

July '79

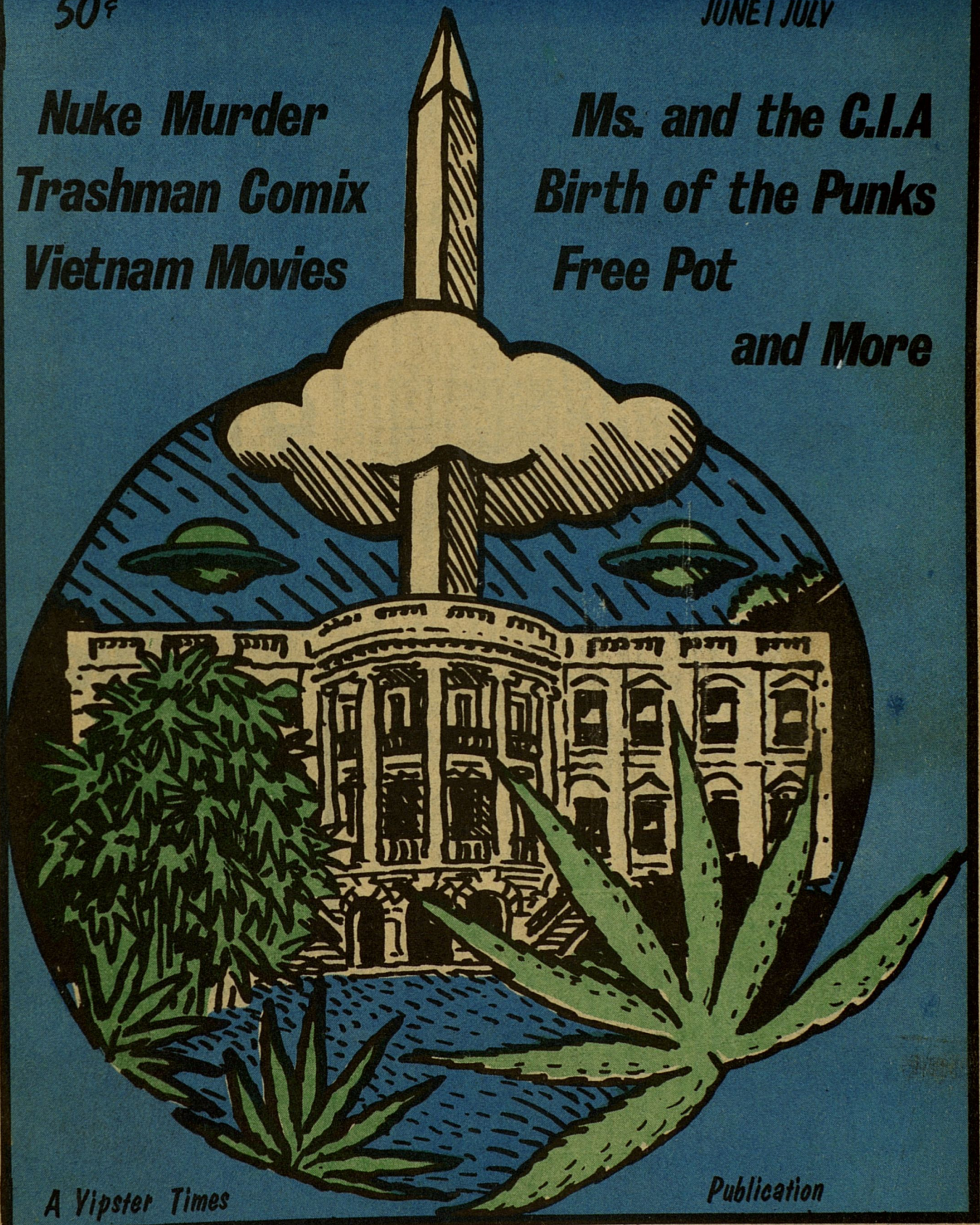
OVERTHROW

50¢

JUNE | JULY

Nuke Murder
Trashman Comix
Vietnam Movies

Ms. and the C.I.A
Birth of the Punks
Free Pot
and More



A Yipster Times

Publication

Overthrow



NASA ADMITS SKY-LAB IS A BOMB!

A group of Washington-based computer buffs is claiming that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's reassurances that the falling Skylab space station is not harmful are a cover-up, and that in reality the man-made meteorite will crash into earth with the explosive force of an atomic bomb. The group, Chicken Little Associates, Inc., charge NASA with irresponsibility in planning for the Skylab crashdown, and now, failure to warn people of the impending danger.

NASA has been whimpering that budget cuts in the Skylab project forced them to eliminate their original plans for a system that could have kept the boxcar-sized, 77-ton space station from falling. Instead, they gambled that this small asteroid would not turn into a monster missile before a space shuttle could reach it and boost it into a higher orbit for safekeeping. They lost that gamble when sunspot activity caused the outer atmosphere to expand and drag Skylab down much faster than anticipated.

Sam Greenlaw of Chicken Little agrees with NASA's prediction that only five or six pieces of Skylab will weigh over a ton. NASA spokesmen say, however, that these pieces will impact at no more than 300 mph; Greenlaw says they may be going as

fast as 1,700 mph when they hit the Earth. That's faster than a bullet from a high-powered rifle, and in Chicken Little's worst-case assessment, the largest chunk (5,000 lbs) will make a crater three quarters of a mile in diameter. In all recorded history, Earth has never been hit by a meteor that large, Greenlaw says.

Chicken Little has received only limited coverage in this country. Their biggest press has been in Brazil. After the reentry and breakup of a satellite several years ago, nine relatively small pieces came down in that country at speeds exceeding the sound barrier. They made nine closely-followed sonic booms that, in Greenlaw's words, "scared the shit out of everybody within a hundred miles." It is therefore understandable that Brazilian media are inclined to pay more respectful attention to Chicken Little, whereas United States journalists seem to think for the most part that Chicken Little is an amusing group of eccentrics with a cute name.

The critical point in Skylab's descent, according to William J. O'Donnell, chief of NASA's Media Services Branch, will come when it slips to about 100 miles altitude. At that point the atmospheric drag will increase drastically, and the end will come within a few days. Skylab will probably start breaking up and burning at

about 64 miles altitude. Of the thousands of pieces that result, O'Donnell says, several hundred will reach the ground. Most of these will be under ten pounds, a lot of it consisting of sheet metal—aluminum skin from the exterior, partitions and bulkheads, solar panels, etc. In a February news conference, one NASA official made the mistake of saying they would "float gently down". While these pieces of sheet metal may not come screaming down like buzz saws, the idea that they will flutter down like the gentle leaves of autumn is clearly ridiculous.

NASA officials repeat that most of the pieces will weigh less than ten pounds as though they think it should have a soothing effect on the public. Greenlaw sneers at this. "When you wear a hardhat on a construction site, it's not to protect you from falling girders but from falling rivets or tools that could hit you on the head and kill you," he points out. "Rivets weigh a lot less than ten pounds, and they are falling from a building, not from orbit."

"Furthermore," says Greenlaw, "the solar panels are going to delaminate into thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands, of pieces of glass."

NASA admits that even an hour before crashdown their prediction of where the

center of mass of the cloud of debris will land will carry the qualification, "plus or minus 600 miles in either direction." The debris is expected to spread out and rain down over thousands of square miles.

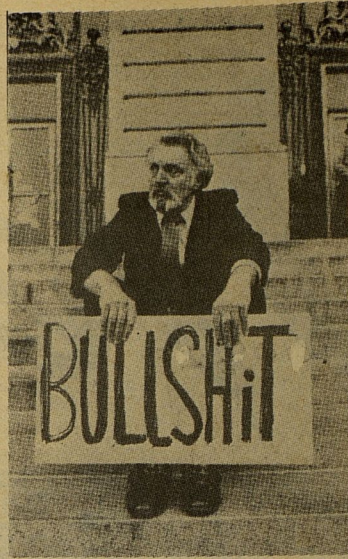
Chicken Little does not claim that a catastrophe will happen. They merely claim that NASA is feeding us the same kind of crap that the government and industries have been feeding us for years—telling us a lot of small lies and reassuring us that the dangers they can't deny have an infinitesimal likelihood of turning into a catastrophe.

The folks at Chicken Little are pursuing their gadfly role largely out of idealism; they're certainly not in it to make money. To pay for the operation, they have been selling monthly computer printouts of Skylab's orbit and probable crashdown areas. Subscription to this service costs \$100. So far they have more than a dozen takers, but that does little to defray their expenses. Greenlaw has sunk \$5,000 of his own money into the venture. They are hoping to recoup some of their losses by selling Skylab crashdown t-shirts.

As the death-watch on Skylab nears its dramatic conclusion toward the end of June, a lot of people will be watching to see if Chicken Little was right.

by Robert Ebisch

photos by Lynda Gordon



July 4 – the whole universe is watching

by SHAY ADDAMS

Reports of UFO sightings in the Washington, D. C. skies have reached epidemic proportions since word of the 1979 national Smoke-In somehow leaked out. Several incidents have occurred in the vicinity of the White House itself and in at least one case, objects with glowing purple and turquoise lights buzzed the White House itself in full view of at least 1800 tourists from Nebraska, hash capital of the Midwest.

Though no official explanation has been offered by any governmental agency, many on-the-scene observers tie the phenomenon in directly with the Smoke-In itself. The UFOs have only been seen in the areas of the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, and the DEA building, all landmarks which have traditionally been the targets of the annual Smoke-In demonstrators.

An uninformed source close to the source, however, hints that UFOs may be scouting the D. C. area in preparation for far more than just another close encounter. Some say that the recent sightings did not commence until YIP organizer Dana Beal (still underground after recently being indicted on trumped-up federal charges of involvement in an international dope-smuggling conspiracy) put word out on the YIP-vine that he intends to turn himself in at the White House Smoke-In this 4th of July as usual. When Beal turns himself in for conspiracy, the rest of the demonstrators will have the chance to participate in a truly unique form of Civil Disobedience by turning themselves in as the ultimate members of the conspiracy, the ounce-a-week potheads who are the real brains behind the operation.

Theorists suggest that the conspiracy for which Beal was indicted may have been more than international in its scope, that it was actually part of an inter-galactic dope-smuggling ring which has been operating in this space-time quadrant for several centuries now. According to this theory, the UFOs will be landing at the White House to nab Beal, who is reputedly wanted in several other solar systems on a wide assortment of dope charges. Not to mention crossing galactic borders to avoid prosecution.

Whether the Space Police show up to make this planet's first inter-galactic dope bust, tens of thousands of protestors from around the nation will be there, they'll be openly smoking FREE pot, and turning themselves in at the 4th of July White House Smoke-In to protest the Constitutionality of all pot laws and to demand immediate abolition of marijuana prohibition. Be there, and don't forget your shoes!

YIP Publisher Indicted

Yippie organizer Dana Beal has fallen victim to a Nebraska dope dragnet. Beal was indicted by an Omaha federal grand jury along with 23 others for allegedly conspiring to import and distribute 2 tons of pot, 800 pounds of hash, and 25 pounds of Thai sticks over the past four years.

Though Beal has not been seen in his familiar New York haunts since the bust, lawyers denied vehemently that he had anything to do with the smuggling rap, but claimed instead that the long-time radical organizer was being framed.

"The authorities have a long record of phony prosecutions against my client," said attorney David Michaels. "This stuff goes all the way back to a memo by L. Patrick Gray in December, 1972, that orders that sixty leading Yippies be "got-ten" by fair means or foul. This is a policy that has never been rescinded by any subsequent administration."

Many sources close to Beal feel that the charges are trumped up to remove him from the scene before the 1980 presidential campaign gets underway. Beal was a key organizer of the 1968, 1972, and 1976 demonstrations at the presidential nominating conventions.

GAYS REVOLT IN SAN FRANCISCO by Rick Slick

(MAY 21) San Francisco's Civic Center looked like a battlefield. Fires flared around the square, as smoke mixed with tear gas & the tac squad pursued a disorganized but inspired "army of lovers" protesting the verdict delivered that day by the jury of cop-turned-killer, Dan White.

A traditional gay protest march from their ghetto on Castro Street to City Hall, turned violent quickly when a handful of cops met them at the doors with swinging clubs. They exploded at the sight of the uniform once worn by the "murderer" of their martyred hero, Harvey Milk.

The police withdrew into the building, where the Chief and fascist Mayor Feinstein conferred while the riot squad arrived.

Banging on the doors and shouts of "the whole world is watching", turned quickly to "Dump Dianne" and screams for "Justice." Follow four hours of rampage.

All windows on the side of the building facing the mob are shattered. The front doors are demolished as the police watch helplessly inside, twenty feet away. Shrubs,

trees and garbage cans are set ablaze. Police cars within range of the mob are ravaged and torched, their triggered sirens filling the air with a wailing chorus. Fire trucks that attempted to reach them are attacked with rocks and taunts of "Dan White was a fireman."

At the height of the fury, the night was lit by the blaze of a dozen cop cars in a row, while groups skirmished with tac squads in several fronts. "Fight back!" became the dominant chant.

Finally, the riot squads began their maneuvers, and the skirmishes spread to the government buildings and businesses surrounding the square. The mob was divided into a hundred fighting units. Fires, smashed windows, trashing and looting spread until the groups became too small to protect themselves. Most hopped busses and headed back from whence they came: Castro Street.

At one a.m., while the fires in the Civic Center smoldered, squad cars loaded with riot cops stormed the bars on Castro with

flailing clubs and shouts of "Bonsai" & "Sick cocksuckers." They ordered the bars shut down and forcibly ejected everyone into the street. Those who didn't move fast enough were clubbed, along with the protesting bartenders and owners. Windows and furniture were destroyed on their way out.

On the street, the ejected drinkers united once again into an offensive mob of bottle-throwing faggots & dykes. The cops were forced out of the neighborhood in an embarrassing confrontation being described by the department as "Chief Mullen's Retreat."

The next night, this same mob gathered again on Castro, closed the street with human barricades, and had a peaceful party to honor the 49th birthday of Harvey Milk.

In a prearranged deal, police remained outside the neighborhood, while the event was monitored by community groups. At midnight, the music faded, the street cleared calmly, and the Castro started to live with the idea of gay power.



photo by Stan Sierakowski

A few of the several thousand demonstrators at the Shoreham, NY, nuke site June 3

Nuke Protesters Set Free

(JUNE 7) A Suffolk County District Court judge, Stewart Namm, dismissed all charges against the 24 protesters being held at the County Jail in Riverhead, L.I., who had refused to identify themselves following their arrest Sunday for trespassing on a construction site of the Long Island Lighting Company's nuclear power plant in Shoreham.


Judge Namm told all 24 protesters, 20 of whom had been fasting while in the jail, that he did not believe they were truly in contempt of court for refusing to identify themselves properly, and that he did not see any use in their returning to jail.

The Long Island Lighting Company described the judge's ruling as a "miscarriage of justice."

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photo by Mark Duncan



Overthrow

member APS

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SPECIAL THANKS TO JESSIE JASON FOR PASTE-UP & TO DAVID CLAYTON. ★ POSTER DESIGN by WALTER KEAGAN



by Nancy Borman
reprinted from the *Village Voice*

At Random House on March 15, 1976, *Feminist Revolution* was just another women's book in production. It consisted of a multifaceted analysis of the women's liberation movement edited by members of Redstockings, an early radical feminist group. A self-published edition released the previous fall had stirred up controversy with its indictment of liberals, lesbian pseudo-leftists, and foundation grant feminists. But 5000 copies had sold out.

Part of the book—some say the most interesting part—was titled "Agents, Opportunists and Fools". It attempted to link the CIA and the corporate establishment to several individuals and institutions connected with Ms. Magazine, hardly frightening material for the publishers, through a subsidiary, Knopf, of *The CIA and the Intelligence*. *Feminist Revolution* had passed an initial libel reading by Random House's legal department on March 2nd, and a contract was signed in the office that March morning. Twenty thousand copies of the book were scheduled to hit the stores in June.

That afternoon, an unannounced visitor appeared in the citadel of the free press. A presumably angry Gloria Steinem asked to see Random House president Robert Bernstein. She was there to hand-deliver a letter from her attorney threatening to sue for libel unless the chapter on the CIA was removed from the book.

