

7. ¶ I have forsaken mine house, I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hand of her enemies.

8. Mine heritage is unto me as a lion in the forest; it crieth out against me: therefore have I hated it.

9. Mine heritage is unto me as a **SPECKLED**

BIRD, the birds round about are against her; come ye,

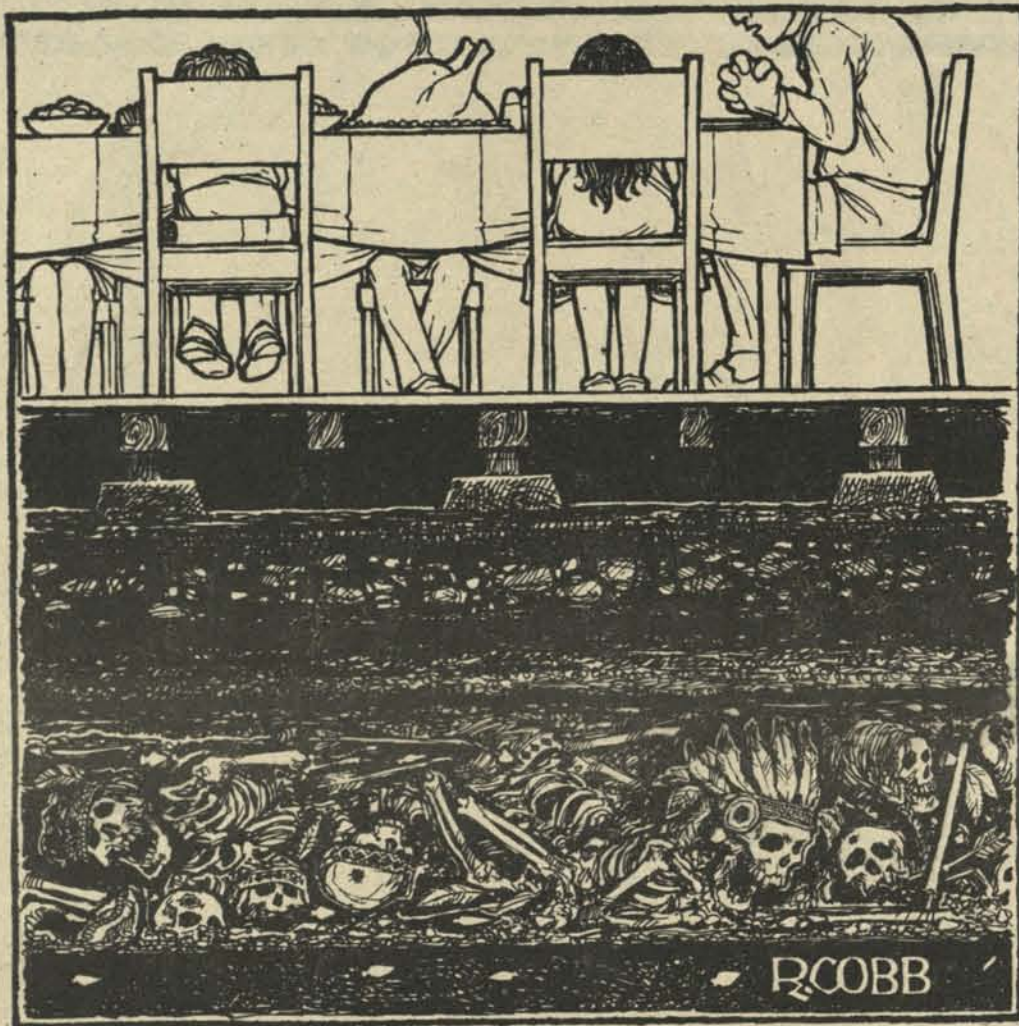
assemble all the beasts of the field, come to devour.

10. Many pastors have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden my portion under foot, they have made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness.

11. They have made it desolate, and being desolate it mourneth unto me; the whole land is made desolate because no man layeth it to heart.

12. The spoilers are come upon all high places through the wilderness: for the sword of the LORD shall devour from the one end of the land even to the other end of the land: no flesh shall have peace.

Jeremiah, 12



STUDENTS DECIDE

ITHACA, N.Y. (LNS/NY)—Cornell University is selling its aeronautical laboratory, which has been soundly attacked by student activists for its ties to the U.S. military. And now the same students have come forth with constructive proposals for the use of the income from the sale, an anticipated \$25 million.

The Cornell chapter of SDS has proposed that the university fund the construction of low-income housing in Ithaca, with the money available to low income families and student groups. Families from the city of Ithaca as well as student communes would be eligible to receive the money, under the SDS plan.

The SDS proposal also seeks funding for a student-run seminar and it asks the university to raise the wages of non-academic personnel.

According to Chip Marshall, SDS organizer for the Niagara region, the Cornell SDS program could well become a model for SDS because of its positive rather than negative character and because it is likely to receive widespread support on the campus.

So far, the university has nothing to say about the proposal. In fact, they are having trouble selling the lab, because a Federal judge issued an injunction on the grounds that the sale would be prejudicial to the government.

HUEY SOLITARIED

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Cal. (LNS/NY)—Huey Newton is now isolated in San Luis Obispo jail, which is filled with "old-timers."

"It's an impossible place to organize," an informed source reported, indicating the authorities' care in de-fusing

ing Huey as a political force while he is in custody.

The press is not allowed to see Huey. When one reporter was insistent, Sut. A.C. Field, boss of the prison said, "You people are doing the public a disservice by giving him so much publicity. The public should be shielded from him."

LEGAL ABORTION: A PERSONAL RIGHT

DETROIT (LNS/NY)—All women should be able to get safe, legal abortions as a "personal right," according to a resolution passed by the American Public Health Association at its recent conference. The Association made it clear that it approved of abortion not only for "medical" reasons, but for reasons related to family planning.

It is expected that the radically new stand of the 23,000-member association would help in the fight against antiquated and rigid abortion laws.

Dr. John J. Hanlon, assistant U.S. Surgeon General, spoke at the conference, noting that about 100,000 illegal abortions take place in the U.S. annually. He said that that the availability of safe, legal abortions would have a beneficial impact on the nation's health.

BUILDING THE SOCIAL CONTROL

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS/NY)—The creation of a vast information bank through the use of computers is a high priority task being undertaken by the Federal government.

Washington insiders informed LNS recently that the National Bureau of Standards has been given a series of high level computer projects.

NBS will begin by gathering information about computers themselves and keeping it in one place.

FREE CLEAVER

Eldridge Cleaver, who has spent most of his adult life in jail, faces the prospect of returning to jail on or about November 27, 1968. Cleaver, author of the best selling *Soul on Ice*, guest lecturer at the University of California, Senior Editor of *Ramparts*, and Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party, received almost 200,000 votes as presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party. Released on parole this summer after being held arbitrarily for two months, he has once again had his parole revoked.

A brief chronology: on April 6, 1968, Cleaver failed to move his leg out of the path of a speedy police bullet and consequently was charged with attempted murder. (Logical? Certainly—ask Ronald Reagan.) On parole at the time, he suffered immediate revocation of his parole and incarceration for the next two months without any hearing to determine the facts in his case.

Judge Raymond Sherwin, in granting Cleaver's petition for *habeas corpus*, stated clearly the political reasons for his imprisonment: "The uncontradicted evidence presented to this court indicated that the petitioner had been a model parolee. The peril to his parole status stemmed from no failure of personal rehabilitation, but from his undue eloquence in pursuing political goals. . . . Not only was there absence of cause for the cancellation of parole, it was the product of a type of pressure unbefitting, to say the least, to the law enforcement paraphernalia of this State."

California parole authorities appealed, however, and on September 27 succeeded in reversing Cleaver's release. Judge Monroe Friedman, the same ass who presided over Huey Newton's "trial," ruled that Cleaver must return to jail within sixty days. Cleaver, in turn, appealed Friedman's ruling but his appeal probably will not be heard until after he is back in jail.

The importance to the Movement in keeping Cleaver out of prison is expressed well by Robert Scheer of the International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver in a letter in the current *New York Review of Books*: "Eldridge Cleaver is an exceptional human being, one who has regenerated himself after years in prison, who repudiated racism, who spoke out honestly about how America could regenerate herself after years of tolerating injustice. Heralded as a gifted writer, he could have walked out of prison into a comfortable life of royalties and literary cocktail parties. Instead, he chose to accept the dangers of organizing for the Black Panther Party. Everyone who is familiar with Cleaver's work in the Bay Area understands how his tact, diligence, and integrity helped to create the sane setting in which black people and white people could work in a cooperative effort held together on the basis of mutual respect."

—steve wise

Election Results

Another little *Bird* note on the draft. Avid *Bird* readers will recall similar notes in past issues which commented on the political overtones of draft calls from July to December. Low draft calls before the election; higher after November 5.

November's call was for 17,000—the lowest since March, 1965. December's call rose to 17,500. And recently the Pentagon called for 26,800 guys to be inducted in January. Said UPI, "The monthly calls of 25,000 or more are expected to continue during the first half of 1969 to make up for low induction totals in the last six months of this year."

The Wall Street Journal in August reported that the Army "needed" to induct an average of 20,000 draftees per month from July, 1968, to June, 1969. The monthly average from July to December was 14,467; for the next six months it should be 25,533. "Should be"—assuming that Nixon follows LBJ's war policies. Clues to Tricky Dickie's intentions might be discovered by watching future draft calls.

—steve wise

OBSCENITY OF THE WEEK

"The shits are killing us."

Now in the writing of our days, when no ache of evidence can ever be believed unless it is presented by a Doctor of Jargon, a remark like "the shits are killing us" is so declarative that fifty pages of closely reasoned argument should follow in support.

Norman Mailer, *Advertisements for Myself*.

Mr. Screws.....

Beuhler's supermarkets peddle rotten food at ridiculous prices to blacks locked into decaying neighborhoods by racism, poverty and lack of transportation.

This is the conclusion of a group of Atlanta ministers, loosely organized as the Concerned Clergy, who have come together to act on the ghetto grocery problem. It is the first project of a planned sustained effort to deal with businesses which take advantage of those least capable of protecting themselves.

The clergymen conducted an extensive price and food quality survey of the four Atlanta Beuhler's. They found that the stores were charging from five to sixty-five per cent more than suburban markets for items of identical quality. For example, at Beuhler's on Boulevard Drive, October 15, Delmonte Peas No. 303 sold for 35¢, 1 gal. of milk, Atlanta Dairies, for \$1.21; and Gerbers Baby Food, 6 for 69¢. At Kroger's on Memorial Drive, the same day, identical items went for 25¢, \$1.09 and 54¢.

Also they found Beuhler's selling meat in the process of turning green and potatoes which were rotten.

Investigating hiring policies they found Beuhler's has no black store managers and only one black assistant manager who, despite his title, doesn't carry the responsibility of the position.

Through the work of three investigators who visited the Peoria, Illinois, home office, the Concerned Clergy have found that the Corporation maintains eleven stores in Tennessee, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Georgia—the majority of which are located in ghetto areas. The profits from the ghetto are sent to Peoria where a part of them support the corporation founder's tax evasion device—the luxurious Beuhler Rest Home. One hundred and ninety whites live in the home which is staffed by sixty-five employees, six of whom are black—all in menial positions.

The ministers confronted Mr. Lloyd Screws, the Southern Division Manager, with their findings and a list of demands on October 29. Mr. Screws promised to fulfill, and later reneged, on all the demands which included bringing Beuhler's prices and quality in line with other supermarket chains, hiring one black manager and four assistant managers or department heads, and showing evidence of integration of the rest home.

With Mr. Screws ignoring every demand and the corporation backing his action, the Concerned Clergy have vowed to undertake direct action against Beuhler's. According to Rev. Tom Patterson, chairman of the group, the organization will probably choose a combination of picketing and bussing shoppers to suburban markets. It will station buses outside of each Beuhler's market at all times to carry potential Beuhler's customers to lower-priced stores.

The project is very worthwhile as long as it is seen for what it is—an effort which may alleviate the hardship of the poor while leaving the important power relationships intact as before. On the most basic level, the big food chains are not innocent of Beuhler's practices: the same discrepancies between ghetto and suburban prices within the big food chains have been well documented (*The Poor Pay More* by David Caplovitz, 1963). The Beuhler's Corporation is only a stark example of the removal of profits from the ghetto. The ultimate answer may not be pickets and buses but the linking of black producer's co-operatives in South Georgia and Alabama with co-operative consumer outlets in Mechanicsville and Peoples-town.

—ann maoney

Friends—The Bird has decided to take a Thanksgiving break to allow staff members a bit of R & R and some a chance to attend a nationwide New Media conference in Madison, Wisconsin during the holidays. The next issue of the Bird will be on sale December 6. Have a good holiday.

Gratifying response to our Emergency Bust Fund Benefit at the 12th Gate last Monday. We thank Bruce Donnelly and the staff of the 12th Gate for the use of their facilities; we thank the entertainers Anne Romaine, Pete Schoen, Esther Lefever and Walter Daves for the use of their time and talent; and we thank the many supporters present for their generosity and warmth on that cold Monday night. We hope to keep the faith.

—Bird staff



"LIBERTY OF EXPRESSION MEXICO 68"

"Obscene!" says Fulton County Solicitor General Lewis Slaton, pointing to the center-spread of *Bird* No. 22 (a partial reprint of the now infamous "smear sheet" used recently in the DeKalb County election).

"Harrumph," echoes DeKalb County Solicitor General Richard Bell in agreement. "Harassment," we counter. "Political harassment." "No conspiracy," they say. "And the vice squad officers warning our vendors of imminent arrest?" "Hearsay, Your Honor." "And the Atlanta printers being warned not to print the *Bird*?" "Hearsay, Your Honor." "And the..." "Hearsay, Your Honor." Sustained.

Federal District Court, Judge Albert Henderson presiding. *Bird* lawyers had filed a complaint against Fulton County, DeKalb County and the City of Atlanta, charging that threatened indictments and arrests of *Bird* staff members were having a "chilling effect" on First Amendment guarantees of free speech and expression, requesting immediate relief in the form of a Temporary Restraining Order to stop the harassment and threatened arrests until a three judge panel could be formed to rule on the constitutionality of the Georgia State obscenity law. The Restraining Order is denied by Judge Henderson, with an unofficial understanding that neither side would unduly antagonize the other before the formation of the judicial panel: If we do not say Dodo and Kahkah too many times, they might not arrest us for selling papers on Their streets.

"In our democratic century," says Dwight McDonald in the October Esquire, "the Bill of Rights has served mostly as a deterrent to majorities who would deny to unpopular minorities their rights as citizens... It is ironic that the first ten Amendments, originally designed to protect the many against the tyranny of the few, now serve the opposite purpose..."

An experience in political-legal manipulation. A smear sheet appears in DeKalb County, bearing out-of-context quotes from the *Bird*, each "four-letter" word and every reference to drugs, draft resistance, or prominent civil rights workers underlined. A hue and cry by the Good Citizens of DeKalb—aided, of course, by the men and the media maligned in the smear. The Georgia Bureau of Investigation is called in: state law prohibiting the distribution of unsigned political material has been violated. Solicitor Bell promises a full investigation. Sheriff Lamar Martin complies. Rapidly these officers close in on the suspects; the ninth floor of the Decatur courthouse is searched; suspicious evidence is discovered; promises are made repeatedly that the evidence will soon be presented to

the Grand Jury; names will be named; people will be shocked and surprised.

