

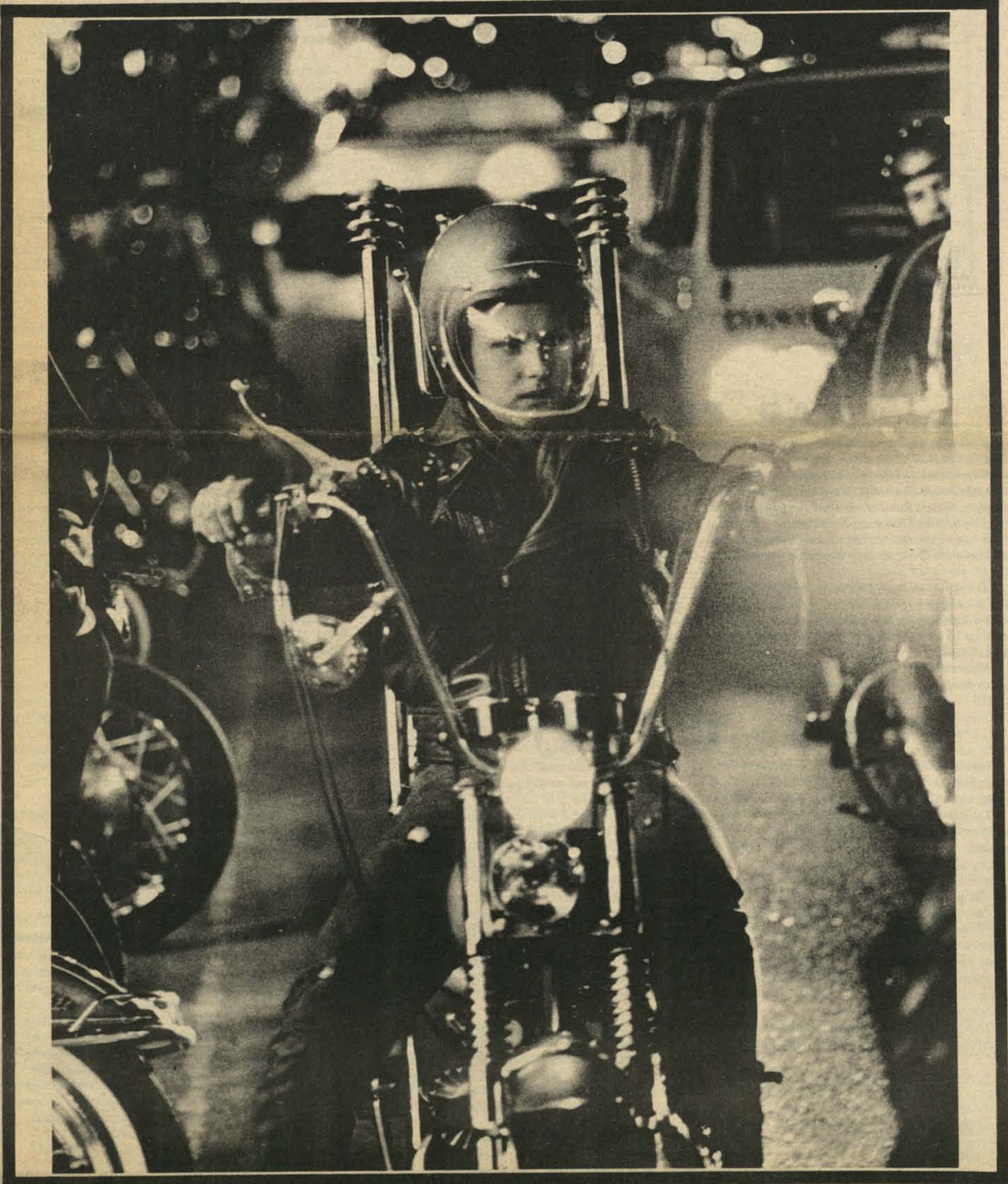
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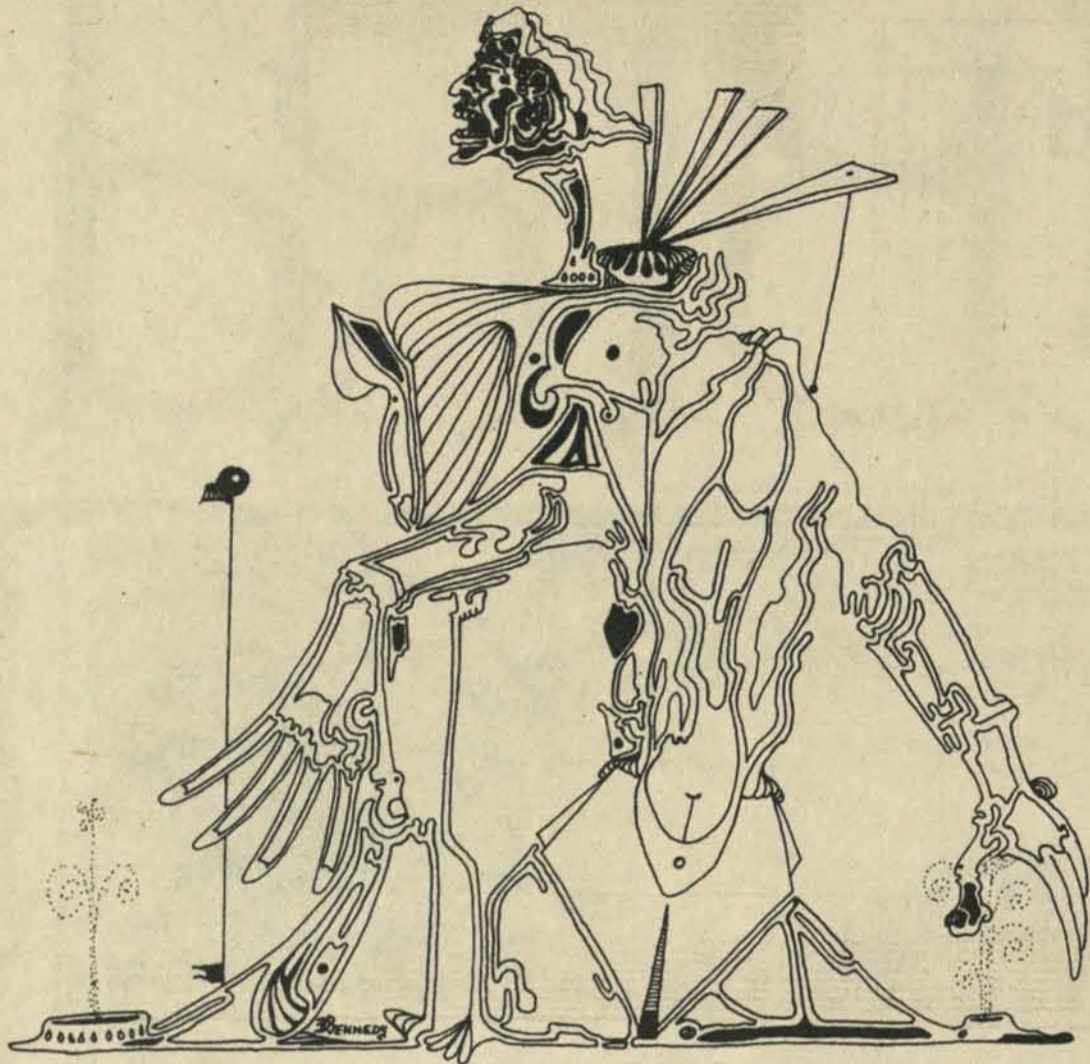
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Volume One, Number Twenty-five

A Publication of the Atlanta Cooperative News Project

December 9, 1968





* GREEN IS THE COFFIN I GRAZE IN *

RAP BROWN

H. Rap Brown, former chairman of the Student Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee, won an indefinite stay of his trial for arson and inciting to riot, charges stemming from a rebellion in Cambridge, Maryland, July 24, 1967. His lawyer, William Kunstler, obtained the postponement by arguing that the Sixth Amendment insures a defendant's right to trial in the county in which the offense allegedly was committed. The judge took the matter under advisement.

The state wants to try Brown in Harford County which has a black population of 18%. Kunstler, figuring Brown will get a better jury in Dorchester County (where Cambridge is) with a black population of 30%, opposes a change of venue.

Meanwhile, an unpublished report by the assistant research director of the Kerner Commission concerning

the Cambridge rebellion came to light. The report exculpates Brown and places blame for the disturbances on city officials.

"In brief," says the report, "the mayor, et al., expected Brown to start and lead a riot that would be coherent, deliberate, and well-planned. . . . The police were prepared to assume that any large group of Negroes walking toward the business section had arson on their minds and that force would be necessary to turn them back." So when Brown finished his speech and started walking toward the centre of town with 25-30 people, "without prior warning, a deputy sheriff . . . discharges a shotgun twice. Brown is slightly wounded by one of the pellets. The group retreats, . . . and grows . . ." and the riot began.

—compiled from *Guardian* by Steve Wise

bus money

Regular cash fares on city buses went up from 25 to 30 cents Sunday. The token fare of 25 cents is unchanged, but tokens must now be bought in multiples of four for \$1.

The change was approved in an order of the Georgia Public Service Commission dated November 25. In the same order, the commission denied another rate change sought by Atlanta Transit System, a privately-owned monopoly, which would have raised school fares from 10 to 15 cents cash or a 12½ cent token.

The requested school fare hike was attacked by several citizens, some of them representing grass-roots organizations, at a public hearing October 15. They predicted it would increase the school drop-out rate among poor students and prevent some from transferring to better schools. The requested hike in the regular cash fare, on the other hand, was relatively noncontroversial.

Thus, on the face of it, the commission appears to have responded to what little public sentiment made itself heard.

Wondering if this was indeed a case of that rarest of wonders, a regulatory agency which really gave broad social considerations priority over the interests of the firms it supposedly regulates, I asked PSC Chairman Crawford Pilcher why the commission had granted one request but denied the other.

We will never know. Chairman Pilcher would reply

only that "the order speaks for itself."

It doesn't, not on that particular question. It summarizes the arguments of citizens who appeared in opposition (as well as ATS' supporting arguments), but doesn't say whether the commission agreed with them.

The commission agreed that ATS would need an increase in fares in order to stay out of the red, but "not to the extent requested in (its) application."

The disagreement here turned on a narrow, technical point: the commission rejected ATS' contention that higher bus fares would lead to a "shrinkage factor" (i.e., loss of passengers) of one fourth of one percent of affected passengers. This prediction, in a bit of circular reasoning, had been used by ATS to justify the requested hikes.

Only time will tell who is right about the "shrinkage factor."

I also asked Chairman Pilcher if there had been any design in the fact that the commission had released its order on bus fares simultaneously with another order establishing an exact fare plan on city buses. Since the latter had gotten most of the publicity in the Establishment press, mightn't some citizens of a suspicious cast of mind suspect the commission was trying to sneak one by?

He laughed, and assured me this was only a coincidence.

—bob goodman

GKA-BGM!

Robert S. Strauss, new owner of radio station WGKA and *bete noire* of Atlanta's classical music lovers, walked right smack into their den Wednesday nite. He got out alive, but just barely.

Strauss is president of Strauss Broadcasting Company of Dallas, which recently bought Atlanta's only classical music station and, with FCC approval, changed its format to popular music. His pre-announced appearance at the Broadcast Good Music! Committee meeting at Trinity Presbyterian Church had given rise to rumors of a possible accommodation.

"I don't want to fight," Strauss assured the crowd of 100-plus in his folksiest Texas whine. Until a few months ago, he said, he had been in Dallas selling his own business. Honest. All he wanted was some peace and quiet. So I tellya what I'm gonna do . . .

If the committee could raise \$15,000 per month for a year to cover WGKA-FM's operating expenses, either by advertising or via subscriptions, Strauss said, he would change the FM back to full-time classical music. He didn't think they could do it, because he didn't think the local demand for classical music was that great; but if they wanted to try, he would let them take as much time as they wanted, give them what help he could and, if they succeeded, even give BGM!C some control over programming.

But most of those present found the gabby Texan's olive branch pitted with thorns—especially after it was brought out that the \$15,000 monthly Strauss wanted for FM operations alone was more than the combined AM-FM operating expenses under the previous management.

