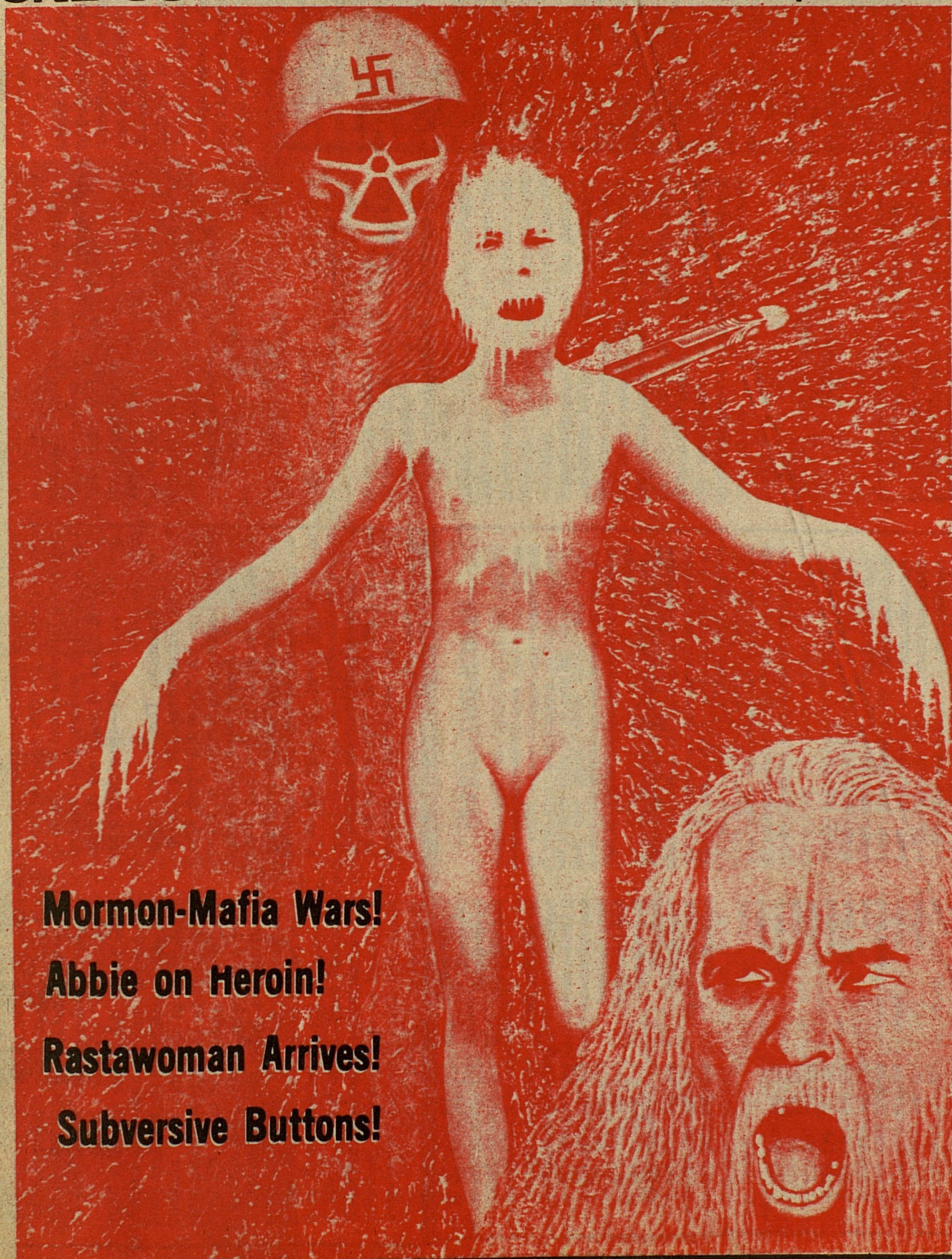


OVERTHROW

JUNE/JULY 1981

-75¢ CHEAP



Mormon-Mafia Wars!

Abbie on Heroin!

Rastawoman Arrives!

Subversive Buttons!

JUNE/
JULY '81

OVERTHROW

.75¢
Cheap



PHOTO BY MIKE MAPLES

El Salvador: Another Pawn in the Secret Wars for America?

MORMON/MAFIA WARS!

by Don Ian Murrice

The night before Frank Sinatra was to testify in front of the Nevada Gaming Commission—Move 1 in his Reagan-backed campaign to acquire a Las Vegas casino, known in the business as “a license to steal”—fire engulfed the world’s largest hotel, the Las Vegas Hilton.

Did a gay, pyromaniacal busboy with a Jewish-sounding name (Cline) start the fire when he left a joint smoldering in the ashtray while he performed an “unnatural act”? The official news media explanation was such a ludicrous parody of Hitler’s *Reichstag* gambit that police laughed it out of consideration. [Because rolling papers, unlike cigarettes, are not manufactured to burn like fuses so the consumer will consume more, unattended joints go out. There is no known case of a joint starting a home fire, but American cigarettes and book matches form the favored fuse of guerrillas everywhere.] Besides, arson investigators found evidence of simultaneous combustion on three floors.

“Frankie Blue-Eyes” lost his Nevada gaming permit in 1963 when gaming commissioners learned his silent partner in Lake Tahoe’s plush Cal-Neva Lodge was Chicago Mafia boss Giancana. It’s seldom apparent exactly who owns any casino, particularly in Vegas where Reality and Fantasy play dealer and shill.

Principal owner of the Vegas Hilton and Flamingo Hilton is secretive Barron Hilton. Unlike his garrulous father Conrad, Barron stays in the shadows, providing *Who’s Who* with a biography skimpier than many CIA agents’. But Barron, too, has partners. Six months before the deadly Hilton fire, I stayed in that hotel with a tour group directed by an ex-Mormon. “Many people are surprised to learn the Mormons have bought up a great deal of Las Vegas,” he told us. “The Mor-

mons own a substantial piece of this hotel. You may have noticed Donny and Marie’s name on the marquee?”

The Organized Crime Section of President Carter’s Justice Department was investigating a vice-president in Hilton’s Western Division for giving free lodging, entertainment and refreshments to a Teamsters Union official. Hilton called this “the ordinary course of business.”

What’s Going On Here?

Sinatra regained his “favored employee” status after testimony before a commission and chairman, Richard Bunker, more fawning than the Segate panel which rubber-stamped Alexander Haig. Asked about reports he once carried \$2 million in an attache case to *capo-mafia* Charles “Lucky” Luciano in Havana, Sinatra joked, “If you can find me an attache case that holds \$2 million, I will give you the \$2 million.” Whereupon Norman Mailer phoned long-time Sinatra critic William Safire with word he’d performed calculations proving it could be done with \$100 bills, and offered to split the \$2 million if Safire could collect.

Was there some connection between the Sinatra appearance and the Hilton fire beyond mere coincidence of time and place?

After 35 years as organized crime’s Disneyland without a major disaster, Vegas, within four months, reeled from three major casino arsons, beginning in November with 84 deaths at the MGM Grand. Might the Hilton fire have been retaliation for MGM Grand?

MGM is substantially owned (48%) by Kirk Kerkorian, who is in the process of trying to take over Columbia Pictures too. Ownership of both Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Columbia would give Kerkorian a vir-

tual monopoly on old movies with the home video market about to burgeon. (Another rare trinket owned by Columbia: a rock station in Utah.) A Kerkorian protege was Mike Curb, the California lieutenant governor who declares himself governor every time Jerry Brown leaves the state.

In the two-month period on either side of the Inauguration of President Reagan, the following seemingly unrelated events (henceforth referred to as SUEs) occurred:

-1. Jimmy Fratianno, confessed Mafia assassin turned FBI informer, sent to prison with his testimony on the reputed leadership of the Los Angeles Mafia. The wipe-out was unprecedented, though earlier Fratianno had sent up teamsters in San Francisco and underworld killers in Cleveland.

-2. Fratianno’s biography, *The Last Mafioso*, appeared, written with his cooperation by Ovid Demaris, coauthor of the revelations of Judith Campbell Exner, including that she carried on simultaneous affairs with Sinatra, Giancana and President Kennedy. “Jimmy the Weasel” suggested Kerkorian’s millions came from “loans from foreign banks” and implied they might represent “laundered mob loot.” It is the only case in which Demaris and Fratianno carefully avoid libel. Fratianno characterizes Sinatra as being completely subservient to the Mafia and provides an embarrassing photograph including the two of them and dying New York *capo* Carlo Gambino. The Weasel tried to bilk Blue Eyes in a deal involving ordination in the Knights of Malta in return for Sinatra benefit concerts with half the profits funneled to the Mafia. Sinatra’s only lapse into emotion during his gaming commission testimony came in reference to “this *fink* the Weasel.”

-3. Another Reagan intimate incomed by Fratianno’s loose lips was Jackie Pressler, a Teamsters official whom the Weasel identified as being controlled by Cleveland *capo* James “Blackie” Licavoli. Reagan appointed Pressler to his transition staff until embarrassed by publicity over his mob ties.

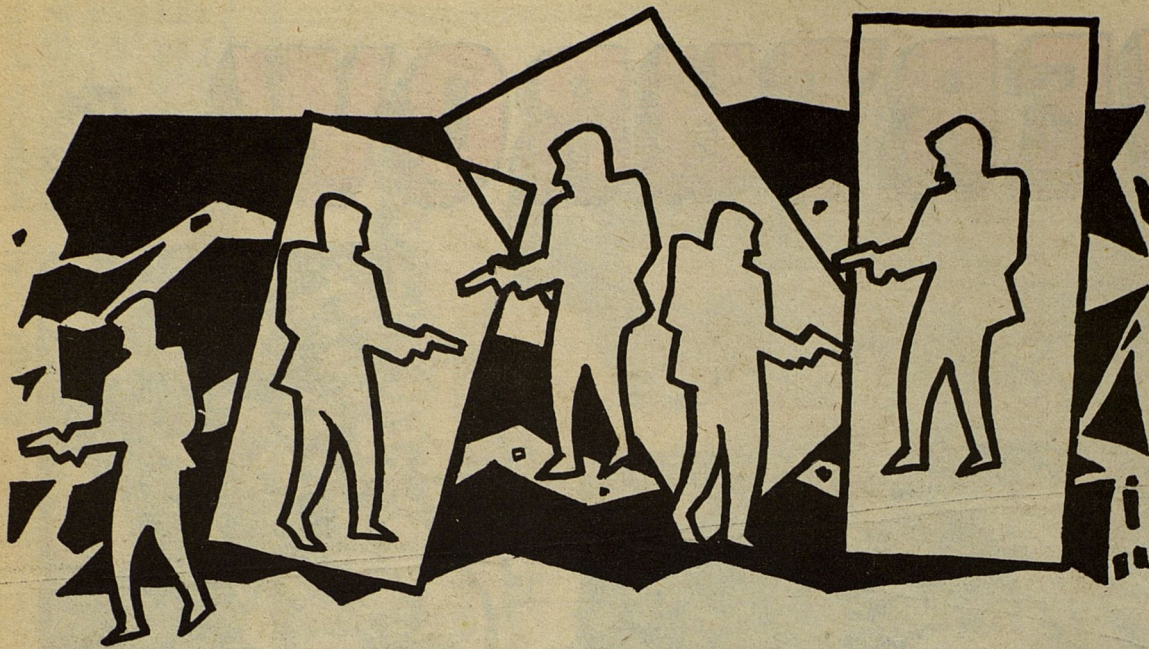
-4. Even as Iran released the 52 hostages, it acquired 32 new American hostages, identified in wire service accounts as New Jersey racketeers engaged in heroin-smuggling. During his triumphant Inauguration, Reagan made no mention of these hostages. Their fate is still unknown.

-5. The honored rearward position in the Reagan parade belonged to the float bearing the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but it lost much of its significance when the crowd was permitted to surge into the street after it, extending the procession for another half-mile.

-6. Unlike presidents since Eisenhower, who appointed Ezra Taft Benson Secretary of Agriculture, Reagan did not fill a “Mormon seat” in his cabinet (occupied in the Ford and Carter administrations by David M. Kennedy, who, as Secretary of the Treasury, controlled the Secret Service). Reagan appointed as Attorney General his lawyer, a close friend of Sinatra’s, William French Smith. Smith has admitted he was barely installed in office before Paul Laxalt, “the politician closest to Reagan,” began pestering him to relax FBI surveillance of Vegas casino “skimming” operations. To the obviously significant post of Secretary of Labor, Reagan appointed a multimillionaire New Jersey construction contractor alleged to have collected \$600,000 in Reagan campaign contributions from mobster chums.

-7. A controversial but little watched T.V. movie, produced by Osmond Produc-

(Continued on Page 4)



Shooting Reagan In The Heart is like Shooting Ford In The Head

by Gov. Steven E. Conliff

Following a speech before the mob-tainted AFL-CIO Building Trades Council, Ronald Reagan was shot by ex-nazi John Hinckley, whose wealthy, Bible-reading father is a personal friend of Vice President George Bush's and reportedly a member of the ultra-rightwing *Posse Comitatus*. The day Hinckley shot Reagan, the Securities and Exchange Commission began a fraud investigation of Hinckley Sr.'s energy conglomerate.

Young Hinckley, whose brother planned to dine with Bush's son the night after the shooting, left the American Nazi Party shortly after Harold Covington's 1979 coup. Other nazis said he talked wildly of killing people and waging war against the government; the faction which claimed credit for the Greensboro killings was insufficiently militant for Hinckley. The nazis thought he might be a federal agent.

In D.C., Hinckley stayed at a hotel across the street from Secret Service headquarters and frequented by S.S. agents. Moments before the shooting, reporters standing near Hinckley complained to police of crowding and asked them to clear the area. The police shrugged. Once arrested, Hinckley was held incommunicado by the Federal Bureau of Investigation—an unprecedented "precaution."

Bush was locked in a power struggle with Secretary of State and former Nixon Chief of Staff Alexander Haig. Ten days before the Reagan shooting, rumors spread that a bullet had grazed Bush in the head while he was jogging. Bush denied these rumors vehemently, was reported to be so distressed he called in the FBI to examine him and disprove them, but never displayed his head for public examination. Washington's newspapers traced the story to an unidentified artist who said she tried to help at what appeared to be an early-morning traffic accident but was pushed away by S.S. agents, then told by a police acquaintance someone had just shot at Bush. Later, when she heard no mention of the attempt over the media, she related these strange happenings to several friends, including an employee of Jack Anderson's.

In the days before the attempt on "Cowboy" Reagan, "Yankee" Bush apparently won his power struggle and beat out Gen. Haig for command of the newly-formed Crisis Management Team. The night before the shooting, Bush addressed the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), the Rockefellerite shadow government which rightwing campaign criticism had forced him to quit. Bush then flew to Texas.

Haig had run the White House during Nixon's final months. After serving as NATO Commander in Europe, he "narrowly escaped death" in an early 1980 bombing many considered spurious. With Reagan under the surgeon's knife, Haig again tried to take over the government.

His voice shaky, he announced that as "number three man" he was "in control" at the White House. Troops were readied but not put on alert. Dazed reporters gradually realized House Speaker Tip O'Neill, not Haig, stood third in presidential succession. Haig sent back word he meant he was senior executive officer in Washington. But other cabinet officers, reportedly, waxed furious.

Attorney General William French Smith, controlling the FBI, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, controlling the S.S. and representing the CFR, and Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger, commanding the military, confronted Haig over "a matter of national security." Secretaries of state, as each since Jefferson learned, have no real power.

Also trained in Nixon's White House, Weinberger produced a secret, written agreement he'd obtained from Reagan on Inauguration Day. It made him, not Haig, third in command. Bush, confidently assuring all was well, returned to

Washington.

The White House, naturally, denied any friction. But this first crisis showed dramatically the Reagan Administration's reflex reaction is to lie. At every stage, until independent confirmations overwhelmed the denials, the White House downplayed the seriousness of Super President's condition. When no hospital photos were forthcoming—only cheerful reports from Reagan's cronies and his shaky signature on legislation—one thought of the cabal who ran the country for 18 months while Woodrow Wilson lay incapacitated by a stroke kept secret from the public. If Reagan was kept in a drugged torpor, who'd know? If there was a *coup d'etat*, the White House would be last to admit it.

Hinckley knew more about weaponry than those who laughed at his choice of a .22 handgun, favored weapon of mob hitmen because the tiny bullets can penetrate deeply before causing organ damage and massive internal hemorrhaging. A wound which first appeared superficial cost Reagan five pints of blood and a collapsed lung; some said he "hovered near death." Hinckley used hollow-point, impact-sensitive "devestator" bullets, designed to explode. Left in, as doctors once considered, the President's bullet might have remained inside his chest like an unexploded time bomb.

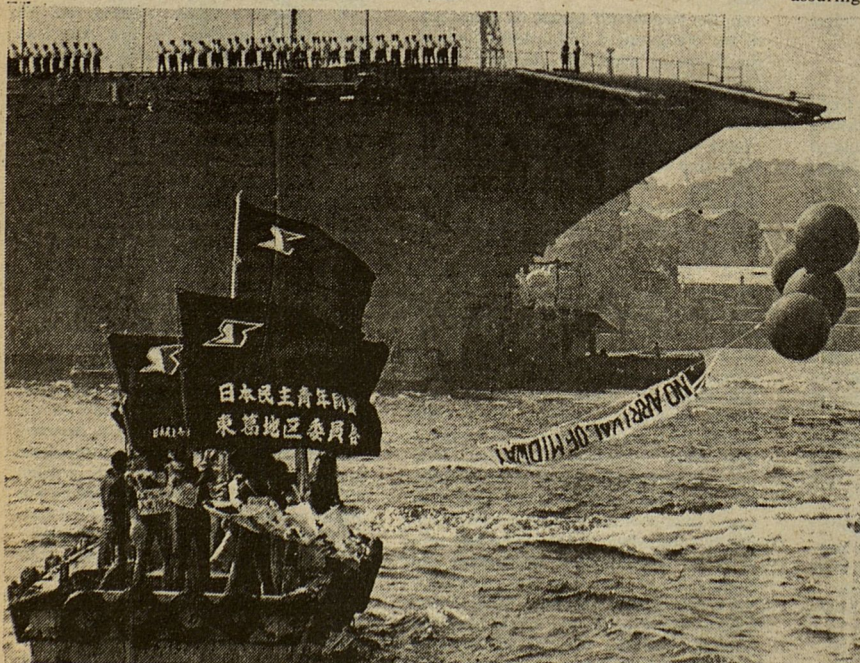
Ironically, it turned out Reagan got hit by a ricochet off his armored limousine. Had S.S. Agent Jerry Parr not shoved him into the path of that ricochet, he might have escaped injury. Parr's congressional testimony that Reagan was rushed immediately to the hospital clashed with eyewitness reports Reagan arrived there about the same time as, maybe after, Press Secretary James Brady, left wounded on the sidewalk. The role of this S.S. "hero" bears closer examination.

Instead, the S.S. began to investigate University of Pennsylvania student Dominic Manno, who wrote in his *Daily Pennsylvanian* column: "my first reaction was 'too bad he missed.' Then with the news that he [Reagan] had been shot, my reaction changed to 'I hope he dies.'" Psychologists rushed to Iowa to investigate school children who, told Reagan was shot, broke into applause.

Whether Bush or Haig had staged the shooting to discredit the other and take over the government, it was clear the one discredited was Haig and taking over the government were "Stand-In President" Bush, suddenly the most visible veep since Eisenhower's Nixon, and the CFR.

These were the same forces who took over the government in 1974 after Nixon went out of control. They weren't going to wait for El Salvador to become another Vietnam and Reaganomics to turn into the disaster Nixonomics did.

Gov. Conliff was the first person to pray publicly for Reagan to live—two months before the assassination attempt (see *Overthrow*, January 1981).



Some of 100,000 Japanese who protested visit by US nuclear armed aircraft carrier Midway. Japanese Constitution forbids introduction of nuclear weapons into the islands.

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"Our Publisher has been given thirty days' probation... and a haircut.
Someone ratted him out to Lyndon LaRouche."

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EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT ABBIE HOFFMAN*

By Aron Kay

For someone often called a master of media manipulation and a genius at publicity, Abbie Hoffman has certainly taken rough treatment in the press since his emergence last fall after 7 years underground.

In a *Village Voice* article by David Fenton, "The Press Riots Over Abbie", (Sept. 7 to 14), over a dozen major distortions in reporting the surfacing were recorded. Chief among them was a rather vicious column by Michael Daly. Particularly peeved by the Daly piece, Abbie in a WBAI radio interview commented, "The Daly piece was full of lies. Imagine saying I never held a job while underground. In fact, I held many jobs including writing for the *Daily News*, who paid me just as they pay Daly. He writes that he witnessed the fingerprinting of me and the whole column hinges on his 'inside' view. Only 2 police officers and myself were in the room and none of the few hundred reporters got anywhere near me inside the police booking room.... He also quoted people from *Fineview* who don't exist. I pointed all this out to his editor Sam Roberts who jokingly informed me I wasn't Carol Burnett."

Neither was Abbie Margaret Thatcher who later blew the whistle on Daly's imaginative reporting sending him looking for a new job.

When Abbie was sentenced to serve 1—3 years for sale of cocaine, he charged that the prosecution had lured him from the underground with a deal. The press scoffed, when only months before they were indeed puzzled by why after such a long time of living a storybook life as a respected environmentalist with his beautiful ex-fashion model in the Thousand Islands would he turn himself in to face possible life imprisonment.

"Every fugitive who comes in voluntarily has a deal. Part of the deal is to shut up." When pushed further, he told of prosecutors promising not to request more than \$10,000 in bail (they asked for \$100,000) and of agreeing to a certain judge and a back-up judge, with a special understanding that in the end he would receive no jail time in exchange for two years alternative service.

The *New York Post* at the time ran 2 articles which lend credence to his claim gone sour. In a small item, they report that Abbie's lawyer had "\$10,000 in crisp new bills" in his attache case at the arraignment. In a major piece on the morning Abbie surfaced, the paper ran a feature on the practice of "judge shopping". Several less than liberal judges were quoted as decrying the practice. (A practice as common as plea bargaining, any lawyer will tell you.) It's obvious the prosecutor's office leaked the deal to friendly judges who then came down hard on the assignment judge, and Abbie, now the most public man on the streets of New York, was forced to take pot luck. The prosecutor also by the way broke another minor clause in the agreement by leaking the story a week ahead of time to the *Daily News* court reporter. Most people falsely assume Abbie first told Barbara Walters he was headed in, but the famous Walters interview was announced *after* the *News* story and the program aired after he had surrendered. Not a single fact was checked out by the press eager to, as the *Daily News* editorial (on sentencing) stated, "wipe the smirk off the bum's face."

No paper saw fit to ever challenge the original case against him. Plea bargaining, when facing a life sentence, is common practice for both guilty and innocent. True, Abbie admits to playing a role, but 2 defendants in the now 8-year old case wrote the judge that his role was minimum. He's always claimed an undercover cop (Nazarella) who he had once met posing as Mark Rudd's bodyguard came to

him with some friends of his and said they had a deal set up with a new cocaine buyer. Abbie was researching the sequel to *Steal This Book*, which had a lot about dealing. He went along with the deal as a referee and to see what went down. Later, illegal wiretaps were admitted. The arresting cop told his probation officer that Abbie certainly wasn't a professional dealer and didn't seem to know what he was doing at the time.

At the sentencing, attorney Jerry Lefcourt pointed to an FBI Cointelpro program to drive Abbie nuts. A character assassination campaign, burglaries, phony street leaflets attacking him, screaming that he ripped off street people. This depression caused by this well documented attack in 26,000 pages of FOIA papers let Abbie get set up. "An aberrant act," said his attorney. After copping to a lesser sales charge, Abbie remarked, "I think we would have won a trial, but it would have been long and celebrated. I just didn't want to go down in history as connected with coke. Leave that to Freud." And of course there was the threat of life in prison. The media always mentions the figure of \$36,000 as if that was what Abbie was to make. Never mentioned are some 8 people (including one undercover cop) who were to share half that amount since the coke had to be purchased. Abbie said he was to get something like \$2,000. The prosecutors are fond of attributing "greed" as a motivation factor. However, as Abbie was earning \$1,500 speaking fees at the time, there is scarcely evidence that greed played a role. None of this has ever made the mass media.

So Abbie went off to prison upstate, and, much to everybody's surprise, reappeared in the city on a work release program 54 days later.

The *News* and *Post* could hardly contain themselves. The *Post* called it "A Fast Break to Freedom" and wrote as if Abbie had some preferential treatment and that he had somehow managed to "escape". Not to be outdone, the final edition of the *News* had foot high front page headlines proclaiming, "Abbie Walks"; in small print in the upper left corner we learn that the "Pope Goes Home". No one seemed to regard the fact that Abbie was (and still is) a prisoner in the Lincoln Correctional Facility up in Harlem particularly important. Everyone seems to be saying that the work-release program had been invented just for New York's most celebrated inmate.