But so far: Nothing. The men involved, in all likelihood, are high Democratic Party officials in DeKalb County. Prudence and Caution. These are Political Toes. Step softly

Meanwhile it is leaked—flooded—to the media that the *Bird* also is being "investigated" for "obscenity." Street vendors begin reporting "questioning" by Atlanta vice squad officers; newsdealers cancel orders in fear; some advertisers express hesitation; we are forced to print the paper out-of-state. On Wednesday we are visited by an investigator from the Solicitor General's office and two vice squad men. On Thursday we discover that we are to be indicted the next day. Proceedings move as fast against the *Bird* as they are slow against the DeKalb politicians: the media heat is effectively transferred, on a false issue.

"And I wonder," writes Rev. Daniel Berrigan, S.J. (recently convicted and sentenced in Federal Court for the napalming of precious draft files), "(1) How men can be unconscious when consciousness is a synonym for human survival? (2) How men who are so cut off from reality can so quickly mobilize to destroy me? The 'good man' becomes murderous in his sleep.

"Old barriers and norms are down. The ex-nun marries a priest. And the community celebrates at a Eucharist. No one knows if the new thing will work; the evidence is not in yet. What we know very well is that there is little of the old forms that works at all for anyone but the lawyers and the taxidermists."

We, unlike so many of our compatriots elsewhere, are fortunate: the American Civil Liberties Union of Georgia agrees to handle the case. A task force of lawyers works all night preparing a brief to be filed in Federal Court early Friday morning. A hearing is scheduled on Monday before Judge Henderson, and Solicitor General Slaton decides not to present his "evidence" to the Grand Jury until after the hearing...

The first round of what may become a long legal battle battle ended technically in a draw. Ultimately we expect to win the case, but recognize in the meanwhile an immediate threat to the very existence of the *Bird*. The increased cost of out-of-state publication coupled with the decrease in sales revenue and potential falling off of advertising revenue make our chronic money problems suddenly acute. We consider it important that we continue publishing, important to others and to ourselves. We ask for your support.

—tom coffin

LETTERS

Mr. Ralph McGill
 Publisher
 Atlanta Constitution
 Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Sir:
 Everyone knows the Constitution is a liberal newspaper, dedicated to truth and the betterment of mankind. Therefore when we settled in Atlanta, my roommate and I had no doubts as to which newspaper we wanted to subscribe. Lately, however, we have been forced to ask ourselves certain questions for which we have been unable to find answers:

- Where is B.J. Phillips?
- Has she been banished because she dared to tackle the omnipotent Georgia Power Company?
- What about Eugene Patterson—did he leave because he could not stomach the Constitution's loss of integrity?
- Concerning the Constitution's role in the great battle for equal opportunities for all—does the Constitution practice what it preaches? How many black editors are there: reporters; ad writers?
- How many black faces are seen in the pages of the Constitution?

If, and when, we can get satisfactory answers to these questions, we will renew our subscription to your paper. Meanwhile, we will subscribe to the *Washington Post* and the *Great Speckled Bird*.

There are enough hypocrites in the world.

Peace,
 (Miss) Sandra Lee
 (Miss) Darleen Shearer

Dear Mr. Coffin:

Your "Politics of Alienation" is one of the relatively few articles that I have seen in the American press that makes possible your apparent intention "to talk to people, find out what's going on, what people are thinking." I would put "in a pig's eye," a look at the Chicago police in a recent *Esquire*, in about the same category of sanity.

You ask for serious response. I have one (serious at least to me) which I think is rather closely parallel to your own thought but which I have been trying to get over to somebody for several months.

You talk of the effort to understand as a tactic—as a necessary way to get the fuzz, the clerks, the statisticians to think in some way like yourself. I would rather see it as a way to make yourself, myself, or the greater number of people who would roughly agree with Professor Marcuse, more worth being similar to. In preaching peace, too many have become arrogant; in preaching democracy too many have become elitist; in preaching tolerance too many have adopted contempt as a climate of thought. Except when I am being very careful, my own attitude to the Police (and as a classic bystander I have never even been busted) is a painful example of this.

Ethically, this is unfortunate. Emotionally it is disastrous. For the future, assuming that the way of thought contained in the better parts of the *Bird* may sometime be an American philosophy, it is unimaginably awful. The sort of mind that puts a monster in every uniform, or that despises disagreement, or that will not take time to see the attitudes of a red-neck are mainly the products of spiritual and intellectual starvation that were not chosen by their victim, is as disagreeable and more deliberately blind than that of the most stupid marine in all Danang. I do not say that this is general in the new Left, or that it is the general burden of the *Bird*; but it hovers constantly on the fringes of both and seems a little closer to breaking in with each confrontation. If it ever finally does so, the potential of the new Left to regenerate society can be put into the disposal—all (however that device is spelt) of history. I think that your essay was a fine corrective to this so long as you regard it as containing something much more important than a tactic.

Hello Mate,
 PFC Mark McKinney (RA11574678, LL Bn Pleiku St, APO San Francisco 96318) is a typical soldier stationed in Vietnam. Lonesome and desolate as most guys over here are. He would love to get mail from some girls. . . Help us

Friends,
 If you are forced to quit publishing please keep what's left of my subscription. I wish it could be more. Just know that we're with you. You showed freedom of speech was possible in Maddox's Ga. We hope justice will prevail and the *Bird* will grace Atlanta and the South.

You and your lovely wives serve as an inspiration to all the hips that you don't have to conform to be married and such.

a supporter,
 —pat edmondson

"WHAT COULD I TELL YOU THAT YOU COULD UNDERSTAND ABOUT WHAT IT'S LIKE. I MEAN YOU REALLY couldn't have any idea what it's like to be lying naked on concrete with the lights on all the time and this cat walking by outside back and forth and you hate him and you know he's stupid and he represents everything you hate. . . I just never did anything I turned in when I was eighteen and they busted me when I was twenty-one when I went in. . . I was supposed to be married at the end of December and they busted me in early December. . . but she could just say something like 'you capitalist pig' and never know what it meant—never change her way of dealing with these people when she met them—never tell them what she thought of them. . . Jail is like—there's no one, no one around, man—no one you can communicate with. . . that was the hardest thing of all—the intellectual thing but it's all communication. . . if you speak a certain way that is different, man, you know, different from some image they have of what masculinity is—or anything, man you're immediately pegged—who admits you—that's very important—who pegged you first. . . like if you came in wearing those glasses man, they'd be afraid of you, they'd think you were some sort of bookworm—but if you had the moustache, well then they'd say you were a hippy and they'd like you. . . I have a great need to laugh You don't laugh, you don't smile—not once in a year and if you do it's overreacting to some stupid thing. . . Yeah, they had women in the offices, man—women with make-up—that was sick, man, what kind of woman would dig, really dig, to dress up like that and work in a place where men are behind bars. . . Hoffa's kind of short guy, squat—I didn't get into his head much but everything was money, you know man, like I can buy you or sell you for twenty-thousand, man—everything was status, and money with him. . . It was the wrong thing for me. . . no man, they are just stupid, they accept everything, they accept it—like I don't know if you heard about it, there was a strike so they were so stupid, man, they stopped work on a Friday which gave the administration a whole weekend to maneuver against them. . . if they stopped on a Monday they'd been able to win—you see what I mean. . . they didn't like me, didn't trust me, didn't because I wouldn't play their game. . . I just can't see taking an eight-hour job and just existing. . . no, I don't mind talking about it everyone asks me. . . as much as you could understand, not being me. . . this professor got very defensive he's thirty-three and just turned in his draft card when he was thirty-one and he wonders how come I knew at eighteen or nineteen what it took him thirty-one years to find out. . . wants me to react a certain way—but I'm not going to do it why should I? . . . I'm not psychologically well yet you see. . . I have my own defense things take me months it seems reasonable at least some months to get over. . ."

J.G. rapping,
 Released after 5 years in
 Petersburg and Lewisburg
 Federal Penitentiaries for
 non-cooperation with Selective Service

out. He's a yankee but quite a guy. I'm sure he would be an interesting person to communicate with.

A Friend

A STORY

This story is in reference to the suspension of Gary Sinback and myself, Gene Mobley.

Early in October, we obtained about two hundred back issues of the *Great Speckled Bird*. Then on Tuesday we took this independent newspaper and distributed it to the students of Walker High School. Only people who wanted the paper were given a copy. Then about 12:30 that day we were summoned to the Vice Principal's office. He said we were distributing obscene material.

My feelings on this are very strong! I do not think one man has the power to decide what people should or shouldn't read. To me this seems unconstitutional because our "freedom of the press" and our right to free expression has been violated. But we were suspended until our parents had conferences with the V.P.

Gene Mobley & A SURVEY

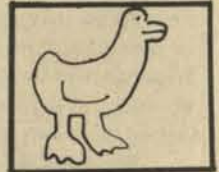
This survey was taken during school and all students give permission to have this printed.

HOW STUDENTS FEEL ABOUT THE *Great Speckled Bird*.

Q. What do you think about students getting suspended for possession or distribution of the *G.S.B*?

A. Susan Atkinson: It is sheer stupidity for students to be suspended just for reading "free" newspapers.

Randy Holland: I think they are getting kicked out for reading a very educational paper.



Wayne Miller: Hell, it's a newspaper.

Jimmy Smith: He refuses to comment because of fear of being persecuted by the establishment.

Q. What do you think about our asst. Principal?



Randy Erickson: John Baker is an establishment robot doing what he and the establishment thinks is right. And others obey while, myself, thinks the establishment sucks.

A. Gene Mobley: To me John Baker is a weak man. Before he became Vice Principal he was the football coach. Because he doesn't face reality, I think he needs therapy.



Q. What do you think about the school system in general?

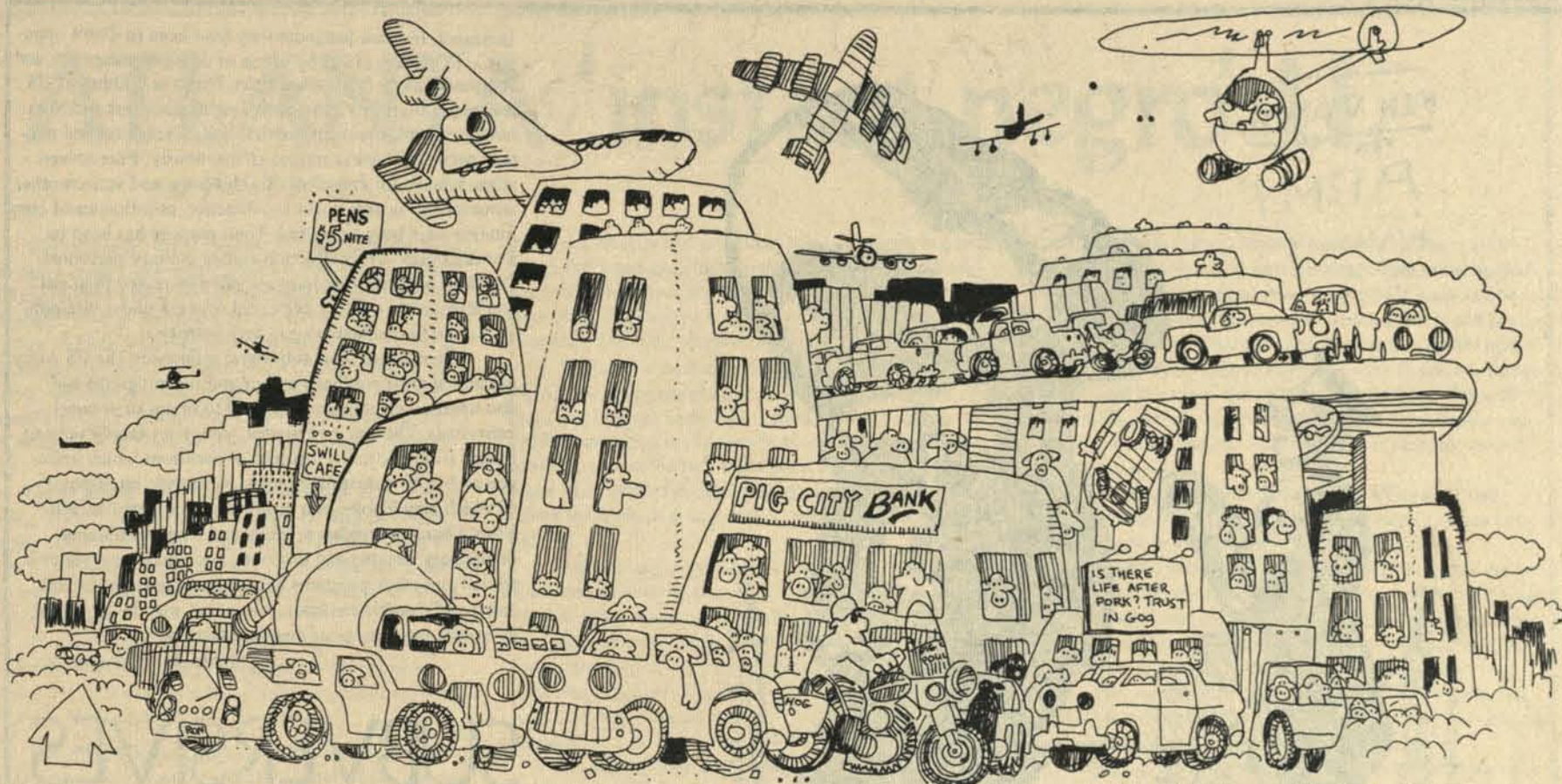
A. Gene Mobley: In general, I think it "sucks." It is a part of an establishment that is bent on turning young people into robots. I think it is time for the young people to rebel against this institution before we are all overcome by this sick establishment.

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



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frank o'neill



THE FOIBLE OF THE LITTLE CITY THAT COULD

Wunst they was a Small but Thriving City which Acted as a sort of Oasis in the Sahara of the Bozart, and which Therefore, like the Frawg in the Old Foible, Grew and Grew and Grew until it Was a Larger City of some Half Million Folks.

And when All those Folks got Out onto the Streets of the City either to Go to Work or to Go Downtown to Shop or to Go get a Haircut or Whatever, Things got Pretty Crowded, I Tell You.

So One Day all the Wise Men of the City got together and Took Counsel, and Stroked their Gray Beards, and said:

*It is clear to everyone
That something must be done:
Downtown is strangling,
Traffic is mangling,
For parking spots we're wrangling,
The Future of our City depends on us!*

And so they Went out and Got Bulldozers and Wheelbarrows and Earthmovers and Shovels and Dug a Big trench through the Heart of the City and made a Huge Thoroughfare which

Ran from Downtown away out into the Puckerbrush in Every Direction; and then They Patted Each Other's Shoulders and went home, Satisfied that the Future of the City was Assured.

Well, Sir, things went on Apace, and the City grew and grew and More and More Cars poured into the Downtown, and More and More folks took Advantage of the Expressways to move out into the Boondocks, until of course the Boondocks weren't the Boondocks any more.

And pretty soon the City had a Million People, and the Situation which had been difficult for a Half-a-Million folks was now Impossible for a Million, and Progress Marched On, right?

So the Wise Men foregathered Once Again to Take Counsel, and Rubbed their Earlobes, and Said:

*Our dreaming every night
Is full of Urban Elight:
The Future of our City depends on us!*

And Priddy soon they Had Built themselves a Subway and Elevated system that ran from the Downtown away out in-

to the Boondocks in every Direction, and then Everybody felt Better.

