

15¢
Great speckled
The BIRD

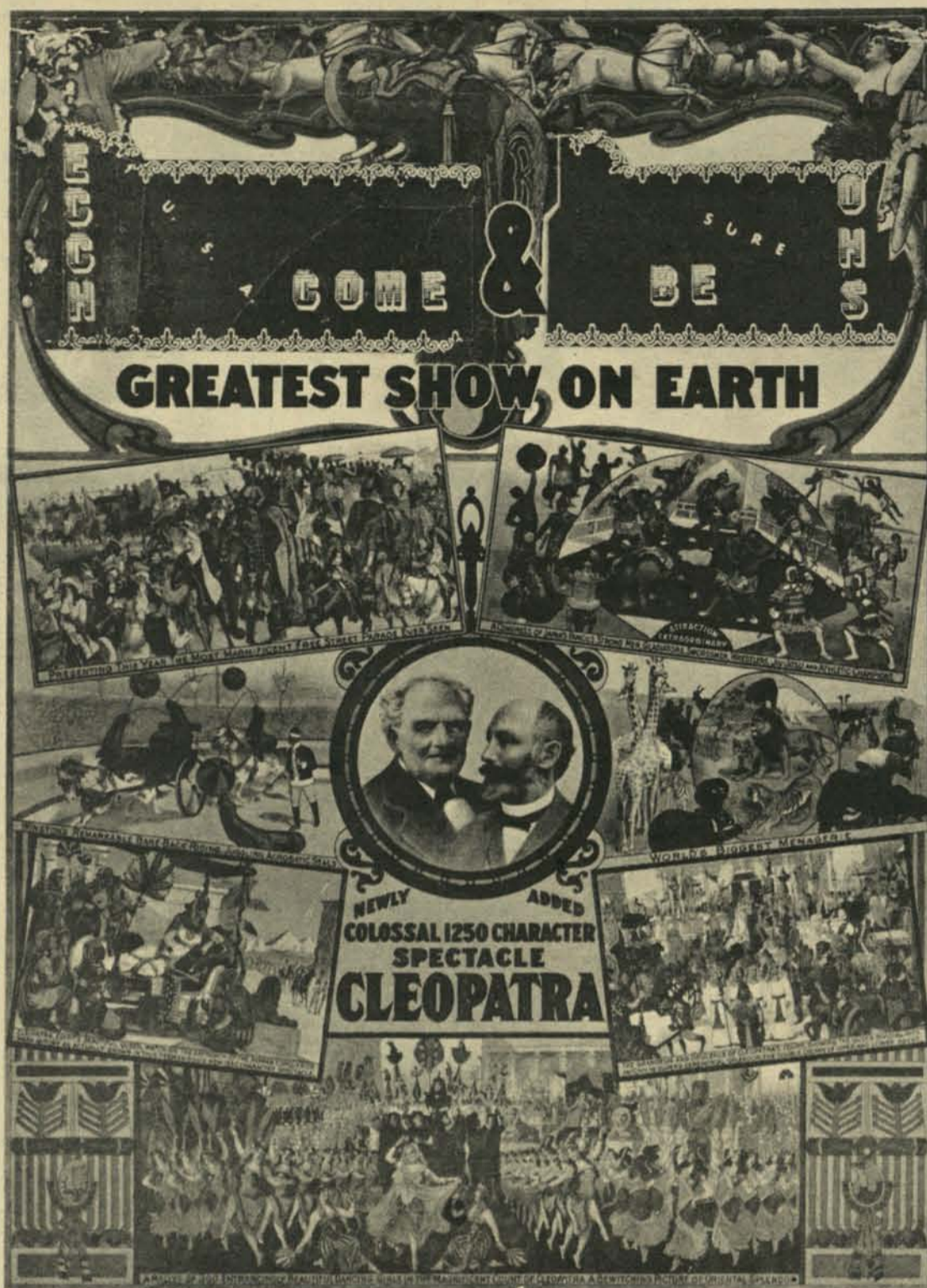
20¢ outside Atlanta

Volume One, Number Twenty-six

A Publication of the Atlanta Cooperative News Project

December 13, 1968





The UnLowding

jack dropped acid. and was to be found among the fruits and flowers of a well tended garden. he mostly grinned laying on a faded oriental rug, staring at balloons, three round, three long, hung together like the multiple penis of cyclops from the light fixture, gracefully questioning the presence of a radiator on the ceiling. matters of import. "my name is jack, i live in the back of my head."

a beautiful head, vibratory power in the forebrain. i didn't even realize that don and i were on his trip as we rapped about concentric circles that fell into spirals and cosmic laughter and the zen monk who was told that if he polished a brick till he could see his face in it, he would reach nirvana . polished for thirty-five years and nothing, so he laughed. we laughed. and discovered that dying of cancer was as ridiculous as dying of old age or jumping out of a burning building, don executed push-ups and disproved the form of zen which is formless and was pleasantly frustrated by the expanded circle. matters of import. i was thinking about how we are blocks that fit together to form pyramids, "lend me your friends, and i'll lend you mine, we'll build a pyramid of minds." regardless of events, the shape is constant. i saw shapes the night space wife and space neighbor had a wine hassle over something that escapes me now. all i could say was 'shaddup.' don scribbled a prophesy and jack groped. blocks. alone, individually, it's mechanical, human. . . but the pyramid is magic. a miracle every time i see a friend. strangers are temporary tragedies, complete with orchestrated crescendos as they twist and writhe trying to find their own place in the pyramid. . .our egos are merely signs pointing the way to the place you can fill, a void carved out of our being by life elements.

The Bird is the tangible product of a pyramid. looking through past issues i can see, hear, the single chord, new notes added and dropped, blocks falling into place, stronger, broader, more beautiful as we grow mysteriously toward the warmth of an infinite reunion. there has always been magic at the Birdhouse, maybe i even noticed it before, but

this week it was rapid fire revelation. grins. Howard, the oldest living intellectual dennis the menace, grinned. (in case you've never noticed, these boisterous half-smiles are controlled by the subconscious, as opposed to laughter which is a memory response.) Loving Mother grinned as she impatiently tapped her foot to the rhythms of her fledglings, Gene nearly giggled as he did the books, matters of import. everyboddi jes laffin and scratchin. . .

- 1) unexpected support in the hour of need from nameless friends and readers.
- 2) a week's rest for the staff
- 3) full moon
- 4) the birth of Zachery Bo. (Tom was explaining the I Ching to me but i was watching the delight in his eyes as he listened to his son in the nest room, his voice quivered a bit cause he needed to shout and cry and laff and carry on like a loon with all the glorious reasons for life bristling in his head.)
- 5) Happy Birthday Jesus

a glorious time, glimmering horizon, the frictional warmth of need melting our frozen egos. come and see. come and be.

* * *

Carlos has gone back to New Jersey. I cut into him one night about six months ago while selling papers at fourteenth. our eyes locked well and i knew that he was a home boy. so we rapped and he needed, he'd been in Atlanta a month and was thin, so i turned him and told him to come by the crib. he did. every day. and played with my month old daughter and laid around glowing and growing (discussing their mutual Scorpioness with space wife). His family are Cuban Batistianos, but he carries a picture of Che in his wallet, and the spirit of his father, as a young man, in his breast. Atlanta was almost home, i suspect like Paterson, but he needed to check it out, so we gave him a chair with no legs, Olivieri's record and a chilled glass of Paisano. He left but his block remains in the magic.

later,

Richard.

AWIN

Looking in, Paranoid Atlanta might well have thought we were plotting the Eve of Destruction for sure . . . what with the beard or two, wind-blown hair, 2 p.m. Monday with no Visible Means of Support (VMS). Security threat. Makes a grown man cry.

But we were just talking, four young men, weaving stories in and out, about Atlanta and New York, the nation and the world, stunned, perhaps, by the energy, the movement everywhere—like an iceberg, 90 per cent submerged. But the SDS neophyte at Emory knows now, in his blood, somewhat the feel of a student strike at Columbia, a stoning of the American Embassy in Calcutta, a manning of the barricades in Paris; and also somewhat the taste of bloodbaths, in Mexico City, in Chicago. And this man can move now, with thousands like him, from city to city, nation to nation, always finding, immediately, openly, like people. The Peace Generation, unprecedented in the history of man.

We were talking about the Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, where it's been, where it may be going. Henry Bass was there, 34 years old, scrambled black hair, thick black-rimmed glasses, grinning. See him sometime early morning, walking from Piedmont Park home, tossing a football. Henry and his wife Sue began the Workshop nearly two years ago, March '67, coming from New York.

In 1967, Atlanta was a "hardship area," with but token peace activity. Groups were here — the Atlanta Committee to End the War in Vietnam, the Atlanta Peace Center, the Friends, the Mennonites, the Young Socialists. But the Workshop was the first full-time organization devoted to peace action in Atlanta. It provided a focus for energy for a time, and attracted many new, young people to the growing movement. An on-going program of draft counselling was initiated, a vigil begun at Five Points, leaflettings throughout the city. Following the first major peace march in the South in Atlanta on Hiroshima Day, August 6, 1967 — a march partially organized and sponsored by AWIN — the Workshop began an almost regular series of demonstrations: at Lockheed, at Klan rallies, at schools, draft boards, the induction center, military camps. Getting people's feet wet, over demonstration fear.

That was six-months and more ago, breaking new ground, making the unheard of common in Atlanta. The Workshop, its facilities, its focus, perhaps even its *savoir faire* did that for Atlanta, making it a larger city.

In June this year the Workshop changed hands. Henry and Sue gradually dropped out of active coordination. Henry to work on his book, *Beyond Politics*, a textbook on nonviolent means to social change. Denis Adelsberger, recently discharged from the Army as "Undesirable" (framed, hanging on the AWIN wall) after he refused to wear his uniform or otherwise cooperate with the Army at Fort Gordon, an expert on military resistance, took over the coordination task. He was joined in September by Pete Grannis, a graduate of Oglethorpe College. Together they staff the office, publish a monthly newsletter, leaflet almost daily at the induction center, demonstrate on occasion, and provide invaluable advice to military men and men with draft problems. Carrying on the on-going programs is now virtually a full-time job at the Workshop.

But it is not enough: they know it and we know it. The need is still to reach more people, to communicate, often simply to provide an island of sanity for someone for a short hour. I suggested then, talking, that perhaps the best way to reach people now is through a quiet coffee house affair. The idea was not new: Denis has plans to help establish coffee houses for GI's in Columbus and Augusta, on the UFO model. And the Workshop is interested in sponsoring and managing a coffee house, hip-type place comfortable for GI's, in Atlanta. Given an available building and the initial scratch, that is.

So the pitch is: AWIN has done good work in Atlanta, for the city and for the movement. Now is the time they should move forward, expand their potential, become locally self-sufficient. The proposal for a local friendly coffee house would help in all of these directions, as well as begin to fill a community need for a gathering place, an island. If you feel you can help, with money, ideas, however, please contact the Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, 187 14th St. N.E., 892-8867.

— tom coffin

DEKALB SMUT

Who, we ask, would have the audacity, the gall, to use church mailing lists to mail out "obscene"—by their own definition—material to women, teenagers and children in DeKalb County? Who would mail out illegal unsigned political campaign material in order to discredit a publishing firm and the candidate backed by that firm? The incumbent County Commissioner himself? In the US of A? My.

During the recent election campaign in DeKalb County, an unsigned smear sheet bearing undated and out of context quotes from *The Great Speckled Bird* was mailed to church members in the county in an attack on the New Era Publishing Company and County Commissioner candidate Clark Harrison. This mailing became the hottest political issue in years in DeKalb County, investigated by the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, postal authorities and the county sheriff's office.

Evidence gathered in the investigation was turned over to the DeKalb County Grand Jury several weeks ago. Last week the Grand Jury heard testimony from subpoenaed department heads, employees and private citizens of the county—about 50 witnesses in all. It was expected this week that indictments would be issued and full information be made available to the people of DeKalb County. But Monday the Grand Jury met, heard from a superior court judge, and adjourned until next week. No news.

Of course, the Grand Jury has until March to issue indictments, and it is perhaps not surprising that they will take their time on this particular issue. The case could, in open court, lay bare some of the grimness of the Manning administration, and a lot of "important" people might stand to lose. Rumors are floating about the county, rumors, for example, of flagrant expenditures for useless sanitation equipment; of pay raises given for political purposes; of political promotions to unqualified people; of appointments of political hacks to high echelon positions in the county government; and of how the system of a token but virtually powerless county commission in DeKalb led to an abortive (this time) attempt to create a one-man government in the person of the county manager. Pretty standard political fare, but seldom aired in full stench to the public.

No hurry, of course. Let's let things cool off a bit in Dynamic DeKalb. So the Grand Jury takes a week of rest, and we await word on whether there will be a case of *The State of Georgia vs. Brince Manning*, et. al. Maybe next week . . .

—jim sundberg

SSOC PROVOS

Political provocateurs from Virginia's SSOC staff—calling themselves the Cadre for the Immediate Seizure of the Means of Production—created havoc in a series of demonstrations against Dow Chemical Company at the University of Virginia (UVA), December 3 & 4.

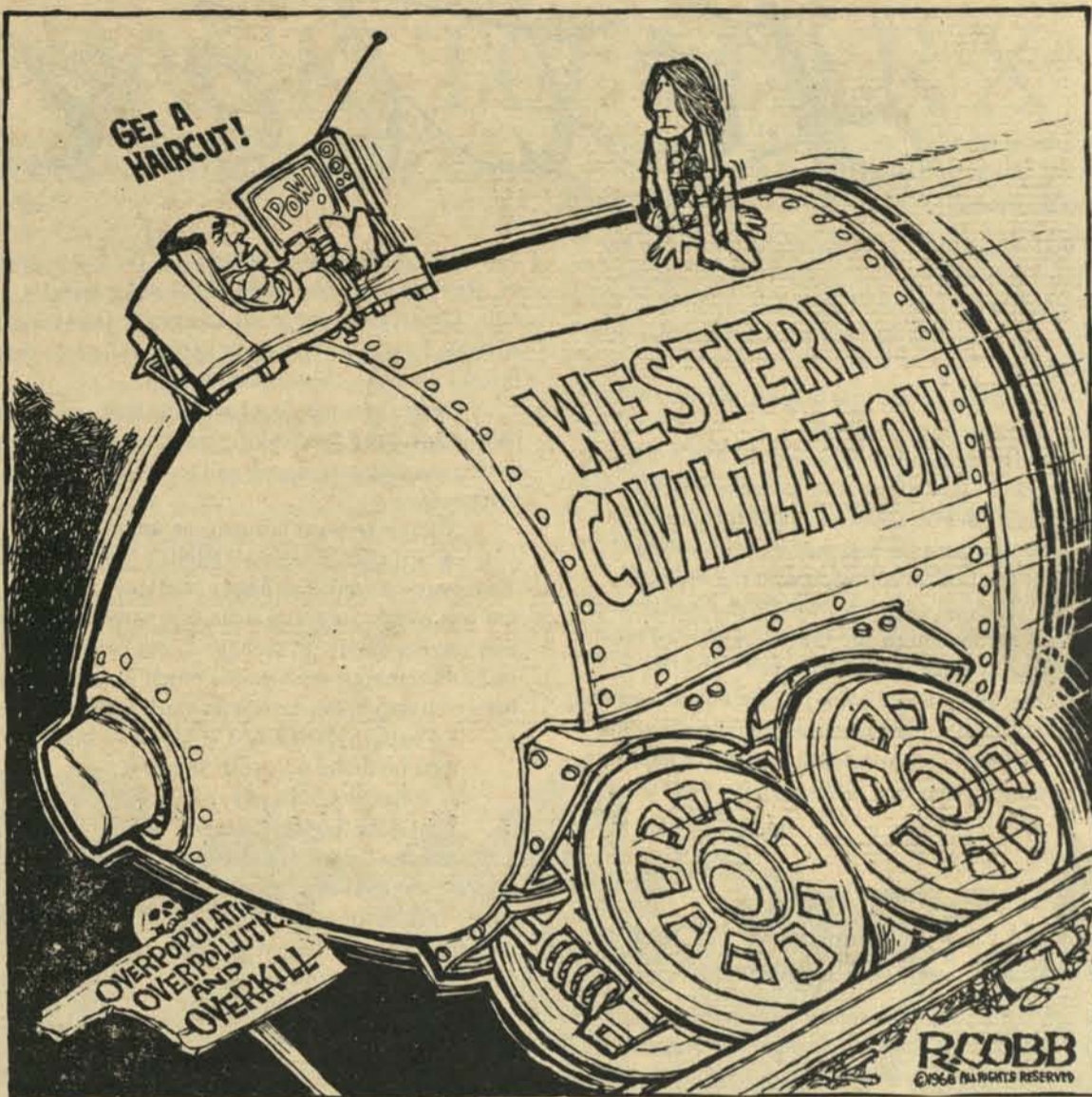
Initially, the Cadre tried to set up its own recruitment facilities to compete with, and provoke, Dow. But UVA's placement office administrators refused to allow it. Nevertheless, the Cadre managed to have some good raps with students.

The following day the Cadre and several students returned to put on a groovy show—singing, dancing, freaking. Nina Baker, dancing to the tune of the "Star-Spangled Banner," stripped to the waist, and zonked a few eyes.

It was all too much for the uptight, conservative Student Council which promptly declared the protests illegal. The president of the Council scared off students participating in the show by threatening them with suspension and expulsion. Thus the Cadre was forced to end its show.

