

OVERTHROW

June 50¢

79

SEX POT

JULY 4

SMOKE-IN

CREDIT

CARD

CODE

NO NUKES

ROCK AGAINST
RACISM NYC

ALIEN

INVADERS



Landgraf

OVERTHROW

JUNE '79 50¢

He's alone, cut off from the world in a strange and hostile culture. He's an...

ALIEN

In Brooklyn no one can hear you scream.

by Pat Chess

Man Chung Lam admits that he was a wild kid. The 28 year-old Chinese native says his mind was on "fooling around on the streets" when it should have been on filing the papers that would have allowed him to become a permanent resident of the United States two years after he arrived here in 1965.

Instead Lam has now been ordered out of America by immigration authorities because of his 1973 conviction on a heroin possession charge. Lam, a quiet-speaking, rail-thin waiter, served 5½ years in federal prisons before his parole last January 3. Since that time he has been housed with about two hundred aliens at a detention center operated by the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service at the old Brooklyn Navy Yard near the East River in New York.

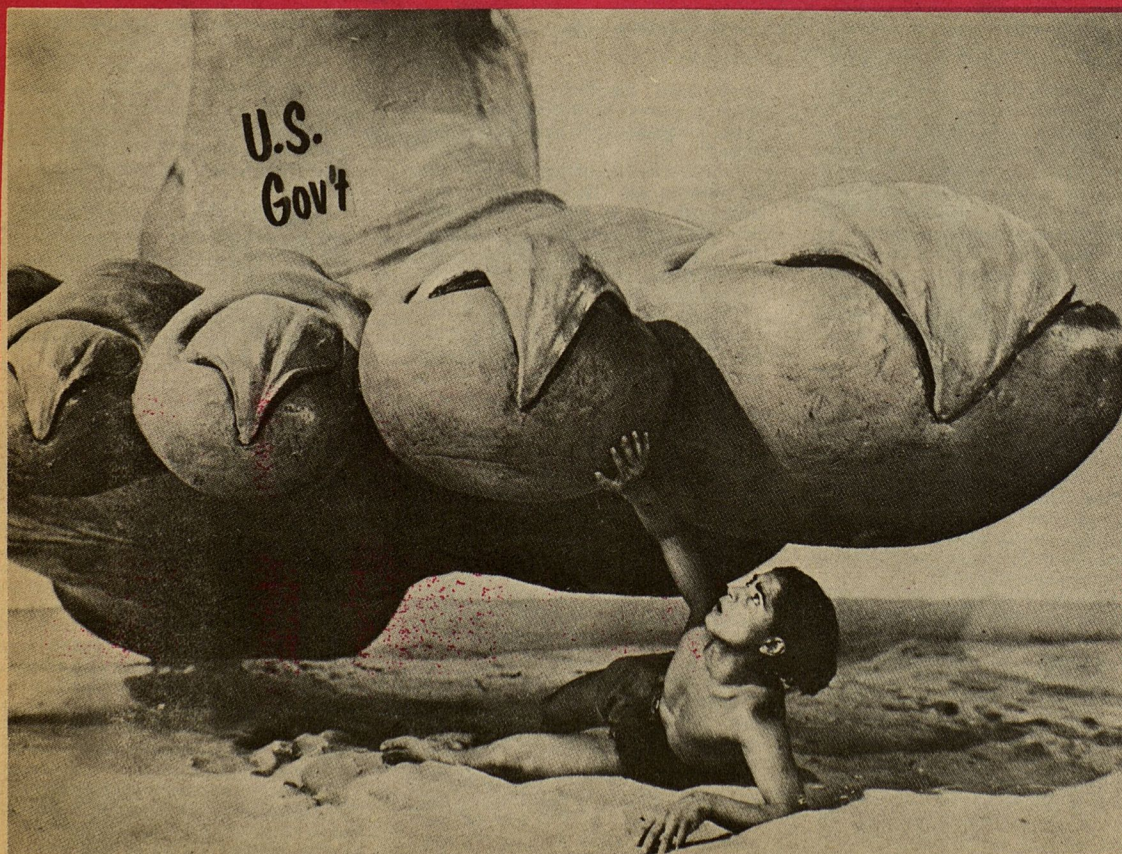
And Lam, who has shared cells and eaten meals with murders, rapists and kidnapers at Lewisburg and Leavenworth Federal prisons says the old navy brig at 136 Flushing Avenue is worse than any place he has ever seen.

The New York chapter of the Civil Liberties Union agrees with him. It filed a class action suit in Brooklyn Federal Court in March to shut down the facility.

"I used to believe that America was a civilized country," Lam said recently as he pressed his face against the tight wire separating us in the noisy visitors room on the 5th floor of the building, "But they treat the aliens here like dogs. This is hell."

The facility houses aliens seized from Maine to Virginia and is one of three similar centers in the nation. The suit alleges that aliens are subject to cruel and unusual conditions violating the first, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighth and ninth amendments to the Constitution. Attorney

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by Marion Delgado

PHILLY FREAKS LIGHT UP LIBERTY BELL



On May 12 1979, Yippie invaded the Philadelphia area for the first time since the counter-buy-centennial demo in '76, with the first annual Philly Smoke-In. This was the Smoke-In that everyone said couldn't be done, understandable, considering Fuhrer Frank Rizzo's record as a fascist, racist, autocrat (witness the MOVE "incident" etc.), ready to stamp out any uprising of human liberty. Many feared arrest and stayed home; but for those of us who toked out City Hall on the way to Belmont Plateau, we knew that we had put a dent in the police state apparatus, shattering the aura of impenetrability which surrounds Philly.

400 freaks gathered at 5th and Market to light up the Liberty Bell and listen to speakers Aron Kay, David Brookman, and Dragonfly rap about pothibition, racism, McDeaths and Disco. Incidentally, a myriad of speakers, from groups ranging from The Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients to the Black United Front were scheduled to speak, but due to factors such as outside pressure not to appear, and certain Yippie bozification; we were left with a sparse but volatile pack of cultural freaks re-awakening from Pig Amerika's death drug culture.

The police had allowed us one lane of traffic so, equipped with bullhorns we long marched joyously but bedraggled on a damp overcast day, stopping at strategic areas to roll joints, light up and regain strength, while Zap performed Yippie magick. When we finally arrived at Belmont Plateau the majority of the free pot was given out, while the crowd listened to Ozone music by Rupert, The Rockstones; a Jamaican reggae group, and "Marx, Lennin & Trotsky," Rock Against Racism, Sexism and Pothibition.



Aron Kay and Dave help bring Yippie back to Philly. - photo by Kathie

Although no busts were made and everyone got high, the fuck-ups were numerous and costly. The rain which had started the night before and continued until late morning threatened to cancel the event, indeed many thought it was cancelled and didn't show up. Secondly, the city's Red Squad in a last ditch effort to destroy the Smoke-In, forced us to extend our planned mile parade into a long march of 5 miles which also thinned out the crowd. And after we had left on the march at 1:30, scores of people were still gathering at 5th & Market as late as 3:00, not knowing where to go. All of this was tolerable by itself, but the most severe blow was dealt to our liberated zone by the pigs who call themselves "SID". This Teen-Puke band, who after harrassing us to let them play, had promised us their sound system for bucks. They evidently were freaked by our loose set-up, and split without returning. This forced us to hook up our sound to a Hot-dog stand which prevented 4 bands from jamming, including "Pure Hell," a black punk band with a single in the U.K.

Even with all of the mentioned bozification, the Philly Smoke-In was a success in many respects. For a Yippie! event, we received an impressive outlay of media time. Three magazines provided unsolicited advertising, and two radio stations gave us interviews. But the most significant aspect in my mind is the fact that there was enough pot; and except for the forced march, the pigs left us relatively untouched, the fact that they herded us into virtually inaccessible seclusion notwithstanding.

While it was no picnic for the organizers, due to the constant fuck-ups and mania of the situation, the Philadelphia Consciousness was broken through. Most people who attended thought it was good, promising to return next time with their friends. We in Philly Yip see a renaissance of freak culture rising from the ashes of Grateful Disco hip-wazzee mentality, and foresee a dynamic, growing Yip chapter, since this was just a start. The fight is hard, the road is long, but we see a lit joint at the end of the tunnel.

ALIEN - continued from page 1

General Griffin Bell and five other officials are named as defendants.

Among other items, the suit alleges that up to 120 men are detained in two locked dorms, lights are kept on all night, detainees are punished arbitrarily by being placed in isolation cells for up to three weeks at a time with no opportunity to appeal, that there are no recreational facilities except a TV set that rarely works and a broken ping pong table, and that no exercise or athletic facilities are regularly made available though there is an indoor gym.

It is also alleged that there are no contact visits allowed between detainees and their families and meetings with attorneys must take place in the visitors area with all conversations within easy earshot of the center's 60 guards.

These conditions are incredible if you realize that most of the detainees are in the center because they either overstayed their visitors visa or just snuck into the land of golden opportunity illegally.

Lam wrote dozens of letter to officials about the conditions at the facility. Letters to Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts and Congressman John Murphy of New York went unanswered. The Fortune Society, a prison reform group, sent one of his missives in March to the Civil Liberties Union and the lawsuit was initiated soon after.

Horror stories about the facility are well-known to attorneys who have tried for years to get conditions improved. The center has been periodically inspected by the New York Chapter of Immigration Attorneys Society. A report it presented after

a visit in 1977 described the solitary confinement quarters as "barbaric and horrifying. It reminds one of the animal cages in a zoo."

Josh Felker, an attorney familiar with the situation, says "The bottom line in this thing is that we are dealing with people here who for the most part are involved in civil and administrative proceedings. They are not criminals and they are being treated worse than some murders."

"Most of the people here are hardworking poor folks who came here for a better life. They violated some rules and now they are being forced to leave. But that is no reason to treat them like sub-humans," said Felker.

Immigration officials are naturally reluctant to talk about the specifics of the matter because of the impending litigation. But Richard Curtis, assistant director of deportation for the district, says critics are responding "emotionally" to the situation at hand.

"Those overly concerned by the aliens' plight should realize that some of their friends and relatives might have been in that very brig during their stint in the Navy years ago." He continued this convoluted defense by saying that solitary cells are "bigger than most executive offices. The only difference is that there are steel bars across the front. They are clean, light and airy."

Antonio Guzman remembers things a bit differently. A native of Haiti, he spent five weeks in solitary in 1976 after he was ordered out of America because of a drug charge in Toronto.

"It was a hell hole. It was the worst

place in the world to be," he said, "They put me in there because I complained about general conditions. They thought I was a trouble-maker. I told people they didn't have to put up with their crap."

Immigration officials privately concede they too are unhappy with the old navy brig. They bitterly opposed the move there from a bigger building in lower Manhattan in May, 1975, but were overruled by cost-consciousness bureaucrats in the General Services Administration who were looking for the best dollar deal.

The depressing atmosphere of the building which is crowded, dirty and foul-smelling, prompts aliens to get depressed. "They feel alone, cut off from the world in a strange and hostile culture," says Felker, "Combined with the red tape involved in posting bond and contacting friends and attorneys, the whole experience is terrible. They often waive the right to counsel and don't bother fighting deportation just to get the hell out of there."

Meanwhile, Lam says he has taken some heat because of his courage in launching the suit. He continues to be held without bail. An agreement to spring him on a bond with the government was forgotten when news of his lawsuit appeared in the New York Times.

"I'm not important," he said stoically, "I'm doing this for my comrades. By the time this is settled, I'll be out of the country. But I hope to leave some good behind."



Overthrow

Vol. 1, No. 3 - June '79

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Why Pot Gets You Hot

What's a Nice Girl Like You Doing With a Joint Like His?

by Gary Selden

Every man and every woman is a star.—the goddess Nuit through Alesiter Crowley, *The Book of the Law*

It was fresh, nectarous Lebanese, blonde as the summer sun, and being in the first flush of a long love affair, we had only one idea about how to try it out. The high was like a strong wind, gusting to 40 knots, with none of that humid lethargy of some hash, and we fell to our double feast without so much as a napkin. After a long overture, we were in the opening passages of the *pas de deux* when our individual consciousness were disconnected by a force from above, or within or elsewhere, and our bodies merged into the reunited meta-sexual being that Aristophanes named our ancestor. Our single body snapped back and forth like a jackhammer, pleasuring itself with an industrial speed and precision far beyond our conscious will and, we would have thought, beyond the capacities of mere protoplasm. I suppose the machine ran in overdrive for about a half hour of clock time before it blew its fuses in a blinding blue-white shower of sparks. We returned to our usual selves gasping, wondering why we couldn't smell ozone.

If only there were a substance that could infallibly bring that fragile extacy; yet no more than fresh air and excitement can do the same. We were left closer to our instincts. Like about half of the 15 to 30 million American pot users, we found that cannabis has few equals as a safe but capricious erotic catalyst.

