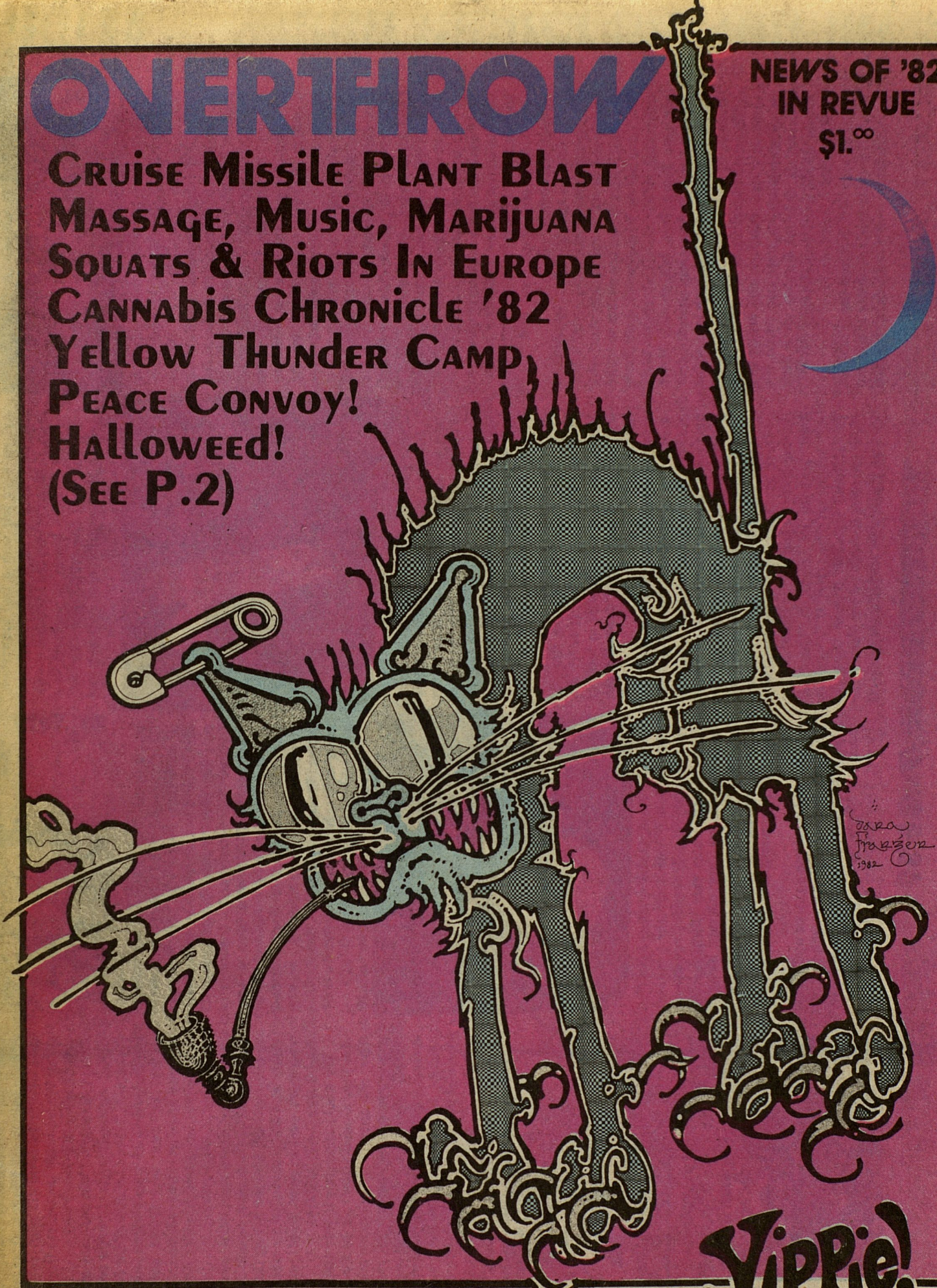


OVERTHROW

NEWS OF '82
IN REVUE
\$1.⁰⁰

CRUISE MISSILE PLANT BLAST
MASSAGE, MUSIC, MARIJUANA
SQUATS & RIOTS IN EUROPE
CANNABIS CHRONICLE '82
YELLOW THUNDER CAMP
PEACE CONVOY!
HALLOWEED!
(SEE P.2)



Vippie!

END IS NEAR

MANDATE CRUMBLES

In the wake of the GOP's electoral near-disaster, the Democrats—and indeed the majority of the country—have turned on Reagan and Bush with a vengeance.

The great fraud—that 1980's erratic, temporary results, with a combined 49% vote against Reagan/Bush, constituted a "Sea Change" in American politics—stands exposed, shattered, finished.

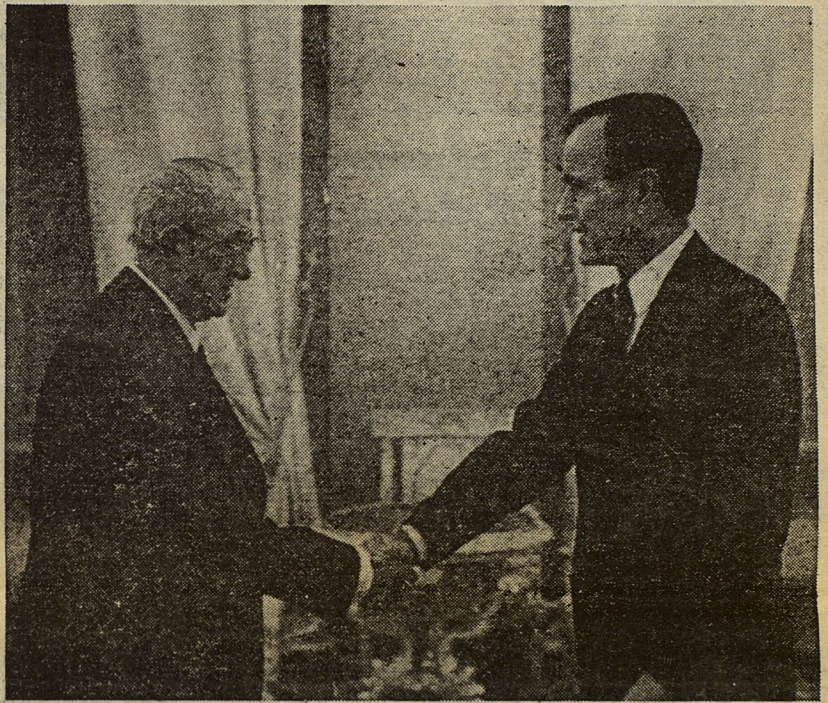
In truth, as noted in the pages of this paper at the time, the gleaming facade of the "Reagan Mandate" began to crumble on its lunatic fringes before he was even sworn in. As efforts of his far-right nut followers to sic the full panoply of Federal police powers on abortion, gay rights, marijuana and so on met with inevitable frustration, it also became inevitable that their alienation would find an echo in conservative GOP Senators blocking any Reagan attempt to switch now to "bipartisanship" or some similar nonsense.

And so, shorn of this fig-leaf "Mandate," the monstrous proportions of the Reagan-Bush program will soon start to shrivel, drained by a stunning succession of shocks of which their trouble with the MX is only the first.

Shorn of their "Mandate," the corruption and spiritual flaccidity of the Reagan regime (revolting to all decent-thinking Americans) will also become clear, as Reagan's ploys to take the heat off heroin are connected in the public mind with the presence in his Administration of such Mafia reps as Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan.

To the American people, the shape of 1984 stands revealed in this picture of Yuri Andropov, ex-head of the KGB, shaking hands with George Bush, ex-head of the CIA; sealing the deal, and congratulating each other of the latest shipment of thorazine-type drugs from Bush's Puerto Rican factories for use against Soviet dissidents.

—The Editors



Top lawmen pledge greater cooperation, vow stepped-up enforcement

DEA BUSTED . . .

by Leslie Morrison

(WASHINGTON, D.C.)—Capitol Hill is abuzz over the latest proposal by Attorney General William Smith for massive expansion of Reagan's "War on Drugs" by cutting funds for immigration and antitrust enforcement, and a last-gasp \$130 million appropriation passed by the special lame-duck session of the '82 Congress.

What with the 12-fold expansion of drug enforcement contemplated by Smith, the DEA will be back asking for more before Spring.

The word "drugs" in this context is a misnomer. In a recent phone interview, a highly placed source within the D.E.A.'s New York heroin bureau revealed that the Reagan Administration has virtually dismantled strike force operations against heroin in major East Coast cities. According to FBI/DEA figures, more than 70% of their current drug convictions nationwide are for pot; 5 out of 6 of all new prosecutions are for pot.

In New York, 75% of drug cases are for pot; 23% were for cocaine and PCP. 2% were for heroin. The New York DEA heroin desk confirmed, in the same phone interview, that virtually all of their field agents have been diverted from the crucial task of ferreting out corrupt cops and busting up armored shooting galleries on the Lower East side and re-assigned to Florida or Texas and the "War on Pot".

A.G. Smith has just concluded an intricate, months-long campaign within the Administration, which began with the reorganization of the FBI and DEA, which has so far resulted in a new, pot-oriented network of task-forces. The crackdown has resulted in increased arrests, and legislation pending in Congress that would provide for

more severe sentencing in grass cases. Ronald Reagan recently made a point of touring a warehouse full of seized reefer while in Florida.

FBI Enters Picture

In the wake of the recent arrest of one middle-ranking Justice Dept. official on drug-related charges, it is clear that the entry of the FBI into drug enforcement for the first time in its history on January 20th of this year is having an impact.

Tape recordings played by Atty. General William French Smith to President Reagan, David Stockman, and other cabinet-level officials at a meeting arranged by Presidential counsel Edwin Meese confirmed charges made by the Justice Dept. against Houston Department attorney Frank Robbin. While the exact contents of the tapes are being withheld pending his trial, they are said by the Justice Dept. to substantiate allegations that Robbin sold investigatory material to a drug ring. Robbin has since been suspended, and will probably go to trial on felony charges in early 1983.

Shortly before President Reagan made his much-publicized trip to Florida to inspect the work of the drug task force set up by George Bush, the group supervisor of the showcase Miami department, Jeffrey I. Scharlatt, was indicted on charges of obstruction of justice, drug smuggling, and accepting an illegal gratuity (real estate).

To view these incidents of official corruption as isolated would be naive. Graft, kick-backs, concealing or destroying evidence, and myriad other felonious acts are reaching crisis proportions within the department officially charged with preventing such things. F.B.I. boss Webster has

Continued on Page 33

BUSH AMBUSHED

by Robert Mitchell

(New York)—In the wake of a new series of "mental patient deaths" in Long Island hospitals, progressive public health advocates here are beginning to question the propriety of Vice President George Bush's role as White House 'Drug Czar,' and whether he might not be liable to charges of conflict of interest in light of the controlling shares his family owns in Eli Lilly & Co.

"The headlines Bush got when he intervened last summer in the Senate for tax breaks for Eli Lilly & Co's Puerto Rican drug plants are nothing," said Howard Lotzoff of the Lower East Side group Citizens Against Heroin, "compared to the Hell that's going to be raised over this White House drive for forcible treatment of 'pot addicts' with dangerous pharmaceuticals."

In an interview in the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution* (Sunday, Nov. 28), President Reagan's White House Drug Advisor, Carlton Turner, said that at present "...60,000 young people under the age of 18 require treatment because of marijuana as a primary drug."

Push Marijuana Addiction Scare

What kind of treatment? On Dec. 3rd, in a letter to the *New York Times*, the Executive Director of the American Council on Marijuana (ACM) and a close White House ally, Dr. Robert L. Dupont, denounced calls for a let-up in the all-out White House drive against marijuana, warning "that the arguments favoring it apply to all other drugs, including cocaine, PCP, and even heroin."

Attentive TV viewers may remember that in early November, the Metromedia television network ran a 2 hour anti-marijuana special, featuring such AMC

figures as Lee Dogoloff and Carol Burnett's daughter, sponsored by "Psychiatric Institutes, Inc."—selling scared parents on very expensive "treatments" featuring confinement and the "substitution" of phenothiazines (i.e. stellazine, prolixin, haldol, thorazine, etc.) for "addictive marijuana."

This is the point of the ACM's deceptively simple equation:

Phenothiazines "cure" pot addiction
just as

Methadone "cures" heroin addiction.

Knowledgeable readers cannot fail to note that these are the same drugs whose use Yuri Andropov pioneered in Soviet psychiatry, although the U.S.S.R. even today obtains its supply from Puerto Rico-based U.S. multinationals, like everyone else.

Phenothiazine-type drugs produce allergic burns on the brainstems of 43% of all "patients," leaving them with a permanent form of cerebral palsy called "tardive dyskinesia." What Carlton Turner, Dupont, the ACM and the whole Bush/Reagan War on Drugs crowd are pushing is a "cure" as fraught with controversy as psychiatric electro-shock (which has already been banned by the voters of Berkeley, CA).

What the ACM (which accurately reflects White House policy) is talking about is KGB-style treatment for perhaps 1/6 of the population—for as long as it takes to get them to stop doing something they're against.

Pharmaceutical Co.'s Donate Big Bux
Some explanation can be had by examining the background of the American Council on Marijuana—currently the nation's top anti-drug lobby, with offices around the

Continued on Page 33

Fugitive Draft Resister Tells Uncle Sam: "Fuck Off"

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25, 1982—The following statement was released today by Paul Jacob, a political activist who was indicted by the Arkansas Grand Jury on Sept. 23, 1982, for failure to register for the draft. Though he is the 11th person to be indicted for this offense, Jacob's case is unique in that he is the only draft resister who has been indicted whom the FBI cannot locate for prosecution, despite a nationwide search. Jacob, former chairman of the Arkansas Libertarian Party, left his home in 1981 (after receiving a threatening letter from the Selective Service System) and has been living underground in an attempt to avoid prosecution. His statement follows:

I refuse to register for the draft. The draft is absolute state control over the individual. The draft is slavery and I will not assist the government in their attempt to take away my freedom.

My body is not government property to be nationalized by those in power. At no

time, for any reason, can the draft be justified. A free society has no slaves.

I am not a pacifist resisting war; I am a free man resisting slavery. But I take great pride in any help I may be to the peace movement.

I have not forgotten that the draft has been used before to force young men to kill and die in wars of foreign intervention. I sincerely hope that my generation will not blindly march off, to again pay the human price of global U.S. militarism.

Draft registration is the first step in the return of the draft. Those of us ordered to register know this very well. And we know that resistance to registration is the best strategy to stop conscription.

The over 700,000 men who have resisted registration have actually devastated the legitimacy and workability of a future draft. They have also made the law virtually unenforceable. The number of non-registrants is over 20 times that of the federal prison

population. The government doesn't have room for all the 'outlaws' it has created.

Only a select few—those who have received media attention or have turned themselves in—will be prosecuted. Quiet resisters have absolutely nothing to fear. I speak directly to those who have not registered and those turning 18: Continue to resist. Those who do not register will not be drafted, and will not be prosecuted.

The Selective Service System (the agency which brings us the military draft) is in serious trouble. Continued non-compliance, which is now 1 in 5, will soon mean the end to the registration program and may stop a future draft.

The government cannot enforce the registration law against so many resisters, but they will try to intimidate the many by making examples of a vocal few.

The trial and conviction of Benjamin Sasway clearly demonstrate that the U.S. courts are merely concerned with legality and, for the most part, care nothing about justice. I will not allow myself to be judged by this court of unjust laws.

I resisted registration for the draft because I do not want to be a conscript in the military. I've left my home and my family to go "underground" because I do not

want to be a convict in a federal prison. The draft and imprisonment are both slavery.

I also want to show, by my example, that the choice is not between registration-and-the-draft or non-registration-and-jail. Obviously, quiet resisters won't be prosecuted, but even vocal resisters, such as myself, can remain free.

The issue is not: Have I broken the law? I have. The issue is: Have I done what is right? Again, I have. I proudly admit that I am guilty of placing my individual liberty above state coercion.



PAUL JACOB

ACORN Organizers Narc on Philly 'Halloweed' Bash

(Independence Mall, Phila)—At 11:30 AM, the cops started off a beautiful, sunny day by arresting the person with the permit.

The permit had already been revoked, Oct. 28th, after authorities discovered that Citizens Against Heroin, which considers Reagan's Holy War on Pot a colossal waste of time, would be joined by CAML (Citizens Against Marijuana Laws). Moreover, ACORN (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now), creators of the "Reagan Ranch" protests you may have seen on TV, had gone complaining to the cops that a smoke-in would mar the image of their nearby tent city. That morning, ACORN folk were seen in conversation with the "Red Squad."

Here's what happened next:

12:15: Between 50 and 100 people have arrived, also speakers, amps, bongos and a TV crew from Channel 3, which the cops did not like. They had already been quoted in the press as hoping there would be no press coverage of the demonstration.

12:20: A couple of hundred joints are

distributed to the slowly growing multitude.

12:30: Three people are arrested for disorderly conduct: one woman for desecrating the flag (She was wearing it: Isn't that patriotic?), another for speaking through amps without a permit, and the third for being dressed up like a nun and going round the park flashing (even though she was wearing underwear)

12:45: Flashing nuns prove too much for one cop in the Canine Squad, who runs amuck in the crowd with ferociously barking dog (they're actually very friendly animals, it's only humans who offer training in viciousness).

1:00: More joints appear as if from nowhere.

1:15: Unknown person shouts: "Help Make The World Safe For Anarchy".

1:30: Two more arrested for handing out joints.

1:45: Remains of crowd, chased out of park by National Park Police, the same gang of cops who tried to bust up the Washington Smoke-In [see page 10].

2:00: "We were hoping for a happy occasion" said one organizer.

There were nine arrests altogether, which was fine with the protestors, since they hoped their arrests would focus attention on marijuana oppression. But the wire service stories downplayed the numbers arrested and attributed the arrests to disorderly conduct or failure to disperse. One of the "failure to disperse" cases was picked up over three blocks from the site—already dispersed.

Among the arrested were the woman charged with desecration of the flag and brother Zvi, who faces a federal charge of demonstrating without a permit. A third brother was charged with possession of hallucinogens. None of these charges reached print in Philadelphia.

As for ACORN, the alleged community action group: Although their tents were vacant at the time, police prevented any retreat in the direction of the ACORN encampment.

9:00: Last prisoners released on bail by cops; the court hearings will be on 1st December. Another smoke-in is planned for spring "just to show the cops that they can't force us underground." Bring what you expect to find.

At other Trick-or-Treat day tokedowns,

while most of the nation was worrying about poisoned candy, herb smokers gathered to celebrate their healthy trip and demand a hands-off policy from what impersonates a government. Smoke-Ins were held in many places and we here share with you some reports from participants and organizers.

Chicago reports a Smoke-in of about a hundred people, sponsored by CAML as part of a nationally coordinated effort by Citizens Against Marijuana Laws and Citizens Against Heroin. The event was held in the Free Speech area of Lincoln Park and lasted for about 5 or 6 hours, ending when the temperature made it uncomfortable to hang out. There was no music or speeches but there was a whole lot of free pot enjoyed by all, with the exception of the few police who cruised by. There were no busts. Consequences remain to be seen.

In Buffalo, about 60 very serious smokers defied a pouring rain to celebrate in a park.

And in Albuquerque, they held a raffle. There were a lot of police around Yale-Lennon Park during the Halloween noon to sundown Smoke-In, you see. About ten squad cars and 5 cops on horseback. But the attendance, which was over 150—mostly people 18 to 22—had the definite feeling that they would not be busted at the event. Because instead of giving out grass, they sold "Legalize it" raffle tickets to be redeemed later. Music was provided by Chapter One, and Doug of CAML spoke.

Just a year ago Mayor Kinney stopped by the Smoke-in following his inauguration and took the mike to say hello. But when Albuquerque Pot Forces got back from D.C. after July 4th, renewed public potsmoking met with new, Reagan-style repression. Longtimers, we were also told, did not have their harvest festival this year, as they felt that it had degenerated from a support for the cause into just a good-time event.

Don't Rain Joints On My Parade
After a summer marked by police brutality under the guise of "park clean-up," New

Continued on Page 33



CLANBASH!

(LAFAYETTE PARK)—A mostly Black group of demonstrators from the Washington D.C. area turned a Ku Klux Klan rally into a festive occasion on November 27, Thanksgiving weekend. They were joined by thousands of leftists drawn to D.C. because the Klan had been granted a permit to march by Washington police and the Interior Department.

People waited along Constitution Ave. in front of the Capitol where the Klan was supposed to begin their march to the White House. Several thousand cops in full riot gear, carrying gas masks separated the demonstrators into two groups. Meanwhile demonstrators had

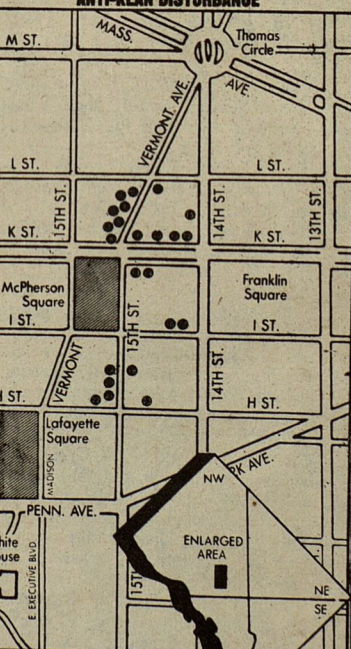
become victims of a police diversion. The Klan met on the Capitol grounds, but since they kept their sheets in shopping bags, they were able to slither away under protection of the pigs.

The cops continued their diversion with a massive presence along Constitution Ave. even after the Klan had split. The frustration level among people who had come to "welcome" the Klan surfaced abruptly when the cops pulled out. The crowd surged after the retreating cops. A brief but intense shoving match ensued as shouting and laughing people tore snow fences apart and whaled into the streets.

Across from the White House in Lafayette Park a couple of thousand demonstrators had gathered. Skirmishes broke out as police

Continued on Page 6

BUSINESSES DAMAGED DURING SATURDAY'S ANTI-KLAN DISTURBANCE



- 1023 Vermont Ave. French Taylor
- 1018 Vermont Ave. P.B. Dorsey's Pub/Saloon
- 1012 Vermont Ave. Alf's Music and Fun Shop
- 1010 Vermont Ave. Denise Office Building
- 1006 Vermont Ave. Reader's World
- 1004 Vermont Ave. Big Wheel Bike Store
- 1002 Vermont Ave. vacant three
- 1433 K St. Sha's New Cafeteria
- Corner of Vermont and K St. Madison National Bank
- 1425 K St. One McPherson Square Office Building front
- 1411 K St. K St. Eatery
- 1403 K St. Golden Game Arcade
- 1432 K St. Fatted Call Restaurant
- 1430 K St. Bank of Commerce
- 1012 14th St. Squares Clothing
- 1411 I St. GO GO Club
- 1405 I St. Jacob Gardner Office Supplies
- 811 15th St. Office Building
- 810 15th St. Alliance Hair Stylist
- 808 15th St. National Permanent Bank
- 804 15th St. Trover Shop
- 1502 H St. Geoffrey Lewis Ltd.
- 1423 H St. Livingston Pawn Brokers

By Kathy Josephson - The Washington Post

THE TURNTABLE OF LIFE!
A ZEN MASTER EXPLAINS...
WE ARE ALL SPINNING ON THE JUKEBOX OF ETERNITY—EACH MOMENT CAN BE A PERSONAL NUMBER ONE HIT!
NICE ONE! I'LL USE IT IN MY NEXT PLAY!

OVERTHROW
A Yipster Times Publication
News of '82 in Revue, Vol. IV, No. 2
published by the Youth International Party Information Service
member: Universal Life Church, Alternative Press Syndicate
indexed regularly by the Alternative Press Index
Publisher: Olmo Gello
New Editor & Managing Editor: Alice Torbush
Managing Editor: Paul DeRienzo, Ruth Reifeis, Aron Kay, David Shier, Mitchell Halberstadt, Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner
Production: Daniela & Semilla
Dancers & Events: Dean Tuckerman
Punks: Crazy Horse, Fagen, Tim Malynn, Black Star
Randy Payton, James Beoddy, Special Thanks: Windsor Road, Bradley Martin, Froggy, Laurie, Tom, Kommy, Alan, Pete, Jerry, & Dana Franzen
POB 392, Canal St Station, NYC 10013, 212-533-5028



The Yellow Thunder Encampment, viewed from above.



Collins Catch The Bear in custody, charged with the murder of Clarence Tollefson near the Yellow Thunder Indian encampment in South Dakota.

Photo by Bannan

On the weekend of July 4th camp members found large boulders blocking the road leading into the camp. Later that month flares were shot into the camp late at night, followed by racial insults. The next day, the Tollefson incident occurred. The pathologist's report probably would have been the end of this unfortunate accident, sparked by obvious racial hatred—had it not been an election year, and if the government's case against Yellow Thunder Camp had not been so weak.

Sheriff Larson (who is up for re-election) had been using Yellow Thunder Camp as a political football. Each time a Camp-connected incident occurred, Mel Larson would get out the first media statement, trying to aggravate things.

As Larson remained solidly in last place for the Sheriff's race, he issued inflammatory statements almost every day following the incident, giving his own pessimistic reading of the slowly-released evidence. This helped to further inflame tensions between the camp and the non-Indian residents of western South Dakota. Then, an aspiring Pennington County States Attorney, Rod Lefholz, (who is also running, for S. Dakota State Attorney General), saw his chance to capitalize on the controversy surrounding Yellow Thunder Camp, and instigated a state grand jury investigation in the Tollefson matter—all the while knowing the pathologist's report and so on indicated that the death had been accidental.

On August 3, James Lee Jones, who had blocked Tollefson's shot, was arrested as a prison escapee from Colorado.

On August 4th fourteen carloads of U.S. Marshalls and Pennington County Sheriffs, including the infamous Sheriff Mel Larson, entered Yellow Thunder Camp with search warrants and subpoenas from the state grand jury.

They used both dogs and metal detectors in their search, although the search warrants were only for fugitives wanted by local authorities in Rapid City. The U.S. Marshalls photographed everyone in the camp, as well as cars, licence

Continued on Page 6

DISTANT THUNDER

Compiled from OYATE WICHAO and NORTHERN SUN NEWS

(BLACK HILLS, SD) On July 21, 1982 a local Rapid City man, Clarence Tollefson, drove his International Scout onto the ridge overlooking the Yellow Thunder camp. Three camp members returning from woodcutting saw him and went to investigate. He was heavily armed with a rifle, a pistol, and large amounts of ammunition on his dashboard. They spoke with him about the camp and its purpose, and asked him not to sit above the camp with guns because of the children down below. They invited him to come down and look around. He chose to stay put, becoming belligerent, making racial slurs and demanding to see the "deed" to Yellow Thunder Camp.

Suddenly the camp member nearest the car door saw the intruder pull a holstered pistol (later revealed to be a .357 Magnum) with his finger on the trigger. Instinctively deflecting the man's arm holding the pistol up into the air, he flung himself to the ground.

Apparently Tollefson was squeezing the trigger even as the gun was deflected, because he shot himself near the base of his ear as his arm flew back. Then, getting out of his Scout and propping himself up on it, he staggered to the rear of the vehicle, still firing, collapsed on the ground behind it, and died. The Camp immediately sent some one to the nearest phone

(several miles away) to call law enforcement authorities. They came roughly an hour and a half after the call, although Sheriff Mel Larson later claimed they came within a half hour.

Police subsequently searched the vehicle of the man and found camouflaged fatigues, flares, and more ammunition. The rear of his vehicle had two bumper stickers on it:

"THE WEST WASN'T WON WITH A REGISTERED GUN" and "WHEN GUNS ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS."

The three witnesses volunteered to go to the Sheriff's office and make statements about the incident. Their statements were later revealed to fit the pathologist's findings exactly. (The pistol had to be fired from the dead man's hand and his finger from the trigger.)

Previously Tollefson, a retired Air Force man, had been seen taking pictures at the campsite in August of 1981. After 2 camp members approached him, Tollefson drew and cocked a .45 automatic pistol, then drove away. That same week Camp attorney Bruce Ellison notified, in writing, Sheriff Larson and Pactola District Ranger Craig Whitekiend of the U.S. Forest Service about this and other threatening situations.

In late June of 1982 U.S. Justice Dept. officials revealed that several local vigilante groups were planning to provoke trouble with camp members.

Yellow Thunder Camp Chronology

February 27, 1981: Decision made by members of the American Indian Movement (including Dakota AIM) from all over the United States, Canada and Mexico to take action on April 4, 1981 to regain lands illegally taken by the United States, along with members of the Oglala Lakota nation.

April 4, 1981: A caravan of approximately 60 people leave Porcupine, S.D. for the site of the reclaiming land in the Black Hills. The caravan takes law enforcement authorities, the press and the public totally by surprise. Tents and two tipis are set up, and a sweat lodge is built. Security sets up a perimeter and camp members endure a 10 degree night, after a day with rain, sleet, snow and high winds.

April 5, 1981: Local and national press hear story and begin pouring into site. Telegrams of support come from all over the United States, as well as overseas. Law enforcement authorities take wait-and-see position as consultations are held between U.S. government authorities in South Dakota and Washington, D.C.

April 6, 1981: Again, the authorities are taken by surprise as Matthew King, head man of the Oglala Lakota nation, files a claim for 800 acres around the camp with the Pennington County Courthouse and the U.S. Forest Service. When asked by members of the press if he thought the claim would be honored, Matthew King replies, "This is our land!" An inipi ceremony is held and the camp is named "Yellow Thunder Camp" in honor of Raymond Yellow Thunder, killed in 1972 in Gordon, Nebraska by white racists, bringing the American Indian Movement into South Dakota for the first time.

April 7, 1981: Members of federal and state law enforcement agencies, including the FBI and U.S. Marshalls, begin to harass the camp, both day and night, in an attempt to gain intelligence and to provoke a confrontation with camp residents. Yellow Thunder Camp members outfit federal authorities and stay cool. Harassment continues as FBI agents are sighted with automatic rifles and sidearms, dressed in camouflaged uniforms.

April 11, 1981: A meeting with more than 300 attending on the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, is held in Yellow Thunder Camp, and several resolutions are passed by the traditional leaders present, who have come from all over the 1868 Treaty area.

April 22, 1981: The camp continues to grow. Yellow Thunder Camp files Special Use Application with U.S. Forest Service to build permanent structures within the 800-acre claim area.

May 1, 1981: Yellow Thunder Camp requests meeting between U.S. Secretary of Agriculture and traditional leaders.

May 29, 1981: Yellow Thunder Camp files complete and amended Use Application along with detailed report of

reasons for application.

June 26, 1981: Based on Yellow Thunder Camp's example, members of Oglala Sioux Tribe set up another camp in Wind Cave Park in the southern Black Hills, calling it Crazy Horse Camp.

July 8, 1981: U.S. Forest Service conducts hearings on Special Use Application in Rapid City. The majority of participants testify in favor of the application.

July 23, 1981: 38 members of the U.S. House of Representatives ask the U.S. Forest Service to approve the Special Use Applications. One of the few opposing witnesses was the logging contractor who held the contract around the Yellow Thunder Camp area. It is later revealed that the lumber contract wasn't approved until after Special Use Application had been filed and was pending before Forest Service.

August 11, 1981: Yellow Thunder Camp submits application to Agriculture and Interior Secretaries for withdrawal of Yellow Thunder Camp's 800 acres from the public domain.

August 25, 1981: After expertly manipulating press and public opinion against Indian people following the trash incident at Crazy Horse Camp [under threat of attack from the Federal Park Service, Indians had left the camp only to return to find their entrance barred and their camp & belongings trashed. The Park Service then used this as an example of how Indians live], the government denies Special Use Application and James Mathers, Black Hills National Forest Supervisor, orders eviction of residents of Yellow Thunder Camp by Sept. 8, 1981. Mathers' denial of the S.U.A. was based upon an Environmental Assessment of the camp and the application. It was later revealed that Environmental Impact Study was inadequately prepared, and not done by qualified personnel.

Sept. 4, 1981: Representative James Weaver, Chairman of U.S. House Subcommittee on Forests, telegrams Chief Max Peterson of U.S. Forest Service and urges him to postpone orders for camp eviction. Members of Camp announce they will remain at the site regardless of consequences.

Sept. 7, 1981: The International Indian Treaty Council submits documentation concerning Yellow Thunder Camp to the Subcommittee on Racism, De-colonization and Apartheid of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights in Geneva. Hundreds of Indians begin pouring into Yellow Thunder Camp prior to eviction date.

Sept. 8, 1981: Yellow Thunder Camp appeals the denial of the Special Use Application order to leave to Craig Rupp, Regional Forester from Lakewood, Colo., and then to Max Peterson, head of U.S. Forest Service.

American Indians Against Desecration (AID) initiates an investigation into procedures used by Forest Service to

prepare Environmental Assessment.

More Indian people join resistance at Yellow Thunder Camp on deadline day.

Sept. 9, 1981: After a night of tense security arrangements, Yellow Thunder passes the U.S.'s deadline. A government plane flies over at approximately 7 A.M., determining that the camp remains and that there are more than 300 people there ready to defend it. The government retreats from immediate confrontation and at 9 A.M. decides to file civil action against the camp, asking for eviction and preventing members from ever camping or entering the Black Hills. Named as defendants are William Means, Russell Means, Matthew King and Charles Abourezk. Yellow Thunder Camp immediately countersues government for violations of U.S. Constitution.

Sept. 16, 1981: Forest Service head Max Peterson denies evacuation order appeal.

Sept. 24, 1981: Yellow Thunder Camp requests meeting between traditional leaders and Supervisor of Black Hills National Forest.

Sept. 25, 1981: Camp renews request for this meeting.

Sept. 28, 1981: James Mathers, Supervisor of Black Hills National Forest, denies request for meeting with traditional and spiritual leaders, saying that he had been advised by Washington, D.C., to speak through attorneys only.

Sept. 29, 1981: Bruce Ellison, attorney for Yellow Thunder Camp, advises camp members he has spoken with head of the U.S. Marshall Service at Federal Courthouse in Rapid City, S.D. Head of U.S. Marshalls tells Ellison that Marshalls had just gone through extensive training session, preparing for attack on Yellow Thunder Camp. The session lasted two weeks, and preparation also included help of satellite and aerial photos. Head of Marshalls tells Ellison that he believes they can "take" Yellow Thunder Camp in 30 minutes. Ellison submits sworn affidavit concerning this discussion.

Oct. 5, 1981: Emergency hearing held in Pierre, S.D. before U.S. federal judge Donald O'Brien concerning threats against the Camp and request by Camp attorneys for injunction against the government and Marshall Service. After a morning of testimony by Bill Means, judge orders U.S. Attorney's office to come to some kind of agreement with Yellow Thunder Camp to assure them there will be no threat while case is pending. Tensions ease at the camp and work begins to prepare camp for winter.

Nov. 3, 1981: U.S. Agriculture Dept. denies the Special Use Application.

Nov. 11, 1981: Bureau of Land Management also denies the application.

Nov. 19, 1981: U.S. Forest Service Chief Max Peterson denies request for meeting with Oglala Lakota leaders Chief Frank Crow, Matthew King, James Iron Cloud, and James

Holy Eagle.

Nov. 27, 1981: Willie Nelson, David Soul and Floyd Westerman perform at the Rapid City Civic Center in a benefit to raise funds for Yellow Thunder Camp and Black Hills Alliance.

Dec. 4, 1981: In hearing held in Federal Court, Pierre, S.D., U.S. government places injunction stopping construction of temporary geodesic dome. Court agrees to allow completion of dome. Judge O'Brien states to U.S. Attorney: "What you're saying is that it's okay for Yellow Thunder Camp to be there while the case is pending, but that they have to freeze while they are there?" U.S. Attorney replies, "Well, I guess so, your honor."

Dec. 26, 1981: Geodesic dome is completed and the first New Moon feast held inside it.

Jan. 5, 14, 21, 1982: Yellow Thunder Camp and Black Hills Alliance are interveners at the ETSI pipeline hearings before the Water Management Board of South Dakota.

Jan. 18, 1982: Yellow Thunder Camp, AID, and the International Indian Treaty Council object to Proposed Environmental Impact Statement and plan for Black Hills National Forest on basis that there was no notification of Indian people, massive disregard for cultural resources, and lack of input from traditional spiritual leaders despite their availability. American Friends Service Committee and the other three parties named point out to hearing members that no notice was made to Indian groups concerning meetings on the Forest Management Plan. Yellow Thunder Camp and AID point out that they are concerned parties to the Plan.

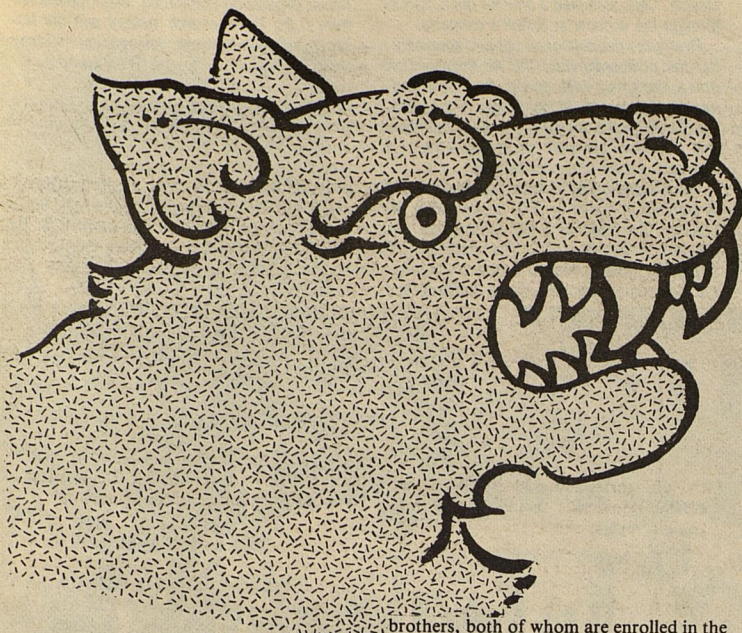
Jan. 21, 1982: U.S. Forest Service again tries to hold meeting without proper publicizing. Meeting was for Indian concerns on the Forest Management Plan, but no Indians were notified. Members of Yellow Thunder Camp had not been told of this meeting at the hearing held three days prior to it, but learned of it through other sources.

Feb. 1-March 2, 1982: The International Indian Treaty Council, on behalf of the Indian people of the Western Hemisphere, for the 6th straight year, participates in the U.N. Commission on Human Rights in Geneva. Documentation on Yellow Thunder Camp presented under two separate agenda items.

Feb. 18, 1982: Representative Shirley Chisholm elects to sponsor legislation the protection and continuation of Yellow Thunder Camp.

March 2, 1982: Reps. Shirley Chisholm (D-NY), James Weaver (D-Oregon) and Toby Moffet (D-Conn.) introduce the Yellow Thunder Bill—H.R. 5664.

March 10, 1982: The Sioux Falls Argus Leader, a major South Dakota newspaper, urges in an editorial for the South Dakota Congressional delegation to approve and help support Yellow Thunder Camp.



UP ROAR

Another Lesbian Deprogramming

(GAY COMMUNITY NEWS)—Another Cincinnati area woman appears to have been the victim of a "lesbian deprogramming" scheme this year.

Cyndi Masters, the 18-year-old daughter of prominent Cincinnati attorney Robert Masters alleges that she was forced by her parents into a drug rehabilitation program in which staff members attempted to "cure" her of her lesbianism.

Only five months before, the parents of Stephanie Riethmiller had her kidnapped by cult deprogrammers and repeatedly raped during her week long captivity in an attempt to alter her "lifestyle" (see GCN, Vol. 9, No. 17).

Masters told GCN that although she had abused drugs and alcohol in the past, she had been sober for over a year and a half last February when her parents led her into a trap at Straight, Inc., from which it took her two months to escape.

"They knew I'd been sober. But they believe my lesbianism is a result of my old drug problem, that I wasn't allowed to develop normally."

The director of the Cincinnati branch of Straight, Inc., Dr. Ed Stact, denies that the program staff had ever attempted to "treat" lesbian or gay male clients for homosexuality. "We are an adolescent drug treatment program," he said. "We treat chemically dependent young people for their primary illness."

Masters told GCN that Straight, Inc., counselors taunted her about her sexual preference. "In group [therapy] they'd say to me things like, 'We don't want you to go out and be a lesbian again and be the scum of the earth.' I'd cry and say I miss [my lover] Terry, and they'd say, 'Don't you think that's gross?'"

Masters added that staffers harangued a gay youth, calling him a faggot.

