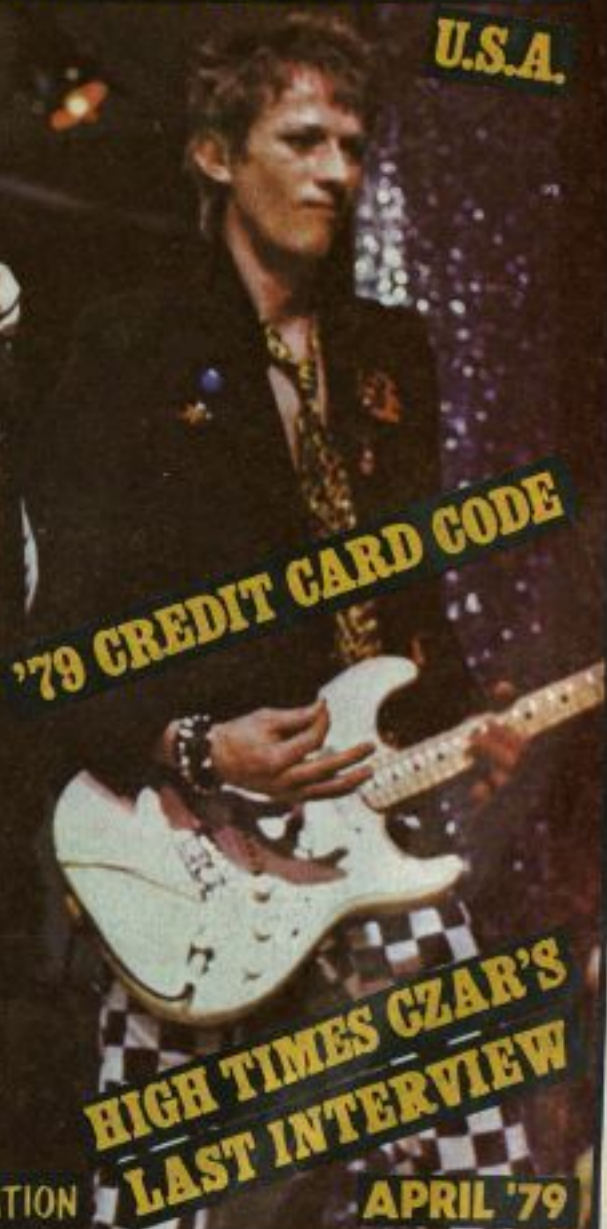


OVERTHROW

50¢

ROCK AGAINST RACISM

U.S.A.



'79 CREDIT CARD CODE

SMOKE-INZ
THE WARRIORS

HIGH TIMES CZAR'S
LAST INTERVIEW

A YIPSTER TIMES PUBLICATION

APRIL '79

OVERTHROW

New Evidence Reveals:

THIRD JFK GUNNMAN



Daniel Carswell, deplaning at Homestead Air Force Base, Homestead, Florida—April 23, 1963—7 months before he fired at John F. Kennedy. Inset: The third tramp arrested Dealy Plaza minutes after the assassination—November 22, 1963—note similarities in nose, ear, hairline, eyes, chin and gait.

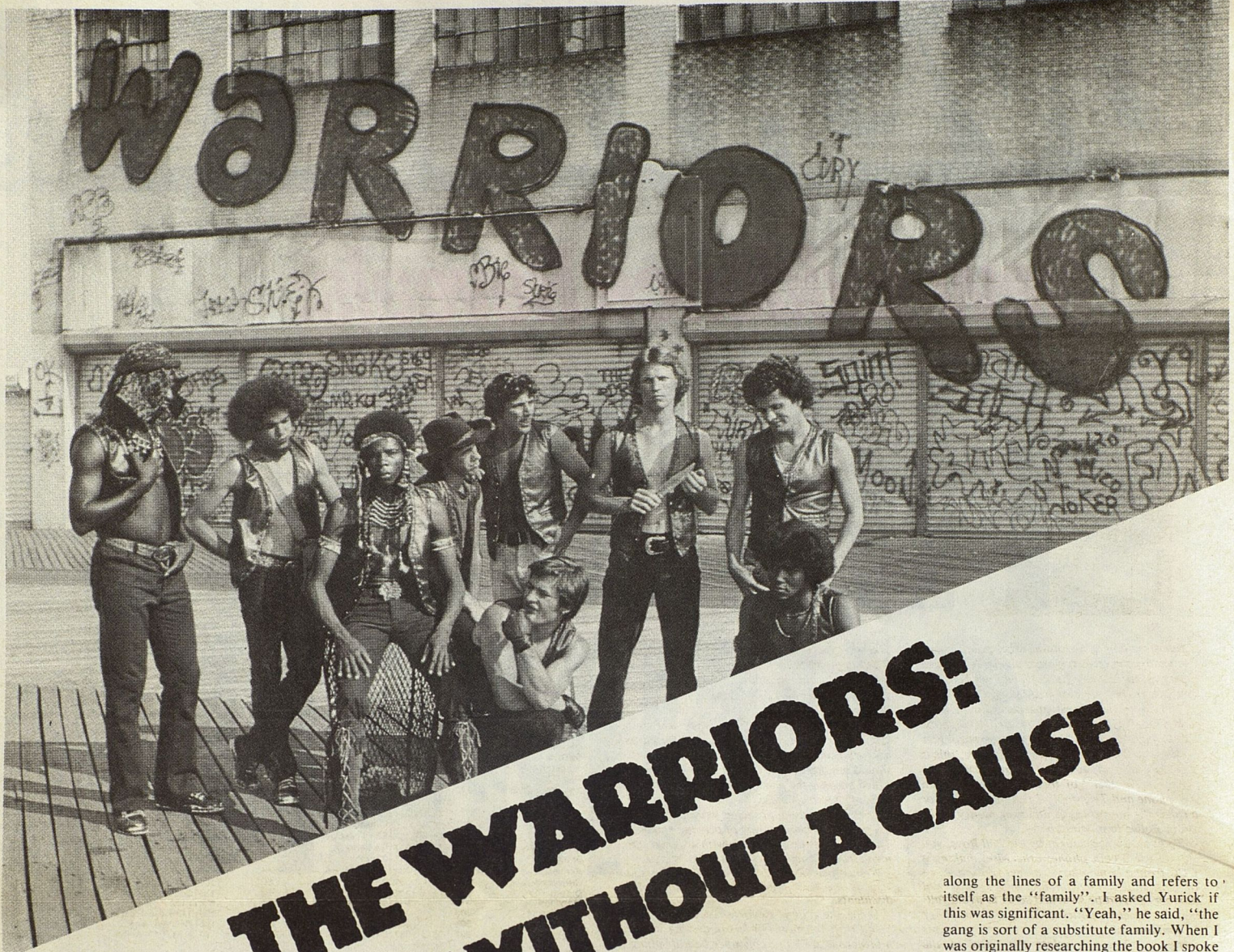
by A. J. Weberman

In the first major break in the JFK assassination case since the 1973 identification of two of the gunmen as Waterbuggers Frank Sturgis and E. Howard Hunt, investigators now feel certain that they have identified the third gunman. The three "mystery tramps" have baffled government investigators for almost 16 years ever since they were arrested near the grassy knoll only minutes after the shooting of President Kennedy in 1963.

The third tramp uses the pseudonym "Daniel L. Carswell". As of this time his real name remains unknown. He was allegedly familiar with "bugging operations" against the Communists in Eastern Europe and showed up in Havana in September 1960.

Carswell was in Cuba to run an operation against the Chinese Communists (Chicom) who were highly influential there around this time. According to Gerry Patrick Hemming, who revealed Carswell was the "Oswald-like" tramp, the purpose of the mission was to steal the Chicom codebook from their "press service" -Hsinhua - the New China News Agency. Carswell and his crew were going to drill a hole through the ceiling of the "news agency" then pump cooking gas in, which would later be ignited. After the explosion Carswell would rush downstairs, steal the codebook and hope the Chicom thought it was destroyed in the explosion and subsequent fire. At least one or two Hsinhua "correspondents" were to be killed in the explosion. Carswell, allegedly an "electronics specialist" for the Technical-Service Division of the CIA was in reality their most accomplished professional assassin. If the conspirators were ap-

continued—p. 14



THE WARRIORS: REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE

by Seth Flagsberg

Since its release early this year Walter Hill's "The Warriors" has quickly become the most notorious film in years. The film, loosely based on Sol Yurick's 1965 novel of the same name, has led to violence in cities across the nation including two murders in Los Angeles.

To try and get a line on the violent reaction to the film I travelled to Brooklyn and spoke with Sol Yurick. Yurick, who'd sold his rights to the book and had nothing to do with the movie, told me that he was "surprised" at the reaction to the film. He told me though, that he had a couple of ideas on the subject. "First," he said, "there was a very heavy advertising campaign that was aimed at a young audience. There were a lot of ads placed on television, and rock and disco stations. Secondly there is the anti-authoritarian flavor to the movie. And third there is the violence. The violence in the film is fantasy violence, it's clean violence. If a guy really gets hit in the head with a baseball bat his head is going to split wide open and that's both ugly and real. I don't think too many people will identify with that. But in the film the violence is stylized, almost choreographed so when a guy gets smashed he just goes down".

As a film the Warriors is no earth-shaking epic. It's a straightforward chase movie in the outlaw genre that utilizes both gangs and violence as its selling point.

In the film the Warriors have travelled from their home turf of Coney Island up to the Bronx for a big meeting of most of the city's gangs. It's a safe trip because there is a city-wide truce in effect between the gangs due to the meeting. However, when the meetings organizer is shot while speak-

ing to the assembled masses, the actual killers, in the ensuing confusion, spread the rumor that the Warriors did it. Now, with all truces off, the Warriors have to fight their way back to Coney Island while dodging various gangs, not to mention the cops. The rest of the film concerns itself with their return.

That the characters of the Warriors are gang members appears to be immaterial to the story. They could just as well be Elks caught in a factional dispute. It's always painfully obvious that these guys are bad

along the lines of a family and refers to itself as the "family". I asked Yurick if this was significant. "Yeah," he said, "the gang is sort of a substitute family. When I was originally researching the book I spoke to a lot of kids and came away with the impression that many of them felt that their families were for shit. With the gangs they got that sense of belonging and respect that they couldn't find at home. In their minds the gang gave them a feeling of brotherhood and loyalty even if in reality that loyalty was often illusory."

The Warriors has made gangs a hot item but Yurick told me that gangs have been hot news before. In the late 50's and early 60's there was a great deal of media coverage of gangs. Rumor has it that in the

"Warriors" author Yurick says gangs won't go away

actors stuck with some very heavy handed dialogue. Towards the end, Swan, the leader of the Warriors, surveys Coney Island from the el platform and asks, "Is this what we fought for?" Swan, I don't know what the hell you were fighting for except to sell tickets. The film never puts the gang in any real context. The Warriors operate in a world of such make-believe that they quickly become make-believe themselves. Are these guys human beings struggling with the dreariness of urban life in Coney Island? Or are they, as the film suggests, merely Happy Days rejects, hunks of flesh whose sole purpose in life is to dress up in snazzy outfits, rumble, act macho and mouth sentimental slogans about "brotherhood"?

The real story with the Warriors is the reaction. What chord has the film struck in the young people who've seen it?

In Yurick's book the gang, called the Coney Island Dominators, organizes itself

early 60's then New York City Mayor John Lindsay convinced the press to drop it's coverage of the gangs. I have also heard rumors to the effect that the New York City Police Department utilized heroin as a weapon in defusing the gangs.

Yurick says gangs won't go away. "The gang response is a historical condition. There have been youth gangs around since the days of ancient Greece. As long as you have an economic underclass that is being frozen out of a society, they will organize themselves as gangs, whether it be out of a need for identity or a means of subsistence."

The chord the Warriors has struck? Obviously a lot of people have identified themselves with the gang and the violence. That the film glorifies their alienation from the larger society and offers no solution but the continuous fighting amongst the gangs doesn't seem to have mattered to the film's audience.

Overthrow

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1979 CREDIT CARD CODE



1-A 6-Q
2-R 7-V
3-L 8-Z
4 D 9-H
5-M 0-W
CODED TO THE
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Bandit calling is the main focal point in our war against the vast corporate piggies (e.g. Coca Cola pushing the new flick, "The First Tango in China", in the reimprialization of China.)

So all you telephone guerrillas should avail yourselves of the New 1979 Bell Telephone Credit Card Code in the great close encounter between outlaws and piggies. In essence, this is just as good a way to launch an attack upon the cheapest "mother" of them all, the American Telephone and Telegraph. I feel that paying for a call is the same thing as donating money to the Brain Police (e.g. wiretaps.)

To avoid getting caught by the Bell Boys, you should use a coin phone; otherwise, making a CCC from a home phone can get you into a vat of hot water. Pay phones and credit card numbers should be switched so as to avoid falling into traceable patterns. Also, you should try to simulate the voice of a pig executive or his secretary when you relate the CCN to the operator. When you make up a number, you

take the phone number, 485-2121 and add the RAO code 184 which is for LA. Then take the seventh digit and match it with the letter in the corresponding chart. The resultant number will be 485-2121-184-A.

Do tell your friends that when a Bell investigator calls from Arbuckle, California and asks who called on an incorrect billing, that they should tell them (Bell) that they don't know who called because the pad is a print shop and lots of calls are received there.

If Bell security approaches you about CCC's tell them they have no way of proving you called Tangier unless they come up with a signed statement from a corroborating witness.

Remember, Bell Boys are pigs in the same vein as the Red Squad Agents photographing dissidents.

Well, the Yippie-Revolve-A-Charge Plan is here for us freedom fighters in dealing with the monstrous AT&T. Remember bandit calling is the next best thing to being there.

Secret RAO Code

New Jersey	201	091,094	Nebraska	308	237	Toronto	517	476
Dist. of Columbia	202	032,033	Chicago	312	097,098,234	Mississippi	801	059
Hartford	203	020	Michigan	313	913,096	Arizona	902	064,065
Seattle	208	163	Detroit	313	083,183	Vancouver	604	493
Stockton	209	254	St. Louis	314	177	Madison	608	201
Fresno	209	289	Georgia	404	022,083	Minneapolis	612	128
New York City	212	012,017, 018,021,023, 024,072,074	Atlanta	404	035	Ottawa	613	473
			San Jose	408	293	Nashville	615	047
			Pittsburgh	412	030	Memphis	615	487
Los Angeles	213	046,182,184, 184,187,332	Milwaukee	414	088	Boston	617	001
			San Francisco	415	158	Massachusetts	617	007
Santa Monica/Venice	213	537	Berkeley	415	167	Nevada	702	271
Philly	215-	041,043	Toronto	416	478	Virginia	703	033
Akron	218	050	Arkansas	501	147	Charlottesville	704	319
Cleveland	218	082	Kentucky	502	550	Houston	713	151
Duluth	218	128	Oregon	503	131	San Diego	714	164
Maryland	310	011	Louisiana	504	046	Utah	801	155,383
Colorado	303	153	New Mexico	505	105	Tampa/St. Petersburg	813	152
Miami	305	044	Spokane	509	128	Pennsylvania	814	208
Wyoming	307	137	Dayton	513	185	New York State	914	141

CORPORATE CREDIT CARD NUMBERS

Chicago
 AT&T • 346-0262-097-R
 G.M. • 654-6500-097-W
 Exxon • 654-2600-234-W
 Gen. Elec. • 854-2980-234-W
 Texaco • 427-1920-097-W
 Mobil • 242-3350-097-W
 IBM • 245-3780-097-W
 Gulf Oil • 698-2271-097-A
 Standard Oil • 774-4836-097-Q
 Western Electric • 782-0051-097-A
 U.S. Steel • 329-2000-097-W
 Westinghouse • 454-7200-097-W
 Standard of Indiana • 856-6111-097-A
 Shell Oil • 646-3500-097-W
 Goodyear • 782-7326-097-Q
 Continental Oil • 346-6122-097-R
 Litton Ind. • 664-4558-097-Z
 Bethlehem Steel • 664-5422-097-R
 Eastman Kodak • 654-5300-234-W
 Arco • 247-6000-234-W
 Union Carbide • 822-7223-097-L
 Procter & Gamble • 887-0500-234-W

Washington D.C.
 AT&T • 392-9900-032-W
 G.M. • 659-5000-032-W
 G.E. • 340-4000-032-W
 Texaco • 323-1400-032-W
 IBM • 897-2000-032-W
 ITT • 296-6200-032-W
 Gulf Oil • 484-4060-032-W
 Standard • 296-4357-032-V
 Standard of Indiana • 638-1176-032-Q
 Western Electric • 331-1443-032-L
 U.S. Steel • 783-2000-032-W
 Westinghouse • 833-5116-032-Q
 Shell • 293-3633-032-L
 Goodyear • 331-9500-032-W
 Continental Oil • 659-8310-032-W
 Litton Ind. • 554-2570-032-W
 Bethlehem Steel • 393-4720-032-W
 Eastman Kodak • 554-9300-032-W
 Atlantic Richfield • 683-0595-032-M

Union Carbide • 872-8555-032-M
 Procter & Gamble • 833-9500-032-W
 Defense Dept. • 545-6500-032-W
 Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms • 961-7777-032-V
 Defense Intell. Agency • 697-7072-032-R
 CIA • 351-1100-032-W
 DEA • 382-5551-032-A
 Mr. President • 395-3000-032-W
 FBI • 324-3000-032-W
 BIA • 343-1100-032-W
 IRS • 783-8400-032-W
 Justice Dept. • 737-8200-032-W
 LEAA • 783-5200-032-W
 NASA • 755-2320-032-W
 NSA • 688-6311-032-A
 Nat'l Security Council • 395-3000-032-W
 Secret Service • 393-6400-032-W
 Cyrus Vance • 655-4000-032-W
 Republican Party • 684-6500-032-W
 Nazi Party • 524-2175-033-M

Los Angeles
 AT&T • 488-6500-184-W
 GM • 981-1557-066-V
 Exxon • 879-2700-184-W
 Gen. Electric • 796-4440-184-W
 Texaco • 385-0515-184-M
 Mobil • 683-6173-184-L
 IBM • 245-8445-182-M
 ITT • 783-5191-066-A
 Gulf Oil • 988-4800-066-W
 Standard • 489-1000-184-W
 Western Electric • 726-5203-184-L
 U.S. Steel • 620-9400-184-W
 Westinghouse • 482-9660-184-W
 Shell • 846-9150-182-W
 Goodyear • 721-5125-184-M
 Continental Oil • 628-7592-184-R
 Bethlehem Steel • 726-0611-184-A
 Eastman Kodak • 685-5610-184-W
 ARCO • 486-3511-184-A
 Union Carbide • 583-3061-184-A
 Procter & Gamble • 682-3655-184-M

Gen. Tel. & Elec. • 393-9311-537-A
Miami
 AT&T • 350-8616-044-Q
 Gen. Electric • 685-5114-044-D
 Exxon • 652-5042-044-R
 Texaco • 466-2231-044-A
 Mobil • 945-5388-044-Z
 IBM • 573-3220-044-W
 Standard Oil • 693-2521-044-A
 Western Electric • 652-2451-044-A
 Shell Oil • 944-3484-044-D
 Goodyear • 446-8124-044-D
 Litton Ind. • 757-2501-044-A
 Eastman Kodak • 445-0511-044-A
 Alpha-66 (Fascists) • 633-5482-044-R
 Cuban Rev. Movement • 643-9107-044-V
 Movement for a Christian Democratic Cuba • 643-1115-044-D

New York
 AT&T • 393-9800-020-W
 GM • 486-5000-072-W
 Exxon • 597-8100-072-W
 GE • 750-2000-072-W
 Texaco • 953-6000-072-W
 Mobil • 883-4242-072-R
 IBM • 223-4352-072-R
 ITT • 752-6000-072-W
 Western Electric • 571-2345-072-M
 Westinghouse • 692-3211-072-A
 Shell Oil • 262-3000-072-W
 Goodyear • 986-1155-072-M
 Continental Oil (in Connecticut) • 359-3500-020-M
 Litton Ind. • 666-1111-072-A
 Bethlehem Steel • 688-5522-072-R
 Eastman Kodak • 777-0110-072-W
 ARCO • 758-2345-074-M
 Union Carbide • 551-2345-072-M
 Procter & Gamble • 581-3751-074-A

Atlanta
 AT&T • 529-8611-035-A
 Gen. Motors • 261-3250-035-W
 Exxon • 633-9151-035-A

Gen. Electric • 897-6000-035-W
 Texaco • 458-6961-035-A
 Mobil • 963-3748-035-Z
 IBM • 881-8900-035-W
 ITT • 292-4875-035-M
 Gulf Oil • 352-1665-035-M
 Standard Oil • 237-4609-035-H
 Western Electric • 226-7294-035-D
 U.S. Steel • 552-6020-035-W
 Shell Oil • 434-2345-035-M
 Goodyear • 691-8090-035-W
 Continental Oil • 457-2760-035-W
 Litton Ind. • 874-9756-035-Q
 Bethlehem Steel • 522-4918-035-Z
 Eastman Kodak • 351-6510-035-W
 ARCO • 451-6337-035-V
 Union Carbide • 633-6161-035-A
 Procter & Gamble • 633-9161-035-A

Boston
 AT&T • 743-5811-001-A
 Gen. Tel. & Elec. • 423-5950-001-W
 GM • 326-4900-001-W
 Gen. E. • 237-2050-001-W
 Texaco • 734-1070-001-W
 Mobil • 567-4080-001-W
 IBM • 969-0258-001-Z
 ITT • 272-0601-001-A
 Gulf Oil • 227-7030-001-W
 Western Electric • 742-6400-001-W
 U.S. Steel • 262-2900-001-W
 Louise Day Hicks • 268-1780-001-W
 Westinghouse • 235-8051-001-A
 Shell • 237-3000-001-W
 Goodyear • 226-7277-001-V
 Continental Oil • 326-4528-001-Z
 Litton Ind. • 782-7032-001-R
 Bethlehem Steel • 267-2111-001-A
 Eastman Kodak • 237-3300-001-W
 Arco • 284-5805-001-M
 Union Carbide • 444-5400-001-W
 Procter & Gamble • 661-9700-001-W

Last Interview with Late Publisher of "High Times" MAY THE FORCADE BE WITH YOU

Thomas King Forcade will be remembered for starting the Yippie splinter group "Zippies" when Jerry Rubin & Abbie Hoffman told the Yippies to vote for McGovern in Miami '72; taking over Underground Press Syndicate in '69 and making it thrive into the late '70s as Alternative Press Syndicate; winning a People's Court decision against Abbie for not giving him co-writer's credit & residuals for *Steal This Book*; and having the guts and foresight to start the first successful nationwide, large-circulation glossy magazine devoted solely to dope, *High Times*, which helped bring us to the era of marijuana reform while offering a showcase to promote the now-burgeoning paraphernalia industry.