The *Post* charged that he was ineligible because of bail-jumping, but a check of the regulations governing work release does not reveal bail jumping as grounds for disqualification, and if the *Post* had taken the care to check the court record, they would find that Abbie was *not even convicted of bail-jumping*, that having been the only facet of the deal Abbie claims the prosecutor honored. The *Post* followed with a scathing editorial saying Abbie should be more severely punished because "Notoriety deserves its own sanctions." In other words that because of Abbie's fame alone he should have been denied work release. Amazing *Post*-logic reasoning.

The *News* on the other hand, claimed that Abbie wasn't eligible because this was "his second felony conviction for pushing drugs, no less" (their italics). In fact, he has no previous felony convictions and never any arrests for drugs, period!

The shit is really flowing now as the *News* and *Post* rush to outdo each other in lies. The *News* even writes that he's an ex-heroin addict when Abbie's never even



... A NEW WAY

©PHOTOGRAPH AND POSTER DESIGN COPYRIGHT 1981, VERITAS THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY, INC. 455 WEST 50TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019 PHOTOGRAPHER: CAMILLA SMITH. MODEL: ABBIE HOFFMAN PRISONER #81A-1671

tried smack and has always written of it as an evil.

I went up to the Lincoln Facility at 31 West 110 St. to watch the Abbie Show. Reporters camped out for a week trying to bribe inmates coming out to steal his ID card or sneak in a camera. They don't tell them that it could be 3 years in prison. That's what happened to the Attica guard who took the famous "Son of Sam Sleeps" photo. He's now in prison. The reporters offered up to \$400, but got no takers.

he found a one-room fifth floor walk up above a warehouse. So far although the rent board has found Johanna illegal, the warehouse with its \$60 a squirt golden showers is not.

Johanna is greeted when she comes out of the prison by reporters and she's mad. "His arm is black and blue, they beat him at Downstate. The night he left, they forcibly shaved his head—it never happens to work-release inmates—and they kept calling him a Jew-Nigger-Lover." The *Post* buried and garbled her comments on page

*But couldn't find him to ask

The day. I was there, several teenagers gathered on the sidewalk chanting, "Abbie! Abbie! We love you Abbie. Come on out and play!" I went up on the first Saturday, he was allowed a visit by his running mate Johanna, who incidentally was the model for the Jefferson Starship song, "Wild Eyes", which is on their new album "Modern Times". Abbie and the Starship go back to '66.

She's a heavy in her own right even though the media harps on about her "statuesque beauty," that she's an ex-fashion model and the daughter of writer Helen Lawrenson. That's all true but she is also the daughter of Jack Lawrenson, a founder of the National Maritime Union, an idealist who eventually got purged by corrupt officials.

In 1971, the FBI mistook her for the girlfriend of Cameron Bishop (1st radical to make the ten most wanted list in the 60's) who she never met or whose name she didn't recognize at the time. For 2 years she was one of the most harassed victims of Miller and Felt's Cointelpro program. The harassment cost her all her work and an engagement to be married. It got so bad, that she was forced to flee to Mexico, where she went to work under an alias. It was there she met Abbie, a year later.

Thanks to some FBI files obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, her attorneys filed suit against the FBI. This eventually resulted in a \$10,000 out-of-court settlement—one of the largest in history.

Her troubles didn't end there. Her landlord read newspaper reports of how the big time couple lived upstate (the famous river cottage is owned by her mother). As a result, he filed to evict her out of her rent-controlled apartment. "You know the Parole Officer was here yesterday and was surprised to see we lived like all the other inmates and their wives. He probably expected a mansion." Instead

45. They omitted the head shaving, saying, "his girlfriend claimed he was beaten and the victim of racial epithets." The *Daily News* decided the story conflicted with their "kid glove treatment for Abbie", even though their reporter confirmed his condition with prison officials. They were still screaming about him being released in 6 weeks. Another major reporting error.

Authorities in Albany, when called, would neither confirm nor deny the beating, but admitted it was under investigation. At Lincoln, however, I was told no inmate comes to work release from upstate with their head shaved the day before. The point of the program is to give inmates anonymity on the job—thus Abbie the Jew-Nigger-Lover being the only exception.

Abbie's life at Downstate was far from easy time. He had started to organize around 2 major prison reform issues and one he said would affect thousands of inmates' freedom via an early parole. He hasn't made details public yet.

Johanna told about how he was helping several inmates get medical attention or legal appeals. Every chance they could, they kept him locked for 24 hours a day in his cell.

She's been going crazy during the 2 months Abbie's been in prison. "Pan Am lost our luggage last January. 2 bags were located, but not the one containing the complete manuscript for Abbie's next book—a collection of underground essays, half of which were never published and it's impossible to retrace Abbie's hiding places. He's like an absent-minded squirrel."

Reporters and well-wishers call all day despite the fact that there is no longer a defense committee to help.

She says, "Look, every weekend, I got up to take the bus to Downstate with the other visitors. The inmates had a rumor, I

continued on page 7



Tourist at reopening of MGM Grand in Las Vegas.

The Mormon /Mafia Wars Cont.

tions, examined the Kent State killings, highlighted the infamous roles played by Ohio Gov. James Rhodes and the National Guard, but completely obliterated the role of the FBI.

[An FBI informer, Terry Norman, touched off the shooting by waving around a revolver which, according to the James Michener book on which the T.V. drama was based, some witnesses said discharged. Based on eyewitness descriptions, FBI agents were the likely ROTC building arsonists, and within two days of the Kent ROTC fire FBI agents were caught trying to firebomb ROTCs at Hobart College, N.Y., and Seattle, Wash. The FBI exposed as fabrication the Guard's cover story of snipers. And FBI agents reported to National Archivist Charles Thomas that President Nixon called Rhodes after the ROTC fire but before the shooting and ordered him to "make a goddamn good example of someone."]

Rhodes waxed furious over the Osmond portrayal, and revoked their long-standing invitation to perform at the Ohio State Fair. [Rhodes, once a teenaged numbers-runner, had pardoned Blackie Licavoli's brother, Yonnie, long-imprisoned for the bootlegging murder of (by eery coincidence) one Jackie Kennedy. Less coincidentally, Rhodes blocked extradition of a key figure in New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's JFK murder investigation, Gordon Novel. Life Magazine once accused Rhodes of mob ties. He sued them and won, as did Joe Alioto (former San Francisco mayor and alleged Mafia lawyer) Look. These judgements helped put both magazines out of business. In the late '70's, gang war raged in Cleveland, and renegade boss Danny Green was blown up in his car. Although several of his subordinates went to prison, Blackie Licavoli was twice acquitted, despite long-time buddy Fratianno's testimony that Blackie masterminded the murder of the upstart Irish gangster.]

-8. The Chicago Sun-Times reported an Appalachian-style Mafia conclave had given control of Vegas, heretofore an "open city," to the Chicago family, in return for their staying out of the new and lucrative Jersey gambling biz. Vegas gambling interests were to report to Joseph Aiuppa, lieutenant of Chicago capo Anthony Accardo. Traditionally, the Chicago family theoretically controlled everything to its west, excluding Vegas, where, as in Miami, everyone was free to make a buck. How Vegas' newest gambling czars, the Mormons, felt about being

told they now had to pay off east coast mafiosi went unreported.

-9. The Mafia crackdown suddenly showed signs of international coordination, with the little-reported arrests of the leadership of one of the families most active in New Jersey, the Philadelphia family, plus, in Sicily, of a colorful, four-and-a-half-foot tall Mafia don, "Three-Fingers" Coppola.

-10. What the media did report, delightedly, was how young gangsters gloried in the Mafia chic inspired by *The Godfather* (movie rights owned by Paramount, a subsidiary of Gulf & Western, which also controls sugar production in the Dominican Republic). One young don reportedly plays the theme from Francis Ford Coppola's movie incessantly in restaurants. (Presumably, mafiosi were less thrilled by NBC's silly soap opera, *The Gangster Chronicles*, with its Polish "Mr. Big.")

This chain of SUEs suggests, circumstantially but strongly, that, at the height of their success, a generally-unnoticed coalition between the Mormon Church and the national crime syndicate commonly called the Mafia has broken down. In true gangland fashion, the two sects are feuding, and may launch what could escalate into open civil war.

It might be argued these SUEs comprise but an elaborate logical fallacy in which events seem to fit together only because they happen at the same times and places to many of the same faces. If there never had been any Mormon-Mafia collusion, this string of SUEs might, indeed, be meaningless. But Mormons and mafiosi have been working together for at least 20 years, most publicly in the casinos of Vegas but also in the shadow world of espionage.



FRONT MAN

The CIA plot to recruit mafiosi to kill Fidel Castro was hatched and later disclosed by Mormons. The security firm which employed E. Howard Hunt during Watergate was owned by a Mormon. The most damaging Watergate revelations were through Mormons. Then there was the matter of a mysterious fellow named Howard Hughes.

On June 19, 1980, Hughes' cousin, William Lummis, who gained control of the Hughes estate after juries in Vegas and Houston discounted the infamous "Mormon Will," received a bill from the Internal Revenue Service for \$274.7 million in inheritance taxes. Had any will been ruled



NUMBERS RUNNER

valid, the government could have claimed far less; the Mormon Church's would have left the government practically nothing, for churches are tax-exempt.

Mormonism has seldom been examined as a significant factor in our turbulent recent history. It's considered impolite in America to inquire about a person's religion. And, with certain famous exceptions, Mormons rarely advertise their affiliation. They were, after all, the founders of modern Survivalism.

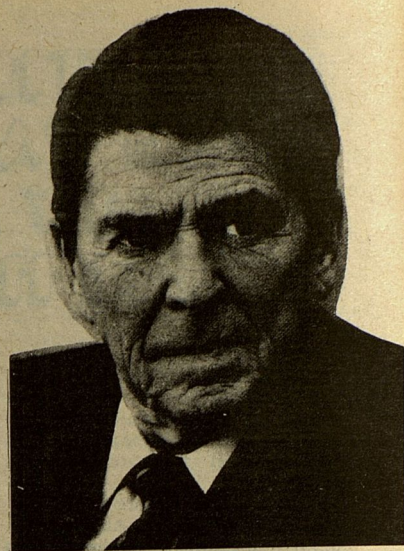
Blame it on the Cosa Nostra

Of the Mormons and Mafia, two highly secretive sects, it's easier to find things out about the Mafia. It was born in medieval Sicily to defend Saracen serfs from barbaric Norman invaders, much as the Knights of Malta began to protect Normans from Saracens in the Holy Lands. Both orders quickly degenerated into protection rackets cloaked in quasi-religious double-talk to awe outsiders. Lucky Luciano called the Mafia the world's "most exclusive men's club."

During the golden era of Prohibition, American initiates were "made" at elaborate ceremonies with Sicilian oaths, finger-prickings, and crossed knives and guns to illustrate the solemn warning: "You come in alive, you go out dead." Forty years after his initiation, claimed Fratianno, everybody who still remembered the Sicilian words to the oath had been killed off.

Members refer to *Cosa Nostra* ("our thing") and introduce one another as *amico nostro* ("a friend of ours," as opposed to "my friend" for non-mafiosi.) Most of their time they spend wheeling and dealing, hustling, swindling and extorting a living, much like "legit" businessmen with less ethnic backgrounds. Each Mafia boss is as autonomous as a feudal lord, and efforts within the organization to create a "boss of bosses" invariably prove the kiss of death. New York's five families date to settlement of the bloody, 1929-1931, Maranzano-Masseria wars, wherein upstarts led by Luciano wrested control from the old Mafia dons. Foremost among Luciano's heresies was his willingness to work with non-Italians, particularly Jews like Bugsy Siegel and Meyer Lansky. Bosses of the five New York families, plus the Chicago family consolidated in the '20's under Al Capone, form the core of the National Commission, which, according to Fratianno, serves no function but to settle boundary disputes, and isn't even very effective at that. Thus, mafiosi are free to rip off one another with gleeful abandon. This provides pretexts for the frequent mob wars, which usually pit racist traditionalists against renegade Italians, Jews, Irish and others. (See SUEs -1 and -7.)

For the first 30 years after Maranzano-Masseria, nobody squealed. The Mafia code of silence achieved mythic proportions. Then, while Vito Genovese was in the midst of a coup against Luciano, Genovese's chauffeur, Joe Valachi, became the FBI's first mob informer and an international T.V. star, thanks to televised Senate hearings like those which made stars of Estes Kefauver, John and Bobby Kennedy, Jimmy Hoffa and Barry Goldwater. Valachi opened the floodgate, and mafiosi—including Fratianno, San Diego boss Frank "Bomp" Bomponiero and Johnny Roselli—began, secretly and selectively, to inform on *Cosa Nostra* rivals



PUPPET

to the FBI.

What now held organized crime together were not blood oaths and medieval rituals but vast amounts of money. The profits from prohibition had been nothing, claimed Luciano, compared to the World War II era black market. One wartime scam involved Meyer Lansky, Bebe Robozo and a young lawyer named Richard Nixon, who worked in the interpretations unit of the legal section of the tire rationing branch of the Office of Price Administration. Future Florida Sen. George Smathers contacted Nixon regarding the legality of importing tires from Cuba to circumvent rubber rationing. Bebe Robozo was the biggest tire-recapper in Florida. Lansky, the boss who controlled both Miami and Havana, bootlegged tires from Cuba. Later in the war, Lansky worked with Naval Intelligence to force Cuban President Batista to hold elections which temporarily deposed him. After sinking the French liner *Normandie* to impress the U.S. Government with his power, Luciano, in prison, agreed, through Lansky, to use the Longshoreman's union to secure U.S. ports from sabotage. Later Republican presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey (whom Luciano claimed to have bought with a \$90,000 campaign contribution), announced Luciano had used his Mafia contacts to smooth the way for the Allied invasion of Italy. Through a deal with Dewey, Luciano returned to run the Italian black market, a hero, though, he confided to biographer Martin A. Gorsch, Dewey's story was "all shit."

The war over, organized crime expanded rapidly. Bugsy Siegel went west, to Nevada, where gambling and prostitution were legal, and there built Las Vegas' famed Flamingo Hotel (now the Flamingo Hilton). Unfortunately for Bugsy, he never repaid eastern Mafia money he borrowed and so got knocked off. When the mafiosi moved in to take over Bugsy's operation, they made a momentous discovery: the cash flow through a Vegas casino was so great it was possible to skim off vast fortunes without the IRS (which ended Capone's career) being any the wiser.

So Vegas became the mob's "open city," and the Mafia bosses must have blessed Bugsy's ghost a thousand times when Fidel Castro's Communists seized power in Cuba and, after a brief time during which CIA spy Frank Sturgis was Cuba's gambling commissioner, shut down the casinos. The revolutionary government briefly detained several gangsters, including Jack Ruby, who was arrested carrying photographs of *personae non gratae*, probably Lansky and his brother Jake. Meyer Lansky had fled Cuba alongside his pal, Batista, and for years the mob thirsted for revenge. Castro, in their eyes, had ripped them off, just as Bugsy Siegel had.

In Vegas, now the West's gambling capital, each family had its own representative. Chicago's man was affable Johnny Roselli, favored lieutenant of boss Sam Giancana. Roselli's association with the intelligence community may date to the early '50's, when it is likely he furnished material to Ian Fleming for his James Bond stories. Fleming was believed by the KGB to have used his London Times correspondence as espionage cover in the '30's when he reported on the Stalin purge trials. During the war, on loan from British Naval Intelligence, Fleming co-founded,

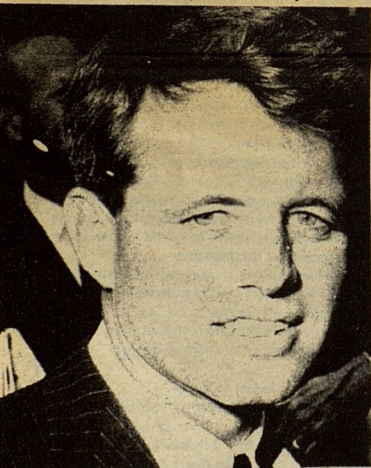
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with Gen. "Wild Bill" Donovan, the Office of Strategic Services, daddy of the CIA. Later, Fleming was an intimate of CIA Director Allen Dulles and the brothers Kennedy.

Another Kennedy pal was Frank Sinatra, who had risen from musical ineptitude so profound cronies had to bribe audiences into listening, through teenage idolatry, to become one of the world's wealthiest entertainers, reportedly through several offers that couldn't be refused. According to Judith Campbell Exner and Mickey Cohen, Frank's function in the Kennedy White House was to get Jack nookie, for which he had an insatiable appetite. One of the glamour girls Frank procured for Jack was the then Judy Campbell. Later, Frank fixed her up with Giancana, taking perverse pleasure that one of his girlfriends was also screwing the President and the country's most notorious racketeer. Exner's ghostwriter, Ovid Demaris, became Fratianno's biographer and quoted the Weasel as recalling, on several occasions, Roselli rhapsodizing over Judy Campbell's beauty. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who had engineered his brother's rise to the presidency and his own remarkable ascendancy, largely through televised Senate inquisitions into mob influence over Hoffa's Teamsters, grew alarmed over Sinatra's mob ties and banned him from the Kennedy White House. Shortly before JFK's assassination, Nevada, then controlled by Democrats, punished Sinatra for his association with Giancana by revoking his lucrative Nevada gaming permit.

While Jack, as President, seemed reluctant to move against Cuba and took the blame for the CIA's botched Bay of Pigs invasion, Bobby, as Attorney General, showed no such reluctance to move against the mob. During his command of the Justice Department, in the wake of the Valachi hearings, *mafiosi* went to jail in unprecedented number—even, eventually, Giancana, for refusing to testify before a federal grand jury despite immunity.



VICTIM

Giancana was outraged at such treatment. He considered himself, like Luciano and Lansky, a national hero. During the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration, he and Roselli had become involved in a scheme that would eventually cost both their lives. It all started when Bob Maheu approached Roselli with the idea of killing Fidel Castro. Maheu was ex-FBI, currently with the CIA. Later he would go to work for Howard Hughes. But beyond all that, Bob Maheu was a Mormon.

Treasures on Earth

When Brigham Young ordered the faithful to place all their belongings and push their way west to the promised land, it was no coincidence Mormons had just acquired the country's only handcart company. Many 19th century Gentiles (including Mark Twain, who called the *Book of Mormon* "imaginary history...followed by a tedious plagiarism") viewed Mormonism as essentially an elaborate scam to get money and girls.

Today, the Mormon Church has become per capita the richest church in the world. Mormons hasten to alibi the Roman Catholic Church is infinitely richer, but it encompasses hundreds of millions of rock poor members and only a relatively few rich. The Mormons have learned how to do without those huddled masses. It is easy

to overlook the vast wealth of the Church unless one constantly remembers what a tiny, elite group it is—4 million members worldwide. The Church-owned department store chain, for instance, ZCMI (Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institute) is only the 58th largest chain in the country in total sales. But ZCMI has just six stores. Per capita, ZCMI stores rank second to Macy. The Church owns many corporations outright, including Beneficial Life Insurance, Beehive Clothing Mills and four banks. It owns big blocks of stock in others, like Times-Mirror, which publishes *Newsday*, the *Hartford Courant*, the *Dallas Times-Herald*, and perhaps the most conservative big-city daily, the *Los Angeles Times*, molder of Richard Nixon, Earl Warren and Ronald Reagan. Furthermore, because Mormons strictly tithed (10% of their income) to the Church, one must consider corporations substantially owned by Mormons, such as Marriott, which operates Marriott Hotels, Essex House, Roy Rogers Restaurants, Farrell's and Hot Shoppes, contracts to feed most airline passengers and many students and



MAFIA MONEY MAN

federal employees, and owns four cruise ships. In addition, Mormons occupy many top management positions. The head man at Walt Disney Productions, E. Cardon Walker, donates his 10% of the 13th highest salary in the nation, \$1.52 million. Others: Thomas S. Peterson, president of Standard Oil of California, the most conservative oil company; Robert Hales, senior vice president at Max Factor; and Ira D. Brown, president of Sav-On Drugs.

The wealth is significant, because when the Mormon Church rushes you, that's what they talk about. Standing outside one of their alabaster temples, an elder will explain Mormons have no welfare and no crime, always guarantee a job and stake to members down on their luck, provide important contacts and a pleasant way of life. All that heaven and judgement shit is for the suckers working the street. Mormonism is presented as a wise investment, a blue-chip to add to your portfolio.

In Mormon strongholds—particularly Utah, Nevada and northern Arizona, but also parts of Florida and Georgia—the Church openly runs the political, economic, legal and social life of the Mormon town. Elsewhere, it operates with a secretiveness worthy of the CIA.

Partly, this is because a number of Mormons are in the CIA. When Sonye Johnson was tried and excommunicated over the Equal Rights Amendment, she was chilled to discover present or former CIA personnel comprised two-thirds of the panel, including its president, Bishop Jeffrey H. Willis, a CIA personnel officer. Mormon Robert Bennett, who helped William F. Buckley found Young Americans for Freedom and employed E. Howard Hunt at the time of the Watergate break-in, set up CIA cover offices in a half-dozen countries. Mormons are closed-mouthed partly because they were persecuted by their fellow Americans a century ago.

But mostly it is because Mormons are survivalists: paranoid neighbors will discover their food hoards. Mormons have long stockpiled three years' worth of dried food. Survivalism is surely an idea whose time has come—for the Mormons own the biggest dried foods company and the only company still manufacturing fallout shelters.

The Castro Contract

According to Fratianno, Bob Maheu first met Johnny Roselli in the late '50's, when

the ex-FBI agent was doing a private investigating job for Milton Berle. "Uncle Miltie" wanted to void a contract with partners he suspected of being pot-smoking "perverts." Later, in the waning months of the Eisenhower Administration, Roselli and Fratianno had a conversation, reproduced thusly by Demaris:

Roselli lowered his voice and leaned toward Jimmy. "There's this former FBI guy I know, Robert Maheu, who's got a connection with the CIA, and the government wants us to clip Fidel Castro. What do you think of that?"

Jimmy shook his head like a boxer who has been dazed by a sharp jab. "Hey, Johnny, you know what the fuck you're doing? This's a dangerous thing."

"No, no, Jimmy. Listen, let me explain. Nobody knows about this except Sam [Giancana] and Santo [Trafficante]."

"And Maheu, the CIA, and, maybe, the fucking FBI. Did Giancana clear it with the commission?"

"Jimmy, we don't have to tell nobody. If we pull it off, then we get the power. If somebody gets in trouble and they want a favor, we can get it for them. You understand. We'll have the fucking government by the ass."



CAPRICORN

Later, Fratianno claims, it all turned out to be a scam. Trafficante "never did nothing but bullshit everybody," Roselli says bitterly.

"...All these fucking wild schemes the CIA dreamed up never got further than Santo. He just sat on it, conned everybody into thinking that guys were risking their lives sneaking into Cuba, having boats shot out from under them, all bullshit."

Joseph Shimon, a former high-ranking D.C. police officer with ties to the CIA and Mafia, told Sen. Frank Church's Intelligence Committee that Giancana told him, "Maheu's conning the hell out of the CIA."

The FBI was threatening to deport Roselli to Italy. Roselli went to Maheu's lawyer, Edward P. Morgan, once third in command to J. Edgar Hoover at the FBI, and told him about the CIA-Mafia plot to kill Castro. He hoped this would vindicate him as a national hero, like Luciano and Lansky. Morgan took the story to Jack Anderson, who then co-authored a *Washington Post* column with Drew Pearson.

Jack Anderson was a devout Mormon. He began his two years of missionary work on December 7, 1941. Later, he became a war correspondent for the *Mormon's Deseret News*, landed in a distant corner of the Chinese theatre where fighting wasn't being reported, and hooked up with the local Office of Strategic Services outpost. The parent organization of the CIA so mistrusted the young zealot, according to official accounts, that they sent him straight to the front to contact Nationalist guerillas. His draft board was not able to find him until 1945. After the war, Anderson married a Mormon girl and became chief investigator for Drew Pearson, eventually earning a co-bylines with the venerable columnist. Anderson had also become a bit of a capitalist, acquiring part ownership of Hank Greenspan's *Las Vegas Sun*.

Anderson took Morgan's embellished story to Pearson, who bore it to Chief Justice Earl Warren. Warren gave it to *Secret Service* head James Rowley, who passed it to J. Edgar Hoover, who decided "no investigation will be conducted regarding the allegations." On March 3, 1967, Anderson and Pearson ran a story brilliantly slanted to undermine both

leading Democratic presidential candidates:

President Johnson is sitting on a political H-bomb—an unconfirmed report that Senator Robert Kennedy (Dem., N.Y.) may have approved an assassination plot which then appeared backfired against his late brother.... The CIA hatched a plot to knock off Castro. It would have been impossible for this to reach the levels it did, say insiders, without being taken up with the younger Kennedy. Indeed, one source insists that Bobby, eager to avenge the Bay of Pigs fiasco, played a key role in the planning... Some insiders are convinced that Castro learned enough at least to believe that the CIA was seeking to kill him. With characteristic fury, he is reported to have cooked up a counter-plot against President Kennedy.

