotch; you could Buy mags that Flashed it, but in Back of the Counter at \$4 a throw and no browsing, I tell you, you Preverts.)

Well, They was a Newspaper in this Town which, over a Period of some Six-Eight months, managed to Say kakhah and dodo and pipi and naynay enough Times

Right out in Print so that Some of the More Decent Citizens got aroused. Some people get Aroused by the Wildest things. And these Aroused Decent Citizens Collected a Whole Page of kakah and pipi Out of the Newspaper and Reprinted it all Over: look, look, this Paper says Kakhah right Out in Public, and the Alderman's sister's Cousin's Uncle's stepsister's boyfriend Jim once worked in a Place where They Wrapped fish in this Paper.

But the people who Read the Reprint, instid of Gettin mad at the Newspaper, got mad at the Reprinters. Then the Newspaper reprinted the Reprint and the People got mad at the Paper for reprintin the reprint of the Newspaper and everthing got real silly:

This paper said Kakhah! you want your fish Wrapped in a Paper says kakhah?

Dirtymouth, you just Said Kakhah!

Yeah, but I just Said Kakhah to say that the Paper said Kakhah.

Now you Said it Twice more!

Said What?

Kakhah!

Boy, have You got a Dirty Mouth.

The paper just Said Kakhah to tell About the Reprint that just Said Kakhah because the Paper said Kakhah!

And priddy Soon everbody in Town was Yellin Kakhah and Pipi and Dudu at the top of their voices, Each one screamin Louder than his Neighbor that his Neighbor was saying Bad Words.

Priddy soon Everbody was Runnin to Their Therapists to Get a Prescription to say Kakhah. On the Corners you'd see People bent over in Huddles Chantin two four six eight what do we appreciate, kakhah! kakhah! kakhah!

Nobody paid any Mind to the Dog debris on the Sidewalks, But a kid doing a Fourletter on a Fence would draw a Crowd of Twenty or thirty.

The sixoclock News had nothing on but the Great Kakhah controversy.

Nobody lissened Any More when the Governor said Fooley. Pipi Bumper Stickers began to Appear on Mustangs. Cops wore I like Dudu buttons. Nobody would Buy a Paper that didn't have Kakhah in the Headlines.

Kids walked off Down the Streets shakin their Heads wondering What the Hell the Grownups were Up To This Time.

Moral: You never Can Tell what sort of shit will Take the Public Fancy.

—og, king of bashan

# SMUT IN DALLAS

DALLAS (LNS/NY)— Detectives from the Vice Squad of the Dallas Police Department raided the office of *Dallas Notes* on Wednesday night, Oct. 30, with a search warrant allowing them to seize “pornography.” The cops carted off two tons of alleged pornography—all the back issues of *Dallas Notes* and all other underground papers in the office—in two flat back trucks brought for that purpose.

The arrests of several SNCC organizers and harassment of the GI coffee house, the Oleo Strut, in Killean, are all part of this crack-down.

Booked for “possession of pornography” were Publisher Stoney Burns, Editor Rodd Delany, and Circulation Manager Donna Delaney, Rodd's wife. Three other “suspects,” who were visitors in the office, were held overnight for “investigation” and released.

Besides the back issues of *Notes* and other UPS papers, the cops took three typewriters, cameras, lenses, and other darkroom photography equipment, graphic arts equipment, over \$100 in checks, approximately \$30 in cash, bookkeeping records, subscription lists, and all other material which might be used to publish a newspaper. They also seized many political books and posters. (Is Chairman Mao pornographic?)

The pigs had a field day wallowing in the filth they made by breaking bottles, ripping up posters and unopened letters (both incoming and outgoing), tearing loose the refrigerator control dial, ripping out lamp wiring and crushing jewelry.

They also seized pills (“Investigation of State Narcotics Law”) which proved to be baby vitamins, birth control pills, and asthma medicine. The narcotics charges have been dropped, but the asthma medicine is being held for investigation.

At the station, Stoney Burns admitted the kidnapping of the Lindberg baby, but an officer told him he was wanted for more important offenses. The officer then admitted that it was a “political bust.”

Channel 8 News had a ball. They called it “the biggest smut haul ever in Dallas.” The three alleged pornographers, having watched TV, knew how to act and shielded their faces from the camera just like big-time criminals.

(According to Supreme Court rulings, pornography must have “no redeeming social merit” and must appeal to “prurient interests.”)

Two days later, ten persons, including SDS regional organizers Bartee and Margee Haile, were arrested in Denton, Texas, for “distributing obscene literature.” (Bartee is a member of the SDS National Interim Committee.) They were handing out copies of the free Special Election Issue of *Notes*, which had nothing more “pornographic” than the word “shit.”

Because all production equipment was seized, the election issue was printed with borrowed equipment. After hearing the details of the bust, many Dallas citizens have rallied to the defense of the accused persons. Countersuits and criminal charges against the police are expected.

# SIT-IN:AU

Recently students at Clark, Spelman and Morris Brown colleges struck classes and exams, sat in, and held campus-wide protest meetings. The students won substantial concessions from their administrations, who agreed to abolish compulsory class attendance, curfew hours for women, dress regulations, and compulsory chapel. The Spelman protests began when students forced the resignation of a white faculty member who insulted a student. Spelman students, backed by a majority of the faculty, have won representation on 13 of the 14 faculty committees and are meeting with faculty in a series of seminars to discuss specific proposals for curriculum reform aimed at making their courses more relevant to the needs of Black Americans. The next issue of the *Bird* will contain a detailed report on these and further developments.

# games- manship

Last week a Wallace demonstration, and the Politics of Alienation. This week public housing tenants and their supporters picketing the Atlanta Housing Authority at a major workshop meeting of the National Association of Housing and Redevelopment Officials (NAHRO). The Politics of . . . Gamesmanship? Perhaps.

These pickets are another segment of the Atlanta



movement. Different people, different style, different rhetoric. And different circumstances. They are reacting to conditions immediate in their lives, physically circumscribing both thought and action. The Atlanta Housing Authority "Exercises absolute power over its tenants, who must surrender all their rights once they enter public housing. Intimidation is an important part of AHA policy." "AHA 'protects' its tenants and encourages beautification of its projects by tearing up tenants' gardens and bullying project residents." "AHA—Is rude and impolite when a call

is received from anyone with a Negro voice." "AHA—Invades the privacy of its tenants' homes by inspecting apartments without notice—often when no one is home." The face, the reality, of paternalistic bureaucracy.

So these people are on the picket line: Middle-aged and elderly black women; a few black youths of high school age; a few young black men; a few of the white religious, Catholic and Episcopalian; three or four white students from the newly-formed SDS chapter at Emory; an Emory instructor; and OEO professional. Their demands before NAHRO: "Make it clear that tenant participation means that tenants should be allowed to take part in the operation of local housing authorities." "Allow the tenant a prior fair hearing on any sanctions imposed by the authority." "Establish a Tenant's Hearing Panel to hear all complaints of the tenants and of the Authority." "Establish authority-wide rules governing evictions, punishments, and fines." Reforms. With direct and immediate effect on the quality of life of the people concerned.

They walk in front of the Marriott Motor Inn in the cold early morning wind, eating sweetrolls and drinking coffee provided by NAHRO. "You must understand. We are on your side." They are invited into the hotel, out of the cold. They meet with AHA Executive Director M.B. Satterfield. They are accorded time for five speakers before the full session. They are given free lunch, and allowed to picket in front of the podium as Mayor Ivan Allen speaks. Allen is humorous, and they laugh with him.

This seems a far cry from the Wallace rally of days before: slight tension, little conflict. Primary similarity lies in the effectiveness of either demonstration: in all likelihood, nil. The Wallace demonstrators were working with conflict, but were too few to function effectively either directly or through the media. The AHA demonstrators were working in a dialogue situation, and were smothered in the well-meaningness (but slight potency) of those they were petitioning.

Professionals in Public Housing theoretically agree with tenant demands for participation, for humane rules and conditions, for better play areas for children. They agree that projects should be fully integrated. They are sympathetic people, but believe in politics as "the art of the possible." And their hands are tied in the bureaucracy which feeds them.

Recently, for example, Mayor Allen vetoed a proposed plan for public housing to be dispersed in small units throughout the city—a plan recommended by the President's Commission on Civil Disorders. The adoption of this plan would have furthered Atlanta's official "forward" image. But instead the already too large Perry Homes project was



added to. Who made the decision, working within the "art of the possible?" Tenants? Or property owners? Who pulls the strings? Who makes the politicians dance?

So we look to Power. In Atlanta, as in every other city in the nation and the nation itself, Power resides with Money the dictator of both local and national policy. Morality, Justice, Humanity usually enter political decisions only on the verbal level, once in a while as a soupbone. Our task is to reverse the situation, whether by transforming the system or destroying it and starting anew . . .

The ways and means of change are many. They range from polite persuasion to angry conflict; from meditation to coercion; from consensus to power politics. Tactics, each having place given the particularities of circumstance. Total cultural assault. The key is imagination. Not dogma, not habit. Exploratory experimental controversial risk-taking radical imagination.

Any suggestions?

—tom coffin

## wgka

Texas money ended daytime classical music on Atlanta radio last Sunday. Atlantans accustomed to a little Mozart with Sunday brunch got Muzak instead.

The classical format on WGKA-FM, until Sunday Atlanta's last remaining classical station, was replaced by "a pleasant blending of popular favorites, Broadway hits, musical standards and light classics."

WGKA-AM was similarly swinged a few weeks ago. The format change is the work of the stations' new owner, Strauss Broadcasting Co. of Dallas, and of the FCC which, despite protesting letters and petitions signed by 2,181 persons, approved it without a public hearing.

Strauss' application to the FCC calls the new format "foreground" music, but I found it indistinguishable from background Muzak. It is now possible to tune in WGKA and, a few minutes later, forget that the radio is on—a far cry from the late and always challenging Good Music Station.

Strauss did throw one sop to the classicists. In obvious response to the public outcry generated by announcement of the format change, WGKA-FM is continuing classical programming in the evenings—from 8 to 11 or 11:30.

The Broadcast Good Music! Committee is sending "informational" letters to WGKA advertisers, advising them that it is "considering" a listener boycott. Committee members are monitoring the station's broadcasts to glean names of advertisers.

A mass meeting last week attended by about 150 persons generated heated debate but no positive action, according to Jim Doherty, BGM!C vice chairman in charge of publicity. Doherty said he suspected some of the debate was stirred up by Strauss men planted in the audience to raise sticky questions.

Another mass meeting is scheduled for December 3.

The committee has asked the FCC to reconsider its approval of the format change, and to hold a public hearing on the question in Atlanta. The FCC's response is expected before Christmas.

—pob goodman

## Dumb, stupid, son of a bitchin' lifers

"These dumb, stupid, son of a bitchin' lifers—you can't teach them anything." For uttering that quaint piece of truth, Pfc. Larry Darby of Fort Benning was demoted to E-1 and given four months in the stockade. He has been held much of the time in solitary confinement, and may soon be transferred to the military prison at Fort Leavenworth. Darby is, ironically, something of a lifer himself: he served a tour in the Nam and, a week before he was charged, he re-upped for six years.