Like David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, Tom's flying saucer crash-landed in the Arizona desert in 1945, and he was given the name Gary when he was adopted by the friendly Goodson family. Tom became a renaissance media mogul, as magazine publisher, movie producer, TV executive and bookstore proprietor. Tom also founded the Yipster Times, and even after departing the staff he helped immensely on each succeeding issue. Tom fatally shot himself in the head with a .38 in late November, 1978, in the Greenwich Village apartment he shared with wife Gabrielle Schang-Forcade, TV commentator, former editor of *Alternative Media* and ex-staffer of Berkeley Barb and Yipster Times. Gabrielle taped this interview with Tom at his request only weeks before his demise. Following the interview is his "last testament", originally written as an editorial, but not printed, for the Oct. '79 '80's" issue of Yipster Times.

by Gabrielle Schang-Forcade

G: If you had to state your occupation in a couple of words, what would you call yourself?

T: A social architect.

G: What do you mean by that?

F: I have to take mega concepts and make them work in mass and in macro scale.

G: Do you feel you have to do this?

F: If I want to eat regularly.

G: For what purpose?

T: For the good of society.

G: Aren't you also a culture broker of some sort?

T: Well yes, I buy low and sell high; but I don't mark it up very much and I try to add a lot in the process.

G: People have compared your starting *High Times* magazine to a guy who went out to his backyard to dig a hole and accidentally struck oil... But I wonder if it was really so simple.

T: No. The first issue was easy. It's the last issue that's the hard one. You're only as good as the last issue.

G: What drugs do you take for your personal enjoyment?

T: I never met a drug I didn't like, but I never violate any local, state, or federal laws. I believe in clean living and I stay away from sugar. Why, do I seem high to you?

G: [Laughs] Editing *High Times* must require an encyclopedic knowledge of all drugs. How do you stay on top of what's happening?

T: I get messages from outer space. I also read a lot and collaborate with an extremely knowledgeable and responsible staff.

G: The magazine is tolerant of many different types of drugs but it rarely mentions heroin. What is your view of smack?

T: It amounts to social control on a molecular level. I also find heroin boring.

G: What's the magazine's attitude on the legalization of marijuana? Will legalization help or hurt *High Times*?

T: That's a good question. I don't know the answer. "Repeal Prohibition" is simpler.

G: How do you resolve the dichotomy between being a businessman and an artist?

T: I make it and then sell it and then I spend the money.

G: Who are the real underdogs today?

T: Buffalo. They've lost the most and ended up with the least, as far as I can see.

G: What motivates you?

T: I have a deep fear of killing myself out of boredom.

G: How do you choose your friends?

T: We choose each other. I've got a lot of friends but I don't have a lot of time, so I don't have much time to spend with friends. I like people who are funny.

G: What do you worry about?

T: Being extradited to another planet.

G: Why don't you want to go to another planet?

T: The nearest one is four light years away. That's a long time to be wearing hand-

cuffs.

G: Do you sometimes worry about going to jail for some of the things you've stood up for?

T: Effectively, I've already spent the last ten years in jail—I've been under such close surveillance.

G: How do you spend the hours of your day?

T: I function on a conceptual level. I usually confer with two or three of my associates during the day, make a few phone calls, read a lot, do a little editing and writing, a little business. I work hard every day. I take responsibility for everything.

G: How come you don't have people out there promoting you, selling "Tom Forcade" dolls?



Left to right: Tom Forcade, Meyer Vishner, Abbie Hoffman. Abbie tries to shake hands with Tom after *Steal This Book* trial, but Tom refuses.

"I never met a drug I didn't like."

T: We're working on it.

G: Seriously, you keep an awfully low profile. Why is that?

T: I can barely deal with the number of people I relate to now while doing what I have to do and I can't cope with any more.

G: Is there any other reason?

T: Yes, I'm nervous. The government has tried to frame me several times in the past. In 1973 for explosives, for example. This is a matter of public record.

G: Is the government still out to get you?

T: Ask them... or I'll give you an answer. Let's put it this way; they have tapped the phones where I live, including my bedroom, they've read my mail, they've used superintendants where I live and work. To this day they've got informers planted against me. They've planted women informers to try to fuck me, they've planted informers in positions as *High Times* office boys, office managers, and accountants. They don't stop there either. The government has used informers against me as dope dealers, dope smugglers, pseudo-radical activists, gun dealers, explosives dealers, and even lawyers.

G: So why aren't you in jail?

T: I try to stay clear of trouble. I haven't broken any laws. My only real crime is not argeeing with the straight media.

G: How do you feel about the straight media?

T: I think that *Tass* and *Pravda* in Russia are probably as independent as *Time Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and *CBS*. In the past 20

years the entire media has been bought up and has become a subsidiary of big business. There is no media self-criticism in this country. The result is inevitable. What we read here is tightly controlled. Therefore Americans are very provincial and have little idea what's really going on in the world. That's what I've seen after reading dozens of foreign newspapers and magazines every week. It's a sad thing. I think the people who work in the media, to the extent they're aware, are trying to do something about it. The people who own the media are blatantly controlled by the government and big business.

G: How do you keep the people who work for you safe from informants and infiltrators?

G: What's it like now?

T: It's still interesting, but it's not new. I mean are there about as many papers and about as many readers, but we've changed the name to *Alternative Press Syndicate* and times are different. It's still good.

G: You've written a couple of books. How did they sell?

T: Most of the books I've written never got published. I did a couple of anthologies. One sold two hundred thousand copies. I edited *Steal This Book* which sold about a million. Bigger than Ezra Pound in total sales, but smaller than Coleridge. I could sell my other books. That would be nice.

G: You worked with Abbie Hoffman. He's a casualty of the drug laws right now. Are you sympathetic?

T: Well, yeah. We had a little money squabble over *Steal This Book*. Abbie was going to pay me back and just at that time he was busted for coke. He was obviously set up, and he should definitely be given amnesty.

G: What about Jerry Rubin? Is he a friend?

T: Yeah, he's a friend of mine, now.

G: Now?

T: Yeah... at one point Jerry started, and Abbie helped spread, the rumor that I was some kind of agent, but Jerry later took that back publicly. I think he's better off not being a political leader. He writes good books.

G: Whatever became of the Zippies?

T: Zippie was just a word to get the attention of the media in 1972 at the presidential conventions and to convey to the media that there had been certain progressions since 1968. After the '72 conventions were over the organization was returned to YIP.

G: What was it like in SDS back in the early '60s?

T: Well it was better than being in the Democratic Party, but not as romantic as fighting in Bolivia with Che Guevara. Later it changed from a debate-society/picketing organization to a "more-revolutionary-than-thou" trip. That was an interesting period.

G: Why do you suppose *High Times* is compared to *Playboy* magazine?

T: That's nice, isn't it? They're both jolly advocates of hedonism and they're both more complex than they appear to be.

G: Do you know Hugh Hefner?

T: Yeah. Nice guy. Excellent editor.

G: Who are your other favorite publishers?

T: Guccione, Flynt, did you write this down? Gay Bryant, Jann Wenner every other issue, Warhol, John Holmstrom, Dana Beal, and Col. Bob Brown. I also like a lot of magazines that don't have high profile publishers like *Wet*, *New Age*, *East-West Journal*, *Videography*, *New Woman*, *Open Road*, *Relix*, *Mayfair*, *Road and Track*, *Hard Times*, *Cheri*, *Trade-a-plane*, and the *Yipster Times*.

G: That sounds like a lot of magazines. Do you read them all?

T: Yeah. Ask me how many I read.

G: How many magazines do you read?

T: I read a couple hundred a week. I'm a compulsive reader.

G: Do you read books too?

T: Yeah, five or ten books a week sometimes. You might ask me where I get all these magazines and books.

G: Okay, where do you get all these magazines and books?

T: I have this bookstore, called *New Morning*. It carries all the magazines I like and a lot of books that I like. It's a nice place. I hate getting things in the mail. I like the thrill of encountering magazines on the newsstand. It's very erotic.

G: What's erotic about it?

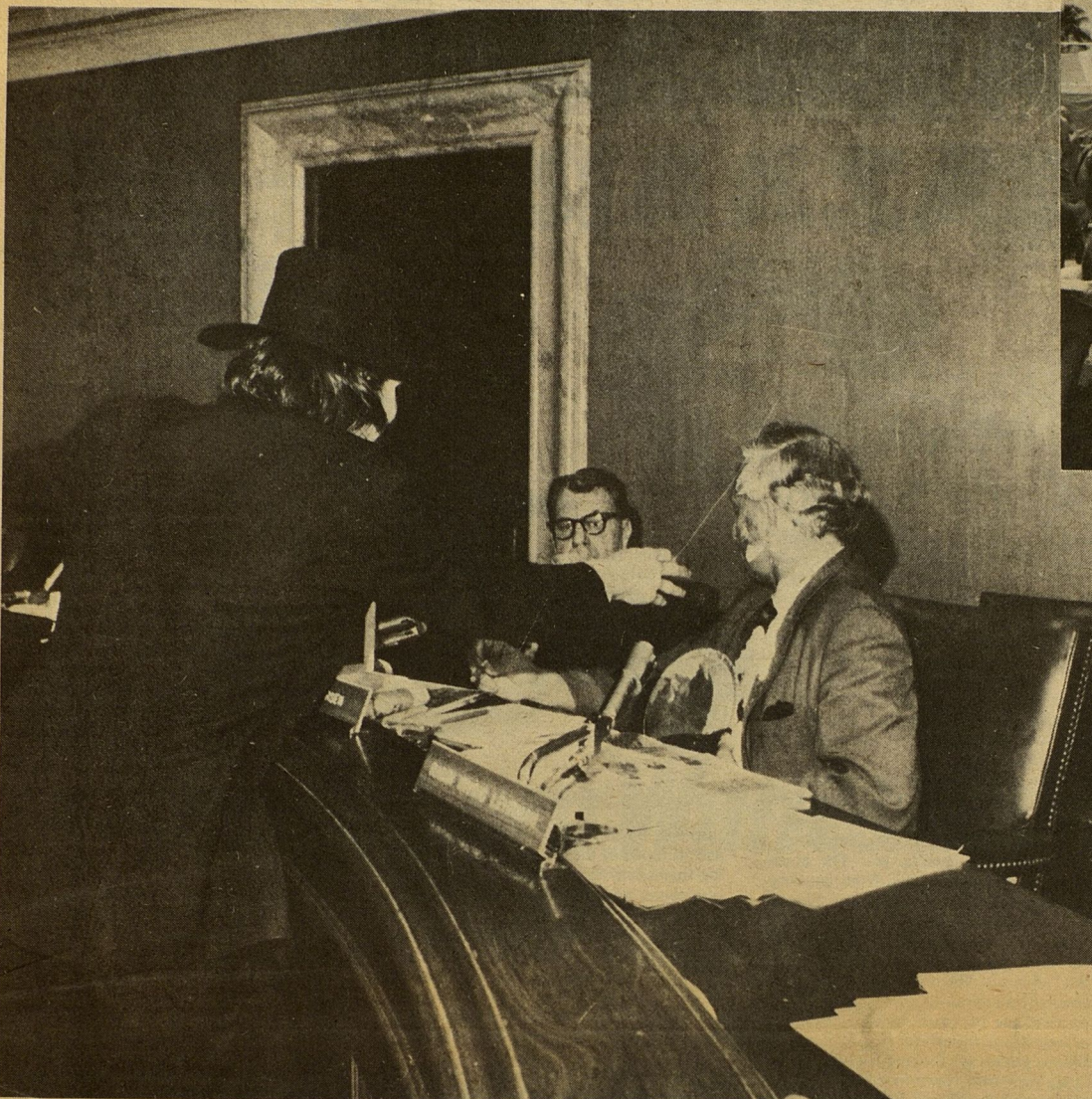
T: I'm not sure.

G: It's a form of exhibitionism.

T: [Laughs]

G: Do you miss the rock festivals of the 1960's?

l to r, foreground Dana Beal (with microphone, A. J. Weberman and Tom Forcade—Yippie table, Flamingo Park, Miami—August 1972



Tom Forcade pines member of Congressional Pornography Committee in 1971. This was the first Yippie pinning.

T: No. Good music, but I don't like the crowds.

G: What was your role at the rock festivals?

T: I never went as a spectator. I was always involved in their management on some level. It was an interesting viewpoint. Basically it was a great responsibility for me... I had a couple hundred thousand people, some were random, some chosen. It's surprising that worse things didn't happen. The good vibes were mainly due to a hard core of people who ran nearly all the rock festivals at that time. They took their jobs seriously. Good people.

G: Where did all the rock festival organizers go?

T: Many of them have gone on to do some extremely interesting things. But that's a whole book unto itself.

G: What do you do for entertainment?

T: Oh, fuck, sleep, read, listen to music and work—ideally in that order.

G: Why did you live in hotels for seven years a while ago?

T: Room service.

G: Why don't you like to be photographed?

T: It's like being shot to me. It steals your

soul... it steals my soul anyway. The Muslims believed that and they make very good hashish.

G: Can you see into the future?

T: Well, yeah, about three months. I'm not a soothsayer.

G: What do you think are the important issues of the day?

T: What makes issues important is the willingness of people to do something about it, and on that basis, nuclear energy, the survival of whales, trees and anything you do that will make things better is important. All the old problems are still around, and they still haven't been solved.

G: How big is the drug paraphernalia industry?

T: It's at least \$350 million a year.

G: Do you know your advertisers personally?

T: Some. I am mainly concerned with *HT* editorial and art, but I meet some.

G: What are they like?

T: There are all kinds. They're are mostly young, hip, very pleasant, and quite surprisingly, socially conscious. Most of them could probably be making more money doing something else, but they believe in what they are doing.

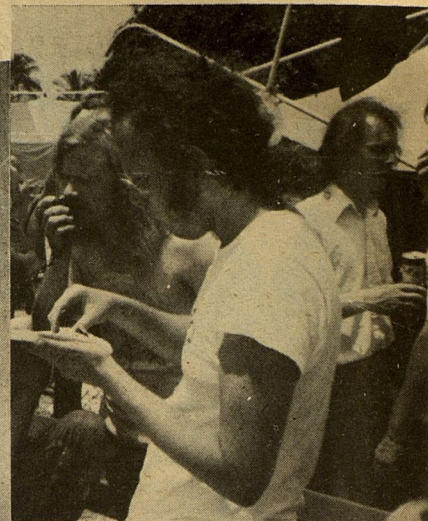
G: Do you believe in what you are doing?

T: Well, down in Jamaica rolling papers are illegal, and I'm sorry to report that people smoke spleefs made from paper bags. Try living without rolling papers, you know.

G: What is the official *High Times* position about the drug paraphernalia trade?

T: It's not a trade magazine but we have to recognize that the paraphernalia business is very big and very important and in a lot of ways glamorous and exciting. So are the people in it. They don't feel that way, because they're too close to it. The people in it are like anyone else, you know, from the White House to an L.A. recording studio. They like to get high but they don't want to take the rap for it, understandably. Its becoming a very professionally run thing. There are forces of reaction against paraphernalia but *High Times* has donated a lot of money to fend against them because we think it's in the best interest of our readers to oppose the laws against it. When the government tries to stamp out paraphernalia, they're trying to stamp out a whole culture.

G: Why do you keep changing *High Times*?



T: Boredom.

G: Why did you put Johnny Rotten of the "Sex Pistols" on the cover of *High Times*?

T: He was new, exciting and controversial. He had one great song "God Save the Queen". I liked his eyes, and he stood for something... You know, not everybody who is hip wants to be a hippie.

G: How did you get the idea for *High Times*?

T: Through a combination of nitrous oxide and fear. I had just been acquitted of an explosives charge in 1973 and I went into a long period of self-examination to determine what I wanted to do next. The quote "movement" was over and I needed something to keep from killing myself out of boredom. And so, aided by many tanks of nitrous-oxide I came up with *High Times*.

G: What are the magazines' politics? Radical, alternative,....?

T: Astral.

G: What was it like in the old days?

T: First there was just me and Ed Dwyer, who is an able writer and editor. We were usually so wiped out we could barely crawl up to put our hands on the keyboard of the typewriters. That went on for about four months and then I hired six or seven other people; an art director, advertising director, office boy, associate editor, a couple of writers and it was pretty strange. Then I got this weird fellow named Michael Gibbons who was a systems analyst to become publisher and he managed to bring order out of chaos. Since then there have been a lot of different people working there. We always manage to stay high and come out on time... Ask me what it's like now.

G: What's it like now?

T: It's an efficient work-like office, but there is room for creativity in it. There's not too much pressure and that's healthy. There was a time when walking through the offices of *High Times* was like going through the midway in a sleazy carnival. There were people with pills in one room, grass in another, coke in another room, nitrous in the next room, glue in another room, and so on down the hall. But people were under a lot of pressure and maybe they felt they had something to prove. It's a lot healthier now. Things are more in perspective. We have the high without the hassle. It's a good magazine based on a good idea and it knows its readers.

G: Exactly what kind of magazine is *High Times*?

T: It's an all-American magazine with a section on world news. We support America 100%, especially South America.

Tom's last testament

An organization seems to be forming. A group of both new and old activists have begun a new and interesting organization which may fit the bill. And it's called the, get this, Revolutionary Independent Party. Nice name. And its inevitable globalist international identity is called the Revolutionary Independent Party. Again, nice name. Does this sound familiar? Uh, Rippies? RIP America? RIP the world? RIP for under thirties? RIP for over-thirties and under-thirties. Youth needs its own political organization—YIP has proved that. But equally important, YIP has also proven that everyone who doesn't want to be

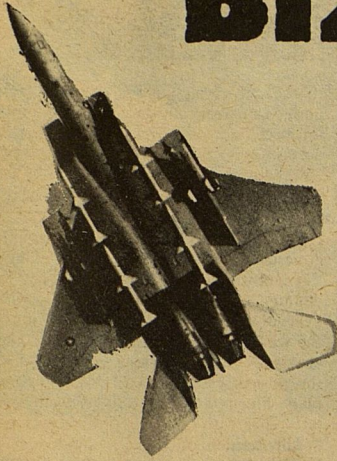
part of the New Right or the Conspiracy of the Center (read Republicans and Democrat-public interest reform groups) needs their own party. This is the concept, anyway, of the Revolutionary International Party and its American subvariant, the Revolutionary Independent Party. And what does the new grand and glorious 'RIP' have as a platform? Oh, all those issues mentioned a while back. What else is new? Well, RIP believes in civil disobedience, but it also believes in running candidates and winning. In fact, they claim to have a number of 'agents' already 'in place' or public office, if you will. Running candidates? And civil disobedience? Does this sound like Italy? Yeah, a little. But it sounds more like the favorite American, Thomas Jefferson. He was President way back when...

And it sounds a bit like that other favorite American, good old Ben Franklin. Tom and Ben. Nice touch, RIP. Wasn't it Franklin who wanted the symbol of America to be the turkey? Yep, and sure enough, RIP's symbol is the—you guessed it—turkey. And they're serious. And their letterhead is red-white-and-blue, with stars, no less. Is this beginning to sound interesting? If so, send a

buck to them at RIP, 10 Bleecker St., New York, New York 10012. They claim they'll send you a whole bunch of great information, poster, button, membership application, statement of present platform bylaws (by which the platform and structure of the organization can be changed), list of present officers (the usual troublemakers, more or less grown up, and some new and rather interesting names as well), etc., etc.

Incidentally, 10 Bleecker Street just so happens to also be the address of a very interesting new 'anti-disco' that just opened. What is an anti-disco? Well, it's a, it's a... well, for one thing, they play more rock music than discoid music. And the music is relatively soft, instead of LOUD. And there are couches and pillows scattered all around to drop on. Also, the name of the place is (here we go again) 'Sacco and Vanzetti's Studio 10 Anti-Disco Political Club'. It apparently has something to do with RIP and you can have one, cheap, in your town by sending in that buck right away. This has been a paid political announcement. Seriously, send in the buck. It's the same price as a joint, but it may get us all a bit higher. Like the Presidency or Congress or something.

BIZARRE ARMS BAZAAR



by Geri Doyle

Defense Technology '79 came to the Chicago area in February and met with a decidedly cool reception. Defense Technology '79 is a weapons bazaar that appears courtesy of the cooperation between weapons manufacturers, third world weapons buyers, Washington-based Defense and Foreign Affairs magazine, Connecticut-based Conference Management Corp., the Hyatt Regency Corp. and the city fathers of Rosemont, Illinois. Originally scheduled for Miami, it was cancelled and relocated to Rosemont after applied pressure from Florida anti-war groups.

