

OVERTHROW

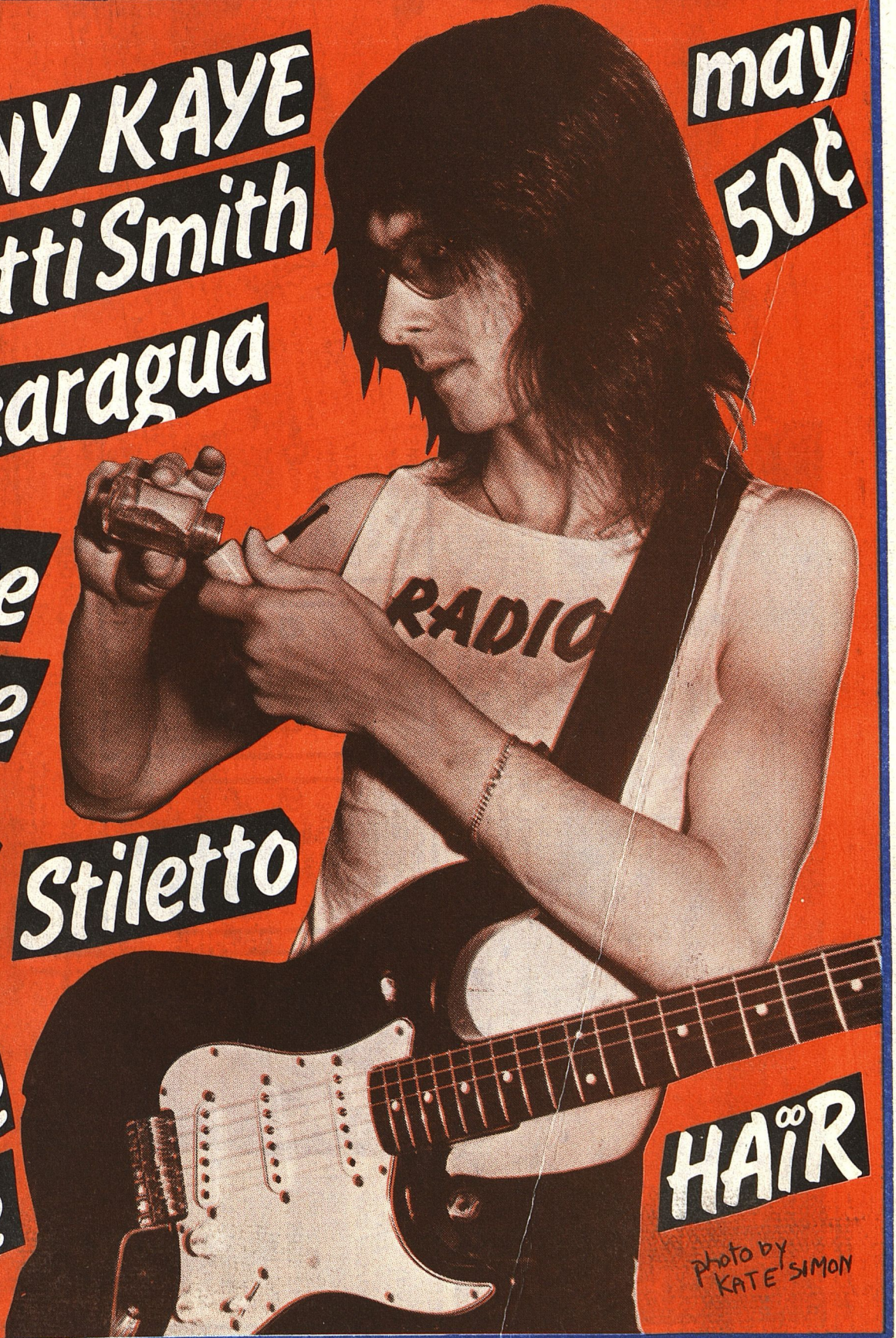
LENNY KAYE
& Patti Smith
Nicaragua

may
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Nuke
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B-52's
Stiletto

Fone
Code



HAIR

photo by
KATE SIMON

OVERTHROW

MAY '79 50¢

NUKE PUKE NO FLUKE

FEAR & GLOWING IN HARRISBURG



by MIKE CHANCE

Middletown, PA: When I was a kid our family frequently visited a great-grandmother who lived in Elk River, Minnesota. Other than my grandmother Elk River had another compelling fascination: it was the home of America's first commercial nuclear power plant. Often when travelling there we would park our 1957 station wagon next to the other cars under the huge logo of a smiling, anthropomorphized atom, and stare in awe at the domed wonder that rose across the Mississippi. Even in its infancy it was fearsome, inscrutable, bewildering. Son of the A-bomb, come to lead us to peace and prosperity.

More than twenty years later, watching the shards of the U.S. nuclear policy tumble to the sidewalks and greenlands of Middletown, Pennsylvania, I again sensed that primordial fear as townspeople, media vultures, Metropolitan Edison officials and cops stood in knots staring across the Susquehanna at the damaged Three Mile Island nuclear power plant. Like people living on the side of a volcano that has suddenly begun to smolder and rumble—they stared in nervous apprehension at the 329-foot cooling towers. From one of the four towers floated a thin wisp of steam that dissipated over the countryside. Ominous steam.

The Three Mile Island nuclear plant, operated by Metropolitan Edison, is located on an island in the Susquehanna, in Middletown, a suburb of Harrisburg.

The trouble began at 9 a.m. on a Wednesday morning. As Gus Olmstead, a milk hauler for a Harrisburg dairy who says he is "too old to run" though he lives only a quarter mile from the reactors, recalls, "They let off steam a lot, and you'd hear a *pfoooshh* noise, couple times

a day. But this one was at nine in the morning. I'd never heard one then, and it was loud, like a whistle. Like when a pipe breaks.

What Gus heard was the blow-out of a safety valve occasioned by the intense pressure of overheated water. Five hours earlier a cooling pump had failed and a back-up safety system also failed. Someone had closed the valve that allowed water from the back-up system to flow into the overheated system. A combination of mechanical and human error, the Nuclear Regulatory Agency said in a preliminary investigation.

The safety valve that blew was located in the Number Two reactor chamber. This houses the fuel core and cooling pipes. When working correctly, the heat from the nuclear fuel turns the water in the pipes to steam that drives turbines which produce electricity. But when the safety valve blew, thousands of gallons, ions of pressurized steam escaped into the reactor chamber. Some of this steam had to be vented to prevent an explosive build-up, and escaped into the air through the cooling towers. It was this radioactive "plume" drifting from two of the cooling stacks, or the possibility of a hydrogen gas explosion that would release enormous clouds of radioactive gas, or the worst case scenario, a core meltdown, that posed the crisis at Harrisburg.

But it was a crisis unlike anything anyone had seen before, unlike the vagaries of floods, earthquakes, epidemics and other decimators of humankind. There was not the unity and strength of purpose that attends more mundane disasters, the sandbagging brigades, rescue operations and rebuilding efforts.

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NUKE PUKE

HARRISBURG
PHOTOS BY
MICKEY KIENITZ

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The predominant feelings were of confusion and anger.

There was a cosmic resignation among these tough, Pennsylvania Dutch people that since it was something they could neither see nor touch, and no one knew what the effects of however much was being released would be anyway, it was out of their hands. The corporate brass at Met Ed, the politicians, the government scientists had all lied to them in the beginning and continued to lie to them throughout the crises. The media lied—it was obvious: too many stories were in direct contradiction with each other.

For instance, a "fact sheet" distributed by Pennsylvania State representative Stephen Reed, carrying the state seal, says that "contaminated water...is presently not a problem at Three Mile Island's accident" and later adds that "the vapor you see coming out of those cooling towers is not radioactive."

But at that very moment, according to recently released transcripts of the NRC's meetings during the crises. Chairman Hendrie was desperately trying to find out exactly how much contaminated water was on the floor of the reactor chamber, how radioactive it was, and how much of it was being vented into the atmosphere. The response from an unidentified Met Ed official was, "We have no idea."

As a result of these and countless other contradictory explanations, the people of Harrisburg simply hoped for the best. There was confusion over whether the problem was serious enough to evacuate, so finally most of the women and children left town, while the men stayed. During the day they hung out at the local bars drinking beer and declaring they could use a few more of these crises. Those who stayed because they had no choice or weren't afraid put up a veneer of apprehensive grit and heckled the legions of reporters.

"Someday, somebody's going to find out that media causes cancer," cracked a local woman as she watched news hounds flock to their field phones after a Middletown press conference. Another woman, Mrs. Marcia Henderson, a clerk in a stationary store along Middletown's block-long main street, waved her hand disdainfully at a film crew outside the window. "One of those fellows came in here this morning and asked me how come I was still here. I told him I had been in London during the Blitz and this was nothing. These reporters have scared more people than they've helped."

Truly, if there was an element of tangible sleaze in this disaster, it was the press corps. Tumbling all over themselves to find the grisliest angle, they pursued hapless townspeople with microphones and cameras. At night they got drunk in all the hotels and blanched at the scrapple served by local restaurants.

The national network crews were the worst as is always the case, sporting Florida or L.A. tans and talking about the most banal off the record topics in that phoney modulation they effect. Even the local news outlets managed to demean themselves, carrying on a hot debate about who provided the best coverage of the crisis. And in the midst of the confusion came a flurry of crackpot explanations. The NCLC claimed at a press conference that the damage was sabotage; the National Enquirer labelled it a hoax; others claimed it was a trick by Met Ed to raise rates or a publicity stunt for the movie "China Syndrome."

The events at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant couldn't have struck harder at the heart of mid-America. Middletown, U.S.A. And it is in the reaction of the people who live there and the certainty that similar reactions were expressed elsewhere, that one can see the first cracks appear in the monolithic nuclear myth.

For three decades the American people had been led to believe that the secrets of atomic power were secure in the hands of the Western man-god, the scientist. But then the NRC transcripts quote Chairman Hendrie as saying at the height of the crisis that none of the thousand-plus scientists



Red Cross workers—Harrisburg

have any idea of what is going on. "We are like blind men staggering in the dark," Hendrie confesses. These revelations made a lot of people feel the atomic establishment had sold them a set of the emperor's new clothes. Or even worse, that inside the clothes there was no emperor.

The events and the aftermath have also added a new dimension to the nuclear debate. **No longer is it simply a question of safety and efficiency, but of self-determination. The people of America were never consulted about nuclear policy.** It is now becoming clear that the policy was hatched by a cabal of military/industrial interests, that it was presented to the public as a fait accompli and expedited through a calculated program of lies and intimidation. It was further perpetuated by buying off the educational institutions that were supposed to know better, and com-

and dozens more. The labor unions, universities, philanthropic foundations, newspapers, international banks, the Pentagon, the CIA and political bodies of every description came under their control.

"They have been the last five presidents, half the senators and 45 percent of the representatives. The war is the tie that binds in the American Establishment, the shared experience of the middle-aged American male."

Precisely. And it was in that macho, power is all, post-war mentality that the incredible plot to use nuclear matter for power plants was at first hatched. As will be documented later, the race to stockpile highly energized atomic matter during the war was never seen as anything but a race for a more powerful explosive. **The idea that this atomic material should be somehow harnessed to generate electricity**

"Keep them confused as to fission and fusion," said Ike. And Carter's doing it for a living

promising the media through the "old-boy" network that evolved during World War II.

It all began there, those days during and shortly after World War II. It was the **biggest high the American collective consciousness had ever shared.** Danger, intrigue, sport, and finally, the crowning triumph, victory over all the armed forces of the world. Power was all, big was better, and in the midst of that power fever rose a totem, an idol, the biggest and most powerful god of all—saviour of the war—and defender of peace—the A-bomb. Like Samson's hair, the U.S. was immortal with it, lost without it. By the end of the war, especially after Hiroshima and Nagasaki, it was a rare military man who would speak out against the bomb.

But who were these victors? What roles would they go on to play in American society, these bomb-worshippers? Hear what *Washington Post* editor Richard Harwood, a Midway vet, says.

"Out of these Pacific waters...the last war...came the young American men who we to dominate for decades the principal institutions in American life.

"They are the captains of Coca-Cola, Weyerhaeuser, Sears, Allied Chemical, J.P. Morgan, Pepsico, Citicorp, Chase Manhattan, First Chicago, Boeing, Lockheed, Chrysler, Ford, General Motors, Bank of America, TRW, American Airlines, Anheuser Busch, ITT

should no more have occurred to any sane culture than should the notion have occurred to the Chinese to generate electrical power with dynamite after they invented it.

But this was not a sane period: it was the Cold War, and visionaries in the military government that dominated were forecasting that there was going to be a need for a supply of weapons-grade nuclear material, and so they implemented a policy of nuclear power plants, the reasoning being that both the fuel processing industry for the plants and even the plants themselves would assure enough weapons-grade material for the nuclear war that military planners saw on the horizon.

Before that, the accumulation of atomic matter was for the singular and unwavering purpose of building weapons. For those who have forgotten their history, it should be noted that the race to build an atomic bomb among nations was not a technological contest, but a race to accumulate enough highly fissionable material to build a bomb. The Manhattan Project accomplished this purpose, using high-speed centrifuge machines to isolate plutonium. Scientists had known since the Curies first isolated Radium that atomic matter subjected to intense pressure, like any explosive, had enormous devastating power. It was no accident that the scientists watched the first experimental bomb exploded in Los Alamos in 1945 from a

concrete bunker 10 miles away. They knew what they had, long before they assembled it.

Albert Speer, in fact, cites this as a main reason the Nazis lost the war. In his memoirs, *Inside the Third Reich*, Speer recalls how his repeated pleas to build nuclear processing plants were shunted aside by Hitler, who argued that all available support must go to the infantry, the backbone of all wars. He curtailed nuclear research and according to Speer, prevented the development of a German A-bomb even though they knew how to build one.

Not only was atomic matter considered war material exclusively, but the energy it produced was considered a troublesome part of the process. In his biography of the bomb Dr. Maxwell Eidenoff described the energy they created while they were busy amassing the necessary plutonium as "a wasteful and even harmful by-product." And Dr. Robert Oppenheim, regarded by many as the father of the atomic bomb, later renounced his protegee for what he cited as "humanitarian reasons." Despite this chutzpah, Oppenheim at least did not lay pretense to the claim that his role in the development of atomic policy was for anything other than warlike ends. He admitted his role in the military machine and sought expiation.

The evidence is overwhelming that nuclear energy was never seriously regarded as a viable alternative. The danger of radiation, instantly present via fallout from a bomb, could not be adequately harnessed. When the decision was made to launch a national atomic stockpiling endeavor under the guise of peaceful energy programs, there was the old-boy network, ready to implement it. The captains of industries, the educators, the politicians, the media mavens.

In the early fifties a massive propaganda campaign was undertaken to make the American public love the bomb supply factories. **By 1952 the secret nuclear cabal had plans for its first experimental nuclear power plant, scheduled to open in 1956 in Elk River.** The plant eventually opened that year. Today it is closed while engineers

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cover photo
by
KATE SIMON

Overthrow

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The Nicaragua Bianca Never Knew



The cab dropped me off near La Trinidad. It was my second trip to Nicaragua. Much of the ravage of rebellion and revolution still readily apparent. Grafitti covered the walls of the hospital where I was waiting to meet my contact person, who would guide me to the mysterious Sandinistas.

After about 90 minutes my contact arrived and we jumped into his vehicle and headed north for an hour. I had met this person while on my first trip. Like almost all the people I met, his family had suffered harshly at the hands of the Somoza regime. His parents had been jailed numerous times and his brother had "disappeared under mysterious circumstances." His hatred of Somoza was in no way concealed nor for that matter was his rage at the United States government.

He had lived on the east coast of the U.S. and served in the U.S. military. He knew firsthand from his Vietnam experience what U.S. intervention in a civil war meant. "All we have here is death and the stench of death," he told me, "You are lucky, at any time you can leave. Our city was once the most beautiful in the country, now it is in ruin."

He drops me off on a secluded road where I once again wait. It is about one pm—soon another contact comes along and we head into the mountains. We are travelling light because it's quite hot and the terrain is very rugged.

Occasionally we encounter others along the way. A farmer tilling his land with oxen and a piece of wood, a young boy with a machete. We walk in densely covered



Story and photos by Mickey Kienitz

ravines so as not to be seen by the aircraft that periodically drone overhead. After walking for a few hours we come to a large corn field. "On the other side is a path," I am told. When we reach the path the going becomes considerably easier. We encounter people more often now, some of whom are riding burros. There are huts constructed of sticks and mud. It begins to grow dark as we arrive at our destination.

The security has been tight as we have moved up the mountain. It's not easily apparent to my untrained eye. Sandinistas and local farmers form circles of communication. Towards the bottom of the mountain are larger circles. Any movement is reported to the next circle up the mountain. The information is passed up until it reaches the top. The people at the top awaited our arrival.

The encampment is roughly like that of a Mayday in Washington D.C. during the late sixties. Various groups of people, including doctors and pharmacists who dispense medicines for energy and prevention of jungle fungus (something which I came to experience first hand), and any other ailment which may occur to this highly mobile revolutionary army.

The groups were made up of all segments of society except for the elderly. The daily pace of having to move many miles thru mountainous jungle terrain is too great for the elderly I am told. There are many young children. Most of them are from the various towns which Somoza's troops destroyed last fall. Parentless, they join the Sandinistas.

Each Sandinista unit has a Commander 0. Each member has a number following that roughly denotes rank. However with the exception of having an area set aside

for strategy sessions and planning there are no special privileges for the Commander.

As I start my interview with Commander 0 he seems as curious about me as I am of him. He asks me a number of questions regarding what the American people think about the Sandinistas. Then, high in the Nicaraguan countryside, he answers my questions.

Overthrow—What lessons have been learned thus far?

Commander 0—We have learned a great deal, for example our strategy of liberating a number of towns and cities simultaneously was, we now believe, incorrect. We learned that Somoza will stop at nothing including the murder of thousands of citizens and the almost total destruction of our cities.

Overthrow—It's like the United States in Vietnam isn't it, where they destroy villages to save them?

Commander 0—Yes, and it has cost Somoza what little support he once had. No one but his cabinet and his immediate family support him. His activities will never be forgotten in Nicaragua. Entire generations have been wiped out in some towns. Near La Trinidad some 350 farmers are unaccounted for.

Overthrow: What about the barrios?

The barrios are the equivalent of the United States ghettos, it is there that Somoza draws his troops with promises of food and clothing if they join the army. It is also where we have concentrated our efforts, the oppression there is a daily occurrence and the dislike for Somoza the most intense. Thus many activities are formulated in the barrios.

Overthrow—How did you become involved in the revolution?

Commander 0—Like many of my brothers and sisters who make up the Sandinistas, I had come from a wealthy background. My father was a lawyer. I was educated in another country. I guess what motivated me most was the inadequate distribution of wealth. So many people in Nicaragua have nothing while a few have more than they know what to do with. I felt at first that Somoza would come to recognize this and that changes would be made. I was young, then, I am older now and I recognize that Somoza is blinded by greed and that until his regime is ended things will stay the same.

Overthrow—Is there anything you would like to say to the people of the United States?

Commander 0—Yes, but many of us are quite bitter about the role the United States government has played in supporting the Somoza regime. But we recognize that the people of the United States, like the people of Nicaragua, have little control over their government and we welcome the day when the people of both countries seize control over their own lives. Vive Sandino!

I am told at this point that they must continue to move and there is no more time for questions. I thank him. My guide and I bid them good bye and make our way back to Managua.



Lenny Kaye

on Dope, Rock and Life on the Patti Wagon

PHOTOS BY
KATE
SIMON

by CHARLIE FRICK &
HARRY WASSERMAN

Lenny Kaye is lead guitarist of the Patti Smith Group, ex-rock critic, and co-author of the book *Rock 100w/ David Dalton*. He talked to us a week before the release of "WAVE".

What do you think of the Rock Against Racism movement in America and Europe?

Great. We've always fought against racism, sexism, or any kind of "ism". We feel that the more people define themselves, the more they limit their own chain of possibilities. We've always tried in whatever we do to try, as we said on the back of our first album "beyond race, beyond gender, beyond politricks." We try to put ourselves in the space where we can't be limited. As important as racism is, on a purely musical level we don't want to be known as simply a rock 'n' roll band, and be pigeonholed in that sense. We like the freedom that, for instance, free jazz has. We like the freedom to be a reggae band if we feel like being it at that particular time. We don't feel that musically those things are limited by race or any other kind of human-imposed division. Anyone can be anything. You can change your skins as easily as you can change a record.

We're attracted enough to other cultures that we believe one can benefit from that. The fact that I'm white doesn't prevent me from turning on a black music station and getting into it on a hardcore level. I'll never fully understand what it means to be a poor Indian on some reservation out West — the privations of his day-to-day existence. But on the other hand, the spiritual frustrations which any human being feels in oppressed condition, whether being oppressed spiritually, politically, economically, or even culturally. I think that no one race or people has the option of getting mashed into the ground.

Are there some areas that the music industry don't want to be touched?

I don't think that they care. I know it would be handy to think that they're against certain ideas, but if those ideas would start selling, they could care less. I don't think they're intrinsically, say, against punk rock as opposed to disco. The fact of the matter is that they looked at their ledger sheets at the end of 1977 and saw several dozen gold records for disco records, and no gold records for punk rock records. So they say, "Okay, we'll go with the disco records." On the other hand, lack of artistic vision is not something that I ever applaud. Basically, if you're dealing in a business context, you're dealing with guys who want to reach the most people possible. By some law of nature, the people get reached by the least radical stuff. The lowest common denominator. Now if you have a vision that you believe in and the music industry doesn't think it's common denominator enough to reach a large amount of people, well, you have an option — fuck the industry and do it yourself. Which is essentially what we had to do, 'cuz when we started, nobody could give two shits, so what we had to do was to go into the studio and put out our own record, and hope that enough people would catch onto it that we could go out and do it again. That's the trick — we never start out in the beginning to do it under the terms of the industry. We start out in the beginning to do it under our terms. Because honestly, we thought that what we were doing was too weird to have



"We thought what we were doing was too weird to have any kind of success."

any kind of success. And if you told Patti and me eight years ago when we gave our first poetry reading that eight years from then we'd be waiting for our fourth album to come out, and that we'd just be coming off a hit single and a hit album, and that tomorrow I'd be leaving for Germany to do a TV show for 25 million people, I would've told you you're insane.

25 million people?

Yeah, it's a big concert being televised on Eurovision with us, J. Geils Band, and Johnny Winter.

Every album we try to move past ourselves. We didn't try to redo *Horses* with *Radio Ethiopia*, and it reacted badly on us, but we're still proud of *Radio Ethiopia*. It didn't get played on the radio, it got us banned from most stations. But all these albums are successful because they are the albums we set out to make. We set out to make *Radio Ethiopia*. *Horses* sounds different from "Hey Joe" and "Piss Factory". And I think this new album, *Wave*, sounds different from the other three.

Do you ever use dope to help create riffs on the guitar or to stimulate you when you play?

I like to play on grass. I'm an old teahed. (Breaks out into uncontrollable laughter.) To me, drugs are tools, and sometimes a tool will help you get to someplace a little quicker. If you wanna unscrew something, it's a little easier if you have a screwdriver than if you have to use your fingernail or a dime or something. Sometimes you can unlock a door quicker. Sometimes you can get off on interesting tangents. Sometimes a possibility will present itself, and because you're existing so much within the moment, you may forget the main objective and wander off and take a little sidetrip, and come up with something entirely different. This is often how some of our best songs developed. Especially a lot of the early ones which we played a lot live before we recorded them. "Land", for instance, was one of them where the tangent was often more important than getting to the ending. "Rock 'n Roll Nigger" grew out of "Radio

Ethiopia", it was just a riff that popped up in "Radio Ethiopia" one day, and we'd do it again the next night, and we'd add a little piece here, a piece there.

Are any of your songs about dope?

A lot of them are about the ecstatic experience, and however you get there, whatever dope you use—whether it's playing guitar...if you play guitar for five hours you put yourself in a trance-like state where a vision of ecstasy can be easily plucked down. Chemically, who knows?

Do you ever take acid?

I took acid for the first time in about five years a couple months ago.

Was it good acid?

I dunno, I got off. It was funny to take acid again, and it was great in many ways. But one of the problems is now that acid is not really prevalent, I distrust most of the acid that I do get offered. There's not really the kind of legitimate distributors that you could go to and they'd give you a chemical rubdown. I'd take mescaline again if I could run across some good mescaline. God, I used to love to take mescaline. I used to make music on mescaline. There were no tape recorders around, but I do remember it was fantastic music. It's only in my head these days. I like to play music stoned. We did take peyote one time doing the record. For "Seven Ways of Going", on the new album *Wave*, one of the times we did it, our new producer Todd Rundgren brought up some peyote, we buttoned it up, we made tea, and we got a little psychedelized. But we didn't use any of the tracks. We set up in the big room and we tried to create a live situation, we were trying to capture a live moment, and we got to some interesting places that day, but we didn't actually play the song itself. There were long introductions and endings. We played around the song, which was interesting in and of itself.

