EXUBERANCE is BEAUTY

The selfish, smiling fool, and the sullen frowning fool shall both be thought wise, that they may be a rod.

— Proverb from "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell."

by William Blake

One sunny Sunday several of us on the staff thought we'd go to Savannah Beach for a holiday and some peace of mind. But when we got there, little did we find: There was a Cocker Spaniel (I think its name is Daniels) to deal with, and he had a case of gross ra-

bite, and he and the others were around for selling without a license. Eight, even though only two were actually selling. We were told that our kind wasn't wanted at the beach. He got the line from a Bob Dylan song kept ringing in my head, "One should never be where one doesn't belong."

As much wisdom that in mind you shouldn't go wrong— but when the hell do we belong? Malcolm X said it right on when he said that if you're in a grove no matte where the blacks are in the United States. Well that's what hip white people are learning more and more every day, especially in the South where oppression is more overt than other acts in the U.S. Repression is run-

ning rampant throughout this country! 1984 has come fourteen years early. Big Brother runs phone numbers with shotgun recorders over a mile away; takes lists of names; refurbishes delinquents (an euphemism for concent-

ration camps). Why all of these fascist Gestapo tactics and methods? Why is the land crawling with agents of all sorts? Because the government is paranoid and for good reasons, too. Savannah's Internal Revenue Service armed its officers this year—the blood-sucking taxman has his fears. The Morning News has security guards to pro-

tect against seizure of presses. Paranoia plagues the land.

So the reign of terror has begun in earnest, a per-

iod that always historically precedes justice. What most people fail to realize when they side with the forces of law and order, with the jokers and executioners, is that, as Eugene Debs said, "if the cattlemen want to make law, no man has the right until they're killed all."

"Too idealistic? Think about it for a while— these days, when that everybody is free to be creative, free to love and the government will give you no freedom for you to walk dark streets alone. Try it sometime in Savannah at Savannah's "drive a wall down West Broad Street with some bills in your pocket some dark night; if you're black—well, you don't have to pick any one section of black out of the four. There are apart-

ment complexes out on Abercom Extension, Riviera Apartments, that actually have barbed wire fences and guards around them allowing people to enter-where one does not belong."

However, in reality Jefferson is the monkey on our backs as lawyers are dymig under the wheel. Genocide on blacks where they're really at. Genocide on black in America has been steadily escalating in recent years. The next two years are crucial for total involvement of whites in a key experiment in radical racial relations.

The historic necessity of serving the people and setting others before self has reached an apocalyptic crisis. And crisis always brings people out.

How about you? Do you still sometimes wonder who's the guard and who's the prisoner, or are you busy free your head more? Then and only then can you rebuild and find in the midst of the chaos that cures out, the cancer of envy and greed and hate that has made us fear that acceptance of His obvious wit and humor would somehow be mildly blasphemous or sacri-

ficious. Religion, we think, is serious business, and seri-

ous business is incompatible with banter."

(From "The Humor of Christ" by Elton Trueblood.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."

— MARK 2:27

The Edgar Cayce Readings inform us that "Those who walk closer with the Creative Forces should indeed be full of joy, pleasure, peace, and harmony within," and that "the principle of the Christ Life is joyous!"

"Remember," they urge, "He laughed—even on the way to Calvary—not as so often pictured; he laughed."

"Yes. This is what angered them the most." So "Cultu-

vate the ability to see the ridiculing, and retain the abil-

ity to laugh."

"The Son of man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!"—LUKE 7:34

In his book, ZEN CATHOLICISM, the Benedictine monk, Don Arland Graham, wrote, "The word, 'Buddha' means simply the 'Enlightened One'; so under-

stood, there have been many 'Buddhas.'" As Dr. Edward Conece points out: "In the official theory, the Buddha, the 'Enlightened,' is a kind of archetype which manifests itself in the world in different personalities, whose indi-

vidual particulars are of no account whatsoever." From this point of view, Jesus of Nazareth would undoubtedly be accepted the title 'Buddha,' since he is revealed, according to St. John, as both uniquely 'Enlightened' and the 'Enlightener.'

"Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sor-

row shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16:20

The widespread failure to recog-

nize and to appreciate the humor of Christ is one of the most am-

zing aspects of the era named for Him. Anyone who reads the Synoptic Gospels with a relative freedom from presuppositions might be expected to see that Christ laughed, and that He ex-
pected others to laugh, but our capac-

ity to miss this aspect of His life is phenomenal. We are so sure that He was always deadly serious that we often twist His words in order to try to make them conform to our preconceived mold. A misguided party has made us fear that acceptance of this obvious wit and humor would somehow be mildly blasphemous or sacrifi-

cious. Religion, we think, is serious business, and seri-

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media and the movement

The American people are beginning to walk a long and difficult revolutionary path. The system we fight preaches equality but preserves itself with racism. In plunders the world of natural resources and human talent in the name of democracy and economic development. It tries to obliterate its opponents with explosives and suppress when “free elections” fail to do the job. By feeding us the official definition of “truth” and “justice” it is and reinforces our political, economic, and sexual roles—making us involuntary accomplices.

A. C. L. and U.

There was a group in the park at 5:20 pm when a police officer drove up. Sine Graves walked up to the car. Without any restraints. Sometimes the police would ride by and wave and shoot peace signs, sometimes they would stop and politely ask the people if they were picked and then leave. At other times they would be impolite, inconsiderate and inconsistent in their actions. As a result of the police's actions, the people from the Center were left confused and some of them were being arrested, and the police officer stated that he was resisting arrest.

Sine Graves states that he was trying to help the officer in his duties. One person was arrested and moments later released when he explained his remarks. Everybody went back to the Center, and the staff went out to assist Tiller in finding out about police action. The staff asked officers what law stated people could not stay in the park. After checking over I.D.'s, they told us they had a call to come to the park. Then staffers asked again if there was a law stating that they could not be in the park. They were then instructed to come with the police. They asked if they were being arrested, and the police officer stated yes. Tiller told the officer that he would quietly walk to the car without any restraints. It seemed as if the officers misinterpreted Father Tiller's behavior. They felt that he was resisting arrest.

In Rev. Tiller's words: “It is hoped that out of the struggle is certainly the opposite of “Ubertaxis. This writer's witnessing the tragedy while spending time in the city jail. This is not the first time people have died in the Savannah City Jail, and the truth has been hidden from the public. This writer recommends disciplinary actions be taken against those persons responsible for DuBois' death through negligence. I recommend creating a civilian police force or complaint board to hear prisoners' complaints."

-Ed Fields.

Neglect, Reject...

Concerned community citizens, meeting to discuss Reverend Tiller's arrest, proposed forming an American Civil Liberties Union in Savannah to better deal with future police harassment. A delegation was appointed to coordinate the setting up of an ACLU chapter with the regional office in Atlanta and the National office in Washington. Although there has been no definite word of positive action from Atlanta, confidence is high for the future of a civil liberties chapter. The purpose of the Savannah chapter is to coordinate efforts of the various human rights organizations in town and to act as a clearing house for related information. Several lawyers in town have expressed interest.

Anyone else interested or wishing to become involved can contact me in care of this paper...

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For the last several months, the Center has been trying to get use for a building, which is across the street, for recreation and Center activities. During the afternoon, small numbers of young people would sit in the park and wait at various times. Sometimes the police would ride by and wave and shoot peace signs, sometimes they would stop and politely ask the people if they were picked and then leave. At other times they would be impolite, inconsiderate and inconsistent in their actions. As a result of the police's actions, the people from the Center were left confused and sometimes angry not knowing whether or not they could legally sit in the park.

This type of confusion and misunderstanding was the cause of the incident in which Father Tiller and his staff were arrested. Unfortunately, the account of the arrests of Father Tiller and the others was greatly distorted by some of the media. I hope that through this unfortunate experience the Center will be able to hold a new and better relationship with the police and the community at large.

The Center's Side.

There was a group in the park at 5:20 pm when a police officer drove up. Sine Graves walked up to the group and said, “Get out of the park!”

Sine Graves states that he was trying to help the officer in his duties. One person was arrested and moments later released when he explained his remarks. Everybody went back to the Center, and the staff went out to assist Tiller in finding out about police action. The staff asked officers what law stated people could not stay in the park. After checking over I.D.'s, they told us they had a call to come to the park. Then staffers asked again if there was a law stating that they could not be in the park. They were then instructed to come with the police. They asked if they were being arrested, and the police officer stated yes. Tiller told the officer that he would quietly walk to the car without any restraints. It seemed as if the officers misinterpreted Father Tiller's behavior. They felt that he was resisting arrest.

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-Greg Scott
Jackson, Miss.

Jackson Police Chief Paul Smith added his statement: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have something to tell you . . ." he went no further.

The police turned and began firing into the crowd of 200 students who had gathered on the campus of Jackson State College, Mississippi's largest black university. A tape made by local TV recorded more than 30 seconds of uninterrupted gunfire as hundreds of rounds of ammunition were fired through the crowd and into an adjacent women's dormitory, suddenly highlighted by huge police searchlights.