Mobilization for Survival, an umbrella coalition of peace, ecology and anti-nuclear groups spearheaded the opposition organizing the protests, teach-ins and vigils held before and during the four day event.

On January 26th and 27th demonstrations were held at the Hyatt Regency Hotels in Chicago and Rosemont and in seven other cities across the U.S. The stated aims of the demonstrations was to voice objection to the participation of the Hyatt Regency Corp. in Defense Technology '79 and to demand its cancellation. Weapons buyers and manufacturers were staying at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare in Rosemont and attending seminars were held there. The Hyatt Corp. also manages the exposition center where the arms bazaar itself was being held. At that time the Hyatt Corp. issued a statement to the effect that they were not sponsoring Defense Technology '79. Their involvement was merely that they managed the expo center for the village of Rosemont.

Both Rosemont and Hyatt Corp. officials seemed to have second thoughts about the arms show and checked into the possibility of cancelling the event. Hyatt asked Conference Management Corp. to voluntarily cancel their contract with the exposition center. Conference Management declined, citing the financial loss that would accompany the breaking of such an agreement.

The sponsor of Defense Technology '79 was Defense and Foreign Affairs magazine. Conference Management Corp. acted as the sponsor's agent. Gregory R. Copley, editor of Defense and Foreign Affairs magazine and chairman of the arms show maintained that the show would go on in spite of the demonstrations on the 26th and 27th. Copley explained Defense Technology '79 as a private conference in which government officials from around the world would discuss the strategic situation from many perspectives. Recent unsettling events in Iran, Latin America and Southeast Asia had prompted concern of a major war between 1983 and 1985. Copley and associates at Defense and Foreign Affairs magazine felt that this war could be avoided and that it was their responsibility to advise their clients, the major governments of the world, how this could be done. They decided to get their message across by convening their clients for discussions. According to Copley the discussions could not be financed "out of the hip pocket". Convention Management

Corp. was signed on and they sold booth space for an exposition to run alongside the conference. The persons who bought the booth space to finance Defense Technology '79, heralded by its promoters to be "possibly the most important strategic international symposium of the year" were weapons manufacturers. This private conference on world affairs, which was supposedly held in the interest of peace, was financed by an exposition of military hardware.

Copley repeatedly said that there was no hardware inside. Weapons systems were not being shown. Only basic components, aircraft refueling systems, films, uniforms, medical material, books, etc. The press and the public were barred from entering the center. What was or was not displayed could not be confirmed.

Concerning the groups involved in protests and demonstrations Copley said: "We have no intention of bowing to pressure from minority groups who wish to stop dialogue on issues which jeopardize the security of the world. These so-called religious groups are looking for a forum to display their own viewpoint. They've long since passed the point of having a valid reason for protest."

With these statements in mind over 2,000 people came to Rosemont on February 18th. The weather was cold. Over 3 inches of snow fell during the day. In spite of inclement conditions the gathering maintained its numbers for almost five hours. Chants of "Stop the Arms Race, Save the Human Race" were heard. Protesters shouted "Murderers" and "Merchants of Death" at those who were going to and coming from the exposition center. A picket was formed. Some signs were seen bearing the legends: "The Bazaar Is Too Bizarre" or "Workers Pay For Rich Man's War; Corporate Profits Kill Some More". The rally for the most part was peaceful. The mood was militant. Late in the afternoon five persons were arrested and charged with criminal trespass after crossing police lines to lie in the driveway of the exposition center. Some scuffling and bottle throwing resulted when a group of 12 neo-nazis began marching and chanting "No More Jew Wars" and "No Arms For Israel."

Mobilization for Survival had hoped to see the cancellation of Defense Technology '79. The event went on, but not quite as planned. Up to 70 of the 100 exhibitors dropped out of the show due to the attention that was drawn to the event and to their corporation. Exhibitors who did participate were disappointed with the low attendance. They had been told to expect 6,000 potential buyers over 4 days. By Sunday evening some exhibitors felt that they would have no more than 1,000. The O'Hare Hyatt Regency had the seminars scheduled for the hotel moved to the exposition center in an attempt to draw attention away from their involvement. Persons interviewed who had been inside, did not seem particularly impressed with the show. Two American military analysts called it "a complete bust". That evening the show closed two hours earlier than planned.

Over the next three days of the event another 18 persons were arrested. Thirteen were arrested for crossing police lines,

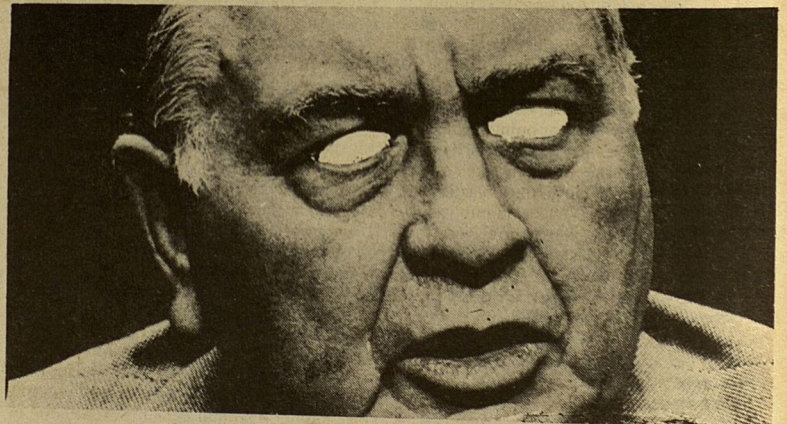
throwing bottles of human blood at doors and windows of the expo center, handcuffing themselves to the doors of the exposition center and refusing to leave after being unfettered by the police and occupying the lobby of the O'Hare Hyatt Regency across the street. Three others were arrested for climbing to the top of the municipal building, adjacent to the exposition center, and hanging a banner which read, "Will Our Children Survive Death Technology?."

Most of those arrested refused to be released either on personal bond or personal recognizance. Several persons refused to cooperate at all, refusing to even give names. Those individuals were put in county jail to await trial unless they made bond prior to the court date.

Five of the arrested were found guilty but were released because Associate Judge Albert LaPlante felt that 3 days imprisonment was sufficient. The judge felt that occupying the lobby of a hotel and singing could hardly be considered criminal trespass. Of the others, 1 was released on personal recognizance and 8 are in jail awaiting trial.

The protest on Sunday and the actions of the following days had a decided impact on Defense Technology '79. It was also the largest rally the Chicago area had seen in many a day.

It is apparent that more and more people are waking up to the fact that the U.S. is selling weapons to very repressive governments, governments with notorious records of human rights violations. More and more people are refusing to ignore the wholesale slaughter of innocents in third world countries in the name of freedom and democracy. People are tired of billions being poured into defense budget while persons in this country and other countries do not have enough to meet their basic needs. It was for these reasons that 3,000 persons came out over a 4 day period to voice their objections to this mockery of world peace and human rights.



Daley Re-elected in Chicago

When Chicago's incumbent mayor Michael A. Bilandic lost the Feb. 27 Democratic mayoral primary to Jane Byrne, political pundits saw Byrne's victory as an overthrow of the Daley machine. But Byrne was commissioner of consumer sales under Daley and she exploited her association with Daley in her TV ads. Her victory in the primary (which makes her a shoo-in for the spring mayoral election because in Chicago the registered

Dems outnumber the Republicans 20 to 1) says more about Daley's posthumous power than it does about Bilandic's incompetence and Byrne's "reformism."

Jane Byrne held her administration position for a few months under Bilandic until she was fired after accusing him of greasing the way for taxi fare increases. In the waning months of 1977 it appeared that Jane Byrne's political career was finished.

continued—p. 8

CIA Files Reveal 25-Year Cover-Up

Air Force Hides Dead UFO Nauts

by Mike Luckman

The United States government is sitting on top of the biggest scandal in its history and a story so sensational that it makes the most exotic science fiction look outdated.

Briefly, the CIA, the National Security Agency, the FBI, NASA, the Pentagon and President Carter have been involved in a massive coverup of Unidentified Flying Objects (UFO's). But that is the tip of the iceberg. Consider this:

—On at least six occasions during the last 30 years there have been incidents involving the retrieval of crashed saucers and their dead occupants. In a number of these incidents the bodies of aliens were taken to Wright Paterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, where they are still believed to be on ice.

—Attempts to capture live aliens reportedly have resulted in fatalities to both humanoids and Air Force personnel. The

Air Force has established an "Above Top Secret" classification to Deep Six such information.

—Certain NASA officials have admitted off the record that they have had direct, face to face communication with aliens.

—During two weeks in 1975, low flying UFO's (some flying only a few hundred feet off the ground) visited a string of the nation's supersensitive nuclear missile launch sites. According to official Defense Department reports, the Air Force was unable to detain the objects.

Fritz Werner, former project engineer on an U.S. Air Force contract with the Atomic Energy Commission for "Operation Upshot-Knothole" has signed his name to a sworn affidavit outlining his role in the investigation of a crashed UFO on May 21, 1953 near Kingman, Arizona.

Werner said, "the object was constructed of an unfamiliar metal which resembled aluminum....A tent pitched near the object sheltered the dead remains



Close Encounter over USA

of the only occupant of the craft. It was about four feet tall, dark brown complexion and had two eyes, two nostrils, two ears and a small round mouth. It was clothed in a silvery, metallic suit and wore a skull cap of the same type of material. It wore no face covering or helmet."

According to the Gallup poll, 13 million Americans, or one person in 11 living in the United States have had a "close encounter", that is, actually seen what he believes to be a UFO. Some 133 nations of the world have reported UFO's and there are over 1,300 UFO cases on file showing the physical effect of UFO's on humans, plant life and the ground as well as interference with electrical power systems.

The burden of proof is no longer on UFO believers. Thanks to Ground Saucer Watch, which sued the CIA under the Freedom of Information Act and found that the agency has been taking UFO's very seriously since 1949, the burden of proof is on the United States government.

Sixties Nostalgia?

Uncle Sam Wants You Again

The draft didn't disappear when the Vietnam war ended. Selective Service was just put in "Deep Standby". Out of public sight. And now it's on the way back. The pro-conscription forces are setting the stage for the return of the draft by calling first for a new program which involves nationwide registration and possibly compulsory pre-induction physical exams for American youth. Powerful members of the Congressional Armed Services Committee and leading figures in the military establishment have called for increased funding for Selective Service and a mandatory backup draft registration. Three bills have already been introduced in the new Congress which mandate mass registration this year.

All that is needed for a registration is for Congress to vote Selective Service sufficient funding (an additional \$15 million would do it), and for the President to proclaim a mass registration. The Administration has asked for additional funds for Selective Service for the current fiscal year and an increase for fiscal year 1980. President Carter has also appointed standby state Selective Service directors. The funding level requested is not enough to conduct an in-person registration and the President has not taken a side publicly on the registration issue. It is now clear that the initiative for a backup draft registration will have to come from Congress and the Pentagon. If the pro-draft forces gather enough support, they could force the Administration to come out in favor of the draft in exchange for a concession on SALT II or some other important issue.

The apparent scenario is to stage a national debate between now and the time the appropriations are passed. If the move to get more funding for Selective Service and conduct registration fails this year, we can expect at least as big a drive next year. The Pentagon and saber-rattlers in Congress are orchestrating the parameters of the debate right now. At a minimum, they call for a substantial increase in Selective Service funding, and at the most, a registration for all 18- to 26-year-old males with no opportunity to register as conscientious objectors, and with mandatory physical examinations for 300,000 people. Four of the five alternatives considered acceptable by the Department of Defense include compulsory registration. There is also a good chance that young women will be subjected to the registration requirement in the future.



The Pentagon now claims that the U.S. military is incapable of mobilizing quickly enough to fight a major war. That's the reason given for oiling up the draft machinery. The stakes are high. The Pentagon apparently regards the registration question as an important test of its image, which was badly tarnished during Vietnam. The military is already worried about public opposition to mass registration. And it is clear that the success of any registration scheme depends on the level of public cooperation. As the Pentagon recently reported in a major study on the draft:

Enforcement is a key issue in peacetime registration. If most young men registered, then costs could be low and enforcement could be ignored except for isolated instances of flagrant violation such as public display of resistance. Should the registration meet widespread resistance and strict enforcement be ordered, costs could be very high...Major resistance to registration could adversely affect voluntary enlistments and seriously aggravate all-volunteer force recruiting difficulties. More importantly, signs of public hostility to the U.S. military could seriously degrade the deterrent value of our forces and incite adventurism by potential adver-

saries. On the other hand, if unopposed, registration could help recruiting and strengthen the U.S. military posture.

Reviving draft registrations will mean that thousands of young men, and possibly women, will again be subjected to government intrusion and channeling. Individuals' rights to privacy and conscience will be casualties of the military buildup. Although registration would undoubtedly be conducted in as low-key a fashion as possible, widespread resistance is likely to occur and our government will likely prosecute those who don't cooperate. Perhaps most dangerously, a registration will provide the Pentagon with a faceless pool of prospective inductees to be used for large-scale intervention overseas. A beefed-up standby draft system will expand mobilization capacity and make it easier to wage "quick-start" wars around the globe.

According to the Department of Defense, one major reason for not resuming registration is that strong public reaction against the military might offset the purported advantage of increasing the U.S. mobilization potential. The unknown factor in the minds of both the Department of Defense and the Congress is how the American public feels about registration. Whether we want the draft back or not, we are likely to get it unless we begin to register our opposition now.

—Phili. Anti-Draft Union



LIVIN' IN THE USA

Flies in the Pepsi

ZNS—Marge Holbert may have been "thinking young" when she drank that Pepsi last February, but she's thinking \$25,000 right now.

The Livermore, California woman says that a frosty bottle of "Pepsi Light" she drank last year contained newly-hatched flies.

In her lawsuit against Pepsi, she contends that it was only after she took a swig of the soda and became violently ill that she learned from the State Health Dept. that the soda contained fly pupae—cocoon-like baby flies.

Holbert has demanded \$25,000 in damages against Pepsico Inc. and the liquor store that sold her the soda.

1/2 Million US Millionaires

ZNS—SRI International reports that there are more than half-a-million millionaires in the United States today.

The Institute also says that more than half of the seven million American families with annual incomes exceeding \$30,000 have a net worth of at least \$200,000.

The study was commissioned by a group of 100 banks, insurance and financial companies.

It found, oddly enough, that some 70% of these well-to-do families are worried about maintaining their current standards of living with inflation.

Shelters From the Storm

ZNS—Do you remember the fallout shelters of yesteryear's nuclear holocaust scare? Well, now, vaults hidden deep in the ground seem to be the order of the day.

Pacific News Service reports that corporate executives from such companies as Mobil Oil, IBM, and Bank of America, along with such pop culture moguls as Jann Wenner of Rolling Stone magazine are busily stashing their most precious documents in nuclear-proof vaults deep in the bowels of the earth.

PNS says that among the things being saved for posterity are films of Walt Disney, microfilmed copies of every issue of Rolling Stone, and even memorabilia from Rolling Stone's rise to fame right down to publisher Jann Wenner's junior

high school report cards.

And that's not all. If you happen to be a lucky employee of IBM or Mobil Oil, you, as well as the documents, might be saved. The news service reports that both companies have underground headquarters in Iron Mountain, New York, complete with hotels for workers, along with dining halls and recreation rooms featuring Ping Pong, pool and card tables, apparently for those boring months waiting for the fall-out to dissipate.

Vaccine Victims

ZNS—A Los Angeles-based medical rights group has assailed a proposal that calls for the injection of an experimental vaccine for hepatitis into retarded children.

The proposal was offered to the Bureau of Biologies by Dr. Saul Krugman of the New York University School of Medicine. It proposes injecting retarded children who are on waiting lists for places in state institutions with the hepatitis vaccine.

Dr. Krugman defends his experiment as being entirely justified because, he says, almost all children confined in hospitals or wards for the mentally retarded eventually come down with hepatitis anyway.

However, the Institute for the study of Medical Ethics is attacking the proposal, claiming that the children are being used as "guinea pigs" in medical experiments without the "informed consent" of either the children or their parents.

The Medical Rights Group says that some hospitals have previously pressured parents to have their children undergo experimental vaccinations by placing the children on three year waiting lists for admission, rather than admitting them immediately, unless they consent to the experimental injections.

Cows Get Carsick

ZNS—The Detroit Free Press reports that the General Motors Corporation briefly entered the cattle-buying business last year when it was forced to purchase a herd of dairy cows which had accidentally been contaminated with PCB's from the automakers nearby foundry.

PCB's, or polychlorinated biphenyls, are highly toxic chemicals used for years as

a fire retardant in industrial hydraulic systems.

The Free Press reports that General Motors learned that a water supply in Bedford, Indiana, which was contaminated with PCB's from a GM foundry, has been one of the main watering sources for a local herd of cattle. The newspaper says the company immediately began paying the farmer for the milk he was no longer allowed to sell, and when the herd began to sicken, GM bought it up and buried the whole lot of cows behind its foundry. GM reportedly kept the whole matter quiet, however, because the company allegedly didn't want to cause unnecessary alarm.

Prez Picks Nix Pic

ZNS—The image of Richard Nixon is being resurrected in the halls of the White House.

The *Washington Star* reports that President Carter is quietly laying the groundwork so that an official portrait of Nixon can be commissioned and hung on a wall of the White House.

The *Star* says that minority leader Howard Baker has given Carter private assurances that he would publicly support such a move.

At present, Nixon is the only former president whose portrait is missing from the gallery of ex-presidents in the White House.

FBI vs. Secret Police

ZNS—The Federal Bureau of Investigation reportedly was extremely suspicious of a secret national police intelligence network which now provides information to some 200 police departments in the U.S. and Canada.

Knight News Service reports that the FBI kept an "arms length relationship" with the law enforcement intelligence unit, which started up in the late 1950's because local police chiefs were angry that the FBI would not share its information on organized crime.

FBI documents obtained by the news service say that the Bureau feared that "hoodlums" and "burglars" had infiltrated the intelligence unit's ranks, and that corrupt police chiefs could use police data for their own ends. The bureau, according to some of the FBI memo's, also feared that the LEIU posed a threat to its own supremacy.

The LEIU claimed to be interested only in organized crime. Knight News says, however, that the FBI documents show that many of its secret meetings concerned such topics as "campus disorder", "racial disturbances", "free speech movements", "black Muslims", "the John F. Kennedy assassination", and the "handling of homosexuals".

A state subcommittee in Michigan is expected to hold public hearings soon on

legislation that would ban Michigan police departments from becoming members of the secret organization.

Car Wars

N.Y. Times—At times, say when seeking a downtown parking space, even that population percentage seems a little low. To increase parking-meter income, city officials spent \$109,000 last fall to change some meters from 20 cents for an hour to 50 cents, but they did not reckon on strong-armed bandits and Glen Helander.

Glen at age 17 was encountering difficulty earning money this winter until he came upon an unfulfilled social need: He would be a good Samaritan to over-time parkers, and if some of them felt grateful enough, he might make some money. Having sold part of his stereo set to raise capital, he patrolled the downtown parking zones for long cold hours, dropping his coins in expired meters before parking tickets could be dispensed. On each windshield he left a postage-paid envelope noting that his generosity had saved a \$3 fine and suggested that those who had benefited might want to share some of the savings.

The police were not amused, Supt. Harry Forgie said he got several complaints from motorists and warned that such antics were unlawful. He maintained that Glenn's efforts could be interpreted as tampering with a motor vehicle or obstructing justice. "If we catch him," Police Chief Norm Stewart said, "we'll definitely stop him."

As it turned out they did not have to. Glenn's mother got there first, so he became one more Winnepegger to come in from the cold.

Less Strikes

ZNS—There were fewer worker's strikes in 1978 than at any time in the last 13 years. However, Dept. of Labor statistics indicate that the strikes in 1978 were harder fought and lasted longer than ever before.

The Labor Dept. said that most strikes lasted from 60 to 89 days, compared to from 15 to 29 days in 1977.

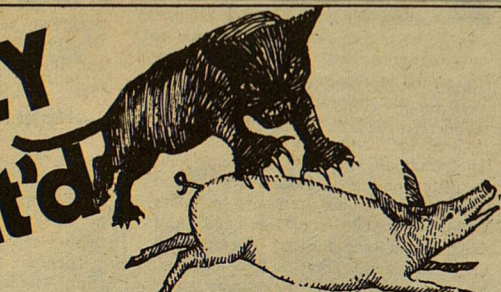


PHONE PHREEK CONFAB

On the heels of word that Captain Crunch received a surprise sentence of one year, federal time, announcement has come that TAP (successor to Youth International Party Line) is sponsoring this year's phone phreak confab at the Diplomat Hotel, at 108 West 43rd St, NYC, Sunday, April 22nd from 10 AM to 7 PM. Registration \$7. at the door, \$5 in advance care of TAP, 152 W. 42 St, Rm 418, NY10036. Let's see if we can do something for the Captain.



DALEY cont'd



In April of 1978, Byrne announced her candidacy for the democratic nomination. At the time her chances of ousting Bilandic seemed slim but Chicagoans all agreed that it took balls to stand up to the Democratic machine. Byrne spent the spring, summer and fall walking, talking and shaking hands. She went to the people and talked straight with them. She wanted to get the city that works working again. Bilandic in the meantime was busy with his own activities.

The summer and fall were good times for Bilandic and his party. Summerfest went over well and Bilandic had a great time dancing with Mickey Mouse at the Chicago Film Festival. He enjoyed running in the Mayor Daley Marathon.

At the end of 1978 President Carter issued his voluntary inflation fighting guidelines. He asked that wage increases be maintained at 7%. Members of the

Chicago City Council then voted themselves a 30% pay hike. The substantial wage hike caused a local furor. After some political maneuvering with the city's personnel rolls most of the wage raise stuck and the uproar seemed to have abated.