Did you use any of the ideas you got from that experience when you actually recorded the song for the album?

Probably subliminally. When you play something for four or five hours and then you leave it and return to it the next day, you can't really remember any specifics, but it's in there, soaked into your brain. We're open to all that kind of stuff. We try to tap sources in your brain that you don't tap all that often.

What was it like working with Rundgren at Bearsville Studios in Woodstock?

It was very good. He helped us out when we ran into cul-de-sacs, and he left us alone when we needed to find our own way. Rundgren's special gift is he'll make the kind of record you wanna make, and he'll give as much or as little input as you so desire. It was perfect. I think the band sounds like the band, it doesn't sound like Todd.

What impressed you most about Todd Rundgren when you worked with him?

His facility, his ability to get into anything....

Did you do any video with him? He's really into video these days.

Patti might've done some video with him, but I didn't. Yeah, he's really into video, and I'm sure over the next couple years he'll be coming out with some amazing stuff. I think Todd's time in rock 'n' roll is limited to some extent. He feels, and rightly so, that he's done just about everything anyone can do in the field of rock 'n' roll. And Todd gets a little bored when things comes a little too easy. I think he's looking toward a new challenge, in a new field. He seems really into video at this point, but I don't know his mind well enough to say for sure. But he's a very good guitar player.

What are some of your favorite songs from the new album?

I like 'em all, and I'm proud of them all. We have stuff ranging from Appalachian-type hymns to national anthems to hardcore rock 'n' roll songs to semi-heavy metal songs to abstract poetic pieces.

Which cuts on the new album do you feel take the group the farthest out, are the farthest step yet for the Patti Smith Group? Okay, when I say this, I have to put on a disclaimer that our more "normal" cuts like "Frederick", "Revenge", and "Dancing Barefoot" are any less artistically powerful or visionary than our more radical cuts, because to me it's a difference of form. People have always discussed our form over our content. To me it doesn't make any difference whether we're utilizing reggae or punk rock or free-form. Form is just the frame around which we paint the picture. "Frederick" is easily as strong as a song like "Seven Ways of Going", where we enter those uncharted waters. Patti herself has written a song on the new record called "Wave" — to me, it's a masterpiece, and probably in its conception farther out than anything we've ever done. The song is, specifically, about Patti's tribute to Pope John Paul I. In every photo of him before he died he was waving, so that's why it's called "Wave". What the song is about emotionally is up to anyone who listens to it to decide. It could be about anything — the continuum of the universe, for instance. Infinity. The splash of a wave on the shore. Draw your own conclusions. If I was a rock critic, though, I would have a ball with it. We try to have these levels of depths of meaning in our records so someone who wants to can plow as deeply into them as possible because we set them up to be complex.

On the other hand, if they want to just come and see us and boogie, I think we could provide that too. I don't think that one has to exist without the other. "Frederick" is a great love song, but who's it to? It could be to a single human being, it could be to all human beings.

How did you decide to do "So You Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star" on the new album?

We're always throwing around ideas for oldies. This one is a pretty much perfect song for us, because it has a lot of meanings. In one sense we feel people can look at us and see the embodiment of the song. That song isn't just all the good points of becoming a rock 'n' roll star. It also alerts you to some of the dangers and some of the hard times you're going to go through on your way to becoming a rock 'n' roll star. We've always hoped that part of what we do acts as a catalyst for people in the audience who might not actually have the confidence to go ahead and do what they might have a calling to do. So maybe they'll look at us, and we're not a prototypical rock 'n' roll band. We've come through with many of our idealisms intact, which I'd say is on the whole very rare in rock 'n' roll. So they can look at us and be assured that yes, they can do it, as well as anyone else. On the other hand, we're not saying that it's easy, and the struggle that we've gone through the past five or six years to keep our vision intact is something that has to be remembered by somebody that wants to be a rock 'n' roll star, 'cuz you're gonna have to put in the time and the energy and the tears and the pain.

Can you tell me something about the new single from the Wave album, "Frederick"?

It's a dance song, I dunno if you'd call it disco, because to me disco is just a song that's easy to dance to. "Frederick" is like a Motown song. It's got a lot of Motown percussion moves, like on the High Hats. It's not something alien to us. We used to do a song by the Ohio Players called "Kenya Dig It?" It was during our *Radio Ethiopia* period, so we were visiting different spots in Africa through our music. And we did "Land of a Thousand Dances". We've been experimenting in the dance field. We get a big kick out of it, when we travel, we'll go to these places after the show, and we'll dance. The idea's been brewing in our heads to do a dance-oriented thing for quite a while.

When you do the song live, what kind of dancing are people doing in the audience? Are they pogoing, or...

I dunno, they dance to it, I don't see anyone doing the Latin hustle out there, it's a little crowded in front of the stage,



Lenny backstage with his girlfriend

which is all I can see. But I see people moving, which I like to see. I don't consider "Frederick" any more or less of a dance song than "Ask the Angels" or "Because the Night" or "Till Victory". On the dance spectrum, I'd say "Frederick" has more of the 4-4 easy orientation to get people moving, as opposed to something like "Radio Ethiopia" that gets you moving in an entirely different space.

Disco music, for all that rock and roll people are supposed to scorn it, is probably closer to a trance orientation rock'n'roll per se. Because of the repetition, and because there's long stretches of time where not a lot seems to be happening. It's a very subtle building of textures. That's why we're working this drum break in "Frederick," it's not like we're saying "Heey, let's do a disco song," we're doing it because one of the pleasures of the form is that break, is the potentiality to maneuver sound along a way which, for instance, Western ears aren't that used to. For instance, most rock bands, when confronted with a space like that, will put a guitar solo over a rhythmic backing. Now, in disco, what's being done is more chant oriented, and less Western music, where you're not putting something over it to take your attention away from the repetition of rhythm. You're removing all distractions and constructing something very basic that the Western mind doesn't have a lot of narrative to hook onto. It's more imagistic, the only way I can describe it is in cinema terms, where the difference between European filmmakers, who are big on images and not so good on narrative, as opposed to American filmmakers, who are great on narrative, because that's where their whole thrust is, and not so good at emotionalistic content. This is broad generalizations, but then again one of the things about a disco break is it removes the center of focus. It takes you back on the central pulse of the music. If you build on that, you can find yourself in a really different space. It's sound experiments that we're dealing with. I find it pretty exciting. I think that little disco break in the "Frederick" live version is one of the parts of the show that I look forward to, because it's a new space for us to experiment in. What we're thinking of doing if this thing really gets cooking is going in and cutting another version of it, using the length of a 12" single, which is one of the great luxuries of our time, and expanding on that, using it as a live cut. On an EP you have the space to expand on it, where on an album you don't. The longer EP versions of songs work great in the discos because people are really involved in the dance.

Do you look to Patti up there when you're improvising, or how is it communicated?

It's communicated according to whoever picks up the reins and moves with it. Since this is the Patti Smith Group and most of our artistic vision comes through the medium of Patti, she's the leader. But a lot

of times she'll step back to just become a member of the band, to create an equality so the group works as a kind of collective improvisatory force. Sometimes none of us are inspired, so we sit around getting progressively more pissed at each other waiting for somebody to make a move. Sometimes Jay Dee or Ivan will come up with a move that will tick off some inspiration in one of us, and we'll move out to the fore. We try to avoid falling into a pattern, because then what happens is that under the guise of improvisation what you wind up doing is a bunch of solos over other people's rhythms. We try to mix it up

enough so we surprise ourselves as well as everybody in the audience.

What was your greatest high ever?

That's a tough question, I lead a pretty high life. I guess it was playing to 11,000 people in Paris on Easter Sunday in 1978. It was pretty mind-boggling. Everybody resurrected on that day.

How do you go over in front of European audiences?

I'd say we do pretty equally here and there. They go pretty nuts here, too. In Europe they're likely to accept the art end of it a bit more. Here, I'd say they like the

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PATTI PARTY

by Mike McHugh

Patti Smith played at the Factory on Staten Island on Palm Sunday. She said she likes Staten Island because it reminds her of Detroit. Patti sees beauty in scum, she is a total paradox; one minute she's telling us that she was in church all day, the next minute she's lighting up a joint and blowing smoke at Lenny Kaye. Her poetry is still sharp and exciting and her guitar playing has really evolved; she's also taken up the clarinet.

The Factory became a wave of joyous suffering — the banner of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll raised high. The first song was a smokin' remake of the Byrds' "So You Wanna Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star" in which Lenny showed us that he doesn't need Springsteen to create peak intensity riffs. Both Lenny and Patti are Capricorns and they feed off each other's sexual energy on stage.

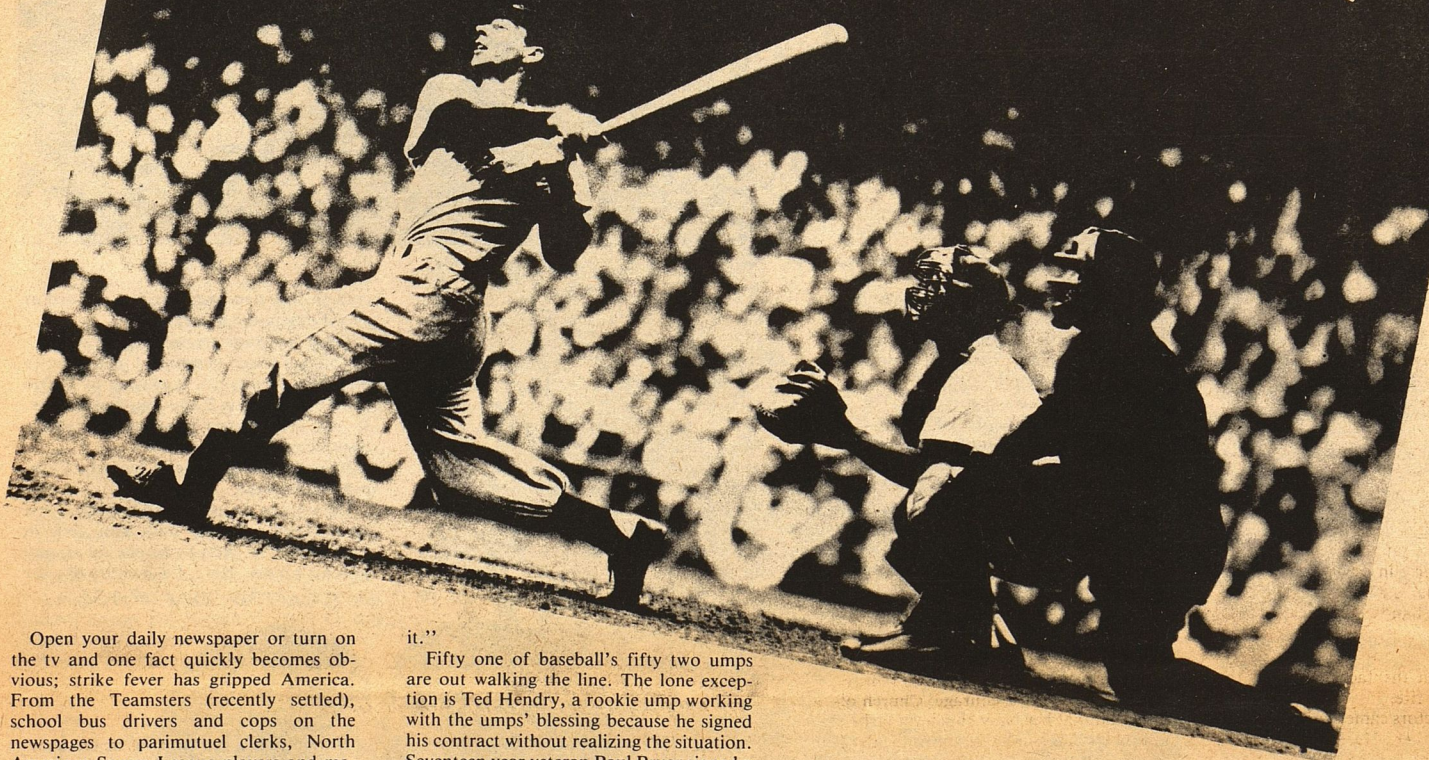
This is the first concert I've seen in which she didn't do "Radio Ethiopia" and also the first concert in which she did "Poppies." The Tower of Babel they recorded was transformed by Patti's clarinet. She did "Till Victory," "25th Floor," "Set Me Free" and "Because The

Night" from *Easter*. "Because The Night" took on a new form, it's longer now and can stand up next to Springsteen's classic live version.

There were several other new covers: James Brown's "It's A Man's World" sounded like a mournful death waltz. The encore included a kick-ass version of "Jailhouse Rock" which proved that the spirit of Elvis lives on — in Smith as well as in Costello. Last summer Patti was covering stuff like "You Light Up My Life" so I'll have to say that she's improving in her salute to roots.

Speaking of saluting — one of the high points of the show was Patti's recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance over a Hendrix-style rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner" — here we have rock growing and stimulating itself toward new vistas. It was moving! One motion of the Wave is the movement of the flag. Patti is very proud of being an American — she likes the freedom of her bondage. She sang about Palm Sunday and then put her palm over the heart. How many people do you know who are cool enough to pledge allegiance after being hit in the face with beer? Patti dug Staten Island because they threw some scum back at her.

Umps Strike: WHO'S ON FIRST?



Open your daily newspaper or turn on the tv and one fact quickly becomes obvious; strike fever has gripped America. From the Teamsters (recently settled), school bus drivers and cops on the newspapers to parimutuel clerks, North American Soccer League players and major league baseball umpires on the sports pages, Americans are walking off the job in increasing numbers. And this is just the beginning. Over the course of the next couple of years domestic labor strife figures to reach proportions and intensity not seen since the 1920's.

Opening Day, 1979—Yankee Stadium, New York. The World Champion Yankees face the up and coming Brewers from Milwaukee. Twenty-game-winners Ron Guidry and Mike Caldwell set to tangle beneath the red, white and blue bunting and 55,000 odd fans cheer wildly as the Yankees take the field. Guidry steps up to the mound, kicks the pitching rubber and looks towards catcher Thurman Munson for the sign. The lefthander sets, winds and fires—plate ump Al Forman calls strike one and another baseball season has begun.

Al Forman is a scab. So were the other three umpires on the field at Yankee Stadium on opening day. And where were the "real" umpires? Why outside walking the picket line, of course.

The issue in this strike is simple—money. The umpires want more

it."

Fifty one of baseball's fifty two ump are out walking the line. The lone exception is Ted Hendry, a rookie ump working with the ump's blessing because he signed his contract without realizing the situation. Seventeen year veteran Paul Pryor signed a contract and worked two games before bowing to an attack of consciousness (and bad press) and joining his comrades on the picket line.

The ump's say they won't cave into the owners. Said Dick Stello, ten years an ump in the N.L., "If we went back now on the leagues terms, the ballplayers would say, 'How could you guys do that?' We'd lose their respect and never get it back."

What the umpires are asking for is mere chicken feed in today's game of soaring profits and exorbitant salaries. Said ump Stello, "In six games Pete Rose makes what I make all year plus I spent about \$4,000 out of my pocket in travel expenses last year and that's above the per diem." Marty Springstead, 41-years-old and an ump since 1965 was supposed to be working the Yankees-Brewers series. Instead he was outside. "I made \$34,500 and they offered me \$37,000 this year plus \$1,000 as crew chief, but it's take it or leave it. It's

baseball collects from N.B.C.

Beside the fact that it doesn't pay so hot umpiring is no easy job. While ballplayers spend half of their season at home, the ump's are always on the road. From April to September they live out of suitcases and hotel rooms, away from their families—anonymous figures motivated by their enthusiasm for a child's game and noticed only when they (infrequently) blow one.

But the majority of today's baseball owners could care less about the ump's. The owners are the kind of people who go out for a hundred dollar meal and cut corners by leaving a dollar tip. Having recently lost their "plantation owner" power to

worth it."

"They've got four pennant races going now," said Springstead, "but they don't think these games count." To which veteran A.L. ump Al Clark added, "Just don't tell the Red Sox one game doesn't make a difference."

The umpires strike is fairly straightforward as labor disputes go—a simple salary dispute in an entertainment business.

"What we're asking for, it would cost each team about \$20,000. They spend that much on a cocktail party."

always been that way. Look at this note from back when I was working in the Southern League in 1965 from Stan Smith the league president—"If you are so unhappy, why don't you just quit?" That's the same attitude we're fighting now." Added Stello, "What we're asking for, it would cost each team about \$20,000. They spend that much on a cocktail party." And A.L. ump Joe Brinkman pointed out that the \$500,000 it would take to satisfy the ump's looks paltry next to the \$54.5 million that

control the players, and consequently their salaries, it now appears that the owners are determined to win back some of their lofty self-esteem by screwing the ump's. For the ump's the issue is money—for the owners it's their own highly developed sense of greed and position.

The umpires benefits are going to be cut off on April 30th. Reflected Springstead, "I've devoted my life to this job and now they're giving me thirty days. But maybe they taught me something. If they don't want me, the hell with them. If that's what they feel about this game, the hell with them." Dick Stello nodded his head and added, "We don't believe they can replace us but if they can maybe the job isn't

However over the next couple of years the issue in labor disputes figures to shift from the money question to the issue of jobs—particularly in the fairly well organized municipal labor forces.

With tax-cutting fever still boiling and the federal debt ever growing the nation's municipal workers may soon find themselves fighting to hold onto their jobs. Since the straight media continues to identify labor as the primary cause of inflation it's only a question of time before someone comes up with the idea of doing away with portions of the municipal workforce. Then watch out—American labor may find itself stumbling, out of sheer desperation, towards something resembling the general strike. No segment of the workforce has the potential to create strikes more devastating than the municipal workers; garbage men, transportation workers, cops, firefighters etc. For strike fever, 1979 is just the beginning.

by Seth Flaggberg

On February 15, 1979, the Bill Baird Center - an abortion clinic - was fire-bombed by a 21-year-old male. Peter Burkin was identified by police as a drifter, which means that he is an agent of the reactionary anti-abortion organization. No one was injured except the pro-life fire-bomber. The Hempstead incident is just one of numerous fire-bombings perpetrated by "Right-to-Lifers" against abortion clinics around the nation.

Many believed the abortion battle to be won in 1973 when the Supreme Court legalized most abortions. However, Bill Baird - one of the most persistent advocates of abortion - disputes that contention in the following exclusive Overthrow interview. Bill Baird has been fighting reactionaries since 1963. His successes in Federal Court are responsible for most of the advances made by the modern abortion movement and his tireless dedication should be an inspiration to those many among us who are suffering from 70's lethargy.

The Baby Boom

Bill Baird on the abortion struggle

by Gloria Balch

Your clinic was fire-bombed last February. What happened?

Peter Birken, 21 years old, walked into the clinic about ten to five on February 15, the day after Valentine's Day. I was going to call it the Valentine's Day Massacre Attempt. These exact words were deleted from the straight press, but it's in the court testimony, "Cocksuckers, stay where you are. Nobody move. This place is going up." He had walked in with a gallon of gasoline and a flaming torch.

He had previously set a fire in the hallway. One of the nurses opened the door to stomp out that fire and he was able to push his way in. He threw the gasoline on the patients, on the floor, on the wall and threw the torch into it. The place ignited, the patients ran all over the place.

Then he tried to run down the corridor. On of our people came out and slammed the door on his hands. With his arm he tried to take the torch and set the hair of one of our counselors on fire. He kept trying to jab her in the face. She held the door. He caught fire.

One of our doctors came running in with the fire extinguisher. He had to make a choice: put out the fire in the burning furniture or put it out on the man. He chose the man, which enabled the fire to grow. The place was totally enveloped in flames.

Everyone went outside. One of our counselors realized two of our patients were missing. She raced back into the building and found two fifteen year old patients hiding upstairs, panicked. She led them out. All fifty people got out. No one was seriously injured except the perpetrator. One hundred thousand dollars damage. It was gutted.

The most important thing was this fellow could have caused the death of fifty people, but the staff, with its incredible courage and concern got the people out.

In the last year there has been a rash of fire-bombings against abortion clinics in Columbus, Omaha, Cleveland, St. Paul, Burlington and many others. Do you think they're related?

Almost all of them have these things in common: 1) all are medical centers that do abortions; 2) most were picketed before the time of the actual firebombing; 3) all were firebombed the same way: gas and a torch; 4) in all cases, except mine, the terrorist got away.

That means that either the police are totally incompetent, which I do not believe (I think they're sharp people when they want to be), or else they don't give a damn about the rights of women.

Have the national authorities been as diligent in the investigation of these incidents as they were, say with the weather underground bombings of the late 60's?

I publicly state any day of the week that the FBI and the police represent the right-wing conservative element in this country.

Here you have Peter Birken, the only terrorist caught. If I were the FBI, I would take the man's picture, send it to every clinic that was firebombed and ask if they've seen this man. They have not done that. I would send this to every women's group, to every pro-choice group and say, "Is this another Lee Harvey Oswald?" How can this man travel about? He's called a drifter, yet he has no source of income.

Is it possible that the one or two terrorists are backed by a larger group, such as Right-to-Life or the Catholic Church?

This I don't know. But I would like to find out. It's not impossible to think. Who could be so slick as to have twenty-five firebombings and nobody caught? Can you imagine twenty-five Catholic churches bombed and nobody arrested?

I maintain that the Catholic Church is chiefly responsible for the climate of hatred that produces the climate of violence that exists in this country.

Cardinal Maderos has said, "When do we declare war against abortion?" He compares it to the Nazi holocaust and says Catholics would be punished for their inaction. Suppose you're a devout Catholic and say, "Hey, God says through my Cardinal that the way I'll go to heaven is by fighting these murdering little baby killers."

A case in point. In Marlboro Massachussets the Church refused to baptise a baby. The mother had said that she respected Bill Baird's courage. Church officials said that her baby could not be baptised unless she denounced me as the devil. The Church flew a black flag at half mast with a banner that said, "We protest the presence of Bill Baird, peddler of death." I sued the Catholic Church for slander, which no one has ever done before. That case is *Baird vs. Cardinal Maderos* and it's sitting in federal court right now. It's a two and a half million dollar law suit. Any money that I win we will set up as a free birth control-abortion clinic. We'll call it the Bill Baird Free catholic Abortion Clinic.

October 1975 the US Catholics Bishops Conference said, "We will establish in every congressional district an anti-abortion group to pass the Right-to-Life Amendment. Humai. Life Amendment, Inc. this year has a budget of a quarter of a million dollars. Every single dollar was given by the Catholic Church.

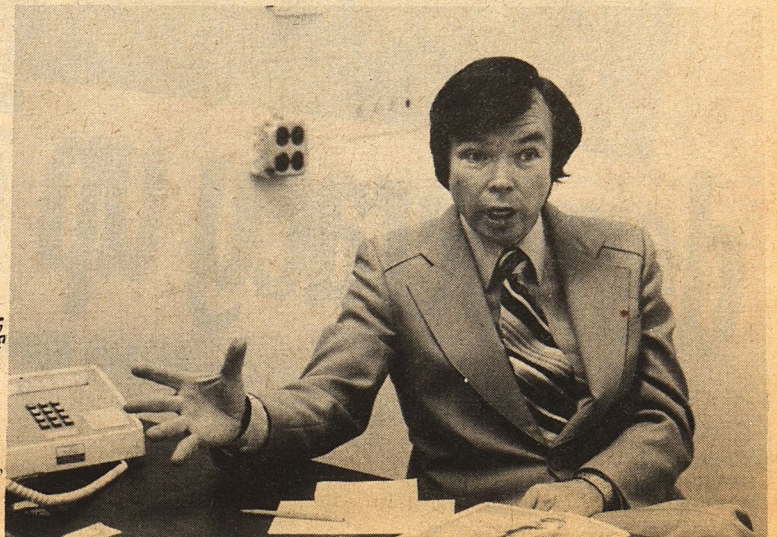


Photo: Morris Engel

Bill Baird at the Hempstead Clinic

How has your involvement in the abortion movement affected you personally?

I'm leaving for Dallas this afternoon to lecture. My coming back is of great concern to me right now. I get threats constantly against my life. I go to a restaurant, people have come up and spit at me. People want to fight me. Here I am a former boxer. If someone hits me I've got to roll with that punch and try my best to walk away.

It's scared me. There's no way you can fight for a cause without being scarred. I know that Fran Watson in a Catholic paper said she believes I hired the firebomber because I was planning to move out of the clinic anyway. Can you imagine someone accusing you of being so cruel and evil? It's very painful to see where people can disagree.

How did you get involved in the abortion movement?

Sixteen years ago I was clinical director for Emko drug company, we made a vaginal foam product. Part of that responsibility took me in and out of hospitals coordinating research all over the United States. I was in a hospital here in NYC when I heard a woman scream. I raced into the hallway where she literally collapsed in my arms. She had an eight-inch piece of wire coat hanger that she had imbedded into the wall of her uterus in an effort to abort.

