

# 15¢ <sup>GREAT</sup> speckled <sup>The</sup> BIRD

20¢ outside Atlanta

Volume One, Number Twenty-seven

A Publication of the Atlanta Cooperative News Project  
Second Class Postage Paid in Atlanta, Georgia

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December 23, 1968



# GA. POWER

## SING ANOTHER SONG, LOVE

I heard you say Christmas don't turn you on,  
it holds you down, it has no eyes, no hope.  
love, you don't come around, a tower of strength  
you moan their song, you play their game,  
and they don't know you, love.

please touch the snow

isn't it time  
for something new?

let them have their way, friend  
it's your day, love

say forever, now  
say now, forever.

joy: expression of happiness\*  
outward rejoicing.  
God rest ye merry gentlemen  
and on earth, peace.  
let nothing you dismay

it only happens one  
day a year for them

not prisons or vaults. the  
hypocrisy is nearer the surface  
so they color it red and green  
and put ribbons on it . . . their empty box

little red truck  
blue kangaroo  
superscienceseris nucleoplastic anatomy of a beast,  
incense, frankincense and muir.

are you a child at Christmas  
Jesus Melancholy Christ 12/25/0  
happy birthday  
you old savior you,

don't let the romans  
philistines  
moneylenders  
or  
apostles  
spoil the sound of your festival.

-richard

## DEKALB VERSUS THE BIRD

Two young DeKalb *Bird* salesmen come to justice, DeKalb County Recorder's Court, charged with the non-existent crime of "selling without a permit." Our legal adviser insists that the Supreme Court Has Ruled: requiring a permit to sell or distribute newspapers is an abridgment of First Amendment rights. (Lovett vs. City of Griffin, 1938) Judge ducks that one, reads the DeKalb ordinance, and sure nough, can't find the phantom ordinance on newspaper permits. Case dismissed.

But the police persist. They skip court when they spot *The Bird's* legal counsel and miss what they already know: there ain't no ordinance. So on to week following.

Faithful reporter *Bird* Number 26 sees fit to reprint Boss Daley's convention floor reply to Abe Rib-

coff's denunciation of Chicago gestapo police tactics ("Fuck you you Jew son of a bitch you lousy mother fucker go home.") and DeKalb County police see fit to find Mayor Daley obscene. Result: a student selling *Birds* is arrested at Belvedere Shopping Center (same place, same cop) and charged with obscenity, selling without a permit, and selling without a business license. Outcome to be awaited.

So it seems that DeKalb County continues to build a case for violation of *The Bird's* First Amendment rights. Perhaps the January 14 Federal Court hearing on *The Bird's* plea for injunction against DeKalb's suppression of free speech will stop the harrassment. And again, perhaps it won't.

-jim gwin

Friends & Other Folk: you will be saddened and chagrined to read, in this spot, that there will be no *Great Speckled Bird* next week. We just voted ourselves another vacation, since most of the staff, both full- and part-time, were planning to be out of town for the holidays. See you again come January 3, 1969. Have a good holiday.

Errata, *Bird* No. 26: There will be no *Bird* benefit on December 23 as advertised in last week's paper. The thing was last week, the 16th. Never trust an ad man.

COVER BY BILL FIBBEN

Power, there's all kinds. Why, in our country alone we got air power and sea power and land power and fire power and nuclear power and water power and steam power and electrical power. Military power and industrial power. There's white power and green power and a little chicano power and slightly increasing black power. Student power; and flower power, once, for a short while. Tiger power. The power of the police, and the power of prayer. ". . . for Thine is the Kingdom, and the Glory, and the Power, for ever and ever . . ." Themes for our time.

But we tend to forget, talking about power, that all power falling even partially into the ken and control of man is immediately transformed into Political Power—basically, the ability to force others to one's bidding. A case in point: the Georgia Power Company, a \$300 million electric utility which last year turned a profit of nearly \$40,000,000. Last week the Georgia Public Service Commission, a supposed state regulatory agency, granted the Georgia Power Company its requested 2.172 per cent rate increase, effective immediately.

(Interestingly enough, Georgia Power requested the rate hike to "offset" the 10 per cent federal surtax this year, promising that "The entire amount of revenue derived from the tax rider will be required for income taxes, federal and state, and not one cent of the additional money will be kept by the power company." But the Public Service Commission graciously allowed that "The company has shown that increases in the cost of service, including increased financing costs and operating costs, as well as increases in federal income taxes have depressed its earning at present rates to such an extent that an upward adjustment of these rates is required." That's OK, though—in fact, perhaps even necessary: in two recent cases the Federal Power Commission has ruled that "the tax surcharge in itself will not serve as the basis of a rate increase"—*Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line Company*, Opinion No. 543; *Natural Gas Pipeline Company of America*, Opinion No. 544. The Georgia PSC is an understanding group. They make it all right.)

Political power. Electric power is today the nation's largest industry, with capital assets 60 per cent greater than its closest rival, the petroleum refining industry. Political power. "Americans pay a \$14-billion annual electricity bill . . . . At present rates the light bill in 1980, when use will have trebled, will be \$41-billion. If the rates are reduced to reflect the tremendous savings now being realized, the total electricity bill in 1980 will be only \$30-billion." Political power. Power Rates Raised 2 Pct. (Quotation from *Overcharge*, by Senator Lee Metcalf, David McKay Company, 1967, p. 11).

There are in the U.S. three types of utility systems: the investor owned utilities (like Georgia Power Co.), controlling 79 per cent of the power; publicly owned local systems, with 13.5 per cent; and rural electric cooperatives, 7.5 per cent. In 1964, the publicly owned municipal systems charged 1.57 cents per kilowatt-hour; the rural cooperatives charged 2.33 cents per kwh; the investor owned utilities 2.51 cents per kwh—half again as much as the publicly owned systems.

(Almost blew my argument there: went to the library to check on Georgia Power's rate per kwh for residential customers, only to discover in the company's Annual Report for 1967 the claim that "The Company's residential customers paid an average of 1.69 cents per kilowatt-hour for electricity during the year." Only .04 cent higher than the average for publicly-owned systems! I rushed home to check my light bill: \$9.02 I'm charged for the 60 days of 9/30 to 11/29; \$9.02 for 290 kwh. That's 3.11 cents per kwh—before the rate increase, which will bring it up to 3.17 cents. Georgia Power must be kidding about that average—or someone isn't paying *anything* for his power to make up for my bill . . .)

Says Metcalf: "One of the reasons for the difference in the cost of electricity, depending on who supplies it, is that each supplier is simply acting in his own self-interest. The people who own and manage municipal power systems, the public utility districts, and the rural electric cooperatives are also the consumers. As consumers, they want as much electricity as possible for the lowest possible price . . . . On the other hand, the investor-owned utilities are primarily interested in the greatest possible profit for the management and the stockholders." (p. 16)

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# BLACK POLITICS

"Some of you wanted to know why we had a white man coordinating this conference, well..." Vernon Jordan, black, panther-black, sleekly-clothed, a tall man, attorney, director of the southwide Voter Education Project (VEP), introducing a member of his staff to the 200-plus black office holders gathered from around the South for the opening session of a three-day conference held here last week.

That Jordan felt obliged to justify choosing Rev. John Morris — ex-freedom rider and veteran civil rights worker in the Episcopal Church — for conference coordinator was more a sign of the times than of the tone of the meeting. For this gathering of black believers in the American Dream of equal political opportunity never really questioned the need for white allies.

They are the direct descendents of the early '60's generation of believers in the "Dream," the non-violent, black-and-white-together, but always mostly black legions of the early '60's. So long, almost forgotten now. These younger people, mostly of SNCC, carried the hope of freedom and the demand for change into the black-belt south of total white control and terror.

The VEP was set up to fund this youthful drive to free southern blacks from political peonage. The vote and politics were its hope for change. The energy and courage of the student movement its engine. The deep hidden strength of the black people of the South its fuel.

The tide of the Movement had surged and fallen back now. The doors of SNCC were closed. The war, fatigue, and disillusionment had ground down the faith and hope of the young that non-violence and politics could change the South and the nation.

But the older people activated by that movement continued to work and to believe. Voter registration grew and the VEP expanded with it. It extended its reach all over the South and expanded its staff to include most Southern states. They were there.

Jordan introduced the directors of state projects seated at the head table. He introduced newly hired directors of assistance centers — technical assistance centers for new office holders spotted around the South. And, finally, he introduced the foundation representatives present — Ford, Norman, Carnegie.

The southern black political power coalition: northern liberal foundations, a southwide staff and, in front, the people.

But this was not VEP's night really. It was more a homecoming celebration for the black Atlanta political establishment. More black legislators from Georgia than any other state, and most of them from Atlanta.

It started with Alderman Q. V. Williamson's official welcome to the city which, he said, "has more black owned and operated business than any other city."

Then Georgia Senator Leroy Johnson, the first Negro elected to a southern legislature in recent times, took the podium. He had not joined in the applause a bit earlier, he said, when it was pointed out that Vernon Jordan was *not yet* an elected official. "Vernon's in my district."

After the laughter Johnson produced a tub-thumping stump welcome and inspirational speech. An enormous applause and Jordan one-upped him: "Leroy, I don't know what you're running for, but you're running for something."

Finally, Rep. Ben Brown introduced Julian Bond, the keynoter.

Bond was into Nixon and Agnew at once. The black man, he said, had voted against what the majority of the nation had voted for — Nixon. Blacks have a faith that government will help them, a faith that is likely to be a vain one the next four years.

Nixon's black capitalism will "only change the race of the people who have been exploiting us."

Turning to the war he said, "America's imperial war in Vietnam... feeds on our community... because young black men find the Army uniform and three square meals a day more attractive than life in Harlem, or Watts, or the Delta of Mississippi."

The war takes them to fight for freedoms they do not have at home, Bond said. Some black politicians say that the war isn't our business, but if you live in a country that spends half a million for every dead enemy soldier



photo by tom cortin

Meanwhile Stokely Carmichael was speaking at AU Center and Emory University, talking Revolution, walking Revolution, putting down Liberals 'cause "Liberals talk about Justice, but act only to avoid Confrontation..."

but only \$50 for every poor person a year in this country through the poverty program, then that is your business.

His first good applause on the war issue came.

Blacks resent the war for different reasons than whites — it costs them disproportionate deaths and draws attention from their problem of economic survival.

Bond turned to black consciousness in schools. It is a good trend. Suggested an alternative to "black capitalism" — "community socialism." Said that new coalitions with other minority groups must be made since the liberals have diverted their attention to the war. But beware of coalitions like the one in Atlanta, he said, which is great for order, slow for justice.

Again the spectre of Nixon. Concentration camps like the ones the Japanese were incarcerated in during WWII should be reopened, a U.S. House committee recently reported. Except they're for us this time, says Bond.

He closed quoting Frederic Douglas.

Next morning was history. Dr. Samuel DuBois Cook, a black political scientist from Duke promised a sketch of the Negro's role in the southern political process, but enmeshed himself primarily in the caverns of the "southern white mind."

Authorities spewed from him: Cash, Dabbs, Key, Woodward — Celestine Sibley? Polysyllabic pejorative adjectives tumbled over one another: "exclusion, oppression, suppression, victimization... collective hypocrisy, conceit, egoism, dishonesty." Like a kind of professorial Martin Luther King the string of abstractions resonated out — an intellectual's prayer — as if by capturing racism's essence with the verbal magic of his tongue the demon itself could be exorcised, and the South would be "free at last."

Faint hope.

Then workshops and panels and more speakers.

Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana, analysed the terms "black" and "power." He found pride in blackness a necessary and important part of the present struggle, but not a substitute for power. The power of the courts, of massive non-violence, of violence, of black city politics even, have all proven inadequate to achieve justice — although he disparaged none of these methods. Rather he looked to new coalitions, particularly mentioning young whites, to bring change. But as of now, "the power structure of this society is not prepared to give up enough of its profits to solve the problems of city living."

Hatcher knows at first hand the inadequacy of his own power, because, even as mayor of Gary, he "cannot guarantee that black people will share in the unbelievable profits of the U.S. Steel Corporation which dominates our city's economic life."

As if to compensate for a speech that could be construed as radical, or at least somewhat disillusioned with American free enterprise, one of the speakers in a panel on taxation following morning approvingly quoted Andrew Mellon's suggested guidelines on taxes.

The conference hardly had a political "line."

A workshop. City councilmen. A man from Dallas, a bull steer of a man, is worried about black militants. His heavy face shakes slowly from side to side, pushing the wondering words from his mouth. His head hangs down pensively toward his prime beef thick chest and shoulders. "We've got representation on all the committees right down the line. But every person we name is wrong for the militants. The latest thing we've tried to do is give them some recognition. If you make them part of the action then you don't invite their plain enmity. Now the Black Muslims, they dress neatly when they come to council meetings. They preach segregation is the only bad thing.

The big head moves slowly again, wonderingly. "Now Snick, they're not as neatly attired. Their conduct is fair. But it's rough sledding with these boys on you."

In the back of the room a slender young black man could hardly restrain himself. City councilman Marsh from Richmond, Virginia: "You don't recognize a friend when you see one. If it weren't for the militants you would be an extremist." Maybe Marsh. But would the Dallas man ever be an extremist?

Marsh continues: "Militants eliminate the idea that all Negroes think alike. They voice the opinions of those who wouldn't be otherwise heard."

Marsh is a thinker, a strategist. More will be heard from him. Even now he's working with Bond on a resolution to come out of the conference.

Last night; banquet time.

From the Dinkler to the Atlanta American a couple blocks away, down into a large room, the wall lined with chairs, the center clogged with groups chatting, drinking, getting in line to meet the Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, the far end, the bar, not so crowded.

The dark suited men, the dark dressed women who filled the chairs mostly didn't drink. They didn't talk much either, they watched. Did they sit because they were old and somewhat tired after two days of this conference? Did they sit because they were poor Baptists — not a few preachers, almost all ardent churchmen — and did not quite know whether to approve of this drinking or not? Or did they sit because they were simply not quite comfortable socializing in this setting — a quiet lawn behind a white wooden country church might be better.

For all these reasons and more the country people, the older people, the lesser office holders — J.P.s and constables, small town officials and school board members — sat, watched, and talked quietly.

