1970

Albion's Voice

William H. Strong

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Despite many rumors and reports and many difficulties and hustles, financial and otherwise, another issue of Albion’s Voice has finally come out. And this time is probably the last time — I say probably because the future is never very sure; continuation is contingent on commitment, and there is still a chance that a staff of dedicated workers will come together to keep the paper going. Obviously, the time isn’t right for Savannah to have this kind of paper — or else genuine support would’ve come through after five issues. Indian chiefs had a marvelous way of knowing the time for a tribal meeting was right: the chiefs of various tribes would come together when they felt the time had arrived; some would come a month or more after others had already gathered.}

**BEFORE**

a spot, just whenever the time is right — not that a conception of time like that’s would work in our society of fast-paced competition and hustle and bustle!

Anyway, the giant Albion, whose head is the whole world and the people in it his brain which has fallen asleep from repression, will still have his say: his awakening is something that is happening whether or not a paper is printed relating man’s liberation from repression. The manifestations are all around us. That kind is experiencing on varying levels of consciousness a world-wide revolution which comes as the only solution to the exploitation of those who live by the sweat of their brow. We must undergo a rebirth. And it is with this in mind that this issue is published depicting symbolically what biblical and mystical writings have been prophesying for centuries now. William Blake’s poetry and prophecies are a wonderful way to discover such predictions.

Savannah still, of course, has its stumbling blocks of Law and Religion: “Prisons are built with stones of Law, brothels with bricks of Religion.” (Blake) The young people here are stifled by smotherhead and schooljail house blues. But that’s no news. Much of the criticism of Albion’s Voice claims that the paper was too negative; perhaps, this is true, yet sometimes negativity can pull you through, especially when your worries flare up as Bob Dylan put it. Whatever the case, you can “expect poison from standing water,” and Savannah is a stagnant backwater, surprisingly so because it does happen to be a seaport city. When you consider that Sav’s is about the tenth largest natural support but by rights should be about fifth, then you begin to realize just how low-grade and slow this city really is. There’s too much factionism, in-group fighting, hypocrisy, and isolationism to make Savannah an openly progressive community. And what progress is made should be called regression, with all of the lack of adequate planning to construction and shoddily built places going up, not to mention the lack of proper sanitation and streets and heaping up of transportation. Worst of all, Sav’s youth reflect the same kind of shallowness and lack of honest commitment as the older generation. Graff and organized crime have been common knowledge to too many of the older people, yet they stand firmly behind “God and Country.” As for the liberals — well, there isn’t really much to say for their passiveness and superficiality, except that they’re like little old women running around in tennis shoes. An A.C.L.U. (American Civil Liberties Union) chapter was proposed at the beginning of the summer; however, still nothing much has come of the proposal. Attorney Aaron Buchsbaum, who has been the most dedicated and dependable legal assistance in rendering gratis A.C.L.U. casework in this area, cannot possibly be expected to shoulder all of the bay work that goes into running a branch chapter. And from liberal groups like the Unitarians there only comes lip-service support. Good men are truly hard to find!

It is to be hoped that young black people will inject some life into Sav’s cancer-clotted bloodstream, especially since white youth are too lethargic and uncommitted. However, among blacks there is (and rightfully so) a growing festering feeling of cynicism and hostility toward whites. And cynicism and envy can be forces just as destructive as guns and bombs. We should all strive to build more positive emotions and attitudes, really strive to keep things alive and to construct a society around Love for all men and not around dollars and cents — doesn’t that make more sense? Instead of raging Mother Earth day after day, we must get away from the concept of profit for profit’s sake — what was it the high official of Onion Bag proclaimed in Newsweek, “What does it matter if there’s one less whooping crane in the world?” — and build on service to both mankind and the environment. Nader’s Raiders are soon to publish their summer research findings on the Sav area. Watch for people, financial and otherwise, another issue of Albion’s Voice has finally come out. And this time is probably the last time — I say probably because the future is never very sure; continuation is contingent on commitment, and there is still a chance that a staff of dedicated workers will come together to keep the paper going. Obviously, the time isn’t right for Savannah to have this kind of paper — or else genuine support would’ve come through after five issues. Indian chiefs had a marvelous way of knowing the time for a tribal meeting was right: the chiefs of various tribes would come together when they felt the time had arrived; some would come a month or more after others had already gathered.}

**Youth of the World — UNITE!**

Now wouldn’t that be UNGUTH... wouldn’t that be OUTASIGHT?! Expect poison from standing water.

**One THOUGHT Fills IMMENITY.**

— BLAKE
One day
the apolitical
intellectuals
of my country
will be interrogated
by the simplest
of our people.

They will be asked
what they did
when their nation died out
slowly
like a sweet fire
small and alone.

No one will ask them
about their dress,
their long siestas
after lunch,
no one will want to know
about their sterile combats
with "the idea
of the nothing."