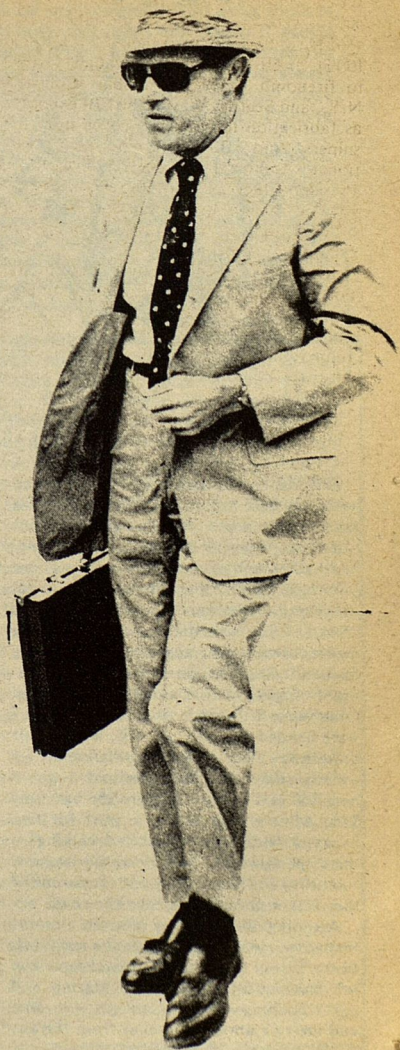
This was nonsense. Why would Castro retaliate against the liberal Kennedy for the schemes of Richard Nixon and the CIA during the Eisenhower Administration? There was never any evidence of Castro "retaliation." But the Warren Commission's "lone nut" explanation for the JFK assassination was losing all public credence, and a fall-back story was needed. The Pearson-Anderson "revelation," traceable to a tale Johnny Roselli later claimed to have fabricated to give him leverage with the FBI, is the sole basis for all subsequent speculation Castro killed JFK. In fact, Castro displayed considerably more shock and sorrow when informed of Kennedy's death than did Richard Nixon, who concealed for nearly ten years his presence in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

Roselli's 1975 murder came, according to Fratianno, as he was preparing to tell Sen. Church's committee that the story he told Morgan was a scam. Earlier, Giancana too had been murdered on the eve of his scheduled testimony.

Blood Attemnt

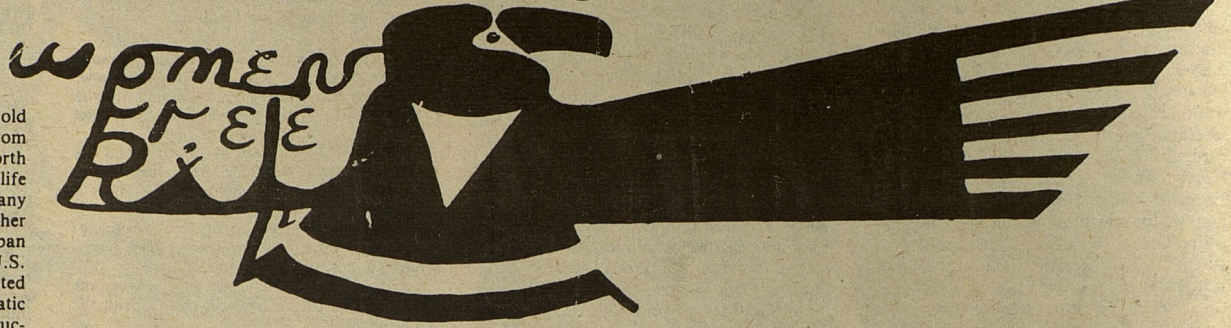
In *The Honored Society*, the book which was Mario Puzo's main source for *The Godfather*, Norman Lewis explains why straight society has such difficulty understanding the Mafia:

The Mafia stands outside Christian morality, but the uncorrupted form of the Mafia found in feudal Sicily has an iron morality of its own. No *mafioso* sees himself as a criminal, and the Mafia has always been the enemy of petty
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SPYMASTER

Women Free Rita



Rita Silk Nauni is a 31 year old Hunkpapa (Lakota) Sioux; originally from Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota, she lived the later half of her life in Southern California. Rita, like many other American Indian people, left her reservation and relocated to a major urban center. Relocation is a part of the U.S. government's Indian policy that originated in the 1950's; it includes systematic sterilization abuse, child stealing, destruction of Indian languages, and destruction of traditional governments. Under this relocation policy the government subsidizes the transfer of Indian people away from their colonized national territories in an attempt to reduce the resistance to multi-national corporations and U.S. government plans to rape the land for profits. These plans are based on the destruction of the cultural, spiritual, economic, and physical existence of American Indian people and nations.

Rita, like most American Indian women in the cities, worked what factory and other jobs she could get to support herself and her son. Adjusting to extreme cultural differences between city and reservation life is difficult; she had many problems and when she sought assistance from doctors she was offered remedies like valium and other drugs. On Sept. 17, 1979, she made a break from a mentally and physically abusive three year relationship with her husband after he broke into her home and threatened to kill her and her son, age ten. With little money and few resources she took her son, Derrick, and flew to Oklahoma where she hoped he would be safe with his father, her former husband. Rita was not on good terms with the man, but Derrick's safety was foremost in her mind and she had few options.



Friends, family and doctors who talked with Rita just before she left Los Angeles say that she was in a very agitated, emotional, and paranoid state when she left. She had recently been told, as have about one-third of all American Indian women, that she was sterile and could have no more children. She was still recovering from a mental breakdown caused by her battering husband. She and Derrick took the midnight flight to Oklahoma arriving in Oklahoma City around 6:30 AM. They were headed for Lawton, OK, a two hour drive away. The buses in Oklahoma City were on strike and Rita was told it would be a \$60 taxi ride to Lawton; she had only \$36. After sitting in the airport for two hours, Rita and Derrick started walking up the airport access road. Derrick's bag was too heavy for him so they removed some of the clothes and left them by the road.

Airport police say they received a report that someone was littering on the road. Officers Teresa Wells and Garland Garrison left the terminal with siren blaring and lights flashing. They caught up with Rita and Derrick about two miles from the air-

port; when they ran, the two officers chased them down on foot. According to a story in the Feb. '81 issue of *Off Our Backs*, Officer Garrison had Derrick's clothes and asked him if they were his, "when Derrick said they were, the officer grabbed the boy's arm. Derrick got scared and tried to pull away. The officer threw him to the ground, jerked him to his feet, slammed him up against the car and began forcing him into the car." Derrick left scratches on Garrison's hands from the struggle. Wells grabbed Rita when she came to Derrick's defense, Rita knocked Wells down; Wells got up and went after Rita again and was knocked down again. Officer Wells went for her gun; Rita grabbed Wells and in the struggle the gun went off wounding Wells in the thigh. Garrison released Derrick and went for Rita, reaching for his gun. Rita fired three shots wildly; Garrison was struck by one of the shots and died. Rita and Derrick got into the police car and fled from the scene. Shortly, police converged on the car, ramed it off the road, dragged Rita from the car, and severely beat and stomped her. She was arrested and hospitalized with a concussion and a smashed hand, among other injuries. Four people who witnessed the beating from a nearby restaurant filed police brutality complaints which were later dismissed.

Several hours later when Derrick's father and grandparents arrived from 90 miles away, police threatened to charge Derrick with murder if his father would not waive Derrick's rights and have Derrick make a sworn statement. When Derrick's father said he wanted to talk to a lawyer first, police arrested Derrick for first degree murder; he was later released and the charges dropped. Rita was charged with first degree murder and shooting with intent to kill. The state asked for the death penalty and the prosecution moved to make her bail \$150,000; the judge later set bail at \$100,000 at the defense's request and demanded an audit of Rita's defense committee's budget.

Jury selection began in Oklahoma City on June 2, 1980. Judge Joe Cannon denied the defense team's efforts to question prospective jurors individually and effectively prevented direct inquiry into any juror's personal prejudices. The jury was all white and "death qualified" which means that each of them had indicated that they would consider recommending the death penalty upon conviction.

As the trial got underway Judge Cannon gave Sheriff Gene Wells a standing order to arrest any persons in the courthouse or across the street wearing "Free Rita" T-shirts or buttons. Other inflammatory acts by Judge Cannon included legal workers and supporters being called before the judge for "staring at the judge," for "counting jurors," and for being in possession of anti-death penalty literature. He refused to allow the defense to argue self-defense, and defense of child or to present evidence of police misconduct. After deliberating for two days, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of first degree manslaughter and guilty of shooting with intent to kill. One person voted for acquittal by reason of insanity.

At the sentencing Judge Cannon ordered the 100 year and 50 year sentences recommended by the jury for the two "crimes" to run consecutively and said, "If it were up to me I would give her more." He said he had received 195 letters from 36 states,

England and British Columbia, asking for a reduced or suspended sentence. The high average for a manslaughter charge in Oklahoma is 25 years.

Despite the blatant prejudice exhibited throughout the trial, the outcome is considered to be a victory because Rita beat the first degree murder charge and the death penalty. The victory of the sentencing hearing was that appeal bond was reduced from \$150,000 to \$100,000; this could not have happened if Rita had stood alone.

The defense moved for a new trial based on 36 procedural errors during trial. Formal appeals were filed on February 15th. On January 20th, 1981, the Oklahoma State Court of Appeals reversed Judge Cannon's decision and ruled that Rita is entitled to a copy of the transcript from her trial, a unanimous decision by the three judge panel. Cannon had ruled that Rita was not entitled to a free copy of the transcript from her trial because the existence of a defense committee indicated (to him) that there were funds to pay for a copy which would have cost \$7,000. Rita, who had been declared indigent, was definitely entitled to the transcript without charge. The favorable decision by the Court of Appeals is considered to be a good indication that the outcome of the appeal will be more just than the original trial.

The National Council of Churches (NCC) pledged \$50,000 in assigned treasury certificates toward Rita's bail; however, treasury certificates are unacceptable as bail in Oklahoma. It was necessary for the NCC to find a bank to accept the certificates as collateral on a loan of \$50,000. With this money and other monies raised by the defense committee, there was enough to make Rita's bail and she was released from prison on bail pending appeal on March 27th.

The defense committee, which is made up of 8 women (7 American Indians and one Caucasian) has set a tentative appeals budget of \$19,000. Attorneys in several states including New York (Center for Constitutional Rights) are working on the case. One large expense will be making copies of the transcript from the 12 day trial for all the people who are working on the case.

On March 27th an Appreciation and Welcoming Pow Wow was held in Norman, OK; appreciation was shown by feeding the people, the welcoming was for the artists who took part in the concert the following day when Cris Williamson, Bonnie Raitt and Floyd Westerman held a benefit performance for Rita's defense fund on the Oklahoma University campus. 1,500 people attended and \$2,500 was raised.

On March 29th Judge Cannon revoked bail under the pretext that the bailman didn't have the right papers, although they had been filed. He also overturned the Court of Appeal ruling that Rita was entitled to her trial transcript. This is harassment and discrimination.

On April 3 Rita turned herself in. However, Rita was set free April 30 as an Appeals Court ruled that she should be released on bail and that she has the right to receive a free copy of her court transcripts. The courts also issued her a new judge.

Rita is not getting good support from the feminists. They cop-out saying it's a native people's issue. But it seems more likely that they are afraid to deal with

a controversial case, which involves the killing of a cop.

If you oppose bigotry, genocide, sterilization, police brutality, battering, racism and/or blatant discrimination inside and outside the courts, this is your battle. It's our battle; it's a women's issue. Support Rita Silk Nauni!

Rita's address: Rita Silk Nauni, #109100, O.S.P. Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501

Send contributions for the appeal directly to the bank: Rita Silk Nauni Defense Fund/NAC, c/o Fidelity Bank, Acct. #10 7738, Oklahoma City, OK 73123.

Oklahoma defense committee address (the FBI is helping themselves to the mail): Native American Center, 2830 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73109.

Access To Cervical Cap Limited

from Lip & Starroot

New Food and Drug Administration (FDA) regulations have just limited women's access to what may be the safest, most effective form of birth control.

The controversy involves the cervical cap, which looks like a large rubber thimble and, like the diaphragm, places a physical barrier between sperm and uterus.

Purportedly the FDA was tightening up rules for testing safety and effectiveness of medicines and health devices. But feminists charged the rules are a sop to U.S. drug companies and will halt the cap's importation from Britain, where it is made. U.S. companies, feminists say, are threatened by widening use of the cap, and are buying time to develop their own model. The present cap is too "low profit" because it requires little or no spermicide, the money-making component of the diaphragm.

No one claims that the cervical cap is perfect. But if women are to be given the freedom to decide for themselves whether it is the right method to use, and as frustration with unsafe and ineffective birth control increases, the cervical cap is emerging as a symbol of the fight for alternatives.

Appeal to Women

In the past 18 months, 20,000 caps have been imported by U.S. clinics and physicians. The cap appeals to many women because it dispenses with spermicide and may be kept in place 3-7 days, longer than a diaphragm. Demand for the cap began after the 1977 publication of the book *Women and the Crisis in Sex Hormones* by Barbara Seaman.

Some practitioners claimed that blocking the flow of cervical juices for that long may lead to infections or inflammations, however.

What the FDA did was to re-classify the cap as an "in-vestigational device," charging that the manufacturer, Lamberts Dalton Ltd, has not produced performance data. Beginning this January, all shipments of the caps to the U.S. will be seized unless they are being imported by institutions conducting an FDA approved study. Such institutions must hold an Investigational Device Exemption (IDE) number issued by the FDA.

This FDA maneuver caused an outcry among the health clinics already dispensing the cap. "We agree there is a need for more modern data on the cap," said Seaman. "But it is senseless for the FDA to put restrictions on the cap, which is such a benign device, while the Pill and IUD are unrestricted."

For 7 decades the Pill and the IUD have dominated birth control methods. With statistics on their hazards mounting, many women are having second thoughts.

Devices similar to cervical caps have been in use for centuries. The modern version was perfected in 1938 by a German gynecologist, who made custom fitted rubber caps from beeswax impressions. Some U.S. firms introduced them in the 50's, but early models, made of metal, hardened plastic or hard rubber, were difficult to insert, uncomfortable, and fell out of fashion to the more profitable Pill.

Research is going on to improve cervical caps, to make them easier to insert, and even to develop a semi-permanent model with a one-way valve to permit cervical discharge to flow out.

But caps are not popular with doctors or drug companies. "A doctor can insert 5 IUD's in the time it takes to train some women to use the cap," said one firm.

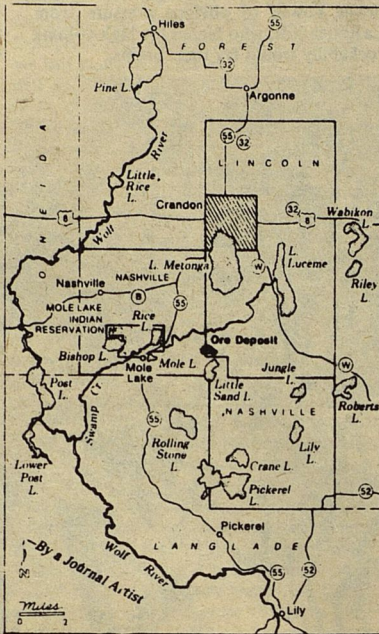
Wisconsin Chippewa Face EXON Threat

Bill Weinberg

The all too familiar story of Native American land and culture being destroyed in the name of corporate profits reaches our ears again and again—from Pine Ridge and the Black Hills of South Dakota, from Big Mountain in Arizona, from Akwesasne in New York. Many fear that the Indian lands which lie on the mineral-rich Canadian Shield in Wisconsin may be the next. The Chippewa reservation called Mole Lake, a small unspoiled area of woods and swamps in Northeastern Wisconsin faces an immediate threat. This threat comes from blind government bureaucracy and the vast multinational oil company, Exxon.

For centuries the Chippewa gathered wild rice on Wisconsin lakes in the traditional manner. The long stalks are bent over the canoe and shaken with a "rice stick", causing the ripe grains to fall off. Those that fall into the canoe become the harvest. Those that fall into the water become the seeds for the new growth. One hundred and twentyfive years ago most of the Chippewa were pushed Westward by the United States Army to make way for the lumber and mining industries. One band of Chippewa—the Sokaogon—resisted. In 1855 a treaty was

signed which granted the Sokaogon Chippewa 12 square miles with close proximity to 6 lakes from which the wild rice could be gathered. The documentation of this treaty was lost (allegedly in a Lake Michigan shipwreck) while being delivered to the Sokaogon. Since then, their land has been diminished to less than 3 square miles. This land is the Mole Lake reservation, shared by the Sokaogon Chippewa and some Sioux. It has proximity to only one lake which can be used for rice gathering—Rice Lake. The wild rice is still gathered by the traditional method. The tribe's economy is somewhat supplemented by the Great Northern Bluegrass Festival which is held at Mole Lake annually. But for the rest of the



year, the tribe's economy is based on rice-gathering, the making of canoes and rice sticks and other activities centered around Rice Lake.

Exxon entered the picture in May, 1976. Upon drilling 70 holes in the ground at a location less than one mile from the Mole Lake reservation, Exxon discovered one of the richest mineral deposits in the world—75 million tons of sulfur, iron pyrite (which contains valuable zinc and copper) and trace elements of silver and gold. When and if Exxon goes ahead with its mining plans, it will leave Mole Lake economically, ecologically and culturally devastated. Chippewa tribal leaders fear that the mining will seriously pollute (if not actually drain) Rice Lake.

According to Exxon geologist, Ed May, the mining will lead "to the development of a new domestic mining district" that will "place Wisconsin in a position of being a significant supplier of minerals". Mr. May conceded that "contamination is bound to occur no matter how wisely a mine is designed or how diligent the operators are." Exxon's callous attitude is expressed (somewhat euphemistically) in a technical project plan: "The Mole Lake Indians may have to accommodate new pressures coming from both the mine development and from newcomers."

A 1977 Wisconsin Department of Revenue Mining Impact Study informs us that iron pyrite reacts with water to form insoluble chemical compounds which can accumulate in still water. If Exxon goes ahead with its plans to dump the mine wastes in nearby wetlands, then Rice Lake's vegetation will be smothered by a reddish slime made up of these compounds. Rice Lake is connected to one of Wisconsin's major rivers, Wolf River. But the potential threat is larger still. The Impact Study further informs us that "Since uranium is often found in metal deposits, it is likely that economically profitable quantities may be extracted along with



other metals like zinc, copper, etc...." If uranium is mined it will mean (among other things) that highly toxic radon gas will pollute Mole Lake.

The Sokaogon Chippewa have held on to their culture and their ancestral home for countless generations. Mole Lake is the final landbase for their cultural survival. In the nearby town of Crandon (8 miles away) nearly all of the Chippewa drop out of high school due to the intolerable prejudices there. The tribe needs Mole Lake for survival. Exxon (a corporation so ruthless that it is already facing 9 environmental suits over air and water pollution, as well as 66 notices of violation of state or local environmental rules) needs Mole Lake only to augment its already astronomical profits. The tribe is considering having Washington combed for a copy of the lost treaty which grants them their land. A Wisconsin environmental group, Dead Serious (P.O. Box 12142, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53212), which supplied me with much of the information for this paper, is calling for a Public Regional Environmental Impact Review to be made before the mining begins.

ABBIE

(Continued from Page 3)

came in chauffeured limousine. Abbie literally owns nothing. Zilch! Nada! He has \$1500 in the bank. He gave the movie rights and money away 2 years ago to his kids and people who helped him. He is absolutely not interested in money.

Everyone's after him to jump on Jerry Rubin's Wall Street venture, but he's never said a bad word. He doesn't approve, but he looks at Jerry like he got bit by a

said don't go back. My father was an idealist and he got stabbed in the back by the FBI and corrupt NMU officials. I grew up with this."

"You know the foreign press all see him as a political prisoner. *Le Matin* in France, *Excelsior* in Mexico. Even around the country, he's written of as a positive force everywhere, but here in New York City he's some kind of devil. An interview, done in Spanish, was shown twice in Mexico. He's front-page news every week there. He's received cartons of fan mail

hours in their cells, Abbie wrote William Kunstler, urging him to take the case.

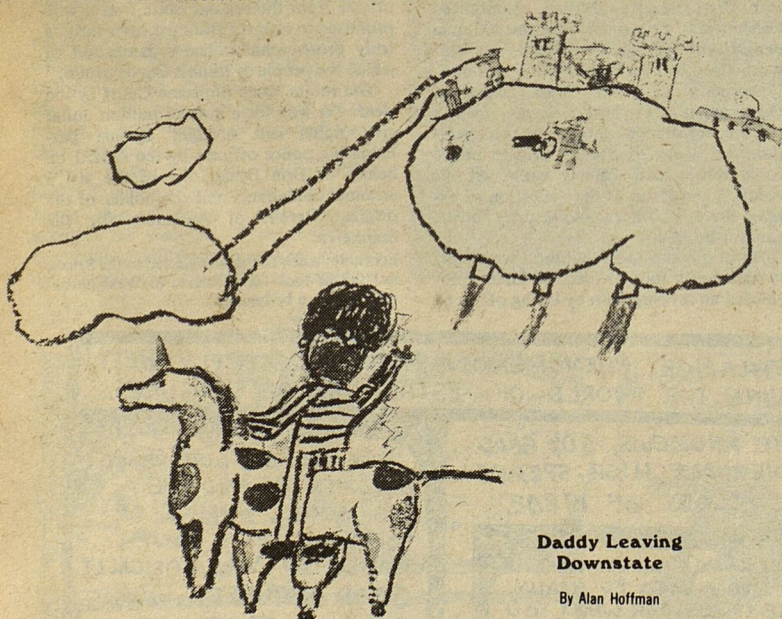
Kunstler did just that, telling the press, he was doing so because of Abbie's letter. The fact that Abbie was going to be a witness was also revealed. A witness in the most celebrated slaying of a prison guard is certainly going to get pressure. A witness who is still a prisoner is leading a dangerous life. A witness-prisoner named Abbie Hoffman has courage beyond the call of duty. The head shaving and beating occurred. Indeed, while the press hollers about preferential treatment and easy time, Abbie was probably transferred to shut him up. Perhaps, he was transferred to a place where his organizing talent and ability to publicize conditions would be limited. The state wanted him on the Defense!!!

When Abbie came out 10 days later to begin his job search, he was bundled up and strangely silent. "Abbie the Snowman," headlined the *Post*. A week

later, he called a press conference to announce his job. I went. The *News* and *Post* did not. He revealed the Anti-Heroism poster, telling them he was just the model. Then he described his new job at Veritas, which entailed counseling addicts and developing an ad campaign to deglamorize heroin. He said he didn't care if people used drugs. He cared as a therapist (he was a clinical psychologist before going south in the early civil rights movement) if people abused drugs. Abuse needs guidance and help. Heroin, however was almost always physically addicting and necessitated crime to sustain a habit. Half the street crime in New York is heroin related.

He wheeled off a wealth of statistics. It was ironic he thought that he was now doing the same work he offered the prosecutor (Sterling Johnson aka the "Idi Amin of justice") last fall. Now however instead of doing it for nothing, the state was paying \$10,000 and wasting another \$23,000 keeping him in prison.

(Continued on Page 17)



Daddy Leaving Downstate

By Alan Hoffman

bumblebee or is hearing voices from another planet. It's the complete opposite of what Abbie wants out of life."

That of course is why he's in prison, Johanna insists. "Look he returned with the best credentials of any fugitive in U.S. history, but he returned an anti-capitalist. He did not embrace Jesus or Wall Street. He immediately began organizing against nuclear energy and aid to El Salvador. He raised close to \$50,000 for groups and spoke to 100,000 students across the country. The IRS followed up and put liens on his lecture fees. You know, I knew this would happen and was his only friend who

from all over the world, so you know a different story has been told."

It turned out that Abbie was a witness to certain events surrounding Lemille Smith, the indicted suspect in the murder of Donna Payant, the first woman prison guard slain in U.S. history, at Greenhaven Prison. This promises to be the most sensational trial in New York's penal history. Smith was kept 500 feet from Abbie in the "box" at Downstate. Abbie did a study of garbage areas and the policy of women guards vis-a-vis being with inmates. When 24,000 inmates, in defiance of a federal court order, were illegally locked up for 36

Suburbs Nuked

SHOREHAM, LONG ISLAND, NY, June 17—LILCO (Long Island Lighting Company) may activate the Shoreham nuke plant within four months if they can dupe (or otherwise convince) Suffolk County interveners into withdrawing from the NRC safety hearings by forcing a settlement including a few token safety measures. If Suffolk County does drop out, it will leave as many as sixty safety violations unchecked. This is the same type of co-optation that prevailed in Harrisburg before TMI was activated.