Was he trying to get them to do his selling for him, several hostile questioners demanded? Strauss said he wasn't asking anybody to do anything—he didn't care one way or the other—he thought he was doing *them* a favor.

Others excoriated him for the Mickey Mouse Muzak of WGKA's new format. At one point Strauss seemed on the verge of walking off the stage, but he didn't.

Strauss also suggested that both he and the committee should give the FCC an extra 45 days in which to rule on the committee's motion requesting reconsideration of its approval of the format change. This would allow more time to explore the possibilities of accommodation.

Committee members will be polled by mail on both proposals, but those at the meeting were negative toward both.

If BGM!C does not agree to an extension, the FCC is required by statute to rule on its motion by Dec. 23. Both the committee and Strauss have said they will appeal the ruling to federal court if it is not to their liking.

Strauss did win one minor skirmish with the committee a few weeks ago. After BGM!C advised some WGKA advertisers it was considering boycotting them if they did not remove their advertising, Strauss threatened to sue unless the committee recanted and withdrew the letters. They did.

BGM!C Attorney Henry Angel put the best face on this strategic retreat by emphasizing that, altho the committee had not acted improperly in considering a boycott, he felt they should not get involved in litigation on a "collateral" issue. All efforts should be exerted toward the main goal—the proceedings before the FCC and, if necessary, in federal court, he said.

—bob goodman

DeKalb county school and police authorities continue to effectively ban *The Great Speckled Bird* from circulation. On November 23, two young *Bird* salesmen were detained by police at Belvedere shopping center and given a ticket for "selling without a permit." The ordinance under which they were ticketed is designed primarily to register door-to-door salesmen and makes no reference to sale of newspapers. The trial on December 11 in DeKalb County should clear the way for *Birds* to be sold without police harassment.

DeKalb school authorities continue to punish students for possession of the *Bird* in school. One student was suspended recently for a possible three weeks, and others have been threatened.

deportee

In the spy thrillers, it's always The Other Side that requires visas and deports political refugees.

But this time it happened here, in Atlanta, the week before Thanksgiving.

A man stopped a student on the Atlanta University Center campus and asked for directions to the Student Union building. The visitor was from Angola, an African colony of Portugal. He needed help quickly to get out of the country before the U.S. turned him over to Portugal for deportation. This was his story:

He was in the U.S. as a visiting professor of African and Asian history at the University of Arizona. His father, a tribal chieftain in Angola, one of the remaining colonial countries in Africa, had, in the past, supported the colonial government. Recently, "even his conservative father," as he put it, "was upset when napalm was used on children" by the colonial regime. (U.S. napalm, no doubt, furnished to uphold the Portuguese end of the "Free World.")

His father took to the Bush to resist.

Whereupon the U.S. State Department, the U.S. Delegation to the U.N. and the U.N. Delegation of Portugal sent representatives to the professor. They asked him to state publicly that his father had been "ill advised" to speak and act the way he had.

He not only refused, but said he thought his papa had been well advised and he agreed with him.

Portugal asked the U.S. Immigration Service to deport him. Free transportation "home," they offered.

An NAACP lawyer appealed the ruling, but the Federal Court in Arizona said the Federal Court in Atlanta would have to decide because he had entered this country through the port of Miami, which is in the Atlanta district court jurisdiction.

So, handcuffed to the Immigration official, our Oxford U.-educated African prince arrived in Atlanta and appeared before the federal judge. The judge upheld the deportation order and advised the professor he had 24 hours to get out of the country.

Having left without much warning, he had no money for lodging or transportation. The local police had already fingerprinted him preparatory to offering him a night's lodging in the local jail, and that preparatory to sending him "home" as guest of "his government."

He persuaded the local authorities that he had friends in Atlanta who could put him up and help him get out of the country. Turned out he did have friends, though he didn't know them when he told the police about them, friends who came up with the price of a one way ticket to the West Indies, from whence he said he could make his way home through routes unknown to the white man.

Interesting footnote: the evening paper, The Journal, the day of his visit had a wire service story on Africa, which mentioned Angola as a place where there is no racial discrimination.

"True enough," he said, "the explanation is very simple. If you will stand in the center of your village and declare in front of your elders that all your ancestors were barbarians (in a society where there is a form of ancestor worship), that the Catholic Christian religion is the only true religion, that you are white... and pay \$50 (where the annual income is \$51), you will receive an 'assimilado,' a certificate of assimilation and you will become a white man." (Elementary, my dear Livingston, elementary.)

-eliza paschall

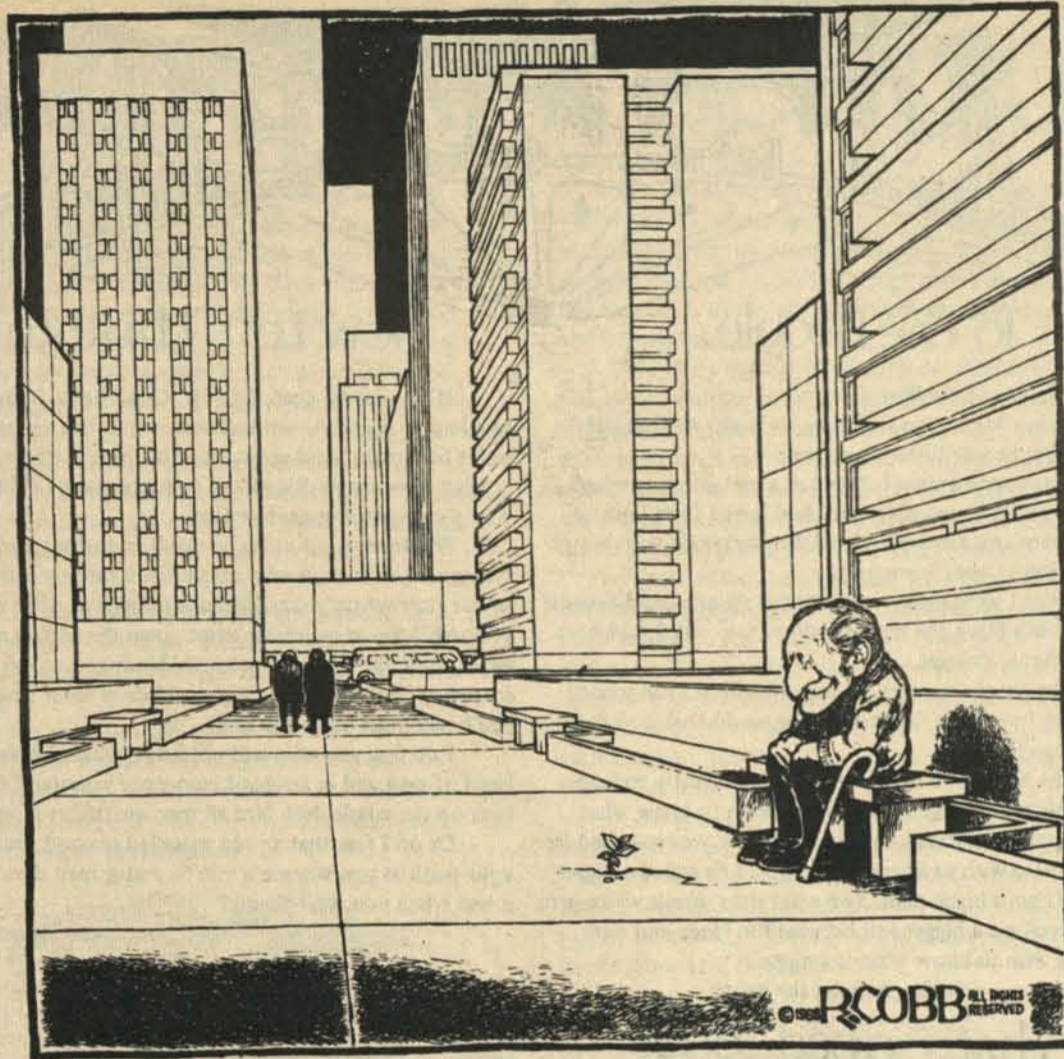
Lazy, hazy holiday we had, and thinking now about another (college habit) at Christmas. Winter now, and cold earth, tired bodies. But soon the Spring, and Energy, of sun and man, people in the streets: hard times, good times. Good to be Alive, Glad to be Alive, hope you are...

Coming together a bit on the *Bird* now, getting over our surprise at longevity, starting to learn somewhat where we are, seeing some of our mistakes. Not completely sure of direction yet, hanging loose, biding time, looking, learning, growing. Many changes in the last year, for millions; time to digest, time to prepare for next year. We'll be here, pushing. We know that now.

A short note on the legal situation: Hearing on our injunction proceedings against DeKalb County, Fulton County, and the City of Atlanta has been set for January 14, 1969, at 9:30 a.m. in the Court of Appeals courtroom in the Old Post Office building. Sitting on the three-judge special panel will be Fifth Circuit Court Judge Lewis Morgan and Federal District Court Judges Albert Henderson and Newell Edenfield.

See you in court, perhaps, and Welcome.

-tom coffin



STRIKES

STUDENTS

WORKERS

Irony of the day: Dr. S. I. Hayakawa the new president of strike bound San Francisco State will speak on "Black Studies in the American Colleges" at an Atlanta University conference. (see calendar) When the San Francisco State Black Student Union organized a student strike on November 6, Hayakawa worked to muster the right wing student and faculty opposition. The central demand of the Black Student Union was the creation of an autonomous Black Studies Department with an adequate staff.

Hayakawa, who has taken a consistently hard line stance in favor of police force against student actions, (and who defended Mayor Daley's Chicago tactics) was rewarded with the presidency on November the 30th.

Behind the black student movement at San Francisco State is the covert attempt of the administration to defeat a long promised, faculty proposed black studies program. The October 31 firing of black English instructor George Murray, Black Panther Education Minister, precipitated the strike. The Black Student Union then presented a list of 10 non-negotiable demands and called for a student strike.

The strike built momentum. Many departments were almost closed. Students met in mass and gathered informally all over the campus to rap about the university and racism.

Then the police came. First on November 6 and 8. November 13, police broke rank and attacked blacks gathered for a press conference. Several students were beaten.

The same day the faculty demanded the resignation of Chancellor Dumke, the administrator who fired George Murray. The faculty then voted to suspend classes indefinitely.

The strike grew and waned. When President Smith attempted to reopen classes on November 19, the faculty refused and voted instead to convene a campus wide convocation to discuss the BSU's demands. Smith insisted that classes proceed, but the convocation continued. Two days later black students lead a walk out and a disruption of the reconvened classes.

As things now stand, the new President Hayakawa has attempted to reopen classes on new terms: any instructor absent from classes more than five days is considered resigned; any student who misbehaves will be suspended. Violent confrontations have occurred daily since.

Welcome, to liberal Atlanta, Dr. Hayakawa.

-jim gwin

Two hundred in Atlanta braved near-freezing temperatures Wednesday at St. Joseph's high school, attending a support rally for the boycott of California grapes here. The rally focused on a 50-minute television documentary, "Huelga," a film capturing the spirit of the grape strike and giving a glimpse of the unfulfilled power and promise of television as an honest and innovating medium.

Father John Mullroy of Sacred Heart Catholic Church chaired the meeting. Rev. Tom Patterson, chairman of the Concerned Clergy of Atlanta (recent victors in the battle to upgrade Beuhler's ghetto groceries), announced the full support of the Concerned Clergy. The Georgia Council on Human Relations, which recently voted to support the boycott, was represented by its chairman Rev. Stubbs from Columbus.

Organized labor also was there. Luis Melendrez, Atlanta representative of the striking United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, thanked those present for their work and for the warm reception accorded him. Al Kehrer, Southern director of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Department, stressed the importance of the California strike to two million farm workers throughout the country. Al Horn, an Atlanta attorney with extensive background in labor law, pointed out that national labor law protections did not extend to farmworkers, leaving them "two basic weapons... shutting down the plant and cutting off the markets. Chavez is shutting down the plant and we have to cut off the market."

Becky Becker, coordinator for the local grape boycott committee, announced that the Atlanta support committee will begin leafletting local A & P grocery stores this week end. She described the unsuccessful efforts of the committee to meet with A & P management to discuss the grape boycott. She asked all interested persons to help by passing out boycott leaflets this week end. For leafletting information call Mrs. Becker at 378-0791 or Don Smith at 633-3907.