But agitation is not dead at UVA. A SSOC-staffer/Cadre-organiser told the *Bird* that Rennie Davis of the National Mobilisation Committee is scheduled to be there for another "illegal demonstration" on Thursday, December 12. Davis plans to bring along NBC cameras to record the action.

—steve wise



VAILING MANIPULATION

Georgia State College has a new Dean of Arts and Sciences: Charles Vail, onetime chemistry teacher, now turned clumsy Machiavellian administrator.

In the first local meeting of the American Association of University Professors, Vail regaled the New Left's "anarchism and nihilism," then turned and blamed faculty incompetence and faculty agitation for campus unrest. Apparently administrator Vail thinks 20-year old students don't have sense enough to act on their own, but need the outside agitation of the notoriously timorous, tenure-minded faculty. Then again maybe he just wanted to pass the administrative buck to the faculty. Vail also advised teachers that the best way to insure academic freedom was to refrain from exercising it.

The Dean's latest administrative finagle was the merger of the Anthropology and Sociology departments without the slightest pretense of consultation with any faculty involved. He later told the *Altus* staff that he didn't consider it necessary to consult outside the administration on the matter. Many think that Vail is merely the front man doing the dirty work, but there is no evidence that the decision did not originate with the Dean. In any case, one faculty member resigned in protest over the arbitrary manner in which this decision was made, and others are expected to follow.

With Vail riding herd on the faculty, Langdale reading up on Che's tactics, and the Regents intimidating student expression in the name of free speech, it's clear that though most students aren't prepared for change, the administration is—they intend to stop it.

—jim skillman
Georgia State College

obscenity of the week

Abe Ribicoff wanted to find out exactly what it was Mayor Daley was saying from the floor of the Democratic National Convention as Ribicoff condemned Daley's pig-force. So Ribicoff's senatorial campaign staff asked a lip-reader at Washington's Gallaudet College (for the deaf) to look at the television films of the scene. The official transcription, as reported to Ribicoff:

"Fuck you you Jew son of a bitch you lousy mother-fucker go home."

—reprinted from *Mayday*,
No. 9

SOUTH CAROLINA MOVES

Dec. 7, Columbia, S.C.—The first anti-Vietnam war demonstration in the city of Columbia hit the streets today. Over one hundred University of S. Carolina students, townspeople and interested outsiders marched down Columbia's Main Street to the state capitol.

The march started at the UFO coffee house—a refuge for dissenters from war and the drabness of the enforced army life at nearby Fort Jackson. A swarm of police then led the marchers seven blocks down Main to the capitol, then to the University of S. Carolina campus, where the group demonstrated briefly in front of the home of U.S.C. President, Tom Jones. The demonstration was followed by a rally in Drayton Hall, with speakers from Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC), the Young Socialist Alliance and the Student Mobilization Committee.

The sponsoring group, AWARE, a USC student group affiliated with SDS and SSOC, had originally planned to hold the rally on the "Horseshoe," an open area located centrally on the USC campus. Administrative officials, however, refused to issue permits for non-students to speak outside, despite the fact the university claims to have no speaker-ban policy.

The peace march was planned in cooperation with the anti-war movement of G.I.'s at Fort Jackson, the army training base nearby. However, officials at the base called a general restriction for Saturday, an unusual move for Pearl Harbor Day. G.I.'s were told the day had been declared "Post Beautification Day," and spent the day cleaning up.

One G.I. submitted the following personal account: "Found out about the March Wednesday nite. Promised to be there and bring a few friends. Next nite went to a couple of AIT (Advanced Individual Training) companies to spread the word: no go—they had to practice for a parade. Also started hearing rumors about 'all-post clean-up day.' Uh-huh. Friday I got the word: all the unmarried men in my unit were to be in front of the orderly room, in fatigues, at 12:30 Saturday. When we got there the First Sergeant took a partial roll call of "some people we want to make sure are here." It was all pretty disorganized, but they managed to keep us busy until after six.—But the post still isn't beautiful."

—karen surratt, Columbia

Tam Duffill (See *Bird* No. 25, Dec. 9, 1968, p. 7) last week underwent an apparently successful brain operation: he is now conscious and appears to be able to recognize people, with the beginnings of a smile.

Letters

Dear Bird Watchers,

If you would like a good example of how the big money boys influence the FCC, a government agency which controls what you and I see and hear on radio and television, you need look no further than the ads in your local newspaper.

There you will notice that diagonal screen measurements for television sets are given.

If you will recall, some time ago the FCC outlawed the publication of this information because the color sets were just coming out on the market and the only ones that carried a low price tag had postage stamp sized screens. Thus the FCC in collusion with the manufacturers of TV receivers sought to swindle the public by preventing people from comparing the screen sizes of color sets with those of black and white sets.

Now that the price of color sets are down somewhat it is to the advantage of the manufacturers to allow the public to make such comparisons and so they openly violate the very ruling they had influenced the FCC to pass.

Sincerely,
Frank Magnus



Re "No. 15," Sept. 23 '68 issue: Your comments on Page 2, as well as Jerry Farber's "Students as Niggers" are so completely in accord with the honest-truth that, despite my very-faulty and, therefore, painfully-crippling "grammatical-construction," I simply must tell someone—someone, a few—of the North Pole-like agonias—facts—of my own mere-existence here in this truly "under-animal" (Yohann W. Goethe—1749—1832) Nyoo Yawk jungle. (Talk about SACreligious ne plus ultra-sadistic "crippling" of the truly socially useful.) The jungle's captive speaking:

All-ll-ll of my so called "life," dear friend, my fundamental-nature, my physical stature, etc., and the entire-environment, has formed me into a DREAMER!—some-what, more, less, afflicted, or, if you will, endowed, with the infernal or/and ambrosian, celestial, little-gift for the creation of truly-wholesome original-MUSIC (no relation to "moo-\$i¢") and, betimes, fitting-words for said MUSIC.

And yet, sssstrange as it is, because of my "learned" (!!!) crippled-grammatics, years of written appeals for understanding—to many-many white, black—so-called LOGICAL-realists, or, "radicals," etc., & so on, I could not find, beget, the simple human-courtesy of a 5 or ten-minute hearing!

Believe me, that really cuts deep-deeply.

Most did not even show the ordinary human-decency to use the supplied stamped—envelope for a few words of

comment; others brayed about "not for our publication," or, other such mumbo-jumbo I did not ask for!

Please, allow me to set one major-ITEM completely-straight: I am not, repeat, not seeing th-h-hings that ain't there! I am not a "would-be." Period.

Please, hear me. The beginning lines, which follow, may—might need "polishing," or, something, but the fire-truck's warning earnestness and tempo-MUSIC is there, nevertheless.

My father never brought me up to be
A SOLDjer-'thing'—a THING's 'thing-thing-thing.'
Thus begins a work I've been entertained. . . with these last few weeks. Its entire structure, woven into a play which may require one hour, perhaps 2, will consume at least 25 or 30-40 minutes—with words which . . . ahemmmm. . . have been co-habiting-hey-hey—with stark naked Reality!

To napalm INNOCENCE for ears—"big thing";
And ho-ho-ho-o, ho-ho—sing-sing:
A dollar an hour's pay, pay, PAY—
That's the 'big-deal' for US, they say—

Yeah men, and all of you enchanting "dreamboats," as they useter say, "of attar of ROSES!," the song's tempo-tempo will, definitely, charm even the old "Tired-Blood" set into forgetting "Geritol"—and, maybe, roll-ll-in to do-do-do their very own "thing"!

"'Grate Su-sigh-ety' life—
'eti-life, 'eti'—life—

Even tho' I never had the LUCK to study—the hieroglyphics called Musical Notation, No one had to teach me, or, anyone, how-to "Breathe"—just as no one can "teach" the creation of original-music! All they can "teach" is, are, technicalities! . . .

Young Friend: I am an older man, all alone, and would very much ENJOY relocating in Atlanta, Jaw-ja! That is, IF, first of all, there is, in your group's KEN, knowledge, one individual, or, organization, with the nature-endowed yen, itch, inclination, for playwriting, and a "musical," let us say, "grammarians," and enthusiastic-musicians to "go to town" with my music—ON this, and that, and those other "Cum Laud Mi 'OO-la-laa!"

Aye, "go to town all-the-way" and set the name of Atlanta, Jaw-ja, onto the map in CAPITAL-letters! All Capitals—you already have it in small ones! Sno good. Doesn't look, feel, RIGHT!

Other "th-h-h-i-n-g-s" you could mention, would, automatically follow, no doubt—just as the flowers bloo-oom in the spring, tra-la-laaa, and the bo-o-oys, aged 8 to 88 and up, I suppose, pursue the gi-i-i-rls Lulu, and so on, to mounts O'lympus, Valhalla, and, yea! it is lamentably true, into the vale named Yehenna!—in "Avernus."

"Suite natural—no-o-o-o!?"
Huh? You ask, "Yes, yes, but—what would the neighbors say?"

Heck, milads 'n' lassies, that's ee-eezy!—We'll send 'em a formal IN-VITE and black, esthetically broadly-bordered in richest-living purple, u-u-hu, artistically-sprinkled with eye-relaxing and soothing lawn-green, silver and gold-en, stardust, whoops-di-doo! and then, in that lu-u-uvly old-old Atlanta tradition, which e-e-everybody knows as "The gorgeous-Spirit of ee-eezy-going jolly-friendliness!" we'll join hands, buckets and brushes, all-ll around and, hey-hey-HAY!, paint the town!

—mathias bernhardt ("ch.")



TRUTH—is it nasty, "trashy," obscene? DeKalb County must think so; one word that goes against the administration is considered trash. The ever-favorite "four-letter words" are not what upsets the administration but the anti-administration attitude.

The business I used to be in allowed me to meet quite a few cops, from Atlanta to Denver and they all love to use those four-letter words! A cop will preach that the Bird is obscene because of words like: "hell," "fuck," "bastard," and "bitch" and can turn around and cuss his son out for not washing his little red neck.

The curfew in Denver is 12:00 and I was heading home around 11:45; I glanced in the rearview mirror and saw that there was a peach crate with his light on. I pulled over and saw that the peach was THE narc; Detective John Gray. He told me to follow him and I thought I'd best oblige. We turned around and went to the Family Dog (a fifteen minute drive). He came over to my car, looked at me a few seconds and then came the big word: "You bastards will never learn that when the curfew says 12:00, it means 12:00! It is now 12:10 . . . I'm going to have to throw your ass in jail." Cops use four-letter words just as easily as they use "hello" or "goodbye," but when someone says that "the administration is screwed up" they get all bent out of shape!

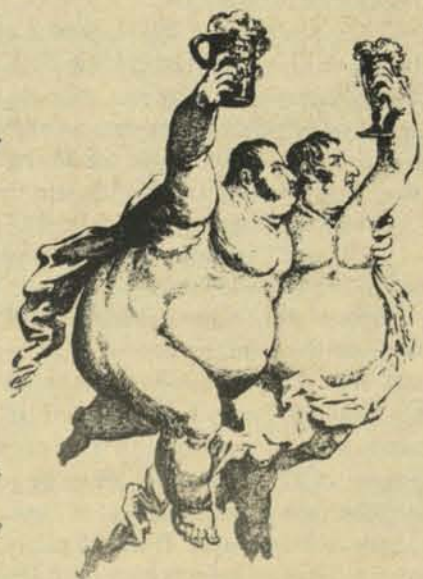
As for students getting suspended in the DeKalb school systems for having a copy of the Bird—that is like getting run out of Miami for having an Atlanta newspaper. If an administrator cannot face the facts of this society, then he does not have the right to be in the position he has been entrusted with! Four-letter words are as much a part of this society as they were years ago and will continue to be in the coming years. Is it a sin to cuss in this time? Then there are many, many sinners in this world! People use these words as a means of expression. What is the great difference between saying "cold as hell" or "cold as heck"? None, it depends upon the person. Therefore I praise The Great Speckled Bird for expressing a subject by the way the people feel it should be expressed.

Sean



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

STAFF



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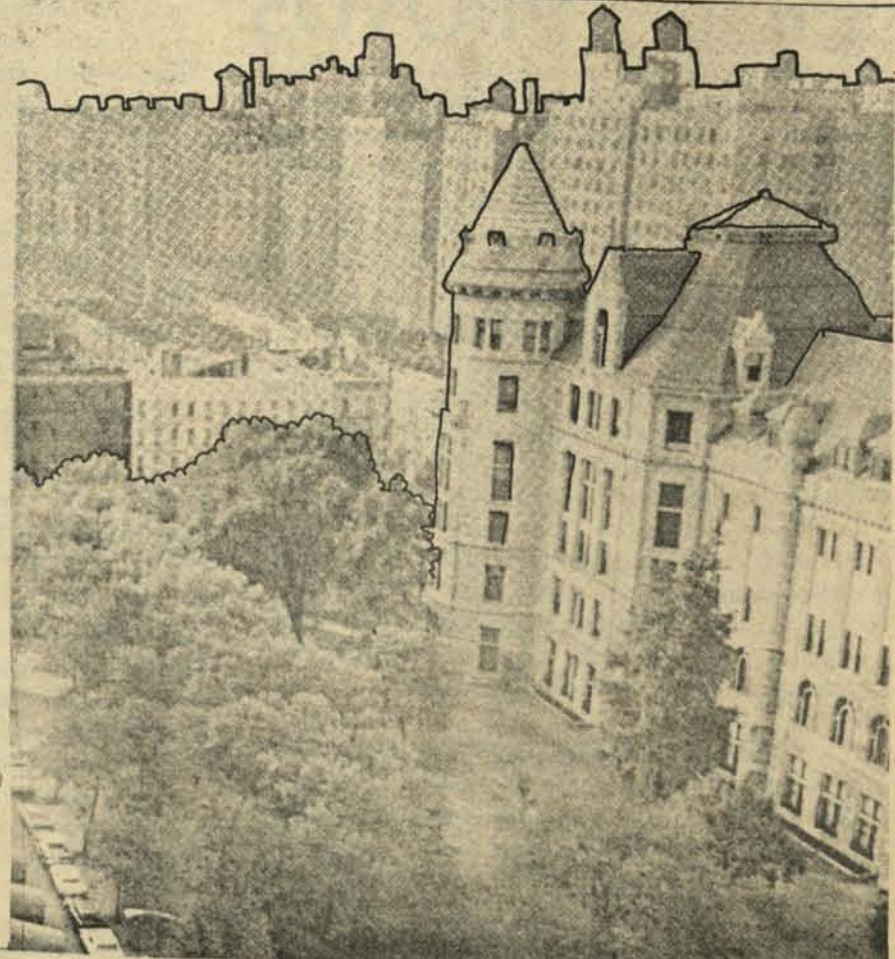
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J. EDGAR freaks out

Hip sociologists on the staff of the Chicago study team of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence wanted a free-swinging, rough-talking report that seemed to be on the side of the kids and against the cops. The team leaders half-heartedly agreed, on the theory that appropriation of yippie-left vernacular was cheap enough, and would give insurgent forces the sense that the establishment was coming around to their position.

Jack Susman, a sociologist at George Washington University, was a member of the Group Violence Task Force for the Chicago study. In the furtherance of his duties, he put this ad in the *Washington Free Press*:

"Mayor Daley told his tale 'full of sound and fury.' But few acts. Mailer and Lane wrote books; Tom Hayden rapped with the National Commission on Violence. But most Movement people and others who were there have been silent—and silence is the voice of the dead. Fight back by telling it like it was to sociologists and lawyers who are committed to Truth, Love, and Beauty. The National Commission on Violence, *not* connected with the FBI, the Department of Justice, or any other pig agency, is studying the Chicago violence. If you were there, call your local study director, Jack Susman."

Top pig J. Edgar Hoover was predictably outraged. He demanded an apology, but Susman's letter back was merely an explanation: to get the confidence of the kids, use their vernacular. But Hoover was unimpressed by cooptation theory. Susman was fired.

—reprinted from *Mayday*,
No. 9

(*Mayday* is a new weekly containing excellent reportage by editors Andrew Kopkind, James Ridgeway, Robert Sherrill, and other writers. Charter subs are still available at \$7.50 per year, \$6.00 for students, from 80 Irving Place, New York, N.Y. 10003)



CIVIL RIGHTS RAG FOLDS

The *Southern Courier*, a civil rights-oriented newspaper from Montgomery, Alabama, is about to fold.

According to Michael Lottman, editor of the *Courier*, unless "some miracle happens" the edition published last week will be the last. In the past the paper has managed to survive only by large grants from foundations, principally Ford, and private donations. Lottman says most of the private donors he knows have given all they can, and it's unknown whether the Ford Foundation will want to continue its support.

The paper published its first few editions in Atlanta in the summer of 1965, then moved to Montgomery. The staff, composed primarily of students from Harvard and other Ivy League universities, originally had the notion of publishing a Southwide paper from Atlanta, using the press of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

The relationship with SNCC couldn't be worked out, and a Southwide operation proved too big a project, so the staff moved to Montgomery and concentrated their coverage on Alabama and Mississippi.

Many individuals feel that the *Courier* performed an invaluable service in getting out news about the black movement in the deep South. But the paper never seemed to be able to arouse sufficient support in the black community to stabilize. Some observers feel that the culture gap between the students and the community was just too great for blacks to be integrated into the operation of the paper and eventually take it over.

Further, the paper never acquired much advertising. In a conversation, Lottman noted that impoverished blacks of the deep South—the paper's chief readership—weren't much of a market for advertisers.