But Brass is Uptight. Too many GIs turning off to that damn war. Authority must not be challenged. Consider: when Darby made his subversive remark, he was sitting on the barracks' steps with Pfc. Donald Pyle. The Army says that a sergeant confiscated their beer and ordered them to report to their officers, which they allegedly failed to do. At Darby's trial it was proved, and accepted by the court, that this order had never been given. Nevertheless, on October 21, Pyle was found guilty of disobeying the order, demoted to E-1, and fined a third of a month's pay.

Pyle told the *Bird* that he is soon to be transferred to the Presidio army base in San Francisco. He said numerous veiled threats have been made toward him by various lifers because he had put up posters for the GI Day march here on October 27. Pyle has also been directly ordered not to talk with nor be seen with Pfc. Edwin L. Glover, another of Benning's anti-war activists.

*Bird* No. 20 (Oct. 28) reported some of Glover's tribulations. But that weren't the half of it. Harassment and punishment—a constant story. Glover was confined to his company area from Sept. 21 to Oct. 24. Yet no charges were brought against him. Restrictions are not supposed to be allowed for more than two weeks without formal charges being filed. During this period Glover was required to sign in at his headquarters every hour. For five days (Oct. 17-23) he was forced to sleep in the orderly room so that the Brass could have him under constant surveillance.

On the weekend of Oct. 19-20, Glover was physically attacked twice. An officer started rumours that anyone who beat him up would receive a three-day pass. At least one of those who attacked Glover received such a pass.

When restrictions were temporarily lifted on Oct. 25, his pass was pulled, as were those of others in his battalion. Brass very uptight about GI Day.

Oct. 28: Glover finally got to see the Inspector General about interference with his mail. His superiors retaliated by forcing him to stand at "parade rest" for forty-five minutes. He is now the only soldier in his company to have to stand at parade rest while waiting to see the first sergeant.

Restrictions were reimposed Oct. 30. More work details were added to his already heavy assignment. Most of the extra details involve strenuous shoveling, moving dirt and rocks. Much make-work: move a pile of rocks to one place, then move it back to original location. Like *Cool Hand Luke*. The work is quite painful to Glover—he has a bad back, curvature of the spine, weak ligaments. Despite his use of prescribed pain-killers, he still feels a great deal of pain in his back.

More Harassment: Glover was threatened with a court-martial for wearing an "improper uniform." Because of the stringent restrictions, Glover had not been able to do his laundry. After wearing his uniform for ten straight days, he borrowed a clean one from a friend—a fairly common practice.

Glover's attorney, Rowland Watts of the Workers Defense League, spent several days calling Brass—trying to protest the harassment and punishment. On November 7, charges against Glover were dropped. But he is still restricted. Also, he has to check in every hour on the hour on weekends. Apparently, his first sergeant and captain are mainly responsible for giving him so much shit.

—steve wise

# HIGH

## “oddjob”

Out to the boondocks, DeKalb County, Columbia High School. Notorious for its uptight authoritarian principal, J. Wesley Hardy (“Oddjob” to students), Columbia sits up on a hill, its faceless Bauhaus factory style describing local push-em-in-crank-em-out visions of learning. Waiting for the final bell, ready to peddle *Birds*.

Rumors are flying fast about DeKalb’s newly instituted thought control program. We hear that the GBI and sheriff’s department are investigating not only the anonymous DeKalb Parents League for Decency, but also the *Bird*—we have reprinted a part of the League’s work. The DeKalb School’s thought police are traveling from school to school searching out the high school insurgents. We know that students have been suspended all over the county for possessing and selling the *Bird*. Rumor is that the powers-that-be have banished the ugly truth from the eyes of the innocents.

The bell rings. We take our own little stand—just across the street from the formidable block building. Enraged parent runs up. In ferocious indignant tone: “You got a permit?” “Permit?” I think hastily of my high school civics, something about freedom of the press and expression. “Nope, don’t believe in ‘em.” “You better leave now cause I’m calling the cops.” He rages off like a child in a tantrum.

My wife and I start selling. Some buy, most don’t. Some buy merely for excitement, some for rebellion, and some because they’re serious about what the *Bird* says about war, racism, and authoritarianism. Kids begin to hang around waiting for the inevitable. “Here comes the Man.”

Sure nough, here comes the principal hulking across the street, a veritable “Oddjob” his beady eyes spitting hate. Says nothing, but places himself squarely in front of me, his back to me. DEFENDER OF TRUTH, PROTECTOR OF THE YOUNG, TA-TUM, TA-TUM: J. WESLEY HARDY, BIG WES.

I offer him one of the freshest and cleanest of my weeklies. “Don’t read trash,” he answers with an imaginary kick to my groin. “They don’t want to read your paper either,” flagging at his innocent chickens.

“Some seem to,” I reply.

“That’s just cause they want to be different.”

With his norm, I think, how can we lose. I dodge a mental chop to my esophagus.

“They passed a law out here that’s going to fix you!”

Christ, I think, maybe it’s the Inquisition.

A young student, daring the wrath of the almighty, buys a newspaper. J. Wesley whips out his pad. “What’s your name, kid? I’m gonna call your parents.” Student cringes, intimidated, drops the paper, claims he bought it for someone else. Another student, a suspension scarred veteran of the young war to claim free speech, buys a *Bird* in defiance.

The DeKalb county fuzz come cruising in. I brace.

“Where’s your permit?”

“What permit? What’s the ordinance?”

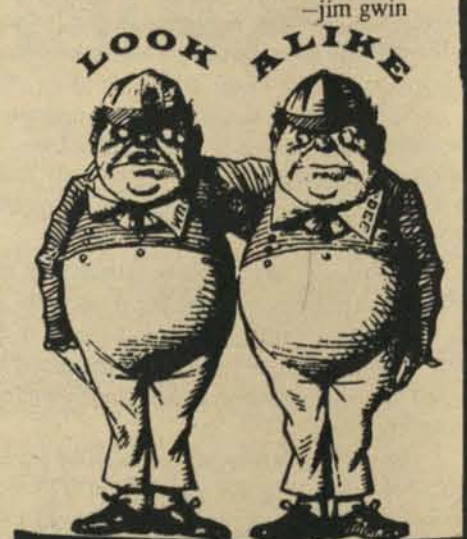
Policeman is friendly, explains the local customs for selling papers. Need the sheriff’s permit.

Well, he’s friendly, and I don’t feel like constitutional case material. Besides, today I’m chickenshit, so I fade with my wife, leaving Big Wes glowering, holding his turf, vindicated—for the moment.

To be continued. Next Week: *THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD OF TRUTH RETURNS.*

—jim gwin

most students



(reprinted from The Open Door, Milwaukee, Wisc.)



—HIPS

## high school kernels

THERRELL HIGH: Col. Sharp SUX

He tells his first period class that SDS is a communist organization and that McCarthy is a communist. McCarthy caused the whole scene in Chicago, he says.

Yet, he states that as an ex-military man, had he been in charge of the Chicago Police Department—he would have given orders for the police to shoot to kill all Yippies, Hippies and members of SDS; just because they do not agree with his views on life. Now, who in the hell is communistic?

He’ll trace the origin of Christianity to the Roman Catholic Church. But then he’ll tell you that King Henry’s Church is the true Church. He tells you that the Romans (Catholics) kept a written Bible and that they use the same version of the Bible as they always have. But now he tells you about the Dead Sea Scrolls and how they match almost perfectly, word for word, with the King James’ version of the Bible, but doesn’t even mention that they most likely match exactly with the Catholic Bible. There are laws forbidding public schools from attempting to force any religion on anyone, but because he’s not Catholic he can’t admit that his religion isn’t the original so, he emphasizes the so-called “faults” of the Roman Catholic Church, and the fact that I am Catholic.

Speaking of discrimination, try this on for size: The school authorities ask for pep at a pep rally and are very thankful for an enthusiastic bunch of Negro students until some white racist (either a student or teacher—possibly the Col.) reported that it was an organized “race thing.” Who the hell cares, pep is pep no matter what. (Also several students were supposedly suspended for their part in the pep rally.)

Then again maybe they just have it out for pep. At a more recent rally Coach Farmer grabbed several girls who were entering the gym, swinging arm in arm to music. He threatened to suspend them for vulgar dancing if they ever did that again.

Oh, but I must tell you the best part, according to Col., all Hippies, etc., and even college students who have Liberal views, are drop-outs from society (at least his society) and we have no right to start our own society, where we can accept everyone else for what they are—including members of the *straight* world—and most of all where we can be accepted by others for what we are. We are worthless bumps on the log of life and we don’t, and undoubtedly never will, contribute anything to *his* society. WELL, FUCK HIM! He doesn’t think that even those of us who earn our own livings, have earned the *right* (?) to be called Americans.

DEPORT US! PLEASE! YOU BASTARD!

Oh, yes, and I am a communist—according to \_\_\_\_\_

—cathie harmon

## SHAM-ROCK

I feel that Shamrock High School is the most pro-establishment establishment in DeKalb or Fulton County. The students have few rights, if any. The faculty makes all the rules on behavior, dress, and even on how you think toward the school.

Spirit, such as school spirit, is very low . . . For the first time I have actually felt like I’m in jail. People are kicked out of school weekly.”

Groups of seventy-five to a hundred students stay after school in detention hall every day for revolting against the outrageous rules and student behavior laws.

Shamrock might be an experimental school, but if all schools in the future are as anti-freedom as this one—then I don’t want my children to go to one.

ROK  
Shamrock High School  
DeKalb County

# SCHOOL

## SCHOOLS BAN BIRD

Officials of the DeKalb County School System are systematically moving to ban the *Great Speckled Bird* from its school grounds. While the heralds of half truth the *Journal* and the *Constitution* hang in the libraries, the *Bird* has been confiscated from students and relegated to trash cans by irate teachers and administrators. Numerous students throughout DeKalb County have been suspended for possessing or for selling the *Bird*. This suppression has been to intimidate other students, to make them believe that the *Bird* and its ideas have been banned from the school grounds.

The *Bird* suppression in DeKalb dates back to September when, according to one source, DeKalb County school principals met with School Superintendent Jim Cherry and agreed to exclude the *Bird* from school campuses. Word began to filter into the *Bird* office. Papers were confiscated; at Chamblee students were suspended for possessing the paper.

Previously in the spring the *Bird* had felt the wrath of Atlanta school authorities. North Fulton Principal Bryce pushed hard to bar *Bird* salesmen the right of off-campus selling. In the school, papers were confiscated and students suspended. According to North Fulton senior Mike Brandt, it was generally understood in the school that anyone caught with the paper in their possession would be called to the office for a reprimand. Brandt states that the rules have not eased this fall. "The kids are too scared of their parents and the school authorities to do anything. Many are so indoctrinated that they think it's wrong to sell the *Bird*." Dykes, Grady, and Northside students reported similar experiences, though some also told of favorable response from individual teachers.

When, in October, the *Bird* put out a high school issue including high school writers, the Dekalb officials reacted more thoroughly. At Chamblee student Wendall Brown was called in and berated by principal Clyde Holdschaw for printing an article in the *Bird*. In south Dekalb Columbia High School principal J. Wesley Hardy suspended Jack Lamb for printing a poem in the *Bird*. When student Bob Duncan jokingly offered to sell Asst. Principal Black of Columbia a *Bird*, Black suspended Duncan and reprimanded his companion Jim Tobin. It is the understanding of students now at Columbia that possession of the *Bird* is grounds for suspension.