No one knows what Steinem and Bernstein said in their private meeting, and it may have been just coincidence that, within weeks Random House was blitzed with similar threats from other people and groups mentioned in the CIA chapter: Clay Felker, Women's Action Alliance, Warner Communications, Franklin Thomas, the Overseas Education Fund of the League of Women Voters, and Katherine Graham. But, in any case, publication of *Feminist Revolution* was delayed nearly three years; the printing run was cut to 12,500, despite 13,000 advance orders; and when the book was finally released last month, the chapter on Gloria Steinem and the CIA had been deleted in its entirety. Somehow, the word "abridged" on the cover fails to answer the question: What happened?

On March 21st, of this year, six weeks after *Feminist Revolution* was finally published, five members of Redstockings held a press conference to argue that their book would be better described as "censored." Katie Sarachild, Colette Price, Carol Hanisch, Sherry Lipsky, and Jane Barry said that at first they had been astonished that Random House caved in to pressure to ax the chapter.

But they also laid the blame on Steinem and her associates for using "libel" claims to stifle debate within the women's movement and to suppress embarrassing infor-

mation about themselves. Price pointed out that the Zenger trial, which launched the American tradition of freedom of the press, was a libel case.

The near-total blackout on the Steinem/Random House censorship story is reminiscent of the level of enthusiasm Redstockings encountered when they first tried to get coverage for the story of Steinem and the CIA.

Their 16-page tabloid "press release" charging that Steinem had covered up a 10-year association with the CIA and that Ms. magazine, which she had founded, was endangering the women's liberation movement struck the 1975 MORE conference like a new war coming over the wire. The hotel was abuzz and people snatched up the releases, but when it came to actually writing the story, nearly everyone bowed out. One reporter criticized the women for not obtaining Steinem's side of the story before publishing the release. Others skimmed the material and dismissed it as old news, which was partially true. Still others thought it was McCarthyistic both in tone and casual conclusions.

In 1967 both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* has carried interviews with Steinem in the wake of *Ramparts'* expose of CIA funding of the National Student Association and other organizations. Steinem was the founder and director of one of those groups, Independent Research Service, for which she had solicited and obtained CIA money to carry out covert operations at Communist youth festivals in Vienna and Helsinki in 1959 and 1962. Unlike most of the other principals in the scandal, who had repudiated their past work with the agency and turned over information to the press, Steinem defended her secret deal with the CIA, calling the undermining of the youth festivals "the CIA's finest hour."

Random House first learned of *Feminist Revolution* in January 1976, when Betty Friedan mentioned it to her editor James Silberman, also Random House vice president, publisher, and editor-in-chief. Random House eagerly bought the manuscript, offering the authors a \$12,000 advance and a June publication date, pending the outcome of a libel reading by an outside law firm, Weil, Gotshal & Manges. Of the lawyers' few objections, the only one that involved the chapters on the CIA was Redstockings' charge that a particular police agent had conceived of and pushed black community activists into a conspiracy to bomb the Statue of Liberty. Redstockings submitted further documentation on each point and no further issue was taken with any part of the book before the contract was signed on March 15. An editorial fact sheet was drawn up for the company's sales conference con-

firing the June 1976 pub date, and on March 18 the authors were paid half of their advance.

Meanwhile, some time between March 9 and 11, Random House editor Christine Steinmetz had sent out routine requests for permission to reprint a number of documents used in *Feminist Revolution*, including a classified ad which had appeared in Ms. soliciting data on men who support the women's movement, and a form letter from the Women's Action Alliance (a group founded by Gloria Steinem) asking women to send in detailed information on feminist projects. Rather than clear the way for Random House to include the two minor documents in the Steinem/CIA chapter, the requests apparently served to tip off Steinem and her circle that the Redstockings material was about to receive mass distribution. Had Random House not sent letters, Steinem might not have popped up in Bernstein's office on March 15.

Now, Robert Bernstein is not the kind of publisher easily persuaded to suppress revelations about CIA activities. He has a reputation in the publishing community as the white knight of the First Amendment. Among his extracurricular activities have been: chairing the newly formed U.S. Helsinki Watch Committee which monitors human rights on both sides of the Iron Curtain, including the "freedom to write"; heading up the American Board of the Index on Censorship; and membership on the boards of Amnesty International, the Fund for Freedom of Expression, the International League for Human Rights, and Writers & Scholars International. He's also been chairman of the Association of American Publishers Committee on International Freedom To Publish, and the recipient of the New York Civil Liberties Union's Florida Lasker Award for having "dedicated his personal and public life to the rights of man and woman everywhere to speak and publish freely without censorship or fear of reprisal." In short, with Bernstein at the helm, one wouldn't expect Random House editors to be trigger-happy with their blue pencils.

At least before all those letters.

Without anyone saying how they had heard about the book, or specifically what they felt should be changed, a flurry of letters arrived at Random House from some of the city's most powerful law firms on behalf of several people and groups involved in the Steinem/CIA chapter.

★ Women's Action Alliance, a tax-exempt information-gathering organization founded by Gloria Steinem in 1971, WAA's attorney, Jeanne Drewson, of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison, said in her letter that permission to reprint a WAA form letter was denied, "to preserve any rights of the Alliance or persons associated with the Alliance to pursue

INSIDE THE C.I.A. WITH



their legal remedies for defamation and libel arising out of the publication of *Feminist Revolution*." Although Drewson was pressed for specifics by Random House general counsel Gerald Hollingsworth, there seems to be no record of any further details.

★ Clay Felker then publisher of *New York* magazine. Felker, too, had attended the World Youth Festival in Helsinki and had edited the Independent Research Service's *Helsinki Youth News*, a CIA-funded daily newspaper. Felker claimed that he did not know about the CIA funding of the newspaper at the time, but as he told the *Daily News*, in 1975: "It was my understanding that this was an anti-communist effort. I was an anti-Communist and I remain an anti-Communist today." Felker's attorney, E. Douglas Hamilton of Hall, McNicol, Marett and Hamilton, wrote to Hollingsworth, warning that "the essence of the charge in the article is that Mr. Felker and his magazine [*New York*] were working for the CIA," and that this is "false and libelous." He says now he dropped the correspondence because he only meant to convey that the material about Felker was "exaggerated."

★ Ms. magazine, founded by Steinem and others. Ms. was criticized in the Steinem/CIA chapter for having "substituted itself" for the "original, authentic activists" of the women's liberation movement, and for pushing an alternative to radicalism. Nancy Wechsler of Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst represented both Ms. and Steinem in their dealings with Random House.

★ Warner Communications, which invested \$1 million in Ms. (virtually 100% of the capital although they took only 25% of the stock). Redstockings cited the Warner deal as an example of the "curious financing" of Ms. Warner was also represented by Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison.

★ Franklin Thomas, a board member of Women's Action Alliance (and recently named president of the Ford Foundation). Redstockings pointed out that he was the same Franklin Thomas who participated in the prosecution of the notorious Statue of Liberty bombing conspiracy case in 1975 that sent three black activists to prison. Thomas, who is also black, now says that he had nothing to do with the investigation of the case, he would not have authorized the threat of suit. He also says he doesn't remember how he learned about the book, but as Steinem's frequent social escort, it would not have been difficult for him to find out.

★ The Overseas Education Fund of the League of Women Voters, which conducts international seminars for women in Asia and Latin America. OEF was identified in a 1975 article in *Counterspy* as allegedly helping the CIA obtain dossiers on individuals and women's groups in those regions. They issued a denial at the time. Redstockings used information from the *Counterspy* story to show the CIA's interest in the international women's movement, without reporting in the book OEF's denial. Hollingsworth talked to Marilyn Richards in the OEF office in Washington, D.C., to try to pin down what parts of the book the fund considered libelous. According to the correspondence files released to

continued on page 5

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS TO BROOKLYN

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 murderers, 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, four-

th, fifth, sixth, eighth and ninth amendments to the Constitution. Attorney 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 horri-



fyng. 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 murderers."

"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

"I used to believe that America was a civilized country, but they treat the aliens here like dogs."

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-conscious 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."

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 Vietnam, 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 Vietnam 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 Vietnam. 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 there 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 Vietnam. 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 Vietnam are forgotten and Robert Garwood is sacrificed to the gods of war.

PAY NOW, LIVE LATER PUBLIC HOSPITALS UNDER ATTACK

by Pat Chess

Urban politicians fueled by the liberal impulses of the sixties have been replaced in government by the cost-conscious, budget-minded, neo-conservative reactionaries of the '70s who capture elective offices on anti abortion, pro-death penalty and anti-poor platforms.

These opportunistic pols are caught in the grip of Proposition 13 fever that effectively demands a cut in social spending to enable corporations to continue the rape of the land and pocketbooks of the indigent and a truly beleaguered middle-class. With "balanced budget" the cry of the day, it comes as no great surprise that city streets are swept less, there are fewer cops and firemen on call and that anti-poverty agencies have become relics of a forgotten and now disgraced past.

Most damaging of all cuts has been the reductions nationally in public health systems. For years, the existence of free municipal hospitals have eaten away at the profits of private and voluntary hospitals dominated by big, private medical colleges, which, despite the denials of the American Medical Association, are just as much into profit-making as General Motors.

It is no secret nowadays that the cost of hospitalization can wipe out a family's entire life savings. According to the Council on Wage and Price Stability, the cost of an average hospital stay is up from \$311 in 1965 to \$1,107 in 1975. The cost for intensive care is even more staggering. The treatment for a heart attack average \$4,330, while breast cancer treatment costs about \$3,440. Even a simple appendectomy averages \$1,400.

Profit-making hospitals and nursing homes now net close to \$400 million a year in profit. Built primarily in rich neighborhoods and rural areas, they often turn away the poor or uninsured, avoid setting up unprofitable emergency services as much as possible, and encourage admission of short-term patients to get a higher "turnover rate" of paying customers.

"People... are coming together to fight for the right to get decent health care without having to get a loan from Household Finance."

Most hospitals are still officially "non-profit" but are usually owned by private organizations that behave like profit-making corporations. They are non-taxed, and spend their surplus on flashy technology to increase their prestige, profits and attract big name doctors to their staffs. This, in turn, increases their market of patients. The rest of the medical industry is openly profitable—drug companies, hospital supply companies, construction companies and banks. Popular Economics Press estimates that drug companies spend \$5,000 per doctor a year in advertising to push their expensive brand-name drugs and discourage doctors from prescribing lower-cost generic drugs of the same quality. Their drug pushing pays off—the drug industry has been the first or second most profitable industry in the United States for the last 20 years.

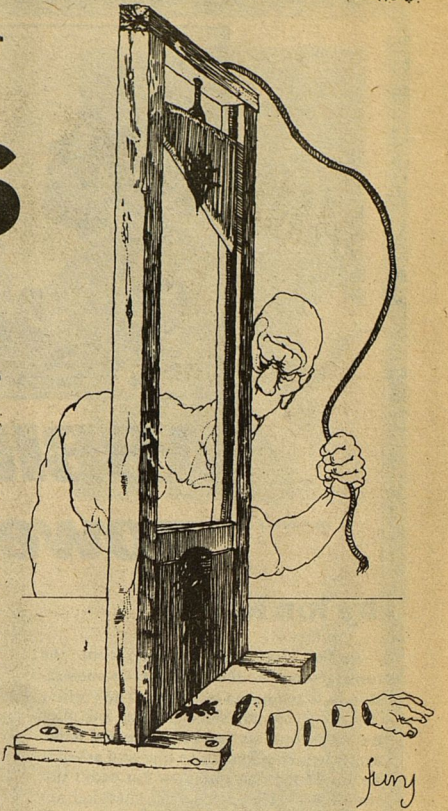
Free municipal hospitals are the last barrier to complete corporate control of health care in the country. And under the guise of budget constraints, municipal facilities in Philadelphia, San Diego and New York have recently come under attack.

New York's 17-municipal hospital system is the biggest in the nation and thus the largest target. It is estimated that more than one million persons a year with no private funds or Medicaid rely on the municipals as their only source of medical care.

Though they contain only one-fifth of the hospital beds in New York the city hospitals handle more than one-half of all in-patient cases and almost half of all emergency room visits.

New York Mayor Edward Koch, who has already come under repeated fire for his demonstrated insensitivity to the needs of Black and Hispanic residents, has appointed a committee to determine the best methods to close hospitals. He wants to shave the city's \$340 million municipal hospital budget by one-quarter and public health advocates fear that half of the city hospitals may be ordered to close. Add these anticipated cuts to awareness that four public hospitals have already closed in the last four years, more than 30 health facilities (such as child care stations, venereal disease and tuberculosis clinics) have been eliminated and more than 10,000 hospital workers (most of whom are Black and Hispanic) have lost their jobs and there is no denying a crisis atmosphere exists in the indigent communities in New York.

Koch's nefarious maneuverings have prompted the emergence of a dedicated coalition of hospital workers, doctors and community activists opposed to the cuts.



On May 1, they rallied in front of City Hall. More than 10,000 people heard the Rev. Herbert Dougherty of the Black United Front cajole the crowd to agitate, scream and rally against Koch. And more protests are planned.

"People who don't usually have anything to do with each other are coming together to fight for the right to get decent health care without having to get a loan from Household Finance," said one activist at the rally, "We want Marcus Welby to come to the ghetto and we want Ben Casey to take care of our children without having to pay them money we don't have."

Doctors in the Committee of Interns and Residents held a successful one-day strike in January to demonstrate their militant stance in the matter and there may be larger strike actions planned. "The situation is becoming intolerable," said Dr. Roger Schriber, "Health care should be a right, not a privilege."

Steinem cont. from page 3

Redstockings by Steinmetz, no libel specifics were ever made.

★ Katherine Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek*, was described on the cover of *Ms.* in 1974 as "the most powerful woman in America." "Feminist Revolution" brought up the \$20,000 she had initially invested in *Ms.* to support their contention that Steinem was installed as a spokesperson of the women's movement by the "rich and powerful." Graham sent off a note to Bernstein, which was characterized by a Random House spokesperson as "personal." Although neither Bernstein nor Graham would disclose the actual contents of the message, a Random House staffer who claims to have seen the letter says that Graham objected to references to herself in the chapter but did not threaten legal action. The tone of the note was described as "breezy."

According to Redstockings, the only objection Hollingsworth asked them to deal with was Thomas's because it was the only objection that cited specific language in the book. Barbara Leon of Redstockings replied to Thomas's attorney, offering to substitute a detailed quote from the *New York Times* reporting that "in helping prepare the case...Mr. Thomas presented nearly 50 witnesses before a grand jury to build an involved case of conspiracy and obtain indictments." Leon also offered to use another *Times* story that cited the Statue of Liberty case as a prime example of Thomas's "thorough approach" which led to his appointment as deputy police commissioner. That ended the correspondence.

Kathie Sarachild says that initially it looked as if Random House was backing them up: "The Random House attorney was writing strong letters to the people who were threatening to sue." So when, in a letter dated June 2, Steinem's attorney suggested a meeting to go over the section being questioned, the authors did not feel it was a priority to get their own attorney. "That was a mistake," Sarachild now admits.

Random House lawyers discussed the objections with Steinem's attorney Nancy Wechsler, with no one sitting in for the authors, on July 19, 28 and 29.

On July 29, Steinmetz told Redstockings that Hollingsworth had recommended eliminating the Gloria Steinem section from the book. Soon after, Redstockings received a copy of Hollingsworth's notes on his meeting with Wechsler. His memorandum listed 114 items which Wechsler had told him she considered libelous, covering nearly every paragraph in the chapter. Most of them claimed defamation through "innuendo," not through direct falsehood, Random House asked the authors to respond.

At the March 21 press conference Redstockings distributed copies of their 18-page answer to all the objections, which they had submitted to Random House on September 15, 1976. Reading both Wechsler's laundry list and the blow-for-blow rebuttal is enlightening. If Random House canned a book chapter based on Wechsler's arguments, some of us are going to have to be awfully careful what we say in print from now on.

Attempting to demonstrate that somebody contradicted herself is apparently a no-no—Wechsler protested that "Appendix II on page 154 coupled with the

New York Times quotation attributed to GS are libelous of GS in that they imply that she lied."