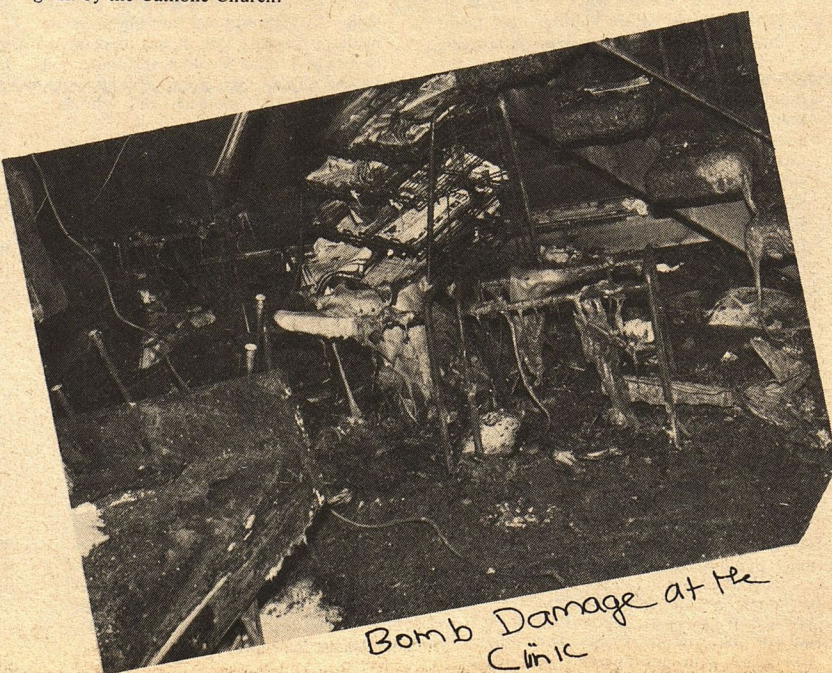
In those days if you scratched the wall of the uterus and induced bleeding, you might get a sympathetic doctor willing to do the abortion. This patient miscalculated by half an inch, which is the thickness of the wall of the uterus. It went through the wall and into her bowel. She hemorrhaged to death before me, she died right there.

You've been successful in manipulating the media to dramatize your cause. What ploys have you used?

I'm a great believer of challenging head on. Planned Parenthood and NOW and the others in those days were very polite toward the Catholic Church. I always recognized the Catholic Church as the single greatest enemy of women—bar none. I have no fight with their religion. But the political arm of the Church is chief architect against women's rights in this particular area. When I make these statements the media always likes to see a fight and I am the last one to ever run from a fight. I'm non violent but by the same token I'm a fighter for the cause of equality. It makes me friends and it makes me enemies. It's taken me to bat with some of the women's groups.

You pioneered a movement which later became defined as a feminist issue. Do you feel the women's groups give you enough credit?

I don't believe they've taken over the movement, on the contrary, I say they betrayed the abortion movement. Women became involved, as a group like NOW, in the latter part of the sixties. Then abortion



Bomb Damage at the Clinic

continued on page 22

COLOMBIA



democracy up in smoke

by Antonio Huneus

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—the office on the fourth floor of the Ministry of National Defense had a small sign on the door that read "C.I.", "Centro de Inteligencia". We were taken inside for a light questioning after my companion, a freelance Colombian photographer based in New York, took an unauthorized photo of the building. As a High Times special correspondent for ANIF's (Colombia's National Association of Financial Institutions) Marijuana Conference, I was also trying to get an interview with some military spokesmen about their notorious "Guajira Campaign" to curb the billion dollar smuggling trade of marijuana and cocaine into the US. But we needed to get clearance first, and the Air Force Intelligence officer, although wasn't saying anything at all, insisted that Colombia was a total democracy and that, as reporters, we could move freely and inquire whatever we wanted.

Colombia's real level of democracy can, actually, be debated. There is no question that it still maintains a formal apparatus of the Western concept of democracy. In other words, there is a supposedly popularly elected President, a Congress, an independent Judiciary system and a more or less free press. The influence of the

military in the everyday running of the country, however is an inescapable factor even for the tourist who, undoubtedly will see during his sojourn, countless military and police patrols walking on the streets or in jeeps, manifesting the usual intimidating vibes proper of uniformed power elsewhere. Daniel Samper Pizano, a very influential columnist who writes for both the establishment's strong arm daily, *El Tiempo*, and the leading opposition and investigative magazine, *Alternative*, explains that the Minister of Defense, General Luis Carlos Camacho Leyva, has so much power in the areas of national security and repression, that "he automatically fulfills its functions and has even power to dictate its own laws and establish the rules of the game that he thinks appropriate. For a mere formalism, some of these laws, such as the Security Law, must be signed by the chiefs of other government departments, such as Dr. Turbay Ayala", the President. It isn't strange then, that the military in Colombia had come to be known as "the power behind the power". In the words of the only recognized opposition Congressman, Senator David Aljure Ramirez, this means that the military high command is enjoying "all the benefits of power without the

responsibilities that power itself supposes. This system, thus, "liberates them from a bunch of concrete responsibilities for which they have the civilians, who are the ones that have to respond politically to the public opinion." Reason why Senator Aljure thinks that the military would not push for an open 'coup' under the current international and regional conditions.

This shadowy militarization of the country—also known as *Uruguayinization*—after the fate of that country's democratic system—was officialized in September of last year when the newly-elected "Liberal" government of President Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, passed the controversial Security Law (*Estatuto de Seguridad*), and emended later a couple of key clauses in the Constitution regarding individual and labor rights. Under this law, supposedly to combat widespread subversion, the military have the right to arrest at any time any person or group which they deem suspicious. If the case against these persons is found worthwhile, they are subsequently tried under military court martials instead of the regular penal court system.

To justify the massive wave of arrests in recent months—estimated now at about 500 political prisoners but growing daily—the Government and big press and media associated with it, has used the existence of a rather ideologically amorphous

ordered, and the scientists and schools obliged.

During the push for atomic power plants the AEC was charged with both promoting and regulating research. Of course that is impossible, so what happened was the AEC simply gave enormous subsidies—matched in recent history only by the space race doles—to every researcher who would promise to come up with bigger and better power plants and fueling facilities. They were turned loose like mad dogs, building cyclotrons and gaseous diffusion plants everywhere, dumping radioactive substances wherever they thought they could hide them, pushing the deadliness of power over the frailty of humankind. One after another universities across the country from Stanford to Columbia build atomic reactors to teach the new culture hero, the nuclear scientist. Some of these reactors, like the one that Columbia foolishly built in the middle of tens of thousands of Manhattan residents, was quickly closed by outraged residents. Others, like the ones at several Texan universities, hum away.

It is doubtful that the universities are, in the near future, going to demythologize atomic policy. Not only do they get the

urban terrorist organization known as M-19. Many people, however, think that the whole M-19 affair is basically a Government hoax to justify the arbitrary arrests allegedly connected with the M-19. On top of this, it seems that the BIM, or Brigade of Military Intelligence, has also adopted torture as their regular way of questioning. The Government, through countless spokesmen that go from the President and its Ministers to the Attorney General and the Heads of both the Liberal and Conservative parties, had stubbornly denied all allegations of torture, insisting on the contrary, that Colombia's respecting human rights. The Attorney General Office's "exhaustive investigations" into various cases of torture denounced by the press, had come to be known as real frauds from a serious medical and legal point of view.

The Turbay Government has also seized the marijuana and cocaine production and trade issue as another excuse for its draconian Security Law. The Guajira Peninsula was militarized under this law, and the Governor of El Cesar, another "marimba"-related province, declared publicly that he was the only Governor who was applying this law to fighty drug traffickers and that, in doing so, he was not encountering any cooperation from neighboring Governors or other Government agencies. Many Leftists charge that the government is not really interested in eradicating the marijuana problem but is using this law and the permanent Estate of Siege to continue cracking down on Marxist and other radical organizations.

Like other democracies in the world, the Colombian system may be rather sick, corrupted and deteriorated, but is certainly not quite dead yet. In protest for the institutionalization of human rights violations, a broad coalition of different political factions organized a massive Human Rights Forum in Bogota's Capitol Building on March 30 and 31. Senators from both the Liberal and Conservative Parties, disenchanted with the official hypocritical line of supporting the Government leaders—not yet arrested—from all the Leftist Parties and Labor Unions, Bishops of the Catholic Church, intellectuals and others, gathered to criticize strongly the repressive laws, measures, and the general process of "fascitization" going on. Torture to political prisoners, arbitrary arrests, persecution of Indian communities, contradictions between the reality in Colombia and the Government's condemnation of human rights violations in other countries such as Chile and Nicaragua, the subtle control of the media, etc. were among the subjects discussed at the Forum. Although its organizers didn't expect immediate effect on the various Government policies debated in it, Senator Aljure believed that "an impact of a psychological nature over the public opinion in general" could be important; particularly by showing to "the friends of repression" that in Colombia there is still a large segment of the population that is "definitely opposed to the continuation of that lack of respect of human rights, and the violations of the fundamental individual liberties." Whether Colombia goes down the military drain like all of its Southern neighbors remains to be seen but unquestionably, and despite General Camacho Leyva's abuse of the security measures, that its not going to be an easy task.

ego-gratification of thinking they know something nobody else does, but more important they are paid well to abfuscate the facts and spread propaganda. And no one in the university establishment is about to lose all that.

Finally, the events at Three Mile Island have made some people wonder about their lifestyles. The whole idea of supercharged power, of electricity, nuclear or otherwise, is now open to question.

So maybe it's clearer now why people scratched their heads, got drunk, fled for their lives from Middletown, U.S.A. They were fleeing from the radiation and the danger of explosion, but also from the terrible truth that there was an enemy within. That they had been lied to by the government, misled by their public institutions, ripped off by the corporate bosses. Like they chanted in Germany at an anti-nuke demonstration there, we all live in Harrisburg. And we're all going to have to rethink the last thirty years, maybe a lot farther back than that.

HARRISBURG—cont'd from p. 2
ponder what to do with it. There was no public debate on the original decision and hardly any congressional debate. The merits were accepted, the criticisms rare and muted. Suddenly the public was besieged by friendly atoms explaining how they were going to make everyone's lives better.

Those who argued with the atomic energy policy were declared insane. Really! In 1958 the United Nations held an "Atoms for Peace" conference in Geneva, Switzerland, attended by more than 5,000 of the world's top nuclear scientists. Among the many studies presented was one by the World Health Organization on what was described as problems among people living near projected atomic power plants or atomic testing areas. The report concluded that many people "equate atomic energy with magical, fearsome consequences." They advised that "these people be consulted and a program be undertaken to restore a healthy mental perspective."

Even the president got into the act, trying to keep the public in the dark about the real intent and dangers of America's nuclear policy. Last month Utah Governor

Scott Matheson charged that the government had "deliberately withheld or covered up information about health and safety risks." Among the many documents substantiating the cover-up at the Congressional hearing chaired by Sen. Edward Kennedy was a memo from the Atomic Energy Commission in which President Eisenhower urges the commission to "keep them confused as to fission and fusion." He is talking about the public. The 1953 memo also discourages the use of words "thermonuclear," "fusion," and "hydrogen." Another document showed AEC Commissioner Willard Libby telling his colleagues: "People have got to learn to live with the facts of life, and part of the facts of life are radioactive fallout."

I make these observations because to understand American nuclear policy you must also understand a little about American ritual, American power, and most of all American propaganda.

In America, propaganda is taught in the universities as fact. This happened with nuclear policy. If the ruling elite can make you think your grandparents are stupid then they can make you think you're stupid, and that's what they've tried to pull. "Keep them confused," the president



ROCK AGAINST RACISM U.S.A.

Mailing address:
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CENTRAL PARK ROCK

by
Tim Sommer

On May 5th and 6th Central Park will be witness to a celebration of New York Rock'n Roll in the form of free concerts by twelve of the best up-and-coming bands on the scene today.

Behind the event is the American chapter of Rock Against Racism, an organization that has already achieved wide success and achievement in Great Britain. Under the auspices of such popular political rockers as the Tom Robinson Band and Sham 69, RAR UK has drawn attention to Britain's most successful RAR demonstration (80,000+ in London's Victoria Park to hear the Clash, TRB and many others), New York will get it's first major dose of RAR USA on the spring weekend of May 5th and 6th at the bandshell in Central Park. Though this is the first major "event" to be held under the banner of RAR USA, the organization has been far from quiet in the states (particularly New York City) in recent months. Throughout the month of April, a large number of New York's best Rock'n Roll bands (many of which will be playing the Central Park festival) have been doing benefits for the RAR USA cause at Studio 10, a Yippie-owned and operated Rock club that is rapidly earning a place as one of the city's major venues for up-and-coming bands.

Though RAR USA has the support of much of New York's radical chic (Florence Kennedy, William Kunstler, Martin Sostre, etc.) behind it, the true heart and soul behind the organization is Kathy Masucci, without whom there would be no such thing as RAR USA. Her work to build the organization into as viable a force here as it is on the other side of the Atlantic has been totally unselfish and never-ending.

And there's every reason to believe that

RAR USA can plant a firm foothold in the New World; in co-ordination with New York's RAR celebration, other similar concerts and rallies will be taking place on May 11th in Columbus, Ohio and on June 9th in Chicago's infamous (and therefore totally appropriate) Lincoln Park. The Tom Robinson Band is tentatively scheduled to appear at the Chicago rally. Each one of these festivals will be similar in intent—to celebrate free Rock'n Roll and the fact that there are people here in America willing to stand up and fight those who would like to see an end to free speech and music. The foundation for a strong and viable RAR USA is definitely being set.

Now on to the music.

The bands appearing at the Central Park festival represent the best of what's new and rising on the New York Rock scene, which has always been an extremely vibrant and productive spawning ground for original and exciting Rock'n Roll. In recent years such bands as Blondie, The Ramones, Talking Heads, Television, Patti Smith, B-52's, Dead Boys, The Heartbreakers, The Criminals, Richard Hell and the Voidoids and many, many others have risen from the very same clubs, promoters, and fans that are behind the groups appearing in Central Park on May 5th and 6th. I don't think it's at all presumptions to predict that at least two or three of the bands appearing on the RAR Festival bill will be attracting national attention within a short time. Many of these bands already have garnered press and audience attention far outside the New York clubs where they made their starts.

At press time, this was the lineup of bands scheduled to appear: The Heat, The Speedies, The Joy Ryder/Avis Davis Band, Stilletto's Fad, The Scruffs, Panic

Squad, Rosie and the Shadows, the Gutter-sharks, Startoon, The Invaders, and The Senders. Also appearing will be Lenny Kaye (of the Patti Smith group), and most definitely one or two big name special guests who will remain secret for now.

What follows is a brief rundown of a number of the bands playing the RAR USA festival:

The Invaders, along with The Senders, are one of the truly legendary Rock'n Roll (with capital R's all the way) bands in N.Y. The Invaders understand that traditional Rock'n Roll is by definition supposed to nail you to the floor with it's slamming rhythms while at the same time keeping you off it with it's spectacularly danceable tunes. Easily one of the most thoroughly danceable and Rockin' bands in New York. (Saturday.)

The Heat: Definitely one of the most important new bands to watch, The Heat are very on top of things at this point. Not only are the Heat coming off a string of dates opening for Joe Jackson, but their tremendous Pop single "Instant Love"/"High School Sweater" (\$2.00 from Hot Stuff Records, P.O. Box 2474, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10017) is getting alot of local and national airplay, not to mention a great deal of media attention. With their multi-ethnic lineup, the Heat embody Rock Against Racism at it's best. (Saturday.)

The Scruffs: are far from a "New York" band; out of Memphis, Tennessee, the Scruffs spurned their hometown's reputation for country and turned instead to Power-pop—and great Power-pop at that. Their LP, **Wanna Meet the Scruffs?** (still one of my favorite album titles ever) on

Memphis' Powerplay label received absolute raves as a classic and peak of it's genre from no less authorities than Robert Christgau (who gave it a gasp!)—and Charles P. Lamey. Known as a fabulous live band, the Scruffs stand an excellent chance of breaking nationally. (Saturday.)

Joy Ryder/Avis Davis Band is a great mixture of good ol' Rock'n Roll 'n raunch mixed with a perfect dose of New Wave sensibility. Stepped in a dirty Memphis-based R&B, the band is fronted by the Hot guitar of Avis Davis and the torchy, sensual vocals of Joy Ryder. Pure, gutsy Rock with the tact and the subtlety left by the token booth. Their single "No More Nukes" is a great, catchy stomper along the lines of TRB's "Moterway", or, more appropriately, "Up Against the Wall". Quite wonderfully, we've been able to catch the tune on the radio. (Sunday.)

Stilletto's Fad, though just a few gigs old, has the weight and experience of some of New York Rock's finest behind them. Composed of Ex-Stillettos and Sic Fucks, both long time New York faves (and the former being a precursor to 'Blondie'—and if that wasn't enough, Stilletto's Fad boasts a guest drummer whose credentials include positions with The Criminals and the Legendary New York Dolls)—this band's mixture of cabaret and Rock are sure to earn it a large New York following. Ask Lenny Kaye—he's sat in with them a number of times. Definite to be a biggie on the circuit within six months. (Sunday.)

Panic Squad are probably the most politically tuned band to be playing the RAR festival. But in no way does this deter Panic Squad from delivering pure and driven Rock'n Roll in it's truest sense. New and promising, this strongly visually-

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The Invaders—Dance the Night Away

SPEEDIES: YOUNG PUNKS MAKE GOOD

Story by
Carl LaFong

Being a Powerpop addict means never having to say you like American bands.

But one weekend someone pried me away from my Nick Lowe and Wombles records and got me down to Studio 10. Appearing that Sunday was a band by the name of the Speedies. What I got was a dose of fun, power-chord-edged Rock'n Roll that rejuvenated my hopes in American music and the existence of an actual New York scene. Since that Sunday, I've been raving about the Speedies to everyone who'll bother to return my calls—and if they don't catch on the US will be missing out on one of the brightest pop hopes for the 1980's.

We've been playing for five years how
We know how to get around
We know what's right or wrong
We're just boys out to make some noise
If you wanna you can sing along
If you do, Well this is the song...
You need pop
To make you jump up and down
You need pop
To make you hit the ground

I seem to be using the word "Pop" alot; but that's exactly what the Speedies are, automatically appealing pogo-rock for now adolescents—or just the adolescent at heart. The Speedies are the logical leaders for their generation—a generation that has to be understood to know where the Speedies are coming from. Growing up in a world of Saturday morning cartoon shows, and sugar-coated cereals bought for the prizes inside, the Speedies, only one of whom is over 16, may be to the generation that doesn't remember Kennedy what Devo was to the Eisenhower era. But don't let my own self-indulgent Bazoooka philosophy deter you from the plain fact and joy of the Speedies—the Speedies play pop. It's something that's always escaped the audience that the Speedies are aiming at—kids their own age, weaned on ear-bleeding guitar solo useless heavy metal and tepid, gruel-like bland mellow rock (like, Joni is sooo real, y'know? Jackson is sooo true, like, y'know?), who missed out on the Monkees and the Byrds, and Herman's Hermits and DC 5—they've never heard Pop the way it should be played.

And as a hip Underdog (another hero of the bubblegum philosophy) might say, "Never fear, the Speedies are here!"

Eric Pop (16—lead guitar), Greg Zap (16—rhythm guitar), Buck Wheat (that's his name this week—20, lead vocals) and Allen Zane (16, drums), are so musically proficient that to play the kind of Pop they play might almost seem like an anachronism. Musical skill is definitely not the question here—the finesse the Speedies show at their particular instruments would keep Michael Tilson-Thomas happy. As for their sound—they don't like to be told that they resemble the Damned or Generation X, and certainly their musical skill and proficiency puts any direct comparison of The Speedies with these groups to bed, but in pure generalizations that might be how I would describe their music. It's just Pop, OK? That's all that I can say.

The Speedies future is promising and absolutely rosy; in the coming months they'll be receiving major press (*Trouser Press* and *Soho News* to name but two) a

plethora of gigs, and hopefully, their already large following will continue to grow. Recently they cut a demo tape in Toronto, five songs which may one day become part of the Speedies legend. There's definitely room to grow; but that's what these days are for.

The Speedies are on top of everything now, their rough ingredients may turn into America's Best Pop Band; I feel safe with those words because I believe in the Speedies, and they believe in themselves. As long as there are people to dance to them, the Speedies will give Pop all they can. The least we can do is reciprocate.

Check the Speedies out; the feeling of excitement is contagious and overpowering. You would've liked to see the Pistols at the 100 Club in April '76, right? Well, don't miss your chance to see the Speedies now. YOU NEED POP; and the Speedies will give it to you.

The Speedies will be playing at the Central Park RAR May 5-6.

How many friends and lovers can you name who first met at a B-52's gig? I can name several...

As far as most fans are concerned, the B-52's are the most vital group in rock 'n roll today. Their gigs are beach blanket blasts, dance floors packed with sweaty celebrants transformed into a whirling, throbbing mass by the giant beat of the band. None of the underground groups can inspire such ecstasy, can so often turn the mere curiosity seeker into a foaming-at-the-mouth fanatic. Just thinking about them gives some people goosebumps.

How do they do it? What strange power do these three men and two women have? The onstage appearance is arresting enough. Lead singer Fred Schneider is a suave but goofy college kid in T-shirt, sport jacket and outlandish slacks—campy, colorful, singing in a deadpan twang nutty, scary but perfectly sensible songs like "Rock Lobster", "Private Idaho" and "606-0842". Behind him, lanky drummer Keith Strickland, wearing a visor like a country club tennis pro, pounds out the strongest backbeat in rock 'n roll. Riffing Ricky Wilson on guitar looks the part of a gentle, shy, New Wave country boy, hunched over his axe, eyes on his fingers as if he's not yet sure where they should go.

The 52 women: Cindy Wilson: singer, guitar player, sexpot, dressed in black, her black hair piled high; she does the jerk and sings "Downtown". And finally, Kate Pierson, the organist with the Yma Sumac-inspired high voice. It is said Yma Sumac had a four octave range; I keep listening for Kate's, when I can take my eyes off her. With her orange and black dress, her geometric plastic earrings, her blond wig in a giant bouffant, she's the most striking of the lot, whether glaring and setting her mouth in a hard scowl or grinning/shrieking in mock horror.

The B-52's play with the joyous clatter of all great rock 'n roll from the earliest rockabilly on up to the Ramones. Elements of both can be heard in their sound as well as Ventures, Vandellas, "These Boots Are Made For Walking"...you name it (even Sparks!). Yet, it's a sound unlike any other. And the B-52's are a group of people like you and me and everybody else, yet totally unlike anybody but themselves.

Meeting with four of them at a restaurant in Soho one windy afternoon

Dr Strangerock or How I Learned to Stop Worrying & Love the B-52's

by Stu Cohn



PHOTO BY KATE SIMON

(Cindy was out of town), I am not surprised to find them as charming offstage as they are on. Three of the five are vegetarians, they reveal, as lunch orders of broccoli au gratin, beans, rice and black bean soup are taken. "I like to live as low on the food chain as possible" Fred cracks.

They are reluctant to climb on a dietary soapbox though. Fred explains, "If people are sick, we might try and help 'em with their diet, 'cause we're concerned. But really, you've got to trudge through yourself and find out what makes sense for you."

They are equally reluctant to play overt-

ly political songs. Fred says he is not sure music is the right medium for such messages. "A lot of times it gets lost. It depends on how you do it; it could be done real well. If it's done wrong, it's just hokey."

"I like it when you have a choice," says soft-spoken Ricky, wearing a red ski hat, "when you can look at it in several different ways. If you choose to see it as being didactic, then you can."

When asked about the Clash concert, Keith said he hadn't seen it, but he heard about their backdrop of flags from different countries and thought it was "neat". He then asked if the Ramones benefit for the New York Police Depart-

ments bulletproof vest fund was an example of a rock group being political.

Fred: "That's a benefit; that makes sense. Putting it in your music would sort of turn people away. Having a benefit would be more effective than singing a song of protest through today's type of rock or disco."

Kate's eyes light up. "That's what we need", she says, "Didactic disco!"

The B-52's, by the way, are from Athens, Georgia; they speak with soft southern accents (not quite White House style)—even Fred, who's really from New Jersey and met the rest of the group when he was at the University of Georgia. Their work takes them up north a lot and they are looking, somewhat reluctantly, for apartments in New York. Kate will have to leave her farm and her goats; Ricky's plans for living on a farm will have to be compromised somewhat (perhaps when the Yankees are on the road...); Keith, who wants to live in South America, will have to compromise even more; Fred just wants to live near a beach.

They shared normal adolescent fantasies like a desire to blow up their high school (and they can't wait to see it happen in the Ramones-Roger Corman epic "Rock 'n Roll High School"). And I hope it doesn't shake up their nice-person image too much if you learn that a couple of them actually tripped on LSD!!!

