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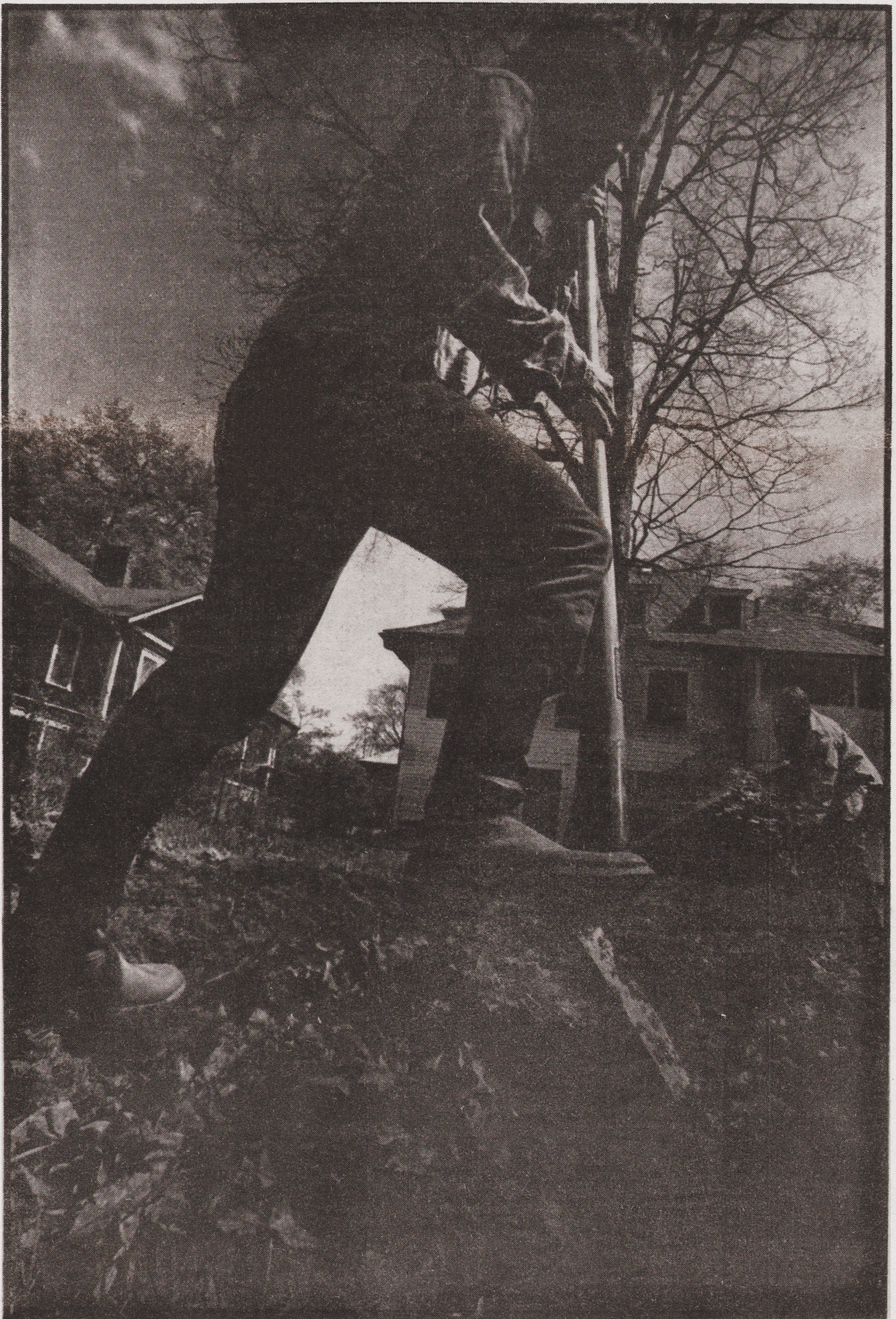
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April 10, 1972

The BIRD

20¢
25¢ outside
Atlanta

Great
speckled





keeping folks off the streets

Trying to move people off the streets and out of the Park has proved to be a difficult, if not impossible, task for the city. Now, as reported in the past few weeks and in the article on this page, the city is pushing for any kind of ticket and arrest pretense that an officer can think up.

On the street, *Birdsellers* are ticketed for pedestrian duties (blocking traffic, stepping off the curb) when they haven't even been near the street. Folks are constantly told to get off the street or else. The courts cooperate fully with these policies of harassment, always finding those arrested and ticketed guilty, even if the arresting officer does not show up for court. And sometimes going so far as to admonish people with "You should stay off the streets" or "Those officers are supposed to give you tickets." Are the shoppers in the downtown business district supposed to keep off the streets too?

The other day, while checking out the street, I observed an officer (badge 2208) searching through the pockets of a young person he had stopped. (It is

almost impossible to find out what a person is being stopped for, as the police on the street feel that any interruption of their "work" is interfering with an officer and then they arrest on that charge.) It is so common for people to be searched on the street that most people did not even look twice at this outrage of the "law." Also, I was asked to "move on" while talking to a *Birdseller*. There was hardly any traffic on the street, just eight officers and I guess they need lots of space. Reports from streetpeople and community workers constantly tell of police illegally searching folks on the street—"Roll up your shirt, take off your shoes and socks, what's in your pockets? Open that backpack" etc. Clearly they feel that an ID check is the same thing as an arrest. We need to make the difference clear to these officers. *Don't touch the officer*, simply step back and ask what he is doing and are you under arrest and if so, what are the charges? If arrested or ticketed, please let us know at the *Bird*. We need to have the officer's name and badge number and a written statement from you telling what happened. When we get enough affidavits and witnesses, we plan to go to court.

The weather's getting good now and that means lots more folks on the street and in the park. Along with all these people comes more police and more harassment. Now is the time for us to get together and stop the harassment so we can all have a good time in the sun.

—linda fibben



GET YOUR BIRDS IN ATLANTA AT:

DOWNTOWN

- Atlanta Bookmart, 101 Peachtree, NE
- *Bookworm, 92 Forsyth St, NW (next to Dinkler Motor Hotel)
- Kicks & Lids, 70 Forsyth St, NW
- Phoenix Bookstore, 45 Edgewood Ave, NE (near Ga. State)

THE STRIP

- *Laundromat, 947 P'tree, NE (near 10th)
- *Smoke Shop, 1038 P'tree, NE (near 11th)

*Bulk Distributors—*Birdsellers* can get papers at 10 cents each—minimum \$5.



BUCKHEAD

- B&C Book Co., 3120 Roswell Rd, NE
- Buckhead Book Mart, 3105 Peachtree Rd, NE

EMORY

- Alexander Stinson, 1571 N. Decatur Rd, NE
- Camus Gate, 1593 N. Decatur Rd, NE
- Village Bookstore, 1435 Oxford Rd, NE

DECATUR

- *Budget Tapes & Records, 1252 Columbia Village

NORTH HIGHLAND & VIRGINIA
Peace Palace, 1040 North Highland Avenue

barbara aiken, ron auburn, connie bille, chet briggs, sunshine bright, morris brown, stephanie coffin, tom coffin, bob dorland, rodney derrick, lucia droby, bill fibben, linda fibben, anne farnsworth, gene guerrero, becky hamilton, candy hamilton, tim hayes, jon jacobson, sue jacobson, anne jenkins, nancy jones, marjorie jordan, jane larrow, leprechaun, karen lane, teddi lane, marcos, moe, and the king, d. railleur, roger, linda ryclek, martin marshall, victi shanholtzer, phil vaile, steve

cover photo by bill fibben

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Park Freeks—The pigs have started a heavy harassment campaign against us in the park. As most of you probably know, pigs have been giving tickets for being on the golf course, grass, steps, etc. The latest tactic of the Blue Meemies is to bust you so that you either have to pay bail or sit in the tank until your court hearing. I don't know if it will continue, but so far most of the cases are dropped because the Oinker don't show up in court.

Easter Sunday about noon, five of us were busted for being on the golf course. We were walking parallel to the road that runs from 13th Street to Charles Allen. We were not on the fairways but close to the road. The Oinkers were C. Benford (badge 2334) and W.G. Blackmon (badge 2263). They didn't show up in court so the cases were dropped, but it cost us \$50 to get out on bond. Rumor has it that "Buddy" Fowlkes, chairman of the Aldermanic Parks Committee, is one of the main Oinkers behind this latest attempt to run us out of the park.

What can you do? If you get hassled, get the pigs' badge numbers and come tell someone at the *birdhouse*, which is off Piedmont at the north end of the Park at 240 Westminster Dr. We are trying to document the harassment so we can make a case in court. OK.

—carl r. hendrickson

Central Area Study wants money, highways & control

Last Wednesday the city planning department made public the Central Area Study (remember four-level Peachtree St.?) which is proposed as a guide to be used by the City in all its future efforts to improve the Atlanta Central Area. Central area is actually misleading, as the area really is north of downtown to Pershing Point, hits on the southern boundary of Model Cities, goes west to Ashby St. and east to Sears on Ponce de Leon. Basically it follows the railroad lines which form a neat circle boundary.

The study was put together by the Policy Committee, composed of the Mayor; the chairmen of the Aldermanic Planning & Development, Finance and Public Works Committees, who are Wyche Fowler, Wade Mitchell and Ira Jackson; John Portman, who is an architect in the city (Peachtree Center) and president of Central Atlanta Progress, a private non-profit organization funded by business interests in the city; and Mills B. Lane, former C&S bank president. The planning department, acting as administrator, hired consultants to handle the various research for the areas of transportation, economy and urban design. The study was funded two-thirds by the federal government and one-third by the city's planning department and that is the city and that is you and me—our taxes, bonds or whatever.

So now we need to know how is this going to make our lives better, assuming of course that anything the city puts out money for, our money, is aimed to make life more joyful for us citydwellers. I have not had the opportunity to read the Central Area Study, but folks at the city planning department gave me some idea of the contents, most of which have to do with transportation in the central area.

Well, there's going to be lots of streets widened so there will be more and faster moving traffic to contend with. The study assumes that I-485 will be built, so that means that Morningside-Lenox and Little Five Points areas will be noisier, dirtier, busier—what will be left of them, that is. Judging from the boundaries already described, the Tenth Street area falls right into the central area. Right now freaks are being hassled off the streets and out of the park. Just by looking at the areas included, we can tell that lots of what are now neighborhoods and community areas will be wiped out to serve the interests of the business vultures.

There is to be a public meeting to discuss the Central Area Study on April 19 at 9 am at city hall. If you live in the neat little circle chances are that this study will affect (possibly alter) your life.

If you want a copy of the Central Area Study call the City Planning Department (659-4463) and for \$5 you can get the 60 page "slick" for the public or you can get the voluminous technical account, from which you can make your own recommendations.

—linda fibben



photo by bill fibben

The strike at Holy Family Hospital continues with admirable solidarity among the strikers. (see *Bird* Mar. 27, Apr. 3). The strikers are maintaining their solidarity and determination although many are heads of their households and now have no source of income.

Instead of firing employees who are demanding better pay, employee benefits, and the right to organize a union, the hospital administration has put them on leave of absence without pay. That status means they cannot get other jobs or receive unemployment compensation. Besides their responsibilities to their families, the strikers are facing bills for legal fees, leaflets, telegrams, transportation and food for volunteer workers. Yet, they continue their struggle for the benefit of all hospital workers. They need our help and support financially, and physically on the picket lines. The hospital is making full use of its treasuries to beat the strike.

The hospital administration tried to divide the strikers by offering to take them back at their old pay and without meeting any strike demands. However, the 12 who originally walked out all refused, and the hospital's tactics failed. The 12 said they would return to work only if given back pay for the period of the strike, employee benefits and the right to have a real vote by employees about their desires for a union. The hospital had a sham vote with a choice between a hospital-controlled grievance committee and an independent committee. The meeting, held with two hours notice, included a harangue against unions and gave less than half the employees opportunity to vote. Many did not receive notice of the meeting until it was over.

As we go to press, Rev. Elias Hardge, minister of West End Presbyterian Church, is trying to put together a fact sheet on the strike, the reasons for it and a chronology of actions by the strikers and all others involved. Hardge hopes that when these facts are compiled, the two sides can resolve their differences. He is one of the few non-hospital people who has discussed the issue with

HOLY FAMILY STRIKE CONTINUES



photo by marjorie jordan

Hospital Administrator Lee Nichols, who has adamantly refused to talk with strikers. Hardge says he has also talked with strikers; Hosea Williams, one of their spokesmen; the board of trustees; hospital workers and the medical staff. He calls himself open-minded, but he describes the two sides as "the strikers" and "the majority of loyal workers who have kept the hospital open." Hardge was preparing the report on Monday, but Hospital Board Chairmen Paul Brown and member Lynwood Wade said they didn't know anything about Hardge's efforts. They both had been away enjoying Easter vacation while the strikers struggled to pay for necessities. Administrator Nichols confirmed he knew about the Hardge effort but was not involved with it on Monday.

The need for this strike by poor black workers in a hospital serving a black community, but with a middle class, mostly white board and administration is a valid comment on health care in this society. Doctor and hospital costs are notoriously high, while pay to hospital "support" staff is notoriously low. Yet, these support people perform many functions of the "professionals" because of the critical shortage of health personnel.

Strikers at Holy Family are requesting such basic benefits as sick leave, group insurance clauses, paid vacations, and holiday pay. Interestingly the 12 strikers were transferred to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU) when they began organizing and presenting these grievances. Then the hospital administration closed the ICU to put these workers out of their jobs. Even when doctors want to admit critically ill patients to the unit, the hospital refuses. There is only one ICU in Atlanta. Patients in ICU receive the most care, attention and services for the lowest cost. Holy Family is saving a lot of money these days.

Meanwhile the strikers are struggling. Give them your support. Join the picket lines. Send contributions to Holy Family Employees, PO Box 42341, Atlanta, Ga. 30311.

-candy

TAKE IT TO THE SIDEWALKS



A couple of years ago a person paid for a peddler's license in Smyrna and was selling the *Bird* there. He was busted for stepping into the street or something like that. The City of Smyrna didn't prosecute him, they just gave him back his license fee on the understanding that he would leave town, which, I'm told, he did.

The ordinance the seller was busted under getting that one couldn't solicit in the street because of safety reasons. The city passed it to keep kids from getting hit in intersections soliciting for charities like Empty Stocking Fund drives, etc. Being resourceful folk, the *Bird* staff came up with the idea that they could sell *Birds* from sidewalks or in shopping centers without the danger of being hit by some motorist or tying up traffic.

I saw the City Clerk early in October, 1971 about getting a peddler's license to sell *Birds* on the sidewalks. He refused to allow me to apply for it. He said that there were people in Smyrna who, because of their dislike for the *Bird*, would be on the lookout for me to do something illegal while selling, like stepping into the street. If I applied for a license to sell papers I might break the traffic ordinance and therefore the city council should decide whether I could apply for a license.

At the first meeting I attended the City Council tabled my request for an application until they could study their statutes, especially a traffic safety ordinance which forbade soliciting in the street off the curb. At the second meeting on November 8, they amended that ordinance to prohibit the sale or distribution of any newspaper in any way other than "over the counter of an established business or through a coin-operated vending machine."

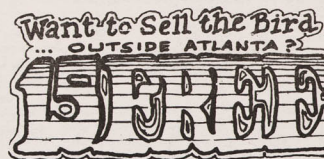
(Just so their little piece of theatre does not go unnoticed: the councillors were very concerned with traffic safety that night. Councilor Tuck proposed large numbers of 25 mph speed limit signs around schools in two or three separate sections of the city. On the other hand Councilor White made a point of stating that he was not voting for the amended ordinance for traffic safety but "to keep the *Bird* out of Smyrna.")