—h. romaine

RUMOR—RUMOR—RUMOR—RUMOR—RUMOR

HEADS & DEALERS:—super-bust—before xmas—
1,900 all over Georgia—STAY CLEAN

BACK TO MARX

Toward a Marxist Humanism: Essays on the Left Today by Leszek Kolakowski. Translated from Polish by Jane Zielonko Peel. Grove Press, 220 pp., \$5.50

The hegemony of anticommunism in American foreign policy has had its counterparts in academia and in domestic politics. In the first, a determined refusal to seriously consider Karl Marx, social theorist. In the second, a virtual blackout of Marxist socialism as a serious alternative to American capitalism.

These are related phenomena. It is no coincidence that as the chickens of an anticommunist foreign policy come home to roost, it is also beginning to be appreciated to what extent the refusal to deal with Marx has debilitated American social sciences, and precluded the formulation of convincing alternatives to the existing social order and the creation of a sustained Leftist opposition.



The neglect of Marx is especially serious in view of the fact that the United States is fast becoming the first society to be technologically ripe for Marx's liberating vision of socialism. Altho revolutions have been made by "Marxists," socialism in Marx's sense of an absence of exploitation has not yet been possible on this earth because such a society, if it is possible at all, is possible only in a technologically mature, fully developed economy in which machines can be exploited instead of men.

The American Left is no better prepared for the new era than anyone else, and one of the main reasons for that is our innocence of Marxist theory. We have been intellectually deprived for having matured in a society and educated in institutions which do not take Marx seriously. We have been artificially cut off from one of the richest, most vital and longest-lived intellectual traditions of the Western world, and one of the most incisive tools of social criticism. We should not forgive America for that.

The value of Marxism to scholars is not that it supplies any ready-made answers, but that it asks the right questions. It focuses attention clearly on the enduring problems of capitalist society—maldistribution of wealth, power, privilege, exploitation, alienation and conflict. It has the great merit of viewing society as a whole, which is made almost impossible by the departmentalization and specialization of American universities (and hence the scholar's consciousness). Marxism at its best is empirical, but not *merely* empirical.

Marxism should not be used, like Mao's little red book, as a substitute for prolonged study and research. Marx himself set the example. He has survived for a century not because he was more militant or more revolutionary than his contemporary radicals—he wasn't—but because he spent twenty years in the library. Our main problem is deciding which of his many insights are still valid today, and which must be revised or discarded as wrong or obsolete.

Toward a Marxist Humanism, the first English translation of essays by Leszek Kolakowski, is useful for this task. Kolakowski is the Polish Communist philosopher who first began to receive international recognition in the early post-Stalin thaw. Honest Marxists, alas, are no more welcome in the so-called socialist countries than in capitalist ones; he was expelled from the Party in 1966 and recently, from his post in the philosophy department of the University of Warsaw as well. He lives in Warsaw.

Kolakowski is a "revisionist"; hence his run-in with the "orthodox" Polish Communist power structure. The word is useless, however, for the purpose of locating him (or anybody) in relation to Marx, for the simple reason that we have no way of knowing what Marx would be saying today if he were on the scene. My own feeling is that Marx would be one of the biggest "revisionists" around, since the ground on which he usually kept both feet firmly planted has shifted considerably since his time.

Space is limited, so I will just itemize several main themes of the book. Interested readers can consult Kolakowski's closely-reasoned arguments in support of each.

History and values. Historical determinism does not relieve us of the necessity of making moral choices and value judgments. Historical and ethical judgments must remain independent of each other. "If the values of his-

torical progress are realized thru crimes, they do not cease to be values nor do the crimes cease to be crimes . . . We profess the doctrine of total responsibility of the individual for his deeds and of the amorality of the historical process."

The Left. The Left must define itself on the level of ideas—not in institutional or class terms. Since social revolution is always a compromise between utopia and historical reality, the Left must strive for Utopia. "Goals unattainable now will never be reached unless they are articulated when they are still unattainable." The Left is sometimes forced to compromise with historical facts, but it must reject ideological compromise, and compromise must be clearly labeled as such.

Altho only the struggle of the oppressed can make the Left a material force, the Left must not automatically support every demand of the working class. Workers are sometimes nationalistic, racist, swayed by religious obscurantism, or the beneficiaries of colonialist exploitation—all of which the Left must oppose.

The Left must simultaneously reject socialist phraseology as a facade for police states and democratic phraseology as a disguise for bourgeois rule. It must not blur its political demarcations by directing its criticisms exclusively toward one or the other.

Intellectuals and the Left. Since the Left's interests are not in conflict with objective knowledge of the world, any theory which falsifies reality becomes defenseless and unconvincing. "The Communist Party needs intellectuals not so that they can marvel at the wisdom of its decisions, but only so that its decisions will be wise."

Marxism as an analytical tool. A basic premise of Marx's methodology as social scientist is that "all analyses of social life should proceed by seeking the basic divisions that separate societies into antagonistic groups"—even if, in certain societies, these divisions are based on other criteria than the ones Marx formulated for the 19th-century bourgeois world.

Three chapters in this book are philosophical in the grand sense, too abstruse for me to evaluate competently; I will leave these to the professional philosophers. Otherwise, the layman with a little knowledge of Marxism and a hunger for more should find much food for thought in this meaty book.

The American reader will have to make slight adjustments for Kolakowski's Polish environment. Kolakowski is understandably more concerned than American radicals need be with the persistence of religious traditionalism

—continued on page 19



(LNS/Mass.) We have in the United States today a very strong repressive current, and the worst part is that we all participate in it. Every one of us, whether Unitarian, or Baptist, or civil libertarian, or fascist, or what have you. It doesn't matter, all Americans participate in this process of repression. Some of us do it from fear; some of us do it by indifference; some of us do it from delight in doing it; and for a myriad of other reasons. But the fact remains that we all do it. You are a malefactor and I am a malefactor.

Today we all sit by while people who are advocating change and alteration are persecuted and prosecuted for a whole variety of crimes. And I think the classic example of this is the case of H. Rap Brown.

BACKGROUND

H. Rap Brown is a young man of 24 from Baton Rouge, La. He finished three years of college at Southern University, an all-black institution near Baton Rouge. He was offered a position following this on the police force in the District of Columbia, which he did not accept. It was offered in ignorance of the future.

He then associated himself with the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee and, in May of 1967, was elected its last chairman, since the post has now been temporarily or permanently abolished. And from that point on he proceeded to be thrown into the public press—not for any program which he advocated, but for the flamboyance of certain remarks that he made.

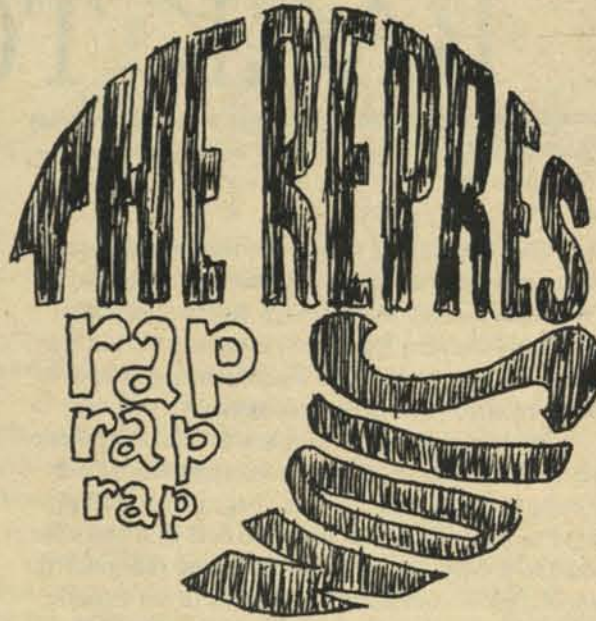
He started out in Cambridge, Maryland, on July 24, 1967, where, at the invitation of the black people of that city, he came to speak. Cambridge is a very peculiar town. The blacks live on one side of the street and the whites on the other, and the street that divides them is called Race St. He spoke on the right side or the wrong side of Race Street, whichever side any of you happen to be on at the moment. And four hours later, long after he had left town, the segregated and inadequate Pine Elementary School, which had been burned twice before and was only a shell, was burned for a third time.

Rap left the community because he had been shot in the face with buckshot by a deputy sheriff. As soon as he was out of town, the local State's Attorney, William B. Yates II, procured a fugitive warrant—even though the police had followed Rap's car across the state line and watched it disappear in the direction of the District of Columbia sanctuary. Then, and only then, was a fugitive warrant issued.

It was then translated into a federal warrant, because there is a federal statute that says if you are a fugitive in interstate commerce, you may be picked up by the federal authorities. That's a descendant of the Federal Slave Law—a little varified and modified, but a direct descendant.

The federal warrant was issued by the United States Attorney in Baltimore, and the crime for which Rap was sought in Maryland was counseling to arson. His words, they said, were so inflammatory that they had caused some young black youths to burn down the already burnt Pine Street Elementary School, which was a one-room structure deemed by the Dorchester County Board of Education to be unfit for human habitation 12 years ago. His remarks were, in essence, "That school should have been burned down a long time ago," referring to the previous fires.

The theory of the crime was that he had counseled, as Dr. Spock was accused of counseling young men to avoid the draft—that Rap Brown had counseled the burning down of the already destroyed school.



THE KNOCK ON THE DOOR

He went to Washington and stayed with his brother. At 11:00 P.M. on the 25th of July, I heard a knock on my front door (in N.Y.C.) and there, ensconced on the porch, were two gentlemen who identified themselves as agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They heard that Mr. Brown was hiding in my cellar. The only inhabitant of my cellar is a maverick cat which has lived there only because I can't get it out, and which in no way resembles Rap Brown.

I took them down to the cellar, although every instinct in me dictated another policy, and they satisfied themselves that not even the cat was visible. I said to them, "If you gentlemen will go back to wherever you came from, I will deliver Rap Brown to you tomorrow. He's not a fugitive."

We made an arrangement that he would surrender at the FBI headquarters in lower Manhattan at 11:00 the next morning. I called him up. He was to take the 10:00 shuttle. I was going to meet him at LaGuardia airport and it seemed like a very workable arrangement. He was proceeding to the 10:00 shuttle when two gentlemen came up to him, "We're FBI agents. You're under arrest."

He was shocked out of his mind because he still believed that a promise was a promise. He said, "My lawyer said I was going to surrender voluntarily."

"No," they said. "We're taking you to Alexandria under the fugitive warrant."

So he was taken out of the District of Columbia into Alexandria, Va., which was deliberately chosen. It's a less hospitable place for black militants than Washington.

There he was put into a cell. I came running down, muttering all the way about the FBI and its director, and arranged a habeas corpus to get him out of the Alexandria prison. At that moment, after six hours, the federal government dropped its prosecution—and we walked out of the building into the arms of the constabulary of northern Va. The descendants of Lee's great army were waiting at the steps of the federal courthouse. And when Rap turned to go back into the federal courthouse for sanctuary, the U.S. Marshal took his hand and pushed him down the last flight to the waiting police officials of the city of Alexandria.

That began an odyssey which is still in progress. From that point on, we have been in some fourteen courts in fourteen different parts of the United States, fighting such things as federal gun charges, extradition, and bail in about five different places, and even a charge of harassing a police officer in the city of New York. That charge was dropped when, in the interest of economy, the city was unwilling to spend the money to bring Rap from a federal prison in Louisiana up to New York to stand trial for a charge that carried a fifteen-day-maximum penalty.

Rap did not stand for reelection at this last meeting of SNCC because, frankly, he is a tired man. He is a year older and about a century wiser, and he understands now what happened to him. Because from that humble beginning in Alexandria there began a reign of prosecution, the ultimate objective of which was to silence him permanently. Martin Luther King was shot with a bullet; Rap Brown was handed in a different manner. And I am not sure which is really better or worse in the long run.

Why did the government choose to pick on Rap Brown? Because he had to be silenced. Why? Because people, white and black, are afraid. Fear generates repression. It is the only sustainer of repression. It may be generated by those who have ambition and not fear, but it is sustained by those who fear. All men fear something. Because you can

continued on page 19

LENOX V.S. GRAPERS

There has long been a myth current in Atlanta that major shopping centers, like Lenox Square, Northeast Plaza (on Buford Highway), and Belvedere Plaza, are immune from leafletting and picket activities. The Atlanta Committee to Support the Farm Workers, supported by a U.S. Supreme Court decision rendered in May, has apparently laid the myth to rest. Successful distribution of "Don't Buy Grapes" literature, plus store-front picketing, has been carried out at Northeast Plaza and Lenox in the past three weeks without arrest. Although a good deal of harassment occurred at both sites, instigated and performed by management representatives, including private cops, both Atlanta and DeKalb County police refused to be drawn into the controversy, though they were called to the scene in the two instances.

The so-called Logan Valley Case (Amalgamated Food Employees Union Local 590 v. Logan Valley Plaza) settled the question, in a 6-3 decision, of whether or not shopping centers serving as community shopping blocks, freely accessible and open to the public, could be regulated in the same manner as obviously private property. Holding that since the Logan Valley Plaza was, in fact, open to the public, the State could not delegate its power, through the use of trespass laws, wholly to exclude members of the public wishing to exercise their First Amendment rights on the premises, the Court appears to have assured legal protection for shopping center picketers.

This is not to say that Atlanta's Business Barons will not continue to countenance intimidation and threats by their employees against such activities: the December 7 experience at the Colonial Store at Lenox Square eventuated in three or four eyeball-to-eyeball confrontations between the picket and, variously, the store manager, a Lenox fly-cop, a City of Atlanta patrolman, and a City of Atlanta lieutenant who breezed by to see what the hell the row was all about. The Atlanta police were courteous and reasonable, if somewhat uninformed as to the law: Officer Lee claimed that in order to wear a picket sign one must apply for a parade permit at City Hall!

The Lenox cops were something else again. Officer Bob Fossett obviously felt that there was no limit short of actual force to the methods to be used to run off the protest. He delivered a brief but poignant racist dissertation on why the picketer should paint his face black, since he was already just like "them." Warning to his task, he debated the First Amendment and the Constitution generally, concluding that if the picketer had the right to stand in front of the store and peacefully distribute literature, then he, Fossett, had the concomitant right to smash all the picketer's car windows. His final pithy remark regarding the Constitution was "Constitution, shit!" Sgt. Thompson, a patriarchal, seven-hash-mark Blue Boy who appeared to be in charge of what is called in the jargon, "Security," hovered on the periphery of things, whispering furtively with Fossett and Atlanta Officer Lee, waiting, apparently, for the Happy Wagon—which never came—and peeking, Kilroy-like, over a concrete parapet—performing, one suspects, some sort of secret surveillance. Only once did Sgt. Thompson come on with a real sense of involvement: he apparently whispered No when Officer Fossett loudly requested permission to attack the picketer physically (his request, for the benefit of Decency Commissions everywhere, was as follows: "Gimme the word and I'll knock the fucking shit out of the son of a bitch!").

Although no threats of physical violence occurred at Northeast Plaza, picketers were threatened by someone purporting to represent the shopping center management, who said that he would have them arrested (this was on a Saturday afternoon) and then, when the case came up on Monday, drop the charges, an obvious intimidation attempt. Here, too, local official police played a hands-off role: DeKalb Officer Lynn merely interviewed the management representative and the pickets, then drove away.

Grape Boycott picketers will continue to be active at shopping centers in the area, and will, undoubtedly, continue to be harassed in a variety of ways. But after all, what's the First Amendment for?

—lou becker

ANXIETY whites at a u

The post-Giannetti anxiety level among white teachers at the Atlanta University Center colleges has risen perceptibly, interviews with several of them revealed recently. "You watch your mouth a lot more in class," one white English teacher summed up. He said the development of new class-disruption techniques and rumors of new actions are making white faculty more uncomfortable.

Another teacher noted that some white teachers are suddenly making belated, frantic attempts to "become relevant."

A white history teacher reported that shortly after Mrs. Giannetti, a white Spelman teacher, was expelled from her classroom by black students, three radical students told him they wanted to lead his class in a discussion of a quiz he had recently given.

He agreed, gave the three the final ten minutes of the hour, and left the room while they tried to convince the rest of the class that the quiz did not sufficiently emphasize blackness or give the students enough opportunity to "conceptualize". The class overwhelmingly rejected the radicals' arguments and that was that.

This teacher has been privately criticized by some of his colleagues for appeasing the student radicals and surrendering his authority. Some white teachers are determined to hold their ground against disruptive tactics.

Authority-uptight white teachers in one department have reached an unwritten understanding that, if confronted with a student's refusal to yield the floor or other challenge to the teacher's authority, the teacher should dismiss the class and file a report with the department chairman and the academic dean.

One of them even argued that, if the administration did not act promptly to resolve the issue, they should refuse to meet classes until it did. Others, however, were unwilling to go along with this.

They probably realized that a white faculty strike at one of the Black-conscious AU Center schools would create black radicals as fast as American napalm creates Viet Cong. The student radicals themselves probably could not think up a better confrontation.

-bob goodman

GOD DAMN

Resolution:

Whereas, the Christian people of the Scott Boulevard Baptist Church look with growing concern to the increasing distribution of filthy and lewd literature and whereas under the guise of academic freedom and being swayed by Satanic influence our society has compromised and downgraded the Bible standards of decency and morality.