"They don't get more graphic than that because sex was a no-no. You didn't have sex until you were married. And when you get out you are not allowed to have girl-boy relationships for six months. They [promote] the same morals as the Baptist Church. I heard, 'Do you want to burn in hell' a lot."

Masters' attorney, Jonathan Schiff, said that Masters told him staffers of Straight, Inc., had detained her illegally, since she was an adult according to the law at the time, and that she was coerced into signing a consent form.

Asked to respond to this charge, and attorney for Straight, Inc., Bruce Petrie, Jr. said, "I have no comment...except to repeat that the program has been certified by the Ohio Bureau of Drug Abuse, therefore it must meet the state requirements protecting patients' and staffers' rights."

Petrie later added that resistance to treatment is to be expected in a program designed to break a person of addictive behavior.

Masters said that on February 27 she went to the Straight, Inc., compound for a prearranged visit with her younger

brothers, both of whom are enrolled in the program. "My parents were there when I arrived. They said that I wasn't going to leave until I signed this piece of paper...saying that I'd be in the program for 14 days. They [staff members] blocked the exit. They threatened to tie me up and confront me all night if I didn't sign. After five or six hours, I signed. They strip-searched me before admitting me."

Masters continued, "The first day I was in therapy I started screaming, 'Let me out. You're trying to brainwash me,' and the whole girl's side jumped me and pinned me down, still screaming."

Masters described the group therapy sessions she attended. "Everybody sits in a big group for 12 hours a day in straight metal chairs, feet crossed underneath their chairs. There's a whole lot of yelling and confronting [by staffers] on the basis that you are a bad person. Someone holds onto your belt loop in back all the time so that you can't go anywhere. There's a barbed wire fence around all of Straight... and you don't leave for good until they've robbed you of your personality—including different hairstyle and different clothes than you came in with."

I wouldn't look at the staffers when they were screaming at me about being a lesbian. On the 11th day I said I wanted to get out in three days when my two weeks was up. But they 'froze' me on the 11th day. After a month, I realized that I'd have to bullshit my way out, so I calmed down and got out of 'phase I'."

In "phase 1" of the program, participants are cut off from their families and peers and live in the home of another family, some of whose members are past participants in the program called "oldcomers," said Masters. These foster homes have locks on all the doors and windows so that the "newcomers" cannot escape. They are not allowed to make or receive any phone calls and are accompanied by an oldcomer at all times.

In later stages, newcomers are allowed to live in their own parents' homes, to attend school accompanied by an oldcomer and to make phone calls to certain designated newcomers.

Other Straight, Inc., centers exist in Sarasota, St. Petersburg and Atlanta. Another will open soon in Washington, D.C.

RCP Flagburning Bust Upheld

(WASHINGTON, D.C.)—Over a vigorous dissent by Justice William J. Brennan Jr., the Supreme Court has let stand the conviction of 2 members of the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP) for burning an American flag.

Teresa Kay Mime and Donald Richard Bonwell were sentenced to eight months imprisonment each under a law that outlaws "knowingly casting contempt" on the flag. The protest was part of a 1980 May Day demonstration at the Federal Building in Greensboro, N.C.

Brennan said the court should've reviewed the convictions and the law, which he called "overt content-based censorship, pure and simple."

The Justice Dept. had urged the Supreme Court not to take the case, saying that an "important governmental interest" is served by "preservation of the flag, not as a mere chattel, but as the visible embodiment of the nation."

Noting that the law—passed in 1968 after Yippies and other Vietnam demonstrators employed the flag in a number of eye-catching protests—prohibits only mutilation to deliberately "cast contempt" on the flag, and that casting contempt is "constitutionally protected expression," Brennan objected that "this censorship goes to the heart of what the First Amendment prohibits."

"I am confident the court after argument would reverse these convictions and uphold the vital constitutional principal forbidding government censorship of unpopular political views," Brennan said.

Ex-Anarchist Nazi Nailed

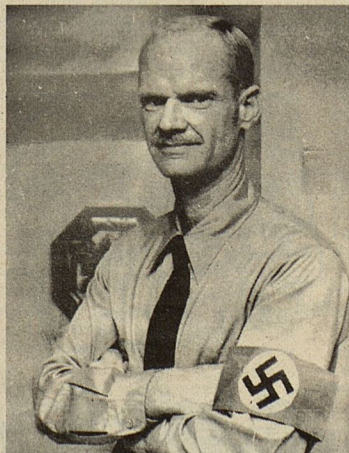
(OROVILLE, CA)—A former anarchist-turned-Nazi named Red Warthan has been arrested here, along with Chris Jones, 14, and Rafe Barker, 17, for the murder of 17 year-old Joseph Eugene Hoover, which occurred on or about September 30.

Hoover was found on a dirt road near the Oroville Dam, three miles west of Oroville, shot eight times in the back of the head, at close range, with a .22 revolver.

The suspects were members of a Nazi Youth group organized by Warthan to push his Nazi literature—swastika-covered stickers and handbills—at the two local high schools, the one junior high, and on windshields, phonebooths and mailboxes. Four days before his disappearance, Rafe Barker's friend Joe Hoover had informed Butte County Sheriff's deputies about Warthan paying kids to give out Nazi propaganda. Among Nazis, the task of executing an informer customarily devolves upon the friend who brought him into the party unit.

Warthan, who spent time at the State Hospital in Napa, California where, in 1955, he was declared responsible for smothering a ten-year-old boy because he decided to kill someone, was constantly incarcerated until 1966.

An ex-biker, past member of the Executive Board of the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World), he started his own "anarchist party"—the Woodstock Anarchist Party—because he claimed the national Yippie! network was insufficiently pacifist. What it really was, according to



people who met him, was that Warthan liked running a one-man show. He had a falling out, for instance, with the United Farm Workers.

Based in conservative Stockton, Ca., he put out a newsletter and button with a black background, white lettering and a picture of a dove perching on a guitar handle.

In 1978, this publication, along with several other left-wing rags, received a communique stating that the Woodstock Anarchist Party was defunct. As a result of his wife having been robbed and raped by some Black men, Red Warthan indicted the entire Black community. Red Warthan was now head of the "Stockton chapter" of the Nazi party.

It was the year the Yippies started Rock Against Racism USA as a response to racist drift among the youth culture.

Warthan boasted, according to police, that his Nazi chapter had 100 followers. The California Dept. of Corrections has confirmed that Warthan recently visited Charlie Manson in Vacaville Prison on four occasions. Manson instructed him to recruit storm troopers. Several of his promiscuous groupies were sent to help Warthan's drive.

As a result of this alliance, numerous teens were drawn to Warthan's shack to play video games and hear raps on dynamiting the sheriff's office and seizing the huge Oroville Dam hydroelectric plan.

The local Black community had long expressed fears that Warthan's telephone hate tapes could set the stage for racial violence. The Blacks felt that the cops (who are being sued for \$14,000,000 by a Black group charging unfair treatment during a crime crackdown), the FBI, the Justice Department and the local school board were too slow in dealing with Warthan's racist activities until this incident occurred. The local white community seemed to be indifferent toward the local Nazis. This time it was a white kid who paid for that indifference.

No-Nukers Go Native

by Bill Weinberg

(SAN FRANCISCO)—In the week after Jan. 21, as the Air Force lofts the next MX test flight from California's Vandenberg Air Force Base, a statewide coalition of anti-nuclear groups will have the place surrounded—blockading it to protest the MX and draw attention to the plight of the Marshall Islanders.

Today remnants of the Kwajalein Atoll, first H-bomb test site, are deserted. To facilitate the testing, its original inhabitants were concentrated onto the island of Ebeye, living with the cancer and genetic damage caused by fallout. Ebeye's population density is greater than New York City's. The move barred the Islanders from the lagoons they fished, and made them completely dependent on the U.S. military.

While all nuclear warhead testing is now done under the Nevada desert, pursuant to the 1963 Atmospheric Test Ban, the U.S. continues to prefer the "Kwajalein Range," because of its isolation and distance (75% as far as the Soviet Union), as the sole target for testing the accuracy of its missiles.

However, the U.S. Military is for the first time considering alternatives like Guam, because the Marshall Islanders have launched an effective resistance movement. In the past three years they've organized the Kwajalein Atoll Corporation, to stop the missiles and reclaim self-sufficiency.

The KAC is made up of the original land-owners evacuated from islands which are currently military-held. By Marshallese custom, land ownership includes family and friends. The KAC has been occupying the missile target zones of their home islands.

The most recent and effective occupation was Operation-Homecoming, lasting from June to October. On June 22, a Minuteman Missile's course had to be diverted 600 miles into open sea because KAC occupiers refused to move from the target zone or enter shelters—despite a bribe of cake and ice cream. The test was an exercise in futility, since the missile fell 600 miles away from measurement equipment on the island.

However, the U.S. maintains that the KAC has not altered its plans. Operation Homecoming's successful confrontation with a Minuteman made headlines in Japan but was ignored by media in the U.S.

By October, when Operation Homecoming ended, occupiers were suffering from food shortages as well as media blackout—a blackout the Vandenberg action is supposed to lift. For more info, contact Livermore Action Group, (415) 644-2028.

KLANBASH! Cont'd from P. 2

sought to 'control' the crowd with tear gas. The people answered this act of aggression with a hail of bricks and bottles.

Horse cops charged after the brick throwers like Custer's 7th Cavalry. At a street corner a block from the White House people regrouped and counterattacked. More bottles and bricks showered the police who were slowly forced back towards the White House. The crowd stormed the retreating police line. Large boards, bricks ripped out of the pavement in Lafayette Park, rocks and other objects hit the cops and they ran, back towards the White House.

There they regrouped, put on masks and moved in under the cover of heavy gas. As the gas hit home one protester yelled, "suck it in, the gas smells good!" The U.S. Park Police did their customary number of grabbing and beating people as they advanced.

Next rebellion spread from the White House to McPherson Square, where the crowd, having tasted the gas, re-assembled at a 'legal' protest. An unmarked police car was overturned and cop vehicles had their windshields removed with rocks. People took the chance to go "Christmas shopping" along Vermont Ave. near the park. One demonstrator was heard yelling "Merry Christmas" as he liberated a

bicycle. Cops slammed another demonstrator through the window at Scholl's cafeteria.

Finally the demo thinned out and soon only a handful of liberals from the All Peoples Congress remained still trying to "cool out" demonstrators. All in all it was a wonderful event and people left with a sense of fulfillment that the Klan and their protectors—the cops had been successfully confronted.

The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan had originally planned to march in D.C. on Nov. 6th. The Coalition for National Unity Against the Klan planned a counter-rally. The coalition was formed by groups like All People's Congress, the Communist Workers Party, National Anti-

Racist Organizing Committee, Black policemen from D.C., Black church leaders and the National Anti-Klan Network. Announcing that they were "afraid of a riot by Blacks and Communists," Bill Wilkinson's "Invisible Empire" faction of the Klan then proceeded to move the Nov. 6th Klan event to a D.C. suburb. A counter-demonstration organized by mainstream religious groups and liberal politicians was put together in Silver Spring, Maryland. The Klan held a "support our local police" rally in Woodmere Park surrounded by a phalanx of pigs, though there was a brief scuffle between Progressive Labor Party and the cops.



Phalanxes of riot police blocked protestors intent on reaching Klansmen. Minutes later, cops bore the brunt of the explosion.

Photo by Maroon

THUNDER

Continued from Page 3

plates, and tips. With them they had very recent aerial photographs of Yellow Thunder Camp with detailed markings. Many lawmen wore camouflaged fatigues and carried sidearms.

It appeared they had come ready for resistance, but instead found camp members carrying on normally. The only incidents were when the rifle-carrying Marshalls frightened several children in the camp into crying. They carried on their search and interrogations for close to two hours.

On August 16, the 17 camp members called before the grand jury (including Dakota AIM spokesperson Russell Means, and 2 children) stated that they did not recognize the grand jury as a safeguard for the rights of the Indian people.

"The people of Yellow Thunder Camp and its allies do not recognize the grand jury as having jurisdiction over them as they are members of sovereign nations recognized by the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, and therefore refuse to answer questions posed to them by the Jurors."

On September 17 a half dozen U.S. Marshalls paid a 2nd visit to Yellow Thunder Camp with more subpoenas, this time for a federal RICO (organized crime) Grand Jury, and arrested a 20 year old Indian man Collins Catch-the-Bear, charging him with the first-degree murder of Clarence Tollefson. Mr. Catch-the-Bear, who some say wasn't even in the camp at the time of the shooting, had walked away from a halfway house where he was doing time for larceny.

On September 22 Jim Jones, appearing as a government witness in preliminary hearings against Collins Catch-the-Bear, testified that when he opened the door on the driver's side of the Bronco and pushed Tollefson

away from the steering wheel, Tollefson grabbed his own gun and, as he waved it, Collins Catch-the-Bear, standing on the passenger side, shot him with a .22 rifle.

Jones further testified that after telling law enforcement authorities that the intruder shot himself accidentally in a struggle, he told Means and camp attorney Bruce Ellison (also Leonard Peltier's attorney) what had actually happened and that they insisted everyone stick with the false story.

The second government witness, Sam Lone Wolf (a former combat intelligence specialist in the military) had been at the camp five days and had left the day before the shooting but returned when he learned of it. He testified that he tried to convince Means and Ellison not to "cover-up" the

truth. He and Jones claim Means and Ellison ordered fingerprints wiped from the truck, directed the camp roster be altered to hide the presence of Collins Catch-the-Bear and made sure that a weapons cache was hidden before lawmen arrived.

Jim Jones, a.k.a. Wanbli No Heart, has been identified as a Federal escapee wanted for a prison killing several years ago. On the stand he admitted he was giving evidence in exchange for immunity for his part in the Tollefson case and for his prison escape, as well as other considerations.

Jones, an ex-Marine who once applied for work with the Black Hills Alliance, is known to have worked in Army intelligence. Since pre-trial proceedings began, Jones too has been enrolled as a protected federal witness. A BHA spokesman said that Jones "may be an agent provocateur."

In November the camp's land use permit

NORML: Formal.

(WASHINGTON, D.C.)—NORML held its yearly conference for Pot Activists here November 12; it remains to be seen if the National Board took to heart any of the things they heard from the grassroots.

One of the best-received motions from the floor was for a new, elected type leadership instead of a self-appointed board appointing the National Director. But aside from some tepid support for the New CMI of Jack Herer and Ed Adair, it is difficult to believe that any of those floor motions wound up anywhere but in wastebasket.

If what happened to Ed Rosenthal is any indicator, the latest demands to open up the Board to spokespersons who say the right populist-sounding things won't get any further than other years.

The big commotion of the week-end wasn't NORML anyway. Ronald Reagan is busy doing a re-make of Vietnam, so the big story of the week-end was the Vets. As the

was revoked. As of now Collins Catch-the-Bear is in jail awaiting a February trial and the people of Yellow Thunder Camp live under constant threat of official and unofficial U.S. police invasion.

Further Grand Jury indictments are expected. Sources for the Native Americans report that new charges may soon be brought against several other AIM members and supporters. Rumors abound of indictments against Means, Ellison and others for conspiracy to cover up murder and harboring fugitives. The state has initiated a bar investigation of Bruce Ellison, charging "cover-up," and threatening disbarment.

Yellow Thunder Camp accepts donations of blankets, clothing, tents, food and money for their legal case. This and any correspondence can be sent to: Yellow Thunder Camp, Lakota Nation, P.O.B. 9188, Rapid City, SD 57701 (605) 342-6382.

picture shows, the mood of the Vets was by no means uniformly nostalgic for Nam. "The added sculpture" refers to a Hollywood Realist, John Wayne type photocapture that has been proposed for the top of the current flat, V-shaped monolith of black granite containing all the names of the War Dead that currently graces the Lincoln Memorial area just south of the Reflecting Pool.

Sound familiar? It happens to be next to the assembly site for the July 4th Smoke-in; and new Parks Dept. regs just published prohibit any demonstrations at the Vietnam Memorial. Except by Vets, of course.

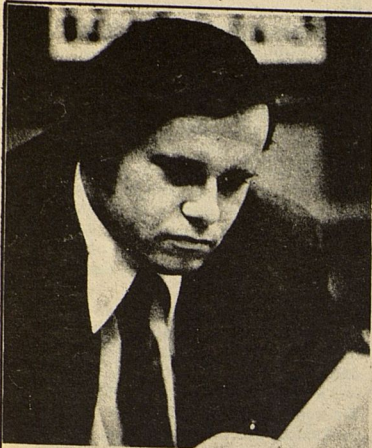
Very clever. But then, Vice President Bush has, on national television, blamed potsmokers for losing Vietnam, and Watergate for letting them off the hook.

A lot of Vets still smoke. It's too bad the media isn't carrying any stories about how pissed off they are to be blamed, again, for losing. Or by the whole War on Marijuana in general.

I am a Vietnam veteran.
I don't like the added sculpture.
It will stand in silent approval
as we march by - our
hearts filled with song -
on our way to the next war.



Photo by Fagan



Gerard Colby Zilg in 1975 photo.

Behind the Nylon Curtain

by Jack Croft and Vic Sadot

Author Gerard Colby Zilg has accused the federal judge in the *DuPont: Behind the Nylon Curtain* case of "red-baiting" and resorting to "McCarthyite tactics."

In an interview with the *Delaware Alternative Press*, Zilg charged that U.S. District Judge Charles L. Briant, Jr., turned his lawsuit against the DuPont Co. and Prentice-Hall, Inc. into a political trial.

"He put me on trial for my political views, rather than putting the DuPont Co. on trial for what it did," Zilg said.

In the suit, filed in 1978, Zilg contended that his publishing company, Prentice-Hall, caved in to pressure from the DuPont Co. to quash *Nylon Curtain*. Briant, in an opinion dated April 20, ruled that Prentice-Hall did indeed deliberately seek to kill the book within months after its November, 1974, publication date, and awarded Zilg an estimated \$32,000 in damages (including interest) from the publisher.

However, Briant cleared the DuPont Co. of any wrongdoing in the case, even though the company's lawyers had labeled the book "scurrilous" and "actionable" before it was published. After being contacted by officials of the DuPont Co., Prentice-Hall slashed the book's advertising budget by 73%, reduced the number of copies printed by 33%, and, in Briant's words, "allowed the book to go out of print just as it began to gain sales momentum."

In his ruling, Briant wrote that there was no connection between the DuPont Co.'s complaints about the book and Prentice-Hall's "drastic unexplained" actions.

"We disclaim any necessity to attribute a motive to [Prentice-Hall's] activities," Briant wrote.

The 96-page opinion is laced with references to Zilg's "strident left-wing political views."

"He was red-baiting me," Zilg said in

the *DAP* interview. "The reason for that was to discourage anybody from picking up the book in paperback. That was clearly designed to create hostile views of the book and of me. Frankly, it smacks of witch-hunting and McCarthyite tactics. But that's typical of judges from the Nixon era and the Reagan era."

The book portrayed the DuPonts as greedy and immoral war profiteers who amassed their vast fortune by exploiting working people. In the book's introduction, Zilg wrote, "The Armorers of the Republic," as they like to call themselves, have helped drive America into world war, sabotaged world disarmament conferences, built deadly arsenals of atomic weapons and nerve gas, flirted with Nazis, and, according to charges brought before a congressional committee, once were even implicated in an attempt to overthrow the United States government—at the same time managing to avoid paying their share of taxes.

Although the book received rave reviews in such prestigious publications as the *New York Times Book Review* and the *Los Angeles Times*, Briant devoted a 13-page section of his decision to a scathing review of the book. He concurred with the DuPont Co. that the book was "scurrilous" and "actionable," and even included a definition of "scurrilous" from *Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary* to make sure no one missed his meaning. "The term 'scurrilous' is defined: 'Grossly indecent or vulgar, as benefits low jesters or buffoons; characterized by vile abusiveness or vulgar jocularity or railing'..." Briant wrote.

"Was the book scurrilous? All must agree that it was," he concluded. Among those who obviously disagreed was Robert Sherrill, who, in reviewing the book for the *New York Times Book Review*, called it "something of a miracle."

"It's hard to believe this masterful book is Zilg's first," Sherrill added.

Briant also lambasted the book for what he termed its "shrill leftist tone," and labeled Zilg's views "concerning the power of the DuPont Company and its ability and willingness to use that power" as "paranoic."

"I'm also paranoid about conservative Republican judges," Zilg retorted in the interview.

The case was argued in a non-jury trial before Briant from Sept. 21 to Oct. 1, 1981 in New York. The most crucial testimony was that of former DuPont public affairs director Harold G. "Red" Brown, Jr.

Brown testified that, in July, 1974—four months before the book was published—he phoned officials at Fortune Book Club, a Book-of-the-Month Club subsidiary, which intended to offer the book as a selection to its 20,000 business-oriented members. Brown said that he told the book club officials that DuPont Co. lawyers had reviewed a rough manuscript of *Nylon Curtain* and found it to be "scurrilous" and "actionable."

In August, 1974, just one month after Brown's phone call, the book club backed out of its agreement to offer the book. In

September, 1974—just two months before the book was published—Prentice-Hall cut the first run of the book from 15,000 copies to 10,000 and slashed the advertising budget from \$15,000 to a meager \$5,500.

In his decision, Briant rejected Zilg's contention that Brown's use of the word "actionable" meant that DuPont had threatened litigation.

"I conclude that DuPont Company had the right, protected by the Constitution, to give its good faith opinion that the book was scurrilous and actionable," the judge wrote.

"The proof at trial does not show any threat by DuPont Company to sue [the book club] or [Prentice-Hall]. Even if it did, unless the threatened litigation were sham, the right to have recourse to the courts would also be a constitutionally protected right," Briant concluded.

Zilg called the decision "an obvious perversion of the First Amendment to the

Constitution.

"It's an open invitation to major corporations to interfere with publishing houses that publish writers who challenge corporate power and abuses," he added. "It opens the publishing industry to all sorts of attacks."

Zilg hailed Briant's decision to award him \$32,000 from Prentice-Hall as "vindication" of his contention that his book was suppressed.

"He just doesn't want to blame DuPont," the author said.

Zilg added that he was not sure whether he would appeal Briant's decision concerning the DuPont Co.'s First Amendment rights. "I've got to review the decision myself," he said. "And I'll be consulting various writers' organizations and political organizations in New York City. My inclination is not to let the judge get away with this."

Reprinted from *Delaware Free Press*.
Photo: *Delaware State News*



Photo: Mike Wigg/International Times

Anarchy in the U.K.

As the penguins in the Falklands resisted the brutal attack of the combined British and Argentine military forces, anarchists and anti-authoritarians in England had their own problems with the Thatcher government. The same day that Argentina invaded the Falklands, the British Anti-Terrorist Squad invaded the Freedom Press office in London, seizing a large quantity of unbound books. The books contained information on explosives, first aid, breaking and entering and related matters.

So far, no charges have been laid, but in a similar case, a Norwich anarchist was given three months for printing and distributing a pamphlet on how to make petrol bombs, and another anarchist, Simon Los, was sentenced to three years in jail for distributing a mimeograph of the *Xtra!* editorial, "Burn, Babylon, Burn."

Since the ATS raid on the Freedom office, some anarchists have been subject to further harassment. One Freedom reader was visited by the "Special Branch" at work, where he was interviewed in the manager's office for half an hour by a Detective Sergeant. He was told his association with Freedom was not approved and could cost him his job. Around the same time, ten anarchists were arrested at an anti-Trident demonstration in Glasgow for giving out free *Practical Anarchy* newspapers, supposedly because the word "fuck" was used in a headline, "Fuck the Falklands."

But the most serious act of repression occurred June 6th at the CND rally in Hyde Park. Bored with the predictable speeches of the official "invitation only" CND speakers, a large group of anarchists positioned themselves beside the stage with a megaphone which anyone could use to make his or her own speech. A CND steward protested this to the police, who had been keeping an unusually careful eye on the anarchists, so the anarchists, bored anyway, decided to leave the park.

As they wound through the crowd of 150,000 with their black flags and anarchist banners, smaller groups of anarchists joined them, until their numbers had swelled to 300-500 people. They began marching down Oxford St, chanting "Free all Prisoners!" "Smash the Nuclear State" and "Free Simon Los." It was the largest Lon-

don anarchist demonstration in ten years.

The marchers soon acquired an unwelcome escort of Special Patrol Group riot squad vans. Without warning and unprovoked, the police attacked. While some people escaped into side streets, many others were beaten with riot sticks and arrested. Forty-eight were later charged with a variety of offenses, ranging from "abusive language" to "assault and possession of offensive weapons" (i.e., black flags!). As many of those arrested have little money, a defense fund has been set up. Donations can be sent to: Oxford St. 48 Defence Campaign, Box 48b, Whitechapel High St, London E1, England.

In June, Taff Ladd, one of the Persons Unknown, turned himself in to face some outstanding conspiracy charges. He had skipped bail, but the other Persons Unknown were acquitted earlier, so at his June 7th hearing, Taff was declared "Not guilty." However, as he left court, he was arrested by Anti-Terrorist Squad detectives on charges of possession of 14 detonators. He is now being held in Cardiff with five other people facing similar charges. The five others are admitted members of either the Plaid Cymru Youth Movement or the Welsh Political Republican Movement. Support can be sent to: Welsh Political Defence Committee, 175 Mackintosh Place, Roath, Cardiff, Wales.

A group of Asian youths, dubbed the Bradford 12 after the name of their community, were recently acquitted of charges of conspiracy as well as offenses under the 1883 Explosives Act. The court action against them was regarded as a major show trial by many black people and their supporters, in retaliation for last summer's uprisings in Brixton, Southall and other cities.

Despite an all-white jury, the 12 won acquittal by arguing that the petrol bombs they were accused of making were intended for the defense of their community against racial attack. This may set a legal precedent in England, making it lawful to manufacture molotov cocktails for self-defense. So far, the police have refused to comment.

From *Open Road*, Box 6135, Station G, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6R 4G5.

More British Staff Starts P. 18



Photos by Fagan

Over 1,000 demonstrators massed in Times Square Oct. 15, protesting brutal NYPD raid on Blue's, predominantly Black-frequented gay bar. Cops beat and shook down patrons, emptied register, smashed bottles and glass. Blue's is across street from headquarters of *New York Times*, unfriendly to gay community. Demo brought heaviest N.Y.C. police presence in memory.

NUKE PLANT BLAST

#2

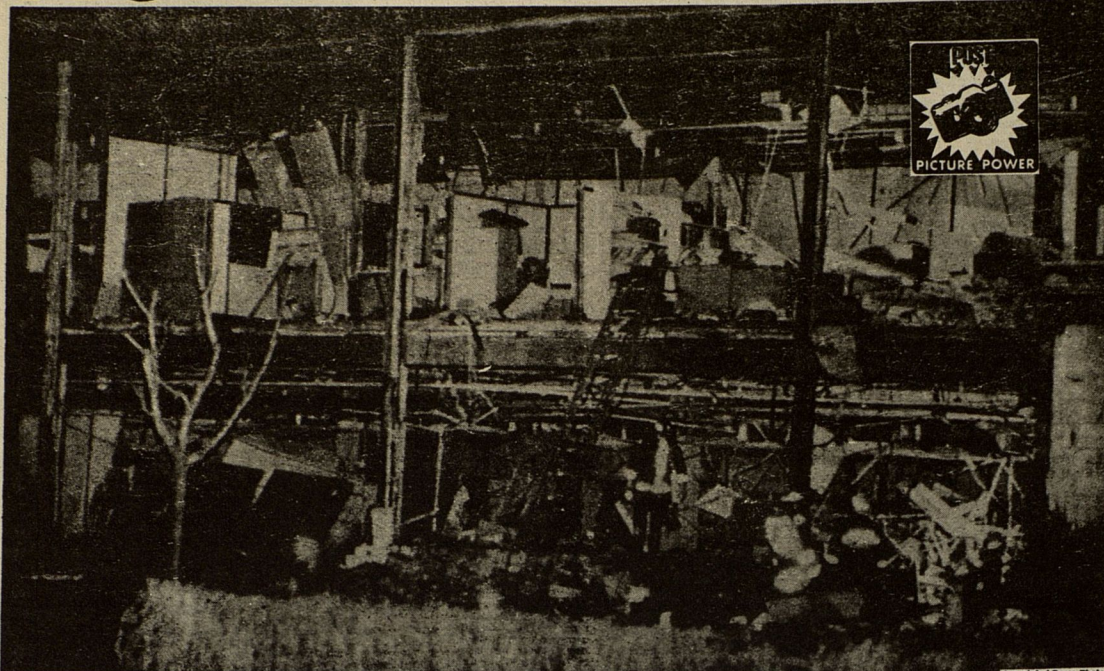
We claim responsibility for the bombing of a Litton Systems of Canada Ltd. industrial plant in Toronto, Ontario where the guidance system for the Cruise Missile nuclear weapons is being produced.

We sincerely regret that any injuries occurred as a result of this action. We never intended any harm to come to anyone—especially the workers at Litton—but instead, we took great care in preparing what we seriously assumed were adequate precautions to insure the safety of all people in the area. Unfortunately, this did not turn out to be the case.

We do not regret, however, our decision to attempt to sabotage the production of the Cruise Missile's guidance "brain." We only claim in all honesty that this action was never meant to be an act of terrorism. We were not trying to threaten or kill the workers or executives of Litton Systems. We were attempting to destroy part of an industrial facility that produces machinery of mass murder. We wanted to blow up as much of that technology of death as possible.

Accidents happen; no systems or people are infallible. For us, however, this fact of life in no way excuses us for the mistakes that we made which contributed to causing injury in this action. We only pose these simple questions to put this tragedy into proper perspective. How many hundreds of times have entire populations been only minutes from annihilation due to nuclear war computer systems' malfunctions? How many thousands will suffer from cancer-related diseases because of breakdowns at nuclear power plants? How many thousands are maimed and killed every year in industrial accidents? And isn't it a fact that millions of people starve to death annually because so much money and human effort is put into systems of war rather than developing the means to feed the people of the world?

Although we still firmly believe that it is right to attack the technologies of death, we identify our mistakes in this action as the following:



The facade was blown off the Litton plant in Toronto exposing the interior where guidance parts were made for the U.S. nuclear cruise missile. Associated Press Photo

On October 14, a bomb exploded on the grounds of the Litton Systems plant in Toronto. Seven people were injured and half of the front of the Litton building was blown out by the force of the blast.

The plant, which manufactures radar-evading guidance systems for the Cruise missiles deployed in Europe, has been the site of several protests in the past. On one such occasion, 22 demonstrators were arrested for trespassing at the Toronto plant. The defense team sought to subpoena five Litton officials as witnesses, in a bid to show that the company, by producing guidance systems for armed nuclear missiles, was committing crimes against humanity. Just hours before the bombing, a Canadian Appellate Court upheld a lower court ruling that the Litton executives would not have to appear.

The bombing was quickly disavowed by peace groups, who generally deplore violence. A group calling itself Direct Action responded to the furor by claiming responsibility for the bombing and stating that they were not aligned with any other peace movement organizations.

The critique [on the right] looks at the action with 20-20 hindsight. Direct Action maintains that "it was never their intent to injure people" and that it regrets the fact that there was personal injury. In doing so, they acknowledge that they did commit "inexcusable errors." It carefully analyzes what went wrong.

In the communique below, Direct Action examines the role of Canada and the U.S. war machine as well as making an ideological statement about the use of militant action to thwart global destruction.

"Widely practiced militant resistance and sabotage will become effective in

#1 We claim responsibility for the bombing of a Litton Systems of Canada Ltd. industrial plant in Toronto, Ontario, where the guidance system for the Cruise Missile nuclear weapons is being built.

There is every reason imaginable to tear down the systems and makers of nuclear war: for the survival of all life on earth, for all people's hopes and visions, for the possibilities of a livable future. We dedicate this action to the spirit of the people, which, if awakened, will overcome the threats to our survival.

Nuclear war is beyond question the ultimate expression of the negative characteristics of Western Civilization. Its roots lie deep within centuries of patriarchy, racism, imperialism, class domination and all other forms of violence and oppression that have scarred human history. As well, nuclear war expresses, in the most horrendous way, the general trend of modern technological civilization toward extinction—either by war or by ecological destruction. It points out, with terrorizing finality, that unless people can stop the men that dominate societies around the world—the men who use science and technology for war and power and profit—then the intricate natural world as we know it will cease to exist.

The insanity of nuclear war, and the continuing development of the weapons for nuclear war, stands as a horror for all to see. In the industrialized world more resources, scientists and engineers are engaged in creating the armies and weapons systems for nuclear war than for any other single pursuit. Three to ten new bombs are added daily to the arsenals of global annihilation and over \$300 billion is spent every year increasing and upgrading an overkill stockpile of more than 55,000

nuclear weapons. In the U.S., Reagan has asked for a 31% increase in the Pentagon's present \$1.7 trillion five-year budget and has also announced a new \$1.5 trillion arms program. Who can doubt that the dictators and militarists in the Kremlin are far behind?

The terrorism of this relentless nuclear arms buildup, the nightmare of witnessing the Earth being transformed into a giant doomsday bomb, and the realization that things are out-of-control because those in power are greedy and violent madmen has shocked billions with fear and concern. Yet in the industrialized world, many of the same people who profess their abhorrence at the idea of nuclear conflict are nevertheless unthinkingly, and often willingly, participating in the actual processes which are bringing about global nuclear genocide. People of the Western and Eastern empires must wake up to the reality that it is the same governments and militaries that they support, the same ideology and rationalizations that they believe in, the same materialistic, technological and consumeristic lifestyles that they adhere to, and the same corporations or industries that they work for that are directly responsible for the ongoing nuclear insanity that they claim to reject.

We believe that people must actively fight the nuclear war systems in whatever forms they exist and wherever they exist. Although, in total, the nuclear militarization of the world is a vast and seemingly unfathomable and omnipotent network, it can be understood and effectively resisted when we recognize that it is designed, built and operated in thousands of separate facilities and industries spread throughout the world. By analyzing the interests and institutions in our own regions that are

contributing to the nuclear buildup, we find the smaller component pieces of the nuclear network that are realistic targets for direct confrontation and sabotage. Our opposition to the insanity of nuclear war must be transformed into militant resistance and direct action on a local and regional basis. It is not enough to only theoretically oppose the idea of nuclear war. We must take responsibility for what is going on around us!

In Canada we must specifically fight against the production and testing of the Cruise Missile. But more generally, and strategically, we must recognize that the Canadian State is committed to, and actively involved in, the nuclear war preparations of the U.S. and the rest of the capitalist Western Alliance. As one of the seven Western Summit nations, and through its military alliances, the Canadian State is directly participating in the desperate and deadly drive by the Western Alliance (primarily spurred on by the U.S. ruling class) to re-assert capitalism's hegemony globally through the attainment of total nuclear capability and first-strike capability. The new nuclear weapons systems, such as the Cruise and Pershing II Missiles, the Trident Submarines and the Neutron Bomb, are designed for offensive first-strike use, and are seen by the military strategists and leaders of the Western Alliance as a force to contain or defeat any threats to the security of capitalist interests or strategically important regions around the world—be it from the Soviet Union or liberation struggles in the Third World attempting to establish independent economies.

Canadian economic, foreign and military policy is not committed to peace or global justice; rather, it is completely

immersed in the genocidal nuclear strategy of the Western Alliance to wage nuclear war, if necessary, to maintain the multinational corporate economy throughout the world. Through membership in the NATO and NORAD nuclear military alliances, the Canadian State is fulfilling an active supporting role in maintaining and developing the nuclear fighting capacity of the Western military forces. Primarily, Canadian support systems for nuclear war involve communications devices which supply targeting information to U.S. nuclear weapons systems or detection of incoming attacks; as well as the deployment of nuclear missiles at Canadian Forces bases at Bagotville, Quebec, at Comox, B.C., and at Chatham, New Brunswick. The ongoing complicity of the Canadian State with nuclear warfare strategies was reaffirmed recently by renewed commitments to both NATO and NORAD, and by the government's support for NATO's nuclear modernization program.

Hand in hand with the government's military involvement in the nuclear operations of NATO and NORAD, Canadian capitalists are making profits from producing components for U.S. nuclear weapons systems. Current government policy places no restrictions on Canadian industrial involvement in the building of U.S. nuclear weapons. Litton is building the Cruise Missile's electronic guidance system, Hawker-Siddeley Canada Ltd. of Toronto is building launchers for the Lance Missiles designed to carry the Neutron Bomb, Vickers of Montreal is building the hull cylinder torpedo tubes for the Polaris, Poseidon and Trident nuclear submarines, Heeds International of Port Moody, B.C., built the cranes to load nuclear warheads into the Trident subs, and a Canadian

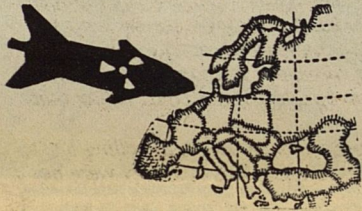
1) The bomb exploded 12 minutes before it was supposed to, assuming that it did detonate at 11:31 P.M. as stated in the media. The bomb was set to go off at 11:43 P.M. If it had exploded at this time, we feel that it was reasonable to have assumed that the Litton plant and the surrounding area would have been safely secured. It is a mystery to us why it exploded early, as we had checked and double-checked the accuracy of the timing system many times.



2) The warning call was not repeated. The van was left on the lawn in front of the Litton building at 11:17 P.M. We telephoned a warning to Litton Security just one minute after the van was parked. This was to ensure a quick reaction by authorities, even though we felt certain that the van would have been seen as it was being driven across the lawn and parked. The van was parked 100 meters directly in front of an exposed glass-walled security guard's booth. In fact, the driver of the van could see 3 guards in the booth at all times during the approach and, as a result, knew that the van had not been noticed. Unfortunately, the Litton guard did not completely understand the instructions of the telephone warning. When he asked that the instructions be repeated, he was only told to go out front and look at the van. We see now that the telephoned warning should have been carefully repeated. However, if the warning had been understood, and even the police have said it was "meticulous," then the authorities would have had approximately 25 minutes to clear the plant, the area, and surrounding roads—if the bomb had detonated on time. This was certainly a reasonable length of time to have left the authorities to evacuate the plant and secure the area. Even though the bomb went off early, it seems obvious that even 13 minutes was enough time for the plant to have been safely emptied had the instructions been understood.

3) We made errors in judgment about the "orange box" which was left in front

of the van. This box was meant to be a back-up warning system to the telephone warning—again to help authorities understand the situation and ensure prompt and knowledgeable action on their part. The box was painted fluorescent orange so it could be easily seen and taped to all four sides of it was a sheet of paper with information and instructions. On top of the box was taped a stick of unarmed dynamite. We felt certain that the Litton guards, either by seeing the van being parked or by being alerted to it by the telephone warning, would quickly come upon the box—thus having written information in their possession to guide them. Unfortunately, we wrote "Danger Explosives" on top of the sheets of instructions. As well, it was not a good idea to leave an unarmed stick of dynamite visible on top of the box. Although these two things were done to prove that this was a real bombing, they actually frightened the Litton guards and police away from the box so that the instructions were never read. Because we left evidence of real explosives, and because the instructions contained the information that there were 550 pounds of explosives inside the van, we assumed that the authorities would have undertaken a massive emergency response and evacuation. This is what we were hoping would happen to make sure that no one was hurt. It was specifically stated in the telephone warning that the box contained important instructions and that the dynamite attached to it was harmless. In both the written instructions and the telephone warning, we stated that the van would explode in approximately 15-25 minutes. We said this to ensure that everyone, including bomb squad members, would clear away from the van well before it exploded.



4) We were mistaken in believing that the Litton guards and police would be on top of things. The image of cops and guards as "super heroes" caused us to believe that they would have security and safety matters underway very quickly. This

obviously did not turn out to be what happened. The Litton guards did not observe the van being parked even though it occurred essentially right before their eyes. A Litton guard did not understand the phone warning even though it was given clearly. It seems that the Litton guards did little or nothing to evacuate the workers until after the police arrived. As the workers have said, they were only told to leave the building seconds before the explosion. The police took a very long time to arrive after they were alerted—approximately ten minutes—and even then they only sent one car at first to investigate. Finally, neither the police, but especially Litton security, even took a close look at the orange box. We did not expect this kind of slow and indecisive response from the authorities.