The *Bird* and I brought suit in federal court against the City of Smyrna seeking an injunction against the amended ordinance. ACLU of Georgia cooperating attorney Freeman Hutton prepared the case and Robert Smith argued it. Judge Charles Moye ruled

that the ordinance as amended was unconstitutional and clearly discriminatory against *The Great Speckled Bird* and me.

Friday afternoon some *Bird* staffers went to Smyrna and paid \$25 for a business license. This license covers anyone who wants to sell *The Great Speckled Bird* in Smyrna. Smyrna is now open—but don't step off the curb. Take it to the sidewalks!

-sue jacob



FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE
Fifteen *BIRDS* will fly to you free if you're interested. After that we'll mail you any number at 10¢ a copy paid in advance and 12¢ billed.

NAME _____
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CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP CODE _____
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ATLANTA COOPERATIVE NEWS PROJECT
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Now and for one month only you can get our special 15 free offer in Smyrna. Sell the *Bird* in Smyrna! Get your first 15 free. See ad below. . . .

SOLEDAD BROTHERS AQUITTED



John Clutchette



Fleeta Drumgo

San Francisco—After three days of deliberation, the all-white jury entered Judge Spiro Lee Vavuris' bullet-proof, glass-partitioned courtroom. This is the courtroom where George Jackson would have come to trial had he not been shot in the back in a San Quentin courtyard last August. Now, the two remaining Soledad Brothers, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, accused of killing a guard with George two years ago, waited to hear the verdict of their 13 week trial.

Juror John Callahan was the first to enter the courtroom, and the eyes of all pro-defence spectators followed him. He reached his seat, and as he leaned back, he smiled. A shriek of nervous laughter broke out and we knew how it had gone, not guilty.

But Judge Vavuris would not let well enough alone. After a quick reading of the verdict, he took one last chance to address the jury: "There are many who criticize our judicial system—and unjustly so. . . . This shows that black people can get a fair trial by any

jury in this great country of ours. . . . Of all the systems in the history of civilization, this is the best. If any of these young people have a better system, let me know about it."

Defense lawyer Floyd Sillman broke in to ask Vavuris if the defendants could address the jury. Exhausted by his own harangue, Vavuris consented.

John stood up and faced the jury. "Thank you for my life," he said. "I promise that when I get out of prison I will do everything in my power to help right some of the injustices of this society. Thank you."

Fleeta stood up and tears streamed down his face. Almost unable to speak, he kept it short: "I thank you for seeing through this fraud perpetrated on you."

The jury was released but instead of simply leaving, most of the jurors rushed to the defense table, hugging and shaking hands with John and Fleeta and their attorneys—just like the New York jury that ac-

quitted the Panther 21 of over 100 charges last May. Not only had the prosecution lost its case, it had lost the jurors' respect and the jurors were a lot wiser for the wear.

A half hour later on the ground floor, juror John Callahan, who had repressed many feelings throughout the trial, finally let loose with his anger. "I think that the comments of the judge were entirely out of line," he declared. "It's immoral to have 12 white jurors try two black men. I don't want this to be used to convict other black people with all-white juries and say 'Well, the Soledad Brothers got a fair trial.'"

"They got a fair trial because this is San Francisco and you can find 12 good white people," he continued. "They want 12 rubber stamps. Well, we're not going to do the establishment's dirty work for them any more."

That night, the defense threw a victory celebration—three jurors came. "We took all of their bullshit and we won. We won!" cried Inez Williams, mother of defendant Fleeta Drumgo.

But the movement's joy had to be qualified. "Political trials seem to have two kinds of out-

"I can't understand why Mr. Drumgo and Mr. Clutchette are not walking out the door with us right now. Instant parole or instant pardon is in line. They owe nothing to anyone, least of all, myself or any other juror. How they can put up with two years of that bullshit is incredible. We suffered five months to find truth, they've suffered two years to find justice."

-John Callahan, juror

come," explained a *Berkeley Tribe* reporter who covered the trial for over a year. "Either crushing defeats or frustrating victories. This one ended in a frustrating victory."

Not only had George Jackson been gunned down in prison before he could share in the Soledad Brothers' acquittal, but neither Fleeta nor John is free. Both have returned to San Quentin, where guards and officials were not pleased with the verdict. Fleeta Drumgo still faces charges of murder and conspiracy with the San Quentin 6, prisoners rounded up after George Jackson's murder to give credibility to prison officials' tall tale of George Jackson's escape attempt.

The message of the Soledad Brothers' acquittal seems to be that it's getting much harder for the government to find itself juries that will convict black revolutionaries in the face of evidence that prosecution witnesses have been fed their facts in exchange for favors, such as parole in the case of prisoners. So the government is likely to keep as much of its dirty work as possible away from the eyes of the increasingly sceptical juries. The prison authorities' final solution to the George Jackson "problem" was assassination.

-liberation news service

DISNEY WORLD

One day when Walt Disney World was first opened, but before construction was completed, a construction worker was riding the Mickey Mouse Tram (blue and orange trains that resemble giant golf carts—one of the main methods of transportation in the park). When the smiling, untanned voice came on saying, "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, welcome aboard the Mickey Mouse Tram," he told the voice, "You ain't shittin' It's Mickey Mouse." It upset the tourists no end, but it was probably one of the few times the voice of sanity was ever heard in the Magic Kingdom.

Yes indeed, Walt Disney World has turned my hometown of Orlando, Florida, into a bulldozed, traffic-jammed, money-crazed major tourist center. The Disneyesque bought 27,400 acres of central Florida for an amusement park and tourist center (2,500 acres); preserved wilderness (7,500 acres); and real estate development (all the rest). Needless to say, land development is expected to bring in more money than the park.

Walt Disney is known as the gentle Midwesterner who gave us Mickey Mouse and countless other clean-cut, anthropomorphic friends. He was also a no-nonsense businessman. During the work on *Fantasia*, when one of his artists contemplated taking piano lessons in connection with his work on the film, Disney replied, "What are you, some kind of fag?" He's also the man who said, "My belief is that there are more people who want to smile than those who want to be artistically depressed." My belief is that no sane person is going to smile at Disney World. You might collapse into hysterics or you might be depressed, but I don't think you'd call it "artistic depression."

The whole thing is particularly outrageous to me because I grew up just seven miles from where Walt Disney World now sprawls. Before Disney World, central Florida was a quiet place where not much happened except space shots. Orlando was full of lakes and azaleas and it was called "the city beautiful." South of Orlando were ranches and vast areas of semi-wilderness—just scrub oaks, palmettos and pine trees—scattered with pat patches of swamp. When I was a child I used to go fishing with my family and I was in awe of the fact that there could be so much land inhabited by nothing but frogs and alligators, snakes, rabbits and hogs. I used to think that all those tourists who came to Florida should be able to go fishing in some little creek off the

Kissimmee River. Because when they were sitting there in their boats looking up at the water moccasins sunning themselves on the bushes above, and knowing they were the only people for miles around, they wouldn't be so damned casual about how big they were in relation to the world.

Not many people know that the area south of Orlando is a big ranching area. Kissimmee is the closest town to Disney World. It used to be full of western wear shops, hardware stores and ranchers. Now it's full of land speculators who carry out elaborate deals over the telephone (with people in California buying cheap and selling high, getting rich off land they never see). The impact of all this "development" on the people of Kissimmee is hard to comprehend and there probably aren't too many people who care. By now the only choices they have are joining the rip-off artists or fading out of the picture. Older people are already moving away because speculation has inflated the value of their property, raising property taxes to a level they can't afford to pay.

I guess a lot of people who grew up in the country have seen their wide open spaces disappear forever because of industry and defense and progress. But it really pisses me off that mine are gone because a couple of guys decided it would be neat to build a blue and white fiber glass castle in the middle of the swamp, and import tropical trees to make it look exotic and put in mechanical bears and birds that sing in five languages and a plastic mouse and get a big computer to run it all; and then some hotels with "atmosphere"—like Asian (!), Polynesian, Venetian; and eventually . . . twinkle . . . twinkle . . . F.L.A.S.H. . . . *The Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow*. . . a sort of a blueprint of the future where 20,000 model Americans will do whatever it is the Disneyesque figure people ought to be doing.

EPCOT, the Experimental Prototype, etc., is a scary prospect. That's where they plan to try out sociological and technological innovations that may later be used in the society as a whole. It's scary because in Disney World "people" means white middle class super consumers. People are supposed to be able to move into EPCOT within nine years, so by 1984 they should be going strong. The State of Florida has already given Disney the necessary legal powers. In 1967 the state legislature passed two bills, each one 100 pages long, each one establishing a city and going into detail about

the powers of the municipal governments of these cities. The only thing is that the cities—Bay Lake and Reedy Creek—are on Disney property and there are no people living there. There's nothing there but pine trees. While the laws may later apply to EPCOT, the immediate effect was to give Disney World the power to establish its own building codes, control all utilities, and to set up its own police force. Money talks. And it appears that if you have enough of it you can make all your own laws. The Florida Senate recently adopted a congressional redistricting plan that makes Walt Disney World a congressional district. In a recent article in the *Atlanta Journal* it was suggested that Mickey Mouse might be running for Congress. Why not? Since Disney executives don't actually live at Disney World, he's the only resident.

AND THE

Walt Disney and his brother Roy brought a certain sophistication to the swamp. In addition to the six million dollar fiberglass castle, they pushed the land up into "gently rolling" hills, built artificial lakes and imported tropical plants that died. They installed a wave machine so "all you surfers can hang ten on real Hawaiian-style breakers." Thank God it doesn't work. The whole Disney thing is based on the appeal of the exotic. In California one of the main attractions was Pirates of the Caribbean where you ride a boat that gets caught in the crossfire as pirates (automatons run by computer) terrorize the village, auction off the women—all those exciting things that are a part of our heritage. But in Florida people already know about pirates (and they're learning more every day) so they gave us a South Seas section instead.

The Magic Kingdom is full of reassuring things. In the ride called "It's a Small World," you ride a boat past the continents of the world where hundreds of mechanical dolls in native costume sweetly sing. "It's a small world after all." In the boat with a black man—one of three black visitors I saw at Walt Disney World. After about three continents I began to wonder where the black dolls were and then I saw them high above the boat, bending double in laughter. Beside them was a hyena bending over laughing just like the dolls. Do you get the message? The frightening thing is that by the end of the ride the sparkly-pretty continents and the singing had so lulled me that I was trying to forget the dolls and the hyena.

Phase one of Walt Disney World consists of Theme Park and five hotels. The park, also known as the Magic Kingdom, is similar to California's Disneyland. Two of the hotels—the Contemporary and the Beautiful Polynesian—are open now. These two hotels, built by the Realty Development Division of US Steel, cost \$80 million. So I guess it's worth a tour of at least one of them.

The Beautiful Polynesian is something else. It's built to look like a Polynesian village on the edge of a man-made lagoon. It doesn't quite escape that Holiday Inn atmosphere, but it does try. As you walk across the wooden bridge, past the cobalt blue water (the color is from a chemical that causes the cigarette butts and candy wrappers to settle to the bottom), you are greeted at the door by three women in white A-line dresses, hose and heels, who say in unison, "Aloha, Welcome to the Beautiful Polynesian." As you enter the lobby the sun streams in on lush, green, real plants. The tourists wear Hawaiian sport shirts and straw hats as they recline on the bamboo furniture. The hotel is full of expensive little shops that sell this attire in case you didn't bring it with you.

The waterfront is lined with fiber glass tiki god statues. Each one has a hole in its mouth or navel. The hole is a speaker through which the most wonderful Alo-ha-ee muzak is piped all over the waterfront.

The personnel in this exotic setting wear uniforms that look like they might have been chosen by Tricia Nixon. A-line dresses, matching slacks and windbreaker (with a stripe down the side of the pants), culottes, one-piece bathing suits from 1960, there's not a hint that there might be a sexual body beneath any of them. All of the uniforms worn by employees have this air of rigidity. But it's not that they don't want you to look good. In the employment brochure called "Casting for a Role in Our Walt Disney World Show" the following "on-stage physical requirements" are given: Hostesses: Height 5'5"-5'10"; size 6-14; Hosts: jacket 36-44, trouser-waist 28-40, length 28-35.



RAPE OF

My long-haired brother and I went to the Employment Center together. And while I was standing in a tiny booth being rendered speechless by a woman who smiled and said, "How did you hear about Walt Disney World?" my brother was in the next cubicle where the man was asking, "Are you aware of our grooming code?" My brother looked down at his grubby fingernails and the man said, "No, I mean. . ." and he reeled off a list that began with "no facial hair" and ended with "must not touch the collar in back." Then he looked my brother straight in the eye and said, "Have you ever been in the military, son?"

"No."
"Well, it's a lot like that."
Part of the rigidity of the employees probably stems from the prohibition against fraternizing while on the job. Employees are given special lectures on the dangers of fraternizing with construction workers. They are told that construction workers are violent, uncouth, rapists, to be avoided. Construction workers are also members of unions and this rhetoric works in nicely with Disney's efforts to keep its employees from signing with the union organizers, a middle-aged man and woman who have been in the parking lot every day for months.

Disney gave their workers a 15¢ raise, bringing their pay up to \$2.15 an hour, as an incentive to keep them from signing with the union. If they had joined, their wages would have been equal to those of Disneyland workers in California. (I don't have exact figures, but they make more than \$2.15 an hour.) If you mention the word *union* to Disney World employees, they act as if you've said a dirty word and change the topic. It's incredible that a place where it costs between \$4.75 and \$6.50 to get in the gate and where hotel rooms cost from \$29 to \$44 for one night can't afford to pay union wages.

But then, in his poorer days Walt Disney was famous for paying low wages in order to put all his money into "quality entertainment." The habit of finding someone else to foot the bill has remained. During the construction of Disney World Roy Disney's artful juggling of common stocks and convertibles enabled him to pass the inflated building costs on to the stockholders. For that and for the goodies he got from the Florida legislature, he was the darling of high finance.

It's amazing how many people can be charmed into footing the bills. The radio stations in Orlando broadcast messages asking the people to put up with little inconveniences like traffic jams because the prosperity brought by Disney World is going to far outweigh the disadvantages. Traffic is far from being a small problem. Disney World's parking lot holds 12,000 cars, and on holidays the lot is often full by 10:30 am with traffic backed up for 30 miles on Interstate 4.

While the pollution and congestion caused by this traffic is bad enough, the radios fail to mention the other price that is being paid—the permanent destruction of the natural beauty of Orlando. Orlando, the former

"city beautiful," has started building expressways through all the major lakes, leaving only a puddle on either side of the road. This is supposedly a cheaper way to build roads because the city already owns the lakes. It's been blithely stated in national magazines that in ten years the only orange tree in Orange County will be in a museum. And it's also probably true that the only remnants of that beautiful countryside will either be in a museum or around the homes or people who make about \$50,000 a year. A number of Disney World executives have bought property on Lake Butler in Windermere—an exclusive residential area where politicians know that "no one's going to vote for a mayor who paves streets."

So the beauty and the quiet that were once there for everybody, no matter how poor, will soon be only for the wealthy. The people who are in an intermediate income bracket can buy a ticket to the plasticity of Disney World, but the people who are too poor for that can just have concrete and asphalt, smoky skies and a lot of neon lights. It's hard to believe that there are so many people in this country who would pay for a plastic, computerized playpen and that a beautiful, unique area has been destroyed in order to accommodate those people.