No one will care about
their higher financial learning.
They won’t be questioned
on Greek mythology
or regarding their self-disgust
when someone within them
begins to die
the coward’s death.

And the New:
Ring around a nearest
Coronary thrombosis,
Cancer, cancer
All fell down!

APOLITICAL INTELLECTUALS

They’ll be asked nothing
about their absurd
justifications
born in the shadow
of the total lie.

On that day
the simple folk will come,
those who had no place
in the books and poems
of the apolitical intellectuals,
but daily delivered
their bread and milk,
their tortillas and eggs,
those who mended their clothes,
those who drove their cars,
who cared for their dogs and gardens
and worked for them.

And they’ll ask:
“What did you do when the poor
suffered, when tenderness
and life
burned out in them?”

—from Otto Rene Castillo

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The Old Version:
Ring around a rose (first sign of plague)
Pocket full of peas, (handkerchiefs, sniffling)
Is this, is this, (last symptom)
All fell down! (death, of course)

"RAIN"

THE RAIN FALLS SOFTLY AND SILENTLY DOWN
ON THE ALREADY DEW BOUND GROUND.
A VOICE SOMEWHERE SAYS THAT HE HAS FOUND
WHAT NATURE HAS SAID TO BE THE RIGHT WAY.
THE CLOWN LOOKS UP, A TEAR FALLS SILENTLY
DOWN HIS CHEEK
FOR HE KNOWS WHAT WE ARE YET TO MEET.
NO ONE LOOKS AND NO ONE LISTENS TO WHAT
LIFE HAS TO SAY.
LOOK JUST ONCE AT THE GROUND UPON WHICH
YOU WALK IF YOU MAY ... IT'S GREEN! IS THAT
WHAT YOU SAY?
STOP — LOOK AND LISTEN, TAKE TIME FOR IT
FOREVER GOES SWIFTLY AS THE WIND. YOU
CAN'T GO BACK —
AND ONCE YOU ARE THERE IT'S TOO LATE
TO RETURN.

— Gypsy H.
FIRE AND ICE
(1925)

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I’ve tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Humanism for animals. We shd
Turn them into humans?
The fire will.
(Oh but!
The fire will.
The fire of the humanistic change
Smoke of the humans
We are humans
Turning to spirit.
Humanism for animals
Reach humanity animals
In the flame we throw
Upon you reach
In the Red agony burning
Our souls reach
We burn inside
Transform the world spiritual
Reaching of humans
We are reaching as God for God
As human knowing spirit
We leave the humans
We find the humanity
Humanism for animals
Spiritism for Humans
Reach Brother
Reach

-Leroi Jones
The Last Shall Be First, the First Last.

Unless a grain of corn fall into the ground and die, it remains no more than itself. But if it dies, it brings forth much fruit.

— Bible

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

— Milton

This world and yonder world are incessantly giving birth: every cause is a mother, its effect the child. When the effect is born, it too becomes a cause and gives birth to wondrous effects. These causes are generation on generation, but it needs a very well lighted eye to see the links in their chain.

— Rumi

Sometimes naked, sometimes mad. Now as a scholar, now as a fool, thus they appear on earth – the friction!

— Hindu Verse

There exists no more difficult art than living. For other arts and sciences, numerous teachers are to be found everywhere. Even young people believe that they have acquired these in such a way that they can teach them to others; throughout the whole of life, one must continue to learn to live and what will amaze you even more, throughout life one must learn to die.

— Seneca
VOTES in the on the ECOL-

1. Indirect vote on the SST. A "no" vote would have allowed an amendment to the recommittal motion to delete all funds for supersonic transport. (Passed, 176-161. 1970, HR 17755). A "no" vote is for the environment. Score 3.

2. Vote on whether to grant a rule for the Timber Supply Bill, which would have increased the logging on national forests. (Defeated, 150-228. 1970, HR 12025). A "no" vote is for conservation. Score 3.

3. Indirect vote for $1 billion clean water appropriation. A "no" vote would have allowed an amendment to the public works appropriation bill to spend $1 billion. (Passed, 213-187. 1969, HR 14159). A "no" vote is against pollution. Score 3.

4. Vote to reconsider bill creating the San Rafael Wilderness Area. Conservationists voted "yes" for reconsideration because the proposed boundaries in the bill were much too small. (Defeated, 156-116. 1968, S 860. Score 3).


listed below are some of the more revealing roll call votes in the last ten years. We caution the reader that a Congress- man’s public vote is only one of many ways that he works to save or destroy the environment. It is the tip of an iceberg — and the tip may be deceiving. Many of the controversial votes are secret. A Congressman’s behavior on an important committee has far more impact than his votes on the House floor. Public votes reflect the pressures of his constituency as well as his personal conviction and may make him appear better or worse than he is in the privacy of a committee room.