As the tear-gas fire order was given, two led dead and dozens of wounded people lay scattered in front of the dorm and in the lounge inside.

Two dead. Phillip Gibbs, a Jackson state student, was walking with his sister to the dorm, was shot as he was leaving the building with his hands over his head. He died on the way to the hospital. James Green, a senior at nearby Hills High School, returning home from his nighttime job, was killed instantly as he stood across the street from the dorm. Willie Lee McCall, 20, a Jackson resident, lies dying in a white Mississippi hospital.

The other victims were seriously wounded—at least one of them critically.

The police were equipped with riot guns, automatic weapons, and a machine gun mounted on a city-owned riot tank.

The first-floor dorm was rhythm with bullets, the heaviest concentration being centered around an entrance-way through which the students were attempting to flee to the relative safety of the building.

There is a stairway landing right above the front door. The windows on every floor of the stairwell were shattered. Those windows that remained intact were blasted through with 40 to 75 bullet holes each.

The cries for help from the wounded were ignored by the police and the Highway Patrol. They immediately began cleaning up after the carnage, collecting all the spent shells and cartridge cases. None were to be found when the FBI arrived on the scene some hours later.

Though witnesses saw ambulances in the area a few blocks away from the massacre before the shooting ended, no ambulances came to carry the wounded until minutes later. And then the National Guard moved in, moved out, and began its own operation of cordoning off the campus and dorm district to the surrounding black community.

As angry students and mourners from the local black ghetto surrounding the school came to the scene of the massacre, town and university officials moved to save their own men. Students were given until 7 p.m. the next day to get their live campus before the next day. The Jackson State Attorney gave no alternative; they were caught between heavy sniper fire from all sides.

Two hundred students witnessed any no. "There was no sniper fire, period," said a Jackson State official. "They just opened up on us spontaneously."

"This is the saddest day of my life. I never thought this would happen in Jackson, Mississippi," said Jackson's mayor, Russell C. Davis, almost three years to the day after Jackson police shot and killed Ben Brown, a 22-year-old black movement activist during a demonstration on Lynch Street (the main street which cuts through the ghetto and the campus), where the recent shootings took place. Jackson students had planned a memorial rally this Sunday for Earnest Davis, a young black man who was killed by police in Augusta, Georgia, earlier this week.

Reaction to the slaughter

The black leadership in the community and on the campus had a press conference the day after the shootings, decrying the slaughter and calling for a statewide boycott of all white businesses and the shutting down of all black campuses in the state last through May 24, the day of Jackson State College's graduation.

That same afternoon, 200 students from while Millsaps College gathered two miles to the Governor's Mansion in Jackson and rallied in a nearby park (scene a week ago of an anti-war rally of a few hundred Jacksonians and Tourojeans students). When, it was a major news for most of the white kids—only 20 Millsaps students marched in protest of Ben Brown's killing three years ago.

Witnesses to the murders said that the Jackson police seemed eager to provoke an incident. The day before, a crowd of students had gathered in small numbers on the campus. One group of them began to move toward the KOTV building; but dispersed as cops quickly moved in on them. The next day passed uneventfully until the evening when 200 students assembled on campus, a city-owned truck went up in flames.

This seems to be the signal the police were looking for. Seventy-five of them, accompanied by their depot sniper task, moved up Lynch Street to the dormitory, two blocks from the burning truck. No order to dispense was given to the people made no attempt to leave the area. Moments later, the shooting began.

Special Report to New Guardian of Atlanta, Ga., for the material used in the Jackson article.
Students are niggers. When you get that straight, your schools begin to make sense. They’re more important, though, to understand why they’re niggers. If we follow the question worthily through, we’ll lead us past the zone of someadulthood, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and unto the nitrous oxide of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible to get away from it.

A student is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member “Sir” or “Doctor” or “Professor,” and he mixes and suffers as he stands outside the professor’s office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even seniors have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what’s true and what isn’t. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they’re almost always lying and every student knows it. Tell the man they want to hear or he’ll fall away as out of the course.

When a teacher says “jump,” students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for such a student and students were shown for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out — each enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bag while taking the test. The teacher isn’t a proponent; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his afternoon lectures. He called her out. She fell. And then the instructor entered his stupefied and then stern, words in them as you may tell he had done. But, Jesus, can you follow orders? Freshmen come up to me with an easy and ask if they can sit in the upper right hand corner. And I want to try and kiss them and careers their poor tortured hands.