-gene guerrero

The Toronto Anti-draft Programme is working on the Third Edition of its "Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada."

They are interested in corresponding with anti-draft groups in the United States to keep their contact list up-to-date.

For further information and copies of the manual, write them at: 2279 Yonge St., Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada, or phone 416-481-0241.

COVER: PETER HUDSON



To The People...

New Left Thoughts

To the People of the World:

I am a black man searching for a way to find out what other people think about me.

Once upon a time I stayed at a certain place which a white friend has rented for me. And later I found out he didn't want any black people in the apartment with him. I wish to know what is a nigger.

Once I went into a restaurant in Atlanta, and because my skin was black the manager threw me out. I wish to know what is a nigger.

The people say this is a free world but I cannot see what's so free about this world. The world that is so free and not so free.

The black man helps fight for this country to help make this our so-called free world. I wish to know what rights does a black man have in this country or so-called free world. I also wish to know why I should be called a nigger because I am a black man. And what right does a white man have to call me a nigger just because I'm black and not white? I wish to know what is a nigger.

-charley mosely, the hawk

What's so bad about the world?

One of the most common criticisms of the Peace Movement is that the young people involved are not striving toward a Utopia, but that they are continually hung-up on criticising the established ways, that they are constantly against things and not for anything. I believe that there is so much to be against in our world that we must strive to rid the world of some of the more flagrant evils before we can ever hope to achieve anything close to a Utopia.

Consider the words of William James in his preface to *The Will to Believe*: "I quite agree that what mankind at large most lacks is criticism and caution, not faith. . . Its cardinal weakness is to let belief follow recklessly upon lively conception, especially when the conception has instinctive liking at its back. . . What such audiences need most is that their faiths should be broken up and ventilated, that the northwest wind of science should set into them and blow their sickliness and barbarism away."

What is so bad about the world? When the population of the world can be killed by any of three means—nerve gas, germ warfare, nuclear warfare—something is horribly wrong.

-alex

It's a yes—no deal: On—off. O—I. Right—wrong. It has touched, though, the untouchable, which has squirted sweet life-smells. And grows. And terrifies us all with its coming alive and shaking loose to make almost visible that wild secret sleeping marrow God.

Whatever this force is, it needs to thrust against. And that means us even us who could see in time understand. In our time we only scribbled our outrage at what was done to dumb John in lowercase verse down the adding machine paper while the boss was at lunch. Now we are over 40 and are "they" and cannot let the world drop for it *would* break and break your heart and mine.

I do fear you who will not know what id lives in the heart of man and in arrogant innocence you stand fair to fuck up the whole deal. Not all men are In-Art gripped.

Or do I fear that an old wrinkled sun will smile on your teeth as you wheeze a tale to young men then of how it was when you were young?

(no signature)

Tarver: alias Peter J. Frink

Editor
The Atlanta Journal
10 Forsyth Street, N.W.
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

The Editors:

If Peter J. Frink could get some of that passion with which he defends *The Great Speckled Bird* on your pages (in today's Letters to the Editors) into Atlanta Newspapers, Inc. (for which I hear he works full time), then *The Atlanta Journal* might be as entertaining, which is not to say informative, as *The Bird*.

Yours faithfully,
Davison Sears Rich

Atlanta

Note to *The Bird*:

(For years Jack Tarver has been writing letters to the editor of his own papers under the pseudonym "Peter J. Frink," often cutting up his own reporters and columnists. *The Journal* probably won't print this reply, but thought *The Bird* would be interested.)

DSR

NOW

NOW, the National Organization for Women, organized two years ago to work against discrimination based on sex and bring women into truly equal partnership with men, will hold its national conference in Atlanta Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 7 & 8, at the Sheraton Biltmore Hotel.

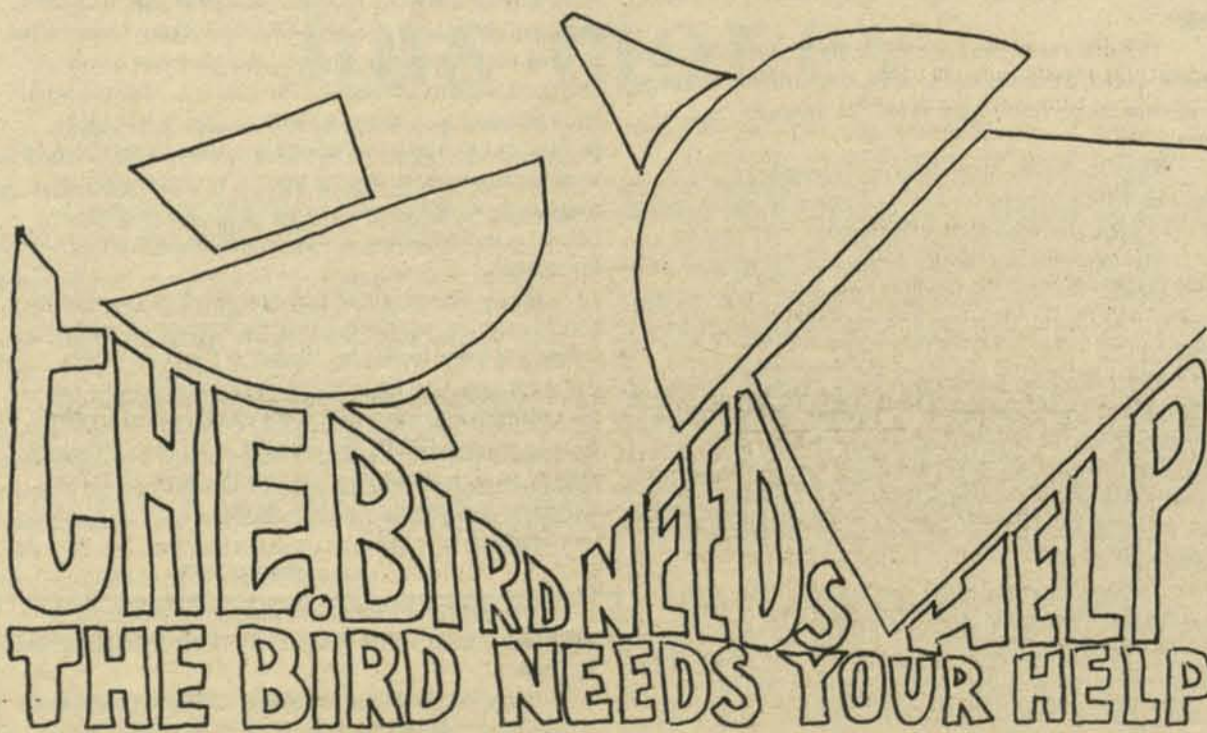
Mrs. Louise Watley, president of the Atlanta chapter, says that the conference will include progress reports for 1967-68 and discussion of priorities for action in 1969. Topics to be discussed at the Saturday afternoon session are employment (including income tax deduction for child care expenses of working parents); public accommodations (including action to end discrimination in restaurants, airlines, etc.); education (including new image of women in public school text books and other teaching materials); marriage and family (including reform of divorce and alimony laws and social security for wives); image of women, particularly in the mass media; politics (including equal representation of women on decision-making committees of all political parties); religion (including proposed ecumenical conference on discrimination against women in all churches, including church doctrine and practices).

The Saturday evening session will take up strategy and tactics, and the Sunday morning session will include a business session.

Highlighting the conference will be a luncheon on Saturday honoring Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., who has served on the national Board of NOW during the past year.

NOW has two categories of membership fees and two categories of registration fees. Regular membership, including national and local dues, is \$10 and the regular conference registration fee is \$7.50. Membership for students, retirees, etc., including national and local dues is \$5.50, and conference registration is \$3. Registration for non-members is also \$3. Cost of the Saturday luncheon is \$3.75.

Registration fees should be sent to Mrs. Eliza Paschall, 1957 Westminister Way, N.E., Atlanta, 30307. For further information, contact Mrs. Paschall, who is a member of the national Board and conference chairman, at 525-2761 or 373-1966; or Mrs. Suzanne Gilbert, conference committee, 872-8161.



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WHITE TEACH·BLACK SCHOOL

(Editor's note: This is the concluding article in a two-part series on the Atlanta University Center colleges, the scene of recent student uprisings. This article focuses on the situation of the white teachers at these "predominantly Negro" colleges.

The author is a former teacher at Morehouse, one of the six colleges in the Center. He is white.)

The recent expulsion of Mrs. Justine Giannetti from her Spelman College classroom by black students was a dramatic reminder of what can happen to white teachers who forget their place at the AU Center schools. Other reminders, though less dramatic, have not been lacking in recent years.

Martin Luther King's murder sparked a similar but less publicized confrontation. White faculty who tried to attend a memorial service in the Morehouse gym were politely but firmly turned back by black security guards, apparently under pressure from on- and off-campus black radicals who had made it clear that they were determined to have an all-black meeting one way or another.

(This incident was properly deplored by the college president, who seized upon the occasion to simultaneously proclaim the college's commitment to King's integrationist ideas and, almost before the corpse was cold, to launch a massive fund-raising drive.)

Another incident had occurred about a year earlier during the Great Fraternity Fight of 1966-67 at Morehouse. This began as an internecine war between the black college president, who wanted to clamp down on the frats, vs. the black frat students and their black faculty brothers; but like every issue at the Black-conscious AU schools nowadays, it soon took on racial dimensions.

At a faculty speak-out on the question, a young white Northern teacher, in his first and only year at Morehouse, spoke against the fraternities. He was followed by a young black teacher, the essence of whose diatribe was: "Now look here, white man! What makes you think you can come down here and tell black people how to run their schools?"

Such confrontations not only underline the ambiguity of the position of the white teacher in a black school. They also raise the fundamental question of whether he should be there at all and, if so, what his role should be. Needless to say, these questions are more easily posed than answered.

Certainly any white sympathetic to Black liberation—as most white teachers in black schools presumably are—should realize the desirability of blacks having some few places they can call their own, where they can make the decisions, and whose futures they can determine. If not the "predominantly Negro" colleges, where can this be?

This granted, it follows that the white teacher should be willing to accede to the wishes of his black hosts. Most would agree that if the blacks don't want them, they should leave.

The problem is that the blacks have not yet decided what they want. This is true not only of the moderate, passive majority of students but even, or perhaps especially, of the student radicals and their few black faculty allies as well.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Black Awakening now in progress at the AU Center schools is the undefined and open-ended nature of its goals—the attainment of which often seems secondary to an understandable desire to flex black muscles anyway—and nowhere is this truer than on the question of white teachers.

This issue was not mentioned in the recent position paper of the radical Ad Hoc Committee for a Black University. Whether because the radicals themselves have not come to a settled opinion, because they feared alienating moderate students and faculty, or because they realize the difficulty of replacing white faculty overnight, their silence on this issue was conspicuous in a document which took uncompromising stands on almost every other conceivable issue.

Even in the Giannetti incident, the sharpest confrontation yet between white teacher and black students, black opinion was sharply split. Shortly after being evicted from her 1 pm class for calling a black

student a "jackass," she received a telegram which read: "We are backing you. Your two o'clock class."

Thus there is no attempt here to leave the impression that white teachers and black students are ranged in mutually hostile armed camps. Despite strains, interracial friendships are still common, and many students still say they are interested only in getting a good education and don't care what color their teachers are.

But it must also be remembered that even a small minority of hostile students can make the white teacher's situation intolerable, or at least damned uncomfortable, if they are determined to do so.

Ultimately, the white teacher question is inseparable from the larger, equally unresolved question of what kind of colleges those in the AU Center should be.

One argument sometimes heard for the retention of white teachers, for instance, is the value of exposing students, many of whom have come from segregated schools, to their first integrated situation under favorable circumstances.



from *The New South Student*

After all, this argument goes, the student is probably going to live and work in the white world. So he'd better get some experience in dealing with whites, and who is better for this purpose than the ones who are enlightened enough to teach in Negro schools?

But this argument has some force only if one accepts the present function of the AU Center colleges of preparing black students to make it in the white world—a function under heavy fire by radical students, but one to which they have not yet presented clear alternatives.

If, on the other hand, one accepts the radical premise that America is racist to the core—so racist that blacks cannot make it unless they are willing to be castrated of their Blackness, and that this is too high a price to pay—just the opposite can be argued with equal force.