"Appendix II" consists of a reprint from a 1961 publication of the Independent Research Service which gives no author but lists Gloria Steinem as "director." The material is a list of participants in the Vienna Youth Festival, including one American, emphasizing their Communist affiliations. An introductory paragraph by the IRS explains that the bios show that there was "a far greater communist control of this event than the sponsors wish to admit." This statement was juxtaposed by Redstockings with the following quote from a February 21, 1967 *New York Times* interview with Steinem: "I was never asked to report on Americans or assess foreign nationals I had met." While it seems to me the quote cannot be taken as an absolute denial by Steinem that she ever produced "reports" or "assessments" while funded by the CIA, and might mean simply that she was never asked to, Redstockings seemed to infer that in making such a statement Steinem was covering up what seemed to be political dossiers.

Altruism on the part of a giant media corporation cannot be termed "curious"—Wechsler said it was libelous to say that *Ms.* was set up with "curious corporate financing." The Steinem/CIA chapter mentioned that Warner Communications put up \$1 million to capitalize *Ms.* virtually 100 per cent, but took only 25 percent of the stock in exchange.

"Rich and powerful" is apparently a character slur—Wechsler's objection number 16 challenged the statement that Gloria Steinem was "installed by the rich and powerful." Redstockings said they

were referring to Warner Communications, Clay Felker, and Katherine Graham.

Calling a government agency counter-revolutionary libels everyone who was ever connected to it—objection number 29 stated the sentence "Women need a revolution and the CIA's job is to prevent revolution" was libelous of *Ms.* and Gloria Steinem.

Comparing the U.S. government's rationalization of Negro segregation in 1959 with *Ms.* magazine's analysis of women's position in 1975 is hitting below the belt—objection number 41 was that excerpting Independent Research Service's whitewash of segregation from a pamphlet written for distribution to foreign youth implied that Gloria Steinem was a "CIA tool."

He who pays the piper does not, in fact, call the tune—Wechsler's objection number 52 was that it is libelous to "imply that *Ms.* allows itself to be used to promote Wonder Woman for Warner Communications." She said there is "no tie-in between Wonder Woman and Warner." Redstockings said the tie-in was that, through its subsidiary, DC Comics, Inc., Warner owns the Wonder Woman name.

Although Wechsler had not provided any documents to support her allegations of falsity or libel via "innuendo," Redstockings thereafter produced 31 documents, including letters, newspaper clippings, government publications, and directory listings which they believe should have led Random House to conclude that the section, as corrected, would not have led to a serious lawsuit.

★ Early in October 1976, Silberman left Random House to take a job at Summit



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

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 Brown?

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 become 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.



photo by Craig Silver

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

Washington D.C. Anti-Nuke Demo

MAY 6



photos by Stan Sierakowski



125,000 rally at the Capitol

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 thrusts 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.

NUCLEAR MURDER?

BY HARVEY WASSERMAN

A double shooting in Houston that resulted in the death of anti-nuclear activist Michael Eakin has sent waves of alarm through the Texas anti-nuclear community.

The April 14 assault coincided with a series of alleged acts of violence against other Texas anti-nuclear organizers. "There is no doubt," said Jeff Jones, a longtime local activist, "that there is an organized campaign going on here to scare off the anti-nuclear movement. The atmosphere is heavier than it was during Vietnam. It is very likely that this murder was part of that campaign."

Eakin, 28, was an active organizer of anti-nuclear demonstrations and frequently wrote on the subject of nuclear power.

A colleague of Eakin's, Dila Davis, 42, was seriously wounded in the assault. She is a technical editor at the Applied Research Laboratories in Austin, which shares facilities with the Balcones research center, which supervises the only radioactive waste dump in Austin. Davis has helped organize two demonstrations at the Balcones facility, one on March 31, two weeks before the shooting.

Eakin and Davis were ambushed as they climbed into Eakin's car parked in a dark and quiet residential street near the Texas

Opry House where they had attended a concert.

According to Davis, the assailant(s) pumped four to six bullets through the driver's side window. Eakin was hit in the arm, chest and throat; Davis was hit in the jaw. "They must have been waiting for us," said Davis.

Eakin died six hours later in surgery. Davis was hospitalized, but doctors decided against trying to remove the bullet from near her spine.

Though there is no evidence to connect the assault to the victim's anti-nuclear activities, Davis and other activists believe Eakin's death was a "nuclear murder." It is being compared to the 1974 death of nuclear worker Karen Silkwood, leading to a suit which is now being thrashed out in an Oklahoma courtroom.

Houston police have theorized that the shootings may have been a case of mistaken identity or of random violence. There were seven murders in Houston the weekend of the shooting. Officer John Barnes of the homicide division said "all rumors" will be investigated.

But Eakin's fellow activists say that the context in which the shooting took place strongly suggests a nuclear motive. "We've been waging a very successful campaign down here," said Tod Samusson, a member of Austin's Citizens for Economic

Energy and a friend of Eakin's. "I think the industry must feel threatened by us. Michael might well have been on to something, or it might have been an attempt to get us to lay off, but it's my definite opinion the shooting was related to nuclear power."

Other nuclear opponents in Austin, Dallas, and Fort Worth claim there have been nearly a score of beatings, tire slashings, threatening phone calls and other acts of intimidation aimed against them.

At the time of the shooting, Eakin was researching a story on Mexican oil, according to Jim Hightower, editor of the *Texas Observer*. But according to other sources, he was also following a rash of stories about alleged faulty inspection procedures at South Texas nuclear project at Bay City, a twin 2,500-megawatt Westinghouse project being constructed by Brown & Root.

The South Texas project has been the subject of continued controversy, including allegations that plant inspectors have been harassed by their employees, and fired.

Eakin was an active member of an environmental coalition that narrowly lost an April 7 local referendum calling for an end to Austin's 16% municipal ownership of the South Texas project. The measure lost by 936 votes out of more than 51,000.

TERRORISTS KIDNAP PRISONERS

by Ed Mead

On February 15th the administration of the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla ordered the transfer of eight prisoners who were considered to be leaders. The warden called them a "negative influence on the population" and had them sent to the Shelton Corrections Center some 400 miles away. The transfers did not go unresisted, however, as the eight and prisoner activists at Walla Walla struggled for their immediate return. The pressure created by these men reached the corrections bureaucracy in Olympia who, rather than rectify illegal conditions of confinement and return the eight to Walla Walla, ordered additional transfers.

On Friday, March 23rd, Ed Mead was awakened by a goon squad in front of his cell in the Intensive Security Unit of the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla. It was 4:00 a.m. He was told to dress and taken to the front office where a waiting car took him to Shelton. He was active in attempting to secure the return of the eight and had litigation pending against prison administrators on prison conditions. The following morning, again at 4:00 a.m., he was told to dress and taken to the front office where he met Kenny Agtuca and Al Gilcrest, two of the eight transferred the month before. The three of them were placed in leg irons, waist chains and double hand-cuffs. Guards armed with shotguns and sub-machine guns escorted them to waiting cars and drove them to the Olympia airport. At the airport they were loaded into a Beachcraft twin engine turboprop airplane that seated ten people (N22AK), chained to the seats with chains, locks and more handcuffs, and airlifted to a point that was at that time unknown. When the

three tried to learn their destination their captors refused to answer until the chained prisoners threatened to kick in the plane's instrument panel. Al tore off his seat to emphasize the point, at which time the prisoners were told that they were being taken to Marion. During the flight it was learned that the Beachcraft was Governor Ray's special plane and that the pilots were two of the four man security team that guards her when she travels.

At Marion the three were processed and taken to the prison's disciplinary segregation unit. Their personal property, legal papers and money were not brought with them. On Monday, March 26th, Mead and Gilcrest were taken before a hearing committee for the alleged purpose of determining whether or not they should be released to the general population. The committee claimed not to have any of their records and remanded them back to disciplinary segregation tiers for an indefinite period. They do not have cigarettes, toothpaste, soap or shampoo. As of the 27th they could not obtain clothing or shoes.

Walla Walla prisoners have a long history of resistance to the practice of involuntarily transferring regressive prisoners to out-of-state correctional and psychiatric facilities. In 1970 the prisoners were on strike when their leaders were transferred. They remained on strike until the transferred leaders were returned and they had won a watered down form of self-government. By late 1974 the administration had eaten away at the gains made by self-government that prisoners found it necessary to seize through the use of hostages. One of their chief demands was a stop to the practice of involuntary out-of-state transfers. The uprising was crushed with force and the demands were not met. In 1975 the George Jackson Brigade bombed the headquarters of the department of



corrections in Olympia and issued a communique demanding four things—one of which was the demand to stop involuntary transfers of prisoners to out-of-state facilities.

In 1978 Walla Walla prisoners protested the involuntary transfer of the eight when the organizer of that protest, Ed Mead, was himself subjected to an involuntary transfer to an out-of-state prison.

Kenny Agtuca has been taken from Marion by U.S. marshals and transported to Oklahoma. That is all that is known at present. It is possible the other two will be moved to points unknown in the federal system although they are state prisoners from Washington. All of these men are from Washington state and have their wives, families and friends there. People have a right to do their time in the state of conviction, close to their loved ones and the area of eventual release. The transferred prisoners did not cause the problems that presently exist in Washington's prisons, but merely pointed to their existence. These problems will not be solved by transferring those who point them out or attempt to rectify them by exposing them to the public. Kenny and Al were set up and ambushed by the prison administration during a supposed escape attempt. Each was shot several times. They filed a civil rights complaint in federal court and exposed the attempt on their lives to the public. This is why they were

transferred. Ed Mead was transferred for trying to secure their return to Walla Walla. The prison administration cannot stand an investigation of the attempted murder as Kenny and Al can rip the cover off their lies.

We want the prompt return of any prisoner wanting to return to Washington and an end to the cruel practice of sweeping a problem under a rug by transferring those who would shed light on it. People are urged to write letters of protest to Governor Dixie Lee Ray, Governors Mansion, Olympia, Washington 98502. Any level of support will be deeply appreciated. For more information write to:

Ed Mead #00246-045
P.O. Box 1000
Marion, Ill. 62959

Bob Newberry
Nevada State Prison
POB #607
Carson City, Nevada
89701

Micheal Hitter
#71198
1515 Gist St. CB-3
Columbia, S.C. 29202

Thomas L. Simpson
Latuna Box 1000 #96134-131
Anthony, New Mex, Tex.
88021

Herbert A. Smith
#148-213
Box 45699
Lucasville, Ohio 45699

Carl DeFreeze
#145-533
POB 45699
Lucasville, Ohio 45699

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

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 prison 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?!

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!

Komboa

by Paul Krassner

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

ed 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.

LIVIN' IN THE USA



DEAN ABRAMSON

(ZNS) Hundreds, and perhaps thousands of uranium miners in the southwest have reportedly died of lung cancer and other diseases apparently triggered by their exposure to radioactive particles on the job.

The *New York Times* reports that one study of 3500 miners—many of them Navajo Indians—has concluded that at least 160 of them have already been killed by cancer which was caused by their jobs in the mines.

The *Times* says that despite mounting evidence linking radon gases in the mines to the unusually high number of cancer deaths, mining companies in the area continue to insist there is no connection between the job hazards and cancer.

Kerr-McGee officials in the mining area are quoted as saying they have been unable to do their own studies because miners move around too much and are too difficult to track down for long-range studies.

In the meantime, a doctor connected to the project predicts that cancers and other diseases being caused by exposure to uranium today will not show up for another 20 or 30 years to claim more victims.

Harrisburg Residents Warned: Don't Be the First in your Age Group to Have Children

(ZNS) The Center for National Security Studies is charging that local and private police agencies across America have been trying to twist the public's perception of the anti-nuclear movement from a peaceful, non-violent, middle-class movement into a "potential terrorist threat."

The Washington D.C.-based center claims that this inaccurate portrayal of nuclear opponents is being fostered mainly by non-federal agencies, that is, by state and local police departments and the private security forces of electric power companies.

The center says that the various police agencies are linked together on a nationwide scale through the "law enforcement intelligence unit," a semi-private computer

network that exchanges personal background reports on American citizens.

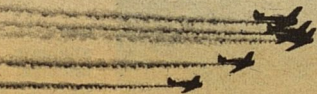
According to the center, the information being exchanged often consists of "inaccuracies and fiction" from "patently unreliable sources." Yet, the data is reportedly stored and acted upon by local police agencies as if it were "solid fact."

The center points to one incident in 1976 when the FBI is said to have learned from a "totally unreliable source" that motorcyclists and Indian activists were planning to seize control of an operating nuclear plant in Illinois.

Based on this unsupported report, the center says, nuclear power stations across the country were placed on full-time alert against possible terrorist attacks.

The center's study also notes instances where members of local police departments infiltrated peaceful anti-nuclear groups and then allegedly acted as "agent provocateurs," urging the groups to commit unlawful acts.

According to the center, it is in the best interests of some nuclear power advocates to portray the opponents of atomic power plants as dedicated terrorists.



(ZNS) Vapor trails from thousands of high-flying jet planes may be affecting local weather and crops.

Omni magazine reports that scientists in Illinois in collaboration with the National Science Foundation are currently studying a nine-state area—with Illinois and Indiana as the center. The area is an air corridor for at least 2000 jets a day.

According to Dr. Stanley Changnon of the Illinois state water survey, early morning jet flights form cirrus clouds which can change a normally sunny day into a cloudy one.

Dr. Changnon says that in the Illinois-Indiana area, water survey weather reports show that cloudy days have been increasing, resulting in lower temperatures and less sun for crop growing.

Changnon adds that fewer thunderstorms are occurring, which could also be a threat to future crop production.

LET THEM EAT REMS

(ZNS) State officials and residents may soon be able to decide for themselves whether radioactive wastes can pass through their borders if a bill just presented to Congress is passed.

Oregon representative Jim Weaver's bill would give industrial states the right to prohibit or regulate the intra-state transport of all radioactive material, exempting certain medical products.

Congress member Weaver says his bill is in response to four recent shipments of wastes from the crippled Three Mile Island reactor which passed through Oregon en route to the federal waste disposal site in Hanford, Washington. Oregon officials were not even notified of the shipments.

Weaver, who chairs the House Task Force investigating the Three Mile Island nuclear accident, is calling the shipments through Oregon an "outrage."

PBS Sells Out to Nuke Industry

(ZNS) The anti-nuclear *Critical Mass Journal* is reporting that "tremendous

pressure" exerted by the nuclear industry apparently caused dozens of public stations across the United States not to air a TV documentary that was critical of nuclear power.

The program in question, offered by the Public Broadcasting System, was titled "Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang." It includes interviews with people who were exposed to radioactive fallout in the 1950's who later contracted leukemia and other terminal diseases.

The *Critical Mass Journal* says its own survey of PBS stations around the nation found that at least 96% of the stations did not broadcast the Jacobs program during its recommended time slot, and that many killed the program entirely.

In St. Louis, for instance, the show was withdrawn just one minute before it was to go on the air. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* later reported that it had been withdrawn due to pressure from the Union Electric Company, which is building a nuclear power plant near St. Louis.

Critical Mass Journal says that representatives of such companies as Kerr-McGee, Allied General Nuclear Services and numerous utility companies met privately with PBS stations in their areas and lobbied vigorously against the program being shown.

Twinkies Linked To Murder

(ZNS) The makers of Hostess Twinkies are reacting with a mixture of outrage and amusement at allegations that eating too many twinkies just might turn some people into crazed killers.

The so-called "twinkie defense" was employed with success this week by attorneys representing former San Francisco supervisor Dan White. White's defense team had contended that White had stuffed himself with Twinkies and other junk foods shortly before he shot Mayor George Moscone and supervisor Harvey Milk to death in their offices last year.

White's attorney argued that the sugary ingredients of the junk foods increased White's depressed state of mind, causing him to commit the murders with "diminished capacity" to judge right and wrong.

The jurors found White guilty of the lowest possible charge, voluntary manslaughter, instead of first or second degree murder. Now attorneys for a second murder defendant in San Francisco say that they too will use the "twinkie defense," contending that their client was also under the influence of too many junk foods when he reportedly committed his act.

Back in Rye, New York, the folks at ITT-Continental Baking Company—the makers of the Twinkie—are terming the argument behind the so-called "twinkie defense" as being "absolutely ridiculous."

