

Only two weeks later Bradford's old mentor, STRESS Crew Leader Raymond Peterson, became first in the unit to be charged with murder. Peterson's name, even more than Bannon's, had been synonymous with STRESS. For two years he probably had been part of more violence than any individual cop across the nation. He had fired his gun in nine separate shootings in which three civilians were wounded and nine were killed. His bullets had struck at least eight of the nine. Nine times, homicide detectives and assistant prosecutors had investigated Peterson, a large-boned moose-hunting cop with a beard full of gray, hair pulled back from his forehead, and 41 citations in 13 years on the force. The first eight times they cleared him of all criminal culpability.

But then this year, in the early morning darkness of March 9, Peterson shot Robert Hoyt, a 24-year-old assembly line worker at Cadillac. Peterson, off duty at the time, said he fired at Hoyt in self-defense after Hoyt sideswiped him at 60 mph on the Chrysler Freeway and then slashed at him with a knife as the two grappled on the freeway service drive. Hoyt was found with a bullet hole in his chest and with a six-inch knife in his hand. Peterson's coat had a wicked tear in it. And another STRESS officer, riding with Peterson, confirmed his story. (That account, except for details, was essentially the same one he had presented in the eight previous killings: An armed stranger had had the bad luck to try to assault a dead-shot policeman.) "Nobody enjoys taking a human life. It's not something anyone enjoys, whether he's a policeman or a soldier," Peterson told *Detroit Free Press* Reporter Michael Graham. "But with us it's a conditioned reflex. Let's be realistic. . . The average thief is guy who doesn't give a damn. What he wants, he's going to get, no matter who he has to step on or how bad he has to hurt someone. It's better that he attacks us than some 70-year-old guy on a pension."

But Hoyt's friends challenged part of Peterson's report. They said Peterson and other STRESS officers had hung out in the same bars as Hoyt and had argued with him over a woman they mutually knew. Then a lab technician routinely examined Hoyt's knife and discovered that microscopic miscellany in Hoyt's pockets did not match cat hairs and other junk embedded in the knife handle. Not believing his own tests, he checked again. They still did not match. Then he picked up Peterson's slacks, fished some cat hairs out of the pockets and slid them under his microscope. This time they matched. The hairs had come from Peterson's pet cat; ergo the knife must have come from Peterson's pocket, not Hoyt's. This time the prosecutor filed charges, adducing that Peterson shot Hoyt and planted the knife in his hand.

Peterson's STRESS buddy, who apparently lied to protect him, was not charged. But the whole episode sent shock waves whipping through STRESS. "Jesus Christ, this could really screw things up," lamented one crew leader. "Ray Peterson is no more guilty of murder than a lot of us." Robert Zack, hired by the Detroit Police Officers Association to defend Peterson, appealed to the judge at his pre-trial hearing: "Trying to separate Raymond Peterson from STRESS would be like trying to separate Martin Luther King from the civil rights movement. Raymond Peterson and STRESS are intricately interwoven."

The irresistible question soon popped up: Were Peterson and his cohorts really innocent of the other eight shootings?

Prosecutor William Cahalan seemed to anticipate the question. At least he confiscated the applicable homicide files and locked them in his office until after Peterson's trial, now set for late this year. Nonetheless, eyewitness accounts and available court records in just four of the eight cases reveal a staggering sum of damaging, if inconclusive, evidence.

Some facts are admittedly circumstantial. For instance, Peterson killed James Henderson on Sept. 9, 1971, four months after the same man escaped from a shootout in which Peterson killed a friend of Henderson. A surviving witness in the Sept. 9 shooting, a motel clerk who fiercely contends that Peterson shot Henderson in cold blood, was accused of mugging Peterson's "point" partner while the clerk was on duty in the motel where he works. An incredulous judge dismissed the charges against him.

In three of the four cases the victims were alleged to have carried knives. Without the homicide files, it's impossible to tell if these knives were inspected for cat hairs and the like. But Jeffrey Patzer, a young ex-policeman who quit the department after watching a gang of white cops beat up two black cops, fueled more speculation when he told *Detroit Free Press* Reporter Judith Frutig that his police instructors had advised him to always carry a knife in case he ever shot an unarmed citizen.