The center was held by the people of the future: the urban legislators, school board members, city councilmen. They were, on the whole, younger, better educated — at least formally — and more affluent. They were more at ease, surely, in this spacious vault of a room in the towers of urban whitetown.

cont. on p. 16



## The Root of all

"Bread" and the need for it is the basis for everything the Society lives for these days. It is necessary to spend all your life trying to become a successful member of a slightly insane day and age. How does the world determine your value when you die? Not by what you were—mentally or physically, or how much you were loved by those around you. Not by how good you were but rather by how much "bread" you were able to scrape up during your years.

Most people abide by all these rules. To be "in" with the people of the Society you must have enough "bread" to afford a new car, \$150.00 and up apartment, all the new clothes and enough to blow in on night clubs and people you wish to impress.

Even churches are set up these days on a bookkeeping system and if you don't send "contributions" in your church envelope they will send you a bill. If you put loose bills into the collection plate you will not be credited on your account. It is no longer a matter of conscience but necessary to impress the Society. They even claim that in addition to the old theory that money is also the necessary root of all good. Sin is always bad but money can be both good and evil.

Many girls and especially those with children are forced to turn to "lecherous old men" to aid their finances. And the government will take these children away from their mother if she isn't able to provide these necessities and place the burden of their support on the states but they will not help the distressed mother if she is under a temporary financial strain. Have you ever tried to collect from any of the services we, the Society, support? Forget it.

Most any crime you can imagine can be traced to the lack of "bread". What of drug users? We would have far less users if the world we live in were easier to cope with and the words of our parents, "be successful," meant more than "get BREAD."

People spend far too much time trying to achieve what the Society expects of us rather than what is pleasing to our own emotional needs. Art, outdoors, thinking, reading, expressing love and sharing meaningful things with others would be a far better way to live than spending eight hours a day in a big office because the Society calls you dirt if you dare to differ. It is so hard to express love to these people who don't stay still long enough to become aware of themselves, much less others around them.

You may think you do not need to read this but I needed to say it because of my love of life. We can't do away with the root of all but maybe some of you will be inspired to dare to be different and take time to know yourself a little better. Find out what you really are and don't just become another cog in an all "BREAD" Society.

Anti-Bread



# LETTERS:

Letter to the Editor:

I was sorry to see that *The Bird* editors saw fit to print the article about Rev. Pearly Brown in last week's issue. It is a snide but protective approach to a man whose experiences obviously exceed those offered here in the supposed synopsis of his life.

The writer failed to mention that Rev. Brown has sung anywhere other than on the streets of Macon and for gatherings sponsored by white people. What about the Soul Roots Festival, the Penny Festival, the countless SCLC meetings, the black college performances throughout the South? The writer says more about where he himself is (and perhaps where *The Bird* is) when he implies that it was white people who brought Rev. Brown to prominence in the folk revival, and that somehow that gives them the familiarity to refer to this 54-year old black minister by his first name. I have only heard racist bus drivers and a few white middle class liberals do this. Not even his wife addresses him as Pearly.

It is also striking that *The Bird* writer raises the question, "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?" This particular "tough" old man, who happens to be black, has often talked about the ways, other than black and white, that "color" manifests itself to him. It means nearly getting beat up by a white man in Columbia, S.C. the day Martin Luther King was killed. It is the difference between the way he addresses the young white audience at *The Bird* benefit and the way he addresses the young black audience at the Soul Roots Festival.

The difference between this callous article on Rev. Brown and the sensitive and gentle article on Tam Duffil (in the previous issue of *The Bird*) written by the same man is significant. The writer is assuming all kinds of limitations about Rev. Brown and is trying to make up for them to a white audience.

The moral of this story is: why do white people think they know so much about black art and the related black experience? Why doesn't *The Bird* staff first try to find a black reviewer who just might have a few more insights?

D. A. Cooke

## Holiday Note

Holiday note: In this Christian nation, in the year of the Christian Lord one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-eight, at the prison in Reidsville, operated by and in the name of the people of the state of Georgia, the visiting days are still racially segregated! There are white visiting days and black visiting days, and evidently whites never try to visit blacks nor blacks visit whites.

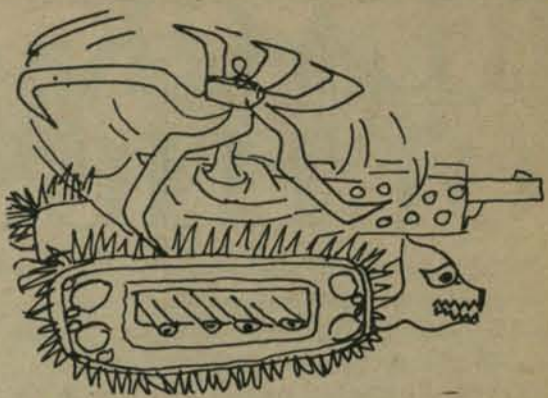
The situation was described in more personal terms by someone who telephoned the MASLC office recently and said, "I went down to Reidsville yesterday to visit a member of my family, but I couldn't see him because it was white visiting day." End of story.

E.P.

## Them what has gets

Only To Them That Hath: Madera in California is one of the richest farm counties in the nation but, or because of this, it has the highest concentration of poor families (29.8%) in that State. Its growers in 1966 received more than \$3 million in Federal farm subsidies. An opinion survey by the Office of Economic Opportunity, however, found them overwhelmingly hostile to Federal aid for the poor. The *National Catholic Reporter* (Dec. 4) says the vote was 81% opposed, only 13% in favor, of a guaranteed annual income. Their own annual Federal subsidies to guarantee their incomes ranged from a low of \$5,000 in 1966 to a high of \$133,555.

—reprinted from *I.F. Stone's Weekly*



## Cutback in Funguns

No toy weapons will be advertised in the Sears Christmas catalog this year in response to the "general concern over recent acts of violence," according to a spokesman for the company. Sears has also ceased advertising firearms, ammunition, and similar fare. The action is part of an attempt to "deemphasize the sale and promotion of this merchandise," the spokesman said.

Meanwhile, another large mail order house, Montgomery Ward, announced it is "toning down" references to toy weapons in its catalog.

Also, some independent toy stores have declared a moratorium on stocking toy weapons as they wait for the manufacturers' studies and for the reaction of their customers.

—reprinted from *Fellowship*, magazine of the Fellowship of Reconciliation

### AMERICA 1968

The year was 1941. The place: a summer resort on the Baltic Sea in Germany. I was 14, almost, enjoying the togetherness of a group of young teen-agers. Our mutual interest was English and American jazz. Some of us owned a few records which we shared. We also played pranks, you would call it today. Other vacationing Germans, happy with the then System—namely Nazi-Germany—would decorate their sand-castles with shells and often spell, "Heil Hitler." Now, with just one little "t," you can change heil into heilt, changing it from Hail to heal, "heal Hitler." Funny?

Not so to the authorities. A couple of months later I was picked up at school by two Gestapo women, was taken to headquarters and questioned about my political and my family's political convictions etc. etc. Where had I obtained US and English jazz records? I must know they were illegal. Yes, those were the days of totalitarian war.

The year 1968. The place: DeKalb County schools. A telephone call from my son's high-school principal. "Your son has been suspended from school." My son is 14. He enjoys questioning the establishment. He is interested and compassionate. We read *The Great Speckled Bird* at home. He and a few other boys (all good students) take it upon themselves to sell the newspaper at their school. No warning: suspension. Rules concerning hair-cuts, rules concerning length of skirts, rules about what to think and what not to think?

Lexie Ahrens

## Thought

They dont occupy that much space and the space they do occupy is usually vacant or for rent anyway The landlords not minding as long as the debt is paid But the citizens living in the suburbs freaking out at just a comment about them Harassed worse by the Establishment than by the police

Thought: Being different has both the qualities of remorse and joy— But then doesn't everything? —d. f.

# WALKER REPORT

The climax of Campaign '68 was not the drab non-election of November, but the dramatic events surrounding the Democratic convention in August. Two worlds collided on the fitfully strobe-lit stage of the windy city. One world, policed by the Democratic administration in Vietnam and the Cook County Democratic machine in Chicago, talked . . . talked . . . talked *ad nauseum* behind barbed-wire, bayonets and police barricades in the Amphitheater. There Richard Daley, safe behind his personal bodyguard, orchestrated the nominations and abused his feeble opponents. The other world stumbled, tumbled, fumbled under the repeated blows of billy-clubs and the effects of gas and mace.

The Walker Commission report *Rights in Conflict* has ably documented the crude form of interaction (hardly communication) which transpired between the two spheres on their tangential courses. The material presented in the report is by no means startling in detail—a good deal of that had already been divulged in various forms. Nor is its summary appellation of "police riot" to cover the events unexpected to large segments of the American public which had followed the TV coverage of the convention. Perhaps only the scale of the violence is surprising. Clearly any policeman who did not himself "overreact" was an accomplice of those who did, and derelict in his duty for not arresting them for aggravated assault!

But two special features of the report need further analysis in order to determine their full significance. First, the "police riot" was not mindless, not altogether random in its incidence. The police selected, as far as possible, two types of targets: demonstrators (especially college youths and "hippies") and newsmen. Second, if the police "rioted" in accordance with a fairly clear concept of their objectives, the demonstrators floundered from beginning to end.

The demonstrators, far from reaching the predicted numbers of over 100,000, were a relatively small, hence isolated, group which barely reached 10,000 at its height. Furthermore, it was not a unified body with a common background and training under established leadership, but rather a jumble of diverse components with widely divergent motivations, objectives and modes of action. Traditional liberals with a narrow definition of political life stood shoulder to shoulder with others who were *living* a revolution in style, determined to transform all facets of the human condition. Naturally they could never agree on any single project in the complex political atmosphere of Chicago. Nor could they ever determine who did and who did not belong in their ranks. Not merely cranks, but police undercover agents in particular were able to utilize their disorganization to increase the confusion, splinter and disorient the protestors and generally paralyze their activities.

And for the first time this motley crew, remnants of a demoralized peace movement, confronted an unfettered, politically irresponsible (Daley: "shoot to kill") and

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## CHICAGO JOURNALISM REVIEW CHARGES CENSORSHIP TO PROTECT CHICAGO POLICE

City News Bureau in Chicago shapes much of that city's news. It is cooperatively owned to cover political and crime news for press, radio and TV. The enterprising and peppy Chicago Journalism Review in its second issue (Dec. 6) carries a story by Frank Joseph, former night city editor of the AP's Chicago Bureau and himself a City News alumnus in which he charges the Bureau censored and doctored the reports it gave the National Commission on Violence about the Democratic convention disorders. These reports were requested by Daniel Walker.

Walker asked for eye-witness accounts by Bureau employees who had seen acts of disorder or violence. Mr. Joseph charges in one case that the Bureau management cut a reporter's description "of how a police commander had threatened him" and of a police attack on a photographer in which "the policeman halted, calmly kicked the photographer in the groin and walked on." The bureau executive who did the censoring said, "We have to work with the police."

The Chicago Journalism Review study charges that by such tactics young reporters are "being taught to lie—to string along with the cops."

—reprinted from *I.F. Stone's Weekly*



photo: People's International News Service/LNS

# POLICE RIOT

Tom Hayden said it on TV the other day. "The worse things get, the better the reports are." The report on the Watts riot, the Kerner Report, and now the Walker Report on the police riot in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. Nothing too startling, really, about the Walker Report. What it says, "documents," was plainly visible on the nations' TV sets.

One startling aspect of the Report, however, is the discrepancy between its findings and some of the news reports in Atlanta papers during the confrontation. Consider: *The Atlanta Constitution* on Monday, August 26, headlined, "Yippies Hurl Rocks at Police." The story relates that ". . . hippie hordes charged and broke through a police line." The afternoon *Journal* headlines read "Protest Groups Snarl Traffic in Chicago." All the offense, the violence, seems to be on the part of the demonstrating groups, antagonizing and provoking the police.

Next day, however, the *Journal* headlined "Tear Gas Breaks Up Chicago Protest." The story states, "A day's demonstrations by yippies and other antiwar personnel was broken up early today by police who sprayed them with tear gas and descended on them with clubs." The roles of police and demonstrators have reversed. A change in the "objective" situation? No, but one in the subjective situation of the reporters: the night before they too had been beaten for the first time. According to the Walker Report, "From Sunday night through Tuesday night incidents of intense and indiscriminate [police] violence occurred in the streets after police had swept the park clear of demonstrators . . . To read dispassionately the hundreds of statements describing at first hand the events of Sunday and Monday nights is to become convinced of the presence of what can only be called a police riot." (Walker Report, p. xxii) But not until the press corps itself was subjected to the same treatment as demonstrators did we receive reports of unprovoked police violence in the Atlanta papers. How would the reports have read had reporters not been beaten?

From Tuesday on the reports from newsmen in the streets pretty much coincide with the text of the Walker Report. The one notable exception is Ralph McGill's daily column on the front page of the *Constitution*. On Tuesday, August 27, McGill wrote, "All the dissenters are here . . . There have been sweet maids going about in one demonstration entitled 'baring breasts for peace.'" (This demonstration is nowhere mentioned in the frank and voluminous Walker Report. It is certainly reminiscent, however, of Mr. McGill's report of the scandalous goings-on at the March on the Pentagon, October 21, 1967.) McGill continues,

"There are real revolutionaries here—men skilled in the

arts of disruption, sabotage and killing." The Walker Report states, "Despite the presence of some revolutionaries the vast majority of the demonstrators were intent on expressing by peaceful means their dissent." (p. xxii)

McGill might be excused for his misconceptions during the fast-moving convention days, and especially before the police actions seen nationwide on Wednesday night. But nearly a week later, on Tuesday, September 3, he attempted to explain the Wednesday night violence:

"There was at Chicago a well designed plan to disrupt and prevent the convention." Says the Walker Report, "Most of these intending to join the major protest demonstrations . . . did not plan to enter the Amphitheatre and disrupt the proceedings of the Democratic Convention, did not plan aggressive acts of physical provocation, and did not plan . . . an assault against any person, institution or place of business." (p. xxii)

McGill: "It was inevitable that the news media presented not a deliberately slanted report of the major violence at the Conrad Hilton Hotel. It was not possible to give the story before and after the action." Walker Report: "Most Americans know about the Conrad Hilton incident having seen the 17-minute sequence played and replayed on their television screens. But most Americans don't know that the confrontation was followed by even more brutal incidents on the Loop side streets. Or that it had been preceded by comparable incidents of indiscriminate police attacks on the North Side a few nights earlier." (p. xx)

McGill: "Most of the male kids were around 19 to 20 years old. They earlier had given police a barrage of bottles and rocks. They then charged flailing at police with clenched fists. A policeman with locked arms would have had his face battered and himself knocked out." The Walker Report: "Thus at 7:57 p.m. on Wednesday with two groups of clubwielding police converging simultaneously and independently, the battle was joined . . . People ran for cover and were struck by police as they passed. Clubs were swung indiscriminately. Two Assistant U.S. Attorneys who were on the scene characterized the police as hostile and aggressive . . . The Deputy Superintendent of Police recalls that he ordered his men to stand fast. These orders, he said, were not obeyed at all." (p. 226)

After a while you begin wondering whether Ralph McGill was in Chicago at all, or if he was, whether he was there as a personal guest of Mayor Richard Daley. And still there's that wonder at what the day-to-day accounts would have been if the police had left the reporters alone, as they usually do.