More recently another student was castigated by Columbia school authorities for distributing the American Civil Liberty Union's pamphlet, "Academic Freedom in the Secondary Schools."

Two weeks ago at Shamrock High School the school administration searched out *Bird* readers and forced them to tell them where they purchased the newspaper. Assistant Principal Charles Harris then called Richard O'Kelly into his office and searched him thoroughly. He told O'Kelly that the *Bird* was "sacreligious" and "pornographic" and then warned O'Kelly that if he ever found a *Bird* in his possession that he would never attend a Dekalb County school again. Harris also threatened Danny Highfield with suspension if he ever brought the *Bird* to school.

At Walker High School a teacher tore up a copy of the *Bird* resting on Janis Ellison's desk. When Janis asked why, the teacher replied, "It's nothing but trash." The same day Asst. Principal Baker suspended student Gene Mobley and a friend for distributing free copies of pornographic, communist literature—*The Great Speckled Bird*. Baker threatened to suspend them fifteen days if they were ever caught with the *Bird*.

Most recently at Stone Mountain High School the Principal, without warning, suspended five students for selling the *Bird*. Since other students sell various innocuous magazines, it was the feeling of one Stone Mountain Student that the principal's action was clearly aimed at the *Bird* and not at selling *per se*.

While other schools have not responded so harshly, reports, such as from Therrell High School, indicate that



HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

# UNITE!

HIGH SCHOOL INDEPENDENT PRESS SERVICE

## HIP SERVICE

High school students have gotten their stuff together. As students in Michigan walk out against dress regulations, as 35,000 black Chicago students strike against racist education, as Baltimore students demand to have the free press in their school, and as students all over the country move to make the decisions which affect their lives, the High School Independent Press Service has emerged to serve as their media.

Atlanta's growing high school independent press, the

*Grady Grope*, the *Dykes Palantir*, the *Lakeside press*, the *Chamblee Seed* already has generated the beginnings of a local independent news network.

HIP Service has already put out 5 news packets, including feature articles and graphics. High school independent papers can subscribe to the weekly news service at \$2 a month and \$24 a year to HIP Service, 160 Claremont Avenue, New York, New York 10027 (212 749-2200).

random threats and confiscations have made it clear to students that adherents of the *Bird* and its ideas will not be tolerated easily by school authorities.

Dekalb County's suppression of the *Bird* raises the much larger question of the applicability of the bill of rights to students. The courts have made it clear (in *re Gault*) that the protections afforded by the Constitution to adult citizens are also applicable to minors. This would mean that the 14th amendment protections from abridgment of rights by local and state governments also protects high school students from Board of Education regulations which violate students' rights.

Any tenth grade civics course would indicate that the Dekalb schools' rule against possessing the *Bird* is a violation of the First Amendment rights to freedom of expression. Any tenth grade history course would indicate that book burning and government news censorship are the measures of a totalitarian society.

Not only should the First Amendment protect students rights to possess the *Bird*, but also it should protect their right to disseminate ideas by either freely distributing

or selling printed matter expressing their views.

First Amendment guarantees should further protect students from the narrow doctrinaire perspectives which restrict free speech in the class room. With the exception of a few independent, imaginative teachers, the school system fosters an atmosphere of intimidation and authoritarianism which stifles the curious imagination and the free expression of ideas.

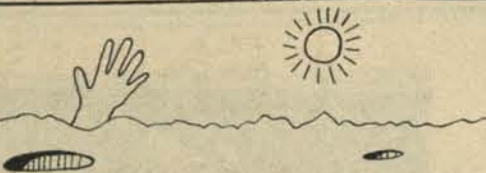
The question of the *Bird* in the schools merely points to the day abridgment of students freedoms by school administrations. Strict regulation of personal appearances, unwarranted searches, punishment without due process, narrow school curricula and limitation of free speech in the class rooms—all are examples of the many ways that students' rights are violated daily. Behind these restrictions lie the failure of parents and teachers to support these students when their freedoms are so blatantly denied.

As for me, I think the courts and the bill of rights are swell—in their place. But there ain't but one sure way—LET THE STUDENTS DECIDE.

—jim gwin

# Let The Students Decide!

# LETTERS



## Politics of Alienation

Dear Tom:

Excuse the "instant friendship," but you will see the reason for it in a moment.

Your "Politics of Alienation," (*GSB*, Nov. 11, 1968) is probably the best piece of new left-hippie-callitwhat you may—explanation of the feelings of the group of people you (if somewhat indirectly) represent.

Unfortunately, I suppose I am in the group of people I hope you are being able to reach. I am everything you say I am: a "nine-to-fiver" college type, racist, anti-communist, conservative in politics (I voted for Wallace without really knowing why) and "practical and pragmatic" as you so aptly put it. However I am not without emotion. I know things are wrong. I realize that I should trust everyone else like I would hope they trust me. That last statement is really a gas since I am a (privately) avowed agnostic.

Anyway, I am so damn happy to at least have the possibility to talk to someone on the other side who can see through my eyes I don't know what to do. All of my other liberal friends—and there are more than just a few on the UGA campus—just seem to keep shouting that I'm wrong without ever stopping to whisper why . . . .

(name withheld)

Bird number 22 was the most significant issue to date in that it seems to be advocating a more realistic attitude toward affecting real change in Atlanta. Tom Coffin's "politics of Alienation" is the article most effective in communicating this new attitude. The article speaks of the need to redefine our actions in relation to Atlanta and seek some relevant means of expressing our ideas favorably. I feel that high school students can be particularly active and successful in this regard.

I am now a senior at North Fulton (that veritable bastion of northside conservatism) and three years at this school has allowed (forced?) me to see at least some of the failings of education there. I'm sure that conditions are not strikingly different at other schools.

I believe that it is indicative of something when intelligent, socially conscientious students have to fight a real battle with themselves in order to keep from dropping out altogether; when class discussions are terminated because they begin to border on topicality and controversiality; and when the majority of students are overwhelmingly apathetic. One should only feel nauseous revulsion upon seeing class leaders and members of the "Honor" Society cheat on a test any fool could pass. But, to date, the most revolting reality, at least at NF, is that George Wallace won 10% of the vote in a school-wide mock election.

But there are, as I have said, a few concerned students at NF and, I pray, other Atlanta high schools. Our immediate task is to draw these students out into the open and make their individually inaudible voices a collective voice demanding attention and response. But I would warn against any violent, SDS-type organization. The tactics advocated and utilized by SDS have not enjoyed much success except as an attention drawing device. But let me make it clear, I'm not suggesting this action to create a new breed of martyrs; we have to win!

glen coltharp

Dear Tom:

Your article raises valid questions that must be carefully considered and discussed thoroughly if the movement is to move and not stagnate.

You observe that the militants at the Wallace rally were "incommunicado." This pin points the basic problem every movement has to face—and especially the newspapers of a movement—communication. To communicate there needs to be someone hearing and understanding what you have to say.

From my standpoint, the movement and the *Bird* have given so many distractions that the police, the pragmatic, antiromantic students, and the 8-5 working people have been able to ignore the message by focusing on the distractions: long hair, liberal profanity, indiscriminate calling of names.

Those naughty four-and-more letter words in the *Bird* while certainly not unknown to the average 10 year old—offer the opportunity for your opponents (those who do understand what you are saying) to side step the real issues and raise an uproar over "that filthy paper". The profanity

also allows the immature to seek only those words and ignore the content of your message. To the writers, apparently the words are expressive. To readers they may be expressive or they may be cheap thrills or disgusting. To me they are simply meaningless. I am not saying you should censor your writings. I am saying that the *Bird* staff needs to confront the question of who they are trying to reach, to communicate to, and then decide on a tactical basis how that potential audience can best be reached with the message.

I sometimes wonder if within the roots of the movement there is not a prevailing death wish, or if it is not consciously operating with a self-fulfilling prophecy that it will have its basic message ignored.

Indiscriminate name calling—"Pig," "Fascist"—says to many people that the name callers lack the intelligence to separate the relative good from the relative or absolute bad. It is as absurd as the old western movies with the good guys in the white hats and the bad guys in the black hats. We all share some nasty traits with LBJ and Dow—unfortunately they hold no exclusive claim to evil. Indiscriminate name calling offers another excuse to ignore the message . . . .

Sincerely,  
George Blau

## Accident

Sir:

Quite by accident—I was reading both the *Bird* and *Playboy* today. Two articles, very complementary from such diverse sources came as quite a surprise.

Nat Hentoff's article in *Playboy* (Sept. '68) "The War on Dissent," is a very stirring report on the Neo-Fascist autonomy of the police establishment, and is in itself quite shocking. HOWEVER, the *Bird* offers one possible solution in the proposed Police-Control of Oakland California (Vol. I No. 11, Aug. '68).

I thank the underground movement for its share in preserving freedom of speech and press in America today.

Americans, at Nuremberg, condemned pre-war Germany for lack of concern with internal affairs—which led to a militant police state. BUT, IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!!!! Can it?

Look around, read and express your right to dissent. But, above all—in your right—don't forbid another his right to disagree with you.

It can't happen here.

Can it?

Sincerely  
F. Raymond Meyers  
Palm Beach, Fla.

## Atrocity Story!!!

Dear Editor:

I would like to report another example of arbitrary police harassment that I experienced on the 12th of Nov. 1968 at 4:55 a.m. A friend and myself were returning from a late gathering. I turned from a street onto Peachtree Rd. when I observed that I was being followed by an unmarked police car. I continued on my way home via West P'tree to 14th St. to P'tree and 11th whereupon a squad car I noticed began to follow me. At 11th St. several cars converged on me—one in the back, one in the front, and one on the left side. I was stopped by a small foreign sports car on my right side—so really blocked in in all directions. The unmarked car came to a stop behind the squad car in back of me. Then I was asked for my license. The officer took my license, then there seemed to be much group conversation among the fuzz—asked the regular questions—who is car registered to, etc—I asked what was wrong—no answer—then was asked to get out of the car and asked if I had a key to the trunk—I said no & didn't—Then they proceeded to rip out the rear seat back to gain access to the trunk—the entire car was thoroughly and very carefully searched—and illegally so because I was presented no warrant nor asked for whatever they were looking for nor were my questions answered as to why this was being done. My name and friend's name were taken by the man in the unmarked car, I was given a ticket for violating Traffic Signal (Red Light) ordinance and then no further detained. Being 32 years old, neatly but casually dressed, and until followed was breaking no law—is it possible that the curfew extends to anyone whose face the dept. doesn't like?????

A Bird Watcher

# WRITE THE POWERBROKERS!

Post-mortems of the various campaigns are important and must be done if we are to learn from them, but that takes more time than there has been since Nov. 5. Meanwhile, in the stack of mail which had accumulated during the campaign appeared several items which could develop into importance if they are nurtured. Nurturing starts with a letter to each of our Senators (who are the only senators we've got, like them or not) and a letter to whoever is your Congressman (like him or not) and a letter to the Democratic National Committee or to SANE about an item in their October Newsletter;

1. On Sept. 11, Sen. Vance Hartke of Indiana introduced a bill (CS. 4019) to establish a Department of Peace as an executive department of the Government. There would be a Secretary, an Under Secretary, etc. and such agencies as the Agency for International Development, the Arms Control & Disarmament Agency, the International Agricultural Development Service would be transferred to it. There would be a Peace Institute, to train staff on the same level as we now train for the military and diplomatic services. Sen. Hartke points out that Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a close associate of Thomas Paine, first in 1799 suggested "an office for promoting and preserving peace in our country." Two letters to Senators Russell and Talmadge asking about the bill and their reactions could not do any harm.