We are very disturbed and saddened that injuries occurred as a result of this action. We have gone over what went wrong time and time again. Most significantly, the bomb exploded 12 minutes too early. But nevertheless, we feel we must strongly criticize the Litton security guards for the way in which they "handled" this incident. We know that there were at least three guards in the security booth when the van was parked and when the phone warning occurred. We feel it is undeniable that all injury to the workers could have been avoided if the guards had promptly evacuated the Litton plant, as they obviously should have. Although we had no knowledge of the previous false bomb threats (In fact, we oppose the use of fake bomb threats precisely because they do cause the authorities to be skeptical of the authenticity of real bomb attacks.), we put effort into making sure that the authorities would quickly understand that this threat was real. It is not as if we said that a pipe-bomb was hidden somewhere within the entire Litton complex, so evacuate everything. We informed Litton security of where the van and box were. They were both completely visible to the guards simply by looking straight out through their booth's window, and the fact that they were there at all obviously indicated that something was definitely amiss. We would like to know why a Litton guard went running into the plant to evacuate the workers only seconds before the explosion—instead of at least ten minutes earlier. And we would like to know why the two other Litton guards were standing around on the front lawn, instead of informing workers in the other plants. As well, it is irresponsibly

ble of Litton never to have informed the workers of past bomb threats, and not to have a loudspeaker system combined with evacuation plans so that workers could quickly be moved to safety in the event of any danger, be it a bombing or otherwise.



The position where the van was parked was chosen for two reasons. One, so that it could be easily and quickly seen from the guard's booth. It would have been much less conspicuous, and therefore far less risky for the driver of the van, if had been parked in front of the other two Litton buildings, as neither of these is within direct view of the guard's booth. Secondly, the van was parked in a corner of the building in order that the two walls of this corner would prevent debris from being cast in a southerly or south-westerly direction where the two nearby hotels are located. This position was the only such corner at the front of the three Litton buildings. Again, it was at the risk of being apprehended on the spot that we chose to park the van in a location which provided the least risk to public safety.

We have written the above not to redeem ourselves, as we did commit inexcusable errors, but simply as an explanation of our motives and intentions for those people who may feel threatened that there are crazed terrorists on the loose against the Canadian people. Again, we repeat, that we never intended any harm to come to anyone through this action. Instead, we took great care in preparing what we seriously assumed were adequate precautions to insure the safety of all people in the area. Understand and remember, the terrorists are those who have set the world on the brink of nuclear war, not those who are fighting this insanity and inhuman madness!

Finally, we wish to state that in no way was this bombing the work of the Cruise Missile Conversion Project, or any other public peace movement organization in Toronto.

Direct Action
October 17, 1982

slowing down the clock of death...."

plant is working on a component for the MX nuclear missile system.

Industries in Canada that produce nuclear weapons components are fully integrated with the military and nuclear policies of the U.S. through the U.S./Canada Defense Production Sharing Arrangements. These arrangements cover the production side of the NORAD agreements for a continental defense policy and set out the division of labor between Canada and the U.S. for weapons production. The federal government directly assists and subsidizes Canadian armament manufacturers through a myriad of programs designed to help these death merchants win U.S. Defense Department contracts available under the Production Sharing Arrangements. Through the Defense Industry Productivity Program, the federal government has given Litton \$26.4 million to subsidize production of the guidance system for the Cruise Missile. In addition, the government has given Litton a five-year \$22.5 million interest-free loan for the same purpose.

Giving financial aid for the manufacture of components for the Cruise Missile and the agreements to test the Cruise Missile in northern Alberta and Saskatchewan attests to the complete hypocrisy of Trudeau and the other government officials who proclaim that Canadian policy strives for suffocation of the nuclear arms race. In the grim light of reality, the "peace" pronouncements of Trudeau amount to nothing but enticing lies and illusions designed to con us into believing that the Canadian State is an ally in the struggle for disarmament, and therefore, a workable vehicle in which to direct our energies.

We've got to realize the implications of the government's decisions and actual

policy. We must come to see the Canadian State as an active enemy to be fought, and not as misguided humanists open to our enlightenment. Far from listening to the growing protest from the Canadian public to withdraw its involvement in nuclear war, the government has done just the opposite. It has boosted military spending, re-affirmed commitments to NATO and NORAD, publicly defended the U.S./NATO nuclear strategy, given free money to Litton to build part of the Cruise Missile, and agreed to let the Pentagon warmongers use Canadian territory for the testing of the Cruise Missile, as well as other newly developed U.S. weapons systems. Counting on these officials to solve our problems is ridiculous. Any belief in the "democracy" of the system to save us is simply a belief in the democracy of lambs being led to the slaughter. We must stop our futile attempts at trying to transform the consciousness of the capitalist slime who make up the Canadian State and begin transforming ourselves and the strategies by which we operate. We will not survive if, in the final analysis, the success of our undertakings is determined by whether the nuclear enemy can be persuaded to change its sickened mind.

While we have no illusions that direct action, such as this one, can by themselves bring about the end of Canada's role as a resource based economic and military functionary of Western imperialism, we do believe that militant direct actions are valid and necessary. Militant direct actions can have a constructive function both as a spring board to the kind of consciousness and organization that must be developed if we are to overcome the nuclear masters, and as an effective tool of resistance now. Whether they will or not depends on the in-

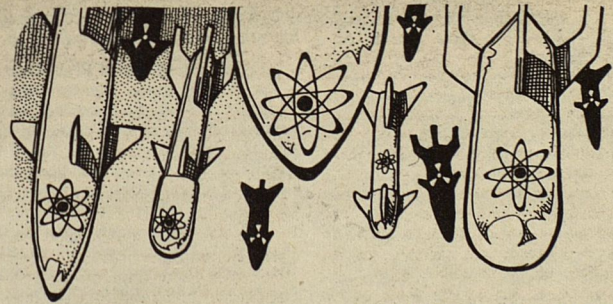
tegrity of the existing movement to develop the commitment and courage to carry the struggle beyond legality and the personal security and privilege of comfortable lifestyles still aspired to, and attainable by, middle-class dissidents in North America.

We believe that it is critical that the already-radical sectors of the movement for liberation and nuclear sanity recognize that direct action and militant resistance can have positive effects now, can weaken the enemy now, and that this possibility to sabotage the enemy's undertakings complements the movement's strategic long-term efforts to transform the consciousness of the people. We believe that, if undertaken seriously and well-supported throughout the existing movement, widely practiced militant resistance and sabotage will become effective in slowing down the clock of death and inspire the people to respond to the threats to our survival with urgency, vitality and clarity.

The global situation of nuclear holocaust and extreme ecological disaster is rapidly becoming reality. The new Western Alliance weapons systems for first-strike nuclear war are to be in place by 1983-86. This destabilizing, ever-encroaching reality should compel us all to move beyond protest and work hard to develop a movement with the collective

means and ability actually to do something directly to stop the realization of the enemy's life-threatening madness. In the absence of widespread popular refusal to participate any longer in the war projects of the ruling class, we believe that militant direct actions must be used as an attempt to keep uncompleted, or at least to slow down, the programs and technologies which are bringing about our own destruction. For us, this is where the impetus to act lies.

Historically, those in power have always used warfare and repression in order to maintain control over other people's lives. And today this situation is no different. For the corporate owners and political rulers, nuclear weapons are the ultimate tool in the repressive apparatus—the key to maintaining their power. Thus, they will never voluntarily disarm or stand aside and watch their power be peacefully taken away. Instead, they will use whatever weapons are necessary to battle those who are threatening their rule. We are certain that only through revolt—not referendums or protest alone—can we stop the power-crazed from launching their World War III. It is with an eye towards the general development of an actively militant resistance movement that we have undertaken this action.



1982: cannabis chronicle

July 4th Swamps White House Preparations

WASHINGTON, D.C.—This year's White House Smoke-in, conceived as a marijuana extravaganza, completely upset the dour predictions of those, like NORML, who counsel timidity and retreat in the face of the Reagan onslaught.

With three days of rallies and concerts—highlighted by 7500 people partying and protesting across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House the afternoon of the 4th, plus 75 arrests [5 still facing court]—the overall effect not only gratified those who'd participated in last year's much smaller event. It completely swamped preparations by the Reagan camp to terrorize and disperse the "3-400" pot people expected (according to the Administration line, which became the basis of major media coverage instead of the actual numbers).

The first word from D.C. was ominous. Even before July 2nd's evening RAR concert, (starring Shosho Losa, Modern Clix, and the Thunderbird Sisters from NYC; and Baltimore's Mighty Invaders reggae) James Watt's Park Police brutalized Yippies from Ohio and New Mexico, snatching up 2 of our best collectives in an attempt to bust the "organizers," and then disperse the "followers".

A Vietnam vet, disabled in the war, was beaten and had his heart medicine confiscated as LSD. His felony charges were eventually dropped, but he nearly died in jail before they got him the right medicine.

Cops also made a great show of trying to re-break the back of a man in a body cast—then charged him with 'assault' on one Officer Schmidt.

But arriving Yippies—veterans of hundreds of smoke-ins, true autonomists all—redeployed on their own initiative, improvised organization, melded into a resilient mass that absorbed all provocations and arrests with complete aplomb, even in moments of greatly diminished numbers.

At the July 3rd anti-DEA rally, a Citizen's Tribunal set up an open microphone in Franklin Park, across from Federal Narc HQ at 14th and I Sts NW. Gatewood Galbraith, cannabis candidate



for the office of Commissioner of Agriculture in Kentucky, led off a string of speakers testifying for marijuana, which included Yippies Aron Kay and Dana Beal, Jeremiah Greenberg of W. Va., and a great many others with tales of horrendous persecutions and legal perversions.

Laffs were provided by 2 Jesusfreaks trying to "explain" their votes for Reagan—trying to weasel out of voting to lock up the very people they were talking to.

Rain Brings Relief From Heat

Just as the action was breaking up in front of the DEA, the heavens did as they'd been threatening all day, dumping torrents on the march back to the Lincoln Memorial. But the rain also dampened the police, who didn't want to get out of their cars. When the downpour let up, fresh infusions of holiday red-necks and punks for that night's Hardcore concert had swelled the crowd, and the chemistry suddenly changed. Fresh police patrols striding toward the crowd provoked bottle showers—punks, hardcores, looking like they would take on cops singlehanded advancing on cops who'd never seen that many skin-heads or mohawks in one place—and the cops let the guy they were arresting go and pulled back to the perimeter to plan their next move.

Before they could make it, though, the D.C. Yippies started the hardcore concert, and unveiled the one Secret Weapon which they had figured would stop the cops from busting up the Smoke-in on the Eve of the 4th:

Slam-dancing.

Hardcore & The Yippie Curse

There were several Bozo hardcore bands, several alright hardcore bands, and BLACK MARKET BABY and FEAR, who made the show. But it was all the same to the cops. They took one look at the shorthairs colliding and careening 'round the "pit" up in front of the stage in the midst of the much larger crowd of longhaired southern rockers, and decided that the situation was much too volatile to send their men into.

The situation intensified when the first, lamest couple of bands made disparaging remarks about pot and potheads from the stage. "Straight edge," they called themselves. But then the NECROS from

Ohio, who are even heavier straight edge, opened their set saying even though they don't smoke pot, they support the rights of those who do.

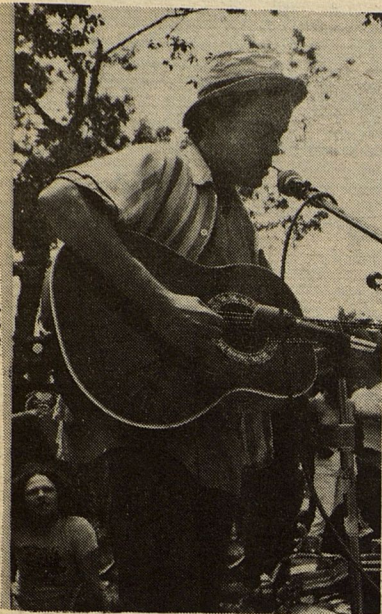
Yippie spokespeople cooled the crowd

down, pointing out that slamdancing, like football is simple: "Just push back."

Also: "We're against drugs, too—Pot is not a drug."

And the leadsinger of FEAR, disdaining





was to be Roger Davis, a black man whose Virginia marijuana sentence of 40 years had been found neither cruel nor unusual by the Supreme Court in January. Unfortunately the straight press, following the lead of the *Washington Post* reporter on the scene, ignored the politix of the protestors. And in the wireservice coverage the next day, the 6,000 tokers had mysteriously shrunk to 4-500.

But at the event, which had been blessed by a perfect (not too hot) summer day, the main problems seemed to be lack of a proper stage and, consequently, the feeling that the cops who were still hanging menacingly on the fringes might rush the speakers or performers at any moment.

But the line-up of speakers—including Chuck Kyle of United Marijuana Smokers of Michigan, Robert Mitchell of the Committee to Free Roger Davis, Marvin Miller the D.C. lawyer and NORML activist, Steve Wessing of Reefer Tokers Against Registration and the Draft (RETARD), Steve Conliff of Ohio Yippies! and a host of others—held people's attention so effectively that the machinations of Officer Schmidt and the other undercover cops on the fringes never really penetrated the densely packed crowd.

Although a straggler was busted on march over with some pot, and a Peace Marshall was charged with assaulting an officer who was prevented from rebreaking the back of a YIP in a body cast, the cops ended being escorted off by Peace Marshalls (See Picture: That's right—it's not a bust, folks; the big guy is one of us, the little creep is one of them) and leaving the show pretty much alone.

Spirits rose as the marijuana music of several different acoustic acts, including Joey Miserable of NYC and New Mexico YIP's Cabin Lance, soothed the ears of blissful hippies still rockin' and reelin' from the previous night's punkfest.

Finally, around 4:00 PM, the scheduled Reggae rockers, Premiere International, felt secure enough to set their equipment out, and the Lafayette Park rally came to fitting climax to the sounds of really great music "from the islands."

Later that evening, when we got back to the Lincoln Memorial, Tuzi Goots played, fireworks exploded and Root Boy Slim played whether you liked him or not. The fact that Rupert, who helped build the event and continues to help, was able to play just one number, was the disappointment of the evening.

The next day, while some people in jail were still getting out, almost a hundred marijuana advocates sat down at St.

Stephen's church for the founding conference of the Citizens Against Marijuana Laws (CAML), the new national organization of local smoke-in people all over the country. Already CAML has sponsored a Halloween smoke-in (see story, *Page 2*) in 5 cities which garnered a Associated Press story nationwide.

The coalescence of this new force, dedicated to promoting local smoke-ins all over the country, and coming back with more people next year for July 4th, may ultimately be most important development of the week-end in reversing the rightward tide on the pot issue.

CAML's Congressional Liason is at 820 Independence Ave, S.E., Wash. DC 20003; (202) 5440362. New members C6 POB 872541, Chi. Ill. 60680. Smoke-in Central is (212) 5335028.

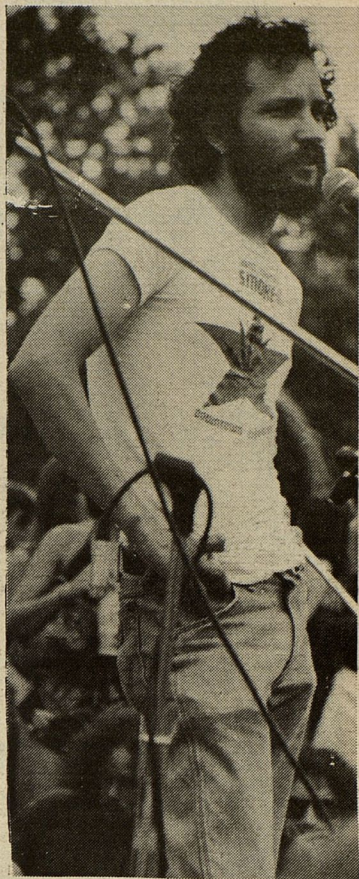
'Pro-Pot' Report Torpedoed

by David Shier

The dust had barely settled when, not two weeks after July 4th, the National Institute On Drug Abuse (a Federal agency whose continued funding depends on finding excuses for Reagan's "war on drugs") rejected a long-promised comprehensive study of marijuana policy commissioned by NIDA itself—because of the decidedly anti-prohibition result.

The report, from the National Academy of Science, entitled *An Analysis of Marijuana Policy*, was conducted through their Committee On Substance Abuse and Habitual Behavior.

Continued on Page 12



maneuvers of sectarian straight-edge locals, paraded about the backstage smoking a giant spliff.

FEAR, the L.A. yin-yang crunchers, played last and they were so good to the responsive crowd, they probably could have played all night. The crowd slammed and thrashed and was positively manic. A cop walked up to one of the security heads and said, "If I had known you were going to do this, we never would have granted the permit. You've got to stop it."

"You're kidding. It's just a dance."

The brass just had to tolerate it until the permit ran out. At midnight they pulled the plug.

A Glorious Fourth

The march to the White House the following morning began bright and early. After several tries at more direct routes, it settled down to the out-of-the-way route given to us by the D.C. Metro Police. But that went by the State Dept., where with chants of "Israel out of Lebanon! We want our hash!" hundreds of quite diverse people spontaneously showed the kind of trouble Israeli public relations were in even before the big massacre in West Beirut.

As we approached the White House and Lafayette Park, the chants changed to "Pot is an herb, Reagan is a dope!"

The focus of the rally in Lafayette Park, traditionally the one with the big turnout,



WHO IS BONGMAN? FRUMPER ROOM PRESENTS:

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BONGMAN"

NARRATED BY BUCKETHEAD AND THE AMAZING SUITCASE DOLLY. BY SUITCASE DOLLY. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BOOPPY

1. HI. IN BUCKETHEAD & THIS IS THE AMAZING SUITCASE DOLLY. TWO INTERMEDIA SUPERSTARS FROM COLUMBUS OHIO. THOUGH OUR ADVENTURES TAKE PLACE MOSTLY IN MURALS AND IN THE PAGES OF PUBLICATIONS SUCH AS THIS ONE, WE'RE ALSO REAL ENOUGH TO HAVE BEEN SEEN AT RALLIES, CONCERTS, CONVENTIONS, AND EVEN ON COLUMBUS TELEVISION. AT PRESENT, I'VE BEEN ASKED TO TELL YOU ABOUT YET ANOTHER SUCH INTERMEDIA CHARACTER, A STRANGE ENIGMATIC FIGURE KNOWN AS BONGMAN. I FIRST MET BONGMAN LAST WINTER WHILE I WAS PAINTING A MURAL AT 5 WEST NORTHWOOD, COLUMBUS OHIO. A MURAL CALLED "SYNCHRONISTS."

2. SOURCES CLOSE TO BONGMAN CLAIM THAT HE WAS ALMOST PREVENTED FROM ENTERING THE PARK WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED THAT DAY.

3. BONGMAN APPROACHED THE STAGE, GOING OVER HIS SPEECH IN HIS MIND. "SO, LIKE THIS MAGGOT PRESIDENT, ACTUALLY A PRESIDENT WHOSE FACE COULD GAG A MAGGOT OFF A PUKE WAGON... ETC. ETC. ETC. (*).

4. CHAOS THEN ENSUED UNTIL THE ATTACKER WAS REMOVED BY PEOPLE FROM THE SMOKE-IN.

5. BONGMAN WAS LAST SEEN ON JULY 8TH, 1982, IN THE PARK ACROSS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, IN WASHINGTON D.C. ...

6. SOURCES CLOSE TO BONGMAN CLAIM THAT HE WAS ALMOST PREVENTED FROM ENTERING THE PARK WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED THAT DAY.

7. BONGMAN APPROACHED THE STAGE, GOING OVER HIS SPEECH IN HIS MIND. "SO, LIKE THIS MAGGOT PRESIDENT, ACTUALLY A PRESIDENT WHOSE FACE COULD GAG A MAGGOT OFF A PUKE WAGON... ETC. ETC. ETC. (*).

8. WITHOUT WARNING BONGMAN WAS ATTACKED BY AN ASSAILANT.

9. CHAOS THEN ENSUED UNTIL THE ATTACKER WAS REMOVED BY PEOPLE FROM THE SMOKE-IN.

10. BONGMAN'S ASSAILANT WAS HOSPITALIZED FOR MINOR INJURIES; HE LATER ASSISTED IN THE FILING OF THOMAS WAITE'S ARREST WARRANT IN CONNECTION WITH THE BONGMAN INCIDENT. OVERTHROW SOURCES HAVE IDENTIFIED THE ASSAILANT AS THE POLICE AGENT WHO HAD BEATEN WAITE (AN OVERTHROW REPORTER) TWO DAYS EARLIER, BEFORE THE RAR CONGRAT.

11. BONGMAN'S ASSAILANT WAS HOSPITALIZED FOR MINOR INJURIES; HE LATER ASSISTED IN THE FILING OF THOMAS WAITE'S ARREST WARRANT IN CONNECTION WITH THE BONGMAN INCIDENT. OVERTHROW SOURCES HAVE IDENTIFIED THE ASSAILANT AS THE POLICE AGENT WHO HAD BEATEN WAITE (AN OVERTHROW REPORTER) TWO DAYS EARLIER, BEFORE THE RAR CONGRAT.

12. RELIABLE SOURCES STATE THAT THIS WAS ONLY ONE OF MANY ACTS OF VIOLENCE AND HARASSMENT AGAINST THE PEOPLE IN WASHINGTON BY THE PARK POLICE DURING THE EVENTS OF JULY 1-4, 1982.

... NOW CALLING HIMSELF AN "ULTRA-URBAN BONGMAN" MARK II (WITH PERISCOPE) HIS LATEST OUTFIT WAS EVEN MORE CUMBERSOME, (AND TWICE AS HARD TO DRAW) THIS NEW BONGMAN WAS A SCHEDULED SPEAKER AT A NATIONAL D.C. SMOKE-IN.

* WARNING: OUR CONSTITUTION HAS DETERMINED THAT SPEECHES LIKE THIS ARE PROTECTED BY THE FIRST AMENDMENT!

BUT ALAS! SADLY BONGMAN WAS REPORTEDLY ASSASSINATED BY UNDERCOVER PARK POLICE BEFORE THE ABOVE SPEECH COULD BE MADE.

TORPEDOED Cont'd from P. 11

Taking its cue from the White House, NIDA found the results of the study to be "unacceptable" in that the report favors decriminalization or legalization of pot possession and an intensive study into the possibilities of legalizing cannabis cultivation and distribution as well.

Flying in the face of the War on Drugs line that marijuana is the greatest drug of abuse, and that greater accessibility equals greater abuse, the scientists who authored the report indicate that such legalization could be accomplished at savings of billions of dollars per year in marijuana law enforcement (and possible tax revenues) without contributing to a drastic increase in marijuana consumption. In fact, they expect that a decrease in the use of heroin, PCP, and other hard drugs would accompany the partial or complete dismantling of prohibition, since many people buy their pot from dealers who are also moving dangerous drugs.

While the NIDA was looking for a denunciation of the "killer weed" the NAS report benignly terms pot use a "well-established custom." The conclusions of

the report were based on the facts (among others) that: (1) while prohibition expenditures have been huge, the actual results have been extremely limited; and (2) the eleven decriminalized states have not had an increase in pot use any greater than the national average. The report states that legalization of sales should not be expected to radically alter current levels of consumption.

In an apparent attempt to tone down the effect of their committee's report, the NAS attached to the report an appendix consisting of the results of a previous NAS study on marijuana and health. But major papers such as the New York Times and the Washington Post took notice editorially that the Government's own study discounted the health threat as a justification for keeping grass illegal. Their sarcasm on the efficacy of commissioning studies and then ignoring the results may mean that the Health Threat argument has just about seen its day.

The medical report expressed concern over the long-term effects of pot use, but recognized that there are no conclusive results yet. However, the committee report recommends that if there were a potential health hazard to marijuana users, it would

be far more effective to inform the populace of the danger than it would be to continue prohibition.

As for the equation that greater availability equals greater abuse, the other widely heralded pot story of the summer, an article by Marcelle Clemens appearing in Rolling Stone about moderating pot consumption patterns among the "60's Generation" effectively demolished it. Miss Clemens found that so many people are able to quit or moderate their pot consumption practically to zero when they found its soporific qualities no longer pleasing that for the vast majority, at least, marijuana cannot even be said to encourage psychological dependency comparable to popular tranquilizers.

But with Ronnie and Nancy's shrill insistence that nothing less than complete eradication of marijuana and its user is enough, the War on Drugs has become, in the waning months remaining before the ignominy of the 1984 elections, the final straw for Bad Actors to cling to.

Paraquat '82

Paraquat is back. Not long ago a gardener was flown to New York for a lung

transplant when the paraquat he was spraying exploded, and he inhaled, searing his lung tissues.

Meanwhile the Reagan administration, not content dealing with several thousand Vietnam veteran victims of Agent Orange, is pushing to spray vast areas of this country with deadly mutagenic and carcinogenic paraquat as part of its updated counter-insurgency offensive against weed.

On July 30th, NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) filed a suit against the DEA, the EPA and the state of Florida for the proposed paraquat program. NORML brought Chevron, the primary maker and distributor of paraquat, into the suit as an involuntary plaintiff.

The lawsuit sought a temporary restraining order until the preliminary hearing could be held on August 17th.

At that hearing, Judge Barrington D. Parker of the Federal District of Columbia (Hinkley's judge) ruled against NORML and ok'd the use of paraquat in Florida, basically exempting the government from considering the "environmental impact" of marijuana eradication.

NORML had claimed the government was violating two federal statutes. The first



D.C. Pigs Raid, Beat Yippies

On Wednesday, July 8th, a small army of federal and city police raided and trashed a Washington, D.C. house occupied by anarchist youths who are members of the Youth International Party (Yippies). At around 7 p.m. unmarked police cars filled with U.S. Park Police, Metropolitan police and members of the Special Operations Division (SOD—a combined force consisting of police from a number of federal and local agencies) screamed to a halt in front of the house. According to neighbors and Yippies who were on the front porch at the time, the police, about 30 of them in plainclothes, emerged from their cars with their guns drawn. While some of the pigs blockaded the street and kept their eyes on the neighbors, others trained their guns on the Yippies outside the house. Armed with sawed-off shotguns, full-length shotguns, pistols and billy clubs with leather whips attached to the end of them, the pigs, without even bothering to identify themselves, took a large sledge-

hammer to the front door of the house, literally beating a good chunk of it into splinters. Once inside the house they began to beat the Yippies, forcing them outside and spread-eagling them on the sidewalk. A number of the Yippies had guns held at their backs and necks throughout the raid and one cop declared, "This is Vietnam and you are the gooks," as he threatened to blow off the head of a Yippie who refused to keep quiet about what was going on. (One of the Yippies later pointed out the unwitting irony in this pig's remark, since it was U.S. imperialism that got its ass kicked in the Vietnam war.) While spread-eagled on the sidewalk the Yippies were continuously kicked and beaten, causing three of them to be briefly hospitalized. After trashing the house and beating the Yippies the pigs left, arresting no one.

The pretext given for the raid by the police was a search for a "suspect" who had supposedly "assaulted a cop." Actually the raid had much more to do with

revenge than anything else. On the weekend of July 4th the Yippies sponsored 3 days of Rock Against Racism concerts and their annual "smoke-in" at the Lincoln Memorial which also happened to be right in the midst of the staging ground for the ruling class's official July 4th festivities. The authorities were not pleased with the disrespectful spectacle of crowds of youth in the park marred the view of thousands of patriotic tourists who had come to D.C. for July 4th. Police harassment was intense with around 70 people arrested on a variety of charges throughout the weekend.

Less than a week later the pigs raided the Yippie house. The "suspect" that the pigs were supposedly looking for is one of the youths attacked by the police during the July 4th weekend. Contrary to the police lies that this youth assaulted a cop, the Yippies have a number of very clear photographs showing a horde of plainclothes cops piled on top of this youth. The absurdity of the police charge is add-

ed to by the fact that this youth has been in, and remains in, a body cast from his neck down to his hips—a fact that was not overlooked by the police when they jumped on him at the Lincoln Memorial. In fact, according to witnesses, after getting this youth on the ground; the police stood on his back, reached down and grabbed his body cast at the neck, pulled up on it and threatened to rebreak his back.

Although the official police story remains the supposed search for this "suspect," the pigs who carried out the raid left no doubt as to what was going on. Their drooling vengeance was highlighted by the fact that they concentrated their efforts on demolishing the upstairs of the house as they rooted through file drawers, boxes of papers and dresser drawers—all very likely hiding places for a "fugitive" youth in a body cast. Although the police raid failed to turn up the "suspect" the police did manage to make off with various files, papers and equipment belonging to the Yippies. □

Undercover cops from July 4th in Lafayette Park led the raid.

—Revolutionary Worker—July 16, 1982

is the National Environmental Policy Act, which requires an Environmental Impact Statement for all "major federal actions that significantly affect the quality of the human environment." No E.I.S. had been done for this new domestic eradication program.

The second statute cited is the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, Rodenticide Act (FIFRA) which limits the use of paraquat to specific approved uses, of which marijuana is not one.

The Evidence

Scientific evidence suggests that paraquat may pose serious health risks for workers who apply it, smokers who inhale it and unsuspecting people who ingest contaminated vegetation.

According to a study by the Institute of Medicine, paraquat causes damage to the lungs, heart, kidneys, adrenal glands, central nervous system, liver, skeletal muscle, and spleen. Damage is dose related—smoking lightly contaminated herb might not result in immediate damage but prolonged use or heavily contaminated herb will cause lung hemorrhage and possibly permanent lung damage or death.

Ironically, the cops are the first people who will get sick, because when they burn the fields of marijuana the smoke is going to go straight up in the air; we all have to breathe it—pot and paraquat. Smoking or ingesting any of it is not good.

Dr. Edward Block, professor of medicine at Miller Health Center at the University of Florida and a pulmonary specialist who extensively researched paraquat for a report, said there is "absolutely no evidence that paraquat is safe. There is direct evidence that... it causes lung damage any way you administer it."

Chevron Chemical Company, maker and distributor of the highly toxic herbicide and defoliant, has publically denounced its use for marijuana eradication.

In a letter to the DEA, Earl Stripling, a vice president of Chevron, said "The product bears the word POISON and the skull and crossbones insignia, but terrifying people in order to change their social behavior is not a registered use, and probably illegal. Thus if we are dragged into any legal problems, we will take the position that the use was illegal and ask the government to indemnify [its] use..."

The Chevron Corporation has already lost one suit to a man who had smoked pot laced with paraquat. His medical records were sufficient proof of poisoning. Later his child was born with serious birth defects caused by the paraquat. He settled out of court for several hundred thousand dollars. Information is available through Steptoe & Johnson.

In 1978, when contaminated marijuana from Mexico hit the U.S. streets, NORML sued the federal government, resulting in an E.I.S. on the effect of paraquat on the Mexican people and environment. The Mexican report concentrated heavily on the effect of contaminated marijuana smoked by U.S. citizens. At that time, the Secretary of the now defunct Dept. of H.E.W. warned the American public about the bad weed, causing the great paraquat panic of 1978. Demonstrations ensued as 20,000 Yippie paraquat protesters marched through Washington during the annual Smoke-In, July 4, 1978.

Finally Congress passed the Percy Amendment which cut off foreign aid to Mexico or other foreign countries for paraquat programs unless "the crops were marked."

In 1981, Sen. Chiles, Fla., Gov. Graham, Fla. and State Attorney General Jim Smith all endorsed the federal marijuana eradication program, leading the effort to repeal the Percy Amendment.

Gov. Graham said spraying would be an example to Colombia and other Latin American countries considering the use of paraquat. Don North, assistant to the State Attorney General said, "We don't have any problems with paraquat and we feel an obligation to put on a demonstration."

State officials want to eliminate the illegal farming and slow the huge business of marijuana importation from Latin American countries. Don North added that other countries "would feel a lot better about spraying if it was done in the U.S.A."

Last year the ambassador to Colombia testified before Congress that the U.S. would have to meet three conditions on which his country would allow paraquat to be used on marijuana crops:

1. The United States would have to prove the chemical is environmentally safe;

2. The United States would have to pick up the entire tab for the project;

3. The chemical would first have to be sprayed on marijuana crops in the United States.

Florida's Department of Environmental Regulation (DER) promised to prepare an environmental impact assessment for Gov. Graham, including 800 pages of scientific and government material about paraquat, and specifying certain "red flag" issues the Governor should consider.

The DER is looking at methods of application, the use of marking agents so consumers know their marijuana is contaminated, and the use of "potent surfactants" that aid in the absorption of paraquat. Methods of application would primarily be aerial spraying unless prevailing wind conditions force ground spraying.

DER's environmental specialist, Charles Gauthier warns that use of chemicals to eradicate marijuana may harm woodlands and animals near the pot fields. Also there are health risks posed to workers applying the herbicide.

DEA officials think otherwise. Brent Eaton, special agent for the Miami division which covers Florida and the Caribbean says, "Smoking marijuana with paraquat is safe. We have this information from our chemists. It's a political thing. The H. E. W. warning is a bunch of bull."

The official DEA Public Information folks wouldn't go so far. They say that there isn't any report that says smoking paraquat is safe.

Governor Graham's Crusade

All this was in August. Graham's Re-election Campaign, of course, had figured heavily in the decision to push yet another program to make the Governor, who pioneered the life sentence for more than 10 lbs of reefer, appear even tougher on drugs.

A surprising thing happened on the campaign trail. The Public Relations boys found that while all those mothers out here didn't want Johnny smoking grass, they didn't think poisoning Johnny was an efficacious way of getting him to stop.

That is why only one field was ever sprayed. And why a permanent guard of state troopers had to be posted at the perimeter of the pot plantation until everything could be cut down and burned. And why it was ultimately to much hassle to do it again.

NORML thinks they won. Maybe they did. Maybe one token defoliation is the best you can expect under Reagan.

Karla



Photo: Fagan

• For more pictures and story on the Boston Smoke-In, turn the page ▶

Initiative Stifled

CMI Succumbs to Relentless Narcs

(San Francisco)—Hampered from the start by the disarray among marijuana activists in the state, this year's California Marijuana Initiative has collapsed under the relentless hammering of selective prosecutions and dirty tricks as malefic and sinister as anything from the worst days of Watergate.

Discerning from the first that significant forces among the democrats who had supported other initiatives were not on board this time around, the Attorney General, "Duke" Deukmejian (a serious proponent of slave labor for potheads and GOP gubernatorial candidate) began by delaying certification of the language of the initiative for several months. In California, the other side gets to okay your language.

A.G. Deukmejian was aided in this strategy of delay by differences within CMI over the exact wording, with a rump conference in Southern California submit-second version claiming to be the authorized variant, etc.

The Other Side, needless to say, loved it, figuring they could delay signature-gathering, leaving zilch in the way of time for legal challenges or appeals.

The outright fascists running the Duke for governor have a scheme to get around the fact there are no prison slots left for the millions who've in some way run afoul of the New Morality: Lease them to private industry.

Let pot smokers and prostitutes, gays and vagrants work off their debt to society in quarters provided by a Large Corporation, at no cost to the taxpayer, with in fact

a healthy profit. With which to fund further expansion and modernization of the prison system.

A Pattern of Harrassment

From the first day CMI had the approved Initiative back and could start collecting signatures, a chilling campaign of arrests of petitioners and seizures of lists of signatures began to emerge not just in Southern California, but in such previously tolerant climes as San Francisco, where the Mayor Diane Feinstein, facing her first real election this fall—came out in opposition to the Initiative, which was supported by elected politicians as diverse as the D.A. of Mendocino, California.

The coup de main came at the San Francisco headquarters, in early May. The monolithic refusal of NORML to allow any of its people to participate in this year's CMI, as well as constant seizure of funds collections and the arrest of Stony Claus while transporting newspapers, left staffers here anxiously hoping to pick up big money bankers.

On May 3rd they were contacted by several individuals porporting to be headshop owners with money to put into CMI. But there was a catch. The smiling, mustachioed strangers also had a need. For 2,000 hits of acid (Stony having cautioned them as to the impropriety of coke).

Pebbles later admitted that it was the \$500 profit that made up her mind. Such was the battered state of the collective psyche—with only 20,000 signatures collected in 3 mos—that the narcs were not thrown out of the office on their ear.

Mindful of Abscam style entrapment, CMI's wizards crafted a "statement" for the agents to sign, pledging they were not lawmen and that the "donation" had nothing to do with the 2,000 hits, and soon, with which supposedly to impeach their testimony in any subsequent court proceedings.

Hah!

The upshot was that everyone in the office who'd had a hand in the statement—6 people—was arrested on May 7th for conspiracy to sell acid. This was reduced to a charge of sale against one of the senior women in the office, Pebbles.

Narcs Confiscate Signatures

Once again, however, narcs employed the attendant opportunity to seize the campaign's main index file of volunteers, which left organizers scrambling to reassemble its information.

They also confiscated the main file of materials slated for future issues of CMI's paper, Joint Effort, and the group's main stash of bumperstickers.

The police refused to return any materials, or allow the group even to have xeroxes of its own files, until required to do so by court order. By the time this was granted, May 19th, all the bumperstickers had disappeared from their container.

Rocking from this blow, reeling from prior anemic organizing, San Francisco CMI (now fundamentally converted into a defense organization) conceived of Weedstock, a smoke-in bringing 20 or 30 thousand people together in downtown

Continued on Page 32

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING IDEA TAKES OFF AT BOSTON TEA PARTY PLUS DOC HUMES ON CHRONIC ANXIETY



"This country is in the grips of a genuine undiagnosed epidemic and pot could be part of the cure."

Photo: Fagan

Something calling itself the 'Unidentified Flying Idea' took off from a park in the center of Boston Oct 2nd, energized by "The Three M's"—music, massage and marijuana...

While Franciscan Monks celebrated St. Francis of Assisi's 800th birthday at one end of the park and Shriners held a patriotic parade at the other, hundreds of people were attracted to Boston's (maybe the world's) first-ever smoke-in and/or 'rub-in' to enjoy the remarkable combination of "The Three M's" in the glorious Massachusetts sunshine.

As the monks sang "Obey the spirit of the Lord" and the Shriners worshipped their many flags and crests, this third 'other' event took its inspiration from a quote from the book of Revelations: "The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Reggae music filled the park with a hypnotic warm pulse [thanks to Prevailing Wind, Zero Gravity and One People] as hundreds of free joints were distributed to the cry of "Bring marijuana out of the closet and into the sunshine."

"What is going on here is a healing undertaking" explained 'Doc' Humes, who has developed a technique using a combination of acupressure massage and hashish (medical grade if available) to painlessly and effectively detoxify heroin addicts. He has found 3 days intensive work with a 7-10 day stabilization period is usually sufficient to break any addiction with out the usual trauma. Humes

defines addiction as "The patient's failed strategy for dealing with an anxiety/tension level that has gone pathologically high."

"There is a great problem right now because the chronic anxiety tension level is high across the board" he told the crowd basking stoned in the sunshine.

"It's a chronic condition which predisposes the body to all kinds of other disorders up to and including cancer. The so-called cancer-prone profile is identical to the anxiety profile. Cannabis is the specific medicine to relieve this condition. 'Music, Massage and Marijuana,' those three M's, when combined together and used with intelligence and care, can do a tremendous amount to remedy the epidemic anxiety neurosis which is afflicting this country and causing everything from high arson statistics and cancer to an arms race."

"Marijuana as an important medicine may turn out to be one of the most significant advances of our era" says Humes—"It is becoming clearer and clearer as the research proceeds that marijuana, far from

being a mere weed, is one of the most beneficial plants known to mankind, womenkind, and childrenkind."

With nearly 100 million prescriptions for valium and librium [both addictive drugs] filed last year in the US, and with heart attacks and cancer accounting for more than 50 per cent of those who died, not to mention a smack, suicide and mental breakdown epidemic—with all that, what may sound like an exaggeration of some stoned freak takes on a very different light....

It is apparently accepted even in established medical circles that 50-80 per cent of all disease in America has its roots in "stress" ... or as the Unidentified Flying Idea said, "This country is in the grips of a genuine, undiagnosed, epidemic," and pot could be part of the cure.

One interesting fact that Humes has picked up on about the properties of cannabis is that it behaves as two entirely different drugs according to dosage levels.

"A fat joint will get you stoned, while a skinny joint will get you high" is his advice, pointing to the indisputable linguistic

fact that there is a difference between the two conditions [argue about it with friends if you ever get bored].

A "pin joint" is recommended for general use. A thin joint not only distills more active oils from the herb but having a hotter tip temperature transforms otherwise inactive constituents into active molecules thus changing the effect from a sedative effect [fat joint] to a stimulant effect [pin joint].

"The fact that tiny doses will relax you without getting you into a torpor is a useful thing in healing."

As he spoke, The Unidentified Flying Idea gave a demonstration of how to massage to music—it's like a rhythmic dance which you can do standing, sitting, or lying, one giving the massage while the other shakes their shoulders back and forth

"The Shake and the Jiggly Poke" is what they call it. They like to work to rock and roll and jazz and Indian music and especially to reggae, because of the heart-beat rhythm—usually an 8 cycle beat which corresponds to the 'Alpha frequency' which the central nervous system produces when it is in a relaxed state.