Things went Along a Liddle Bedder for a while, then, because All sorts of People began to Hop the Rattler into Town and Leave their cars at Home, and the Expressways got a Good Deal Less Congested. And when the People Saw that the Expressways weren't as Locked Up with Cars, a Lot More of them Began to Move Out into What Usta Be the Boonies, and to Ride the Expressways and the Transit into Town.

And Priddy Soon they was Two Million People in and about the Metropolice, and the Expressways was Just as Crowded as Before and the Subway Looked like the BMT on a Rush Hour, and a situation Witch had been rough on a Halfmillion people and difficult for a Million people was Now Abominable for Two Million People.

Last we Heard, the Wise Men of the City was Planning a New Monorail, and a System of Helicopter Ports, and a Doubledeck Expressway, and Fifty New Bus Lines, and a Parking Garage as Big as the Pentagon Downtown. And everybody in the City was tryna Move Out to the Now Thickly Populated Boondocks so they could Take Advantage of all the Modren Transportation.

Moral: Some day We gotta get Organized.
—og, king of bashan

& the one that WON'T

Another conference on urban problems came and went last week.

"What Kind of City Do We Want?" asked the one-day conference at the Trinity Methodist Church, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Unfortunately, no one seemed to know. Calls for imagination, creativity and visionary thinking were the order of the day, but seemed to be more honored in the breach.

Participants were asked to "match concern with commitment." Indeed, there was no lack of concern; it virtually oozed. What was lacking was a willingness to go beyond cliches to radical, concrete action.

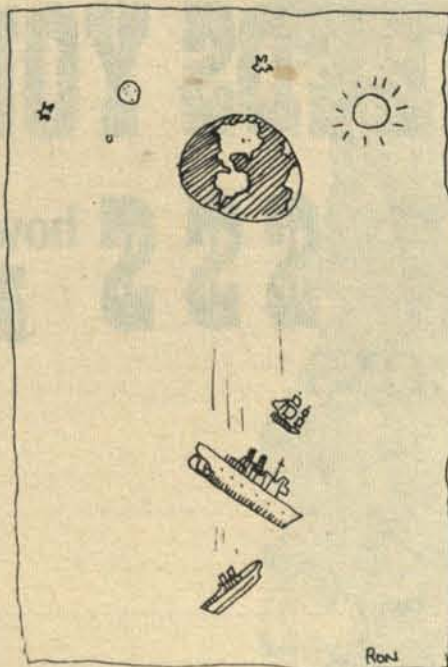
In neither the morning nor the afternoon plenary session did I hear any discussion of Vietnam, undoubtedly the greatest current barrier to urban renovation, or to militarism and imperialism, which are likely to postpone it indefinitely by siphoning off all available funds.

Nobody talked about the necessity of restraining the antisocial corporations which create urban problems in the first place, and leave the solutions to someone else (or no one). Nothing about higher minimum wages, guaranteed incomes, rent controls, socialized medical care.

Can they be serious?

Instead, participants were urged by conference chairman Mrs. Jacob M. Rothschild to "look into our hearts and see what we really want." Having done that, everyone was exhorted to "do our own thing."

Some of the workshops, in contrast to the platitudinous plenary sessions, did get down to the nitty-gritty.



One I attended on unfair business practices featured some plain talk about garnishment of employees' wages for creditors by such employers as Grady Hospital and the City of Atlanta; higher grocery prices in Vine City than in the suburbs; and the pro-business orientation of the Better Business Bureau.

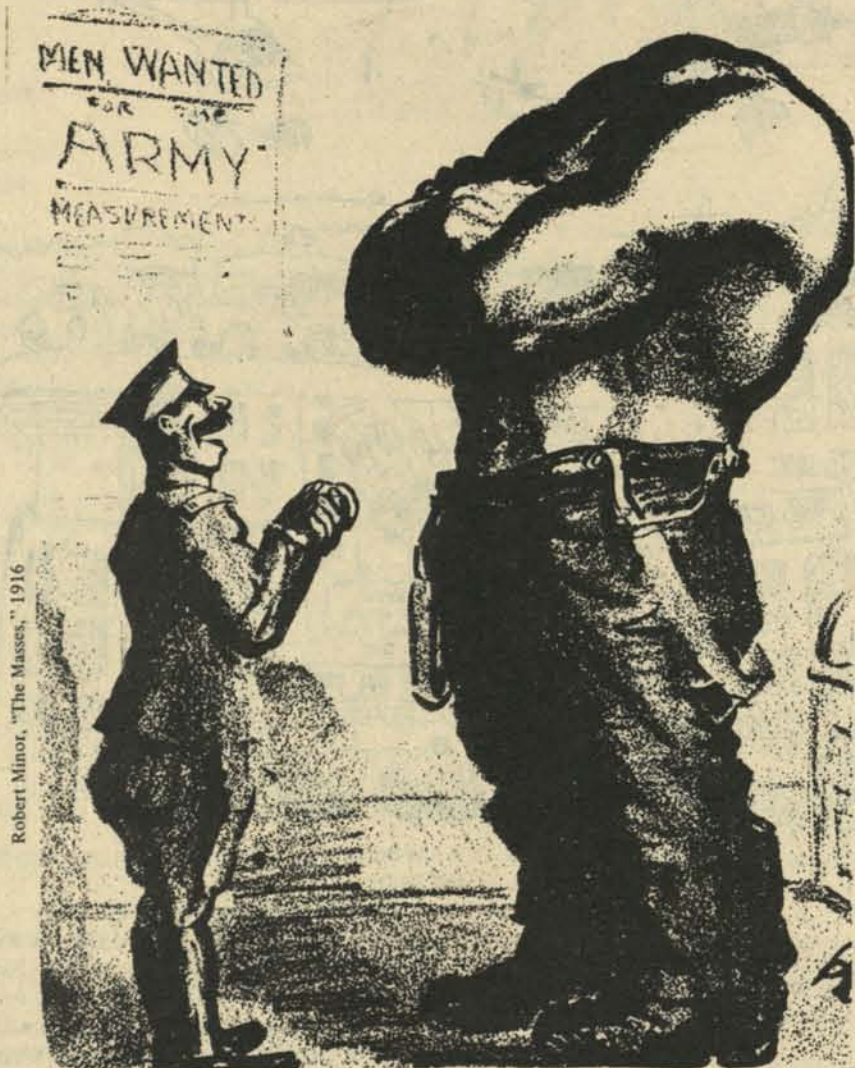
On the whole, however, the conscience-salving placidity of the day was strangely out of keeping with the turbulence of urban America outside. One participant suggested later that the day would have been better spent if we had all adjourned across the street to City Hall, where the finance committee was discussing next year's city budget.

Maynard Jackson's inspirational keynote speech had its moments. When he told about his black buddies who are convinced that "the only way is to get your gun, baby," you could've heard a molotov cocktail drop.

But although he clearly enjoyed titillating his timid, mostly-white audience, Jackson was as short on specifics as everyone else. He had plenty to say, however, about brotherhood, love, hope and hopelessness. Everybody agreed Polite applause.

In the benediction, the Rev. Ken Jones prayed that "the dreams of a better city" would be realized. But if the Great Urban Planner only helps those who help themselves, the answer to that prayer will be a long time a-coming.

—bob goodman



Robert Minor, "The Masses," 1916

ARMY MEDICAL EXAMINER: "At last a perfect soldier!"

increased. In some instances they have been in direct opposition to the war effort by virtue of draining manpower and equipment away from other tasks. With the buildup of US military actions in Vietnam, civil rights disorders and riots have escalated. Dissident publications directed toward military personnel have increased tremendously. Free universities, schools for conscientious objectors, and various other schools or programs under the direction or influence of communists have been organized. Their purpose has been to sow discontent or disaffection among military personnel. Dissident organizations have provided increased financial and legal aid to military personnel who are under disciplinary action for participating in such activities.

"To counter these subversive influences, the US Army has placed great emphasis on our security programs and also upon other programs designed to orient or counsel individuals. The aim is to prevent you, your family or your friends from becoming involved in situations which make you and yours susceptible targets for hostile intelligence or which may involve you in subversive or dissident activities. Character guidance, moral and religious training, disciplinary training and practices, good personnel administration and other programs help reduce the factors which create unfavorable circumstances which may be exploited by hostile intelligence or dissident factions."

Reprinted from *Mayday*, No. 3

SUBVERSIVES

Last week's *Bird* contained an account of the treatment being given Pfc. Edwin L. Glover at Fort Benning. A *Constitution* reporter went down to check it out. Brass very uptight; tried to give the reporter the run-around, etc. Brass so scared that they dropped all restrictions on Glover—for the time being anyway.

Pfc. Donald Pyle told me that a "Free Speech Movement" was getting under way at Benning. Pyle and other GIs are working on getting Pfc. Larry Darby out of the stockade. They are also trying to get a review of the court-martial of Darby and Pyle.

Pfc. Bruce L. Petersen, a founder and editor of Fort Hood's underground paper, *The Fatigue Press*, was found guilty of possession of marijuana in a general court-martial on November 5. Sentence: eight years at hard labor and a dishonorable discharge. No evidence of pot was presented by the Army. It supposedly was destroyed during microscopic "analysis."

Friends of Petersen are trying to obtain a congressional investigation of Fort Hood, and to bring pressure to bear while the case is appealed. Telegrams of protest should be sent to Lt. Gen. Beverly Powell, Commander, III Corps, Ft. Hood, Texas. Without outside pressure, Petersen will be railroaded for sure.

One last note: in the past two years in the Army alone there have been over 190,000 AWOLs. Dig it!

—steve wise

TARGET - DISSIDENTS and

The Eighth Army Command in Korea is worried about disruption and desertion within the army. "Subversive and dissident elements, both foreign and domestic, have for many years attempted to subvert or influence military personnel in order to further world-wide communist aims," says "Target-You!", a 10-page fact sheet especially prepared for the troops and distributed last month.

With a fine historical and analytical eye, the document explains the depths of the disloyalty: "As our Nation's war effort in Vietnam has escalated, so have anti-Vietnam activities. Recent months have seen an increased number of incidents of disaffection, defection, subversion and disloyalty by American military personnel. Typical of these incidents have been AWOL, desertion, refusal to serve in Vietnam or to obey orders, distribution of subversive litera-

ture, and participation in public demonstrations against U.S. government policies.

"As our involvement in Vietnam was stepped-up, we also noted increased efforts in opposition to U.S. policies. These organized efforts were apparent throughout the US and in many areas of the world. Nearly all of these actions were led, instigated or fostered by the communist party apparatus.

"Many organizations or committees were formed under anti-war, anti-military, anti-ROTC, and anti-Vietnam banners to influence US policy abroad. Under the civil rights and racial banners, other groups were formed to influence US policies at home, thus diverting resources and personnel from Vietnam to internal troubles.

"In recent months, civil rights demonstrations have

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
354-360 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

ATLANTA 'instant negro' U.

(Editor's note: On November 6, black male students from the Atlanta University Center ejected a white public speaking teacher who allegedly had called a black student a "jackass" from a Spelman College classroom.

Mrs. Justine Giannetti later admitted using the word, but said she was not sure whether she had referred to the student, who had questioned her competence, or to the student's remarks. Some students promptly labeled the remark racist; Mrs. Giannetti said it had no racial connotations.

Coinciding as it did with the culmination of a wide-ranging student protest movement against various college policies, the incident raised in striking fashion two of the issues which are agitating the A.U. center colleges today: the creation of truly Black schools, and the role of white teachers in them.

This is the first of two articles on these issues by Bird writer Bob Goodman, who taught at Morehouse College, one of six schools in the AU Center, between 1966 and 1968. He is white.)

Three hand-drawn cartoons are on display in a store window near the Atlanta University Center. They are not meant to be funny.

The first is the traditional three monkeys of hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil fame. The chimps are named Middleton, Henderson and Manley for the presidents of Morris Brown, Clark and Spelman colleges, scenes of recent student revolts. Their corpulent hulks are perched on pedestals labeled "black students at Morris Brown/Clark/Spelman colleges."

In the second, a sharp, snappily-dressed Manley is behind the wheel of the latest model "pimpmobile," a \$-emblem prominent on the hood. Buildings in the background are labeled Spelman College and Rocky Hall, after the white millionaire family which has heavily subsidized the college. Manley is trying to pick up a miniskirted black girl, presumably a Spelman coed; but she will have none of it.

The third might have been entitled "Blackman's Progress." A black freshman has come from the ghetto with a bag labeled "support of the black community." Arrows trace his progress through the Atlanta University Brainwashing Center, and he emerges across the page as a considerably whitened freak, his bag now labeled "support of white community \$\$\$."

Taken together, these cartoons graphically illustrate the black radical critique of the existing Negro college.

It is the place, the radicals say, where the black youth is emasculated, lobotomized, and whitened in preparation for the subordinate, passive role he will occupy in white society.

It is the place where the black man is cut off from his people, who so desperately need his talents in their liberation struggle; the place where he barter away his black heritage for the white man's dollars.

It is the place where the black youth will be required to study European history, white literature, classical music, Aristotle, Descartes and Locke, French impressionism and cubism, Shakespeare and Emerson; while Black history, literature, art and music will either be electives, not offered at all, or sandwiched between white material.

Here he (and especially she) will learn the etiquette which must be mastered to make it in the white man's world—how to dress, sit, eat, keep one's fingernails clean, how long to wear one's hair, how to make bland and inoffensive small talk.

It is here, in short, that the black youth will be launched on the road of no return into the white man's world, other alternatives having been concealed from him by the racist whites and Tomish Negro administrators who control the college. So say the radicals.

There is no question that the Negro college occupies a strategic position in the black youth's transition from rural South or urban ghetto to the corporate, governmental, and educational bureaucracies in which many, perhaps most, will eventually find a place. This has become even more true as racial barriers to educated middle-class blacks have fallen in recent years.

But the strength of the small but increasingly organized black radical opposition, those students who would like to replace Whitey's Service Station with truly Black schools, is also growing.

The movement for Black colleges, like the development of Black consciousness generally over the past few

years, is a reactive and profound turning inward. Students who a few years ago might have been sitting-in at Woolworth's, riding Freedom Buses through the white South or registering sharecroppers to vote in Whitey's elections increasingly feel that the revolution must begin at home.

While not renouncing the long-range goal of transforming American society at large, immediate tactics have turned more and more to securing the flank—the supposedly black institutions which are not really black. According to their strategy, once reformed, these black institutions could become both centers of Afro-American culture, and bases of power from which blacks could operate to change the larger society.

But the task of transforming the Negro college into a Black one will not be easy, for powerful interests are at work to integrate it even more closely into white America.

Foundations, federal bureaus, and boards of trustees, for instance, all major sources of money for the existing institutions, are top-heavy with white liberals and black conservatives who hope to push the Negro colleges toward integration.

Recruiters from corporations, government and social service agencies in search of "instant Negroes" are increasingly common on the campuses, and further reinforce the status quo.

In view of these forces, it is not surprising that the college administrators frequently reaffirm their commitment to integration and their opposition to "exclusionist" policies. They now talk of the "predominantly Negro" colleges, a semantic trick which does not reflect any objective change in the racial composition of student bodies from the "Negro" colleges of ten years ago, but conjures up an image more in keeping with the hopes of their white benefactors.

These administrators want to retain the integration of their faculties, which is considerable (although they are often personally ambivalent toward white teachers); and they are on record as favoring the admission of white students, who are now, and are likely to remain for the foreseeable future, a tiny minority at the AU Center schools.