To wit: Black students should not be disarmed of their racial defenses by exposure to a self-selected, highly unrepresentative handful of "good" whites. If the black man must fight for liberation or even survival in a racist society, perhaps the most useful orientation is distrust of *all* whites—a distrust which will be well-founded far more often than not.

Until these larger issues are resolved—either by an Ultimate Confrontation or by default—the position of the white teacher in the AU Center colleges will remain ambiguous, anomalous, tenuous, undefined.

The tenuousness of the white teacher's predicament does not stem primarily from his character defects, personality traits, politics, ideas, attitudes or feelings, but from the fact that he is stepping into a situation which has been rigidly predefined by three centuries of history.

For 300 years, the normal relationship between whites and blacks in America has been that of superiors and inferiors: slaver and cargo, planter and slave, general and footsoldier, Radical Republican and freedman, owner and sharecropper, employer and wage-earner.

The white teacher-black student relationship is objectively and historically (regardless of anybody's feelings or attitudes) an attenuated echo of these previous patterns of subordination. Once again, the white man is telling the black what to do, although the gradebook has replaced the whip, the crop lien, and the wage as the primary instrument of coercion.

Furthermore, the white teacher is likely to be the *only* white man exercising *direct* control over his black students at this stage of their lives. So the awakening Black student who has never known the previous forms of oppression, but whose growing Blackness makes subordination to a white teacher increasingly intolerable, may not consider his situation so "attenuated."

To object that neither the teachers nor the vast majority of students perceive the situation in such extreme terms is irrelevant. Since this is the objective, historical nature of the situation, the chance that it *will be* perceived this way grows in direct proportion to the growth of Black awareness.

It is also beside the point to object that white teachers have purer motives than slaveholding planters; that they are sincerely interested in their students' welfare. This is beside the point not only for the obvious reason that most people (including slaveholders) usually consider their own motives laudable but, more importantly, because whites who are determined to help blacks can be just as great an obstacle to blacks doing things for themselves (and that's where it's at) as whites who are overtly hostile to them.

We cannot escape our history. If the sins of our fathers are to be visited on this generation, the white teacher will probably get more than his share of the fallout, if only because of his proximity to angry blacks.

Even if he could transcend 300 years of history, however, the white teacher's position would still be anomalous given the current rediscovery of Blackness—undoubtedly the most significant current development among Black students at the AU Center colleges.

Like a Black Midas' wand, this movement imbues everything it touches with an ebony hue. A discussion of Descartes in Western civ is likely to wind up in heated debate over how Descartes would have analyzed Black Power, or whether white philosophers are relevant to Black people anyway.

This is probably as it should be. Blackness is exactly what Black students in racist America should be concerned with, even obsessed with, at this stage.

But in this momentous development, the white teacher can only be a spectator or an accomplice (or a target)—barred as he is by his race from playing a protagonist's role. The *felt* concerns of his awakened Black students cannot be his own—or at least, he will not feel them with the same urgency. Sympathizing is not experiencing; intellectual understanding is not emotional involvement. White, in short, is not black.

So the white teacher is, and will continue to be suspect to students becoming aware of their Blackness. One of my best students at Morehouse, now in graduate school, told me he initially suspected that white teachers in black schools must either be missionaries come to save the heathen, radicals in search of converts, or incompetents who could not get jobs in white schools. Occasional examples of each type keep the stereotypes alive.

Occasionally the white teacher is accused of outright racism, as was Mrs. Giannetti (who has also called white students "jackasses" upon occasion, she told me later). I have even heard it charged (only once) that white teachers deliberately miseducate black youth so that they cannot get into graduate schools or get good jobs.

A common response of white teachers is to admit "cultural" differences between themselves and their students: different values, different expectations, different backgrounds. But the cultural line coincides so often with the racial that it seems pointless to quibble over the label. The high academic standard demanded by some white

(continued on page 15)

ELECTION

ANALYSIS:

nixon

(Ed. note: Is the election of Richard Nixon cause for optimism or despair for the left in America? The writer of the following article counsels a guarded optimism. We think his interpretation of the election an unusual and provocative one. Differing views would be welcome.)

(LNS/Mass)—Change seems to come extremely fast in the technological society. Witness the 1968 elections. Through early June the election seemed to represent a vast sweep to the left. The big debate was who would be the better President, McCarthy or Kennedy.

Then Bobby was killed. The Kennedy movement couldn't be pulled back together in time for the August rites, and the Administration was nominated again.

Also with the death of Bobby came the birth of the Wallace movement in the North. Cut off from the last figure in national politics with whom they could personally identify, workers were offered a Nazi candidate who at least seemed to care about them.

The country was faced with three choices, the left-most of whom was old red-killer Hubert Humphrey and on the right was America's Adolph. Richard Nixon, who began his campaign with an obvious appeal to disaffected liberals but who immediately shifted to the right in an attempt to cut off the Wallace vote, represented the middle of the road.

Soon the *New York Times* dutifully ran its article about how America had moved to the right, how the always conservative-private-property-oriented nation had been baited from the left and had now made the predictable we-told-you-so shift back to reaction. Bullshit. Humphrey began running a campaign in the North strongly oriented to a mixture of traditional and new liberalism/humanism. To be sure, he covered his right with calls for law-and-order, but while Agnew of the Cretin-right was bombing all over the country, Humphrey and especially Muskie were aiming their appeal at people who wanted something a good deal softer and warmer than fascism.

The Democrats, with the help of Nixon and Wallace, managed to convince much of the electorate they did represent a new and left alternative to them as well as Johnson, and as they did this their stock soared. When the bombs stopped, Hubie almost won. Wallace proved strong only in the South and not even in the border states—the same areas that had gone to Barry Goldwater in 1964. His blue-collar appeal proved extremely limited.

Of Nixon's 43% of the vote one can only remind oneself of what four years of Johnsonian Democracy had brought—the worst war in American history (the longest and the first so clearly lost), further deterioration of the cities and the worst domestic violence in one hundred years, hatred, discouragement, alienation and, worst of all, no hope.

And yet the Democrats still made it close. Nixon, the old Nixon, the Nixon whom nobody trusts. Nixon made the incredible mistake of throwing away a five million vote plurality to hug the right. He spent twenty to forty million dollars (to Humphrey's twelve) and ran a smooth, unified campaign but could not beat the splintered and discredited Democratic party by more than one percentage point. He had the endorsement of Hans Morgenthau and the post-convention resigned acceptance of Norman Mailer, yet he still could not win big.

Why? Because the country did not want a right-wing campaign. The triple representation of the white/fascist South (Wallace & Southern delegations to both conventions) simply did not represent the people. The country had heard plenty of law-and-order under Johnson, and, if it was buying that, it still wanted more, a new idea, a new face, a new direction, something to offer a hope of a way up and out.

If this sounds optimistic, if a 56% vote for Nixon/Wallace still weighs heavily on the mind, let's look at it another way. The future of this country lies in the cities where the power is still centralizing. Hubert Humphrey carried urban America in a landslide, every major city in the country by greater majorities than did John Kennedy. The election was won, as Murray Kempton put it, in every town in the country with a bookstore.

And if the suburbs still carried the election, remember what was going on in the spring, when the primarily suburb-middle-and upper-middle class-oriented movement of Eugene McCarthy was cutting the bottom out of the old Democratic coalition.

Despite McCarthy's liberal background, some radicals err seriously when they discount the importance of his following—it is, after all, our child. This country has never had a left-wing president or even a major left-wing candidate beyond the dubious 1896 campaign of William Jennings Bryan. The American Presidential heroes—Jefferson Lincoln, Roosevelt and Kennedy—are the only men who seemed to approach civil libertarianism and social justice, and even if the images lacked substance, they remain the farthest left this country has gone. In terms of this country's history McCarthy would have been a very left President indeed. It is no longer so important WHAT you stand for as what the people THINK you stand for. People thought Kennedy stood for peace and justice and he aroused the passion that gave birth on a mass scale to our movement. **The people thought Johnson stood for peace in '64 and**



when he didn't produce the domestic violence began to approach the foreign.

And because he didn't produce he was dumped. One may argue that the war in Vietnam is being cut because it is bad for the economy, but there is simply no denying, firstly, that, if the people were willing, the military would have scuttled the consumer economy for a war one long ago. And secondly, whatever the fraud of the electoral process, politicians still think in terms of elections and there is enough fluidity in the system to deny them their jobs when the people want them denied, even if it takes an initial apparent swing to the right to do it. This time it was only a shift from Johnson to Humphrey, but the machines probably cannot afford too many losers too long. That we'll just have to watch and see.

But there is no doubting that whatever McCarthy's real political views, his followers knew what they wanted and it is too bad he did not get the chance to be forced to produce. His campaign approached an anti-military and anti-police tone and contained strong strains of anti-imperialism. It is interesting to note that, contrary to expectation, he continually moved to the left rather than the right—he was running after the young people who supported him and he only fell down at the end when it was too late anyway.

The McCarthy kids are good and their power was extraordinary. In Ohio, for example, a McCarthy Senate candidate who was abandoned by the regular Democratic machine and had virtually no money gave the well-heeled, Nixon-backed Republican candidate a very close race. The reason was an organization of young people similar to the one that worked in the McCarthy primaries.

Radicals err seriously, I think, to discount this sort of phenomenon. Our confrontations and our radical analysis will convert a certain number of people to radicalism, but in a mass society its greater effect, at least in terms of num-

bers, will be simply to arouse in people an awareness of humanist needs for the society as a whole.

This means in many instances turning people who will never be totally alienated from passive to active liberalism, a liberalism which endorses and expects the reality of the humanist rhetoric the bosses use for conservative purposes. When the arousal becomes great enough among intelligent people, we can begin to expect at least some slow progress in closing the gap. You can only fool a literate people for so long.

Nor were the American people fooled in this election. Most indications were clear that the majority of the country was dissatisfied with the nominees. If Americans "did not stay away from the polls" in great numbers, as the establishment line has gone, it was still a mere sixth of the nation's population that elected Nixon, and the vote this year was even smaller than in '64. And the indications are that many of the right people did, in fact, stay away. One analysis of the election returns (Tom Wicker's of the *Times*) shows that the stay-at-home-Democrats vote did, in fact, make the difference, and that, whatever is being said new, the Democrats will have to cut off their white Southern wing and move to attract the young and black voters without which they will continue to lose.

And what did this year's ball game mean to the winner, Richard Nixon, the man who has never known joy, who worked his way through college and quotes his high school football coach, who wanted to "win this one for Ike." The man who makes urban liberals puke in a pool of sophisticated snottiness. The man nobody trusts. If people trusted him, after all, he would have won in a walk. But, now, after the election, people like him less than ever.

Dick Nixon knows the media—his campaign was strictly a media campaign, where newspaper reporters were butted aside to get at the camera and where his campaign advisers all came straight from the political hustings of Madison Avenue. Twenty to forty million dollars of the grossest, most carefully calculated advertising campaign ever waged in this country.

Yet he failed to win a mandate. Nobody likes him. Are they too smart?

Nixon, of course, will continue to age imperialist war, will thwart civil liberties wherever possible and will suppress the left just as surely as Hubert Humphrey purged the labor movement of its left wing. Humphrey may even be in the Nixon cabinet, the grand coalition of the "middle" against "extremism of the left and right," the embodiment of the Newspeak.

It will fail. The left wing of the Democratic party will fight him and put its finger at least half-way on many of the right issues—it has no choice, it has to do this to keep alive. The news media—meaning the writers and reporters—showed that they are sympathetic and this will be important. There will be a cadre within the Senate that will pick apart the language for us.

Secondly, Richard Nixon is still Richard Nixon. He may have learned a lot, he may be more confident, but he still makes everybody throw up.

Richard Nixon will be the focal point for the exorcism of Newspeak just as Lyndon Johnson was the goat that brought down the ward heelers. It will take a few years, maybe even two terms. Too many people can read and the movies and records have been too good. People have tasted the good life and want more and want it all, not just the slick suits and the fast cars but the realities of joy and honesty. Could they have picked a worse person to run the prime-time Presidency Show than Richard Nixon?

Things will burst out at the seams, all-out cultural war against the five o'clock shadow. They killed Bobby and King and Che and they still can't stop it. America is energy now and forever, more than enough energy to clear it into the new age.