Now, therefore, Be it resolved that this body of believers unite to express in the strongest possible way its complete and utter distaste for the obscene, vulgar trash which apparently (*sic!?!?*) makes up the printed material in the paper called *The Great Speckled Bird* and for every one of those people who engage in the writing, editing, printing and distribution of this paper, and with an expression of commendation to the editor of the DeKalb New Era for an eleventh hour decision to cease further association with the printing of this blight on the conscience of all decent, responsible people in our community.

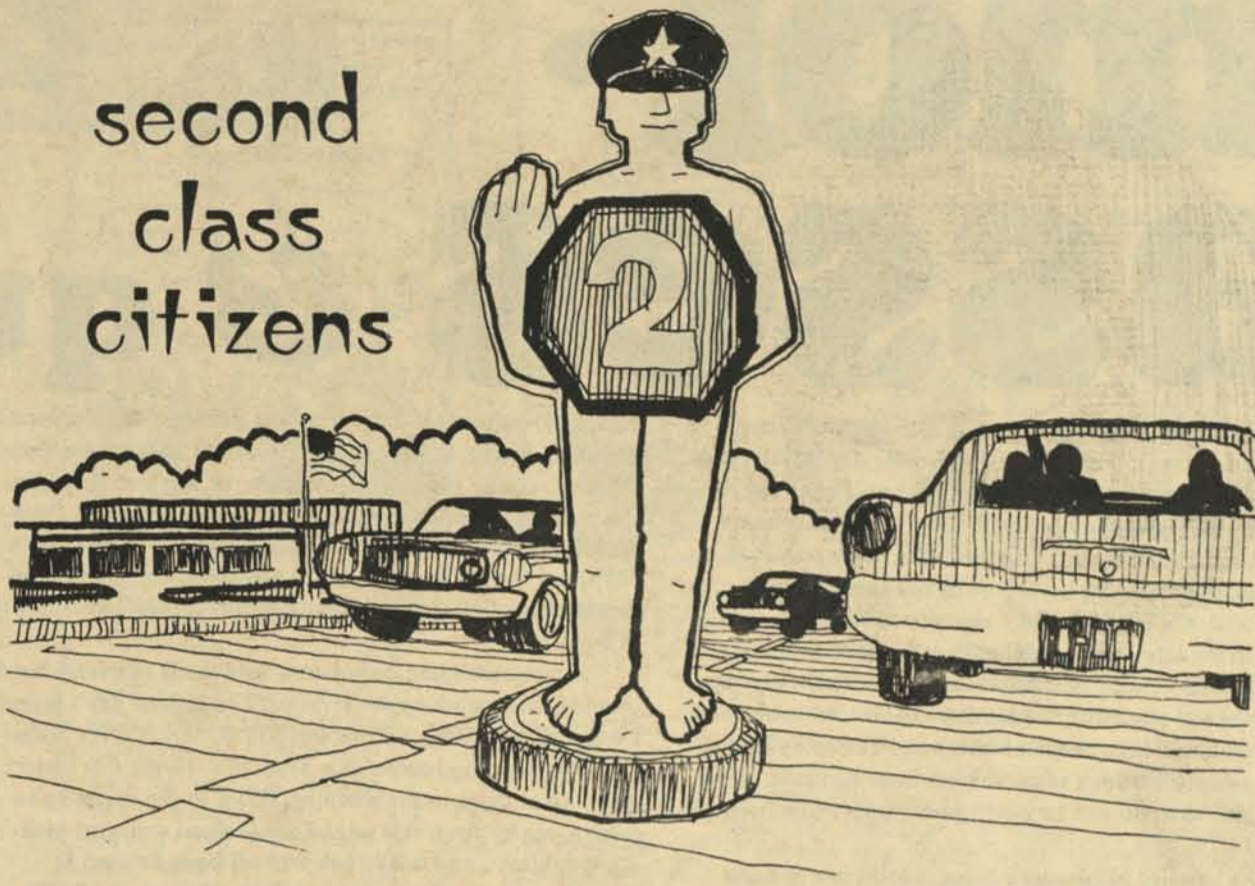
This resolution adopted unanimously by the members of the Scott Boulevard Baptist Church in regular church conference, on November 6, 1968. (Signed) Richard L. Baker, Moderator; Mrs. Clarence Gillis, Clerk.

All of which will increase circulation of *The Bird* approximately 500 per cent (to perhaps 10) at Scott Boulevard Baptist this week. And that should destroy the unanimity of this Christian gathering, say you not?

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IN NONVIOLENCE

second class citizens



FUZZ

Second of three parts

(LNS/MASS)—(Ed note: The following is the second part of a series analysing the role of police in society. The article was first published in *AIM Newsletter*, American Independent Movement, 241 Orange Street, New Haven, Connecticut, 06401. The author was *AIM's* candidate for Congress in 1966 and 1968.)

"Police are second-class citizens."

Considering the magnitude of their job, and the dangers they face in their day-to-day duties, police ought to be well rewarded. Are they? In New Haven, a patrolman's starting pay is \$6,790 a year. After two years, he gets \$7,190 and this is where he stays unless promoted. This is less than the median income in the U.S., and only a captain or above makes more than the \$9,200 required to live moderately well in a U.S. city (for a family of four). Though the police in New Haven, up to and including the rank of captain, are in a union, they are denied the right to strike. Further, under the Hatch Act, their participation in organized politics is limited to voting. Official exceptions about and control of their behavior extend to much of their life and off-duty time. As Chief Ahern says, "police generally accept 24 hours a day regulation of their conduct."

One reward is security. Police are not fired except for misconduct, and can retire after 25 years at 50% of salary, or, if they stay 10 more years, at 70% of salary (65 is the mandatory retirement age). During the depression, this feature attracted numerous college graduates—of three hundred police recruits in New York City in 1940, more than half had college degrees. But with postwar prosperity, this declined to less than 5% in the 1950's. One writer argues that the demand for "professionalism" of police in the 1940's and 50's was a direct result of the middle-class aspirations of the college graduates recruited during the 1930's.

And while their work may seem glamorous, police are also given the job of enforcing petty and irritating laws, such as traffic and parking regulations, which are not especially popular with the bulk of the people.

Given all this, recruitment of qualified people is a serious matter for police departments today. Recruits must have a high school diploma, no criminal record, and pass a battery of tests of physical and mental ability. For 22 vacancies this spring, New Haven had only 40 applicants (of whom 12 were Negroes, a sign that integration is coming to the Police force). Chief Ahern feels that the range of demands on police is now so wide, from office work to street patrol to community relations, that a more specialized system will have to build up. For example, traffic authority; various desk jobs handled by regular civil service personnel.

All of this is not likely to solve the problems, however, nor is it likely to help the foot patrolman who confronts the people most directly. One policeman I spoke to recently described answering a trouble call in a bar. He entered to find himself facing four men, one of whom pulled a knife. After clubbing the man over the head, he made the arrest. When asked if anyone in the bar tried to help, he said, "When's the last time anyone ever tried to help a cop?"

"Police are human beings."

An obvious point, but one we often forget. Given the frustrations and pressures inherent in their jobs, police would do remarkably well to behave as civilly as the rest of us. But they are really expected to behave better. All too often, common human characteristics, such as anger during an incident at the end of a long day, are projected as bad qualities of "cops."

More important, however, is that the police react to institutional and social pressures the way any of us do. Bureaucratic, quasi-military organizations, which police departments are, tend to make people officious and rigid in their application of rules and anxious to please higher authority even if it is at the expense of the people they are supposedly serving. Thus a patrolman writing out a ticket for your car as you rush up is faced with either your abuse or censure from his superiors who force him to account for every ticket in his book. Many bureaucratic measures of efficiency, such as number of arrests and clearance rates (percent of criminal acts "solved"), lead to the application of the letter of the law rather than the spirit.

The same is true of social attitudes. If the society is prejudiced against Italians, Negroes, or Jews, the police will be (and if the society calls them wops, niggers, and kikes, so will the police). If the society defers to the rich, well-dressed businessman or the president of Yale University, so will the police. If the society tolerates the breaking of certain laws (such as the continuous violation of the State Alcoholic Beverage Laws at Yale), so will the police.

Social situations which generally engender hostility will do the same with the police. Travelling in a radio car in a strange ghetto neighborhood, a patrolman can only be frightened. His contacts with the people, and theirs with him, come only when there is trouble. There develops a pattern of mutual mistrust and stereotypes which is continually reinforced, and which "human relations" programs will do little to combat. Under the circumstances, is it any wonder that both react violently? One police officer I spoke to told of stopping to break up a crowd of 30 Negro men who gathered on a corner late at night. They jumped him, and he said that "Only my desire to live and my ability to hold onto my gun kept me from being killed." He is still reminded of the assault by a metal plate in his head used to repair a fractured skull.

On the other hand, we have seen the police use violence when they arrest Blacks in the Hill, Italians on Wooster Street, hippies on Asylum Street, or draft resisters at the Induction Center.

The old neighborhood foot patrolman supposedly avoided this by spending much of his time just getting to know people in the course of their regular activities. But as Chief Ahern points out, this view may be romantic. If there was basic mistrust, continuous contact might increase it. And besides, "the public wants more efficient police service, which we can provide only with more mobility."

(To be continued.)

-bob cook

molasses & quinine

Seventeen years ago I walked through an old apple orchard in Connecticut, hunting squirrels. Around the edge of this three-acre patch was a waist-high wall of stones, bearing mute testimony to the labor of the farmer who once struggled to earn a living from that harsh soil. Rotting fruit hung on a few limbs, and a red fox raced down the top of the wall; the farm had been abandoned for more than ten years. In the late nineteen fifties, Les Rice, an apple farmer in the Hudson Valley near Newburgh, New York, gave up on apples and went into the semi-mechanized chicken factory business, with a corporation's help. Yesterday I bought a sack of apples from a small boy who was peddling them from door to door, and he didn't know where they were grown.

As a means of earning a living, small-scale farming today is just about as practical as buffalo hunting. Large farms and mechanization are the rule. Small farmers in some areas may survive for a while, by joining together in cooperatives to buy and share the use of machines which they could not afford individually, and there's nothing un-American about this. Few wheat farmers of the Midwest owned a thresher in the early part of this century; threshing crews would go from farm to farm, following the harvest northward, renting men and machine to those farmers who hadn't banded together to buy their own. (I still have a large old watch an uncle of mine earned harvesting wheat in the twenties.) Most row crops can now be planted, cultivated, and harvested by machine, with only a minimal amount of hand labor required, and I expect to see some of the tree crops being mechanically picked before many years pass.

Wherever it can be used, the machine is cheaper than manpower. Volume production and competition mean lower food prices for the public; but this tends to slowly bankrupt such 80-acre or 160-acre, horse-powered farmers as my long-dead grandfathers were. Neither of them ever learned to drive a tractor or car, and they couldn't make it with their old dry-land methods in these times of fertilizing and irrigation. The hoe, shucking peg, and pitchfork can't keep up today's pace; and the old scythe, adze, and broadaxe are mere nostalgic souvenirs.

Some crops still present too many problems to be handled mechanically, and there will probably always be some hand labor required for farm work. The cheaper this labor can be hired, the higher the farmer's profits are, but fairness to the laborer calls for another look at this.

When slavery was outlawed in the U.S. a century ago, California found a substitute. Mass importation of aliens began. First, hundreds of thousands of Chinese were imported to work on farms and build railroads. Their language isolated them from other people, effectively setting them apart as an easily controlled minority. With no organization, property, or political voice in community affairs, they were worked like horses; the Indians being generally too intractable, one might say that the Chinese were the first "niggers" of the West. Later they began buying property and establishing a foothold in this new country, so the process was repeated with Japanese people, and then a wave of Filipinos around the turn of the century. (The notorious Oriental Exclusion Act slowed such immigration, though.) During the teens and twenties, much of California's farm labor came from Mexican "wetbacks."

In the Depression of the thirties, dusted-out "Okies" the term was applied indiscriminately to migrants from all parts of the South—constituted another wave of cheap labor, often attracted by misleading advertisements for farm hands (a continuing thing, despite documentation by such people as John Steinbeck and Edward R. Murrow).

When most of the "Okies" left or went into more profitable wartime work, more "wetbacks" were used, until the wholesale deportations of 1948 and 1949. In 1950, some U.S. Congressmen and farmers' lobbyists were able to get Public Law 78 passed, authorizing importation of "braceros" from Mexico when a shortage of farm labor was certified by local authorities. In practice, this meant that a farmer only needed to offer wages too low to at-

tract local help, aside from the most penniless and desperate citizens, and the U.S. Government would authorize a shipment of equally desperate foreigners to work at that wage. It was a guaranteed supply of semi-slave labor, until California farm workers began to organize unions again in late 1959, and the fur began flying in early 1960. A sub-section of that law specified that the foreign hands couldn't be imported to break strikes.

I was there then, living on what I made as a farm hand, often without work between crops. The highest day's wages I ever got in California crops was \$11.00 less 33¢ for Social Security, picking cherries near Stockton. To get this I had to get up at three in the morning, down to the shape-up to catch a bus by four, ride out to the orchard and start picking at daylight, and finally get paid off back in town at about five-thirty. The lowest day's wages I got was \$1.76 for an equal amount of time on carrots, on a low piece-rate basis.

It was kind of rugged between crops, since I had no car there, and no tools for other work aside from my guitar and banjo. During the day I'd usually be preaching unionism to other field hands in spare minutes, and either writing



union songs or singing them at organizing rallies at night. I put in my share of miles on picket lines, too.

The local press reported the growers' side of things, and about the only reports favorable or even fair to our side were printed in *People's World*, a Communist newspaper in San Francisco. When eggs and garbage were being heaved at our pickets, when we were being soused with cold water at daylight or crowned with a jack-handle at dusk, I found that my best personal protection was a pocket-sized camera; I shot a lot of film, and still have it.

Police cars always parked on the landowner's side, never ours—they protected property, not life, and were always absent when violence was aimed at us. Somehow, none of us got killed, which was a marked improvement over the bloody thirties when the last organizing of farm hands had been tried there. We won some concessions, raising wages in some crops, and lost other battles. So migrant fruit pickers were able to buy another tire for the car that year, or maybe some meat for the kids. But we didn't make enough progress fast enough, and in '61 Meany took away our charter as an AFL-CIO union. Progress since then has been up to such men as Cesar Chavez.

Child labor laws are unenforced on California farms, and it's many an eight or twelve-year-old kid I've seen sent up to the top of a thirty-foot extension ladder to pick fruit. A baby left unattended in a small pen is a common orchard sight; its mother is up a ladder nearby working, as her husband is. This is a food-handling industry, but hand-washing facilities are unheard of at this stage. Only once in eight months of this work did I see a field or orchard where any

provision was made for the natural body wastes of the hired hands—there was a dilapidated outhouse in a strawberry patch near Manteca, but no paper or cobs were furnished. Public health laws have outlawed usage of the common drinking cup for many years; yet here, drinking water is usually carried in a five-gallon milk can, with only its lid or perhaps a few small jars or cans to use for a drinking cup. (A can with a spigot in the bottom would keep out dust, and paper cups would lessen the hazard of spreading disease but this would cost a few cents a day to the growers or labor contractors.)

If the Catholic priests of the Migrant Ministry were to tell what they know about the treatment of the "braceros", most U.S. citizens would be horrified. One spoke confidentially of diseased livestock being fed to these men at some camps, and of limited medical treatment. A bracero cut his hand on a grass seeding machine, and a doctor banded this for him once. Infection set in, but the bracero was accused of trying to avoid work, and was forbidden to see the doctor again. His arm began to swell. He sneaked onto a bus taking sick men to the doctor, but was spotted on the way by the foreman, was put out, and had to walk

back to the camp. Gangrene set in, and by the time they finally took him to a doctor it was too late. Two days later he died, and his working companions who came at night to say rosaries over his body before it was shipped back to Mexico passed the story on to the priest in the confession booth. One might expect to find the usual overpriced items in a commissary store in such a labor camp, but things like this don't improve our international image. It was a great pleasure to me when I read in the newspapers that the U.S. Congress had finally allowed Public Law 78 of 1950 to die, by refusing to give it another one-year extension. The real original trouble was a wage shortage, not a labor shortage.

A nationwide minimum wage for farm labor is probably the best single step that could be taken now. When I was in California in 1960, average annual income for farm workers was less than \$900. Small farmers hire few people, and this would help them compete with those who do. To double the wages of California orange pickers in 1960 would only have cost a tenth of a cent per pound, and I don't think any U.S. consumer would balk at this when misery is the alternative.

Maybe someday we'll abolish those businesses which survive only by forcing extreme poverty on their workers; for now, I'm not buying grapes.

-ernie marris



mary wash.

A recent issue of the *Bullet*, student newspaper at Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Virginia, has stirred up a rash of protests from matronly alumnae. Protests about the *Bullet* were sent to Virginia's governor, senators, and congressmen.

The offending issue featured four pages on "Christian Radicalism," leading off with a "Wanted" poster of Jesus—wanted on charges of conspiracy to obstruct the draft, requiring followers not to kill, practicing medicine and wine-making without a license, and interfering with businessmen in a temple. (Much like a story printed in *Bird* No. 3, and reprinted by the DeKalb Parents League for Decency [Brince Manning?].)

Especially objectionable to the little old ladies was an article by editor Susan Wagner who described members of New Left organizations like SNCC and SDS and hippies in general as "the true saints of today." Members of the MWC Alumnae Association are asking for an investigation of the student newspaper and the campus moral atmosphere.