Other facts are less speculative and more garish. In the Clarence Manning case, Peterson testified he was 10 feet away when he fired the fatal bullet on May 29, 1971. But a ballistics report, subpoenaed in a civil suit a year later, shows that Peterson aimed his service revolver at Manning's heart and pulled the trigger from six inches away.

STRESS testimony does not jibe with physical evidence in yet another case, the slayings of Horace Fennick and Howard Moore on July 5, 1971. If the STRESS version is to be believed, then several bullets would have had to twist around buildings at right angles. In addition, two independent witnesses swear that Fennick and Moore were killed from an ambush after they tried to panhandle, not rob, the officers.

So far Prosecutor Cahalan has refused to discuss publicly how his office reached its "justifiable homicide" verdicts in any STRESS case. His two top assistants, James Garber and Dominick Carnovale, suggest privately that they were suspicious all along but didn't bring charges because they couldn't prove enough in court.

Even the most charitable spokesman in the prosecutor's office, however, cannot explain why the police department allowed Peterson and his crew to stay on the job for two years without any reconciliation of the bare facts. Each shooting was scrutinized as a matter of routine, by an in-house police board to determine if the officers had used undue force. Yet Peterson and the other officers were given the green light in all eight cases.

Police officials now say they won't furnish details of their internal inquiries because that might jeopardize Peterson's pending trial. But STRESS critics are not as reluctant to supply their opinions. Ken Cockrel, a radical lawyer who may well become Detroit's first black mayor, proffers a popular view: "It's obvious the police tried to protect their own ass to keep STRESS from being discredited."



STRESS commander James Bannon



STRESS crew leader Raymond Peterson, indicted for murder.



Robert Bradford, slain December 27, 1972.



Hayward Brown (left) and lawyer Ken Cockrel (foreground).

[STRESS STRIKES OUT]

If that was the intention, it was certainly hurt by Peterson's downfall. A poll taken in May of this year, two months after Peterson's arrest, disclosed that only 26 percent of the people in the inner city still support STRESS, a figure shrunken from 78 percent in 1971 and 54 percent in 1972. Even Peterson's lawyer admitted his despair, requesting a change of venue because Detroit juries are now too hostile toward STRESS.

Nowhere was that more blatant than in the three trials this summer of Hayward Brown, charged in the killing of STRESS Patrolman Bradford and the wounding of five other STRESS officers. All three juries unanimously acquitted Brown, an 18-year-old ex-junkie who claimed he'd been waging a personal war against bigtime heroin dealers. Afterward, he became a celebrity able to command a dozen media interviews and several speaking appearances.

Brown's story began last Dec. 4 when he and two other self-styled vigilantes—Mark Bethune and John Percy Boyd—stalked up to the plush headquarters of Jack Crawford, a dope supplier known as the "Big Shooter" because of his wizardly ruthlessness in dispatching rivals. Brown and his companions, impatient at the police pace in tossing heroin czars behind bars, were out to extend guerrilla justice to Crawford. But they did not notice four STRESS cops on a stakeout, parked down the street in an unmarked car out of range of the streetlights.

Suddenly Crawford wheeled up in his new gold El Dorado, spotted the vigilantes in their floppy hats and long coats sneaking up to his house, and quickly roared away. Brown and his gang jumped into their rusty Volkswagon and gave chase. So did the STRESS crew in a Plymouth.

Crawford's 400-horsepower cruiser was soon out of sight. But within a few blocks, the Plymouth caught up with the Volkswagon and bumped it against the curb. STRESS Patrolman Billy Pierce vaulted out and crouched behind a car door. "I saw this guy leap out of the Volkswagon and raise a large pistol in both hands," Price recounted dourly, "I told myself, 'I can't believe he's going to shoot.'"

But the .357 Magnum shots caught Price in the shoulder and spun him to the sidewalk. It was the first time a STRESS crew had run into such professional counter-

violence (Bethune, who reportedly led the precision fusillade, had received his weapons training from the Black Panther Party and the Republic of New Africa). In seconds, all four officers lay wounded, critically though not fatally, slumping about the Plymouth.

Brown, Bethune and Boyd escaped into the ghetto maze. Three weeks later they were cornered outside their hideout by two other STRESS officers—Bradford and his partner. Again the cops were beaten to the draw; Bradford died and the vigilantes got away.