The straw that broke Bilandic's back was the snow. In middle January, two feet of fresh snow fell on the city. The streets were impassable, public transportation came to a halt and schools were closed. This is normally what happens when the weather goes berserk. A week after the storm these conditions still existed. Chicagoans quickly realized that the city did not have the slightest idea of how to deal with the snow. In an effort to get cars off the street for the plows to come through people were told to move their vehicles from the street to plowed school yards. A \$200 fine was imposed for failure to move your car. Imagine the dismay peo-

ple felt when they tried to move their cars into school yards that had not been plowed. Very angry people were caught between the rock and the hard space. To make matters worse Bilandic's administration continued to claim that school yards were plowed and that tickets would be given to those who left their cars on the street. Several days later the city was forced to admit that yards had not been plowed but that they were now working on it. Then it was revealed that the city had a snow "plan" and the "plan" had cost taxpayers \$90,000. The 70 page report had been prepared by a consulting firm with political connections to Bilandic and the firm had received other large contracts from the city in excess of \$400,000. At the height of the snow conflict the head of the city's "Snow Command" was sacrificed to political expediency and taken off the job. He was replaced by an individual who had reputed mob connections. Meanwhile the mayor and his city council cronies were patting each other on the back for the excellent way in which they had handled the snow emergency. Large contracts for buddies, mobsters in city hall, and lies to the people are not new to the city of Chicago. This sort of thing has been a way of life in Chicago politics for almost 50 years.

Jane Byrne had been trying for months to tell the majority of people in the city these exact things. No one really listened much until suddenly they were slapped in the face with these facts.

So on February 27th an angry citizenry seized upon Jane Byrne as their way of telling the Democratic machine to get fucked. For the first time the machine's mayoral candidate lost the primary. And to compound the pain, they lost to a woman.

This is not to say that the machine is gone from Chicago, at least not yet. For many years Jane Byrne was a cog in the machine but it was Daley's machine then and without Daley's personal power behind it the machine is no longer the awesome organization it used to be. Daley is gone but this election shows that in Chicago he's certainly not forgotten.

Jane Byrne ran a very smart campaign and won this election by associating herself with Daley. Her TV commercials incessantly displayed clips of her at Daley's side while Byrne's voice-over narration stressed that her political education had come from the mentor, Richard J. Daley. The snow helped, Bilandic's boorishness helped, but it was Byrne's shrewd use of the spectre of Daley that opened the gates.

So in spite of what the straight media says about the machine being destroyed, the mechanics of the machine merely goofed. They forgot their roots, underestimated the hold Daley still has on Chicago, and it cost them. The machine never ran Chicago, Daley did. And it appears that now, 2 1/2 years after his death, Richard J. Daley is still pulling the strings in Chicago.



Tom Robinson Rebel on the Road

by Kathy Masucci

In the spring of last year, the Tom Robinson Band made their first concert appearances in the U.S. to cheers from audiences and critics alike. Although in England they had appeared at mass political rallies organized by Rock /Against Racism (see back of poster for further details), our country had not seen musicians using their inherent political power for many years.

My first introduction to the Tom Robinson Band (TRB) was accompanied by a touch of skepticism—not towards what they had accomplished already (one cannot argue with a *fait accompli*)—but I wasn't sure how they could hope to attain the same goals here.

However, having been involved with the late 60's anti-war movement in high school, I was more happy than skeptical. Since those years, the youth movement (youth to translate as a frame of mind rather than an actual age factor) has steadily lost popular support. Maybe it lost momentum because the war and the draft ended and people thought that was enough; maybe it was because the government started killing us when we protested at Kent and Jackson States; maybe we just got tired.

The reasons could be argued from here 'til Doomsday, but the fact remains that the masses of people that rose up and exercised their civil right to protest stopped doing so. We entered the Me Decade and the majority of people embraced it. There was still a political scene, but it had become splintered and weakened.

England, 1977

The National Front, Great Britain's Nazi Party, has gained sufficient popular support to put them on the ballot in England's general elections. In the poor, non-white sections of London, random street brutality and at least one murder have occurred, a reaction to the National Front's allegations that "immigrants", taking available jobs away from native-born citizens have caused the massive unemployment in Britain today. You can walk down a London street and easily pick out the shops owned by non-whites—they have gates on the windows to prevent further "mini-Kristallnachts" committed by National Front members and sympathizers.

Concurrent with these events, the rock 'n roll population, the punks and New Wavers, have been hanging out with the reggae bands, living under the baleful eye of the Nazi's and have found themselves in the same circumstances as the "immigrants"—jobless, homeless, and hated by the ever-more-militant conservative forces.

The musicians and fans started reacting back. The prevailing philosophy among them being the "No Future For You" statement of the Sex Pistols, there was nothing left to do but react.

Enter the Tom Robinson Band. Fresh from contractual disputes with Kon Records (Ray Davies' of the Kinks independent label), Tom left his former band, Cafe Society and formed the TRB, soon to become the most powerful and most heard New Wave political band.

The group had, along with its overt political statements, a sound of its own, great material rife with good hooks and power chords and a singer (Tom) who could totally captivate an audience.

Last May, before an audience of 80,000+ who had gathered for a march and musical rally protesting the presence of the National Front on the national ballot in forthcoming elections, Tom stated to the crowd, "We're here to tell the Front-Hands off our people!"

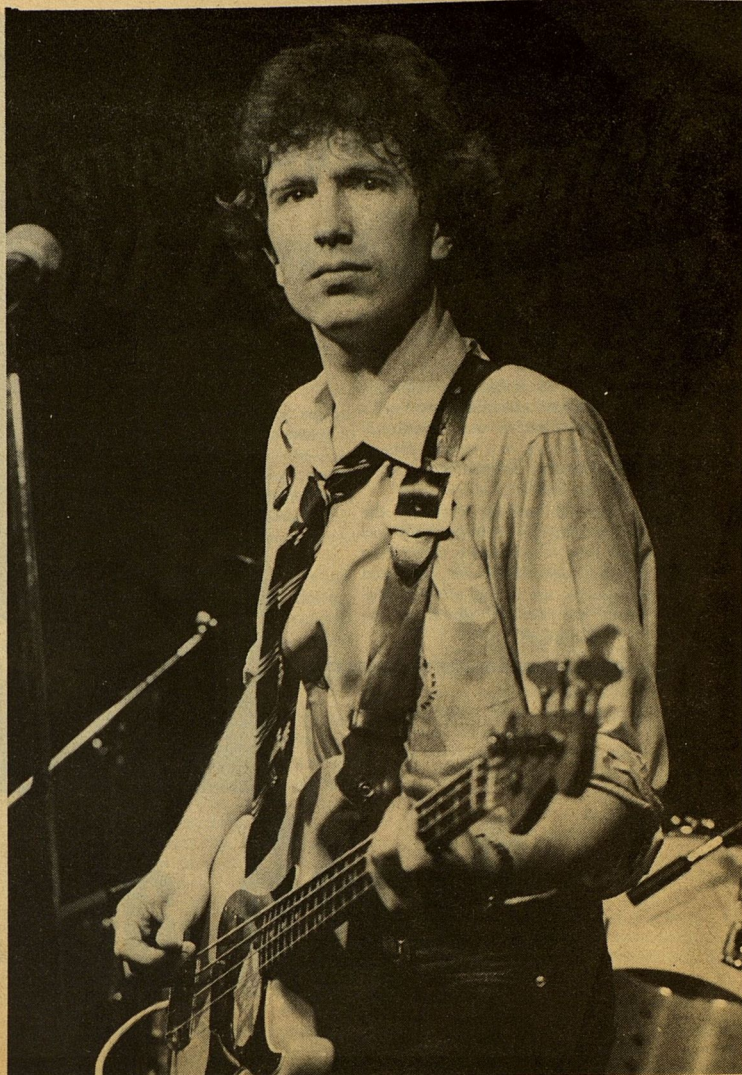


Photo by: Eber Roberts

Along with the general political views held by the band, a specific issue with them was gay rights. Tom's experiences as an out of the closet gay prompted his writing of "Glad To Be Gay", an incredibly powerful statement about everyday life for gays, with a chorus that is so catchy and so perfect that people would be singing along before they knew it.

Then, last May and June, they finally came to the U.S., unfortunately only for a short tour. At that time, doing gigs on the

West and East coasts, they dominated the musical press—even up to sharing the front page of the Village Voice with the Rolling Stones, who at the same time were doing their "business and friends only" small gigs tour. An interesting juxtaposition.

Working at Trouser Press at the time, I met Tom and was totally blown away. I remember thinking, "My god, the man is serious!" while talking to him. I had missed politics for a long time, and here it was, continued—p. 14

"TRB 2" - Exclusive Album Preview

This album is very different from the first. And I imagine there will be those among us who will not see **TRB 2** as a progressive step. To those, I have this to say—to expect a second album just like the first would be to condemn the entire New Wave to staleness and a re-working of issues that have already been settled.

There are 2 new members in the band: Ian Parker on keyboards (replacing temporary member Nick Plytas) and Preston Heyman on drums (replacing Dolphin Taylor who split from the band in a disagreement over the new direction the TRB has taken). Tom on bass and lead vocals and Danny Kustow on lead guitar complete the line-up.

The raw vitality of the pre-LP **Rising Free** and, to a lesser extent, the **Power In The Darkness** album was a direct result of the chaotic social climate that the TRB developed in. Since that time, they have been accepted and supported by the music community. To reiterate the points dealt with in the beginning would be foolish. The TRB have proven in the last 2 years that yes, people will accept political music and the TRB have moved away from what could have become a one-issue platform.

TRB 2 is an incredibly accomplished piece of work. "All Right, All Night" is a joyous rocker. With its insistent beat and its admonition to "Keep the faith and never break it—Whole world in our hands", it's a terrific opening song.

The single, "Bully For You" is a collaboration between Tom and Peter Gabriel

and profits well from producer Todd Rundgren's work—the sound shimmers throughout the song and especially the chorus. The hooks and syncopation make this the kind of song that you play over and over and over again.

One song that I love is "Sorry Mr. Harris". Sung in an ever-so-proper upper class British accent, the lyric goes—"If you told us who you know it might be wiser, No need to knock your head against the wall". Similar in intent to "Man You Never Saw" from **Power In The Darkness**, it speaks of the harsh realities of being in opposition to the powers-that-be.

There are a lot of new influences in the band. The material travels from the hard-rocking "All Right, All Night" to the funky "Crossing Over The Road"; from ragtime piano in "Law And Order" to the anthemic "Hold Out", a fitting close to the LP.

Their sound is clearer and tighter than ever before. Ian Parker on keyboards is sheer fucking dynamite with a terrifically diversified talent. Some of Danny Kustow's riffs ache with feeling, others sear right through the fabric of the melody. Preston Heyman lays down a solid beat that keeps you hopping while listening to him play. Tom has developed a funky style on the bass and his vocals are entertaining and wonderfully expressive.

In short, I think this album is great. And I think the TRB is going to come here for their 30+ city tour starting in mid-April (see schedule) and become a major musical force in this country.



Tour

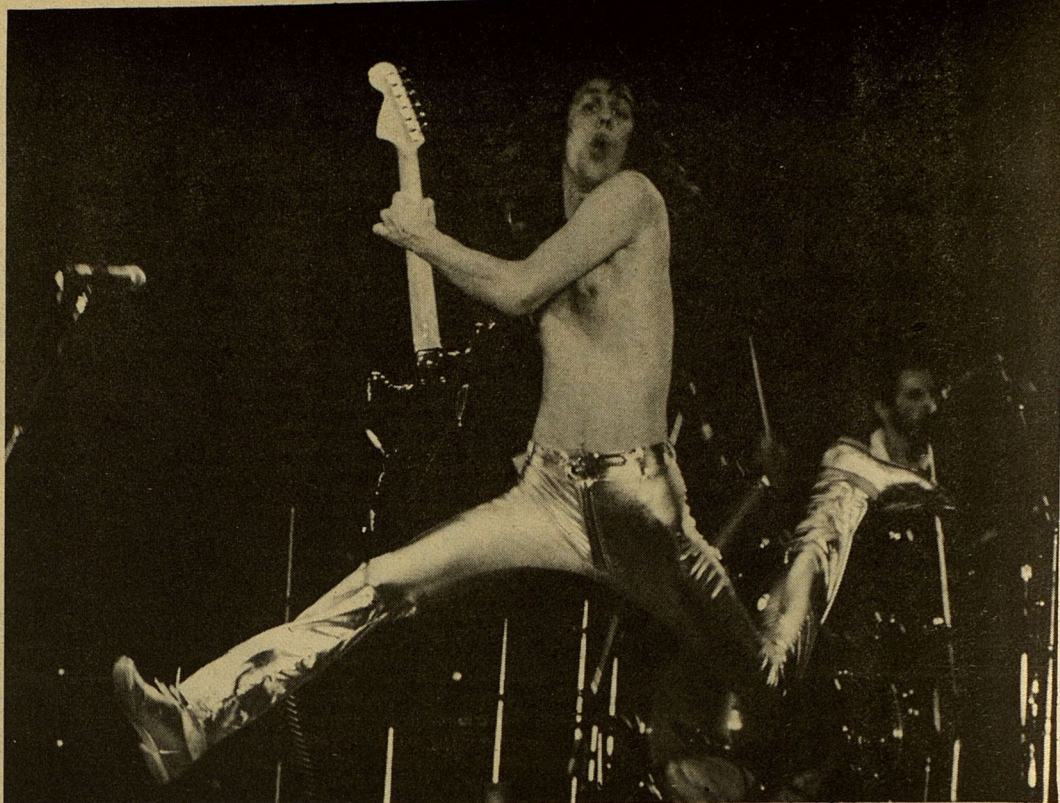
April 18-Vancouver	4-Denver	20-Detroit
19-Seattle	5-Aspen	22-Cleveland
20-Portland	7-Shawnee	8-Tulsa
22-Davis	10-Austin	23-Toronto
23-Stockton	12-Dallas	24-Buffalo
24-Berkeley	13-Houston	25,26-Boston
25-Santa Cruz	15-St. Louis	28-New Haven
28-UCLA	17-Minneapolis	29-Long Island
29-Huntington Beach	18-Milwaukee	30-Philadelphia
30-San Diego	19-Chicago	31-Washington DC
May 2-Salt Lake City		June 1,2-N.Y.C.

Palladium rocks for refugees

by Kathy Masucci

On February 16 a cheering capacity crowd jammed both shows at New York's Palladium concert hall to hear Todd Rundgren and friends rock in a benefit concert on behalf of the Indochinese "boat people".

At a press conference preceding the shows, Todd told the press that this was not, on his part, a political occurrence so much as a humanitarian cause. He stated that these people are dying, and the proceeds from the benefit would go to continued—p. 15



Clash are a smash!

What could the future hold for a drummerless band whose bassist has only been playing for six weeks? In May '76, that's where the Clash stood. For Paul Simonon (bass), Mick Jones (lead guitar), and Joe Strummer (lead vocal), that was the beginning. In August '76, they had a drummer, Terry Chimes. He left shortly after and auditions were held in Camden Town, where out of 206 drummers, Topper Headon emerged victorious. Then the Clash really started cooking with gas, and have since become one of the major forces in the New Wave political scene.

The first LP, *The Clash*, (CBS International) did well in England, entering the charts at #12. They went out as bottom of the bill on the ill-fated Sex Pistol's "Anarchy In The U.K." tour of December '76. In early '77, their "White Riot" tour stormed England, securing their place in the punk/New Wave hierarchy. In the U.S. it appeared only as an import, but enjoyed general acclaim and cries of "More! More!" were heard from all over.

The Clash committed itself to politics from the very first, actively seeking out the reggae influences rampant in the poorer sections of London and supporting RAR and playing free gigs.

They entered a period of bad times, with band members being continually arrested and fined for petty theft and vandalism. The dramatic culmination of this harassment ended with a helicopter and armed police alighting on top of the band's warehouse and arresting two of them for various gun offenses and the shooting of some valuable racing pigeons. While the case was on remand, "The Clash Out On Parole" tour happened, as did their single "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" b/w "I Don't Wanna Be The Prisoner".

Now, there's the second LP, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, released both in England and the U.S. (in the U.S. on Epic). Their too-brief tour totally captivated the music and political press, with rave reviews for both tour and album.

So, you tell me—what could the future hold for a drummerless band whose bassist has only been playing for six weeks?

by Tim Sommer

THE CLASH

When a messiah fails to deliver it's pretty obvious. On the same hand, when a messiah delivers he has to be twice as good as anyone else. The gaping distance we create between us mortals and those we designate gods is quite large. We've come to think of the Clash as far more than a flesh and blood rock 'n roll band, and therefore we can't think of them in purely human terms. So the Clash had a lot to live up to as they pulled into New York's Palladium on February 17 to climax their first American tour.

And the Clash delivered. Those looking for the band to fit into those shoes that could walk across water were satisfied, and more. Anticipation in the audience before Joe, Mick, Paul and Topper hit the stage was high; by the time the backdrop of flags of all nations had been lowered and the appropriate theme of "Riot in Cellblock #9" had been played over the PA, the audience had risen to its feet. After some mumbled shouts from the dark, the band slammed into "I'm So Bored with the U.S.A.", much purer than the original rendition; despite the songs age, it kept it's anger. The band's enthusiasm and energy was automatically contagious, and with the exception of the usual too-cool-to-pogo liggling journalists, that night's Palladium audience was the most enthusiastic I've yet to see at an American gig.

From the opener, the Clash burned into "Guns on the Roof", and you realized the power and the anger behind Joe Strummer's desperate pleas that "he'd like to be in the USA, pretending that the wars all done". On stage, Strummer is a twisted sage spitting out his poetry (which seems more lyrical in its on stage context), accompanied by his tortured, wrenching rhythm guitar. But just as essential to the Clash's visual energy are the athletic carryings-on of lead guitarist Mick Jones and bassist Paul Simonon. While Joe stands lurking around the stage, eyes darting, Mick and Paul dash from one side of the stage to another in a spectacular display of energy that inspires you to cheer them on. As they leap about, they are reminiscent of, if nothing else, a tag team rock band. Paul wrestles with his bass as if it had a mind of its own and was trying to take off, and quite often his instrument wins and he is airborne.

But it's unfair to describe the Clash from an acrobatic point because they're so much more; an incredibly musically tight unit, led by Mick's searing lead guitar, wall-papered by Joe's strafing rhythm (care of his now-legendary black telecaster) and anchored and propelled by Paul and Topper.

The band's main focus onstage is their first album, *The Clash*, available here only as an import. That first album is a relic of the urgency and white-riot atmosphere of 1976/77 London; but here in 1979, three years after most of those songs were written, they have lost none of their immediacy.



The Clash; an incredibly tight musical unit

The Clash displayed a complete mastery over their material; if they wished to take their songs and drive the New York audience to a frenzy, they found this well within their abilities. Interestingly enough, a side of the Clash I had never fully appreciated, that of the Clash as Ace Pop Band, showed itself fully in live performance. Amongst the power chords, the hooks and the riffs jump right at you; such Clash City Rockers as "White Man in Hammersmith Palais", "Capital Radio", "Jail Guitar Doors", "London's Burning" and many others (most particularly the first album's tunes) are all material Nick Lowe could boast over.

The Clash's New York debut was without question one of the more exciting gigs I've ever attended, and from the response of the rest of the Palladium audience, this feeling seems more or less

universal. After the Clash had finally left the stage after doing two encores of six more songs, there wasn't much I could say; I had witnessed what I felt at the time to be nothing less than the definitive rock show; and where could rock go from there but down? Of course I was wrong, but these feelings come to you effortlessly after having seen the incredible and pure energy of the Clash. They could have played all night, and every night after that, because to those of us there that night the Clash was synonymous with Rock 'n Roll.

The Clash are the past, present and future of Rock music; the combination of Mick's 1950's greased-back DA, the bands 1984 lyrical outlook, and the catchy hooks and riffs that bring back our memories of the 1960's are never anachronistic, only relevant and exciting.

We're Black, We're White, We're Dynamite R.A.R. Rocks America

by Ben Masel



photos by Ron Reid

"RAR started in a spontaneous protest against some of the off the cuff racialism from Clapton and Bowie. But it's grown into something much bigger, a rank and file rock and roll roots music movement against the NF, respectable racism, and superstar cool. With help from the music press, goodwill from the bands, a natural empathy from the emerging UK reggae dimension, and a record for putting on A-1 gigs, RAR provides some sort of way for musicians of the new wave to keep in touch with their audiences and their ideals instead of spiraling off into superstar insanity. They really mean it man, the music politics mix, so forced in the rock Sixties, now, in harder times, comes naturally."

David Widgery—Radical America

After three years of shakin' up the British Isles, Rock Against Racism has landed in America. When, last summer, longhairs with rock and roll T-shirts appeared at a Nazi sponsored white-power rally in Chicago shouting "kill the niggers" the need for RAR-USA became evident.

RAR was formed in England during "the hot summer of '76" by musicians and fans in response to a wave of racial violence as opportunistic politicians and a growing neo-Fascist party called the National Front tried to blame a floundering economy and high unemployment on non-white immigrants taking available jobs. Gangs of alienated young whites, most notoriously the "skinheads," responded with unprovoked assaults on the immigrants. Along with "Paki bashing" came street violence against gays and women.

Amidst this turmoil, onetime Cream guitarist Eric Clapton, speaking between sets at a Birmingham concert, drunk, railed against "foreigners" and urged support for ultra-conservative Member of Parliament Enoch Powell.

Rock Against Racism first surfaced with a letter to *Melody Maker*: "When we read about Eric Clapton's Birmingham concert when he urged support for Enoch Powell we nearly puked." The authors vowed "to organize a movement against the racial poison in rock music."