For the reader’s convenience, each Congressman is given a score based on the votes shown here. Thus it is not a score of his overall record.

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6. Bill authorizing the Secretary of Interior to preserve estuarine areas. (Suspension of rules, requiring a 2/3 majority; failed 209-108). A "yes" vote is for conservation. Score 3.


8. Vote to reconsider Clean Air Act with instructions to delete Title II for research on solid waste disposal. (Defeated, 80-220. 1965, S 306). A "no" vote is against pollution. Score 3.

9. Amendment to the Public Works Appropriation Bill to reduce funds for several Army Corps of Engineers construction projects, including the cross-Florida barge canal. (Defeated, 84-120. 1962, HR 12950). A "yes" vote is for conservation. Score 3.

10. Vote to reconsider the Water Pollution Control Bill, with instructions to reduce the annual authorization for sewage treatment grants to communities from $100 million per year, to $75 million per year. (Defeated, 165-246). A "no" vote is against pollution. Score 3.

The League of Conservation Voters is a nonpartisan campaign committee which gives active support to legislators working to protect the environment. We will raise money and manpower for a few who face especially close races, and endorse others who deserve recognition. Thus we can help our allies in Congress and defeat legislators who are ecologically destructive. The League is closely affiliated with Friends of the Earth. We base our decisions upon the advice and information of conservation leaders from many groups. We judge candidates by their track records rather than their rhetoric. Our goal is to prove that issues like pollution, population, and conservation can decide elections, thus greatly increasing the political muscle of all groups working on these problems. We are not tax-deductible, and money is hard to come by. The number of candidates we can help and the value of our support depends on the seed money we get now.

SEND TO: LEAGUE OF CONSERVATION VOTERS c/o Friends of the Earth 917 Fifteenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

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George’s Grand Total: 45

COMPILATION BY: O’HIGGINS

IN COOPERATION WITH: FRIENDS OF THE EARTH
Yesterday morning more than 175,000 mothers looked down on the vague, uncomprehending eyes of their newborn babes. Today a similar number are doing likewise, and tomorrow and the next day. All the babies look very much the same, differing but slightly in the color of those vague eyes or their strange small bodies, otherwise so much the same whether the child first senses the light of day in Saigon, Rome, or Savannah. These are the children of the earth, each day in every land they come, insistently in such numbers, the daily host reproducing the human species the world over. Each day, on the average, there are a few more than the day before. So it is known to have been for the last three centuries. Before that we do not really know, except that there were once, millennia ago, the first few scattered groups of men and women, the original ancestors from whom today's two billion and more have sprung.

So great a company of newborn children, freed from the darkness of their mother's womb, become day after day a living part of the environment into which each of them has come. Its strength will be theirs, and its weaknesses their also. Within the span of merely two lifetimes, the size of this daily coming of people has tripled. Part of the saying of Jesus, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth," has been fulfilled. Today humanity, in great and growing numbers, is crowded upon most of the habitable areas of the earth, but man's occupancy is marked neither by meekness nor by understanding. The Psalmist who wrote "His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth," experienced a hope for mankind that has been questioned gravely by the course of human events. A child who was born two lifetimes ago, even though he were endowed with the ultimate gifts of prophecy, could not have foretold the developments which, in a sense, are the apogee of all previous history. Within so short a space of time, or within six generations, the numbers of people on the earth have increased from approximately seven hundred million to more than two billion. Continents even recently uninhabited have been "conquered" and sapped of their natural resources. Man's inheritance of the earth is now a completed fact, but as heir he has disregarded the words of the gentle Nazarene and has already destroyed a large part of his inheritance. He has failed so far to recognize that he is a child of the earth and, that, this being so, he must for his own survival work with nature in understanding rather than in conflict.

In the recognition of his failures in the past lies his hope for the future and his avoidance of the day of destruction that is drawing nearer and nearer as each day passes. So as we look back on yesterday's children and criticize, remember one of the most important things: we are today's children and will we be able to withstand the criticism when we become yesterday's?

— David J. Marchant

NATURAL CHILDBIRTH

New York (LNS) — For women who are having trouble locating doctors who encourage "natural childbirth," there is a society in New York who will help you by supplying lists of accredited teachers of the "Lamaze Method" and may be able to give you the name of a doctor.

Contact: ASPO (American Society for Psycho-Physiology in Obstetrics) 36 West 96th Street, New York, N.Y.
BE RECONCILED

There are some who say, "We are skilled at smashing briers, as we are skilled at conducting battles." They are most mistaken.

"Warriors (think what we are)."

The right way is the true way, the true way is the right way, but it is not to be confused with the pious or the pious with the true. So war is not to be confused with peace.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Modified

The story of international diplomacy was very strong and true. The war was considered just which but not just, and there were those who even in the case of wars with barbarians, the Romans did not always win.

