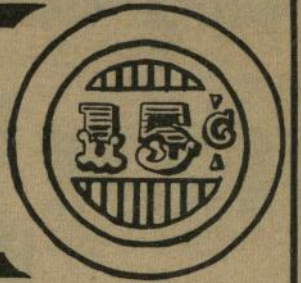




# GREAT SPECKLED BIRD



Volume One, Number Four

A Publication of the Atlanta Cooperative News Project © 1968

April 26 - May 9



## CONVICTED

ATLANTA, Monday, April 22 - Fulton County Courthouse, local hall of justice. David Braden, 30 years old, is to be tried this morning on charges of selling marijuana to a minor—the possible penalty, life imprisonment.

The elevator up. Lawyers, talking, joking about affairs of court. "Well, what'd you get for that woman?" "Oh, she got off with eight years." I marvel at the efficiency of Justice.

Fulton Superior Court. "ALL RISE." All-American conditioned reflex, I rise. Enter Judge Emeritus Boykin, known by some as a "hanging" judge. Defender of State, Solicitor Roger Thompson, hulks over his desk, ready for prosecution. The court seems anxious to get Braden, and dispenses quickly with other cases, mostly blacks. ("Boy, come over here.") Black men are lead out chained in parallel.

A sense of inevitability seeps into the courtroom as Thompson reveals his talents and Judge Boykin renders his justice. (I set up counter court in my mind. Decide absolutely that Court is on trial, not Braden.)

Richard Koren, Braden's lawyer, returns a special plea of insanity. The trial then is to determine whether Braden is mentally competent to aid his attorney in preparing a case.

cont. on page 10

## BUSTED

ATLANTA, At 4:30 p.m., April 23, only 6 hours after David Braden was sentenced, Detectives Howard, Wood, Barnes and 3 others burst into the Morning Glory Seed armed with a search warrant. They told the two employees to clear the store of customers and close the door. As soon as the store emptied and as the door shut, the detectives began their search. Finding what they were looking for, (or brought with them?) they arrested the two employees, Frances Eckstein and Esby Geissler charged them with two counts of narcotics violations, and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the owner, Porter Dunaway, who had helped pay for Braden's legal defense.

A hearing was held the following day at 3:30 p.m., in Municipal Court, with Judge T. C. Little presiding. At the hearing Detective Howard reported finding a small quantity ("enough to make one cigarette") of a loose, leafy substance "suspected to be marijuana", in the pocket of a coat in the store's office. He also reported finding a pack of "suspected marijuana" and some "suspected LSD capsules" in a desk drawer in the same office. He also reported finding a capsule in the shirt pocket of

cont. p 15

# Grady Grope

vs.

## BOARD OF MISEDUCATION

Encouraged by the success of the *Great Speckled Bird* and other "free press" type publications, a handful of students, mostly from Grady High School, decided that they would write and distribute their own paper. We decided that high school was the ideal place and the students were the perfect age to be influenced. High school is the time that all the lies are pumped into young minds and "citizens" are formed to parrot the party lines of their all too often racist, bigoted and jingoistic history books.

Also it has been my experience that high school papers are rigorously censored. Editorials tend to be concerned with keeping trash out of the halls, building patriotism, and making moral upright citizens out of students. Rarely will you find articles written that relate to the student "where he's at." For example, alternatives to the draft are never presented or discussed. Even though it is apparent by the many high school pregnancies, that students need some education about sex more than its mechanics as taught in biology, the most you will ever hear about it in a school will be the most subtle implication or, bluntly, DONT.

With all this in mind, on Friday, April 19, we distributed the *Grady Grope* no. 1. Though the *Grope* was only a six page mimeographed paper, we hoped that from these humble beginnings we could evolve into more and better quality pages.

After the paper came out it was, to put it mildly, widely discussed. We were overjoyed at the response. Both teachers and students alike were outraged. Though many liked it, many didn't. Most important, however, was that for the first time people were talking about relevant things honestly.

The Grope Group, as we call ourselves, was called into the principal's office on Friday morning. The principal told us that we had broken a few rules, not only of Grady high school, but of the Board of Education. He said the usual procedure would be to expell us, but he thought our actions arose out of ignorance of the rules rather than an intentional flaunting of them. We told him that we took full responsibility as a group and as individuals to what appeared in the *Grope*. He said he admired us for having the integrity to sign our names to it. He said that quite a few people had come to him asking "What can we do about the paper," and he suggested that they see us. The principal's primary objection to the paper, it seems, was the use of the word "shit" -- which appeared in an article written by a visiting high school student from Washington D. C. Further, there is a rule against giving out unapproved material on campus, and another that states that the name "Grady" can't be used, because it purportedly links the officialdom of the school to the paper. He stated that any further violation of these rules and we would be immediately expelled from school.

But all in all, we are extremely pleased with the results

of the *Grope*. It accomplished all of our initial aims. Although it was short-lived, it has opened the way, hopefully, for an even more broadly-based high school paper. The staff is now conferring on what course of action they will take now to follow up their attempts to establish a high school underground.

-- lendon sadler

*The experience of Grady students is not unusual. Starved for a relevant education they are forced to create their own. The Great Speckled Bird invites all high school students to contribute articles and information to a regular forum in Compulsory Miseducation.*

### a beginning

On April 16, 1968, the United States Army, in its bewildering wisdom and mercy, submitted to the barrage of demonstrations, petitions, and newspaper and magazine articles and consented to discharge Neil Salo and myself, both Conscientious Objectors stationed at Fort Gordon.



We rejoice for a moment, until we think about the 3½ million *other* men in uniform. Then we realize that we have only begun. . .

--denis adelsberger

(See our second issue for Adelsberger's story--ed.)

# the politics of DELAY

Mayor Ivan Allen's reaction to the Open Housing provisions of the recently passed Civil Rights Law repeats the pattern of his reaction to the Kerner Report on Civil Disorders -- it reads well, makes good newspaper copy, but on second thought sounds very familiar: Let's, he says establish a new agency. (This takes time, money and energy. It looks busy, and is an acceptable explanation for delayed results -- it takes time to find an office, time to hire a staff, time to etc., etc. etc.) This founding of a new agency effectively ignores the tools already at hand which could be used to do the same job. Some of these tools are:

1. The current on-going services of the City government and their administrators could be pledged immediately to support rather than delay the new law. For obvious example, city services such as garbage collection, street maintenance and park supervision could be improved rather than allowed to deteriorate in the areas which undertake to implement the law.

2. The Real Estate Boards, both Negro and white, could be convened at the request of the Mayor and called upon to make whatever changes might be necessary in their activities to implement the law.

3. The Relocation Office, already in operation under the Atlanta Housing Authority, is required to assist those displaced by governmental action. It could easily be expanded to give service to those seeking housing under the new law. Why create another Relocation Office, under the aegis of the Housing Resources Committee, which is but an advisory committee established by city ordinance, with no staff of its own except one city employee on loan, and a record of Good Intentions but a complete lack of effectiveness in changing policies set by the on-going city government?

4. The lending institutions of the city could be convened at the request of the Mayor and urged to be as lenient as possible in the financing of housing obtained under the new law.

5. The Mayor, by virtue of his position as head of the principal governmental body in Metro Atlanta, could take the leadership in establishing the necessary climate of opinion in which the new law could become effective.

This list could be lengthened indefinitely. The main thing is, however, that we don't need any more agencies. Repeat: We don't need any more agencies -- only the will to make the ones we have effective.

Eliza Paschall

## KENNEDY

Supporters of Senator Robert F. Kennedy (Dem., N.Y.) have organized the "Campaigners for Kennedy" to work toward a presidential victory in the November election. The Kennedy group, currently based on the Emory University campus, hopes to establish a city-wide headquarters soon.

The Kennedy organization was initiated by Linda Ray, teaching assistant at Emory, and Jess Barton, graduate student at Emory. Volunteers who wish to work for Kennedy may write to Box 21399 of Box 21018, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, or phone 377-3229.

To the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD:

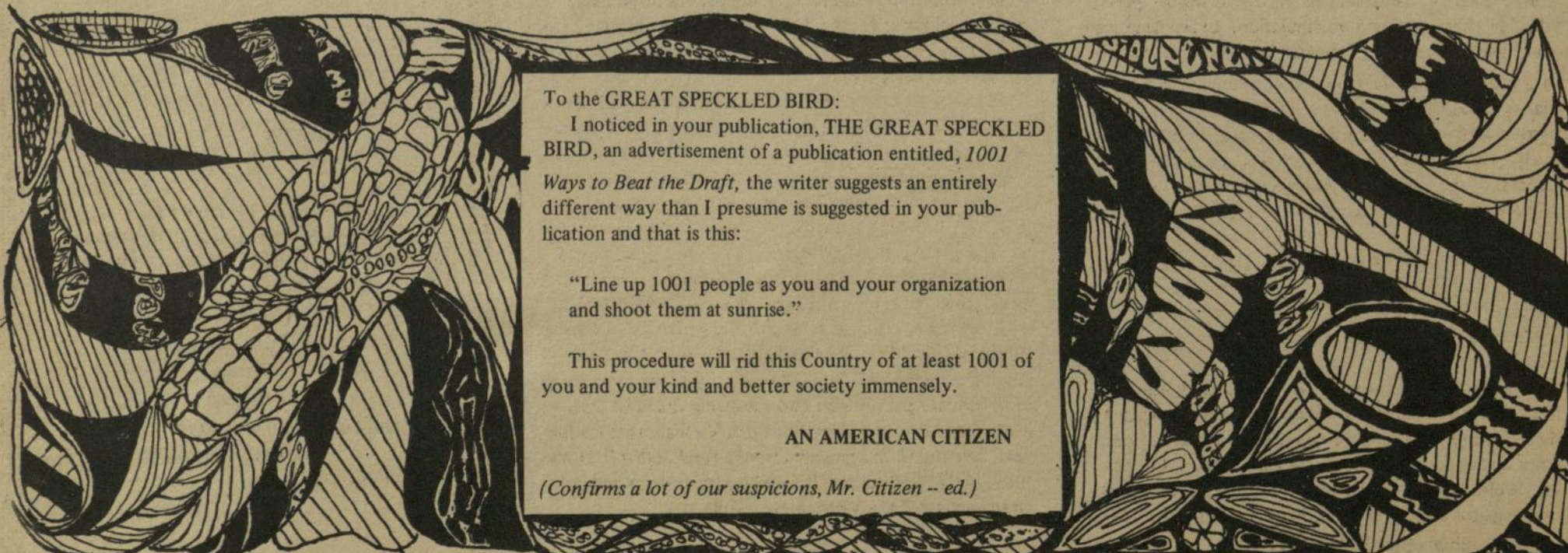
I noticed in your publication, THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD, an advertisement of a publication entitled, *1001 Ways to Beat the Draft*, the writer suggests an entirely different way than I presume is suggested in your publication and that is this:

"Line up 1001 people as you and your organization and shoot them at sunrise."

This procedure will rid this Country of at least 1001 of you and your kind and better society immensely.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

(Confirms a lot of our suspicions, Mr. Citizen -- ed.)



# MARCH **WAR** PARADE **RESIST** DEMONSTRATION against against RACISM RALLY MAR against

A mass rally and demonstration against the draft, the war in Vietnam, and domestic racism is scheduled for Piedmont Park Saturday, April 27, at 2 p.m. The rally will be preceded by a demonstration at 1 p.m. at the Federal Building at Peachtree and 7th, and a march up Peachtree to the park. Also at Piedmont Park Saturday will be the summer's first Love-In, at which non-marching citizens can say no to the system in their own way.

The demonstration, march and rally is sponsored by the Atlanta Alliance for Peace as a local response to international and nationwide protests on the 27th against U. S. policy at home and abroad. Carl Oglesby, past president of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS)

will address the rally, speaking about the war in Vietnam and racism at home. Oglesby is co-author of *Containment and Change*, a radical analysis of U. S. foreign policy.

A call for "10 Days to Shake the Empire" was issued by SDS earlier this year. The days scheduled were April 20-30. The Student Mobilization Committee joined SDS by designating April 26 as the day of the International Student Strike, urging all students to boycott their Friday classes in protest of the war. The Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC) joined SDS in the call, proclaiming "We Secede" -- from the war, from racism and exploitation of the poor, and from the Selective Service System.

No Atlanta campuses are expected to participate in the student strike Friday, but many students and professors are planning to support the strike with protest activities. Emory University activists are planning a dramatic presentation on campus to bring vital issues into focus for students. Georgia State Committee on Social Issues members are working to keep students out of classes. The University of Georgia SDS/SSOC chapter is reported to have a number of activities scheduled on campus.

The march and rally on the 27th will feature guerrilla theater by a group of radical dramatics. The leaflet distributed announcing the Love-In on the same day urges people to "bring flowers, bells, beads, babies, joy, lunch and instruments."

## requiem for a paper tiger



"The United States is ready to send its representatives to any forum, at any time ..." quoth President Johnson in his internationally broadcast offer to initiate serious peace talks with North Vietnam on March 31.

But not, apparently, to Pnomh Penh, Cambodia, or Warsaw, Poland -- the two sites suggested by North Vietnam. Neither of these sites is deemed suitable, for "suitability," we discover, is defined by two basic conditions "inadvertently" left out of the original offer: the location must provide adequate communications to both parties, and it must be neutral.

The need for communication facilities is obvious, but what does "neutral" mean in this highly polarized world? "Neutrality," we are glibly informed by a State Department representative, is "obvious" and needs no further delineation. The proof of the pudding, therefore, must be the Obviously Neutral American suggestions: Indonesia, which recently liquidated its communist party, naturally qualifies; Japan, dotted with American military bases and inundated with American economic concerns, is similarly neutral, as are NATO members Italy and Belgium. Geneva, Switzerland, provides a case apart. To the Vietnamese, having experienced the United States' faithfulness to the Geneva Accords of 1954, this must have appeared as a bad joke -- intended, perhaps, to appear in the world's eye as a re-opening of the Geneva Conventions. As for the other locations proposed by the U. S. government, Laos seems now on the brink of a total governmental collapse, while North Vietnam has no representation in either Finland or Austria -- the reason given by the U. S. for rejecting Cambodia.

But there is no need to belabor the point. With sickening regularity, the American strategy towards "peace talks" has been constant dissimulation. Every American peace overture has been followed by intensified warfare. In this perspective, the selection of a suitable site for initiating discussions is of minor significance. The artificial barriers thrown up by the State Department could be easily overcome. The suggestions of U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations, provide a solution. Despite Johnson's pride, Paris could readily become the site for negotiation.