To get the bad news over with early, let us note that grass may have some of the same adverse health effects as tobacco or smog when inhaled continually, since its smoke contains 20 percent more tars per gram than tobacco. But so much careless research was hawked in the early '70s to scare people away from the pot menace, that any work that shows real dangers now inevitably seems like a cry of wolf to other scientists and newsmen. Personally, I find it hard to believe that one kind of hot smoke causes cancer while another (smoked in smaller quantities but even hotter and inhaled more deeply) is totally harmless. I suspect that propagandists, for whatever cause, always shield our eyes from the full glare of actuality. Still, even heavy pot smoking is demonstrably one of the least dangerous habits available.

Claims have been prematurely made that marijuana damages chromosomes, causes breast development in males, lowers testosterone levels and decreases sperm count, leads to loss of sex drive and the will to succeed, weakens the immune response to disease and causes brain damage. Not one has been confirmed. One famous flap resulted when the usually reliable medical journal *Lancet* said in an editorial that pot literally causes the brain to wither away. Most news media failed to read some of the fine print of the report itself to find that the conclusion was based on only ten test subjects, most of whom had many other drug habits and/or a history of head injury and mental illness.

An enormous amount of research (we have studied marijuana more than any other drug in the world) has laid these fears to rest. Surveys of human smokers—including many in Jamaica and Costa Rica who inhale more ganja in a week than most Americans do in their lives—have failed to show any health problems definitely caused or aggravated by cannabis use. If the plant has a detrimental effect on sexual function, then it is odd that surveys in America have shown that marijuana smokers average 60 to 80 percent more sexual activity than non-smokers—even though this can be partly explained by the greater lust for experience that led the one group to try an illegal pleasure in the first place.

Norman Mailer was one of the first to write about marijuana's effects on

lovemaking, and his comments agree well with what so many others found years later: "It gets into parts of me that nothing else can reach; it relaxes tensions only sex can approach—and sex is invariably truer with pot. You can learn to use your body better. The same move you make every day takes on more meaning."

Naturally, there are dissenters. Some people find sex feels worse when they're stoned. Summing up this side, Gay Talese wrote: "Nothing will thwart performance more decisively than being stoned, because you're mellowed out and become slovenly." Another thing that thwarts performance is performance worries, and they can be frightfully magnified by marijuana



According to Dr. Erich Goode's 1969 questionnaire survey for the *Evergreen Review* ("Marijuana and Sex," 55:19) only 5 percent of users reported a negative sexual effect; 51 percent said it had no definite result or depended on the mood, while 44 percent said the weed invariably turned their thought bedward. That the pleasures of cannabis must be learned was shown in that only 44 percent of the "infrequent" smokers said they enjoyed sex more while high, while 77 percent of "frequent" users did.

A joint or a pipe will probably stay the favorite means of ingestion for a long time; the euphoria comes quickly and the dose is easily regulated. Those who can find it will savor the powerful, almost lysergic rush of purified hash oil, vaporized and inhaled from little glass pipes. But for sustained (though more predictable) extacy combined with a taste treat, nothing tops the hashish confection usually called majoon, common from Morocco to India but lamentably rare here because of the high cost of importation. I will allow Gautier, Ludlow and Baudelaire to describe its delights and terrors; to experience them, the following recipe is a good start:

Thoroughly toast about ½ ounce (1½ cup or more) of cleaned marijuana (twigs and seeds removed) in a heavy skillet over a slow fire. Stir it constantly until it reaches a golden brown without burning. About 3 to 7 grams of powdered hashish or ½ to 1 gram of hash oil may be substituted

without precooking. If using grass, pound it fine with a mortar and pestle.

Mix the main ingredient with 1 cup finely chopped dates, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 cup ground almonds and walnuts or any other combination of nuts, 1 cup finely chopped figs, 1 teaspoon ground fresh ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 whole grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon ground anise seed, and ½ cup honey. Mix and cook together with ½ cup water until the mass is softened and the water absorbed or evaporated. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or ghee over a low flame and add the majoon. Cook a few minutes, cool and stir in ¼ cup or less of orange flower water (optional), and store in an airtight jar.

Harry J. Anslinger, said it best: "In the earliest stages of intoxication, the will power is destroyed...moral barricades are broken down, and often debauchery and sexuality result." A mid-60s potboiler called *The Mind Benders* (written under the appropriately pustulous pseudonym Lance Boyle) tells the tragic tale of "Miriam," who found herself making ecstatic love to "Scott" and actually enjoying it "even though he was a Negro." The drug made it all right, though; "It wasn't really me there, you see. It was someone else who

A level tablespoon per person is a good dose to start with. It may be not enough, but too much can be scary and demoralizing, although not physically dangerous. Increase the amount slowly in subsequent voyages if necessary. When eaten, cannabis can be a very potent psychedelic, so if you plan to make love, you will not want to overdo it, at least when the drug is still new to you. A cup of hot mint tea provides tradition atmosphere and also aids absorption.

Many people have tried to explain why cannabis so often heightens the sexual experience without being a true aphrodisiac. The consensus is that it amplifies the impact of our senses—especially the tactile—on the brain, and helps release the mind from guilt or shyness, leading to better fantasies; the relaxed sense of time (or timelessness) provides the ideal setting to act them out.

Perhaps the arch-enemy of marijuana, former U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics could do all these things and not suffer any recriminations in the morning."

What it all comes down to, then, is a bit of hocus pocus, a trance that awakens us from our trance, a hole in unreal reality through which we can grab a piece of our birthright—transsubstantiation into divinities, whose bodies are huge unmapped erogenous zones with no forbidden territory.

From *APHRODISIA* by Gary Selden, to be published in Oct.



"Rock against racism, they should call it rock against morons," growled carrot-topped Cheetah Chrome of the late Dead Boys as he slung his guitar over his shoulder and cruised to the stage of the Central Park bandshell.

Cheetah is the newest member of the Stiletto, one of the many local bands to take part in the May 5, Rock Against Racism concert, the first outdoor new wave festival to take place in the city.

By the time Cheetah, Elda and the rest of the Stiletto took the stage the bandshell area was packed with over 10,000 people who were attracted by the beautiful weather, the strong line up of bands and the many posters that were plastered throughout Manhattan in the week preceding the event.

"Racism is a thing," said Cheetah, "but we mean it in the broadest sense. Racism is a sense of intolerance towards other people's dignity. But racism is nothing without the people who practice it and those are the morons that we're rocking against."

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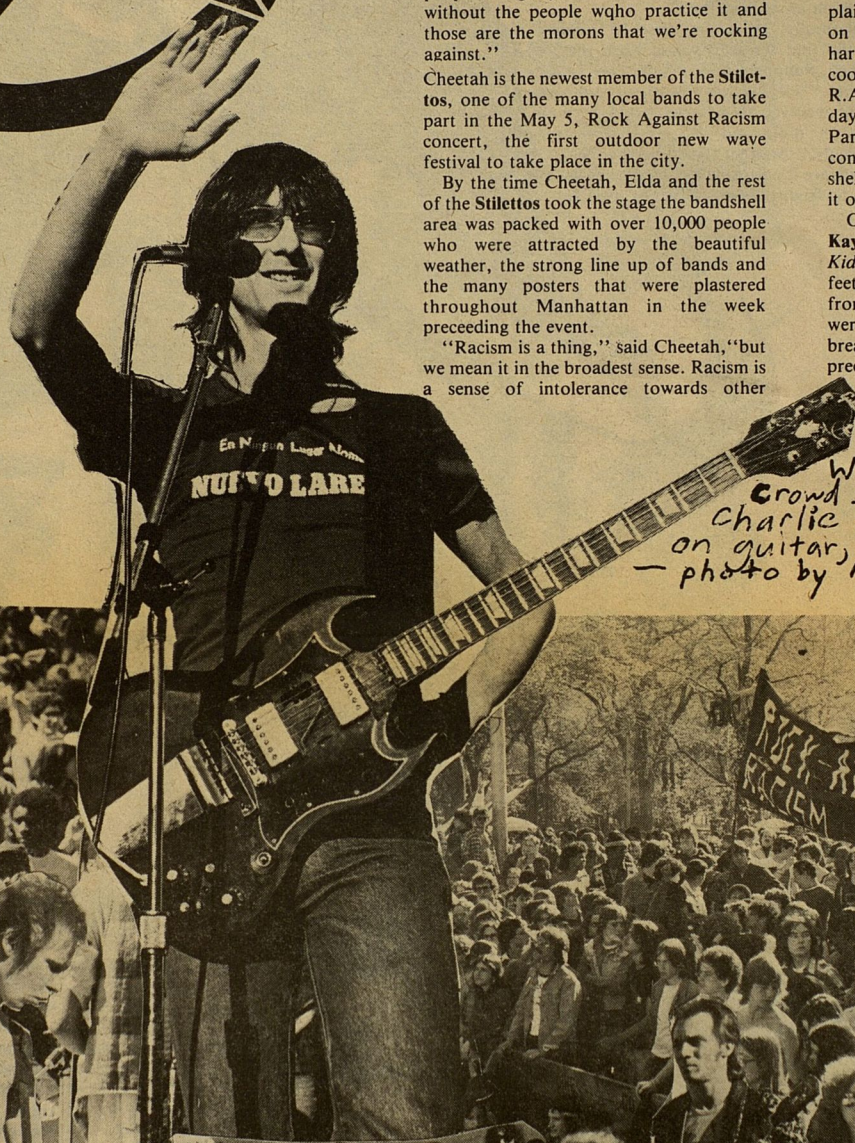
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people's dignity. But racism is nothing without the people who practice it and those are the morons that we're rocking against."

Appearing at the new wave Woodstock, New York's answer to the phoney baloney Woodstock II, were most of the city's best bands including Joy Ryder and Avis Davis, the Invaders, the Lenny Kaye Band, (the Patti Smith group without Patti), the Speedies, the Heat, the Senders, Moja Nya, Panic Squad, Startoon and the Scruffs.

Judging by audience reaction highlights of the eight hour concert were sizzling sets by voluptuous Joy Ryder and her cohort Avis "Guitar" Davis whose independent single *No More Nukes* (on Monogon), released on the heels of the 3 Mile Island affair, was a fitting finale to the show. The song almost didn't get sung because New York City Police Red Squad czar John "Slip Me a Fin" Finnegan and his plainclothes goons wanted to pull the plug on the sound. Finnegan's tactics of petty harassment were typical of the decidedly cool reception the city gave the event. R.A.R. was originally conceived of as two days of music on the Great Lawn but the Parks Department would only give the concert's organizers 8 hours at the bandshell. That all the bands were able to make it onstage was no small miracle.

Other show-stoppers included the Lenny Kaye Band's cover of the Who classic, *The Kids Are All Right*, the Invaders happy feet version of *Let's Twist Again*, reggae from Moja Nya and the Speedies, who were almost drowned in a barrage of breakfast cereal flung at them by appreciative popniks.



Ebet Roberts' photo of Waving Lenny Kaye. Crowd shots - photos by Charlie Frick. Cheetah Chrome on guitar, Elda Stiletto on floor - photo by Michael Offer.



Many in the crowd were lured by the rolling rock of the **Panic Squad** who blasted out their message from a flatbed truck that travelled up Sixth Avenue at the head of a contingent of joint wielding Yippies who were parading up from the annual Spring Smoke-In.

The money for the concert came from a series of benefits run by the Yippies at their Studio 10 rock club. The anti-disco cabaret, located at 10 Bleecker street, is a new wave showcase where all the RAR bands had previously played and were brought into New York's punk limelight.

During the bands set up time the crowd was entertained by such Manhattan politicians as lawyer **Bill Kunstler**, who said, "we've come full circle from the early days of sixties radicalism," and black womens activist **Flo "Day Glo" Kennedy**, who was dressed in her usual cowboy chic and looked like she had just stepped off the set of **Blazing Saddles**. "Black women are united against bullshit," said Flo to the cheering multitudes. "There's only one way to stop racism: grab them by the balls and their hearts and minds will follow." Other speakers included Yippie spokesperson **Dana Beal** and **Shay D. Addams** of **CAMP** (Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition), **Martin Sostre**.

At the concert's finale many in the crowd boarded buses for the next day's No Nuke protest in Washington, D.C. And concert organizers say that the phenomenal success of this years concert could lead to RAR becoming an annual tradition.