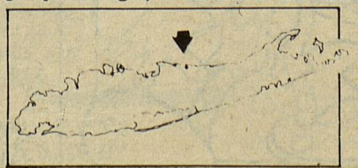
Mobe and SHAD Use Decoy Tactics

A civil disobedience of a mere nine demonstrators from Mobilization For Survival and the SHAD alliance diverted cops and LILCO security from anticipating a two hour occupation of the main LILCO offices by an eleven member affinity group. All night, at the site of the nuke

plant, hundreds of cops waited for the No-Nukers to surprise them like they did last time. To their dismay, nine demonstrators arrived at 10:00 am while activists strolled into an almost empty LILCO headquarters over in Mineola, L.I. Protesters hung a banner saying "LILCO IS RAPING LONG ISLAND" out of the front office window and turned away businessmen attempting to enter the building by telling them that the building was closed. A public-image conscious Vice President of LILCO bored the protestors while they ate a picnic lunch, as he tried to convince them of nuclear power's safety (and to leave). He soon lost patience and instructed cops to haul off the eleven demonstrators who had sealed doors and chained themselves to them.

All of the demonstrators were released that day, even though they were all repeat offenders, while local New York radio blasted the news, which was also picked up by AP. Most stations also described the recent controversial N.R.C. hearings as the specific reason for the "direct action". A Mobe spokesperson said that this was a word of mouth event—with minimal preparation—designed to encourage others to act. Hear that?

P.S.—LILCO complainant Robert Murphy's telephone number is (516) 929-6700.



Pot Parade Zaps Nazis

New York, May 2—Each May for the last ten years New York area potheads have set off on a 3 mile trek from Washington Square Park up 5th Avenue to Central Park. For a while, under pressure from 5th Avenue merchants, police tried to divert the Parade to a lesser avenue, but after marchers split and closed two avenues in '77 and '79, police brass tacitly agreed to tolerate the pot march.

So the only threat to the 5th Avenue Pot Parade was the weather. It looked like rain in the morning, and rain came down in buckets after the Parade was over, but for the smoke-in at Washington Square Park the sky cleared up, and for the Parade itself the sun was shining.

Defying the gloom blanketing reefer reformers since Reagan took over, this year's 5 Ave Pot Parade grew to more than 4,500 at the peak (around 58th and 5th Ave), heartening the most pessimistic skeptics. It even included a special stop at the headquarters of neo-Nazi Lyndon LaRouche's War on Drugs Organization, at 304 W. 58th St.

What began in Washington Square with police hassling our literature carts soon swelled to a clot of people too big to fuck with. And after the rock-mobile pulled up next to the Arch more or less on time, with the INVADERS blasting away, New York University had to move all the the Scholastic Aptitude Tests away from the Washington Sq. side of their buildings, and march organizers knew success was in the bag.

Entertainment was also furnished by the HIFIS (high school rockers), and Lightnin' Harry ("Smoke Pot!"). By the time featured speakers Andy Kowl (HIGH TIMES), Mike Moran (GRASS ROOTS), Libertarian Ric Greenberg and reps of the Pot Parade came on, the north side of the Washington Square was packed.

Typical reporter: "What would you say if Lyndon LaRouche were standing here in

front of you?"

Smokesperson: "For shame! How can you go around telling kids heroin is the same as pot?"

Just after 1:30, as the INVADERS turned it up all the way and the first rockabilly chords signalled the driver of the truck to move out, 3/4 of the park spilled onto 5 Avenue: one, two, three, four, five, six blocks stretching back until police moved up the rear.

Densely-packed marchers seemed to multiply threefold as they jammed into the street. All the way up 5th Avenue heads turned to stare at this moving Rock-show-on-a-truck, complete with audience danc-

ing uptown to the Rockabilly beat.

By the time the March turned west at 58th St. to zap the offices of the neo-Nazi War on Drugs, the music, the infectious excitement, had swollen the crowd to almost 5,000—quite an apparition for 5th Ave. tourists!

But at 8th Ave, with obvious prearrangement, horsepolice cut the rock truck off. Knowing the crowd would be confused, tending to follow the truck up Central Park West instead of continuing a few doors up 58th to LaRouche's offices, police bowed to obvious pressure from LaRouchoids, who feared the high-volume rockabilly would fry their brains.

[In addition to the Rothschilds and marijuana, LaRouchoids believe Rock music, jazz, the no nuke movement and porno are all aspects of the same conspiracy. All are slated for elimination in the "final solution".]

After an ugly confrontation, police moved the Pot Parade on up Central Park West. At 65th the Parade halted for a short demo in front of the luxury digs of Lorna Bivens, the Texas oil millionairess who evicted Studio 10, the Bleecker St community center renowned for lending support to a good many other progressive causes in addition to grass.

Then with a final memorial number in front of the Dakota, the INVADERS/CHASERS brought the parade to a climax at 72nd St, and the crowd headed into the park to catch the RAR concert at the Bandshell.



Fifth Avenue Pot Parade presses up from Washington Square Park, later stopped at headquarters of "War on Drugs" organization.

JUSTICES LEGALIZE SMOKE-INS

SPRINGFIELD, IL—The Illinois Supreme Court recently reversed the convictions of the last 5 defendants arrested at the Labor Day 1978 State Capitol Smoke-In, in effect ruling that a smoke-in to protest the marijuana laws is a constitutionally protected free assembly.

The five cases, for Trespass on State Lands, were all that remained of 42 arrests, none of them for marijuana, which were accompanied by wholesale brutality on the part of Illinois Secretary of State's Police and by Springfield City fuzz on that fateful September day.

In reversing the five lower court convictions, the Court held that the Smoke-In participants had not deprived others of

their legitimate use of the deserted Capitol Grounds, and that Security Director Gene Graves had thus exceeded his authority in declaring the gathering illegal despite his prior issuance of a written Permit.

The Court's ruling left open the possibility of arrests for possession of actual marijuana at a smoke-in, but disallowed arrests merely for attending an event at which marijuana may have been smoked.

No-one had heard of the Secretary of State's Police before the Smoke-In, including the State Journal Register, a Springfield Republican daily, one of whose reporters was briefly arrested and roughed up along with the grass roots lob-

bysts. The paper proposed an investigation by the Republican dominated legislature to determine what the 200 man department did the other 364 days a year when there was no Smoke-in to bust up.

Secretary of State Alan Dixon, a Democrat now in the US Senate, fearing further exposure of the patronage operation the Secy. of State's private police force represented, lamely explained his men's other duties as the collection of expired driver's licences, and security for the Capitol Building.

It was obvious to all that these were pretty light tasks for 200 men, so Dixon preempted an investigation by laying off 1/4 of

his officers and replacing his Chief with an officer from the regular State Patrol who promised to turn the trimmed force into "a truly professional police organization of which the people of Illinois can be proud."

The recent State Supreme Court action clears the way for a quarter million dollar civil rights suit brought against participating police officers by the ACLU on behalf of Don Duda, one of the last 5 criminal defendants and the holder of the original Permit of Assembly for the Smoke-In.

Footnote: when Dixon was elected to the Senate last fall he took Gene Graves to Washington with him as a bodyguard.

**OUTLAW
MOUSE**
By R.P.
in
Let a 1000
PIES FL??!!

A STRANGE PHENOMENON HAS RECENTLY BEEN
PLAGUING THE WORLD OF "ESTABLISHMENT" FIGURES....

ARCHIE ANDREWS, 50's GRAD
OF RIVERDALE HIGH, SPEAKS
TO THE CLASS OF 1980....

YOU KNOW KIDS, MY PAL
JUG AND I USED TO REALLY
CAUSE CHAOS FOR WHAT YOU
KIDS CALL THE "ESTABLISH-
MENT" OF RIVERDALE HIGH...

BUT THE BIG DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN US AND THE
HIGH SCHOOL PUNKS OF
TODAY IS THAT OUR
REBELLION WAS BASICALLY
GOOD-NATURED, WHEREAS

SPLAT!

NY RAR CLASHES With Parks Dept.

By Alan Thompson

New York (May 2nd)—This year's spring Rock Against Racism concert was plagued by official harassment. Even before the event, Park's Dept. Commissioner Gordon Davis offered some members of RAR "anything they wanted" in return for purging more controversial members (who just happened to include the production company, etc.).

Sacking agreements reached in front of a Federal Judge (after delaying the permit til the last minute), they stonewalled production people on everything from access for our equipment trucks to "acceptable" sound levels, etc. Even before the first band began to play they complained that Rev. Kirkpatrick's speech was too loud.

They started renegeing on their promises from the very beginning, early in the morning, when the main power tie-in was ready to go, and a door found open minutes earlier was discovered locked from the inside, delaying our access to electricity for four hours. We were lucky that the first band got started only an hour and a half late.

The intense bummer which the Parks Dept laid on the organizers, though, was kept from marring the actual performances of the FOURTH WALL REPERTORY COMPANY, a band that sings about nukes, bombs, and banks; PANIC SQUAD ("I'm not satisfied"); the GUITAR AVENGERS ("Freedom Fighter"); HOT KAPERS, a local hard rock band; and an anti-draft and anti-smack band with an electrified autoharp called BELLE STAR.

Of course, when the rain began to pour, the Parks Dept. forcibly prevented the entry of our portable water-proof sound system-on-wheels. Finally they allowed its entry, but only after removal of the electronics inside it. The electronics magically reappeared minutes after the cart was pushed up to the stage. With the big system shut down, the crowd ebbing, and the rain pouring, our hopes seemed sufficiently doused anyway...but suddenly out of somewhere sprang INNER MENTALITY, a high voltage band with battery powered amps. Also appearing wet was fearless SHANE HUE who rocked the crowd despite the drizzle.

Meanwhile Park's Dept reps were not idle—harassing anyone from the RAR coalition who distributed literature, even ticketing a New York CARD (Coalition Against Registration and Draft) member.

The real letdown was missing DEFUNKT, FULL HAND, SUNS OF CREATION, MOJA NYA, UXA, MAIN CONNECTION, the BAD BRAINS, and the 4-SKINS, who were all scheduled but unable to play because of rain and Parks Dept. sabotage.

Jello Biafra from the DEAD KENNEDYS, who had insisted on being on the poster, was scheduled to play, and then allowed his manager Tom Neilson to reschedule a \$3000 gig in another state on our concert date. The manager seemed un-

sympathetic, but later Biafra explained that he had suffered a strep throat during their tour, and that they had a cancelled gig to make up for. (Running into Jello, or rather banging into him at DOA's appearance at the Peppermint Lounge, he seemed to be a hard fellow to victimize... I decided not to kill him.)

After the rained-out concert, we decided to apply for a new permit to allow the bands who didn't play to perform. During the negotiations with the Parks Dept. May 4th, they told us that the only time available in the next 3 months to reschedule the concert was May 23rd. Depressed and anxious to fulfill promises we had made to bands and fans, we snapped at the bait... As usual, the Parks Dept. stalled us and sat on the permit application until almost the day before the event. In front of a federal judge what was once "the only available date" was now "the worst possible date". It seemed that there was a bike race scheduled to circle the entire park.

That Saturday found us at the park passing out leaflets explaining what had happened to all the people who showed up. During this time our media liaison was threatened three times with arrest, and when his partner tried to photograph the officials, she was informed that upon its use her camera would be smashed. Several others were threatened for handing out the leaflets, although no arrests occurred that day. As soon as there were about a hundred people, we decided to march on the Parks Dept. headquarters (called "the Arsenal") where we staged a small silent vigil on their front steps for the slain children of El Salvador and Atlanta.

The Parks Dept. may make the park available to us on August 15th, but we have no permit as of yet, and at presstime we're being told that the music can only last three hours.

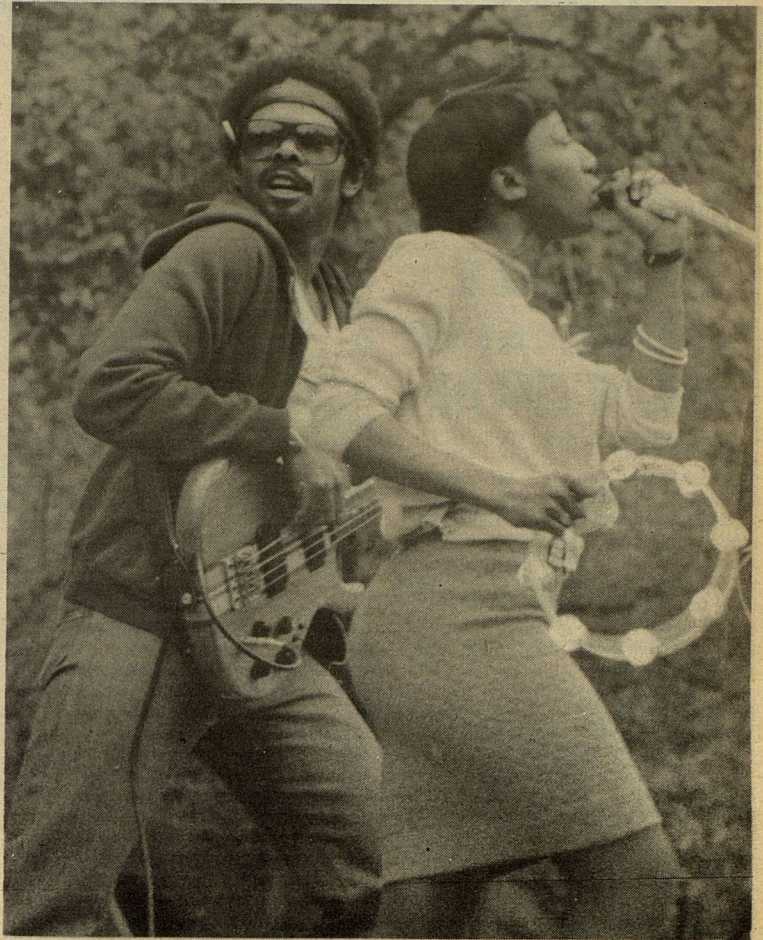


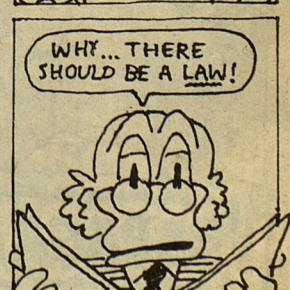
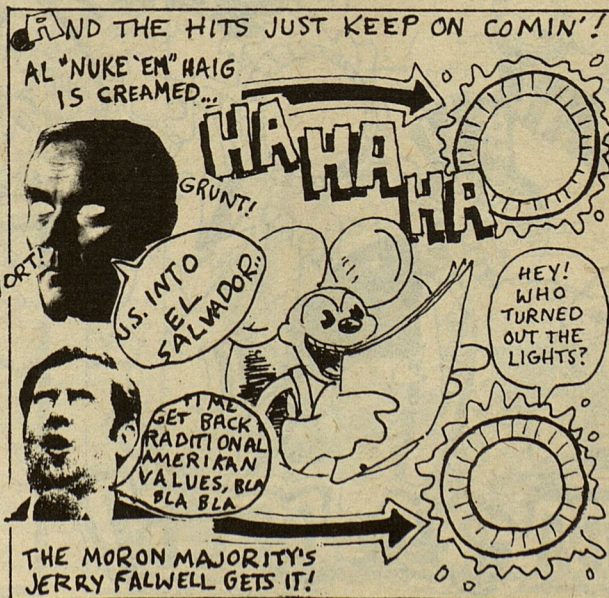
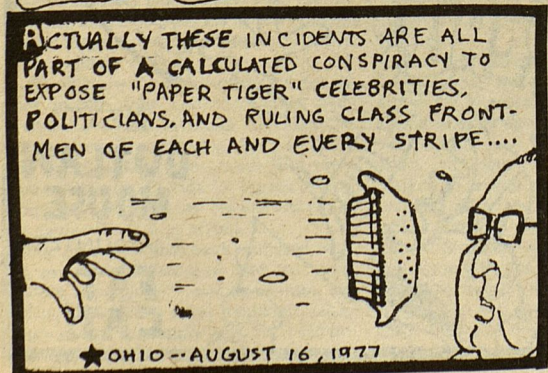
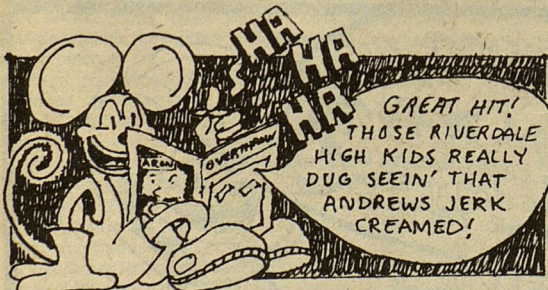
PHOTO: CRAZY HORSE

RAR Bands Boogled Until It Rained



Photo: J. Joyce-Bertsch

Umbrella sales boomed at NY Rock Against Racism concert. Raindate August 15.



SHOOT
BUSH
FIRST

THE CASE OF THE Subversive BUTTON

by Zvi Baranoff

On Sunday, April 5, I was forcefully removed from International House by two armed and uniformed thugs—Philadelphia Police "officers". I had committed no crimes. I had caused no disturbances and had created no scenes. I had been sitting in the International House waiting for a band—part of the Jewish Folk Festival program—to begin playing. I was quietly talking with a friend.

My "crime" was to wear a button on my shirt that reads: "Shoot Bush First".

The chronology of the incident is as follows. At approximately 4 p.m., I was asked by 2 cops to come with them for questioning. I protested, asking for an explanation and a justified reason.

I was "ushered" out of the room I was in and into the lobby of International House. At this point I was frisked for weapons. I complied with the frisking willingly. I was not armed. I do not own a weapon. At this stage in history, I personally feel no need to be armed. And, on a human level, I can understand the cops' fear of the people. They place themselves in the role of armed protectors of the power structures and status quo. Anyone who has a job like that ought to be afraid of the people!

At this point, the police asked me to empty my pockets. I refused. They had no search warrant. I was obviously not armed. They had no cause to further search me. The only possible cause was "fishing"—hoping to find something on me to make a bust such as recreational drugs or paraphernalia.

Following my refusal to empty my pockets I was handcuffed with my hands behind my back and placed in a police van and taken to the station. No charges had been made at this point or at any time during this entire incident.

At the police station several cops searched me and my personal papers, while other cops looked on. All were making jokes at my expense.

They questioned me concerning my work, living situation, marital status and economic status. They asked me if I lived in a collective (or, to quote the cops, "a co-op"). Then they returned my belongings and placed me in a cell.

Perhaps an hour later—time passed slowly in jail cells—the Secret Service arrived and I was led out of the cell to be questioned by them.

I was asked about my political affiliations. They were interested in knowing particularly if I was a YIPPIE! or a member of the Communist Workers Party.

I was questioned about my personal life including questions about my lovers. [Ed.: What about Jodie Foster?]

I was asked to submit to handwriting analysis with which I complied. Better this than to have them steal my mail and read my love letters. [Jodie Foster?] I was photographed. I signed a waiver allowing them to check my psychiatric history.

Basically, everything they had asked about me was already on public record. I am currently serving probation for a conviction for recreational drug usage. I am already a multiple victim of the criminal injustice system. I was released at approximately 6:30 p.m.

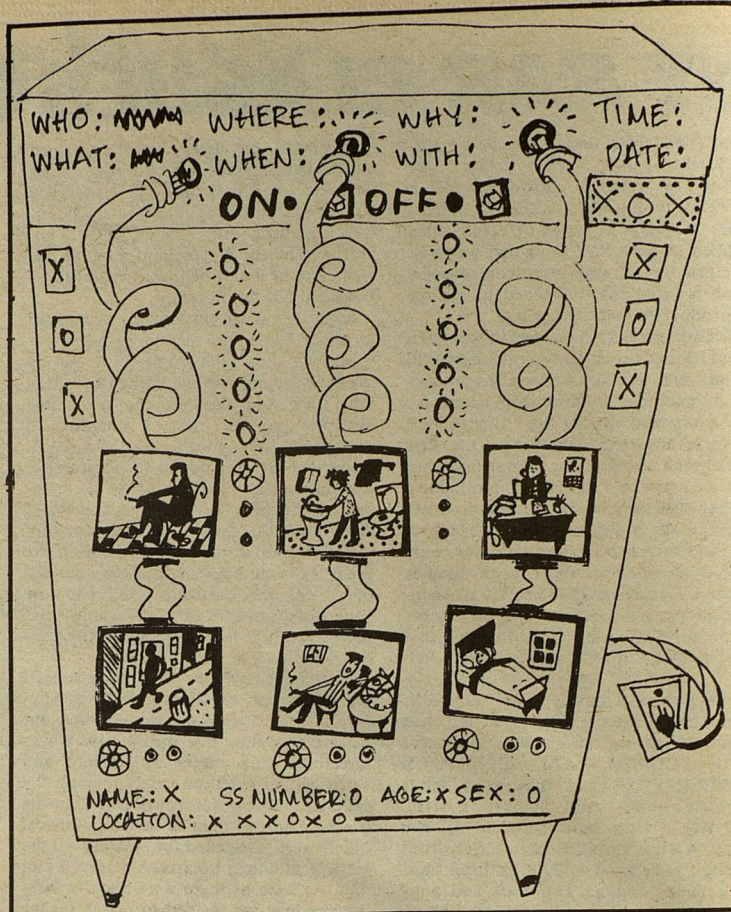
During my initial exchanges with the police, one of these armed (and dangerous) thugs said: "If you were in any other country, you would be shot right here." This should be understood as meaning: "If we felt we could get away with it, you would be shot right here." Or, maybe: "Not right now, but some day soon..."

American police lust for the tactics of repression in countries such as El Salvador. They thirst to be unleashed. While around the world, forces of oppression are striking out more and more fiercely.

In England, the Battle of Brixton, a classic rebellion of the poor, is written off as a race riot even though black and white youths went into battle against the police side by side. In Germany, a member of the Red Army Faction dies of starvation in jail as a result of a hunger strike to demand humane treatment and recognition as a political prisoner. Children are being murdered in Atlanta, possibly an attempt to maintain a condition of fear and instability in Black Communities. And the United States has a higher percentage of its population in jails and prisons than any other country in the world other than South Africa. Am I paranoid? How much can we accept? How much longer can we cooperate with a system that seems bent on destruction?

from **Community: Philadelphia's Progressive Paper**

This incident is not an isolated one. In Washington D.C., another member of this ultra-violent button-wearing cult was apprehended and detained during a leisurely walk outside the White House. Secret Service agents grabbed him off Pennsylvania Avenue, took him behind the gates and interrogated him in the same paranoid manner as Zvi was dealt with in Philly.



In an effort to inform our readers, Overthrow went to the headquarters of the SHOOT BUSH FIRST Campaign Committee, where we met with Max Chaos, Minister of Misinformation.

MAX CHAOS INTERVIEW

OT: Mr. Chaos, You've read our articles on people from at least two cities being detained wearing those buttons. Does the campaign committee have any comment?

MC: We think the Secret Service and the Police are extremely paranoid, hung up on the idea of "conspiracies", and completely misinformed.

OT: But wasn't the idea of "Shoot Bush First" to make them all paranoid?

MC: No, although that comes automatically... The purpose of the button was to make people laugh.

OT: And, how will "shooting Bush first" make people laugh?

MC: Well, any shlemiel can believe the Reagan myth by shooting Reagan, but we believe that it takes a true genius to see through that and strike at a more relevant target, such as Bush, who in many ways is much more dangerous than Reagan.

OT: Now, with Mr. Reagan shot first, what is going to be the future of the committee?

MC: Well, we're very disappointed at the frivolous attitude of Mr. Hinckley, and now it is necessary that we change our name.

OT: To what?

MC: Well we were thinking of 'Shoot Bush Next', but that sounds too demanding, so we're now the 'Lone Nut for President Campaign Committee'. We are thinking of starting a campaign made up entirely of Lone Nuts.