What the radicals want was recently spelled out in an uncompromising, eleven-point position paper of the anonymous Ad Hoc Committee for a Black University. (An older black professor at Morehouse, also prominent in the city-wide Negro power structure, told me he thought it "ungentlemanly" that the paper was not signed. This symbolizes the gulf as well as anything.)

The Ad Hoc Committee demanded a Black curriculum; more college involvement in the problems of the sur-

rounding black community; more relevant cultural activities (and the abolition of such irrelevant ones as the appearances of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra); student control (51% representation) on various committees and the boards of trustees; disarming and eventually abolishing the AU Security Force; abolition of compulsory curfew, dress and chapel rules; and the admission to Center colleges of blacks who have been active in the Black Liberation movement—such as Cleveland Sellers, who was recently denied admission to Clark.

The paper did not call for the abolition of all non-black courses or the firing of all white teachers—demands which are occasionally voiced around the Center.

Another potentially explosive point the paper did not mention is the question of white students. It did call, however, for a re-orientation of student exchange programs toward other Black, African or Third World institutions, or toward Black student unions on white campuses.

This seems to be a direct reaction to the appearance at Spelman this year of a large contingent of white exchange students from a Northern women's college.

In fact, the question of white students could prove to be the most explosive one of all if, for some reason, whites should start seeking and gaining admission in large numbers. I have talked to more than one student who came to Morehouse because he wanted to be in a black environment, and I suspect there are many students who would not stand idly by if their administrators tried to integrate on more than a token basis.

(Even tokenism has its strains. At a mass student meeting called for a vote on proposed reforms during Spelman's recent upheaval, the college's only full-time white student was refused a copy of the proposals. This could be a sign of things to come.)

Between the radical standard of 100% Blackness and the status quo there are, of course, almost as many shadings of opinion as there are students. Some favor adding black courses but keeping traditional ones. Some want more black teachers without firing white ones. There are students who dislike some white teachers on racial grounds but like others. To still other students, Black consciousness means no more than wearing an 'Afro. And so forth.

Some dismiss the radicals as a tiny minority, which is true (at this point). Arguing in this vein, however, misses the more important point that the radicals have now seized the initiative in the ongoing debate to the point that their ideas set the tone of the whole. They provide the standard against which the vast and usually apathetic majority of

continued on page 18



From the other side of the Tracks

'the war begins'



Photo by David Gahr

White middle-class America now has a President it can call its own. This is the middle-class America of people who have "pulled themselves up by their bootstraps." It is the middle-class America of the Puritan virtue of all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but so what? It is the middle-class America of housing subdivisions midway between the cities and the suburbs, the middle-class America of rectangular lawns that are mowed on Saturday morning and car washing in the driveway on Saturday afternoon and a drive out in the country on Saturday evening. It is a respectable world of people who believe in the system, because the system worked for them.

Richard and Pat Nixon, Spiro and Judy Agnew are model representatives of this world. Each of them came from backgrounds that were poor, but they struggled, they worked, they sacrificed and they made it. They not only cannot understand black America, Spanish America, poor white America, they resent the insistent and angry demands these people make. Spiro Agnew cannot understand that it doesn't matter a damn that his father was a Greek immigrant who conquered the odds he faced. Agnew's father

had a white skin and in America, that matters.

The new leaders of the "free world" are not only incapable of understanding the dispossessed, they are incapable of understanding the young white people who have fought against the system. These young people have grown up with the advantages the Nixons and Agnews did not have. Nixon probably resents them the most. He grew up resenting them, as any poor boy resents those who are better off economically. Those who elected Nixon resent them also.

Nixon was not elected by the people of America's large cities. As Murray Kempton wrote in the *New York Post* on Nov. 6, "there seems to be no city larger than Peoria from which he has not been beaten back; he is the President of every place in this country which does not have a bookstore." While Kempton's statement has a touch of Gene McCarthy intellectual snobbery in it, it contains much truth.

The people of rural, small-town America are ill equipped to understand the social upheavals of the past eight years, but it is they who have elected the man who is going to have to deal with it. Many of these people and certain segments of the large cities flirted with George Wallace for a while. But they decided to try Nixon's "cool" approach to fascism rather than Wallace's "hot" one. (Yes, it was an election that could be understood from a McLuhanistic analysis rather than a Marxist one.) They decided to see if Nixon could restore the country to Mother and God before they opted for a Wallace.

This became very clear in the Congressional races. It was expected that the country's swing to the right would be most apparent in Republicans coming to power in the House. This never materialized. It was almost as if the country were saying, "Let's wait and see. Let's go halfway. Maybe that'll be all that's necessary."

And maybe it will be. The left is in a state of disarray and frustration. At such a time, it has begun to show a tendency of activism for the sake of activism. This does not necessarily mean that it's the correct thing to do politically. People are getting busted all over the country in acts which mean little, and are no longer getting 30 days for disorderly conduct. Those days are over. The man is playing for keeps now.

The question can even be raised of whether or not there exists anything called "the movement." There is a vast

body of frustration coupled with radical sentiment which is, in the main, oriented toward demonstrations. Is there, however, a body of people organized to build a movement that can have, for example, the effect upon unions which the Communist Party had from the 1930's until McCarthy in the 1950's? ("Aw, whadda you mean? The Communist Party? It's irrelevant.") Is there a body of people organized to build a movement that can have the impact which the International Workers of the World had? ("The IWW? Yeah, they were groovy.") The left isn't even as well organized as the Democratic Party in its present state of disarray.

The only way out of this dilemma, of course, is to start building cadres of organizers. America presently thinks that the left, blacks and the war in Vietnam are its main problems. Such is not the case. We only know America's problems as they affect us—the draft, spiritual malaise, etc. But America's problems have only begun, given the increasing number of labor strikes, the current New York City school crisis and the new consciousness it is bringing to the liberal middle class.

What's going to happen when the war in Vietnam is over and those GIs finally come home? After all, the biggest employer in America is the Pentagon. What happens when a half million men reenter an economy which is already unable to provide enough jobs?

The left has reached a point where it must either find a way to evolve to a new level of political activity or die. The past eight years have had a fantastic impact upon the country and the country has responded with reforms and now, with repression.

Possibly one answer lies in a direction in which few wish to look. The liberals, having been in power for almost eight years, are now out. It is a mistake to think that they, who have so seldom tasted power, will accept their defeat calmly. Maybe they will, but if Murray Kempton, a liberal Democrat, is any indication, maybe they won't. He ends his column of Nov. 6 thus: "Richard Nixon occupies us. If that is the name of the game, that is the game we will play. This morning a battle slumps exhaustedly to its end. This afternoon the war begins. To the knife."

Maybe that means nothing more than let's start working for Ted Kennedy in '72. Maybe it means something else. We have nothing to lose by trying to find out.

—julius lester
(reprinted from the *Guardian*, radical news weekly, NYC)

BLOODSUCKERS

Herbert Fuller is an American promoter who wants to set up a \$10 million sugar mill in South Vietnam. He is a "fervent believer in South Vietnam's future."

Unfortunately, the people who live there do not want him or need him and his sugar mill. So he is waiting for American bombs and napalm to get rid of them:

"When the troops arrive to clear the area, as they sooner or later must, this American capitalist will literally be one step behind them. . . 'I am in it for the money,' Fuller says. 'We could get back our investment in two years.'"

Much has been written about the political and military stakes in South Vietnam; little about the economic prize. Yet this is a very important factor. You cannot understand fully what is going on there unless you know it. It is a sordid story, a ghoulish story of those who seek profit out of the death of others, from the small-scale pimp to the international billionaires. The main victims are the Vietnamese themselves. There "life is cheap" the U.S. military values it at \$34 per head.

The Vietnamese know what is going on, but many Americans do not. And many Americans do not know that they also are victims of this war—potential battlefield victims and actual economic victims of the same people who profiteer in Vietnam. American "lives are precious." The U.S. contractors operating in Vietnam insure their American supervisors and foremen for \$50,000 each. But it is worthwhile, since American corporations, including these contractors, are getting \$10 billion extra profits a year out of American labor on account of the Vietnam War.

Equally stressed is its political importance. The war fought by the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front against the United States is the largest scale contest ever fought by a small people against a great power—one with the world's largest industry, Navy and Air Force. Administration spokesmen regard it as a test. If the U.S. wins, it

will, presumably, show potential guerrillas they do not have a chance, and strengthen pro-U.S. forces in every other poor country. President Johnson, for example, pointed to the anti-Communist coup in Indonesia [in which 300,000—plus were slaughtered] as a fruit of the U.S. "standing firm" in Vietnam.

Without underestimating the importance of military and political factors, it is the purpose of this pamphlet to concentrate on the economic. All three are inextricably tied together. The economic factors are least known to the general public, most obscured in official publicity. Yet they are the underlying driving force of U.S. policy in the Far East, and have been since Admiral Perry's armada steamed into Japanese waters to open that kingdom up to American traders.

POLITICIANS GIVE THE GAME AWAY

The United States was in Vietnam financially for years before it entered militarily. It was helping France keep Vietnam and the other countries of Indochina in colonial bondage. After the French were beaten the United States took over the fight, in the name of the supposedly independent government of South Vietnam.

In 1953—before the French gave up—President Eisenhower explained why the United States was spending so much to help them. He was addressing the Annual Conference of Governors, hard-boiled politicians who could understand a realistic approach. This speech is worth quoting at length:

"You have seen the war in Indochina described variously as an outgrowth of French colonialism and the French refusal to treat indigenous populations decently. You find it yet described as a war between the Communists and the other elements in Southeast Asia, but you have a confused idea of where is located Laos or Cambodia or any other countries that are involved.



by Leal Jimenez, in *El Caiman Barbudo/LNS-NY*
"You don't know really why we are so concerned with the far-off southeast corner of Asia. Why is it?"

"... Now let us assume that we lose Indochina. If Indochina goes, several things happen right away. The Malay Peninsula, the last little bit of land hanging on down there, would be scarcely defensible. The tin and tungsten we so greatly value from that area would cease coming. . .

"All of that position around there is very ominous to the United States, because finally if we lost all that, how would the free world hold the rich empire of Indonesia?"
continued on page 17

paschall: HEALTHFARE

According to the *Sunday Journal-Constitution*, a recent survey of health needs and concerns found that "nearly half—49%—of the poor interviewed said they suffer from nervous tension in lives plagued by worries over money, insecurity and health problems . . . while one-third of the affluent (with incomes of more than \$10,000 and some college education) reported unusual nervous tensions." The poor were also found to have "three times as much serious illness as the population as a whole," and—surprise—they worry about the rising cost of health care.

With all due respect to social science and scientific methods and the need for research, one day somebody is going to make a survey and come up with the finding that the poor have less money than the affluent!

Interestingly enough, it was the Blue Cross Association which made the survey and is now conversing with the National Model Cities program about participation. Blue Cross is private and non-profit, but I resent their taking the fat fee I pay them every three months to make a survey like that.

Anybody who thinks twice, or even once, would catch on that sick children do not go to school, that hungry children do not learn well, that adults who had little or no medical or dental care during childhood are likely to develop chronic ailments which automatically (because of insurance risks) exclude them from jobs, and that it would be cheaper and more efficient to provide basic medical and dental care for everybody than to have all these categories and programs.

In England, everybody is covered by the National Health Service as a public service, not as an insurance system, just as here everybody is included in public schools as a public service. In England there are private schools and you may spend your money for them if you choose to, but the public system provides for all. The same way with medical and dental services (not covered by any of the three health insurance plans I pay high premiums for) in the U.K., and anybody who is there for six months or longer is entitled to it. Emergency care is provided for everybody and anybody . . . repeat . . . everybody and anybody . . . period.

Before anybody tells me how many doctors are leaving the U.K. for the U.S. because they don't earn enough, let me remind you that *nobody* in the U.K. earns enough according to our income standards. Also I doubt if there's any greater shortage of doctors there than here.

You are free to choose your own doctor or dentist just as you do here. If you don't like him, you may say so and select another. Few GPs make office appointments, but—listen to this—they spend the greater part of the day making house calls! They think it's bad practice for sick people to go out to the doctor's office!

There, everybody pays a health tax of some kind, but so do we here. I pay far more in health insurance premiums than I do in property tax. (Think I'll suggest to Blue Cross that they survey their clients to find out what percentage of their income goes for medical costs, compared with other costs). My payments still do not cover everything, like dentists' and oculists' bills.

It's sad that middle class liberals who're trying to teach The Poor to use their power and control their own destinies are as scared to use their own power to control their destinies as any group going. If deminstration is an effective method of teaching, perhaps we could teach more self-respect and self-government by doing it than by urging others to do it.

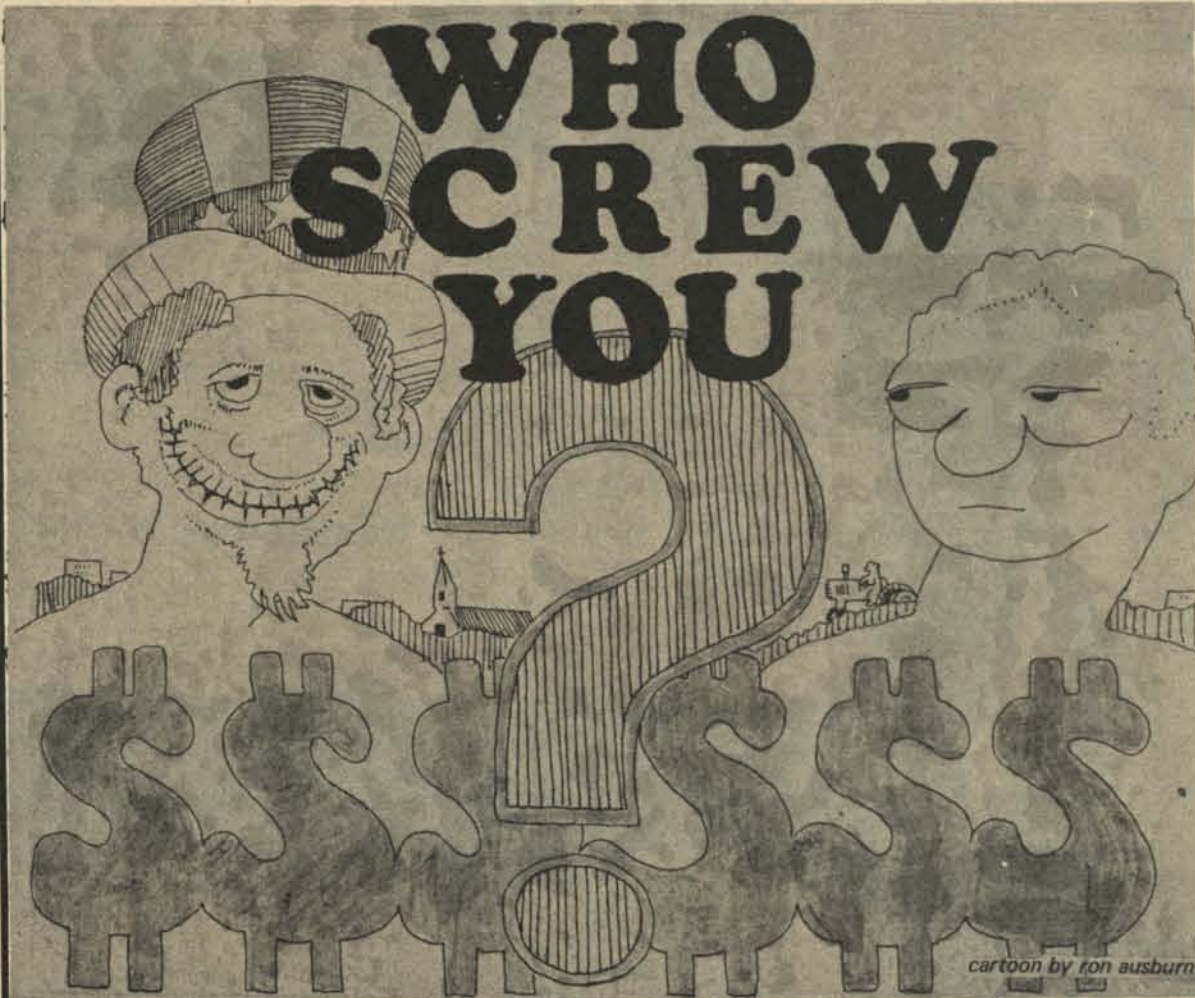
The usual cynical excuse for not doing anything about medical care is that "you'd never get the doctors to agree." Doctors have agreed elsewhere. I'm optimistic enough to believe there are more doctors interested in health than in money. In this day of self-examination, it's time to ask the medical profession to put up or shut up . . . and it's time to make ourselves put up or shup up talking to other people about how they should become self-reliant and independent.