With punk rock just breaking on the English scene, not yet touched by the music industry establishment, RAR could not have picked a better time. Due to a lack of recorded punk sounds, and their similar anti-establishment stance, punks had already begun to listen to reggae, popular with Britain's large West Indian population. Soon reggae and punk bands were playing the same stages to racially mixed audiences.

In the past two years Rock Against Racism has organized over 56 chapters throughout the British Isles. This past year has seen over 400 gigs, including many legal defense benefits for demonstrators arrested at anti-racist confrontations. In 1978 RAR co-ordinated three major carnivals in conjunction with the Anti-Nazi League which resulted in England's largest anti-fascist rallies since the 30's.

The first in April attracted 50,000 to the march, and 80,000 to a concert with the likes of the Clash, the Tom Robinson Band, and X-Ray Spex. The second carnival was a regional event in the north to which 40,000 supporters flocked to hear Steel Pulse, the Buzzcocks, and Graham Parker and the Rumour.

The carnival last September was the biggest yet. Woodstock sized crowds of punks, Rastas, skinheads, Pakistanis, and assorted other youthful English tribes marched five miles through racially torn central London last September to gather at Brixton's Brockwell Park. The sounds of trailers carrying mobile live bands blasting punk rock mingled with football styled chants of "We're Black, We're White, We're Dynamite!" Signs proclaimed "NF is No Fun" and "Pogo on a Nazi." Tom Robinson, Jim Pursey of Sham 69, Elvis Costello, and various other black and white bands appeared. The RAR formula has been such a success that among the young bands in England there is a dividing line; you are either RAR or not, and it seems to be spreading.

Many young North American bands are

already taking a decidedly radical stance. Vancouver punks last spring gathered to burn Nazi regalia to dissociate themselves from media myth, and local punk bands *The Subhumans* and *Joey Shithead with D.O.A.* have played Smash the State rallies for the Anarchists grouped around *Open Road* magazine.

DEVO and other new wave groups performed at benefits for the legal defense fund during last years Kent State gym confrontations. A very radical punk movement has grown up in San Francisco where 14 bands played a benefit for striking United Mine Workers.

In the USA, maximum impact will come when the Rock against Racism idea reaches bands outside the new wave phenomenon. Not just Black and Latin music and the Folk-Rock axis of the '60s, but also Country, Bluegrass, and Southern Boogie.

Jim Pursey of Sham '69, the skinheads' favorite band, has become active in the British RAR movement and released a single entitled "If the Kids United, They'll Never be Divided." Groups of skins have been known to go to a RAR gig and see Sham 69 on the same stage with a reggae group like Misty and still go out Paki-bashing or to "nog some nigs" after the



RAR rocks USA Photos taken at British RAR concert

show. But Pursey, who just a few years ago did some Paki-bashing himself, believes that when those same skins find themselves shaking their hips to what the National Front calls jungle music, they are going to be left with disquieting contradictions.

Houston will see the spring's first Rock against Racism April 1st. May 4th and 5th has been set for New York City's Central Park, and a summer carnival is in the works for Ohio. The crucial test for RAR-USA will come June 9th in Chicago's Lincoln Park.

The scene of everyone's favorite police riot is also considered the most segregated big city in the US. During a riot last year, one Chicago cop shot two Latino youths in the back—and was exonerated. Through Chicago's back alleys and public parks parade America's most publicised Nazis, and while the national media and the ACLU deplore the refusal of the largest community of concentration camp survivors in the world to welcome the storm-troopers, little attention is paid to the firebombing of four black families homes the previous week near the Nazis' Marquette Park lair.

Nazis in swastika's pose no threat to take state power. They are more important as stalking horses for conventional corporate backed fascists wrapped in the red, white, and blue, who, because of their business ties, are less able to tap the fears and frustrations of the powerless.

Meanwhile an American "Left" which for seven years has relegated itself to support for struggles overseas and a defensive posture at home—Overturn Bakke, Stop S-I, etc.—often fails to create enough excitement to achieve even the limited goals it sets itself. By striving for single-issue respectability the Left has closed itself to the young and alienated. Like the punk rockers, the kids who cheered the Chicago Nazis are cynical of Seventies radicals not because they relate to the status quo, but because the radicals have given up on overthrowing it. They respect the Nazis not for their politics, but for their nerve.

By opening an offensive not just against organized racists, but against the whole system of control—schools, police, television, and the nuclear family—Rock Against Racism can set a new beat for the coming decade, a beat that'll shake the walls of Babylon to their very foundations.

**BURY THE NAZIS, SMASH THE KLAN
ROCK 'N' ROLL THROUGHOUT THE LAND**





original art - Amy Horowitz

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HOUSTON—APRIL 1
NEW YORK—MAY 5 & 6
COLUMBUS—MAY 11
CHICAGO—JUNE 9

POCK AGAINST RACISM

L.A. Cops Bust New Wave

by A. Kay & R. Roach

The Los Angeles Police Department seems determined to maintain their reputation as the "guardians of morality" by squelching any creative form of dissent as illustrated at a New Wave concert held at the Elk Lodge on St. Paddy's night.

The incident occurred at a dance which featured 6 New Wave groups on the bill. However, it was not unusual for the LAPD to crack down on New Wave music. In the past, the LAPD has made a career out of

busting love-ins, demonstrations, Blacks and Mexicans for "bullshit charges".

The gig was sponsored by the owners of the Masque Club, which has seen the Hollywood Division shut down two of their clubs on "bullshit" violations.

Anyway, the concert was halfway through when 5 people started tossing bottles in the lobby during which 6 cops came to case the lodge for a raid.

20 minutes later, 80 piggies in riot gear swarmed into the lobby in the formation of a 6 pig abreast—4 pig deep gauntlet. The blue meanies swung their clubs in-

discriminately as they rushed the stairs. People were knocked down and beaten in the process.

The 660 concertgoers in the auditorium were unaware of the situation until the cops began to clear the auditorium. Meanwhile, a local band, "The Plugs" were playing. During their set, which was soon terminated, the cops started hitting those who were sitting down until 50 were left in the auditorium which was sealed off from those who wanted to enter.

As people were leaving, the cops began to herd the angry crowd down an adjacent

street. Meanwhile, three whirlygigs were in the air and a sniper squad combed the roofs. Angry kids in an action that reminded this reporter of the Easter Sunday Love-In Riot of 1971, seized the time and fought back screaming, "Sieg Heil!", "Kill the pigs" and "White Riot!" (a reference to a Clash song about the punk scene in London).

The next day, the lying lowlifes who injured 25 and busted 8 on various charges, released a report claiming no one was hurt.

This reporter feels that the LAPD is scared shitless of New Wave music because the piggies realize that it will inspire kids to question authority just like the acid-rock of the mid-60's. In fact this reporter got hounded out of LA by the pigs after celebrating the fact that many porkers got hurt at the Griffith and Elysium Park Bins.



The Heat will rock against racism this spring. Their single, "Instant Love" is getting heavy airplay in N.Y.C. To hear it for yourself, send \$2 to Hot Stuff Records R, PO Box 2474, Grand Central Station, NY 10017

TRB cont'd from p. 9

back again. I wrote to Rock Against Racism in England, asked what I could do to help and this newsletter, a year later, is what happened.

After establishing the newsletter and notifying RAR and Tom that it was underway, I received a phone call from Tom in January to tell me that the newsletter address would be published on the inner sleeve of the new album, **TRB 2**. Aside from our address, he also wanted to include a list of various social and political organizations so that it could serve as a directory for anyone looking for a cause they could get into.

We talked about the need to broaden the power base already established with the beginnings of the New Wave and the

TRB's first album, **Power In The Darkness**. TRB had already reached the audience that was ready for them. The hard part is convincing people who don't recognize the oppression being leveled against them or who don't feel that they have a responsibility towards those who are being actively oppressed.

As "Ain't Gonna Take It" from the band's first LP put it—"I'm a middle class kiddie, But I know where I stand." That's the key issue in any sweeping reform—to inform the middle class who, through no fault of their own other than perhaps a too easy acceptance of authority's press releases, do not recognize that their rights are as endangered as any visible minority's.

CHAPTERS

RAR-Dayton
POB 166 Wright Bros. Sta.
Dayton, OH

RAR-Houston
POB 35253
Houston, TX 77035

RAR-New York City
POB 392 Canal St. Sta.
New York, NY 10013
(212)-533-5028

RAR-Chicago
POB 87254
Chicago, IL 60680
(312)-764-1909

RAR-Columbus
POB 8234
Columbus, OH 43201
(614)-291-2936

EVENTS

April 1
Houston RAR

May 6
NYC RAR, Noon,
Washington Square Pk.

June 9
Chicago RAR, Lincoln Pk

cont'd JOY RYDER

pening. It's like looking for a job, everyone wants experience but nobody will give you a chance to get some."

I asked Avis and Joy what they think of the record business and how it jives with their sense of priorities. "Frankly," says Avis, "the whole business makes us want to start our own record company and not have to deal with these guys but the reality is we need that machine. We've got to make a thousand phone calls to do what Columbia can do with one." Joy adds, "You've got to compromise. It's like sometimes people ask me if our act doesn't exploit me sexually. Well I don't think it does. I use sexuality and openly exploit it myself. It's a tool and I'll use whatever tools are given me to voice the contradictions and absurdities of our lives."

What does the future hold for the Joy Ryder-Avis Davis Band? Avis and Joy tell me that they are taking off at the end of March on the Rock Against Racism tour and would be playing in Houston and Atlanta. After that they figure they'll be back in town playing around and at Studio 10, which Avis called the "best place." Joy concurs, adding that she likes "the basic premise of the place which seems to be anarchy."

As I wished them luck on their upcoming endeavors, Avis smiles and says, "Don't worry about us. We're a rock n' roll band and no matter where you play, everybody is yelling for rock."

JFK GUNMAN cont'd

prehended they were to tell the Cuban Secret Police they were on a bugging mission for the United States Embassy on a contractual basis. The CIA supplied them with out-moded bugging equipment to support their story.

On September 15, 1960 "Daniel L. Carswell, Eustace H. Vanbrunt and Edmund Taransky (these were the names on their passports) were arrested in an apartment above the New China News Agency carrying out the afore-mentioned operation. Carswell told the G-2 that he was on the way back to the United States when someone in the American Embassy asked him to do a "small favor" - fix some electronic equipment in an apartment that was serving as a CIA listening post.

As a result of the arrest of Carswell, Vanbrunt and Taransky, two American officials were expelled from Cuba and the United States Ambassador was restricted to a ten block area. American-Cuba relations plummeted to an all time low.

In Langley, Carswell's Case Officer reported the extent of Carswell's knowledge of CIA assassination opera-

tions to his superior. It was eventually decided that he had to be ex-filtrated from Cuba at all costs. Columnist Jack Anderson reported that the CIA contacted Charles Siragusa, a former OSS officer who was a high official in the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. The CIA asked him to contact individuals known to him in the National Crime Syndicate and offer them one million dollars to break Carswell out of prison and deliver him safely to the United States. Anderson believes that the reason the CIA was so anxious to get Carswell out of Cuba was because "one of the men knows the names of the Cubans involved in the operation".

On the eighteenth of December, 1960, Carswell was given a military trial and on January 11, 1960 he was sentenced to 30 years in La Cabana fortress prison. His co-defendants received identical sentences.

At La Cabana, Carswell met John Martino. In his book, *I Was Castro's Prisoner*, Martino recalls his first conversation with Carswell. "He told me — 'We had drilled through the floor, which is the ceiling of the Chinese News Agency, and we were about to lower a microphone into the next

room so that we could put everything that was said there on tape.'" Carswell and Martino became close friends: — Carswell shared the special food he received from the American Embassy with Martino — coincidentally both men shared a common lawyer. When Carswell was released in April of 1963, he gave all of his personal possessions to Martino. Carswell's release had finally been secured by the CIA. William Donovan, the former head of the OSS, had arranged a trade. In return for Carswell, Vanbrunt and Taransky, the United States released four Castro G-2 men, including the notorious Francisco "the hook" Molina, who was serving a 20 year sentence for the murder of a nine year old. Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York personally pardoned Molina. Edward Arthur claims that the CIA made a large cash payment to Cuba in order to secure Carswell's release.

On April 23, 1963, the man who would eventually assassinate the President of the United States landed at Homestead Air Force Base in Florida where he received a hero's welcome. In New York City, the now-defunct World-Telegram and Sun ran a banner which read - "CIA Trio Ships Past Castro in Swap". The article stated that the trio's CIA connection had been confirmed with reliable government

sources.

Carswell did not leave a forwarding address with the American Red Cross. Presumably he returned to his home in suburban Virginia where he was debriefed by the CIA. A few weeks later, after being given a "leave of absence", Carswell flew to Miami where he made contact with his personal friend, Everette Howard Hunt. Carswell wanted to kill Kennedy for letting him rot in Castro's prison for three years. He soon became part of the conspiracy Hunt was co-ordinating which would culminate in the events that occurred in Dealy Plaza on November 22, 1963. The author and publisher of this article challenges "Daniel L. Carswell" to come forward in a court of law and refute these charges.

*There is some precedent for this sort of operation. The New York Times reported that during the overthrow of Kwame Nkrumah, the left-leaning, democratically elected leader of Ghana, the CIA Station Chief of Accra requested that a group of para-militarists storm the Chicom Embassy, kill everyone there, then steal the codebooks and records of the installation. Before leaving the group would blow up the building so it would look like the Embassy personnel had been killed in the explosion.

by Michael J.

At a time when most of New York's rock 'n roll clubs have been attempting to monopolize the new wave audience at inflated prices and questionable quality, it is captivating to see the development of an experimental and most promising new club, Studio 10.

Located at 10 Bleecker Street, just a few doors down from CBGB's, Studio 10 is owned and operated by a team of non-paid members, volunteering their time, efforts and resources on a cooperative basis. These politically conscious people contribute their individual skills where they are most needed, from the carpentry-wiring-plumbing team on through operation and servicing of the refreshment stand, into security and maintenance, to the booking and promotion of the talent. In some cases members, or friends of members are in the bands performing. The shows are always benefit parties for organizations politically sensitive to the issues of our time. These benefits, held every Friday and Saturday starting at 9:00 PM, must be approved by consensus at the Sunday members meeting which, oddly enough, is honestly open to the general public.

Typical agendas discuss the club's musical direction, how funds are to be allocated, who'll fix the toilet and an assessment of the rock'n roll scene. This is all handled within open forum, which may go on for hours (he who speaks the loudest is heard, but he who speaks the wisest is listened to); yet physical, technical and musical improvements are made at a rate to satisfy the most dictatorial efficiency expert.

The club usually presents 5 or 6 bands per night, and offers a balanced, programmed evening with a wide range of musical styles (and aptitude) into its amphitheater-like space. The evening may be punctuated with a film or political announcements, with rockers like Johnny Thunders, the Stilletos, Joy Ryder and Avis Davis (a favorite of the house) filling the 500 person capacity space. The club has several sitting lofts at either side of the runway-style stage, which allows for both an ample dance floor and sitting areas near the stage with excellent views of the performers (great for photographers). The wattage is pumped through by good sound, and musicians I've talked to are satisfied with the "feel" of the space.

My introduction to Studio 10 was, what else, through RAR, USA. The club has agreed to donate a percentage of proceeds from the benefits done this April to our newsletter and many of the Studio 10 members have donated various services and skills. In the process of discussing our functions and needs, several RAR staffers have found themselves contributing reciprocally, not as barter but as mutual appreciation.

Personal story: My day job is a gig with



cheap thrills at STUDIO 10

a fashion photographer who was finished shooting a set of a 14th century antique villa front for Sears. I couldn't bear to see it destroyed and stuffed into the dumpster downstairs. It's now the exterior of the Studio 10 bathrooms. As we all do what we can, Newsletter editor Kathy Masucci, having worked in the "biz" for such music heavies as Trouser Press, the Wartoke Concern and Hurrah's, has volunteered her time to be club stage manager, and I'll be helping with the installation of house wiring and carpentry.

The founders and political backbone behind Studio 10 is the Youth International Party. Many of Studio 10's members are Yippies involved in other projects, such as active participation in anti-nuke, anti-prohibition (legalization of lifestyle being a unifying goal among all rockers), and in the running of their national newspaper. I hate getting nostalgic, but this is the tenth anniversary of the Chicago "Put a pig in the White House" demonstration and anti-war rally (and subsequent police riot which more than any other factor bought the Yippies into household prominence). I feel good that these truly dedicated activists ranging from veterans to youthful enthusiasts have visibly developed the Youth

International Party from a misunderstood, often feared and sometimes hated faction of the anti-war movement, representationally distorted by the press, into an internationally recognized leader of the visible subculture, with a proven track record of viable political activism and social conscience. The Yippies are into rock 'n roll, into promoting concerts (they've been doing it for years), and into the principles of the musicians, writers and promoters of RAR, USA. We here at the newsletter are of course deeply indebted to them for their moral support as well as technical advice concerning our publication and hope we can continue to work toward our mutual good and our eventual emancipation from intolerance. Think what you will about them, this is probably the most significant new development in the New York rock club scene, especially with the recent departure from Hurrah's of Henry Schissler after he bought Hurrah from a has-been disco to the hottest New Wave club in town (and the most expensive). With Hurrah's future quality in question, the non-profit approach and hassle-free environment of Studio 10 is drawing from the uptown "posh-punk" crowd as well as from the aboriginal settings of Max's and CBGB's.

The crowd is unusually well mixed in terms of lifestyle, with many individuals from the various New York scenes represented. This may be awfully white of me, but the residual liberal in me smiles when I see an inner-city stylized rocker dancing with a plaid-shirted country farmer. 10's ability to draw interest from various people politically and musically has given rock bands verbally supportive of RAR wider audiences to perform to.

At a recent Studio 10 gig, Joy Ryder announced to cheers that she and her band would be performing April 1 at an RAR concert in Houston. After the show, she told this reporter that she thought what RAR was doing was just fine, and offered to perform at one of the benefits in April at 10. For those of you not yet familiar with Joy Ryder and Avis Davis, definitely catch them if they're in town. Avis' classic rock 'n roll riffs on a white strat, a dynamic bass and drum and a Memphis-style singer named Joy do raunchy but top-notch New Wave R&B. I think these guys have got it.

I know I've been rambling, but that's the nature of describing this place. This article is not about the Yippies, or runway stages, or more for your money, or good vibes. I know I'm supposed to say it's about rock 'n roll, so I'll say it, but I hope that that would've been obvious. We need a nonrestrictive space in New York (and elsewhere) for rock 'n roll to be developed and experienced. We also need a place where ideas may be spoken freely without the recriminations that may exist in the bureau-aristo-technocracy which we hope will not totally encroach on us.

As our musically spawned social consciousness comes to the fore in the public eye, many questions will be asked of us as to who we are and what we want. A lot of us are newcomers, lovers of rock 'n roll and the freedom that it speaks of. Others are heroes of the cultural movement of the sixties with tenure going back to People's Park and the Free Speech and Civil Rights movements. I jumped on the bandwagon with the Chicago convention, Woodstock and numerous NY and DC rallies. I don't know if that amakes me a veteran, a young teenager fortunately witnessing history in the making, or just a dilettante that went to rallies as some people attend church just on Xmas and Easter. I guess what thinking about the 60's really does is make me feel old. We have a long, hard struggle before RAR, USA can significantly contribute to the public good. For now, there are a million preliminaries to settle.

Right now Studio 10 is semi-finished in terms of hardware with improvements made daily. You may never see Studio 10 as it was in the beginning, I hope somebody's got pictures.

This club's gonna make it, it's got to. More than any other aspect of the current scene, Studio 10 is a barometer for the state of rock 'n roll in this town, and indicates the direction for future clubs to follow.



Rundgren

continued from p. 10

The scheduled performers were the David Johansen Band, Blue Oyster Cult, the Patti Smith Group, Todd and Utopia. Meatloaf made a surprise appearance in the early show and Rick Derringer sat in with Utopia in the last set.

In a speech to the audience explaining the purpose of the concert, Todd stated that no one got paid. Not just the performers, but the tech crews and everyone else. All proceeds were to go directly to the relief fund for the boat people. Leo Chern added that the money raised that night would be in use within the week.

This was definitely one of the most exciting rock 'n roll shows in quite a while. In the first show, Meatloaf and Utopia performed "All Revved Up" and a thundering "Johnny B. Goode". The highlights of the late show were many. Johansen's great cover of the Four Tops "I'll Be There" and a smashing performance of the N.Y. Dolls "Personality Crisis" got the show off to a rousing start.

Blue Oyster Cult did a great set, with an unbelievably good "(Don't Fear) The Reaper" and their classic heavy metal cover of "Born To Be Wild" that had the audience on its feet throughout.

The Patti Smith Group unfortunately did a very short set—an extended version of "Gloria" with a little "Rock 'n Roll

Nigger" thrown in for good measure. But they were sounding great.

Todd and Utopia opened with "Trapped", then swinging right into "Love In Action". Their performance of "Love of the Common Man" was better than I've ever heard it before. The encore and the evening ended with (what else?) "Just One Victory".

Although there were some technical problems from time to time (how could there not be with such a large line-up?), the sound at the Palladium was really good. All bands used Todd's sound system, one of the marvels of our time. And the lighting effects were beautiful.

The most important part of the show was the reason for its existence. Rock

Against Racism, USA is committed to getting rock 'n rollers to work for political and social causes they believe in. Todd's willingness to assume this kind of undertaking should serve as an example of what we, as rock 'n rollers, can do to help the causes we believe in.

If we don't fight for our music and lifestyle now, we may lose them. We know from the past that we can change things if we get off our asses and work at it.

Rock Against Racism USA is really happy to see Todd setting an example for everyone. His own lyrics say it best—"Then have the guts to stand for something or you're gonna be trapped. Trapped in a world that you never made."