-steve wise

shut it down

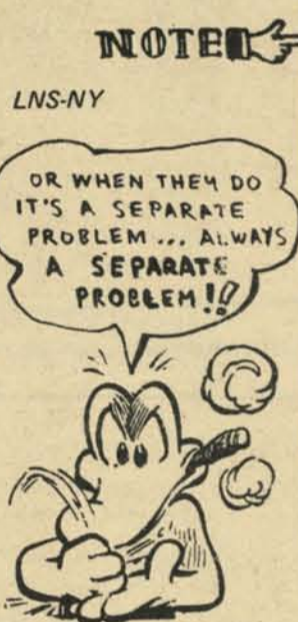
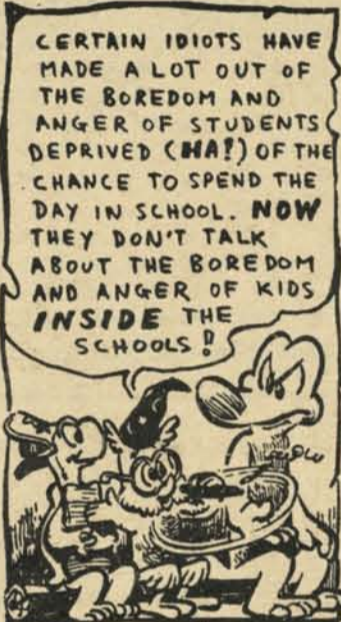
"On strike, shut it down!" San Francisco State College students, striking since November 6 in the longest strike to hit an American campus in thirty years, are currently defying their conservative president, S.I. Hayakawa; his boss, Chancellor Glenn Dumke; the Board of Trustees; and the Governor of California, Ronald Reagan. Led by the Black Student Union which wants to create an autonomous Black Studies department, the strikers have managed to gain solid support from the majority of the student body.

Much to the dismay of the Establishment press. *The New York Times* editorialized about "pseudo-students" and "barbarians." AP and UPI made much to do about violence, disruption, etc. The UPI dispatch in the *Constitution* quoted Hayakawa's ravings about a wave of activists descending upon SF State from all parts of the country.

Despite the hullabaloo, the significance of the strike should not be lost. When radicals paralyzed Columbia last spring, university administrators learned some lessons. Primarily they learned to get the cops on campus fast and to use all necessary force to break whatever action was brewing. But the SF State strikers, instead of seizing campus buildings and remaining stationary, maintained fluid tactics. Moving, attacking, fading away—using picketing, mass rallies, various forms of action. Basic principle: building mass support for the objectives of the strike. Talking to other students. Relying on the ineptness of the trustees and the incapacity of the administration to drive students into the movement. Above all, not isolating themselves; being involved with other students.

The end is not in sight. Despite massive police surveillance, police charges, arrests, fractured skulls, etc., the strike remains strong. And people are learning, growing. The strike is beginning to clarify certain social relations: the students versus the State. The outcome to date remains unclear. (More next week as the battle unfolds.)

-steve wise



Beyond the family structure imposed on us, the school is generally the first instrument of social repression a child meets in life. The school is assigned the task of breaking the will to individuation, of channeling the mind, of incapacitating the child with the rules that hold this society together: "This is the way things will be because this is the way they are." The classroom serves to impress through the medium of daily routine that life is essentially following orders that the choices are always among the given, that control of your life is, and always will be, somewhere else. Passivity is the rule.

Student REBELLION free BRONX SCIENCE

It has been said that the youth of today are the leaders of tomorrow. Anyone wishing to prove this statement (using the average high school student as an example) would run up against a brick wall that an H-bomb couldn't penetrate. Noticing the large number of students that follow blindly, could lead anyone to wonder how such followers will ever become leaders.

But if you examine the situation more closely you will discover that many students—realizing the parental and scholastic consequences of overt independence—rebel secretly.

For the most part, student rebellions have been put down, the predominant reason being lack of organization.

Any incident involving only a couple of students is easily squashed and covered up; on the other hand, an incident involving as few as 25-30 students may be put down, but hardly covered up. There is an old saying, "United we stand, divided we fall." As far as students are concerned, the saying holds true.

An example of student protest is the picketing of one of Atlanta's school cafeterias during the school year 1967-68. The students were served what could be truthfully called "slop." In protest, the students asked for either better lunches, or the privileges of leaving the school grounds to eat elsewhere. Requests were denied. As a result students either brought their lunches or didn't eat at all. Through faulty leadership and a decrease in participation the picket ended. Today the same "slop" is dished out daily.

Though this protest (and similar ones) could be classed as a failure, it is at least a beginning. Under proper leadership, students can make their voices heard. It takes a lot of determination and guts to withstand all of the pressure. All things said, students should demand and get everything they expect of an educational institution.

Through perseverance, unity, and strong, non-violent leadership we can begin to help make the decisions that govern four of the most important years of our lives.

-nickie, rovin' high schooler

Replies welcome, students, teachers, principals, and god bless you, even you JWH.

No grades. No exams. No required courses. No bitchy teachers: The Liberated Bronx High School of Science.

When the teacher's strike closed down New York's Bronx High School of Science, some 300 students and 20 teachers liberated the school and countered the educational factory with an alternative, democratically organized model.

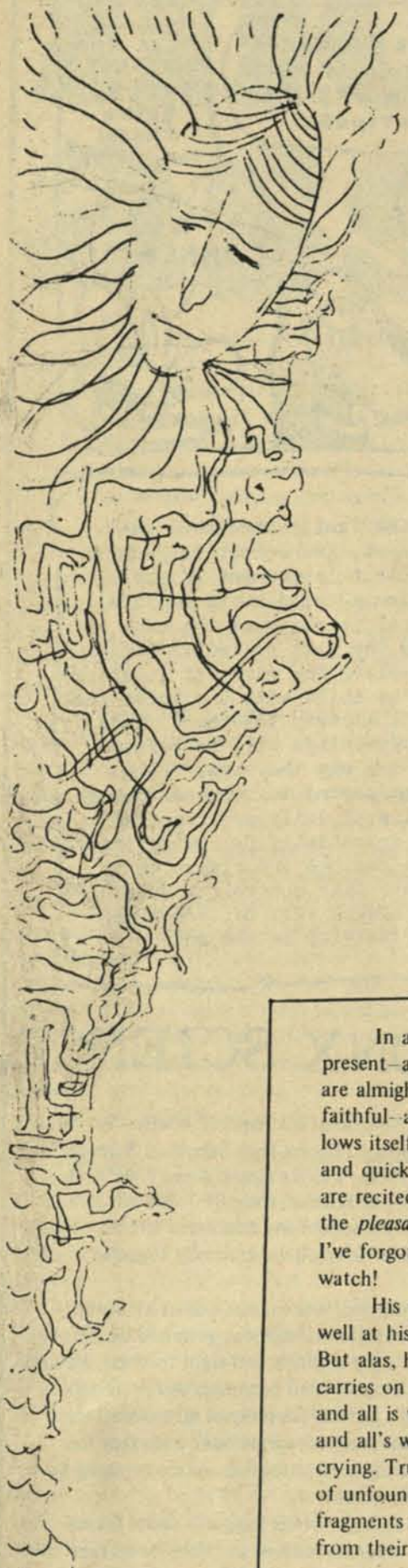
After the principal was shamed out of his authoritarian game, the liberated school was governed by a steering committee of eight students and eight teachers, all elected. They met daily, and their proposals were referred to the next morning's general assembly of all students and teachers. When one teacher reprimanded a student for smoking, the steering committee decreed no smoking by anyone, teacher or student.

At first, in order to break hang ups about formal classroom work, students insisted on "free-for-all raps" in the hall. After two weeks more traditional students voted to set up regular class schedules, but the students were still free to choose the class. Many of the classes were completely altered. While science courses continued on old trajectories, others changed to African history, contemporary literature, and pop music.

No doubt, the strike ended, that the students have sunk back into the stuff-it-in-spit-it-out routine. But the vision once there, the experience once encountered, will not be denied. Though Bronx High reinstates its market place, bureaucratic standards, and though Columbia's J. Wesley Hardy purge all his dissident students, in the end it will only be self-defeating.

-jim gwin





In an instant, flash the sounds of night are ever present—away, awake and the pleas of never present are almighty, thee ALMIGHTY, acquiescent and ever faithful—and to resort to dire-ry and the ground hollows itself to become a fiery mouth, and teeth of holes and quick silver and the plucked reeds of never now are recited and announced. A *pleasant* note sounded on the *pleasant* forehead of a passing equestrian. Oh, lord! I've forgotten you! . . . Oh, lord!! I've forgotten my watch!

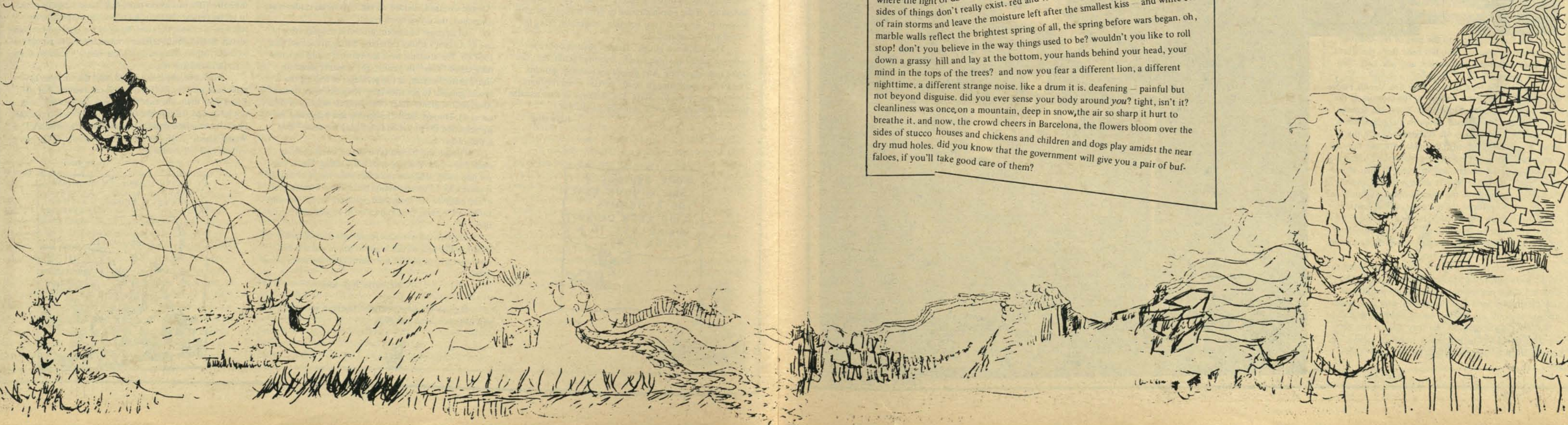
His watch was a pleasant young man, did very well at his studies and executed his duties with precision. But alas, he's forgotten, been forgotten, been. But a lass carries on for him, bring home his namesake, she cries, and all is well. HEAR YE, HEAR YE, it's 9:00 o'clock and all's well, she thinks, as she sits nursing her baby, crying. Trumpets blare their way through the fiery mire of unfound color, honky tonk pianos sound and fall in fragments on the floor and the wasteful suck the wine from their mops and sponges.

trees and running shadows like piano keys sing of summer on its way, Greek bands play in the streets and now its 1910 and people walk stiff and jerk, and no sound comes from them, and trolleys clank by, horse drawn, and women buy from the roll, and the wheels roll and the drums roll, and now its 1968 and people still walk stiff and jerk and no sound comes from them and the drums still roll.

Now and again, man must delve into the ware of uncertainty, that place where crossroads don't exist and the beginning hasn't started yet. Beware! the willows are sleeping upside down over the dogs buried beneath them. Winterland, and the wolves howl and chase imagery. a river flows cold and dark, pock-marked from its haste, hardened from age. fingers of winter trees hold the greyness tightly against your eyes. This is time to herald and champion the ass, to praise his long ears and envy his look of intelligence. And this is the time of acquiring, the time to store for the future, to protect from the cold.

to be really unresolved is a difficulty in that discerning which agent is responsible for the unresolvedness.

Oh yes, oh! now — wind staircasidly up into the spheres of nominal dimensions where the light of dawn sways with itself before it comes to your eyes and the sides of things don't really exist. red and violet words provoke the experience of rain storms and leave the moisture left after the smallest kiss — and white cold marble walls reflect the brightest spring of all, the spring before wars began. oh, stop! don't you believe in the way things used to be? wouldn't you like to roll down a grassy hill and lay at the bottom, your hands behind your head, your mind in the tops of the trees? and now you fear a different lion, a different nighttime, a different strange noise. like a drum it is. deafening — painful but not beyond disguise. did you ever sense your body around *you*? tight, isn't it? cleanliness was once, on a mountain, deep in snow, the air so sharp it hurt to breathe it. and now, the crowd cheers in Barcelona, the flowers bloom over the sides of stucco houses and chickens and children and dogs play amidst the near dry mud holes. did you know that the government will give you a pair of buffaloes, if you'll take good care of them?



REVIEW

VANILLA FUDGE · AMBOY DUKES · ELECTRIC COLLAGE

Its a big barn of a place, institutional styled, parking lot layered, bathroom decorated, and people stained.

For years moist children have sat on their tooky bottoms and watched pink hippy women in purple capes take bows with popped-veined men in purple capes 17 feet above the hard, hard floor.

For years these same tooky bottomed children have sat with their moist Mom's and Dad's and peepeyed at local sopranos in black crepe compete with local tenors in black serge to Handel's Messiah.

The children were back Saturday night a little less moist, Clearasil slick faced, Noxema nice, and free from all tooky. The calliope and Handel have somehow disappeared into the vinyl stuffing and its the here and now, the doing your thing, the tell it like it is, the Ampex amplified, Waa . . . Waa . . . WaaaaaRooooooooom of The Vanilla Fudge and Amboy Dukes.

The psychedelic scene has slid to the South. Acid rock has made it to the middle class. And they come in their white Ban-long slippery, slipover turtle-necks, tensided lavender love glasses and Indian seed beads. The titty-teenies with lash-layered eyes and steam pressed hair, wiggle it at the dark guys who occupy the first ten rows, the real thing guys, the Prince Valiants of 14th Street, the guys who know what's happening, and put their sons-of-lawyers uptight who brought them in their Cameros with two foot racing stripes down the middle.

If a sound capsule were shoved behind the cornerstone of the next 2000 unit addition to the Marriott, and it was to contain the sound of Now, the Amboy Dukes would fill the bill just fine like. Theirs is a non-descript, unclear and totally undistinguished, but the most perfect sound for that old barn. Loud and strong, with nothing to lose. The lead tries what Janis Joplin succeeds in doing, and their big surprise is not in the way of a



sound, but the realization on the part of the observer that there is an organist, who has been there the whole time. They look right, sound right, and talk Left. "We love you, Georgia."

The circus is back in town with The Vanilla Fudge who look like they were dressed by the creators of the Flintstones and Dating Game. Mark Stein, the organist, who has got to be a Taurus, conjures the group, like a mad man into "You Keep Me Hanging On" and that's where it really is for them. The spade riffs, and they do it well, continental silk suit sliding into their numbers. They are good performers, and virtuosos of their instruments. They did it like they've done it before, and they did it well. Appici made the must-be-necessary drum run into the bit of brilliance for the night, with a sense of sound that is truly remarkable. Shirtless and lost in himself, he cymbaled his way into the hearts of teeny-bopper girls and female revolutionists and somebody's mother who came for God only knows why.

And they wiggled, sweated, smoked, pretended to smoke, belonged, and pretended to belong, while The Electric Collage multi-imaged their pliable minds with their handmade, hand-done, handhewn, four guys working their asses off can make it handy, light show.

They didn't come out like they did for Jimi or like they would do for The Doors, but they came a lot harder than they came for the circus or Handel's Messiah.

judy allen



—photo by wayne scott

nuther LETTER

Editor
Atlanta Constitution
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Sir:

The hippie colony has departed, Reg Murphy told Constitution readers the other day. "The last really visible sign of the community," he wrote, is a troubled tabloid newspaper, *The Great Speckled Bird*."

The Bird, as anyone who has looked at it knows, is only part hippie. It offers cultural news and reviews and above all social criticism, a rare commodity in Atlanta. Several pages after Reg Murphy's slightly satisfied obituary for hippies and the Bird one can read of a Georgia Tech debate between Peace Corps and VISTA workers on the one hand, and members of a "burgeoning New Left organization" on the other. Social criticism has not died and ought not to die in Atlanta. It should continue to exist, whether in Tech forums, the *Great Speckled Bird*, or the Constitution.

The truly disturbing implication of Mr. Murphy's column, however, concerns the relation between the Constitution and the Bird. Mr. Murphy matter-of-factly says that excerpts from the Bird "very nearly caused havoc" in a DeKalb County political campaign; and that local printers "have shied away" from publishing the newspaper.

As the Constitution is aware, neither the Bird nor its printers bears any responsibility for what is done under the guise of electoral campaigning. Yet both are suffering from the recent smear sheet shenanigans while the real culprits go unnamed and unpunished.

The Constitution enjoys an effective monopoly on the daily press in Atlanta. Instead of blandly speaking of a "troubled" non-rival in the field of local journalism, the Constitution ought publicly to speak out against the legal harassment now directed against the *Great Speckled Bird*. The Constitution has too strong a tradition, in Ralph McGill and Eugene Patterson, not to understand what freedom of expression is all about.