The real issue to be faced by the negotiators is, however, far deeper than the procedural matter of selecting a locale. The negotiating parties are approaching the conference table with entirely different sets of presuppositions.

The North Vietnamese motive for opening negotiations is to force the US' to cease its aggression against their country. This is a pre-condition for negotiation, not a matter for negotiation. North Vietnam, the victim, is clearly not morally obliged to offer anything in exchange for a total, unconditional bombing halt. Beyond this initial objective, North Vietnam has not and cannot commit itself. To do so would involve a major

concession on the nature of the peace settlement itself -- precisely what the U. S. government desires. Johnson did not offer to begin preliminary talks as a prelude to peace negotiations, but as "serious talks on the substance of peace." This invitation, accompanied by only a partial bombing halt and the announcement of further troop escalations in Vietnam, was quite naturally regarded by the North Vietnamese as a "fraudulent proposal...aimed at getting rid of isolation from the people of the world" -- in short, a repeat of past American tactics.

These divergences are not superficial. They reflect deep political and ideological antagonisms. The North Vietnamese view themselves as but one arm of a successful revolutionary movement which concerns the whole people of Vietnam. They see themselves -- correctly according to virtually any but American accounts of the situation -- as allies of the National Liberation Front (NLF) of South Vietnam, the legitimate government of South Vietnam. The ultimate goal of both political bodies is the eventual reunification of their divided and war-ravaged nation. Thus peace negotiations with the North Vietnamese cannot serve to merely camouflage the continuing effort of the U. S. to set up a puppet regime in South Vietnam, as was the case after Geneva in 1954. Peace for them must reflect movement towards eliminating foreign domination in Vietnam and towards eventual reunification of the nation. This, however, is precisely what Johnson considers a "fake solution," since it would be admitting the failure of America's huge military effort to set up a puppet regime in South Vietnam and would, in terms of the "Domino Theory," sacrifice all the other small nations of Southeast Asia to "the ravenous appetite of an insidious, alien communism." Rather than seeing revolution as the natural, indigenous response to grave social injustice, the U.S. views it as a conspiracy from which only American watchfulness and American power can save the hapless prey.

Ideologically, then, the two positions are at polar opposites. Neither side can truly hope to convince the other of the rightness of its proposals. Hence the framework for successful negotiations can hardly be present unless one side accepts the defeat of its aims. Who is the more likely to do so? From the sequence of events leading to the offer to negotiate, it would appear to be the United States. As North Vietnam emphasized in its response, the U. S. approached them only after the dramatic TET offensive which virtually crippled U. S. military activity in South Vietnam. In addition to this military defeat, Johnson's announcement of his own political eclipse, the presence of severe internal disorder and a growing financial crisis lend credence to the claim by North Vietnam that nothing "can save the U. S. aggressors from a total defeat." Hopefully, preliminary talks will speed up the process and shorten the agony of the Vietnamese people.

-ted brodek

## SSOC & --- rusk

This year's Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC) conference and membership convention (May 3-5) will have the unusual feature of a direct confrontation with the Secretary of State, Hon. Dean Rusk.

As Mr. Rusk is notably unpopular in New Left circles, there should be a fine show on Saturday, May 4, when Rusk speaks at the University of Georgia in Athens. A special break has been scheduled in the SSOC conference so that several hundred of the South's most radical students may greet their Secretary of State.

Keynote speakers at the convention include Stanley Wise of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee; Carl Oglesby, former president of Students for a Democratic Society; Dr. Marshall Jones, University of Florida professor; and Philip Hirschkop, Virginia Civil Liberties lawyer.

Workshops and caucuses are scheduled on the draft, '68 elections, women's liberation, the underground press, what white folks can do, and other topics.

Registration (\$1.00) is at 2 p.m. Friday at the Westminster House on campus. Phone 548-4594 for information.

TIMELY URGENT--THE FILM EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD SEE

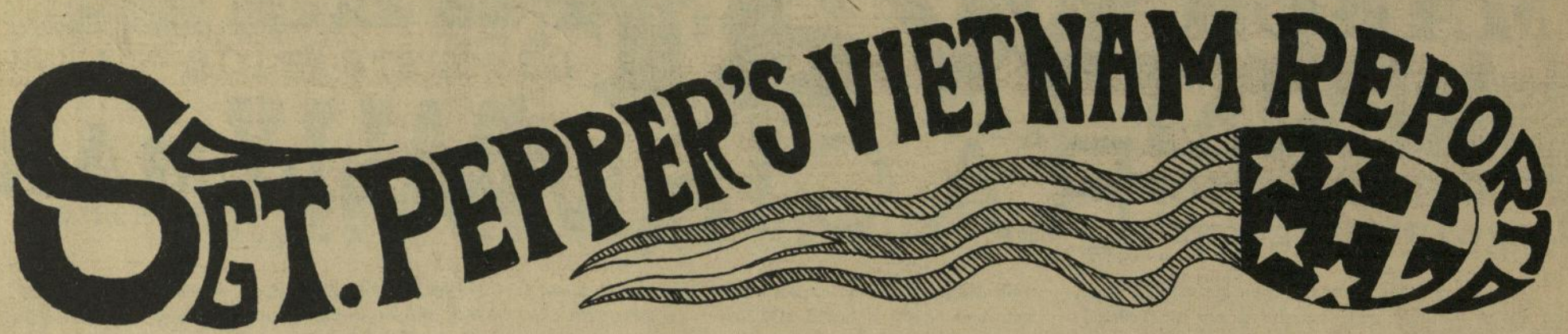
FELIX GREENE'S NEW FILM in spectacular color

INSIDE NORTH VIETNAM

FILMED IN ITS ENTIRETY IN THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF NORTH VIETNAM--THIS PICTURE IS MORE GRIPPING, MORE MOVING THAN ANY FICTION FILM

SHOWING TONIGHT (APR. 26)  
 PLACE: ALUMNI MEMORIAL BLD.  
 EMORY UNIVERSITY  
 TIME: 8:15 p.m.

# SGT. PEPPER'S VIETNAM REPORT



An assignment to Vietnam means different things to different American military men. To the hardened career veteran, it is the loophole in a contract that provides medical care, commissary privileges, and half-pay retirement. To the "gung-ho," it is a chance for campaign ribbons and letters of commendation. To most first-termers, it is a self-asserted obligation to "stop the commies." To the Vietnam dissenter like myself, it is a time for thinking.

I entered the U.S. Air Force in November 1965 as a draft-dodging enlistee. I was a hawk with all the trimmings - subscriptions to *Human Events* and *National Review* and membership in the Young Americans for Freedom (which, incidentally, has begun a girlie feature in its magazine, *The New Guard*, in which the WASP-of-the-Month strips down to overcoat.) On the questionnaire which the airman must fill out to qualify for a security clearance, I proudly listed YAF and Free Society Association memberships, imagining the ecstasy with which I would be accepted ("Hey, Dub, a real kommie-killer!")

At the time, I was well-entrenched as a reactionary. My name was on every right-wing mailing list known to man. I supported Rhodesia and Otto Otepka, condemned Frank McGee and Cuba. There were some clues, though, to the superficiality of hard-core conservatism, clues that only later became noticeable. For instance, why were all these right-wing organizations located at the same address? Why were Admiral Ben Moreel and former New Jersey Governor Charles Edison on all the steering committees? Why are all conservative books only 192 pages long? Why no words of more than three syllables? Why are William Buckley Jr. and H.L. Hunt so rich? Better still, why are Roman Hruska, Russell Long, and Lester Maddox so stupid? Two years later, I know the answers to all questions except the last part of the last one.

One of the major influences on my metamorphosis was the military itself. The non-commissioned officers of the U.S. Air Force approach world affairs and human relations, as well as everyday situations, with the same poise exercised by the police of Alabama "settin' the niggers in their places." Bernard Fall's *Vietnam Reader* was confiscated from me in basic training by my instructor, a sergeant with 18 years in the service. Now that I recall the experience, I am unmoved, since I was reading Tom Dodd's paper at the time. What lingers in my mind is the eloquence with which the instructor spoke: "Duh, what the Air Force wants ya t' know about Vietnam, we'll tell ya."

Everybody has to have a job, I suppose (Robert Shelton had to sell his tires), but the concept of an intellectually-aware, educationally-superior soldier being led by a man so plainly inferior in all areas except Years on Earth and Stripes on Sleeve lacks wisdom. In situations requiring fundamental reasoning ability, these intellectual shut-ins are leaders of men by Air Force regulation. The military, like the Congress, is too delicate to be trusted to the Asshole Fringe.

Once my left-turn had been recorded, the question "What am I doing in the military?" had to be answered. I had surrounded myself. I was just a pimple-faced kid when I came in, brimming with innocence. After four semesters in an intellectual community, I had trespassed into a nevernever land, a snakepit that would swallow four of what would have been my most productive years. The thought leaves me with a feeling of emptiness in the pit of my stomach - rather like discovering that the *New York Daily News* has just bought out the *Times*. Don't get me wrong though. I don't mind associating with fascists - why, some of my best friends...

But I was transformed. I would forever be a social reformer. Idiots and idols would now trade identities. I would no longer tolerate George Wallace and his jet-black hair. Richard Nixon would represent stagnation. Lyndon Johnson would be the Chief Creep. 4 - the great speckled bird

William Fulbright would be the Conscience of the Nation. But I was still in the military. What if they sent me to Vietnam? What if my IBM card fell into the little slot? This fear was realized when, after a couple of eventful years in the service, I found myself in a job critical for SEA (Southeast Asia, a euphemism for Vietnam). The official verdict was that I would go shortly. Would they really send me? Naw.

They did. In January. I had just wangled a 48-hour duty excuse for a 24-hour flu and was feeling great despite a temperature of 102. Then came the news, like the abrupt thrust of a bayonet deep into my sanity. It was amplified by the fact that I was suddenly a center of attention. Exactly 7.4 seconds after my name went up on the assignments roster, fourteen raunchy Vietnam veterans verbally pounced upon me. The Chief of Staff calls the non-commissioned officer the "Backbone of the Air Force." My guess is that he is slightly lower than the backbone. All the cultured, sophisticated Donald Duck NCO's were seeking out the SEA-virgins, searching for fresh ears into which to spew their autobiographical ejaculations. Deacon Jones couldn't pursue Johnny Unitas with as much vigor. I was cornered - I had to listen. One guy, it seems, built the runway at Cam Ranh Bay all by himself. Another played poker every night with four or five generals, and they planned the pacification program between hands. Another was still excited about being the very first one to piss in the Da Nang flight line latrine. All of them had names of whores they had laid, fine Vietnamese patriots who only charged 4 million dollars an hour - if you had your ID card. Otherwise, five bucks a night. "Them Zip girls can really give your peter a ride. Fuck 'em, but don't kiss 'em, 'cause their teeth is rottin', know what I mean? You can put a rubber on your peter OK, but kiss 'em and you'll fuck your mouth all to hell." "I hope you ain't a tit man, 'cause they ain't got any. Hell, my old lady's got bigger jugs 'n 'em gals - something to hold on to." "Yeah, really?" I solemnly repeated after each excursion, utilizing my new mucilaginous facial expression. Forty-two minutes later, I was alone, unaware that the pack had left. I had the flu, so why shouldn't I be sick?

The notification of a SEA Assignment means nebulously trodding through a galaxy of preparations, some for the good of the service, some for the good of the individual. The implication is that the service will survive - the individual may or may not.

First, the physical examination. The young doctor eyeballed my medical records, noting that I had not been seriously ill for two years, and they had approved me. That made me sick.

Immunizations. All the medics, it seems, have been to Vietnam. There is a dissertation about jungle bugs, flower bugs, climate bugs, food bugs, sex bugs, and psyche bugs. Then four needles - two in each arm simultaneously. "Ah learned that when mah outfit was tied down by Kawng fire in the jungle. Ah had to shoot 66 men against the cholera in five minutes." I was tempted to add, "Yeah, I know, I know."

To the firing range with the M-16, the controversial Symbol of Our Times. The Air Force no longer uses "bull's eye's" as targets. Now it's a silhouette about the size of the average Viet Minh. Instructors are fond of holding the weapon against the crotch during demonstrations, but upon cleaning the gun, I did not find semen on the firing pin. (I reject, as a bad joke, the thought that the safety was on.) To make "expert," you must hit 59 of 60 shots. I hit 49 "You can't do no better 'n 'at?" "God didn't intend for me to shoot a gun." "Pussy."

Make a will. At the legal office, a snappy second louey was behind the counter masturbating to a copy of *Playboy*. I thought it must have been the centerfold, but it was actually F. Lee Bailey's interview of a few months

back. "I leave my GI Insurance to install cold showers at the Army War College."

Then there was testing on the Code of Conduct. You know the Code-name, rank, and serial number, no talking with the enemy, never give up. The Code says, in effect, that if you are surrounded by 50 million of the enemy, who are armed with guns, grenades, knives, spears, mortars, etc., and you are alone, armed only with a copy of *The New Republic*, that you must remove the staples and try to stab a couple of them in the eye before they make you disappear altogether. Eisenhower displayed rare wisdom in realizing that the average military man would not select this course of action, so he put the rules into an Executive Order.

Everything is set. But do I want to go? Do I have to go? I really do not want to spend all my life in Sweden. They have nice girls and free love and no censorship and economic freedom and less phonies and a sane government, but God knows you can't police the world with that. As attractive as this alternative is, I decline because I am chronically pusillanimous (i.e., I have an acute shortage of testicles). Now a dishonorable discharge would hurt me less than most guys, but still I would not be getting out of the pokey until I am thirty or so. And if I go to prison, so they say, I will turn queer. Christ, that's all I need. I will not give Lyndon the satisfaction of turning both Walter Jenkins and me queer during the same administration.

Now I have served two years and four months honorably. Draftees serve less-two years. Some not even two. A real good friend of mine, Mike, was drafted right out of high school-we had played basketball together on the school team. He was trained and sent Over There with the First Air Cavalry. He got out of the Army after only

So I rationalized. And when I rationalize, I don't screw around. I am in the Air Force, which doesn't have the masculine complex of the Army or the Marines. I am not in a combat slot. The pay is a little more than it is stateside. Someone has to defend little Lyndon Nugent while his daddy writes his own publicity stories from the Officer's Club at Cam Ranh Bay. But, with the Spirit of the Times, my adventurous alter-ego wants answers to the five months. I've been in 32 months, and he was only in for five. He would have been in longer, but he died. Mike was ideologically ignorant and morally unprotected. His simplicity killed him, as it had killed others before him and will continue to kill still others in the future. It was appropriate that the school initiated a memorial scholarship fund in his name and even more appropriate that the first recipient was a partially-illiterate 16-year-old girl, who was dismissed for getting pregnant four months into the school year. Mike would have wanted it that way. That was the scope of his worries.

pressing problems of Vietnam:

Whatever happened to the "Green Berets"?

