



GREAT SPECKLED BIRD



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President as a favorite son candidate. However, we will be unable to state our final plans until the results of the California primary.

me for endorsement of that, if I do run I can say however I wish to thank Les for his endorsement of me for President as a favorite son candidate.

CASTRO

WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?

68 WOW

choice not an echo.



maddox castro

endorses for pres.

SOR'S

PATH N HEWING

day who can tell it like it is and do something about it. We have such a man here today and I'm proud to be with him and support him." Glenn bobbles back to his seat amidst thunderous applause.

Up to the mike bounces the Energetic Student Leader who will introduce the Star: "The title of this symposium is 'American Society at the Crossroads' and it's our responsibility as students to analyze the revolutionary changes that are taking place and respond to them, etcetera, etcetera. quote this, quote that, quote J. F. K. -- And Now--The Son of the New Frontier, he had now become its father (sic), and the next President of the United States, Robert F. Kennedy!"

With a gentle wave thank you Kennedy comes to the mike. After the noise subsides, he launches his stand-up-comic routine: "I received both good news and bad news on arriving here. The bad news was that Bear Bryant will not run as my vice-president. (laughter) The good news is that he's willing to let me run as his vice-president." (roar)

"I'm sorry I don't have any buttons for you today. I ordered ten thousand but when they came they all had Teddy's picture on them. So I sent them back. I told him that he could not get into the race at this late date. That would be ruthless." (roar)

He extolled the virtues of local liberals. American success was built by men looking beyond the narrow confines of regionalism, like Hugo Black of Alabama. He states his concern and purpose: "I have come here because our great nation... is divided as it has not been for 100 years; divided by war abroad and by crises at home... I have come here because I seek to join with you in building a better country and a united country. And I come to Alabama

At least we Democrats have a choice. If Governor Maddox thinks Fidel Castro is best qualified to be President of the United States, he's free to vote for him.



WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?

quite frankly I was unaware Fidel Castro was entered in this race.



OUT THE SMOOTH SOCIETY'S MAC-BIRD

because I need your help." He stresses the unity theme again. He chose to begin his campaign in the South, his weakest area, because he feels that he must go before all Americans in this critical election year. He condemns those who advocate repression as a solution for America's tremendous domestic problems. He likewise condemns those who "preach violence... burn and loot." He balances calls for reform with condemnations of violence. A tit for the liberals and a tat for the conservatives. He receives tremendous applause, as one would expect in Alabama, when he says, "I run for President because I believe such anarchy is intolerable--and I want to do something about it." He receives a similar response when he says, "But I also run because I want citizens to have an equal chance for jobs and decent housing. When a man leaves his home to risk death 12,000 miles away while we live and study in comfort, I

BIRD BABY, BIRD

Hassled by the F.B.I. last week, selling papers. The F.B.I. Selling papers. Yes.

Saw the Magic Word: RESISTANCE (It's against the law to advocate resistance in this country. Yes, but lots of things are against the law in this country.)

Do you have a Draft Card? (I was selling papers.)

Ha, Hell No, that's none of your business.

Yes it is. (F.B.I.)

Draft card, library card, driver's license, wife's driver's license, pocket calendar. Satisfaction.

He is protecting neither his freedom nor mine nor yours.

I was selling papers.

--tom coffin

ROBERT: "TO FOLLOW MY GREAT PREDECESSOR'S

MAR. 25, Tuscaloosa, Ala. --The first Southern tour of the 1968 Kennedy Play began this afternoon with a brief introduction at the Atlanta airport. Several hundred people, mainly students, waited 1 1/2 hours to see the star. They cheered and swarmed over him when he arrived. He spoke a few words, then back on the plane.

There were two planes from Atlanta, chartered DC-3's packed with newsmen and Kennedy followers. They landed at the tiny airport in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, home of Robert Shelton's Ku Klux Klan and the University of Alabama.

Act I: Bit players in the Kennedy drama wait for hours in the cold drizzle. They look up, raise banners, "Bama for Bobby!" Hand shake with collegiate-looking Don Seigleman, anti-war student body president of the University of Alabama.

The crowd cannot be restrained. It surges past the police guard. Up goes Bobby on someone's shoulders, cameras whirr. Kennedy begins: "I'm here to say that I want your help, I need your help. We can turn the course of this country around..."

Act II: Eight thousand people wait

two hours in the auditorium. Kennedy struggles forward to the stage through a surge of hands, surrounded by the noise of a standing ovation.

On stage is John Glenn, America's first astronaut; 12-year old David and 10-year old Michael Kennedy; an entourage of students; and the challenger Prince.

Glenn is first. His blond all-American crew cut, his toothpaste ad grin, help demonstrate Kennedy's Americanism, his patriotism. He nods to quiet the din. He says how he feels when the flag goes by. He says that America is the richest and most productive country in the world. "The output of Illinois alone equals all of Africa."

But, he says, there's a crisis of confidence in America today. People like Roston and Lippman, people who really ought to know, are worried. Awareness of these problems began with students, the first generation brought up on the scientific method. Heck, it's no wonder they question everything, even religion and politics.

"Out at Berkeley, where a lot of this questioning started, the cry was 'tell it like it is.' We need people to-

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Police Violence Demonstrates Effect

--gary chuse

Social Circle, Ga. --Recent police violence against Negroes in Walton County may indicate that whites are beginning to feel the effect of a county-wide boycott of white-owned stores by Negroes. The police actions further demonstrate that although Social Circle is no longer making headlines, matters are far from settled in this small town.

Demonstration tactics have changed since the first "lie-ins" to stop school buses coming to the Social Circle Training School. Demonstrators retain their demands that principal C. C. Carr be fired and the three suspended teachers be reinstated, but their tactics have escalated to a countywide economic boycott. Weekend picketing and the boycott have been described as "very effective" by the demonstrators in keeping black dollars out of white stores. Picketers estimate 80-95 percent effectiveness. Cooperating shoppers travel to adjacent Newton County in car pools to make their purchases.

Demonstrations in Social Circle began following the dismissal of three teachers who began protesting the conditions at Social Circle Training School. In addition to the reinstatement of the teachers and the firing of Principal Carr, parents and students demanded immediate improvement in five areas:

1. The school lunchroom. Specific complaints were that the cafeteria was filthy, that boloney and weiners dominated the menu, and that no free lunch program was provided for poor children though the school could have qualified for the program under the federal grant. Teachers often had to buy milk for hungry children.

2. Maintenance. Against state-regulations requiring a minimum of two janitors for a school the size of the Training School, only one 68-year old janitor was hired on a full-time basis. Children were at times taken out of class and assigned to clean up the restrooms, without pay.

3. Substitute teachers. Though money has since been found, Principal Carr claimed there was no money to hire substitute teachers. Older students were asked to volunteer as substitute teachers for the lower grades.

4. Buses. Buses serving the school were dangerously overcrowded, carrying 85-90 children in a vehicle specified for a maximum of 60.

5. Discipline. According to Ann Nesbitt, one of the suspended teachers, discipline problems in the school stem directly from Principal Carr. Some

children have also reportedly been beaten by their teachers, not for discipline but for failing to learn properly.

During the school boycott, which survives as "Freedom Day" each Friday, attendance was reduced to a low of 30 per cent of normal. During the daily lie-ins over 100 State Troopers were on hand. Many demonstrators were arrested. Nightly mass meetings attracted 150-200 county residents. Group spirit was sustained by the singing of movement Freedom songs.

The demonstrators have also taken their demands to the courts. Attorneys Howard Moore and Peter Rindskopf of Atlanta have filed a three pronged suit against the Walton County schools. They seek to have the teachers reinstated, to enjoin police from harrasing demonstrators, and finally to desegregate the schools of the county. The case is currently pending and appears to have some chance of success. Segregation is especially artificial in Walton County, where neighborhood patterns and school locations would make an integrated system more practical than the present one.

Real Politik...

The "Georgians for McCarthy" formally organized their first state committee on March 21 at an informal meeting held in the home of Professor Joe Matthews of the History Department at Emory. Twenty-five from the Emory-Druid Hills community were at the meeting. The committee selected Professor Arthur Evans, a long-standing acquaintance and former student of McCarthy, to be state chairman of the McCarthy movement. Joe Gross of Upward Bound is statewide coordinator for the foundation of additional committees.

At the first meeting, the McCarthy organization established several functional units to manage newspaper contacts, publish a newsletter, and distribute literature. In order to attract a widespread following of volunteers within the student communities as well as the district residents, Professor Norman Feltes has prepared 5,000 leaflets for distribution during the coming week in preparation for a "Watch-In" of the Wisconsin primary of April 2 to be held in the lounge of the Alumni Memorial Building at Emory. For additional information, contact: McCarthy, Box 21003, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia 30322.



Julian Bond

photo by jim julf

Revolt REVOLT REVOLT

After running Stokely Carmichael's travel schedule through a computer and having Mayor John Lindsay and Representative Fred Harris spat upon in a Cincinnati basement, the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has declared that white racism is responsible for the condition we are in.

Black people knew that. Literate black people knew, as Commission witness Dr. Kenneth Clark said, "it is a kind of Alice in Wonderland--with the same moving picture re-shown over and over again, the same analysis, the same recommendation, the same inaction."

"It is time to end the destruction and violence," the Commission concludes, "not only in the streets of the ghetto but in the lives of the people."

Granted.

What then is the value of this document?

First that it states, with a half-hearted stamp of approval from the government and from Commissioners with credentials as "moderates," half of America's most pressing problem in an objective, orderly manner.

Second that its recommendations nearly begin to attack in a proper manner the connected problems of racism and poverty.

But as a beginning of the end of racism and deprivation in America, the Commission report has failed.

If warnings about impending catastrophe served to spur action to remedy grievances, then no commission was needed. Rap Brown could have served that purpose or Carmichael before him or Elijah Muhammad or Malcolm X or Marcus Garvey or Denmark Vesey or Nat Turner.

I. F. Stone has put it well: "Whites are as indifferent to the warnings of race war as are cigarette smokers to warnings of lung cancer... people are little disposed to make sacrifices for others, especially for others with whom they cannot identify because they belong to a different class, milieu or ethnic group... Apparently predic-

tions of apocalyptic disaster took less courage than any specific comment on what the war (in Vietnam) was doing to social expenditures. Though baby may burn, the Commissioners were afraid to ignite Johnson."