But we must remember that just because a nation is truth and justice, it does not make for war. In war, even the greatest battalions can be defeated.

—Leon Blum

If you refuse to fight, we will all go to hell together.

—Lookout, Here Comes a Comet

Let's try not fighting. Let's see what that will do.

This Thing Called the

Look back, here comes again. You can't fight the war any longer. It will eventually get you in the end.

—Emancipation Proclamation

No matter what color or race we may be, it's in our own minds and souls that have constructed the thing we call War.

—Winston Churchill

God, our Maker, is the arbiter of all決定. We must have been among the few who first unfurled the standard of peace, for we wish to have been among the few who first unfurled the coveted banner of peace—Edward Payson, 1874-1877

For what can WAR but endless WAR still breed?

—Milton

I am tired and sick of war. It is glory in all conditions. It is only those who have neither fed a shot nor heard the clash of arms and seen the wounded who can try aloud for blood, more vengeance, more destruction. War is hell.

—William Sherman

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

—Matthew 5:5

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

—Matthew 5:6

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

—Matthew 5:7

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

—Matthew 5:8

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

—Matthew 5:9

Leon Blum

The human race had the wisdom to create science and art; why should it not be capable to create a world of justice, brotherhood, and love? The human race has produced the great minds of the world—Shakespeare and Hugo, Machaut and Beethoven, Pascal and Voltaire, all those who refused to accept the dominance of the passions. Why should they not refuse to pass over to the leadership of making a harmonious and harmonious community which is close to the lives and harmonies of the universe?
What's in a Name...?

What motivated the picketing of the Board of Education recently? Could it be because the "concerned citizens" did not want their children to ride buses to schools which were too far away to walk? That is what one would imagine after reading the signs. But look at the whole picture: the Blacks have been busing their kids to schools halfway across town for years because there were no Black schools in the neighborhood. Where were these good ladies then? The truth is, these people don't want their children to sit in the same room with a Negro. What they may not be aware of is this: no matter where they go there will be blacks (not enough of them though to really "endanger" their children). At this point I am wondering who will be more dangerous to whom.

The day after the picketing started, our infamous governor, Lester flew into Savannah to talk to the Concerned Citizens Association about the "problem." They hope to have a state law passed nullifying the federal law. (Remember that one, history fans? It was one of the major causes of the Civil War. Heaven knows this country has enough trouble without another war to worry about). These people who are trying to keep the school system as segregated as possible, which may lead to another major division in our population, are the same hypocrites that babble about national unity. (The same ones, by the way, who celebrate the Confederacy while flying Old Glory out front).

What this country needs now more than anything is understanding. You can't judge a book by its cover just as you can't judge a person by his color. I made an interesting discovery one afternoon a few months ago. I was a bigot in a way: I though everyone with a flat-top and overall was a red-neck and hated kids with long hair. Then, one day out by Rudy's, the car hit a bump and something started making noises. I didn't know much about cars so all I could do was stop and feel bad. Thirty seconds later a man and his wife, both looking pretty red, stopped and in five minutes he had the car working. He didn't ask for money and just drove off with a smile. This showed me that you can't judge a person by his looks.

If everyone who hated blacks would take the time to know one, there wouldn't be any racial trouble. The same is true for Jews, Catholics, red-necks, Indians, Mexicans and anyone else. Anyone who feels that another person is inferior because of race, religion, or nationality is just trying to project his own inadequacies on a scapegoat. The CCA is like a branch of the KKK. They would like to see things continue the same as always: two separate nations, Black and White, with separated laws and standards of living. The races have got to come together some day, be it a peaceful integration or a violent conflict; the races will meet and when they do there has to be more than a tolerance. There has to be a genuine love and understanding.

Please try to remember that we are all brothers; we are all equal under God and if it is good enough for the Lord it is good enough for me.

Ira Giffen, seq.
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SHOP OF SEVEN SEAS
I wonder high school students seldom learn much about Socrates or Jesus, or Buddha— or anyone else really worth knowing about. Because almost any great man would probably be kicked out of Savannah High or any of the local high schools these days, even if he did trim his hair over his ears, tape it back, and wear shoes. These men would have to be categorized as disruptive influences—they had minds of their own and dared to act on their inner promptings. Socrates, at the guiding influence of his inner voice, had the unmitigated gall to defy the urban swash is upon us and the media make it seem to be a matter of life or death for a way of life approaching its death throes. (Or is it a way of death facing the trauma of rebirth?) It isn't trivial for a tradition-bound and spiritually bankrupt society to force conformity on its children. The old ways are being threatened, and the new ways threaten the old. It may be a risky generalization to assert that Socrates was the greatest educator the world has ever known, but it may also be true. It sounds a bit out of place in this technologically astounding age to rave about the beauties of the Socratic dialogue, but what could be more miraculous than the student uncovering the truths hidden within himself with the reverent help of the teacher? It is hardly to be wondered why this could be more so opposed to that process than the enforced system of sit-down-and-shut-up-and-do-the-busy-work-I-give-you-and-above-all-don't-do-anything-that's-not-Good-Citizenship—which actually means do-what-we-tell-you-to-do!