Does one of the tactical fighter wings really run an annual "Miss Napalm" photo contest?

Did the John Birch Society really babysit and provide transportation to the polls for the Montagnard tribesmen during the last elections?

Was Madame Nhu really on the rag for four straight years?

Is the Ho Chi Minh Trail really a toll road south with Thieu and Ky pocketing the take?

Is it true that all officers, Lt. Colonel and above, cannot attain erections when there is a bombing pause?

Does that soldier on the savings bond commercial who bought an \$18.75 bond every month for 24 years really think he has \$25,000?

Yeah, I'll go. And I will be a credit to myself and to the United States Air Force. I doubt, though, that I will accomplish anything worthy of a Rose Garden presentation ceremony or of the naming of a base after me.

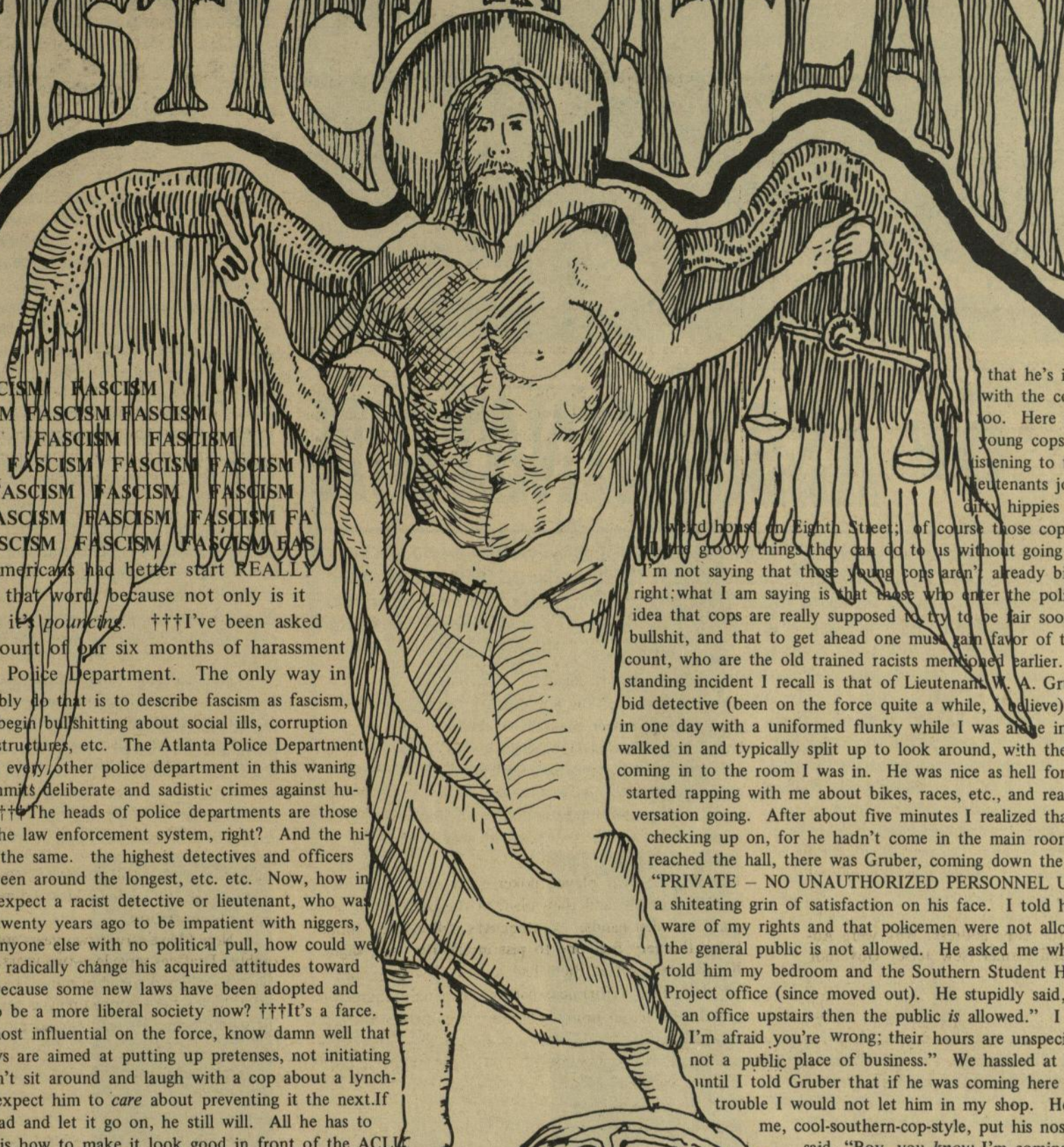
I left April 1-a date of my own choosing since July 4 was not authorized. I'll see you guys on TV-I'll be the one planting flowers around my foxhole.

Anonymous Airman

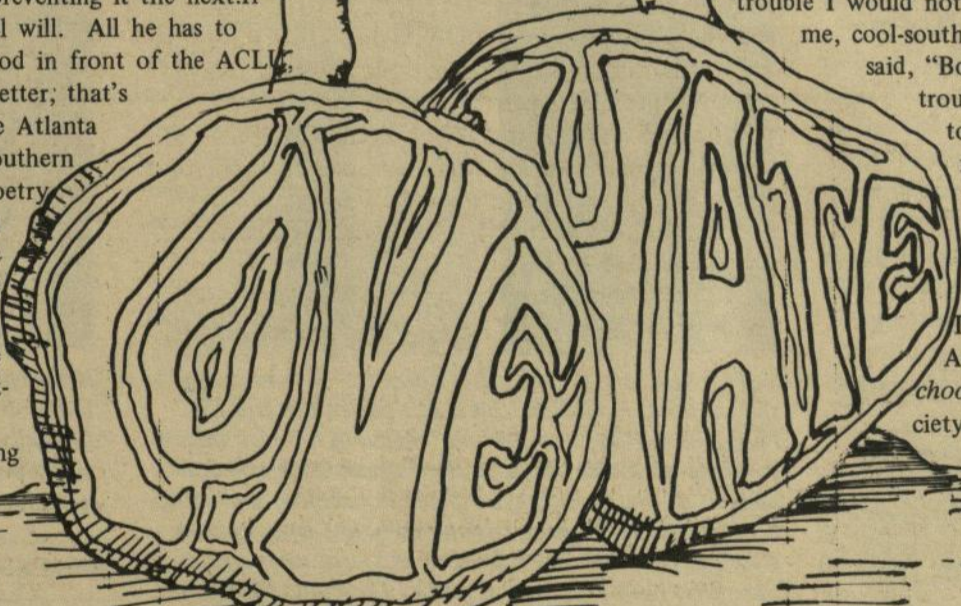
# JUSTICE IN ATLANTA

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I think that Americans had better start REALLY thinking about that word, because not only is it creeping, baby, it's *pouncing*. †††I've been asked to give my account of our six months of harassment by the Atlanta Police Department. The only way in which I can possibly do that is to describe fascism as fascism, and not even to begin bullshitting about social ills, corruption within our local structures, etc. The Atlanta Police Department along with almost every other police department in this waning country daily commits deliberate and sadistic crimes against humanity. Period. †††The heads of police departments are those with seniority in the law enforcement system, right? And the hierarchy of cops is the same. the highest detectives and officers are those who've been around the longest, etc. etc. Now, how in hell could anyone expect a racist detective or lieutenant, who was trained fifteen or twenty years ago to be impatient with niggers, poor whites, and anyone else with no political pull, how could we expect that cop to radically change his acquired attitudes toward these people just because some new laws have been adopted and this is supposed to be a more liberal society now? †††It's a farce. Those cops, the most influential on the force, know damn well that all of our new laws are aimed at putting up pretenses, not initiating practices. You can't sit around and laugh with a cop about a lynching one year and expect him to *care* about preventing it the next. If he can turn his head and let it go on, he still will. All he has to worry about now is how to make it look good in front of the ACLU and now that cops are being trained to lie better; that's not hard to do. †††Our experience with the Atlanta Police Department has been a very typical Southern scene. We opened on November 14 with a poetry reading by Dr. Thomas Altizer of Emory. In the quiet middle of the reading two APD motorcycle fuzz roared up, entered our property rode two full circles *around* our house, gunning their engines all the time, and then rode off into the night when our attorney ran outside to get their badge numbers. From that time on we became a nightly truckstop-parking lot for frustrated fuzz. They came in large numbers, harassed our customers, poked into private closets, laughed at the merchandise, snickered secret comments to each other about the art posters showing tits and such and did all of the other things that dumb cops can think of to do when they know they're supposed to harass someone. †††It's very sad and very easy to see: when a six-year-old tells a four-year-old that all of the cool guys don't like somebody, that four-year-old does everything in his power to show



that he's in with the cool guys too. Here you have young cops sitting around listening to the captains and lieutenants joke about the dirty hippies who have that weird house on Eighth Street; of course those cops have to show all the groovy things they can do to us without going too far. Now, I'm not saying that those young cops aren't already bigots in their own right; what I am saying is that those who enter the police force with the idea that cops are really supposed to try to be fair soon learn that that's bullshit, and that to get ahead one must gain favor of the people who count, who are the old trained racists mentioned earlier. †††One outstanding incident I recall is that of Lieutenant W. A. Gruber, a rather rabid detective (been on the force quite a while, I believe). Gruber came in one day with a uniformed flunky while I was alone in the store. They walked in and typically split up to look around, with the uniformed cat coming in to the room I was in. He was nice as hell for some reason, and started rapping with me about bikes, races, etc., and really kept the conversation going. After about five minutes I realized that Gruber needed checking up on, for he hadn't come in the main room yet. When I reached the hall, there was Gruber, coming down the stairs marked "PRIVATE - NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL UPSTAIRS" with a shiteating grin of satisfaction on his face. I told him that I was aware of my rights and that policemen were not allowed anywhere that the general public is not allowed. He asked me what was upstairs. I told him my bedroom and the Southern Student Human Relations Project office (since moved out). He stupidly said, "Well, if there's an office upstairs then the public *is* allowed." I smartly said, "No, I'm afraid you're wrong; their hours are unspecified and they are not a public place of business." We hassled at least ten minutes until I told Gruber that if he was coming here just to cause me trouble I would not let him in my shop. He walked up to me, cool-southern-cop-style, put his nose in my face and said, "Boy, you *know* I'm coming to cause you trouble, and the next time I come I want you to stand in that doorway and try to stop me." †††I wonder how many things Gruber has said, how many things he's done to countless poor white and black people in this city who don't have the opportunity to write about it in a newspaper? That's the real danger, that's the real crime. Anytime I put my neck out, it's because I *choose* to do so because I'm sick of a sick society. The real daily inhumanity of cops is toward people who *don't* have a choice about what they're doing or what color they were born, and all the other sad truths of the



**P**racist-type upstanding to force their way in the door when we were closed. We succeeded in getting the door locked, but as soon as we opened it to look out about five minutes later, beer bottles came crashing down next to our heads, and the

GREAT SOCIETY.  
†††A few other incidents which should be mentioned concern crime reports that the Atlanta Police Department has apparently lost. One time in

December three Georgia students tried



Left to Right: Josiah Thompson, Alfreda Scobey, and Walter Henritze at Theatre Atlanta.

# PHYSICS OF ASSASSINATION

The tall, dark-faced, dark-haired, watch-chain tied and vested criminal lawyer glowered down between his two elbows propped on the little table on the stage of Theatre Atlanta. He had listened for two hours to the boyish little college professor Josiah Thompson show his slides, quote his authorities, and tete-a-tete debate with Miss Alfreda Scobey, former legal staff member of the Warren Commission. Now it was his turn. He swayed to his feet and began the counter-attack. He certified his own authority — 50 to 100 murder trials. He attacked the authorities cited by his opponent, citing his own — his law partner, an expert in ballistics. And anyway, he said, any expert's opinion may be disregarded in any court of law. And anyway, he said, the Warren Commission wasn't even a court of law. And furthermore, he said, the professor has never personally spoken to the man who took that film he's using. He raised his voice. He lowered his voice. He glowered at the audience, his long arm extended like some dark centurian brandishing away the ghosts that haunt the republic. Then finally, in a hush building to a crescendo: "It's well to remember what the Warren Commission was. It was an inquiry into the death of President Kennedy. It was not a court. It had no pretensions to be. It was an inquiry to discover an historical fact. And on that single bullet theory they arrived at the preponderance of the evidence and they adopted it. *And the people that adopted it were headed by the Chief Justice of your and my United States!!*"

He sat down. Silence. Giggles. Nervous chuckles. Then 'witters and grunts became guffaws, roars, and a loud hisssssss. Even Alfreda Scobey broke out. Then the ocean roar of applause, both for him and for his excellent performance of the absurd trial lawyer role, drowned out all individual expressions.

Walter Henritze, Atlanta lawyer, the last of three member panelists to speak, had completed his defense of the American Government against Dr. Josiah Thompson's irreverent dismembering of the *Warren Commission*. It was never clear whether it was the quiet Socratic style or the stern unyielding evidence of his antagonist that so twitched this Sophist's nose or tail. For in both style and familiarity with the evidence Thompson far outclassed the two representatives of the legal profession which opposed him that night.

Dr. Thompson flew down from Pennsylvania for the panel discussion which followed the American premier of *Lee Harvey Oswald: A Far Mean Streak of Independence Brought on by Neglect* at Theater Atlanta. His principle interest was the opportunity to debate a member of the Warren Commission staff, Miss Alfreda Scobey of Atlanta, the second member of the panel.