Students don’t ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to mean anything long before they have elementary class. Things are true because the teacher says they’re true. At a very early age we’re all learn to accept “truths,” as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your eye, your finger, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, there are simply the reasons of authority. And that’s just fine because you don’t care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a nigger is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don’t give a rat’s ass; she doesn’t give a rat’s ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that’s where it’s been at ever since. School becomes simply more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and I didn’t get out of the pedestrians school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was a nigger who didn’t have a chance to dance by. The nigger had to close out the catalog and those could put the grading system in a museum. They could race another set of walls and let education flow on and read outside. They could turn the classroom into an oratory and say “a field of action” as Peter Martin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons — their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn’t with Mr. Charlie. It’s with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

So students are niggers. It’s time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie. The teacher is above all a college professor. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They’re short on balls. Just look at the curriculum limitations. At a time when even gigolos have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a slight effort to curtail the unlimited soil they’re in. In California state colleges the faculties are screened regularly and vigorously by the Queer and Liberal and yet they still won’t offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like “professional dignity” and “meaningful dialogue.”

I’m not sure teachers are so chauvinistic. It could be that academic timidity is self-forced between thought and action. And it might also be that the tenured security of a college terrified timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching, like police work, is in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and the other external trappings of authority.

Athene’s Voice page 5

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear — the students fear they’re different. After all, everyone is different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values, and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the same color as their black. What then can you do to set you from their ridicule and snare? Respect for Authority. That’s what. It’s the policeman’s gun again. The white bwan’s pitch black. So you feint that auth-

you write with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with brutality and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own abilities seem inaccessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your own ignorance with a blustering, shrillest parade of certitudes stapled to the pertinent. It’s not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You’ll find it there but only in certain perverted and related forms.

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it’s not hard. But in the meantime what we’ve got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that a nigger is a victim of the black man of getting out of his leg. Because the student knows he’s even know he’s in it. That, more or less, is what’s happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing, damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can’t educate slaves; they can only train them. Or, if you’re an even uglier and more timely work, you can only program them.

At any rate teachers ARE short on balls. And, as Judy Isteinem has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a car better; your station attendants may intimi-
date you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legis-
lature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say — or else. The grade is a ball of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop’s gun, but in the long run it’s more powerful.

At your personal whim — any time you choose — you can keep up students up nights and test their abilities by seeing them walk into the classroom pastry-faced and red-

ered carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than ra-
cial oppression. It is a constant, running battle that you either have to intimidate or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the way. And with some students, faculty members get smacked or shot down with der-

enaculating authority. In high school, it’s usually the students who get it; in college, it’s the teachers. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. Dropping into a new one is possible, like going to the North, for a Negro. You can’t really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

More neat issue on Seventeen students as niggers.
THE HUMAN IMAGE

Pity could be no more: If we did not make somebody poor; And Mercy no more could be; if all were happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace, Till the selfish Loves increase; Then Cruelty knits a snare: And spreads his nets with care.

He sits down with holy fears And waters the ground with tears; Then humility takes its root Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade Of Mystery over his head; And the cannoner & fly Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of deceit, Ruddy & sweet to eat; And the raven his nest has made In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the Earth & Sea Sought their' nature to find this tree; But their search was all in vain There grows one in the human brain.

William Blake
The Lincoln Street Theatre located above the sign of the White Hart Restaurant offers the community of Savannah total involvement in Theatre Arts through its front-foot community workshop.

The following is an outline series scheduled for the year for the Lincoln Street Theatre:

1. Character interpretation; including a discussion of the Stanislavsky system. Analyzing the character in relation to the basic elements of the play and as to his support to other characters in the play. Plays the inner motivation that gives the character a believable life on the stage will be discussed in a series of six lectures with a practical application of the fundamentals covered.

2. Breath control, diction, and speech improvement for the actor; included in this series is a discussion of phonetics and kinetics. In conjunction with this a series of readings has been planned, varying in content and style to familiarize the actor with the various archaic forms of spoken English. The main emphasis is placed on acquiring a knowledge of what is referred to as "standard English." Language as Fine Art by Dr. McGinn of Rutgers University is being used as the text for this workshop series.

3. Body dynamics for the actor; the course teaches the actor how to stand, walk, sit, and gesture with confidence on the stage. It also entails exercises that will keep the actor in shape without practicing the school of "you too, can have a body like mine." Thought. It teaches the actor to be in complete control of his physical actions upon the stage.

4. Makeup for the actor, includes not only basic straight make-up but a detailed series of styled and character make-up. Each participant will have the opportunity to make-up and practice techniques of makeup.

5. Costume design, will cover the fundamental problems in creating a production. It will also point out the various methods for extending a period play. As styles often overlap from one decade or century to another it is very necessary that the costumes chosen are right for the locale of the play.