Perhaps it isn't trivial after all that is being enforced under the auspices of the do-what-we-tell-you system. In fact, it seems to be a matter of life or death for a way of life approaching its death throes. (Or is it a way of death facing the trauma of rebirth?) It isn't trivial for a tradition-bound and spiritually bankrupt society to force conformity on its children. The old ways are being threatened— the urban swash is upon us and the media make it difficult to pretend that drastic change isn't taking place. So it's time to jump to the defences, arm the fort of the soul. For this age, it is no motivation for the strenuous effort against it that we cast, and the greater our ethical idealism, the darker is the shadow the urban swash is upon us and the media make it difficult to pretend that drastic change isn't taking place. So it's time to jump to the defences, arm the fort of the soul.

Despite the theoretical opposition of monothelitism to dualism, the monothelitism of the West became ethical monothelitism—and evil is profoundly problematic in a universe governed by a single God both beneficent and omnipotent.* If, then, one is to believe that evil is either an illusion or an expedient of the Godhead, there is no motivation for the strenuous effort against it which both Hebrew and Christian moralists demand. In a universe of ethical monothelitism evil must then be considered as an effective and highly dangerous rebellion of the creature against the Creator. But the energy with which this rebellion is hated and opposed by those on the side of light can of itself endow the reflow of evil, and that which this energy generates in the world. If this energy is to be contained and not allowed to flow, then one must face the paradox that the greatest ethical idealism, the dark shadow that we cast, and that ethical monothelitism became, in attitude if not in theory, the world's most startling dualism.

— Alan Watts, The Two Hands of God

* "Consider Lucretian"'s proposition: There exists evil and suffering in the world. Also, there exists a Godhead that is beneficent, omnipotent, and omniscient. From these premises arise several paradoxes: If God is good, why then is there evil and suffering? Why can He not eliminate such wretched conditions? If He cannot do so, then He is not omnipotent, He is impotent. On the other hand, if He lets suffering be, and if He lets evil exist, then He is not omniscient.
What Others May Not See!

If each man's secret, unguessed care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who have our envy now!
And if the promptings of each heart
No artifice concealed,
How many trusting friends would start
At what they saw revealed?

— Anon.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd.

— Blake

I am writing this article as a pilot to a complete expose on a tight group of greedy, grasping gangsters and their hired frontmen who have literally "taken" Savannah for everything they could for the last 4 decades. Knowledgeable insiders have reported some of the facts and figures that would bring the citizens of Savannah "up-in-arms" against these so-called up-standing people. As these widely separated estirnstes were revealed, it is apparent that no one really knows the total extent of the gang's "take-over." Following their successful procedures in attacking legitimate business enterprises and local land owners, these vampires of society are skilled in secreting themselves behind a complicated network of dummy corporations, pistol-partnerships, frightened frontmen and money-hungry opportunists.

Extensive investigations on various members of this "mob" has repeatedly shown an em of either infiltration or complete dominance of several legitimate fields including: the vending machine business of all types, including the cigarette machines and juke boxes; the operation of nightclubs and bars.

Yes, Savannah, it's time we begin to push these "executive" gangsters who are quiet business minded frontmen who deal in our legal matters and/or contracts, corporate fronts and images of respectability. These people are twisting our laws to protect their operation and rake in their profits, using everything from "goon" tactics to blackmail to suave management.

What can and will be done to stop these society "leeches?"

Local, state, and even federal law enforcement agencies are hampered in their efforts. Politicians and law enforcement officers who are bought off by these people are quick and careful to claim that such an organization doesn't exist and that it's just some type of propaganda to overthrow the local government. Frequent, non-informal local offices have made deals with this group to insure their election.

Probably, most of the younger generation of Savannah won't appreciate or really understand much of this article, but I am positive that a number of the older and supposedly up-standing citizens will comprehend it with the greatest of familiarity. Relief for the local youth of Savannah is on the way because, gentlemen, your days are numbered in your games of graft, blackmail, and deceit, even if the wine did taste sweet. I write as I please and let the chips fall where they may, rather the bowling pins.