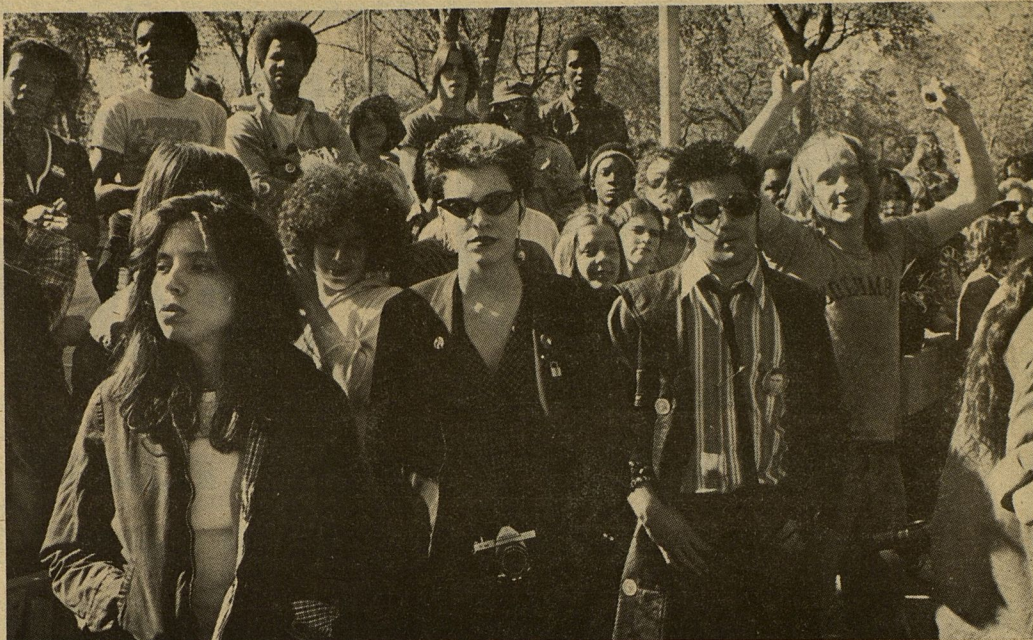


photo by Michael Offer

photo montage by Charlie Frick

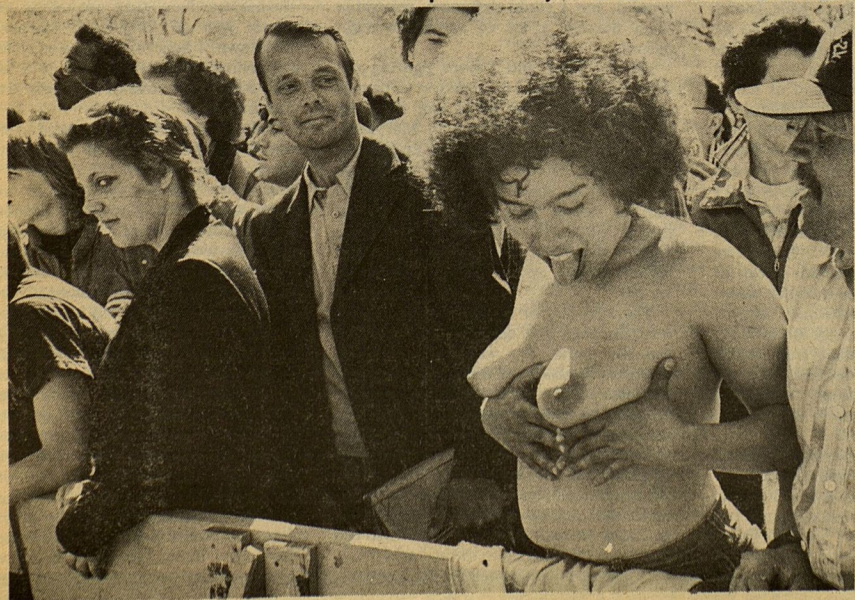


(left to right) Bill Kunstler, Elda Stiletto, Meja Nya, and Martin Sostre.

photo by Ebet Roberts

The Heat

photo by Ebet Roberts





NO-NUKE NATION

ABBIE: "People must take the power into their own hands"

by Jon Kalish

Abbie Hoffman surfaced from the underground at the no-nuke demonstration in Washington last week. The fugitive Yippie, on the lam since jumping bail after a cocaine bust six years ago, seemed reluctant when I walked up to him and asked if he would tape an interview for radio station WBAI. He agreed after checking out my press card.

The interview done, Abbie asked me to wait an hour and a half before putting it on the air—presumably to give him time to flee. I saw him again, though, a little while later. He was staring at a friend from the old days who had recognized him despite his disguise. Then Abbie put two fingers over his head, wiggled them like a rabbit's ears and walked away.

What follows are excerpts from the interview.

What do you think about this day and the 100,000 people on the steps of the Capitol?

I think it's time for the people to start taking the power into their own hands and fighting for these issues.

It's very exciting for my wife and me because we've been fighting a proposed nuclear plant in our local area out there in

photo by Craig Silver



the heartland for about 18 months now. Not that many people were listening, especially in the cities, until Three Mile Island. I'm really excited to be here, excited not being caught and everything.

Do you think civil disobedience will play a big role in the anti-nuclear movement?

I think a movement, and particularly an American movement, is like water and it seeks its own level of tactics. We don't come from a tradition of great political sophistication in this country. I think righteous indignation is kind of the underlying driving force. When you have that you sort of make things up as you go along. I think civil disobedience in the American tradition. In the last year and a half I've been rethinking that the war in Vietnam, the genocidal wars against the Indians, all wars in fact, are ecology wars. They're attempts to take the land and natural resources that belong to all the people of the planet and concentrate them for the energy and the consumption and the greed of the few. The war in Vietnam was an ecology battle. We just didn't know the term then.

You say that you've been doing anti-nuclear organizing?

I live in a small town of 600 people. We have one street and no radio station. The

people that are opposed to this plant are not represented at this rally. They're farmers. They're much more middle class. The chairwoman of our committee is a 55-year-old Republican. Their politics are just for the moment. The people at this rally are the infantry, these are troops. I just hope the politics of the anti-nuke movement doesn't turn into an anti-city movement. I hope to emphasize things like lowering utility rates and relating better to the minority groups and their problems.

What do you think of Jerry Rubin?

Brown, grey, red, white, black, blue. I don't know. The guy's got more colors than a Panamanian patio at sunset. I don't trust him. It might be a regional preference. I'm from Massachusetts and when you talk about mainline politics I think I favor Teddy. I think Carter has got to go but I think more important is returning power to the people. You build a movement like this and you try not to see it becomes reformist. As soon as this is won all the energy disappears like it did after the Vietnam war. With each movement as soon as you get a minimum amount of gain and it falls out of fashion, everybody goes on to the next thing, whatever it is. The internal trip of this or that. They're all connected. It's the same people. The same

people that are making you anxious are the same people who were responsible for Vietnam and Cambodia and the same people who are responsible for the slums in our cities. We need a new system of government. It's not a game of musical chairs where you can just replace one cover of People magazine with the next cover of Time magazine. It's not gonna work that way.

Do you have any advice for the anti-nuclear movement?

I thought I just saw the body-snatchers closing in. I think that people who are going through the internal trip should recognize that there's no difference between what's going on inside themselves, their minds, their bodies, and what's going on outside in the society. Their internal anxieties are connected to everything that is going on in this world. And right here is the proof. These are happy people right now. They're connected. They're not isolated, they're not alienated. They're right here at the steps of their government. They feel they are their government.

Do you have any messages for your friends back in New York City?

I want to make it clear that you saw my slip was showing and I didn't seek out this interview and I'm not giving any more interviews. Soho News, May 17, 1979.

HARRISBURG: DAWN OF THE LIVING DEAD

by Dino Sorbello

Dino Sorbello is a resident of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Before it all happened I used to look at the cooling towers on Three Mile Island with only a mild resentment. I used to go to Penn States' Capitol Campus in Middletown, so every morning on my way in they would loom directly ahead of me at the end of the highway like the Magical City of Oz or something, and I would have plenty of time to see and think about them. I had read about some of the possible dangers involved with nuclear energy and I had also attended a meeting or two so I suppose my stance could technically have been called "anti-nuclear". But there never seemed to be any real threat of danger, even when you thought about things like an international airport (Olmstead) and a university both being within a mile of the plant (remarkable planning). Now things around here are very different, even though some still choose to keep their heads in the ground, or elsewhere.

On that Wednesday afternoon when I had first heard that there had been an accident I immediately became sort of numb to the news. It didn't really sink in until late the next afternoon when I was out sitting on my roof. It suddenly seemed to me that

there was a strange feel to the air, barely perceivable, like the way it feels before a thunderstorm, only stiller. The news was full of bullshit stories but none gave me the message better than that feeling. I noticed that there didn't seem to be any birds around, but I could definitely remember them making a lot of noise the night before...

My pal Turk and I were figuring out ways to get involved in some sort of protest that night when we got a call from my mother, who was working in Maryland, telling us that we should pack up and get down there. Up to that point we hadn't thought at all about evacuation, it was so hard to believe what was happening, but then it suddenly seemed like a good idea. So later that night, after handing out some leaflets for an upcoming anti-nuke rally, we left.

The next five or six days really put my head through the changes. Friday night was the worst. We were at the theatre where my mother was working and we met a friend of hers who showed us a news bulletin he had gotten from a teletype machine somewhere. I remember getting a sick feeling the second he pulled that piece of paper out of his pocket, it was an official statement or quote saying that there was a definite possibility of a meltdown, and after he read it to us it all seemed too real. A girl walked up to me and said "You

people from Harrisburg, you might as well forget it now, it's all over." At that time it seemed for sure that it would happen. Today I'm very amazed and very glad it didn't, but after that night I can't figure out how things managed to right themselves. Now they are telling us that there was a fifty-fifty chance for meltdown, I believe we came as close to it happening as possible, and if it did, it would have been one of the worst disasters imaginable.

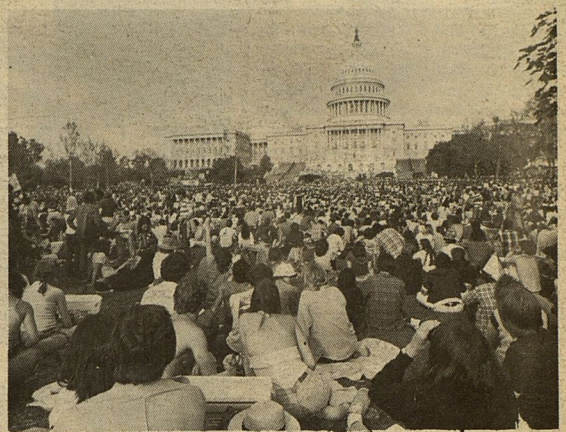
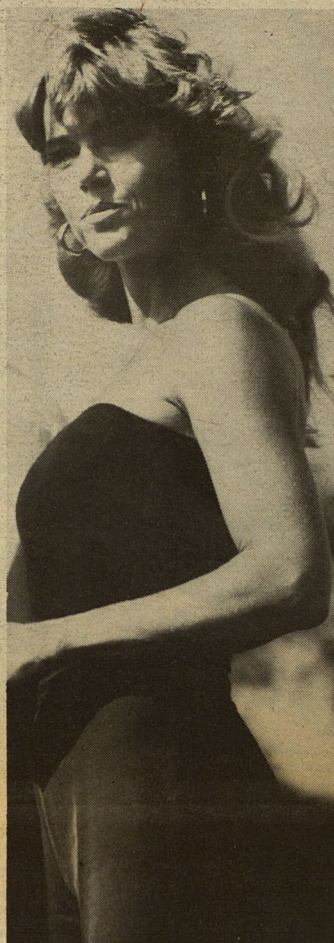
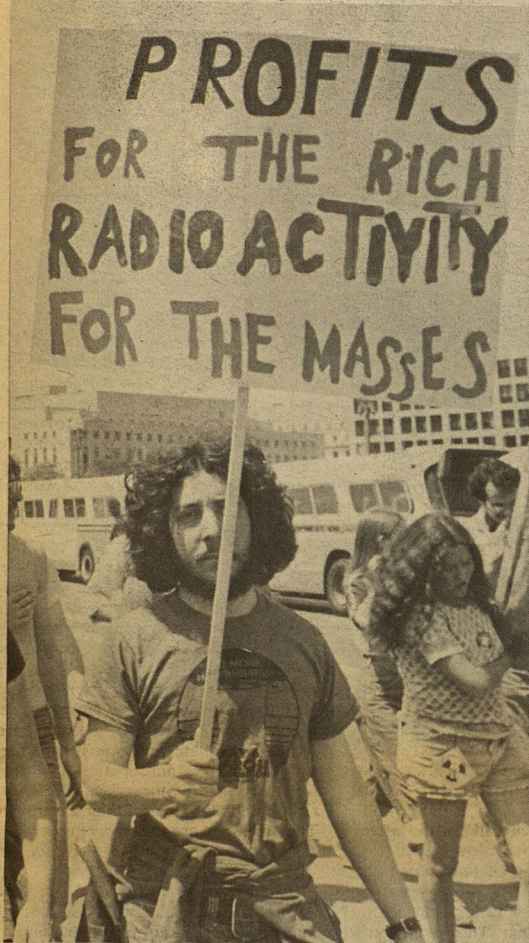
Being that scared made it hard to stay on one level from which to see everything from. The threat of disaster was everywhere and overpowering to me, yet there was also a sort of detachment that kept me seeing things from an objective point of view. I could tell most of the people around me in Maryland weren't truly aware of what was happening just 60 miles away, and fewer who did know cared.