In 1964-65, when the "mystery buyer" was gathering large parcels of land in Orange and Osceola counties, land prices soared and a lot of people got in on the speculation, but *nobody knew* who was buying 27,400 acres in our back yard. The Disneyesque went to great lengths to keep their identity secret in order to keep the price of land from rising even higher and also to keep people from complaining. Large corporations take it for granted that they can take over an area for their own profit—and the profit of US Steel, Eastern Air Lines, Coca Cola, and others who are already far too rich—and to hell with the people who have lived their lives there and who have some kind of attachment

FLORIDA



to the land. I think it's time the people started saying "to hell with your profits, fuck your profits, you ain't gonna have your profits. I'm gonna have my orange trees and air to breathe and a place for my dog to run and you can just go away. Just go away and sit down and start counting your money dollar by dollar and you'll die still counting dollars and you won't have been nearly as destructive." People have already started saying that because they are learning that the amount of electricity you produce, the size of your computer, the amount of concrete you pour, are not the measure of the quality of their lives. When people start fighting for the quality of their own lives there's gonna be some changes made. Heigh-de-ho, Walt Disney, I'm gonna stand over your grave until I'm sure that you are dead.
—Linda Harkey



photos by Linda Harkey



the Rev. Pearly BROWN...

Last week's *Bird* featured a reprint of *Children of Imperialism*, an article on cultural imperialism, as a response to promoter Alex Cooley's ambitious Mar y Sol "First International Puerto Rican Pop Festival" which happened April 1-3. The aggressive mentality of promoters who consciously choose to deal with the music/musicians they are mass merchandizing in terms of profits instead of people produces concerts/festivals like Mar y Sol. Mar y Sol (and similar foreign festivals that have preceded it, and the others that will inevitably follow it) is a natural and logical outgrowth of the white-owned, white-operated American music industry. The industry's blatant racism has also consistently provided a solid base for domestic cultural imperialism. The devastating effects of this kind of cultural imperialism upon those it most consistently exploits—black musicians—make our foreign efforts at cultural imperialism seem small and insignificant by comparison.

Such counter-culture heroes and heroines as the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Janis Joplin, Cream, Chicago, Grand Funk Railroad and others have promoted and perpetuated the ways and means by which black musicians are exploited artistically and commercially. It's been more than just copying a few lines from Miles Davis or memorizing a B.B. King guitar solo note-for-note or imitating Bessie Smith's inflections. Many white groups have found it convenient to appropriate lyrics and tunes from the original artists who wrote and recorded them and to claim credit for the song themselves. Other groups, while not plagiarizing outright, will properly credit a song to its composer, but will not see to it that their record company follows through by making the necessary royalty payments. Or even when the record companies pay up to the publisher, some publishers have been known not to pay the composer. So once again, the original artist ends up shortchanged.

Thankfully, a few artists like John Hammond, John Mayall and Canned Heat have not only taken the time to see that the royalties are paid, but have responsibly shown a sensitivity to the original black artists.

Hammond, Mayall and Canned Heat have frequently performed and toured with blues artists who have influenced them, as well as bringing some relatively obscure bluesmen and women to the public's eye and ears by performing and recording their material.

The original black musicians (everyone from Robert Johnson and Bessie Smith to Little Walter and Billie Holiday to John Lee Hooker and Big Mama Thornton) and the culture from which they came have been fully exploited by countless white musicians who have used what they've appropriated for their own profit and pleasure. Sadly enough these racist practices are solidly reinforced by every level of the multi-billion dollar music industry.

What's even more depressing is that domestic cultural imperialism via the music industry grows worse daily. And it is not likely to change unless or until people start supporting those individuals and groups who are struggling to provide viable artistic and economic alternatives to the existing bands, clubs, promoters, booking agents, personal managers, record companies, record distributors, radio stations and concert promoters.

One such alternative club is Atlanta's own Twelfth Gate, which has consistently provided local talent a place to play, and local audiences with a cheap, comfortable place to come relax and listen to an interesting line-up of acts. This weekend, April 8 and 9, the Twelfth Gate is presenting two outstanding Southern black artists—Buddy Moss and Rev. Blind Pearly Brown.

Buddy Moss is known to many in the Atlanta area and beyond as a master of the blues guitar and a powerful, compelling blues singer. Like Pearly Brown he was "rediscovered" during the folk/blues boom of the '60s. Buddy Moss will be appearing Sunday night.

The Rev. Blind Pearly Brown is one of the last living and active practitioners of a dying folk art—street singing. He plays, sings and preaches on the downtown streets of Macon Wednesday through Saturday every week and has been doing so for many years now. He plays both a 6 and 12 string guitar as well as harmonica-in-the-rack and sings with a passion and intensity that are indicative of the devotion and sensitivity Rev. Brown has not only to his art but to his listeners.

Born in Wilcox County, Rev. Brown was first influenced in music by his grandmother, who sang and taught him many traditional folk tunes and spirituals as well as instilling a respect in him for "religious music" that still remains today. He taught himself to blow harp and began playing the guitar in 1939 while attending the Georgia State Academy for the Blind, where he also received training in singing. "There's some singers you don't know what they're singing, all you know is that they got a tune. Well, at the Academy they learned me not to dwell on the tune so much but to use the words. So the words mean more than the tune because you'll soon forget the tune but you won't forget the words." In his youth Rev. Brown also spent much time listening to 78's of Blind Willie Johnson, Blind Boy Fuller, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith, and these artists had an obvious effect on him and his music.

Rev. Blind Pearly Brown's repertoire consists of a wide and varied collection of some original compositions like "This Is A Mean Ole World," gospel/spirituals, old-time folk tunes and bottleneck blues or "bottleneck religious blues" as Brown prefers to call the blues. His fiery bottleneck guitar work is excellent and had a profound influence on the late Duane Allman of the Allman Brothers band who befriended Rev. Brown in Macon and spent much time with him.

A captivating performer in concert, he has appeared on college campuses throughout the Southeast by himself in addition to touring 19 Southern states with the Southern Folk Festival for several years. In 1966 he won a guitar playing contest at an Atlanta festival which led to appearances later that year at Carnegie Hall and the Newport Folk Festival. A proud and confident man, Pearly Brown sees himself as more than just a street singer—"I'm a man that loves people and my job is to draw people together so that they can be one family of God."

Rev. Blind Pearly Brown will be appearing at the Twelfth Gate Saturday night April 8. Friday April 14 he will be appearing at a Radio Free Georgia Benefit along with the Solid Senders (a new and improved version of the East Side Blues Band) and Esther Lefever and Steve Seaburg. On Saturday April 15 he will be appearing at People's Place on Moreland Ave. If you want to enjoy some fine music and help keep three of Atlanta's vital alternative institutions alive, c'mon out and hear Rev. Blind Pearly Brown.

—harry duncan

Sometimes I wonder how many people know that one of the greatest living black blues artists lives here in Atlanta. Eugene "Buddy" Moss was born in 1914 in Jewell, a town between Augusta and Atlanta, and years later he and his mother moved to Atlanta. His involvement in music began at a very early age with the harmonica. At 14 he was playing with Barbecue Bob and afterwards he recorded with Bob and Curley Weaver as one of the "Georgia Cotton Pickers." During his time with Barbecue Bob, he began picking on the guitar, and at the age of 19 he was recording as a guitarist.

Moss became part of a group of blues artists in Atlanta, among them the legendary Blind Willie McTell. Moss remembers it being a good town for the blues. He is noted for playing in the prime of the blues era, the 30's, recording with artists like McTell and Josh White, but then things began to slacken. It seems that no one really knows why this happened, but Moss blames the influx of big ban. s. His next recording session wasn't until the 40's with Brownie McGee and Sonny Terry.

Moss moved away from Atlanta and worked in the tobacco industry until his return ten years later. He played some in Atlanta, but now he was in his 40's and unjustifiably forgotten. The next long years were spent working odd jobs. Finally in 1964 Moss began to re-emerge. Josh White was playing at Emory University, and when Moss went to see his friend, he was noticed. The next year John Hammond set up a recording session in Nashville to be released on Columbia. This session was Moss' first in 25 years, but for some ungodly reason this album was never released. He played in Atlanta and travelled to Washington, DC, Philadelphia, New York, and appeared in Newport.

Buddy Moss also played some concerts sponsored by the Atlanta Folklore Society. From his concert at the Folklore Society of Greater Washington came his record, *Buddy Moss—Rediscovery*. This album can't even be found in most of Atlanta's record stores. It's a shame!

Moss plays occasional concerts in the Southeast. The times I've seen him, my heart beat fast and I felt a warm tingling sensation. Once he brought out his guitar, he would have to stay comfortable in a chair for hours, for the audiences wouldn't let him go.

Moss is warm and smiling as he takes you through the songs he has written. His voice is clear and powerful, and his guitar playing is smooth and accurate, using varied techniques. It is unfortunate that his music hasn't been fully appreciated, for he generates the feeling of real black blues.

—robin feld

photos by tom coffin

BUDDY MOSS



CONFERENCES & ACTIONS

SOUTHERN REGIONAL CONFERENCE—FOR BUILDING THE MOVEMENT TO FREE ANGELA DAVIS AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

Last year the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF) initiated a meeting in Birmingham, Alabama on the cases of Angela Davis and political prisoners throughout the South. The Memphis Committee to Free Angela Davis was named coordinator for future regional activities.

One year later, the movement to free political prisoners has grown immeasurably. At the same time, repression and the number of political prisoners has also grown. Angela Davis, the Soledad Brothers, and the Harrisburg Seven are all currently on trial. In addition, there are thousands of unknown and little-known cases of people in the jails and prisons of the South who demand our attention.

The April 8 conference in Memphis is an attempt to strengthen the movement to free all political prisoners. Resource people for the conference will include people working against political frame-ups in the South, as well as national leaders. Fania Jordan, from the National United Committee to Free Angela Davis, and Anne Berrigan, of the Harrisburg Seven Defense Committee, will give major reports.

In addition, bulk amounts of literature, buttons, posters, and bumper stickers will be available for people to buy and take back to their local committees. Providing resources and developing communications between committees working to free political prisoners is the major goal of the conference.

The conference will begin at 9:30, April 8 at Century United Methodist Church, 584 East McLennore, Memphis, Tennessee. Call (901) 278-3046 for more information.

ALTERNATE FORMS OF LEGAL PRACTICE

National Conference on Alternate Forms of Practice April 15 and 16, University of Miami School of Law, Coral Gables, Fla. Speakers and workshops on law collectives, public interest law, and other alternatives to the traditional practice of law. Lawyers and non-lawyers may participate. FREE, housing available. Write: The Student Bar Assn. at the law school or Ed Augustine, PO Box 8832, Coral Gables, Fla. 33124, or phone (305) 446-6357.

ABORTION ACTION CONFERENCE

Saturday, April 8, there will be the Southeastern Abortion Conference at the Georgia State Student Center, room 462-463 (on Courtland between Gilmer and Hunter). Speakers include Shirley Johnson (Wheeler), convicted in Florida of having an abortion; Matilda Zimmerman, a coordinator of the Women's National Abortion Action Coalition; and Vicki Billingsley of the Georgia Women's Abortion Coalition. There will also be a movie and workshops to plan toward National Abortion Action Week, May 1-6. Registration—\$2; free childcare and housing available.

NATIONAL ANTIWAR MARCH, APRIL 22

Huge mass demonstrations against the war are scheduled for Saturday, April 22, in New York and Los Angeles. The Student Mobilization Committee and the Atlanta Peace Action Coalition are presently gearing up to send people to New York. If you'd like to help or go, give either organization a call at 876-0906 or go by 128 Pine Street. Or write: PO Box 54731, Atlanta 30308.

The war must end!

RESISTANCE DAY-APRIL 15

The troops are finally coming home from Vietnam, American casualties are already down to an "acceptable" level, draft calls are only a fraction of what they were a year ago. Things are looking better, right?

Well, unfortunately things look better because you see only what the government means for you to see, and what you're meant to see is only a small part of what's going on in Indochina. Nixon has said, "I will not place any limits on the use of air power." It's common knowledge that the total bomb tonnage dropped on Indochina by the US is far in excess of the combined tonnage dropped by both sides in World War II. As of last month, the majority of the bombs dropped in Indochina have been dropped under the Nixon administration, and the heaviest bombing raids of the war were carried out only weeks ago, after which the military stopped releasing the number of planes going on bombing missions. The continuing cost of the air war is \$5 million per day. The government hopes that the publicity given to the withdrawal of American ground troops will overshadow the unpublicized escalation of the air war.

People in five southern states will be working together on April 15, Resistance Day, to publicize the new face of the war in Southeast Asia and to offer open resistance to its continuation. General activities on the 15th will center around draft card turn-ins, resistance within the military, and war tax resistance. In Atlanta, festivities will be held at the main pavilion in Grant Park between 12 noon and 6 pm. There will be speakers, music, literature booths, and an art bazaar. For more information, contact Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, Box 7477, Atlanta, GA 30309.

Jacksonville is the main center of activities in Alabama. They are planning a Community Fair with the intention of exposing people to a variety of alternatives to the Great American Death Trip. Participants include Alabama Resistance, People's Farm at Browns, New School at Huntsville, and the Jacksonville State University Art Department. Music, films, and speakers are also planned. Interested people should contact Alabama Resistance, 419 North Pelham Road, Jacksonville, Ala. (205) 435-4231.

In South Carolina, there will be a rally on the 15th in Greenville, followed by a march back to Columbia for Earth Day on the 22nd. Contact South Carolina Resistance, Box 10342, Greenville, SC (803) 235-6171.

Several local actions are planned for communities in North Carolina. Contact North Carolina Resistance, Box 5404, Raleigh, NC (919) 828-2446.

Local actions are being coordinated in Florida by Sunshine Resistance, 5310 6th Ave. South, St. Petersburg, Fla. (813) 347-6405.

—awin



OLD TIME FIDDLERS' CONVENTION

Mud. Mud, mud, and more mud. That's my most vivid impression of the Old Time Fiddlers' Convention at Union Grove, NC, last weekend. It started raining Thursday night when we arrived, and it didn't quit 'til Saturday morning. Then, for good measure, it poured again Saturday night. The resulting sea of mud was close to a foot deep in some places. Our van had to be towed out by tractor on Sunday.

Over 15,000 people were there for the 48th annual convention, but it was not your usual bluegrass audience of Southern white backwoods, country, and mountain people. No, this was a crowd almost entirely composed of longhaired freaks, many, if not most, college students. That fact, if you were to believe certain Union Grove residents, is the sole reason for the rain and the mud.

Iredell County legend has it that the first fiddlers' convention, held in a little tin-roofed schoolhouse in 1924, was visited by a torrential rainstorm that pounded the roof so hard the music couldn't be heard. The fiddling stopped, so they say, and everyone prayed to the Lord to stop the downpour. Which He did, and it never rained again on Easter weekend 'til 1969 when "all that trouble" arrived—"trouble" meaning hippies.

As a result of the folk music boom of the late '50s and early '60s, word about the annual Easter weekends at Union Grove began to spread, particularly among the hip college set that made up the principal audience for the folk boom. Still, these outsiders were visitors in a country setting. Then, in 1968, *Newsweek*, *Time*, and *The New York Times* featured stories on the fiddlers' convention. That did it: in 1969, an estimated 30,000 people showed up, and so did the rain. So also did The Law: there were countless busts for dope and beer (Iredell is a dry county).

Harper Pierce VanHoy, schoolteacher, dairy farmer, and fiddler, organized the convention in 1924 as a means to raise money for the schoolhouse in Union Grove. VanHoy has run the convention ever since then, and it was always held in the schoolhouse—until 1969, when the school board, appalled at the crowds of aliens and their strange behavior, voted to ban it from school property.