—david govus

# City Workers:

City employees who do not pay their debts promptly may have to reckon not only with their creditors, but with their supervisors in city government as well.

An undated memorandum by Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. directs all department heads to give "personal attention to complaints (against city employees) from creditors, counsel with employees in financial difficulty, and take appropriate action against those employees who upon investigation are found not to be making reasonable efforts to pay their financial obligations."

The memo expressed concern about "the increasing number of complaints being received from Atlanta businessmen who say that many City employees do not pay their debts promptly and that some refuse to pay at all," and the "resulting adverse effect upon the reputation of the City's employees."

"The reputation of City employees as a group is good. We must protect that reputation," the memo reads.

Altho issued under the mayor's imprimatur, the idea behind the policy in the memo originated several years ago with Carl T. Sutherland, director of personnel.

"I've always felt rather keenly about this," Sutherland said in a recent interview.

What business has the city intervening in disputes between its employees and their creditors? Why not let creditors use normal legal channels to collect their debts, I asked Sutherland?

"We don't want employees who have to be sued. We just don't want that caliber of person working for the city," he replied.

"If a person is doing the best he can (to pay his debts), that's a different story. Nobody has ever been fired for owing money. They can be fired only if they refuse to make reasonable arrangements (for payments)," he said.

Whence comes the city's legal authority to become an assistant (and free) collection agency for businessmen on the taxpayers' time?

Sutherland replied that state law gives him the right to set standards for city employment. He shuffled thru a sheaf of papers for a few minutes, but said he couldn't find the specific section of the law which gave him that authority.

How often is the memo invoked against city employees by their department heads?

"Seldom," Sutherland said. "It ought to be used more often than it is."

Sutherland said complaints from creditors of city employees received by his office are automatically referred to the appropriate department heads. He estimated that his office receives not more than half a dozen monthly.

Some department heads pass the complaints on to employees without comment, others call the employee in for a conference, some demand that he settle the debt or face disciplinary action, others do nothing, Sutherland said. He feels that all department heads ought to at least call the employee in for a conference.

Sutherland said he would respond to a complaint from a creditor of an employee in his department by calling the employee in and asking him if he owed the money.

## DOUBLE JEOPARDY?

If he said yes, Sutherland would ask him to get in touch with the creditor and "straighten it out." If the employee made no attempt to do this, Sutherland said he would fire him.

What if the employee said he didn't owe the money? How would Sutherland decide who was telling the truth?

"That situation hasn't arisen yet, so I don't know what I'd do," he replied.

Sutherland said he did not know of any city employees who had been fired for nonpayment of debts. Some have been temporarily suspended, he said, but he did not know of any recent cases. He could not say how many, since no central record is kept of such actions by the various department heads.

City employees who are fired or suspended for any reason can appeal to the city's Personnel Board, he added.

Sutherland said he had never heard any complaints about the policy until the Legal Aid Society raised questions about it earlier this year.

"I think their concern is not justified," Sutherland said. "I think it's much ado about nothing."

Michael Terry, director of law reform for the Legal Aid Society, disagrees. His position is that "it's none of the city's business to be collecting debts for creditors."

Under the administrative procedures authorized by the Allen-Sutherland memo, there is no confrontation between creditor and debtor, no objective determination of the facts of the case, no fair hearing, and the alleged debtor does not have counsel, Terry pointed out. He called the procedures "discretionary" and "paternalistic."

At least occasionally, unscrupulous creditors take advantage of the lack of due process, Terry said. He cited one case of a city employee under pressure from creditor and supervisor who did not owe part of the money he was being pressured to pay. The creditor agreed to reduce the amount after Legal Aid threatened him with a fraud suit, Terry said.

Terry agreed with Sutherland that he does not know of any city employee who has been fired for nonpayment of debts. He feels that the present policy opens the door to much potential abuse, however.

Several weeks ago, Mayor Allen responded to Legal Aid's concern by requesting Sutherland to review the policy with the Personnel Board and department heads to see if changes are needed. The mayor's request was on Sutherland's desk when I talked to him, and he said he would get to it "when I have time."

But he said he would recommend no change in policy to the Personnel Board. "It's a very benevolent policy," he summed up.

—bob goodman

## ANTIWAR

Area GI and civilian antiwar organizers will meet this weekend at the Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence office, 187 14th St.

The purpose of the meeting is threefold, according to Don Pyle, an organizer:

—To give area antiwar groups and organizers a chance to put their heads together in preparation for the National GI-Civilian Antiwar Action Conference, scheduled for December 27-29 in Chicago.

—To discuss the formation of a new area antiwar alliance.

—To plan winter and spring actions.

The meeting will begin at 4 p.m. Saturday and will continue thru Sunday evening. All interested organizations and individuals are welcome. GI's are expected from several area bases.

—bob goodman

## P. O.'d

Well, this story's about the draft and the post office and me. I mean, I've known for a long time that I was in trouble with the draft. But the post office?

I guess I could start way back when I was a senior in high school in 1961 and went down to see my friendly local draft board clerk 'cause I had just turned eighteen. But that would be too long, so I'll just start with this past summer when I got pissed off (again) at my draft board for not giving me CO (conscientious objector) status. It was the second time they had turned me down.

So, being very p.o.'d, I wrote them a notice of appeal and addressed it: "Local Bastards No. 122," etc. And about a month later I got the letter back with the notation "addressee unknown" scribbled on it in the handwriting of my friendly local draft board clerk. Eventually I got my appeal anyway because, I suppose, they figured it wouldn't look too good for them in court if they didn't give me one.

But still being very pissed off and feeling oh so clever, I decided to write another letter to Local Bastards No. 122: "Dear Bastards, I just wanted to see if you would accept a letter addressed to you. Ha!" and (surprise?) they wouldn't.

But dig how the letter is returned to me. Phone rang last Thursday morning, "Hello, this is D.L Capps, your friendly local postal inspector. I'd like to see you about, well, ah, this letter you sent that has been, ah, refused." Capps said he'd like to come to my apartment to see me about it. Okay, man, I ain't going nowhere, you can come on out, but can't you just talk on the phone about it? "No, I need to see you about it."

So, an hour later, Capps popped up, flashed his credentials, yeah, just like an FBI agent, IMPRESSIVE, woooo. Immediately, he launched into an incredible riff about how putting the word "Bastards" on the envelope "COULD be a violation" of the statutes, and he kept saying it over and over, COULD be a violation. . . , COULD be a violation. . . , COULD be a violation. . .

A flash, the Constitution! Hey, you ever heard of the First Amendment? "Well, yes," he replied, "But. . ." and he was off into another rap about postal regulations, statutes, and obscenity; about how you could say anything in a letter but don't put it on the outside; about how he was just following orders "from higher-ups," etc.

All the while he was holding a sheaf of papers, internal memoes, etc. pertaining to "your case." He showed me Xerox copies of the first envelope I had addressed to "Local Bastards No. 122," but wouldn't let me read the memoes; though, reading words upside down, I could see my name liberally sprinkled throughout.

Just before he left, looking about the room with *Birds* scattered around, he asked (oh so casually), "You work for the *Bird*?" Well, I do a bit of writing. He nodded his head, Knowledgeably, puffed on his pipe, and departed. I couldn't figure out whether his comment derived from seeing *Birds* in the room or whether he already knew, or both.

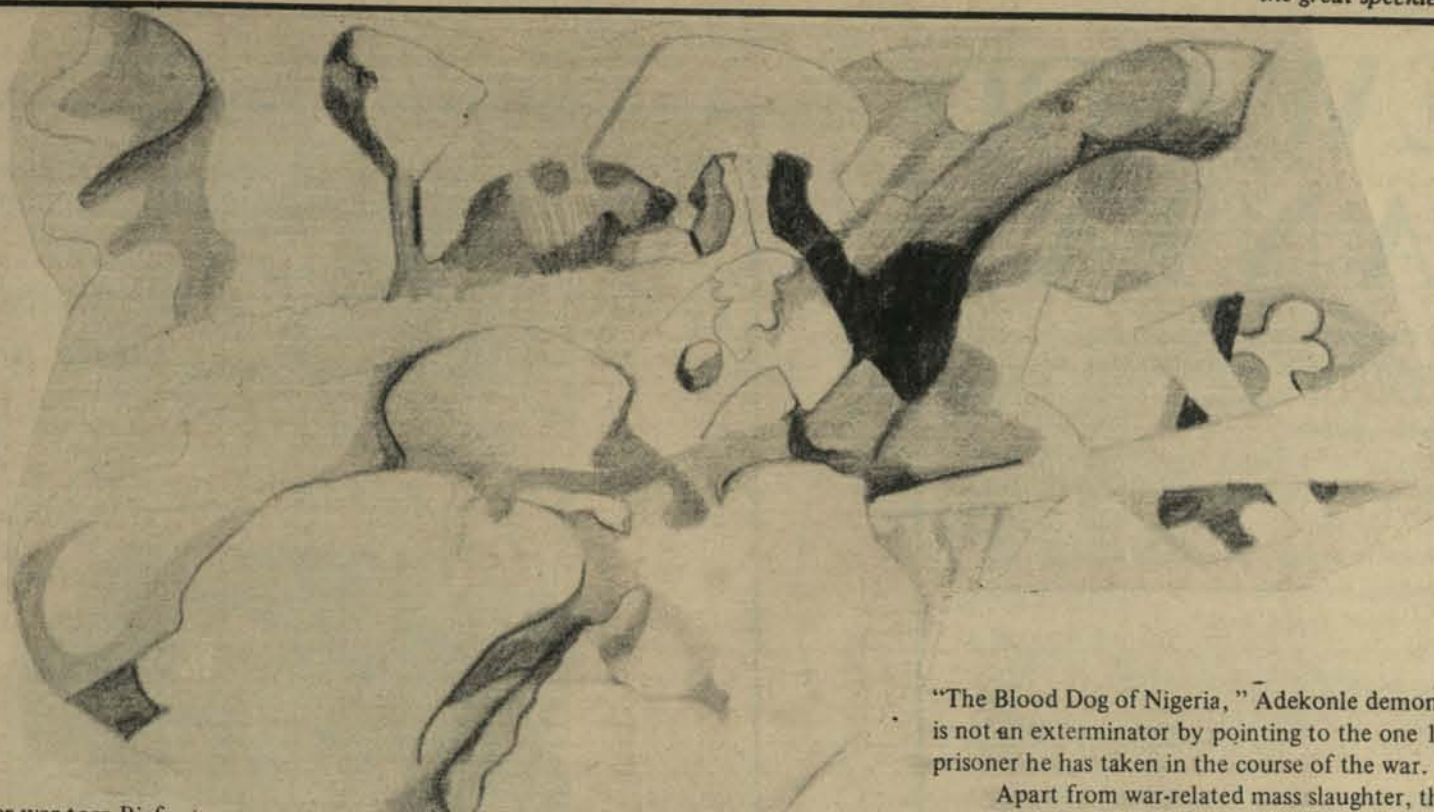
What does it all mean? I have some theories, but I really dunno. . . . .

—steve wise



photo by miriam bokser, LNS/NY

# B I A F R A



Two kinds of vultures hover over war-torn Biafra today. Feathered ones, attracted by the scent of rotting flesh; and white, two-legged ones, wearing striped pants and carrying attache cases. They are attracted by the smell of oil.

Eastern Nigeria (Biafra) has one of the richest oil fields in the world. The established big powers—the U.S., Britain, Germany and Russia—and most of the nations of the Organization of African Unity support the Nigerian federal government in its civil war with the Ibos of Biafra. This policy is commonly known as “backing the winner.” And while millions of people starve to death in Biafra, these nations refuse to help in relief efforts, either with actual goods or official pressure, fearing offending the Nigerian government and losing the oil.

Biafra, meanwhile, is backed by a strange coalition. Cuba and Czechoslovakia join with Portugal and France to fly in arms. Maoist Tanzania and leftist Zambia join with Ivory Coast and Gabon, both neocolonialist French satellites, in giving aid and support. These nations have no hope of trading with Nigeria, so they aid the desperate Ibos, who must accept aid wherever they can find it. These nations are playing the long shot—they lose nothing if the Ibos are exterminated, but stand to gain fantastically if they win and grant oil rights to their allies.

Meanwhile people in Biafra continue to starve, continue to be slaughtered in one of the bloodiest wars of this

century—bloodier even than Vietnam. Six million of the previous 13 million Ibo tribesmen are now either prisoners or victims of mass slaughter or starvation. Little of course has been said about this situation in the American press. They're only blacks, after all, and 30,000 white Americans have been killed in five years of the Vietnam war. In addition, news out of Nigeria is controlled by the federal government. Since Port Harcourt and Enugu fell, independent correspondents have not been able to get in or out of Biafra easily. Selected correspondents have been shown selected refugee camps in selected areas of federally occupied Biafra, and report that all is well, that previous reports of mass slaughter and starvation were exaggerated.

Despite official denials of atrocities, rumors from Biafra continue to relate claims of millions of civilians being systematically slaughtered. And Col. Adekunle, Commander of the Nigerian troops on the Biafran front, is quoted in the German magazine *Der Stern* as saying that when his troops enter a village which is not entirely Ibo, “We shoot everything that moves,” and when they are in the heart of Ibo-land, “We shoot anything—moving or not.” Called by friends

“The Blood Dog of Nigeria,” Adekunle demonstrates that he is not an exterminator by pointing to the one 15-year-old prisoner he has taken in the course of the war.

Apart from war-related mass slaughter, the major killers in Biafra are starvation and epidemic measles. Starvation as a military tactic always affects women and young children first, as the armies commandeer all the available food. In Biafra, 120 tons of food are needed each day. There are vast stockpiles of food in Lagos, given by the Red Cross, Caritas, UNICEF and other charitable institutions. The Nigerian government refuses to allow the food to be distributed, denying that there is any starvation. Recently a U.S. medical team interested in disaster relief for the starving was denied entry into Nigeria. The U.S. government refused to use even its prestige to obtain the necessary visas, in fear of losing the oil fields when Biafra falls.