Keith mentions that the Stones' psychedelic period was interesting and underrated and talk turns to **Their Satanic Majesties Request**. "I can't stand to hear it," shivers Kate. "Uhhh! It's distressing. I remember taking acid, hearing that album and I thought my boyfriend was the devil...until the album was over."

Fred remembers: I could never figure out if it was hot or cold. I'd walk around, put a coat on, take it off, see what the other people were wearing. If they were wearing a coat, I'd put it back on."

Fred thinks chemically pure acid should be made available to consenting adults. "If you want to try something interesting," he suggests, "you should go to Georgia and take mushrooms. They're trying to make them illegal. You can laugh a lot, or just lay back and have this real visual thing."

Records: The group's privately pressed single, "Rock Lobster", b/w "52 Girls" has sold 12,000 copies, a phenomenal amount for an unsigned, unknown group. A major-label record deal is imminent (the band should be signed by the time you read this). Now, the B-52's are looking for a producer who can faithfully translate their raw, live sound to vinyl. Interested parties can apply care of this magazine.

Stilletto

Razor Sharp Raunch

by Elodie Lauten

It's a taste of Andy Warhol's factory when Elda Stilletto appears on stage hidden in a long coat and sunglasses, only to take it off before the next song when she whips her tough-looking bass player with her belt. Then changing again to lame shorts for her favorite number, a ballad called "Let There Be Pain", she saves the red stilletto heels for the last song.

Just like when she was playing at Club 82 with Debbie Harry, she is assisted by two ladies who have a hard time staying in

the background: Tish and Snookie, formerly of the Sic F*cks. The two of them opened the set with a cover of the Doors' "Hello, I Love You", and later executed a raving a capella version of "Black Slacks". As a vocal trio, Elda, Tish and Snookie are a rare combination of powerful voices and their harmonies are almost soulful.

The choice of material shows some eclecticism, as well as the fact that everyone in the band writes. They do an Aretha Franklin cover, "Chain of Fools", a blues number, a mock reggae tune, a rockabilly song and original called "Anti-Disco". Nothing sounds heavy or even punk aggressive, but not violence. The group reminds more of Patti LaBelle and the Bluebells than of Patti Smith.

The show develops in a casual humorous atmosphere; everyone seems at ease and having a good time; the last song even



Photo by J. White

turned into a jam session with the Miamis, Tom and Jim Wynbrandt who recently got the musical direction of "Shindig"

During a short interview in the crowded dressing room at CBGB's, Elda expressed the desire to be recorded. When I asked whether she found it hard to survive on the scene, she said she just loved the stage. Her 8 year old son is already a movie star. When she performs she is all show, talking to the audience, dancing, jumping off stage for a few seconds.

The Stillettos have been around since 1973. Elda knew Tish and Snookie since 1972 when they appeared in a vaudeville cabaret review; they were part of Blondie for a little while, then had a band called the Dropouts and last year performed with the Sic F*cks. The three of them are old friends and that is why they continue to work together. The other members of the band are Mugsy on bass, Johnny Pergamo

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The 'BIG EL' Controversy What's So Funny 'Bout Niggers, Limeys, and Misunderstanding?

by Spy Smasher + Johnny Guitar

While the rest of the world was worrying about nuclear devastation from Three Mile Island, New Yorkers were already on to a controversy that inflamed youthful passions far beyond those of mere "nuclear accident." The big story here was Elvis Costello, Columbia Records' swaggering bad boy of new wave rock, who lately has taken his rage off vinyl and subjected other musicians and his fans to his own peculiar form of charm.

Big El really put his red shoe in his mouth this time. El had wanted his New York tour to assuage all impressions of him as an inconsiderate asshole by playing a lot of small clubs for people who couldn't make it to his sold-out (without even being advertised in advance) monster concert at the Palladium. If someone really wanted to see Elvis he could send his name to a local radio station for the lottery that gave out tickets to his April First gigs at the Lone Star, Bottom Line and Great Gildersleeve's, and the ultra-loyal fan could even sleep outside the Bottom Line for SRO admission. But the *Village Voice* ruined El's April Fool's goodwill gesture by publishing a story alleging that, while on tour in Columbus, Ohio, El had called Ray Charles and James Brown "nigger", called Bonnie

Bramlett a "slut", and claimed that America was full of "flea-bitten greasers and niggers" and that he only played here for the money. El made his off-the-cuff remarks over a midnight brunch at the local Holiday Inn with Bonnie Bramlett and Stephen Stills who before dessert were swapping drunken punches with inebriated El and his entourage.

James Brown, when informed of Costello's remarks by *Overthrow* reporter Charley Crespo, replied, "I don't mind. People are entitled to that. I've been called that for a long time...and I hope he buys my next recording."

Controversy has been El's style ever since he changed his name from Declan Patrick McManus, quit his job as a computer operator, and got arrested outside an international CBS Records convention for "disturbing the peace" by playing his songs so he could get heard by the usually inaccessible pig execs. El got his CBS contract but kept his reputation as a troublemaker—he fought with other Brit punk bands while on the road (The Damned got so annoyed with El they gave him a hotfoot while he was dozing in their tour bus); he slurred a California radio station that was sponsoring and broadcasting one of his concerts; and he told his roadies to turn on white noise to get the audience out of the auditorium faster after a show.

But what do you expect from someone sizzling with as much pent-up rage as El? His records rant against fascism, racism, etc. Costello is like a guided missile that needs to be pointed in the right direction.



What he needs to do is direct his anger at the proper enemy, as he did in the anti-Nazi song "Less Than Zero" and "Radio, Radio" ("Radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools who try to anaesthetize the way that you feel.")

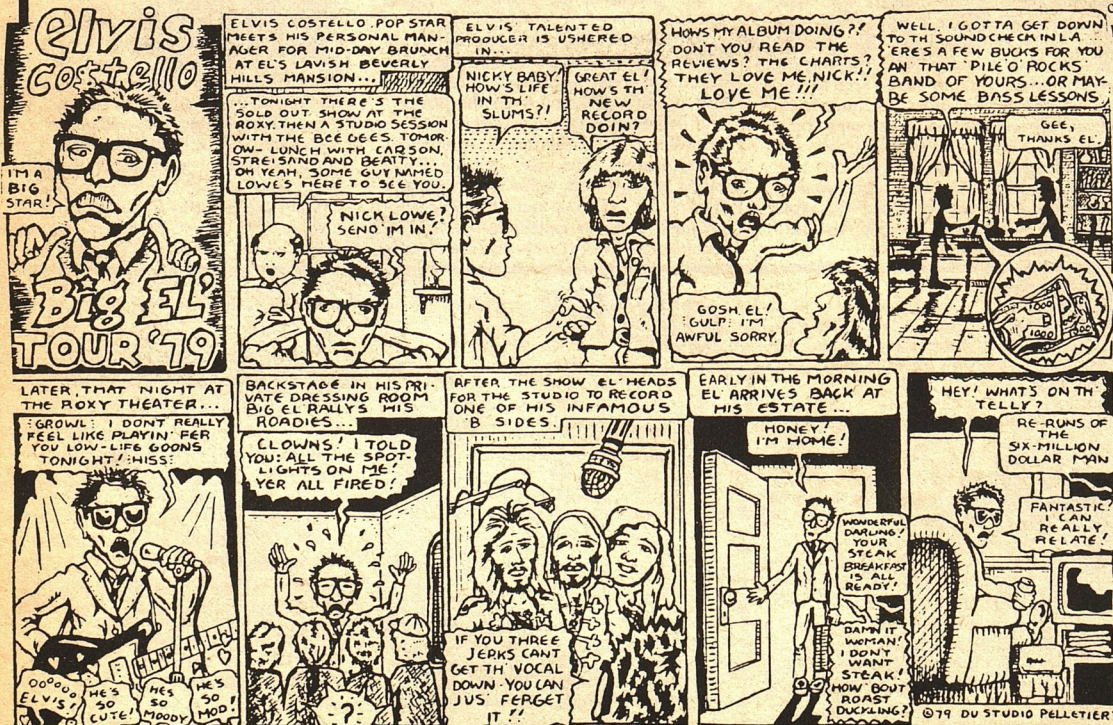
Upon arriving in New York, El held a press conference to smooth out the furor caused by the *Voice* story. Declaring that, "I am not a racist," (a line strangely similar to Nixon's famous disclaimer, "I am not a crook"), El proceeded to apologize claiming that he was misquoted and that his remarks were taken out of context.

While the press interrogated El about his late night monologue no one, including Elvis, mentioned that El had played Rock Against Racism in Britain, a fact that adds credence to El's claim that Columbus was just one of those wild and crazy nights. Costello also reported—the *Voice* didn't—that Bramlett had called him a "fucking limey who can't get it up" and that El had slurred Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, for whom no insult is harsh enough.

The Quotations of Chairman El set off an impromptu demonstration by a group of ad-hoc Yuppies outside the Bottom Line. The twenty five odd demonstrators, carrying signs that read "Send El Back to Computer School" and "Kick Him Again Bonnie", often exchanged angry remarks with El disciples waiting on line for the fifty standing room ducats. At one point four cop cars screeched up, having received a false report that gunshots had been fired within the vicinity of the Bottom Line. The cops, whose taste in music runs more towards the Ramones these days, quickly disappeared.

An attempted pieing of the miracle man by Yippie Aron Kay was squashed when a plainclothes security creep outside Great Gildersleeves kicked the paper-bagged pie out of Kay's hand and then proceeded to bop him on the arm with a blackjack for his troubles.

Hopefully Big El has learned that if he's going to get drunk and shoot off his mouth, his aim had better be true.



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from Trouser Press

PANIC SQUAD: PUNK COMMANDOS

by Elodie Lauten



Elvis isn't King.

THE PANIC SQUAD WANTS YOU! FOR INFO ON HOW TO JOIN THE PANIC SQUAD PLUS NEWS ON POSTERS, RECORDS, BUT-TONS, ETC. SEND \$1.00 TO S.A.S.E. TO "PANIC SQUAD" c/o CHELSEA RECORDS 180 7TH AVE. 2C NY, NY 10011.

Not a band but a squad; it seems that lately there is a new interest for military matters. The squad is actually a crew of eight people—four players: Andy Gray, and Norman Normal, both doing guitars and vocals, Mick Motor on bass, and Louie Louie on drums; and 4 roadie-soundmen: Jackie Lawlor, Seth Mickland, Jay Dougherty and Billie Good. They all wear a black uniform, army shirts and parachutist boots. As stated in their song, "Back In The Working Class", they consider themselves as soldiers and workers, not as stars.

What about the 'Panic'? According to Andy, "It refers to the urge of doing it right now."

They all support themselves through full time jobs. They intend to produce themselves, building their own cooperative record company Chelsea Records, and are planning to release two singles featuring their main titles: "Back In The Working Class", "Runaway", "Island" and "Clockwork Rockwork".

They have a classic Marshall sound and remind me of the Clash, especially during their version of the Who's "Can't Explain", in which they give back to the Who the riff borrowed by the Clash in "Guns

on the Roof". Andy Gray is originally from England and is happy with the NY scene, "hoping to be the band of the 80's".

Onstage they are a tight unit, pouring out aggressive vocals, while the bass player moves back and forth on the stage; they move without pretense and with a sense of anarchistic community.

Their main asset is probably their human impact, and they do present an alternative to the star system. They destroy the idea that one as to be an egomaniac to play rock music and there is something healthy in that attitude.

Their philosophy is the most original thing they present. As far as music they use a current punk medium to carry their message. Obviously their research has gone deeper in the image than in the sound. They are a conceptual band. They are political, they are looking for alternatives to the system, they want to make their own records, away from the record companies. They are a good example that bands get together now not only for music purposes but for social awareness.

999 is #1!

by N. Ann Ferrar



999, you ask?

While you've unfortunately never heard of this band on FM, you've probably seen that name—or number—on every import catalog, right? Well, 999 has been a performing entity in the U.K. for two years, and they have two albums, "999" and "Separates," which are both currently available as imports. In April a third titled "High Energy Plan" (containing the same material as "Separates" but with two previously unreleased tracks) was brought out here on the Gem label.

999 have earned a highly enthusiastic following in Britain and they've made the British charts, but they haven't had any top-ten singles yet. The reason for this, according to Nick Cash, the group's lead singer and lyricist, is that their material has been banned from the radio!

"I dunno why," Cash said when I met him in New York, "it seems stupid to me. I mean, we just played in London to about 3,000 people, and had to turn away another 700 at the door."

When I saw their set at Hurrah's—a tight blast of power from start to finish—it was apparent that a lot of people were glad 999 had made it over here. The typically mixed crowd of hippie-types and fashionably razor-cut punkers who had gathered to watch the band were mostly male and a lot bigger and heavier than me—they didn't stop going en masse for a second during the set. (I had to keep on going, whether I liked it or not, merely to prevent my toes from getting stomped on.) Cash, evidently surprised at the enthusiastic reception despite the fact the band has no American label, exclaimed at one point: "We were warned that you didn't like this kind of music in America, but you do, don't you?!"

Lenny

CONT'D FROM PG. 5

more song-oriented stuff. But over there, there's an artistic tradition, so they're more inclined to approach our more radical stuff with an open mind.

When Patti talks about new songs with you, does she ever talk about other worlds she's in where these songs exist?

We feel that our songs live in this world, we don't feel that what we're doing is otherworldly. What we're doin' is connectin' this world with the other world, and revealing in a sense that both worlds are here in the present. All it requires is a means to get to them. Your own imagination, or something more or less tangible. Like the help of a rock 'n' roll band, or a joint, or good friends around you. Or the support of your peers.

Did anyone in the group see a flying saucer?

Patti saw a flying saucer once with Tom Verlaine, going to CBGB's one night. She said it was green, I don't remember any of the specifics. She saw it on the Bowery. Our flying saucer period was while we were recording *Horses*. "Birdland" is all about flying saucers. That was our big flying saucer period, now we're more into *The Battle of Algiers* and 17th century Japanese assassins called the *ninja*. I've become the Trotsky for the band lately, the

theoretician, since Patti isn't that into talking these days. I don't mind because it's one of the things I even do musically, is to help to explicate, to put a frame around what Patti's doing. Put it in a context. Doing it like this is in a sense better because it keeps her from getting channelled into any particular area. It leaves her to fuction in the realm of pure thought.

Does she read music, or does she just go with the flow?

No, I don't think anybody in the band actually reads music except for DJV. But once you learn fingering the notes on a guitar, there's a kind of manual dexterity that's required that Patti's really not that interested in, she's more into the *sound* of the guitar.

What do you like most about playing guitar?

The fact that you can manipulate your guitar with your fingers to get sounds, whereas on a synthesizer you're playing controls. I like to manipulate my guitar, and I already have too many electronic gadgets as it is and I'm starting to get confused with the wires, so I'm stoppin' here. I use a phaser, and a wah-wah peddle and a fuzz-tone and an echo chamber. That's about as far as I want to take it, at least this time around.

Okay, keep out of trouble, Lenny.

Hey, you know me man, I practice guitar all day and pray at night.

RAR-Central Park-cont'd from page 9

oriented band seems to know what it's doing and where it's going. It would not surprise me at all to see Panic Squad make quite an impact on the scene, and possibly beyond. (Sunday.)

The Senders, easily one of the largest attractions on the New York scene, are probably the biggest local 'name' to be on the RAR bill. With a long and certainly full history dating back years and years, the Senders roots are firmly planted in strong, un-expurgated R&B and Rock'n Roll. The Senders reputation as both "musician's musician" band and a tremendous dance band have earned them one of the largest and most devoted followings of any area band, and a reputation that stretches into the UK. Currently fresh via new personell, the Sender's vinyl offspring ("The Living

End"/"No More Foolin'"—\$2.00, P.O. Box 1233, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY NY 10009) confirms their legend. (Sunday.)

Rosie and The Shadows are just one of the most sincerely inspiring bands one is going to come across. Just starting off, Rosie and Co. are something to watch as they try to put a firm foot into the door of New York rock—delightfully unique in their all-women lineup and their bluesy, trad-R&B style, the band, like Panic Squad, lets it's political views (in this case, Strongly feminist) encourage their music, rather than hinder it. Leader Rosie was once a Stiletto—at a time when her fellow Stilletos included Elda (now of Stiletto's Fad) and Debbie Harry (presently in Blondie). (Sunday.)

stiletto's

Cont'd from page 10

on guitar and drummer Shibo who occasionally sings up front with Elda. Both are original members of the band.

Their music is softer than most CBGB bands. They want to be commercial. They do not consider themselves as punk; they hate violence. According to Elda, "When the punk movement happened it became so hyped that all the bands thought they had to adopt that image. Sid Vicious took it to the extreme. The Sex Pistols phenomenon was totally controlled by their manager

Malcolm McLaren, even down to their politics. The world is in such a bad state that every artist has a responsibility to help people become aware of what is happening. We are all for Rock Against Racism since it is helping the scene to be more political. We did a benefit for Abbie Hoffman last year and being unrecorded we have joined the Yippie movement."

The Stilletos appear to be quite independent from punk or New Wave trends. They are a rock 'n roll band more in the style of the Senders or Johnny Thunders. With three talented singers like Tish, Elda, and Snookie, it shouldn't be long before Stiletto becomes a household name.

ROCK SECRETS!

By SECRET ROCKER DISCO BLACKLASH

The anti-disco movement is getting some support from an unlikely sector, black musicians. The way they see it, things are definitely getting out of control. They are pressing for their own separate (but equal) Billboard chart for "R & B Disco" (black disco as differentiated from "Pop Disco", white disco). They feel that they are getting squeezed out of airplay by such "Johnny-come-latelies" as Cher and Rod Stewart. It is a well-known fact that blacks make 50 percent of pop music and get 10 percent of national air-play. Air-play is often based on the Billboard charts, so many feel the burgeoning white disco industry has ruined what could have been a good thing. In addition to this national movement to separate white and black disco, some black musicians are getting bored with disco monotony. The official beats per minute have speeded up from 124 BPM last year to over 136 BPM this year. They feel that it's killing the "funk" in soul music. Another problem with disco is that it is killing the live music scene. Discotecks are seriously putting a whole class of pro-musicians out of business. In 1979, it's disco! disco or perish, and that is a dilemma for many. "I don't think it's a fad anymore, but I keep hoping," a famous bass player recently told me. "Sooner or later, black music is going to have to get back to the basics and I hope I'm still around."



B.J.'S

Speaking of disco, the Bee Gees have done it again, another number one album lodged in the throat of the top ten, "Spirits Have Flown". With Robert Stigwood as their boss, no wonder their "spirits have flown". Despite rosy accounts of their initial comeback four years ago, another picture is slowly emerging. Seems at that time Stigwood was fed up with them, he felt they might be "totally burnt". He took them aside and said, "Listen you assholes, from now on, you're going to do it my way!" Stigwood's idea for recycling the saucy ausias was a big movie project. At first he thought he would do a spin-off of Jaws of some sort. He told them to write some songs for it. Two of the biggest hits for Saturday Night Fever, "Stayin' Alive" and "How Deep is Your Love" were originally written with sharks in mind. The former was about swimming in shark-infested waters and the latter was about a girl who gets eaten. When Stigwood dropped the shark movie idea, he kept the songs for Saturday Night Fever. Makes sense. As you know, living in Brooklyn can be similar to being eaten by a shark.

The new disco hit version of "A Bridge Over Troubled Water" is enough to turn anyone off. I predict that it will inspire Paul Simon to go disco. Paul McCartney's disco bid, "Don't Get Too Tired for Love", sounds like he already is. Of course, whites cashing in on black music scenes is hardly new. Black musicians have had to always keep evolving their musical identity just to keep one step ahead of white rip-off artists. Five years from now when whites completely dominate disco, black music will be somewhere else. Soul will survive. It always does.

VILLAGE

The Village People are great for the chief reason they openly seek to corrupt this great nation's youth. Their latest gold single is entitled "In The Navy", and it praises our armed forces for the ample opportunities they provide for young men to be together. Could the Pentagon be behind this unusual recruitment stunt? Possibly. The Army Reserve has a very interesting new billboard over Times Square.

A very appealing black guy in short sleeves, looks at the viewer with arms crossed while the giant gun barrel of a tank leans over his shoulder, the caption- "Why don't you spend the weekend with us?" I thought it was an ad for the Village People. Some gays think that the Village People are stupid and that they present only cliché gay attitudes; so what, the children love them.

ASSHOLES

ROD STEWART

AS IN ANY CAPITALIST COUNTRY, LYING HAS BECOME THE TOOL OF THE GIANTS. THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION HAS LIVED. IN HIS CORNER, A CERTAIN JOSEPH DOUGACHVILI CRUCKLES SOFTLY.



The following item is strictly hearsay and should be regarded as such. It was told to me by a session musician who heard it through the grapevine. It concerns a certain English singer known to have frequented Britt Ekland among others. His latest disco single asks the somewhat rhetorical question - "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" Someone must, if this rumor is to be believed. Seems said singer was involved in an infamous homosexual orgy and had to be rushed afterwards to a hospital to have his stomach pumped because he had swallowed too much you-know-what. Nine ounces, to be precise and my unofficial statistician tells me that might indicate between ten and twenty men (boys?) were involved. Seems it gave him a major gas problem. Blondes, he insists, have more fun. It seems, in addition, that they can have too much of a good thing as well.

STALINBRA

One last note on a social trend. It seems that jogging is providing a shot in the arm for the brassiere industry. A girl friend of mine recently brought to my attention an article on jogging and breasts in Self magazine. Seems self-improvement of this sort can cause some self-depreciation including "jogger's nipples". If a female jogger's bra is too loose, the breasts can rattle around and cause irritation. The solution more support. I propose a new jogger's bra model-"The Joseph Stalin", a steel belted radial brassiere with the look of rapid modernization.



Brain Damage Plague

The Tardive Dyskinesia Epidemic

by Dr. Caligari

Reading the label on a bottle of Thorazine concentrate, one would see a warning to psychiatric workers not to get any of the drug on their skin, as it can cause a dermatitis, or chemical irritation (like poison oak). Thorazine-type chemicals can also cause a form of brain "burn" or nerve cell damage to the deep part of the brain (called the basal ganglia) which helps to control, balance, and coordinate muscle movements. The effect of such drug-induced damage is uncontrollable, involuntary muscle movements called a dyskinesia (dyskinesia = abnormal muscle movement, tardive = late appearing, as it usually takes a year or two to get such damage.)

"Trying to draw parallels between experiments in animals and natural pathological changes in man is a very difficult task, but by the grace of the large pharmaceutical companies we have a large human experimental population available in which we can measure the symptoms produced by these drugs."

"The publication of numerous articles on tardive dyskinesia has had little effect on the excessive use of neuroleptic ("anti-psychotic" drugs, e.g. Thorazine...Dr.C.) drugs in psychiatric populations. If current prescribing patterns are not drastically changed, larger numbers of patients will be afflicted by conspicuous, sometimes disabling neurological side-effects. The risk of permanent neurological disorder (permanent brain damage...Dr. C.) can be minimized by monitoring side effects and systematically reducing drug doses in hospitals, outpatient centers, and private practice. However, one should not underestimate the difficulty in implementing such a program in facilities that rely heavily on chemotherapy."

For hundreds of years, institutional psychiatry has been "plague-ing" people under the deceitful guise of treatment and therapy, and has been creating various

kinds of permanent brain damage in waves of psychiatrist-caused plagues. Past plagues have included drugs like Hellebore and bromides; psychosurgery (i.e. lobotomies, leucotomies, and amygdalotomies); insulin coma, and electro-shock, to name a few waves.

Thorazine, in 1952 a "new drug," used first in surgical anesthesia as an "artificial hibernator," was the herald of the latest psychiatric plague. The true nature of this mind menace was not to be revealed until the late 1950's, when the first reports (1957) appeared of seemingly permanent brain damage from the Thora-type chemicals (phenothiazines, also known as "anti-psychotics," Thorazine, Stelazine, Mellaril, Serentil, Haldol, Navane, Trilafon, Moban, Loxitane, etc.).

Psychiatry from the beginning tried to ignore, deny, and not accept responsibility for the fact that their new wonder drugs were brain bruisers, that they were creating drug-induced forms of permanent brain damage in large numbers of unsuspecting and often unwilling psychiatric inmates

In a recent study (Asnis, G., et. al., "A Survey of Tardive Dyskinesia in Psychiatric Outpatients," *Amer. J. Psych.* 134:12, pp. 1367-1370. December, 1977.) of psychiatric outpatients in New York, a random group of 69 outpatients were picked out of 250 and carefully checked for signs of TD. 43.4% of those 69 had signs of tardive dyskinesia, i.e., brain damage. These people had been taking "anti-psychotic" drugs for 8 months to over 10 years, an average of 4½ years. About 14% of those with signs of tardive dyskinesia (TD) had only been taking "anti-psychotic" drugs for less than a year! Other studies have found rates of TD from 6% to 56% among those taking drugs for prolonged periods (more than two years), with most figures between 20-40%. Clearly this is drug-induced plague a la Thalidomide, but on a much larger scale!