Police commissioner Nichols was still so riled up the next evening that he snapped during his "Buzz the Fuzz" television show: "We're going to do everything we can to get those mad-dog killers." What followed was the most massive manhunt in Detroit history. Brown was finally captured on Jan. 12 in a bizarre skirmish at a planned parent-hood clinic. Bethune and Boyd, disguised as a priest and nun, slipped past a police dragnet onto a flight for Atlanta, but were then killed six weeks later in blazing shootouts with police in the Deep South.

That ended the intense searching. But the ramifications were just beginning. First, Circuit Judge Thomas Foley, no iconoclast, ordered STRESS to stop harrasing Brown's family. Then Brown sauntered through his three trials, gaining fans every time he repeated his story. The STRESS officers, this time at least with some apparent basis in fact, told a packed courtroom that they had been assailed by wild gunslingers. But Brown pleaded self-defense. In the first gunbattle, he said, the vigilantes thought they had been intercepted by henchmen of the dope dealer they were chasing. In the second incident he claimed the STRESS officers shot first. During his capture, Brown said, he fired at police because he was afraid he'd be executed on the way to police headquarters if he surrendered. Three separate juries accepted his defense—admirably presented by Cockrel—and found him innocent.

Commander Bannon was furious, but he had to make some concessions to public opinion. For a time he scuttled all decoy missions, but he has now reinstated them, though under slightly more restrictive ground rules. Also, while shudders of annoyance scampered down their collective spine, his STRESS officers submitted to ticklish psychological tests: They all passed, even Peterson.

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# A Decade of Unanswered Questions

It is difficult to believe that the assassination of John F. Kennedy is now ten years past. The whirl of images from those times is still imbedded in the national consciousness: Jackie Kennedy's blood-spattered dress where the torn head had been cradled; the gaunt and portentous Lyndon Johnson taking his oath of office aboard Air Force One; the Zapruder film whose frames showed the bullet hit and the body buckle; and the even more unreal television footage of Jack Ruby killing Lee Harvey Oswald. It seems like yesterday, but it also seems part of a bygone era, of a past that is further than a decade away. In November 1963, Americans were a people still capable of being shocked and outraged by an assault on what we thought of as an unblemished national identity.

In the outpouring of national grief that followed the death of J.F.K., we persuaded ourselves that something vital had gone out of our world with the death of this handsome young President, something as fragile as the myth of Camelot he had adopted for his own purposes. Yet if there was a backlash of guilty love that enshrined Kennedy after his death, it is well to remember that no such emotion greeted the last few months of his administration. Among his supporters, most of the Kennedy years were distinguished by wounded confusion over the disparity between his lofty rhetoric and the baseness of his acts. And among his enemies, those years were marked by unified hostility to what they regarded as his treasonous departures from the norms of political life that developed in the fifties.

It was a time of polarization between liberal and conservative, when the national attention was focused on the contradictory signals coming from Washington. The Kennedy administration had after all made politics *de rigueur*; the notion of the sleepy Eisenhower years that American history was made by the smooth machinery of the national consensus had given way to a conception of politics as the

collision or knocking into each other with the force, if not the randomness, of molecules in a chemistry class demonstration.

[RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX]

It was no accident, therefore, that even before the caskets bearing the casket and riderless horse had made its way to Arlington that there were rumors about a conspiracy to murder Kennedy. And Lee Harvey Oswald's first reactions upon capture did nothing to quench them; handcuffed and in tow, he had neither the bravado of the fanatic nor the bewilderment of the innocent, but the outrage of someone who actually seemed to believe that he was being made a "patsy." But by whom? Oswald was condemned to be the Sphinx in whose stony face many sought answers and received only riddles in return. He had no chance to elaborate before being shot by Jack Ruby. And Ruby, never brought to trial, was confined until his death, all the while pleading to be taken to a place of safety so that he could tell his full story. Whoever pulled the trigger that day at Dealey Plaza set off a wildfire of doubts; only later, as the questions multiplied along with the questioners, would this outbreak be controlled by insisting that such speculations were made of "wild paranoia."