Continental's Paul Khan used such words as "poppycock" and "crap" in describing the idea that overdosing on Twinkies can lead to murderous behavior.

Says Khan—in his words—"eating too many Twinkies certainly will not make you a murderer..." but, Khan added, "It might make you fat."

Justice Abandoned in Texas

(ZNS) In what one attorney has described as "the most repressive political prosecution" since the Chicago Seven trial, three Houston activists have been found guilty of felonies that Texas legal authorities admit they did not commit.

The case of the Moody Park Three involves three Mexican-Americans who were found guilty of violating a Texas law that says anyone who "knowingly participates"

in a riot may be held criminally responsible for any felony committed by anyone else in the riot.

The riot in question occurred last May, when thousands of Mexican-Americans joined to protest the brutal beating and subsequent death of another Chicano at the hands of police.

The Moody Park Three were reportedly highly critical of the light punishment given to the police who took part in the beating, but maintain that they left the riot area—in which a number of demonstrators were arrested—before violence erupted.

The Three, however, have been sentenced to stiff-probations and fines after being convicted of violating the law by allegedly being present at the rally.

Lawyers for the Moody Park Three say they will appeal the convictions on the grounds that the Texas law is unconstitutional. One lawyer said he thought it was "the most blatantly repressive political prosecution since the Chicago Seven that I know of." He added, "If this kind of law is allowed to go unchallenged in Houston, it can spread anywhere."

EPA Bans Poison But Buys it Anyway

(ZNS) The Environmental Protection Agency has reportedly agreed to compensate the Chevron Corporation for its losses resulting from the recent ban on 2, 4, 5,-T products, if the company agrees to withdraw from a lawsuit against the agency.

The EPA recently ordered an emergency ban on 2, 4, 5,-T, following an investigation into reports that the herbicide had caused miscarriages in women living near forest areas near Asea, Oregon, where the chemical had been sprayed.

The 2, 4, 5,-T ban has resulted in the mandatory recall of many of Chevron's "Ortho" home and garden weed killers.

Dow Chemical, Chevron and 18 other chemical companies subsequently filed suit in federal court against the EPA in efforts to stop the ban.

Chevron, however, has now agreed to withdraw from the suit if the EPA compensates the company for its financial losses.

EPA spokesperson Robin Wood says Chevron has agreed to stop production of any materials containing 2, 4, 5,-T if the EPA will pay for the existing stock.

Says Wood, "In essence, we're going to be buying up their stock."

Sperm Banks: Taking Stock in America

(ZNS) The publication *Advertising Age* reports that sperm banks are becoming one of the faster-growing businesses in the United States.

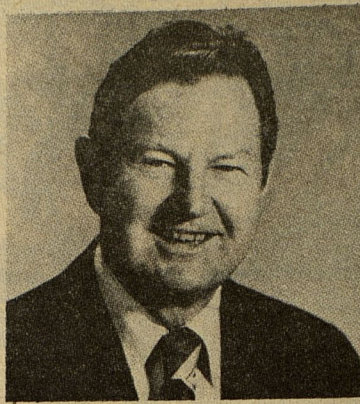
Ad Age says that commercial sperm banks are in operation and are growing in many major cities. It adds that two of the largest companies have already started placing advertisements in medical journals, trying to interest doctors in purchasing frozen semen to inseminate female patients.

One such ad tells physicians about its male donors, stating—in the words of the ad—"from the panel of excellent donors, you can select one for your patient based on blood type, ethnic origin, race, height, weight, and coloration of skin, hair and eyes."

Ad Age says that many sperm banks used college newspapers to reach prospective male donors—one major sperm bank has recently designed a new ad campaign utilizing fears of nuclear power plants. It promotes the idea that radiation can sterilize a male in an accident, and that having frozen sperm stored away is a way to insure a man's ability to father a child.



Columbus ohio RAR



Why was Ohio State University so uptight about a rock concert? A concert to oppose racism, at that.

Everybody is against racism. Aren't they???

In the mid-50's, after Nixon and McCarthy put all the communists in jail, the homegrown fascists turned next to rock'n'roll—"jungle music" was what christian crusaders called it as they publically smashed records. Many black rockers were framed and sent to jail, and white psuedo-rockers slipped into their spots on the charts, much as white discords are supplanting black musicians today.

White subbaiteas' race-mixing fears intensified in the 60's: hordes of whites took



top:
Harold L. Enarson
Prez. OSU

above, right:
Kid Koal
warms up

left:
students,
families,
punks, hip-
pies,
etc.

by Steve Conliff

Ohio State University President Harold Enarson could have become known unto history as the Man Who Tried to Stop Rock Against Racism; a symbol, like Bull Connor or ex-Gov. Wallace.

Squadcars were cruising the OSU Oval, and the first cops with guns I've seen on an Ohio campus in years threatened to either bust up our scheduled RAR concert with teargas or quietly arrest stage manager Fred Lappert, my co-M.C. Margaret Sarber and me for criminal trespassing.

Enarson's administration had ignored half-a-dozen Yippie Smoke-Ins, not to mention the whole spectrum of boring rallies. Now, in fact, Enarson's goons let us know we could have a rally with bullhorns, even pass out pot if we wanted to, but for Rock Against Racism, *no amplified sound*—i.e., no 1st Amendment right to assemble *large* numbers of kids for a multi-racial stand against the backlash.

Call it whatever you like," snapped Enarson, when I suggested the sudden hard line looked pretty racist.

May 11, 1979, was the day the statue of limitations ran out on our favorite anti-war riot, the one Margaret was acquitted of inciting. At 9:30 a.m., armed cops promised us: "No way, you'll have amplified sound on the Oval today." At 12:30, 2,000 people were screaming for music. The prompt appearance of angry leaflets and Yippies screaming into bullhorns may have fired them up some. But Enarson and crew were full of shit, insisting to our lawyers we somehow tricked or manipulated the crowd into the stand it took; everybody would get up and go away if only we'd tell them to.

Vote after vote we took, and the crowd roared unanimously: "Stay here!" Would they move if the administration offered us another site? "No!" Would they stay and fight and get busted and defend the organizers if we got indicted? "Yes!"

So the hell with nowhere negotiations, at 1:30 our truck rolled up and the Yippie army assembled the stage. Ready to die for our music. The administration was aghast. Quote one flunky to lawyer John Quigley,

law school prof. and V.P. of the National Lawyers Guild: "Is this the way you think things should be run around here, Professor? By mob rule?"

("Mob rule" was a phrase coined by Alexander Hamilton to describe Jefferson's concept of democracy.)

Enarson's administration was not yet ready to fight and die for elite rule and so backed down. We had music.

Now, it's true we didn't have a permit; nobody ever got permits for demonstrations on the Oval, though everyone knew that was technically illegal under campus disruption law pushed by Gov. Rhodes after Kent State. Neither RAR nor Yippie is an officially sanctioned campus group. There's a good political reason for that. The university had just revoked recognition of the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade because a person unknown threw red paint on a CIA recruiter at one of their demos. The RCYB meekly let themselves be thrown off campus. It made rotten theatre.

Revolutionaries, so-called, who ask the pigs' permission every time they want to do something, and then when the pigs say *no* don't do it, are not revolutionaries. I don't think people ever were turned off by revolution or scared off by Kent State. What turned people off was a bunch of chicken-shit psuedo-revolutionaries.

Eleven of our 12 scheduled bands braved the heat and played, they deserve recognition and support: Kid Kóal, True Believers, Brake Trouble, Mark Haines, Gary Bauman & Bill Riffle, Fortune, Joy Ryder & Avis Davis, Panic Squad, Screaming Urge, Twisted Shouts and Insurrection. Speakers included Harold Iron Shield on the plundering of reservations for uranium, Baldemar Valasquez on Ohio farmworkers' strike against tomato growers (and boycotting Campbell's), and a representative of the Stop the Shootings Committee on the wave of racist police violence.

Each band had a political message, too, and with one exception, was well received. It was their political message, in fact that caused that exception, Twisted Shouts, its problems: a black musician, annoyed at the lead singer's sexist insistence on calling

women in the crowd "fucking sluts," bloodied his lip, setting off a brief bottle barrage from the equally dissatisfied audience. High spirits were restored by a dynamite Kid Koal ("We play *nice* music;") set.

Later, Joy Ryder & Avis Davis, backed by Jerry Nolan drummer for the New York Dolls, electrified the crowd with what, for many, was their first favorable experience with punk rock. "They had fun with the crowd," someone observed, "instead of putting on New York airs for the hicks."

The final band, the esoteric Insurrection (RCYB Maoists whose theme song is "Death to the Shah") went off at 2:30 a.m. Those who could still move after 13 hours of rock music, hashish and beer dutifully filled plastic trashbags with their garbage, amounting to two vast but tiny mounds.

When the Yippies returned the next morning to reclaim it, our garbage was gone. Who'd want to steal a half-ton of Yippie garbage? Had Enarson transported it to the police property room to be bagged and tagged as evidence in our coming trial for conspiracy to Rock Against Racism? (Unlikely: arrests would shine through the blackout imposed by a news media whose attitude was exemplified by the reporter who, told we planned to defy the university sound ban, said, "That's terrible, you shouldn't do that," and didn't attend.)

Turned out somebody saw university employees scavaging through our garbage for recyclable aluminum. So under the laws of salvage it's now their garbage. It's pretty disgusting when employees of the nation's largest university have to scrounge through Yippie garbage to make an extra buck. They should fire all those high-salaried administrators and put the janitors in charge.

Our neat garbage and lack of destruction contrasted sharply with the thousands of dollars' damage done by a legal, university-sanctioned rock concert a week later: four-inch cigarette burns in the ballroom floor, shredded drapes, panoramas of broken glass.

People will police themselves far better than any police force can. Yes, we are ready for self-government.

up traditionally black pastimes like pot-smoking and shoplifting, while marching and fighting for civil rights and against the Vietnam war. During the Nixon administration a furor arose when the Federal Communications Commission threatened to deny license renewal to stations playing the Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit" and other rock songs "glorifying drugs." Oddly, there have been few complaints about the Carter administration FCC's threats to off stations playing political New Wave today.

Jimmy Carter was America's first rock'n'roll president. Endorsement by the family of Dr. Martin Luther King was the political key to his victory, but fundraisers by the Allman Brothers and other rockers was the financial key. Subterranean support from the Capricorn Records cocaine ring and *High Times* magazine helped.

But Carter quickly committed hari-kari on the twin edged sword of racism and energy.

To keep the white middle classes from revolting against inflation, it became necessary for the government to convince them somebody else (other than the capitalists who are the true culprits) is depriving them of something they need: thus, the damn Arabs have all the oil, the damn blacks have got all the good jobs, the damn Vietnamese have our POW's and, oh yes, the damn Indians are hoarding the uranium on those nice reservations we gave them.

Race Against Racists

It's time for the political pendulum to swing back. Time for some ramrod reactionary to step in to protect the corporations and country clubs before it's too late. Time for some Law and Order.

Today Margaret Thatcher; tomorrow Ronald Ray-Gun and the world!

Only one thing can stop (pardon the melodrama) a fascist backlash in the 80's, and that's a movement of black and white youth willing to take a united stand for freedom, like those of Chicago '68 and London '76.

Ever wonder why Great Britain didn't go fascist in the 30's, like Germany and Italy did? Every time the fascists tried to march in England, the labor unions and leftists confronted and overwhelmed them.

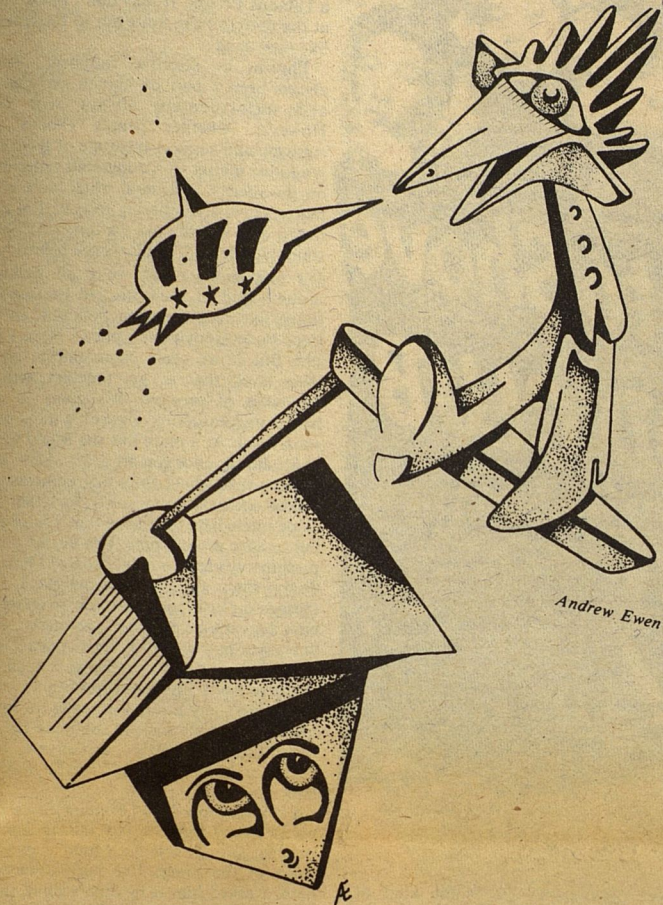
Fascism is what racism turns into when the economy goes splat, and the sad truth is you either stop the fascists in times like these when, as the Clash sing, "We're still at a stage of clubs and fists," or someday you find yourself facing tanks and bombers and men who may not think you're white enough. (You are? Can you prove it?)

But it won't happen here. We won't let it happen here.

continued from page 14

community life, combined with a measure of economic independence, laid some of the material basis for the emergence of youth cultures. The first overt expression in the working class were *Teddy Boys*. Adapting an Edwardian style fashionable among well-dressed upper-class youth (suits with wide-shoulders and narrow trousers, pointed-“winklepicker” shoes,

italism. The stylish clothes and types of behavior involved as an attempt to realize the myth of social mobility, the idea that the working class was becoming middle class and could “make it” if they worked hard enough or were “intelligent.” The motor scooter was the key consumer symbol. As someone once pointed out, the aim was not to get from point A to point B, but to look good on the way.



Andrew Ewen

boot-lace ties, etc.) they emerged in the late fifties era of the Tory slogan, “You’ve never had it so good.” The Teds were a critical exploration of the “affluent” culture of the time. The limits and suspicions were reflected by their backward projection into the Edwardian era and influenced by the fact that most were semi- or unskilled workers. In particular the Teds represented a critique of the cultural limits of consumerism and the deadness of mainstream culture. What shocked many people was precisely the indirect challenge to the ideology of practice of consumerism. They got mass publicity and even generated debates in the House of Commons about bringing in the army, because of their favorite practice of smashing up cinemas. The Carl Perkin’s song best sums it up:

“Well you can burn my house, steal my car,
Drink my cider from my old fruit jar,
Do anything that you want to do,
But honey lay off my shoes,
Don’t you step on my blue suede shoes.”

Teds chose to invest meaning in their own commodities, creating their own style, a pattern repeated right through to punk. They did not last all that long and oddly enough it was partially connected to the music. Teds latched onto American rock’n’roll. The British pop business simply did not generate any authentic home-grown equivalent to Presley, Berry, Gene Vincent and the like. Cliff Richard, Tommy Steele, and Adam Faith just didn’t fit the bill and all became “family” entertainers in a very short time. The Beatles and Merseybeat were Britain’s delayed rock’n’roll explosion. But this curiously had little effect on the important youth cultures that followed in the early sixties.

MODS AND ROCKERS

The most significant explosion of the limits of the affluent society was that of the Mods. They were the first truly mass working class youth culture, although they included a lower middle-class component often based on the Art Schools. As the name suggests they had a much more direct and living relationship with post-war cap-

These processes were made all the more clear by the sharp contrast to the group they are rightly coupled with—the *Rockers*. These two groups battled it out in English seaside resorts for a number of years. Although the confrontations were largely ritualistic they were enough to set off hysteria among the press and forces of “law & order.” The real confrontation was one of social style and location. Rockers, a less charismatic variation on the American “Hell’s Angels,” were a static and backward social group. Their primitive rejection of consumerism partially reflected their social base. This was primarily among small-town, rural, and unskilled sectors, compared to the Mods urban semi-skilled, and routine white-collar base. Unmarketable in capitalist terms, often drawn on by reactionary organizations to implement “security,” or “order,” not least at rock concerts on both sides of the Atlantic, Rockers have remained unsurprisingly similar to the present day.