6. Lighting the production will cover all thefundamentals needed to know, such as: the different names applied to the different lights and their use. Where to use what light, what effect each light will give, how to choose the proper light for the desired effect. It will also cover a discussion of the different types of light-boards used in theaters.

7. Directing the play includes a discussion of the probability of community directors and what they are usually looking for in an actor.

8. Scene construction will deal with the major forms used to decorate a set including, impressionism, realism, stylized, and abstract set design.

9. The stage dancer is an actual introduction lesson to dancing as applied to the stage. Basic steps will be taught and then applied to various styles of music. This course will also cover free-form dance in which the dancer feels and moves rather than moving to planned steps.

This series is intended for both the newcomers and the veterans. At the present there are no professionals in Savannah, yet through the workshop even the amateur can achieve professional quality in his performance on the stage. Acting sixteen years old or up can attend the workshops, held each Monday evening at 8:00 pm at the Lincoln Street Theatre. Art in Savannah is growing and one of the best forms of personal expression is the live stage performance because it brings people together. That is the purpose of the workshop—to bring people together. It lets them express themselves openly and through a means that is also satisfying personally. The workshop

Thursday night, May 21, noon other than the familiar/infamous rock n' roll band Big Brother and the Holding Company showed up in Savannah. First, the Fairlimes came on. Prepared for aunky boxing set, the group knocked us over. Drummer Jack Staffford has been at it for over twenty-five years, and he can hold his own with any drummer today. I highly recommend that all music buffs and freaks especially go out to the Bamboo Ranch and pick up on Jack's vibes. He's Hearty.

Then it was Big Brother's turn to get us high. All the twenty freaks gathered together on the floor around the amplifiers and on Big Brother came, expanding and jumping and vibrating with energy. The music was fantastic, possibly the best set of rock music to ever have been played in Savannah. Most of the so-called "straight" groups weren't too turned on to it, but they did dig it.

Professing to be revolutionaries with music: as their Saving Grace, the Holding Company wants to bring hard rock to the South, a traditional Blues area. They feel that hard rock is the most truest form of music in our culture at this point, and that Woodstock Culture is the only way for man to save himself from himself.

The fresh grated cheese should be piled on toast

To the Savannah "hip community" I have to say a great big "FUCK YOU!" People are always complaining about not having any music to dig in town. So what happens when a good group makes it to Savannah? Nothing! Only twenty people came out to hear Big Brother and the Holding Company. Twenty people.

Oh well, that's past and Steppenwolf and the Monster will be here on July 11. Also, the Peace Festival is tentatively set for the 20th & 21st of June. Come on out. Let's get together.

---Greg Scott

un-groovy movies

Savannah is definitely gone down in the quality of movies being shown. So a warning about which movies to avoid is to waste your money on: The Forbes Project; The Language Woman; The Liberation of L.B. Jones; The Swinging Foot; and even though Hello, Dolly! is coming and it was given very good reviews, do not see it unless you just happen to like Barbra Streisand; the play was rewritten, songs removed for new songs, and the only improvement in the show is Miss Streisand's magnetic charm.

Z is coming, don't miss it. Women in Love, also.

Food for that

An exalted dish for rich and poor, aristocrat and peasant, exploiter and exploited—made from the humble onion—onion soup, of course.

In most restaurants, chefs favor onion soups that are pure, watery, enameled affairs not worthy of the name. Even onion soup in cans is better. To our modest mind such an important soup deserves decent treatment. THEREFORE: USE RED ONIONS; USE TWENTY-FOUR TO SERVE EIGHT! Discard the extra pulp if need be, but gain essence through strength.

M ost onion soups are RUINED through FIVE MAJOR SINS.

1. We use too few onions. Use big red onions if possible.

2. We forget olive oil, substituting butter. Incorrect.

3. We use too much salt. Spoil flavor.

4. We omit sugar entirely. And this is a real secret!

5. We use pre-grated, stale Parmesan cheese, not freshly grated from a hunk on our kitchen shelf.

TO SERVE EIGHT:

Heat 8 cup of beef broth in a saucepan (canned clear broth is fine). Slice onions thinly on a bias to avoid rings. Cook very gently in cup olive oil and when getting clear and tender add 4 tsp. butter. Onions must never be brown, black or crisp. "It isn't as if man's eyes, tender as her generous heart!" Season with salt, pepper, and 2 tsp. sugar. Combine cooked onions with parsley and hot broth, simmer for 10 minutes before serving.

The fresh grated cheese should be piled on toast rounds flattened out; like on the soup. If you have individual caserole with covers then portion soup out, float cheese raft, cover and place in 375° oven for 15 minutes before serving.