—eliza paschall



ORIENTAL
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When you holler "Rape!" it seems you'd have an idea about who's doing it. Not so.

It's hard, lately, to avoid the auditory assault of loud mouths continually bleating about "the government's giveaway program." One hears, "Let the lazy bastards work for a living. Why should I support them? Socialism! Communism!" and on and on, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. I would address myself to anyone still witless enough to buy this crap. What is the issue?

Oh, yes—"Minimum wage." "Guaranteed income." "Support for illegitimate brats." I know. Spare me this. Please.

You spend your limited energy spewing out phrases like some pawn-parrot, put in your mouth by The Manipulators. They have used your impressionable little mind to control you, to bleed you, to screw you. Yes, Dad, you can feel it, but you don't know where it's coming from. You think The Poor have some giant lobby in Congress.

Question: Have you ever written *one letter* to an agency of the Federal government, or any institution from which you can obtain factual information on welfare? Have you read one unbiased report? Have you even talked to someone who knew?

Oh, no! You can't be bothered to get off your ass to examine this. You can't work that atrophied shell of pus on top of your neck enough to think it out. You get your information over a drink at the Club. You deserve to be screwed!

The U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare makes the following figures available for the fiscal year ending Dec. 31, 1967. Total Federal funds for public assistance were \$4,213,207,000. This is what you're calling Welfare, Sport. Four billion bucks out of a total H & W budget of something near fifty billion.

But forget that! I'll forget it with you. I'll sympathize with you. For as long as I can remember I've had my ass in gear sixty or more hours a week, hauling it, to earn a living and better myself. I don't want any lazy bastards cutting into my pie, either. I'm with you here.

I do have enough conscience remaining and believe strongly enough in the sanctity of life to share with those who *cannot* live a decent life in our system:

But forget that, too! Read Ann Rind (rind=garbage). Ann Rind says, "Selfishness is a virtue." Okay. Let's all be selfish s.o.b.'s.

Who's getting our piece? The shiftless and indigent? With their big lobby? You *can't* be that dense. Come on, who's getting it?

Do oilmen pay income tax? Sure. The dumb ones do up to several hundred dollars a year, the poor devils. The smart ones don't have to suffer like that. Some, with incomes from \$2,000,000 to \$26,000,000 a year are *getting money back*. Yes Friend, some of them are laughing all the way to the bank with *allowances* of \$200,000 to \$800,000 a year. And Slick Dick has told them he'll see that it *stays* that way.

Standard Oil of New Jersey is wealthier than most *nations* in the world. They pay about 8% income tax.

One top tax authority estimates that if all the oil holes were plugged, we'd be \$6,000,000,000 to the good. (Say, that's more than all the Welfare put together. Goes to show there *are* some lobbies bigger than the Vagrant's Assoc.)

Ever read the First Amendment? Says something about the church and government not getting in bed together. ". . . no law respecting an establishment of religion." Now, when the boys in robes and sashes own \$79,500,000, 000 worth of property in our fair land, that's interesting, wouldn't you say?

Church buildings? Christ, no! Banana plantations, steamship lines, airlines, oil companies (Oho!), aircraft companies, steel companies, etc, etc. . . The Jesuits own 51% of the Bank of America.

At local current rates, the taxes on their real property alone would be over \$4,000,000,000. Gosh, that's the amount the Poor Lobby is raking out, isn't it? Do you suppose the churches make any profit on their holdings? Wonder what the tax on all that would come to?

Ever take a peek at what our red-white-and-mad candidates spend getting engineered into the driver's seat? Forget all the little guys who piddle in the hundreds of thousands. Statesmen think in seven figures. Some Congressmen and Senators spend several millions doing their thing. In 1964 our two main presidential aspirants (sic) spent over \$55,000,000. Where does it come from?

In a recent *Playboy* interview, U.S. Rep. Morris K. Udall stated: "And by virtue of this sick and dangerous system, much of it will come from special-interest groups with an ax to grind."

Who they? Gee, I don't know. Maybe some kinda oil companies or somethin'.

For some obscure reason Congress last year passed a bill allowing American Motors a special-aid subsidy to the tune of \$20,000,000. Who pays? Don't tell me! Please.

Let's just insert a sentence here about \$30,000,000, 000 a year (seven times the amount of Welfare costs) to support a cartel of Asian gangsters (that's just the one in Viet Nam) and to massacre thousands of peasants who want to farm.

Oh, speaking of farms—*U.S. News and World Report* says we're going to give \$6,000,000,000 to farmers in 1969. Good or bad? Well, in 1967 42.7% of our farmers had incomes of less than \$2500. They needed that dough. They got 4.5% of it.

Landholders with earnings of over \$20,000 a year (10% of our tillers of the soil) got 54.5% of it. The J.G. Boswell Company of Arizona grabbed over \$4,000,000 of it. Another Arizona corporation made off with \$2,800,000.

While the poor camped in Resurrection City, Congress was killing a bill which would have limited such subsidies and saved you and me over \$6,000,000,000 a year.

Them pore ol' farmers' tax returns for fiscal 1964-1965 showed that with a gross income of \$4,300,000,000,

continued on page 17

there are those who can tell you
how to make molotov cocktails, flamethrowers,
bombs, whatever
you might be needing
find them and learn, define
your aim clearly, choose your ammo
with that in mind.

it is not a good idea to tote a gun
or knife
unless you are proficient in its use
all swords are two-edged, can be used against you
by anyone who can get 'em away from you

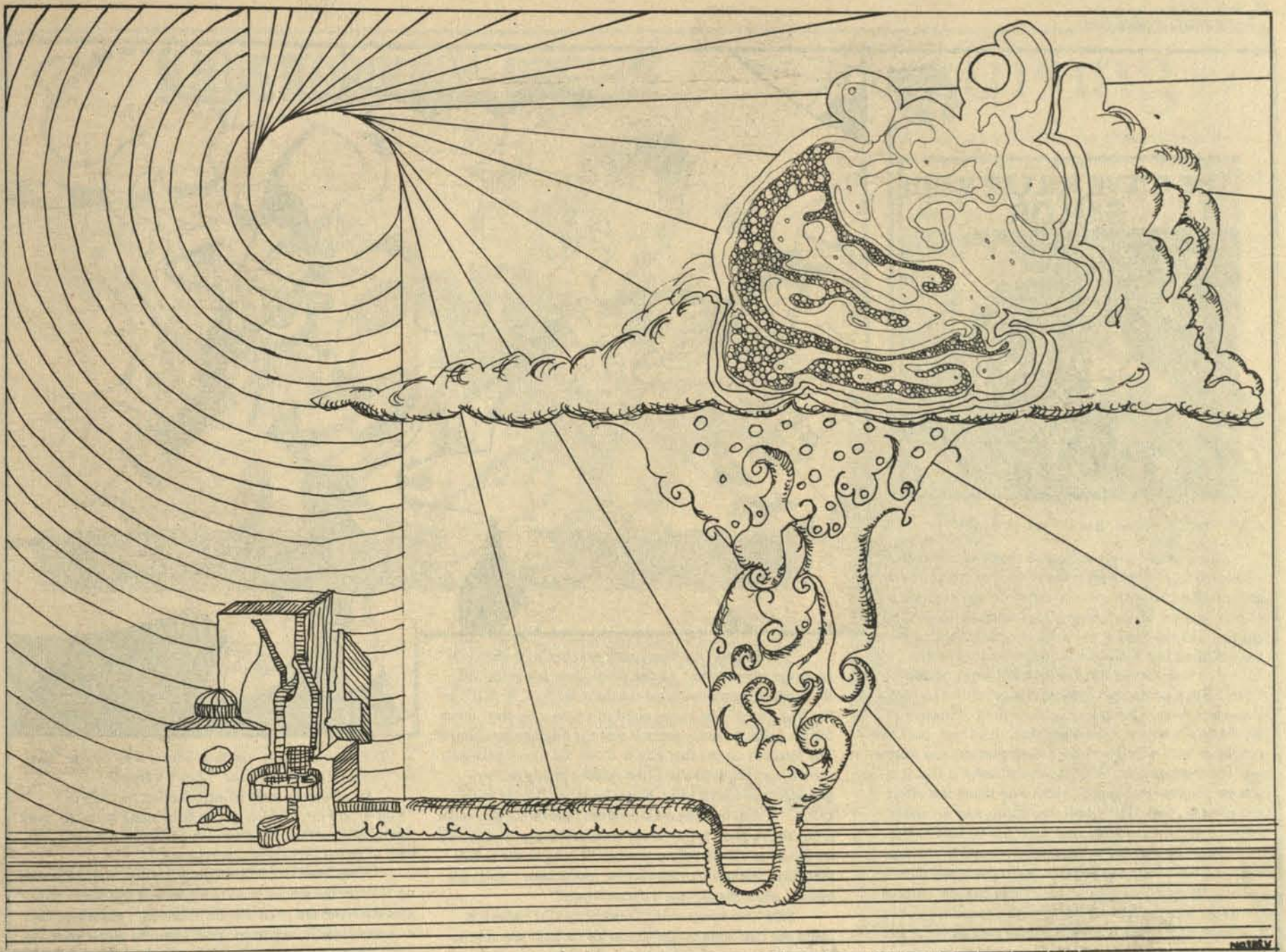
It is
possible even on the east coast
to find an isolated place for target practice
success
will depend mostly on your state of mind:
meditate, pray, make love, be prepared
at any time, to die

but don't get uptight: the guns
will not win this one, they are
an incidental part of the action
which we better damn well be good at,
what will win
is mantras,
the sustenance we give each other
the energy we plug into

(the fact that we touch
share food)
the buddha nature
of everyone, friend and foe, like a million
earthworms
tunneling under this structure
till it falls

diane di prima
june 1968

17029
BARBARA BROZIK
1968



ECHOES part I

The weather touts are out . . . from the four corners of the world comes reports, the composite weather eye, recording the state of the atmosphere for future playback:

mild and cooler clearing clouds, scattered showers, sunny and warm, hot, humid, snow and sleet.

gentle rain gloating on the taut nylon, a still coolness like some universal blue ice block, snow drifts gesturing angrily at their source, hail, eyeballs exploding against their target, fog, like a cloak for the evil chill, laying on a frosted field, one huge cloud obscuring the heavens save for drifting blue holes thru which men and gods exchange glances, the sun sliding thru treetops to spotlight a twig, a leaf and a scarlet beetle, violent gale, its vicious spittle crawling on the outer wall seeking entry, the black phallus funnel sucking essence from its mother and tossing back unwanted toys, an effluvial mist sent forth by the jealous moon, wet, damp, dry frozen, the overhead ocean about to fall, the fist of a hated hurricane smashing a wooden enemy, wild, sweet snow kissing my lips the aftertaste of a mythical nectar, thunder roaring overhead, pulled behind the flash of fire, grumbling satisfaction as it intimidates lesser creations, the stillness of space floating down at sunset, golden leaves in the wind teaching birds to fly, the dreadful peace after storm when the tally is taken, the unhappy marriage of snow and rain dissolved by the warm earth, fair and mild, cool, cold like the well digger's asshole in january. (this weather is to be inserted in future communications when needed.)

ECHOES part II

PHLIPOUTS

The following is a list of serious mental disorders . . . imbalances caused by stress . . . the potentials exist in all of us, they are exaggerations of 'normalacy' . . . tendencies revealed under various psychomimetic experiences . . . score one point for each. 5 or more, you are probably institutionalized so everything is cool. 3-4 stay the fuck away from me, 2 phreak, 1 the streets belong to the people, but look-out for the boogeyman.

Disease	Description	Phlipouts		
		open	close	change
Abarognosis	loss of sense of weight	48	56%	+8%
Acrophobia	fear of heights	123	125%	+2%
Agorophobia	fear of open places	25	24%	- %
Ammeophobia	fear of wind	33%	37%	+4
Androphobia	fear of men	62%	64%	+2%

Anthophobia	of flowers	112	115	+3
Aphenophobia	of being touched	511	512%	+1%
Bathophobia	of high objects	6	7%	+1%
Cainotophobia	of anything new	1623	1621%	- 1%
Dextrophobia	of things on the right	14%	12%	- 2
Domatophobia	of houses	3	3	0
Ergophobia	of work	11543	11552	+9
Erotophobia	of sexual love	57	54%	- 2%
Gymnophobia	of nakedness	72%	73%	+ %
Haphiphobia	of contact	12	13	+1
Heliophobia	of sunlight	14	15%	+1%
Kenophobia	of empty spaces	16	17%	+1%
Macropodia	unusually large feet	18	19	+2
Mettallophobia	fear of metals	20	20%	+ %
Neophobia	of anything new	22%	23	+ %
Noctophobia	of night	24	23	- 1
Nyctophobia	of darkness	26	24%	- 1%
Ochlophobia	of crowds	28	31	+3
Odynophobia	of pain	30	32	+2
Oikophobia	of home	32	31	- 1
Onomatomania	compulsion to repeat words	67	68%	+1%
Onomatomania	compulsion to repeat words	34%	32%	- 2
Panophobia	fear of everything in general	43	43	0
Paraterisomania	compulsion to see new sights	67%	67%	- %
Pseudocyesis	imaginary pregnancy	91	96%	+5%
Rypophobia	fear of filth	101	105	+4
Scopophobia	fear of being seen	231	245	+14
Sebastomania	religious insanity	1123	1111	- 12
Stastophobia	fear of standing up	37	39%	+2%
Xenophobia	fear of strangers	901	1110	+209
Zoantropy	belief that one is an animal	53%	53	- %

*Phigures represent numbers of persons institutionalized based upon independent projections of local symptoms.