The decline of the Mods in the middle-late 1960’s reflected precisely the deterioration of the imaginary social mobility. Living in perpetual hope that next weekend would be better, their unchanging material situation eventually sunk all the myths. All this was sensitivity, if retrospectively charted by the *Who* in *Quadrophenia*—the *Who* along with the *Small Faces* being the main Mod groups. The LP starts with lyrics like this:

*Every year is the same,
And I feel it again,
I’m a loser, no chance to win,
But I’m the one,
You’ll all see, I’m the one.*

[From “I’m the One”]

I’m getting put down,
I’m getting pushed around,
I’m getting beaten every day,
My life’s fading,
But things are changing,
I’m not going to sit and weep again.

[From “The Dirty Jobs”]

It ends with the realization that:

*You were under the impression, that:
that when you were walking forwards,
You’d end up further onwards,
But things ain’t that simple.”*

[From “I’ve Had Enough”]

SKINHEADS AND HIPPIES

It was inevitable that something like Skinheads would be the reaction; the name being taken from their cropped haircuts. From exploring social mobility images, there was a return toward the safer, even caricatured stereotypes of the working class. In marked contrast to the Mods, they were dressed as if they had come straight from manual work—heavy boots, baggy trousers or jeans with turn-ups, braces, and shirts with no collars. The music was also more uniform and regimented: reggae (well before international acceptance via Marley, etc.) and very basic English rock bands like Slade. They had none of the sophistication in dance styles of Mods. As one of the Slade said, their music was to “stomp” rather than dance. So the “alien” elements in dress and music were gradually eliminated. Mobility was no longer a theme. In fact, the emphasis was on home territory. The most common graffiti became things like “Liverpool Root Boys Rule” or usually some smaller geographical variation, right down to particular streets.

Skins also tried to eliminate other so-called “alien” presences: most notably attacks on immigrants and homosexuals. This was known as “queer” and “paki-bashing.” Serious racism became an important part of youth culture for the first time. Skinheads provided the emergent fascist organizations like the National Front with some of their street shock-troops. The abuse and actions were directed mainly at Asians, whom they considered weaker. West Indians were still “niggers” but partly respected for their toughness and common music taste. Underlying this was the reality that despite racism, West Indians were not all that culturally different. Asians were, and became a more obvious target.

Again the contrast was provided by the far more middle-class hippies. As previous models, they had a more consciously critical relationship with bourgeois culture. Rather than explore the images of what they hadn’t got, as in working class youth cultures, they rejected much of the basis of consumer society. Their cultures have been more passive and reflective, concerned with finding alternative “inner spaces” to the poverty of bourgeois life. They were despised by the Skins because of their looseness, diversity, and hedonism. Skins were re-asserting the puritanism and chauvinism that are features of working class culture. This movement in youth culture parallels the decline of affluent images in the working class as a whole. The mid-sixties saw a massive growth of unofficial strikes and other forms of working class resistance in industry and community as the economic crisis began to bite.

It was noticeable, though, that not all Mods drifted towards being Skins. The older, better-off and longer-educated often became what was known as “Smoothies” or even more working class versions of hippies. Class showed itself to be the most important source of variation in youth cultures: the Skin’s social location being primarily in the poorer sections of the working class. The ending of the previous polarized patterns was merely the beginning of a longer period (from very early to mid 1970’s) of diversity and fragmentation, where mass youth culture groups declined. This fragmentation was influenced by two long-term trends. First, people between 15 and 24 increased by 24% between 1951-69. There are now 8 million, with one million in further and higher education. With such growth there is bound to be divergence, with more regional variations and stratification by age. Capitalism was discovering that there was not just a youth market, but mini-markets within it; hence teenyboppers, weenyboppers, and the like. Second, the increased overlap of youth cultures is partially related to the changing class structure, the most important being the growth of lower-level technical and white color labor, largely filled by the sons and daughters of manual workers. The resultant mix with lower-middle class and other elements has encouraged social exchanges of taste and style. The products included less sharply defined differences in musical



tastes and clothes: particularly the fact that many working class youth are now into heavier rock, longer hair, and soft drugs, without the attendant hippie or counter-culture ideology.

Of course, the decline of mass youth cultures reflects also the inevitable blockages and circularity built into the process. If youth cultures exist as an expression of wider class contradictions, their very isolation guarantees they can not solve them. The extremes of images—affluence and ultra-proletarian—has been explored and there was bound to be an impasse. The social contradiction at the heart of youth culture is still present in a different form in the movement that has broken that impasse—Punk.

PUNK

Punk has never been a mass youth culture comparable to the Mods or Skins. But it has touched tens of thousands of kids and had tremendous social and political effects. Therefore it is worth taking seriously. Its origins are rooted in class and culture. At the level of musical, cultural influences the ground was laid by a combination of American garage bands and British “pub-rock” emphasizing back-to-basics and live performances, with the addition of the effects of the very different New York punk scene. This was concretized in the person of Malcom Mc’Claren, first manager of the New York Dolls and later the Sex Pistols. The first entrepreneur of Punk, Mc’Claren was influential in developing the decadent and nihilistic end of the punk spectrum.

But to deal with the immediate influences is in many ways to miss the point. The links to American punk are in many ways tenuous, nor are the Sex Pistols necessarily representative of the most important strands of British punk.

“British new wave music comes from underprivilege and class discrimination—its lyrics are bitter and optimistic. But America is too far gone, and its bands have retreated into selfish fantasies of individual reality.” (Parsons/Burchill)

We have to take into account of the declining material conditions of youth in the past years. Although this is manifested most clearly by the record levels of youth



unemployment, it also interacts with the drabness and “no future.” A number of bands and their most devoted followers have arisen from the big housing estates in the major cities. The need for white working class youth to fight back has been a central theme, notably in the Clash’s “White Riot”:

*Black men have got a lot of problems,
But they don’t mind throwing a brick,
But white men have got too much school
where they teach you to be thick.
White riot, I wanna riot, White Riot
I wanna riot of me own...
Are you taking orders or are you taking over.*

This may explain the indirect impetus, but it does not explain the cultural form. This has to be partially related to past youth cultures. The past few years have become more and more blurred. Music in particular has become more studio-based, emphasizing technical excellence rather than live performance and guts. Moreover

continued on page 16

by SEENA LIFF

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 snobbiness 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

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.

not merely an exploratory one like Mods or Teds. It is best expressed in the lyrics of Poly Styrene & X-Ray Spex:

You are just a concept, you are just a dream,

You're just a reflection of the new regime, You are just a symbol, you are just a theme,

You're just another figure for the sales machine.

I know I'm artificial, but don't put the blame on me,

I was reared with appliances in a consumer society,

When I put on my make-up, my pretty little mask is not me

It's just the way a girl should be in a consumer society.

In punk it is nowhere clearer that ideas are the style, they're worn. But unfortunately the anti-capitalist, anti-sexist, and anti-racist is not the only strand. Most of the punk bands have taken a stand against racism and against the National Front. Many have appeared in Rock Against Racism concerts (Elvis Costello, The Clash, Tom Robinson Band, The Buzzcocks, etc.) But alongside this there is a strand obsessed with authoritarian and decadent images, including militaristic and Nazi regalia. Bands like Siouxsie and the Banshees ("Too Many Jews for my Liking" from "Love in a Void"), Adam and the Ants, and to a lesser extent the Sex Pistols ("Belson was a Gas" was part of their later stage act), represented this

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

to. Essentially, any youth culture which is an expression of a system in decline will tend to combine individualistic, nihilistic (masquerading as anarchism), and decadent strands with the kind of collectively political and critical music of people like the Clash and Poly-Styrene.

Of course, in many ways the lyrics of Punk defy conventional textual analysis. The chaotic jumble of images and continual high-speed musical forms upturns existing cultural forms in a subversive way. It is not a question of how progressive or socialist the lyrics are, but of simply recognizing their subversive effect. This is manifested strongly in the denial of the usual love themes. But here again it carries contradictory elements, notably a violently sexist aspect. A number of punk songs carried sadistic and anti-women overtones: Blondie's "Rip Her to Shreds," and a number of Strangler's songs, including: *Someday I'm gonna smack your face, Somebody's gonna treat you rough, You're way past your station, Beat you honey, till you drop.*

And once again the Sex Pistols with the anti-abortion song "Bodies." Despite the a-sexual clothes and images in punk and the greater active participation by women, the machismo chauvinism of male culture was usually reproduced. There have been a number of violent clashes at Rock Against Racism gigs when women have objected to sexist songs by groups who wouldn't dream of being racist. This has sometimes

to (probably depending on their sunglasses). Bangs' remark: "So I saw David Johansen 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 fascist 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.

not been challenged by the organizers of the Anti-Nazi League and RAR, anxious to keep their large following of young working class lads. A parallel and often worse problem has been anti-gay attitudes. Tom Robinson has had thousands singing along to "Glad To Be Gay," at ANL concerts. But it hasn't stopped physical attacks on gay contingents at ANL marches and general abuse, or appalling articles like:

"Face to face, they're fat, fortyish, wizened Nazi-wankers having flaccid fantasies of butch, blond Bavarian boys resplendent in leather hot-pants...In rock as in real life fascism is the last refuge of bitter old tarts." (Parsons/Burchill in *Socialist Worker* 29th April 1978)

THE DECLINE OF PUNK

Punk is in decline and fast fragmenting. From within punk there have been the inevitable complaints from fans that its leaders have "sold out." But while the inevitable process of incorporation into business cycles and thins has gone on, it is the cultural and political contradictions mentioned above that are at the root of the decline. To break with the convergence and stagnation of existing youth cultures, punk needed to combine elements present in previous youth cultures (style, aggression, critique of consumerism, etc.) into a total critique that made punk important politically and culturally. But not only was

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ELITIST CHIC:



YOUTH IN BRITAIN

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it revolves round a star system where the lifestyle of the performer is obscenely separate from the fans. Rock has become well removed from rebelliousness.

This helps to explain the rawness and deliberate lack of sophistication of the music and of the dancing style of up-and-down pogoing. The movement started from an anti-star position expressed in the Punk slogan: 'No Beatles, No Dylan, No Stones in 1977.' Most of the initial publicity and links were made in home-produced fanzines, run often by working class kids. 'Gobbing' (spitting) at performers and each other, plus other forms of stylized violence should also be situated within this context.

The dress and other behavior patterns pushed a path between the previous styles of Mods and Skins. But while punk is not anti-style, as Skins were, it is not the affluent upward-looking one of the Mods. It is instead an eclectic parody of consumer culture, with odd bits and pieces (safety-pins, zips and buckles, bin liners, ripped clothes, fetishistic sexual outfits, etc.) combining with the more usual narrow trousers, baggy shirts, and spiky or cropped hair dyed in all colors of the rainbow. This *inverted consumerism* expresses a critical relationship with existing culture,

HOLLYWOOD REAPS 'NAM WARBUCKS

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 over-priced 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-bux 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 carting 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.

SPRINGTIME IN AMER

Atlanta

by Billy Swofford

ATLANTA—Despite intensive efforts by local police and media to suppress CAMP's Human "Rights for Pot-Smokers Reefer Rally" this past April 7, action organizers and 2000 + determined demonstrators from throughout the Southeast refused to be intimidated and succeeded in carrying out the peaceful action under the close scrutiny of the entire city of Atlanta. Police made the first oppressive move by warning CAMP organizers that only total abstinence of pot-smoking could deter massive arrests of

protesters. Deputy Director of the Atlanta Police Department W.W. Holley made this semi-veiled threat at a meeting requested by CAMP coordinators to attempt to prevent a reenactment of the violent incidents at last year's Smoke-In, in which 18 demonstrators were arrested by Gestapo-like undercover agents who attacked them without provocation and never identified themselves as policemen.

Officer Holley wouldn't deny that undercover agents would be present to make arrests. He even implied that they would again refuse to identify themselves as policemen if the slightest chance existed for a pot-smoking protestor to eat a roach or dispose of the evidence in any way. Repeated warnings from the local media

completed the sabotage attempt by telling would-be protesters to leave their pot at home lest they get busted. In two days, external coercion had threatened to eradicate two months of extensive preparation and promotion by CAMP volunteers.

A final monkey-wrench was thrown into the works by Parks Department officials, who informed CAMPers on Thursday that they could not construct a stage in Piedmont Park, the historic home of Atlanta's dope scene. Harried negotiations and a helpful word from the Unknown City Councilman managed to clear this obstruction on Friday night—"Reefer Rally Eve". On this foreboding note, organizers constructed the stage and went home to await the dawning of the Confrontation.

Saturday morning broke clear and bright; by mid-morning, the sunshine had driven the chill from the fresh spring air. CAMPers unloaded the sound system and secured the stage and concession areas in the early hours of the unfolding scenario. By High Noon, it appeared that the scare tactics had accomplished their goal. Ten mounted police and a dozen or so infantry reinforcements arrived, and their sulking presence combined with leering android narcs carousing through the area, threatened to discourage the meager 200-300 potheads already assembled, thus ending the rally before it got underway. After a hurried conference, organizers elected to delay the beginning of the festivities until a sizable crowd had gathered.



Atlanta Smoke-In crowd

Gainesville

by Herb Campus

Immediately after the DEA recovered an abandoned DC-3 pot plane on Bob Graham's remote farm, Florida Governor declared "war" on marijuana smuggling through his state. The enactment of much harsher criminal penalties against smugglers was to go into effect April 6th, 1979.

Long before the incident at Graham's International Landings farm, Judy Collins, an editor of *The Alligator* (University of Florida, Gainesville), received a letter from John Ganga. This marked the beginning of a bizarre chain of events for *The Alligator* and the marijuana movement. John Ganga, a marijuana hero, on January 16, mailed \$150 cash to the student newspaper and challenged them to a Smoke-In.

* The news broke quickly and more money and letter poured in—*The Alligator* began wondering about its legal responsibility in holding 'Smoke-In' money. Altogether, John Ganga wrote more than 8 carefully timed and worded letters to the college paper, sending a total of \$400 to sponsor this Smoke-In. *The Alligator* collected a total of \$820 for the event.

The question then became, "Who will sponsor the Smoke-In?" Mr. Ganga egged the newspaper staff to find an organization to accept the money to sponsor an act of civil disobedience. "All I can say now is," he wrote in his last letter to *The Alligator*, "It's your tea party, Gainesville...Toke-In! Toke-In! Toke-In!"

Everyone got into the act. Groups included We Toke, Tokers Too, and Law Students Who Smoke Reefer donated money and sent their letters to the paper in response to John Ganga. The Tallahassee-based lobbying group, People for Rational Marijuana Laws and a Little Justice got involved. NORML was nowhere to be found.

People for Rational Marijuana Laws landed the sponsorship, and, on Saturday, April 7, the day after Governor Graham's smuggling bill became law, it happened.

5,000 people bathed in the sun and showed their personal outrage that Bob Graham and Jimmy Carter continue to bust people for pot. It was a wonderful day for John Ganga.

John Ganga, it turned out, was the lingering spirit of a real marijuana hero. The spirit wrote the words, and an anonymous student handled the delivery to *The Alligator*.

"This was a project in a political science class, 'Motivating Motivators,'" the unidentified student said. "All I can say is John Ganga's letter worked! 5,000 people stood in public to legalize pot."

Asked if this clever class project could be successfully completed on other campuses, John Ganga replied with a grin and said, "Toke-In! Toke-In! Toke-In!"

Binghamton

by Debbie Doobie

Anti-marijuana law organizers, Yippies and other student groups would have made old-time anti-war activists proud with the consternation they caused the County government up at Binghamton, N.Y.

Defying warnings by Police Chief Thomas Rall that any Smoke-In would turn into a jail-in, over 200 people on May 3rd smoked dope openly with no attempt by the local police to stop it.

In New York State most criminal sanctions against small amounts of marijuana have been removed, but it is still illegal to have large amounts of pot, or to smoke it in a public place. Public consumption is a misdemeanor in New York State, and can bring jail time.