---Bill Morgenstern

---
Rehearse for the Apocalypse

YES FOLKS! NOW YOU CAN BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO EXPERIENCE THE ECOLOGICAL DISASTER. WHY WAIT TILL 1980? DON'T LET THE FUTURE TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE. PREPARE NOW FOR THE END OF CIVILIZATION. REHEARSE FOR THE APOCALYPSE. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

Better start preparing your palate and stomach for the fare of the 80's:
* Mix detergent with everything you eat and drink. There's already quite a bit but there will be a lot more in the future.
* Learn how to digest grass and other common plants.
* Start fattening your dog, cat, parakeet and guppies for the main course of the future.

* Develop a taste for grubs and insects - your ancestors weren't too proud to lift a rock for their dinner.
* Practice starving.
* Every night before bedtime drink a glass of industrial and organic waste on the rocks (with mixer if you prefer).

Appreciating that most services and products will disappear over the next ten to twenty years, we suggest this little dry run:
* Turn off your gas
* Turn off your water
* Turn off your telephone
* Turn off your heat
* Turn off your electricity
* Sit naked on the floor and repeat this chant: PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT, PROGRESS IS OUR...

And as the final crisis approaches there's no better time to start hoarding. Start buying things you'll need after the Fall on credit - after the collapse no one will bother with collecting debts.
* While on the subject: start thinking about creative new uses for money since its present function will soon end. Remember, paper - particularly tissue - will be in short supply.
* Think about creative new uses for other potentially obsolete things like electric can openers, televisions, brassieres, toilets, alarm clocks, automobiles, etc.
* Accustom yourself to human body odor.
* Now is the time to learn a trade for the future - practice making arrowheads and other implements out of stone. Advanced students should start experimenting with bronze.
* For those of you who are investment minded, buy land, but you'd better leave enough bread to also buy a small arsenal to defend your property with.
* Remember Victory Gardens? Plant your Survival Garden now!
* Better quit smoking - or rip off a tobacco warehouse.
* Stockpile useful items like matches, safety pins, thread and needles, condoms, etc.
* Learn how to shoot a bow and arrow.

* Start preparing for the fashions of the future. You girls might take a hint from the heroines of monster films and start tearing your clothing in tasteful but strategically located tatters in order to create the Fay Wray look of tomorrow. Those less frivolous minded among you should start cultivating your body hair. (Remember a naked ape is a cold ape)
* You housewives had better learn how to maim and kill with a vagematic.
* Finally everyone should buy a boy scout manual - or in lieu of that, buy a boy scout.

SO IN FACING THE WORLD OF TOMORROW REMEMBER: BUILD FOR THE FUTURE AND CONTEMPLATE SUICIDE.
Love to faults is always blind, 
Always to joy inclin'd, 
Lawless, wing'd, & unconfin'd, 
And breaks all chains from every mind. 

Deceit to secrecy confin'd, 
Lawful, cautious, & refin'd; 
To every thing but interest blind 
And forges fitters for the mind. 

William Blake

Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth. 
-MATTHEW 6:3
A WAR SONG

PREPARE,

A WAR SONG

PREPARE, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
Th'Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darker'd earth!
Prepare, prepare.

Thrice had I lived, I'd die in such a cause,
And rise, with ghost, over the well-fought field.
Prepare, prepare.

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth!
Prepare your arms for glorious victory!
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
Prepare, prepare.

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks 'tis mine!
Why sinks my heart, why fau/tereth my tongue?
Had' three lives, I'd die in such a cause,
And rise, with ghost, over the well-fought field.
Prepare, prepare.

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause:
Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause:
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:
Prepare, O troops, that are to fall to-day!
Prepare, prepare.

William Blake

JOHNNY BE GOOD

ARMED FORCES DAY

Last Armed Forces Day I was called upon by my superiors to participate in a display of death machinery at the Fort Stewart complex. Being completely overjoyed at the thought of wasting an entire day, my spirits were lifted by a low public turn out. It seemed as if the only people who came to gawk were the wives and children of the men "taking part" in the activities of the day.

While standing around answering questions about this and that I noticed for the first time the intense interest that the children were taking in the implements of destruction. I myself having no interest at all in the whole mess and finding all this spare time on my hands, found my mind wandering.

I came upon a problem: although I have no children, what would I do about toy guns, rifles, war games, GI Joe dolls? Dolls? Because some day I just might have a son or daughter.

Well, I've been toyed with this problem for a while and with the MASS MEDIA as it is and fathers and mothers as they've been. And I've not yet found a solution.