Seeing the smoke from this fire, Lyndon Johnson initiated the Warren Commission to "relieve the nation's suspicions" and satisfy "the nation's need for facts." The staff worked hard, gathering mountainous evidence, documentation, and testimony. The Commission itself held extensive hearings, that would later run to 26 printed volumes. It all added up to a reassuring picture confirming early police reports in Dallas and attempting to discredit those conspiracy theories that had gained standing. It found that Lee Harvey Oswald (in a resonant phrase whose spirit would be

by The Editors

summoned up each time a systemic crisis threatened the country in the long years ahead) was a "lone, crazed assassin" who fired three "fateful bullets" without help. Jack Ruby, the demimondain nightclubber, had murdered Oswald out of personal grief over J.F.K.'s death. Case closed: a tragic, but after all comprehensible episode; if there were ambiguities left over, that was just the nature of things. Only in textbooks was history tidy.

Even before the Warren Commission had finished its work, a legion of private citizens had begun to move ahead on their own investigations. They were called "assassination buffs" (the term implying a harmless fixation like collecting old cars). And with the likelihood of a conspiracy as their hypotheses, they propounded the questions that more "responsible" authorities nervously dismissed. If a group of people did conspire to murder Kennedy, who were they and what did they stand to gain? Who really shot him, and how many shots were actually fired? Where did the bullets come from, and how could they have so blatantly defied the laws of motion in their trajectories? Who was Lee Harvey Oswald and who was Jack Ruby? What was the significance of the community of white Russians living in Dallas?

In their quest for answers, some of the assassination buffs went up blind alleys. As amateur sleuths, they were tempted to look for the story or angle that would solve the conspiracy in one apocalyptically clever deduction; and in point of fact, they did not have the resources to get answers for many of the questions they proposed. But the very fact that they asked them was vitally important, for they broke ground the Warren Commission was disposed to ignore. And in their primary aim—to expose the tangle of loose ends, aborted and sloppy official investigations, and the chaos of contradictions and outright falsehoods which underlay the Warren Commission's report—they were successful.

[A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL AFFAIR]

**T**he assassination buffs, although working without resources and without access to sealed papers, managed to touch a feeling in the country that the Warren Commission had not. If most people could not devote themselves enough to the evidence to understand the names, places, and events that became the esoteric of the assassination buff, they at least believed with him that something was amiss. Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*, which appeared in August 1966, was an immediate best-seller. Afterwards, more documentary evidence began to emerge pointing toward Oswald's associations with U.S. intelligence organizations and right-wing Cuban exiles and anti-communists, and to Ruby's ties with the police, Teamsters, and organized crime. In September 1966, when Rep. Theodore Kupferman introduced a motion in Congress calling for a new inquiry into the assassination, his proposal won endorsement from Tom Wicker of the *Times*, the editors of *Life*, and other figures who could hardly be accused of wild paranoia. A Lou Harris poll in the fall of that year revealed that only 33% of the American people believed the cornerstone of the Warren Commission's report—that Kennedy was killed by a lone assassin.

The assassination had become a social and political affair, aligned in spirit with the anti-war movement, and very much a part of a period when entrenched authority was to be challenged and confronted. At the peak of its influence, the figure who was to become *the* assassination buff entered the picture. He was Jim Garrison, District Attorney of New Orleans. In February 1967, when the public was becoming increasingly responsive to suggestions for a new Dallas inquiry, Garrison announced that he had uncovered solid evidence of a plot to assassinate Kennedy, and promised to tie together the disparate strands of the amateur investigations. Agitation for a new inquiry gave way to expectancy about the Garrison investigation. Then expectancy gave way to despair. Garrison had promised everything and delivered nothing; the case against Clay Shaw and company degenerated into a show about fetishism and kinky sex.

Garrison's own role in the fiasco would be debated long after. Some saw him as the perpetrator of a hoax, as part of the conspiracy. They pointed out that Garrison himself was hardly in a position to investigate a conspiracy that probably involved figures from organized crime, for he was known to have continuing ties with the New Orleans mafia family of Carlos Marcello—a friend of Jimmy Hoffa and, like Hoffa, a high priority target of prosecution by the Kennedy administration. But whatever the reasons, Garrison failed, and when he did, the heart went out of the movement to reopen the Warren Commission.