ROCK AT STUDIO 10: WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, JOY RYDER?



Photo by Stu Chernoff

Davis wails while Joy Ryder wiggles at Studio 10

by Seth Flagsberg

It's midnight in Manhattan, and the standing room only crowd at the lower east side Studio 10 rock club is abuzz with anticipation awaiting the onstage arrival of the Joy Ryder-Avis Davis Band. Suddenly the lights dim and the buzz melts to a whisper that is quickly pierced by an inebriated shout of "Rock n' Roll!" Joy Ryder slides out of the shadows, grabs the mike and answers, "Yeah baby, that's what we're here for," as the band behind her swings into a rough-house rendition of "Beverly Hills". Ryder, dressed in a skin tight black and white one piece suit, comes across like a wildcat in heat as she writhes across the stage while delivering the lyrics in raw throaty tones. The crowd shows its approval by quickly filling the dance floor to do some slithering of it's own. Bodies are moving everywhere and the air is rank with the scent of pot, tobacco and perspiration. Then it's over but before we can catch our breaths the band is off again, this time sprinting into "No More Nukes". The bodies return to their wanton undulations as Joy Ryder flips her blond mane and sings with Avis:

"Do you want to start a war?
No, I want to live some more
Do you wanna have a bomb?
No, I want to have some fun
Do you want to rule the world?
No, I'd rather kiss a girl
Do you want to have an army?
No, I'd rather have a party
No more nukes, No more nukes, No more nukes"

The band is real good tonight. Lead guitarist Avis Davis, bass guitarist Markus "Trailways" Johnson and drummer "Kicks" Kaufman are wailing away behind Joy. The set has just started and the audience is already hooked. Joy, sensing it, uses her body as some sort of telepathic instrument, teasing the crowd into a state of reckless abandon, prodding them to the edge. She told me later, "When I'm in front of an audience there's a commitment there about being alive." Tonight she's animated enough to make the dead rise and it's an incredible spectacle to see the energy from the stage infecting the

dance floor, pushing it's way up, around and through the whirling bodies and then returning to the stage so that the whole process can start anew. The big black amps are straining now to keep up, they're operating at 110 percent, rapidly approaching 120. I don't know how much longer this can go on and I'm wondering what's going to blow first, the amps, the audience, the band, the roof or me. Abruptly the music ends. The lights come on. I can't believe the hour has flashed past. Ears still ringing with the chorus of "Main Squeeze", I grab a beer and follow the band backstage.

Backstage at Studio 10 is an informal affair. Musicians and their friends mingle freely with those who've gotten lost on their way to the bathroom. I spot Avis Davis in the corner hiding behind a sheet of sweat and elbow my way over to him. I tell him the band was super. He thanks me and adds, "On stage our whole trip is dance, motherfucker, dance, it's getting those people up." I say they were certainly up tonight. He answers, "Yeah I know, we live for nights like tonight."

Avis grabs my arm and brings me over to meet Joy. She's exhausted. Wherever she was onstage, she certainly hasn't come back yet. We make some small talk and a date for the next afternoon to talk about what it's like being a politically conscious rock musician trying to make it in New York.

Joy Ryder and Avis Davis live together in a big loft a couple of blocks west of City Hall and a Reggie Jackson throw from the Hudson River. Entrance is gained via a freight elevator which opens right into the loft. The place was littered with the tools of their trade—amplifiers, concert photos, guitars and a big upright bass fiddle. We push a few things aside to make some room, open a couple of beers and start rapping.

Avis and Joy have a sense of politics. Joy tells me that she's had an awareness of social ills and that she "tries to come from a humanist place."

"I've studied most of the contemporary political philosophies in school and don't really adhere to any. I don't know exactly what I am politically but I can address myself to specific issues and I feel it's im-

portant that I get certain things across, these are the things I think about so these are the things I write about. Like the 'Secretary' song. I wrote that out of my experience working as a secretary but it also came from going to the record companies and dealing with all those 'pretty face' secretaries. They don't get paid very well but they kiss a lot of ass and get to meet rock stars. But the other side of the coin is that they shit on everyone else and my attitude was I can't wait until I don't have to deal with you anymore. And, guess what sweetie you're 21 now but by the time you're 25 or so you'll be out because they're going to want another 21-year-old 'pretty face'."

Joy Ryder grew up in Bayside, a white middle class neighborhood that skirts the Long Island Expressway on the north shore of Queens. She was introduced to music at an early age. "My father was a singer in a band and so music was always around the house. I started playing the piano back then. There was always someone around to teach me, my father, my grandfather or their friends. I wasn't really singing then but as I got a little older I began absorbing the things that would influence me. I had a cousin in Brooklyn and he turned me on to people like Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Screamin' Jay Hawkins. And there was no FM then but I used to listen to this station that played all the black chick singers. I thought they were great." When she was about 14 Joy started hanging out on the lower east side. "I had a cousin who lived on the Bowery and since I wasn't getting along so good with my parents then I used to visit him alot and hang around St. Marks Place. I got involved with this Yippie-style street theater group called Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers. It was very sixties but I guess about the biggest thing we ever did was the take over of the Fillmore. The Motherfuckers were in on that along with the MC5, David Peel and some other people."

Joy sang in her first band when she was sixteen. "It was in Hawaii. I wanted to get away from New York and so I went to college in Hawaii. The band was country and western. I did that for a while and then got into a funky latino and Hawaiian band. In 1974 I returned to New York. I was work-

ing at N.Y.U. Law School, thinking maybe of going to law school, singing and playing piano three nights a week at a small bar on the east side that booked exclusively amateur talent. That's when I first started to think seriously of singing professionally. Anyway, one night a guy from an all black band called Dido and the Lovers caught my act and asked me if I wanted to join them as a piano player. I said sure and stuck with them for a year until 1975 when I auditioned for Avis as a singer. He loved my act and Avis and I have been together ever since."

Among those who auditioned with Joy was Debbie Harry, now of "Blondie", who, according to Avis Davis, "was shit."

When Joy Ryder auditioned in 1975 Avis Davis was playing with a "make money" rhythm and blues band called the "Midnight Move". During the next two years the band spent a lot of time on the road touring such places as Europe, Greenland and Iceland for the USO, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. But the road became wearisome and in 1977 Avis and Joy split from the "Move" and decided to stay in New York where they would do original material and have access to record companies. Joy said, "We were making pretty good money then but we felt that we were suffering as artists because we weren't doing our own stuff. And when we were tired of being told by agents 'If you guys would only clean up your act a little bit, a little more polish, you guys could be playing Holiday Inns.'" "Yeah, that was bullshit," offered Avis, "we thought the act was clean then. Fuck, we wanted to make it dirtier."

Were they scared? "Well I guess so," answered Avis, "but we'd already done it the other way and figured we could always go back to doing that if it didn't work out."

For Avis Davis the dream started early. His father played the violin, and according to Avis, "He tried to shove that on me but I said no way, I'd rather play a tennis racket." Avis rebelled as far as the guitar. "I was pretty young when I started playing. My first guitar was an old rodeo guitar." Then one day his mother bought him an Elvis Presley album ("bless her heart") and Avis was hooked. The rodeo guitar was shortly discarded for an electric model, "Some Japanese thing with these tiny amps but at that time we thought they were huge. Each guy would plug his guitar and his mike into his amp and we'd play parties and all kinds of shit. People were always complaining about the noise." Avis says he'd always been doing bands, at least for as long as he could remember. One of his early partners was Joe Walsh who went on to play with the James Gang and the Eagles. "But I'll tell you," Avis continued, "without music I don't know where I would be. I really loved it (music) and because of that for me there was nothing else. Everything else seemed boring because I loved it so much."

New York City is a tough place to make it. The competition is fierce and the number of rock musicians, theater people, dancers and writers struggling for recognition and work probably rivals the city's cockroach population. For a rock musician the key to that recognition and the work it subsequently brings is a record. And one thing Avis and Joy have learned in the last two years is that records are not easy to come by. Said Joy, "One week we got a rejection from Warner Brothers and I was pretty broken up about it. I think there were too many rejections that week. Anyway, I told somebody about it and they said don't feel bad, East Coast Warner Brothers hasn't taken a new artist in five years." "Yeah," says Avis, lighting a Marlboro, "right now record companies want to buy something that's already hap-

continued—p. 14

"THE CHINA SYNDROME"

Westcoast Janey & The Hollywood Nukes

In *The China Syndrome* the corporate fat cats who run the nuclear power plant are so slimy and venal, the mediocrats who run the TV station are so ass-kissing and hypocritical, the radical techno-journalist is so righteous, Jack Lemmon and Jane Fonda's politicizations are so sincere, convincing and heartwarming, that it's a miracle the film got made in today's bank-and-boardroom controlled Hollywood.

The movie had to be released almost surreptitiously, advertised by deliberately obscure TV commercials that mentioned no anti-nuclear overtones. This obscurity extends even to the title, which refers to the theory that should a nuclear meltdown occur, the resultant mass of radioactive wastes would not only break through the upper crust of the earth, but continue travelling through the earth's core all the way to China. When the stars plugged the movie on talk shows, they emphasized it was about "greed and corruption and morality", downplaying the anti-nuclear

theme. Even so, GE pulled out of sponsoring the Barbara Walters show Fonda appeared on, and nuclear energy agencies revved up their own self-promotion campaigns. If *The Warriors* really increased urban crime, maybe *China Syndrome* was responsible for five nuclear power plants being closed down within a week of its release?

Much of the film is Godardian, with Fonda talking directly to the movie audience (really a news show within a movie, she's talking to her TV audience). Fonda of course starred in Godard's *Tout Va Bien*. Also the humor is subtly satirically Godardian, with Fonda as a self-conscious woman TV reporter who constantly checks her red hennaed hair and make-up in mirrors. Her characterization perfectly captures what's wrong with TV journalism, where the image too often subverts the words, where the reporter too often starts acting like a star. It's no coincidence that Barbara Walters' father wasn't a

newspaper reporter but ran the Latin Quarter Nightclub. The movie shows, though, that a TV reporter can use the medium for its eyewitness aspects—seeing a nuke plant break down is more scary and convincing than an expert or activist being quoted on possible inadequacies. The movie at one point was, in fact, to be called *Eyewitness*.

When reporter Fonda arrives at the plant with cameraman Michael Douglas for a fluff piece on the niceness of nuclear energy, Mike clandestinely keeps his camera running when an accident occurs. Then we switch to downstairs in the nuke plant computer control room, an effective device borrowed from Hitchcock's *Psycho* of switching audience identification—in this case from voyeurs Fonda and Douglas to plant floor director Jack Lemmon, who finds himself in the middle of a disaster movie about nuke plant hazards.

In the course of the movie Fonda and Lemmon become politicized as they realize their jobs aren't as important as communicating nuke hazards to the masses. All this is great, except the anti-nuke activists are kept on the sidelines or condescended to, implying they're secondary to the media, but on the other hand any Yippie will tell you that media attention to a demonstration helps to influence and attract the public to their cause. There was no demonstrator violence, unlike *Seabrook*.

China Syndrome is *Blow-Up* when concerned with the film revealing the secret accident, it's a chase movie when Lemmon and Douglas's film assistant are hounded on the highway when they're on the road to present evidence (Karen Silkwood a la *Smokey and the Bandit*), it's a *Towering Inferno/Twilight's Last Gleaming* style disaster movie when the nuke plant is about to break down, it's *All The Prez's Men* with Lemmon as Ben Bradlee, it's *Coming Home* and *Julia* with Jane Fonda getting radicalized, and Douglas's role as radical filmmaker reminds us that *Syndrome's* screenwriter Mike Gray also scripted *The Murder of Fred Hampton*.

The trouble is too often director James Bridges doesn't know if he's directing an action-disaster movie or a political warning, so the result is not action-packed enough when it should be, not suspenseful enough when it should be, and not radical enough when it should be. But the audience applauded the showing I was at. It's the most radical Hollywood movie since *Blue Collar*. The stellar magnitude and acting talent of Lemmon, Fonda and Douglas contribute credibility and commercial popularity, the film has levels of irony, humor, satire, anti-capitalist criticism and Marxist dialectic. And because Fonda and Douglas are both stars' offspring (Jane's dad Henry starred in the populist classic *Grapes of Wrath*, and Mike's dad Kirk led a slave revolt in *Spartacus*), it shows that social consciousness will pass through the generations to our children's children's children.

—Harry Wasserman

"NORMA RAE"

The Flying Union Maid



Norma Rae is an engaging, even convivial work about a dynamic young Jewish labor organizer named Reuben Warshovsky (Ron Liebman, known to boob tubers as "Kaz") who meets a spunky li'l gal from a southern milltown—Norma Rae (Sally Field, TV's "Flying Nun", "Sybil", etc.). What makes this film distinctive is that they team up, not for sexual fireworks, but to put a union in the town's textile plant. Unfortunately, the film has a tendency to patronize its subject and its locale. Reuben, New York yidkid that he is, introduces Norma to union politics, literature and concepts like "mensch" and "mitzvah". All she has to offer him culturally in return is a skinny dip down by the ol' mudhole. Every cliché about New Yorkiness is dredged up, so where's the Southern fried chicken already?

The organizing scenes within the textile plant are sincere, but have an overly contrived feel. Maybe that's because Sally

Field's portrayal gives the film electric current, but no other characters besides her and Reuben really light up. The oppressed workers seem like stock oppressed workers, and are perfunctorily coaxed into consciousness by Reuben and Norma, and after a few stock management confrontation scenes, the union is voted in. At no time does any potential union joiner express distress over union dues checkoff, and in a situation where salaries are ridiculously low, this is always a very real concern. Norma Rae is fired from her job, and it's made unclear whether she will be hired back or will be left to atrophy in the heat and dust after the Jewish White Knight splits back to The Apple.

With its Hollywood stars and easy liberalism, Norma Rae is no comparison to another big budget film, Paul Schrader's *Blue Collar*, which some allege was given short shrift by Hollywood and the critics because of its frankness.

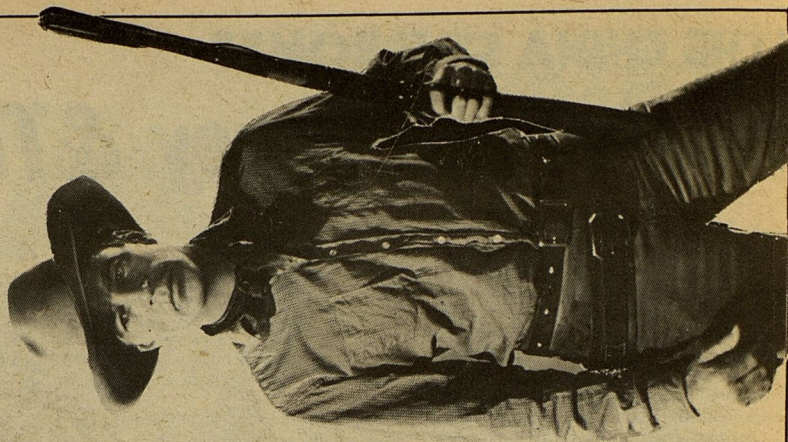
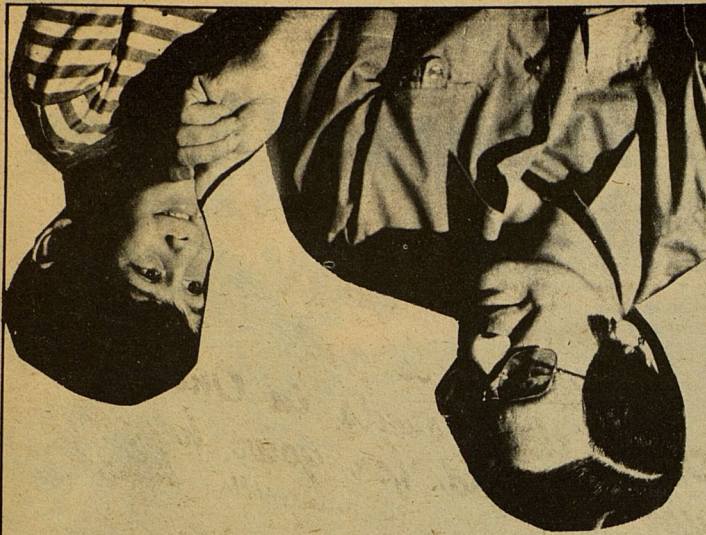
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Mass Suicide Mass

what is common to us all
a case of the jones
of keeping up with the joneses
cult is the tip of the culture

ah this collective guilt
of knowing what is being
done to us
by us

where was their individuality
asked all the waving flags

and our grandfathers
who said, if not me
maybe my son
grandsons still waiting
hiding in clock cloak
of worker
dreaming
that their 10,000 year old class
will be abolished

slow death
mass suicide mass
for those who couldn't keep
track of themselves
without their main man
in the midst of a
subverted future
which clouds our love

yes there is a crack
in the reality
going to war suicide
going to chemical plant suicide
going to revolutionary suicide
going to build nuke suicide
not making a new world suicide
not demystifying suicide suicide

audey murphy, remember him
uncle sams no. 1 son
congressional medal honor winner
who died alone
because he couldn't find community

sgt york
alvin york
who gary cooper made
us love gun
and sgt york dying of cancer
the same year the new anti war
movement shook d.c.
the i.r.s. danced around alvin's bed
chanting
you owe us taxes
from the movie of your life
humphrey bogart would say
"taxes is a protection racket"

dylan don't follow leaders echoes
earlier hip chants
of how in the original moment
the people copped for the king
instead of themselves, the self
suicide the denial of the self
succumbing to the man's plan
and believing it to death
watch out for the diciples baby

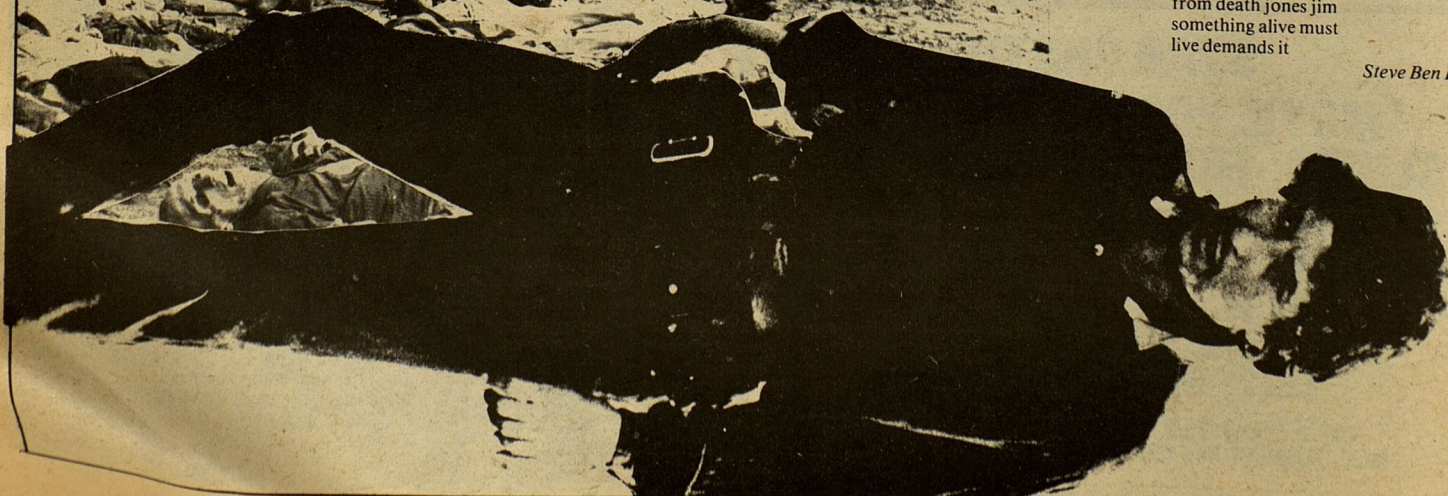
the guns creep in
the guns creep out
shouts the explorer to the new world
still
how heavy to fail in the new world
yes dreams have cracks in the
rainbow on the way to becoming human
only forward never dies

hey wait nine months
next time baby
it took 10,000 years
to make you baby

from the bottom tip
of argentina chile death locks
to the top of guyana
not so strange deaths
some will say
it was the howls and screams

from nicaraguan
argentina
guatemala
chile
and brazilian torture dungeons
that made them nuts
conspiracy fact
can wisdom come
from death jones jim
something alive must
live demands it

Steve Ben Israel '78



America's Only National Underground Newspaper

YIPPIE TIMES

APRIL '79

Texas Smoke-in

"We'll Set Yo' Ass On Fire!"

(HOUSTON, TX) The first Southern implementation of the Soft Strategy occurred at the Redneck State of Texas through its school's (University of Houston) Program Council and Student Association, which forked over \$850 to the Direct Action Committee, Yippie! campus-front group, so that the YIPs could hold their first Be-In on November 18.

Pie-Man Aron Kay, Bill Norton of Texas NORML, feminist and gay speakers, and new wave rock groups such as "Legionnaire's Disease", "Buck Brown", "Really Red", "Radioactive", "List Price" and "Reggae Fever" performed before a crowd of 500.

Good herb was in abundance, and the freex toked up without fear. Excepting two bozo university police who showed up for only a few minutes and then split, the Houston piggery were not permitted on campus despite their empty threats of mass arrests.

The pigs had warned on Channels 13 and 39 on the evening news prior that open-toking would not be permitted at the Yippie! Be-In. Chief Pig Caldwell declared that the pigs would be out in full force, and that all pot-smokers would be arrested. He added that first offenders would "only" be punished with a \$202.50 fine, the customary penalty.