The massage—jiggly poke—is also done to an 8 cycle rhythm, while the 'shaker' shakes back and forth to the music. The masseur hits what they call the Doorbells—areas between the spine and the shoulder blades, pushing the pent up tension energies up the back; "like squeezing toothpaste from a tube".

Afterwards you can feel reborn; light from the inside out.

The combination with the use of grass is extraordinary. It seems that one of the main properties of cannabis is to bring chronic tensions accumulated in the body to the surface, where the massage can clear it out of the body to the beat of the music. As one member of the Unidentified Flying Idea said, "Most people who have smoked grass have experienced paranoia at sometime or other—a lot of people have stopped smoking because of this. What people are actually experiencing is the surfacing of chronic tension which is sometimes a very uncomfortable feeling. If you let go when the tension starts surfacing, you get a rush, followed by a certain relief."

There is a Tibetan legend that, for six years before his enlightenment, Buddha subsisted on one hemp seed a day.

For those of you who have a little way to go before that stage, Humes' prescription for daily use of cannabis against anxiety and tension is as follows: Place a joint no thicker than a knitting needle next to your bed at night before you go to sleep—put the rest in the freezer so you're not tempted to lie in bed all morning and smoke joints.

In the morning, while the muscles are still flaccid from sleep, a few hits on the joint will relax the muscles and "Clear the cobwebs".

Try taking a few hits on a pin joint before you put your feet on the floor.

You should stop smoking as soon as you feel any mental effect. This tiny dose will keep the muscles relaxed throughout the day. There is a definite cumulative effect—a profound relaxation which shows up after a few days.

Should anyone doubt his credentials he points to the work of Dr. Reynolds, who was the personal physician to Queen Victoria of England. Reynolds did a 30 year study on cannabis and among other things found it to be "the best remedy" he could find for menstrual cramps. "You don't get to be the personal physician to the Queen of England unless you know a little medicine," says Humes.



"People should be encouraged to grow cannabis this winter indoors even if they don't smoke it now."



Photo: Fagan

This is how Cindy of the Unidentified Flying Idea explained their massage technique:

"The first thing that you want to do is establish a rhythmic breathing pattern. Breathing exercises tone the internal organs. What you want to do first is to get the person to start paying attention to their breath, breathing in through the nose and out through the mouth. You start any massage using our technique by putting your hands on the person's shoulder blades and dropping your thumbs, and you start digging in there, using a movement that's halfway between a jiggle and a poke. You set up a rhythm of 8 cycles per second which is pretty rapid. The rapidity and rhythm of this massage seems to be the key to the release process..."

"What we find is that if you work on someone's doorbells, after a few seconds you'll get an involuntary response like a sigh, or they might break a light sweat, or chills—chills are a very common thing."

"At this point you start expanding the massage to work on more and more of the back, usually moving from the bottom up. We call it 'chasing the rush'; what it feels like is taking a person's tension up their neck and neiping them to discharge it through their head."

"Sometimes it is useful to use your finger nails on their heads lightly and rapidly. Most people will get a chill response. They'll go 'Wow, that feels like electricity.'"

"What the release of tension seems to be, is some kind of biological energy that is stored up and the released tension takes that stored extra charge out of the body so that your whole nervous system works better and better."

"These are just the most basic points—with practice anybody can do this massage, and they can do it any time—in fact we advocate people sitting up in a chair first to take massage—it's good to have your muscles just a little bit tense. We usually clear the upper back, neck, shoulders and head. You get to the lying-down part later."

"There are a lot of different techniques from all over the world; nobody has the corner on massage because it's been practiced seriously in a lot of places in the world as a part of their established medicine, specifically for the curing of disease."

"A fat joint will get you stoned while a skinny joint will get you high."

Later that night Overthrow talked to Doc Humes about the world, the universe and everything....

OT: We were talking before about the message that you were bringing across today, about marijuana, music, and massage.In 1973, when I got out of jail, I was told, and accepted it, being somewhat naive, that this kind of message wasn't fashionable anymore...

Doc: Well, don't believe everything you read in the papers...

Generally speaking, radical times have built radical responses. And these are radical times. You've got to adjust your sails to the winds that drive the boat. If the winds of change are blowing hard you don't flat sheet on an important beam. You've got to take account of the situation. The radical nature of the times is what determines the course... But when you're talking to people of a conservative bent you think of radical as a box that you live in, a philosophy which you adhere to. It's helpful sometimes to point out that it's merely a response to radical times, a response to changes that are taking place—historical changes, evolution.

OT: Ah—but the Reagan crowd considers regimes that try to bring about radical change totalitarian, dangerous; whereas merely authoritarian regimes perpetuate the traditional aspects of the past....

Doc: ...You can perceive a kind of rivalry between fascism and imperialism.

OT: Yeah, it's true.

Doc: There was an aspect of that in World War II.

OT: And the Falklands.

Doc: Yes, to some degree the Falklands, but the example isn't as pure as say...
OT: ...Mussolini's attitude towards Britain and France.

Doc: True, but that's because Fascism tended to develop out of the Babylonian historical influence. It's of note that the slogan of the National Socialist State in Germany was "Berlin to Bagdad."

That was a well-known catch phrase during WWII. There's always been this veiled connection between Europe and the Middle East....

...From records it was found that the Babylonians were able to predict eclipses. Now, you can't predict an eclipse unless you know the earth is round, and that it rotates around the sun...you have to know the mechanics at least of the solar system. And yet it was a crime punishable by death to teach ordinary common people that the earth was round. The official version was that the earth was flat. This was one of the ways in which the people were kept at a level of ignorance so that they could play games over the peoples' heads. Kings would come out and make the sun appear and so forth. That's very clearly from where the term Lucifer comes down to us. It means bearer of light, and they played this characteristic Luciferian bifurcated game (the imperial insiders knew)...

This is a common pattern that you see in ancient cultures and is still visible in the industrial societies in the term ghetto as it evolves of central Europe. It describes a bifurcation in the living standards but it's usually reflective of a bifurcation in the knowledge standard and the food standard...a split level culture. What seems to happen is that the culture seems then to develop internal tensions so severe that it cracks apart, splits, explodes. It's not until

our own times that you have the necessary means to convert Babylon to Nineveh non-destructively.

In other words, with instantaneous global communication you can see that Babylon is really a state of mind. It's the government by pageantry, politics by deception or as theatre (when they cook up a cover story to tell the masses and then put together a complex byzantine game behind the scenes...) That's probably characteristic to some extent of all governments and all states.

OT: What do you mean by the reference to Babylon and Nineveh?

Doc: That's in reference to the Biblical city of Nineveh that saved itself by reforming itself.

OT: How would you say this bifurcation applies to the situation we're facing with marijuana today?

Doc: People who have studied the history of medicine are aware of this product. It's been around for centuries. It's only recently that they've gotten into this anxiety-ridden game of trying to repress cannabis.

OT: Well, their the whole concept of an "amotivational syndrome" shows they really don't believe the system has an alternative to anxiety surplus....

Doc: Yeah, well that's the whole point of Jean Monet and the other sort of modern European economists. The synergistic approach to economics. That in infinite reserve banking, there's a synergistic effect that comes when you engage in the communality of banking interest.

In other words, the old idea that you had to maintain the prerogatives and privileges of an elite in order to transmit civilization down the centuries... Build libraries and museums and preserve churches and schools...this is the traditional argument of the elite....

OT: The Communist Party, the Catholic Church....

Continued on Page 32

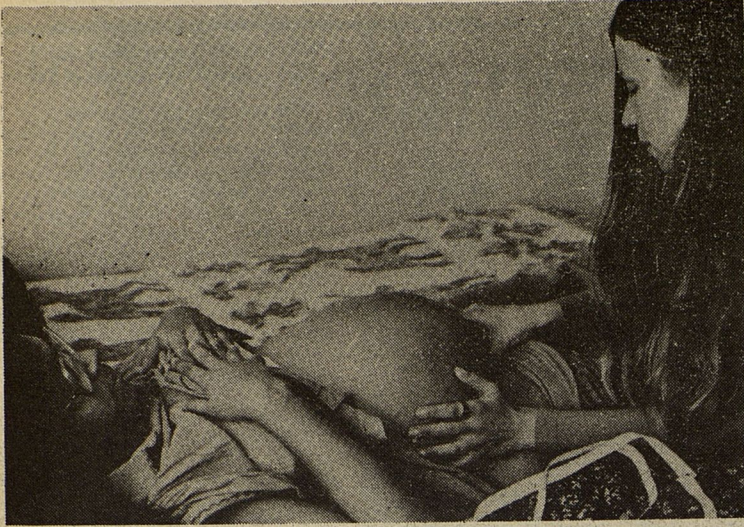


photo by Katy Raddatz-S.F. Examiner

Glynis's Birth Story

All photos from *A Guide to Midwifery, Heart & Hands* by Elizabeth Davis

"I was experiencing intense pleasure; it really was orgasmic. The pain . . . at the beginning of the contraction had changed to a full-body rush . . . The combination of massage and hashish had changed . . . the most difficult part of my labor into the most enjoyable."

The contraction hit like a tidal wave. I had an incredibly strong urge to push, and my body felt like it was cracking open. There was barely a minute between contractions now. I leaned my full weight back against Mark, who was massaging me vigorously between the shoulder blades, and concentrated on relaxing and opening up. I could feel a ring expanding inside me, and warmth moving up my uterus. The warmth brought an exquisite melting sensation. My uterus was *expanding*, not contracting; it was opening OPENING OPENING. The oppressive heaviness that had been driving me into the floor lifted, and I was floating free. The delicious sensation of warmth and relaxation was spreading over my whole body. I was experiencing intense pleasure; it really was orgasmic. The pain I was feeling at the beginning of the contraction had changed to a full-body rush.



photo by Rupo

As the contraction ended Mark was saying, "Great! You're actually dumping tension with each contraction. Your muscle tone seems to be *improving* as we go along." We had finally gotten the knack of handling the transition contractions. Oliver would get the pipe going, and I would take a toke of hash just *before* each contraction. The timing was Doc's suggestion. I had been taking a toke after each contraction and that hadn't worked as well. Mark had found the best way of timing his acupressure massage with my contractions. The combination of massage and hashish had changed what had been the most difficult part of my labor into the most enjoyable part.

My labor first started around midnight. I felt mild contractions in my abdomen they were something like menstrual or intestinal cramps. I told myself it was probably just an intestinal upset and lay down to try and get some rest. In the semi-dark I timed my contractions; they were coming regularly every fifteen minutes. I tried to contain my excitement. What I had been waiting for so long was finally happening! The baby inside me was going to come out into the world! Around two o'clock the contractions started coming every five minutes. I couldn't keep myself from getting up and going into the kitchen where Mark and Oliver were still awake. After timing a string of contractions that were five minutes apart, I told them I thought I was in labor. We all felt high as kites and a little giddy with excitement. It was the first time any of us would be at a birth. Mark went out and took a walk to calm his anxiety. I wasn't anxious at all; I just kept wondering if this was really *it*. When the contractions first started the baby inside me had kicked a bit, but now the little mysterious being was quiet.

When Mark returned I smoked a very thin "pin" joint of marijuana, and he gave me some acupressure massage. When using cannabis for medicinal purposes we generally find that powdering the marijuana very fine and rolling it in thin joints works best. Maybe the different tip temperature of the pin joint causes the alkaloids in the marijuana to be distilled in different proportions. At any rate, thin joints give one more of the muscle relaxant effect and leave one feeling clear and "high", not stoned. Before I smoked, my contractions had become choppy and slightly uncomfortable, like abdominal cramps that cause one to break into a bit of a sweat. The marijuana and the massage smoothed them out, relieving the discomfort and making them feel like gentle waves.

I was still having mild but steady contractions. Doc woke up and I told him what was happening. He thought maybe I wasn't really in labor. It was the fourth of July and none of us could believe the birth would happen that day. I floated in the tub for awhile; the water was very relaxing and my contractions slowed down. After the bath I was even able to nap a bit between contractions. My body seemed to know exactly what it needed, and right now it was getting a little rest before the work that lay ahead. Mark and Oliver caught a little sleep too.

Doc and I had spent many hours during my pregnancy discussing the possibility of a painless labor with least possible trauma for the baby. I had read and listened to inspiring accounts by women who had not only given birth painlessly but who had had very positive experiences during labor. On the other hand I had spoken with women for whom giving birth had been terribly painful—the worst, most intense pain they had ever experienced. Some women I talked with felt that the idea of painless childbirth was a male con and that women who claimed to have had painless birthings had simply forgotten the pain they had felt. Many women who had had painful experiences felt they should have been better warned about the ordeal that they were going to undergo. I have always been angry when I have not been properly informed of the pain involved in a medical procedure; however, if a person expects pain they usually become afraid in anticipation of the pain. This fear causes tension which in turn leads to pain. Grantly Dick-Read described this fear-tension-pain syndrome and its physiological basis very clearly in his book *Childbirth Without Fear*:

Unfortunately, the natural tension produced by fear influences those muscles which close the womb and oppose the dilation of the birth canal during labor. Therefore fear inhibits, that is to say, gives rise to resistance at the outlet of the womb, when in the normal state those muscles should be relaxed and free from tension. This resistance gives rise to pain because the uterus is supplied with sensitive nerve endings which record pain arising from excessive tension. Therefore fear, tension, and pain are three evils opposed to the natural designs which have been concerned with preparation for and attendance at childbirth. If fear, tension, and pain go hand in hand, then it must be necessary to relieve tension and to overcome fear in order to eliminate pain.

Since fear of pain can cause pain, I don't think giving women horrible accounts of what awaits them is good preparation for labor. I tried to avoid *expecting* pain. On the other hand, I knew that lack of fear and even a considerable amount of education are often not enough to eliminate pain. Some women who are not afraid, who go into labor expecting a beautiful experience still feel pain. I think this happens because fear is not the *only* thing that causes tension. In this society most of us suffer from chronic anxiety-tension due among other things to lack of exercise, the fast pace of modern life, microwave radiation, the lack of knowledge of methods to dump accumulated tension, and so on. This tension has been with us so long that we no longer even notice it. When we go into labor the underlying chronic tension interferes with the ability of the cervix to dilate and the muscles of the birth canal to relax, and pain results. I also think that many of us have *unconscious* fears about giving birth. The image of women giving birth in pain is so pervasive in our society that it is hard to escape. Many of us were born in pain ourselves and giving birth can trigger a re-experience of our own birth trauma.(2) While such a release of old tension can be an exhilarating and even spiritual experience for a relaxed person,(3) it is usually painful for a tense person. Any of these factors could cause pain during labor.

Keeping all this in mind, I tried to keep myself as relaxed as possible during my pregnancy. I lived on a noisy city street and was bombarded by all kinds of pollution including a high level of microwave radiation. I was working, going to school and involved in legal and political struggles. In other words, my life was like that of many women today. To relieve tension, I got at least a little acupressure massage each day

and did some flotation and breathing exercises. I was active during my pregnancy and did a lot of walking, so my muscles were in decent, although not great, tone. Muscles in good tone release tension more easily than muscles in bad tone and so help a relaxed birthing.

Even using all these relaxation strategies, I was still very tense, and after a lot of thought I decided to try using cannabis during my labor. 'Doc' Humes, a long-time proponent of the medicinal uses of cannabis and the father of my baby, had recommended medical grade hashish as the perfect muscle relaxant for childbirth. Cannabis has the property of relaxing striated muscle without interfering with the working of smooth muscle. That means it helps the cervix dilate and the birth canal open up but doesn't stop the long contracting muscles of the uterus from working efficiently. One woman I spoke with about my painless birthing said that she was convinced that even if she had been given opium during her labor she would still have been in terrible pain. I pointed out that the cannabis doesn't function as a painkiller; it works by keeping the woman in labor relaxed so that *pain never develops*. Opium, like many painkilling drugs, interferes with the working of smooth muscle and can cause problems such as constipation. It certainly wouldn't be appropriate for childbirth. Also, painkilling drugs usually cause an undesirable loss of sensation and awareness. I didn't feel any loss of sensation from smoking the cannabis; in fact I could feel everything *better* because I was able to flow with the sensations rather than tensing up against them. I felt clear-headed and was talking with people between contractions during most of my labor. I was able to keep careful control of the dosage that I used. I didn't want to feel drowsy or get 'the munchies,' both common effects of smoking too much and getting 'stoned.' Smoking a little at the *right time* seemed to be the most effective way of keeping my tension level down. Despite the fact that we were experimenting with timing, I smoked only three or four thin joints of a mild homegrown marijuana and less than a gram of hash during my twenty hour labor. My midwife,

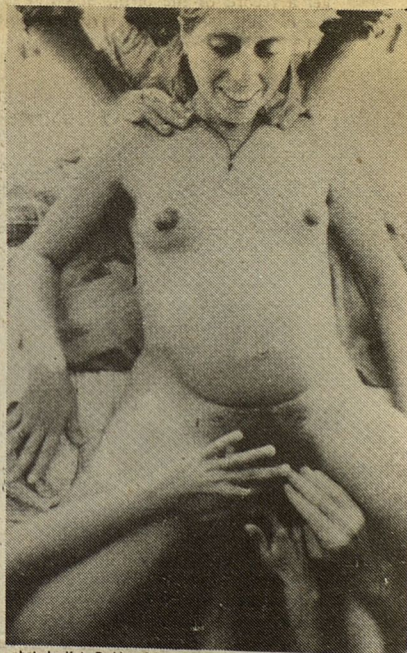


photo by Katy Raddatz-S.F. Examiner

Christina, was checking my heartbeat and the fetal heartbeat regularly and watching for any medical complications. If I had felt any effects I didn't like from the cannabis, or if Christina had felt that it was causing medical problems, I could have simply stopped smoking. One of the beauties of cannabis as an aid in childbirth is that the dosage can be continually monitored since its effect does not last long past the ingestion. I bring up these points now because they were topics of continual discussion between Doc, myself and Christina during my pregnancy.

At 10:30 A.M. Christina arrived to see how I was doing. I had called her at 5:30 in the morning after having used all the restraint I could muster. She had asked me if the contractions hurt. When I replied that they didn't she said, "Oh then you're



photo by Katy Raddatz-S.F. Examiner

probably not in labor." But now her exam showed that I was three centimeters dilated and my cervix was soft. Christina said she thought it was the real thing and went off to see another woman who had started her labor that same morning. Right after the exam my mucus plug came out. I was excited and happy, but I tried to keep myself calm. During my pregnancy I had always felt that I would have a long gradual labor, and now I guessed that I had a long way to go.

I got a few things ready for the birth. It felt good to be walking around and preparing. I moved my mattress into a larger

Cannabis has the property of relaxing striated muscle without interfering with the working of smooth muscle.

room and phoned friends and family. Mark and Oliver went out for awhile and came back with some good black hash (without opium in it.) Unluckily all the video equipment I knew about was locked up for the holiday and we weren't able to get a record of the birth. Still it was a beautiful day and most everything seemed to be going well.

By two o'clock the contractions were coming every three to five minutes and had become more intense. I didn't feel like moving around anymore; I settled down cross-legged on the mattress and Mark massaged me almost continuously, mostly on my upper back. Every now and then I looked out at the window box that I had planted the day before. The flowers would be there for the baby to see. It was a sunny day but not too hot. The baby and I and everyone around us seemed to be involved in a sort of timeless dance. Doc looked in from time to time and smiled encouragingly. He spent much of the day sitting out on the front stairs keeping his anxiety away from me. I was happy that he could be nearby keeping watch.

My friend Mai arrived from the Berkshires to try and get some film of the event. I had phoned her at eleven that morning and she had all sorts of equipment hassles due to the short notice. I discussed the problems with her between contractions but by then I had to concentrate on breathing during contractions, and I couldn't really deal with decisions about film and light. Ordinarily I might have been flustered or upset by the hassles; now I felt that the power of the birth process had carried me beyond these conflicts and that if I just stayed with the contractions everything would resolve itself.

At 4:30 Christina returned with her friend Tamara to see how everything was going. My contractions were coming every two minutes now, and Mark and I were working to keep up with them. I was doing a shallow pant during contractions. Chris checked me and found that I was seven centimeters dilated. She said, "You're really cooking!" and went out to get her supplies and her three month old baby Anna. It was wonderful to have a baby there who was already born. Looking at her made the presence of the baby inside me more real. I had made up some ice cubes from raspberry leaf tea and honey a few days before, and now Tamara brought me some crushed up in a bowl. It was am-

brosia! I felt that I had never tasted anything so delicious and refreshing. The contractions were getting more and more intense. Between contractions I was smoking finely powdered hash rolled in thin joints. Doc suggested that I try using a pipe at this stage. I did, and this helped me to flow with the contractions. Then I began to have the fierce, uncontrollable urge to push that caused me the only pain I experienced during my labor. I tried desperately not to push. I couldn't find

any position that was comfortable or even bearable. The contractions came on so suddenly and with such a wallop that I couldn't seem to relax into them. I was beginning to feel helpless under this deluge of powerful contractions with less than a minute between them. My cervix wasn't fully dilated yet, but I couldn't stop my muscles from pushing my baby against it. It was then that Doc stuck his head in the door and suggested that I try taking a toke of hash just before each contraction. As I described at the beginning of this account, this led to an ecstatic state of relaxation. Between contractions I tried to describe the wonderful sensations I was experiencing. My body had found its rhythm again and my muscles were working in harmony with each other and the baby inside me. It was truly a blissful state. Mark and I spontaneously started chanting *om* between contractions. Everyone in the room seemed to be transformed by the realization that we were all working together to ease a new being into the world.

Around 6:30 I began to feel the urge to push again. I tried a few gentle pushes, but then Christina examined me and found that my cervix was still not fully dilated. There was a swollen lip around the edge of the opening into the birth canal. I had to relax back into not-pushing. That was very difficult for the first few contractions, but then once again I slipped into a timeless, relaxed, intensely pleasurable state. It seemed like no time at all passed before it was 7:30 and Christina gave me the good news that I was finally fully dilated and I could start to push.

I felt tired but very happy. I got up and walked to the bathroom to piss before this last effort. When I came back I broke a tremendous sweat all over my body. It was a good, clean sweat, not a sticky or smelly one. I didn't even really want Tamara to wipe me off with the wash cloth she brought me although I appreciated the caring. Christina took off the loose cotton dress I had been wearing til then saying "You don't need this now!" She suggested that I try pushing in a squatting position, holding onto a chair for balance. I was never fully comfortable in the squatting position. I think I should have discussed it more with Christina and tried it out more before going into labor. I felt very tired and between contractions I kneeled and leaned on the chair to rest. Mark was doing some light clearing massage on my back and legs that felt really good. I was amazed at the power of the pushing force. Something seemed to be forcing me to hold

my breath and push so hard and long that I thought I would burst. I could feel the baby inside my birth canal. It was an amazing sensation; there was actually a baby passing through the middle of my body! It didn't seem possible that something so big could actually fit through, but there it was, and I could feel it moving down with each contraction. There was a fairly long pause between contractions now, and Christina was a little worried. Once again I felt that my body knew exactly what it needed, and it needed rest between the contractions. I had stopped smoking because there didn't seem to be a need for it anymore. I could feel the baby in my birth canal clearly but I wasn't experiencing any pain. It was just hard work. Mai was filming for awhile using hot lights and I barely noticed, I was so engrossed in pushing. My excitement mounted as the baby moved closer and closer to being born.

For the last few pushes I lay on my left side. My head was in Mark's lap and I braced my right leg against Doc to push. Christina was applying hot compresses to my perineum and massaging it. She was also helping me to guide the baby out gently and gradually. She would direct me to blow out to avoid pushing the baby out too fast. We all watched in amazement and awe as first the baby's head and then the rest of his body was born. He started crying before he was half way out, not loud and hard, but a sort of "HI! I'm alive." He changed quickly from grey to pink. We all oohed and aahed. It was 8:20. Christina put him on my chest and he gave me the clearest, most penetrating look. He was the most entrancing creature I had ever seen. I just looked and looked and touched him gently over and over. He didn't have any mucus in his nose or throat, so he didn't need to be suctioned. Christina cut and clamped the cord more quickly than I would have liked because I was bleeding heavily. Ten minutes after the birth Christina slid a basin under me and I pushed the placenta out. I hardly knew any of this was happening; I was oblivious to everything except the baby in my arms. I started to laugh with joy. Someone showed me the placenta just as Doc was saying "Well done!" "It looks rare to me!" pop-

ped out of my mouth and Mark responded "I can't believe you said that." We all laughed at my terrible pun.

Christina had me feel my uterus; it had become a hard grapefruit-size ball. She gave me a few instructions and then she left with Tamara and Anna. Mai left soon after, and for about an hour I just lay and held the new baby. He weighed about seven and a half pounds. His head was large and round with practically no moulding—only the front plate of the skull was depressed about a sixteenth of an inch. He had long thin fingers and toes, and he was wonderfully beautiful—not ugly as I had been warned a newborn would be. His skin was pink and lovely; he looked so aware and peaceful.

Friends and relatives were dropping by now. I took a shower and joined them for something cool to drink. I had a tiny superficial nick in my perineum, but luckily the slow controlled birth had saved me from tearing. Christina had said that my vaginal opening was tight and had been amazed that it had stretched enough to allow the baby's big head through without a tear. It felt very good to sit with my friends holding Doodle (so nicknamed by Doc because of his Fourth of July birthday.) We all sat and marvelled at the expressiveness of his tiny face and the delicacy of his gestures. The first time he really cried was when a fire truck went by with sirens blaring. Other than that he lay quietly in my arms, looking about and dozing from time to time. I felt love fill my heart to overflowing for this babe. It seemed that giving birth had cleared a lot of old tension from me and had left me open to experience a new intensity of emotion. From the moment of his birth I felt a completely overpowering love for my child. This new kind of love, which took me by surprise, has helped me deal with the tremendous difficulties and frustrations of being a parent (and particularly a mother) in this society. I'm sure that the beautiful birth experience we shared helped Doodle and I to trust and love each other immediately. I'm glad that I'll never be able to reproach him with having caused me pain with his arrival; I can only thank him for a wonderful day.



photo by Ed Buryn



photo by Katy Raddatz-S.F. Examiner



PEACE CONVOY ROLLS OVER CRUISE MISSILE

(LONDON)—This summer saw some of the largest free festivals in Britain since the early 70's, when a military-style dawn attack on the Windsor Free Festival by the notorious Thames Valley police signaled the onset of a official hard line against such anarchic manifestations. Some 500 police were able to attack and destroy a festival of more than 30,000, making 700 arrests.

But times have changed, and the authorities must content themselves with a policy of *containment*.

In 1981, when two people were arrested by the police at Stonehenge, they were freed by a large crowd of people [many of them alerted from the main festival area by C.B.]. The mobile Police H.Q. was trashed while kids let loose with catapult fire. This was one of the first flare-ups in a summer which would see by its end molotovs and plastic bullets flying and riots across Britain from Bogside to Tumbidge Wells in the marmalade and toast belt—one of the peachiest of Tory Blue strongholds . . .

At Stonehenge '82 the main rule of law seemed to be the illusion that there was none—except your own. . . . "YOU ARE ENTERING A LIBERATED ZONE" reads a big sign at the gate—

"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO ENJOY YOUR CHILDHOOD."

Inside was a massive encampment. At its peak, on the Summer Solstice, when the sun slices precisely through the stones at dawn, there were more than 50,000 souls: a tent city, rabble army encampment, a crazy circus—full of contradictions—SMACK FOR SALE signs next to Natural Childbirth . . . a "Liberated Zone" with Capitalism going strong . . . Hells Angels smashing a bottle in someone's face—and a baby being born [after almost dying] in a Tipi . . . at least one rape.

"I'm glad my daughter isn't here," said

the man in charge of police operations . . . In fact, though uniformed police did not venture on-site in large numbers, plainclothesmen were definitely at work, as many who were picked up after they left the site found to their acute discomfort.

1982: Festival Summer

In Britain during the summer it is possible to start in early June and be at or on the way to a festival til late September's Psylocibin Celebration in Wales. Thatcher's Cabinet is even known to consider such events a useful safety valve after last year's riots.

With unemployment unabated, more and more "marginal people" have opted for the traditional remedy of Britain's underclasses [17th and 18th Century—see *History of the Victorian Underworld*] and hit the festival trail, from Stonehenge through various "Peace Gatherings," more commercial rock festivals and even a festival on the estate of a trendy Lord (just like in feudal times) . . . all combining the mercantile aspects of traditional country fairs with New Age politics and New Wave ballyhoo.

It was only natural that a caravan or

//////
"The Convoy left Stonehenge some 100 vehicles strong . . . bound for one of the largest U.S. military bases in Britain."
 //////

Convoy formed up out of the buses, vans and other vehicles of the festival hardcore, the Rainbow people who live in tipis, or Ukrainian-Tibetan Mountain troupe who travel in buses all year, and kept on picking up more and more recruits. One immediate advantage was the obvious rule of strength in numbers . . . the local constabulary thru which this totally illegal juggernaut now rolled were usually only too happy to see it roll on by—constrained by the fact that the

local goals have only a few spaces to spare.

Enter the "Peace Convoy"

After the Summer Solstice, through some arcane internal consensus, participants in the Convoy decided to join the full weight of their forces with a Woman's Peace Camp which had been going on for 9 months just outside the main gate of the U.S. Base at Greenham Common, demanding the halt of installation of U.S. cruise missiles. The convoy left Stonehenge some 100 vehicles strong, for the first time calling itself the Peace Convoy, bound for one of the largest U.S. military bases in Britain.

Ahead of them lay a full-blown confrontation-in-progress, where the authorities were already completely absorbed in ridding the area of the 3 dozen or so women of the Peace Vigil.

During the 9 arduous months of the Vigil, relations between the women and the local municipal council had deteriorated in to bitter acrimony, long before the Peace Convoy was even formed. Parliament having passed legislation enabling the local council to oust such squatters from "village commons," said council was now embroiled

with the Vigilers in Court, doing just that. The Vigil women claimed to documentation proving that their site was on private land, and that they had permission to be there.

Not only that, their tenacity had inspired a dozen or so other Peace Camps at military bases throughout Britain, shifting the focus of the disarmament movement from the big one-shot peace demos in London to continuous protests outside the bases. This brought the issue home to local inhabitants,

workmen and servicemen who every day had to walk by protests.

The government was scarcely ready to have this relatively tiny encampment massively re-enforced with the unpredictable energy of several thousand people already spaced out by two weeks at Stonehenge.

The preventative measures hastily improvised by the coppers were inevitably doomed to failure. Forewarned by their spies of the Convoy's destination, they set up a false detour at a traffic circle, only to have the great, exhaust-belching caravan sweep by the bobbies pointing frantically in the wrong direction.

Confrontation and Consternation

Outside the base, with the buses, and vans, and campers, and minibuses, station-wagons and cars of the Peace Convoy filling the highway as far as the eye could see in both directions, a token force of a few officers and two wagons stood at the head of the main driveway, to the site—a few feet in front of a deep trench dug cross the drive by relays of determined lawmen working all night long.

What they weren't prepared for was the sheer mass of the convoy filling the highway in both directions—making it impossible for the cops to move around. Eventually one group from the Convoy entered via a back entrance unknown to the police while the rest swelled round the police and their paddywagons, pushing them gently to one side: Crowd re-arranges rocks and dirt, out-numbered bobbies retreat to fight another day, and the site is occupied.

Inside the Base, a meeting to top brass broke up in consternation. Aides ran about frantically. Telephones started ringing in London, Washington, Moscow . . . [Soviet TV flew in a whole crew who went round

Continued on Page 24

Bell Blitzed Out by Rainbowers

By Garrick Beck

You wouldn't think that the laid-back country ranch of a bunch of mellowed-out freaks in the remote hills of Oregon would be the scene of a confrontation between this headbanded ponytailed tribe and the mirror-sunglassed investigators of Ma Bell's security division. What could bring these daredevil investigators into our hidden mountain valley? You guessed it! They were on the trail of none other than the Secret Yippee! Phone Codes!

"Yipes! It all started with a phone call. 'Yes, this is the Phone Company and we'd like to make an appointment with you to discuss phone security...'"

"What? Phone security? Never met him. You must have the wrong number..."

The pleasant lady's voice continues, explaining that it's nothing terribly serious, but it is important and they have been conducting an investigation and want to speak with us. "Would we cooperate?" she wants to know.

I look around the room and, holding my hand over the mouthpiece, rap the rap to the rest of the folks in the room: "Hey, check this out; it's the phone company..."

They want to send out a "representative" (as she put it) to talk with us about something—which she says she can't get specific about.

One long-mustachioed dude across the table starts grinning real big and drawls, "Awill-right, let's invite 'em to dinner. Tell 'em to bring their kids out for the weekend..."

The slender pony-tailed sister in the corner looks at him half-shocked: "What? You want to talk with those people? Forget it."

Another voice interrupts, "You talk to 'em all the time when you use the phone."

"What are they interested in, anyway?"

"I don't know, we gotta talk to them to find out."

"It might be their one great chance to see

the light... What an opportunity!"

"You gotta be crazy."

"Yeah, let's meet these people."

"Alright," I say into the phone, "we'll do it. C'mon over any time. Is this evening too soon?"

She refers to business hours and suggests a date a few days ahead.

"Agreed. Do you need directions?," I ask, thinking of the mountain pass and rural roads.

"No," she says. "We know where you are."

Sure enough, a few days later, up pulls the company car, like some space invader—up the driveway and into the nice view of the valley and field below. Out step the driver and investigator. They look the parts: the first in casual "sportswear" and the second complete with genuine spy-type leatherette trenchcoat and mirror sunglasses.

They come in. We all sit down. Brief introductions, and the investigator flashes his Pacific Northwest Bell I.D. We ask whether there's some particular problem with our phone or how we're using it.

"No," he tells us. "It's not that. What I know is this: You folks are connected with a festival [the Rainbow Gathering] that happens each year, and we can trace a pattern of phony credit-card type calls that travel toward wherever that event is being held and then, from there go out in all directions."

We own up immediately to working each July with the Rainbow Gathering, but how does that tie us into an investigation?

The lanky red-haired longhair inquires, "Couldn't it be just a couple of folks who gave phony numbers they were using to friends? How do we get involved?"

"Let me show you what I'm talking about." He opens his briefcase and takes out thick binders of pages, and sets a couple of them on the table. Each one contains maps

plotting the routes geographically and by time as certain numbers or codes travel from New York or other major cities to the remote Gathering, and then further maps showing how the numbers went out from there in starlike patterns—which led to further star patterns as the use was spread across the country. The back pages seemed to have listings of each of the calls.

We just eyeballed the whole display. I guess the investigator was proud of his work.

"You see," he was saying, "I'm not just talking about a few phone calls. I'm talking about a real problem." He went on to list the amounts—measured in tens of thousands of dollars—that each particular number had rung up.

"I still don't see how we fit in," stated one of the home team. "We're not passing out those numbers. We've got our hands full with all sorts of stuff at the gathering, parking cars, supplies, kiddy village..."

"We know that," the inspector replied. "No one's accusing you. But there are other groups who come to these gatherings and who use these gatherings to distribute what they call *phone codes*. We have evidence that there have been placards placed near information areas describing the codes, and that announcements were made in meetings—your councils—telling people about them." He looked at us fiercely, then relaxed and stepped back.

We began to explain how the gathering was a very wide open event that included a great number of all kinds of people and groups with all sorts of political, spiritual and social attitudes.

He said he understood this, but that basically these phone scams amounted to stealing—and if we were as moral as we made ourselves out to be, we would try to cooperate with him to solve the problem.

"Imagine that!" said the sister with the long braids who'd been watching quietly;

"There's the phone company questioning our morals. The phone company."

We inquired as to what on earth they possibly thought we could do about it.

"Tell them to stop. See that the placards aren't put up. Speak at your meetings and ask people not to think they're doing anybody a favor by stealing."

We start to tell him how we're not going to spend the gathering trying to police what people are talking about... that the event is full of hundreds of thousands of communications among people, and how useless it would be to tell people who want to pass out the codes *not* to do it. And further, by speaking up on the subject, we'd only bring it more attention.

I took advantage of the pause that followed by asking carefully, "Do you *really* think it's a question of standing for what's right?"

"Yes," he answered quickly. "Are you willing to cooperate?"

"Well, are you willing to do what's needed on your end of the effort?," I asked him in return.

He looked at me like he didn't quite understand.

"Are you willing," I continued, "to write letters to AT&T's executives and the ITT Directors requesting that they stop manufacture of electronic torture devices?—the ones they sell in military and Third World states? Would you speak out against the phone company's record of political bribery? Would you stand up for the rights and working conditions of Ma Bell's operators? When you start doing these things, bring us copies of the letters you send; then come tell us about what we can do."

He seemed surprised. We all talked a bit more. Then he rose and, packing his documents, said, "There isn't much more we can do."

"Except say goodbye," said a voice, glad that the whole scene was drawing to a close.

The detective and driver got their coats, walked across the porch toward their car with their steely-eyed glasses securely in place, and drove off into whatever beast from whence they came.

Credit Card Blues

Have you ever been awakened, sleepy eyed and confused, in the early AM by a phone company representative insisting that "we need your assistance in identifying a long distance one call you received at 10PM on October the 9th from Chicago."

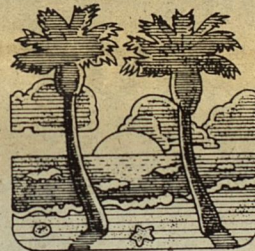
You try to collect your head so you don't blow it, and say something like "I get so many long distance calls I can't really say." What you really can't say is, of course, that you get and make so many phoney credit card calls that you know exactly what *not* to say!

Well, long distance callers, those pleasant days of cost-free long distance communication are coming to an abrupt (we

hope temporary) halt.

The phone company, distressed by a loss of some of its huge profit due to unchargeable credit card calls, has found a new scheme to protect itself: Not afterwards, after credit has been given—but *before* your call goes through, while the operator still has you at her mercy.

As much as we know at this point is that some gigantic master computer, located in Dallas Texas, is now programmed to sift through and verify the new credit card numbers the phone company is issuing to its customers in such major cities as San Francisco, Washington DC, Los Angeles, Boston and New York.



It is rumored that these new numbers will substitute random digits for the previously location-coded RAO codes. This means that for the present you can still chat-for-free using your purloined credit card numbers from places with relatively smaller populations.

The Fone Freak Underground is no doubt busy right now finding the key to the new RAO codes. But for the moment, the great uninitiated masses, who couldn't tell you the difference between a black box and a silver box, whose only weapon against Telco was a number someone gave them 3 months ago, the result has been bafflement. Even O.T. readers with the entire CC Code key from the last issue have reported they "tried 10 or 20 different numbers—the computer kept bouncing every one."

Overthrow remains, however, totally dedicated to "limited destabilization measures" against the Bell Oligopoly. When new word comes on how to bust into the network again, you will find the good news here first.

Madtown Capers Colby vs. Yippie Curse

(MADISON)—When the University of Wisconsin Graduate School of Banking held their final fling this summer, guest of honor and keynote speaker was William Colby, ex-director of the CIA under Nixon. Colby's address was supposed to be on American banking's investment futures in the Third World.

About a dozen Madisonians awaited Colby at the front doors of the theater with signs: ALLENDE'S SUICIDE WAS COLBY'S MURDER; WE REMEMBER OPERATION PHOENIX; WILLIAM COLBY—YOUR SON IS OURS (Colby's teenage son was hauled into the Park Police HQ when he was busted at the Fourth of July Smoke-In). Four protesters and their signs, including yippie Ben Masel, entered the lobby. Masel was almost immediately arrested by five UW police for disorderly conduct.

At the same time, inside Union Theater, William Colby was being introduced to 1500 bankers and their wives. As he began to speak, two long-haired protesters (with signs) burst from under the stage curtain directly behind the speakers' podium. After calling Colby a genocidal murderer they ran from the stage.

Arrested was Marc Rosenthal of Madison, on a University charge amounting to disorderly conduct.

Five minutes after this disruption, the entire Student Union and William Colby and 1500 bankers and their wives were evacuated. A bomb threat had been phoned into the Commons Desk.

William Colby cancelled his press conference, called off the reception party, and flew out of Wisconsin in his private plane. The University of Wisconsin Police have received hate mail from his office for their lax (lacking?) security.

Perhaps the brightest feather in our caps is the UW Grad School of Banking themselves...who are threatening to never return.