But students who want pot liberated were sufficiently indignant about a new New York State Senate Bill banning paraphernalia to light up anyway. Apparently no one dropped a nickel bag on a cops foot, so no one was arrested.

Instead, the County Executive sent an administrative assistant, in blue jeans. The Yippies and their allies from the Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition spent much of their day tossing

frisbees, or listening to rock'n'roll.

The program opened with a speech by coalition leader Howard Neil, who said that civil disobedience is the traditional method used to change laws.

But as the Yippies have changed their tactics, so have the police, who have learned that arrests frequently help the protesters by building public sympathy for their cause. The powers-that-be certainly don't need any more attention drawn to the Senate paraphernalia bill, which may be unconstitutional because it forbids the publication of pro-drug material, and is stalled in the Assembly for the second year in a row.

Philadelphia

by Marion Delgado

On May 12, 1979, *Yippie!* surfaced in Philly for the first time since the counter-buycenital demo in '76, with the Smoke-In that Everyone Said Couldn't Be Done. Considering Frank Rizzo's record as a fascist, racist autocrat ready to stamp out any upwelling of human liberty (witness the Search & Destroy treatment of MOVE), it's surprisingly more folk didn't stay home fearing arrest.

But for those of us who smoked out City Hall on the way to the Belmont Plateau, that Saturday shattered the aura of impenetrability Rizzo's Philly. We knew we had put dent in the police state apparatus. At high noon, 800 freaks gathered at 5th and Market to light up the Liberty Bell.

Aron Kay, David Brookman, and Dragonfly rapped about pothibition, racism, Disco and McDeaths. The rain, which had started the night before and continued until late morning, threatened to cancel the event. Indeed, many thought it was called off and didn't show up. A myriad of speakers, from groups including the Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients and the Black United Front, were scheduled to speak but did not appear. We were left with the volatile cultural freaks re-awakening from Pig Amerika's death drug culture.

The city's Red Squad in a last ditch effort to destroy the Smoke-In forced us to extend our planned mile-long parade into a Long March of 5 miles, which thinned out the crowd, to say the least. After we had left on the march at 1:30, scores of people still gathered at 5th & Market as late as 3:00, not knowing where to go. The police had allowed us one lane of traffic, so, equipped with bullhorns, we marched bedragged but joyous under the damp overcast, stopping at strategic points to roll joints, light up and regain strength as Zap performed *Yippie!* magick.

When we finally arrived at Belmont Plateau the majority of the free pot was given out while we listened to Ozone music by Rupert; the Rockstones, a Jamaican reggae group. Altho no busts were made and everyone got high, there were costly fuck-ups. The most severe blow dealt to our liberated zone came not from the pigs, but a Teen-Puke band who call themselves "Sid". After harassing us to let them play, they promised us the use of their sound system all day 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 UK.

Even with all the bozifications, the Philly Smoke-In was a success. For a *Yippie!* event, we received an impressive amount of media time. Three magazines provided unsolicited advertising, and two radio stations gave us interviews. But the most significant aspects in my mind were that there was enough pot; and except for the forced march into virtually inaccessible seclusion, the pigs left us alone.

While it was no picnic for the organizers, due to the 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 or Grateful Disco hipwazzee mentality, and foresee a

I K A 'UP IN SMOKE'

By 12:15 it was learned that pigs were arresting smokers on the outskirts of the crowd. Security members started concentrating on compacting the protestors, striving to discourage police intimidation. This strategy, reinforced by the long lines of demonstrators continually streaming into the area forced the police to eventually retreat to the fringes of the action.

More than two thousand pot-smoking protestors filled the area by the time the first speakers hit the stage. People were constantly cautioned about smoking, being alerted to the presence of undercover agents. While the first band, The Thirsty Dudes, were on stage, four students were arrested on the Hill by mounted police who galloped towards them yelling: "Freeze!"

During the day seven people were arrested, all on the edges of the crowd, far from the CAMP security positions. The second set of speakers exhorted the crowd to stand up for their rights and "light up for liberty!" Protestors rushed to the stage as the Unknown Activist distributed joints openly and the entire mass of bodies inhaled as one. Ed Rosenthal, author of *Marijuana Grower's Guide*, taunted police to arrest everyone in attendance. The pigs steadfastly refused and retreated under a barrage of marijuana smoke.

At this point, the battle had been clearly won and police intimidation no longer presented a problem. The rest of the rally went smoothly and peacefully with the dynamite rockin' sounds of New York

City's *Joy Ryder & Avis Davis*, followed by Atlanta's "XYZ". Rosenthal's fiery oratory condemned President Carter's hypocritical drug policy and CAMP Coordinator Shay Addams presented CAMP's position that marijuana prohibition is a direct violation of every American's basic human right to pursuit of happiness. Another CAMP Coordinator, Vicki Rosenbloom, pointed out the tremendous costs of enforcing the marijuana laws while the crime rate continues to soar, and Yippie Dana Beal, Athens, Georgia No-Nukes activist Ed Tant and Billy Swofford (local CAMPer busted at last year's Smoke-In) also spoke in the afternoon.

Mike Green represented the Libertarian League, while IMWD director Paul Corn-

well reminded protestors of the pot-smoker's duty to protest Pothibition. Gatewood Galbraith stressed the need for increased economic pressure as a key tool in legalization efforts, mentioning that legal pot would give the American farmer a new cash crop which could solve his parity problems overnight.

In retrospect, Southeastern CAMPers could not help but be pleased by the outcome of the event. In comparison to the previous year's action, there were twice as many people in attendance, twice as much marijuana consumed and less than half as many arrests (none by undercover agents this year). Next spring CAMP will fill the park, reversing the roles so resolutely that the police won't even show up.



photo by Eric Martin

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.

Dayton

by Pancho White Villa

The Dayton Pot Committee smoked out America's heartland with a legalization rally comparable in size to the national Smoke-Ins held in New York or Washington D.C. Despite threats, insults and lies from the Police Chief; intimidation by the Parks Department and the denial of a permit, 15,000 potheads still jammed Dayton's largest park for the second annual Mother's Day Smoke-In.

By mid-afternoon, traffic to the event had become snarled nearly a mile up the road, to the exit ramp and onto the highway. When the cops tried to close the gates because of the lack of parking, people merely pulled their cars to the side of the road and walked into the park.

By high noon the cannabis hordes began to pour in. Caravans came from as far away as Miami, Fla., Georgia, South Carolina and New Mexico as well as surrounding cities and states. They were greeted by a crowd nearly twice as large as last year's gathering and heard an international array of speakers including: Shay Addams and Vicki Rosenbloom (CAMP), Steve Conliff (RAR USA & YIP), Ed Rosenthal (California's American Harvest Committee), Gatewood Galbraith (Kentucky Marijuana Guild), Heather Morrison (Canadian Committee to Liberate Marijuana), as well as local speakers from NORML, the Dayton Pot Committee and anti-nuke and pro-choice groups.

Gatewood explained his plan to make marijuana a cash crop and to use it to save the small family farms. Ed Rosenthal proposed that an initiative similar to San Francisco's to be passed in Dayton which would deny funding to the police to make pot busts. He then invited the boys in blue to come back again next year, but this time to show their video tapes to the crowd as

home movies. The crowd vowed to join Vicki, every Friday at 5 p.m., in lighting up a number in unity with the thousands of heads still in jail.

As people filled petitions for the legalization of marijuana and against nukes and draft, a symbiotic wave of "hippy-punk" blasted the crowd out of their socks, on to their feet and had them dancing in the grass. The tunes were provided by groups such as Dayton's *Star City* and *Dusty* as well as new wave bands like the *Human Switchboard* from Kent and - *Joy Ryder & Avis Davis* and *Panic Squad* from New York.

By the end of the day, there were only two drug-related arrests. Both occurred on the edge of the park, behind police lines, away from and without the protection or knowledge of the crowd.

Nevertheless, the importance of 15,000 people attending a Smoke-In in Dayton, Ohio can not be overstated. It is as the *Village Voice* recently said: "Everything west of Buffalo is Dayton." Although that reflects a rather typical ignorance of big-shot eastern journalists, there is a grain of truth to that description. Dayton is the fabled Middle America. On every trash can in the city, it is proclaimed as one of the nation's ten "All American Cities." Dayton is well known on Madison Ave. as the test market city of the nation. Every trend is noted here and every ridiculous gadget and subliminal projection is first test marketed here. They then are filtered out to such diverse bodies as Kansas farm folk and anxious to be chic New York writers. As the *Voice* said, Dayton is composed of Mr. and Ms. Normal Average.

When 2% of the population of the Dayton metropolitan area shows up for a Smoke-In, a basically illegal activity, you have a trend. The Normal Averages are absolutely ready for legal pot. This was demonstrated further by the overwhelming response to the Smoke-In weeks before the event. People completely unknown to the organizers were spontaneously leafletting events. But, even more important, was the response of the non-heads; of the people

who do not use marijuana. There was little actual uproar in the community-at-large over the event being held. This is in spite of the rabble rousing of the mayor and the chief of police.

Amazingly enough, this year it was not the Revolutionary 3 Stooges Brigade who called the rally a Smoke-In. Instead, it was the Larry, Curly and Moe's in the city government itself. The organizers had all the intentions of calling for an educational rally, with speakers, legalization information, voter registration, entertainment and the American way of life. Surely, they were not about to run around with seltzer bottles putting out joints. That job is for the police. But the head of Dayton's finest could not resist the uncontrollable urge, to call it a Smoke-In. In fact, in denying the permit, Chief O'Connor called last year's event a "tremendous Smoke-In" with "90% (of the people) out there breaking the law."

San Francisco

by Comrade Tripps

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21st—Just one day before it was nearly burned down by rampaging gays, Frisco's Civic Center was the site of a serenely peaceful Day on the Grass, which drew 8,000 to a rocking 6 hours of music and speakers on behalf of the repeal of Marijuana laws.

Not only were San Franciscans celebrating the victory of Proposition W (the San Francisco Marijuana Initiative, which bars enforcement of pothibition by the locals), they came to cheer the announcement by Dennis Peron, author of Prop W, of his entry into the race for 5th District Supervisor.

"I've already won the election in the Castro (5th District)," said Dennis, a figure well-known in both local gay and pot politics. "If you examine where I got my 15,000 votes for City Charter Commissioner (while I was in jail!), you'll find I already have a winning edge in the 5th District. As supervisor I'll be in a position to throttle (Police Chief) Gain if he doesn't

lay off gays and potheads."

The Frisco police have announced they will defy the majority and continue to enforce pothibition to the max.

It turned out to be a colorful Smoke-In. Marmaduke (of the New Riders), SVT with Jack Cassidy, Pearl Harbor and the Explosions and Yesterday and Today kept a relatively tight show moving right along, so that between sets, what speakers had to say was listened to. Paul Krasner and Dana Beal, pieman Aron Kay, American Harvest Committee Chairman Ed Rosenthal, and Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver kept it all more or less short and sweet.

West Coast NORML honcho Gordon Brownwell sketched out the probable trend for the '80 elections: NORML is sponsoring a statewide version of the successful Prop W, joining Michigan and other states where initiative efforts are already underway.

Meanwhile, amongst the many concessions, the victory of Prop W was demonstrated for all to see, as organizers sold hundreds of joints of homegrown sensi, for a buck. Not far away, the Libertarians had a table with petitions for a proposition totally abolishing the SFPD Vice Squad.

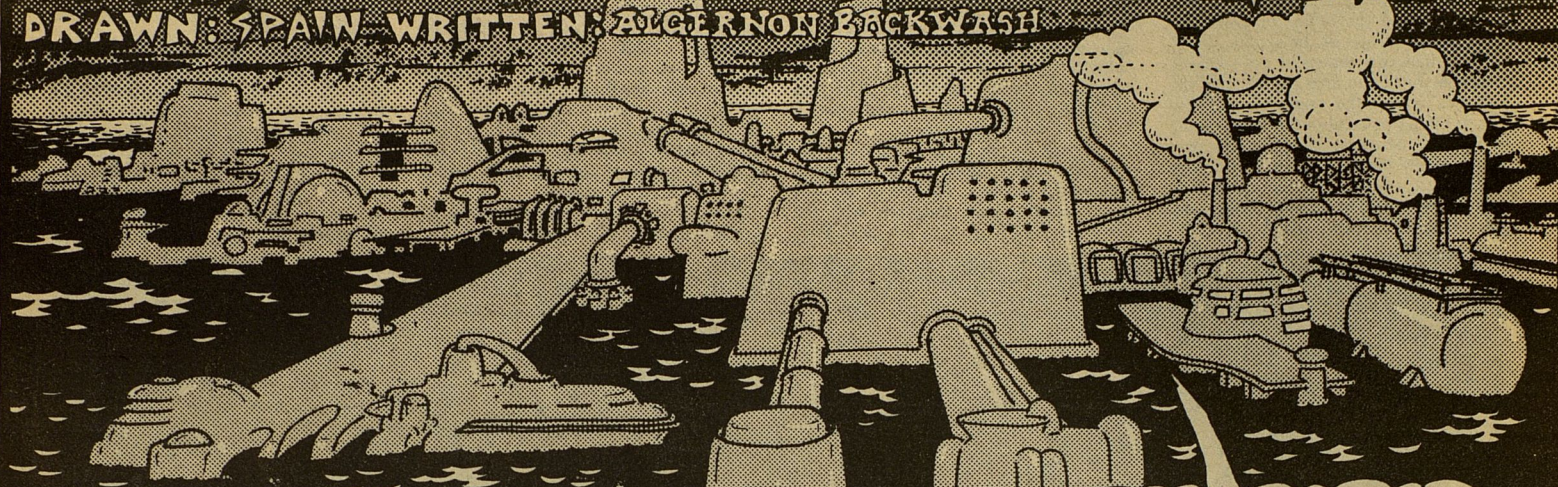
But under the surface good times, a deep current was already running. Speaker after which spontaneously denounced the arrant Nazism of a Court debating which degree of manslaughter to award confessed murderer, ex-cop Dan White, for the dual killings of Moscone and Milk.

"All I know is this," said Yippie! Dana Beal, "If you or me anyone here went in and shot the Mayor and a Supervisor, it would be Death Row!" Late in the day, a rumor ran around that White had gotten off with 3 years. A riot almost started then and there, before rumor-control squelched it. But the word was definitely already out, and the whole community was ready...

Other pro-marijuana rallies were held at the Nevada State Capitol on May 26, City Park in New Orleans June 9, and Capitol Hill in Seattle June 10.