The Commission's failure to put race war at home in harness with American imperialism abroad is its largest disappointment.

That the two are connected cannot, in 1968, be denied. The drain of men, money and energy to halt democratic decision-making in Southeast Asia is carried on at the expense of minimal social programs at home.

--The Commission recommends six million new housing units, six hundred thousand in 1969; President Johnson calls for 2-1/2 million, three hundred thousand in 1969.

--The Commission recommends the creation of 500,000 new jobs in 1969; Pres. Johnson calls for only 100,000

--The Commission recommends an educational program "which could overcome the effects of discrimination and deprivation;" President Johnson cuts federal aid to education.

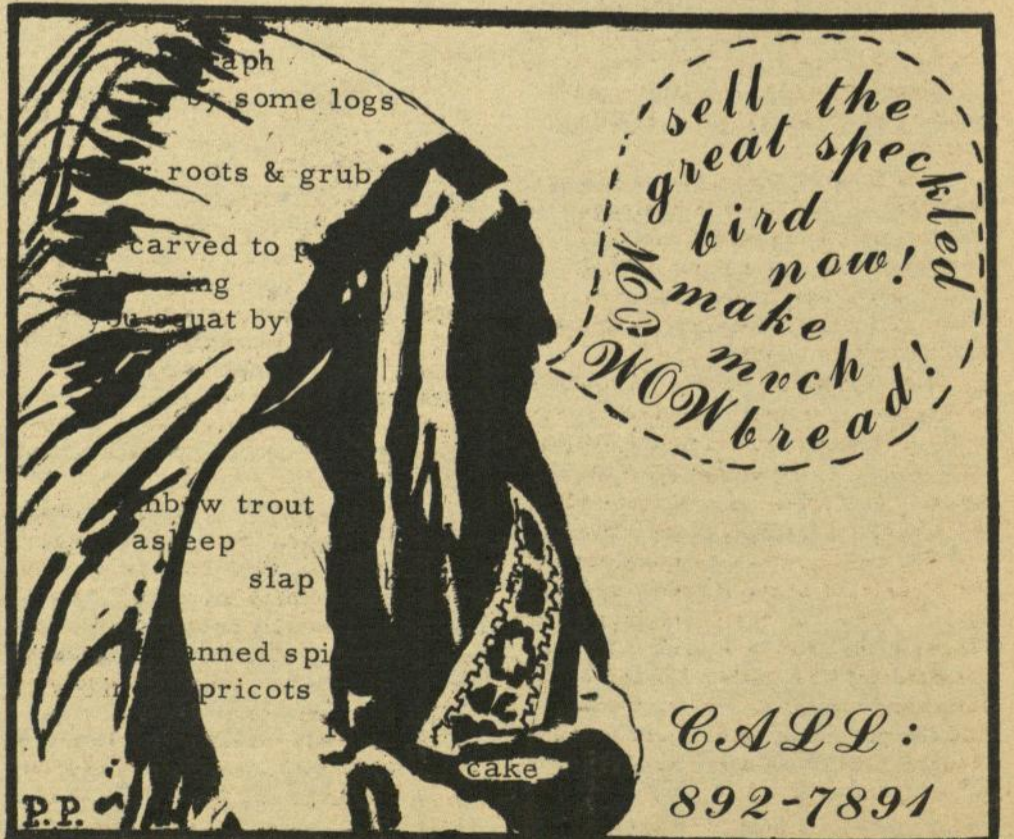
The list is long. The practical political arguments against the Commission's suggestions becoming reality are convincing. If racism has created the condition, will racists act to remedy it? Can man condemn himself?

One Commission recommendation, dealing with the nation's welfare system, ought to be applied to the country as a whole.

The Commission said: "To repair the defects in the existing categorical system is not simply a matter of changing one or two aspects. Major changes are needed..."

Seven years ago, John F. Kennedy said that if a free society cannot save the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich. We are heirs of revolution, Mr. Kennedy said.

The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has told America that race revolution is about to envelop us. Is anyone listening?



The following is an abridged transcript of a speech by Dick Gregory on February 23, 1968, at a National Student Association conference in Atlanta. Mr. Gregory impresses us as an extremely brilliant and honest man. His thoughts deserve careful consideration in this time of extreme crisis in America.

Mr. Gregory is a self-declared candidate for President of the United States. We agree with him that the U. S. needs statesmen, not politicians. Mr. Dick Gregory receives our endorsement for President.

* * * * *

"You know, the fact that I'm a Presidential candidate, I've had a lot of people interview me. 'Mr. Gregory, if you were elected president, what's the first thing you would do?' That kind of leaves me cold, because I thought everyone knew the first thing I would do... would be to paint the White House black.

Second thing (would be) to bring all the soldiers home from Vietnam and send LBJ. With nothing but a barbeque gun... We'd call him up every morning and say, 'We're working on those peace feelers, Baby!'

I guess the third thing I would do would be to send all the black folks

Oh, we're not sick enough to say, 'Don't deal with black violence, don't deal with black crime.' What we are saying is, 'What day will you become sane enough that you will demand your president to also say, 'I'm going to wipe out the crime syndicate too.'... We know damn good and well if black folks took over the crime syndicate in the morning, it would be wiped out in a week.

* * * * *

It's interesting to listen to LBJ talk about Crime in the Streets. Of all people. When LBJ went to Congress at 26 years old, (he was) a poor, humble Baptist school teacher. Today LBJ is a multi-millionaire. And none of you want to know where he got that money, do you? Bet if he was black you'd want to know...

Bobby Baker worked for LBJ. And LBJ is one of the slickest cats that ever lived... but you want to believe that Bobby Baker stole eight million dollars while he was working for LBJ and the boss didn't get any, don't you?

There's no doubt how LBJ got that money. The sick thing is, when I can turn on my television and listen to LBJ talk about Crime in the Streets. That's the day you are in trouble, baby. Because when the criminal can talk about solving crime, we might as well call

Why? Because we would have become honest with the problem. But for some reason we can't become honest with these problems. Somewhere down the line we're going to have to admit that America is the number one most racist country on the face of this earth, including South Africa. Because they don't pretend to have a Constitution talking about 'equal justice under the law.' They don't say that.

When we were playing games with this country, we needed a whole lot of people. We're getting down to the nitty-gritty now. We don't need too many. People running around, 'How come Negroes are so hard on Northern white liberals?' Northern white liberals are obsolete. We don't need liberals no more. We need white radicals...

All we're saying to the Northern young liberals, before you run down South and bug your Mississippi cousin, take a nigger home with you and bug your mammy. That'll do the same thing...

* * * * *

The mark of an insane nation is the fact that... Stokely Carmichael is 25, Rap Brown 23. Two young kids have scared the most mighty nation on the face of the earth. Is that insane?

tween black folks and white folks that you go to war over a tax on tea, and don't see what we're fixing to do?

Rap Brown said... this past summer, 'Get a gun, nigger, and watch the police.' And this country went crazy... Get you an American history book, and you'll find out that wasn't an original statement. It says right here that Paul Revere rode through the white community and said, 'Get a gun, white folks, the British are coming.' Now whether you like it or not, at that point in history, the British were the police.

* * * * *

I just can't believe that a country of 200 million people that are supposed to be intelligent is so busy cussing the Rap's and the Stokely's that nobody has ever stopped to ask, 'Where did they come from?'

Because if anybody decided to do the research, they'd find what was wrong with them cats. Six years, man, they went through utter hell. I met them six years ago. Rap was 17 years old, in Greenwood, Mississippi. Stokely himself... told me, 'If you can't be nonviolent, get the hell back up north.'

You see, what this sick and insane country don't realize, it was the SNCC kids (that were) teaching us nonviolence while King had to fly all over the country to explain to you white folks what it was.

You wonder what's wrong? How would you like going through what they went through for six years?... Come home, and there's a co-worker missing, or gone.... You remember the three kids that were killed in Mississippi. They were dragging the river.... and they came up with three black cats and they said, 'No, we're looking for two white cats.' And they dumped them back in the water! Those black cats were some Freedom workers' friends, baby, and you're going to pay for that one day...

What's wrong with Stokely and Rap? For six years, when they had faith in America, screaming in the dark, you never heard them. And now they have no faith in America and they're yelling in the light, and now you want to hear from them... You're six years too late. I imagine there came a point when the British wanted to hear George Washington too. They anticipated some changes too...

* * * * *

Somewhere along the line you're going to have to ask yourself a ques-

Keep Shooting, Don't Stop

back to Africa, before Red China drops that bomb on you...

A lot of white folks tell me that's very unfair, to send all the black folks back to Africa and leave the white folks over here for the bomb... Well, it would be unfair if it wasn't for the fact that we spent billions of dollars in this country for fallout shelters, but there is not one fallout shelter that's ever been built in Negro neighborhoods...

And that's why we're going to Washington this summer. We're going to demand that LBJ either build some fallout shelters in the black community or... give us a three day warning... So, if you white folks ever look around one day this summer and see a whole lot of colored folks slipping downtown... either they know something, or else rehearsing...

* * * * *

People ask me, 'We know you are a vegetarian, you're committed to non-violence, you're a pacifist. Why in your speech did you talk so much about violence?'

Now let me clear this up. I am committed to non-violence. Non-violence is my own, stupid, sick hang-up. I don't go around trying to push it on other people... I'm getting damn sick and tired of folks calling me every summer when towns start going up in smoke, asking me, 'Won't you come into town and help cool off the niggers.' I didn't heat them up, I don't cool them down.

And I hope that many people will understand that my non-violence is a commitment to myself, and also understand that you cannot discuss the American scene today without talking about violence. Because America is a very violent country...

But the sick, insane thing about this nation... is that everybody seems to be afraid of black violence, but nobody seems to be afraid of white violence. And this is why those black folks have such a hell of an attitude...

You turn on television and look at the President of the United States... in his State of the Union Message. What is he talking about? Crime in the Streets. Now, let's be honest. The towns and the cities and the Congress and the president can't agree on anything. But when he mentions Crime in the Streets, the whole Senate Chamber stood up and clapped for five minutes. And you know why... 'Crime in the Streets' is America's new way of saying 'Nigger.'