H.P. VanHoy had split his name between his two sons, and the boys evidently never got over it. Harper and Pierce do not speak to one another. Which might have been of no public consequence had not the school board taken its action. Each son then decided to con-

tinue the convention as a commercial venture. But Pierce got his father's endorsement, and thus the huge crowds on his 70-acre farm near Union Grove. Harper went deep into debt to buy some land closer to the old schoolhouse, but his competing festival has never drawn more than a few hundred people.

H.P. VanHoy is still nominally the convention's manager. In his letter announcing this year's event, he said: "I hate to boast too much, but it always sort of tickles me a little to be able to say that our convention is the nation's oldest country music show, even three years older than the Grand Ole Opry. No effort will be spared," he continued, "in keeping the 48th edition authentic and on a high plane, featuring good, clean, fast-moving family type entertainment."

Those last remarks are obviously addressed to the audience of another era. Still, the full incongruity of the situation doesn't really strike you 'til you see his son Pierce, a stocky broadshouldered, silver-haired man who perpetually wears a white cowboy hat, standing ramrod straight at the microphone, nary a smile crossing his face, intoning in an authoritative voice patently accustomed to commanding respect: "I want to say to you what my father always said: 'If you're ladies and

gentlemen at home, you'll be ladies and gentlemen away from home.'"

It's perfectly obvious that the traditional bluegrass and old time musicians are not quite sure what to make of this new audience of longhaired kids. Despite the flagrant clash of lifestyles, however, there seems to be little if any hostility. As a matter of fact, I saw none. Instead, there's a certain amount of puzzlement and a great deal of genuine warmth and friendliness.

The Green Valley Ramblers of Siler City, NC, received a big hand for "I Don't Wanna Be a Hippie Any More"; and they seemed astounded at the standing ovation they drew for their fast pickin' version of "Dixie Breakdown." But they were the exception—most bands clearly enjoyed the foot-stomping, whistling, shouting response to their music. Their attitude was perhaps best summed up by one country disc jockey, who told the crowd: "You wouldn't win no beauty contest, but you've sure been a good audience."

The freaks' invasion of Union Grove is currently an isolated phenomenon. No other bluegrass and old time country music festival, as far as I am aware, attracts a predominantly longhaired crowd. But that may well be the trend of the future. There were some excellent freak musicians on stage, and even a freak clog dancing group, the Green Grass Cloggers from Greenville, NC.

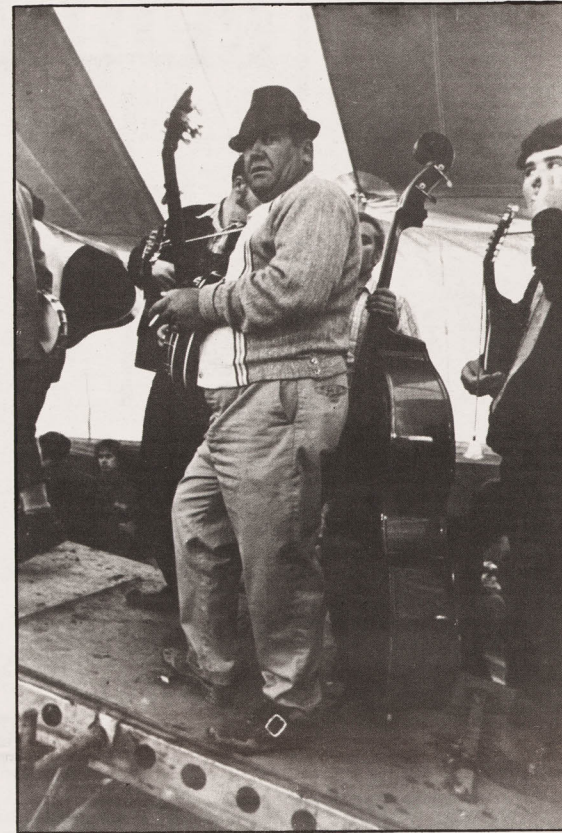
Most bluegrass and old time music festivals draw small audiences of country people for whom the music has been part of a centuries-old cultural heritage. But if the Union Grove scene is repeated—there were almost no country people there in comparison with the hordes of freaks—that heritage may be in danger. Of course, it also confronts another danger in The American Dream, our prepackaging, mass-merchandising, modern capitalist society which tends to eliminate any facet of America not created in its own image.

Part of the appeal of the music, naturally, is that it is not molded by New York and Los Angeles. (I think a good, rousing argument could be made that some of rock music's current doldrums result from the dominance of enervated NY-LA tastemakers over a basically funky Southern art form.) In recent years, festivals which had permitted electric instruments moved to ban them—certainly an indication of inner strength. The traditional high nasal pitch of old time singers has no imitators in other American musical forms. One of the most amazing sounds I've ever heard was old George Pgram braying like a mule—"Sheeeewhhnn"—utterly nothing like it.

One of the best features of old time and bluegrass music is the variety of people playing it. It's not unusual for both father and son to be in the same band. A superb 12-year-old fiddler, Jimmy Edmonds, fronted one band; his performances evoked some of the wildest cheering of the weekend. While the scene is heavily male-dominated, a fair number of bands incorporate women, usually as musicians, rather than just as singers like in rock music.

To be honest, I have a mixed reaction to the freak invasion of Union Grove. The negative aspects are immediately apparent: too much a pop festival atmosphere—tape decks blaring the Rolling Stones, dope dealing, an abundance of the artifacts of hip culture. Yet, the most traditional groups, with tight harmonies and wild fiddling, evoked the biggest response. It seems also possible that this new audience could strengthen bluegrass and old time music by infusing it with new popularity and new blood.

continued to page 25



photos by marjorie Jordan

We'll try to keep you informed on our calendar page of upcoming bluegrass and old time country music festivals. Here's a partial listing:

May 18-21: Montgomery County Bluegrass Festival, Troy, NC—info: PO Box 453, Troy, NC 27371; (919) 572-2076.

June 2-4: Bluegrass Bonanza Showcase, Indian Springs, MD—info: *Bluegrass Unlimited*, PO Box 111, Burke, VA 22015;

(703) 754-4782 or 987-6340.

June 16-17: Old Time Fiddlers and Bluegrass Convention, Marion, VA—info: 214 Huldale Ave., Marion, VA 24354

June 29-July 1: Grayson County Fiddler's Convention, Independence, VA—info: Bud Watson, Rt. 5, Galax, VA; (703) 236-2288.

July 21-22: Bluegrass Band Festival and Old Time Fiddlers Convention, Dublin, VA—info: J.F. Murray, PO Box 1556, Pulaski, VA 24301.

Society and the Healthy Homosexual

by Dr. George Weinberg
St. Martin's Press, New York, 1972

A natural antipathy exists between gay people and members of the psychiatric profession—and for good reasons. "Mental-health experts" of all grades have become the chief spokesmen for modern society's prejudices against homosexuals, and gay men and women, by their obstinate refusal to be "cured" of their "illness" in statistically significant numbers, are continual reminders to the "experts" that their methods, not to mention their operating assumptions, simply don't serve to interpret and analyze human behavior with sufficient precision. This hostility has broken into the open recently with demonstrations by gay activists at psychiatric conventions, and for the first time large numbers of gay people are publicly questioning the right of trained "doctors" to pass judgment on their lives. It is particularly important, therefore, that a book has now appeared written by a professional therapist which attacks the traditional psychiatric premises from the inside. The book is *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*, its author is Dr. George Weinberg, and its value for persons of every sexual persuasion is immense.

The ruling thesis of *Society and the Healthy*

Homosexual (couldn't you find a more expressive title, Dr. W?) is that the aberration really needing study is not a person's preference for sexual experience with members of his or her own sex but the terror and hatred that such behavior elicits in so many people—what Weinberg calls "homophobia." He discusses various causes and manifestations of this attitude and concludes that the chief source of homophobia both in homosexuals and in others is the desire to conform, the fear of being different. This is an observation of enormous importance to students of human sexuality. As Weinberg points out, few "experts" who pronounce loftily on homosexuals' "affliction" consider the question Kinsey in his research posed as crucial, namely "why some people can depart from group custom without suffering and others cannot." I think Weinberg is correct in believing that the vast majority of psychotherapists, whether they know it or not, assume that their patients will be happy in proportion as they align their values and behavior with the norms established by the society in which they live. *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*, by contrast, is excellent therapy for most gay people (as well as liberated straight ones) because it utterly refuses to endorse the standard medical obsession with "adjustment."

So ingrained is this obsession and so determined

are certain practitioners to make their patients conform that, as Weinberg points out in a particularly grisly chapter, they sometimes adopt barbaric methods to eradicate "deviancy." Gay people have been administered electric shocks and emetics that induce vomiting to train them not to respond to sexually arousing pictures, and have even had areas of their brains removed to impair the capacity to fantasize. Weinberg asserts that these techniques result only in limiting the patient's ability to enjoy experience in a certain area without enlarging it in others.

The theories dreamed up to explain the origins of "deviancy" are just as inconsistent and damaging as the techniques to cure it. Weinberg quotes the following hilarious remark by Dr. Irving Bieber: "The child who becomes homosexual is usually overprotected and preferred by his mother. In other cases he may be underprotected and rejected." In other words, the psychiatrist takes as *given* one sick, malmed "queer," and the trick is to attribute his or her malady to some disproportion in parental upbringing (any will do) and to phrase the possibilities in such a way that none are left out. In this way, doctors can terrify parents as well as children into guilt without ever specifying what faults or crimes are at issue or whether, in fact, there is *anything* to feel guilty about.

This psychological McCarthyism is particularly deadly in its sly unstated argument for what Weinberg calls "the conventional balance of power between man and wife." He explains: "The theory that the combination of an assertive mother and weak father produce homosexual sons kills two birds with one stone. It points to the homosexual as a faulty product and it warns the woman seeking equality that she had better go slow, because if she becomes more assertive than her husband this may cause great harm to her children." Throughout his book Weinberg demonstrates the clear connection between popular contempt for gay people and debasement of women, and he reveals unusual sensitivity to the special problems of Lesbians. He shows that even in the realm of homosexuality a kind of ridiculous "double standard" operates to remind women of their lower status. As he says, nothing is more appalling to the majority of people than an effeminate man, whereas a mannish woman can be forgiven for wanting to take on the characteristics of the "superior" sex. Although he never says so explicitly, Weinberg implies that the struggles of women and gay people to achieve full human rights are necessary corollaries to each other, that so long as society can defend its stereotyped sex roles by attacking either liberated women or homosexuals of any type, the deadly macho mystique will continue to

damage the lives of every woman and man. *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* is far from the last word on the subject, but it's an absolutely necessary first word that opens up crucial new areas for further study. Dr. Weinberg concludes his book with some hints about the work currently being done on homophobia, and I particularly hope that careful scientific studies will be devoted to that favorite standby of psychiatrists when explaining the origins of "deviancy," the concept of "arrested development." This insidious theory permits self-important fools to pat gay people condescendingly on the head and say, Poor Thing, it's no wonder you've turned out to be the feeble wretch that you are because, you know, you've never really grown up, you've gotten stuck at some primitive level that mature, adult, responsible people just naturally pass beyond. What Dr. Weinberg's book provides is a framework within which all these dubious but mostly unquestioned ideas about homosexuality can be examined afresh. If one assumes that health consists, not in conforming to the arbitrary standards of a given society, but in recognizing, as Weinberg puts it in his conclusion, that "to exist is to deviate," each person from every other person, then suddenly one will find oneself blessed with an infinite variety of new techniques for treating the disorders, not just of homosexuals, but of every member of the human species.

—bill cutter

THE HEALTHY HOMOSEXUAL

BEHIND BARS

WALTER COLLINS

WILL WRIGHT

photo by Dave Portugal



Walter Collins

Dear Bird Folk,

I received the March 27th issue of the *Bird* yesterday. This is the first copy I have received since early December. In my long, enduring, continuing battle with my captors and keepers in regards to what I write, to whom I write, and what I read, yesterday's receipt of the *Bird* could represent many things and nothing and could be the result of new pacification action directed towards me or a purely accidental occurrence, the result of the failure of the top men of the repressive hierarchy which governs here to communicate to the "non-regular" Mail Room Officer who (mis)handled the mail yesterday, that the *Bird* is unacceptable literature and that I am a convict who refuses to be programmed into non-man or the mythological happy slave, that wholly American creation which fits so well into the psyches of the Americans who rule here.

This programming into non-man or mythical images, this distortion of social reality, this human perversion is what is known as "rehabilitation." When one is rehabilitated, one functions in the manner and image that the rulers of this society and the rulers of this institution—America's society in a slightly unnatural microcosm—deem fit behavior for human beings. Obviously this behavior is what furthers and protects the wealth and power of these rulers. Just as obviously, this institutionally sanctioned and ordained behavior is incapable of solving the problems of convicts, who are mostly poor men and black men and this behavior has little or no connection to the putrid and humanly destructive precipitations of the philosophy of profit at any price which defines and develops the present social order.

Rehabilitation for whom and for what? Certainly not for convicts and certainly not toward fighting for freedom and economic justice. Then, rehabilitation means to return to one's former state. Men are here because they would not and could not accept their social status. And what slave, what impoverished and exploited person wants to return to his state of slavery or oppression? None but the most mentally twisted or morally degraded. And these are the qualities of the man who rule us—the slaves or the people the rulers exploit, rehabilitation is not about convicts—but the keepers, the apologists and supporters of the American Imperium; rehabilitation is about a freedom on slavery, economic and otherwise, not life or freedom or justice. Rehabilitation is about contorting a man such that he becomes useless to himself and other poor and oppressed people. Rehabilitation is about a poor man enduring or cooperating in his economic and social victimization; it is about a potential revolutionary soldier becoming a conscious or unconscious agent for the counter-revolution, the agent for the men who oppose life and humanity.

Accompanying this letter will be a form letter over the signature of the warden. [Ed. note—this letter accompanies all mail from federal prisoners to the press and states: "The letter has been neither opened nor inspected. If the writer raises a problem over which this institution or the Bureau of Prisons has jurisdiction, you may wish to write me or to the Director. . . . You may write back to the inmate, and ask him questions. Your letter will be inspected for contraband, and for any content which would incite illegal conduct. . . . If the person writing you names another inmate or a staff member in his correspondence, we request that you ad-

vised us of that fact before its publication. . . . If the writer encloses for forwarding correspondence addressed to another address, please return the enclosure to me. . . .

This accompanying letter is of interest only for the moral bankruptcy and social delusions to which it speaks. Please ignore and all of its suggestions as they are illegal and designed for gathering information to give to the Inquisition-like committee called the US Board of Parole or to harass convicts.

As for the letter's statement that there are men in the prison population with psychiatric problems, it is true and vicious. But not many people can internalize America and not have psychiatric problems. Then, there are men on the staff of this institution with psychiatric problems, but these go unmentioned and undetected, or if detected, uncared for. And, their psychiatric problems are much graver and more serious than are the psychiatric problems of any convicts who might have some; for the men of this institution's staff suffer from a psycho-social disease called white America and the cure of this disease is not medicine but revolution in all the institutions of America—and even in the very ideas and philosophies that ordain the relationships between people in their society. Yes, some convicts do have psychiatric problems, but mostly convicts have political and economic problems and it is the latter that created, creates, and compounds the psychiatric problems of convicts.