STEREO
THE STEVE MILLER BAND
SAILOR



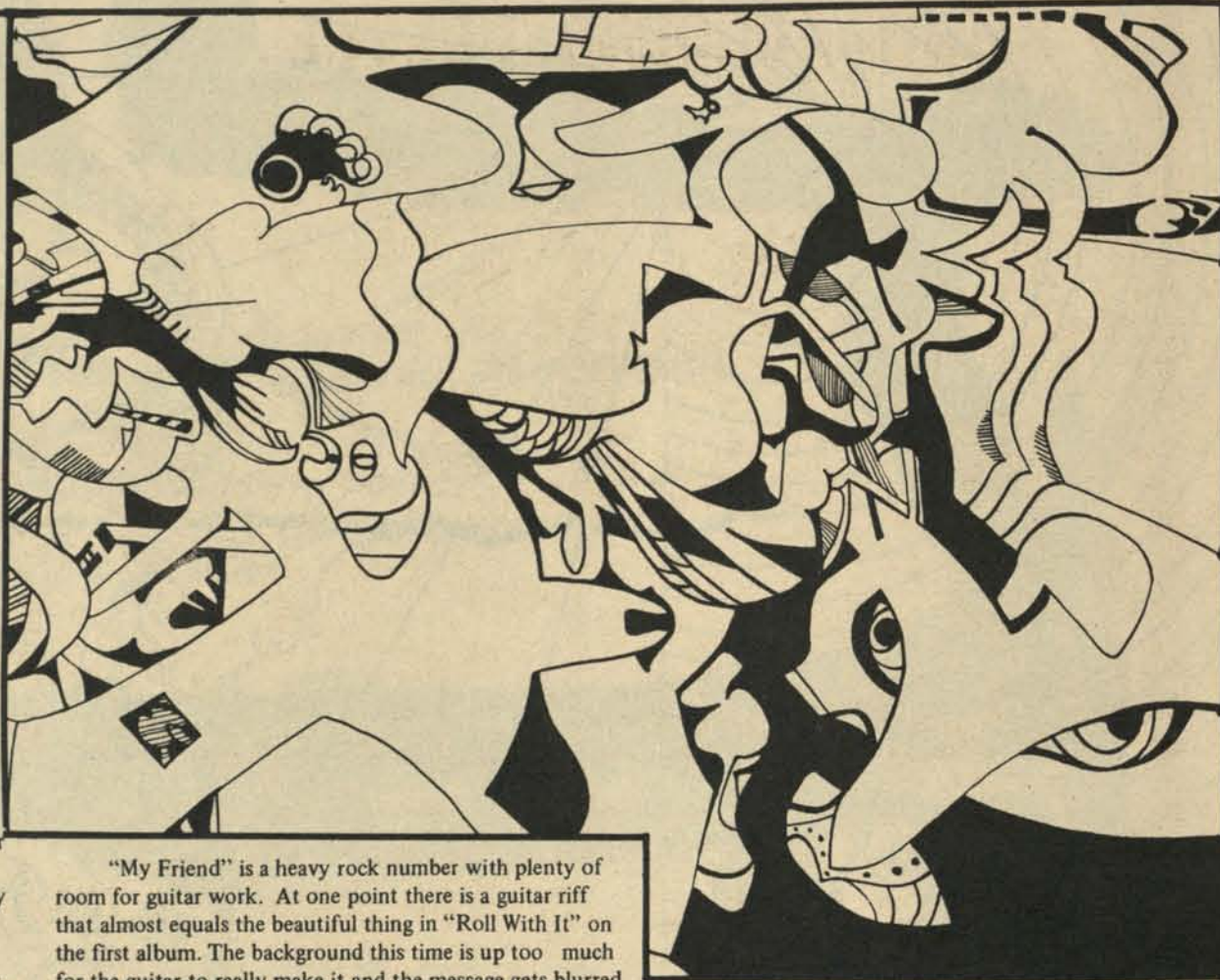
Sailor, The Steve Miller Band (Capitol, ST 2984)

There once was a band called the Steve Miller Band, who came from somewhere, out of the present and future and into the past with a record called *Children of the Future*, and we were all happy. And while we listened to the past and the *Future*, the present emerged with another record called *Sailor*, and once again we are all happy.

The Steve Miller Band is tight and together and truly a band. They go through musical changes with ease, precision and grace. They not only make lines of music but fill the spaces between them and make it all one. And the simplicity with which they do it is astonishing and reassuring. The most exciting thing about the *Sailor* is that it gets you farther than most albums with much less effort and complication. The words, the music, and the musicians are together and one, and what else is there to do?

Sailor opens with an ocean and fog and horns and ships and bells and wind and rain and musical weather called a "Song For Our Ancestors." Weather and harbors are things that the Miller Band is made of, and it's not so much a matter of the Band using them well, as it is knowing how to become one with them and add to their beauty. "Song For Our Ancestors" is reminiscent of Miller's first album and is smooth and powerful at once.

"Dear Mary" is simple and beautiful and an example of how the Band has the power to make simplicity go a long way. The words are fine unless "Dear Mary, thank you for the day, we shared together" doesn't meet your standards for socially purposeful lyrics. The keyboard work is also good, featuring piano, and the cut closes with a tight horn riff a la the Beatles.



"My Friend" is a heavy rock number with plenty of room for guitar work. At one point there is a guitar riff that almost equals the beautiful thing in "Roll With It" on the first album. The background this time is up too much for the guitar to really make it and the message gets blurred. The final cut on the first side is about the social, personal, mental, and physical alienation evident in any modern technological-fascist state, better know as "Living In the U.S.A." It's an up-tempo kinda-blues tune (what else could it be) with a good white blues vocal and organ that the Miller Band has shown before to have. "Living in the U.S.A. . . . dieticians, televisions, panavisions, morticians. . . gotta get away. . . someone give me a cheeseburger."

Side Two opens with "Quicksilver Girl" which is about the best song on the album and is built around the lyrics. "If you need a little loving, she'll turn on the heat; if you take a little fall, she'll put you back on your feet. If you're all alone, she's someone to meet; if you need someone—she's a quicksilver girl."

"Lucky Man" is an acoustical guitar playing ragtime blues, fading to heavy rock blues with the organ keeping on for some good blues work. On this new Miller album no one really takes a solo, although sometimes a guitar or the organ are on top of everything else. They really don't need solos; no one has to stand out. The cut blends with conversation transition to "Gangster of Love." You first heard it

in 1952, boys and girls, and now here it is by Stevie "Guitar" Miller. Dig where those '52 cats were at.

All of which serves as introduction to 1956 or "You're So Fine," which just be-bops along perfectly until a harmonica makes it heavier. It's got a nice beat and it's easy to dance to. I know you'll like it.

"Overdrive" is 1958, Conway Twitty, and the jacked-up '50's in the school parking lot, except the Miller Band ages the lyrics ten years and the result isn't anywhere near as ludicrous as it may seem. You'll like the guitar part too.

"Dime-A-Dance Romance" is back to the present, becoming the past, and is heavy, together and good.

Time present and time past
 Are both perhaps present in time future.
 And time future contained in time past.
 If all time is eternally present
 All time is unredeemable."

—T.S. Eliot

"OooWee, A Cha Cha, Yippie-Yi-Yo-Chi-Yea."
 —Steve Miller Band

—don speicher

discovery, inc.

Invites You
 To See &
 Hear



THE NEW "ATLANTA VIBRATIONS"
 RENAMED

VIBRATION

At The Spot

Dec. 5 & 6

& See

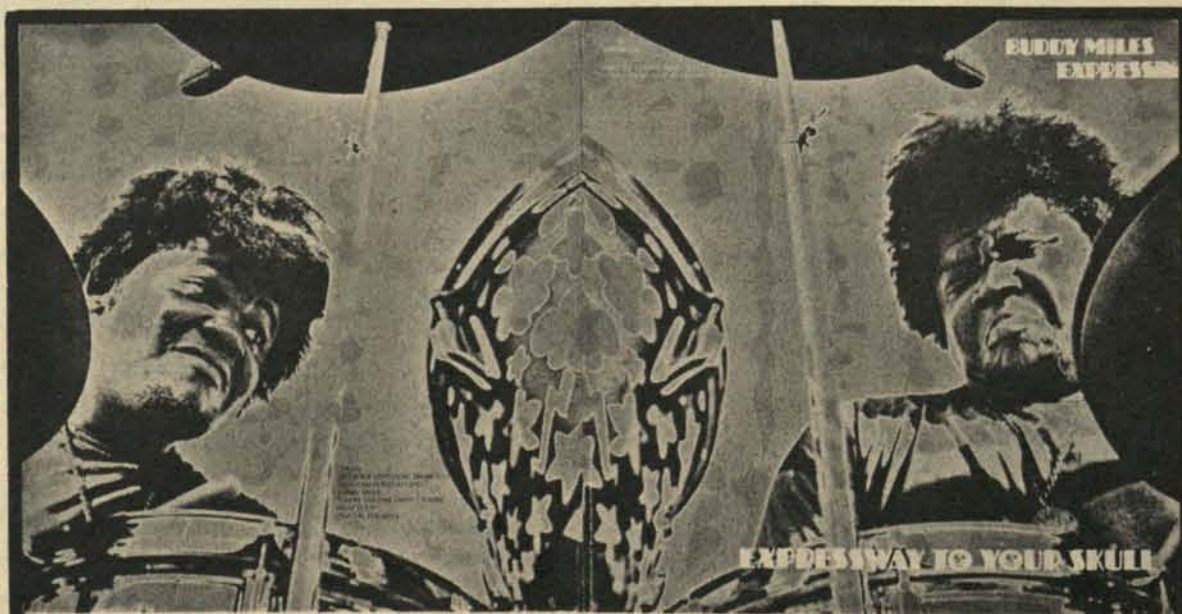
The Electric Col-
 lage Lightshow

AT THE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

DECEMBER 7

LIGHTING

Vanilla Fudge
 Amboy Dukes



THEY TOOK AN EXPRESS straight to the Electric Church. Many times we come across the scene: A brother and cousin emptying their burdens a little ways on down the railroad tracks the bro' . . . kicking a can . . . trying to kick out his blues and jealous hues and in his back pocket he carries a bootfull of raw violent silk but sometimes frustrations spills from his house of pain and feeds the weeds around his yard . . . fat to the bone they grow as they attempt to crawl toward his all . . . But he doesn't have to even cry . . . Because his natural soul shall be washed . . . And he knows . . . and taps his cousin on the shoulder who was aware of the rumbling tracks . . . Shaking his Head, Heart, and feet . . . And the Brother and cousin say without speaking a word . . . "I can really see those tracks sway-ing," THE EXPRESS has made the bend, He is coming on down the tracks. Shaking steady . . . Shaking-funk . . . Shaking FEELING—Shaking LIFE—"Buddy Miles EXPRESS is hero" cries them both . . . the cousins say . . . "Yes bro' . . . I am with you . . . But where we going?" The conductor says as they climbed aboard "small we are going to the Electric Church . . . JIMI HENDRIX

Buddy
 Miles
 61196 SR



UNDERGROUND PREVUE



C. Kenneth Higdon

Adolfas Mekas' love song to the cinema, *Hallelujah the Hills* is just about the most hilarious movie you'll ever see. Call it New Wave, avant garde, surrealistic, slapstick, parody, a hymn to youth, an experiment in film improvisation, cinema of the absurd, call it the most fun time you've ever spent in front of a movie screen—*Hallelujah the Hills* is all this and more. "Written and directed" by the guru of "underground" films and produced by David Stone for a measly \$75,000 (downright cheap when you consider the cost of even a below average low-budget feature film), *Hallelujah* liberates the screen, Free American style: Good-bye to Plot, Characterization, Theme, Meaning, costly sets, movie star glamour, polish, gloss, professional slick—all we've come to expect from both major commercial and important "art" films—Hello to a world where cinema is fun, a way of seeing the world with nothing more to carry the eye than a youthful exuberance for life, love and nature, with an undercurrent of joyous revolt.

Mekas pulls out all the stops in this one, using just about every technical feat known to the film craft: fast action, slow motion, frozen-action frames, disjunctive editing, masking of the screen—all used in open homage to the great films of the past and the great men who made them. If you are a cinemaphile, you'll recognize "quotes" from Griffith, Melies, Eisenstein, Mack Sennett, Kurosawa, Godard, Antonioni, Truffaut, and many others. If your movie-going experience has been less fortunate, you'll merely have the time of your life on a surrealistic camping trip (and I do

mean TRIP) in the autumn hills of Vermont with Jack (Peter H. Beard) and Leo (Marty Greenbaum), two free spirits who reminisce in flashbacks their seven-year dual courtship of heartless Vera who has just up and married Gideon. Their wild romp through the woods and snows is a mind-dazzling feast for the eyes.

Lotus Films presents. Friday and Saturday night. Peachtree Art Theatre—Go Stoned, and I promise you: you'll have an experience you will never forget. *Hallelujah the Hills!*

—miller francis, jr.



Psychological Computer Analysis
 THE MACHINE
 Box 241
 Stone Mountain

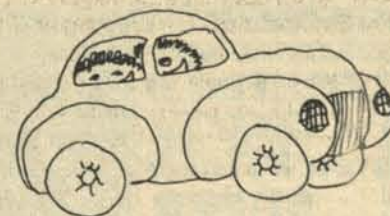
Cruising

LOS ANGELES (LNS/NY)—An Album will soon be released featuring a new group called Ruben and the Jets. According to usually reliable sources close to the parties involved, Ruben and the Jets are really The Mothers of Invention.

Supposedly Francis Vincent and the boys have turned into street corner greasers in a last ditch effort to get their smut on the radio.

When confronted by an LNS ace reporter, the folks at Bizarre Inc., Zappa's music company, would only say, "No comment!"

If you should see Frank running around with a 1958 greaser haircut and talking bop talk, do not be deceived. A mother by any other name is still a freak!



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 NOVEMBER 21st - 24th

THE KINDRED SPIRIT

WEDNESDAY
 NOVEMBER 27th

VAN HALL

THURSDAY
 NOVEMBER 28th

RON NORRIS

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
 NOVEMBER 29 and 30th

FLO WARNER



THIS FRI. & SAT.
 NOV. 22 & 23

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 presents

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 NOV. 28, 29, 30

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 THE HILLS**

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With the infamous Taylor Meade.
 Directed by Adolfas Mekas.



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 Peachtree at 13th

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**HAMPTON GREASE
 BAND**

NEXT THURS. FRI. & SAT.

GREASE 11:30
 LENNY 12:30



A Sleep of Prisoners, by Christopher Fry, at Trinity Methodist Church, Trinity and Washington, S.W. Directed by Stephen Bush. With Arthur Burghardt, Jim Bearden, Frank Martignon, Lane Greene. Last scheduled performances Friday and Saturday, November 22-23, 8 pm.

I do not pretend to comprehend this play, nor will you. The play is one to read several times, critically, and to see several times, experientially. Fry has depth, obviously, but it is difficult to tell on a single experience of the play whether the depth is that of a Hemingway or a Faulkner, a solid or a liquid. Fry could either be playing with recurrent images to form a complex surface tableau, or he could be using those images to arrive ultimately at an unanswerable question, to present us with the picture of man in desperate need of and searching for a godhead not there, a figment of a tormented mind seeking release. The void is ever present.

Arthur Burghardt's production of *A Sleep of Prisoners* under the direction of Steven Bush tends to present a many-faceted, essentially religious tableau, but at its most powerful moments the alternate possibility is bared. And so it must be today: either the glacial period of man's mind, extending through centuries, is now breaking up, and the noise we hear around us is but the exaltive smashing of the barriers, crashing of the bonds, let the water run free!; or it is simply man repeating the age-old cycle of imminent self-destruction. And now we're playing for keeps.