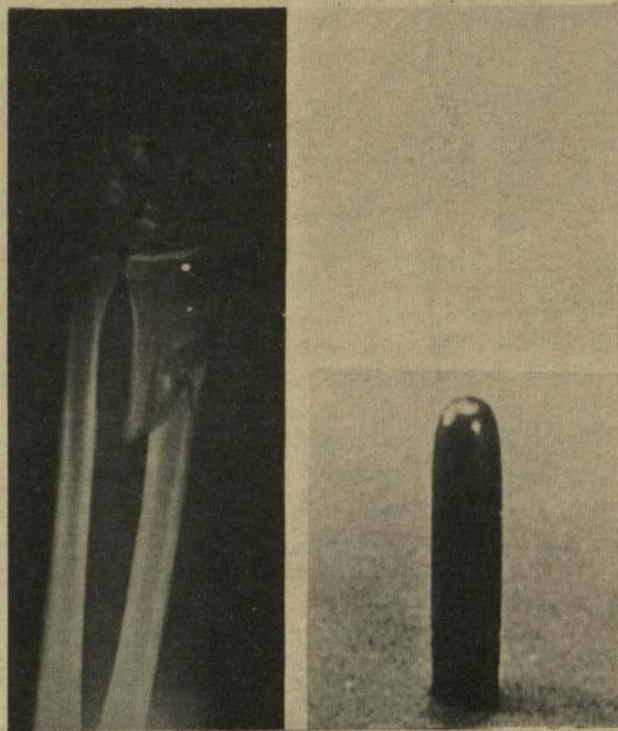
Dr. Thompson's visit to Atlanta had started that morning with a press conference at Theatre Atlanta. The format of morning and evening testimonies were strikingly similar and, in fact, were just animated summaries, complete with slides and photographs, of the principle arguments of his book, *Six Seconds in Dallas*. The presentations went like this:

Out comes slide projector and screen. Soon on the screen is a slide of the Kennedy limosine emerging from behind a sign. Both Kennedy and Governor Connally are plainly visible.

Thompson begins: "As you know, the single bullet theory is essential to the Commission's theory of what happened in Dealey Plaza. That theory holds that both President Kennedy and Governor Connally were hit by the same shot simultaneously. Now Commission counsel Redlich has stated that to say that the Governor and the President were hit by separate shots is synonymous with saying that 6 — the great speckled bird

there must have been at least two assassins.

"The significance of the single bullet theory is that it sustains, and only it sustains, the theory of the single assassin. I want you to view some sketches -- I can't show you the film, it's owned by *Life* magazine -- some sketches made from frames from the Zapruder motion picture film.



**SUPERBULLET** (Commission exhibit 399) — According to the Warren Commission, this bullet passed through the President, making a smaller exit wound in his neck than entrance wound in this back, then struck Governor Connally in the back, making a 1.5 cm. hole before shattering his fifth rib and blowing out an exit hole 5 cms. wide. It then smashed Connally's forearm and wrist, splintering the radius bone at its largest point. The bullet finally embedded in the governor's thigh, from where it emerged in its virtually unscathed condition. Next to the bullet is an X-ray photo of Gov. Connally's fractured wrist.

"It is my contention that these frames from the motion picture film, in the copy owned by *Life* magazine, and not in the copy seen by the Commission, demonstrate conclusively the falsity of the single bullet theory.

"As you know, Governor Connally, Mrs. Connally, and every other witness who spoke to the question saw the Governor hit by the second shot. No witness in Dealey Plaza reported Governor Connally and President Kennedy hit by the same shot."

Thompson flashes Zapruder frame 230 on the screen. He says Connally is uninjured at this point. Kennedy is evidently hit. If Connally is correct, the Commission is wrong. Frame 237 flashes on the screen. Here, says Thompson, Connally is turning, yelling "Oh, no!"

"Now," he says, "note the dramatic change in the next 1/18 of a second." Frame 238 flashes on the screen:

"Boom! The Governor's shoulder has been driven down by a measured angle of 20 degrees, cheeks are puffed and his hair has been dislodged. It was the opinion of Dr. Cyril Wecht, a very eminent forensic pathologist who viewed these films at *Life* that this frame showed the immediate effects of a bullet's impact on the Governor's back, validating then his testimony and the testimony of his wife as to what happened in Dealey Plaza."

He continues with frame 239: "1/18 of a second later the Governor's face is distorted radically, like a boxer's face from the blow of his opponent. His cheeks are still puffed, his hair is dislodged.

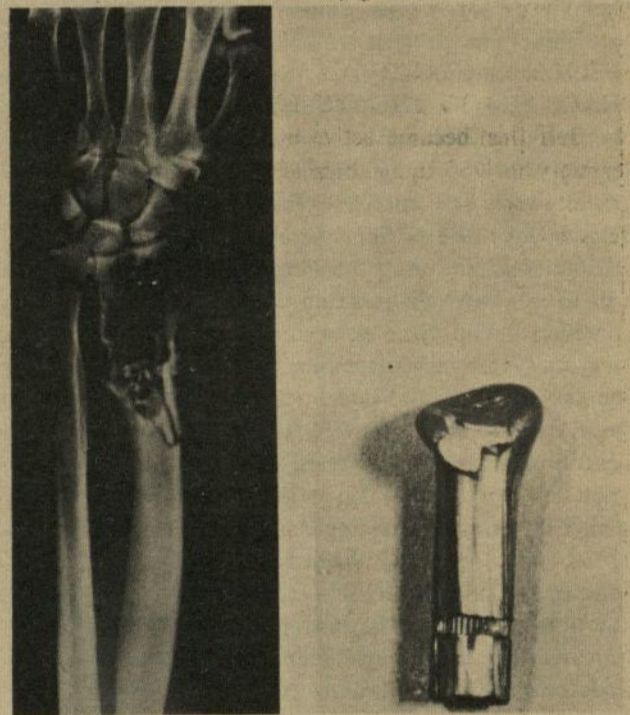
"In 240, an 18th of a second later, he's beginning for the first time to exhale out of his cheeks, he's beginning to show the signs of pain and startledness from the impact of the bullet, the second shot."

Then he flashes back to the critical discontinuity between frames 237 and 238. This discontinuity, says Thompson, "indicates to me that the single bullet theory is wrong and that the governor was hit by a second shot and we see its impact here.

"Now, I should stress I studied the Zapruder film in the Archives in the summer of 1966, the Zapruder film copy used by the Commission in its studies, and I and other researchers were unable to locate the exact moment of impact on that copy. It was only when as a consultant to *Life* magazine I got access to a better copy of the film than anything studied by the Commission, that it was possible to see clearly, unambiguously, this discontinuity."

The second phase of Thompson's demolition of the Warren report also hits at the single bullet theory. The slide projector cranks out the image of Commission Exhibit 399.

Thompson says: "Now, according to the Commission that bullet went through two men, causing seven separate wounds and smashing two large bones. It's the opinion of the most distinguished forensic experts in the field, Dr. Wecht in Pittsburgh and Dr. Halpern, Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York, that it is not plausible or probable that this bullet did this, but it's radically inconceivable that it did this. For a bullet to have done this



**NOTSOSUPERBULLET** (Commission exhibit 856) — a bullet similar to the one that purportedly hit Kennedy and Connally, after being fired through a cadaver's wristbone to simulate part of the transit. An X-ray of the cadaver's wrist is next to the bullet.

would violate all the laws of forensic pathology, all the observations they've made in countless autopsies in the past."

He flashes on the screen half a dozen different slides of bullets for comparison: a bullet shot through a goat, a bullet shot through a cadaver's wrist, two bullets shot through long wads of cotton. Bullet 399 remains the fairest of them all.

Thompson sums up: "I think this indicates why the opinions of the experts in the field, that the view of the Commission that Bullet 399 was the single bullet is simply preposterous."

Then Thompson moves into the final phase of his presentation. Here he combines the various elements of evidence to prove that the fatal shot which killed Kennedy could not have come from the rear as the Warren Commission alleged. At the same time he points out that the evidence suggests that there were at least three assassins.

He returns to the Zapruder film, frames 312 and 313. The film shows a massive backward snap of the President's head, indicating a shot fired from the right front, not

# segal: resist now

On Friday, October 20, 1967, approximately 10,000 militant anti-draft protestors stormed the Armed Forces Induction Center in Oakland, California, closing it down for over three hours. As a result of the "Stop the Draft Week" demonstrations, seven activists were indicted in Alameda County for "conspiracy to commit misdemeanors." Under California law, this is a felony. Jeff Segal, recently in town, talked to the *Great Speckled Bird* about the "Oakland Seven" case. He is one of the seven indicted and is currently National Draft Resistance Coordinator for Students for a Democratic Society (SDS).

Segal and other activists in anti-war, anti-draft actions interpret the indictments as part of a harsh, nationwide pattern of political repression, which in Oakland is led by the D.A., J. Frank Coakley. Under California's conspiracy law, the crime lies in the agreement between two or more persons to break the law—the offense need not actually be committed. If convicted of conspiracy, the seven could be sentenced to three years in jail for their anti-draft activities.

In his personal history and in his work for SDS, Segal is an outstanding example of the New Leftist's militant anti-war, anti-draft activist and a paradigm case in Resistance. He served as student body president at Roosevelt University for two terms, where he consistently campaigned on student power issues. Because of letters from the Dean of Students to his draft board, he was reclassified I-A and ordered to report for induction. In January, 1965 he dropped out of school and refused induction. He has fought his case in the courts since that time and it is now on appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court.

"They haven't been able to stop me from doing what I want for one day yet," he says. And that's been over three years now.

## RESISTANCE STARTS WITH SAYING NO TO THE DRAFT AND TO THE SYSTEM THAT CREATES IT.

Jeff then became active in SDS and was National Secretary in 1965 under President Carl Ogelsby, when the anti-war march on Washington was called by SDS. He is now on the National Staff, and works in the San Francisco area with the "Col. Rex Applegate Memorial Chapter—kill or be killed".

Speaking of the week-long Oakland demonstration, in which the 10,000 protestors dominated the Induction Center for over three hours, Segal notes, "I was one of the major people responsible for the tactics of the demonstration." Over 2,000 cops were also there, the same fuzz who had beaten demonstrators and newsmen so brutally in the preceding days that the San Francisco Chronicle editorially called the police action "both sickening and frightening."

The militant tactics that day centered on flexibility. As an article in *New Left Notes* (SDS's weekly newspaper) on November 6 put it, "Mobility was the word. No sitting, no running. Be flexible, improvise, don't attack the cops but be aggressively defensive."

the rear as the Commission alleges. He points out that such a rapid acceleration to the rear can only be explained by the impact of the bullet. Alternative hypotheses, that the car accelerated throwing the president backward, that it was due to a neuro-muscular reaction, that Mrs. Kennedy jerked her husband -- are all considered and rejected on good evidence.

Dr. Thompson switches on the screen a drawing of the President's headwound as described by Dr. McClellan of Parkland Hospital in Dallas. The right rear of the head is virtually blown away. It is difficult to understand, he says, how a bullet fired from the rear could cause this kind of wound. In addition, both motorcycle patrolmen riding to the left rear of the President's car were splattered with blood and debris -- leading them both to immediately conclude that the shot came from the right front of the vehicle.

Thompson concludes: "I submit that that indicates the impact of a shot fired from the right front which impacted on the right front side of the President's head and threw his body to the left rear and threw this impact debris to the left rear of the limousine and over the motorcyclists behind."

\* \* \* \* \*

Explained Segal: "We started with the idea that what we wanted was a demonstration that dealt with political power, that if we were serious about demonstrating against the draft, our goal must be to destroy the Selective Service System." He says they were "also interested in providing an action (alternative to) the pacifist moral-witness position."

"As a result, the major political decision was that we were going to shut the induction center down." Toward this end, planning began several months in advance.

Segal's tactics were brilliantly successful. Eight groups of demonstrators eluded cops, blocked intersections, closed down the induction center for several hours and finally surrounded the cops, who became very bewildered and uptight. According to the *New Left Notes* account:



"Word spread among the various bands of demonstrators, who were now beginning to feel and even act somewhat like urban guerrillas. For the first time you could look down a street and witness the incredible sight at the far intersection of a crowd of demonstrators slowly backing, backing... then stopping, pausing, and moving forward! For the first time, demonstrators unarmed, saw police lines retreat in front of them. It was our first taste of real victory."

At this point, word was received that the National Guard was due to arrive. A wise decision was made: use the half hour to further block intersections in the in the area, then split.

Morning and evening performances of the philosophy professor's little illustrated lecture on current history were substantially the same. In the morning after his talk he asked the members of the press to gather round and the lecture quickly became more like an informal philosophy seminar than a press conference. That night at Theatre Atlanta he posed the questions to ex-Commission legal staffer, Alfreda Scobey.

He asked her, first, how she could explain the drastic change in Governor Connally recorded on the Zapruder film unless he were hit by a separate bullet? Second, how could the single bullet number 399 manage to pierce two people, cause seven wounds, shatter two bones, and still keep its perfect shape and lose only an infinitesimal part of its size? And why is the President mashed backwards and to the left under the impact of the fatal bullet while according to the Commission this bullet was fired from the rear?

Miss Scobey answered the questions in reverse order. She first pointed out that the rapid movement of Kennedy's head to the rear was only brought out after the Commission had disbanded. But she said that she was entirely satisfied that the movement of the President's head, as well as the spraying out motion of the blood and brain tissue from the President's wound, was adequately explained by the commission's theory that the bullet had

Although the Induction Center itself was shut down for only three or four hours, Segal feels the day "added a completely different dimension to the National Anti-War Movement". He sees three main points here:

- (1) Black people had increased respect for whites willing to fight the cops for their own liberation.
- (2) Working people saw they "weren't a bunch of pacifist cowards"----that they meant serious business.
- (3) It moved the country more from a moralist position against war toward a discussion of political realities: power relationships and how to change them. This is much different from the individual moral statement of burning a draft card.

As a result of the Oakland thing, Jeff feels people began to see "they were making small inroads into disrupting. That's a gain." It also helped to build a concept of the resistance movement as a real thing, not just talk. Resistance, he feels, "is a psychological decision and an analysis of what we're fighting against."

Resistance is a strategy. Segal: "it means that people are going to say they're becoming an active opponent of the system." When we see the capitalist-racist system clearly, an oppressor of us all (not just blacks) "tactics issue forth."

Law-abiding citizens obviously cannot put up with this sort of shit. So they isolated seven activists to serve as an example (a common technique these days). By use of conspiracy laws, any misdemeanor (trespassing, loitering, etc.) may thus be transformed into a felony. Segal is specifically charged with conspiracy in distributing and printing leaflets and maps of Oakland to organize the demonstration. Wow!

This is the first conspiracy case in California in over 30 years -- it is a very hard thing to prove. But now there is a political motivation: we're out to get the peacenik -- anarchist fringe, who are without respect for our flag and country: Amerika Uber alles!

A support pamphlet from the Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund warns us, "Unless the Oakland prosecution's are stopped, we may expect wave after wave of similar prosecutions throughout the nation. whenever there is a protest against the war. If this extension of the conspiracy law is allowed to stand, mass demonstrations will be virtually outlawed. Some form of prior planning is essential to any demonstration."

The Seven don't deny planning the activities: they are proud of it. But they insist this activity is sanctioned by rights of free speech and assembly. To Jeff, there is a fine line between advocacy and conspiracy."

"I think we have a very good legal case," he says "whether we'll win or not depends on how much political pressure we can bring to bear nationwide."