— David I. Marchant

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— David I. Marchant
from

HEAVEN

Thoughts on Food and Nutrition

Several years ago while I was living in London, I entertained as a dinner guest a young doctor newly arrived from India; he complimented my hospitality in the inimitable Indian manner, and to my surprise inquired whether I had prepared all the food with my own hands. My Indian friend soon enlightened me, "I have looked at all over grocery store," he said, "but everything in packet, not possible for Indian man to eat such stuff." Next time I visited the store, I took a long look at shelf after shelf of packaged and processed foods, and well understood the doctor's dilemma. In this gimmick sick world, the products that snap-crackle-and-pop, the flip top, the handy container, these are the criteria of quality – whatever happened to food?

Nutrition is the missing link that has been carefully structured out of our diet. The dictionary defines nutrition as "the supplying and receiving of nourishment." Surely, this quality must be found in bread!

Consider one of the additives, sodium propionate, a substance used to "prevent spoilage." Spoilage, however, is an uncertain choice of a word to find on a food package, and just recently has had a change of name – it now "preserves freshness."

Manufactured bread contains one chemical that acts as a raising agent, another that prevents shrinkage, one to preserve moisture, and so on. Other things have happened to bread: it is whipped into a consistency of sponge rubber, but worse yet, the flour itself has been bleached and robbed of the vitamin rich wheat germ. Good bread is hard to find; so why not try home baked bread isn't going to taste like the "store bought bread," the pap that clutter grocery shelves, and you may even have to get used to tasting bread for a change – real wholesome bread!

Bitchin' from the Kitchen

REVOLUTIONARY & FORGOTTEN WOMEN IN HISTORY

by Off Our Backs

BALTIMORE, Md. (LNS) -- Florence Howe is thinking through the idea of putting pamphlets together which would deal (in 50-100 pages) with the lives and achievements of revolutionary women and forgotten women in history. The pamphlet will be aimed at high school students and college freshmen and women. If you are interested in helping her with this project -- or with organizing a collective around it -- or with researching, writing, illustrating, and editing, 'or with the actual publishing, contact Florence at 5504 Greenspring Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21209.

RATTLIN' THEM POTS AND MEN...!
Procession after procession, a technique used throughout Fellini's films, take the two deeper and deeper into the weird world of his cinema, today exposed in a way that the two way down are one and the same. Throughout the movie fantastical shadings of opposite colors juxtaposed in either immediate scenes or directly contrasted with the frames along with concrete shapes build symbolism beyond any drug experience. The symbolism of colors and forms blends into an incredible cinematographic performance. In the end the glimmer of fresco freezes time, and on the aesthetic level the principals are found through all of their maddening journey of dark shadings to have ground in years.

CATCHY CATCH

Catch - 22 managed to pull off war as both horrific and comedy (or should it be insanity?) Perhaps, the truism and best humor starts when the gallows, that insane moment in which one either laughs or flips out, And so it is in Catch - 22: the only same characters are those who are considered insane. It brings you to the point raised by Elie Frommer in The Society. How does one measure sanity in an insane society? Or like Dostoevsky's The Idiot in which the hero is misunderstood so much to be considered a foolish impractical idiot, this man's vision is far above those surrounding him. The dream imagery in Catch - 22 did become a bsd-geon. It began to seem a contrivance for shock and not aesthetic effect. However, I suppose getting the point across to audiences like Savannah's, Nolco was justified in his repetition. Catch - 22 is a more sophisticated anti-war film than say MASH with all of its slapstick humor. Catch - 22 manages to get at the essence of the military-industrial machine in incisive style: imperialism and capitalism are clearly revealed as the core of the military's conquest with cock on dump trucks let loose on rampage of mindless drowning. Catch - 22 is a good manual for military instruction! It has been in Savannah for over two months now: yet if you somehow missed it on this run, be sure to catch it next time around.

Can man through excess of perversion (symbolism equated to polymorphpic perversion) ever hope to achieve innocence? Can man unify his many selves in the face of a montage of monstrosities of vice and vice's price - must man go mad before he can become sane? Satyricom gives these problems through the Beatles answer them with the line, "Once there was a way to get back home?" Fellini, it seems to me, says Yes! to these problems of existence. For once he affirms on the aesthetic level the humanistic hunger for identity and value, two of man's greatest philosophical problems -- today as then, yes especially today in years... - Bill Strong

With credit also to Max Ostenhaller's review in Wintenoor Film Quarterly.)