...But Understand Our Attitude

it a night...

* * * * *

Tell you what else is interesting. What happened in South Carolina. Three black kids shot to death... Now dig, baby. We're not telling you to not kill no niggers no more. We're going to deal with that. All we're saying is understand our attitude after you do it. The last ten years white kids have been going down to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, every spring, TEAR UP THE DAMN TOWN, but you don't get shot. And we're not sick enough to say Shoot Whitey to justify shooting blacky... We're saying, Understand our attitude after you do it. Keep shooting, Don't stop. BUT... UNDERSTAND... OUR... ATTITUDE...

* * * * *

The number one problem we're confronting in this country (is) the problem of moral pollution. This is the most morally polluted, corrupt, insane nation on the face of this earth. And it's up to you youngsters to give this country its sanity back.

Let me tell you what scares me in this country more than the social problems. What really scares me is the fact that... if these social problems that exist in this country today existed in any other country, we could solve them. That should scare you.

Khrushchev told you he was going to bury you, and had the missiles to do it, and you said 'Come on, baby!' Stokely Carmichael don't own one missile. Rap Brown doesn't even own a canoe, let alone a fleet! And Stokely and Rap have scared this country to death. Are you this insane?

Stokely Carmichael went all the way around the world last summer, and you know damn good and well the CIA followed him. They reported everything Stokely said. And you know what was interesting?... They were never able to tell America that... he lied on us... And any time a whole nation can hate two men for telling the truth, there's nothing wrong with those two men, there's something wrong with that nation.

* * * * *

What's wrong with Rap Brown? He dared to become as bitter as Patrick Henry... In this damn American history book you give me to read, Patrick Henry talks about 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' Do you think he was talking about getting him some farmers and run around singing freedom songs to the British?

Let me ask you in all honesty... Are you really this stupid to believe that there is that much difference be-

tion--'If democracy is as good as we say it is, why in the hell are we running all over the world trying to ram it down people's throats with a gun?' One day if you work to make democracy work from this side, we could bring the guns home. Anything good you don't have to force on people. Ask a prostitute...

I've never met a man who's against freedom. There isn't anybody against freedom. I stood on the street corners of Russia, and talked to Russian laymen. I don't talk to Kosygin, who lies just like LBJ. I never met a Russian who's against freedom. What the world's trying to tell us is that they're against our form of freedom... The whole world knows that cops are on your neck in America. Black and white civil rights workers get gunned down in the streets. And what the world is trying to tell us, is the day you become so sick and insane that you'll hire a child molester to babysit for you, that's the day the rest of the world will want this nation, with her record at home, to go out and free them of their problems...

YIPPEE

"I QUIT!"

Couple interesting incidents last week. Vietnam vet Jeff Sharlet, editor of VIETNAM GI (P. O. Box 9273, Chicago 60690) dropped by with copies of the paper. In the conversation he mentioned that he felt the Army was trying to "disappear" political dissenters in Vietnam by sending them on patrols designed not to come back, as well as having men "accidentally" shot in the back by their own unit.

Later in the week I spoke with several GI's who were trying to figure out what to do. Each said separately that he was afraid that the Army was trying to "disappear" him because he was vocal in his opposition to the war. Each was considering going AWOL because each felt he was being forced into a position of either refusing orders and face court martial or go to Vietnam. None felt that he would return alive from Vietnam because of his opposition to the war.

One GI in particular was an interesting case. His name is Pvt. Demis Adelsberger, who on Jan. 16, 1968 refused further cooperation with the military, including wearing the uniform. He was court-martialed and sentenced to four months hard labor at Ft. Gordon, Ga. He was released without warning after serving one month of his sentence and told that he would be assigned to medic training at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. He decided to go AWOL in order to force the Army to prosecute him at Ft. Gordon rather than transfer him off the post.

Adelsberger consented to the following interview. Legal counsel objected to the inclusion of names of other soldiers in the transcript. Their names have been deleted for their protection.

* * * * *

COFFIN: You first went AWOL at Christmas?

ADELSBERGER: Well, I had Christmas leave. I had decided before that that I was going to take a stand against the war and against the military. I figured I needed the time of Christmas leave. Then it seemed I needed more time, so I just took two more weeks.

COFFIN: You had decided before this time to refuse to wear your uniform?

ADELSBERGER: Right. I had planned things out pretty well, (but) I wanted to know more or less what would happen to me and what I could do. So I spent a few days here (in Atlanta) before I returned to Ft. Gordon.

I returned to Ft. Gordon the 16th of January, at night. I had advised my company commander that I was returning. I also informed him of the action I was going to take, that I would refuse to wear the uniform and I would refuse to serve. They made no preparations for me, they either didn't believe it or chose to ignore it. So I returned and went to see some of my friends before the authorities got hold of me.

As a result of talking to some of my friends I found quite a bit of support. People were very interested. They felt that I was really doing it for them also, that they felt the same way but weren't willing to do it. . . . Two other people decided they should also refuse to wear their uniforms and two decided to sign a statement supporting my actions.

That's how it stood the next day. Two people besides myself refused to wear their uniforms. They were both sort of conned out of it. They were assured they would get whatever they

wanted, they could get discharged, they could get non-combatant duty. So . . . they both agreed to put on their uniforms.

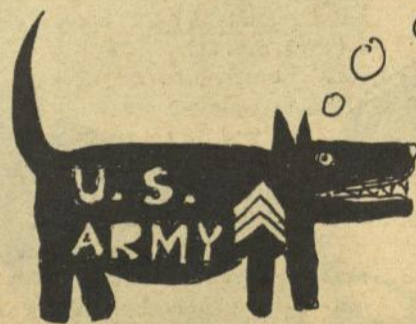
COFFIN: Where are these other two now?

ADELSBERGER: I think one is currently AWOL, the other is in Vietnam. Exactly what happened to him I don't know. No one got to speak to him after the refusal. There's suspicion that they used an extreme amount of pressure on him.

COFFIN: Psychological pressure?

ADELSBERGER: Right, Psychological pressure.

The other one was assured that he would be staying on Ft. Gordon as a clerk-typist. . . This week they gave him orders to go to Ft. Hood, Texas, to train with a combat group that was go-



ing to Vietnam. He felt justified in leaving the fort and refusing to go to Ft. Hood.

COFFIN: Does he intend to return?

ADELSBERGER: He will return, but he does not intend to follow any orders that would get him into a combat group that is likely to go to Vietnam.

The two people that signed statements of support. . . were investigated by military intelligence. They lost their security clearances and were thrown out of school and transferred to different units. They were told that they were waiting for orders. Which was their status when I was released from the stockade on Monday.

COFFIN: When you were court-martialed you received four months at hard labor. What about the hard labor?

ADELSBERGER: Well, there wasn't any, because I was in Maximum Security. A person in Maximum Security is considered dangerous. he is not allowed out of the cell block unless he has an armed guard with him. So they just let you sit in your cell all day.

COFFIN: Why did they consider you dangerous?

ADELSBERGER: Well, in the words of a sergeant in the stockade, they didn't want me to influence the other prisoners. They thought my ideas were dangerous.

COFFIN: Did you have any contact with the other prisoners?

ADELSBERGER: I had limited contact. There were prisoners in the cell block with me. . . and I had to go up to the compound now and then for processing or interviews. I talked to the guards. I got to know some of the guards fairly well.

COFFIN: What was their attitude on the war? Both prisoners and guards.

ADELSBERGER: Prisoners in an Army stockade, 95% are men who are going AWOL to get out of the Army for one reason or another. Sometimes it's a moral reason but they're not willing

to take the moral stand. They'd just as soon sneak out of the Army, flake out. So they're against the military, most of them, and the thinking ones are against the Vietnamese war.

Among the guards is the same attitude. Most of the MP's are draftees, and they have the same position. I didn't find anyone critical of me for taking my stand.

COFFIN: So you didn't receive much harassment or . . . ?

ADELSBERGER: None at all. Not on the enlisted man's level. Just rarely on the officer level.

COFFIN: You were released on March 11. Were you told you were going to be released?

ADELSBERGER: No. They just told me, bag and baggage, to clear the compound. My old company commander was there and he had all my belongings in a jeep and a rool book to sign

out of his company.

So I didn't know anything that was going on. I was in my uniform--the prison uniform is a military uniform with a white armband. I consented to wear this as a prisoner. When you are released from the stockade, they just rip the armband off and automatically you are in uniform.

With no explanation they took me over to the new unit, which was Headquarters company of the Student Brigade. I reported to the company commander there, a Capt. Lyons, and he told me that I was assigned to whatever job they gave me. He was real interested in what my attitude would be in my work I explained that my position hadn't changed, that I didn't understand why they had released me, that I didn't know what the military's attitude was. Before I said anything to him or established any understanding, I thought I should speak to my lawyers.

He was fair about it. He didn't know what was going on either. So he let me have the afternoon off. I spoke to my military lawyers. They didn't even know I was out. I managed to call Peter Rindskopf here in Atlanta, and he advised me to wait a few days and let him find out if there were any legal solutions to the problem. So I went back to my company commander and told him that pending actions from my lawyer I would cooperate. I stressed the fact that I was not rehabilitated, that two months of imprisonment didn't change my thinking.

There were rumors coming down from above that I would still get a discharge. They were saying, now just stay around for a few days and we'll get word for sure. I was a little bit nervous about just waiting around, because it seemed that they could be giving me orders for one place or another just to get me off Ft. Gordon.

COFFIN: Why did you want to stay at Ft. Gordon?

ADELSBERGER: Morally I'm in a bet-

ter position there. Everyone there is familiar with the position I'm in. The Army likes to feign ignorance about it. It would be much easier for the military to ignore the problem. So it was to the Army's advantage to have me off Ft. Gordon. And it was to my disadvantage to have me off Ft. Gordon.

COFFIN: What happened between Monday afternoon and the time you went AWOL?

ADELSBERGER: Well, I started looking into what was happening to my friends, the various people who had either supported me or sympathized with me.

The friends who had taken stands with me had lost their security clearances and were being kicked out of school, so they were still around the fort awaiting orders of one type or another. I found ----, who had signed a statement in support of me. He was awaiting orders. They were going to send him somewhere as a radio operator. About 90 percent of radio operators go to Vietnam. They don't last very long. I found out that he was put into what they call "Category X," which means you're a trouble-maker. I was also in "Category X."