Measles in starving children is a devastating disease, with a fatality rate of 20 per cent. Only the U.S. has reserves of measles vaccine, which was developed here and is not produced outside the U.S., Russia and Britain. The United States government has refused direct requests for vaccine from

Biafra . . . again, for fear of alienating Gen. Gowon's federal government—and losing the oil.

The United States has refused all help—not to an embattled nation, but simply to people in desperate need. The establishment liberals, from Teddy Kennedy to the International Red Cross and Caritas can only wring their hands in ineffectual anguish before the smell of oil and national greed.

—mike lane

## MAD BULLS IN THE MONEY MARKET

The present monetary crisis has less to do with the relative value of marks, francs, or dollars than it does with a redistribution of power in the world economy between Western Europe and Japan, on the one hand, and the US on the other. The overvalued dollar, which was supreme in the decade after the war, makes it possible for Americans to place vast investments in European industries which the capitalists of those nations now wish to own, to deficit-finance the Vietnam war and similar adventures, and to control the worth of much of the world's non-gold monetary reserves. The Europeans are now strong enough, collectively, to challenge the US in world trade and investment, and they see no reason to depend on a dollar that an accelerating US inflation makes increasingly worthless.

The crisis of 1968 began with the dollar and will probably return to, and end, with it. In that process, however, speculators will attack the pound, French franc, and perhaps other currencies. The social implications of such instability are potentially vast: both England and France may be compelled to introduce further internal cutbacks in social welfare, perhaps reopening a second round between the French workers and De Gaulle, or forcing Harold Wilson to consider socialism. More likely, however, are reductions in European overseas military spending and arms budgets, as well as protectionist measures against imports and capital outflows. Both measures would cost the US more money, and the dollar would suffer most from them, for it can suffer fewer shocks than either the mark or franc.

If European currencies are devalued, the dollar outflow from the US will go up, further aggravating America's balance-of-payments problem. And speculators and governments alike will inevitably decide that gold is the safest re-

serve to hold, increasing pressure on the fast-declining US holdings and driving up its price. Should the US embargo further gold outflows from its shores, European bankers have warned that they would create their own monetary bloc in which the dollar would play an even smaller role. In the meantime, until Washington stops it, many foreign interests will trade their dollars for US gold, or continue to unload their dollars for US stocks—having purchased some \$1.5 billion worth in the year 1967-68 alone. They will, no matter what, utilize every loophole to decrease reliance on the dollar.

How quickly a showdown over the dollar comes hinges on many variables, but sooner or later it must come. Germany will not indefinitely accept foreign currencies that may be depreciated, threatening immense paper losses. Should Bonn revalue the mark upward to end speculation, US military expenses in Germany will soar—and for this reason Washington has urged maintenance of the dizzying status quo. But Europe is not likely to put the screws on the US until the Nixon Administration reveals its economic policy, which is to say, exposes what it will do about a war in Vietnam that is today the major single cause of the inflation at home and negative US balance of payments.

Anything that weakens the dollar makes the war in Vietnam more expensive, and aligns ever-larger segments of American business and finance against the war. From *The Wall Street Journal* to big bankers, there have been numerous references over the past year to ending the war as a precondition for saving the dollar from devaluation—that is, taking the military and monetary medicine together to preserve US economic power elsewhere. European bankers hope Nixon will try a budget balancing act, retrench on the war, end inflation, and generally follow the deflationary

fiscal strategy the US forced on Europe after 1947. For Europe's bankers, Arthur F. Burns and Milton Friedman are the favored financial advisers in Nixon's circle, and whether they determine the new administration's policies will influence Europe's response to the future of the dollar. For the major option, which European experts also consider, is US protectionism and economic warfare: it could split the capitalist world into two increasingly hostile trade blocs.

To some critical extent, the Common Market nations are today economically in the same shaky boat as the US despite their growing prosperity and fiscal conservatism. They can stabilize by deserting the dollar, not each other, and they must do so in France, England, and Italy to avoid the political backlash from workers and students. Nixon may desire an economically conservative policy, which is the only way Europe will continue to tolerate increasingly worthless paper dollars, but this would require radical political and military departures, and an end not only to Vietnam but also a sharp diminution in American globalism and adventures in future years. Indeed, Nixon's years on Wall Street may have sufficiently socialized him to realize that unless he can end the war the US may now lose its postwar hegemony over the world economy. He may be tempted to negotiate a real settlement at Paris—or to try for a quick military decision in the field. But it should be obvious by now that the war in Vietnam and the future of US economic power, and the dollar, are intertwined.

The bewildered economic experts and bankers are aware of these basic options, and until the new administration comes to office they will apply various gimmicks whose real consequences, like the pound devaluation, they can never predict in advance. The speculators, like an erratic pack of mad bulls, may turn on one currency or another and upset all short-term plans. And ten million French—or Italian—workers may again shatter everyone's calculations.

—gabriel kolko (from *Mayday*  
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Weekly Project, Inc.)

# NEW GOD SANTA

In ancient days men celebrated their gods by having parades with jugglers and musicians and all kind of fanfare. Today we do the same thing, except we don't recognize ourselves in the picture.

Toward the end of November in every town in America big enough to have a department store comes the major parade of the year: the Santa Claus parade. When we welcome him into town he brings with him the season of joyous and free spending. He reigns over the department stores encouraging us to spend, spend, spend . . .

But most of us haven't ever thought much about the old man. The patron saint of thieves and sailors (the unaccepted of their time). Also much to our collective chagrin, he was patron saint of those free lance capitalists, the pawnbrokers.

Nicholas was born somewhere in the near east (Turkey?) about the end of the Third Century A.D. That's when the Romans and the eastern orthodox were having all kinds of squabbles: about the time of the Nicean Council, where the trinity was adopted as the true doctrine.

As Bishop of Myra, a Greek seaport, Nicholas may well have been present at the Nicean Council and may even have been one of the eastern heretics who didn't believe in the trinity.

His myth developed out of a variety of stories some of which I would like to relate.

Patron Saint of Thieves: At one time he was attacked by robbers. He treated them well; began their conversion. Henceforth robbers became known as the clerks of Saint Nicholas. (We know who his clerks are nowadays. They're standing behind counters selling toy guns and christmas tree ornaments all over America.)

Patron Saint of Mariners: In some way (physical or metaphysical) he saved a sailor's life. And he had the reputation of being kind to all sailors who came to his city (highly unusual for his time, or perhaps any time).

Patron Saint of Virgins: A story is told of a man who was very poor but apparently one of the nobility. Otherwise he would not have been so concerned with having all the proper social graces for his daughters. (Staunchly middle-class and wanting always to abide by the amenities of society.) He needed dowries for his daughters. Without dowries, i.e., without the possibility of marriage, his daughters would be forced to live a "life of sin."

Then Bishop Nicholas became aware of their plight. He came in the dark of night and dropped a gold purse into the shoe of the eldest daughter. The following night he came again and dropped a gold purse into the shoe of the second daughter. By the third night, the father had caught on to the trick and was waiting for him so he could find out who did it. Nicholas came again, this time to the third daughter, and met the father. The father naturally agreed to keep the whole thing a secret and we can see that he did.

Naturally our society remembers him best for this last story in which he helped the poor and virtuous to lead the good life. And we remember the pawnbrokers by putting his three gold balls on the christmastree.

We indirectly celebrate the thieves: at this time of year there is more robbery, shoplifting, etc., than at any other. (How do you think the city bus crisis was manufactured so easily?)

But we forget the sailors. They were the hippies of their day. Transient. Bringing "evil and vice" into whatever city they came to. Odd-looking. In rough clothes. Wearing beards. Nicholas welcomed them.

From the small beginning of these stories, embellished in various parts of Europe, we have elevated Santa to the status of deity. He rules over Christmas. Not Christ. He is a god of our time. Helping the merchants create a green christmas.

anne jenkins  
with a little help from willy p. j.

Bird staffer Gene Guerrero, a conscientious objector to all wars, was sentenced to the maximum five years in federal prison for that crime on Thursday, December 12 by Federal District Judge Newell Edenfield. The case is now on appeal.

*Molasses & Quinine.*

*Christmas is when we tune the world nearer to what it should be. To really find its spirit,*



*don't just give - forgive.*

*(30) - Eric Marks  
12/17/68*

cont. from p. 2

## GA. POWER cont.

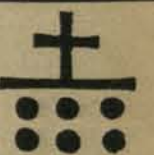
But that's America. Free Enterprise. Sure. In the areas it serves, Georgia Power has a monopoly. You cannot go to another company for electricity, an indispensable commodity today. Georgia Power operates under government protection on a cost-plus, sole-source basis. They are virtually assured all expenses, including taxes and salaries, plus profit - \$40,000,000. "In 1964," says Metcalf, "leading manufacturing corporations averaged 6.1% in after-tax profit out of each sales dollar. . . . The leading non-manufacturing corporations averaged 6.3% in after-tax profit. Public utilities - electric, gas, telephone, and telegraph - took home more than twice as much, 14 cents out of each revenue dollar. For the 34 major I.O.U.s (Investor Owned

Utilities) that dominate electric power the net profits averaged 16 cents on the dollar." (p. 21)

We were talking about political power, the ability to force people to do your will. We will pay our electric bill, forgetting that \$.20 per month, because we need the power and there is no where else to get it. But it might be time to start thinking about replacing the Public Service Commission come election time with members at least slightly more responsive to the needs of the consumer; and it might be time to start thinking about who does and who should control and who does and who should profit from the vital resources of the nation.

-tom coffin

# CELEBRATE!



JOY!

Christmas is a time of celebration:

- We celebrate the birth of Jesus in the history of the world;
- We celebrate the Word made flesh through his life;
- We celebrate the reality of Immanuel - "God is with us";
- We celebrate the responsibility we have in being God's people.

Through the coming New Year may people you meet see God incarnate in your life. And may you recognize the incarnation of God in each person you meet, for it has been written, "as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers, you did it to me".

ATLANTA LAY SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

PEACE!





ECHOES

O CHRIST  
To Mother  
(a slightly ammended replica  
of her Christmas poem)

I From The Epistle

thank you for the money.  
boots for me.  
a suit for the baby.

(so here i am Christmas.  
Creeping over my sacreligious  
body, surrounding friends)

So here I am, Christmas creeping  
over my sacreligious body, surround-  
ed by friends.

II Friends and Strangers of Stars

eric and mark, from carolina, they were cold,  
share the warm  
living in the USA  
see the cold envelope the outer spaces,  
where we used to be.

II(b) We

see above, below.

one Jewish Pawnee and sad eyed tonite, the eve of  
Chanukah  
one wife,  
speaking in Haiku,  
the magic in the spaces.  
one spirillic, western pennsylvania,  
philosopher, truly silent in the grass.  
jack the ripper on birth control pills.  
three cats  
jack of the quiet epiphany.  
a baby, youbeen there, warm in a secret of the past.  
we are dark stars flashing in this light.

III Lonesome Children

stars, strangers and friends:  
all of us  
lonesome children.  
Returning.  
Still miles away,  
but so much closer to home,  
to the origins,  
the smiling bells and  
eyes slowly peeling.  
They say -  
ChristMas.  
And nothing else.

—richard

time alone,  
counts but alone.  
taken when wanted  
but left to rot when idle  
without reprieve  
and discount not a day.

night never sleeps,  
but dies each morning,  
along with the raincrow and the silence.

dew, shed before the light,  
stains the feet of the offenders  
and penetrates the soul

raincrow

beautiful and full of fragrance,  
see-lying,  
beside-of, my warmth.  
and tears making themselves feel good—  
and pounding, building, shatters  
the very glow around  
the field-for-running-thru,  
pouring down the honey warmth of fucking.

raincrow

# the UNITED STATES OF XMAS

a foible by Og, King of Bashan

The great bells were ringing all over the city—not the clanging electronic chimes that had once made the Christmas air hideous, not even real bells committed to unfeeling wax and fed through pre-amp and amp and finally to woofers and tweeters strewn all about the city. Real bells, great booming Edgar Allan Poe bells, Charles Dickens bells, e. e. Cummings bells sounding out from every steeple of every church all over the city, only slightly muffled by the steady fall of snow. Everywhere, everywhere—or at least all over the U.S.A.—Christmas tonight.

Just as if I could help it, just as if I could have avoided it even if I had wanted to, the Christmas spirit was upon me. I was glad, and a bit relieved. Every year, of course, I entertained the nagging suspicion that this year the aura

anyway lots of people didn't. What's the matter, don't you read your history lessons?"

Sammy's red hair bristled and his mouth opened preparatory to delivering what do you mean, miss smarty, don't I read my history, but Sarah, my wife, anticipating a breach of peace on earth, intervened clumsily. "Isn't it a pretty tree?" she chirped. And even though everyone realized the duplicity of the change of subject, nobody could help turning his eyes to the tree.

There never was such a tree. Especially grown on a huge Christmas tree ranch in Montana, injected and sealed to keep it fresh and green for months, it had come to us just before Thanksgiving, and now it dominated the parlor, hovering over the stacks of gifts—and every year there seem-

asked the deacon, shimmering happily through the snow in his green robes.

"Regular, and I'm not your brother," snarled Scrooge. "And a quart of your cheapest oil."

The deacon withered a bit at this impiety. He tried again: "Overjoyed to serve you, sir, on this most joyous of eves."

"Yeah, I know," grunted Scrooge. "Servus servorum dei, a lousy greasemonkey."

"Be it ever so humble," began the cheek-turner but Scrooge said the gas, the gas, buddy, and he scampered to obey. Chimes from the Congregation tower boomed out "Silent Night" as Scrooge rolled out of the lot toward the Huggly Buggly Primitive Apostolic Supermarket.

He scowled as he passed the United Motors Cathedral and turned his eyes away from the letters that marched across the facade: GOD IS BETTER THAN EVER; he avoided looking at the window displays in the Holy Woolgren Church, so as not to see the Nativity scenes, wherein three kings, resplendent in multicolored smoking jackets (\$69.98, \$75.35, and \$87.75) adored a haloed child in a crib over which hovered an Amuse-a-Baby Mobile, with angels. It was a big baby. The Christ child seemed to get bigger every year, which was fair, since other babies were doing the same.