The stage is a prison camp, a church. Four men, common men, archetypal men, inhabit the church, prisoners of war. Private David King (Arthur Burghardt), Private Peter Able (Jim Bearden), Corporal Joseph Adams (Frank Martignon), Private Tim Meadows (Lane Greene). Common names, all, and archetypal. David King, Arthur Burg-

hardt, Peter Able, Jim Bearden, Joseph Adams, Frank Martignon, Tim Meadows, Lane Greene: prisoners of war. And you? Within you and without you. That's the play, or part of it.

The play progresses in a series of scenes, of images; of the present to the dawn of creation, through biblical time onward to the present and into the foreseeable unforeseen future, dream and waking, awakening from dream. War, and prisoners of war; God, and the men who serve Him: throughout Time, a constant spiral.

Bush and Burghardt, who virtually compose the Underground Theater Alliance in Atlanta, are putting on one of the few significant pieces of theater in the city, without the aid of a multi-million dollar Establishment. On Tuesday night a dozen people demonstrated their gratitude for a taste of hard substance.

—tom coffin

SLEEP



photos by bill fibben

**MIKE BLOOMFIELD
AL KOOPER
STEVE STILLS
SUPER SESSION**

INCLUDING:
ALBERT'S SHUFFLE/HIS HOLY MODAL MAJESTY
YOU DON'T LOVE ME/SEASON OF THE WITCH
IT TAKES A LOT TO LAUGH.IT TAKES A TRAIN TO CRY

**THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS
A NEW TIME—A NEW DAY**
including:
A New Time—A New Day
Where Have All The Flowers Gone
Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay
I Wish It Would Rain



underground grooves



AN ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH BLUES
JOHN MAYALL & THE BLUESBREAKERS
ERIC CLAPTON, STONE'S MASONRY
SAVOY BROWN BLUES BAND
JO-ANN KELLY, T.S. McPHEE



a man's a man

A Man's A Man, by Bertolt Brecht, at the Academy Theatre. Directed by David Scanlan, with Stacy Hines, Laura James, Chris Curran and Tony Sciabono.

A Man's A Man is a play with music about the malleability of man. The protagonist is Galy Gay, a porter, meek and mild, incapable of saying no. One day he goes out to buy a fish for dinner, and encounters three thugs of the British Army of India. They have just lost one of their comrades in the joint enterprise of robbing a temple, and must replace him or have their involvement discovered. They do this by brain-washing Galy Gay so that he becomes the lost man and a hero of their next war.

It is hard to see why Galy Gay has to be, or can be, contemptible. Stacy Hines plays him as a gay black *schlemiel*, a man without an initial kernel of dignity. This robs the role and the play of that universality which must have been intended, and of the point that we are all subject to social engineering. It is a wonder that, with the keystone thus turned to sugar, the whole edifice does not crumble. That it does not must be attributed to the strength of the play or the wisdom of the director or the talent of some of the other players.

Tony Sciabona, who plays the leader of the thugs, would be better if he did not think it necessary to tincture his interpretation with *la cosa nostra*; but he always comes on strong, and his drive is a strong factor in carrying the play forward. The same cannot be said for his fellow thugs, Don Hayes, Zack Russ, and John Doe, who are uniformly mediocre.



B. Fibben

Chris Curran is very funny as the mendacious priest of the temple in an inventive comedy which ought to distract enough from the play to destroy it, but does not.

Page Lee, Flora Levin and Maggi Ewing are pretty and appropriately slutty in minor roles as the working daughters of Laura James, the madam of the obligatory Brechtian brothel. Miss James is a good actress and has the precisely right vibrant singing voice for Brecht's lines.

Jon Evans plays the role of Bloody Five, who in the subplot as written castrates himself so that his soft desire (in rainy weather) for the girls in Miss James' establishment will no longer interfere with his career as a martinet. This subplot has instead been slashed off, so that the question on the posters, and intended to be in the play, "Why be a man when you can be a success?" is absent from the production. If this is not an accommodation to Mr. Evans' wooden indian style of acting, it is a directorial mistake.

With the above flaws of acting and directing noted, this production and this play are a success. This play is much more manageable than *The Threepenny Opera*, which defeated Frank Wittow several years ago. (In fairness, it should be said that these actors are more manageable than the ones Wittow dealt with, too). In this production, it is well managed. With Brecht so rarely well done, and so rarely seen here, this production should be seen.

-morris brown

prints valiant

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<i>Realist</i>	<i>German</i>	<i>Paris Review</i>
<i>Oracle</i>	<i>Greek</i>	<i>Partisan Review</i>
<i>L.A. Free Press</i>	<i>Italian</i>	<i>Public Affairs</i>
<i>Ramparts</i>	<i>Spanish</i>	<i>The Drama Review</i>

Vanilla Fudge

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Sat.

Dec. 7
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Municipal Auditorium



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A DURWOOD C. SETTLES PRODUCTION

REVOLUTIONARY ALTERNATIVES

An aura of pessimism pervades the American "New Left". There is talk of impending Fascism, concentration camps being built for activists; and the spectre of George Wallace as Fuhrer seems to haunt many radical minds. Tom Coffin's article in the last issue (*Bird* No. 22) seems to reflect this sentiment; he views the radical movement as a "politics of alienation" and calls for alternatives.

I hope no one will think I'm an apologist for "the system" if I try to show that we are not in a pre-Fascist situation in the United States. In fact, I'm an absolute opponent of the capitalist system which rules this country, but rather than being dejected, I see a great number of reasons for optimism.

First let's take a look at the Wallace campaign. The right-wing is always at an advantage in electoral politics, but electoral strength doesn't count for much: the political activity it involves is pulling a lever once every few years. It is important to realize that the Wallace political strength is almost entirely of an electoral nature; outside the South he has virtually no organization whatever.

Now, if we take a look at the history of Fascist movements we find that the American Right has a long way to go before it can approach being dangerous. Fascist movements have always had tremendous power in the streets before coming close to taking state power, and no such power exists on the American Right. In Chicago after the Democratic Convention a march protesting Mayor Daley's police tactics drew 25,000 relatively straight people (housewives, working people, etc.) and a counter-demonstration drew 78 right-wingers. In a truly pre-Fascist situation the numbers would have been reversed and the 78 left-wingers would have been stomped to death by the 25,000. If the Klan or the Birchers could get even 10,000 people into the streets

it might be proper to worry about Fascism.

The Left, on the other hand, while weak at the polls for a variety of reasons, has a great deal of power in the streets. Demonstrations of hundreds of thousands of people are not uncommon today, whereas ten years ago such a thing would have been unimaginable. This is one of the pillars upon which my optimism is founded—the radicalization in this country at this time is unmatched in history for a period of relative prosperity (and the circulation of the *Great Speckled Bird* in the "reactionary South" is evidence of radicalization).

Other sources of optimism: (1) the awakening strength of the Afro-American people, (2) the extension of the anti-war movement into that segment of the population which suffers most from the war and which can most directly affect it (the armed forces), and (3) an international situation which portends nothing but defeat for imperialism.

As an alternative to the "politics of alienation" I suggest the politics of revolutionary socialism. This is a politics which has a direction, which does not try to alienate people, which can answer the charge of opponents who claim that youth "want only to destroy," which has as its allies the vast majority of the people of the world, and which is certainly not pessimistic about the chances for ultimate victory. The politics of revolutionary socialism are too complex to cover in one short article, but there is an excellent opportunity coming up for interested persons to check out the world movement of revolutionary youth.

A convention of Young Socialists will be held in Chicago over the Thanksgiving holidays, and it will be open to anyone who would like to attend. There will be opportunities to discuss the world revolutionary situation with members of the German SDS (Socialist Student Federation), the

French JCR (Young Communist Revolutionaries), the Mexican Student Strike Committee, the British VSC (Vietnam Solidarity Campaign), Al Fatah (Palestinian underground liberation movement), and with Young Socialists from Berkeley, Columbia, and all over the U.S.

Anyone interested in attending should call 873-1368 or 633-8211 (Atlanta area code: 404), after 5:00 p.m. for travel and housing arrangements or for further information.

—cliff conner

BOYCOTT GRAPES

MEXICAN GRAPHIC ARTS CALENDAR

DELANO, Cal. (LNS/NY)—A Mexican graphic arts calendar for 1969 is being offered for sale by the United Farm Workers. Proceeds will go to the Delano grape strike. The calendar features woodcut drawings and other art works by Mexican and Chicano artists. The calendar costs \$2.50 postage paid, from United Farm Workers, Box 130, Delano, California, 93215.



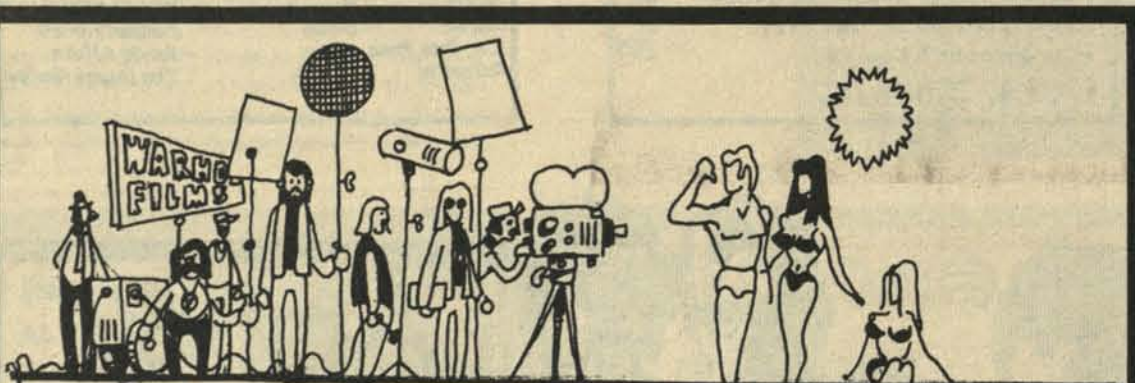
SD 33-227

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SUNDAY, DEC. 1st

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NEXT DOOR TO AMERICAN MOTOR HOTEL

Blood Suckers (cont.)

continued from page 9

"So you see, somewhere along the line, this must be blocked and it must be blocked now, and that's what we are trying to do.

"So when the U.S. votes \$400,000,000 to help that war, we are not voting a giveaway program. We are voting for the cheapest way we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of a most terrible significance to the U.S.A., our security, our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of the Indonesia territory and from Southeast Asia."

Ten years later, Eisenhower added "prodigious supplies of rubber and rice" to the commodities at stake, Thailand and East Pakistan to the countries.

Everybody remembers the "falling dominoes" theory of John Foster Dulles, who was Eisenhower's Secretary of State and trusted counselor on foreign affairs. Dulles put it strictly in military and political terms. As a veteran lawyer for the largest American corporations, specializing in their overseas expansion efforts, he knew very well what

the economic stakes were. He was smart enough to keep quiet about it in public, but not smart enough to keep Eisenhower uninformed.

The President was not discreet. He gave away the economic side of the "falling dominoes" theory. He urged the governors not to worry about the "confusing" political arguments, and to get down to cold cash. Southeast Asia, whether nominally independent or not, could be an exceptionally rich economic empire which U.S. corporations were in process of taking over from former European owners. To complete the process, it was necessary to defeat all local movements that wanted to control their own resources and have real independence.

The most economical way to do this was to get the old colonial powers to suppress the "natives," and to pay them for the job. The U.S. had done this successfully with the British in Malaya, but it failed with the French in Indochina. The U.S. took over the "white man's burden," and it has already spent more on conquering Southeast Asia than

the value of raw materials that will be taken out in several decades. But the corporations hoping to be the beneficiaries of U.S. victory care nothing about that—they will get the profits. The American people as a whole are paying the cost in blood and money; the Vietnamese people are paying an infinitely heavier cost as the Pentagon's war against them approaches genocide.

(The Vietnam Profiteers, by Victor Perlo is available in pamphlet form for 60¢ from New Outlook Publishers, 32 Union Sq. E. N.Y., N.Y. 10003. It has been running serially in *Capitalism Stinks*, a new Bay-area paper. This is just the first part.)

—victor perlo

Who Screw (cont.)

continued from page 8

only \$199,000,000 was taxable. (Do you get breaks like that?) When it all boils down, the farms pay around 1.5% in income tax. (Of course they pay such *terrifically* high wages!)

You know what? I'm only half way through my source material and I'm weary as hell. I'm a little nauseated, too, and I think I feel a deep pain somewhere in the rectal region.

Don't look at the panhandlers; theirs isn't long enough. Better figure out where it's from. Then maybe, someday, you'll begin to figure out where it's at.

—j. colvin

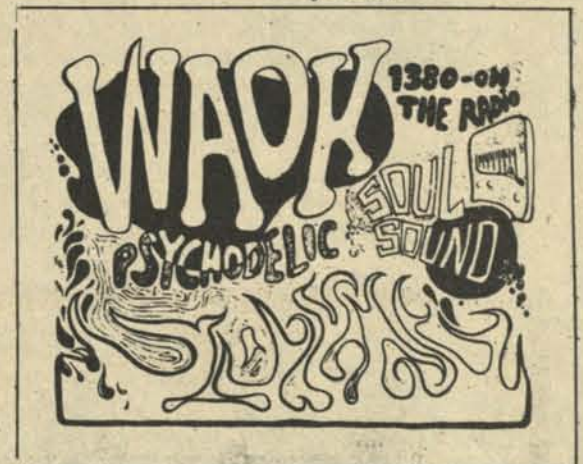
At Academy Theatre, you will find A Man's A Man, by Bertolt Brecht.

There is a Galy Gay, once a gentle man, now a ruthless soldier, and Bloody Live, a sergeant too much swayed by a widow's smiles.
And there are songs...
and a castration...
and a funeral.

You might not like it, but you won't forget it

Nov. 14 - Dec. 21

Reservations: 233-9481



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IRON BUTTERFLY

ONE SHOW ONLY 8:30

ALL SEATS RESERVED

\$3.50
\$4.50
\$5.50

ATLANTA MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM NOV 28th

INNER MEDIA LIGHT SHOW

TICKETS AT

- JIM SALLE'S Buckhead
- VILLAGE MUSIC Briarcliff
- MERRY-GO-ROUND Peachtree at 10th St.
- THE ELLER NEWS CENTER Forest Park, Ga.
- MELODY MUSIC SHOPS Downtown, Columbia Mall, N. DeKalb
- ANDY'S BOOK STORE East Gate Plaza
- CLARK MUSIC & SPORT Square in Decatur

TURTLES

B.J. Tolar SPATIAL EFFECTS

ATLANA U.

continued from page 7

moderate students feel compelled to differentiate themselves. Ask a student for his opinion and he is likely to begin: "Well, I don't think we should fire all the white-teachers, but . . ."

AU Center administrators are making concessions. Compulsory dress, chapel, curfew and class attendance regulations have been abolished in some of the colleges; several black courses are already in operation and more are promised.

But the basic question of whether the colleges are to remain "predominantly Negro" or go Black remains unresolved.

Merely creating elective black courses alongside the required traditional ones, for instance, will change little, for most students are so burdened with required courses that they will be unable to work the new ones into their schedules except on a token basis. Unless required courses are

done away with altogether, the problem of finding a proper mix between the traditional white liberal arts and the new black courses will be a thorny one.

If one history course is to be required, will it be Western civ., American or Afro-American? The easy answer is to say that all are important, but it seems inevitable that one will be emphasized over the others. Which will it be?

Even thornier problems confront the radicals.