After this, of course, Jeff still faces a possible four year sentence for induction refusal. "I'm a felon," he grins.

(Legal expenses are very great. \$50,000 must be raised by the Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund, 6468 Benvenue Ave., Oakland, California, 94618. Do your thing to help--you may be next.)

Gary Chuse

exploded inside the President's head.

On the second question she replied that she was not a ballistics expert, but that expert witnesses before the Commission did testify that CE 399 could have done the damage described and emerged virtually intact as it did. (As Dr. Thompson pointed out later, Miss Scobey restricted her answer to the loss of weight of the bullet, but did not respond to the more important question of the deformation of the bullet.)

On the first question Miss Scobey refused to acknowledge that the obvious distortion of the Governor's features in the Zapruder frames justified Mr. Thompson's (and other experts') assertions that this was a disproof of the single bullet theory. She stated that she believed Governor Connally was hit while he was obscured by the billboard, and implied that the sudden change in the Governor's expression was simply a delayed reaction to the shot.

(Ed. note -- Due to limitations of space, we are limiting our coverage this week to the negative thrust of Dr. Thompson's research, i.e., that which disproves the Warren Commission Report. In forthcoming issues more space will be devoted to further discussion of Dr. Thompson's and other critic's views of the Kennedy assassination, one of the most important political questions of our time.)

Now if a 6 turned out to be 9  
 I don't mind, I don't mind.  
 Alright. If all the hippies cut off all their hair  
 I don't care, I don't care.  
 Dig. 'Cos I got my own world to live through  
 And I ain't gonna copy you.

—Jimi Hendrix

Music acts subjectively. It finds a sensitive spot, vibrates it, and is off, leaving behind a feeling of somehow having been experienced. Either you like it or you don't. It grabs you or it doesn't. You give it a "90" because you like the beat and it's good to dance to. Enough? Right. If you're satisfied with musical swamps.

But some demand more of music—Imagination, Creativity, Intent, Beauty. They want musical rivers, and rainbows and trees. Good music does more than just grab and move and vibrate.

Good music means those objectively magical things like harmonics, form, structure, creativity, intent and direction. The musicians today who are making good music are the ones who followed the Beatles into the magic rock theatre and began opening all of the doors and windows. Hear what's come out.

(Jimi Hendrix playing *Little Wing*, *Waterfall* and *Purple Haze*. Doing more with a guitar since it was last used as a flying carpet. Sound spirals and tumbles and crashes and flies HIGH. It all works; together, alone. Sound is developed over, under, in and out. Good harmonics; Hendrix works out.)

(*Country Joe and the Fish* doing *Colors for Susan*, *Section 43* and *Grace*. Long lyrical pieces with precisely defined structure and delicate sounds, blending, building and tumbling together.)

(*The Beatles* selling old forms for new; *A Day In The Life*. Making old forms new with sitar and raga in *Within You, Without You*. Rock music is where it's at now because of the Beatles who advanced fifty years of musical development in four. Thank you, Sergeant Pepper.)

(*Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band* beginning a cut with one unamplified guitar playing a heavy blues thing for the first verse and electrifying the rest; moving old blues to a new form.)

(*Buffalo Springfield* doing a similar thing on *Bluebird*; electrifying the beginning and ending with a simple, unamplified banjo thing.)

(*Jefferson Airplane* putting beautiful poetry to music in *I Saw You*; "The summer had inhaled and held its breath too long./ The winter looked the same as if it never had gone./ And through an open window where no curtain hung./ I saw you, I saw you./ Coming back to me.")

(*The Doors* making a violent poetic statement in *The End* and doing a lengthy, intricate and developed instrumental of guitars, organ and drum in *Light My Fire*.)

Now, finally, rock music is in the process of exploding from the non-music rock of the '50's. The difference being that now artists are making the music, not machines who are told what to do by their producer and who worry about their blue suede shoes. Now, people are creating music which is creating space and time and shapes and new possi-

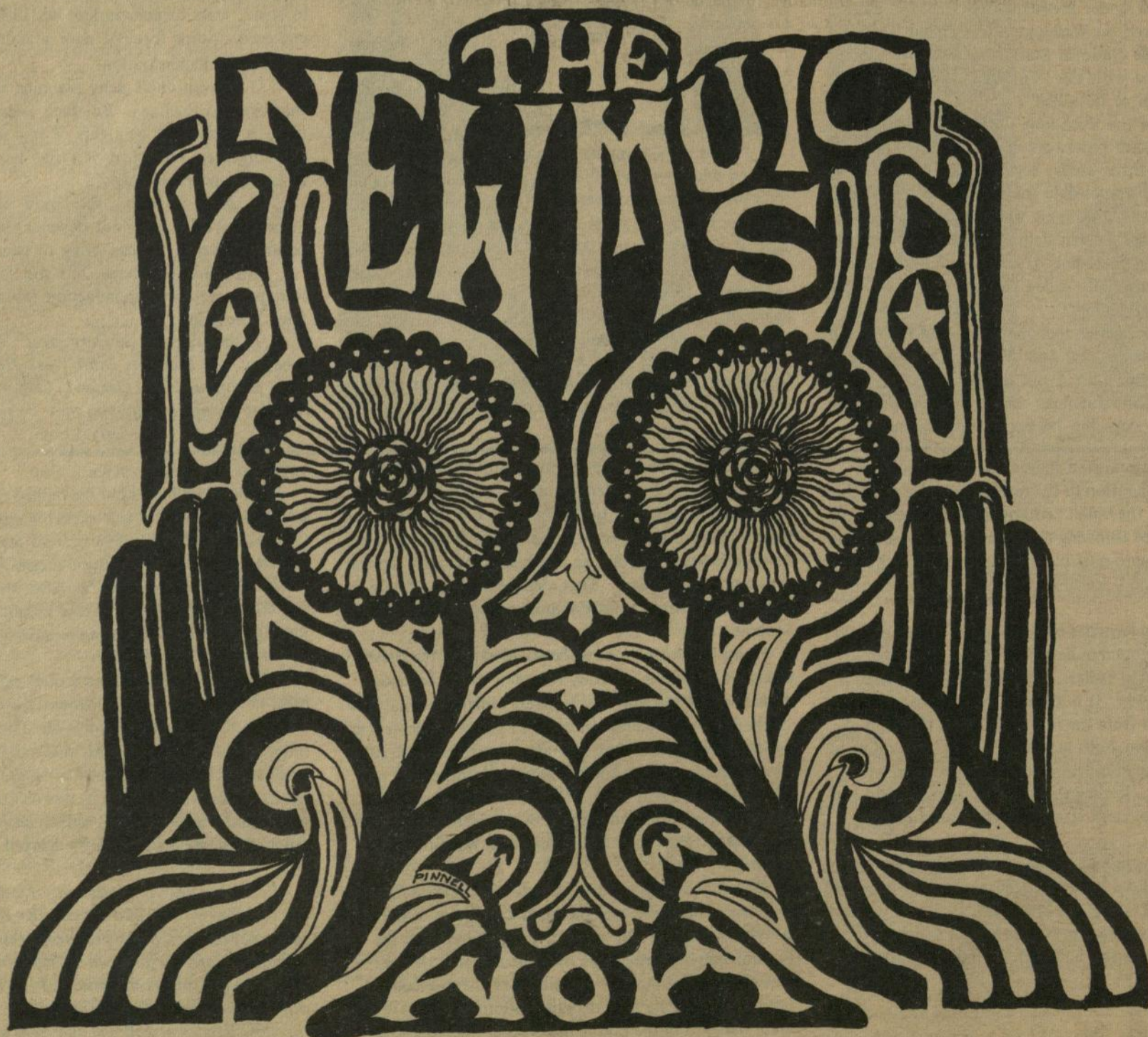
bilities for making more good music.

The musicians have an understanding of the medium, whether through formal discipline or through inherent love and ability. They do their thing in it, move it from the place they entered it. They have something to say, musically and personally. They do it in a way that reaches out to others. Involvement is essential; the audience is moved by the musician, the musician moved by the audience which demands development, progression and invention. There is intent and direction to the entire movement, creating new forms, expanding present ones to the limit, putting good music in them. It is not directed by money. When was the last time you heard Jimi Hendrix on a commercial radio station?

Rock has become an art form and the movement has just begun to open out in all directions, searching for sounds and rhythms and words. Even Leonard Bernstein is excited. Which says something about where he's at, and which is another story.

There are complications however. Too many people imitate it without having the ability or understanding to make it good. Volume deceives, motion deceives. Both are used to disguise the lack of basically good music. But maybe we groove on it, which may be enough, unless we want the music to grow and develop. Good music demands responsible musicians and a responsible audience. It cannot grow without both. But the space to grow in is beautiful, and we won't mind either if a 6 turns out to be 9.

—don speicher







Can you hear:

- that all of us must now be touched by those around us.
- that all of us must now begin to touch those around us and to use our talents and energies to provide food, clothing and shelter for all human beings and to create the humanity and dignity of each of us.
- that we must all be responsibly aware of our power to work together to provide the means for our personal expressions of humanity.

Those of us who are the antithesis of the modern American Dream are being forced now; in order to survive, to begin creating with our lives the community of our vision. All of us have lived too often through words. Our words are meaningless unless we are attempting to live the vision we articulate. We can only live the changes we desire, we cannot think our way to liberation, community and humanity.

The challenge is to live an alternative to the obsolete social and economic structures that restrict and destroy our attempts at personal freedom and expression. We must work to create our own real community in which injustice has no place and in which we can strive cooperatively to express our humanity.

We have no real community now. Our attempts to build one have been small and they have failed. Through our ineffectiveness at working together, our lack of any real commitment, we only perpetuate the suffering, injustice and inhumanity we renounce with words. If we are to look forward to a future in which all men will be free from the destructive power of technological society we must be able to free ourselves now.

It is essential that we work together—cooperatively. We must come together in celebration and in joy and work responsibly and with commitment at making our community work. We must fight oppressive structure through building alternatives.

We must understand that our attempts at self-realization and community are opposed at every turn by the forces of contemporary American society. Technological advances have made us think that we are the servants of technology instead of it being the servant of man. We are deceived and driven by our commercial culture into accepting each new product, material and machine as necessary, and into demanding more. We are taken farther and farther from the human values that we love, that are basic to man once his minimal needs of food, clothing and shelter have been met. Those needs have now been distorted beyond human comprehension. And with the distortion of these needs

comes a distortion of the mind. There come larger, more powerfully equipped killer police forces to suppress those people who dissent. There come schools which produce by the thousands machine parts who can fill a predetermined slot in the societal machine. There come powerful armies and advanced weaponry systems that will annihilate anything that rises in opposition to the American Way of Life.

America is out to destroy whoever cries out for it to stop. Black people are being murdered in the ghetto, Vietnamese are being napalmed in their villages. The American ruling class of today will stop at nothing to achieve their hegemony over the entire world. We must begin to build an alternative, not out of hatred but out of humanity.

But we must be continually aware of our technically mighty oppressors and we must not ignore the struggle for freedom. We must understand that the enemy is not one man, one leader or one group of people. It is an entire social and economic structure, forcing itself upon us, destroying our personal freedom and expression, attempting to mold us into one form, or do away with us.

Our community will not instantly spring into perfection, we cannot now fully escape the system. It will be built by people who will not be restrained by the apparently all-determining forces of contemporary society. Our future depends on our willingness to accept the responsibility and work of building the future. We must build a community that frees us from coercive power and hierarchical authority, that frees us from competition and material greed, that frees us for truly personal expressions.

We must come together and build, doing what we can do—cook, sew, write, paint, grow food, build houses and furniture. We must discover the talents, energies and knowledge among us now and use it to build our communal societies.

We must not allow ourselves to be put off by historical perspective, but we must be able to understand its place in our decision-making. We must act as we subjectively feel now. If we feel that present social and economic conditions alienate us from nature and humanity and that it prevents us from the self-realization that we want, then we must build an alternative.

We must have an attitude of openness to experience and the responsibility to work toward our vision. We must work hard but our work will be an act of personal expression if we are committed to the vision.

We must begin to live the future; to come together in celebration of our humanity aware that we can make our life today the shape of tomorrow's future.

-- don speicher



# BRADEN

cont. from page 1

Selection of jury. Thompson systematically eliminates all blacks. He strikes anyone with more than *Readers Digest* experience with psychology. Braden sits oblivious to the trial, a slight bitter smile punctuated by a flicker when he recognizes the few friends who show.

Braden's plea for insanity moves quickly. Dr. Wyatt, psychiatrist for the County Lunacy Commission, and Dr. Wiener, Georgia State psychologist, testify at length on Braden's incapacity to aid his attorney. Korem testifies. Then three deputy sheriffs conclude, from their two to five minute observations of the prisoner, that Braden is perfectly normal.

Prosecutor Thompson moves into his summation. He reminds one of a slick small town car dealer, clinching a sale on a lemon. "Of course this man is too sophisticated for us Georgia rednecks. . . And now, you, the jury, representing the moral atmosphere of the community, and the welfare of our kids . . ." In five minutes the jury returns a verdict against insanity. Braden will be tried.

Tuesday morning. Braden attempted suicide the night before. Korem decides that Braden should try the leniency of the court, Braden pleads guilty. The court reduces the charge to possession. Sentence: seven year's imprisonment. For possession of marijuana.

David Braden has been in solitary confinement in the county jail under \$25,000 bond since March 12, 1968 when he was indicted. I don't recognize him—the pictures I have seen show him with a satanic intense smile, an actor. Now he sits, ashen, in pinstripe suit, unresponsive to the court.

Braden came to Atlanta in 1962 after completing most of a college education. He worked at the Atlanta Art School for a while. Since then he has set up several coffee houses. In 1966 he started an art gallery, the Mandorla. In the summer of 1967, Braden opened the Catacombs, originally a quiet coffee house.

When the young people started flowing in great numbers into the Fourteenth Street area, Braden fell into the role of provider for a large number. Hence his title, "Mother." Then the media discovered him and set him up as the leader of the "hippy" colony. Now the court was condemning him as a "hippy."

Braden had a particular charm that attracted many people while many disliked him intensely. However, the fact that Braden faced life imprisonment made his personal eccentricities seem irrelevant. The Mary Worth minds of the court seemed to see David's elimination as the beginning of the destruction of the "hippy colony," the threat to their "moral order."

Braden has been harassed frequently by the police since 1962. On November 3, 1967, he was arrested on the charge of possession of narcotics and on January 30, 1968 he was given a one year suspended sentence.