Scrooge parked his car and walked through the crowds of people who once again had ignored the perennial injunction Do your Christmas worshipping early, either ignoring the cheerful greetings which assailed him from every side or responding with god grace:

"Christ is born!"

"Which one?"

"The King is come!"

"What, again? Once would have been plenty."

Morose in his gray monksloth, he moved, a little spot of illwill through the gold and crimson and silver and blue and green embroidered Christmas crowds, until he came to the great brazen door of the church he sought of necessity rather than by choice. Ignoring the smiling, woffled image over the altar, he marched past kneeling shoppers to the bakery section, where he found bread over an illuminated price-tag that read "Our cost: 40¢. Tithe: 4¢. Price: 44¢." Bread under arm, he sought out a gallon of the cheapest California wine and left, paying the deacon at the check-out. "Happy to have had you worship with us, brother," the deacon smiled, trying to grasp the hand Scrooge held out full of change.

"Hamburg," said Scrooge.

At midnight, with everyone in church or at least not on the street and therefore obviously out of church, Scrooge was alone in the central square of the city. Taking a piece of chalk from his robe, he drew big letters across the base of the statue of Horace VanGogh Peckley. They read: PUT THE X BACK IN XMAS.

I turned away from the window as the old Cherry clattered past my house, fearful that some momentary lack of charity might sour my mood. "God bless us, every one," Tiny Tim shouted from the TV screen, and it was nearly midnight, time for church. Poor Scrooge, I thought. As we drove into the huge church parking lot, I noted the section sign ("Remember K-113") so that we might not lose the car in the crush afterwards; but as we moved across the lot with our fellow-worshippers on the moving sidewalk, I could not help thinking of Scrooge.

Poor fellow! How dull and leaden his existence! How pointless his years! How unforesighted! And with gratitude I thought of my own regular yearly round.

First New Year's, the burning of the tree, still decked with all its ornaments, in the front yard. All over the city, the pitchy flares heralding the new year. Thousands of bubbling bottles of champagne from the crypts of the churches. And, next day, the big intersectional football games. The Orange Bowl parade. Hundreds of decorated yachts sailing down a river of orange juice; the Cotton Bowl, stadium especially constructed each year out of cal-cliffed bales of cotton, mid-long cotton carpets running out to all points of the compass, thousands of cotton banners flying; the Oil Bowl, illuminated at night by hundreds of large kerosene flares. The games were almost anticlimactic, and nobody really cared whether the GM-Southern Baptist Preachers harried the Yeshiva-Rabbinowitz Rabbis.

Then came Lent's gray days, when the churches closed their doors every afternoon at four and the long shopping evenings came to a temporary end; when families ate skimpy meals at home, patiently awaiting the return of church

meals, went to bed early or watched the TV; when fathers worked overtime, sometimes thirty-five or forty hours a week, to pay off the Christmas bills and bring the family back to its normal level of debt.

Fourth of July brought fireworks, the ceremonious blowing up of last year's Christmas presents and the arrival of St. Nicholas by helicopter at the big worship-marts. Christmas cards appeared and were chose, more and more ordered each year as more and more people were included in each family's good-will envelope. And this was the season to buy necessities—new TV set, new cars, new air-conditioning, new



tires which we would wear out on the roads during the Labor Day weekend on our annual pilgrimages to the mountain and seashore shrines.

And as the long Christmas season drew on toward its climax, the housewives crowded the churches to prepare the Thanksgiving meal under the supervision of the ministers' wives. And reverently thankful we all were as we sat at our long tables, each family in its pew, all grateful for this year's tangible evidence of the good favor of the Almighty. For days the food came on: turkey, ham, roast beef and barbecued piglet; brussels sprouts, asparagus, sweet corn, broccoli, candied yams, boiled onions and turnip; clams, oysters, mussels, whitefish, lobster and king crab; martinis, ale, rum toddies, wine and whiskey; Leidenkrantz, Gorgonzola, Munster, Swiss, Cheddar and Camembert; celery, olives, dill pickles and cranberry sauce; mince, cherry, apple and pumpkin pies; avocados, apples, grapefruit and oranges. There was more than anybody could eat; all we would do was pick a token bit from each dish before all the rest was swept away into the garbage disposal unit in the crypt. My daughter Elizabeth, who fancies herself a student of history, claims that once there was a dispute about which Thursday in November to celebrate, and that the argument was settled long ago by beginning the day after Halloween responding with bad grace:

We are Reformed Synthetic Hygienic Methobaptizers of the Rexall profession but, like our brothers and sisters of other creeds, we are not narrow-minded about it. For example, on this particular day we had eaten our noontime meal of latkes and herring in the Liberal Goldstein Furniture Temple while eight-branched candlesticks blazed about us; some of my best friends go to that temple and are good religious businesspriests, too. But we do most of our trading at our own church, because the merchandise is good and the tithe is only 92%, which is high enough to be patriotic but not what you would call unreasonable.

I realized that I had let my thoughts wander away from the sermon and glanced back at the printed copy we had been sold at the door.

Text: In this country you have to run full speed ahead to stay in the same place.

At this happy season, blessed as we are, let us turn our thoughts in joy and gratitude to the founders of the feast, to our forebears in the dark unhappy past who, in spite of the intolerance, greed and penny of their ages, foresaw the coming light.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver; and always, in the grasping, acquisitive ages of the past, there were men who knew that the greatest joy of Christmas came in giving.

Going past the drug-church in the suburbs, Scrooge blew his horn derisively. He slowed, stopped, and for a moment contemplated the monstrous edifice through the falling

snow. "Whose cars these are I think I know," he sneered.)

And Oh! but it was a troubled time, when our ancestors did battle with the forces of alien and atheistic ideologies; but from that dark time came light, the knowledge that the only salvation lay in Consumption, Capital and Christianity.

(The church, which sat in the middle of a mile-square parking lot, was itself the bigness of a city block, a great neo-Gothic accumulation of spires and signs. Eightieth National Bank; Jesus Saves, Prepare to Meet thy God; Young Folks' Date Bureau. 365 Days Till Christmas. In never ending neon across the broad facade, the stations of the cross paraded.)

And men did begin to cry and say "Put Christ Back in Christmas," but it seemed an impossible business, until the nature of Christianity was better understood. And for this we will ever be grateful to Horace Van Gogh Peckley.

(Nothing new in this, thought Scrooge. Lots of people have known for a long time that he who accumulates is blessed; that worldly goods, moth and corrupt though they may, are an outward and visible sign of divine favor. He laughed. "After praying only three times a day," he mocked, "for only sixteen weeks, my income quadrupled, I received the regional sales medal, and the company gave me a bonus of an electric outdoor rotisserie." Scrooge looked at the drug-church again, up the facade with its innumerable churches having shut down their candy plants and begun on turkey) and continuing the feast right through New Year's. Thus it was that the Lenten fast became not only a financial desirability but a hygienic necessity.

And here we were at another Christmas, I thought as I entered my church past the window displays of mouthwash (ours is a drug church, historically only, of course), past the grocery aisles, the beautyshop ikon, the furniture salon and garage. Another Christmas, bigger and better than ever, more and more suffused with the spirit of giving. I thought of the catechism I had tutored Walter in only the week before.

- Q: What is the nature of the universe, as revealed to our ministers of science?  
 A: The universe is ever-expanding.  
 Q: Why is it necessary that the universe forever expand?  
 A: Did it not, it would necessarily collapse.  
 Q: What is the nature of human economy, as revealed to our ministers of finance?  
 A: Human economy is ever-expanding, and for a like reason.  
 Q: And what is the nature of the Almighty, as revealed to our ministers of theology?  
 A: The Almighty is likewise ever-expanding.

As we entered the sanctuary, cash-register bells began to ring and we knelt.

His cracked windows closed against the midnight boom of bells, Scrooge was fleeing away down the highway. Behind him a loudspeaker sang:

Hark, the herald angels sing,  
 Rich's has free gift wrapping...

A crunch under his wheels caused him to brake for an instant, wondering if he had injured his threadbare tires; but it was only a gold-embossed greeting card, eleven by eighteen, crusted with spangles and tinsel, imprinted DR. & MRS. ALBERT COMPTON FRIBORG, which the winter wind had blown under his wheels. Under the

able direction of the Reformed Temple, which had this year's weather franchise, snow continued to fall. Scrooge roared past a paperboy muffled up against the wind, hawking his Christmas editions, the biggest ever, twelve-hundred pages, cloth or leather binding.

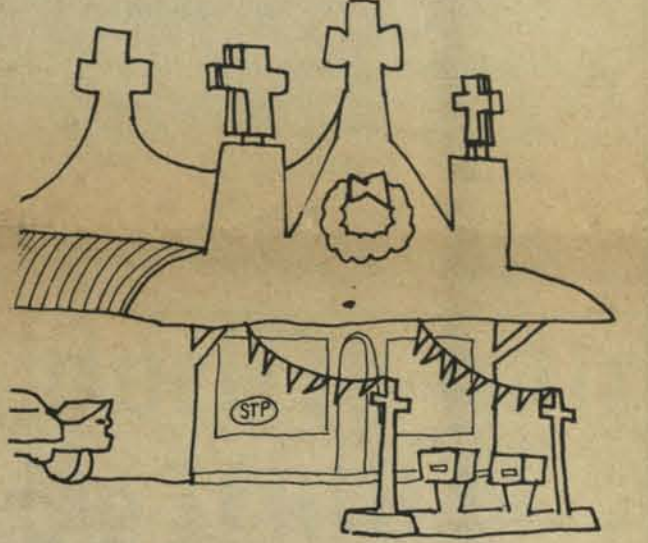
Yuletide spirit, Christmas trees,  
 Charge or check, no C.O.D.'s...

In the church the preacher was resplendent in his sharkskin robes; on his gilded breastplate, which swung majestically to and fro with every movement, the inscription read \$107.33. In back of him the high school band, the university marching band, the symphony orchestra, and the grand organ rolled out their mighty anthems while the stacks of gift-wrapped cigarettes at the end of our pew trembled with the vibration.

erable gargoyles, each representing hundreds of hours of work, each hour paid at \$5.35 fed back into the great machine; he threw his Chevy into gear and spun off on the snow.)

But other important things were happening too, dearly beloved. The physicists discovered that the universe was expanding. And it became obvious to someone that every year every football game broke at least one record; that every stock-market year was bigger than the last; that every year's weather broke records for cold, or heat, or mildness; that, finally expansion—not flux, as Heraclitus would have it—expansion was the operative principle of the physical world, and of human nature, and of human economy, and, indeed, of God Himself: whence the dictum GOD IS BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER.

It was a beautiful service and everybody in the family



was happy as we came out into the cold and snow and chimes. Still I was pensive as I drove home, and somewhere along the way Sarah said "A finsky for your thoughts."

I told them what I had been thinking about Scrooge, poor old man, alone, unhappy, unloved out in his housing project. No ghosts of Christmas past or present or future to drag Marley's chain away and bring light and tinsel into his dank room. It threw a shadow over the season.

But youth is full of optimism, and where I had seen no hope, Elizabeth, Sally, Teresa, Sammy and Walter brought forth a fine charitable scheme. I was afraid they would be disappointed; still, at their suggestion, I turned the car back toward the shopping area, back toward the Gothic spires and brazen bells.

continued on page 17



**REENBRIAR**

**is CHRISTMAS**

# Recipes



## Ye Olde Welsh Christmas Pudding

Stir in a large cauldron:  
 1 lb. suet (get it from a  
 butcher, ground up),  
 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. currants  
 1 lb. citron-orange-lemon  
 peel, 1 lb. brown sugar,  
 2 tsp. baking soda, 2 tsp.  
 cinnamon, 2 tsp. nutmeg,  
 1 qt (4c.) flour.

Make a well in these ingre-  
 dients & add:

2 cups butter milk, 6  
 eggs, 1 c. molasses.

Mix it all together. Be  
 sure everyone in the  
 house participates

## Anne's Classic Christmas Cookies

Cream 1 cup butter w/  
 2 cups sugar.

Add 2 well beaten  
 eggs, 2 Tbsp cream, 2  
 tsp. vanilla.

Sift 4 cups flour  
 w/ 1 tsp salt & 2  
 tsp. baking powder.

Add to creamed  
 mixture.

Chill dough overnight.

Roll out very thin;  
 cut with classic cookie  
 cutters. Decorate with  
 colored sugar, etc.

Bake on greased sheet  
 5 min. at 350°F.

Yield: one cookie tin full.

## Poinsetta Cookies

3 cups flour

½ tsp soda

½ tsp salt

1 cup butter

⅔ cup honey

2 egg yolks

2 Tbsp orange peel

2 Tbsp lemon peel

2 Tbsp lemon juice

2 egg whites

½ cups finely chopped pecans

1 - 8 oz jar candied cherries.

\* Sift dry ingredients.

\* Cream butter & honey.

\* Beat in egg yolks,

orange & lemon peel &

lemon juice.

\* Add dry ingredients.

\* Chill one hour.

\* Form chilled dough

into 1-inch balls; dip

into egg whites; roll

in nuts.

\* Place 2 inches apart

on greased cookie sheets.

\* Cut cherry from top

to bottom to form

petals. Spread one

on each ball with a

chopped nut in the

center.

\* Bake at 375°F.

for 18-20 minutes.

\* Makes 6 dozen.



Now get out the old  
 fruit cans you've been  
 saving for just this  
 occasion.

Grease the cans, fill ⅔  
 full. Put foil around  
 the top & tie it down  
 with a piece of twine.

Steam 2-3 hours [put in  
 a <sup>big</sup> pot; add about 3 inches  
 deep water, cover w/ fitting  
 lid; etc.]

Makes 4-5 #2½ cans  
 pudding. Each one serves  
 about 6 people. A large  
 frozen grape juice can  
 makes two servings.

To serve the pudding:

Reheat by steaming  
 about 1 hour.

Serve w/ hard sauce  
 or w/:

1 Tbsp cornstarch,  
 ¼ c. sugar, 1 cup water;  
 boil & simmer til thick.  
 Add ¼ rum, brandy  
 or whatever.

Serve the whole thing  
hot.

This recipe has come down through  
 many generations of the Jenkins  
 family; reaching America about  
 1890.