I wondered a long time about everything and everybody still back in the danger zone. I phoned my father after much difficulty, the lines into Harrisburg were jammed, and he said he was going to stay until it got worse. When I called my friends, I found that most of them had already left the area. I wondered why an official evacuation wasn't called for, and the people who stayed behind, who were they kidding, or worse believing? Its times like those that make you think about whose

EARTH-SHAKING! SKY-SHATTERING!

Exploding...with all the power of the Jet Age
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"THE RADIOACTIVISTS" THE MOST BIZARRE CAPER EVER PLANNED!



photos by Stan Sierakowski

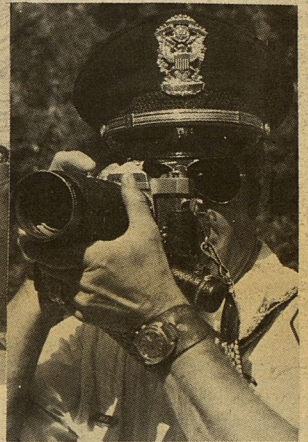


photo by Geoff Hiller

really in control and where its leading us. Knowing who is responsible for the disaster and then seeing the government sit around doing nothing but making contradictory statements makes a very sad, but clear, picture.

We didn't return to Harrisburg until nine days after the accident, and we only stayed the weekend. That Sunday (the 8th) was my 21st birthday and on that day I went with some friends to a demonstration on the Capitol steps in Harrisburg. It looked like there were about 1200 people there and I was glad to see it. I met some good people there and it seemed like we were growing into this fight together. After being forced out of your home and your life and actually facing the idea of losing everything, you don't forget. And you become a little more permanently angry at the power and greed mentality that thrusters these and other nasty things upon you. I've been forced to withdraw from school in Middletown because of the threat of further damage by radiation. To all intents and purposes our Harrisburg-based rock and roll band is finished for a while, it seems as if our whole home has been ruined somehow. Now we are getting ourselves organized to move out of the area, and who knows how we'll ever know if it's really safe to go back?

Maybe the good side to all this is that many more people are aware of the penalties of having such things as nuclear energy. Maybe when they come to your town to build the next one there'll be enough outrage to prevent it. Maybe. Unfortunately, some people have a tendency to forget. There will be monumental effort on behalf of certain corporations, special interest groups, and powers-that-be to downplay and cover up what has happened, but we can't forget. The Monster is back.

SHUT DOWN INDIAN PT!

by Jim Buckley

The recent near disaster at Three Mile Island has increased concern about Con Edison's Indian Point nuclear power plant, located just 25 miles north of New York City.

Overthrow reporter Jim Buckley went up to Westchester to ask Westchester People's Action Coalition co-chairperson Charles Scheiner everything you wanted to know about Indian Point but were afraid to ask.

Is Indian Point Con Ed's Only Nuclear Facility?

Yeah, they have three reactors at Indian Point. They built all three and at the moment only operate one of them.

Does Con Ed have any others either in the planning or under construction?

They don't have any under construction. They are planning another one for up the Hudson Valley somewhere but they haven't specifically decided where to put it yet. They did, back in the late sixties, have plans for lots of them. Originally, the first one, the one they built at Indian Point, they wanted to build at Ravenswood in Queens. Right across the East River from Manhattan.

What is the present status of the reactors? Well, unit one, at this point doesn't operate, it hasn't operated since 1974, because it doesn't have an emergency core cooling system (ECCS) and there were new safety standards adopted in 1974 that made it illegal to run. So that it's costing them, I mean they are still paying off the investment and they're not getting anything out of it. So there is certainly a discrepancy there. Unit two, they first tried operating

in '71 and actually started in '73, is the only one that Con Ed still owns and operates. Unit three they sold before it was finished to the Power Authority of the State of New York in the end of '75. Units two and three are almost identical in design.

What is the projected life span of the Indian Point facility?

The number they use is 30 years, so for unit three that would mean it would run until 2003.

Why so short a life span?

Radioactivity makes the metal decay. It destroys the crystal structure in it and it will start to crack.

What becomes of the plant after it must be closed?

It's a question a lot of the people would like to know the answer to, including Con Edison and the Public Service Commission. That was an issue in the rate increase hearing. Con Ed petitioned for a 10% rate increase last winter and they were granted 7%. One of the issues was that they had been paying \$3.6 million a year into an escrow fund that was to pay for the decommissioning of Indian Point when it got worn out, and the P.S.C. said that they shouldn't pay that because when they close unit three, they'll close the whole facility, and at that point, they shouldn't decommission it because it will be very radioactive and also, they won't know how to do it so they should wait until 2114. I don't know where they picked that date from.

So the P.S.C. figured out the interest at 9% inflation between now and 2114. They decided they wouldn't have to put aside very much.

What do they do with the radioactive waste from Indian Point?

All the high level waste that's produced from units two and three is stored on the site. They don't have any other place to send it. They store it in pools of water and they keep circulating the water through it to take the heat that the radioactive decay generates out. As long as it keeps working it's okay, if the water leaks out of the pool somehow, then there's going to be a problem. Right now, for unit two, they have enough space to store the spent fuel until 1983. The refueling cycle is about every sixteen months. They take out a third of the fuel rods and replace them.

What about the geological location of the plant? How close is it to the Ramapo Fault, and what severity of seismicological activity is it built to withstand?

Interesting question. It's about 1000 yards from the Ramapo Fault which runs under the Hudson River at that point. When the plant was originally built they didn't consider that at all. It was built to withstand, I think, a Mercalli six. Mercalli is a scale (Modified Mercalli Intensity Scale) that they use to measure earthquake damage. There are some seismologists from Lamont-Doherty Labs which is across the river in Rockland Country and is run by Columbia, who have analyzed the fault and concluded that it has had a Mercalli seven earthquake, and could have a Mercalli eight. On Cape Ann, Massachusetts, which is the same earthquake system, there was a Mercalli seven earthquake in the 1700's and their feeling is that the plant isn't designed to withstand that severe a quake and should be shut down.

DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS

by Ron Karten

Just after Christmas in 1975, Oscar Toro's five year old daughter was found strangled, stabbed, and hanged in the basement of Toro's Jackson Heights home. His ten year old son and a seventeen year old babysitter remained missing. Toro was a Colombian national, reputedly fighting for control of the Colombian cocaine business in New York. When his son and the babysitter were found nine days later, they were tied to poles in an abandoned post office a few miles from his home. It was January and they were frozen solid.

This was the beginning here of terrorist enforcement, Colombia-style. It is a sidelight of the cocaine pipeline which each year brings tons of the sharp white crystal to city noses. Cocaine is worth ten times its weight in gold on the streets of New York. A pound of pure cocaine crystal in Bogota, a \$7,000 investment, can grow to \$350,000 here. Colombians cook up the coke, transport it, and in the Jackson Heights-Elmhurst section of Queens, where the Colombian community is 200,000 strong, they distribute it. There has been a string of killings in the process.

The streets in Jackson Heights and Elmhurst are quiet until they converge on Roosevelt Avenue. The El train runs overhead there, and it keeps the street in shadows. In these shadows are the businesses which profit from the coke trade. Here are the Colombian travel agents and real estate offices whose numbers have doubled in the last five years. Business is so good for them because coke runners have to book a lot of trips to and from their homeland, (a Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agent whom I'll call 'Max' said that every day a Colombian flies back home with half a million dollars in the false bottom of a suitcase), and becoming dealing coke here necessitates that they move three and four times a year. They rent two or three current residences as well.

If you run into a young Colombian woman (27 years old) who says that she is a Venezuelan named Martha Maria Restrepo Quinones but probably isn't, and she has



two scars which seem to resemble bullet holes above her right eye, you can see why elaborate housing precautions are necessary. At 4:50 a.m. on October 15th, last year, she was dumped on the ramp of Elmhurst General Hospital, bleeding from those two bullet holes above her right eye. Detective Bill Manning of the 110th Precinct in Elmhurst was there when she came out of surgery. Doctors could get only one bullet out. To have attempted to ex-

tract the other would have killed her. Manning asked her if she knew who did it.

At first, she said, 'Yeah,' but did not give a name. "As she started to get back her strength," Manning said, "she closed up. The stronger she got, the less I was able to get from her. She had two visitors while she was there. Both were Colombians. Both subsequently arrested on cocaine charges. I brought her pictures of them and she denied ever having seen them."

The week of October 23rd, the "chunky, dark-haired" woman disappeared from Elmhurst General, the one bullet still in her head, her assailant still on the loose.

Three days after Martha Maria Restrepo Quinones, or whoever she was, was dumped on the ramp of Elmhurst Hospital, Ramiro Guerrero, 30, and an unidentified "Jane Doe" were found shot in the face in the same house where Oscar Toro had lived. Five pounds of Cocaine and \$15,000 were discovered hidden in a ceiling panel, but the motive for this shooting was not robbery because the gas in the house had been turned on. This was revenge. Guerrero and Doe were dead on arrival at Elmhurst General.

Enforcers are a big part of each of the dozens of coke rings which originate on vast estates in Colombia. According to Max of the DEA, "The houses look like they came out of *Gone with the Wind*." The trade begins high in the Andes Mountains of Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador. There, for every 150 pounds of coca leaves the Colombian entrepreneurs procedure, they can make a quick pound of paste. That paste is smuggled past Colombian border guards to coke kitchens in Cali, Bogota, and Medellin where it is refined into crystal. If it is still pure coke by the time it gets out of the kitchens, the coke will be stepped on with procaine or a similar substitute so that it is 70%-80% pure when the load is moved to Bogota's Eldorado Airport or to the port cities of Baranquilla, and Santa Marta for export by ship. *Grancolombiana* ships of the Colombian-owned ship line, for example, are known for transporting giant quantities of coke. The "Sugar Pier" in Brooklyn has been a favorite dock. Swimmers go out in black wet suits in the dead of night to bring in bags which are dropped to them from the ship. Each kilo is worth \$2,000 for delivery but at this time of night, ripoffs are easy and frequent. And you don't just rip off someone with cocaine. You rip them off and kill them.

Dealing cocaine is a dirty business. When it arrives in Queens, it is stepped on so many times that it may be no more than 12 percent pure when the noses take over.

GARWOOD: Prisoner of Conscience

by Geri Doyle



The furor of the Vietnam War continues unabated for Robert Russell Garwood. Marine Private First Class Garwood, recently repatriated to the United States after almost 14 years in North Viet Nam, now faces military charges of treason and desertion. The allegations were leveled at Garwood by other ex-P.O.W.'s who say that he was in coercion with the enemy while in North Vietnamese P.O.W. camps.

When the P.O.W.'s came home in 1973 Garwood remained behind. In early 1979 he passed a note to a Finnish diplomat stating his desire to return to the United States. Within a matter of weeks his release was arranged by the State Department. He was brought to this country and secured at Great Lakes Naval Training Center for an "indefinite" period of time for examinations and debriefings. According to officials Garwood was at no time under arrest. He was assigned to duty at Great Lakes. As if to substantiate this statement, Garwood was given a thirty day convalescent leave, returned to his home in Indiana and is currently awaiting further orders before going on to Camp Le Jeune, N.C.

Robert Garwood joined the marines in 1963 at the age of 17. In 1965 he was shipped to Viet Nam with the Third Marine Division. In September of that year he disappeared in Quang Tri Province near Da Nang and was not seen by Americans until March of 1968. It was the years '68 to '73 in the P.O.W. camps that Robert Garwood gained a Benedict Arnold status.

Little is known of those 14 years Garwood spent in Viet Nam. He has steadfastly denied P.O.W. charges of complicity with the enemy. On the advice of his lawyer, Garwood has declined to speak further of his experiences. The Marine

Corps has requested its naval superiors to conduct a formal investigation into the charges. This investigation will determine if theirs is sufficient evidence to warrant a court martial. The charges under investigation by the tribunal are as follows:

Soliciting American Combat Forces to Throw down their weapons and refuse to fight.

Desertion in time of war.

Conduct unbecoming a prisoner.

Attempting to cause insubordination, disloyalty and refusal of duty among fellow P.O.W.'s.

If Garwood is found guilty of these charges he faces the maximum penalty of death, dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances and reduction to private grade E-1. If innocent he will be able to collect \$150,000 in back pay.