Cleaver's Moonies Kayoe'd

(MADISON)—Eldridge Cleaver came to UW Madison, as a Moonie; 500 people braved a session with the Moonie front CRAP (Collegiate Research Association on Principles) to see him. Outside 200 members of the Ad Hoc Coalition to Expose Cleaver and the Moonies exhorted them to boycott the show, while inside 20 moonies, 30 cops, 2 dozen imported Moonie thugs, all 6 local PL'ers, and a couple hundred more protesters awaited the world's most famous ex-rapist.

The Ad Hoc Coalition felt face-to-face confrontations would do nothing else but give the Moonies some good "rabid Com-

mie" pictures for their matyr-complex indoctrination propaganda. Those inside wanted a more direct approach to expressing their discontent.

By the time Cleaver was a half hour into his speech on "Democracy and the World Revolution" eight people had been arrested and one removed. Six were charged with disorderly conduct, one with obstructing an officer, and one with a felony charge of battery.

Two hundred people had something to say to Eldridge "Brain on Ice" Cleaver—like "Sellout" "Rapist" "Oreo" etc. The University police didn't know how to contain the overtly hostile crowd. They had been shown up as incompetents by their performance at William Colby's campus appearance a month earlier. Captain Robert Hartwig walked out of one physical clash to cold-cock Ben Masel, who had been yelling "Tell us about the pants!". (When Eldridge tried designing clothes a couple years ago, he came out with a line of pants for men with, uh, rather prominent codpieces.) Ben Masel is charged with battery.

Crawling around the stage on the knees of his three-piece, Eldridge clutched in his hand a tiny, sweaty piece of chalk. With this he scrawled such illuminations as "the totalitarians have prevented us from executing our constitutional rights!" Tough luck, Cleaver. Audiences have free speech rights too.

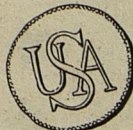
After an hour and a half of non-stop heckling, Eldridge and the Moonies left the stage. A planned reception in the University Student Union was canceled.

The "free speech debate" stirred up by the actions has shaken Madison's stoned serenity. The five arrestees who are UW students were put on the hotseat by Dean of Students Paul Ginsberg who threatened disciplinary action, including suspension and expulsion, then backed down. Ginsberg focused most heavily on two PLP arrestees who had been previously arrested by UW police. Ginsberg is threatening to remove INCAR, a PLP organization, from the accredited student organizations. CRAP has stated its intention to bring Cleaver back "over and over until they let him speak." Madison's liberals have new mud to throw, and Madison's radicals are torn between supporting UW & Paul Ginsberg, or the PLP.

WORT, Madison community radio, aired an extensive interview with Cleaver the afternoon of his evening speech. Cleaver had ample opportunity to explain his views; he probably doubled the number of protesters with what he said.

Quoted in an interview a local paper got at the airport, Cleaver said "I've been to 18 different campuses on this tour so far, so fast I can't remember half of them—but I'll never forget Madison." If you're lucky, Eldridge Cleaver, Madison will forget you.

CONTAX



ARKANSAS

*Fayetteville RAR
c/o PASE
401 Watson St.
Univ. of Ark.
Fayetteville, AR 72701

CALIFORNIA

*Coyote Howls
P.O. Box 21701
San Francisco, CA 94110
415-431-4863 ask for Margo
*Dennis Peron
3745 17th St.
San Francisco, CA 94114
415-552-9629
*Reefer Raiders
6702 Van Nuys Blvd.
Van Nuys, CA 91405
213-982-WEED
*Bound Together Books
1901 Hayes St.
San Francisco, CA 94117

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

*Citizens Against Marijuana Laws (CAML)
820 Independence Ave., S.E.
Washington, DC 20003
202-737-8574
*Frontlines
P.O.B. 21071
Washington, DC 20009
*Maniac
Suite 29-C
1710 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Washington, DC 20009

DELAWARE

*Delaware Free Press
POB 4592
Newark, DE 19711

ILLINOIS

*Chicago RAR & YIP
POB 87254
Chicago, IL 60680
312-764-1909 ask for Gerri or Kim

IOWA

*The Banyan Tree-IWW shop
POB 1117
Des Moines, IA 50311
*Bill McGee
POB 204
Cedar Rapids, IA 52406

KENTUCKY

*Lex. RAR
c/o Tony Briggs
417 Ferguson St.
Lexington, KY 40503

MARYLAND

*Montgomery County YIP
4411 Hallett St.
Rockville, MD 20853

MASSACHUSETTS

*United Campaign to Return Marijuana to the
Pharmacopeia (UNCRAMP)
P.O. Box 790
Cambridge "A", MA
*Sleepy Hollow Direct Action Committee
c/o Skip Martin
Brookfield Rd.
Brimfield, MA 01010
413-245-7407

MICHIGAN

*United Marijuana Smokers of Michigan
(UMSOM)
11280 McKinley
Taylor, MI
313-287-9077

MINNESOTA

*Todd, c/o Northern Sun News
1519 E. Franklin
Minneapolis, MN 55494

NEW MEXICO

*New Mexico YIP/CAML
Illegal Aliens Band
902 Edith St., SE
Albuquerque, NM 87102
505-842-8260

NEW YORK

*Nyack Peace Center
914-353-2211

*NYC YIP & RAR
c/o 9 Bleecker St.
New York NY 10012
215-533-5028

*YIP Workshop
Endicott, NY 13760
607-785-8674

OHIO

*Columbus YIP & RAR
POB 8234
Columbus, OH 43201
*Eastern Ohio RAR
POB 436
New Philadelphia, OH 44663
*Dayton RAR
POB 166 Wright Brothers Station
Dayton, OH 45049

PENNSYLVANIA

*Philly Yip/CAML & Community Newspaper
c/o Squat Central
432 N. 33rd St.
Philadelphia, PA 19130
215-222-0449
*Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients
(ALMP)
215-569-3275
*Whole in the Universe Gang
RD 1
Wholebrook, PA 15341

SOUTH DAKOTA

*Black Hills Alliance
Box 2508
Rapid City, SD 57709
605-342-5127

TEXAS

*Gaspire
4435 Maple Ave. at Wycliff
Dallas, TX 75219
*Houston RAR
PO Box 35253
Houston, TX 77025

WASHINGTON STATE

*Evergreen YIP
TESC-A-518
Olympia, WA 98508
206-866-5034
*Seattle RAR
c/o Left Bank Books
92 Pike St.
Seattle, WA 98101



Canada

Alberta

*Alberta Legalization of Cannabis Committee
(ALCC)
Box 115 Student Union Building
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T60 2J2
(403) 432-3201

British Columbia

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

Ontario

*Totally Eclipsed
Box 223
Jordan Station, Ontario
LOR 1S0 Canada
*Toronto RAR
c/o Dave
46 Caroline Ave.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
(416) 463-0789
*Toronto YIP
c/o the New Nation
POB 413 Station R
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
M4S 4C3
(416) 421-8491

*Focus Books & Art
717 1/2 Queens St. E
Toronto, ONT.
416-463-4482

Saskatchewan

*Flashpoint
POB 3658
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada
S4P 3N8

United Kingdom

*Alternative Wales
c/o Union Wholefoods
105 Rhosmaen St.
Llandeilo, Dyfed, Wales

*Alternative London

BCM Alter
London WC1 W5XX
*International Times
BCM IT
London, WCIV 3XX
*Smoky Bears
c/o 9 Clinton Hse.
Watergate St.
London SE 8

*Legalise Cannabis Campaign
c/o 1 Elgin Ave.
London W9
289-3883
*(Festival Info)
Polytantic
4 Englands Lane
London NW3
722-3299

Germany

*Stattbuch 2
Gneisenaustrasse 2
1000 Berlin 61 (DM 25)
*Die Tageszeitung
Auslandsredaktion-
Wattstrasse 11-12
1 Berlin-Wedding
phone: 491-30-463-9708

Holland

*Stut Vry Party (SVP)
POB 1386 Groningen
050-264788 HOLLAND

Finland

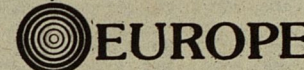
*Musta Tuuli
Box PL 151, 00141
Helsinki 14
FINLAND

Norway

*Gatevisa
Hjelmsgt. 3,
Oslo 3
NORWAY

Greece

*Anichti Poli Magazine
c/o. K. MANA HAA
ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ 119
ΣΤΕΡΕΑ ΠΛΑΤΑΝΑ, ΑΘΗΝΑ
*A-GALLERY Group
P.O. Box 1937
Thision-Athens



- ### EVENTS
- Jan. 1... Santa Fe, NM: Inaugural Smoke-In for Gov. Tom Anaya, 11 A.M., State Capitol Bldg.
 - Jan. 21-27... Santa Barbara Co., CA: Demonstration & Blockade of Cruise missiles, Vandenberg AFB. (415) 982-5578/848-3949.
 - Jan. 22... NYC: Protest, South African Airways, Fifth Ave., (bet. 48-49 Sts.), 11 A.M.
 - Jan. 24... NYC: Evening, demo against Nancy Reagan & Vatican treasures, outside Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. off 84th St.
 - Jan. 28, 29, 30... Austin, TX: Conference & party to plan protest actions at Republican National Convention, at the Ritz, 320 East 6th St. (downtown).
 - Jan. 31... Philadelphia, PA: Demo to protest arrest of CAML organizer Zvi "Harold" Baranoff, High Noon, Federal Courthouse, Sixth & Market.
 - March 19 & 20... Boston, MA: National YIP Conference. Contact Rick: (617) 492-4642.
 - Late March... Columbia, SC: Rock Against Reagan tour begins.
 - April 1... Ann Arbor, MI: Hash Bash, on the Diag.
 - Mid April... Springfield, IL: Smoke-In.
 - April 30... Columbus, OH: Arbor Day Smoke-In & Protest.
 - May 1... Albuquerque, NM: Anarchist Picnic/Smoke-In, High Noon, Petroglyph Park.
 - May 6... New York City, NY: Fifth Avenue Pot Parade, High Noon, Washington Square Park.
 - July 4... Washington, DC: Annual White House Smoke-In.
 - Sometime in Sept... Dallas, TX: National YIP Conference. Contact: (212) 533-5028.



Details of Free Festivals in Britain 1983 are available from Polytantic, C/o 4 Englands Lane, Chalk Farm, London, UK. [enclose \$1 for postage].

INTERNATIONAL TIMES
LONDON • PARIS • TEGUCIGALPA

BREAK OUT!

Join a growing handful—read the paper for people who use both sides of their brain. International Times is produced by an extended family of sexual deviants, unknown poets, infectious lovers, mindless vandals, bourgeois individualists, ruptured spleen peddlers, outside agitators, rabies carriers, dissident civil servants, mysticks, dode scroungers, prostitutes, dope dealers and tax doggers who will do everything in their power to expose the criminals who are sucking the life blood of society dry. Send \$5 to: BCM IT, LONDON WCIV 3XX, UK. It is part of a non-aligned, non-sexist, non-racist, non-hierarchical, non-specific, multi-national corporation.

some of the comic listed in the new Official Underground & New Wave Comic Price Guide by Jay Kennedy, \$9.95. Distributed by Boatner Norton Press, 99 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, MA 02138

PHIL OCHS' FBI FILE

Over 400 pages were obtained through the Freedom of Information Act by Gordon Friesen and Sis Cunningham of *Broadside Magazine*. Ochs' topical ballads stirred the minds of a generation to question authority and the Vietnam War. Yet much of his music, his life, and his politics remains unknown, and his role as the Woody Guthrie of the 60's remains unacknowledged. His contribution as an intelligent, talented, and politically committed American song writer is being obscured by his death by suicide. "These files show that the FBI began surveilling the folk singer early in his career (1963) until his death in 1976." Send \$1 contribution and your address to *Delaware Alternative Press, P.O. Box 4592, Newark, DE 19711*.

- New Nation ▶ Black shirt, red & green ink.
- RAR Green shirt, red & black ink.
- Overtthrow ▶ Orange shirt, black ink.

S-M-L-XL • \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage
T-SHIRT TRAP
210 W. 10 St. • NYC • 10014
So sorry: Error made in box number last issue. Please try us again.

THUNDERBIRD SISTERS

Aqua shirts
Red-yellow-black-white inks \$7.00

SILK SCREEN PRINT S-M-L-XL

Send to:
T-SHIRT TRAP
210 W. 10 St.
NYC 10014

European Theatre of War



Photo: Tim Mayya

QUIET ON THE

FRONT?

(LONDON)—An uneasy calm has settled on the streets. As the press will have it, only minor rumbles continue in the major battle zones of the inner cities. But it's more—much more. The inner cities fizz like never ending firecrackers. Despite all the talk of community policing and liaison committees the cops are as heavy as ever, resembling an army of occupation. Sirens blare continually, lights flash and cars race past at top speed while down some darkened mews or alley a van-load of police wait menacingly. Is another polymorphous urban explosion in the offing? One thing is for certain: The cops are not likely to be caught by surprise like they were in the summer of '81. At the slightest sign of danger a better trained police force equipped with all the necessary riot gear moves in immediately to seal off the potential trouble spot.

The police are also giving a hush-hush policy of their own. A local cop shop in Bedford, a town 30 miles north of London came under siege in late March '82, but the police suppressed all news of the event for a couple of weeks. As far as we know Bedford was free from trouble last year. The same also happened on two occasions in Nottingham in London, once over Xmas and the other in early April. But on a third occasion in London when barricades were erected across several roads, the incident was too big to be ignored and was immediately reported on the radio and in the press the next day.

However, Scotland yard's press office have been keeping their lips buttoned up for a long time. Either that, or the media didn't want to know, or more plausibly didn't want others to know, electing to report only the 'good news'. It took till April '82 to come out in the press that firebombs were hurled in the Welsh mining valleys during the riot week. This astonishing piece of information had been kept in the information

lock-up all that time! Just how close is Britain coming to revolution?

Ten Days That Shook The Pound

Ten days in early July '81, transformed England. It will never be the same again. Every major city and town was rocked with youth riots. Bored youngsters ranging from 8 to 80 excitedly got ready for an evening's burnin' and lootin'. Even Army recruits on leave joined in. If the grandkid did the hell-raising, grandma helped out with the free shopping. In Manchester an 8 year old was arrested for setting fire to a bike shop, and in Bristol a paraplegic pensioner was wheeled obligingly into a supermarket so he could get in on the lootin' too.

Beginning in London, the riots spread north to Liverpool, followed by other big northern and midland cities. Up to now people have been kept in the dark about their actual extent. It was said over and over again that sensational media coverage fanned the riots (the so-called copy-cat effect). But by the end of riot week holidays it was clear that the media were UNDERPLAYING what was going on in the towns and cities. Things were obviously getting out of

hand and chief cop Oxford said few people realized how close the police had been to losing the battle of Liverpool. Scotland and Wales, though less affected, were virtually blanked by the media. Trouble there would have killed the sociological lie that all the trouble was caused by black 'unadapted' youth. Apparently there was more to Saturday night aggro in Glasgow than usual and Paisley Anarchists got closed down by the police.

Throughout the week, the police received the hammering of their lives. Several police stations came under siege in Bristol, Southall, Birmingham (Handsworth), Manchester (in Moss Side where youth set fire to 12 vehicles in the police yard), Sheffield (an unmanned station attacked by skinheads) and in Derby (a police traffic office set on fire). The four corners of England, if not yet the whole of the UK, were exposed to a force 10 gale of youthful class fury.

What had once been a solitary half-mad '60s vision now grown old with time, of volcanic eruptions affecting vast masses of people, appeared about to come true.

Across an incredulous media was flashed the news that sleepy towns—the scented rose gardens of England's dreaming—had suddenly been hit by brief, furious riots: towns like Cirencester, Market Harborough, Dunstable, the fossilizing well spa resort of Knaresborough and ultra-posh Southport where the northern bourgeoisie elect to die on fat retirement pensions. Old oaken shades and mossy lanes with evocative olde worlde names had lost their immunity from potentially revolutionary turmoil. What happened in the rural Cremlington-on-the-Bumps was also reflected in Halifax, a quintessential 19th century northern industrial town preserved almost intact. In this living museum of industrial archeology, silent mills and smokeless chimneys, sand-blasted to look like Canterbury, petrol bombs were also to snake through the cleaned-up air. Preservation orders may now be organically assimilating the first shocks of industrialization to the more archaic past but the heirs of Robin Hood and his merry men, women and children were making doubly sure no such preservation order would be slapped on them. The New Towns, descendants of the countrified socialist garden cities which Lenin loved so much and copied in mother Russia. Letchworth, where Lenin lived for a short while, didn't get torched, but nearby Harlow did.

The eyes of the world were fixed on the UK, and its peoples were for a brief moment to become the latest in the line of oppressed nationals beside those of the Chileans and the Irish. Placard-waving demonstrators in Canada supported the heroic struggle of the British people against the fascist Thatcher tyranny!! Applied to Britain this inflated populist rhetoric, which lefties find so irresistible, was inconceivable a mere eight years ago. Even an Iranian Ayatollah in

Continued on bottom of next page



Above: Summer solstice celebration in center of Stonehenge. Below: Peace Convoy stops for tea



Photos by Harry Podlewski

CONVOY! Cont'd from P. 18

interviewing people and told us: "This is a very important event." 1000 Ministry of Defence Police went on special standby... helicopters buzzed the site.

The next day, flush with victory, the **Greenham Free Press**, a mimeographed free sheet produced on-site, asked:

"If not us, who? If not now, when? If not here, where?"

"We have come here not so much to protest at our lack of freedom, but to celebrate the freedom which is actually there for everyone who is prepared to reach out and grab it—to celebrate our freedom by living it."

"The unstoppable convoy has taken another site, but not just another site: The most important site we have ever taken. The place where the crazy headlong rush to nuclear annihilation can be stopped or not—where they must be stopped if the planet is to have any future at all."

"It's what we've been practicing for all these long years. Every Deeply Vale, every Ingelston, every Windsor Free Festival, every Stonehenge has in a way been a preparation for this... This is the one that really matters. Ronald Raygun and Maggie Thatcher want to put 96 Cruise missiles here to blow the world up with, and its now or never to prove Nostradamus wrong if we can."

The cruise missiles are due in '83. Construction work has already started. And just ten miles up the narrow country lanes is the Aldermaston Weapons Research Establishment—in the sixties the focus of the massive CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) ban the bomb movement—still at work, developing and producing atomic and more recently chemical and biological weapons. Since the sixties Aldermaston has collected around it large quantities of extremely toxic nuclear wastes which are so dangerous over such long periods of time [ie 25 thousand years] that no one has been able to find a way of disposing of them.

It's had a bad accident record. By international agreement only a certain 'quota' of the waste can be dumped in the sea every year. Aldermaston alone produces more than the British quota for sea dumping, so they stockpile the rest. So far 13 Aldermaston workers are on record as suffering from plutonium contamination, and four have died of cancer. They have got away with all of this for years despite CND, despite exposes in the liberal press, despite every form of protest... and just weeks before the Greenham occupation news leaked out of a billion dollar-plus expansion of Aldermaston, to design and develop the "next generation" of nuclear weapons after Trident. They are already preparing the production of nuclear weapons for the 90's.

RIOTS, cont'd.

Qom, accustomed to foaming with anti-imperialist rhetoric, prayed to Allah for the black (but not the white) rioters.

Playschool Freedom Fighters!

It was the kids, amazingly, who were responsible for most of the heavy shit going down. Teeny-boppers dragged weeny-boppers along in their wake. Or vice versa: No one was quite sure. Although the rioting was commonly said to be the effect of mass unemployment, top authorities denied it: Whitelaw said, "Many of the hooligans were aged between 10 and 11—even less—so there can be no question of unemployment being the cause." He was right on the level of facts, but the kids intuitively knew far deeper than any bigshot that there was No Future for them in the world of work. Children in particular played a prominent part in the battle of Liverpool 8. Out of 67 arrested during rioting on Park Road, 21 were juveniles aged between 8 and 16. The Tories tried to blame the troubles on lax parents and the break-up of the family. Relations within the family are loosening but a growing distance between parents and kids, even in tight knit working class families didn't stop parents from being right behind their kids.

Eyes and ears were glued to the news media. However the predictably slanted version of events did not signify control over people's minds. The salient facts were all that counted and reading between the lines must have become habitual. At any rate, in spite of the press, TV and radio coverage there was remarkably little animosity shown towards the rioters—at

least in the big cities—except by the police, that is. Bewilderment maybe among sections of the working class and the lower middle class, but no thought of ever coming down hard on the rioters crossed their minds. In fact many an onlooker was inspired by their example as buried hopes and expectations were raised. Violence in the streets externalized the violence ranging within as the phoney class peace announced by Thatcher came to a dramatic and unanticipated end.

Black youth were the main protagonists, but only in the sense that they opened up the gap through which Asians, Anglo-Saxons, Celts, Turks, Greeks, Cypriots, Eskimos—if these categorizations have any meaning—and others followed. So sing out if you're glad to be albino! Truly it meant that the UK was in the throes of becoming

reported the riots as racial in character too. They quickly changed their tune in the next few days. The American press, taking their cue from the New York Times which had made the mistake of describing the first night of the Brixton riots in April, '81 as racial (again quickly changing its tune the following day), now at least plumped for a semblance of accuracy. Emphasizing class as the prime factor, they rightly noted London had seen nothing like this since the Gordon Riots of 1780 (International Herald Tribune). Though 400 insurgents were shot by the army in 1780, taking the UK as a whole it's a fair bet the riots were the most extensive, if not the most intensive, since the Civil War. Ned and Lady Ludd were weeping with joy in some anonymous grave on some wild Yorkshire moor at the splendid audacity of their successors.

//////
"In London, home-made transmitters... interrupted... the two most popular commercial stations with messages like... 'This is a warning: There's going to be a riot on Kings Road.'"
//////

one of the first unfolding multiracial, pre-revolutionary societies. The rioting, as press and politicians alike had to frankly admit (Enoch Powell excepted, in a BBC radio programme on July 7, '81) was not racial in character. But elsewhere in the world, accuracy was lacking. A journalist from Corriere Della Sera, probably hooked on some anti-imperialist ideology of racist Brits, falsely reported there was fighting between black and white youth in Liverpool. Initially, some of the German press (e.g. Frankfurter. Allgemeine)

The rioters were very well organised. Within the space of a few hours, the rioters became skilled and tactical streetfighters, inventing techniques as they went along. In Liverpool they covered the road with oil between barricades which could then be covered with petrol and torched once the police had made a successful assault on the first barricade. At the same time, people made petrol bombs in the back of vans as they travelled around the city. In Nottingham, Inspector Colin Sheppard was moved in awe to say, 'there was no end to

the imagination of the mob used to vent their feelings on the police' (Daily Telegraph July 14, 81.)

In London home-made transmitters needing only a modicum of electronics know-how to construct, interrupted Capital Radio and LBC [the two most popular commercial stations] with messages like... 'This is a warning: there's going to be a riot on the Kings Road.' As a spokesman for the Independent Broadcasting Authority said, 'there is absolutely nothing we can do about it. CB was also used to feed false information to the police who began monitoring the channels; sending them rushing to Brixton's fire station on one occasion after hearing that rioters had it totally surrounded, only to discover the party was going on at another location. In Manchester, motor cyclists with CB acted as mobile communication units, while one group of techno-guerrillas were able to jam police communications for a time.

Merseyside...

The rioters caused the pound to fall, something only powerful sectors of the working class have succeeded in doing. But there was no instance of rioters directly calling on the employed working class to join in bringing the strike weapon into play. The bridge must somehow be made and employed and unemployed must be prepared to meet each other over a pint of home brew, maybe a box matches and a cement mixer. Although the riots were more destructive and extensive than those in France in May '68, they lacked the clarity of the French insurgents and when the smoke cleared there were no occupied factories to be seen.

The 4th of July Declaration [U.K.]

A few days after the occupation, on July 4th, in an ironic historical reverse-twist, Peace Camps all over Britain declared their 'independence' from the US government, demanding "no annihilation without representation".

A declaration of the Free People of Albion read in part,

"Since the Second World War, the countries of Britain have been occupied by the armed forces of a foreign power, the United States of America, an occupation for which the consent of the British People has never been sought or given.

"... it is time for the people to act in defense of the Planet Earth and the security of future generations.

"So bad has been the record of the Governments of the United States and the United Kingdom in this suicidal arms race, that we are left with no alternative but to throw off the power of both these Governments and to declare here at Greenham Common the People's Free State of Greenham."

The CND's reaction to these Rainbow rabble who'd actually used the direct action tactics hallowed in Disarmament Tradition was unenthusiastic. Though they'd netted at least \$100,000 at the giant Glastonbury Peacefest a few weeks before, the most CND would give the occupiers was \$60.

Then, when Base Command decided to cut down all the trees outside the fence, and the occupiers calmly cut down a bit of the fence in response, the CND London office bowed to frantic calls from the U.S. Embassy about "the wild, petrol bomb-throwing mob attacking the Base perimeter,"—and cancelled their Chairwoman's dinner engagement at Rainbow Camp. Other CND'ers gave interviews to the press duely dissociating themselves from the "violence," falsely suggesting the "real" protesters of the Women's Vigil condemned cutting down the fence. After 2 weeks of this, the consensus among the Peace Convoy was that it was time to move on. A small 'Rainbow Camp' remained while the rest embarked anew upon the Festival Trail.

Trail of Anarchy!

The battered convoy that rolled out of Greenham, leaving several prisoners 'detained at her majesty's pleasure,' was more determined than ever to resist police hassles. But Britain's 9 daily papers, who usually ignore all counter-cultural manifestations, decided the Peace Convoy was good 'Silly Season' material, and suddenly started headlining its progress in tones of alarm more appropriate for Attila and his Huns.

The first week of August found the accounts in the Yellow Press of "armed hippie convoys" wreaking havoc across the countryside as they traveled towards East Anglia. Before they were well-underway, a confrontation developed when local cops decided to run checks on some of the bus licence plates. When the licence plates of one bus turned out to be lifted from another bus, which had been reported stolen, an arrest attempt led to police van headlights being smashed with axe-handles, and one constable being slightly injured.

Continued on Page 26

In the nights of rioting, a spontaneous coming together, particularly in the Northern cities was definitely a distinct, if distant possibility. Rioting took place next to industrial complexes in cities like Manchester and Hull. Moss Side isn't that far from the wound down industrial estate of Trafford Park [still amazingly the biggest in Europe] and tactically it might have been better to go there than suggest moving on to loot the Arndale complex situated in Manchester's city center.

In Leeds, a fatigued police force could have been pushed back over a mile or so of industrial old bones and planning blight, separating the city centre from Chapeltown. However, Leeds is the commercial and financial capital of the region, insulated even in the '30s from the surrounding catastrophic levels of unemployment; it is unlikely the rioters would have met with a ready response. [Incidentally in Chapeltown a sex shop was torched, and flaming rubber dollies floated into the warm night air—although it wasn't quite women's lib because many other commodities were coming in for the same treatment.]

In the south the action in towns like High Wycombe and the Medway in Kent wasn't really big enough to make any immediate



British media incorrectly reported that the Women's Peace Vigil (pictured above) objected to tearing down the base fence (below).



Photos by Tim Malyon

impact on industrial workers. And London is so vast and desperate and so unlike any other English city that comparisons are futile.

The Mersey Beat 20 Years On: Liverpool 8 — Coppers 0

If the Old Bill were petrified in London, in Liverpool the scuffers got the hiding of their lives. Friction with the police is not

"The rioters caused the pound to fall, something only powerful sectors of the working class have succeeded in doing."

new in Liverpool. Some 20 years ago, it was said that the three worst police forces in Britain were Belfast, Birmingham and Liverpool.

The Scuffers conventionally refer to Liverpool youth as 'the bucks'. This does not necessarily refer to anyone who has a reputation for violence. It means common. In its widest sense it refers to accent, dress and general lifestyle. It is a term of pure class contempt and most likely to be used by people from the upper working class and lower middle from whom most police recruits are drawn. They're the people most anxious to disassociate themselves from

those elements in the working class they see as not respectable. This justifies a permanent open season on them.

This applies to young whites but blacks are treated with even greater contempt. Here racism compounds class contempt. Because of the high level of petty crime in Liverpool 8, the police follow the usual pattern and regard all youth as criminal

elements and because they regard them as a lower form of life any sort of brutality and harassment is justified. As one kid put it: 'we hate them and they hate us, it's as simple as that'.

Many of the targets were consciously selected and for good reasons. The Racquets Club was torched because as one black youth said, "My father used to tell me it was where the judges went to dine after they had sent black people to prison. It is like a hotel for people who run Liverpool." An antique furniture warehouse was burnt out, owned by Swainback, a former Tory counselor who had shown hostility to black

youth in the area. One youth questioned by a radio reporter while the riot was in progress said there was no reason for anyone to be frightened; 'We do not hit family homes'. 'What about the garage on the corner, people work there?'—'Yeah, but they don't own the place, it's owned by Shell.'

Liverpool 8 has a strong and close family structure and as any Liverpoolian knows 'Me Mam' is a much loved and respected figure. A *Daily Star* journalist said a child hurling bricks stopped to ask the time. "Eh!—I'll have to get home soon. Me mam will kill me if I'm late." A *Sunday Times* report on Kirkby a few years ago mentioned a youth who had been arrested a number of times for vandalism. When asked what his parents thought about it, he simply shrugged his shoulders and said "Me mam loves me."

Although this joke was born in the Liverpool riot, it rapidly found its way into northern club-land humor and finally wound up as a TV crack on a fairly sentimental Alan Bleasdale TV documentary on Liverpool a few months later. Ripped off from its source, only to improve the image of Bleasdale's hip populism as smart aleck playwright.

Continued on bottom of next page

Short History of British Smoke-Ins

For more than 5 years, Britain's direct action marijuana group, the Smokey Bears, hoping for a perfect spring day, have scheduled their annual pot "Picnic" for a week-end in mid-May.

This year saw the biggest affair ever—kicking off a vintage year for festivals (see accompanying story)—as the Smokey Bears joined with Legalize Cannabis Campaign and others to turn out more than 6,000 tokers at a site in Brixton, where the Bobbies, mindful of last summer's riots, were conspicuous by their absence.

The only hangup was the English weather—intermittent showers, but never enough douse the crowd, interspersed with bright blue skies and warm sunshine.

It was not always so. In fact the pot picnics, traditionally held at the free speech corner in Hyde Park, have occasionally witnessed police repression as bad as anything in the states.

Push came to shove in 1978 after several years of harassment by the authorities, when a thousand heads were completely surrounded at Hyde Park by a ring of riot police. While everyone in the crowd was penned in, a second line of narcs cut through the packed-in potheads methodically searching everyone and arresting the ones with smokeables.

The response of the crowd to the forceable removal of scores from their midst, far from the kind of cowed disintegration expected of them, was to re-assemble, defiant.

Unbeknownst to the cops, they'd made their big move against a small crowd of early-comers. Pot-heads are always late. While the cops, thinking it was over, had gone back to their buses to listen to the British Cup Soccer final, a much larger crowd decided to stage an impromptu march through central London.

"Who's leading this?" asked a chief cop, as the crowd surged out of Hyde Park. "We all are!" shouted back the crowd.

"Where are you going?" shot back the cop... but the crowd had broken past him, and began rampaging through stalled traffic to Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, 10 Downing Street, and then Parliament. There they were finally the crowd was pushed back against the railings of the building and fragmented by repeated police charges. The savage clubbings didn't stop even after the parade had dispersed and cops were reduced to beating up youngish pedestrians who had nothing to do with the protest.

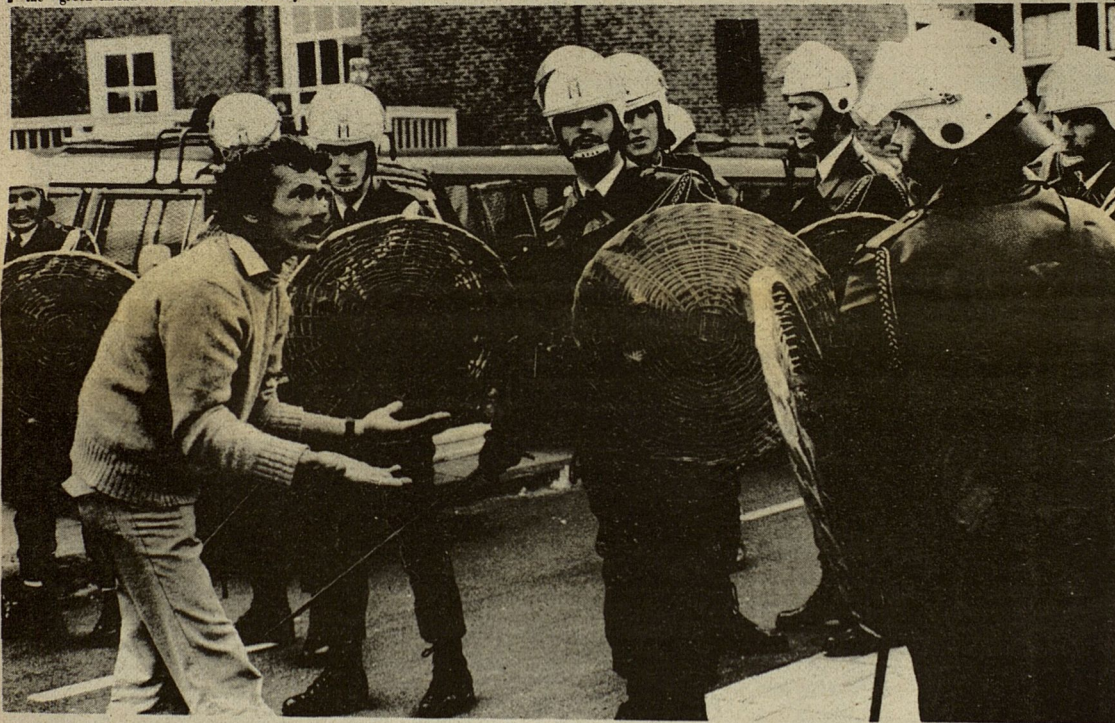
'79 saw a change of police tactics. They decided that a "softly softly" approach was



Continued on Page 33

AMSTERDAM—

Those thrifty Dutch! After a whole year of constant riots in Amsterdam, in which all Bank windows in the city were permanently converted to graffitied plywood, the Government drafted this special corps of mobile riot cops from the formerly independent police forces of little towns all over Holland. They see a lot of action; and they don't get a cent of pay extra. Liberal Amsterdam furnished the special riot-shields, made out of bio-degradable rattan. Note the long, ecologically sound hardwood riot sticks. While we were preparing this issue for press, several thousand squatters rioted and trashed parts of Amsterdam. It is this sort of coordination that has NATO planners scrambling to develop counter-scenarios to the "green threat." For more, see the story on Amsterdam in the next issue. Photo by Eddie Woods, Ins & Outs Press.



RIOTS, cont'd.

Many youths involved in the riots had been involved in mugging anybody from old age pensioners to Liverpool dockers with the Thursday night wage packet in their pockets. There's no point in pretending otherwise. Attacking any business is commendable, but unfortunately people living above the row of shops in Lodge Lane were also burnt out. They deserved better than this. However, neither in Liverpool nor in Brixton, did people whose places had burned down show animosity to the rioters. They seemed to sense the rioters were merely poking the fire.

What happened in Liverpool during the early hours on Monday July 4th amounted to the greatest missed opportunity industrial Britain has probably known. The police were clearly losing the battle. The rioters were moving towards the main arteries of communications used by thousands of workers. If the police in terror of their lives hadn't fired CS gas around dawn contact would undoubtedly have been established between the rioters and early morning shift workers. Camaraderie between employed and unemployed is more out in the open in

Liverpool than in any other English city and the explosive ingredient of an aroused working class might well have proved near lethal. With the police utterly beaten and disarmed, the entire city would have lain at their feet.

During the riots there were limited examples of working-class intervention. The fire brigade in Liverpool refused to intervene 'against the community' and allow their hoses to be used by the police. Like fire brigades elsewhere they had been ston-

“The rioters were moving towards the main arteries used by thousands of workers. If police hadn't fired CS, around dawn contact would have been established. The entire city would have lain at their feet.”

ed by the rioters. And in the thick of the fiercest rioting on Upper Parliament St, rioters talked to ambulance-men and made a truce with police so that old people could be evacuated from the geriatric hospital next to the burning Racquets Club.

But is a Toxteth of the factories laying waste to all the horrors of capitalism likely in the immediate future? The workers have taken note of the riots alright. During a re-

cent occupation of the British aluminium smelter factory at Invergordon in the Highlands of Scotland a laid off worker suddenly interrupted a TV programme to say Brixton and Toxteth had shown the way forward. No one within earshot protested. The workers' terrain is, however, warren'd from end to end to end by trade union power, ever ready to drag breaking-away workers back to the negotiating table and the last century. Over the past few years, at very crucial moments when literally

minutes and hours mattered, the workers time upon time have handed control over to union delegate conferences—usually through the mediation of the shop stewards. Psychologically they have just not been ready to act on golden opportunities.

“We Shall Overcome.”

—Maggie Thatcher at the height of the Rioting

Finally, what happened to the kids after the July days? A change has been noticed

CONVOY! Cont'd from P. 25

The uproar that followed this scuffle might well have befitting a minor insurrection, and it grew. During the night the convoy split into columns which sped across the darkened countryside with cops in hot pursuit, until an entire paddywagon containing 9 porkers unaccountably hit a patch of petroleum on the pavement, and spun into a ditch, disabling vehicle and occupants alike.

From newspaper accounts it was impossible to tell that, in fact, the Peace Convoy had nothing to do with the oil slick being there (and even helped the cops out of the ditch, offering them tea and calling an ambulance!)

Such was the panic created by these stories that when one busload, separated from the rest, was trying to get some sleep in a Cambridge parking lot, they found themselves rudely awakened, surrounded by police who, believing press accounts of shotguns and cross bows, came armed with rifles and backed up by snipers.

Yet at the convoy's destination, the East Anglian Free festival, the cops were quite friendly, having heard via their own independent grapevine how their colleagues in blue had been helped out of the ditch, rather than into it, by the Peace Convoy.

At the new encampment on riverside common land outside Norwich, local inhabitants interviewed by the press by-and-large welcomed the festival and associated events like the street party held by town squatters despite the menacing stories in the news about the Convoy.

After East Anglia, some went on to Sizewell Nuclear Plant, others to the Psylocibin Celebration. Among the hard core, there was considerable sentiment to rendezvous again at the Greenham Rain-bow Camp in Fall. It's not over.

by a number of people. There definitely are more teenage nutcases to be seen wandering the streets wildeyed, brows furrowed, perhaps performing some mysterious hand-mime or just talking gibberish.

Sure, they were there before but the sound and fury and expectation left many more looking all washed up. Hopefully not for long. Conditions generally are just too bad for cynical careerism and a killing nihilism to even temporarily appear to get the upper hand. Anyone who lived through '68 and the decade or so of reflux afterwards knows how deadly that can be driving the more sincere to dispare and suicide.

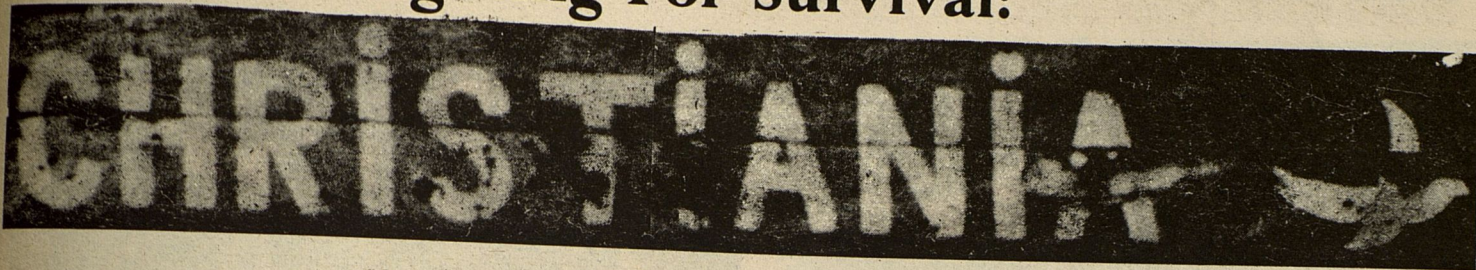
But the signs meanwhile are good. The brief experience of solidarity has survived defeat.

The influence of events like these is incalculable. They never are over and done with just like that. Two unemployed teenagers—Sean and Raffy, topped themselves in Widnes on the banks of the Mersey. Condemned on telly as hooligans by their ex-headmaster they were avenged by their mates who torched part of the Head's shitty school.

And there's plenty more where that came from.