If the pro-integration sympathies of trustees, foundations, and feds is to be flouted, thus cutting off financial support from those quarters, can the normally conservative black middle class be relied on to take up the slack? If not, who will?

If white teachers are fired—or more likely, if they are made so uncomfortable that they leave and others stop coming—can enough qualified blacks be found to replace them?

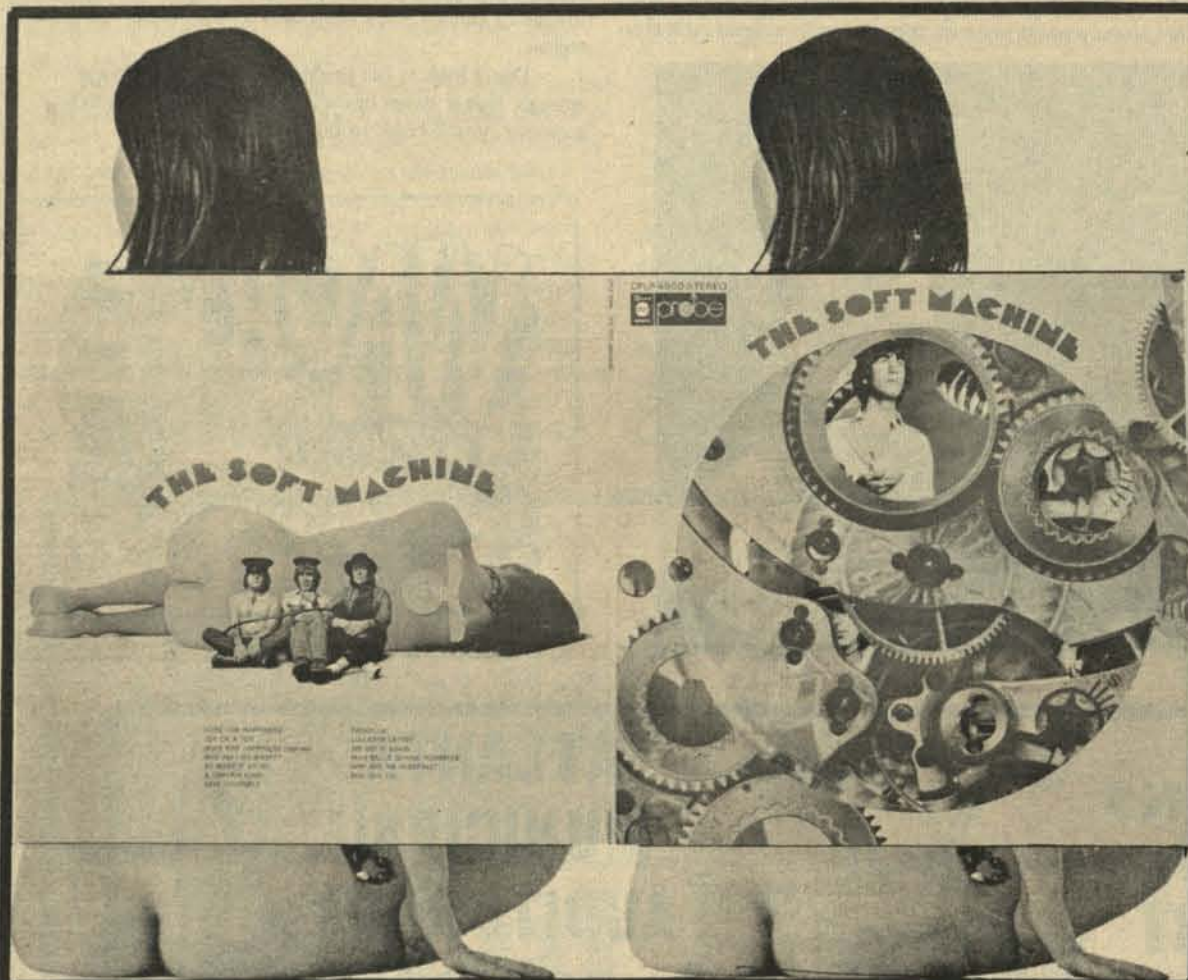
Perhaps the radicals' greatest dilemma is that by removing white faculty they will lose their main (sometimes only) allies. On the whole, white faculty are younger and more sympathetic to the black movement than their older, conservative black colleagues. Removing the whites might mean increased power for the black conservatives, which they would almost certainly use to block radical changes.

In short, implementation of the radicals' demands might bring the colleges to a grinding halt. This possibility must be faced squarely. But it is also possible that the new problems would be met with new solutions which cannot yet be foreseen, and that out of the ruins of the "predominantly Negro" college would come a new type of institution which, alongside remaining examples of the old, would provide meaningful alternatives to black youth and enrich American education as a whole.

At any rate, this is a question Blacks must decide for themselves. To paraphrase an African leader: If there's going to be a mess, at least it will be a black mess.

Next: The white teacher.

—bob goodman



QUIETS!!!



Black people in Burke County, Georgia are trying to make it. Give them a boost by ordering your quilt for Christmas. (They make excellent presents, of course.)

Each quilt is unique, and each has its own name and history.

To order your quilt, send \$20 for each, plus \$3.00 for postage and handling (\$3.00 will mail up to 3 quilts.)

TO:
Eastern Georgia Farmers Cooperative
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I want to support the efforts of the cooperative movement.

I enclose \$ _____ for _____ quilts, including postage and handling.

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FEATURING



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some things

See the Electric Collage Light Show at the Municipal Auditorium, Dec. 7th, 3:00 and 8:00 pm.

Puppy, Debbie needs 2 c u. l.c.

WANTED: Issue No. 2 of The Bird \$.50 Reward. Contact Bird 892-7891.

Two "Heads" are better than one but the square root of two will blow your mind-s.s.

Desperate for trip to Stein Club. Please call Paschall. Gaines folk. Number in information.

Wayne-can't call, can't come. Mama's cracked down. Please wait for me. Agnes.

Looking for a band for your spring prom? Call 876-0675 or 875-4682

Discovery Inc. presents something old and new. The return of the "Atlanta Vibrations"- VIBRATION! At the Spot Dec. 5 & 6.

THE BIG BEEFSTER-1029 P'tree NE Welcomes Birdwatchers For Foot-Long Chili-Dogs, BarBQ & Roast Beef Sandwiches. Open Every Nite Till Midnite. Y'all Come!

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PRESENTS:

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PREMIERING AT

**The
spot**

DECEMBER 5&6

FOR BOOKING INFORMATION CALL
DISCOVERY INC. 875-4682 or 876-0675

John W. Anderson presents
KASANDRA



Anderson/KaSandra/Mose,
a reality composite of black-
ness, the wisdom of emotional
examination parading from the
tragic depths of history stopping
to gather all who would hear
and moving on to the sanctity
of a promise, a father chiding
his young, "where you been so
song?"

— young dan lamdu
(G.S.B. No. 22)

ST 2957



KING LEAR

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A FUTURISTIC TRIBAL RITE

NOVEMBER 22, 30

NOVEMBER 23,
24, 26, 27,
29.
**RED
WHITE
AND
MADDOX**



DARK OF THE MOON

NOVEMBER 28

... and Don't Miss "THE FANTASTICKS": Opening December 4!



THEATRE ATLANTA

1374 W. Peachtree, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia. Box office - 892-8000

Calendar

THANKS

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22

PLAY. "A Sleep of Prisoners," by Christopher Fry, produced by Arthur Burghardt, directed by Steven Bush, Trinity Methodist Church, 265 Washington St., SW, 8 pm, \$1.50.

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

PLAY. "Desire Under the Elms," Emory Players, Alumni Memorial Bldg., Emory U., 8:15 pm.

PLAY. "The Children's Hour," Blackfriars, Dana Fine Arts Bldg., Agnes Scott College, 8:15 pm, call 377-1200 for tickets.

CONCERT. Atl. Symp. Orch. with Lillian Kallir, pianist, Barber, Schumann, Debussy, and computer music by MacInnis, Symphony Hall, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 pm.

FILM. "Hallelujah the Hills," presented by Lotus Films, Peachtree Art Theatre, Peachtree and 13 St., Midnight, \$1.50.

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

TV. 7:30 pm: Religions of Man: Christianity II - The Good News," Chan. 30.

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

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

1:15 pm: "Inherit the Wind," film of the play, Chan. 2.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23

PLAYS. "A Sleep of Prisoners," "Inherit the Wind," "Desire Under the Elms," and "The Children's Hour," (See Fri. Nov. 22)

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

CONCERT. Harry E. Moon, singer, Oglethorpe Presbyterian Church, Aud., 8 pm.

CONCERT. Laurindo Almeida, classical guitarist, Symphony Hall, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 pm, \$2.50-4.

FILM. "Hallelujah the Hills" (See Fri. Nov. 22)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24

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

CONCERT. Atl. Symp. Orch. and Lillian Kallir, pianist, (See Fri. Nov. 22), 3 pm.

FORUM. Open discussion, 3:30-4:30 pm, broadcast live over WAOK.

4-4:30 pm, sponsored by MASLC and WAOK. SPECIAL SERVICE. Liz Getz sings her original folk ballads; Mr. Pickett and Mr. Van Buren use the poetry of e. e. cummings "to attempt total dramatic affirmation of man and mankind," Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way NE, 9:30 and 11:15 am.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25

BIRD BUST BENEFIT
REV. PEARLY BROWN, ESTHER LeFEVRE, ANNE ROMAINE, PAGE PINNELL, DON SPEICHER play and sing, 12th GATE, 36 10th St. N.W., 8-11 pm. \$1.50 Donation to the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD. Refreshments available.

DISCUSSION. "Conservation, Population, and Man's Relation to His Environment," Ga. Tech. Free University, Arch. Bldg. Aud., 8 pm, free.

OPENING. "The Lion and the Jewel," Wole Soyinka, Morehouse-Spelman Players, Rockefeller Fine Arts Bldg., thru Nov. 30, 8 pm. (Sat. Nov. 30, 2 pm matinee for students), 50 cents (students), \$1 (non-students), coffee will be served.

SLIDE LECTURE. "From Rococo to Revolution in French Painting," Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 pm, free (members), \$1 (non-members).

BALLET. Atl. Ballet, Les Sylphides, Morpheus Circuit, Waltz Pas de Deux, Symphony in C, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 pm.

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

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

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

TV. 7 pm: History of the Negro People "Our Country Too," Chan. 30 and 8.

9 pm: "Black Journal," chan. 30 and 8.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26

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

PLAY. "The Lion and the Jewel" (See Mon. Nov. 25).

CONCERT. Atl. Community Orch., Jewish Community Center, 1745 Peachtree St., NE, 8:30 pm.

BALLET. Atl. Ballet (See Mon. Nov. 25).

TV. 7:30 pm: Firing Line: "The McCarthy Phenomenon," with Wm. Buckley and guest Allard Lowenstein, Chan. 8.

8 pm: "Black Journal," Chan. 30.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27

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

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

BALLET. Atl. Ballet (See Mon. Nov. 25), 4 pm, Students 1/2 price.

PLAY. "The Lion and the Jewel" (See Mon. Nov. 25)

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

4 pm: "World Communism Today," Dr. Ivan Petrovitch, U. of Wisc., WABE-FM.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28

THANKSGIVING DAY. Dress and stuff the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD - contribute to our funds before the Puritans devour us. Indians welcome if not Uncle Tomahawks.

CONCERT. Iron Butterfly, Turtles, and Inner Media Light Show, Atl. Municipal Aud., 8:30, \$3.50-\$5.50.

FILM. One hour film of Lenny Bruce nightclub riff, with the Hampton Grease Band, presented by Lotus Films, Peachtree Art Theatre, Peachtree at 13th St., Nov. 28-30, Midnight, \$1.50

RADIO. 8 pm: The Negro American: "The Life of the Slave, Part I", WABE-FM (90.1)

9 pm: "Metaphor as Pure Adventure," Library of Congress Lecture, WABE-FM (90.1)

TV. 7:30 pm: "University News," Chan. 8.

8:30 pm: Telecast of Nov. 15th meeting of Atl. Police Committee, Chan. 30.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29

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

TV. 7:30 pm: Religions of Man: "Christianity III - The Vine and the Branches," Chan. 30.

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

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1

FORUM. (See Sun. Nov. 24).

SALE. Arts and crafts, to benefit the Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way NE.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2

TRIALS. Eldridge Cleaver (parole violation Oakland); Oakland Seven (conspiracy, in connection with Stop the Draft Week, Oakland); Rap Brown (conspiracy, arson, inciting a riot, Cambridge, Md.)

FILMS. "River," "A Child's Christmas in Wales," Atl. Pub. Lib., Main Branch, 2nd Floor, 12:15 and 1:15 pm, free.

DISCUSSION. "1984 and Beyond - Society and Automation," Ga. Tech Free U., Arch. Bldg., Aud., Ga. Tech, 8 pm, free.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3

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

OPENING. "The Fantasticks," Theatre Atlanta, 8:30 pm.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4

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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5

OPENING. "The Hostage," by Brendan Behan, Atl. Repertory Theatre (REP).

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6

BIRD LIVES! Return of the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD. First issue after Thanksgiving vacation.

FLICKS

ANSLEY MALL MINI-CINEMA: "The Two of Us," FESTIVAL CINEMA: "The Festival" Newport Folk Festival, Thru Nov. 23; "Bike Boy", Andy Warhol, Nov. 24-30; "Loves of Ondine," Andy Warhol, starts Dec. 1.

FOX: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney, Nov. 22-26.

FOX: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney, Nov. 22-26.

PEACHTREE ART: "Ulysses"

UNDERGROUND FLICKS AT PEACHTREE ART THEATRE: "Hallelujah, the Hills," Fri. Nov. 22 and Sat. Nov. 23, Midnight; One hour Lenny Bruce nightclub riff, with the Hampton Grease Band (live rock) Nov. 28-30, Midnight, \$1.50.

SPOTS

BISTRO: The Good Earth thru Nov. 23. BOTTOM OF THE BARREL: Jeff Espina ELECTRIC EYE: Rock Garden Nov. 22; City Lights Nov. 23; The Night Shadow: Nov. 29 & 30.

LION'S BRAU: Toni Ganin Nov. 22, 29, Dec. 6; Deacon Hutchinson and Skip Gray Nov. 23; Deacon Hutchinson Nov. 30, Dec. 7.

PINETREE SKATERAMA: Radar Nov. 23; Soul Support Nov. 30.

PINK PUSSYCAT: The Performers with The Lovells and Thee Stuart, thru Dec. 4, Arthur Conley Dec. 5.

PLAYROOM: Mel Tillis thru Nov. 23; Little Jimmy Dickens starts Nov. 25.

THE SPOT: Vibration Dec. 5 & 6.

12th GATE: The Kindred Spirit; BIRD BUST BENEFIT Monday 8-11 pm. \$1.50

Donation. Rev. Pearly Brown, Anne Romaine, and Esther LeFevre.

THEATRES

ACADEMY. "A Man's a Man," Bertolt Brecht Thurs, Fri., and Sat. thru Dec. 21. 3213 Roswell Rd., N.E. 233-9481. 8:30 pm.

ACADEMY CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum," Sat. at 2 pm. thru Nov. 30.

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

See also daily listings.

Bird Bust Benefit \$ & L
So We Can Print, Eat & Pay Debts



& Sundry Other
Talent

12th Gate
Coffeehouse At
36 10th St. Mon. Nov. 25, 1968-8:11 pm