What will you tell your son when he asks what a gun is and what is it and WHY?

—TIN SOLDIER

War Psalms from the S.E. Asian Book of the DEAD

Returned backward to normalcy, excited by a bare breast
the boys come home, yellow with malaria
reflecting America's "Golden Era" while pocketing bits of yellowed wedding photos
BLOWN TO DUST
I squat lamenting: Yellow WAS the color of MY true love's hair.

—nancy belle brass

GONE WRONG

AMERICA - SAVING FACE...

Damn braces.
Bless
Relaxes.
Enough!

or

Too much.

The Fox

Condemns
The Trap,
KF

Father Takes
Son From
Moratorium Day
at ASC
TO NOBODADDY

Why art thou silent & invisible, Father of jealousy?
Why dost thou hide thyself in clouds From every searching Eye?

Why darkness & obscurity In all thy words & laws,
That none dare eat the fruit but from The wily serpent's jaws?
Or is it because Secrecy gains females' loud applause?

William Blake

Swingy do your Thingy!

It's here, now's your chance! If you've been wanting to do a good thing, well here's your chance. If you love children and could dig working and playing with them at a summer camp, let us know.

What's happening is that Camp St. Mary's in South Carolina is opening for the use of the children of the labor country area. It's being financed by local people, so there's not much coin, so the only return you'll get is the satisfaction of knowing you've done something worthwhile.

We need all kinds and any kind of help, from the smallest to the largest, so don't dawdle! Contact Dave Powers at 354-7692, after 4:30. DO IT!

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' LAW ENFORCEMENT CODE OF ETHICS'

Here it is, the law enforcement code of ethics, straight from the textbook ‘Introduction to Criminal Justice and Law Enforcement’. Watching the beast in action demonstrates that what they say they're supposed to be is a far cry from reality. Dig what they say - remember it next time you or your friends get hassled.

WE SERVE

AS A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER, my fundamental duty is to serve mankind; to safeguard lives and property; to protect the innocent against deception, the weak against oppression or intimidation, and the peaceful against violence or disorder; and to respect the Constitutional rights of all men to liberty, equality, and justice.

I WILL keep my private life unsullied as an example to all; maintain courageous calm in the face of danger, scorn, or ridicule; develop self-restraint; and be constantly mindful of the welfare of others. Honest in thought and deed in both my personal and official life. I will be exemplary in obeying the laws of the land and the regulations of my department. Whatever I see or hear of a confidential nature or that is confided to me in my official capacity will be kept ever secret unless revelation is necessary in the performance of my duty.

I WILL never act officiously or permit personal feelings, prejudices, animosities or friendships to influence my decisions. With no compromise for crime and with the relentless prosecution of criminals, I will enforce the law courteously and appropriately without fear or favor, malice or ill will, never employing unnecessary force or violence and never accepting gratuities.

I RECOGNIZE the badge of my office as a symbol of public faith, and I accept it as a public trust to be held so long as I am true to the ethics of the police service. I will constantly strive to achieve these objectives and ideals, dedicating myself before God to my chosen profession.... LAW ENFORCEMENT.
CIRCUMCISION:

No one has ever justified the 'medical benefits' of circumcision and the exploring of the intimate details of the intimate details of the genitalia - and the Pussycat" by Bill Manhoff

Produced by special arrangements with Samuel French, Inc.

Circumcision: so far, I have been unable to justify the "medical benefits" of circumcision and the exploring of the intimate details of the intimate details of the genitalia...
DOPE RAPS

Once upon a time in the city of Savannah, there was much ado about how the city was crawling with those "filthy long-haired junkies." And it was. But it seems as though a few of those junkies have stopped packing syringes and started packing things like political magazines and rapping on revolution. The awareness which the drug users have been telling everyone about is coming into the open and cannot be truthfully denied by anyone. They have gotten addicted to heroin and other hard drugs as a means of escaping the repression brought upon them by authorities. But junkies found they were simply killing themselves, suicidally drowned by their very enemy.

There is a very large movement going on within the Nation that is the rise. A movement in which a great feeling of patriotism is flowing throughout the "sub-culture," the sons and daughters of the nation of Amerika. The modern day bumper stickers are "America, Love it or Leave it," and "America: Change it or Lose it." In spite of several attempts by the local government forces to cage up the future inhabitants of the planet, people are beginning to see more and more long-haired people in the streets and buildings and parks of the earth.