On March 12, Braden was indicted by the grand jury for selling to a minor, 19-year-old Chip Burson. According to newspaper accounts, "concerned parents" had forced the indictment. The Solicitor said at that time that "narcotics" seized in a January marijuana bust were allegedly purchased from Braden.

Four persons from the January 23 bust were listed as State's witnesses, including Chip Burson. Since it was widely known that Burson sold marijuana, many wondered why Burson would have bought from Braden. It is also rumored that Burson was in New York on the date of the alleged sale, though witnesses to that effect were unavailable. There is no record of any court action thus far on Burson's possession charges of January 23.

Braden's lawyer Korem had talked to many people who said that Burson sold marijuana, but no one was willing to risk testifying to help Braden. Not more than a handful contributed to defense funds. Korem, with no funds and only a week to prepare, had virtually no case.

Braden was mentally unable to deal with the trial. Friends had received confused disjoined letters with no mention of his case. Dr. Wiener, psychologist at Georgia State, had visited David and found him severely depressed and unable to cope with the consequences of his trial.

Braden's case is uncertain. Pending substantial contributions to a defense fund, Braden will probably spend at least 2-3 years in jail or hospitals. If he is certified for psychiatric treatment, there is no guarantee that he will not stay longer at Milledgeville.

The Georgia Uniform Narcotics Act of 1967 classifies marijuana with "addictive narcotic drugs" such as heroin, opium, cocaine. A first offense for selling marijuana can receive a minimum of ten years and a maximum of life. The death penalty is possible for a second offense.

Federal agencies and other established institutions have begun to receive scientific information concerning the non-addictive characteristics of marijuana. February *Playboy* reports that a paper circulating in the Health, Education and Welfare Department indicates that "so far as an objective analysis of the problem is possible, to that degree one can only conclude that the case against marijuana does not hold good."

Dr. James Goddard, chief of the Food and Drug Administration, recently stated that marijuana is no more dangerous than alcohol. Many who have used marijuana, claim that, in fact, marijuana is much less harmful to one's health.

The guilt rests not with David Braden, but rather with a puritanical community and a brutal, ill-informed law.

—jim gwin

## HAMER

# HAMER

FANNY LOU HAMER

At MASLC

The new Metropolitan Atlanta Summit Leadership Congress was formally dedicated on April 19, 1968 at the Wheat Street Baptist Church. Stimulated to action by the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, several hundred persons supped on "soul food" in the church's educational building and then heard a succession of talks, sermons and speeches leading up to the keynote address by Mississippi's Fanny Lou Hamer.

Mrs. Hamer, who is from Ruleville, Mississippi, acted as a spokesman for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in its challenge to the regular democrats at the 1964 Democratic Convention. She later ran for Congress in her district. She spoke very directly to the integrated audience, saying that people had compromised their principles too much and that was the reason she and the other members of the MFDP had refused to compromise at the Democratic convention in 1964.

Attacking the lack of involvement on the part of many Negro ministers, Mrs. Hamer said, "Something is wrong behind the pulpits of Negro churches." She said she was "sick of seeing leadership sell out my people... I'm sick of seeing people giving up before the man and making deals when I'm sleeping, just to get his brother-in-law a job..."

Mrs. Hamer went on to describe the sickness of America, where "Open Housing" is made the "race issue" while the people who need the help can't pay \$16 per month rent on their present homes. She believes that either America is going to get well, or it will perish, since "no longer is this country going to survive on the lies it has survived on."

Earlier in the evening, John Boone, chairman of the executive committee, had outlined the history of the MASLC. Apparently it began because members of the old Summit Leadership Conference felt that they had been "sold out" by their leadership. At one point the rivalry between the developing MASLC

The following day the MASLC held a conference at which they outlined their programs for the coming months. The Congress will demand that desegregation in governmental hiring be implemented at the city, state, and federal levels, and that preferential hiring for Negroes be instituted until the gap is closed. When necessary the Congress plans to use non-violent disruptive action to secure its goals. The Congress also plans programs in the areas of unemployment and underemployment, in the administration of justice and in housing.

It's far too early to evaluate the new Metro Atlanta Summit Leadership Conference. Although its program goals are basically the same as the old Summit Leadership Conference, it may well be that the new militancy may endure and result in decisive action. The turnout for Friday night's dedication and the new faces in the crowd were encouraging. On the other hand, remembering Mrs. Hamer's warnings about "hypocrisy" and "sell-out," it may be that the running start of the new Congress resulted only from the death of Dr. King and that it will quickly follow the course of its predecessor. However, as Mrs. Hamer said, time is running short, and either we make it this time or things crumble around us.

— gene guerrero

# observation

The black nightwatchman  
his pistol and whip

the good whiteman  
and his psychic slips

a T. V. announcer with  
a "Negra" lisp

the idealist brownboy  
his will o wisp dreams

black beaten soul sister's  
stifled scream

Bull Connor  
Jim Clark  
the dog-collared priest  
on a long march  
an African Queen

a mini-skirt queer  
sellin' things

White collar workers  
structured in starch

Black Mother  
White Mother

leavened bread on a Jew's lip

teenyboppers bumpin' on Sunset

Montgomery boycott strings  
dark day songs

Rosa Parks  
tired black feet  
a redneck fleet

blue dressed cowboys  
ridin' on strange range  
Niggers

a Nigger in Congress  
how strange so strange  
a Nigger in Congress  
a Black Nigger is in Congress  
a Black Power Nigger is in Congress  
shame shame  
a Nigger...strange

The American Dilemma  
a question of value

the riddle is set.

2

The stereo printer is  
blasting out type

the show is on

Wallace and Maddox  
Huck Finn and Jim  
Adam Clayton and Daffy Duck  
Step-n-fetchit drivin' a  
Salvation Army truck  
a hangin' Nigger  
spittin' up

off beat singin'  
"Leanin' on the Lawd"  
thunder

Watt  
Watt  
Watt  
burning bright  
John Steinbeck  
Harlem  
my cup runneth over  
when in slavery riot  
murmurs a ghost  
between the slats  
of a piss heavy  
bed in a shanty  
on Cleveland's East side

a Black poet yet a baby is  
singing

thunder sounds the growing storm  
lightening flash crash the sky is  
aglow with fire!

the westward clouds heavy  
with smoke tumbles over  
fields of rank odored grass  
the hearts of a hated people  
sleep no more

a distant voice  
"Go slo-w-oooo"

—walter kentley dancy  
Morehouse College  
5/19/67

# FASCISM

cont from page 5

main front window of the store was broken out with our sign, which they had ripped off the post. Since this was before we had fully realized fascism as fascism, we thought the police might help. A cop happened to drive by just as the car full of "pranksters" turned the corner, but due to customary procrastinating procedure, the cop was unable to find the kids when he followed them from some two hundred yards behind with a full description of the car.

Twenty minutes later the other three windows in the store were broken with bricks, one of which missed my wife's head by inches. Again the cops. This time a lieutenant came and said, "Well, I guess they just don't like people who draw all over the house," and then left. The next morning a friend came by with the license number of the car—he had been leaving as they pulled up, and he took the number because he thought they might give us trouble. Again the cops—we gave them the license number, told them we could positively identify the boys. No results. I called the police station two weeks later, and they had no record of the incident or report.

On another day in December a Neo-Nazi, complete with armband, pulled a .32 revolver on ten of us outside, pistolwhipped a black guy with it, hopped in his car and took off. Another license number, another police report, another "no record of the complaint." These incidents go on and on and on. One day my wife Linda and I went down to the police station with our attorney to discuss this whole bit with Captain Mullen of Internal Security. He assured us, as the Nazis first assured indignant Jews, that the Police Department has no biases. Oh, sure, one or two cops (more like 80) might be a bit rough, but no need for paranoia. Anyway, he was sure that it would soon cease. In other words, we made him realize that we would press the issue, so he was going to get on their asses to stop. How about all the people with no attorneys and a lot of fear? When does it stop for them, Captain Mullen?

The harassment did cease to be consistent for a while after that, but with the warm weather came the heat, especially at the Poster Pad, which we opened on Fourteenth and Peachtree in order to try to absorb some losses from winter business and cops. The Poster Pad occupies the building which used to house the Man-

dorla Art Gallery, and includes some 250 square feet of outdoor patio space five feet off the ground. This space used to be display space for the gallery. When we rented the building, the patio was ours to do with what we pleased. At present it apparently belongs to the Police-state, because any one of my friends or relatives who attempts to sit there and relax at my invitation will get arrested for "loafing in or around a public place." So the fuzz rounded up some kids one evening who were sitting well within my property. Chris Westbrook, our manager of the shop, stepped outside to tell Lt. Medert that the cats had his and our permission to be there, and that they were not doing anything to anybody. Lt. Medert told Chris that he wasn't concerned with anybody's rights, and that Chris had better get back inside before he got arrested himself (Nazi Germany, anyone?). Chris replied, "Well I guess the Constitution doesn't mean a shittin' thing anymore," and boom! was in the back of the squad car for cursing. He told the officer that he was Manager of the shop and that he had to at least lock the door, but the cop refused to allow him to do so. Four kids arrested for loitering on my property and Chris arrested for cursing. I went to Court to explain that they were my friends and it was my property, but Judge Brock didn't see that as any excuse for them being there. (Judge Brock once sentenced a girl for contempt because she wore a stylishly short skirt, and sentenced a boy for the same because he wore a button: "Jesus wore long hair.")

He found them all guilty, and screamed at the Community Legal Services lawyer that he would report this to the Bar, because the CLS lawyers lately seemed to be coming in with just one type people—Hippies!

Around this same time, I was told directly by Officer Dalton of the APD that if I would remove the poster of Michelangelo's "David" from the window of the Poster Pad most of the harassment would stop. Dalton told me that everytime he returns to the Station he gets chewed out about that corner; especially about that poster. He told me that the APD has had over 3,000 complaints about Michelangelo's "David," and that if I removed it from the window a lot of pressure would be off of him. Of course, the poster still stands, even though we closed the shop. Idiocy to that degree is almost criminal.

The Atlanta Police Department is not a corrupt arm of a Democracy. It is a fascist branch of an increasingly fascist society based on violence, intolerance, and oppression.

—Bo Lozoff

## I Was Just Walking Down The Street & Was Suddenly Taken !!!

# BUSTED

## OR what to do when the cops COME

If you are stopped by the police or arrested, whether you are guilty or not, you have the same rights. You can protect these rights best if you use this information:

### If you are stopped by the police:

- (1) You may remain silent; you do not have to answer any questions other than your name and address.
- (2) The police may arrest you only:
  - (a) With a warrant.
  - (b) If they have reasonable grounds to believe that you are committing or have already committed a crime.
  - (c) The police must inform you of the offense with which you are charged.
- (3) The police may search your person and an area within your immediate presence only if they have arrested you or have a search warrant.
- (4) Whatever happens, you must not resist arrest even if you are innocent.

### If you are arrested:

- (1) As soon as you have been booked, you have the right to complete a call to your attorney, no matter how many calls it takes to contact him; but in a "state of emergency" you must expect the police to limit these calls.
- (2) The police must give you a receipt for everything taken from you, including your wallet, clothing and packages you were carrying when arrested.
- (3) You have a right to see an attorney before questioning by the police. If you cannot afford an attorney, one must be provided for you before you are questioned.
- (4) You do not have to give any statement to the police, nor do you have to sign any statement you might give to them.
- (5) You must be allowed to post bail in all cases but a murder charge (as opposed to manslaughter), but you must be able to pay 10% of the bail bond. If you cannot pay 10% of the bail bond, you may ask the judge to release you from custody without bail, but he does not have to do so. On a charge of disorderly conduct, you must post collateral of \$10 - \$50 as an option on your appearance. This may stand for your bond if you chose to appear, or you may forfeit it in lieu of a fine if you do not choose to appear.
- (6) The police must bring you into court or release you without unnecessary delay.
- (7) Clip this out and carry it with you at all times.

# WOW BY BREAD ALONE

If you had told me a couple of years ago that I would be baking my own bread in 1968, I probably would have said "You're nuts." But the bread I am writing about follows a recipe that I picked up in San Francisco last summer, where it was being given away two days a week by the "hippies."

This bread is nothing like the soft sponge you buy in the store in America. And baking it is very easy. I was dumbfounded when the first two loaves popped out of my oven looking, smelling and tasting wonderful (it's best when it's hot). There is much I could add to the story, but the recipe is the most important.

There are two important notes for success: **The flour** — whole wheat flour is a must. I buy mine at one of the health food stores in town. A 5-pound bag costs about \$1.50 and makes about eight of the small loaves. **Powdered Milk** — Milk flakes or crystals won't do. Regular powdered milk must be used.

Good luck in your baking. Here is the recipe quoted in full from Walter E. Reynolds, who wrote so eloquently.

jim buchanan

## haight bread

You will need two similar empty coffee cans for measuring and baking; both are done in the cans. Any of the common 1, 2, or 3 pound sizes, with the three indented rings will do. The 1 pound size makes a nice slicing size, the 2 pound a family size, and watch out for the 3 pound size. That loaf weighs almost four pounds.

### WET MIX — First mix this up:

- ½ can (to the middle line) of lukewarm water.
- 1 cake or pkg. of yeast. Cake works faster. (If the recipe is doubled or tripled, this is still enough yeast.)
- Spoonful of flour.
- Spoonful of honey or sugar.

Mix the above in the can. If you wish, you may add any of the following: A couple spoonfuls of honey, molasses, or brown sugar. Or dextrose. Let the wet mix stand while preparing the dry mix.

### DRY MIX

1 level can of whole wheat flour. (The bread will be as good as the flour is fresh.)

Again add to taste some or none of the following:

Salt — a teaspoon or a tablespoon or so.

1/8 of a can (look at the rings) of powdered milk.

A handful or two of raisins (or something of your own choosing.)

Mix the dry ingredients in a large bowl or pan.

Now add the wet yeast mix and blend until it is uniform. Let this dough stand in a warm place till it rises by half. I find the top of my stove with the oven on is about right. (You can tell I don't have a built-in oven.) Sometimes this takes an hour or two. Take this opportunity to wash and dry the cans.

After the dough has risen, sprinkle some flour on a counter or tabletop. Keep flour on the kneading surface, dough, and your hands! (I put down newspaper first; then afterward for cleaning up, just throw away the newspaper.) Turn out the dough on the floured surface. Knead by pushing down the top and folding the edges up on to the top again. Keep flour under the dough and on your hands. A well-kneaded dough is rounded and springy like a plump baby's bottom.

Grease the cans, giving care to the bottom and corners. Divide the dough and knead the halves into balls. Pop the dough, rounded side up, into the two greased cans.

And let rise again, till the top of the dough is just even with the top of the can.