In light of military considerations concerning the reinstatement of the draft the Garwood case is ironic. The resumption of the draft when combined with the present state of the American economy, signals the possibility that our "leaders" are ready for another war involving the people of this country. Robert Garwood, the "last P.O.W.", serves as a poignant reminder of the shameful era of Viet Nam. In 1973 the P.O.W.'s came home and forced conscription was ended. In 1979 Robert Garwood has returned and forced conscription will resume shortly if the war machine has its way. The far-reaching effects of the Vietnam War on every level of American life are still being felt. Garwood's case will no doubt intensify feelings and open old wounds as the question of duty vs. conscience arises. In Robert Garwood we see a past that may well reflect our future if the lessons of Viet Nam are forgotten and Robert Garwood is sacrificed to the gods of war.



BLAZING TATTLE\$

A Hippie's Guide to Texas

by MORRIS EDELSON

The tilt toward Texas going has brought 4,000 people a month to Houston's freeways; made Dallas-Ft. Worth (combined) the nation's fifth-largest city and most prosperous; pumped the nation's largest Latin American metropolis, San Antonio, up to nearly a million uncounted illegal (and hardworking) immigrants; and fueled the boom which keeps Texas unemployment rates at about 3% (2% in Dallas and Houston), not counting all the doodleysquat jobs unlisted with the IRS or any Federal agency and the usually imported, unpapery Mexicans filling them.

Not to say that the sudden surge in the state's growth, where the Future is Now, brings all good tidings, especially to youngish people. Despite a noticeable liberalization in some things—the emergence of the cosmic cowboy, even blessed by the forthcoming movie being filmed in Houston starring John Travolta called *The Urban Cowboy*; legal drinking on the streets and—off and on—winking at marijuana (it is used totally; Texas is the total dope society); a little integration here and there brought on by heart-stoppingly beautiful Chicanas and Blacks seen in the cities; some mellowing of the America-firsters as even they have to admit they don't know what the hell is going wrong with the country—despite fun and games everywhere abundant and abandoned; John Wayne is still alive, and well, in Texas.

So some cowboys have long hair and some cowgirls have short—but if they get cross-ways with the Law, then look out. The police here bump off someone in the state daily, and guns are probably the most popular household appliance, so citizens go after homicide and mayhem with even more reckless abandon than the boys in blue and black.

Especially minority groups get rough treatment by justice: Joe Torres, arrested in a barroom brawl on Mexican Independence Day in Houston (Cinco do Mayo) was found later drowned in Buffalo Bayou. The two cops he was in the custody

of were fined \$1 and given a year suspended sentence. Randall Allen Webster, 17, of Shreveport was joyriding in a car and shot at and then killed as he tried to surrender and the police planted a gun on him, five of them conspiring to cover the whole thing up. Those are only two recent incidents in Houston—it is said that in Dallas and San Antonio such cases would never even have come to trial. The only relief from such repression is that both Black and Chicano neighborhoods are growing, and within these environs, some of them pretty, pleasant and not so poor places, the minorities groups are having their share of the bucks and yucks.

The heads and the high timers, too have their enclaves: the whole city of Austin, most of Galveston (too decayed to have too many police to bother with), Houston's inner city MOntrrose area, Dallas's east side (where the amazing Bois d'Arc Patriots are still lively, thank you), and then a whole hell of a lot of outlying sites such as Lake Travis's Hippy Hollow near Austin, the deserted rough beach east of Beaumont-Port Arther and in the wilds of mid-Padre Island, certain farming areas in the Piney Woods of East Texas, and some tumbleweed colonies of Santa Fe, New Mexico up in the Panhandle.

Fluidity and mobility key success in the Texas alternate culture, and the paying gig can be anything from day labor on construction, where long hair can be tucked into a hard hat, nitty-gritty farming, or highly risky dope running, into which the professionals (politicians, law enforcement personnel and Mafioso) are moving. You can live cheap, if you have patient friends or a habitable van (for no one believes in the gas crisis here yet and it hasn't hit, so why worry), jobs are easy to get (and low paying) and people are used to rolling stones and getting stoned and rolling.

Among the freak establishments I have personally seen Les Amis restaurant in Austin, an outdoor place with a Lower East Side ambience, and several houseboat dwellers places must rank high. Some peo-

ple go for mobile home colonies, like the growing gay community up in the hills west of Austin; others crowd in and pitch in on a Houston house, even a townhouse and cram it to the rafters with rent-splitting acquaintances. The whole boom in that city's gay community was made possible by the first few courageous pioneering capitalists among the gays who figured that ownership, hated word, was the only way to go—now Westheimer Street, running from downtown out to Neiman-Marcus and the glittering Galleria Shopping Center, is a beehive of restaurants, drag queens, hippies, tourists and adventurers in neon sleaze, non-stop acrawl with autos.

Signs of the emerging looser lifestyle range from the high availability of pot, Mexican, and locally flourishing mushrooms, and the presence of freaks in the larger cities and college towns at rallies and other ceremonial occasions. **Rock Against Racism** in Houston shows signs of becoming an annual event, and Eeyore's Birthday Party in Austin, though officially killed, goes on by the creekside, replete with a love-in, smoke-in, be-in participated in by thousands.

The whole Gulf beach area is a freak's hang-out during the warm months, for people from all over the nation are down there tanning and splashing and drinking Lone Star beer, and the cops major and usually *only* concern is that no egregious use of weapons occur during the inevitable social frictions. It is not really necessary to fight in Texas—it, like Southern states, has an elaborate escalating code of insult and confrontation, in any step of which an opponent can back down—but usually people are too high or pissed to know what they are doing or it is a freeway when no one has time to maneuver much, and someone loses his/her hide or good piece thereof.

The enjoyment of the Gulf of Mexico, like good bit of the other Southwestern goodies, depends a lot on the participant: you have to use your eyes and ears to spot likely places and people, and your consciousness to know when a scene is mellow

or edging toward the red. It, beyond that, is simplicity: just get on the beach, drive—you can drive 2000 miles or more from just south of Beaumont at the Louisiana line down to Mexico—and look to see where your kind of scene/people are congregating. In general, you will move toward nicer, white sand beaches, the closer you get to Mexico, with fish plentiful nearly everywhere even around the polluted toilet Galveston Bay.

Austin freaks like the Victoria beach, check with them first; while the Houston crowds go to Galveston, turn left and then take the free ferry over to Bolivar Peninsula, where watermelons come from and the old lighthouse, blackened by time, still stands. The real jet-set freaks will go onto Padre Island and risk getting their cars stuck in the sand in the island's deserted middle section, and those heading for Mexico (where they hate freaks at the border) will turn back up onto South Padre Island.

Again, it depends on your abilities to have a good time: you can fish and live for almost nothing a day on the shores of the sand. People won't mess with you if you don't mess with them, usually, and the law could care less, unless by some chance they actually have to arrest you. Back from the beaches, many of the nude areas and virtually all of them bare-breast havens, you can search for the abundant mushrooms in the humid pastures of the near-Costal region, and then range into the hill and cactus country for peyote cactus and other exotica, which is just sitting there waiting.

Aside from the basic camping/urban survival skills you would need in any varied, hot environment, in Texas you must *relate* to the people, to the straight people, a lot of them as wiggly as anything you will ever see anywhere but coming from a strange dimension of space and likely to move easily from objectivity to active hostility, especially in the presence of drugs, booze, women and heat—which are all always present nearly everywhere in Texas, anyway. A surface friendliness may get you by, if you are not too freaky-looking, but if you get involved in an unpleasant scene, soft answers can often turn away wrath and are strongly recommended. Do not mess with another's anything, either, unless you want to start a shooting war with a whole passel of rednecks or whoever.

Aside from that Texas is yours to enjoy—gasoline will be plentiful until there ain't no more nowhere and most people are still helpful, simple, and neighborly, except on the freeways. Texas needs freaks, and it almost realizes it needs them.



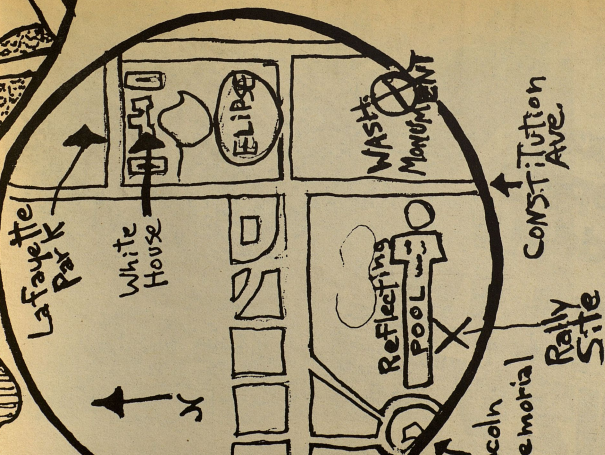


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**WE INVITE YOUR PARTICIPATION IN
2 DAYS OF DIRECT ACTION PROTESTS**
Against the Unconstitutionality of Pot
Prohibition—to tell Jimmy Carter and
the rest of America's politicians that
we're stoned as hell and we're not going
to take it anymore!

Scenario:

- | | | |
|-----|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 3rd | 9 AM on
Noon: | Assemble: Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool
March to DEA Building at Franklin Park
Free the heads and jail the Feds! |
| | 6 PM | Return to Reflecting Pool for concert and
speakers til Midnight |
| 4th | 9 AM
Noon: | Assembly at Reflecting Pool
March on the White House!
(Actually Lafayette Park across the street.)
Mister Carter: Pardon all marijuana prisoners
and other prisoners of conscience! |
| | 6 PM | Return to Reflecting Pool: Fireworks and
FREE music til Midnight |



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PIE TIMES



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2-R 4-D 6-Q 8-Z 0-W

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

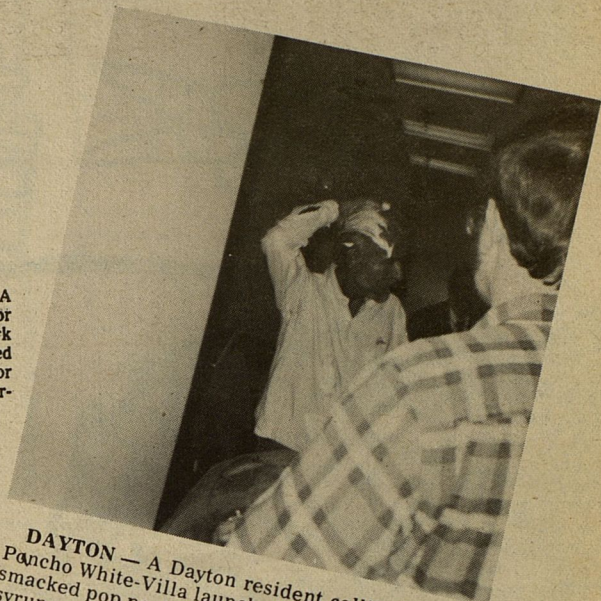
To avoid getting caught by the Bell Boys, you should use a coin phone; otherwise, making a CCC from a home phone can get you into a vat of hot water. Pay phones and credit card numbers should be switched so as to avoid falling into traceable patterns. Also, you should try to simulate the voice of a pig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

take the phone number, 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.



DAYTON — A Dayton resident calling himself Pancho White-Villa launched an "art attack" and smacked pop poet Rod McKuen in the face with a syrup and corn mush pie Monday 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."

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	058
Hartford	203	020	Michigan	313	913,096	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	Atlanta	404	035	Ottawa	613	473
		018,021,023	San Jose	408	293	Nashville	615	947
		024,072,074	Pittsburgh	412	030	Memphis	615	487
Los Angeles	213	046,182,184	Milwaukee	414	068	Boston	617	001
		184,187,332	San Francisco	415	158	Massachusetts	617	007
Santa Monica/Venice	213	537	Berkeley	415	167	Nevada	702	271
Philly	215	041,043	Toronto	416	476	Virginia	703	033
Akron	216	050	Arkansas	501	147	Charlotte	704	318
Cleveland	216	082	Kentucky	502	550	Houston	713	185
Maryland	218	128	Oregon	503	131	San Diego	714	184
Duluth	310	011	Louisiana	504	046	Utah	801	155,383
Colorado	303	153	New Mexico	505	105	Tampa/St. Petersburg	813	152
Miami	305	044	Spokane	509	128	Pennsylvania	814	206
Wyoming	307	137	Dayton	513	185	New York State	914	141

EVENTS

- June 9
 - ★ NEW ORLEANS SMOKE-IN City Park, rainedate 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.

Yippie Contacts & Chapters

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★ Peoples Power Plant 43 S. Washington St. Binghamton, N.Y.
★ N.Y.C. YIP 10 Bleecker St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012 212-533-5028

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★ Columbus YIP POB 8234 Columbus, Ohio 43201 614-299-2936

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

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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

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★ Kevin Hilbiber 1431 Minor St. Box 609 Seattle, Wash.
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THE NAPALM KEEPS FALLING ON MY HEAD

by Harry Wasserman

During the Vietnam War Era you could hear a general declare, "We had to destroy the town to save it," and during the Vietnam Movie Era all you hear about is Francis Ford Apocalypola boasting "We had to destroy the Phillipines to save the movie."