COFFIN: What about the other people?

ADELSBERGER: I don't know what their categories are. I found out that ----, who had been assured that he was to remain on Ft. Gordon, was awaiting orders to train with a combat group. So it seemed that the three of us were being maneuvered at the same time.

I found out on Wednesday that I was awaiting orders. Now they had just told me three days before that I would be at Ft. Gordon as permanent party.

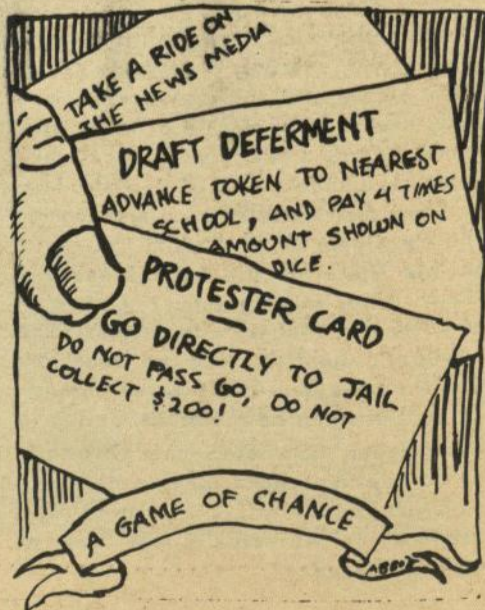
Usually when they give you orders you have about two weeks. It's usually a slow thing. So my military lawyers advised me that I had time. I went to Lt. Muir on Thursday morning, and he had my records there in his office. He also had a receipt for me to sign, and he said "sign here." I said, "What am I signing for?" and he said, "You are signing a receipt for your records. You're going to start processing off this base." This was the same day.

So I said, "When do I leave, where am I going?" He said, "You're going to Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, for medic training." Of course, where do medics go?

He said I was supposed to be processed out that day. I said I would have to speak to my military counsel before I signed the receipt. I asked him what would have to be done to have me processed off the base, and when they found out that I wasn't going along with the thing they called Headquarters and they sent down a lieutenant to pick up my records and do the processing off the base for me. Which you can't say is standard procedure.

I was told to appear that afternoon at a certain building for final clearance prior to departing from the command of the Signal School. So it seemed that this was the very place that I didn't want to go.

I had a Mental Hygiene appointment



that afternoon at the clinic, so I went over to the Mental Hygiene building. Before that I took off my uniform and decided that I would no longer be accommodating the military.

I ran into --- again at the clinic. He had sort of absented himself from his company. I spoke to a Specialist McGuire and told him what the military had done and explained to him that I was now taking my stand of non-cooperation. He thought he should call in Capt. Whittiker, who is the psychiatrist. I was sent into Capt. Whittiker's office a few minutes later. The first thing he told me was, "As part of our service for patients, whenever they're going to disobey a law, we inform their unit commander."

I sort of jumped out of my seat, because I didn't want to see him that afternoon. So I sort of left very quickly from Dr. Whittiker's office.

The thing that worried me was that although I was violating two standing orders by not wearing the uniform and by not going to that building for out-processing, they could probably ignore my violations just to get me off the post. So I felt that I should force the issue and make them bring charges against me.

We felt they were trying to get all of us to Vietnam, and that's no place for someone who is opposed to the war. So we felt that we would be better off at that time off Ft. Gordon.

COFFIN: Either go to Vietnam, or refuse a direct order...

ADELSBERGER: Right. Or refuse Hazardous Duty, which is a very serious offense in the military.

The frightening thing is that the people who are taking a conscientious stand, the military is ignoring the fact that it is a conscientious stand. By the military's refusing to recognize that you've taken a religious or a philosophical position, they feel justified in being able to maneuver you into something like going to Vietnam as a means of dealing with you.

The average trouble-maker in the military is discharged, but the conscientious objector, they feel that he should not be discharged even though it would be the just thing to do. It's a very frightening thing to consider, that by making this stand you're possibly going to be maneuvered into going to Vietnam. It's a very frightening thing.

OPPOSE WAR
APRIL 6
ATLANTA CONFERENCE
FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM

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APRIL 6 CALL 378-9493

THE GRASS IN THE PARK
by Charlie Cushing

Sittin' in the statue island with a couple dozen friends--
Bearsy Wearsy No. 1 rolls and lites up a fake joint--
Really blows many minds!
Band of two gypsies appears with stashes--
It's the real thing now!
Many catch the paranoids, but keep smoking.
No trouble from The Man--
We all split for home and live happily ever after.
This is the Beginning.

LETTERS TO THE BIRDS

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS
(Our first issue prompted TWO letters. Flabbergasted we respond by printing them IN FULL. As yet we have no policy concerning letters. Send and with omniscience we shall see and decide.)

Dear Sir:

Your obituary for Ralph McGill in the first issue of the GSB ("What's It All About, Ralphie?") raises two general problems that go beyond the man's lamentable position (and tactics) with regard to Vietnam.

The first concerns the language of "reason" in public affairs. Reason, as your article noted, is a word which, despite an ostensible meaning, seems to have a peculiarly emotional value. This value is a legacy of the rationalism of the 18th Century, an era in which reason itself was a faith, a faith appealed to as the salvation from worldly discontents and, ultimately, from worldly events. Mr. McGill is apparently a victim of the excesses of this legacy, for he clings to the word itself and shows in so doing how vacuous its meaning may become when used to support a policy that itself pays no heed to the most significant facts of the world.

I would not, however, capitulate to this misuse of "reason" or to the excesses of a rationalistic heritage. There is a place for reason in public affairs if the term can be given a sounder meaning than that of the McGill column or your criticism of it as a liberal shibboleth. That meaning, I suggest, concerns the process of relating verifiable and relevant statements about the world to commonly held political-ethical values. The continual invocation of a word that has no concrete meaning, as both Mr. McGill and your column demonstrate, is a mere incantation that can lead only to the breakdown of public communication. Without such communication, the GSB as well as the CONSTITUTION might as well close up and go home.

The second general problem raised by "What's It All About, Ralphie?" is that of morality and the political arena. Without refining the matter, it is obvious that you find Mr. McGill's outlook on Vietnam dismal and his attitude towards civil rights enlightened (though you refrain from stating the latter so charitably.) I suspect you feel this situation borders on moral schizophrenia. In many ways I agree. The problem, however, is scarcely confined to Ralph McGill or to the direction he represents. For the prime example of the reverse phenomenon, look at Senator Fulbright. To the Senator's intelligent and persistent outrage at Vietnam contrast, just for a moment, his unyielding abstinence from decent--to say nothing or worthy--words on civil rights. Moral schizophrenia, we say. But it is not so simple.

The two men, both very much in the political arena, reflect the most unenviable aspects of the heritage of the political culture of the South: Jingoism and racism. Each man has been able to overcome one of these barriers in his public life, but not both. Thus the apparent schizophrenia.

For the qualities of jingoism and racism, as the GSB would be the first to point out, there is no moral justification. But morals are not only seldom 100% consistent or in complete accord with the next man's, but also, they are bound to bear lesser or greater resemblance to the political mores of our region. Morals are individual and may be uncompromising. Politics are public and must always take into account public pressures. What I am

suggesting is that in order to improve the public morality of any man one must first recognize the influence of the social structure on an individual's thoughts and actions and then work at revising that structure--hopefully by employing the powers of reason and educating the public. Should the South recover from the maladies of its past it will be because Southerners have arrived at a different outlook on the world and not because one or two men should accidentally change their minds and even more accidentally find themselves in positions of influence. To promote that changed outlook, I take it, is one of the chief aims of the flight of the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD. Atlanta should welcome being jabbed by

its biweekly beak.
--Charles Miller
1198 Baylor St. N. W.

ODE TO A DRAFT BOARD

I believe in a morality and ethic which is superior to any code which might be imposed by any individual, group of individuals, or government.

I believe, without exception, that the supreme duty or responsibility in anyone's life is to consider and adhere to this morality when any action or lack of action is to be taken on the part of the individual.

I believe the tenets of this supreme morality are discovered, elucidated, and articulated by an individual during each of his ephemeral relationships throughout life. The effects of these relationships are synergistically combined to produce an abstraction which can be equated to the traditional religious experience.

--greg gustafson
149 P'tree Circle N. E.

THE GREAT

A few of the HUNDREDS of staff members (and sympathizers):

howard romaine paige pinnell
gene guerrero jessie fleury
jim gwin stephanie coffin
wayne scott jr joe celko
don speicher nan guerrero
david simpson jane fleury
tom coffin jay bowman
stephen urbanski jane urbanski
ann romaine harvey clemens
eric bonner ron ausburn
ted brodek gary chuse
charlie cushing david simpson
dennis jarrett steve cheatham

(Ed. note: The following letter is reprinted by Liberation News Service from the Mar. 8 Daily Cardinal at the University of Wisconsin. It was sent Feb. 21 from Saigon and was written by a correspondent for a major American news agency. The writer's name is withheld in order to avoid jeopardizing his job.)

Saigon, Feb. 21, 1968
Dear group,

This is perhaps like the fall of Rome. Certainly like the last days of Berlin. Life photographer Carl Mydans said today, Wednesday, the atmosphere in Saigon is very much like that in Shanghai just as the Communists were on the edge of the city. The feeling of despair and imminent disaster is overwhelming, appalling, and rather fascinating to witness. The objective situation is bad enough. The Communists control virtually all of the land outside the centers of the biggest cities. Three divisions of NVA troops surround Saigon and many are actually inside the city. This evening U.S. planes were dive-bombing in Cholon, barely two miles from my hotel. The boom and concussion of rockets and mortars is constant now, and fighting is almost continuous around the city. Yesterday enemy anti-aircraft guns were discovered emplaced inside the city, aimed at the only airport, Tan Son Nhut, and commercial flights will probably stop for good within a few days.