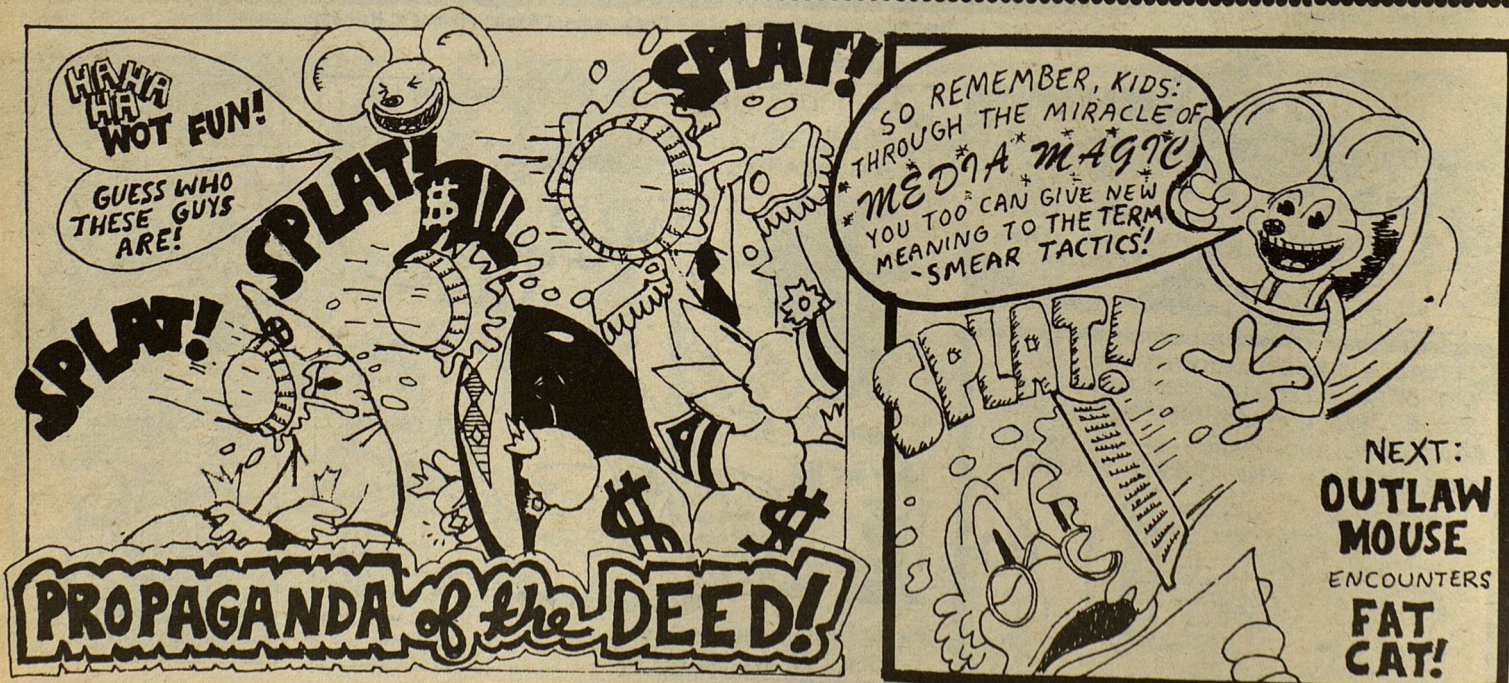
OT: What would be the platform of "Lone Nut"?

MC: I don't really know. Each lone nut would have to decide for itself, because we're all either lone nuts or we like to read about them.

OT: Are you claiming there are no more conspiracies?

MC: If you're a nut in America, you're not alone.

OT: Thank you, Max.



(Washington, D.C.), May 3—Approximately 100,000 persons converged on the Pentagon to express their outrage at the Reagan-Haig Intervention in El Salvador by marching from the State Department to the Pentagon.

At great expense, from all points in America, in hundreds of chartered buses, by train, in private cars, what the *New York Times* called "the largest anti-war gathering in 10 years" came together to register their disgust.

At issue was the shifting of 50 billion dollars toward the military, away from social services benefitting poor and middle income persons, to the enormous profit of a few individuals who backed Reagan.

At issue also was the deliberate push for war by those who give birth to neutron bombs, Cruise missiles, and MX systems, and foist new levels of military expenditure upon a reluctant Western Europe.

Although most people came not from any one group or organization, the march and rally were basically organized by the People's Anti-War Mobilization (PAM), a united front organization put together and run by Workers World Party /Youth Against War and Fascism (WWP/YAWF). They held a tight rein on the show, which included the discoed-out May Day Singers at the starting point, a tepid address by Ted Glick, then a peace-crawl with very unexciting chants from the State Department to the Pentagon, a rally at the Pentagon, which with the exceptions of Jose Cancel Miranda, the Puerto Rican Nationalist and Reverend Herbert Daughtry of the Black United Front, were extremely boring. Ditto the 50's style folk music. (I was told the San Francisco Punk-rock group, The Dead Kennedys asked to play, but were told their name might offend the Liberals.) No more Holly Near clones! Holly herself or nobody!

A lot of the gathering joined in the singing when the songs even had an assemblance of anything to them, and some people even spontaneously started joyful free-form dancing in front of the north Pentagon wall where the speakers' podium was located.

The Spartacists, [who at presstime were being stomped by YAWF goons who resented their picketing a *New York ap-*

MARCH ON THE PENTAGON: Big But Boring

by Dean Tuckerman and Stephen Wohl



Photo: J. Joyce-Bertisch

pearance by Sam Marcy], set up their own sideshow a few hundred yards short of the regular rally, but gained no converts.

Even the Moonies were there, in their guise as the "Cuba out of El Salvador Committee" of the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles. The WWP/YAWF allowed them to get close to our crowd and then a thin line of peace pigs (marshalls) were set up to separate us

from the Moonies, rather than asking the crowd to move the moonies back. Shame on YAWF who, during the late 60s and early 70s, used to berate the SWP peace pigs for doing the same.

Of course the Spartacist "ultras", who just happened to be positioned to attack the Moonies from the rear, and who, as the the "Cuba INTO El Salvador Contingent" might have been expected to have no

peacenik hangups, didn't do anything either.

As for numbers, most of the press, tv and radio categorically declared our turnout to be a mere 20,000 (who owns the media?). The *New York Times*, at least, attributed that number to an estimate by the Washington, D.C., police chief. Each of the television networks showed the same 5-second clip of a tiny sector of the crowd beginning to gather, partly obscured by trees.

During a portion of our procession from the State Department Building in Washington to the Pentagon, I could see—standing atop the railing on Arlington Memorial Bridge, over the Patomac—an unbroken line of marchers extending from Constitution Avenue and 22nd Street (our assembly point), up toward Alexander Haig's window, then across the bridge, and southward on Washington Boulevard to the north wall of the Pentagon. That is a distance of 2½ miles. We moved slowly, with an average 15 abreast, no more than 3 feet apart. When the head of the march arrived at the Pentagon, those at the rear were still awaiting their turn to leave toward the State Department. Our numbers in the march alone were therefore at least 80,000 by simple mathematics.

Just before everyone left, Stephen Wohl initiated a piss-in against the Pentagon wall. Pentagon personnel just looked on, bewildered.

As far as any alternative to the authoritarian and pro-state demands of the march, especially the "Money for jobs, not for war" chant, the anarchists who were there in numbers, could not, or would not form a contingent to march together. One would see many a black flag or an A with a circle but when you asked those carrying them to march together you got very little response. If we could make up a contingent like we did last March 22nd, we would have a greater impact on the people there and on the media both straight and alternative, when they report on the contingents.

PAM is calling an anti-Reagan conference for September in Detroit. Hope to see everyone there. Let's get ourselves together even better.

Military Infiltrates High Schools

by Pete Mastrangelo

A junior naval ROTC program has been operating at Julia Richman H.S., (a public school on E. 67 St.). Approximately 150 students between 15 and 18 years old have one naval class each day and drill twice a week after school hours.

Instead of educating the military, public education is being militarized. While there are several major flaws in New York's public schools, the military will just add to the problems.

As it is, education tends to dull the thinking process and create patriotic "good" citizens who will jump on any people in the world when ordered. What we don't need is teenagers in uniform paid for by working people's taxes. Give the young a chance to live.

The program is headed by a naval commander licensed by the NYC Board of Ed. In fact he has the title of assistant principal because his navy pay is higher than that of teacher. This means he sits at policy making meetings and can exert much influence in the military's favor.

We all know the way the military gets its foot in the door and then takes over everything it can. At Julia Richman the same pattern is continuing. Both students and principal have been taken to a navy base in Orlando, Florida for a week during which there were classes. No one else could get away with that or afford it.

The principal came back enthused with the exposure the students had to "such modern technology"—not to mention his getting an officer's royal treatment. (It is rumored that his family went too.) He insists that there is no pressure to join the

navy or any other branch and that he will not tolerate recruitment in school.

Actually there is plenty of recruitment at Richman. (It must be remembered that the only other ROTC high school in NYC is Xavier H.S., a catholic jesuit school on Park Ave and 84 St.) Army recruiters enter the building unchallenged by security guards. There must be something about a uniform. They wander through the cafeteria recruiting. They also visit the commander to see if there are any navy rejects that the army can pick up. Or a certain friendly guidance counsellor can direct them like a hunting dog to the "troubled student who needs structure and direction."

Former students who are now in the service get time off and a free trip home if they get names of students from their school. Army career aptitude tests (ASVAB) were given to students this year at Richman and possibly other schools. But having a military unit as an academic program is no accident. It is the highest form of infiltration: recognized and established.

Of course, you can guess which groups of people living in NYC will be duped the most into a uniform of the U.S. military—Blacks and Latinos (95% of Richman's students). Even some of the parents think it is great that their children be given the same opportunity to be a military officer as whites are. Equal chance to kill and be killed is not what is meant by justice.

To try to offer the alternative view to a student body more interested in surviving the world of racism and unemployment is like swimming upstream. Joe Wetmore of NY CARD and Mustafa Randolph of Black Veterans for Social Justice have spoken to several classes including ROTC students about the evils of the military.

The teachers union (UFT) president, Albert Shanker, while opposing cuts in education does not connect this with an increase in military spending, especially in his position as a vice-president of the AFL-CIO. Plenty of money for bullets but not for books.

Draft Opposition and Resistance Widespread

by Bill Weinberg

In our last issue we reported that the Selective Service System has received registration cards from Mickey Mouse (as well as Donald Duck, Jimmy Carter and other silly characters). We have just gotten word that Disney Studios in California has received notification from Selective Service that Mr. Mouse failed to include his age on the form.

Flabbergasted, Disney representatives informed the government that the cartoon mouse is 52 years old.

Apparently blind bureaucracy and computers cannot distinguish the fictitious names sent in by disgusted pranksters to demonstrate what a farce they think registration is.

Many more young men simply didn't bother to register. According to Pentagon figures, only 87% of the estimated 4,000,000 required to register had done so. (They had predicted 98%) Anti-draft organizers suggest that up to 2 million young men simply stayed home on the days that they were supposed to register. To date, nobody has been prosecuted for failure to register.

Most of those who refused to register did so independently, out of anger or apathy. However, anti-draft organizers encouraged non-cooperation by keeping the issue in the public eye with actions such as demonstrations at post offices when registration was to take place.

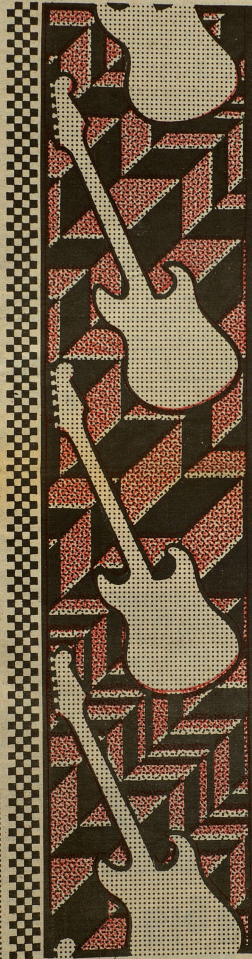
(Continued on Page 17)





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DINA FRANZEN



Jad: Activist Painter Fights Nukes

by Mike

Seven years ago, believing he was fleeing western civilization, Jad, like Gauguin before him, took refuge in French Polynesia. Once there, he became conscious of his error. We can't run away from our civilization. These days, it's everywhere!

The French government has conducted nuclear tests in Tahiti since 1966. From 1966 to 1974, 34 tests have taken place in the atmosphere and after an international protest 50 more have been conducted underground at the island of Mururoa. And they are still going on.

Jad realized that the tests destroy the Polynesian soul as well as the environment. In fact, the big money which came with the tests brought the Tahitians more alcoholism and made them forget that their paradise is to be changed into a nuclear dump. As a form of protest, Jad created large anti-nuclear paintings. They were presented in Tahiti in September 1978 for the first time.

Jad Starts a World-Tour Exhibit

To tell the international public what's going on in Tahiti, Jad has so far shown his protest-paintings and 150 abstract paintings, in New Zealand, Australia, Hong-Kong, Japan, Vancouver and in the U.S.A. (San Francisco, Los Angeles, Taos N.M., St. Louis, Washington D.C.). Now he's going to New York before leaving the country for Montreal and Europe. In Europe he will exhibit and alert the public

in "almost" every country, including the U.S.S.R. Then he'll be back in France.

In this manner Jad has informed several hundred thousand people, including through T.V., radio and newspapers that have talked about him during his tour. He also has a petition, to collect signatures wherever he is, asking the French people to make their government stop the tests in Polynesia. Once back, with all the international attention he can gain, Jad hopes to convince his fellow citizens...but this is not all of Jad's initiative.

Jad Refuses to Sell His Paintings

"I paint," he says, "for all humanity, and not only for the rich with their selfish need of possession." Because of this, he never displays in commercial art galleries. He displayed at a Tokyo museum but that was only to represent Polynesia in an exhibit about the Third-World. He displayed in alternative galleries, in University galleries, in Trade Union buildings and even in churches and Buddhist temples, wherever people concerned by anti-nuke actions give him the chance to inform a large audience. But above all, his place is outdoors. There he shows his work most of the time.

Jad has been on many campuses, in public parks and places, in walking streets, set up during festivals, popular assemblies, meetings, vigils and anti-nuke rallies, in front of the White House in Washington DC...everywhere that he could reach a large audience to transmit his message.

It isn't always easy, though. In Harrisburg, Penn., in spite of a permit to exhibit issued by the City Council, the police evicted him on the pretext that someone complained about pornography. This person was shocked by the fact that Jad denounces the responsibility of religion as sexual castration allowing a human being's pro-military conditioning.

In Jad's opinion, as seen through his artwork, the frustration issued by the sexual repression of religion burns out into wars.

Paintings Used At Demonstrations

Often Jad's paintings intensify the impact of anti-nuclear marches. His canvases were at the head of a handful of courageous Tahitians in March 1979 in Papeete. They appeared five months later in Sydney in front of a 25,000 people-strong march and in August 1980 in Hiroshima with 40,000 demonstrators.

The Public Is His Sponsor

Since Jad doesn't sell his art, he does not have the money to finance this world-tour. And in fact, only the public's donations permitted him to live for the past two

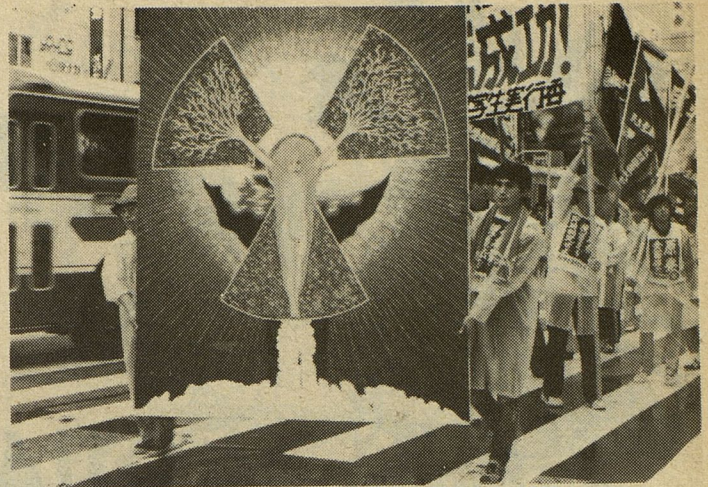
nature, true art cannot be other than free and in a spirit of protest, as it always has been.

For this reason, it is now important to liberate art from the present corruption by commercialization. Art is invaluable, inestimable, eternally on the edge of the future. By comparison, mountains of dollars are nothing more than the excrement of a dying past.

Long ago patrons of the arts were farsighted enough to recognize and support true art (Although some rather better than others, of course). Then came the era of pretentious bankers, who are incompetent and unconscious enough to gamble with the destiny of humankind in senseless speculations revealing the spread of their ignorance everywhere.

Today the public must take the role of the benevolent patrons and return to artists their full freedom of expression. This is entirely possible: by combining our modest means we have more than even the most powerful patron ever had.

The birth of popular sponsorship is not utopian; this two-year world tour exhibition is a living example. It has been entirely financed by public donations gathered during exhibitions in each country.



Art-In heads Hiroshima No-Nukes March in 1980.

years, as well as to paint and to accomplish this tour which includes about 800 lbs. of material. Some canvases are 6½ by 8 feet. This doesn't assure Jad a high standard of living, but it gives him complete freedom of expression, and Jad profits from this liberty with an amazing power, recognized by everybody who has had the possibility of seeing his works of art. Big figurative paintings in flaming colors to protest the nuclear tests in Polynesia, to protest the implicit silence of the adults whom, he says, "lose their only life in search of pretexts allowing their children's lives to be put in danger of death. Specially when most of us don't object to the imperialistic invasion of nuclear power leading humanity to death in preparing World War 3."

This is vehemently shown in Jad's latest work of art which he created feverishly in 10 days and nights during his stay in San Francisco. It's a large painting in 5 parts totalling 6 X 14 feet.

Jad's paintings fight against all kinds of imperialism and their weapons which are enslaving people's and individuals' independence: alcohol, drugs, mass media, soothing religions and ideologies teaching submission and repression of natural needs of all human beings.

The symbols Jad uses are understandable to everybody. They are simple but powerful too. And nobody who sees them can remain indifferent.

Besides that he has achieved a synthesis of all of the history of pictorial art, from the icons of the Middle Ages to the contemporary abstracts. His work is enriched with the essence of all schools of art in between. By this synthesis Jad's paintings attain a summit of artistic expression.

Finally He Created The Visual Music

For this Jad produced, in addition to his figurative work, more than 150 complete abstract paintings with the goal of awakening his audience's imagination. "They are created in order to let my audience leave the nuclear nightmare which makes war on nature in its own very structure", the artist explains.

This larger part of his art work, ac-

complished throughout without the control of the consciousness, has an incredibly fused richness of shape and color. They are comparable only to music made for eyes!

He doesn't call his large abstract paintings "synchromy" without any reason. They are in painting what symphony is for music. By that, he extends consequently the revolutionary action of the "chromatic automatism" born with Dada & Surrealism, and spread through "action-painting". Jad's abstract work has often been compared to Jackson-Pollock's for its spontaneity and vigor.

A journalist from Tahiti, Patrice Schlouch, wrote of him:

"...Jad's painting goes further. Beyond eyes and feeling, his pictorial music aims at the mind. It practices veritable "massage of the brain" giving a punch to conventional independence that he claims is the one of all people frustrated by their personalities, but also and above all, of the dedicated human to finally be nothing else than a form in an ordinator...Jad denounces the mutilated freedom, the choking of the mind and of individual creation. His revolt knows no barrier. It aims at the arbitrary hierarchy and Stupidity. The artist wants to touch the conscience into awareness, and communicate his revolt to all those who we tend to make fun of; to all those who, however politically-minded, are suffering on the material level and particularly on the spiritual level...Jad's painting takes place within a world movement which tries to bring awareness to the individual conscience..."

And another journalist talked of Jad as "a genius artist": "A multi-media show allows the public to appreciate all the creativity emerging from the paintings of this original genius." Jad presents this multi-media show during his travels. The first part of it is related to the figurative protest paintings. A musical and poetical accompaniment multiplies the power of expression making it tremendous. The second part, the abstracts, are to give a hand to all who are searching for a pathway to a better world. They are created for this reason and we should not fail to awake in response to this appeal, as moving as it is desperate.

FREE ART, PROTEST ART MANIFESTO

We must say things as they are: Artists who sell their creations necessarily come to produce their art to suit the taste of their prospective buyers. Consequently 90% of contemporary pictorial art works are nothing more than vulgar objects of speculation and decoration for living rooms and buildings of the rich.

In this century it's urgent to remind people that art is not a matter of taste, morality, aesthetics, or ethics. Art is simply a continual reinvestigation of creation; it is the supreme life of the mind. Art only exists in the re-creation of previous creation. This ongoing challenging of the past is both the result of and the guarantee for the freedom of expression required for art to happen. Continually revolutionary by

It is important now to develop this popular sponsorship if we don't want to see the death of Art, and if we want Art to continue to appear and to reveal its infinite possibilities.

The time has come to show that societies should not shape humans, but humans should shape societies. This manifesto is but one of many affirmations of this movement. This may displease those who think they can buy everything.

Sorry mister banker! Art is not and never will be yours. You will always buy only the corpse of art. Living art will always be beyond your grasp. Of course you can always pay some so-called artists to apply cosmetics to your rotting society, but the agony will show through; the cracks will get deeper and deeper, just as they do in your decadent and criminal nuclear plants. So don't be surprised if today art is against you, because your blind thirst for profit and power forces you to destroy all life's manifestations, including Art.

I hope my voice will be heard by the public. On the public and the public alone; on the rise of this popular sponsorship, now, depends the continuation of Art.
—JAD.





RASTAWOMAN AS EQUAL!

Reprinted from *Yard Roots* c/o Caribbean Media & Community Resources, 2900 35th Ave., Oakland, CA 94619.

Rastafarians have made many valuable contributions to the struggle for human liberation. This contribution can be clearly felt in the areas of art, culture, music. Equally they have helped to spearhead the cultural liberation of Blacks in the Caribbean from a system of values which reproduced the dominant Eurocentric view and which had succeeded in fostering among Africans in the Caribbean a sense of inferiority and hopelessness. They helped to foster a Black worldview which drew harsh criticism and censure from the middle class and cynical response from many of the oppressed. The lifestyle of some Rastas can best be viewed as the mirror of the new society we are struggling to build.

But within the Rasta culture there exist some negative traits and habits which duplicate and consolidate the old backward social relations of Babylonian society. The relationship between woman and man within Rasta serves to put woman in her place as housewife—an inferior and subservient being. A Rasta sister in Jamaica who is struggling to change this situation looks at the question of domination from a revolutionary perspective:

Sister Ilaloo: What it points out is not just a Rasta problem, is a human problem. People like to throw off the responsibility for self and community unto another person. And that is why leaders have existed; that's why you have had leaders, and why you will have them in the future. One of the things that I really check for in Rasta is that too much emphasis is not on leaders and with the exception of the "Twelve Tribes" and a few up-and-coming people. Anybody with initiative can do what they think should be done—just move forward.

Whereas in the outside, in the wider society, the accepted role for woman is in the kitchen. It is not that way in Rasta. Rasta community not checking for the woman to be in the kitchen at all. We so equal as a matter of fact I don't know why we would want equality for. If the man ena the kitchen and the woman siddu ena the living room, she caan go inside dey [laugh] go cook no food she hafi wait til the man cook and give her to eat. [laugh] Can't touch him intensils, caan touch im pot, caan touch him imata. [laugh] I think it is so funny, I think it is a breakdown of roles. Why should the man suddenly decide that the woman is no longer competent to cook? [Note: During the time of her period this occurs; at other times most households practice the traditional system with woman in the kitchen.]

I had a friend (a woman) when I was living in New York and this man would not allow the woman, if she is having her period she can't touch the child, she had to sleep in a separate bed, she couldn't come out of that room and she was confined to bed like a sick woman.

Yard Roots: What is that based on?

Sister Ilaloo: Religion and the Bible. It say if the woman is having an issue she is unclean...

Yard Roots: A so the Bible say? But that is the King James version.

Sister Ilaloo: This thing is not based on the King James version, in a sense, you see what is happening is the absence of thinking in Rastafari. And I don't have anything against the Bible; I read it every day but it cannot control my life as it control the life of the average Rastaman. Because, I mean, I consider that the Bible no longer applies because we have lived through all of this and prophesies come to pass and now we are dealing with a whole other dispensation and we are building the laws which applies. We are rebuilding and we are recreating because things have come to bump and things have fallen apart and everything destroyed. And we are now in the process of rebuilding so how can we go back to the old laws and use everything in it? We pass through that phase. We got to use what in it that applies and wherever something that is correct for this time. But nobody is doing that. So, therefore the man dem will lock the woman dem out of the kitchen an

...the most outstanding thing that I see really happening to the Rasta culture is the arrival of the Rastawoman. In the sense that you never use to have a Rastawoman; you use to have a Rastaman woman...

tell dem say dem unclean an the woman dem go sleep for a week...But maybe it's a good thing because dem get rest...But it is done in such a negative way, I don't see how I could seat up with somebody who genuinely, honestly to God think I am unclean for seven days and I caan touch, caan sidung ena the livingroom, caan do this and caan do that and have a special cup that I drink out of and it got to wash separately from the other things. And how ridiculous can you get? An I seh to the sister "But sister, how you deal with that?" An she said, I mean, "I just sleep." She was young. She was about sixteen. I say no wonder—he was dealing with a sixteen year old woman cause no way he would deal with an older woman she take that junk...That's wonder why they probably have the white woman because they will tell them all that foolishness and they take it.

Yard Roots: But that is reinforced by the Bible?

Sister Ilaloo: What is reinforced by the Bible?

Yard Roots: The attitude or the way in which a Rastaman would see a Rastawoman. That's the rationale for restricting you?

Sister Ilaloo: To some extent, to some extent. The average Rastaman explaining to a non-Rastawoman why she must cover her head usually seh that the Bible seh that woman must cover her head when she comes into the presence of Jah and since Jah is everpresent then her head must be evercovered. So there is always support in terms of their expectation of the female in Rastafari, there is always support that can be drawn from the Bible. And a number of woman will actually accomodate [that position]. I for example, I support the kind of woman I am from the Bible. Proverbs 31 is what I live by and I think Proverbs 31 don't in any way seh anything about subservient woman. As a matter of fact she live independently of her man. She wake up at five and feed her household and her husband is known in the gates because of her—kind of thing. That is what is valid for me.