—harvey wasserman

The mother and child symbol of the Poor People's Campaign will appear on the front of a Christmas card to be distributed through the Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress. The black and white card will carry the inscription "Christmas Greetings 1968" and a quotation from Martin Luther King, Jr.—"Say that I tried to serve and love humanity."

Card and envelope for donations of 10 cents or more are available at the MASLC office, 201 Ashby St., N.W. Cards may be reserved by telephoning 525-2761.

FIRST OF
THREE

FUZZ

(LNS/Mass.)—(Ed. note: Bob Cook is a member of AIM, American Independent Movement, in New Haven, which first published the research analysis of the role of the police in society. AIM is published at 241 Orange St., New Haven, Conn. 06410.)

For the past several years, AIM has participated in what might be called the "liberal" attack on the police. From the Supreme Court on down to the AIM Newsletter, police investigative techniques have been challenged; the police have been accused of racism, brutality, even facism; and they have been charged with over-reacting to riots, or even with creating police riots.

I think we have been mistaken in the character of our criticism of the police. We have misunderstood the role of the police in society; failed to appreciate the pressures acting on the police; and ignored the difference among policemen and police forces. All this stems from the basic error of attacking the symptoms of sickness in our society and not the cause of the symptoms. The purpose of this article is to correct those mistakes.

"The police are conservative defenders of the status quo"*

Police are harried by those in power to maintain the existing set of political, economic, and social relations in the society. The laws which they enforce are merely the codification of these relations. The state, for which they work, reserves for itself the use of force and violence as the legitimate authority.

The violence of the police and the state—guns, clubs, mace, jails, execution, wars—is therefore "legal" while all other violence is "illegal."

The police as we know them can be traced back to the 1700's and 1800's in Europe when there was a great fear of the "dangerous classes" or the "mob." The property classes had up till then been doing much of their own police work. For example, in England a cavalry force called the yeomanry was made up of small landowners. But when the London police were formed in 1829, and when the same concept was later expanded to most of England,

it was recognized that it would be best to interpose a professional police force between the rulers and the people. One manufacturer testifying before the Royal Commission in 1839 said:

"A great majority of the more serious disturbances originate in disputes between master and servant. The local magistracy is chiefly composed of the resident landowners and manufacturers, and the irritation of the workers against their employers is greatly increased when they find the person with whom the disputes have arisen openly supported by, and giving directions to, the military, and subsequently punishing them for breaches of the peace, which would never have been committed unless such disputes had occurred. Ought the employer to be placed in such a situation? Is it likely that animosities would be allayed or peace maintained by it? What safety has the proprietor of machinery?"

The final report of the Royal Commission came to the same conclusion:

"In several instances where there was an effective resistance given to the rioters, we have been informed that animosities were created or increased, and rendered permanent by arming master against servant, neighbour against neighbour. . . . The necessity for such painful and demoralizing conflicts between connected persons should be avoided by providing a trained and independent force for action in such emergencies."

(This and the above quotation are from Allan Silver, *The Demand for Order in Civil Society*, in Bordua, *The Police*.)

The role of the police, then, is to protect the rich from the poor, the employer from the worker, the haves from the have-nots, while at the same time deflecting attacks from those in power and onto the police. *In a fundamentally unjust society, even the most impartial, professional, efficient enforcement of the laws by the police cannot result in justice.*

For example, both Ronald Johnson and a group of General Electric executives were arrested for conspiracy to violate laws. The only concrete evidence against Johnson was that he was in possession of some dynamite. The General Electric executives were found to have engaged in con-

spiracies to fix prices in contracts valued at over \$270,000,000. All were tried and found guilty. Johnson was sentenced to 8-12 years in jail; of the 32 executives found guilty, 30 were given jail sentences; 23 of these were suspended. The other seven served 30 days apiece.

Unlike the ordinary man with a criminal record, the executives were welcomed back by the business community. They went on to jobs like president of Le Tourneau Westinghouse, or executive-president of Yale & Towne.

The anti-trust laws under which the executives were charged are a perfect example of class rule. They are supposed to control the power of large corporations to dominate markets and smaller businessmen. But in the fifty-six years from 1890 to 1964, only 198 businessmen were sentenced to prison; only seven were businessmen, and all of their sentences were suspended. On the other hand, during the years 1933-1937, the militia or national guard was called out 82 times to put down strikes or disturbances of workers trying to organize.

Actually, the situation is even worse than this. Because of the peculiar nature of the heavy electrical equipment industry, the executives had to openly conspire to fix prices. But our entire economy is now based on a system of price-fixing called "administered prices" which is perfectly "legal."

As a general rule, stealing by businessmen and others of similar position, so called "white collar crime," is either within the law (which they may have written), punished by administrative action (firing or fines), or if actually brought to court, only lightly punished. For an executive to steal a million dollars carries less stigma than if you or I stole a loaf of bread.

As Victor Hugo said over 100 years ago, "The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to beg, to sleep under bridges, and to steal bread."

—bob cook

*This and the following quotations are from conversations with police officers in New Haven and Mt. Vernon, N.Y., including New Haven Police Chief James Ahern. Of course all interpretations are my own. B.C.

DUFFILL

Tam Duffill I've seen him longhaired shorthaired bearded cleanshaven straightheaded freakedout up and down, seen him swingin his legs off a porch railin on Monroe naked to the waist takin the sun, seen him head back foot banging tamborine mouth wideopen singing in the Bistro and the Barrel and the Station, singing *John Brown*, I remember him singing *John Brown*.

Tam Duffill married January five years back still a student in Alabama College, Montevallo; out of Washington State a baby into Arlington Virginia where the grateful dead of the nation sleep like John Brown into Alabama's Mobile:

Tam Duffill strong and well-put-together make his father the admiral proud; shy and talking poetry please his mother. In the house use his right hand like the people, outside throw a ball with his left like himself. (The right lobe of the forebrain controls the left side of the body, and vice versa, keep that in mind.)

Tam Duffill teaching history in Savannah and Jonesboro high schools, singing, teaching, singing again; young teacher, good teacher according to the students. No doubt disturbing to the older staidier steadier more singleminded faculty.

Tam Duffill never singleminded, throwing with his left hand, eating with his right: weak and strong, beautiful and ugly like the rest of us, married, father and divorcer in three years' time.

Tam on mescaline and grass, grass every day, up every day until he became seer and prophet and poet, message-bringer who could not speak the words of his message, prophet whose messages stuck in his throat: singer and teacher without song or lessons; singing and wishing he were teaching, teaching and wishing he could sing.

Tam with more words than he could speak more lessons than he could learn grabbing back into the past with



if onlvs toward happier more ignorant yesterdays, reliving back and farther back (far enough back is a time when you were not) until Joyce, exwife and dear friend, and other friends, could help him no more.

Tam in Grady and Georgia Mental Health, scoffing up a bottle of sleeping pills and getting pumped out, floating and prophesying on a grass cloud on weekends; varityping sometimes trying to build a bridge of work and words back somewhere, helping Joyce one weekend talking rifle, leaving with one of his two pistols, leaving the rifle:

Tam Duffill saying Joyce, whatever, don't hold yourself responsible:

Tam with a bullet in his head (shot in the right temple which controls the left side, across the frontal lobes it fetched up against the skull on the left side which controls the right half of the body: shot right through the speech centers which had worked so hard and so well and still would not sing what he had to sing nor teach what he had to teach: a shot which fetched up on the left against the skull, the skull which had to be carved to allow for the swelling on Monday night and on Wednesday night they were saying if can live for 48 hours then he'll pull through but what that bullet's carved out no man can tell) no man will tell: the beautiful dumb wise sad son of a bitch may have lost the very part that was hurtin him most: *if your right eye offends you*

Tam, Tam, twominded Tam: shot by himself or another, who knows, but anyhow wanting bad not to be or not to be now or not to be him now, with a bullet track all across the inside of the front of his fine head, staggering and walking and stumbling like a deer shot in the neck for a hundred and fifty feet for the help nobody had been able to give him for twenty-eight years.



The Lesson of Walker Percy

The hard-sell, wet-hand-pressing, used car salesman deacon, with a guaranteed-to-run Christ, greets the members on the steps of the million-dollar, modern-Gothic, segregated church. The Tuesday morning, morning-dulled, curler-headed housewife, Watches the Wednesday decent-day life of the soap opera. The every-town, corner, friendly, neon-faced, drugstore, Makes more, easier, from dirty-fronted magazines than aspirin. The always-clean, just disinfected, Sinclair, Texaco, Gulfed, has the coke machine in front, and the men's room, the condom dispenser.

They are not devils, but as lewd as devils,

to be overtly decent and covertly lewd the sadness of the soap opera overtly decent sad as lewdness sad people sorrowfully and decently fumble under the table lewdly

Sing not your paltry melody, but sing to me of lewdness, for covert lewdness is a paltry thing. Overt lewdness is an honest dream.

To Pvt. Donald B. Cooper, Fort McClellan, Ala.

He was a beautiful young man all fair, and pink, and golden, in the places where his thinking was.

And he sang a silent, nameless, song that no one ever heard, but they saw his lips move and suspected it was there.

And only the very old might have known that he was of another time. A time of flower-webbed curtains over paper shades with blue glass pulls, if not colored-crocheted rings. A time of side porches on side yards with spigots wrapped in the rags of the last cold winter, and ant-covered, burst-ripe figs. A time when morning glories were on purpose, and your one sweetheart loved you at ten, and married you at twenty. And everyone knew what was right and what was wrong.

You went to hell if you were wrong, and you went to war because you were right.

They couldn't understand it because, surely he knew what was wrong, although he wasn't sure what was right. Occasionally he had dreamt of hell And they suspected he didn't believe in war.

He was a beautiful young man all fair, and pink, and golden, and he shot himself, in the places where his thinking was.



The Daytona Motormaid

She came from about 45 miles down the road with her dad, 12 year old brother, and Mike of Martino's Cycle Shop (Kook Kustomizing a Speciality). She had honest-to-god-naturally-blond hair, baby-doll eyes, and a "Love Me Tender" mouth. She wore a pink Ban-lon, faded blues, a "Road King" from Herm's Leathertogs, and seamed-up-the-front Go-Go's. Her baby booby body sat high and for real atop a Candy Cane Custom Colored, metal flaked, diamond-dusted 1200 cc'ed mother-loving machine. They were all there—the man from Speed Reed's, the Harley-Davidson rep, and the BMW rider with white socks. Along with about 2000 superhighway studs, they slapped backs, swapped jokes, and grinned at the class, the all-out class, the All-American class, of this beautiful low-class honey.

Mr. Hopkins' Passing

He laughed hard and fell from the book. Dropping the very best nose on the floor where it lay Among the paper cups with chipped corners and rainbow stains His dog flew to the top of the lamp Where it looked back in moderate haste At yesterday's happiness that was all but eaten And bits of pale stuffing fell from his pockets Into the sofa all newly-covered in a sequined mood from the sun Just dropping behind the last crazed pane It was now evening for Mr. Hopkins And we doubt that he shall ever see the office again.

Peter's Valentine

The roses are redness and the American true blue. The wrapped silver remnant of a dream of a dream. And children adorning themselves for garden games, in doilies of plastic, that once was lace. The soft stuffed satin of another time, when someone knew why. My high-gloss love sings a Valentine. Contemporary.