## THE MAGNOLIA OF THE YEAR

The pre-memorial days, the pre-marble mammoth days, the pre-generosity for jillions days, were the magnolia days. Once the Southeastern Annual was nothing but magnolias. Magnolias on antique lace table tops, magnolias in blue country pitchers on straw mats, magnolias on the bush, magnolias on the vine, and even occasionally magnolias arising from what curiously seemed to be the sea. Every year one magnolia painter would gather all the other magnolia painters' paintings in a great big magnolia colored room and pick the magnolia painting most painted like his magnolia paintings to be The Magnolia Of The Year. And all the magnolia painters whose magnolia paintings did not get picked by the magnolia painter would get very angry and call the magnolia picker a "Magnolia Mother." But the Southeastern always came off to the lay-magnolia lovers smelling like a magnolia. This magnolia madness went on for some time, and as the group was rather small and most certainly local in nature, practically everyone had his turn at either being the magnolia picker or the painter of The Magnolia Of The Year.

Those days were very hard on the tree and water painters. Over a period of time quite a few of underground tree and water painters had begun sneaking their paintings into the great magnolia colored room, and because it was only natural that a magnolia painter would pick a magnolia painter's painting to be The Magnolia Of The Year, the tree and water painters became very angry and screamed and shouted just loudly enough to suggest that the Southeastern did not smell quite as sweet as a magnolia. Things got very ugly and because people who are naturally partial to magnolias are naturally heavy blushers, and not too clever at matters of deceit, it was decided that someone not local in nature would be called in to pick The Magnolia Of The Year. As the magnolia painters had feared, the outsider turned out to be a tree and water painter. He had been a rather capable magnolia painter in his earlier years and they were dumbfounded when he went tree and water and picked a tree and water painting to be The Magnolia Of The Year. In the years that have followed The Magnolia Of The Year has included a vast amount of subject matter. Some of the more memorable ones being: *A Darkie Shantie in a Southern Shade*, *Cotton Pickers Poking Fun*, *Search For Self Southern Style*, and more recently, *Canvas Carp*, *Pregnant Patsy Pats Her Pussy* (you remember that painting as the one that was picketed by the UDC and later hung upsidedown in the Member's Room), and last year's *The Square Root Of Purple Is Puce*.

The Southeastern is to be viewed this year not in the old magnolia colored room, but in the Galleria of the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center. Up until the opening of the exhibit many naive Atlantans had hoped the Galleria would be a colorful place with portholes and oars to take out-of-town guests to dinner. However, it's just a colorful place to hang paintings, or as a stout Jr. Leaguer put it to a group of black children: "This is the Galleria? And this is a place to hang paintings? And this is where you come to see everybody? That's almost as much fun as seeing the paintings." And that's a Jr. Leaguer telling it like it is.

A particularly game art fiend might venture to undertake the Southeastern a piece at a time, but the natural impulse of a less sturdy soul is to stand in the middle of the room, this being as close to the Christmas tree as one can

get, cry "Pride through Proust and Picasso," and spin until the height of nausea is at hand, and run out into Peachtree mumbling incoherently, "I've seen it, I've seen it!" And one has. There's not much to see. The Rembrandt-Oils-Soft magnolias have been replaced with stripes, shaped canvases, and the whole bag of acrylic hard-edge tricks. Through the eyes of *Art News* the local artist has finally learned what is happening in the big city. And thanks to masking tape he has found that he can do it like the big guys do it. But the present exhibit ought to prove to any overly ambitious art student that it takes more than a couple of back issues of *Art News* to make a Barnett Newman, and Robert Indiana did it with more than a little love. There are the inevitable student paintings that turned out better than anyone else's in the class. That poor student will suffer terrible doubt tremors when next year he doesn't "make" the Southeastern. The level of sophistication of the show is incredibly low. It takes ability to pull off "idea art." Typically inept is *Back of the Bush* and *The Porch-Night*. The only thing worth purchasing for Momma's Xmas goodie would be David Parrish's *Dwarf With Balloons*. It is quite capably grotesque and pretty exciting if only for the tits on the chihuahua. And if you read this paper, you probably dig dwarfs and chihuahua tits!

The sculpture is on the same level as the paintings. Ike Hay seems to be re-doing his pieces, Gail Runte is doing old Ike Hay, and he was only doing old Seely. Myron Schultz of the CDC should have been finding a cure for the Hong Kong Flu instead of building his *Galatea*, a piece of "kenetic sculpture" (the show's only piece) whose image never changes despite the rather jerky efforts of some hidden Mini-Motor. And what a dreadful thing to do to Villa-Lobos! It's worse than eating garlic to Beethoven's Ninth! One artist even attempted to call attention to his work by entering anonymously.

It is important that the annual critics of the Southeastern remember the element of timing involved in art. It figures predominantly enough to pass as one of the muses to court. "Why do they continue to hang the same people's work year after year?" wails a cultural neophyte. The "they" referring to an unnamed "establishment" sitting on a plush sofa in some secreted High Museum lounge. The only "they" that could be responsible for the paintings that are seen in this area are "they," the painters. One can argue that there are painters that are not represented in the present Southeastern Annual, and that they must be into something exciting. Well, all you have to do to find out is wait no more than two years to see, because it is common knowledge among the artists that if you didn't get accepted this year (and you better believe they all tried) next year will be your year. Or certainly the following year. The names run in a continual pattern spanning no more than three years in all. Allowing occasionally for the admittance of a transplanted art professor or some senior art student. A wide range of museum directors and painters are brought in year after year for the droll task of juroring these exhibits, and the truth is, Art Lovers, they are picking the best work. Our local universities and "cultural cans" are turning out year after year what you are seeing year after year in the Southeastern Annual, The Magnolia Of The Year.

—judy allen

# DRAFT

There are some people who apparently believe that the negotiations in Paris are going to bring peace soon. Two recent developments should help to disabuse them of illusions concerning the "peaceful intentions" of the U.S. government.

First, the following quote from *Congressional Quarterly*, December 6: "Nixon's campaign headquarters Nov. 3 announced Nixon hoped to be spending \$87 billion on defense by the fourth year of his Administration. Aides said this figure, which assumed a Vietnam peace, included \$10 to \$15 billion for rebuilding and policing Vietnam . . ." Assuming a Vietnam peace, but police action necessary. This double-talk is also known as "de-escalation." Strictly for domestic consumption.

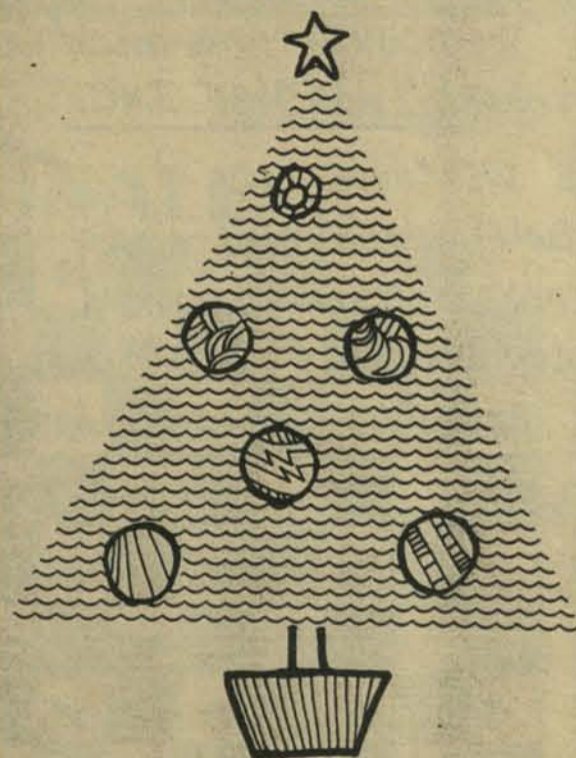
The second development is the draft call of 33,700 for February—32,200 for the Army, 1,500 for the "all-volunteer" Marines. A month ago the *Bird* reported that, according to Pentagon projections, draft calls for the first six months of 1969 should be approximately 25,533 per month. January's call of 26,800 slightly exceeded that, but February's call is a considerable jump.

Why? The Department of Defense (DoD) says that reserves and National Guardsmen called up last winter during "the Pueblo crisis" are being released early (probably because they, as units, have given the Brass a lot of hell). Anyway, more men are needed to replace them—3,000 more men per month through June. What the Pentagon fails to mention is that re-enlistment rates have dropped sharply. Also, that dissension within the Army—including riots in Da Nang, Long Binh jail, Forts Bragg and Hood—has caused the stockades to overflow.

The DoD has persistently underestimated the numbers of men it would need during the past few years. It would not be too surprising if future draft calls equal that of February or go even higher.

—steve wise

twelfth gate  
36 tenth st.

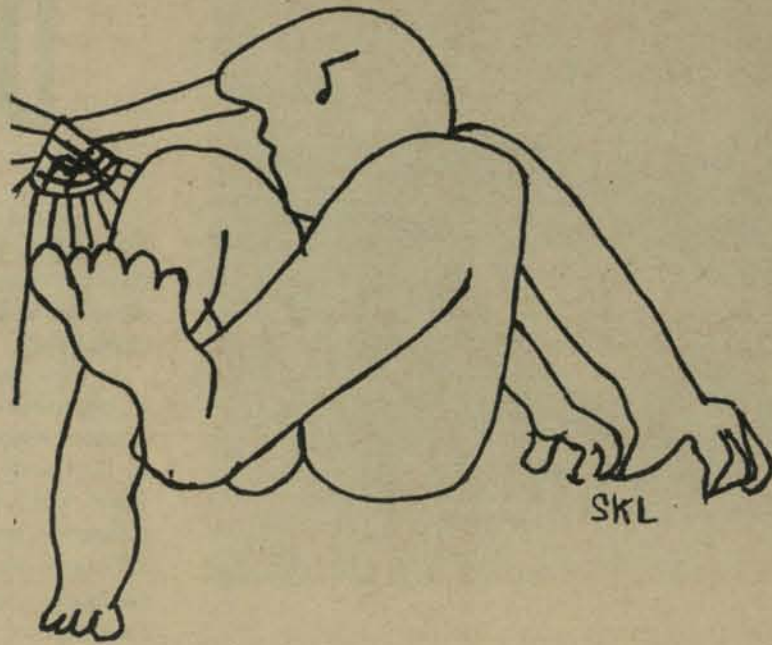


merry christmas

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, DEC. 20 & 21  
FLO WARNER

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, DEC. 27 & 28  
THE KINDRED SPIRIT

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 REVIEW



In *White America*, by Martin B. Duberman, at the "Rep Studio" of Atlanta Repertory Theater of Atlanta Municipal Theater. Directed by David Gold, with Maryce Carter, Clayton Corbin, David Gold, Betty Lord, Francis McDonald, and John Popwell, and Dan Paschal, guitarist.

Martin B. Duberman put the book for this production together with pastepot and scissors. It consists of a series of snippets out of the black experience in America. That history is a shameful one, and the selections made are neither the worst nor the least bad. Take those selections all in all, dramatic they are not; not, anyway, as directed. On current theory, then, they must be intended to instruct. There surely is an audience which could be instructed by them. That audience is not going to find its way to the basement of the Culchal Center. It is going to have to be taken unawares—perhaps on Channel 2 instead of an announced football game. The audience which does come to the basement of the Culchal Center has taken all the instruction it can accommodate, and is overready for the next step, commitment. The better play (that will o' the wisp) would get them fired up.

The most appropriate person for the play which is presented is Betty Lord, a Helen Hokinson character who reads all her lines for all her roles in this play as though

she were lecturing to her garden club on mulch. Worse still is David Gold, who could not spare the time from his directorial duties to learn his lines. Less bad is John Popwell, who, to be sure, is now playing a cliché of himself, but who has enough residual strength to avert utter failure. Clayton Corbin has both power and style. Mr. Corbin, it will be remembered, had the ill fortune to play the losing king in the AMT *King Arthur* debacle. He was one of the two good actors in it. I will keep the faith until I see him a third time.

Very good is Francis McDonald, who brings to each of his several roles in this production a thoughtful and generally successful attempt to realize the character of the person whose words he speaks.

Maryce Carter has the final and most dramatic scene of the play, the Little Rock school incident, which ties together, as much as anything does, the import of the other scenes. Her reading of this scene is most impressive; as indeed is everything she does in this production.

It is probably worthwhile to see *In White America* to watch these last people perform; and, if you can get your Aunt Tillie from Villa Rica to come along too, she may be instructed. In fact, if she wants to try out, she can probably get Betty Lord's part.

—morris brown

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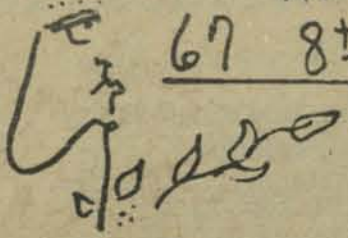
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MIGRATION

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# INNERGROUND

## FLICKS

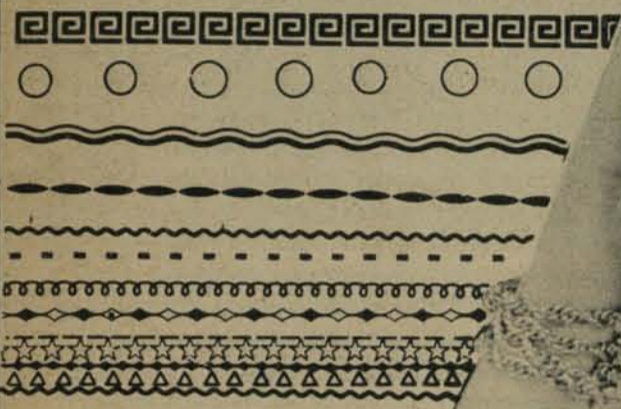


photo by bill fibben

Film lovers hit the jackpot Friday and Saturday night at the underground film series. Ironically, we should be thankful that some of the films originally scheduled by Lotus Films didn't show up, and local films were substituted.

*Oiley Pelosa the Pumph Man* (1964-65) was the second selection from California's Robert Nelson, certainly one of the most interesting of the major underground film-makers (his underground, *Oh Dem Watermelons*, will be featured this week end at the final Lotus Film showing at the Peachtree "Art" Theatre). I found this one more to my liking than *Confessions of a Black Mother Succuba* though it has the same Nelson blend of Americana—violence, pornography, racial myths and pop culture. Playing with the lesbian motif, *Oiley* moves through some wonderfully lyrical scenes of two naked bodies swinging high on a rope and offers a splendid example of the differences between the limited view of the human eye and the expanded, composed visions of the camera.