Convicts are in prison because they are poor or non-white, or they were political activists—they refused to allow their talents and skills to be used for exploiting the masses, they refused to consider the methodology, programs and practices of repression, oppression and exploitation as things not to be made public. They refused to be satisfied with poverty, racism, and moral, mental and environmental pollution as a normal part of life in the world's richest and most powerful nation. They refused to be silent about or inactive against their poverty, mis- and undereducation, their social victimization, or they refused to remain silent and inactive while other people were victimized. For these refusals, for experiencing conditions of poverty and multifaceted destructions of their psyche by racism, most men here are in prison. The charges under which the government holds men here are subterfuges, camouflage for the real charges for which most convicts were and are convicted—being poor and/or black, and vocal about what these states mean in America.

The prisons are filled with poor folk and Black folk, the wretched of the earth, and the men and women who keep these people wretched, the real criminals, are running the country, maintaining and building more prisons for yet more unsilent, non-passive victims of capitalist, criminal America.

Towards freedom,
Walter

Walter Collins is a black draft resister imprisoned in the federal prison at Texarkana, Texas. His political activism and refusal to consent to prison correspondence rules has resulted in denial of mail "privileges" by Warden L.M. Connitt. Collins is currently bringing a federal court suit against these practices. From a letter Connitt has written us, it was clearly inadvertant that the *Bird* was allowed in.

Will Wright is Georgia State Prison's oldest resident. He is 93. The weight of nearly nine decades of toil has bent his back but left his spirit undiminished. His mind is as keen as his eyesight, sharp and alert with the wisdom of age. His hearing isn't good but this, amid the constant uproar of institutional living, is a distinct blessing. The habit of work gained from the cotton fields of his youth and 32 years of railroad maintenance is still on him. His first job was in a cotton mill at the tender year of eight. At 93 he daily sweeps and dusts and mops the Nixon Chapel. When the weather is warm and kind and the breezes easy he is often seen sitting on the church steps soaking up the gentle rays of the sun.

Will's wife died a few weeks ago. They'd been married a phenomenal 62 years. "We never had no differences or fights in all those years," he said. They had six children and Will has survived them all. He has 14 grand children and 17 great grand children.

Born in Morgan County he married and moved to Atlanta in 1910. He owns his home and draws a pension from his 32 years service on the railroad. "I never was a man much for sin," he said. "I ain't never drunk or paid a fine or did nothing dishonest. Sin is a mean thing."

Will Wright is serving a life sentence for murder. He shot and killed a man who was threatening his life and trying to rob him in his own home. He is greatly perplexed and confused at being in prison. "Only the Lord knows why I'm here. I sure don't. But my God will deliver me." Will said he had his ticket to heaven.

—James Shearer/gsp news

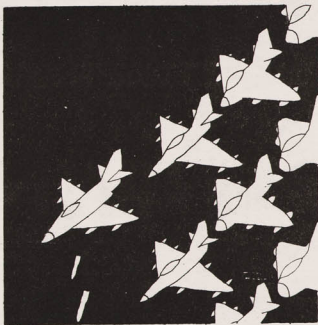
GSP News is the official inmate publication at the state penitentiary at Inmateville.



Will Wright

BOMBING THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH VIETNAM

'the war'



Quang Ngai, South Vietnam—We were driving south on Highway 1, "Street Without Joy" to the French soldiers who fought here 20 years ago. "There used to be a large town right there," said my guide, an American from the local Quaker rehabilitation center. I looked out the window. There was no sign of a town. Only grave mounds, sticking up like large, grassy porcupines in the flooded fields. "See this expanse of rice-fields," he said. "That's not natural for this part of the country. There used to be little hamlets with fruit trees and bamboo hedges every hundred yards or so."

An army jeep passed by us, scattering "Chieu Hoi" leaflets, urging NLF cadres and soldiers to defect. The side of the road was littered with these leaflets. Farther on, I watched as schoolchildren, notebooks in hand, picked them up in bunches.

But all the US bombing and South Vietnamese government leafletting in Quang Ngai seems to have had little effect on the NLF. The province is still an "iron fortress of the Revolution" as it was decades ago when the Viet Minh were fighting the French. If anything, the confidence of the NLF is growing. There has not been an NLF defector in Quang Ngai for months.

In Mo Duc, the capital of one of the most pro-NLF districts in the province, we stopped near the Saigon government district headquarters. It had been blown up three days before by the NLF. There was nothing left of the one-room office but a cement floor. Almost immediately we had to leave again. It was nearly 12, and if the night belongs to the NLF, siesta time belongs to ARVN (Army of the Republic of South Vietnam) hold-up men. From 12 to 2, there are few vehicles on the road and no police on duty. A Quaker doctor who followed us, was stopped by two ARVN soldiers with grenades. They only knew one word of English: "money."

We drove quickly back, past the government propaganda signboards which line the road at the approach to every town like high, political Burma Shave ads. The slogans are those put up all over the country by Saigon's paramilitary "pacification" cadres and they make no allowance for regional variation. "Hurrah for the land-to-the-tiller law," reads one, although this law is virtually unapplied in Quang Ngai. There are no big landlords here, only peasants who say they want peace so they can return to their land.

But their chances at present are slim indeed. Quang Ngai has already been the scene of some of the most intensive destruction from the air of the Whole Indochina war. Today, only the narrow strip of land along Highway 1 is being farmed. While the devastation of US weaponry is every where, along the highway nature is again folding back over the scars.

For humans, the problem is not so simple. Scattered limbs cannot grow back. In the Quaker Rehabilitation Center for civilian amputees and paraplegics where my guide works, every patient is a maimed survivor. Their stories are so similar. This child was fleeing with his family through the fields to avoid a bombing. Someone stepped on a mine and everyone died but him. He is legless. This little girl lost her frontal lobe in the bomb explosion which killed her mother.

I talked to a beautiful young patient my age who asked: "Are your parents and brothers and sisters still living?" In Quang Ngai that is as common and natural an introductory question as asking your age and where you come from. At my affirmative reply she said, "Oh, you're very lucky!" Putting a friendly hand on my arm she told me she liked Americans who were for peace, but—pointing at her stumps—not the Americans who destroyed her legs.

The vocabulary used by the Americans at the

Center takes some getting used to. There are AKs and BKs, double AKs and AK/BK; Above the Knee and Below the Knee amputations. About 20 Vietnamese, several of them amputees, themselves, were busy making feet, arms, and legs. They have even developed a special "paddy leg" for work in flooded ricefields.

In the center, stories like My Lai are so common that they are not a special topic conversation. The survivors are more concerned with problems of living. A young amputee complains incessantly that he'll never be able to find a girl who will marry him. A woman who recently lost both legs and an eye was sad to leave a child she was caring for with friends in a refugee camp. Several years before, Korean troops allied to the US war effort on operation in her village rounded up all the people in her hamlet and marched them down the path to the village central hamlet. On the way she was able to escape into a bamboo thicket. Soon after she heard long bursts of machine gun fire. After the troops left, she ran towards the scene of the shooting. Everyone had been gunned down, but in the mass of bodies, a dying woman was giving birth. The survivor delivered the baby and brought it up.

The afternoon before I left Quang Ngai, I went for an outing with the Wuakers to "Buddha mountain, the only hill around where it is safe for American and Vietnamese civilians to go walking. On our way up we passed a young Vietnamese couple—their scooter had run out of gas, but they didn't seem in a hurry to get back to town. A group of children joined us, and the Quaker doctor played "locomotive" for them, pulling

10 laughing children up the steep slope. The top of the mountain was flat. Someone had brought a frisbee, and the Vietnamese kids joined the game.

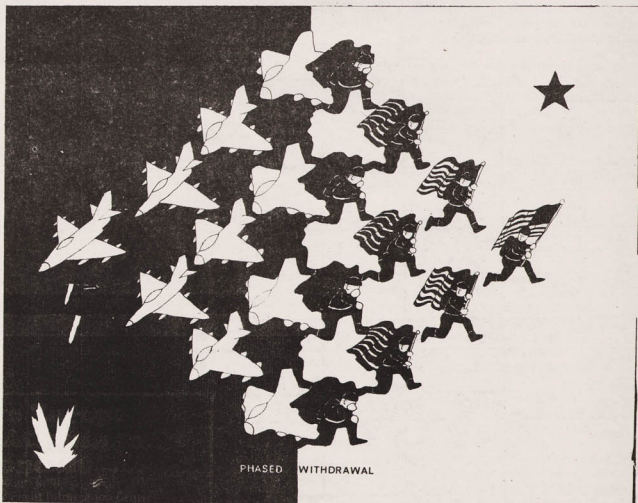
The Quakers come up here quite often, so the kids know who they are. Otherwise kids in this area can be very hostile to Americans. Just the day before, near town, two men in the group had to ask some Vietnamese women to call off kids who were throwing stones at them. They explained they were not soldiers, but worked at the Quaker Rehabilitation Center.

The kids were not good at frisbee, but then none of us could imitate their way of whistling, done by frabbing the bottom lip in one's fist, rounding the top lip and drawing air in sharply, producing a piercing sound. They probably learned this whistle as little watchmen to warn their older brothers in the NLF of the arrival of American troops, as their fathers had whistled when they were boys 20 years before when the VietMinh fought the French.

Stating on "Buddha mountain," I thought of what Ho Chi Minh once told a French emissary who brought a "peace proposal" which amounted to a demand for surrender. "To control Vietnam, the French would have to put a thumb on every square inch of the soil of Vietnam to stop the rice shoots from springing up again," Ho said.

In Quang Ngai, scorched earth has brought forth green rice shoots, dying women have brought forth babies; Vietnam has survived.

—christine white/pacific news service



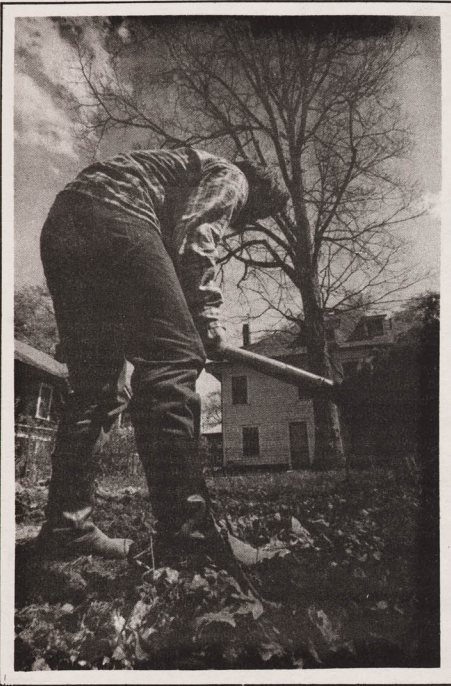


photo by bill fibben

IT'S TIME TO PLANT!

As we became more and more aware of the approach of spring this year, we gradually organized ourselves to make our garden. To begin with, our backyard was planted in grass (not marijuana, tho) by former tenants, so we had to figure out how big to make the garden and where to put it. Then we turned the ground in that area in an attempt to kill the grass. I thought we just had to have a roto-tiller, but we surprised ourselves by turning the sod in a 15'x25' space in about 3-4 hours, using a shovel and a spading fork. About a week later, we went over the whole area with the shovel breaking up all the clods then we spread compost, manure and some bone meal over the whole thing—then turned all that under. We then put some leaves over it to try to kill all the grass that wasn't dead yet. This week we will begin planting—about a month late for some of the vegetables.

The amount of time and effort put into preparing the ground was much less than I had expected and was really very little considering the rewards of gardening. The expenses of the garden are pretty low—so far we've spent about \$15 for seeds, manure and bonemeal—we'll have enough extra-seeds to give away, and we could have saved \$2 on the manure if we'd known about sludge. Our one row of tomatoes will just about pay for the cost, so everything else is basically free.

Also, if you mulch your plants, your garden will require a minimum of maintenance during the growing season. Mulch includes grass cuttings, leaves, straw, etc., which are used as a ground covering around

discourages insect pests.

It's not necessary to pour gallons of chemical pesticides on the land to get rid of bugs and beetles. Doing that follows the "American way"—if you can't overcome something by sheer will power, dump a bunch of chemicals on it and make it go away (just the way the US treats Vietnam).

We're so used to putting ourselves into metal and plastic containers to move through our surroundings, we begin to think of butterflies as things that go 'Splat!' on the windshield rather than beautiful delicate creatures. We have to get away from that framework in order to get into gardening. We have to learn to see nature as an ecological system in which plants, insects and animals have natural friends/protectors and natural enemies. For example, the bugs that like one plant hate the bugs that like another plant, so if you plant the two things side by side, the bugs will kill each other. Or pests that like one plant despise another plant and will stay away from both if they are planted side by side (see accompanying chart for specifics). "But remember this:" says an article in *Organic Gardening and Farming*. "Pests don't harm healthy plants much. Healthy plants, the kind that grow in humus-rich, properly fertilized soil, may be preyed on occasionally, but they can take it."

The vegetables that you grow using what is naturally available are not only far better for your body, they taste better too. Happy digging!
—anne jenkins



graphic from shumway seed catalog

The Rodale Press publishes some very good information on organic gardening. *Organic Gardening and Farming* is published monthly; send \$5.85 for one year, \$10.45 for two years, \$14.45 for three years, or \$.60 for a sample copy to the magazine at 33 East Minor Street, Emmaus, Pa. 18049. Among their books are *How to Grow Vegetables and Fruits by the Organic Method* (\$10.19) and *The Encyclopedia of Organic Gardening* (\$11.19). Another place to check for books and periodicals is *The Whole Earth Catalog*. And don't forget your local public library!

Your local county agriculture agent (Fulton County, 572-2346; DeKalb, 371-2821) has a number of pamphlets to help with your gardening and can help you when you run into problems. They will also help you arrange to have your soil tested at the University of Georgia (\$2 per sample).

free humus

The City of Atlanta produces several tons of humus every day—and every one of us contributes to it. We also pay for its processing whenever we pay sewer bills or rent. But what happens to it? Most of it becomes land fill or gets burned. And Atlanta is just full of vacant lots that we could dump it on and then grow vegetables and flowers.

According to Mr. Ira Kelly in the water pollution control division at City Hall, less than 0.1% of it is used as humus to enrich the soil in people's gardens. This sludge is sterilized, some of it is dried on sand drying beds, and some in a centrifuge (this however has about 10 lb. per ton of a petroleum derivative similar to detergent added to it). Sludge contains potassium, potash, etc., but in lower quantities than commercial fertilizer, which sometimes has too high a percentage of certain elements which can "burn" plants.

So, if you need humus, call the Water Pollution Control Plant in your area and ask if they have sludge available that has been dried in sand drying beds. You'll need to shovel it into your vehicle and equip yourself to handle mud—it's not exactly dry. As Mr. Kelly said, "It's a tragedy that more of this material is not being used to enrich the soil."

—anne jenkins



photo by bill fibben

Let's Use Vacant Lots

Dear Bird,
You ended your report on I-485 in the March 6th issue with the statement "Little Five Points ought to have a fine People's Park this spring." I'm not sure how seriously you intended this remark to be taken, but I think it's a great idea. The other day I read an article by Philip R. Pryde in the February issue of the Sierra Club *Bulletin* which deals with the problem of acquiring land—particularly in urban areas—to be used for parks. It will come as no surprise that the biggest obstacle to acquiring such land is "economics"—buying a parcel of land (often at highly inflated prices) and turning it into a park is not "profitable." (This is a simplified statement of the problem, of course. Mr. Pryde goes into much more detail and explores possible solutions.)