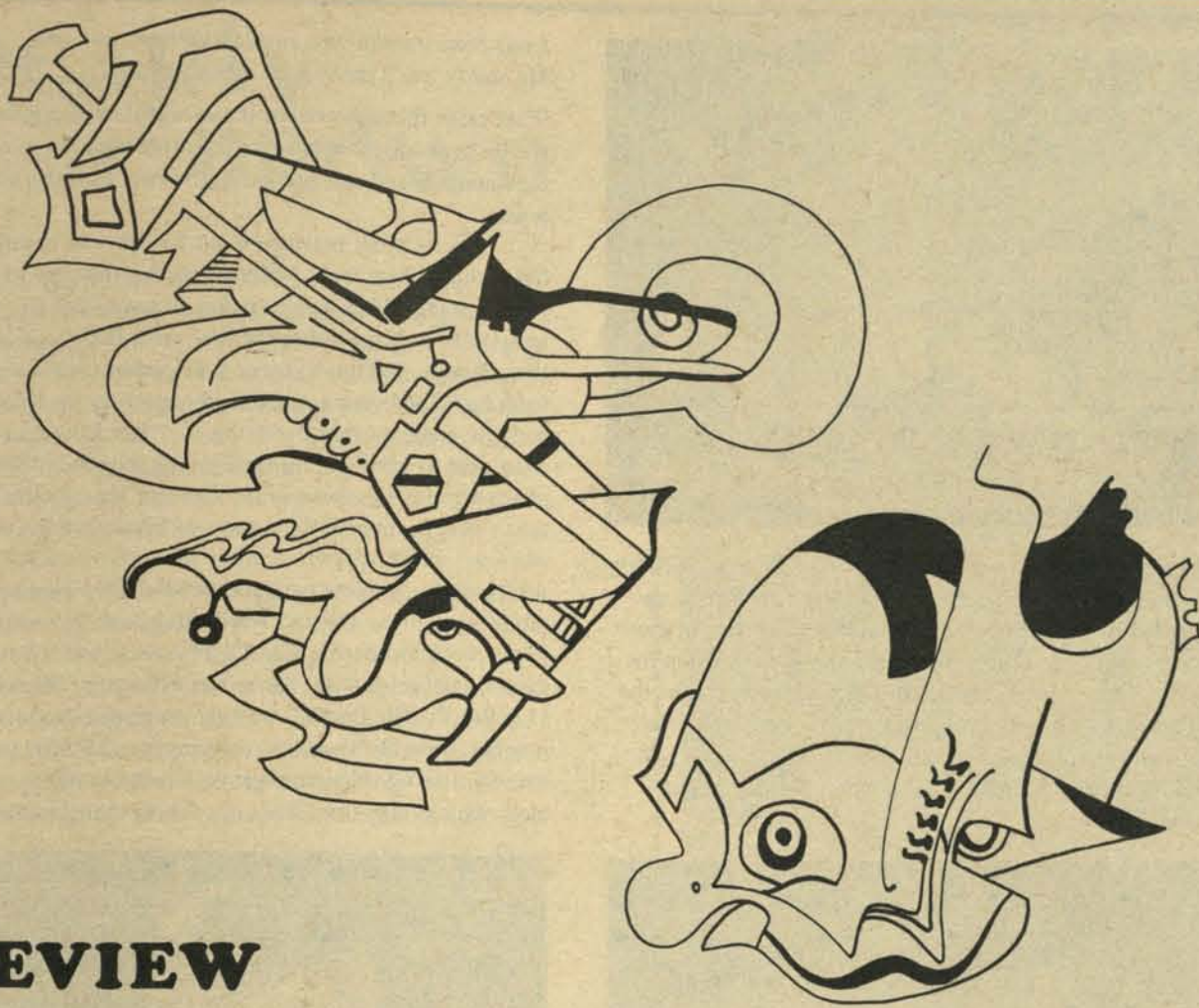
The Bird does not need crocodile tears amidst sorrow for departing hippiedom. It needs forthright defense—not for its contents—but for its right to propose alternatives to the present unedifying state of public affairs; not for its language and pictures, but for its right to publish without the threat of prosecution by local officials. The issue of free press in Atlanta, in short, ought to rouse the Constitution to a more exalted and effective stance than nonchalant mention of a "troubled tabloid."

Sincerely yours,

s/Charles Miller

(The bold-face portions of the above letter were printed in the Atlanta Constitution on December 6. The rest was deleted. The author is an Assistant Professor in Social Science at Clark College.)

67 8th STREET N.E.



REVIEW

The Fantasticks, by Tom Jones, with music by Harvey Schmidt, at Theatre Atlanta, directed by Gary Gage.

Old films from the time of the first world war were made at a speed of sixteen frames per second. After that, films began to be made at a speed of twenty-four frames per second. This is why, when an old flick is shown at modern speed, Woodrow Wilson stalks about like a hopped-up marsh bird.

What if the reverse were true? The result would be *The Fantasticks*, as produced at Theatre Atlanta.

The Fantasticks is a phenomenon, a light, happy play, fun to watch and fun to be in, which played off Broadway for years and years and for all I know may be running still. When it is well-paced and played with style, you can't fail to like it.

But when you bring together an ingenue with a zinclined voice (Amanda Brown), a really callow boy (Bobby Davis), a haberdasher of an abductor (Sid Shier), and an Old Shakespearian Actor who can't time a comic line (William Trotman); let them play in slow motion; then the professionalism of the fathers (Gary Gage and Jim Garner), the mimic grace of the mute (Fred Chappell), and the inventiveness of the Indian (Christopher Lloyd) cannot accelerate the mass.

This is why, the night I went (the second night), when the dinner jackets had been hung up and the gowns had been returned to Rich's, the play got the reception it did from its audience of high school students. I have no belief, in this day of the popularity of vroom-vroom automobiles and rough-trade idols like Elvis Presley, in the artistic infallibility of teen agers; but their response was appropriate when they threw coins at the stage, osculated loudly in the love scenes, and, many of them, walked out.

It is the professional complimented above, Gary Gage, who also directed, who is primarily responsible for making the delightful tedious. It is *always* the director's fault when half the players in his charge grind nearly to a halt and words fail me.

My wife tells me that in the above I have been less than fair to Bobby Davis, who looks his part and does in fact develop his role in the second act; and more than fair to Amanda Brown, who compensates for the fact that she looks much too old and hard for her role by a kind of Officer Don talking down to the person she is trying to play. I have also not mentioned the set, by Otto Theuer, which is clever and would do credit to a good production of the play; nor the costumes, well done by Mr. Theuer and David Charles; I do so now.

—morris brown

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ELVIS

*If you're lookin' for trouble, you came to the right place
If you're lookin' for trouble, just look right in my face . . .*

A few guitar chords, these words, extreme close-ups of a powerfully expressive face, and the Elvis Presley television special begins. Sixty minutes later it has become clear that Elvis Presley, a big daddy of rock and roll and one of the most flamboyant personalities of his generation, is still a giant in the musical world.

The Singer-produced special was an important contribution to the slow development of the television art, an often brilliant fusion of subject, performance and presentation marred only by some inept attempts to package and sell something so vital and alive that, left alone, it sells itself.

The Elvis Presley Phenomenon has always been related to the medium of television—it was his appearances on the Ed Sullivan show, censored, toned-down, but all the more subversive for such attempts at suppression, that catapulted rock and roll over the barricades set up by the establishment and led to the unrestricted development of a truly contemporary folk art. Elvis plus TV is still one of the most exciting combinations imaginable. His is the definitive cool TV personality—the hair, the face, the body, the vocal style, the sneer, the laugh, and underlying it all an Aw Shucks American innocence—all that smolders beneath these surfaces is registered through suggestion, implication, innuendo.

Behind the scenes of Monday night's show there must have been a struggle between two powerful personages, one of whom knew his Marshall McLuhan, the other an apostle of Cecil B. DeMille. They must have reached a stalemate and agreed to divide their commodity equally: About half the show consisted of the TV special-, Hollywood-, Broadway musical-type production numbers (i.e., created not for television, not even for film, but essentially for the stage). The other half was brilliantly conceived around a casual format in which Elvis recreated



some of the excitement of his early hits, accompanied by 4 musicians sitting on a brightly lit arena-type stage surrounded on all sides by a live audience (a perfect attempt to derive the maximum potential from the television medium). There was no emcee, and the talk grew out of the informal, spontaneous rapport between Elvis, the musicians and the audience (which, by the way, looked like some Southern church's Young Adult Sunday school class).



"Heartbreak Hotel," "Jailhouse Rock," "Lawdy Miss Clawdy," "Love Me Tender," "Guitar Man," "Baby Whatcha Trying to Do?" "I Can't Help Falling In Love With You," "One Night," and, of course, "Trouble."

What was captured in this setting was the essence of an artist: "captured" is precisely the word, for as Elvis strutted and pranced in the white light of the arena, sweating profusely, grinning satanically and tossing his hair back defiantly with that famous sneer, I couldn't help associating the image with that of a proud caged beast, pacing back and forth, growling and snarling before a mesmerized crowd of onlookers. Free even behind bars.

*I was born standin' up—and talkin' back
My daddy was a green-eyed mountain jack . . .*

What came through even in the dreadful extravaganza songs was an inextinguishable spark of revolt inherent in early rock and roll and still present in the best of today's electric music.

At one point between songs Elvis began to talk about old rock and new rock: I literally sat on the edge of my seat thinking—What a groovy idea to have Elvis sing his old songs with only a combo, then rap with the musicians about the old days, and more recent developments in the musical form he helped create, then maybe even try his hand at, perhaps, some current Byrdsong . . . But I thought too soon. Just as Elvis had finished saying that the roots of rock and roll were in gospel and rhythm and blues (what about white country music where most of Elvis' own roots are?) when we were transported into a miserable pseudo-folk spectacular, complete with sorrowful darkie dancing, plantation style, to an Eileen Farrell version of "Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child"! This mess was followed by gyrations of inter-racial dancers as Elvis sang "Where Could I Go But To The Lord?" Another grotesque production number, more Brotherhood carryings-on, but this time ending in a striking videomontage within the same song—"Trouble"—which leapt from Elvis in a 50-ish spangled suit to El-



—photo by bill fibben

vis in a more modern quasi-hippy setting to Elvis in a Mod Lord Fauntleroy outfit in a high-class nightclub and which finally brought it all back home to the arena. The leather and the sweat, the bumps and grinds.

A strange, demonic smile twisted over Elvis' face as he performed in the arena, perhaps a secret awareness of an obvious joke—that the Elvis Presley Phenomenon, twelve years after it first exploded onto the national and international scenes, is even more potent now than it was then, for through the passage of years it has gained Authority, Self-Awareness. The twisting, laughing, screaming figure of Elvis Presley, in 1956 and in 1968, expresses all the anarchic violence and narcissistic eroticism that the quasi-subversive posturing of a Jim Morrison can merely approximate. Only the leather pants are the same.

*You know I'm evil, my middle name is Misery
Yes, I'm evil . . . so don't you mess around with me!*

—miller francis, jr.



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PEARLY BROWN

The Reverend Pearly Brown is fiftysome years old, looks older and frailer than that, has been singing for decades on the streets of Macon, big town, living in Americus, small town but his wife likes it, commuting once a week to Macon on the bus to get the weekend trade. Born blind, one of twin boys Earlie and Pearly, Earlie could see all right, he's dead now, brought up by white people Pearly says (just what can black or white mean to a tough wise old man who's been blind since his face first met the light of day?)

Bus drivers all over Georgia know him, say Hey Pearly or Hi Reverend Brown or whatever, one time goin to reddish to vote for the very first time someone said Hey Pearly where you goin, said goin to reddish been waitin thirty years aint gonna wait no more. Came to Atlanta sang for the now-dead folkmusic society, went to their first festival in Unicoi three no four years ago, never been north of Atlanta before. Dug the mountains, felt them in the tilting and swaying of the bus, been riding buses all his life and never felt a bus do like that before; pretty scary.

Came into Unicoi, folds around a fire listening to good singing, someone introduces Pearly who preaches a bit and begins to sing *The Great Speckled Bird*; halfway through the second verse a falling star goes *whoosh* across the sky and *whoosh* goes everybody's breath as all of a sudden everyone is convinced Pearly may have better connections upstairs than we thought.

Goin back across the field, Bill Hoffman and Bud Foote one on each arm; both of them stumblin on account of the dark, Pearly tappin surefooted with his cane, somebody yells Hey Reverend Brown, you better be careful, you got the two worst men in the place helpin you there; and Pearly laughs and says Well they do say Jesus Christ was hung between two thieves.

Says take me where I can feel a mountain, I never been in the mountains before; I want to feel a mountain.

Sings I'm On My Way To Canaan Land, says In the old times people believed Canaan Land meant Heaven, you know that aint right; in the Bible it says plain that Canaan is a place right here on earth, now the young folks know

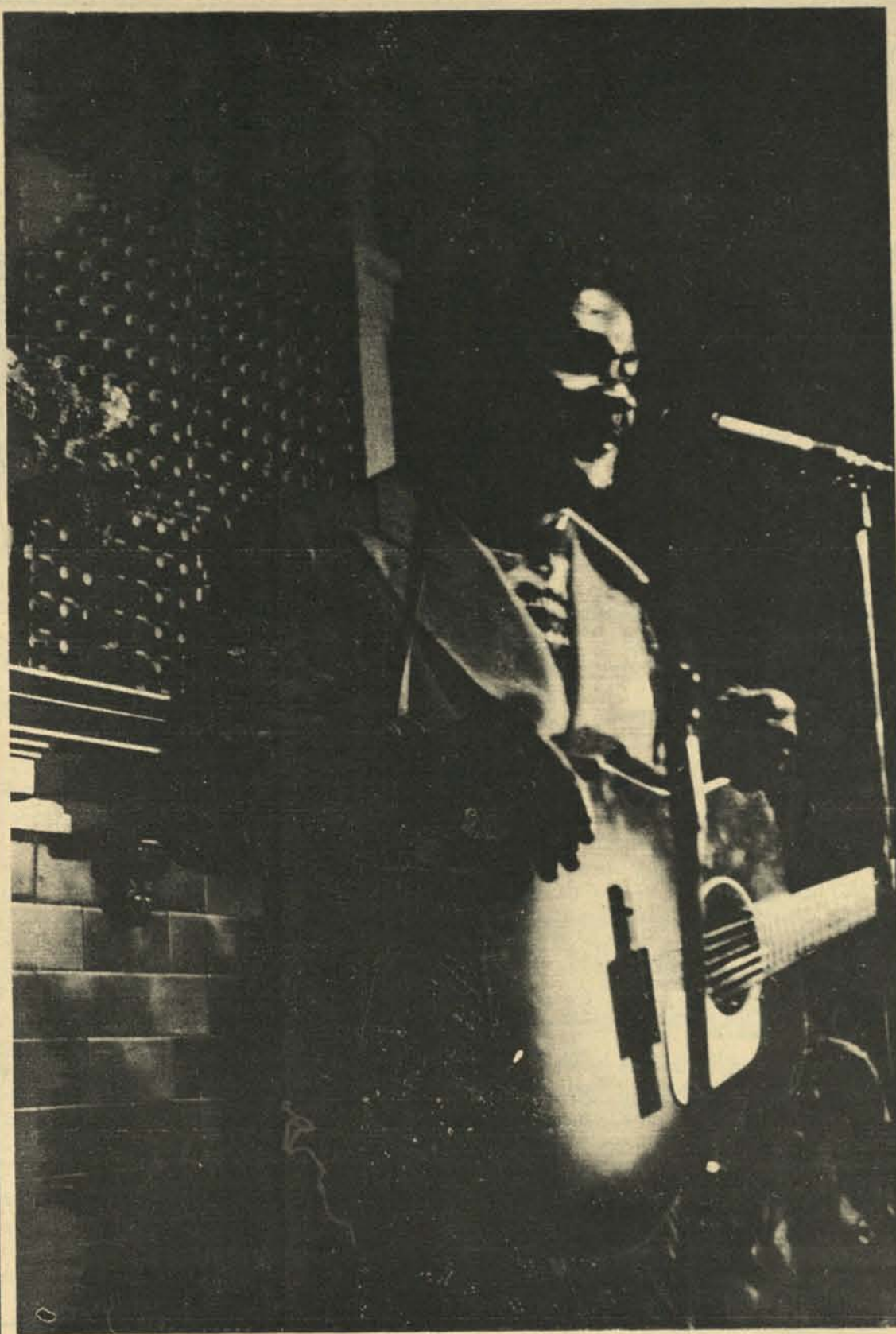


photo by tom coffin

Bob Gerson
KICKS & LIDS
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that they gonna get their Canaan right here on earth.

Goes to New York to sing for peace in Carnegie Hall, feeling six million people around him, begins to preach love and peace off the stage, warms to the occasion and woulda been preaching yet if someone hadn't pulled the plug on him; takes a long time to bring the word to six million New Yorkers. Newport Foundation takes him to Guild factory where he plays every guitar he can get ahold of before picking out with his infallible fingers and ears their biggest and most expensive; you don't figure a blind man to take you for that much when you offer to buy him an ax.

Sings in Atlanta again, on the streets of Macon again, where he made it and made the cash to raise and educate his many children; comes to sing at the *Bird* benefit and plays bottleneck *zip, zip*, making sure everyone hears the

strings talk; mistunes a bass string and instead of avoiding it insists on it, plays it in chords where it wouldn't fit even if it were in tune, hits it with his thumb time after time until you begin to accept it as a freaky warped drone running underneath the music; sings *Great Speckled Bird* all over again in another context with another set of meanings laid into the old ones, sings the white man's music of his upbringing in the black man's style of his inheritance. I learned this song from the Carter Family (if you're blind, whether in person or on a record don't signify).