2. The League of Women Voters national Voter reports on the convening of the UN General Assembly and points out that 1968 is, has been, International Human Rights Year. No reference is made to US ratification of the Declaration of Human Rights but my memory is that the U.S. never has. Seems there were some objections by some Senators to provisions against genocide. Granted the Senate acts on treaties, an inquiry to Thompson or Blackburn about the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, U.S. ratification of it, and any U.S. participation in the celebration of International Human Rights would call the matter to their attention.

3. "Sane World" for Oct. 1968 reports on the "Creation of the New Democratic Coalition, an issues-oriented group of insurgents working in the Democratic Party." Who are they? What are the issues? How could one become affiliated with them? Such questions might go to the National Democratic Party Headquarters and also to "Sane World", 381 Park Ave. So., New York, 10016.

As for state issues, it's not too early to start on a state minimum wage law, which might do more to combat poverty than a lot of individual efforts to bolster up one particular sagging corner. And what do we expect to happen or what do we want to happen to the state welfare programs? Much of this is decided not in "welfare" circles but in the appropriations committees.

And there is still no emergency housing, other than very limited Salvation Army hostels, in the whole metropolitan area.

...Just in case anybody is feeling that there is nothing to do, now that the elections are over.

—eliza paschall

## STAFF

- og the king
- bob goodman
- ernie marris
- stephanie coffin
- tom coffin
- pam gwin
- jim gwin
- anne jenkins
- steve wise
- barbara speicher
- don speicher
- nan guerrero
- gene guerrero
- ron ausburn
- jim sundberg
- wayne scott jr.
- bill fibben
- linda fibben
- ted brodek
- miller francis jr.
- barbara joye
- howard romaine
- anne romaine

## COPS CLEARED IN ORANGEBURG

Nine months after three students were killed and 28 wounded in the Orangeburg Massacre, a South Carolina grand jury has refused to indict nine state patrolmen accused by the Justice Department.

Grand juries do not always work so slowly in South Carolina. Almost immediately after the February 8 Massacre, for instance, black student leader Cleve Sellers was indicted on the slimmest of evidence for inciting to riot, arson, destruction of property, assault and battery.

The massacre came on the heels of a peaceful demonstration by South Carolina State College students at a segregated bowling alley. Students who survived the police assault said they had retreated forty yards into a parking lot when the state troopers opened fire without warning. No evidence has been produced that any of the students were armed, and medical records showed that 16 of them were shot in the back.

Mrs. Modjeska Simkins, a leader of the Columbia black community, said upon hearing of the grand jury decision: "The people of South Carolina will neither forgive nor forget this massacre."

Col. P.F. Thompson, commander of the State Highway Patrol, was pleased with the decision. He said it was the right way to handle things "if they expect law enforcement officers to do their job in South Carolina."

"We did what we had to do in defense of our lives and the lives and property of others," he said.

A reliable source told the *Bird* that Attorney General Ramsey Clark feels deeply about the massacre and that there is a possibility the Justice Department might file a "criminal information" against the nine troopers. Although convictions would be unlikely, the case at least would be brought to trial and the facts brought to light.

The Civil Rights Commission is also considering holding a hearing, the source said.

## PRIESTS JAILED IN CATONSVILLE

American pilots continued the napalm-burning of the Vietnamese last week. Meanwhile, back in the Land of the Free, stern measures were taken against nine Catholic priests and laymen who protested the war by napalming draft files last May in Catonsville, Md.

The Catonsville Nine received 2 to 3½-year sentences and a shitload of the usual cant spewed out nowadays by the imperial courts, to whom have fallen the task of repressing the resistance to the American destruction of Vietnam.

"Liberty cannot exist unless it is restrained and restricted," Federal District Judge Roszel C. Thomsen lectured the Nine in a Baltimore courtroom. His caveat presumably did not include the men of the Pentagon and their war machine, which the courts have conspicuously and consistently refused to restrain.

Thomsen was bugged by the fact that none of the Nine had shown "remorse" for their attempt to slow down the killing machine, and that they had even repeated their previous statements of opposition to the war and to the draft.

Nevertheless, the sentences were considerably less than the maximum 18 years and \$17,000 he could have issued. During the trial, Thomsen had admitted that "as a man" he was moved by the Nine's explanation for their actions.

All Nine indicated they would appeal. In view of recent Supreme Court decisions, however, it is likely that the other Nine will agree with Judge Thomsen that napalm is for human use only.

—bob goodman

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# LENNY BRUCE



**How to Talk Dirty and Influence People: An Autobiography**  
by Lenny Bruce

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**The Essential Lenny Bruce**

edited by John Cohen

Ballantine Books, 319 pp., \$0.95 (paper)

Maybe twenty years ago, William Saroyan (who, like Thomas Wolfe and William Faulkner and the Fifty Million Monkeys, wrote so damn much stuff that some of it, just because of the law of averages, had to make sense sometime) wrote a letter to *Life* magazine pointing out that the essential appeal of baseball is aesthetic: that between the uniforms, and the colors, and the shape of the field, and the break at the seventh inning, and homeruns and strikeouts, a kind of dramatic unity had evolved, and a drama got improvised within the limits laid down not by Aristotle but by Doubleday and his successors, so that what mattered to the spectator was not who won or lost or even how They Played the Game but the game experience, which you could watch with the same mixture of involvement and detachment you might achieve at a performance of *Parsifal*, for instance.

(And of course we all stayed up all night to watch the election returns, even though we could have read it all next morning or anyhow afternoon and got some sleep in the meanwhile; not that anybody thought it would be much of anything but the same old stuff, unless of course maybe Uncle George stumbled sideways into a balance-of-power situation, and even then it's a quantitative not a qualitative question. It was the drama again, played out in the old traditional rules like a Greek play, beginning with the primaries and the conventions and the balloons falling and the funny hats and the obviously meaningless campaign speeches: surely nobody could believe that any of this had any relationship to political reality.)

(But it has its own reality, and willy-nilly you get involved, just as you can always hope at the end of *Lear* that the old man is right and his daughter really did breathe on that damn mirror; and there is real sadness in a little loveable round teddybear waddling beaten offstage, and real comedy in the beetle-browed thundering of Alabama's *miles gloriosos*, even if some of the winner's gestures betrayed the work of the forensic coach and some of his smiles lacked conviction: still, they did it well. Didn't they do it well? down through the voting to the calls for unity? Isn't it a nice formal framework, and isn't the past event always tragically inevitable?)

Lenny Bruce understood the games, and took them seriously, as games have to be taken seriously, but only that seriously. When the leading man gets offstage, he has to pick his nose like anyone else; but his role is still his role:

("That's why Lyndon Johnson is a fluke—because we've never had a president with a sound like that. Cause we know in our culture that 'people who tawk lahk thayat'—they may be bright, articulate, wonderful people—but 'people who tawk lahk thayat are shitkickuhs.' As bright as any Southerner could be, if Albert Einstein 'tawked lahk thayat, theah wouldn't be no bomb': 'Folks, ah wanna tell ya bout new-cleer fishin—' 'Get outta here, schmuck!'")

Now they start with the drama in Memphis, and they got James Earl Ray all tied up in a cast-iron jockstrap and teeshirt so he can't breathe but nobody can kill him: to get into the courthouse you gotta be stripped, showered, searched, photoed, and fingerprinted. Can you imagine? You see all this Drama of American Justice working itself out, and you imagine how Lenny would have poked through it:

("Bend over and spread your cheeks, lady. I don't care if you're Christine Jorgensen, you gotta be searched. You could bring a Luger inside in that. Smile for the Birdie.")

(They got James Earl Ray in a continually lighted room under continual closed-circuit TV surveillance. Now get this: he's *not guilty*, not until he's convicted. But nevertheless, he's gotta sit there with that light in his eyes.

"Hey, warden! How about turning the light out?"

"Shattup, Ray, you know we can't turn the light out."

"I can't sleep with the light in my eyes!"

"Shattup, Ray; last week, you told us the dark scared you."

"Turn out the light, I want privacy!"

How about that? The guy wants to masturbate. He's not a pervert; he's not even a convicted criminal. But if he's gonna masturbate, now he's gotta become an exhibitionist. And that kind of freak he's not. Besides, can you see the guards testifying: "Judge, he whacked himself off, right in front of the TV cameras." "But Judge, I trieda hide it in the corners!"

People could get real mad about that—not the four-letter words so much or the *fressing* the maid, but the exposure of the drama as drama—drama on the ballfield, drama in the political arena, drama in the classroom, drama in the courtroom. When you understand it as drama, then you begin wondering about offstage. You don't ask like a kid, what happened to Horatio after Act V, momma.

In order to see the theatricality, Lenny went through the most excruciating process of all—excruciating both for himself and his audiences. Auto-therapy. He never says looka you, you shitkickuhs; he kicks his own. ("... and if he yelled 'niggerniggerniggerniggerniggerniggernigger' at every nigger he saw, 'boogyboogyboogyboogyboogy, niggerniggerniggernigger' till nigger didn't mean anything any more, till nigger lost its meaning—you'd never make any four-year-old nigger cry when he came home from school.")

("Now we get to court. They swear me in. THE COP: 'Your honor, he said blah-blah-blah.' THE JUDGE: 'He said *blah-blah-blah!* Well, I got grandchildren . . . . And then I dug something: they sort of *liked* saying blah-blah-blah.")

("I know intellectually that there's nothing wrong with going to the toilet, but I can't go to the toilet in front of you.") And is James Earl Ray going to have puffy cheeks by the time he comes to trial!

In Lenny Bruce, then, you listen to a man working through one neurosis after another, finding out just what and where he is, until finally he can see his own theatricality and all the theater around him. It's awful. It's like watching a man shit his pants.

(Then when you understand it you build new theaters—in politics, in comedy, in the classroom, and even in the Theater. They may be better theaters, just because they are aware of their own theatricality. Or they may not.)

—og, king of bashan







—photo by wayne scott, jr.



—photo by wayne scott jr.

## A SLEEP of PRISONERS

(Following is an interview/dialogue with/between Arthur Burghardt and Steven Bush. Burghardt is the producer of and lead actor in Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners*, to be presented at the Trinity Methodist Church, 265 Washington St. S.W. on Nov. 14, 15, 16 and Nov. 21, 22, 23. Steven Bush is directing the play. Interviewer is Tom Coffin of the Bird.)

**Coffin:** Why did you choose this particular play, *A Sleep of Prisoners*, for your production, Arthur?

**Burghardt:** I decided to do this play because I've been in jail before a few times, and I'm about to go to jail again. I think I know a little bit about how it feels to be in jail and I wanted to portray it, project it. I feel the need to speak, and I can only speak as an actor.

This is fine theatre, this play. It's spectacle, it's message, it's cathartic. And it's investigation, which I think is most important, because that is what we don't have. I'm not saying that a masque like *King Arthur* or a work like *Dark of the Moon* isn't important, but too much of that is anesthetizing. There is a time for euphoria and a time for sobering facts. This show is on a very high level of dreamlike unreality, investigating the prisons man creates for himself and the prisons that are already there, by force of nature or para-nature . . . and that's where it's at, man.