*Mosholu Holiday* (1967), made by George Kuchar for Canadian Television, is quite as enjoyable and as well made as the other Kucharfilms I've seen. It contains another gallery of the Strange People who "star" in these parodies of "big" movies. In one terrific sequence shot on a rooftop, half of the screen spotlights the mirror reflection of a 97-Pound Weakling going through the posturings of the demi-god muscleman while next to the mirror a fat, leopard-skin clad transvestite bumps and grinds to a frothy Hollywood soundtrack. Kuchar quotes directly from one of the Seraghina sequences in *8½* as his camera follows the grotesquely bouncing proportions of a fat Bronx beauty running across a tennis court.

"Y"—the female body as a highway, her sighs as road signs. The juxtaposition of super-extreme close-ups of a woman's body in obvious states of arousal with scenes of highway signs viewed from a fast-moving motor vehicle create an amazing erotica of sight and sound as they are blended with the soundtrack of a woman's sighs and moans, alternately rising and diminishing in intensity. One person sitting near me in the audience became so frustrated at all this sexual carrying on that he growled an unmistakable "Goddamit, come!"

Nathaniel Dorsky's intriguing *Ingreen* reminded me of how shockingly contrived even the semblance of narrative structure can be in an underground film. This one mixes generally three levels of "plot": a man masturbating in front of a green screen overhung with black silhouettes of leaves, his out-of-chronological-time body floating cold and gray in psychic space, and the green and gold homosexual reveries he conjures up out of his childhood and early adolescence. There are some truly stunning psychedelic sequences in Dorsky's eloquent triple-image photography, but the most significant achievement of *Ingreen* is its use of technical devices—especially warm, vibrant color—usually employed to convey a vision of lyricism, here accompanied by electronic bass rising from ominous drone to nightmarish shriek so that the ultimate effect is instead a devastation of the myth of a Golden Age of Childhood.

Now about those last five films—two untitled and three called simply *Sections 8, 13, 11*:

*What you are about to see is produced by light shown through a substance on which a sequence of images has been placed by photochemical processes, projecting the shadow of the image sequence onto a blank screen: any resemblance between the images of this film and the perceptions of reality is purely coincidental and unintentional.*

Watching these breath-taking film collages, I was transported into a kind of aesthetic space where the usual feelings and emotions evoked by the separate, recognizable images in their contexts seemed quite relevant. As these

everyday images from various media were fused into a moving composition, something new began to happen: the traditional feelings were gradually replaced by something indescribable—something with strangely unsentimental, unconventional vibrations usually received only Under The Influence when the doors of perception are temporarily cleansed.

I also thought of a statement made by Antonioni: "From the moment he is born, man is burdened with a heavy load of feelings . . . entirely unsuited to his needs . . . and yet man has not succeeded—so it seems—in unburdening himself of this inheritance. He acts, he hates, he suffers, impelled by moral forces and myths which were already old in the time of Homer. Which is an absurdity in our day, on the eve of man's first journey to the moon."

I don't wish to say anything more about these last five films except that they were the most brilliant, exciting and rewarding of the entire Lotus Film series. It is pleasantly astonishing to know that they are local films, the first two by Keith Caukey, the *Sections* by Kenneth Higdon, and I suppose it is a valid testimony to their worth that while they were being shown, fully half of the Saturday night audience got up and walked out.

—miller francis, jr.



**peachtree art theatre**

**fri & sat** **midnight**

## GRAND FINALE

L	O	T	U	S					
		F	I	L	M	S			
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## black politics CONT.

cont. from page 3

For most of them had built their own competing towers in blacktown: lawyers with many clients, doctors with large practices, educators from decades-old colleges and businessmen and sons of businessmen. They had built in the past and were prepared in the present for competition in the next "legitimate" arena of American social conflict - politics.

If they knew in their black souls that the American dream of equal opportunity for all had always in the past been and was now a vicious lie, they were nevertheless prepared to grasp onto what small truth the myth contained. Whatever was in it, they would use it. It was these people who talked of coalitions, of power, of strategies, of when to lead, when to follow, when to challenge, when to work behind the scenes. Their talk was of how to get more. While the talk of those along the walls contained some of this, their first concern was survival. How to deal with a Ku Klux Klan mayor when one is a lone black alderman. How to live when to run for office can mean sudden and violent death, or slow starvation and economic deprivation.

Then the reception was over,

The evening program began with song. Zelda Kennedy of Morris Brown did "O Holy Night," then "We Shall Overcome" - formally. The black movement anthem had become a Western, a European cultural artifact, like other symbols, once living, King and Kennedy, who now found their being as portraits hung on walls or as marble facsimiles.

With no respect for the once proud anthem so newly interred, Jordan brought Vice-mayor Sam Massell to the mike, who promptly began to toll the bells of progress: "A few blocks away is Whitney Young addressing the Urban League. Who would have thought it just a few years ago . . ."

He bobbed at the podium. Nervous, I thought. The Chamber of Commerce syrup had been almost too sweet when, for the last two days, it had been poured by black hands. Now it became insufferable.

Suddenly a giant black hand grabbed Massell by the nape of the neck and yanked him off the podium, dropping the nice little man smack in his chair.

(I was informed later by other sources that this did not actually happen, that perhaps I was hallucinating. Since I prefer that it did, I report both versions so that the reader may choose whichever he wishes to believe.)

Finally it was Attorney General Clark's turn at the mike. He stood there. No notes. Twiddling a rubber

band between his fingers.

He spoke quietly, with hardly any emotion. He seemed the kind of man who must pray at night that the American system be enabled to deal with its problems. They must all have been that close to his mind, because they came out in the speech.

Flatly, he said, "segregation must be ended in all its manifestations to bring equality." It was an absolute statement. Morality and self-interest coincided: "Separate but equal was never so, could not be, will never be." And, "If we do not demonstrate that it is possible, black and white together, then this poor tired world has more trouble ahead than it can handle." For Clark, the logic of justice had become the logic of survival.

Then it was the last day, and the final lunch.

A printed resolution, prepared by a committee of one representative from each state, was presented to the body. Cataloging the unmet needs of the people of the South, it called for a renewed dedication from private citizens and every level of government to work for change. It included a mild rebuke to the incoming administration for its suggestion that it will turn over the handling of racial problems to the states.

Immediately protest broke out from the state of Arkansas. Then another man from Texas. Proposals and counter-proposals rang out for minor modifications in wording. A bog gaped open.

Henry Marsh, councilman from Richmond, and a key architect of the document, grabbed the floor: "We'll be here all day if you keep knit-picking details. You elected us to represent you. The points you're raising were covered in the meeting to the satisfaction of all."

The resistance was emasculated.

The way was prepared for the final speaker, Congresswoman Shirley Chisolm of New York.

The little black woman sat with a white upside-down flower pot hat on her head, beige dress and fur collar. When she got to the mike a sound somewhere between the whine of a gas-powered buzz saw and the svelte of Aretha Franklin burst upon us: "My black soul brothers and soul sisters, I'm very forthright and I'm very frank. I'm going to tell it to you like it is. We are going through a social revolution." The phrases rolled out like a western whip popping. She was a block woman and a stump speaker, she knew this was a time of revolution and she was on the crest of its tidal wave. In fact she seemed to think she was the wave and the revolution, and because she believed it, she made it believable, nay, indubitable to us.

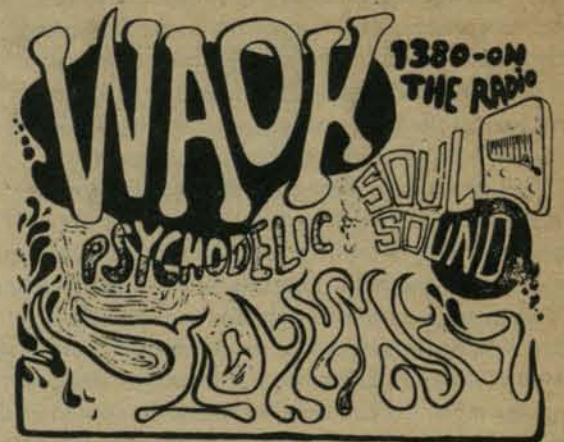
- howard romaine

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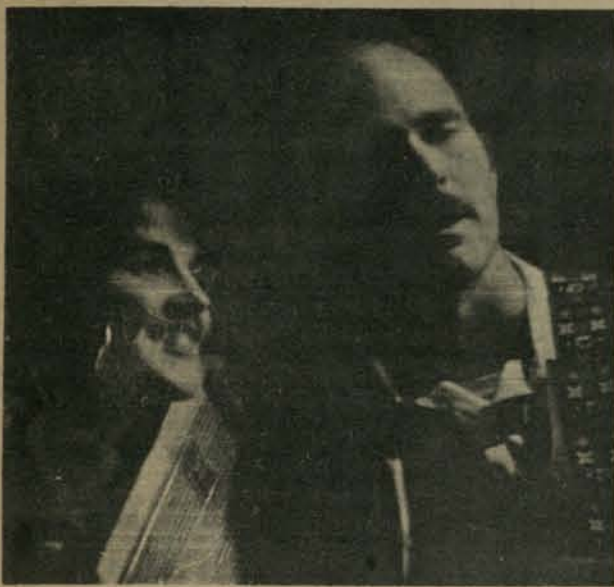


photo by wayne scott jr.

A pretty good crowd turned up at the *Bird* benefit last Monday night, in spite of confusion about the date, and the entertainers who contributed their talent sounded great. The *Bird's* house folksinger, Anne Romaine, who organizes and performs in the annual Appalachian Mountain Festival Tour, sang a selection of secular and religious songs from Appalachia (learned from her grandmother), including many that lamented the South's history of exploitation—of the mill hand, the miner, the married woman, and others which ranged in mood from the rousing "That Old Age Pension Check" (1930's, Roy Acuff) to a touching Richard Farina tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles," done in mountain style. Her last number was, of course, "The Great Speckled Bird," which (in case you don't know) is a groovy old white Southern hymn.

Esther Lefever, wearing an outfit hand-woven by a South Vietnamese mountain woman, picked up the regional mood from Anne, then went on to ballads in a wide range of styles. Her bassist just doesn't measure up to Jim Little (accompanist of many Atlanta folk singers) but the banjo-guitar player provided a fine complement to Esther's psaltry and voice. Sometimes he exchanged the conventional instruments for a special fretless banjo that looked something like a stringed lollipop.

At about 11:30 Jeff Espina finally floated up from The Bottom of the Barrel, to reward the patient fans with a rich set. He supplemented "The Weight" and "I Shall Be Released" (both from *Music From Big Pink*) with several songs of his own, notably "Down on the Block." "The High Sheriff" commented on fuzz-freak class warfare. Espina finished with a series of dreamy Dylanesque ballads, proving once again that he's one of the few singers in the country that should be allowed to imitate Dylan. (He says: "I've been sounding this way for a long time now. Maybe that other cat's imitating me.") All in all, a cozy session.

The *Bird* staff heartily thanks Anne, Esther and her accompanists, Jeff, and everyone at the Gate.

—barbara joye

# U.S. Of X

cont. from page 11

"He'll be so happy," Teresa chirped.  
"Imagine!" Sally gurgled. "To actually bring Christmas to somebody! Imagine!"

Off away in his dingy room, Scrooge the non-consumer lit his lights and knelt in his ancient aescetic ritual, ate his bread and drank his wine, and lay down in darkness, having made his peace with his God, if not with his world. Poor bastards, bound on a never-ceasing wheel of fire: Christmas, Lent; Christmas, Lent; Christmaslentchristmas-lentchris. . . . .

He was asleep. The bells were far away down in the valley.

Suddenly the door banged open and there was the light of torches and the singing of children. *Deck the halls*, they sang, unloading food and gifts. *It came upon a midnight*, they sang, the youngest slightly off key, as they spread packages, hung curtains, dragged in furniture, set up a tree. *I heard the bells*, they sang, and, sure enough, there was a radio-TV-stereo blasting out bell noise.

Then they stood around smiling and saying *Merry Christmas* while Scrooge, who was no longer young, struggled up out of his early sleep, trying to comprehend what was portended by this diabolical invasion.

*I was looking in the window, hoping the children wouldn't be too greatly disappointed. "Damn it," Scrooge muttered. "Damn it all, what's going on?"*

The children's faces fell. "It's Christmas, sir," Elizabeth said. Scrooge looked at the children. You couldn't be cruel to children. But damn it all, now they'd done it; they'd gotten their quota of cheerful giving out of him. Even if he turned down the gifts, stomped them into rubble (he smiled), ran the kids out the door, what good would it do? They still would have cheerfultaken the damn stuff.

Besides, that would be even more wasteful than the rest of the obscene spendthrift squandering potlatching world—of which, it seemed, these kids were coming on to be first-rate citizens. Nothing to do, no way out.

Scrooge forced a smile to his tobacco-stained lips. *Okay, let's play it out*, he thought. He raised a shaky hand to his head, as if to clear cobwebs away (his mind was as clear as—hell, clearer than those miserable bells). "Christmas?" he quavered. "Why—so it is! Thank you, children. God bless you, for being so good to an old lonely man. Thank you, and Merry Christmas!" He blubbered a little bit to keep from breaking down in hilarity.

The kids ran off to the car, which drove off down the mountain. Scrooge opened the gifts. Later, longing in his smoking jacket, working on a panatela and a manhattan, full of turkey and truffles, he lay back on his chaise longue full of Christmas cheer. No-goddamn-el.

*Late that night, after we had got back from Scrooge's housing project, celebrated the final end of the Bad Old Days, and been long abed, I woke, restless and came downstairs for a midnight snack. Somehow the remnants of church banquets failed to tempt me; neither mince pie nor ham nor roast beef nor cheese piqued my appetite. Nothing pleased me.*

*Finally, inexplicably, I chose a snack and sat down at the table—sat there for long hours over a midnight supper of bread and wine.*

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# FUZZ NO. 3

(LNS/Mass.) (Ed. Note: The following is the third and concluding 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, Conn. The author was AIM's candidate for Congress in 1966 and 1968.)

### "We're damned if we do and damned if we don't"

Most police recognize the ambivalence of the people toward them. And as they generally see people at their worst, there often develops what is called "police cynicism" about human nature and society.

We want the narcotics laws enforced, but complain about the system of informants set up by police among addicts. People attack police favoritism, then try to get favors for themselves. We want murderers found, but decry the back-room techniques often necessary to get information. We decry deaths on the highways, then abuse efforts to enforce the traffic laws. The legislators we elect make all sorts of laws about gambling, alcohol, contraceptives, motorcycle helmets, sex, and so on. Then when the police merely enforce these laws, we yell at the police.