Well, since considerable land has already been cleared for I-485, apparently this land has already been acquired. So, if we can keep the freeway out, we have land ready and waiting to be turned into parks, though it obviously will not be a simple process. First, if the freeway is not built, there will be tremendous pressure to "develop" the land into apartment complexes, shop-

ping centers, and other enterprises which will be profitable to the developers and the government. Also, there may be legal entanglements that I am not aware of, such as the money for the land acquisition being tied directly to highway construction—federal grants, etc. (This needs exploration.)

An interesting point made by Mr. Pryde in his article is that parks provide many benefits—largely unrecognized—besides recreation. Among them are photosynthesis, noise abatement, and temperature amelioration, to name only a few. My own personal preference is for simple, "mini-wilderness" areas—just grass and trees, with perhaps a sprinkling of park benches. Such parks need not be expensive to construct on land that has already been purchased. I suspect that many parks of this type could be built for the amount of money it would take to engineer a single golf course. (No more golf courses, please! Golfers seem to have a disproportionate share of urban park land already.)

Seems worthy trying, anyway.
Phil Milam
Atlanta

Plant	Planting Date*	Light	Plants how far apart	Rows how far apart	Yield per 10-ft. row	No. of Days til Harvest	Complimentary Herbs	Pests	What to do About Pests
Bush Beans	April 15	likes sun	6 in.	20 in.	6 lb.	65-75	summer savory	Mexican bean beetle	successive plantings—pull up old plants. hand-pick beetles, marigolds.
Broccoli	April 1	likes sun	18 in.	24 in.	6 lb.	60-70		cutworms	protect plants with cardboard collars
Carrots	March 15	likes sun	4 in.	20 in.	7½ lb.	70	chives, flax, rosemary, sage	relatively free of enemies	
Cucumbers	May 1	likes sun	5 ft.	next to fence	10 lb.	60-65	keep away from sage	beetles	successive plantings—pull up old plants; pick off beetles; nasturtiums.
Lettuce (Boston)	March 1	some shade	12 in.	18 in.	9 heads	70	garlic	cutworms aphids	protect young plants with cardboard collars mulch; grow garlic with lettuce
Okra	April 1	likes sun	12 in.	36 in.		50		relatively free of enemies	
Onions	March 1	likes sun	6 in.	20 in.	10 lb.	90	camomile, summer savory	relatively free of enemies	
Peas (green)	March 1	likes sun	6 in.	30 in.	3 lb.	60		lice	spread wood ashes along rows
Peppers	April 15	likes sun	24 in.	24 in.		70	basil, mint	cutworms	protect with cardboard collars, pick off worms daily, basil.
Radishes	March 1	likes sun	1 in.	12 in.	10 bunches	20-25	chervil	root maggot	oak leaf mulch, wood ashes
Tomatoes	April 10	full sun	36 in.	30 in.	50 lb.	60-70	basil, beebalm, borage, mint, sowthistle	cutworms tomato worm slugs	protect with cardboard collars, pick off worms, basil, marigolds dish of beer in garden
Summer Squash	April 15- May 1	loves sun	5 ft.		16 lb.	50		see cucumbers squash bugs	nasturtium

* these dates are based on March 30 being the mean date for the last frost in the Atlanta area.

chart by anne jenkins



Fayetteville, NC—George Smith, former POW and Green Beret sergeant who described his "adventure" in *POW: Two Years With the Viet Cong*, spoke March 24 at the opening of Changing Times Books, a people's bookstore opened here by *Bragg Briefs*, a GI paper, the GI Union, and the enlisted men's wives and dependents association.

Smith had been at Fort Bragg in 1961-63 and had received Special Forces training here. In '63, he volunteered to go to Vietnam, mostly because he wanted to make a lot of money. He also thought that the US was defending a democracy, but after arriving in Vietnam he was soon disillusioned. After five months, he and four other Americans were captured by the National Liberation Front with the full knowledge and acceptance of the people they had been supposedly training to fight communism.

Smith described his imprisonment as not so bad. When first captured, he was "interrogated," i.e. told the history of Vietnam and questioned as to whether or not he knew why he was there. Food was often scarce, he said, but that was due to the continued US bombing. The guards had no more food than the prisoners. Their health needs were taken care of and they were given immunization shots for jungle diseases such as malaria. Their bamboo cages were clean and they were allowed to go out for exercise. At varying times, depending on how the war was going and how much bombing was going on, the prisoners had some freedom to move amongst themselves.

Smith said that he never saw anyone beaten or tortured. The fact that the camp was in the jungle and that they were constantly being bombed made the living conditions for everyone pretty rough. When Smith returned to the States, he found out that the US knew of the location of the camp but instructed pilots that "this should not preclude your bombing these areas." Before his capture, Smith had had an opportunity to see the living conditions of suspected "Viet Cong" in the tiger cages of the United States' POW camps; he said the difference was like night and day. He had once spoken with a US interrogator who said that he usually killed prisoners—"disappeared 'em"—once they'd been mutilated enough to get the interrogator in trouble.

In 1965, an American Quaker, Norman Morrison, immolated himself in protest of the Vietnam war. In response, Smith was released by the NLF. Upon his release the Army detained him on Okinawa for five months and attempted to court-martial him for treason because of a letter he had written from prison which said that the war was wrong. After much hassle, he was finally discharged and sent home with a general discharge under honorable conditions.

Smith, now a mailman in West Virginia said that the bombing hasn't done anything toward releasing the POWs. He believes that the Vietnamese will release the POWs when the war ends, just as they released French prisoners after the battle of Dien Bien Phu. The letters and billboard campaigns of the National League of Families, he said, have only served to anger the Vietnamese. The League is sponsored by the Administration and totally supports Nixon's policies on the war. There is, however, an increasingly larger split amongst POW relatives and many have become active in the Left movement against the war.

Smith was asked whether he thought the Vietnamese had been frank in identifying all the POWs. He thought so, since they had no reason to lie. If they release some names, why not all? While Hanoi has released the names of 368 POWs, the Administration insists that there are 1,600. That has kept thousands of relatives in this country thinking that their brother, son or husband is one of the unnamed, and naturally that has provided a ready membership pool for the National League of Families.

Smith felt that most Americans no longer believe we're fighting for democracy in Vietnam. He supports immediate withdrawal. We must stop the killing now, he declared, or resign ourselves to a militaristic government that kills all over the world.

—paula cohen

NORTH CAROLINA AND THE MILITARY

Once again, an anti-military GI organizing project has been busted. This time, the local police in Jacksonville, North Carolina, raided the house of Fred Berardi and Bill Sayre, who had been working with Marines at nearby Camp Lejeune, at 4:30 am Saturday April 1. Fred and Bill weren't there at the time (they were attending the Old Time Fiddlers' Convention in Union Grove), but Paul Cox, an active-duty Marine who was there sleeping, was busted.

Naturally, the pigs charged dope. What else is new? They searched for an hour and a half, then claimed to have found "traces" in an abandoned suitcase. GI projects are notoriously anti-dope because of the enormous harassment they face. The lieutenant in charge of the raid was well-named: Lt. Miracle.

The cops seemed more interested in political aspects of the raid. They called in naval intelligence and the FBI to inspect the files and records of the project. The FBI didn't show, but the Navy fellow came rumming and rifled through the files.

The project's main presence is Marine Books, a storefront that serves as a combination bookstore, meeting place, reading room, library, what-have-you. So far, five monthly issues of *Rage!*, written by and for Marines, have been published. 5,000 of the first two issues were printed, 7,500 of the last three, and they've gone like hotcakes. Naturally, such activity has not set well with the Marine Corps, nor with the local powers-that-be, who are in the final analysis dependent on Lejeune's 36,000-man payroll. In a little town of 15,000, that's nothing to be sneezed at.

—steve vice

About twenty people participated in two open seminars on Uruguay held March 26 and 30 at the Institute for Southern Studies. These sessions comprised the second part of a series of Third World Seminars initiated by a loosely organized group wanting to encourage wider discussion of revolutionary movements in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Choosing Latin America as an initial focus, the group planned research and presentation on two countries; two sessions on Chile were held in February followed by the two sessions on Uruguay.

The continuation of the series will depend now on other small research groups forming to prepare additional seminars—which need not be limited to Latin America. Evaluation from the 35 to 40 people attending one or more of the meetings indicates that, along with criticism of some lack of organization and cohesiveness, many felt the sessions were good learning experiences. Although people are looking into the possibilities of groups studying Puerto Rico or Brazil, nothing is definite yet. If you are interested in working with other people in preparing one or two evenings of presentation and open discussion on a Third World country, contact Jane at 688-6222 or Ann at 373-3864.

—ann

LATIN AMERICAN SEMINARS

RADIO FREE GEORGIA

The Great Speckled Bird:

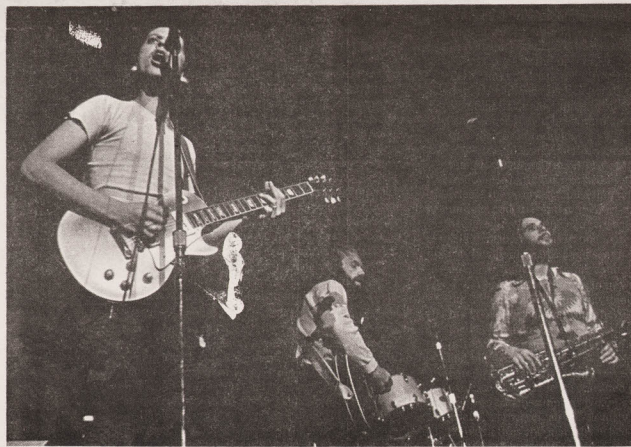
Regarding your article about Radio Free Georgia in the March 13 issue of the *Bird*, we feel some corrections are necessary to give the public a more accurate view of RFG.

First, as we have not been officially assigned the call letters WRFG, the Foundation is not in a position to claim them as our own. In the future they will be used only when in quotes or other symbols showing clearly that these are unofficial.

Second, although through a misunderstanding you may have gotten the impression that the station would be run as a collective, and was only a corporation out of necessity, this is not the case. The foundation was set up as a corporate structure and intends to operate as such. The Board of Trustees will make all the policy decisions.

We would appreciate it very much if you would print this letter in your next issue to help clarify things. Should the FCC get the impression that Radio Free Georgia is a collective, we would be in danger of losing our construction permit, or at the least we would be seriously delayed in our application for a license to operate.

Thank you,
Thomas L. Connors
President, Radio Free Georgia
Broadcasting Foundation Inc.
Atlanta



BEACH BOYS IN CONCERT
AT GEORGIA TECH, THURSDAY,
MARCH 30, 1972



PHOTOS BY CARTER TOMASKI

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NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND

A LITTLE BIT OF COUNTRY

Swamp Grass
by Doug Kershaw
Warner Brothers, BS-2581

All The Good Times
by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
United Artists, UAS-5553

Ever since that fateful day in 1967 when Bob Dylan trucked into a Nashville studio and emerged with *John Wesley Harding*, rock artists—not all of them, of course—have been seeking to add a little country to their music. In fact, some groups, like the Grateful Dead, completely reoriented their music, at least for awhile.

The procession of rock musicians trooping through their studios naturally aroused the curiosity of some Nashville producers. With the introduction of the upbeat Nashville Sound, they had begun to reach a broader audience. So why not the pop or rock audience? Johnny Cash and Kris Kristofferson, among others, had

already shown the way. Now Waylon Jennings, after 18 country albums, seems to be getting the promotional pop push. *Rolling Stone*, Dec. 9, featured his "Monster Voice," and its current issue contains full page ads from RCA on several of his albums.

But the pop push for country artists may not always be such a good idea. A case in point: Doug Kershaw. His first two Warner albums skirted a thin line between his natural country Cajun funk and a mawkish sentimentality. Both were heavily upbeat Nashville Sound, but the dynamism of Kershaw's fiddling and his strange emotional voice made them both good LPs. Unfortunately, that thin line disappears on his third album, *Swamp Grass* compounds all of the faults of the first two albums, and retains precious little of their virtues.

To take the most obvious fault: Kershaw does very little fiddling! Though he can play 29 different instruments, he's made his reputation with his incredible fiddling, wild and free from all sides and angles.

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BUY THE BIRD AT THE BOOKWORM

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EDUCATING for REPEAL of ANTI-ABORTION LAWS

ORGANIZING NATIONAL ABORTION ACTION WEEK MAY 1-6

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Why he and/or producer Buddy Killen all but eliminated it from this album I can't imagine.

With the lack of fiddling, the Nashville overproduction comes to the fore—choruses, horns, strings, the whole schlock bit. Added to that are the lyrics (all written by Kershaw, who's reputed to have penned some 19,000-plus songs) which are, for the most part, embarrassingly sentimental, if not downright silly and mundane drivel. The title of one, "From a Little Flirt Comes a Big Hurt," will give you an indication.

The album begins with "Louisiana Woman" ("heavy on my mind," Kershaw intones), sung in a low-down, heavy voice dripping with a ludicrous sincerity. As if that were not bad enough, Kershaw reaches the absolute nadir with his third recorded version of "Louisiana Man." Written in 1960, first recorded a year later, and since then covered by more than 900 other artists, "Louisiana Man" has rightfully become a classic. Intensely autobiographical, as many of Kershaw's songs are, it pulls images out of his Ameri-Cajun culture in the swamps of south Louisiana and weaves them together to give a superb sense of the visceral rhythms of survival there. In the *Swamp Grass* version, however, Kershaw slowly and melodramatically speaks the words over a lush background production. It doesn't work.

Swamp Grass is not total disaster. Kershaw puts his heart into "Cajun It Wait Till Tomorrow," a good country tune with boogie piano. It's insistent and wailing; it possesses a spirit and vitality not found elsewhere on the album. "Zachariah" (from the movie) has some decent fiddling, as does "Cajun Funk," a number which dips into rock and hints at what's possible.

I know I may seem presumptuous, but if Kershaw wants a rock sound, he could learn quite a bit from the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, whose sixth album *All The Good Times* was released two months ago. These five boys aren't Southerners, but Westerners (you can tell from the way they pronounce Texas—they don't call it Tex-us, but Tex-iss). They first formed in the LA area in 1966 and right off had a couple of hits with "Buy For Me the Rain" and "Truly Right." But those two nostalgia-tinged, string-embellished ballads were not typical of the band's jug band/bluegrass orientation. Unfortunately, their label, Liberty, demanded of them a nice-and-rosy commercial sound—which resulted in four mediocre albums and the break-up of the band.

Finally released from the Liberty contract, they re-formed, got a new contract with United Artists, and produced one fine album in *Uncle Charlie* and his

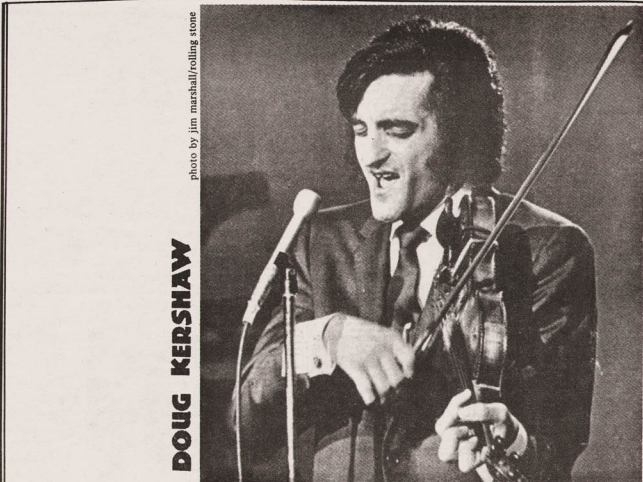


photo by jim marshall/rolling stone

DOUG KERSHAW

Dig Teddy, which showed off their musical versatility, ranging from Buddy Holly rock to electrified bluegrass, with each playing several instruments including washtub bass, banjo, mandolin, and accordion.