Hindsight, as the saying goes, is always 20/20. It is possible to see now that the people involved in the assassination should not have let Garrison become the symbol of their movement. Yet it is probable that even if they had not done so, their citizens' inquiry into the death of J.F.K. would have foundered as the problems of the country multiplied in the late sixties. Another mistake of the assassination buffs was to deal with the assassination exclusively on the basis of "facts," contending against the casuistry of the Warren Commission and matching one arcane argument with another. Not everyone could read the 26 volumes of hearings. The assassination buffs let themselves get pushed into a corner by concentrating on specifics—it was either put up or shut up, produce the names of the trigger men or stop propounding conspiracy. But in picking up this gauntlet they missed an opportunity to describe the vectors of force and power (employing the eyes of a C. Wright Mills rather than a Sherlock Holmes) which had a stake in the assassination of Kennedy.

[THE DALLAS NEXUS]

**B**y now the myth of a Camelot has been buried by a marriage to an aged Greek autocrat and by a succession of automobile accidents among those J.F.K. left behind. If the sentimentality has cleared, so have the politics of the Kennedy years. If his administration broke with Eisenhower's, it was primarily in rhetoric. The Cold War proceeded unimpaired, with the New Frontier standing up to the Communist enemy in Europe, in Cuba, and most portentously of all, in Southeast Asia. Yet the Kennedy administration had made enemies both by its peremptory handling of certain forces in American society and by the fact that it had unconsciously

become the lightning rod for a period of ferment and change.

It is no wonder that the young President had been advised to steer clear of Dallas, for this area contained an unusually high concentration of those groups who were disillusioned with his administration. The Dallas-Fort Worth area, in fact, was almost a petrie dish encouraging the growth of a subculture that would have ominous relationships with later administrations as well: Cuban emigrés and syndicate figures dreaming of getting back into the rich Havana casino business; right-wing businessmen who had financial dealings with elements of organized crime; conservatives in the intelligence community who felt that the President had decreased their prerogatives, and therefore endangered the country; powerful men and institutions touched by the emerging Bobby Baker scandal. Dallas was not the exotic and unique environment some would later picture it as; it was a part of the new America that had come of age since the New Deal, and which saw Kennedy as a threat to its internal security and its conspicuous prosperity.

The leaflets and newspaper advertisements circulating in advance of the Presidential motorcade that day, accusing him of treason, reflected a deep disillusionment with Kennedy's fitness to lead them against communism at home and abroad. Aside from his administration's attempts to enforce the 1954 *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision, which would later seem perfunctory but which seemed dramatic in the early sixties, there were other questions. Hadn't Kennedy agreed to live with Castro and to hold back the Cuban exiles infesting Miami, who were turning it into a new Casablanca of intrigue? Hadn't he gone through a crisis of confidence over the CIA and disbanded their Cuban operations while also threatening a wholesale reevaluation of the agency's role as a policy-making institution of American life? There was also the question of what was seen, incorrectly, as a lack of enthusiasm for the Cold War. Hadn't Kennedy begun moves toward detente with the Test Ban Treaty? Hadn't he agreed to the subversion of the anti-communist Diem regime in South Vietnam?

Another conflict was directly provoked by the Kennedy Administration when Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department went after leading figures of organized crime and their allies in business, labor (most notably President Jimmy Hoffa of the Teamsters) and the old casino empire of pre-Castro Cuba. By 1963 there were other scandals breaking, and the most spectacular case seemed likely to implicate leading figures from Texas. There was evidence of massive payoffs for awarding the controversial TFX fighter plane contract to General Dynamics' Dallas plant. A congressional committee investigating the scandal over Bobby Baker—Lyndon Johnson's right-hand man in the Senate—told of a \$100,000 payoff on the TFX contract. Fort Worth Banker Fred Korth, forced to resign from Kennedy's Cabinet over the TFX scandal, was to have testified before the McClellan Committee in late November 1963. Both investigations threatened to go far beyond General Dynamics itself, to involve the Texas political-financial alliance behind Vice President Johnson, and there was talk that Johnson's own position on the ticket (and presumably as a brake against investigation) was in jeopardy. All this was in the political

wind on that day in late November when Kennedy began his fateful ride down the streets of Dallas.