Such intimidating tactics are not new to the Houston City Government. In recent months Mayor Jim McConn and Chief Pig Harry Caldwell have singled out the Iranian Students Association for attack, threatening any Iranian students who demonstrate with deportation.

Because of their reputation for cruelty, the Houston pigs are generally feared. Over the past years there have been several instances in which the pigs have used extreme force to suppress dissent.

In November 1976 a group of 500 peaceful Iranian demonstrators was brutally assaulted in an unprovoked attack by the HPD. When the pig assault was completed, the downtown street was literally

filled with blood.

Most recently, on May 7, 1978, a riot broke out in a Chicano neighborhood on the north side of Houston in Moody Park. This rebellion was a result of the extreme outrage felt in the Chicano community concerning the murder of Joe Campos Torres, a 21 year old ex-GI, and the subsequent sentencing of the three assailants in the HPD to six months probation and a one dollar fine!

Due to their long history of involvement in the fight against police brutality, Travis Morales, Tom Hirschi, and Mara Youngdahl, three activists in the People United to Fight Police Brutality organization, were charged with inciting to riot a week later. These activists are now known as the "Moody Park Three". The pigs' attack on them demonstrates the seriousness with which they treat any threat to their rule.

Yet despite the long-standing precedent of heavy pig resistance to protest, the Yippie! Be-In was totally unmolested.

Aron Kay gave a spirited rap for thirty minutes, recounting the history of Be-Ins, Smoke-Ins, and political pie-ings. He got the crowd chanting an appropriate tune: "McConn, You're a Liar, We'll Set Your Ass On Fire!"

Indeed, McConn was a proven liar. He and Caldwell failed to follow through on their threats of mass arrests. Despite the negative shock waves sent out over the airwaves Friday evening on Channels 13 and 39, the Be-In succeeded. Channels 2 and 11 featured coverage of the Be-In on the Saturday evening news. Later that night, Channel 2 featured a short interview on the 10 o'clock news with Aron Kay. The coverage was positive, and mentioned that the Yippies were fighting on several fronts, including the anti-nuclear movement, feminist and gay liberation, and pothibition repeal.

In effect, the Be-In signals the beginning of a new wave of protests in the Gulf Coast region.



Stooges on the March Ohio Cannabis Capers

Governor James Rhodes of Ohio, congressperson Tony Hall, a State Supreme Court Justice, and dozens of state and city officials—over thirty in all—received a funny little valentine this year in the mail. The valentine read: "Columbian is gold. Redbud is red. Plant these seeds in Ohio, 'Cause it's good for your head." The valentines were delivered to the office or home of these politicians by a group calling itself the Revolutionary Three Stooges Brigade and each had a packet of marijuana seeds and a joint attached to it.

The R3SB, in a letter sent with its gifts, said that it had sent these marijuana laced valentines in order to publicize their declaration of "1979, the Year of Ohio Homegrown." They then asked these officials, each high in their local government, to plant their seeds in Ohio this year and gave instructions on how to smoke the marijuana cigarette. The Stooges then advised the receivers of the Valentine that—"If your heart is soon set a flutter and you find yourself ogling, sparking, billing, cooing, and making goo-goo eyes—you may ask yourself: 'Am I in love?'—with a soon forthcoming answer of 'No, I am high!!'."

One state representative, who lives in a small college community in a rural county of the state was willing to talk about his valentine treat, but was unwilling to be identified. He said that he "enjoyed the card", "appreciated his gift" and thought that "the Revolutionary 3 Stooges Brigade were great." However, several of his "colleagues complained" to him that "the joints did not burn evenly and had too

many seeds and stems and not enough marijuana." When Pancho White-Villa, spokesperson for the R3SB, was contacted, he claimed that he "didn't think that most of them would try it anyway. I'm surprised that they even got through, let alone past the secretaries. Besides there is a dry spell in Dayton and we began to run out of stash. But still, we rolled up way over an ounce of pot. They're just mad because a seed burned a hole in one of their 3 piece suits."

The Ohio House is not the only one who challenged the R3SB. In an editorial, the Dayton Daily News called the Stooges "consumer ripoffs", because "a valentine fell into the hands of a newspaper and was found to lack both seeds and the 'joint'." Says Pancho: "Complaints, complaints. Listen, we never said that we were sending the pot to the press. They're just jealous because they didn't get any. We figured that they would have their own sources. I never thought I'd see the day when a major daily newspaper would beg for a joint on the editorial page." Did it work? "Yes", Pancho said with a giggle.

This is not the first cannabis caper for the Revolutionary 3 Stooges Brigade. Last year, when Miss Lillian Carter said that she would like to see what marijuana looked like, the R3SB complied by sending her two joints—one wrapped in a paper that appeared to be a tiny American flag. Following that, they planted a marijuana plant in then Congressperson Charles Whalen's Dayton office. The plant grew on his secretary's desk until discovered by the local press and destroyed by the Division of Tobacco and Firearms. Their most successful venture, however, took place last spring when they sponsored a Mother's Day smoke-in with Dayton NORML and Yippie that attracted 7,000-8,000 people.

The R3SB hopes that by declaring "1979 the year of Ohio Homegrown", there will be "everything from farms, to flowerpots with grow lights in closets, busting with marijuana this year." The R3SB points to Ohio sinsemilla and the fact that "the pot grown on the U.S. government's plantation in Mississippi only costs 98 cents per ounce to produce," to uphold their position that homegrown can be of high quality and inexpensive. As the R3SB says—"If Virginia is for lover, then Ohio can be for pot lovers."



Bay Area Blues

Shit with a capital S. That's what San Francisco's luck seems to have turned to lately. St. Francis must have fallen asleep on heaven's equivalent of a toilet. The Barb says Charles Garry, the lawyer of Dan White, worked for Jim Jones as an apologist. One of the bitter ironies about things here lately is that although White worked his ass off for increasing the use of the death penalty [California State Proposition 7, (he really worked to see that people like him got offed with the least legal expense to the State)], he seems likely to slide. He has befriended the monster, so to speak. Off duty pigs were reported to have been seen wearing Free Dan White T-shirts shortly after he offed the major progressive contingent in City government.

Diane Feinstein is eating it all up. Very dangerous slumlord she is, our new mayor-by-murder. She apparently has a single evil purpose from her actions, and that is to close San Francisco General Hospital, one drain on the city budget not needed by the wealthy, but essential to the operation of this city. The desire for destruction is subconscious, but her desire to take the fun out of it with her amped up vice program may inspire mass civil disobedience before her year is up. San Francisco has long been known for its excellent public transportation, but you can bet that the cost of using it will go up.

Well, Winterland is finally closed, as is the Shady Grove. Mabuhay Gardens, the town punk joint, is under fire from the new Feinstein fascism, but one thing about San Francisco—there's so much LSD here that paranoid freaks are reading in right-wing mind control plots. Too much shitty TV.

There is a lot of garbage going down behind Kalifornia's materialistic Republicanism to the extreme from the Jarvis Gann tax reform. City services are being chopped to pieces. There is more to lose than people realize, and it is getting national. On the subject of thieves protecting their property, it is sad that the Grateful Dead and Bill Graham (rock promoter) are threatening not to play the Bay Area again because of New Years Eve. One of the people on the street outside the final closing concert at Winterland, who couldn't afford the minimum \$50 for a scalped \$30 ticket that was impossible to find, actually got away with three out of four Grateful Dead banners hanging on the wall. I'd rather see them belong to a nostalgic thief than to hip capitalist rock and rollers. I guess ultimately everyone must ask themselves the question—"Which is more important, life or money?" The pro-nuclear Republican philosophy takes care of those who choose money, and the entire policy establishment is geared to enforce the protection of property. What will become of those deluded (or quaaluded) into this materialistic assault on reality and humanity? Eventual-

READER MADNESS



ly, it seems that they will turn on one another in the never ending quest for 'more' and chaos should result. Out of chaos will come order guided by cosmic intelligence, and perhaps that will establish the New Age we've been anticipating for so long.

San Fran Dan

Hate Mail

You Yippies are so fucked up!

Bunch of bourgeoisie berserkers! Marijuana smoking maniacs! Goddamn male elitist assholes! Fucking no politics at all! Beal's a dictator—whole organization's a figment of his imagination. Kay's a babbling idiot—and he's the brains of the operation! The D.C. Yippies are a pack of hoods and the Ohio Yippies are all talk. Everyone else is a 14 year-old punk on PCP. Forcade killed himself just to get away from you creeps. Who cares if Abbie ever comes home? You guys haven't had an original idea in 10 years and when you do you just fuck it up. Sitting in your penthouses in New York burning high grade Columbian for incense. Taking over people's houses, eating all their food and giving them clap. Stupid jerks! Why don't you get your shit together? If only all the Yippies would read the right books and then do what me and my friends say, we could overthrow the U.S. government in a month, or at least make pot legal. I think I'll come to the National Conference, March 23-25 in New York (naturally), just to tell you everything you're doing wrong.

If you want something done right, do it yourself!

—a disgruntled reader

Tupelo's No Honey

In Mississippi the sun shines on rural hills and small towns all year long. The slow drawl and friendly character of the people is what first impressed me as our bus from Madison, Wisconsin stopped for breakfast in Northern Mississippi.

We were politely accepted and served by the white restaurant people who approached us in a reserved manner that betrayed

curiosity. Our own attitude was curiously cautious since we had traveled 1,000 miles in one day to join a civil rights march in Tupelo, Mississippi.

Tupelo is a small but fast growing city in north eastern Mississippi. It is where battle lines are being drawn between the old and the new south.

The old south is represented by those who call Jimmy Carter "that peanut in the White House" and wear the hood of the Ku Klux Klan.

The new south is big and getting bigger. As inflation brings multi-national corporation more profits than ever before they also are looking around for places to invest all the surplus cash. Why not the south, defeated and subjugated by the industrial, capitalist north after the Civil War. It developed much slower and had not presented a good opportunity for the market hungry mega-business of the world.

But the search for markets and profits is like a fire that can never be put out. The arms of big business and the influence of big government have reached their life-sucking tendrils into a new field of expansion, the once sleepy and always militaristic south.

And along with the factories comes the jobs, but in the south there are no unions and many "right to work" laws so pay is poor and the companies make bigger profits and inflation rages like a war.

The average black farm family in the U.S. earns less than 50 percent of a white farm family.

23,000 people live in Tupelo and 22 percent of them are black. Of all the city jobs in Tupelo, blacks hold 19 percent. About 60 percent of these workers are in the sanitation department which is 70 percent black.

In the words of the Ku Klux Klan Imperial Dragon Doug Coen, the problem is obvious.

"The Federal government keeps the south down" is his answer, he goes on to say, "there is no new south, it's all media

hype."

Doug could afford to talk, he was surrounded by inquiring reporters from college newspapers, some from national media and even local dailies. Coen was not alone, he was with at least 50 Klan members all decked out in hoods and robes holding ax handles and some even had butts of pistols sticking from their belts.

Coen stood on the front step of the Tupelo Police Station. Locals grinned and offered information: "That's half the police force out here today" said one.

The Klan boasts that they have a bazooka. A story goes that a black cop hired through affirmative action guidelines found a locked door in the station. One day he got a key and opened the door, inside he found a room where Klan robes were stored along with a flame thrower.

People had come from all over the United States to march against racism in Tupelo, Mississippi. Two thousand came, from Burlington, Vermont to San Francisco, California. People came from Chicago, Kent State, Ohio, Milwaukee and Madison, Wisconsin. Stop Rizzo workers came from Philadelphia along with busses full of New Yorkers.

The march itself was impressively organized by the United League which has 55,000 members and is the umbrella group for all the liberation forces in the south.

According to Skip Robinson, the chief organizer of the tightly-run League, "We have to be prepared to fight and maybe die."

Black workers in Tupelo have had enough of exploitation by industry and they want the political power they have always been denied. The demands are simple, Land, Jobs, Political Power.

White businesses in Tupelo are being boycotted, a boycott the United League calls 90 percent effective.

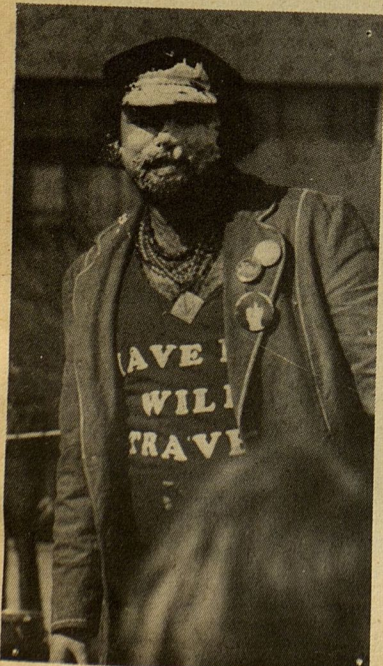
Blacks in Tupelo want real change and they are tired of waiting. So they say that they will fight the Klan if necessary to win justice.

But the terror of the Klan runs deep. Life in small town America leaves little room for class and racial friction. Day after day the people of Tupelo are reminded of the gulf that has always been between them.

We left a little chilled by the experience, a chill that even the warm southern air could not cure.

The news came after our return to the north that somebody had shot at two carloads of our people driving east through Alabama. A third car was stopped, the two men inside were dragged out and beaten. One landed in a hospital with 15 stitches in his scalp from a blow by an ax handle.

It became clear to us that there is a war going on in Mississippi. A war of liberation and survival and it seems that as the terror and violence spreads the war takes its toll in lives and in hate. Meanwhile, big business just gets rich.



Yippie Plemman Aron Kay gets a taste of his own medicine

Rubell Creamed in N.Y.

The proponents of Disco Sucks scored a victory when Steve Rubell (Kong of the Disco Droids), owner of the chic Studio 54 received a well-placed cream pie flung by Aron Kay. The assassination occurred in front of the palace of the elite, where the accused unilaterally decides who is to be admitted to his ritzy, polyester, star-studded palace of affluence. And this is what the moviestar/fan magazines are selling to the public; one must strive to become an Andy Warhol (shades of the Shah), or a Bianca Jagger to join King Stevie's court, thereby perpetuating discomania.

Disco, a middle-class disease, caters to the polyesterized consumer; even though the uppity types rubber stamp it (in the form of Ms. Lillian Carter). Anyway, disco is a diversion being perpetuated by greedy club owners and record companies as a way to make a quick buck. Club owners see it as an economic valve because

they can stop hiring musicians (thereby substituting them with a DJ).

Of course, disco forces musicians to seek other gigs or collect checks at the unemployment lines. To combat this, many community organizations have set up "anti-discos" where musicians can get together and jam.

Disco is strictly a computerized, lobotomizing, decadent and meaningless form of muzak. On many of the records, the instruments are played by machines so as to keep a constant beat. Discoshit's meaningless lyrics are stifling to creativity and it lowers consciousness to the level of the 9-to-5-er who thrives on TV, quaaludes, McDonalds and honkie culture.

Well, disco may well be called the McDonald's of the music industry. Disco (in the form of the Bee Gees, etc.) is to music as fast food sleaze joints are to restaurants. In essence, disco is an extension of McDeath's in that it is a product of mass consumerism—those suburbanoids who work 9-5 and at night they look and dance like they are a walking boutique show. They probably think they are Ronald McDonald.

Well, lobotomizing disco is a step closer to totalitarianism and all over Amerikkka the cry "Disco Sucks" will be heard from the advocates of real music.

continued from page 21

Unless all charges are dropped immediately (including unconditional freedom for Gabriel Yippies by the thousands will invade Montgomery County July 3rd.

Bethesda, we will bury you.

FAYETTEVILLE & ATLANTA

What do these stories mean? In both cases organizers said they wished they'd done their publicity earlier and better—that busts probably could have been avoided by doubling or tripling their crowd.

Organizers of last fall's Fayetteville smoke-in felt they averted threatened big busts only because their crowd approached 500, as versus 50 cops, and refused to back down.

But that wasn't surprising, since they'd been unintimidated by prior radio announcements that the smoke-in had no permit, that mere attendance was a misdemeanor (& organizing it a felony); by the city turning off power; and Sheriff Herb Marshall and his 40 "herb marshalls" stopping all cars and trucks coming into the park.

A bigger and better event is planned for April 22, by John Yippie, 501-442-5799, who wants to use it as a regional workshop on smoke-ins.

As we go to press, late word has come that the Atlanta police intend to make the smoke-in there this April 7th once again the scene of mass arrests. Oh, Goody! CAMP (404-231-WEED) is doing this one as a southeast regional civil disobedience mobilization...you should go.

HEADS HOTFOOT HEAVYHANDED HEAT

While smoke-ins by the hundreds go down peacefully everywhere else, each year cops in a few backward burgs show their true colors, and having driven kidz to protest with ceaseless harassments, crush the ensuing demonstrations with all the fervor of Chicago's finest beating up the very first Yippies.

This school year was no exception, but the score so far shows that heavy repression backfired more often than not—with cops fired in Illinois and Maryland—and that even a few hundred people can achieve spectacular results.

Mass civil disobedience is now in fact slated for July 3rd in Montgomery County, Maryland—just over the D.C. line—where they've shown they just think they can push us around.

50 COPS CANNED IN SMOKE-IN AFTERMATH

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Who says smoke-ins don't accomplish anything? In Illinois they fired 50 cops!

No one here was even much aware that the Secretary of State had his own little Police Force, prior to last fall's Illinois State Capitol Smoke-In. Their duties included crowd control at the Capitol Bldg, where nothing much ever happened.

Nothing, anyway, until last Sept 3rd, when 60 of the Secretary of State's personal force, riot-equipped, invaded a placid Sunday afternoon reefer reform rally with only a few minutes warning, selecting for arrest and beating those who had earlier spoken out on the open microphone.

The cops were to clear the Capitol grounds—twice—the protestors were to march to the Governor's mansion—and back—youths and women would repeatedly get beaten as police thugs menaced watching reporters, before the day ended with 42 busted—only 2 for pot, most for "mob action" under the antique "Haymarket Law".

Most could not be prosecuted; about 10 have been scheduled for trial this April 9. The ACLU has entered motions to dismiss, and a federal civil rights suit is being filed against the State for this "arbitrary curtailment" of protest.

But best of all, the ensuing editorial agitation of the *State Journal Register*—one of whose photographers was briefly arrested at the September rally—wondering just what the 200

men of the secretary's police were good for in between Smoke-Ins, forced lay-offs numbering close to the 60 flatfeet who beat heads last Sept. 3rd.

Hoping to avoid a legislative investigation, Alan Dixon, the Republican Secretary of State, announced a sweeping reorganization of the agency, replacing the incumbent chief, and cutting the number of officers by 50!

...& THE D.C. 'BURBS

In Montgomery County during the fall semester of school over 300 students had been arrested on pot-related charges under former Chief of Police Robert DiGrazia's dope war. Students were arrested for tobacco smoking, for standing near people smoking pot, for having papers or pipes, etc. Finally on Oct. 17 at the Bethesda police station, about 10 students from Walt Whitman High were arrested for peacefully protesting the arrest of a known non-pot smoker.

On Oct. 31 people returned to the same police station, unintimidated by the earlier arrests. By one o'clock about 40 people gathered in front of the police station to protest the use of undercover police, the laws against marijuana and to call for the ouster of DiGrazia.

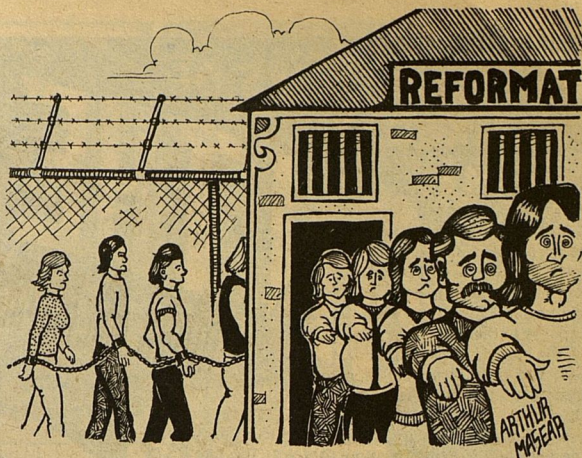
At about 3:10 a smoke-in broke out across the street. The riot squad came out and ordered people to disperse. The crowd had grown to about 75. The cops charged in as undercover cops in the people's midst carried off 3 people. Then for a half hour the riot squad chased the demonstration through downtown Bethesda. During rush hour, the police fell back and folks returned to continue the smoke-in after about 10 minutes.

At about 3:45, Rupert Yippie and Leatrice Urbanowicz were carried off; her kid, Gabriel Yippie, was confiscated. After the arrest of these supposed leaders, the riot squad chased the remaining crowd back through Bethesda again; most came back to the smoke-in site a second time, and then a third time, on their own. The last 10 arrests occurred at 7:00 PM, bringing the total to 27, mostly on charges of loitering and/or disturbing the peace. Other charges included possession and one for concealed weapon for carrying a pocket knife.

About two and a half weeks later, a mounting wave of parents' protests combined with the usual Editorial controversy set off by the smoke-in, and Chief deGrazia was sacked. The raids were discontinued, altho police are hinting that new raids are set for the spring.

Charges are still pending, however, against Rupert and Leatrice, and no one will forget that police tried to have her child Gabriel taken away permanently, and that a Judge is still holding that as a threat against further political activities.

continued—page 20



Patients Revenge

The Coalition Against Psychiatric Abuse (CAPA) has scheduled five days of protest and disruption for the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association at Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, starting with a May 13 rally.

CAPA charges the psychiatric establishment has aligned with state and federal agencies to create "a vast American Gulag of juvenile programs, mental hospitals, and prison behavior modification units... where dissidents become 'patients' to be broken," or failing that "drugged to a state of helplessness, if not submission."