Back for the grape workers' rally last week, back again to Macon to Americus on the busses transistor radio up close to his ear, I play it all night, can't sleep without it: singing preaching talking sitting like a brown statue eyes closed in perpetual meditation, beautiful man.

—og, king of bashan

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

There is a Galy Gay, once a gentle man, now a ruthless soldier, and Bloody Five, a sergeant too much swayed by a widow's smiles.
And there are songs...
and a castration...
and a funeral.
You might not like it, but you won't forget it.

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the children who rode taxicabs

They was an Old Neighborhood once with a Lot of Fine Old Houses which had been Built in the days when Oak was Cheap and Ten-Foot Ceilings were in Vogue and Labor knew its Place and worked Twelve Hours a day for a Slab of Fatback and a Glass of Water.

Most of the Fine Old Families that Used to live in the Fine Old Houses had Died or Moved to the Suburbs or Whatever, and the Black People had moved up on the Neighborhood as Far as the Railroad Tracks and dug in, Eyeballing the Fine Old Houses and Preparing their next Attack and even Sending in a Few Isolated Scouts to set up Outposts.

The Highway Folks had demolished a Lot of Houses in the Area in Preparation for a new Superduper Expressway which would zip under the Windows of the Fine Old Houses and carry Barfyzillion Cars belonging to the Suburbanites in and Out of Town every Afternoon. (They did Not Plan for any Entrances in the Neighborhood, but did Stick in some Exits which would assure that the Kids in the Neighborhood could spend some Interesting Afternoons dodging the Semitrailers going to and from the Industry that had Sprung Up.) And All this Demolition had rendered Homeless countless Rats Mice Roaches and other Vermin, who promptly Moved In to the Already Overcrowded Houses that were Left.

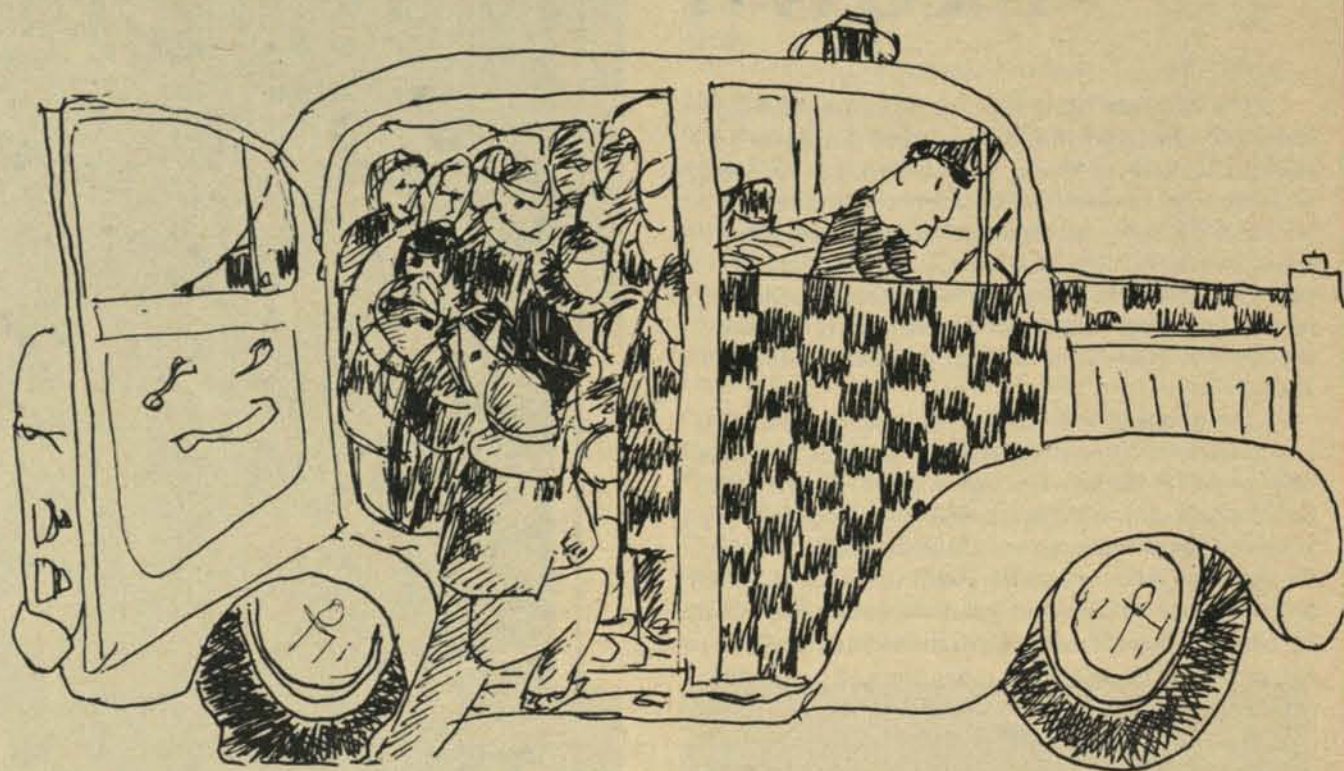
The Schools in the neighborhood were Mostly Staffed with nice clean white Middleclass folks, who did their Best to Humiliate the Grungy little Lowerclass Kids who mainly Crowded the School, in Hopes that the Grungy Little Kids would get some Proper Standards and grow up to be Nice Clean White Suburbandwellers themselves. And at the End of the Day, all the Nice teachers Folded their Tents and whipped off to their Barbecue Pits. P.T. and A. meetings had been Cancelled for a Long Time, because none of the Teachers cared to come into the Neighborhood After Dark.

Most of the Fine Old Houses, as you have Gathered, had been Cut Up into liddle biddy Apartments which Rented Furnished for \$20 or \$30 or even \$40 a week, which Last is Only a Little More expensive than a High-Rise. And most of the Tenants were Working Part-Time, or on what

is Humorously Called Relief, or Old and Sick, or Exploring the Mysteries that come in Bottles, or Similarly Financially Incapacitated.

Nevertheless and Notwithstanding, somehow People

So then the Momma and the Kids came Up with a Really Smooth solution: They called a Cab, and the Cabdriver was pretty surprised when Not only these Ten Kids but the Seven from Next door all Piled into his Cab like



managed to Live, and to Eat sometimes, and to Raise Kids after a Fashion until they Graduated Grade School and entered Juvenile Detention.

In this Neighborhood, they was a Family of Ten Kids which Walked to School every day they went, and went as Often as they could Stand the Teachers' put-downs, and Labored under the Illusion that Maybe Education, even the Education offered in the Neighborhood School, would Offer them some Way out of this Morass.

In Atlanta in the Winter, the Monsoons set in and it Rains a good bit of the Time, and then Walking to School is a problem. But Atlanta is blessed with a Bus system, and the first Thought of the Kids and Their Momma, when it was Pouring Down Rain, was that to Get to School and Get Kulchur and Wisdom and a Chance to Bust Out, they would Take the Bus.

But Bus Fare for Ten Kids for even One Day tore a Big Chunk out of the Rent Money, and nobody dast spend the Rent Money in a Neighborhood where the Shurf will Padlock your Door and toss you Out in the Rain if you're Three Days Late.

so many College Kids in a Phone Booth and Rode merrily to School, Splitting the Fare seventeen Ways, which Made for a lot of Pennycounting, I tell you, and no tip for the Driver, either.

Well, sir, things Rolled along like that for a Couple of Years, and priddy soon the Bus Line announced an exact fare plan, which Bothered nobody too much, and just coincidentally Jacked the Bus Fare at the Same Time, which put a Lot of people Up Tigh; but Not the Wise Momma and her Ten Crumberushers, who Planned on Rolling around in a Taxi on Rainy days just as they Had Before.

Next rainy day, they called a Cab as Usual and Swarmed out Happy and Laughing and Packed into the Cab only to Be Informed that the Downtown Authorities had okayed a 25 cents charge for Every Extra cab passenger. So the Kids had the choice between staying Home and Walking through the Cold Winter Rain. This became Known as the Freedom-of-Choice Plan.

Moral: You can Outwit them Just So Long.

—og, king of bashan



LNS

ATHENS (LNS/NY)—The fascist ruling clique in Greece is continuing its repression of dissident students. On November 23, eleven students were convicted of "sedition" by a kangaroo military court and were sentenced to prison terms of up to 21 years. Their "crime" was the printing of anti-government leaflets.

At great risk to themselves, four of the defendants stood up in the court and declared that they were Communists. The government-hired prosecutor demanded life sentences for the four, but in a new twist of psychological warfare, the military judges took the declaration of Communism as evidence of "diminished intellectual faculties" of the defendants and passed the merciful sentence of 21 years.

Washington, Nov. 13 (LNS/Mass.)—He was originally intended to be Barry Goldwater's first appointee to the U.S. Supreme Court. He is a past president of the American Bar Association. Now he's blasting out at the most popular conservative target—radical students. Lewis F. Powell, president of the Virginia State Board of Education, has urged university and administration officials to fire all students or faculty extremists who cause "trouble" on the campus.

Speaking before the convention of Public University Presidents, Powell said: "Like their heroes Che Guevara, Fidel Castro and Ho Chi Minh, the only language student extremists understand is that of force. Those extremists and faculty members who support them have forfeited any rights to remain as members of the university community. The sooner they are expelled and fired from student bodies and faculties, the sooner our campuses will resume their historic roles as centers of reason and intellectual pursuit." To initiate this age of reason, he fingered SDS, YSA, and the W.E.B. Dubois Clubs for destruction. Barry Goldwater himself couldn't have said it any more succinctly.

STEPPEN WOLF

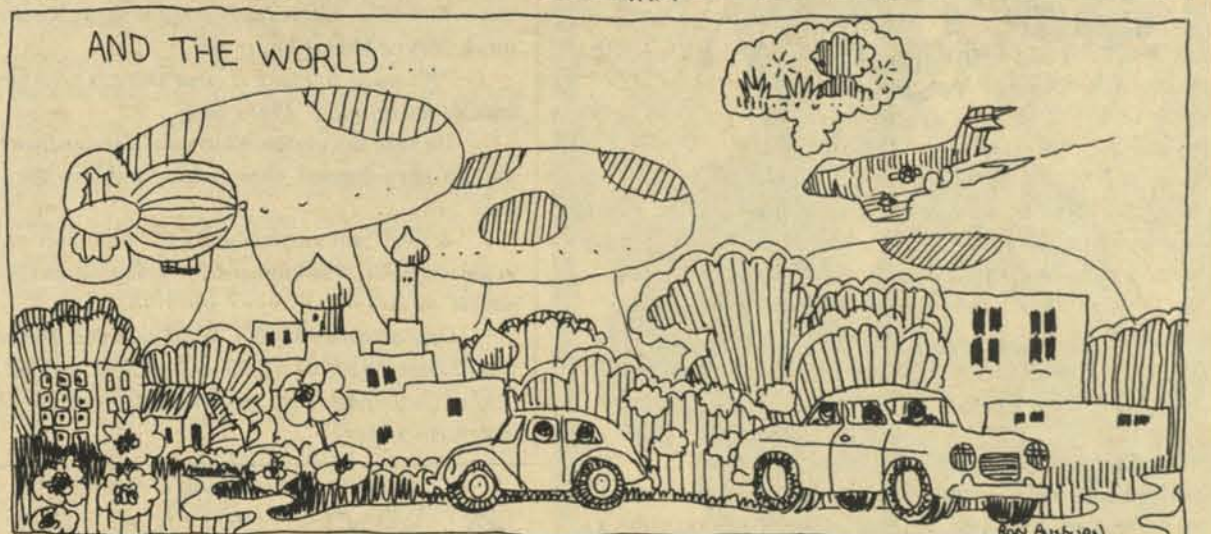
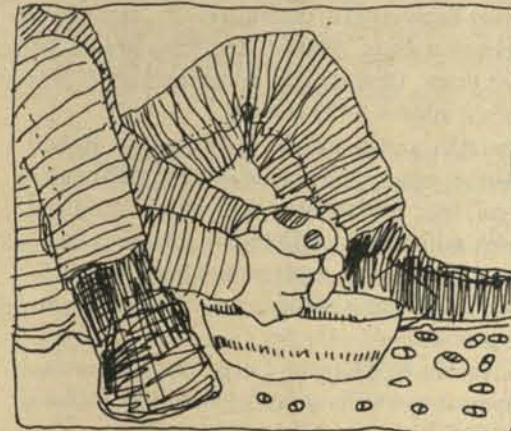
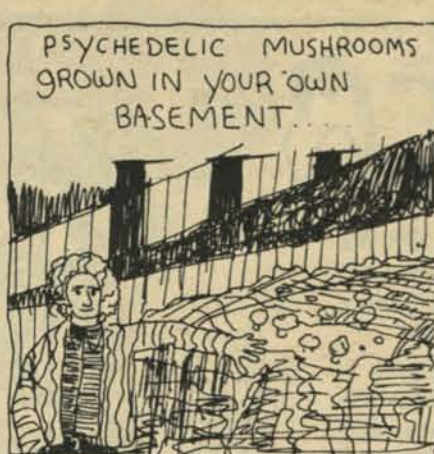
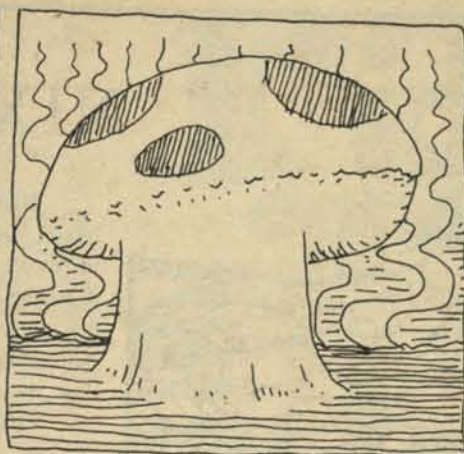
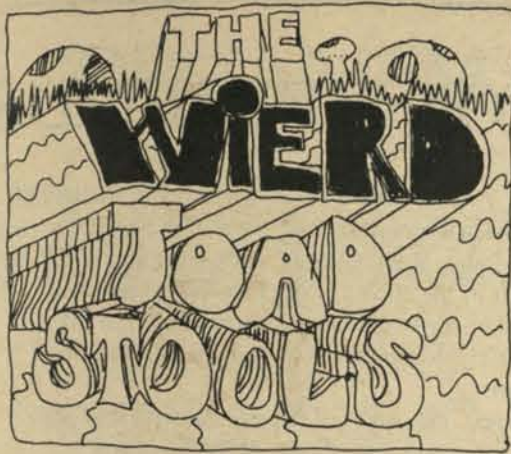
IN CONCERT

AND SURPRISE GUEST



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Holiday Goodies



A. MAH FELLOW AMERICANS. The second collection of the fantastic work of Ron Cobb, "one of this country's finest editorial cartoonists" (according to *Esquire*). For those of you who've never seen a Cobb drawing, *Library Journal* had this to say about *Mah Fellow Americans*:

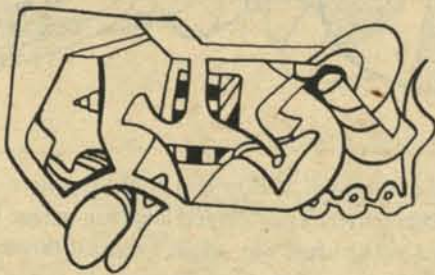
"He is wonderfully competent yet his subject will frighten, anger, or simply puzzle anyone who still thinks cops are good guys, Negroes cause violence, and the Vietnam war is a Holy Crusade against Communism... He takes a hard look at America and puts down what he sees, not what he thinks we would like to see."

You get 30 of Cobb's best, printed original size (7x7), one to a page, a 3-page interview, and a list of 34 members of the Underground Press Syndicate, where his work can usually be found. All 8 1/2 x 11, 72pp. of this for only \$1.95 plus \$.25 postage and handling per order.

B. UNCLE TOM. Ron Cobb's infamous first poster. This is the poster that someone mounted on a stick and shook at George Wallace at one of his campaign rallies. This is the same poster seen in *Jet* magazine attributed to the work of Black Militarists. This poster does not belong on your wall, no matter how good it looks there; it belongs in back alleys—on wooden fences, crookedly. See for yourself! You can own one of these huge 23x35 full-color posters for the pittance of \$2.00 plus \$.50 postage and handling per order. (Paste not included)



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COLUMBIA

CS 9533

One of the most important new composing and performing personalities ever to hit the underground scene. Leonard Cohen is one man, one guitar, one beautiful mind.