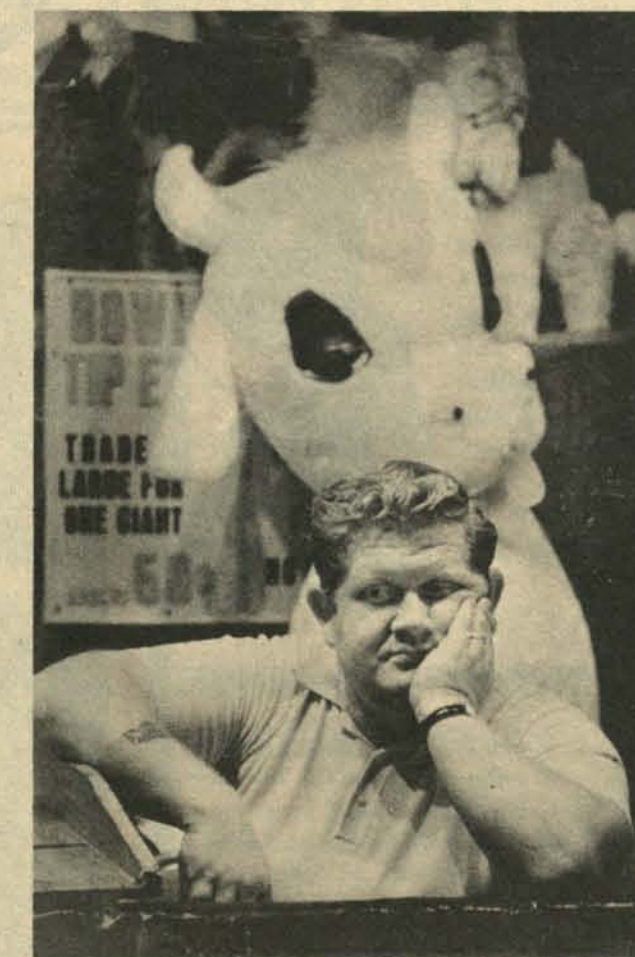


The Child

The child sat among the bottles and papered cans Catching the sun in a green glass jar Making of it a butterfly Her own Held there In the afternoon stillness

Sun-ripened flocks of gold splattered about Within her pony-wild eyes And Cat's Feet and Hare Grass were trapped in her lazy hair She never made a sound For she thought a silent child's song Unrimed and motherless Her own Held there In the afternoon stillness

The grandfather was grey and crazy-old They sent him for the girl As a child to fetch a child Both were deaf And vacant-minded But his eyes sought another child of another time And lifting the sun from her hands He smiled at His own Held there In the afternoon stillness



Poetry by Judy Allen

Pictures by Peter Hudson

REVIEW

Music from Lil' Brown (Ode 21244010)

**IF YOU PAINT BIG PINK
BLACK,**

WHAT YOU GET IS LIL' BROWN.

Cause your ole lady's my ole lady too... "Music from Lil' Brown"... an intertribal parley on the warm sand of Or Else Isle begins as the Libran Examiner rapps a stone gavel against the hollow roman ruin. He asks for magic. Dark magic: Haitian voodoo, Afrikan juju, Maduran sacrifice, Light Magic: Jamaican rojo e oro, Masai smile, Nigerian inflectives and Miscellaneous Magic: a very funky ole walk from New York City, the diddy, shuffle on the nod, only the cool head of Mose, a rurally inspired prophet, can balance the Oakland Heat and the Iron Pyrite Eyed representatives from West D'Angelik. The disfranchised delegation from Mexico and Others, arrives late, as expected, and with the precision of dedicated despair, tosses the Walkathon Medal into the sea, saying 'there are no flutes, where's my nutmeg, senors? Implicit in the shrugs is the correction: There will be flutes. They seem to be chanting, 'this is my country, do do doo,' after a brief respite for horizontal recreation the Libran returns to the business of trafficking smelted reason. 'awroght, mohamet has the floor, go mo.'

Prime Mover

'Once they was a group of nations.
They groped. Grope group grope.
They grouped and groped with spears.
Chuck group chuck.
And then they grouped and grope with music.
Shake it baby, shake
They groped with boycotts, protests, sit-ins and even
stick-ups.
Nice try group.

But it was zero, so they groped with spears again.'

The Libran sets the weight of the words on the scales, but accurate measurement is found in the ear of the beheld, so the floor is given, in token, should temperance be required, to the widow of a Southern Warrior. In this grey hour, shan't we Stand and watch the Ships go sail the seven seas?

The formalities over, a leader arises from his fetal position and faces the distant dunes. The nations are lined



on the rims waiting for the charge, millions of em, some on camels, my god, zillions of em, some wigglin their toes in the sand, umpteen septillion of em. The leader gestures obscenely and shouts to the hordes, 'your ole lady sho been good ta me!' They echo the motion and reply, 'I see your window and I want to paint it black!'

The confused charge settles into a glorious march punctuated by rolled rrrrs, Swahili secrets and Xosa victory cries. They paint it black. Latin accented soul brush strokes, ebony enamel paint, slopping it everywhere, oily reflective ebony glimmering enamel black streets, sidewalks, trees, black spoons, cows, plows, highways, byways, flyways, black cats, dogs, hogs, frogs, donner, dasher, and blitzen, blahack. nnnna nnnnha blahack, spics, hics, kicks, jugs, mugs, fugs, rugs, ahhhnnnnh haaaaah eeeeeow. el negrito es loco con sole e tiempo. yaaah.

Music From Lil' Brown (Ode 1244010) Africa are: Brice Coefield, Gary and Chester Pipkin, Ed Wallace and Freddie Wills, rocking horse, tricycle, peace symbol, simple assorted ancestors and progeny. They're not black, they're brown, you're not white you're pink. You got sung glasses, i got sung lasses all gots chilen got sun glass, and kin. Blackie and whitey, boston and ford, brownie and pinkey, magee and lee. Frick and Frack.

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Atlanta is currently blessed with two opportunities to view what are often termed "underground" films—George Ellis' on-and-off Andy Warhol series at the Festival Cinema, and Lotus Films' continuing series each week end, midnights, at the Peachtree Art Theater. Frankly, both outlets are in grave danger of being cut off for lack of support. This would be a great blow to lovers of cinema in this area, for Atlanta, as a city, has the most disgracefully commercial attitude toward the motion picture medium possible:

Big commercial theaters show Hollywood epics for month-, year-, decade-long runs; "art" theaters spread like cancer over the city and play Russ Meyer pornography (heard of any "art" theaters getting busted for obscenity

course, the Festival Cinema, which consistently brings fine commercial and non-commercial motion pictures to Atlanta without primary consideration of their money-making potential (with disastrous financial results, evidently). And more recently we have the "underground" film series presented by Lotus Films.

Currently playing at the Festival is *Loves of Ondine*, a non-movie by non-director Andy Warhol starring non-actors and non-actresses like Ondine, Viva, Ingrid Superstar, and others. Whatever you think of Warhol's films, each of them presents a challenge to its viewer, and all of them demonstrate a love of the medium so great that its potentials can be reduced almost to nothing and the result is still a movie. Warhol spoofs everything we are used



lately?) ad infinitum; some moviehouses aim for a higher class audience, and we get trash like *Elvira Madigan*, or *A Man and A Woman*, which played for an entire year! The sickest thing yet is the High Museum of Art's astounding policy of charging high, High admission to see commercial "art" films like *La Dolce Vita* which most moviegoers have seen many times before—more children have probably seen *Tom Jones* than the entire 42-year audience of Griffith's *Intolerance*! If ever there was a need for the services of an art museum, it is in Atlanta, Now.

Any rewarding movie experience we are allowed is due not to the exhibitors but to the accident of individual film-makers choosing to rise above the norm. We should feel grateful for substantial commercial achievements like *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Belle de Jour*, and *Persona* (which the 10 Street "Art" Theater actually cut, thinking, as the manager explained to me, that one of the most crucial scenes in the film had been mistakenly repeated by Bergman!), etc., but our thanks should be to the adventurous talents that can work so well within the framework of the motion picture industry and not to the industry itself, and certainly not to the Fox, Mammon's Cinema, Loew's "Tara" (!), or the many-mini-"art" theaters.

The happy exception to this mess has been, of

to, as far as movies in America are concerned, especially the sexual neuroses of Americans; Hollywood has utilized these so perversely that the females of our nation are conditioned to fall madly for guys who unknowingly ape the absurd histrionics of all-American-male roles played by homosexual actors. It's not quite that way in a Warhol epic, to say the least. Russ Meyer fans beware: *Loves of Ondine* (and the other non-movies, and "underground" films in general) is not for the sexually hung-up. It won't help bolster a floundering sexual identity; and, depending on how much yours flounders, it may send you into a limbo of sexuality that Carmen, baby never told you about.

Friday and Saturday will be Anarchy Nights at the Peachtree "Art" Theater as Lotus Films Presents *Zero de conduite* (zero for conduct), Jean Vigo's 1933 parable of revolt against the establishment, plus a filmed report of the student revolt at Columbia. James Agee, sharing with us and with Vigo a "peculiar kind of obsession for liberty and against authority," said of the spirit of *Zero de conduite* that "its fierceness and gaiety, the total absence of well-constructed 'constructive' diagnosis and prescription, the enormous liberating force of its quasi-nihilism, its humor, directness, kindness, criminality, and guile, form for me as satisfying a revolutionary expression as I know." While *Zero* cannot be called an "underground" film, its visual pyrotechnics and anarchic spirit have certainly influenced film-makers of the underground. The S.D.S. film of the liberation of Columbia University should bring things up to date in a perfect complement to Vigo's film.

See you underground.

—miller francis jr.



Shine On Brightly, Procol Harum (A&M Records 4151)

Procol Harum's first album isn't one you consciously listen to, but the invitation to do so is open in *Shine On Brightly*. The apologia in "Quite Rightly So" asks that you listen, be put on, and ultimately be dropped on your curious ass for the effort. G. Brooder et al seem to be trying very hard to prove "nothing's better left unsaid".

This self-conscious messageless message threads its way through most of the cuts with little of the tantalizing word play of the previous album. The line is: "And though the crowd clapped furiously (desperately) they could not see the joke." Unfortunately the joke is all too obvious, and it's bad ("Life is like a bean stalk, isn't it?").

The album is almost religious. Not only musically ("East and West"), but also in the same sense that a carnival is religious and in the same sense that religion is based on unsolvable nonsense mysteries. Musically it is adventurous in its eclecticism. It is less pat but not as chancey as the first album. The sounds range from dissonant electronics and religious motifs to the progressive old timey music of *Big Pink* ("Wish Me Well"). But still the voice organ and lyrics of G. Brooker in "Magdaline (My Regal Zonophone)" is worth the whole bit.

—peter hudson



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CONCERT

Suddenly the Iron Butterfly was on stage, and we wondered why they—and not the Turtles—were up first. Were they saving a new and improved Turtles for last? Anyway the Butterfly warmed up and took off into a little noticed tune from their second album—their magnum opus on life and the ways of the world. And sure enough it was the Butterfly, their sound unmistakable—that is, like every other cut.

Tune No. 2: more of the same. Then No. 3, Soul Experience, a tune from the not too distant Butterfly album no. 3. Soul is unlike anything they have done before, and all the better for it. Light but heavy, the new sound escapes from their usual syrupy thick beat. Butterfly was into Soul Experience and it was good. But from the audience: no response. Most had come only to hear "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida," go ga-ga, and have their minds expanded.

And soon the group got around to doing our thing for us, and everyone did indeed go ga-ga, but not totally without cause. When Butterfly played together, the music moved nicely and only occasionally dragged. The solo riffs didn't quite make it, but the drummer played his ass off and carried the piece.

Doug Ingles' droning, preaching organ was more typical of the good-but-not-good-enough Butterfly performance. The lead guitarist seemed to be mostly show and the bass player just hung suspended, lost in the plodding beat.

The Inner Media Light Show quickened the pace with their alternating prisms of psychedelia, traveling carnival, and crazy world of Arthur Brown. And so in the midst of flames, screams and sighs, and in a state of exhaustion the Iron Butterfly show closed, leaving us with the feeling that they were really much better than their album indicated.

About three-fourths of the audience returned to hear the Turtles, half of them because they dig the Turtles, the other half out of wonder and disbelief. Within 5 minutes those of us who had hoped for some kind of Turtle metamorphosis were disappointed.

One guy came out in a yellow shirt with no less than three guitars painted on it and proceeded to act funny and tell funny stories. Another cat looked like he had just returned from a fraternity smoker with the Vogues, and the other three Turtles were just there. Again only the drummer came through with a nice Gene Krupa riff.

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The best thing they did—and it was good because it's probably closer to their conception of music—was their very own version of 1956 rock.

Then after a short swing through the group's greatest hits, the concert ended amid audience shouts of "Bring Back the Butterfly!"

It was a swell show.