Edited extracts from "Like a Summer With a Thousand July's," an anonymous analysis of the U.K. riots published in 1982, available from BM BLOB, London WC1N3XX, U.K. (£5 including airtight).

Freedom Fighting For Survival:



If you feel like leaving the European Market during your visit in Copenhagen, you don't have to go to Sweden. Just take bus number 8 to the free town of Christiania—for more than 10 years a warm, living, colorful oasis in Copenhagen.

To the Danish authorities Christiania is not a "free town." It's simply a number of buildings being illegally occupied by a bunch of filthy, hash-smoking dropouts. To the people in power Christiania is a problem.

But to a lot of other people, Christiania is not a problem—it's a solution.

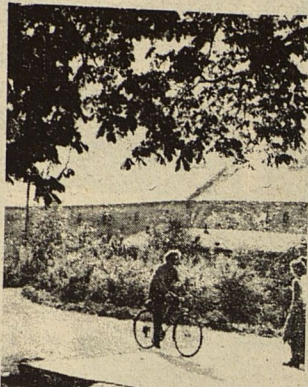
For more than 10 years it has been the home of about 1000 human inhabitants, an unknown number of dogs—and one bear! And for thousands and thousands of other people, it has been a center of cultural activities and new ways of thinking and living.

It still is—despite all the efforts the government, the city council and the police have made to smash it.

Emigrate With Bus No. 8

Christiania was born on Sept. 26, 1971 at 12:08:30 P.M.!

At that very moment a group of five penetrated the fortifications of Badsmannstraede, which the army had left a few



days before. They came from the weekly paper "Hovedbladet," ancestor to the paper you are reading now. (Copenhagen)

—I'm not sure why we went there, but when we saw the area we said: "Wow! What a fantastic place. It should be used for something better and not just be deserted," the editor, Jacob Ludvigsen, recalls.

authorities found out what was going on. And by that time it was too late for them to do anything about it.

Christiania was born. And on Sept. 26th, this year at 12:08:30 P.M., it will celebrate its 11th anniversary.

Mighty Enemies, Many Friends

Christiania has been forced to fight for its survival. Its enemies are mighty, but its friends are many. Until now the authorities haven't had the courage to throw the inhabitants out. They fear it will lead to riots all over Copenhagen—and they are probably right!

The latest demand of closing down Christiania doesn't come from Denmark but from the governments of the other Scandinavian countries.

"Christiania is the center of drug dealing in Scandinavia. Christiania is ruining our youngsters," they claim.

The accusations are pure nonsense.

True, Christiania had a huge narcotic problem a couple of years ago. Hard drugs threatened to destroy the free town from inside.

But this problem has been solved. Not by the police, not by the social authorities, but by the inhabitants of Christiania

A new organisation grew out of the operation, which is now treating junkies all over the country.

Cultivate the Savage Flower

As always, Christiania's future is uncertain this summer.

In order to solve the Christiania problem the government asked a group of architects to suggest a possible model for Christiania's future existence—or non-existence.

The architects agreed that Christiania should continue as "a social experiment." But on certain conditions.



Only the most vital parts of the free town should survive. The big hash market should be closed, and some of the existing activities should make room for "public facilities" for the benefit of the rest of the population.

In other words: The savage flower must be cultivated.

It's doubtful whether their advice will ever be turned into reality. It doesn't satisfy "the hawks," who want Christiania wiped out. One of them is the Lord Mayor of Copenhagen. He wants to build new, expensive houses in the area.

And the model certainly doesn't satisfy inhabitants of Christiania and their many friends. They fear that "the cultivation" of Christiania will mean its silent death, and they are more or less convinced that that's what will happen.

Not Heaven On Earth

The demand for a "nicer" Christiania is found in some harsh realities.

Christiania is not heaven on earth. As all societies, Christiania has its social problems. The inhabitants just want to solve them in their own way.

They have proved that they are able to. During the years, every crisis has been conquered.

In a three minute nationwide feature by the American CBS—on the free town's 10th anniversary—Christiania was called "The last existing hippieculture in the world."

Well...Christiania can't be defined or explained that easily. Christiania must be seen.

See it!



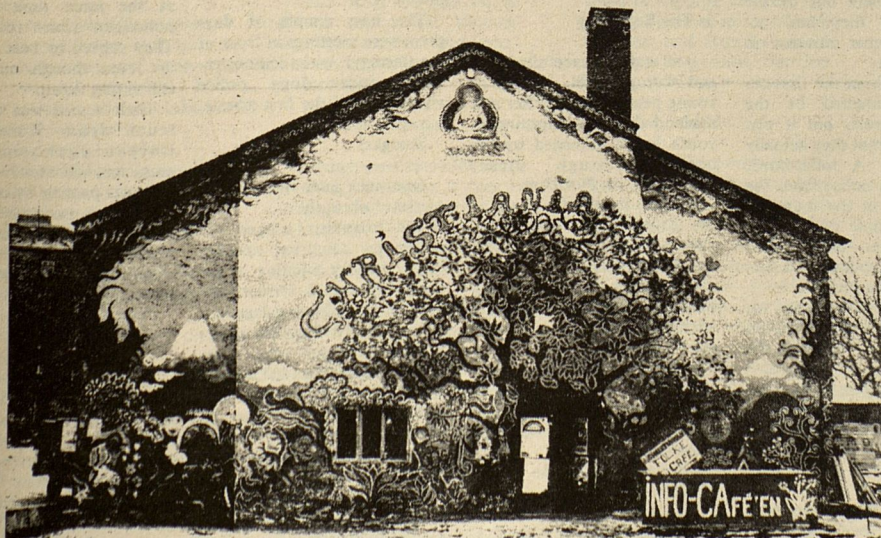
He went back to the paper and wrote a feature about the "liberation of the fortification." And in a leading article, the paper said: "Emigrate with bus number 8. Create a new town. A free town. Call it Christiania."

And people did. Each day new people moved in and settled down. Three weeks went by before the media and the

themselves.

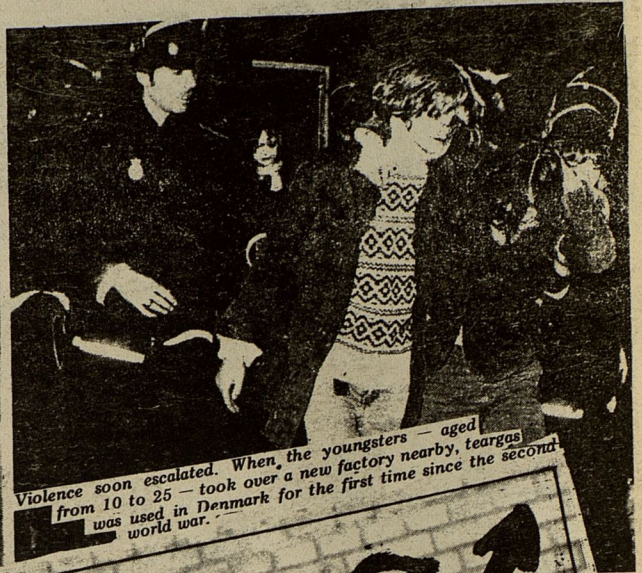
For a long period they isolated the junkies and kept the junk pushers out of the area. The operation was highly successful.

Today, Christiania is the only part of Copenhagen totally free from junk. A fact even one of the free town's worst enemies, the police director, admits to.





It all started with the occupation of a former breadfactory in Nørrebro. The young activists dreamed about turning the place into the biggest, most independent youth-center in Europe. It was such a nice place
(Foto: Alfa Foto)



Violence soon escalated. When the youngsters — aged from 10 to 25 — took over a new factory nearby, teargas was used in Denmark for the first time since the second world war.

**WE'RE FIGHTING FOR
A PLACE TO BE**



During the last year the "BZ-brigade" has shocked the Danish establishment several times. Squatting empty houses is their method—their demands are places to live and an autonomous Youth-center:

A house for young people to meet, run by themselves.



Later, following a big demonstration on the Town Hall Square, a former museum on Vesterbrogade was taken by the young people. A heavy fight with police started, to the rest of the country, the amount of violence involved came as a shock.

On March 7th Denmark was turned upside down. Television, radio and the newspapers were filled with stories of violent, riot-like fights between the police and a large number of angry young people in Copenhagen.

In a matter of hours the name "BZ-brigade" was known all over the country. To the ordinary Dane the degree of violence involved in the episodes was incredible—until then only known from such far-away places as Amsterdam, Brixton or Berlin.

After several hours of heavy fighting the police threw the brigade members out of the house which they had occupied—a former museum on Vesterbrogade.

It was far from the first occupation conducted by the young brigadeers, but it was the first time that they actually fought back. A toilet-bowl, thrown at the police from the second floor in the museum, became the topic of the next day's headlines—and a clear sign that the young brigadists do in fact mean business.

The toilet-bowl seemed to have an astonishing effect on the negotiations between the brigade and the city council.

—The young people can have a house if they will promise us peace, the Lord Mayor Egon Weidekamp—the brigade's main enemy—told the newspapers.

He offered the youngsters a large, former music-house on

Nørrebro—but on conditions that the youngsters were not too happy to accept. He refused to accept the ways in which the young people wanted to run the youth-center—and so far the young people still have to occupy houses to find a place to stay.

—The authorities are in fact trying to buy us. They promise us a house and they hope that the fear of loosing that one chance will make us behave ourselves. But it will not. We still haven't got a decent place to live. Until we have we keep on fighting, said Wilfred from the brigade.

In The Beginning

It all started peacefully in the end of August 1981. A group of young people got together and demanded a Ungdomshus (a youth house managed by the users, through direct democracy) on Nørrebro.

A place to stay for those of the Copenhagen youth who have nowhere else to stay but the street corners.

—A place for us to meet without interference from adults. A place where we can grow together.

—Where we can start workshops, play music and theater...and where we can sleep, if need be, explained Jens from the "Initiv-gruppen"—the coordination group at that time.

The house they had chosen was "Rutana" on Nørrebro. A

former bread factory that had been empty for some time—and a place for which there were no exact plans anywhere in the city bureaucracy. The young people into the largest youth center in Europa!

They started out in a democratic way. Raising money, talking to people living in the area and negotiating with the municipal politicians.

Without the slightest result.

Then one Thursday evening in October the "initiv-gruppen" squatted the factory.

It took but two hours before they were thrown out by the police.

The next couple of days there were meetings in front of the factory, with demonstrations, police dogs, police violence—and the first arrests.

Teargas!

One week later the violence escalated abruptly.

The brigadists tricked the police by squatting another empty factory building in the neighborhood—a former rubber factory in Heimdalsgade.

The reaction from the police was more violent than ever before. The barricaded factory was shelled with teargas. This was the first time teargas had been used against demonstrators in Denmark since the 1930's.

The approximately 100 youngsters in the building—aged from 10 to 25—were taken

off guard by the teargas.

The police had provided no exits from the barricaded house that was soon filled with teargas. The squatters were hanging out of the windows, gasping for breath while gasmasked policemen (who in the meantime had forced their way through the barricades) were beating them up

—It was horrible. They were so brutal, one shocked and crying 12 year old girl related afterwards.

—Forty of us sat on the floor on the ground floor when the teargas came. Some of us rose to get to the windows, but at the same time the first policemen came rushing in. They started to beat everyone up, even though many were still sitting down.

Their rescue was a ladder-truck from Kobenhavns Belysningsvoesen—the municipal electricity company that was passing by coincidentally. It was used to help get the youngsters out—many of whom had already started to crawl down the walls of the building.

Hate

In the following days the police were harshly criticized in the leftwing and liberal sections of the press—while the conservative press found that the young squatters "had got what they deserved." The critics were outraged by the gassing of children—and by



The squattings continue. Many houses in the area Nørrebro are now inhabited by the young activists. Some occupations are conducted in cooperation with retired elders from the area. (Foto: Søren Svendsen/5 C)



Prepared

(Foto: Alfa Foto)

part of town with a lot of crime, violence and drugs. Gangs of ruffians were terrorizing the house and they made it impossible for the young activists to make things work.

—They are totally maladjusted. Either they ask you to shut up or they beat you up when you ask them to behave themselves. They are destroying everything—they turn everything into a mess as soon as we have cleaned up a room, to try to make it homelike, complained John—one of the very last activists in the convent.

The drug addicts from the neighborhood were another big problem. They also saw the house as a place to stay and soon they presented problems that the young activists had no way of solving.

After four months in the squatted house, the brigadists had to give up. There was a steadily decreasing number of activists and at a meeting on February 14th the "Initivgruppen" dissolved itself.

The very next day the police removed the last 20 disillusioned activists from the house.

—I feel nothing at all about being thrown out. There was not a single thing functioning in there anywhere, said John as he was thrown out.

Ready For Action Again

To the activists the clearing of the Abel Cathrine convent was a signal to start again. The squatters, of whom a lot had left the convent months before, were now ready for action again. Out of the ruins of the dissolved "Initivgruppen" the BZ-brigaden (the occupation brigade) was born.

The very next day they took over a new house. It was a former residence of a professor at Rigshospitalet—the central state hospital.

During the fighting that followed, the first serious injuries occurred. One of the young girls—Mette—was severely hurt. Fleeing from the police she jumped out of a first-floor window and hitting the ground she injured her back and broke a leg.

—“When the police swarmed in the door to the roof, I got scared. I crawled out onto the

cornice to get away. The police held me, shouting that I should not jump. But I wanted to jump—I was so scared. ‘Then do it now,’ they said—and let go,” Mette explained two days later from her hospital bed.

This episode strengthened the antagonism between the BZ-brigade and the police. And then, two weeks later, the squatting of Mekanisk Musikmuseum, a former museum on Vesterbro, became a reality as mentioned in the beginning of this article. One hundred and forty-seven people were arrested (the youngest only 13 years old) and six got prison sentences for “violence towards an officer on duty.”

With all Denmark as astonished spectators in front of the television screens, the youngsters fought desperately against the superior force—and lost.

What Is There To Lose

The discussions flared up and negotiations between the brigade and the authorities began at last. But meanwhile the squattings continue. Some squattings are violent—while others are happy and peaceful.

In May the youngsters squatted a house—threatened by demolition—in cooperation with Nørrebro Pensionistgruppe—an old-age pensioners association.

The police came—and were warmly welcomed with homemade cake!

—As long as the youngsters do not use violent methods we can cooperate. Our goals are just about the same, said one of the pensioners during the squatting.

The idea of squatting empty houses is spreading in Central Copenhagen. Today there are hundreds of people living in squatted houses in the city.

And BZ-brigaden is still fighting. In their book “Ungdomshus nu” they explain to the politicians:

—We have tried to create something within your society. We did not get anything out of that. Therefore we are now trying to create something on our own. Some say that we will not succeed. That we will be destroyed. That we will lose. We can just smile...what have we got to lose?

the lack of will to negotiate with the youngsters.

Amongst the brigadists hate began to grow. While most of them still wanted the squatting to be as peaceful as possible others started talking of resistance against the obviously violent police force.

In an interview conducted just after the gassing, two of the youngsters discussed “Violent contra peaceful methods.”

—The next time I’ll just run amok. They’d better lock me up or something will happen—it was just too much. I tell you—we are going to take over some houses now.

—This is really the start.

—But it will do us no good to get too cross, that will just make the police escalate...

—Yes, but as it is now they can always throw us out.

—But they can’t cover all the factories in Copenhagen and all the empty houses.

—We ought to push a bomb...

—No, no we shouldn’t!

Well, this morning before the police attacked we had a meeting inside the factory where we discussed what we should do when they attacked. Some wanted to push the policemen out, some would just sit down and sing—and

then some wanted to fight with ironbars, to make molotov cocktails...and to be extremely violent. But that was just a few...

—We got to use peaceful methods...

—Yes, but how many black marks and fractured skulls have we got—it’s time we go wild. The next time we must have 200 gasmasks and hand grenades.

—No, what we will do is take a house—get thrown out—take another and continue until the authorities finally understand...

The Convent

Five days later came the next squatting. This time it was a former convent in Abel Cathrinesgade that was squatted. And things were going better this time.

—Det er bare souden—this is the cream. We have fooled the cops for the second time. Now we have got ourselves a house, shouted the activists in the barricaded convent.

All windows and doors were barricaded and prepared for teargas attack. The only way in was up a ladder and through a window.

Inside everybody was discussing whether or not the

police would attack. It being only a few days before a borough election, the social democrat Lord Mayor Egon Weidekamp might choose to wait to send the police in until after the election.

I don’t know whether or not the police are coming. Maybe. But we might as well be expecting them. That is the cleverest thing to do. Otherwise we will get lazy and then they will just catch us napping one day. We have to keep our spirits high all the time, said Henrik—one of the squatters during the first days in the former convent.

Inside

But the police never attacked the house. For the next four months a few police officers merely kept an eye on the house everyday—just to keep the squatters anxious.

Inside internal problems started to show up. The former convent wasn’t actually the right house for a youth center. The house was too small and separated into a lot of small rooms. The squatters were unable to convert the house into what they really wanted.

Apathy Grows

The house is also situated in the wrong part of town—in a

BELIZE

part II

By J.G. and Fidelito

In the last issue we described our journey through fascist Guatemala, and particularly the assassination of a ranch owner and his manager.

Several politically astute readers commented that they had no empathy for the deceased because they were landowners, and probably part of the problem. It was also noted that the ranchers also had political connections to get a local military officer removed.

Our first response is that this ranch, while large, is not fancy in any way. The house is wood, with no electricity and no running water. The widow of the slain rancher works the ranch herself with her six helpers.

The second thing to think about is that if the army would kill such people merely for refusing to sell to local Guatemalans who are fronting for Texaco oil interests in the area, imagine what they do to ordinary workers and farmers. *Anyone* who opposes this kind of absolute rule over a populace is in danger: even presidents are overthrown, as happened to President Garcia in a recent coup.

But now let us tell you about the happenings in Belize—politically and head-wise. First of all, some background about this former British colony, which received its independence on Sept. 21, 1981.

Belize is physically part of Central America, bounded on the north by the Yucatan Peninsula of Mexico; nearby to the south is Honduras—and unfriendly Guatemala lurks to the west. Culturally, Belize is an anomaly—English and Creole (a mixture of Spanish, Mayan and English) are spoken, not Spanish; the people are mostly African, with some Mennonites (German farmers living a 19th-century life) and a few Indians, Chinese, and Lebanese—while others in Central America are mostly Indian and Latin.

However, on government documents, tourist posters, and local Belikan beer labels, the words "Central America" stand out. The symbol for the country is a Mayan pyramid at the ruins of Altun-Ha. Even the beer (light or dark, and both excellent) carries the symbol.

There are other paradoxes and contradictions. While it was a colony called British Honduras, Belize had been claimed by Guatemala under a weird doctrine called *uti possidetis*, which was used by Argentina in its attempt to take over the Falkland Islands, also a British possession. Guatemala does not recognize the independence of Belize, and still includes it in national maps.

As we crossed the border from Belize to Guatemala, we noticed two signs: "Belize for the Belizeans" on one side, and "Belize es Guatemala" on the other. There was no problem in entering either country from either side. (Tourist tip: The rode west from Belize City, across the border, and to the Mayan ruins at Tikal, is open, but at times may be closed if the border dispute heats up.) On Central American maps you might also see the words "In Litigio" across Belize, linking its territory to Guatemala.

This has been the trend for several years—that is, the recognition of Guatemala's claim to Belize by Latin American countries. The U.S. is also guilty of supporting this assertion. By 1980, this trend was reversed due to intense lobbying by Belize.

The *New York Times Magazine*, in a first anniversary article for Belizean in-

dependence, says that the annual United Nations General Assembly vote supporting Belize's sovereignty in 1980 was 139 to zero, with Guatemala walking out and the U.S. abstaining. Highly successful lobbying, one would say!

Why is Guatemala so interested in Belize? Guatemala does not have much access to the Atlantic Ocean, which is important to Guatemala as an economic path to Europe. The greed for oil also enters the picture: There are reports of offshore oil deposits in the Atlantic. Actually, it is poor Belize that could use the oil, since there is almost none that is usable under its surface. Guatemala and Mexico seem to have been more fortunate.

How do Belizeans react to Guatemalans? While on a local bus from Chetumal, Mexico, south to Belize City, we passed several British army trucks loaded with British soldiers in a hurry. We asked the people where they were going. The response was: to hunt for Guatemalans reported in the area.

What would happen to those caught? They would be killed—everyone laughed. We took this as strange from such a seemingly peaceful type of people. Sure enough, there is a prison, two blocks from the U.S. consulate in Belize City, where Guatemalans are held. We don't know, nor would anyone prove to us, if they are actually executed.

According to some Haitian groups in Brooklyn, Belize is also being used to imprison 3,000 Haitian refugees from the U.S. The reason given is to preserve the racial balance of Belize, which is having a "large" immigration of Indians and Latins. The U.S. government is no doubt behind this scheme as a plan to deny Haitians political asylum. The influx is probably a result of the governmental killings in other nearby countries such as El Salvador and Guatemala.

How serious is Guatemala's claim to Belize? We are sure that Guatemala wants Belize, but how far it will go to get it is dubious. The British keep almost 2,000 troops there to prevent a takeover, or so the British say. This could also be a way of giving independence but keeping control by using an exaggerated external threat as an excuse—which sounds similar to the situation in Northern Ireland.

Our own feeling on this is that Guatemala is so busy annihilating its own people (especially native and natural peoples) that it cannot seriously undertake an invasion of any sort. The salvation to all this is that the people of Guatemala will win against the murderers in their own government and leave Belize alone. As one Belizean put it, "Guatemala is just making a lot of noise."

Besides troops, Britain has two other holds on Belize: food supply and the new government. Obviously, in a poor and depressed country, the availability of food is extremely important. The British never encouraged the people to grow their own. Instead, food was—and is—imported from British Commonwealth countries. Only the Mennonites are engaged in agriculture, and very little fresh local produce and flesh is available in the market. Almost all food comes in cans from overseas, even the rice and beans that are served with most meals.

Before we expose the new "independent" government's plans, let's get into a crop that is home grown—the weed. Ah, a major reason to go to Belize (besides its having the world's second largest barrier reef for snorkling and scuba diving)! Many guidebooks claim that the people themselves are reason enough to visit. True, but the bonus after the traveling hassles is the pot.

There is plenty of it; it is cheap and more than decent in quality. Dealers openly conduct business in the street, but do not expose their wares as in New York. The constant aroma, the strains of reggae and Motown, and the melodious sounds of Creole abound. People are pleasant and friendly, as you would expect in a semi-tropical environment.

Immediately upon getting off the bus from Chetumal, we were approached by "steerers" from Han's Guest House, which some books advise to stay clear of because of thefts. We did not get rooms there because of its set-up, rather than because of the stories we had heard. We did, however, become friendly with the fellows who work and hang around there.

As in all drug business, there are hard sellers and soft sellers. We stayed with the soft kind—to our pleasurable advantage. Ounces went for 20 Belizean dollars. (One U.S. dollar equals two Belizean.) We were told that pounds would be 100 dollars Belizean, or \$50 U.S. At first we bought a quarter-ounce, for which ten dollars Belizean was asked. We only had a 5-dollar Belizean note. It was accepted without any further bargaining. Nice people. They just reach into a bag and use their eyes and hands to measure quantities. Generous people.

The smoke itself has seeds, small cut buds, large in volume and an up head. Even with the oppressive heat, you did not feel like sleeping or sitting. "Action smoke" is a prime description of its utmost quality.

The cops are all Black, carry only a nightstick concealed in their pants-leg pocket, have no guns (in the British tradition), and are generally well-respected. They also do not harass nor hassle anyone smoking or dealing, although we did not see anyone doing these things in front of them. There is a kind of mutual respect: Don't bother us and we won't bother you.

Two examples stand out in our memory. The first is the blocking of a walkway onto the centrally-located Swing Bridge by us and some street hustlers while negotiating a deal. The cop asked us to move, since we were in the people's way. Everyone did so, commenting to the cop that he was right. Mind you—this, all in crisp, formal English: very polite.

Much of Black street culture in Belize is the same as in the U.S. Three-card monte is popular yet illegal in Belize. We were watching some players hustle a crowd in front of a court house. A motorcycle cop came by and the game broke up as quickly as it had started. Neither cop nor player abused each other.

Independence probably will increase the growing and selling of pot. We were unable to find out about export opportunities, but we're sure the market is there. The pot definitely is.

Independence has brought a change in the political climate concerning the government and the people. George Price has been the Prime Minister of Belize for several years. His role now is that of an interim acting president. Elections are to be held in 1984, open to all. There is a bicameral legislature bound to the electoral process.

There is fear, however, that this seemingly democratic method will actually give rise to a dictatorship of the old guard who ran Belize for the English. It is they who are in control now, and it is they who will set up and supervise the "free" elections in '84.



There is already a beginning of this evil. When we were there in August, 1981, a certain minister's house was bombed for the sixth time, giving cause for a special edition of the weekly *Belizean Times*.

The police issue permits for political meetings. The start and end of the meeting is stated on the permit. However, the police have the "legal right" to end any meeting earlier, if they wish, and clear the place.

The problem underlying all this is the jockeying for power among the various political parties. The ruling party is George Price's People's United Party, which has been in power since even before independence—as far back as the early '50's. He is part African, Mayan, Mexican (?), and Scottish, and all Catholic.

The opposing party is the United Democratic Party, which is usually routed early from its meetings by the police. While Creoles make up most of this party, they are an educated lot, and prefer to be connected with the British Caribbean. They are against Price's plan to make Belize a Central American country. There was no

way at the time, and even now, to assess the true politics of each party with respect to the effect on the people of Belize.

Belize will undergo many changes in its population makeup and in its economic ties. There is one party that caught our eye, and which we hope is doomed as more changes come about. This is the U.S. Belizean party. Its members want Belize to be part of the U.S., like Puerto Rico. We're sure there are advantages that will fill Swiss bank accounts for this party's adherents. We'd rather fill our heads with the smoke from a spliff.

MORE GROWING AND HARVESTING TIPS



Shine on, Shine on harvest moon... a little while.

I ain't had no lovin

since January, February, June or July.

If you planted pot plants or seeds outdoors or inside, in the ground or in pots, in a greenhouse or mainstreamed with the native flora and fauna, eventually you need to think about harvest. There are many aspects of harvesting in each of these situations. Each grower must tailor his harvest to his situation.

Harvest can best be regulated in a greenhouse. Heating, cooling, humidity and water can be almost exactly what you plan. During vegetative growth (pre-flowering) you might be fertilizing with high nitrate fertilizers to build a large scaffold on which to pop buds. Humidity might be kept high to encourage a larger, lush-er foliage plant.

However, at onset of flowering, initiated either naturally—by short days in the fall—or artificially—by reducing day length with light-impervious blankets—you will want to reduce humidity. Humidity may be reduced by watering a little less, not spraying down the walkways. It's better to use dehumidifiers, since natural humid conditions outside the house may outweigh any cutbacks you make. Dehumidifiers are available in all sizes and kinds. Check to make sure yours will do the job for the area you want to dehumidify. Flowers developing in low humidity have thinner leaves, and seem to produce more psychoactive protective resin to protect the seeding process. If you've removed all the males and there is no trace of local weed to cross-pollinate a bit, you may consider bringing in some males and doing some cross-pollination in cloth bags wrapped around lower limbs of selected females. This keeps the females female, reduces incidence of male buds forming on female plants, and gives you some vigorous hybrids for next year. Try pollinating Thai females with Afghan males, Mexican with Thai, Afghan females with Thai and all the combinations you can consider. Mark each bagged limb with the cross-types, and next year you might find an effective tasting Thai plant producing with Afghan speed instead of its more leisure pace.

Since all plants, even within varieties, do not flower at the same instant or even week, you should divide your house into vegetative and flower-forcing areas. The vegetative stages would not receive the special low humidity and high-phosphorus fertilizer supplements flowers like.

Outside, it may be difficult to keep ground temperatures, and eventually air temperatures, high enough. Plants take up phosphorus in cold soils poorly, so give a plant a high phosphorus fertilizer (perhaps even superphosphate) and it will take what it needs, with no more than its flower organs require to produce healthy plants. If your plants are on a hill, they will usual-

ly be alive longer than those in valleys. Putting poly on the ground can warm soils, but may not be worth it unless winter is coming too soon. Plants can be dug up and they will still produce nice buds, but watch bringing plants from outside in; they are usually infested with spider mites and soil-borne diseases. If the greenhouse has been fairly sterile or pasteurized, these pests would have a field day and force some kind of spraying. Outside, with some watering, plants can usually slough off most insect pests. During the weeks before flowering is completely mature, less water can harden buds, make them a bit more intense. Even though genetics is the main influence on strength, these hints can still affect potency.

After you've decreased watering plants flowering outdoors, you need to make sure you can pick them *a*) when their peak potency is achieved, *b*) before frost damages or kills the plant, and *c*) individually (on individual plants), keeping types separate. A mistaken practice is to harvest all plants on a single day, even though many take longer to complete their flowering process. If at all possible, establish a triage similar to the kind doctors use in the battlefield. Separate your plants into those that will make it by frost, those that won't, and those who might make it if soil is warmed, frost holds off a bit. Dig up the plants that obviously won't make it. They can be brought into makeshift greenhouses, growlight areas, inside someplace. A longer-season plant such as Thai will not come close to its peak unless brought in temperate zones. If you can't bring any plants in (Dig them and place them in plastic bags, dirt clump and all.), then wait as long as possible for the buds to develop—even through a couple of frosts, since sometimes they will live this way. An old tomato trick practiced in many parts of the country is to prune half the roots off a plant, severing them below the soil line with a deft spade. This hastens ripening. With pot it just might speed maturation somewhat also.

Some golds and reds are caused by a combination of this root pruning and even traumatizing the plant stem (insertion of a nail or other mechanical damage). They were high-grade plants to begin with, but their color may be due to a combination of early imposed senescence of the plant body, which speeds the translocation of the material needed to produce dynamic buds. It would do little good to turn a low-grade strain red or gold; this would certainly not make it a high grade. The effect is aesthetic, but only desirable from a consumer point of view if done to high-grade plants. Bending a plant's top until it barely hangs on is another gold-producing technique.

If you have taken cuttings through the summer, perhaps now is the time to note which plants have produced the best. Save these cuttings for breeding and future production; pitch the low grades away. Test each strain for taste, appearance, color, or any quality you normally look for. Does it make you forget how to spell? Does it make you forget your name? Does it have the oily, concentrated touch and taste which swells in the lungs? Does it have a smooth or harsh taste? If smooth, is the smoke still strong? If harsh, is the smoke strong enough to make you quite high? Sometimes a real good plant can be saved after the buds are clipped off; try it.

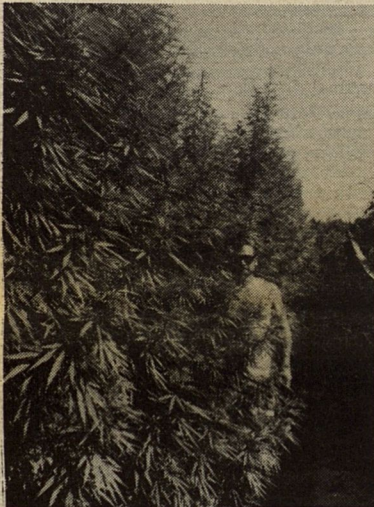
Removing male plants of local strains from an area two miles around your plants is a good idea. There will still be some cross-pollination from wind, but few seeds will be produced this way. These seeds will usually be inferior, but their presence in the local community will improve the ditch weed's punch. Throw them into the ditch. Usually the top buds mature before some of the bottom buds. You may want to clip these first and give the lower portion time. An extra week or so on the plant will make up some bulk and quality.

Curing with carbon dioxide allegedly has the capability of turning some existing cannabinoids to THC. Try exposing some of the buds to CO₂ from dry ice if you like. I recall getting high off some locally-grown Colombian after it was treated with dry ice, but then, after it was placed in bags outside to change the color, it was ruined. Don't try to change the color after it is off the plant. Bending or partially severing a stem can make it gold. Wait until the plant definitely has strong buds, since traumatiz-

ing them too early can interfere with bud production.

Do not cure the herb in the sun. Place it in a warm, dry and dark location, at least not in direct sunlight. You might try trimming the excess leaf, sun leaves and bud leaves, before laying the buds down to dry. This type of manicuring can be done on the plant also to hasten curing. Light can trigger reactions on freshly cut buds that, while futile for the poor dislocated bud, are quite effective at reducing the potency of the bud. It might be trying to grow leaves and roots, doing some preliminary chemical work to that end. This is not the process we want. We want to sever that bud with a clean, sharp pruning shear or scissor or knife, at its peak, and leave it like that, with no confusing light to hinder its preservation process. If the room is of high humidity, better lower the humidity with dehumidifiers or heaters. Otherwise, the stuff will mold easily, also changing the peak chemical structures we want to preserve. By all means do not cure indiscriminately, buds piled high. Spontaneous combustion can cause the drying shed or stash house to burn down when this large pile of composting pot begins to cook. Or it gets sour, rank, foul to the taste. The Colombian growers seem to compost all their product now, in large piles cooking in the sun. It's a wonder it's as good as it is, which is questionable at best.

Buds are at peak when the points are still white, barely beginning to turn red. When they turn red, and swell the fake seed-pod, they have lessened in intensity. They are not mature; they are senile.



If your plantation is on land other than your own, or if your own is sufficiently open to public inspection to warrant—well, warrants if the wrong public inspects your operation during picking—make sure *a*) you aren't being watched, *b*) you can't be watched (or heard), and *c*) even if you are watched, discovered, or somewhat ran-onto, that you can get away. Standard criminal practice is to wear gloves. If you are carrying tools with your fingerprints or name on them, make sure you are prepared to take them on any sudden flight. If you have a vehicle to transport the stuff, have someone deliver the vehicle to the location after all picking is done, leaving you to run to other contingent meeting places. Don't surrender unless you hear you are about to be shot, since all presence of that green, red and gold cannabis on your jeans and hands is good evidence for most judges, sheriffs, juries. Don't stash the bags and walk up to the local posse expecting them to let you slide when you are covered head-to-toe with cannabis. Hide until they leave, if you have to. And realize that sometimes you can see helicopters that aren't there, cars that aren't really parked watching you, and like paranoia. If, after running headlong through the woods, perhaps adrenaline-rushing and fantastically doomsensated paranoia stimulated your kneescrapping, ankle-twisting jog through the tall weeds. Plan your escape routes. This will keep you on your toes.

If your driver arrives and either splits with the bags of cannabis or lets you split with it safely in his trunk, and you are pulled over later, don't act scared or give any kind of probable cause for a search. Chances are they figure you are country-



drinking, and if you've changed clothes or taken off the old ones down to shorts, get out of the car and explain yourselves as innocent lost citizens. ("Which way to Goshen, buddy?; we turned off route 66 so long ago I'm sure we can't find it in the daytime, let alone at night...") So, get your stories straight, keep your escape routes routed, your percentages calculated. Quiet work late at night can usually foil most routine police surveillance, and a stake-out should be fairly obvious.

After all of this, you've got the stuff out of the field, to a safe-house. It may be great; it may be not-so-great. Use your experience to improve your growing skills. Don't despair. The failures you had this year might have saved you from legal hassles.



DOC HUMES Cont'd from Page 15

Doc: ... They're all elites and they sooner or later have to justify their status.

That's the problem: the elites must recognize responsibility or they can't claim elite status. The Romans forgot their duty and stopped taking care of libraries, etc. We wouldn't even have Aristotle if it weren't for the Arabic transcripts.

And once you've reached the age of instantaneous levels of communication you don't need those tightly closed elites in order to transmit learning. The possibility of communicating with fidelity, that's the important thing; I mean, serious information....I mean a book off the press in a couple of minutes that would have taken a whole monastery half a century to do.

Consider a Sunday when you got 20 million guys sitting in front of 20 million TV sets watching a football game. Gametime, they get the adrenaline up but they don't have anyplace to put it. They got the fight or flight reaction but no place to flee... so after a while they start getting an adrenaline crash. You can get speeded out on your own adrenaline. And get addicted for real...on your own adrenaline.

Guys who've seen a lot of combat can tell you about cases where there'd be one guy on the squad who would have to go off once a week and do something terribly dangerous just to get off, to get the tension off, to get the depression off.

The danger junkie syndrome. They alternate between serious depressions and committing some seriously dangerous act.

OT: So the tension is the storing away of those impulses in an inactive form...

Doc: This is also a nicotine culture. Very difficult to figure out precisely what nicotine does. I'm beginning to perceive what the pharmacological action of nicotine is and what the psychological ramifications are. It's got a lot to do with the anxiety associated with appetite. Nicotine's addictive effect is connected to the appetite.

OT: What is the basic charge that people raise against pot? It's a double-barrel charge. It's very subtle. One barrel is that pot slowly destroys your ability to differentiate or function at all. So you don't notice the "shocking" effect it's having. The other thing is that because it is so easy to quit smoking, marijuana smokers "stubbornly" refuse to admit they're "sick," and never quit.

Doc: That's related to the idea that unless it tastes bad it can't be good for you.

OT: The point I'm trying to make is past that. It has to do with the fact that it's possible to auto-program yourself to stop smoking pot.

Doc: If you use pot in high doses, you're going to get a stoned condition which after a few days is gonna feel—you get this kinda water logged effect—you notice that you smoke an awful lot of grass and you're really not getting much for it. If you keep the dosage level way down, so you don't get into that waterlog, you can smoke at a steady rate. Smoke small jays...

OT: Or smoke a bit of a Jay and put it out.

Doc: That's the best thing to do if you can bring yourself to do it. Some people can't because they have an oral gratification problem...

There's no question that you can quit nicotine easier with grass than without... People who've quit nicotine using the marijuana method have found that where they may have tried 10 or 15 times to do it without success, that the more carefully you do it—using grass as a general relaxant—the less likely you are to regress.

There's got to be a connection between the muscle relaxant effect and the observed effect. In other words, grass may be the best detoxicant we have. If you get your tension level down you're also less likely to get the virus in the first place.

There's a lot of experimentation with this stuff. I've spent years studying massage, and the more you get into it, the more interesting it gets. I've been studying cancers, and it isn't difficult to get them to regress. Some of them however get very sticky and I've found that it's possible to modulate the rate of growth by changing the number of breathing exercises that you do every day, by changing the number of cigarettes you smoke, changing the number of meals you eat. And there's no doubt about it: by modulating your diet you can go a long way to regressing and very probably complete cure. This is now being acknowledged by the medical profession itself. They've just apparently published a great paper on this. Cannabis is very strongly indicated in the same way...

People should be encouraged to grow cannabis this winter indoors even if they don't smoke it now. The rising pollution problem, microwave radiation... By improving our general level of health, you can tolerate that sort of thing 1000% better. A person... is much more vulnerable to pollution, radiation, that sort of thing if their senses are impaired...

Cannabis just may be the key to dealing with the pollution damage—and I'm talking about everything from retardation in children, all the way across the spectrum—cannabis may have a far wider application than anybody really knows...

OT: Tod Mikuriya calls it "the poor man's valium."

Doc: It goes way beyond that... I think it's the closest thing we've got to a genuine panacea. I think it probably is the ancient soma, the magically mystical thing that could cure just about anything, if you knew how to use it. And that last phrase is important... if you know how to use it, because it's taken me 20 years to learn how to smoke cannabis, it's taken me 20 years to figure out what happens next.

OT: It seems that the best way to do pot is to continually try to cut down on your consumption.

Doc: That seems to be good advice. I find that because of the peculiar combination curve with grass, the consumption goes up at the beginning, but as you get more experienced with it, it takes less and less to get to the same place. Your consumption falls off. Now, nearly every other psycho-active, including the narcotics, tends to go the other way; it tends to develop a larger appetite, you need more and more.

OT: Yeah, these people from Rolling Stone called us up, and they wanted to know why "people were quitting grass."

Doc: Because they're starting to get results!

They're starting to surface old childhood anxieties and they can't handle it, or they don't know that that's what it is. It's like encountering shadows on the wall...the first time you see shadows...

OT: Yeah, that's why you gotta bring the massage right along with the music and the marijuana.

Doc: Yeah, we call those shadow memories cause they really are like shadows of your original childhood. And they clear in gusts and you just gotta figure, well you have a moment that's a little bit scary, and it's gone. Sometimes you recall a memory—you were trapped in a tunnel when you were a kid, and it's astonishing how accurate...sometimes it's snapshot clear...and when that stuff starts to surface, that's when a lot of people say, oops, that makes me paranoid. It's not the grass that's making them paranoid. The grass is like a neurological latch...