[FROM WARREN TO ERVIN]

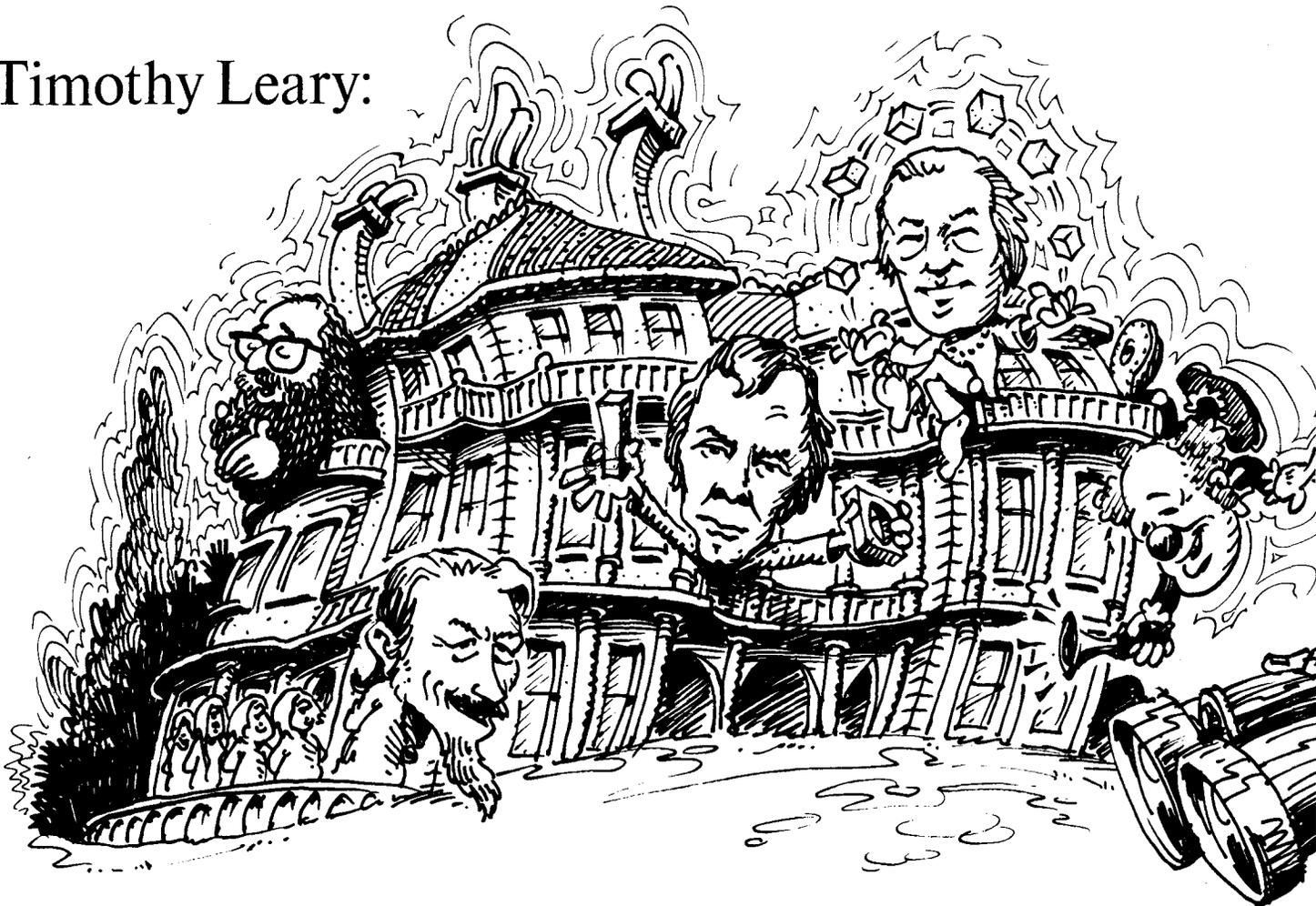
Today, the gap between appearance and reality in American politics is irresistible. One day Spiro Agnew makes a reputation for himself as a White Knight preaching a holy war against the criminality of dissent and deviation and a return to antique American morality; the next day he is revealed to be a common felon who should surely have been sentenced to prison if there was such a thing as justice. What might have been seen as paranoia a few years ago, turns out to be the core of the Watergate affair.