—little donnie speicher

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'I have lost a friend and I don know why, but never again will we get together and die, . . . Honey Harlowe, gypsie burlesque queen, how did she know that you needed morphine' . . .

i was twelve and living in the south bronx, 57-58, theriot avenue half a block east of city dump number four, the year of the roach. we would stand under the street light and stomp roaches and bullshit about good lays of the future getting off on luckies, polished my leather jacket with olive oil, ate sunflower seeds in the two cent box and spit thru my front teeth, busy truckin on my ding dong, looking for my mainline, couldnt hit it sideways. . . dirty lenny was working the new york clubs then, before litigation, busy waitin for his booster, couldnt hit it sideways. . . i picked up this flyer, maybe on the subway we rode downtown, IRT to Brooklyn Bridge stealing cigarettes from the blind man who had the concession in the City Archives Bldg. . . and the soda machine that freaked behind canadian quarters. . . this flyer with the playboy bunny logo, a picture of lenny and a riff about how he wasnt dirty which convinced me he was; dirty like i wanted to be, no fucking respect, a man like that, no character. my mother knew, she was as much catholic as mema sizzel was jew, and of course lenny was into the pope and 8 by 10 glossies for the promotionals, 'Generals Motors announced today that they are raffeling off a 1957 church'. So Mama knew, 'a man like that, such things, ahh go to mass . . . and don't wear the leather jacket.'

anyway i kept the flyer and that dirty mans name in some archetypical ganglia. . . it jumps out now and then. Pigs ate my Roses. the grease band has you sucking for more. The Cat is Stuff. More?

lenny was a no good kike son of a bitch. he knew too much and we rubbed him out. curtains for you lenny you wise bastard. yeah i don know, maybe he was right once in a while, maybe the lone ranger and j edgar hoover and lenny and me are parasites and our asses will be in the craphouse when the messiah returns. (the question of karma arises, 'why after every last shot was there always another?' alls not fair with the world so how could i go to the worlds fair)

man surrounded by music. what are these words? go on get outta here man? how many men are there? how man much music? a handful and a taste at best. if you subtract the various machines from the male of the species and the Muzaks from the sound waves there's little left to be or hear. The only animal that makes music is Homo Sapiens. . . A Hindu Elephant Driver is a mahaut. Tim Hardin is a musician like lenny was a comedian like the grease band is a rock group. freaks of their nature. Lenny died when he came down, Tim is coming down, the grease are still getting high.

Stimuli: people who were never my friends, friends who are just people. Lotus Films present a Thanksgiving Special, Lenny Bruce, in the only film of his nightclub act, and The Hampton Grease Band.

Tim Hardin 3 (Verve Forecast FTS 3049).

-e. bonner

QUIZ

If a cockroach living under a wine vat is a *grape-spattered bug*, and a henpecked husband is a *mate-heckled nurd*, what are the following?

1. A ventriloquist's dummy who is on bad terms with his better self.
2. One who makes his living by writing elegies.
3. A large cat drinking dirty water.
4. Evidence of molestation in the W. C.
5. Miniver Cheevy.

Answers on page 15



-from The Guardian

HEAR THE VANILLA FUDGE ON ATLANTIC RECORDS



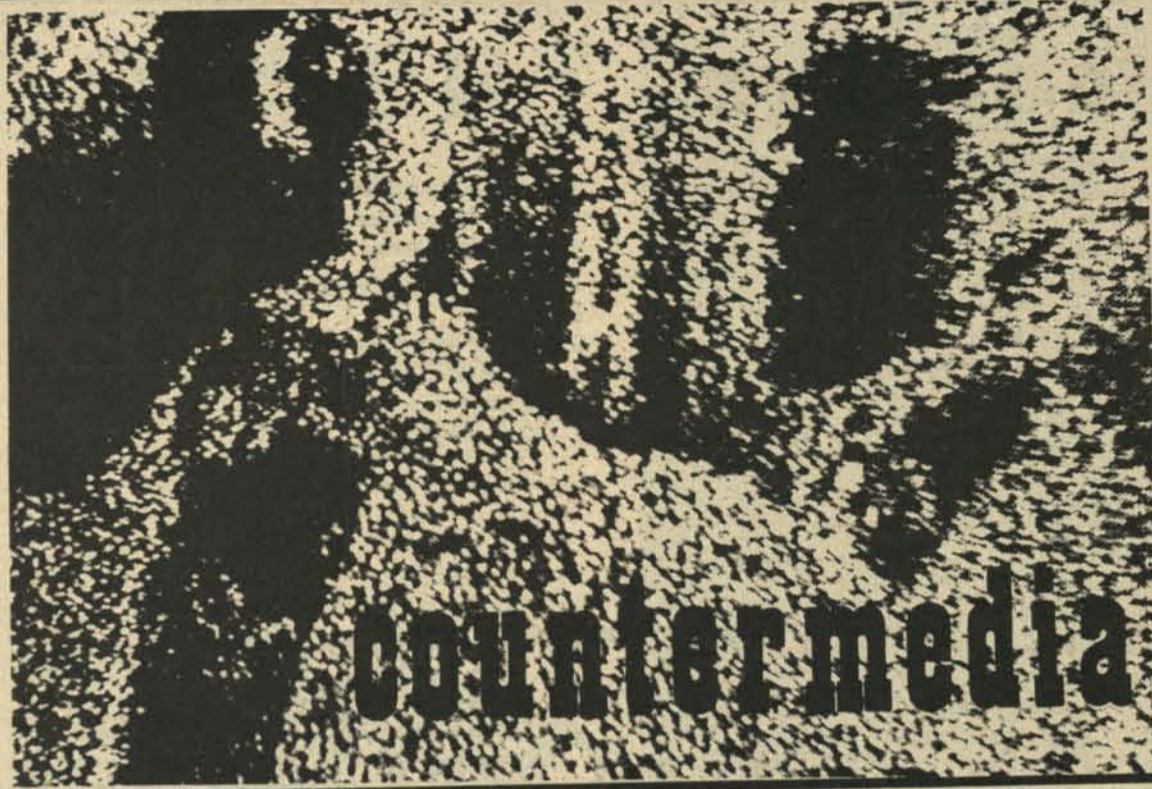
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Counter-media: Underground press. Underground movies.

Contra the bland blab dailies. Contra the placid plastic celluloid slicks of Hollywood. Contra the conjugated castrated visual void of the news of the electronic medium.

But they're not always good. The Newsreel's first ventures into counter newsfilming flopped. Interviews with army resisters and dissenting intellectual Noam Chomsky were artless and lifeless.

Then came Columbia. And the underground news recording project was there: inside, (trusted), outside, all around, everywhere.

The result: *Columbia Revolt*. The well-edited and fast-paced documentary of the Columbia students' revolt goes far beyond political cliches. It reveals the personal frustrations and collective visions that lead students to challenge the established order of the university.

The camera pans over the pretentious neoclassic facade of Columbia's earlier liberal education days, then moves to the anonymous bureaucratic edifices characteristic of recent trends: corporate education. The dialogue opens with the academic newspeak of President Grayson Kirk—liberal words, reactionary reality: "The university today is the chief innovator and energizer in western civilization." (innovator of multiple means to eliminate eventually all civilization; energizer of practical programs to energize immediately limited experimental extermination—Vietnam.)

The students criticise. They demand the university end its participation in cold war planning through its "Institute for Defense Analysis." They demand the university cease its remorseless expansion into and inevitable destruction of the black communities on its periphery.

Talk fails. Action follows. Blacks occupy a building, whites follow, occupying another.

In a lull students relish their momentary liberation. Their first meaningful act to resist illegitimate authority and assert control over their lives. They discover community, a community of work and struggle, exhilaration and joy.

Then the inevitable. Cops bust heads and drop students out of the occupied buildings. The camera moves fast, swirling, chopping, catching the cops at the height of their beating, bludgeoning groove.

The "academic community" is dazed. (It can't happen here.) The strike, then liberation classes.

Then the end. Until San Francisco.

I hope that some of our liberal friends who have recently raised a chant of "nihilism, nihilism, nihilism" will have a chance to see this film. For it makes dramatically clear we are witnessing not a "generation gap" but a clash in visions of society, a clash over issues. And the cutting edge of this young movement will not be merely the criticism and destruction of this decaying war system, but also the liberation of the personal experience and the creation of community.

FOIBLE

THE FOIBLE OF THE UNFANGED WORKMAN

They was a Workman wunst who Laboured Long and Mightily in order that his Little Family might enjoy all the Better Things of Life about which he had been so Often Informed, viz. color smellavision with Remote Commercial-Rejector, fullcircle Stero with Lawrence Welk records, powder Ashtrays in the family Car, to say nothing of Food, Clothing and Shelter.

One day this Workman, while eating his Way through a Plate of Red Beans and Rice, began to yell Ow and Wow and to Cavort about the Family Table in such a way that his Wife and Children were greatly Astonished. What is it, Kind and Hardworking Breadwinner? they said. What is the Proximate Cause of all this Howling and Bounding, Dear old Founder of the Feast?

Ow and wow said the Workman, I have just busted a Molar on a red Rock which has somehow found its Way into the Beans. Call the tooth mechanic Instantly and Without Delay, ere I starve for want of Proper Grinders.

So they Called up the Dentist and were informed that the Dentist's work day ran from Eight to Fourthirty on Weekdays and from Eight to eleven on Saturdays. Wow, said the Workman, eight to fourthirty on Weekdays is just when I Work myself, so how about Saturday morning? Saturdays were Taken up for the next Eighteen Months, they told him. Wow, said the Workman, then I'll have to Miss a Day's work, and who knows how I'll manage next Week with one-fifth of the Paycheck missing?

You may now choose One of the Following two endings for this Foible:

(Ending No. 1): So the Workman didn't go to the Dentist in order Not to Lose a day's Pay; and when his Teeth fell Out one After the other (this is known as the Dental Domino Theory), he was at Least partially Consoled by the Sight of his Wife and Children Eating well.

Moral: Let 'em gum cake.

(Ending No. 2): But so Painful was the Busted Tooth that the Workman lost a day's Work to get it Mended; and what with the Loss of a day's Wages, and what with the bill For the Tooth Repair which shortly Arrived, Food got so Scarce around his House that, from Lack of Exercise, all his Kids' Teeth atrophied and Fell out and Rolled About the Floor like so Many Diseased Marbles.

Moral: You Gotta keep Believing that the Tooth Fairy will bring you a Quarter for each One of 'em.

—og, king of bashan

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H.W.

Cleaver & Panthers

Where is Eldridge Cleaver? In Cuba? Montreal? Sweden? Cleaver, scheduled by the California Adult Authority to return to jail on Wednesday, November 27, failed to appear. Gone Underground.

The press carried on a great guessing game. First Cuba was the target of speculation. All sorts of innuendoes about the friendship of Stokely Carmichael (due in Atlanta next week) and Cleaver, and Carmichael's ties with Castro and other revolutionaries. Montreal became the next site for Panther-hunters. Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party, was in Montreal on December 1 to address the Hemispheric Conference to End the War in Vietnam. And *The New York Times* thought maybe Cleaver might have skipped to Sweden.

Latest reports are that the fuzz are concentrating their search efforts in the Bay Area. But to no avail as yet.

Cleaver, as reported in the *Bird* two weeks ago, has been having a hard time trying to stay out of jail. On September 27, the State District Court of Appeal ordered him to return to prison in sixty days. The California State Supreme Court refused to hear Cleaver's appeal. And on November 26, Justice Thurgood Marshall, the first Negro member of the US Supreme Court, denied Cleaver's request for a stay of the order sending him back to jail. Bobby Seale, livid with anger, called Marshall "an Uncle Tom, a bootlicker, a nigger pig, a Tonto, and a punk."

Meanwhile, the Black Panther Party, which Cleaver serves as Minister of Information, is being subjected to governmental attack on several levels. Bobby Hutton, its treasurer, was shot and killed by cops last April (two days after Martin Luther King's assassination). Panther Defense Minister Huey Newton is currently in jail serving a 2-15 year sentence. And now Cleaver is on the lam. All of which is of no help to the Panthers who are experiencing growth pains in their recent transformation into a sizable national organization, and thus need their experienced leadership.

In addition, George Mason Murray, Panther Minister of Education and part-time English instructor at San Francisco State College, was suspended by the College's administration. The suspension triggered a strike (more details elsewhere in this *Bird*), campus strife, and threats from Governor Ronald Reagan.

San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto requested a grand jury to investigate the Panthers, but the jury surprisingly

refused. It indicated it thought such an investigation would be prejudicial to indictments it might return in other matters involving the Panthers.