**Coffin:** What kind of play would you call *A Sleep of Prisoners*, Steve?

**Bush:** A critic—Wylie Sypher—wrote an article last spring entitled "The Poem as a Defense." This play is that—a defense against the destruction of man by himself. It's a resistance play. It's a pacifist play.

It's very easy to say that it's a play against war and murder, but it's against all the other ways we lock ourselves up too. It's a head play, a dream play. It's a play which draws childhood mysteries and primal myth into a conflict situation created by the circumstances of the play—men in war who are in turn locked up in a church. The Bible penetrates their dreams, and childhood memories, games, father and mother things. They all become mixed up together, they all become new myths. They create a new mythology, for Now.

**Burghardt:** That mixture, of the gothic and the contemporary, is important to bring out that man has not changed, has basically not changed, and that now is a time for an extension beyond those things which make him primitive. His need to satisfy the primitive is not very important. What is important is to have an arena, a safe arena, for the venting of these frustrations. Which is why I think Fry's play is important also. I know personally, as an actor, that I feel the need to know the hell out of somebody when I want to. As David, King of Israel, as Cain, as Abraham in the dream sequences of the show, I undergo the need to have a son, I undergo the need to kill my lazy, half-assed brother, I undergo the need to act out, and caricature slightly—just slightly—the role of a fascist general who was a revolutionary at one time—David, you see. I feel the need to act him out, in a type of mime, in a type of dumbshow, that reflects the people who have shitted on me. Like my father, who was a tyrant; like Newell Edenfield; like a couple of directors I have known; and other people. The need to get into someone, to act out the follies, to figure out the why's and how's of someone like Johnson, or Nixon, both of whom are devils, or gremlins. Bullshit to them! Fuck them! And this is how I can do it, by acting them out, by acting myself out. This is important.

You know, I've never seen Bush get excited, but there was one night—I must have done something, because one night, I had just killed my brother Abel, I had Jim Bearden on my shoulders, and Steve gets up out of the audience and says, "Yeah! That's right! That's beautiful!" And I just about fell right over, and I said, "Well, God Damn, I've accomplished something." If I could move Bush, then I sure as hell could move somebody like you, Tom Coffin, or Morris Brown. . .

**Bush:** Or even Newell Edenfield?

**Burghardt:** Newell Edenfield? That's impossible!

**Bush:** There's the problem. We've got to get our theatre into the places where the Newell Edenfield's are born and created. The schools may be our best attack. If we could get to them in the first six years of life it would be much better. Here's where people begin to become

victims of duty, and develop an utter lack of the sense of the value of other people, except in the way that they order their life with their laws and their bureaucracies. There's a person, there was a human being there somewhere. That's what theatre can do, can help that grow, and get all of that garbage out of our heads, or keep it from getting in. Potentially theatre can help you become a human being, if it's really together. But again, most of what we have is just helping to add to the clutter.

There's a line in the play, *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground*, that keeps staying with me. I think it's very close to both Art's and my motives for doing this play in the present perilous times. The black militant Randle is running after having murdered his mother, and he says to another character: "Among the wolves one must howl a little." And I think that that is what theatre must do today, because the times are bad, and they will get much worse before they get better.

I think mainly that if you're going to die, or be murdered by the system, one way or another you've got to fight back. You don't go quietly like sheep into the cattle cars. Unfortunately, most of the people working in the arts now, most of us most of the time, are going very quietly. We're all caught up in craft, in esthetics. We're all caught up in doing very pretty, pleasing things, making our money and going home, and having booze on weekends, or grass. This is another way of letting yourself be led to the slaughter—this acquiescence, this not screaming, not protesting.

At the risk of seeming paranoid, it seems that we are already living in a prison by living in the United States at the present time. And for those of us who don't particularly like being prisoners it's going to get worse and worse, it's going to get tighter, closer. So on a very literal level, doing *A Sleep of Prisoners* is a very easy identification with a play about prisoners. The political condition, the ghetto, the prison system itself in this country, the war—all this, these are the prisons and we are the prisoners.

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a sleep of prisoners

A ONE ACT PLAY BY

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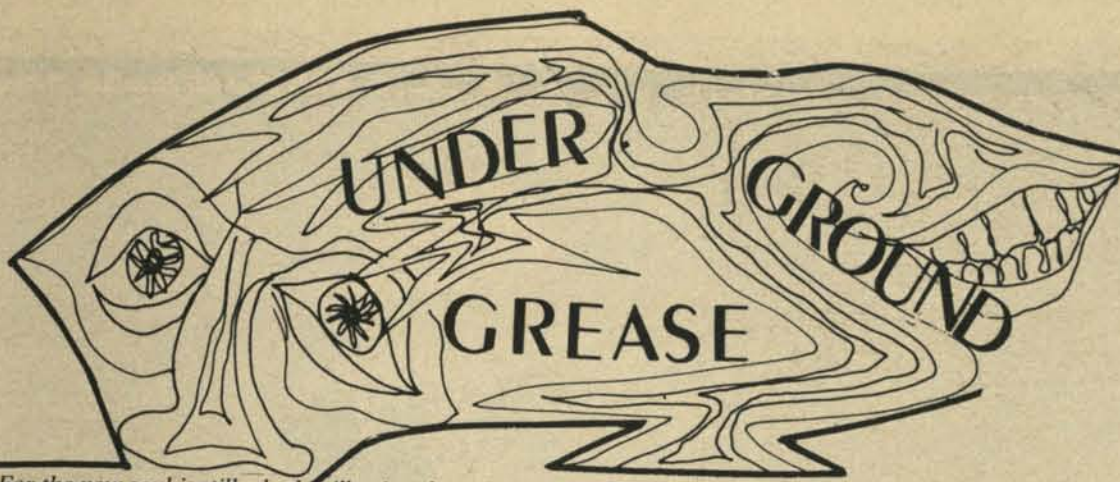
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For the new soul is still a bud, still going through its most dangerous, most sensitive stage. —Jonas Mekas

Once again Lotus Films offered a group of excellent movies (3 or 4 out of 8 or 9 is a very good average). And this past week end, the program was seasoned with some good Suck Rock.

A detailed analysis of the Hampton Grease Band's performance at the Peachtree Art would be of little value. The band was working under at least one handicap (a new drummer), and is plagued with all the problems that the form itself is bogged down in at this stage of development. But what was heard does call for a few comments about where rock is going and where it's been.

The Hampton Grease Band tends to be uneven with a lot of roughness; yet what could be a weakness has for this group served to produce a crude, raunchy, spontaneous sound which will ultimately create a finer music than the meticulous stultification of Creamcraft. Everything considered, Grease was very together Friday night—I particularly remember several tripartite guitar improvisations that transcended the dimensions of stage, band, instruments, performers and audience. A high point was Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock," played almost straight and proving just how really hip the Grease Band is. Anyone who professes to love rock—or worse attempts to play it—and doesn't reverence its origins is just putting you on (see later remarks on Kuchar's *Nocturne*). Those rock groups that really contribute to the form know that you must go at least as far back as you wish to go forward. The really great ones (as the new Beatles album will show) go all the way back—to Bill Haley, Elvis Presley, Fats Domino, Little Richard, the Coasters, the Everly Brothers, etc. It is

disarming, and saddening, when you consider what is being missed, to hear a teeny-bopper (or a phony rock "critic") flip out over "Lady Madonna" and in the same breath put down its inspiration, Elvis. Thank God the Beatles (and the Stones, the Byrds, and a handful of others) are hipper than that.

Rock is in a trying period now—some of its practitioners are trying to graft on artificial branches or, what's worse, tear the tree up by its roots and "elevate" rock to jazz (as if "Get A Job" were too lowbrow to be called "Art"). I think a hybrid possible and perhaps even inevitable, considering where Grease and all electric rock is now, but I certainly don't think that jazz and rock will merge and become one at any foreseeable time in the future (at least not until racism is no longer a part of the American scene). In any case the only creative borrowing and crossing of lines will probably come from black jazzmen. Albert Ayler has done an album with an electric rock band, and if that doesn't bring the walls of Jericho crashing down, I don't know what could!

As far as the films on last week end's program are concerned, *Valentin de las Sierras* (Bruce Baille) was the most exciting. Adults, being full of ideas and abstractions, lose touch with the kind of experiencing simulated in this film. Making use of a child's-eye-view technique, *Valentin* explores the physical world in extreme close-ups of vibrant color. If you get close enough to anything, you can know it on other, more vivid levels—*Valentin* is a brilliant study of both its subject materials and of pure image, motion, color, sound, and, most exquisitely, texture. One of Baille's most effective techniques is to employ shots which challenge the viewer to identify what he sees, camera shots

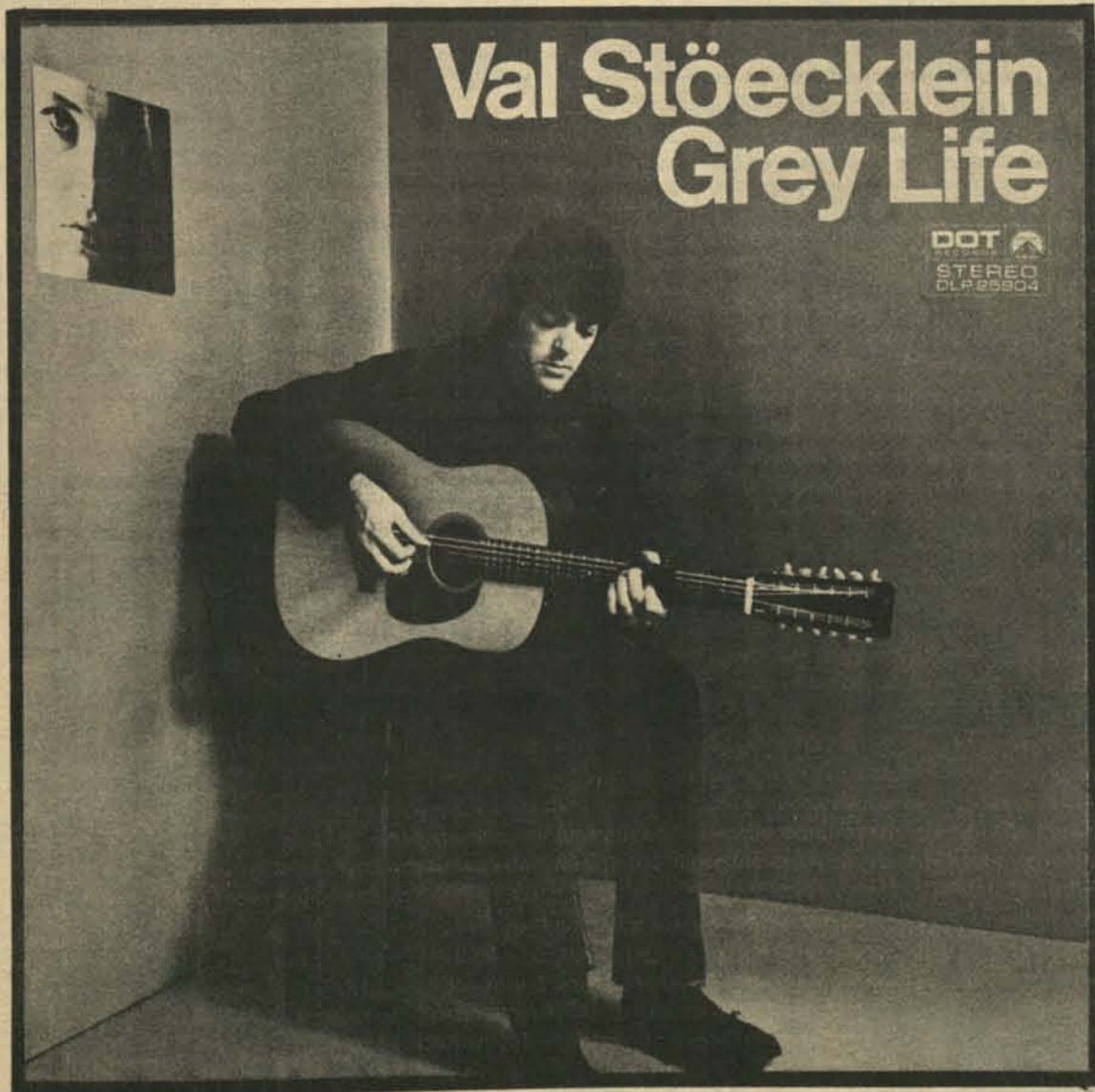
which tantalize with this "what-could-it-be?" game, and then show a more explicit shadow, tree, flower, hand, eye, guitar or whatever. The soundtrack, full of loud nature sounds and Mexican folk music, is the exact counterpart, in concept and execution, of the visual images.