CAPA has called for an immediate ban on forced use of depressant drugs on the involuntarily confined, and for an outright ban on the worst of these drugs, prolixin, thiorazine, and stellazine. (Prolixin withdrawal puts a patient through weeks of torture, enslaving a patient to his doctor, who must provide the next fix.)

"The psychiatric establishment helps control not only prisoners and patients, but all of society, by categorizing unorthodox lifestyles as 'crazy'. Thus gays, potheads, and other youthful rebels often find themselves headed for the school shrink. Young women who reject male defined roles are likewise deemed to have 'trouble adjusting.' Since young Blacks, American Indians, and Latinos can never

'fit' in a white society, they are particularly vulnerable."

At the same time, organized psychiatrists have alienated such a diverse spectrum that they themselves have created an anti-shrink coalition of unparalleled breadth.

A great many people are beginning to question the priorities of a "psychiatry" that locks up gays and potsmokers while ignoring obvious psychotics like Jim Jones and Rev. Moon, who claim to be God, or self-styled "Nazis" who preach genocide and have proven propensities for mass murder.

Nor have recent revelations of pervasive American Psychiatric Association complicity in the notorious CIA "mind control" experiments (many actually designed by Nazi doctors brought to the U.S. to complete their "work" after the fall of Hitler, according to *The New York Times*) helped the A.P.A.'s public image.

The four days following the rally at the Chicago Hilton will see continuing guerilla theater (Bring your own props.) and an open microphone for personal testimony on psychiatric establishment abuse. For further info CAPA, POB 87254 Chicago, Ill 60626 (312) 764-1909 or POB 392 Canal St Sta. NY, NY 10012 (212) 533-5028

Yippie Contacts & Chapters

Nevada
★ Susan McKann and Danny Carson City, Nevada 89701 702-882-6684

Vermont
★ Laura Garth Goddard College Plainfield, Vermont 05667

New York
★ Cold Springs Warehouse 167 Leroy Ave. Buffalo, N.Y. 14212
★ Hattii Marini and Adam 292 Lake Ave. Apt. 4 Rochester, N.Y. 14608
★ Peoples Power Plant 43 S. Washington St. Binghamton, N.Y.
★ N.Y.C. YIP 10 Bleecker St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012 212-533-5028

New Jersey
★ Bob Raoul 4200 Remington Ave. Pennaucken, N.J. 08100 609-663-5989

Pennsylvania
★ Dean Tuckerman Philadelphia 215-MA4-8706
★ Whole in the Universe Gang RD 1 Wholebrook, PA. 15341

Maryland
★ Alternative Action Committee Box 2011 Towson State Univ. Towson, MD. 21204
★ Rupert and Leatrice 4411 Mallet St. Rockville, MD. 20853

Georgia
★ C.A.M.P. POB 53265 Atlanta, GA. 30355 404-231-WEED

Arkansas
★ YIP 314 W. Watson Fayetteville, Ark. 72701 501-442-5799

Ohio
★ Revolutionary 3 Stooges Brigade Box 166 Wright Brothers Station Dayton, Ohio 45409
★ Columbus YIP POB 8234 Columbus, Ohio 43201 614-299-2936

Kentucky
★ Kentucky Marijuana Feasibility Study Gatewood Galbraith POB 1438 Lexington, Kentucky 40501

Illinois
★ Carbondale Zoo 608 E. Park St. Carbondale, Ill. 62901
★ Chicago YIP Rock Against Racism POB 82754 Chicago, Ill. 60680 312-764-1909

★ Springfield YIP POB 358 Chatham, ILL. 62629 217-789-4355

Indiana
★ Bloomington YIP POB 1103 Bloomington, Ind. 47401

Missouri
★ OZ Chapter Jim London 146 Helfenstein St. Louis, Mo. 63119

Iowa
★ Iowa City YIP POB 225 Iowa City, Iowa 52240 319-337-4895

★ Cedar Rapids YIP POB 5201 Cedar Rapids, Iowa 53403

Texas
★ Chuck Brame 1129 Washington Ft. Worth, Texas 76111
★ Ultra POB 35253 Houston, Texas 77035
★ Austin YIP 411 E. 45th St. Austin, Texas

New Mexico
★ Moses Greenstar 162 Tulane Dr. S.E. Albuquerque

Michigan
★ Michigan Cannabis Caucus 712 Emmet St. Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197

Wisconsin
★ Madison YIP 15 S. Bassett St. Mad., Wisc. 53703

★ Kevin Cota c/o Peoples Rights 125 N. Barstow Eau Clair, Wisc.

Washington
★ Mike Compton POB 293 Yelm, Wash.
★ Kevin Hibber 1431 Minor St. Box 609 Seattle, Wash. 206-624-8012

California
★ Fred Cash POB 60274 Sunnyvale, CA. 408-297-2105

★ Bill Sassenberger 1894 W. 9th Ave. Pomona, CA. 91766

Coming Events Spring/Summer '79

April

1

★ HOUSTON ROCK AGAINST RACISM info: ULTRA, POB 35253, Houston TX 78751.
★ ANN ARBOR HASH BASH U. of Michigan Diag.

7

★ CAMP REEFER RALLY Noon at Piedmont Park, Atlanta, GA. info: Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition, POB 53265, Atlanta, GA 30355. (404) 231-WEED.

7 & 8

★ ILLINOIS STATE CONFERENCE, Springfield, Ill. info: (217) 789-4355.

14

★ AUSTIN FREE MUSIC FEST info: 411 E. 45th Austin TX 78751.

22

★ FAYETTEVILLE BE-IN Greek Theater of U of A campus. info: 314 W. Watson, Fayetteville, ARK 72701. (501) 442-5799

May

5

★ MIFFLIN ST. BLOCK PARTY, Madison, Wisconsin.

5

★ NYC ANNUAL 5th AVE POT PARADE, Noon at Washington Sq. Pk. March to Central Pk. raindate May 6. info: 9 Bleecker St. (212) 533-5028.

6

★ NYC ROCK AGAINST RACISM, Noon at Central Pk. info: NYC YIP.

11

★ COLUMBUS RAR Noon at OSU Oval. info: YIP, POB 8234, Columbus, Ohio 43201 (614) 291-2936.

12

★ PHILADELPHIA SMOKE-IN Noon at Independence Hall, raindate May 13. info: 215-MA4-8706

13

★ MOTHER'S DAY SMOKE-IN Bring Your Mother! info: Box 166 Wright Bros. Station, Dayton, Ohio.

13-18

★ DISRUPT THE AMERICAN PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION CONVENTION, Conrad Hilton, Chicago. info: YIP, POB 87254, Chicago, ILL 60626 (312) 764-1909.

20

★ RIGHTS OF SPRING Civic Center Plaza, San Francisco

26

★ NEVADA STATE CAPITOL SMOKE-IN, Carson City

June

9

★ NEW ORLEANS SMOKE-IN City Park, raindate June 10.
★ CHICAGO ROCK AGAINST RACISM Lincoln Park. info: Chicago YIP.

10

★ SEATTLE SMOKE-IN Capitol Hill, Washington.

23

★ CHICAGO SMOKE-IN Lincoln Pk. info: Chicago YIP.

July

1

★ EDMONTON, ALBERTA SMOKE-IN, info: Prairie Weed, Box 115, U. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6G 2J7.

3 & 4

★ ANNUAL 4th of JULY SMOKE-IN, Washington, DC. info: CAMP DC. (212) 533-5028.

TRUE STORIES OF WORKADAY DRAMA!

ON THE JOB

"A NEW DAWN IN THE JUNGLE"

AN EXPENSE ACCOUNT LUNCH IN A FANCY RESTAURANT WILL NOT BUY YOU THE FAVORS OF THE COST ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT, REGGIE!

HARD TIMES ARE ON THE WAY, JOCKO!... AND THE PLOTSOM AND JETSOM WILL BE WASHED AWAY IN THE CLEANSING!

SKIP WILLIAMSON

YOU YOUNG CLOWNS NEVER KNEW WHAT ADVERTISING IS ALL ABOUT!

WELL... THERE IS NO YOUTH MARKET ANYMORE, BIMBO!

THE PUNK GENERATION WILL SOON BE TOO BUSY WORRYING ABOUT MAKING A LIVING TO COME IN AND TEAR UP MY YARD!

PHOENIX-LIKE, THE IRON FIST OF ORDER WILL RISE FROM THE WASTEFUL ANARCHY OF YOUR GENERATION!

I CAN ONLY THANK THE FATES THAT I AM GAINFULLY EMPLOYED!

MIND YOU... THE PALTY REMUNERATION I GET FOR THIS GIG IS SPARSE REWARD...

THE AGENCY SHOULD HAVE HAD YOUR JOB OVER THIS AD!

YER NUMBER IS UP, JACK!

HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED THAT SUPERMARKET ADS ARE NOTHING BUT COURNS THESE DAYS!

PEOPLE MUST NOW BE ENTICED TO BUY FOOD!

EAT PIGS!
PIG CORP. OF AMERICA

IN TERMS THAT EVEN YOU CAN UNDERSTAND...

...THE PEOPLE WILL NO LONGER PAY FOR THE SELF-INDULGENCE OF SEEING HOW FUNNY THEY REALLY ARE!!

THE FAT IS BEING TRIMMED, FORKY!

A NEW DAY HAS DAWNED!

THE INCUMBERANCE OF CREATIVITY IS FINALLY DEAD!

I THINK I UNDERSTAND!...

...THE AGENCY HAS BECOME A RECTAL THERMOMETER MEASURING THE ECONOMIC HEAT OF AMERICA'S ASSHOLE!

...A DOUCHE-BAG... FLUSHING OUT THE WASTE AND BILE OF THE INTERNATIONAL MONEY MARKET'S CANCEROUS CUNT...

HOW FULFILLING!

PITIFUL METAPHORES WILL NOT SAVE THESE MINDLESS SLUGS FROM CONSUMPTION IN THE FIRE TO COME!...

THE DECORATIVE TASTES OF THESE BOY SCOUTS CAN BE SERVED ONLY BY THEM DANGLING TASTERFULLY FROM LAMPPOSTS!

WHEN SUDDENLY, OWING TO THE LAWS OF TIME, IT'S

5 P.M.

A FULL DAY'S WORK IS DONE... NOW IT'S TIME FOR HOME AND HEALTH!

ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER DOLLAR!

A MOMENTARY ESCAPE INTO THE FALSE SECURITY OF A SUBURBAN TRACT!

OR PERHAPS A COMFORTABLE EVENING IN A FASHIONABLE NORTH SHORE APARTMENT!

ACROSS TOWN... THE HOME FIRE BLAZES

RETARDED PIG OF A CHILD!

SMERK!

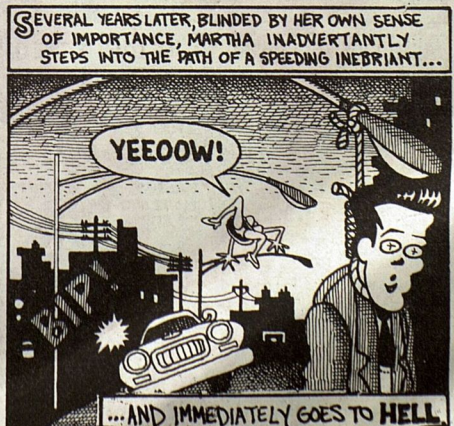
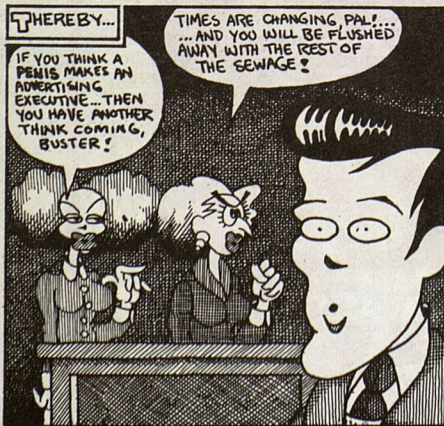
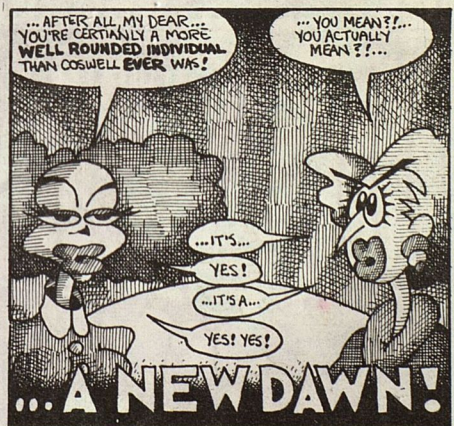
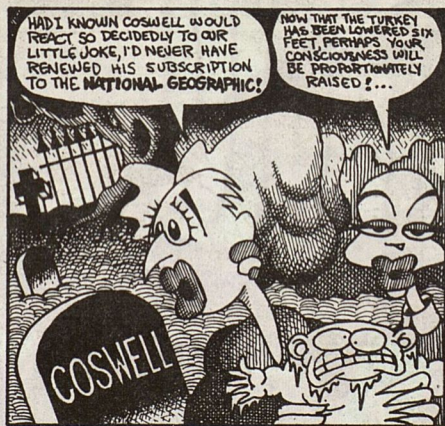
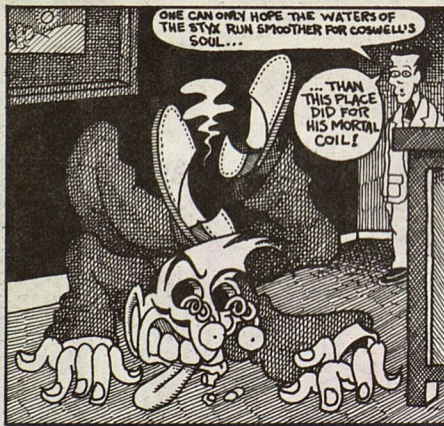
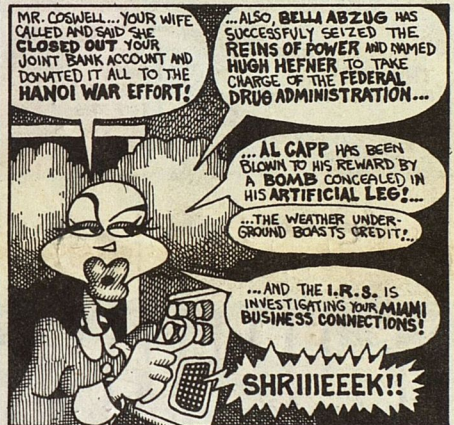
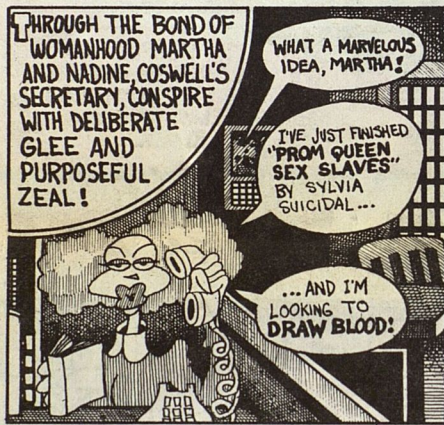
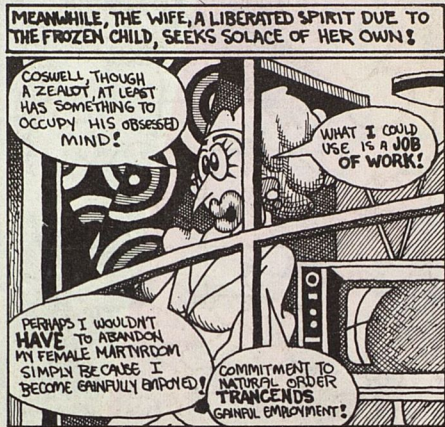
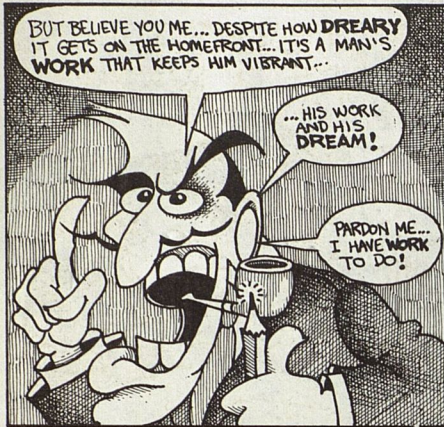
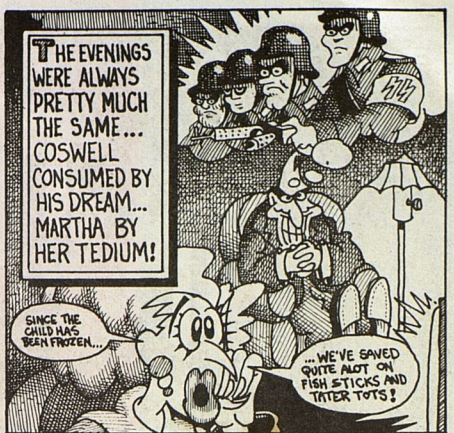
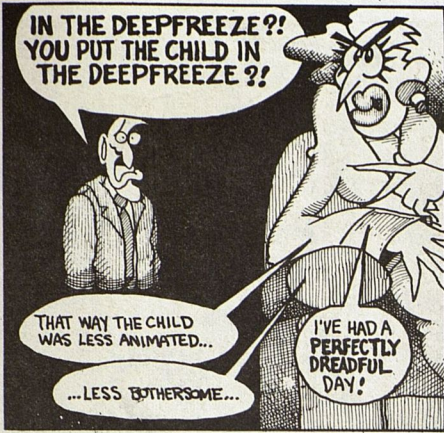
JUST WAIT 'TIL YOUR FATHER GETS HOME!

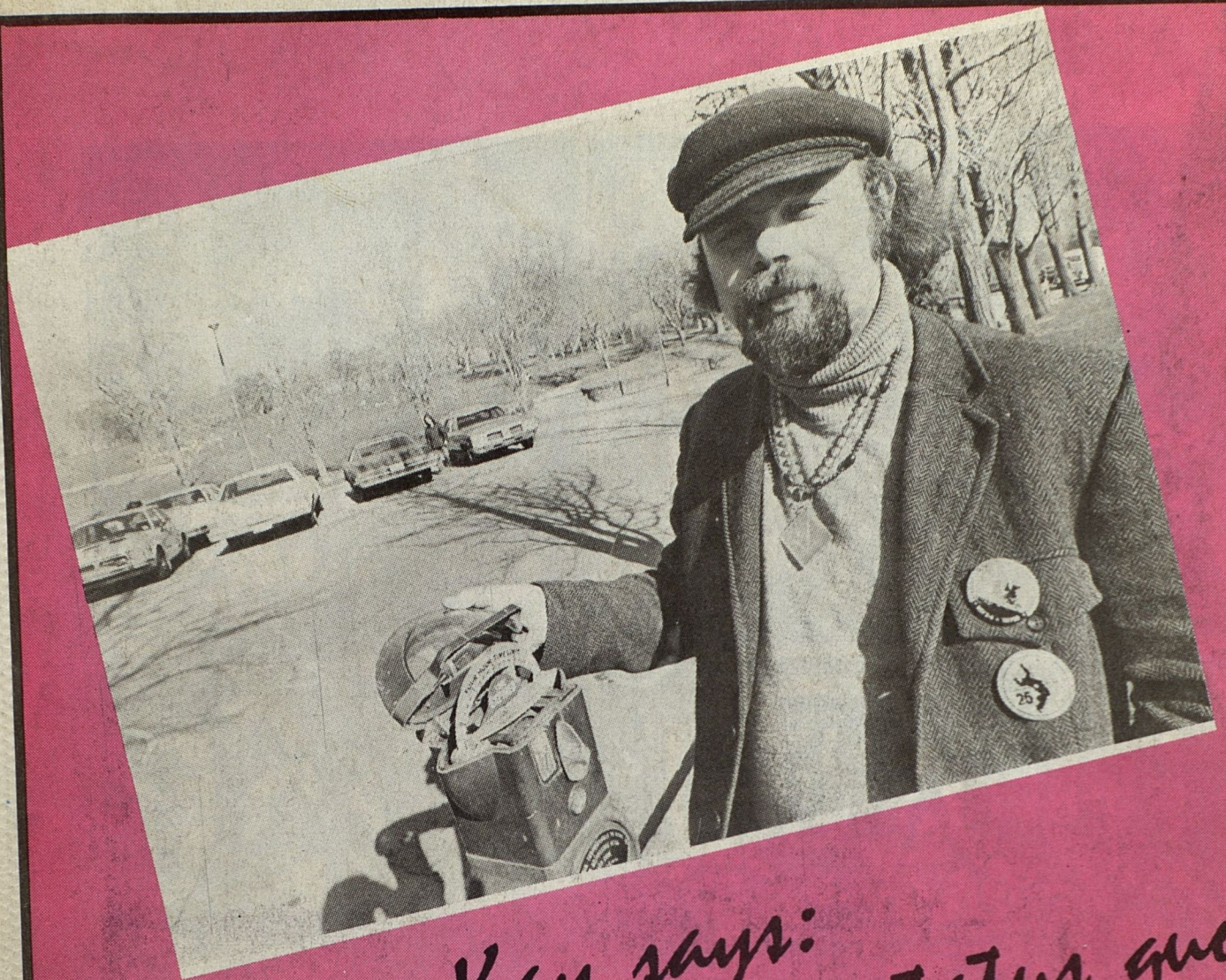
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY VALIUMS!

GOOD EVENING, WIFE...

WHERE'S TH' CHILD?

IN THE DEEPFREEZE...





Aron Kay says:
"Don't trust the status quo.
Subscribe to Overthrow!"

Dear Aron: Please don't pie me! Here's \$10 for one action-packed year of *Overthrow* (12 issues), and all other YIP Information Service bulletins and brochures.

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