Continued on next page

DOC HUMES ON ANXIETY

Cont'd from Page 33

Doc: It's hard to beat primo Thai.
OT: Well, Thai gives you that loggy feeling.
Doc: Not if you moderate the dosage.
OT: Or, if you smoke the sativa strains instead of the indica strains.
Doc: If you sometimes also use a pinch of tobacco...
OT: Yuck...
Doc: Just a pinch... I'm telling you, experiment. I'm not saying this as a steady thing... I'm talking way less than a third of a gram. But it is a vaso-constrictor and it does seem to offset the vaso-dilating effect of cannabis so that you don't get those baroom baroom rushes. It's interesting to experiment with different mixes of these various psycho-active herbs and see precisely how they relate to each other. Two drugs together will do a third thing that you wouldn't expect them to do at all.
OT: Well, some of the things that they tend to do aren't that pleasant.
Doc: Some of them aren't. But there's still that need to explore the different properties. You gotta be careful, you gotta make a record of your observations...people should keep journals.

It very clear to me, for instance, that there's a difference in say, mescaline, and psilocybin. Psilocybin is the gentler. The visual effects for psilocybin are just as strong as for mescaline, but it does seem to be smoother. There is a real need for classification. Serious pharmacologists should get involved with classifying these substances...

OT: How about those people of the American Council on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Substances who basically take the line that it's better for people to be junkies because then they can be controlled and treated, and that—since all potheads become junkies eventually—they should be locked up at once, to protect them from their own delusion that there's nothing wrong with them.

Doc: Well, there's a phenomenon in psychology called projection when the patient consciously or unconsciously projects images of itself onto another and very often the projection will go to the therapist. The anger will be directed at the one who is trying to bring healing. And a lot of the people that are taking this line are precisely the people who could most benefit from it. They're very characteristic: they're uptight people who can't let go.

OT: ...They're afraid that they'll dissolve into a sea of music, marijuana and massage?

Doc: Exactly. Because of the state of their minds and bodies.... Very often these are highly repressed people who flagellate themselves like the priests going through pornographic material looking for terrible examples to scare their parishioners into passing repressive laws...They don't see

that pornography, for example, is in itself a symptom. So in a sense they're victims of the disease I'm talking about. And they are exemplars of that characteristic feature that you see where the patient projects his neurosis on the world around him. And when they're saying it's better to become a junkie so you can be treated, they're saying it's better to put them in jail. They're giving up, they're saying there's no solution. They're saying they don't know how to detoxify 'em.

OT: Do you about that guy who was murdered at the Lincoln Detox Center?

Doc: I remember that case. I think there was a very strange series of things I heard. I was never able to figure it out.

OT: Apparently, it was an attempt to frame Bourne. Cause Bourne represented a tendency that was willing to consider decriminalization.

Doc: Yeah, I think Bourne was trying to do a gradualist number...

OT: But there was another faction, represented by Dogoloff, who turned out to be backed by the LaRouchies, and the LaRouchies were the other people who were suspected to have killed that guy.

Doc: Well, you can't jump to conclusions in those things... The problem with this whole kind of conclusionary thinking on things like that is that very often there may be 4, 5, or 6 levels of these clandestine dramas. Whenever you get clandestine organizations involved in something that breaks into the public print, chances are that the first 2 or 3 interpretations you can come up with will be just like peeling an onion. It's best to keep all possibilities in mind without ever coming up with a firm conclusion. That's the very nature of a clandestine organization: to seem to be something it's not.

Doc: The way I see it, all of those organizations that seem to be into quasi-intelligence activities who do everything from labor committees to hard core terrorism have some type of heavy CIA funding.

They're probably nothing more nor less than dramatic examples of the anxiety neurosis, the very anxiety neurosis that we're talking about. That in times of anxiety crisis people tend to clump up in pyramids and keep secrets. It's part of that hoarding tendency, to hoard food or hoard money, hoard information. That's really what they're doing.

OT: Fighting over mailing lists.

Doc: Yeah. Once they see it in those terms, you've got the beginning of an approach that they can accept. Cause most of those people are very hardboiled in their almost mechanical dedication to logic. If you can show them how something works, they will generally not only pay heed but contribute some observations of their own. But they very much like the nuts and bolts kind of thing. You really have to demonstrate

everything. There's a very heavy ingrained skepticism bordering on cynicism... Anxiety neurosis is the closest thing I've ever come across to the ancient concept of the devil. In terms of what it does to human beings, anxiety neurosis tends to bring out the very worst in you. If you had a bad day and something bothered you you'd go home and yell at your wife and kids and kick the door. If you didn't have anxiety neurosis you would just brush it off and go about your business.

To a certain extent you've got to make adjustments on a case by case basis. But generally speaking, you have diet, flotation, meditation, breathing motions, cannabis therapy, music therapy...there are many strategies to reduce tension in your body. You can use them singly or in combination. And in detox you use all of them.

OT: What you're saying is, the only thing you can do, before you get caught, is...

Doc: Is damage the oscillation...

OT: ...is completely withdraw your side...

Doc: Somebody has to ride with the punch in order to damp out the last oscillation. That's probably what the meaning of "Love thine enemies" was...the idea that by turning the other cheek you recoil out of the orbit...

OT: But how do you get out of the way?

Doc: You've got to duck and move fast.

OT: You've got to be stronger than them.

Doc: That's it, it's not a symbol of weakness

CFI '82 SUCCUMBS

Continued from P. 13

San Francisco, as a last gasp effort to revive the Initiative with fresh infusions of money and volunteers to be garnered from an ambitiously planned 3 day event July 4th week-end.

They might've paid more attention to the new headline treatment for smoke-ins, as revealed a few weeks earlier in San Jose: Move in right away: hit 'em with everything, bust the organizers—on drug charges if you can, if not, for roll-yer-own tobacco or spitting on the side walk.

Mayor Diane Feinstein is a smart businesswoman not given to repeating the errors of her predecessor, liberal George Moscone, who was assassinated by ex-Supervisor Dan White. White, a Roman Catholic ex-cop whose defense was that he did it to reverse San Francisco's moral decay, is due to get out of prison soon. He'll probably run for office again.

Citing a leaflet advertising "sex & drugs & rock 'n roll", Feinstein revoked the permit for Weedstock, legally obtained by Rock Against Racism, at the last minute. Despite all odds, the organizers resolved to go on with the event, as civil disobedience, with a guerilla sound-system if necessary.

Small and ill-publicized in comparison to past Frisco smoke-ins, Weedstock never drew more than 1,500 participants, who were no match for the cops. There was some free reefer. But the sound system was late, and inasmuch as CMI had lacked adequate legal representation to contest the permit revocation, when it arrived the cops promptly seized it, and arrested Stony Claus, again.

Petition Drive Suspended

No one can remember this happening in San Francisco. On July 19th CMI's main proponents, Berkeley psychiatrist Tod Mikuriya, M.D., and Mendocino District Attorney Joe Allen reluctantly wrote California Secty of State March Fong Eu, stating that they were "forced to suspend the current petition drive for the protection of participants, in view of the many serious violations of individual and group rights by local and state authorities."

Petition organizers pointed to some 35 felony charges against them, going back to last December. Even though virtually all (along with countless misdemeanors—7 in San Francisco alone) had resulted in dismissals, the constant harassment had the intended chilling effect of the ability of organizers to get a measure on the ballot which polls showed had a strong chance of passing.

Mikuriya and Allen asked the Secretary of state either for protection for CMI organizers, or some substitute means of access to the ballot.

But their request for a special investigation was refused by the Secretary's office, which suggested instead that CMI take its complaints to the internal affairs unit of the very police force they were complaining about.

A typical case would be the charges against "Stony Claus" Gebert for selling

to turn the other cheek.

...It's very hard for Americans, having a past history of some 2 or 3 hundred years, to understand what it means to live in an area that's had a continuous military history...one war after another for 6000 years.

OT: In his last two books, Philip K. Dick, one of the favorite Yippie science fiction writers, dealt mainly with this problem of overthrowing the status quo without becoming like it in turn.

Doc: That problem has to be one of the most significant problems.

OT: ...how to really abolish alienation...

Doc: Not to get hardened to the point that you lose some of your main objectives. One of the ways is to keep in mind what Che Guevara said about revolution being an act of love. That's a very important statement. It seems almost superficial in the first period but there's a lot more to that statement than revolution is an act of love in the sense that unless the revolution is performed by genuine love for the people, genuine compassion, it tends to ossify into a rigid, ritualized machinery. This has happened again and again.

But in the present day the fact that everything is becoming remarkably decentralized in such a short time, there is a genuine eagerness for revolution in the sense that people are taking more initiative...

OT: There are many leaders.

joint at Weedstock. Stony openly admits that he sold hundreds of joints for 50¢ at the Civic Center rally July 3rd. He was originally charged with a felony, had it reduced, to a misdemeanor, only to have it dismissed, finally, for lack of interest in the D.A.'s office. Said Stony: "If the D.A. is so afraid of a San Francisco jury that he won't prosecute me for openly selling joints, then I don't think I should be arrested, either."

In perhaps the most bizarre chapter in this already-bizarre-enough story, on August 10th, Pebbles was busted again, by two of the same narcs who raided her office in May, for possession of a jar of white powder, which was in fact vitamin C. The jar was in a car driven by CMI volunteer Thomas Andrews, who was taking Pebbles to Berkeley. He was charged suspicion of possessing PCP, and "destroying evidence" (He didn't have any PCP; therefore, he must of gotten rid of it somehow).

Stony Convicted, CMI Starts Over

Elements of the legal profession and the psychedelic community were at last galvanized. At the end of August, Pebbles and Stony went on trial, determined to prove that CMI was the victim to a thorough-going conspiracy to deprive the People of California of the right to vote marijuana prohibition up or down—a vote the New Right is almost certain they would lose.

Unfortunately the Judge was more interested in the narrow question of whether the defendants were guilty of LSD sales.

After a trial highlighted by the testimony of expert witness Dr. Michael Hollingshead, to the effect that the "designer acid" sold by Stony and Pebbles was indeed *not* LSD, the jury became deadlocked on the LSD charge, but convicted Stony of a marijuana sales charge.

The Judge, offended by Stony's statement at sentencing to the effect that he'd been tripping every day of the trial, remanded him to custody without bail.

That was the situation when the Yippie national conference convened in San Francisco the week-end of September 11. The session, which to some extent became a post mortem of the reasons for CMI's collapse, concluded with several simple recommendations for future California organizing.

The most important of these was creation of a permanent, direct-mail-based organization to provide a network for petition-gathering and a secure source of funds. And not dealing out of the office.

As we go to press, Southern California pot advocates are already pushing a new initiative for '84, and Dennis Peron and Fred Cash are preparing for a statewide CMI conference in San Francisco (for details, call 415-552-9629). Organizers are not taking this kind of harassment sitting down. At stake just may be the right to conduct any unpopular agitation whatsoever.



Lafayette Park, July 4, 1982

British Smoke-ins Cont'd from P. 26

definitely preferable to uncontrolled rampages through central London—not to mention mobs outside Buckingham Palace.

Another influencing factor may also have been the fact that 4 senior Drug Squad officers were at that very moment awaiting trial on embarrassing charges of 'recycling' over \$2 million worth of 'busted' hash.

In 1981, the involvement of other groups such as Polytronic (who provided the stage) made live music available for the first time. The main hassles came from Park authorities [who've been against live rock 'n roll in Hyde Park ever since the late '60's] instead of riot police. There were no more impromptu marches, however.

In addition there was the professed tendency among the Smokey's to concern themselves "not just with the legalization of cannabis, ... but the exploitation, by the imperialist powers of the Third World through the cannabis industry and the role of capital in that: the commercialisation of cannabis and the commercialisation of our culture; the use of the cannabis laws as a means of repression against the users, minority groups, the freak culture, Rastafarians, black people in general."

(International Cannabis Conference, Amsterdam, 1980)

All of this set the stage for this year's event in Brixton, where the Smokey Bear's belief in incorporating 3rd World tokers made a more community-oriented festival a natural. The police, calculating that they were deliberately being set up for a riot, which they would lose, stayed away.

With the LCC and other marijuana moderates less worried about associating their name publicly with the event, the coalition putting on the Brixton festival was able to gain unparalleled participation by many many more small pro-pot affinity groups than previous years.

Yet with the switch to Brixton, Picnic organizers also chose the option of avoiding conflict—same as the cops. After the move from the explicitly political context of Hyde Park to the Brixton ghetto, the Smokey Bears must now come to grips with the ghettoization of the marijuana movement in British political life. The Left has no more sympathy for it than the Social Democrats.

One thing is for certain. The Thatcher government is evidently non-plused by ability of the movement in effect to call a riot, on terms where the police will get their asses kicked, at a time and place where the government will have to back down.

In early August, local observers were startled by an announcement from the office of the Prime Minister herself, to the effect that Her Majesty's government is considering decriminalizing possession and use of small amounts of the killer weed in order de-escalate potential confrontations between police and populace.

Anything can happen here. At the end of July, a British Court seized, among others, the *Marijuana Growers' Guide* and *Fat Freddy's Cat* as obscene: i.e., "tending to corrupt, or deprave." *Fat Freddy's Cat!*

DEA Cont'd from P. 1

characterized the situation as "serious", and indictments, charges and counter-charges between various segments of the department, and a record of bungled and botched investigations are all rising at an incredible rate.

The Bureau had already been supervising DEA in effect; DEA Administrator Francis "Bud" Mullen is the former number two man to Webster at the FBI. He's been described by veteran DEA staffers as "a Boy Scout leader" type.

'Stonewalled' Donovan Investigators

Meanwhile, his nomination as DEA Chief has been held up since January while the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee investigates his part in the FBI's clearance of Raymond Donovan for Secretary of Labor. With bodies of potential witnesses against Donovan turning up all over New York and New Jersey, this is getting to be kind of embarrassing. While in charge of the initial FBI background check that is *de rigueur* for all Cabinet Level appointees, Bud Mullen dragged his feet on requests for more information, protecting Donovan by refusing to pass along to a Senate committee allegations against him.

Besides receiving concurrent jurisdiction with the DEA, the FBI shares its information, technology, and personnel with the DEA, and is free (and eager) to pursue drug cases on its own. The FBI is currently investigating over 700 drug cases independently of DEA and is working with the DEA on over 300 others. That's up from 12 before the merger. There are now more than 500 FBI agents working full-time on drug investigations, and on Oct. 2nd, Reagan announced the Justice Department's new program of drug task forces.

What began in February, 1982, when Smith convinced Reagan to establish a pilot task force in south Florida—a virtual paramilitary operation involving 300 agents, Defense Department spy satellites, Customs officials, the Coast Guard, the Navy, and the I.R.S., all under the command of Vice President Bush, who happens to be ex-head of the CIA—has come to the inescapable limit of all bureaucratic growth.

They've run out of money.

With the questions that are beginning to come out about heroin and PCP getting a "free ride" under Reagan, what with the DEA off on Caribbean cruises instead of attending to the icy, grimy business of busting armor-plated shooting galleries on Avenue C, maybe Congress will be watching this time to see how the money's spent.

HALLOWEED Cont'd from P. 2

York YIP approached its annual Washington Square Park Harvest Festival with some trepidation. But a check of the Park early Halloween afternoon found dozens of familiar faces already hanging around—evidence that word-of-mouth had, for once, really gotten around.

At 4:15 Yippies! began passing out joints at one end of the park while the sound cannon was smuggled in on the other side. As usual this was an outlaw Smoke-In with no permits, but the park was packed and police made no move. Tokers completely occupied the Fountain.

Everything was going great, until some jerk started throwing joints towards the sound cannon. Resourceful Yippies! handing out lit joints at the rear of the mob that had formed clamoring for the "loose joints" soon restored calm, but not before the sound cannon was trashed for the rest of the evening.

Acoustic musicians David Peel and Don Houston entertained the crowd, and speakers from the Yippies! and CAML explained the evening's plan over the bullhorn.

There had been rumors circulating all week about where the Yippies! might march to after the event. But as the joints continued to be lit, David Peel explained we weren't going anywhere. Sensing that the authorities would just as soon see pot people march off by themselves, we decided to stay in the park as a welcoming committee for the "Ninth Annual Greenwich Village Halloween Parade."

Sponsored by Community Board No. 3 (who also sponsored all that police brutality earlier in the summer), this Parade has grown into a Monster.

AMBUSHED Cont'd from P. 1

corner from the NIDA in Rockville, Md.

While keeping a lower profile than "grass roots" anti-marijuana pressure groups it has supported and guided (Ross Perot's Texas War on Drugs, the National Anti-Drug Coalition of Lyndon LaRouche, and so-on) the ACM has been funded by sources as respectable as IBM, the Marine Midland Bank, and the U.S. Govt.

Only last month, the ACM announced the appointment of Peter Bensinger, former head of the DEA under Carter, to their National Board.

Since its founding in 1978, though, the ACM has relied mainly on the largesse of commercial pharmaceutical firms such as Pfizer, Bristol-Meyers, SmithKlein Corp, et al. They are viewed in Washington as an unregistered lobby for the pharmaceutical industry, which has traditionally lobbied to keep marijuana illegal, out of the realistic concern that this unpatentable herb's many medical properties would compete drastically with profitable minor tranquilizers painkillers, nausea and hay-fever medications, and over-the-counter sleep aids like Nytol and Sominex.

Bush, Turner, Dr. Dupont and his ACM seem a lot less public-spirited when we consider that programs like Psychiatric Institutes, Inc., are a dumping ground for the products of Pfizer, Bristol Meyer, etc. "The ACM is viewed, anyway, even among many anti-marijuana groups, as a stalking horse for the intelligence community," said Bruce Anderson, a spokesperson for the Citizen's Caucus on Heroin and Hard Drugs, an ad hoc group formed to lobby the new Cuomo administration for meaningful drug reform.

The latest Long Island "mental patient death"—a young man whose parents committed him "because he seemed a little confused," only to find the next day that he'd expired after being injected with a phenothiazine while strapped in a strait-jacket—is only the tip of an iceberg involving forcible confinement of young people (even 18 to 26) at the behest of their parents.

Next the Yippies! moved from the center of the park to the Arch where the Parade was to enter, and unfurled banners saying "NO NUKES, NO NARKS, NO NATIONS", "Government War on Pot Protects Smack" and "Legalize Joint Peddling in Our City's Parks." It soon became obvious that the city was holding up the parade, hoping that the Yippies! would go away!

Community Board reps ran back and forth, getting cops to throw Yippies! out whenever they became too obnoxious. But it was impossible to keep anyone from filtering back into the Park, which was completely packed with masked and costumed revelers. Finally the authorities relented.

As the first contingent entered the park—two-and-a-half hours behind schedule—Yippies! let loose with a barrage of joints. People from the crowd and people from the parade scrambled for joints. The parade ground to a halt at the entrance of the park. Parade officials hastily regained control and resumed funneling paraders into the park, now overflowing in all directions.

After about a quarter of the parade had entered the park, Aron Kay gave the signal, and a second barrage of joints was thrown at the parade.

Again the parade was stopped. Parade officials ran around. Six cops came in and tried to disperse the protesters. But the Yippies! just showered the police with joints! The cops would have ignored it, except that a hundred people immediately dived in, grabbing at anything small and white, nearly trampling any cop who happened to be in their way.

Figuring that was it, the city started up the parade again—only to be met with more joints flying through the air. This time the parade stopped a block away and remained there for over a half hour, not knowing that the Yippies! were now dispersing on their own and mingling with the crowd. The parade was allowed to enter the park a final time and was met by only an occasional Yippies! sniper running up and throwing handfuls of joints. By the end of the evening no arrests had been made, no injuries had been reported, and thousands of harmless giggles had been showered on parthers in the Park.

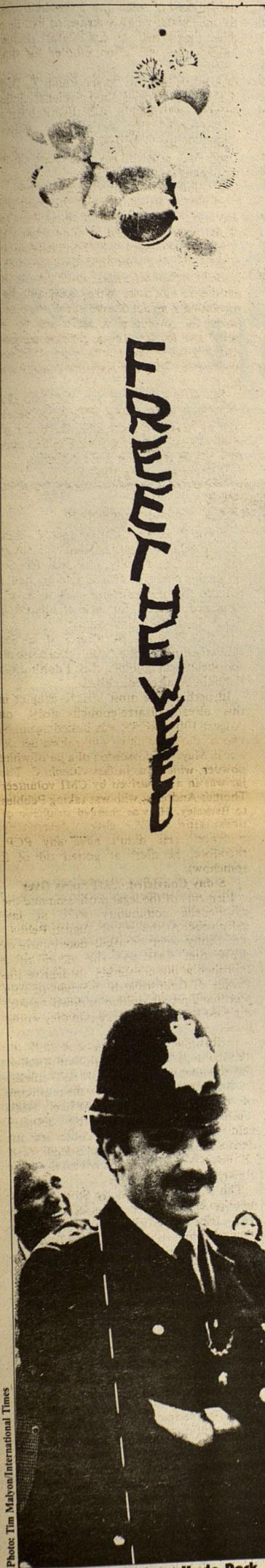


Photo: Tim Mahon/International Times

Picnic at Hyde Park. Courtesy of Smokey Bears

From Indictment to Trial

Unlike the slow procedures before indictment, the process after an indictment is relatively quick and leaves non-registrants few options.

The indictment itself can be mailed to the non-registrant, or it can be hand-delivered. If it is hand-delivered, the marshal who brings it can arrest the non-registrant or simply inform the non-registrant that he must appear in federal court on a certain date. The indictment is the formal charge against a non-registrant.

If the non-registrant is arrested, he will be brought to federal court that day or the next business day for arraignment. If the non-registrant is not arrested, but is merely given a copy of the indictment, he will be required to appear at arraignment on a date one or possibly two weeks in the future. At arraignment, a judge will inform the non-registrant (now the "defendant") what the charges against him are, and the judge will set bail. Bail can simply be a promise by the defendant to return to court whenever he is required to do so.

Starting with arraignment, or with any questioning by the police, defendants have a right to an attorney. If a defendant cannot afford one, various anti-draft organizations might be able to help locate an attorney who will take a case for free, or the court will appoint a lawyer to defend the case. After arraignment, there is no way to predict how the case will proceed. Various pre-trial motions can be filed, some of which may require special hearings in court; plea bargaining may begin with the United States Attorney; and there will be questions to be settled concerning the location of trial, the composition of the jury, and so on.

Subject to Change

Everything about the draft and draft prosecutions is subject to change. If you, or someone you know, receives a warning letter, check again with a draft counselor about the current enforcement policies. But, in the meantime, the steps and choices outlined here can help guide you through a long and confusing process.

Chris Stone works with the Anti-Draft Law Project of the National Lawyers Guild at Yale University.

Reprinted from National Card's Hell No

GOT A QUESTION? The best questions will appear in **OVERTHROW**. All letters will be answered. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to NY-CARD, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, NY 10003.

COURT UPDATE

At press time the latest court decisions included: Benjamin H. Sasway, Calif.: Convicted, sentenced 2½ yrs., out on appeal. Enten Eller, Va.: Convicted, 3 yrs. probation plus 250 hrs. alt. serv. David Wayne, Calif.: Case Dismissed, gov't. expected to appeal. Mark Schmucker, Ohio: Convicted, sentenced 2 yrs. alt. serv. plus \$4,000 fine. Gary Eklund, Iowa: Convicted, sentenced 2 yrs. Russell Martin, Iowa: Case Dismissed, gov't. expected to appeal. Kendal Warkentine, Kansas: Convicted, sentencing Jan. 24, '83. Edward Hasbrouck, Mass.: Convicted, to be sentenced.

David Wayne's case was dismissed on two grounds: 1) The gov't. failed to submit evidence/witnesses to show that they were not "selectively prosecuting" only those who protested publicly against registration regulations, and 2) The gov't. only posted the registration regulations in the Federal Register for 21 days in advance of enforcement—not the required 30 days. Russell Martin's case was dismissed on grounds that at age 23 the statute of limitations had expired. Neither decision, however, is binding on other courts.



some registration & draft advice

To Whom It May Concern,

The main advice that can be given to non-registrants at this point in time is not to panic. Certainly the sheer weight of numbers—we estimate from 750,000 to 1,000,000—would make prosecution in a given case unlikely. In any event, it is currently Selective Service policy to send two warning letters before turning an individual's name over to the Justice Department for possible indictment. I say possible because the U.S. Attorney has within his discretion several options. First, he can and often does send a warning letter of his own. Second, he can let the case lie dormant on the grounds of anything from insufficient evidence to crowded court calendar, etc. Or, of course, he can seek an indictment from the Grand Jury.

Although we do not advise non-registration on an individual basis, believing as we do that each individual must decide on a course of action consistent with his own conscience and circumstances, we do advocate strongly non-registration as a tactic to make a return to the draft impossible. We stand ready to support non-registrants in any way we can and urge all people facing the prospect of the draft to seek face-to-face counseling as soon as possible. If they are unaware of how to find a counselor, they may contact us or such groups as STP in Philadelphia (STP's number is [215] 386-4875.), and we will gladly refer them to one.

Yours in the fight,
N.Y. CARD

THE ROAD TO COURT

Legal Decisions facing Non-Registrants

By Chris Stone

To listen to the government these days, you would think that everyone who does not register for the draft will be hauled off to prison a month after they turn eighteen, not to be heard from again for five years.

Nothing could be farther from truth. In fact, the chance that any specific non-registrant will go to prison, or even be prosecuted, is very small, and there are lots of decisions that a non-registrant must make that will affect what the government does. There is always a second chance to register after the Selective Service locates someone,

and there may be third and fourth chances as well. As for those who persist in refusing to register, there are decisions about what kinds of defense to raise, whether or not to cooperate with the judicial system at all, and how to present the political and moral justifications for non-registration to a court or to a jury.

From Non-Registration to Indictment

A prosecution technically begins when a defendant is indicted (charged with a crime), but the government will take many steps to persuade non-registrants to register before it indicts anyone. To understand how the government is planning its strategy, you have to understand the numbers involved.

Despite the claim by the Selective Service that the "grace period" at the beginning of 1982 was a success, the Selective Service admits that more than half a million men had still failed to register by the end of February. Since then, approximately 40,000 men every week have been required to register; thus, even if registration is now up to 75%, the number of non-registrants has been increasing by about 10,000 every week. By this account, more people are now in violation of the draft laws than were in violation during the whole Vietnam War.

Compare these numbers to the government's ability to prosecute people. The federal government prosecutes only about 40,000 people every year for all federal crimes. That includes everything from drug smuggling to ABCAM. Even if they dropped everything else, the federal courts could not handle the prosecutions of even a fifth of those who have already failed to register! During the Vietnam War, when the prosecution of draft resisters was a higher priority than it is today, the government won convictions against less than 10,000 people, and less than 3,500 ever went to prison for evading the draft.

The Selective Service and the Justice Department know that they can only afford to prosecute a handful of draft cases every year. It is not prosecutions, therefore, but the fear of prosecutions that they are counting on to force people to register. Their plan is to increase the fear that a non-registrant feels step by step.

Government Scare Tactics

The first step is publicity. The Selective Service is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars each year to buy radio advertisements and newspaper ads threatening that anyone who fails to register will be sent to prison for as much as five years. The government is also making public statements that "hundreds" of draft resisters will be prosecuted. Even though "hundreds" is still a tiny percentage of non-registrants, and there is no time span during which these "hundreds" will be prosecuted, the statements make non-registrants afraid of prosecutions. Finally,

the Selective Service is sending out more than a million postcards to young men, reminding them that they must register. The Selective Service does not keep track of who gets the postcards; thus they cannot prosecute people because they did not register after getting one. But the postcards do scare people.

Warning Letters

The second step to scare people into registering (and thus save the time and money it would take to prosecute them) is to send warning letters to those non-registrants whom the Selective Service can identify. Some non-registrants give the Selective Service their names and addresses by sending a letter of protest or by making a public statement; but the Selective Service will have trouble finding the rest of the non-registrants. The Carter White House estimated that it could get the names and addresses of only about 60% of the draft-age men from its computer files, so as many as 40% would be able to disappear without doing a thing.

The warning letter itself comes by certified mail, which means that the non-registrant must sign for it. It warns the non-registrant that he is required to register, and that if he fails to register, his name will be sent to the FBI for possible prosecution. The letter comes with a registration form and stamped, self-addressed envelope. If a person registers at this point, the government forgives everything.

The third step to scare people is to send another warning letter, this time from the prosecutor (called the "United States Attorney"). This letter, like the first one from the Selective Service, warns the non-registrant that he must register, and threatens possible prosecution if he refuses to register within a certain amount of time. (The time varies from state to state.) This letter, too, comes with a registration form and an envelope. Again, if a person registers at this stage, all is forgiven.

"Hi, I'm from the FBI"

The fourth step, according to White House aide Edwin Meese, will be a personal visit from a government official, probably an FBI agent. The agent will explain the law to the non-registrant, and again ask that the person register. There is no legal requirement that anyone even speak to this agent.

Only after all these steps can the United States Attorney indict a non-registrant. All of this may sound like a lot of trouble for the government to go to; but it is easy and cheap compared with a prosecution. The idea is to scare people into registering, and thus to reduce the number of people remaining to be prosecuted to a very small number.

The government's scare tactics will probably work with some people, but there will be others who hold out. If, after all of these warnings, many non-registrants refuse to register, the Justice Department will have little choice but to indict some of them.

Wee D'People Meets the Parole Board

a satirical comedy

By Jerome Washington

Wee D'People's prison pants were neatly pressed, his brogans were shined and he wore his best shirt. He sat on a wooden bench, taking deep breaths to relax himself while waiting to be called before the Parole Board. He nervously twiddled his thumbs and tapped a series of off-beat reggae rhythms with his toes. He tried not to look at the door to the parole hearing room, but his eyes were drawn to it as if attracted to a magnet. He would have chewed his fingernails, but he had eaten them for dinner the night before. He was glad he had rolled on a few extra layers of deodorant. "At least," he thought, "I won't smell like a gymnasium after a full-court basketball game." But the thought gave little comfort as the beads of sweat rolled from his armpits.

The door opened slowly. The man who had just been before the Parole Board dragged himself out. He was glum. Obviously he had been denied parole. "That's to be expected," Wee D'People thought, "The guy has broken every rule in the books." Wee then said to himself, confidently, "I have nothing to worry about." The man, bouncing off the walls, dragged himself away along the corridor. He was groping around a corner when the door opened again.

This time the door flew open, nearly jumping off the hinges. The man who had opened the door came out laughing, singing and dancing. "I made it!" he shouted, "I'm paroled!" Wee D'People recognized the man. He was one of the worst in the joint—always in trouble. "If they paroled him," Wee said to himself, "I really have nothing to sweat." Just as Wee lifted his chin and squared his shoulders, his name was called.

"Be polite and cheerful," Wee mouthed the words, his code for success. He fixed a broad, open smile on his face and stepped into the parole hearing room.

The three parole commissioners sat behind a long table on a raised platform. They had the advantage of looking down on the prisoners who came before them. There was one woman commissioner flanked by two men. She looked old enough to have dined on dinosaur steaks and mean enough to guard a concentration

camp. The man to her right glared down at Wee D'People with beady red buzzard eyes. The other man slid a smile across his flabby face. Only it wasn't really a smile. It was more like he was dealing with stomach gas and was trying to make the most of a bad experience. He signaled Wee D'People to be seated.

"So this is the Parole Board," Wee thought, remembering to be cheerful as he tried to make himself comfortable on the hard, straight-backed chair.

The woman leafed through the stack of papers in Wee D'People's prison file. She pointed out a few things to the two men, then the three of them frowned and shook their heads like mules in a harness, then looked down on Wee D'People.

"This con is a saint," Red buzzard-eyes whispered to the woman. "No prisoner can have a record this clean. At least not in this prison."

He's proof that the system really works," she whispered back to the man. Her voice sounded like gravel grinding in the gears of a Mack truck. "He's rehabilitated!"

"The system has always worked," Flabby-face added in whispers, "But it wasn't meant to work this well."

The woman sighed, disgustedly, at the two men; then she spoke to Wee D'People: "You have an excellent prison record. Excellent work reports, adjustment reports, disciplinary reports, educational reports and fantastic progress reports." She gave Wee D'People a motherly smile. "You should be proud of your record. You're an excellent, well-adjusted, rehabilitated prisoner." Then she spoke the ultimate to him. "You're a credit to yourself," she said, "and a real credit to our wonderful prison system."

Wee D'People breathed a sigh of relief. His fears and anxieties about the Parole Board evaporated. His head felt light and his heart galloped with a new excitement. "Excellent, well adjusted, rehabilitated prisoner"—Wee D'People savored the woman's words. He knew that his prison years of following witless orders, doing the right things; of surviving the humiliations and horrible degradations of prison were finally about to pay off. "Her words," Wee D'People smiled as he thought, "they are my ticket to freedom."

"However, the woman droned some

more gravel, cutting through Wee's thoughts, "as excellent as your reports are, it is our decision not to parole you."

It took a moment for her words to sink in. When they did, they hit Wee D'People's brain cavity like a bomb blast.

"What!" Wee D'People tried to shout, but the word stuck in his throat like a chicken bone. He stared saucer-eyed up at the three commissioners. His mouth hung open and his chin was down to his chest. He was one step from shock. He coughed, cleared his throat, and was finally able to speak. "I'm rehabilitated," he screamed, then pleaded, "Why keep me in prison?"

"You're rehabilitated, all right," Red buzzard-eyes looked down on him, "But it's your criminal history."

"My history is past and done," Wee D'People complained. "It's dead. Buried. My record proves that I'm a changed man, but I can't change my history. No one can do that!"

The woman agreed. "History is unchangeable," she said, sounding more like

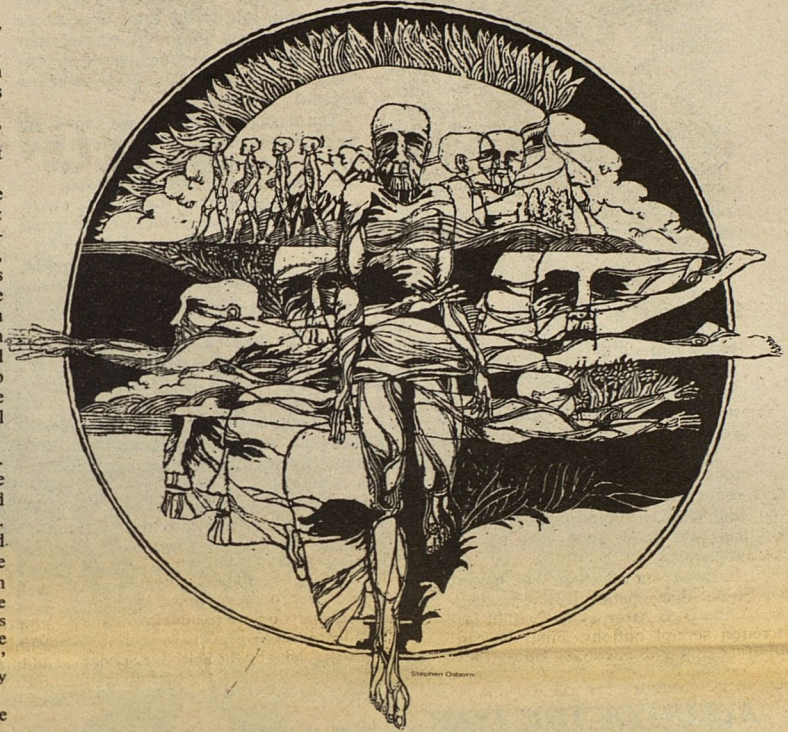
random psychobabble than organized words. "Still, we have to judge you by what you were, not by what you have become, or want to become."

Wee D'People opened his mouth to speak, but the buzzard-eyed man cut him off. "That's the way of our world," the man said, as if driving the final nail into a coffin.

The flabby-faced commissioner gave Wee D'People his standard stomach-gas smile and said, "That's all. You may return to your cell now."

Buzzard-eyes said the hearing was over, and the woman bellowed "Next case!" as she reached for another prisoner's file folder.

Wee D'People staggered out of the door. He was dazed and as dizzy as a drunk about to go down. He steadied himself, got his balance, then staggered off along the dim, dirty prison corridor. He followed a well-worn path, bouncing off the walls and groping his way around the corners.



Electric Chair N.Y. Style

from the offices of Kunstler & Mason

Will the of New York State's first exercise of the Death Penalty in two decades turn out to be a classic case of racist frame-up? Lemuel Smith could be it. Presently appealing two second degree murder convictions, he is accused of the murder of Donna Payant, a white female Correction Officer at the Greenhaven Correctional Facility, a maximum security state penitentiary in Stormville, N.Y. Smith happens to be black.

The sole evidence against him, other than his status as a Green haven inmate at the time of the murder, is the anticipated testimony of a forensic dentist, who has made a career as an expert witness for the prosecution, that his teeth impressions match bite marks which appear on photographs of Ms. Payant's body. Meanwhile, the Dutchess County Medical Examiner who conducted the autopsy has claimed that it is impossible to tell, because of their distorted nature, whether the so-called bite marks were human, or even bites.

Significantly, a Queens County jury just acquitted a defendant in a murder case despite the fact that the dentist in question testified that the defendant's bite marks appeared on the victim's body.

The first suspect, who was taken from the prison in handcuffs, was a white male Correction Officer who is the brother of a Dutchess County assistant district attorney. Because of this relationship, a special prosecutor was appointed by a County Judge to handle the investigation of Ms. Payant's murder and any resulting trial. The person named as a special prosecutor is a local practitioner who, as a New York County assistant district attorney, prosecuted H. Rap Brown in 1973. His personal fees were set at \$100.00 an hour in-court and \$75.00 an hour out-of-court time, as well as all the ex-

pense funds deemed necessary by him, and, in addition, has been given the authority to hire a staff to assist him. He has already received over \$100,000 from the county and is expected to earn over a million dollars before the end of the case.



Mr. Smith has been represented, virtually from the moment he became a suspect, by William M. Kunstler of the Center for Constitutional Rights, and C. Vernon Mason, General Counsel of the National Conference of Black Lawyers. Although Mr. Smith is indigent, the Dutchess County Court has refused to appoint these attorneys, which would have given them the right to apply for fees of \$25.00 an hour in court and \$15.00 out of court, as well as some very limited sums for expenses. Because of this refusal, Mr. Smith reluctantly discharged these attorneys, taking the position that they could not adequately represent him if they were worried about their own financial survival during what is expected to be a six-month trial. However, he does not desire to be represented by any other lawyers, feeling that if the prosecution wants to electrocute him so badly that they will not allow him his counsel of choice, he will not participate in a trial unless he can have Messrs. Kunstler and Mason at his side.

Long before Mr. Smith was indicted, almost a half-year after the discovery of Ms. Payant's body outside the prison, the special prosecutor had received statements from many male Correction Officers that they had had intercourse with her, some as recently as two days before her death. In addition, telephone calls from a Correction Officer to defense counsel indicated that Ms. Payant had been killed by some of her colleagues in order to prevent her from following through on her threats to reveal the existence of a drug smuggling operation conducted by them. Incidentally, the State Inspector General has just issued a report finding that, among other things, such operations proliferated at Greenhaven. In addition, a person who had answered the telephone call that lured Ms. Payant to her death, a call that the latter attributed to "a guard," said, after listening to Mr. Smith's voice, that his was not that of the caller. The special prosecutor did not inform the grand jury of any of these facts and even denied to the County Judge that some of them were in existence.

The case of Mr. Smith, who was, at the time of the murder, an assistant to the Greenhaven Catholic Chaplain, is currently being used in the New York State Legislature by advocates of a restoration of the death penalty to cover a variety of imes in order to obtain enough votes to set aside an expected gubernatorial veto. Without one nickel to conduct any investigation, hire a forensic dental expert, move for a change of venue from a county which has more prisons within its borders than any other one in the State, or pay his counsel of choice even their travel expenses, Mr. Smith may well be on his way to the electric chair without even the semblance of a defense. It is ironic that a society which is prepared to pay \$3,000,000 (the amount sought by the county from the state for the trial) to put an expendible black man to death, will not pro-

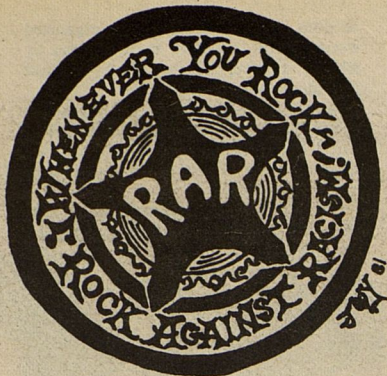
vide him with one cent with which to defend himself.