Outside Saigon the enemy controls virtually all of the land, and all the pacification programs and "search and destroy" operations have been totally lost. No Americans are known to be alive in the countryside any more, and even in the cities it is becoming dangerous. In Hue last week there were 10 US AID and pacification workers; now 10 are dead. Dave Greenway came back from Danang tonight (He was wounded in Hue Monday) and said the situation there is hopeless the marines are totally stopped in Hue as the NVA and VC surround the beaches a la Dunkirk. Here in Saigon, the enemy will first attack the airport and probably put it out of operation within a day or so. If we cannot get them out then, we have a plan to get a chopper from the roof of the U.S. Embassy to Vung Tau on the coast, where we hope to be picked up by a ship.

Nobody knows when they will attack. We thought it would be last night, but it didn't come. Recurrent rumor (perhaps some of the Communists' brilliant psychological warfare) says it will be between now and the beginning of March. I think it may be longer. But the general betting now is that the

cont p. 10

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THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

listen



CLAM DIGGER

Raking steady I've filled three pails
 In half an hour;
 Day now, night now,
 Shadows wriggle across the spruce.
 I count the clams on the tips of my fingers:
 They are numberless,
 But small,
 Soft enough to be broken in my hand.

--Tony Whedon

FOR MY PEOPLE

For my people unseen in the light of black
 hated because black
 is a rainbow heritage
 and white is still their home.
 I would join Le Roi Jones.

For my country I've worn vengeance
 blacker than the skin I wear,
 daring a veiled repression
 but always the old black hope
 in the land I dare call home.

For my future there is no contraceptive
 nor introspective means
 of knowing or changing
 what I do not know
 that white will try to make.

For my child not yet conceived
 mere possibility
 I fear
 my posterity
 will have no fear.

For my people nobody knows-I dip my pen
 in rich black ink
 spill it on white paper
 to make black seen
 if never heard.

--Marilyn Hunt,



TOOTH

an electric toothbrush
 American Indians didnt use them
 or Bear Timber Wolf Rabbit Beaver
 even a wet finger
 pretty good
 until they couldn't compete

old photograph of a Pit River Indian
 standing by some logs

dug for roots & grub

teeth carved to points
 & glistening
 as you squat by the river

or novacaine
 or root canal

big rainbow trout
 looks asleep
 slap at the water

there's canned spinach
 strained apricots
 Kool Aid
 birthday cake

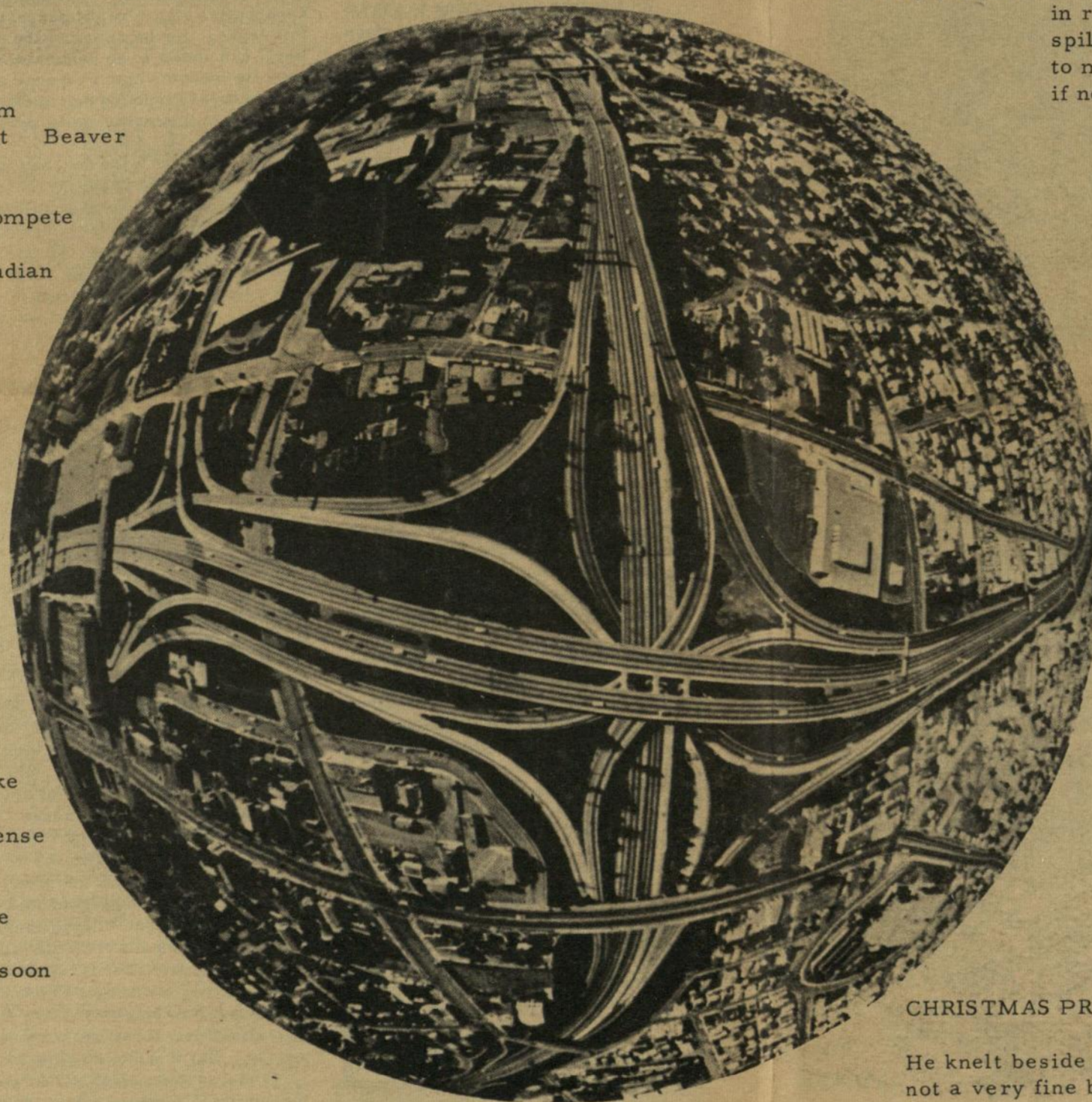
picture of the Secretary of Defense
 his hair parted in the middle

how to keep our old people alive

white men will be fishing here soon
 with rods & reels
 & Budweiser

eat it raw.

--Dennis Jarrett



Lively colors on television screens
 batter my eyes;

Rolls of pastel paper, scented fragrantly
 soothe my ass;

Rockets, bombs, guns and satellites
 protect me forever.

The greatness of America
 the beautiful--
 full blown.

--Jim Buchanan

UNANNOUNCED

six o'clock in the morning
 in the space on the line
 between us
 a new country grew

a field of wishes
 a flow of worlds
 the texture of air
 each atom felt

better than my name
 I know this need

hate holds us stiffly sorrow's arms
 push us apart I must touch
 for skin sees skin knows the sun
 in secret warms

I feel you turning towards me
 at six o'clock clearing
 the light comes slowly
 shows me your face.

--Harvey

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR FATHER GALLUP, 1967

He knelt beside the coffin of the boy
 not a very fine boy
 He had died of stab wounds
 His skin was brown
 He was in a funeral home of minimum service
 and maximum rates
 The priest knelt beside the open coffin and prayed
 for the soul of the not very fine boy
 and from under the propped neck came
 a cockroach and walked over the ear and
 across the face of the boy who would
 sit on the hand of God
 And the priest who could not wept.

--Sallie Church

DREAM OF THE ROOD

(i. m. M. Evers)

In Albany
 In Birmingham
 In the sullen Southern nights tangled in dooms
 Savannah

the dense dooms
 In Cambridge, Maryland
 In Montgomery, Alabama
 In Jacksonmississippi
 The dense dooms
 I saw the dreaming Christ
 Dangling his dooms
 In Jackson
 The dangling Christ
 Doom-demented
 Dream-spent
 The doomed Christ
 Dangling his dreams
 The doom-stung dream
 Dangling its Christ
 The dangling dream
 Dooming its Christ

Behold the man!

The doom-spent dangle
 Dreaming its Christ.

--Stephen Henderson

A man named Fred Halstead is running for President of the United States. He considers himself a serious candidate. But the party which he represents is on the Outside, protected by no "Equal Time" regulations. He is either ignored or made a joke of (very consciously) by the press of the nation.

This is partly what we mean when we talk of the need for a Free Press in the U.S. --a press which is free enough to print what a man says and feels, as he says and feels it, and unfrightened enough to give full coverage to even "deviant" political and social beliefs.

Following is an interview with the Socialist Worker's Party Presidential Candidate, Mr. Fred Halstead. His party calls for "Black Control of the Black Communities" and "Bring the GI's Home Now." --ed.

forms of opposition are in order. What direction do you advocate for the anti-war movement?

HALSTEAD: By and large, I stand for mass action. I think massive action in demonstrations is still in order, because it tends to spread the anti-war sentiment.

I would say that whatever the students do, they ought to bear in mind what effect it's going to have on those other sections of the population that have the raw power to stop the war. I don't think a hundred thousand students demonstrating in the streets are going to be able to stop the war, no matter what they do. But a hundred thousand longshoremen or over-the-road truckdrivers do have the raw power to stop the war.

CONNOR: Student Power as used, say,

to the students, the students absolutely should be allowed to go to the Dow Corporation and talk to the workers there and explain to them what napalm is and what it does, and also to talk to the pilots who drop it.

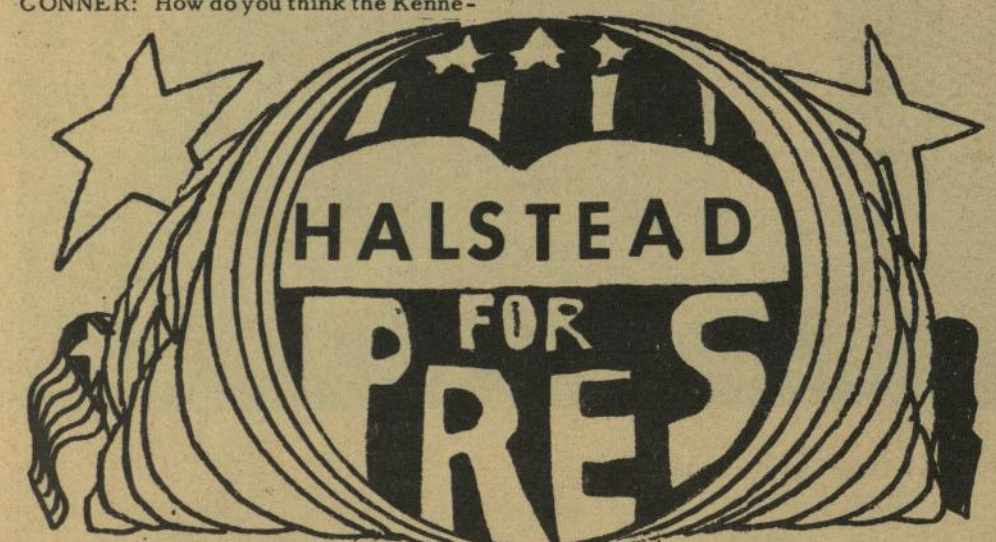
CONNOR: One of your campaign slogans is "Black Control of the Black Communities." How can hundreds of black communities function autonomously with respect to the larger white communities which surround and separate them?