Continued next page

Drugged Senseless

On March 16th Lenny Lapon was fired from his job at Haverford State Hospital, where he was a paralegal with the Pennsylvania Bar Association's Mental Health Advocacy Project. Ten days later he and three other members of the Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients were arrested on charges of *Defiant Criminal Trespass* when they tried to distribute copies of a pamphlet entitled "The Politics of Phenothiazines" to Haverford inmates.

As a patient's advocate, Lenny warned patients of the dangers of the drugs they were being administered, and advised them of their right to refuse the drugs, and gave them copies of the "Politics" leaflet (excerpts from which constitute the above story). His testimony at a commitment hearing that he doubted "Haverford State Hospital could safely and effectively treat anybody" likewise raised the ire of

hospital authorities. When his story on the commitment procedure, "The Haverford Railroad," appeared in the *ALMP Newsletter* charging collusion of the politically powerful Public Defender in incarcerations, Lenny had made one enemy too many.

Within a week fifty-nine inmates signed a petition protesting Lenny's firing, and the Patient's Government unanimously passed a resolution demanding his reinstatement. The ALMP members were on the grounds as invited guests of some of these inmates when they were arrested on the trespass charge.

The trial is set for mid May. At issue will be not just the First Amendment free speech rights of the ALMP members to pass out literature, but also the right of all patients to freedom of association.

The following is excerpted from a letter to the Pennsylvania State Attorney General's office from Haverford administrators, dated March first.

Dear Mr. Kane:

...I am enclosing under cover for your examination and opinions a copy of a tract, which has been made available to the patients of this hospital by the staff of the American Bar Association, Patients Advocacy Group.

It has been reported to me by several of the team treatment leaders on the closed sections of the hospital that the availability of this highly charged material and the actions of the ABA representation has led to serious disruptions in the clinically determined chemotherapy of several patients committed under the involuntary provisions of the Mental Health Procedure Act. A question of immediate concern is the indiscriminate distribution of political action tracts permissible under the terms of the contract between the ABA and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania...

...The highly vulnerable, sensitive, confused, and frequently judgementally impaired person, who is hospitalized because he is unable to take proper care of himself is the essential issue.

Would not a reasonable person wonder about the disturbing effect of the polemics of political propaganda upon their conflicted, frightened, tormented minds, particularly when this propaganda would seem to promote divisiveness between those whose responsibility it is to provide treatment under the law, and those who are judged in need of such treatment?...

...It is not surprising that when an agitated paranoid person reads references to "chemotherapy as a deception in the interest of investments in imperialist American corporations" and psychiatrists as exploiters, whose "jobs depend on the creation and continuation of a class of mental patients who are dependent on them for survival", that in his despair and fright, he will be compelled to avoid the treatment which, in most instances, is necessary for the restoration of a state of rationality and reason...

A summary of our overall experiences with the ABA Project would have to include the overall opinion that its effectiveness has become increasingly diminished in relation to its increased reliance on legal strategies and solutions to complex psychiatric problems and the coupling

CONT. ON PAGE 24



**Stop the Brain
NO MORE THORAZINE
PROTEST the AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION NATION
MAY 13-18 CONRAD HILTON**



Brainwashing! THORAZINE TORTURE! AMERICAN PSYCHIATRIC NATIONAL CONVENTION MAD HILTON HOTEL CHICAGO

Dear Overthrow:

We read with interest the article in the last issue of *Overthrow!* about the anti-psychiatry struggle which C.A.P.A. will be joining in. Of particular interest is the campaign against psychiatric pill pushing, and the emphasis on Psychiatry as a social control mechanism which serves the power elite.

The Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients is a group of former Psychiatric Inmates committed to ending all involuntary psychiatric intervention and interference in people's lives; this includes incarceration as well as so-called "treatments". We feel that the "therapeutic state" cannot be abolished by itself, as it is closely linked to and supported by all the other institution and ideologies which arise out of Capitalism and Imperialism. In other words, in order to bring a halt to the mind-control inquisition, we must simultaneously work toward a revolution which will equalize, if not abolish totally the concept of "power" (I'm implying power-over or as I call it: Uber-power).

Psychiatric oppression is not an isolated phenomenon, or just the concern of Psychiatric Inmates and ex-inmates. The threat of Psychiatry inculcates fear into all of us. Psychiatry has many symbolic manifestations: "musack", the wage and labor behavior modification system, and Jim Jones (with his hidden cache of Thorazine, incidentally) are but a few. Psychiatry is both the tip of the iceberg and the foundation of "normality". And of course, incarceration is only the extreme manifestation of all of us being forced to live our existences as "inmates-at-large" in the larger cage of the american machine. The defining of "normality" by a tiny and powerful monopoly is the grease for the machine. It's obvious that we wish to help sabotage this death industry, so I'll resist the temptation to continue extrapolating further.

As stated earlier, we feel it is important to connect the anti-psychiatry movement with other revolutionary movements. We think that defining psychiatric interference in people's lives as a purely civil libertarian issue is very shortsighted, and can play on the reactionary in-

dividualist tendencies of oppressed people; we don't want to replace the isolation and alienation of "therapy" with either another totalitarian belief system on separating individuals from the context of the whole and shrouding it in rhetoric like "free will", something the right wing is able to capitalize upon consistently.

If we had to label ourselves theoretically-speaking, we could be considered as "collective anarchists" which subsumes a lot of the progressive banners we also wish to march under and of course connect with.

I am enclosing some information on the Alliance. Right now we are helping to conduct a boycott of Smith-Kline Corp. makers of the notorious Thorazine—the prototype "tranquillizer". The Politics of Phenothiazines includes first-hand accounts, political commentary, and an economic analysis of the corporation. We are still seeking endorsements of this boycott, and would be very happy to receive written letters of support from C.A.P.A. and *Overthrow!* Also enclosed is our most recent newsletter, and a few current leaflets. We would like to receive *Overthrow!* in light of the fact that it is not carried in Philadelphia bookstores as of yet, and also the fact that we are currently operating on the brink of a financial disaster, we would like to possibly do an exchange subscription of sorts: placing you on our mailing list and sending our current publications, in exchange for *Overthrow!* and any other information you publish.

Additionally, we are elated that the annual A.P.A. convention in Chicago is being scheduled for disruption. We are planning to go and participate, and are interested also in joining in any theoretical/strategic discussions related to the disruption if there are to be any planning meetings previous to the convention. The annual North American Conference on Human Rights and Psychiatric Oppression will be held at the end of May in Florida, and we'll be telling you more about this later. Till then, we hope to hear from you soon.

In struggle,
Lynn Sereda/A.L.M.P.

Brain Damage Continued

The symptoms of tardive dyskinesia include slow, rhythmic and involuntary movements of the face and limbs; cheek puffing; lip-smacking or lip-pursing; chomping or chewing of the jaws; undulation of the tongue or repeated tongue thrusts in a "fly-catcher" movement; occasional stiffening of the neck and arms, difficulty in swallowing or speaking, in severe cases; rotation of the ankles or toes; or wrist and finger movements... Considering that an estimated one million Americans receive some form of neuroleptic on any given day, it is quite possible that at least 50,000 people, conservatively speaking (500,000, less conservatively speaking—Dr. C.) might develop this drug-induced form of brain damage in the next year.

These strange, uncontrollable movements may start either while a person is taking such phenothiazine drugs, when the dosage is reduced, or when the drugs are stopped (although it may be a week or more after the drugs are stopped before the strange movements start to appear). Thus, coming down off such drugs may create withdrawal reactions like a flu-like illness with aches, cramps, sweats, nausea, and at times severe vomiting and drug-withdrawal "freak-outs." But, in addition, coming down may reveal abnormal movements as the muscle-rigidifying and stiffening effects of the chemicals wear off: this has been called withdrawal dyskinesia.

At the first appearance of these uncontrollable movements, it is impossible to know if they will only be temporary and gradually disappear (although this may take weeks or even three months or more), indicating that the brain damage was not truly permanent. This situation has been called atypical tardive dyskinesia, or as I said, withdrawal dyskinesias. Anyone who experiences such muscle problems is at extremely high risk for getting truly permanent brain damage if they ever take Thorazine-type drugs again, which means a life-time of such abnormal and uncontrollable muscle movements.

Unfortunately, with many, once the movements start they never go away and this is indicative of truly permanent brain damage. One study of 11 children getting chronic phenothiazine drugs revealed that five of them (45) developed signs of tardive dyskinesia 3 to 4 weeks after withdrawal from the drugs. (It is still unclear how long the abnormal movements may last.) Children usually get these drugs involuntarily in various institutions and for various reasons (basically to be chemically controlled and more passive).

As with so many other drugs, it appears that the very young and the very old are at greatest risk of developing tardive dyskinesia. Other factors that appear to increase the risk of developing TD are:

1. The longer you continuously take phenothiazines without any break (or "drug holiday").
2. The higher the dose you get.
 - a. For adults, more than 400 mg. of Thorazine a day, or its equivalent in other such drugs, on a regular basis, is very risky.
 - b. More than 150 mg. of Thorazine a day, on a continual basis, in those over 55 is very risky.
 - c. More than 75 mg. of Thorazine a day in those over 75 years old is extremely risky.
3. If you have suffered bad muscle reactions to these drugs (drug-induced parkinsonism, muscle cramps, i.e., dystonic reactions, abnormal muscle movements, i.e., acute dyskinesias), then you are also at higher risk of eventually developing TD.
4. Women appear to be more susceptible to TD than men.
5. If you have any other kind of brain damage or neurological problem. This may include prior electro-shock (ECT), but this is still unclear.
6. If you have been taking "anti-parkinsonian" drugs like Artane, Cogentin, Akineton, etc., these drugs appear to increase the risk of getting TD.
7. Long-acting injections of Prolixin, i.e., Prolixin Enanthate or Prolixin Decanoate, also appear more likely to cause TD.

There are many unanswered questions about TD, thus the above statements may be revised as more studies on TD are undertaken.

With the release of studies showing TD's widespread incidence, ever-increasing numbers of studies in the medical journals, litigation on behalf of TD victims, and a general heightening of public awareness about drugs with concomitant demands for professional accountability, doctors can no longer ignore or minimize the problem they have done so much to create. Now they are becoming concerned about the legal liability they might incur in malpractice suits brought against them by TD victims. They are talking about protecting themselves through the use of "informed consent" procedures for phenothiazine "treatment." Few are talking about protecting the "patient" from this chemical plague in the first place, and even fewer—if any—are challenging the "mental illness" ideology which has been used to justify control through chemical warfare. CONT. ON PG. 16



Pigs meet tokers at the Hash Bash in Ann Arbor.

HIGH TIMES ENCYCLOPEDIA RECREATIONAL DRUGS

Review by Colonel D.D. Hotshot

For drug fiends, drug addicts, drug users, drug abusers, drug dealers, drug pushers, drug connoisseurs, drug experts, drug advisors and everyday hop heads, this is the book.

The H.T.E. is a stupendous achievement, with the best stuff I've read about drugs anywhere, outside of *High Times* and *Yipster Times*. One fine chapter, "The Black Market Economics" was penned by *Yipster* Contributing Editor, Mike Chance, who's dug up some fascinating facts. At one time, for instance, Marijuana Dealers Associations were so righteous that they gave megabucks to such causes as the Chicago 8 defense and the Florida muscular dystrophy telethon. Another interesting fact in the volume, which traces the origins of every drug you can think of from ancient times through the 21st century, is that "Hippomanes", a small piece of flesh taken from the forehead of a newly foaled colt, was eaten by "sex-jaded libertines" as an aphrodisiac in ancient Rome. Yes, the book has a great section on aphrodisiacs, which is almost as good as all the vintage Furry Freek Brothers cartoons reprinted throughout.

If you go out and buy the book, and are left with no money with which to cop some dope, just turn to the chapter on "Household Highs." Herein you will find exhaustive coverage of crazy kicks like aspirin, coffee and tea, nutmeg, tobacco, and alcohol—all the government approved drugs.

If you've gotten too fucked up on nutmeg to read, the *High Times Encyclopedia* really has some knockout shots of good dope, old paintings and engravings of people getting high, old wood carvings and statuarities of people getting discombobulated, and snappy graphics of people getting busted. That's the main thing to remember when looking at, or even reading this book: that most of the drugs described so lovingly and intelligently are illegal or controlled. The absurdity and cruelty of government interference with the pleasure principle must be remembered and the perpetrators vanquished.

Cont'd from p.15

EFFECTS OF PHENOTHIAZINES

The phenothiazines cause many undesirable, uncomfortable, and destructive physical and emotional reactions, which psychiatrists label "side-effects". This term is misleading because it implies that such reactions are only incidental to the so-called "therapeutic" purpose of the drug—supposedly, normalization of thinking and behavior labelled "crazy". In fact, the so-called "side" effects are *direct* effects of the drugs and are themselves a control mechanism, in that the person taking the drug is so debilitated by the way her body and mind react that any expression of strong emotion or spontaneity is next to impossible. At the same time, the person experiencing such unpleasant reactions may become convinced that she is truly "going crazy," particularly if she has not been informed that such experiences are caused by the drugs. Psychiatric inmates and other institutionalized people are almost always *not* so informed by the persons making them ingest these chemicals. *Every person who takes phenothiazines should have the absolute right to be informed that the effects described below may occur as a result of the drugs.* Due to the coercive nature of locked institutions, real "informed consent" may be impossible for psychiatric inmates, prisoners, and others. *In no situation should persons be drugged against their will.*

COPS CRASH HASH BASH

by Marc Medoff

Despite the harshly cold weather and the continual harassment of local police several thousand pot-smokers turned out for the annual Ann Arbor Hash Bash at the University of Michigan Diag April Fool's Day calling for the legalization of marijuana and shouting, "Pigs go home."

The all-day festival turned out to be a lesson in police harassment tactics for many as blue-helmeted Ann Arbor cops spent the afternoon wading through the crowd of freaks randomly arresting pot-smokers.

The irony of the situation is that dope is decriminalized in Ann Arbor, so all that happened to those scooped up by the boys

in blue were that they were given traffic-type summonses. But not before being dragged off to a central booking area set up by the cops nearby and photographed. Most of those busted were released within several minutes.

The overzealousness of the police was evident on several occasions when they accidentally took away people smoking on home-grown tobacco cigarettes. To the cops' embarrassment they were turned loose without getting a ticket.

Although scores of students and others were snared by the police, most attending the hash bash spent the day passing joints and yelling at the cops. In fact the

highlights of the afternoon were the choruses of "Pigs go Home" that erupted everytime someone was pulled out of the crowd.

Despite little apparent organization the crowd did break into chants of "We smoke pot and we like it a lot" and other pro-dope slogans demanding the right to smoke grass.

If nothing else, the event demonstrated more clearly than ever that the legalization of grass, and nothing short of that, will be the only way people will be able to smoke dope without fear.

In Ann Arbor, decriminalization still means oppression.



Skornicka by M. Kienitz

PIE TIMES

CORRECTION
Last issue's story 'Rocks America' was by Pancho-White Villa

Joel Skornicka, new reactionary mayor of Madison, Wisc. was presented with an inauguration gift by Aron Kay for planning to cut funds to the Madison Tenants Union. The gift was presented just before he was sworn in as new mayor to replace the outgoing (and lobotomized) liberal Paul Soglin.

After the presentation Soglin turned Kay over to the Red Squad but he was cut loose 45 minutes later as Skornicka refused to file charges.

(APRIL 23) A Dayton, Ohio resident calling himself Pauncho White Villa launched an "art attack" and smacked pop poet Rod McKuen in the face with a syrup and corn mush pie today during a recitation at Sinclair Community College.

The pie hurler said, "McKuen is America's worst poet. He appeals to the lowest common denominator. While other nations are represented by poets like Pablo Neruda we are stuck with him. His poetry is junk food."

(ZNS) Massachusetts Governor Edward King reportedly cancelled a scheduled appearance last month at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, because he was afraid he would be hit with a pie.

King is unpopular with Massachusetts students because of his successful effort to raise the legal drinking age in that state, and his support of nuclear power.

King remarked after his cancellation: "It was needless to go up there. It's a long day and we couldn't afford to get pie all over our clothes."



by
Steve
Conliff

SINK THE BOAT PEOPLE

Hey. Fuck the "boat people."
Todd Rundgren, Patti Smith, Meatloaf, Rick Derringer were tricked by the master tricksters of the CIA into raising money and, more importantly, sympathy for the most racist elements left in Vietnam after its evacuation by the U.S. puppet regime.

The "Vietnamese boat people" are not Vietnamese but Cholon Chinese. Cholon is to Saigon what Chevy Chase is to Washington, D.C.: a racially-exclusive suburb. It's residents are Chinese merchants who remained behind to make money after one of China's periodic invasions of its small southern neighbor.

The International Rescue Committee, beneficiaries of Rundgren's "boat people" concert, was set up in the late '50's to aid refugees from "captive nations," i.e., those gone communist. Its CIA ties were documented in the N.Y. Times by John Crewdson. Its head, Leo Cherne, worked with anti-Castro Cubans and the Nixon and Ford administrations. In 1961 Lee Harvey Oswald wrote to Cherne from Russia, where Oswald was under suspicion of being an American agent, asking for money to come home. Cherne founded Freedom House in 1962 to weed out Castro agents among Cuban exiles, and he was on the Board of Directors of the Free Cuba

Committee, which spread the lie Castro killed President Kennedy. Cherne was also involved with the hawkish Citizens' Committee for Peace and Freedom for Vietnam.

In 1972 Cherne helped found Democrats for Nixon. He served on both Nixon and Ford's Foreign Policy Advisory Boards.

In a world where imperialists create new columns of starving refugees every few weeks, it's no accident Leo Cherne's interest should be in the affluent Cuban and Cholon Chinese refugees. (The "boat people" are the '70's version of the wealthy Cubans (called *gusanos*, "worms," by their fellow Cubans) who fled the revolution rather than share their wealth and training with the people whose labbr made it possible. People who've been part of a privileged elite all their lives seldom want to settle for mere equality, arguing they worked hard to get to the top; but communists counter everyone else worked harder to create their medical schools and sugar plantations and auto plants.

The Vietnamese are not persecuting anyone when they object to pigs smuggling out of their poor country wealth accumulated (stolen) by the last remaining beneficiaries of imperialism.

When I read of the 1-200,000 "boat

people" western governments claim have drowned, I feel myself projected back to the days of the Pentagon's inflated body counts. (The figure is identical to what the U.S. predicted would be executed in the bloodbath.) At Dak To 4,000 V.C. were reported killed, but the Americans could only find four bodies to display.

It was resentment by impoverished villagers angered by the comparative affluence of the refugees which, according to A.P.'s Peter Arnett, "led to tragedies along the Malaysian coast where Vietnamese 'boat people' were pushed out to sea by angry villagers, with hundreds drowning as their crafts swamped in the surf." But all 2,500 refugees aboard the freighter *Hai Hong*, whose turning back from Malaysia triggered the "boat people" hysteria, have been flown out and resettled, the majority in the U.S. The reason locals are so often inhospitable to refugees is, reports Arnett, "It ranks the natives that the strangers live in comparatively comfortable camps, eating meat, vegetables and ground corn, warming themselves under U.N. blankets at night," while the locals starve. Vietnamese refugees in the U.S. are warned they may have to wait all of three years to regain their professional status.

The worst (and best documented) "boat

people tragedy" occurred when a ship full of refugees sank because it was overloaded with gold bullion.

We must be careful of the buzz word "refugee." When we hear of 30-50,000 Cambodian refugees streaming into Thailand, we must listen closely to learn that includes the 8-10,000 troops remaining of the Pol Pot's army, whose immediate dependents, given Indochina's extended families, must number far more than 50,000. Soldiers of a defeated army usually do flee the victors (are Idi Amin's disintegrating mercenaries "refugees"?).

All non-combatants are victims, but blame those who intentionally drag their families through danger—fathers whose affluent lifestyles are more important to them than their children's lives. When someone finds me a "Vietnam refugee" family not headed by a fleeing puppet government official, soldier of a defeated army or racist war profiteer, then I'll feel sorry for them. Until then, right on, Uncle Ho, Vietnam will win!

Steve Conliff was a co-founder of Rock Against Racism/USA and helped organize the first RAR concert in North America, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 30, 1978. From 1969-75 he collaborated with the Viet Cong to end the war.

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★ 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 53401

Wash. D.C.

★ D.C. YIP
2427 18th. NW
Wash. D.C. 20007

Texas

★ Chuck Brame
1129 Washington
Ft. Worth, Texas 76111

★ Ultra

POB 35253
Houston, Texas 77035

★ Austin YIP

411 E. 45th St.
Austin, Texas

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.



Dear Overthrow;

Help! I think we're one of the last "free form" radio stations! Non-profit, of course, can we be sent a copy of *Overthrow* now and then so we can spread the word!?!? We sure could use the information published in your mag! We dig the new format! Keep up the music reviews! Thanks.

R.S. Richards c/o WCWM-FM
William & Mary Univ. Collage Sta.
Williamsburg, Virginia, 23185

Dear *Overthrow*,

I have been getting the *Yip Times* regularly for the last 2 years and somewhat irregularly for several years before that, so I think I can answer your questionnaire here out of some experience. I welcome the opportunity to do so because I have been a longtime follower and have never communicated with any of you any of the response I have to the smoke ins et al. that I have attended. I consider myself to be a radical American revolutionary, and it seems to me that that the goal of any American revolution should be not only to smash this particular state, but to smash the state as the only conceivable form of social organization. Ideologically there is a lot to learn from brothers Marx, Mao, Nietzsche, etc., but a main imperative is to develop an American approach to these questions, an American ideology, and an American strategy. The baselements/groundwork already exists, but no one has yet advanced into the breach with any true theories of how to have a revolution in America. This seems to me to be a prerequisite for ending petty factionalism and getting the show on the road. Now I know that people start getting jumpy and uptight when we start talking about ideology, communism, theory, etc., and I think that the American left is to blame for the naive and dogmatic way that



they have presented this stuff, and I have always dug the Yips for doing politics with humour, and getting the message to people in ways other than preaching at them. But, and this is a big but, the message has gotten pretty diluted and single-issue directed at times in ways that are no bueno. In this light the name change to *Overthrow* is good, because that points us back towards the goal, which is, after all, to overthrow the government. This seems to be forgotten a lot; I know at smoke-ins it is rarely discussed. Sure it is important to free pot, I mean, I've been a pothead for 10 years, but you should be telling people that we must abolish the government which can outlaw whatever it wants. I mean, if its not pot it'll be something else; we must destroy the state which makes prisoners of us all.

Now to questions 3-5; the *Times* has always been OK but I agree that you should aspire to the level of *Open Road*. One thing they have which you do not which makes a big difference is ideology (that word again, but its important). They have a system of ideas and strategies which are constantly being brought out and illustrated and examined and deepened.

They have a focus which you lack. The focus also lends a certain quality to the writing; they figure that the readers know where they're coming from so they're not afraid to get a little uncondescendingly difficult. You underestimate your readers. At times the writing and politics is naively simple, uncomplicated. You shouldn't be afraid to get didactic or difficult, or deal seriously with complex questions. You've got to broaden your stance, raise your sights, and focus in on the problem. Right now the Yips are one of the less revolutionary of the revolutionary groups; your rhetoric is very tame. At other demonstrations I was at in the summer the leadership would get up and say that we don't just want a voice in government, we want to destroy it, and it may well come down to the use of violence, and people would applaud. I never heard this at a Yip function. Come on you guys, get with it. Don't be another group where the leadership lags behind the rank and file in terms of sophistication and political development. Now as to what you should put in the paper—one thing, you should leave out is all that assassination stuff. I know Weberman is obsessed with

that shit, but forget it. Everybody knows Kennedy was offed by somebody, probably rightists, but so what. He was a pig. He was no radical, no saviour, and probably would have repressed the left just like Nixon and LBJ did. It's no big news if it turns out his own government offed him, the government offs people all the time. Anyway, I doubt you could get proof one way or the other, and just the fact that you give front page coverage to it every other issue hurts your credibility and makes you to the uninformed like just another conspiracy cult. Anyway, I doubt you could Anyway, I don't think anybody really cares who killed Kennedy; I'll accept the explanation that it was you and me.

But you should deepen your coverage of prisons, particularly in the direction of publicizing prisoners movements and dispelling the myth that there are no political prisoners in the U.S.A. There are some very real confrontations with the state in its rawest form there. You should cover gays, women, and all struggle. You should cover local and international news heavily; there is all sorts of shit going on you never read about in the *New York Times*, particularly as relates to revolutionary movements in this and other countries. *Survival/Steal This Book* info is always invaluable, you should definitely include some in every issue. Racism, marijuana, pollution, and health you should all deal with. It is very difficult dealing with racism from a white perspective, but it is something that should be explored. Theory would be great. I don't recall seeing much in the old YT, but it seems to me to be essential.