All the Good Times, while not a concept album like *Uncle Charlie*, broadens the group's range of music to include two Cajun tunes. There's also a tuba for laughs. One of the best tunes is J.D. Miller's "Diggy Diggy Lo," first popularized by Kershaw, performed here "live" as a concert encore with fiddles blazing, backed by rock power. It illustrates why the Dirt Band has a reputation as a super live group. The Dirt Band's version is faithful to Kershaw's, and is far and away better than anything on *Swamp Grass*.

I can't think of one negative thing to say about *All The Good Times*. It's no negative thing, there's no pre-

tense, it's just plain fun. Get-up-off-ya-ers, good time, rollicking music that'll make you wanta holler! There's no intention of being a country rock band, though it's been classified that way. It's simply fine rock-n-roll with considerably varied instrumentation. "Sixteen Tracks," probably the best cut on the album, puts it all together in a rockabilly fashion that'll make you grin.

One last item: while in Nashville cutting "Sixteen Tracks," the Dirt Band was also preparing a double album, yet to be released, featuring Roy Acuff, Merle Travis, Doc Watson, Earl Scruggs, Mother Maybelle Carter, and other country luminaries. I heard "I Saw the Light," billed as Roy Acuff & the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, on WPLO-AM once. If the rest of the package is like that, it'll be a knockout.

—steve wise

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Though I may lean too much toward the beast-man, I think the idea man must be more magnificent as to character than his mate: woman more magnificent as to soul than her mate are obsessions that should be modulated. I, your Jack, have so let a message from the Christ come into my heart.

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This is photo of Julius Evans age 8, who is a positive sickle cell case. He is standing in front of a magnified illustration of red blood cells taken from a patient in a sickle cell crises. In Western and Central Africa, where there is a high incidence of Malaria, a natural immunity against this disease was built up in some of the People. The Malaria germ attacks the red blood cells, and some Western and Central Africans began to develop and immunity to the germ. The actual shape of the red blood cells in these people began to transform; instead of being




the normally round, donut shape, their blood cells became elongated into a sickle-like shape.

When the Euro-American slave traders invaded the African continent and forcibly removed the People from their homeland to the U.S., the People naturally began to be affected; what was once an advantage in their homeland became a disadvantage in this foreign environment. Those who had the sickled red blood cells, no longer needing them to fight of the Malaria germ, began to suffer terrible consequences of their transportation from one continent to another. Eventually, as these blood cells are transferred from generation to generation (they are hereditary), Black People in the U.S. began to suffer from anemia from the sickled cells. This sickle cell anemia has been peculiar to Black People for these reasons.

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ATLANTA-CALLAWAY BIKE TOUR

Riders will leave from Atlanta City Hall Saturday, April 22 at 8 am (meet at 7 am to load sleeping bag on sig wagon) for a tour of Georgia's scenic farm land with an overnight stop at Pine Mountain. The return route on Sunday, April 23 will pass over Pine Mountain, presently threatened by proposed Interstate-185.

The route, about 85 miles down and 90 miles return is flat to rolling with the exception of the mountainous section on the return. Riders should vigorously condition themselves for this ride (for example by riding 20 miles in 2 hours every day from now till then). It is a strenuous ride and is not recommended for the occasional cyclist. Riders will be expected to obey all traffic regulations and to follow the advice of the SBL ride coordinators.

Entry fee for the tour is \$7. This includes shuttle of your sleeping bag, sleeping bag shelter in Pine Mountain, 3 food stops along the route each day, Sat. evening meal and Sunday snack breakfast, riders insurance, and an 8 x 10 photo of the group. Checks should be made payable to the Southern Bicycle League. Be sure to sign the Statement of Release. Applications should be returned no later than April 15th to: SBL, 210 Elizabeth St., NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30307

cut here

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In signing this release for myself or for the named entrant (when entrant is under 21) I understand the intent of this release and agree to absolve all of the sponsors, organizers and associated entities be they individuals or organizations, singly and collectively of all blame for any injury, misadventure, harm, loss or inconvenience suffered as a result of taking part in the Atlanta-Callaway Gardens Tour or in connection with any activity associated with or related to said tour. (If entrant is over 21 then he or she signs for self. If not, then parent or legal guardian must sign).

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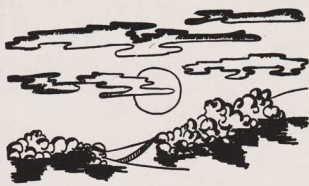
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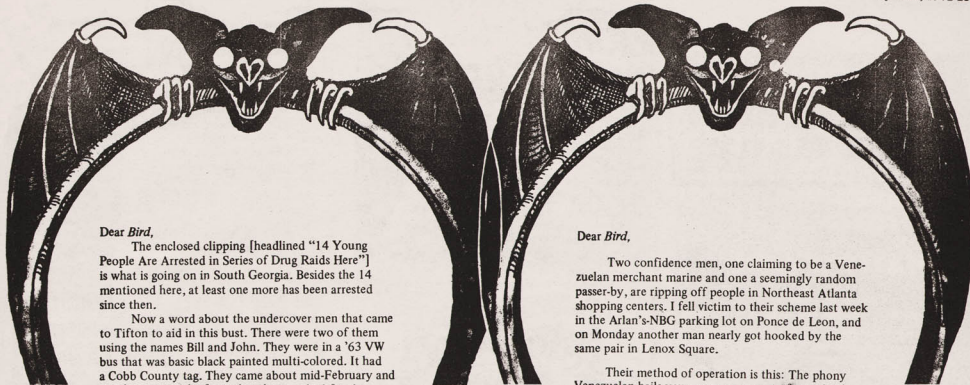
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Dear Bird,

The enclosed clipping [headlined "14 Young People Are Arrested in Series of Drug Raids Here"] is what is going on in South Georgia. Besides the 14 mentioned here, at least one more has been arrested since then.

Now a word about the undercover men that came to Tifton to aid in this bust. There were two of them using the names Bill and John. They were in a '63 VW bus that was basic black painted multi-colored. It had a Cobb County tag. They came about mid-February and tried to put up the front that they worked for the Bird or were selling the Bird or something. People were wary but began to trust them. The result was this bust. We've been told these same two marks have been on recent raids in Albany and Valdosta. Of those arrested, most are out on bond though at least six are still imprisoned.

Thank you for any cooperation in printing this or an article on this. Oh yes, these marks were heard saying that they work all of Georgia. One has a light brown afro (although both are white) and a big Fu Manchu mustache. The other has dark brown hair almost to shoulders and a mustache and slight beard.

Tifton People
Tifton, Georgia

Should you have doubts about anybody who says they worked on the Bird, by all means call us and ask. While we don't know all our sellers, we do know every one who's worked around the office. But don't be surprised if we're curious about who you are - after all, we don't give out information about people who work with us to just anybody.

Dear Bird,

Two confidence men, one claiming to be a Venezuelan merchant marine and one a seemingly random passer-by, are ripping off people in Northeast Atlanta shopping centers. I fell victim to their scheme last week in the Arlan's-NBG parking lot on Ponce de Leon, and on Monday another man nearly got hooked by the same pair in Lenox Square.

Their method of operation is this: The phony Venezuelan hails you as you come out of your bank toward your car. He is a very dark black man, late twenties, with sideburns and perhaps a few pockmarks. He asks directions of you and a random passer-by in stilted English and begins flashing around a large roll of bills.

The passer-by is a light-colored black man in his mid-twenties. You and the passer-by try to get the Venezuelan to get traveler's checks and -to overcome his fear of banks- you reassure him by withdrawing money of your own. The game winds up with a switch in which all three of you keep your money in your car while the Venezuelan supposedly goes to a cashouse with the passer-by. Wrapped in a white handkerchief, your money seems safe locked by your own key in your own car. Unfortunately, you soon find that the handkerchief you are left with contains nothing but paper towels. Helpful people, beware!

George Rendler
Atlanta

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The Daughter of Niobe



From the statue in the Vatican, Rome.

The Trojan Women
 directed by Michael Cacoyannis
 at the Peachtree Battle Mini-Cinema

The Trojan Women is a classic Greek tragedy. It is also a classic Hollywood tragedy: anytime you assemble talent like Katherine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Pappas and Genievie Bujold and can't come up with a great movie, you know a terrible mistake has been made—the kind only Hollywood can make.

It's not that *The Trojan Women* is such a bad film. It does make its point about how women and children suffer in wars that men fight. But anyone who's seen thirty seconds of TV footage on the Vietnam War should know that already.

It does relate in some ways to women's consciousness. But only in terms of how you see the Trojan women's situation, not how they or the film sees it. For instance, the film would have you believe that the Trojan women led a perfect life before the Greeks came. But did they? What comes through to me in these women's nostalgic remembrances of Troy is that nothing—in form, at least—has changed; now they are the slaves and chattel of the conquering Greeks—before, they were the slaves and chattel of their Trojan husbands—easier masters perhaps, but masters nonetheless. Like many other elements of this film, you may see women's things there, but it's because of the consciousness you bring to the film, not the consciousness it brings to you.

The Trojan Women does bring together some of the most talented women around—Hepburn, Redgrave, Pappas and Bujold. But two solid hours of breast-beating and moaning is sort of a drag—even when it's done by the best actresses.

Maybe they're beating their breasts and moaning because their lines are so dull. A lot of the classics translate well to the screen—Roman Polanski's version of *Macbeth*, for instance. *The Trojan Women* doesn't. Perhaps it's because we're not used to choruses, strophes and antistrophes anymore. Maybe it's because you get only a small thin slice of the whole story, Paris, Agamemnon. The wooden horse, the events which lead up to *The Trojan Women* and the events which follow after are all in other plays. If you haven't read them, you're out of luck.

What more can you say about a disappointment? If you really dig Greek tragedy, go see *The Trojan Women*. If you don't, or if you would rather see a movie about women/men involved in changing sex roles take in *Salt of the Earth*, the next film in the Revolutionary Film Series at the Film Forum next week. It costs \$1.50 less, and you'll enjoy it a lot more.

—joe rogers

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Who Rules Atlanta?
 FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 8:30PM

Kieith Jones, Socialist Workers Party candidate for U.S. Congress, 5th C.D., will speak on Black control of the Black community in Atlanta, how Mayor Massell and the city of Atlanta has attempted to water down the power of the Black vote, and what Black people can do to win political power. Who rules Atlanta? Black people, who are a majority of the population, or the white ruling class which sits in City Hall?

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Photo by majorie Jordan

continued from page 11

At last year's convention, there were signs all over—"no alcoholic beverages allowed." I observed little alcohol then. But there was plenty of dope. This year, I saw only one such sign—"absolutely no alcohol allowed in the tent." And another sign saying those in possession of drugs would be prosecuted. I don't think anyone took much heed: dope, wine and beer flowed freely through the crowds, especially in the big circus tent which thankfully kept the rain off both musicians and audience. Last year there were 71 busts—63 for drinking, eight for dope. I didn't see or hear of any busts this time, but there was certainly "prosecution" enough for the many uniformed cops (and probably un-uniformed ones, too).

Still, bluegrass and old time music are part of an "outlaw" culture, in a way. Dancing and singing, if not in direct praise of the Lord, is a sin to many up-right, devout, God-fearing Christian folk who consider fiddlers to be the scourge of the Devil. But some folks obviously didn't let that bother them. Pierce VanHoy declared he didn't think anybody should go jail for enjoying themselves, and if someone were arrested, he'd go to jail with them. I'm not certain why he felt compelled to say that, but it clearly endeared him to the audience.

Some of the material of younger bands, like John Fogerty's "Proud Mary" or Lloyd Price's considerably

rewritten "Stagger Lee," even though played and sung in traditional bluegrass fashion, certainly surprised me. But most bands, particularly the best ones, stuck to familiar material like "Ruby (Honey, are you mad at your man?)," "Sally Ann," or "Sittin' on Top of the World," the latter performed by the bluegrass winners, The Bluegrass Experience of Siler City, NC. The second best band, the High Country Boys, wrote their own song, "County Chain Gang," but original material was definitely the exception.

There's little point to providing more details on bands and songs. The format of the convention was for the 48 best bands to compete Saturday night after a couple of days of auditioning. Each band came on, did one number, and split. Too many bands and too many names. But there was some mighty fine fiddling and an enthusiastic crowd Saturday night.

The same cannot be said for Thursday and Friday when a procession of hippies "doing their thing" marched across the stage. Any musician who played on stage could get his or her admission money back, and anyone could register to perform. Several hundred, I reckon, took advantage. It made for a rather draggy show at times, but Saturday night's performance with the best bands more than made up for it. Plus the Oconee and Green Grass clogging teams that had everyone jumping, stomping, and cheering. Good times.

—STEPH WISE

FREEBIES

Magnificent male cat, very affectionate, rugged individualist, needs home free from other male cats. 525-4360.

A black longhair female cat—got to get rid of her before my parents put her to sleep. Ask for Jeff, 3250 Kinsdale Road, 349-1278, South West Atlanta, after 7:00.

6-week old beautiful kitty—FREE! Call 378-2445, after 6 p.m.

Need a home for a black & white kitten. Loving, affectionate, and cute, but lonely... he'll love you, if you'll love him! Give him a home, please. Get in touch with Karen, at 483-4029. In Conyers, Thanx.

Aikido: the newest and most sophisticated of the Japanese martial arts—the art of total non-resistance that will unhinge any attack without harm to the attacker. Based on the Zen concept of ki or energy, which doesn't require use of strength. For information on classes in aikido, contact Rod Grantham, 241-4298, or Chet Briggs, 875-3288.

WANTED

Wanted: bassinette & 2 chests of drawers—free or very cheap. Call Teddi at 874-1658.

Wanted: wood desk, call 524-1482.

Wanted: Sewing machine in good condition, at reasonable price. Call 627-2921. Allman Brothers, Atlanta loves you.

Wanted: Singer needs job. Band that wants to travel, 767-5120.

Wanted: FDR new rhythm & blues group—organist or pianist & singer. 432-8774.

Lead guitarist looking for gig. Experienced & good equipment. Kevin at 292-6292.

Wanted: Bedroom and living room furniture, free, & antique clothing. Call Nancy — 872-4463.

I need a ride to New York City. Must be there by April 9. Can share driving & expenses. Call Lisa at 255-9940.

Woman & would like ride to New York City. Ready when you are. 633-8844.

Need reliable VW mechanic. 874-9472.

Wanted ride from Columbus Ga., to Winston-Salem, N.C. around last week or two of April. Call 322-6263, ask for Pat, 4-3-30.

P.A.M. — PAM. ATTENTION. Saw your ad in March 20th Bird. We are building a hard rock group with emphasis on early 60's Seattle sounds. Pacific Northwest is leader in rock bands. If seriously interested in coming here to build group, send photo of duet and tape with brief on yourselves. Air mail to: Marcus Ramsey, c/o Post Office, College Place, Washington, 99324.

979 Peachtree St.

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WINTER'S END SALE

GOING ON NOW!

15% off on selected winter craft items, such as Shawls, Ponchos, Wool Dresses, many Crochet and Knit Things.

The Laundromat is a non-profit crafts co-op staffed by volunteer craftspeople and members. Its weekly business meetings are held Wednesday nights in the shop from 8 to 10pm and are open to the public. Come on down to visit, consign your crafts, become a member, or just find out what it's all about.

phone 875-6940

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KC 31377

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Groupie (Superstar) / A Good Thing (I'm On Fire)
Only You Know And I Know

Delaney & Bonnie's brand-new album is filled with the kind of rocking good-time music they introduced a few years ago. "D&B Together" includes tunes that Delaney & Bonnie just wrote and recorded, plus a few of their hits that you're already familiar with. And as always, Delaney & Bonnie are backed by some of the most incredible musicians in rock.