HALSTEAD: Obviously, they're not going to function without some kind of connection. It's a question of building a power base which the black people control, on the basis of which they can greatly improve their strength and their ability to fight for their demands.

For example, there's a proposal now in New York City that local police precinct captains be elected by the people who live in the neighborhood and that they be responsible to them. That certainly is a practical form of power for the people in the community.

I would like to see the development of an independent black political party which would run candidates independent of the Democratic or Republican parties. Even if they don't get elected at first, a power base would be built which, being controlled by the black people, would give them more power than if they throw their votes to some Democratic Party candidate who happens to have a dark skin, but who's controlled by the white, capitalist power structure.

--cliff conner



dy and McCarthy campaigns will affect the anti-war movement in general and your campaign in particular?

HALSTEAD: There's something contradictory about these campaigns. On the one hand, the very fact that Kennedy and McCarthy have come out and started to criticize their own men reflects the military defeats that U.S. imperialism is suffering in Vietnam.

But both Kennedy and McCarthy say that one of the main reasons they're running is to channel the protest movement back into the Democratic Party. They want to get the kids out of the streets, out of what they call "irregular political movements," out of opposition to the capitalist system and back into the Democratic Party where they can be controlled.

That would be a tragedy. Even from a purely pragmatic point of view, a protest has more effect on the ruling circles in this country as an independent movement which threatens the power structure than it does if it's sucked into the Democratic Party.

CONNOR: Many anti-war activists feel that the movement has outgrown the demonstration tactic and that stronger

to prevent a CIA recruiter from functioning on campus, has been criticized on civil libertarian grounds. The students are accused of violating the recruiter's civil rights. Do you consider this a valid accusation?

HALSTEAD: No, I don't. The CIA is hardly involved in Free Speech. Its total public vocabulary is "No Comment." But that goes for the other recruiters as well. There's a difference between exchanging ideas and actually recruiting to carry out a military action. I would not object to debating a CIA representative who wanted to try to justify or explain what the CIA is doing. As a matter of fact, I think that ought to be insisted upon. Let's smoke them out in the open and debate the devil out of them.

On occasion a university will say, "Well, let's have a representative from Dow come and talk to the students and then we'll take a vote." That's kind of a trap. I'm not opposed to the students debating with the Dow representative, but win, lose, or draw, they still have a right to protest his recruiting on campus.

Then, if the Dow representative is allowed to come to the campus and talk

ROBERT: "I PLEDGE MY SOLEMN WORD TO LIFT ALOFT THE BANNER OF MCG-BIRD" MCG-BIRD

from p. 1

want him to find the door of opportunity open when he returns." But the biggest response of all comes on his condemnation of the Vietnam war. After striking the nationalist pose "we cannot and must not surrender," he condemns present policy. "We cannot send more and more Americans to die for a strictly military solution, to a military victory which the President has made clear is our policy, when time has shown us so clearly that success can come only through a political and diplomatic solution."

Act III: "I come here to seek your help. The United States can stand for something again. Give me your hand, give me your voice, give me your work and we can win this election in November."

8,000 people on their feet. The human swarm flows toward the stage, like a tidal sea rushing towards the beach, peaking in a spray of human hands reaching to touch, grab, embrace the new man-God.

High above, in the midsection of the new University of Alabama auditorium, Tom Gardner, chairman of the Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC), lofts his battered briefcase high above his head. A crooked grin is on his face. He shakes his head. Perhaps he is thinking of the first teach-in the fledgling SSOC group at the University of Virginia organized in the spring of 1966--a year after teach-ins had come and gone in the rest of the nation. He might be thinking of the innumerable times he fought university administrations for the right to speak to small groups of Southern students about the war.

And here he watches a long-silent

politician reaping the benefits of that work--that and, of course, the tenacity of the "Viet Cong." Here he sees a



politician named Kennedy cheered by thousands in a conservative southern school for saying what he and others have been fighting to say for years. Here is Kennedy, the new hope, the "peace candidate" of 1968, seeking to replace Johnson, the disaster, the "peace candidate" of 1964.

--howard romaine

THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD POETRY COMMANDO STAFF is *now*** soliciting (!!!) POETRY related to "Our Current Effort" in Vietnam. For a Special Issue... Write P.O. Box 7946 (Station C!!!), Atlanta, Ga. 30309. OR... drop by the office.**

ECHOES OF INTERZONE

So I stretched the cavern, after tonguing and choking up a juicy one for his eyeball, this malformed presidential candidate has the nerve to twist around to reveal his pulsing spinal column which is screwing up his brown from the inside, and says at me: "Yeah bhu, just bhu, a vote for me am a vote for bhu."

Lame smoke overture supposed to cause me to freak awf in the booth with his buttons. . . heads unite. . . enter voting booths, lower pants, place hands firmly on joint and cream gayly on the coffee-addicted pollsters. . . holy obligation, november tuesday one, christ

for pres and mary for vice. . . they are after the block vote, heads unite. . . coming all over the documents to get our word. . . give it them, then, Jam the tabulators, pull your own levers and jam, jam, jam. . .

"With twenty per cent of the vote in, the recording machines have ground to a halt due to some obscene foreign bodies which seem to be coagulating and coating them with a thick layer of goop. the FBI has donned scuba gear to investigate. president johnson had to be pried loose when his hand stuck to his running mate's lever. . ."

The Progressive Labor Party has accused Tim Leary and company of being the most effective tools of a decadent administration. . . mescaline, LSD, marijuana and all the substances of their hallucinogenic class tend to make quietists of the once radical youth!

"Hello, Dr. Goddard? This is Lyndon. . . Baby. . . listen man, these radical kids is givin me a pain in a ass and I wanna once them people, what-cha got cookin?"

"Want a breakdown on the latest Heroin figures?"

"No go, Doc. . . I want somethin sneaky. . . somethin that'll get them the hell off the streets and into the quiet bag, you know, TV and movies and shit like that. . ."

"Well, the H has been working out great in the ghettos, a thousand new junkies a week and besides we made a new weight connection."

"Oh yeah? What happened to Chasing Hi Smek?"

that last shipment of uniforms we sent, the ones with the ruffles, and the

planes, man he wigged. Didn't go for the game about two wings being twice as hip as one. . . so he sent us a ton of Ajax. . . lost twelve hunderd to hot shots."

"Well, who's the new man?"

"Cat named Thieu, deals from a crib outside Saigon, wife's a fine bitch too, damn groovy catholic. . ."

"Well later for the Chaing then. . . and later for the H too. . . these is white kids, Doc. We may need them later on so none of that hard shit, dig? Just put out some smoke till you comme up with somethin, might try the guys up at Harvard, they're allatime into somethin, we can cop if they are out from behind that attitude'bout Kennedy. I mean, Doc, I got to have some quiet 'round here. And see if you can arrange somethin quick for them smartass protestors on my lawn. . . let em smoke my grass if you have to. . . and send up an o.z., me and the Bird gonna fly tonite. . ."

. . . So Lyndon, in addition to being the main headblower, is also the main man in the street. . . Ladybird is on ups, Hubie is on downs, the Senate is shook behind cooke and the House hash. . . gentlemen of Wahington, I

The congressman from the cabalistic quarter of Chicago, Cleveland, Macon, or even Sandusky leaned against the peeling wall of my flat. In gloating gregorian chant, he asked, "Why don't you ever touch bottom when you fall in a dream? And why doesn't your heart beat when you sneeze? Just answer me that, Smartass!"

"Bhu."

"I'll tell you why, young man. It's because of god! Yeah, that's and that makes me feel safe, secure eventhough I can never know its nature. . . it's there all right."

"I'll tell you why, young man. It's because of god! Yeah, that's right, God, cause he's everywhere and that makes me feel safe, secure eventhough I can never know its nature. . . it's there all right."

"Fine, I'm God. And how many turds are flushed daily into the sewers of Atlanta?"

"What!"

I said, how many turds are. . ."

"heard you, listen you pervert, I'm talking about the deepest of the mysteries. . . he darts his eyes, "I'm talking about sssecrets."

"Bhu."

"Whadda you mean, boo, you keep saying bo!"

"Not boo, bhu."

"Whadda you talking about, sometimes you're sickening!"

"Bhu."

He returned a month later, shiny new gold cross about his throat, rosary in shirtpocket, talmud, koran and freud bulging his coat. He entered as I screamed. . . "Bhu. . . exhumed from the dead places inside a million bodies, lil kid shit, spick shit, nigger shit, ginnie shit, jew shit, hooker shit, priest and rabbi shit, mayor and governor shit, rich hard shit and poor creamy shit and my shit, all shit everybody sitting, sitting alone in tiled rooms, destiny yanking turds from their asses. . . and we all turn around to watch as they dissappear, swimming and spinning happily thru rusted pipes to the sewers to mingle with all that other glorious, unidentifiable shit. . . that's bhu. . . that's my answer, that's the mystery, my safety and security. . . show me your bathroom, your smelly shithouse and I'll show you my confession! Half the assholes in the world go unwiped as penance. . . sins of the mouth paid by the intestine and semicolon. . . bhu. bhu. . . bhu. . . bhu. . ."