Pieings are great and you should pie all those people on the list. And tell me how to get my band involved with R.-A.-R. And I, I wanna be-e Anarchy. Its the only way to be.

Arthur Carlson
Annandale-on-Hudson
New York

1979 CREDIT CARD CODE



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 Tingo in China", in the reimperialization of China.)

So all you telephone guerillas 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, for instance the White House, (456-1414) which would be credit No. 456-1414-032-D. Check the charts to the right. 032 is the RAO for D.C., and D matches the '4' in the seventh digit. Make up your own new CC Nos. from listed numbers of big corporations! To use them, dial Operator, followed by the number you're calling. An operator answers and you say, "Charge this to credit card number....." Never call anyone who would tell who called. It's not illegal to receive C.C. calls but the recipient may be questioned later.

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.

1-A 6-Q

2-R 7-V

3-L 8-Z

4 D 9-H

5-M 0-W

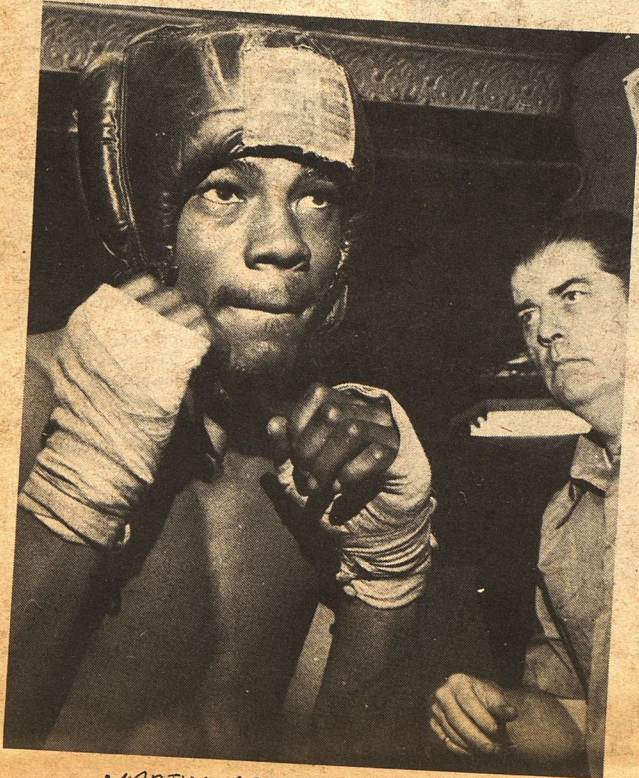
CODED TO THE
7th DIGIT

Secret RAO Code

New Jersey	201	091,094	Nebraska	308	237	Toronto	517	478
Dist. of Columbia	202	032,033	Chicago	312	097,098,234	Mississippi	601	059
Hartford	203	020	Michigan	313	913,098	Arizona	602	064,065
Seattle	206	163	Detroit	313	083,183	Vancouver	604	493
Stockton	209	254	St. Louis	314	177	Madison	608	201
Fresno	209	289	Georgia	404	022,063	Minneapolis	612	126
New York City	212	012,017, 018,021,023, 024,072,074	Atlanta	404	035	Ottawa	613	473
			Pittsburgh	408	293	Nashville	615	947
			Milwaukee	412	030	Memphis	615	487
			San Francisco	414	088	Boston	617	001
Los Angeles	213	046,182,184, 184,187,332	Berkeley	415	158	Massachusetts	617	007
			Toronto	415	167	Nevada	702	271
Santa Monica/Venice	213	537	San Jose	416	478	Virginia	703	033
Philly	215	041,043	Arkansas	501	147	Charlotte	704	319
Akron	216	050	Kentucky	502	550	Houston	713	151
Cleveland	216	082	Oregon	803	131	San Diego	714	164
Duluth	218	126	Louisiana	904	048	Utah	801	155,363
Maryland	310	011	New Mexico	505	109	Tampa/St. Petersburg	813	152
Colorado	303	183	Spokane	508	128	Pennsylvania	814	206
Miami	305	044	Dayton	513	185	New York State	914	141
Wyoming	307	137						

Spar Wars at Gramercy Gym

LORDS OF THE RING



MARTIN PARNHAM

By STANLEY KEYES

In the "farm system" of New York boxing, the Gramercy Gym on 14th Street in Manhattan is the training grounds. Its connections run right to Madison Square Garden, where its former owner, Gil Clancy, is matchmaker. Clancy is also consultant for CBS Sports. Since the Garden copromotes several shows a year with Don King, ABC's favorite promoter, the connections run to all levels of the profession.

On a given day, for a dollar admission you can watch workouts featuring professional contenders, top local amateurs and rank novices. The gym is a spawning ground of the underprivileged. It's a safe bet you'll never find the son of a banker or a politician working out at the Gramercy.

Bob and Al Jackson are running the place these days and they've got a distinguished heritage to maintain. Over the years the gym has turned out a number of world champion professionals, including two-time Heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson and five-time Welter and Middleweight champion Emile Griffith.

During the week I spent covering the scene there I saw Mustafa Hamsho, number seven Junior Middleweight in the world, and prominent Light-Heavyweight Ray Elson at work. My primary concern was not the luminaries, but the place itself, the mise-en-scene.

Outside, the neighborhood is sleazy. As I approach I hear at least two dope dealers advertising Tuinols. In front of the Burger King is a sad looking transvestite preening and spitting on the sidewalk. On the first floor at number 116 is the New York Theatre Institute, an acting and directing school whose student body is predominantly white. On the second floor is the gym, a boxing school whose student body is predominantly black and Hispanic.

As I enter the gym a radio blares *Born to Run* by Bruce Springsteen. A tattooed Puerto Rican is talking boisterously about

turning pro. "Punch for pay, punch for pay," he yells while his trainer laces up his gloves for a sparring session. A young pro with a fight coming up at the Felt Forum gives the tattooed amateur a boxing lesson for three rounds. The wall by the ring is dominated by poster-size pictures of the Main Matador and his favorite Bull—Joe Frazier.

The pictures all over the walls here live up an otherwise dreary workplace with a hieroglyphic history. To the left as I enter is an advertisement for films of Cat Davis, whose crooked manager's fake fights scam set female boxing back five years. For \$400 you can get a film of Cat in action.

My attention returns to the ring when pro contender Mustafa Hamsho boxes seven rounds with three sparring partners. Several spectators have come expressly to watch this session. Hamsho is surprisingly strong and ponderous for a 154-pounder.

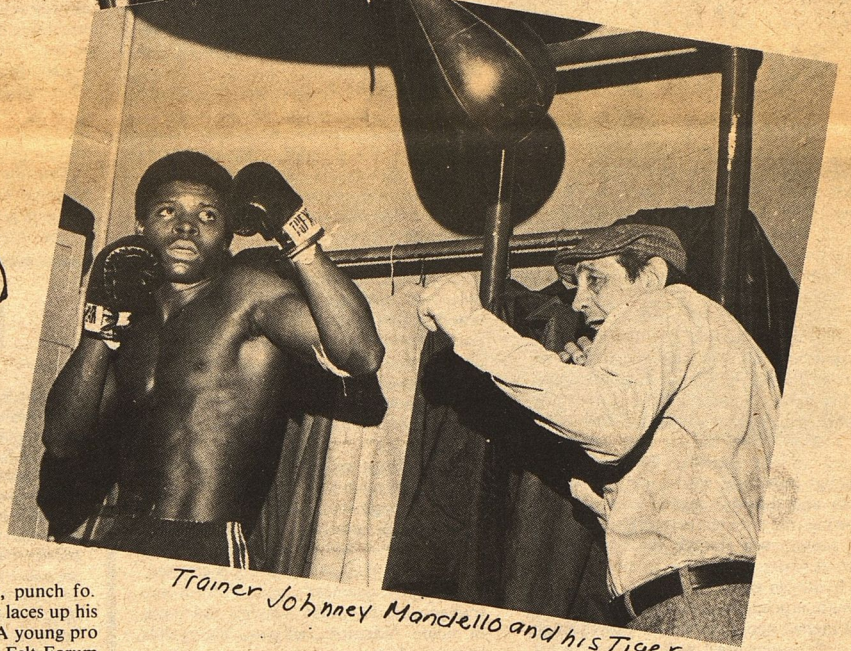
After the session I attempt to strike up a conversation with Mustafa despite the sign saying: "Do not disturb the athletes." He is having none of it. All I get is the spelling of his name. An article on the wall says he is from Assyria.

My attention wanders to trainer Johnny Mandello, whose battlescarred face and gimpy leg are classic "Central Casting"



Trainer Bob Jackson at work.

Photos by Jeff Gross



Trainer Johnny Mandello and his Tiger.

cliches of an old fighter-trainer. He is trying to instill enthusiasm into a white boy who has performed unimpressively in a sparring session. "This is only the second time he's boxed," says Mandello to no one in particular, "if he boxed more, he'd beat that kid with the punches. He don't work out. He says he wants to go out with girls."

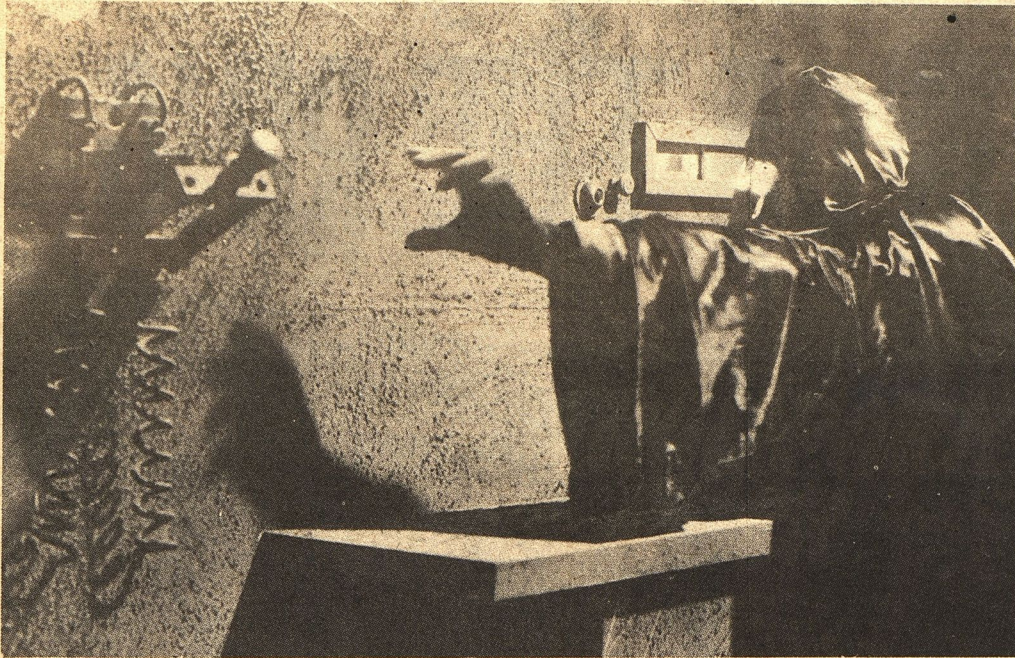
Returning a couple days later I engage Mike Maloney in a brief conversation. Maloney started boxing amateur at age fourteen after discovering his talent as a streetfighter. "I'd knock guys out in street fights, sometimes real quick—boom—one punch and it would be all over. I boxed 'smokers' in the navy." (Smokers are semi-pro fights not sanctioned by the Amateur Athletic Union or the professional boxing authorities.) After his discharge from the service, he drifted out of boxing but returned in his late twenties to work as a sparring partner. "They wanted me to go pro," he says, "but I guess I wasn't cut for it." He works out at the gym three times a week and earns his living as a telephone lineman.

While talking to Maloney, I watch a speedy southpaw box three rounds without getting hit with a solid blow. He's got the moves but doesn't seem to have much power. Maloney introduces him as Noel Tucker and tells me Noel made it to the finals of the New York City Golden Gloves tournament. Tucker is competing in the Inter-City Competition against Chicago on April 23. As we watch Tucker workout on the heavy bag, Maloney says, "It's like acting or writing, you get a thousand guys, maybe one has champ qualities."

On Holy Thursday the gym is almost empty. Co-owner Bob Jackson suggests an interview with his fighter, Martin Parham, the New York City Golden Gloves Lightweight Champion. I'm assured that Martin is a "rapper" and so he is. At twenty-one Parham has an amateur record of 20 wins and 2 losses. He's decided Tony Santana of Brooklyn for the Golden Gloves title. Like Noel Tucker, he is competing in the Inter-City matches. The 1980

CONTINUED—page 22

Nuke Spook at 3 Mile Island



APOCALYPSE MAYBE

ci-fi...or is it?
by GARY STIMELING

Middletown, Pa. — The stricken nuclear power plant at Three Mile Island in the Susquehanna River suffered a full-scale meltdown shortly after 2 pm yesterday, a catastrophe which will cost perhaps a million casualties in southeastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and southern New Jersey within the next two weeks.

As nearly as the story can be pieced together from Nuclear Regulatory Commission communiques and the reports of workers fleeing the island, a chance spark in the containment building ignited the bubble of hydrogen which had formed in the reactor vessel as the gas was being vented to the outside. The explosion, although relatively weak, was enough to break and dislodge several control rods, allowing the core temperature to start rising again, even though the pressure of coolant water went back to normal with the hydrogen gone.

With crucial control rods missing the fuel melted and soon ate its way through the 8 7/16-inch steel walls of the reactor vessel and part of the way through the 10 feet of concrete below it. A last ditch attempt to cool the molten core by flooding the containment building with water resulted in a steam explosion that ruptured the four-foot-thick walls of the containment structure, allowing an initial blast of deadly radiation to escape.

Finally, the liquified fuel, getting hotter and hotter, itself exploded in a blast equivalent to about two tons of TNT — tiny as atomic explosions go, but enough to throw a geyser of "hot" gas, steam and dust 4,000 feet skyward, along with radioactive iodine, cesium, strontium, uranium and plutonium from the reactor fuel.

In a news conference at 2:00 Saturday afternoon, Metropolitan Edison officials flanked by NRC commissioners had announced that venting of the bubble was proceeding smoothly and that, although the day's emissions had been higher than anticipated, they were well within federal public health standards. Company public relations officer Jack Herbein blamed cer-

tain "astronomical" radiation readings in the reactor to an instrument which had been damaged by the pressure of the hydrogen gas bubble.

But at 2:35 pm observers across the river heard a small explosion "like a popgun," followed in 27 minutes by a loud boom that shook the ground "like an earthquake." "It was the one sound we never wanted to hear, especially before we had an evacuation plan ready," later sighed the NRC's Dr. Roger Mattson.

Just before he died this evening of a heart attack following massive radiation burns, maintenance man William Metzger reported that engineers disregarded, for a crucial five-hour period on Saturday morning, one guage which showed fuel temperature approaching the 5,000° F. meltdown point — apparently because two other instruments showed much lower readings.

On a makeshift deathbed in the Middletown town hall, Metzger told a grisly tale of engineers stampeding from the control room in gas masks, workers running blindly into walls, screaming that they were on fire, their skin glowing cherry red. The fortyish engineer's own uniform was soaked with the watery diarrhea and vomit of acute radiation sickness, his eyelids blistered shut.

The once bucolic Susquehanna is now filled with floating fish, occasional human bodies and drifting boats. Radioactive dust from the explosion hangs in the foggy air, hugging the ground in a slowly spreading cloud and being washed to earth in occasional scattered showers. An intermittent breeze of 10 to 15 knots slowly draws the radiation plume in a long swath to the south across the dairy and sweet corn fields of York County. Meteorologists expect it to penetrate Maryland to the Chesapeake before midnight tonight.

At 3:15 pm simultaneous news conferences were hastily convened in Middletown, NRC chief Joseph Hendrie admitted that we and everyone else within five miles of the plant had already absorbed several times the lethal dose of gamma radiation and would die within 48 hours. In Harrisburg, a pale, haggard governor Richard Thornburgh was told that "perhaps half" of the population of his beloved capital might survive by fleeing northward against the slight wind. With lieutenant governor William Scranton III

already retching by his side and with tears streaming down his face, Thornburgh called for "precipitate" evacuation of the entire southeastern quarter of the state, from Chambersburg to Philadelphia, as well as parts of Maryland, New Jersey and all of Delaware, an area inhabited by 8 to 10 million people.

Thornburgh mobilized all units of the National Guard to speed the evacuation and help get medical supplies to the victims at the interim refugee centers of Easton

and Altoona. "That poor sap," moaned a fellow reporter from the Philadelphia *Enquirer*, "He'll be known as the governor who lost half the state." Then, after relaying last minute evacuation instructions to state officials to the north, Thornburgh grabbed a nearby state trooper's .38 caliber revolver and fatally shot himself in the head.

By 3:45 all major roads north were hopelessly jammed with humanity in panic. Stuck cars dotted the fields, abandoned by motorists who had tried driving overland to escape the clogged thoroughfares. Those without cars beat desperately on hoods and windows in frantic attempts to hitchhike out of danger.

Because the deadly plume reached York less than an hour after the evacuation order, casualties are expected to be especially heavy in this city of 330,000. No official radiation measurements are available, but MIT professor Henry Kendall estimated an exposure of nearly 1,200 rems per hour, twice the amount considered uniformly lethal within a week from death of bone marrow and nerve tissue. Pressed for a ballpark figure of the total number of fatalities to be expected, NRC staffer Harold R. Denton had told Thornburgh, "Oh, God, that would depend on how the wind blows, how fast the evacuation goes, how well we decontaminate and treat the refugees. I'd say anywhere from 100,000 to a million or two."

Scientists expect the evacuation to last at least two years, while much of the Susquehanna Valley below Harrisburg will be uninhabitable for many decades. Local nuclear critic Chauncey R. Kepford of Goldsboro quipped that at least he was privileged to witness the end of the nuclear power industry. But Metropolitan Edison spokesman David Klusick reported, "One accident is no reason to scrap an entire industry. The meltdown is an opportunity to learn; it can teach us how to make reactors even-safer."

The preceding dispatch was almost the first page of every Sunday edition last April Fool's Day. The fact that it wasn't should not be credited to any virtues in the design of the Three Mile Island power plant or in the men who own, manage and operate it. We just got lucky. The above scenario has been extrapolated by merely adding one more tiny accident to a series of eight or nine "impossible" accidents, breakdowns and errors of judgement that produced the "event" as it actually happened. Shall we try one more time?

Hail to the Chief

Pardon us for raising a touchy subject at this time. We're talking about the so-called "excess profits" of the oil companies and President Carter's plan for dealing with them. Only last week the President was promising that decontrol of domestic oil would not "become an excuse for a massive rip-off of the American people by the American oil companies." He said these oil companies—and we guess he means us—would be swarming "all over Capitol Hill like a chicken on a June bug" to prevent any tax on our profits from being levied.

With all due respect, Jimmy Carter has gone too far. He has transgressed the bounds of civil discourse. And frankly, we take umbrage. But there are bigger things at stake than a President going off half-cocked at a political function. So we'd prefer to treat his remarks just as a tiff between old friends.

We've come to learn that the President, like many a canny Georgia farmer, doesn't always mean what he says. Think back for a minute. In 1976 we and our friends in the industry were worried to hear that Jimmy Carter was promising the American people that he favored continued regulation of natural gas prices. This seemed to us an unreasonable and indeed irresponsible position for a presidential candidate. We talked to Jimmy Carter about it. We talked to him in Oklahoma and he had the decency to admit he was wrong. He promised us that he would deregulate natural gas, even though he could not

say so out loud on the verge of an election.

So when we heard Jimmy Carter threaten "big oil" and storm against our profits we had to smile. We were right to smile, because in the end Jimmy Carter did deregulate natural gas. He had the guts to bite the bullet. He went even further. He promised us that deregulation of domestic oil was only a matter of time. We believed him once more and once more he held to his promise.

Thus, when we hear him now threatening to tax our so-called profits we enjoy a quiet chuckle. For the President knows as well as we do that no legislation to tax these profits will ever be passed by our friends on Capitol Hill.

Right now, we oil companies do have a problem. We have so much money that we do not know what to do with it. But the President has handed over to us the task of administering the nation's energy policy. And so we will spend the money wisely and well. On housing developments in Hong Kong, like our friends over at Mobil. On advertisements, placing our views before the American people. On providing the nation with synthetic energy, turning our vast supplies of coal and oil shale into fuels for the future.

We know that Jimmy Carter has pledged to support us in this great mission. So we listen with good humor when he takes a shot at us on the hustings. We know better and we say, "Hail to the chief!"

A message from

Glutco

the quiet oil company that has been screwing the American people for nearly a hundred years

Reprinted
from
VillageVoice

Columbia U. Reactor Time Bomb in the Heart of Town

By Pat Chess



One hundred and fifty miles away from the crippled nuclear plant at Three Mile Island, New Yorkers nervously checked the sky for signs of the deadly radiation wafting from the reactor's smoke stacks.

For many, the uneasiness they felt after reading news bulletins and screaming headlines was their only involvement with the nuclear proliferation that has won the hearts and minds of this nation's political, business and media establishments since the end of World War II.

But a potentially more ominous nuclear threat has been lying dormant in their own backyard. For more than a decade, Columbia University—the city's most prestigious private institution of higher learning—has sought to activate its own nuclear reactor, known as TRIGA Mark II, in the midst of one of the most densely populated areas in the world.

Despite the spirited opposition of a coalition of anti-nuke students, workers, professors and community residents, the university won important court victories paving the way for the fueling of the 250 kilowatt research facility.

Yet as the threat of a nuclear holocaust shifted from the doomsday scenarios of angry environmentalists onto the evening news shows courtesy of Metropolitan Edison in Harrisburg, University President William McGill did an apparent about-face on the issue.

Citing the "rapidly growing apprehension (about TRIGA) on the Columbia campus" and the explosive events at Three Mile Island, the head of the powerful Ivy League institution urged that TRIGA not be activated at the present time.

The move seemed sudden and uncharacteristic of the crafty, McGill, who came to Columbia in 1969 because he had built a reputation at the University of California at San Diego as a crisis manager who never buckled into the demands of campus or community agitators.

McGill-watchers viewed the 180 degree shift with cynicism and caution. And they were not reassured when the university's faculty of engineering and applied science wholeheartedly endorsed McGill's recommendation immediately.

"He's trying to pacify people by making it seem like the issue is finished, but it isn't", said Steve Becker of the anti-nuke Shad Alliance. "This is just a smokescreen. TRIGA is not dead."

The battle has been too long and bitterly fought for Columbia to surrender.

McGill and the school's nuclear-minded trustees have been pushing hard for the reactor since the National Science Foundation gave the school \$1 million to build and install one in 1960.

TRIGA reactors (the acronym stands for Training Research Isotopes General Atomic) were invented in the mid-50's purportedly to train nuclear engineering students and to aid in medical and biological research. TRIGAS are manufactured by General Atomic, a San Diego company owned jointly by Gulf Oil and Royal Dutch Shell.

The Columbia reactor was built in the

lowest basement of the Mudd Engineering Building on the corner of 120 Street and Amsterdam Avenue. There are twenty-six TRIGA's and forty-two other types of research reactors operating presently in the United States, but none in areas as populous as Manhattan where there are about 400,000 residents per square mile.

Residents of Morningside Heights and Harlem opposed the project from the beginning. But the Atomic Energy Commission and the schools' board of trustees, which is dominated by such notorious nukers as Con Edison Chairman Charles Luce; New York Times Publisher "Punch" Sulzburger; Arthur Krim former board member of the Occidental Petroleum Company; and Robert Lilley, the former president of AT&T who now sits on the board of directors of the Peoples Gas Company and the Chase Manhattan Corporation, pushed the project ahead.

Dismissing criticism as "mindless public hysteria" the proponents of the reactor claimed it would be as safe as a kitchen icebox. They admitted that low-level radiation would be emitted into the neighborhood from TRIGA's stacks, but insisted the levels would be too low to harm anyone.

But studies in recent years have demonstrated that even low-level radiation presents a health hazard. Scientists have been unable to prove that there is an acceptable "threshold" level of radiation which is not harmful to humans. Elevated cancer rates have been found among reactor personnel at other nuclear plants, nuclear submarine workers and children exposed to A-Bomb tests in Nevada.

Studies by Dr. Ernest Sternglass, a professor of Radiation Health at the University of Pittsburgh, have found significant increases in the rates of infant mortality, stillbirths and congenital defects in the immediate vicinity of similar TRIGA reactors at the University of Illinois in Urbana and at Penn State University. Near Urbana, Sternglass found the number of birth and congenital defects to have increased three to four times after TRIGA began operating at the university.

Sternglass is certain the increase is attributable to TRIGA. "It seems difficult to believe any other factor could give such

a highly localized reaction," he says.

After heated public hearings in 1971, the Atomic Safety Licensing Board denied Columbia a license to operate because of insufficient data on the amount of radiation that would be released if an accident occurred. The board's decision was overruled however in Federal Court and that decision stood when the Supreme Court refused to hear the case.