Put the cans, upright, in an oven preheated to 390 degrees F. and bake for one hour. (2 pound cans bake at 400 degrees for 1 hour and five minutes, and 3 pounders 400 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes.)

After baking let the cans cool for 5 or 10 minutes. Then, with pot holders to protect your hands, give the bread a twirl in the can. Then it will glide right out on to your counter.

—Walter E. Reynolds, San Francisco  
via Jim Buchanan, Summer, 1967

A DEFENSE FUND  
FOR DAVID BRADEN  
IS BEING INSTITUTED.  
IF YOU WISH FURTHER  
INFORMATION OR IF  
YOU WISH TO CON-  
TRIBUTE TO THE FUND,  
PLEASE CONTACT  
GENE GUERRERO  
AT THE  
GREAT SPECKLED BIRD  
OFFICE  
187 14th STREET N. E.  
892-7891

The panel for this dialogue consisted of:

**Allan Stecker:** Local producer of experimental films, artist, painter, teacher of film making at Atlanta University.

**George Ellis:** Owner and operator of Festival Cinema.

**"Doc" Field:** Co-owner of Festival Cinema, producer of mixed media productions.

**Hunter Todd:** Commercial film producer, organizer and head of Atlanta International Film Festival.

**Louis Giannetti:** Professor of English at Emory University, instructor of a course in film at Emory.

**Bird:** Why is there so little experimental film work – or much of any film work – being done in Atlanta? What are we lacking in town?

**Allan Stecker:** I don't think the town is lacking anything. I think the idea of an artist, or a film maker, living in one area and just producing for this one area is ridiculous. A film maker – or any artist – should have universal appeal...

I think Atlanta is a terrific place to make films. Climate wise, just the way the city is planned, access to everything – and the fact that it's not union. A lot of commercial companies come down here and make their TV commercials.

**Doc Field:** There are a lot of talented people here, interested in film, writing films, acting in and directing films, but it's a matter of money to even buy the film itself. That is the major hang-up.

**Stecker:** That would be a hang-up anywhere. Because I feel that art ... the artist in the last 20 years has been so used to getting a handout from society, so he has become dependent upon society. The strength of art is that it stands on its own. Today, society and the artist are one, the artist lives economically and socially in society. I don't think that the artist has to be dependent upon society giving him the film ... you can do that on your own.

**Bird:** What about the general film climate – not just the production of films, but the film climate in Atlanta? Are we getting the top films today? Are there any censorship problems?



ellis

**George Ellis:** No, we haven't run across any censorship problems. At one time we had a very rigid censorship board – or one woman actually. But she was eliminated.

I don't think there's anywhere in the country today that we have real censorship problems. When a film like *Titticut Follies* comes along, it offends the general management of Massachusetts – You have to expect that sort of thing. But, my God, our screens are full of every kind of sex act – Censorship simply isn't a problem any more.

**Bird:** Do you think this new demand for films has caused this rash of theater building in Atlanta?

**Ellis:** Yes. It all started with *La Dolce Vita* and then subsequently with *Blow-up*, which moved the so-called "art films" out of the small houses into the major-run houses. I think that many foreign films of inferior quality have been tallied to the level of great commercial success. I think there's going to be more and more of that. Films like *Venom*, *491* the Danish people are really flooding this country. And they're trash, absolute trash.

**Bird:** I'd like to ask about "mixed media" productions. Is there any future in a mixed media type production?

**Ellis:** We know that at our theater, without some extension of film as potential for us, some thinking into areas other than just a two-dimensional screen, neither Doc or I would be willing to stay here and just exhibit films. To us this is the most exciting possibility of all, to move into other areas....

**Field:** I think you have to realize what you mean by "mixed media" though. Personally I think that's a bad word. It has too much the tinge of the psychedelic in it. Up until now almost all the mixed media productions involved a rock-and-roll band and a light show. George and I both have our roots in the theater, acting, writing, directing in the theater – and to me mixed media is an extension of that. We tried to take the *Birth of a Plaid Child* as a play, using that and film as a base to create the ultimate blending of all the theatrical forms. We used the elements of theater, sound, lights and etcetera, either as counterpoint or punctuation, a set of references that all blend in

to heighten and extend the work of art, rather than as a thing in itself. It's not just something that you go to just to get turned on. ... That's not the object of the thing.

**Todd:** You would certainly rather have them turned on than turned off. I mean you want some reaction, and a turned on reaction is better than...

**Ellis:** What Doc means though is once again this connotation of psychedelia, that you turn on only with the lights, with the visual....I mean, you can get that any day at the Scene...

**Stecker:** I think...Art is something beyond "medium." Now I work in film. That doesn't mean that film, or painting, is the only medium. You have an idea and you try to find a way of expressing this idea. Everybody today is groping for new media. And they're becoming scientists, not artists, saying "Wow, look at what this media can do." "Look, I can make all these colors change." The only thing I have to ask is, What are you saying? – not in words, but what is the drive, the necessity, that make these colors change just that way? And the idea to me, or the intensity



todd

# FILM DIALOGUE



field

of the idea, is what makes you go towards a media.

I know in a sense you want people to see your films, for them to go beyond that "Wow, look at that cutting!" You want them to go and see the whole film as something that takes you through an experience....

**Todd:** IF they can understand and comprehend.

**Stecker:** That's right. If they can't, it's not the artist's fault...

**Todd:** Oh, no. I disagree thoroughly. I think the artist has to think of communication. He falls down if he makes something which he understands and nobody in the world understands, especially in film, because film is a communications media. It is totally that.

**Stecker:** You don't have to explain it. Look. People write letters to their Aunt Tilly, but how many people write James Joyce....

**Todd:** Not all the garbage you see in experimental film is worthy of James Joyce, I wouldn't think.

**Ellis:** I think there is a difference in this sense: Allan thinks in terms of an individual artist. Allan, I think that you have to consider that when you use the word "media" in the way that you do, that in your thinking you would

eliminate production companies for plays, you...All of these would correlate many abilities, and to do a production...

But to reply to Hunter, I think that what Allan is saying is that perhaps he doesn't want anybody to see his films, he doesn't have an obligation to anybody. He works as a film maker just as he works as a painter...

*(Argument ensues between Stecker, Todd and Ellis on whether or not film is a public art form.)*

**Todd:** ...Sure you want to show your work. It's been a very inherent goal since the first photograph was made, to show it to people.

**Stecker:** Look, I came to film from a different bag than you, therefore I depend on different techniques...

**Todd:** And yet you're continually calling me to ask me about professional technique...

**Stecker:** Right. Could I borrow a synchroniser?

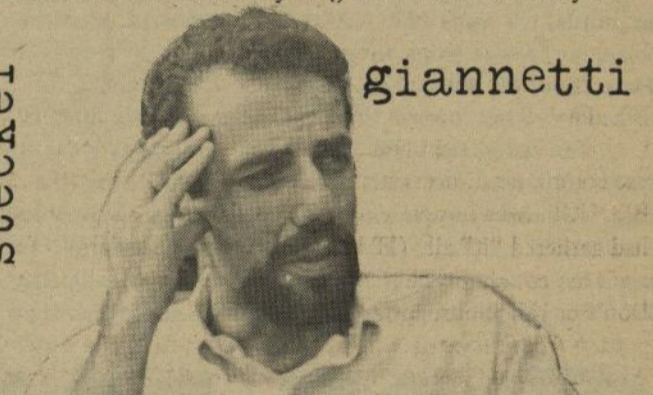
**Todd:** The evil commercial world, you see...

**Stecker:** I want to explain this. It is very important for the meaning of going into film. I could take these techniques and put them together in a form that would be pleasant, not boring, but then my idea is an adventure into another realm of myself. And hopefully when the viewer sees it, hopefully...I could hit somebody like a painting does....But they reject your work immediately, because it's nothing like anything they have ever seen. And the same thing happens to a painter.

**Ellis:** Hunter, don't you think that it's the artist's choice whether it's done for the public or whether it's not done for the public?

**Todd:** I'm saying that film generally is a public medium. It's evolved that way since its beginning. But if some artist wants to make himself a two hour film and keep it, then he can, that's up to him, I don't care.

**Ellis:** Alan, I do quarrel with you about experimental film makers who, unlike artists like Jackson Pollock and other artists who really prepared themselves academically before they went into experimentation. And I don't think that the young film maker of today is



giannetti

preparing himself technically, and consequently we are getting so much that really is terribly bad. I think the film maker has the obligation to prepare himself academically the same way a good painter must.

**Stecker:**

I think that sometimes...sometimes you have an idea, and you find the camera, and you want to get that idea down and so you do it. I know in the last two years how my work has changed, from night to day. It's cleaned up a lot, there are no scratches. It's progressed to the point where I want to study commercial film making, because I feel that if you have a good idea and you present it well, you can hit a lot more people. But you can't knock the idea...

**Todd:** If the idea itself is good, and it is so submerged by lack of communication by bad techniques, the idea can't even get out...

**Bird:** It seems to me that we're making a dichotomy between art and commercialism. I'd like to get this on a more critical stance. As an English professor and a film critic, Mr. Giannetti, do you find that there is a "Grub Street" in Experimental film making, out of which come one or two fine film makers, or...?

**Louis Giannetti:** Well, yes, there are a sufficient number of good experimental films which in a sense justify experimental movies, though I would be inclined to agree that most of it is crap. On the other hand, most of any art form is crap, and the whole point is that you don't concern yourself with the crap, you're concerned with what might possibly...

**Bird:** What parameters do you use as a critic of film? Are they the same as literary standards, or art standards, or...?

**Giannetti:** I would personally say that it's probably about the same thing. Art is art, and the media is, once again, not the important thing. There is a film criticism language, but it seems to me that you can bring literary criticism to bear or, for that matter, art criticism. I think that these are two basic tendencies in

# Echoes of Interzone

A horse is mature at the age of five years. A cow is mature at the age of three, an ape at six. Maturity is a response to the learning process. It is the condition which results from the assimilation of a variable amount of information by an organism which enables that organism to function as a normal member of his community. The rate of maturation is determined by two factors:

1. The demands made by the environment on the organism.
2. The organism's ability to gather and interpret information from and about that environment. Since the humanoid species is acknowledged as nature's finest gatherer and interpreter, however, the above rules do not apply to Homo Sapien's because he is prevented from reaching maturity by law until age 21...this bit of codified bullshit is the unwitting sire of the hippie revolt in America.

The formation of an underground culture (as distinct from both the mainstream culture and the black sub-culture) came about when the majority of middle class American youth were subjected to premature development at the hands of the mass media. Mum and Dud had learned their roles by waiting...twenty years of schooling, close scrutiny of the neighborhood, careful observation of Grandmum and Granddud and superficial glances at FDR, Fred Allen and Hemingway...twenty years to prepare, to gather the necessary information. Twenty years and they were ready to RELIVE the American Way. It was both traditional and practical for a generation to mature in this way...to observe and learn, til the old culture faded with age, and they picked up the pieces and began the whole shot over again....But not this trip Jim...Once having assumed the role of leadership for the species Mum and Dud contemplated only slight revisions in this process of watch and wait since it was obviously successful. Their intention was to pass this very same limited data on to us but because there were more of us than could be reached by conventional means, they were forced to refine the communications systems, and invent TELEVISION.....WOW.....SPLATT.....YIPPIE... BLOUOP...wha hoppin con yo'all? Television, a system so efficient that by age ten we had gathered "it" all. (IT being everything necessary to function as Americans.) But Mum and Dud could not see that we had a better grasp of reality than they. "Captain Video"? Don't be ridiculous, go watch TeeVee, Kid....So we did and the TV sucked up new information from the environment and fed it to us, and we ate and ate till we burst....WE WERE FORCED INTO MATURITY YEARS BEFORE OUR CULTURE REQUIRED IT, BY OUR ELECTRIC ENVIRONMENT....The old culture had created a mature, socially aware youth and then chose to ignore it. We were ready in 1957 or 1958, ready to lead America in the traditional way because we had all the pertinent data stuffed into our skulls...we had swallowed all the red, white and blue myths that Miss Jane and Buffalo Bob could invent and we were ready to spit them back out on the world. Little Marines all!!...but the establishment just couldn't believe that they had done such a masterful job in



such a short time...there was no room yet for us in the mature community so they kept us busy by feeding us more bullshit til we burst...1963...blackmen lit up cities and we lit up joints and officially pronounced "umme error cah" as the terminal target of Holy Revolt.

Ten generations of Americans and suddenly the nation began to vibrate and fall apart... (MONTAGE: capitol building--black rioter--Vietnamese prostitute--empty voting booth--marine--hippie--statue of liberty--RFK kissing Jackie--slaughtered hog) Ten generations and now nobody to carry on...Why? We are just too hip, too aware to "take over" the old insane mess. It would be a regression for us because WE ARE BUILDING OUR OWN OUTSANE CULTURE....Since sixty-three the underground has swelled...newspapers in every major city, communities in nearly every state. Its effect on the mass media is astonishing, from Smothers to the late news, in music, in fashion, even in political thinking the

establishment mimics the HIP. We have our own heroes; Leary, Owsley, Dylan etc., we have our own myths: Naked Lunch, Nova Express, Moe Biffoe; we have our institutions, free universities, free clinics, free stores, freethinkfree-lovefree smokefreeeatsfreefreefree...hippies, dropouts, heads building a truly democratic, enlightened, free society that will assert itself of its own accord as the old oppressive order fades...they have only one chance, to find the Immortality Synthetic (we have acid) within the next few years, and if they don't then tough shit cause they've all had it and will die gasping for breath while the hippies do their thing, a ceremonial exercise of our birthright: a 99-year lease on the oxygen...

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mum and Dud: Watch for the following symptoms in members of your family unit.... score one point for each....

1. smoke, swallow, eat, shoot insert, ingest the sacraments.
2. blackness surrounding the soul.
3. let it happen.
4. teach their teachers.
5. copulate often with pride
6. laff at incongruity.
7. do what they will.
8. love anybody.
9. spend their time in paradise wisely.
10. sleep in the face of death.

A score of 0-3 indicates your success in training future governors of Georgia. 4-7 indicates that they are members of the new middle class and are qualified Yuppies, hippies or part-time gods. A score of 8-9 indicates a distinct vocational calling in the field of cosmic conquest. A perfect score of 10 indicates a Messiah in your midst; touch his cloak and be healed...

--eric bonner

## FILMfilmFILM

criticism of film. Ideally they would be combined. You take everything relevant to explain the film. If you think it is good you want to explain why it is good. And whatever explanation you can find that is convincing is fine.