We have learned (or should have) much about ourselves in the past decade. We slaughtered women and children in Vietnam and then covered it up; there was bombing in Cambodia and then a coverup; there was massive espionage at Watergate and then a coverup. Given the atmosphere in Dallas in 1963, and the admitted inadequacies of the Warren Commission Report, is it not equally possible that the assassination of President Kennedy was followed by a coverup? Watergate has proven that the way to the heart of a plot is through the efforts to conceal its existence. And in the cold light of what we have learned concerning our government in the last few months, it is clear that a reopening of the assassination investigation is now in order, especially in view of the fact that more than one strand of evidence has led from the burglary in the Watergate to murder in Dallas.

The Watergate investigation has stalled for now, possibly because of hesitancy to follow the facts it has uncovered to their logical conclusion. The Ervin Committee failed to take up the gauntlet on the question of national security when it was raised to justify the Ellsberg break-in, missing an opportunity to exorcise this demon that has haunted our national life since the fifties. It allowed Ehrlichman to wage a counter-offensive against its very existence. Since the Committee's feeble attempts to show that Watergate springs from a systemic malaise have failed, emphasis has shifted to Archibald Cox and his attempt to get the Nixon tapes. Even if this is successful, and even if (*mirabile dictu*) the battle should lead to the impeachment of the President, the emphasis will be finding out which *individuals* are guilty.

Ironically, this is similar to the emphasis that dominated the inquiries into the Warren Commission—that the only question worth solving was who pulled the trigger. Ultimately, this is the basic question. But even if it could never be answered, there is ample reason to reopen the investigation and sift through the evidence, new and old, that was considered only worth an apologetic hasty eye previously. If, as now seems likely, the world that produced Watergate will hastily be closed from public view, it is all the more important to reopen the investigation into what happened at Dallas ten years ago. The reason this must be done is not so much out of loyalty to a fallen President who may not have deserved such devotion, but out of loyalty to the truth and concern for the uncovering of totalitarian tendencies existing beneath the surface of American government—before it is too late. ■

# Timothy Leary:



## “The Day I Was Busted by G. Gordon Liddy”

The compulsion to spy on others is derived, so it is said, from the sexual curiosity of the pre-pubescent child who burns to know what grown-ups do behind bedroom doors. Reaching maturity, the sexually confident person expresses erotic energy in love-making. The voyeurism of childhood remains as a delicious form of foreplay. For those who do not mature sexually, whose erotic expressions are inhibited, voyeurism, the surreptitious spying on others, can become a highly sexual obsession. As with most other guilt-ridden “sexual deviates,” the voyeur is invariably a political conservative—shocked, moralistic, and censorious about behaviors which he compulsively and secretly seeks to discover. We think of the

*Timothy Leary has written hundreds of articles and seven books, most recently Neurologique (Level Press). He is presently serving a six month to 15 year sentence at Folsom Prison for possession of two marijuana roaches and his 1970 prison escape.*

priest in the confessional or of vice squads or of J. Edgar Hoover, forbidding extramarital expressions to his agents at the pain of discharge, and who, himself unmarried, presumptive virgin, *voyeur extraordinaire*, guarded files containing reports, tapes, and photos of the sexual peccadillos of American politicians.

We define the 1960s as a time of erotic explosion. But the freedom of sexual expression was not shared by all. While part of the population was making love, another part was reading spy novels about enemies doing bad things that must be investigated and stopped. The cold war petered out when it became obvious that the Commie leaders were basically hard-working, no-nonsense law and order folk and that the “bad” things were being done right here in America by grass-smoking, long-haired people who were growing in numbers and influence. This conflict is what sent G. Gordon Liddy in search of me.

[LIDDY'S FIRST SPY CAPER]

It was Saturday night—the 64-room mansion at Millbrook, New York, filled with staff members of the Castalia Foundation and weekend guests. Dinner in the oak-paneled dining room, low tables and cushions. The big stereo speakers trembled with Dylan, Beatles, Ali Akbar. Later, around the huge fireplace, David made guitar. Musicians came to Millbrook to learn that sound was energy to play with. Strange new vibrations filled the air. Painters, discovering that light was energy to free from canvas, splashed, rippled, exploded color across the walls of Millbrook, chromatic patterns bubbling, rainbow crystals blossoming, multi-hued cellular blobs undulating. Beautiful women moved with yogic grace and most of the men wore longish hair. The year was 1965.

Outside the house, crouched behind dark bushes, binoculars glued to his eyes, G. Gordon Liddy peered through