I'm sure that most of the local people know what's going down with the local police force. But for the many people from out of town, the police force will present a very enemy. Although the mass news media is constantly putting aren't too good. Still it is a beautiful city—rather, it could be directed not at the addicts but at the society that drives them into addiction as a result of a repressive society's channeling and programming people instead of letting them live their own lives. There is an increasing awareness of society's faults; yet the auth-ethics wish to perpetuate them. As long as there is this type of repression, with the jails and crude educational systems as punishment, there will continue to be addiction to hard drugs. The first thing that must be done is the authorities getting their shit together before they show us how to get ours together.

-Gary Stutts

Meher Baba on Drugs

All so-called spiritual experiences generated by taking mind changing drugs such as LSD, Mescaline and psilocybin are superficial and add enormously to one's addiction to the deceptions of illusion which is but the shadow of reality.

For a few sincere seekers, LSD may have served as a means to arouse that spiritual longing which has brought them into God contact, but once that purpose is served, further ingestion would not only be harmful but have no point of purpose. The longing for reality cannot be sustained by further use of drugs, but only by love for the Perfect Master, Jesus Christ, Baba, which is a reflection of his love for the seeker.

The present chaos and destruction will engulf the whole world; however, this will be followed by a very long period in which there will be no war. The passing suffering and miseries of our times will be worth enduring for the sake of the long period of happiness which is to follow. What will the present chaos lead to? How will it all end? It can end only in one way. Mankind will be sick of wanting and sick of fighting out of hatred. Greed and hatred will reach such intensity and everyone will become weary of them. The deadlock will be found through selflessness. The only alternative which will bring a solution will be to stop hating and to love, to stop wanting and to give, to stop dominating and to serve.

—Michael Brann

It is not necessarily the policy of the VOICE to "campaign" against hard drugs. There has been little sound evidence that this type of literature has stopped junkies from being junkies. Problems of addiction should be directed not at the addicts but at the society that drives them into addiction as a result of a repressive society's channeling and programming people instead of letting them live their own lives. There is an increasing awareness of society's faults; yet the auth-ethics wish to perpetuate them. As long as there is this type of repression, with the jails and crude educational systems as punishment, there will continue to be addiction to hard drugs. The first thing that must be done is the authorities getting their shit together before they show us how to get ours together.

—Michael Brann

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10 Rider who wants around October 1st for Minneapolis area, contact ALBION'S VOICE.

17 year old male wants to drum up or lease with other human being contact ALBION'S VOICE, 24 W. Gaston, Houston.

Photography, CONTACT ALBION'S VOICE.

Jobs wanted for fun Euro dance. Phone 213/4611.

10 Rider wanted around October 1st for Minneapolis area, contact ALBION'S VOICE.

Can you dig another peace festival? Re-aweau!

STAFF
The Name Game


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Cover for issues 2 and 3: B. M. Jackson

Member of Liberation News Service and Underground Press Syndicate.

Thanks to The Great Speckled Bird and to the Company.

Writers are responsible for their own work, all unsigned articles are the responsibility of the editors.

Allison's Voice is a bi-weekly publication of the Savannah Blue Coop. Printed in Atlanta by Sotourlaf Truth Press, IWW.

FREEDOM!

NATURAL SEA SHORE PARK

A rally to show support for a national park as opposed to the development of private property and the destruction of the marshes is being planned by the Georgia Natural Areas Council for Jekyll Island-South End Beach on June 27 and 28.

All persons who want to save our marshes from their bulldozers should plan to attend. The GNAC has proposed making the area into a National Sea Shore Park as opposed to another sterile Hilton Head.

The program will begin with a picnic (bring your own) at 6:00 with entertainment and speakers. Dr. Eugene Odum, of the Ecology Institute, U. of Ga., Joe Brodie--Friends of Earth, and Sally Lightfoot--fisherman, are among the guest speakers. Around 9:00 a beach walk led by Dr. Derk Frankenberg, U. of Ga. Zoology Dept., will occur with discussions and some introductions to marine life. On Sunday a mussel hunt will close the activities.

So come out and save our marshes.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

A recent survey of collegiate male depicted the ideal mate as: "The girl next-door who looks like a whore." The surveyed males considered college a hunting ground without rules and ANY MAN desirable by their junior year. "Viva La Difference? What difference? Tita and as do no woman make. To know more about the movement everyone must know more about Women's Liberation's part in the struggle. No one can be free until all MEN (American language chauvinism) are free. Information requests available at the Albion's Voice office.

In a wife I would desire

What in whores is always found--

The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

MORE WOMEN LIBERATION NEWS

TOO MUCH MORE NOW

A postcard to the Emko Company, 718-4176 Manchester Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., 63113, stating that you are over 21 and married (marriage date brings a free sample supply of Emko Vaginal Foam.)