Fellini's free adaptation of Petronius' Satyricom is a cornucopia of monstrosities. Perhaps, ugliness in its ex-tremities promises some hope of beauty, something akin to Mary Shelley's Frankenstein: behind the mask of hideous grotesque ugliness lies beauty. Fellini theatricalizes many of the humor in the unbreakable state of monstrosity after montage. Dreamlike, yes, yet in answer to some critics' attack on Fellini's technique, the film's intention is in travelling through a maze of inner geography, and as the mind wanders past change after image and symbol after symbol in a picassues jaunting that becomes more and more haunting, the characters must unify the epiclothing during what critics like Moravia complain of as mechanicalization and repetition. As Antonioni put it when questioned about the mechanization of character in his film Zabriskie Point, directors on the contin-ent have gone beyond the idea of acting in films. Further, in answer to criticism of Fellini being to ex-pressionistic and subjective, Petronius' work itself does not adhere to any strict codes of "realism." Quite often Petronius indulges in long passages of rhetoric. Demands the critic, "why can't Fellini's film be realistic?" the film's movement through the inner zones of consciousness. As for the criticism that Fellini seeks through subjectivity to return to tones of a medieval religious epic, here apocryphes fail to realise the film's intentions. By being bizarre and grotesque Satyricom detaches its viewers and gives them some way for evaluating his-tory. The film is imbued with Petronius' sense of pa-ganism which is Fellini's aim: "What interests me is the pagan attitude to life before the coming of the Christian conscience. One discovers this in Petronius and it is the chief thing that I will borrow from the text which otherwise is but the fragment of the narra-tive." Fellini does often favor religious tones: La Dolce Vita, La Strada, and Juliet of the Spirits reveals his transcen-dentalism, man being inherently monotonous yet redeemable through faith (La Strada), or through understanding (Juliet), or perhaps it is a metaphor for La Dolce Vita. In the end of La Dolce Vita the Fri Angelico faced girl who had attracted the movie star's eyes earlier beckons to him across an ennui; however, the movie star cannot clearly hear her and then turns to go back with the jaded set he. He would have had to cross the waters of redemption to redefine himself, but the call to redemption is inaudible to his ears which have become spiritually deafened.

Out of discord comes the fairest harmony.

Fellini admits to science fictionalizing Satyricom, delving deeply into the problems of inner awareness and idenity - deeply but not obscurely. Encolpius and Asyltus, the principal characters, give unity to the encompassing swirls of action that make up the film's story through the Inferno hellsbly haunting, disorienting, confusing. However, the rebellious youthful spirits of the two students cavort and prance through every kind of chance and mischance. Some after scene styles aloof, accide, failure of motivation. Accide is not a sin to be relegated to times B.C. -- accide is none of the Seven Deadly Sins plaguing man as much today as then, perhaps more now at a time when tradition, value, order, and identity have all been undergoing a state of col-lapse with revolution posed as the only solution. We are now witnessing the same sort of degeneration of our na-tion as Rome once confronted. Fellini states the parallel: "I could say that declining Rome was quite similar to our world today, the same fury of furtive depravity, the same vio-lence, the same lack of moral principles and ideologies, the same despair and the same self-complicity." And further, "Mankindemains ever the same, and the prin-cipal characters of the story seem up to date. Encol-pius and Asyltus, two students who are half-bourgeois, half beatniks, such as we can see in our times on the Spanish Steps in Rome, or in Paris, Amsterdam and London, go from one adventure to another - even the most reckless - without the slight-est remorse, with the natural innocence and splendid vitality of two young animals."

In the circle the beginning and the end are common.

FINISH
So there you go you local freaks
I'll be gone 100 Ihis place reeks
Blopped
The paper you did was all raps
Your paper goes out with no raps
Zont!
I shan't forget it wasn't too bad
But see in Savannah its just a
screaming — mad
It's nothing but politics (hammer)

Dear fellow freaks,

My husband and I and our close friends have been living in Savannah for 2 months now. Since my husband is in the army I can't give you our address or first names, I'm sure you can dig our paranoia. One of your salesmen spoke of "Albion's Voice" on our stay. We tried to say, we really got good vibes from the dude. Anyway, we've been pretty isolated and not seen any hipsters. We think you're probably right that the less physical freedom you have, the more you will find it is not such a hassle. When we went to see "Woodstock" at the cinema theater, we were the only hard core freaks there, all the others were dressed up in their mod clothes. However sad and despondent you have, the less physical freedom you have. If you want to find freedom to move around and experience new environments and people, the less you have the more mobile you are. Our whole peace and love and free peace and love. We want real people, not ego trippers. Of course, we don't condemn anyone and we just wish people would learn.

By publishing your magazine you are trying to change things and that's good. But sometimes I question your motives. My rap is not meant to piss you off, I am just relaying the truth as I see it. By calling the police pigs and the townspeople rednecks, you only piss them off and contribute to the hatred and irrationality concerning freaks, from smock freaks to wired up speed freaks. I'm not inferring that there are many different types of "rednecks" and "hipsters".