The duly elected and processed chairman of the House Committee on American Cleanliness breathe heavily as he reach for his freudian bible, king Lyndon revision, while I thru open the door to my toilet so that he could see two months' of unflushed fecus. . . thirty-five scats, including myself are engineering the soon to be famous demonstration that is to clog the underground system of the east coast in retaliation for the slaughter of fifty esteemed and learned pigs at the hands of locals. . . Eric bonner



WILEY PYTHON was a WILEY PYTHON named WILEY PYTHON after a WILEY PYTHON. BUT WILEY PYTHON was not only a WILEY PYTHON named WILEY PYTHON after a WILEY PYTHON. OLE WILEY PYTHON was also a HELL'S ANGEL. WOW. BUT WILEY didn't find being a HELL'S ANGEL so fucking easy, at least not as easy as some WILEY PYTHONS WILEY PYTHON knew and loved. WILEY had all sorts of problems, for, you see, WILEY PYTHON was not only a WILEY PYTHON but was also 112 ft. (one hundred and twelve feet) long, (which made hq riding, or even motorcycle riding, for that matter, very difficult to say the least.) But not only

(one of seven motorcycles ridden and loved by WILEY)

did WILEY PYTHON have a logistics problem as a HELL'S ANGEL, but ole WILEY was also

wow!

nasty break

wow!

HELL'S ANGEL

PRECIGNANT

HELL'S ANGELS, HERBERT, MO.

NTURES OF PYTHON PINNELL MAR '68 wow

TAILO (another motorcycle)

5. PREGNANT), but OLE WILEY PYTHON was a FAG! He used to ride along in his official colors on his 12 (twelve) motorcycles (of which only seven (7) are illustrated here in) and play with his TAIL (see diagram) right on the main street of HERBERT, MO. until one sad day, OLE WILEY PYTHON named WILEY PYTHON, lost his TAIL in a wreck. "SON OF A BITCH!" said WILEY PYTHON. "I AM TELL YOU I AM TELL YOU I AM TELL YOU I AM TELL YOU WILEY PYTHON SURE LOST HIS ASS WOODRUM"

HELL'S ANGELS, HERBERT, MO.

viet destruction ...

country will fall within three months.

The air absolutely crackles with tension-----an incredibly dramatic change from the situation only six weeks ago, when it seemed to me that things were getting slowly better. Nobody ever believed that the enemy could mount such an attack as the one at Tet; it still astonishes us, but now we accept that they can do it again, and much bigger. And do not believe the propaganda from Washington that the people are angry at the VC for ruining Tet; they are much more angry at the U.S. for coming in and bombing their homes.

You cannot imagine the destruction. Vast stretches of Saigon are wiped out. The NVA propaganda says they will come in and burn Saigon to the ground; one is tempted to believe them. There are more than 600,000 refugees in the past three weeks alone, and the refugee camps are a rat's nest. Mydans was trying to take pictures in the allegedly secure government-run camps, but was warned away. They are controlled by the VC. At one, they were landing with a chopper and uniformed, armed VC in the camp began shooting at them. Thousands of beggars roam the streets, and disease is rampant.

The streets (in January, clean of garbage, pleasant under the trees) are littered with garbage and rubble. Rats are everywhere. Barbed wire blocks many streets and MPs and Viet police in jeeps charge up and down. At every corner are armed police and sandbag bunkers and piles of barbed wire guarding government offices. You do not dare go out after 7 PM curfew; you are shot on sight. Life is, needless to say, restricted. Movement inside the main center of the city is free during the day, but you need an armed convoy to go to the edge of it. Work is slow and painful; the phone lines are jammed and everyone is frantically busy. Just before 7 everyone scurries for home or hotel, and has a long dinner before going up to rooms to work or drink. The army trucks rumble down the dark and hostile streets, MP patrols, two jeeps together, armed and wearing flak vests, zip about, and you listen to the almost constant boom and rumble of the guns on the edge of the city. The "outgoing" make a bigger clatter. At dinner, in the ornate marble and stucco dining room of the Continental Palace, which looks rather like a Roman atrium with potted plants on high pots and tile frescoes in the walls and fans twirling overhead, yet you sit drinking very bad red wine and eating awful steak listening to the artillery and wondering, very quietly,

when one will hit the hotel. So far none has, but the National Assembly hall is right next door, a U.S. officers quarters is right behind, and government offices are all about. It is a prime target.

I haven't yet been outside Saigon, but there things are even worse. For all its \$30 billion a year, the U.S. is going to be unable to sustain its forces during the final enemy attacks. The airlift commander said today that they are almost out of cargo planes, which are getting shot down at an appalling rate, and which are not made any more. And last weekend they bombed a VC train carrying supplies down the Ho Chi Minh trail. Nobody even knew it was there. The troops up along the DMZ--at Khe Sanh, Con Thien, Hue, etc., nearly all the Marines the U.S. has and a couple of other good divisions of infantry--are virtually surrounded, and if the NVA were to attack Danang and wipe out its airfield (which they could any day) they could squeeze all those troops--maybe 100,000 of them--in a giant pincers from south to north and kill them all. Whatever happens, this is about to be the greatest military and political disaster the U.S. ever had, even without LBJ's constant claiming that Khe Sanh can be held (even the top Marine generals here admit it is hopeless).

It is quite an odd feeling to be in a big city, a capital city, which now is an armed camp although riddled with enemy, knowing massive and irresistible forces of enemy troops are just outside the gates and that whenever they decide to come in the city--and the country--will fall. You sit here, and there is nothing you can do about it, all

the moves are up to the enemy. There is a universal tension, waiting, watching, listening for every incoming round, yet people seem to make a particular effort to go on as usual, to continue normal life. People make plans for a month or two months from now, knowing full well that neither Saigon nor Vietnam may exist in two months--at least, not nearly as they do now. There are rumors that squads of Russian reporters are waiting in Phnom

imminent death of South Vietnam: every day the papers are full of marvelously hopeful, optimistic (and to us, unreal, horrifyingly irrelevant) statements by LBJ et al. Does LBJ really believe that? Do the Americans--and others--really still believe that Khe Sanh can be held, that the countryside can still be pacified, that the Vietnamese people still love Americans, that its government will work? All those questions now seem almost laughably antique and irrelevant. The real, nitty-gritty questions are, when will they attack Saigon? Will the ARVN hold the airport, or the city? How will I get out?

Well, maybe things aren't as bad as all this. Maybe the enemy isn't quite that strong, maybe the U.S. and ARVN can hold out a little longer. It takes a long time to conquer any city; witness Hue. But the overwhelming feeling here is that the fall of Saigon, and the fall of Vietnam, are imminent. I'd give them six months at the outside.

I've been stuck in Saigon so far, this week working on a political story about the state of the SVN government, and a week's war story on the continuing battle for Saigon. Tomorrow I plan to fly out just west of the airport, where the ARVN is battling some of the closest VC troops and where they are setting up anti-aircraft guns to paralyze the airport. There was fighting also today just north and east of Saigon, and of course the fighting around the race-track inside Saigon. So far I'm well and fine, and fascinated, and just as glad not to be in Hongkong, which is still very cold. I'm due to leave here about March 8 or 9 in any event. Things should be relatively calm until then. But keep an eye on the papers; for you are about to see the warnings, the pleadings, the dire predictions of all those who said to stay out of a ground war in Asia, come true. Unfortunately it will be a costly lesson.



Peht to come in when the VC take over. It is sort of like being trapped in a fascinating maze, or in a game of Monopoly: it is terribly nerve-racking, terribly dangerous, yet much too fascinating even psychologically gripping to leave. You are trapped in the horror and amazement of it all. How could this possibly have happened? Is it really happening, or are we all just having a horrible dream. The outside world doesn't seem to recognize the

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POSTERS
659 WEST PEACHTREE

NO PARKING

Those small businesses on Peachtree between 10th and 14th streets have seen what may as well have been their funeral with the removal of all parking along Peachtree St. This move eliminated what precious little parking was available for these shops, yet the city doesn't seem to be very concerned. No plans for off-street parking are on the city's agenda.

This entire move was prompted as a stopgap measure to alleviate the burgeoning problem of traffic congestion, while the real solution, effective rapid transit, continues to be only discussed in committees. The no-parking regulations may even worsen the congestion, as motorists will be deceived into thinking that it will be easier to drive into town, and thus even more cars will be on the roads.

Thus the vicious cycle continues, parking is outlawed, and streets made one way, cars pack the streets, and urban dwellers are inconvenienced for the convenience of the suburban dwellers. The residents of the neighborhoods affected must suffer so that the suburbanites can get home to their wives, families, martinis and TV sets a few minutes sooner. We who live in the affected areas must put up with freeways as our doorsteps, critical business losses, the inconvenience of having to park our car several blocks from our homes, and little or no parking spaces available in the shopping areas.

It seems that the neighborhoods do not even have enough political power to control themselves. Will the suburbs succeed in destroying what's left of the urban neighborhoods? It's looking pretty bad right now, folks.

... charlie cushing

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Photography by Uelsmann

--paige pinnell

The creative photography of Jerry N. Uelsmann may be seen in exhibition during April in the Georgia State College Fine Arts Gallery. In 1967, Mr. Uelsmann was given a one-man exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art and awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to continue experiments in multiple printing techniques in photography.