This is where a lot of film critics get hung up. They are so visually oriented that they forget that the story could be crap, that it doesn't say anything about anything. That a film is visually competent does not make it a good film. On the other hand many of the critics will damn anything with literary value. It seems to me that there are a sufficient number of good literary films that you just cannot dismiss them. So I think the great danger in film criticism today is dogmatism.

\* \* \*

**Bird:** Mr. Stecker, you were saying earlier that the artist should not depend upon society to provide him with the necessary means to make his films, then again you said that you would like to go into commercial production. Do you feel that by going into commercial production you extend what you are doing now with more funds, or would you start something new, work in some new media?

**Stecker:** Three years ago I said that I'd never never make a commercial movie, and Hunter remembers me saying that. But right now I think that my ideas are getting kind of expensive, and my belief is that I'd rather make other movies that are commercial rather than put my movies on a commercial basis or compromise my own thoughts. But what I don't want to do is to tell society, "You have to support me."

**Ellis:** I suggest we talk, even briefly, about what people like Lou Giannetti are doing at Emory, which I think is a very essential movement. He is teaching a class in, what is it called?

**Giannetti:** It's called "The Film." It's essentially an introduction to film as a genre.

**Ellis:** It's interesting to me that Lou said he had to turn students away who wanted to enroll in this class. And he suggested that an extension of this might be, in a university like Emory, a course in film making. . .

**Todd:** What are you shaking your head about so violently, Alan? What's the matter, you don't want to learn how to make films?

**Stecker:** No, I think it's terrible. I'm anti-the art school, the way it's set up within the university. . .

**Ellis:** You don't think authors should learn technique, should study English?

**Stecker:** It seems to me. . .

**Giannetti:** The arts in the university have more than justified themselves in virtually every area. There are a sufficient number of really great artists who have come out of the university, and I'm talking not just about the plastic arts but literary artists. . .

**Todd:** and film artists too. . .

**Bird:** What do you think the significance of film courses being taught in the universities is? Is it an intellectualization of film, or. . .?

**Giannetti:** Well, it could easily become that, although I think it exists there anyway. Film critics are usually self-consciously high-brow.

**Bird:** What you're teaching, however, is film criticism?

**Giannetti:** What I'm teaching is a kind of hodge-podge, quite frankly, because I wanted to introduce the film, and I wanted to introduce it in as many possible

ways and as undogmatic a way as possible. So in this particular course I'm teaching we see a mandatory film a week. We also have recommended films, here at the Festival and also at the Cinema Wednesday series. We use two anthologies of film criticism, both of which are violently contradictory.

What I wanted to do first of all is to make them see, a thing a lot of American film goes don't do, particularly if they're not too sophisticated, to show them that there is something on the screen--particularly since I'm teaching a lot of literature majors. The big danger of course is that they will evaluate the film primarily on the basis of the script and the spoken word. And if your training has been in drama rather than in film, this is an even greater danger, for the drama is primarily the spoken word. And if you can get over this rather elementary thing of just making them see or just making them aware that the camera moves and that the camera does things that are quite different from what happens on stage, then presumably you can keep going into greater and greater degrees of sophistication.

**Field:** The University of North Carolina, where I went, had a course in not only film history but in actual film production and theory. And the important thing is that we did things. . .

**Giannetti:** Yes, I think that even if you didn't make good films, you could make lousy films, and even if you make them badly you still know what was involved.

**Field:** Right. I think it's important to point out, as I read recently, that all of us in film today are brought up with a film background. We don't remember the origins.

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# Seed, Busts, etc... All Over

cont. from p 1

Mr. Geissler when he searched him. Howard stated that Geissler told him he found it on the floor earlier in the day. Howard maintained that it was methadone because the capsule contained a white powder, and "methadone is a white powder", he said. In the hearing Howard admitted that the Crime Lab had not analyzed any of these substances.

Attorney Al Horne, representing Miss Eckstein, at this point questioned why, since the law requires that a hearing be held within 48 hours of the arrest, had the Crime Lab not yet submitted its report?

Howard countered with the remark that if Mr. Horne could get them to work any faster for him he was welcome to go over and try. Horne then asserted that the hearing was irregular without a report and should be dismissed. The judge overruled him.

Both employees were charged with violation of the Georgia Drug Abuse Law and the State Narcotics Law.

Detective Howard then proceeded to bring up information concerning a package which was turned over to him by a Railway Express agent named Miller. This agent had opened the package which bore the return address of the Morning Glory Seed. He did so on his own authority, and discovered it contained, according to Howard, 8 packages of marijuana, 3 tins of methadone and 30 capsules of LSD.

Both lawyers showed that there could be no connection make between this package and their clients. Then Mr. Geissler's attorney requested that his client be released, asserting that he had been searched without a warrant and before he was arrested.

Howard countered that a search warrant for the store entitled him to search the employees as well. The judge denied the request for release.

Later Detective Howard boasted that "we get information on that place all the time." One source of inside information, he said, was an informer whom he contacts regularly in Piedmont Park. He noted that this informer had proven to be reliable in at least 5 other instances. Howard said he never failed to find marijuana while searching a place on a tip from this informant.

After Judge Little again denied a request to dismiss charges, Attorney Horne requested a reduction in bail from \$500 to nothing. After conferring with Detective Howard he set bail at \$250 each and bound the case over to the Grand Jury.

On Tuesday night, April 23, eight persons were arrested at an apartment at Piedmont and 12th Street, and charged with possession of marijuana. The bust was led by Atlanta Police Department Detectives Howard and Wood, and directly followed the bust of the Morning Glory Seed. The same group of detectives had led the arrest at the local head shop only two hours previously.

Bond was set at \$5000 each, pending a hearing. The eight were arraigned the following day, and their hearing was postponed until May 8th. A request was made to Judge Little to either drop bail, or reduce it. The judge asked Detective Howard how much the bail should be, and he answered, 'I'd say at least \$1000'. Bond was set at \$1000. Since only two had the money, the other six returned to the jail to await their hearing.

As a parting shot, the impartial judge called to those whom he was impartially judging, 'Anyone want a free haircut before they go?'

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The Marihuana Papers.....	10.00

# COMING EVENTS

FRIDAY, April 26

\$\$\$ FOLK MUSIC. Soul Roots, Sale Hall Chapel, Morehouse College. 8 p. m. \$1.50.

\$\$\$SITAR MUSIC Crucible Coffee House, Emory University. (Behind Glenn Memorial Church.) Jim Cross and the Kindred Spirits. 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

\*\*\* SPEECH Dr. Allyn Rickett on the situation in Communist China and Vietnam. Howe Hall, Spelman College. 7:30 p.m.

\*\*\* FILM Felix Greene's "Inside North Vietnam." AMB auditorium. 8:15 p.m.

\*\*\*PANEL DISCUSSION "The Protest Generation." Panelists include Bo Lozoff, Joe Cummings, Jr., Arthur Burghardt, Moreston Rolleston, Jr., and Tom Coffin. Theatre Atlanta, following play "MacBird."

\*\*\*MUSIC Beethoven Festival. Emory University. Call 377-2411 for details.

\*\*\*POETRY READING Robert Hayden will read from his own work. Dean Sage Auditorium, Atlanta University. (Hayden is a professor of English at Fisk University. He has written several books of poetry and won the grand prize for poetry at the First World Festival of Negro Arts in Dakar, Senegal, 1966.)

SATURDAY, April 27

\$\$\$ FOLK MUSIC Soul Roots. Sale Hall Chapel. Morehouse College. 8 p. m. \$1.50.

\$\$\$ MUSIC Crucible Coffee House. Emory University. 9 p. m. to 1 a.m.

\*\*\*MARCH, LOVE-IN, DEMONSTRATION Peachtree at 7th, 1 p.m.; Piedmont Park, 2 p.m.

\*\*\*RUGBY For information call 451-2662.

MONDAY, April 29

\$\$\$ PLAY "Rashomon". Fine Arts Bldg., Spelman College. First performance is memorial to Dr. King. Adm. \$3, \$.75 for students. Subsequent performances \$1.00. On APRIL 29 - MAY 4.

\*\*\*POLITICS Georgians for McCarthy. Unitarian Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way N.E., 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 1

\*\*\*FILM "Gangaceiro" AMB, Emory University. 8:30 p.m.

\*\*\*SPEECH "Dean Rusk and Che Guevara: Two Worlds in Collision." Richard Barnett, Institute for Policy Studies, Washington D.C. Georgia State College, 10 a.m., Emory University International Law Forum, 12:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, May 3

\$\$\$ MUSIC Mable Hillary. Crucible Coffee House, Emory University. 9 p. m. to 1 a.m. \$.75.

\*\*\*EXHIBIT John Tweedle exhibition, Unitarian Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way. ALSO: Experiment in Mixed Media, electronic music by Richard Robinson, poetry of Rosemary Daniell. 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, May 4

\$\$\$ MUSIC Crucible Coffee House, Emory University. Mable Hillary. 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. \$.75.

SUNDAY, May 5

\$\$\$ FILMS "Village of the Damned" and "Children of the Damned." Atlanta Science Fantasy Organization. Downtown YMCA, Room 223. 1:30 p.m. \$.25.

\*\*\*CHAMBER MUSIC Emory Chamber Music Series, Glenn Memorial Church. Discussion, 2:45 p.m., Concert 3 p.m.

\*\*\*ART EXHIBITION Opening, "Dorothy Berge: Sculpture in Corrugated Board." Refreshments. High Museum of Art. 2:30 p.m.

\*\*\*OPERALOGUE on Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." High Museum of Art. 3:00 p.m.

\*\*\*FILM "Red Desert" High Museum. 8 p.m.

\*\*\*COLLOQUIUM on the Poor People's Campaign, and a report from the Quaker Project in South Vietnam. Quaker House, 8 p.m.

MONDAY, May 6

\$\$\$ SLIDE LECTURE Dr. Edmund B. Feldman, "Some Reflections on Contemporary Painting and Sculpture." High Museum of Art. 8 p.m. \$1.00.

WEDNESDAY, May 8

\$\$\$PLAYS "No Exit" and "Impromptu". Georgia State Student Center Bldg., Room 4. 8:30 p.m. THROUGH MAY 11.

\*\*\*FILM "The Gold Rush". Emory University, AMB Auditorium. 8:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, May 9

\*\*\* MEETING Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC) 8 Lombardy Way, Apt. M (Corner 15th near P'tree) 7:30 p.m.

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# PRESIDENT'S REPORT ON POT

## PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION REVOKES "KILLER DRUG" THEORY

In February of this year the report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice was released. The Commission's chairman was former U. S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach. Members included another former U. S. attorney general, two former state attorney generals, two judges, three former presidents of the American Bar Association and the Police Chief of San Francisco. The "farthest out" member was perhaps Whitney Young, chairman of the Urban League.

One chapter of the 340 page report is entitled "Narcotics and Drug Abuse." In it is included a discussion of marihuana. Although couched in the indecisive, "balanced" language of a federal report, the Commission here suggests that marihuana is in fact not dangerous, that it does not produce physical dependence (addiction), that it does not lead to either criminal behavior or to opiate drug addiction. It is not unreasonable to infer from this report that marihuana is far less dangerous than alcohol, which is known to be both addictive and to contribute to criminal behavior.

The GREAT SPECKLED BIRD reprints the bulk of this section on marihuana, not because its conclusions and implications have not been made countless times before, but because the Commission report may have more weight to many people than much of what has been said previously. Added emphasis is our own.

### MARIHUANA

(from *The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society: A Report by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice*, Feb., 1968. pp. 224-225.)

In addition to suggestion that the penalties provided for narcotics and marihuana offenses be made more flexible, the Commission would like to comment specially on marihuana, because of questions that have been raised concerning the appropriateness of the substantive law applicable to this drug....

### THE EFFECTS

Marihuana is equated in law with the opiates, but the abuse characteristics of the two have almost nothing in common. The opiates produce physical dependence. Marihuana does not. A withdrawal sickness appears when use of the opiates is discontinued. No such symptoms are associated with marihuana. The desired dose of opiates tends to increase over time, but this

is not true of marihuana. Both can lead to psychic dependence, but so can almost any substance that alters the state of consciousness....

### MARIHUANA, CRIME, AND VIOLENCE

Here differences of opinion are absolute and the claims are beyond reconciliation. One view is that marihuana is a major cause of crime and violence. Another is that marihuana has no association with crime and only a marginal relation to violence...

The Medical Society of the County of New York has stated flatly that there is no evidence that marihuana use is associated with crimes of violence in this country. There are many similar statements by other responsible authorities. The 1962 report of the President's Ad Hoc Panel on Drug Abuse found the evidence inadequate to substantiate the reputation of marihuana for inciting people to antisocial acts. The famous Mayor's Committee on Marihuana, appointed by Mayor La Guardia to study the marihuana situation in New York City, did not observe any aggression in subjects to whom marihuana was given. In addition there are several studies of persons who were both confessed marihuana users and convicted criminals, and these reach the conclusion that a positive relation between use and crime cannot be established.

One likely hypothesis is that, given the accepted tendency of marihuana to release inhibitions, the effect of the drug will depend on the individual and the circumstances. It might, but certainly will not necessarily or inevitably, lead to aggressive behavior or crime. The response will depend more on the individual than the drug. This hypothesis is consistent with the evidence that marihuana does not alter the basic personality structure.

### MARIHUANA AS A PRELUDE TO ADDICTING DRUGS

The charge that marihuana "leads" to the use of addicting drugs needs to be critically examined. There is evidence that a majority of the heroin users who come to the attention of public authorities have, in fact, had some prior experience with marihuana. But this does not mean that one leads to the other in the sense that marihuana has an intrinsic quality that creates a heroin liability. There are too many marihuana users who do not graduate to heroin, and too many heroin addicts with no known prior marihuana use, to support such a theory. The basic text on pharmacology, Goodman and Gilman, *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* (Macmillan, 1960) states quite explicitly that marihuana habituation does not lead to the use of heroin.

The most reasonable hypothesis here is that some people who are predisposed to marihuana are also predisposed to heroin use. It may also be the case that through the use of marihuana a person forms the personal associations that later expose him to heroin.

The amount of literature on marihuana is massive. It runs to several thousand articles in medical journals



and other publications. Many of these are in foreign languages and reflect the experience of other countries with the use of the drug and with other substances derived from the hemp plant. The relevance of this material to our own problem has never been determined. Indeed, with the possible exception of the 1944 La Guardia report, no careful and detailed analysis of the American experience seems to have been attempted. Basic research has been almost nonexistent, probably because the principal active ingredient in marihuana has only recently been isolated and synthesized. Yet the Commission believes that enough information exists to warrant careful study of our present marihuana laws and the propositions on which they are based.

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