Messrs. Kunstler and Mason have, for more than a year, represented Mr. Smith without fee or expenses. When the burden became oppressive, they applied for the modest fees ordinarily provided by statute to attorneys for indigent defendants. Inexplicably, they were denied such appointment in order, they believe, to deprive Mr. Smith of their services and relegate him to the Public Defender, who has announced publicly that his office cannot adequately represent him. The result has been the creation of another Scottsboro case where inadequate legal counsel in Alabama fifty years ago almost cost nine Black youths their lives. It is tragic that New York, in 1982, is emulating the Alabama of 1931.

One private donor has already pledged \$5000.00 as a contribution to a tax-exempt defense fund. It is expected that the costs of a spirited defense would be approximately \$100,000, which would include a survey conducted by the National Jury Project to ascertain whether grounds exist to seek a change of venue from Dutchess County. The case already has the support of Tyrone S. Pitts, Director of Racial Justice of the Division of Church and Society of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the USA. The National Council of Churches has agreed to act as a depository for funds raised to defend Mr. Smith. All checks should be made payable to the National Council of Churches with the words "Lemuel Smith case" inscribed thereon, and sent in care of Mr. Pitts, at 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

UPDATE

On September 13, Kunstler and Mason were finally appointed by the court to defend Lemuel Smith. In pretrial hearings, witnesses for the prosecution admitted to a number of questionable practices, such as destroying evidence.



COPS TURN PUNK AT HARDCORE SLAMS

Who do the cops in New York and Washington hate more than yuppies, zippies, hippies and dippies? The Hardcore Crowd. That's who.

Pornographers, you say? No! Punks, skinheads, or as they call themselves: the hardcore.

Why, you ask. That's more difficult to explain. But the fact is that at two Rock Against Racism concerts, the cops went bananas when the hardcore bands played and their followers did their slam dances.

New York, Central Park Bandshell, May First, KRAUT is onstage. At the first note the slam begins. The cops think it's a fight, or worse, a riot. They panic and push the police barriers against the dancers thinking they'll protect the rest of the audience.

Little did they know it was only a dance. Captain Jonasch of the Central Park Police tells me to stop the band. No way. No one stops a band. Besides, they are only dancing, I say. You call *that* dancing, he says. It's not for you to decide what is or is not dancing, I answer. It's *our* program.

You can see the veins bulge alongside his neck. He is searching his penal brain for some law to stop the hardcore. But, alas and alack, his mind is blank. He doesn't act. He is enraged that he can't do something.

Calmly I educate him that they are dancing, they bother no one (not even themselves who consent and enjoy the slamming), and that it only lasts from the

first note to the last of each song.

Unnerved, he issues his retort: "If we had known this would happen, we would not have let it happen."

Washington, D.C., July Third. The mall by Lincoln Memorial. The hardcore gather unaware that the night before the cops harassed the organizers and audience in every way they could. But this night was to be different.

The Hardcore are definitely hard. They don't take shit from anyone. They didn't let the cops do their thing—instead they took the offensive by hurling rocks and bottles at the cops. Mind you, this was before even the first note was played. The tone was set: Mess with us and you get hurt.

The music started and so did the slamming. The United States Park Police flipped out, but didn't react. They realized they would have one hell of a battle on their hands if they did. They became the punks.

However, a captain and a lieutenant (the Feds gang up on you) came over to Yours Truly with exactly the same lines as the cops in Central Park. Of course, they heard the same rap from me as in New York. I wonder: Do they rehearse together? Is it innate?

The clincher was: "If we had known this would happen, we would not have let it happen." This floored me—the same words, the same rage, the same nothingness.

Ah, 'tis good that they didn't know. Twice. In two cities. With different police forces. With the hardcore.

By Pete Mastrangelo

DEADLY DEADLINE

If you're thinking of directing some action at your local government computer center, give yourself a little more time than you think you need.

On Thursday, November 18, an unidentified punk with safety pins in his ears blew himself up just inside a government building in ANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND where police and justice records are kept. The blast was not far enough into the building to damage the computers, but the 20-year-old youth, whose dead body had tattooed, "This punk won't see 23" and "No future," was flung 70 yards while the lobby was destroyed.



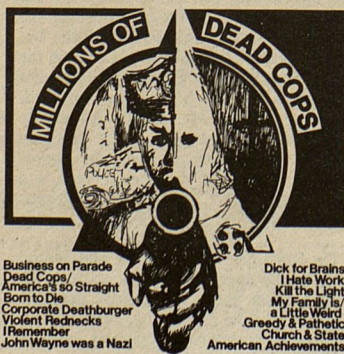
ALBUM OF THE YEAR

From Texas there is a band that you won't see written about in *Billboard*, or *Rolling Stone*, or any 'above ground' (especially liberal) publication. You won't hear them on the radio. Why? Because **Millions of Dead Cops** doesn't play sappy love songs, that's why. They're also a little too blunt (honest), and descriptive. And disruptive. Yes, this is LOUD. This is fast!

Slam-dancing is catching on in Klan country, it seems. The KKK may be digging in, but there is an ever-growing resistance of people who view the Klan and the Kops as one and the same. It's not just Police protecting them against demonstrators or even going to Klan rallies. Everyone knows that, sharing goals like "cleaning up America", their relationship is one of cooperation and brotherhood.

M.D.C. is the fastest loud in the west, and their lyrics are exceptionally for real! These guys aren't fence sitters. Without dilly-dallying around, you are dealt a full hand of the facts of life in AmeriKKKa.

To get your copy, send \$6 to MDC, Box 103, 2440 16th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. Or if you live in New York, try The Ratcage, 307 East 9th Street, NYC, NY 10013.

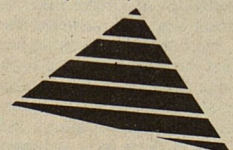


JOHN WAYNE

John Wayne was a Nazi
He liked to play S.S.
Kept a picture of Adolph
Tucked in his cowboy vest
Sure he would string up your mother
Sure he would torture with your pop
Sure he would march you up to the wall
Sure he would hang you by your last ball

He was a Nazi
But not anymore
He was a Nazi
Life evens the score

John Wayne slaughtered our Indian brothers
Burned their villages and raped their mothers
Now he has given them the white man's lord
Live by this, or die by the sword
(chorus)



BUSINESS ON PARADE

We're here to warn you
They're gonna say shut up and buy
We're here to warn you
They're gonna say buy or die
Business is on parade
Corporate scam charade
Crumbs for the poor
Rich man's profits soar
Government by the rich
Poor man's life a bitch
Don't believe what the politicians do
Don't believe a word they say
All they wanna do is fuck you
Get fat on their pay



CHURCH AND STATE

Nationalism in school
Perpetrating their rule
Lying textbooks rant
Their patriotic slant
"Your country's great"
Cry the Church and the State
"All that have died were on God's side"

President and Pope
Your pride and hope
Families build
Christian ethic instilled
The biblical truth?
Faith not proof!
Wield a sword
Walk with the lord
Be a man
Protect your land
Martyrs all

Your life's lost
nailed to a cross
Dead on foreign soil
For your God
(And their oil)

John Wayne killed a lot of gooks in the war
We don't give a fuck about John anymore
We all heard his tale of blood and gore
Just another pawn for the capitalist whore
(chorus)

John Wayne wore an army uniform
Didn't like us reds and fags that didn't conform
Great white hero had so much nerve
Lived much longer than he deserved
(chorus)

Late show Indian or Mexican dies
Klan propaganda legitimized
hypocrite coward never fought a real fight
When I see John I'm ashamed to be white
Deathbed Christian of this you avowed
If god's alive, you're roasting now
Well John, we got no regrets
As long as you died a long and painful death

GREEDY & PATHETIC

Never tell the truth
So full of lies
Words so hollow
Depth so shallow
You lie to us
from the 40th floor
Don't even know us
We're desperate and sore
You jack the rent
Can't save a cent
The money we've earned
Already spent
Sorry to say
Gonna blow you away
Careful starting your car today
So greedy, pathetic, and you're a liar
A slumlord, a thief, gonna set your house on fire
We see through your office walls and fancy chairs
Gonna watch you tumble
You better beware

DEAD COPS

Dead cops! Dead cops! (chorus)
Down on the street
Giving Poor the heat
With their clubs and guns
Doin' it all for fun
(chorus)

Big bad and blue
They're in the Klan too
Brutality is their sport
We'll put 'em to the torch
(chorus)

Rebel, rebel on the street
Makeup on my face
Stockings on my feet
All the straights asking me why
I'm not a normal American guy

What makes America so straight
and me so bent? (chorus)

Call this the land of the free
Say it's the home of the brave
You know they call me a queen
Just another human being
(chorus)

Your authority and power
Has turned us sick and sour
And your justice is a lie
We're gonna fight until you die
(chorus)

Dead cops! Dead cops! (chorus)

Whatcha gonna do
The Mafia in blue
Huntin' for queers
Niggers and you
(chorus)

Time for a switch
Army of the rich
Macho fuckin' slaves
We'll piss on your graves

the KU KLUX KLAN & U.S. FASCISM

By Ken Lawrence

Our movement has done a good job of surveying the history of 115 years of Ku Klux Klan racist terror—seeing how it developed and how it was stopped in the past. We have fairly well internalized most of those lessons and put them into practice in many ways, but if we are going to achieve a truly successful strategy to counter the Klan we have to understand not only how the Klan is the same organization of racist terror that it has been for 115 years, but also what it distinctive about it today that wasn't 115 years ago.

Today the Ku Klux Klan is probably (I say probably because there are some qualifiers to this, but I think we can generally agree it is) the main face of militant fascism in the United States. That is such a commonplace for us to say that we almost don't think about it when we say it, so I ask you to think about it for a minute... because the Klan was not always a fascist organization. Yes, it was always a racist terrorist organization, but it was not always a fascist organization. The Ku Klux Klan was born in 1866. Fascism was not born until the ruins of World War I darkened Europe. The Klan was around for a half century before fascism existed in the world, and the Klan actually taught the fascists a great deal in their early years.

So when we think about it that way, let's compare what were the Klan's politics in its different resurgent periods of the past with what are its politics and its aims and strategies today.

In the 1860's, the Klan was led by the notorious General Nathan Bedford Forrest of the Confederacy. Forrest's military strategy, as every Southerner knows, was to be "fustest with the mostest"—he wasn't known as a military genius. It seems sometimes like a third of the counties in the South are named for him. Streets are named for him, housing projects are named for him, parks are named for him. He is known everywhere. Well, who was General Forrest? Before the Civil War, he was the largest slave trader in Memphis, and during the war he was its greatest war criminal when he ordered the massacre of the garrison that was guarding Fort Pillow, the Black troops who surrendered to his much larger force. Rather than accept their surrender he ordered them slain to the last man, then gloated to his diary how the blood of the dead soldiers dyed the Mississippi River red. That's who General Forrest was. When he took over leadership of the Klan in 1867, it represented the guer-

rilla continuation of the war he had tried to fight as a Confederate General. In essence he exchanged his Confederate grey for a white sheet. The earliest Klan, then, was a restorationist movement of the Confederacy.

The Invisible Empire was something quite different when it arose in the 1920's. It was essentially a bourgeois, nativist movement. As the Southern Poverty Law Center film documents so well, in fact, the KKK had the potential to go further than it actually did, because the truth is not only that in many places you had to be a Klansman to be elected to office, and you certainly at least had to have the active endorsement of the Klan, but the Klan came very close to capturing, on separate occasions, the national Democratic and Republican Parties. That's what kind of movement it was. It was a right wing, white supremacist, but essentially mainstream bourgeois movement. That is, it intended to control, through the traditional political legal apparatus, the politics of the United States government and as many state and local governments as possible.

When the Klan was resurgent in the 1960's, it was essentially a backward-looking movement attempting to preserve what was most reactionary and most peculiar of the institutions of the segregated white South. It was under that banner, represented everywhere by the battle flag of the Confederacy, that it went out and did its beatings, bombings, lynchings, mutilations, and castrations.

It is something quite different today. Today, it is as likely to fight under the banner of the twisted cross, the Nazi swastika, as under the banner of the Confederacy. In fact, it is the genius of the Klan leaders today that they have managed to merge these two movements into a single whole, and to create a coherent ideology out of those two divergent strains.

The fascist movement has a somewhat different history in this country. There is no way I can cover it in a brief talk, but some highlights are essential if we are to understand this, particularly since I think two extremes of the anti-Klan movement have somewhat misread the history—the history of the 1930's especially.

The fascist movement got its real insurgent birth in the United States from Henry Ford through his newspaper, the *Dearborn Independent*. And the fascists, today, by which I mean the Nazis and the Klan, consider his book, *The International Jew*, to be one of their bibles. Yet Henry Ford, as every school child knows, is a hero of the United States and someone

who... offered as a model. The... is that Ford built his automobile empire as close as he could to the New Order fascist dictatorship to which he aspired for society as a whole. He even established, for example, an entirely segregated two-city system, one for whites and one for Blacks. Inkster was the Black suburb of Dearborn, the white center for what was then the largest factory in the world, the River Rouge Ford plant. That little fascist mini-state was not broken until the CIO organized it in the 1940's, the last of the automobile empires to fall.

Built on the movement that Henry Ford founded, the fascists, but not the Klan flourished in the 1930's. It is well to remember that one of the largest mass movements in the United States, and one of the few outside the mainstream political

figures first in the reconstitution of the fascist movement in the 1950's and gradually bringing it into concert with the Ku Klux Klan over a period of time.

So we need to understand not only the Klan history, but also the quite independent fascist history, which have merged to become a single movement with an ideology that is quite different from the ideology of the Confederacy of Nathan Bedford Forrest, or the nativism of David C. Stephenson, the Klan leader of the 1920's who was the main political figure in that rebirth, or even of Sam Bowers and Robert Shelton of the 1960's. Today, many of those key figures of the sixties have accommodated themselves quite well to this new ideology of fascism which they did not previously profess in their earlier guise. Thus we see the rise in North Carolina of the United Racist Front, which carried out the Greensboro massacre and which represents, I think, the peak of their ability to fuse these two movements.

What is the difference between this new guise of the Klan and the past that I have talked about? One difference, and this is one thing I've learned from the writings of David Edgar, is that the role of racism and the role of anti-Semitism and the role of gay baiting and the role of redbaiting in general is quite different ideologically for a fascist movement from that of a right-wing conservative movement or a traditional Klan-type movement. That is, it is *not* to put people in their place. It is *not* to make a sub-class out of them and to exploit, or super-exploit, their labor. It is *genocidal*. It is *exterminationist*.

I urge everyone, despite its horror, to acquire the manual of the current Klan/Nazi strategy, and to understand what that strategy is. That book is the novel *The Turner Diaries*, written by William Pierce of the National Alliance under the pseudonym Andrew MacDonald. It is a stirring call to power. To cast it in literary terms, it is the flip side of *The Iron Heel*. Where Jack London projected a look back at the revolution of the future to see its horrors, William Pierce uses that device to show how the revolution that creates the New Order comes into being.

Upon reading this book, you will find that the strategy described is very similar to the strategy of the Nazis in Europe, which ideologically is summed up by the person for creating it, a French fascist, Michel Fuci, who uses the *nom de guerre* Leloup. He calls it *The Strategy of Tension*. The Bologna and other bombings are attempts at social destabilization which have as their assumption that the fascist movement has reached its peak "respectable" strength and that now is the time to polarize society and build on the fears, the tensions, and the disarray that can be created by disrupting the fabric of politics as usual. That's the politics of *The Turner Diaries*.

Reprinted from *This Month in Mississippi*, c/o Mississippi Gay Alliance, P.O. Box 8342, Jackson, MS 39204.



parties that was capable of packing Madison Square Garden in those years, was Father Coughlin's Christian Front. Huey Long built a similar movement in the state of Louisiana which was led by the notorious anti-Semite Gerald L.K. Smith, who became one of the most important

BLACK MAYOR IN MISSISSIPPI ALMOST LYNCHED

by Pete Mastrangelo

Eddie Carthan and the Tchula 7 were acquitted on Nov. 4 of a racially-motivated charge of murder. The other indictments of robbery, forgery, and conspiracy will most likely fall apart.

A black mayor narrowly escaped from being legally lynched in ole Mississippi this fall. It was a case of the racist white power structure trying to keep blacks in their place—under thumb.

The tactics used by the power brokers were reminiscent of political frame-ups employed against black elected officials after the Civil War. Not much has changed in 100 years.

The story starts with Eddie Carthan being elected mayor of Tchula, Miss. (pop. 3,000—80% black) in June of 1977. Eddie was the first black elected mayor of a biracial town in the Mississippi Delta since Reconstruction days.

Being mayor wasn't so hard for the white rulers to swallow; but making changes in the economics of the area independent of the real bosses was heresy. Eddie recalls: "I thought I could represent those who had come through slavery, knowing nothing about voting, about go-

ing to a motel, sitting in the front of the bus, or eating in a restaurant."



His accomplishments were many: jobs, housing, nutrition, health and day care centers, and improved roads. The problem arose when he refused to take a \$10,000 bribe "to do things the way they have always been done." The white power advocates started their shit but failed to stop him. So they turned to frame Eddie and put him in jail.

A black city alderman who played ball with the white structure "fired" the police and "appointed" a new chief who promptly took over City Hall. The Tchula 7 non-violently disarmed the white police chief.

Mayor Carthan and the others were arrested and sentenced to three years in the state penitentiary by a judge who is the sister-in-law of the cop who took City Hall. This happened in the summer of '81. In October, Eddie was convicted of giving false information to a federally-insured bank while he was mayor. Actually, two other men had forged his signature on the loan form. But this made no difference to the court clowns who convicted him again.

The forgers were given lighter sentences than Carthan after testifying that the mayor gave them permission to do so. Still, the powerful were not satisfied. Now Eddie was accused of murdering Alderman Roosevelt Granderson during an attempted robbery. Granderson can be described as an "Uncle Tom" period. Two others were also arrested for the murder: One refused to implicate Carthan; the other weakened and pleaded to a lesser charge in return for testimony damaging to Eddie's case. Granderson's daughter had always maintained that she knew Carthan was innocent of her father's death. Obviously the court wasn't interested in the truth.

Eddie Carthan's case is more than an isolated case of injustice; it is one of wanton racism. It indicates the rise of racist activities in this country in recent times: bold, destructive, deliberate and dastardly. But Eddie and his people were strong and

fought back. They were not alone, however.

A national campaign to free Eddie Carthan and the Tchula 7 and to preserve black political rights was formed and chaired by actor Ossie Davis. Endorsements came in from all over the land. Eddie Carthan was not going to become another black man lynched, using the law as the vehicle. People from Tchula and Holmes County raised his bond and flooded the courthouse during the trials.

Delegations and money were sent to Tchula to see that the trial went smoothly. Various benefits and fundraisers were held in several cities.

In New York, *Rock Against Racism* and the *University of the Streets* put together a weekend of events Nov. 5th and 6th. As it turned out, it was more of a victory party. Ossie Davis, comedian Dick Gregory, Rev(olutionary) Kirkpatrick, and singer Evelyn Blakey (daughter of jazz drummer Art Blakey) were the key people who came down to the Lower East Side to help the Tchula 7.

YIPtechie Alan Thompson's sound cannon (see *Overthrow*, March '82) broadcast (more like thundered) the program all over the Tompkins Square area. Hundreds attended and justice was hailed. It was great down-home grassroots organizing. Just like Eddie Carthan did.

L

Dear Overthrow,

"HEALTH CARE TO BE CUT!"
"DAY CARE PROGRAMS SLASHED!"
"FOOD STAMPS AND AFDC
CHOPPED IN HALF!"
"EDUCATION AND JOB PROGRAMS
ELIMINATED!"

Each day, we read more of this in the newspapers. Who does it affect? Us!!—Whether you're a college student whose parents can't pay your way (or can only help out a little), or you're a mother with young children dependent on you for all their needs and wishes, or just an unemployed worker.

I don't know who voted for Reagan and his anti-people policies. Probably people who were brainwashed by his dumb TV campaign commercials. It seems as if there's a war in this country. The war on the poor. First, create an underclass, with no opportunities to get out of permanent poverty. Then call this underclass "Lazy," and finally build labor camps (or something like it). The stage is being set. **FREE MAID SERVICE** for the rich. Defense plants with welfare recipients working off their checks. Adoption services with stolen babies from poor women unable to get safe, legal abortions. Gangs of upper-class youth attacking poor and working poor people.

Then, to protect their interests, they bring back capital punishment for political organizers, calling them guilty of "espionage." I see it coming, unless something is done to stop it. People are too "busy" trying to survive to organize. The truth is, **unless something is done, individual attempts to have a better life will be fruitless.**

Health care, housing, education, food, energy grants (for safe energy), day care centers are all cut off. No money to acquire these lost necessities. *Of course* a person would work for almost nothing. Just to survive and feed the kids.

Kids are begging on the street. I see it. Pure, unrestrained capitalism. Next, childhood disease prevention programs will be cut. Epidemics of polio, measles, mumps, whooping cough, diphtheria, tetanus and worse will come back. Unless the rich shield their own kids, they'll catch the diseases also! For "Right-to-Lifers," letting already-born children die of disease and malnutrition is hypocrisy!!

To close, I'd like to say the worn-out saying: People have to care about **PEOPLE**, not profits. People helping each other will profit the world a million times over.

Iris Kay
Brooklyn, NY



All cartoons on this page are from the BIFF PRODUCTS postcard series BCM BIFF, LONDON, WCN 3XX, UK. © BIFF PRODUCTS 1982

e

Dear Friends:

I am not questioning God.

And I am not bitter at those who seek to destroy me and this ministry.

But my heart is exceedingly heavy. I partly understand how Jesus felt that night in the Garden of Gethsemane (Matthew 26:36-45).

Twice His disciples went to sleep instead of watching and praying with Him.

But I wish you could be here with me now because I plan to watch and pray into the night, until the early hours of the morning.

This is Saturday evening, 11:30, P.M.

And tomorrow morning I must go before the television cameras and our local church members and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

But I confess to you that at this moment I do not have the strength to walk into that pulpit. I am *exhausted*.

All I have is faith that if I wait here before God—that before dawn breaks He will touch me with a physical and spiritual renewing.

But as this long night begins, I want to pour out my heart to you. I have prayed that "this cup" would pass from me. But it has not.

And I can no longer drink of the suffering, the anguish, and the physical abuse unless I know God's hand is upon me, and that friends like you will truly watch and pray with me.

For the first time, I will tell the full story on television this Sunday, *July 25th*.

You will hear the obscenities shouted by militant homosexuals, atheists, and others.

You will see arsonists and saboteurs at work trying to destroy me, my family and this ministry.

I want you to know what we are up against.

For the past several months, Satan has been attacking us viciously. It has been the most bitter cup I have yet been forced to drink.

We have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars during the past four months alone.

Never before have I faced such opposition.

When we started this ministry 26 years ago, no one paid any attention to us.

But all that has changed now. *By God's grace and with all His power, we are now turning this nation back to God.*

We are preaching the Gospel to millions every day. God has helped us start hundreds of local churches, and train thousands of young people here at Liberty Baptist College.

And right now, we are locked in this raging battle against abortion, homosexuality, pornography, atheism, secular humanism and more.

My enemies have vowed to stop us!

And the only way they can do this is to destroy this ministry—and to destroy this ministry, they now believe they must first destroy me.

People like Norman Lear and the ACLU buy full page newspaper ads and print misleading accusations about me and the work we are doing.

They want people to think I am against minorities, blacks, Jews, women, etc. They lie further by calling me a book-burner.

They imply I am building a personal empire and have bodyguards and watch dogs around me. *All untrue!*

And in Australia recently, the militant homosexuals actually kicked in the front door of the Civic Center while I was preaching.

The protesters are coming to Thomas Road Baptist Church, too. As I preach on Sunday morning, the atheists, homosexuals and others now march up and down the sidewalks.

I receive letters that threaten my life, threaten to kidnap my children, harm my wife, and blow up my home.

And as you know, while I was preaching in Fort Worth a few weeks ago, a misguided person actually broke into the meeting and attacked me physically while I was in the pulpit.

Many of our Christian brothers and sisters have begun to believe what others are writing about me—and this has hurt us financially.

t t

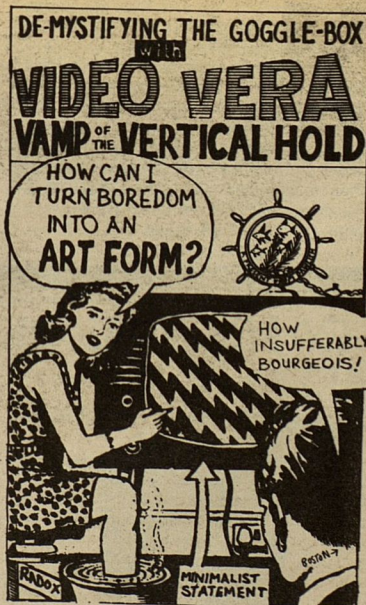
We have lost nearly \$2 million in the past four months.

But if things were getting better, I would not be writing you this letter—because I expect some of this.

But now, the dregs in the cup are getting more and more bitter all the time.

Sabotage has begun—

The Old-Time Gospel Hour radio tower was maliciously cut to the ground—silencing the transmitter, and destroying thousands of dollars worth of our equipment.



And arsonists set fire to a Liberty Baptist College warehouse, burning it to the ground.

Had not God Almighty changed the direction of the wind, we could have lost our Prayer Chapel, several dormitories, and more.

Do you see what I am facing? I am not complaining—but I just cannot carry this in my own strength. I now need your help again.

I must ask you: *Will you also watch and pray with me?*

I know you cannot watch and pray with me tonight. Tonight I must pray alone.

But from now on, every Saturday night would you just pray for me?

Will you ask God to give me the strength

to continue preaching His Word? Will you share that much of the bitter cup with me?

I have written a note here on my memo pad.

All it says is, "Will you watch and pray with me every Saturday night before you go to bed?"

Then I have written YES or NO, and I ask you to circle your answer. *I just want to know you are praying.*

And along with your yes or no answer, I am asking you to help with an unusually large gift.

I cannot allow this ministry to accrue large deficits. The losses of the past four months threaten to shut down this ministry.

This burden must be lifted, and I now need your sacrificial help to do it.

I ask you to send a gift of \$25 or more.

I don't ask you to share the physical abuse I endure—or the threats on my family, or the attempts to assassinate my character.

I am willing to stand up to all of this as God gives me strength.

But if you can just send a gift of \$25 or more today, I would be most grateful.

You will notice that on my little memo sheet I drew a line with a dollar sign in front of it—and I want you to write down the largest amount you can possibly send right now.

Perhaps you could even send \$100 if you really sacrificed.

t t

I now need your help, my friend, and I know God will bless you for your stand.

By His power, we are turning this nation around! We must not throw in the towel now. **We are winning!**

Your Friend in Christ,
Jerry Falwell

P.S. On the Old-Time Gospel Hour this Sunday you will see what is happening **FIRST-HAND.**

But, please, tell me you will pray with me and help me with your gift—right now.

WILL YOU WATCH AND PRAY WITH ME EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED?

Yes
No

Dear Editors:

Overthrow reports with outrage and surprise the highlights of the police actions that accompany capitalism. The outrage is understandable, but I often wonder how Leftists can continually be surprised that capitalism is as bad as it is. (Mase!'s writing reflects a stronger ideological consciousness, of course.)

I think we can safely assume the Revolution is coming. Capitalism has reached an impasse: The economy needs another war for recovery, *but* war is unpopular in the wake of Vietnam and infeasible in light of nuclear capabilities. The antiwar movement has gained credibility and, therefore, a broader base of support, since the truth about the Vietnam War has begun to emerge. Without a war, capitalism will collapse.

What comes after capitalism depends on the capacity of the Left to organize and lead society. If we assume that the Left can grasp and practice its own ideology in time to prevent the destruction of civilization, then we have the Cultural Revolution.

Overthrow must continue to report the outrageous details of capitalism, but I suggest that we cast aside our surprise (with its underlying self-accusation of paranoia) and realize once and for all that the pigs really are out to get us.

Fascists have a terror of change from the status quo, and react aggressively against any force that seems to impel change. The Left has yet to recognize our own power,

so we are amazed that the opposition gets so worked up and nasty.

Better for all of us to acknowledge the inevitable, and direct our energies toward the practical problems we will have THE DAY AFTER THE REVOLUTION!

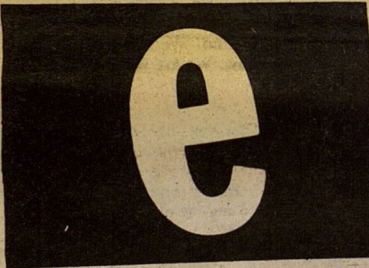
In Solidarity,
Karen Deatherage

P.S. Happy May Day!

Dear Overthrow,

If anybody gets taken in by Julian Socorro's article on "Slave Labor in Antarctica" (about Argentina and the Falklands), they are potential SUCKERS for imperialism. Under the guise of being anti-Nazi, the author has the goddam gall to back British imperialism and its right to "continued occupation of the deep-water harbors of the Falklands." Furthermore, the author's metaphysical explanations of Argentine fascism... that it comes from Italian and German immigrants... sounds alarmingly like Hitler's own anti-Semitic contentions. In point of historical fact, both German—remember, Marx was German—and Italian proletarians (both communists and anarchists) made significant contributions to the science of revolution. But the historical inaccuracies are only symptoms of the age-old war fever.

To the author's contention that Argentina actually seeks to expand its power, influence and borders like any normal imperialist (fascist or not), I can only reply, "NO SHIT, SHERLOCK."



But to the contention that Britain is "potentially socialist after the next election," I say, "BULLSHIT." (Or is Socorro referring to national socialism? Or the socialism of France, which made the goddam Exocets for Argentina?) I'd like to know how Argentina's Fourth Reich could be any worse than the nation which murdered its way through the world to proclaim, "The sun never sets on the British Empire." The documentation for this could fill volumes, but you can read it on the faces: of the Jamaicans and Pakistanis in Brixton, of the Irish on H-Block, on the Black South Africans (Azanians) who are forcibly taught ENGLISH. How can elections possibly sweep away any one piece of this dictatorship? An examination of history shows that Britain has lost its former glory due to its own contradictions of holding its empire together in the process and politics of World War and revolution, and NOT through elections.

Revolution against ALL imperialism (whether Soviet or American style) is not mentioned at all in the article. And why should it, since the author wishes to make "defense of the Fatherland" once more thinkable? After all, if Argentina can't have the South Pole, WE should. Never mind the current the current contention on ice on both poles between both imperialist blocs.

To internationalists of all stripes, both communist and anarchist, this article is a dangerous insult—a trap into which it's still easy to fall. So I made up a little slogan: DON'T BE A SUCKER FOR IMPERIALISM.

come the revolution
Mike Manifesto
San Francisco

Dear Yippies and fellow revolutionaries,

Maybe you can help spread the word and attempt to stop a false "guru" from perpetrating his brand of brainwashing upon the people, so that other innocent brothers and sisters will not make the same mistake that we did.

The guru's name is Stephen Gaskin, whose institutionalized-type "commune" exists in Summertown, Tennessee.

This is the story.

My mate and I decided to have our new-age child on the "Farm," and what a mistake it turned out to be! We survived thru six and a half weeks of repressive tyranny that can only be described as similar to a gestapo camp.

When we arrived, we were informed that we would have to live at the "Gatehouse," a sort of check-point, even though we had told them weeks in advance of our arrival. We soon realized that the "Gatehouse" was little more than a testing ground to see how well you will take orders from the "Farm" members. For the first few weeks, visitors are not allowed to go beyond this checkpoint. You must work like a dog, even if you just got off the road. That wouldn't be so bad, except that only the visitors seem to do any heavy work, while the farm members are given easy tasks and generally act like dictators, telling others what to do while they sit and vegetate. The food is terrible: all soybeans, fried cabbage and cooked starches (three meals a day). And if you don't toe the line, little marks are put down in a black book about you.

We must have had a lot of black marks, because we were eventually put into a house with some of the elders (a type of trilateral commission that controls everything that happens). We kept on hoping that things would get better, but they steadily grew worse. At the house that we were "placed" in, some so-called brothers and sisters were practically verbally destroying a brother because he indulged in the only true freedom left to him, his art. He was told that art was counter-productive, and that he had better get his shit together or they were going to tell Stephen. The brother was being very reasonable while these two "leaders" were acting like tyrannical parents. Needless to say, we were left with a bad impression. Sater that night, in the spirit of open communication, we attempted to converse with the twin tyrants. It was like talking to a brick wall. When we told them we had felt no sense of the much-touted spirituality of the Farm, they really came down on us



hard. From then on, they lost no opportunity to yell at us and generally harass us.

The vibes got so bad we eventually told them we couldn't handle having our baby in such an atmosphere. The midwives agreed to move us to a little cabin that we could have to ourselves. (I think we were a bad influence.) For awhile, things were OK. My man worked his ass off so these pigs in this community house that we ate in could warm their bones by the fire and stuff their faces some more. (I never saw people who were so interested in food or who wasted so much food down the garbage.)

But this wasn't enough for them. They wanted him to work on a five-day-a-week, ten hour day in a factory-type job, grinding white flour for them. Needless to say, we were getting quite sick of their garbage food by then. We are vegetarians, but not junk-food vegetarians like them.

There are three major products sold commercially on and off the Farm: 1) "Ice Bean" soybean ice cream; 2) "Good for ya" nutritional yeast; and 3) "Good for ya" textured vegetable protein. None of these products is made on the Farm! The ice bean rights were sold to a major rip-off

corporation for a percentage of the profits. The yeast is Red Star yeast, repackaged in a fancy label and sold for three times what you could get it for under any other name. As for the texturized vegetable protein, don't ask. No one knows what it is, much less who makes it. It's probably the shit they clean out of their outhouses. Don't support any of these products unless you want to be part of a gigantic deception that robs the people.

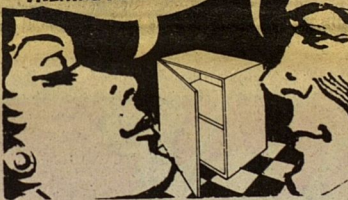
They also sell tie-dyed tee shirts for 12-15 dollars! There were other rip-offs there, all vastly overpriced.

What originally brought us to the Farm was the book of lies called *Spiritual Midwifery*. This book has been glossed over by Stephen's wifey-poo, Ina May Gaskin. It makes the Farm sound like a spiritual paradise for expectant couples. The reality is far removed from the "beautiful people" language used to lure you in, in the book. That goes for all the books printed on the Farm. They are full of useless double talk. Stephen basically uses them as a springboard for his ego. And what an ego! He is practically God as far as everyone on the Farm is concerned. I almost wonder if the Farm may be a repeat of the CIA experiment in mind-control used in Jim Jones's Jonestown.

The people there are very unconscious when it comes to the land and conservation. I never saw a place that looked so much like a garbage dump. Garbage and waste were everywhere. No one seemed to



FORMAL VALUES COUNT FOR LITTLE IN THIS RACE AGAINST THE DISINTEGRATION OF LANGUAGE, BOB. IN ANY OTHER STRUCTURE OUTSIDE OF ART, OBSESSION WITH FORMALISM AND FORMALITY IS REGARDED AS A SYMPTOM OF A CHRONIC LACK OF ANYTHING WORTH TALKING ABOUT!



give a damn. Their basic diet consisted of flour, soybeans, fried cabbage, and plenty of white sugar to give your body that sugar rush. You'd be surprised how important a part diet plays in mass brainwashing. As far as I'm concerned, sugar is a government-endorsed drug used to keep people in line. Every known disease of man can be traced to its use, including government-sponsored insanity, because of the imbalance of nutrients that it causes in the body. (I strongly recommend a book called *Sugar Blues* by William Dufty.)

Enclosed are two interesting articles



about the Farm. One was taken from *People's* magazine, while the other was taken from a Maryville, Tennessee, newspaper. In it, Gaskin states that marijuana and nuclear power are not relevant issues in politics. Nearly everyone on the Farm smokes pot, but it appears that Gaskin wishes to play political footsie with politicians.

Another brainwashing tactic used on the Farm was watching TV. Only certain shows could be watched, such as *Mork* the dork and *Mindy*, and *Little Fairies* in the House. They endorsed watching football,



but were not allowed to watch cartoons because they were too violent! You were told what you could watch just like you were told what to do. There was no free will at all left in Gaskin's ignorant robots. You were expected to attend Sunday "church service" so that Stephen could "juice" you (Farm term) with more brainwashing bullshit. Everyday was the beginning of another monotonous routine which was as repetitive and degrading as factory work. They also had their own cable TV system, but all that you could get on it was boring canasta games played by the Farm elite and violent movies such as are now playing on commercial cable systems.

I feel I must warn my sisters the most about ever going to the Farm or even thinking about joining. The women there are treated like dog-slaves. It is mandatory that women must cook, clean, and take care of children. No men will ever think of doing such tasks. They treat all the visiting women like it is something expected of them, while the men hold all the authority positions. Very few women hold any position beyond household slaves. Once, I and another pregnant pal decided that we'd had enough and we wouldn't cook for the twenty-plus people on that night. So they had the balls to call a woman from another part of the Farm to fix their meals for them. We really got the evil eye from these pigs after we did this.

Well, finally, we had our baby and our ordeal was nearly over. It was a beautiful experience, but not because of the Farm or anything they did to help us, because they didn't. My man and I had our baby together after less than two hours labor. We did it ourselves, with only a little help from the midwives. After it was done, we realized we could have had our baby anywhere. The Farm plays on and exploits couples, mostly, who are having their first child, who know not what to expect and who don't want to go to rip-off hospitals, even if they could afford to.

We would appreciate if you would pass this info around. Don't go to the Farm! They will attempt to rape your mind and use you as much as possible for their own benefit. Stephen Gaskin is a phony guru, attempting to get as many people under his thumb as possible under the stagnant realm of his mad power games. Be warned!

YIPPIE! Love
Monte Walters and Jody Wiggin



WIN A YIPPIE BIBLE!

When our staff heard that the Reader's Digest had made a condensed version of the Bible, we couldn't believe it. "Is nothing sacred?" we asked. And: "How can you condense the Bible?"

Someone said that the original text had been reduced by 40%. And that started our speculation about the shortened version: Were there now only six commandments instead of ten? Had the twelve disciples been cut to seven?

All sorts of questions popped up: Did this mean God created the world in 3.6 days and rested on the .4th? Have the three wise men been replaced by one fairly intelligent jeweler?

Some of us also wondered why they didn't go all the way and turn it into a postage stamp or a small place mat, but that's another story.

Well, you get the idea. We became absolutely fascinated by the idea of abridging the Bible and how they decided what to cut. It became sort of a game for us, a little like Reagan and social welfare programs.

So we decided to give you our list of abridgements and ask you to submit yours. Here are some more of the reductions we came up with:

1. Christ turned the water into 3.2 beer.
2. He was crucified next to one over-parker.
3. Judas betrayed Christ for a buck fifty.
4. Joseph had a coat of two colors.
5. Jonah was in the belly of a small carp.
6. God showed himself to Moses in the person of a Bic flick.
7. Christ fed the masses with one loaf of Wonder Bread and 3 filet-o-fish sandwiches.
8. Solomon was a pretty smart man who had one wife and three female companions.
9. The Children of Israel wandered in the parking lot for several hours.
10. The crucifixion and the resurrection is perfect for a 1½ hour made-for-TV movie.
11. Nobody begets nobody.
12. The Last Supper is now just another Sunday Brunch.
13. It drizzled for 24 days and 24 nights, and Noah floated around in an inner tube with his dog.

What did we miss? Where else can we cut back on the holy verbiage?

We'll print the best suggestions. And, the winning entry will beget a prize: The new, deluxe edition of our book, **The Secret History of the '70s**. The end is near—so send your entry to:

Bible, c/o OVERTHROW, P.O. Box 392, New York, NY 10013.

(Thanx, and a Tip 'o The Hat, to the Bloomington-Normal Post Amerikan)

- Here's \$10 for a subscription to OVERTHROW
- I'm interested in hearing about demonstrations, free concerts and smoke-ins.
- I'd like to be put in touch with people in my area.
- I'd like to distribute OVERTHROW
- Send me information about back issues (of OVERTHROW and YIPSTER TIMES), & about our buttons (please enclose 25¢)
- Send me the new Yippie book, THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE 70's:

A decade of blacklisted news—stories you will find nowhere else! Preview, first volume: \$5. Complete, deluxe edition: \$10.

Mail to: YIP/OVERTHROW • P.O. Box 392 • Canal St. Station • NYC 10013

Name _____

Address _____

State & Zip _____

Telephone _____