But the Rastaman dem will go all the way back eena Exodus where it will tell you exactly how to treat your woman. You almost become a chattel and a ting. Well first of all you find daughter who really live by the Bible—reading more of the Bible rather than the Old Testament (only). You find dem becoming more assertive even with a Biblical base. They can find support in the Bible for the way they want to be. So again it is a conflict for the same Bible that will tell you that the woman is unclean is the same Bible that will tell you that the man is known in the gates because of his woman who can do XXX amount of things. And she is so perfect that she actually don't really need him in the sense that she can go on and on.

Yard Roots: That is very interesting. So then there is a conflict of the evidence?

Sister Ilaloo: Conflict of which evidence?

Yard Roots: There is evidence to support both ways of being.

Sister Ilaloo: Yes, it all depends on which one you accept. Well people will have to resolve it. Basically it can only be resolved when people resolve what role is the Bible going to play in Rastafari. Everybody is accepting the Bible as the final word. I don't. I can't see how the Bible could be the final word for this time period, when we are dealing with a new creation and recreation—a new beginning from old endings. I don't see that the Bible would be the be-all or the end-all. It would be a frame of reference in that it would establish continuity. But that is all. I would probably use it for links. But my personal opinion is that the Bible done—it just done. Prophecy fulfill. That is basically what I seh...A lot of people interpret Revelation

to mean the end of the world and the second coming. And so people are waiting for the end of the world and the second coming. But I don't think there is ever going to be this big end of the world and the second coming. First of all there is a paradox in Rastafari cause if we seh His Majesty is the second coming that we have been waiting for, then what else do we need? He's been and the time of judgement, is here and it is our responsibility to carry out that function. So what are we waiting for to carry it out? Again we are wasting time cause we are not recognizing obligations.

Yard Roots: A Rastaman and his woman in the hills the other day quarrel over the woman going out to take care of her business. Is this a serious problem between Rastaman and Rastawoman?

Sister Ilaloo: I don't think the traditional Rastaman coping very well with this. They probably don't fully understand what is happening. But as the woman dem come into their own, in terms of one of the most outstanding thing that I see really happening to the Rasta culture is the arrival of the Rastawoman. In the sense that you never use to have a Rastawoman; you use to have a Rastaman woman you see. So like a Rannie Mo, or a Bongo G, or a Bongo B, or a sombody woulda check fi a daughter dem would check fi a nice Christian daughter and thief her way from her Christian religion an probably she would still pray to God deep inside her secret places; but she woulda dey with this Rastaman weh she check fa. And maybe in time him woulda teach her one or two things bout Rasta and she probably after a longer time during which she have a whole heap of youths and it probably help to set her head in the right path, she woulda did settle for something bout the Rasta; not probably everything, but something about the Rastafari situation.

19: And if a woman have an issue, and her issue in her flesh be blood, she shall be put apart seven days; and whosoever toucheth her shall be unclean until the even.

20 And every thing that she lieth upon in her separation shall be unclean; every thing also that she sitteth upon shall be unclean.
LEVITICUS 15

Yard Roots: People are influenced by their own subjective feelings.

Sister Ilaloo: Well I think that's a valid feeling...I think that when the Black man began checking the white woman almost every Black woman did react like it was a personal thing. It became a rejection of us and it was personal as well as against all Black woman...You walking by an integrated couple and the reaction would all be the same. All of the sisters would turn and give them a distasteful look. And it was a feeling that we have in common that somehow it meant a rejection of us and what we stood for and an acceptance of them and what they stood for.

What I am saying is that what is happening now probably started in the early seventies. Because I remember like '71 and so at least in New York. I don't know what was happening in Jamaica. There was no such thing as a Rastawoman. There were cultural daughters and sisters primarily. Then all of a sudden about '72 or '73 all the little West Indian daughters in the high schools start wrapping up dem head and chant Rasta an militantly a seh Rasta fi demselves, and independently of any man. I have to confess though that it was motivated by the large amount of young males in the school system that was turning Rasta. It was...just like wearing the clothing which would get you what you want kind a thing.

But from there it really moved into a situation where the daughters were checking out what is this Rasta thing and quite independent of any attempt to get a man. It was getting into the belief system and finding out what was in it that made sense and could make sense for them. And after awhile woman started making commitment to Rasta independent of man. And that I think is something that Rastaman is hard put to cope with. I still find the pattern where a Rastaman would much prefer to find a daughter who don't know nutting about Rasta and check her and teach her himself.

The average Rastaman don't want no hassle to deal with a daughter who done sight fi herself an done have a perspective on reality. I guess it is not as satisfying to their ego fi one ting. I have argued with brethren and I have been able to show dem where something make particular sense to me and nothing that dem say can change my mind cause it is so I fight it. And dem still have the attitude where dem see it this way an dem is a Rastaman and you should be more inclined to tek what dem say.

...I don't have anything against the Bible; I read it every day but it cannot control my life as it control the life of the average Rastaman.

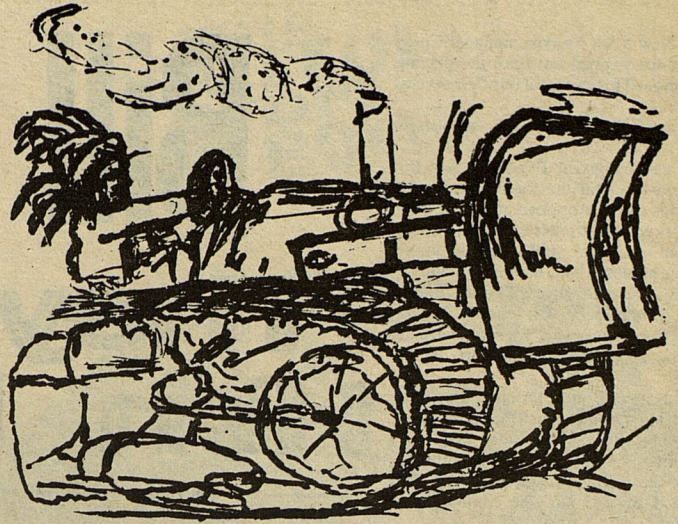
Yard Roots: It's very important to put forward radical views which are unpopular to other people.

Sister Ilaloo: I honestly feel that Rasta will evolve to the point that what I think is not even radical anymore. It is ordinary. It is radical for now but I don't think it is going to be that radical because a number of people are questioning His Majesty...They probably never accepted him in the first place as God or else there wouldn't be this kind of questioning. But I never did. My concept of God was a lot more far reaching than His Majesty would be able to fulfill. I think that God is the sum total of everything and I am an integral part of that thing—so I am God and so is His Majesty an integral part. I don't see him as separate

and distinct from. But I see him as having an historical role and in that sense he becomes a historical God, right. That is a very African concept in the sense of ancestors having central roles in the movement of tribes and groupings. And perhaps if I were a Black-American, Malcolm X would be a God for me. What I have done is to dispense with the Christian concept of God. This Aristotelean thing of all-powerful, everpresent, omnipotent. I have dispense with it because it doesn't make any sense. And I think there is a part of me that honest to God believe that God is a creation of man to satisfy a need. I am not an atheist because the need exists. I done talk.

Yard Roots: That is very interesting.

Sister Ilaloo: I think that God is created to meet a need that we have on the level that we are existing now. I think that as man comes into a fuller awareness of his own Godness, his own connection to and the fact that he is a beacon in his own right way, and as people start fulfilling commitment to self, to race, to nation, to history, then the concept of the necessity for God will no longer be because you will be in tune with that universal ideal, that totality which is everything. God is a way of keeping you in touch with all things positive, but once you bypass that middleman and you yourself is in tune with everything positive, there is no need for that ideal. The ideal is to remind you that there is a thing you can aspire towards. So you want to be positive, you want to be good, you want to be kind, you want to love your neighbor as you love yourself, and you want to share your farthing, you want to share your dinner and you want to do all of that. And there is this ideal that reminds you that you must do this, because the



An Oakland Rastawoman tried to pursue a nontraditional occupation as an operating engineer.

Ideal obviously does it in ordinary like, or did it at a point in time. So it becomes a representation actually of a man made ideal or the fact of the awareness of the possibility of being good is on earth in man [woman too—Editor], and because we have not all been good that is how (why) we need the ideal. So that is how I think God comes about and I think that at a point in time we will evolve beyond God, beyond the need for a God. I myself is not positive and good all the time. An every time I do a wrong I seh oh Jah, I shouldn't do that. And that is I calling upon the ideal which I have internalized. And for a whole heap of historical, cultural and racial

reas then His Majesty is the ideal symbol to have in my mind when I chant of God. Because when I talk of this outlan* dish construct of the universe and the totality of everything, I don't have anything in my mind. When there is no representation, no symbol, there is a void. For me to conceive of a chair, the bobkcase, you and me and everything and New York and Jamaica comprising God, is just an impossibility cause my mind can't scope that far. So I scale down everything and I have a representation which is His Majesty. That is how Rasta is for me. That is my comprehension of Selassie as God....

BOB MARLEY (1945-1981)

by Dragonfly

After another round of reassurances from the commercial rock press that Bob Marley was recovering, I heard that he died. Since he cancelled the remainder of his U.S. tour last fall, the reports went back and forth regarding his condition. At one point, he was said to be making plans for another tour and more recording. But now the world has lost one of the most prominent reggae musicians in the world.

Robert Nesta Marley was born on February 6, 1945, in St. Ann, Jamaica. He grew up with Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer, who later formed the core of his legendary band, Bob Marley and the Wailers. They eventually pursued their own careers and have done phenomenally.

Bob Marley and the Wailers' first single, *Simmer Down*, was released in 1964, although he did not reach popularity until the mid-70s. But when he did, reggae music as a whole became much more known around the world. Reggae is a very beautiful (and danceable!) form of music, originating from Kingston, Jamaica. It is centered on the Rastafarian beliefs and focuses on the oppression and living conditions of people in Jamaica, as well as the rest of the third world.

Marley was recording his last few albums (including *Survival and Uprising*) on his own independent label "Tuff Gong Records". His music was revolutionary and inspired millions when he performed. His tours not only included the U.S. and Jamaica, but also Europe, Africa and the Caribbean.

Marley's messages apparently did not please everybody. He and his wife, Rita Anderson, and manager Don Taylor were shot, in Jamaica, on December 5, 1976, but none fatally. Many believe it was politically motivated.

Marley recovered fully and resumed what he did so well—playing reggae.

In 1979, a single was recorded by other Marleys—his four children. It was entitled *Children Of The Ghetto*.

Bob Marley and the Wailers performed at the Birth Of A Nation ceremony, in 1980, when Zimbabwe was no longer "Rhodesia", after years of English domination.



Soccer, always an abiding passion. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohier

On May 11, 1981, Bob Marley died in his sleep, of cancer, which was in his brain, lungs, and liver. He was treated for cancer in Germany and had just flown to Miami shortly before his death. Ironically, he was given an honored state funeral in his native Jamaica. His music, inspiration and humanity will sadly be missed worldwide. Goodbye friend.

ABBIE

(Continued from Page 7)

He challenged the reporters to find another inmate even equally qualified for work release and if there was no space, he would give up his bed. He said he was 150% qualified and carefully ticked off the rules for eligibility. The press, he said, made a big deal about how he had only 6 weeks behind him. *Wrong: it's 4 months* since the state counted the time he did in the Tombs 8 years ago. Even at 6 weeks, he said he could find many inmates who came to work release sooner. "On July 1, I will be 6 months for my date with the parole board, that's closer than 1/2 the inmates who come into the program."

"What the press has done is to incite dangerous jealousy saying that inmates must wait 7 or 8 years to get on work release. That's impossible, you can't even get an application unless you have less than a year to go and anyone with that kind of time is probably a two-time loser or used violence or one of the 50 or so reasons that would eliminate a candidate." He made it clear he was holding the conference to explain the work release program and that he doesn't have to defend the decision to move him. He came to Lincoln in chains and as a prisoner, he does not make decisions like that. When he described life at Lincoln and his daily routine, no one doubted he was still in prison.

What he was strangely silent on, however, was his treatment at Downstate. He was asked if he had been a model prisoner and answered, "I support the work release program as a way to break the cycle of recidivism (7 out of 10 released quickly return to prison) so I will conduct myself accordingly. What went on at Downstate is behind me now." He would not comment further. Work release, like parole is a privilege, not a right. They obviously explained that to him.

But there he was, an Abbie no one had ever seen before, 15 pounds lighter from his 2 week hunger strike supporting Irish freedom, (The British deported him 10 years ago for fighting alongside the IRA), no beard and less than a quarter inch of fuzz on a head that once boasted the most famous mop of hair since Sampson. The press, radio and electronic, applauded at the end. In the corner, prison officials from the internal Bureau of Investigation recorded every word. One slip, I thought and he'd have been back on the bus headed

for Downstate Prison and perhaps his death.

It's no wonder the *News* and the *Post* compete to attack him, he has gone through the fire and has kept his revolutionary faith. He's still the first national political prisoner of the Reagan era.

We should not rest until the leash is off. Insist Gov. Carey pardon him!

DRAFT

continued from page 11

The most recent and dramatic demonstration against the revitalizing of the war machine was on May 3, 1981. Over 100,000 Americans marched on Washington, D.C. to protest our government's involvement in El Salvador. Nothing of this magnitude has taken place in America since the 1960's. But not since Viet Nam ended has "our" government done anything as unconscionable as the current shifting of 50 billion dollars into the military, away from social services which are vital to almost all ordinary citizens, especially us of lower and middle incomes.

However, Big Rallies Are Not Everything

A recent anti-draft conference in Detroit brought home important issues facing the movement. Nation-wide coalitions tend to think in terms of big rallies in Washington. The local anti-draft coalitions (which exist in virtually every major city) are more interested in local organizing (such as draft counseling and supporting resisters). I believe that in the end, the only thing that will stop the draft (or war) will be the nation's young people making their own decisions. Nobody should decide for you whether or not to register. A draft counselor can give you facts about the consequences of your action. But the decision must come from YOU!—Because you are the one who will have to live with the consequences of that decision. If you are against the draft, questioning the draft, just confused about the draft, you are not alone. Find out the facts and think for yourself.

REPORT
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Former New York Yankee manager Casey Stengel once stepped out onto the playing field, removed his cap, and out flew several sparrows.

The baseball writers said he was a "flake".

They call Montreal Expos pitcher Bill Lee a flake too. Only he doesn't stash sparrows in his cap. He opposes nuclear power (he's worked with the New England-based Clamshell Alliance), talks openly about racism in baseball, and uses marijuana.

The first time Bill Lee heard an umpire yell "Play ball" he took it literally. To Lee baseball is still fun. That's a subversive attitude in a world where sport is big business.

Lee has also found himself in an ongoing battle with baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Last spring, when Lee told a sportswriter that he had used marijuana, Kuhn levied a \$250 fine against him. Lee responded by slapping the commissioner with a lawsuit.

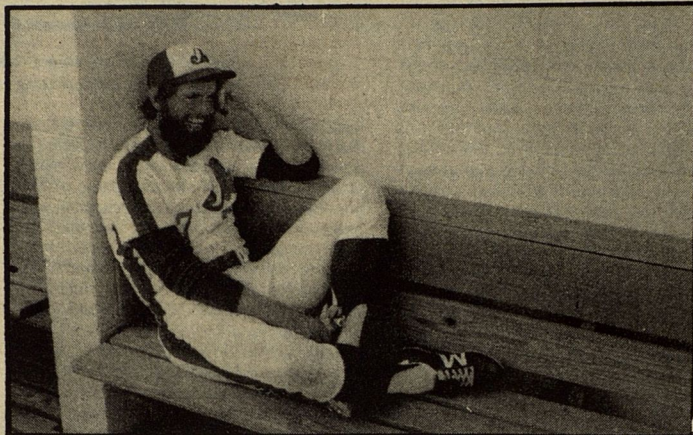
The dope issue resurfaced again last summer when, much to the annoyance of Kuhn, the cover of *High Times* magazine was splashed with the question, "What would happen if Bowie Kuhn levied a \$250 fine against every player in baseball who smoked dope?" And Lee's answer: "He'd be a rich man."

While his uncompromising independence, sharp wit, and outspoken social views may have won him the disdain of the baseball bosses and some sportswriters, they have also made him one of the most popular players in the game.

Lee was in Vancouver recently to participate in baseball workshops being conducted at SFU.

Bill Lee

They Call Him Flake



Interview by Dave Spamer



I try to do as much as I can on my own. I try to be as self-sufficient as I can be. I worked for a farmer, a locksmith, a janitor for the telephone company, a shipping clerk for Safeway... I know how to get into a warehouse and get all the food I can to survive. I try to learn as many trades as possible. I was a chemical radiation biological warfare officer in my outfit in the army. I know what to do in a nerve gas attack. I try to preach to kids. All that can possibly happen, scares me to death.

VFP: Are you living in Montreal?
Lee: I live in Bellingham, right across the border.

I like the Pacific Northwest and the Okanagan Valley and I'd like to settle here. And I love Montreal. In Montreal everything is out in the open. I like that. They live to play, and they work to play. In Toronto they live to work. That's why I like the French influence. The work ethic hasn't overcome them.

VFP: There's a big move towards religion amongst athletes now.

Lee: You have all these born again types. They hate fans and don't talk to the press. They're the dullest. They're mean

and nitpicking, except when they're in their little meetings. Then they say, "Repent, repent, repent, repent!" and go out and be assholes for the rest of the season. A lot of them don't like Blacks. It's really weird.

Dylan says we all gotta serve somebody. I don't believe in that concept. I think god is a male-oriented deity. Mother Earth is the old druid female-oriented society. I think Dylan went the wrong way, because I don't believe in a pinnacle oriented society. I believe in the inverted triangle, like a yoga transcending and trying to incorporate the full...like the concept of the little crinkly thing with the soft eyes in the movie *The Empire Strikes Back*.

VFP: Did you hear about the movie being made about Thurman Munson?

Lee: No. Really? Does it show him yelling and badmouthing the fans? The day he died we had a team party and I played *Funeral For A Friend*, by Elton John. I played it for him. I called him a jerk for buying that damn jet. He was doing fine, flying that Skylark he had—it went 200 or 250 miles an hour—but he wanted something that did 400. The guy was a

flaming asshole.

VFP: He bad-mouthed Reggie Jackson.

Lee: I bad-mouthed him. I can't stand Reggie Jackson. The thing that really turned me off him was after he hit the three home runs in the final game of the World Series. It was really dramatic. I was there. I saw a television clip afterwards when they interviewed him and he wanted to give credit. It wasn't to his mom or dad. It was to a real estate corporation in Arizona and to Puma Shoes, "who made this all possible." He gave credit to all his outside interests. In other words, "I'll get an extra \$25,000 if I give credit." That kind of thing. That's Reggie Jackson.

Now maybe he's a nice guy and maybe it's tough going to an all White high school in south Philadelphia, where you're the only Black guy and your family had problems. It's an insecurity that he grew up with and he said, "I'm gonna be the best." There's nothing wrong with that compulsion or the tenacity that it brings out in him. It's just once you get up there...

VFP: You were fined by baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn last year because of some comments about drugs.

Lee: A writer asked if there was a drug problem on the Boston Red Sox when I was there. I say, "Oh yeah. They've been abusing nicotine, alcohol and caffeine for way too long. They all overdose on that stuff."

The guy goes, "Nah, nah, nah. I mean illegal drugs."

I say, "What do you mean, illegal drugs?"

"Like marijuana," he says.

"Oh that shit," I said, "I've been using that stuff since '68." Then I talked about the bad drugs in this society and said marijuana wasn't a constrictant like caffeine or nicotine; there was no physical addiction to it; and all it does is make you run long distances and be concerned about your fellow man.

Then they sent an investigator who asked me if I had made these statements that I smoke marijuana. I said, "No. I never said I smoked it. I said I used it. Like grind it up and put it on my pancakes, eat it for breakfast. Then I run 5 miles to the ball park and it makes me impervious to the gas fumes of the buses."

This guy's writing this all down. Then he said, "I think Bowie Kuhn will like that."

I said, "Really. Maybe he'd like a bridge too. I got this bridge for sale." Kuhn fined me \$250 in the best interests of baseball.

VFP: How does Kuhn determine what's in the best interests of baseball?

Lee: He's supposed to be a liaison between the owners and the ball players and represent the good of baseball. But he represents whatever the owners want him to represent. He's a Wall Street lawyer with a gift of the gab who's got a good job. A lawyer deals with semantics and he can take anything and support any side of it as being in the best interests of baseball. I say what's in the best interests of baseball is to get the damn baseballs out of Haiti. His concept and my concept of what's in the best interests of baseball are totally different. He doesn't want a guy like DeBartolo (whose effort to purchase the Chicago White Sox was rejected by Kuhn and the American League owners) in the league because DeBartolo has race horses and race tracks. Yet he's got a guy like Galbraith in the league who owns race horses. Griffith (owner of the Minnesota Twins) said he moved his franchise from Washington, D.C. to Minnesota because there were "more lakes than niggers in the state." How can he make a statement like that? It's when they get loaded that their true sentiments come out.

I'm protected by the patron saint of the game, Saint Doubleday. They play it on an economic level and I play it on a spiritual level. They can break me, but they can't seem to get rid of me. Like Jimmy Cricket.

VFP: What would happen if Bowie Kuhn levied a \$250 fine against every player in baseball who smoked dope?

Lee: It would be a waste of time. It's a waste of time to infringe on someone's personal freedom. Where does Bowie Kuhn get off coming to your house and finding out what you do on a personal level? I like to hang from the chandelier in the nude. Is that against baseball?

VFP: The baseball players' union was on the verge of striking last summer. A lot of people find it difficult to sympathize with a bunch of ballplayers making \$200,000 a year.

Lee: They're right. They shouldn't be sympathetic. The union represents a lot of good things: safety, health, minimum salary, protection, pension. All these things I totally believe in.

But when you go off with an agent and negotiate a higher salary, I think that's reaping the benefits from both ends. I don't believe in agents because they're taking 15. That's not fair labour; it's a parasitic relationship. Take a guy like (California Angel's outfielder) Fred Lynn—he's an oak tree. Then you have an agent like Jerry Kapstein, who has Lynn and 30 other ball players. He sits around them like mistletoe, just gleaning off them until he's consumed everything, until the oak tree dies.

VFP: You've called yourself an anarchist ecologist.

Lee: Totally. I'm against the system. It promotes waste. It burns up energy. It doesn't recycle anything. It doesn't have safe energy. It doesn't harness solar energy. It says, "Why have it? They work but they're less efficient. Why not burn coal, all the natural gas?" Burning coal increases acid rain. Kills all the fish. You can't even fish in Northern Ontario anymore. You can't even fish in a lot of Scandinavian countries because of the furnaces. So I fight all these systems.

VFP: How does being a ball player fit into the scheme of all this?

Lee: Well, think of the baseball. Wages are so high here they send the balls to Haiti. Why do they send them to Haiti? Cheaper labour to sew them up. They pay the Haitians nothing to sew up a baseball. It's like buying those gold coins, Krugerrands, from South Africa. Here I am using a baseball sent from a repressive society like Haiti's, one of the poorest in the world.

But the only way it's going to change is if you bring it to a conscious level. The only way things get better is when things get worse. But our society is so loaded with a large middle class. The people are content to sit...

VFP: ...and watch Bill Lee pitch on TV.

Lee: Exactly. And eat at McDonalds. They'd rather switch than fight. That causes our society to get fat and weak. Someone could come marching right through.

PHOTO: JERRY TOBIAS

PHOTO: JERRY TOBIAS

SEARCH FOR THE FLOOR

Free Wayne Williams . . .

by Shay D. Addams

Give him a chance. Sure, Williams *looks* guilty. Those bugged-out eyes betray the distorted gaze of the stereotypical sex criminal. But your eyes would be bugged-out too, if every cop, reporter and TV cameraman in town camped out in *your* yard 24 hours a day.

After all, the only hard evidence the "Mayberresque" Atlanta Police Department have against him so far is a few scraps of dog hairs and some synthetic fibers found in Williams' home. This paltry kind of evidence is more reminiscent of a Dick Tracy criminologist squinting through a comic strip microscope than the solid facts a convincing criminal case is built upon.

Of course, there is the incident on the bridge spanning the Chattahoochee River. Williams was spotted driving across it right after a loud splash was heard from something just tossed off the bridge, beneath which the last victim's body was found floating 3 days later. "Why did Wayne Williams cross the bridge?" has become a central question of local investigators. Williams' response makes perfect sense to *this* reporter: "To get to the other side."

So what have we really got here, a mass murderer or just another flakey music promoter? It's not likely the truth will surface, since Williams is the most tried-by-the-

media defendant in the history of the American justice system.