*Valentin de las Sierras* is one of the most satisfying movies I've ever seen, from its very first jolting scenes of a wagon moving to the sounds of barnyard animals; I literally held my breath until I could recognize enough of where I was being taken to groove on it. The density of this highly concentrated 10 minute film is so great that it should have been preceded and followed by about 5 minutes of silence and darkness.

Words like "poetic" and "lyrical" fall far short of describing the nature of the experience *George Dumpson's Place* provided. Emshwiller's camera, accompanied by a tough/pretty jazztrack of bass and guitar, searches and winds its way through a rich setting of swamp, shack, flowers and green peopled by dolls, machines, figurines, statues and junk in various stages of dismemberment and decomposition. This journey through a strange, timeless other-world prepares us to meet its deity-in-residence, an ancient, frost-bearded black man. I have nothing short of unqualified admiration for the extreme long shot in which he first appears, prophet-like, framed by the world he created. This scene will linger with me as few movie images have. *George Dumpson's Place* is film-making of the highest order, an 8 minute definition of what film can do when its subject matter and the vision of one who informs it are matched in quality.

*Nocturne*, three perfectly successful movignettes, illustrate as the Hampton Grease Band did earlier that in order to work successfully in any medium, you must know and love the medium itself. Some underground films (and more than a few "new rock" albums) betray an ugly suspicion that their makers are basically antagonistic toward the form they are working in—they hate "movies" and try to make "film!" It is Kuchar's unabashed love affair with the motion picture medium that holds together the strange, appealing blend of pathos and humor that is a Kucharfilm. That humor is often black, but filtered through such original subject matter, and framed in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dialogue and Tiompkinsque soundtracks, it becomes red and yellow and purple and green, in Living Technicolor, of course.

—miller francis, jr.



# Val Stöecklein Grey Life

DOT  
STEREO  
DLF 89904

## Side One

Say It's Not Over	5:05 BMI
Now's The Time	2:42 BMI
I Can't Have Yesterday	2:45 BMI
Color Her Blue	3:26 BMI
French Girl Affair	3:30 BMI

## Side Two

Morning Child	3:09 BMI
Possibility I Was Wrong	2:56 BMI
Seven Days Away From You	3:04 BMI
Sounds Of Yesterday	2:47 BMI
I'll Make It Up To You	2:54 BMI
Second Ending	3:52 BMI

"Look around your room where it's so dark and cold, You won't find me . . ." The grey mists were starting to clear away from Val Stöecklein's life again as the new year came in. He phoned from Kansas to his Texas friend who was now putting together records in Los Angeles. He was ready to write songs again. Just like he had in 1964 when he left Kansas State University to record and travel with his group, the Blue Things. The group broke up and then there was a love that broke up very badly so Val drifted out of Kansas to work the Oklahoma oil fields and ride cowboy in Wyoming. "Passin' through Oklahoma, Summertime, harvest crew, Dollar hotel rooms and smokin' roll-your-owns . . ." Too much time had been lost in greyness for Val to wait out his tapes in the mail. He came west of Utah for the first time, hitchhiking with his 12-string guitar. The Texas friend was jammed up in the recording studio for four days and Val's songs sat there in a tape on his desk while Val examined the walls of his motel room very closely and watched his money go down to forty cents. "No hard words were said the time we parted friends. We should have thought a little more about the baby then. I'd like to see him now . . . before the train pulls out of town." This record was made less than two weeks later. Do yourself a favor and find a quiet room the first time you listen to the beauty of this music Val Stöecklein made from real pieces of his life before it went grey—till these songs brought back his rainbow.

Nat Freedland

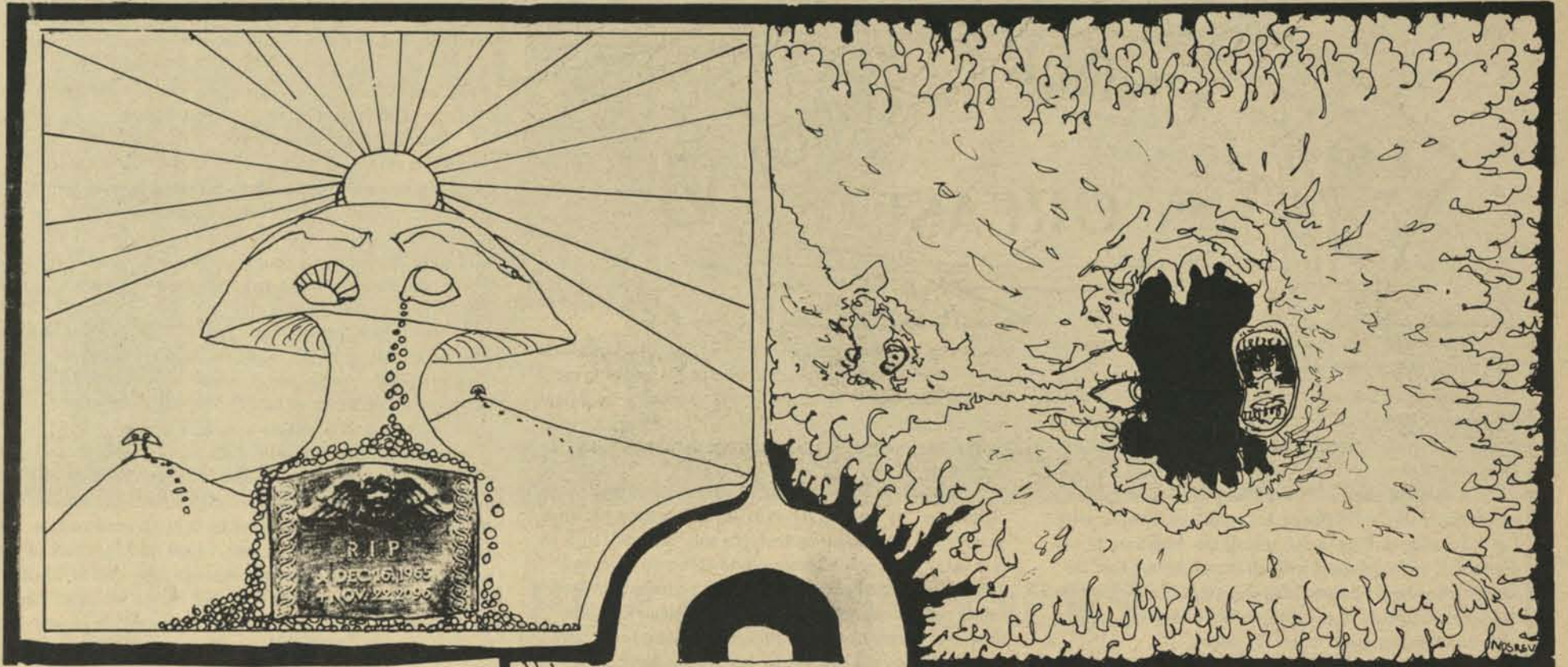
1968 Wichub Music Company

1968 Ensign Music Corp.



DOT





Incipient dysgraphia, dyscommunicado; recommends the following impressionistics as dilute exchange:

I.  
pure rushes of primitive heroin  
crimson vertigo  
smoke in my lungs and fire in my brain,  
nerve endings fried in intuitive heat.

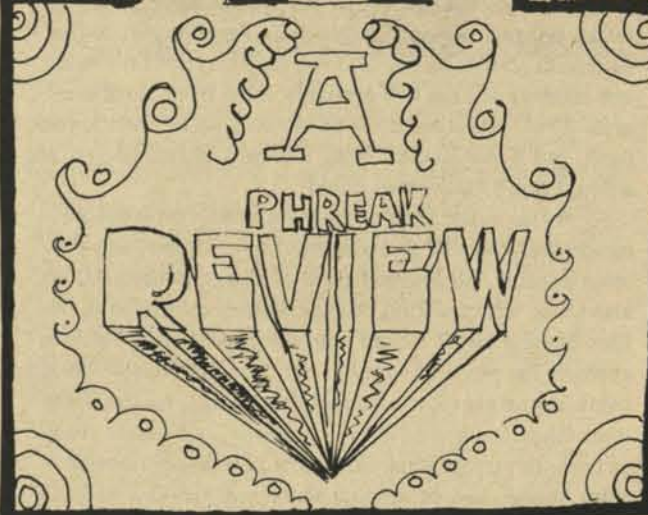
finally raising these immaculate robes of concentration,  
conception and pyrrhus—troubled with the insane rumblings of a thousand prodromal omens, suspicious of all moments, fluid pasts and futures, eating these my precious now. . . I left.

with this body flowing thru a frozen tomb,  
emerging like a distance finding color,  
i shout from the grass, turned sand, to the foam,

**STOP THE FIRE**

and the fire blares back the power of life and i breathe  
as i run toward it, feeling the flames bursting within, tearing  
the flesh till nothing remains but a scream forming in the  
smoke, the shape, mellowing within a crystallized womb,  
suspended in an eternity, over the outstretched white spire,  
becomes Imago Incarnate.

II.  
my country,  
tis, from me  
the random history of circumstances is sucking the Imposing  
Will,  
direction drained from the life of desire. This limbo of  
supplication  
vanishes before sacrificial imposition of my dreams on a  
barren place.  
the love heat  
the phreaks  
the insanities  
melting their forges.  
and i feel a semblance of joy



rapture waiting.  
victory in the sparing of a season,  
elation expanding, promise in our power,  
and you spare yourself my life. i yours.

saye ye of this strength; i command the alteration of the  
planets; by this fire; and the astrology of my will returned  
to its source, i command that mars be struck down and  
bound to this vision of sacramentation; and that his armies  
be subject to the knowledge of their dreams.