TRASHMAN 6th AGENT of the INTERNATIONAL

DRAWN: SPAIN WRITTEN: ALGERNON BACKWASH

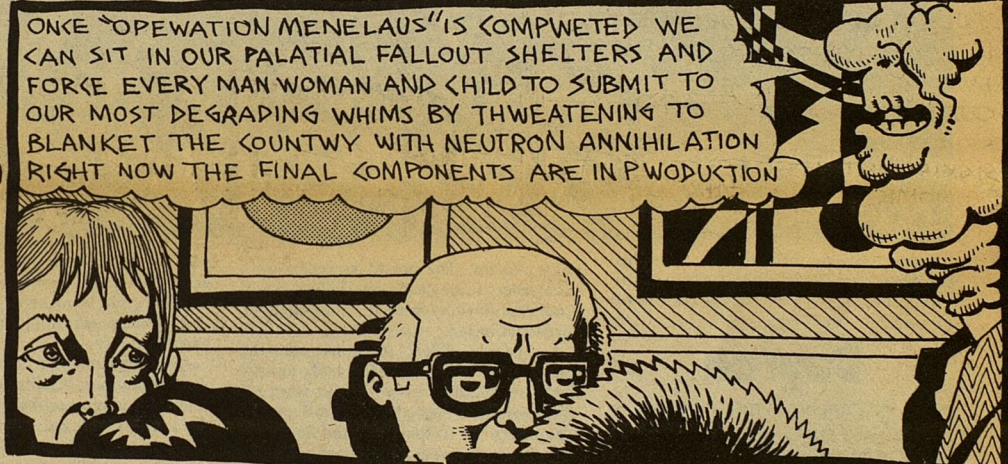


IN A SECRET NUCLEAR POWER COMPLEX OFF THE PACIFIC COAST, MR ZOOL, KNOWN AS THE WORLD'S UGLIEST MAN IS LAYING OUT THE MYSTERIOUS "OPERATION MENELAUS" TO SOME OF THE RICHEST MEN AND WOMEN ON THE CONTINENT

WE HAVE HAD TO PAY LIP SERVICE TO THE NOTION OF DEMOCWACY TO THE IDEA THAT PEOPLE OF QUALITY, SENSITIVITY AND INTIATIVE, LIKE OURSELVES ARE ON THE SAME LEVEL AS THE COMMON HERD

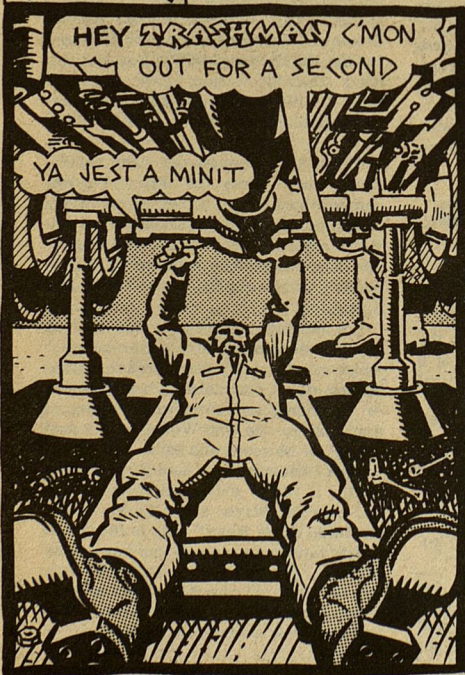


THE TIME HAS COME TO PUT AN END TO THIS CHAWADE



ONCE "OPEATION MENELAUS" IS COMPWETED WE CAN SIT IN OUR PALATIAL FALLOUT SHELTERS AND FORCE EVERY MAN WOMAN AND CHILD TO SUBMIT TO OUR MOST DEGRADING WHIMS BY THWEATENING TO BLANKET THE COUNTRY WITH NEUTRON ANNIHILATION RIGHT NOW THE FINAL COMPONENTS ARE IN PWODUCTION

MEANWHILES,



HEY TRASHMAN C'MON OUT FOR A SECOND

YA JEST A MINIT



WHATS UP?

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A BIG PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS

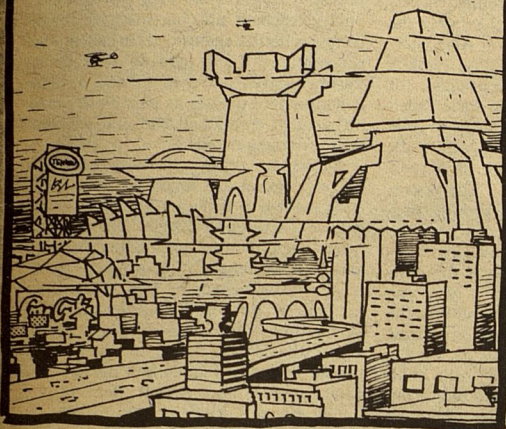


TRASHMAN EVERY THING OUR PEOPLE HAVE FOUGHT FOR IS IN PERIL WE MUST USE YOUR UNIQUE ABILITIES TO THWART THESE NEW AND SINISTER MACHINATIONS

TRASHMAN AGENT of the *6th International*

WRITTEN BY ALGERNON BACKWASH ★ DRAWN BY SPAIN™

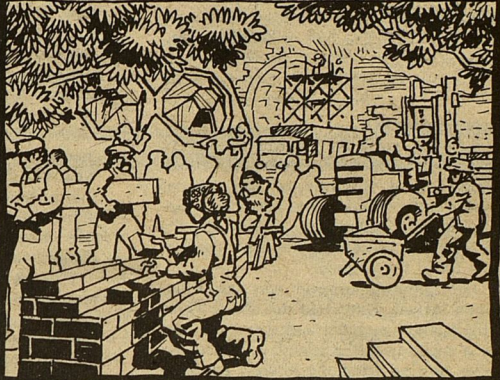
THE TIME: THE NOT TOO FAR DISTANT FUTURE...



THE PLACE: AN AMERICA TORN AND FRAGMENTED BY SOCIAL STRIFE, GRIPPED BY THE CHAOS KNOWN TO SOME AS... "WORLD FLIP OUT"

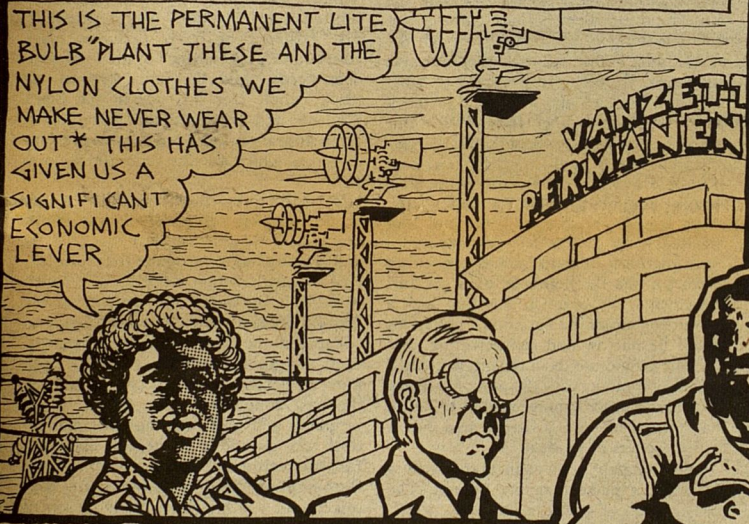


HERE, PITTED AGAINST THE ONRUSH OF INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM A SMALL POCKET OF LIBERATED TERRITORY STRUGGLES TO BUILD A NEW WORLD



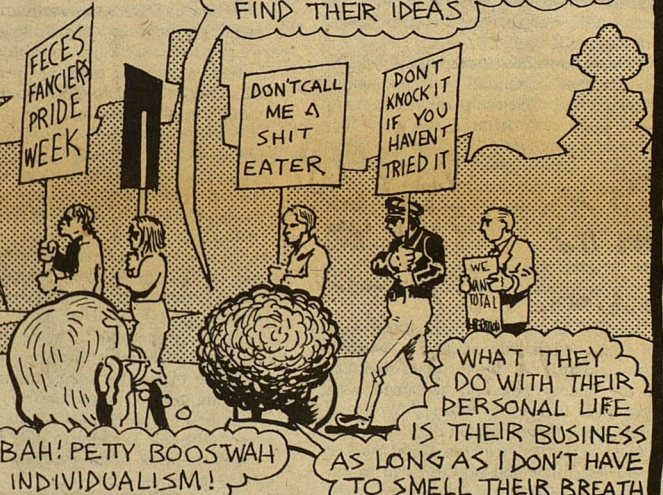
A DELIGATION FROM A NEAR BY LIBERATED ZONE IS BEING SHOWN A WIND POWERED FACTORY COMPLEX

THIS IS THE PERMANENT LITE BULB PLANT THESE AND THE NYLON CLOTHES WE MAKE NEVER WEAR OUT * THIS HAS GIVEN US A SIGNIFICANT ECONOMIC LEVER



AND JUST WHAT IS THIS?

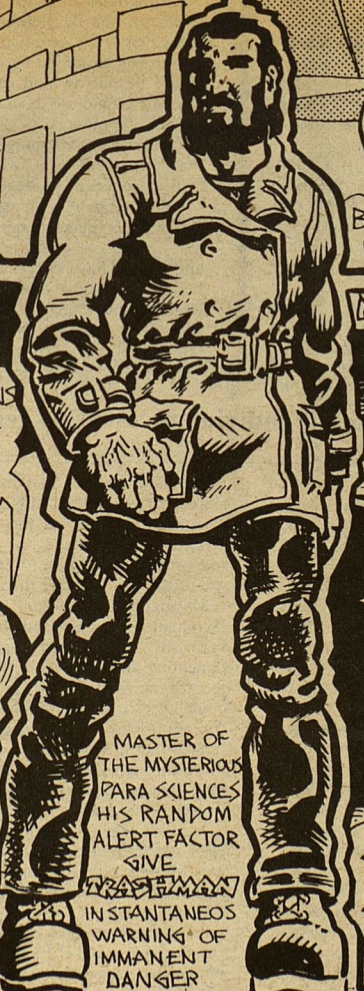
HERE, ALL CITIZENS ARE ENTITLED TO FREE SPEECH NO MATER HOW REPELLANT WE FIND THEIR IDEAS



BAH! PETTY BOOSWAH INDIVIDUALISM!

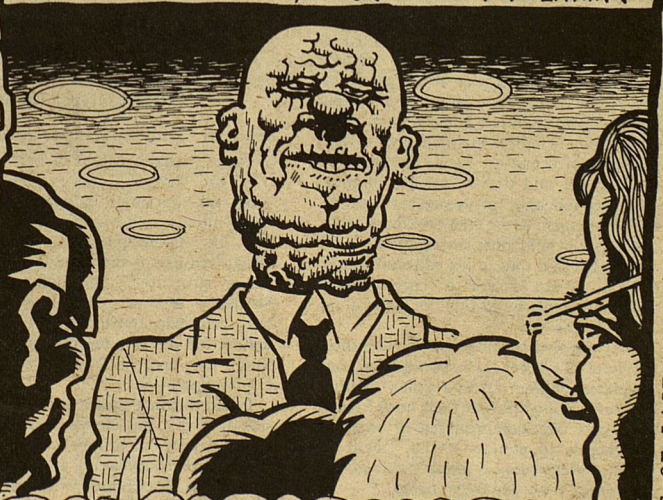
WHAT THEY DO WITH THEIR PERSONAL LIFE IS THEIR BUSINESS AS LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO SMELL THEIR BREATH

ACTUALLY WE'VE COME TO DISCUSS SOMETHING MORE GRAVE, OUR SOURCES HAVE REVEALED TO US A CERTAIN OPERATION "MENE LAUS" WHICH THREATENS ALL PROGRESSIVE FORCES, YOU HAVE AMONG YOU A CERTAIN TRASHMAN WHOSE DEDICATION TO THE WORKING CLASS IS UNEQUALLED. WE MUST ENLIST HIS AID



MASTER OF THE MYSTERIOUS PARA SCIENCES HIS RANDOM ALERT FACTOR GIVE TRASHMAN INSTANTANEOUS WARNING OF IMMINENT DANGER

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE, AN UGLY MAN IS SPEAKING



GENTLEMEN, ZOOOL ENTERPIWIZES WILL GUAWANTEE A NUCLEAR DELIVERY SYSTEM AT LOW COST TO COVER THE ENTIRE CONTINENT THUS THE FINAL STAGE OF OPEATION MENE LAUS CAN BE COMPLETED

WHAT IS "OPERATION MENE LAUS" AND WHY NUCLEAR WEAPONS?

MORE ISSUES OF LAST MONTH'S COMIC "TOO REAL" BY JAY KINNEY CAN BE GOTTEN THRU LAST GASP, POB 212, BERKELEY, CALIF. 94705



Friends:

If any of your readers would like a "Free the Leaf—Marijuana is not guilty" bumper sticker, I'll send them one if they send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to F.T.W., PO Box 23303, Phoenix, AZ. Money to help cover printing costs would be appreciated.

Thanks again,
Y Adios,
Fain

Dear Overthrow,

I always enjoy the growing excitement that accompanies driving to my friend Dino's place for one of our regular rock'n'roll rehearsals. I was particularly optimistic on Wednesday, March 28, the weather was quite nice and my voice was well tuned for singing.

The optimism, however, was short lived. Upon arrival, Dino told me about Three Mile Island's accident and that there may be a meltdown (the island is a mere six miles upwind from the house.) Knowing enough about nuclear goings-on to realize that no accidents should occur, I asked what a meltdown was. "It's not really an explosion," he replied, "the reactions in the reactor core become so uncontrollable that the whole thing melts down in to the crust until...well, it's the worst thing that can happen."

I didn't know how to respond. I visualized the plant's four tall concrete cooling towers. I had driven past the island many times and, even from a distance, they stood as a reminder of the constant threat of total catastrophe. But now their ominous presence towered over me from six miles away more than ever desired; their 'goal' had been reached, and I was suddenly a victim. Not a victim of a bloody war or some plague sickness, but of that which can invisibly end life and existence for all!

Dino put on his Stratocaster, threw open the door, and angrily crashed a few loud clashing chords out into the night. I grabbed the microphone and screamed with equal hate to the neighbors, "We're all gonna die, we're all gonna die!"

The next day we hurriedly packed several essentials and said farewell to our childhood environments and loved ones, possibly forever. Doom lurked every where and, like a rampant mantra, the word

'meltdown' repetitiously churned my mind. Aside from the fear that filled me I was very empty inside.

But the emptiness gave way to helplessness during the suspense of the few following days. The threat of being homeless became an accepted fact. And now, in the midst of the very contrived looking townhouse apartments geometrically arranged to form a common suburban Maryland community. I sit, a refugee. And yet, I look about and see people discoing through life as usual. We think we can't destroy ourselves, that 'someone will figure something out'. Newsmen report that everything is alright, that pregnant mothers and young children may safely return to their homes within the five mile range. Officials and experts blatantly lie. It's profitable.

The president strengthens his drive for more nuclear plants, more power, more energy. More, more, more! I must say that I am very proud of the person who, with a bottle of human blood, reddened the steps of the White House while, just inside, its occupants freely snorted radioactive cocaine.

How long can we rape our own Mother Earth?

Can she forever withstand the disgusting violation and mass destruction of her life yielding properties which follow wherever we go? Don't we know, or don't we care?

I am sorry these questions need be asked. You see, my home is ruined. It has been altered in some invisible way. I sensed a certain strange stillness in the air during my short visit a few days ago. True, it may be attitudinal in cause but it's more comfortable than robot-like accepting it all and going along like a moving piece in the whole big game.

But if you don't pass go you don't collect two hundred dollars, so man keeps going. He thinks he can reach perfection. He thinks he is capable of safely tampering with things that require perfection, that he can control with his fingertips the roots of the ever branching tree of nature.

Man, however, is not perfect, nor will he ever be. When he pulls up the tree by its roots the tree is going to die. And it only takes the wink of an eye for a tree to die, then the whole game is over. It could happen now and I would be unable to finish this paper.

Turk Sigman
The Only Solution
Is a Solar Revolution!

Youth—continued from page 16

this very combination inherently stable, its very *extremism*, for instance its asexuality, could never engage and hold on to the mass of working class kids. It could never become mass, and always co-existed not only with large numbers of kids still into heavy rock or soul, but also minority rivals of Teds and Skins. Punks had fought Teds in London right through last summer, while Skins followed punk-skinhead bands like SHAM '69. Both groupings in London were strongly racist and supported fascist organizations, particularly in their East End strongholds. Often these kids were, as one writer put it—"Young, ungifted and white" and usually unskilled inner-city dwellers. The main social base of punk has tended to be among skilled young workers and the lower-middle class. Certainly the many thousands who went on ANL marches often fell into this category. Punk is retaining a certain proportion of them, but other kids partially attracted have fallen away. Punk fashions and elements of style have influenced both disco and heavy rock scenes, but not the more important ideological elements. The poorer working class kids feel safer with the proletarian images of Skins: the maleness, the toughness, and so on. Fortunately, however, it is not a simple rerun of the past. While the football ground is still the physical location of skinhead culture, the political and social attitudes are at least partially different. Many are ex-Punks. They retain an identification with punk music and tinges of its political radicalism and anti-establishment attitudes. There is a "Skins Against the Nazis" movement. Only time will tell its long term social and political character.

In conclusion, what can we say about punk? Despite its decline it has been the most important British youth culture. Not only for the reasons outlined through the article, but because it was non-exclusive and open. Punks were prepared to unite with and learn to like the music of black youth, soul, and other forms. "It's our music," was the theme of RAR. Its gigs often combined punk, reggae, rock, soul etc. A favorite chant of Schoolkids Against the Nazis was "Punks, Teds, Natty Dreads—Smash the Front and Join the Reds." While the left has sometimes been uncritical of punk, it has opened up space for the development of a socialist movement. This is not to say that such a movement should be based on Punk. This would be narrow and self-defeating. But the Left should use the momentum created to build on punk, with the aim of creating a socialist culture among sections of youth that transcends the divisions and has a distinctiveness of its own.