Going to see a Vietnam movie these days is almost as expensive and costly as the war itself was (and equally unjust). A viewing of *Apocalypse Now* costs you an airplane ticket to Cannes and a week in a beachside hotel. *The Deer Hunter*, with much Valkyrian fanfare, was seen by only a handful of uptown Noo Yawkers and Motion Picture Academy members before winning its "Best Movie" and other Oscars—has there ever before been such an elitist Oscar-giving, to a movie that most of the nation's moviegoers would have to wait for post-Oscars reserved-seat overpriced showings?

The Deer Hunter (which could've been called *The Beer Hunter* or *The Queer Hunter*, since all the heroes do is drink beer and make anti-homosexual innuendoes) is a film as elitist as its Oscar (not to mention unconsciously racist, sexist, jingoistic, pompous, pretentious and just a plain boring ass-scratcher). *The Deer Hunter* is pseudo-intellectual macho-mythic crap, from the *Godfather* rip-off wedding scene, to the *Deliverance* rip-off male-bonding deer-hunting trips, to the Teutonic overkill of De Niro stalking his latter-day Bambi backed by Wagnerian strains reminiscent of *Triumph of the Will*, to the Big Lie Vietcong POW torture scenes (real-life Vietnam vets claim the Russian roulette torture techniques are totally fabricated; also, the tiger cages were employed in the real war by the US, not the NLF).

The only difference between *The Deer Hunter* and any movie about WWII is that nowadays the hero aims the gun at his own head rather than the enemy's—obviously, a product of the Me Generation mentality. It's no surprise that John Wayne was chosen to bestow the Oscar honors on *The Deer Hunter*, while outside anti-*Deer Hunter* demonstrators were surrounding the awards banquet like Indians encircling a Wayne-movie wagon train. Strip away *The Deer Hunter*'s artsy oh-so-chic condescending look at working-class Slavic-American camaraderie, it's no better than the Duke's own *The Green Berets* in its crude right-wing depiction of all Vietnamese as Yellow Peril barbarians.

The Deer Hunter seems to forget the Americans were the aggressors in Vietnam, and that any harsh behavior from the NLF is only justifiable retaliation to protect their homeland from brazen Yank ransackers. Who cares about what happened to the modern-day would-be conquistadors? A better subject for Hollywood to consider would be what happened to a typical Vietnamese peasant family during this whole mess, sort of a *Gone With the Wind* Southeast Asia style, with the burning of Atlanta replaced by the secret bombing of Cambodia. The only thing *The Deer Hunter* is good for is to insert the POW camp torture scenes as flashbacks in *Taxi Driver* to explain the De Niro character's post-Vietnam psychosis: after his war-buddies either shot themselves or got physically maimed, he freaked out, moved to New York, changed his name to Travis Bickle and started driving a cab.

The other Vietnam movies that have come out in the last few years include battle movies, coming-home movies, and movies about what happened on the sidelines. Of the battle movies, Wayne's *The Green Berets* was a slow-moving dull-witted remake of every WWII movie the Duke ever made—it's easy for the Duke: even in Vietnam, we were the good guys, they were the bad guys, so we blew them to smithereens and could have won the war if we weren't held back by knee-jerk liberal

photos courtesy JERRY OHLINGER'S MOVIE MATERIAL STORE, 120 W. 3rd St., NYC 10012



(clockwise from upper left) Robert De Niro in *THE DEER HUNTER*; Jane Fonda in *COMING HOME*; John Wayne in *THE GREEN BERETS*; Sally Fields in *HEROES*; three war buddies in *THE BOYS FROM COMPANY C*, Jon Voight & Bruce Dern in *COMING HOME*

press and wimpy Senators. *Go Tell the Spartans* was a plotless, cliché-ridden shoot-em-up starring a senile Burt Lancaster. But *The Boys in Company C* was a good, no-holds-barred look at the confused world of grunts on the front, draftees finding themselves forced into the position of kill or be killed as unwelcome strangers in a strange land. Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* sounds from the advance word of Cannes-critics like the action scenes sizzle but that it's waterlogged in murky morality bullshit that draws pseudo-literary allusions to Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* just like *The Deer Hunter* borrowed resonance from its title's similarity to James Fenimore Cooper's naively imperialistic novel *The Deerslayer*.

More abundant are the coming-home movies, which is weird because most Americans know what was going on at home during that time and would probably be more fascinated in what was really happening over there after the NBC-ABC-CBS color-video crews helicoptered home. Psycho-sadismo movies make a stab at social commentary by blaming the anti-hero's bloodletting on being a wacked-out Nam Vet, like in Paul Schrader's scripts for *Taxi Driver* and *Rolling Thunder*. *Heroes*, Henry Winkler's fumbling attempt to break away from Fonzie typecasting, was about a loony outcast who can blame his Jerry Lewis weirdness on occasional flashbacks from his days on

duty in Vietnam. The movie charts his crosscountry bus trek to find old buddies, accompanied by cutesy-sexy Sally Fields before she became Burt Reynolds-wrapped. A better version of a similar plotline is *Tracks*, starring Dennis Hopper, the aging *Easy Rider* wunderkind, as a zany Nam Vet parting his black war buddy's corpse on a crosscountry train trek. What makes *Tracks* superior to *Heroes* is that Hopper is also hounded by CIA agents and his own paranoia, and that Hopper is a zonked-out acidhead in real life, but mostly because Dennis the menace is a much better actor than TV sitcom king Winkler. *Coming Home*, though widely acclaimed, is politically simplistic: the Vietnam War was bad because it crippled nice guys like Jon Voight, not because it was a wanton imperialistic venture. *Coming Home* is amputee love accompanied by early-seventies jukebox rockers that are conveniently nostalgia-provoking but that the straight characters in the movie would never have listened to, opting instead for saccharine stuff like Sinatra's "When I Was Seventeen it Was a Very Good Year".

Vietnam movies about what happened on the sidelines are interesting sideshow allegories of the war itself. Karel Riesz's *Who'll Stop the Rain?*, based on Robert Stone's novel *The Dog Soldiers*, about an American Namvet (Nick "Thick as a Brick" Nolte) who smuggles smack from Vietnam and who kidnaps Tuesday Weld

at gunpoint. Although Nolte's character is equally as obnoxious as the actor who plays him, Tuesday Weld's harrowing heroin-addict performance is a far cry from her start as a tart on TV's *Dobie Gillis*. *Saint Jack* was supposed to be Peter Bogdanovich's great comeback, but instead it just proves to him he can't blame his cinematic failings on Cybill Shepherd's cardboard acting anymore. *Saint Jack* sounds good in print—an American expatriate who runs a brothel in Singapore for American soldiers during the Vietnam war is forced to show his real integrity when confronted by an immoral offer from the CIA—could have been a latter-day version of director Michael Curtiz's *Casablanca*, but alas Ben Gazzara is no Bogie, and Bogdanovich is no Michael Curtiz. As usual, Bogdanovich bogs down a bit—hours drag on as the plot barely moves, and scene transitions become as confusing as character motivation.

Of all the aforementioned Vietnam movies, only Wayne's *The Green Berets* had the guts to come out while the war was actually being waged, rather than waiting for a safe length of time until the war was comfortably misted in memory. Although I despise Wayne's reactionary politics even as he lies on his deathbed (pre-death press coverage has made him another Hubert Humphrey walking-dead), it is better to make history than to try to rewrite history years later.

ROCK CLUB CONFIDENTIAL

by Elodie Lauten

THE SENDERS



Photo - A.J. FEDERLW

The following interview with Phillippe Markay of the Senders was conducted in the middle of a crowded dressing room at Max's.

Phillippe, what is your philosophy?
Rock all night, sleep all day. We had jobs but we cannot keep them, we just get fired. Then we end up asking five bucks to a friend.

Tell me, how did you meet the band?
Well, I worked for the Heartbreakers for a while, helping with the equipment, and through a friend I met Stene Shevlin, the

bass player and we started playing together. Actually I was playing drums before I became a lead singer. I also play guitar and harmonica. So Steve and I went through a lot of people before we got our present line up. Our drummer, Tony Machine, was in the Criminals. Parker Sherman, the guitar player with whom I write some of our songs, I met at the Chelsea Hotel five years ago. "Wild" Bill Thompson auditioned for us and we were knocked out by his guitar playing.

I understand you write most of the material. What are your songs about?
Our songs are pissed off, as rock'n'roll should be. "Love Another Man", "Just Don't", "Don't Mind Me", and "No

More Fooling", are love/hate songs. We have a single out, that we produced ourselves, featuring a song called "The Living End", about the intensity of living at the extreme, the borderline. But we refuse to be intellectual. If you take yourself seriously you spoil all the fun to play rock'n'roll. Get your kicks, get in the groove, that is where it's at.

So what do you think of rock'n'roll?
It has changed. Now, they call anything rock'n'roll, even Peter Frampton. I only listen to old records. In the fifties something pure and spontaneous came up and then during the sixties it was taken over by the big business... We want to get back to the roots of rock'n'roll—plain fun.

What about the new wave?
When we started in 1977 we had exactly the same image as now and we were really off beat with the punk movement. Now, it seems that people are more inclined to take an interest in fifties music. We are an R&B band. Our influences are Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis. We do a ballad by him, "The Closest Thing To You". Also, Little Richard.

We are going to LA in June where we have gigs with Levi and the Rockats. Also we are in the process of negotiating with some companies in England.

I noticed some of your songs are telling girls off. Are you a male chauvinist?
No, not by any means. I just don't want to be corny.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARIES



The Necessaries had a lucky night: they were booked second bill to Boston's Nervous Eaters, who cancelled, so they inherited the top bill and had a few long-haired kids called the Dregs open for them. When they hit the first chord, the Necessaries secure a clean crisp Fender sound. They rock on a modern version of Eddie Cochran's riff. The energy level is up right from the start, they are moving—but holding back—short songs, no long solos until the end of the set. Their presence makes the old CBGB's stage vibrate. Ed Tomney, main guitarist and vocalist, starts his song "I Feel Tension" and as he gives a description of the modern world and its pressures, his body moves in jerks and spasms, and the music runs like a motor. His vocals are strong and clear and have that hectic quality that David Byrne (of Talking Heads) made popular. The Necessaries are visual. Not in what they wear, though; it is their presence. Randy Gun, the other guitarist and songwriter, holds his guitar in a typical machine gun style. Bass player Ernie Brooks, formerly of the Modern Lovers, runs swiftly across the stage to share a microphone with Randy for some clean back up vocals. Drummer Jessie Chamberlain, ex-Harry Toledo band member, with Ed Tomney, jumps up and plays standing up. Behind the drums, he screams without a microphone.

Their music is precise, mathematical. The subtle arrangements show a lot of work. They have great melodies that stay in your ear. The improvisation is under control, given in small doses, at the right time. Their message, has to do with urban life. It criticizes the technology of the pencil pusher. In the song "Law and Order" they describe people's helplessness in front of the police force. Ed has another song, "White Man", a parody about being white and middle class and having a 7% interest at the bank. They also have more psychological songs like "Anxious" and "A Boy & Girl In A Busy World" and "My Baby's Explosive!". They recorded a single a year ago, at Big Apple Studios in New York, which is produced by John Cale. It is going to be released within a month, and features two songs: "You Can Borrow My Car"—about stolen vehicles—and "Run Away Child".

As to their position on the scene, Ed Tomney says: "We identify with some of the music around us but we stick to ourselves. There is a lot of debris on the scene and a pocketful of good bands. We want to preserve our own specific approach, and avoid listening to too many records." They are certainly among the best New York groups right now—they are contemporary in their approach, they relate to the real world, and they are fun, too.

EXCLUSIVE!



Photos by Nick

the INVADERS



Photo by EVA

Keep on Dancin'

by Seth Flagsberg

If you haven't heard of the **Invaders**, it's about time you did because the five New York area residents are currently making the best rock and roll in town.

And if you haven't seen the **Invaders**, this writer suggests you do it fast because an **Invaders** concert is a rock experience, not to mention a lot of fun.

What makes the **Invaders** so great is that they are one of those rare bands able to synthesize the entire history of rock music and make it come out sounding entirely original. And there's not a better dance band in all of New York. When the **Invaders** swing into *Beam Eye Baby*, *No Love Loss*, *Packin' A Gun* or *Let's Twist Again* even a paraplegic would have a tough time staying chaired.