III.  
Oppurtunity they saye waits, free health, free wealth, free  
advice, (symptoms lay scattered in the crosstown traffic).  
Symptomatic treatment required in all cases of psychosomatics,  
mother, we therefore withdraw. withdraw as  
your peoples stagger thru the labyrinth of your lie, your  
truth and their hate; swallowing a brew of blood and sulfur,  
this frantic mingling of ashen corpses, this fear orgasm,  
finds itself a sea of hysterical separation.

IV.  
all i was was sad, crumbling sad. and combing the interior  
for the life of bommba and with both beings properly  
anchored left. hunger exhaustion and revelation converge  
and they draw lots, one hiding between reflections of the  
other. behind the shield, tempered by distance and fired  
by longing we wait for the thought to shatter your skull,  
for the moment of expiration to choke the victory from  
your murders. you die cursing my name, invoking demons  
with frantic oaths. your karma fulfilled the dirge becomes  
incantation, prayer and absolution for the wicked.

V.  
redemptive rushes space my time.  
a time for application

VI.  
yesterday is nothing like today. and now isn't even seen  
then, when bommba went searching for that brighter day,  
set out with nothing for something, passed it on the way  
and now is just looking. . . and i don't mean to see thru  
you, i just mean to see you thru.

thru space. where a space bunch of space friends space  
who get space space together space space space. and space  
sing space songs space about thems elfs.

"and we like to be friends with everybody  
as long as you do not lie  
and if you do lie  
we try to find out why  
and if we can't  
we just have to pass you bye."

and so seeking, in the recesses of the act, I found yesterday  
nothing like today and so had nothing to say.

ereek bommba, fire and fluff  
eric bonner, tender of the gates

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King Lear, by William Shakespeare, at Theatre Atlanta. Directed by Jay Broad.

Nobody should get particularly upset about the "startling new" stuff which Theatre Atlanta thinks it needs to get people into the place to see *King Lear*. If they want to toss the whole thing into some undefined future, some post-World War III feudal system, complete with left-over pieces of Air Force uniforms and twohanded swords obviously fabricated from left-over aircraft, that's all right. One of the things you have to feel in *Lear* is the subterranean barbarism of all the characters, the savagery just under the civilized surface; and if the savagery of the future is more accessible to us than the savagery of the past, that ought to work all right, and as far as I am concerned it does. But what bothers me is not the novelty of costume and setting—although Edmund does get an unplanned laugh when he claps on his Air Force helmet to do battle with Edgar—nor has Broad done any large violence to Shakespeare's language. The important violence, and the thing which is startling, is what is done to the tempo of the play, and to character development.

To start with the beginning: somebody obviously felt that the play needed a gangbusters opening, so Edmund's "Gods, stand up for bastards" speech is tossed up to the front where, presumably, it'll get the whole thing off the ground in a hurry. All the careful development of Act I,

Scene I—in which the motives for the Gloucester-Edmund conflict are meticulously set up, and the rationale behind the loyalty-oath scene established—is thus shot to hell and we jump right into the map-carving. But the subplot in general is pretty well sabotaged, so maybe it's just as well.

Apparently striving for some extra comic relief, Chris Lloyd plays Edmund in a rather antic vein throughout the first act, while Edgar (Ted Martin) comes on as a somewhat imbecilic faggot. All of which means, of course, that when the two of them come on stronger—as they must—in the second and third innings, there is no way you can believe it.

On the other hand, Clarence Felder, as Lear, is much more acceptable in the first act—which, as here divided, runs up to the storm scene—than he is later. His reading of the

early Lear—rather jovial, hail-fellow-well-met, a sort of regal Santa Claus (though it sits a bit badly with his rejection of Cordelia)—rings true and adds something to our understanding of the part.

Unhappily, however, at the end of the act, he is confronted with the god-damnedest stereo storm you ever heard, and any reading of "blow, winds, etc." that followed that would have to be a letdown. And from there on it's downhill; in the mad scenes in Act II (which runs up to Lear's capture by Cordelia's guards), Lear hasn't built up the reserve of dignity which would enable him to go mad without becoming a buffoon, and buffoon he becomes. At the end—again, apparently, somebody thought the end wasn't exciting enough—he has to submit to the indignity of bringing in Cordelia's body while guards hold him on the ends of chains like a dancing bear. Much chainrattling and howling, little poignancy, dead end.

The heavy cuts in the first act get rid of Burgundy, which is no great loss; unhappily, they also deprive us of much chance to get to know Cordelia, whom we hardly recognize when she returns. And Albany is carelessly left on stage while his wife bedevils Lear, so that his disclaimer of complicity or understanding just doesn't make sense. Cornwall is a brute, but Mitchell Edmonds plays him like an illiterate hare-lip. You hardly get to know Gloucester before they're poking his eyes out, which is appropriately horrible guignol stuff; but the tactless, lecherous, well-meaning old man that Shakespeare set up for the blinding somehow never gets into Ronald Bush's reading.

Sandy McCallum's Fool is beautiful. You can even understand what he's saying, and he's done neither as a pathetic harlequin or a fast-talking faggot, both of which have been par for the course of late years. Ted Harris does Oswald as an English butler and is very very funny indeed. I always figured Kent for a barroom brawler, but William Trotman plays him as a philosophical Presbyterian elder and makes it work. The girls are all neat.

But I wish they'd put the line back in that tells what happened to Gloucester. It's bad enough to have the Fool disappear without explanation, but you can blame that one on Shakespeare. This production is confusing enough without just losing *more* people.

—og, king of bashan

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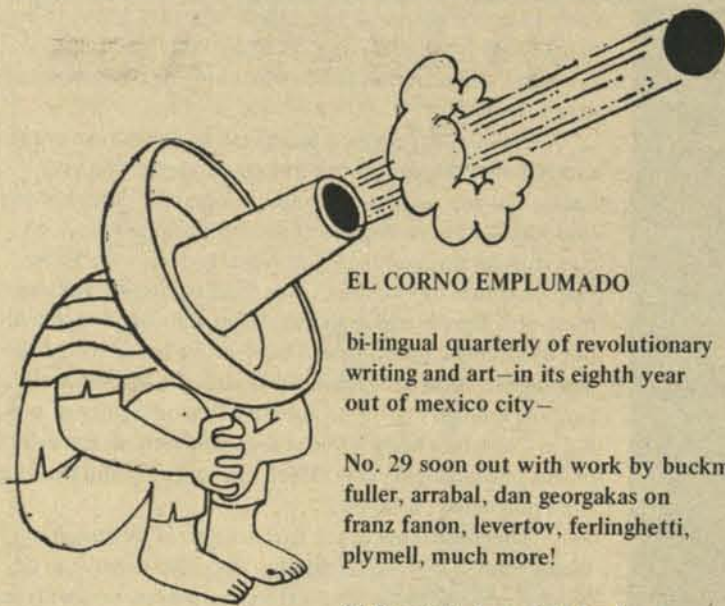
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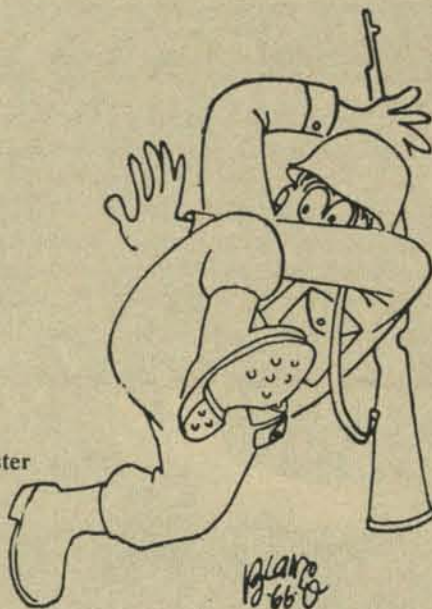
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Palante, LNS/NY

**SNCC BUSTED**

COLLEGE STATION, Texas (LNS/NY)—Terry Ardrey, a SNCC worker from New York, was arrested here on Oct. 31. Ardrey was in Texas to help organize the defense of several Texas SNCC workers busted in a rash of political repression over the last few months.

Terry was charged with carrying a pistol on the premises of a store selling alcoholic beverages—a felony offense carrying a two to five year prison term.

Local fuzz were waiting for Terry upon his arrival in College Station, where Texas A & M University is located. He was arrested in a telephone booth outside a drive-in grocery. He had just gotten off the bus and was attempting to call local contacts.

Terry was interrogated by the FBI while in custody of local police. He is now out on \$1000 bond.

This was the latest in a series of SNCC arrests in Texas. Houston SNCC organizer Lee Otis Johnson is appealing a 30 year sentence for giving a joint to a black undercover agent. Ernest McMillan and Matthew Johnson of Dallas SNCC are appealing 10 year sentences which grew out of a demonstration at a Dallas supermarket. And Austin SNCC leader Larry Jackson is appealing a two year probated sentence for supposedly assaulting a cop during a demonstration at an Austin gas station.

**'NAM: 1937 & 1968**

Vietnam. Why are we in Vietnam? For the past several years we have been offered numerous answers to that question. Rationalisation after rationalisation. Gradually each new explanation has been exposed as myth and/or lie.

But there must be a Reason. Man cannot live by Bread alone . . . Therefore: We fight, say the armchair warriors of *The Northside Neighbor* ("Atlanta's Newspaper of Distinction") "to gain time in which the governments of the two great nuclear powers can recognize the realities of this age which they have created and learn new ways to settle their differences." Our young men "are buying time for the survival of civilization itself" (November 7, 1968).

Ah, yes! We kill Vietnamese "to gain time." We destroy villages so that "civilization" may survive. We napalm people to "defend" America's "honor and ideals."

The inanity and insanity of the argument is only too evident. But frightening. Our imperial crises and social crises seem to be escaping the control of our rulers. Are we destined to hear similar arguments, or worse? I recall the peroration of a Fascist general in *To Die in Madrid*: "Long live death!" We seem to be approaching that level of barbarity. 1937 may be tomorrow.

—steve wise

**GET THE FACTS AND THE POOTY**

NEW YORK (LNS/NY)—Do you want to know what your local university or college is doing to help the American empire keep going? Check out the current (Sept. 1968) *Newsletter* of the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA). It has an eight-page "inventory of Government-Sponsored Foreign Affairs Research"—a basic reference guide prepared by Michael Klare to give local campus organizers a headstart in developing programs to combat campus complicity with imperialism.

For a copy of the inventory, write to NACLA Box 57 Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025.

**FROM NACLA**

NEW YORK (LNS/NY)—A pamphlet on the current Mexican conflict, entitled "Mexico 1968: a Study in Domination and Repression," has just been published by the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA). It can be obtained for one dollar by writing to NACLA, Box 57, Cathedral Station, New York, New York, 10025.

CHICAGO (LNS/NY)—In the wake of their confrontation with their editors and with Mayor Daley and his cops, newsmen from the establishment press in Chicago have gotten together to form the Association of Working Press and to publish a new critical newsletter, the *Chicago Journalism Review*.

According to their own report of their formation, the newsmen were reacting to the repression in their offices:

"Every newsmen knows that within his shop there are shibboleths and taboos; if the fabled Hearst s--- list (sic) no longer exists physically, the known attitudes of editors and publishers shape stories from initial assignment to final placement in the paper or broadcast."