Unfortunately, the chances of such a movement's developing are limited. The participation of youth in the ANL, RAR, and SKAN have encouraged some of the major (and some minor) Left groups to launch youth organizations or newspapers without a significantly improved understanding of the theoretical and practical

problems of youth culture and organizing. While this may recruit to socialist politics a proportion of newly radicalized youth, it will not create an *independent* socialist youth movement. Instead it will create a series of fragmented organizations attached to Left groups, which will eventually decline as the wave of radicalization starts to come to a halt.

The problem at the level of political organizing is that the use of "ageism" can lead to ultra-left excesses. It tends to pose conflicts exclusively on authority lines. In an undifferentiated way the enemy becomes the teacher or parent. While there are and will be conflicts between youth and these forces, not only does it ignore the long-term unity, but also short-term expressions of unity as well. For instance, pupils, teachers, and parents have fought common battles against cuts in educational expenditures. It also tends to overestimate the oppressive features of the nuclear family and underestimates its *dual character* as a source of emotional and practical support for young people.

Ageism not only underestimates class, but also sexual and racial divisions. Girls have tended to be subordinated in youth cultures. Styles and images behavior have often been molded in the male image, although the impact of the women's movement is slowly changing this. Given these factors, a lot of the articulation of demands tends to be male-oriented. For instance, the demand for places where young people can go and make love plus general demands for more sexual freedom are double-edged. Girls are often sexually exploited in these situations and want the space to define their own sexuality. This includes the right to say no—even to "liberated" lads.

Black youth also cannot necessarily be subsumed in "normal" youth demands. The existence of fairly exclusive black youth cultures is evidence of their independent needs. And the unity between all black people (for instance in the Black Students and Black Parents Movements) often appears to take precedence over age divisions, which are also undoubtedly present.

So while this article doesn't offer any magic formulas for understanding youth oppression; we must be clear that analysis and practice has to recognize the multi-faceted nature of that oppression. Which variable is dominant will depend on the specific context, whereas ageism tends to collapse all the aspects into one. The prospects for an independent socialist youth movement have advanced considerably in the past couple of years. But it is still primarily a task of building particular actions on questions of things like anti-fascism/racism, anti-army recruitment, information provision on abortion and contraception, youth centers, building school organizations, and so on. Whether a more coordinated movement or genuine youth organization emerges remains to be seen. There are many things to be won and a long way to go.

STEINEM... CONT.

Books and a week later, Steinem joined him. On October 27, Redstockings' agent Jay Acton received a letter from Jason Epstein, who replaced Silberman as Random House's editor-in-chief saying that Hollingsworth had reviewed their answers to Wechsler and that it was his opinion that "republishing in its present form of Part 6 [Steinem & the CIA and three other chapters]...would pose unacceptable legal risks." He said that in his editorial judgement it was not feasible to "cure the legal problems simply by editing the material on a line-by-line basis."

Why did Redstockings put up with this? Surely at this point they should have contemplated pulling out and doing another self-published edition of their book? Sarahchild says they compromised in order to gain access to a mass media. "Half of *Feminist Revolution* is about how radicals got cut off from the mass media."

Sarahchild says Redstockings plans to make the missing material available as a pamphlet, or as a book, "if some publisher wants to one-up Random House." Aren't they afraid Steinem will sue them if they publish the missing chapter? They say they were ready for the possibility back in 1975 but that no suit was brought.

What about the charge made by some quarters of the women's movement that this whole Steinem/CIA thing is too personal, that Redstocking is picking on

Steinem, perhaps jealous of her?

"You know," says Sarahchild, "sometimes a single individual comes to represent so much of what is wrong—and also has undue power to misinfluence things because of their connections in the power structure." She points out that Steinem's Women's Action Alliance not only gets help from the Carnegie Foundation, but has also received support from Mobil Oil, and the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations.

I tried to reach Gloria Steinem to get her side of all this, but she was in meetings, out of the office, out to lunch, on her way to Washington, out making ad presentations, and on the other phone whenever I called. Steinem would not return my calls and limited herself to written statements to the *Voice* editors.

I called Random House and asked for Claudia Stern, the publicist whose name is on *The Feminist Revolution* press release, to find out how the publishers are explaining the incident. Stern said she did not know what had happened to the missing chapter because she had only been there four months.

Stern put me in contact with Charlotte

Mayerson, who took Steinem's place as editor for the book. Mayerson said that when she came in on the book "it was already in galleys or boards or something." She didn't really remember when that was but said it was after 1976.

Mayerson said she didn't remember why the chapter was cut. Had she read it? She said she might have but she didn't remember it. I asked if there were any records or files around so that someone could check if the chapter had been deleted for editorial or legal reasons. Mayerson replied that it would take two days for her to go through the files on the book and a long time to answer my question. "And frankly," she said, "I don't feel like it."

I called Gerald Hollingsworth in the legal department and told him that Stern and Mayerson could not remember what had happened to the chapter on Gloria Steinem and the CIA; could he tell me if there were any legal problems with the chapter? He asked if I had seen the notice on the title page that some article had been deleted for legal reasons. He said he really couldn't say whether the material I was asking about had been taken out for editorial or legal reasons.

Then there had been legal reasons? Yes. Had anybody threatened to sue for libel? Hollingsworth said he stands "behind the statement in front of the book."

Has there been any correspondence in anticipation of lawsuits?

"I stand behind the statement in the front of the book."

That statement, on the copyright page, reads: "Much of this book was originally published by Redstockings late in 1975 under the title, *Feminist Revolution*. A number of articles were changed or omitted for legal reasons." Redstockings says they tried to get the phrase "by the publisher" inserted in the last sentence, but that Random House refused.

Hollingsworth was less than open, but the message was clear. You don't need an injunction for "national security" reasons to get something deleted from a book these days. All it takes is some indignant letters from the unradical chic. But if you don't like holes in the books you buy, don't complain to the Helsinki Watch Committee or to Amnesty International or to the NYCLU or even to the Index on Censorship. Instead, write to Redstockings and ask them to send you the missing pages.

"Sometimes a single individual comes to represent so much of what is wrong—"



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Hartford	203	020	Michigan	313	913,086	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	022,083	Minneapolis	612	126
New York City	212	012,017, 018,021,023, 024,072,074	Atlanta	404	035	Ottawa	613	473
			San Jose	408	293	Nashville	615	047
			Pittsburgh	412	030	Memphis	615	487
Lgs Angeles	213	048,182,184, 184,187,332	Milwaukee	414	088	Boston	617	001
			San Francisco	415	158	Massachusetts	617	007
Santa Monica/Venice	216	837	Berkeley	415	167	Nevada	702	271
Philly	215	041,043	Toronto	416	476	Virginia	703	033
Akron	216	050	Arkansas	501	147	Charlotte	704	319
Cleveland	216	082	Kentucky	502	550	Houston	713	151
Duluth	218	126	Oregon	503	131	San Diego	714	164
Maryland	310	011	Louisiana	504	046	Utah	801	155,383
Colorado	303	153	New Mexico	505	105	Tampa/St. Petersburg	813	182
Miami	305	044	Spokane	509	128	Pennsylvania	814	208
Wyoming	307	137	Dayton	513	185	New York State	914	141

NIXON TAKES ANOTHER OATH

[Combined Sources]—AJ Weberman, who recently distinguished himself by hurling a rotten tomato at Richard Nixscum, will get a chance to question Nixscum in the Hunt v.s. Weberman libel suit. Both Hunt and Weberman agree that tricky's testimony is necessary in this case. Nixscum's statement's re; Hunts relationship to the "secret of the Bay of Pigs" is mentioned in the complaint. It is widely recieved "the secret of the Bay of Pigs" was a code-name for the Kennedy slaying. Even H.R. Haldeman, who will also be subpoenaed by Hunt & Weberman, has stated: "The 'Bay of Pigs' really meant the Kennedy assassination."

Nixscum who was in Dallas on November 22, 1963, assuring the conspirators that the assassination had the approval of the highest levels of the Amerikkkan government, will probably try and weasel his way out of testifying. This will be difficult since Hunt and Weberman aren't just two bozos suing eachother, Hunt used to work for Nixscum! Knowing Noxin, this case will reach the supreme court where the big question will be "will the Nixon-appointed justices disqualify themselves?" Nixscum enjoys no special immunity, he's not royalty, he's not above the can. He is unique, being among the forms of "human" life in Amerika.

Nixscum's henchman, "Howie" Hunt has been complaining recently that Nixscum has not been getting enough heat for Watergate—in fact he was never even

questioned about it. Weberman says he's gonna turn up the heat on Nixscum full force and wants questions that will trap Nixscum from Nixscumologists all over the country. Write: Just-Ice for Nixon—6 Bleecker St., NYC 10012



photo by Jessica Jason

CHILD CARE NEEDED

When people are arrested at Smoke-In, it is usually a matter of political or philosophical harassment, rather than one of a "crime" having been committed. My own arrest at the Bethesda, Md. Halloween Smoke-In, was only different in one way: I just happened to have my 3-year-old son with me when I was taken captive. Due to the nature of the demonstration (a pot protest) and because of my political philosophy (anarchy), I was mentally tortured by having my child removed from my custody and placed in a foster home. I was taken to court on charges of neglect and abuse, and I was forced to allow "visits" from a social worker to my home, at any

time, in order to regain my son.

In an all-out effort to prevent this type of occurrence at the July 3-4 D.C. Smoke-In, I would like to start immediately coordinating a child care center. Many of us who are parents are forced into a decision of whether to leave our kids for a couple of days, not go at all, or take our kids into a potentially hazardous (for them) situation.

My idea for a child care area is to have a designated area at the reflecting pool, on the opposite side of the water from the Smoke-In, but within sight & sound of the stage. In this way, parents could be with their kids while still being able to see & hear bands, speakers, etc. or they'd be able to go off for a while knowing their child was being cared for. Maybe the area should also be designated as the parent/child camping area...I'd like to have some sort of i.d. system for parents/kids, so kids couldn't be given to

may use such tactics as blackmail, warrantless wiretapping, and physical surveillance as a way to snag those who preach and utilize outlaw communication.

To play it safe, one should use pay-phones. To avoid detection, the same one should not always be used. When one makes a call, s/he should sound like a legit businessperson and should be able to rattle off the area code from which the card was purportedly issued. Sensitive matters relating to the caller's identity, drugs, politics should be saved until the caller is well into a conversation, since a suspicious operator might decide to listen to the first few minutes. Calls should not last over 10 minutes, to avoid Telco Security from catching the caller in the act. Experienced callers never use the same credit card all the time. Such indiscretions set the caller up for capture by the caller's establishing a traceable pattern. The way to avoid this is to use numbers that originate in the city you are calling. Either corporate numbers can be used or callers can make up numbers as they proceed.

just anyone who walked up and claimed them.

We'd definitely need donations of money, toys, good healthy foods, and time!

I really want people's ideas, anyone interested in helping out with ideas, organizing, donations, or child care, please!! I need you! Our children need you!!! Contact: Leatrice, 4411 Hallett St., Rockville, Md. 20853.

Tired of the same retreaded news coverage? For a fresh perspective, subscribe now to the *No News Service*, a tri-weekly dispatch of all the news that didn't happen anywhere: "Innocent By-Stander" rates—\$3 quarterly or \$10 annually. (Media rates available on request.) Free sample—\$1. Send \$5 now to *No News Service*, 110 Bank St. Box G-4, NYC, NY 10014.

Events

- JULY**
1 EDMONTON, ALBERTA
 SMOKE-IN
 Info: Prairie Weed, Box 115, U. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6G 2J7
1-7 INTERNATIONAL CANNIBIS WEEK
 Smoke-In July 1, High Noon Legislative Grounds
 Info: 11045 109 St. Edmonton, Alberta Canada (403) 428-0742
3&4 ANNUAL WHITE HOUSE SMOKE-IN
 Washington, DC
 Info: CAMP DC, (202) 387-7615
7 MARCH ACROSS BLACK HILLS
 Black Hills Alliance
12 HARVEY MILK MEMORIAL MARCH
 San Francisco

- 14** NATIONAL NUDE DAY on beaches everywhere
 ST. LOUIS
28 Heman Park, High Noon
 Info: David Pankin, 7611 Hawthorne, St. Louis Mo. (314) 726-3428
 Rindate: July 29
AUGUST
6 HIROSHIMA DAY
 Stop the Nukes
SEPTEMBER
1 MADISON ROCK AGAINST RACISM
3 SPRINGFIELD SMOKE-IN
 Illinois State Capitol
 Info: (217) 789-4355
16 OMAHA SMOKE-IN
 Federal Court House
 Info: PO Box 31090, Omaha, Nebraska 68131

Yippie Contacts & Chapters

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

VERMONT
 ★ Laura Garth
 Goddard College
 Plainfield, Vermont 05667

NEW YORK
 ★ Cold Springs Warehouse
 167 Leroy Ave.
 Buffalo, N.Y. 14212
 ★ 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

PENNSYLVANIA
 ★ Whole in the Universe Gang
 RD 1
 Wholebrook, PA. 15341

★ Philly YIP
 c/o MUAA
 North 13 St. Suite 510
 Philadelphia, PA.
 (215) 567-2610

VIRGINIA
 ★ Ozone Brigade
 96 Whitestone Dr.
 Lynchburg, VA. 24502



Excuse me little girl, I need a place to crash. Where's the local Yippie chapter?

GEORGIA
 ★ CAMP
 POB 53265
 Atlanta, GA. 30355
 404-231-WEED

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

ILLINIOS
 ★ Carbondale Zoo
 608 E. Park St.
 Carbondale, Ill. 62901
 ★ Chicago YIP
 Rock Against Racism
 POB 82754
 Chicago, Ill. 60680
 312-764-1909
 ★ Springfield YIP
 POB 358
 Chatham, ILL. 62629
 217-789-4355

INDIANA
 ★ Bloomington YIP
 POB 1103
 Bloomington, Ind. 47401

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

WASHINGTON
 ★ Mike Compton
 POB 293
 Yelm, Wash.

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

★ Cedar Rapids YIP
 POB 5201
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa 53401

WASHINGTON, DC
 ★ D.C. YIP
 2427 18th. NW
 Wash. D.C. 20007

TEXAS
 ★ Chuck Brame
 1129 Washington
 Ft. Worth, Texas 76111

★ Ultra
 POB 35253
 Houston, Texas 77035

★ Austin YIP
 411 E. 45th St.
 Austin, Texas

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

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

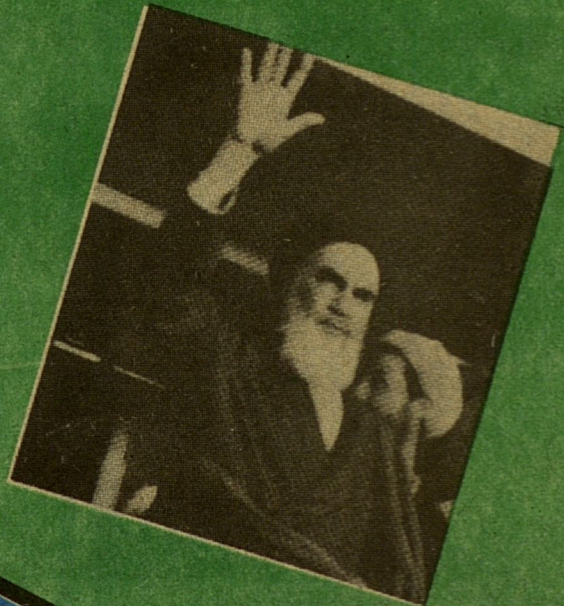
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 ★ Fred Cash
 POB 60274
 Sunnyvale, CA.
 408-297-2105
 ★ Bill Sassenberger
 1894 W. 9th Ave.
 Pomona, CA. 91766

★ COYOTE Howls
 Box 26354
 San Francisco, CA 94126
 (415) 431-4863

ARKANSAS
 ★ John Adams
 314 W. Watson
 Fayetteville, Ark. 72701
 501-442-5799

OHIO
 ★ Bruce Anderson
 38 1/2 S. Sanousky
 Delaware, Ohio
 ★ Revolutionary 3 Stooges Brigade
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 ★ Columbus YIP
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