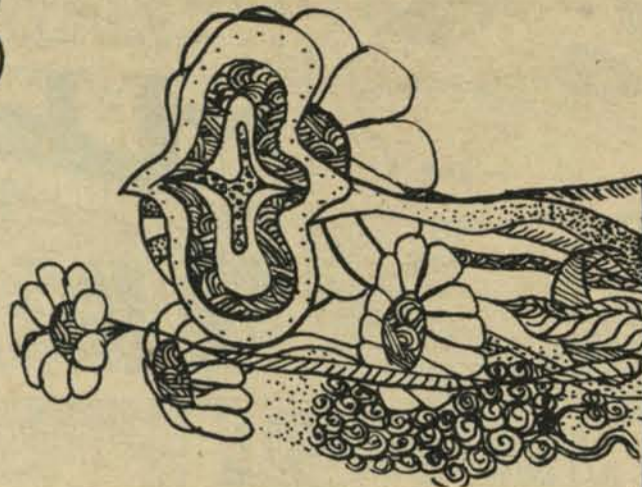
SONGS OF LEONARD COHEN

INCLUDING:
SISTERS OF MERCY
MASTER SONG
SUZANNE

THE STRANGER
SONG
HEY THAT'S NO WAY TO SAY GOODBYE

BUMMER

(Noticed all that jazz lately on WQXI about winning an "MQ Contest" and receiving an "all-expense-paid trip" to the Miami Pop Festival, "a holiday in itself," December 28-30? And, dig those Kwixy DJs: "Does The Great Speckled Bird tell both sides of the story?" Well, rock freaks and friends, below is the other side of the story. Question to WQXI: does an "all-expense-paid trip" include bail?)



HIPPIE JOINTS BANNED BY CITY: *Gainesville Sun*, Wednesday, November 20, 1968

HALLANDALE, Fla. (AP)—Without a single bearded protestor present, the Hallandale city commission Tuesday unanimously approved an ordinance that would ban "psychedelic and hippie" establishments within the city limits.

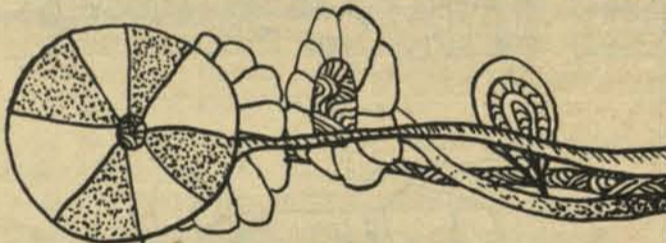
Control of the ordinance, along with the judgment of who is a hippie, and what is psychedelic, would lie with the commission when application is made for an establishment, Mayor Ernest Pinto said.

"We want to make it clear there is no room in Hallandale for hippies," Pinto said.

He said the commission would judge flower children by how they dressed, their habits, and how they wore their hair. . . .

A fine "not exceeding \$500" or a limit of 60 days in jail, or both, was imposed for violation of the ordinance. . . .

City attorney Fred J. Ward said that *the ordinance would have no effect on the Miami Pop Festival to be held at Gulfstream race track in Hallandale on Dec. 27-29.* (emphasis added)



Red and brown, yellow and gold they were. All over the circular drive. They played leapfrog before the wind and rustled in the usual way when I walked through them, sort of shuffling my feet along. Thousands on the ground and millions more in the trees. The brilliant sun lit up my own fairyland, and the gentle breeze set every bough dancing more beautifully than ballerinas.

Yet here I am with my rake. How harsh the sound of steel scraping on the asphalt. How invigorating the breeze. The leaf pile yields easily to my strong, steady raking. No protest. Not even as I push them towards the fire. Not even as I push them into the fire. Smoke. Ashes. Destruction of beauty. Red and brown, yellow and gold—gone forever.

Behind me ugly black asphalt. Why? I ask. Why must the drive be raked? Because everyone rakes the leaves from his drive? Because they will hinder the cars? Because they are injurious to someone or something? No. Just because people do. After all, only "nuts" stop to think about anything like this.

But God understands that people somehow must scar the earth and one another when they come into contact. So He began to cover the asphalt with more red and brown, yellow and gold. And tomorrow will be as beautiful as today was before I "improved" upon it.

If only other scars were as easily undone.
the philosopher



Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a copy of an article published recently in a Florida newspaper [see box]. The article provides a clear, yet understated example of what life is like in Nixon's favorite winter resort area. It is an understatement because it says nothing about the treatment given hippies who don't own businesses, but who happen to be living in, or passing through Hallandale. However, an incident which involved my wife and I some months ago should provide some indication of what the article failed to state. We were passing through Hallandale on our way to Miami when we stopped for a red light. After the light turned green we proceeded on our way, but before we had traveled fifty feet we were stopped by two motorcycle cops who proceeded to question and harass us. After ten minutes of insults, we were allowed to leave. The charge: not pulling away quickly enough after the light turned green. (My hair was only medium long, I had a moustache, and I was driving a car with New York plates.)

All of which brings me to the point of this letter—the Miami Pop Festival. As the article states, this new ordinance will not affect the festival. This is because the same fascist pigs who pass such laws are not above exploiting those whom they wish to oppress. I would like to inform the groups that will participate in the festival (between sixty and ninety, many from the West Coast) of what they are getting themselves into if they go to Miami. If the festival comes off, a lot of people are going to be busted. Most of those busted will be the spectators, but the groups are going to be targets too. In Hallandale, as well as near-by Miami, the pigs have an open warrant called the "Search and Seizure Law" which allows them to stop and search any person or vehicle at their discretion. When Miami passed its "no hippies" law, "Search and Seizure" allowed the pigs to break into, break apart, and close down *all* hippie-owned head shops, bookstores, and dancehalls in the area. Many people are now in jail because of these ordinances, but many less than there will be if the festival comes off. Please do what you can to help stop the biggest bummer of the year from happening.

Peace
Thom. Robey

P.S. While I was writing this letter Hendrix was in concert in Jacksonville, Florida. He prefaced his performance with "I've been censored." He then proceeded to do "their" thing with all the house lights on for the entire performance. Outside the Jacksonville "mod squad" was setting people up to be busted. If you don't think people are going to be busted at the festival, ask Hendrix!!!

NIXON'S FRIENDS

NEW YORK (LNS/NY)—For five years, Richard M. Nixon has been a senior partner of the Wall Street law firm of Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander and Mitchell. A partial list of the clients of the President-elect's law firm is a rostrum of America's large corporations. The list, as published in the November 26th issue of the New York Post, includes:

*Pepsico, the maker of Pepsi-Cola, with 494 plants in 114 countries and annual sales of \$665 million.

*Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., manufacturers of prescription drugs, Anahist, Listerine, Bromo Seltzer, Smith cough drops, Dentyne, candybars and other products grossing annual sales of \$452 million.

*General Cigar Co., makers of White Owl, Robert Burns, and other cigars with annual sales of \$220 million.

*Cargill, Inc., the largest U.S. grain merchant and exporter with annual sales of \$2 billion, plants in 26 countries, and extensive mining, poultry, and barge interests.

*Stone and Webster, designers and builders with gross earnings of \$48 million.

*Studebaker-Worthington Corp., manufacturers of heavy equipment and STP oil, with \$764 million annual sales and 38 U.S. plants and 25 plants abroad.

*Blair and Co., advertising sales representatives for 59 radio and 63 TV stations, owners of 51% of American Printers and Lithographers, Inc., with annual billings of \$27 million.

*Delaware and Hudson Railroad Co., operators of 734 miles of track in New York, Pennsylvania, and Vermont, with annual sales of \$43 million.

*Eversharp-Schick, Inc., makers of razors, shaving cream, blades, cologne, owners of insurance companies operating in 29 states with sales of \$61 million.

*General Precision Systems, Inc., manufacturers of radar data processing memories and navigation systems, of military and civilian use.

*Irving Trust Co., New York commercial bank with assets of +3.8 billion.

*Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Co., owners of 3,017 miles of track and 8800 freight cars with an operating revenue of \$54 million.

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ORGANISM

A theory of others as organisms is remote from a theory of others as people.

When we see the other person there is one body we are viewing that can be seen in different ways according to the mode of emphasis. We may see the other as a thing made-up of it-processes such as the contraction or relaxation of certain muscles. With this view, instead of the experience of a sequence, the emphasis is on a sequence of experiences of various successive processes of the organism. This view can be carried to any level of complexity—from sub-atomic manifestations e.g., the glowing of a radium watch, to seeing the other as a unit made-up of mechanical processes such as: heart-pump pumping, eye-covers blinking, etc. In short, the view of man as an organism is analogous to man as a machine.

The machine was invented by man to save him labor and to give him new potential. As Marshall McLuhan has said they are "the extensions of man," but as a machine is not a man and man is no machine, it follows that he is also not a tool. Attempts to use man as a tool have been unsuccessful by any extended view. The slavery of the black man in this country is a sad example of the view of man as a tool.

The tone of propaganda that we receive daily is toward man as a machine and thus as a tool. Subject to this view by the strong influence of mass-media, we ourselves have come to see each other in this thing-ee way. A popular view of the other is: What can he do for me?—instead of —What is he to me?

People who see themselves as machines tend to feel that their real-self can be outside the realm of day-to-day experience; that the mind and the body are separate entities, that one can be what one believes oneself to be regardless of his individual behavior. This person believes that he can save a village by burning it, protect human rights by locking up non-criminals, etc. One may avoid the anxiety of contradiction by viewing his real-self and his behavior as separate. In this state man plays the game of tool. He rationalizes his actions so that his self-respect may be salvaged. We explain his behavior, not in terms of his autonomous intentions, but as quanta of energy in an energy system. The view of man as himself in his world is lost in the nebulous milieu of symbols on symbols.

I have already noted that when we see a person we are viewing one body who may be described in many different ways. For the physician it is useful to place emphases on his patient as an organism. By this view his tools find their medical mark. But what of social relationships: man to man, government to government, and government to man? Does an organismic, machine, or tool view of the other work where emphasis is on personalized communication and understanding?

A.F. Whitehead once said that "the crux of philosophy is to maintain the balance between the individuality of existence and the relatedness of existence." It is this balance that allows us to interact with each other as people neither engulfed by the other nor in total isolation from the other. We become individuals exercising our free will to develop personal views and characteristics by choosing from what is given us and what we find ourselves.

—t. pittard

rap cont.

—continued from page 6

work on those fears, people will sustain the Rap Brown conviction. If you take away the name Rap Brown, you can substitute any name there. Change the name Rap Brown for Henry David Thoreau, Tom Paine, Eugene V. Debs or Clarence Darrow. You can change to any name and it is always the same.

The idea is that the First Amendment is not to be taken seriously. You may speak in a dissenting way only if no one fears that you will succeed. The dissenters who offer a chance of change, who might succeed—they are the ones for whom the Amendment does not apply. It never has in this country, and maybe it never will.

What did Rap say that was so fearful? Nothing more than what the Kerner Report said. He said what Kerner said and yet Gov. Kerner is not prosecuted. No one seriously believes that Gov. Kerner would turn over the edifice to achieve the ends of the commission. No one seriously believes that the Kerner Report will be followed. It is a nice platitude. We can all beat our breasts with the guilt that we are racists. We've been told that and that is the end of it. We have a nice report that will make the black man happy for ten years and then we'll have another commission.

You may say that Rap Brown is an incendiary young man. Some of you may think he is too uppity. Some of you may think he is too inflammatory. Some of you may think he is hurting his cause. Some of you may think that that is the wrong way to go about it. But that is a tactical disagreement between you and him. Putting all that aside, you must stand for him! Because when they come for you it will do no good to say they came for him.

The German people were put in a similar situation. Pastor Niemoeller, when he came to the United States, gave a very graphic little lesson on this. He said: "When they seized the Jews, I did not cry out because I was not a Jew. When they seized the Roman Catholics, I did not cry out because I was not a Roman Catholic. When they seized the trade unionists, I did not cry out because I was not a trade unionist. But when they knocked on my door, then and only then, I thought of screaming, but there was no one to hear my screams."

—william kuntsler

—from *The New South Student* edited by David Nolan, disinherited son of the Vice-President of Chase Manhattan, partner in apartheid.

(William Kuntsler is a prominent civil rights and civil liberties lawyer from New York. He was attorney for the late Dr. Martin Luther King, and has represented Stokely Carmichael among other civil rights leaders.)

Back to Marx...cont.

—continued from page 5

and Stalinist inertia, and less concerned with racism, consumerism and other American ills. In his uncompromising insistence on individual moral responsibility and his opposition to the bureaucratic establishment, tho, Kolakowski is one with the American New Left, and this book may be taken as one more evidence of the emerging new internationalism of the Left.

I was especially impressed by Kolakowski's marriage of historical materialism with humanistic values; his strong belief in progress, tempered with an awareness that the resolution of existing contradictions sets the stage for the emergence of new ones; his insistence on the necessity of making moral choices with an appreciation of the tentativeness of all such choices and an awareness that "tragedies are a permanent possibility" in this world.

We could do worse than to opt with Kolakowski for "goodness without universal toleration, courage without fanaticism, intelligence without discouragement, and hope without blindness."

—bob goodman



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WHOS TO COME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13

*PLAY. "The Knack," Clark College Players, Davage Hall, Clark College, Chestnut & Fair St. SW, 8 pm, free.

*FILMS. 8 experimental films from the N.Y. Film Makers Co-op, incl. Brakhage, Kuchar, presented by Lotus Films, Peachtree Art Theater, 13th & Peachtree, midnight, \$1.50.

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

*TV. 8 pm: "The Subject of Sex," sex education controversy in Colo., Chan 30.

*TV. 10 pm: "Eastern Wisdom," Alan Watts, Chan. 8.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

*PLAY. "The Knack" (see Fri. Dec. 13).

*FILMS. 8 experimental films (see Fri., Dec. 13).

*BAZAAR. To benefit the Atl. Co-op Pre-School Center, 507 Mitchell St. SW, 10 am-7:30 pm.

*CONCERT. "Messiah" (see Fri. Dec. 13).

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

*LECTURE. "Job Training Programs for Specific Groups in the Central City," Lyndon Wade, Exec. Director Atl. Urban League, Sponsored by Central Unitarian-Universalist Society, Fulton Cty. Med. Soc. Bldg., W. P'tree & 7th St., 10:30 am.

*Sale. Arts & Crafts, to benefit the Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, NE, 9:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

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

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

*TV. 7:30 pm: Robt. Short comments on the religious implications of the comic strip "Peanuts," Chan. 30.

*TV. 7:30 pm: "The Defense of India," life in the Himalayas, Chan. 8.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19

*OPENING. "The Hostage," Atl. Rep. Theatre, Alliance Theater, Dec. 19-22, 25-31, Jan. 1 & 2, 8:30 pm, \$2.25 (students), \$5.50 (non-students), call 892-1945 for matinee schedule.

*TOWN HALL MEETING. "Atlanta Univ. Center or Univ. of Atlanta?" James Mays, Dr. Shelton Beatty, and others, Dean Sage Aud., Atl. Univ., 7:30 p.m.

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

*RADIO. 8 pm: The Negro in America: "Literary Abolitionists, Other Anti-Slavery Forces, and the South's Reaction to Abolitionism," WABE-FM (90.1).

*RADIO. 9 pm: "Walt Whitman's America," Alexander Scourby, dramatic presentation, WABE-FM (90.1).

*TV. 7:30 pm: "Music Makers of the Blue Ridge," Chan. 30.

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

SPOTS

BISTRO. The Wayfarers, Dec. 13 & 14.

LION'S BRAU. Toni Ganim, Dec. 13; Deacon Hutchinson, Dec. 14.

PINETREE SKATERAMA. Celestial Voluptuous Banana, Dec. 14; Soul Support, Dec. 21.

PINK PUSSYCAT. Thee Stewart & The Lovelles, thru Dec. 19; Johnny Taylor, Dec. 13; Clarence Cutter, Dec. 19 & 20.

PLAYROOM. Del Reeves, thru Dec. 14; Connie West starts Dec. 16.

SPOT. Celestial Voluptuous Banana, Dec. 13; Soul Support, Dec. 19 & 20.

TWELFTH GATE. Ron Norris, Dec. 13 & 14; Robin Conant, Dec. 15; Bird Benefit with Jeff Espina & Esther Lefever, 8-12 p.m., Dec. 16.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20

*PLAY. "A Sleep of Prisoners," Christopher Fry, produced by Arthur Burghardt, directed by Steve Bush, Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way NE, 8 pm, \$2 donation.

*CONCERT. "Ceremony of Carols," Benjamin Britten, Atl. Boy's Choir & Fletcher Wolfe Chorale, Community Playhouse, 8:30 pm.

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

*RADIO. 7:45 pm: Latin American Perspective: "The Prehistory of the Tehuacan Valley," WABE-FM (90.1).

*TV. 9 pm: "The Soldier's Tale," Stravinsky, ballet, Chans. 30 & 8.

*TV. 10 pm: Eastern Wisdom: "The Rise of Zen," Alan Watts, Chan. 8.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

*PLAY. "A Sleep of Prisoners" (see Fri. Dec. 20).

*CONCERT. Atl. Symp. Orch. Annual X-mas Festival, Civic Center Aud., 8 pm, \$1- \$4.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22

*TV. 8 pm: "Messiah," Handel, (2½ hrs.), Chan. 30

FLICKS

*UNDERGROUND FILMS at the PEACHTREE ART THEATRE. 8 experimental films from the N.Y. Film Makers Co-op. Brakhage, Kuchar, midnight.

*ANSLEY MALL MINI-CINEMA. W.C. Fields films, Dec. 18-25, new selection starts Dec. 25.

*FESTIVAL CINEMA. Andy Warhol films.

*PEACHTREE BATTLE MINI-CINEMA. Barbarella, thru Dec. 24.

starting Dec. 20:

CHEROKEE. Candy.

LENOX SQUARE. Yellow Submarine.

PEACHTREE ART. Faces.

CALENDAR ANNOUNCEMENTS ARE FREE! CALL US AT THE BIRDHOUSE, 892-8974 or 892-8975. WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE????????????????????



A Bird Benefit
Ester Lefever & Jeff Espina
12th Gate - 36 10th Street
December 23 - 8pm till....?