No such scruples bothered the Senate Permanent Investigating Subcommittee, chaired by John L. McClellan, racist Democrat from Arkansas. The subcommittee's chief counsel, Jerome Adelman, announced an investigation of the Panthers, but would give no details. Adelman said only that the investigation was for "an internal staff study," and that there would be no public hearings because the subcommittee did not want to give anyone a forum for "extremist" views.

"Visit California, land of sunshine and flower children." Quint.

—steve wise

White Teach.....

—cont. from page 5

teachers, for instance, will also be a white standard to some students accustomed to lower standards.

At least a few white teachers do have (or develop while teaching) attitudes which might legitimately be called racist. These may range from the unconscious assumption that black students are incapable of high-level intellectual work to racism in its most elemental form: flirtation with the notion of inherent racial inferiority. I could document only two cases of the latter among the white teachers I have known (Mrs. Giannetti is *not* one of them), but I suspect it exists *sub rosa* in other cases.

* * *

It would be satisfying to conclude with a resounding magic formula for resolving what can only be described as a kaleidoscopic, multi-faceted, hydra-headed, convoluted, nuance-ridden situation—the elusive totality of which these articles do not claim to have captured.

Even if such a formula did exist, however, it would be presumptuous for me to prescribe it, since these are questions that blacks must decide for themselves. Until they decide, white teachers at the AU Center colleges will simply have to live with an ambiguous situation.

This is not pleasant, but it can be done. Blacks, after all, have been doing it for 350 years. And they, unlike the white teachers, had no choice in the matter.

—bob goodman

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3. Slate-nectared pard
4. Rape-freckled turd
5. Fate-pickled slug

—og, king of bashan



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CONFERENCE. Atlanta Univ. Conf. on African and African-American Studies in the Undergraduate Colleges, Dec. 5-7, the following sessions today free and open to the public: "Black Studies: Prospect and Retrospect," Horace Mann Bond, Davage Aud., Clark College, 9:15 a.m.; "African Forms in Song and Dance," Alan Lomax, Sale Hall Chapel, Morehouse College, 5:30 p.m.; "Black Studies and American Colleges," S.I. Hayakawa, Sisters Chapel, Spelman College, 8:30 p.m. Registration for workshops, etc., \$20, inquire rm. 106, Dean Sage Hall, Atlanta Univ.

LECTURE. "Robert Browning: Dramatic Monologues and Lyrics," Richard Hudson, Dana Hall, Agnes Scott College, 8:15 p.m., free.

COFFEE HOUSE. Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, N.E., 8 p.m.

LECTURE. "Styles of Family Therapy," Dr. Carl Whitaker, Atl. Psychiatry Clinic Annual Lecture, Academy of Medicine Aud., 7th & W. Peachtree, 8 p.m., free.

FILMS. "Zero for Conduct," and "The Columbia Revolt," Newsreel, presented by Lotus Films, at the Peachtree Art Theatre, 13th and Peachtree, midnight, \$1.50.

DANCE RECITAL. "Choreography of Christmas," Agnes Scott Dance Group, Presser Hall, Agnes Scott College, 11:30 a.m., free.

CONCERT. Atl. Symphony Orch., Brahms, Beethoven, Bartok, Symphony Hall, 8:30 p.m.

CONCERT. "Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols," Emory Glee Club & Orchestra, Glenn Memorial Aud., 8:15 p.m., free.

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

7:45 p.m.: "Marxism in Latin America," Louis E. Aguilar, WABE-FM (90.1).

TV. 8 p.m.: "The Religions of Man: A Final Examination," Chan. 30.

10 p.m.: "Eastern Wisdom," with Alan Watts, Chan. 8.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7

CONFERENCE. NOW (Nat'l Organization for Women, a national organization working for women's rights), Sheraton Biltmore Hotel, thru Dec. 8, call Dana Greene, 377-4850.

CONCERT. Vanilla Fudge and The Amboy Dukes, Atl. Munic. Aud., 3 & 8 p.m., \$3.50-\$5.50.

FILM. "Death Valley, Land of Contrasts," sponsored by Atl. Bird Club (no relation) and Nat'l Audubon Society, Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8:15 p.m., \$1 (students), \$1.50 (non-students), call Mrs. Mackenzie, 237-3521.

COUNTRY MUSIC JAM SESSION. Music Mart Jamboree, bring instruments, 575 Cherokee Rd. S.E., 1-5 p.m., free.

CONCERT. "Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols," (see Fri., Dec. 6).

FILM. "Zero for Conduct" and "The Columbia Revolt" (see Fri., Dec. 6).

TV. 8 p.m.: "Wedding on the Eiffel Tower," satire based on Jean Cocteau's novel, Chan. 8.

FORUM. Open discussion, 3:30-4:30 p.m., broadcast live over WAOK 4-4:30 p.m., sponsored by MASLC and WAOK.

LECTURE. "An Overview of Jobs in the Central City for Minority Groups," Ernest W. Wright, Minorities Representative of Ga. Dept. of Labor, Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, N.E., 10:30 p.m.

SALE. Art and crafts, to benefit the Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, N.E., 9:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.

FILM. "Tom Jones," Hill Aud., High Museum of Art, 8 p.m., \$1.50 (members and students), \$2 (others).

CONCERT. Atl. Symphony Orch. (see Fri., Dec. 6), 3 p.m.

CONCERT. "Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols," (see Fri., Dec. 6), 5 p.m.

TV. 5:15 p.m.: "Tyler, Wilkin, & Skee," children's film made in Fayette County, Ga., Chan. 30.

7:30 p.m.: "A Charlie Brown Christmas" (re-run), Chan. 5.

8:00 p.m.: "Hear Us, O Lord," study of racism in South Holland, Illinois, Chan. 8.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9

LECTURE. "The Social Worker's Use of Power for Effecting Social Change," Preston Wilcox, Dean Sage Aud., Atl. Univ., 8 p.m.

CONCERT. Donald Gramm, baritone sponsored by Atl. Music Club, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, 8:30 p.m., free (members), \$5 (non-members).

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

8:00 p.m.: "Collector's Corner," little-known recordings, WABE-FM (90.1).

8:30 p.m.: "Jazz Spectrum," WABE-FM (90.1).

TV. 8:30 p.m.: Elvis Presley Special, Chan. 11.

9:00 p.m.: "The Drinking America," documentary on weird juicehead subculture, Chan. 8.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10

HUMAN RIGHTS DAY. MEETING. Emory SDS, History Bldg., Rm. 6, Emory Univ., 8:30 p.m.

CONCERT. Betty Boone, soprano, sponsored by Alliance Francaise & Italian Culture Society, Ga. State College Aud., 8:30 p.m.

TV. 7:30 p.m.: "New Orleans Jazz," Papa Jack, the Patriarch, Chan. 30.

9:00 p.m.: Human Rights Day concert, Chan. 30.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11

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

MEETING. COSI (Committee on Social Issues), 100 Kell Hall, Ga. State College, during 10 a.m. break.

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

OPERA OPENING. "La Boheme," Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m., also Dec. 14, 16, 17, 19 (3:30 p.m.), 22, 23, 26 (3:30 p.m.), \$7.50.

CONCERT. "Messiah," Handel, Atl. Symp. Orch., with Florence Kopleff, Seth McCoy, Thomas Paul, soloists, Symphony Hall, 8:30 p.m.

RADIO. 2:45 p.m.: "Music & Memories," real oldies, WABE-FM (90.1).

8:00 p.m.: The Negro in America: "The Abolitionist Crusade," WABE-FM (90.1).

TV. 7:00 p.m.: Sound of Youth: "V.D. in Georgia," Chan. 30.

7:30 p.m.: "University News," Chan. 8.

9:30 p.m.: "Trumpets of the Lord," black off-B'way musical, Chan. 30.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13

CONCERT. Handel's "Messiah," (see Fri., Dec. 12).

TV. 8:00 p.m.: "The Subject of Sex," sex education controversy in Colorado, Chan. 30.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

CONCERT. Handel's "Messiah" (see Fri., Dec. 12).

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

SLIDE LECTURE. "Contemporary Problems of the Black Artist," Romare Bearden, High Museum of Art, 2 p.m.

GALLERY OPENING. "30 Contemporary Black Artists," High Museum of Art, 3 p.m., refreshments (also see Slide Lecture, above).

CONCERT. Hannukah and Christmas music, Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, N.E., 9:30 & 11:15 a.m.

CONCERT. Handel's "Messiah" (see Fri., Dec. 12), 3 p.m.

CONCERT. "St. Nicholas," Benjamin Britten, Glenn Memorial Choir and the Chamber Orch., Glenn Memorial Aud., Emory Univ., 8:15 p.m., free tickets at Student Info. Office, Alumni Memorial Bldg., Emory Univ.

TV. 7:45 p.m.: Retirement: "Raisin Wines," ??, Chan. 30.

FLICKS

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

FESTIVAL CINEMA. "The Loves of Ondine," Andy Warhol.

PEACHTREE BATTLE MINI-CINEMA. "Barbarella."

UNDERGROUND FILMS at the PEACHTREE ART THEATRE. "Zero for Conduct" and "The Columbia Revolt," Newsreel, midnight Dec. 6 & 7.

ARTISTS ASSOCIATES. Joe McKibben, paintings & drawings, thru Dec., 1105 Peachtree, N.E., 892-7681.

GALERIE ILLIEN. Herb Creecy, paintings, thru Dec. 13; crafts exhibit & sale, Dec. 7, 10 a.m.-6p.m., Dec. 8, 1 p.m.-6p.m., 18 Peachtree Place, N.E., 874-7268.

GEORGIA MUSEUM. "The Inflated Image," thru Dec. 24; costume & stage design by Erte & contemporaries, thru Jan. 10, U. of Ga. campus, Athens, Ga.

HIGH MUSEUM OF ART. "30 Contemporary Black Artists," Dec. 15-Jan. 12; Southeastern Annual Exhibit, Dec. 8-Jan. 19, 1280 Peachtree N.E., 892-3600.

SPELMAN COLLEGE. Faculty show, thru Jan., Rockefeller Fine Arts Bldg., Spelman College.

UNITARIAN-UNIVERSALIST CHURCH. Annual "Mother and Child" Christmas show, 9-5 daily, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, N.E.

PALINURUS GALLERY. Works by Margaret Allgood, Barbara Blanton, Joel Feldman, 27 15th St., N.E., between Peachtree and W. Peachtree.

THEATERS

THEATER ATLANTA. "The Fantasticks," Dec. 4, 5, 7, 11, 15 (2:30 & 7:30), 19, 20, 26, 28; "Red, White and Maddox," Dec. 6, 10, 13, 17, 18, 22 (2:30 & 7:30), 23, 25; "King Lear," Dec. 8 (7:30), 12, 21, 27; "Dark of the Moon," Dec. 14, curtains 8:30 unless otherwise indicated. 1374 W. Peachtree St., 892-8000.

ACADEMY. "A Man's a Man," Bertolt Brecht, every Thurs., Fri., & Sat. thru Dec. 21, 8:30 p.m., 3213 Roswell Rd., N.E., 233-3600.

ATLANTA REPERTOIRE THEATRE (REP.). "In White America," Fri. & Sat., Dec. 13-28, downstairs area, Atl. Munic. Theatre, 8:30 p.m., \$1.25 (students), \$4.50 (non-students).

SPOTS

BOTTOM OF THE BARREL. Jeff Espina.

LION'S BRAU. Toni Ganim, Dec. 6; Deacon Hutchinson, Dec. 7.

PINETREE SKATERAMA. Perpetual Motion, Dec. 7; Celestial Voluptuous Banana, Dec. 14.

PINK PUSSYCAT. Arthur Conley.

PLAYROOM. Wilma Burgess, Dec. 6 & 7; Dell Reeves, Dec. 9-14.

SPOT. Vibration, Dec. 6; Candyman, Dec. 7; Celestial Voluptuous Banana, Dec. 12 & 13.

TWELFTH GATE. The Kindred Spirit, Dec. 6 & 7; Van Hall, Dec. 11; Mark Twain Evening, Dec. 8; Ron-Norris, Dec. 13 & 14; Robin Conant, Dec. 15.

RUMOR

Stokely Carmichael will speak at Morehouse (open to the public) and Emory U. (for Emory people with I.D.'s) some time Wednesday, Dec. 11.

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