Which brings us recalcitrantly to the point: If Wayne Williams is doomed to be tried by the media like Berkowitz, Manson and Chapman before him, why not go all the way? Bend Georgia's court system a bit (it's easy) to limit the jury exclusively to media representatives. My choice candidates are: Jack Anderson, Geraldo Rivera, Woodward & Bernstein, Barbara Walters, Dan Rather, Janet Cooke, Mike Royko, Lou Grant, Dr. Hunter Thompson, Alex Cockburn, Rona Barret and Art Buchwald. Walter Cronkite could serve as judge, and Howard Cosell would make a fitting prosecutor. A reputable TV attorney like Perry Mason or someone from "Paper Chase" might defend Williams far better than his current counsel.

The trial could be broadcast via satellite over Ted Turner's "SuperStation" as the kind of entertainment the Moral Majority is seeking. And Williams, since he's being tried by the media anyway, would at least be assured of being tried by objective journalists who are familiar with the process. If Georgia courts don't allow Williams his constitutional right to be tried by the media in this manner, the only honorable thing they can do is "Free Wayne Williams!" and give him another chance.

. . . Never Again, Not to Worry!

Americans owe a tremendous debt to Prime Minister Begin for ordering the air strike on the nuclear Iraqtor in Baghdad that would have soon produced A-bombs targeted at Israel. A debt far surpassing the one the Israelis themselves owe Begin for preventing, in his words, "another Holocaust." For Begin's action has spared the American public from an otherwise inevitable deluge of TV specials, films and books pandering the horrors of "Holocaust II."

The last thing we need in these anxiety-ridden times is another controversy over whether PLO groupie Vanessa Redgrave should play a Jew in a TV special about "Holocaust II." For my money, Begin should get those F-16s in the air and bomb Baghdad again just to be on the safe side.

Synchronistically enough, I just discovered censored excerpts from a UPI interview with Begin while searching the floor of my office for a chunk of red Lebanese hash that bounced from my pipe when an earth tremor jolted the building only minutes ago. Perhaps these tidbits will clarify Begin's motives in ordering the bombing:

UPI: Mr. Begin, could you tell us what finally made up your mind to order the bombing of the Iraqi nuclear reactor?

Begin: The Beatles made me do it.

UPI: Could you elaborate on that?

Begin: I was listening to an old Beatles album on my Walkman Stereo during a high-level security meeting of the Knesset, when I heard Paul singing the lyrics that inspired me to move: "Get back, Iraq, get back to where you once belonged." So I pushed the button before the song had even ended.

UPI: But Mr. Begin, the lyrics of that song are "Get back, get back," and don't refer to Iraq at all.

Begin: Oh. Must have been an error in the translation. I've always said Mossad should have taken more than Berlitz language courses before they translate foreign news articles and pop music lyrics for intelligence reports.

UPI: And what about other nuclear reactors that may pose a threat to the security of Israel? Would you consider acting in the same fashion as in Iraq?

Begin: As a matter of fact, we've been studying aerial photos of 3 Mile Island, Indian Point and the Diablo Canyon reactors to consider feasibility of air-raids should they fall into Arab hands. Which is not unlikely, considering the rate at which the *meshugenuh* Arabs have been buying up stock in the U.S. corporations that control these reactors. Anyway, why take chances?

THE PEACEFUL ATOM IS A BOMB



Lirola/DeBartolomeis

It's not a pleasant thought, but imagine yourself at work in the morning, or relaxing after dinner. If the radio is on, the tone of the Emergency Broadcasting System will suddenly interrupt the music with instructions about where to obtain more information.

If you live in a targeted location, once the missiles have been launched, you will have perhaps 30 minutes to live. What will you feel... think... do...?

In the aftermath of a nuclear attack, it is said that the living will envy the dead. Therefore, why not be among the dead? Faced with the alternative of remaining alive amidst piles of bleeding rubble and screaming people, the members of the Ground Zero Club want to be among the first to be vaporized.

What about the Club's activities? First, since everything takes practice, the Ground

Zero Club will sponsor Reverse Civil Defense Drills. At a given signal, members will proceed quickly and flamboyantly to Ground Zero, there to participate in the joy and innocence of armageddon street theatre.

In addition to the drills, there will be dances and social events (called "MX'ers"). Perhaps some members will wish to spread information about nuclear war and its consequences.

If you would like to join the Club, send \$2.00, your name, address and phone number to the Ground Zero Club, Box 1155, New York, N.Y. 10028. You will receive your membership card, Ground Zero Club button, and information about the group's next meetings and activities in the mail.

Join now... don't wait until THE Last Minute!



KREMLIN LEADERS ON MANOEUVERS: Politbureau members practice slapping Poland into line. Suslov at lower right, Andropov (KGB) at top center.

BANCRUPTCY FILED BY NEO-NAZI COMPUTER COMPANY

by Dennis King
from Our Town

Computron Technologies Corporation, a multimillion dollar computer software firm linked for many years to the ultrarightist National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), has filed for reorganization under the Chapter 11 provisions of the Bankruptcy Act.

In a debtor's petition filed on March 3 in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, Computron lists assets of \$2,139,000 and liabilities of \$2,955,000. The petition seeks protection from creditors while the Manhattan-based corporation, which also operates in Europe and the Persian Gulf, reorganizes its affairs under court supervision.

Computron rose to prominence among New York systems houses in the late 1970s as a result of its cooperation with Wang Laboratories, a rapidly expanding computer hardware firm which does high security work for the U.S. intelligence community, the State Department and leading defense contractors.

Thanks in part to referrals from Wang, Computron developed a software vendor business with revenues of over \$5 million per year. As of last fall, Computron claimed installation of over 200 systems for a list of clients which included Mobil Oil, A T & T, Colgate Palmolive, and the Institute of International Education.

The link between Computron and the NCLC was first uncovered by **Our Town** in a Sept. 9, 1979 article. The following month, the **New York Times** noted the connection in a frontpage expose of NCLC. Both articles reported allegations by NCLC defectors that Computron revenues had been channelled into the party's political activities.

Since then, defectors have released a report on NCLC finances estimating that 20% of the party's annual budget (as of 1979) came from its "business ventures, principally Computron," and that the total amount skimmed from Computron was "certainly in excess of \$750,000." The report quotes a party leader as saying the amount ranged from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per week.

"These funds were directly paid from the Computron accounts into the (NCLC) accounts, with money being recorded as wage payments in Computron tax records," the report says.

Computron has officially denied any skimming, but the firm's Chapter 11 petition is rather vague about the current financial crisis, merely stating that "the debtor incurred substantial operating losses...as a result of expansion and diversification which proved to be non-profitable as well as an undue burden on its operating budget."

Our Town has obtained a detailed picture of Computron's crisis via confidential NCLC internal documents and interviews with former NCLC members.

According to the documents, Computron suffered heavy sales losses in late 1979 and early 1980 as a result of the **Our Town** and **New York Times** articles. This problem was aggravated, the documents say, by an attempt of Computron president Andy Typaldos, backed by NCLC chief of staff Costas Kalimtgis, to expand into nonsoftware products and overseas ventures without obtaining adequate financial backing.

When the cash-flow crunch came, Kalimtgis and Typaldos argued within the party for an all-out effort to save Computron. (The two had founded the firm in 1973, and over the years had added to their staff dozens of highly educated NCLC members who were willing to work for wages substantially below industry standards.)

NCLC chairman Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr. was not enthusiastic about the proposed salvage operation. In his eyes, NCLC's financial situation in 1980 was quite different from that in 1978 (when, he recalled ironically, Typaldos had "returned with a bag of gold from the Persian Gulf.") In the intervening period, NCLC had strengthened its other businesses and fundraising operations to where party income was now well in excess of \$100,000 per week. In other words, LaRouche no longer needed Computron—at least, not enough to justify diverting major resources away from NCLC's political mission.

Several clashes took place between LaRouche and Kalimtgis over Computron and related issues during the fall of 1980. Finally, on Dec. 15, LaRouche issued memorandum suspending Kalimtgis, who had been his closest political associate for ten years, from executive duties in the party.

In subsequent memos, LaRouche explained his action by saying that Kalimtgis had instigated a party policy via which hundreds of thousands of dollars allegedly had been diverted from NCLC into Computron, to prop up the ailing firm. In addition, the memos attacked Typaldos as a baleful ideological influence on Kalimtgis.

Our sources say the two grecks "hunkered down," hoping the Chairman would relent. But LaRouche's action had sent shock waves through the organization, and friends of Kalimtgis and Typaldos began to raise questions.

LaRouche responded by sharpening his attack, accusing Kalimtgis of "willful deceit" and of having his "hand in the till."

The suspended chief of staff could no longer remain silent. In an "Open Letter" to LaRouche, dated Jan. 26, he denied the charges and claimed that, far from using NCLC funds to subsidize party-linked businesses, he had actually attempted to do the opposite:

"You lie," he told LaRouche, "when you charge that I chased business ventures and used the organization to that end when you possess all necessary knowledge of

how I repeatedly tried to sell off future business assets and business ventures to meet our immediate political and security needs."

Kalimtgis declined however, to "make public presentation of material that could irrefutably clear me of all your malicious charges, but would ultimately be used to bring harm to many members and to the organization" (he also referred to LaRouche's own possible "legal jeopardy").

Nevertheless, Kalimtgis left open the option of going public at a later date: "Unlike you, Lyn, I do not say to myself that 'even if I were put before ten grand juries I would tell them that I knew nothing...' You have rejected every appropriate forum within which I could have presented every sensitive fact."

Kalimtgis was not the only NCLC member to see that LaRouche had opened a can of worms. In a Feb. 1 "NCLC International Discussion Document," a top officer of Computron complained:

"When has the enemy ever been handed so many weapons to use against us as he has through Lyn's memos over the last two months? Massive divergence of funds from the campaign [he means LaRouche's 1980 Presidential campaign—ed] into a private business? Among other things. Isn't that just a little more illegal than any number of scandals that have destroyed political careers and movements in recent memory?"

The writer hastily added that no divergence of campaign funds had actually taken place. Yet previous statements by LaRouche had been quite explicit about "massive" payments from NCLC to Computron (if not from the official LaRouche campaign committee to Computron) during a period which overlapped with the campaign and with LaRouche's expenditure of over \$500,000 in Federal matching funds.

"Over the past months," LaRouche wrote in a Jan. 12 memo, "Computron has survived because of massive financial assistance from the Labor Committees, both direct aid and massive infusions of

credit. This amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars of direct and indirect aid out of the pocket of the organization, and has been the only significant source, directly and indirectly, of assistance to cover massive Computron losses..."

LaRouche then stated in a Jan. 20 memo that "The total payments from the organization and its vendors to Computron over a twelve-month period from November 1979 onward was just under \$1 million, most conservatively, of which at least a half-million was unjustified. This involves payments and accruals in excess of payments. Contrary to Costa's and Andy's lying, at no point was there a net position accrued in favor of Computron in the balance of such flows."

LaRouche went on, in the Jan. 20 memo, to describe the payments as "interest-free banking for Computron by the organization and its vendors."

Careful reading of the documents of the LaRouche/Kalimtgis dispute reveals that both factions are in tacit agreement that a large cash flow took place both ways over an extended period between NCLC and Computron. The difference between the factions is over who benefited the most from this two-way flow during the past year.

Most people don't know it, but the biggest neo-Nazi outfit in the country, Lyndon LaRouche's N.C.L.C., owns and operates its own international computer company—Computron. Formed in 1973, Computron has paid at least \$750,000 directly to N.C.L.C., averaging \$5000-10,000 a week.

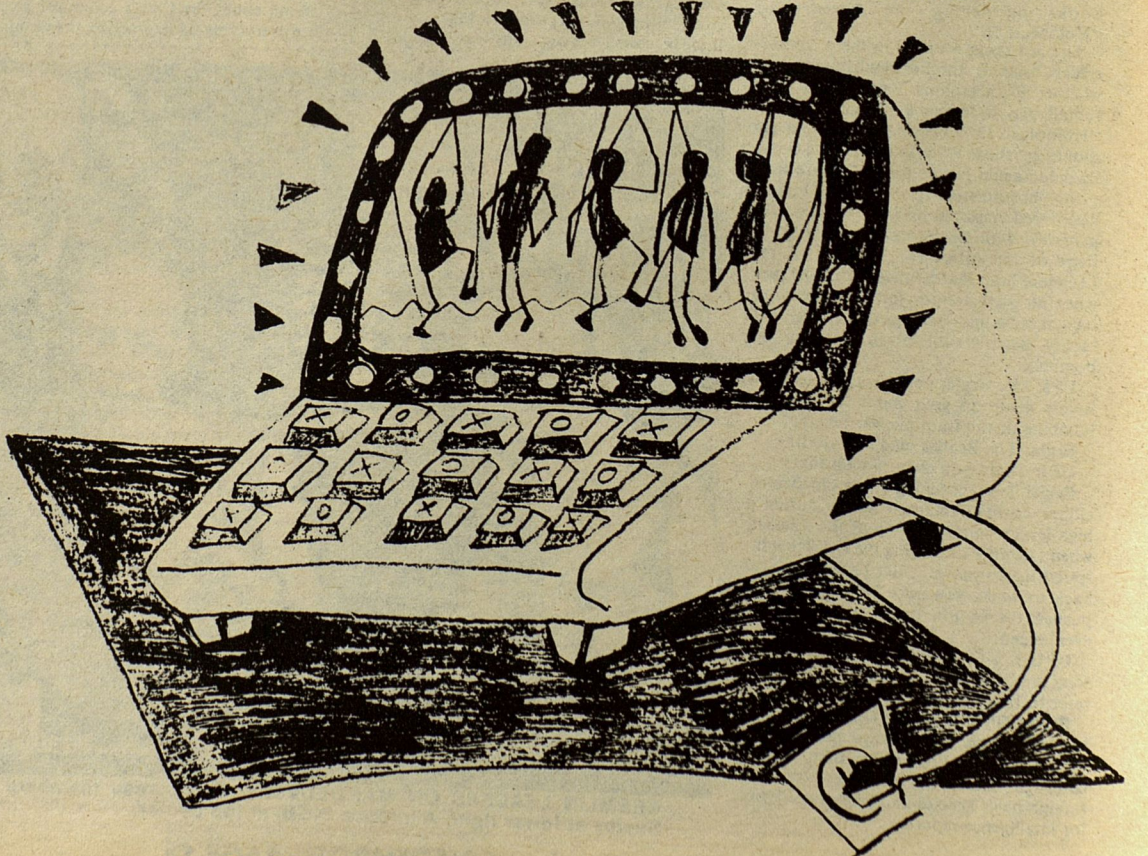
But after bad P.R. about LaRouche, sales plummeted, and Computron lost much of its \$5 million-a-year business with companies such as Mobil Oil and AT&T.

N.C.L.C. has now expanded other revenue sources, and Computron is a liability. So LaRouche is letting it go.

In a sense, it doesn't matter which side is telling the truth, since either way the results may be devastating to both.

If LaRouche's version is true, then Computron must explain in Bankruptcy Court why the so-called interest-free bankers (NCLC and its vendors) were not listed among Computron's creditors in the March 3 debtor's petition, and why the alleged massive loans were not listed among the firm's liabilities. In addition, LaRouche himself may have to answer to the Federal Election Commission (FEC) about possible diversion of his Presidential campaign funds (see above).

If Kalimtgis' version is true, then both Computron and LaRouche may face a FEC investigation into the possibility of illegal and unreported corporate donations to LaRouche's campaign.



m & m wars

(Continued from Page 3)

crime—and therefore, in a limited extent, the ally of the police, both in Sicily and the United States. The organization demands blind obedience from its members, but will defend them in return through thick and thin—and in an alien land even extends its powerful protection to all immigrants of Sicilian birth. It can be regarded as a form of primitive human society that has somehow survived in the modern Western world; its cruel laws are those of tribesmen exposed to continual danger who can only hope to survive by submitting to the discipline of terrible chieftains. The *capo-mafia* considers himself a lawgiver concerned with the welfare of his people, and prides himself on watching over the advancement of deserving juniors in the organization with the assiduousness of the master of novices of a religious order. In his own eyes, he never steals from the community, but he can see no objection to exploiting his power over men to enrich himself. To delinquents he awards only one punishment, usually after a warning: death. He is self-righteous and full of justifications.

Compare the confessions of a mass murderer named John Doyle Lee:

[We] believe in blood atonement. It is taught by the leaders, and believed by the people, that the Priesthood are inspired and cannot give a wrong order. It is the belief of all that I ever heard talk of these things...that the authority that orders is the only responsible party and the Danite who does the killing only an instrument, and commits no wrong

John D. Lee and his Danites were in no way connected with the Mafia. A judge, Indian agent and Mormon bishop, said to be the adopted son of Brigham Young, Lee



BUGSY SIEGEL

was taking the rap for directing, probably on Young's orders, the 1857 massacre of 132 wagon train passengers at Mountain Meadows, Utah. Persecuted in the east because of their belief in plural marriage (for men) and in the **Book of Mormon**, alleged to have been revealed by an angel to the Prophet Joseph Smith (its doctrines included black and female inferiority and the irredeemable corruption of all other churches), the cult molded itself an iron arm of vengeance and retribution, the Danites (or Destroying Angels, or Avenging Angels of God). Bishop Lee and his army of 54 Danites and 300 Indians ambushed the Mountain Meadows wagon train because it came from Arkansas, where a

Mormon elder had been murdered by a jealous husband.

Lee's confession (he was to be executed) continued:

I knew of many men being killed...by the Danites. It was then the rule that all the enemies of the Prophet Joseph should be killed, and I know of many a man who was quietly put out of the way by the orders of Joseph and his apostles...It has always been a well understood doctrine of the Church that it is right and praiseworthy to kill every person who speaks evil of the Prophet...

The Mormons were then at war with the United States, and we believed all Gentiles should be killed as a war measure, to the end that the Mormons, as God's chosen people, hold and inhabit the earth and rule and govern the globe.

Orte of Ronald Reagan's most memorable "Death Valley Days" episodes featured a relentless and remorseless Avenging Angels assassination team (an image which must have stuck with the future president, for several years later he played a wealthy crook pursued and murdered by a relentless mob hit squad in "The Killers"). Only Mormons' willing participation in the Spanish-American War (which gave the U.S. control of Cuba) wiped out the Church's reputation as subversive. Some ex-Mormons, including fundamentalists still practicing polygamy (outlawed in 1890 as the price for Utah statehood), charge the Church to this day maintains Danite death squads.

An officially-sanctioned church history

(The Mormon Experience, by Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton) speaks proudly of the Church's maturation as an international power:

The significant participation of Latter-day Saints in international technical assistance programs began with the International Dry-Land Congress meeting at Lethbridge, Canada, in 1912... Persian students began enrolling in the [Utah State Agricultural] college to study agricultural methods being used in Utah and found not only geographic similarities but also cultural meeting points—Mormonism had much in common with Islam. This interchange has continued down to the present [1979]. A large share of the prominent administrators of Iran have been educated in Utah. In 1939, Reza Shah Pahlavi introduced a plan for the agricultural improvement of Iran, with [Franklin S.] Harris [descended from a brother of Martin Harris, who mortgaged his farm to print the **Book of Mormon**] as general advisor. It was under the latter's direction that Luther Winsor directed the restoration of irrigation in Iran. Harris again spent a year in Iran in 1946, as the result of which a program of technical cooperation (the Point Four Program) was instituted... The success of this program led to appointments of the same and other personnel to other countries.

If the Mormons discerned "cultural meeting points" between their religion and the fascistic version of Islam practiced by the Pahlavi dynasty, Bob Maheu and cohorts must have had little difficulty in reconciling their doctrine of blood atonement with the Mafia code of *omerta*—silent, manly vengeance.

Continued next issue: *Mormon-Mafia Wars II: "The Cuban Connection"*

The Return of Dickula

Yesterday, Tricky returned to his old man's hometown to try to con history into restoring his crown.

We were there, still longhaired, banners afflutter, hugging one another, as if at a family reunion of a family on the verge of ruin.

"They have often accused me, of living obsessively in the past. I have therefore concluded to live, as much as is possible, in the future, for the present reality is an unacceptable alternative."

NO MORE DICK-TATORS!
-I WAR CRIMINAL
WE DON'T EVEN WANT HIM TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE
(said some of the signs)

TELL US THE REEL TRUTH

THE DICK THAT RAPED AMERICA
HONK IF YOU THINK HE'S A CROOK
(Carolina, you should have heard the honking horns!)

Mad Margaret told an old pal (now writing for the morning paper):

"He's like a vampire, he keeps coming back. Personally, I won't feel safe till we've pounded a stake thru his heart."

I see a boy in the crowd with blood streaming down his face out of his army helmet & I know what she means.

They show us Kent State movies to show us they don't fear to shoot us. We watch them & learn we're not afraid to die.

And Kent State will haunt us forevermore like the bloodbath in El Salvador. Things will never be all right again.

Mr. Nixon.

Old Dickula licks his lips.

Well, the Shah was one tough cookie, but that's the way the Shah crumbles.

Ilieu got creamed, Batista pumpkin-eater, & Somoza was no piece of cheesecake, either.

The late Carolina Hunt used to say we beat Tricky with magic & greater comprehension of psychosis, from eating all that acid.

(In other words, Lucrezia, we freaked him out.)

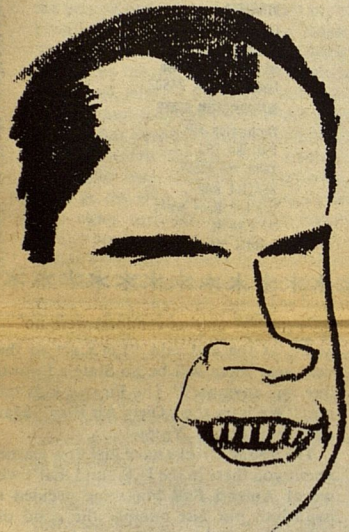
Like a month after Yuppies sold papers with Tricky hanging on the cover he complained on T.V. of his enemies' "lynch mob mentalities" (farout).

Politics is the skillful manipulation of the principle of the self-fulfilling prophecy & the principle of the self-consuming prophecy (no magician ever tells how the trick is done).

"Do you think President Reagan Will appoint him to the Supreme Court?" I ask our morning paper pal. "Then we'd have a real Nixon Court."

I wonder if America will swallow that with her morning coffee

...Gov. Steven E. Conliff



GOV. RHODES PLAQUE VANISHES

by Angel Phallout

The James A. Rhodes Memorial Acid Trip is my Emma nomination. For the Emma Goldman Awards. Set on the highrise campus of Cleveland State University, the night of Thursday, April 30, 1981, and into MayDay, this fiasco-ca occurs between the unfortunate attempts on Ronald Raygun, "the perfect prez for '84," and the anti-Communist Polish Pope.

The afternoon before, 3rd-term Ohio Gov. James A. Rhodes was accepting the obscenities of university bureaucumb inside the lobby of the James A. Rhodes Tower, a.k.a. Fascist Tower, formerly,

University Tower—a 22-story multiplex of department and faculty offices, cultural and administrative outreach and nonsense. This Default City landmark is Urban U., where people go to school because they want a job or because they don't have a job. Where 200 students hollered through the length of the facade of windows facing out from the lobby where the governor of our state during Kent State unsuccessfully tried to turn all ears deaf to reality, tuition hikes, unemployment, inflation, rising crime and tempers.

"It was the militant demonstration we've ever had here," one of the participants allowed, over a joint, on the roof, later. The rain had drizzled into overcast where Lake Erie meets the horizon. "People yelled the whole time," he squinted

and smiled. "They heard us through the windows on the fourth floor of the building next door." He pointed and stretched and said he was tired. He left work early to be at the demo. "They weren't expect it—us. People were leading cheers—all over the place—one would stop, and somebody else would start something up." He grunted hoarsely. He was hungry.

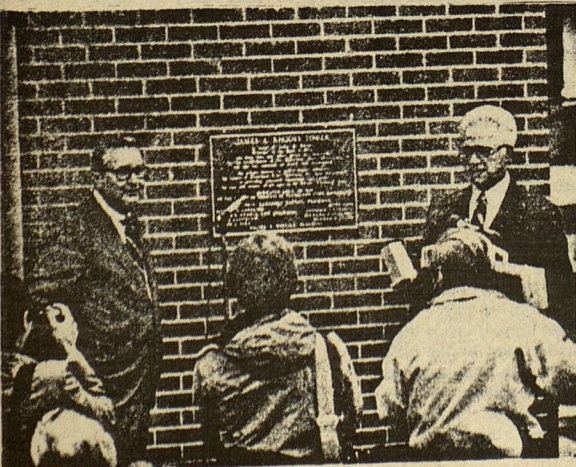
Even the next day, before he went to the Co-op for pizza supplies for the party—his party—he ate first. He ate two hits of dynamite Vitamin A. Then we went to the Co-op in a borrowed car and got lost buying whole wheat bread, tomato paste, and cheese. "Pizza," he explained, briefly, the vitamins already surging to the sensory part of his mental computer, bypassing the

language area. "Vegetarian—with spices." Poverty pizza would be more linguistically honest. If we had a little more honesty we'd be at the beach-front commemoration of Vietnamese Liberation, this April 30th, six years after the war has come home to recession forcing the middle class into the lower-middle, or lower class, or the redefinition of class.