The *Review*, published monthly, contains reports on news that is omitted from the big papers, as well as criticism of the content of news coverage. For further information or subs, write to *Chicago Journalism Review*, 5000 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60615 (\$5 for one way sub.)

**FROM CHICAGO??**

Gene Clark with the Gosdin Brothers

INCLUDING:  
I FOUND YOU  
ECHOES  
ELEVATOR OPERATOR  
TRIED SO HARD  
THINK I'M GONNA  
FEEL BETTER

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## STRIKES GALORE

Washington, D.C. (LNS-NY)—The strike rate in 1968 is the highest in nine years, according to Labor Department reports.

Labor Department Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that 1.9 million workers were involved in a total of 3,910 strikes. Management lost 35 million man-days of working time during the first nine months of this year.

While these figures certainly don't point to any new consciousness in labor, they do indicate that something is decidedly amiss with the American economy.

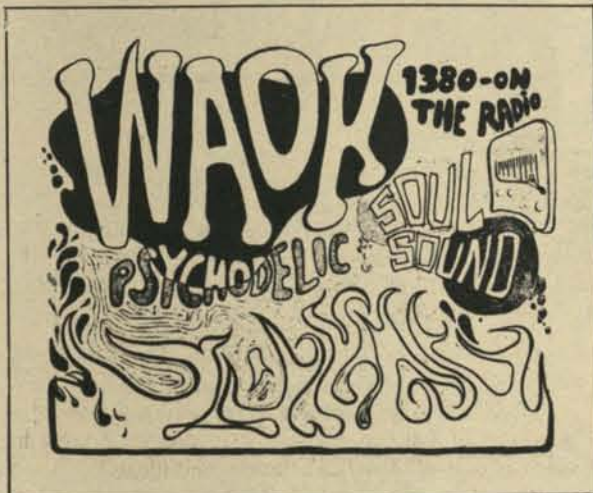
The administration knew in 1966 that there were going to be labor hassles, when inflation was becoming more than just an irritant to economic stability.

Despite all the fine talk about wage-price guidelines, firms have a habit of shifting the burden of rising costs onto the working man, who has to meet his own rising costs in consumer goods.

### QUOTATION FOR OUR TIMES

"Our apologies, good friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of orderlies in the front parlor of the charnel house. . ."

—Fr. Daniel Barrigan



## defend DR. SPOCK

A legal defense fund for Dr. Benjamin Spock, convicted (along with the Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Mitchell Goodman, and Michael Ferber) in June of conspiring to counsel, aid, and abet resistance to the draft—a violation of the Selective Service Act—has recently been established. Contributions gratefully received: SPOCK DEFENSE FUND, 3rd Floor, 538 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

## CLASSY ADS

**FEMALE WANTED**—That has courage to be. Contact—Wayne at 892-8399  
 Casey Carmody call home—Gina.  
**LOST, REWARD.** Black and White Collie, 80 pounds, one-year old, named Dollie. Please Call 892-2277.  
 Something new from Discovery, Inc. Next issue—  
**DISCOVERY, INC.** invites you to see The Electric Collage Light Show at the Municipal Auditorium December 7 lighting the Vanilla Fudge & the Amboy Dukes.



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**COLLECTION**  
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**BEE GEES**  
**BEST**

**SIDE II**  
 SECOND HAND PEOPLE  
 I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER MYSELF  
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# THE STREETS BELONG

## FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

PLAY. "A Sleep of Prisoners," by Christopher Fry, with Arthur Burghardt, directed by Steven Bush, Trinity Methodist Church, 265 Washington St., S.W. Also November 16, 22, and 23. Sunday performances to be announced. 8 pm. \$1.50.

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

OPENING. "The Love Story," DeKalb College Fine Arts Center. 8:30 pm.

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.

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

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

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

7:30 pm: "UFO" Channel 8.

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



## SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

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

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

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

PLAY. "The Love Story," (See Fri. Nov. 15.)

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

PLAY. "Don Quixote," (See Fri. Nov. 15.)

PLAY. "A Sleep of Prisoners," (See Fri. Nov. 15.)

CONCERT. Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, sponsored by Atl. Music Club, Comm. Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.

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

TV. 6 pm: "Upbeat," rock (Groups not yet announced), Channel 17.



## SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

SALE. "Slaves" for yard work or cleaning on Saturday, Nov. 23, to benefit the Unitarian-Universalist Church.

CONCERT. Atlanta Symp. Orch. Brahms & Stravinsky, Westminster Schools, 1424 West Paces Ferry Rd., N.W., 2:30 pm. \$2 for students and \$3 for non-students.

SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Vocal, choral and instrumental music. Glenn Memorial Aud., Emory Univ. 4 pm. Free.

CONCERT. Chamber Ensemble, Ga. Mental Health Institute. Call 873-6661 for further information.

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

FORUM. 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. S.W.

TV. 8 pm: "Children of Revolution," Czechoslovak youth. Channel 8.

9 pm: "And all that Jazz." Jazz and Dance. Channel 8.

## MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18

DISCUSSION. "The Feminine Mystique," Ga. Tech. Free University, Arch. Bldg. Aud., Ga. Tech., 8 pm. Free.

BALLET. Balanchine, Symphony in C; Les Sylphides; Morpheus' Circuit & Valse Nicode. Atl. Ballet, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 pm. \$5.50 & \$7.50.

CONCERT. Lenox Quartet, Glenn Mem. Church, Emory U., 8:15 pm. Free

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

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

8:30 pm: "Jazz of the Past," Count Basie Part I. WABE-FM.

TV. 7 pm: History of the Negro People: "New Mood" Channel 30 & 8.

9 pm: "The World of Piri Thomas," author from Spanish Harlem. Channel 30.

MEETING, Georgia Tech SSOC chapter, Monday, 7:30 p.m., 16 3rd St.



## TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

MEETING. Emory SDS, History Bldg. Room 6, Emory U. 8:30 pm.

BALLET. See Mon. Nov. 18.

OPERA. Excerpts from "The Marriage of Figaro," Pro-Mozart Society, Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 pm.

CONCERT. Takako Nishizaki, violin, sponsored by Atl. Music Club, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 pm.

CONCERT. Florence Kopleff, vocalist, Sparks Hall, Ga. State College, 8:15 pm.

RADIO. 4:30 pm: "Hard Travelin'," life and music of Woody Guthrie. WABE-FM.

TV. 7 pm: "Adventures in Looking: Discovering the Art Museum," with Mr. Wiley Davis & Mrs. Rufus Chambers, both of the Jr. Activities Center of the High Museum of Art. Channel 30.

8 pm: "The World of Piri Thomas" (See Mon. Nov. 18.) Channel 30.

## WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20

MEETING. COSI (Comm. on Social Issues), 100Kell Hall, Ga. State College, during 10 am. break.

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

BALLET. (See Mon. Nov. 18.)

PLAY. "You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running," with Imogene Coca, Symphony Hall, 8:30 pm.

FILM. "Suspicion," Alfred Hitchcock, "The Tell-tale Heart," cartoon, and "Big Business," Laurel & Hardy, Alumni Mem. Bldg., Emory U., 8:30 pm. Free.

RADIO. 3:45 "Wandering Ballad Singer." WABE-FM.

4 pm: "The Way of Mao Tse-Tung," Prof. Ivan Petrovich, U. of Wisc. WABE-FM.

TV. 2 pm: "The Mark of Zorro," old film. Channel 17.

8 pm: "Conversations 1968," Sonny Rollins. Channel 30 & 8.

## THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21

OPENING. "Desire Under the Elms," Emory Players, Alumni Mem. Bldg. Aud., 8:15 pm.

OPENING. "The Children's Hour," Blackfriars, Agnes Scott College. Call 377-7713 for further information.

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

8 pm: The Negro American: Slavery: Decline and Renewal. WABE-FM TV. 8:30 pm: Telecast of the Nov. 5th meeting of the Fulton County Board of Ed. Channel 30.

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

## FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22

CONCERT. At Symp. Orch. with Lillian Kallir, pianist, Barber, Schumann, Atl. Mem. Arts Center. 8:30 pm. \$2 - \$7.

PLAYS. "Desire Under the Elms" and "The Children's Hour." (See Thurs. Nov. 21.)

TV. 7:45 pm. "Physical Frescoes," body painting ideas. Channel 8.

## SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23

PLAYS. "Desire Under the Elms," "Inherit the Wind," "The Children's Hour." (See Fri., Nov. 15 and Thurs., Nov. 21.)

COUNTRY MUSIC JAM SESSION. See Sat., Nov. 16.

CONCERT. Laurindo Almeida, Classical guitarist, Symphony Hall. 8:30. \$2.50 - \$4.00.

## SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24

FILM. "High Noon," Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, \$1.50 (members), \$2 (non-members)

CONCERT. Atl. Symp. Orch. (See Fri. Nov. 22) 3 pm.

FORUM. See Sun., Nov. 17.

## FLICKS

ANSLEY MALL MINI-CINEMA: "The Two of Us."

FESTIVAL CINEMA: "Jules and Jim."

PEACHTREE ART: "Hagbard & Signe." At midnight Nov. 15 & 16: "The Edge"

PEACHTREE BATTLE MINI-CINEMA: "Barbarella."

See also daily listings



## THEATRES

ACADEMY: "A Man's a Man," Bertolt Brecht. Thru Dec. 21. 3213 Roswell Rd. NE, 233-9481. 8:30 pm.

ACADEMY CHILDREN'S THEATER: "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum," Saturdays at 2 pm. 3213 Roswell Rd. N.E., 233-9481.

THEATRE ATLANTA: "King Lear," Nov. 16, 22, 30; "Beyond the Fringe," Nov. 15, 21; "Red, White, and Maddox" Nov. 17, 19, 23, 24, 26, 27, 29; "Dark of the Moon" Nov. 20, 28. All Curtains at 8:30 except Nov. 17: 7:30, and Nov. 24: 2:30 and 7:30.

See also daily listings

## SPOTS

BISTRO: Raun MacKinnon and The Kingston Trio, Nov. 15; Roy Whitley and Raun MacKinnon, Nov. 16; The Good Earth (rock), Nov. 18-23.

BOTTOM OF THE BARREL: Jeff Espina.

ELECTRIC EYE: Radar, Nov. 15. LION'S BRAU: Tony Ganim, Nov. 15 & 22; Deacon Hutchinson, Nov. 16 & 23.

PINETREE SKATERAMA: Pale Paradox, Nov. 16.

PINK PUSSYCAT: The Performers. PLAYROOM: Roy Druskie through Nov. 16; Mel Tillis, Nov. 18-23.

TWELFTH GATE: Mable Hillary, Nov. 15 & 16.

SPOT: Pale Paradox, Nov. 15; Radar, Nov. 16.

## CORRECTION

THE PALINURUS GALLERY will present its student show thru Nov. The Gallery is located at 27 15th St. NE, between Peachtree and West Peachtree.

CRAFTS EXHIBIT & SALE. "Crafts for Christmas," Galerie Illien, 18 Peachtree Pl. N.E., 874-7268. Sat. Dec. 7: 10-6; Sun. Dec. 8: 1-6 pm. Refreshments.

# TO THE PEOPLE

36 10th St. N.E.  
Mon. Nov. 18 8:00 - 11:00

\$1.50 per head

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