The **Invaders** were born a year and a half ago from a 50 cents war game on Broadway and 52nd street called The Invaders. Since then the band, playing anywhere, anytime, has done over a hundred gigs and can now boast a repertory of 35 songs,

almost all original. Though pleased with their reputation as a great dance band, the **Invaders** say they're more than that. "If you look past the good time music and at our lyrics, you'll see we're not idiots," says guitarist Bruce Lee Pas. Bruce, who's been playing one instrument or another since he was six, wrote *With the TV On*, one of the A sides of the **Invaders** soon-to-be-released double A side single. According to Bruce the song is, "the true statement of a contemporary teenager" and sounds like "a cross between Freddy and the Dreamers on acid and the Velvet Underground."

Fast Girl, the single's other A side is, according to its author guitarist Gregor Laraque, "a hard driving dance number." And the lyrics? "People can interpret it for themselves," says Gregor. "All I'll say is that it is not about any one girl in particular." (The **Invaders** double A side single, *With the TV On* b/w *Fast Girl* is

available on No Label Records. Send \$2 to **Invaders**, 114-13 Union Turnpike, Forest Hills, Queens.)

Bruce and Gregor write most of the **Invaders** tunes with an assist from bassist Peter Collins, who picks up the pen on occasion. And everybody in the band sings.

The **Invaders** wouldn't be the **Invaders** without drummer Fin Fun and saxman Jhonny Ion. Fin and Peter combine to give the **Invaders** the town's tightest rhythm section while I've heard Jhonny blow some ionized riffs that would turn Clarence Clemons green with envy.

What does the future hold for a great but as yet undiscovered rock band? "We're going to get rich and become social gurus," says Bruce. Adds Fin, "We'll just stick by our motto, 'Fun for all and all for fun.' It's gotten us this far hasn't it."

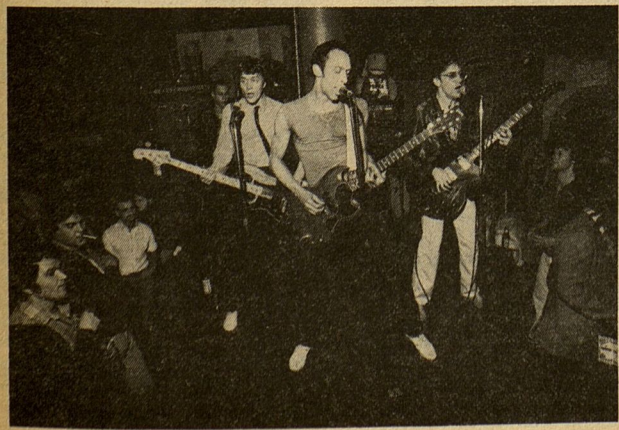
The **Invaders** will be appearing at Max's on Friday, June 8. Be there.

bottom photos - center- Carl E. Hernandez others- Charlie Frick



Photo-Charlie Frick

Bruce gets loose at Studio 20.



Unless you've been living in a sewer (the urban equivalent of a cave) for the past year or so, you know about Studio 54, Steve Rubell, and all the petty elitism that goes on at this 'chic' disco. The basic requirements for entry are either that one be famous, or look stunningly outrageous, or know someone who knows someone... What a bore. For those of us who don't really care what Truman and Halston and Bianca and Andy did last night, or any night for that matter, this is all water under the disco bridge. These people, like the music that anesthetizes them night after night, appear rather ridiculous and a little sad, too. One would never have thought that the posed, nose-in-the-air snobbinness would filter its way into the rock'n'roll domain. But it has, and it's beginning to have a rancid odor.

This odor is emanating from a used-to-be a hole-in-the-wall joint off Canal Street called the Mudd Club. When I first heard about it several months ago, I was pretty excited, since there just aren't that many really good rock dancing clubs around, and sooner or later you get sick of going to the same old haunts. Anyway, Mudd's was said to have good vibes, lots of fun, great music. And from what I heard, that's what it was...for a while. According to John Holmstrom, editor of *Punk* magazine, "It started out as just a normal club. *Punk* had a party there, and they've done some really diversified stuff, from poetry readings to heavy metal groups to Sam & Dave. But it just got all out of proportion."

Maybe it's the pseudo-chic Soho/Tribeca location, but suddenly the trendy *Soho News* was running enormous "Punk Fashion" spreads taken at the Mudd Club, and hinting at its exclusivity. And like a bat out of disco hell, suddenly the Mudd Club (just like Studio 54) had lines of eager punklambs doing anything short of genuflecting to get in, along with the obligatory dork doorman deigning who, from the common flock, might be granted entry. Of course, if a Rolls Royce pulls up, as I observed one night, its occupants are immediately allowed in, as are those who possess a "magic" word or name.

What all this amounts to is a serious issue, from several standpoints. My own anger stems from the very simple fact that rock'n'roll—a music both universal and scared, and *belonging to the people*—is being used in a very ugly way to create an atmosphere directly opposite to the music's true purposes. Yeah, we all like to dress up and look kind of cool, and I'd be the first one to admit I enjoy doing it. But rock and roll is a release, it's fun, it's dancing, it's jubilation! So don't make the criterion for entrance what somebody looks like, or who they know, for God's sake. One female punk rock singer who will remain nameless, and who has been on the scene

"Conflict is what this band is all about," says *Information* drummer, Rick Brown. Rock & Roll was born out of social conflict; first between black and white, later between adolescents and the "establishment." But *Information*'s conflict is of a different sort. It is a challenge, not to society, but to the audience.

Every band tries to hook the spectator's attention. They want you to forget the grocery list and lose yourself in the music. *Information* does the opposite. Instead of enticing you into unconsciousness, they rebuff you. Like it or not, you are forced to remain an objective observer.

Information's music is avant-garde rock. Try to imagine what Nick Lowe would sound like turned inside out and played backwards. No hooks, nothing to tap your foot to; the sound is atonal and jarring. Musical anarchy, anchored by a beat. Live, their full set doesn't exceed a half hour, most "tunes" are less than a minute. Numbers begin and end with no apparent logic. Cover material is drawn from unique sources, from Chinese folk music to Baroque religious melodies. (Bach, no less.) *Information* is too original to be categorized, possibly they will create their own category. Or perhaps they will suffocate in such a rarified atmosphere. More likely they will become the cult band to end all cult bands.



ELITIST CHIC:

Push Comes to Shove
at the MUDD CLUB

for a long time, mentioned something to me about how "people in rock and roll need a place to go where they can hang out and feel comfortable, like Max's in the old days." Well, all I can say to that is, let 'em go rent a big room somewhere with a bar in it and hang out there, instead of wielding their fame and notoriety (which we peasants helped create!) like some big power trip.

Lester Bangs, late of the band Birdland, and rock-writer-about-N.Y.-town, was only too happy to relate his experiences at the club and disgust with the whole situation.

Rather than feeling like some kind of honored guest, Bangs told me he was really kind of embarrassed when he went to Mudd's after a gig, and the "waters parted" when some member of the band mentioned his name and the name of the band. "I went in there," he said, "and found out it was no big deal anyway. The main room was crowded with a bunch of dumb assholes in ridiculous costumes...No one seemed to be having any fun." He also mentioned that he was given the dubious distinction of visiting the club's superchic "upstairs." Yet another echelon of "coolness" that only a select few are privy

A driving beat sedates the intellect, *Information*'s best slaps it awake. "This is what I'm most interested in," explains guitarist Chris, "Whether it's irritating or pleasing, I want it to be intellectually engaging". Thus the audience, many of whom just came to dance, tends to be somewhat surprised. Rick describes the response at a recent Hurrah gig, "It was fifty-fifty. A large contingent was yelling, 'You suck! You suck!...' They had a nice chant going with one of our songs."

Born in 1977, the original *Information* included Chris Nelson and George Bollweg on guitar, Phil Dray on keyboard, and Jim Sclavunos on drums. After one gig at Max's, George split out of frustration and Jim left for Teenage Jesus and the Jerks.

Chris, an NYU film graduate, and Phil, a writer, got involved in other projects. During 1978 Phil penned an autobiographical novel, Chris made a short film *Fire Engine*, and they collaborated on a New Wave fanzine, *No Magazine*.

Then Phil wrote to an old friend who lived in San Francisco and asked him to join the group. Gary Larson never received that letter, because he was already on his way to New York. Also a multi-media artist, (painting and photography), Gary fit in well with the other two and was added as guitarist in July, 1978.

Inside Information by GLORIA BALCH

All they needed was a drummer. Enter Rick Brown, philosophy major at NYU and 21-year-old swipe file prodigy. They met him at a Heartbreaker's concert, where he bought a copy of *No Magazine* from them and introduced himself as editor of his own fanzine, *Beat It!*. At that time he played for Blinding Headache, but in December, 1978 left them and was given the nod by Chris, Gary and Phil. The group in its current incarnation was complete.

Fortunately for them, *Information* feels it is just as valid to annoy the crowd as please them. "It seems irritating because it's thought provoking," says Phil. "If someone reads a book and says, 'This book is boring', it's not because the book is boring, it's because they don't understand it."

(probably depending on their sunglasses). Bangs' remark: "So I saw David Johanssen and Stiv Bators. Big deal, I felt like I was at the bar at CBGB's!" The last straw for Bangs was when, after shaving off his moustache, the guy at the door didn't recognize him, and said, in bright bouncer fashion, "You ain't Lester Bangs, you're Porky Pig!" Really the height of class and subtlety. Fortunately, Mr. Bangs was none too subtle in telling the bouncer and the management to fuck off, and also getting them to admit that the place was snobby and elitist. You see, even if you are a Famous Person, if they don't know you at the door, you're quite apt to be treated like cow dung.

Elitism, or selective snobbery, have always been a part of human experience and unfortunately always will be. However, whether people choose to cultivate and support this type of lifestyle is another matter. It is dangerous reflection on the society in general when more and more people are adhering to (yes, I'm going to drag out the old warhorses,) essentially facistic and/or Nazi-type behavior. It's bad enough that we're all walking around kind of shell-shocked because of things like nuclear power, pollution, inflation, bulletproof vests...phew! Need I go on? But if we can't communicate on a mass level; that is, get together with a minimum of pressure, it's going to get harder and harder to relate on a more personal level. At a place like the Mudd Club or Studio 54, once you are granted holy entrance—then what? Does that immediately confer coolness upon you? Does that include immediate insurance that you're going to have a great time with all the other presumably great-looking people? I hate to disappoint a lot of people out there, but there is no insurance that you're going to have a great time anywhere, no matter who you are or how you look. So it appears that a whole lot of energy is being wasted on trying to Look Right and Act Right...only there aren't any Emily Post rules on Rock Etiquette and the steps to the Punk Hustle haven't been formulated, and anyway who wants to look right—left is the way to look.

I confronted a friend of mine who seems pretty happy with the fact that he has no trouble getting into the Mudd club with some of the things I've been discussing here. I asked him if he didn't think there was something wrong with their admissions policy, even though he was "lucky" enough to get in. "Well," he says, "I like the place. I have a good time there." But being an open-minded kind of guy, he had to admit that "they are kind of dress-conscious—they care how you look." I wasn't satisfied and I finally got him to query: "What about all the ugly people?" Yeah. What about all the un-famous, ugly, fat, normal, regular, short, tall, and deaf-in-one-ear people? I don't know about anybody else, but I'd rather stick with the 'scum' than wallow in the Mudd any day.

Gary claims he's "almost happy" about the hostile reaction. "I'd rather have that than no response at all."

Granted, *Information* will never sell out Madison Square Garden. In fact, they support themselves with day jobs. Nevertheless, Chris feels, "It's not a particular ambition of mine to support myself with this. I don't think it is wise to attempt to do so. Then commercial considerations become more important. It effects what you're doing, limits your choices. On the other hand, if it did happen, I wouldn't be upset about it." So, do they think they have a shot at cult success? Could they become as big as, say, Pere Ubu? After a pause Chris replies, "Well, we'd have to eat an awful lot."

Message from Little Big Man

by Russ Little

Joe Remiro, Russ Little, Bill & Emily Harris remain prisoners of the state as a result of the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) urban guerrilla activity in 1973-4. All have been sentenced to long prisoner terms and have been subjected to continuing harassment and abuse while in custody.

The following is a report from Russ on the legal and penal status of the four and centers on a recent judicial appeal of his and Joe's conviction for the 1973 assassination of an Oakland, California school official.

About the appeal: Joe and I are being used as pawns in an ongoing struggle between "liberal" and reactionary politicians

in California. Our appeal was heard by a three judge panel in the Sacramento appellate district. The presiding judge of that district—the head pig, a Reagan appointee named Puglia—appointed himself and another reactionary Reagan appointee to hear our case and for some unexplained reason the Judicial Counsel appointed a third judge who is a Brown appointee and an alleged "liberal."