The problem is compounded by the division of American society into numerous class and ethnic subcultures which exist in fact, but not in law. Sometimes, the police adjust to this fact by the selective enforcement of the law. Numbers abound in the city. In New York's Lower East Side, the smell of grass is always heavy in the air. Yale serves liquor to minors all the time. But it is in this very selective enforcement of the law that the potential for corruption abounds, and corruption in fact develops. Money, power, or prestige can sometimes buy non-enforcement of, say, the housing health, or gambling, codes. And if, for political reasons, a crackdown on certain people is desired, laws can always be found which they have violated. Also, some policemen may develop individual crusades because of their personality quirks. Supported by something like the "lascivious carriage" law in New Haven, they may pursue arrests far beyond the call of duty, or necessity.

### "People color all cops blue"

Police, like all of us, are subject to being stereotyped. For example, many of us were upset when the *New Haven Register* presented our new police chief staring down the

barrel of a gun at us. Yet Chief Ahern says that picture was taken on the range, one among many normal police functions. The selection of the picture as a lead was not expected by Ahern, and was the choice of the *Register*. The same thing is done so often to me, and to AIM, that we should have been much more hesitant to draw conclusions from the *Register* article.

The same goes for many other stereotypes about police. Some cops are corrupt. So are some professors. Some are brutal. But one officer I talked to said that in 20 years he had never used his gun, a club only once.

The same is true of police forces. Even though all police share essentially the same role and face the same problem, there are differences in organization, training, and administration.

This brings us to an important point. According to some, the cure-all for the ills of the police is professionalization. By increasing training, raising educational requirements, tightening standards, and applying modern management techniques, the police are to become more impartial and efficient in their administration of the law.

One result may be speedier apprehension of criminals. But efficient enforcement of all the laws is also likely to turn us into a policed society, with our freedom strangled by a myriad of rules and regulations, our behavior under constant observation. From the view of the police, charged with law enforcement, a central, rapid source of information on individuals is highly desirable. But for the rest of us, it is a nightmare. The same is true of the video-tapes now being made of all demonstrations by the New Haven Police Department. I don't doubt Chief Ahern when he says that his motives are to protect both the police and the public in case of violence, and to use them for training. But once those tapes are on file, it doesn't take much imagination to think of many other uses to which those in power could put them.

The police conception of order is essentially legalistic, bureaucratic, and semi-militaristic. It is true that the policemen operate much of the time as detached individuals rather than in units like the army. But they, like soldiers, find the ordinary life of the people chaotic. They are especially at odds with the spontaneous life which would characterize a real democratic city — street speakers, dances, meetings, and so on, taking place at the initiative of the people. Sure these are O.K., if they have a permit, but then we are right back

into the morass of legalism.

Police who are aware of these problems will find themselves confronting the people more and more at two points: political conflicts and changing social values. Those on the edges of any society control only one thing — their bodies. They effect change by joining with others in strikes, demonstrations, mass meetings, and sometimes riots. Progressive police ought to realize that these are the outgrowth of injustice, and they ought to protest against being used to suppress the very political forces which are fighting for a more just society.

Sometimes the police do enter the political arena as a pressure group, for example, with the gun laws. But I would be much happier if the police position in favor of gun laws included a proposal to disarm themselves along with the rest of society.

Here we come full circle. If, as I said in the beginning, the police basically represent the status quo, to fully professionalize them, provide them with highly efficient techniques and masses of information, and to leave only them armed, is virtually to insure that the social changes this society needs will never come about.

On the arrest of a group of black teenagers:

"And you think that will solve the problem? You know where they live. If I had to live that way, I'd be in here too. It's the stinking conditions and the high rents for those rat-infested slums that produce this. Some people make a lot of money keeping it that way. The ghetto is a garbage can. And the cops' job is to put the lid on that garbage can. Well, it won't work."

— Frank Sinatra as *The Detective*.

In *The Detective*, Frank Sinatra is promoted as he quickly solves numerous murder cases. Finally he stumbles into a ring of the most powerful people in the city who are making fortunes by selling real estate to each other, continually raising the price until it is finally sold to the city for urban renewal projects.


Sinatra tries to fight it as a detective, but finally sees that he has to turn in his badge if he really wants to attack the causes of slums, rather than just help to keep the lid on. Like the policemen I have met, he was an honest hardworking, sensitive person, disgusted with much of what he saw. But like all such policemen, he was caught in a tragic dilemma.

continued on page 19

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THE REPSTUDIO—A DYNAMIC EXTENSION OF THE ATLANTA REPERTORY THEATER

CONT. FROM P. 18

It is ironic that over 100 years after the modern police were formed to combat the "dangerous classes" and the "mob" the police again find themselves cast in the same role. Much of the drive toward professionalism is being turned toward advanced riot control techniques—mace, fog, foam, instant banana-peel, people-glue, dye markings, high intensity sound generators, tanks, riot training, radio control, and on and on. A leading expert in riot control techniques in the U.S. learned his trade during 12 years with the British Army in India and 12 years as head of riot control in Hong Kong.

But we must remember that the police are only doing the job assigned to them. *Attacks on the police are misplaced.* The real questions are who controls the police, and what job are they given to do?

It is most important that the trend toward autonomy of the police be checked. In both New York City and New Haven, they are supposedly responsible to the Mayor. (In New Haven, he appoints the Police Chief and the Board of Police Commissioners.) But in both cities, the police act at times as though they were an independent body.

So one demand might be that the police become more directly responsive to the people, either through the Board of Aldermen or the new Neighborhood Corporations.

Another effort might be made to work with the police to develop better understanding on their part of the diverse ways of life throughout the city, in return for which neighborhoods might be expected to promise self-policing of community activities.

Finally, however, we know that only a truly humane society will have truly humane police. To work for liberation of the American people, toward an equal, free, and open society, is to work for the liberation of the police as well. Maybe those who agree will join us.

-bob cook

CONT'D  
from page 5

vengeful arm of the law. The occasional violence of the Pentagon demonstration of October 1967 was now systematically and unflinchingly directed against the two key foci of police enmity: the disrespectful demonstrator and the inquisitive reporter.

Chicago was the scene of undeclared warfare. But the police did not want the facts to reach the general public before the raw materials could be channeled by the proper authorities. The press, hence, had to be tamed. The absence of live coverage would only slow the process of reporting; only intimidation of reporters and destruction of their equipment would suppress and even destroy the evidence. And when the effort failed on the local level, as it had to even though 65 of 300 reporters were involved in some conflict with the police, pressure had to be applied on the national level. The police were not guilty of rioting; the TV networks were guilty of irresponsible distortion, of faking news, of systematic editorializing. Pressure has arisen to initiate Congressional investigations of the networks. The vague threat of increased censorship of the establishment media has begun to take concrete shape.

The result of the process, if successful, will be to split the two communities even further apart. An increasingly elaborate facade of normalcy will be constructed while the realities of unrest and despair, injustice and exploitation will be ignored. But those conditions will not cease to develop and the periodic confrontations when they come to the surface will occur with redoubled fury.

The Walker Commission report is sensitive to this tendency and disturbed by it. The report is in part an effort to prevent it. But it is also an effort to focus the discontent on a specific issue, police brutality, without at the same time considering the society which fosters that brutality at home and abroad. At Chicago, various residents personally and millions of Americans vicariously realized fleetingly the mammoth dimensions of the problem.

-ted brodek

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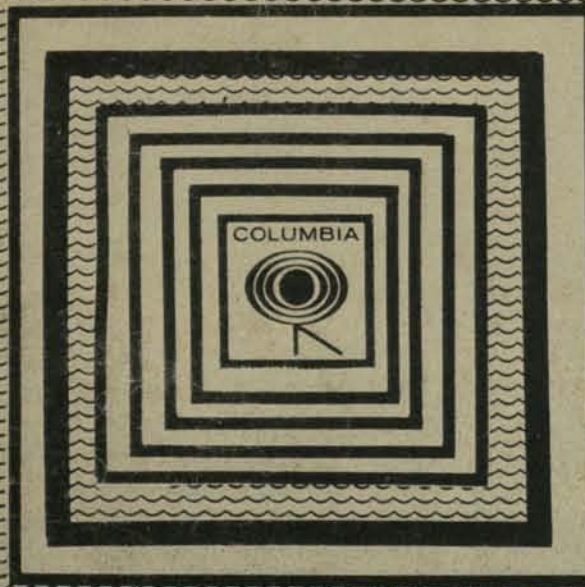
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\*UNDERGROUND FILMS at the PEACHTREE ART THEATER. "The Flicker," "Oh Dem Watermelons," 2 by Vanderbeek, others, midnight \$1.50.  
 \*ANSLEY MALL MINI-CINEMA. "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and "Give a Man an Even Break," W.C.Fields.  
 \*CHEROKEE. "Candy"  
 \*FESTIVAL. "Once Upon an Island," thru Dec. 24.  
 \*LENOX SQUARE. "The Yellow Submarine."  
 \*PEACHTREE ART. "Faces."  
 \*PEACHTREE BATTLE MINI-CINEMA. "Barbarella."

**THEATERS**

\*ACADEMY. "A Man's A Man," Brecht, Dec. 20 & 21, 3213 Roswell Rd. NE, 233-9481, 8:30 pm.  
 \*ATLANTA CHILDREN'S THEATER. "Don Quixote," Alliance Theater, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, Fri. 4 pm; Sat. 11 am & 2 pm.  
 \*ATLANTA REPERTORY THEATER. "In White America," basement area, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, Fri. & Sat., 8:30 pm; Sun. 3 pm, thru Dec. 28, \$1.25 (students) \$4.50 (non-students), "The Hostage," Alliance Theater, Atl. Mem. Arts Center, Dec. 20, 21, 25-28, Jan. 3, 4, 8:30 pm; Dec. 22 & 29, 3 pm, \$2.25 (students) and \$5.50 (non-students), 892-1945.  
 \*THEATRE ATLANTA. "The Fantasticks," Dec. 20, 8:30 pm; "Red, White, and Maddox," thru Jan. 4th.  
 \*UNDERGROUND. "A Sleep of Prisoners," Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way NE, Dec. 20, 21, 28 8 pm, \$2 donation.

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27**

\*RADIO. 7:15 pm: "Music and Memories" WABE-FM (90.1)  
 7:45 pm: Latin American Perspective: "Huaylas, an Andean Community in Search of Progress," WABE-FM 990.1)  
 \*TV. 8:30 pm: Interview about op art, with Victor Vsarely, Chan. 8.

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28**

\*TV. 12 noon: "Tarzan and the Green Goddess," Chan. 2.

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29**

\*POETRY READING. "Love Poems for Xmas," Arthur Burghardt & Beverly Kernkamp, Galerie Illien, 123 14th St., 874-7268, 6 & 8:30 pm.  
 \*PUPPET SHOW. Vagabond Marionettes, Atl. Jewish Community Center, 2 & 2:30 pm.

**MONDAY, DECEMBER 30**

\*CONCERT. Steppenwolf and surprise guest, Municipal Aud., 8 pm.  
 \*RADIO. 7:05 pm: "Curtain Time in Atlanta," WABE-FM (90.1).  
 8:30 pm: "Jazz Spectrum," WABE-FM.  
 \*TV. 9 pm: "Black Journal," Chan. 30.

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31**

\*NEW YEARS EVE PARTY. 12th Gate Coffee House, 8 p.m. - ? \$2.00 donation.  
 \*TV. 7 pm: Here and Now: "Painting," with Dr. Floyd Coleman, Clark College Art Dept. Chan. 30.  
 7:30 pm: New Orleans Jazz: "Armand and The Honeymooners," Chan. 30.  
 9:30 pm: The French Chef: "Artichokes from Top to Bottom," Chan. 30.



**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.  
 \*FILMS. "The Flicker," "Oh Dem Watermelons," 2 by Vanderbeek, others, last Lotus Films presentation, Peachtree Art Theater, midnight, \$1.50.  
 \*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.  
 \*FILMS. Underground, see Fri., Dec. 20.

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22**

\*CONCERT. Fannie Carmichael, gospel, Galerie Illien, 123 14th St., 874-7268, 8 pm.  
 \*CONCERT. String quartet, and dramatic readings from "A Child's Xmas in Wales" by Dylan Thomas, Xmas music, Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way NE, 9:30 am and 11:15 am, Free.  
 \*TV. 7 pm: "How the Grinch Stole Xmas," Dr. Seuss (re-run), Chan. 5.  
 8 pm: "Messiah," Handel, Chan. 30.  
 8 pm: "The Whole World is Watching," investigation of TV news reporting, Chan. 8.

**MONDAY, DECEMBER 23**

\*SPECIAL XMAS SERVICE. Based on the Moravian Love Feast, Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way NE, 7:00 pm.  
 \*THE BIRD BENEFIT WAS LAST WEEK. erroneously dated Dec. 23 in our ad. Sorry watch for more (accurate) Bird Benefit listings in '69.

\*RADIO. 7:05 pm: "Curtain Time in Atlanta," theater announcements, WABE-FM, (90.1)  
 8:30 pm: "Jazz Spectrum," WABE-FM (90.1)  
 \*TV. 7:30 pm: Firing Line: "Entertainers and Politics," guest Orson Bean, Chan. 8.  
 9 pm: NET Journal: Biafra, Chan. 30.  
 10 pm: Renaissance & Baroque Xmas music, Chan. 8.

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24**

\*RADIO. 8:30 pm: Young America Looks at Books: "36 Children," by Herbert Kohl, WABE-FM (90.1).



\*TV. 7:30 pm: New Orleans Jazz: Kings II, Chan. 30.

**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25**

\*RADIO. 3:45 pm: "The Wandering Ballad Singer," WABE-FM (90.1)  
 \*TV. 5 pm: First N.Y. Philharmonic Young People's Concert of the year, with Leonard Bernstein, Chan. 5.  
 8:30 pm: "The Play of Daniel," Chan. 30.

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26**

\*BALLET OPENING. "The Nutcracker Suite," Civic Center Aud., 3 pm daily thru Dec. 30; 8:30 pm Dec. 27 & 28.  
 \*RADIO. 2:45 pm: "Music and Memories," WABE-FM (90.1).  
 8 pm: The Negro in America: "New Birth of Freedom—the Negro and the Civil War," WABE-FM (90.1)  
 9 pm: Library of Congress, poetry reading & discussion, with James Dickey, Josephine Miles, Elder Olson, WABE-FM (90.1)  
 \*TV. 7:30 pm: "Must I serve?" Chan. 30.  
 7:30 pm: "University News," Chan. 8.  
 8 pm: Early Film Comedies, Chan. 8.

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