Back home, the guests arrived as we returned from a spring sunset walk to ground our bodies. Sitting around the kitchen because we couldn't stand, the talk of Fascist Tower circled in and out of our oc-tophonic headphones. Headset. Tracers of conversation. We could see the anger.

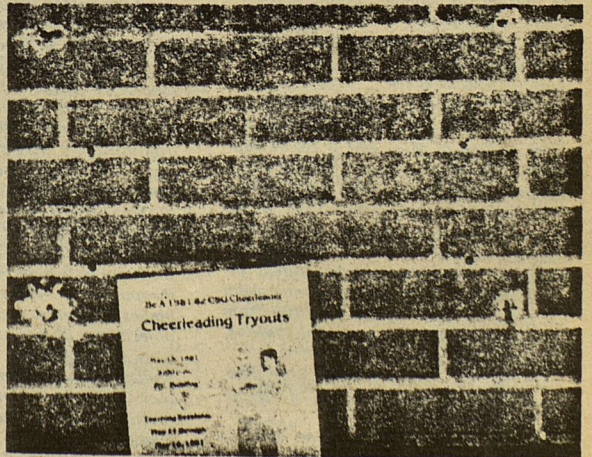
Still...it was a good party. In DeFault City the grandchildren of Polish immigrant wear their porcelain complexions, fair hair

(Continued on Page 23)



Now You See It Now You Don't

Governor James A. Rhodes and CSU President Walter B. Wætjen unveiled a plaque renaming University Tower in ceremonies held last Wednesday (left). All that now remains of the plaque are the holes in the lobby wall (right). A group calling itself the Cultural Revolution claims responsibility for the theft. Photos by Ed Libens



EVENTS

July

- 5 at Rainbow Gathering—ROCK AGAINST RACISM CONCERT—parking lot at the Gathering
- 10,11,12,18,19 JAD'S SHOW
415 West Broadway NYC
- 19 ANNIVERSARY OF NICARAGUAN REVOLUTION—Managua, all over Nicaragua and the World
- U.S. OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA MARCH & FIESTA—New York City beginning at El Salvador Embassy at 11:00, then march to People's Fiesta in Tompkins Sq. Park
- 23-29 JAD'S SHOW at Harlem Fightback, 1 E. 125th St. NYC

August

- 1st Week—CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, DIABLO CANYON nuke site, Ca.
- 1—CONCERT AND BENEFIT for Tappan Zee Playhouse, Vreislund overlooking Nyack, N.Y.
- 11—Hiroshima Day
- 11-16 JAD'S SHOW Washington Methodist Church 135 W. 4th St. NYC
- 15 CENTRAL PARK ROCK AGAINST RACISM at the bandshell
- 16 Nagasaki Day

1st Weekend in October—YIP CONFERENCE
Whitewater Wisc.

CON - FACTS CANADA

Alberta

Alberta Legalization of Cannabis Committee (ALCC)
Box 115 Student Union Building
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6D 2J3
(403) 432-3201—ask for Dexter

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Open Road
Box 6135 Station G
Vancouver, BC, Canada
V6R 4G5

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-Auslandsredaktion-
Wattstrasse 11-12
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Stut Vry Party (SVP)
POB 1386 Groningen
050-264788 HOLLAND

Don't forget to write and give us event and chapter information in time for the next issue. Especially if you want to be listed as a contact.

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Box 206
Pacific Grove, Calif. 93950
Coyote Howls
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San Francisco, Calif. 94110
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Grimes Poznikov
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415-431-3407

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Youth Liberation Press
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607-785-8674

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137A Johnson St.
Chapel Hill, NC 27514
919-967-2119

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Dayton RAR
POB 166 Wright Brothers Station
Dayton, OH 45049
Bruce Anderson
72 Sprng St.
Delaware, Ohio 43015

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c/o Students for Peace
Harrisburg Area Community College
3300 Cameron St.
Harrisburg, PA 17108
People's Reefer Party
4602 Amsterdam St.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15201
Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients (ALMP) and Community Newspaper
1427 Walnut St.
Philadelphia, PA 19102
215-523-3828 ALMP
215-988-0182 Community
Whole in the Universe Gang
RD 1
Wholebrook, PA 15341

SOUTH DAKOTA

Black Hills Alliance
Rapid City, SD215-569-2477

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P.O. Box 35253
Houston TX 77023
Brain Damage
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Houston TX 77007

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Ozone Brigade
c/o Mike Simson
96 Whitestone Drive
Lynchburg, VA. 24502

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Yelm, WA 98597
SEATTLE RAR
c/o Left Bank Books
92 Pike St.
Seattle, WA 98101

ΤΑ ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΕΙΑ ΤΗΣ...ΑΣΧΗΜΙΑΣ!



Αιτά τα καλλιστεία θά τα θυμούνται ασφαλώς οι Έλληνες για πολλά χρόνια. Όχι μόνο για την κακοουσιτία, τό κάκιστο θέαμα και τίς επέλαουσες μίς, άλλα και για τα εκατομμύρια που εφοδότηκαν από τις τσέπες του ελληνικού λαού, μέ σπόχο κ α ι τ η διαφήμιση μίας εφημερίδας. Στίς φωτογραφίες οι «μίς» και πολλοί μέοι και νέες που συγκεντρώθηκαν διαμαρτυρόμενοι για «τόν εξευτελισμό της γυναίκας».

chists, students, socialists, Christians, etc., that stayed outside the Hilton till midnight, at the end said "Let's act so that next year there will be no State's festivals like this anymore!" The Piraeus kids told me, "We'll try the "Dirty Air Plan" again next year, friend. Yippie!
The young Greeks have just now learned about you there in the U.S., and that's why we of **Anichti Poli** Magazine decided to issue into our last number the good old "1970 Yippie! Manifesto."

Freedom,
Sakis Venetos
Anichti Poli Mag.
Thessalonikis 119
Petralona, Athens
Greece

Yippie! Regards from GREECE!—

Last month a Greek Yippie group appeared in Athens and Piraeus. In the middle of April, '81, they printed and circulated an invitation—for anti-sexist action at the Hilton Hotel Athens on May 2, '81, during the annual "beauty contest" festival organized by the daily right-wing, sexist newspaper **Apogematinl**. Their "provo-invitation" for 1981 "anti-beauty contest" read as below:

EXHIBIT YOUR CHARMS, YOU STUPID FEMALE ANIMALS!

On the 2nd of May, 1981 is gonna happen for one more time, all those stupidities that are nothing more than a brutal bazaar of flesh and especially female flesh. In the flesh bazaar—our "society of spectacle and merchandise" keeps calling it a "beauty contest"—that day, a dozen stupid, unconscious and smug girls are gonna claim the prize for their bodies beautiful from the State's blessed panderers (impresarios, TV producers, advertisers, etc.)

On the 2nd of May for one more time, prostitution will wear the mask of "legality," but...

On that day we'll be there, too, to destroy that fucking flesh bazaar!

That day, we:
Like persons that refuse to see women and every other human being as negotiable objects—
Like men that refuse to be morons and paid-sex consumers (That means double morons)—
Like human beings that reclaim equal relationship between men and women—
—That day, we'll be there, together with every progressive man and woman that fights for sexual, social and political autonomy and equality for all human beings in the world. And though till today the demonstrators were staying there only to jeer at the State-blessed panderers, pimps, procurers and prostitutes...

THIS YEAR, on the 2nd of May, we have decided to DESTROY with more dynamic methods of radical action the shameful festival of the Saturday night anthropoids of Hilton!—because female bodies are neither merchandise, nor sexual objects, nor masses of lustful flesh, nor expensive masterpieces. They are just human bodies like those of male persons, and their own "valuation" is no one's right.

Ridiculous "beauties," ridiculous "judges," ridiculous "spectators": YOU DON'T REPRESENT ANYTHING—

YOU DON'T EVEN REPRESENT YOURSELVES!

We shall sabotage you motherfuckers! We are the Yippies!

Youth International Party, Piraeus Section.

As the kids told me after the demonstrations, their initial "plan of action" was to sabotage the festival from inside. A Yippie-commando dressed like the spectators of the "beauty contest" would enter the main hall of the Hilton, and when the election of "Miss Hellas 1981" would be about to begin, he would burst five "stinky air" vials under the hall's tables and chairs. The sabotage would be shown by TV to millions of Greeks, because the organizers wouldn't be able to stop in time the cameras, to prevent the people from seeing the fiasco.

The plan failed only because the kids couldn't find a ticket to enter the festival place, and the salto mortale that one of them made to get himself inside the Hilton secretly was understood by the police. So the very special action was cancelled.

So, for one more time, the antisexist demonstrators had to be content with "old fashioned" methods: hissing, jeering, etc. And the hundreds of activists, guys, anar-

open road

is an anti-authoritarian newsjournal that is sent to anyone who requests it. It is international in coverage and acclaim. The last issue, #12, is now available. It includes such stories as revolting Swiss youth, phone company takeover, and —(bleep) the state—caress your lover.

OR is usually barely surviving. It depends solely on support from readers. Send whatever you can manage for issues. Also comments, criticisms, ideas and any writings you'd like to contribute.

Open Road
Box 6135 Station G
Vancouver, B.C. Canada
VGR 4G5

It's not the National Enquirer!
It's not Watchtower!
It's not Cream or Rolling Stone!
It's not even Time Magazine!
Well I suppose you're about to ask me, "Well what the heck is it Tom?!" (Tom laughs.)

Well for one thing it's notoriously anti-authoritarian, it's internationally acclaimed and it's a painful thorn in the side of President Haig, Premier Trudeau, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, President Brezhnev, General Pinochet....

LETTERS

P.O. Box 392
Canal Street Station
New York, N.Y. 10013

Nino Grassi
Lock Bag R
Rahway, N.J. 07065

To all concerned pot smokers,

I am an inmate at Rahway Prison in New Jersey, and I would like to tell you about the fucked up marijuana laws in this state. I am currently serving a 10–20 year sentence for trying to buy a ½ lb. of pot for my own head stash. At the time of my arrest, I was working full time as a cook in a large sea-food restaurant. While I was working in this place, a busboy that saw me smoking on my dinner breaks approached me, and said he knew where he could score some really good pot if I was interested in any kind of quantity. I had been working with this guy a while, and he didn't seem to be a bad guy. So knowing that my stash was a little low, I asked him if he could get me a half pound, and he said yes. We agreed on a price, and when he went to pick the pot up, the police had his dealer's score. I was at work, about 15 miles away, waiting for him, and when he didn't return after my shift ended, I went home and figured I'd see him the following day. On the following day, upon entering the rear of the restaurant to start my shift, I was confronted by 2 men in jeans and Tee-shirts. They asked me if I knew the busboy by the name of George Bush, and I said, "yes, why?", then they took out their badges, and told me I was under arrest. I asked what were the charges, and they said using a minor to transport narcotics. I took it to trial, and the busboy who was 17½ at the time I was arrested is now a year older, and he gets on the stand and says, "yes I sold pot in the restaurant on a steady basis, and I sold a half pound of pot to Nino." The prosecutor played it up to make it look like I was using the busboy to make large profits from the ½ lb. He told the jury that a ½ lb. is too much pot for any one person, and being that a person can not get addicted to pot, then I should be found guilty of profiteering. The jury must have agreed with him, because I was found guilty and sentenced to 10–20 years in prison.

I retained a different attorney to handle my appeal, and the brief he submitted to the court was rejected as being insufficient and told him to repair the deficiencies and submit the brief again within a time period. He never fixed the brief and let the time run out, so the court dismissed the appeal. I fired him, and brought charges against him with the Ethics Committee, and I still haven't heard anything from them on the complaint.

Now I am tapped out of money for attorneys and I got the public defenders office to handle my case, but they have been passing my case around the office like a ping-pong ball, and no one has had a chance to read my transcripts. Now the court says that being the public defender is handling my case, they'll reinstate my appeal, but they want a brief submitted no later than April 29 of this year, and still no one has read my transcripts or started any brief for my appeal. This is my last chance with the appeals court, and if I blow this, I have to try for a higher court to see if they will do something.

I have been locked up a total of 21 months so far on this charge, and if I don't get any relief from an appeal, I'll be here another 39 months before my first eligibility for parole, but that doesn't mean I'll get parole on the first time out, even though the prison considers me to be a first offender. I am 31 years old now, and have 2 children, and I'll probably be in here till I am 35, and my 2 daughters will have gone through their adolescence without me.

I have written to several organizations for legal assistance including the Playboy Foundation and N.O.R.M.L. would endorse my legal arguments, but N.O.R.M.L. declined, because they said they didn't want to blemish their reputation by endorsing the use of pot by minors. But think, there's nothing wrong with minors selling pot. A lawyer with a fairly large firm in

Chicago wanted to help me by putting in an Amicus brief, which would hold more weight in court than a brief submitted by a public defender, but he said he wanted to get some organization to sponsor his brief, but he was unable to get one because of the same reason N.O.R.M.L. gave, but he is still interested in my case, and wants to help, but now he doesn't have any time left to find a sponsor.

So to put it into a nutshell, I got the Royal Shaft without the grease, just for wanting to smoke some pot. I've been smoking since I was 14 years old, but now that I'm an adult I'm supposed to stop doing something I enjoy more than any other vice. Even being confined in prison hasn't stopped me from smoking, except that the price of joints or any amount is outrageous. I still smoke on a daily basis, and if I get busted in here with any pot, I get a charge and have to spend 5 days in lock up, but when you're in a place like this, lock up is just another room.

With the charge I'm in here for, the maximum sentence is 30 years to life, because pot is listed with the class I drugs like heroin, morphine, and opium. If I could set a precedent with my case to have pot removed from that list of class I drugs, it would have an effect on people in the future who might get busted for the same charge, but to do that, I need a good attorney to challenge the law in the higher courts. But unfortunately because of the 2 deadbeat ripoffs I had already, they have dried up my funds completely. I have a very good lawyer interested in my case, but he would cost me 10 big ones. But he was one of the attorneys who wrote the new laws under 2C of New Jersey's penal code, and he knows how to go about changing this law, but like I said, it will cost some money, which I can not produce. So I'm stuck with a P.D. who won't be able to do too much.

Being pot smokers yourselves, I know you can sympathize with my situation, so if you know of any organization or individuals who would like to donate funds to be used in my defense, and to get pot taken off the class I drug list in this state, please don't hesitate to contact me. I can use any and all help and contributions to change this law, so we pot smokers can get high without fear of going to prison with outlandish sentences. The only way to beat this thing is to fight it as a group and stick together. I won't be able to join you at the White House Smoke-In this year, but with your help, I might be able to make the next one. Smoke a few for me and enjoy the rally. Hope to be among you once again.

Pot Smokers Unite,
Nino Grassi

Dear Yuppies,

Just finished the April-May edition of your rag. Great! The article on snitches hit close to home, as I am at present doing time for the state of Michigan because of a snitch.

He was one you missed in your article, but maybe you'll get around to him later. He is a result of capitalist brainwashing. For although he did five years in the joint himself, he snitches for cash. After infiltrating my small marijuana distribution point he informed and testified against me.

My brother and I have been down to DC for the Smoke-In, the last time was in '78 I think, but we are both down now. Out-dates next year.

I hope you can help me out with a sub to Overthrow. May Love, Happiness and Laughter be your constant companions. Be Free!

P.S. Poke big brother in the eye, we tire of this constant surveillance!

Bill Mackenzie enlightened man of the road. Contact Roy Bongard 158784-Box E Jackson, MI 49204

Dear Friends,

Just read the latest *Overthrow*; liked it very much, especially the story on the NCLC Nazis. If you want to learn more about Otto Skorzeny & Co., read the book *Fascism Today*, or check out the 1974–75 issues of *The American Mercury* magazine. Jim Hougan's book *Spooks* has info on WerBell.

James J. Angleton keeps turning up in right-wing circles: The Robert Moss (CIA) novel *The Spike* has a hero named Nick Flower—i.e., James Angleton. This novel is a fascist masterpiece.

STOLEN PLAQUE

(Continued from page 21)

and grey eyes on top lean, square bodies. At first they look of seasonal rain on pollution, but someone thinks to turn on a light and their dimples show. It's like they have no color so the pupils of their eyes and their dimples show prominently, as in black-on-whiteskinned-haired-eyed smiling folks who don't take off their coats but stay, around the kitchen table.

One thing about vitamins, perhaps it is only true in megadoses—but this particular A dose (A+) helped stimulate hearing at the expense of speech (a really favorable trade-off) around immigrant ghost-Americans with some heavy native-borne ideas about why things aren't how they could be. Smart people with dumb jobs. Raphael-headed verbal gestures accompanying contempt. The humor of wisdom without power, as opposed to ignorance with the arrogance to rule and the power to control by force. All heard and seen as if seeing speech, as if perceiving a 4 hour conversational, repeated, figure-8's.

Just as one loops bends and slows, a "magic" centrifugal magnet switches the (speech) beam which gathers speed traveling forward, and bends and slows. The switching is called "magic" because everything makes sense without transitions. Vitamins can make a world of difference.

So can we. We take another walk after everybody leaves and think about what we talked about, about Rhodes' bronze plaque in the brick wall of a "tower" built to last 50 years. 50 years compared to Greek pillars of wisdom gives University Tower the permanence of a university-without-walls. 50 years says something about a society's vision. 50 years ago—the Great Depression, after the Great War, Mom in high school, Dad, working. This Cleveland home of ours was 38 years old 50 years ago. 50 years from now—the architects are probably right.

Maybe optimistic. There's some spraypaint in the borrowed car. The car keys are in the house. He forgot his house keys. Another roommate is coming in as we come home. He doesn't want to spraypaint the plaque. He wants to rip it out of the wall with crowbars. He has three crowbars. We have two cans of beer and a car. We have a couple joints. We park the car a couple blocks away.

We see the pigs drive up the ramp as we arrive at 2 am. Good. They go, we go in. We have to wait, take a tinkle, smoke a cigarette, peak around the corner from a

Unfortunately, most Americans think George Bush is a left-winger, think the media are ultra-leftist—Somewhere along the line, the John Birch Society took over America.

Kit Sutter is right: Strom Thurmond killed John Lennon, just as Allard Lowenstein and others were murdered by the fascists. And 99% of the public doesn't care.

Oh, well—I gave up when Victor Jara was murdered. Know what I mean?

David Miller
Hialeah, Florida

crouch in the wall. Everything is reinforced concrete. Everything is locked. We decide how we got in is classified.

The lobby is daylight, deserted. The cemented bolts stretch, bend, give. Leaving four drilled holes in the red brick wall.

We get away. First, one goes one way with three crowbars. Second, one goes the other way with a 15 pound plaque. Third, one spraypaints a black swastika, encircled with red slash international NO to fascism.

We get away with it; around the kitchen table we roll joints, ideas. It is the eve of Vietnamese Liberation and the dawn of MayDay. We decide to give ourself a name, give ourself credit, and make clear the distinction between political act and vandalism, to save the action from trivialization by some CIA infiltrated so-called Communist group. We call Associated Press. We call United Press International. We call the janitor at *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*. There are words on this plaque that we love and touch: education, contribution. Also lists of names and titles of persons who don't go to Cleveland State University, or teach here, or even work here. And here are their names. In a building designed to last 50 years this plaque lasted 30 hours. We piss on Rhodes' plaque. Twice—his name is repeated on the plaque—and on the news the next morning. We call the campus newspaper.

We say, "This is the spokesperson for The Cultural Revolution. We left a message where Rhodes plaque used to be. We are an independent anarchist organization. We were having a meeting Thursday night and we got the munchies so we made some whole wheat, chocolate chip, marijuana cookies and we needed a cookie sheet. We are the students and teachers and workers. We are the contributors. We talk about education as a temporary structure." We're asked which department our members represent. "The Department of ReEducation."

We buried the plaque out on a bluff overlooking the Cuyahoga—piss-stained, and with a candle from the last Kent State candlelit vigil for the four students murdered under (rail)Rhodes' administration. We are high on the bluff. We dig a grave for Rhodes. We perform rites and unnatural acts. Moses may have parted the Red Sea with his staff, but the Cuyahoga River burned all by itself—twice. It was a spontaneous fire. It reflected itself as it consumed itself. Scientifically, it was a natural reaction to a manmade problem. It is referred to in Revelations, in Native North and South American mythologies, in metaphor, as ending in fire.

REACH OUT—FREE!

It's easy and fun to charge your long distance calls to the fat cats. Dial 'O' and the area code and number you want to reach. When an operator comes on, give her your credit card #: the bill for the call goes to the party owning the credit card. Listed below—along with their credit. cd. #s—are some fine citizens who love to receive interesting and unexpected news in their mail.

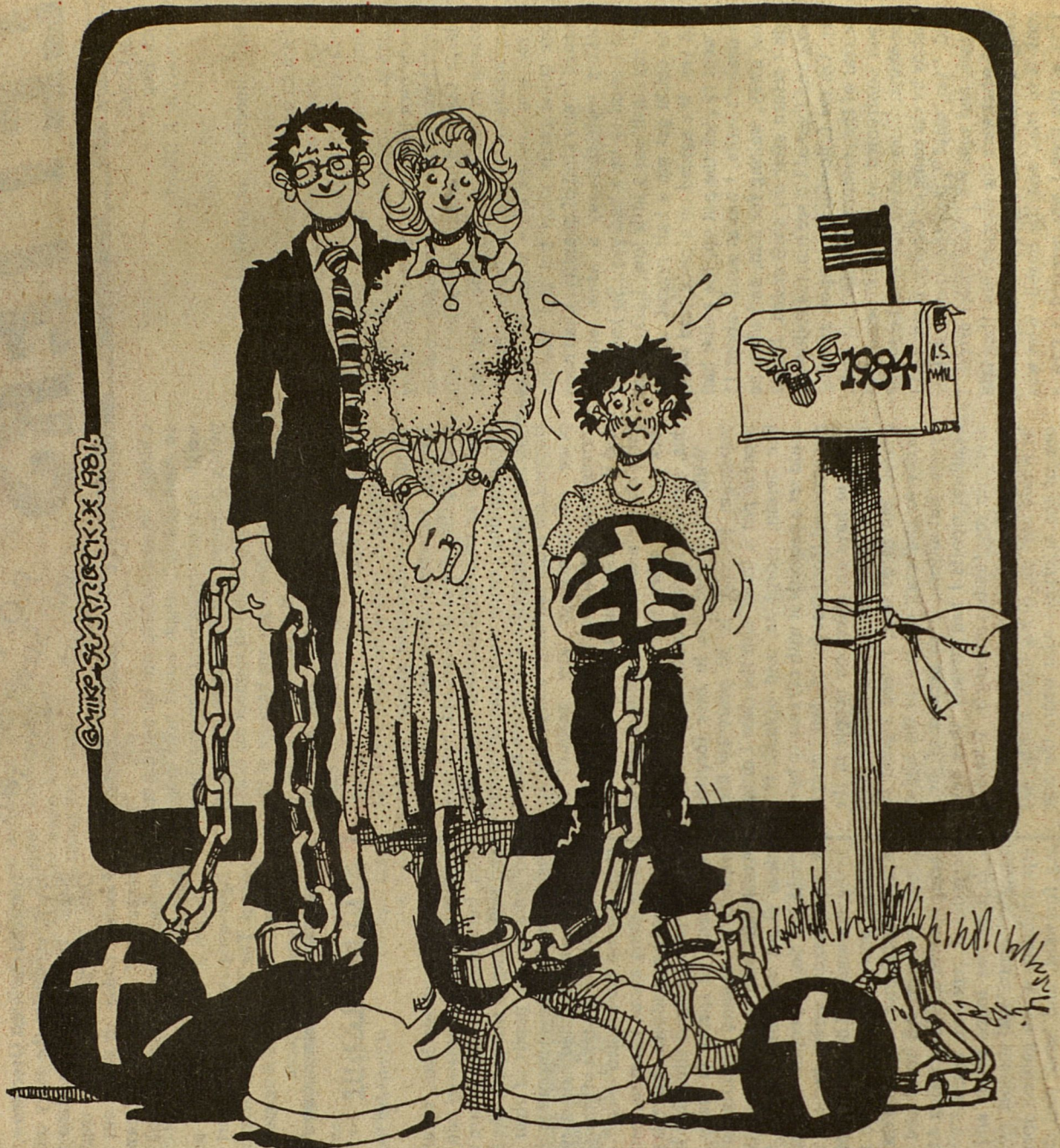
But be careful about who you call; keep the call brief AND ONLY USE CARD FROM PAY PHONES; don't overuse the same card #, and remember the it's no crime to receive an incorrectly billed call—YOU CAN'T BE BILLED UNLESS YOU AGREE TO PAY. You can also make up card #s for your favorite people, and to keep Ma Bell's life interesting. (That way, she—not you—can expect the unexpected.) See our last issue for how—it's a key to the planet!

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