Now, I do pretend to say that I feel comfortable in this town, we don't hassle anyone, yet we get stares and nasty comments just because of our dress and my lack of make-up and bra, BUT let's keep things in perspective. Let's learn from their mistakes. Change cannot be forced; everyone is entitled to their own opinions and it takes patience and a real attempt to communicate to change people's heads. I hope you can dig where I'm at. Show them that you do believe that all men are created equal and that all men are brothers. All men, including those who oppress. Don't you think "pigs" are oppressed? They are as just much a product of this sick society as you and me. Read Joan Baez's rap in June Playboy and take heed. I beg you in the name of freedom for all men, don't be so radical that it turns people off. Good people in Savannah can be friends with influence to help us be treated as equals, rather than dirty communists. We all have freedom in our heads, but our physical freedom is being oppressed and the more we rebel, the more they will hate us and attempt to oppress us. (I'm talking about violent revolution on our parts.) We can do enough by being what we feel, by dressing the way we want to dress and by being what we want to be without hurting or hassling others deliberately. So for all men, peace, dig life, dig nature and keep on trying to change, just do it peacefully.

Can you dig it?

Love and Peace,
Mr. & Mrs. Jones

Editor's note: Right on, let's fight on -- non-violently, yes, otherwise we'll only digress.

As a newcomer to Savannah I really don't know that many facts about the people. I have received a few impressions which I would like to share with you.

I wanted to write about what was happening with young people here. Where were their heads at? Are they all members of the Georgia Hystorical Society or the John Bircher? Are they all advocates of J.B. Stoner? Do any of them realize that things are moving, young people are having a greater influence on society than ever before in history. Are they willing to speak up, work for, and support the constructive changes that are being initiated by some of the creative people that every community has? These are some of the questions I asked.

These are some of the answers that I experienced. As a whole, I found that people here, everywhere, are concerned about the social milieu and double talk. I found the greater majority holding the liberal point of view. I found most of them paying lip service support to the liberal political parties of the time, the Kennedy's, the Martin L. King's. They like the idea of having a newspaper that expresses their ideas. They believe that there should be some place that they can go and get help for their problems.

Unfortunately, when it comes time for work, for active support, for the intensity of "Soul," it comes out as being just as conservative as everyone else along the line. The hatred and hostility that is expressed for "Rednecks" and the scorn and ridicule that is loaded upon anyone with a different mode of dress and lifestyle is, for me, very symbolic of a lack of conviction on the part of the person who is ridiculing and showing the scorn.

A few dedicated people have for a long time been carrying the load. They have been doing a wonderful job, but they cannot continue to do it alone. Let's get on board -- if it's good, then it's growing. If you, reading this article, believe that the moves being taken for freedom in the Savannah area are good, then let's help by planting ourselves along with the strong things we believe in, LOVE, PEACE, and FREEDOM.

Our parents changed the world to fit their needs, I see no reason why we cannot institute and make the changes that will help us to fulfill our needs.

-- Charles Rouse

Ed. note: An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory.

Nomadic Artists
Zephyr wander
through the body cells of island kitchens,
illustrated in the brushstrokes of the inked and papered page.

Lightlike, fashion stellar patterns
on abrasive, dusty tiles,
the floor below this ball of air,
this formally composed and random point,
this room, this breath's load.

See through heaviest of lenses, heaviest of coins, the Aleph,
large, see no value.

See nothing, everything, the All
which, hovering and last abstraction,
vanishes, its weight dispersed.
-- William

So freak out brother and split
for the woods
In years to come you'll with you
could get some culture

Music my friend is what we dig
Flipped way out beyond the pigs

Pax and Soul,
Kazu Morc

Dear Albion,

Why do you people always talk about getting it together? You people are so far from being together it's unreal. You continuously contradict yourself. For example, you people are so down on capitalism but sell your paper for 20¢. Your parents are capitalists and most of Savannah's hip people live with their parents. I say hip because they're detrimentally (sic) not hip. Hippy people can make it in this country. Hippy people know that the only way to change heads is to be cool, rap your views, and respect other's views. When people that see that you can have long hair, smoke grass, hold a good job, and be making it they may start to believe that your ideas can work. How many people in Savannah (hipsters) support themselves? I've never seen so many pan-handlers in my life. And man -- pan-handlers are screwed up. Everyone is broked occasionally (sic) but not everyday. Are you HELP? Next time you wonder why you can't get more people behind you or why you can't sell your paper, read the --- thing and look at your hip (?) community.

Peacefully yours,

California

Editor's note: About selling papers being capitalist: street sales don't nearly clear operational costs, let alone make money. And ads aren't doing it either. And that is, after all, capitalists' basis, isn't it -- making money? As for Savannah's "hipsters" who just hang on, there is a word for their lifestyle--hippocracy. On that point, I wholeheartedly agree, as well as on hipsters here being very untogther -- and yet, ironically enough, especially on our former staff. However, I note with interest your choice of words -- you people -- and I wonder just what you've been doing lately to help your "brothers", or are you too hyp for that since "your people" is to me one of the mostist phrases in the English language.

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21 WEST PERRY ST. (basement)
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Antiques - Oddities Collectables - Prices Reasonable Come Browse