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ABORTION

COUNSELLING, INFORMATION, ASSISTANCE AND REFERRAL

For totally confidential information, call
Atlanta, Ga. (404)524-4781 8am-10pm daily

Call for pregnancy tests in the Atlanta area.

Georgia Family Planning

a non-profit service organization

We provide free counselling services in which women are helped to make what, for them, is an appropriate decision in times of a crisis. We refer girls for abortion, to maternity homes, to adoption agencies, and to various related social agencies and services.

We recommend only the most reputable gynecologists and obstetricians, physicians offering fair and reasonable rates; services which will be completely within the law; services performed only at the best available accredited hospitals and clinics in New York City. Within the first trimester of pregnancy, the patient can leave and return home on the same day. Appointments can be confirmed within 24 hours notice for any day of the week. Limousine service is provided.



Abortions are now accessible on demand in California and New York. There is no waiting period. An appointment can be made with 48 hours notice.

Problem Pregnancy makes every effort to set the patients at ease. Transportation is provided to and from the airport. There are no age restrictions and financial aid is available. In most cases a patient can expect her stay in New York not to exceed 24 hours.

If you suspect that you are pregnant, consult your doctor. Abortions in the early stages of pregnancy are safer and simpler.

If you need information concerning abortions in New York or California, telephone Problem Pregnancy. There will be a counselor at the phone 24 hours a day.

Atlanta, Georgia 404/874-4014

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Atlanta, Ga. (404) 262-3855
National Family Planning Council, Ltd. Washington, D.C. (202) 484-3301
Charlotte, N.C. (704) 333-7308

FREE ABORTION COUNSELING SERVICES

ATLANTA

Atlanta Abortion Referral Group
Rev. Eugene Pickett
Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Atlanta
1911 Cliff Valley Way NE
634-5134

Consultation on Therapeutic Abortion
Rev. Larry Kennon
North Decatur Presbyterian Church
611 Medlock Road, Decatur
636-1069

*Midtown Alliance Community Crisis Center
Pregnancy and Family Planning Clinic
1013 Peachtree
892-1358
Tuesday, 7:30 pm

Northeast Health Center Family Planning Clinic
626 Parkway Dr. NE
876-0305
Mon-Fri. 8:30-9:30am, 4-5pm; Thurs. 6-9,
doctor available to examine and prescribe

*Planned Parenthood Family Planning Clinic
118 Marietta (corner of Spring) 688-9300
Tues. & Thurs. noon-7:30pm;
Wed. & Fri. 9am-4:30pm Sat. 9am-4pm
NEW YORK CITY

Women's Health and Abortion Project
36 West 22nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10011
212-691-1860
Mon.-Fri. 10 am-10 pm.

*free pregnancy test
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

Crisis Intervention Center
2327 Poinciana Street, SE
536-4869 or 539-8914
every day, 24 hours a day

Sisters—Please help us keep on top of the abortion situation—let us know your good or bad experiences with agencies, clinics, hospitals, etc. Write: Bird, PO Box 7847, Atlanta, Ga. 30309.



PARK MEETING—This Tuesday, April 11 at 1 p.m., the Aldermanic Parks Committee will meet at City Hall in Committee Room 2 to discuss proposed new rules and regulations for use of the city parks. Come and join the discussion!

THURSDAY, APRIL 6

CLASS: KUNDALINI YOGA, 1066 Colquitt, NE, 7 pm
MASS ACTION: Revolutionary Strategy for the Antirwar Movement, 4th class in a series sponsored by the Young Socialists for Jenness and Pulley, Militant Bookstore, 68 Peachtree (3rd floor), 8:30 pm. Call 523-4610 for info.
CLINIC: General medical clinic, free, Community Crisis Center, 1013 Peachtree St, NE, 7:30 pm.
DRAFT COUNSELING: need help with the draft? There is regular counseling available at Quaker House, 1384 Fairview Rd, NE (373-7986) and at Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, 240 Westminster Dr, NE (875-0646) Mon-Thurs, 7:10 pm.
RADIO: LUM & ARNER, 8:15 Cont. ONE MAN'S FAMILY, 12 noon; LOVE A MYSTERY, 5:15 pm. WOMN, 13:10 AM.
FOOD: STONE SOUP CO-OP STORE, open 9 am-noon, 6:30-8:30 pm, 996 Virginia Ave, near N. Highland.
MILITARY COUNSELING: Gls WACs, reservists—Chet Briggs, (CCCO) Mon-Thurs, 874-0288 or 875-3288.
GI COUNSELING: 240 Westminster Dr, NE, 874-8881, 10:30-5 pm
SAT SANG: HOLY DISCOURSE at the Divine Light Ashram, 244 East Lake Drive, 7 pm.
THEATRE: "THORP," by Robert Myers, Academy Theatre, 3213 Roswell Rd (233-9481), 8 pm, \$2. Through April 8.
"THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE," Alliance Theatre, 15 16th St, NE, 8:30 pm. Through April 15. 892-2414 for info and reservations. "THE BEACH PARTY," will be performed in the Studio Theatre, free one hour prior to "JEAN BRODIE."
TV: "GERTRUDE STEIN," biographical film portrait, Ch 8, 8:30 pm.
"HIT THE ICE," Abbot and Costello, Ch 17, 9 pm.
MUSIC: JEFF ESPINA and ALEX HARVEY, The Music Connection, Underground Atlanta.
EDGAR WINTER, HUMBLE PIE and ALEXIS KORNER, Atlanta Municipal Auditorium, 7:30 pm, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50.
SOLID SENDERS, 12th Gate, 36 10th St, S.W.
HYDRA, Fanochio's House of Rock, 845 P'tree.
LEONDA, Bisto, 1102 W. P'tree.
SAFFRONS, One-Eyed Jack, 7 Baltimore Pl, NW.

FRIDAY, APRIL 7

CLASS: KUNDALINI YOGA, 1066 Colquitt, NE, 7 pm
YOGA, Radha-Krnsa Temple, 24 13th St, NW, 7:30 pm.
RADIO: see April 6.
FOOD: STONE SOUP CO-OP STORE, open 10 am-noon, 996 Virginia Ave, near N. Highland.
DRAFT COUNSELING: see April 6.
OBSERVATORY: View planets and other celestial bodies at Fernbank Science Center, 156 Heaton Park Dr, NE, 8 pm, on clear nights only. Free.
GI COUNSELING: see April 6.
THEATRE: "THORP," and "THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE," see April 6.
FORUM: "WHO RULES ATLANTA?" Black people, who are the majority of the population, or the white ruling class which sits in City Hall? Keith Jones, Socialist Workers Party candidate for US Congress, 5th District, speaks, Militant Bookstore, 68 Peachtree (3rd floor), 8:30 pm. Call 523-0610 for further info.
TV: "CLASSIC SHORTS I," special show of short film from the 1960s, Ch 8, 8:30 pm.
"COMPULSION," film with Orson Welles, E. Marshall, Dean Stockwell, Ch 5, 9 pm.
MUSIC: THE BYRDS and MICK GREENWOOD, Symphony Hall, 7:30 and 10 pm, \$4.50 and \$5.50.
YOUNGUNS, The Eve, 2945 N. Druid Hills Rd.
JEFF ESPINA and ALEX HARVEY, SOLID SENDERS, HYDRA, LEONDA, SAFFRONS, see April 6.

See page 9 for additional events, conferences, and radical activities.

FILMS TO SEE THIS WEEK

LA STRADA, directed by Federico Fellini. At the Film Forum, Astor Mall, Piedmont and Monroe, April 8-9. Call 873-274 for times. \$1, Mon-Thurs and at midnite Fri and Sat. Otherwise, \$2.
THE LOVES OF ISADORA, directed by Karel Reisz (British). Film Forum (see above for details), April 10-16.
FRILM FROM ATLANTA, Atlanta Public Library, 126 Carnegie Way, NW, April 11, 11:15 pm.
A MAN AND A WOMAN, Friday, April 7 and 9 pm, 25¢. At the EE Auditorium on the Georgia Tech campus.
THE OCEAN (10-min. color film); **OMEGA** (1.30-min. color); **COSMOS** (10-min. color) kinetic journey to the center of the galaxy; and **PAS DE DEUX** (10-min. b&w) ballet sequence. Atlanta Public Library, 126 Carnegie Way, NW, 12-15 pm, free, Mon, April 10.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8

CLASS: KUNDALINI YOGA, 1066 Colquitt, NE, 7 pm
MACRAME, beginner classes, 1-2:30 pm. Laundromat, 979 Peachtree, \$2. All materials provided. Start any Saturday for 5-week-series.
HATHA YOGA, 1028 Williams Mill Rd, NE, 11:30-12:30; Children's activities & tutorial program, 9-11 am.
FOOD: STONE SOUP CO-OP STORE, open 1:30-2:30 pm, 996 Virginia Ave, near N. Highland.
SAT SANG: see April 6.
RADIO: JACK BENNY, 12:30; JOHNNY DOLLAR, 11 am; FIBBER MAGIE & MOLLY, 11:30; RICHARD DIONARD, 12:30; GUNSMOKE, 1 pm; ESCAPE, 4:30; SUSPENSE, 5 pm. WOMN, 13:10 AM.
THEATRE: "THORP," and "THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE," see April 6.
BIKE RIDE I: easy ride in the DOGWOOD PARADE. Gather in the vicinity of Baker and Peachtree Streets at 1:30 pm. Wear your orange safety vest if you have one.
BIKE RIDE II: Meet at 9:45 am at the Park Drive entrance to Piedmont Park for a moderate ride over the proposed north Atlanta loop for the proposed City Bike Route, 24 miles, some hills.
DOGWOOD PARADE: starts at Peachtree and Baker downtown at 2:30 pm. Or if you can't get out in the sunshine, you can watch it on the Tube, Ch 5, 2:30 pm.
TV: NATIONAL GRAND AMERICAN stock car championship from Winston-Salem, NC, Ch 11, 5 pm.
"THE THEATRE OF ETIENNE DECROUX," about mime, Ch 8, 8:30 pm.
MUSIC: REV. PEARLY BROWN, 12th Gate, 36 10th St, NW. JEFF ESPINA and ALEX HARVEY, HYDRA, LEONDA, SAFFRONS, see April 6.
CLEAR, The Eye, Toco Hills Shopping Center.

LORD CAITANY FESTIVAL

The first International Lord Caitanya Festival is coming April 15 and 16 in Piedmont Park. Saturday, April 15, Transcendental Parade leaves North Ave and Peachtree at 2 pm to dance in ecstasy down Peachtree Street to Piedmont Park. There will be chanting, dancing, lectures, plays, a spiritual rock-opera and feasting for all. FREE and open to anyone. For more info, call 892-9042. Hare Krishna!



photograph by Art Cooper

SUNDAY, APRIL 9

LOVE FEAST: Radha-Krnsa Temple, 24 13th St, NW, 5 pm.
RADIO: ESCAPE, 4:30 pm; SUSPENSE, 5 pm. WOMN, 13:10 AM.
THE GREEN HORNET, 8 pm. WREK, 91.9 FM.
ANANDA MARGA YOGA SOCIETY: Philosophy discussion, 4-5:30 pm. Phur macakra (group meditation) 5:30-6:30 pm.
For lunch collective meal, 6:40-8:30 pm, 1028 Williams Mill Rd.
ECUMENICAL PEACE MASS: 6 pm. Fr. Michael, 252-4519.
FOOD: pickup orders for New Morning Food Co-op, People's Place, 433 Moreland Ave, NE (west of Euclid), Park in the C&S lot, 3:5 pm.
BIKE RIDE: Meet at 11:30 am on the north side of Lenox Square parking lot. You will then be able to choose from 3 different rides—10, 14 or 24 miles. Dogwood Fest Event. TV: "THE IMMIGRANT," 1917 Chaplin film, Ch 8, 7 pm.
FOR LUNCH COLLECTIVE MEAL, 6:40-8:30 pm, 1028 Williams Mill Rd.
MEETING: GEORGIA WOMEN'S ABORTION COALITION meets at 2 pm at 128 Pine Street, NE. All women interested, please come. Call 874-8365 for further info.
MUSIC: BUDDY MOSS, 12th Gate, 36 10th St, NW.

MONDAY, APRIL 10

1971—women march on the Pentagon.

CLASS: KUNDALINI YOGA, 1066 Colquitt, NE, 7 pm
YOGA, Radha-Krnsa Temple, 24 13th St, NW, 7:30 pm.
CLINIC: General medical clinic, free, Community Crisis Center, 1013 Peachtree (use rear entrance), 8 pm.
RADIO: April 6.
MILITARY and GI COUNSELING: see April 6.
SAT SANG: see April 6.
SENSITIVITY SESSION: Community Crisis Center, 1013 Peachtree St, NE, 8:30 pm.
FOOD: Meeting of the New Morning Food Co-op. Orders must be placed by today, 862 Roswell Rd, 7:30 pm.
OPEN MEETING: People's Place (community center in Little Five Points), 433 Moreland Ave, 8 pm.
TV: MONDAY NIGHT SPORTS, news magazine format on sports, Ch 11, 8 pm.
"ACADEMY AWARD PRESENTATION," Ch 2, 10 pm.
MUSIC: STONEHENGE, Funky's House of Rock, 845 P'tree.
ALAKASNAF, Jocko's Ramo House, Underground Atlanta.
MORRIS, One-Eyed Jack, 7 Baltimore Pl, NW.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11

1817—man sells wife at public auction.
 1970—New York state legalizes abortions.
CLASS: KUNDALINI YOGA, 1066 Colquitt, NE, 7 pm
VEDIC COOKING, vegetarian, Radha-Krnsa Temple, 24 13th Street, NW, 7 pm.
CLINIC: Pregnancy and family planning clinic, free, Community Crisis Center, 1013 Peachtree, NE (use rear entrance), 7:30 pm.
DRAFT COUNSELING: see April 6; also in Birmingham, Ala., 1130 6th Ave, 7-9 pm, 523-2567.
RADIO: see April 6.
MEETING: CONCERNED MILITARY, 8 pm, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, St. Mary's Rd, Columbus, Ga.
GI and MILITARY COUNSELING: see April 6.
HOME REPAIRS: Community Crisis Center, 1013 Peachtree St, 7:30 pm.
SAT SANG: see April 6.
MUSIC: STONEHENGE, ALAKASNAF, MORRIS, see Apr. 6.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12

CLASS: KUNDALINI YOGA, 1066 Colquitt, NE, 7 pm
YOGA, Radha-Krnsa Temple, 24 13th St, NW, 7:30 pm.
CLINIC: PSYCHOLOGICAL counseling (both group therapy and individual counseling), Community Crisis Center, 1013 Peachtree (front entrance) 8:30 pm.
DRAFT, MILITARY and GI COUNSELING: see April 6.
RADIO: see April 6.
FOOD: STONE SOUP CO-OP STORE open 6:30-8:30 pm, 996 Virginia Ave, near N. Highland.
SAT SANG: see April 6.
MEETING: Southern BICYCLE League meeting to elect officers for the coming year and to work on plans for the Atlanta-Calloway Gardens Tour, Bike Day and lobbying for bike-recesses, Bicy Recreation Center, 326 Moreland Ave, 7:30 pm.
MUSIC: STONEHENGE, ALAKASNAF, MORRIS, see April 10.