All seemed ready to roll for Columbia's nuclear bandwagon, but then New York City Board of Health passed a measure requiring its approval of any nuclear plants within the city's borders.

The following year, Dr. Leonard Solon,

director of the city's Health Department Bureau for Radiation Control, refused to give Columbia an operating permit, claiming that the reactor "would be dangerously incompatible with sound public health". Solon, who served a stint on the Atomic Energy Commission, was most concerned that a nuclear accident in the densely populated area would sharply increase the number of latent cancer deaths and contaminate the New York City water supply in the Croton Aqueduct, a mere 200 feet from the reactor site.

He estimated that should an accident occur when the reactor is operating at its full capacity, causing the release of only one percent of its huge supply of enriched uranium, the number of latent cancer deaths that would result could number as high as 104,000.

The city's Board of Health was also concerned that the proximity of four major airports—John F. Kennedy, LaGuardia, Newark International and Teterboro—would significantly increase the chances of a major catastrophe if a plane crashed into the reactor. The highly urban characteristics of the communities adjoining the site would make radioactive decontamination and clean up particularly difficult should an accident occur.

And New York City Civil Defense officials have repeatedly admitted they have no large scale notification or evacuation plan for the city's eight million residents should an accident take place.

And to the above concerns the ever-present threat of political terrorism at the facility and the threat of contamination to such famous city landmarks as the Riverside Church and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and one readily understands why the Board of Health denied the license.

But undaunted, Columbia plowed ahead. The university joined the Nuclear Regulatory Commission in a federal court suit charging that the commission and not the local officials, should have the last word in determining where nuclear plants should be located.

Their suit was successful and has set an ominous precedent in favor of the industry-dominated NRC. "Columbia is just doing Con Edison's dirty work in giving the feds the last word," says another Shad member, "All those bastards sleep in the same bed."

The battle has tarnished Columbia's im-

age. Three hundred faculty members are opposed to the administration's position and have signed petitions citing the reactor's safety hazards, the cost to the university and the fact that the reactor's primary purpose is to encourage the further development of nuclear power as a prime energy source.

Yet McGill still feels comfortable cloaking the issue in the lofty platitudes of academic freedom. Equating his opponents with no-nothing book-burners, he has consistently criticized groups that support new public health laws attempting to harness the largely-unregulated nuclear industry.

"I believe that this form of ruthless advocacy...is potentially more dangerous than the research which it seeks to control," he said, "I believe we have an institutional and ethical obligation to oppose such unreasoning community control of our research."

The core of McGill's argument is pompous and misleading. A project that could adversely affect the lives of thousands of area residents is a public policy issue that requires the fullest debate and discussion possible among all sectors of society. Limiting the issue to the right of the scientist (the "expert") to explore the mysteries of the universe ignores the clear and present danger his tools pose for his neighbors.

McGill's description of the TRIGA reactor as a "landmark legal issue of great symbolic importance" underscores claims that his most recent actions are merely a delaying tactic and a sham.

By all available accounts, Columbia plans to fight the city's appeal of the federal court ruling blocking the reactor. The engineering faculty, in endorsing his call for a moratorium, urged McGill to



pursue the case in the courts. He will say only that he is "reserving judgement" at the present time.

Columbia remains active in battling the city's ban on the transportation of nuclear wastes. The university has also lobbied strenuously against state bills designed to stop TRIGA. Thus far, upstate Republican legislators who rely on the utility companies for big campaign contributions, have been able to kill those bills. But with public sentiment shifting in the wake of Three Mile Island, that may change.

McGill is expected to leave Columbia next year. He is proud of the record he built there: particularly calming student activism so that there has been no repetition of the 1968 student riots.

But he has become worried about the coalition forming between anti-nukers, militant janitorial workers and students calling for the university's divestment in South Africa.

His moratorium is a move to nip the growing movement in the bud. He wants to hand his successor a quiet campus.

Meanwhile, Shad Alliance members are still calling for the dismantling of the reactor. They admit, however, that they would be satisfied if the fuel rods in the core of the reactor, where the radioactive uranium is to be located, are filled in with concrete. Thus far, of course, Columbia had done neither.

And the nuclear cloud remains hovering over a major metropolitan city.

LIVIN' IN THE USA

C.I.A. Watch

(ZNS) A house intelligence subcommittee is considering legislation that could make it possible for the CIA to carry on certain activities legally within the U.S.

The founding charter of the CIA specifically forbids the agency from operating within United States borders.

The agency, however, appeared last Wednesday before a house intelligence subcommittee asking for legislation to authorize certain CIA personnel in the U.S. to carry firearms. Currently, only CIA couriers and guards are permitted to carry guns for the purpose of protecting classified information when it's being transported.

An attorney for the house intelligence subcommittee says the agency has asked the house to consider legislation that would allow certain CIA personnel to carry firearm to protect top level CIA personnel within U.S. borders.

The agency is also asking that CIA employees be allowed to carry guns to protect CIA facilities within the U.S. and to protect foreign defectors who come to the country.

The house subcommittee is reportedly reviewing the CIA's request before proposing legislation to extend the agency's authority.

SPY vs SPY

(ZNS) A study released today (Monday) by the American Friends Service Committee concludes that local, state and private police agencies spying on more Americans today than ever before in U.S. history.

The report, based on three-and-a-half years of study, contends that—in its words—"Police surveillance and record keeping for political reasons exists on a vast scale in this country."

The Quaker-sponsored organization says it has found that "local, state and federal agencies, joined by private and quasi-private groups, coordinate their surveillance, and share information, misinformation and opinions."

The report says that police agencies, private utilities and sometimes even security forces of college campuses have been sharing information they have gathered on individuals on a nationwide basis.

It also notes that private corporations sometimes work closely and secretly with police; it alleges for example, that the Chrysler corporation worked with Detroit

police to fire auto workers on the basis of their political opinions; and that the telephone company has provided various police agencies with confidential information about the personal habits of phone company subscribers.

STOCK REACTION

(ZNS) One group of Americans that took the nuclear accident in Pennsylvania quite seriously last week are the people who buy and sell stocks.

A check of the New York Stock Exchange indicates that the value of the common stocks of most companies involved in the nuclear industry dropped in value from 10 to 15 percent within 48 hours of the mishap.

The stock of the J. Ray McDermott Corporation, the parent company of the firm which built the Three Mile Island plant, dropped three points to 19 1/4 before the market closed Friday.

General Public Utilities, the Nuclear Plant operators, saw their stock drop almost two points; the Kerr McGee Corporation's common stock was down four points; and stock in Westinghouse and General Electric each dropped more than two points between Wednesday and Friday.

There was some good news on the stock market. However: Columbia Pictures reported that its stock zoomed up by more than two points on the exchange within a 24-hour period after the radiation accident was reported. Columbia credited the jump to the fact that its movie about a nuclear accident, "The China Syndrome," is a smash success at the box office.

Columbia reported that "The China Syndrome," racked up a non-holiday season record of \$12.5 million (dollars) at the box office in its first 14 days after being released.

More macho

(ZNS) A Washington, D.C. science professor is predicting that women are likely to be the major victims of an energy shortage.

Estelle Ramey of the Georgetown University Medical School says that women have been able to make much of their progress in recent years due to labor-saving devices such as vacuum cleaners and washing machines, which have given them more time to pursue careers.

Speaking at a seminar on American lifestyles in Washington, Ramey said if the

U.S. experienced a severe energy shortage, these devices might no longer be available, imprisoning women in the home again.

Columbia University professor of sociology Amitai Etzioni, however, disagrees. Etzioni says that men would share naturally in the drudgery of household chores if an energy shortage dictated their revival.

EAT SHIT

(ZNS) A new draft report issued by the general accounting office says that about 14 percent of the dressed meat and poultry sold to American consumers between 1974 and 1976 contained illegal residues of drugs, pesticides and other environmental contaminants.

The GAO's office says that many of the residues are "suspected of causing cancer, birth defects and other toxic effects."

The study found that three percent of the chickens, 15 percent of the cattle and 16 percent of the swine examined contained toxic substances.

The report recommends that the department of agriculture be given authority to quarantine animals until tests of residues are complete, and to require that the animals have identification tags showing that they have been tested.

VIDEO IDIOCY

(ZNS) Hearings will begin in Congress later this month into a proposed law that would impose sweeping changes in the manner in which radio and television are regulated by the government in the US.

The controversial proposal, which has been drafted and re-drafted over the past

two years, has been introduced by California Congressman Lionel Van Deerlin, the Chairperson of the House Subcommittee on Communications.

Among its many provisions, the new bill would end all government regulation of commercial broadcasting within 10 years, and would abolish the Federal Communications Commission, the agency that currently does the regulating.

In addition, the so-called "fairness doctrine"—a rule that requires time for opposing viewpoints—would be dropped. The measure also proposes that public broadcasting in the future, in order to be "self-sustaining," would be authorized to carry paid commercials, with the commercials comprising up to 3 percent of the broadcast day.

Van Deerlin, in introducing the bill, argued that government regulation of radio and TV is no longer needed because, he says, the increase of satellite technology and cable television ensure that a diversity of viewpoints will expand. Van Deerlin predicts that the measure will be approved by Congress this session.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

(ZNS) The emergency at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant in Pennsylvania caused many people to demand their money from local banks.

Pennsylvania banking officials had to publicly urge the residents of the Harrisburg area not to remove their money from their bank accounts if they decide to leave the area.

The State Secretary of Banking assured the residents that "all banks maintain carefully updated duplicate records at bomb-proof shelters in deep mines at little-known points throughout the state."



Bill Baird - continued from page 7

became legal. My case was quoted several times, there's no way they can deny my involvement on a national scale.

However the women then started to go into the Equal Rights Amendment, which I support. But the mother of those movements was the abortion movement. Now the abortion movement is in trouble and the women's groups are all looking the other way. By that I mean trying to get the ERA people to share the responsibility for fighting for abortion were told, "No, we've got to separate." If you talk with the other people in the movement, they will tell you that they kept abortion separate from ERA. That's a disgrace because a woman can never be free if she doesn't have the equal rights to control her own body.

You've encountered so much hostility from the right and the left, what gives you the energy to keep fighting?

Righteous anger. I've earned my battle scars. I think I've proven in the last sixteen years I would give my energy, I'm prepared to give my life to a cause that we, the people, must be free. It doesn't mean that I don't have the right to feel pain and anger that my allies cause me.

What can people do to fight the right-wing forces and maintain the freedoms that have been won?

Lots of things people can do. They can raise their consciousness level. Make them aware that we are in a war. That people will die just as if they were napalmed to death. My patients would have been cremated. They would have been just as dead if an airplane had flown over and dropped a bomb. We're next door to a gas station. If that station had caught on fire you would have wiped out this entire village. That shows the kind of fanaticism of some of these people.

Support groups. Support NARAL, Planned Parenthood, Bill Baird Center. Write letters to your publications. Get the public more involved. Contact legislators. Join demonstrations.

Bill Baird will be speaking at the New York Rock Against Racism, Central Park, May 5 & 6. Contributions to help rebuild the clinic may be sent to the Bill Baird Center, 107 Main St., Hempstead, Long Island.

Spaz Wars

continued from page 19

Olympics are his goal. Martin is ready to discourse on any topic.

His past: "I knocked a guy out in a street fight when I was eleven...he went down and layed there with blood dripping out of his mouth...I grew up in the Bronx around Tremont and Prospect. I joined a streetgang called the Peacemakers when I was thirteen to avoid having to fight them all the time. I stayed in the gang until I was seventeen. I watched them all go to jail...I was accused of third degree robbery. The case was dismissed for 'insufficient evidence.' I didn't do it anyway."

His views on boxing and the Gramercy Gym. "Since I got into boxing my attitude towards people is much better...I love giving respect to people...I figure if I stand out, I'll get the respect I deserve...A lot of people that come here do good for themselves...Tony Danza who plays in Taxi he comes here. He's a personal friend of mine."

His view of politics: "I seen a lot, like Martin Luther King and Malcom X...I wouldn't go into politics because I ain't ready to die...If Ali ran for president they

would kill him. They figure he could organize some things they don't want him to organize. They like the world the way it is."

Wednesday, after the holidays, the place is packed. Amateurs are getting ready for the Inter-City Competition, pros are prepared for the April 27 show at the Felt Forum featuring Tony Danza, Star of the hit T.V. show Taxi. Danza is looking sweaty over in a corner when I arrive with my photographer. Within minutes a camera crew from Channel 5 enters with camera rolling—a quick establishment-shot and on to the purpose of their visit, a tape of Tony skipping rope.

If Danza wins on the 27th, will they match him with Sylvester Stallone for the Media Championship?

Twice in the past boxing has almost died in this country. At the turn of the century, the gamblers got a stranglehold on the sport and disgraced it with fake fights. After World War II, the mob took its turn and almost destroyed it with blacklists and phoney build-ups. Today the biggest threat to prizefighting's credibility is the show

business connection.

Television signed 1976 Olympic stars to fabulous money, long-term contracts, turning boxers into overnight TV stars. With Tony Danza the process is being reversed. True, Danza was a boxer before he was an actor, but both of these endeavors are professions. How many doctor/lawyers can you name? Is it possible to do both and do justice to either? If Danza becomes the Shaun Cassidy of Boxing, can the network afford to let him get knocked out?

Reflecting on this, I watch an almost slow motion left by Martin Parham drop his sparring partner! The punch was solid on the chin, but didn't appear to have a lot of velocity. The fall looked like a knockdown, but the fallen fighter's eyes aren't glassy. My initial impression is that he slipped until he is slow getting up and the session is terminated. What a fitting climax loquacious Martin Parham has provided for me! I'm elated as I leave the gym.

On the subway home I ponder the statistics. In the last week I've seen at least a dozen sparring sessions and nobody on the floor. Wasn't it fortunate that "colorful"



Photo - Jeff Gross

TONY DANZA

Martin scored the only knockdown the day the cameras were present?

INTER CITY COMPETITION

N.Y.C. vs. Chicago

New York swept 9 of 11 bouts including the heavyweight match. Martin Packam turned in the most impressive win, a one round blitz. The first knockdown was scored with a left cross similar to the punch Packam exhibited in the gym.

Noel Tucker was one of New York's two losers.

Annie Golden HAIR today, Shirts tomorrow



PHOTOS BY CHARLIE FRICK



by Harry Wasserman

If the Yippies had \$12 million to make a movie, it would probably turn out a lot like Milos Forman's *Hair*. The same things that first mobilized anarcho-crazy youth in the sixties—dope, the draft and Vietnam—infuse the movie with a sense of purpose and commitment that could never be found in such contemporary movie musicals as the travolting *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*. While in its first incarnation as a Broadway limelighter *Hair* was accused of selling out the counter-culture, now that it's a movie ten years later *Hair* ironically must be praised for trying to revive the hippie spirit. And amazingly enough, ten years may have been too soon, since *Hair*'s producers have received a few hate letters screaming, "I thought we smashed that scum years ago!"

Annie Golden, who plays pregnant hippette Jeannie in *Hair* and in real-life sings with the new-wave Shirts, stresses the film's contemporaneity. "The draft's coming back, Vietnam is in the headlines again...I asked Milos if he planned that," says urchin Annie while chewing on a wad of Topps bubble gum in The Shirts' Brooklyn rehearsal loft. "The only reason I was glad to see Vietnam in the headlines again is I didn't have to make excuses for *Hair* when people ask 'Why now?'"

She winces as I ask her the inevitable

question, how the lead singer of a 70's punk rock band could relate to playing a 60's flower child. "The Shirts aren't really a punk band, so to play a hippie in *Hair* there was no negativity I had to straighten out or reverse. There was no toughness I had to overcome. I went back to my early days with The Shirts, before we started playing gigs and paying dues, when we were just a happy-go-lucky copy band. I recalled early times before I had a hard edge—well, not a hard edge, but a knowledgeable edge. I recalled early days with The Shirts when we'd get together and do crazy things like 'Auto Circus', hanging from the hoods of cars and piling into Artie's Toyota, six of us, with me lying on top of three in the back and then going upstate at three in the morning with my bare feet hanging out the window, feeling the breeze between my toes."

Annie believes much of the sixties spirit has survived into the seventies. "The sixties turned the seventies on to people's natural beauty. People don't get uptight about the shape of their noses or about their hair being curly or straight. Some people got into the mind-travelling stuff, some people got into the body power stuff. The sixties were into color. I wore a purple top with red bell-bottoms and my mother went nuts. She yelled, 'Purple and red are Puerto Rican colors!'"

"Women and blacks—everybody's rights shit hit the fan. Got everything out in the open, pinched all the blackheads

from under the skin, got it up, sorted it out, some of us dealt with it, some of us still don't."

"When we realized the impact of our power we got really frightened, because a lot of us got hurt. A lot of us got destroyed at Kent State, and a lot of us got maced, I got spat on, and it made us run scared because we had no malice. So we're being a lot cooler now. But Kate Millett is still out there, and Jane Fonda is still out there. In the sixties we were naive, we got our ass kicked, but we got something done. It had to end the way it did—with Nixon resigning, with the kid who got paralyzed at Kent State getting a settlement. It had to end with bitterness for the kids who got killed, it had to go underground. It didn't end happily, but it ended hopefully."

"The 60's were a time of discovery, and I think we were victorious. I think we came out of it ahead of the game."

"That scene in *The Big Fix*, where Richard Dreyfuss sees the film clips of 60's riots and he cries, I could really relate. Because my *Hair* co-star Treat Williams and I, for background study and to refresh our memories, we asked for a screening of *Woodstock*, *Monterey Pop*, some newsreels, some film clips, and it was a pretty intense evening. But it pricked our emotions and our memories, and it tempered us to what we had to do. Only now is the public ready for *Apocalypse Now*, *The Deer Hunter*, and *Coming Home*."

Coming Home really hit home for Annie, because she used to visit injured Vietnam Vets at St. Alban's Naval Hospital just like the Jane Fonda character in *Coming Home*. "I was being ripped to shreds inside because what these boys needed was conventional female companionship. So I had to forget all my aspirations of liberation. So because I knew they liked

clothes, I wore dresses instead of pants. I wore a little make-up so I wouldn't look so ragged out. When the nurses saw the work me and my friends were doing, they asked us to visit some other wards and when I went into the burn victim ward I never went back to the hospital. It totally destroyed me. Because no amount of mascara, no amount of blush, would restore the spirit that left me when I saw the atrocities I saw. And I'm talking about hands and legs and bodies, I'm not talking about faces, because the ones with no faces never come out, they all stay in seclusion. I thought I was doing something good, but I went away from St. Alban's more angry, more bitter, and more determined to make a commitment. I went out there even more militant, obnoxious and controversial than ever."

The next best thing in *Hair* besides the movie's political commitment is Twyla Tharp's choreography, which instead of opting for phoney ballet scenes like in *West Side Story*, her hippie dancers leap, float freely in the air, and wiggle their torsos sensually in the free-form, wild style of real acidheads writhing with psychedelic riffs. "I loved the dancers," says Annie, "and I would watch them rehearse and work out. Twyla would run an idea down with them movement-wise, but then they would do what she had choreographed in their own way. Everything's interpreted. Twyla would give us the movement and we'd rehearse the 'I'm Lookin' For Donna' dance every day in the studio for a month and a half, and when we got it down as tight as shit, they said *this* is where you're doing it—and it was the Central Park bridal path, in horse manure."

The Shirts' next album on Capitol, *Streelight Shine*, will be released in June. The album includes a few hard rockers ("I'm in Love Again", "Starts With a Hardshake" and "Ground Zero"), a big-band Glenn Miller-type extravaganza called "Milton", and their old reliable CBGB's stand-by "Outside the Cathedral Door", a cosmic religious hymn.

"The first album about the despair of trying to make it, but laughing about the despair," says Annie. "The second album, *Streelight Shine*, is coming to grips with having made it, and having to be responsible for contractual commitments, the burden of having to come through for a record company."

Annie is bubbly, exuberant, and joyfully hilarious in *Hair*, but the future of her Hollywood career still hangs in limbo. "I've had an offer to do another film, but I said I was touring with The Shirts and I wasn't able to be there when they wanted me to be there. It was a Dino de Laurentiis production in the South Pacific."

"Hurricane?" I ask.
"No, Shark Boy of Bora Bora."

LATE FLASH!
TOM ROBINSON BAND CONFIRMED FOR CHICAGO RAR! JUNE 9 LINCOLN PARK

YIPPIE CONFERENCE

(NEW YORK CITY, March 26)—Meeting here for their spring national convention, Yippies from 21 states, Washington, DC, Canada and Switzerland this weekend nominated America's foremost fugitive, Abbie Hoffman, as Independent Write-in candidate for president in 1980. The weekend-long convention, which nominated AIM activist and U.S. political prisoner Leonard Peltier for Vice President, vowed to make restatement of the Draft a major issue of the campaign, with the slogan "Draft Abbie in '80—(He's old enough to know better)!"

of which dangerous nut cults to put on the Yippie! shillist turned deadly serious when feminists present for the Rock Against Racism session demanded to know if we were ready to take on organized religion where it's assumed the dimensions of a dangerous cult. Thus the Right-to-Lifers behind firebombing abortion clinics were added to the gurunoids, Moonies, Forever Family, and Children of God as approved targets in a national Yippie! contest to see who can come up with the best practical joke on a nut cult. Send pictures, any clippings, and a story to OVERTHROW which will print the 10 winning entries.

Rockin' Against Racism

Saturday afternoon, during platform hearings, Yippies also shifted their main priority to Rock Against Racism (a New Wave political rock music movement originating in Great Britain). R.A.R. concerts were announced for Houston, April 1st; for New York's Central Park, May 5th & 6th; May 11th in Columbus, Ohio; and Chicago's Lincoln Park, June 9th.

CAMP And the White House Smoke-in

The Youth International Party's famous 5th Ave Pot Parade (May 5th) and White House Smokein (July 3rd & 4th) will go on as scheduled, but yippies consolidated all pro-marijuana agitation under the new national Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition (CAMP).

Overthrow Controversy

Sunday morning discussion of the YT/Overthrow namechange got pretty hairy, with Chicago Yippies especially putting the newspaper staff on the spot, arguing that OT made a fine New York paper, but wouldn't go over in the midwest. (Sales since have shown that it is more a question of the enthusiasm of the distributor—contagious to the reader.)

Behind the acrimony was a question of process; how to reconcile self-management

Coalitions A-Building

In contrast the conceptual "interest area" workshops of last October's "'80s Conference" in Madison, Wis, this spring's Yippie! conference in New York focused on 5 or 6 specific upcoming and ongoing projects, implementing the consensus achieved last fall. While structuring the sessions into 3 miniconfabs-a-day theoretically limited the autonomy of the conference-as-a-whole, most people found the result much easier to understand.

The "Soft Strategy" had called for coalitions with other groups around specific projects, developing a co-operative relationship which carries over later on. This strategy is succeeding to the limited extent it is being implemented, hampered by our underestimation of the time it takes many groups to define their political decisions. These contacts it seems must be made and followed through at least three months in advance to be really fruitful.

Right-to-Lifers "Nut Cult"

It was because we've done some of this in New York, a semihumorous discussion

Shrink Letter cont. from 14

of treatment/medical issues with the Civil Rights Movement

These legal solutions tend in the end to emphasize patients' rights and ignore their basic needs for treatment and understanding.

The packaging by lawyers of radical, anti-psychiatric ideology for distribution to mental patients is being reflected in increasing turmoil and indicates a basic rejection of the treatment-illness model as a conceptual framework and objective in Civil Commitment.

The fueling of basic human fears by these groups would seem to be inducing a nightmare situation in which the patients are being led to believe that they are simply political dissenters or oppressed persons transformed into madness and drugged into insensibility by conspiratorial psychiatrists.

...the fundamental notion at work is that the autonomy of the patient must be protected against coercive practices of the psychiatrist... protection of autonomy against coercion means that the patient must be protected by law against the doctor, and the doctor/patient relationship must be transferred into a contractual relationship between equal parties. How does one go about making a truly psychotic person an equal in a contractual relationship?

Finally, it would appear that some representatives of the Project are embracing the dangerous and extravagant premise that madness does not exist, rejecting the *fundamental* intuition and experience of every known society, and further, that indeed disability/insanity is always a political invention... and if madness does not exist, then psychiatric treatment is always either brain washing or brain damaging.

...These are representative of some of the developing concerns and conclusions, which are evident among staff members of this facility... In terms of the overall effect these issues have at the institutional level, it is my feeling that prompt attention in this matter is needed.

Sincerely,
 Theodore J. Barry, MD
 Clinical Director for Forensic Psychiatry

BOYCOTT THORAZINE STELAZINE PROLIXIN HALDOL MELLARIL

and all other SMITHKLINE products

A BIG SUCCESS

As a relative newcomer to the Yippie scene, the entire 3 days of the Conference were novel experiences.

Prior to the start of the workshops on Saturday (on the preceding evening Martin Sostre had delivered a low-key but impressive keynote speech), I was amazed at the speed with which the few people on the breakfast committee fed all the folks at Studio 10.