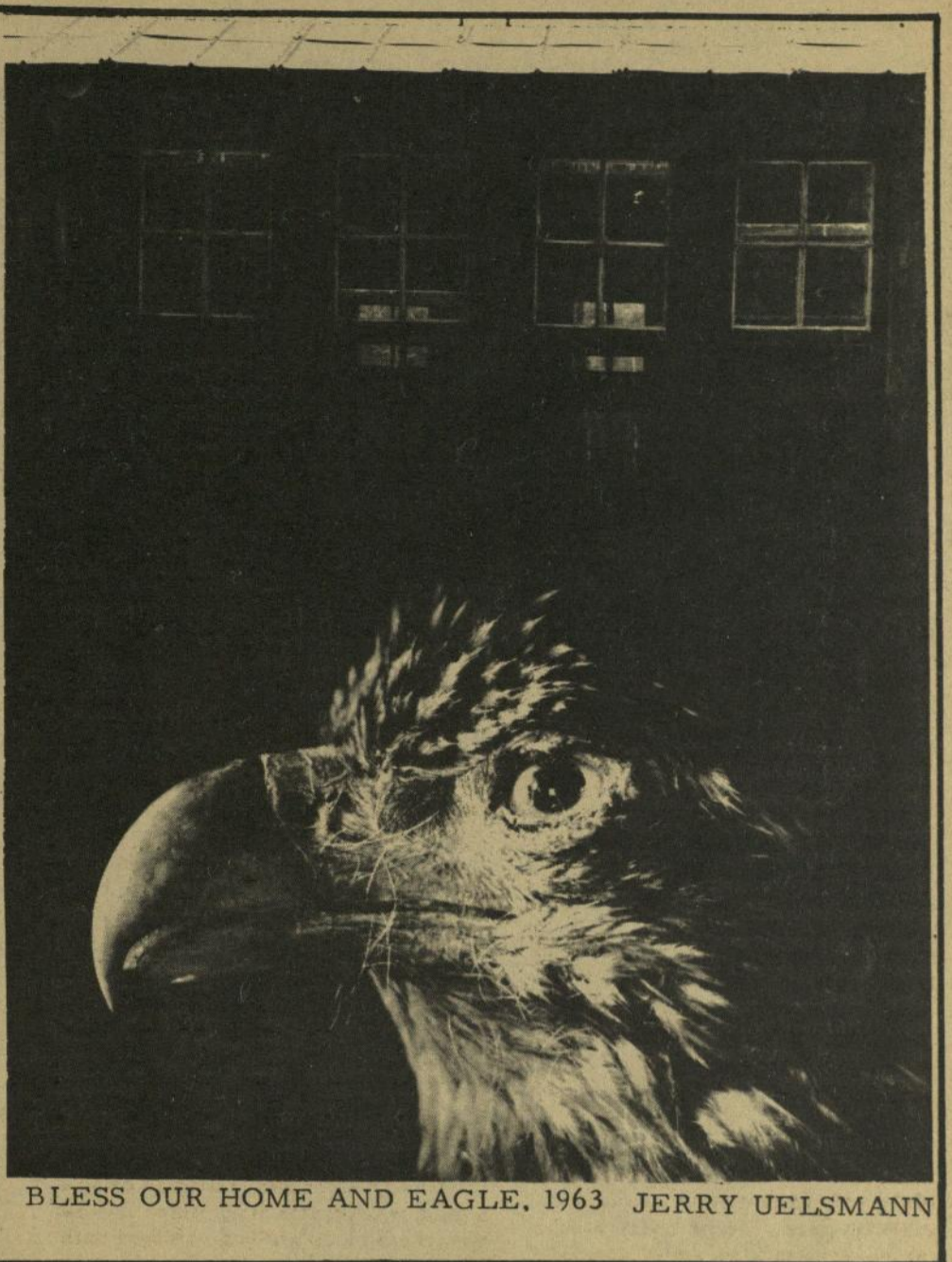
Jerry Uelsmann is the most noted exponent of post-visualization and multiple printing experimentation in photography. His subjective experimental images range from landscapes which incorporate the inherent forms of the Florida environment, to interiors and portraiture. The photographs often contain a dream-like character which presents the fantastic as the real, or vice-versa. Many of the photographs contain a lyrical nature charged with emotional significance which capitalizes upon paradox and contrast between comedy and tragedy.

The use of multiple printing techniques allows Mr. Uelsmann to incorporate single images into a composite whole.

This technique allows great latitude in the making of significant photographic images by the joining of diverse elements in a total and equivalent poetic truth.

The works in this exhibition by Jerry Uelsmann are some of the finest photographs to be seen in the United States today.

Mr. Uelsmann will give a lecture on his photography April 5 at 5 p. m. in the lecture hall of the Fine Arts Dept. at Georgia State College. The public is invited.



BLESS OUR HOME AND EAGLE, 1963 JERRY UELSMANN



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YOGA HYGIENE

I am indirect contact with the Swami Noshervanji, Preceptor, "The Brotherhood of Bhudda"... who operates on a reflection channel with intent to reunify the fragments of the cosmic self in pursuit of Dhammapada... his operation consists of a time lag dating back to 1958 but maintained as a refuge, in the present, for hot syndrome synthesizers... me and the are laying up, counting the hours as the Swami slips us the yellowing word in pamphletta...

YOGA SYSTEM OF BOWEL EVACUATION...

An important teaching of the great Yogis is what they term the "Natural

Posture." The Sadhus condemn the modern design of toilet bowl fixture, saying that it is not conducive to efficient performance of the motions. All Yogis of the Higher School show that the only normal, healthy manner to perform this vital function is to squat just as you might out in the forest.

Ustad Peshotanji writes, "The anus is provided with two muscles. These keep the orifice closed, until in the performance of the function it is forced to open. This natural process is impeded materially by sitting on the toilet seat. The muscles cannot function rightly in such posture and the only sensible way to allow their normal opening is to squat, as Nature intended."

Of course, this practice may be somewhat clumsy at first, due to the foolish construction of the average toilet, but with a little patience, the technique of balance can be easily mastered, provided the person is not extremely corpulent. A bar for grasping may be installed on the bathroom wall, to aid in balance.

In this method of defecation, another important advantage results, as there is no contact whatever with the unclean toilet bowl, except by the shoes of the person. Dropping a few sheets of toilet tissue upon the water, before performance, will eliminate the problem of dirty water splashing on the body. Be very careful in cleaning the anus; the membranes are delicate. Always use none except the finest, softest toilet tissue.

Later for it...

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FRIDAY March 29

\$\$\$MUSIC Tam Duffie. 12th Gate Coffee House. 36 10th St. \$1.00
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 \$\$\$THEATRE "The Lady is Not for Burning". Georgia State College Players. Pocket Theatre. 8:30 p.m.

SATURDAY March 30

\$\$\$MUSIC Ray Whitley. 12th Gate. \$1.00
 \$\$\$THEATRE see March 29 for same information

SUNDAY March 31

***PANEL on Drugs. "The Impact of Drugs on Our Way of Life" 9:30 and 11:15 a.m. Unitarian Church.
 ***SPEAKER Central Unitarian Society. Dr. Charles Perkins, Dept. of Psychology. "One Type of Pacifism". Fulton County Medical Society Bldg. 7th and W. Peachtree. 10:30 a.m.
 ***MEETING Organizational meeting of McCarthy supporters. Unitarian Church. 7:30 p.m.
 ***ART Opening day of the 27th Annual Exhibition of paintings, sculpture and prints by Negro artists. Catherine Hughes Waddell Art Gallery Trevor Arnett Library. Atlanta University. 4:00 p.m.

April 1-5

***SYMPOSIUM on South Africa. Spelman College. Call the Chairman Mrs. Lois Moreland at Spelman for time and places of meetings

MONDAY April 1

\$\$\$SLIDE lecture. Antoine Watteau Dr. William R. Crelly, Chairman of Department of History of Art at Emory. High Museum of Art. 8:00 p.m. \$1.00
 *\$PARTY AWIN anniversary. 12th Gate. 36 10th St. N. W. 4:00 to 8:00 p.m. Donation. Bring goodies.
 ***MEETING Veterans for Peace. 1036 Peachtree N.E. Rm. 104. 7:00 p.m.

TUESDAY April 2

***WATCH-IN Georgians for McCarthy. Primaries of Wisconsin. Theatre of A. M. B. Emory University. 9-12 p.m.

WEDNESDAY April 3

*&(NATIONAL DAY OF RESISTANCE RESIST RESIST
 ***FLICK "The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T." Alumni Memorial Building Emory University. 8:30 p.m.

FRIDAY April 5

***ART of Molly Boyt Unitarian Church. Reception at 7:30 p.m.
 ***SILENT VIGIL Cox Hall Emory University. 12:45 to 1:15 p.m.
 ***SILENT VIGIL 5 Points 12:00 to 1:00 p.m.

SATURDAY April 6

\$\$\$CONFERENCE New Left in Atlanta. Emory University. 10:00 thru the day. \$1.00 fee includes lunch, party and films. Information call Jody Palmour 378-9493 or Gary 523-8790.

SUNDAY April 7

***ART tour of Raphael Soyer Retrospective Exhibition. High Museum of Art. 3:00 p.m.
 ***THEATRE AND MUSIC "Barabbas" adaption by Michael de Ghelderode and Seven Last Words of Christ by Theodore DuBois. Haygood Memorial Methodist Church. 7:00 p.m.

MONDAY April 8

\$\$\$SLIDE lecture. Jacques Louis David by Dr. William R. Crelly High Museum of Art. 8:00 p.m. \$1.00

WEDNESDAY April 10

***FLICK "The Gospel According to St. Matthew". Alumni Memorial Building Emory University. 8:30 p.m.

THURSDAY April 11

***MEETING Atlantana for Peace. Meet and Lunch. Georgia Council of Human Relations. 12 noon.

FRIDAY April 12

***SILENT VIGIL Cox Hall Emory University. 12:45 to 1:15 p.m.
 ***SILENT VIGIL 5 Points 12:00 to 1:00 p.m.

April 20-30

***INTERNATIONAL DAYS OF PROTEST

April 26

***NATIONAL DAY OF THE STUDENT STRIKE

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YOUR LOCAL POLICE ARE ARMED AND DANGEROUS.



Come early Thursday knock at door. Paper final stage no room. IMPORTANT. The Usual: Police at Large.

On Wed. Mar. 27 at least 9 people were arrested in front of the Poster Pad on 14th St..

Early evening, three were arrested -- for sitting on the steps of the Poster Pad. PRIVATE PROPERTY. When Poster Pad manager Chris Mitchell told police he wanted them to sit on his steps, he was arrested for interfering with an officer.

One kid, frightened, ran. Was caught and beat repeatedly with a flashlight. Offered No Resistance. (Eye Witness: Frank Hughes Jr., Discovery, Inc.)

10:15 p.m. or so, another group accosted by two motorcycle police. Five arrested at random. Another frightened kid hurt, treated at Grady. Free on \$250.00 bond. Charge? Blocking Sidewalk.

Police Policy, Harrassment? More next issue.

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This is a Joint Ad from George and Mike

Anyone interested in renting space in the poster pad for a hip men's clothing shop Please contact Bo at Middle Earth

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Any softball equipment will gladly be accepted by VISTA's organizing teams in ghetto. Call 627-3726.

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