Although all three judges confirmed my reversal, they (the two Reagan reactionaries who signed the opinion) used me to attack the law that "forced" them to overturn my conviction. They refused to overturn Joe's conviction because they couldn't stand the thought of both of us getting off and because they want to force the Calif. Supreme Court itself to overturn Joe's conviction and get the blame.

Joe's situation is one of waiting again. We will know by the beginning of May if the Calif. Supreme Court is going to hear his appeal. They should—and I think they will—but who the hell knows! Then if they agree to hear his case, it will probably be a year before they make a decision; but again, they should overturn his conviction based on their decision on that illegal instruction.

Anyways we are trying to be as optimistic as possible and I'm hoping that my getting acquitted will put pressure on them to give Joe another trial too. Joe is strong and is dealing with each day as it comes. Being a revolutionary with a life sentence and a pawn in the struggles of rival politicians is not a very encouraging situation. How's that for understatement?!



Vendetta LETTERS

Dear Sir:

Upon review of your magazine by Warden Michael Beaubouef, it has been decided that the magazine, *Overthrow*, is detrimental to the rehabilitation of Mr. Fred Kennedy. This decision is based on Departmental Rules and Regulations of Hunt Correctional Center.

Mr. Kennedy has been notified of this decision and has been given seven days in which to make an appeal which he has not done.

Thank you for your cooperation in this matter.

Sincerely,
J.R. Mansfield
Mail Room Supervisor
Hunt Correctional Center
Department of Corrections
P.O. Box 468
St. Gabriel, Louisiana 70776

Dear OT:

I would be very deeply appreciative if you could print my letter in your paper.

First of all, I am an inmate of the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility. During the period of my incarceration I have lost contact with my former friends and associates. I would very much like to make some friends through correspondence. It would make me very happy to receive a letter from someone.

Thank you.
Sincerely,

Billy Banks
#119099
PO Box 45699
Lucasville, Ohio
45699



THE FORGOTTEN YIPPIE

Dear Editor;

I was amazed to find the enclosed article about imprisoned Yippie leader Jerome Washington in an issue of *Hustler* magazine. It amazes me how you can campaign on behalf of Abbie Hoffman, who has never served even a day in jail, yet not say a word about this Brother, who has been imprisoned for six years now. This is an obvious case of racism and callous neglect, and as a Black political prisoner myself (with over 10 years inside), I vehemently condemn you. Why, I had never even heard of the case, and I research and keep up with all of the Political Prisoner's cases, especially Blacks. Your racism and hypocrisy disgust me!

Kombo

by Paul Krassner

Jerome Washington was the first black Yippie leader. Five years ago he was framed

on a murder rap. Unlike Abbie, he decided to trust the court system. He was found guilty and sentenced to a term of 15 years to life at the maximum-security Auburn Correctional Facility in upstate New York.

Besides writing short stories and plays while behind bars, Jerome founded the *Auburn Collective* newspaper and has received several awards from the American Penal Press Contest, the prison world's equivalent of a Pulitzer Prize for journalism.

His editorial policy has been: "If people are looking to us for the truth, our facts must be reliable. Every piece of information we print must be verified ahead of time by two different sources. The readers can then form their own opinions based on these facts."

Jerome's case was recently heard on appeal. However, the minutes of his pretrial hearing were lost, and the district attorney couldn't find the police officer's notes that

had been used to convict the defendant in the first place. Despite the lack of this evidence, the appeals court denied his request for freedom.

"I just can't understand," Jerome writes, "how they could rule on something that they have never seen. This has my lawyers and everyone who went to the hearing upset and down as much as it has me.

"But I will recover. I have to. No one can endure for me. Faith can be an absolute trap, but I have nothing else to cling to. Knowing Abbie taught me to survive."

A decade ago Abbie Hoffman and Jerome Washington served as contemporary Paul Reveres, warning us all about the dangerous escalation of war in Vietnam and Chicago alike. Now the time has come for the authorities to drop the trumped-up charges against these two men.

They ought to be welcomed home as heroes, not hidden as fugitives.

Let us not forsake them.

PEN PALS

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Lucasville, Ohio 45699

SOME STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT ANARCHY!

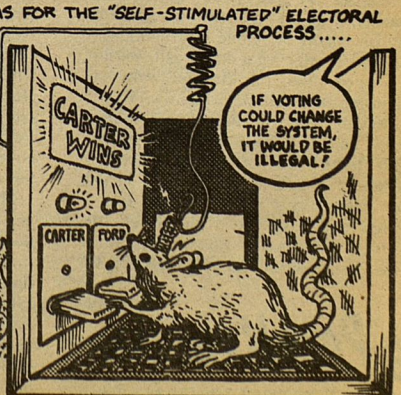
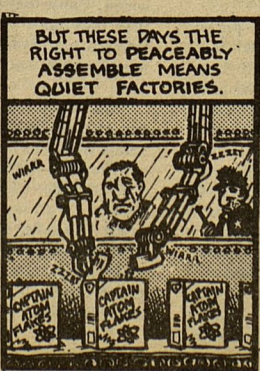
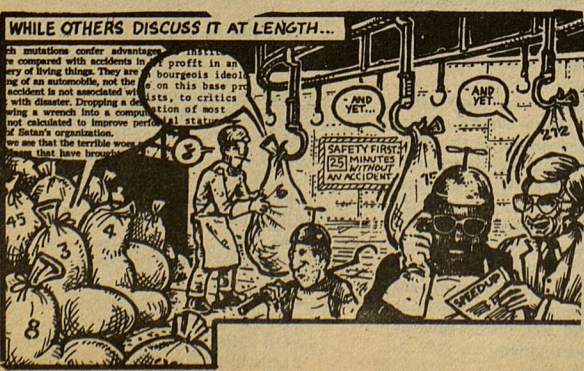
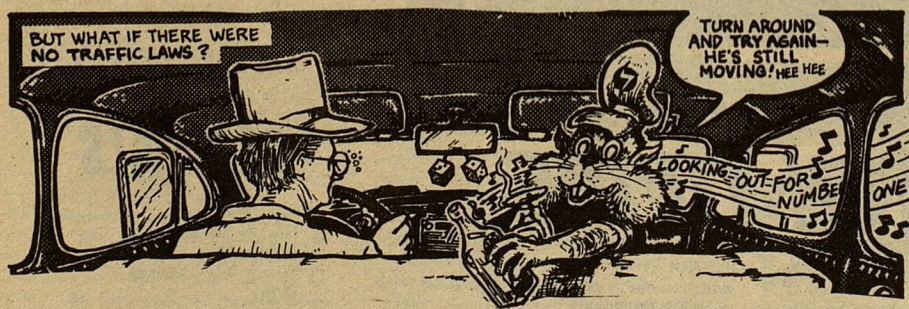
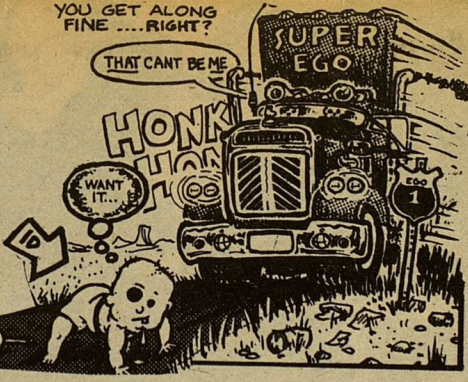
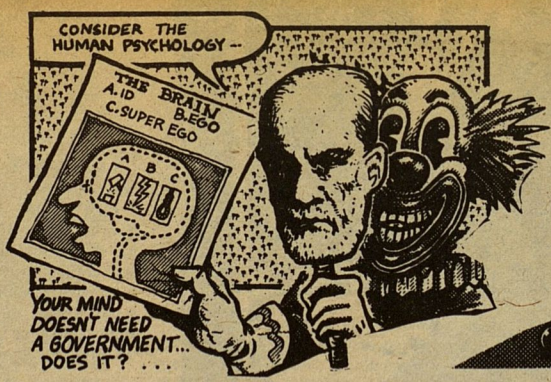
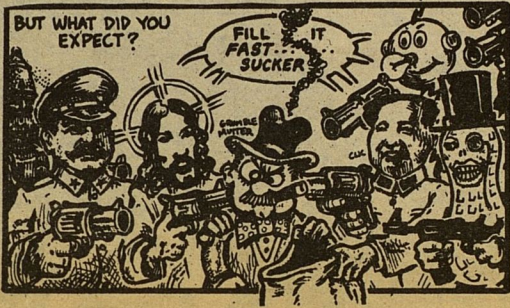
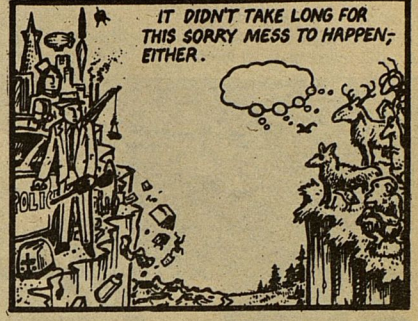
PAUL MANRIDES 1978

WHAT'S YOUR PREFERENCE: APOCALYPTIC BABYLON OR PLANETARY DISNEYLAND?

PICK YOUR POISON QUICK BECAUSE... **HERE WE GO!!**

TARGET GET ROTARY CLUB LUNCHEON GUEST SPEAKERS...

SPARKY AND BILL (REX) ON THE EXQUISITE CORPSE BY PROXY



"WHAT CAN I DO?" YOU ASK. TRY THESE TIPS ON FOR SIZE:

PRIVATE PROPERTY IS A DRAG!
BURN ALL YOUR MONEY!

THAT'S THE LAST OF IT!
DAS MUSSTE JA SO KOMMEN!
LONG OVERDUE!

BUGGED BY STUPID MORAL CODES? BURN YOUR CLOTHES!!

YAHOO
YOP

BORED BY MEDIOCRE INPUT? THIS

BURN COMIC BOOK!!!

BUT, THAT'S RIDICULOUS! MERELY PLAYING WITH MATCHES... SOCIAL ORDER IS NEEDED ELSE KULTURE END AND PROFITS HALT!

SPUT... SPUT... RANT... RANT... RAVE... RAVE...

NOTHING'S FREE — AND THE SOONER YOU PAY, THE BETTER. ALL MUST SACRIFICE AND COMPROMISE FOR THE GOOD THINGS!

MOLOCH

SCARE MANGLE

MODERN SOCIETY DOESN'T WANT WAR, WE'RE JUST CONCERNED WITH IMPROVING OUR LIVES... REGARDLESS OF THE COST!

SNIF... AW... G-GOLD!!

WHOMP WHAM POW

YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR, I GUESS. ANYWAY, THERE'S ALWAYS THE MOON HA HA HA

I FIRST!

NO, ME!

QUIT THINKING LIKE A GET! YOU CONTROL THE HORIZON... YOU CONTROL THE VERTICAL!

ELECTRON BONDAGE HAS GONE ON LONGER... PULL THIS DAMN THING OFF!

OH DEAR... IT'S THE SECRET POLICE!

CRASH BANG

No, please... we're happy here... NO- PLEASE... REALLY! NO...

THIS BURG'S BEEN LIBERATED, SISTER! YOU MIGHT AS WELL ACCEPT IT...

WE COULD USE A LITTLE DIGNITY AROUND HERE—AND IT IS KIND OF CUTE...

REMEMBER, SABOTAGE BEGINS AT HOME!

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

ZIT ZIT ZIT ZIT ZIT ZIT ZIT ZIT ZIT ZIT

LEAVE HIM ALONE YOU CRUMB!

N-Now! HOLD ON! STAY BACK — HOW BOUT SOME TUNA TWIST? A BETA MAX? NO! YOUR FREEZER WILL GO OFF! NO! NO!

BANG

THAT WAS EASY!

..FUN, TOO!

LOOK! LOOK HERE! RIGHT OUTSIDE THIS PANEL! — IT'S A GENERAL STRIKE!

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! WE QUIT!!

HEY!

HEY! NOW WAIT JUST A DARN MINUTE! TEARING DOWN CIVILIZATION IS TERRIFIC — BUT WHAT WILL REPLACE IT?

HUH? POP? WHAT- YEAH!

WHY, WE'LL BUILD A NEW CO-OPERATIVE ONE WITH THESE!

WOO WOO

ZBHSRT PPTZPLMY

TINKERTOYS

C'MON! JOIN THE FOLKS WHO HAVE NO CLASS!

AND SO... DON'T SETTLE FOR LIFE AS A HAMBURGER HELPER! WE'RE MAKING A NEW WORLD—AND LOVING IT! YOU CAN TOO!

DING! DING!

GO AHEAD... YANK THAT PLUG TODAY!

DO IT NOW!

SHOULD A GENTLEMAN OFFER A LADY AN OVERTHROW?



STIV BATORS
of the LATE
DEAD BOYS
GAVE ONE TO
BROOKE
SHIELDS
AND
LOOK
WHAT
HAPPENED!!!

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

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