The first discussion dealt with Nut Cults—specifically the Moonies, Gurunoids & Right To Lifers. As the pro-life factions present the clearest danger since they started fire-bombing crowded abortion clinics, the statements centered around them. On a lighter note, a resolution to play April Fools jokes on numbers of nut cults was passed. Suggested pranks were planting pot seeds on their properties and peings of key figures. It was further resolved *not* to include Scientists or EST's in this category.

Three hours on Saturday afternoon were devoted to Rock Against Racism; its past, present & projected future. There were

many people who felt that New Wave (which is responsible for RAR's inception and huge success in England) was strictly a New York scene, and as a result weren't sure that it could work as a national organization. (This type of argument also figured largely in the YT/OT workshop.) However, as discussion continued and people realized that RAR was not limited to the New Wave, and the balance varies with the available bands and local tastes. The final resolution was to make RAR as important (if not more so) as the Smoke-Ins.

Saturday night Studio 10 showcased three of the most important political bands for the Conference, Blue, Joy & Avis, and the Panic Squad. A good time was had by all. One comment I overheard really disturbed me—"so *this* is what NY Yip dies with all our money." Ain't so, 10 generates a tremendous amount of money and what's more, it's the best public relations thing the Yips've ever had.

by Kathy Masucci
 Rock Against Racism USA

by the newspaper staff with accountability to and access for the national organization.

With the sound system not yet set up, this workshop was conducted on a shrill bullhorn. Shouting matches interrupted the meeting until Aron finally lost it and had to be restrained from jumping Elliot after Elliot bragged that he himself "had never contributed a thing to the paper in 5 years, and never would."

Resuming more sedately, a resolution unanimously reaffirming the relation between the organization and the paper that has always existed theoretically, tho sometimes missed in practice, sailed thru unopposed.

1 The newspaper is owned and operated by the political organization, which sets overall editorial policy.

2 Specific editorial decisions are made by consensus by all available people putting major energy into the paper, whether writing, distribution, layout, etc. If no consensus can be reached, anyone feeling strongly enough can appeal to the national phone tree.

3 Production decisions are made by the production staff.

The convention went on to change the name of YIPSTER TIMES, provisionally, to OVERTHROW. A readers poll was sent out with the last issue of overthrow, the statistically analyzed results of which will be in the next issue. As you have noticed by now the results so far keep the name Overthrow. (If you missed the poll drop us a line, and we'll send you your very own poll, to fill out to tell us what you think of the paper, what kind of stories you'd like to see more of etc.)

Shrink Tank

And in a late session, denouncing psychiatrists as "America's cultural police", the Yippies joined the Coalition Against Psychiatric Abuse (CAPA) in calling for protests May 13th at the American Psychiatric National Convention in Chicago, demanding "immediate cessation of the brainwashing of dissidents by drugs or other means under the guise of psychiatry, and criminal prosecution of psychiatrists guilty of systematic torture under the guise of treatment."

Fall Conference

Things happen just too fast for one conference a year to deal with. So, as we go to press, we receive tentative confirmation of quaint Delaware Ohio for a late September or early October blowout.

The Illinois State Conference (with visitors from St. Louis, Wisconsin, and New Mexico) held two weeks after the National carried many of these projects—psych protest, RAR—further.

The state phone tree was put on yellow alert for scheduling of upcoming trials stemming from last year's State Capitol Smoke-In in Springfield, as a result of which 50 State cops were fired. (See last issue, p. 20)

Most Illinois YIPs were already active in the No Nukes movement on a local level, but hesitant about doing nuke actions as Yippies because of the pot hangup. Some people wanted to (once again) change the name, at least statewide, but practice seems to be running toward working privately within existing antinuclear groups. Thus the conference workshop was used to plan final details of the highly successful Prairie Alliance rally at the State Capitol a few days later.

Coming Events Spring/Summer '79

- May**
 5
 *MIFFLIN ST. BLOCK PARTY, Madison, Wisconsin.
 5
 *NYC ANNUAL 5th AVE POT PARADE, Noon at Washington Sq. Pk. March to Central Pk. rain-date May 6, info: 9 Bleecker St. (212) 533-5028.
 5 & 6
 *NYC ROCK AGAINST RACISM, Noon at Central Pk., info: NYC YIP.
 6
 *MIFFLIN ON THE MALL RAR benefit, Great Hall Memorial Union.
 6
 *WASH. D.C. NUCLEAR DEMO

- 11**
 *COLUMBUS SMOKE-IN & RAR Noon at OSU Oval. info: YIP, POB 8234, Columbus, Ohio 43201 (614) 291-2936.
 12
 *PHILADELPHIA SMOKE-IN Noon at Independence Hall, rain-date May 13.
 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.

- 19**
 *EVANSTON, ILL. SMOKE-IN Clark Square, info: Chicago Yip.
 20
 *"RIGHTS OF SPRING" SMOKE-IN Civic Center Plaza, San Francisco
 26
 *NEVADA STATE CAPITOL SMOKE-IN Carson City, info: Susan McKam 702-882-6684.
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 info: 312-764-1909
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.
 7
 *MARCH ACROSS BLACK HILLS Black Hills Alliance.
 12
 *HARVEY MILK MEMORIAL MARCH
 14
 *NATIONAL NUDE DAY

- August**
 16
 *HIROSHIMA DAY Stop the Nukes.
September
 3
 *SPRINGFIELD, ILL. SMOKE-IN State Capitol, info: 217-789-4355.



SEXISM & RACISM

according to the UNDERGROUND COMIX

CHIEFS AMONG MEN

WHATEVER THE BENEFITS OF A SETTLED LIFE, IT ALSO DESTROYED ANCIENT TRADITIONS OF FAMILY AND GOVERNMENT. WHAT WERE THESE TRADITIONS?

THE EARLIEST, MOST APISH SOCIETY WAS PRETTY LOOSE: EVERYONE WAS RELATED TO EVERYONE ELSE, ALTHOUGH EXACTLY HOW WASN'T ALWAYS CLEAR...

NOW, LESSEE... YR MY SISTER, BUT YOU MADE OO-OO WITH MY UNCLE, AND HE DID IT WITH HIS SISTER, AND SO DID I. SO WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU TO ME?

TOTALLY INDIFFERENT.

GOOHA GOOHA

WHEN POPULATION GREW TOO LARGE, THE BAND SIMPLY SPLIT UP.

HUNT ELSEWHERE, CLAN OF IMGRIG!

BUT SOME FAR-SIGHTED TYPES SAW THE VALUE OF COOPERATION, AND LOOKED FOR WAYS TO STAY FRIENDLY WITH RIVAL CLANS...

WE NEED YOUR HELP ON ELEPHANT HUNT TOMORROW!

YES... LET US DISCUSS THIS LIKE SEMI-INTELLIGENT ANIMALS.

AS A GUARANTEE OF FRIENDSHIP, THE CLANS EXCHANGED CHILDREN, WHOM THEY MARRIED TO THEIR OWN CHILDREN.

THIS WORKED SO WELL THAT IT BECAME A REGULAR CUSTOM AND FINALLY AN UNBREAKABLE RULE:

YOU MUST MARRY OUTSIDE YOUR OWN CLAN!!

BY THE TIME OF THE NEOLITHIC REVOLUTION IN ASIA, IT IS BELIEVED, EACH TRIBE WAS DIVIDED INTO SELF-GOVERNING CLANS, ALLIED TO EACH OTHER BY TIES OF MARRIAGE.

THE MEN, AS ALWAYS, TOOK CHARGE OF HUNTING, FISHING, AND FIGHTING.

YOG FLOAT LIKE BUTTERFLY, YOG STING LIKE BEE, YOG TOUGH, YOG SMART, AND BEST OF ALL, YOG ME!

THE WOMEN HAD AUTHORITY OVER NEARLY EVERYTHING ELSE, INCLUDING MOST CLAN BUSINESS.

LISTEN, YOG—WE'VE BEEN HOLDING A LITTLE PORN-WOW HERE, AND IF YOU DON'T BRING HOME MORE BACON, YOU'RE THROUGH IN THIS CLAN!!

... FOR CLAN MEMBERSHIP PASSED THROUGH THE WOMEN. THAT IS, CHILDREN BELONGED TO THEIR MOTHER'S CLAN—NOT THEIR FATHER'S.

BY CLAN CUSTOM, WHEN A MAN DIED, HIS PROPERTY WENT TO HIS CLAN—NOT TO HIS CHILDREN, WHO BELONGED TO THEIR MOTHER'S CLAN. IN THE DAYS BEFORE ANYONE OWNED MUCH, THIS WAS HARDLY A PROBLEM...

ALL HE LEFT WAS STICKS AND STONES...

SUDDENLY, WHEN SHEEP-RAISING BEGAN, A MAN AND HIS SONS COULD EASILY RAISE FAR MORE SHEEP THAN THEY NEEDED—SHEEP WHICH COULD BE TRADED FOR POTS, CLOTH, GOLD, ETC. ETC.

BOYS, THESE ARE NO LONGER JUST SHEEP—THEY ARE DOLLAR BILLS ON THE ROOF!

THE FACT THAT THEY COULDN'T INHERIT THE WEALTH MUST HAVE DISTURBED THE YOUNG SHEPHERDS.

WE WORKED HARD FOR THIS HERD!

THE GREAT MOTHER SAYS: HAND OVER THE SHEEP, CREEP!

THEY WORKED HARD?

AFTER THE REVOLUTION, PROPERTY WAS PASSED FROM FATHER TO SON, THE CLAN CRUMBLLED, AND SO DID THE STATUS OF WOMEN.

DOWN WITH THE GREAT MOTHER!!

GASP!

SMASH!

NOW A MAN HAD TO BE SURE WHO HIS SONS WERE. HE MADE HIS WIFE A PRISONER IN HIS HOUSE, AND THE PENALTY FOR HER ADULTERY WAS DEATH.

MOAN

REPEAT AFTER ME DEAD: "A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME."

THIS, TOO, WAS A RESULT OF THE NEOLITHIC REVOLUTION!

EXCUSE ME FOR ASKING, YOUR EXALTED BIGNESS, BUT IF I'M TO KEEP HOUSE ALL DAY, WHO WILL TEND THE FIELDS?

I'M WORKING ON IT!

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, THE HILL PEOPLE HAD BUILT NO DEFENSES AROUND THEIR VILLAGES. CLEARLY, WAR WAS NOT A PROBLEM...

...UNTIL AMBITIOUS MEN BEGAN TO VIE FOR WEALTH AND POWER?

GET THE SHEEP! GET THE SHEEP!

THE WINNERS ENSLAVED THE LOSERS AND SEIZED THEIR WIVES AND PROPERTY.

YOU WERE ASKING WHO WOULD TILL THE FIELDS, MY DEAR?

RICH MEN DEDICATED TEMPLES TO MALE GODS—SOMETIMES EVEN TO THEMSELVES..

LET'S HEAR IT FOR ME!

WHOOPIE

THIS COMIC STRIP IS EASIER TO READ THAN YOUR HANDWRITING, SO QUIT COMPLAINING.

TOO REAL

(URINE SUGAR ANALYSIS PAPER)



NORMAL JOE



JANE



"THE KIDS"



MR. SMITH

SOMEHOW I SENSE THAT SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT!

HAPPY PATTY

GLAD HANDING

IDLE GOSSIP

CONFUSED MUMBLES

CHIT CHAT

HEH HEH!



HE WAS JUST A NORMAL JOE LIKE YOU AND ME UNTIL HIS WORLD STARTED FALLING APART...

TEXTE & COLLAGE

©78 Jay Kinney

JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT, LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING (SORT OF).

HERE'S NORMAL JOE AND HIS WIFE JANE FIVE YEARS AGO. AH, SO FULL OF LIFE. THE WORLD WAS THEIR OYSTER.

JOE ~ LET'S MAKE SOME BABIES!

OK!



JOE'S DAD PULLED SOME STRINGS AND GOT HIM A GOOD JOB. THINGS WERE LOOKING UP, FOR SURE!!

CONGRATULATIONS ON JOINING THE TEAM HERE AT FLEXCO, JOE! KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, WORK HARD AND YOU'LL SOON BE REWARDED WITH A JUICY MANAGEMENT SLOT WHERE YOU CAN REALLY RAKE IT IN.

THANKS, MR. SMITH.



NOW JOE IS BORED...

THIS JOB SUCKS, BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I'M TRAPPED. YEOW!!



JOE, I'VE NOTICED YOU'VE BEEN SUFFERING FROM SOME FORM OF DISENCHANTMENT LATELY. CARE TO GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST?

WELL, GEE MR. SMITH. SOMETIMES I WONDER "WHY BOTHER?"



JOE DISCUSSES HIS "MORALE PROBLEM" AT LENGTH WITH HIS BOSS. MR. SMITH SEEMS UNDERSTANDING, AND AFTER A SHORT PEP TALK GIVES JOE A SMALL RAISE.

WOW, MAYBE WE CAN AFFORD THAT NEW TV NOW. SMITH IS AN 'OK' GUY!

NOW 4+4=7
7x2 IS 15
AND...



BUT RELIEF IS MERELY TEMPORARY

JESUS FUCK! THIS HEADACHE IS A SKULL-BUSTER AND I STILL HAVE TO DRIVE FOR AN HOUR IN RUSH HOUR FREEWAY TRAFFIC!!

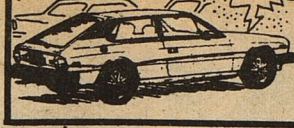


ON THE FREEWAY.

DAMN IT! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM NOW?? WHAT'S THAT NOISE? WHY ISN'T THE CAR MOVING? ARGHH!

HONK! HONK! HONK!

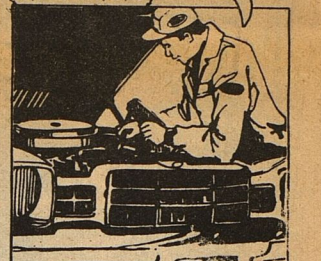
KLIK KLIK KLIK TTTT!



I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, JOE. SEE THIS LITTLE PART? THAT'S WHAT'S FUCKING UP. BY ITSELF IT COSTS \$5



BUT TO REPLACE IT I HAVE TO BUY A \$150 'COMPONENT KIT'! THEY DON'T SELL THE PART SEPARATELY. SORRY—BUT THAT'S DETROIT THESE DAYS...



BACK HOME JOE IS VERY DEPRESSED. HE CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE...

I HATE MY JOB. MY CAR IS A PIECE OF SHIT. I'M UP TO MY NECK IN DEBT AND MY SON IS A DRUG FIEND.



C'MON DAD! WHERE DID YOU HIDE MY QUAAALUDES??

PLEASE TIM, NOT NOW. CAN'T YOU SEE YOUR FATHER IS DEPRESSED?

GET LOST!



SUDDENLY

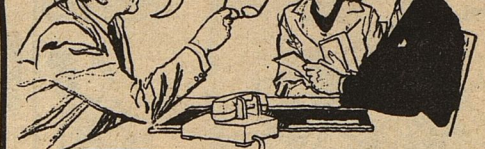
JOE DEAR, LOOK! IT SAYS HERE IN THE PAPER THAT INFLATION HAS DOUBLED IN THE LAST 24 HOURS.

OH NO, IT'S THE CRASH!



JOE & JANE CONSULT AN EXPERT.

YOU'RE DEPRESSED? HAH! WAIT! YOU GET A LOAD OF THE ECONOMY!!! WHAT WE NEED IS A WHOLE NEW BALL-GAME!!



AND SO JOE STARTS HIS EXCITING NEW ADVENTURE.

MAYBE HE'S RIGHT! IT'S HIGH TIME I INVESTIGATED SOME "OTHER OPTIONS"!



SAY! GOOD IDEA JOE! WELL, THINGS WOULD SURE BE DIFFERENT IF YOU WERE A POUND OF GROUND BEEF!

WHAT IN TARNATION?? THIS IS DISGUSTING!!



DISGUSTING IS RIGHT! AND YET SOMEHOW APT! FOR AFTER ALL AREN'T WE ALL JUST A BUNCH OF BURGERS IN THIS SOCIETY?

I'M NOT SO SURE, MEL! THAT'S WHAT "THEY" WOULD LIKE US TO THINK OF COURSE... BUT JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME I SMELL A WIENER!



AH, BUT WIENERS ARE PEOPLE TOO. HOWEVER WHAT ARE WE TO MAKE OF THIS CHARACTER?

BURGERS? WIENERS? HOW MUNDANE. THEY'RE NOT IN MY CLASS AT ALL. GET THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT!



YES, CONFUSION REIGNS IN MEATVILLE.



WHOA... IT'S SPECIAL GUEST STAR, UNCLE SAM WITH SOME RELEVANT WORDS OF WISDOM!

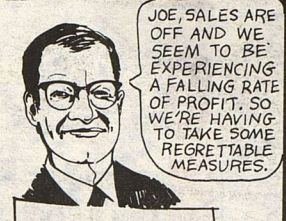
NOW I KNOW MANY OF YOU ARE WONDERING: "BUT WHAT ABOUT COMMUNISM? IS IT PRACTICAL AND WILL IT TAKE AWAY MY POWER MOWER?" LET'S LOOK AT THE FACTS!
1. RUSSIA AND CHINA ARE NOT COMMUNIST.
2. EXTREMISM IN THE DEFENSE OF LIBERTY IS NO VICE.
3. THIS COUNTRY IS BEING RUN BY CROOKS AND CONMEN.
and 4. WHAT WAS FORD TRYING TO PULL WITH THAT SWINE FLU BUSINESS BACK IN '76 ANYWAY? 'NUFF SAID!!

AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, DID YOU GET TO VOTE ON WHETHER YOU WANTED THESE DIABOLICAL LITTLE "UNIVERSAL PRICE CODES" STUCK ON EVERYTHING??



NO, OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T. THAT'S BECAUSE WE LIVE IN A FREE COUNTRY, BUB, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT... OR REMEMBER IT... OR SOMETHING...

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE REAL WORLD, JOE'S BOSS HAS CALLED HIM INTO THE OFFICE



JOE, SALES ARE OFF AND WE SEEM TO BE EXPERIENCING A FALLING RATE OF PROFIT. SO WE'RE HAVING TO TAKE SOME REGRETTABLE MEASURES.

you're fired, chump.

NOW JOE IS REALLY DEPRESSED. IN A MAD ACT OF DESPERATION HE STARTS DISMANTLING HIS "REC ROOM".

GEE, I SURE HOPE I CAN MAKE A FEW BUCKS BY SELLING OFF THE WOOD PANELING.



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE BAD NEWS, JANE IS AT HER HAIRDRESSER'S.

JANE I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE THERE ON SUNDAY IN THE 'GAY FREEDOM MARCH'. WHAT RIGHT DOES THAT ANITA BRYANT HAVE TO TELL YOU OR ME WHAT TO DO?



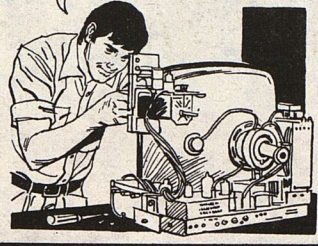
YOU KNOW MIDGE, 'HENRI' HAS A POINT THERE! I THINK I'LL BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY TO THAT MARCH!

YES, I'LL BE THERE IN THE ANARCHO-FEMINIST CONTINGENT!



BACK HOME, JOE STRIPS THE T.V. FOR PARTS...

I KNOW I CAN GET \$200 FOR THESE DO-HICKIES AT THE FLEA-MARKET. AND THESE KNOBS WILL MAKE DANDY ROACH-CLIPS!



THAT NIGHT, JOE CASUALLY BREAKS THE NEWS OVER A FAMILY GAME OF BILLIARDS.

WELL DEAR WE WON'T HAVE TO SET THE ALARM CLOCK TOMORROW

TEN BALL IN THE CORNER POCKET... HUH????



I'VE BEEN LET GO! YOU KNOW, FIRED! MY JOB IS KAPUT!

THINGS GET A BIT HAIRY ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD...

TONIGHT WE'RE HAVING WATER FOR DIN-DIN!

JANE IS ABLE TO SHIELD THE CHILDREN FROM THE HARSH TRUTH FOR AWHILE BY DISTRACTING THEM WITH CITRUS FRUITS.

HERE... WHY DON'T YOU KIDS TAKE THESE ORANGES AND GO OUT AND PLAY IN TRAFFIC?!?

HOWEVER AS MONEY RUNS OUT.



WITH HER BACK TO THE WALL, JANE SUDDENLY BEGINS TO HALLUCINATE WILDLY!

I AM ELEANOR ROOSEVELT WITH A MESSAGE FROM THE VATICAN! INTRODUCE MAXIMUM AUTONOMY INTO DAILY LIFE. STOP. QUESTION AUTHORITY. STOP. BUY FOOD IN BULK. STOP. THIS IS A RECORDING. THANK YOU.



JOE AND JANE "GET THE WORD" AND OPEN A COLLECTIVE FOOD STORE WITH SOME CLOSE FRIENDS.

SPECIAL ON 1/2 TONS OF RHUBARB TODAY WITH PROFITS GOING TO ANARCHISTS IN SPAIN!



ONE DAY WHILE AT THE FOOD STORE, JOE GETS A VISIT FROM HIS OLD BOSS...
SO, JOE, SEE YOU'VE FOUND A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING WITH-
NO THANKS TO YOU MR. SMITH, HOW IS BUSINESS?
WELL, WE WENT BANKRUPT A MONTH AGO. I'VE BEEN REDUCED TO ACTING IN PORN FILMS FOR A LIVING.
BUT YOU KNOW, I'M GETTING OVER SOME OF MY OLD SEXUAL HANGUPS AND I'VE MADE MANY WONDERFUL NEW FRIENDS!
SOCIAL UPEAL CAN PROCEED RAPIDLY. THE NEXT MORNING JOE OPENS HIS PAPER TO FIND:

STILL SUSPICIOUS? JUST REMEMBER THESE THREE IMPORTANT RULES...



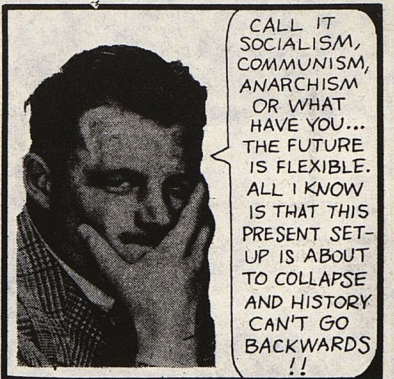
1 DON'T SWALLOW IDEOLOGIES WHOLE! CHEW ALL THEORIES 100 TIMES BEFORE SWALLOWING.



2 BEWARE OF SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES IN ADVERTISING! DEFACE BILLBOARDS AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY.



3 GIVE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS A BREAK! MAKE ROOM FOR A WELL-INTEGRATED SUBJECTIVITY IN YOUR SOCIAL STRUGGLES.



CALL IT SOCIALISM, COMMUNISM, ANARCHISM OR WHAT HAVE YOU... THE FUTURE IS FLEXIBLE. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THIS PRESENT SET-UP IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE AND HISTORY CAN'T GO BACKWARDS !!



IT'S A NEW WORLD FOR JOE & JANE. IT'S NOT ALWAYS EASY... BUT IT ISN'T BORING ANYMORE

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME, AN EXCITING FUTURE IS IN STORE FOR ALL! RELAX! ENJOY THE RIDE! JUST BE SURE THAT WHEN HISTORY MAKES THAT "DIALECTICAL JUMP"—YOU'RE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT!



SHOULD A GENTLEMAN OFFER A LADY AN OVERTHROW?



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OF THE LATE
DEAD BOYS
GAVE ONE TO
BROOKE
SHIELDS
AND
LOOK
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from Chicago to 1924



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This book is a pot pourri of articles, stories, flyers and poems created and/or published by the Youth International Party (Yippies) over the past two decades or so. If it does nothing else, it will serve as an eloquent reminder of the seemingly unquenchable vitality and ingenuity of the youthful radicals who did so much to spark national opposition to such indecencies as racial discrimination against Blacks, Native Americans, Hispanics and Asiatics, United States military intervention in the Vietnamese civil war, and harsh and unrealistic drug laws. By dint of biting humor, telling sarcasm and damning satire, its contents energized countless thousands of young people to assert and advance political and ethical points of view during a climactic period in American history.

I am halfway through the seventh decade of my life. I have been around long enough to have witnessed the effects of the waves of national madness which have done so much to break the spirits, and sometimes the bodies, of progressive people. Such terms as book burning, McCarthyism, Cold War, Watergate, body counts, search and destroy missions, and Silent and Moral Majorities somehow stand as unforgettable symbols of these periodic insanities. Fortunately, for all of us, there have always been Yippies or their reasonable facsimiles on hand to raise their voices or uncap their pens against such departures from rationality. This book is a monument to that type of response and it deserves a far wider audience than it will probably get.

—William M. Kunstler

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